The Recollections of James Graham Adam

(who married Beatrice Eleanor Man)

I was born at No. ? Woodside Terrace, Glasgow, on 22nd February 1862 and christened at St. Jude's Episcopal Church by the Rev. Flint.

My father was John Lindsay Adam, an East Indian merchant, head of the firm of Adam & Co., Glasgow, Batavia & Surabaya. He was the youngest of a family of I believe 13, and his father was also a merchant in Glasgow. He and his wife are buried in the Churchyard of St. Mungo's Cathedral in Glasgow.

Of my father's family, the only ones I knew or have any recollection of were the eldest, James Graham Adam, after whom I was named, but don't remember ever seeing. He married a Miss Macindoe, whom we used to call Aunt James, to distinguish her from my father's sister, Aunt Jane. There were eleven children of this marriage:

1. Frank Forbes, who became Sir Frank Forbes Adam[1] Bart. My father gave him his first start in life by taking him into his firm.
2. Charles, who became manager of the firm of Graham & Co. Oporto.
3. Arthur, who went out to Australia and was never heard of again.
4. Archie, who after a long career as a merchant in Glasgow died leaving a large fortune.
5. Jane, who married John Graham, head of the firm of Graham & Co. Glasgow & Calcutta, and later became a baronet[2].
6. Mary, who married Robert Orr (a large and wealthy cotton and thread manufacturer)
7. Fanny, who married John Orr manufacturers.
8. Jessie, who married a man by the name of Forster in London.
9. Agnes, who died unmarried.
10. Helen, who married a Mr. Cousin.
11. Edith, who died unmarried I think.

Uncle Frank lived in Glasgow and had a large family. He and my father must have had a very serious quarrel as they were not on speaking terms and we rarely saw any of the family. All we knew was that they were very hard up and I believe he died in an Old Man's home in Glasgow.

Uncle Archie was a merchant in Glasgow. His wife (Aunt Sophy) was a Miss Gillespie of Inverness and was a very tall and handsome woman. She used to visit us sometimes when Uncle Archie died. The family consisted of:

1. Tom, who was a bit weak-minded and had a job in the Government Telegraph Department at Valencia, Ireland.
2. Fred, who went into the Army and died a Major-General. His widow, Florence, is still alive and lives somewhere in Hampshire.
3. Sophy, who never married and died a few years ago.

Aunt Mary, unmarried. Died I think a few years after I was born.

Aunt Jane, married to uncle David Stevenson. He was unfortunate in business, consequently his daughters, who constituted his family, all had to earn their living as governesses or housekeepers. Their names were; Mary; Annie; Jane & Ida. They are all dead except Mary the eldest, who I think is 91. When we saw her in Edinburgh in 1937 she was very bright and in possession of all her faculties.

Aunt Galloway (Agnes) married a man called Galloway, who died before I was born. She had two daughters:

1. Mary, who married Robert MacFarlane and had two sons, Robbie and Alexander, who were great chums of ours when children and later when grown up.
2. Anna (Cousin Anna) who, with Aunt Galloway, took charge of us children while our parents were in Java and later married her Tom Haddaway a Glasgow merchant.

These are all of my father's family whom I can remember. Now for my mother's fami1y.

My mother was one of the eleven children of Dr. Wm. Denison of the Royal Navy who married a daughter of the Count and Countess Moyaart.

Dr. Denison was the doctor of the ship which conveyed the British plenipotentiary to Java to arrange for the exchange of that island from the British to the Dutch for the island of Ceylon which at that time belonged to the Dutch. He fell in love with the daughter of the Dutch governor, married her and resigned from the Navy, bought land in Java and made a fortune I believe from sugar planting.

He and his large family resided in Java but returned for a time to England where they resided in a large house at Shooter's Hill, Blackheath, but ultimately returned to Java where he and his wife died. His family consisted of:

1. William, who married Miss Simmonds (Aunt Annette) sister of General Sir Linthorn Simmonds. It was an unhappy marriage and he sent her back to England after a few years. They had one son, Alfred who became a coffee planter in Ceylon.

2. George - I don't know what became of him, but I believe he died early.

3. Noel, who became Assistant-resident in the Malay States.

4. Henry, who was drowned at sea.

5. Annette, who married Jonkheer Quarles van Ufford and had five children, Willie, Henry, Dora, Cornelia, and, Harriet. They all returned to reside in England, The sons married money, but none of the daughters married. The only survivors of the family are Harriet, who lives at the Hague and Cornelia who lives with my sister Aggie.

6. Cornelia (Aunt Taylor) who married Matthew Stewart Taylor, a partner in the firm of Martin Turner & Co. who retired in middle age. The family then resided in Glasgow, consisting of: Willie, who became a successful coffee and tea planter in Ceylon and died there a few years ago. Edward, who went to Australia to learn sheep farming but became a cab driver. He also died a few years ago. Stewart who went out to Java to the firm of Martin Turner & Co. and was killed by falling down the hatch of a steamer when embarking for a holiday to England. Anna who married Andrew Arthur. She is now a widow, over 80 and resides in Manchester. Maria married a stock-broker, David Watson of Glasgow. She also is a widow and lives at Troon, Ayrshire, with her widowed daughter Mabel Spens. Lizzie, unmarried. She kept house for Wilfred for some years. Dora, married a man called Elderton, who was in the Insurance business, but is now retired. They live in Devonshire.

7. Dora (Aunt Dora) married a man called Colenbrander, a Dutchman. They had a family of sons and daughters all residing in Java.

8. Maria (my Mother)

9. Mary, who married Wm. Burney, paymaster in the Navy. They had two children, Evelyn and Claud. Evelyn died in Toronto about ten years ago and Claud, who was compulsorily retired from the Navy, came out to Canada (Saskatchewan) and was killed by the overturning of a sleigh in which he was driving the mail.

10. Grace, who married the Rev. Isaac Hill. They had one daughter, Maud, who married late in life Hamley Bent, and lives at Eastbourne.

11. Elizabeth, unmarried. She used to live sometimes with us and sometimes with the Burneys (Aunt Mary).

At the time of my birth our family consisted of four children.

Frank, aged six; Mary, aged five; Aggie, aged two, and myself. We were all born in Glasgow, so I fancy my parents must have been at home for four or five years before returning again to Java. They had a country house called Kincaid, near Campsie, but this I never saw. When they returned to Java when I was only six months old, I believe they intended to be away for only two or three years, but circumstances altered their plans and they did not return for six years, so I was six years old when they returned.

We were left in charge of our Aunt Galloway and her daughter Anna (cousin Anna) who lived at Burnbank Terrace (corner house on the Great Western Road).

They were both very kind, though very strict and we loved them dearly. We had a nurse called Janet. She was a big dark Highland woman from the island of Islay, whose native language was Gaelic and she spoke English very imperfectly. She was devoted to us and we also loved her dearly though she was very strict. She kept a pair of taws (a leather

strap divided into thongs) with which she chastised the three elder children. I was a delicate child and don't remember having been "tawsed" though I think I was sometimes threatened.

We had also an under-nurse called Telfer. She was a niece of Janet's and I remember seeing Janet "tawsing" her also. I have also a recollection of Telfer eating my crusts when I left them on my plate.

We had a day nursery and a night nursery. The day nursery looked out on the Great Western Road and fields beyond where there are now buildings, while the night nursery, where we children slept in our separate cribs, looked out on to a very dismal back yard where numerous cats disported themselves at night and if the windows were open the smell of cats was very apparent. Altogether it was a very depressing house. The dining-sitting room was furnished with black horsehair furniture. There was a large old fashioned sideboard with two enormous ebony figures at each end.

In the drawing-room, which was seldom used, I distinctly remember a bunch of wax flowers under a glass cover, as was the fashion in those days.

In the bed-room which Aunt Galloway and Cousin Anna shared was a huge four-poster bed with heavy red curtains which were drawn at night.

The servants lived downstairs in the "area", which I suppose we would now call "basement". There also were the coal cellar, kitchen, etc.

We children were never allowed to go downstairs and never wished to because when we were naughty we were told a black man lived down there and if we were not good we would be taken down to him. This Aggie and I firmly believed and the threat always had the desired effect. We were always in terror of this punishment.

Glasgow to me has always been a very depressing city both as a child and young man. For one thing it used to be surrounded with chemical and engineering works with huge chimneys, which emitted volumes of smoke, so that we seldom saw the blue sky. It also received a very full share of any rain that was going around.

My recollections go back to the time when I must have been about four, consequently Frank must have been about eleven, Mary ten and Aggie six. As I have mentioned I was a delicate child and had my breakfast usually in bed.

Frank went to a school called the Western Academy in St. Genge's Road. The rest of us had a governess called Miss Gillies, a nice but strict woman. As far as I can remember, my share in the education consisted in making strokes in pencil on paper. Janet or Telfer used to take us for walks every day when the weather was fine, but I cannot remember meeting or playing with any other children.

Sundays were terrible days. All toys and picture books were put away. We were taken to a church somewhere near Bothwell Street presided over by Dr. A.N. Somerville[3], who became famous later on as a Missionary. I remember the sermons were terribly long, as was also the service (Presbyterian). Sometimes we took our lunch with us, which we had in the vestry where we waited for the afternoon service. Aunt Galloway was a great admirer of Dr. Somerville. I believe he was considered a really outstanding divine, but my recollection of these services are very painful.

Most Sundays we only went to Church in the forenoon. On these occasions most of the afternoon was spent reading or being read to from two books called "Line upon Line" and the "Peep of Day", and singing very maudlin and sentimental hymns such as "I wish I were an Angel", "Where is now the Prophet Daniel?", etc.

Aunt Galloway cannot have been more than sixty in those days, but we always looked upon her as a very old lady. She always wore a widow's cap and voluminous black silk dresses. She very rarely went out and used to spend a great part of the day lying on the dining-room sofa.

We were always delighted to get out of Glasgow for a month or two in the summer. One summer we went to Moffat and I have a vivid recollection of falling into a puddle in the high street and spoiling my best blue blouse and getting well scolded by Janet and Cousin Anna. I also well remember a weird figure called "Tab", the village idiot, who used to frequent the High Street. The Macfarlanes also spent that summer in Moffat and Frank and Robbie and Alexander Macfarlane used to hire and ride ponies, much to our envy.

One summer we went to a place called Ardenadam on the Clyde, near Hunter's Quay. My chief recollection of this place is that Janet and Mary and Aggie used to bathe off a boat anchored a few yards from the shore. I was considered too delicate to bathe, so Janet used to tie me to a seat of the boat with her long red knitted garters to prevent my falling out of the boat while they disported themselves in the water.

I must have been about four years old when I became seriously ill with bronchitis and congestion of the lungs, so we all went to Bridge-of-Allan, which was considered a health-resort. I believe I nearly died there. I was attended by a local doctor, Dr. Gemmel, whose son I met many years after as a doctor in Rangoon, but at a crisis our old Glasgow family doctor, Dr Pagan, was sent for and came down.

I have a distinct recollection of lying in bed one afternoon, Janet being in attendance. Suddenly Dr. Pagan came hurriedly in and asked Janet to show him the medicine Dr. Gemmel had prescribed. When he saw it he said, "Don't on any account give him that medicine." I don't remember ever feeling any pain or discomfort or realizing that there was any danger. I remember however being fed on rum and milk, champagne, stewed pears, paregoric[4], etc.

When I became convalescent Janet used to wheel me in a pram every afternoon along the Stirling Road nearly as far Wallace's monument. Wallace's monument always inspired

me with a sense of awe. It is so grim and forbidding. There was an Echo there, which Aggie, who always accompanied us, and I used to sample.

As a sample of my retentive memory, when we passed through Bridge of Allan on a visit to the old country in 1937; from a charabang on the way balk from the Trossachs to Edinburgh I was able to distinguish the very house we lodged in, though I had not seen it for over seventy years.

When I was six years old we were told our parents were coming home and we were coached by Aunt Galloway and Cousin Anna as to our behaviour on their arrival. For instance I remember Aunt Galloway telling us we must not call her "Aunt Galloway" (in our broad Glasgow accent), but "A'nt Galloway."

At last the great day came. Our parents arrived early in the morning. I was having my breakfast in bed as usual and continued stolidly eating my porridge whilst our Mother was weeping with joy and she and my Father vainly trying to get some response of affection.

Our parents immediately set out to look for a house and very soon fixed upon No. 9 Claremont Gardens, a large and luxurious mansion in the fashionable part of the town. Frank was sent to a boarding school called "Blair Lodge" where he was very homesick and unhappy and wrote very melancholy letters, so he only remained there a few months I think, and then went to the Glasgow Academy on Elmbank Street. Mary, Aggie and I were taught by governesses. We didn't see much of our parents in these days as we only met them at lunch. The rest of the time we spent in the schoolroom or nursery. Aggie and I were allowed to come down to the dining-room for dessert after late dinner and our father used to give us a sip of his hot toddy of brandy and water and sugar, which he always had after dinner. Our mother used to go up to the drawing-room after dinner and I remained downstairs with our father till bed time. We used to sit on his lap and have all sorts of fun. I remember once we persuaded him to go head-over-heels on the floor. He was a big heavy man and I remember we were quite awe-struck and frightened when he came down with a crash.

The house was a very large one, four stories I think. There was a glass copula on the roof and galleries around each landing, and I remember it looked an awful distance looking down from the top storey where our nurseries were situated, to the large entrance hall on the ground floor.

When there were dinner parties Aggie and I used to look down in our nighties at the guests arriving. We did not keep a butler but when there was a big dinner party used to hire the "beadle" (verger) of St. Silas Church, who on week-days hired himself out as a butler.

There were very nice enclosed gardens in front of the terrace in which we lived and in which we used to play.

We had two governesses during our residence at Claremont Gardens. The first was Miss Balderson whom we liked very much. She was young and nice-looking but I fancy must have been lazy, as she used to teach us lying down on the school-room sofa. Anyhow she did not last long and was succeeded by Miss Morton whom we also liked very much. She had a wonderful gift of making up and telling stories which we used to enjoy immensely. We also used to go to dancing classes on Saturdays at the Queens Rooms. Our teacher was a Mr. d'Albert, brother of the famous composer of dance music.

Aunt Grace and Aunt Lizzie paid us a visit while we were at Claremont gardens. Although we were very fond of Aunt Grace when we were grown up, we didn't at all like her as children. She used to tease us a lot and mimic our Glasgow accent. Aunt Lizzie was nice, but stupid.

In May 1869 Denison was born and almost simultaneously came the "crash".

We children did not know at the time what had happened, but it appears that my father's partner whom he had left in charge in Java, had made a mess of things by making large advances to Chinamen, which were irrecoverable and the consequence was "bankruptcy". Anyhow we had to give up our house at Claremont Gardens and all return temporarily to Burnbank Terrace, and I remember my mother being carried out and put in an ambulance with the baby (Denison) and the monthly nurse (Mrs. McAlister) and we children followed later in the day.

When my mother was convalescent we all went to Innellan where we had a suite in the Roma Hotel (Shearer's). Aunt Grace and Uncle Hill were at that time visiting the Taylors at their very nice house "Lilly Bank" so Uncle Hill christened Denison in the hotel and I remember Mrs. Shearer, the fat and good-natured wife of the proprietor, slipping a golden sovereign into baby Denison's hand after the christening, as she said he was the first baby to be christened in the hotel.

On our return to Glasgow we took up our residence at No. 1 Southpark Terrace, Hillhead. It was a nice large house at the North corner of Southpark Terrace. Frank continued to go to the Glasgow Academy, while Mary, Aggie and I were taught by a German governess (Miss Moewing) I am afraid we led her rather a terrible life, but I think it was partly her own fault, as she had no sense of humour and did not understand our jokes and childish pranks. We read, I remember, among other books "Guide to Knowledge", "Peter Parley's Tales" Boehm's French grammar, etc. We had to speak French and German on alternate days and the "dog" French and German we spoke used to annoy Miss Moewing exceedingly. If any one of us spoke English we had a medal hung round our neck and whoever had the medal at the end of the day's lessons had some punishment, I forget what. Miss Moewing took us for a walk every day, but one day we annoyed her so much that she went home and never came back again.

It was at Southpark Terrace that Wilfred was born.

I may here say something about our religious training. Our mother was very low church and we used to attend both morning and evening service St. Silas Episcopal Church in Woodland's Road. The first incumbent we knew was a Mr. Maynard. In these days the clergyman wore a white surplice while conducting the service but changed to a black gown before mounting the pulpit for the sermon. The organ was in a gallery at the back of the church and the mixed choir (un-surpliced) were also in the gallery.

Mr. Maynard died very soon after our joining the church and was succeeded by Dr, Hutton. We used to enjoy Dr. Hutton's sermons. He was somewhat of a prophet - Russia was public enemy No. 1 in these days and he used to predict from texts from the Old Testament that the King of the North (Russia) would engage in deadly combat with the King of the South (Great Britain) and this would be "Armageddon".

In addition to Church going we had every Sunday to learn by heart the collect for the day and a portion of a chapter from the New Testament or a Psalm or one of the Paraphrases at the end of the Scotch bible. As a consequence I can still, with a little prompting, repeat all the collett, most of the better known psalms, all the paraphrases, all the gospels and many of the epistles. In Aunt Galloway's time also we learned the so-called shorter Catechism, and this also with a little prompting I could still recite.

I used to visualize God as a very old man with a white beard, sitting on a throne above the sky, keeping a continual watch over our doings and ready to pounce down and punish us for every naughty action. There used to be a book-marker in one of our bibles or Sunday books with the picture of an enormous eye looking down through the clouds with the motto "Thou God sees’t me".

Although I know and realize that this conception of God is all wrong, yet even now when I think of God, I cannot help thinking of him as an old man on a throne.

On the departure of Miss Moewing, Mary and Aggie went to school (day) at Chalmers & Dicks' "West of Scotland Institution" , a school for young ladies and I was sent to a private school kept by a man called Stark in Belhaven Terrace I think, anyhow it was in the terrace immediately south of the Botanic Gardens. I was then eight years old. I well remember the first day at school.

I was carefully dressed in, of all things, a velvet suit and my hair well smeared with "pomade", a mixture resembling Vaseline which Janet used to smear on our hair every day to keep it smooth, and, horror of horrors, I was armed with an umbrella. It is not strange therefore that I was taken for a "sissy" by a very rough set of boys and treated accordingly. It was a mixed school of boys and girls. There were only two class-rooms, one presided over by Mr. Stark and the other by a Mr. Dunn. We were taught singing once a week and had a weekly lesson in elocution from an ex-actor of the old school, tall, clean shaven, with a very sallow complexion and long black hair. He wore a typical long black overcoat with an astrachan collar and a broad-brimmed black wide-awake hat. He was the editor of a book of elocution exercises which we used to study. Some of these I remember. One was:-

"Vital spark of heavenly flame
Quit oh quit this mortal frame
Trembling, hoping, waiting, sighing
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying.
Cease fond nature, cease thy strife
And let me enter into life.
The world recedes, it disappears.
Heaven enters in mine ears.
My ears with sounds celestial ring
Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly.
Oh grave where is thy victory?
Oh death where is thy sting?"

Mr. Stark was a bully and slapping on the side of the head for the slightest mistake was a common occurrence. I remember once when at writing lesson and bending over my copy book doing my best I unfortunately made a blot and the next thing I got was a smart cuff over the head which sent me flying off my seat on the bench on to the floor.

The pupils were mostly of a very rough and uncouth kind and there was lots of bullying of which I got my share. There was also a good deal of fighting. I remember particularly a fight with a boy called Knox. There was no science about it, but we just went for each other hammer and tongs till both of us were exhausted.

That summer we went to Innellan for our holidays. The Taylor family all went on a visit to the Quarles in Holland for a month and lent us their house Lily Bank for a month. Lily Bank was a nice large house with about three acres of grounds but it had a spare bedroom which was said to be haunted. Several people who slept in this room had seen an old woman rise up at the foot of the bed. We children were not supposed to know this, but we did.

On one occasion, when I was about seven I remember a short visit my mother and I paid to the Taylors at Lily Bank. I slept with my mother in the spare room. I was not supposed to know about the ghost and was duly put to bed early. I was terribly frightened but too proud to admit it. I did not see the old woman but saw a figure enter the room by a door at the side of the bed (a four-poster) and disappear into the wardrobe. I lay awake with my head under the bed-clothes terribly frightened till my mother came to bed but didn't tell her what I had seen.

It was while we were all holidaying at Innellan that our dear nurse Janet left us. I think she was discharged because she was too expensive. I remember Aggie and I crying bitterly with real grief.

Janet, after leaving us went to live with her sister and brother-in-law, Cameron. He was a police-sergeant. Janet set up as a monthly nurse and did very well. She frequently came to see us and we were always delighted to see her.

On our return from holidays at Innellan we took up our abode at No. 7 Tornville Terrace which was also a very nice three storied house and formed one side of a square looking out on an open field in which Aggie and I used to play cricket and other games with local children. This field was later railed in and converted into a garden in which we played. Wilfred was born here.

At this time I was sent at the age of nine to the Glasgow Academy in Elmbank Street. It was a huge school numbering about seven hundred, mostly of a very rough type. The Rector was Dr. Morrison, one of whose sons, Jimmy, I knew very well in Rangoon years later. I was not at all happy at this school, but learned there to play Rugby football.
To outward appearances we had not showed very many signs of straitened circumstances since the "Crash". We still lived in good comfortable houses and had the usual staff of servants, etc. but inwardly we had to practice the strictest economy. For instance my clothes were mostly "made-downs" from Frank and Stewart Taylor. One pantomime and one visit to the Circus annually were the limit of our outside entertainment. Our meals were very frugal. For breakfast, porridge and milk (no sugar) and salt, and one roll and butter. We took our lunch consisting of one roll and butter to school with us and had nothing else until evening dinner, about six o'clock I think.

School was about two or more miles away and I walked there and back every day. We had one penny a week pocket money, most of which went for Christmas presents. I remember about this time there was a great famine in China and subscriptions for relief were being raised all over England and Scotland. As we couldn't afford a subscription my mother suggested a meatless week, to which we agreed and so were able to save enough for a small subscription.

It was about this time that the famous evangelists, Moody and Sankey[5] came to Glasgow where they made a great impression and hundreds of conversions. We used to attend many of their meetings, which were always crowded. Moody's preaching and Sankey's singing made a great impression on me which I have never forgotten. Moody was not by any means an excitable, ranting preacher. He was very quiet, but forceful and convincing. After they left a band of their most faithful followers used to hold revival meetings which were largely attended. Once a week in the evening there was such a meeting for boys only, which I attended and also remained for the "enquiry" meeting which took place afterwards. No preacher whom I have heard during my long life can compare with Moody.

This was also the time of the Franco-Prussian War and we had hanging up in the nursery two large sheets, one with the photos of the French and one of the Prussian Generals. I favored the French and Aggie the Prussians. The French Generals whom I remember were:-

Louis Napoleon Canrobert
Le Boeuf
Ducrot

Macmahon
Bazaine

and the Prussian

Emperor William
Crown Prince Henry Von Moltke
Bismarck.

Frank at that time was attending lectures at Glasgow University and evening classes at Andersonian University. When he came home late from the latter he used often to lie down on the bed with all his clothes on and sleep all night. He also used often to press a pillow over my face and very nearly smother me. I used to suffer agonies of fright when this took place.

Aggie and I had to be downstairs every morning at 7.30 to practice scales and exercises. It was very cold work in winter. The keys of the piano were like ice and I remember suffering quite a lot from chilblains. Frank used to play the piano and he forbade us playing any of his pieces, especially a piece called "Mandolinata". We had two pianos, one in the parlor on the ground floor and the other in the drawing-room on the first floor. To tease him one of us (Aggie or I) would start playing it on one piano. He would rush to chastise that one while meantime the other would start playing on the other piano and he had to rush up or downstairs to chastise the other one. We used to keep this up for a long time in spite of violent blows and cuffs.

Another form of teasing was this. I have said I shared a bedroom with Frank and had to be downstairs to practice at 7.30 while he had another half hour in bed. Our bedroom was on the third floor and as I left the room to go downstairs he used to shout out "Shut the door" so of course I left it open and used to slide down the banisters for safety. Frank could not follow in his nightgown for fear of meeting the servants, but one day he braved this and caught me downstairs and gave me an awful thrashing, but this did not deter me from continuing the performance next morning.

There was a speaking trumpet in the night nursery on the third floor where Denison and Wilfred and the nurse slept. Aggie and I, who went to bed at the same time (eight o'clock) had to call down the trumpet to our mother in the drawing-room below when we were undressed and ready for bed.

When I went to the Glasgow Academy (aged 9) I entered the first or most junior Latin class and won the first prize for Latin that year. My father, who had apparently been a good Latin scholar in his day, used to coach me so I suppose some of the credit is due to him. This was one thing he was interested in, but since the "crash" he became progressively more aloof and detached and we had very little intercourse with him.

My mother was a strict disciplinarian and my usual punishment was the writing out of French verbs. Any remonstrance or answering back was punished by another French verb

and a great deal of my leisure was spent writing out these detestable verbs. I remember being told to write out the verb “Je suis mechant”. Instead I wrote “Je ne suis pas mechant, tu est mechant". The punishment for that was having to write out the verb six times.

The first summer holidays while we lived at Thornville Terrace were spent at Tighnabraich, a beautiful spot in the Kyles of Bute. We spent a great part of the time bathing and fishing. We hired a boat for the season and sometimes the whole family, with the exception of the two youngest children (Denison and Wilfred) went out deep sea fishing. We used to catch a lot of fish, cod, whiting, saith, laith, mackerel etc.
I used to have to dive for mussels which we used for bait. That is to say I had to stand up to my neck in the water and stoop down under the water to get the mussels. We lived at the Temperance Hotel on the water's edge. I, for one, certainly enjoyed that summer at Tighnabraich.

The following spring, Mary, Aggie, Denison and I caught scarlet fever and were isolated at the top storey. When we recovered and were convalescent we all went to Innellan for the summer holidays where we rented a little villa called "Woodlea". There was a ruined castle near our house which Aggie and I used to explore. We always liked Innellan and we children were great chums of our cousins the Taylor children, who lived at "Lily-bank". We used to bathe, boat and play croquet with them on their beautiful lawn and went on expeditions with them blackberry and hazel nut picking.

It was this year I think that Aunt Taylor took me to Inverary to see the arrival at Inverary Castle from their honey-moon of the Marquis of Lorne, heir of the Duke of Argyl, and Princess Louise, daughter of Queen Victoria (who died about a month ago, Nov. 1939.) It was a very wet and stormy day. We travelled in a Clyde paddle steamer the "Dunon Castle" and had a very rough passage and were mostly all sea-sick. I, for one, was very sick. On arrival at Inverary we found the bay crowded with yachts gaily decorated with flags and as we threaded our way through the maze of boats we collided with and carried away the boom of a large yacht.

The grounds were crowded with people who had come from far and near, including all the numerous tenants of the Duke of Argyll; hundreds of highlanders in their kilts, and pipers galore. It rained steadily all day and all who could sought refuge in the numerous refreshment tents and marquees which dotted the park. I remember feeling very cold and miserable and towards the afternoon very hungry, but it was difficult to find a seat in the refreshment tents which were crowded. In one of the tents we ran up against Walter Organ, beadle of St. Silas Church, who was one of the waiters employed on this occasion. He found us seats and food in the tent in which he was employed.

Late in the afternoon word went round that the bridegroom and bride were approaching and everyone made a rush to get as near as possible to the door of the castle. We got a pretty good place and presently amid the skirl of hundreds of pipes and the cheers of the multitude a landau and pair drove up and the bride and bridegroom got out and stood for a few minutes on the steps acknowledging the cheers.

The storm had abated when we started on our return journey and the sea was quite calm so there was no sea-sickness and the people on board amused themselves dancing highland reels. It was rather cold however and a kindly highlander wrapped me in his plaid.

Frank had by this time finished his college course and had started as a clerk in the firm of Martin Turner & Co. of Glasgow, Singapore & Java. Frank, like all the business men whose families summered at the sea-side, travelled up and down to and from Glasgow every day, by steamer to Greenock thence by train to Glasgow and vice versa. This meant an early start and I remember Frank used to rush away from a half finished breakfast and had to run all the way to the pier to catch the steamer.

Next year we gave up our house at Thornville Terrace and went to live at Helensburgh. From that time onward our fortunes seemed on the decline. Whether it was that we had been living on our mother's capital which she inherited from her father, or that she had been losing money on the stock-market, I do not know, but anyhow we seemed to get progressively harder up.

When we first went to Helensburgh we lived in a very pretty little house with a nice large garden, called "Ellangowan". I went to a school called "Larchfield Academy". It was a mixed boarding and day-school and was just across the road from our house. Aggie went to a girls' school, Mary was supposed to be "finished" and Frank was still in Martin Turner & Co's offices in Glasgow and travelled up and down by train every day as did all the business men who resided in Helensburgh. After a few months Frank got his orders to go out to Java and I remember there was great family weeping on the day he left.

I liked Helensburgh very much. It is a very pretty place, sloping upward from the water of the Firth of Clyde with very pretty villa residences. I also liked Larchfield and we had many nice friends, the principal of which were the Templetons, a large family of ten children ranging from seven to eighteen years. Jimmy Templeton, the eldest son, was my principal friend. The elder girls were the principal friends of Mary and Aggie. They are all dead now except Jimmy and two of the youngest sisters. Another chum of mine was Willie Maclellan, youngest son of Mr. Maclellan head of the "Clutha" Iron works at Glasgow. They had a beautiful house and estate called "Blarivaddick" at Shandon on the Gardoeh and I spent several very pleasant week-ends there.

There were some beautiful walks around Helensburgh and in the summer holidays Jimmy Templeton and I and a boy called Bill Rennie used to go for long walks. We used to walk to Luss or Loch Lomond and bathe there on the beautiful sandy beach, or up the Gardoeh as far as Garalochead or inland through Glenfruin to Garalochead and Arrochan. There were no motors or buses in these days, so all our travelling was done on foot, with knapsacks on our backs containing our lunch. We used to play football in the winter in a field at Ardencaple on the outskirts.

Then there were our cousins the Macfarlane's. Cousin Mary Macfarlane was a daughter of Aunt Galloway and thus our first cousin, though much older than we. She and her husband, Cousin Robert were a delightful couple, so kind to us children. Cousin Mary was a very nice-looking buxom woman and full of kindness but was very simple and "malaprop". For instance I heard her once talk of someone as an Admiral in the Army! She used to be greatly but good-naturedly teased by her two sons, Robbie and Alexander and even her husband, Cousin Robert, but she was always smiling and good tempered. We used to see a lot of Robbie and Alexander and they often spent the evening at our house.

After a year at "Ellangowan" we moved to a smaller house "Westfield" small but pretty and comfortable. Just behind us lived a family called Robley. One of his daughters when grown up later married Bonar Law[6].

There was an Episcopal Church at Helensburgh but it was too "high" for my mother's taste, so we used to attend the Free Church of which a Mr. Anderson was the Minister. In these days it was the custom for whole families to attend Church both morning and afternoon as a matter of course and there was a regular procession of families to Church, the children two by two in front and the parents bringing up the rear.

We also attended a weekly evening Bible Class, which we rather enjoyed, as it was conducted by the Minister, who was both interesting and amusing. He was a great snuff addict and I remember on one occasion when he and his wife were dining with us, on his arrival he found he had forgotten his snuff-box and I was sent to borrow some snuff from a neighbouring friend of his who also took snuff.

It was about this time that the Russo-Turkish War broke out 1875-6.

During the two years I was at school in Helensburgh I got altogether nine prizes, four the first year and five the second. Aggie, however, beat me as she got six prizes the second year. I forget how many the first year. I also developed a proficiency in high jumping for which I got a prize at our annual athletic sports. I forget the height of my jumps but it was within an inch of my height at that time. I also got a prize for hurdle racing and one for one hundred yards flat.

We used to have quite a lot of skating in winter at the skating club lake at the top of Luss Road. It was a long climb up there but once there one had a beautiful view down to Loch Lomond.

After two very happy years at Helensburgh my mother decided we would move to Jersey in the Channel Islands. The reason I believe was that living and education were very cheap there and probably our finances were getting lower. We packed up and went first to Glasgow to the Taylors and the same night took a train to London, arriving there next morning. We drove to Aunt Mary's rooms in Blandford Place. It was our first sight of London. It was a dull, rather foggy day and we were not favorably impressed. We children were taken to see the Zoo and Madame Tussaud's Waxworks. That night we

drove to Waterloo and took a train for Southampton. I remember Wilfred being very sick in the train.

We arrived at Southampton about midnight and embarked in a wretched little tub of a steamer called the "Caesarea". We had a terrible passage and I believe at one time the boats were got ready as they expected we might founder. All the passengers including our family, except my father, were terribly sea-sick.

We finally arrived at Jersey late in the afternoon. We ought to have arrived before noon but the storm delayed us. We had a great pile of luggage and my father insisted on my mother helping him to count and check it. She and all of us were feeling very weak and miserable as we waited on the wharf. After the luggage had all been checked we drove to a French hotel called the "Pomme d'Or" near the docks where we spent the night. Next day our father and mother went house hunting and found rooms in St. Marks Road, next to St. Mark's Episcopal Church. Our landlady was a Mrs. Le Geyt. Next day I was taken to be initiated at Victoria College. It was a very handsome building and stood on a hill from which there was a very fine view over the town and harbor and well out to sea.

I liked the College very much. I think there were about two hundred and fifty boys and they were of a much better type than those I had been accustomed to in previous schools. A large percentage was studying for the Army, the Civil Service and the Universities. I had a great wish to enter the Army myself but funds did not permit. We had good football and cricket, which latter game I learned to play seriously for the first time and got into the second football fifteen and second cricket eleven. We used to have very exciting matches with other schools and local teams.

There were some very pretty walks in Jersey, the bays along the coast being very picturesque and we children did quite a lot of hiking. Although we lived next door to St. Mark's Church, this was considered too "high" so we went to a very low Church, St. Paul's, in the centre of the town. It was a very old-fashioned Church with high-backed pews, a gallery all round and three decker pulpit, reading-desk and clerk's pulpit. When

the preacher was preaching in the top storey he was on a level with the people in the gallery. The rector was a Mr. Lindon, a tall austere man with a long white beard and used to remind me of Aaron. He, like our rector at St. Silas' changed from white surplice to black gown for the sermon.

Aggie and I were confirmed by the Bishop of Winchester in St. Helier's parish Church about this time. The Dean of Jersey, Dean Le Breton, was a remarkably handsome man, tall and florid, with white hair and side whiskers, he was the father of the famous Mrs. Langtry, the "Jersey Lily".

Aggie and I had piano lessons from Mr. Stevens, the organist of our Church, who lived opposite. He thought I had a voice and wanted to give me singing lessons, but here again financial reasons interposed which I thought was a good thing, as I think he must have been mistaken as to my vocal capabilities. I remember him telling me I would never be a good pianist as I trusted too much to my ear and in this he was right.

After a few months at Mrs. Le Geyt's we moved to other and more comfortable lodgings further up St. Mark's road. Our landlady there was a Mrs. Binet with a large family of boys who all lived in the basement, while we occupied the rest of the house.
The first year we were in Jersey we spent the summer holidays at a place called Beaumont, about five miles from St. Helier's on the sea-coast. There was a beautiful sandy beach from which we used to bathe and spear cockles and there were also pretty walks in the interior. We enjoyed that summer at Beaumont.

The next summer holidays Mary and Aggie went to Scotland to visit the Taylors and the Macfarlanes. The rest of the family went over to Brittany where we took up our residence at a boarding house in St. Servan, a suburb of St. Male. This boarding house was kept by a Madame Cusack and our fellow boarders were of mixed nationalities; English, Scotch, French and Spanish. The conversation at meals was French. We liked St. Servan and made little trips from there to St. Male and Dinard. I travelled by diligence to more extended trips by myself. To Dinant, a very picturesque little town on the river Rance, where I stopped the night; thence to Granville where I saw the famous Island and Castle of Mont St. Michael and thence returned to St. Malo by steamer and on to St. Servan. It was on this trip I saw for the first and only time in my life a man (the ticket agent at Granville) using sand instead of blotting paper.

On our return to Jersey we took lodgings by the sea-side at a place called "Havre-de-pas" where there was a nice sandy beach and good bathing. Denison and Wilfred, who were small boys of nine and five respectively, were very happy digging in the sand.

At this time Aunt Mary, who was then living at Southsea, wrote my mother strongly recommending our leaving Jersey and locating in Southsea, which she said was just as economical as Jersey, so my mother decided to do so.

I was sorry to leave Victoria College. I had been in the junior sixth form and if I had remained another year would have been in the senior sixth and might have had a chance

of winning one of the several scholarships for which the students could compete. During my two years at Victoria College I won the first year a prize for French and in the second year a prize for French and one for map-drawing. I was also second in German.

We left Jersey by steamer for Southampton on a beautiful morning and this time had a smooth and pleasant crossing and from thence went by train to Portsmouth. Aunt Mary had found lodgings for us in Osborne Road, Southsea. The Burneys returned to London about a week after our arrival and we then moved into their rooms in Nightingale Road. From the very first I liked Southsea immensely and always delight in revisiting it when we take a trip home, although it has changed very much from what it was when we first went there. There was a large garrison in Portsmouth and vicinity and every day one could see troops drilling on the Common, which was then an open space without the flower beds and other trimmings which now adorn it. There were frequent reviews of the whole garrison when the Duke of Cambridge, who was then Commander in Chief, or Sir Garnet Wolsey who was Chief of the Staff, would be present to inspect, and the reviews always ended with a march past.

Sometimes the Prince of Wales (afterwards Edward the Seventh) would attend these reviews. Then there were always war ships going in and out of the harbor or maneuvering in the Solent. On the beach too there were not the enormous crowds one sees there now. There were no motor cars or buses in these days to bring trippers from London, so the beach was only frequented by residents of Southsea. Every night a military band played on the pier, among them being the famous bands of the Royal Marine Artillery and the Royal Marine infantry from Eastney and Gosport respectively.

After we had been about a week in Southsea we were rejoined by Mary and Aggie who returned from Scotland. Just about this time was the Afghan War and we used to watch from the beach the big white troopships "Serapis", "Euphrates", "Jumna" and "Malabar" sailing from Portsmouth crammed with soldiers. The ships passed quite close to the beach so we saw them distinctly.

In about a month it was deemed that I should go to Glasgow to seek my fortune. Accordingly one day, in September I think, being then just sixteen and a half, I left Southsea by train for London. My Father, Denison and Wilfred saw me off at the station. I travelled by night train to Glasgow and went to the Taylors, who had a nice house in Lynedoch Crescent and stayed with them for the greater part of the winter. I had only been a few days in Glasgow when through David Watson, who was engaged to Maria Taylor, I got a job as one of the office boys in the Scottish Commercial Insurance Co. I spent a most miserable year there. It was a huge office employing about fifty clerks, all of whom were just cogs in a machine, many of them middle-aged men and I think the maximum salary anyone got was seventy pounds per year. My salary was one pound per month!

I was put in the foreign department and my principal duties were to check the additions of the lists of insurances which came in from abroad; France, Germany and Russia mostly. This meant adding up long columns of figures. I had also to press-copy the letters that

went out from the foreign department. There were no typewriters in these days. The head of the foreign department was a wretched little German called Weiss. Although he was head of a department and a married man with several children, his salary was only fifty pounds a year, so he used to borrow money from both inside and outside the office. He even borrowed a pound from me. His creditors were continually dunning him at the office. He discovered I had a knowledge of French & German so used to give me the French and German letters to translate, but I never got any credit for this as he didn't inform the powers that be of my doing so.

My first experience of the theatre, apart from the Pantomime, was when David Watson took me one night to the Theatre Royal to see Irving in "The Bells". I was tremendously impressed with this gruesome piece and especially with the powerful acting of Irving. Although I have seen a good many plays and actors in my long life I have never seen one who could compare with him.

On Saturday afternoons I generally went with the four Taylor girls (chaperoned by Aunt Taylor) all of whom were enthusiastic rugby "fans", to see the football matches played by the Glasgow Academicals at Kelvinside. In these days there were no grandstands or seats of any kind provided at football matches. One simply stood on the grass, which was generally wet, but we got a good deal of excitement all the same. This and a very rare visit to the pit or gallery of a theatre (6 d) was the only kind of diversion I ever could afford while in Glasgow. It was at this time I had my first experience of musical Comedy in seeing "H.M.S. Pinafore" at the Gaiety Theatre. It was all the rage at this time. I have since seen at various times and in various places most of Gilbert & Sullivan's operas and can play most of them from beginning to end. In my opinion there is nothing like them and I never tire of hearing them.

After a few months with the Taylors it was decided I should not trespass on their hospitality any longer and Aunt Taylor was deputed to select a "safe" boarding house for me, as I was considered too young and innocent to take lodgings for myself. The consequence was that she chose for me a boarding house kept by a Miss Gilbert, a very elderly and plain old maid in a street off Sauchiehall Street (Berkely St. I think). I was very miserable there as I had to have my meals with her alone and I used to spend my evenings alone in my rather small and gloomy bedroom.

The salary I was receiving (1 pound per month) was of course quite inadequate, so my mother had to send me monthly remittances. I knew how hard up they were at home so I practiced the strictest economy and never spent more than fourpence on my lunch. I very seldom indulged in any amusement besides a very rare visit to the pit or gallery of a theatre, which cost sixpence or a shilling. As far as I can remember the only plays I saw during the two years I was in Glasgow were; "The Bells", (Irving) "H.M.S. Pinafore", "Carmen" (Emily Soldene & Signor Leli), "Cloches de Corneville", "Madame Favart", "La Petite Mademoiselle", "Merchant of Venice" (Ellen Terry and her husband Chas. Kelly), and the Christmas Pantomimes. That makes about ten visits to the Theatre in two years, or an average of less than one every two months.

I got a fortnight's holiday in the summer which I spent very enjoyably at Southsea. Such a contrast between this bright and gay seaside place and gloomy Glasgow. My people were now ensconced in a house in St. Andrew's Road and had made quite a few friends. Society in Southsea was mostly composed of officers of the Navy and Army and the wives of married officers; numerous retired officers of Army and Navy and their families; many naval officers on half pay and many grass widows of naval officers serving abroad. They made a brave outward show especially at dances where there were uniforms galore, but were mostly very hard up and lived very cheaply.

Denison was a boarder at Burney's Naval College at Gosport and Wilfred attended the grammar School at Portsea, but it was their holiday time and we used all to go down and bathe at the beach in the forenoons and nearly every evening went to the band on the pier.

It was with a very heavy heart I returned to Glasgow when my short holiday was over. Glasgow is a very gloomy place at anytime, but in summer is particularly so as whole families spend the summer down the Clyde (at the Coast); the men travelling up and down to and from business every day. They shut up their town houses and put brown paper in the windows. The consequence is the West end residential part is quite deserted in summer and when I went my usual evening walk through this deserted district to the West-end Park, the only living thing I ever met was a solitary policeman. It was like a City of the dead.

The Taylors were all at Innellan for the summer and I missed them very much as when they were in town I generally went to Church with them on Sunday morning (St. Silas) and dined and spent the day with them. On Sunday afternoons, if fine, we generally went for a walk out the great Western road past the Botanic Gardens and sometimes as far as Annisland or further still to Bearsden.

That winter, one Sunday night when I was returning home from the Taylors, a furious gale was raging and I had to walk in the middle of the road to avoid the slates and chimney-pots which were being blown off the roofs. Next morning we heard the Tay Bridge had been blown down while an express passenger train was crossing and all the passengers drowned. The Fundamentalists said this was a judgment for travelling on Sunday.

I was getting fed up with living with Miss Gilbert so I determined to look for lodgings where I could be independent and not under the supervision of this old maid. After a lot of searching I found a nice little room in the top storey of a house in a street leading off the Great Western Road, near Burnbank Terrace. I forget the name of the street but my landlady's name was Mrs. Marquis. There was a concealed bed built into the wall and when the door of this was closed the bedroom became a sitting room. Someone, either Aunt Jane Stevenson or Cousin Anna Haddaway, lent me a piano, which was a great help and comfort when I felt depressed.

After I had been about a year in the offices of the Scottish Commercial Insurance Co. I replied to an advertisement in the papers sent to me by my father for a young man for a

vacancy in a large East Indian firm in London with a prospect of going abroad. A few days later I got a reply asking me to call at the office of a Mr. Dickie in Buchanan Street. This I promptly did and was ushered into a private room where sat Mr. James Dickie and Mr. George Bulloch, head of the firm of Bulloch Bros. & Co., London, Rangoon, Maulmain, Akyab, Bassein and Chittagong. It appears Mr. Dickie was a partner in this firm, who had retired from the East and was now acting as Agent in Glasgow for the firm of Bulloch Bros.

Mr. Dickie was a huge man, over six feet in height and very stout. He wore a beard and was florid in the face. He was known in Glasgow as the "King of Burma". He was a kindly man but of no education, his father having been a gardener at Troon. Mr. Bulloch was also a tall man but slight and distinguished looking and very gentlemanly in manner, although he too was of very humble origin. I believe his mother when a widow kept a public-house in Govan.

Anyhow after a lot of questioning, Mr. Bulloch informed me that I was too young to think of going abroad (I was 17), but if I accepted a position in Mr. Dickie's office in Glasgow meantime, I would be taken later into the London office of Bulloch Bros. and eventually sent to the East. Of course I jumped at this offer and after a week's notice I shook the dust of the Scottish Commercial Insurance Co. off my feet and entered into the employment of James Dickie & Co. The salary was not much improvement on what I was getting in the Scottish Commerical, only 18 pounds per annum instead of 12, but there were the prospects. I was also much happier there. There were only four of us, Mr. Dicke, a Mr. Grieve, a young fellow called Orme and myself. I was treated more humanely although I was the junior and there was no bullying or snubbing.

In the summer I got a fortnight's holiday which I spent very happily at Southsea. On my return to Glasgow the Macfarlane's very kindly asked me to be their guest at Helensburgh for a month, an invitation which I gladly accepted and travelled up and down to Glasgow by train every day as did the Macfarlanes, father and two sons and the numerous business men whose houses were in Helensburgh. I enjoyed staying with the MacFarlanes immensely. Both cousin Robert and cousin Mary were so nice and kind and the boys (Robbie about 24 and Alexander about 20) were full of fun. It was besides a great relief to get away from smoky and dull Glasgow.

That winter I got my orders to go to London to the office of Bulloch Bros. I was met at Euston by my mother who had come up from Southsea to welcome me. We drove by cab to Blandford Place where Aunt Mary lived and here my mother had taken a room for me on the top or fourth storey of the lodging house where Aunt Mary and family occupied the first floor. Here I lived for the two years I was in London. On Sundays I used to dine at mid-day with Aunt Mary, Uncle Burney and their two children, Evelyn about the same age as myself, and Claud, about six. Evelyn used to attend a ladies' College in Baker Street and Claud went to a kindergarten somewhere in the vicinity.

Apart from my satisfaction at getting away from Glasgow it was a great pleasure to be nearly self-supporting and less dependent for financial aid from my mother. My initial

salary in London was 50 pounds per annum and by the strictest economy I was able to very nearly exist on this. The most expensive item was transportation. My lodging in Blandford Place was four miles from the City. The busses and Underground railway charged a penny a mile. This would cost eightpence a day if I travelled by bus or rail all the way. To minimise the cost, if I got up early enough I would walk in the mornings as far as the corner of Baker and Oxford Streets where Selfridges now stands. This would save one penny and if I continued to walk as far as Oxford Circus I would save another penny. Sometimes however I did not get up early enough and would have to travel the full distance by bus or underground. The same thing coming home. If not too tired I would walk part of the way, but sometimes I was too tired for that.

On Saturday I always walked all the way home, varying the route; sometimes going via the Strand, Trafalgar Square and up Regent Street to Oxford Street; sometimes going along Piccadilly and thence through Hyde Park to the Marble Arch and thence along Edgeware Road to Marylebone Road and so home. Sometimes I walked via Cheapside, Newgate, Holborn Viaduct Oxford Street as far as Baker Street and so home. I used to enjoy the bus rides to and from the City especially in the morning. The numerous busses used to race each other all the way down Oxford Street to the City and I used to admire the splendid and skilful driving of the bus drivers and the intelligence of the horses who seemed to enter into the game. I was also much amused at the very clever chaff and back-chat with which the drivers and conductors assailed each other.

I travelled by Underground as seldom as possible. In these days the railway had not been electrified and the sulphurous fumes were very trying and uncomfortable.

I used to lunch on bread and cheese and a pint of beer or stout at a little pub called the "Bedford" near Fenchurch Street Station; price 4d.; I liked my work in London. The office consisted of twelve not including the partners and they were mostly nice fellows. I was in the Accounts Department. Our hours were nominally nine to five, but on mail nights or when otherwise especially busy we were not finished till much later, sometimes not till midnight.

On Sunday mornings I generally went to Church with the Burneys to Marylebone Parish Church. It was a very old-fashioned Church with high-backed pews and three tiers of galleries. The choir was composed of girls from a nearby orphanage and the incumbent, Mr. Eyre, gave terribly long sermons. In the evening I went alone, sometimes to the Portman Chapel on Baker Street, sometimes to Quebec Chapel on Quebec Street, and sometimes somewhere else.

Uncle Burney, as I said before, was a retired Naval paymaster. On his retirement he got the appointment of Secretary to the Army & Navy Club but did not hold this post long. He then set up a sort of patent office and would-be inventors brought all sorts of inventions to him, which apparently no regular patent office would look at. He however had faith in all these men, many of whom were sharpers who employed him to form companies to work these patents and he was always ready to try to raise money among his friends and ex-brother officers. I am afraid he managed to get a lot of money out of

them which of course was eventually lost. He certainly had the "gift of the gab" and I think he really believed he was putting them on to a good thing. Anyhow he always believed he would make a fortune for himself and his friends. I remember when walking with him and Aunt Mary to Church on Sundays, when passing the large palatial houses on Regent Park, he would say to Aunt Mary, "Mary my dear, one day you will live in one of those houses". Aunt Mary never believed in any of his money-making schemes.

He continued in this business for a good many years, always expecting to make a fortune, but eventually the whole business collapsed and when I came home from Burma for the first time in 1890 he was a nervous wreck and died in the following year. Both he and Aunt Mary were fond of their food and the mid-day Sunday dinners were certainly a treat. Uncle Burney suffered somewhat from indigestion caused I expect from over-eating and was constantly calling in the doctor (Dr. Neale). I remember on one occasion Dr. Neale had recommended his staying in bed for a few days and dieting. He took his advice and went to bed. His bedroom was divided from the dining-room by folding doors. One Sunday he was in bed and Aunt Mary, Evelyn, Claud and I were having dinner. There was something for dinner very choice and savoury, I forget what, but anyhow Uncle Burney could not resist it and got out of bed, put on his dressing-gown and sat down to eat. Suddenly one of us saw Dr. Neale's brougham drive up to the door, so Uncle Burney jumped up, threw off his dressing-gown and got back into bed.

London is very much changed from what it was then. There were no motor cars, but in the fashionable West-end one would see beautiful two-horse vehicles with powdered coachmen and footmen. Numbers of these would be seen in Oxford, Regent and Bond Streets when the ladies went shopping and it was a fine sight to see these splendidly-horsed carriages driving around in the Row as also the horsemen and women riding there, all immaculately dressed. It was supposed to be the badge of respectability for every man (except working men) to wear a silk hat and morning coat and these I wore all the time I was in London.

Park Lane was then one of the most, if not the most fashionable residential street in London and contained the residences of some of the most famous noble families. These have mostly been pulled down now and large apartment blocks erected in their place.

In the West-end fashionable Squares the windows in summer were decorated with window boxes with gaily colored flowers and one would see powdered footmen lounging about the doors.

The Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII) was at the height of his popularity at that time and London was very gay and bright. These were the days of Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. Cornwallis West, Lady Dudley, the Marchioness of Ormond and other beautiful society ladies, while the professional beauties among the actresses were Ellen Terry, Maud Branscombe, Violet Cameron, Florence St. John, Kate Vaughan, Connie Gilchrist, etc.

During my two years residence in London I remember seeing the following plays:

Pirates of Penzance	
Patience	Gilbert & Sullivan
Iolanthe	
Two Roses	Henry Irving
Corsican Brothers	
Lights of London	Wilson Barrett
Professors Love Story	Willard
The Squire	The Kendalls
Olivette	Florence St.John & Violet Cameron
Forty Thieves	Nellie Farron, Kate Vaughan, Connie Gilchrist
Where's the Cat?	C. Wyndham

I spent my Easter and Summer holidays (of which latter we got a month) at Southsea. At Easter there was a sham fight and grand review of Volunteers from London and all the Southsea district at Portsdown Hill, to which Aggie, Denison and I went. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge and Sir Garnet Wolsey were all present and we had a good sight of them.

In the summer holidays I saw a cricket match on the garrison cricket grounds between Cambridge University past and present and one of the first Australian teams to visit England. I particularly remember among the Australians, Spofforth, the "demon" bowler, Boyle, slow-bowler, Blackham, wicket keeper and the giant Bonnor, a mighty slogger.

In the following spring I was laid low with typhoid fever. It attacked me suddenly one day when I was in the City Bank making a very large deposit of money for the firm of Bulloch Bros. I became suddenly very faint and collapsed on a bench in the Bank. A kindly bank porter came to my assistance and I had the presence of mind to hang on to the satchel containing the bills and to make my deposit and then got the porter to call a hansom in which I drove back to the office and gave up my receipt for the bills. I then sent for another hansom to drive me home. On arrival there I collapsed again. Aunt Mary was fortunately at home and helped me to undress and get to bed and then sent for the Doctor. I remember nothing else until I woke up and saw my Mother sitting by my bed. Aunt Mary had telegraphed for her and she came to nurse me. I was very ill for some time and when I at last became convalescent the firm gave me a week or two convalescent leave which of course I spent at Southsea.

I also spent my month's summer holidays there. That was the year of the Arabi revolt in Egypt and I witnessed the return of the guards as they marched up to Knightsbridge after landing. I also saw the triumphal march down Piccadilly of detachments of the various troops who had taken part in the campaign, cavalry, artillery, infantry, engineers, naval brigade, etc., headed by Lord Wolsely and his principal generals.

In December of this year (**1892**) I got my long wished for orders to go to Rangoon. I was allowed two or three weeks to get my outfit and say goodbye to my family, so of course I spent the time at Southsea.

My passage was booked in the Henderson liner "Amarapora" sailing from Liverpool on 24th December. I travelled first up to Glasgow to say goodbye to the Taylors. It so happened that the night of my arrival in Glasgow was the night of the annual Caledonian Ball, one of the principal social events in Glasgow. They had taken a ticket for me and I went with the girls to the ball in the Queen's Rooms. Many of the men were in kilts and it was a pretty sight to watch the highland reels which formed a large part of the programme.

Next day I took train for Liverpool where I arrived in the evening. I went down to the docks and found the "Amarapora" was not sailing until midnight so I went for a stroll in the town. It was Christmas Eve and a cold rainy night. I went into St. George's Hall where on the beautiful organ Christmas Carols were being played and felt very homesick and miserable.

I then returned to the docks and went aboard and to bed in my cabin. I woke up in the middle of the night and was very sea-sick. The "Amarapora" was a miserable little ship. I forget her tonnage but I don't think it could have been more than 5,000.

We ran into a violent storm in the Bay of Biscay and tossed about like a cork. For three days and nights I was desperately sea-sick and could eat nothing. When we got opposite the coast of Portugal the weather moderated and was quite calm in the Mediterranean until we neared Port Said when we had another bit of a storm.

The voyage had been uneventful so far. The only passengers were Colonel Seaton of the Forest department at Maulmain. He was a very religious man and used to hold prayer-meetings every evening in the saloon. Being the only pianist on board I played the music of the hymns. Then there was a Mr. Boyd of Finlay Fleming & Co., teak merchants, Maulmain, a young fellow called Pembroke, going out for the first time like myself to a firm in Rangoon. A Mrs. White, wife of a European storekeeper. She had a baby of about six months old. Mrs. White was a very bad sailor and when she was sick and had to rush downstairs she used to hand the baby over to the nearest passenger; so when it was

stormy we used to try to keep at a distance. Then there was Orme, going out for the first time to Bulloch Bros., and myself.

The only port we touched at was Port Said where we coaled. Port Said at that time was about the most wicked place in Europe. It was built on the sand on the banks of the Canal and consisted mainly of one long street. The inhabitants were mostly the lowest type of Levantines, Greeks, Armenians, Arabs, etc. It was a dangerous place for anyone to wander about alone at night but we formed a party, Pembroke, Orme, the ship's doctor and myself. We visited the Casino where there was a roulette table, at which we tried our luck. We began by steadily winning out after that steadily losing until the table got all our money back and some over. However as none of us could afford to put up big stakes we did not lose much. We were told afterwards that it was a good thing we didn't have any money on us when we left the Casino as there were always a gang of roughs waiting to waylay any winners and relieve them of their money.

I enjoyed the passage through the Canal but the rest of the voyage was very monotonous as we didn't see any land till in the Bay of Bengal. Our voyage took thirty-six days. Nowadays in the much larger and faster steamers it can be done in about half the time. I learned to play chess on board, Boyd being my teacher. We used to play for a long time every day and I got very fascinated by the game. Nobody in Rangoon however had any time or inclination for chess so I have never played again except a few games with Denison quite recently in Calgary. I had almost forgotten how to play and he easily beat me.

First impressions of Rangoon were rather bewildering; the heat, the harbor crowded with shipping, the chattering coolies clad only in loin cloths, the gay and varied colors of the picturesque clothing of the Burmese, male and female, and above all the glittering Shwe Dagon Pagoda, about the same height as the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, standing on a hill overlooking the City and covered from top to base with pure gold leaf. All these formed a picture which remains in my memory.

We found several of our fellow assistants waiting for us on the wharf and were driven in a ticca-gharry (a box-like cab) drawn by a diminutive pony, to Bulloch Bros.' office.

There we were introduced to the partners and to our work. I was appointed Assistant Accountant. A nice fellow, (Dunlop) was my boss. The staff consisted of three partners and eighteen assistants, three of which were in charge of the firm's three rice mills at the suburban points of Poozoondowy and Kemendine. One of the first things was to engage a Madrassi “Boy” or valet and the next was to buy a Solah Topee and a bedroom kerosene lamp.

The partners all had private houses but the assistants had two chummeries, one called Ferndale and the other The Folly. I was assigned to Ferndale where were three fellow lodgers, Young, Somerville, and Jack Beatson. The European residential part of Rangoon was in the Cantonments on rising ground to the north of the business and native part of the town, which was on the level along the banks of the river. Ferndale was a large roomy bungalow with a wide verandah upstairs. The rooms were scantily furnished and it took me sometime to get accustomed to seeing lizards creeping along the walls stalking flies and bugs of all sorts. The beds were covered with muslin curtains to keep out the mosquitoes and there was a bathroom attached to each bedroom. The bathroom had an enclosed cement floor in the middle of which was an oval wooden tub and beside it a huge chatty of cold water. Bathing was performed by first sitting in a cold bath and then pouring cold water from the chatty with a dipper over one's head. This after a ride in the morning was very refreshing.

My salary to begin with was two hundred and fifty rupees per month, raised to two hundred & seventy-five the second year and three hundred the third year and so on. It was a great satisfaction to me to be now not only self-supporting, but to be able to send a small monthly remittance to my mother, increasing progressively year by year as my salary increased. Frank had been doing the same thing ever since he went to Java so between us we were able to ease the burden on my mother.

Each member of the Staff had some outside morning work to do before office hours commenced which entailed the necessity of keeping a pony. The piece-goods men for instance had to go round the native bazaars and get in touch with customers and buyers. Those in the rice department had to visit the rice mills and bring back reports. My duty was to visit and superintend the work of the engineering and stores department at Poozoondowy where we had a large foundry, engineering works and stores of iron, machinery, etc. This meant getting up before six in the morning and after a "Chotah Hazree" of tea and toast, riding down to Poozoondowy, getting back at about eight, have a glass of mango-fool, tub, dress, have breakfast and then down to office where work started at nine. The office closed at four, after which we went home and spent the rest of the afternoon until dark riding or playing tennis, boating on the lake or whatever our particular term of sport happened to be. After sundown everybody foregathered at the Gymkhana Club. This club at that time consisted of only one large room downstairs with a bar and small tables with chairs at which the men used to gather in groups and drink and smoke. Upstairs was a ladies' room and a dancing-room and card room. There used to be an afternoon dance twice a week to the music of a military band. There were four tennis courts and a cricket ground. A little later three billiard tables and a bowling alley

were added and the dance hall enlarged. A military band also played once a week in the Cantonement Gardens.

One of the first things I had to do was to buy a pony, so in company with John Young I visited the horse Bazaar and bought a nice little mare. Our house, "Ferndale" was close to the enormous jail which was surrounded by a very high wall. For some reason my pony had a great dislike to pass the jail and for a long time I had a fight every morning to persuade her to pass, sometimes resulting in my involuntarily dismounting, but I eventually won. It was my great ambition to become a good horseman and this I achieved as I will show later on.

Talking of the jail, one Sunday afternoon while we were having our afternoon siesta we heard shots and shouting coming from the direction of the jail and looking out we saw two convicts running towards our house pursued by police. The convicts jumped into the ditch surrounding our compound and one was there shot by the police. The other I think was captured.

Dinner time was 8.15. Then at home we always dressed for dinner in white mess kit and coloured cummerbund. If we dined out or went to a dance swallow-tails were "de rigeur". It was a very absurd custom in such a hot climate and at dances after the first dance our collars and shirt fronts became a pulp. Newcomers were expected to call on the older residents if they wanted to get into Society and here again there was a ridiculous custom that this should be done in European dress, black coat and silk hat, in the heat of the day. Bulloch Bros. were the largest and premier mercantile firm in Rangoon and our staff were mostly of the better class so we were invited out a good deal.

Rangoon was a very pleasant and happy place socially. The Society was a mixed one of military (there was one British regiment, two Sepoy regiments, a battery of artillery, detachment of Royal Engineers, staff officers, etc.), civil servants, lawyers, doctors, forest officers, the mercantile community, etc. We formed a large happy family and there was always plenty of amusement, dances, dinner-parties, private theatricals, moonlight riding parties, etc. Among other things we played Iolanthe in which I was one of the chorus of Peers.

Occasionally a travelling company paid a visit to Rangoon. They were generally a pretty second rate lot, but we enjoyed them all the same. If they played musical comedy they generally relied on local amateurs for the chorus and in this capacity I was one of the chorus in "H.M.S. Pinafore" and "Patience".

Then in sport there was plenty of variety, including tennis, cricket, polo, hunting, horse-racing and numerous gymkhanas, football, boating on the lake, and later on golf.

The hunting season started at the beginning of the rainy-season. We had paper-chases on Wednesday and drag-hunts on Saturdays, all of which I regularly attended. I got lots of falls at first but made a point of taking every jump and finally became quite an

accomplished rider. I also joined the mounted volunteer rifles and in this capacity was one of the escort to the Viceroy, Lord Dufferin, when he paid a visit to Burma in 1885.

When the Burmese War broke out we all of the mounted rifles volunteered for service with the expedition but only a limited number got leave from their employers to go. My firm wouldn't give me leave, but those of us who remained behind had to patrol the streets at night and the jungle around the City where "dacoits" (bandits) were very active.

When the war broke out it was a very lively time in Rangoon. Troops from India were arriving daily and the gymkhana was crowded every evening with officers in Khaki. The Irrawaddy Flotilla Co.'s paddle steamers were waiting in the river to take them up to Mandalay (See Rudyard Kipling's "Road to Mandalay").

The first Christmas I spent in Rangoon we were all invited to dinner at the several partners' houses. Unfortunately I was laid low with the first of many attacks of Rangoon fever and spent the day very miserably tossing in bed in a raging fever.

The climate of Burma was very trying. The coolest months were December and January, after which it gradually became hotter and hotter until it reached a climax about June. Then every afternoon great black clouds gathered in the west and it looked like rain but the rain held off and the nights became very oppressive, almost hotter than the days. Then suddenly (generally in the night) we heard a great roar and the rains broke and came down literally in torrents. This was hailed by a chorus of frogs and all sorts of flying ants and other insects would appear. The flying ants came in thousands and left their wings strewing the floors and furniture. We had to keep our tumblers covered during meals to keep out the hosts of various kinds of bugs that made their appearance.

The rainy season lasted from July to October and during that time the heat though less intense was very trying being damp and muggy, like living in a hot-house and many of us suffered from prickly heat.

Everything was damp to the touch. To keep our clothes dry we had to keep them on "charpoys" a wicker erection like a huge bee-hive with a "chatty" or large earthenware saucer filled with burning charcoal inside. Our boots got covered with green verdigris, the binding came off books, etc. The legs of our beds rested in chatties containing kerosene oil to keep creeping things from climbing up the legs into the beds.
After about six months residence in "Ferndale" I exchanged with a fellow called Cumming and went to live in the "Folly". My reason for this was that my two best friends Findlay and Riddie lived in the "Folly" whereas the men in "Ferndale" were all considerably senior to me.

The “Folly” was a huge, barn-like house with six bedrooms and a huge dining hall and wide verandahs running all round. We used to entertain our bachelor friends at dinner a good deal and had many jovial evenings.

After I had been about eighteen months in Rangoon I was ordered to Akyab, a little place at the mouth of the Arakan river where we had rice-mills. It was the busy season and they were short-handed. I only remained there about two months and then returned to Rangoon. I bought another pony which I named "Joshua". He was a wonderful jumper and that year I rode him in the Hunt Steeplechase and won. It was a stiff course, about four miles, over about thirty jumps.

I was very proud of myself and of my pony. In the same year I took a ticket in the Bengal Club Derby sweep and two in the Burma club sweep. I drew the first in the Bengal Club and first and second in the Burma Club sweep. The Bengal Club sweep brought me 4200 Rupees and the Burma Club about 500 Rupees altogether. That same year with one ticket I drew the first in the Bengal Club St. Leger sweep worth 3800 Rupees and was also very successful at the Totalizator during race week.

Having now accumulated a bit of money I bought two polo ponies and started to play this king of games at which I became very proficient. We played twice a week and used to have very exciting matches, especially with military teams, which we always won.
I also learned tent-pegging. A detachment of the Hyderabad Cavalry contingent was camped at Rangoon for some months during the Burmese War. They were commanded by Lieut. McSweeney who was a very good tent-pegger and he coached several of us of the mounted rifles. I won many prizes for tent-pegging at various Gymkhanas. All this may sound very boastful but it is all quite true just the same.

By this time I knew everybody and so took part in the numerous social festivities. Nearly every night I was out either at a dinner party or dance or theatricals, or moonlight rides, etc., so very seldom got home before the small hours of the morning. It was hard work as one had to be up so early. I very frequently dined at one or other of the regimental messes of one of which I was made an honorary member. I joined the St. Cecilia Society, an

amateur musical Society conducted by Wm. Bigge, judge of the small cause Court. He was a brother of Sir Arthur Bigge who later became Lord Stamfordham. We had quite a few good amateur musicians both vocal and instrumental, among them members of the German community who were musicians almost to a man.

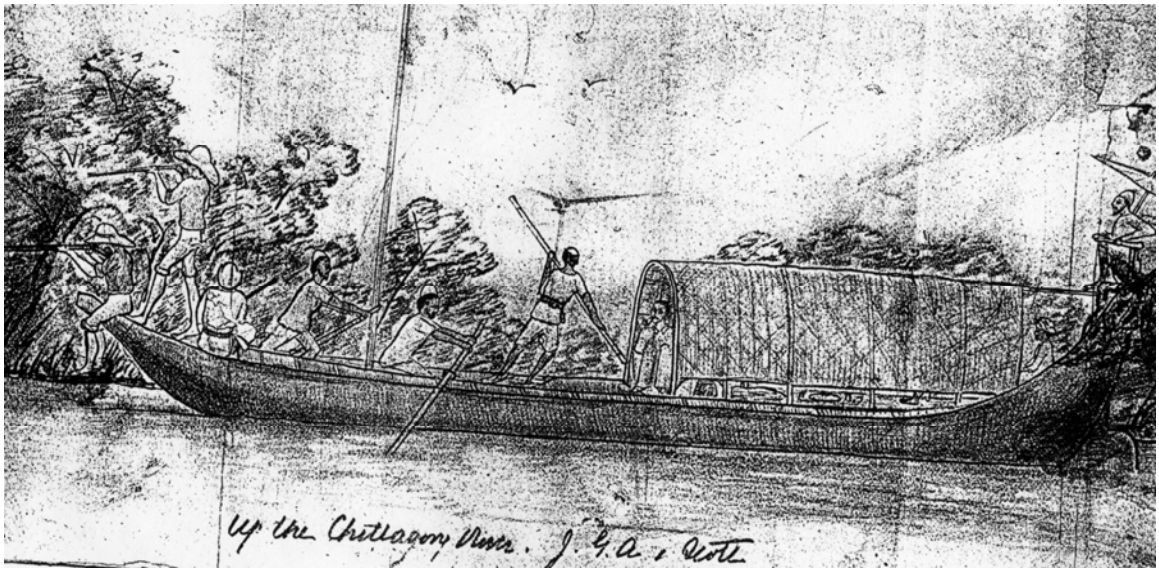
My next move was again to Akyab where I was sent to relieve our Manager there who had to go on sick-leave. Akyab is a very pretty place at the mouth of the Arakan River, but it is a rather unhealthy place and most Europeans stationed there contract a fever called Arakan fever. During the three months I was there I escaped the fever but had an attack of cholera, a very unpleasant experience.

There were only about a dozen Europeans in Akyab, mostly bachelors. We all met at the club in the afternoons and evenings and played whist and billiards sometimes far into the night. It was a tradition on Akyab that a glass of gin and bitters taken early in the morning would ward off fever, so most of the men on their way down to office called in at the Club for a glass. Personally I never did, so and I don't claim any virtue for not doing so; I only refrained because I don't like the taste of gin and bitters.

While at Akyab I instituted a boat club. I found under my house an old four-oared boat that had evidently not been used for years. I had it repaired and painted and set up in the Black-water creek. We formed a boat club and ordered a four-oared racing boat with sliding seats from Rangoon, and with these two boats we used to have "bumping" handicap races nearly every evening.

Akyab was a very dull place after Rangoon and I was very glad when the man I was relieving returned from sick-leave and I returned to Rangoon. On the voyage back we ran into a cyclone and had a very bad time. On arrival at Rangoon we heard that the cyclone had struck Akyab badly, wrecking the oyster Reef lighthouse at the mouth of the river and blowing down many houses.

After a few months in Rangoon I got another transfer, this time to Chittagong in Bengal, to take up the management there in relief of the Manager (Gardiner) who was ill and going on sick-leave. Chittagong was a very curious place. It was situated on the Chittagong river and the European residential part was a series of little hills like gigantic ant-hills and each residence was built on the top of a hill, so all the stables had to be built at the foot of the hills and there was no house where you could drive up to the door.



I had a very nice roomy bungalow called "Craig-Bulloch" from where I looked across a valley to the Commissioner's bungalow a stone's throw away, but to get from one to the other you had to descend to the valley and climb up the other side. There were very few Europeans in Chittagong. As far as I can remember these consisted of:

The Commissioner, wife, daughter about eighteen and son about 10

Deputy Commissioner,	Alan
Assistant Deputy Commissioner,	Windsor
Doctor and wife,	Murray
Executive Engineer and wife,	Sills
Harbor-Master, wife and niece	Good
Port Officer	Warden
Inspector of Police	Orr
Padre and wife.	

I had for my assistant a man called MacTaggart and an engineer for the rice mill called Brabbins. We used to play tennis in the evenings and at night most of us met at the Club and played whist or billiards.

In the Hinterland up-country were numerous tea-plantations with European managers. At Christmas time (I happened to be there at Christmas time), they used to foregather in Chittagong and we used to have a wild week. These planters having lived a solitary life all the year round would let themselves go and we had a week of sports, dances, dinners, parties, gymkhanas, tournaments, etc.

When Gardiner returned from sick-leave I got a month's holiday. I crossed over by sea to Calcutta where I met a man called Hewett whom I knew very well in Rangoon. Together we travelled up to Darjeeling in the Himalayas. In the same carriage on the railway was an elderly gentleman with a gray beard. He kept plying us with questions all the way to Darjeeling, which was a journey of a night and a day. He was a typical globe-trotter and

reminded me of Kiplings "Paget M.P." in his "Departmental Ditties", which at that time had just been published.

In answer to his questions Hewett and I mischievously "pulled his leg" quite a lot. On arriving at Darjeeling to our dismay on getting out of the train we found the old gentleman standing by his luggage labeled in large letters, "J. Bryce, M.P." (later Lord Bryce). To make matters worse we found he was going to the same hotel as we and at dinner that night we found him sitting opposite us. Fortunately however he left early next morning for an expedition in the hills and we never saw him again.

Darjeeling is a beautiful hill station about 8,000 feet above sea-level. The journey from Calcutta occupies a night and part of the next day by train. The Ganges is crossed by ferry and thence on by train to Siligursi at the foot of the mountains. Here you change to the spiral railway, a wonderful feat of engineering which winds up the mountain. The wheels are cogged to prevent slipping. As you ascend the air becomes cooler and cooler and you look down on the flat country you have left behind spread out like a map of the world. After having lived for years in the plains where the heat is intense the relief of getting into this high altitude must be experienced to be appreciated. When you arrive at Darjeeling you look straight out at Kinchinging the second highest mountain in the Himalayas, 27,000 odd feet high and perpetually snow-clad.

There are a number of boarding schools at Darjeeling for European children and it was delightful to see these children rosy-cheeked and sprightly after being accustomed to the pale and delicate-looking European children on the plains. The native Bhootean women even are rosy-cheeked and wonderfully strong. They carry loads by a leather strap across their foreheads and I was astonished to see on arrival at the railway station some of these women, who are employed as coolies, carrying huge trunks from the station up a steep hill to the hotel.

We made several excursions on pony-back while at Darjeeling, one being to a place called Jallapahur, from which we got a glimpse of the peak of Everest, looking at that distance about the size of the first joint of a man's thumb. At this time the little Sikkim War was going on and we came across a little party of British troops signaling by heliograph to the main body far away in the valley below.

After a delightful week in Darjeeling we returned to Calcutta and here Hewett left me to return to Rangoon while I started on a tour to the north-west. On the train I met two nice young American globe-trotters and in their company I visited Benares, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Delhi and Agra, all most interesting in connection with the mutiny, but as all this can be read in history books there is no need to describe these places here.

When my month's leave was up I returned to Rangoon and was posted in charge of one of our rice-mills on the Poozoondowy river. The work here was very interesting though very hard, as the mills worked day and night (at night by electric light) and I seldom got to bed before midnight and Sunday was no holiday. My work consisted in buying the paddy (or raw rice) which came down the river by boats, superintending the weighing of same,

superintending the cleaned rice as it came out of the shoots of the mill to see that the quality was O.K., superintending the sewing of the bags, paying the huge staff of mill-hands, engineers, coolies, etc.

The only white men employed at the mill besides myself were two Scotch engineers who worked in shifts. They had a bungalow near the mill, but my bungalow stood by itself across the river which I had to cross by native boat or sampan two or three times a day for meals and as there was a very strong current and the boat very light and frail, this was sometimes a rather nervy job. My bungalow was built on the edge of the river on swampy ground covered with mangrove bushes, in which at night from my verandah I could see snakes both great and small disporting themselves. Why Bulloch Bros. built a bungalow on this site and not on the other side of the river I could never understand.

The business of rice-milling was carried on in the following way. About seeding time the several European merchants made advances through their Burmese agents to many of the cultivators by which the latter were bound to sell their produce to the merchants making the advances. When the crop was harvested the cultivators brought their “paddy” or rough rice down the river on boats. The Burmese agents of the merchants were on the look-out for these boats and as they approached the mills they boarded them and hoisted the firm's flag thereon to show they were sold. (Our flag was black and white striped). There were many cultivators who had not had advances. These were "freelances" and could sell to whom they liked, naturally to the highest bidder and here was where the fun came in. Each European firm had a steam launch and these would take the Burmese agent some way up the river to intercept these boats and tow them to the merchants' mill. This sometimes led to a miniature naval battle and one would see the steam launches flying their firm's flag coming down the river towing a whole fleet of the boats they had "captured".

The boats were then unloaded at the mill by a host of coolies, into large godowns, or sheds, and from there the paddy was hoisted by bucket elevators to the top of the mill where it went through various processes and finally emerged from a shoot on the ground floor in the shape of white, cleaned and polished table rice. At each shoot was a weighing machine with a gunny sack attached and when the sack was filled to the correct weight, (usually 2 cwt.) it was whisked off and the sacks were sewn up by Burmese sewing girls. It was then loaded onto cargo-boats by coolies and the boats after being filled were towed down the Poozoondowy river to the main river and harbor where the ships or steamers were waiting for them.

It was wonderful to see how these coolies, broad in the shoulder but spindly in the legs, for hours carried these heavy two cwt. sacks over a narrow plank to the cargo boat. They were dripping with sweat and carried on a monotonous chant as they scurried along at a trot in the blazing sun. When finished loading a cargo-boat and the last bag dropped in, they indulged in a sort of war-dance for about ten minutes until the next boat was ready for loading. We used the paddy-husk for fuel to drive the mill, but there was a large surplus which went into the river so that sometimes at low tide the river was covered for miles with paddy husk until the flood came and carried it away.

I may here say a word about the Burmese people. They are on the whole a very happy and carefree people. They have been called the Irish of the East as they never bother about tomorrow and are quite contented if they have enough for today. For this reason there are very few rich people among the Burmese, all the trade and commerce being in the hands of the natives of India; Hindus, Mohammedans, Parsees, and also Chinese. They are very fond of sport; horse and boat racing, cockfighting and gambling and tugs of war in which whole villages including women and children compete against each other. They are also very fond of theatrical performances, "Pwes" as they are called. These are held in the open air and generally last all night.

The men are very lazy and avoid any strenuous manual work, and that is why all the coolie labour is imported from India. The work the Burmese like best is driving a bullock-gharry (cart) or steering a boat or some such easy work. The educated class of Burmese are mostly employed as "Keranees" (clerks) in Government or Mercantile offices. They are too proud and independent to enter domestic service, so all the servants are Madrasses or Bengalese.

Both men and women are very gaily dressed. The men have long black hair gathered into a large knot at the top of their heads and decorated with a colored silk handkerchief. Their dress consists of a short, white, loose linen jacket and a gaily colored silk “putso” a sort of kilt. Their legs are tattooed up to the waist. The women have also long black hair gathered into a knot, well greased with cocoanut oil, and generally wear flowers in their hair. They also wear a short white linen jacket and a gaily colored silk loongye down to the ankles. They wear a colored silk scarf over their shoulders and generally carry a colored paper parasol over their shoulders. Both men and women smoke huge Burmese cheroots. When not actually smoking they carry it behind their ear and it is no uncommon sight to see mere children smoking these huge cheroots.

Many of the Burmese women are very pretty and try to add to their beauty by smearing their faces with a white powder which I suppose is meant to make them resemble their white sisters.

On feast days, or weddings or funerals it is a great and colorful sight to see the gaily dressed throng of both men and women in their many colored dresses and they enjoy themselves like children. They are very hospitable and any European traveller arriving at a Burmese village is made very welcome and will cheerfully be given a night's lodging. The country all over is dotted with pagodas both large and small, the gifts of pious Burmese who think by erecting these pagodas they will gain merit in the next world. The Burmese are very skilful wood-carvers and silversmiths and good specimens of their wood carving may be seen in the shrines on the platform extending for several acres at the base of the great Shoay Dagon Pagoda in Rangoon and in the numerous "Hpongee-Kyoing" monasteries scattered throughout the country. Their religion has been described as Superstition with a veneer of Buddhism. They believe in the presence of "Hats" or evil spirits which have to be propitiated with offerings.

In Rangoon, Mandalay and some of the larger towns there are a number of Colleges and schools where the Burmese youth can get a good Western education. In the villages the children get a primary from of education by the Hpongees or priests of the village.

My next move was to Bassein as assistant to Walter Beatson, who was manager there. Bassein is a little town on a branch of the Irrawaddy 90 miles from the sea, but the largest steamers and ships were able to come all the way up to load rice. The journey from Rangoon was by Irrawaddy Flotilla steamers through innumerable creeks and took two days and nights. At night we navigated by search-light and it was a very picturesque journey wending our way through these narrow creeks, in many cases the branches of trees from opposite sides meeting and overhanging us as we passed on our way, guided by the powerful search-light. In some places the trees were crowded with green parrots and we frequently passed alligators lying on the muddy banks.

We had a beautiful bungalow on the river bank on the opposite side of the river from the town and about four miles lower down the river. There was a nice garden and terrace in front of the bungalow and one of our mills was on the river bank, quite close to the house. We also had another mill about four miles up the river. The river must have been about three-quarters of a mile broad and there was a very strong tide. Ships and steamers used to anchor in midstream right opposite our house and further up the river, and after discharging ballast came alongside our mill wharf to load rice. We used to hear the sailors singing their "Chanties" as they heaved up the anchor.

Beatson was a very old-maidish sort of bachelor and had everything inside and outside the house arranged very precisely and just-so. Our house being on the opposite side of the river from the town and there being no roads on our side of the river, we had our stables and ponies on the opposite side. We had a high flag-pole in front of our house and a corresponding one at the stable across the river. When we wanted to drive or ride up to town we fired a shot from a shot-gun and then signalled by flag to the "syce" (groom) across the river. Beatson had two ponies and a trap and so had I. If for instance we decided to drive up to town in Beatson's trap we would lower the flag once; if my pony and trap, twice; if both, three times. If on the other hand one of us decided to ride, then we would signal five times, and so on. The syces would repeat the signal to show they understood and when we arrived across the river in our four-oared boat rowed by lascars, we would find our ponies or dog-carts all ready waiting for us.

We frequently travelled up to town in our steam launch. In this case if we brought any guests from the Club for "pot-luck" dinner, on our return journey, when about a mile from the house, we would blow a long blast on the whistle, followed by short blasts denoting how many guests we were bringing and on arrival at the house we would find the table laid for that number of guests and a good dinner awaiting us.

Beatson had a baby elephant and some deer which we kept in an in-closure. The elephant was fed with rice and milk from a hollow bamboo and was quite tame.

Bassein contained only a small European community and we foregathered at the Club, where there were two tennis-courts, every evening, and. after tennis played billiards or whist. Once a week a feeble attempt at dancing took place, but as there were only three or four ladies it didn't amount to much. There was a Company of volunteers, European and Eurasian, of which Beatson was Commandant and to this I was elected Lieutenant, and when Beatson left later for England I became Commandant. Beatson was also Consular Agent for the United States and to this position I also fell heir when I became manager at Bassein. The duties were not onerous and mostly consisted in settling disputes between Captains of American ships and their crews, drunkenness, desertions, etc. and in sending an annual trade report to the Consul-General at Calcutta.

On July 4th, Independence Day, we entertained at dinner the American Community, which consisted of Baptist Missionaries, male and female. The Baptists had two large Mission Schools on the outskirts of Bassein and seemed very prosperous. They had fine buildings, school and residences and lived in great comfort and used to get every three years a holiday home to the U. S. A.

After about six months service under Beatson, he went to England on nine months leave and I became manager, having as my assistant Mc Taggart, who had been my assistant at Chittagong also.

I instituted paper-chases on horseback, once a week during the rainy season, which though small affairs, compared with Rangoon, helped as a diversion in a somewhat monotonous existence.

During the time I was at Bassein I got a letter from a friend in Rangoon asking me if I would put up for a few days a Mr. Garnet Man, a lawyer, who had a case in Bassein. Of course I replied in the affirmative and in a few days my visitor arrived. I little expected that he would one day become my Father-in-law. It appears Mr. Man had been a very successful lawyer in Rangoon before my time and had retired in the hope of resuming his profession in London, but had no success there, so decided to return to Burma. He showed me a photograph which he had just received of his wife in Court dress (she had just been presented) of which he was very proud.

Mrs. Man (right) was expected to join him in Rangoon very shortly and I remember him telling me he was looking forward to her arrival just as much as if he were a bridegroom waiting for his bride. He was a most entertaining visitor, being very witty and amusing

and had the faculty of keeping a whole dinner-party amused with his stories, some true and some "ben trovate". It was never dull in any company where he was present.

After about a year in Bassein and having been seven and a half years in Burma, it became my turn for long leave. I was relieved as Manager by Gardiner and sailed from Rangoon in early May in a steamer called the "Port Denison".

The voyage was uneventful. I played whist most of the time. The other players were a Major in the Scottish Borderers, whose name I forget, Captain Atkinson of the military police and a man, whose name I also forget, in a Sepoy Regiment.

I left the steamer at Suez and travelled by train to Cairo where I stayed a few days at the famous Shepherd's Hotel and among other things climbed to the top of the great pyramid. Thence by train to Alexandria and thence by P.O. steamer to Brindisi. I then visited Rome where I saw all the sights; next Naples from which I visited Pompeii; then Turin; then Paris where I spent a few days; then Calais and Dover.

I was met at Holburn Viaduct Station in London by my Mother, Mary and Aggie, none of whom seemed to have changed or aged much. During my absence in Burma they had left Southsea and were living in a suburb in the north of London near the Alexandra Palace called Crouchend. My poor old Father had had a paralytic stroke which made him somewhat lame in one leg and caused him to speak very indistinctly. He appeared quite well otherwise and went out daily for a walk.

Denison, after a few months in a Stockbroker's office, which he much disliked, had enlisted and was stationed with his regiment, the Norfolks, at Bury St. Edmunds. Wilfred had a berth in Frith Sands & Co. in the City.

I did not like Crouchend at all, its only attraction being the Alexandra Palace.

Shortly after arriving in London I visited Sir Joseph Fayrer, the celebrated specialist on Tropical diseases in Harley Street. I was suffering from Liver. After a short examination he told me I must go to Carlsbad and drink the waters and was quite angry when I told him I had no intention of doing so and was going to Scotland. However I paid my two guineas and went for a short stay to Brighton where I put up at the Grand Hotel. It rained and was cold all the time I was there so I felt very miserable and soon returned to London.

I took members of the family (except Father) several times to the Theatre. Among plays which I saw I remember "Ravenswood" with Irving, Ellen Terry and Terris at the Lyceum and the "Gondoliers" at the Savoy. I went to see Aunt Mary and Uncle Burney of course.

Poor Uncle Burney's business had collapsed as I expected and he was a nervous wreck. I took him to the Military Tournament at Olympia which cheered him up a bit. Claud was at the Naval College at Dartmouth and Evelyn was in partnership with a Miss Wills in a

public stenographer's business. They were doing very well I think, anyhow they were always very busy.

I went down to Bury St. Edmunds to see Denison. He was now a Corporal and looked very smart in his uniform. It was a pouring wet day and we went by train to a little place called Dies where we had lunch in a little Inn and spent the whole afternoon in the Inn parlor as it was too wet to go out.

After a time I travelled up to Scotland, stopping off on the way at Manchester where I spent a night with Anna (formerly Taylor) and her husband Andy Arthur. I also spent a day with Fred Adam and his wife Florence. He was at that time a Captain in the E. Lancashire regiment I think and was stationed at Oldham. Florence was at that time a very pretty girl and very capable. They were very hard up so she used to make clothes for the whole family including herself and even Fred.

I then went on to Glasgow where I put up at the Charing Cross Hotel. I was the only guest at the Hotel so it was very depressing. I called on Dora Elderton who lived in a flat in the Govan district, also on Aunt Jane, and Cousin Anna Haddaway, and spent a day or two with David and Maria Watson at their home at a place some miles out of Glasgow whose name I have forgotten.

I should mention that Uncle Taylor was dead and all the girls except Lizzie were married. Aunt Taylor and Lizzie had moved to Troon in Ayrshire where Aunt Taylor had bought a house. She paid a visit to us at Rickmansworth while I was there.

From Glasgow I took a trip to the West Highlands looking for some little place to spend a month or two. I visited Edinburgh and went from thence by coach through the Trossachs to Loch Lomond. I looked at places on Loch Awe and Loch Tay and finally arrived at Oban where I heard of a cottage to let on the island of Mull opposite Oban, which I decided to take. I invited Mary and Aggie and Wilfred (who was having his holidays) as my guests and in a few days they arrived and we settled down in this cottage from which we had a fine view of the sea and of Oban immediately opposite.

Here we made the acquaintance of the Maclean of Loch Buie. Maclean was the head of the clan of McLean of Loch Buie, a very old Highland family and was like many Highland lairds, very proud. He always wore a kilt and was known all over the Highlands as "Lochbuie". He always signed himself "Lochbuie" and a good story is told about him in this connection. Sir Francis Lockwood the famous barrister and wit was travelling with his wife in Scotland and at a certain hotel when signing the register, he noticed among the

list of guests the signature "Lochbuie and Mrs. Maclean". Sir Francis thereupon signed himself "24 Kensington Gardens and Mrs. Lockwood."

The Macleans asked us all to lunch at their family estate of Loch Buie on the south coast of the island and we drove over in a hired waggonette and pair. Although a very old and proud family they were very hard up and had to rent Lochbuie castle for summers while the Maclean family lived in a smaller house on the estate. However they entertained us kindly and invited me to go with them to the annual Highland gathering and ball to be held at Oban the following week. The Maclean family at that time consisted of two grown-up daughters and a boy of about twelve.

I went over to Oban for the Highland gathering and ball. Oban was crowded with Highlanders. All the western chieftains and lairds with their tenants and retainers, all in kilts and literally hundreds of pipers. They all assembled on the esplanade in the forenoon and then, headed by "Lochbuie" and Colonel Malcolm of Portalloch, marched to the sports grounds to the music of a host of pipers. The usual Highland sports; sword-dancing, pipe-playing, competitions, tossing the caber, foot-races, etc., took place, but as it was a very cold day I did not enjoy it as much as I otherwise would.

The ball in the evening was a great sight. I was one of the very few in ordinary evening dress, the great majority being in kilts, every clan having its own distinctive tartan and the reel dances to the music of the pipes were a wonderful sight. Being a stranger I did not get much dancing, but much enjoyed watching the dancing of the numerous reels.

When my leave was up we returned to London. I think however we paid a visit to Helensburgh en route, where we looked up our old friends the Templetons. Both cousin Robert and Cousin Mary had died during my absence in Burma. I forget what had happened to Robbie and Alexander. I think they had both gone abroad somewhere.
On returning South I spent a few days with Aunt Grace and Uncle Hill at the latter's rectory at Oving in Buckinghamshire and the rest of my leave I spent in London.
In November I booked my return passage in the Henderson line new steamer "Pegu". Although, of course, sorry to say good-bye to my people, yet the weather in London being at this time of the year damp, foggy and gloomy, I was not sorry at the prospect of soon being in sunnier climes.

The "Pegu" was to call at Naples, so I decided to travel overland to that port. With a Burma friend, Matthew Halliday, who was also returning from leave, I started on a cold and dull winter day for the journey across the continent. Matthew Halliday was a very lively and amusing companion.

We travelled from Paris by night train. In the morning we found something had gone wrong with the waterworks in our compartment and we could get no water to wash in. We were then crossing the Alps and the ground was deep in snow. Suddenly for some reason the train came to a dead stop. Halliday and I tossed which of us should get out and get a handful of snow to wash in. The lot fell on me. While gathering up the snow the

train suddenly started and it was with difficulty I was able to scramble back into the train with the aid of Halliday pulling me up.

At Naples we found Ellis (a partner in Bulloch Bros.) and his wife, who were staying at the same hotel as we and were to be fellow passengers in the "Pegu". Naples was "en fete" on our arrival owing to the opening of a new Arcade called the "Galleria Umberto" in honor of King Humbert. We went that night to a performance of "Faust" at the opera. We sailed next morning. The "Pegu" was a very comfortable boat, though not to be compared with the boats of the Bibby Line which commenced running about a year later. We had about fifteen passengers and the weather was fine all the way. We had theatricals during the voyage, the play being "The Subaltern's Dodge", a little play which I had written a few years previously.

On arrival at Rangoon I was posted to the management of the Finance and Accounts Department and in this capacity came a good deal in contact with the Exchange brokers who used to call daily at the offices seeking business. The leading Exchange broker was a man called Spence. He was in poor health and his doctor had ordered him a long sea voyage. He made me an offer of partnership. It was very tempting and I accepted. After about a month he left for a trip to Australia and I carried on alone. Business was good and I did very well.

I bought a nice little pony called "Pepper" on which I won the Hunt Steeplechase for the second time. I was elected Master of the Hunt, a position I held for two years, during which time I led the hunt with Pepper and a beautiful white Arab called "Bally-hooley" who was a magnificent jumper. I also became a steward of the races.

Mr. Man, who I have already mentioned as my future father-in-law, was then living alone, his wife and eldest daughter, Beatrice, having returned to England after a brief visit. He, for some reason, took a fancy to me and asked me to break in two horses he had bought for his two eldest daughters who were coming out shortly with Mrs. Man and the younger members of his family. I had plenty of horses of my own to ride, so breaking in these two in addition to riding my own kept me busy in my spare time.

When Spence returned from his trip to Australia I lived with him, but he soon got ill again. He was a very hard drinker and this was the trouble with him. He died of dropsy a month or two after his return and I became the sole partner in the firm.

Mrs. Man arrived in Rangoon about this time accompanied by six of her nine children. These were, Beatrice, aged about 21; Jo, twenty; Harry, 15; May, 10; Katie, 8; and Dolly, 5. Mr. Man had a large yellow waggonette in which he used to drive the whole family in the evenings, sometimes with a pair of horses and sometimes "Unicorn"; that is to say, one leader and two wheelers.

The arrival of such a large family created quite a sensation in Rangoon, where, owing to the climate, European children are sent back to England at a very early age and there is consequently no family life, the husband and wife being the only members of the family

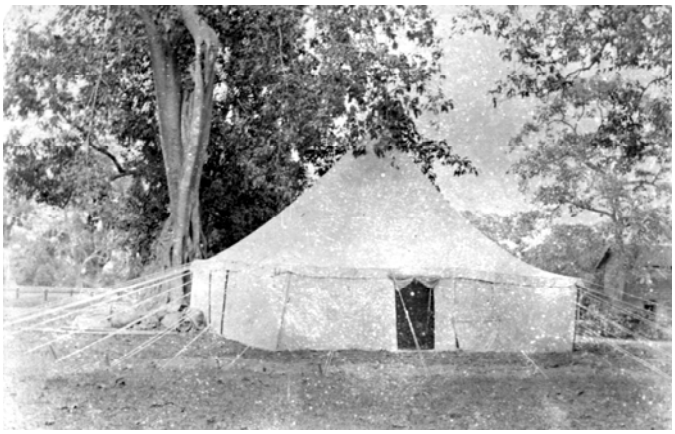
to remain. Mr. Man was very hospitable and used to entertain extensively and I was a frequent guest. I used also very often to take the two eldest daughters out riding in the mornings.

This family life, so unusual in the East, was to me most refreshing and agreeable, so it is not surprising I fell in love with the eldest daughter, Beatrice. As was the custom in these days, I asked permission of Mr. Man to propose, but to my disappointment he refused, so I laid low and bided my time. When the hot season arrived Jo took two of the younger children, May and Katie, back to England and Mrs. Man and Beatrice went for a trip to Ceylon. On their return, as I was doing very well, I ignored convention and proposed direct to Beatrice during a morning ride and she was foolish enough to accept. This was the best thing I ever did and I have never regretted it.

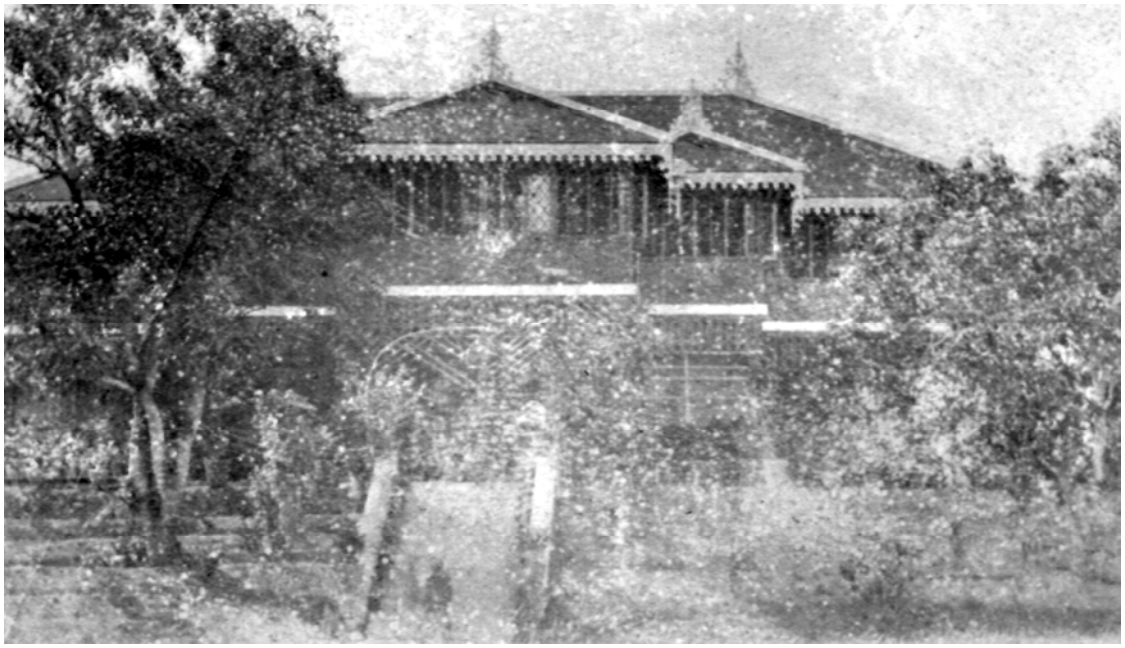
Looking back on these days I can truly say this was the happiest time in my life. We became engaged in November and our wedding was fixed for the following June. We used to ride or go for a drive nearly every morning and generally met every afternoon or evening playing tennis or boating on the lake, at dances or dinner parties.

Figure 1

The annual Hunt Ball took place about this time and I led off the hurdle-gallop dance with my fiancé'. But the peak of happiness was a driving expedition to Pegu. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Man, Beatrice, Jo, Harry, Dolly, Cecil Lowis who was engaged to Jo, Major Milne, Lieut. Peebles of the Norfolk Regiment, and a Mr. and Mrs. Biederman and a Miss Wilson. We sent on the servants the night before in bullock-gharries with food, bedding and a tent for the men of the party, it being arranged that the ladies would sleep in the Government Dak-houses (rest-houses), on the way. (Below a tent used on the Pegu trip)



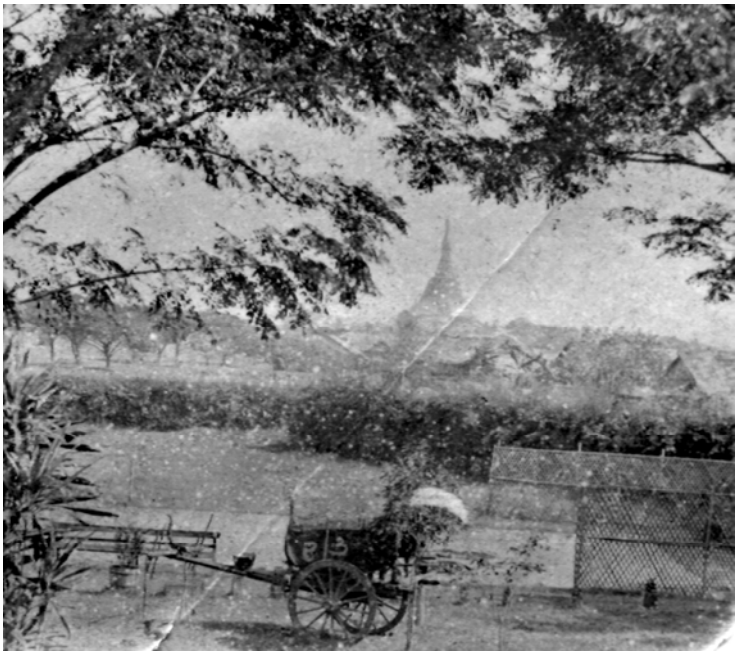
Bea drove all the way with me in my dog-cart. It was the cool season so we did not suffer from heat. Our first stop was at a place called Sanjewar where we had tiffin (lunch). After tiffin the servants went ahead in the bullock-gharries to the next stopping place, Integau, while we rested and followed in the cool of the evening. The same procedure was followed next day, when we arrived at Pegu in the evening, having stopped at Kyauktan far tiffin. (The photographs on this page were found among a collection of papers recording the family's Pegu trip)



Next day we started on our return journey to Rangoon by the same route. It was a most delightful trip and is recorded in a poem composed by Cecil Lowis and myself, a copy of which I still have. It was a trip I shall never forget.

About this time I got a cable announcing my father's death. It appears he had another stroke, but suffered no pain. Poor old man, his life after his business failure cannot have been a very happy one.

Since Spence died I had been living at the Pegu Club, but as our wedding approached I took a very pretty little bungalow just on the other side of the road from the Man's house and the entrance of the Cantonment Gardens and commenced furnishing.



Above is the Pegu temple taken by a member of the party on the trip described here by James Adam.

The Rangoon Mounted Rifles, of which I was Sergeant-Major, gave me a farewell banquet and my bachelor friends invited me to a farewell dinner at the Pegu Club on the eve of our wedding. Most unfortunately that day I was again laid low with a bad attack of Rangoon fever and was unable to be present, so the dinner had to go on without me, a case of "Hamlet without the Ghost". I was well enough the next day to attend my own wedding, though feeling very week.

We had a wonderful wedding. We were married at the Cantonment Church by the Bishop of Rangoon. There were 275 guests and as all of them gave us wedding presents, some very handsome, we had a wonderful collection, chiefly silver-ware. The Church was beautifully decorated with flowers and palms. Jo was the only bridesmaid, but little Dolly and Cecil Goss as page and maid in waiting carried Bea's train. This same Cecil Goss is now living in Edmonton, having come out to Canada years ago and married Dolly Shenfield.

As we left the Church the organ played the wedding march and as we drove into the Compound of Mr. Man's house the band of the Norfolk Regiment hired for the occasion played the wedding march. As we started on our honeymoon we were pelted with rose petals (not rice) by the guests. My friend Innes of the Burma state railway gave us a special train and his own private car, in which we went to Pegu. The Deputy-Commissioner there, Fraser, who was on tour, lent us his very comfortable house. Fraser was quite a gourmand and had a very good cook who gave us excellent meals. We

returned to Rangoon at the end of a week and settled down in our very comfortable bungalow.

Above is the wedding of Beatrice Man and James Adam. From left to right: Dorothy Man, Edward Garnet Man, Harry Man, Mrs. Edward Garnet Man, the two men standing have not been identified, the bridesmaid is Jocelyn Man and the page Cecil Goss.

After we married I resigned the mastership of the hunt, gave up polo and instead we played tennis or boated on the lake or went for a ride or drive. We were invited to a long succession of dinner parties at which Bea as a bride took precedence.

We liked our little bungalow "Garden Lodge" as it was called. It was a one-storied bungalow raised about four and a half feet from the ground on teak pillars. One night about midnight we heard a great commotion under the house, banging of the pillars and shouting. I got out of bed and went out to see what was wrong. It was so dark I could not see anything but still the banging went on. I made my way towards the noise and stumbled on a drunken "Tommy". When he saw me he cried out "Oh tell me where I am. Tell me where I am". He had evidently been on his way home to barracks and had missed his way and stumbled into our compound and so under the house and got mixed up with the pillars. I got him out and put him on his way to barracks where I presume he arrived safely.

A month or two after our wedding the Man's eldest son Garnet arrived from Canada, whither he had gone to learn farming in Manitoba, but it was a hard and rough life and his health had broken down. He was now at a loose end and they did not know what to do with him so I offered to take him into partnership; he to do the Rice-brokering and I the Exchange broking part of the business. So the firm of Adam & Man was started. I also at this time bought a mill for crushing and selling horse food. It turned out very successfully and made a welcome addition to our income.

Mr. Man went for a trip by himself to India and in his absence Jo became seriously ill. At Mrs. Man's request I agreed to take her and Bea to Ceylon for the benefit of the sea-voyage and change of climate. Jo was so ill I had to carry her on board. The sea voyage revived her a bit and we took rooms in the Mount Lavinia Hotel a few miles from

Colombo. The hotel was built on a promontory jutting out on the sea and was kept cool by the sea breezes. I returned to Rangoon by next steamer and a few days after my return Mrs. Man got a telegram from Bea reading "Jo very ill, Doctor fears "abyss" (abscess)!

Mrs. Man telegraphed to Mr. Man who was in India and he went to Colombo at once but Jo had meantime begun to improve and when she was sufficiently recovered they all came back to Rangoon. Soon after this Mrs. Man and Jo sailed for England. Harry (right), who suffered from asthma, also returned to England, but by sailing ship. It was thought that the long sea-voyage round the Cape would do him good.

The following June Bea and I decided to take a trip home and we sailed on the Bibby Line Steamer "Staffordshire". She was a very comfortable large ship and there were a lot of passengers of a congenial sort. We sailed right into the teeth of the S.W. Monsoon, calling at Colombo on the way. At this time it was very stormy all the way across the Indian Ocean and very hot in the Red Sea.

On arrival at the docks at Tilburry we were met by my brother Wilfred and came by train to Fenchurch Street Station where Aunt Torie and other of Bea's relations were waiting to meet us. My people were then living in Dulwich. I think we stayed a few days in London with Aunt Torie and General and Mrs. Harris (Auntie) and then on to my people at Dulwich. My brother Frank came home from Java on a holiday about this time and Denison also was having a holiday at home, so our family was complete for the first time in many years.

After a stay of some weeks at Dulwich, which by the way was a very pleasant suburb, being near the Crystal Palace and a very great improvement on Crouchend, Bea and I went for a tour of Scotland. We visited Edinburgh, the Trossachs, Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond, where we stayed a few days at Cruchenderman, a beautiful estate at the font of Loch Lomond belonging to Mr. John Martin, Frank's senior partner. We went also to Oban and thence by Cronan Canal and Kyles of Bute to Innellan where we stayed for a few days with Anna Arthur who had taken a house there for the summer.

Mrs. Man had rented Flatford Mill in Essex (famous for the painting by Constable) for the summer months and we spent some time there. We also paid a visit to Aunt Torie in London and to Aunt Harris. The great event of this year was the wedding of Jo to Cecil Lowis which took place from Auntie's house at Queen's Gate and in a large Church in Kensington. The Bishop of Rangoon (Strachan) who was on a visit to England at the time, performed the ceremony and there was a great gathering of the relatives of the Man and Lowis families (11 September 1894). Shortly after this they (Jo and Cecil) sailed for Rangoon and Bea and I sailed a month or two later.

We rented a very nice and much larger house than Garden Lodge. Every Sunday evening we took it in turn either to dine with Jo and Cecil or they with us. In our bedroom upstairs was a safe in which we kept money and Bea's jewels. The handle of the safe was loose and was liable to drop off on opening. One Sunday night while at dinner we heard something fall on the floor in our bedroom overhead. We thought it might be the cat but sent the butler upstairs to investigate. Presently we heard the cry “choor, choor (thief, thief)".

Cecil, Garnet and I jumped up from the table and ran out into the compound from which the cry came and with all the servants rushed in pursuit. It was pitch dark and Garnet tripped over a clothes-line and fell headlong. The rest of us continued the chase along the road and I having the longest legs and being a pretty good sprinter, led the way and was rapidly gaining on the thief when he jumped into a ditch by the side of the road. I jumped on the top of him and held him till the others came up. We took him back to the house and phoned the police and presently two stalwart Sikh policemen came and took him in charge. The police knew him as a habitual criminal and showed us the marks on his back of a flogging he had recently received.

Another Sunday afternoon after tiffin Bea and I were reclining on long chairs downstairs in the verandah between the dining-room and den. It began to rain after a time so we retired into the den. Presently there was a terrible crash in the verandah where we had been sitting. An enormous water-buffalo with long horns had rushed into the verandah. It up turned the chairs on which we had been sitting and gone right through the house on to the road, where it charged and overturned a buggy in which a couple were driving, fortunately without injury to them. Had this occurred five minutes sooner it would possibly have been the end of us.

In the hot season of that year I took Bea up to Meiktela for a change. There was no hill-station in Burma in these days and Meiktela was the nearest approach to a health resort. It was in Upper Burma about half way between Rangoon and Mandalay and was a very pretty station situated on a lake where there was generally a cool breeze. The Cantonments were built around the edge of the lake. Our friends the Shams (deputy Commissioner) put us up and other friends, Captain and Mrs. Thompson of the Inniskilling Fusileers were stationed there with their regiment. I could only stop a couple of days there but Bea stayed about two weeks and benefited from the change.

Jo and Cecil went for another trip to England shortly after this and there their first baby (a boy) was born, but only lived a month or two. We moved into their house in Halpin Road and there Graham was born on May 31st (All Saints' Day). Graham was a great joy to us as he grew and began to take notice.

Later in this year I had a letter from my brother Frank from Java. His firm, of which he was a junior partner had failed and he was very despondent. I invited him to come to us and promised him employment so he came accompanied by a great pile of luggage including a large American Organ. I arranged with him to help Garnet (left) in the rice-broking department which was growing. He stayed with us for a few months and then went to live at the Pegu Club. His chief recreation was to drive out some miles into the jungle and there practice on his bag-pipes which he had brought with him.

I must here tell of a very extraordinary experience I had about this time. One afternoon on my way home from office, I called in as usual at my little office where we sold horse-food to check up the sales. In this office was employed a Babu clerk. The office was in a block divided into about four apartments. It was a brick and cement building of two stories. Each compartment consisted of one room downstairs and one upstairs. The floors were of cement and the walls separating the compartments were of corrugated iron. The entrance to the rooms on the ground floor were on the front and the upper rooms were reached by staircases at the back of the building.

On this day on driving up to the office I noticed a large group of coolies who apparently were removing furniture from the compartment next but one to my office and there was a great noise going on just like a bombardment. I asked my Babu clerk what was wrong and he said the devil was in the house. When I laughed at him he said "It is quite true sir" and then he went on to tell me how the native family living in that compartment were leaving because they were scared at what was happening there. Their furniture kept moving about and the previous evening a little girl of the family, while eating rice out of a bowl, had the bowl snatched out of her hand and thrown across the room.

When I had concluded my business with the Babu I determined to investigate and walked over to the "haunted compartment". At intervals the noise would subside and then the coolies would run into the room and seize and carry out some article of furniture before a repetition of the bombardment took place. I waited for one of these intervals and then entered the compartment alone.

The furniture had nearly all been removed by this time, but there were a few broken chairs and small articles lying about. All was silent and I was just about to come out when an old slipper lying near my feet sprang up and whizzed past my head. Then a piece of a broken chair and then a regular bombardment of bricks and sticks which seemed to come from nowhere, but made a terrible din as they struck the corrugated iron walls and

fell on the floor. The strange thing was that though all these missiles flew near me none of them actually struck me. After a few moments there was a silence again, during which I took the opportunity to see if I could find any wires or anything to account for this strange manifestation, but could find nothing.

I had to go thence to the Bank to deposit money and told my experiences to the Manager (Touch), who laughed and asked me what I had had for tiffin. However on his way home he looked in to investigate and on entering the room was greeted by a heavy glass inkstand which whizzed past his head and caused him to beat a hasty retreat. This created quite a sensation in Rangoon at the time.

The owner of the building called in Hpoongees (priests) to exorcise the "devil" but apparently without avail, for another family who rented the apartment some time later had to clear out for the same reason. Anyhow it seemed to me such a remarkable occurrence that I wrote an account of it which I sent to the “World Wide Magazine” at the height of its popularity. It was returned with a polite note saying they could not print it as it would not be believed. At the same it may be noted, they were publishing the "Adventures of Louis de Rougement", who subsequently turned out to be an impostor and a fake[7].

Garnet, who had been ailing for some time, went for a trip to England. At about the same time Graham became very ill with fever. It was a very unhealthy season and there were many deaths from enteric among the European community. Both Bea and I had bouts of fever and we decided to take a trip home the following year. We sailed about May. We had a lot of very nice passengers and enjoyed the sea-voyage as usual. At Ismailia, Auntie and General Harris, who had been wintering in Cairo, came on board and travelled the rest of the way with us to London.

My mother and Mary met us at Tilbury Docks. I think they were living in lodgings in London at that time. Denison, who had obtained a commission in the Perak Sikhs, and Wilfred, who had joined the Borneo Company in Bangkok, had gone abroad and Aggie was living with Cornelia Quarles in Holland.

We spent some time in London with Auntie Harris and Aunt Torie and then went on to Walton-on-Thames where the Man family were living and my Mother and Mary took lodgings in the vicinity, so we saw them nearly every day. I saw the "Derby" run for the first and only time. I drove over to Epsom with Mr. Man. It was won by a horse called "Jeddah" at odds of 100 to 1. I also attended the Burma dinner and met many old Burma friends. Lord Dufferin was the Chairman on this occasion.

After a stay at Walton, we took a house at a pretty little place called "Ditching" at the foot of the Sussex Downs. My Mother and Mary shared the house with us and we had as guests May and Katie Man. Flo McMaster, a cousin of Bea's, was living there at the time with her daughter Queenie. While there we made a trip to Brighton, where Graham was very happy riding in a goat carriage.

As the time was drawing near to return to Burma Bea urged me to try to find something to do in England, and in this was backed by some members of her family and also by my Mother and Mary. She had suffered a good deal from the climate and the life out there did not appeal to her as it did to me. I may explain this by saying that for any serious minded woman it was a very frivolous life. For men it was different. They all had their work to do during the day to keep them occupied, but for the women, especially in the hot weather, with the exception of giving orders to the cook and butler, there was nothing to relieve the monotony until the sun went down late in the afternoon. With a host of servants there was practically no housework. It is not to be wondered at that when the evening came there was a constant whirl of amusements and entertainments and no serious pursuits or activities. It is true that Bea took a great interest in the Girls' Friendly Society (mostly Eurasian Girls) of which she was president, but this was about the only scope for social service. My only contribution was to be honorary secretary and treasurer of the Additional Clergy Society.

For spinsters it was an earthly paradise, as being few in numbers they got lots of attention and almost invariably got married in a very short time.

Bea was also devoted to her Mother and family, which was an additional reason for reluctance to return to the East.

I used to study the advertisements in the papers to see if there were any openings. One day I saw an advertisement of a fruit farm in Guernsey for sale. Accompanied by Mr. Man I went over to Guernsey to inspect it and after making enquiries decided to buy it. I made over my business in Rangoon to Garnet and Frank. Shortly after this Frank obtained an appointment in the Malay Straits from the Straits Trading Co. and eventually made a large fortune there, while Garnet continued in Rangoon.

The fruit farm I bought in Guernsey was a very large one. It consisted of about sixteen acres, half of which was covered with greenhouses and the remainder planted with a great variety of beautiful bulbs. There were, I think, 66,000 sq. feet of glasshouses all coal heated.

The house was large and comfortable. It was in fact two houses, connected by a door, but we only used one half, which consisted of three sitting-rooms and kitchen downstairs; four bedrooms and bathroom upstairs; and servants bedrooms in the attic. The other half of the house was only used when we had visitors. The exterior of the house was very plain and ugly, but the ugliness was redeemed by a beautiful ivy geranium which covered the house from the ground right up to the roof.

The Man family, including Mr. & Mrs. Man, May, Katie, Dolly and Morrice, preceded up to Guernsey and took lodgings in Saumarez Street on the hill overlooking the town and harbour and island of Sark just opposite. Bea and I remained for a while in London buying furniture and when this was done we went across and I settled down to work and worked very hard for the four and a half years we were in Guernsey.

The Man family in Guernsey circa 1901. James Adam is seated on the far right with Katherine Dennison on his knee. Beatrice is standing behind looking down.

A few months after our arrival Jack was born. We had a very good English nurse whom we had engaged in England to look after the children.

There was a great deal to be done on the fruit farm. We used to send over to England every year about forty tons of tomatoes, besides grapes cucumbers and melons, all grown under glass. Besides these we used to send over hundreds of boxes of flowers; in the Spring arum lilies; in the Fall all kinds of bulb flowers, daffodils, etc. and in the winter crysanthernums. This meant a great deal of work. The tomato seeds were raised in hundreds of boxes and transplanted into pots. When they were grown sufficiently they had to be tied up with binder twine to overhead wires and to be constantly trimmed and watered. When ripe they had to be picked, graded and packed in baskets.

The grapes, melons, etc. required great care and attention and so did the flowers. When the daffodil season arrived I used to employ over a dozen women picking, bunching and packing them and the average number of men I employed throughout the year was ten, though in the very busy season it was sometimes double that. There was no let-up in the winter, as all the heating pipes had to be painted with a mixture of sulphur and milk to kill the green fly, and endless repair and painting jobs had to be done. I used personally to take part in all except the heaviest of these jobs. I began the day by driving the van loaded high with fruit and flowers to the wharf in town, a distance of about 2.5 miles to be shipped by steamer to England. On return I worked in the greenhouses all day.

All went fairly well the first year. I had a good crop and prices were fairly good. Next year however a great catastrophe fell on the fruit-growing industry in Guernsey. The people in Brittany just opposite, found they could grow tomatos in the open air and just as early as we could under glass in Guernsey. This meant they could do without coal, which was our greatest expense. They also did not have to go to the expense of building greenhouses. The consequence was that they were able to undercut us and from that date

our troubles began. Sometimes the returns we got for our choice fruit and vegetables hardly covered the freight. As time went on many of the growers tried to sell out, I amongst them, but it was four and a half years before I was able to do so at a great sacrifice.

That summer my Mother and Mary came to stay with us for a few months and later took rooms in the town where Aunt Lizzie joined them. This was the time of the "black week" in the Boer War. Aunt Lizzie was so depressed she took to her bed in which she remained for a week or more.

In November of this year Kathie was born. On the day of her birth it snowed for the first time for years in Guernsey. The following spring the Mans, Mr. & Mrs. Man and Katie, Dolly and Morrice, paid another visit to Guernsey, this time going to their old lodgings in the town. It was while there that the S.S. "Stella" was wrecked on the rocks near Alderney. It was on Good Friday and she was racing the rival steamer and went full speed in fog in this dangerous vicinity and went down with great loss of life. The survivors arrived in the early morning at Guernsey in a life-boat. The Mans were very anxious as they were expecting Hubert on a visit and were greatly relieved when they found he had not been a passenger on this boat.[8]

When the Mans left Guernsey they left Katie behind to stay with us and attend a very good ladies' college in the town. She used to bicycle in and out every day. Next year our English nurse left us and we got a nursery governess for the children (Miss Howard). We bought a donkey governess-cart in which she used to take the children for drives.

The following year the children all got scarlet fever and had to go to the isolation hospital. We went to see them every day but were only allowed to peep at them through a window unknown to them. About this time I saw a motor-car for the first time. An enterprising citizen had bought it and was very proud of it. It was a weird and noisy contraption but being the only one on the island it created quite a sensation.

Next year Jo (above), who had come home from Burma on a trip, paid us a short visit. It was I think this year that Queen Victoria died. I gave all my men a half-holiday to go up to town to see the open-air parade funeral service. The consequence was they all returned more or less intoxicated and so there was no more work done that day. We also had a short visit from my brother Denison who was home on leave.

I got a bad nervous break-down about this time, caused I suppose by the hard work in the hot houses, combined with the terrible anxiety. Bea and I went for a short trip to England but I got no better and I can only describe it as "Hell". I got over it gradually however, the

principal factor in the cure being that at last I got an offer for the farm which although considerably less than I had paid for it, I was glad to accept.

I never liked Guernsey. It was very small, only six miles by two and a half at its broadest part, and I always felt cramped. Living in the country as we did and being so busy all the time we knew very few people and those we did know we did not like very much. The native society Guernsey people were very small-minded and insular and thought themselves the salt of the earth. The coast scenery was very fine, but the interior was spoiled by the number of glass houses which extended for miles in all directions.
I was delighted to leave Guernsey and get rid of my place, but the question was "what next?". It was no use thinking of returning to Burma. Firstly Bea was not happy there and there was not much hope of regaining the business I had lost. Looking back now on the trials and vicissitudes we have experienced since we left Burma, both in Guernsey and in Canada, and there were no light ones, it seems to me that all has turned out for the best in the long run.

Had we remained in Burma we probably would have been dead long ago. At the best it would have meant constant separation from each other and long separations from our children. We have now attained old age. We have a small but comfortable house in a beautiful locality. Our three eldest surviving children are happily married and our youngest is serving his country with his regiment at present in Scotland. Dear Graham was a great loss to us, but he died a soldier's death in the Great War and little Webber died a painless death at Red Lodge when quite a baby.

Well, having arranged for the sale of our furniture and settled up our affairs we went over to London. At that time Canada and especially the North-West, was very much in the public eye. Both the Dominion Government and the C.P.R. were "boosting" the North-West for all they were worth and were circulating pamphlets broadcast throughout the British Isles, painting Canada in very rosy terms and offering free homesteads of 160 acres to prospective settlers. I called on the High Commissioner for Canada, Mr. Preston, at his office in London. He asked me to what part of Canada I intended to go and what I proposed to do. Now a distant cousin of Bea's resident in Guernsey, when he heard I proposed going to Canada, had shown me a letter he had recently received from a friend of his, a Dr. Fitzroy, who had bought a farm near Innisfail in Alberta, in which he was loud in his praises of the country in that vicinity, and told him that all the land around Innisfail had been bought up, but that there was a very nice half section adjoining his farm which could be bought and strongly recommended it to anyone thinking of coming to Canada.

On the strength of this I decided to try Alberta and told Preston so. Thereupon he gave me a glowing account of the advantages of that Province. According to him I was just the type of man they were looking for; cattle did not need to be fed in winter as they were able to rustle out on the long grass. The winters were certainly cold but you did not feel it as it was so dry, etc. etc.

At that time there was in London and Anglican clergyman called Barr who was launching a scheme for settling a large colony of British emigrants near Battleford in Saskatchewan. I went to call upon him at his office in London. It was on a side street leading off the Strand. I found a long queue of people waiting outside, composed of men of all sorts, from top-hatted, well dressed men to others very shabby and down-and-out looking. When my turn came I was ushered into a long room and at the top of a long table occupying the whole length of the room sat Mr. Barr, flanked by a row of stenographers at each side of the table.

The information Mr. Barr gave me was very similar to that given by Mr. Preston. Under his scheme every colonist, on payment of a fee of $10 would be given a free homestead of a quarter section (160 acres) of land. To poor dwellers in crowded towns in England, this of course seemed a wonderful offer, but to many who took advantage of it, it proved to their cost a great disappointment. He pressed me very hard to join his Colony, but as they were starting in March and for various reasons I could not be ready until May, I told him I was unable to start so soon. He then told me, that being the case, on my payment of the fee of $10 he would select and retain for me a suitable homestead which I could take up on arrival. This seemed worth while, so I paid my $10 and left him.

While in London Bea and I called on Aunt Mary. Uncle Burney had died a year or two previously and she was living in an apartment house in the neighbourhood of Gower St. Poor Aunt Mary was feeling very depressed. Claud her only son, for whom she had stinted herself so much to get into the navy and who was really a very bright young officer, had just recently been dismissed for being intoxicated while on duty. I forget where he was at that time, but we did not see him. He also was going to try his luck in Canada, where as I have already mentioned, he was killed by falling off a sleigh while driving the mail.

I booked a passage by the S.S. "Canada" sailing sometime in May. At that time all steamers sailing to Canada were full up. There were no second class berths available, so although I wanted to travel as cheaply as possible I had to book first class. After we had finished our business in London we went to Southsea to stay with the Man family who had taken rooms there for the summer and stayed with them till my departure for Canada. It was arranged that Bea and the children should stay with them and come out later when I had settled what to do in Canada. When the day of my departure came Bea came up to London with me to see me off at Euston.

The train was packed with emigrants. On arrival at Liverpool the train drew up at the docks and we all went aboard. It was a beautiful warm day. As we swung out of the dock a group of Salvation Army people accompanied by their band, who had come to say good-bye to some of their members travelling to Canada, struck up the hymn "God be with you till we meet again" and every time I hear this hymn it reminds me of that occasion.

I felt very sad and lonely but hopeful. We had quite a nice lot of passengers in the first-class and I learned to play Bridge for the first time. The second class and steerage were

crowded. The "Canada" was at that time the largest and best C.P.R. boat but although quite comfortable was nothing to compare with the luxurious modern liners running now. She was only 10,000 tons, which was considered a large boat in those days. Among the passengers was a Canadian named (Barney) McGrath. I was told he was quite a big man in Canada so I got acquainted with him as I wanted all the advice and information I could get about Western Canada, on which he was supposed to be an authority. He predicted a great future for the North-West and particularly Alberta, and his advice to me was "Put your last shirt into land". I took his advice as I will relate later.

On arrival at Quebec we had to anchor a whole day and night in the river as there were some huge forest fires raging on the banks of the river further up, the smoke of which rendered navigation impossible.

On arrival at Montreal we had a day's wait. I bought a straw mattress. [….?] etc. for the train journey as I was going to travel “colonist” and there were no sleeping berths or dining cars in colonist cars. The train journey from Montreal was certainly a trial. It was packed with immigrants of all nationalities, some of whom were not very clean. We slept in our clothes on the straw mattresses we had bought, stretched on the seats. I used to get up about five in the morning so as to be first to avail myself of the meagre washing facilities. During the journey, which lasted I think six days and nights, I used to have mid-day lunch in the first class dining car. Other meals, if I remember rightly, consisted mostly of bananas and biscuits. There was one first-class coach attached to the train. A nice young couple who were fellow passengers on the steamer had a drawing-room compartment in this coach and every day invited me there for an hour or two to make a fourth at Bridge, which helped a little.

One morning, when about half way through the journey, the train suddenly stopped and we had all to get out and our baggage was all unloaded. We were approaching a place then called "Rat Portage" but is now renamed Kenora. At this point there is a narrow lake which was crossed by a high wooden trestle bridge. It appears that a few hours before our arrival a freight train coming our way had gone through this bridge, breaking it in the middle. The engine had fallen into the lake and the engine-driver and fireman had been drowned. When we arrived there was a gang of men repairing the bridge. We had to wait there nearly the whole day but as it was a beautiful warm day we were rather glad of the opportunity to stretch our legs. By the evening the bridge was repaired sufficiently to allow us to cross on foot to the other side, where another train was waiting to take us on and when all the baggage had been brought over and reloaded we started on again.

I forgot to say that when passing through Ottawa I bought a local paper. On the first page in large headlines I read “Collapse of the Barr Colony”. So that put a stopper to my intentions to visit Saskatchewan. It appears that all the Barr emigrants had been transported by rail to Battleford in North Saskatchewan. There they were dumped, to continue their journey as best they could to the land Barr had selected for them about 200 miles distant. No transportation had been arranged for them and they had all to make their own arrangements for their trek over a very difficult and roadless country. Some bought horses, others oxen and carts in which they had to carry all their belongings including

food for the journey. Many of the settlers were town-bred and had no experience of roughing it. To make matters worse, when they finally arrived at their destination they found Barr had established a store at which he sold food and other necessaries at exorbitant prices and worst of all a tremendous snow storm took place early in May and as most of them were living in tents or hastily put up shacks, they suffered severely.

This so disgusted them that they deposed Barr and another clergyman called Lloyd, who later became the Bishop of Saskatchewan, took his place and gradually brought order out of chaos. They changed the name of the settlement from Barrville, which Barr had named it, to Lloydminster, which I believe is now a flourishing little town. After years of struggle and many hardships, under Lloyd's guidance some made good but many threw up their homesteads and drifted into the towns or returned to England. I felt very thankful I had not joined the party.

When we arrived at Winnipeg I determined I would try if by paying the difference in fare I could travel the remainder of the journey by tourist instead of colonist car. By doing this I would at least be able to undress at night and have a clean and comfortable sleeping-berth and get a decent wash. At that time the Winnipeg Station consisted of a wooden shed or group of sheds and the platform was crowded with emigrants. I noticed a man in a blue uniform, who I took to be a policeman or railway official and asked the way to the Station-master's office. "There ain't no Station-master" was the answer. "What, no Station-master?" I said and he replied "Depot Agent". In these days the C.P. R. railway officials, conductors, brakemen and even the colored porters were often very rude and quite different from the courteous officials of nowadays. Probably the competition of the two rival transcontinental railways which came into operation shortly after may have had something to do with the improvement. I was unsuccessful in my attempt to change to tourist. The train was crowded and every berth was occupied.

We stopped about half an hour at Winnipeg and I boarded the train just about lunch time and went straight to the dining-car for lunch. After lunch and when some miles beyond Winnipeg I made for my car where I had left my suitcase and all my belongings, but although I searched the whole length of the train I couldn't find it. I asked the conductor what had happened and he replied that my car had been switched off at Winnipeg. When I asked him why he had not given me notice he replied "It ain't none of my business." Asked whose business it was he only replied "It ain't my business." I told him I would report him to headquarters and with difficulty got him to send a telegram from the next station (Brandon, I think) with instructions to send my suitcases etc. to Calgary by next train.

On arrival at Calgary next day I went to the Alberta Hotel on the southeast corner of 8th Avenue and 1st Street West. This was the only decent hotel in Calgary at that time (1903) and had been recommended to me by one of my fellow passengers in the steamer.
I was dirty and unshaven after six days in the train during which I had slept every night in my clothes. I was rather afraid they might not take me in as I had no luggage, but they were apparently satisfied with my explanation and instructed the hotel porter, who met all trains, to look out for my suitcases. The first thing I did was to have a bath and then went

out and bought a clean collar, tooth-brush, etc. I had also to go to the Bank and arrange about money. This took up most of the afternoon and I went to bed early, glad to be able to sleep between clean sheets. In the early morning there was a knock at my door and there to my great relief was the porter with my luggage.

The Alberta Hotel was small and simple compared with the palatial hotels with which Calgary is now supplied, but it was at least clean and the food was good. Calgary at that time was a very small town of about 5,000 I should think. There was one Main Street, Julien's Avenue (now 8th Avenue) in which were the principal stores and banks, but apparently no other shopping streets. There were residences at intervals close to the town and at that time Pat Burns' residence in 13th Ave. was about the furthest from the centre of the town and was considered to be quite a long way out. There was no Mount Royal or Elbow Park. The sidewalks were wooden and the streets just unpaved prairie mud and there were no street cars. From my window in the Alberta Hotel I saw a farmer's wagon stuck in a mud hole just opposite the hotel. The rotunda of the Alberta Hotel was a regular rendezvous or Exchange for the business men of Calgary who used to keep dropping in to discuss business, chiefly Real Estate.

Next day was Sunday and I attended the Anglican Church, a tiny wooden building in a large vacant space where the large substantial Pro-Cathedral now stands.

Next morning I took a train for Innisfail. I was met by Dr. Fitzroy and a young Englishman called Moran. Fitzroy's first words were "I have sold out and Moran has bought the half section I wrote about." This was disappointing. However we drove out to Fitzroy's farm about two miles west of Innisfail. The house was a huge building known as “Folly”. It had been built several years previously by a rich retired tea-planter who had a Japanese wife. The farm was a large one of about 800 acres. The door was opened by an elderly Irish maid in cap and apron, which seemed to me rather surprising for a farm in the "wooley West". I was introduced to Mrs. Fitzroy and family, consisting of a nice-looking girl of about 15 and two boys 8 and 10. Fitzroy and his wife were both Irish and she had been a widow when she married him. Fitzroy offered to put me up as a paying guest till he left for England, which he expected would be in about a week's time, when the new owner arrived from the States. He said he would help me look for land in the meantime. Moran was also living with them as a paying guest and they had a chore-boy called Pat Tilliard living in the house.

I have a suspicion that Fitzroy was getting a commission on settlers he induced to come out to these parts for he was continually boasting to me and Moran the advantages of the country and the wonderful prospects for farming, although I afterwards found out he himself had not made a success of it. It appears he owed money all round and it was only by selling out when he did that he escaped bankruptcy. He was a big fat florid and breezy Irishman and was quite an adventurer. He apparently had never settled down to anything and had moved about on the East Coast of Africa and other distant parts of the world. I don't believe he was a doctor, though he may possibly have been a vet. He used to drink heavily and every time he went into town, which was almost every day, he had several drinks. These were the days before Prohibition. Sometimes he brought a bottle home and

used to hide it in the barn in case Mrs. Fitzroy should see it. They were continually having violent quarrels. I could hear them from the other end of the house, but he always came out smiling. She however sometimes confided her troubles to me, sometimes in tears. It appears she had one boy by her first husband who had died in S. Africa and it was her great wish to go back to visit his grave. This used to annoy Fitzroy quite a lot.

I spent a lot of time looking around for land and making enquiries. The Fitzroys left about a week after my arrival and I saw them off at the station. Just before stepping into the train he asked me to enquire day by day at the Post Office for letters and to re-address them to General Post Office, London. He did not want anyone to know where he was going, and I believe he left several creditors behind him.

When the Fitzroys left, Moran and I arranged to board with an English family called Nicholsen living in the vicinity. They were gentle-folks, very hard-up and the family consisted of Mr. and Mrs., one son about 17 and a daughter about 12. Their farm was very prettily situated in a valley surrounded by low wooded hills and their bungalow was quite close to a creek (Buffalo Creek).

They also had staying with them a nephew about 18 years of age. I had engaged Pat Tilliard as my chore-boy and he too came with me to board at the Nicholsens, so altogether there were living in the little bungalow eight persons, viz, four Nicholsens, one nephew, Moran, Pat Tilliard and myself. Mrs. Nicholsen ran the whole house single-handed and it was always clean and tidy. She was a small and very ladylike nice woman and I wonder how she managed to do it. In addition to all this, all the education her children had received had been given by her.

From the Government Guide at Innisfail I heard of some good railway land for sale at a place called Red Lodge, about twenty miles south-west and went out to see it. I drove in a buggy with the C.P.R. land agent, a man called Douglas and the Nicholson family accompanied us in their democrat.

It was a terrible journey. Alberta was having a long series of rainy seasons. It rained more or less every day and in the intervals the sun came out strongly. There were no roads, the sloughs were full of water and we had to wend our way sometimes through sloughs and muskegs with the mud and water up to the horses' knees and hubs of our vehicles, and sometimes through thick brush. Without the agent we would never have found the way. However we eventually reached our destination.

The land here was very attractive, consisting of rolling park-like ground interspersed with woodland and not at all like the bald flat prairie of Manitoba and Saskatchewan. In the distance there was a very good view of the snow-clad Rocky Mountains. I selected, with Nicholson's advice, a half section half a mile east of the little Red Deer River and with a nice creek running throughout the whole length of the property. A half-section consists of 320 acres and the price I paid the C.P.R. was $5. per acre or $1600. in all. I also applied for and was allotted another free homestead of 160 acres about half a mile distant. We

picnicked on the bank of the creek and then returned home to the Nicholsens by the same route as we came.

I then got busy buying implements, ploughs, harrows, a stock-saddle, mower, rake, saws, axes and a box wagon. I also bought a good strong team of horses from a farmer near Penfold. I also bought harness and other necessities, including a tent.

The Nicholsons gave me a piece of advice which was "Whatever you do, build a nice comfortable warm house. You will spend much of your time out of doors, but your wife will be mostly in the house." So I arranged with a good Norwegian carpenter in Innisfail to build a bungalow as per plan for $2000. and a very good job he made of it. It consisted of one large living-room, a kitchen and four small bedrooms leading out of the living-room, a small entrance hall and a verandah in front. I had selected a site on a little hill from which there was a wide view of the surrounding country.

When all was ready Pat and I started out on our journey to Red Lodge. Mr. Thomson, our nearest neighbour, who was the local postmaster and also kept a small store, allowed me to pitch our tent on his land. This Mr. Thomson had at one time been a clerk in the Hudson Bay Co. in the far north and because he had had a better education than most of his neighbours, thought himself somebody and was inclined to be pompous. However both he and his wife were quite nice to us at first, but later on they were very nasty at times. They were both very touchy and resented having their prestige disputed by newcomers like ourselves. They had a large family consisting of 4 boys and 4 girls ranging in age from about 8 to 18.

In a few days the carpenters (3 of them) arrived with several loads … plumber, tools, etc. and started building the house and stables. Pat and …. Arrived in the tent meantime. It rained more or less every day and everything was damp and the nights were quite cold. Though I heaped up all the rugs I had brought, besides sleeping in a thick dressing gown, I used to wake up every morning about 3 o'clock shivering and couldn't get to sleep again.

Our first task was to break up some land to seed with oats. Pat and I had never done any breaking or ploughing before, but by a hard struggle we managed to break up about an acre which took us a long time, so I hired a neighbouring farmer to break another four or five acres. After that came haying and we put up quite a lot of hay for the winter. At that time there were large tracts of land unoccupied and we could hay wherever we liked. As time went on and new settlers came in, haying became more restricted and difficult to get.

Meantime the carpenters were busy building. The stable was finished first and we moved from our tent into it. It was a great relief to get into any sort of building after living in a damp tent and we were able to keep moderately warm. When eventually the house was finished we moved again. The carpenters had quite a lot of surplus wood left over which I bought from them cheaply and used for making furniture. I made two beds, a kitchen dresser and built a calf stable.

I had ordered a supply of furniture from Neilson's in Calgary and when it arrived at Bowden, our nearest station, ten miles distant, Pat and I drove in our wagon to fetch it out. The trail to Bowden was almost worse than that to Innisfail. We loaded up the furniture in the wagon to a height of about eight feet. On our return journey we had to pass along a side slope with the result that Pat who was perched on top of the furniture while I drove, was pitched headlong to the ground, but wasn't much hurt.

Before I had been long in residence I had almost daily visits from neighbouring farmers trying to sell me old horses, cows, etc. A new green Britisher was looked upon as fair game in the North West and if he happened to have a little money all the neighbours tried to get a share of it. I duly bought a very good cow which gave so much milk I didn't know what to do with it. I used to boil our porridge in milk instead of water and eat it with thick cream.

Among those who came to try to sell me stock was a boy of 17 called Jim Boggs. He brought an old cow which even my inexperienced eye could tell was a "cull". I politely refused but he came again a few days later and asked me to come to see his widowed Mother, Mrs. Major Boggs, who lived about two miles away. I rode down one morning and found Mrs. Boggs and her family which consisted at that time of Jim, aged 17, Pat, 10 and Babs about 6, living in two rooms of a log shack, the remainder of the shack being occupied by the owner, a farmer named Peck, his wife and family. I had surmised Mrs. Boggs was the widow of a military Major and she did not disillusion me and it was not till some months later that I found her deceased husband's Christian name was Major and that he had never been in the Army.

Mr. and Mrs. Boggs apologised for their present lodgings which they were only occupying until a new house which Mr. Peck was building for her on her homestead half a mile away, was ready. She talked a lot about her wealthy and aristocratic relations in Ireland and of her two elder children, Ninian and Sophy who were coming out shortly. According to her, Sophy was the most beautiful girl in Ireland. Finally she asked for a loan of $40 to be repaid as soon as her next remittance came from Ireland and in a weak moment I gave it to her, but it was never repaid. I shall have much to say about the Boggs family in this account of my life. They formed the comic-tragic element in our life at Red Lodge.

My first impressions of Western Canada were not favourable. Having been accustomed for so long to the somewhat exclusive society of Anglo-Indians, all of whom were at least comfortably off, it took a long time to get accustomed to the comparatively sordid condition of life in the Canadian west. There were no rich and most people were decidedly poor. The majority of the farming community and also of those living in the small towns were not only poor but ignorant and tough. There were of course a few exceptions scattered throughout the country but the majority were very primitive and many of them foreigners.

Most of the farmers built their own houses, generally very rough shacks and even in the towns and villages the residences were very primitive. As time went on these conditions gradually improved and now there are many well-built houses not only in the towns but on the farms. Money was very scarce and most of the trade was done by barter. The farmer would bring his produce into town and trade it with the storekeeper for flour and other groceries. The doctor, if paid at all, would often be paid with a load of firewood or a calf or yearling. Dr. George, the Innisfail doctor, once showed me his back yard piled with hacks of firewood which had been given him in payment of his services. There was one curious paradox. Although every one was hard up, there were for a long time no copper coins in circulation. The five-cent piece (nickel) was the lowest denomination and clothing could be purchased for less. The only pipe tobacco one could by was Macdonald Plug and the only matches were the evil-smelling sulphur. Most of the men chewed tobacco. The only subjects they could talk about were crops, horses, cows, etc.

After finishing haying we devoted our time to fencing the haystacks, collecting and sawing up firewood for the winter. For the first year or two we were able to get sufficient firewood on my own property, but as years went on this came to an end and we had to go further and further for our wood. Latterly we had to go three or four miles to cut and haul wood and finally had to cut green wood in the summer and have it sawed up by travelling sawmills and allowed to dry out for winter use.

Harvesting commenced about mid-September. I had no crop of my own of course the first year, but assisted in threshing at the farm of a neighbour, a man called Albright. It was the custom at the threshing time for neighbours to help each other in rotation. The only threshing outfit in our neighbourhood during my first year was a horse-power outfit. It was propelled by a turntable to which were harnessed four teams of horses which went round and round. The separator was a very old one of a very ancient type. Albright had only ten acres of oats to thresh, but all the neighbours came up in their wagons drawn by teams of horses. The outfit was continually breaking down and as there were no telephones, every time it broke down someone had to ride or drive ten miles into Bowden to get the necessary repairs. Meantime all the neighbours stayed and had their meals in Albright's shack and fed their horses on sheaves from Albright's stack. At this rate it took three days to thresh the grain from ten acres and as a large quantity had been consumed by the farmer's horses, there was very little grain to show for it.

From year to year threshing conditions improved. The horse drawn donkey turn-table was replaced by a donkey and this was later re-placed by a locomotive engine. Another improvement was a straw-blower which blew the straw into a pile and so obviated the necessity of having two men hard at work forking away the straw as it came out of the shoot.

Bea was to arrive in October, bringing Kathie with her, so when the time came I started to Calgary to meet her. As the trail to Bowden was so bad I thought I would try the trail to Olds instead.

Olds was four miles further than Bowden but I thought it was worthwhile to try, so Pat and I started one morning in the wagon. All went well until about four miles from Olds when the trail seemed to come to an end. I asked a boy working in a nearby field to direct me and he pointed to a faint trail leading across a slough. I did not like the look of it as these slough trails are often very treacherous. They are all right in winter when the ground is frozen but in summer are very wet and to be avoided. However the boy assured me it was all right so I drove boldly on.

Soon the horses began to sink until they were up to their bellies in the mud and slime. Pat and I had to jump out and with great difficulty unhitched and dragged them out. We then hitched them with a logging chain on to the back of the wagon which we hauled out backwards. We then re-hitched to the front of the wagon and started to look for another trail.

I had on my best clothes and my exertions pulling the horses out of the slough had covered me nearly to the waist with mud. After a time we found another trail which also led through a slough. We had to try this and got through with a struggle and eventually reached Olds. As we were a little early for the train I had time to go to the hotel for a wash and clean up. I boarded the train when it arrived and Pat returned in the wagon.

I met Bea's train at Calgary. She had brought with her an American cousin from New York called Olive Hancock, who was going to assist us in house work. We stopped the night at a hotel and next morning took the train for Bowden. I was dreading the trip from Bowden to Red Lodge as I feared it would be rather an ordeal for Bea, Olive and Kathie and so it proved to be.

Pat met us with the wagon and a democrat and pair he had borrowed from a neighbour. Pat drove the luggage in the wagon and I drove the democrat with the passengers. We had a terrible journey. At one place where we had to cross a narrow creek with steep banks on either side we nearly upset. When we arrived home I had to give Bea and Olive some whiskey as they were so upset and nervous. They both vowed they would never travel on that road again.

It took some time for Bea and Olive to settle down to housekeeping under western conditions but they buckled to nobly and soon became experts. All the baking and washing had to be done at home and it was in this latter that we first fell foul of the Thomsons by Bea asking her if she would do our washing. It was a long time before Mrs. Thomson forgave her for that. Then the water for the house had to be carried up from the well at the foot of the hill.

About two weeks after Bea's arrival the Nicholsens drove out to call upon her and invited us to make a return visit, which we promised to do. I also drove Bea to call on Mrs. Boggs.

I bought a bunch of yearling steers from a wild Scotchman called Bob Murray, whose ranch was about two miles distant. He went by the name of "Wild Bob" as he had a violent temper and every time he went into town used to get gloriously drunk.

For the first two months after Bea's arrival the weather was bright and warm. As soon as the snow came Pat and I started to cut logs for building and fence posts. The Government at that time allowed new settlers to cut down a certain amount of logs for building and fencing purposes. I applied and got a permit to cut on the School section about half a mile away. In every Township, which comprised six square miles, the Government reserved one section (one square mile) for a school section.

Pat and I used to go down every morning after doing our chores to the School section to cut down trees (spruce and tamarack), taking our lunch with us. Farmers from far and near were gathered there busy cutting logs. After a time a rumour went round that the Government Inspector was coming. As I was the only one who had a permit there was a general panic and the next few days all the others spent in hauling away the logs they had cut, leaving us alone in the field. After we had cut our quota we hauled our logs home and with Pat's assistance I built a quite good and substantial log cow-barn.

That winter the American who had bought the Fitzroy place resold it and advertised an auction sale of his stock, furniture etc. I decided to attend the sale to see if I could pick up anything. Mrs. Boggs asked me if I would take her, so one winter morning we started out in my bob-sleigh. Mrs. Boggs brought little Babs with her. It was a bitter cold day, about 20^0 below and we were nearly frozen. Poor little Babs was crying with the cold and we had to stop at a farm house about half way down to get warm. We arrived eventually at Innisfail nearly frozen. The Nicholsens put me up for the night and the American who was selling out gave Mrs. Boggs and Babs a night's lodging.

The sale was a huge affair and had attracted farmers from far and near. Mrs. Boggs was in the thick of it and bought all sorts of rubbish; old books and magazines; an old hat, etc. Her crowning purchase was a parrot cage. I don't remember buying anything myself as prices were very high. We returned next day, my wagon box piled with Mrs. Boggs' purchases. The weather had moderated and it was not quite so cold. I asked Mrs. Boggs why she had bought the parrot cage and she told me she was expecting a visit from a rich brother of her deceased husband shortly, from Brazil, and perhaps he might bring a parrot with him!

At that time a murderer called Cashel who was under sentence of death in Calgary jail escaped and was being sought by the Mounted Police. It was rumoured that he was hiding in our neighbourhood, sleeping in haystacks. Olive was very nervous lest he should turn up some day. It was near the end of the year and very cold and the days very short. I am sorry to have to confess a practical joke I played on Olive. I arranged with Pat that after dark he should come to the back door disguised as a tramp and with straw on his hair to suggest having slept in haystacks, and with an axe over his shoulder and demand a lodging for the night. If he was refused he was to threaten Olive with his axe. I would be in the front of the house and would get my gun and come to the rescue. Pat would then

run away and I would pursue him and fire a shot in the air. The joke worked only too well.

There was a knock at the back door and Pat appeared with the axe. I was waiting in the front of the house and presently Olive came rushing in as white as a sheet and shouted "Jim, Jim, for God's sake bring your gun." I saw the joke had gone far enough and that she was really seriously frightened so I called the joke off.

Cashel was eventually traced to a farm house quite close to Calgary which he had commandeered. The house was surrounded by the police. Cashel took refuge in the cellar and refused to surrender and exchanged shots with the police. They had to set fire to the house before he gave himself up. He was duly hanged.

Pat asked leave to invite two of his brothers who were working on other farms at some distance to spend Christmas and they turned up a few days before Christmas. We gave a Christmas party including the Boggs family.

Shortly after Christmas Mrs. Boggs came to see us in great excitement to tell us the uncle from Brazil was coming in a few days and asked if we would put him up. She was very nervous about it as it appears she had led him to believe they had a good farm and were doing well. She had hoped he would not arrive until the new house which was being built for her was ready and she was expecting that being rich he would stock them up with cattle, etc.

In a few days he arrived and Olive gave up her bedroom to him and slept in one of the other rooms. He was a very dapper little man, but very taciturn and severe looking. The next morning I knocked at his door to wake him but got no reply, so I entered his room but found his bed empty. We thought perhaps he had gone for a walk but as he didn't turn up for breakfast I rode down to the Boggs' house about 10 o'clock to see whether or not he had turned up there.

Mrs. Boggs told me an amusing story. At about 9 o'clock while they were all in bed (they were all late risers), Mrs. Boggs saw from her bedroom window the uncle in the distance walking towards the house. She called out to Jim to get into his clothes quickly and go out of the back door and when the uncle came in at the front door Jim was to come in again at the back and say he had been out milking. Mrs. Boggs thought however the uncle had seen through the trick as he appeared very cross. They had given him breakfast and then he had gone away.

On my return to our house I found him there. I asked him why he had left us and he replied he hadn't realized he was depriving Miss Hancock of her bedroom (it appears she had left her brush and comb on the dressing table) and he wouldn't think of inconveniencing her by staying any longer. He was quite disgusted with the Boggs and said Mrs. Boggs had deceived him so he packed his suitcase and left for Calgary via Bowden the same day. We afterwards found out he had given Mrs. Boggs money to buy milk cows.

Shortly after this Sophy and Ninian Boggs arrived. Sophy was a nice and rather pretty girl of the wax doll type and was I suppose about nineteen. Ninian was a year or two older or younger I forget which and had been a private in the A.S.C. All the Boggs children were very nice mannered, but typically blarney Irish and improvident and undependable. The new house was now finished and they all moved in. It was a log house, long, narrow, two storied, very badly built, with many chinks between the logs and so very cold in winter. Mrs. Boggs' homestead on which it was built consisted mostly of river, sloughs and bush, with only a few acres of cultivatable land and they lived in great poverty but did not seem to mind, although they owed money to most of the storekeepers in Bowden.

Pat Tilliard went on a trip to England and I engaged in his place a chap called Doughty whom Ninian Boggs had met in Calgary. He had been in Rangoon when a boy and his father had been barrack master there though he tried to make out he had been a Major (most likely Sergeant-Major). He was lazy and bad-tempered as I will relate later.

Early in the Spring I thought it advisable to round up my bunch of steers which had been rustling out, so Doughty and I started out one day on horseback to search for them. Towards the end of the afternoon we found them in some dense forest land and started to drive them home. They went in single file along a forest track until we came to a narrow creek with steep banks on either sides. The steers all jumped it except the last fell in and would not, or could not, get up, and lay in the cold shallow water at the bottom of the creek. I was able by a rope from its horns to my stock saddle, to drag it out of the water but couldn't drag it up the steep bank. It was getting dark so I told Doughty to remain there while I rode to look for a farm where I might get a team to haul the steer out.

After riding for about an hour I found myself back again where I started. It was by this time quite dark and very cold, but I rode off again and this time was lucky enough to strike the farm of some neighbours called Grant. The son, Gib, came with a team and we hauled the steer up the bank on to dry land where it lay and could not get up though we rubbed it dry with sacks. There was nothing further we could do except to cover it up with sacks and we also lighted a bonfire close to it to try to keep it warm for the night. Then we rode home where we arrived about 1 o'clock in the morning and found Bea and Olive walking about outside very frightened and thinking something dreadful had happened to us. Next morning I got up early and rode back to where we had left the steer and found him dead.

We were gradually getting to know the most of the British "Amateur Farmers" like ourselves living within a radius of twenty miles. I will name them. (Left is ELaine Lowis)

The Shenfields: Harry Shenfield, who kept a store and the post office at Barden. He had a wife and six children, a boy Jack who years later married Elaine Lowis (left). When we first knew the Shenfields they lived very miserably over the store, but later built and lived in a nice house in Bowden and after some years bought the Nicholson place from Chris Leigh who had bought it from the Nicholsens. Mr. & Mrs. Shenfield are still living there. All the children except Jean, who is a nurse in Vancouver, are married. Mrs. Shenfield was a widow when she married Harry was a lady born and was supposed to have married beneath her.

Bores: Frank & Mrs. Bore had a farm about ten miles on the other side of Bowden. They used sometimes to come and spend weekends with us or the Boggs. They now live in Edmonton and are very hard up.

Mr. & Mrs. Pelican Thompson: "Pelican" was a nickname owing to his being the possessor of a very large and prominent nose. We were first introduced to them one Sunday when we drove to the Anglican Church which was at that time about four miles south of Bowden. When Bea was introduced to Mr. Thompson she did not know that "Pelican" was a nickname and said, “Oh I suppose you are Mr. Pelican Thompson” (tableau). They later moved to Port Alberni on Vancouver Island where he was drowned while fishing.

Mr. & Mrs. Lowe: Who had a farm some miles east of Bowden. They later moved to Red Deer where he got the job of assistant postmaster and they are there still.

Chester Britton: Who worked on a farm east of Bowden and very frequently rode out to spend weekends with the Boggs or ourselves. He fell in love with and proposed to Sophy Boggs but she chucked him and he went to Calgary where he got a job in a wholesale machinery firm. He married a Miss Searson and they still live in Calgary.

Chris Leigh: A nice young Englishman who was working on a farm about ten miles north of us. He too used to come and spend weekends with us or the Boggs. He married a sister of Frank Bore and bought the Nicholson farm, but she refused to live on it, so they drifted to Edmonton where he got a job in the Government Office, which he still holds.
Then there was a dear old Scotch woman, Mrs. Grant, whose farm lay half way between Red Lodge and Bowden. One of her sons (Gib) and a daughter (Polly) ran the farm. Her husband was working as a printer in Calgary and three of her grown-up sons were working elsewhere. The trail to Bowden passed quite close to her house and every time we drove to town she insisted that on our way home we should come in and have a meal. When we protested she would say, “Weel, just a cup a tea in you haun” and so we generally called in on the way back and “a cup of tea in our haun” was very welcome especially on cold days.

In the Spring of 1904 Graham and Jack arrived in charge of Miss Ruth Townsend, who was to succeed Olive as D.H. and governess to the children. Olive returned to New York. Miss Townsend was a daughter of Rural Dean Townsend of Weybridge, England.

There was no church within twelve miles of us and the trails were so bad we did not attempt to go so far, so I used to conduct a lay service in our house which was sometimes attended by the Boggs family, and occasionally by a few neighbouring Anglicans. A year or two later, when a school was built I held service there and still later by the kindness of Bishop Pinkham the Anglican clergyman from Bowden (Edwards) used to hold services in the school house two Sundays in the month. Later still when Bowden and Olds came under the charge of one man the clergyman from Olds held services twice a month. He used to arrive at our house on Saturday afternoon, stop the night, hold services in the school in the morning, come back to us for dinner, then drive to Bowden for an afternoon service and then back to Olds for evensong. There were no cars in these days and the clergy had to do all their travelling by buggy, sleigh, or on horseback.

An old man called Dancy who owned a half-section about half a mile east of us wanted to sell out and offered me his property at $4. per acre, a ridiculously cheap price. Bea's Aunt Harris (right), hearing of it, gave Bea the money to buy it. Dancy lived in a one-roomed shack which went with the property and when winter came and the snow was on the ground we hauled it on skids with a team of horses to our land and I converted it into a granary.

Every year I broke more land. I also bought milk cows I had about a dozen in all and the children learned to help in the milking. As they grew older they also did a certain amount of chores, such as splitting and bringing in firewood, etc.

The Nicholsons sold their place about 1906 and had a sale of their stock which I attended. I bought their democrat and a new riding pony (Cayuse) which the children all learned to ride and so all became expert riders. They used to take it in turns to round up and fetch home the cows every evening. We used to turn the cattle out after milking every morning to wander at will all over the countryside and they sometimes wandered four or five miles away from home. The children generally rode bareback.

I had about this time to get rid of Doughty. He was very lazy and impertinent. He joined a couple of young Englishmen working in the vicinity but did not remain long with them and went to Calgary where he obtained employment in the C.P.R. Natural Resources Department. Then war broke out he went overseas and returned at the end of the war as a

Lieut. Colonel in command of his battalion and a D.S.O. so he proved a better soldier than a farmer. We met him in Calgary when the war was over on quite friendly terms.

My next chore-boy was a young Englishman called Donald Rashleigh. I forget who introduced him to me. It was I think one of our relations at home. He came to us direct from England. His father was a paymaster in the Navy and he was a very nice gentlemanly boy. I think he was with me about a year and then he went to Winnipeg where he got a job in an Insurance office. He went overseas when war broke out and was wounded. After the war he came out to Vancouver where he got another Insurance job and married. I believe he still lives in Vancouver.

It is difficult at this distance of time to write chronologically of all the things that happened during our residence at Red Lodge. I cannot be sure of the exact dates but I will record our experiences as far as I can remember them. I have related how I bought a bunch of steers from Bob Murray. When winter came they wandered back to his farm and mixed up with his flock. I drove them back over and over again but it was no use as he had no fences and neither had I. I proposed to him that when the winter was over I would give him from my stacks a quantity of hay sufficient to cover what he had fed them. When the time came to settle up he claimed an exorbitant amount of hay, more indeed than I had in my stack, so I refused. In any case he could not claim anything at all as he had no fence round his feeding ground. This made him wild and he went so far as to go into Olds and ask the Mounted Policeman there to come out and arrest me.

One day the policeman arrived and I remember the children were very frightened. We put him up for the night and I explained my side of the case. He quite agreed Bob Murray had no case as it was no fault of mine if my cattle strayed on to his land and therefore he was not entitled to any hay at all. The policeman (Rogers) was one of those who had helped to catch Cassel, the escaped murderer, and he entertained us with an account of the capture and other of his experiences. Altogether we spent a very pleasant evening. After breakfast next morning he returned to Olds. Bob Murray never forgave me for this.

We had the option of paying our taxes in cash or in road-making and we all used to choose the latter way. The country was divided into Townships of six square miles and for every township there was a Councillor elected by the people, whose duty was to decide on the work to be done and superintend the carrying out of the same. The Councillor appointed a foreman to supervise the work, which consisted of clearing and grading roads, etc. It was pretty hard work as it took place in the hottest time of the year. We were allowed $2. a day if working by hand or $4. a day if working with a team. I worked two teams for which I was credited $8. a day so it did not take many days to work out my taxes. The School Taxes had to be paid in cash.

Some years later I was elected Councillor for our Township. By degrees we got more and more roads cleared and graded, but as they had no foundation they were always very rough in dry weather and terribly sticky in wet weather.

When my steers became three years old I sold them to Pat Burns' buyers for 31 cents a pound. This was a miserable price but Burns was the only buyer in these days and we had to take what we could get. They were to be winter-fed and Burns was to take delivery on March 1st.

Sometime in February I wrote Burns reminding him of the date and asking him to arrange for shipment and he promised to do so. However March 1st came and I heard nothing from him. I kept writing but he kept putting me off until sometime in May I got a letter stating he had arranged with the C.P.R. for a car to be waiting at Olds on a certain morning. Meantime I had been continuing to feed them grain although my contract expired on March 1st.

On the appointed morning, with the help of two other fellows, I started very early to drive the steers into Olds. It was a very hot day and we had quite a job getting them in as there were no fences and the cattle were constantly turning round and trying to break away home. We eventually got them safely to Olds and I went straight to the Station Agents office to enquire about the car. He told me he had no instructions and consequently there was no car available. I telegraphed to Burns but got no reply until late in the afternoon when I got a wire saying there was a car coming on the up-train from Calgary. The down freight did not start for Calgary until 5 p.m. and the cattle had been without food or water since the early morning. We loaded the cattle into the car and I travelled in the "Caboose". We stopped a long time at every station and didn't arrive at Calgary until 11 o'clock at night and were shunted into a siding.

I got out and enquired the way to Burns' office. The town office was of course closed but I was directed to their corrals and packing houses about a mile down the line and had to stumble along a network of rails in the dark until I reached my destination. In the office was nobody except a very sleepy clerk who did not know anything about my steers and so I had to return to town the way I had come and put up at a hotel for the night.

Next morning I called at Burns' town office and saw John Burns, a nephew of Pat. He told me the cattle had been unloaded and weighed that morning and that he could only offer me 34 cents per pound. I protested vehemently and reminded him that in consequence of their failing to take delivery on March 1st as arranged I had been at the expense of feeding them for two extra months. Also that as they had failed to have a car ready at Olds the cattle had been without food or water for 24 hours and therefore had greatly lost in weight. He only smiled and said that was the best he could do. I lost my temper and told him I thought I was dealing with an honest firm but apparently they were rank crooks. At last after a long argument he asked me to come back in the afternoon and meanwhile he would see Pat Burns.

When I returned in-the afternoon he said jauntily "Well, Mr. Adam, how do you feel this afternoon?" I replied "I'll tell you when you let me know what you propose to do." Then he told me that Pat Burns agreed to split the difference and would give me 30 cents per pound. This I refused to accept but as he would not give way and as it was no use fighting Pat Burns I had to accept, but repeated my charge that they were a firm of crooks and

swindlers, all of which he took with a smile. That was my first and last dealing with Pat Burns.

When Donald Rashleigh left me I employed one of Pat Tilliard's brothers, Jim, for a short time until the arrival from England of Alec Stewart, a nephew of a distant cousin of mine, Ted Cameron, who wrote and asked me to take him as a pupil to learn Canadian farming. He had had some previous experience in New Zealand. This was the first of a succession of pupils. I never asked for or advertised for them but people in England who could not do anything with their boys seemed to think they had only to send them out to Canada to make good. I may say that they were all disappointments, as I will relate later on.

About the same time I got a letter from another young Englishman, Ernest Sharp, asking if I could give him work on my farm. I told him I had no vacancy but that if he came out I would put him up for a short time until he found work elsewhere and he arrived a short time after Alec Stewart.

As our party was getting large I got a neighbour, Watson, to convert the attic into a large bedroom into which Bea and I moved. While he was building we had a visit from old Bishop Pinkham, who held a weekday service in our living room, to which I invited the few Anglicans in the neighbourhood. I also asked Watson if he would care to attend, but he was a Plymouth Brother and had no use for Bishops, so declined.

Bishop Pinkham was a dear old man, very gentlemanly and genial and was a very pleasant visitor. He was a regular old-timer and was quite accustomed to driving or being driven over rough and dangerous roads and sleeping in very rough and primitive quarters and was always courteous and affable. He paid us several visits during our residence at Red Lodge.

I find I have said very little about our winters. They varied. Sometimes we would have fine, fairly mild weather up to Christmas; at other times winter would start in October and be very cold right up to April. I always got up first and lighted the stoves and heaters and dressed by the heater. In very cold weather everything was frozen solid. The water was frozen in the kettles; the bread, meat, butter, and milk all had to be thawed out. Then we had to go out and water and feed the horses, milk the cows, feed all the cattle from the hay stack, etc. After that we had to drive the cattle down to the creek to water about a quarter of a mile away and had to break a hole in the ice for them to drink from.

Sometimes when it was blizzarding from the South the cattle would not face the storm and sheltered in the bush around the corral. When this happened we had to water them at a trough by the well, which meant a long and laborious process of pumping. In sub-zero weather this was all terribly cold work and my hands and feet got painfully frozen although I wore two pairs of mitts, two pairs of thick woolen stockings with rubber boots over them. Icicles hung from my mustache and nose. The lowest temperature we experienced was 56 below zero, but it was often from 10 to 30 below. Occasionally we got a Chinook wind which lasted for a few days and gave us a little respite. Then we

would have another cold spell. By the time all the chores were over we had a good appetite for breakfast.

The winter programme of work was something as follows. After breakfast put the milk through the separator; fetch water from the well; saw or chop firewood and bring it into the house; feed the calves and pigs; clean out the stables; harness up the horses and haul the manure down to the grain fields and spread it over the fields. All this took up the whole forenoon. In the afternoon we hitched up again and went out and gathered more firewood and hauled it home.

Then we had to start our evening chores; feeding and watering the horses and cattle; milking the cows; fetching water from the well; cutting up wood and bringing it in. Meantime the women were busy in the house; washing; cooking; cleaning, etc. They also churned the butter, cleaned the separator and made the bread. Thomson had a creamery and we sold our cream to him.

In 1906 Miss Townsend returned to England and was succeeded by Evelyn Knowles, a very nice and pretty girl, but not very capable. She was accompanied by Gordon Joy, a new pupil. He was a very nice and pleasant boy and quite a good worker, but very peculiar.

In 1906 I had a particularly good crop of oats and wheat and everything looked good. At that time I did not have a binder of my own, but used to get a neighbour to bind the grain for me. I had arranged with this neighbour to start cutting on September 4th. The 3rd of September was a very fine hot day and we were all ready to start cutting the next day. Then I got up the next morning it was snowing hard and the ground was covered with snow. It snowed steadily for a week and then rained for another week, and my beautiful crop was beaten flat and could not be cut with a binder. It had to be cut with a mower and used for feed as we couldn't thresh it. The winter that followed was a terrible one. It set in about mid-October and never let up until April. We had zero and sub-zero weather all the time and not a single Chinook. All the ranchers and farmers, ourselves included, lost heavily in cattle that year.

We used to butcher a steer and a pig early each winter. This was the job I disliked most. The steer we cut up and used as required as it kept frozen all winter. The pig was also cut up and preserved in brine. This kept us supplied with meat through the long winter.
We will now return to the Boggs family. Sophy had gone to Calgary to be the companion of the wife of the Inspector of the Mounted Police there, Duffus. After being engaged to Chester Britton and afterwards to his brother Capel, and later to a man called Mewburn, a wholesale grocer in Calgary, she eventually became engaged to and married a man called Hodson. He was an architect and a very nice fellow, but terribly deaf. Calgary was booming at the time and architects were doing well and so financially at least it was a good match at the time. Later on, however, when the boom burst they became very hard up and migrated to California where they now live.

Ninian, after about a year on the farm, got a job in the Royal Bank in Calgary, but after a very short time there he joined with a man called Hooper in a real estate business. Hooper was a crook, but business in real estate was booming. Alec Newton who had a lot of wealthy and aristocratic relations in England, introduced them to Ninian who bought large tracts of land for them in Alberta and Saskatchewan. He went over to England taking Mrs. Boggs with him and lived in a most extravagant style in the Berkeley Hotel and seemed to have no end of money.

He got engaged to and married a cousin in Halifax, built a large Hotel in Saskatoon and lived in a most expensive style. He induced his brother-in-law, Hodgson, to entrust him with money to buy real estate. For several years this continued. It turned out afterwards that he was living on other people's money and he disappeared altogether for several years, even his own people and his wife whom he deserted, not knowing where he was. I believe the war saved him from prosecution. He is now in some bookbinding firm in New York.

The rest of the Boggs family struggled on in great poverty. They had a certain number of milk cows, horses and pigs. Not having sufficient grazing land of their own they used to turn their cattle loose and these were constantly breaking into other people's land and destroying their grain. Their pigs ate up most of my potatoes one year. They constantly ran short of coal-oil for their lamps and had to sit in the evenings and go to bed in the dark, lighting matches to find their way about. Their harness was tied together with string and even the seat of their buggy was tied to the body with string. Consequently on one occasion on their way to town, while going along a sideslope, the string broke and both Mrs. Boggs and Babs were thrown out.

It was about 1907 when a school was started at Red Lodge. The Government gave any district which had a minimum of twelve children of school age a certain grant towards the teacher's salary and the rest was made up by taxation.

The little school house was built about half a mile from our house. The first teacher was a Miss Wilson, a middle-aged spinster. She was not very learned, but she managed to put Graham, Jack and Kathie through the --- (?)grade. She was a very nice and good woman. She started a Sunday school class for the somewhat heathen children of the district and was altogether an influence for good in the neighbourhood. I think she taught in Red Lodge school for at least five years. I was appointed Secretary-Treasurer of the School.

In 1907 two other farm pupils arrived, Denny Hancock, a second cousin of Bea's and his cousin, Jan Thompson. Ernest Sharp, who was supposed to stay with us a few months and had been with us more than a year at his own request, was very loath to go. I finally persuaded him to look for work elsewhere as he was only wasting his time with us. He got a job as clerk in a hotel at Wetaskiwin but didn't hold it long. He eventually got a job as tutor to the sons of a man called Raikes at Pine Lake and after a year or two there married a girl with money who owned her deceased brother's farm. They retired to England many years ago.

Alec Stewart bought a quarter section next to the Boggs and had a nice little bungalow built as he was expecting a sister to live with him.

Our household now consisted of nine persons; Bea and I and the three children, Evelyn Knollys, Gordon Joy, Denny Hancock and Jan Thompson; so I got a carpenter to make a further addition to the house - a large kitchen with two bedrooms above. We converted the old kitchen into a dining-room. This gave us in all a dining-room, drawing-room, kitchen and four bedrooms downstairs and three bedrooms upstairs. Quite a large house.

In 1907 Monica was born. We had no telephones in these days, so Jan had to ride into Bowden for the doctor. We engaged a very nice English monthly nurse, a Mrs. Evans, wife of a farmer about five miles on the other side of Bowden. She was a very capable woman.
There was a sale of yearlings at Penhold, beyond Innisfail, and as I had sold my steers I rode there (25 miles) to see if I could pick up any cheap. I had to pass through Innisfail on the way and Bea asked me to buy a pail of jam. In those days jam was sold in small wooden pails. I tied the jam to the horn of my saddle in front of me. When I arrived home I was sticking to the saddle. The pail had leaked and the Jam had penetrated between my saddle and riding-breeches and I had quite a job to get off.

At about this time land was booming in the West. Every village expected to become a town, every town a city. I did some successful speculation both in farm land and town lots and had some wonderful luck.

I bought a corner lot in a small town called Minburn. About two weeks later I got a telegram from a man there asking if I would sell and at what price. I replied quoting just twice what I had paid for it and he replied it was too much and made a counter offer which I refused. A week later he wrote accepting my price. I also bought a lot in Strathcona which I later sold at a small profit.

I got a letter one day from a man I knew in Bowden, dated from Stettler, which was at that time the furthest point reached by the C.P.R. on the new branch line they were building from Lacombe. He said things were booming there and advised me to come up and buy town lots, so I started one very cold day in March by train from Bowden to Lacombe where I caught the 5 o'clock afternoon train for Stettler. The train was crowded, mostly with foreigners. We arrived at Lacombe at 11 p.m.

It was about 20 below zero and very cold. There was a rush to the newly built hotel. I asked for a room and was told every room was taken. I then asked if there was anywhere at all in the hotel where I could sleep but without avail. This was a nice predicament to be in. I went out into the street and there by good luck I met a young carpenter I knew in Bowden who had come up to get a share in the building going on. He kindly invited me to his shack, where we had a simple meal and then went to a real estate office to enquire for town lots. Stettler was all lighted up by torches and building was going on all the time by torchlight. I bought two lots and we then returned to my friend's shack where I was shown a bed in which three men were already sleeping. I made the fourth but un

fortunately was on the outside. All night long the sound of hammering went on where building was proceeding night and day. I returned to Bowden early next morning.

A month or two later I got a letter from my friend in Bowden advising me to sell out my Stettler lots as the railway was going to move on to a place called Alix. I took his advice and sold at a profit. I bought the blacksmith's shop in Bowden. The owner was in financial difficulties and offered it to me at a favourable price. I rented it to him for a few months and then resold it to another party at a good profit. I also bought a quarter section near Bowden which I later sold at a good profit.

The only bad speculation I made was in buying from Ninian Boggs some lots in Wetaskiwin, the location of which he falsely represented as being on the town side of the line instead of the opposite side.

Wilfred on hearing of the boom in Canada, sent out some money to invest in real estate and so did Cornelia Quarles. For Wilfred I bought a half section about half way between Red Lodge and Bowden and two lots in Bowden itself on which I had two houses built. All of these I later sold at a good profit. For Cornelia I bought a half section on the east side of Bowden, which I later re-sold at a good profit.

Henry Quarles, hearing of Cornelia's success, also sent out some money to invest. He was rather late in the day however, as the boom was by that time subsiding and the lots I bought for him in Red Deer and Larrigan by Ninian Boggs' advice had eventually to go for taxes as the boom burst and I could never sell them.

In order to provide entertainment not only for our own household but for the whole community, I wrote during our residence at Red Lodge several musical plays which were successfully performed by our household, assisted by other members of the community. I selected the most tuneful airs from comic operas and popular songs and adapted this music to words and libretto of my own composition. The first of these I called “Real Estate” and was a skit on the real estate boom then in progress. Those of our household who took part were Evelyn Knollys, Gordon Joy, Jan Thompson and Denny Hancock. The rehearsals took place mostly in our house and sometimes at the school house. I should mention that some time previously Aunt Torie had made us a present of her old piano. It arrived in quite good condition and was a great source of pleasure and entertainment to us.

Gordon Joy was very much in love with Evelyn Knollys and so was Jim Boggs, and there was a good deal of jealousy between them. One afternoon we were having a rehearsal of "Real Estate" at the school house and afterwards started to walk home. Evelyn Knollys was walking with Jim Boggs and Gordon was some way behind, when he suddenly collapsed and fell to the ground, groaning. We had to carry him home and put him to bed, where he lay, still moaning, and complained of a terrible pain in his stomach.

We sent to Olds for the Doctor, who had to come out fourteen miles. When he arrived he gave Gordon a thorough examination and said there was absolutely nothing wrong with

him, and gave his opinion that he was shamming. So it turned out. It appears Gordon was jealous of Jim Boggs walking with Evelyn and wanted to draw attention to himself.

At Christmas time the same year he played a similar trick. The mail arrived at Thomson's Post Office on Friday afternoons and we used to take turns to fetch it. Friday of that year was Christmas Eve, and Gordon went to fetch the mail. He returned with the mail, looking very miserable, and retired to his room. When I went to enquire he was lying on his bed and told me he had had a telegram to say his mother was seriously ill and not expected to recover. I asked to see the telegram, but he said he had torn it up. We were all very sympathetic and in deference to his apparent grief spent our Christmas very quietly. I wrote to Mrs. Joy, condoling with her on her illness and wishing her a good recovery, and got her reply expressing surprise, she had never been ill and did not understand!

The performance of "Real Estate" was a great success. The little school-house was crowded to capacity and it was enthusiastically received. The proceeds went to school expenses. A week or two later we took it into Bowden where it also went very successfully and I was able to hand over to the Anglican parson (Smith) a very substantial sum towards arrears in his stipend.

After being with us for a year, Evelyn Knollys returned to England and was succeeded by Violet Callender, who had been nursery governess to Jo's children in Cairo. About the same time Denny's father sent out money to buy him a farm of his own and I bought for him a very nice half section next to my own. It was arranged that his cousin Jan Thompson should go in with him in this, so they left me and took over the new place. I was very glad to get rid of them both as they were both exceedingly lazy. Jan was a very nice fellow but very languid and lazy. Denny was not only lazy but very incompetent and disagreeable and did many spiteful things which I needn't relate. Gordon Joy remained with me in the meantime.

I got a letter about this time from Lady Chichester whose acquaintance Mr. & Mrs. Man had made at Sandgate where they were then living, asking if I could give work to Jack Crossfield, a protégé of hers, who was at present in New Foundland. She explained that he was studying to be an engineer, but hadn't enough money to complete his course and had gone to Newfoundland to try to earn enough to do so but had been unsuccessful. I replied I had no vacancy but would be glad to put him up for a short time while he looked for work and in due course he arrived. Time went on and he remained with us and made no attempt to find another job, though I repeatedly urged him to do so. It was a long time before I almost forced him out and we went off one morning by train from Bowden for Edmonton to look for a job.

He returned over a week later and told me a wonderful tale. He had gone to Edmonton, he said, and after tramping the streets for a couple of days came across another young Englishman who like himself was looking for work. They arranged to start a window-cleaning business and went around booking orders, telling their respective clients they represented a firm of window cleaners in Montreal. They had actually booked some orders when he was offered a job on a C.P.R. construction camp somewhere west of Edmonton. After one day's work there construction was suspended and he was advised by one of the gang to go to Banff and apply for work on the construction then going on at the tunnel near Field. He went there and was given a job and put on night duty. The very first night while blasting, one man was killed and Jack was knocked down and injured his leg. He was immediately fired by the C.P.R. as being of no further use. He thereupon found himself stranded in the mountains with no money.

One of the gang advised him to hide at a place on the line where the train came slowly round a curve and when the next freight train to Banff reached this place he could jump on the cow-catcher and so get a free ride. This he did and all the way to Banff the stoker kept bombarding him with coal. And he protected himself by holding his bundle of clothing and other effects over his head. At Banff he got off and looked for work, but finding none he boarded a box car on the night freight to Calgary. There he met an acquaintance who lent him the money to get to Bowden and from there he walked out ten miles to Red Lodge. Such was his tale.

It struck me as very suspicious that he should have been fired by the C.P.R. without pay owing to the injury to his leg, and yet be able to walk the ten miles from Bowden. It made a good story however, so I wrote an account of it in the first person and ended up by saying "In spite of all this I still hope to earn enough money to complete my engineering course at McGill" and signed the letter "J.C.". I sent this letter to my father-in-law and he had it inserted in the "Field" newspaper. Shortly after this I received a letter from an old gentleman in England, whose name I forget, asking for J.C.'s address as he so admired his pluck, having been through a similar experience himself in his youth, that he was prepared to give him 300 pounds a year for three years to complete his course. I immediately got in touch with Jack Crossfield who was working as a cook in a travelling sawmill in the neighbourhood and in due course the money for his first year came out and he went to Montreal, where he came to meet us at the steamer on our return from England in 1910, looking very smart and prosperous.

The sequel to this is that some time later the C.P.R. got somehow to hear of this affair and were most indignant at the charge that they had fired a man without any pay for injuries received in their service. They then got in touch with J.C.'s benefactor with the result that he stopped his allowance. It appears the wonderful story he told me was all a fake. I don't know what happened to him after this.

Bishop Pinkham came out again to christen Monica. He also held a confirmation of the Boggs children at their house. It was summer time and the doors were all open and in the middle of the confirmation service the Boggs' one and only sheep came running into the room where the service was being held. The service had to be stopped while the sheep was with difficulty ejected.

About this time a new couple bought some land near us and arrived on the scene. This was a man called Andrews, retired from the Mounted Police, and his bride, who knew Grindlays in London, having been employed by them as a stenographer. She was quite plain and middle-aged and I think Andrews had tried to break off the engagement, but without success. She was very incompetent and slovenly and had an annoying, "kittenish" manner. Andrews soon got tired of her. After a time they got a Miss Roberts, an English girl, to come as domestic help to Mrs. Andrews. Andrews used to flirt with her tremendously, so much so that Bea want over one day and brought her back to our place and she eventually left and went to Edmonton I think.

Alec Stewart's sister came out about this time. She took a dislike to the country from the first and was not much use to him. She went back to England in 1910 I think and then Alec sold out and I believe returned to his beloved New Zealand.

Gordon Joy left us about this time. Bea lost her gold bangles and we had a suspicion they had been stolen. One day while he was out we searched Gordon's room and found in his trunk, not only the bangles, but a number of small articles which he had concealed there. In addition to his other peculiarities he seemed to be a kleptomaniac. We could of course not keep him any longer. We were sorry to lose him because in spite of his faults he was a nice likeable boy and a good worker. I believe he enlisted in the mounted police but we never heard of him again.

During our long residence at Red Lodge we had short visits from my brothers Frank and Wilfred, and Harry Man, all on their way home on holiday from the Orient. We also had as a visitor J. Dunlop, an old Burma friend. He came out to look around and possibly settle with his wife and family. He made a bid for a quarter section near us but the owner wanted too much, so he returned to England. I think it was just as well as he was not fitted for the rough and strenuous life on a farm.

We used, especially in winter, to have frequent visitors of another sort. Our house was near the Bowden trail and frequently when it was very cold and blizzardy, farmers on the way home from town would knock at the door after dark and ask for a night's lodging as they were nearly frozen and had a good many miles still to go. Their usual way of asking

for a night's lodging was to say "I was figuring on stopping the night here." They were mostly uncouth and dirty but in such weather we could not turn anyone away. We gave them rugs and cushions and they slept on the floor. To do them justice they generally offered to pay but we never accepted this.

We had very good prairie-chicken and partridge shooting during our first few years and they made a very welcome addition to our larder. Gradually as the roads improved, birds became scarcer and wilder as shooting parties drove out from the neighbouring towns and shot over the whole country. Rabbits also were very plentiful and we used to shoot quite a lot. At last we got tired of rabbit meat and didn't bother to shoot them.

Prairie fires were very prevalent and the very first summer we spent at Red Lodge there was a tremendous fire which swept the whole surrounding country. Our whole household had a strenuous time fighting it with wet gunnysacks and with great difficulty saved our house and buildings. After the fire had passed the whole country was black as far as we could see. As the lands got settled up and cultivated and roads were made, the danger from prairie fires diminished.

The roads were always rough and bad and we had many rough, cold and uncomfortable journeys to and from town. Two of these drives I will always remember. Bea and I drove into Bowden in the cutter, intending to return the same afternoon. In the meantime a blizzard came on and it was impossible to return, so we had to put up at the very third-rate hotel at Bowden. Owing to the blizzard all business in Bowden was at a standstill and most of the townsmen spent the time at the liquor bar in the hotel. As most of them got more or less intoxicated there was a regular pandemonium.

We had to keep our room door locked as there were drunken men wandering around the passages and several free fights. Next day the storm had abated, but the ground was deep in snow and the roads almost impassable owing to the huge drifts. However we set out, but I had to get out several times to dig through drifts and it took half the day to get home.

On another occasion Bea and I drove to Olds in the democrat. It was in the month of March and there was very little snow on the ground. We had had a long spell of very cold weather but this was a fine bright day, so we took the opportunity to drive into Olds to make some necessary purchases. We put up at the hotel, intending to return the following morning. When we woke up the next morning there was a raging blizzard and we were warned not to attempt the trip.

However we were anxious to get home and started off. Among our purchases was a mattress which I rolled up and tied with string and placed in the back of the democrat. The first four miles was due west and the blizzard was blowing from the north-west. I could hardly see a yard in front of me as the snow was blowing right in my eyes. The horses also felt the full force of the wind and would not travel faster than a walk and progressed in a crab-like manner. To make matters worse the string with which I had tied the mattress broke and it rose up like a sail. There was rather a deep ditch on both sides of

the road and I had great difficulty in keeping the horses in the middle of the road, as they kept edging to the left to avoid the wind.

After travelling about two miles in this fashion an extra gust of wind blew the democrat into the ditch, and with great difficulty I managed to get the horses to haul it out. We were now in a nice plight, twelve miles from home, bitterly cold and no hope of getting the horses to go faster than a walk. The only thing was to look for shelter, so Bea remained with the horses while I went on foot to see if I could find a house or barn of any sort.

Very fortunately, after going only about a couple of hundred yards I came upon a gate and on the assumption that a gate led to a house, I went back to the democrat and we drove to the gate, and at a very great distance were delighted to find a house. It was a very rough tumble-down place, but "any port in a storm" so I knocked at the door, which was opened by a very rough and dirty man, apparently a foreigner. I asked if he could give us shelter for ourselves and horses until the storm was over. This he rather surlily consented to do, so Bea went into the house while I unhitched the horses and put them in the barn. The house was a miserable, dirty one, but there was a good stove and we were glad to get warm. The blizzard grew worse and worse so we had to stop all day and night in this wretched place. The family consisted of the man and his wife and two boys aged about twelve and sixteen. As it was too stormy to go outside these boys spent the whole day listening in on the party telephone line.

After a very uncomfortable night on a very uncomfortable bed, we found the storm had abated and we were able to continue our journey home. Fortunately by this time a telephone system had been installed in the Red Lodge district so we had been able to telephone home telling them of our plight.

After Gordon Joy left, my next pupil was a boy called Kenneth Scott. His father was an officer in the Indian army. That winter I wrote another musical play called "The Rival Bridges" which we performed with great success at Red Lodge School and also at Bowden. The principal characters were taken by Violet Callender, Kenneth Scott, Denny, Dan Munro and Cecil Adshead.

Little Webber was born about this time and was christened by Archdeacon Dewdney, who kindly came from Calgary for the purpose. Old Mrs. Evans came again as monthly nurse.

Kenneth Scott turned out to be exceedingly lazy, incompetent and disagreeable. He got engaged to Violet, but he was so impertinent and disagreeable that I had to discharge him, whereupon he went down to the Boggs and remained with them for some time, after which he went to B.C. where I believe his father bought him a fruit farm at Salmon Arm.

In the winter of 1909 I wrote a little Christmas pantomime "Cinderella" for the school children. Violet took the part of Cinderella and Marion Lowe was the prince. Dan Munro was the Baron and two young neighbours were the ugly sisters. The school children,

including those of our family, formed the chorus. We performed it at the school house, followed by a Christmas tree and distribution of presents.

My next pupil was a boy called Jack Centino. He was not satisfactory and did not remain very long. He became fascinated with a Mrs. Ryves, who professed to have been a trained nurse before her marriage. The Ryves had a farm across the river about five miles from us and we engaged her to look after Bea at the time of Weber's birth. She proved incompetent, but so fascinated Centino that when she returned to her farm she took him with her and he remained working on the Ryves farm.

It was in December 1909 that Jack Centino left. At about the same time Denny Hancock and Jan Thompson fell out and Jan came back and lived with us till March 1910. In 1910 we decided that Bea and the children should take a trip home to England. She was worn out with the work and drudgery of the farm and was suffering from nerves and depression. I was to remain behind, sell off the stock, rent the farm for a year and go to Calgary to try to find some other sort of work. We had an auction sale of all our stock, shut up the house and on a very hot day in May, all drove into Olds to take the train to Calgary. We were accompanied by Dan Munro, to whom Violet Callender had become engaged.

The whole family, together with Violet, took the evening train for Montreal. Dan Munro and I saw them off and then put up at Chester Britton's lodgings for the night. Dan returned to Bowden next morning, but I remained in Calgary for a week or more going around trying to find a job. I was not at all well and was partially lame from a pain in my leg which I thought was rheumatism, but proved to be sciatica. I was also run down with overwork and depression.

After about a week in Calgary I came back to Bowden and boarded at the Shenfields. I got worse and worse and got so lame I could hardly walk. I went and spent a few days at the Grants and then returned to the Shenfields. I was now seriously ill, a real break-down. I went to Olds and consulted Dr. Stevens, who prescribed a sea-voyage, and so eventually I decided to take a trip to England and booked a passage in the "Laurentic". sailing early in July. I was very ill on the train going to Montreal and could do nothing. However I reached Montreal safely and boarded the "Laurentic". She was a very fine steamer of the White Star Line and the 2nd class, by which I travelled, was as good as first in some other boats.

The "Laurentic" on her return voyage carried the detectives sent out to arrest Crippen, the murderer, and Miss LeNeve, who were believed to be passengers on a cargo steamer bound for Montreal, which had sailed from Cherbourg a few days previously. The "Laurentic" overtook the cargo boat in the St. Lawrence and arrested Crippen and Miss LeNeve and brought them back to England. During the war the "Laurentic" was torpedoed and sunk off the coast of Ireland while carrying gold bars to the United States. After the war the wreck was located and divers were sent down and with the greatest of skill, difficulty and danger, were able to salvage almost the entire quantity of gold.

Wilfred, who was at home at the time, came to meet me and we went first to Rickmansworth where my mother had a house, and stopped there for some weeks and then went on to Sandgate to stay with the Mans. After a short time there they, jointly with Auntie (Harris) took a house for the summer at Barham and we all moved there. While at Sandgate I consulted the Man's doctor and he prescribed electric baths. I took two or three but got worse instead of better and couldn't straighten my left leg, and could only hobble about with a stick and was in constant pain.

During our stay at Sandgate Mr. & Mrs. Man celebrated their golden wedding. A family gathering was arranged. All the children were present and eleven grandchildren. In addition, Mr. Man's brother, George Man, and Mrs. Man's sisters, Mrs. Webber Harris and Aunt Torie; Mrs. Lionel Man, Mrs. Garnet Man, Jr. and myself. Mr. & Mrs. Man were presented by their children with a silver rose bowl lined with gold; a photograph of the gathering was taken; and Dolly read a poem I had been asked to write commemorating the occasion.

We returned to Canada in September by the "Lake Manitoba". Then we arrived at Calgary, all except myself and Graham went on to Bowden and Red Lodge. Graham and I remained in Calgary and spent the night at the Yale Hotel and next day I took him to Western Canada College, where, by generosity of Aunt Torie, he studied for three years. The poor boy was very miserable at the idea of going to a boarding school and was very homesick. I hated leaving him there as he seemed so miserable.

Next day I took the train to Bowden. When I arrived it was sleeting and the road to Red Lodge was liquid mud. As we drove out between barbed wire fences, the contrast between the beautiful hedges and lovely country we had left behind in England was very striking and depressing.

We began to settle down again. I bought a team of ponies from Harry Shenfield and also a cutter and one cow. As I was too lame and ill to do any hard work I arranged with Charlie and George Peck that in 1911 they would put in a crop on the crop payment system, that is I would supply the seed, they the labour and they would get two-thirds and I one-third of the crop. I also engaged as chore-boy, a lad called Will Knight, who had been working for Andrews and he remained with me till the following September.

Graham arrived for his Christmas holidays on Dec. 23rd and during his holidays helped with the chores. I was too ill and lame to do anything. At the beginning of January all the

children except Graham got whooping-cough and from that time until the end of February we had a terrible time. The children (except Graham) were all in bed. I also was confined to bed and in pain all the time, so the house was like a hospital and it was a great strain for Bea and Violet. We telegraphed to Calgary for a trained nurse and she arrived on Jan. 29. Kathie was the worst and we thought we were going to lose her. On Feb. 1st little Webber died. He had a convulsion the previous day.

He was buried two days later at Bowden. It was a bitterly cold and blizzardly day. Harry Shenfield came out, with the undertaker and parson (panting) and after the service in our house they drove into Bowden. Graham and Will Knight were the only two members of our household who attended the internment at Bowden. I was too ill with sciatica and Bea could not leave the other children, especially as Kathie was still seriously ill. [Above Beatrice, her parents, and her siblings July 1910 abd below Beatrice Adam]

I forgot to mention a very curious misunderstanding that occurred after my sailing on the "Laurentic". About the same time a man called Canon A. Dan, who had been visiting his son who was manager of the Bank of Montreal in Olds, became ill and sailed about the same time as I did by another line. He died on the voyage and a telegram was sent to Olds "A Dan died". The operator translated it "Adam died" and the news spread that I had died on the voyage. The appended letter received by me from Harry Shenfield will explain what followed:

"Dear Mr. Adam:
Your two letters duly received on the same date and very much relieved to hear of your safe arrival, you of course not knowing of the most ludicrous and exciting report circulated after you were about a week gone - a rumour being most persistently circulated and very generally believed that you had only lived two days after leaving Quebec. So general did the report become that for two or three days I practically did nothing but receive condolences to forward on, and notwithstanding anything I could do or say to convince people of the improbability of such a thing it was believed by many and the culminating point was reached when Banting feelingly referred to the sad event in his sermon - certainly it is given to few, the privilege I mean to know just exactly what the world really thinks of us and it is only on occasions of this kind that we really learn. Of

course I am not going to tell you. Tell Mrs. Adam I may tell her when she returns of all the nice kind remarks made. Even Centino was most solicitous and very much relieved when I told him today of your safe arrival."

During February the children began to improve and Kathie was out of danger and I was able to get about with a crutch. On Feb. 27th I drove with Bea in the cutter to a neighbour called Jones to fetch some potatoes. When passing over a side slope the cutter upset and we were thrown out into the snow. The horses bolted dragging the upset cutter. I hobbled after them with the aid of my crutch. They had by this time run up against a wire fence so I easily caught them and got them in again. From that date my sciatica began to improve and by the early summer it had practically gone after lasting a little more than a year.

I see in my diary that on March 7th, 1911 we began to receive a mail twice a week instead of once. I also see that during 1911 I became a Mason and was duly initiated and installed at Bowden where J. Brewster was Master of the Lodge. In March of the same year Graham returned to Western Canada College. In April Alec Stewart held his sale and on May 29th Miss South (Southie) arrived to succeed Violet Callender, who was married to Dan Munro on June 23rd.

The wedding took place at the school house, which Bea had specially prepared for the occasion. We had a table on the stage with silver candlesticks and a crucifix and flowers. Archdeacon Dewdndy performed the ceremony and we had a reception afterwards at our house to which we invited the whole neighbourhood, so we had quite a crowd.

There was a general election in September (this was the "Reciprocity" collection) and I went up to Red Deer on June 27th to hear Borden speak for the Conservatives and in September I went up again to Red Deer to speak for Gillivaray, the Conservative Candidate for the Olds riding, who was opposing Dr. Clarke, the Liberal Candidate. I spoke at several places in the Delburne district. McGillivaray, then a young and rising lawyer (now Judge) was defeated by Dr. Clarke, but on the whole the Conservatives gained a smashing victory throughout the Dominion and Borden became Premier in place of Sir W. Laurier.

In September Will Knight left and a young Englishman called Tyson, who had been working for the Boggs and quarrelled with them, came to me as chore-boy. For the year 1912 I arranged to have my crop put in by Tom Lee and the Peck boys, but Jack and I did the haying and harvesting, assisted by Graham during his summer holidays, and part of the time by Tyson and a young fellow called Eric Skinner, who had been working for the Boggs. As I commenced to keep a diary at this time I think the best plan would be for me to quote from it some of the principal happenings during the remainder of our time at Red Lodge.

1912

Feb. 21 Took Monica into Olds for an operation to her ear.
Apr. 16 Mrs. Lowe and baby from Bowden came on a visit.
Apr. 26 " returned to Bowden.
May 9 Violet Munro had a baby boy
May 28 I went to a Masonic Convention at Edmonton.
May 24 Ruth Townsend arrived. (I think she had got a job in B.C. and came to us on a visit "en route")
May 28
June 1 Ruth Townsend left.
" 30 Eric Skinner came.
July 9 Eric Skinner left for Texas.
Aug. 24 Denison born. Mrs. Buchan came as monthly nurse.
Oct. 11 Denison christened by Cartilege from Olds.
Oct. 11 Men came out from Olds to put up telephone poles.
Nov. 8 Bull fell into creek and couldn't get out. Had to haul him out with a team.
Dec. 12 Telephone installed.

1913

Mar. 31 Bought a fine strong team of mares.
Apr. 12 Miss Bishop (Bish) arrived from England.
Apr. 15 Bea and Kathie went to Calgary.
Apr. 20 returned from Calgary.
Apr. 26 Southie left.

By this time Jack had left Red Lodge school and was working with me on the farm.

June 17 Canon and Mrs. Gardiner, friends of Bish's from Folkestone arrived on a visit.
June 19 The Gardiners left. I drove them to Bowden. Road very rough. The Canon very nervous.
June 20 I went to Calgary for prize-giving at Western Canada College. Graham got two prizes. One a medal.
June 21 Graham and I returned to Red Lodge. Kathie went to Bowden en route to Olds where she took the Grade 8 exam.
July 12 Dr. McCrae came on a visit. I met him at Bowden. We had lunch at the Shenfields and then drove out to Red Lodge. We had a boy called Peebles working for us at the time. Dr. McCrae returned to Calgary on the 16th.

July 22 Jack went to Red Deer on a visit to the Quiggs, returning on the 29th.

Aug. 7 Farewell concert at the school for Miss Nilson. She was presented with a gold watch with an inscription
Aug. 23 Picnic at Moose Mountain.

Sep. 3 Bea and I drove into Bowden for Mary Dixon's wedding to Jack Hutton. We returned to Red Lodge in the evening, bringing Miss Allison, the new school teacher. Graham now began studying at home with a view to trying for the

Civil Service.

Sep. 10 Jack and Jack Shenfield went to Calgary to enter Western Canada College. Jack remained there until Easter 1916.

Sep. 24 Con. Cowden, Bish's cousin arrived on a visit, returning Oct. 1st.

Nov. 6 A man called Christie came along in the evening and asked for a night's lodging. He had got stuck in the middle of the little Red Deer river while crossing with a load of lumber. Next morning I went down to the river with my team and helped him haul his load out.

Nov. 17 Dr. & Mrs. Stevens drove out from Olds and stopped the night.

Nov. 21 Drove Bea to Bowden en route to Calgary. She returned on the 27th

Nov 29 First rehearsal of my play "The Suffragette".

Dec. 22 Christmas tree and play "The Suffragette" at the school.

Dec. 28 Skating on the river.

Dec. 31 Bea and I drove to Miss Buchan's wedding near Morse Mountain.

1914.

Jan. 2 Took our play "The Suffragette" into Bidden. Played to a full and appreciative audience. Included in the cast were Bish, Miss Allison, Miss McGill, Rev. Church from Olds.

Jan. 14 Miss Allison resigned from Red Lodge school, having been appointed principal of Bowden school

Feb. 6 New teacher, Miss Walkden arrived.

Mar. 7 Miss Walkian resigned. She afterwards went to Peachland and married a man named Coldham and still lives there.

Mar. 8 New teacher, Miss Whyte, arrived.

Apr. 30 Prairie fire. We were all fighting the fire all day.

May 12 Mrs. Stevens and children drove out from Olds in their new car. They got stuck in a mudhole about a mile from our house and I had to go with a team and haul them out. They returned to Olds on the 20th.

May 29 I was ill in bed with a bad cold till June 8th.

June 18 I went to Calgary for prize giving at Western Canada College. Jack got some prizes. Returned with Jack on the 20th.

July 3 Graham went to Calgary for W. Canada College old Boys' dinner, returning home on the 4th.

July 10 Bish left door of ice house open and white cow got in and ate a whole tub of butter.

July 11 Farewell party to Bish.

July 14 Bish left and Jan arrived.

July 15 White cow very ill as a result of eating butter. Died on the 18th.

July 25 Church and Archdeacon Dewdney arrived and Dewdney held service and Communion at school on the 26th.

Aug. 26 Bea in bed with tonsillitis. On the 28th I phoned Dr. Stevens and he came out and stayed the night. Bea didn't get up until Sep. 6.

Sep. 12 Miss Bridges, new teacher, arrived.

Sept. 28 Threshers arrived. Threshed from 5 a.m. till 7 p.m. Also all day the 29th.

Oct. 17. Drove to Bowden with Bea, Miss Ferguson (new D.H.) and Miss Bridges for patriotic meeting.
Dec. 8 Drove Miss Ferguson to Bowden en rout for Calgary. We got a local girl, Lily Mien, to take her place temporarily
Dec. 17 Bea and I drove into Bowden to meet Jack who was coming home for Christmas. We took in three pigs which I had sold to the Bowden butcher
Dec. 24 Christmas tree and children's party at our house.

I will now leave my diary for a time and give some general account of our experiences at Red Lodge

From the time Graham left Western Canada College on Sep. 1913 he helped me on the farm in the forenoons and studied for the Civil Service in the afternoon. He enlisted in 1915 and went to Calgary. He failed in French for the Civil Service but did well in other subjects and but for the war would have tried again. He joined the 56th Battalion at Sarcee Camp and visited us at Red Lodge frequently when he got leave. On October 19th Bea and I went to Calgary to visit him as his battalion expected immediate orders to go overseas. However it proved a false alarm. We only stopped two days in Calgary, during which time we saw the 50th Batt. entrain for overseas. Graham's battalion did not leave for overseas until about the middle of March 1916 and I went to Calgary to say Good-bye.

Jack was at Western Canada College at that time so he and Graham spent Saturday afternoon and Sunday with me and I laid Good-bye to dear old Graham on Monday and returned to Red Lodge as it was uncertain when the 56th would leave. As a matter of fact they did not entrain until two or three days later.

Jack left Western Canada College at Easter 1916 and after that time he helped me on the farm until we left Red Lodge for good. During that time he and I ran the farm alone with occasional outside assistance. Now that we had the telephone we used to phone every night to Olds for War news as we only got the mail and papers twice a week.

To go back to my diary. As I have already mentioned Bish left us in June, 1914, but she returned on Feb. 1915 and left again for Peachland on June 19th. She came back again in January, 1916 and finally left on March 14th, 1916.

1915
Apr. 8 Bea and I went to Red Deer for a Conservative Convention and put up at the White's. We returned next day, bringing Mrs. Stevens.
May 28 Bea, Kathie and Monica went on a visit to Calgary, returning on June 5th.

1 Halley's Comet. Tom Lee very frightened and dug a bole for refuge if necessary.
Sep. 13 Bea took Kathie and Denison to Red Deer. She left Kathie there to board with the Williams and attend High School. Bea and Denison returned home on the 15th.

Dec. 18 Kathie returned from Red Deer.

1916
Jan. 23 Hemming's house burned down.
Feb. 2 Bea went on a visit to Calgary and returned Feb. 12.
Mar. 17 Kathie and Monica went to Olds with the Vauthrins to see amateur performance of H.M.S. Pinafore.
Apr. 17 Jack came home for Easter and developed measles. We sent Monica and Denison to board with the Boggs in case of infection. While there they both developed measles and had to be brought back. Kathie also caught measles. All quite mild cases however.
Aug. 21 Went to Calgary with Bea, Denison and Babs Boggs and saw them off on the night train for Montreal "en route" to England.
Aug. 23 I ill in bed with bad cold, fever and ague till Sep. 4.

Sep. 17 Mr. Hazbrook, new school teacher, to supper.
Sept. 19 I drove into Bowden and brought out Jean Shenfield to help Kathie run the house and between them they did it excellently.
Dec. 25 Christmas Day. All of us had mid-day dinner at the Munroe.

1917
Feb. 5 I went to Calgary to meet Bea and Denison on their return from England via New York. They caught the last boat to sail before unrestricted U boat warfare commenced. Although Bea had gone specially to see Graham, he was "Somewhere in France" and could not get leave so she never saw him.
Feb 12 I went to Olds to superintend dress rehearsal of the "Pirates of Penzance". In the second act the stage directions are "enter pirates with crow-bars, life preservers, etc." When the curtain went up the pirates appeared on the stage with motor tires slung across their bodies. I asked them what these were and they replied "life preservers." To understand this joke, what the English call a life-preserver, is a short, rubber tube with a leaden end, used by burglars for emergencies, and what we call a life-belt, Canadians call a life-preserver. They were quite disappointed when I told them to take the tires off.
Feb 17 Jean Shenfield returned to Bowden.
Feb 18 Harry Man paid us a second visit on his way home from China and left for England on the 23rd.

May 28 Tweedie, Calgary lawyer, now Judge, came and spoke at a Conservative meeting at Red Lodge. He stopped the night with us.

Aug. 6 Bea, Monica and I went to Calgary and returned on the 9th.

We now decided to quit farming and to live in Calgary. Jack was growing up and there was no future for him in farming. Kathie was also growing up and life on the farm was very dull for her. So we decided to burn our boats and take a chance in Calgary.
Before doing so we revived my play “Real Estate” for benefit of the Red Cross, and performed it at Berrydale school very successfully. I also organized a paper-chase on

horseback, the first of its kind to be held at Red Lodge and it was well attended and we entertained our neighbours at the finish.

We held an auction sale at which we sold all our stock, implements, and furniture. By this time we had accumulated quite a large stock of milk cows, calves, steers, horses and colts. Being war time prices were at their peak. Cows for which I had paid $30. and $40. went for from $80 to 40. and horses brought top prices. There was a very large attendance at the sale and competition was keen. Kathie had some years previously bought a very nice little riding mare with some money Aunt Torie had given her. This mare had had three colts, so Kathie made a nice little sum. Charlie Peck bought the farm on an Agreement of Sale and afterwards resold it to a man called Willsie, who died a few years later and left it to his widow. Although interest has bean paid pretty regularly there is still $1,350 owing on the principle.

After our sale we all went to Calgary where I had rented a large, but rather old-fashioned house on 17th Avenue next the old firehall. It was a great relief in Calgary to have central heating, gas, plumbing, etc. and all the other comforts of town life after the primitive conditions on the farm. The children however, I think, missed the free out-door life at first. They used to enjoy the riding in summer, skating and sleighing in winter and of course did not have the anxieties and worries which Bea and I had to put up with.

I will pass over very briefly our experiences in Calgary as they are known to all who are likely to read this.

We had only been in Calgary a few days when I got the offer of an Accountant's job in the Red Cross depot, which position I held till the end of the War in 1918. Shortly after this Charlie Bernard offered me the job of Accountant in his office, where I remained until Feb. 1922, when I was elected Secretary-Treasurer of the Diocese of Calgary (on my birthday, Feb. 22nd). This post I held until May, 1937, when I resigned. Bishop Pinkham was the Bishop when I first took up the job. He resigned in 1926 and was succeeded by Bishop Sherman in 1927. When I resigned I was 75 years old and had been working continuously for nearly 60 years. The Executive Committee presented me with a gold watch and chain with an inscription.

Jack got, through the introduction of Judge Tweedie, a job in the Royal Bank of Canada very soon after our arrival and has remained with them ever since and is now Manager of their West End branch in Edmonton. He first served in Calgary, then in Big Valley, Edmonton and Lavoy. Then back to Calgary and for a short time at Turner Valley. Then back to Calgary in the Supervisor's department; then to Edmonton as Assistant Manager and just lately promoted to Manager of the Test End Branch there. He married Marion Fraser in 1934 and they went to England for their honeymoon and had a glorious time.

Kathie took a six month's course at Business School and passed out very well and got a job as stenographer in the Royal Trust Co.

Monica went to Mount Royal School and Denison to a kindergarten.

We used to hear regularly from Graham from "somewhere in France". He used to write very amusingly and pluckily. He was wounded in the face and was sent to the base hospital, where he was masked "P.B." which meant "Permanent Base". We were very relieved at this as it meant he would never return to the front line. Alas, about this time the “Passchendale” offensive took place and every available man was sent up. On Nov. 6th, 1917 we got a telegram to say private Graham Adam of the 36th Battalion (he had been drafted from the 56th) was missing. We made every possible enquiry through Hubert Man and others but never heard any trace of him, so presume he must have been blown up by a shell in that terrible campaign.

Dear boy, he was anything but warlike and must have hated trench life and all the horrors of war, but was very very plucky and must have done well as he was a company-runner when he met his end. His name is on the Menin Gate at Ypres.

Denison was a very good little boy and gave little trouble. He used to spend hours digging in the sand in the back garden or playing with mechano or other toys. He however did one extraordinary thing. He was very keen to discard his childish clothes and have a real boy's suit, so he secretly cut off the tails of the coat of my best tweed suit. When I discovered this he said he thought it was an old coat of Jack's and that he would not miss it. Jack at that time was ill with jaundice at Big Valley. When Denison heard this he said "Do you think he will die?" which we thought was rather a curious question, but understood afterwards!

Our first summer holidays (1918) we all, except Kathie, who got no holidays that year, spent at Peachland. Kathie boarded at the Waterhouse's during our absence. Next summer we went to Pine Lake and Kathie boarded at the White's. In 1919 Kathie went for a trip to England and Bea, Monica, Denison and I went for our holidays to Banff. Kathie brought Elaine Lowis back with her in the spring of 1920 and Kathie got a job in the office of Scott & Hartronft, real estate agents. We took Elaine with us to Pine Lake for our holidays.

Somewhere about 1922 Mrs. Boggs and Pat left the farm and came to live in Calgary. The Prince of Wales (Edward) paid a visit to Calgary and his ranch that year and was accompanied by his private secretary, Sir Godfrey Thomas, who was a nephew of Mrs. Boggs. Mrs. Boggs was very anxious to meet him but did not like to ask him to her house as it was so shabby, so she asked us to lend our house for the occasion and arranged to meet the Royal train when it arrived from High River, with the Prince and his Staff on board. She begged Bea and me to accompany her on the platform as she was very nervous. She also intended to ask Sir Godfrey to our house (hers for the occasion) to tea and hoped the Prince might come too! So she and Pat and Bea and I got special passes to the platform.

When the train came in Mrs. Boggs got very excited and pushed Pat forward to board it and enquire for Sir Godfrey. Pat, in a half-hearted way tried to get on board but was pushed back by one of the staff. In the meantime Mrs. Boggs kept pushing him on and

shouting to Pat "Tell him who you are." It was a most comical sight to see Pat with Mrs. Boggs pushing him on and the staff pushing him off. Presently the Prince and staff alighted and Mrs. Boggs had a few minutes talk with Sir Godfrey, who promised to try to come to tea later on, so we all returned home to await the arrival of Sir Godfrey (and perhaps the Prince!) At six o' clock, as Sir Godfrey had not turned up, Mrs. Boggs went home to her own house. About half an hour after she left Sir Godfrey's valet arrived with a letter for Mrs. Boggs. We had to tell him Mrs. Boggs had gone out for little walk and would soon be back! We then phoned Mrs. Boggs and she sent Pat for the letter, which contained an apology from Sir Godfrey at not being able to come to tea.

Poor Mrs. Boggs, who had always been more or less peculiar, gradually became more so. She was also desperately poor. She was finally put by her children into the old People's Home in Calgary, where she was very unhappy and died a few years later. The last we heard of Pat he was on relief in Vancouver. Babs married a man called Tom Beare, in the Post Office, and has three sons, all nice and well-mannered boys. Since her marriage she has lived in Calgary.

Jim Boggs got possession of Denny's farm. I think Alec Newton bought it from Denny under rather shady circumstances, and resold it to Jim on very easy terms. Jim has worked very hard on the farm ever since and has broken up and cultivated a lot of land, but I don't think he has made a fortune.

In 1922 Kathie left Scott & Hartronft's and got a job in the Bank of Montreal and we all spent our holidays at Victoria, B.C. in a very nice boarding-house called "Rocabella". While there Denison got Mumps and had to be quarantined, but as usual was very good, amusing himself indoors with toys and picture books. That year we played "The Suffragette" in the Unity Hall, Calgary, to a crowded house, in aid of the new St. Stephen's parish hall. In 1924 we moved to the house on 17th Street W. for which I had traded some land, and lived there during the rest of our residence in Calgary.

In 1923 Kathie got engaged to Felton Hampson and was married in June, 1924, in St. Stephen's Church by Canon James and John Orton.

When Monica had passed 12th grade at High School, she went to the University at Edmonton where she spent three years and got her degree of B.A. with honors in history. In 1926 my brother Frank died and left me a nice legacy, which has enabled us to live more comfortably ever since. In May of that year Bea, Monica and I took a trip to England, leaving Denison, who was then attending Mount Royal School, to board with Kathie.

Among the passengers on our voyage to England were the Martin Harvey troupe, so we had a lively time. Monica became very chummy with some of the troupe and had a good time except when sea-sick. While in England we crossed to Ostend and drove to Ypres and the battlefields in that locality. On the charabanc was a young American from Chicago. At one place near Ypres where we all got out to inspect some German trenches, he was walking in front of us with Monica and said "Why did you folks have to get us to

come finish the war for you?" Monica turned round on him and said "how dare you say that here?" and he shut up.

We went on to Brussels, from whence we visited Waterloo and then on to Paris where we spent a few days.

In 1927 Felton resigned from the Alberta Pacific Grain Co. and he and Kathie bought the Edgewater Inn at Peachland. They sold it again in 1902 and have since lived in Kelowna. With the exception of the years 1931 and 1937, when Bea and I made trips to England, we spent our summer holidays at Peachland and later at Kelowna.

After teaching High School in Coleman for about a year, Monica married Frank Lynch-Staunton, who had been a fellow-student at Edmonton University. They were married in the Pro-Cathedral, Calgary, by Canon Pearch Goulding and Dean Robinson.

In 1930 Denison went to University at Edmonton and took up an engineering course, but switched next year to Law. He accompanied us on our trip to England in 1931, during which time he paid a visit to Paris with his Uncle Garnet. We made the usual round of visits to our relations, among them to Windsor to see my sister Mary, who was bed-ridden with paralysis. It was a great shock to see her in this pitiable state. She died the following year.

On our return to Canada, Denison returned to University and took his degree of L.L.B. in 1934. He was then apprenticed to the firm of Macleod and Edmunson in Calgary for one year, at the expiry of which, there being no opening in law, he took a course in mining engineering at the Technical College.

In September, 1934, I went to Montreal to attend the General Synod. I was ill in the train and although I attended the first two days of the Synod I was feeling very ill and had to return to Calgary on the third day. On arrival at Calgary I became very bad and was two months in bed and had two nurses in attendance. The trouble was inflammation of the prostate gland. Dr. Wilson attended me and I just escaped an operation.

In 1936, at the invitation of Wilfred, my brother, who paid his passage, Denison went to the old country and was apprenticed to the firm of McBain and Co. in Arbroath. After two years with this firm he left them for the firm of a lawyer called Turner, in Glasgow. He obtained a commission in the Glasgow Highlanders (Territorials) and is now serving with them "Somewhere in Scotland."

In 1937 Bea and I took another trip to the old country. We were met by Denison at Greenock and drove to Glasgow in a hired car. After a day in Glasgow we drove to Helensburgh, where we visited my old friends the Templetons, and thence via Loch Lomond, Crieff (where we stopped the night), Perth and Dundee to Arbroath, where we stayed about three weeks in the same boarding house as Denison, and then went south, stopping a couple of days at Edinburgh en route. Denison joined us a little later in London. We made the usual round of visits and spent our last two weeks in Edinburgh

and Glasgow with Denison. Jo and Morrice travelled up to Edinburgh with us and spent a week there.

On our return to Canada we spent a few days in Calgary and about two week with Jack at Edmonton and Monica at Lundbreck, and then on to Kelowna, where we boarded at the Willow Inn until Feb. 1st, when we moved into a nice little modern house which I bought, and where we are still living.

In the summer of 1938 we had very pleasant visits from Monica, Frank and family, and later from Jack, Marion & Johnny, and in 1939 another visit from Monica, Frank and family. Jack and family did not visit us that year, but Bea paid them a visit, taking Sheila with her. We are hoping that Jack and Monica with their families will make a habit of paying us a visit every summer.

In September, 1935, Bea's sister, Jo Lowis, paid us a short visit in Calgary, en route to Spruce Grove where her daughter Elaine lived. It so happened that while she was staying with us the Alberta Provincial election, in which the Social Creditors under Aberhart swept the board, took place. Jo was as much excited over this election as we were.
We also, while in Calgary, had a visit from my brother Frank, and two from my brother Wilfred, en route to England and Scotland on holidays.

This then, brings my reminiscences to a close. I have had a long and varied life, with various ups and downs, but am now experiencing, except for the war, which hangs like a shadow over all of us; a peaceful and happy old age. I have made mistakes, but have done my best. I have had a good and faithful wife (we have been married for forty-seven years), who has shared all my vicissitudes, and our children and grandchildren are a great pleasure to us. That their lives may be happy and prosperous is our heartfelt wish.

References:
For our life in Burma, see photos in my album.
(Letter from Jo to my mother, describing our wedding) in my tin box
(List of guests at our wedding, compiled by Jo.) dispatch box Pegu Poem, describing our drive to Pegu.
For our trip to England in 1916, see my poem in celebration of Mr. & Mrs. Man's golden wedding (in my tin dispatch box)
Photos of myself and brothers and sisters as children (tin dispatch box)
My diaries from 1910 to 1917 and copies of my plays in leather carrying case in one of my drawers.

Addendum to my Autobiography which ended about 1937

When I finished writing an account of my life I was 75 years old and considered myself an elderly man and hardly expected to live as long as I have done (I am now 88 years old). A great, deal has happened since then and I will try to give you a short account of each member of our family who was alive when I wrote my reminiscences.

We had left the Willow Inn, where we were not at all comfortable the bed-rooms were very cold and the food scanty and inferior. When there we used to walk over every day to see Kathy and have a talk. Our house was very comfortable. Before buying it we had engaged a builder and architect (Gagnon) to build us a house on the lake shore and he had prepared the blue prints and estimate, etc., when one day Gaddes of Whillis and Gaddes, real estate firm, came and told us there was a very nice house for sale belonging to a man called Chester Owne. We looked it over and liked it and bought it and have lived there ever since.

In 1942 I had a heart attack and was very ill. Bea phoned to Jack and Monica to come. They came (Jack flew from Edmonton) and I had trained nurses for day and night. I eventually recovered. We have made several trips to Vancouver and Victoria and have had visits from Monica & family and Jack & family every summer and Bea made a trip to Calgary and saw a lot of old friends. Jack was transferred from Edmonton to Toronto where he was put on inspection duty and after several years of this work was promoted to Managership of a large branch in Toronto - (corner of Younge and Bloor Sts.)

About five years ago I fell down the basement stairs and sprained both ankles very badly and they still pain me a lot at night.

For two summers we spent about two weeks at the Eldorado once in a nice upstairs room and last year in one of the new cottages. For the last two weeks Monica, Frank and Children have been staying here (left this morning) taking Bea with them for Penticton in response to phone from Jack saying he Marion and Johnny had arrived there.

Brother Frank died in Callender after a long illness. Aggie was with him when he died.

Aggie, who was a devoted friend of Cornelia Quarles and lived with her for many years in Holland, bought a large house at Shovelshode Beacon in Sussex and she and Cornelia lived and Cornelia died there. Aggie became somewhat senile and forgot even her friends and relations, so Wilfred took her to Ko Kwai and rented Aggie's house to a family. Aggie was quite happy and used to go about singing and had a special nurse to look after her. She and Wilfred passed away in 1948. Poor Wilfred had a very bad time during the war. He had no friends and knew nobody. He did not read much and how he passed his time I don't know. He must have been very cold as he sat all day in his office room which was very cold as he was very economical in fuel. He must have had a heart attack as Mrs. Jago found him lying dead on the floor of his office room.

Denison applied and received a job in a fruit firm in Boston and was sent to Central America as legal advisor.

The following members of the family have died since I finished my reminiscences:

Mr. & Mrs. Hampson
Garnet Man

Dorothy Man
Harry Man
Cecil Lowis
Morrice Man
Frank, Wilfred, Aggie Adam

Cecil sold their nice large house in Godalming and moved to a much smaller house in the vicinity where Jo now lives alone.

Hubert Man and his wife have lived in Bermuda for several years and seem to nave many friends there, mostly retired Army officers and Government officials. They seem to have a great number of cocktail parties and other social amusements.

Ian Hampson sailed on a visit to England in June 1950.

Sheila Hampson married Don Boothe in January 1949. They are living in Oroville, Washington, U.S.A.

On March 29, 1950 I was taken to the hospital at Kelowna for an operation for hernia which was successful, but in consequences I was unable to urinate so I was sent to Vancouver where I was operated on by a specialist Dr. Word and returned here on May 8th.

In October 1949 Kathy went by air to a visit with Jack and Marion. She stayed three weeks and returned home by air.

In July 1950 Alan went for a visit to Jack and Marion in Toronto . He passed his Senior Matric, qualified for a job in Rutherford's Office.

August 1st and 2nd, 1950 Regatta days. We had two girl competitors billeted on us.

In September we went on a visit to Monica and Frank. We went via Valley Railway by taking to McCullough at 7 am. From McCullough we went by train to Lund? Where we were met by Frank and Marion who drove us to their house. We had a very pleasant fortnight with the exception of 2 days of snow the weather was bright and warm.
We returned via Calgary …. Frank and Marion drove us and took the night train to ….. and then on to Kelowena where we were met by Felton and Kathie.

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[1] Adam, Sir Ronald Forbes, second baronet (1885–1982), army officer, was born on 30 October 1885 in Bombay, the eldest son of **Sir Frank Forbes Adam**, first baronet (1846–1926), a Scot who was a well-known industrialist in Lancashire and Bombay, and his wife, Rose Frances Kemball (1863–1944), daughter of C. G. Kemball, former judge, high court, Bombay. Adam was educated at Fonthill, East Grinstead, Sussex; Eton College; and the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. He was commissioned into the Royal Artillery in July 1905. Posted to India in May 1911, he was serving with N battery (eagle troop) Royal Horse Artillery (RHA) at Secunderabad when the First World War broke out.

During the war Adam served in France and Flanders as a battery officer and, from July to October 1915, as adjutant of 3rd brigade, Royal Field Artillery (RFA), 28th division. On 1 July 1916 he was serving with 58th battery RFA and witnessed the attack of the 20th Manchesters near Fricourt. In November 1917 he went to Italy with the British forces and, as GSO2 Royal Artillery 14th corps, he saw the battle of Vittorio Veneto and the final collapse of the Austro-Hungarian armies. He was mentioned three times in dispatches and appointed DSO in June 1918 and OBE in June 1919. On 7 January 1915 he married Anna Dorothy Pitman (1892–1972), daughter of Frederick Islay Pitman, the celebrated Cambridge oarsman and city financier. They had four daughters: Barbara, Margot, Bridget, and Isobel.

In 1919 Adam was made brigade major, Royal Artillery, Bordon; in 1920 he was admitted to the Staff College, Camberley; and in 1922 he went to the War Office as GSO3. He became an instructor at the Staff College in 1923, before returning to the War Office as GSO2 in 1927. In 1926 he succeeded his father as baronet. In 1931 he passed through the Imperial Defence College and in 1932 he was sent back to the Staff College as GSO1 in charge of the senior division. He returned once more to the War Office in 1935 as GSO1 in the directorate of military operations and intelligence, and became deputy director of military operations on the reorganization of the directorate in 1936. In autumn 1936 he left the War Office to become commander Royal Artillery, 1st division, at Aldershot. The division was sent to Shanghai but the artillery remained behind. In September 1937 he was made commandant of the Staff College with the rank of major-general: a meteoric rise at a time of relative stagnation in the promotion system.

It was not long, however, before Adam was recalled to the War Office. Following the so-called ‘purge’ of the army council by Leslie Hore-Belisha (secretary of state for war) in December 1937, which saw Lord Gort succeed Sir Cyril Deverell as chief of the Imperial General Staff (CIGS), the post of deputy chief of the Imperial General Staff (DCIGS) was revived. In January 1938 Adam was appointed to it. Regarded as a ‘thinker’ who would complement Gort's ‘drive’, Adam instituted a number of reforms during his time as DCIGS. These included the establishment of a combined operations centre at Eastney; the merging of the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich; and the reorganization of both the infantry battalions and the armoured division. He was also responsible for making arrangements for the dispatch of the British expeditionary force (BEF) to France in the event of war. Moreover, when personal relations broke down between Hore-Belisha and Gort, Adam, who got on well with both men, acted as a ‘go-between’ and was the mainstay of the general staff during this period.

Shortly after the outbreak of war Adam, who had been promoted lieutenant-general while DCIGS, was appointed commander of 3rd army corps. Early in 1940 he travelled to France with 51st Highland division headquarters (a division which was to form part of his corps) and in April 3rd corps took over a section of the BEF's line to the left of 2nd corps. Adam recalled that he, along with the other British corps commanders, was concerned about the planned allied advance into Belgium in the event of a German attack in the west. He considered that the French had placed their worst divisions in the gap between the Maginot line and the forces which were to advance into Belgium, and that this could leave British troops exposed in the event of a German attack in the area. However, General Sir Edmund Ironside (the new CIGS) had agreed to the plans and Adam thought that Gort (commander of the BEF) was too loyal to question orders. During the early months of 1940 British formations were attached to the French army in front of the Maginot line for short periods in order to gain operational experience. At the beginning of May 51st Highland division took over part of the French line. Adam considered that this would be an honour for an excellent Territorial Army division. He was later saddened that he had ordered the fate of the division: in the German onslaught it was cut off from the rest of the BEF and eventually forced to surrender at St Valéry.

On 10 May 1940 the Germans attacked the Low Countries and the BEF duly advanced into Belgium, 3rd corps being retained in depth in the area of the River Scheldt. As a result of the swift German advance through the Ardennes the BEF was forced to withdraw to the French frontier. On 24 May plans were made for 3rd corps to counter-attack south against the flank of the German penetration. The plans were cancelled, however, and on 26 May Adam was ordered to hand over his corps and go back to Dunkirk to organize the bridgehead and the embarkation of the BEF, a task accomplished with great success. On 30 May Adam himself was ordered to embark and in the afternoon he went down to the beach. There he met Brigadier

Frederick Lawson (who had been lent from 48th division to assist Adam) and they rowed out to a waiting destroyer in a canvas boat which they found in the dunes. On the voyage home Adam shared a cabin with Lieutenant-General Sir Alan Brooke (commander of 2nd corps) who had paddled out to the same destroyer. Brooke was an old friend who had been a brother subaltern in eagle troop RHA before the First World War and a fellow instructor at the Staff College in the mid-1920s.

At the beginning of June 1940 Adam was appointed general officer commanding-in-chief, northern command. His command stretched from the Scottish borders in the north, to Derbyshire in the west, and to Leicestershire in the south. During the summer Adam inspected the coast defences, toured units, and visited lord mayors in order to reassure them that the civilian population could count on the army's help in an emergency. During his time at northern command Adam demonstrated an unusual degree of concern for the psychological welfare of his men. He concluded that measures needed to be taken to improve the morale and efficiency of the army, the vast majority of which was based in Britain and taking little active part in the war effort.

In May 1941 Adam (nicknamed Bill by his old army friends) was appointed adjutant-general with responsibility for personnel matters in the army. A tall, burly, strong-jawed figure in moulded tunic and gleaming leatherwork, Adam appeared every inch the traditional senior army officer: ‘the kind of man’, observed one commentator, ‘who is probably a good change bowler and certainly a welcome guest for a week-end's shooting’ (Adam papers, xiii/i). Realizing, however, that the wartime conscript army required different handling to the peacetime regular army if its willing co-operation was to be maintained, and that the string of defeats which the army suffered in the early period of the war compelled new methods and techniques, Adam oversaw a range of initiatives to improve morale and efficiency. New personnel selection methods were introduced, most notably War Office selection boards which incorporated psychiatrists into the officer selection process. Special training units were established to reform delinquent young soldiers. Efforts were made to improve relations between officers and men by encouraging better man-management practices on the part of junior officers, and instituting weekly ‘request hours’ during which men could approach their officers informally over any issue that was troubling them. Some of the rituals of the service were modified, instructions being issued that elaborate inspections of troops by senior officers should be kept to a minimum and that standards of ‘spit and polish’ should be suited to the occasion and observed in a manner that the troops could understand and respect.

A vast Army Welfare Service was built up which included the establishment of a broadcasting section to liaise with the BBC over wireless programmes for the troops, a newspaper section to oversee the production of army newspapers, and a legal aid scheme under which soldiers were offered free legal advice on a range of civil matters. An impressive array of education schemes was laid on for the troops and included the organization of weekly current affairs discussions under the auspices of the Army Bureau of Current Affairs (ABCA). These discussions, which were to be conducted by junior officers in training time, were intended to inspire some crusading fervour among the soldiers by persuading them of the objectives for which Britain was fighting. Underpinning these wartime developments army morale reports were compiled every quarter, drawing on the views of commanders and censorship returns of soldiers' letters, and a morale committee was set up in the War Office to monitor the reports and co-ordinate action on the basis of the assessments. Adam was also closely concerned with the demobilization of the army and the establishment of civil resettlement units to help repatriated prisoners-of-war in their transition to civilian life.

The fact that Adam, who was promoted full general in 1942, was prepared to employ a variety of new, and sometimes radical, techniques inevitably led to some criticism from traditionalist elements within government and the army. Churchill, for instance, was thoroughly suspicious of Adam's innovations and tried to put a stop to the ABCA scheme which some Conservative MPs viewed with considerable political distrust. General Sir Bernard Paget (commander-in-chief home forces) went as far as describing Adam as ‘a serious menace both to morale and discipline’ (MacKenzie, 120). Adam, however, enjoyed the backing of Sir James Grigg (secretary of state for war) and General Sir Alan Brooke (who became CIGS in December 1941 and lunched with Adam every week when they were both in London). Moreover, once he was persuaded that a project was desirable and practicable he was not easily deflected from his task and applied

all his energy and tactical sense to its fulfilment. Some of Adam's wartime initiatives were not applied as effectively as he had intended, and in several respects the clock was turned back in the post-war army. Nevertheless they made an important contribution to morale and efficiency and represented a significant advance in terms of the army's development as a social institution. One contemporary commentator christened Adam the army's ‘number one democrat’ (Sullivan, 3). Adam was made a CB in 1939, a KCB in 1941, and a GCB in 1946.

In July 1946 Adam retired from the army. He continued to hold a number of honorary appointments, serving as colonel commandant of the Royal Artillery (1940–50), the Royal Army Educational Corps (1940–50), and the Royal Army Dental Corps (1945–51). He was also president of the MCC (1946–7), cricket, fishing, and gardening being his spare-time passions. Adam's progressive record as adjutant-general, however, made him much sought after by various civilian organizations, particularly in the field of adult education, and ensured that his post-war career would be an unusual one for a retired regular soldier. He served as chairman or president of such bodies as the linoleum working party (1946), the National Institute of Industrial Psychology (1947–52), the council of the Institute of Education, University of London (1948–67), the Library Association (1949), and the National Institute of Adult Education (1949–64). He was also a member of the council of the Tavistock Clinic (1945–53), the Miners' Welfare Commission (1946–52), and the governing body of Birkbeck College (1949–67). In addition Adam became chairman and director-general of the British Council (1946–54), member and subsequently chairman of the executive board of UNESCO (1950–4), and principal of the working men's college (1956–61). In 1960 he published (with Charles Judd) Assault at Arms: a Policy for Disarmament, a short book produced in association with the United Nations Association of Great Britain and Northern Ireland (of which Adam was chairman in 1957–60). Adam was awarded an honorary LLD degree by the University of Aberdeen (1945), and made an honorary fellow of Worcester College, Oxford (1946). He died peacefully at his home in Faygate, Sussex, on 26 December 1982, aged ninety-seven, and was buried at St Mary Magdalene churchyard, Rusper, near Horsham, Sussex, on 5 January 1983.

Although Adam was said to have no intellectual pretensions, he had an alert pragmatic mind and a marked ability to get to the heart of any problem that confronted him. ‘He was fundamentally a good man’, noted one observer, ‘animated by a passionate desire to extend the benefits of knowledge and social progress as widely as possible.’ He also possessed ‘a warm and generous heart, a notable gift of fellowship and, above all, complete integrity’ (The Times, 5 Jan 1983, page 12). Adam's achievements as adjutant-general during the Second World War have, perhaps understandably, been overshadowed by those of other senior officers more directly involved in the planning and conduct of operations. He deserves to be remembered, however, as a key architect of the wartime citizen army and among the most notable army reformers of his generation. He has been described as one of the most enlightened soldiers ever to have held the post of adjutant-general (Dixon, 13).

Jeremy A. Crang

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Likenesses S. Morse-Brown, drawing, 1947, IWM · Bassano & Vandyk Studios, photograph, repro. in Liddell Hart, Memoirs of Captain Liddell Hart

Wealth at death £327,000: private information

[2] The firm of W & J Graham & Co has its roots in a Glasgow-based textile concern. During the early 19th century an office of this trading company was established in Oporto. In 1820, brothers William and John Graham, who were managing the office, accepted 27 pipes of Port wine in settlement for a bad debt. This port was shipped to the parent company in Glasgow. After it was sold, the Port turned out to be very popular and within the next few years, Graham's reputation grew as a shipper of fine Ports, first to Scotland and gradually all over the Port-drinking world. By the late 19th century, Graham's was firmly established as a prominent port shipper. The Scottish connection remained, as it does today, an important feature in the company's identity. In 1882 Andrew James Symington, a young Scot whose family was well known to the Graham's took up a position with the company in Oporto. Although he left the company a few years later, his descendants (the Symington family) acquired the firm of W & J Graham in 1970. Port is today one of the world's great wines and Graham's have a unique reputation for the quality and style of their wine. Today the Symingtons maintain the traditional style of Graham's Ports and the great Vintages of Graham's continue to be widely acknowledged as amongst the very finest available. Graham's owns one of the most famous vineyards in the Douro, the beautiful Quinta dos Malvedos, near the village of Tua. Care and attention is devoted to the vineyards, and the wines of the property form the heart of the classic Graham's Vintage Ports.

[3] Rev. Alexander Neil Somerville, D.D. In 1839 Dr. Somerville entered upon his ministerial labours in Glasgow, having before that time been assistant minister in the parish of Larbert and Dunipace. Blessed with vigorous vitality, he apparently needed no rest or recreation; his whole time in this mining district being taken up in pulpit labour or in house-to-house visitation. To the poor and heart-stricken he ever appeared as an angel of mercy or consolation. After a brief charge in Jedburgh he was settled in Clyde Street, a worthy successor to its former eminent ministers.

As schoolboy, as student at the High School and University of Edinburgh, and also at the Divinity Hall, Dr. Somerville had given promise of what a devoted servant of Jesus he would prove when settled in a charge. At the time when he was "placed" in Glasgow there was at work among the younger ministers of the Church of Scotland a spirit of evangelical earnestness. Among these young men were Burns, M'Cheyne, the brothers Bonar, M'Donald, and Milne, to whom almost on his arrival Dr. Somerville joined himself to the advancement of the cause which the youths had espoused.

As a preacher Dr. Somerville was fervent; his style of address was that of a scholar; and his prayers were the outpourings of his hear. As a pastor he was held in high estimation by his people; and he frequently occupied Glasgow and country pulpits, where his discourses, full of the knowledge which maketh rich, were ever listened to by large audiences. There was something in the tone of his voice, and in the light of his eyes and the glow of his countenance which made one involuntarily say, "This man has been with Jesus."

His zeal in the Lord's service was intensified by Messrs. Moody and Sankey's visit to Glasgow. His soul was, as it were, set on fire. Perhaps these influences led him to ponder over his giving up his fixed ministerial life and becoming the all-world missionary. Be that as it may, to the great surprise of all his ministerial brethren and friends, he entered on an enterprise which appeared to some foolishness. They could not understand how the Master could work through a man somewhat up in years, and follow with a rich blessing a duty undertaken in His spirit and for His sake.

Dr. Somerville was in the sixty-first year of his age when he got the second call to visit India. The travelling caused by going from one district to another, and the mental work imposed upon him by it,

would have told upon younger and stronger men than he, but his enthusiasm overcame all difficulties. Nor was his work done superficially.

In 1877-1879 he set out for our Australian colonies, where in eighteen months he journeyed 34,000 miles and spoke to 610 audiences; in 1879-1882 he travelled through France, Italy, Germany, and Russia; in 1882-1883 he went to South Africa, where there is now a missionary church named Somerville church; and in 1884-1885 he visited Greece and Western Asia - a record of travel and work which well shows the itinerant missionary's activity.

He was chosen moderator of the Free Church of Scotland in 1886-1887, and received his degree of doctor of divinity from Glasgow University. Born in Edinburgh in 1813, he died at Kirn in 1889, his life being almost wholly devoted in doing good to the bodies and souls of men.

[4] Paregoric, also known as camphorated opium tincture, is a medicine known for its antidiarrhoeal, antitussive, and analgesic properties.

[5] Dwight L Moody (1837-1899) and Ira D Sankey (1840-1908) were American evangelists who attracted vast audiences to their revivalist meetings in the USA and on their visits to Britain. Moody was a powerful preacher. Sankey was a composer and singer whose songs and hymn-singing (he accompanied himself on a small reed organ) helped draw the crowds to their meetings and create a suitably inspirational atmosphere for Moody's sermons. The two men visited Glasgow for the first time in 1874 and remained for more than five months. Their meetings on Glasgow Green and in the City Halls attracted huge crowds, and their farewell concert was held in the Kibble Palace. They returned to Glasgow in 1882 and 1891. The two men were involved in the foundation of the Bible Training Institute in Bothwell Street.

[6] Andrew Bonar Law (16 September 1858–30 October 1923) was a Conservative British statesman and Prime Minister In 1890, at the age of thirty-two, Bonar Law, already a settled and successful man, became engaged to Annie Robley, whom he married in Helensburgh, Dunbartonshire on 24 March 1891.

[7] Louis De Rougemont (12 November 1847 – 9 June 1921) "De Rougemont" was born Henri Louis Grin in 1847 in Suchy, Switzerland. He left home at the age of sixteen. He tried various ventures with very little success. He worked as a doctor, a 'spirit photographer' and an inventor. He also married and abandoned a wife in Australia.

In 1898 he began to write about his invented adventures in the British periodical The Wide World Magazine under the name Louis De Rougemont. He described his alleged exploits in search of pearls and gold in New Guinea and claimed to have spent thirty years living with Indigenous Australians in the Australian outback. He claimed that the tribe with whom he had lived had worshipped him as a god. He also claimed to have encountered the Gibson expedition of 1874.

Various readers expressed disbelief in his tales from the start, for example, claiming that no one can actually ride a turtle. De Rougemont had also claimed to have seen flying wombats. The fact that he could not place his travels on the map aroused suspicion. Readers' arguments in the pages of London newspaper, the Daily Chronicle, continued for months.

Rougemont subjected himself to examination by the Royal Geographical Society. He claimed that he could not specify exactly where he had been because he had signed a non-disclosure agreement with a syndicate that wanted to exploit the gold he had found in the area. He also refused to talk about Aboriginal languages he had supposedly learned. Still his supporters continued to find precedents to his exploits.

After September 1898 Daily Chronicle announced that a certain F.W. Solomon had recognized De Rougemont and identified him as Louis Green who had presented himself at Solomon's firm as an entrepreneur. Grin had collected tidbits for his exploits from the Reading Room of the British Library. Edwin Greenslade Murphy had helped to expose him.

Grin tried to defend himself by writing a letter to The Daily Chronicle, using his original name, in which he expressed his consternation that anybody would confuse him with Louis De Rougemont. Daily Chronicle was very willing to publish the letter. The Wide World Magazine just exploited the situation and prepared a

Christmas double issue. Sales of both papers soared. De Rougemont himself disappeared from the public view.

In 1899 Grin travelled to South Africa a music-hall attraction: 'The greatest liar on earth'; on a similar 1901 tour of Australia, he was booed from the stage. In July 1906 De Rougemont appeared at the London Hippodrome and successfully demonstrated his turtle-riding skills. During World War I he reappeared as an inventor of a useless meat substitute. He died a poor man in London on 9 June 1921.

[8] Undoubtedly the most famous and tragic wreck off Guernesey was that of the Stella, dubbed the “Titanic of the Channel Islands” that sank in March 1899 after striking the Black Rock on the Casquets. About 100 lives were lost. Stella was a London and SWR steamer sailing from Southampton to Guernsey. While a Board of Trade investigation could not find that the ship had been racing other passenger vessels - a practice that had become notorious among rival steamer companies - it did conclude that the Master was at fault for steaming too fast in thick fog in the treacherous seas around the Casquets.

The dramatic rescue operation was notable for some acts of outstanding bravery, none more than that displayed by stewardess Mrs Mary Ann Rogers who gave up her life belt and place in a lifeboat so that passengers could be saved. Mrs Rogers was last seen lifting her arms upwards, imploring: “Lord have me.”

Note that Admiral Balchen and HMS Victory struck the same rock in 1744 with loss of all lives. Mary Balchen married John Man two years later.