DIARY OF A JOURNEY AMONG

THE LOIS

OF

HAINAN

FEBRUARY AND MARCH, 1910

BY

Lieut. J. de L. SIMONDS, R.G.A.

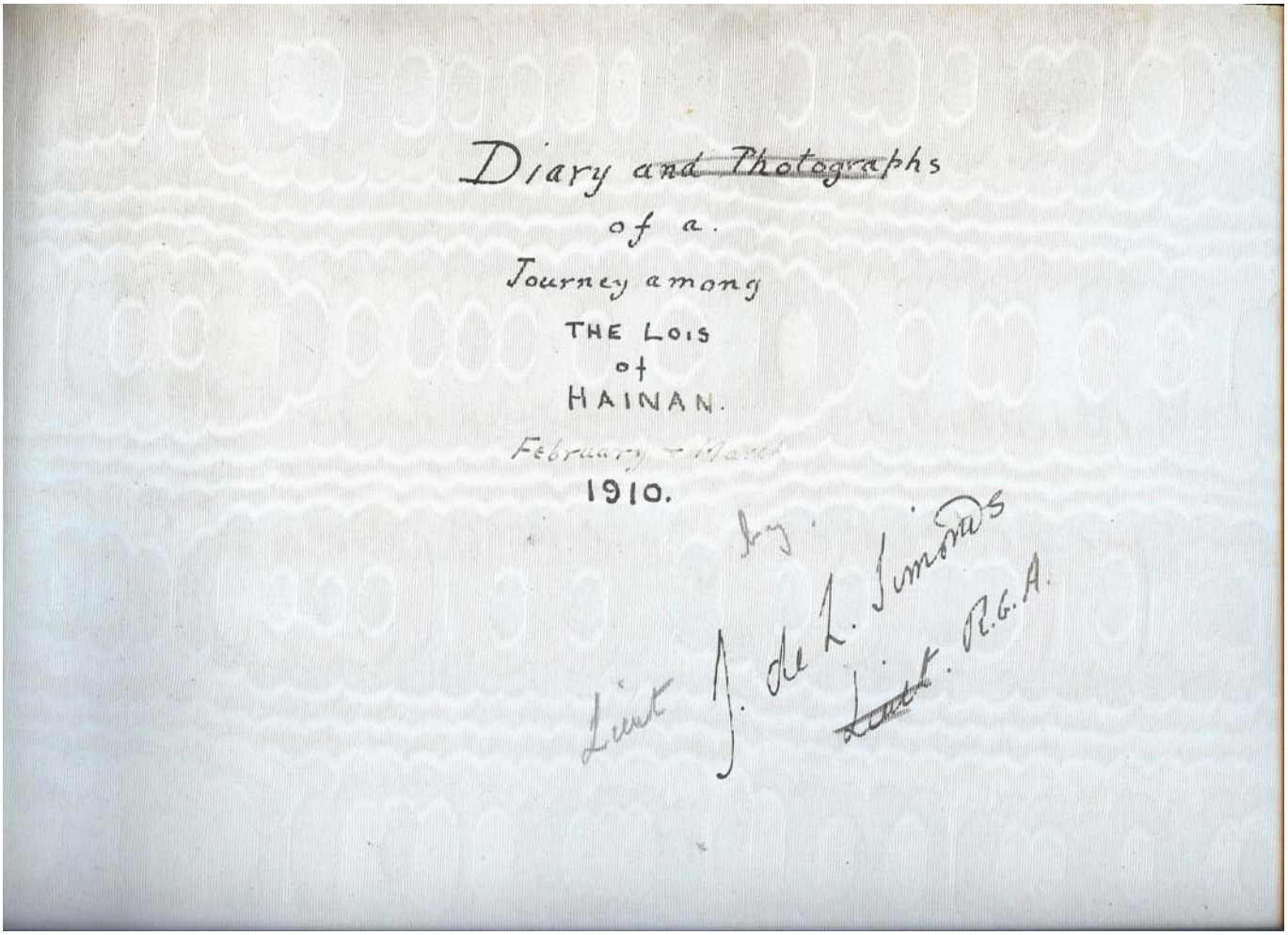
HONGKONG:
PRINTED BY NORONHA & Co.,
No. 6, DES VŒUX ROAD CENTRAL.

1910.

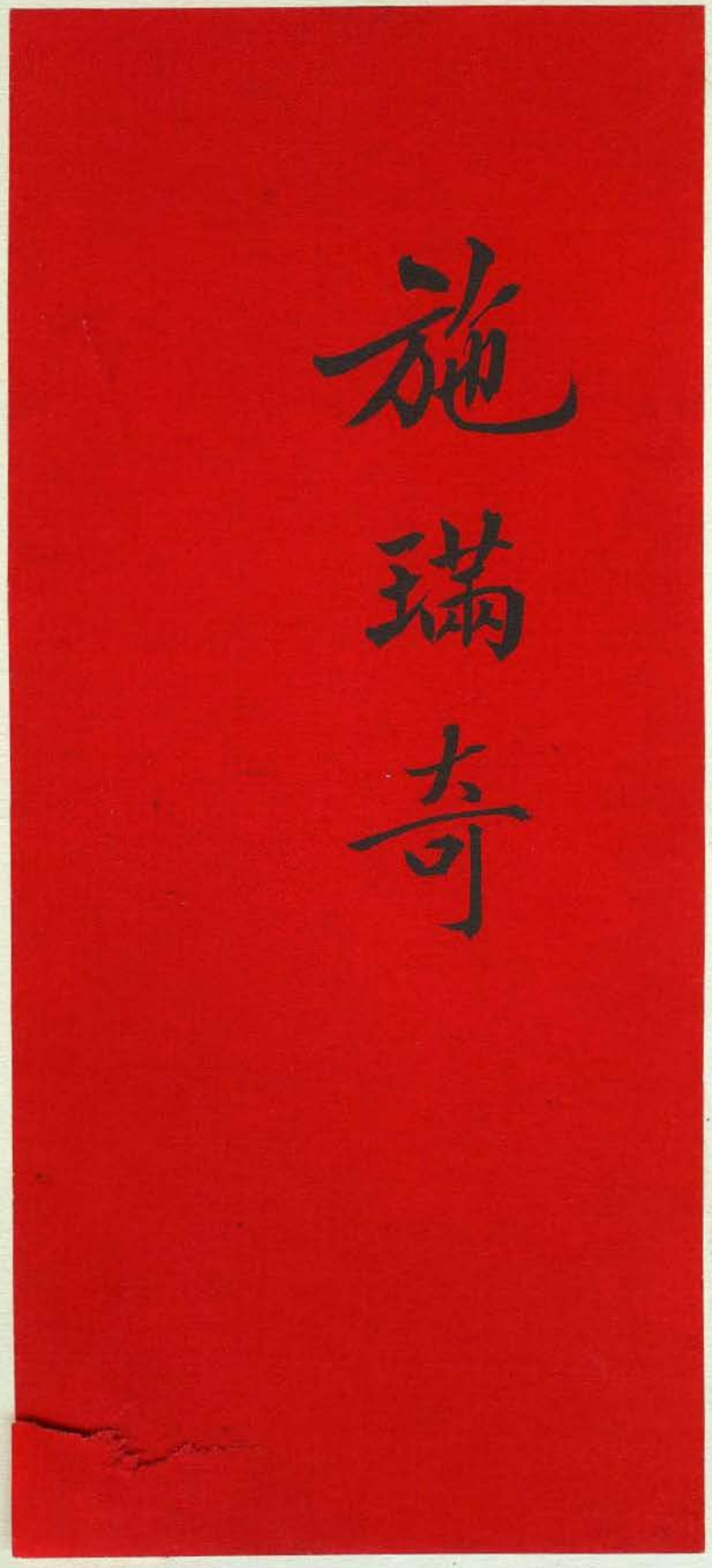
Major John de Luze (Jack) Simonds DSO

1884 – 1917

Royal Garrison Artillery



The front page of the original diary



My visiting Card!

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Revd : C. H. NEWTON, American Presbyterian Mission, Hainan.
Interpreter, treasurer and horse packer.

Mr. G. W. PEARSON, H.B.M. Consul, Hoi How.
Hunter in chief and photographer.

Lieut. J. DE L. SIMONDS, Royal Garrison Artillery, Hongkong.
Cartographer, assistant packer, and expert Oriental vituperator.

LING SUN,	Cook.
MENG NGI,	Personal attendant.
SANG DO,	Head groom.
TWO SOLDIERS,	To protect us.

CARRIERS AS REQUIRED.

SONNY,	Assistant Hunter.
JACKY,	Saddle horse.
HORATIUS,	General futility horse.
THE BROWN,	General utility horse.
THE BAY,	Pack horse.
THE WHITE,	Champion of Hainan.

Leeches, bugs, mosquitoes, etc. *ad lib.*

"THE ISLAND OF PALMS."

Hoihow, February 16th.—The ponies left to-day for Kiungchow, from where they are to start to-morrow under the charge of one of N.'s boys and the two soldiers that the Taotai, (Governor of Hainan) has insisted on sending for our protection. Our stud consists of two stallion, a bay Jacky and a dun Horatius, belonging to P. two more, a bay and a white that he has borrowed, both unnamed and N.'s brown stallions, which also has no name, as he says that a horse has no use for a name in Hainan. P. spent the rest of the day in his office, while I busied myself packing up; now, packing up for and expedition like ours is considerable of an undertaking, as one has to think of three different things; firstly, all the packages must weigh just 50 lbs; secondly, the baskets must be full, so that everything does not rattle about; and thirdly, it must be so arranged that one does not have to open every basket at each meal. The horses are to proceed overland to Dengan, whither we go by boat.

February 17th.—N. came over to see us this morning; he tells us that the borrowed bay is a terror and played up to beat the band when one of the soldiers tried to ride him, but that the latter stuck to him nobly, and finally mastered him. This is the animal destined for me! N. then went on to get a boat to meet us at Bak Shan, about three miles up the river. In the evening a small sampan came along to pick up our luggage and take it along to the big boat as the tide was too low for the latter to get round to the Consulate. We had a farewell dinner with the Commissioner in the evening.

February 18th.—Up at 5.30—a foretaste of evil days to come. P. his wife and myself left Hoihow on horseback to go to Kiung Chow, where we are to pick up N. and another of the Mission who goes with us as far as Dengan, en route for the station at Kachek. I left my horse there and walked with N. the three miles to Bakshan. When we arrived there, we found that the boat, that we had originally engaged, and to which we had given a dollar, bargain money, had sold the job to another, and, needless to add, inferior boat; as it was the same size and merely a bit older, we contented ourselves with cutting a dollar off the price. We finally got loaded up and shoved off leaving Mrs. P. and N. of the Mission waving on the bank. Time 11.40 a.m.

We made very slow progress at first as we had wind, tide, and current all against us. The means of propulsion are rather curious; they lash a pole across the bows, and then steering as close inshore as possible, two of the crew walk in the shallow water and shove against this pole, while third steers. These boats are distinctly comfortable; they are divided into four compartments of which the crew and galley occupy the after one, next ourselves and the baggage in the other two, not to mention Sonny in front of everything; Sonny is a member of the expedition to whom an introduction is needed; he is half pointer and half setter, reputed the best sporting dog in China, and with a perfectly marvellous faculty for lying so that one trips over him on every occasion. It was beautifully sunny so we lay out on top of the roof of the boat. Even from this elevation one could see very little of the surrounding country, as the banks are too high; in any case, one may be sure that there is nothing but paddy fields; in China it is an axiom, *where* is water *there* is rice. P. was very seedy all the afternoon, but got better towards evening, and we all went for a stroll on the bank at dusk. Back on board to dinner, and quickly to sleep, the boat tying up for the night long after we had passed into the realms of forgetfulness.

February 19th—P. woke up very fit, so he and I went in pursuit of a flight of teal that we spotted on a sand bank, hoping for a savoury breakfast. We landed beyond them, designing to stalk back on to them; somehow or other we failed to locate them, and gave up, thinking that they must have got off un-

observed. Suddenly we came round a corner right on top of them. P. got a shot at them on the water, but I was too late and fired after they had begun to rise; however P. missed with both barrels, but I managed to pull one of them down with my second; I had to strip and have a bathe, not unwelcome to retrieve it, as it was going down stream fast, and we had not brought the dog with us. Anyhow it did not make much of a breakfast for four, good though it was, straight into the pan as soon as dead. Unfortunately I used up two charges of No. 4 shot, when smaller would have done equally well, as the former are scarce and to be reserved for small deer, jungle cock, etc. A little later, we came to one of the distinctive features of the river in the shape of a huge water wheel, about 40 feet high, used to irrigate the fields; the part of the scheme, that worried us most, was, that they dam up the river to work it, leaving only a very small fairway, large enough for one boat at a time to pass; we found about 30 boats all waiting their turn, so that it took us an hour to get through. Sometimes they are even worse and block up the whole river; then when sufficient boats have accumulated, they try to tear down the obstruction, which the villagers turn out in force to prevent and a glorious free fight ensues, in which loss of life is by no means uncommon. We amused ourselves the rest of the morning by sitting on top of the boat with P.'s little Stevens rifle, taking long shots at crows,—first sight, first shot. I don't know there are any less crows in Hainan now than formerly. T. disembarked most of his baggage for Kachek at Tun Ngai, about three miles short of Dengan, but came on with us himself to Dengan, where we arrived in the early afternoon. The water was too shallow to come right alongside, so we were carried ashore on the crew's stalwart backs, but the junk-master rather groaned under my fairy form. The next performance was to pack and throw the diamond hitch on to the big bay, which with the other horses, soldiers and boys, we had found waiting for us. We expected that there would be a bit of a circus over it but he took it very quietly, though sullenly. I am to ride the white stallion, which belongs to a Chinese colonel; it is a cheery well-formed little beast with a large wart on its near quarter, and a raging desire to fight everything in sight, be it elephant or animalcula: with men luckily it is very kindly and will work until it drops, and is surefooted as a goat,—a very paragon in parvo, standing about 10 hands as it does. We had some trouble with the carriers, as there were twelve ready for us, and we only wanted eleven, and the odd man out did not like it; however, we gave him small cumshaw, and he went off, fairly contented. These carriers are to take us right through to Laichee Do, the last Chinese town, and we have hopes of persuading some to come on into the Loi country with us. We also found here an old boy of N.'s who wants to come with us, to which N. assented at once as he is a stout knave. The last time he went down there they got lost for three days without any food, which one would have thought sufficient to damp a Chinaman's ardour, but it does not seem to have; perhaps he has a local reputation to keep up. We finally got off just before 4 p.m. and the road lay through potato fields leaving the city by the west gate. P. took his gun but a plover was the only victim of his skill. We had meant to make the market of Tin Heng to-night, but it proved to be too far, and as darkness was falling fast, we turned off the main trail to a village with the poetic name of Ae Hun or Lowering Clouds. We had to wait outside and send in one of the boys to obtain permission for us to come into the village, a most necessary proceeding with any village off the main road, especially at night. This turns out to be the one village in Hainan that N. would have preferred not to come to, as some men here, who had a dispute with another clan in the same place, went to Hoi How to the Mission, and then came back and said that they were Christians and terrorised the rest of the people in consequence. However we were received and treated most kindly, as they put the Hall of their Ancestors at our disposal to live in and did everything they could to make us comfortable. The only disadvantage was that we had all the coolies in the same place with us, and the manners of the Chinese coolie are not pretty. Also one had a cough all night.

February 20th.—Being Sunday, we did not travel to-day, but after a late breakfast at 8 a.m. P. and I went out to see what we could get for the pot; we had procured a guide, but we were also escorted by a crowd, which we estimated at something under one and a half millions, which was not conducive to good shooting. We wandered along the banks of the river but there was little game

about. I got a snipe and a dove and P. 3 doves. We went out with the Stevens in the afternoon and shot doves in the trees, which is very pretty work; P. got three and myself one, and also a ricked ankle in jumping a hedge; I trust that it will not prove troublesome. I have at last discovered why the dun was named Horatius; it transpired, that it formerly belonged to Tregillis, which suggested Lake Regillus and also that it bridged a gap between two other ponies! Great consternation when we got back because one of the sacks had disapeared, which are most necessary for packing; we told the village elders. and it subsequently came back over the wall, under pressure, we suppose. To bed early as we wanted to make an early start.

February 21st.—Up at 4 a.m. and off at daylight, with the big bay packed the 40-lb saddle and the light one on top, and Horatius with the other light one and the alforjas. We want to give them all a turn at it, before we get down to the bad country, so as to get them used to it. We pushed on through much the same kind of country as on Saturday, until we got to Tin Heng, where we made a halt for tiffin; I was rather startled after tiffin to find that some one had tied up two water buffaloes to the same tree as my horse, but luckily they all seemed to view it with equanimity; usually a buffalo will charge a horse on sight. The new boy, Meng Ngi joined us here, as he had been home to let his people know that he was going. Our caravan is now at full strength and consists of N., P., and myself, two soldiers, a corporal and a private, three boys, Meng Ngi, Ling Sun, and Sang Do, eleven carriers five horses, and the dog Sonny,—in the way as usual. After Tin Heng the country changed completely and we really entered the hill country. The road ran through a broad valley, varying in width from 3 to 10 miles, covered with rich grass and scrub,—a magnificent cattle country, but none there, because the natives are afraid of Loi raids. Here and there a paddy field or an occasional sweet potato patch was all that this beautiful valley produced, instead of supporting a teeming population; this is the result of the weak Chinese government. At intervals, there are open patches of grass, which are all known as Plain No.—. No. 14 is particularly interesting, as here once a year all the neighbouring villages bring their idols and set them up on the stone pillars raised there, and hold a great festival. We had hoped to make Vunsiang to-night but could not do it so we stopped for the night at a little wayside faki or inn, my pony galloping the last half mile, just to show that 27 miles with 14 stone up did not disconcert him. P. and I taught the young soldier to pitch the tent and he discovered how to do our beds, so he may be some use after all. N. slept in the house, which somehow P. and I did not fancy, as it was small, dirty, and smoky. However, sleeping at a small place like this has one advantage, and that is that one spared the usual crowd, that always collects elsewhere.

February 22nd.—Up by starlight as usual, packing the white horse, as, when we got in yesterday, we found that the riding saddle was beginning to gall his withers, whereas the packsaddle does not touch him. I kept Horatius saddled for crossing streams, but as I always had to wait at least a quarter of an hour for him I usually preferred to wade. We all started off walking as it was distinctly chilly with a damp mist hanging. We still went on through the same valley which gradually broadened out, and gave us a fine view of the Loi Mother, rising up to the clouds at the end of the valley. Soon after starting the small soldier distinguished himself by losing his revolver, and went back to look for it. To-day the road was even worse than usual in the way of running along the bed of a stream for a hundred yards or so, which is rather embarassing to the booted pedestrian, but the barefooted Chinese seem rather to like it than otherwise. What this country must be like to travel in the rainy season, I tremble to think. We got caught in a shower of rain and took shelter in Vun Siang, where we had meant to pass the night; there are two markets here under the curious custom that prevails here. As far as I can discover, what happens is this; some of the merchants get dissatisfied with the way that the old market is conducted and proceed to open a rival one, perhaps half a mile off: the heads of the old market then finding that this interferes with their trade bring a lawsuit against them which brings much "squeeze" into the magistrate's capacious pocket, and usually ends in each market being opened twice a week. We reached Fo (ng) Mok for the night, tethered our horses in a betel nut grove at the back and took up our quarters in a handy temple. The white horse issued heroic challenges to the horses of the district and

succeeded in raising one competitor, but we managed to separate them after some trouble. Most horses would not have wanted a fight after a long day with a heavy pack. but he is simply undefeatable. The soldier turned up late without the revolver and in tears, as he said, that, if he went back without it, he would have his ears cropped or his tendons slit. However, we promised him, that, if he behaved well, we would make it all right for him. They chose this particular night to celebrate an idol festival here with the usual accompaniment of braying trumpets, booming drums, and clashing cymbals. They actually wanted to take the josses out of our temple, but we barricaded the doors and kept them out ; this may seem a high-handed proceeding, but it ensured that we were not woken up at midnight when they wanted to replace them. They did not seem to mind in any case.

February 23rd.—We were up early, fed, packed and ready to start by 8 a.m. and then had to wait over an hour for the coolies to finish their chow, which is simply disgraceful. To-day the road ran through much more thickly wooded country, with betel nut groves and fine timber trees,—in fact the road is nothing but a timber trail and we often met buffaloes dragging out great planks of wood. It is not nice meeting a buffalo tandem in a narrow paty in the woods ; it is a mere toss-up, whether the beasts are frightened and make a bolt for the woods, or whether they charge straight through you. The first time that Sonny came on a team suddenly, he bolts for half a mile back and sneaked back through the brush. Then we passed into the open heath country again and finally reached Lia Mui hill, where the road goes sheer up for a thousand feet at a slope of one in four. Just short of the town and off the road there is a very old Catholic Mission Station, with a few followers still retaining a kind of traditional Catholicism, but without much idea of the meaning of it all, I fancy. But now under the new regime of the French Fathers, they may expect to be visited again and instructed. We rested a little while in Lia Mui in the house of a man that N. has known for years, but were quickly driven out by receiving a card from the magistrate ; we sent him one of P.'s in return, and then bolted outside the town as we knew that, if we stayed, he would come to call on us, thus delaying us, and we also thought it not unlikely that he had received orders to stop us ; in that case we should have been deserted by our coolies. unable to obtain any more, food supplies would mysteriously cease, until, as they thought, we should have had to return ; as a matter of fact we had a fair cinch on them, as in a case like that we should merely have packed all five horses up to their full 150 lbs apiece, and cached the rest of stuff. (Actually, when we got back to Hoi How, we found out by back-door means that this magistrate had been told to try and divert us, and had complained that we had gone through the town "like a flash of lightning". Luckily, we knew the wily Chinese and his little ways). They have been raising a subscription to build a wall for defence against the Lois, so I offered to design it for them ; they were very interested when they heard that I was a soldier, but they still prefer the pattern of B.C. 1500.

Lia Mui is really the outpost against the Lois and there is a detachment of 40 soldiers here ; it would be a perfect strategical position. if only moved half a mile back to the top of the hill, in fact to the very scene of a big fight some 20 years ago, when there was a big irruption of Ngai Chiu Lois, who carried everything before them, until finally beaten back at this point. Lia Mui means Mountain Gate, and we realised how appropriate the name was, for, as soon as we left the town, we were in the hills. The twelve miles to Laichee Do are a regular no-man's-country of beautiful rolling downs, studded with plane trees, where there ought to be thousands on thousands of cattle. It is the old story ; the Lois dare not, because of the Chinese, and the Chinese, because of the Lois. It is really glorious country, and one might have been riding on a June day through an English Park, but for the wonderful touches of colour introduced by the flaming Tulip trees. We tiffined on the banks of a branch of the Kachek River at a place rejoicing in the somewhat inelegant name of Sow Bend. There is usually a boat here, but now the water is low enough to ford,—if you keep to the tortuous and unstaked track ; I did not and poor old Horatius very nearly had to swim for it, and I got wet to the thighs. Another hour saw us into Laichee Do, the very last outpost of Chinese civilization, and our advanced base for the mountains. We took up our quarters in a ruined temple that looked at

least 300 years old, until we discovered an inscription saying that it had been built in the 14th year of Kwang Su or twenty years ago! This is also the barracks of the garrison, which is supposed to consist of, (and no doubt pay is drawn for) twenty men, but is actually composed of four scallywags, who sold their rifles. I don't blame them, as I do not suppose that they get any of their pay. After supper we had great excitement, as the inn-keeper came running up to say that our escort were fighting each other with swords; we at once went down and found that the younger one was bleeding like a stuck pig from a scalp wound and everyone shouting and talking at once. We cleared the place and by seperate interrogation got at the following facts.

The elder soldier had been bulldozing the younger over the lost revolver, for which he as O. C. Escort was responsible, which so enraged the other, who was already half-drunk with samshu that he snatched the remaining revolver and snapped it at his senior officer, who promptly took his scabbarded sword and chopped him over the head with it. This behaviour on the part of the private was too much for us, so we took away both swords, gave him a dollar, and told him to get; he hung round weeping bitterly all night, got drunker still, and finally departed in the morning, to desert, as we were sure. (When we returned, we found that he had come back after all, and he was sent to us for punishment, but we were magnanimous, and forgave him as he had been in confinement for a month already.) We then retired to bed, first barricading the temple, as we feared that he might try to do some looting in the night.

February 24th.—To-day is Chinese "Little" New Year, a festival of some importance, so all day visitors came to the temple, put a dead chicken on the altar, burnt a few joss-sticks, let off a dozen crackers, and then retired to eat the chicken. We were busy all day repacking and sorting out the absolute necessaries of life for the mountains; the rest we propose to leave here in charge of the garrison. Through a disreputable old acquaintance of N.'s we have succeeded in getting four carriers to come with us, as none of our old lot will come on with us. Very often one is delayed here for days, until some Lois come out, who will carry back for you,—if they feel so inclined. We have decided to leave my camera behind, as we have three others better. All the way from Tinheng we have heard rumours of trouble in the Loi country, but here they seem to know nothing of it. There is a wonderful amount of unconscious poetry in Chinese place-names, e.g., The Basin in the Hills, The White Glory, The Hundred Falls, The Hall of the Laichees, The Place of the Deer, among many others.

February 25th.—We did not make a start till 9.40 to-day as we overslept till 5.15 and then had four horses to pack, leaving Jacky to ride. The whole day was made miserable by our wretched carriers; two of them at least are opium wrecks and utterly unfit to walk, let alone carry, even the light loads, that we had given them. We only got them on at all by threatening to cut their pay. There are two things, that are bound to worry you in travelling in China, one is a soldier, and the other is an opium-smoker; if you want trouble, you had better fall in love with a red-haired girl at once, but as you value your peace of mind, don't have anything whatever to do with the other two. We stayed for tiffin at at a small Loi house, where we saw the most primitive method of winnowing paddy that we met on the whole journey. It consisted in a woman putting a handful of the paddy on the floor and then standing on it and rolling it about until the unhusked rice was separated out; then she swept as much off the floor as the chickens had not eaten. We fetched up for the night at a large Loi village called Twa Tung Biet: the name has something to do with deer, but they have all left here long ago. This is the capital of a dong or clan, at the head of which is a tung kwa, whose office is hereditary, but must be confirmed by the Magistrate at Lia Mui. I was very tired when we got in, but P. went off with his gun and got 3 doves for our supper, also losing two more and a partridge in the thick grass. The magistrate sent a teacher to each of the six tribal capitals, but the one here spends all his time smoking opium, and if any Loi is rash enough to ask him a character he beats him over the head with the lesson book. There seems to be rather a Dickens flavour about the proceeding. The houses are huts made of bamboo, with grass roofs and are distinctly airy, but the wood smoke drives away the mosquitoes. We were too tired to pitch the tent, so we all

crowded in to a sort of inn kept by a Chinese woman. The next house is inhabited at night by an immense flock of ducks, at least 500. It is wonderful how they obey the voice of the goose-boy, coming out of the water at command, and following him home.

February 26th.—Up at 4 a.m. and started packing by star-light, knocking off for breakfast at 5. We got off at 8.30, as it takes a long time to pack four horses for a rough trail, especially when one of the packers is a mere beginner like myself, but I think, that by now I am a fairly efficient assistant. It is equal to an extra four miles walk though, if you have to start the day with heavy packing work. Almost immediately after starting four of the horses slipped off a rotten bit of bund and got mired in a paddy-field,—Horatius so badly that we thought, that we should not get him out. As it was the boys had to go down into the mud and unpack him, and even then we thought that he had strained himself in his struggles. However, he seemed all right, but we thought it better to pack Jacky instead. The absence of the soldier is a great nuisance as it leaves us short of a horse leader, but we managed to pick up a Miao Chief who led the odd horse for a bit, after that we got Lois from time to time along the road. A few percussion caps are a fairly sure bait. We had a night—mare of a river to cross just about some rapids, where the stones in the ford were as slippery as glass. I fell flat on my face in the water, but soon afterwards dried in the hot sun. My next adventure was that I went up to The Bay to put his pack straight; now, we had always taken him to be clumsy with his feet, but on this occasion he balanced himself on the side of a young precipice, scratched his ear with one hind foot, and handed me out my dinner pail with the other—a real beauty in the shin, that sent me flying. We had another tremendous pass to surmount, and when we got there we climbed to the top of the neighbouring hill, another six or seven hundred feet to get our first view of the "Five Fingers". The view was well worth the climb; right in front of us stretched a broad valley, while beyond rose the tangled and mass of the Anvil Mountain, and towering high above that into the clouds one of the Fingers reared its head; away to the south lay the Seven Fingers with the mist hanging low on their slopes, while behind us to the north east lay the Tin Heng valley through which we had come. We rejoined the carriers some distance on, after taking a few photos, and then made a halt for tiffin, consisting of biscuits and jam. We reached our destination, Nam 'Ho at four o'clock, thoroughly tired out and threw ourselves down on the pack cloths and refused to move till the boys brought us tea; then we arose and got the tent pitched just as darkness fell, in a paddy field (dry) about 100 yards from the village. The people remembered N. at once although he had a beard when he was here before; however, he has quite a promising one coming on. I maintain a discreet silence with regard to the face fungus of the rest of the party! The villagers were not particularly pleased to see us, as three white men, three boys, four carriers, a soldier, a dog, and five horses, are rather an invasion. It is the soldier to whom they particularly object, so we are going to send him back to-morrow with the carriers, (may they never get another job, the brutes) to Laichee Do to look after all our stuff there. The Lois also say that they have no rice, which is probably untrue, and a mere device to be rid of us.

February 27th.—P. got off early and went gunning without waking me. He procured five doves and an owl—by mistake for scolopax—and also got the best view of the Fingers that any of us ever got. We amused ourselves in the morning by trying to get the proper sighting for N.'s Winchester; after many shots into a tree we got it at last, and then the Lois nearly chopped the tree to pieces to get the lead out, to recast into bullets. After tiffin a Loi came in and told us that there were some deer in a neighbouring "draw", so P. & I went out. We put up a boar unexpectedly, but got no more than a glimpse of him; anyhow I, for one, am taking no snapshots at pig, as they say a wounded boar is the worst animal there is, and that it is madness to shoot, unless you get a clear sight of him. Anyhow on we went, first through thick razor grass, and then up a hill like the side of a house, until we saw our Loi making stealthy signs in front; we crept up and there 150 yards away we saw a mouse deer, quietly feeding; it was too far for me but P. shot and missed with both barrels, as he thought that it was a big deer about 250 yards away. So we returned disconsolate. We have got on the right side of the women here, which is a great point, as they have great weight here,—far more so, than

among the Chinese. Presents of little looking-glasses and coloured silk were what won their hearts. After dinner P. and I went out to try our luck with pig in the moonlight. We took up our position on top of a shelter in the middle of a potato patch, where we had seen signs of boar, and patiently waited for the moon to rise. It seemed hours as we waited there, hunched up and cramped but I shall never forget the scene, when it finally crept up over the hills; the Five Fingers stood out in the moonlight clear-cut as if in ebony, with a wonderful silver sheen on them, against a background of silver grey sky. We waited another hour, but no pig came, though in the distance we could hear the grating of their tushes on the trees. P. got a glimpse of a deer down by the stream, but no shot. So back to bed, tired out.

February 28th.—We started at 9 a.m. to go to a Miao village, about four miles away and 1,500 feet up, as we have hopes that these Miaos will build us a house up on the mountain, from which we can make a dash for the top. It must be understood that there are two absolutely distinct wild races in Hainan, the Miaos and the Lois, having no connection with each other, though their villages are all mixed up together.

The road was awful, but gloriously pretty, being a mere trail through tropical jungle. The country is so very broken so that the hill climbing is appalling; as soon as one gets to the top of one ridge, down one goes into a ravine again, so that we had climbed fully 5,000 feet before we finally reached the village. The only consolation is, that one can drink from any stream with the certainty that it is pure. A disappointment awaited us on arrival, as we found that the Miaos were going to shift the village, and that all the men were away looking for a new site, and that a Chinaman and a band of Lois were in possession, fetching out rattan. The Lois did offer to build us a house, but the Chinaman naturally put a stopper on that as they were working for him. He advised us to go and see a Chinaman in the neighbouring Loi village who owned the rights of the mountain as he could probably help us, so off we started with a guide over worse trails than ever, but through simply gorgeous scenery. We found the village after a frightfully hot walk, but the Chinaman was away, so our whole day was nearly wasted. However, on our way back, one of the boys got into conversation with a Loi, who said that for a consideration he could bring in a Miao, who could take us up to the divide, but that he did not think it possible to climb to the summit. We were a bit troubled with leeches on the way, but only one got a hold on me, and that luckily on the bruise on my shin, which it effectually cured. We got back at 5 p.m. having taken 5 hours actual walking to do 11 miles, but we are none of us in condition for mountain travelling yet. Clouded over in the evening.

The national dress of the Loi men is a loin cloth, varying in size and shape with the tribe. The hair is brought up into a horn in front of the head, and secured with a bone pin, or else bound round with tape. Some tribes have a second top knot behind. The Loi women wear a very tight skirt, reaching to the knees, embroidered in colours, usually red, yellow, and white, the skirt itself being made of blue cotton cloth. The upper part of the dress varies very much, but as a rule consists of either a "Zouave" jacket embroidered like the shirt, and a kind of apron or else of a loose blouse, only embroidered on the edge. A few tribes wear a skirt that reaches nearly to the ankles. A kerchief of dark blue cloth is worn on the head bound round with a red ribbon. Round the neck are an immense number of black or (&) white bead necklaces, sometimes as many as sixty in number. Some tribes tattoo their women, either on the face or on the legs, the patterns being regulated by tradition, but consisting generally of zigzag lines or of circles.

The Lois are a Thai race, being kin to the Siamese, Lolos, and the Shans and Laos of the Burman frontier. Their language is very like that of the last-named. They are distantly related to the Malays.

The Miaos are the same as the Aboriginal tribes of that name on the mainland, and are of some Mongoloid stock. Their men all wear Chinese dress now, like many of the Lois, but their women still retain their distinctive dress; this

consists of a skirt, embroidered, something after the fashion of the Lois, but open in front; over this is a double breasted blue coat, with a long tail, hanging down in front so as to cover the opening in the skirt. On the head is worn a most elaborately embroidered handkerchief. The Miaos are always to be found higher up in the hills than the Lois, and are as acute in business as the latter are simple—in fact, it is said that a Miao can cheat a Chinaman! Their only religion is not to pay taxes, whereas the Lois have a great system of spirit worship, and will burn joss sticks in front of anything, even the tops off match-packets. The Lois make paddy fields after the Chinese fashion, while the Miaos only have mountain fields, and incidentally grow the best rice in China.

March 1st.—The clouds and the mist are now right down on the mountains making our prospects look very black; in this sort of weather the Lois will not go above 1,000 feet up from the villages because of the leeches, which are simply appalling, swarming on every bush. It would be hopeless to try and move by ourselves, as we must have guides and carriers. The Lois are quite ready to come with us if the weather clears, but they say that there is no trail, even up to the divide, but that they sometime go there by forcing through the jungle; they declare that it is quite impossible to climb the Fingers themselves, but they are ready to help us to try. It is a great gain to have induced them to believe that we are after no harm and do not intend to take away their talisman from the top of the mountain. No one knows, what this Bo'o or talisman is, but they believe that only foreigners can see it, and that the prosperity of the countryside depends on it. Our gaining them over really means that we have become more powerful than the Chinese merchants, who do everything in their power to set the Lois against us, as we teach the simple Loi too much to please them. The way that the Chinese take advantage of the simplicity of the Lois is wonderful to contemplate. There really does appear to be a rice famine here, but we have managed to get hold of a good supply from a Chinaman nearby, who was hoarding it; he was very reluctant to sell, but we told him that we should send out to the Magistrate, as he had no right to behave like that and we soon got him to his senses; we gave him the full outside price anyhow, so he saves all his porterage.

We had a deer hunt in the afternoon; the way that it is conducted is as follows; they select a likely draw, with another small ravine running out of it at right angles; the guns are then posted at the end of the main draw and at each side of the entrance to the small ravine. They then put their dogs into the lower end of the draw, driving the game up it; the way that they work the dogs is marvellous, as it is all done by voice. However on this occasion the Loi hunter was the only one who got a shot, and he missed. Their guns are old percussion cap muskets, and not very useful for game on the run, but yet the Lois are wonderful shots with them. They manufacture their own bullets and powder, but caps are beyond them, which accounts largely for our popularity as we have a dozen boxes.

March 2nd.—Still cloudy. This is simply horrible; we can do nothing and go nowhere, as one must go up-hill; game seems to have vanished from lower slopes and we are eating up our provisions at an alarming rate, particularly rice, of which we can get no more without sending out for it. The only thing that we can get are doves and even they are becoming scarce; we are beginning to loathe the taste of them. We had another hunt this morning, and N. had the chance of his life, but he was just in the wrong place and a sambur went through the grass about 50 yards off him and he never got a sight of it. In the middle of the show P. and I were suddenly collected by an excited hunter, who signed to us to follow him and set off at the most fearful pace up a preposterous hill; he dropped P. about half way up and took me up along a mere game trail until I finally struck and picked a likely spot for myself, while he perched himself about 100 feet higher. Nothing came of it, though at one time there were sounds of the hunt coming in our direction. The grass is much too thick to have much chance of success, as any wild animal would be almost certain to see you first, and in any case would only give the wildest of snapshots as ten yards is the utmost that one can see. By grass must be understood pampas 10 feet high and as sharp as a razor.

March 3rd.—Still waiting for the clouds to lift, but the weather is worse than ever, and our provisions are running very low, as we only allowed for about

15 days, and also expected to be able to get both rice and plenty of gane here, as it usually swarms, both fur and feather. There are some jungle cook about but they are as wily as the evil one, and never give us a shot. We spent all to-day indoors, playing picquet, as it bas come to rain to add to our misery. P. gets asthma every night, and we shall soon all be down with malaria ; we are suffering from lack of exercise, too. Our only consolation is that we have found an ideal bathing place about $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile away ; the stream falls over a rock, making a waterfall about 8 feet high, then runs with a beautful little beach for twenty yards and then runs into the rocks again, which it has scooped out into natural baths. We lie there and scour by the hour together.

March 4th.—We have decided to send Sang Do and a Loi back to our depôt to-morrow to get some more provisions, as we are clean out of milk, very neary out of meat and tobacco, and very short on biscuits. A Loi has brought us out a stick of dynamite that we are going to use in the river to-morrow ; the Chinaman who arrogates to himself the title of the Lord of the Mountains has forbidden the Lois to use it in the river ; why, it is not quite clear, as it cannot hurt him or his rights, and there is no other way of getting any fish, as they won't bite and one cannot set nets in a mountain torrent. Of course, we don't mind in the least what he says, as his rights are purely fancied. This is the story of how he obtained them ; Some years ago a family was suspected of witchcraft, and after many warnings, the fearful practices continued, so the people executed sumary justice on the man, and drove out his family ; as a result a large sum of blood-money was required and had to be borrowed from this Chinaman, who lent it on condition that they should sell all their products, skins, rattan, medicine, etc. to him for a term of years, and only deal with him. Now, he claims to exercise an almost regal authority over them, which they dare not resent. It is always the same story, except that usually the origin of the debt was the failure of the crop. Naturally, though, these traders, real toughs, every one of them, object to us coming down and putting a spoke in their wheel, which we rather make a point of doing, as the Lois are ten times better fellows, being just wild huntsmen. At the same time I must confess to a certain admiration for the traders, as they really carry their lives in their hands, as the Lois may turn ugly at any moment.

March 5th.—Weather still worse, if possible, and we have decided that if it does not clear up by then, we shall clear out on Tuesday. We went off in the morning to try our luck with the fish, operations being under the charge of Meng Ngi who is a fisherman by trade. We only used half the stick, which was duly lighted and thrown into a likely looking pool, overhung with rocks and a spit just below where we all assembled, with cameras poised ; however, there was only a little splutter, and then a scene of the most frightful excitement, as the fish darted up to the surface, darting wildly in all directions, quite out of control with their bladders burst. Of course those near the explosion were killed outright : soon all the Lois were reduced to a state of primeval savagery, diving in, and coming up with fish in both hands and very often in their mouth as well. The final result was 50lbs of fish varying in weight from an ounce up to three pounds ; they seemed to be of the perch and carp families. Well, it solves the food question for us and the whole village for a couple of days. After we had chosen our share of the spoil, we had a great division out of the rest among the divers. I took a gun with me and beat up some brush but with no success. The Lois have begun to make up their paddy fields ; they do it after rather a different fashion to the Chinese. Their method is to lead water from higher up the stream along little acqueducts to the fields, and when they are well soaked they drive a herd of buffaloes round to puddle them and make ready for the seed, instead of using the Chinese plough. It looks as if we should have to shift our tent soon.

March 6th.—Sunday ; raining ; last pipe of tobacco ; sugar finished, biscuits finished, milk finished, last tin of butter,—must be kept for cooking—, tiffin cut out of the programe days ago ; verb : sap : hopeless woe is our lot.

March 7th.—Weather worse than death. A slight gleam of sunshine when the boy returned heavily laden, but to our unspeakable horror, he has not been able to find the tobacco, but has brought out a tin with 27 cigarettes, of which P. in an access of generosity gave me 14. An old Loi in the course of the day presented

us with a screw of Chinese tobacco (?), which reminded us of many things and odours sundry, but still it could be smoked by a strong man who felt really fit, and such as this is all we can hope for till we get back. My liver is complaining about all this inaction and I cannot hold a hand at picquet. I noticed that the landlord's daughter beamed on me yesterday; perhaps, she is the cause of it; she would really be quite a comely wench, if it was not for the horrible habit that she and all the other women have of chewing betel nut and lime, which converts the mouth into a dripping vermilion slobber. We had another boar hunt to-day, without a single dog giving tongue even; everything seems to have gone, as we cannot even find pigeons now, to replendish the lardour. P. decided to give up sleeping in the tent to-night, as his asthma gets so bad now.

March 8th.—Out we go to-morrow, that is quite settled now, so P. and I drank the pint of champagne, that we had brought to christen the top of the mountain with; it was dust and ashes in our mouths. We went dynamiting again with the other half of the stick to a different pool, to which we had to go along the torrent bed, leaping from rock to rock and falling in at intervals; we were not quite so successful, as we only got 35lbs but still that was as much as we wanted. At one stage of the proceedings I noticed a strange Loi with a tail sticking out of his basket and on investigating found that he had calmly pooched five of our finest fish. He could have had some for the asking but as he was so calm about it we took them away. All the Lois carry a basket in the middle of their backs in which they carry their peculiar hatchets, with which they can do anything, from tooth picking to manlaughter. We picked some pigeons on the way home and I shinned up a boar trail at an angle of 45 degrees after a flight of what I took to be green pigeons and cut my hands to pieces in the process; when I got to the top they flew away squawking but I had a shot all the same as parrokeet pie is by no means to be despised. Later on P. got a real green pigeon and I got the wings which are lovely. In the afternoon we went out after pigeons again, but though there were lots about they were very wild; I had a shot at a hoopoe but missed; I am really rather glad; as they are most beautful birds and I do not know if they are good to eat. There are a great many here. We also collected some orchids and I got a few rock specimens, among others some tin ore. We got four kinds of orchids in all and have great hopes of finding that some of them are new.

March 9th.—We spent the whole morning in packing up and settling our affairs here, and made the heart of the simple savage glad with empty tins and bottles, which are converted to weird and wonderful uses. They were rather blue at having to find five carriers for us, but custom compels them to see us as far as the next stage, and they have actually agreed to take us as far as Laichee Do. It is really heart-breaking to have to give up like this, when everything seemed to point to success: we had got the Lois entusiastic to help us, even the Chinese interested in our plans, I think, and the best equipped expedition that had ever gone into the interior, after months of preparation and thought, and now we are beaten by the weather and unexpected famine. We must go out now, on account of time, as, if we wait any longer, we shall have to go hot foot back the way we came, without seeing any more of the island.

We got off at noon with all five horses packed; as we have only four saddles on which the diamond can be thrown, including N.'s Mexican, we used the squaw hitch for the first time. We started in a grand finale of rain, which finally became so bad, that we had to take shelter in a neighbouring hamlet, where however, we procured some more unspeakable tobacco. We had a weary pull up at the Twa Tung Biet Pass, which I measured with my aneroid and found to be 1,500 feet, we got into driving mist at the top, but soon dropped out of it again, as we had to descend the whole of the aforesaid fifteen hundred feet again. On the way we picked up our landlord's son, a merry youth, who had been absent for six days over his time, and had caused his people great anxiety, as they thought that he had been decoyed into joining a party of Chinese going to Singapore. We got down to Twa Tung Biet after dark, but luckily found a way to avoid the morass, where we nearly lost Horatius before.

March 10th.—We did not make a very early start as we have not far to go to-day, and we know the road and all its evil places, of which, as a matter of fact,

there are very few. But, how very different the country looked; we came through it before with our hopes high and in glorious sunshine, and now we are slinking along liked whipped dogs in the drizzling rain. As it was still raining. when we got in, and the only place that N. can rig up a bed is in the wet, he went down to the inn, but P. and I found dry spots for our camp-beds, in our old quarters at the temple of the Goddess of Mercy. This temple was built by General Pang during his big campaign against the Lois, and he certainly acted up to her precepts, as he was a great pacificator, paying for everything that he took, and for the corvée, and insisting on fair treatment of the inhabitants. It is rather curious that this particular goddess should be so popular in China, as in the first place Mercy is not by any means a characteristic trait of the people, and secondly, she is not a native goddess at all, but a Buddhistic importation from India in the first century of our era.

Thank heaven, we have found the tobacco, but there is only half a pound of it, which will not see us through. We held a council of war this evening and decided that if the weather cleared we would start for Nodoa on Monday along a new trail, that would finally lead into one of General Pang's roads right over the Loi Mother Range, the backbone of the Island. A man turned up this evening with a promise of a hunt to-morrow.

March 11th.—The weather has cleared up a little and the rain has stopped so that P. and I started off at 10 a.m. for our hunt. P. took his shot gun as well, and we gathered in two quail, a partridge and a pigeon and a snipe. Sonny is working splendidly here whereas he would not face the razor grass of the Loi mountains, and small blame to him. Our hunt for bigger game was not such a success, though the ground was almost ideal for it. There was long hollow filled with thick bush, opening out on the river, with a narrow outlet through which any game was bound to come, and where we two (N. was not out) were posted while the four native huntsmen came down the outside with the dogs in case anything broke away. However, the game seemed to be away from their favourite haunts to-day, as we drew three of these hollows unsuccessfully. We got lost on the way home; at least the boy insisted that he knew better than I did, until finally we had to come back and go as I said. In the evening P. went out again and I offered him 50 cents for every game bird over five; he beat me by bringing back six partridges. The clouds are distinctly higher on the mountains now.

March 12th.—P. and I went out to see if we could get a little breakfast and got three partridges, but we had one shocking piece of luck. I went one side of a big clump of pampas, within 100 yds. of the town and P. was thirty yards the other side. Suddenly I heard a great commotion and then two shots, and it turned out that I had put up a deer, which went within 30 yards of P., who had both barrels at it, but only had 8s, which are not much use unless you can get the eye. It is the only day that I have not had 4s out with me, for we could follow up quite well, as there was a river to stop him. After breakfast,—a nice newly killed mountain partridge, fried with a piece of fat bacon on his breast is not to be despised,—P. and I went out to photograph a betel nut grove about ½ a mile away; there are few more beautiful sights in China than a grove like this, as the betel nut palm is the most graceful of all its species, with a slender ringed stem shooting up for twenty feet and then bursting into a cluster of the most lovely and shapely fronds, with the golden nuts hanging in chains, just below. After tiffin, we employed our time in packing up; we are going to send back to Hoi How direct Horatius with the heavy packsaddle and four loads of superfluous gear under the charge of the soldier and Sang Do.

We must travel as light as possible over an unknown trail; in some things we are lighter than we care about, as we only have 17 lbs. of meat to last three of us for over a fortnight. We should be clean out of milk, but we have managed to get ten tins from Lia Mui. Milk is almost the only foreign article that penetrates here, but luckily it is the best brand. Our Nam 'Ho boys have agreed to come with us as far as Fan Hiang, which is pleasant, as they are a cheery and willing crowd, and we feel that they are quite friends now. Their manners are much nicer than the Chinese. The only trouble is that we only want four now, and they will not come without their boss, who does not want to carry or lead a horse,

and is an opium smoker into the bargain; he says that he will carry a gun though, and we shall also give him the waterbottles and thermos flask, so he will not escape so lightly as he thinks. We have also got a guide, who says that he knows the way to Nodoa, and is to lead a horse.

March 13th.—The day dawned bright and clear without a sign of mist on the hills, so we may hope for fine weather. We got off at 10.30 after a sickening delay, disputing at the inn, mainly over the soldier's account, as he has been living there for a fortnight now. We steered S.W. straight across a rolling plain, heading straight for a gap to the north of the "Hill of a Hundred Falls", with Ang Mau standing up to heaven on the horizon. Some say that this is the biggest mountain in Hainan, being even higher than the Five Fingers. We think not, as it is marked on the Chart, as being 5,800,—by triangulation from the coast,—whereas the Fingers, which hitherto not been fixed we believe to be certainly over 6,000 and perhaps even 7,000 feet. Anyhow, we have to cross the slopes of Ang Mau in a few days. The sun was very hot, but a welcome change; we are all out of condition, though, for real hard work, and only did 15 miles, reaching a wretched little hamlet, called Fang Hai, too late to go on, so we perforce had to spend the night there: it was quite the closest quarters that we have had yet, and, in fact, we had to dispossess the household gods, to get any room at all. We had to have our meal in the open, and had to get to it, armed with a club and a light otherwise the dogs had a bit of one's leg, as sure as fate.

We had an excellent meal of eggs, as on the way here, we found some in a temporarily deserted house, and assumed the owner wanted to sell them, leaving him a good price in exchange—about a sixth of a penny each. We hear that there is a big meeting of all the chiefs of the district at Fan Hiang to-morrow, which should be most interesting.

March 14th.—We travelled nine miles to-day over open but very tiring hill-country, doing a lot of survey work on the way. We found one hill, that we christened "Observation Hill", because we could see every important peak in the whole island from it, even Mt. Etna in the extreme S.W. Descending again to the road, we found that the carriers had gone on, and we were uncertain of the road, but we caught them after an hour. My boots simply dropped to pieces to-day, so I now have one very doubtful pair and my tennis shoes to get in on. We are now in the valley of the Sang Hoe River, which is the main stream of W. Hainan, and the long st in the island. This valley runs as a broad trough through the whole island. down its greatest length. We arrived at Fan Hiang, and made for the Tungkwa's house, which is a most superior affair, built of brick in the Chinese style He is the most important chieftain here, and is lord of a thousand villages, say, 100,000 people. There were besides the five other Tungkwas, all their Taukwas or deputies, and the more important village chiefs or Haukais, perhaps 300 in all. Our host was most effusive in his welcome, and actual educated enough to give the proper mandarin salute. The council was in full blast in the "main square" and was an extraordinary sight.

They all had the pipes, about five feet long, which they can only light by putting a match between their toes! when not in use, the jade mouth—pieces stood out high above their heads as they all sat round in solemn conclave, each waiting his turn to speak. The subject of discussion is, what steps shall be taken for their defence against a body of rebels, who are raiding up from the Ngai Chiu district, a thousand strong, and announce their intention of exterminating all the semi-civilized Lois. Their leader appears to be a man of some ability, who can read and write, which is remarkable in a Loi. The trouble with our friends is that they are quite ready to fight, and would rejoice in it, but they are very short of ammunition, and meanwhile the raiders are only two days off. They are sending in a petition to the Tao Tai, asking that a few soldiers may be sent, and also a large supply of powder and caps. Our host who was genial when we arrived got drunker and drunker on samshu, but he retained sufficient sense of decency to give us some of the craythur, and very good it was, too, and he also produced some fresh beef that they had killed for the occasion. He also wielded his badge of office, a rattan cane, with great effect on the people, who crowded too close, when we were eating. The heads of the council next

came to us for advice, and also wished us to inform the authorities of their loyalty and correct behaviour, besides giving us a copy of the petition, in case the magistrates should suppress it, before it got to the Taotai. There were two Chinamen there who tried to set the Lois against us, but one who was very friendly took our part; N. soon withered up the former and put the fear of heaven into them; after N. had gone in, one of them started again, as I was pretty sure from his manner, so I let him have a blast of my choicest Cantonese, which apparently served, as all the crowd laughed, and he went off, looking very sheepish: the poor man little knew that he had encountered a man with the most complicated vocabulary of vituperation in South China. P. and I discovered a little empty room, where we set up for the night and had a quiet time, but N. was woken every ten minutes by our drunken host, who would start off, very slowly at first, "When I was a little boy, I was very bad; all I could say to my teacher was (then very quickly) have you any caps?" Finally, his friends came in and tied him up.

March 15th.—Our host was on the scene early, but quickly depilated the tail of the dog that bit him. P. and I wandered off along the banks of the river to get photos and a vast crowd followed and we finally had a bathe, much-needed, without getting rid of them. The town is built on the banks of a really beautiful mountain stream, overhung with banyans and caryota palms. When we got back, we found that the chiefs refused to let us go, or give us any carriers, unless we presented them with some more caps; luckily, they did not know that we had nine boxes and a lot of powder, otherwise we should have had great difficulty in getting out at all. As it was, we gave them one whole box more, and that with $\frac{3}{4}$ of a box that we had given them already made them quite happy. We got off at one o'clock, minus our guide, who being an opium smoker and slightly ahead of his pay, had of course shot the moon. We were accompanied for the first three miles by our friend the Chinaman, who seems superior to most of the traders here. We then had to cross in rapid succession three branches of the Sang Hoe, but got a lovely view of the Fingers, quite free from mist. Then we started on our clamber over the range and commenced with a hill, that went up at a slope of one in four. Just when we thought that we were at the top, we suddenly dived into a ravine and came down again into a tropical jungle thick with orchids and tree ferns, with great lianas hanging from tree to tree, a regular botanists' paradise; it was so thick that at times we had to cut a trail though it with axes, then cross a horror of a mountain torrent, and then up again, until we emerged into a plateau, crowded with fields and villages, known as the Ta An. I shot two green pigeons on the way, but one was lost in the thick grass. We stopped for the night at a village called Ja Biang, but just before we got there, it came on to rain, which had threatened all day, and the leeches came out in thousands. My putties proved too much for them, but they made great efforts to get through my thin socks, as I was wearing shoes, but I captured them all in time. The people at the village were very friendly, and actually produced venison for us, of venerable antiquity and exhaling the odour of sanctity, but it was very good for all that. All through the woods to-day we could hear the gibbering of monkeys and the deer calling, but never a glimpse did we get.

March 17th.—We started off this morning with a fresh lot of carriers, and went upwards, ever upwards, along a narrow trail, so narrow indeed, that at one point the big bay stuck and had to be boosted through from behind. The leeches were very bad and the white horse and Sonny suffered very much from them; the colour seems to attract them: it is very hard on the carriers too, with their bare feet, as they cannot get them off, while they have their loads. This hill brought us to the top of the pass—about three or four thousand feet up and we had a fine view to the north and east. We got to Kala at three o'clock, and beyond this our carriers would not go, so we decided to stop, as by the time that we had got a new lot it would be too late. This is a very noted abode of robbers, but ahead they are even worse and the country has such an evil reputation, that even these Lois go five days to the Lia Mui market rather than risk the two days' journey to Nam Fong. I went to sleep promptly, but P. took my gun as he has no No. 4s and hunted jungle fowl, of which he got one; it was a great disappointment, though, as a delicacy. There is a famine here too, and our boys could only get a few sweet potatoes to eat. The last two miles of the road ran along a stream bed

of shale sometimes in and sometimes out of the water, which was often 3 feet deep, a trail of horror. We spent a terrible night, for, as soon as the wood fire died down, the mosquitoes came out in their thousands, and it was quite impossible to sling a net, as the Lois were passing up and down all the time.

This from all reports is a great game country, as we hear tales of panther, bear and deer being killed quite recently; I wish that we had time to stop and hunt a bit. The people here are distinctly more uncivilized, and we found our first bow and arrows here. They belong to the "little skirt Lois", and the women wear very short blouses and skirts.

March 18th.—Out a month to-day. We did another very short day of only ten miles to-day, as we did a lot of survey work on the way. The country is getting more open, but is still hilly; we were still following the same stream to-day, which must be a branch or even the head waters of the Dengan River. We got splendid view of "The Dome" to-day about ten miles from Nodoa, and rises up 3,000 feet from the plain. We reached Fan Luen at 3 o'clock, but did not think that it was worth while going on, so we all went and had a delightful bathe. This is another Tung Kwa's capital, but he is a mere youth with, seemingly, very little authority. A day of very little incident.

It may have been wondered all along, how we managed to converse with the Lois, but the truth is, that they all speak Hainanese more or less, and N. having been about 17 years here speaks it like a native. It is rather curious that the inferior race should all speak the language of the superior, as it is opposed to the usual course; in India all the whites speak Hindustani, etc.

March 19th.—'*Au contraire*', as the Frenchman said when asked on board, if he had breakfasted, this day has been very full of incident. The performance started by a Chinaman letting loose 3 mares among our horses; the white broke loose and went to fight N.'s horse which he was trying to hold; he tried to separate them, and slipped right under their feet, but they swerved and he escaped with some nasty bruises. I went in hot pursuit through the woods, and after missing the rope half a dozen times got White snubbed up to a tree with a jerk that brought us both up, all standing. The boys caught the other, and then we managed to finish packing and get off at nine, having been delayed a full hour and a half. We got four carriers from this village, and one who had followed us yesterday all day. This last one made a great fuss at starting, saying that his load was too heavy, and when we had got him started, he lagged so that N., he and I got a good mile behind, and did not catch up until we made a halt for a little snatch of food. Then, we were to get under weigh again, and this man still delayed, taking his coat off and then putting it on again, then putting it on one load and then on the other, till the rest were well out of sight again. Then I said that I would carry the rifle so as to lighten his load and commenced getting it out of its case. He then turned ugly and loosened his knife, a fearful weapon about 18" long. As luck would have it, it was the one day that I had not got my sixshooter on me as it had been packed up in one of the baskets by mistake, and N.'s rifle was through one of the horses packs, so that we were unarmed, until we could get the rifle together, and the cartridges out which were luckily in the same case. We were both quite sure, that we were in a tight place, and that he was playing for time, until confederates could come up and the rest were too far ahead to help, as this is perhaps the worst bit of country for robbers in Hainan, and the particular spot was ideal for an ambush. At this point, he took off his knife and laid it on the ground, while he tried to stop me putting the rifle together: I led him away a little, as I turned my back to him, and N. had the presence of mind to collar the sticker: we then had him at our mercy, and he knew it, so after some demur he shouldered the load and carried it about a hundred yards; he then put down again, and yelled at the top of his voice, giving bird calls and weird cries, saying that was not going on, that he wanted our gun,—he said this before we got his knife,—that he was a bad man, and we were afraid of him; (we were: rather:) as he would not move even when covered, we decided that the only thing to be done was to leave the load, catch up the others, fully two miles ahead by now, and send back for it. After we had gone fifty yards, with our friend following, screaming still, we met Meng Ngi, with a shot gun who had come back to see what was the delay. The Loi promptly

grabbed this gun, and hung on like grim death, until I jujitsued him with a grip on the median nerve, that nearly dislocated his wrist and paralysed his hand. Meng Ngi then shouldered the load, and we set off at about five miles an hour, until we came to a fork in the trail, that P. had not marked, thinking that we were close behind. Of course, we took the larger, and, as it turned out, wrong trail. However, we struck a village and got a guide back to the road farther on and only did about three miles too much. The trouble was then, that we did not know whether P. and the rest were ahead or behind us, so while I marked the trail, N. went on and soon I heard shouts for me, so I ran up cocking the rifle as I went, as for all I knew, we might be ambushed; however, it turned out that N. had found the rest of the party, and the man, who had taken the straight road, and was amusing himself by throwing stones at the other carriers; as soon as Meng Ngi appeared, he assaulted him, but N. grabbed him, and threw him down, while the other carriers took our part and set on him, too; I appeared at this moment, and seeing N. in the middle of a mob, nearly had a shot into the brown. We tied up his arms and as he would not stop shouting, gave a little comforter under the jaw, and then on our way again; he tried to follow and grab his knife again, so N. threw him again, and then we tied him up, pigtail, wrists and ankles, and left him in the road for the next man along to undo or not, as he saw fit—a pleasing and simple Loi custom with troublesome people. After that, though, we rode with all precautions, as we did not know that we might not have the country raised behind us. The carriers,—we picked one up to replace our friend—were divided in their opinion, some saying that he was mad, and the others, that they knew that he was a noted robber; probably both were right in a limited degree, as all the Lois here are robbers, when occasion serves, and he did look a bit groggy in the funnel casings. We should really have been quite a tough crowd to tackle, as we could fire 31 rounds without reloading, with two shot guns, an express, a winchester, a revolver and mauser carbine-pistol. Our cavalcade was quite military; first, N. as advanced guard, with his rifle across his saddle, then two pack-horses and five carriers, with P. and his mauser and the two boys with shot guns as the main body, then myself with revolver and express, forming the rearguard, together with a Loi armed with a musket, who had attached himself to us for protection. Nothing further happened, though, and about an hour and a half later, we met a party that our carriers told us came from our highwayman's village, so they probably untied him. We made a halt on the banks of a stream, where we collected some more orchids, and soon after that crossed the border into Chinese territory again. We had to ford the Dengan river, which is a good 300 yards broad here and 3 feet deep, running very fast, and finally reached the town of Namfong, after 21 miles hard going. This is the seat of a Chinese magistracy to oversee the Lois like Lia Mui. It is a great relief to see stone houses again, and we got very comfortable quarters for the night at a Christian chapel, which was very comfortable after crowded Loi houses, and in addition, had a stout door that we could lock against all comers, and so eat and sleep in peace. My last pair of boots came completely to pieces to-day, so now I am left with only tennis shoes.

March 20th.—We slept the sleep of the just till 7.30 and then got up, breakfasted and put the place straight for service. I went out and climbed the hill behind the town and took a round of angles, but I missed the proper road up and made a considerable detour, and finally had to cut straight up the side of the hill. It was blazing hot and the three hundred and twenty feet seemed tremendous, but the view well repaid it; I got a fine sight on to the Five Fingers, and also identified the hill near Kala, which we had named "The Beard" in honour of one of the party's face fringe, which distinctly resembled it! I came down by the right path, and got back to the chapel just in time to meet Dr. Bryan from Nodoa, who had come in to take a service. I did not attend it, but N. did, and—dare I say it—went to sleep during the sermon, but then it was in Hakka, which he does not understand, so there was some excuse. It appears that this building has rather an interesting history, as its owner in olden time was the richest dealer in Loi goods round here with great estates in the Loi country. Then he fell into melancholia, and through neglect and native troubles lost his money, till now he is a doddering imbecile, empty shelves and dusty counters lending eloquent testimony to his former prosperity. Now the Nodoa Mission rents the house at few dollars a year as a chapel. After tiffin

to which Dr. Bryan contributed BREAD, and afterwards with much trouble, seeing the carriers on their way, we set off to ride the ten miles to Nodoa. Dr. Bryan lent me his saddle, as we were one short ourselves, and rode on a saddle cloth himself. He set the pace and he went at a hand canter the whole way ; his stirrups were too short for me, so that the Mexican saddle galled me dreadfully Also a saddle of this description is meant for cantering and similar paces, while my pony would do nothing but trot very fast, so I died a thousand deaths. As soon as the road leaves Nam Fong, the country changes most abruptly, and becomes a level or slightly undulating plain, covered with thick bush, with a few low hills or mounds rising up perhaps two hundred feet. Cart tracks run in all directions and the soil is a heavy red loam, instead of decomposed granite. We stopped to admire a magnificent banyan tree, with an even spread of branches of 90 feet radius and then on again, Hades for cowhide, to Nodoa, having done the ten miles in an hour and twenty five minutes, or twice as fast as our usual pace. We passed the barracks, and next door found the mission compound, a splendid enclosure, with grass lawns and European houses,—in fact, the first European house in Hainan, Hoihow included, is here. We received a most hearty welcome from Mr. and Mrs. McClintock, Mrs. Melrose, and Mr. Leveritt, who comprise with Dr. Bryan the staff of the place. We had tea and were then sent to clean ourselves. N. and I are to sleep in Bryan and Leveritt's house and P. at the McClintocks', while we all meal at the latter. I am afraid that I grossly overate myself at dinner! Went to bed after much pleasant converse with our charming hosts on the verandah in the moonlight.

March 21st.—Having breakfasted at a Christian hour once more, I spent the morning with Mr. McC., trying to find out what was wrong with his dynamo, but it defeated us, although we had it to pieces and tested every wire seperately. After tiffin, we first took some observations from the verandah and then rode off to see the tin mines. Grahame, the McC's. small boy, who has struck up a great friendship with Sonny, vainly endeavoured to hold him back and was dragged off his feet. A hand canter seems to be the professional pace of missionaries and I once more suffered tortures on the same saddle. We went to the office first, and saw an official of kinds, from whom I acquired some useful information, and then we went on to the streaming beds, but they had just knocked off work, but we had a good look round. We rode back first with a lovely sunset on our flank, and then through the quickly gathering dusk, arriving just in time to get ready for dinner. They have kindly lent us a most interesting dialect map of Hainan, a comparative list of Loi and Laos words, and also Madrolle's map, which is ridiculous. P. and I sat up to the wee sma' hours copying them.

March 22nd.—Started off at 9 a.m., P. and N. riding and I walking. The road ran over much the same country,—a series of undulations with paddy fields in the hollows. The sun blazed, and made me feel quite seedy, and the hot road under my rubber soles made my feet sore, until in the afternoon, I was glad to take a turn at riding. It was as hot a day as any in an H.K. summer. I was very glad to get a bowl of congee at the first halt. (Incidentally, this congee is the water that the rice is boiled in, that the Sepoys told Clive was sufficient for them; as it contains the most nutritious part of the rice, they were not so self-sacrificing as it sounds at first !). We were overtaken by darkness, and the outfit straggled, so we had halloo all the time to make sure that they were following right. When we finally got in sight of Tai Fong, our destination, we found that they had lit devil-pidgeon fires all round it, and we had a business getting our horses through. At last we reached the Christian Chapel, a very nice clean building and eagerly awaited the arrival of our kit and supper. I was completely done up and very footsore. We were not destined to have a night of peace, as first the mosquitoes came out in legions, it being quite impossible to sling a net, and then the town dogs started to bark, as only real wonks can. At last, I stole out, secured a five pound rock and lay in ambush. Presently, one of the enemy stole across the street in the moonlight, about thirty yards away. I took a snapshot, and there was one agonised yelp and then silence, and so I went back to bed happy. I am getting a fine shot with a heavy rock, as that makes three dogs that I have abolished on the trip.

March 23rd.—Woke to a cold and drizzling morning. We found that two colts had been nosing round our horses in the night, and that in consequence they

had neither eaten or slept, after a heavy day. The White had slipped his halter round his neck, and Ling Sun, who, where a horse is concerned, is double-distilled essence of original futility, tried to lead him by it. Of course, he at once went off to fight the Brown, and Newton got his hand badly jammed in the hobbling chain. The brute then charged off with the colts, dashing through the other horses and down the main street of the village, and finally disappeared into the woods and was lost altogether for an hour. Finally P. found him, but failed to hold him as there was no tree handy to snub him to; however, we got him ten minutes later, snubbed him up to a tree, choked the gaiety out of him, and put a foot rope on him. He managed to tumble me down a bank, but I held on and all that he got out of it was a horrid jerk on his neck. We had to lead him a mile back of the village and pack him, having wasted two hours, and got off at nine, by which time it had brightened up, though not so hot as yesterday. We made about ten miles to Kalit on the river, by which time I was feeling pretty miserable, and found one boat there, for which we proceeded to bargain. First of all they did not want to go at all, then they wanted fifteen dollars, (the right price is eight), and then we brought them down to thirteen; having agreed this, they then said they wanted another dollar, contrary to all Chinese custom, so N. got fed up, and told the boy openly to take P's. consular card to the magistrate at Fahi three miles away, and ask him to send out two runners. That settled the matter at once, and our luggage was on board at a wonderful rate, and they would have taken one dollar, I think; they know the pleasing habits of the yamen runners, where refractory boatmen are concerned. I was feeling very ill by then, and took my temperature, and found that it was 102, rising to 103½ later. I snuggled up in every thing I could lay hands on and got to sleep.

March 24th.—I lay like a log all day, but my temperature came down gradually. Passed Dengan about midday.

March 25th.—Still feverish; luckily the tide was high and our boat could go round to within 100 yards of the Consulate, to which P. assisted me, and so to bed,—and incidentally eight months of illness off and on.

STATISTICS.

Number of days out,	36
Mileage,	361
Mileage by boat,	106
Mileage by road,	255
Days of actual travel,	21
Daily average, (miles),	17.2
Longest day, (by road),	27
Shortest,	9
Greatest height above M.S.L., about,	3,500
Greatest height in one climb,	2,200
Greatest slope on road, in degrees,	34
Greatest height in one day, over,	5,000
Greatest number of hours in one day travel,	10
Nights spent in temples,	8
Nights spent in Chapels,	2
Nights spent in tent,	11
Nights spent in European built houses,	2
Nights spent in boats,	3
Nights spent in Loi Houses,	10
Biggest bag of birds,	11
Biggest bag of fish in lbs,	50
Partridges killed,	15
Snipe,	3
Quail,	4
Green pigeon,	2
Jungle-cock, teal, plover, owl, each,	1
Doves,	57
Total bag of birds,	85
Total bag of fish lbs,	85
Longest time of carriers without halt, hours,	1¾
Number of days in Chinese territory,	14
Number of days in Loi territory,	22
Greatest load on pack-horse, lbs,	135
Greatest load on Carrier,	105
Quickest time for packing a horse, minutes,	12
Total cost of expedition, dollars,	364
Cost per head, per day,	3.4
Largest number of carriers,	11
Smallest number of carriers,	4

STORES.

18 lbs	Roast beef.	8 tins	Grapenuts.
4 lbs	Corned beef.	2 tins	Quaker Oats.
12 lbs	Irish stew.	3 lbs	Cocoa.
7 lbs	Bacon.	6 tins	Butter.
12 tins	Sardines.	3 tins	Marmalade.
6 tins	Pork and beans.	5 tins	Jam.
2 lbs	Tripe.	10 lbs	Soft Sugar.
49 tins	Milk.	7 lbs	Cube Sugar.
24 lbs	Sausages.	5 lbs	Tea.
1 pkt.	Corn Starch.	1	Dutch Cheese.
1 bttle.	Mustard.	1 bttle.	Pepper.
2 bttles.	Worcester Sauce.	1 bttle.	Tomato Ketchup.
48 tblts.	Soup.	12 bttls.	Bovril, (4 oz.)
2 tins	Figs.	1 bttle.	Prunes.
50 lbs	Biscuit.	1 tin	Arrowroot Biscuits.
4 lbs	Salt.	1 box	Raisins.
6 pts.	Brandy.	1 bttle.	Whiskey.
1 pt.	Champagne.	1 bttle.	Lime Juice.

EQUIPMENT.

(*a.*)—Survey.

One Sextant, with mercury horizon.
One Pocket Sextant and artificial horizon.
One Watkins Aneroid Barometer.
One Prismatic Compass.
One Clinometer.
One Pocket Aneroid.
One Combined Clinometer and Compass, with Telescope attachment.
One 200-foot Steel Tape.
Two Marking Flags.
Two Telescopes.

(*b.*)—Photographic.

Two Half-plate stand cameras, for plates.
One 5×4 stand camera, for plates.
One 5×4 hand camera for films.

(*c.*)—Camping.

One 40-lb. tent, complete.
Two Camp beds.
One Oil-stove.
Two Kettles.
One Frying pan.
One Saucepan.
One Berlin Kettle.
Three Tea spoons.
Three Mugs.
One Cup and saucer.
One Mediciane Chest.
Two Water-proof sheets.
Two Thermos Flasks.
Three dozen Candles.
One 5-lb. Axe.
Two Hatchets.
One Bowie Knife.
Two Typhoon Lamps.
One Candle Lamp.
Nine Plates.
One Dish.
Six Knives.
Four Forks.
Four Spoons.
Three Bowls.
Bedding.
Two Water-bottles.
One Filter.
261 Boxes of Matches.

(*d.*)—Road.

Two Riding Saddles, English, with bridles.
One Riding Saddle, Mexican, with bridles.
One Pack Saddles, 40 lbs.
Two Pack Saddles, Rocky mountain pattern.
Two Alforjas.
Three Lead Ropes.
Two Halters.
Four Cinching Ropes.
Five Picketing Ropes.

THE BATTERY.

One Winchester repeating rifle, (9 shots), .450.
One Double-barrelled Express Rifle, .450.
One Double-cylinder-barrelled 12-bore.
One Double-barrelled 16-bore.
One Six-shooter, .455.
One Mauser carbine-pistol.
One Loi knife, acquired during the trip.

The Revd C. H. Newton.
Laicheedo.

Laichee Do.

Betel-nut Grove.

Laichee Do

Nam 'Ho

Nam 'Ho.

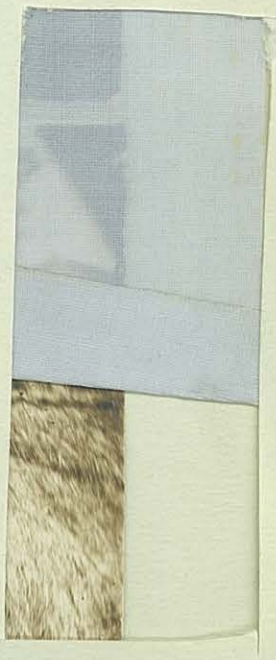
Five Finger Loi Woman
& Rice Store.

The Camp
Nam 'Ho.

"The Five Fingers"
The Thumb in Cloud.

"Throwing the Diamond"
Ja Biang.

Self, Tung Kwas (clanchiefs) + Chinaman.



Toi Sia'm hoi
woman

Near Nam'Ho.
"5 Fingers"
very faint in
background.

Toisia'm Lois.
Kala

ditto.

Fan Hiang.
main Street.

Sang Hoe River.
at
Fan Hiang.
looking
downstream.

Loi Waterwheel.

same
looking
upstream.

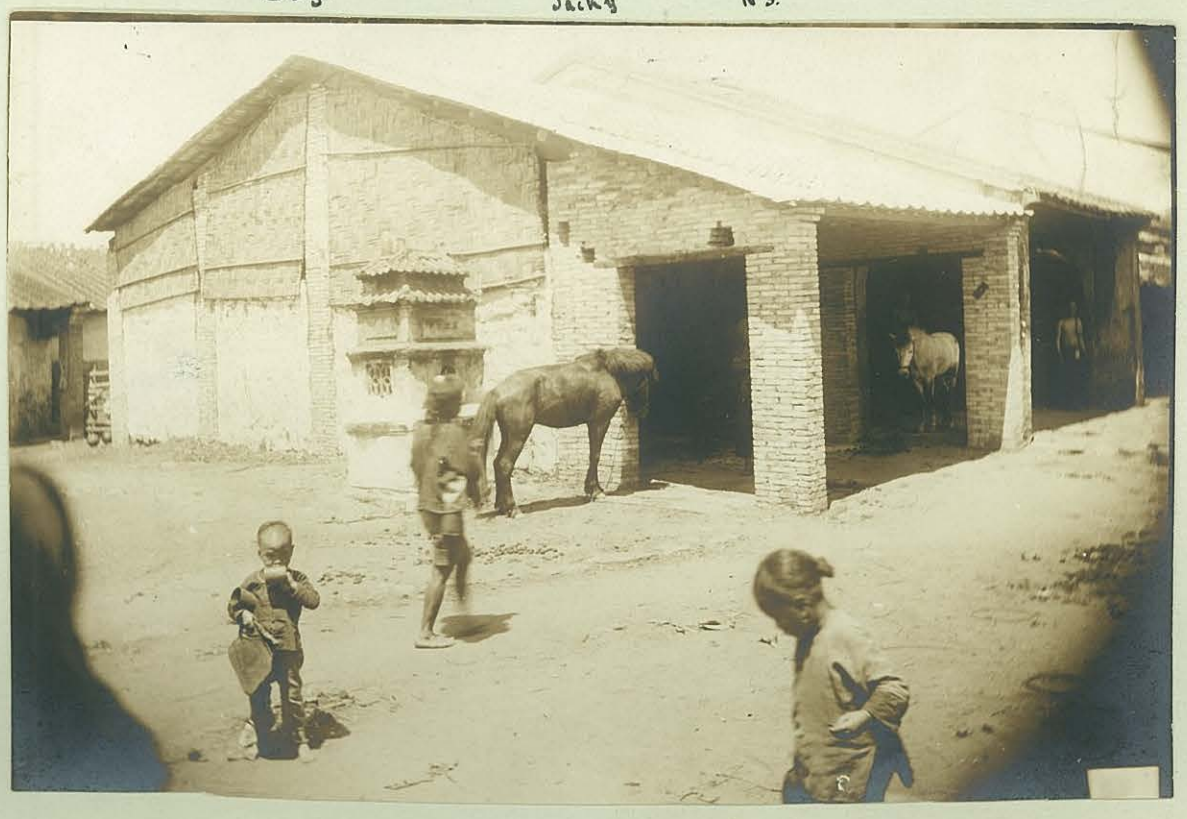
"Packing"
self & N.
"The White"

Sonny.

Nam Fong.

Incinerator. Toi Siám Loi. woman. The Yamen. Bae Twa Loi.

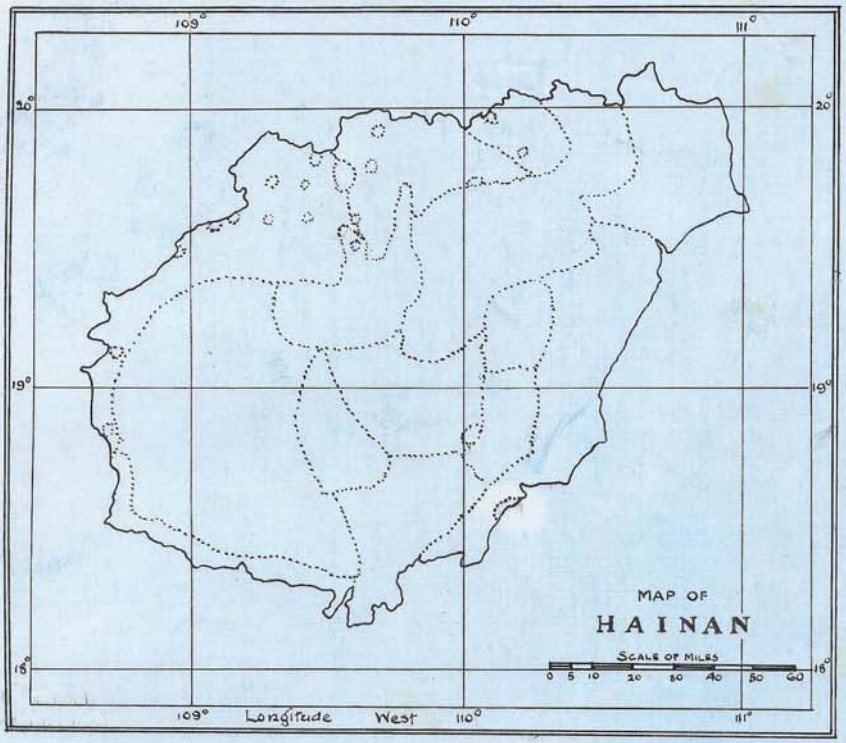
Bay. Jacky N's.



Nam Fong.
christian Chapel.

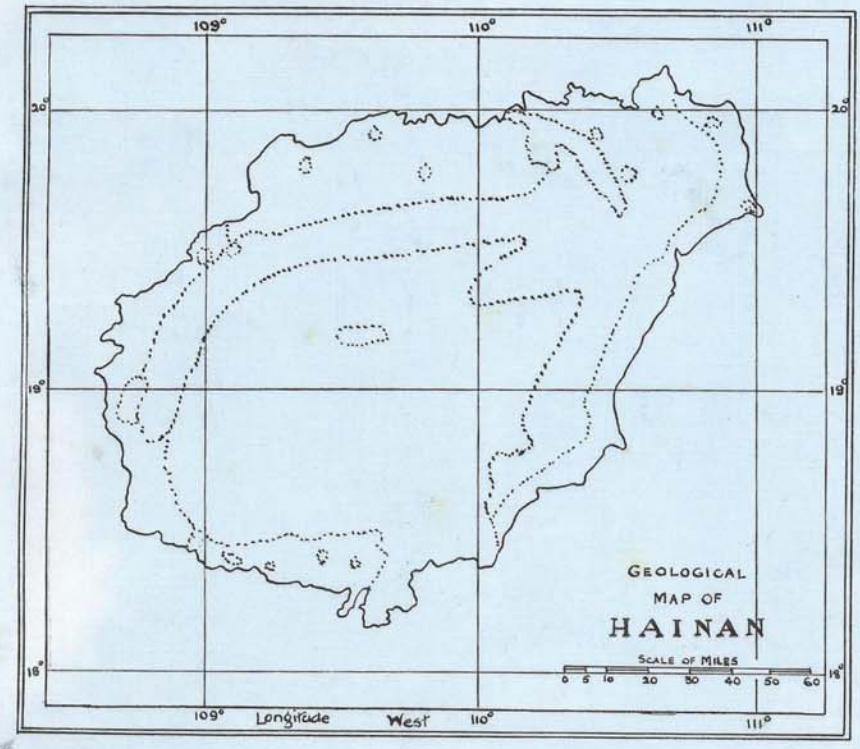
chinese "chesai"

Bay white.



Jack's original map of Hainan Island

Hand drawn in black ink on waxed linen



Geological map of Hainan Island

Hand drawn in black ink on waxed linen

N.W.5.B.

Any further communication should be addressed to—
The Secretary,
War Office,
27, Pilgrim Street,
Ludgate Hill,
London, E.C.4,
and the following number quoted.

Tel. : Central 4021.

WAR OFFICE,
27, PILGRIM STREET,
LUDGATE HILL,
LONDON, E.C.4.

7/W/8/4480 (Medal Branch, A.G. 10.)

20 December 1919

Madam,

With reference to your letter of the 16th Instant I am directed to inform you that according to the particulars supplied by you, of the late Major J de L Simmonds D.S.O. Royal Garrison Artillery his service would appear to have entitled him to the awards of the 1914 Star, British War & Victory Medals.

I am to state that the production and issue of these medals are likely to be spread over a prolonged period, but, when ready for issue, they will be forwarded by this Department to the person legally entitled to receive them, and further application will be unnecessary, unless to notify change of address.

I am,

Madam,

Your obedient Servant,

C. Frith Lt Col
for Director of Personal Services.

Mrs J de L Simmonds
Audleys Wood
Basingstoke

ACV

War Office (A.G.10.)
27, Pilgrim Street
London, E.C.4
7th September 1920.

Sir,

I am directed to transmit to you the accompanying "1914-15 Star" which would have been conferred upon Major J. de L. Simonds, Royal Garrison Artillery had he lived, in memory of his services with the British Forces during the Great War.

In forwarding the Decoration I am commanded by the King to assure you of His Majesty's high appreciation of the services rendered.

I am to request that you will be so good as to acknowledge the receipt of the Decoration on the attached form.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,

P. W. Macdonogh
Adjutant-General.

Lieutenant-Commander H.D. Simonds, R.N.
Audley's Wood,
Basingstoke.

War Office (A.G. 10.)
27, Pilgrim Street
London, E.C.4
21st February 1921.

Sir,

I am directed to transmit to you the accompanying "British War & Victory Medals" which would have been conferred upon Major J. de L. Simonds had he lived, in memory of his services with the British Forces during the Great War.

In forwarding the Decorations I am commanded by the King to assure you of His Majesty's high appreciation of the services rendered.

I am to request that you will be so good as to acknowledge the receipt of the Decorations on the attached form.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,

P. W. Macdonogh
Adjutant General.

Lieutenant Commander
H. D. Simonds, R.N.
Audleys Wood,
Basingstoke.

...His Majesty's Service.

OFFICE

Mrs. L. de L. Simmonds.

Audleys Wood.

Basingstoke

G. 10

Re Jack's medals.

G.S.(D).

Steps have been taken to register the name of the late Major J.de L. Simonds, R.G.A., for the award of the British War and Victory Medals, and the issue will be made to you in due course. No further communication on this subject is necessary unless your address is changed.

The rank held by an individual and the unit to which he belonged on the date of his entry into a theatre of War is stamped on the star, as that is the date on which he became eligible for its award.

Instructions for wearing Oak-leaf Emblems.

The larger size, to be worn with the Victory Medal when issued, will be affixed to the centre of the riband at an angle of 60 degrees from the inside edge of the riband, leaves pointing upwards towards the left shoulder. ~~The smaller will be worn, when in undress or khaki uniform, transversely across the riband, the leaves pointing towards the left shoulder.~~

John de Luze Simonds

The third son (to Louis de Luze Simonds and Elizabeth), John de Luze (Jack), like his elder brother (Gavin Turnbull), was educated at Winchester. I recall my tutor at Magdalen, the Rev. Adam Fox, who was their contemporary, telling me "it was a great shame that your uncle Jack chose to go into the Army, as he was an even better scholar than Gavin". This would seem to be born out by the fact that he achieved the first scholarship on the entry roll at Winchester in 1897.

At school he switched from classics to mathematics and science, and in due course passed into the Royal Artillery. He served with the Garrison Artillery in Malta and later was posted to Hong Kong as ADC to the C-in-C, General Sir Charles Anderson. While there he made, in 1910, his Journey among the Lois of Hainan, of which we still have his diary in its original form, with photographs, and the same printed as a pamphlet. It must have been a strenuous 5 weeks exercise which he relates with a kind of dry and disciplined hilarity.

He was posted to France in 1914 with an Indian Mountain Battery, of which Gavin records “nothing showed more clearly the straits to which British arms were reduced than the despatch of this unit to the front. It did its gallant best, but was wholly unsuited to trench warfare".

While in France he published, privately, a little book of poems, which are strongly reminiscent of Rupert Brooke. An air of romantic melancholy haunts them. I give you two - the second being a prose poem; judge for yourself:

THE DOUBTING KING

Open stands the doorway,
Brightly gleams the fire,
Dark the night without is,
Dark in wood and byre.

In there sits a sparrow,
Flying to the spark,
Soon it goeth forth again
To the unknown dark.

Life is like the sparrow,
Into light we're born

Have our joys and sorrows,
Then of breath we're shorn.

Coming from the darkness
To the dark we go,
Whither, whence, unknowing ¬
God has ordered so.

THE SMITH

A cunning Smith of old wrought in his work-shop, and forged him chains of wondrous fineness: as he worked, he exulted in his pride and sang, saying, "Never was Craftsman such as I." And all the while the chains grew apace. Then at the last he grew weary of his toil and fain would away, but as he sought to go, his chains constrained him. Then laughed he scornfully, and said in his pride, "Of such wondrous fineness have I wrought, that these mighty hands of mine will burst away." Yet when he would tear one asunder, ever another twined about him and withheld him, till perforce he forebore. Thus struggling, strength and pride alike left him, and in the humility of his soul he cried, "There is not one way out". But Death echoed grimly, "One way out".

It is hard to imagine nowadays a young officer engaging himself in poetic composition, but it was very much in tune with the mores of the times.

He returned to the Garrison Artillery, and was awarded the DSO on January 1st 1917 but was killed shortly afterwards at Mazingarbe. I was told many times that a life full of varied talent and rich promise was thus cut short.

He died a bachelor, but the infant Verdery was born shortly afterwards and was christened John in his memory.

Jack was, to the best of my knowledge, the only member of my family before myself to be a Freemason, being a member of the Old Wykehamist Lodge, and the Lodge of St. Peter and St. Paul in Malta.

G. N. S.
no need to keep
D

WINLOED
BERE COURT ROAD
PANGBOURNE
BERKS, RG8 8LB

Tel: (0734) 842003

Mrs. Stanley Trotman
1222 Moor's Hill Road
Laurel Hollow
N. Y. 11791
USA

Dear Susie,

I am so glad that you have now taken charge of Uncle Jack's portrait, and I am sure that your lovely house will be a super background for it.

Gavin said that you would like a simple explanation of who he was and where be fitted into the family. In the simplest terms he was my uncle, which makes him Gramp's first cousin, I have done a much abbreviated "family tree" which explains this. Obviously lots of people are left out for lack of space. I hope it makes sense.

Jack was the third son, ~~and~~ fourth child of my grandparents. Being a well-ordered English Victorian family, the eldest son went into the family business (the Brewery), the second son into the Law (and became Lord Chancellor), the third son into the Army and the fourth (Harry) into the Navy.

Jack entered the Army after being at Winchester College with his elder brother Gavin. They were both extremely bright, and many years later my tutor at Oxford, who was at Winchester with them, told me that Jack was the better scholar of the two and he always ~~consi~~won dered why his talents were "wasted" in the Army.

He joined the Royal Regiment of Artillery in about 1904 and served in various parts of the British Empire as it then was, particularly in Malta and Hong Kong. While in Hong Kong he led an expedition to Hainon where he explored the little know Lois tribes. I have his records and photos of this, and they are quite amusing.

He served on the Western Front in the Great War, winning the Distinquished Service Order and rising to the rank of Major before being killed at Mazingarbe in Belgium while serving with the Royal Garrison Artillery. Sadly he never married so there are no children.

Cont/..

Like other young officers in that war he turned his hand to poetry and I have a nice little book of his poems which are rather attractive. When you are over here one day, I will show them to you.

The portrait was actually posthumous but was considered by the family to be a very good likeness. The medal ribbon of his DSO can be seen on the left of the row.

I think that is about all I can tell you!

I don't know whether the plans have been finalized for Nicky to come sailing with my gang this summer, but I know that they are keen to have him and are counting on him. I hope it works out and that you may be able to come too. Let me know a.s.a.p. so that I can make accommodation arrangements.

Love to you both.

Note:
This letter from Duncan Simonds was written in 1990 to the Trotman family in the USA, to mark their taking custody of the family portrait of his 'Uncle Jack'.

It is thanks to Duncan that the historical documents and maps have been preserved for another generation and that the story remains available to be told.

The original bound book 'Diary of a journey among the Lois of Hainan' with the original photographs and maps, was loaned by Duncan Simonds' family to the University of London, School of Oriental and African Studies in March 2010, exactly 100 years after the story was written, where it is available for review.

Winloed
Bere Court Road
Pangbourne
Berks RG8 8LB

Dear G.

The enclosed photos are a small record of a visit which I paid to the grave of my Uncle Jack (Major John de Luze Simonds DSO) at the Commonwealth War Cemetery at Mazingarbe in North East France.

In this I was hugely assisted by Raymond and Lennie who drove me there and provided all the back-up.

I was very glad to find – as you see from the photos – that the grave was immaculately cared for.

I enclose a poem written by Uncle Jack (strongly reminiscent of Rupert Brooke). You will see that the legend at the base of the headstone is taken from this poem.

The family owe a huge debt to Jack and his peers, so the wreath, and message, which we left there was on behalf of us all.

Yrs D

If I should die, be very full of pride
That I have died for England: shed no tears
Because unhallowed ground enshrines my bones
Think of me rather in some orchard plot
At peace with God, where some tall poplar tree
Uplifts my soul to Heaven – my weary soul
That looks for ever star-wards, nor avails.
For France is hallowed by your English dead
Where blaze the poppies like a scarlet wound,
Sprung from the blood of heroes: yesteryear
They led their little lives in shop and mart,
Thinking no evil and content to live
At peace with all around, but this year
The poppy springs above their grave: a wound
Which they have died to salve. Be very proud,
To number me among the deathless dead.
Along the trench the cornflower shimmers blue
Like eyes bestarred with tears: so long ago
We wore its bloom in pride of victory,
Where called the deep Cathedral chimes to prayer.
Oh the grey walls and warm red tiléd roofs,
The Itchen's purling stream and velvet meads,
Where we have pláyed together - never more
To lie beneath the trees and drink the sun.

J. de L. Simonds. DSO
Died 22nd April 1917 Aged 32