

The Hubert We Knew: a daughter and son remember

Bridget Winstanley & Christopher Jennings*

Keywords

Hubert Jennings, Jennings Family Memoir, Durban High School, Fernando Pessoa, First World War, South Africa.

Abstract

This tribute to the life of Pessoa scholar Hubert Jennings was written by Bridget Winstanley and Christopher Jennings, the daughter and son of Hubert and Irene Jennings. Bridget and Christopher wrote down their memories of a Hubert known only to them; Bridget edited the two texts into a single and somewhat chronological memoir about their father. The resulting text starts with an introduction in the first-person plural by both authors, then switches to the first-person singular—the voice of Bridget, which oftentimes quotes the memories of her brother Christopher, while presenting anecdotes of Hubert’s life across various topics: First World War, love of nature, Hubert as a schoolmaster, religion, encounter with Pessoa, life in England, and Hubert’s own memoir handwritten when he was already ninety years old.

Palavras-chave

Hubert Jennings, Memórias da Jennings Family, Durban High School, Fernando Pessoa, Primeira Guerra Mundial, África do Sul.

Resumo

Este tributo à vida do estudioso pessoano Hubert Jennings foi escrita por Bridget Winstanley e Christopher Jennings, a filha e o filho de Hubert e Irene Jennings. Bridget e Christopher escreveram suas memórias individuais de um Hubert que só eles conheceram; Bridget editou os dois textos, transformando-os num único memorial algo cronológico sobre o seu pai. O texto resultante principia por uma introdução em primeira pessoa do plural dos dois autores, passando à primeira pessoa do singular—a voz de Bridget, que freqüentemente cita as memórias do seu irmão Christopher, enquanto apresenta passagens da vida de Hubert percorrendo vários tópicos: Primeira Guerra Mundial, amor pela natureza, Hubert como professor, religião, encontro com Pessoa, vida na Inglaterra e o próprio memorial de Hubert, manuscrito quando ele já contava noventa anos de idade.

* Bridget Winstanley & Christopher Jennings are the daughter and son of Hubert & Irene Jennings.

We are delighted to have been given this opportunity to express our thanks to Brown University for accepting our father's unpublished work on Fernando Pessoa with such grace and enthusiasm. It is a great comfort to us to have his literary heritage made available to others. We are grateful too for the invitation extended to us to write a few words in his memory in this publication.

Matthew Hart has produced an admirable sketch of Hubert Jennings elsewhere in this journal so we have no need to repeat this. Our purpose is to say a few words about Hubert Jennings seen through the eyes of his two children. Our memories of him have been highlighted, augmented, and taken in entirely new directions by the recent discovery of detailed and revealing memoirs of his life written with remarkable clarity and beauty in the last decade of his long life, begun shortly before his 90th birthday.



[Hubert & his dog Monty, in Dundee, c. 1950-1955; courtesy of the Jennings family]

Hubert was approaching forty when his two children were born in his adopted land of South Africa. We grew up with very little knowledge of his childhood on the edges of London, nor of his experiences in the First World War. Of course we knew that we had a grandmother and aunts in England—indeed these relatives did their very best to keep in touch with us, and Hubert's regular correspondence with them throughout their lives has been preserved. But we did not meet our aunts and cousins until we were adults. He spoke very little of his service in the First World War, although the absence of his left eye was known to be the result of a wound sustained in this war. This disablement was felt by him to be a disfigurement (this was confided to me in a throwaway remark in his old age) but to anyone meeting him, his appearance was always that of a fine looking and well-presented man, despite the glass eye which became obvious on closer inspection.

"I can't ever recall his talking about his experiences in WWI," my brother says, "but can clearly remember him saying to me 'Son, I don't ever want you to fight in a war.'"

When he married in 1933, Hubert had been not only through the experiences of service in WW1 and University education, but he had spent the previous ten years as a housemaster in the boarding establishment of a boys' school, the Durban High School. Hubert was a man of great complexity, as is clear from all his writing, but he was a totally loving father whose passions for literature, education, animals, nature and wildlife greatly enriched his children's lives.

Love of nature

Hubert's love of nature and wildlife began as a very small child living on the outskirts of London, where ponds, streams, woods and meadows could still be found. When he disembarked in South Africa, he found himself in Paradise. Durban was surrounded by thick subtropical woodland, full of birds and animals. Not far away were the Drakensberg Mountains with trout streams and spectacular landscapes. This love of nature and the natural environment were his legacy to his children. He took huge delight in Christopher's interest in ornithology, as he did later in his scientific pursuits. Both of us were taken on camping trips into the wilds, and he and Christopher had a shared interest in fishing mountain streams.

Love of domestic animals, too, was part of our childhood richness, inherited from and encouraged by Hubert. He writes evocatively about the string of wounded or lost birds, dogs and ponies I brought home. Christopher was alive to these feelings too:

I remember Dad listening to the robins singing with the same rapture, I think, of his first hearing a nightingale sing under very different circumstances (see his poem *Hospital Train* [Annex I]). I recall, too, climbing a terrifyingly huge eucalyptus tree to look at the eggs of herons and egrets nesting in the tree, with moral support from Dad on the ground.

Once, when I was about ten, Christopher and Dad sent me along a narrow ledge at the top of Indumene, a mountain near Dundee in Northern Natal, to look into an eagle's nest, to see whether there were any eggs or chicks. I was the only one of us small enough to fit on to the ledge and there was a dizzying drop below. I was terrified but so proud of being part of the Top Team (Christopher and Dad!) that I never thought of refusing.

"Yes, I clearly remember that," Christopher wrote when I prompted him about it:

These magnificent Black Eagles as they were then called (now Verreaux's) were very rare (and even more rare today). We did not of course realize that they could be very aggressive towards anyone approaching a nest with chicks and could have caused huge damage to you with their talons.

No comfort then!

Another important feature of our early lives was Dad's Ford V8. I think he bought it in 1939 just before the war, and there were no new cars available until several years after the war ended. I think we walked up every hill in Natal, following that steaming, gurgling monster which had to have its load lightened in order to have any chance of getting up the hill.

"That's right," said Christopher, who added:

I remember camping at the foot of Shuter's Hill when our exhausted Ford could not reach the summit because its radiator was boiling over. [see Annex II]

Another vivid memory I have about Dad was his deep love for our fox terrier Monty, who I looked after in my last year at University—the only dog allowed to stay at the University Residence!

Christopher is right: he adored his dogs. Dad told me once that he imagined that, when he died, all his beloved dogs—Stranger, a large Irish terrier type dog who came as a stray and was a feature of our earliest life, and Monty, and numerous others he remembered from his boyhood—would come leaping and running to meet him.

The Schoolmaster

Hubert's life was spent in education, as a teacher and headmaster. He was never tempted by expensive private schools, either for himself or for his children, but sought out the best-run state schools with the highest educational standards for both his children. This involved boarding, which he believed in as good

discipline and as a prelude to independence. As a headmaster, he was highly authoritarian and enforced the strictest discipline in a way that is certainly now completely out of fashion. This severe and disciplinarian persona was never seen at home.

Christopher reminds me that Dad's model, whom he deeply admired, was the head of DHS in the years 1910-1930, A.S. Langley. Langley was a fierce disciplinarian, and his son Noel (who achieved fame in Hollywood as the writer of the screenplay of *The Wizard of Oz*) is said to have been beaten by his father just as frequently and ferociously as any other pupil at DHS whose misdeeds came to his attention.

Hubert never achieved his ambition to become head of his beloved Durban High School, but retained links with it that led to his selection, after retirement, to write its centenary history, *The DHS Story*.

"I had two difficult years at Dundee High School when Dad was headmaster," Christopher recalls:

As a twelve- and thirteen-year-old I was physically bullied by some of the eighteen-year-olds because I was the headmaster's son. Although I never complained, my parents probably saw some of my bruises and decided to send me to DHS, where I spent four happy years.

I too spent two years at Dad's school before going to boarding school. But unlike Christopher, I was quite happy. I remember one occasion of a school dance in the hall when, much to my surprise, Dad—the Headmaster!—approached me to dance the first dance with him. Everyone else on the dance floor withdrew and we held the limelight, even doing some jiving, or jitterbugging, as I think we called it, at which I am sure we were both equally bad.

Christopher recalls:

I remember returning to DHS only a few years ago and finding to my surprise that, for most of my father's tenure there, he was the school sports master for their two main sports—cricket and rugby. Although Bridget and I were both excellent swimmers and, in my case, I played rugby at a very high level, I can't remember him actively urging us to greater sporting heights or even coaching us. He really left us to be our own persons.

Christopher mentions yet another memory:

Dad patiently teaching me to play chess and many quiet games, when I realised he was a superb chess player... I later found out that he was seldom beaten in his lifetime.



[Irene, Christopher, Hubert & Bridget Jennings, in Stanger, c. 1940; courtesy of the Jennings family]

Hubert and God

Hubert and his siblings had been brought up in a strongly religious family. I am not sure whether this was Methodist or conventional Anglican. His eldest sister and her husband, as well as his youngest sister, were devout Methodists while the middle sister was an Anglican of the 'high church' (i.e. Anglo-Catholic variety). He was certainly a regular churchgoer in our childhood and ensured that we were both confirmed in the Anglican church. He had an encyclopaedic knowledge of the Bible. But I remember clearly his reading of Strauss's *Life of Jesus Critically Examined* and having long, long private sessions with the vicar at Dundee. By the time he came to live in England in the 1980s, he had lost his faith. I overheard him saying to the vicar who had brought communion to Irene (our mother) at home because she was too ill to go to church, "You don't really believe in this superstition, do you?" I believe that this loss of belief was a crisis deeply felt and deeply thought through.

Encounter with Pessoa

It was the writing *The D.H.S. Story* that led to Hubert's life-changing encounter with the works of the great poet Fernando Pessoa, who had attended the school in the years 1899 to 1904. The opening paragraph of the chapter on Pessoa is perhaps worth quoting in full:

It now falls to our lot to describe a personage who is not only quite unlike any other in the pages of this book, but can also justly be claimed to be unique in the history of literature not only in this but in any other country. Few who saw Fernando Pessoa when he attended the school in the brilliant years, 1899—1904, realised that they were looking at that rarest of the human species, a genius. It is a claim which is made for no one else in this book, and one which the writer would not dare to make in this instance without the strongest evidence and confirmation from the most informed sources.

(JENNINGS, 1966: 99)

Hubert was in his sixties when he first encountered the works of Pessoa, and it is true to say that the poet became his inspiration and almost his obsession until his death at age ninety-four. Hubert himself was an accomplished poet and short-story writer, but, although his writing was occasionally published, he never received the recognition he would probably have enjoyed, had he had the time during a busy working life in education to produce a larger volume of work. Retirement was followed, within very few years, by the commission to write the school history, and this work of more than 300 pages absorbed him totally. His discovery of Fernando Pessoa in the course of writing the history set him on a path which would occupy much of the rest of his long life.

Christopher had more to say about this aspect of Hubert's life:

I remember Dad's frequent reference to his long association, correspondence and friendship with Alexandrino Severino, first by mail, then meetings in person with him, and being invited by Severino to present a paper on Pessoa at the Second International Symposium on Pessoa at Nashville. Mum and Dad called in to stay with us in Oakville (near Toronto, Canada), before Dad went on to the Symposium. I believe some of Dad's research on Pessoa's early days in Durban was passed on to Severino for his doctoral thesis. I remember that he was surprised at being given a standing ovation at the end of the presentation. He thought he was probably the oldest person presenting a paper at the symposium. At the colloquium on Pessoa organised by Patricio Ferrari at Brown University, in April 2015, I was surprised to find out from George Monteiro that he clearly remembered my father presenting a paper at the First Symposium on Pessoa, also held at Brown.

Return to England

Living in South Africa for all of us was a life of ease and privilege, and, until the late 1940s, Hubert was not unduly worried about the lack of opportunity for all of South Africa's peoples, believing that a process of evolution of political rights for all would take place. The picture was changed utterly by the result of the 1948 election, which saw Jan Smuts and his United Party removed from power and the election of the National Party. I remember him sitting up all night listening to the results coming in on the wireless. And I remember clearly his stony-faced but silent distress, as more and more parliamentary seats were lost by the United Party to that of D.F. Malan's Nationalists, who had won on a pledge to introduce apartheid. He was deeply worried by this and foresaw the deterioration of life in South Africa. His poem *Benoni*, reproduced at the beginning of Matthew Hart's biographical paper, reflects this. His hatred of nationalism in any form was frequently expressed. It was his sadness with the increasingly unhappy and turbulent civil and political life in South Africa, exacerbated by Irene's deteriorating health, that contributed to their decision to come to England and live with me in 1981.

Hubert's Memoirs

Hubert's recently revealed memoir, discovered with the archive of material on Pessoa, came as a surprise, even a shock, to Christopher and me. Not only are we introduced in detail to parts of his life that we knew little about, but a man with a deeply complex emotional life emerges. He was not a promiscuous man, but several acutely felt love affairs, both before and after his marriage, are described. It is difficult not to feel, through these descriptions, our mother's pain and distress. But no one who witnessed Irene's last years of physical pain and disability at close quarters can doubt Hubert's love and devotion to her in the end, or hers to him. The inscription on her memorial stone, chosen by him, reads 'Her ways are ways

of pleasantness and all her paths are peace' (Proverbs 3, 17). It was this quality of gentleness and sweetness which trumped all others for him. Christopher writes:

The recent unearthing of his autobiography and his considerable amount of material on Pessoa came as a huge surprise, with insights to aspects of Dad that I knew little or nothing about. Some of it has been quite difficult for me.

His wartime experiences, which he never spoke about, must have been particularly harrowing, and I wonder whether his complex character had not been influenced by traumatic stresses suffered in the wartime trenches. No recognition or treatment of posttraumatic stress in those days! There was a stark contrast between life in the trenches and that back in England (London) while recuperating from his war wounds.

His love for dancing and a party were surprises, as was my realisation as to how beautifully he wrote, and that he was a true classical scholar and a gifted translator helped by his own ability as a writer and poet. Some of his short-stories written for my children and probably Bridget's were delightful, as well as some of those found in his archives. I knew, of course, that he had devoted the latter years of his life to a study of Pessoa but was pleasantly surprised at the reaction and interest of some of today's Pessoaan scholars to Dad's work.

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Annexes

I. Unpublished. Three pages containing the sonnet "Leafy Lanes" and the poem "Hospital Train," written by Hubert Jennings and inserted into vol. I of his memoir *A Cracked Record*, between pp. 57 and 58 (Jennings Archive, John Hay Library, Brown University).

~~ANDERSON~~
LEAFY LANES

Hill Sixty's a flaming furnace on the right;
Behind there's Ypres' gaunt old tower aflare
And all a shrieking growling spurting glare
From Poel-Capelle to Kemmel's blood-stained height.
Scream on, you harrowing shells, snarl and bite!
Yell your demoniac laughter through the air!
Nearer they come.... a chill's in my hair
And then cold fury, yelling spite for spite!

Shivering somewhat was it mine that groan?
There is blood on my puttees some my own...
Quietly lying with an oozing thigh,
Watching the shrapnel plume the darkening sky....
One thought above the ear-drums' throbbing drone:
"The leafy lanes of England by and by!"

1915

THE HOSPITAL TRAIN

Jarring upon the monotonous drone
Of the hospital train, the rasp of brakes
Brought us to standstill. Someone near me makes
His coat a pillow to rest a shattered bone:
Another yells out "Gas!" and choking wakes,
Mutters a moment and then with a drowsy groan,
He like the rest crawls back to sleep's eclilse,
As, all unheeded, down a rattling window slips.

War poured into that train its bitter lees,
The air was rank with tang of drying blood,
Sweat, disinfectant, trench's fetid mud
And taint of mutilation and disease;
When through the open window came a flood
Of freshness, resin-sweet from new-leaved trees...
Spring and whoever thought on the war-torn plain
That we should ever see the spring again?

2

(Hospital Train - continued)

Then breaking the silence fresh sounds grew...
 The muffled moans of others still awake
 Mixed with the murmur leaves new-budded make:
 Then, slowly, a new sound filters through:
 Soft, at first, as the chime of cataract dew,
 Swelling now louder to thrill and shake
 The heart-strings with its passionate ecstasies...
 Spring's found a voice, and all her magic frees.

Sobbing... sobbing made ethereal.... throes
 Of song-birth, softer, softer than the tears
 That fall from a mouldered fount of bygone years;
 Higher, higher, pregnant with fire it grows,
 Bursts, bursts, as the buds burst when April nears
 Into the red blaze of the may-month rose...
 The nightingale that can tears with fire compound
 And turn the rainbow's glory into sound.

Tears have no voice nor water any hue,
 Sunlight no colour has nor laughter words,
 And joy no meaning has till grief touch the chords...
 But when the sun, God's great good laugh, goes through
 The wan and pallid rain, a splendour girds
 The earth and lights the new-washed plains of blue,
 Where joining tears and laughter in its essence,
 Swells out like song the heavenly iridescence.

Falters now and fails that dream-like spell....
 For while the tremors from that golden throat
 Still from the wood in raptured phrases float,
 Soft as the bubbling from a haunted well,
 Suddenly there breaks a sharp demented note,
 Shattering the night with its pitiful yell.
 And then from bunk and stretcher groan on groan
 Arose, telling how well that voice was known.

"One knife, fork, spoon!" A voice on the other side
 Screams out the jargon of the company store.
 "Pants, jacket and boots! Shut that door!
 No, it's my head. Who left it open wide? "....
 He groaned and still was groaning more and more
 Until he scratched his bandaged head and sighed,
 As though puzzled: "I must have chats galore,
 Or else some bugger got a driving pile
 ... and heavy on the tile!"

3

(Hospital train - contd.)

The engine shrills, the madman's frenzied flight
Dies in the rising clamour of the train....
Fades like a dream with the nightingale's strain,
And war that paused in its pitiless might
Hurries on the blind caravan of pain:
A song, a dream, a raving in the night....
Then the machine moves on and all is drowned
In the unrelenting meaningless sound.

o - o- o-o

<A DIRECT HIT> [↑LEAFY LANES]

Hill Sixty's a flaming furnace on the right;
 Behind there's Ypres' gaunt old tower aflare
 And all a shrieking growling spurting glare
 From Poel-Capelle to Kemmel's blood-stained height.
 5 Scream on, you harrowing shells, snarl and bite!
 Yell your demoniac laughter through the air!
 Nearer they come.... A chill's in my hair....
 And then cold fury, yelling spite for spite!

Shivering somewhat Was it mine that groan?
 10 There is blood on my puttees some my own...
 Quietly lying with an oozing thigh,
 Watching the shrapnel plume the darkening sky....
 One thought above the ear-drums' throbbing drone:
 "The leafy lanes of England by and by!"

1915

THE HOSPITAL TRAIN

Jarring upon the monotonous drone
 Of the hospital train, the rasp of brakes
 Brought us to standstill. Someone near me makes
 His coat a pillow to rest a shattered bone:
 5 Another yells out "Gas!" and choking wakes,
 Mutters a moment and then with a drowsy groan,
 He like the rest crawls back to sleep's eclipse¹,
 As, all unheeded, down a rattling window slips.

War poured into that train its bitter lees,
 10 The air was rank with tang of drying blood,
 Sweat, disinfectant, trench's fetid mud
 And taint of mutilation and disease;
 When through the open window came a flood
 Of freshness, resin-sweet from new-leaved trees...
 15 Spring and whoever thought on the war-torn plain
 That we should ever see the spring again?

¹ "eclilse" in the original, a typo.

Then breaking the silence fresh sounds grew...
 The muffled moans of others still awake
 Mixed with the murmur leaves new-budded make:
 20 Then, slowly, a new sound filters through:
 Soft, at first, as the chime of cataract dew,
 Swelling now louder to thrill and shake
 The heart-strings with its passionate ecstasies...
 Spring's found a voice, and all her magic frees.

25 Sobbing... sobbing made ethereal.... throes
 Of song-birth, softer, softer² than the tears
 That fall from a mouldered fount of bygone years;
 Higher, higher, pregnant with fire it grows,
 Bursts, bursts, as the buds burst when April nears
 30 Into the red blaze of the may-month rose...
 The nightingale that can tears with fire compound
 And turn the rainbow's glory into sound.

Tears have no voice nor water any hue,
 Sunlight no colour has nor laughter words,
 35 And joy no meaning has till grief touch the chords...
 But when the sun, God's great good laugh, goes through
 The wan and pallid rain, a splendor girds
 The earth and lights the new-washed plains of blue
 Where joining tears and laughter in its essence,
 40 Swells out like song the heavenly iridescence.

Falters now and fails that dream-like spell...
 For while the tremors from that golden throat
 Still from the wood in raptured phrases float,
 Soft as the bubbling from a haunted well,
 45 Suddenly there breaks a sharp demented note,
 Shattering the night with its pitiful yell.
 And then from bunk and stretcher groan on groan
 Arose, telling how well that voice was known.

² so<d>/f\ter

“One knife, fork, spoon!” A voice on the other side
 50 Screams out the jargon of the company store.
 “Pants, jacket and boots! Shut that door!
 No, it’s my head. Who left it open wide? ”
 He groaned and still was groaning more and more
 Until he scratched his bandaged head and sighed,
 55 As though puzzled: “I must have chats galore,
 Or else some bugger got a driving pile
 [+]³ and heavy on the tile!”

The engine shrills, the madman’s frenzied flight
 Dies in the rising clamour of the train....
 60 Fades like a dream with the nightingale’s strain,
 And war that paused in its pitiless might
 Hurries on the blind caravan of pain:
 A song, a dream, a raving in the night....
 Then the machine moves on and⁴ all is drowned
 65 In the unrelenting meaningless sound.

o – o – o – o

³ A fragment of the original paper is missing (although we can’t see enough to decipher the beginning of the v. 57, we can see enough to know the poem was complete).

⁴ a<t>/n\ d

II. Unpublished. Two pages of a short-story titled "Shuter's Hill," written by Hubert Jennings and inserted (without the initial page) into vol. III of his memoir *A Cracked Record*, between pp. 53 and 55 (Jennings Archive, John Hay Library, Brown University).

Shuter's Hill.

2

With her nose turned downhill, petrol once more flowed into her vitals and life came into the old car again. Hopefully, we turned her up the hill again. Once more she jibbed at the last steep rise. With many a hard word, we repeated the process again but this time we went right to the bottom and pitched camp near a clear and lovely stream. We had arrived there at three o'clock and it was then half-past five. With the tent up, and a meal of black bass, bully beef and tinned pears inside us, we felt better. A light drizzle was falling but we determined to explore a little before dusk. We followed the ~~wxk~~ stream through the wet grass to a little waterfall that chimed in our ears all night and then up the hill to a wattle plantation where we found plenty of dry wood under the trees. Back at our camp, we made a fire and, taking off our wet shoes and stockings, roasted our toes and more literally some potatoes. The warbling of numbers of small birds, the tinkle and sigh of the waterfall, intensified by that odd muting quality of the mist, made the evening a memorable one. Petty worries, chagrins, frustrations, slipped away. It was good to be alive and the birds sang on well after dark had fallen.

The next day, I intended to leave Christopher at the camp and travel light into Nottingham Road to have the pump attended to, or even to buy an electric one, if such was procurable so deep in the country. ^{After} ~~at~~ a few miles, during which the car went splendidly, and remembering other occasions when heat and overwork had produced the same protest, I decided to return and carry on. Christopher was not sorry to have his lonely vigil ended so soon and we loaded up the car and were soon watching with some ^etrpidation her performance up the hill. She went up it, however, without a falter.

Round the winding bends of the Inzinga and over the hill to Garter's, she went without a murmur, refreshed after her night's rest and delighting in the cool misty air. Mrs. Carter

opened the gate for us. She and another lady (her mother, we found) were going to get the post from the tin box by the main road but Christopher had thoughtfully saved ^{them} the trouble by collecting it on our way.

They gave us a simple hearty welcome. We intended to stay for tea only but stayed for lunch and finally for the night. Fred, Chris and I went to the Inzinga at Reg Brooks's place to fish but caught nothing. Drought it was thought had depopulated the river. We spent a pleasant evening discussing Christopher's favourite subject - birds, about which both Fred and Mr Bunting, his father-in-law, were very knowledgeable. As usual, we sat around the fire. The Cater's farm is 6000 feet up and though we have made several visits there at all seasons of the year, I never remember a time when we did not have a fire and were glad of it.

On January 3rd, we left in the mist and were speeding down the road to the Loteni. At the store, we had a few words with that picturesque old ruffian, Jack Christie, while getting petrol and then were soon looking at the Loteni, beautiful as ever, and remembering happy times on its banks. Then up through the cutting and down to the Umkomaas, the valley greener than usual. All the streams, Umzi~~ku~~kulwana, Polela, etc., were clear and low. We knew, however, from report that they were hopeless for fishing.

After Underberg, we came into undiscovered country. The Ingwangane was the most beautiful stream we had seen, full and clear. We could not help stopping there and, if we had not been reasonably sure that the drought had decimated the fish, we would have cast a line there, in spite of the notice, "No fishing."

[Fragment on a fishing trip with Christopher aged 14 or so]

Shuter's Hill.

[2]⁵ With her nose turned downhill, petrol once more flowed into her vitals and life came into the old car again. Hopefully, we turned her up the hill again. Once more she jibbed at the last steep rise. With many a <a>hard word, we repeated the process again but this time we went right to the bottom and pitched camp near a clear and lovely stream. We had arrived there a[-t] three o'clock and it was then half-past five. With the tent up, and a meal of black bass, bully beef and tinned pears inside us, we felt better. A light drizzle was falling but we determined to explore a little before dusk. We followed the <weL>stream through the wet grass to a little waterfall that chimed in our ears all night and then up the hill to a wattle plantation where we found plenty of dry wood under the trees. Back at our camp, we made a fire and, taking off our wet shoes and stockings, roasted our toes and more literally some potatoes. The warbling of numbers of small birds, the tinkle and sigh of the waterfall, intensified by that odd muting quality of the mist, made the evening a memorable one. Petty worries, chagrins, frustrations, slipped away. It was good to be alive and the birds sang on well after dark had fallen.

The next day, I intended to leave Christopher at the camp and travel light into Nottingham Road to have the pump attended to, or even to buy an electric one, if such was procurable so deep in the country. <If>[↑After] a few miles, during which the car went splendidly, and remembering other occasions when heat and overwork had produced the same protest, I decided to return and carry on. Christopher was not sorry to have his lonely vigil ended so soon and we loaded up the car and were soon watching with some tr[↑e]pidation her performance up the hill. She went up it, however, without a falter.

Round the winding bends of the Inzinga and over the hill to <c>/C\arter's, she went without a murmur, refreshed after her night's rest and delighting in the cool misty air. Mrs. Carter [3] opened the gate for us. She and another lady (her mother, we found) were going to get the post from the tin box by the main road but Christopher had thoughtfully saved [↑them] the trouble by collecting it on our way.

They gave us a simple hearty welcome. We intended to stay for tea only but stayed for lunch and finally for the night. Fred, Chris and I went to the Inzinga at Reg Brooks's place to fish but caught nothing. Drought it was thought had depopulated the river. We spent a pleasant evening discussing Christopher's favourite subject—birds, about which both Fred and Mr Bunting, his father-in-law, were very knowledgeable. As usual, we sat around the fire. The Ca[↑r]ter's

⁵ In the document, the pages are numbered on the top margin; here we indicate those numbers within straight brackets, in order to avoid interrupting the text flow. Note our first number is #2, since one page of the short story is missing.

farm is 6000 feet up and though we have made several⁶ visits there at all seasons of the year, I never remember a time when we did not have a fire and were glad of it.

On January 3rd, we left in the mist and were speeding down the road to the Loteni. At the store, we had a few words with that picturesque old ruffian, Jack Christie, while getting petrol and then were soon looking at the Loteni, beautiful as ever, and remembering happy times on its banks. Then up through the cutting and down to the Umkomaas, the valley greener than usual. All the streams, Umzi, Kulwana, Polela, etc., were clear and low. We knew, however, from report that they were hopeless for fishing.

After Underberg, we came into undiscovered country. The Ingwangane was the most beautiful stream we had seen, full and clear. We could not help stopping there and, if we had not been reasonably sure that the drought had decimated the fish, we would have cast a line there, in spite of the notice, "No fishing."

[Fragment on a fishing trip with Christopher aged 14 or so]

⁶ "several" in the original, a typo.