

“Literary Journalism and a Sense of Place”

**The Seventeenth International Conference
for Literary Journalism Studies (IALJS-17)**

May 18-20, 2023

University of Gdańsk, Poland

“Literary Journalism and the Anglo–Boer War”

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JorLitSAF

Protea 2022 Research Project (N° 47491WD)

JorLitsAF

**A Centenary of (Post)Colonial Narrative Literary
Journalism in South Africa and France, 2022–2024**

This project will focus on oral and textual narrative journalistic traditions in both South Africa and France around the time of the Second Boer War (year one) and post-apartheid (year two) periods. It will be triptych in structure, with elements tied to: 1) advancing scientific research on narrative literary journalism studies; 2) forming young scholars in both countries within a still emerging academic discipline; and 3) instructing the practical applications of oral and textual narrative journalism for students and nonstudents alike in the goal of helping them find their voice and recounting the true stories that have affected their lives and those around them. The use of the Boer War and post-apartheid as two specific periods of study are not intended to constrain individual and collective research, nor to be exhaustive in scope, but rather, given the brevity of this two-year project, to establish a temporal framework in which to limit our project's purview and still create ample research opportunities for future scholars to explore.

“Literary Journalism and the Anglo–Boer War”

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The Anglo-Boer War (1899–1902) was the first mediatized war on an international scale, and literary journalism figured strongly among its news stories, either to help promote Britain's New Imperialism or to counter the many dispatches being (re)published around the world that were based almost exclusively on the War Office's heavily-censored dispatches published in the British press or through its wire service, Reuters. From the imperial discourse of journalist-officer Winston Churchill to the narrative-driven nonfiction of Emily Hobhouse and Sol Plaatje, descriptive and engaging eye-witness accounts appeared in open "letters" to the press, in reports to the government, and in personal diaries, accurately capturing portions of the war's jingoistic chauvinism, maligned vainglory, and racial and gender discriminations that were not always present in the columns of the world's dailies. The work of these "accidental" literary journalists both engenders and counters the accepted narratives of literary journalism present in the fin de siècle's "new" journalism and imperial discourse. The following panel will look at the war from competing and complementing global, local, and transnational perspectives: as a macro-journalistic event (Kevin Davie), as an alternative space for documenting black experiences (Lesley Mofokeng), and as a journalistic phenomenon that inaugurated various literary journalistic voices and styles.

- ❖ **“New’ Journalism, Technology and the Boer War”**
Kevin Davie, Wits University (South Africa)
- ❖ **“The Invisibility of Black Experiences and Alternative Literary Spaces during the Boer War”**
Lesley Mofokeng, Wits University (South Africa)
- ❖ **“Transnational Reach/Circulation of Emily Hobhouse: The South African and Anglophone Presses”**
Lesley Cowling, Wits University (South Africa)
- ❖ **“Transnational Reach/Circulation of Emily Hobhouse: The French and Dutch Presses”**
John Bak, Université de Lorraine (France)

“Transnational Circulation of Emily Hobhouse: The French and Dutch Presses”

As did most of the world, the Dutch looked to the British press for stories about the Anglo-Boer War, given London’s monopoly on the telegraphs coming out of the Transvaal. But they also looked to the French papers, whose republicanism they admired. Hobhouse had become quite a celebrity in France in the summer of 1901, and her stories were covered not only in all the major Parisian papers, but also in many of the provisional papers as well, and even in the colonial papers abroad. Translated, reprinted, edited and even written at times, the *Report* was experiencing widespread transmediation in the press and beyond.

“Transnational Circulation of Emily Hobhouse: The French and Dutch Presses”

By April 1901, reports started appearing in the Dutch press about Hobhouse’s time in the camps. In a literary piece entitled “De kampen, der gevangen Boeren” in *Algemeen Handelsblad* (April 24, 1901), the special correspondent stationed at Hyde Park Corner in London, writes of the bluster after news of mistreatment from the camps began circulating:

Very, very sorry! Even if it hadn’t helped at all, how I wish I could have told him a few things, to him, the cause of all that misery. [W. T.] Stead did not mistakenly take Salomé’s word yesterday in answer to someone’s question as to whether nothing could end the war: “Give me Chamberlain’s head on a platter that I may bring it to Kruger and the war will be over.”

.... Miss Hobhouse, who was allowed to visit the camp of Bloemfontein and a few others, which are heavenly compared to that of Johannesburg, as I was told from Cape Town, could not obtain permission to visit the latter...

Clearly, opinion pieces in the Dutch press – that border on being examples of literary journalism themselves – were not shy about the impact of the “new journalism” on their own press.

“Transnational Circulation of Emily Hobhouse: The French and Dutch Presses”

Personal and literary voice of outrage continues elsewhere in the Dutch press. A “Letter” sent from South Africa that appeared in *De Telegraaf* was reproduced in *Het nieuws van den dag*, *kleine courant* (June 14, 1901), and gives the perspective of Boer women about Hobhouse’s work there:

The condition of the women and children in the camps is indescribable. It is the middle of the rainy season, there is much sickness, and those poor sisters are half fed, half clothed and half housed. ...

Miss Hobhouse has been denied leave to go to Johannesburg. The Dutch sisters were not sent there either. What should I do?

Do you know what it means to treat women in this manner? Her strong, pristine health is broken; those strong, healthy children are weakened, and the people, if things carry on this way, will continue to suffer from poor health.

Let one cry go up on the mainland, which must penetrate there where all humanity has not yet ceased.

“Transnational Circulation of Emily Hobhouse: The French and Dutch Presses”

By July, papers like *De Peel- en Kempenbode* (July 20, 1901) began recounting the report’s contents in detail, actually translating from the original Hobhouse *Report*, again, several weeks before French translations began appearing in the Parisian dailies. The article “De Concentratie’ kampen” runs the entire four columns of the front page and spills over into page two. The author, “Red.,” open the piece by quoting Hobhouse’s “A murdered innocence” (“Een vermoorde onschuld”) passage taken from the March 10 entry of the *Report* (page ten):

None helped. The order was: in five minutes we had to be out of the house and seated on a wagon. Before our very eyes, our house, with everything in it, furniture, crops, etc., was burned. The Government school and three other buildings suffered the same fate. Our house had three bedrooms, a dining room, a sitting room and a kitchen. We have lost everything. We were retained for one day and one night at the railway station and then transported in an open railway car for three days. Our farm contained 900 sheep, 36 heads of cattle, 8 horses and 8 donkeys. All this was taken and no receipt or admission of guilt was ever given.

“Transnational Circulation of Emily Hobhouse: The French and Dutch Presses”

While Dutch interest in Hobhouse grew in the spring of 1901 and reached its height in July of that year, the French press only began taking a keen interest in her published *Report* in late June and especially in August 1901, once passages from the *Daily News* were translated into French. But French interests were wide and lasting, with Hobhouse becoming quite the star in the Metropole, even living for some time in the Alps as she penned her book, *The Brunt of the War and Where It Fell*. As would be expected, it was in the Parisian papers that Hobhouse received the most column space.

VERS LE CAMP DE RECONCENTRATION



— Hier nous nous envas plus de importants commença. Je l'ai fait redépart avec les autres
à l'arrivée de nos enfants et à l'arrivée de nos enfants et à l'arrivée de nos enfants...

(Rapport officiel au War Office)

“Transnational Circulation of Emily Hobhouse: The French and Dutch Presses”

In the mass-produced paper *Le Petit Parisien* (Aug. 4, 1901), a long, three-column editorial signed by Jean Frollo was printed, “Les Camps de Prisonniers.” The paper mentions having had covered the camps “several times already,” noting that it is the English themselves this time in the press who “stigmatize English inhumanity.” The article speaks again about the women and children’s deplorable living conditions: suffering the cold, having no mattresses in their tents, and consuming the putrid food and tainted water given to them. “To the[se] physical tortures are added moral tortures,” Frollo quips. The piece concludes similar to that of *Le Petit Journal* a week later: “The civilized world will not be able to read it [the petition] without a shudder of horror and revolt.”

“Transnational Circulation of Emily Hobhouse: The French and Dutch Presses”

By the middle of August, parts of the *Hobhouse Report* had been translated and began appearing, in greater detail, throughout the French press. *Le Petit Journal* (Aug. 16, 1901) had her report as its lead story on the top left column of the front page, the space dedicated to the paper’s editorial stance: “Les Horreurs des Camps Sud-Africains.” It opens with a statement that, though the readers had already heard of these camps secondhand in the dispatches, the editors were going to reproduce entries from the *Report* itself:

These camps have existed for eighteen months. It has already been said that misery was great there, that illness makes frightful scratches there..... An Englishwoman, Miss Hobhouse, has just published an account of her visits to these fiends of hell.

ABONNEMENTS, RÉDACTION ET BUREAU : 10, rue LAFAYETTE, 10, PARIS
UN AN : 10 FR. — 3 MOIS : 3 FR. — 15 JOURS : 1 FR. 50
EN AVANCE
RÉDACTION : 10, rue LAFAYETTE, 10, PARIS
TÉLÉPHONE : 100-101
DÉPARTEMENTS : 10, rue LAFAYETTE, 10, PARIS
TÉLÉPHONE : 100-101

LES HORREURS DANS LES SUD-AFRICAINS

Les horreurs dans les Sud-Africains... Les horreurs dans les Sud-Africains... Les horreurs dans les Sud-Africains...

LA FOLIE M. TUBER

La folie M. Tubert... La folie M. Tubert... La folie M. Tubert...

LE RETOUR DE CHINE

Le retour de Chine... Le retour de Chine... Le retour de Chine...

LES SECRETS DE WHISKY

Les secrets de whisky... Les secrets de whisky... Les secrets de whisky...

LA CRUISE AGRICOLE

La cruise agricole... La cruise agricole... La cruise agricole...

LES SECRETS DE WHISKY

Les secrets de whisky... Les secrets de whisky... Les secrets de whisky...

MARJOLAINE

Marjolaine... Marjolaine... Marjolaine...

LES SECRETS DE WHISKY

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Les rations données étaient les suivantes : deux onces de sucre ; une demi-once de sel ; trois quarts de livre de farine ; une cuillerée de lait condensé ; une demi-livre de viande, avec la graisse et les os. Quelquefois, 7 pommes de terre pour une famille de 7 personnes ! Et de l'eau, contaminée de germes typhiques, qu'ils ne pouvaient faire bouillir, le combustible étant trop rare. Pas d'ustensiles, pas de savon !

Pour préparer la cuisine journalière, ils disposent, comme combustible, de trois petits bâtons de bois, longs de dix-huit pouces, ou encore de menu charbon de terre mélangé à de nombreux cailloux, juste assez pour emplir le creux d'une assiette à soupe. Il devient, la plupart du temps, impossible de faire cuire le pain

Now I must tell you their rations:—

Daily—

Meat, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb (with bone and fat).

Coffee, 2oz.

Wholemeal, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb.

Condensed milk, one-twelfth of tin.

Sugar, 2oz.

Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.

That is all, nothing else to fill in. Once they sometimes had potatoes, seven potatoes for seven people, but that has long been impossible. Soap also has been unattainable, and none given



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MARJOLAINE

DEUXIÈME PARTIE

(4)

CŒURS EN DÉTRESSE

VI (Suite)

La part du pauvre

Brousquet déclara :

— Je vais t'accompagner pour que ce misérable ne te fasse pas de mal. Je te ramènerai tout de suite.

— Je vais avec vous et la pigeonne, dit la bonne Mme Servant.

Sidonie mit à l'enfant un chaud manteau, et tous trois, emmitoufflés, se dirigèrent, suivis de Médor, vers la rue Guillaume-Tell.

Ils marchaient vite. La neige avait cessé de tomber, mais la gelée redoublait, et l'âpre bise cinglait le visage.

De rares passants, le col relevé, hâtaient le pas.

Et il lut, non sans de fréquents arrêts nécessités par la bizarrerie des termes typographiques et de l'argot de métier, qu'il rencontrait à chaque ligne :

Potage polasse
Filets de sole 6 points
Ris de veau en casses
Bœuf cliché sauce Gutenberg
Morasso de champignons truffée de cadrats
Petits pois sur 14 cicéras
Mastic de foie gras
Salade aux espaces fins
Pâté sur galées
Desserts de toutes sortes
Fruits gros œil
Grand ordinaire corps 8
Champagne Cran-Dessous

— Du diable si j'y ai compris un mot ! affirma Brousquet en rendant le menu à Frédéric. Enfin, si c'était bon, c'est le principal... En tous les cas, la nomenclature

“Transnational Circulation of Emily Hobhouse: The French and Dutch Presses”

If her *Report* gradually faded into the annals of history, Hobhouse’s name lasted for decades – lending support to the polemical notion that the shelf-life of all literary journalism is wholly dependent on the longevity of the literary journalist who wrote it. Churchill understood this, as did Hemingway and Wolfe after him. To demonstrate this lasting presence for Hobhouse, one need look no further than a story published a couple years after the publication of her *Report* in the French paper *La Justice* (23 Feb. 1903). “Miss Emily Hobhouse has just arrived in Paris,” the article opens. “Do you know who this valiant woman is whose name perhaps, if not her actions, remain in a corner of your memory?":

“Transnational Circulation of Emily Hobhouse: The French and Dutch Presses”

“The report she wrote after this investigation is one of the most memorable documents on these events. It caused a universal sensation. She aroused charity and indignation. History had seen women improvise as warriors in the desperate defense of their peerage. It is the first time that a woman has stood up in the midst of the fanaticism and furious anger of her people to testify to her love and admiration for the enemy! In this way, modestly and without brilliance, Emily Hobhouse was a Joan of Arc of pity and peace, as pure, as great as the other.”

Edmond Rostand, author of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, even wrote a ballad about Hobhouse, which he gifted to her at Christmas 1901:

When a noble people, distraught
By a wind of infamous lies,
By trampling on the violated right
Diminishes and defames itself,
You can see in a woman's heart
Take refuge for a while
The pride of the old banner.

Miss Hobhouse is a charming heart.
[....]



Sol T. Plaatje and The Mafeking Diary



- **“The Invisibility of Black Experiences and Alternative Literary Spaces during the Boer War.”**
- Presented by Lesley Mofokeng, University of the Witwatersrand, South Africa
- IALJS-17. University of Gdansk, Poland. 20 May 2023

Introduction

01

A 22-year-old court interpreter and typist for Charles Bell, the resident magistrate in Mafeking, fluent in several African languages and English, Dutch, German and Afrikaans.

02

Diary typist for the magistrate and Boer War correspondents, also coordinating dispatch runners. In the middle of the information superhighway.

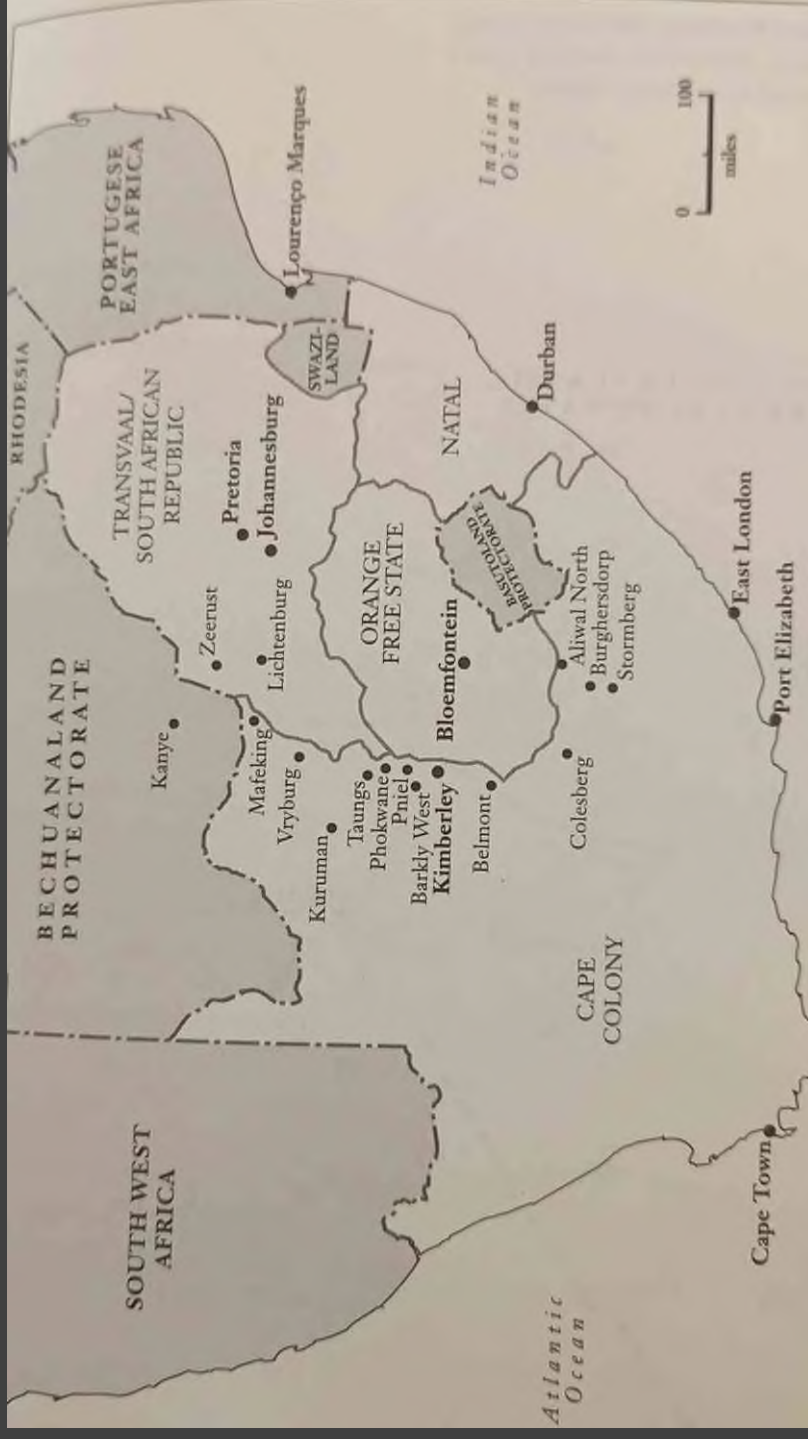
03

Diarist documenting the Black experience in the Stadt/location and town during the Mafeking Siege of October 1899 to March 1900 an episode of the Boer War.

Literary Journalism and a Sense of Place.

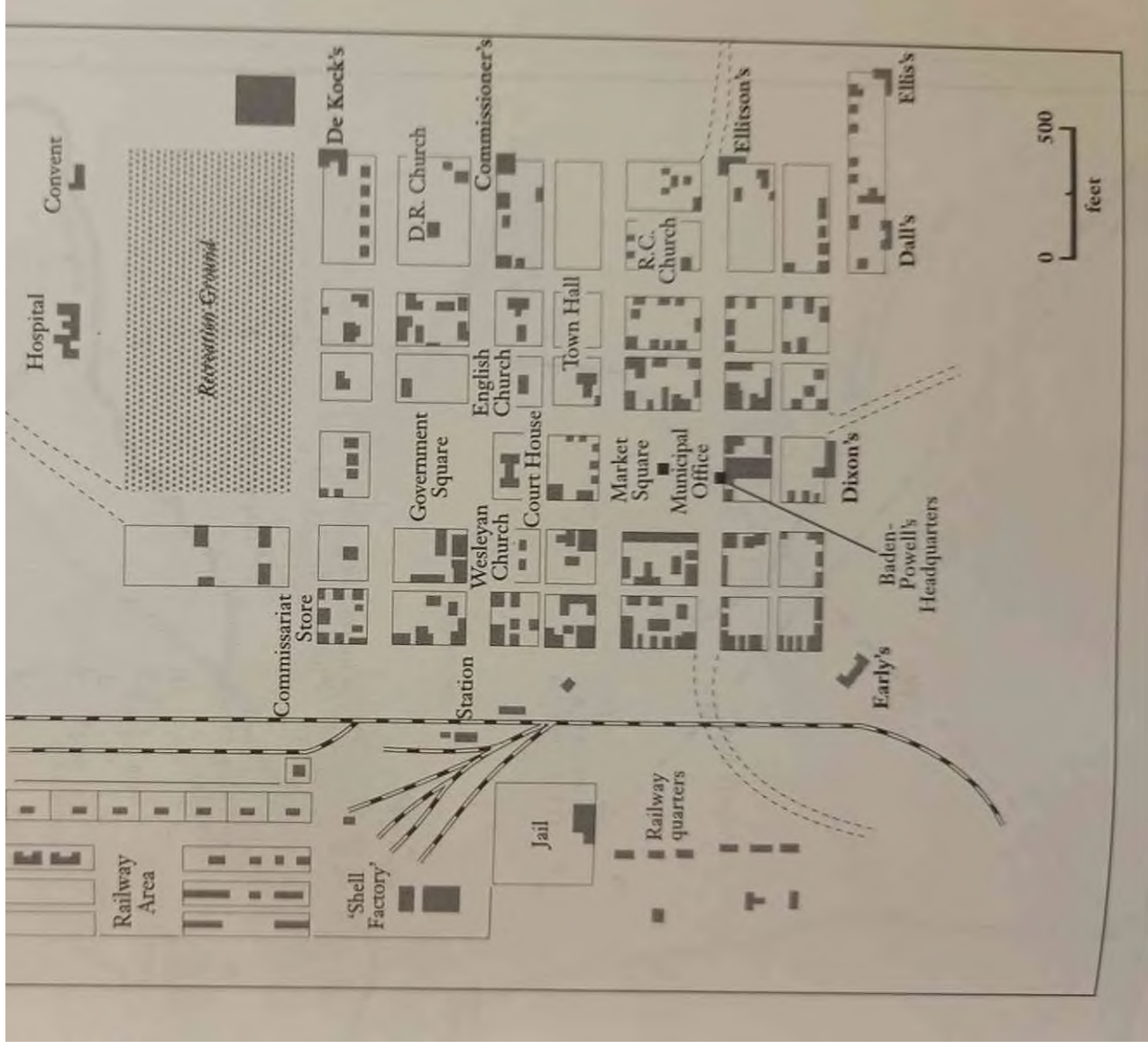
- In the Shadow of Death: Sol Plaatje's literary account of a place during the Mafeking Siege of 1899 to 1900.
- The Mafeking Diary as an account of the Black experience of the "White man's war": *"Apart from the Diary's being one of the most literate texts written under wartime pressures, it represents... the participation of black soldiers and civilians."* – Jane Starfield. *"If one needed to disprove the notion that this was "a white man's war," Plaatje's published diary was perhaps the single most striking piece of evidence available."* – Brian Willan.
- Discovered and published for the first time 50 years ago in 1973, it wrote the Black experience into history and retold the narrative of the Boer War or South African War. Starfield notes that assertions of the war's whiteness, by Colonel R. S. S. Baden-Powell inter alia, are now recognised as past fiction.
- The language and style used by Plaatje elevates the Diary into the realm of literary journalism – through the use of fictional elements of immersion, characterisation, dialogue and scene by scene setting.

SOUTH AFRICA 1899 - 1900



Literary Journalism and a Sense of Place.

- The diary and a sense of place: Mafeking versus Mafikeng (a place of stones and a place of mafficking). Mafikeng has never been cursed with being a Boer laager, it still bears the name given it by Tau's band of Barolong who came from Lake Ngami in about 1750. These West Transvaalians ought to remember that Mafeking has always held her own against becoming Dutch - Plaatje
- A South African phenomenon of separate spatial planning. Stadt/Location versus Town. Black versus White.
- "Plaatje illustrates the ways in which space became racialised under this suddenly intensified colonial control during the Siege. Race and space became inflected, as markers of social difference between the two Mafekings: black and white." - Starfield



Literary Journalism and a Sense of Place.

- Barolong Stadt was the initial Mafikeng which Molema and followers settled in the mid- 1860s.
- When writing about colonial spaces, Frantz Fanon notes: “The colonial world is divided into compartments... it is cut in two... The zone where the natives live is not complementary to the zone inhabited by the settlers. The two zones are opposed, but not in the service of higher unity. The settlers’ town is a strongly built town, all made of stone and steel. It is a brightly lit town. It is a well-fed town, an easy-going town, its belly is always full of good things. The settlers’ town is a town of white people, of foreigners.”
- “The town belonging to the colonised people is a place of ill fame, It is a world without spaciousness, men live there on top of each other. The native town is a hungry town, starved of bread, of meat, of shoes, of coal, of light. The native town is a crouching village, a town on its knees, a town wallowing in the mire.”



Literary Journalism and a Sense of Place.

- Kevin Davie asks: How does one cope with incoming artillery shells sufficient to vaporise a horse or crush human skulls and mangle bodies into bits of flesh, all against the incessant rattle of enemy rifle fire from not much more than a mile away? How do you deal with this, on a sustained 217-day basis, while managing to write – brilliantly – about this hell on earth?
- Plaatzje paints the picture of a town besieged, in the shadow of death:
- I was roaming along the river at 12 o'clock with David yesterday when we were disgusted by the incessant sounds and clapping of Mausers to the north of the town and all of a sudden four or five 'booms' from the armoured train quenched their mettle. P28
- A shell burst while I was at the residency where I always feel comfortable even if the alarm-bells go. It flew overhead and travelled for miles away in a north-westerly direction. P62
- While we were in the plain between the town and our village we observed some heavy firing to the south of the Stadt, at the foot drift we were met by several women, who said they were nearly all hit by Mauser bullets while rooting "lichachane" (a tree) for fuel. They had to come home minus the wood during a hail of bullets, every one of which fortunately missed them. P62
- Mma-Mokoloi died today in hospital. This has been an unfortunate day for both man and beast. Two horses were wounded in town, three cows and a goat killed near the Stadt, and Mr Bell's cow received a Mauser bullet in her neck. Poor dame! This is the second Mauser on the neck since the Siege. P88
- Christmas festivities in a under attack: Pretty well-dressed young men roaming up and down the village and happy voices of hundreds of merry girls to the east and west made me wish I was able to rise and admire the proceedings. P 76

Literary Journalism and a Sense of Place

- The African experience of the Siege: Africans received the worst and least of the rations and were increasingly policed as they entered and left white Mafeking. Their roles and sufferings in this 'white man's' Siege were never fittingly acknowledged. Even Baden-Powell's decision (after a census which Plaatje helped administer) to expel as many Africans as possible from the town, in order to save rations for white Mafeking. - Starfield
- On 27 February, a decision was taken that as many women and children Stadt-dwellers as possible would be taken under cover of darkness to Kanye in the Bechuanaland Protectorate [modern-day Botswana]. Plaatje helped to organise the exercise, believing that these deportees would find better treatment in Kanye, and escape the war. However, as the Editors state, 'hundreds perished in the attempt to escape'. By 6 pm, about 900 men and women had gathered near the railway bridge (symbolically separating white Mafeking from the Stadt). Plaatje recorded in horror that this was the first occasion on which he had seen '... horseflesh ... being treated as human foodstuff. Even the wagonload of it brought to feed the multitude was insufficient. The attempted escape later that evening proved abortive. Plaatje's description of it is a bitter tour de force. - Willan

The Diary as an alternative literary space

- Brian Willan argues for a closer look at the text of the Diary and the author in order to “address what are perhaps some more traditional literary concerns: literary form and the influence of literary models.” He notes that unlike many of Mafeking’s other diarists, Plaatje went beyond the mere recording of the progress of the siege. He experimented with both vocabulary and narrative form, indulged in word play or elaborate, convoluted sentences, constructed elaborate metaphors drawing on a variety of sources for inspiration such as the Bible and music. Furthermore, Willan shares that the Diary draws upon memories and influences as dictated by “place” in the earlier phase of Plaatje’s life, such as when he lived at the Pniel mission station.
- The Diary is mostly written in English, but Plaatje frequently used words and phrases from Dutch, Setswana, Sesotho, isiXhosa and isiZulu. Willan identifies this as “textual characteristics that shed light both on the way it was written and the wider use to which it could be put.”
- Willan says Plaatje used the Diary to reflect upon his personal situation self-consciously. Some entries depict one scared for his life or pitying himself for the place he finds himself in, “conscious as he was of the contrasts between life before and life during the siege.”
- John Comaroff identifies the Diary as ‘a modernist work and Plaatje a writer who, in moving between many literary forms, anticipated the current concern, in cultural studies, with hybridity; hybridity, that is, both as an intrinsic feature of human subjectivity under colonialism and as a characteristic of literary production.

The Diary as an alternative literary space

- Starfield agrees with Willan that the diaries produced during the Mafeking Siege “are almost a sub-category of the diary genre.” She explains that these diaries “appear to have been written by people possessed of a profound sense of historicity. Events unfolding before their eyes, or nearby, were - they felt - momentous to themselves, to the country and the world, and must be recorded.”
- Plaatje may have been inspired by the large number of journalists who began representing Mafeking to the rest of the world to record his own impressions of the Siege.
- Starfield calls reading the Diary “encountering” Plaatje’s gifted analytical, aesthetic and descriptive prose. This, she posits, makes it “one of the Siege’s most important records”, a rare account as being perhaps the only surviving diary of any war-time black South African. “Plaatje’s observations and interpretations of British and Boer policy are both rare and meaningful.”
- Starfield tends to agree with Willan that the Diary was a work in which Plaatje honed his writing style, however the Diary was no mere stylistic copybook, it recorded a hidden history that eluded other diarists. The strength of Plaatje’s writing was in the fact that Plaatje “knew many of those involved personally and tried to convey their plight with empathy and outrage. His account is one of few to understand the broader significance of their predicament for the Barolong-booRatshidi as a whole.”
- Kevin Davie stacked up the Diary and argues that “immersion and characterisation are often seen as two of the building blocks of good non-fiction storytelling. Plaatje was immersed in his story, if involuntarily. He tells us enough about himself and life under the Siege for us to engage with his fears and concerns, he being one of the principal characters in the drama, the other being ‘Au Sanna.’”

Conclusion

- Willan makes the poignant observation that “above all, it can be argued, Plaatje used the Diary to give shape to a particular view of the world. To demonstrate—to himself if nobody else—that his memories, his experiences, his observations, his views, provided as valid a frame of reference as anybody else’s, not least that of his white fellow citizens in Mafeking who were likewise busy putting pen to paper. In doing so he displayed a remarkable degree of self-confidence and precocity for one so young.”
- So one can indeed suggest, in the light of this, that Plaatje did use his diary, although he may not have intended, to help shape new forms of identity for himself, drawing from past memories and present circumstances to create a new literary persona.
- Intentionally or not, Plaatje made the Black Experiences of the Boer War visible and the Diary stands as an artefact and an alternative literary space.

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Thank you.

Ke a Leboga.
Ke a Leboha.
Ndza Khensa.
Ndo Livhuwa.

Ngiyabonga.
Ndiyabulela.
Dankie.

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lsleymofokeng@gmail.com

Emily Hobhouse

Determined activist, accidental journalist

- A clergyman's daughter, who lived at home until age 35
- Part of the educated upper class
- Christian, pacifist and part of the Liberal movement in Great Britain
- Through her networks, had links to government officials, members of parliament and the liberal press
- Became active in worker and women's organisations in the 1890s



Formal war began on October 11, 1899. Very heavy casualties on both sides.

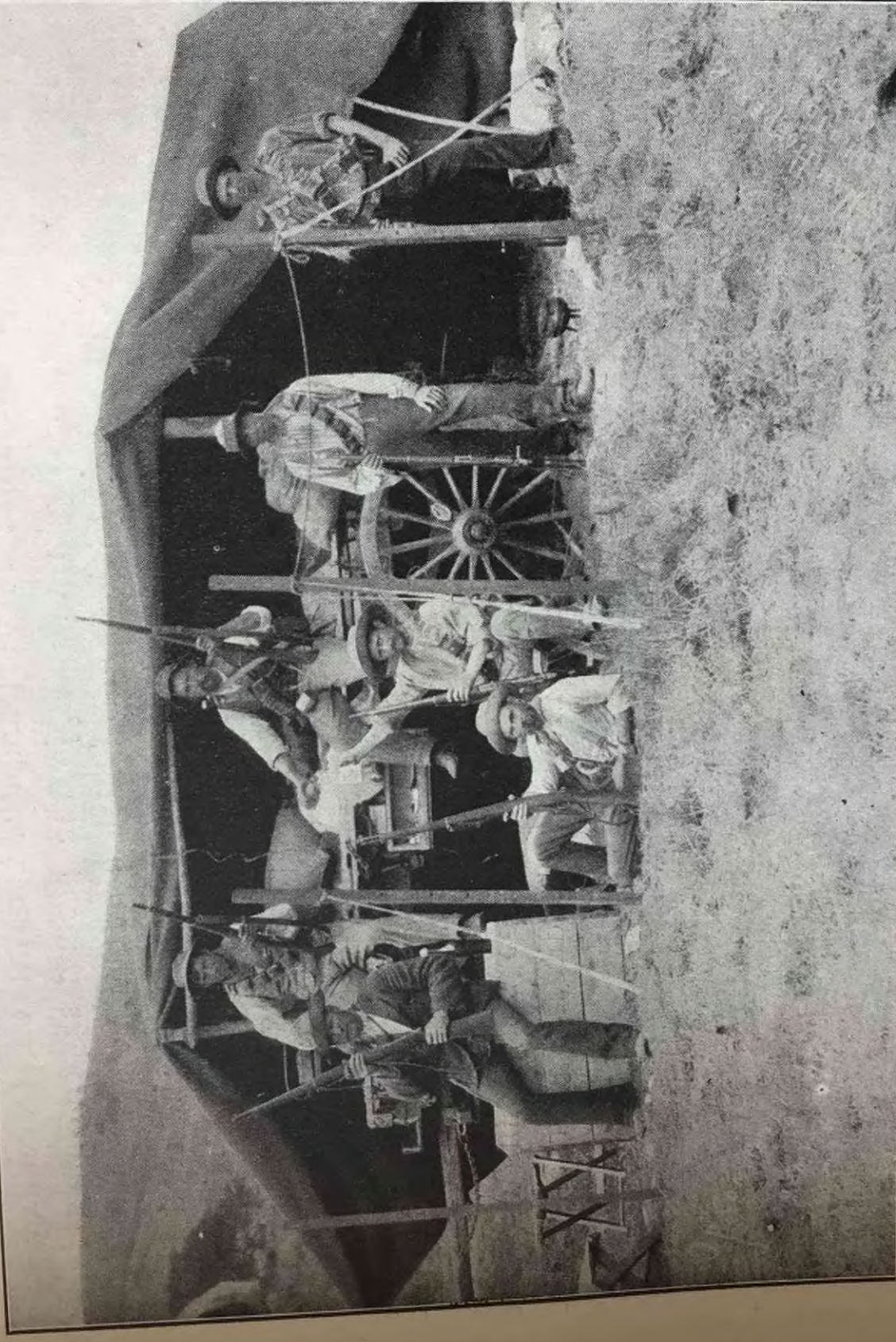
By 1900, British had taken the major cities of the Boer Republics but faces a guerrilla insurgency.

Scorched earth policy began.

Boer women and children and indigenous people transported to camps

Nov.—Dec. 11, 1899.]

Composition of the



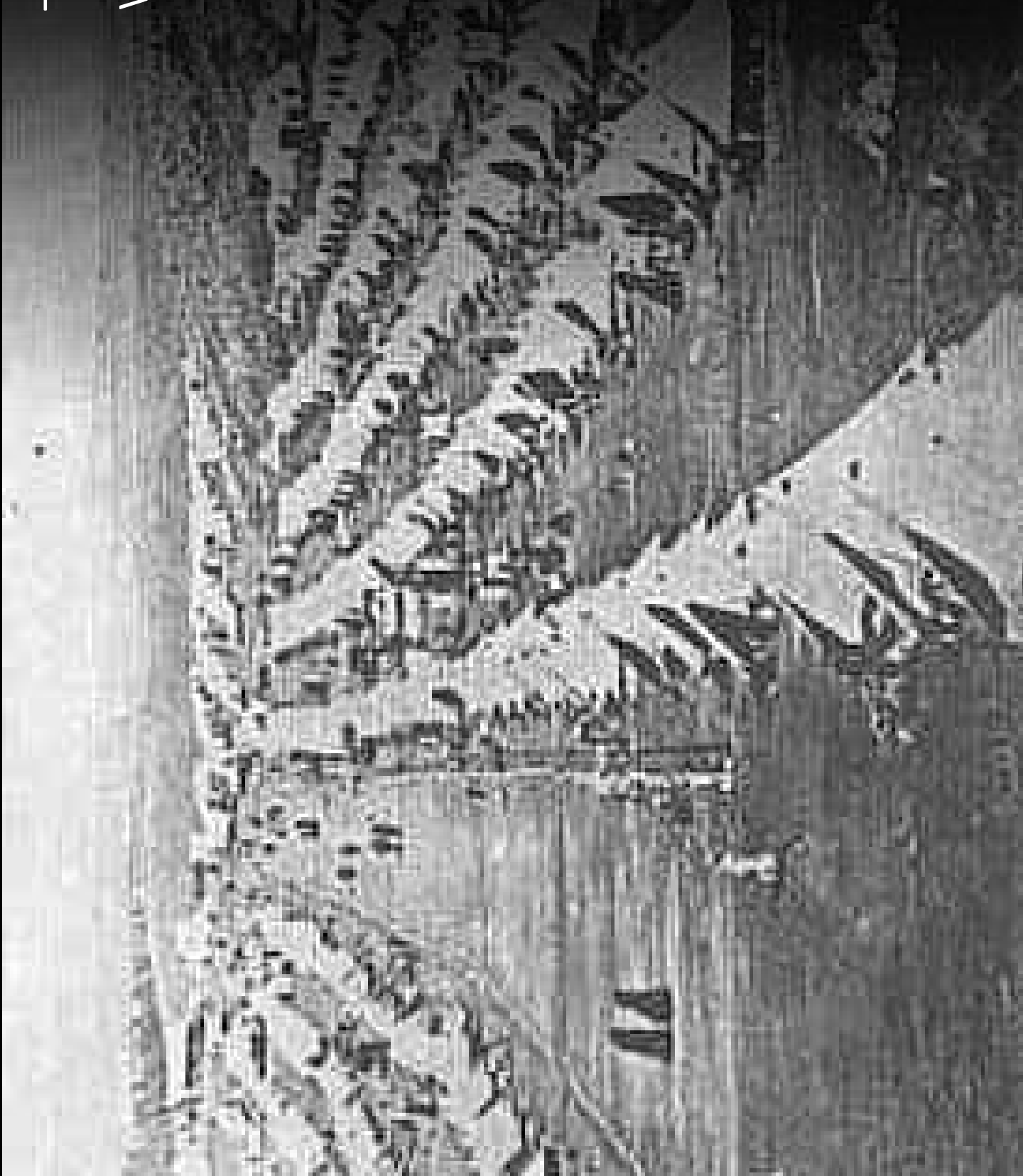
[Photo by Van Hoepen.

SOME OF THE MEN WHO KEPT US OUT OF LADYSMITH.

Boer farmers with their servants encamped on a hill overlooking the town.

The Distress Fund for women and children

- News of scorched earth and «concentration camps» filters into Britain.
- Coverage of farm burnings in the press, from soldiers' letters and despatches from correspondents embedded with troops.
- Very little coverage of the camps.
- EH forms a committee of women to offer humanitarian assistance to women and children.
- Hobhouse sails for South Africa and spends the first part of 1901 visiting camps in the Orange Free State.
- In June, she publishes a report on the camps, has it distributed to Parliament, and excerpts are published by liberal press.
- This causes a national uproar and global outrage

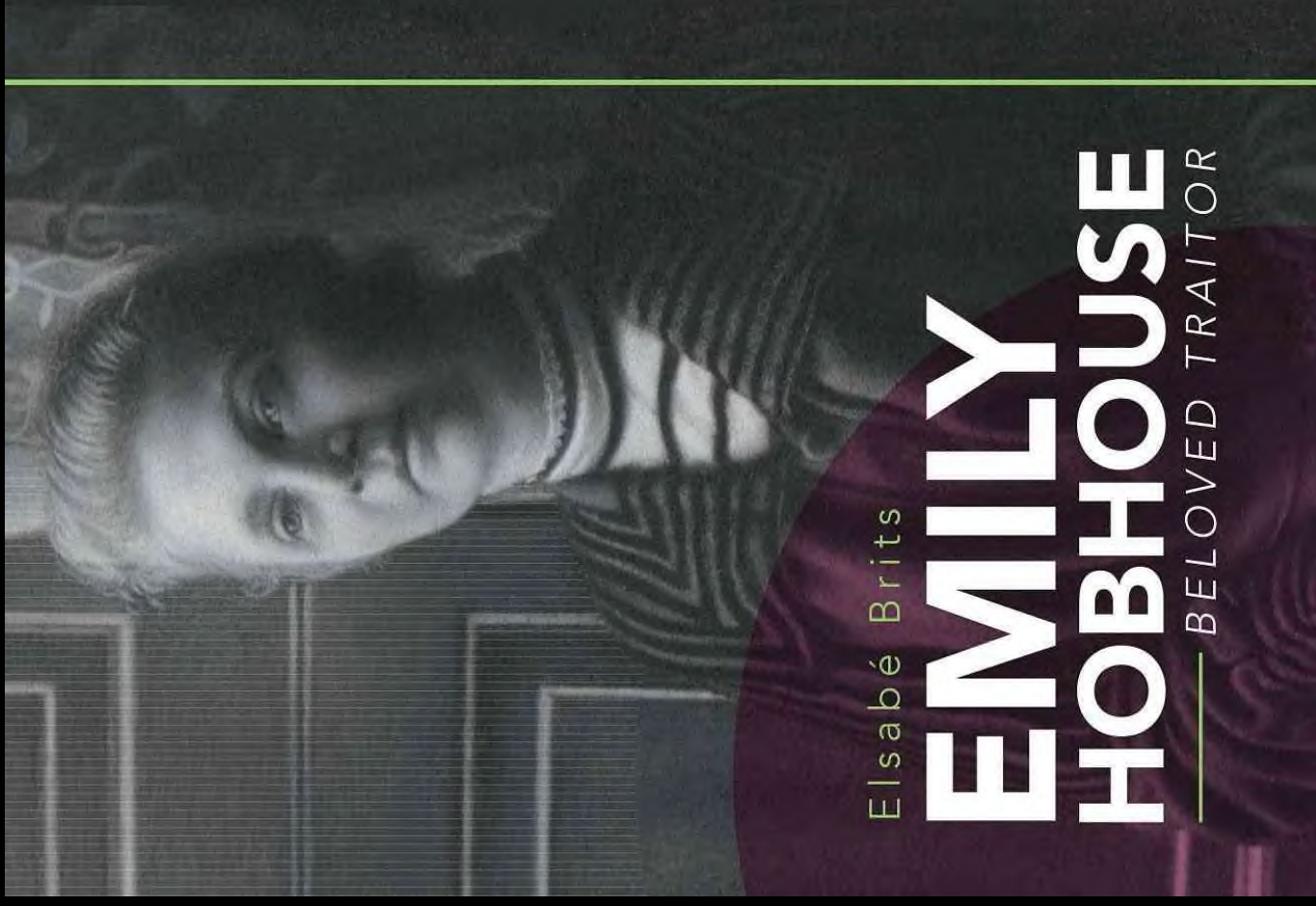


- An influential figure in public opinion
- A kind of angel of mercy to the Boers
- A feisty activist and feminist

What hasn't been studied is the ways in which her writing made her influential.

We looked at:

Her process: how she gathered her material, how she wrote it, how she is prepared it for public consumption
Her circulation through the global media: Where she was published and what was published



The Accidental Journalist

Hobhouse wrote daily accounts of her experiences in the camps as letters

She was advised by her brother and aunt NOT to let anything appear in the newspapers, so she was not writing as a war correspondent

She was aware that she was keeping a record, and that parts of the letters would be shared with the committee and fellow activists.

She published a “report” when the Minister for War failed to act on the camps.

To the Committee of the Distress
Fund for South African Women
and Children.

REPORT.

BY
EMILY HOBHOUSE

PRICE THREEPENCE.

THE CONCENTRATION CAMPS.

MISS HOBHOUSE'S REPORT.

Miss Emily Hobhouse, who went to South Africa last December to visit the Concentration Camps on behalf of the South African Women and Children's Distress Fund, has now sent her report to the Committee, who have forwarded to us an advance proof. In view of "the changing condition of the camps," Miss Hobhouse writes, "It is hardly possible to draw up an ordinary conventional report." Her account of what she has seen is therefore given in the form in which it "was written down day by day"; and in fact consists of portions of a series of letters extending over the three months from January 22 to April 22. To this is appended an important series of recommendations for the reform of the camps, and finally, as a lengthy appendix, a series of statements taken down from the Boer women and children themselves. The following extracts from the letters are representative:—

JANUARY 22.

I had a splendid truck given me at Capetown, through the kind co-operation of Sir Alfred Milner—a large double-covered one, capable of holding 12 tons. I took £200 worth of groceries, besides all the boxes of clothing I could muster. The truck left Capetown the day before myself, was hitched on to my train at De Aar, and so arrived when I did. The first thing next day was to go down to the goods station, claim

Reporting and writing process

- Immersion and witnessing
- “Word pictures”
- Descriptive details
- Sentiment
- Humour
- Collecting data
- Occasional “adventure” anecdotes

I.—REPORT AND EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

As I have been acting as your delegate in South Africa I am anxious to submit to you without delay some account of the Camps in which the women and children are concentrated, and to put before you the need for further effort on their behalf. By the kind permission of Lord Milner and Lord Kitchener I have been enabled to visit a certain number of these Camps, investigated the needs of the people and arrange for the partial administration of the Fund with which you entrusted me.

Considering the changing condition of the Camps, it is hardly possible to draw up an ordinary conventional report. It would seem better to place before you what was written down day by day, as it was seen and as it happened. Here and there foot-notes point out alterations or improvements of later date. By this means some faint picture may be presented to your minds of what is being undergone by the weaker members of two whole countries. Some suggestions are appended which, if adopted, would go far, in my opinion, to alleviate the conditions of life in the Camps during the months or years they may be maintained.—I have, etc.,

E. HOBHOUSE.

ing them. It is very hot. I think the essence of delightful work is when you quite forget you have a body, but here the heat keeps you in constant recollection that you are still in the flesh, and it's a great hindrance. I did not have a bad journey from Capetown, though it was rather a lonely one. Going through the Karoo it was very hot, and the second day there were horrible dust-storms, varied by thunder-storms. The sand penetrated through closed windows and doors, filled eyes and ears, turned my hair red and covered everything like a tablecloth. As far as extent and sweep of land and sky go the Karoo is delightful, but it's a vast solitude, and in many parts the very plants grow two or three yards apart, as if they shunned society. From Culesberg on it was a desolate outlook. The land seemed dead and silent as far as eye could reach, absolutely without life, only carcasses of horses, mules, and cattle, with a sort of acute anguish in their look, and bleached bones and refuse of many kinds. I saw a few burnt farms, but those unburnt seemed still and lifeless also, and no work is going on in the fields. Really, the line the whole way up is a string of Tommies, yawning at their posts, and these always crowded to the carriage windows to beg for newspapers, or anything, they said, to pass the time. I gave them all I had, and all my novels.

On wet nights the water streams down through the canvas and comes flowing in, as it knows how to do in this country, under the flap of the tent, and wets their blanket as they lie on the ground. While we sat there a snake came along, they said it was a puff adder, very poisonous, so they all ran out, and I attacked the creature with my parasol. I could not bear to think that a thing should be at large in a community mostly sleeping on the ground. After a struggle I wounded it, and then a man came with a spear and finished it off.

Mrs. P. is very brave and calm. She has five children, ranging from fifteen down to two years, and she does not know where any one of them is.* She was taken right away from her husband; her husband is in detention of some kind at Bloemfontein, but not allowed to see her.

She expects her confinement in about three weeks, and yet has to lie on the bare ground. I find she is stiff and sore, and she has had nothing to sit on for over two months, but must squelch herself on a rolled-up blanket. I felt quite sure you would like her to have a mattress, and I asked her if she would accept one. She did so very gratefully, and I did not rest yesterday till I got one out to her. All her baby linen was left behind at home, but all is lost. This is by no means a rare case, quite ordinary, among hundreds and hundreds. The women are wonderful. They are very little and never complain. The vast magnitude of their sufferings, indignities, humiliations, and anxiety seems to lift them beyond tea



Fortunately, I had a night-dress in my bundle to give her, and two tiny baby gowns.

Next tent, a six months' baby gasping its life out on its mother's knee. The doctor had given it powders in the morning, but it had taken nothing since. Two or three others drooping and sick in that tent.

Next, child recovering from measles, sent back from hospital before it could walk, stretched on the ground, white and wan, three or four others lying about.

Next, a girl of twenty-one lay dying on a stretcher. The father, a big, gentle Boer, kneeling beside her; while, next tent, his wife was watching a child of six, also dying, and one of about five drooping. Already this couple had lost three children in the hospital, and so would not let these go, though I begged hard to take them out of the hot tent. "We must watch these ourselves," he said. I sent — to find brandy, and got some down the girl's throat, but for the most part you must stand and look on, helpless to do anything, because there is nothing to do anything with.

Then a man came up and said: "Sister" (they call her "Sister," or "Di Meisie van England"), "come and see my child, sick for nearly three months." It was a dear little chap of four, and nothing left of him but his great brown eyes and white teeth, from which the lips were drawn back, too thin to close. His body was emaciated. The little fellow had craved for fresh milk; but, of course, there had been none till these last two days, and now the fifty cows only give four buckets, so you can imagine what feed there is for them. I sent — for some of this, and made him lay the child outside on a pillow to get the breeze that comes up at sunset. I can't describe what it is to see these children lying about in a state of collapse. It's just exactly like faded flowers thrown away. And one has to stand and look on at such misery, and be able to do almost nothing.



members of the great flock of the future, as shown from his work upon the blue, purple and orange which are abundant near the bottom.

His color palette is composed of a few colors, but they are used in such a way that the effect is very rich and varied. The colors are used in such a way that the effect is very rich and varied. The colors are used in such a way that the effect is very rich and varied.

It is a very interesting study of the colors of the future, as shown from his work upon the blue, purple and orange which are abundant near the bottom.

And with a view to the future, it is a very interesting study of the colors of the future, as shown from his work upon the blue, purple and orange which are abundant near the bottom.

During the past few years, the fashion of the hat has been a subject of much interest. The hat has been a subject of much interest. The hat has been a subject of much interest.

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Plan for Progress

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Portrait of a young man in military uniform, wearing a cap and a high-collared jacket.

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Working the Matter

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THE CONCENTRATION CAMPS

MISS HORNHURST'S REPORT

Miss Dolly Bhaburne, who went to South Africa last December to visit the Concentration Camps on behalf of the South African Women and Children's Distress Fund, has now sent her report to the Committee, who have interested in our African work. In view of the changing conditions of the camps, Miss Hornhurst writes, "It is hardly possible to draw up an ordinary conventional report." Her account of what she has seen is therefore given in the form in which it was written down day by day, and the fact consists of portions of a series of letters extending over the three months from January 22 to April 22. To this is appended an important series of recommendations for the relief of the camps, and finally, as a lengthy appendix, a collection of statements taken down from the lips of women and children themselves. The following extracts from the letters are representative:—

January 22.

I had a splendid track given me at Cape Town through the kind cooperation of Sir Alfred Beit—a large double-lined one, capable of holding 20 loads. I took 4000 worth of groceries, besides all the bits of clothing I could make. The track left Cape Town the day before myself, was broken up in my train at De Aar, and so arrived where I did. The best thing we did was to go down to the ponds at Gales, clean the tanks, and arrange for its watering. This morning I have spent arranging all my things—comparing and sorting them. Going through the boxes it was very clear, and the second day there were horrible food stores, raised by these operations. The food procured through these wireless and other food stores of any kind, and arranged everything

THE DIFFICULTY OF DRINKING-WATER

We have much trouble, and are drinking no outdoor water. I am drinking my draught by getting the water of the Bleeker river boiled. As our water is boiled, we have much to drink that water—as my children. The water is very scarce. That which is supplied is not good and is not a good drink, and they have to watch the children very closely. There is hardly a bit to be had. Sometimes they have no water at all, and the water when they get it is not good. I propose, therefore, to give each tent another pump or rock and get a proclamation issued that all drinking water must be boiled. It will not cost anything to do this, even if it costs a few pence.

January 23.

I suggested a big railway boiler to hold every drop of water before it is used. This would be a great help, and I feel sure it would be done. The water is so scarce, and the children are so thirsty, that I feel sure it would be done. The water is so scarce, and the children are so thirsty, that I feel sure it would be done. The water is so scarce, and the children are so thirsty, that I feel sure it would be done.

A SERIES OF CAMP PICTURES

Some people in town will assert that the camp is a place of horror. I feel sure it is not. I feel sure it is a place of hope. I feel sure it is a place of life. I feel sure it is a place of love. I feel sure it is a place of peace. I feel sure it is a place of joy. I feel sure it is a place of hope. I feel sure it is a place of life. I feel sure it is a place of love. I feel sure it is a place of peace. I feel sure it is a place of joy.

AS UTTERLY DISTINCT PEOPLE

I have never done with him. It is a completely new world. I have never done with him. It is a completely new world. I have never done with him. It is a completely new world. I have never done with him. It is a completely new world. I have never done with him. It is a completely new world.

HOW THE BAIN COME INTO THE TENT

All the children I was kept in Mrs. E's tent by a stream of air. The tent was not far from a pool of water, which the children were using to wash. The tent was not far from a pool of water, which the children were using to wash. The tent was not far from a pool of water, which the children were using to wash.

THE INDEX OF NUMBERS

From 1 to 1000 in thousands. I cannot give you the index of numbers. I cannot give you the index of numbers. I cannot give you the index of numbers. I cannot give you the index of numbers. I cannot give you the index of numbers.

THREE DAYS LATER THE FOUND HER

I have just returned. All Wednesday I found only about 100 people left. The rest were being sent to the camps. I have just returned. All Wednesday I found only about 100 people left. The rest were being sent to the camps. I have just returned. All Wednesday I found only about 100 people left. The rest were being sent to the camps.

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WT Stead's New Journalism and the Boer War

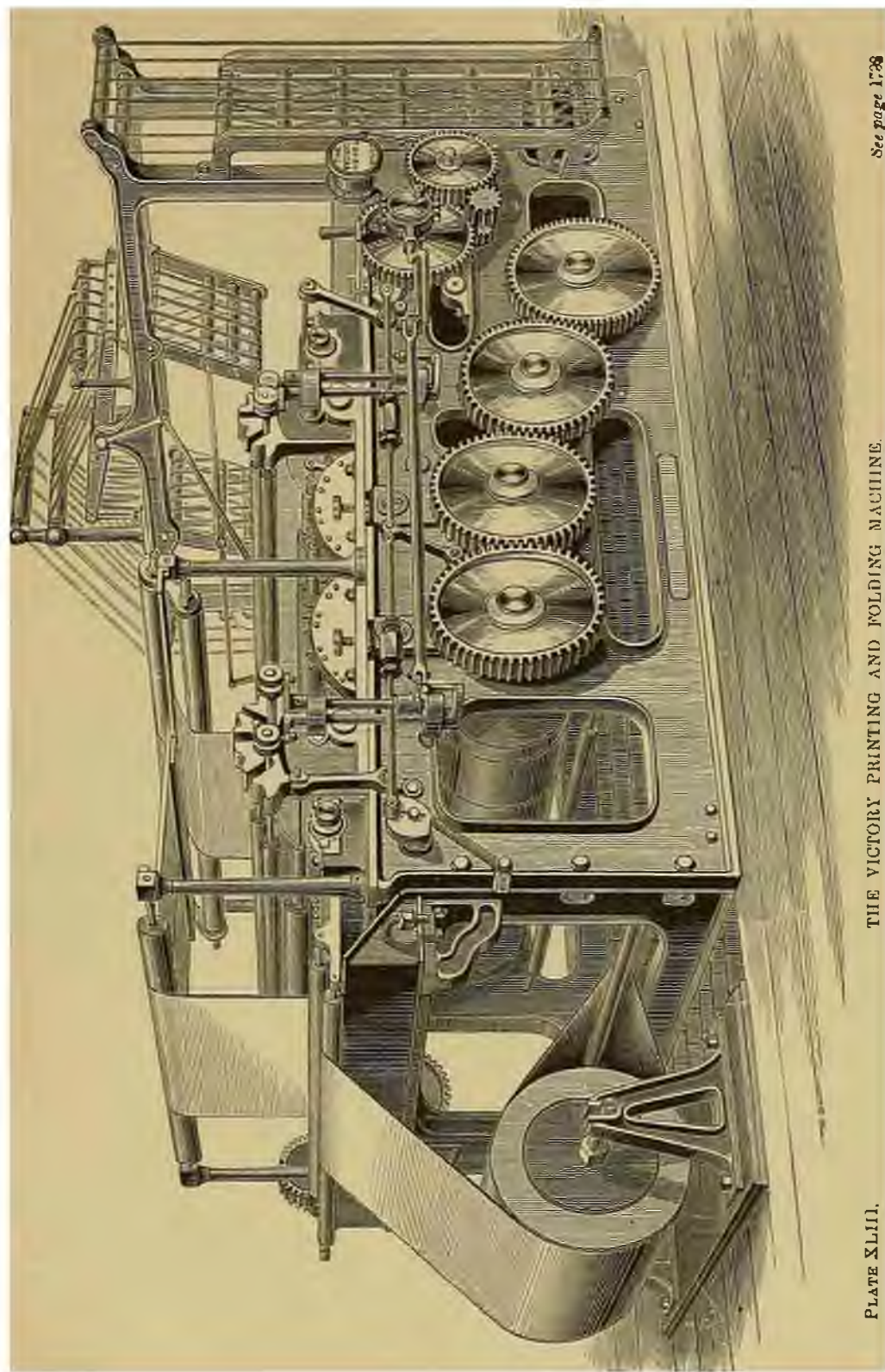
IALJS, Gdansk, May, 2023



M. J. D. Day. 1880.











We have had opportunities of observing a new journalism which a clever and energetic man has lately invented. It has much to recommend it; it is full of ability, novelty, variety, sensation, sympathy, generous instincts; its one great fault is that it is feather-brained. [1]

Matthew Arnold, 'Up to Easter', *The Nineteenth Century*; a Monthly Review, 123 (1887).

GOVERNMENT BY JOURNALISM.



GOVERNMENT by kings went out of fashion in this country when Charles Stuart lost his head. Government by the House of Lords perished with Gatton and Old Sarum. Is it possible that government by the House of Commons may equally become out of date? Without venturing into the dim and hazardous region of prophecy, it is enough to note that the trend of events is in that direction. Government tends ever downward. Nations become more and more impatient of intermediaries between themselves and the exercise of power. The people are converting government by representatives to government by delegates. If a deputy or a member votes against the wishes of his constituents, he is denounced as a usurper, even if he be not cashed as a traitor. Side by side with this ever-strengthening tendency may be observed a scientific development rendering possible the realization of the popular aspirations. The world has perceptibly shrunk under the touch of Stephenson and Faraday, of Hoe and of Edison. If we, like the Germans, had been in the habit of marking our milestones by time instead of distance, this would be much more easily realized. We are all next-door neighbours. If any one raises his voice, it is audible from Aberdeen to Plymouth. Hence science has realised for us in the nineteenth century the ancient Witanagemote of our early English ancestors. Our Parliaments gradually developed out of the Folkemote of the German village, in which every villager was free to speak and free to vote. In theory at least, in its early days, every freeman could attend the national Witan. It was only as the territory widened over which citizens of the commonwealth were scattered, and their numbers swelled to a multitude far beyond the area of earshot, that the system of delegation sprang up, which, as its latest development,

has produced the recently elected House of Commons. In some of the more primitive Swiss cantons the ancient custom still prevails, and the whole adult democracy is summoned by sound of horn to debate and decide the affairs of the rustic commonwealth. In England we seem to be reverting to the original type of English institutions. The telegraph and the printing press have converted Great Britain into a vast agora, or assembly of the whole community, in which the discussion of the affairs of State is carried on from day to day in the hearing of the whole people.

The discussion is carried on daily, but the new Witan can only vote authoritatively once in six years. As it usually votes alternately in opposite lobbies it is obvious that the House of Commons is often out of harmony with the nation which it represents. But the repeal of the Septennial Act is no longer a plank in the Radical platform. Triennial parliaments are out of fashion. A representative assembly that has ceased to represent its constituents has lost its *raison d'être*. It is a usurpation based on fraud. Yet it is endured, and the demand that once was energetically urged for more frequent elections has died away. The reason probably is that, although the authority of a House which has ceased to represent the people is a despotism, it is a despotism tempered by the Press and the Platform. That is to say, in other words, that the absolutism of the elected assembly is controlled and governed by the direct voice of the electors themselves. The Press and the Platform, of course, do not mean the printed words of a news-sheet or the wooden planks of a platform. They are merely expressions used to indicate the organs by which the people give utterance to their will, and the growth of their power is indicative of the extent to which the nation is taking into its own hands the direct management and control of its own affairs.

The secret of the power of the Press and of the Platform over the House of Commons is the secret by which the Commons controlled the Peers, and the Peers in their turn controlled the King. They are nearer the people. They are the most immediate and most unmistakable exponents of the national mind. Their direct and living contact with the people is the source of their strength. The House of Commons, elected once in six years, may easily cease to be in touch with the people.

A representative may change his mind in one direction, his constituency may change its mind in another, and they may gradually lose all points of contact with each other, beyond the subscriptions, which fail not, until they have as little in common as Mr. Parnell and the citizens of London. The member immediately after his election leaves his constituency, and plunges into a new world with different atmosphere, moral, social, and political. But an editor, on the other hand, must live among the people whose opinions he essays to express. It





SEE PAGES 4-9

As she's laid low, was it wise to let the Queen do NINE jobs in TEN days... at 92?

■ Devastating report reveals true scale of UK torture complicity

■ Spy chiefs PAID U.S. to fly suspects to 'black ops' jails

■ ... and one trip was even signed off by Jack Straw

CASH FOR TORTURE

By Ian Brady

BRITAIN helped to fund US flights carrying kidnapped terror suspects, despite being told it was illegal, a bombshell report reveals yesterday.

The report, which is the first to detail the extent of the UK's involvement in the global war on terror, says that British intelligence agencies have provided logistical support for the CIA's rendition programme, including the use of British Airways planes to transport suspects to the US.

The report also says that British intelligence agencies have provided logistical support for the CIA's rendition programme, including the use of British Airways planes to transport suspects to the US.

Continued on Page 2



At least 2 million England's WAGs enjoyed the game!

SEE PAGES 4-5

SUNDAY SPORT

THE PEOPLE'S NEWSPAPER

July 27, 1984

Sam's
after
two of
the
best!



Trucker flips over real-life mermaid

World War 2's best-kept secret

Picture
book

ADOLF HITLER WAS A WOMAN



EXCLUSIVE

For 60 years, Adolf Hitler was really a woman who passed off as a man. Her real identity was kept secret for 60 years.

Hitler's true identity was kept secret for 60 years. She was born with an extra breast and would reveal a world mystery.

Hitler was born as a woman. She was born with an extra breast and would reveal a world mystery.

Hitler was born as a woman. She was born with an extra breast and would reveal a world mystery.

**Trucker
flips
over
real-life
mermaid**

**CATCH
THE
TAIL**
—Page 13

**Aliens
caught
in TV
licence
fiddle**

FROM PAGE 13





SITH BANE, WIGHT BIRD, AND THE
SUFFERING ITALY IN THE SCENE OF
HAPPINESS. THE GREAT WAR, AND
THE YORK (1914) BY THE A. B. B. OF
INDUSTRY



THE
MAIDEN TRIBUTE
OF
Modern Babylon.

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FEBRUARY 24, 1973

10 CENTS

THE BIRTH OF 'THE NEW JOURNALISM': EYEWITNESS REPORT BY TOM WOLFE

PARTICIPANTS REVEAL MAIN FACTORS
LEADING TO DEMISE OF THE NOVEL
END OF WAR STYLE DISPATCHES

By TOM WOLFE

It was a time when the novel was still the dominant form of fiction, when the writer was still the central figure in the literary world. It was a time when the novel was still the dominant form of fiction, when the writer was still the central figure in the literary world. It was a time when the novel was still the dominant form of fiction, when the writer was still the central figure in the literary world.



Tom Wolfe in 1960. Participant and observer the life of Mania.

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THE TITANIC SINKS WITH 1,800 ON BOARD; ONLY 675, MOSTLY WOMEN AND CHILDREN, SAVED



Worst Sinking Disaster in Marine History Occurs With World's Largest Steamship Striking Giant Iceberg at Night

Special of Herald's Fleet Within Hours
 Captain, British Admiral John Smith
 Captain and Mrs. Smith, Mr. Smith's Grand
 and Lady Smith, General Thomas
 Wilson, Mrs. W. S. Smith.

The greatest maritime disaster in history occurred last night when the Titanic, the largest ship ever built, struck a giant iceberg in the North Atlantic. The ship sank in less than two hours, and over 1,800 people perished. Only 675 were saved, mostly women and children. The disaster has shocked the world and led to new regulations for ship safety.



The Titanic was built by Harland and Wolff for the White Star Line. It was the largest ship ever built, with a tonnage of 52,310 tons. The ship was on its maiden voyage from Southampton to New York City. The disaster has led to the International Convention for the Safety of Life at Sea, which established the SOLAS convention.

THE WRECK OF THE "TITANIC":

15-16 Days, Friday 1912
at 11:45 P.M.



Mr. W. G. Frost



Captain Smith, R.M.S. Titanic



Mr. Charles G. Smith



Miss Elizabeth Smith



Mr. J. B. Moore



Mr. J. C. Moore



Mr. Brock Smith



Miss Mary Smith



Mr. J. B. Moore



Mr. J. C. Moore



Mr. Brock Smith

THE WRECK OF THE "TITANIC" (Continued from page 1)

THE WRECK OF THE "TITANIC" (Continued from page 1)

The Titanic was a British passenger liner owned by the White Star Line. She was built by Harland and Wolff in Belfast, Ireland. She was the largest ship in the world at the time of her sinking. She was on her maiden voyage from Southampton, England, to New York City, New York, on April 10, 1912. She was carrying 2,204 people, including crew and passengers. She was struck by an iceberg on the night of April 14, 1912, and sank in the North Atlantic Ocean on the morning of April 15, 1912. The wreck was discovered in 1985 by a team of divers led by Robert Ballard. The wreck is located about 3,800 feet (1,160 meters) below the surface of the ocean, about 370 miles (600 kilometers) south-southwest of St. John's, Newfoundland, Canada.



Aerial View of the Titanic Wreck

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Side View of the Titanic Ship

THE WRECK OF THE "TITANIC" (Continued from page 1)

Attackingthedevil.co.uk

KevinDavieZA@gmail.com