**London – The Fog in Hyde Park**

I will make a few observations as to how we get along during dreary, foggy November in London - not that fog strictly confines itself to visiting us during that particular month alone, but as a matter of fact we are not surprised to get a plentiful supply of that objectionable mixture at this period of the year.

I cannot recall any special occurrence consequent on fog, for the simple reason that Hyde Park is conspicuous by the absence of its usual frequenters, riding, driving, and even walking (with few exceptions), as though by common consent giving it a wide berth. From individual experience I must say I do not blame them, for a more dismal, deceptive place during such weather can scarcely be imagined, at least it appeared so to me. I, myself, after traversing the Park for twenty years and over, would naturally be supposed to know every inch of the place, and could safely walk about so to speak blindfolded; and I would be inclined to think I could have done so. However, be that as it may, all I can say is that in a dense evening fog I have to confess, that a stranger who had never put foot in the place before wouldnot be at much greater loss to find their way than I! It is incredibly difficult to walk through the park without a light, through this murky stuff you were lucky if it penetrated at most a couple of yards. The park appear so totally different, strange and fantastic objects seem to rise in front of one, occasioned by the clouds of drifting fog; in fact it gave one the creeps, especially should it be accompanied with frost, the damp clammy coldness seemed to penetrate to one's very bones.

There is also such an unnatural sort of stillness as you grope your way slowly along, in order to keep the right footpath and avoid barking you shins against the low sharp rails that edge the numerous paths, or from coming into sudden contact with an iron post or hurdle, and after considerable straining of eyes and puzzling of brain in this manner, in order to arrive at a particular place, by some chance or other you all at once discover that you are going in quite an altogether the opposite direction.

The only advice I can offer to anyone who should find themselves in such difficulties is that it is utterly useless to attempt to re trace one's steps; the safest and quickest way in the end is to continue as straight and careful as one is able to proceed. Another danger which should be borne in mind in crossing the Park in a dense fog is the Serpentine, for in many instances people have walked into the water-not that I a am aware of a case that proved fatal owing to the mistake made, but in all probability such a thing may have happened.

One instance I recollect. A young man walked into the water; he found he was going considerably deeper that he should have but he had the good sense to stand perfectly still, and commenced shouting "Help!" Old Mr. Smith, for many years the Serpentine water-fowl keeper, attracted by the cry, went out of his lodge adjacent to the lake, obtained the assistance of a policeman, went in search and discovered the terrified young fellow just up to his knees in water, and whom they promptly helped out.

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during twenty years' Police Service in Hyde Park, 1906