

There was heaps of game and some chaps went out and just shot for the sake of shooting until they were forbidden to. After we had settled in, we were paraded one morning and there were a few horses saddled. The idea was to test the capability of some of these chaps in riding for many had joined the mounted to avoid the foot-slogging. Those who were not too hot had to attend a riding school. When it came to my turn I walked up to the horse, took hold of the stirrup iron and tested the length of the stirrup strap. The Officer said "You are an old hand fall in again". Having been tested we were issued with our mounts which we then had to look after. I got a very nice looking black horse but I think only partly trained for it ~~was~~ a job saddling and mounting when there were many about.

There were hundreds of horses, many of them to die before long of either horse-sickness or tsetse fly. With horse-sickness, caused it was then thought by mosquitoes, the poor animal got congested lungs and died of suffocation. The poor animal you would see struggling for breath and then collapse. With the fly the horse was stung but carried on for a while until it got damp through rain, then its coat would get rough and gradually it got weaker until it could go no more. The best thing then was to shoot it as otherwise it would be attacked by wild dogs or other animals while still alive. There were always other horses available. As a matter of interest I rode nineteen horses during the campaign. There were horses of the many chaps who went down with fever and others who were only too glad to let you have their horse and they could return to base camp. I was lucky in that I never left the regiment.

Having all been issued with horses our old General thought he would try us out on an alarm. No-one was supposed to know the date or time but somehow our officers did and prepared for the alarm which was to be at 2 a.m. on such and such a day. That night we settled down in our tents ready dressed, putties and all. The alarm was eventually sounded and out we rushed to saddle our mounts. I had a bit of trouble with mine as it insisted on standing on its hind legs. However, little Gerber came along and I was soon in the saddle. The General came along to inspect and was I think rather surprised at the quick turn out. I heard him asking an officer "Het al julle mense hulle putties aan?"

After a few weeks we got to know all our officers and comrades and were beginning to enjoy this open air life when we got orders that we were to move to a big camp at Voi which was on a short branch line which had been built off the main line towards the German East Border for it was from here that the attack on the country was to be made. There had been an earlier attack on the coast at Tanga by Indian troops which had proved a great failure and had to be abandoned. The commander-in-chief was General Smuts who took over from the British General who had been invalided out.

Well we started the move and I was detailed to travel in one of the horse trucks to be on the look out for Tsetse fly as we were to pass through a belt. The Tsetse fly must have shade and cannot fly very long distances and so you only get them in bush country. We once more passed Kilimanjaro, that nineteen thousand foot mountain with its ever snow-capped top. The first time someone said, "There is Kilimanjaro", I looked at eye level but there it was, way up in the heavens. The boundary between Tanganyika and Kenya originally passed over the centre top of the mountain but some years

before/