

The currency in which we paid was Rupees . A Rupee being equivalent to a shilling. At very old German encampment we came to were any number of small white One Rupee notes which must have been printed by the thousand and used. We were told to destroy them which we did as they were worthless and the poor native would get nothing for them. As we got nearer Kondoa the erosion was terrible, great deep dongas This may have been caused by at one time that area being over stocked by the Masia who have thousands of head of cattle in addition to heaps of game. And here too there was a very heavy rain fall, in the monsoon These dongas had sheer sides so that one could not go through but had to go round as we had to with some of the Whadis in North Africa. It was advisable, as we did to keep to the high ground where the dongas started. Yes it looked like a small Colorado. And with the heavy rain we had had some of them were like small tributaries to the main river in the valley.. There were a few thorn trees around. It had stopped raining for a while and Bower and I were out on outpost duty looking down one of these dongas along which the might quite reasonably in an attempt to attack us. We could as a matter of fact hear the native Askaris talking some short way off but owing to the darkness could see no one and of course we could not fire on the off chance of hitting one as we would be giving away our position which they were no doubt trying to locate.. Perhaps they too were glad to stop and have a rest before retiring into Kondoa in the early morning as they did. Our troop had killed a sheep and had managed to kindle a fire in a small donga. Bower and I, our mouths watering, could smell that fine aroma. What better smell than that of a braai. 'Bower can you smell what I can?' 'Oh Boy does it smell good'. 'Yes' said Bower 'and I hope they have kept us a few of the chops and a kidney' or even liver ".

We could not get back quickly enough, on being relieved, to our chops and have a good feed. I can still smell those chops nice and fat and tender.

We had left Arusha on the 3rd. of April 1916 and here we were 10th. and we were in sight of the old town on the main slave route to the coast and the market. From there the slaves after being loaded into Arab dhows were taken to some foreign country to be auctioned. Of the 2500 men who had left Arusha there were now not more than about five or six hundred. As the Germans probably did not expect an attack so soon there was no resistance and as we approached the town we saw them leaving by the hundred. We certainly had made a very rapid advance and as we neared the town and saw the enemy retiring, thinking I have no doubt, that it was the very large number of the original force that was attacking. I wish you could have seen the chaps riding hell for leather, in now formation, just a free for all charge. We did not go through the town, though some of our scouts may have to check on the enemies who may have hidden, but to the left and then dismounted and fired away at a few of the enemy we could still see and most had disappeared over a ridge. The machine gunners who had worked out the range on some sort of string arrangement estimated the range as 1000 yards. Well after a while we mounted and rode on a bit to the high ground further on over which they had retired and saw that they had had a number of casualties,

The enemy were making for the country down on the plain in part of the Rift Valley for Kondoa is on a plateau.

It was in these places that we were later to carry out a number of recon trying to ascertain the strength of the enemy and his stronghold. A few troops were kept in the town but my Unit was sent out on to the high ground, kopjes, to protect the left flank. From here we were able to see the enemy in the early mornings exercising but they were out of the range of rifle fire and we had no guns. There were a number of mealie fields and it was probably near these that they built their trenches as they would be out of sight.