

We eventually made a move but the enemy had had a good start and in that thick bush, as we could only advance along the road, we had to be on the look out as the enemy had a habit of now and again leaving a small detachment to ambush us and so hold our troops up for a while and in the mean time their main body was moving fast, or as fast as they could. As the enemy main force, which had left Kondoa, some time before we did and were now well on their way, it was decided that we now make straight for Dodoma hoping to intercept their Northern force coming down from the Tabora area. It was in the Tabora area that Brig. Chas. Crews - of East London - commanded a Brigade, but apparently he and the Belgian Commander were at logger heads and there was no co-operation.

Well we trekked on in the direction of the Railway and Dodoma, a long and dreary march through bushy but very uninteresting country. Patrols were of course sent out in various directions to pick up any odds and sods of the enemy.

We eventually reached Dodoma but were too late to intercept the train conveying enemy troops from the North. The station consisted of only a few railway buildings and two or three houses. Today however it is quite a settlement with a large aerodrome and the headquarters of the magisterial district or was any way before ~~it~~ the territory became Tanganyika. It was here that my nephew Gerald Nettleton was a district commissioner and Cronen was the Police Officer, both from Serowe in the Bechuanaland Protectorate. Young Gerald, as he was known, to distinguish him from his father Captain Gerald Nettleton, who was Assistant District Commissioner of the Bech. Protectorate. was a very keen hunter and did a fair amount of elephant hunting of which there were a number in that area but was unfortunately killed by an elephant he had wounded. Cronsen told me some years later that he had to go out and collect what was left of young Gerald. He also told me that the gunbearer had said that the wounded elephant carried the largest tusks he had ever seen, but no trace of the animal was ever found. Ewer and I were given permission to go out here and try our hand at shooting a buck or two. The bush, as I have mentioned is fairly thick, and after trying to catch up with a small herd of elephant, we decided to call it a day and return to our camp site. On the way I managed to shoot a koodoo with rather deformed horns which, with the help of some natives, we got back to camp where it provided a very enjoyable braai for our troop.

To Dodoma we were to return some months and months later as footsloggers, our horse having all died, and it was from here then that we were to entrain for Dar-es-Salaam to embark for home.

To divert for a while and tell of our of our sundry troubles and various everyday experiences in our daily routine. The natives in the country are very keen on honey which they eat and from which they also make strong beverages and in many of the big trees were hung hollowed out tree trunks which were beehives. We did not worry so much about the honey but if there were any of these hives about we had to be careful and not disturb the bees and oh boy did we have trouble on one occasion in collecting the horses in that thick bush after a swarm after something had disturbed them. The horses went mad.

Regarding feeding arrangements I have already mentioned that we made up our own small groups and drew our rations when there were any. Our troop officer Campbell was a member of our mess, duToit, Bower, Fonting and myself. Campbell used to take his turn at mess duties and when we had a ration of flour helped to cook flat cookies in a pan we carried and bake bread using sower dough. We needed the dough and then placed in a pan to rise and then baked in the ashes under a log of hot coals. As I have mentioned our rations very seldom caught up with us and so lived on the land which at times yielded very little. Any way we managed to survive even though at times we had to pull in our belts. Leaving Dodoma we were to travel, following the railway, to Kilossa and on to Morogoro or rather before that to Kisaki where we were to