

Now and again we got a chance of boiling our clothes and that got rid of them for a while, but for only a short time did we have relief for in a few days the eggs, which apparently the boiling does not affect, hatched and again these blood suckers were feeding on us. It is strange that when one had fever they did not worry at all. Why I do not know. These insects are cowards and do not fight out in the open but take refuge in the seams of shirts and trousers. The big brown ones are not as bad as those tiny red ones that take refuge in the knee portion of the riding breeches. To see a lot of men sitting with their shirts on their knees waging war against these pests. Crack Crack- two more gone. Enough of lice makes me feel itchy even to think of them after all those months.

We were relieved by the Kings African Rifles, a fine body of men, and glad we were to be returning to Iringa where I was hospitalised for a few days and my what joy was the comfort of a real bed and sheets, fine food and service.

We set off for Dodoma, 140 miles. Yes we had to walk as all the animals except Col. Nussy's waggonette mules one of which Bower and I borrowed to carry our kit. We were on our way to entrain for Dar-es-Salaam and there embark for Durban and home. It was only when Nussy was about to leave that the mule was missed and it was some days before they caught up with us and 'pinched' the mule back. We were to more about this later as we also did about our thumbing a lift on some one ton trucks returning to Dar for supplies. Any way they got us to our night stop long before the rest arrived. However as this had been reported to Colonel Denys Reitz, he had us up the next day and, with a quiet smile on his face, choked us off as horse thieves, for which the penalty was hanging, he said, and road hogs. He was a fine man and that was that. On the way we passed several supply depots from which we were able to draw half rations. One thing we did want was sugar and so Bower one night found his way into a supply depot and brought back what he thought was a bag of sugar but turned out to be salt. Just our luck.

We eventually arrived at Dodoma, tired and weary, after the long walk. Along the way Bower and I were detailed to go out now and again and shoot a buck to supplement our rations. Dennis Reitz would ask which side of the road we were taking and he would take the other side to shoot for his party. I might mention that earlier in the campaign some one even shot the poor giraffe just for the sake of the tail hairs which are said to make fine bracelets. Taking them home probably. We slept on the station platform where some chaps reported having seen large scorpions during the night and next morning we noticed a lot of holes, the home of these creatures.

We entrained next day and after a most uncomfortable journey, crossing several rivers on make shift bridges to replace those blown up, and were housed in tents. Here we, as soon as possible, went down to the land locked harbour to bathe where the Germans had sunk a ship in the harbour and tried, without success, to sink a floating crane to block the narrow entrance.

We were issued with new uniforms and then taken out on a large tug to embark in a ship anchored outside the harbour. As the weather was too rough however we were taken back to our tents but did embark the next day in a very crowded ship. But we were used to worse conditions and what matter we were on our way home.

On arrival in Durban after a good trip, there being no subs in those days, we arrived in Durban and were housed in the sheds. Here we were paid money due to us which was not a lot, but enough to spend as we, as we had drawn nothing while away. I drew 9d a day the balance of my 3/- having been paid to my brother in Mafeking.

Apparently there was to be a welcome in Haritzberh for the 4th. as most of these men were recruited there. Those of us who came from further afield were told that we would be issued with warrants to our destination, if we so wished, and could leave as soon as we liked. I took advantage of the offer and left that night for Palapye road.

I stopped on the way in Mafeking where I hoped to see my brother