

tunic with two five pound notes in the pocket. They did not swallow that and told him to think again. Casey just smiled and thought to himself "Well it was worthwhile trying". This chap Casey was to prove quite an acquisition to our B Company for he was one of the best scroungers I have ever met. In the desert after a long night march in the heavy sand one just dropped and slept and next thing one would hear Casey shouting "Coffee up, Boys". Where he got the water etc no one ever asked.

While in camp in Cape Town we had to do quite a lot of training especially we volunteers who had had very little training apart from Cadets. The Defence Force chaps had of course done a lot of training after being called up. These chaps who, according to the Defence Act of 1912 had to register on attaining the age of 17, were liable to be called up for four years training the following year. The Defence Force, according to the Act, was to be used in the defence of the Union only, but in this case the Germans of S.W.A. were looked upon as dangerous, being sure to invade the Union and so it was thought, quite rightly, that the best form of defence was attack, so it was decided to send certain troops into that country.

Our training consisted of long route marches which I must say most of us enjoyed - much better than square bashing (Drill). The first march we did was from the camp and Rondebosch to Muizenberg which is quite a walk. However, the chaps walked well and kept up singing all the way. On arrival there we were allowed to bathe and later given light refreshments, bread, cheese and coffee. Some of us, however, preferred to go to one of the Cafes for a nice mixed grill. In the one I went to there were about twenty of us and before we had finished our meal, a gentleman who was also having a lunch there told the proprietor that he would pay for our lunch. Next time we went to Hout Bay, round through Sea Point but coming back we came over the neck between Table Mountain and Lions Head. We were young and thoroughly enjoyed these marches - helped to keep us fit.

Eventually, at the end of September 1914 we embarked on the Armadale Castle. Our Kitbags were dumped on the quay-side to be later lowered into one of the lower holds of the ship. Our home was to be in the upper hold which was, so to speak, the fourth storey. We had to climb down an ordinary ladder into the big hold in which were long tables and benches. We were issued with hammocks for those who wanted them and these were hung from hooks in the ceiling. Most of the chaps, however, preferred sleeping on the tables, floor and benches. There was no need for blankets as it was terribly hot and stuffy with a couple of hundred men around you. Our meals were served in dixies which had to be carried down those steep ladders and which the rolling of the ship was not an easy task. In fact all our skilly one day landed on the floor and what a mess to clean up. After a couple of days sailing we eventually reached our destination, Luderitzbucht, one of the ports. Here we looked forward to getting ashore and settling down. We were, however, sadly disappointed, for as soon as we had disembarked, the whole regiment was paraded shortly after landing and we were to march about ten miles to the small diamond mining village of Kohlmanskop. And what a march that was - hot and heavy going - for it must be remembered that we were now on the edge of the Namib Desert, a godforsaken waste of 100 miles of sand. We eventually arrived at Kohlmanskop. The Germans had cleared out and we were billeted in the private houses. Our B Company had the doctor's house and furniture,

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