

trouble was "Der thousand Germans coming this way". We waited for some time and then some I.L.H. appeared escorting a half dozen Germans. We then realised that this coloured chap was windy and what he thought were Germans were the I.L.H.

We were later relieved here by the Kimberley Regiment and we marched the 15 miles to the next station Driekopjes. It was tough going and lasted practically all night and when I got to our destination was warned for guard duty. What a blow! However, this was to be our first experience of Casey usefulness - up came the coffee. He had found a few railway sleepers with which he made a fire, later taken over by our cooks. We were there only a very short time when we moved on to Tchoukaib which was to be the base from which the German strong point at Aus to be made. It was a very big camp with three infantry regiments and two mounted, I.L.H. and Natal Carbineers. Water for man and beast had to be brought up from the coast and stored in outsize tanks which later became the target for their one plane. Not strange to say he did not hit it once. Here we had tents and these were dropped each morning and we marched out of camp to avoid being bombed.

There was always a guard stationed on top of the water tank to give warning of the approach of the German aeroplane. It was a nasty position as the ladder was always taken away and then one became, with the tank a target for the enemy bombs. This airman was a daring chap taking a chance with our artillery. The bombs that he dropped were really arty shells to which was attached a parachute so that the shell would strike the cap on the ground and explode. Depending on the sky colour when he left the drome was the colour of the chutes. On one occasion he must have left when the sky was overcast but while on his way the sky cleared and his white chutes showed well against the blue sky. It is a funny thing that watching these chutes coming down they seemed directly on you but would actually drop yards and yards away.

There were numerous fatigues to be carried out, off-loading trains etc. What we liked best was offloading the Naffi trucks with supplies for the canteen, sweets, biscuits, minerals etc. which we could buy from the Naffi canteen. There minerals were our mark as, only having one bottle a day for drinking, washing etc, we wanted liquids. We had a very fine company commander, Capt Bob Anderson, who was in private life a mine captain and had been recruited by Sir George Farrer with whom he was friendly and Sir George was a mine magnet. Well, Bob as we called him, was not a parade ground soldier and when we were to be marched off he would just mumble "follow me". When on train fatigue he knew very well that we would make for the minerals but would warn us not to be caught by any busybody. "Don't let me hear you drinking the bottles - drink and put them back carefully".

One day a large dipping tank was brought up and filled with diluted fresh water. Into this we were allowed to dive like a lot of cattle going through a dipping tank. The N.C.O. in charge, if you did not go under, would use a pole and push you under. Anyway it helped us to keep clean. Talking of cleaning, as we could not spare water for washing for washing our plates we used sand, it was good clean sand and being dry made a good job of the cleaning.

At intervals along the railway were built blockhouses which were manned mostly by members of the Southern Rifles - the shadow shooters - so called on account of the number of times they fired at night on some imaginary object - probably a gazelle or ostrich of which there were quite a number.

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