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Our transport consisting of porters were not catching up with us and we were able to get certain amount in the way of rations. There were very few motor vehicles and so the natives were engaged as porters, each one to carry approximately 50 lbs. Some of the items such as bags were not so bad to carry but when it came to boxes the poor chap had a job. In these cases he placed the box on his shoulder and by means of a stick on the other shoulder helped to ease the weight. Porters were in the early stages the main means of transport. The infantry had a sort of Indian Ghari with two oxen to carry their kit. We of course had the horses.

We now had to trek on to Arusha a matter of about 40 miles without water except at one place where we crossed a small stream on a small bridge constructed by the Indian Engineers, the Germans having destroyed the bridge.

My black pony was again beginning to give trouble and soon settled down on this long trek.

The idea now was that the mounted troops under General van Deventer were to travel as fast as they were able to reach the main railway line at Dodoma in an attempt to stop the movement of German troops from the North, where they were engaged fighting some of our South African and Imperial troops and Kings African under Brig. General Charles Crewe (later Sir Charles) who has already been mentioned in the chapter on the Anglo Boer War when he had members of his town, East London - Kaffrarian Rifles fighting under his command. Sir Charles is or rather was the proprietor of the East London Daily Dispatch and established the Crewe Trust, the benefactor of many charities. On reaching Arusha we rested for a day and then went on a short distance towards Mount Meru, which although very high has no snow as Kilimanjaro, and here we were actually given tents for the few days we were there. I have a couple of snaps of our little mess busy cooking. The idea of a good rest here was we had a very long trek on to Dodoma in reaching which, as it turned out, we were held up for some time at Kondoa Irangi, on the old slave route, as our mounted force had become very depleted owing to the loss of horses through horse sickness and the Tsetse fly and men going down with malaria. These tents were the last we were going to see for very many months. We thoroughly enjoyed the rest in these tents and as some of our transport had arrived with rations and were issued with those hard biscuits, a little flour and baking powder, sugar and tea. There was no such thing as bread as in the desert in the last war we received rations of fresh bread and meat every day. Well we made the best of it knowing that the time was coming when we would have to live off the land and surprising how we managed.

I might mention that we did not feed as a Unit but the chaps made up little groups which each drew their share of rations and cooked. My little mess consisted of Lieut Campbel, Sgt. Major du Toit, Bower and Ponting.

These natives wore very little in the way of clothing. The men a little bit of blanket over the shoulder and a loin cloth and the women and the women, perhaps a small covering and a string of beads. The language commonly used is Swahili which some of us who could speak Sesutu or Xosa were soon able to understand and make themselves understood. As a matter of fact I later acted as an interpreter.

From here we travelled across a bare plane but later before reaching Lolkasal, where we were held up we again entered wooded country. I well remember while crossing this open country we were stung by great big flies, I think they are called hippo flies.

Well after passing mount Meru we travelled through bush country until we reached Lolkasol mountain, or rather a large hill, which was held by the Germans in an effort to hold up our advance to enable their troops to get on as they could not travel as fast as us. Their advantage was, however that they were retreating on their communication lines and would be better fed. We were lengthening our lines and travelling too fast for our ration column of porters.

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