

REMINGTON

S-2

• NOTE • BOOK •

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I do not know exactly how the idea of this trip started I expect that several circumstances led up to it. In the first place I have always had a desire to visit South Africa. In the days of the Boer war I used to hear Father say that it was the coming country & that he felt inclined to sell out & try his luck in this new colony. Unfortunately he did not do so.

When Harper went out to the Cape in 1897 when I was quite a boy his letters home & description of the country enamoured me and made me long to see some part of it however small. Harper's letters still continued to draw me & when I was posted to Bombay she wrote that my contemplated visit had now become a certainty I commenced to consider the problem of a visit seriously.

While I had decided to go home to see Peggy during the hot season and I cannot say I felt tucked at the prospect of being left in

India for six months by myself. Then a letter arrived from Harpur telling me of the prospect of some lion shooting & giving me the probable cost of the trip. This practically settled it. I wanted to go & the only thing now necessary was to get leave and to draw two months ^{advance} leave left for England with ^{leave on 24th}
~~before~~ April 1930. and a short time afterwards I put in for leave and put my name down for a passage on the Karapara leaving Bombay on 21st May. My application for leave was turned down so after class had sailed I went up to Poona & put my case before Col J.G. Kennedy the acting D.M.S. Lt. He said to put in another application

which he would forward to Simla with his
remarks. This he did and although my leave
was not what might be called strongly
recommended it was concurred in by Simla
who was granted by District Hrs. Good old
Tanton had seen to it & I received a letter from
him telling me it was granted before I got
the official intimation. As it was by this time,
well on in May, I had to cancel my passage on
the Karapura & took a passage on the Karoa
sailing from Bombay on 4th June. I did not book
a single berth as the Coy told me that few
passengers travelled at this time of the year
that I would almost certainly have a two
berthed cabin to myself. As it was their
service turned out to be correct.

The Karoa is one of the British India Steam
Navigation Coy's ships which run between
Bombay & East Africa. She is 7009 tons and
was built 16 years ago. All these ships
are very quick but as they have plenty

of time on their run between Bombay & Durban
their speed is seldom used. The other steamers
of the B.C.L. Coy on this run are the S.S. Khandalla
7300 tons, the S.S. Karagola 7053 tons, the S.S. Karapara
7117 tons.

The ordinary fare from Bombay to Lourenco Marques,
which was to be my port of disembarkation, is
Rs 1080/- return. Mackenon Mackenzie the Coy's
Managing agents in Bombay told me that
I could get an excursion to Mombassa from
Bombay & also another excursion from Mombassa
to Durban. They also told me that I could
break my journey at Lourenco Marques.
The total cost of these two excursion tickets,
return, was Rs 890/- thereby effecting a
considerable saving. In addition to the
cost of the voyage there is a charge of Rs 6.
for landing at Lourenco Marques. A passport
was also necessary & this had to bear the
visé of the Portuguese Consul at Bombay.
The authorities also lay down that I land at

Lourenco Marques passengers (1st class) must be in possession of £30. for Durban and all other ports in the Union of South Africa proof must be produced that employment is available or that the individual is in possession of sufficient funds.

Well, here I was on the morning of 21st June 1930 with two months leave at my disposal and a first class passage to Lourenco Marques.

My Budget for the trip was as follows:-

1st Class return fare Rs 890. 12. 0

Pocket ship out 150. 0. 0

" " return 150. 0. 0.

Rail journey 100 — —

Misc. Expenses in Africa 1000 — —

Total Rs. 2290. 2. 0

I had fixed up with Johnstone to look after my house, Bess, & Binky while I was away so nothing remained but to get on board
I had cabin No 23, ^{Starboard} port side which was very comfortable indeed.

I sent Naren, my motor boy to put my car in the Bombay Motor Works to be in garage while I was away & to be looked after.

The ship left No 18 Borth Alexandra Dock at 3pm. we soon were through the lock gates & out sea. The monsoon was already due we wondered how far we would get before we struck it. As a matter of fact we missed it altogether. There were only about 9 first class European passengers and three gus from Bombay at once chummed up together. The chief steward came bone & asked me to sit at the Commanders table. Told him I did not care where I sat so long as we three were together. The consequence was that we all three sat with the Captain.

I Harding an Engineer employed on the Iraq railway going home on leave via the Cape. He had lived with George in 1920 in Basrah I knew him well. an awfully nice man & one who had travelled a lot.

Deacon. A business man in Bombay. Belongs to the India & Siam (?) Trading Coy. Going home on leave via the Cape but has an eye on business at each port of call. Rather crestfallen after an attack of typhoid fever. Awfully nice & full of good yarns.

The other first class passengers with whom we knocked about with were.

Dixon - a business man from China. address

C. D. Dixon Esq. { Safari Land Ltd.
Kioti
90 Mackenzie & Co. (White Hunter B.A. Brann-
strom)
Shanghai or Tientsin or Hankow
or Changking.

(address might be useful in future days)

He was going home on leave but on the way was having a shoot in Tanganyika. He left us at Mombasa where he picked up an agent who drove him up country to a white hunter. He was going on a great shoot offered to take me with him but I could not go. Told him to remember

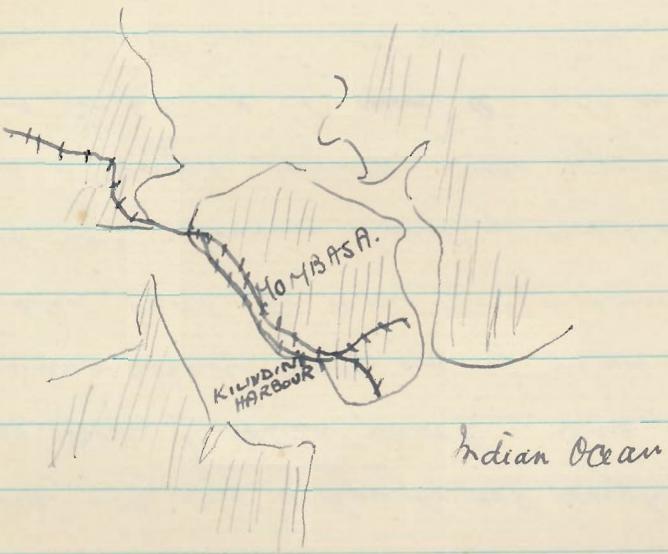
me if he wanted a Doctor on a future occasion
Murray. One of the P&O staff with a broken
leg going to Durban & back for the good of his
health.

Mackenney. An American travelling around
the world. Awfully nice type & disposed
the American types. Had an awfully nice
assortment of cameras & cinema apparatus. I
think he was taking photo.^{H.G.} for sale afterwards.
The Skipper's name was Captain Fishley. An
awfully jolly man & one who looked after
the comfort of his passengers & safety of his
ship. Many a good yarn we had at
table at night & the skipper never
repeated one of his yarns. He used to
play deck quoits & tennis with us daily
& at night he would often ask me to
go up to his cabin where we would
talk or play the gramaphone till the
small hours of the morning. Will see
him in Bombay on my return.

The Purser Oliver was a great friend of all the passengers & looked after us well. I also hope to meet him again.

To say the least fit the voyage between Bombay and Mombasa was dull. We had no "fairs" on board & the sea although not rough was not what could be called smooth. On arrival at Mombasa I had made up my mind to go to Aden, catch the mail (P&O) & have two weeks at home. However having started on this trip I thought I would ever regret not having completed it. ~~and~~ A walk in Mombasa cured my enlarged liver.

I forgot to mention above that every alternate ship on this line calls at Seychelles but I was unlucky on both my outward & return voyage. We played deck tennis & quoits daily read & slept. All the same it was monotonous & we were all delighted when on 13th June we steamed into Mombasa Harbour in the early morning. I was off for a walk before breakfast



and felt all the better for it. After breakfast Harding Deacon & myself took a taxi and went into the town. Mombasa is built on an island the harbour being at Kilindini. The vegetation is tropical and the grass unlike India is long. There are some decent shops and three banks. We did not go to the Club but in the afternoon went to Tudor House with Wyatt (2nd Officer), the Purser Oliver, Deacon & Harding. Tudor house is a pub but is run on the lines of a club. It is most beautifully situated overlooking the inlet of the sea which surrounds the island. In the afternoon Oliver got a motor boat & we all went for a swim across the Harbour. This was the most delightful swim of my life. Kewather was like champagne & cold enough to be refreshing without being unpleasant. We spent fully half an hour in the water and returned to the ship feeling new men. Extraordinary how a little exercise makes one feel fit when one has been travelling on

a ship. The next morning Mr Oliver Wyatt & myself had another bathe but this time we hauled up the harbour. This bathe was, also, very pleasant though not as nice as the previous bathe.

We took on some fairies as passengers at Mombassa. Mrs Jones Phillipson from Cape Town,

Miss Bowen from near Johannesburg. Miss

Edwards an English girl on a 9 months trip in Africa & visiting different stations

The contrast between Miss Edwards and Miss

Bowen was awfully interesting. Miss Edwards

was a quiet English girl & Miss Bowen was

a vivacious Colonial girl. The latter was

full of beans and always bubbled up

like a bottle of champagne. These two were

the life of the ship & from the time we left

Mombasa there were no more monotonous moments on board.

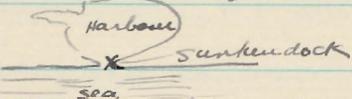
We left Mombasa at 3pm. on 14th June arrived at Zanzibar on the morning of Sunday 15th June. Here we expected to remain at least 24 hrs

so we went ashore immediately after breakfast.
Deacon, MacInroy & self wandered through the
various streets with a guide taking photo &
Deacon doing a shore of business on the way.
We finished up on the Cathedral roof from where
we got an excellent view of the town.

The streets are very narrow - not more than 10 feet
and the houses on either side are three or four
storied. This makes the streets extremely cool
though all the laws of sanitation would seem
to prove that the nearness of the houses is
wrong. We visited several shops but I did
not buy much reserving my purchases till
my return journey. I did however buy a
Shambok and an Elephant hair bracelet.
The doors of most of the houses are beautifully
carved and are studded with large brass
spikes. It is said that these were placed in
the doors in the old days to prevent them
being burst open by Elephants used by
the Sultan.

The Residency is very nicely situated on the sea front & is surrounded by tropical trees. The main export of Zanzibar is cloves & we saw several heaps of these being packed for export. The Sultan's palace & the Harem are both pretty buildings built in the Eastern style. Deacon & Macduff stayed for lunch in the Hotel Afrique but I returned to the ship where was my undoing. I was late for lunch when I arrived on board & had to take what I could get & that was veal shaw pie. There must have been a "larsons egg" in it as had same night I was beastly sick.

Owing to trouble in unloading our ship we did not leave Zanzibar till 9 am. on 16th inst. We arrived at Dar-es-Salaam the same afternoon at 5 pm. The name Dar-es-Salaam means "harbour place" and as we saw it the name suited it admirably. There were many haces, however, of the War to be found. At the entrance to the Harbour the Germans had sunk a huge

floating dock with the hope that it would
block the entrance to the harbour. They were, however,


unsuccessful as the first tide washed it to one
side. Then there was a sunken ship just outside
the Harbour & I believe there is also a sunken
battleship (English) but I did not see it.

Dar-es-Salaam was the port for German E. Africa
before the war but it is now mandate territory
we look after it. We did not go on shore as
the authorities said the ship was "infected" as
it came from Bombay where smallpox was
prevalent. They evidently forgot that the small
pox outbreak in Bombay finished in May.

We left Dar es Salaam early on Tuesday, 16th and
made all haste for Mozambique where we arrived
at 2am on Thursday 19th. Here, again, we did
not land as the Captain said he was only
staying for a few hours. He had last
time in Zanzibar was anxious to make
it up. It appeared from the ship to be

an Island with a prison on it and a few private buildings. We were told that it was a Portuguese Convict settlement that the convicts were very fond of it & seldom tried to escape. From the ship escape would appear to be easy as the mainland is not far distant from the Island and small boats appeared to be plentiful. The punishment for attempted escape, we were told, was transportation to Capica.

We left Mozambique at 9am. and sailed as quickly as possible for Beira. This being the last few days from hip the ship was fairly lively. We had dances each night, (only three ladies) we even had a pyjama dance & raided the stewarts larder afterward. we had an impromptu fancy dress dance, we had sing songs, we had late parties (or should I say early as they happened at 2am.) in various cabins. Suffice it to say that ^{we} all entered into the fun

and thoroughly enjoyed it.

We arrived at Beira at 1:30 a.m. on 21st June. After breakfast MacInerney & I went ashore with several others. We met the young King with several others. Beira is a most uninteresting place. Built as it is on a sandy seashore it boasts of no fine buildings. The main curiosity of the place is the mode of conveyance through the streets. Very narrow gauge tram lines are laid along each street & coolies push a rickshaw contrivance along these lines. There are frequent branching lines to allow of the passage of two vehicles. The buildings are mostly made of corrugated iron and are not elegant. Beira is in Portuguese E. Africa & so all the officials are Portuguese. There is, however, a considerable sprinkling of Indians - mostly shopkeepers. We had some trouble getting about to go ashore but as soon as the skipper crossed to the mainland in his

B&I Corp. launch he sent a boat over for us. Returning to the ship we were taken on board by a Union Castle launch. I mentioned this little inconvenience to Mr. [unclear] a representative of the B&I on the return journey she promised to look into the matter & see what could be done.

We left Beira at noon on 21st and had quite a pleasant run to Marques. It was during this last 48 hrs that most of the fun of the voyage occurred. We had a fancy dress dance which ended up in a pyjama party & dance & a raid on the Stewarts store at 1 a.m. We had 2 cups. cocoa in various cabins. One of these parties I cannot forget as we were gathered in a cabin occupied by two ladies (one a grand-mother but a sport) there in the early hours of the morning drank sweet cocoa had a cat-fight. Hardening and packed up & got ready to go ashore. In great excitement we arrived at Lourenco Marques at dawn on 23rd June.

In vain I looked at the people standing
on the dock but could not see Eliza & Sharpe.
Well, again I was disappointed & made up
my mind that if they did not turn up I would
go on to Siberia & enjoy myself here. Just then
there was a knock at my cabin door & a man
told me that my brother was waiting for me
on the dock. I forgot to mention that before this
I had to go before the Portuguese immigration
office & the Portuguese medical office. The
latter doubted my word about vaccination
& I had to ship & show him my marks.
He then mulled me in 2/3 for medical
examination. It appears that one should
remain under inspection for 7 days & pay
roughly 4/- p.d. but if one pays the whole
sum one is given a certificate of disinfecⁿtion
& one can pass on at once. I got several
papers from the various Portuguese offices
but no person ever looked at them
afterwards. I still keep them as souvenirs.

Harper & Elma were waiting for me like two schoolchildren on a holiday. It was a great re-union after not having seen Elma for 13 years & Harper for 11 years. Harper had arranged for licences for my guns & a permit to import them into the Transvaal. He had also arranged with an agent - Mr Sprackett to clear my luggage & fix up all necessary details about my guns camera & field glasses. We arranged to go up country by the 2.45 pm train & loafed around J. Marques visiting various kiosks to quench our thirsts. H. had brought me my post which contained two letters from Clare. I was delighted to get these as I had only had one letter from her, written from Pat Said, since she left India on 24th April. There in the shade of a tree, sipping a cocktail, I got all the latest news from the dear old girl.

We lunched at the Club Hotel, where Mr & Mrs had been staying celebrating the 22nd anniversary of their wedding & after lunch went to the station.

L. Marques is typically Portuguese. Some good buildings & some fine shops. One of these John Orr's struck me as particularly good & afterwards found out his son comes from the same country as myself. The streets are broad & lawns run along the main thoroughfares. There is a fine stand to the North of the town & the principal hotel, the Polana, is situated there. Anyhow I was not much interested in L. Marques & was glad when we got into the train. We had tea & dinner in the train & arrived at Hemlock siding at 10.45 p.m. thoroughly tired out.

Henry & Mr Brooks met us with a long row we were soon at Riverside.

I am afraid I must blame these pyjama parties for a nasty cold (influenza) which I had contracted so when Brooks suggested a shoot next day I tried to put him off saying that I would come if I felt fit. However next day I did come & enjoyed myself.

I cannot heat the next part of these notes in chronological sequence. We had shoots walks, drives, excursions etc etc & so I think I had better note down various things as they come to my mind.

Elma & Harper. Elma has changed very little. She is perhaps a little stouter but is smiling as usual.

It surprised me to see how she kept that whole house with one boy & a Chotra to help her. She was always gay & bright & ready for her game of tennis in the afternoon.

Harper has got a lot older looking & is
quite grey. He has however plenty of stamina
& could walk anywhere off our feet & shoot
with as straight an eye as he did years
ago. To me he has changed little and
many were the tales we had together
about things that happened at home.
Many of these I had never heard before.
For instance I had never heard that
Mrs Robeson ran away with the Groom
that when Dr R caught her brought her
back he assigned to her the position
of servant in his house. Nor did
I know that a certain lady^(?) took
£ 1000 from a certain man and that
it was common talk that the kick
was played by the lady putting a
pillow beneath her undeclothing.
How our family silver was removed
after Dr R's death & afterwards handed
back to Father for a sum of money ~~£ 100~~

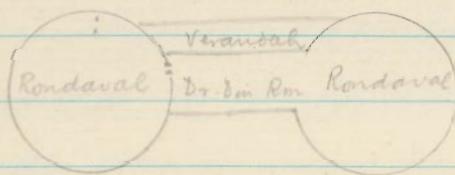
I had not known either. These and many other old reminiscences were recalled & we usually talked into the small hours of the morning.

Dennis(21) is a fine big man but unfortunately he & H do not pull together. D. is about 5' 11" & built in proportion. H. wants him to be a Farmer but I am not sure that D. is Keen.

Roy (16) a fine stout fellow. Says he wants to be a Doctor like his uncle Jim. I liked him very much indeed, in fact he was my favourite lat(12) a plucky little fellow & as keen as mustard on guns & shooting. He got an air gun while I was here and fired 1000 pellets the first day before he got a bird.

Naile & Khona. Two cousins who were staying with H & E for the holidays. Their father is dead & their mother is not well off.

The farm house is made up of two rondavals connected together by a room which is the drawing - dining room



Each rondaval forms a bed room very comfortable they are too. They are cheap to build & each farmer has a few near his house which are used for guests. They are made of stone and are thatched with reeds.

The farm is extensive but only a small part of it is under cultivation. It has 2000 citrus trees in their fifth year. These are composed of lemons, oranges, grape fruits & limes. The lemons & grape fruits are not at present a paying proposition so he is going to "lob" them off & graft Valencia late oranges.

When I arrived in the end of June the "Naartjes" (pronounced Natches) were going strong. They are a small Tangerine orange & are delicious to eat. The best of all their fruits are exported to the London market. The Navel orange was also going strong but these do not stand the journey well to the London market.

Oranges were 'Hs' chief crop but he also grew mealies (Indian Corn) + maize for sale in the Johannesburg market. In the vicinity I saw cotton, tobacco & apples flourishing. 'Hs' farm is fenced and well watered, the river passing right through it. (GODWAN R.) He is also lucky as he has the railway & the road(?) passing through his farm. dark roads. I would call them tracks. Originally they were game paths, later they became wagon tracks & now they are motor roads - but they are practically

the same as when they were used by the wild game.
Although I did many miles nothing like
not thick I passed over 20 miles of "roads"
as we know them. The bridges are of the
Irish variety i.e. there are none. The
roads dip down into the stream bed
(spruits = stream) and the car goes through
the water. The farmers I was with were
all awfully good drivers & could easily
manage 30 mph. on these so called roads.
All the same the going was rough & sitting
in the back seat of the car was none too
comfortable. As I hurt my left knee
I was usually allowed to sit in front
& so was very comfortable. Most of the cars
in use by the farmers were American makes
although a few had English cars. Ronny
Murray had an Acedes & he said that
they stood up to the work very well.
The people are most hospitable. You
are always welcome & will get hot buck

Pat Luck here is really hot Luck. In many houses we had bread butter jam & tea & my it made a good lunch. As the nearest butchers shop is 18 miles away they only have one meat meal during the day. Here I must mention biltong. This is dried meat & is pared off and thus eaten. It does not taste at all bad though it took me some time to get brave enough to try it. I was told that the old farmers used to put a piece of biltong in their pockets & that was the meat ration for the day.

My appetite simply increased by leaps & bounds. When I arrived I could not eat but before I was half a week I had a continuous hunger & could eat anything that was placed before me. Elma is an excellent cook & from her I learned how to cook venison.

It should first be hung for a few days. Then holes are made all over it about 2" apart & in each hole a piece of fat bacon is inserted. The whole is then steeped in vinegar & water (1 cup to 1 quart) for six hours. The joint is then taken out & placed in a saucepan with a little water & allowed to cook slowly. When almost cooked it is put in a dish & allowed to rest till finished. It is the finest meat dish I have ever eaten. In India I have on several occasions had venison but I could never eat it. Better luck next time.

Another thing I noticed was that they always have rice for dinner. This is served as a vegetable, like potatoes are eaten. I was told that this was an old Dutch habit. Bread was made on the farm as was also butter. The food though plain was excellent & I thoroughly enjoyed it. When we went on long

water runs we usually bought beer bread
German sausage butter & cheese at some
hotel or road & had a picnic by
the roadside. On one of these occasions,
I purchased two very large bottles
of beer for 'H's' self. At lunch I, with
an effort consumed my bottle & commented
to full 'H's' leg about not being able
to finish his. He said "I never saw
a Tommy who could beat a C.M.R.
drinking" and amid much laughing
from Roy & ~~Le~~^{Brooks.} Detroit got down to work
to finish his bottle. Finally with
a sigh & without finishing his bottle
he put it down saying "I am beaten".
Roy thought that I was an awful drunkard
being able to scoff off a whole quart
of beer & beat his Daddy. He imagined
that beer had the same intoxicating
effect as cape brandy.
Of alcoholic drinks I think the commonest

I saw was Cape Brandy. This appears to be stocked in every house. Beer is also fairly common & I also drank excellent brands of Cape Burgundy (we got through several gallons which 'H' had thoughtfully stored up for my arrival) Cape Champagne Whisky is procurable but it is expensive.

I did not mind the Cape Brandy in fact I might almost say I liked it; certainly did like the Burgundy & Beer. Much as I liked these I never grew to like the Cape Tobacco. Had to smoke it as I could not get "English" tobacco. I set my clothes on fire & I did not like its taste. 'H' assured me that it never gave you a tongue. It gave me one & I was glad when I got to Pretoria & was able to buy some Wills Medium Navy Cut (manufactured in S.A.) The S.A. Virginian Cigarettes were quite good particularly the brands known as

6 to C. (Cape to Cairo) and commands.

'E' only kept one boy to do the house work.

He swept, cooked & cleaned & a small boy washed the dishes & ran messages.

Farm labour is done on a system of Squatting.

The squatter providing his horses are satisfactory is given a piece of land on the farm on which to build his house (Kraal) & is also given the grazing of x head of cattle. For this he has to work when called upon by his Boas during the first three months for nothing & after that at the rate prevailing in the district

The natives I met working on the farms were a jovial lot. Laugh all day long. They appear, also, to be good workers. They are keen on hunting, unlike the Indian, are not always looking for money. During my three weeks in the Transvaal I was never once asked by any of the boys who worked for me to give ^{him} money. So unlike India where the

native always is looking for tobacco.

After a hard days beating for game they were quite content with a few cigarettes.

It is illegal to give a native alcoholic liquor but they are allowed their own beer. As they are fed by their masters their money is not necessary for their upkeep so can be vis used on drink. I am told that after pay day there is always a most awful "binge". The native women work in the fields with their men folk gathering fruit or cotton etc.