

Edendale

Friday 6th of July

My dear Els

As this is a dirty piece of paper I will write to you instead of throwing it away. I am on the Tassie kop called after us. I arrived here at 5am this morning and here I have to stop till 8am tomorrow morning. I wrote home 2 days ago so you may as well send this on to them. Thirty Remounts arrived for us from Pretoria last night, nice ones they are too Argentines at that, good uns to kick buck and bite and make themselves generally useless by refusing to go when you on, get on them that takes a bit of (manoeuvring) "can't spell it" and after once on some soon find themselves on their back the other side on the ground.

I am send you a bit of fern of this Kofje, one that will be remembered by we Tassies before all other kopjes as we very often are out here all night with only an overcoat just because the horrid Boer gave us a bit of a scare by appearing on the sky line towards evening. Here that the Imperial Bushmen are down in the State after De Wett hope they catch him.

I can't write much of a letter as I have ½ dozen more to write while I have time and am in the humour. Don't let anyone see this letter and read it out if you like as it is such a scribble. I got my watch case and glasses yesterday and would not have got them then only the little parcel they were in broke and the color Sergt seeing my name on one gave it to me, the glass I wanted badly as my was broken, that is through obliging people by lending it to them while on picket guard "never again".

I have just finished fixing my glass in. Cyril's letters and parcels are going to be sent on to him at Bethulie. We did not know where he was till Mr Brown came up from hospital and let us know.

Give my best love to all at No 28 including Miss Paton. We had a little sing song last night the officers joining in and tomorrow (Saturday) we play a football match against the Warwicks. We want something to liven us up or we would go melencoly (can't spell that word) mad. One of the songs sung last night was a skit on The Death of Cock Robin. Here it is.

All the Boers of the states one and all fell a sighing and sobbing when they heard of the death of old Omm Paul. Takes up too much room so I will put it on another piece of paper. You may have heard it before but you may not also.

We are always hearing rumours about the time we are going home. The one now is between the 15th and 25th of this month hope it true if we have to stay in camp like this.

Goodbye old girl with love from your brother Roy

Mr Wylas Mours has a billet in Johannesburg and has gone to it.

Roy Chalmers

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