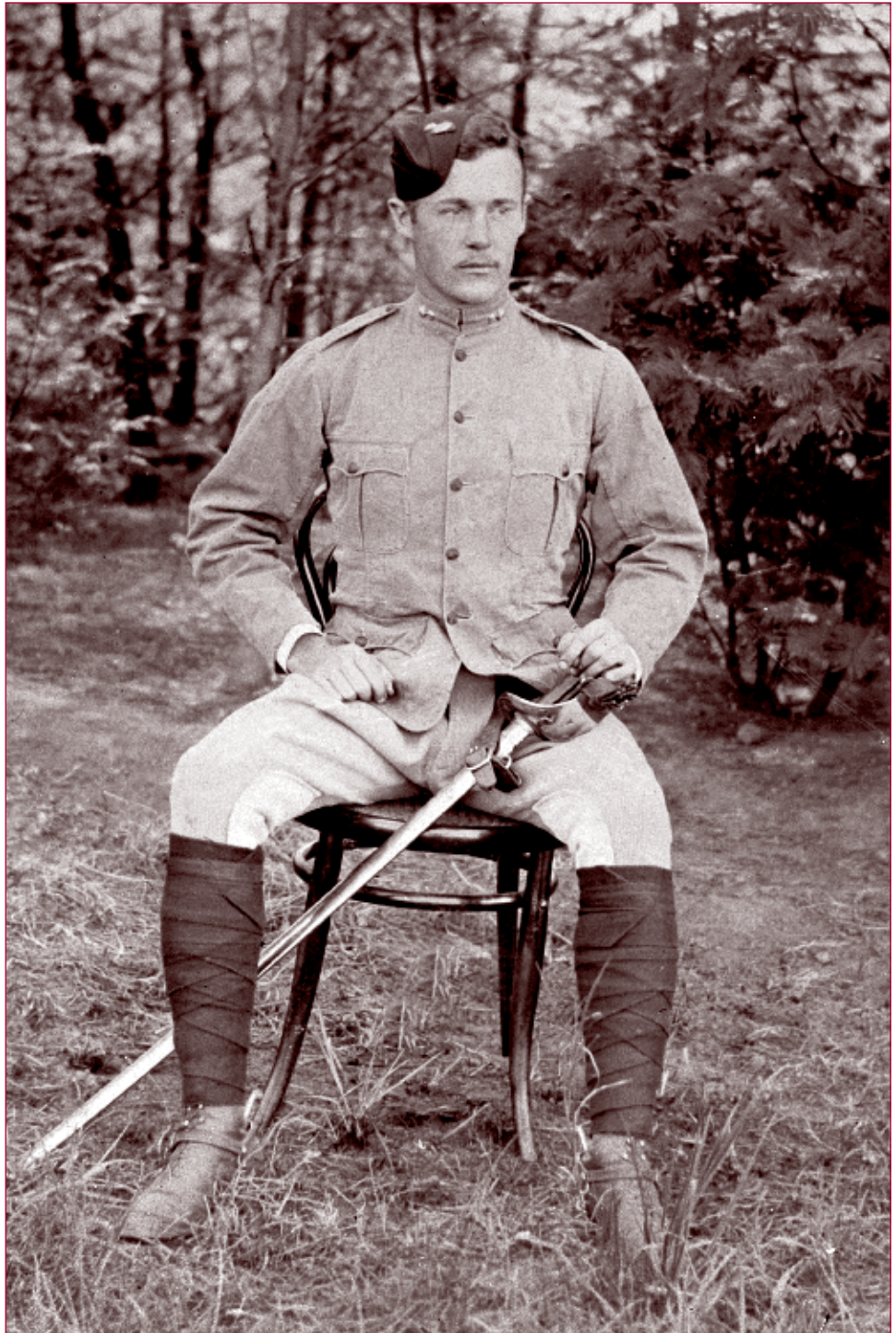


The official number of British dead mounted to 78 560. Boer resistance was finally crushed by the burning of more than 30 000 farms. Tens of thousands of Boer women and children were interned in concentration camps, where thousands died.

Captain Ivor Thord-Gray of Royston's Horse, a mounted artillery force of 550 men, organised and led by Lieutenant-Colonel John R Royston.



CHAPTER IV

From the Boer War to the Second Zulu War, 1902–1906

THE SOUTH AFRICAN CONSTABULARY

AT THE beginning of the war Thord had encountered a Swede, Geo Schéele, in the King William's Town area. 'One of the leading land surveyors in South Africa', Schéele had offered Thord training and employment in his profession once the war had come to an end. From time to time Thord returned to this prospect in his letters; it was an offer he thought it would be foolish to forego. At the same time he found it hard to abandon his military career – 'a free and glorious life, although involving hardship in cold and rain'.

The military turned out to have the greater appeal. He had several offers, but on 25 July 1902 he wrote home that he now belonged to the Seventh Troop, A-Division, of the South African Constabulary as a 'drill instructor'. In a later letter he was ardent in emphasising that he was not – as they seemed to think at home – a 'simple soldier'. He explained that he had the same position as a master sergeant in Sweden. He had the title 'corporal' and had been offered an officer's commission if he signed up for two to three years. He had a good salary but not enough to think about a trip home.

At first the operations were located in Potchefstroom, but on 28 December he reported receiving a command in the Klerkskraal District, around thirty-five miles from Potchefstroom. Klerkskraal he found to be a pleasant, small place, but 'Christmas passed without a tree again'. (Thord was, therefore, working for the British in the former Boer Zuid Afrikaansche Republiek, which was renamed the Transvaal after its defeat and put under the rule of a British colonial administration.)

On 29 January 1903 when he wrote home, he had just arrived back from Klerkskraal after eighteen days around the country with Mr Joseph Chamberlain, the British Colonial Secretary. (The energy with which Chamberlain had supported the English immigrants' demands for the right to vote in the ZAR had been an

important factor in the build-up to the Boer War.) Among the places Chamberlain visited were Johannesburg, Potchefstroom, and Ventersdorp. Thord acted not only as a guard to Chamberlain but also as cicerone (tour guide), a task he handed over to others when the party crossed the Transvaal border and continued to Mafeking. Chamberlain was very popular among the colonists and was given a grand reception wherever he went.

Thord became increasingly aware of the expense of being in command. His earnings were good, but a private income was needed to maintain a living standard befitting his rank.

‘I do not take too much strong drink and I do not gamble too much at billiards and cards. I do not belong to the Blue Ribbon organisation.... It does no harm as long as one does not get tempted to drink heavily or play cards or likewise, when one cannot afford it or tolerate a few glasses.’

He felt obliged to belong to a club and have three horses. He had to keep one white and two black servants. He had to participate in a multitude of events and all of this cost money. One had to have a private income of anywhere between 2 000 and 6 000 Swedish Crowns a year for this.

‘If I am reduced to my last penny, I will resign, but for now I can manage it and I am intending to continue this way. Disease among the horses caused a lot of worries this year.’ Two of Thord’s horses died at that time and this cost him £90, around 1 620 Swedish Crowns. He had to get new ones within a month, which at that time seemed impossible because the Boers in the area had lost most of their horses and mules.

The Boers were very bitter and hated the British. Thord had a lot to do with the Boers and did whatever he could for this community with its burned homesteads. The war had come to an end and peace had to follow. They had fought for their freedom but lost. Therefore they should not be treated like dogs, although Thord regarded some of them, the *bittereinders* (hardliners), as dimwits who could not see reason. He thought the government treated them too mildly in some respects and too harshly in others.

Thord was offered a lieutenant’s commission in the artillery if he went to Somalia. The battery would consist of volunteers and Thord was willing to go. Two days before the planned departure it was decided that reinforcements were no longer necessary. He assumed those at home had read about the war against the natives in Somalia that had raged for three to four months.

On 8 June 1903 Thord resigned from the South African Constabulary after 326 days of service. His commendation for ‘conduct and character while serving in SAC’ was ‘very good’. On the same date a certificate was issued stating that he had been ‘Drill and Musketry Instructor for the Depot Troop, A Div, SAC’ from 1 August to 31 October 1902, which suggests that his service thereafter in Klerkskraal was of a different nature to that for which he was originally recruited.



TRANSVAAL CIVIL SERVICE

IN A LETTER (which unfortunately was later lost) Thord told the family he had left the army because he could not fulfill the demands expected of a commissioned officer without a private income. Therefore he travelled to Johannesburg with his certificates of service and an old friend's letter of introduction to high-ranking civil servants in the Transvaal colonial administration. At first he took employment in a large firm, but he soon left 'because they did not want to pay me what I thought I was due'.

Soon thereafter he was offered a post as a beacon inspector by the Transvaal Government, which he accepted on 18 July 1903. At home they confused beacon with bacon and thought it was a question of pork control! (A beacon is a pyramid formed by stones that marks the corners of a land claim.)

His task for the Transvaal Civil Service's Registration of Mining Rights Department was to inspect the mining concessions and their markings in the Lydenburg mining district. The task also included doing a geological survey of an area of eighteen thousand square miles.

Transvaal's Vice-Governor, Sir Arthur Lawly, was the person that Thord had to thank for his new career. He had met him when he was aide-de-camp to Mr Joseph Chamberlain on their journey from Potchefstroom to Mafeking.

After a week in Johannesburg and four days' journey onward from there, Thord arrived at his station in Pilgrim's Rest, 'a small place with goldmines located around it, all within my district'. It was three days' journey on horseback north from the railroad from Johannesburg to Delagoa Bay (Maputo in Mozambique today). The district extended in the east to the Portuguese (Mozambique) border, in the south to the railroad, in the north to the Olifants River, and in the west to the town of Middleburg.

The area around Pilgrim's Rest was very mountainous and the malaria rather troublesome 'if one does not take care of oneself'. The mountains were mainly covered with bush. Stretching away in the east was a region called the Lowveld. There were no mountains there, only long ranges of forest-dressed hills. During the rainy season (October to February-March) it was impossible to live there owing to the raging malaria that did not spare any white person.

The hunting in the area was very good. Elephant, lion, leopard, rhinoceros, water buffalo, and other animals ranged freely.

During the dry season it was difficult to survive. The ground was very sandy and water drained away easily. It became hard to find water mere weeks after the rainy season had ended. The places where it did not flow away were few. Every year there were reports of eager hunters who had gone into the Lowveld and not returned. The bones of some of these hunters returned – carried on the backs of the natives who had found them. They had got lost in the bushveld, could not find water, and died.

Earlier, in August 1903, four lieutenants who were companions of Thord had gone on a hunting trip there. Thord should have been with them but withdrew

when it became evident that he would have to resign from the SAC. The lieutenants had been missing for three months, Thord wrote in a letter: Nobody had heard from them, and they had been granted only four weeks' leave of absence. It seemed they had perished.

Thord related the story of a man who had gone on a hunt 'down there'. While riding through the bushveld he had been attacked by a lion. The horse and the two black men accompanying him had fled. The latter had notified the rest of the hunting party, who found the man eight hours later with the dead lion five paces away from him. The man was alive, although one of his shoulder blades lay bare. His left ear and a part of his scalp had also been torn away. He had managed to stab the lion three times with his hunting knife, the last time straight into the heart. Luckily for him it was a young and lone animal. It was also strange that hyenas and other animals had not attacked him. It was thought that maybe the carcass of the lion had scared them off.

In a later letter Thord explained the procedure for gold prospecting. The prospector had to apply to the District Registrar of Mining Rights for a recommendation to be awarded a number of claims. Each claim was a piece of land, 150 by 400 feet in size. Armed with the recommendation, the prospector then turned to the Beacon Inspector's Office to find out if there was enough free space for the desired number of claims. If there was sufficient unclaimed land, he would be awarded his claims. He would measure and mark out his claims on the assigned land and inform the beacon inspector of his findings. He and the beacon inspector would inspect the claims together. If everything was as it should be the claimant then had seven days to erect a stone pyramid beacon on every corner of the assigned area.

The truncated pyramid had to be square top and bottom and its three sides 15 inches wide at the top. The vertical distance between the planes had to be three and a half feet. The beacon was marked with an iron rod bearing a metal sheet with the owner's name, the number of claims, the date the claim was taken out, and the beacon inspector's assigned number.

The prospecting work had to be completed within two months and inspected thereafter. The beacon inspector made a sketch of the claim and reported his findings to the Mining Ministry.

Thord liked his work and the income was a lot better than the salary he had received from the SAC. His old commission gave him the right to wear a uniform on formal and ceremonial occasions, like dinners with the governor or other high government officials.

Two friends who had served in the army also lived in the district.

He wrote home on 15 November 1903 after returning to Pilgrim's Rest from a longer journey around the northeastern part of his district, inspecting the goldfields there. He also spent time hunting, which fulfilled all his boyhood's most daring dreams. Accompanying the letter was a python skin. Thord explained that its acquisition had taught him an important lesson, one he conveyed to all young and inexperienced hunters.

During an inspection trip in the Lowveld together with his assistant and three carriers, Thord had come upon a couple of elegant antelopes. As the party's fresh meat was anything but pleasant to eat, being four days old, 'the gun went to the shoulder' and he brought down the smaller of the two. The other one took off and to get sight of it he ran around a large thicket and brought down this animal as well. At the same time he spotted a couple of giraffes and without re-loading the rifle crawled back into the thicket, intending to get around and closer to them without being spotted.

Well, inside the thicket he turned around to collect his other gun and came face to face with the python. Fearing that he would be attacked, he struck at the snake's head with the butt of his rifle. The snake was stunned, and Thord ripped it open with his hunting knife – from its head several feet down to its stomach – while it lashed around in death throes.

'This was the first time ever that I was without a loaded rifle or revolver on a hunt. The man who rushes forward or even takes one step... without re-loading his weapon is not worthy of holding a rifle in his hands.'

He mentioned that pythons are not that dangerous on open ground. With a long knife one can attack them, if one knows their habits and their method of defence. In a thicket on the other hand they are not to be played with. With its tail anchored around a tree a python can pull to it anything that comes its way and break every bone in its prey's body by crushing it between itself and the tree.

'It was the best entertainment I have had since the war, but I hope that you do not worry. There is not one more careful hunter in Africa than me.'

The lions were intrusive and took sheep and cattle night after night. 'In great numbers they appear only in the east or north. Elephants have not been seen for days.' Thord thought that he would get to bring one down on his last trip to the Olifants River. But the natives had driven them several miles away with large veld fires and Thord had not had time to follow them towards the Portuguese borders. (Rural black people in South Africa would deliberately set fire to the grasslands just before the rainy season to encourage the growth of new grass for their herds.) He had found an old elephant tusk that he sent home along with the tooth of a hippopotamus.

Thord had another snake experience, which he referred to in several interviews as an example of his presence of mind and luck. During a lone hunting trip on the savannah he was trapped by a bushfire that closed in on him at high speed. He rode for his life but his horse fell and broke its neck and the flames caught up with him. In the smoke he found a high tree, climbed up and placed himself in the fork between the trunk and a large branch. Just before he totally lost consciousness from the smoke and heat he felt, as if in a dream, something cold and slippery stroke his neck. Instinctively he drew his hunting knife and slashed out blindly. Then he passed out. When he regained consciousness he had slid out of the fork and fallen onto the ground.

The fire had passed but the ashes were still warm and smoking. Beside him lay the knife and a seven-metre python with its head half severed.

**Thord's 'Notes on
the Geology of
the Lydenburg
Gold Fields' were
reproduced in the
Lydenburg News.**

Thord reported on his geological surveys of the mining district in September 1904. The Registrar of Mining Rights, Duncan Stewart, stated in a letter to Thord on 29 November 1904 that he had received with great satisfaction Thord's very interesting and instructive plan, which was attached to the September report. He would discuss the plan with the Acting Commissioner of Mines. On 5 December the Commissioner of Mines wrote to Thord that he had received the documents in question.

'They are of great interest, and I am pleased to find that you have such a keen interest in your work.' On 4 April 1905 the same man thanked Thord for a copy of 'Notes on the Geology of the Lydenburg Gold Fields'. He said he had no reservations about Thord forwarding the same document to the Geological Society of South Africa.

Thord's 'Notes' were reproduced in the *Lydenburg News* beginning on 9 June 1906. In his introduction to the work the editor stated, 'Being like the work of a scientist and aimed at a scientific society, the work contains an element of scientific terms which even a geologist could hardly be expected to pronounce without being totally sober. But the complete details form an especially valuable, interesting, and carefully written report on the geological structure at this, the oldest of Transvaal's goldmines. We have therefore not hesitated to take the work in its entirety, which probably will continue in four sequels in the magazine.'

Considering the background of basic elementary school education that Thord had received, the interest generated by this work seems remarkable.

During his time as beacon inspector Thord also became interested in the natives of Sekukuniland in the northeastern Transvaal. He took notes of everything he could find out about them, but wars and family matters did not allow him to finalise the research. His notes were therefore incomplete and have never been published.

At the same time Thord organised a cavalry squadron in Lydenburg under Colonel Frederick Damant. He was appointed Captain in the Northern Mounted Rifles in 1904. This was apparently the first time Thord acted as an organiser and leader for a volunteer band. There would be others.

Thord's employment as beacon inspector ended on 15 July 1905, having begun on 18 July 1903, as is confirmed by service certificates issued by the Secretary of the Transvaal Mining Department on 19 April 1906.



THE SECOND ZULU WAR (BAMBATHA REBELLION)

AFTER the Boer War relations between the Zulus of the Natal province and the local white population deteriorated. The Zulu nation had a proud tradition of political independence and empire dating back to the eighteenth century. They had fought a fierce war against British domination in 1879, and despite being armed mainly with spears and shields, inflicted a crushing defeat on a fully armed British force at Isandlwana before being overwhelmed by the force of modern weaponry.

After the Boer War the withdrawal of Imperial troops made some Europeans nervous, and the government's prestige was reduced in the eyes of many natives. The white-owned sugar plantations of Natal suffered a serious labour shortage. This was caused mainly by the poor wages paid by farmers and the lure of the Transvaal goldmines to Zulus seeking employment.

The Natal Government tried to remedy this labour shortage by imposing a 'hut tax' of £1 per year on all black adult males. It was expected that Zulus would be forced to seek work on the sugar plantations to earn the money to pay the tax. Instead introduction of the tax caused anger among the Zulus, and many refused to pay. In the beginning of 1906 the situation deteriorated after the murder of some civil servants, and in April there were uprisings against the tax supported by Zulu chiefs like Bambatha and Sigananda.

By the time of Thord's account, Bambatha and Sigananda had moved their base to the Nkandla Valley, where the densely overgrown and mountainous terrain afforded some protection against reprisals. They had been joined by thousands of Zulu men, who participated in guerrilla raids directed against the white colonists, the Natal Government, and the armed forces.

The government was compelled to call for volunteer militias to assist in dealing with the uprising. On 24 April 1906, Thord was commissioned as a lieutenant in Royston's Horse, a mounted artillery force of 550 men, organised and led by Lieutenant-Colonel John R Royston. Thord was promoted to captain on 24 June. The unit was a part of the Zululand Field Force, a brigade made up of militia and police units and comprising just over 2 000 men, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel D McKenzie.

In the middle of May the Zululand Field Force was divided into three columns and tasked with destroying villages and crops to deprive the rebels of their sources of food and shelter. The rebels lay low and avoided direct confrontation, not surprisingly since they had few firearms, most being armed with the traditional Zulu short thrusting spear, the assegai, and cowhide shields, whereas their enemy had rifles, Maxim guns and artillery. By 20 May, McKenzie had gathered his force at the grave of Cetshwayo kaMpande (the Zulu chief who had led the 1879 uprising against the British), intending to advance into the Nkandla Valley.

The rebels' only advantage lay in the fact that their base was situated in inaccessible terrain, which included several hundred square miles of thick forest and bush covering a very rugged landscape of hills and valleys.

Thord narrates his own experience:

‘On May 29 we all left the camp in the early morning to march to the Nkandla Valley, where, according to intelligence, the enemy should be hiding. My task was to take two Maxim guns to the west side of London’s Kop (a kop is a hill) and place them in a position overlooking the valley. Hence they would control several ravines (dongas) into which the enemy could easily disappear. Luck was not with us and we did not shoot a single bullet with the Maxims during the whole day, although there was some sniping with rifles here and there. We returned to camp with the others. Today a mule was killed on the other side of the mountain.

‘May 30: This day we all marched out on foot. The Maxims were not brought out. I followed B Squadron.... I got command of the outer left flank of the advance group and entered Nkandla east of – but very close to – the top of London’s Kop on a trail leading downwards.

‘We arrived at some thickets approximately halfway down into the valley, where a skirmish began which throughout was to our advantage. A few minutes after its commencement a native appeared right in front of me. He disappeared into a small stream... covered by thick bushes. I could not get a shot at him. Less than half a minute later his head appeared as he passed a large boulder. My carbine flew to my shoulder and I brought him down with a rapid shot at a range of fifteen yards. I was pleased with myself until a moment later when I arrived at the body to check if he was dead or not and found that it was a woman, stone dead with a bullet through her head. The woman had removed her headgear and was dressed as a man. It was the first woman that I have shot, to my knowledge.

‘Many women have been shot in this way.

‘Later on during the day I saw a man crawling forward in the grass – he slid into the thicket when I spotted him. He jumped from one bush to the other fast as lightning and I could see his spear and shield. The man was around fifty yards away and I got him as he was moving through some trees.

‘When I reached him he turned out to be a little boy around twelve years old, who apparently had taken his father’s spear and shield and gone on the warpath with the other men. I almost cried out from shame, because I could not help admiring the fine little boy.

‘However it is war and everyone carrying spear and shield has to be brought down if he comes our way.

‘We had now reached the riverbed and several of the Zulu impis (regiments) began to show their mettle. Among their skills was making use of ruses and cunning to deceive their enemy. Just as we arrived down at the river some women came to meet us and told us that there was not one single man in the forest, because they had all fled during the fighting.

‘Some of our men became a bit careless after this information and started to spread out and stroll around, as colonial troops are inclined to do. The information of course proved to be a lie, as we soon encountered stiff resistance in many places and a running battle started when we advanced upstream. The natives here had quite a few rifles.

‘The woman had removed her headgear and was dressed as a man. It was the first woman that I have shot, to my knowledge.’

‘The path and the stream did not allow us to walk side by side, as the openings in the thickets were very small. Therefore we worked three and three and advanced by fire and movement. With two men I took the lead and brought down seven men with my carbine. None of us were wounded, although we escaped narrowly on several occasions.

‘Among the seven I shot we found Hunt’s murderer. (Hunt was a farmer who had been killed by rebels while taking his labourers to the local magistrate to pay their tax.) Hunt’s papers were found on the man and I was thanked by Colonel Royston. He also mentioned me in the report of the day’s activity to Colonel McKenzie, who in turn forwarded it to the government. We withdrew to camp late that night. All of us were very tired from hard work.’



‘June 3: We broke camp early in the morning at around 6.30 for “bush driving”. All except the Carabineers (a unit comprising mounted riflemen) were on foot. After around two hours’ march, with a bit of manoeuvring we arrived on location and started up into the bush without much concern about the position of the enemy or his strength.

‘B Squadron formed the outer right flank of the front, and the advance headed leftwards with the left flank almost a stationary pivot. We on the right had a very long and hard day of marching ahead of us. The Maxims had been left in camp. The... middle of the front started to walk fast already from the beginning, not understanding that it was impossible for us on the right flank to keep up, as we had three times the distance to cover in the same time. The thing was handled badly by those in the middle and how it came to be that our whole band survived to the last man, I cannot understand today. Apart from following the march they had to burn all war huts on the way and gather all the cattle, and there were a lot of both.

‘Captain Watt and I marched furthest out on the right flank. We tried to encourage the men and keep them together as much as possible. The enemy was spotted in great numbers from the beginning, but they did not seem to know what to do, or maybe they were only acting. We marched at top speed but the natives withdrew in an efficient way from hut to hut and from village to village in rather good order. In almost every hut the fire was going and there was food in the pot, so apparently they had not expected today’s attack, but still they moved on. Around one o’clock during the day we heard a few men calling out to the right beyond the planned area of the drive. Watt and I started to run towards the sound and succeeded in gathering a few men who had lost their way and had gotten into difficulties with the natives, who had cut them off. In the belief that there would be other stragglers, based on a report from two of the men that they had heard signals in that direction, Watt and I continued further out. We were alone, there being no additional men to spare. We soon lost contact with everybody, and here and there encountered small groups of native warriors, but we managed to remain unseen by hiding and keeping quiet when we heard them coming. Usually they

called out every now and then like our troops do, but the natives did it with much more finesse and did not speak or call out unless it was absolutely necessary. By that time Watt and I had gone rather far away and we realised that we had been foolish to come so far with the place swarming with small impis. We started to long for our comrades, especially Midgely, our tried and faithful friend.

‘Carefully we selected our path upwards on a hill, but suddenly a large native force came along straight toward us. They did not expect us or any other enemy, because when they spotted us they turned a bit to the right and disappeared like spirits among the trees. To make sure that they really had moved away we rushed forward to the place where they had disappeared and there found only a precipice more than a hundred foot high.... Nothing could be seen below.

‘The mystery of the disappearance of these forty or fifty men made us feel unsettled. The forest was dense but the men could not have disappeared into thin air. The whole thing was incomprehensible to us, especially as the tracks led straight to the edge and then vanished. Believing that it was a trick and we were in danger we turned and ran up the mountain in the direction of the regiment. We were far away and had to rest from time to time and hide from the natives. We did not dare to shoot in order not to reveal our location to the bigger groups of roaming impis.

‘During one of these intervals I was sitting on a fallen tree trunk, my right foot resting on a stone and the carbine over my shoulder with my right elbow on my knee and my hand on the trigger. I was turned towards Watt who sat in front of me and looked up at the area behind me, as I did for him every time we paused. We were fatigued both mentally and physically and did not say a word to each other. Suddenly I caught Watt’s eye and a terrible change was expressed in it. He neither moved nor blinked but he seemed to be calling out “shoot” without moving a muscle.

‘All this took only a fraction of a second and without looking I fired my carbine over my shoulder and jumped up. It turned out that there was a huge Zulu warrior two yards behind me, where he had been felled by a bullet through the body. Watt told me that the man had suddenly appeared from the undergrowth behind me with raised spear and that he could not do other than he did. If he himself had moved to shoot, it would have been too late and the spear would have gone through my back.

‘We immediately understood that we were in great danger after this shot had been fired, because we could hear several different impis’ war cries and a great attack in motion towards us.

‘We kept to the thickest undergrowth and started to run towards our own men’s fire. By some miraculous chance we succeeded in getting through, even though the Zulus sometimes passed us only a few feet away.

‘Most of the natives that we met were fleeing and seemed to be in a great hurry. The terrain was bush interspersed with thickets of trees throughout the large valley. The thick undergrowth was often impenetrable, which naturally delayed our movement but also hid us when the danger was great.

**‘Suddenly I caught
Watt’s eye and a
terrible change was
expressed in it.
He neither moved
nor blinked, but
he seemed
to be calling
out “shoot”...’**



‘When we made contact with the squadron at first we found only ten men, who had drifted too far away from the others to the right. They were very happy to see us, as they were not sure what to do without an officer. Without trying to approach the rest of the squadron we went directly towards the day’s objective, which was through the forest and up to the path on the mountain’s peak. It was now late in the afternoon and it was absolutely necessary to get through before dark if we were not to be lost to the last man.

‘In one of the huts beside a stream we found a suitcase belonging to Mr Davis, the owner of the wagon that had been taken and plundered by the Zulus. Nothing in the luggage seemed to have been touched, so I got one of the two natives that were with us to carry it, intending to later return it to its owner.

‘We encountered many groups of natives but none seemed to show any inclination to fight. Therefore we had a comparatively easy time of it as far as fighting was concerned, but moving through the dense bush was very trying for us all after the long day.

‘Towards the end of the day we were all rather surprised and shocked when a native suddenly appeared among us in the most miraculous way. I thought that he had come down from a tree. When I raised my carbine towards him he saved his own life by calling out in English. Otherwise he would without a doubt have been sent to another world. The man had a Bambatha insignia around his neck and looked like a typical Zulu. He explained in broken English and Dutch that he had been taken prisoner with Mr Davis’s wagon (from which the suitcase had come) and held by the Bambatha.

‘We got this man to carry the suitcase, which he did not like very much because he appeared to want to stay close to Watt and me for one reason or another (trickery, we later discovered). We continued to press on through the bush for a while. Then suddenly violent shooting started on our right flank less than two hundred yards away. We immediately closed ranks, which was the custom in such a case to avoid having individuals go astray. The adjacent forest was very dense and we could not see more than thirty or forty yards ahead. We were only twelve men in all, but something had to be done.

‘Watt and I agreed without saying a word to attack the enemy from our position. All the men fell into the firing line with a courage that made me proud of them. Within a short time we were met by a group of natives that turned away to the left and tried to get around our flank.

‘Two of them were hit and were left lying on the ground. We continued forward but things were not looking good. The firing was dying out and the Zulus war cries were increasing. We made a determined attack on the next group of Zulus we met and they must have thought we had a large number of men, as they turned around and ran. What we saw in front of us was not a pleasant sight. Captain Clark and several others had been wounded and some had gone to another world. The Zulus had broken through the squadron three times and they had been fighting lying down where they had fallen wounded.

‘Once again the Zulus disappeared mysteriously and we managed to get all our men out. When I finally came out of the forest I met Colonel Royston. While I was reporting some of the details of the day’s work, fighting flared up in another part of the forest. More than a few of our detachments had not yet arrived. As all our men were exhausted, Colonel Royston asked me to follow him to get reinforcements from another regiment.

‘We took the first two ponies we could find and went on our way along the forest path in the direction of Colonel McKenzie. The route we took was badly chosen, because it went straight through what was probably the main Zulu force, which had been driven there by our actions earlier in the day.

‘Royston is a man who does not know what fear means. He just spurred his horse and took off like a maniac and I followed as closely as possible. The path was very twisted and it was impossible to see more than a few yards ahead. In two places we galloped straight through groups of Zulus that were so surprised that they did not get a chance to aim an assegai at us.

‘On another occasion we raised the Zulu war cry when we saw a few men coming out of the forest. They became so afraid when they saw us rushing down on them that they turned and ran back, which of course was what we wanted them to do.

‘We got through thanks to luck more than anything else and found Colonel McKenzie rather worried over the uncertain outcome of the day’s combat. Communication was impossible between the regiments and the staff because of the mountainous, forested terrain and the few men we had at our disposal. It was a question of getting through the forest and reaching the other side if we could, or getting pinned down forever in the dense black forest. We told McKenzie about the situation of our troops and he sent the Carabineers to one of the flanks with the intention of attacking the enemy from the side and in that way reducing the pressure on the men who were still in the bush. This turned out to be unnecessary, as they got out anyway before the Carabineers actually started their attack.

‘That night the camp was moved without our knowledge to the end of Nomangli Ridge... fourteen hours’ march away.

‘(The next day) I left camp with the others and took with me the best two Maxim guns. Through some misunderstanding I was separated from my regiment. (I later found that Royston’s Horse had received new instructions and had gone into the forest in the direction of Nkandla.) In that way it came to pass that I joined Colonel McKenzie’s group. He agreed to my suggestion that I take my Maxims to a mountain slope on his left flank, from where one could get a clear view of the Zulu positions. Halfway down I deployed one gun as usual to cover my advance. It would have been rather foolish to advance at all without covering fire – we would have been exposed to the enemy on three sides.



‘The other Maxim came down with me and was positioned in a suitable place with a free arc of fire, even though it was very vulnerable. We remained there the whole

day and we had better sport than the whole brigade combined. From our position the natives could be seen constantly running to and fro and we let them have it from time to time. All day we directed very effective fire towards them. On two different occasions the Zulus tried to take our positions but did it rather clumsily for Zulus, so I believe that they must have been inexperienced fighters.

‘On both occasions they pushed forward in open terrain, without taking advantage of trees or the long grass. We mowed them down like grass. Only once did they even get within spear-throwing distance.

‘By the evening the rest of the brigade had advanced far forward on our right flank. I was rather isolated and feared being cut off without protection. I took Corporal Bolland on a small reconnaissance trip ahead of our Maxims. We passed separate groups of old men, but hardly a warrior except for one or two who stood waiting by the fires outside the huts, apparently serving as some kind of guards. We burned down some empty huts to deceive the natives further away into believing that we were a large force and then returned to our guns. On our way back we passed a herd of cattle, which we gathered and drove up the mountain past our guns and then later on to our camp. A large number of sheep were also among them.

‘When everybody assembled in the early morning we saw that there was a thick fog over the landscape. During the night there had been reports that the enemy was awaiting a great impi which would join forces with them at the approach to Sigananda’s defensive position at the Mome Gorge. We began under cover of fog. My Maxims were all in good condition and the men were all in fighting trim and eager for battle. Everybody expected an important day. The darkness and the fog made the advance doubly hard in the beginning but at the same time we felt invincible and the fog also confused the enemy quite a bit. During the early morning two or three squadrons got lost and nearly gave the game away by falling into the enemy’s hands.

‘Luck was with them, however, and they were reunited with us after a few miles. The column became rather widely spread over the area because of small groups going off in the wrong direction in the fog. They risked being exposed at sunrise, and the tactical situation under such circumstances would be to the Zulus’ advantage. We were lucky. Nothing exceptional happened except for a few shots exchanged here and there between the scouts and the enemy’s reconnaissance units.

‘We reached the ridges that lead towards Nkandla from London’s Kop and lay above Sigananda’s defensive position. At this time the fog had begun to lift a bit but all the gorges up to the mountain top were still shrouded in snow white cloud, which was impenetrable to the eye.

‘The head of the column came to a halt to let the line close up to form a more united and organised force. How we ever got that far without being discovered was one of the most remarkable things I have experienced.

‘Before the line could form up heavy rifle fire began somewhere down in the fog at the entrance to a gorge a mile away. We thought it might be the Transvalers

coming into contact with the enemy, which later on turned out to be the case. It created an eerie feeling to hear this combat taking place down in the fog below us without knowing the result.

‘The war cries and even the thumping of the Zulus’ bare feet could be heard at a distance as they worked their way towards the kill zone.

‘It was a grand scene but an eerie one as well.

‘Afterwards we found that the Transvalers had taken another route, worked their way forward around the mountains, and arrived at the same gorge that was our

**‘The war cries and even
the thumping of the
Zulus’ bare feet could be
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towards the kill zone.’**

goal but at the opposite end. The firing was so wild, however, that we were concerned that the enemy might have attacked the other flank of our column. If that had been the case the united Zulu forces would be pitched against them and they would have been in a very difficult if not hopeless position. A general feeling of uneasiness was spreading among us and Colonel McKenzie went off in a raging gallop at the head of our column to try to help our friends down in the thick forest below us.

‘His action was brave but unwise and defied all the precepts of military tactics. It was an extremely crazy and dangerous procedure for all involved, as he did not know or care where he went as long as he was advancing towards the firing. No orders were given to the squadron leaders and they just went off like a badly-organised Boer kommando. The result was that we divided into small, useless groups that roamed around without order or any really clear or decisive goal. I passed many units hours afterwards that were still looking for their leaders in the fog and for the main force that no longer existed.

‘If the enemy had been in position – where we later learned that they were meant to be that morning – then our whole column would have been mauled and lost and the whole Natal border left at the mercy of the Zulu impis. With our destruction the whole of Zululand would have taken up arms, instead of the 40 000 to 60 000 men we were now facing.

‘Luck had been with us the whole campaign and followed us even here so it all went well. In this wild and crazy gallop we followed the edge of London’s Kop along the crest of a ridge – and a bit exposed in open terrain if the natives were hiding in the margin of the forest along which we mostly journeyed. Suddenly one of Natal Field Artillery’s fifteen pounders began firing at natives spotted through an opening in the fog.

‘The mental strain on all of us during this disorganised, mad ride caused us to react with shock when the cannon fire opened up. It was not the firing so much as the nervous state of the men that created the shock at the sudden thunderous explosions nearby.



‘In an instant Colonel Royston turned the head of the column and we went backwards at full speed. Men, horses, and artillery-pieces stretched out over the

whole area, falling and tumbling over each other into holes.... Hardly a man doubted it was the enemy who had forced us to turn and that a catastrophe was at hand. And still no orders had been given – it had been just a mad ride from one place to the other.

‘After a while we arrived at the ridge overlooking the combat zone, where we found a very rough path leading down to the rifle fire in the forest.

‘On this ridge Colonel McKenzie caught up with us and a few Carabineers. At the same time the fog again enveloped us and we could make and keep contact with each other only through calling. The two colonels led the way and my two Maxims followed closely on packhorses. Except for the Maxims, only a few mounted troops could follow at this tempo. The rest lost their way in the fog. They took a path that led to the right and that would have been fatal for me and my two pieces had we followed. Finally all the horses except for my two packhorses were left on the crest of the ridge above the forest and the advance was continued on foot.

‘The firing that had been so heavy only ten minutes earlier was still fierce but not as wild and intense. As we still did not know the reason for the shooting we pushed on at high speed.

‘The firing had begun a whole hour before the planned time of attack and this made us think that something had gone wrong.

‘From the crest where we dismounted a running battle began. We were very lucky to control the ridges early. The enemy was coming up the mountain while we were going down to take our positions. Our attack not only hindered them but gave them a very unpleasant surprise, which we noticed right away. Most of them turned and ran down the mountain with our small group in pursuit. When we had descended around a thousand feet we came across treacherous terrain with precipitous cliffs and other obstacles on the steep mountain path.

‘My first packhorse arrived and, struggling to negotiate the treacherous path, slipped and plunged seventy five or a hundred feet down the steep slope. Somehow to my astonishment it landed on its feet and started grazing on the luxuriant grass on the mountainside. With some difficulty the horse was helped up onto the path again and the advance continued.

‘I had left one of the pieces at the crest to follow behind us and cover our advance against a sudden attack or any other unforeseen event.

‘The fog now lifted quickly and we could clearly see the gorge. We could see the enemy moving in their hundreds in the forest glades and on the riverbanks only about five hundred yards below us. A bit further down I found a perfect place and positioned my gun to cover the riverbed, which was practically the only way for the enemy to escape.

‘Unsurprisingly they had discovered us, and they kept themselves hidden as much as possible. For our part we had no doubt that they were on their way towards us on some encircling path to cut us off.

‘Suddenly around fifty of the enemy showed up and I trained the Maxim on them; but to my dismay the piece jammed after about the fifth shot. It was an unpleasant situation in which to find oneself – Zulus everywhere, no protection

force, and a jammed machine gun. Something was totally wrong so I dismantled the piece and found that the outer casing had been slightly bent. It had happened when the horse fell and rolled down the mountain. I was furious when the enemy rushed up-river and disappeared into the forest in the direction of the Zulu lines. The Maxim had been too damaged to be serviceable, so I detached a few men to go back with it to the top of the hill and bring down the other one.... By then the protection force had arrived and with this group of thirty men and only one machine gun I advanced to another position and opened very effective fire at two hundred yards' range on the quickly-withdrawing enemy, who had not expected us in this new position.

'The enemy suffered great losses and I almost felt ashamed to take advantage of the position that I was in. Later on during the day another machine gun arrived from the Natal Carabineers but it was too late to be of much use, because by then it was all about sniping.

'As usual the Natal Carabineers had to do something stupid. It is a fine troop but rather inclined to show off. When we were below their position, between them and the enemy, they opened fire on us with their machine gun at no less than three hundred yards. They took us for the enemy, even though they had seen us go down only twenty minutes before. Whether it was a confused lunatic who was in command of their piece, I cannot say. But they were successful in hitting two of us. One was young King from Dundee, Natal. He was shot through the hand, and the other man straight through the lower part of the head. By sheer luck the bullets were solid rounds and not dumdums.

'It was a very unpleasant experience and I was extremely tempted to turn my piece on the Carabineers, as they made a perfect target ruthlessly strafing my position with their machine gun fire.

'We started to comb through the forest downstream and that went very well. Corporal McKenna found two natives in a hut and took them prisoner, totally against the orders he had been given. But it happened that these two in the end, after having been threatened with immediate death, pointed out the great chief Meslegalulu's hideout in the riverbed. He was shot half an hour later at the spot pointed out by the two prisoners.

'The advance continued a distance down along the spruit (a small stream), as our unit became smaller and smaller, until at the end there were only Colonel Royston, Captain Watt, myself, and eight men left.

'We now made contact with the advance parties of the Natal Mounted Police and the Transvalers. Consequently we turned halfway to the right, went up a spur of the mountain, and followed the spruit southwards for a second combing of the denser and more important part of the forest.

'The enemy was in a predicament here and could not get away without breaking through our lines. Bambatha was reported to be within our encirclement. By this time of day (3 pm) we were all tired and had nearly had enough after ten hours of uninterrupted combat. We needed food and rest. The men continued without grumbling, however, when we started on the new task, which really was not part

of the original plan but very necessary. They all seemed instinctively to know that the thing had to be finished that day and was impossible to interrupt.

‘We moved upwards on the mountain in order to totally encircle the natives. The Natal Field Artillery bombarded the forest with explosive shells from a fifteen pounder and that shook the Zulus quite a bit.

‘It was not until late afternoon that we got into position and the second large advance could begin. After we had cleared three-quarters of the forest, the sun set and it became dark at once. The withdrawal was signalled and the enemy, whom we now had pinned in a corner, must have felt very happy to see us leaving the field, because one more hour of daylight would have sent them all to another world. It was absolutely impossible for us to stay in the dense forest the whole night. That is the way one of the campaign’s hardest days ended for me and Royston’s Horse.

‘When the day had ended and all the reports had come in we calculated by careful estimation that around 2 000 Zulus had been killed.’

On 7 July 1906 the Bishop in Zululand wrote to the Prime Minister in Natal and complained among other things that Royston’s Horse had shot prisoners in their camp on 4 or 5 July. A court martial was assembled, whose protocol was recorded in detail in *The Natal Witness* on 20 July 1906. Some prisoners had been shot when they tried to escape during transportation in rough terrain. Thord was called as a witness. The court could not find the slightest proof for the accusation in question.

Some opinions of Thord and his contribution in this campaign were expressed in three letters from superior officers at the time of his resignation. The letters are reproduced on the following page.



My Dear Captain Gray,

It is with the greatest sorrow that I hear that you are going to leave us for new pastures and other battlefields. My dear Gray, can I not persuade you to stay with us and see a bloodless end to the show? We shall all miss you terribly; especially your own squadron and me. I do not know anyone else I want to be in the field with. I have not yet heard of nor seen a terrain rough or dangerous enough to have the slightest effect on your nerves. You are the regiment's best drill instructor and absolute past master in combat. As a matter of fact there are so many things that speak to your advantage that I cannot account for them all to avoid encouraging conceit in the young. In the hope that I shall soon hear from you from a squadron, or even better that we shall meet again.

John R Watt
Major, Royston's Horse

To Captain Ivor Thord-Gray,

I am very happy to thank you for the very good service you have done to this regiment and I could not wish to have a better soldier to serve under my command.

John R Royston
Lieutenant-Colonel, OCRH

Dear Captain Gray,

First I want to say how sad I am that you are leaving the regiment. I know your value as a soldier in the field and it is not everyone that has that gift. I have admired your qualities especially in the battle's torment and I am sure that whenever you go into the field in another country you will conduct yourself well.

With best wishes,
W Knott
Major, Staff Officer, Royston's Horse

PLAYING THE GAME

THE FOLLOWING satirical 'order' for the Zululand Field Force was written and published after a question was tabled in the British Parliament asking whether it had been correctly reported that the rebels fought half-heartedly and withdrew because they were being decimated by machine-gun and rifle fire – and if this was what the British called 'fair play'.

- 1 All machine guns, rifles, revolvers, binoculars, glasses, fountain pens, and other objects which present an unfair advantage over the enemy shall immediately be collected and returned to the depot.
- 2 Assagais and shields, similar to those of the natives, shall be given to the men in the front line and thick knotted sticks to the men in the rear ranks at once upon their arrival from Birmingham.
- 3 While waiting for the new weapons' arrival, the commanding officers of units shall take the opportunity to train their units in exposure drill. Incessant efforts must be made to encourage

the Zulus, who hopefully will soon find effective methods to employ bloodbath and mutilation instead of setting about the task in the half-hearted way that we are so familiar with.

- 4a As a precaution against causing surprise a well-mannered officer shall be sent during the night to inform the rebels' chief about any planned advance, and to prevent any possibility of a question in parliament as to whether sufficient warning was given about an attack, the words, 'Are you ready? Play!' shall be called out every hundred yards by the unit on the right flank...
- 4b Attacks shall always be made in closed order; fat men and white horses first.
- 5 In accordance with the recognised principles of fair play, troops that arrive at the battlefield shall dismount and continue on foot. Any man who is caught stabbing with his assegai under the belt, giving a Zulu contaminated food, stepping on his toe, refusing to let him go when he taps the ground twice (see the rules of ju-jitsu), or showing any other unsportsmanlike conduct will be brought before a court martial and shot. (As you were – instead of 'shot' read 'assegaid'.)

Signed
OC Zululand Field Force

THE WAR SONG OF THE ROYSTON'S

TO THE TUNE OF *CAMPERDOWN RACES*

Royston's marched five hundred strong. U-shu! U-shu!
They beat the bush all day long. U-shu! U-shu! O!

Chorus: They beat the bush all night,
They beat the bush all day,
It's killing work, but the men won't shirk,
We heard the colonel say.

Now Colonel Royston boldly led, U-shu! U-shu!
And old Bambatha lost his head. U-shu! U-shu! O!

Chorus: And now that Sigamanda's gone, U-shu! U-shu!
We'll bid farewell to the valley of Mome, U-shu! U-shu! O!

BAMBATHA'S AWAKENING IN THE MORNING

TO THE TUNE OF *DO YOU KEN JOHN PEEL?*

Do you ken Royston's Horse at the break of day?
As they held Bambatha and his impi at bay,
They were alone, for the carabineers were away,
Making tracks o'er the hills in the morning.

Do you ken Royston's Horse at the break of day;
Royston and Fraser, Midgley and Gray,
From hilltop to valley, thirsting for fray,
And they led Royston's Horse in the morning.

Yes, We ken Royston's Horse, and their Maxims too,
And little they recked for the Usutu
Of the niggers as they charged the whole bush through,
And they bagged the whole lot by the morning.

And now the fight is bravely won,
We've killed and captured everyone,
And Royston's fairly take the bun,
For Bambatha's head our camp's adorning.

A SHORT MARRIAGE

ACCORDING to August Reinhold Hallström's diary, the wedding between Thord and Edith Voss took place on 2 March 1904 in Lydenburg, during the time of Thord's employment as beacon inspector.

On 4 September 1906, a short time after the end of the Zulu War and Thord's resignation from Royston's Horse, he wrote home from Cape Town that he had been in Johannesburg for two days and was going to German Southwest Africa (Damaraland) to offer his service to the Germans in their war against the Herero and Damara, who had taken arms against German colonial rule in 1904. In the same letter he expressed the wish that those at home should not write to Edith, a wish that he later repeated.

He hinted at what had happened in a letter on 13 September 1906, when he had returned from Damaraland because the Germans did not want any non-Germans to serve in their war. He said he had found out that Edith had been unfaithful twelve months earlier. Now he had recovered from the unpleasantness, but did not want anything more to do with her and was travelling via Durban to Mombasa in British East Africa.

Edith wrote to her parents-in-law in Sweden on 20 January 1906 from Johannesburg, when the marriage was two years old. At that time she did not imply that there was any discord but mentioned that Thord was on an official journey upcountry and would be away for a few weeks.

She had asked her mother to visit her. It would have been too lonely otherwise as she and Thord usually spent time together and she missed him so much.

On 18 December 1906 Edith gave birth to a son, named George. In her letter to Hilda Hallström on 16 June 1907 Edith referred to Thord's reason for abandoning her. She swore that she had never been unfaithful to him. If Thord alleged that she had been it was a lie. 'May God forgive him, I can never do it.' The reason for their

unhappiness was something other than what he had told them, and she could not tell either. It had to remain a secret and be buried with their love.

In a letter to his parents on 17 December 1906 from Nairobi, Thord gave his account of what had happened.

‘On 12 October 1905 I was... in Pilgrim’s Rest. Edith had about a month earlier travelled with her mother and sister to Johannesburg and from there to Ottoshoop. That day I went as usual to get my letters in Post Office Box 93.

‘Among them was one in Edith’s handwriting to a man who sometimes visited our house (Arthur MacCormick). This letter must have been placed in my box by mistake. Before this I never had any reason to be suspicious and therefore until today I cannot understand why I opened her letter to this scoundrel, but I did – thank God. It was a love letter to him. As I knew the number on his mailbox, I tried to find out more. I was also told by my close friends that the relationship between her and the scoundrel had been going on for a month before she left Pilgrim’s Rest with her mother.

‘On the seventeenth of the same month when the next mail coach driver arrived, I found out that two letters from her were in the scoundrel’s mailbox. This of course set the blood boiling.

‘I broke the mailbox and took the letters before anyone could stop me. The letters were like the first – love letters. I telegraphed her of my discovery and told her that I intended to demand a divorce and so on....

‘Of course I was reported to the police when I broke the mailbox and a few days later I got a fine of £10.’

He attached a press cutting from the *Rand Daily Mail* which had an article under the headline ‘Pilgrim’s Rest Sensation’ describing the trial and ending as follows: ‘From witnesses it seems that Mr Thord-Gray had reason to suspect his wife and that he broke a mailbox and found love letters from Mrs Gray to a gentleman resident in this place. Proceedings for divorce are expected. Mr Thord-Gray received a fine of £10 for breaking the mailbox.... The magistrate made it clear that the sentence was lenient owing to the extreme provocation. The scandal caused a big sensation in Pilgrim’s Rest.’

After having referred to the news item Thord continued his letter: ‘As you can surely understand, it is not a shame to be punished for such a thing. The whole town and many friends from other places were there to attend my court case. When it was over I was carried round on many men’s arms; they cheered and carried me to a grand lunch. The champagne flowed. Among those present were the District Commissioner, Lydenburg’s Mayor, Colonel Dumaret, Captain Scorth, and others of “the top ten”. I was what the British call “hero of the day”. After some days I left Lydenburg and travelled to Johannesburg. After Christmas 1905 Edith came back from her mother and asked me to take her back. She said the letters were just “for fun”. After some time I softened and took her back. Then began the two worst months of my life. I tried to forget it all but it was easier said than done. God knows I tried, but it was impossible.... In my innermost being, dear Parents, I feel that she did not do anything more than write to him

and kiss him, but that is enough for me. The child that she now carries, which by now might be born, is mine.... As you may know Edith is niece to the multi-millionaire JB Robinson now living in England. He is the third-richest man in the world according to several British newspapers.... Wealth with an unfaithful wife, no, never dear Parents.’

One gets further insight into Thord’s point of view of what had happened in a letter from him to Edith written during his stay in Stockholm on 13 February 1912 (Thord’s draft copy). He did not mince his words. He had read the letter that Edith sent to Sweden and called it ‘a pretty story’. ‘It is actually the most perfect combination of unrighteous lies that I have ever read.’

To put an end to further doubt he showed the family the aforementioned press cutting which dealt with the court case in Lydenburg concerning Edith’s love letters to MacCormick. This measure clarified beyond doubt the reason why he had left Edith. He was unrelenting and rejected any possibility of reconciliation. All affection had disappeared.

They had not seen each other since April 1906 and it was about time to arrange for the divorce. He had asked his lawyers to write to Edith and ask her to sue for divorce, before he took steps to do something about it in Sweden. If she did so, she would maintain her own reputation and also her mother’s and her son’s. At the same time she would go some way to making amends for the harm she had done to Thord. If she did not sue for divorce, he said that he would do it and furthermore that he would arrange for the marriage to be annulled on technical grounds. He said he had attested copies of Edith’s love letters to MacCormick, which would make it easy to get a divorce. There was also the fact that they had been separated for such a long time. He now loved another woman and intended to make her his wife as soon as he became free.

Thus Thord had never seen his son. It was not until 1950 that Thord visited South Africa again and met George, then aged 44. It seems that neither paternal nor filial affection resulted from this meeting. On 29 January 1919 Edith wrote to Thord and suggested that, with consideration for the then twelve-year-old son uppermost, they should resume their married life. The suggestion was referred to in one of Thord’s letters on 20 November 1920, but he does not mention how and when he received it. One can assume that it was sent to Stockholm and that Thord got it after he arrived home from his adventure in Siberia in September.

On at least two later occasions attempts were made by Astrid Hallström, wife of Thord’s brother Gustaf, to establish contact with Edith. The first was to inform her of Hilda Hallström’s passing away in 1925 and the second among other things to inform the family in South Africa that Sten Hallström, the eldest son of Thord’s brother Gunnar, was sailing as mate on board SS Lydic from Gothenburg and was expected to arrive in Durban on March 1927. No answer came and the letter was returned, marked address unknown.

The dissolution of his marriage to Edith in effect brought with it a new direction in Thord’s career. Certainly he had always sought adventure, and had dedicated himself to soldiering in South Africa. But now one can discern a conscious

aspiration to seek out new trouble spots and theatres of war wherever they were to be found in the world.

He wanted to become an educated soldier with knowledge of different kinds of warfare, and to be able, if ever it was needed, to make this knowledge available to his native country – to be at Sweden's disposal.

