This is the story of my life in Nigeria as a pioneer of the railway, by J.PATTON.

I landed at Lagos on the 6th of May, 1914. I was posted at Minna as a Head Guard and worked on trains between Baro and Kano. There was no night running on this section, so it took one day from Baro to Minna, the second day from Minna to Zaria and the third day from Zaria to Kano.

The passengers slept on the platform each night. My duties were to see that all the passengers had tickets for themselves and Way Bills for their luggage, also to see the train ran to time as far as possible.

Baro was situated on the ~~Jebba~~ NIGER River, thus Baro-Minna was a Branch Line off the Iddo-Kano Line. After this Branch was opened practically all the railway material for North of Minna came by boat to Baro, then by rail to Northern Nigeria. The bridge at Jebba had not been built then and trains had to be ferried across. This was a very slow process and took about two hours to complete.

When War broke out in August 1914 I remained at Baro to assist in transporting Northern Nigerian Troops who were going down river to face the Germans in Duala, Eastern Nigeria.

The Germans did not want this Port to be destroyed, so they cleared out as quickly as possible. There was very little fighting and not many casualties. The Germans had made a good job of building the town. They made good wide streets and roads, and planted many trees along them - nicley spaced out for shade, and for fruit of all kinds - bananas, oranges, grapefruit, paw-paw, mangos and palm trees of different kinds, also flower trees and bamboos. A sort of shrub tree was planted round their houses. They had hoped to return one day, but their hopes were never realised.

I had now been six months in the country. Owing to the shortage of Officers for the Army, every Civil Servant possible was seconded to the ranks, and those left behind had to take up a second job. So I was posted to Jengre, which was 100 miles from Zaria on the main line. It was a light weight Guage of only three feet and was meant to climb to the plateau where the

tin mines were situated. Britain was very short of tin and the track must go through to Jos and Bukuru. About 25 miles had to still be constructed before we could get the tin to the coast. Before this it was sent by pack horses, donkeys, mules and camels across country to Minna - a very slow method.

At Jengre I was Station Master and found myself in charge of twelve Police Constables and acted as Police Judge. We held a court in my house every morning if the Police had brought in any law breakers. Nearly all the cases I had were Matrimonial Cases and the first one I had was my own Engine Driver, a native of the country. His wife wanted to run away from him and he was chastising her when a policeman came on the scene and ordered him to stop. In his anger he hit the Policeman and the Native Judge looked on this as a very serious crime.

I had a simple arrangement for working with the Native Judges. They tried the offenders and told me the punishment they were inflicting. If I thought they were too severe I cut the punishment down. In the case of Alpha, the Engine Driver, they fined him £2 and 20 lashes. I explained to the Judges if they lashed Alpha he would go sick and I would have no driver to replace him - so we decided to cut out the lashes and fine him £1.

My house was a good-sized house, circular in shape with an outer and an inner wall. There was a space of about 4 feet between the two walls and this was termed the verandah. I kept my chickens and a goat in there and had to cover them every night to protect them from hyenas and jackals. I had a watchman who kindled a big fire near the entrance, but he sometimes fell asleep and on one occasion a chicken rooste under my bed. On hearing a scuffle during the night I woke up to see a bush cat walking out of the door carrying the chicken. I was going to have a shot at him, but on second thoughts I decided to let him go.

We ran our first Passenger Train from Jos to Jengre on the morning of Christmas 1914-1915, to connect with the train from Jengre to Zaria. There were a good number of 'Whites' going home to England on leave, and they would catch the boat train at Zaria for Lagos - a two-day run.

The men going home from Jos had been too kind to the driver for he was drunk when he reached Jengre. He was a Scot, the same as myself, but a proper madman when he had a drop too much!

I had a trin of railway material ready for him to take back to Jos and that would complete his day's work, but seeing the state he was in I knew he would never reach his destination. I asked him to go and have a sleep in my bed for a couple of hours - but no, he was alright and would leave immediately. I did not like his idea at all, so as the train was drawing out of the station I jumped on the Engine beside him.

The track, being newly laid, and with many curves and bends, was dangerous for speeding. Right away I knew I was in for a nightmare run. As soon as we got on the footplate he opened the throttle up fully, then he would stick his head out of the cab to see ahead, risking sunstroke doing so. This was my change to push the throttle back again and slow down. We had both made these movements several times before he realised that either the fireman was interfering with the engine or else it was me! He picked up the coal hammer and threatened what he would do to us both if we touched the throttle again. Just then I remembered we had three brake boys travelling on the wagons to assist controlling the speed of the train going downhill.

Now I knew I could run him to a standstill and I stood on the same side of the Engine as the driver and signed to the brakeboys one finger for one brake, or three fingers for three brakes. Poor Jimmy could not understand it and actually apologised to me for his threats. By now we were half way on our journey and we stopped to take in water. Jimmy was feeling the effects of the grog so I managed to get him to agree to lie down in the Guards Van and rest, and the Fireman and I would take the train through to its destination. When we got to Jos I had to carry him into his house and put him to bed, he was out for the count.

I saw the engine made safe and then I got the foreman platelayer to come to Jengre with me for his Christmas dinner, so he supplied the men and the pump trolley to take us back. It was practically all down-hill, a nice easy run of 35 miles in less than an hour. Four of us sat down to dinner that night, one Scot and three Englishmen. We had plenty to eat and drink and the entertainment went on by the old camp fire till the wee small hours of Boxing Day. My First Christmas in Africa.

Jos was situated on the fringe of the Tin Mine Area and we were looking forward to being very busy getting this valuable mineral home to England. It was scarce at the time and the price was soaring skywards owing to the War. The miners were still at the hand-washing stage. It was easy to locate in the

streams or small rivers being like Black Sand or Gravel. It was heavy and went to the bottom of the basin or sluice. A small, strong bag about one foot by nine inches contained 60 lbs. On rail our wagons held 20 tons at £300 per ton. A scramble was on now to get washing plant out from home and work large patches of land by flooding and dredging. It was going to be a good source of revenue to the Railway. But there was still one snag on this new route. The tin had to be transhipeed at Zaria and caused delay. Hence a new and shorter route was envisaged from Port Harcourt, Eastern Nigeria, to Bukuru, 12 miles from Jos, Broad Gauge 3 feet 6 ins.

This would take in the coal mines at Enugu and pass near all the tin mines on the Bauchi Plateau, meaning less time from mine to ship. It would take at least 10 or 12 years before this part of the railway was completed. However, we pushed on with the narrow guage and got to Bukeru early in 1915. This was to be the railhead and would serve the tin mines for a number of years.

Bukuru was a fine place to live in from a health point of view, being quite cold at night. The people here were Cannibals and wore no clothes at all. The ladies were fine, big, strong women and their only dress was a bunch of leaves, which was used for sitting on. The men had nothing but a belt on, for carrying knives and arrows. They were good farmers and had plenty of good farming land and kept it free from trees by burning all the bush and grass - this was their fertliser. They grew quite a lot of sweet potatoes.

At Harvest time they travelled all over the country collecting horses and dogs that were unfit for work in preparation for eating. A sort of Harvest Festival when the new potatoes were ready. They did not eat their own dead but handed the bodies over to near neighbours, and the neighbours returned the compliment when any of their Tribe died.

I was instructed to try and encourage these people to make use of the train. They usually walked all the way to Jos, a distance of 12 miles, carrying loads of corn, millet, and different kinds of grasses, to sell in the market. With the help of my Policemen and the help of the Political Officer, I managed to get them to agree to try a run to Jos. But there was one condition they insisted on and that was that I and the Political Officer would sit in the wagons beside them. They did not trust the Policemen.

It was a very long time before they became voluntary Rail Travellers. They were very good at Iron Work and were the first blacksmiths I had ever seen who did all their hammering from a sitting position. It was iron keys we used to fasten the steel sleepers to the rails and soon we were losing many of these, and even telegraph poles were going ammising. They were turning them into "Farming Implements", spades, knives and matchets. The spades were shaped like a Carpenter's ADZE. and used as we would use a sledge hammer. They could turn over large knives and did the work of a scythe. They could also be used in attack or defence if necessary. Their villages were surrounded by cactus fences to keep out morauders, and the spikes on them had the same effect as barbed wire fences. They were planted in a maze of twists and turns. You could make your way in by the paths, but you could not get out without a guide.

As we made the Track Gangs of workmen were busy making stations every 12 or 15 miles and houses for the Station Master and Clerks. There was a School at Headquarters for learning Telegraph and Signaling Clerks their duties. As I needed them I got them from the school and started them on their practical work. My first tour was now drawing to a close, and soon I would be going home to Bonny Scotland.

After twelve months service I got four clear months at home, and with travelling time home and out again another month. This made five months leave altogether.

At this point I will try and let you know what I thought of this country and its people. To me the people were just like children and I had no difficulty in getting them to do any task I alloted to them. They are very acute at judging what kind of person you are. To them I was Baba, which means Father and a good man. The day is equally divided - 12 hours daylight and 12 hours darkness. At night there is what I call the Insects Chorus, that keeps you awake until you get used to it. The grasshoppers strumming on their banjo and the frogs croaking, both males and females, with a very deep bass. There was one nice little froggie who rang a bell when talking to his mate.

At Bukuru we were over 2,000 feet above sea-level. I was lucky to get into a new house that was built by our own tradesmen. It was fitted with mosquito wire netting, but it did not keep the ants, Termites and Scorpionsout. We put petrol in tins and placed the table legs in them, but still they

got in. Before putting your boots on in the morning you had to make sure there were no scorpions in them. Our coaches were like those of Stevenson's time, except that they had automatic couplings and Westinghouse brakes.

I will always remember the 20 men we gave a free ride to because when they got into the open wagons, and we sat on the floor beside them, they were crying like babies.

SECOND TOUR

On returning to Nigeria again I was sent to Kano in Northern Nigeria to act as Station Master. Kano was the end of the railway at that time and was situated on the edge of the Sahara. It was very hot during the day. During the Harmattan, January to February, the sand blowing from the desert permeated all one's papers and books in the office. Also one's eyes, ears and nose got a supply of it too.

We did not get much rain, about six weeks in the Rainy Season, most of which came down at night. The town is surrounded by a mud wall, Circular in shape, 13 miles round, having 13 gates. Each gate has a guard at night. Kano was in the centre of the Ground Nut Industry. The farmers for miles around brought their produce in to the firms who bought it, and shipped it to England, Europe and America, some 800,000 tons yearly. Camels and donkeys brought this produce in and returned home with full loads of all kinds of merchandise to as far north as Tripoli.

It was interesting to watch the women planting these nuts. After burning the grass the first woman made a hole with a long stick, the second woman dropped the seed in and the third women trailed a thorny bush behind her which covered the seed. They could keep this up at a walking pace for quite a long distance. Crushed ground nuts are all right for stews, but if too much is eaten you are apt to come out in pimples. The oil is alright for cooking.

In addition to farming they weave cotton cloth, grass mats, dyes and leather work, boots, sandals and slippers, and shopping bags. In addition to the ground nuts we railed one full train of cattle to Lagos every week. It was native traders that railed the cattle and I had my work cut out to see that each trader got a share of the wagon space.

I did three tours at Kano and was very happy there. I had quite a number of pets in my compound given to me by the station staff. Every evening just before dark they had a little

exercise running round the house. The horse started this rodeo himself. He would set off leading two dogs, a cat, a monkey, a tree bear, a small reindeer, turkeys, ducks, guinea fowl, hens and chickens. When the horse got tired he would come into the house and demand his sugar. The little tree bear hopped into my bed to wait for me lying down, so as he could snuggle under my arm pit. The monkey would get busy on the two dogs, cleaning the ticks off them until I put the light out.

One of the dogs was an English bull terrier, and the other an African dog. They were both ladies. A situation arose that showed to me that even among the animals there is a Colour Question. The English dog had puppys first. She burrowed a hole in the sand away from the house. When I came home one day she was waiting for me with one great big smile. She led me to the burrow and brought four little pups out, and put them at my feet. She was telling me with eyes, tail and tongue what a very clever doggie she was. A few days later on I could see there was something wrong with her, so I asked her to tell me what was the trouble. She led me to her own burrow first, then a little bit further on was another burrow. She barked and the native dog appeared. We walked back to the house and I said to my cook to get a box and make a bed for 'Bitchy'. As soon as I spoke she went to the burrow and started bringing the pups in one at a time.

I had another strange duty to perform bearing on the Colour Question. One of the large stores was owned by a Frenchman. He had a son by a native lady. This son married a Swiss lady and was living in Kano with him. He came into my office one day and asked me for my advice about family matters and told me his wife would like to have a talk with me. So, I went to his home with him.

His wife was sitting with a young month old baby on her knee and the baby was crying. The trouble was the mother did not know what was wrong with the baby and would not call in the White doctor or nurse. There were seven other White ladies in the town but she would not ask their help. They knew I was a family man and they thought I could help.

I had to start and think back about what my wife used to do in such an emergency. I asked first what she was feeding the baby on. They could not get cow's milk, so they were using tinned milk. I then asked her to turn the baby over on its tummy and tap it gently on the back. After a few strokes the baby seemed to get a little relief and the crying eased off a bit.

I told them that I thought it was hunger that was wrong with the child and that the tinned milk was not good enough, and advised them to try and get something with more strength in it.

I had a look round his store and I got some corn flower and biscuits. I said this would do to start off with, but they should send a letter away to Lagos requesting for a good supply of baby food. I told them I would send a messenger out into the country and find out where the cattle were grazing (they wander all over the country), and to tell the owner of the cattle I wanted to buy one, one that could give a good supply of milk daily.

The baby began to thrive daily on the new diet. My guess about the hunger was correct and I was appointed as their family doctor. When the baby was three months old the mother was needing a holiday at home, and so she set off with the baby to Switzerland and left the baby with her parents - on my advice. She had a good, long holiday at home.

By this time I was on my way home for a holiday, and I did not see this lady again for about a year. A day or two after I arrived in Kano again she informed me she thought she was pregnant again. I advised her to return to Switzerland in good time for the baby to be born there. She always said I had saved the first baby's life and I had to be sure to come and see them in Switzerland - which I did and enjoyed my stay there very much.

I had one boy who looked after the horse. He practically lived with it. He found all its food and fodder for bedding. He bought tobacco leaf to make juice to rub into the horses skin, this was to keep the flies off. The horses out there have no shoes, and so their hooves need a lot of attention, e.g., cutting and filing.

I found the boy taking away my jar of red ink and I asked him what he was going to do with it. 'Massa', he said, 'I want to paint the baby chickens. I make fool of them vultures and hawks, they don't think they be proper chickens'. The mother hen did not have to run for shelter so often, but she was not too sure about whether they were really her brood. Anyhow, she thanked the boy for his ingenuity and promised him a good supply of eggs when the family grew up.

In addition to my work at Kano I had to make a tour of inspection of the stations in between Kano and Zaria. At one of these stations, named Faiki, I came up against a matter that a Scientist would have delighted in.

A foreman platelayer, a Welshman, lived here and I sometimes stayed with him for a night. Two nights before I arrived he told me a storm of thunder, lightening and rain blew up. He had just finished his day's work and was sitting at the table. The cook had brought in his dinner when there was a terrible crash.

A meteor had struck a tree, bounced on the house, rebounded on to the boy's house, a mud building with a grass roof, and set it on fire, killing four boys who were inside. The foreman's house was a cement building. When the meteor hit this house the blast blew the cook right out of the open door and the foreman up against the wall. These two suffered a little from shock, but were alright when I arrived there.

The following morning a native Chief from the village came on the scene. He brought a dish full of goat's milk and walked round the yard. When he came to the spot where the meteor had entered the soil the milk started bubbling, i.e., boiling. He dug there and located the meteor. It was about a foot long and $1\frac{1}{4}$" thick, and seemed like steel or iron with manganese in it.

The foreman broke the bar in half and I took my half home to Scotland, intending to place it in some of the museums. However, my wife, when cleaning up, put it in the dustbin! The curious thing about it to me was that it seemed to be the same as I had seen rolled in Colville's Iron Works in Motherwell, Scotland (inch round iron). It was not a piece of rock or stone and must have been licked into shape somehow. Perhaps there are steel and iron works in outer space!

It was 1916 now, and on return from leave early in 1917 I got instructions to proceed to East Africa with the Nigerian Regiment. Sickness and wounds were taking a heavy toll of the Officers and men already in Tanganiki and Uganda. Twelve of the railway staff volunteered to go with 2,000 coloured troops as replacements.

At this time I was stationed at Iddo, this being the Railway Terminus for Lagos. A mile long bridge separated these two places - Lagos being an island. All inward cargo from the ships for up country was dealt with at Iddo. At this time large ships could not enter in the lagoon, so smaller craft went out and brought in the passengers and cargo. All traffic for up country was dealt with at Iddo Wharf. I was posted on the wharf to supervise the handling of the cargo into the warehouses from where it was dispatched to its destination.

While at Iddo we had an epidemic of flu which raged over the whole country. One of my Head Men who was supervising the loading of a ship collapsed with it and was taken to the doctor for examination. He sent me a Death Certificate stating Peter was dead, so I passed on this information to Headquarters.

About two weeks later Peter sent me a message that he was getting better and would soon be coming to work again! I had to cancel my first letter to Headquarters and inform them that Peter had come to life again - a real resurection!

What had happened was that the men who had taken him to the doctor had taken him to his home to mourn him and arrange for his funeral. His wife had noticed some signs of life and had managed to bring him round again!

One of my house boys got the flu at the same time as Peter. He was an orphan and had nobody to look after him. I nursed him myself and kept him alive on hot toddy and milk. He became my friend for life and repayed me fully later on by following me to East Africa when I went there with the Nigerian Regiment.

He had asked me to take him with me, but I told him to stay at home as he would only get killed if he came with me. Despite my warning he stowed away on the ship and I did not see him until two days out from Lagos.

We set sail from Lagos in the Autumn of 1917 in a ship named the "Windheuk", with 2,000 Officers and men on board, en route for Dar E Salaam, East Africa. Our first port of call was Cape Town. We stopped there for a month, taking in stores and giving the men exercise. It was tough on the men. The change in food to rice and bully beef and hard biscuits did not agree with many of them, and caused an epidemic of dysentry.

A route march daily through the town and out into the country was the plan for their exercise. We usually halted at a suitable place where they could ease themselves and have a rest before returning to the ship. On one trip up Adderley Street I saw some of them were beginning to mess their pants. Luckily we were just passing a large hotel, so I took them into the yard and told them to wash each other at the water tap and use a hose that was hanging up. I then went to the nearest store and got a dozen pairs of new shorts to replace the wet ones. Afterwards they were sent back to the ship fo report to the doctor for further treatment.

The Cape Town people gave us a great welcome. As we marched through their streets they would walk alongside and hand us cards inviting us to their homes, both white and black. Our Colonel told us we were free to go ashore every night, but to be back in time for morning parade, and to see that we behaved outselves and not to bring any disgrace on our Regiment.

Our soldiers did not like the boots they were supplied with as they were too heavy, and so they were given permission to march in their bare feet.

Two of us engaged a taxi one day to give us a ride out into the country. On hearing me speak the driver said, "You are Scottish - what part of Scotland do you come from?" I replied "from Glasgow". "Well", said he, "as long as your ship is here you are welcome to stay in my home for I also am from Glasgow". His family were very kind to us and took us many runs along the shore and up to the Table Mountain. Our stay in Cape Town soon came to an end. Our next call was Durban, where we had the same kind of welcome.

Then on to Dar E Salam, our destination. We went straight onto a train for a 100 mile journey to a placed named Morogoro. We only stayed there one night. The Germans had moved from that place. So as to catch up with both Armies we had to return to Dar-E-Salaam on to the ship again and back south to Kisumu. From there it was to be foot-slogging. After a night's rest we set off again doing a forced march, doing two days mileage in one day. We stopped for a rest just as it was getting dark.

I was so exhausted that I dropped down at the foot of a large tree. The moment my head touched the ground I was asleep. I was told an Officer tried to wake me for Guard Duty but I just could not get up. The following morning when I did wake up I found two large snakes lying close to my back. I did not dare shout to the others in case I disturbed them and I decided, therefore, to roll over away from them, and run to safety.

There was a hole at the foot of the tree and the two of them vanished into it. That same afternoon we joined up with our Battalion who had caught up with the Germans and were preparing to go into action the following day.

Our Captain called me and my mate, another Traffic Inspector, into his tent to give us our instructions on what our duties were when the battle commenced. We were put in charge of the carriers to bring all our guns, ammunition and stores along safely.

We got into the Front Line the following morning just before daylight and commenced digging trenches and using large trees as far as possible for cover. The Germans were adept at spying us out if they saw any movement in the long grass.

Their plan was to save their ammunition for the White men. They had snipers high up in the trees with rifles, and machine guns on the ground.

We discarded our helmets and tied some foilage on our heads as camouflage, to prevent them from picking out White from Black. Sporadic shooting went on all day. The losses on the first day in my section were one machine gunner killed and one Officer wounded. As darkness approached the shooting ceased.

At midday I was ordered to move my men along the line to the left. My mate was in charge there and getting it pretty tough. I got into the trench beside him with a big tree in front so as to have a chat with him. We had been chatting for at least half an hour when he suddenly said: "Look here, mate, you get to hell out of here and find a tree of your own." And all the time my Guardian Angel (Friday) was in and out of the Line bringing me something to eat and drink.

The second day was much the same as the first. That night the Germans retreated. To delay us they would leave us all their prisoners, also sick and wounded. It was a job to get these poor souls back to the base for medical care and attention. Many of them died on the way from disentry. It usually took us about a fortnight to catch up with the Germans. Then another two days fighting and off they would go again. They set fire to the bush, killing many animals that were useful to us as food and, of course, delaying us again. After about three months of this we finally pushed them into Portuguese East Africa. This was the end of the War for us.

The want of water was our biggest handicap, none for drinking and none for washing or shaving. I was fully occupied now searching for water, cattle, or any wild animal, to supply the men with food. At one place I got some by digging into the earth, at another I came across a pump the Nayes smashed.

I got the pump to work only to find it was salt water. However, we made use of it for washing.

Our orders now were to get back to a camp near the base, which was about one hour's march from the coast, and there await further orders.

The transport position was bad. Motors could not get through the bush, hence our march to the base where the food was stored and our sick and wounded could get medical attention.

In this camp there arose a little difference of opinion between the Adujent and my Captain, in which I was slightly involved. The Adujant instructed me to report at the Orderly Room every morning for jobs he wished me to do. I realised now I never had any training as a soldier, and so far I had never been issued with a rifle. I did not know whether I was a Sergeant or a Private.

Anyhow, I did as the Adujant told me and carried out all his orders satisfactorily. Somehow the Captain did not like this arrangement. He had lost his Lieutenant and wanted to have me in his platoon. He ultimately went down with dysentry himself. He sent for me one morning and when I entered his tent I found him sitting on a kerosene tin in pain with his tummy. He said "the doctor is sending me to hospital and I have asked the Adujant to allow you to accompany me to Dar-E-Salaam, there being no room at the local hospital." He said: "a little bird has told me you were keeping a record of all the camps we had been passing through - this information would be very useful to me when I am making my Official Report".

I knew I was doing wrong in keeping this record. We were not to carry any written papers in case one fell into the hands of the enemy. "Well, Sir," I said, "all the information you want is written in the inside of my helmet". "Well," he said, "we will just have to exchange helmets". Luckily he took the same size of helmet as I did.

I saw him and the other sick men into hospital, and the next time I met him was in Nigeria about a year later. He then told me he had been congratulated by Headquarters on his report of the Campaign, and said: "I am keeping that helmet of yours as a souvenir, it brought me luck!"

We stayed on in Dar-e-Salaam for about six weeks when word came through that peace was declared. Immediately all work was cut down (no spit and polish), just keeping the barracks

clean. Sea bathing was tops. Draw rations and cooking meals was about all we had to do, then tea and perhaps a bottle of beer in some of the hotels in the evening.

Out of the twelve volunteers from the Nigerian Railway, three were killed in the War, three died from dysentry and three from Malaria. Only three got back to Nigeria.

Looking back on the effect of the starvation and thirst that we had to endure I considered myself lucky to be alive, and humbly thanked my Creator and James, my boy, for protecting me. I lost 56 lbs. in weight and at times my tongue was like a board.

We left Dar-e-Salaam in October and arrived in Lagos in November, 1918. We had a lovely trip on the s.s. Saxon. This was a "Union Castle" ship and what a pleasure it was to get some good food and drink. Our Officers decided to let the men have a good rest, so except for a half-hour keep-fit exercise in the morning there was no other work.

As soon as I landed at Iddo the Traffic Manager informed me he had asked the Military to release me for work on the Railway. I had about three months still to serve.

Every ship going to England was fully booked up for months ahead. Elder-Dempster had lost many boats and they had a big job clearing all the cargo and passengers that were booked for England.

The first job I got to do was to accompany the Lieutenant Govenor up North. He was due for leave soon and wanted to pay a visit to all the Chiefs, Emirs, and Ruling Officials before leaving for home. On our return journey south again, we got as far as Olokomeji, about 25 miles south of Ibadan.

We arrived there on a Tuesday afternoon and the Govenor had to get to Lagos the following morning to catch the boat. Heavy rain had caused a breach in the river bank, causing it to flood the track for about a mile, 10 or 12 feet deep. Fortunately, the Agricultural Department were housed there and I was able to get a boat from them and men to propel it.

I then wired ~~Elritte-Meta~~ EBUTA-METTA and I told them to have a train ready at the south end of the washout, and I would be there at daylight to meet them. All the arrangements worked very smoothly.

The Govenor and his Lady were very kind and patient. He was suffering from rheumatism in his legs. We got safely through the water and found the train was already there with a doctor and nurse on board. As I carried her out of the water she rewarded me with a hug and a kiss, and a handshake from her hubby. They got to Lagos in good time to catch the ship for England.

I had to go back to Olokomeji in the rowing boat to wait for the water to recede and then get traffic moving again. My next adventure took place shortly afterwards.

The Traffic Manager came to Iddo to see me one night about 20 hours. He wanted to know if I would take a train with some policemen on board to try and find out what was wrong. We had no communication with any station north of Agege. I left Iddo at midnight. The Police had wooden rifles with them and these were used for drill.

I got up as far as Ijoca. The Station Master at Olomu told me on the phone his station was blocked with trains. I waited till daylight and got a little Millikin Car on to the track, and with one policeman pedalling we set out for Olomu.

On my way I met the Foreman Platelayer just commencing his day's work. I stopped to see if he knew what was happening. We were standing in a deep cutting. I happened to look up at the top of the bank, and there walking along were about 12 men, armed with blunder buses. I went on to Olomu Station and found the telegraph wires were put out of action. There were two trains standing at Olomu. One was the Paymaster's Train and one a Stone Train. The first was paying out wages over the whole Railway system.

I decided to take the engine of the stone train and hitch it on to the Paymaster's coach, and get back to Ebutte-Metta as quickly as possible. I got on to the engine beside the driver and told him to go slowly and keep a sharp lookout. I would watch the other side.

We had only got back to the deep cutting where we saw the men with the guns when I shouted to the driver to stop. I had noticed a rail had been lifted. We were just seconds late in bringing the train to a halt. The first wheels of the engine had dropped off the track - now we were in a mess.

I sent my policeman back to the station to obtain the Milliken car. While waiting for him to return I wrote a note

to the driver of the train still at Ijoko with the policeman. Explaining the position of the de-railed engine, I asked him to bring his train to where we were waiting. This he did.

We transferred the Paymaster and his cash into the Rescue Train and managed to get safely back to Ebutte-Metta. No more rails had been lifted, but a slight disturbance took place at Agege where a big mob had collected and were trying to hinder the Station Clerk from tiving the staff to the driver. This staff allows him to proceed to the next station.

When the crowd saw the Police getting off the train they calmed down and gave no further trouble. There was a delay in getting the Army round from Eastern Nigeria to protect the workers while making repairs, so we just carried on with Police protection, whilst more rails had been lifted and wire cut. After six weeks closure we managed to get the trains running normally again. Many were the reasons given for the flare up.

I had my own opinions, but nothing certain. When I first saw the men with the guns on the top of the embankment I thought I recognised one of them. However, he was too far off for me to be certain. A long time after all the talk had died down my cook told me a little story which went like this:-

"Master, you know them White mans boy at Olomu"? I said "yes". "He be a labour contractor now, but he be bad. He no pay men proper pay so they put Juju Juju on him and he die". This was the man I saw at the top of the bank. The sun was preventing me from seeing clearly, but I imagined he was giving me a sign of friendliness. He was shaking hands with himself.

Ebutte-Metta was the Headquarters for the Railway. All the offices, workshops and stores were situated there. An old French Priest had built a church there with the help of his congregation. He had a good garden and kept the Europeans supplied with fresh vegetables.

He asked me one day if I could get him some manure. "Oh yes", I said, "we throw tons of it into the sea, so you can have all you want". A train of live cattle arrived every week from Kano. There was in each wagon manure a foot deep when the cattle were offloaded.

I reserved one wagon for him and placed it in the yard near his garden and his school boys wheeled it away. I had only just given him two wagons when he asked me to give him no more. The

next request from him was whether I could arrange a school excursion for 100 girls and their teachers. I asked him if he wanted a short or a long journey. He said a few hours at the seaside would do. I said I would consult the Traffic Manager and see if he would agree to it. He said: "if you think you can do the job and not disturb other traffic then go ahead".

I saw the parson and told him to bring the girls along at 10 a.m. on Saturday morning, when the train would be ready to take them to Apapa, a three mile journey. The fare would be the double journey for single fare. I told him I would bring them back at 16 hours giving them 6 hours at the seaside. This was the first of this kind of travel which the Nigerian Railways had catered for.

The following year they wanted to go further afield - Ibadan. I told them it would take two days to do that distance. The train crew would need a night's rest when they got to Ibadan. It was an eight hours run. They said they could get accommodation in a school there and would be glad to go if I could arrange the train.

It was all fixed up and carried out safely, and all concerned seemed to have enjoyed the trip. One elderly lady teacher had been forty years in Africa.

I liked my stay at Iddo very much. Two trains ran weekly from Iddo to Kano, a daily train to Ibadan, and a suburban train from Iddo to Ife and back the same day. On departure and arrival days of the long distance trains, Iddo was as busy as the Lagos market. Friends came to see other friends off and wave them goodbye as the train drew out.

A Kola train to Kano was run once a week. These nuts were perishable and must reach Kano as quickly as possible. At Kano camels and donkeys took them across the Sahara as far as Tripoli. It was said that one nut would sustain a man for one day when travelling in the desert.

I once saw a fight between two male donkeys. It was more savage than a fight between two bulldogs. They had quarrelled over a nice female donkey. The owner knowing I was fond of animals promised me the baby donkey if one arrived.

In addition to the trains mentioned above we ran a fortnightly train in connection with the boat arriving from England. A tender went out into the open sea and the passengers were transferred from the ship into the tender by Mami Chair. Their luggage followed in the ordinary way. The tender called

at Lagos first and then at Iddo for all passengers travelling up country. It was a well fitted out train with sleeping accommodation and a restaurant. Travelling on this train was expensive - it worked out at 4d. a mile and meals supplied cost about £1 10s. 0d. per day. The Third Class fares were very cheap - a Farthing a mile.

We tried out restaurants on the Ibadan-Jebba section and also at the most important stations, but none of them paid their way. Catering was given over to contractors, and by selling package foodstuffs in addition to meals they made a profit.

About this time my cook had married a girl from his own part of the country. These people cut tribal marks on the face of the babies, and sometimes all over their bodies. As all the children are really lovely when they are young, I persuaded James to forego this marking and gave him some hints on midwifery, which I had learned as an Ambulance student.

My next post was at Portharcourt, in charge of the station, docks, warehouses and a coal hoist which could drop a full wagon of coal into a ship. In 1924, when I got there, we could get enough to supply all our own railway engines, and the ships that came into our port.

Previous to find this coal locally we were paying £8 per ton. Now we were selling it at £1 10s. 0d. It had a lot of ash in it, but was alright for raising steam.

We had begun the new railway from Port Harcourt to the tin mines at Bukuru and Jos on the Bauchi Plateau. Two and three ships a week were arriving with loads of railway material, then taking coal away. It was tricky work keeping the ships supplied with wagons and to get them away without any delay. I used the empty coal wagons for the railway sleepers and other small fittings and ran them direct to Enugu where the construction people off-loaded them. The long steel rails were put on flat wagons. These were in short supply. I railed as many as possible direct to Enugu and, if stuck, would run them to the station yard and off-load them there. This, of course, meant double handling on the wharf. Opposite the ships we had large coal bunkers which held about 1,000 tons. This was the amount most of the ships took for bunkers. Very often the ship's Captain wanted the coal aboard quickly so as he could catch the high tide. This would save him dock dues and a day's delay.

I told him I could not make the men work quicker, but I would send two of the head men up to him and if he could get them to agree with him. I said that it would be alright with me.

I knew of a way that the men liked when making an extra effort. I appointed a band of drummers, their shovels were their drums and for drum-sticks they obtained rods of steel that held the sleepers to the rail. With a gangway up on to the ship and another for coming off ship they went round in a circle dropping the coal from their baskets into the hold, singing and keeping time to the drumbeats.

They usually got a day off as a reward when we were less busy. We usually had about 2,000 dock porters.

My house was a tin shack, but it was near my office, also near the dock. There was a little avenue of pineapples from the house to the office and grapefruit, tomatoes, paw paw and coconuts all grew round the house.

The previous occupant left me two nice little cats, named Snowball and Darkie. He said they would protect me from the rats and snakes.

I usually went on board some of the ships after dark to have a chat with the Chief Steward and buy some fresh food. As soon as the cats saw me pick up the stable lamp they took up their position, one on each side of me, and marched with me to the office. No matter how long I stayed on the ship they were there at the office to guard me back to the house. Many times I saw them kill small snakes. The rats were as big as themselves, but Snowball and Darkie together worked on one rat at a time.

The river was quite deep and fast flowing, so that the pilot always had to be very careful when berthing the ships.

The railway station was just a little tin hut when I was there, but workmen were building a big new station and it was opened for use while I was there.

It was not a very nice place to live, being just one big swamp, and much sickness among the Europeans. One White lady, an engine driver's wife, used to come over to get some grapefruit. Once, when near the house, she stepped on a trail of ants who were on the march. Soon they were crawling all over her. I immediately grabbed her and put her in the bath, and turned on the water, explaining she would have to undress in order to try and drown them. She said: "Oh, please don't leave me, they are biting me and getting into my hair". There was nothing for it but to help her undress and drown them. Those in her hair I got rid of with a comb.

She got a little bit of a shock, so I put her in my bed and gave her some wine and tucked the blankets round her. I then wrung the water out of the clothes and hung them out in the sun to dry.

After an hour's rest she was feeling much better. Her clothes were now dry and she was ready for home. I escorted her past the danger spots and told her that in future I would sent the fruit to her. I did not know how I was going to face her husband, but he made it easy for me and said I was acting as her doctor!

After one tour at Port Harcourt my next four tours were spent in the north at Bukuru and Jos in the tin mine area. By 1927 the construction people had finished the track from Port Harcourt to Bukuru and Jos, also a branch line to Kaduna from Port Harcourt. This enabled us to run traffic to Port Harcourt or Lagos direct, without any trans-shipping at Zaria, and thus saving a good deal of time and labour.

At the same time as all this work was going on in the east and north, the south was busy too. A huge sea wall was being built at the entrance to the lagoon to stop the sand from silting up at the bar. The water could now be kept deep enough to allow all ships to enter the lagoon and berth alongside the new docks and warehouses that had been built at Apapa.

Apapa was a swamp so a causeway was made extending the sea wall to Ebutte-Metta, meeting the main line from Iddo. For about ten years two trains of stone from Abeokuta were dumped daily into the sea and swamp, and dredgers pumped sand from the lagoon to make it strong enough to build on.

A travelling crane was erected at Bukuru so we were now ready to deliver a dozen dredgers ordered by the tin mining firms. A good part of the work was done during the war, and it was thought to be a great achievement to transport these dredgers 700 miles inland without the loss of a single bolt.

In addition to our first boat train from Apapa to Bukuru, via Kaduna, we had our first aeroplane landing in Nigeria, near Bukuru, from the Sudan. When we got our first sight of it I was on the engine. The fireman said: "that man up there is all the same as God, if he needs a fireman I am fit to work for him". Many natives working near took cover in their huts. They never had seen such a large bird.

One bridge near Bukuru was made to take both trains and motors. On one occasion a lorry and the train arrived near the bridge almost at the same time. The lorry dashed away in front and the train followed slowly. At the end of the bridge there was a slight curve and a drop of about 50 feet. The lorry was lying upside down and I found fourteen people with

slight injuries and took them to hospital. I never saw the driver again, he had gone for bush.

And now for a few observations and the impression they had on me. I thought I was now living in the days of the Seribes and Pharisees. There on the roadside near the entrance to Kano City was the Seribe who would write you a letter for a penny.

Inside the City were the traders bargaining and gambling. Also to be seen were children going to school with boards on which the lesson for the day was burnt on with a poker.

Pilgrims were going to Mecca. It was a great honour if a person had done three of these journeys in a lifetime. A different colour of cloth showed on their turbans the number of journeys they had done.

Women did all the farming and the implements used were the same as those used in the time of Moses. Men did the spinning of cotton into thread by hand and foot, and afterwards wove it into cloth - a good hard-wearing cloth.

Dishes were made from Calabashes and were used as plates or trays. When placed on top of each other, and filled with foodstuffs, they could be carried by the women on their heads, leaving their hands free to do other things. The larger Calabashes could be used for swimming across a river.

There were many variations of hairdressing and beauty treatment both for ladies and gents. Ta-tooing the whole body and legs was in favour by the ladies, and just a little on the arms and body by the gents. The same kind of marks were on their wood carvings. For the hairdressing the ladies seemed to copy the birds - those with crests and plumes. The men favoured a sort of Egyptian carpet design, all squares and angles. One style in favour was a little tuft in the centre of the head. This was allowed to grow until it was about a foot long and then it was pleated and shaped into a round ball and used as a purse for small coins.

The birds were also copied for their dancing - the turkey and the Birds of Paradise.

Simple paints and powders costing practically nothing, except the work of putting them on. A lovely vermillion for nails on the hand and feet. A mineral eyelash that made the eyes glisten, also a powder on ear, throat and cheek that had a message for the onlooker.

AN AFRICAN LEGEND ON HOW COLOUR EVOLVED

In the beginning God made all men white, but he put three of them through a test to find out which of them was the wisest, so as he could appoint him as their leader.

He placed three prizes on the far side of the river and told all three to swim across and select one prize each.

The first man across got all the mud in the water and selected the largest prize. He thought it contained the eatables.

The second man got less mud and selected the next largest prize. He thought he would get fine clothes.

The last man across got no mud at all, and he thought he would get pen and ink and paper to write on.

Each got his wish, but the first was black with the mud. The second brown and the last remained white - and, of course, was chosen as leader.

From Iddo to Kano by rail,
We carry Her Majesty's mail,
With our loads on the racks,
We bump over the slacks,
To the tune of some sweet, old refrain,
As the wheels circle round on the line,
We stop at each station on time,
Oh, I long for the day when I'll be on my way,
To that old Scottish mother of mine.

In the little guard's van where I rest,
I've a nice, little cosy wee nest,
When the day's work is O'er, to my boy I can roar,
Pass chop and a peg of the best,
The I lay down my head on my rickity bed,
And dream of my loved ones at home.

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