

sizzling on the coals of the fire prepared. The boys had the water and coffee etc and we soon had that, with the buck's liver and bread. Boy! what a fine feed. This was my first experience of grilling buck's liver in the veld but by no means the last. After feeding we went on slowly and presently saw a Stembuck which I shot. The next day my brother shot one too. Apart from the buck a few birds were shot. We of course had ourselves and staff to feed and there were always natives to help out. One day we camped near a vlei, in fact we spent two days there to give the oxen a break and let them have their fill of water. These vleis are filled during the rainy season but probably by the next they are dry. It was here that we watched the small Namaqua partridge come in their hundreds from further afield where they feed, to drink, and with a shot gun one can bag as many as a dozen as they fly around in their close formation. There are in this area quite a few of the larger game, mainly Gemsbok with their long straight horns up to two or three feet long. Further inland in the S.W.A. area there is a Gemsbok reserve which many people go to see.

Well, for Gerald and I it was a wonderful trip and we were sorry when we eventually arrived at the border gate, Ramabathlabama. Here we decided to let the scotch come on slowly and we caught a train which was due shortly after we had lunch. We took with us the cash - all in gold sovereigns - at that time there was very little paper currency if any at all. The rest of the payments, skins etc were to come on by cart. Along the border that we had travelled there are no farms on the Bech Protectorate side but across the border there are many. That area, to Fryburg, is undoubtedly the best cattle country - anyone will tell you that.

No digress, while I am on the border; it was along this fence that a lot of cattle running was being carried on during the embargo on cattle being brought in from the protectorate. And it was difficult to catch these chaps. There was one farmer, Adams, who I knew very well and he used to come to East London for holidays. He told me that my brother, Gerald, who later became a Magistrate and District Commissioner in the Protectorate was the one man who, if you were in trouble, could do all he could to help but, he said, "Any shady work and he was onto you". He said he thought so much of him that he named one of his farms after him "Geraldine". I once asked Adams why he was never caught. "Well" he said, "when everything was quiet and no patrols about we drove the cattle towards the fence which we had let down and on each side placed a thirty foot bucksale and drove the cattle over. They could track the cattle but the next spoor was sixty feet away across the border and no ox can jump that distance." Well, as far as I know, he was never caught. This cattle running was a paying job for they bought the cattle cheaply at native cattle posts in the desert. Later, I will mention seeing some of these cattle being driven down from the Lake District - Lake Ngami area.

During our stay in Mafeking we first attended the Convent but in 1905 the Mafeking Public of which a Mr Harris was principal. It was a mixed school and I can remember writing my fifth standard