

This camp as I have mentioned was across the Notwane River, at the time just a river of thick sand, towards the Transvaal border. The border was marked by a wire fence which was now and again broken by the large buck, Eland, trying to jump over it when chased. We had with us Cecil Surman, Willies brother, named by the natives 'Ra de Nooga' father of the snakes as he was always messing around with snakes. Here were the native lands so we had some fine partridge and guinea fowl as well as a few Korhaan. There was also the possibility of finding a klipspringer or two or Rehback in the kopjies. With a fine dog, we had two very good pointers, one gets very good shooting. To watch a good dog running about quietly to pick up the scent and then slowly follow up and eventually stand dead still with tail outstretched and nose close to the ground. The dog may even see the bird but will not move until you come up and tell him to go in. As soon as the birds rise he will lie flat and watch and spot any fallen bird. It is surprising how these birds can sneak along in even short grass without being seen.

One morning Gerald, Cecil and I went out into the kopjes looking for Rehback. It was standing on a ledge of rock when a python suddenly made its appearance and seemed aggressive. Well, Cecil shot it and then looking under the ledge we saw two baby pythons about seven or eight feet long. I said to Cecil "What about shooting them". These had probably been the cause of the mother's bad temper. He said "Waste of ammunition" and cut a thick stick and with this, he cracked them over the head as he hauled each one out by the tail. Now we had to drag these back to the camp and have them skinned as the skin is used for shoes, belts and bags and these were nice presents. On the way back to camp we came across a beehive in the hollow of a tree and having robbed this we made our way back to camp. We went out on several short trips, one out towards MoloPolole, to the area near the river known as the Metsimoghlabá - river of sand - and here we were after buck. The country is spoken of in general as the Kalahari Desert but this is on account of the lack of water and though there is a large sandy area, the country has plenty of grass, bush and trees etc and is very fine cattle country. This is the wealth of the natives. I read the other day that at the abattoir in Lobatsi from where meat is exported up to five and six hundred cattle a day are killed at times.

We returned to East London after a fine holiday but will not dwell on our doings for the next quarter for, apart from swotting etc, we had plenty of cricket which we both thoroughly enjoyed as we both played for the first team, or rather Gerald for the second but was reserve for the first. For the next holidays, in September, we went to Steynsburg to an Aunt, Edith Powell, my mother's elder sister, who had five very beautiful daughters and so as you can imagine they were very popular and we did not like entertainments, including dancing of which I am not at all fond. For the one weekend we went out to a farm a short distance out near Teebus. This is where the 50 mile tunnel from the Verwoerd dam is to come out. As a matter of fact, I think the tunnel is now practically complete and it is to bring water from the dam to Teebus from where, by various streams and rivers, it is taken to the Fish River.

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