

Duck shooting is a very fine sport but the flight of the bird is very deceptive and they are very hard to hit until one gets used to them. I remember one chap on this trip saying he could not understand why he was missing so much. I then told him that a duck was actually flying faster than he thought and that he should therefore make more allowance. After that he bagged quite a few. The water lillies were a wonderful sight and one had to push them out of the way. The only snag in wading was leaches which sucked onto one's legs. I think leaches were used by doctors in the old days for bleeding a patient.

Well, once more we set off on our journey back to East London and on this occasion we were so darn tired at the end of the journey that we did not wake up on arrival at East London and it was only later when one of the railway men was putting out the lights in the carriages in the marshalling yard that we woke. It was late, dark and no cabs so Gerald and I had to carry our luggage up Oxford Street to the hostel. We arrived there tired and hungry. Fortunately a couple of the chaps gave us some of their tuck. We were now in our first year matric but there is no need to detail our doings for the quarter. At the end of the term came the Easter Holidays and we decided to remain in East London as here we had plenty to do and it was a cheap holiday as far as our parents were concerned for, apart from the fee of £1 we needed very little pocket money.. Neethling was again very good in taking us up the river and he enjoyed it as much as we did. Apart from the food given us by the matron Neethling always bought fruit and sweets as the latter he was very fond of. Today there are no pleasure trips to Green Point and as for the wherries they have disappeared. The only rowing that takes place on the Buffalo are the Regattas. It is here that the Grand Challenge Cup, the premier rowing event, is rowed for every year. At one time there were only two teams that competed for it but today there are teams from Johannesburg, Kroonstad, Cape Town etc. The course is about three miles from Green Point to the boat house just above the present bridge. It is well-patronised and one sees sitting on the grass all along the West Bank hundreds of people patronising the Scotsman's stand. That is the big boating event of the year here although smaller shows are held during the year and the local crews take part in regattas in Johannesburg and Kroonstad. The original event for the Grand Challenge used to be held on the Zambezi above the falls. The Housemaster, Duke Metcalf, was one of the Crew. This old chap was a great sportsman - Rugby Springbok, rowing, excellent tennis player which he was still playing very well at 80.

Rowing in East London, I think, started in the late seventies of the last century there being two clubs, Buffaloes and Leanders, both still in existence. Now there are two others taking part Selborne College and Dale College of Kingwilliamstown.

Towards the end of this term the annual sports were held. Though at one time in Mafeking I did a lot of running, hurdles and flat racing, in these sports the only event I entered for was throwing the cricket ball which I won with a record throw of 129 yards. The prize I was awarded was a trouser press, an article one never sees nowadays and at the prize giving Gerald had to collect it as I was then in the Frere hospital as I shall relate.