

As Selborne, especially the boarding, was becoming better known up-country more accomodation had to be found and so a double storey house, a few hundred yards away and overlooking the Recreation ground was rented. To this hostel about sixteen of we senior boys were sent. It was a real treat having only two and three to a room and our own study room. The housemaster was Earp.

About a week or so before the end of the term I went down with one of my very bad attacks of Malaria Fever. This I had contracted in the Protectorate and it was recurring every year. Fortunately, it has now left my system. In those days the treatment for malaria was quinine and phenistene but today these pills are never used - they now have all sorts of antibiotics. Dr. Rattray was very worried and I must say I felt B..... awful. None of them had seen a man run such a temp - just over 105 and you just shiver and shake until you break out in a terrible sweat and blankets and all are soaked. I was not too worried as I had the same experience a number of times. What one has to be careful of is Blackwater which more often than not a case of "goodbye". After the doctor, old Lowndes, had been, I was carried over to the main boarding house on my bed as there was no stretcher or ambulance as today. The reason for being taken there was that the hospital which at that time was just the small building in Beaconsfield Road, near the Park, now used as offices of the Municipal Department of Health. However, it became imperative that room be found for me as it was the end of term and the boarding establishment was to be closed as it was the June three weeks holiday.

After about ten days I was allowed to leave hospital and Dr Rattray very kindly took me into his home. He was to have gone on holiday but said it would not be right as I was in his charge. I think people thought I was a corpse being carried from the hospital. After a week with Dr Rattray I was eventually allowed to catch a train and travel to Lobatsi where I was met by my Dad and taken to Kanye - chief Bathoens capital - to which place he had been sent on transfer for a short while. Gerald had left at the beginning of the holidays for home and I met him in Kimberley when he was on his way back to college accompanied by Nigel Welsh and Hunter Urry both from Mafeking and old friends of ours. From Lobatsi station my Dad and I drove in the Cape Cart and six mules the 37 miles to Kanye. There was a big improvement on the quarters we had had the previous time but nothing like they have today - great big houses. We had a few more rooms but no bucksail dining room and tents.

My Dad had received a letter from the East London School Board to say that I was not to return until the beginning of the next term, that would be September 1911, and that there would be no charge for the present and only half for the last term of the year. This we thought was a very fine gesture on their part and I am sure the man we have to thank is Dr Rattray.

District Commissioners in those days not only had a small staff but very large areas to control, sometimes having to travel a matter of 100 miles to their futhert outstation. Today with motot transport and a larger staff things are different. I am now writing of the Protectorate before Independence.

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