

dispatches and conveyed them to the various Units and one one of these trips he had his horse shot under him. Mafeking was eventually relieved on the 17 May - Mafeking Day - and every year they celebrated the event with a public holiday and an athletic meeting. They also had the usual Gymkana where one drove up in your cart and entered your horse for a race - no bookies. There was also tent pegging, racing etc.

Well, we got back to East London and were to start the first quarter of our last year at school or should I say college. We were now in the middle of the cricket season and our team was doing very well. Towards the end of the term we were to play our rivals, Dale College for the shield. We were hoping, as we had a very good team, to be able to beat them and hold the shield for a year. Dale had not been beaten by us for about five years. Dale was rather pessimistic I think for they brought the shield which they held, expecting to have to hand it over. Well, came the day, a beautiful day, and having won the toss our Captain sent them in to bat, why I don't know, as it is usual with a fine day and a good wicket to bat first in winning the toss. Well, they started off and their innings yielded what we thought was a very poor score, 129. Chicken feed we thought but we fared very badly, overconfident, and only managed to score 100. Dale were delighted and so was their Principal, the Rev Sutton who phoned Kingwilliamstown to say they had managed to win. There was a big surprise for Dale, however. There still being a fair amount of time it was decided that we play on and make the best of a fine day. Dale started off in fine style and when they had scored 23 runs, and the two batsmen seemed set, Halse, our skipper, threw the ball to me and said "Geoff, try what you can do with your googlies etc." Well, I had one of my finest spells of bowling. This is a match I shall always remember, nothing went wrong. I started off in fine style and in my first over bowled two of their best batsmen with two fine googlies. Bowling googlies as I did the batsmen did not know whether the ball was a leg or off break or one to go straight through. To cut a long story short, my bowling spell continued and Dale were all out for the very poor score of 49. Sutton, as we left the field said, "You certainly had them floundering and there was no excuse." Well, this left us a matter of 79 runs to win the match. My bowling figure for this innings was eight wickets for only ten runs and though I say it myself a remarkable performance against a good team. To make the required number of runs was going to mean going for their bowling and being a slogger myself I was sent in to bat with Miles one of our good bats and a fast scorer. However, we were to have a setback as he was bowled first ball and Halse, who followed, was also out first ball, caught on the boundary. In came our left-hander, Oosthuizen, a Steynsburg farmer's son, and quite a good bat. Well, he and I got stuck in hitting at everything, which I think upset their bowlers for as Sutton remarked, we made 50 runs in 15 minutes. Oosthuizen was the next out but we had got things going and with five minutes to spare we made the required runs to win the match. It was a real thriller. One little chap who was one of the few with a watch was being asked every few minutes "How much more time to go?" Halse's father, a farmer near Sterkstrom, was a great sportsman and gave two bats to the highest scorer on each side. This was the first and only bat I ever won for highest score, 35 runs, most of them boundaries.