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Personally I like fresh meat.

Another reason why crocs, when young, swallow a few stones is, so some people think, to enable them to keep balance and float. A croc lays her eggs in the sand where they are left to hatch and as soon as the young crocs emerge they have to feed and fend for themselves. It is estimated that not more than ten to fifteen percent survive.

There were at one time quite a number of Croc hunters who shot them for the skin - the belly skin - from which shoes, handbags etc were made and for which there was a very good demand. Though crocs and hippos inhabit the same waters they do not interfere with each other. There were hundreds of hippo in the Chobe and other rivers but they were not hunted and the camp at Kasane was allowed to shoot one hippo per year for the fat.

To digress as I seem to quite often. Some years ago Professor Schwarz of Rhodes University - now of course passed on - travelled with my brother Gerald and I by ox wagon to Rakpos up the Botethle River and on up towards the Chobe river near Kasane. In those days it took a week to travel that distance. Now of course, with modern transport, the journey takes very little time. One night there was quite a chorus of lions and Schwarz shouted out "Lions Nettelton", thinking I suppose that we had never heard them before. In his book the Professor mentions this trip and suggests that the Chobe River could be dammed as the Orange river is today at the Verwoerd Dam and from this the whole of the Protectorate could be irrigated. To me and others this did not seem feasible, as illustrated by the fact that the Botethle River which flows from the great Okovango Swamps only flows as far as the Makarikari Salt Pans north of Francistown where it ends. The <sup>intervening high ground</sup> a little further south prevents and further flow. Mind you, with present day engineering methods, I suppose, tunneling etc. would overcome this difficulty. Take for instance the Fish River tunnel of fifty miles which has just been completed. Back to Kasane. There were any number of monkeys and baboons and some times at night one would hear a tremendous commotion going on - this was because the leopard was after his favourite food, after dogs. The latter he was also very fond of.

There were also a number of wild pigs which make quite good eating. Today, Kasane - since Independence - has changed from the quiet station of those days. Today it is a Tourist attraction and there is a large hotel to accommodate all the visitors on sight-seeing Safaris. In fact the whole country has now become a hunter's paradise and, as in Kenya, there are white hunters to look after your welfare and ambitions.

Apparently there are big goings on in the Okovango swamps as in a magazine I had recently there was the photograph of a forty ton dredger being landed in transit for the Swamps - evidently to dredge and clear some of the channels which have become overgrown with weeds. The river bushmen, when travelling from one spot to another, make rafts of the reeds, hyacinth and papyrus and when they reach their destination just land and leave the raft to clog a channel and grow more papyrus etc. In the days of Livingstone lake Ngami was about forty square miles; today, the water flowing into the lake has been diverted by these rafts and it has become a lake of reeds. I must apologise for now and again getting away from my story, however, I hope the reader will find a bit of interest in my digressions.

Well, all good things come to an end and I set off for the Falls and East London accompanied by my dear old Mother who was going to stay with my sister Madge Page-Wood in Serowe.

Vivian very kindly motored us to the Falls where we spent the night, catching the train next morning for Bulawayo. B. B. B. B.