

It was still quite light, and fancying a nice pheasant grilled on the coals I went out with the shot gun and had no trouble in getting two as there are any amount about. These red head pheasants one could hear in the early evening making their loud harsh calls, and also the guinea fowl which were flying into trees to roost for the night. This got them out of reach of the jackals which we heard calling that long miserable howl. The night life had started. There were the night jays which too make quite a lot of noise and all the other night prowlers.

We now had the customary Sundowner which as you know is a quiet drink of some spirit or beer or even soft drinks for those who preferred them. This is the time of the evening one enjoys sitting before a nice big camp fire, great big logs and now and again one sees some creature either a spider, scorpion or even a lizard escaping from the fire from the log which had been its home or hunting ground. Presently the cook comes and tells you that the dinner is ready. A well grilled pheasant and some potatoes cooked in the ashes and perhaps a tin of asparagus. For what more could one wish. I loved this life, out in the open sleeping beneath the stars. One looks up at the Milky way and the Southern cross and I have so often wondered how did this all start - the earth, the stars etc. We all pray to one supreme being, though each denomination has its own holy one, but how did it all start? Will we ever know?

A short way from us, while we enjoy our meal we can hear the boys talking and enjoying the meat we provided for their first meal but talking of tomorrows game in which they will take part.

Well we eventually set off for our sleeping quarters - Lorna and I had our stretchers out of the bucksall tent under a nice tree, Madge and Kissie in the tent and Mother a tent on her own for she wanted shelter not liking to sleep out in the open as we did.

A short way off was the privy, built of cut brush wood under a small tree in which roosted each night a party of bush pheasant.

And so after a night cap we all settled down for the night with a very nice fire going and ready to be up early in the morning to go shooting. That is the best time. Early, Joosia called me and after a nice cup of coffee we set off. It was delightful walking through that wooded country on the look out for some game. Presently we came across some Impala but they were all ewes which made off jumping as usual and were soon out of sight. One has to walk very quietly through the bush and keep a sharp lookout for the buck. There are so many things that might frighten them. You might suddenly come on a flock of guinea-fowl which, being frightened rise with a lot of noise. Then again you have the old Lurie which will shout very loudly "Go away", called go-away birds. All these give the buck warning. However, I eventually got a very nice ram and after a rest set off for the camp with my prize. It was getting on for lunch time so I just potted about helping with the skinning of the Impala.

After lunch I suggested to Lorna that we take a quiet walk into the bush in the hopes of seeing some game. We had not gone more than a mile when I suddenly spotted a fine Koodoo Ram, with a very fine set of horns feeding on the leaves of a mrewetla bush. I pointed it out to Lorna and then taking careful aim, fired. It gave one bound and dropped dead about thirty yards further on. It had been shot through the heart.

We could hear the boys in the camp talking loudly and so I called out to the one whose name happened to be Ellenberger that I had shot a Tolo. It was not very far off the road so Kissie motored the family down to see the buck. Too big to put into the car so we arranged for two men from a nearby land to cart the buck into camp on their sleigh.

The weather was bitterly cold and so at night we had a very nice big fire on the go. It takes a lot, especially after a fine day's shooting to beat the pleasure of sitting in a nice deck chair in front of the fire and enjoying a nice long beer.