

exam. We had dictation, writing on slates, and when we had finished stood in a row while our slates were examined. Yes, you guessed it - I had about six mistakes, but on account of a very good maths 'paper' I was passed on to the next standard. There is nothing much of interest to write except that perhaps of my first sporting win. The magistrate, Mr Graham Green, decided to have a boy's race from his house to the five mile gangers' cottage and back. Well, off we set and being very fit, I set a good pace and was told that for a lad I had covered the ten miles in very good time.

Later, our Uncle George - or rather Great - for he was my father's uncle - from Keiskama Hoek wrote to say he would like some good shooting and so he was invited up. He eventually arrived bringing with him two very fine pointers which he gave my Dad. He was taken for several shoots in the Mafeking area but later he was to be taken into the Protectorate to a place called Korwe flats which, as the name indicates, was a large open flat where there was any amount of game birds, small buck and springbuck. It was a sportsman's paradise, but some years later was shot out as parties were going out just shooting for the sake of killing and biltong.

It was about 25 miles from Mafeking and to get there we traveled by Cape Cart which seated four. There were six mules which were very good animals and could do five miles an hour. On account of the sandy road they could not do much more, so with a short break, the trip took about six hours and so we arrived tired and ready for a good meal. My Dad and Uncle George sat on the back seat and I sat with the driver to help him as the handling of six mules and using the whip takes some doing and so I relieved him at times on the reins.

We found a nice big tree under which we camped, pitching the side tent. My Uncle and I slept on a cartel - actually canvas - which was stretched on the inside of the cart from the back to the splash board. When we settled down for the night, I found a handy tin of biscuits which I kept offering to the old man. He eventually got fed up and said, "For heavens sake! Have one and keep quiet". I took the hint, or rather, order and settled down. Years later he sent me a tin of biscuits from Keiskama. Well we had some very good shooting and my old uncle was very proud of springbuck he shot at 400 yards with his rifle. The skin was kept by him for years where he used it as a foot mat in his study. We had with us two Basuto policemen who rode with us and they too did some shooting. What better way of spending a few days than round a camp fire with the big stew pot on the go. I would give anything to be back in those days.

Well, we returned to Mafeking and my Dad began arranging another trip but my brother and I were not to accompany them as there was school. This trip was to Maghalapye by train and from there they had a wagon to take them and their goods the twenty miles to the Crocodile river which is the boundary with the Transvaal. It is along this boundary line there are the only European farms owned in the Protectorate and the reason I will mention within the next few pages.

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