

failed in Latin. At the end of 1909, owing to my enlarged heart as it was termed, my parents decided to send me to the coast on the doctor's advice, and East London was decided on as we had friends there. Off I set by train, the first long journey by myself but Gerald and I with all the travelling between Mafeking and the Protectorate had become used to doing so on our own. My destination, as I have mentioned, was East London but on arrival at Debe Nek station the station master handed me a telegram advising me that my old Uncle George had invited me to go and stay with him at Keiskama Hoek. I left the train and took my seat in Mr Brown's cab. This old chap ran a cab service and he had been sent to meet me. Off we set in his old spider on a two hour drive to the Hoek which today is a matter of half an hour's drive. In those days the road, before reaching the last stretch to the Hoek, had to climb the Red Hill, a very steep climb. Today from the graded road one looks way down into the valley where two large blue gum trees mark the bottom of the climb.

Just before reaching the Red Hill we were overtaken by Major Balantyne, owner of the waggon works at the Hoek, who was driving his light horse buggy and having been told by my Uncle that he expected me, offered to take me the rest of the way. This saved at least twenty minutes.

On arrival I was welcomed by old Uncle George and Aunt Liz (nee Lichman) and after a short talk and a cup of tea, Ballantyne joining us, I was shown to my room in their old but very comfortable house. In front there was a very nice flower garden and at the back was a large piece of ground which sloped toward the Keiskama River which was a matter of three hundred yards away. In the garden there were vegetables, and any number of fruit trees: apples plums peaches and pears and there I spent quite a lot of my time. The house as I have mentioned was large and though old fashioned, very comfortable. The old chap took me into his study and proudly showed me the old springbuck skin which he used as a foot rug. The house faced onto one street of this little villiage along which were large Oak trees which had been planted by Uncle George and a few of the other settlers in the latter half of the last century. Next to the house was the large store of Nettelton & Co belonging to George and here, under a very large oak was a hitching post for horses, for the store was well patronized by the local natives, a number of whom owned horses.

As one approached the Hoek a fine view was obtained from the top of the Red Hill, reminding one of a little English villiage. As we descended the hill we passed through beautiful green fields as it was getting on towards Christmas time when everything was at its best. On entering the villiage one crossed the Keiskama on the bridge named Nettelton after my Uncle who had been a Divisional Councillor for a number of years. Today this old bridge has been replaced by a new and modern one but still maintains its name "Nettelton". He was a fine old Christian and when it became necessary to build an Anglican church he offered to pay half the cost provided it was built out of debt. I have digressed a bit but will now get on with my story.

I had no companions to mix with so had to amuse myself. I used to either wander down to the river and watch the various

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