

by car. When we arrived at the area where there were any amount of birds. I would push off and shoot to my hearts content and eventually return to the car as the sun was setting and off home we went.

When I called on George Smith to thank him for driving me from the station on my arrival back he told me he was going to the Crocodile River, called the Limpopo River (by some), to buy cattle for the Imperial Cold Storage.

This strip along the Crocodile River, as I have mentioned, was given to Queen Victoria by Chiefs Khama, Sebele and Bathoen had been divided into farms and it was from these farms that George Smith was to buy cattle. We duly set off and after a long tiring drive through bush and sand arrived at the African Ranches owned by a Company of which my Uncle Frank was a Director. While George went out to have a look at the cattle I potted about and shot an Impala of which there seemed to be hundreds. The farm is ten miles by six and so it took George a long time to get round and in the end he said there was not one which came up to the standard he required.

During the evening after dinner while we sat and talked we heard a couple of shots. The manager said it was poachers from the Transvaal who crossed the border to shoot game as on their side there was not even as much as a hare in the way of game. These chaps were biltong hunters.

The next morning not having found anything suitable among the cattle we tracked on to the next farm belonging to Paul Juice, who went in for thoroughbreds and so had a nice parcel to offer and which George bought. We then went on to lunch with Martin and it being a bit late when we had finished looking at his stock he invited us to spend the night. Martin has a very nice big house and it is on his farm that one finds the drift across the river from the Transvaal on the road to Rhodesia, Martin's Drift. It was always a joke that Martin who, besides cattle, also sent cream to the dairies and on the cans he had Capt Martin D.S.O. The next morning we attended a meeting of farmers being held on Martin's farm. It was very interesting meeting these old farmers again, many of whom I had not seen for some years.

We, eventually, travelled on to George Smith's farm, 'Dead Mule' to spend the night before making tracks for Serowe and home. On his farm George has a small trading store and it was from this that we borrowed a number of blankets with which to make ourselves comfortable for the night.

There was at this time, 1919, an embargo on cattle from the Protectorate to the Union on account of Foot and Mouth disease. To avoid the spreading of the disease all cattle bought for the Imperial Cold Storage and others had to be railed direct to the abattoir in Johannesburg. This disease had even spread to the Wildebeest. To avoid this trucking there were a number of cattle runners, a specialized profession, chaps with great big cars. They watched their opportunity.

I have already mentioned a chap, Adams, who carried on cattle running down the Molopo River boundary. He acknowledged that he was caught once only. He said, as I have mentioned, that my brother, Gerald, was the one man in the Protectorate for whom all had the greatest respect as with him you got an honest deal. But "Pas-op" if you tried any tricks. On the way back to Serowe we stopped at the police camp to report what had taken place and here I again met Lieut. Croneen, the O.C., father of the Croneens, who I have mentioned had to go out and collect Young Gerald's body after his death by an elephant he had wounded at Dodoma in Tanganyika.

Before returning to East London I had one or two more shoots. One morning I went out with George and shot three duiker, two stembuck, one gong Pauw (these are now protected) and half a dozen birds. Seems a lot but it was my last shoot and we wanted to make a lot of biltong and several of the traders and native police said they

Wanted meat/