

Anyway, I have no grouses as I have had a very fine and interesting life.

We decided to get out early the following morning and so after an early cup of coffee I set off with Joosia and the little bushman hoping to have some success. As I have mentioned I was keen on a nice big koodoo bull, I was not keen on shooting just anything. There were any number of impala, those graceful animals that leap into the air so easily and are soon out of sight in the bush. There were also a few young Koodoo bulls and Cows and duiker and Stembuck in which I was not interested at the time. The Bushman wondered why I did not shoot, for to him they were all 'njama' - meat as he kept on repeating. Well, after walking for a couple of hours through that bush with now and again an opening where one saw numbers of guinea fowl. The bushman suddenly stood stock-still and pointed with a slight movement of his head in the direction of some thick bush. Joosia had explained to him what I was looking for and there was a fine Koodoo bull which had evidently been feeding on some Morwethia berries. He was standing broadside on with his head turned in our direction. I took careful aim with my nine M.M. rifle and slowly pressed the trigger. I heard a distinct strike but he charged off at top speed as they do when shot through the heart. The Bushman immediately shouted "Eh Shwele" - It is dead and off he ran in the direction the buck had gone. In no time he shouted that the animal was dead and there, not a hundred yards away, lay a very fine specimen of a Koodoo.

Well, that was enough for one morning so we made our way back to camp having covered the buck with bushes to hide it from vultures and other birds of prey. With regard to jackals we just hoped for the best that they would not be able to get through the big thorn branches we used.

As usual we had with us a small axe and knife which we always carried in case of trouble in the thick bush. I mention vultures, hawks and eagles which have wonderful sight and, while flying thousands of feet up, are able to detect animals, especially dead on the ground. I don't think that scent had anything to do with the detection of their food as some people think.

On arrival back in camp we had a hasty meal and set out in the big Austin with the two ladies and the bushman on the running board to guide us. It is wonderful how these chaps find their way about even in that thick bush. Every now and again he would tell us to turn and then straight on and we eventually arrived at the exact spot and found that the buck had not been touched. Whenever we turned to avoid trees, thinking we were going wrong he would say 'No this way' and then smile when we followed as instructed. We loaded the buck onto the Austin and then made tracks for camp where the boys immediately set to, skinning, gutting and cutting up. Certain parts we cut up for biltong and the rest, after giving the staff a good share, we hung ready for the return to Serowe where we could hand out some of the meat. A Koodoo is rather a large buck so there was plenty of meat. The horns, a fine pair, I measured and found they were just under an inch short of the record as registered in Rowland Ward's book of game records.

I took the horns back to East London and for a long time they hung in the entrance hall of the Marine Hotel where I was staying. What eventually became of them when the Marine was pulled down I don't know. There was probably no one interested in them.

Apart from the Koodoo, I only wanted one, I shot several Impala and one Tsesebi. I did have some excellent partridge and pheasant shooting round about the Chief's and other lands with Kissie and a first-rate pointer. Partridge shooting over a first class dog takes a lot of beating. The dog works and eventually stands stock-still with nose close to the ground and waits for you to come up. If a bit slow he looks sideways as much as to say 'Can't you see them', up will fly the birds and the dog watches to see if any drop and he will then be off to retrieve.

The acting Chief/