

This meant that the cattle traders, most of them Greek, had to find some other outlet for their cattle of which in that part there are very many. Well, the only outlet was to Rhodesia, N. Rhodesia (Zambia) and the Congo. The only way to get them over was to swim them, attached to canoes.

There were a number of lions and these were causing trouble and so something had to be done about it. Trap guns were set outside the kraals and hunts were organised. Also there were men sitting up at night near a kill. While I was there they actually got two in one night. They had heard the shots but could find no trace of the dead in that very thick bush. However, during the cutting of bush for a hide-out two dead lions were found. This seemed to scare them off for a short while but these were not scared and it was not uncommon to get up in the morning and see pug marks through the camp. One night four of us sat up, one, the veterinary surgeon, with a shot gun and S.S.G. shot. We said that would never do but he insisted that he was going to have a go. Well, a skerm was built near the ox the lion had killed the night before. We made sure that it was well built. There were three in the shelter: Sedgwick; the Vet, with his double barrel twelve bore shotgun loaded with two rounds of S.S.G. and myself. This means the shot cartridge was loaded with about six slugs, the cartridges range from No. 8 shot, very fine bird, and gradually getting bigger, up to No. 1 and then S.S.G. these slugs are very seldom used except in the case of wild dogs etc.

After a long wait a couple of lions approached the bait, their own killing. The lioness came very close, whether she could scent the enemy or not I am not sure but she was certainly nosey. And this was a case of being too nosey for she got the full charge of two charges of S.S.G. There was just a low grunt and off she went. Sedgwick had his leg pulled. "Well Sedg, there goes your lioness carrying all of your slugs". He replied, "You chaps will find your mistake in the morning" and sure enough after daylight the dead lioness was found a hundred yards or so from the skerm. The two lots of slugs had made a terrific wound, no wonder she could do no more than just grunt.

Before the Chobe river joins the Zambezi a mile or so after passing Kisane there are some rapids and also a channel, which may have been cut by hippo, from the Chobe to the Zambezi. When patrols by barge go from Kisane to Shasheke on the Caprivi border on the Zambezi they use this short cut instead of going through the rapids. The only danger is hippos, for they seem to use this as their breeding ground. On one occasion going through this Kasia as it is called, a hippo upset the barge, and what a job recovering the belongings that had been upset into the water. I have quite a nice little snap which shows the various articles all laid out to dry on the bank.

There is some first class Tiger fishing both in the rapids and the smooth water. These fish, however, are very bony but the bream which also gives good sport, is very good eating. For tiger fish one uses a spoon bait which is trawled either behind the barge or by rod and reel. The spoon bait is attached to a strong wire trace for the teeth of the fish just snap anything else. The river was full of beautiful water lilies growing in the deep water and had very long stems.

Vivian was at this time (1929) busy preparing for the visit of the Governor-General, The Earl of Athlone, who with his party was coming to Kasane both for fishing and shooting and for the latter he was going to a specially prepared camp some miles away. None of your ordinary camp as we liked.

Every morning ten policemen were put through their paces and how they loved drill. Even in their off time one could hear them practicing their words of command. Vivian was very fussy and even went out along the road levelling the rough parts so that the Royal party should have a smooth passage. Yes, he was very meticulous and I remember reading one of his diaries in which he mentioned that while travelling along one of the Okovango Channels they passed a big tree, a well known land mark, at one minute past twelve, as if in those wilds a few minutes made any difference.

In the morning we used to watch the hundreds of duck, geese etc. flying down the river to their feeding grounds and in the evenings they returned. At the time I was there the native lands on the Caprivi across the river had been reaped and the ground later swamped by the flood waters coming down but were now beginning to dry up and it was here too that many duck landed to feed on the dry parts of the old lands.

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