

off we set, and on arrival at his destination we were each handed a half-crown - what wealth, the equivalent of ten Saturday tickets.

On another occasion I was taken to Ficksburg across the Caledon River in the Free State to a circus show by the Scotts. I was thrilled and thoroughly enjoyed the show especially as we stopped over the night at a hotel. I felt uncomfortable towards the end of the show but being shy I just hung on until we got back to the hotel when Mr Scott, probably noticing that I kept crossing my legs, handed me the potty. Strange how certain things stick in one's mind.

Basutoland is an African Territory without landowners and now as Lesotho self-governing under a Basuto Prime Minister and Parliament. The area of the territory is about 12,000 square miles. The western region is a continuation of the Orange Free State plateau and has an average altitude of 5,000 feet; the Eastern area is exceedingly mountainous and consists of the Maluti Mountains, a branch of the Drakensberg which has peaks of 11,000 feet. The mountains of Basutoland form the chief watershed of Southern Africa and the efforts being made to re-establish the vegetal cover on the denuded slopes are having a valuable effect on the water supplies. Here and in the Drakensberg we have some of the finest scenery in the world.

There are no forests or large plantations so that wood is scarce and the inhabitants use scrub or cattle droppings - bolokwe - for their fires. They are a tidy and neatly dressed nation in their tribal blankets etc and have very neatly built huts. For the conveyance of water etc they use well-made clay pots on which, like their huts they have very fancy designs. Of game there is very little apart from partridge and a few buck in the hills but the trout fishing is very good. The Police (native) are a very fine looking lot and they love drilling. There are still a few Europeans in certain Government posts: a judge and one or two magistrates and maybe still a few officers.

We were soon to leave Basutoland, for Captain Griffiths who was the O.C. Police in the Bechuanaland Protectorate had resigned from the service, and to replace him, Mr Surman, the Resident at Gaborones asked his assistant, Mr (later Colonel) Jules Ellenberger, who had joined the service as a Junior Clerk in 1890 from Basutoland, whether his brother-in-law Mr (later Sir James) McGregor could recommend someone with a good knowledge of Sotho and Police work as all their Police were recruited from Basutoland. His immediate reply was that he had no hesitation in recommending my Dad. So he was duly appointed and transferred from that Service to the Bech Protectorate as O.C. of the Police force which consisted mainly of Basutos, two white officers and a few white non-commissioned officers.

While my Dad remained in Basutoland for a short while longer until his appointment to the Bech Protectorate Administration was gazetted, it was decided that my Mother and we four young children should go to East London for a few weeks to

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