

the railway to the West, and here there was a stream of running water at that time but later dried up. There was a lot of dust flying about made by the ox waggons loaded with their worldly goods. What a move that was - a whole tribe.

It was here that I first met a London Missionary Society missionary. He had a son suffering what was then known as consumption, no cure then but today, as tuberculosis, it can be treated successfully. What I remember was that they had a gramophone, one of those old fashioned instruments with a large trumpet reminding one of the advert for His Masters Voice - a dog listening to a record.

For water we had to rely on that fetched by a span of convicts dragging a large barrel with iron hoops. For this they had to go to a small stream way down a small valley. On the way among the rocks were many rock rabbits of which they were fond but as the guard was no marksman he handed the rifle to one of the convicts to procure their meat.

After a short spell here, my Dad was then sent to Francistown, the only town in the Protectorate where we attended our first private school. All our previous schooling was by my Mother who was herself a school teacher. Francistown, named after Mr Francis who was one of the first settlers in that area, is on the Shashi river, another sand river, the boundary with Rhodesia to the South. To the North of Francistown is the Padhimatanka, better known as the old Hunters Road, which I shall mention later when writing of my trip to Kasani in 1929.

On the Shashi River there is a small Basuto settlement about ten miles from Francistown in the South called Mashupa - a small section of Basutos who migrated from their homeland. It was in that area where there were lands that we went on on two or three occasions, by Cape Cart to shoot. There are several, or there were, gold mines, one of which, the monarch, I remember we went to see. These mines may have opened up again. There was a nine hole golf course, very rough, but on which I did not play until I again visited Francistown some years later to attend a Bisley shoot.

My Dad seemed to be doing relieving jobs for he had next to go to Kanye after a few months break at Gaborones. Kanye is about sixty miles from Gaborones, nearly a three days trek by ox waggon and one and a half by Cape Cart and mules. On the way we stopped at Kolobeng where there was quite a nice stream of water in which we were able to bathe and later fish, with pin hooks for the small silver fish, which for us was great fun. It was here that Livingstone lived for a while and where his one daughter died and was buried. Until a few years ago there was still a portion of his house standing but this later was destroyed by fire. I still have a snap of a portion of the building. They tried for years to preserve the building.

On arrival at Kanye, the capital of the Bamangwaketse Tribe whose chief was Bathoen, grandfather of the present chief who I met some years later during the last war while on manoeuvres in his territory.

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