

for my friend and I being short of money was that on arrival in London on the Friday evening we were accosted by two girls who said, "Oh! South Africans, welcome. Our parents asked us to meet a train and invite any South African to our home for the evening". This seemed very kind of the people so we went off with them. On arrival at the house, or rather the flat, they said, "Strange, the place is in darkness and so they may have gone to bed. You must come tomorrow; we will meet you at the Strand where you will probably stay." Well, they were two very nice girls and friendly and not having had much company of the opposite sex we put our arms around them to bid them a fond goodnight. Off we started for the station to collect our baggage when Ted said, "Geoff I have lost my cigarette case, Gosh and my wallet too". I found that I too had lost my wallet. These two girls must have done well picking pockets of all the chaps they met to take home. Well, we had learned a lesson. Fortunately, I had money in another pocket - just enough to pay our board and next day, as mentioned, I called on Sammy Kemp.

It was while in Mafeking that Mr Neville Chamberlain visited the country and coming into Mafeking he was met by a guard of honour composed of the Bech Protectorate Police commanded by Dad. As he approached the town he had to pass under an arch which had in large letters: WE WANT TO BE ANNEKED. Before passing under the arch, Chamberlain made them pull down the wording. There was a reason for the request and let me digress for a while.

The Missionaries in the early days travelled up through Vryburg along what was known as the Mission road. Just a little further, the London Mission people went west to Kuruman and then later right up north. The French missionaries of whom the Rev. Ellenberger was one, turned East and went to Basutoland. Now, between the Transvaal border and the Mission road there had been two small Republics, Stellaland and Goshen, occupied by the Boers. Now, after the Anglo Boer War, the Transvaal wanted their boundary to go beyond the Mission road. Hence this late request to have the Mafeking area incorporated.

Mafeking had a very rough golf course with gravel "greens" and very rough fairways on the commonage, which meant that the greens had to be fenced to stop cattle walking over them. The golf balls were solid and made of gutta-percha and were soon knocked out of shape. These were then handed to my brother and myself to attend to. We soaked them in hot water until they were soft and pliable. They were then put into a mould like a round nut cracker to give them the correct shape and markings. Next, they had to be painted white and placed on pins to dry. We acted as caddies at 3d per round.

When I started golf in East London years later, my Dad sent me the heads of his old clubs and Taylor and Co, of East London (then opposite Barnes, the motor firm in Oxford street) fitted the hickory shafts at 10/- each and with these clubs I played for some time until I had enough to buy new clubs, one at a time at the then price of between one and two pounds. Today a set of clubs consists of about twelve and we were satisfied with half that number: driver, baffle, putter, cleek and lofter. Today a set of clubs costs anything from £80 a set.

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