

was to see them. On the return of the men Willie Surman said he had not had a chance to shoot a lion. Some years later in the northern Protectorate he came on a pride of six lions, three full grown and three three-quarter grown cubs. He says he stood beside one of the large ant heaps and as they ran past shot five and the sixth, scenting danger turned off. He certainly was a fine shot but never bragged about what he had done. It was only after I asked him after his recent trip if he had shot any lions and he said "Six" so I persuaded him to tell the tale.

Having just mentioned Hodson I might here say that he was the chap who wrote *Trekking* the great thirst, years ago and as the front photo was of Lord Selborne, who was Governor, I gave my copy to Selborne Primary. Surman always accused Hodson of having used some of his camp fire stories and also many of his photos. I have copies of some, dismantling the waggons on the Ngamiland trail trip to be loaded onto canoes and taken across the Thamalikan river which flows from the Okovango Swamps to be lost in the Makarikari Salt pans, north of Francistown.

On my Dad being transferred back to Gaberones my mother arranged for Gerald and I to board with Dr Rutherford and his wife for the big sum of £3 each per month. We were very happy there for a year or so until Mr Harris gave up teaching and Mr John Proctor was appointed headmaster of the Mafeking Public School and as he had a large house he arranged to take three of us as boarders. He was the father of Andrew Proctor, the famous V.C. airman of the first war, with whom I was very friendly. He spent quite a few holidays with us at Gaberones. It was on one of these that we went bathing in a pool in the river after the heavy rains and we contracted malaria; Andrew and Gerald had mild attacks but I unfortunately had a bad one which affected my heart which later was the reason for my being sent to the coast to get to the lower altitude.

While in Mafeking we went in for a lot of sport and I was very keen on cricket. We had no grounds, however, and so just cleared a bit of veld and carried on on the rough ground and so we got quite used to bumpers. I remember once finding a dead mule on the pitch and as it soon began to ripen we instructed our Secretary to write to the Town Clerk or rather to go and ask him to have it removed. The Secretary was Gerald who was not too keen as he might annoy him. The reason was that at that time there was a scare of plague and everything possible was being done to get rid of the carriers, the rats, and for encouragement 6d was paid for each one taken to the town clerk. Our airguns, as there were lots of rats in the veld, did good duty. When we shot a rat we took it to the Town Office and Mr McNical the Town Clerk paid us sixpence. Gerald thought he might lose his sixpences.

The Mafeking cadet corps of which I was a lance Corporal had a first class shooting team and one occasion we came second in an inter school team shoot among schools in the British Empire. The tailor who made our uniforms donated a gold medal which I won and later at Selborne I won a second gold medal.

Before writing my school higher exam, as it was then called, today I think it is the junior certificate or standard nine, I

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