

Kind you it was only occasionally that the furthest out-stations had to be visited more than perhaps once a year by the D.C. as there were the officers like Surman and Hodson who were very often visiting these stations collecting hut tax etc. If there were criminals to be tried they were brought in to the home station.

While I was at Kanye on this occasion my Dad decided to visit one of his outstations. Lehututu, a matter of over 100 miles and as I was there on my recuperative leave, he decided that my Mother and two sisters should also go and make it a family affair. As the Government tented waggon was not suitable for the family party, the Missionary, the Rev Lewis, offered us his bigger tented waggon fitted out for a family travelling as he often had to do, visiting his flock. Well, we set off but after four days travelling we found that this larger waggon which had a slightly wider wheel track to the other waggons, had to cut a fresh spoor in that heavy sand. We had only done a little over fifty miles so decided to turn back. This was at the last water before tackling the 100 miles which one travelled for two days and then outspanned for two days while the cattle went to the next water, 100 miles, and then returned to pull you on to the next water. This usually takes five or six days with luck, depending on how soon the cattle return.

Anyway we spent two days here and had quite a bit of shooting as, apart from duiker, stembuck and springbuck, there were quite a lot of birds. The Namaqua partridge came down each evening from their feeding grounds away in the desert to drink. They came in their hundreds making their low cackling noise all the time and one could shoot as many as five or six at a time. We eventually returned to Kanye and the other transport people were not too pleased as we had made a mess of their regular spoor and the next waggon had to restore the track which was hard going.

The chief of the tribe whose village was on the top of a plateau, the Bamangwatu, was Bathoens who succeeded to the chieftainship when his father was shot by his younger brother (i.e. the chief's) and his mother acted as Regent. The brother thought that the chief, on taking over on his father's death, had not given him his just inheritance. This was a sore point for some time until he decided to do away with his brother, the chief, and so one day while there was a gathering in the ghothla he went up to the fence and with a rifle shot and killed his brother. He was duly tried and sentenced to be hanged. I was told by old Col Ellenberger who was one of the people who, with the Missionary, had to witness the hanging, that he was very callous. Everything was ready and when he was asked if there was anything he would like he said 'Yes, I would like a cigarette and a cup of coffee'. These were duly produced and when he had finished he apologised for keeping them waiting, bid them all goodbye, mounted the scaffold, turned to Mr Lewis the missionary and said "Domela Morooti-Ghotsi" (Goodby minister-peace) and met his end.

Bathoens had a fine walking stick presented to him by the Cape Town museum. The story is that there were three bushmen who had been sentenced to death. These Bushmen bury ostrich eggs

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