

with water and no-one is supposed to touch them. These found that their water had been stolen and so they went after the man eventually shooting him with their bows, in a tree and the man died. Well, in spite of their unwritten law they were sentenced and placed in the Gaberones jail. After a week the doctor said that they were dying and so it was decided to release them. As a matter of fact, one had already died, so the other two were released but unfortunately both died shortly after release, the one being buried near Kanye, and later his body was dug up by request of the Cape Town Museum to whom it was sent. As a token of thanks a very fine walking stick, suitably engraved was sent to Bathoens. These chaps just pined away. I remember going aboard a new Clan Line steamer in port here on one occasion to see the captain who was a P.O.W. friend of mine and he showed me round his new ship which had a very fine hospital. I said it was fine having such a well-fitted hospital for his crew of Indians. He said "No, as soon as you put an Indian in hospital away from his friends he just turns his face to the wall and dies."

Willie Surman was passing through on his way to Lehututu on patrol and tax collecting and as he would be returning he suggested I did the trip with him as he would only be away a couple of weeks. As he used a scotch cart - two wheeled - drawn by ten oxen we were able to move faster than my experience in the big mission waggon. There was no trouble going through the long thirst portion as the oxen took us over half way which meant that they only had a short way to go ahead for water and return. There was any amount of game and we shot four springbuck and a few birds. There were always natives handy to help eat meat. Shortly after our return it was time for me to return to East London and so one morning we set off for Lobatsi station in the old Cape cart being accompanied by my mother and two sisters. At the half way we stopped for lunch and to give the mules an hour's rest, for these poor animals have quite a job as they run most of the way. After we had had our lunch I decided to potter about in the bush taking my B.S.A. air rifle to shoot a few birds. There were a lot about including the Go-away bird, a brown lurie with a top-knot, who always annoyed hunters by shouting Go-away over and over and thus warning the game of the approach of an enemy. I shot two red head pheasants and then heard a lot of chattering of birds in a nearby tree, and realising that there must be a hawk, owl or snake I went to investigate and at the top of the tree saw a fine Black Mamba - one of the most dangerous snakes. So that was the trouble. I had several shots but it was some little while before it fell to the ground, My Mother was very worried when I returned with the dead snake, thinking I might have been bitten.

I had said goodbye to my many friends in Kanye, the Taylors, traders, old man King, the eighty year old blacksmith with whom I had many a chat as he was most interesting on his war experiences. Then there was Dick Rowland, a fine gentleman and the son of a missionary who had married the chief's daughter in Mafeking thinking, I suppose, that his church would get more support from the tribe. He had another brother Jack who went native, and two sisters who never married thinking I suppose of the throwback which might come out in any children.

Gerald/