

My Dad had been Resident District Commissioner in Serowe for some years and when they wanted to transfer him the Old Chief Khama objected and said 'It has taken me two years to get to know and trust this man and now you want to move him elsewhere. He has been a great help and adviser to me so please leave him here'.

When in Serowe I have several times seen the old chief come to my Dad's Office - close the door and have one of his men posted outside so that they should not be interrupted. When they had finished their talk he would walk to the house, which was next door, have a quick cup of tea and be off. He was a wonderful old man and highly respected by all. All traders and private houses and stores were built on ground granted to the owners 'on loan'. I remember the Parrs - had upset him over some trivial matter - and he refused to grant them an extra twenty feet to build a tennis court. He kept them waiting twelve months.

When he came to the time of retirement for my Dad the old man asked to remain on in Serowe and he would grant him ground and build a house for him. Unfortunately my Dad was getting on and felt he wanted to go away down south to Keiskama Hoek where he eventually died of cancer of the tongue.

My brother Gerald some years later was appointed District Commissioner of this same territory. Then however the old Chief Khama had died and so had his son who left a minor as chief. Khama's son by his third wife Simani - Tshkedi was appointed to act. More of him later as he created quite a storm some years later.

Anyway my brother as I have mentioned was appointed D. Commissioner and here I must digress for a while. and criticise the way the Imperial Authorities in London acted in appointing officials in the Colonies. They just sit in their offices in London like a lot of Paboos. They have never been out to the Colonies to study conditions and requirements. No such and such a Colony requires officials and they just send out any one who is handy or some other reason.

As an example. My brother Gerald had two sons both of whom wanted to follow in their grandfathers and fathers footsteps and join the colonial service. Both were at Oxford. Instead of appointing them to a Colony where the family was well known and well respected, a Colony that they knew thoroughly and both were fluent in the language. No. The elder lad Young Gerald as he was called, was sent to what was Tangyaneka and was killed as I have related when Resident at Dodoma. The other lad Spencer was sent to Basutoland in which case it was not so bad for my Dad had been attached for some time before his transfer to the Bech. Protectorate.

Spencer eventually became District Commissioner in Basutoland, at Mokhotlong, the administrative centre of the North Eastern area. When the country received its independence he remained on as Secretary to the Prime Minister Chief Leobold Johnathon. He accompanied the Chief to the United Nations, Ferosa etc. He has however now left the country and settled in Australia where he is in the employ of the Government and now given the big job of dealing with the Aborigines who are now, after years of neglect, to be settled by the Government. These Aborigines have been neglected and yet that Government has the temerity (vermetelheid, roekeloosheid). They won't know what that means.

Well to get on with my story. I duly arrived at Palapye Road to be met by my Mother and Dad and George Smith, one of the traders, who, having a big war had offered to drive us the 37 miles instead of an all day trek by Cart and mules.

For the first week I just pottered about visiting the various traders, the acting Chief and others. The traders as usual offered us the usual boiled tea - black as thunder.

One of the traders Alfred Page-Wood, a very fine chap was very keen on my sister Midge but for some reason my mother was not very keen.