

The acting Chief Tsekedi came out to see how we were getting on and after a talk and a cup of tea set off for home with an Impala we were able to give him. I don't think he worried much about shooting.

There were other visitors, among them my brother and his wife Helen and the young daughter - a beautiful baby - who is now married to Ronwin Meyer who I have mentioned and with their three children called on us a short while ago. Just fancy that baby, now the mother of three fine children! My brother was at this time District Commissioner where my Dad had been years earlier. How time flies. I must say, though they talk of the Desert I must say I have still a soft spot for the old Bechuanaland Protectorate where we spent many happy years, at times they were hard but on the whole very good.

After a most delightful week's camping it was time to return to Serowe and for me to be thinking of moving on to Bulawayo, the Falls and Kasane where I was to spend some time with my mother, sister Bimbi and her husband.

I would be leaving the territory of the Bamangwatu. This tribe first lived at Shoshong under Khama III but later when the country was declared a Protectorate Khama - owing to the lack of water - suddenly moved to Palapye, East of the Railway. This again was deserted for the same reason for Serowe where there was at one time a small stream but this soon dried up and the tribe was dependent on boreholes put down by the Government for water in addition to the big dam that had been built by the tribe. Kissie, Madge's husband, had a wonderful borehole giving thousands of gallons of sweet water. He was able to supply his customers and had a very fine garden - growing all their own vegetables. This was the country of Livingstone, Selous and Gordon Cumming. Of Gordon Cumming there is a book the Lion Hunter which I remember and I am sure there is a copy in the local East London Library. The man who hunted in a kilt. I remember one of the illustrations is of Cumming trying to drag a Python out of a cave by the tail. Of Selous books one never tires of reading and it is fate that he was shot during the German East Campaign in 1916 near Mahenge where we were at one time fighting.

The wealth of the natives is of course cattle in this fine cattle country. Some of them are very wealthy and it used to be interesting, standing in Kissie's shop, watching a native lean on the counter and talk for an hour or so and then suddenly buy £50 or even £100 of blankets etc.

Well, it was time to move on and I went round bidding all cheerio. You will hear later of Serowe and Admiral Evans naval Force being sent to Serowe to quell what they thought was going to be trouble. You will later hear an interesting story of this abortive expedition when the natives thought it a fine show and had to help the sailors pull their guns through the heavy sand. My brother Gerald remarked 'An unnecessary show which cost us a lot of beer'.

I left Palapye road in the evening and arrived in Bulawayo about midday and had time to do a bit of shopping for fishing gear, ammo and even had time to visit a cinema.

Bulawayo is a very fine clean town with streets wide enough to be able to turn a wagon and span of oxen.

I arrived at the Falls next day. When approaching the Falls one sees a great bank of clouds - actually spray from the Falls.

Here one is met by a number of porters who carry your baggage to the Hotel, only a short walk, to take up your booking. It is indeed one of the finest hotels in the country. First class accommodation and excellent food. After a wash and brush up - or rather a nice hot bath - I went out to have a look at the Falls which I was to see for the first time although we were at one time stationed just across the border in the Bech Protectorate. They are undoubtedly a wonderful sight and must be seen to get a true picture. In June and July there is really too much water coming over to be able to get a clear view and in what is called the rain forest one expects to have spray coming up from the Falls but the spray goes up and comes down like a real thunderstorm. The reason