

There is today a great need to protect these animals which were or are being shot out or trapped by poachers, black and white. Even the black people realise this and one finds game reserves in most of the African territories but here there are times when a certain amount of culling has to be done to stop overstocking. I could go on writing about the various birds, animals etc but now I must get on with my doings and as I get on will mention meeting the various tribes, animals etc as they fit into the story.

Now, across the Notwani towards the Transvaal border are the native lands, the lands of the Botloka, settled in a village across the river where they are ruled by the old chief Gaberones. We often used to go shooting in that area where there was any amount of game, the largest being the Rehbuck. Unfortunately this area has, I understand, been shot out. I will return to this area and say more about our doings a few years later when we were able to handle rifles and shotguns. We spent happy days in various stations to which my Dad was transferred from time to time.

The Protectorate had only become a British Protectorate a matter of ten years earlier, about 1888, I think. It is a very large territory inhabited by about five major tribes and very sparsely populated by Europeans. It was divided into seven Magisterial districts with a district commissioner and probably a staff of two white N.C.O.s and a dozen or so Basuto Police. And all were governed by the Resident Commissioner and his small staff from the headquarters, then in Mafeking. The district capitals were Kanye, Gaberones, Serowe, Molopololy, Francistown, and the Lake District as it was called, that is the far North-west, Okovango swamps etc. These were indeed very large areas over which the District Commissioner had to be responsible. But in these days it was not as today for the chiefs were responsible for a lot in running their own territory as far as crime was concerned and the D.C. only tried certain cases where Europeans were involved.

Today, or rather before Botswana gained independence there were, for instance, four magistrates at Serowe and a large staff in modern houses whereas my Dad was on his own and we lived there in three large huts joined together, with a slightly enlarged verandah. In our time at the headquarters in Mafeking there was one typist, my sister, and later there were as many as fifteen, I was told; so one can imagine what the male staff was: Res. Commissioner, Gov. Secretary, Accountants etc and all well staffed.

While in Gaberones my Dad was sent to Palapye, which was then the capital of the Bamangwato tribe under old Khama but later he moved to his present capital Serowe. The D.C. there was Colonel Panzera who was due for three months overseas leave and so my Dad was sent up there to relieve and took the whole family with him. Khama had to move to Serowe on account of lack of water at Palapye. The old water supply had gradually run out as has happened in so many areas in this country. Yes, water we cannot do without and hence all the big schemes at present being carried out to conserve water.

As a matter of fact the tribe was already on the move to their new home at Serowe - of which I shall have more to say later - distance of about fifty miles, thirty miles across

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