

Here we found that our quarters were three rooms in a row like barracks rooms, with a small verandah. Two bell tents for a bathroom and the boys' bedroom and over the old half tent wagon was thrown a bucksale and acted as our dining room/lounge. There were stables, police barracks and a small office and courtroom. I have a photo of our dining room with the four kids sitting on the disselboom; this was in 1904. In spite of the primitive accommodation we were quite happy.

The big native village was up on a bit of a hill and the shops were there too, as were the mission house (Mr Lewis the missionary) and the church. There was an old blacksmith, King, who was about 80 but always looked dirty. He said he had fought in the Crimea and that the reason he had lived so long was that he never bathed.

On the West side of the village there is a krantz with a drop of 300 feet overlooking the valley called Pareng. It was from this krantz that people sentenced to death by the chief in the old days were thrown over; now the home of troops of baboon and monkeys.

There is nothing of any interest that I can write further about but will later again mention Kanye when my Dad did his second term there and later when I was there for a few days when on maneuvers during the war. My Dad was transferred back to Mafeking as Police Officer. Mafeking which is famous for its siege during the Anglo Boer War, Baden-Powell and his Boy-Scouts - the original scouts - of which there are so many troops throughout the country and overseas today. The cadets during the siege acted as messengers and were awarded the Queens Medal. I am not going into details of the siege as we have all read about it in the many history books.

Mafeking at that time was a nice little town with its many pepper trees, with a population of about 2,000 on the banks of the Molopo River which at one time was quite a river. Here, on the banks at this time were the Portuguese gardeners, today the river and the gardeners are no more. Today there are just a few dongas but no longer a flowing river. Further west it is just a valley as for years no water has flowed throughout the full length of its bed. The channel in places cut deep through the rock which is now invaded by sand dunes. Down the middle of the Molopo river runs a wire fence which marks the boundary between Botswana and the Republic.

All the shops in Mafeking are in one street through which the main road south leads, across the railway line and then turns south-east and so on to Vryburg. In this street was the firm of S Kemp and Co. Why I mention the name of Kemp is that some years later when I went overseas to join the R.F.C. in the first war, I was spending a weekend in London and ran short of money. I knew my Dad had sent money to an uncle Fred Dyer, but unfortunately he was away. It then struck that old Sammy Kemp was living in London and so I looked up his address and called on him. They invited me to lunch and lent me £10 which I repaid on the Monday after calling on Fred Dyer. The reason

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