

A remarkable thing about this village is that, apart from the European's houses there was no sanitation whatsoever. Their loo was behind a bush or some nearby donga. It is said that the food they eat dries in the open and is blown away. I remember Major Kreft, who was attached to the Dunsta Force during the first war, said that the Persians used their roof tops and let the wind do the rest. In old Khama's house he had a very large photograph, signed, of Queen Victoria.

On the kopje, the burial place of the chiefs there is a monument on which is the statue of a Duiker, the tribal totem. The reason for the Duiker is that years earlier when the Bamangwatu, Khama's tribe were being harassed by the Matabele, they had to go into hiding. Khama, when hard-pressed, took shelter in a thick bush where he hoped he would not be found. The Matabele searched everywhere for him and as they were passing some thick bush a duiker ran out and so they said it was no good looking there as a duiker would not be there if he were hiding. This saved his life. Khama was one of the chiefs who went to England to ask Victoria for her protection as they were afraid that Rhodes and his Chartered Company would take them over. He was a wise old man, a Christian, and a strict teetotaler, even banning any strong drink from his country. That is why he always had a village miles from the railway stations.

Khama had five regiment - not full-time and not for fighting - but for labour etc. If work had to be done on a road or dam wall a certain regiment would be called out; a bugler standing on top of one of the kopjes and sounding the call of the one required. While he was in England he bought a lot of second hand uniforms and these were dished out to two or three of the regiments. Segome, father of the present Prime Minister, I remember (I have a snap) riding in the uniform of an admiral. There was even a Scottish regiment but most of the kilts they fashioned from old rugs. I have several snaps.

Our quarters were four large huts joined and with a verandah. They were very roomy and comfortable and some years later when Gerald became District Commissioner here, he occupied the same huts. It was here that, when spending a few days with him, I first saw his eldest child, Elizabeth, now a grown woman with three children. Serowe boasted about seven trading stores, one of which was owned by my sister Madge's husband, Alfred Page-Wood, known as Kissie who had been trading there for a number of years and a very good business he had.

Well, after three very fine weeks holiday we set off for East London once more. This was going to be my last holiday in Serowe as a student, though I was to spend more holidays there after I had started work and my Dad was still there. Then later my brother Gerald who, as I have mentioned, was stationed there and my sister Madge whose husband was one of the traders. For the September holidays we remained at the College for a few days and then went to Cathcart to spend the rest of the time with Laurie Miles on his father's farm.

Above I mentioned that that was to be my last holiday in Serowe as a student but actually after writing the matric Exam we hurried up to Serowe and returned a few weeks later with the family (as my Dad was on holiday) to the coast. We duly wrote our exams and Gerald passed second class but I failed in my favourite subject - Latin. My Dad suggested that I stay on and

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