

By this time the old Chief Khama had died and was succeeded by his son Segome with whom there had been a reconciliation with the old man after having been banished by his father to the Nata in the extreme of his territory for a number of years.

Segome did not live long as chief but left a young son as his heir, a boy of about five years. He being too young to carry on as chief his Uncle Tsekedi, Khama's son by his third wife Semani, acted as regent - a duty he was to carry on for many years.

Seretse when he was old enough was sent to England to continue his studies for law. While there he met a white woman who he married, a Miss Ruth Williams. Over this there was a lot of trouble and she at first was not allowed into the Protectorate. The tribe too were not very happy about the affair and in fact Seretse was never to take over as chief of the tribe, though later when the Protectorate gained Independence as Botswana, he was elected the first Prime Minister with his headquarters at Gaborone. He was virtually cut adrift from the tribe.

When his wife, eventually, did come out they lived in Serowe but not as chief, and a council was appointed to look after the affairs of the tribe with one of the senior Chiefs as chairman.

After my arrival Tsekedi called at Page-Wood's house to pay his respects and as he spoke perfect English we carried on a long conversation and he ended by offering me a wagon and oxen, staff and driver and a bushman tracker and I was to go out onto his reserve where there was plenty of game.

Well, my sister, Madge and her husband, Kissie (as he was called), got things ready for a weeks camping. The wagon was packed with all the provisions, water, a large bucksail etc. and the driver left early for the camping site taking with him a couple of Kissie's boys who were to see to and help pitch the camp which we found was in a very nice spot among some big trees. Kissie had to remain a few days to look after the store so Madge, young Andrew with a well loaded Whipet Car set out early next morning. This whipet car was one of those old cars with a hood. We, eventually, arrived at the camping site, a matter of fifteen miles. From the wagon a sail had been stretched to some large trees and so we had plenty of shelter.

I have a snap of the car as we set out, loaded to capacity and even on the running board (cars of today of course have no running boards) we had parked Andrew's mattress and his tricycle. We could not open the door to get out but climbed over it.

When we arrived, we found a man busy digging in the river bed for our water supply as he had been instructed to do by Chief Tsekedi.

It was a delightful spot and we made ourselves comfortable and placed our stretchers where we wanted them and then got ready for a quiet walk in that thick wood to see if we could spot a buck. However, we decided to put off shooting until the next morning. The game birds: guinea fowl; pheasant and bush pheasant were beginning to call before settling down for the night. Later in the evening we were to hear the serenade of the jackal and hyenas. It was getting towards nightfall and the air was chilly but we had a fine big log fire on the go - great big logs of which one occasionally saw a big spider, scorpion or other insects crawling out in a hurry. This fire would be kept going well into the night. Away from us was the kitchen and boy's fire. Here, one could hear these cheerful chaps chatting and looking forward to the meat they would get the next day. The next item was dinner after we had sat for a while over our sundowners. It is wonderful what these cook boys can produce in the veld without a stove, even in the worst weather including rain. What better is there than a camp meal nicely cooked and served, which our cook was able to do. After dinner one just sits back to enjoy a smoke and talk of the day's doings. My sister who is a good shot often accompanies us and oh boy is she keen-sighted. Yes! That's the life for me, I can hear you, Spencer, saying 'me too'.

The little bushman/