

The best months to see the Falls is in September/October when there is less water. The Falls have been written about so often that I will not bore you any longer. During my first meal I was surprised to see an old friend of the first war. Roxborough Smith, a pilot. 'Hullo Roxi, what are you doing here may I ask?'. "Well Geoff it is nice meeting you again, we can have a good yarn about the old days. Actually I have an Avro that I bought from the Government in England and I am here giving flips over the Falls at £3 a time and doing a very good business. What about coming across the river to give me a hand after lunch?" I duly crossed with him and I was able to help start the machine by the old method of swinging the prop. 'Switch on' - like old times.

Later in the afternoon he took me up and what a wonderful sight the Falls are from the air. I was able to take a couple of photographs. After dinner we sat and talked of our days in the Air Force and he also became an instructor, we mentioned various pilots we had trained, the good and the bad.

The next morning my brother-in-law, Vivian Ellenberger, called for me and we set out for Kasane where he was stationed as District Commissioner. We set off on the forty mile trip travelling over a very sandy road following the old hunters road or Padimantanka, which forms the boundary between Rhodesia and the Protectorate. Here and there one could still see traces of the old road - the boundary is now marked with beacons. This old road continues until it reaches an old baobab tree on the banks of the Zambezi River and it is here that the old timers dismantled their wagons to be floated across the River which is over half a mile wide. This tree forms the beacon on the river about three quarters of a mile from the junction with the Chobe. Here we crossed the boundary into the Protectorate. This gives the Protectorate the three quarters of a mile territory along the Zambezi. One can therefore cross, by ferry, from the Protectorate into Zambia without crossing the Rhodesian border. It was this point that was in dispute recently when a road was contemplated through the Bechuanaland Protectorate not crossing the border of Rhodesia or the Caprivi Strip. This road will lead to Kazangulu in Zambia.

Vivian is a very enterprising chap and at certain points he had sign posted the old road just to show where it was. Near Kasane where the road ascends a couple of small and very sandy ridges he had put logs of wood to make a corduroy.

At the time staying at Kasane at the Residency were my sister and her husband and two children and that fine old lady, my Mother, and Mrs Ellenberger and her husband, Colonel Ellenberger, who had retired as Resident Commissioner of the Protectorate. The children, Peter (aged about five) and Felicity (six months).

It was lovely arriving there and meeting the whole family, in-laws and all. It was a very well laid out camp in a beautiful setting on the banks of the Chobe River which is about three hundred yards wide. We looked across the river onto the Caprivi Strip which was at that time being administered by the Bechuanaland Protectorate Government, but of course today by the Republic, as part of South West Africa over which there is so much dispute with the United Nations, washout of an organization. Smuts should be here to put them right! It is here too where the boundary with Zambia has to be patrolled against Terrorists (Freedom Fighters). There were fine Police barracks, the Residency, a fine block of buildings, the Administration block etc. It was lovely being with the family and we talked for hours.

There was at this time (1929) an embargo on cattle being imported into the S.A. Republic on account of Foot and Mouth disease. Why all this fuss for the disease never killed the animals, probably political for at that time there was a lot of talk about incorporating Basutoland, Bechuanaland and Swaziland into the Republic.

This meant that /