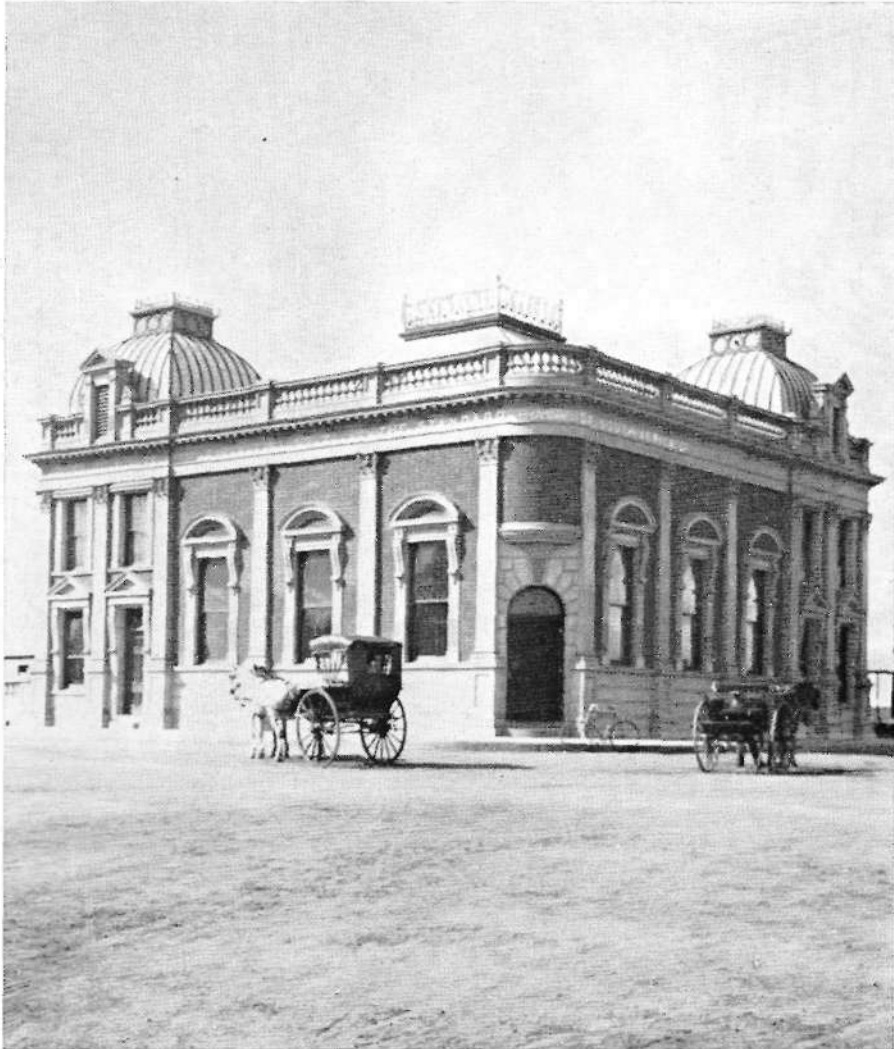


RHODESIANA

PUBLICATION No. 11

DECEMBER 1964





The Standard Bank, Salisbury branch, in 1910. This building, which is still standing to-day, is situated on the corner of Third Street and Jameson Avenue.

Advertisement

RHODESIANA

Publication No. 11 — December, 1964

THE RHODESIANA SOCIETY
Salisbury
Rhodesia

Edited by
E. E. BURKE

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*The cover picture is from a drawing by T. Baines, F.R.G.S., of his
camp at Deka in 1863. {National Archives}*

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Mr. and Mrs. Jules Ellenberger and their son Vivien Frederick in 1898
(V. F. Ellenberger)

The Bechuanaland Protectorate and The Boer War, 1899-1902

by J. Ellenberger

When it became clear that war between the Boer Republics and Great Britain was inevitable, the Chiefs of the Bechuanaland Protectorate were warned, on instructions from Sir Alfred Milner (later Lord Milner), that if hostilities did break out the conflict would be one between white races only, one in which they must take no part, but that should the enemy invade their Reserves, it would be their duty, as loyal subjects of Queen Victoria, to assist in repelling the attack.

Sir Alfred Milner was, at the time, Her Majesty's High Commissioner for South Africa, and the Resident Commissioner of the Bechuanaland Protectorate was Colonel Hamilton Goold-Adams, later Sir Hamilton Goold-Adams, Governor of Queensland.

The Territory was for administrative purposes divided into two districts, each with an Assistant Commissioner responsible to the Resident Commissioner. Their boundaries had been fixed by Proclamation and they were known as the Northern District and Southern District respectively. The Assistant Commissioner for the Northern District was Mr. John Anchtel Ashburnham, who had previously held the Office of Secretary to the Administration of the Crown Colony of British Bechuanaland (annexed to the Cape Colony on November 15th, 1895). The Assistant Commissioner for the Southern District was Mr. William Henry Surmon, who had previously served in Basutoland and had a sound knowledge of native affairs. I was, at the time, serving under him as Assistant Resident Magistrate. We were stationed at Gaberone's and Ashburnham at Palapye, and the headquarters of the Administration were in Mafeking. The European police force of the Territory was No. 1 Division of the British South Africa Police, under the command of Colonel J. A. H. Walford* who was stationed at Mafeking. The Native Police of the Territory was commanded by Captain John Thorne Griffith, stationed at Gaberone's, who was responsible to Colonel Walford. There were police outposts at all principal centres.

On October 9th, 1899, the Boers sent their ultimatum. On October 12th they cut the railway line south of Mafeking - at Kraaipan - and proceeded to invest Mafeking: the Territory was therefore cut off from the south.

Colonel Goold-Adams had elected to remain in Mafeking with his staff, lest it be said that he had "shown the white feather", but he had given (as he put it) last minute instructions to Mr. Surmon to carry on the administration of the Territory on his behalf should communications between Mafeking and the north be interrupted. It was too late now to obtain the High Commissioner's

*Colonel Walford was awarded the D.S.O. for his services in Mafeking.

approval of this arrangement and, although Ashburnham took exception to it, the administration proceeded smoothly.

Colonel Walford was also besieged in Mafeking, with part of the European police: they manned the Fort at Cannon Kopje and it was here that Captain the Hon. Henry D. Marsham was killed in action when the Boers made a determined but unsuccessful attack on the fort on October 31st, 1899.

Almost at the same time as Mafeking was invested, a Boer force appeared near the junction of the Taung and Notwane rivers and proceeded to build a stone wall, or fort, on the top of the hill Sepitsi (whence the boundary between the Protectorate and Transvaal runs to Derdepoort on the Marico river) and some of the burghers, crossing into the Protectorate, cut the railway line near the hill Mohahabe (opposite Sepitsi). We were still at Gaborone's at this time and the Native Police (men recruited in Basutoland) declared that if only we would allow them to storm the Boer fort, not with their Martini-Henry rifles but with knobkerries, they would make short work of its occupants; this of course could not be allowed.

Boer patrols then began to feel their way towards Gaborone's and, more than once, we saw the tracks of their horses at the Molapo-wa-basadi rivulet, about four and a half miles from Gaborone's, but did not come across them.

Meanwhile an armoured train with Southern Rhodesia Volunteers under the command of Captain H. Llewellyn, of the British South Africa Police at Bulawayo, was daily patrolling the line as far south as the Metsimaswaana Bridge (nine miles from Gaborone's Camp) and our scouts were also active. Two of them, Chere and another whose name escapes me, both belonging to our Native Police, were sent out on patrol one morning - it must have been on October 22nd. They made for the hill Khale and, climbing a short distance, turned to scan the country below them and caught sight of a number of horsemen travelling in the direction of Gaborone's. Whether they were friends or foes they could not tell - it might be the Chief from Ramoutsa and some of his headmen going to see the Assistant Commissioner. They decided to ride after them and make sure. The bush was thick and they could not see far ahead, and thus it was that they suddenly came upon their quarry - a party of Boers resting in such scanty shade as the Protectorate bush can afford. Much outnumbered, our two men sought safety in flight, with the Boers in hot pursuit. Only one returned to camp that evening: Trooper Chere was "missing". A riderless horse turned up at the Police well the following day - it was the horse Chere had been riding and the blood on its saddle and flanks told a sad story which was subsequently confirmed by natives who said that after killing him the Boers had robbed him of his boots and placed his body across the railway line. This little "Queen's pawn" was our first casualty. With him disappeared the field glasses which the Assistant Commissioner had lent him the day he set out to meet his death.

The Gaborone's of 1899 looked very different from the Gaborone's of today*. The camp was surrounded on more than one side by very thick bush, much of which has since been cleared. Its only water supply was from a Police well on the fringe of dense bush on the river-flat and it had to be carted in a tank

*Written in 1949.

on wheels, drawn by oxen. The fort had been sand-bagged afresh and we all mustered in it at night. No one was allowed to leave it in the morning until the scouts reported "all clear". The horses were then led out of the deep trench which surrounded the fort and we went back to our respective duties. One day, however, at about 10 a.m., the alarm was sounded and we rushed back to the fort: a late arrival was Samuel Mokgosi, Cape-cart driver, dressed in his Sunday suit! He caused some merriment when he explained that if he had on that day to appear before the Almighty he must at least be well dressed. Nothing happened, however; the big cloud of dust seen in the direction of Matsetse's lands, near the Transvaal border, having been caused not by a Commando but by waggons from the lands.

It was obvious that, had we been attacked at Gaborone's our position would have been utterly hopeless after a couple of days without water. Further down the line the Boers on Sepitsi started shelling the armoured train as soon as they caught sight of it. We were therefore not surprised when the Police were ordered by their Headquarters in Bulawayo to retire northwards. The Assistant Commissioner and I had no option but to do likewise. I just had time to thrust the Civil and Criminal Record Books of the District into the little Milner safe, which is still doing duty at Gaborone's and which then contained the sum of four shillings and sixpence; it was placed on a train waiting at Gaborone's Station and reached Bulawayo in due course. The Station Master's safe, which was heavier, remained where it was and when the Boers subsequently blew it open all they found in it was a piece of paper with the words: "Sold again!"

If I remember correctly, it was on October 24th that we evacuated Gaborone's. It was about 2 p.m. when we rode out of the Camp, making for the village of Morwa, on the Metsimothaba river and in the Bakgatla Reserve. Two men had been left behind with instructions to set fire to the Police stores half an hour after our departure and then to catch up with us, which they did in due course. We saw the smoke going up in the air. The Boers also saw it and entered the camp very shortly afterwards as we subsequently learnt from our friends the Natives.

I am not clear now as to whether it was at Morwa's or at Mochudi Station that we boarded, a train which took us to Mahalapye, where we occupied the hillock on which is the Police Camp—well within the Bamangwato Reserve.

I should state here that the Assistant Commissioner for the Southern District had kept in touch, as much as possible, with the Chiefs, and that the Bamalete at Ramoutsa and the Batlokwa at Gaborone's very often gave us valuable information. Linchwe, Chief of the Bakgatla, was silent; his Reserve had not yet been invaded and with a large number of his people in the Rustenburg District of the Transvaal he had much to think about, but we had no doubt concerning his loyalty to the British throne.

Our stay at Mahalapye was of short duration, for we soon occupied Mochudi railway station. What happened was that the armoured train, which had been patrolling southwards from Mahalapye daily, came upon three natives riding northwards, one of whom signalled to us to stop; he was a powerfully built man, whom the Assistant Commissioner and I at once recognised as being Linchwe's brother, Segale, Commander-in-Chief of the Bakgatla regiments. He

told us that the Chief had information that the Boers were going to loot Mochudi railway station on that day and that, if we were quick, we might catch them in the act. We took him on board, at his request, and sped southwards. Coal was scarce and we used wood for the engine; its smoke was not as dark as smoke from coal and the wind was in our favour. There was one armoured truck in front with a Maxim gun pointing straight ahead, and one armoured truck at the back with a seven-pounder ready for action, the engine and a caboose in the centre. A speaking tube connected the O.C. (Captain Llewellyn, in the front truck) with the engine driver, and the whole train was camouflaged with green bushes securely fastened to it. As we emerged from the thick bush near the Kalakane rivulet we saw a party of Boers and smoke at the culvert spanning that rivulet - they had set fire to it. Permanent-Way Inspector McEntee, who was standing next to the Maxim Gun, lost all respect for these Burghers and shouted: "There they are, the B——s!" Quick as lightning, that fine fellow Llewellyn was at the Maxim and a burst of fire from it sent the Boers running to their horses; within a few seconds they had disappeared into the bush. Segale, who had jumped off at first sight of the Boers and had opened fire on his own account, called out to me: "Come with me, quick, I think I bowled one of them over!" I jumped out, gun in hand, and we both ran to the spot he indicated, but we picked up only Mauser cartridges there. The indications on the ground were that the Boer's horse had taken to the left of a tree and its rider to the right of it - he had picked himself up and disappeared into the bush. Returning to the culvert we helped to put the fire out, partly with water from the engine and partly with sand. Almost under the culvert we found dynamite and fuse, and a little further on I collected a sjambok and a wooden water-bottle of the type then issued to the Native Police; on it was written "Commandant Rickert" and it had evidently been rescued from the Police stores set alight when we evacuated Gaberone's. The big baulks of the culvert were still strong enough to bear the weight of the armoured train and we hastened to Mochudi Station. All was still in order there and we waited in vain - our own men indulging in a little bit of looting in the meantime. The party surprised at the culvert was evidently that which was to have looted the station and adjoining general dealer's store after securing itself from attack from the north.

It was shortly after this event that we occupied Mochudi station. Here railway coaches were placed at our disposal for sleeping and other purposes. Our strength was growing - Southern Rhodesia Volunteers and British South Africa Police, able-bodied civilians of the Protectorate joining the Volunteers - and it was here that in November, 1899, an attack on the Boer laager at Derdepoort was planned. Segale was all out for it and gave Colonel Holdsworth all information as to the position of the laager. The final arrangement made was that our men would cross the Marico river and attack the laager, which was in a neck between two hillocks overlooking the river, and that the Bakgatla regiments should be in readiness on the Protectorate side of the Marico to repel any pursuit by the Boers should we be driven back into the Protectorate. The attempted raid on Mochudi station, the damage to the culvert at Kalakane and the seizure by Commandant Rickert of a sheep owned by a Mokgatla, coupled with our return from the north, had decided Linchwe to assist in terms of the above arrange-

ment. He pointed out, however, that his men were short of ammunition and he asked for some; it was issued to them at Morwa's village and I think it was on November 24th that our little column - 120 strong if I remember correctly - rode out of Mochudi station, Colonel Holdsworth in command, brave Llewellyn next to him and I following immediately behind them, having been detailed as English-Sechuana interpreter. The Assistant Commissioner, a fearless man, remained at Mochudi station for administrative reasons. Chief Linchwe kept to his village at Mochudi, attending to the general affairs of the tribe and to the final arrangements for the regiments which had to go forward under Segale.

Our column halted somewhere between Mochudi and Siquane (opposite Derdepoort) at a place where there was water for men and beasts. A tin of road-rations was divided between four of us - a couple of mouthfuls to each - and this was to be my last meal before we got back to the railway line, for the "sea-biscuits" issued to us were so hard that when I pulled them out of my wallet at a later stage my teeth could make no impression on them! And it was at this halt, just before the order to mount was given, that the Assistant Commissioner's ruling on the Bakgatla regiments remaining on the Protectorate side of the Border was set aside by Colonel Holdsworth. He feared that our men's heavy ammunition boots would betray us when climbing up to the laager and he decided that the bare-footed natives should do the climbing, Segale guiding us to a place from which we could see the laager and open fire on it - the Maxim gun would give the signal for the combined attack. Segale grinned; here was a chance at last to hit back at those who, years ago, had thrashed his father Kgamanyane, Chief of the Bakgatla; and he perhaps had visions of wealth to come. He disappeared to give orders accordingly to the leaders of the regiments concerned. We mounted and rode throughout the night, at that slow military pace killing to men and beasts of burden alike. Our native allies were on foot, but regiment after regiment passed us before dawn came. And then . . . the Maxim fired!

What actually happened is duly recorded in a foolscap book which I had at Mochudi railway station*. Suffice it to say here that we did not take the laager, did not even cross the Marico river into the Transvaal, did not suffer a single casualty, and were back at Mochudi station on the same day.

Three or four days passed without word from Linchwe and when he did come to Mochudi station it was to tell Colonel Holdsworth that the Bakgatla had lost seven or eight men killed in action at the Derdepoort laager; that the wounded numbered 25; that it seemed to him that he (Holdsworth) had only gone there to see how natives could fight, whereas, according to native custom, if two Chiefs agreed to attack together either they conquered together or fell together; that the Boers had set fire to his villages along the Marico-Siquane, Maalolwane and Mathubudukwane; that if he had not sought an interview with him sooner it was because he had had to evacuate the inhabitants of those villages and to withdraw all Bakgatla cattle from the neighbourhood of the Marico river and where could he now water these cattle? The railway bore-hole at Artesia was indicated to him, but there were so many cattle to be watered

*This diary is now in the National Archives (Hist. MS ELI/1/1/2)

that the pumper feared there would eventually not be enough water left for railway purposes, and Linchwe made other arrangements.

There was no holding back the Bakgatla now, it was a case of "blood for blood". The Boers at the Derdepoort laager, panic-stricken, vanished therefrom. The Bakgatla raided the western Transvaal almost to Pretoria and became rich in cattle. Even after the relief of Mafeking, Boers who had surrendered and been given Certificates of Occupation, permitting them to remain on their farms, complained of the seizure of their cattle by the Bakgatla. At the instance of the Military authorities Linchwe was warned that twice the number of cattle taken from such Boers would in due course be claimed from him, but this had no effect. After we had re-opened the office at Gaborone's (subsequent to the relief of Mafeking) a couple of Boers brought an action in our Court for the recovery of some of their cattle which they said they had seen in the Bakgatla Reserve. Judgment was given against the first claimant on the ground that he was at the time on Commando and the cattle were held by the Bakgatla in trust for the Government. The second claimant, who had been in a similar position, thereupon dropped his claim. No other Boer claimant came forward after that and the Bakgatla were left in possession of what they had captured. I may add here that compensation was given to them in respect of the huts which the Boers had burnt at Siquane and the other two villages on the Marico.

The Bakgatla certainly kept open our lines of communication with Rhodesia and we took advantage of this to feel our way southwards. The armoured train (one of its armoured trucks was labelled "Hard Cases" and the other "Oom Paul's Pills") now patrolled to within a few miles of Gaborone's station and on one such occasion we sighted a party of mounted men riding along the rails, coming towards us; they were several hundred yards away. Llewellyn, telescope in hand, declared them to be Boers and immediately aimed the Maxim at them but Mr. Surmon entreated him not to fire until we were absolutely certain: "Better let a few Boers go than kill friendly natives" said he. Through the speaking-tube Llewellyn ordered "full speed ahead!" We had only gone a short distance when the mounted men suddenly swerved into the thick bush. We raced up to the spot; the hoof-prints of the horses which had been there were those of shod animals - a Boer patrol evidently! Llewellyn fired the Maxim in the direction they had taken, and a shell from the 7-pounder followed. We subsequently learnt from natives that these Boers were on patrol from Gaborone's and had returned at full speed - one with a damaged nose!

Shortly after this incident the natives reported that the Boers had evacuated Gaborone's; the doings of the Bakgatla had evidently reached their ears and panic must have set in here too. The armoured train reached Gaborone's station without incident and a party was sent to the camp, to reconnoitre. The enemy had indeed gone! Emmanuel Isaacs' store - the first one to open there when the camp was established in August, 1890 - was found well stocked with grain and to make sure that the Boers would not come back for it order was given to set fire to the building.

A second armoured train was, by this time, running with ours. It was the Construction Train and on it was Mr. A. H. Wallis, a railway engineer, affectionately known among us as "Long Tom", owing to the length of the cigars

which he was ever ready to offer to his friends. He and his men kept the railway line in order for us, repairing all damage done by the Boers, and they had done a good deal of damage as we found on our way south later on. Among his men was a carpenter of the name of O'Shea who, in his spare time, very neatly repaired for me a Mauser carbine which Segale had brought back from one of his raids. Its stock had been shattered by a bullet and O'Shea fitted in the stock of an old muzzle loader; so good was his work that I used that carbine for the rest of the time I was in the Field, Segale supplying me with ammunition for it, and I had it for many years thereafter.

I may state here that neither the Assistant Commissioner nor I had any military rank. The Resident Commissioner feared that if we came under the thumb of the Military we might be ordered on and on after the relief of Mafeking, whereas he intended that as soon as possible after that event we should reopen the offices at Gaborone's.

We eventually re-occupied Gaborone's. We could go no further for some time because the Boers had blown up the Metsimaswaana bridge and they were still on Sepitsi hill, barring the way. An attempt was made to surprise them there one night but the Metsimaswaana was in flood. Another attempt was made shortly afterwards; we suffered a few casualties when very close to their fort and had to retire. By this time we had a 12-pounder gun and, from the foot of the hills overlooking the Metsimaswaana bridge, Lieut. Montmorency opened fire on their fort. They appear to have had a gunner, a German named Schwarts; he returned the fire with what was believed to be one of the 12.5's taken from Dr. Jameson on January 1st, 1896. His first shell nearly "did" for Montmorency, who was somewhat shaken but stuck to his gun with a vengeance. In the long run he apparently put the Boer gun out of action; it was silent for three or four days. Meanwhile Wallis and his men were repairing the damage to the Metsimaswaana bridge.

Then, from the direction of Tuli, where he had been operating, came an officer who was adored by all who served under him, Lieut.-Col. H. O. Plumer, later Field-Marshal Lord Plumer, who took command.

At this juncture the Assistant Commissioner went to Kanye, to see Bathoen, Chief of the Bangwaketse; I accompanied him. I am not clear now as to what actually took place at the meeting, but I believe that the object of the visit was not only to reassure the Chief that all would come right in the end but also to arrange with him for the passing of Colonel Plumer's column through his Reserve in the event of our not being able to proceed along the railway. As we were riding back to Gaborone's a horseman suddenly turned off the road, about 60 yards in front of us, and disappeared in the thick bush. On our left we had the Thobega range of hills, quite close, and he was evidently making for the hills to avoid us. We pressed on. It was not a bullet that reached us a but well known voice, that of Lieut. Fielding, later Major Fielding, Staff Officer, Bechuanaland Protectorate Police. He was out on patrol with two or three of the Native Police; they had heard us before we could see them and, not knowing whether we were friends or foes, had promptly turned off to higher ground and thicker bush, whence they had made us out.

Then, one day, a report reached us to the effect that the Boers had evacu-

ated Sepitsi. A reconnoitring party confirmed this. There is slate round about there and on a rough piece of it were the words: "Owing to sickness and to your friends the natives we are compelled to abandon this place to you."

We reached Ramoutsa Siding in due course, but had to obtain labourers from the Chief of the Bamalete to clear the railway line, which was terribly overgrown. I remember kaffir corn several feet high growing between the rails! The Chief sent an army of workmen and we soon reached Ootsi. Mr. R. Transfeldt had had a saw-mill there before the outbreak of hostilities and the huge stacks of dry wood he had left there had been set on fire by the Boers shortly before we arrived on the scene; they were completely burnt out but the heat they still generated was so great that several days elapsed before linesmen could repair the telegraph wires cut by the Boers.

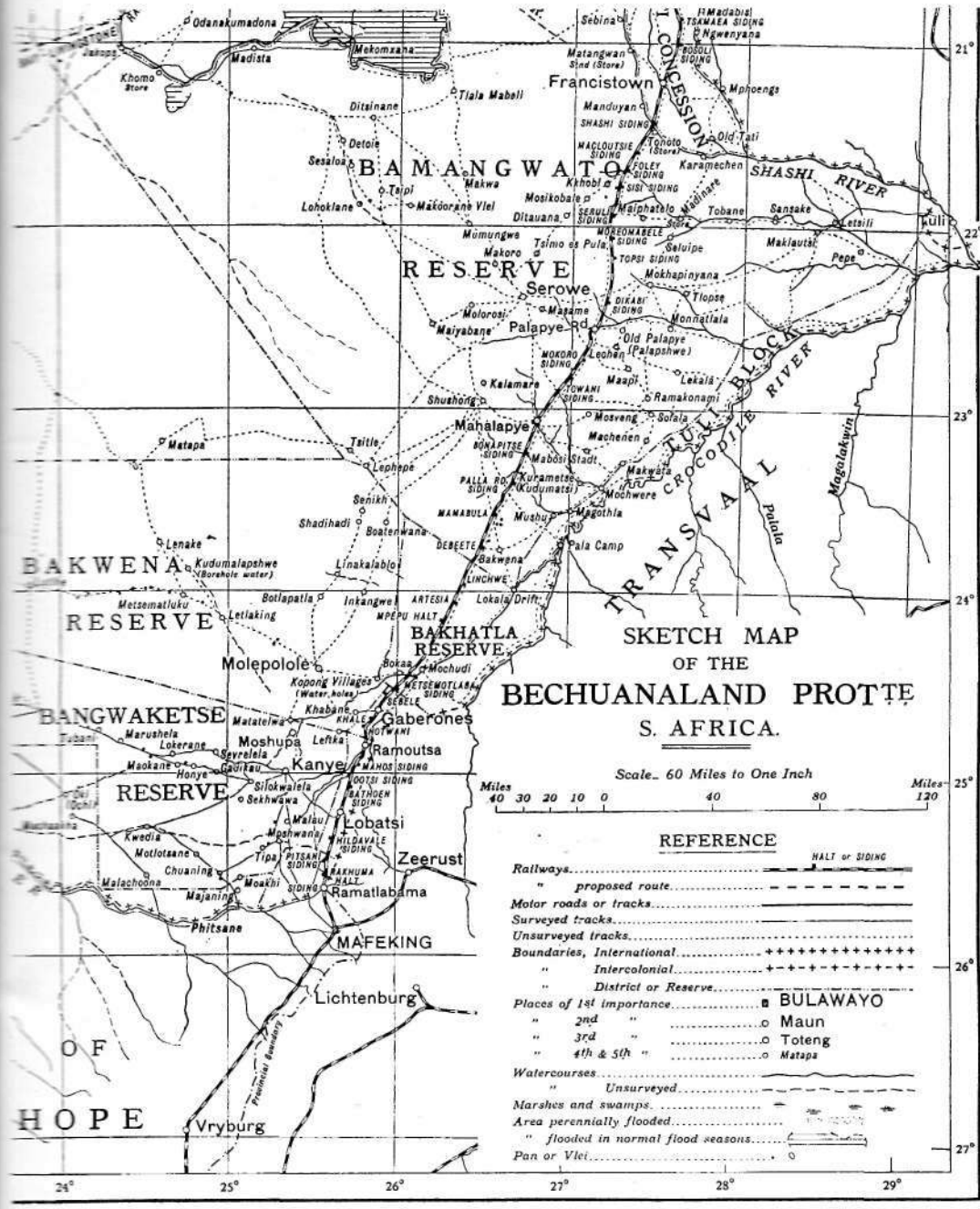
Reinforcements were now arriving fast from the north. Plumer's Column was already fairly long when we rode with it towards Lobatsi. The armoured trains could not reach the station on that day, however, as the Boers had, a few miles north of it, dug a deep hole in the track and pushed a truck into it. I remember sleeping there that night on the hard ground by the track, and that a rat made a hole in the broad rim of the only hat which I then possessed - a Scout's hat, which in those days was known as a Baden-Powell hat. Wallis and his men were not long repairing the damage done there by the Boers.; they worked all night, and we soon occupied Lobatsi.

We had cyclists as well now, under Sergeant Duly, and they patrolled southwards along the railway, to report on the condition of the line and any movements of the enemy. It was not long before some of these scouts reported having been fired upon and that a Boer force was moving northwards towards Lobatsi.

Colonel Plumer had, however, taken precautions: a strong detachment was posted on a ridge south of the Lobatsi Dam, on the right-hand side of the railway as one goes south, and Llewellyn had a 7-pounder on a hillock commanding the road from Sefhatlhane (Zeerust) and Dinokana to Lobatsi, which crosses the boundary between the Transvaal and the Protectorate at Gonku (Skaapkuil). I kept him company there for two nights but nothing happened.

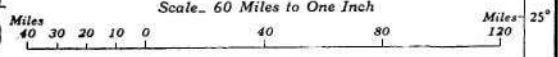
The attack came from the south, launched by the Boer force which the cyclists had sighted and which had been moving up along the foot of the hills on the left of the railway as one faces south. It was about 4 p.m. when they opened fire. Three or four of our officers were just then having tea together on the ridge. With one exception, they immediately sprang to their respective posts, the exception calling out to them: "I'm coming! Just swallowing my tea!" The poor fellow never swallowed it, for, as he was raising the cup to his lips, a pom-pom shell broke his neck! He was Lieut. Tyler. His grave is in front of the District Commissioner's office at Lobatsi. Colonel Plumer read the burial service over him next morning.

The attacking Boers made no headway, however, and finally retired. Colonel Plumer must have realised that with the small force at his disposal—I think we were about 500 strong - it would be impossible to reach Mafeking by following the railway line. The stores which had already reached Lobatsi by train were therefore railed back northwards and I believe that it was on the day



SKETCH MAP
OF THE
BECHUANALAND PROTTE
S. AFRICA.

Scale... 60 Miles to One Inch



REFERENCE

- Railways..... HALT or SIDING
- " proposed route.....
- Motor roads or tracks.....
- Surveyed tracks.....
- Unsurveyed tracks.....
- Boundaries, International..... + + + + +
- " Intercolonial..... + + + + +
- " District or Reserve.....
- Places of 1st importance..... ■ BULAWAYO
- " 2nd "..... ○ Maun
- " 3rd "..... ○ Toteng
- " 4th & 5th "..... ○ Matapa
- Watercourses.....
- " Unsurveyed.....
- Marshes and swamps.....
- Area perennially flooded.....
- " flooded in normal flood seasons.....
- Pan or Vlei..... ○

on which Lieut. Tyler was laid to rest that, at 11 p.m., the Column rode out of Lobatsi, making for the Bangwaketse Reserve. We had with us Lieuts. Fielding and W. B. Surmon of the Protectorate Native Police; the bulk of this branch of the Police had been left at Gaborone's with its Commanding Officer, Captain J. T. Griffith.

Lieut. Surmon was a son of the Assistant Commissioner and had had the misfortune to lose his right eye when five years of age, but he saw more with his remaining eye than I ever did with my two, and, up to 400 yards at any rate, he was a dead shot, whether his target be at a standstill or leaping across the veld or flying up above, and the Service had nicknamed him "The one-eyed gunner." As a scout he was a valuable asset to us. The great scout of the Column, however, that is "he whose time seemed to be spent in obtaining information," was a man named Smitherman.

Our first objective after leaving Lobatsi was Kanye, the capital of the Bangwaketse tribe whose Chief was, at that time Bathoen, the son of Gaseitsiwe I, one of the three chiefs of the Protectorate who had gone to England in 1895 to beg of Her Majesty the Queen not to hand them over to the administration of the Chartered Company. He was very friendly and, throughout, did everything in his power to help.

In those days, motor cars and their speedometers were unknown. We reckoned distances at the rate of six miles an hour on horseback and were never far out, and I could not help feeling sorry for Lieut. Surmon when, on our way to Kanye, an officer whom I took to be a "Military" pitched into him because he could not tell him, to a yard, how far the next watering hole was.

Anyway, we reached Kanye in good time and without any incident in so far as the enemy was concerned. But we had been preceded there by a man from the beleaguered town of Mafeking, Mr. James Young, the first man I had met at Gaborone's when, as a youth under 20 years of age, I had arrived there as Clerk to the Assistant Commissioner, on December 2nd, 1890. Young was in the Bechuanaland Border Police at the time and he it was who pointed out to me the double bell tent in which I was to live for the next nine months, which had been pitched near that of the Assistant Commissioner. He had taken his discharge from the Police and was in Mafeking when its siege began. Approached by the Resident Commissioner (Goold-Adams) he had volunteered to try and get through the Boer lines, with a view to starting a postal service between Kanye and Mafeking by means of native runners, and had succeeded.

Immediately we reached Kanye Bathoen placed at Colonel Plumer's disposal the tribal dam which the present Residency overlooks, and it was understood that he would receive £5 a day for the water which the Column and its animals would draw from it.

We were there two days only and then, by arrangement with Bathoen, the Column moved on to Sefhikile Pan, within the Bangwaketse Reserve, about half-way between Kanye and Mafeking. Kanye, however, remained the base for our supplies from Southern Rhodesia.

There was a fine sheet of water at Sefhikile and Colonel Plumer decided to remain there until such time as circumstances permitted an advance to Mafeking with some chance of relieving the town. The camp was established on one of the

mounds overlooking the Pan, one end of which was reserved for drinking and cooking purposes, all stock being watered at the other end, but the water reserved for our use was sometimes so dirty that on one occasion the Assistant Commissioner, who was just drying his head with a towel, said to me: "I wonder if I am any the cleaner after washing in this!" I could not help laughing, for stuck in his beard was . . . half a leech! There were a few reptiles also about Sefhikile, no fewer than three puff-adders being killed on the site of the camp when it was cleared of scrub-bush. There were often duck, and sometimes geese, on the fine sheet of water at our feet and those of us who had shot-guns occasionally managed to provide a sumptuous dinner. And thus it was that Major Jarvis - a dear old gentleman - once invited our Medical Officer to share his good luck; instead of the goose so much looked forward to by the two, however, the usual roast-beef appeared on the Major's trestle-table - the goose had mysteriously vanished. Poor Jarvis seemed somewhat crestfallen. "Nothing to worry about, my dear chap!" said the M.O. "Come and share my stew or whatever there is to-morrow evening!" And the following day, when Jarvis turned up for dinner, it was neither stew nor roast beef that was placed on the table but . . . a goose! Neither asked any questions but both must have had suspicions and when the M.O. tackled his batman "cook supervisor" about it the following morning his faithful McIntyre replied: "Well, Sir, I did see a chance of pinching it for you, and I did!" The M.O. was an Irishman too and he rose in due course to be Lieut.-Col. Edward Charles Frederick Garraway, Resident Commissioner of the Bechuanaland Protectorate and, later on, was knighted when Resident Commissioner of Basutoland. When we were with the Column he always seemed to have the best of everything, thanks to McIntyre, who had even "provided" railway cushions for the Doctor to sleep on and railway blankets to keep him warm!

To-day my thanks still go to the kind people of Rhodesia, who kept the Column well supplied with foodstuffs. Our rations were ample and excellent and we were often able to vary our diet by purchasing dry beans, pumpkins, etc., from native hawkers. The "One-eyed gunner" and I frequently went out patrolling together, sometimes as far as Mogobe-wa-kgomo (Ox-Pan) but we never saw any sign of the enemy. Sometimes a stembuck would jump out of the grass and tear away; he would be off his saddle in the twinkling of an eye and his unerring bullet would add something to our larder. I remember one occasion when he narrowly averted serious injury to his legs; his horse had suddenly foundered into a well camouflaged *lemena* (game-pit). The pit, however, was meant for small game and we were able to extricate his mount, which had remained suspended high enough to avoid the sharp-pointed stake planted at the bottom of the hole.

We were strongly entrenched at Sefhikile - our trenches there were still plainly visible in March 1949 - and the enemy had shown no inclination to come to the attack. It was Colonel Plumer who took the initiative at the end of March, 1900, with a view to ascertaining the approximate strength of the Boers besieging Mafeking. I believe he was about six miles from the town when the Boers fell upon him and drove him back to Ramathlabama; I am under the impression that he had left some heavy guns here, which halted the Boers. He had suffered some casualties; he himself had had a bullet through his right arm, a flesh wound

only, fortunately. Major Rolt, the Adjutant, was wounded in the thigh and had to be sent back - he had a bullet hole in the brim of his hat also, very close to his head; young Davies, from Rhodesia, riding side by side with his brother heard him calling out: "I've got one!" and saw him sliding off the saddle; Howard Moffat, later Premier of Southern Rhodesia, saved his life by holding on to the stirrup-leather of a comrade; and so on.

It was at this time that I was privileged enough to be attached to Colonel Plumer to help him with the correspondence which included putting into code his messages to Colonel Baden-Powell and decoding messages from him, and it is always with immense pleasure and great admiration for Colonel Plumer that my mind dwells at times on this short chapter of my life; he was kindness personified, and so humane. Only once did I hear him give a direct order. What he wanted done was always in the shape of a request and I have seen many of these requests given effect to with the zest and promptitude given to royal commands. As I have stated somewhere else in this narrative, all under him simply adored him and would gladly have laid down their lives to save his.

He attended to all matters under a large green bucksail slung over the more or less horizontal branch of a big tree and anchored to the ground. He did not mind my being in shirt sleeves, but one morning, as winter was approaching and a bitterly cold wind was blowing through our "office", he said he was sure I must be cold, and asked whether I had not a jacket to put on. I replied that I had only one jacket with me and that I was reserving it for the relief of Mafeking. I still see him springing up from his hard wooden chair; I still hear him calling out to me as he ran to his tent: "Wait! I have two tunics!" He handed me his spare one and insisted on my wearing it. I did, but felt somewhat ill at ease under the Great Man's crowns and stars. My equanimity was, however, restored very quickly when I drew, in my mind, a picture of a "secretary bird" adorned with peacock's feathers!

An attempt to communicate with Mafeking by heliograph from the hill Kgoro, alias Korwe, had proved a failure, but our leader's messages, all in code, reached Colonel Baden-Powell in two ways, sometimes rolled up in a Lee-Enfield cartridge case entrusted to a native runner who would quickly cover it up with sand if intercepted by the enemy and, at other times, by air, securely fastened to the leg of a pigeon. We had no rubber bands for this purpose, but a thin piece of gummed paper proved adequate. The pigeons reached us, two at a time, in a basket carried by runners from, or returning from, Mafeking and were my special charge. The first pair which I released one morning, having spotted the horse-lines and the abundance of grain they could pick up there, refused to return to starving Mafeking. The M.O. suggested that I might retrieve the message by giving the birds grain soaked in spirits and, using some of my rum ration, I tried that dodge; it made the two birds very drowsy but they were never intoxicated to the point that I could catch them! They went off, however, with the pair which I released three or four days later and we subsequently heard that they had reached their destination. Duplicates of all messages were invariably sent on, either by air or the next runners to go.

One of Colonel Plumer's chief concerns, while the Column was at Sef-hikile, was to provide beef for the besieged, and a number of cattle were pur-

chased for that purpose and sent into Mafeking. This proved insufficient and when Colonel Baden-Powell advised that the garrison was reduced to eating horse and mule flesh, an attempt was made to rush a larger number of cattle into Mafeking (some forty or fifty animals if I remember correctly) but the natives in charge of this lot seem to have wavered and to have lost time in trying to enlist assistance from their kin in Mafeking. The result was that the Boers heard of the attempt that was to be made and, when it was actually made, they shot every one of the cattle and some of the besieged saw the Boers carting the carcasses to their laagers. The loss was a big one, not only from the point of view of the besieged but also financially when one remembers that, barely four years before, rinderpest had swept through the Protectorate, killing approximately 95 per cent of its cattle, and that the price for an ox had gone up considerably. £30 for a big ox is "nothing" to-day but in those days it was a lot of money. The usual price before rinderpest was from £3 to £4 for a native cow and £5 for a big ox.

Reinforcements had been steadily arriving while we were at Sefhikile - in small batches it is true, but by the end of April, 1900, our strength must have been about 700 of all ranks. We were crippled by malaria, however - some 200 cases a day I think the M.O. once told me - and it was horse-sickness season too. The hands of the Veterinary Officer attached to the Column had so many veld-sores on them that it was jokingly said that he could not look at them without getting another one! But the morale remained amazingly good - the time for a move forward was surely approaching, an exultant feeling of expectancy pervaded every heart.

Meanwhile Duly's cyclists, notwithstanding many a puncture from the variety of thorns to be found in the Territory, were doing excellent work as despatch-riders to and from Ootsi where Colonel Spreckley was now in command of the armoured train. I myself set out one day on horse-back for that railway siding, reaching it at dusk. What my special mission was I forget, but what I have not yet forgotten is that good old Spreckley gave me an excellent dinner at the end of which he pushed towards me a tin of grape jam which had been opened for him that morning; that I helped myself and that, at the second or third mouthful, I felt a sudden sharp sting on my tongue; it was so swollen for the next few days that I could hardly speak! On inspection the jam was found to contain a few bees which had become entangled in it. None was more sorry at this than dear old Spreckley. I remember also that no one enjoyed a slice of water-melon more than he did: two words... a mouthful. . . two more words . . . another mouthful, and so on until he had finished the one slice and helped himself to another, telling us stories all the time, for he had a good sense of humour.

We could communicate with, and receive news from, the outer world through Beira, and I have always had at the back of my mind that our great leader suggested through that channel that a column from the south should work in conjunction with his. However that may be, it seemed a very long time before he heard definitely that this other column had started. But *when* and *where* the two columns were to join forces was not clear. Meanwhile he knew that the defenders of Mafeking had no hope of being able to hold out beyond the middle of May. As that time-limit approached a message was received from Colonel

Baden-Powell to the effect that although many of his men and what remained of his transport animals were in a state of exhaustion, yet he thought he might fight his way out if our column could assist in the operation and in the evacuation of women, children, and the sick.

Colonel Plumer was giving this matter his most earnest consideration when, on May 13th, runners arrived with an urgent message from Colonel Baden-Powell - his defences had been penetrated, Eloff had captured the fort on the Imperial Reserve and was still holding it! Our Great Man immediately took steps for a move forward; within a few minutes the camp was like a swarm of bees hard at work and, in an incredibly short time, everything was ready.

Just then another batch of runners tumbled into camp, bringing a further message from Colonel Baden-Powell - Eloff had surrendered and the position was restored! The mind of our beloved leader was made up, however, and at sunset he led his column out of Sefhikile. Further reinforcements had just reached us; I believe there were some Canadians in that lot, at any rate there were some Queenslanders, and our strength must have been somewhere between 800 and 900. The Assistant Commissioner and I accompanied the column, he to advise on any administrative matter which might crop up, I with our precious little code book in one pocket and to act as interpreter if necessary and both in close contact with the leader. Our first objective was Phitsane, on the Molopo River and some thirty-three miles west of Mafeking.

I can remember one halt only being made that night, and that, reversing my saddle and using it as a pillow, I slept soundly until the word was passed round to saddle up again. I remember also that during the next stage I was not feeling too happy about the Assistant Commissioner, the forerunners of malaria were on him.

Nearing the valley of the Molopo, still riding in the dark, a thundering commotion in the upper branches of a big tree startled the leading horses, which were just passing under it, but we all kept our seats and in a very quiet voice Colonel Plumer said: "What was that?" "Guinea-fowl, Sir," I replied. We had disturbed a flock roosting there and they, with one accord, had sought safety in flight. Even now, I lick my lips at the thought of a young guinea-fowl roasted on the red embers of a wood-fire. But it was not our luck to have one that day.

Some time before dawn on May 14th a halt was called, followed by orders to dismount and "stand by your horses." Then an officer rapidly passed along with the further order: "No smoking! No light of any sort!" We must have stood there for a full quarter of an hour before a further order was given, by virtue of which some stuffed their pipes, others scrambled for the nearest twigs, and soon there were fires in every direction, for dawn had gone, the Molopo was in front of us, and the eight horsemen advancing towards it from the south, dimly seen at first, had been identified as the advanced guard of the Southern Relief Column under the command of Colonel Mahon. Of these eight I will mention one only, because of the high position which he subsequently filled in South Africa; he was Prince Alexander of Teck, at a later date Major-General the Right Honourable The Earl of Athlone.

The two columns having joined forces, May 14th and 15th were spent resting on the banks of the Molopo near Phitsane, messages to and from Colonel

Baden-Powell being exchanged at night by means of runners. One batch brought a small basket containing two pigeons, and towards sunset on May 15th Colonel Plumer handed me a message to put into code and to affix to one of the pigeons, with instructions to release both birds at 6 a.m. on the 16th. The message read:

"May 16th. Southern and Northern Columns combined advance towards Mafeking at 6 a.m. to-day."

I had no more gummed paper with which to fix the message to the bird's leg, but Colonel Nicholson, who for several weeks had been our Leader's closest friend, happened to have on his person a 4d. Rhodesian stamp which he passed on to me, and it was from strips of this stamp that I secured the message to the pigeon's leg.

At 6 a.m. on May 16th, just as the columns started moving, I released the birds. Whether they were dazzled by the sun which was just peeping out, or whether they were taking their bearings, I cannot say; they circled higher and higher and were still circling when I put my foot in the stirrup. I heard later that they had not reached Mafeking until midday but am inclined to think that in the general excitement which prevailed there on that day their early arrival had not been noticed.

A halt was called at about noon. We had not met with any opposition so far and there was as yet no sign of the enemy. As usual, one of our faithful native troopers, Pitso Kehumile, orderly to the Assistant Commissioner, at once came to see to my mount. I instructed him to take our horses to water in the Molopo and quickly to have something to eat; he was back in good time. I hurried through my lunch (rooster-kookies and cold meat from my wallets) and was chatting with three friends about to have theirs - one of them was killed that afternoon - when we heard shots in the distance. Colonel Plumer was seated about forty yards away conversing with a friend. I at once went to him: "Rifle fire ahead, Sir!"—"In which direction exactly?"—"Over there, Sir!", and I pointed east by north. "How far?" - "Some distance, Sir, we can only dimly hear the shots!" - With the first of these questions he was on his feet, with my last reply he gave the order: "SADDLE UP! PASS THE WORD ROUND!"

The day for which he had so long waited and toiled had at last come. *The battle for Mafeking had begun*, and the quiet smile on his face not only inspired confidence but, to me, spelt *Victory!*

I "passed the word round," others took it up as well, and, when I again looked at our Leader, he was standing erect on an ant-hill, field-glasses in his hands, scanning the land ahead and its bush. Within a few minutes he was leading us into battle.

The history of the relief of Mafeking has been written before to-day, and by abler pens than mine. Suffice it here to say that, after fighting our way forward throughout the afternoon of May 16th, on the northern side of the Molopo, and until dusk, every one of us imbued with the spirit of our Leader, we pushed forward under cover of darkness, without let or hindrance, and reached Mafeking at dawn on May 17th. A few hours later, the last of the Boers' strongholds about the town had been captured and the enemy was well on the run to the Transvaal—Mafeking had been relieved!

Very shortly after this event, I was instructed to return to Gaberone's and

there re-open our office. It was at Ootsi on my way up, that I said goodbye to the idol of the Northern Relief Column and to Colonel Nicholson; I never saw either of them again.

At Gaborone's I found the floor of the court-room littered with papers, I stood knee-deep in them. The Boers had evidently looked through all our correspondence and records, and scattered the lot pell-mell on the floor. I did the only thing possible in the circumstances; had them carted to a safe distance, made a bonfire of them, and started afresh. For the next twenty months I was called upon to carry on the administration of the Southern District of the Territory, Mr. W. H. Surmon relieving the Resident Commissioner at Mafeking and then going on sick leave. His constitution had been so undermined that, in the end, he was allowed to retire from the Service, my appointment as Assistant Commissioner being confirmed in 1902. He was one of the very few in the Service at that time who thoroughly understood the character of the natives and how to deal with them. His motto was: "Treat them fairly and justly and you will never have trouble with them." To him I owe much.

During the whole time of our advance to Mafeking, and even after the relief of that town, Linchwe had kept our lines of communications with the north open and the other chiefs of the Territory were, at that time and to the end of the war, content to watch our progress and eager to render any assistance required of them. They collected hut-tax from their people as usual and paid it in. Except perhaps in the Bakgatla Reserve, the people themselves moved about freely tending their cattle, lands and crops, as if there was no war. Segale, the old Chief Gaborone Matlapeng, and the Chief at Ramoutsa, but Segale especially, kept me well informed regarding any movement of Boer Forces in the Marico and Rustenburg districts of the Transvaal; this information I invariably telegraphed to the Resident Commissioner and he passed it on to the Military.

There is, or there was, in the Resident Commissioner's office at Mafeking, a file of papers with the heading: "Bakwena: royalty on poles." It refers to assistance given by that tribe in supplying poles required by the Military for barbed-wire fences, etc., as our troops advanced in enemy territory, and how the royalty paid in connection therewith was disposed of. I mention this to show that the Bakwena, who were somewhat in the background, also did their bit when called upon. In case that file be now non-existent, I may say that Sebele, Chief of the Bakwena at that time, always claimed "The land is mine, the people are mine, the trees from which the poles are obtained are mine, the royalty is mine!" He jibbed at what, to him, was an entirely new notion, that he held the land and its trees "in trust for his people," but he had to be satisfied with a portion only of the royalty, the balance being banked for the tribe, and it was out of this balance that the cost of survey of their eastern boundary with the Gaborone's Block of farms, and the cost of the material to fence it were ultimately defrayed.

I believe that, when I left Colonel Plumer at Ootsi, he was busily arranging not only for the despatch of foodstuffs to Mafeking (Wallis and his men were actively engaged in repairing the last of the damage done to the railway line by the Boers) but also for the protection of the line. For months the armoured train continued to patrol. Our Police at Lobatsi were strengthened by a detachment of

Imperial Forces (from which regiment they were drawn . . . I forget, but Messrs. R. Transfeldt and Glover may still be able to say. The late Mr. Paul, of Lobatsi, was one of that detachment). Others, from the Imperial Forces, were stationed at the Metsimaswaana bridge. There must have been others again at Pitsani and further south but I cannot now say with any certainty. I have no recollection of any encroachment on Protectorate soil by the burghers of the South African Republic subsequent to the relief of Mafeking.

Dates, such as that on which the attempt on the Sepitsi position was made, that on which the Boers attacked outside Lobatsi and the column moved into the Bangwaketse Reserve can probably be ascertained from the graves at Gaberone's and from that of Lieutenant Tyler at Lobatsi, also from the foolscap book in which I made entries from the time we evacuated Gaberone's to the time when I left the advanced armoured train to join Plumer's column. At Sefhikile we left three or four graves. If I am not mistaken, there was also in our offices at Mafeking a file on "War Graves", which might be of assistance in fixing dates which, in writing this manuscript, have escaped me.

Apart from the Bakgatla, those of the Protectorate people who suffered losses as a result of the war were the Bangwaketse; they claimed compensation for cattle which had died from lungsickness (pleuro-pneumonia), a disease which they said had been introduced into their Reserve by the column's transport animals. Only those received compensation, however, who could show that they had made some effort to save their animals by means of inoculation; the great majority had been content with skinning and eating their cattle as they died. One man who was compensated for losses of another kind was old Motsatsing, a progressive native who had enclosed his premises with a wire fence. Some of the column had rooted out the poles supporting it, to use as firewood, and some of the chickens he possessed he had seen tied up to saddles when the column left for Sefhikile! I can remember no other claim by natives for losses attributed to the war. Some benefited to a certain extent by exchanging a big ox for two young animals when cattle were from time to time introduced into the Territory by dealers, who subsequently passed the big oxen to the Military - at a good profit, no doubt!

As a result of the war Linchwe submitted a claim to land in the Transvaal; every furthest place at which one of his men had fallen was looked upon by him as a beacon. Mr. R. C. Williams, subsequently Sir Ralph Williams, who was then Resident Commissioner of the Protectorate, told him that he could not possibly entertain such a claim - Linchwe's boundary would have been in the neighbourhood of Pretoria - but that he would submit his request to be recognised as chief over the Bakgatla in the Rustenburg District of the Transvaal. Sir Godfrey Lagden, who was then Commissioner for Native Affairs in the Transvaal Colony, replied, however, that he could not recognise as a chief in the Transvaal a chief residing beyond its borders, but that he would have no objection to Linchwe nominating someone as his representative there. He nominated his half-brother, Ramono, who took up residence in the neighbourhood of Moruleng (Saul's Poort) when Sir Godfrey signified his approval.

Stripping this manuscript of all extraneous matters, the following facts remain:

1;

that when the Boer War broke out, and at any time during its duration, the Protectorate was not in a position to raise a white force for service outside its boundaries;

2:

that help came in the first instance from Southern Rhodesia and Chief Linchwe and, later, from overseas; such of the Europeans in the Territory as could enlist joined the armoured trains and Plumer's column;

3:

that the local forces, i.e. the Police, were not increased but, after the relief of Mafeking, were supplemented by small Imperial garrisons at vital points on the railway line, from Gaberone's southwards;

4:

that the only provision made locally against attacks by Boers was the warning given to the chiefs, shortly before hostilities broke out, that the conflict would be between white races only but that, should their Reserves be invaded, it would be their duty, as loyal subjects of the Queen, to assist to the best of their ability in repelling the invaders. The only fort in existence on our side of the Protectorate-Transvaal boundary had been renovated; it was at Gaberone's which had to be evacuated within a fortnight of the outbreak of war. I cannot recollect any defensive works elsewhere;

5:

that attacks were made by the Boers, *a)* on two of our Native Police, in the neighbourhood of Khale Hill, Tpr. Chere being killed; *b)* on the armoured train in the vicinity of Metsimaswaana bridge, the train withdrawing without casualties; *c)* from Sepitsi Fort on our position near Metsimaswaana bridge, the Boers' big gun being eventually silenced and the Boers abandoning their fort "on account of sickness and of our friends the natives"; *d)* on our position just south of the Lobatsi railway dam, when Lieut. Tyler was killed, the Boers retiring at sunset; and *e)* on the north bank of the Molopo River, the Southern and Northern Relief Columns combined pushing the Boers back and relieving Mafeking;

6:

that the only two clashes of arms which can be termed "battles" on Protectorate soil are, *a)* that outside the Lobatsi Gorge, south of the dam, and *b)* that on the Molopo River;

7:

that, the Resident Commissioner being besieged in Mafeking, the administration of the territory was carried on satisfactorily by the two Assistant Commissioners, the Resident Commissioner being kept "au courant" as opportunity offered;

8:

that the only force which had a base in the Protectorate for a time was Plumer's column on its way to the relief of Mafeking;

9:

that during the siege of Mafeking the trains from Rhodesia continued to

operate as far south as the armoured trains could keep the line clear and in order, fire-wood being used occasionally for the engines; these trains were in the first instance "Military" trains but occasionally gave a lift to well-known civilians;

10:

that the attitude of the Protectorate natives was one of unswerving loyalty to the British Throne and of willingness to assist whenever required to do so. The Bakgatla of course became most active after the Derdepoort affair;

11:

that there was no serious interruption in normal administration in the Protectorate.

This manuscript should end here, but, being in the autumn of my life, I crave my reader's indulgence for seizing this opportunity to add a little, bearing in mind that an opportunity once missed seldom recurs. It is to the encounter on the Molopo, the fight for Mafeking, that my thoughts are reverting, for, on that memorable date, May 16th, I found myself acting as galloper to Colonel Plumer.

My first duty as such was at the outset of the battle. On our right, nearest the Molopo, was the Canadian Battery under Major Heudan; on our left were several units of our column, our left wing in contact with the Southern Relief Column, and I believe we had some cavalry on the southern bank of the Molopo as well. About 150 yards ahead of our Leader and slightly to his right was a deserted native hut close to which were some Queenslanders lying flat in the grass, watching the valley below them and the rise beyond. Colonel Plumer at once saw the danger run by the men nearest the hut: "The first shell that comes will be aimed at that hut," he said to me, "Somebody should tell them!"—"I'll go, Sir," I replied. I passed the warning on to them and came back. Within a couple of minutes a shell proved the correctness of his forecast. I saw two small fragments of it roll past the two Queenslanders nearest the hut and they both ran to pick them up. "I've got mine!" shouted the one; "I've got mine too!" replied the other as they ran to their posts, seemingly holding hot chestnuts, and they laughed like two school-boys!

The Colonel rode slowly along the line of fire, watching developments. From time to time he pulled up and on one such occasion his charger suddenly pointed its ears backwards, at the same time clamping its tail to its hind-quarters and stamping on the ground. The Colonel turned round to me with a smile and said: "What is he doing that for?"—"It looks as if a bullet had grazed him, Sir," I replied, but I could see no blood on his mount and came to the conclusion that the bullet had passed mighty close to it and it did not like the whiz of it!

We moved on, the Colonel ahead of course, followed by two others and myself. We, the three followers, had tried to keep apart as much as possible so as not to betray to the enemy the importance of the one ahead, but, somehow or other, we had come more or less together again and were riding abreast when a good handful of sand hit me on the right cheek and at the same time I felt my mount collapsing under me. I jumped clear and saw that neither the Colonel nor his charger was hurt but that the two men on my right were also dismounted. A

shell, the bursting of which I had not heard, possibly on account of the impact of sand on my cheek, had ripped open the horse first on the right, torn off the right front leg of the middle horse except for a piece of hide by which it was hanging, and mine was lying on the ground, still holding its head up and apparently hit in the lungs. I quickly ascertained that my two comrades were unhurt and, flinging to the winds (as I always had done) that regulation under which no Government animal is to be destroyed until a Board has been held on it and the recommendation of the Board been approved, I instantly put an end to my dear mount. Then I turned to the grey mare which was trying to get away on three legs, dragging her mutilated limb, and put an end to her heart-rending groans. I shot both with O'Shea's carbine and ammunition from Segale, of which I had an ample supply. The third horse was, by that time, finished. My two comrades, like myself, had not a scratch, but a fragment of the shell had gone through the pommel of the saddle of one of them whilst another fragment had gone through the bulging front of his jersey - a miraculous escape for the three of us. The Colonel, at the sound of the explosion, had turned round and, seeing that none of us was hurt, had gone on quietly. I was just wondering what I should do with my saddle and wallets - whether to leave them in a thicket or hang them in a tree on the off-chance of my picking them up later - when the faithful Pitso Kehumile rode up to me. I commandeered his horse, telling him to try and get my saddle to one of the waggons at the back, and caught up with Colonel Plumer. I never saw the saddle again - somebody pinched it! But Pitso had had the good sense to hold on to my wallets (they contained *inter alia* my razor).

Some time after this hairbreadth escape I noticed that we were again three behind the Colonel and I steered my mount away from the other two - scatter as much as possible! Then I heard the Colonel's voice: "Come on, somebody!" I pressed on to him, "At your command, Sir!"—"My compliments to Major Heudan, Canadian Battery, and please tell him that I wish him to move on to the next rise ahead of him."—"Very good, Sir!", and off I went. I was going at a good pace, more or less crouching on my horse's neck, when a sudden cloud of dust arose in front of us, causing my mount to face about, only to see three more clouds of dust, one on each side of us and one at what had been the back of us. The pattern was that of the Southern Cross, with the horse and its rider in the centre. The enemy had spotted me and turned their Pom-Pom on me. Another lucky escape! In less time than it takes to write this I had turned the horse's head round again and spurred it on towards my goal. All I could see of the Canadian Battery, which was being shelled, was one wheel of a gun-carriage with a man standing by it. "Where is Major Heudan?" I asked him, and, cool as a cucumber, he replied: "There he stands!" I delivered the message and was already some thirty yards away when he called me back and asked me to tell Colonel Plumer that he was running short of ammunition.

On my way back with that message, I met with one more "adventure"; in a large depression between two rises I saw Llewellyn, and his Mountain Battery on mules. I edged towards him to ascertain how he was faring, and slowed down when I put the question to him. We were then some seventy yards apart. "Awaiting orders!" he replied with that cheerful laugh of his, and I was just about to put my horse to a gallop again when he yelled: "Look out!" and then I heard the

shwe-shwe-shwe-shwe of a shell coming along. "Jump off!" he shouted at the top of his voice. I reined in and slid off the saddle and, instinctively, both of us bent down . . . down . . . down until we sat low on our heels as the shell approached . . . it was only a matter of a split second now . . . it screeched past between us and exploded a short distance beyond us. To this day I still see Llewellyn as I saw him at that moment, jumping to his feet and hopping round, convulsed with the laughter of a school-boy on leave and calling out to me: "That was close . . . but as good as a mile away!" I laughed too, mounted again, found Colonel Plumer and delivered Major Heudan's message.

May 16th, 1900, ended without further narrow shaves for me, but the night which followed it and during which we pushed on to Mafeking, at a slow but sure pace, was so bitterly cold that for a long distance I walked alongside my mount, trying to warm myself, for I could no longer stand the cold which communicated itself to me from the frozen stirrup-irons through the totally worn-out soles of my top-boots.

In a sense, I was glad to be sent back to Gaborone's for this placed me in a position to get a change of clothes from a tin trunk which, when we pushed southwards, Ramono had undertaken to look after for me, at Mochudi, and also to discard my rat-eaten Baden-Powell hat for another one. There was opportunity also of ascertaining whether the Boers had discovered an old all-metal family bedstead which I had buried where our boy used to chop wood next to our quarters, and whether they had found some bottles of beer which I had hurriedly buried at another spot when we evacuated Gaborone's. The bedstead and bottles were still there, but, if the Boers had been "sold again" when they had blown up the Station Master's safe, my turn had now come - the bottles were empty! White ants had eaten the corks and the contents had escaped.

I have other recollections of the Boer War, but I think I have said more than enough. One thing, however, stands out very clearly in my mind above everything else, and it is that I had with me a small "Day by Day" book and that, just before the Columns moved forward from Phitsane on May 16th, I turned its leaves to "May 16" and that the text for that day was: "Fear not, for I, thy God, am with thee."

These reminiscences were compiled in 1949 and were made available to Mr. A. Sillery who drew upon them for certain factual statements, in his book The Bechuanaland Protectorate (O.U.P., 1952).

Notes on the Pre-Ruin Ziwa Culture of Inyanga

by F. O. Bernhard

With the opening up of Rhodesia discoveries of stone buildings belonging to past cultures aroused widespread interest, not only in Rhodesia, but also abroad. Soon the most important site, the Zimbabwe Ruins, became well known and attracted visitors from far and wide.

Not till later was the vast Inyanga Ruin complex of the Eastern Border investigated in any scientific manner. Inyanga was not easily accessible and among the mass of terraces, forts and pits no structures comparable to the amazing buildings of Zimbabwe or any other sites of that culture were to be found.

When in 1905 the British Association commissioned Professor Randall-MacIver to make a survey of the ruins of Rhodesia, he became the first archaeologist to visit Inyanga. The results of his investigations were published a year later. His book *Mediaeval Rhodesia* (Macmillan, 1906) still retains its value as a text book on the subject. The Inyanga ruins claimed his special attention and his assessment of their age and origin is generally correct. MacIver also found evidence of a culture which pre-dated that of the builders in stone, but the limited time at his disposal prevented him from realising that this old culture had nothing to do with those that followed it.

MacIver devotes a whole chapter of his book to his 'Place of Offerings', which lies at the north-western foot of Ziwa Mountain, from where he collected a large number of potsherds of what is known now as "Ziwa Ware".

Between 1949 and 1951 R. Summers and K. Robinson explored Inyanga and excavated many sites there on behalf of the Inyanga Research Fund. They were able to furnish proof that the Ziwa culture antedated the commencement of the Ruin culture. As no Ziwa skeletal remains were found, and as no radio-carbon dates were available at that time, questions as to the date of that culture or the ethnic group of its people had to remain open.

Sixty years ago there was always an answer to such an unanswerable question. Undated finds were simply attributed to the "Ancients" whose identity was lost in the dim past, and anyone was at liberty to form his own opinion as to whether they were Phoenicians, Chinese, Egyptians or Turks. After MacIver's work and, especially, after the Inyanga Research Fund explorations, this delightful guessing game had to be abandoned as doubts of the African origin of the Inyanga Ruins could no longer be entertained.

The Ziwa culture, however, still needed a lot of explanation. The main proof that it once existed in the district lies in the finds of pottery of a kind entirely different from the better known ware of our present day Africans and their Bantu-speaking ancestors. Ziwa pottery belongs to a class generally called Channelled or Stamped ware, types of which have been found in various places in Rhodesia and which seems to have been fairly wide-spread. Uncertainty as to

the date of Negroid immigration south of the Zambezi, taken together with a type of stamped ware found at Bambandyanalo across the Limpopo which, it appears, belonged to a Bush-Boskop culture and which had been dated to the 11th Century, made it impossible to state categorically the ethnical identification of the makers of stamped ware. However, Summers found evidence of stamped ware people occupying the Zimbabwe Acropolis prior to any building in stone on that site and could give a date for this occupation period as having lasted from 100 to 300 AD. Further, as yet undated, examples of this kind of pottery have been found at Gokomere, Leopard Kop (Khami), Rupisi Hot Springs and various other sites; all, with the possible exception of some samples of later date from Sinoia Cave, proved to be earlier than any pottery of known provenience. Sparse finds of iron implements found together with channelled ware classify this pottery as belonging to the local Iron Age 'A' which, in its early stages, is likely to have been in direct contact with the Later Stone Age people, the Bushmen of our Wilton complex. These latter, it appears, had no knowledge of pot-making, though in some of their shelters, mainly in the Matopo Hills area, very small sherds of a distinctive kind of stamped pottery, named 'Bambata Ware' after the place of its first discovery, have been found. It may be the case that these fragments were acquired through direct or indirect contact with Iron Age immigrants from the north and, also, that these small sherds were used for some purpose, possible magical, unknown to us.

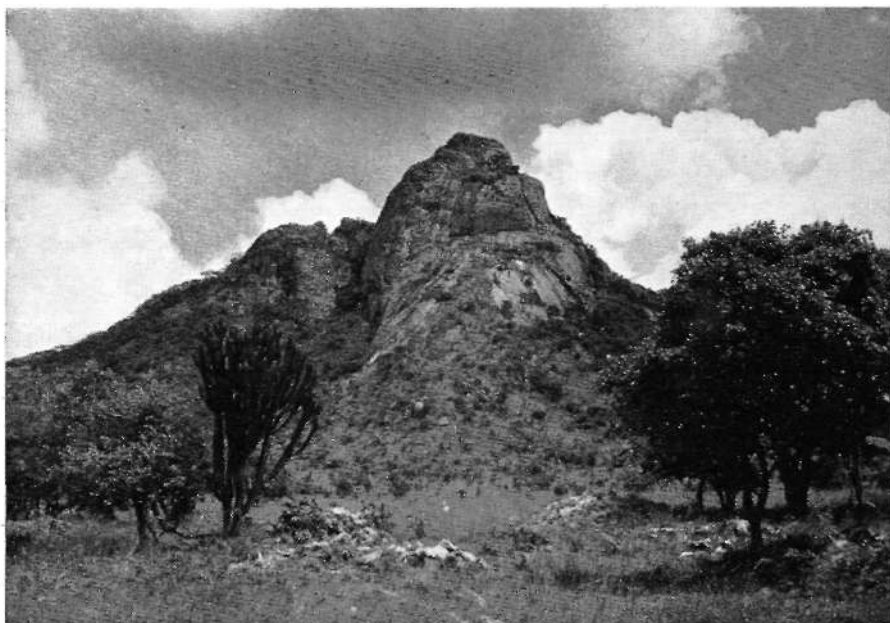
It is of considerable interest that several sherds of what may be called a typical Bambata pot were found on Ziwa Farm in a midden-heap of the Ziwa period, and that these sherds enabled me to make a fairly accurate reconstruction of the vessel. This solitary find, however, is not sufficient evidence to state that there must have been a close contact between the makers of Bambata ware and the Ziwa people, still less so that Ziwa pottery evolved from Bambata ware. At present the mere fact that potsherds belonging to either type have been found together has to suffice, although some samples of the earliest Ziwa ware seem to show certain traces of Bambata tradition in respect of decoration and thinness of the pot walls.

In comparison with the pottery of the later inhabitants of Inyanga whose ethnical stock is known, Ziwa channelled ware is far superior in every respect. With the exception of one small bowl which is complete and undamaged, all the finds consist of broken vessels, but it has been possible to reconstruct many of them. The pots, never of large size, are mostly decorated from the lip down to the shoulder and are rather rough in texture, but well burned. It is the great variety in shape and decoration of the bowls that characterizes this ware, showing that a sense of beauty and artistic feeling was inherent in their makers. Like all African pottery from south of the Zambezi, manufacture was accomplished without the aid of the potter's wheel. Yet, many an example compares favourably with the ceramics of much more advanced cultures. When new and undamaged, Ziwa bowls must have been a very colourful sight. The variety of their shapes and ornamentation by stamps, beads and wire bangles and the different use of colouring matter testifies to the artistic imagination of the potters. Bright red and chocolate coloured slip and graphite bands are to be seen on most stamp-decorated bowls; graphite being very often employed to contrast the

stamp-impressed bands with the otherwise uni-coloured body. The following shapes occur: beaker bowls, shallow dishes with either inverted or everted lips, small carinated bowls and some with either concave or convex short necks. MacIver's collection, or what is left of it, and that of Summers and Robinson are housed in the National Museum in Bulawayo. The finest examples of my Ziwa collection are exhibited at the small Field Museum which the National Historical Monuments Commission has built at the Nyahokwe National Monument on Ziwa Farm, Inyanga.

Sherds of Ziwa ware have been found at various places from Rupisi Hot Springs in the south to as far north as the Mazoe Valley. As none of the sites discovered before 1958 showed any stratification no possible point of contact between Ziwa and any later culture could be observed. The excavation of an ancient village site on the slopes of Nyahokwe Mountain substantiated that the Ziwa culture not only pre-dated any of the so-called Ruin cultures of Inyanga - this had already been established by Summers - but, also, that there appears to have been a direct contact between the Ziwa culture and what I term the Transitional Period, which followed it and within which the actual building in stone commenced and cattle seem to have been introduced into the district for the first time. Evidence of this Transitional Period has been found only at this one place until now, but examples of pots of typical Ziwa style lying side by side with the later Ruin pots, the latter appearing there for the first time, seem to show that a merging of the two peoples took place peacefully.

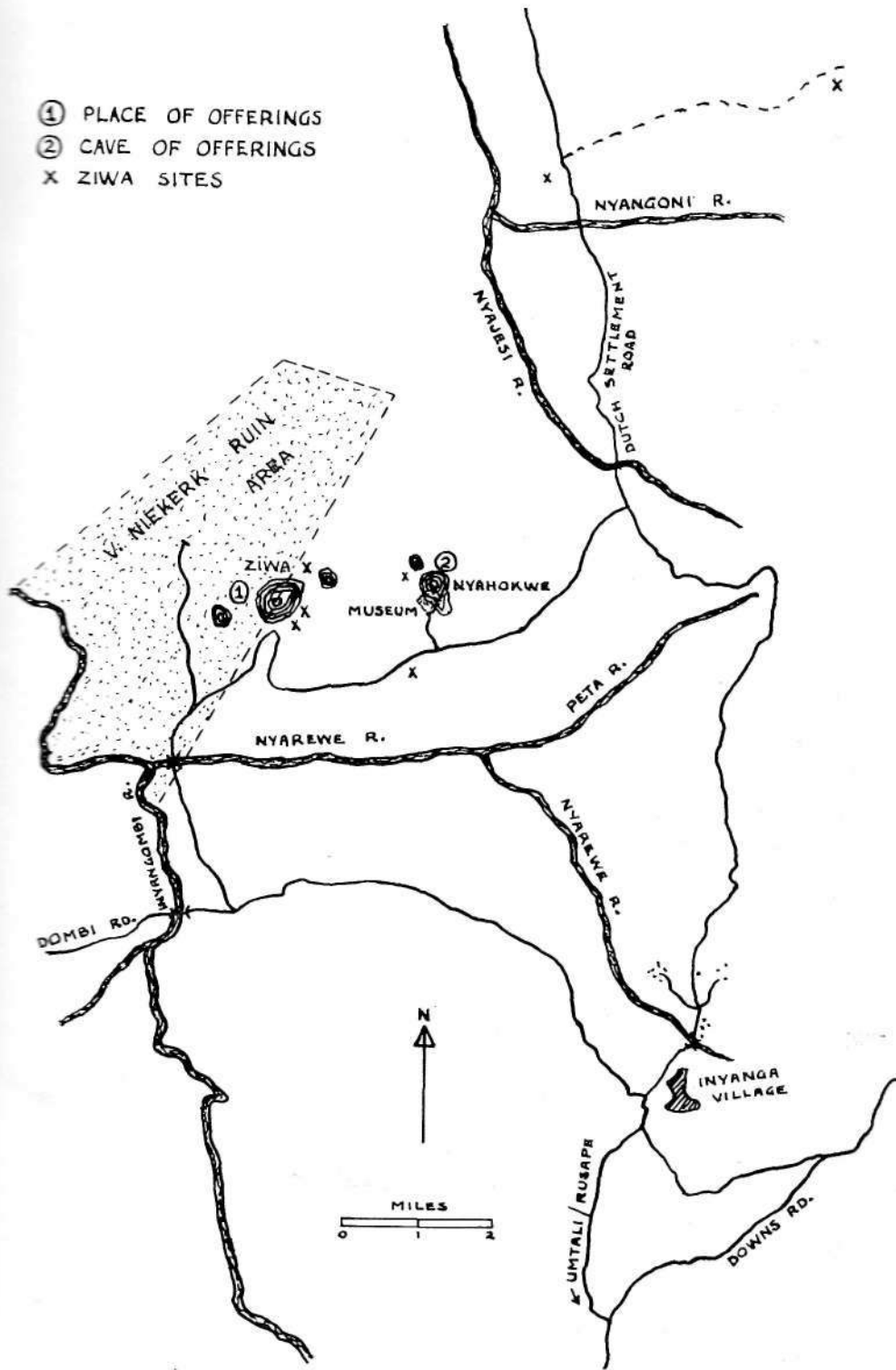
Still the questions as to who the Ziwa people were, or rather to which ethnic group they belonged, how they lived and when, remained unanswered.



Ziwa Mountain from the South

(F. O. Bernhard)

- ① PLACE OF OFFERINGS
- ② CAVE OF OFFERINGS
- X ZIWA SITES



From the 'Place of Offerings' not much could be learned as no signs of any hut foundations were ever found there. After many fruitless efforts to find any traces of Ziwa habitations, at last two hut sites were discovered; one above the 'Cave of Offerings' on Nyahokwe and the other one at the bottom of the east slope of Ziwa Mountain. Both sites showed that no hardened floors were laid down. But for the two cooking sites or hearths even these two hut sites could easily have been overlooked. MacIver understandably called the site where he found such a profusion of buried pottery and animal bones the 'Place of Offerings', thinking that this was a place where the remains of feasts were put away, while Summers believes it to be no more than a site for the disposal of village rubbish. No signs of any dwellings were found at this site, but now, with the knowledge that Ziwa huts had no hard floors, the latter theory appears to be the more likely one, for over the centuries all evidence of huts built in such a flimsy manner must, of necessity, have been destroyed by the action of rain and erosion.

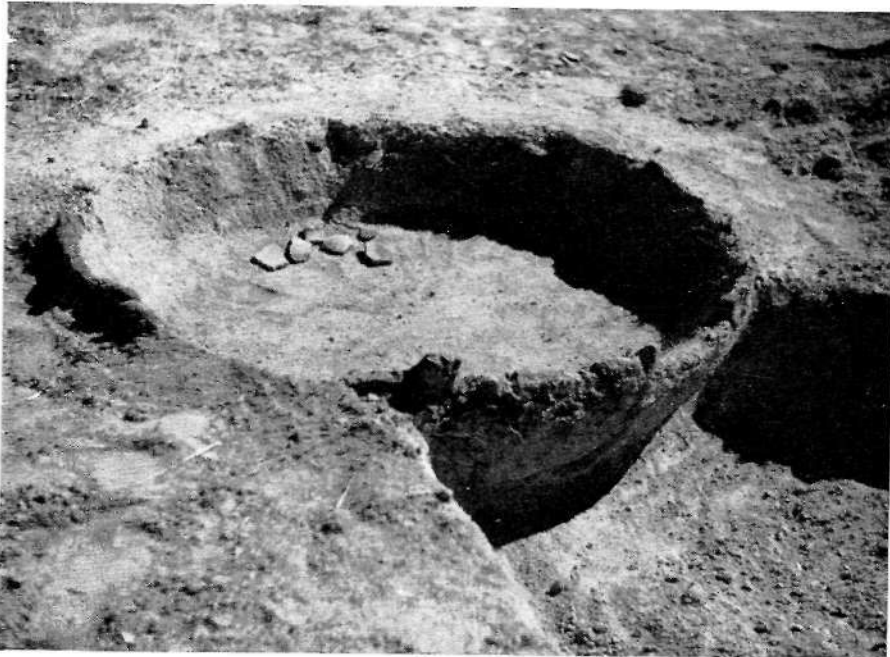
A very similar site to the 'Place of Offerings' has lately been discovered a few miles to the north of it where there are many mounds containing pottery and animal bones, but no bones of cattle; this site has not yet been excavated.

The most interesting collection of Ziwa remains was made in a cave on the west slope of Nyahokwe Mountain some years ago. This site I called the 'Cave of Offerings' for there I found along the walls different deposits of high-class pottery and, but in comparatively small numbers, animal bones and some iron implements which, on the whole, are rather rare in any Ziwa site though iron slag occurs on most. This cave was not used as a refuse dump and appears to have had some special purpose attached to it. Immediately above it one of the two hut sites already mentioned was dug up and nearby, under a rock overhang, the typical village midden-heap of this settlement was found, which produced mostly broken simple domestic pottery and other household discards. It contained hardly any specimens of decorated pottery, the only exceptions were the puzzling Bambata sherds.

Other finds from the Ziwa deposits furnished shell beads, a large soapstone bead, a pendant of the same material, some unidentifiable iron implements, a badly corroded iron hoe, an iron knife blade, a short length of thin copper wire, two copper beads, a bone awl and two pierced Cowrie shells (*Cypraea annulus*). Two blue-green cane glass beads were found in a late Ziwa refuse heap.

All these finds make it now possible to state with a fair degree of certainty that the Ziwa people were probably the first settlers in this part of Rhodesia, that they lived in agricultural communities and that for their meat supply they depended on hunting and trapping, as is shown by the identification of bones found in their deposits which were all of wild animals such as kudu, small buck, zebra and wart-hog.

However the two principal questions as to "Who?" and "When?" still remained to be answered. The first radio-carbon dating from charcoal obtained from a Ziwa layer was established at Berne in Switzerland in 1959 and dated the last period of the Ziwa culture to the first half of the 11th Century. Three years later the Radio-Carbon Dating Laboratory at the University College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland started to function and three more charcoal samples were tested. These now permit the dating of the Ziwa Period; it had its beginning in



(F. O. Bernhard)

Top: A dagga grain bin, diameter 4 ft., sunk in the ground, east slope of Ziwa Mountain.

Bottom: The two skulls, the covering potsherd visible on one.

(F. O. Bernhard)

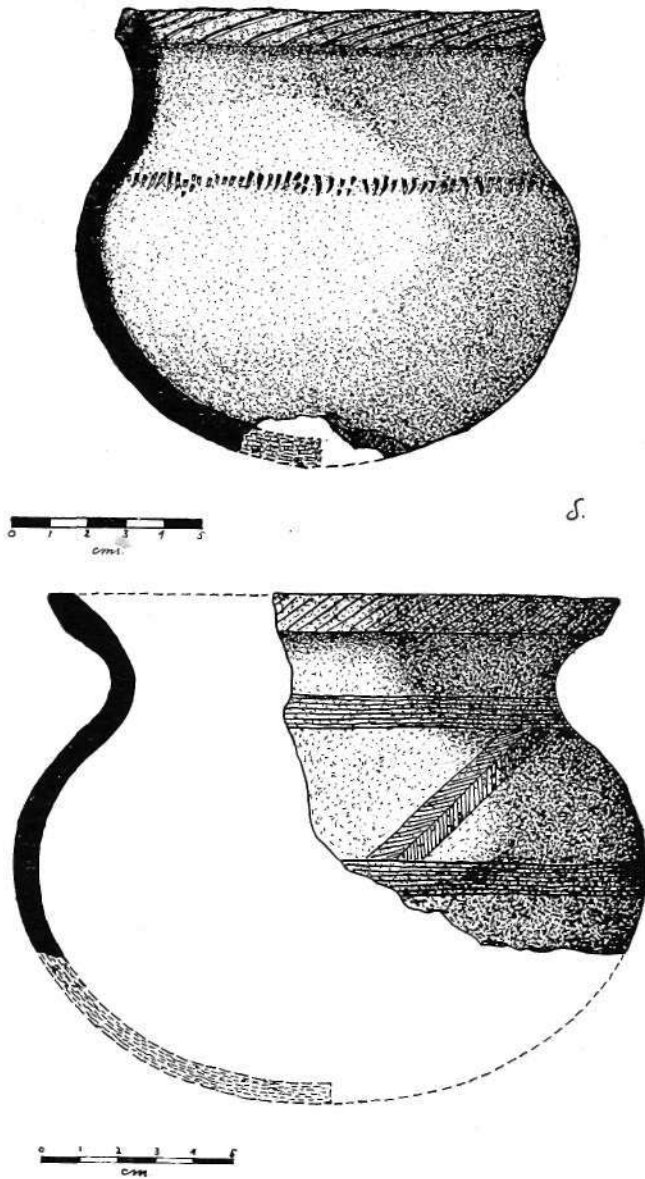


the 4th Century, possibly even somewhat earlier, and thus extends over approximately 800 years. Two of the tested samples were intimately connected with the ethnical question of the Ziwa people.

The pronounced acidity of most soils in our part of Africa makes it almost impossible to recover any human remains intact within a comparatively short time after burial. A different case, of course, exists when a body is buried in very dry cave earth and dust inside a cave and thus is protected from seasonal humidity. The 'Cave of Offerings', in spite of the wealth of pottery that had been discovered in it, still remained a major puzzle. Only a small area at the top of the cave remained to be excavated but when this was done it disclosed the first Ziwa skeleton ever to be found. A great mass of rocks and stones had first to be removed, after which the actual digging could commence. The acute angle of the rock overhang made excavation in plane impracticable. At about three to five feet below the ashy earth surface, which contained a number of Ziwa potsherds, a rough half-circular stone wall came to light, behind which the skeleton was lying in a flexed position. The body, from the neck downward, was covered by a flat stone slab, whereas the head must have been covered on its upper side by a large potsherd which was still sticking tightly to the skull. Except for an iron knife blade, found near the right hand below the skull, there were no grave gifts. Of great importance was a layer of charcoal on which the skeleton rested, as it furnished ideal samples for radio-carbon testing. A second skeleton was found in a very dry spot beneath an overhanging rock, immediately below the village midden nearby. The grave filling consisted of ashy soil mixed with many Ziwa sherds. It was very shallow, only about two feet below the surface, and was sealed by a circular stone pavement of about 10 inches thickness. The mode of burial was similar to that of the 'Cave of Offerings' except that the skull was not covered by a potsherd. A further, rather gruesome, difference was that the body must have been decapitated as the skull was resting below the flexed right arm and was facing backwards. There were no grave gifts at all but charcoal was again found in profusion.

When the two charcoal samples from the graves were tested in Salisbury, the 'Cave of Offerings' burial was dated to 910 ± 100 AD, and the other to 300 ± 100 AD, which latter date is of the greatest interest considering that Summers' stamped ware, found below the earliest walls of the Acropolis in Zimbabwe appears to be contemporary. Both skeletons were sent to the Medical School at the University of the Witwatersrand. At the request of Professor P. V. Tobias they were examined by Dr. Hertha de Villers and were found to be of predominantly Negroid race. Both were those of adolescents. The 'Cave of Offerings' skeleton was that of a youth of about 16 years, while the older one was that of a girl of approximately 14 years of age. The manner in which the two young people were buried may point to the possibility that they were victims of a sacrifice. This suggestion can, of course, be disputed, but the fact that both skeletons were those of very young persons buried in a more or less elaborate fashion is rather thought-provoking.

Another find, this time without any human remains, does appear to have been connected with some religious belief or rite. This was a Ziwa pot containing a large lump of partly smelted iron ore which was buried in a small chamber of



Ziwa ware

the stone covering of a circular six feet deep pit of a diameter of two and a half feet. The infilling of the pit consisted of ashy earth mixed, at the bottom, with a number of potsherds. C14-tested, the date given for the pit is 850 ± 100 AD. As no bones at all were present, it does not appear to have been a grave; yet the depositing of the lump of iron ore in the almost complete pot, which had a circular hole cut out of its side, must have had a special reason which cannot yet be explained.

Louis Samuel Glover, C.B.E.

A biographical Introduction by A. S. Hickman

"Old Man" Glover, as he likes to be called, is a true-blue veteran, a pioneer of Rhodesia, with all the noble traditions and loyalty of the Victorian age. It is marvellous that he should be alive at all, let alone to the ripe age of 89 years, and that apart from being somewhat deaf, should be fitter than many men years his junior. His story of 1896/97 shows that he was riddled with malaria and was in fact discharged from the Mashonaland Mounted Police as medically unfit. There were other afflictions he and his comrades bore: shortage of food and medical supplies, exceptionally heavy rain without adequate shelter, and campaigning conditions enough to daunt those whose fibre was not so tough. Many of Glover's comrades died and his own survival is a miracle of hardihood. The only similar case I know is that of a namesake, (no relation), No. 451 Tpr. Thomas William Glover, of the British South Africa Company's Police, who was left for dead at Macequece in 1891, rescued when Lieut. the Hon. Eustace Fiennes heroically swam flooded rivers to go to his aid, and lived to the age of 92.

I write this biography as a tribute to an old friend, and to demonstrate the background and calibre of one of the men who helped to make Rhodesia. I do not know of any more loyal subject of our Queen than Glover, nor of one who has more consistently supported the British Empire, the Commonwealth, and the British way of life.

Although he now lives in the Bechuanaland Protectorate he had paid frequent visits to Rhodesia and takes the keenest interest in our development. He is a man of superb patriotism in the best sense of the word both to the country of his adoption and to the country of his birth.

The information which I have gathered comes largely from a series of letters he wrote in 1956 to entertain a childhood friend who lay paralysed and helpless and as Glover himself says, "to give some little amusement, and later, for want of suitable matter, developed into stories of my life."

These letters are full of humour, pathos and courage, heart-warming for anyone like myself who has had the privilege of reading them, and without doubt a real weekly tonic to the recipient. The writing is in simple conversational form, and many appropriate verses are quoted.

Glover was born in London on May 10th, 1875, his father belonging to a family of ship-owners who traded out of Hull to the Baltic with small ships. His mother was French from Normandy, where his grandparents owned limeworks at Pont Audemer. When he was seven the family moved to Bournemouth where young Glover had every opportunity to develop his interest in the sea. He never took to steam, but his ambitions always lay with sailing ships. In an endeavour to cure him his parents sent him to France, but here, not far from the mouth of the Seine, his interest and opportunities increased.

At last, at the age of 15, his father apprenticed him to Liverpool ship-

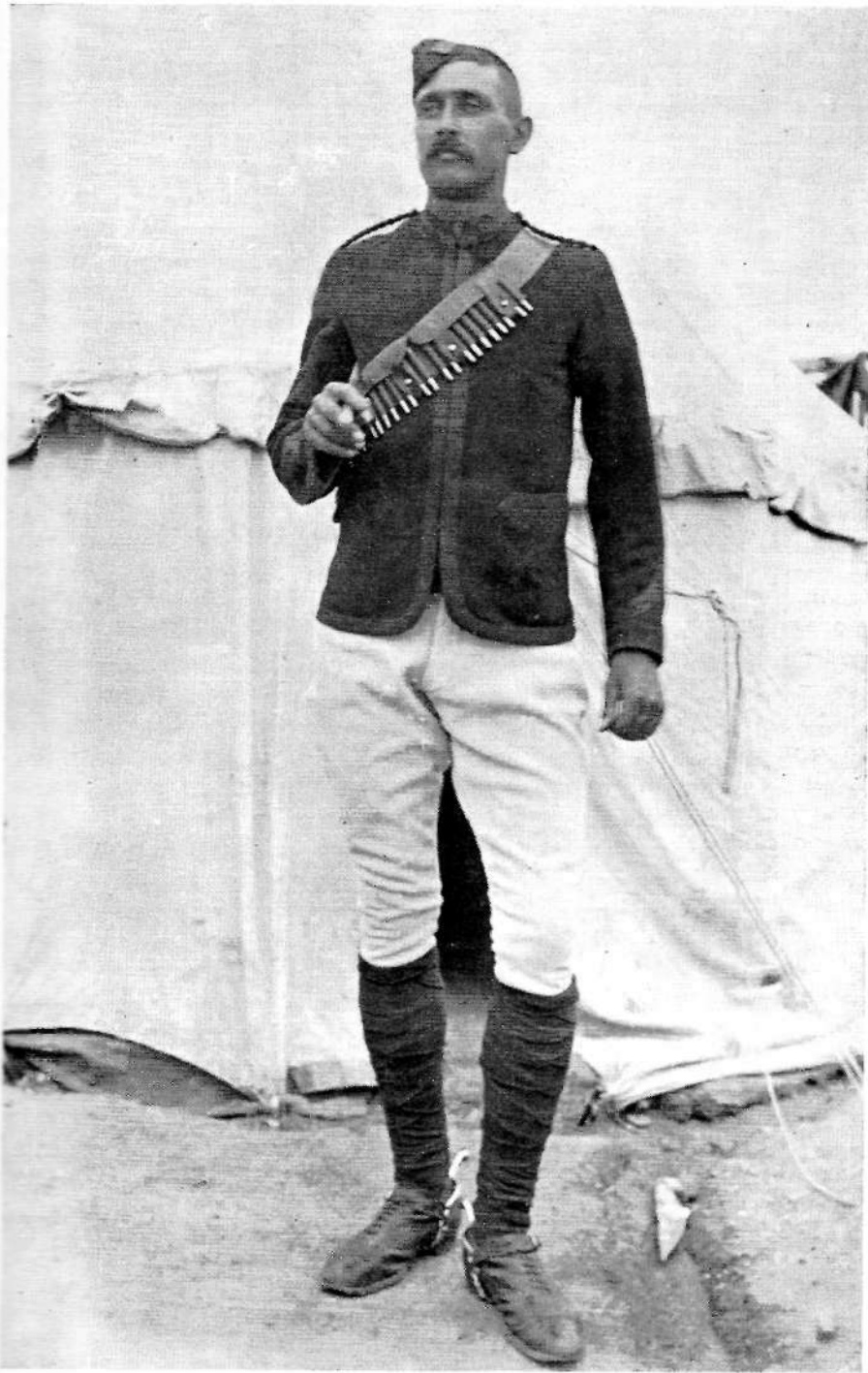
owners on payment of a premium of £80. The conditions are of interest: he was to be "taught the business of a seaman and receive Board of Trade rations plus three quarts of water per diem." His pay for the first year would be £2 10s. 0d., for the second £5, for the third £7 10s. 0d. and for the fourth £10 0s. 0d. Then it would be up to him to sit for his Second Mate's Certificate and look for a job at £5 to £6 per month. He says ". . . you can see the wonderful chances (!) a boy had . . . when sailing ships were already a dying race that could not compete with steam and ship-owners were cutting expenses by employing apprentices and treating them as the cheap labour they certainly were."

Young Glover joined his first windjammer, the *Per Ardua* (appropriate name) at Swansea. The Captain was a sick man and the Mate a sadist who assaulted and tortured the apprentices. As a result the Captain's nephew fell from a mast and was killed. The Captain died shortly afterwards in Glover's arms after the young apprentice had been reading to him and was buried at sea with great difficulty during terrible weather around Cape Horn about January, 1891. Then the Mate took over as captain and their first port of call was Coquimbo in Chile where they found themselves in the middle of a revolution. Several times the town was shelled by Congress warships, most of which had declared against the Government. After various adventures the ship sailed north to Caldera, "a small natural harbour in bare barren desert country . . . and there was no fresh water except that which was condensed from the sea and delivered round the town in skins on pack mules, and sold at the houses . . . ". The reason for Caldera's existence was a railway to the copper mines, and here the *Per Ardua* lost no time in unloading her cargo of rails because of an impending naval action. But barely enough ballast remained to reach the port of San Antonio, there to load wheat for the homeward voyage. The new captain insisted on leaving in half a gale, and as a result of mishandling piled up his ship about forty miles south of San Antonio and 400 yards from the beach.

All hands came ashore safely, but were complete castaways, their clothes being what were washed ashore, and their only food two large cheddar cheeses, strong and rancid; there was no water.

Next day the Captain, the carpenter and young Glover (because he could speak French and a little Spanish) set off along the coast to seek help. They were by no means well received at the poor settlements they found, their appearance and the fact they were on foot in a country where everyone rode a horse were against them; and the revolution had made local people suspicious. But on occasions they received small cups of coffee and once an old woman gave them a water melon; before this, however, Glover had taken several gulps of briny water from a stream. The most exhausting effort was walking up and down sand dunes for mile after mile. Finally the party was taken into San Antonio on horseback from where they rode back to the scene of the wreck, to learn that the remainder of the crew had found water.

The four apprentices were left to guard the ship and were ultimately taken to Valparaiso by coaster, repatriated to Liverpool as Distressed British Seamen, and given leave, which Glover spent at home in Bournemouth. On arrival, he says, "I went round back streets and lanes in the hope of not being



L. S. Glover, during the siege of Kimberley, 1899-1900; he is wearing his Mashonaland Mounted Police uniform
(L. S. Glover)

seen by anybody who knew my parents, for my clothes were in bits and pieces and hardly fit for polite society."

Then, to save his parents expense, he had his indentures cancelled, and the £80 premium was refunded. He decided to sign on as an ordinary seaman, and joined a ship at Cardiff, another windjammer, whose skipper was a very drunken character. They carried coal to Hamburg and there a general cargo, including many cases of gin, was loaded for New Zealand, with a very mixed crew. But the voyage did not run smoothly because the "Baltic scum" of seamen wanted to get at the gin and thought Glover knew where it was stowed. So he was beaten and had a very rough time; except for the Captain and two mates he was the only Briton on board. The gin was not discovered.

Glover had had enough, not of the sea but of the unspeakable conditions that existed aboard his ship, and so at Wellington he took his discharge. After many adventures in New Zealand whilst "bush-whacking" - clearing timber and scrub - he came to Longbeach, an enormous estate on the Canterbury plains, where he worked for the next four years. It was "one of the finest farms in the world." The owner, John Grigg, had drained a so-called "impenetrable swamp" over a period of years for his cattle, and the extent of the undertaking is indicated by the fact that there were "400 horses working all the year round and near twice that number during harvest; when 62 reapers and binders could be seen working in one paddock." 32,000 sheep and lambs were fattened annually and railed to the freezing works, as well as 10,000 pigs; truly a gigantic undertaking where Glover worked hard and happily. He had now been five years away from home and decided it was time to return; but he did it the hard way, signing on as a stoker in a 4,000-ton ship which sailed via Cape Horn and Rio de Janeiro to England.

His next venture was in the mining world, and he went to Camborne in hopes of entering the School of Mines, but he had not sufficient funds. Instead he agreed to work on contract for a skilled miner; there was no pay, but in return he would be taught the job. Ultimately he earned blasting and rock drilling certificates. At the boarding-house where he stayed School of Mines' students helped him with the loan of text books and he writes in high praise of Cornish hospitality and kindness. But disaster nearly overtook him. He worked at Dolcoath, a famous tin mine, and deep underground was testing the face with a crowbar, on the lookout for loose rocks after the charges had been set off. He found a curiously projecting rock and started to lever it from what appeared to be a solid wall. Suddenly the whole rock face fell away into a cavern and young Glover slid down the rubble towards water at the bottom of the "vug" (Cornish for cave). It was only with great difficulty and with the aid of a long piece of fuse that his comrades were able to rescue him.

Glover's next venture was in South Africa. His fare there was offered by the father of a newly qualified mining engineer, on condition that Glover looked after his rather unstable associate. Glover refused payment, but some money was deposited for him at Cape Town and he voyaged to South Africa in the *Gothic*. The mining engineer was able to find employment, but Glover and two Yorkshire friends searched in vain; they had arrived in Johannesburg too soon after the Jameson Raid of January, 1896, and mining was at a standstill.

There they were stranded at Middleburg, Cape, with many others who had paid confidence tricksters a deposit for assured employment. These people tried the trick on others, their guile was discovered and they were justly and severely beaten up. But this did not help Glover and his friends, who jumped a train to Queenstown and were freezing in an open truck when an African in a Third Class compartment befriended them by inviting them to share it with him. Finally they reached East London where Glover got some temporary work at the railway sheds. Hearing that Major A. V. Gosling, of the British South Africa Police, was looking for recruits the three young men applied; one was rejected and the others gave the rejected one all their remaining cash. They themselves were medically examined and attested aboard the *Warwick Castle*; thereafter they were not allowed on shore.

In all not far short of 200 men were taken on as recruits, and travelled by sea to Beira; Glover describes them generally as a "band of brothers."

His narrative now continues with his Rhodesian story, and for the record it must be appreciated that by the end of 1896 nearly all Imperial units had been withdrawn from Rhodesia, leaving the 1897 Mashonaland campaign to be conducted by local forces, mainly the British South Africa Police, all under the general direction of Col. Sir Richard Martin. Glover served in the Mashonaland Mounted Police from November 9th, 1896, to August 17th, 1897, as No. 70, being discharged as medically unfit, with the rank of sergeant.

He tells his own story most graphically in the article which follows, taking his readers to the point where he and his party went aboard a German ship at Beira. He left the ship at Durban, seeking employment, but finding none; no one showed any interest in a sick man. He describes himself as skin and bone, having lost 60 lbs. in weight; he should have been in hospital, but his fighting spirit kept him on his feet. He remarks sadly that in these days there was no B.E.S.L. to look after the welfare of an ex-soldier. He went on to Cape Town, visited Robben Island where he avoided ill-paid employment as a leper guard, worked for a time as a rinderpest guard, and then went on to Kimberley where he was taken on by De Beers as a security guard. He wore no uniform, and his chief was Col. R. G. Scott, V.C., D.S.O., who, when the Boer War broke out, raised the Kimberley Light Horse. Before that, however, Glover and a dozen others, unarmed, had been patrolling the Orange Free State border, only realising that hostilities had commenced when they saw the Modder River railway bridge blown up in October, 1899. Including his war service he was with De Beers for 24 years.

Without rank he acted as galloper to Col. Scott and in his first skirmish with the Boers the men on either side of him were wounded and also his horse which later became "siege soup". His next mount was a fiery replacement which indirectly saved his life because he could not get it away when his Colonel gave him an order to carry a message across a Boer line of fire which would have meant almost certain death. He served throughout the 124 days of siege and on November 25th, 1899, and again on the 28th, was in action at Carter's Ridge. Then on February 15th, 1900, the siege was raised and he was sent at once with a convoy taking rations to the British troops at Paardeburg.

Later Col. Scott organised and commanded Scott's Railway Guards, a

Memories of The Mashonaland Mounted Police, 1896-97

by L. S. Glover

With 89 years behind one, the happenings of 68 years ago may not appear absolutely historical - but they live in one's memory as the truth and on that basis this story is told. The items most vivid in memory are those that were most painful or amusing. All too often we marched and slept in drenching rain without shelter other than what was carried on our backs; malaria fogged our brains in bodies weakened by lack of proper food and medicines.

In any case recriminations have no part in this story; difficulties were accepted in the pioneer spirit that looked for better times ahead - which surely came in full measure, and we must trust and stand firm behind those who built what we see to-day.

With six years of battling - in square-rigged ships and bush-whacking and horse-power farming in New Zealand - I could take what the Mashonaland Mounted Police had to offer, barring the malaria that sapped a man's strength.

A trip 'Home', after five years, decided me to try mining and that took me to Cornwall to learn, and then to Johannesburg to earn; but the foolhardy Jameson Raid ⁽¹⁾ had caused the closing of most mines and there were thousands of old hands waiting their reopening, leaving newcomers no hope. The clean open veld made appeal to two fine young Yorkshiremen and myself, so in time and with the occasional aid of empty railway trucks, we found ourselves in East London, and there heard of the expected arrival, per S.S. *Warwick Castle* of one Major Gosling ⁽²⁾ seeking recruits for the Mashonaland Mounted Police. Being acceptable I became No. 70 of 'A' Troop.

Beira of that day was a wood and iron town built on a sand bank between sea and a noisome lagoon, the only wheeled transport being a cocopan rail track, as seen on mines - all with little semblance to the present beautiful city.

Entraining on the two-foot gauge railway, we got to Fontesvila on the Pungwe River, and for lack of a bridge crossed in barges, discovering that the outsized local mosquito could carry on business through two army blankets. The railway of that day has been described often enough. Suffice to say we were near heat-apoplexy (as I had experienced off Brazil in a ship's stokehold) when the train stopped for wood and water at the station of a pretty little township. A lovely cool stream drew the men off the train like a magnet, leaving every rag of clothing in the trucks, to enjoy a ten minutes' refreshing bathe. Meanwhile the advent of a troop-train had drawn all the available inhabitants (mostly women at that time of day) to the platform. Without the slightest warning the driver started his train, seeing which some 200 men dashed out of the water and rushed through the crowd on to the platform after the train - giving the ladies a clearer view of the troops than they expected. Fortunately a heavy grade kept the train at a crawl till all had caught up and clambered aboard. Chimoio was rail-head and from there we took the road on foot finding relaxation at all boggy spots and

drifts by manning long ropes to help the donkey-power pull the waggons through. Umtali was then some distance below Christmas Pass and from there we found the open country cooler and more to our liking.

Arriving at Salisbury our temporary barracks were in what is now the Legislative Assembly building - then a red brick shell with a roof and a second floor but no doors or windows. I remember no commercial buildings at the Causeway, other than the Avenue Hotel; it was a mile or more across the veld to the Kopje where stores and hotels operated; half-way between was a large corrugated iron enclosure containing the town gaol and our horselines.

The back of the Rebellion had been broken by the time we arrived but there was still much to be done - the rains were due and it had been decided that the Imperial troops should be taken out of the country.

The Mashonaland Mounted Police and other, volunteer, troops took over under Colonel De Moleyns ⁽³⁾. Punitive expeditions were necessary to break up remaining strongholds of the enemy and as many patrols as could be had to show we were ready to enforce the peace.

When he left, Sir Frederick Carrington and his merry men - field guns and all - had failed to winkle out the powerful Mashayangombi from his chain of fortified kopjes, and one of our jobs was to keep Mashayangombi and his people penned in their hills and away from the tribal lands until they could see the error of their ways.

I was with a mixed troop of Mashonaland Mounted Police sent out from Salisbury to Hartley Camp, then on the site of a mining camp with a sticky rebellion history ⁽⁴⁾. From there we moved to a rough kopje near Mashayangombi's. We had to convert the kopje into a fort strong enough to keep off a night rush ⁽⁵⁾, should that eventuate when half the garrison were on patrol. Fort building took up most of the blazing hot day and patrols the nights but the now almost incessant rains, overwork, lack of sufficient food and quinine, gave the malarial bug every chance to turn men into wrecks. Knowing the appalling conditions of transport we did not complain, though I often heard it said less transport should have been allowed for dop and more for food and medicines - not that quinine was properly appreciated when you had to line up while an orderly passed down the rank dipping the point of his knife into the quinine powder and tipping that on the back of your tongue, after which you were allowed to break and run for water. Seldom did we see more than a one-pound tin of bully-beef between four men and when the weevilly, grub-infested biscuits gave out we had to take a Boer-meal ration that also carried a lively population. One of the best items of kit issued was a big black waterproof with a large cape; this did duty in many ways when on patrol, sometimes with a waggon, or failing that with "pack-a-mesa" boys to carry the bulk of the rations. The natural receptacle for the meal was a pocket of your waterproof and a corner of your cape made a mixing board. When it was raining the sugar ration went straight into your mouth, the tea into another pocket to be chewed at leisure; for to find twigs, bark or wood dry enough to start a fire was another story and your hat was as useful to fan a smouldering fire to flames as to keep the rain off.

With no yeast or baking-powder there was only the bit of sour dough in your pocket to put some leaven in your damper - and how often did we get as

far as putting the dough on the coals when swish, came the rain, and there was nothing for it but to put your dough back in your pocket. What do those who live in houses know of rain? To know rain you have to live in it, plod and march in it, stand and sit in it, attempt to cook in it and when exhausted sleep in it, till you feel you are living in another element without visibility and the whole world of trees grey and ghostlike.

What use to tell of those really terrible headaches and how, on being warned for patrol to start one midnight, I found it beyond my powers to lift a packed saddle? My pals saddled up for me and lifted me into the saddle, from when on I felt able to cope. Of course my refusing to 'go sick' was sheer folly for it was not long before there came the order "Dismount and lead your horses" when my mount had to lead with me hanging on to its tail. I am decidedly mixed as to what happened after that, but evidently we joined up with a contingent of "Black Watch" (African troops and Coloureds, the latter mostly ex-transport men whose teams had died of rinderpest and horsesickness), under Captain Jack Roach who had come out from Hartley (6). Our destination was unknown to me but finally we climbed some foothills to attack a fortified kraal higher up. The horses were ringed with me in the middle, shivering in the now blazing sun and listening to the rattle of rifle fire - which went against us. Later that afternoon we made a hurried departure and I heard of four Coloureds being wounded. I was lifted on to my horse and with my wrists tied to saddle-blanket straps rode down the hill, but the straps loosened, and crossing a stream at the foot of the hills my old trooper slipped on a slanting slab of granite, and I fell on the off-side with my foot stuck in the stirrup. This unsoldierly conduct so upset my mount that he galloped off towing me along. Fortunately Jack Roach was mounted and managed to head off my horse before we got into rough country. Seeing I was unable to ride Roach told off four of his Africans to carry me on a stretcher, made of two saplings and a saddle blanket stitched with withies.

The next thing I remember was the Fort Sergeant-Major saying: "And he calls himself a teetotaller!" for he had just poured half a pannikin of dop down my throat with never a gasp from me. There is over much T, T, T, in this narrative, but if you think back over sixty-eight years, you remember what hurt you personally even though others shared equally in the doings of the day. If place names and distances are hazy it is because I have no written record and we troopers never saw a map. Distance was regulated by rains, swollen streams and lack of transport animals and we often had to use animals of different paces, such as mules and oxen, and even donkeys, in one span.

I found myself in a tent for the first time at Gombi, with other sick waiting for a ration wagon to take us to Hartley. Came the wagon and a ghastly ride to Hartley where I was carried up the kopje and into the hospital (7), a rectangular wattle-and-daub shack where there lay about twenty of us, heads to the walls and feet mixed. I only remember one white orderly, a grand old lad who needed his sharp tongue to keep some order. The only available food was ground rice three times a day if you could eat, and you lay in the muck of your own sweat, if you were lucky enough to sweat - and hell was your portion till the blessed sweat broke out.

Came a day when I began to look around me; my own stink had become

obnoxious to me and I had an overpowering longing to get my teeth into something to chew, when one evening I saw our orderly hide a tin of bully in the thatch over the door. That night I crawled over many feet and salving my conscience with the thought that the orderly could get more, I pulled myself up with the aid of the door and the bully was mine; a bayonet made a hole - and there was my temperature sky high next morning to puzzle the orderly till he spotted the half-empty tin of bully. Well, there it was. If I could get around and pinch bully I could get around, and another two days saw me discharged as fit for light duty. With limbs like lead and the world turning round before my eyes I crept down the kopje, staked a claim under a bucksail and the first item of news I heard was that I had been promoted corporal.

The following was a great day for along came four mule waggons loaded with rations from Salisbury and an escort of about twenty fine young fellows, just out from England, dressed in blue tunics with brass buttons, cord breeches, puttees and smart hats; my first introduction to the British South Africa Police. My word, those who were not delirious with malaria were delirious with joy. Our Officer Commanding, Captain Macqueen (⁸), was so pleased that he ordered full rations to be issued and the 'Black Watch' to build up wood for a huge bonfire for a Camp concert.

Well, there were not many men on their feet who knew the camp and surroundings and it was I, with my brand new corporal's stripes, who was warned for guard. It consisted of one N.C.O. and nine troopers as a 'Sleeping Guard' (only one man doing sentry) and about twenty 'Black Watch' on picket posts around the camp perimeter. I had one old stager, named Sellers, and eight of the nice boys just out from 'Home'. Having inspected the guard, read the orders, sent out the pickets and seen the sentry posted, I was tired beyond anything but a quiet sit down. The bonfire was lit and details who could crawl or be carried were out to enjoy the fun. Naturally my guard wanted to have a look-see and I agreed so long as they kept in the dark at the back of the crowd and that the sentry kept a good look out for visiting officers.

I relaxed and listened to the singing, little more than a hundred yards away. The sentimental had turned to the bawdy, when looking up I noticed the sentry gone. Hurrying over to the sing-song, which was beginning to wane, the first thing I knew was a bucket half-full of dop, and a pannikin, thrust before me. Sure I needed some medical aid to put strength into my legs - the potency of the dop was all too plain around me - but where was my guard? How know them in the dark? Fortunately Sellers shewed up, fighting drunk. Here was hope, I had to make him grasp that both he and I had been let down. We had to have a guard - my new stripes depended on it, but who were they? Sellers and I got to work, some of the new boys came quietly, some swore they were not on guard and Sellers had to use press-gang methods. The fire died down, the sing-song petered out and we got a dozen men, to be on the safe side.

It was a bright moonlight night and I watched wide awake for Visiting Rounds. About 2 a.m. my own Troop Officer came on his rounds; it was Jack Norton-Griffiths (⁹), an engineer of repute in civilian life and an excellent chap in every way. He later did excellent work in the 1st World War by beating the German General Mackensen to the oil wells at Ploesti in Rumania. Jack was one

of the best, but that night at Old Hartley he was high, as high as the moon, taking the parade ground in lurches and circles, which gave me time. I got Sellers on his feet, carefully pulled his feet apart and leaned him on his rifle; he was like a tripod swaying in the breeze. It was the hot words that came out of me that made the breeze. Believe it or not, I got five on their feet, gently leaning on Sellers and their rifles. There was just time to rush to the sentry, who was hopelessly slumped on the ground and bawl out "Halt; who goes there?" The reply came "Visstng Runns". Shouts I; "Advance Visiting Rounds and give the countersign!" "Fine nigh Corp; good time! Turn in guard!" "Yes Sir," said I, "Turn in the guard, Sir," but I knew what would happen if my guard moved! "Damn it, Corp; turrrn in guard." By this time I was gently moving Jack round with my shoulder. "Yes Sir, Guard, right turn, dismiss!"

Tired, beyond the limit, I spent the rest of the early morning with buckets of water and a swab cleaning and laying out my guard to sober up. I did not lose my stripes, nor did any of the 'pressed' men bear me any grudge, for they were a grand crowd.

I made one more trip to Gombi, in charge of two mule waggons with stores; most of the escort was to remain at the fort to replace sick men returning on the waggons. Delay followed delay till a week passed and I was worried as the mules had started dying of horsesickness. Finally we got going with one big span with the second waggon as a trailer behind. The last sick man we loaded was the unpopular O.C. - "Righteous Rectitude" a dour, petty body without a glimmer of humour in his whole make up, whom none would serve as batman except under orders as a twenty-four hour fatigue⁽¹⁰⁾. On the road more mules died and we had to abandon the trailer, overcrowding the one waggon with sick men. We got to the Umfuli near sunset. The river was up to the wheel hubs, a third of the way across two more mules died leaving only five and they could not move the waggon. There was nothing for it but to carry the sick across. This was exhausting work without stretchers. Being wet above the waist I was chilled and felt due for a go of the shakes and sat down on the bank to recover a bit. Someone started a fire, there was still one sick man on the waggon, old 'R.R.', the river was rising fast and I was weak and worried wondering if I could make it in the swift flowing water - when to my utter surprise somebody gave me a pannikin of hot cocoa. Cocoa! Think of it, it was the only cocoa I remember outside Salisbury. With new life in me I called for help to fetch 'R.R.' out before the buck-waggon floated off with him to the Indian Ocean. It was just dark when there happened what seemed to me a miracle, for down the bank came a crowd of Africans and Coloureds. It appeared that as soon as the waggon stuck one of the drivers ran off to Hartley Camp for help, and here it was, just in time. With the five mules and the men pulling and pushing we made camp and carried the sick up the kopje, then I collapsed. It was not long after this that two waggons loaded with sick men were sent to Salisbury and I was one of them. There was no chance of getting into hospital, it was always overcrowded - but getting full nights of sleep in dry blankets, with bread properly baked and regular food and quinine, worked wonders. Our barracks were still in the first part to be built of the present Legislative Assembly, but without doors, windows or a stairway to the top floor other than three lengths of three-by-three with battens nailed on to

form a ladder. Many a lad who had imbibed one over the eight and could yet pass the guard found this ladder hazard too much for him. In at least one case a fall caused a broken leg.

I was told off for patrol all too soon, for these routine patrols were mostly on foot and when expecting trouble one had to carry 300 rounds of .303 ammunition, rifle, bayonet, a week's rations plus kit - a full pack for a strong man and a weary load for men weakened with malaria. Doctors were overworked, and untrained orderlies depended overmuch on a thermometer; if your temperature was normal then you were fit and you had to go; a situation that finally caused a flare-up. Patrols, especially if there was wheeled transport, were always difficult to get started and seldom got more than four to five miles out the first day and then camped down for the night. On one such occasion a willing lad, just out of hospital, was warned for guard. He protested, saying he was too weak. The medical orderly was called and took his temperature; finding it normal he said - "No swinging of the lead, my lad, you go on guard." He did his first two hours; but when called for his second go of sentry he was beyond this world's discipline. There was no strike but a deputation went back and made it plain to the CO. that there would be no more of that. So a Barrack Ward was started; it was in the first room on the right as you entered the main door of the building and from then on men just released from hospital got a week or so in the Barrack Ward for observation and rest. Malaria had become intermittent in many of us, and that meant light duty; as a sergeant by this time I was sent out with eight similar cases to guard a crop of maize on a farm about twenty or twenty-five miles from Salisbury in the direction of the present Enterprise Road, a two day trek for us. A farmer had planted a crop of maize and been either driven in to Salisbury or killed; the crop had come on well on its own but now had to be guarded or the enemy would surely get it. Before leaving Salisbury we received a full issue of kit. Our full dress was a grey cord tunic with breeches of the same material. Undress uniform consisted of a plain black tunic with braid, white slacks and a black forage cap with red piping and black Mashonaland Mounted Police badge ⁽¹¹⁾. Hats had the same badge with either blue and white spotted puggaree or the old Cape Mounted Rifles colours of black with a gold diagonal stripe. A waggon was found to carry kit and rations and off we went, but not before I had complained of a shortage of quinine and received a promise it would be along soon. We found a couple of good huts on a kopje overlooking the maize land and expected no trouble till the grain was nearly ripe, so we took things easy, two patrolling by day and all taking turns at night sentry-go. Weeks went by with no quinine from Salisbury and fever became more and more prevalent. None of us were fit to walk to Salisbury but we had heard of a Roman Catholic Mission at Chishawasha about twelve miles away. Could a couple of us make the Mission and so get word to Salisbury? ⁽¹²⁾ We feared, and rightly, a go of the shakes or a spleen attack when one can do nothing to help oneself, and having only a hazy idea of the direction, we failed to make the effort and in that low feverish state felt we were forgotten men. Then one midday, to our astonishment, a young priest, with a full black beard, climbed our kopje and entered camp. "Good-day boys, we heard of your plight at the Mission, so I came over to bring you some quinine and hoped it would keep you going till supplies came from Salisbury. Oh!

and here are a few raisins"; and he gave us each a handful out of his pocket. He had ridden over on a donkey and had to hurry off to get back before dark. "May God's blessing be with you, boys!" - and he was gone. That was all. He travelled alone from dawn to dark on a donkey, unafraid and unguarded by man-made arms; there was no talk of anything except our health. It gave us back a sense of balance in our lives and that selfless, courageous act stands out in memory like a bright light - as later was the merciful service of Mother Patrick and her devoted, if silent, Sisters, who were to give me back my life.

That quinine pulled us out of the abyss, so that in about a week or so a further call found us fit to march. It was about 2 a.m. on a bright moonlight morning and I was sitting talking to the sentry, each of us wrapped in blankets, when I heard footsteps of someone heavy-booted climbing the kopje. It was one of our officers and a guide. In a few words he told us of Captain Colin Harding's trip to the Mtoko country to recruit "friendlies" to help us overcome the rebellious Mashona (¹³). On the way back with some 500 Mtoko all the Europeans had collapsed with malaria; the last able man and best surviving horse had gone into Salisbury for urgent help (¹⁴). The Mtoko were restless, not having seen the guns, powder, food and blankets that had been promised them. A scratch crowd of office-wallas and staff had been got together in Salisbury, plus cook boys, 'Black Watch' and a goodly number of friendly Mashona; waggons had been commandeered and they were off, passing a few miles from our camp. The officer had been sent to order us to join the relief column immediately, taking nothing with us but our arms and ammunition, not even a blanket. We would be away forty-eight hours and must travel light and fast. I roused all hands and told them the story, suggesting, as it was only a two-day foot-slog that we took our most comfortable boots and slacks with tunic and one blanket just in case it lasted more than two days; in fact it lasted over two months and we never saw a scrap of our new kit and gear again. We caught up with the convoy by daylight as they were preparing to trek. I sometimes think the column was travelling on a compass bearing much of the time for there was much new road to be made passable and belts of timber to be chopped to allow the waggons to pass and here difficulties were increased by the fact that owing to the then shortage of waggons a trolley had been commandeered, the sort of thing you would expect to find in a railway yard for moving very heavy goods, with small wheels and low clearance. The column moved very slowly and my first job was to scout away out in a vlei with long sharp grass over our heads, for a slow scattered convoy would be a temptation to the Mashona who generally knew our movements and knew how to use the cover of long vlei grass. The waggons, four or five, were carrying the extra rations, limbo, blankets, guns and powder that had been promised the Mtoko who were reputed to be hereditary enemies of the Mashona. The Mtoko were restless, promises had not been fulfilled, the Europeans were all sick, something had to be done quickly - yet how move quickly with mixed spans? It might take all day to cross a drift, double-banking spans with manpower.

Going lame I was given a horse which had not a hair on it from head to tail, but it carried me for quite a while. Two of us scouting ahead came across two Europeans who turned out to be Captain Harding's men sent to look for the column. It still took a day and half to reach the camp. Today it seems absurd to

talk of the time it took us to cover what can be done in comfort in an hour over good roads and bridges.

Our first job was to tend the sick, who now included some of the relief column, and issue rations to all hands, while under instructions to keep Mashona and Mtoko apart, for fear trouble started between them. There was a plan to bring the tribal factions together in friendly meeting. That evening three bonfires were built and by the time it was dark and the fires blazing you could hear the chanting, the rattling of assegais on shields, the stomp of many feet and the tom-tomming of small drums coming out of the darkness on both sides, each tribe converging on the outside of the three fires, the men getting worked up dancing and chanting with odd men leaping out of the march to put in a few warlike actions of their own, leaping and yodelling. What Whites were fit had been warned to have their rifles fully loaded, but hidden out of sight under blankets or what-have-you, the while appearing undisturbed - just in case of any untoward incident that might turn a friendly meeting into a bloody riot. The two parties, each dancing around their own fires, were now led to circle round the centre fire, first in opposite directions and later joined to circle round in one dancing crowd. It was quite a show and all seemed to be doing well when one of Harding's men, in delirium, wakened up, and finding a rifle under his blanket picked it up and fired a shot at the dancing, frenzied Africans. Thanks to the mercy of the Providence who looks after poor soldiers, he fired high. Men sprang to prevent a second shot and in the noise made by the dancing, singing mobs the shot passed unnoticed by most. Had the passage of the bullet been a trifle lower there might have been a very different story to tell.

Shortly after this I went with a patrol with all the Mtoko (about 500) to ferret out Mashona living in some high fortified kopjes from where they were making raids on whatever they thought they could get away with. Whites could not manoeuvre in and over those huge bald kopjes, without so much as a growing bush. The Mtoko entered the kopjes on the far side from us and we were spread out to cut off any fugitives that might come our way. At one time we saw a wave of Mashona climbing and running over that great granite dome ⁽¹⁵⁾ followed by a wave of Mtoko silhouetted against the sky-line, we could see arms raised and assegais thrown, men fall and those following give the *coup de grace*. Then came crowds of Mashona women and children fleeing in our direction, whom we rounded up; we had neither food nor water to give them and it hurt to think what would happen that night when the Mtoko got among them. The poor wretches looked deplorable; who were we to add to their miseries? So we let them drift away into the friendly veld they knew so well - and when the Mtoko came for the spoils of war, there were no spoils and they were very angry. If I remember rightly it was after this that we moved camp further south and opened a track to bring us out on to the Salisbury-Umtali road, to avoid some of the worst of the old track, though it was longer round. Still later we received a visit from our Commanding Officer ⁽¹⁶⁾- Our Colonel rolled up in a spring waggon with smart escort - White cook and all. It cheered us up a lot to see that smart escort and Staff, knowing we were really part of the same outfit, though at that time most of our camp lot were a sorry looking bunch with over many sick and Africans doing most of the duties. That evening to give us a break the escort pro-

vided the guard, with a camp N.C.O. who knew the 'Black Watch' pickets, in charge. I was the N.C.O. The guard paraded for inspection and the Colonel's tent being only a hundred yards off, he strolled over to have a look-see. I was still in ragged white shorts, my hair stuck out of my hat, and my toes, sockless, out of my boots. The Colonel gave one look, said "Good God" turned and went off. We had a quiet night, which does not speak for the Staff Mess. About 4.30 a.m. the Colonel's European cook started to give the sleeping world an exhibition of his linguistic abilities - "Hi wena, you figalapa, you makum lo fire and you wena tata lo pot and go for lo manzi, see. We um make lo tea for Bawana Mokolo. See!" To be awakened by that raucous voice and to suffer that out-sized hang-over two hours before it was necessary was just too much for the Colonel, who tore open his tent bawling, "Sergeant of the Guard, Sergeant of the Guard, wena tato lo bloody cook and put the noisy basket in the klink till I deal with him in the morning - raising all hell at this ungodly hour." So I fetched the now unhappy cook to the guard post. Later the Orderly Officer (one of the Staff) came and asked who could cook the breakfast for the Mess. I pointed out that as the cook was a prisoner, he could be put on fatigue, which suggestion was carried out by a sotto voiced cook.

That morning the Colonel, Staff and escort trotted off, but the Colonel did not forget what he had seen and the next waggon out from Salisbury brought new kit, hats, boots and a pair of scissors. A week or two later I was told off to take a load of sick to a point on the Salisbury road, the junction with our camp road, which was new to me then. It might take a day or two to get there; there would be an escort of eight men, the waggon load of sick would be handed over to the Salisbury escort in exchange for a waggon load of stores out from Salisbury, which we would bring back to camp. The snag was the only waggon available at camp was the trolly contraption with the low clearance. I pointed out we would not be able to get the trolly over the stumps now that other waggons had cut deep ruts in the track, but it just had to go as there was nothing else, so the sick were loaded and on the strength of it I got an axe issued and two buckets, in view of the sick. We did not get far before the axle stuck on a stump, I lay underneath the waggon trying to chop the stump away but there was no clearance and all I got was a shirt full of dust, inside and out. The escort boys had an idea all they had to do was sit on their horses and watch me work. A few chosen words I had learned at sea in my windjammer days made me decidedly unpopular, but they got the idea that one man was sufficient to keep a look out, and he would look outward and not inward, and one would hold the horses while the rest worked. The position was near impossible till I got the idea of using poles and levers to lift the trolly wheels two at a time, while the team pulled forward to the next axle, so we made the rendezvous on time, arriving next evening. It was at a deserted farm with a sad history, at the junction of the roads; we were all tired out and filthy, the sick moaning for water, though we had been able to water the cattle at muddy pools on the way. Outspanning, my first job was to tell off four men to stand round the horses and cattle to give the animals a chance to eat, for we could hear lions calling to one another. Two men had to gather firewood to make fires to keep off the hungry carnivora, one go for water and one help me with the sick at their natural requirements. The camp was on a gravel bank over-

looking a vlei with the water on the far side. A lion gave tongue on one side of the vlei and another answered from across the vlei; that decided the lad on water fatigue; he refused point-blank, saying he was not lion bait, so I told my helper to take his rifle and go with the water carrier. They both refused in spite of my threats of trouble to come; they would take the chance of that rather than the big cats in the dark. In a temper, leaving them to the sick I grabbed the two buckets and set off for the water, a quarter of a mile across the vlei, and the deeper you got in, the higher the grass, and again the lions roared one on either side. Arriving at the waterhole I went down about a dozen steps; I had just filled the buckets when came a crashing roar, right over my head. Dropping the buckets I was a hundred yards up that grass tunnel before my legs came under control. Now what? Those moaning sick; and how administer powdered quinine without water? Yes; and the smirk that would be on the faces of those who had refused! There was nothing for it but to hurry back, find the buckets in three feet of water, fill them and get going. Thanks be that big cat had something else on its mind. Getting back there was still chores with the sick and fires, then getting the cattle and horses in and tying them round the waggon inside the fires, posting two sentries and giving a final look at the sick. Under more normal conditions I would have taken a bucket back to the waterhole, and stripped off for a clean up, but I was beat, the most tired man in all the Rhodesias, and just lay down to sleep. At that moment came the sound of trotting shod horses. If I remember right it was a Squadron Sergeant-Major, and two troopers in advance of a V.I.P. and his escort. I got an order immediately to turn out all my men and clear a space for His Lordship's camp and for the escort to sleep ⁽¹⁷⁾. Sure I told the bloke the case we were in, but he had heard hard-luck stories before, I was getting an order and had better get on with it if we wanted to keep out of trouble. Well if I had bucked the Sergeant-Major there would soon be His Lordship along with plenty of trouble so there was nothing for it but to get on with it. Admittedly the moon had now shewn up, but the stones were just as heavy and thorns prick just as sorely in moonlight. With a rattle and a jingle the smart outfit arrived. With my unwashed bunch I moved to out camp and sleep claimed us. Came the morning, and after a good early breakfast His Lordship decided to stroll around while his spring-waggon was being inspanned and just beyond our camp he found two dead mules, not yet too smelly; but for my camp fires the jackals and hyenas would have left little for the vultures that same morning. That fairly raised the lordly ire. "Who is in charge here?" "I am, Sir." Then he let himself go. Anything more disgraceful he had never heard of. No wonder we were sick, and we were filthy too, just too utterly lazy to dig two holes to bury rotting carrion; had I no shame, no sense of decency, had I become so low that not even personal cleanliness made any appeal to me? And there was plenty more like that. Further I would immediately dig holes and bury those carcasses or get all the pains and penalties known to a young administrator. Meanwhile his beautiful shiny escort, mounted and drawn up ready to proceed, looked on showing their scorn in the very uplift of their waxed mustachios. Enough said, the beautifully turned-out outfit dashed off jingling to glory. No doubt, like us, they had watered their horses and mules on the road, but unlike us they had a tank of drinking water slung under the spring-waggon. I had been condemned

without a hearing. The Squadron Sergeant-Major, finding others on the spot, had passed me the buck to save his men. Thanks be the waggon from Salisbury turned up just after that, there was no time to be lost with those sick men. The exchange was made and the town escort went off to beautiful Salisbury - my lot back to conditions that gave men suffering from malaria little chance of full recovery - and needless to say the jackals got their deferred meal. It was not long after this that intermittent fever compelled my doing light duty only and I was put in charge of the Quartermaster's stores. Time went on. I got worse till, becoming quite unfit, hospital was my only chance and it finally came to my turn to make that doleful trip on a bumping waggon. I do not remember much of that waggon journey except that on the last night before reaching Salisbury we outspanned at a farmhouse occupied by either Germans or Scandinavians ⁽¹⁸⁾. I was quite beyond helping myself in any way whatever, and was not removed from the waggon. It was after dark when a kindly lady brought me some soup, feeding me with a spoon. That kindness without doubt gave me a little more time. We trekked at sunrise and arrived at Salisbury at sunset and outspanned alongside the present Legislative Assembly. Rightly or wrongly I have no recollection of medical aid there; it was said the hospital was full and the doctor would say what was to be done with me when he came round. I could see and hear, but could not speak or move. Some of my friends came round and their talk was anxious for something to be done. However came sunrise; my friends came again and I heard them say that the doctor wouldn't be there before noon or one o'clock after he had finished at the hospital and I'd likely be dead by then; so at the risk of being crimed by the Pouter Pigeon in charge of the Barrack Ward they got a stretcher and carried me up to the hospital, and as we passed under the verandah and I saw the roof above me I knew the question of time had passed; here was real help, suitable food and the care of devoted women. From that moment I had hope, I wanted to live. Never will I forget the care of Mother Patrick and her devoted Sisters without whose care I could not have lived, and the years since have not been all in vain.

I recovered but did not get beyond 'Light Duty' and toward the end of August, 1897, was called for a medical examination. Our Principal Medical Officer, Dr. Fleming ⁽¹⁹⁾, said I could not expect to survive another wet season and I would be advised to take my discharge. I liked the country and the work and wanted to remain, we would soon be getting more reasonable conditions of living, food, and housing, but the P.M.O. insisted I had to go. I was put in charge of a Scotch-cart and eight donkeys plus eight men discharged as medically unfit; and eight men with their kit is no small load for a Scotch-cart; it was no pleasure trip. Early rains were with us and we had to camp early to let the donkeys graze. Later, having tied the disselboom to a tree, we tied the donkeys to the disselboom, for a sharp rain had decided us that we would not light a fire to keep off vermin, and all hands crowded under the cart for some shelter. Being last in I was near the donkeys' hooves and during the night they started kicking and struggling. A lion had come for his supper, fortunately alone; a few rounds were Bred but it did no good for we only had seven donkeys to continue the trip. At Marandellas I only remember a store with walls and out-buildings forming a square ⁽²⁰⁾, wherein we found the Umtali Volunteers under Major "Maori"

Brown (²¹). At last we got to Umtali, now moved below the Christmas Pass. It was not much of a township, mostly wattle-and-daub buildings but the population had something to celebrate and all hands, possibly some forty men, were marching behind a Jock, with bagpipes skirling, from one to the other of the two pubs. They were certainly happy, but I was not, as I could find no one interested in sick men, so we carried on to camp east of the town. We finally got to Chimoio, handed over the cart, donkeys and arms and entrained for Beira. There we found all the hotels full and had to sleep on the beach. Some of us got a chill and malaria claimed us again, so that after a week, when we got aboard a German liner for Durban and food was to be had in super-abundance, I could eat nothing but an occasional dry biscuit with soda water.

The next three months of battling to recover health and obtain employment was a nightmare that hardly bears thinking about. No one wanted a broken, fever-stricken soldier or cared what happened to him, there was no B.E.S.L. in those days to help expended men and if serving men to-day knew what a boon that helpful service can be to ex-soldiers in distress the B.E.S.L. would be more heartily supported.

It was a passing phase. Life offers more recompense than knocks, if we seek.

With kind thoughts to all remaining members of the Mashonaland Mounted Police.

NOTES

(By A. S. Hickman)

1. 29 December 1895 to 2 January 1896.
2. Major A. V. Gosling, formerly in the Bechuanaland Border Police, served in command of 'G' Troop in the Jameson Raid, and later as an officer in the British South Africa Police.
3. Lieut.-Col. the Hon. F. R. W. E. De Moleyns, D.S.O., (4th Hussars), Commandant of the Mashonaland Division of the British South Africa Police.
4. Old Hartley; see "Norton District in the Mashona Rebellion", in *Rhodesiana*, No. 3, 1958.
5. Fort Martin; named after Col. Sir Richard Martin who was appointed by the Imperial authorities as first Commandant-General of the British South Africa Company's forces; see "Norton District in the Mashona Rebellion," in *Rhodesiana*, No. 3, 1958.
6. Capt. J. J. Roach commanded the Artillery Troop of the Pioneer Corps in 1890. In 1896 he was an officer in the British South Africa Police. He was killed in action in 1902 in the western Transvaal.

7. Hartley Hill had been turned into a fort by the British South Africa Police and the hospital was half-way to the summit. Hartley Hill is now an Historical Monument.
8. Capt. W. J. MacQueen, formerly of the Bechuanaland Border Police, had served in the Jameson Raid as a Sub-Lieut. in 'G' Troop. He was later appointed an officer in the British South Africa Police.
9. Later Sir John Norton-Griffiths, known as "Empire Jack"; see "Norton District in the Mashona Rebellion", in *Rhodesiana*, No. 3, 1958.
10. Lieut. Cecil Ford, ex Seaforth Highlanders.
11. Glover's cap and badge are on show in the Queen Victoria Museum, Salisbury.
12. Chishawasha Mission had been besieged in June 1896, the Mission staff being evacuated to Salisbury under protest. They returned after five weeks. The Superior was Fr. Francis Richartz, S.J.; see W. F. Rea, *Loyola Mission, Chishawasha, 1892-1962*. Chishawasha, the Mission, 1962.
13. Capt. Colin Harding of the British South Africa Police. His account of the Mtoko patrol is told in his book *Far bugles*. Simpkin, Marshall, 1933.
14. This was the Hon. Hubert Howard. Both he and Harding subsequently went down with malaria.
15. Domborembudzi Hill on the road to Mrewa.
16. Lieut.-Col. the Hon. F. R. W. E. De Moleyns, D.S.O.
17. Earl Grey, the Administrator.
18. Haupt's Farm? Haupt was a German and his old homestead, Haupt Lodge, is the home of Brigadier and Mrs. L. J. Woodhouse, at Rhodesville.
19. Dr. A. M. Fleming, C.M.G., who had a long and distinguished career, served as Medical Director in Southern Rhodesia from 1897 until 1930. In his later years he became Laird of Dunsinane, and went to live in Scotland.
20. On the site of the present Ruzawi School.
21. Major G. Hamilton-Browne, who had seen service in New Zealand and South Africa, and was at one time adjutant of the Diamond Fields Horse at Kimberley.

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