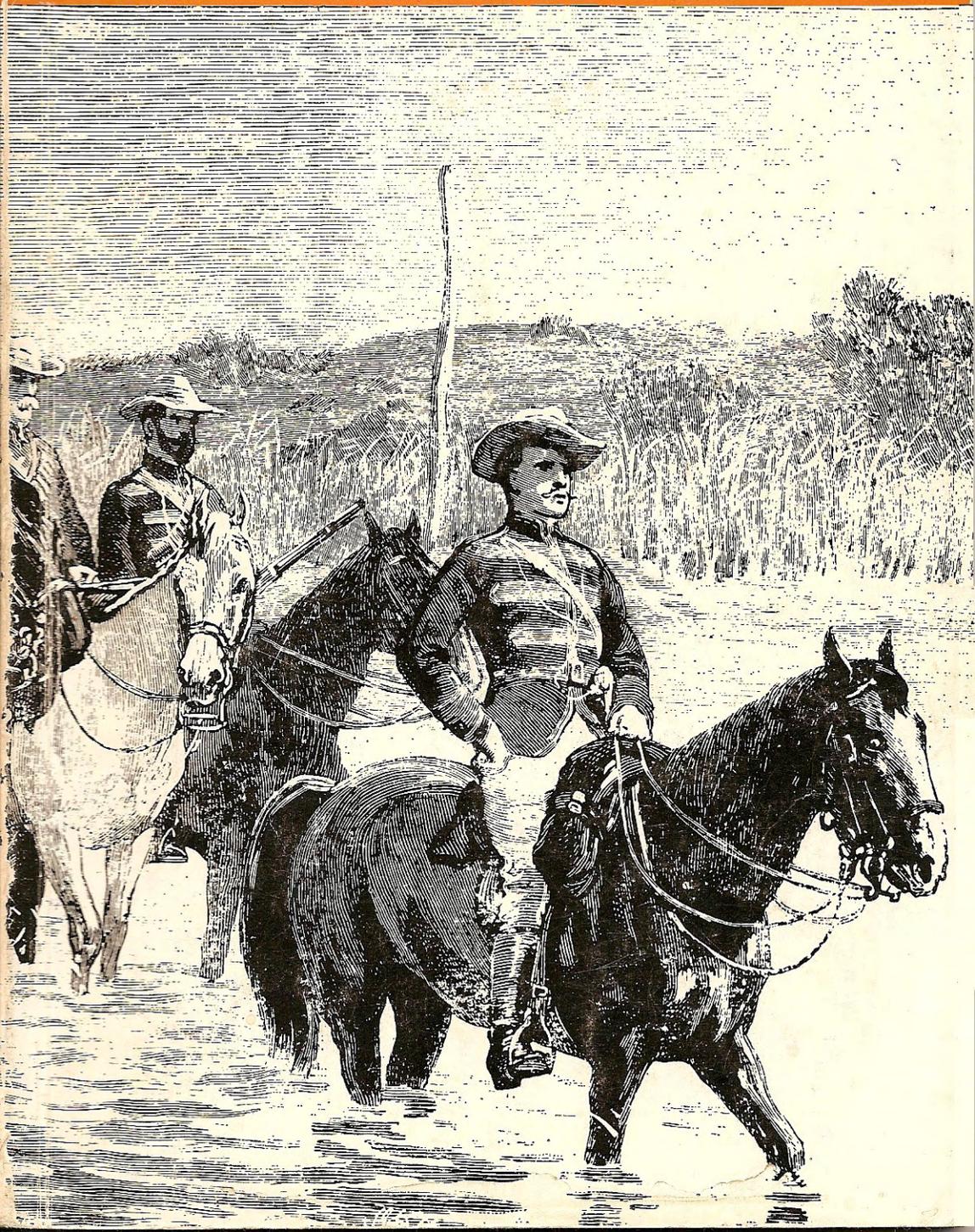


RHODESIANA

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1910



The Standard Bank, Umtali.

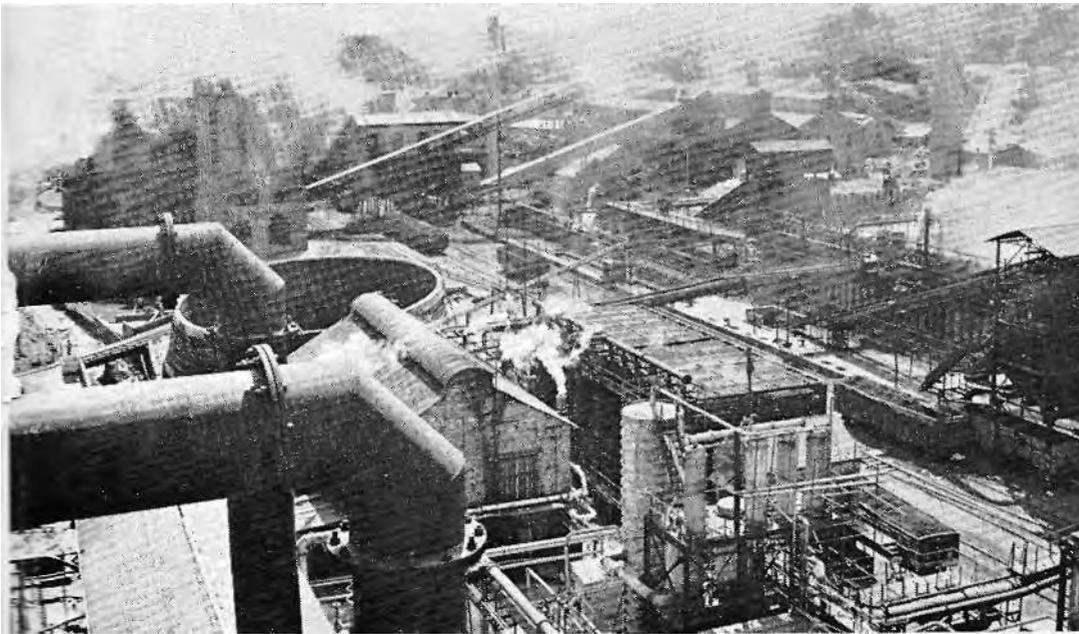
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WANKIE 1897-1965



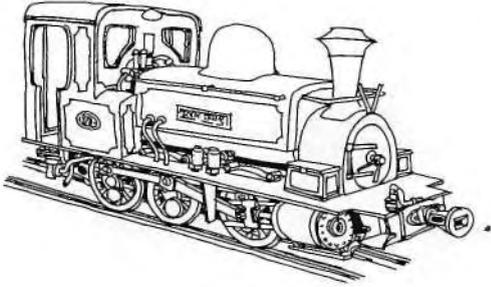
The first exploratory shaft was sunk at Wankie in 1897 after Albert Giese had pegged 400 square miles of claims on behalf of the Mashonaland Agency Limited. The first production and dispatch of coal by rail took place in 1903.



{Anglo American Corporation}

The coke works and by-products plant at Wankie Colliery Company Limited, today. The company first began operations in this area at No. 1 Colliery which is now on a caretaker basis with large areas worked out.

After 1953, when administration of the company was taken over by Anglo American Corporation, mechanised mining methods were introduced at No. 2 Colliery and a third colliery, No. 3, was established west of No. 2 Colliery.



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RHODESIANA

Publication No. 12 — September, 1965

THE RHODESIANA SOCIETY

Salisbury

Rhodesia

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*The cover picture is from a drawing of the Pioneer Column crossing
the Shashi River into Mashonaland, 11 July, 1890. (National
Archives)*

The Rhodesiana Society

PATRONS: His Excellency the Hon. Sir Humphrey Gibbs,
K.C.M.G., O.B.E., and the Hon. Lady Gibbs.

The Society exists to promote Rhodesian historical studies and to encourage research. It also aims to unite all who wish to foster a wider appreciation and knowledge of the history of Rhodesia.

There is no entrance fee; the subscription is £1 1s. 0d. (\$3.50) a year, and this entitles paid-up members to all issues of *Rhodesiana* during the year.

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Manuscripts will be welcomed by the Editor (P.O. Box 8268, Causeway, Rhodesia); they should preferably be typed in double spacing, and be complete with any illustrations.

This special issue of "Rhodesiana" is produced in commemoration of the 75th anniversary of the formal establishment of our country in 1890. It is dedicated, with respect and remembrance, to all Pioneers.



His Excellency The Right Honourable Sir Humphrey Gibbs,
K.C.M.G., O.B.E., and The Honourable Lady Gibbs

FOREWORD

BY

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR OF RHODESIA, THE HON.
SIR HUMPHREY GIBBS, K.C.M.G., O.B.E.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE
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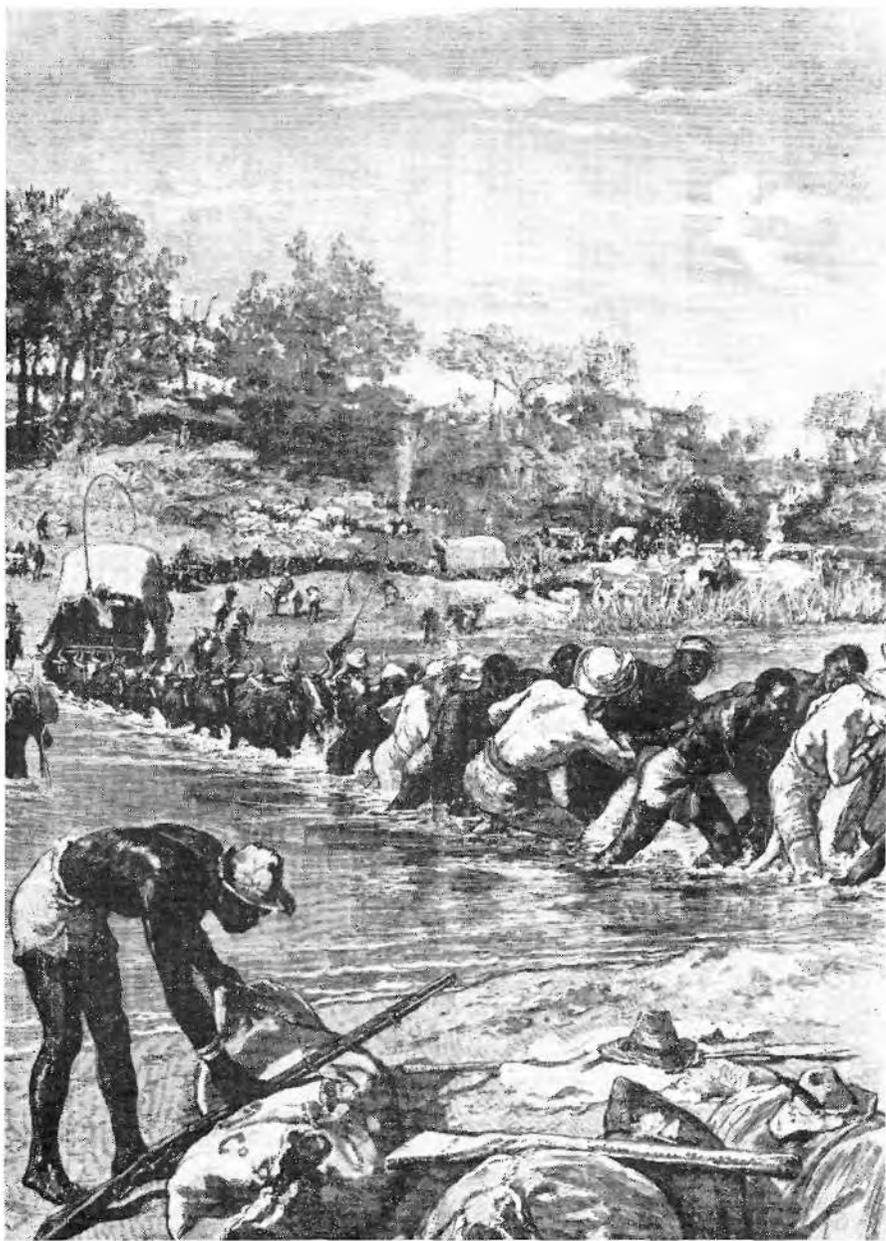
Seventy-five years ago, in July 1890, an expedition left Fort Tuli for Mashonaland and reached the site of what is now Salisbury in September of that year. This primary objective had been achieved successfully and without casualty and marked the beginning of the development of the country we are proud to call Rhodesia.

However, the years which followed presented many hazards to those who were endeavouring to consolidate this initial success; not the least of which were extremely heavy rains, wild beasts, malaria, rinderpest, locusts and 'other adversities'. Had it not been for the steadfastness of our people in the face of such difficult circumstances, our country could well have disintegrated. But they won through and established for us traditions of service and foundations of civilisation which it is our duty to maintain and develop for the mutual benefit of all our people.

Apart from the indigenous tribes and the Europeans of many nations, descendants of coloured people, Zulus, Pingos and Xosas, who came here with the pioneers, are also numbered amongst the peoples of Rhodesia. I am confident that all races here will be welded into a true nation of Rhodesians.

My wife and I, as patrons of "Rhodesiana" would like to commend the efforts of the Committee in producing this special number to commemorate the seventy-fifth year of our development. All the articles published should prove to be of special interest to Rhodesians, and those who have contributed to their accurate composition are to be congratulated. All the articles emphasize the part played by our forbears in the advancement of our country in episodes which were both grave and light-hearted. For this edition, and those of the past, I should like to thank "Rhodesiana" and wish it every success in its praiseworthy efforts to record and make known our proud history.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading 'Humphrey Gibbs', with a horizontal line underneath.



The Pioneer Column (from "Black and White", October 25th, 1890)
(National Archives)

Rhodesia in 1890

by H. F. (Skipper) Hoste

Henry Francis Hoste was one of the older officers when at the age of 37 he was commissioned as a captain in the Pioneer Corps, but he had a wealth of unusual experience to contribute.

He was born in 1853 at Stanhoe, near Sandringham in Norfolk, the son of the Reverend W. P. Hoste, who was later Dean of St. Paul's, and a descendant of Admiral Sir William Hoste who fought as a midshipman under Nelson and commanded at a notable engagement off the island of Lissa in 1811. Hoste, after Haileybury, failed his entrance examination for the Royal Navy and joined the Merchant Navy instead, serving a three-year apprenticeship in a China tea clipper. From sail he went into steam in the service of the Union Steam Ship Company and he first visited South Africa as fourth officer of the R.M.S. Teuton. In 1877 he was a member of an expedition sponsored by the Foreign Office to enquire into the slave trade in Central Africa; Herbert, a brother of Cecil Rhodes, was another member of the party, which became the first to reach the north tip of Lake Nyasa overland. Subsequently he rejoined the Union Company as its Commodore and from 1883 to 1890 was captain of the R.M.S. Trojan. He describes below the circumstances in which he met Rhodes and joined the Pioneer Corps as Captain of 'B' Troop.

After the disbandment of the Pioneer Corps in Mashonaland he was involved in the operations against the Portuguese in Manicaland. He cast his fortunes with those of the new country, as a prospector and miner and later as a farmer. During the 1896 Rebellion he was commissioned as a major and appointed second in command of the Salisbury Field Force. He died in January 1936.

A few years before his death he compiled an account of Forty Years Ago: Rhodesia in 1890, which was clearly taken very closely from the diary he kept during his early days in the country. This diary has since disappeared but I am indebted to his grandson, Mr. P. H. Hoste-Davies, of Melsetter, for permission to publish these extracts from the later account. They have all the force of contemporary description. Some notes have been added where it has been thought necessary to clarify the text.

E.E.B.

The first time I heard of the expedition for the purpose of occupying Mashonaland was from Rhodes himself in August 1889. It happened thus: I was sailing from Southampton to the Cape in

command of the R.M.S. Trojan belonging to the Union Steam Ship Company; we had passed through the Needles Passage, dropped the pilot, and having set a course that would take us down channel, I came off the bridge, and was just entering my cabin, when I heard a voice behind me say "Hallo, Hoste! Have you forgotten me?" I turned round to see who it was, and found Rhodes standing there. I shook hands with him, saying, "I did not know you were on board; I don't think your name is on the passenger list." "No, it isn't", he replied. "I didn't want a crowd of people seeing me off, so I sent a clerk up from the office to take my ticket, and I believe my name is Thompson, however now we're away I'll resume my original name."

During the voyage he used to come into my cabin and sit there telling me his schemes, and what he was going to do with his new country, and how the occupation of it was the first step towards the realization of his great dream of the Union Jack flying over all the land from the Cape of Good Hope to Cairo. I well remember the day we discovered Beira. Rhodes came into my cabin, saying, "You know the east coast of Africa pretty well, don't you? Do you know of a place called Tungey, Sungey, or Pungey, or some such name? I want a port for my country, and I believe that there's a bay with a name something like that just to the eastward of it." "Yes," said I, "I know of a place called Tongwe Bay. but it's several hundred miles too far north to be any good to you; however we'll have a look at the chart." I accordingly got out the chart of the east coast and spread it out on the table. "Here's the place for you!" I exclaimed. "Mazinane Bay.¹ It's right abreast of your precious country; it seems to be an estuary formed by the mouths of two rivers."

Rhodes in the meantime was reading the names of the rivers. "Ah!" he squealed out, "What did I tell you, Hoste? What did I tell you? Tungey, Bungey, Pungey. One of these rivers is called the Pungwe. There, I know more about the east coast than you do!"

Whilst he was chortling over his discovery, I took down "The East Coast Pilot" from the bookshelf, and from it we learnt that there was a safe anchorage off the little town of Beira, which from the description given in the book seemed to be rather a one-horse place. Rhodes asked for the loan of the book, and went off with it under his arm, still chuckling over his Tungey, Bungey, or Pungey. Soon after this we arrived at Cape Town, and Rhodes went on ashore taking his plans and schemes with him; however I couldn't get them out of my head, and I made up my mind that if it could be worked I would take a hand in the forthcoming expedition.

I can say that I was not altogether a green hand at that sort of work, as a few years before I had managed to get leave from the Union Company, and had joined a Foreign Office expedition led by Fred Elton that went into Central Africa for the purpose of inquiring into, and suppressing the slave trade. Rhodes's brother Herbert was also a member of the expedition.

To cut a long story short, I got everything fixed up by the beginning of the new year; I interviewed the Union Company's directors, who were very good, and told me that if I liked to

return at any time within two years my job would be open for me. I arrived at Cape Town on February 20th, 1890, where I learnt that a contract for raising and equipping the Pioneer Corps, to which I had been appointed, cutting the road to the vicinity of Mount Hampden, building forts, and occupying Mashonaland, had been entered into between Cecil John Rhodes (on behalf of the British South Africa Company) and Messrs. Johnson, Heany, and Borrow. I also learnt that the High Commissioner—Sir Henry Loch—had insisted on the Pioneers being accompanied on their march north by several troops of the newly organised British South Africa Company's Police, the whole Force to be under the command of Lieut.-Col. E. G. Pennefather (6th Inniskilling Dragoons) who was O.C. Police.

On June 25th, 1890, we broke camp at Macloutsie, and marched on again. The next day we had a call from a Transvaal Boer, Frikkie Krief. We had been warned that he was coming to spy on our strength, in the interest of some Transvaal filibusters, so we were quite prepared to see him, and as we had nothing to be ashamed of we made him a welcome guest, and showed him everything. In the evening, after dinner, we had a bucksail with a bulls-eye marked on it hung to a couple of the trees, about two hundred yards away from the electric searchlight. We then turned the beam on the target. First, eight of our best shots fired at it, and though we could not mark the shots properly it was fairly easy to see where the heavy Martini bullets struck by the vivid light generated by the searchlight. That impressed Frikkie considerably. Then Biscoe², who was somewhat of an artist with a maxim, made patterns all over the target, and finished up by signing his name right across it. The 7-pounder was then fired at it and the whole contraption swept away. That finished Frikkie, who exclaimed, "Allemagtig! That's not fighting, it's murder". He left us next morning, satisfied with what he had seen. We crossed into the "Disputed Territory" on June 27th. It was claimed by both Khama and Lobengula, hence its name. We had now to take all sorts of precautions; we laagered whenever we halted, whether by day or night, and we marched by day only, as there was always a chance that Lobengula might send some of his impis to turn us out.

June 28th was quite an eventful day. During our midday halt we were joined by 'A' Troop of the British South Africa Company's Police. They were a hundred strong and a smart and useful crowd at that. They were under Capt. Melville Heyman and Lieuts. H. V. Brackenbury and the Hon. Eustace Fiennes. That night we laagered at Selous' camp. He had been making a road for us. We found him very fit. He reported that all was quiet across the border and so far as he could find out all that Lobengula wanted was peace and quiet. Selous now joined us as Chief Intelligence Officer.

Mr. Archibald Colquhoun, and his secretary Mr. C. F. Harrison, also joined us that evening. He had driven through from Palapye. Mr. Colquhoun was to take over the administration of Mashonaland on our arrival at our destination. In the meantime he was acting as the special correspondent of The Times. We had a terribly dusty march on June 29th. 'B' Troop was doing

rear guard that day, so we got all the dust that was kicked up by the long train of wagons, to say nothing of the guns and horses. It was like a fog, only considerably more gritty.

That night a lion visited one of our outposts; he growled for a few minutes, then went away and left them in peace.

June 30th. We laagered that night at Baobabspruit after another dusty march, but my troop was forming the advance guard, and had quite a pleasant time. During the march Adair Campbell, who was scouting on the flank, nearly rode over a leopard: it grinned at him and slunk off into the bush. We arrived at the Shashi river, the boundary of Matabeleland proper, on July 1st. As soon as we had laagered we started to build a fort. It came to be called Fort Tuli, owing to an idea that was prevalent in camp that the Shashi was the Tuli.

We had hardly finished drawing up our laager when 18 Matabele warriors appeared on the scene. They crossed the river and came swaggering into our camp as if they owned it. They were a tough looking lot; big hefty men, variously armed with assegais and guns of many patterns. They all carried oxhide shields, the hallmark of the soldier. Borrow took the opportunity of airing his Sindebele on them and chaffed them; which amused them mightily and they roared with laughter at his jokes. The next day our Matabele friends were still loafing about the camp and were becoming rather a nuisance, so we gave them an ox to eat, and told them to go home. They took the ox, crossed the river driving it in front of them, and were seen no more.

Soon after they had departed the O.C. sent for me and told me that I was to collect 40 volunteers, as he wanted me to go across the river to cut a road for the column, and reconnoitre the country generally; I should possibly have to go in three days' time. I at once fell in 'B' Troop and said, "I've been told to get 40 volunteers to come across the river with me to cut a road and reconnoitre. I'm giving you chaps the first chance. Now all who'll come with me two paces to the front. Quick march." The whole troop stepped forward like one man. I then dismissed them and reported to the O.C. that all my troop had volunteered. So that business was settled.

That day horsesickness broke out among our horses in earnest and we had several cases. July 3rd. All hands were busy building the fort and clearing the bush away from the vicinity of it. Another party were fixing up a drift across the river. So far as the river was concerned, though the bed of it was over a quarter of a mile wide, all the water there was was a little stream about ten yards wide and six inches deep near the east bank.

There were five or six more cases of horsesickness this day: my troop were suffering badly as all our horses were unsalted.

General Methuen turned up in the afternoon.³ He had come, he said, to wish us goodbye and God

speed, and incidentally to get a little shooting.

On July 4th a crowd of thirty Matabele turned up with a letter from Lobengula that had to go to Headquarters. I don't know for certain what was in it, but I heard that it was to say that he didn't think that he would be able to hold his young men, so we'd better go home again. It was sent on to Headquarters, and the Matabele Induna stated his intention of remaining in our camp until the answer was handed to him. Under these circumstances Major Johnson thought it would be better to delay my departure until these unwelcome visitors left, as they would undoubtedly send word to Bulawayo if we went, and though the Matabele might think twice before they attacked the column, they would hardly be able to resist the temptation of having a smack at a small party. We were still losing horses from horse sickness at the rate of four or five a day.

Another recruit joined us this day; a man named Armstrong. He was sick when we left Kimberley, so couldn't join there. He was determined to come, so he followed us up as soon as he had recovered. July 5th. At daylight Radikladi—Khama's brother—marched in with 250 men. 50 of them well armed and mounted, who were to act as scouts; the remaining 200 were labourers, to work on the roads, herd cattle, and do odd jobs. When the Matabele saw this crowd march in they cleared out at their best speed, and crossed the river. We sent scouts to shadow them, to see what their game was. The scouts returned soon after dark, and reported that they were making a bee line for Bulawayo, where I imagine that they reported to the King that Khama was taking a hand in the matter. As soon as the Matabele were out of sight, I got orders to parade my troop in full marching order the next day at 10 a.m. I was to take Dr. Litchfield with me in case of accidents,⁴ and Selous was to come as guide. Dr. Jameson, who had joined us a few days earlier in his capacity of Rhodes's alter ego, was coming along too. We were to have a wagon, to carry kit and food, a water cart, and five spare horses.

On that afternoon we had a football match in the bed of the river. "B" Troop had challenged the world, that is to say the whole of the rest of the Pioneer Corps and 'A' Troop of the Police. It was terrible work running about in ankle-deep sand, but we managed to get through with it, and the first rugby football match played in the country resulted in a draw, slightly in favour of 'B' Troop.

General Methuen after wishing us all goodbye left for the south about noon.

On July 5th at 10 a.m. 'B' Troop paraded in full marching order on the parade ground in front of the embryo fort. Just as I was going to mount my horse, Trumpeter, I discovered to my disgust that he was showing unmistakable signs of horsesickness, so I shifted the saddle to my second horse, who rejoiced in the name of Satan. The men had given him the name when we were in Mafeking, partly because he had upset the parson and partly on account of his colour, which was black. However in spite of his name he was a good horse. I handed Trumpeter over to 'Daddy'

Farrell and asked him to do his best for him.⁵ which he promised to do. When we had fallen in and had been inspected by the O.C. we marched off amid cheers from the rest of the column, who had all come along to see us off. We crossed the river and landed on the other side, thus being the first members of the expedition to enter Matabeleland officially, though the first to actually cross were Heany,⁶ Heyman and myself; we had ridden across to the opposite bank whilst the laager was being drawn up the day that we arrived at Tuli. but our visit was quite unofficial.

As soon as we reached the other side we started chopping out a road. Our modus operandi was that one man of each half section dismounted and chopped, the other man rode, led his mate's horse and carried his rifle. As soon as the man with the axe got tired they swapped jobs. In this way we got along fairly well and, though the trees were Mopane, which is about the hardest wood in Africa, we had done five miles of it by sunset.

At sunset we formed a thorn zariba and camped. We placed our wagon at one end of the zariba and the water-cart at the other end, with a picket rope for the horses stretched between them. Every man slept behind his own horse, that's to say those who were off duty. We had a picket of three men outside the zariba and three more inside, with a Non-com, in charge of the lot. Jameson, Selous, Litchfield, Bobbie Beal—my subaltern—and I slept at the wagon end, also close to our horses.

On July 7th we had another day's hard chopping. We were still among the Mopane trees, but we did a good day's work, about 13 miles, and eventually made our zariba near a Makalanga kraal. The people there were very civil and obliging, selling us goats, sheep, and milk. They also supplied us with two guides to take us to the Tshabezi river, the guide who had come with us from Tuli having come to the end of his tether. They told us that the Matabele had not been their way for some time—a fact that their prosperous condition told us better than anything that they could say.

We got away at dawn on July 8th. That day we struck a much better bit of country; the trees were not nearly so crowded, and we accomplished 13 miles by sunset.

On July 9th we crossed the Mzingwane, and camped on the north-east bank. Here we stayed for a day to rest the men, and sharpen the axes, which were getting a bit dull. We found a species of sandstone on the banks of the river that put quite a good edge on them.

Just after we had built our zariba one of our scouts came in to say that three Matabele warriors had been seen close by, to the westward, but they were apparently unaware of our proximity; his two mates were following them up and watching them.

As soon as the camp was fixed up and the men were sharpening their axes I fixed up a fishing rod and went down to the river, which was only sand with an occasional waterhole. I tried one of the waterholes and in half an hour I caught four barbel averaging about 4 lbs. each. A bright thought struck me. Why not give the men a feed of fish, and save bully beef? So I told Bobbie Beal to take a couple of men and go fishing. I supplied them with some hooks and lines that I had amongst my kit and off they went. The fish were simply ravenous, and by midday they had caught enough to give all hands a fish dinner. They carried on again in the afternoon and we had fish again for supper. Our scouts turned up about sunset and reported that they had followed the three Matabele a long way, and had eventually lost them in some thick bush; they were heading north-west when last seen.

July 11th we were off at dawn, and found ourselves in a thick Mopane forest again; so hard slogging was the order of the day, especially as we had twenty miles to go before we reached the Tshabezi river and, according to our native guides, there was no water until we got there. However if we pushed on fairly fast our water-cart would see us through, so far as men and horses were concerned, though the unhappy oxen would have to go thirsty. In spite of the Mopane we did a good trek, and found ourselves within about five miles of the Tshabezi by sunset. The next morning we started off as soon as there was a sign of light in the sky, and pushed on. Soon the trees began to thin out and we made better speed. Eventually we reached the Tshabezi at eight o'clock in the morning.

The river didn't look too hopeful at the first glance. There was not a sign of water, nothing but sand, but on investigation we found that we could get as much water as we wanted by digging for it, the water being only about a foot below the surface.

Soon after we had camped some men who had been scouting on the flank rode in, and reported that they had ridden into a herd of about twenty elephants three miles away.

That afternoon I got an accession to my force in the shape of ten of Khama's mounted men under a chief named Matipi, a decent old boy, but he would never have taken a prize at a beauty show; my chaps nicknamed him "The Wildebeeste."

July 13th being Sunday we had a day off. In the afternoon I received word from the column to say that they were on the road, and had crossed the Shashi. I was therefore instructed to stay where I was until they caught me up, which would probably be in five or six days. On the strength of this I handed over to Selous (who was Chief Intelligence Officer) a sergeant and ten men, and old Matipi and his ten Mangwatos, to enable him to patrol the country round about.

On July 14th we started in to make a good drift across the river. Selous' patrols returned in the evening and reported that they had not come across any Matabele. They had visited several kraals

and had found the Banyai—as the natives in that part of the country were called—in a very miserable condition, mostly living in holes in the rocks, like baboons. They, the Banyai, said that they had been raided some months back by the Matabele, who had killed all the old men and women that they could lay their hands on, and taken away the young men, girls, and cattle. This the Matabele called "collecting taxes."

July 15th, one of our patrols reported that they had visited a Banyai kraal about twelve miles off, and that the people there had told them that twenty Matabele under an induna, Tombela, had passed by four days before. They were on their way to the Limpopo to "collect taxes" in that district. On July 16th, the drift finished, we began to clear away a spacious site for the laager on the north-east side of the river. We got word in the afternoon that the column was crossing the Mzingwane.

That night a brute of a hyena paid us a visit. He came within a yard or two of our zariba at about eight o'clock in the evening, as we were smoking our postprandial pipes, and let out a yell that would have roused the dead. Now there was a yarn floating round that the war-cry of the Imbezu, Lobengula's crack regiment, was the howl of a hyena, so I fancy that some of the crowd thought for a moment that we were for it. I am sure Jameson did, for he said in the silence that succeeded the yell, "That's a good imitation". However Selous reassured him by saying. "Don't you worry yourself, Doctor, there's no human throat in the world that's capable of making that infernal row". After the first yell the brute wandered round the zariba for another half hour, and then loafed off still howling.

On July 17th we finished the laager site, and had everything ready for the advent of the column. In the morning Jameson left us and rode back along the road to meet it.

That night a sentry on the north-east bank of the river got a bad fright. A herd of elephants walked down the river bed; it was very dark, and all that he could see was a procession of huge black objects, looking like a street of houses out for a walk. I believe that he always maintained that he wasn't scared, but that he climbed the nearest tree as fast as he could so that he would be able to see better.

We had a change of weather on July 18th, a cloudy sky and a cold drizzling rain. The column arrived at 10 a.m. I had my crowd standing by at the drift to give any help that might be required in getting the wagons through, but they all got across without accident; there were 123 of them now and they stretched out, even when close up together, for nearly four miles.

There had been a considerable accession of strength to the column since I left it at Tuli. as 'B' Troop of the Police under Captain P. W. Forbes (6th Inniskilling Dragoons) had joined it. Lieut.-Col. E. G. Pennefather (6th Inniskilling Dragoons) who was O.C. Police, had arrived on the scene

too, and had taken over the command of the whole column, both Pioneers and Police.

The Pioneer Corps had also a slight addition to its numbers in "The Twelve Apostles", though as a matter of fact there were thirteen of them. They were thirteen young fellows selected by Rhodes himself at Kimberley. They were supposed to act as the Administrator's bodyguard, but as the Administrator had not yet taken over his job a bodyguard would be no use to him. Heany and I therefore divided them up between us. Their names were F. W. Adcock, P. W. Campbell, T. J. Christison, A. Eliot, W. L. Cornwall, R. T. Coryndon, W. D. Durell, F. Ehlert, H. W. Featherstonehaugh, J. Grimmer, J. M. McRobert, B. E. A. O'Meara, and W. K. Stier. On our arrival at our destination the first Civil Servants were selected from them.

Bob Coryndon, one of them, was the first Administrator of Northern Rhodesia and died a few years ago as Governor of Kenya. Jack Grimmer, another of them, acted as private secretary to Rhodes for many years, and died a few days after Rhodes himself did.

The total strength of the Pioneer Corps was now 21 officers and 167 noncommissioned officers and men. Two members of the Corps, Lieutenant A. Dennison and Q.M.S. Charles Vialls, were at Palapye acting as forwarding agents for us.

Of the Police I can only give a rough estimate, they amounted to somewhere about 200 all told. There were also attached to the column about 500 Coloured men and natives, made up of drivers, leaders, servants, and Khama's contingent.

When the column marched in I rejoiced to see my horse, Trumpeter, trotting along at the head of the spare horses, with his tail cocked, looking as fit as a fiddle. 'Daddy' Farrell told me that he had had horsesickness right enough, but mildly, and had salted, the proof of which was that I had him until he died of old age ten years later.

We left the Tshabezi the next morning, and proceeded on our way to the north and, to the great disgust of my troop, 'A' Troop was sent on ahead and we had to stay with the column. The language that my chaps used over the matter I will omit; it might corrupt the chap who sets up the type. On July 20th we had several promotions among the N.C.O.s of the Pioneer Corps—among others I remember that my brother Derick was promoted to Lance-Corporal.⁷ That evening they had a little "tea-party" to celebrate the promotions. I gave Derick a bottle of whisky to wet his stripe with, and they raised another bottle or two besides, with the result that they had a very merry evening. Unfortunately it ended in disaster. It appeared that H. P. Brown, who was my Troop Sergeant-Major, had chafed himself slightly riding, and late in the evening confided his trouble to the Hospital Orderly, who told him that he would give him some carbolic oil to rub the place with. Accordingly they went off to the hospital wagon together, where Hosking, the H.O., told Brown to clear for action, and hold out his hand. He then poured a liberal allowance of what

he thought was carbolic oil into Brown's hand, and told him to rub it in hard. He didn't rub for long. In less than a minute he was careering round the laager, holding up his breeches with one hand, shouting and blaspheming loud enough to wake the dead; at any rate he woke the whole laager up. I turned out 'B' Troop to catch him, which after a while we succeeded in doing; we then handed him over to Dr. Litchfield, who we looked upon as a member of the troop. It was then discovered that they had got hold of the wrong bottle, and had used carbolic acid instead of carbolic oil. The poor chap was very badly burnt, and had to stay in the Hospital wagon for some weeks.

Nothing of interest happened on July 21st.

The next day we had to laager on the south bank of the Buby river while a drift was being made. As I was busy with my crowd in the bed of the river fixing up the drift Biscoe came down to have a yarn, and while he was there he spotted a black face peering at us out of the reeds on the north bank, so we went to investigate and found nine Matabele warriors hidden away there watching us. I told them that they had better come up to the laager and see the N'kos M'kulu. They were nothing loth, so we marched them up to Colonel Pennefather who questioned them. One of them, who was apparently the head man of the party, told him that Lobengula had sent them to see that the Banyai didn't hurt us. The Colonel replied that it was very kind of Lobengula, and told them to go back to the king and thank him for his care of us. He then ordered that a goat should be given them, and as soon as they had got it they went on their way rejoicing.

On July 23rd we had a capsise. I was doing rear guard with my troop, when Major Johnson rode up and told me to scrape up all the old sailors that I could find, as the wagon that carried the engine and boiler belonging to the electric searchlight had capsized crossing a donga. I accordingly left Beal in charge of the troops and, taking my brother Derick and a man called Valentine Baker, both old sailors, I went on to 'C' Troop where I borrowed the machine guns' crews, who were all sailors. We then went on to the wagon which we found with its wheels uppermost. We then turned to and cut down three large straight trees—fortunately there were plenty close by—and rigged up some sheer-legs. In a short time we had the wagon the right side up again, and found that the only damage done was a slight crack in the smokestack, which had been unshipped and lashed alongside the boiler.

That was about the only serious capsise we had during the whole trip, though Sandy Tulloch and his Gardner gun used to capsise in about five sluits out of every ten. His idea was to rush them. In theory the idea was probably good, but in practice it generally ended in a capsise.

On July 24th one of my boys caused a sensation whilst we were on the march. That day 'B' Troop was furnishing the flanking patrols, and a young fellow named Harvey, who was on the left flank in the thick bush, suddenly found himself on top of a herd of zebra. They, of course, cleared out,

and he, without thinking of the disturbance he would cause, fired at one of them as it was disappearing. As soon as the shot was heard the column was halted. The bush was too thick and too close up to the road to give us room or doubtless we would have started in to laager. I at once rode out to the flank to see what was the matter; I found out what it was, and put the offender under arrest. On my way back I met the troop of police that had been despatched to strengthen the flanking patrol. I told them what had happened and returned to the column, which on receipt of my news once more proceeded on its way. I remember I had a big job to soothe down the bosses; their idea was to make an example of the unhappy chap which, as he was a very good man, did not meet my views. However after a lot of argument I got my way, and when he came up to the Orderly Room next day he was only severely reprimanded.

We arrived at Matibi's on July 25th and laagered for the day in a natural amphitheatre surrounded at some distance by high hills. The hills were inhabited by the Banyai, whose kraals were stuck up in all sorts of inaccessible places. They came down in crowds to trade mealies, pumpkins, beans, etc. They told us that so far as they knew there were not large bodies of Matabele about, but that some months before they had been raided, many of their men being killed, and a lot of women and cattle carried off.

We broke up our laager at 2 p.m. and proceeded to cross the Mtchwani river. It took us close on five hours to get the column across, as the bottom of the river was muddy, and wagon after wagon stuck. However all hands turned to, most of them stripped to the bare buff, and with much shoving and shouting, the wagons were eventually got through, and we laagered on the north bank.

That afternoon a party of sixteen Matabele came across 'A' Troop, who were ahead road-making, and told them to quit working and go back. However, as no one paid any attention to their orders, they watched operations for a bit and then went off again, and disappeared in the thick bush. The next day a party of about twenty Matabele turned up while we were on the march. They were inclined to be cheeky, and wanted to know "What the white man had lost, and why were they looking for it in their country?" However they eventually went off without declaring war.

On July 27th our march was through a long valley with high granite hills on each side of us. On the top of the hills we could see groups of the wretched Banyai watching us, doubtless wondering who we were, and wondering whether our advent would do anything towards stopping the reign of terror under which they had lived for so long.

That afternoon we spent a couple of hours fighting a large grass fire that came roaring down on us. We beat the fire, but were all as black as sweeps by the time that we had done with it, and worse luck no water to spare to wash with until we could reach the Nuanetsi river the next day.

On July 26th we reached and crossed the Nuanetsi river. We were pretty well all day crossing, as the drift was not too good, and many wagons stuck badly, but all hands went at it with a will, and we got across without accident. The men, both Pioneer and Police, looked upon a troublesome crossing in the light of a gorgeous spree, and enjoyed themselves hugely, shouting at the oxen, pushing and hauling at the wagons, and when they got the chance ducking one another in the river.

The day after we crossed the Nuanetsi a herd of zebra flashed through the main body and the rearguard. They bumped into some donkeys that were being herded along in the rear of the wagons, carried one of them off with them, and kicked and bit it to death.

In the evening of July 30th, just after we had laagered, one of our scouts rode in and reported that he had seen a large force of Matabele camped amongst some hills about five miles away. We turned to at once and got everything in readiness for any trouble that might turn up. We cleared a good space round the laager and put down several mines. However, nothing happened and we passed a peaceful night. As soon as we could see in the morning, patrols were sent out to search the country, but no signs of any large party of Matabele could be found. The matter is a mystery to this day. The scout who made the report was a most reliable man, and he was positive that he had seen them, but he could neither produce them nor any signs of them. As soon as the patrol returned, we dug up our mines and broke laager. We discovered when we dug up our mines that it was a fortunate thing that we had not needed them, as the spring hares, whose holes were all over the place, had nibbled through the cables that connected the mines with the blasting machines in the laager, so we couldn't have fired them off if we had wanted to.

On July 31st nothing more happened worth recording—just pushing steadily along northwards.

On August 1st we camped in a fairly open place near a remarkable rock called Savana Bula. It was a huge mass of granite, looking like an immense thumb stuck upright in the veld. It had a decided Rider Haggardish appearance. About a third of the way up there was what appeared to be a hole or cave in it. The natives told us that it went right through to the other side, and that it was not a natural hole, but had been made by human agency in the far distant past.

For some reasons, but I forget what, we did not laager that day, but contented ourselves with drawing up the wagons in lines.

Selous, who had been away for some days looking for a practicable pass by which we would be able to get up on to the high veld, returned that morning having found an excellent one, which we named Providential Pass. About noon he and I were sitting in the Orderly Room tent, and he was telling me all about his discovery, when we were startled by an infernal din; yells, shouts, and screams accompanied by the yelping of dogs. We jumped to our feet, Selous exclaiming, "My

God! They've caught us on the hop!" We rushed out of the tent, revolver in hand, fully expecting to find a Matabele impi on the rampage, but it was only an unhappy hare being chased through the camp by a mob of wagon drivers and a mixed pack of dogs.

At 2 p.m. we inspanned and trekked to the Lundi river, where we laagered on the south bank.

We spent the whole of the next day making a drift across the river; no easy job as the river was very wide, about three feet deep, and running strongly. As three feet was rather too deep for the oxen to pull with comfort, we raised the bottom by laying down sandbags, and by sunset had a good drift made. When we marched on again we left the sandbags in the river for the benefit of the next wagons that should come along but, alas, our backs were hardly turned when the innocent and unsophisticated barbarians who lived in the vicinity lifted them, shook out the sand, and converted them into garments.

That day Major Johnson shot a fine bull hippo about a couple of miles above the drift. I remember Khama's men had the meat, but there was a good deal of it, and they didn't eat it quite fast enough—the weather was hot—I leave the rest to your imagination.

We crossed the Lundi river on August 3rd. The first wagon entered the water at 8 a.m., and by noon the laager on the north bank of the river was completed.

We had all hands, with the exception of outposts, etc., on the job, and the shouting, splashing, cracking of whips, intermingled with yells of laughter, were simply deafening during the four hours that we spent in crossing the river. That afternoon Biscoe and I, having heard from 'Rocky Mountain' Thompson⁸ — who had been prospecting round about the Lundi some years before—that there were some ancient ruins about a couple of miles or so away, rode off to look for them. We found them without much difficulty; they were small, but wonderfully perfect. In the centre there was an erection that appeared to have been either an altar or a smelting furnace, as round about it in the sand there was a considerable amount of cinders, ashes and charcoal.

We had a day of rest on August 4th, which was a boon for which men, horses and oxen were very thankful.

On August 5th we proceeded on our way again, and 'B' Troop once more took the lead and was full of joy in consequence. To help us, Major Johnson gave us a large gang of Khama's men to assist in cutting the road. They were not much use however; in fact they delayed us if anything, and that night they nearly poisoned us with the stink of the putrifying hippo meat that they had loaded on to their wagon.

The next morning we were up and away after an early breakfast. I sent our sable allies, and their

stinking meat, back to the column with a letter of thanks for their valuable services. We in the meantime pushed on gaily, flattering ourselves that we wouldn't see much of the column until we reached the high veld. But, alas, our hopes were soon dashed, for while we were off-saddled at noon, a despatch rider turned up with a note from Major Johnson telling me to stay where I was until the column caught me up. At about 6 p.m. the column arrived and laagered on the space that we had cleared for them. I went at once to the Major to find out what the trouble was, and learned that that morning Johan Colenbrander had arrived from Bulawayo with a message from the King to say that,⁹ although he would do his best, he feared that it would be impossible to hold his young men any longer if we persisted in going on. Colenbrander told the Colonel that the impi were clamouring night and day to be led against the white men and that things looked very serious indeed; in fact he went on to say that if we went on we would be attacked and wiped out to a man.

After some little discussion a message was sent back to Lobengula to say that we appreciated his efforts on our behalf, but if his young men did attack us it would be very bad for them. The column then marched on northward, and Colenbrander left for Bulawayo, shaking his head in a most doleful way, and saying that we were all doomed to destruction. It was thought that in these circumstances it would be better for my troop to sleep at the laager every night, and start from there on our road-making job every morning.

August 7th. We came across a small party of Matabele in the morning. They were evidently watching our movements, and in the afternoon we sighted quite a large body of them on the hills near Chibi's. We thought at first that they were only Banyai, but when we got our glasses to bear on them we made out their shields and assegais. They were probably the impi that was quartered at Chibi's. There must have been several hundred of them. However they contented themselves with looking at us only, and they were quite welcome to do that if it gave them any pleasure.

On August 8th we crossed the Tekwane river without much trouble. It was small and there was only a drain of water in it.

The next day we, 'B' Troop, pushed our way on ahead of the column, and after a hard morning's chopping arrived at the Tokwe river at noon. As soon as we had had some food we inspected the river, and found that though there was a good deal of water in it, we could make a good drift if we blew up the rocks that were in the way. As we had drills, hammers, dynamite, etc., in our scotch cart we got to work on them at once. Five of us spent four hours stark naked, except for our hats, in the river, putting drill holes in the rocks. As soon as the holes were finished we loaded them, lit the fuses, and up went the rocks in fragments, to the great astonishment of a gang of natives who had been watching our proceedings with much interest. As soon as we were ready to fire I told the natives to clear out, so they got behind some rocks on the bank of the river and peered over the top of them, but as soon as the shots began to go off they left their cover, and

took to the bush at their best speed; they'd seen enough for one day.

I remember that while we were drilling the holes Colonel Pennefather rode up and asked for the officer in charge, so I, who was in the river dressed in my hat only, and up to the neck in water, answered him and told him how we were getting on. He made no remark about my very sketchy costume, but he looked rather shocked, I thought.

The column reached us in the evening, and laagered on the west bank of the river, but by that time we were all clothed decently.

August 10th. The men had breakfast early and, as soon as that was over the wagons began crossing the river. On the left hand side of the drift there was a submerged rock; it was out of the line, but there was just a chance that a wagon might bump up against it, as it wasn't visible; so I told Sergeant Finucane, who was acting Troop Sergeant-Major, to place a man on it to act as a beacon. After a while I noticed that the man he had sent there was Trooper Jameson, the oldest man in the troop, and rheumaticky at that; he was Jameson's older brother, generally known as either Bob Jameson, or 'Alabaster' Bob. I sent another man to relieve him, but Jameson objected to being relieved, so I called out to him, "Come off that rock, you silly old fool; you'll be laid up with rheumatism if you stay there any longer." "Oh no, sir!" he replied, "I shan't get rheumatism, but I'm suffering terribly from corns and this is softening them splendidly." However, in spite of his corns, I shifted him.

The column made the passage of the river, and laagered on the east bank.

August 11th. We laagered close to a large wet vlei. There were a lot of spur-winged geese and duck on it, a few of which we managed to shoot.

On August 10th we laagered at the foot of Providential Pass near Fern Spruit. That evening Father Hartmann went out for a stroll and lost himself.¹⁰ Several parties went out to look for him but without success. He turned up bright and smiling the next morning, having spent the night lying hidden under some bushes half a mile from the laager, under the impression that our fires, which he could see, were the fires of a Matabele impi.

August 13th. We, 'B' Troop, after a cup of coffee each, left the laager just before dawn, crossed Fern Spruit, and began the ascent of the pass just as the sky was beginning to light up in the east. The bush was very thick and was interspersed with big trees, so hard slogging was the order of the day. We had hardly cut a quarter of a mile when we heard, by the cracking of whips behind us, that the column was on the move, and that we would soon have it treading on our heels. However we managed to keep ahead of it. About eleven o'clock the Colonel rode up. He congratulated us on the progress we were making, and asked me when we had had breakfast. I

told him that we hadn't had it up till then and that unless he halted the column for a spell I didn't see how we were going to get any. He rode back and halted the column and we got our long delayed breakfast. As soon as we had swallowed it we pushed on again.

At about three o'clock I got a note from the Colonel telling me to halt at the first flat place that I came to, and clear space for the laager. As luck would have it we were just then at the very place that would answer, so we cleared it. I then marked out a pool in Fern Spruit, which was running alongside our road, for drinking water, and told my crowd that if they wanted to bathe they could bathe in the pool below it, which they did. However some busybody told the Colonel that they were bathing in the drinking-water pool; then the band began to play.

The next morning we were off again at dawn, and at 8 a.m. we emerged from the pass on to the high veld. The first things that caught our eyes were two large white patches that looked like snow, but which turned out to be nitre, if I remember right. Our relief on leaving the hot steamy low veld, where for months we had seldom been able to see for more than two hundred yards round us, and arriving on the open veld with a cool, invigorating breeze blowing, may be imagined.

We laagered about a mile from the pass, and a spot was selected on which to build a fort to guard the pass. The fort was to be named after Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

On August 15th, after getting the necessary leave, a party consisting of Captain P. Forbes (Police), Canon Balfour (Chaplain to the Police), Captain E. Burnett (Pioneers), Lieutenant Ellerton Fry (Pioneers), Trooper F. Langerman (Pioneers), and Messrs. J. Beaumann, F. E. Harman and H. Denny belonging to some of the prospecting parties that accompanied the column; and I. started off at dawn to visit the ruins of Zimbabwe, which had been discovered forty years before by Carl Mauch. We took a couple of native guides with us, a pack horse, and two pack donkeys to carry grub, blankets, etc.

After we had crossed a couple of ranges of hills the guides pointed to a kopje some seven miles off and said, "Zimbabwe". Then, after crossing three rather bad swamps, in one of which the horses went in up to their girths, we reached the kopje, on top of which we could see large masses of masonry; there were also a lot of native huts mixed up with them. As soon as we reached the foot of the kopje a crowd of natives turned up, armed in various ways; some with bows and arrows, and some with assegais. They told us to stop where we were, and began fitting arrows to their bows in a most embarrassing manner, so we palavered with them for a bit, and eventually after we had given the chief a blanket as a present, they became more amiable and condescended to listen to us.

Their first proposal was that if we wanted to see the ruins we should be led up to them

blindfolded. This was promptly rejected on our side. Then after more talk they said that they would show us the ruins, but we mustn't bring up our native guides with us. To this we agreed, and off we went up the kopje where we found ruinous remains of what looked to us like a citadel, in the enclosures of which the natives were living. They had evidently utilized the old building to the utmost, pulling down the walls wherever it suited them, and using the stones for building new, and very round, walls, in all sorts of places never contemplated by the original architect.

We wandered about the place for a bit, and then a slab-sided young savage, who was showing us around and who I believe was the son of the chief, led us off by an awful path down the back of the hill to the plain. There we found ourselves among the ruinous remains of what had apparently been a town many centuries before. After passing through them we came to a large circular building that we had seen from the path as we came down the kopje.

Our guides for some reason would not let us go in at the entrance, but made no objection to our climbing through a gap in the wall. The inside of the place was a perfect jungle of trees, bushes and creepers. As most people have read far better descriptions of the place than I could possibly write, I won't attempt to describe it further than by saying that of all the ruins in Rhodesia, and there are many of them, it is far and away the most marvellous.

Fry, who was our official photographer, got his camera going, to the great alarm of the natives, who watched him in fear and trembling, expecting an explosion every moment. We in the meantime wandered about the place. We camped there that night, and the next morning after an early breakfast saddled up and returned to the laager, where we arrived in the forenoon. In the afternoon the first cricket match in the country was played. The sides were 'A' Troop (Pioneers) v. 'B' and 'C' Troops (Pioneers). I forget who won; it was probably 'A' Troop as they had several outstanding cricketers, notably Monty Bowden, the celebrated Surrey wicket-keeper. He had come out to the Cape in an English team, Read's I think, and hearing of the Pioneer expedition, had joined as a trooper. L. Vincent and B. Wimble, both noted South African cricketers, were also in 'A' Troop. Our side was captained by Trooper E. J. Pocock, an ex-military officer, and a most useful cricketer.

Major Sir John Willoughby (Royal Horse Guards), with 'C' Troop of the Police, caught us up that day.

On August 17th Biscoe and Mandy collected a party together and went off to inspect Zimbabwe.¹¹ They got back that evening. That day we sent all Khama's men back to their country with the exception of a few of the dismounted men, who were acting as voorloopers, etc. We were not sorry to see the last of them. Radikali and his mounted men were useful as scouts, but were far from indispensable, whilst the dismounted crowd were more trouble than they were

worth.

In the afternoon Selous, who had been away on a three day's patrol to investigate the country ahead, returned having discovered the watershed between the rivers running to the east and those running to the west, along which a good road could be made.

Major Sir John Willoughby now took over his duties as Staff Officer. Captain Max Graham of the Police had been acting for him up to then. 'C' Troop of the Police, under Captain Keith Falconer and Lieutenant Brackenbury, was left behind to finish building Fort Victoria, and to garrison it.

We had now finished the most arduous part of our journey and, what was more, we had little to fear from the Matabele in the open country that we were now in.

On August 18th, 'B' Troop, who were still roadmaking, got away after an early breakfast. The column was to give us a decent start and then follow on. Roadmaking on great open plains of the high veld was a pleasure. We now made two parallel roads, about fifty yards apart, as it had been decided to have a double line of wagons, instead of the long cumbersome single line that we had had up to then. All we had to do as a rule was to tow two young trees, one astern of the scotch cart and one astern of the water-cart; the wagons just followed the spoor that they made. Now and again, of course, we struck patches of bush, but after the dense bush of the low veld they were child's play.

On August 19th, when we were falling in at our stations in the laager, which we always did at "Reveille"—sounded an hour before dawn—a rather amusing incident took place. I may mention that it was a hard and fast rule that no one should take off their boots when they turned in for the night; the most helpless creature on earth is a white man without boots. That morning a man named Logan, belonging to 'C' Troop (Pioneers), was spotted by the Colonel in the act of putting on his boots. The crime was manifest. It was perfectly plain that he had had them off all night. The Colonel promptly went off the deep end and there was no end of a rumpus. When matters calmed down and quiet reigned once more, one of the Police, a troop of which was falling in close to the Gardner gun that was at the corner of the laager, leant over and inquired of Treneman, one of the blue-jackets in the Gardner gun's crew, "What all the blooming row was about?" "Oh!" replied Treneman, in a loud, hoarse whisper that could be heard half way across the laager, "It ain't nothink. Only one of our chaps 'as taken 'is bute off, and b . . . y near pizoned the Colonel."

On August 20th, as we were now pretty safe from being held up by the Matabele, we began to make night marches again. We in 'B' Troop now had a fairly easy time. We used to leave the laager as soon as we had had breakfast and

push ahead, marking out the road, until we had done ten miles or so. Then we camped for the night at the first suitable place for making a laager that we came to. The column generally caught up and laagered alongside of us at dawn.

There's little or nothing to chronicle at this period of our march. One day was very much like another. Everything was working like clockwork, and day by day we were pushing further north.

About this time, I forget the exact day, Mr. Colquhoun went off to make a treaty with an independent chief who lived to the eastwards of our line of march. I think it was Guti but I am not sure. He was accompanied by his secretary, Harrison, and Selous went with them as guide and Adair Campbell was in charge of the escort. They took pack donkeys with them to carry their provisions, blankets, etc. On starting, the donkeys caused a considerable amount of trouble. It perhaps is not generally known that packing a donkey is quite an art and the men who packed Colquhoun's donkeys apparently did not properly understand that art, for as soon as the party started the loads began to slip, and in a few minutes the donkeys were trotting about the veld with their loads under their bellies. After a bit we captured them all, and some of the prospectors who were accompanying the column and who understood donkeys, packed them properly. The party then moved off.

I noticed some little time ago that someone, no names no pack drill, wrote to the papers to say that when Selous left us we promptly lost our way. Without wishing to be rude and contradictory. I may say that that statement was absolute rubbish. Without Selous we would certainly have lost our way coming through the low veld, but when he had guided us through that and up on to the high veld his job was practically over. Johnson, Burnett, Borrow and Spreckley, all members of the Pioneer Corps, had shot all over the country that we were passing through when Selous left us and knew it from A to Z.

Two days after Colquhoun left us, as I was riding away from the laager to go ahead with my troop to mark out the road, Major Johnson called to me saying, "Hostel A little meat would be quite useful if you come across any; it'll save slaughter cattle." As luck would have it we hadn't been on our way a couple of hours when I saw a herd of about twenty wildebeeste coming towards us. Burnett and Nicholson,¹² who were on ahead guiding us, were galloping behind and driving them along in front of me. I saw that with any luck the herd would pass about two hundred yards on our right, so I dismounted right files and told them to fire a volley into the herd at two hundred yards when I gave the word. Along came the wildebeeste as hard as they could gallop, tails up, heads down, kicking up clouds of dust. When they were abreast of us I gave the word. Crash went the volley, the herd dashed on leaving four of their number dead on the ground.

On September 2nd we were laagered on the headwaters of the Umniati river. The following day

was the coldest of the whole trip; it was blowing a hard easterly gale, accompanied by showers of icy cold rain. We who were ahead were trying to reach a place that had been christened Mooi Fontein by van Rooyen, a very celebrated hunter.¹³ Ted Burnett, who was with us, was careful to explain that though the Fontein was there all right, he had never been able to discover where Mooi came in.

We reached the place just before sunset, and Burnett was proved to be quite right. It was a beast of a place to come in on a cold night. There was not a scrap of shelter so far as could be seen. I sent out two or three parties to prospect round for a place of some sort where we could camp for the night with some chance of a modicum of comfort. Presently a man came back and said that he had discovered a few skimpy bushes that might give a little shelter, so we shifted over to them. They did not amount to much so we turned to and dug some trenches to sleep in. It was easy work digging, as the soil was mostly sand. We made them about two feet deep and as we threw up all the soil we dug out on to the weather side, we were fairly well sheltered from the wind and passed a comfortable night after all. The column turned up at dawn and laagered near us.

We stayed there that day, partly to give the cattle a rest and partly to select and mark out a place to build a fort, which was to be called Fort Charter. 'A' Troop (Police) was left behind to build the fort and garrison it.

September 5th. 'A' Troop (Pioneers) took the lead and 'B' Troop took their place in the column.

The next day we laagered on the headwaters of the Sabi river, where we found Mr. Colquhoun and his party, with the exception of Selous and a few troopers, waiting for us having fixed up his treaty satisfactorily. Selous had gone on to Manica to make a treaty with Mtassa, otherwise known as "Sifamba Basuku" ('He who walks by night'), who was an independent and powerful chief on our side of the Portuguese boundary.

September 7th found us laagered on the south bank of the Umfuli river. V/e found 'A' Troop there, and shortly after our arrival Capt. Burnett, Lieut. Nicholson and Tpr. Langerman, who had been ahead spying out the land. walked in dead beat with their saddles on their heads. It appeared that on September 5th they were a long way ahead, pretty close to the Hunyani river in fact, and were camped for the night, when a lion turned up, killed two of their horses, and scared away the other one. Burnett got a shot at the lion and was pretty sure that he had hit it, but it was very dark and the beast got into some thick bush that was close by, so he had to let it go. They could not recover their lost horse. He, the horse, made up his mind that the locality wasn't healthy for horses and had gone off at a gallop, so as they were due at the Umfuli drift at daylight on the 7th there was nothing for it but to load up their saddles and tramp back..

That day, as there was a pool of deep water below the drift, we put together the sections of our

little Berthon boat and launched it on the pool,¹⁴ which was about half a mile long. Biscoe and Ivan Fry came with me, and we sailed the boat up and down the pool, to the great astonishment of some natives who had turned up and who had never seen either a boat or a canoe in their lives.

On September 9th we were laagered between the Umfuli and Hunyani rivers, near the place where Ted Burnett had wounded the lion on the 5th, so Pennefather, Johnson and Borrow rode off to see if they could get any news of it. They found the carcass about three hundred yards from where Burnett had shot it. It was a large male, but the skin was useless as it had been torn by hyenas and vultures.

The country we were passing through at this time had once been thickly populated. There were any amount of the remains of destroyed kraals about, but the Matabele had swept the country clean and, with the exception of an isolated village here and there perched on the top of an almost inaccessible kopje, there were no signs of any inhabitants.

Late in the afternoon of September 10th we reached the Hunyani river and laagered on the south bank. We found 'A' Troop there, busily employed in putting the finishing touches to the drift. The river was low, but both the approach to the drift and the pull-out on the other side were very sandy; however that difficulty was more or less overcome by placing bundles of reeds over the sand, which helped to keep the wagon wheels from cutting in too deep and sticking.

The next morning at dawn we commenced crossing the river and by ten o'clock we were laagered on the north side, and the last big river had been crossed. A little after midday we broke up the laager and proceeded on our way again. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon when we reached what is now known as the 'Six Mile Spruit'¹⁵, where we halted and laagered. Just after we had laagered a veld fire came roaring down upon us, with a fresh breeze behind it. All hands turned out and put in an hour fighting it. It nearly reached the laager; we managed to stop it in time, but only just.

For some time past a good deal of discussion had been going on amongst the authorities as to where we should eventually halt and build the fort. It had to be built on a healthy spot as undoubtedly it would become the nucleus of a town later on. Nominally we were marching for Mount Hampden, but that was only because Mount Hampden was a prominent landmark the latitude and longitude of which were approximately known. The country round it was also well known to Selous, who had discovered and christened the mountain, to Major Johnson and to several other members of the expedition. For some days scouts had been searching the country ahead for a suitable place, and the general consensus of opinion pointed to the open country near the Makabusi about twelve miles south of Mount Hampden. Colonel Pennefather, Major Sir John Willoughby, and Major Johnson had ridden ahead and inspected the place. So far as they could

see it answered all the requirements. It was an open and apparently healthy piece of country, and the Makabusi in those days carried quite a decent amount of water.

It was finally decided to halt between the kopje, called by the Mashonas "Harari", and the Makabusi river, and to build the fort there. The fort was to be named Fort Salisbury, after the Marquis of Salisbury, then Prime Minister of England.

At the first streak of dawn on September 12th we broke up our laager at the Six Mile Spruit, and started on the last lap. The column wound slowly over the veld and presently, as we surmounted the ridge that bounds the valley of the Hunyani, what is now called the Salisbury Kopje came into view. As we got nearer we saw that the shallow valley between the Kopje and what is called the Causeway was a yellow mass of flowers. They were something like candytufts in shape and, as we discovered later, they gave off a very pleasant smell at night.

'B' Troop was doing guard that morning so, by the time we arrived and dismounted, the last laager had been drawn up and the long five months' march from the railhead at Kimberley had terminated.

It is hard at this date to realize the feeling that prevailed in the camp that day. The majority of us were young, many of us very young—mere boys in fact—and consequently full of hope. We were all jubilant; our fortunes were made; we were millionaires in embryo. I remember the popular idea was that we would make our piles in a couple of years and go to the Philadelphia Exhibition in 1892. I believe one member of the expedition did get to Philadelphia; he married a wealthy woman and was able to go.

That afternoon we got our tents off the wagons for the first time since we had left Macloutsie and pitched them. Our laager and camp were just about where Gordon Avenue crosses First Street.

Soon after we arrived Major Johnson, accompanied by Borrow and Ted Burnett, went off to the Umfuli river near Hartley Hills to see the much talked of ancient gold workings there, and Captain Heany was left in charge of the Pioneer Corps.

Sir John Willoughby, who had been mugging up fort-building in the "Soldier's Pocket-book", was busy with half a dozen men marking out ground to build the fort on. It was, he told us, to be a "Demi Lunette."

General Orders that evening informed us that there was to be a dismounted parade of all troops at 10 a.m. the following day for the purpose of hoisting the Flag.

Heany and I discussed the matter that evening, and arranged that as Heany was an American

citizen, and could not very well go hoisting British flags, he should be Captain of the Day instead of me, whose turn it was, and take charge of the camp, while I was to command the Pioneer Corps on the parade.

The next morning, September 13th, I awoke at dawn and suddenly remembered that there was no flagstaff to hoist the Flag on, so I got up and roused up Biscoe, an ex-sailor like myself. We got hold of an axe and went to the nearest clump of trees where we picked out a nice straight pole. While I was chopping it down "Reveille" sounded, so Biscoe went back to camp and fetched along two or three more sailormen from the machine-gun squad in 'C' Troop.

We then carried our mast along, rigged signal halyards on it, and erected it in the middle of the fort that was to be, where Cecil Square now is. At 10 a.m. we paraded in front of the flagstaff; 'A' and 'B' Troops of the Pioneer Corps in the centre, 'C' Troop, Pioneers, with their two seven-pounders on the right, and 'B' Troop of the Police on the left. Colonel Pennefather (O.C. Column), Sir John Willoughby, Lieutenant Sidney Shepstone (A.D.C. to the Colonel), Lieutenant E. C. Tyndale-Biscoe, R.N. (Pioneers), and Canon Balfour, in his cassock, stood at the flagstaff, Biscoe with the Union Jack under his arm. We then stood at ease whilst the Canon gave a short address and an extempore prayer. When he had finished, the bugles sounded the Royal Salute and we presented arms, while Biscoe slowly and solemnly hoisted the Flag. As the Flag reached the top of the mast 'C' Troop commenced firing a salute of twenty-one guns. When the salute was finished the bugles once more sounded the Royal Salute and we presented arms again. The Colonel then called for "Three cheers for her most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria!" We gave them with a will. That function being over Mashonaland was now a part of the British Empire, another jewel in the British Crown.

In the afternoon we turned to and commenced building a fort. After that afternoon we arranged to work in four shifts. I remember that the first day 'A' Troop worked from 6 a.m. till 9 a.m., 'B' Troop from 9 a.m. till noon, 'C' Troop worked from noon to 3 p.m., then Ted Burnett's wagon drivers came on and worked till 6 p.m. Work was then knocked off for the day. The next day 'B' Troop came on at 6 a.m., so the shifts were changed in that way daily. We had quite a market in camp every day; the Mashonas simply streamed in bringing pumpkins, sweet potatoes, grain, etc., to barter. Old clothes were the principal medium of exchange; money they looked upon with suspicion and would have none of.

Whilst we were building the fort the Police were busy erecting huts, some for their own quarters and some for the Administrator—residence and offices. They also built a church.

On September 15th we got news from Bulawayo telling us that the Matabele had simmered down, and for the present at any rate they were not likely to give trouble.

That evening I remember we, the officers of the Pioneer Corps, dined with the Police officers and, as they were rather short of mess-traps, each guest brought his own knife, fork, spoon and plate with him.

About this time we were suffering from a plague of dogs and puppies. I don't know how many there were about the camp, but there must have been well over a hundred. At night when we turned in a dog or two would loaf into your tent and proceed to crawl under your blankets which, as we all slept on the ground in those days, was an easy job. After a hopeless attempt to eject them, in which they were always the victors, you gave in. They would then lie fairly quiet until you got to sleep. Then something would start them off and up they got, kicked off your blankets, galloped over your face, dashed into the middle of the laager, and barked as if their lives depended on it. After about five minutes of this, in which every dog in camp joined, they would saunter back growling and throw themselves down on top of you as if life wasn't worth living. I'm fond of dogs, but at that time I used to think that life without dogs would be very quiet and peaceful. On the night of September 19th one of the prospectors had two donkeys and a dog killed by lions.

On the afternoon of September 22nd just as 'B' Troop were finishing their shift on the fort, a wild looking savage appeared trotting across the veld holding a cleft stick in his hand with a letter stuck in it. He was duly passed along to me and, on examining the address on it, I found that it was addressed to Major Johnson in 'Daddy' Farrell's handwriting. Farrell was camped on what is now known as Avondale with all our troop horses under his charge.

As soon as I had dismissed the men, and handed over the job to Jack Roach of 'C' Troop, I went over to the mess tent, taking the savage with me. There I learnt that Major Johnson was out. However Captain Heany was in charge and on the spot, so I passed the sable Mercury on to him. When he had read the note he handed it to me. It was to the effect that a lion had killed three horses the night before and that he, Farrell, thought that it would probably come back to the kill about dark. "Now," said Heany, "comes our chance. We also will go to the kill, but we'll go a bit before dark and be on hand to welcome the lion when he arrives, so go and polish yourself up a bit. You're terribly dusty. Don't forget that you've been asked to visit the King of Beasts."

We rode off for the horse kraal at about four o'clock, each armed with a 600 bore Express. At the horse kraal we found Farrell, who told us that the dead horses were on the veld about a mile away, all lying close together, and that he was of the opinion that it was the work of two lions. He gave us a boy to guide us to the place, and we started off again with the boy trotting along in front of us. We reached the place some little time before sunset, and stationed ourselves in a convenient spot about fifty yards downwind from the carcasses, which were all lying close together. Our horses were left under the charge of the boy, and hidden in a clump of bushes fifty yards in our rear. For ourselves, we snuggled down on our stomachs amongst the grass and

shrubs, and as our position was slightly higher than the spot the carcasses were lying on, we got a fairly uninterrupted view. Then came a tedious wait. For a time nothing happened. Then some vultures and crows that had cleared out on our arrival began to return, and hopped among the carcasses. The sun set, the birds retired to some adjacent trees, and a jackal appeared on the scene, on which Heany whispered in my ear, "When I was a kid I was always told that the jackal was the lion's provider, but I expect that when the lion turns up he'll provide that jackal with a clip on the jaw for messing his dinner about." After that nothing more happened and it began to get dark. We hung on, however, until we could neither see the sights on our rifles nor the carcasses of the horses. We then decided to return to camp for the night and come back again the next morning at dawn.

The next morning we saddled up at five o'clock, with our party reinforced by Colonel Pennefather and Major Johnson. We got away without delay and after a smart canter of about three miles we came in sight of the place as the sun was coining over the horizon.

The first things we saw were some jackals, vultures and crows. The vultures and crows were dodging about in the trees, and the jackals were in the act of skulking off. I was just beginning to think that we were going to draw a blank once more when Johnson called out, "There's the lion!" We forthwith rammied in our spurs and went for him as hard as we could gallop.

When we first viewed him he was stealing away in a catlike manner, but as soon as he saw that we were after him he stopped and threw his head up, looking every inch the King of Beasts. As he stopped Johnson, who was leading, pulled up, dismounted and fired (he was about thirty yards from the lion) and hit him behind the shoulder, upon which the lion jumped into a patch of high grass and remained there out of sight, snarling and growling. Fortunately we had our dog with us, which ran round and round the patch of grass barking and yelping, until the lion got savage and sprang straight on end into the air and fell back into the grass again. After waiting for a bit and hearing nothing more of him, we went very gingerly up to the grass, peered in, and found him lying on his side, dead. He was in splendid condition, fat as butter and, so far as I can remember, he measured 10 ft 6 in. from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail. After we had skinned him we went home to breakfast very hungry and very pleased with ourselves. We had hardly finished breakfast when a deputation of

wagon drivers arrived. They wanted to know if they might have the lion's carcass to eat. They said that it would make them strong and fierce. Pennefather, Heany and I visited the carcasses again the next day, but there was no sign of any other lion having been there. By this time the fort was nearing completion, and on September 27th it was practically finished, so to celebrate the event our worthy Regimental Sergeant-Major, Fleming King, gave us a play. King was not only a most efficient soldier, but an excellent actor as well, and had got together a theatrical troupe. I forget what the play was about, but I remember that King described it as a "Knock-about farce".

There was only one female part in it and that was taken by Trooper F. Langerman, a boy of seventeen. They had some difficulty in making his dress, but after a few efforts they managed to construct it out of blue and white limbo. The play was a great success and was applauded vociferously by an enthusiastic and appreciative audience.

The Pioneer Corps was disbanded on September 30th and within twenty four hours the members of it were scattering all over the country prospecting, each one of them perfectly certain that he would make a fortune in twelve months. The majority formed themselves into small syndicates so Biscoe, my brother Derick and I. following the fashion, formed ourselves into one too. Derick went off to the Hartley Hills, and Biscoe to the Mazoe. I stayed behind to finish off some business, and also to fence the stand that we had pegged off at the foot of the Kopje, in the little settlement that was springing up round Fort Salisbury.

NOTES

1. Mazinane Bay was the estuary of the Buzi and Pungwe Rivers.
2. Lieut. E. C. Tyndale-Biscoe was an ex Royal Navy officer, serving with 'C' Troop of the Pioneers which consisted of artillery and machine guns; it had also a searchlight with donkey engine and generator all mounted on wagons.
3. Major-General the Hon. P. S. Methuen (later Lord Methuen) was Deputy Adjutant General at the Cape, and responsible for ensuring the military efficiency of the Pioneer Corps and the British South Africa Company's Police.
4. Surgeon-Lieut. J. W. Litchfield was attached to the Police.
5. Lieut. F. O'C. Farrell was Veterinary Officer to the Pioneer Corps.
6. Major M. Heany, a Virginian by birth, a West Point graduate and once a lieutenant in the United States Army, commanded 'A' Troop of the Pioneers, and Captain H. M. Heyman 'A' Troop of the Police. The latter played a distinguished part in the country's history and was knighted for his services, in 1920.
7. William Derick Hoste was considerably younger than his brother. He died of fever on the Umfuli river, near Hartley, in 1893.
8. 'Rocky Mountain' Thompson was a civilian prospector accompanying the Column. He was immortalized by Sir Percy Fitzpatrick in Jock of the Bushveldt, where he figured as 'Rocky Mountain Bill'.

9. Colenbrander was trading at Lobengula's kraal and in very amiable relations with the chief and the Matabele indunas as a consequence of which the Company offered him an appointment as their representative in Matabeleland. In this capacity he kept Rhodes, and the Column, informed of events there.

10. Fr. A. Hartmann, S.J., was one of the two chaplains of the Pioneer Corps.

11. Lieut. F. Mandy, Pioneer Corps.

12. Lieut. R. G. Nicholson, Pioneer Corps.

13. "Beautiful Spring". Johannes Cornelis van Rooyen had been hunting in the country since the 1870's.

14. A Berthon boat is a folding boat sometimes used as a lifeboat on small craft.

15. The Six Mile Spruit is now Waterfalls, where the Beatrice Road crosses the Makabusi River.

Henry Hartley 1815-1876

*A tribute to the great hunter on the centenary of his discovery
of gold in Mashonaland.*

by R. W. S. Turner

Henry Hartley was some five years old when he landed in Port Elizabeth with his parents who were Yorkshire folk. The Hartleys came to Africa under the 1820 Settlers' scheme and made their home near Bathurst in the Albany district. Thus Henry grew up during one of the most exciting and tough periods of South Africa history. He suffered from some deformity or injury to his feet which made it impossible for him to walk long distances, but in spite of this serious handicap, he adapted himself to the strenuous frontier life, becoming probably the best-known ivory hunter of all time.

There is ample evidence in the writings of his contemporaries that Henry Hartley was liked and respected by the Bantu, the Boers and the British. He was a friend and adviser of Mzilikazi and Lobengula, both of whom invariably called him 'Oud Baas' - Old Master; he was given full burgher rights besides being appointed a justice of the peace by the President of the Transvaal. Thomas Baines, one of the most meticulous and accurate observers to set foot in Africa, repeatedly pays tribute to Hartley's helpfulness and hospitality. Karl Mauch also throws light on this aspect of Hartley's character for he wrote: "... the excellent and well-educated H. Hartley, with his three brave sons. Nearly sixty years old, he has spent more than half of his years hunting, and is known as 'Old Baas' by all Kaffir tribes between the Cape Colony and the Zambezi, the east coast and Ngami; in his company you are quite sure of Mosilikatse's friendship; he names Hartley his old friend".⁽¹⁾

Due to the absence of correspondence, some people conclude that Hartley was illiterate, but this is not the case: he wrote at length to the *Transvaal Argus* giving advice about the route to the north; he also wrote to the editor of the *Field, the Farm, the Garden and the Country Gentleman Newspaper*, London, and one or two of his original letters are in existence. Unfortunately the farm house in which the family correspondence and at least one oil painting by Baines was kept caught fire and the papers were destroyed but the painting, although badly charred, was rescued.⁽²⁾ This means that details of Hartley's life and character can only be pieced together from the writings of others. Fortunately he lived in an age of diarists: Baines, Leask, the Moffats, Mauch and others all repeatedly mention Hartley. Of these Baines's evidence is the most important as the artist-explorer almost always recorded what he observed; he usually refrained from commenting and interpreting and in this respect his paintings and drawings are remarkably similar to his written descriptions.

Photographs and the paintings in which he features give a good idea of what Hartley looked like. The best description of his appearance is given by the German traveller Edward Mohr: "Hartley is an old man of about seventy, with a long silver beard, who has been an elephant hunter since his twenty-sixth year, and is well-known from Potchefstroom to the Zambesi. He told me that he had



(National Archives)

Henry Hartley, 1815-1876

shot altogether over one thousand elephants, and he is at present the oldest and greatest hunter of Africa south of the Zambesi. He is of middle height, very muscular and strongly built, and still mounts his horse with great agility. His face, arms and hands are bronzed by constant exposure to the tropical sun. The most remarkable thing about him is that he has a lame foot and can only walk very slowly, so that all his hunting has to be done on horseback".⁽³⁾ Mohr met Hartley towards the end of 1869, he thus overestimates the hunter's age by about fourteen years; the "long silver beard" must have been misleading, but at that time Hartley may have been looking rather older than he was as he had recently had several ribs broken by a wounded rhinoceros.

A psychologist would have undoubtedly dubbed Hartley an extrovert. He enjoyed giving information to anyone and everyone in need, and when night fell he delighted in a merry yarn around the camp fire. He had the habit, excusable in a man with a full white beard, of capping or at least matching any veld story however tall. Baines records many of his rather far-fetched anecdotes without comment: the existence of a pride of 150 lions; the peculiar sexual habits of elephants; how cow-elephants transport their young and so on. But whenever the bounds of possibility were on the point of being violated, Hartley almost always introduced some third party whose reports he said he was merely reiterating.

Most observers took Henry Hartley's camp fire yarns for what they were obviously meant to be: good entertainment rather than necessarily sound natural history. But Thomas Leask, a somewhat dour and, at the time of his writing, financially broken Orkneyman took exception to some of Hartley's stories. Leask did not do this openly, he took the usual Victorian's refuge of unburdening himself privately in his daily diary. The habit of getting morbid thoughts out of one's mind and into a book was, and for that matter is, a perfectly normal and healthy pastime. Reading Leask's criticisms of Hartley a hundred years after they were written one must come to the conclusion that the laugh is on Leask for being hasty and lacking in humour. For example, Leask took exception when the talk turned to the length of time that the accumulated dung in a cattle kraal could burn; William Finaughty, who was present in the camp, reckoned that the record was seven years but Hartley, with the authority of much greater experience said that he knew of a kraal in the Cape which had been burning for twenty-one years. Leask's criticism is summed up in this extract from his diary: "Hartley says he intends 'collecting all his manuscripts and getting them published'. It may do for the people at home, who generally give more credence to lies than truth, but it won't go down with old travellers".⁽⁴⁾ But later on Leask changed his attitude towards Hartley and there is genuine appreciation for the help he received from the old hunter.

Finaughty in his reminiscences recorded by a Bulawayo newspaper man some fifty years after the events took place,⁽⁵⁾ criticises Hartley's hunting methods. Finaughty was of course a remarkable hunter but one detects a trace of professional jealousy in his statements. The simple fact is that Hartley had been able to put elephant hunting on a sound economic footing.

Henry Hartley enjoyed the limitless freedom of southern Africa's open frontier. An expert horseman he ruthlessly exploited the fact that a horse can outrun an eland, a giraffe or an elephant. In 1841 he moved into the Transvaal

and by about the middle of the century he owned his own farm, Thorndale, on the southern slopes of the Magaliesburg, about forty-five miles from Johannesburg on the Rustenburg Road. Thorndale became his permanent home and firm base for operations into the Far Interior. During the dry winter months, when there was little work to be done on the farm, he, accompanied by his three sons Tom,⁽⁶⁾ Fred and Willie⁽⁷⁾ and his son-in-law Thomas Maloney, would leave Thorndale for an annual hunting expedition. The ivory they obtained supplemented their incomes from farming; the Hartleys were thus relatively prosperous and they became respected members of the community. On their yearly hunting trips they ranged over a wide area: as far as the Victoria Falls in the north and eastwards into Mashonaland, probably up to the headwaters of the Sabi.

But Henry Hartley's main claim to fame does not rest on his prowess as a hunter. His name will rather always be remembered as the discoverer of gold in what is today Rhodesia. Hartley himself seems to have had but little interest in mining but his discovery together with the great practical assistance he gave to Karl Mauch and Thomas Baines set off a chain reaction that changed the course of history. In 1865 Mzilikazi gave Hartley permission to hunt in Mashonaland; this was the first year that the hunter had been east of Matabeleland. While shooting elephants not far from the banks of the Umfuli River Hartley came across an outcrop of gold-bearing quartz; nearby were old diggings indicating that the gold had been worked several years before.

To be exact Hartley's find really amounted to the re-discovery of gold. The Chronicles of Kilwa, a document dated about 600 A.D., mentions the fact that gold was obtained from the interior; the Arabs, who had been south of the Zambezi for centuries, also refer to this gold trade as do the Portuguese who ousted the Arabs from Sofala in 1505. Soon after the Portuguese occupation of the east coast, however, inter-tribal violence in the interior began to disrupt the orderly traffic in gold and the output from the hinterland dwindled to a trickle and then dried up completely; the predatory Zulu hordes that swarmed northwards in the early part of the last century were probably responsible for sealing up the interior to all trade with the outside world.

Before returning to the importance of Hartley's discovery it is relevant to consider how primitive men recovered considerable quantities of gold whereas today, in spite of modern machinery, it is not easy for a smallworker to make a living. The first point to bear in mind is that gold is one of the easiest substances to collect and it was therefore probably the first metal to be worked by man; gold is usually found in the metallic form as its simpler compounds are formed with difficulty and readily revert to the pure state. Thus primitive men merely had to pick up the shining particles which had been leached out of or exposed in auriferous strata during countless centuries of erosion and weathering. The second point to remember is that the overall land mass of Rhodesia has, since its original formation, been reduced in height by between 200 and 2,000 feet. This considerable reduction in height was wrought by natural weathering combined with the mechanical action of wind and water. Gold is an extremely heavy substance so it tended to stay where it was exposed or else it was deposited nearby in the beds of streams. The ancient workers did little more than skim off, as it were, the surface cream which had taken millions of years to accumulate. One can visualise

a simple analogy with regard to the granite boulders that form such a characteristic feature of the Rhodesian landscape: if for some reason these boulders were valuable enough to warrant their removal then the recovery of weathered granite in time to come would be difficult or, indeed, impossible. A somewhat similar state of affairs applies to Rhodesian gold.

Until the time of publication of Hartley's discovery the only white men to penetrate into the Far Interior were hunters, traders and a few missionaries. Immediately after his discovery prospectors and concession-seekers began to arrive; they were more aggressive in their demands and more persuasive in their promises. After 1865 the whole tempo of events changed, culminating in Rhodes despatching the Pioneer Column which was in essence simply a well organised and carefully controlled gold rush. And it is through the eyes of a generation that saw the greatest gold rushes in the history of the world that Hartley's discovery must be evaluated.

In 1848 James Marshall discovered glittering particles of gold in a stream in California; a year later the famous "forty-niners" swarmed into the country and the great rush was on. In 1851 Edward Hargraves found gold in New South Wales and soon afterwards the Victoria goldfield was discovered which yielded rich rewards including two incredible nuggets each weighing more than 150 pounds. Thereafter there was a series of minor rushes in America and Australia which kept the temperature of the general public's gold-fever well above normal. Great movements of population took place; in the four years up to 1855 over 1,250,000 immigrants poured into Australia from England alone. People in those days were probably no more adventurous than they are today but, apart from being attracted by golden riches, they were prodded by Victorian poverty. When considering the background to the period, it should be remembered that the first diamond was found in South Africa in 1867, two years after Hartley had found gold in Mashonaland; but it was not until 1869 that a party of Australian diggers started a major diamond rush by finding a rich deposit of stones in a kopje some distance away from the banks of the Vaal River; these men had been attracted to Africa by reports of Hartley's discovery and had landed in Durban with two ship-loads of their countrymen in February and April of that year. The following year Cecil John Rhodes also landed in Durban, in an expectant and highly optimistic atmosphere.

Hartley's discovery thus had the effect of adding considerable fuel to fires rich were already ablaze. Reports of his discovery had worldwide repercussions, featuring in the press of most countries, notably in South Africa, Britain, America, Australia and Germany. But Hartley did much more than merely report the existence of gold: he encouraged and gave invaluable practical help and advice to two men, Karl Mauch and Thomas Baines, who more than any others, gave the neglected Far Interior a blast of publicity that was directly responsible for bringing Rhodesia into the British orbit. Consider, for example, the impact of this news item which appeared in the *Natal Mercury* dated 17 December 1867: "So the question of ancient Ophir is at last settled.... Of course we are all in a high state of excitement".

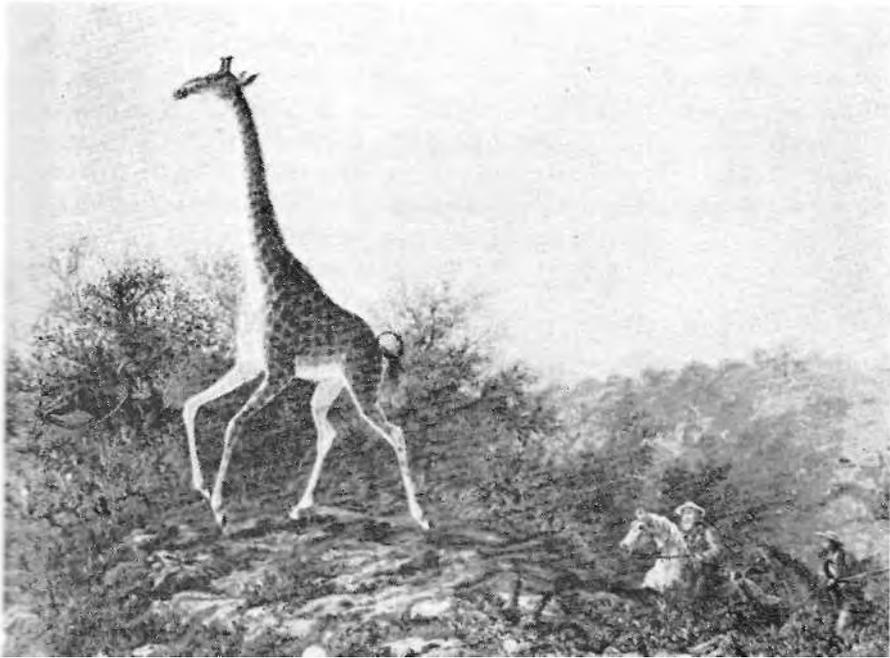
The sterling service that Hartley rendered in publicising the Mashonaland gold field is in keeping with the extroversion that ruled his personality. Mauch,⁽⁸⁾

the poetic and unstable German schoolmaster who had turned amateur geologist, would have got nowhere without Hartley's help and guidance. The honest and factual Baines repeatedly acknowledges his own indebtedness in this respect. It is extremely doubtful whether Baines would have obtained the first ever concession⁽⁹⁾ to mine in Mashonaland from Lobengula if it had not been for Hartley. Hartley's helpfulness is all the more extraordinary when one realises that, as far as he was concerned, it was virtually a one-sided affair. The story is repeated over and over again in the writings of his contemporaries: Hartley lends a horse; Hartley acts as a guide to Tati; Hartley supplies oxen; Hartley, a skilled blacksmith, fixes a wagon wheel; Hartley intercedes and smoothes the way with Mzilikazi and again with Lobengula; Hartley indicates the routes free from tsetse fly; Hartley sets Lobengula's broken arm; Hartley extends hospitality at Thorndale; Hartley shows where gold is to be found. And so on in small matters and in big, but there are no references to anyone helping Hartley.

The destruction of the farm house along with the Hartley archives has already been mentioned; this obliteration of the direct evidence of him being the first southern African frontiersman to discover gold in what is today Rhodesia has unfortunately led to his claim to this honour being disputed in certain quarters. There is a school of thought that believes it is Mauch who is entitled to the credit for the discovery. Before examining the facts it is necessary to bear in mind how History bestows her honours: Columbus is honoured for discovering the New World, not the Vikings who sailed across the Atlantic centuries before him: such is Hartley's relationship to the ancient gold workers; Fleming was the first to stumble on the unique therapeutic qualities of penicillin but it was Florey and Chain who gave the wonder drug to the world, nevertheless only Fleming's name is a household word today: such is Hartley's relationship to Mauch and Baines.

There is of course nothing new in the Hartley-Mauch controversy for it was started by the German himself. Hartley was a popular figure in South Africa and it was not only right but also quite natural that he was given the credit for discovering the northern goldfields; but Mauch complained to Baines in 1871 that "Mr. Hartley wished to take credit for discoveries that belonged to Mr. Mauch alone and that statements disparaging to him (Mauch) were made in various newspapers . . . ⁽¹⁰⁾"

The sequence of events is as follows: Hartley discovered gold during the first year he hunted in Mashonaland which was 1865. On returning to the Transvaal he met Mauch on February 15th, 1866, and he told the German about his find. Mauch left Thorndale with Hartley for the northern goldfields in May 1866 and the two went together on a second trip the following year. In a letter, to the *Transvaal Argus* dated December 3rd, 1867, Mauch wrote: "Mr. Hartley, the well-known elephant hunter, may count among the results of his last hunt the discovery of two goldfields of enormous extent". This letter is reprinted on page 496 of the *New Monthly Magazine* of 1868 with the following comment: "Carl Mauch himself, as we have seen in his letter to the *Transvaal Argus* of December 3, 1867, attributed the discovery of the goldfields to the well-known elephant hunter, Mr. H. Hartley. Carl Mauch confirmed and extended the discovery and gave to it the weight and authority of a competent scientific observer". Sir Rod-



(Mrs. J.M.H. Theron)
"The Giraffe wearied", a painting by Thomas Baines (Note 15)



(National Archives)
Hartley discovers gold, 1865; a portion of a painting by Baines. (Note 16)

erick Murchison in his presidential address to the Royal Geographical Society on May 25th, 1868, has this to say: ". . . having been in frequent communication with our medallist Dr. Petermann I gather this data from a forthcoming number of 'Mittheilungen' to which I have had access . . . He (Mauch) became acquainted with Mr. Hartley, the elephant hunter who, in quest of ivory, had visited all the highest lands of the region which forms the broad-backed elevated watershed between the river Zambezi on the north and Limpopo on the south. Being informed by Hartley of the existence in these high and rocky lands of the remains of ancient metalliferous excavations Mr. Mauch explored them, hammer in hand . . ." ⁽¹¹⁾.

After the dispute arose Mauch is careful to omit any reference to Hartley mentioning gold before they set out together for the north. The following is a translation of a work published in 1874: "*Making acquaintance with Hartley and two journeys in his company*. On returning from a lesser hunting trip to the Limpopo I chanced to meet the elephant hunter, Hartley on February 15, 1866. We had only talked for a few minutes with each other, during which time I explained my plans and desires to him, when he invited me to accompany him on his next trip to Matabeleland. There, he thought, I would find a field for my activities. I asked him for time to think it over, but came to the anticipated decision, to accept the proposition made voluntarily by the famous hunter". ⁽¹²⁾

Baines records the following statement in a diary entry dated May 15th, 1869, which gives Hartley's side of the story and at the same time seems to indicate that a dispute was already brewing up: "Hartley . . . says that he not only never hindered Mauch in his discoveries nor left him unprovided to walk long distances, but that he himself employed natives who knew where gold used to be worked in former times to point out the localities to Mr. Mauch". ⁽¹³⁾

The evidence, especially that which appeared soon after the discovery of gold was announced, thus indicates that Hartley was the pioneer, while Mauch confirmed and reported on the hunter's find. There is no room for dispute in this matter.

Henry Hartley gave up hunting elephants after the 1870 season. He had a run of bad luck that began when he was seriously injured by a wounded rhinoceros near the Ramaquabane River in November 1869; the worst blow he had to suffer was the death of Willie, his favourite son, on May 29th, 1870; to make matters worse in the same year his splendid grey charger Camelbuck ⁽¹⁴⁾ was struck by tsetse fly and died in September. The high veld was no longer to re-echo to the roar of Hartley's great four-bore muzzle-loader as the gallant old man with his flowing silver beard charged through the msas after elephants heavy with ivory. Mashonaland would from now on be associated with tragic memories for the grand old frontiersman. But in any case Hartley had to quit hunting for other reasons: most of the elephants had retreated to the low lying 'fly' country where hunters could not give chase on horseback; elephant hunting on foot with slow firing muzzle-loaders was not really a proposition in the relatively open country that prevails in Rhodesia and was, of course, quite out of the question for a man who had difficulty in walking. The further large scale slaughter of the great beasts had to wait for a new generation of Nimrods armed with high velocity breech-loading weapons. So ended an era. In 1876 Henry Hartley died on his

farm Thorndale, where he was buried.

In gratitude for the help he had received, Baines called Hartley Hill after the hunter, thus Henry Hartley has the honour of having his name on the first geographical feature in Mashonaland to be named after a European. Today a town and a district also bear his name. He is seen in some historic paintings by Baines, two of which are reproduced with this article. Henry Hartley is mentioned in every book on the early history of Rhodesia. As a living memorial, a growing number of his descendants are to be found on both sides of the Limpopo. The name of Henry Hartley is thus indelibly written across southern Africa. This is as it should be.

NOTES AND REFERENCES

1. *Geographischen Mitteilungen*, 1867, p. 219.
2. This painting was presented to the National Archives in 1955 by Mrs. E. Lester of Johannesburg, a descendant of Henry Hartley; unfortunately the vibrations on the journey dislodged much of the already badly damaged paintwork which rendered the picture useless for exhibition purposes. The painting showed Hartley shooting an elephant at close range.
3. Mohr, E., translated by D'Anvers, N., *To the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi*. Sampson Low, Marston, Searle and Rivington, London, 1876, pp. 201-2.
4. Leask, T., *The southern African diaries of Thomas Leask, 1865-1870*, edited by J. P. R. Wallis in the Oppenheimer series No. 8, p. 73.
5. Finaughty, W., *The recollections of William Finaughty, elephant hunter, 1864-1875*. J. B. Lippincott and Co., Philadelphia, c. 1916.
6. In a letter to the *Field, the farm, the garden, the country gentleman's newspaper*, London, 19 March 1910, P. McGillewie mentions that Tom Hartley was killed fighting for the Transvaal at Colenso during the Anglo-Boer War. The question of divided loyalty must have caused much heart-searching in the family at the time. Tom's loyalty to his adopted country, while quite understandable, may have been encouraged by his brother-in-law Thomas Maloney as many Irish fought on the Boer side.
7. Willie Hartley was one of the first white men to die in Mashonaland. For particulars of the circumstances of his death and where he was buried see E. E. Burke's article *William Hartley's grave* in *Rhodesiana* No. 8.
8. A fine example of Carl Mauch's poetic approach is: "There the extent and beauty of the gold fields are such that I stood as it were transfixed, and for a few minutes was unable to use the hammer". Mauch died in 1875 as a result of a fall from an upper storey window.
9. The Baines concession was eventually bought by the British South Africa Company for the equivalent of £5,000 in the company's shares.
10. Baines, T., *The northern goldfields diaries of Thomas Baines, 1869-1872*, edited by J. P. R. Wallis in the Oppenheimer series No. 3, p. 616.
11. Royal Geographical Society, *Proceedings* 1868 v. 22, no. 2, pp. 219-284.
12. Mauch, K., *Reisen im inneren von Sud-Afrika 1865-1872*. Gotha-fustus, Perthes, 1874.
13. Baines, T. *ibid* p. 26. Enlisting the aid of local tribesmen in seeking the location of old workings was also a common practice after the Pioneers arrived in 1890; it gave rise to the term "blanket prospecting" as a blanket was the usual gift for rendering this service. All the major gold mines in Rhodesia are situated on old workings.
14. Camelbuck or Kameelbok was probably so named because it recalled some association with a giraffe. Camelopard was a common term for a giraffe in South Africa and this was often abbreviated to camel. For example: "suddenly Selous shouted 'Camels by Jove!' " at p. 29 in W. M. Kerr's *The Far Interior*, London, 1887.

15. "The Giraffe Wearied" has the following inscription on the back of the canvas: "Presented to H. Hartley Esq. in acknowledgement of his kind assistance to the South African Goldfields Expedition by the artist, T. Baines, Ganyana River, Lat. 17.44.41. Sept. 14 1869". From left to right: Hartley's coloured servant Christiaan, Henry Hartley on Camelback and Baines. The picture is in the possession of Mrs. Joyce Hartley Theron of Johannesburg; it has been bequeathed to the National Archives by the late Mrs. Gladys Hartley but it will remain in the custody of her three children during their lifetime.
16. Henry Hartley discovers gold. The illustration shows part of the well-known canvas painted by Baines when he was publicising the northern goldfields and trying to raise money for a third expedition to the interior. The back of the canvas bears the following inscription: "What led to the discovery of the South African Gold Fields. Mr. Hartley and his Matabeli servant elephant hunting among quartz rock and old diggings in the Northern Goldfields 1865 and 1866. T. Baines, Durban, Natal, Sepr. 28 1874". This was one of the last paintings by Baines who died seven months later on May 8th, 1875.

Pioneer Forts in Rhodesia

by P. S. Garlake

The original purpose in preparing this paper was to describe the location, standing remains and history of the several forts of the period between 1890 and 1897 that have been proclaimed National Monuments, and briefly to place them in their historical context. As the most important surviving remains of a short, crowded and vital period in the country's history, accessible to any interested visitor, they merit at least this. It became apparent, however, that these and other forts had in fact played a fundamental role in the establishment of both the European and of pacific government in Rhodesia, and therefore a detailed list of every fort of the period and some study of their purposes and functions seems worthwhile, particularly as it may also encourage the location and preservation of the remnants of the minor forts which may survive but are so far unrecorded (Fig. 1).

Today it is hard to visualize the difficulties facing a tiny population of un-easily accepted newcomers, isolated by many hundreds of miles of difficult, often hazardous, country from any base or regular and certain source of supply. Almost nothing could be done to combat climate, which would often cut all communications for weeks on end; disease, especially horse-sickness and rinderpest, which could and did virtually wipe out all transport animals; or the uncertain reactions of a local population which was vastly superior in numbers, little understood and entirely alien in every way of life and belief. The attempt to introduce new systems of government, law and living into a vast area of largely unknown country was to be undertaken with the minimum of force, not only from altruistic motives, though these existed, but because the resources available were never sufficient enough to hope to be able to engage a completely hostile population for more than a matter of weeks. Such conditions would not only completely halt and destroy the infant economy of the country but would rapidly exhaust all available resources - food, money and material that had with difficulty been built up and whose replacement was always difficult and uncertain and for long periods almost impossible. These conditions applied in Rhodesia until the arrival of the railway at Bulawayo in October 1897, by which time all danger had passed and the country was at peace.

Until 1897 the survival of the new colonisers of Rhodesia owed much to the establishment, during the occupation and the subsequent war and rebellions, of some four dozen tiny, sandbagged enclosures carefully sited throughout the country. Fort construction was largely standardised, the typical fort being an earthwork enclosure 60 ft. square. The outer walls were some 5 ft. high and supported on their vertical inner face by closely spaced, rough-cut timber poles, braced and cross-braced; they were pierced by a single entrance (Fig. 2). Round the inside ran a 2 ft. wide firing step and externally the wall face sloped down to a

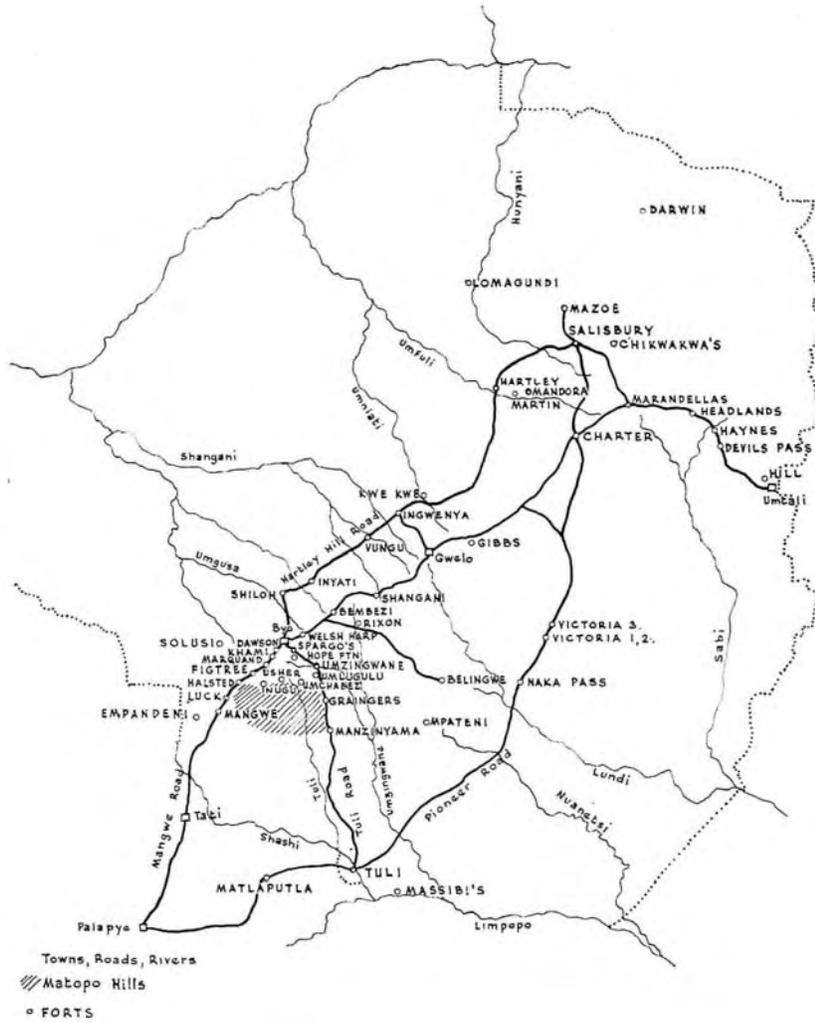
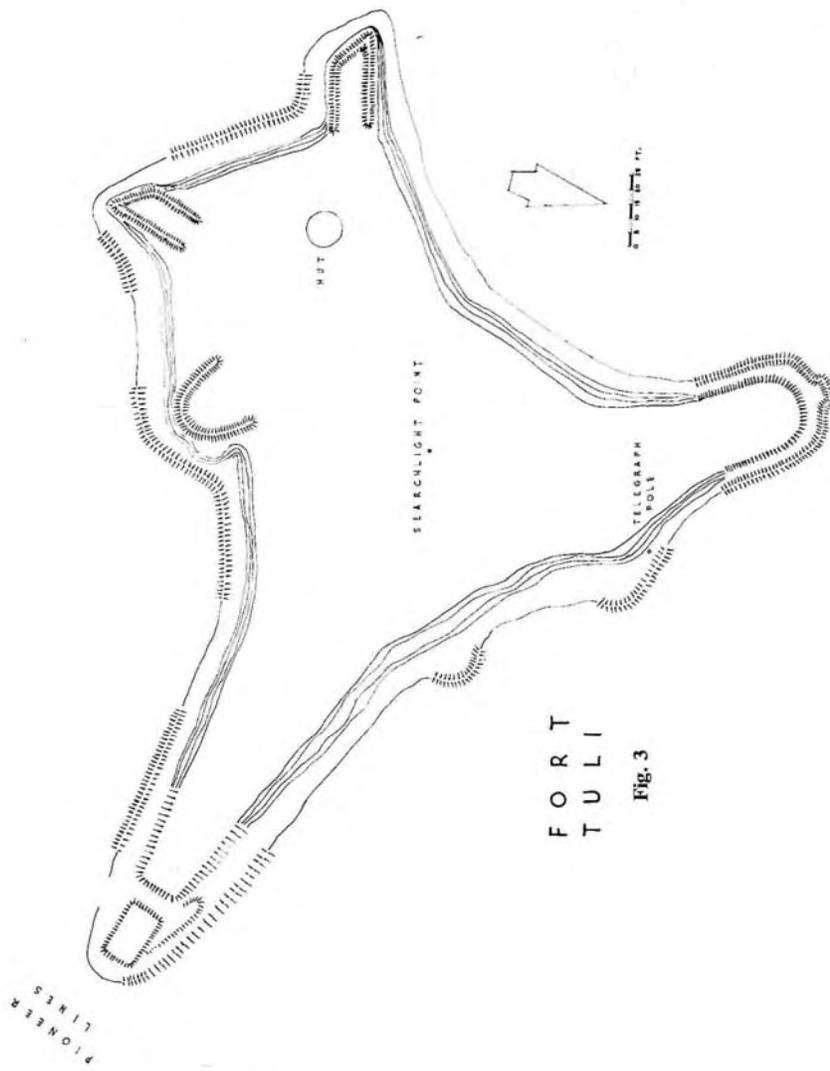


Fig. 1

5 ft. wide, 3 ft. deep, dry ditch. This ditch provided the material for the walls and additional protection but posed a serious health problem if allowed to contain water. It was therefore often omitted, particularly in poorly drained sites such as **Charter**. The base of the outer wall was normally revetted with stone - if available - timber or sandbags, and the wall topped by sandbags. If heavy weapons - one or two maxim guns or a seven-pounder - were to be accommodated, ramps would lead up to circular internal bastions. Only in 1896 were projecting corner bastions introduced, normally at two diagonally opposite corners. Inside, there was usually only a sun-dried brick store roofed with corrugated iron. Outside, but under cover of the fort, a double line of impermanent pole and dagga huts housed the garrison. Wagons, mess huts, telegraphist and hospital were also frequently situated outside the fort; for, rightly, it was never expected that the forts themselves would ever have to resist prolonged direct attack. A fort represented a show of force, a stronghold only to be occupied as a last resort. Horses were stabled within the fort or in the ditch at the base of the wall, and the whole was encircled by an outer thorn bush abattis. The three Pioneer forts of **Victoria**, **Charter** and **Salisbury**, and Forts **Hill** and **Umlugulu** were typical examples of the standard fort. Forts **Mangwe**, **Luck**, **Shangani**, **Solusi** and **Shiloh** were all circular enclosures, 45 ft. in diameter, but otherwise identical to the standard fort. Rarely, the outer wall was of stone, laid without mortar, well dressed and fitted as at Fort **Gibbs**, or roughly piled as at Forts **Rixon** and **Ingwenya**. Finally, minor forts such as **Figtree**, **Marquand** and **Halsted**, not in-tended as permanent outposts, and even the major sites of **Hartley** and Fort **Martin**, frequently consisted of adaptations of the summits of easily defensible kopjes by the construction of short lengths of stone, timber or sandbag walls between the natural boulders and cliff faces of the kopje (PL 1). Maj. R. S. S. Baden-Powell described such forts thus: "They would make a sapper snort, but none the less effective for all that. They are first, the natural kopje or pile of rocks aided by art in the way of sandbag parapets and thornbush abattis fences - easily prepared and easily held"(4)*. The garrison of such a fort lived in tents or even, as at Fort **Dawson**, simply under a sailcloth. Refinements were often added. The ever resourceful Captain D. T. Laing, initially with 33 men, at **Belingwe**, on hearing of the first Matabele rebellion murders of March 24th 1896, worked by moonlight through the night of March 26th and the next day to build the defences he described thus: "The two round redoubts are practically impregnable and twelve dynamite mines are connected to these by overhead wires and attached to electric batteries - we have also an outer line of bush, through the top of which runs a continuous wire, which is connected with a rifle over the guard room and there are indicators to show which part of the wire has been tampered with"(6). Baden-Powell recommended that a fort should be sited with a tall tree in the centre to act as a crow's-nest and lookout and he even placed a maxim gun up such a tree when he built Fort **Usher No. 3**. He also recommended leaving a wide belt of grass round the outside, which would show up the dark bodies of any attackers, with finally an outer ring burnt out to provide a fireguard. One would expect such refinements from the

*Figures in brackets refer to the List of Sources attached to this article.



founder of the Boy Scouts.

The normal garrison of a fort was some 50 men, with a dozen horses and possibly a maxim gun, though they were normally assisted in the initial building by bodies of some 100 loyal Africans or the Cape Corps. After the main hostilities of the Rebellion had ended in August, 1896, garrisons of all but the most important forts were cut to about 15. Conditions in the forts varied. In 1896 the important forts of the Matopos, such as **Umlugulu**, received the four local newspapers daily from Bulawayo, periodicals were sent on by the Bulawayo Public Library, and tobacco, jam, groceries and newspapers were stocked for sale to the garrison. In October, 1896, an enterprising Mr. Golding was, however, refused a licence to open a store next to Fort Umchabezi, even though, "Of course, it is understood that no liquors of any kind are to be offered for sale". At the other extreme, the garrison of **Hartley Hill**, dependent on intermittent supplies from Salisbury, was plagued by fever through the rains of 1896-97. Out of a garrison of about 140 the hospital continually contained 50 or more men. At one stage there were only ten fit men in the entire garrison. At the foot of this and other forts small cemeteries contain graves of men who did not survive the rains and fever.

In April, 1890, the Pioneer Column's escort of British South Africa Company's Police moved to a site three miles south of the Macloutsie River and built a pentagonal earthwork fort, **Matlaputla**, designed by McAdam of the Bechu-analand Border Police. Round this fort developed the main base-camp of the expedition. From here, Fort **Tuli**, (Nat. Mon. 94) (Fig. 3) was established on July 1st, 1890, by the Pioneer Column itself and by 'A' Troop of the British South Africa Company's Police. This fort was first named Fort **Selous**, after the hunter, explorer and then guide to the Column. The hill on which the fort was built stands less than a mile south of the Shashi River in a hollow basin surrounded by higher hills - its siting was therefore frequently criticised for it was vulnerable to long-range guns and even rifles, a necessary consideration with regard to any threat from the Transvaal Republic. A further disadvantage was that the perimeter of the hill was too extensive to be properly fortified or garrisoned by the small force available; indeed, because of its area, much of the defences consisted of bully-beef cases and thornbush. From 1890 to 1893 Tuli was the main entry to Rhodesia and a small town rapidly grew up at the foot of the fort. It was the discharge depot for the Police who left Rhodesia and a training depot for new recruits, the head of the telegraph, and here the first hospital in Rhodesia was started by Mother Patrick and her Dominican Sisters on April 1st, 1891. By July, 1891, Tuli even boasted its own newspaper, the *Tuli Times*. Rhodes reached Tuli in October, 1890, on his way to Mashonaland but the rains ended his journey there. Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir Frederick Carrington, Jameson and Beit were all entertained in the fort in July, 1891, while the large numbers of wagons and new immigrants, streaming north, had to replenish their supplies at Tuli and provided the few stores and the British South Africa Company's Commissariat Officer with exorbitant profits. In 1893 Tuli was the base from which the Southern Column marched on Bulawayo but thereafter it declined for the Tati-Mangwe road now provided a more direct route to Bulawayo and then on to Salisbury. The decline was even greater when the railway reached Bulawayo.

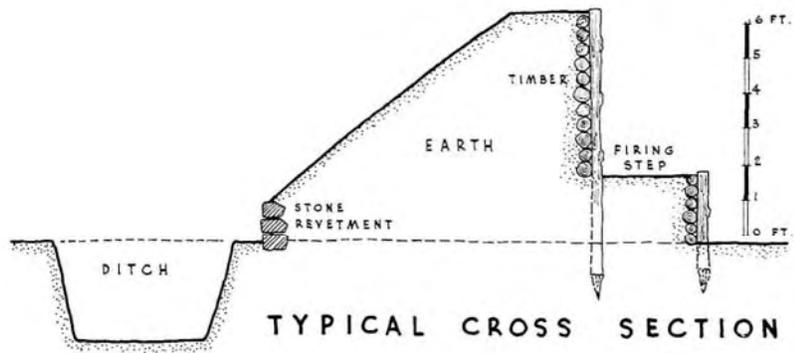
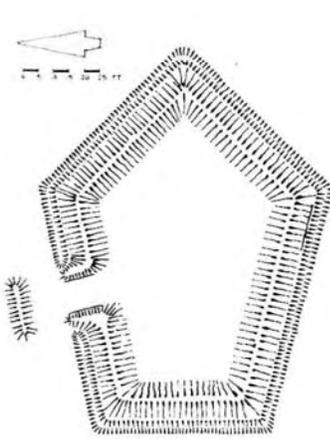
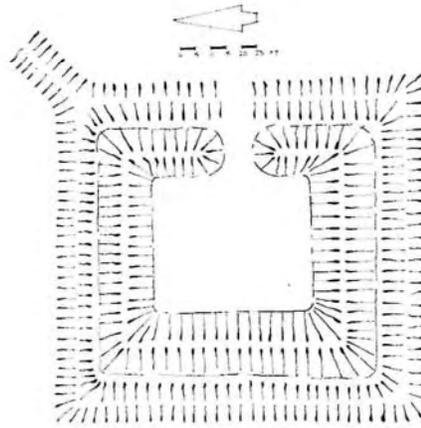


Fig. 2



FORT VICTORIA 2.

Fig. 4



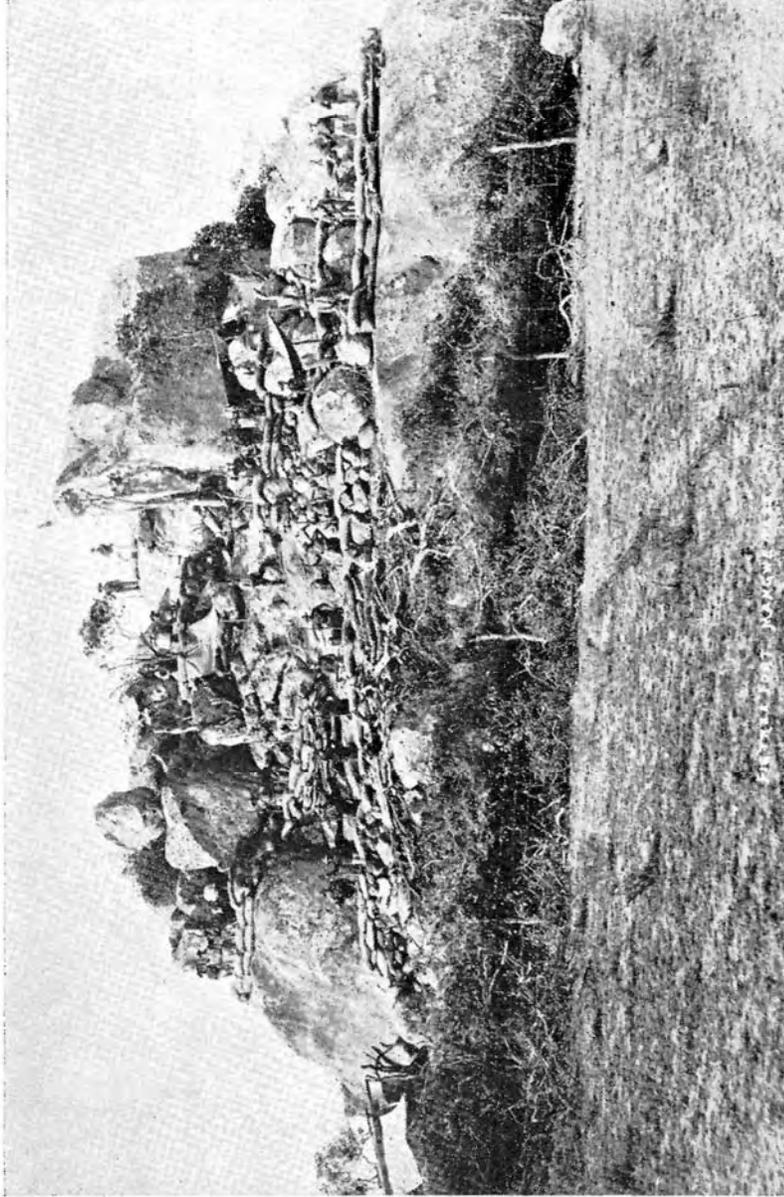
FORT CHARTER

Fig. 5

in 1897. It is ironic that two of the three main bases for the occupation of Bula-wayo - Tuli and Fort Victoria - suffered most from the very success of the operation. From 1899 to 1902, Tuli, under Col. H. C. Plumer, was to defend Rhodesia against invasion during the Boer War. The lower slopes of the fort and the larger hill to the north were then fortified with rifle trenches and gun emplacements and Tuli became the base for Plumer's march to the relief of Mafeking. Fort Tuli was finally abandoned soon after the end of the Boer War.

From Tuli the long march of the Pioneer Column to Mashonaland began on July 11th, 1890. On entering the highveld, 'C' troop of the Police started the building of the first Fort **Victoria** on August 14th on a site four miles south of the present town. By September, 1891, this fort was in such disrepair that construction was started on a second fort and garrison huts nearby. The pentagonal earthwork that remains today is probably that of the second fort (Fig. 4). By the end of the year the water supply proved inadequate and the town moved to its present position early in 1892. On September 3rd, 1890, 'A' troop was detached from the Column to build Fort **Charter** (Fig. 5), opposite Chief Mtigeza's kraal. Although reduced in status to a post station in August, 1891, Charter became important after the occupation of Matabeleland, standing as it did where the road to Bulawayo joined the main Pioneer Road south from Salisbury. This fort still survives, and its vicinity is laced with tracks, some probably of this period, while the original buildings of Meikle's Hotel and Zeederberg's coach house, both built in the 1890's, still stand nearby. The Column halted finally on September 12th and 'B' troop started work on Fort **Salisbury** itself, on the site of the present Cecil Square. The origin of the design of the Pioneer forts is known, for clause 7 of the contract between Frank Johnson and the British South Africa Company for the occupation of Mashonaland states "that the fort to be erected on Mt. Hampden or thereabout shall not be inferior to that constructed in 1885 at Brussels in the district of Stellaland by the Bechuanaland Field Force". These forts, with the exception of Tuli, were almost identical - a simple earthwork square, without ditches, revetted in stone at Victoria, but in sandbags and timber at the others. No heavy weapons could be left at Victoria or Charter, so there the internal bastions necessary at **Matlaputla** and **Salisbury** were, of course, omitted. Outside all the forts there were two lines of pole and dagga huts for the garrison.

It was not only as safeguards against local unrest that defence was necessary, for the borders of the new country were contested briefly by both the Transvaal Republic and the Portuguese. Early in 1891, when a Boer commando sought to establish claims to Rhodesia and to enter the country across the Limpopo, men from Tuli established posts at all the Limpopo drifts, with their main body at a fort opposite **Massibi Drift**. As an additional precaution, the **Naka Pass**, on the Pioneer Road south of the Tokwe River, was fortified by the Police. "The hills on either side of the pass had seven-pounders and maxim guns galore, trees cut down, it would have taken an army to storm the place" (10). At the same time, on the eastern border, a Portuguese force had gathered at Mace-quece to press their claims to Manicaland. A mixed volunteer and Police force under Captain H. M. Heyman marched on the Portuguese to counteract this and inflicted a complete defeat from a fort built at **Chua Hill**, two miles from Macequece. Meanwhile the Police station at Penhalonga was fortified by a small



(National Archives)

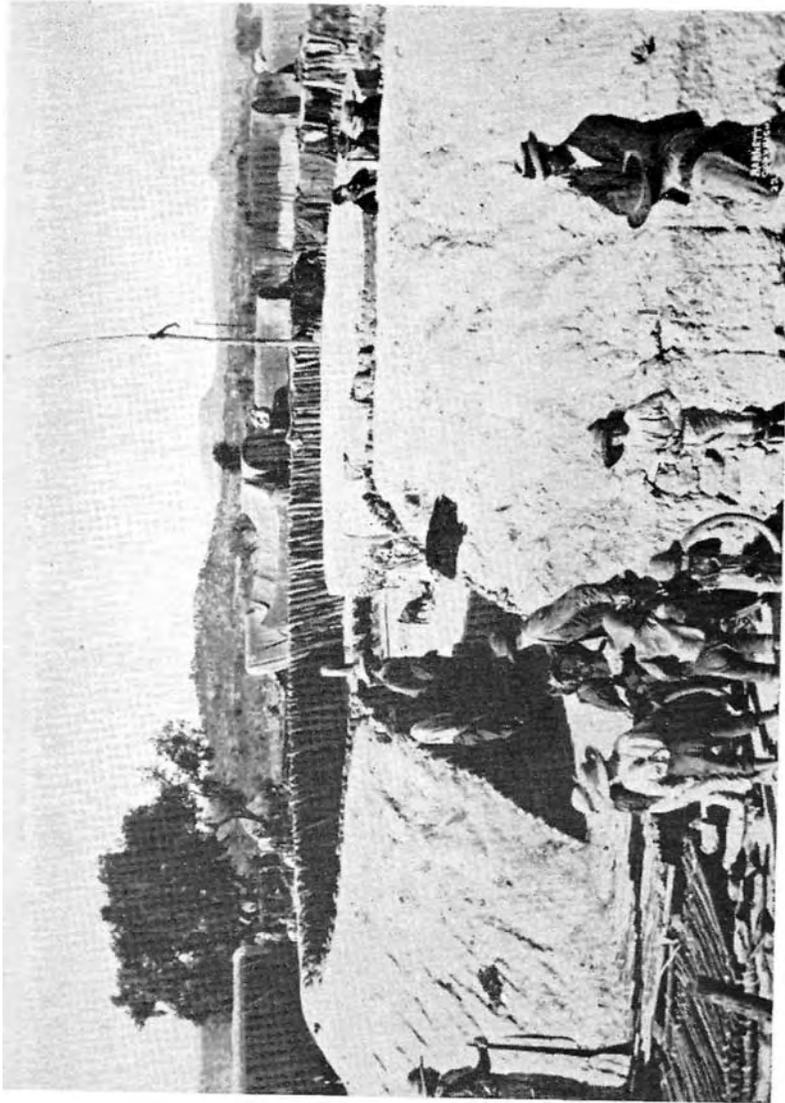
Plate 1 — Fort Molyneux, Figtree

body of local prospectors and the remaining Police to become Fort Hill (Nat. Mon. 34), (Fig. 6). In 1893, co-existence with the Matabele kingdom finally proved impossible. A Matabele impi, raiding and pillaging the local Mashona in the neighbourhood of Fort Victoria forced that town into laager in the fort (Nat. Mon. 17) on July 12th, 1893, and even demanded the surrender of those Mashona who had found refuge within the fort. For six weeks the women and children remained permanently in the fort, initially manned by 80 men. This fort, was more accurately, a defensible administrative centre and consisted, much as it does today, of the post office, courthouse and gaol surrounded by a high brick wall with a firing step and two towers containing maxim guns at opposite corners. The towers still stand but were originally unroofed and of bare brickwork. The hospital was set up in the Magistrate's office while the Dominican Sisters running the hospital lived in a hut in the prison yard. Although the Matabele withdrew on July 18th, this incident sparked the inevitable war which resulted in the rapid defeat of the Matabele and the overthrow of Lobengula by columns from Salisbury and Victoria. They were reinforced by a Southern Column, consisting of a detachment of the Bechuanaland Border Police under Lieut.-Col. H. Goid-Adams and volunteers under Commandant P. J. Raaff (Raaff's Rangers), from Tuli. This column was the only one to establish permanent fortifications. At Empanjeni, Fort Adams (Nat. Mon. 88) was built on November 3rd, 1893, three miles from the site of this column's one serious battle - at Singuesi on the previous day. The fort was only occupied for three days. At Mangwe, the southern entrance to the Matopos, a further fort was built. These two forts were only temporary timber and earthwork stockades around the laager camps, built when attacks were expected, but deserted as the column left.

The precariousness of the first eight years is highlighted by the events of 1896-97. Within days of the outbreak of the Matabele Rebellion on March 23rd, 1896, no European or European property survived in Matabeleland outside the laagers of Bulawayo, Gwelo, Belingwe and Mangwe. Bulawayo was surrounded by 15,000 Matabele, 2,000 of these armed with breech-loading rifles, while inside Bulawayo there were only 800 men with 580 rifles; the Police force for the whole of Matabeleland consisted of 48 men. Their slender hope of survival was clearly realised and made explicit by the Administrator, Earl Grey, immediately after the outbreak: "The position is not pleasant. Bulawayo is a beleaguered town with barely one month's supplies, 500 miles from its base, Mafeking. Under the most favourable circumstances transport wagons take a good deal over a month from Mafeking to Bulawayo".(9). And circumstances were not favourable; the roads were in bad condition, rinderpest had destroyed all the transport oxen, mules had to be used, and the Matabele threatened every road. The tiny force was clearly unable to attempt to defeat the Matabele in their hill strongholds of the Matopos, and so Imperial troops entered the country, but they could only provide temporary relief. Grey estimated that to feed the horses and mules of the Imperial troops alone would require that 1,000 wagon loads of grain be brought into the country before the rains of 1896 - clearly impossible. Lady Grey wrote in August: "Starvation stares the country in the face. It is not a question of money - *no* amount of money could save the situation when the rainy

season comes or if the war is continuing and all the troops are still in the country".(9). It was the Commander-in-Chief of the Imperial and local troops, Major-Gen. Sir Frederick Carrington, who within two weeks of arriving in the country at the beginning of June, 1896, determined a solution. Forts had already been built to secure the lines of communication, now they were to be sited and built to contain and dominate all known rebel concentrations in the country, wherever they had been met. This strategy was to save the settlers and was already in operation and having effect when Rhodes's first Peace Indaba halted hostilities in the Matopos in August, 1896. The policy came fully into its own after the first Indaba. This had made it clear that most of the Matabele wanted peace but were hesitant to lay down their arms, particularly outside the Matopos. Therefore forts were to be sited to make it clear to the rebels that the European was "in possession and was determined to stay", to protect "friendly natives", to encourage rebels to surrender and to provide a centre to which they could hand in their arms. Again and again orders emphasised that "offensive action was not to be taken" from the forts or "hostilities provoked", though, in Mashonaland at the end of the rains in early 1897, forts were sited near the rebel grain lands so that these could be destroyed if necessary. The strategy was so successful that by December, 1896, the Imperial troops could leave Rhodesia, with the protection of the country remaining in the hands of 1,200 men of the newly formed British South Africa Police, reinforced only by 200 men of the 7th Hussars. They manned the newly erected forts, almost all of which were by now administrative centres, with civilian Native Commissioners in overall direction of pacification. By this means a few men could control the whole country, primarily by establishing a psychological dominance over the rebels without bloodshed or resort to arms. Indeed this dominance was so clear that only one fort was in fact ever attacked.

At the start of the rebellion the Tuli road, skirting the eastern Matopos, was cut by the rebels and was impassable. It became urgent to protect the only remaining link with the south - the road skirting the northern and western Matopos leading to Mangwe, and then, free of danger, southwards. The protection of this road and telegraph line became the responsibility of Capt. F. C. Selous, playing his last part in Rhodesia's history. Within a month he had established forts every eight or ten miles along the road; at Wilson's farm (seven miles from Bulawayo), the Khami River, Mabukitwani, Figtree, the Shashani Pass and finally Matoli, 15 miles from the fort and laager of Mangwe itself. Each fort was garrisoned by some 30 to 50 men and named after the builder and first commander, with the exception of that at Mabukitwani which was under Selous himself and who named it after Lieut. F. J. Marquand, a Bulawayo architect who helped choose the site and supervise construction. Their names were thus **Dawson, Khami** (an exception), **Marquand, Molyneux, Halsted** and **Luck**. **Mangwe** (Nat. Mon. 50), (Fig. 7) lay at the foot of the Mangwe Pass and had since 1863, when John Lee established the farm and house which still stands 1 1/2 miles from the fort (Nat. Mon. 83), been the main entry for hunters and explorers to the Matabele kingdom. From the outbreak of the rebellion, 150 men, women and children, both British and Afrikaner, formed laager and enlarged and



(National Archives)

Plate 2 — The fort and lager at Mangwe, during the rebellion

improved the fort built by the Southern Column in 1893. To quote Earl Grey: "We have got a British laager at Mangwe Pass so that place, which is the key of the country, is all right"(9). The 52 men formed the Mangwe Field Force under Commandant Cornelius van Rooyen. The Civil Authority and Native Commissioner was a very young and overbearing nineteen-year-old, Major B. W. Armstrong. Women and children slept in the central stone circular enclosure roofed with pole and dagga, on which roof the men slept, protected by a sandbag parapet (Pl. 2). This building had previously been used as a grain store and was badly infested with rats. Animals were stabled within the circular outer walls and fifty yards outside the walls a laager of wagons encircled the fort to give some relief from what must have been cramped conditions. Mangwe was never attacked or even threatened, for the Matabele of the western Matopos and the officials of the nearby Mlimo shrine, one of the three major shrines, took no part in the rebellion, though Mkwati, priest of the shrine at Thaba zaka Mambo, north-east of Bulawayo, was a leader of the rebellion. However, when it was rumoured that the Mangwe priests were about to join the rebels, Armstrong and an American, Burnham, rode to the shrine and shot a Matabele they claimed to be the chief priest.

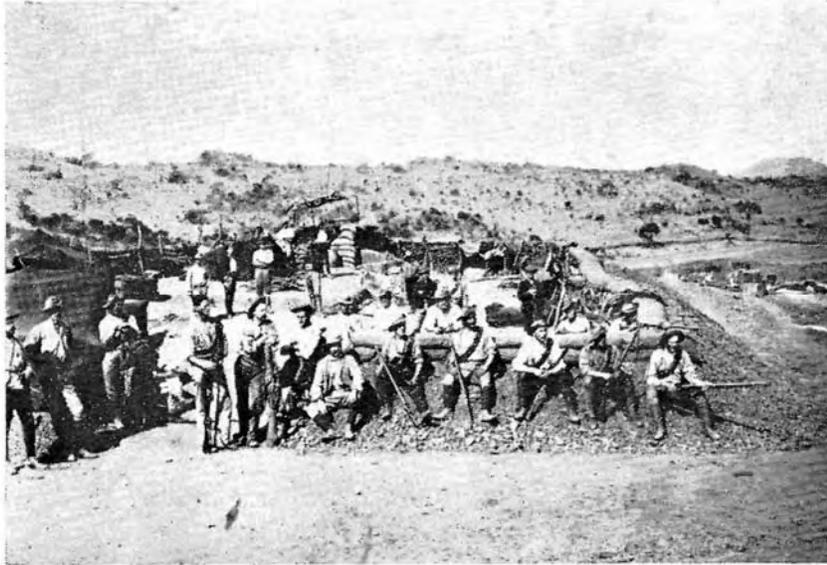
The discomfort, anxiety and resulting tensions of the laager made life difficult, increased by the clash of temperaments and the friction between the Afrikaners and the British, for the Jameson Raid had taken place only three months before. This life is vividly described from a first-hand source by J. M. Boggie (2). Immediately after the laager was formed Selous led a patrol to investigate rumours that "in the Mangwe laager order and discipline were conspicuous by their absence"(5). He returned however, with praise for Armstrong and van Rooyen, having found the laager "in excellent order"(3). In May the Matabele-land Relief Force under Col. Plumer passed through Mangwe on their way to Bulawayo. His comments did not bear out Selous' opinion: "Any value this fort might have had as a defensive work was quite nullified by the collection of huts, wagons and paraphernalia of all kinds huddled inside"(3). In such surroundings, six children were born before the laager and Field Force were disbanded on August 20th, 1896, to be replaced by a garrison of 15 police.

Plumer went into camp at Fort **Khami**, and took command of the road forts on May 16th. He replaced the existing system, in which all transport was escorted from fort to fort, by a single dawn patrol from each fort. But, due to the debility of their horses, the garrisons were not efficient. There was also great discontent and unrest among the men, who did not take kindly to military discipline. There were disputes over pay and payment for loot and the men felt that, as people with a stake in and knowledge of the country and who had successfully carried out the initial fighting and defence, they should be allowed to take part in the active operations to come. Request after request to resign was refused. This culminated with the O.C. of Fort **Marquand** refusing to return there from Bulawayo in August. Fort **Molyneux**, at Figtree, was particularly plagued with disaster; 90 sick horses, left there by Plumer in May, were driven off by the Matabele half an hour after he left and could not be recovered as the garrison had no saddles. In June orders were sent to the Sergt.-Major commanding to "Please report as soon as you have put your fort in such condition as to render it safe from

catching fire". This was apparently not done for by the end of the month he and the entire garrison were replaced. Two weeks later Figtree reported a rebel force at the fort. Capt. T. Laing and 200 men, mainly of the Belingwe Field Force, were sent out, but the reports were false. This is not surprising for on arrival they found no one in authority - Lieut. Botha, the officer commanding, was drunk, and the corporal under arrest for shooting the sergeant. Botha was relieved of his command, but, before returning under arrest to Bulawayo, managed to make matters still worse by cutting the telegraph wire. Laing remained at Figtree and used it as a base for his move into the Matopos to attack Imbesa at Inungu on July 20th.

With Plumer's arrival active operations became possible and a new impetus was given to the establishment of outposts. On May 23rd Capt. C. W. Halsted and 47 men went to the burnt and deserted mission at **Hope Fountain** and were fiercely attacked on arrival (PI. 3). After three hours' fighting the Mata-bele were repulsed. A fort was established above the mission, dominating the fertile land around. On June 7th a strong patrol under Lieut.-Col. J. A. Spreckley went north of Bulawayo, and on June 12th started work on a fort at **Shiloh**, on the Tekwane River, three miles from the old established mission. By afternoon a circular earthwork wall, 4 ft. high and 45 ft. in diameter, surrounded by a ditch, was complete. Four days later a detachment left Shiloh for **Inyati** to superintend the building of a fort below the mission there. In September the garrison of Inyati was only seven men of the 7th Hussars, living in a "small fort, open flat, blazing sun and flies innumerable"(4). They had removed corrugated iron from the mission to improve the fort, causing much complaint. Immediately prior to his patrol to Shiloh and Inyati, Spreckley had routed a large Matabele force six miles north of Bulawayo where the Salisbury road crossed the Umgusa River. On June 20th a force of 20 men established the **Welsh Harp** Fort at the site of the battle and named after the hotel at the drift, with the main object of gaining intelligence on enemy movements. This outpost was moved on August 12th five miles south-east to Springs Farm to guard the 150 sick horses left nearby and to provide protection for miners near the Matopos who were already planning to restart operations.

On June 17th orders had been given to establish a fort further up the Salisbury road, 24 miles north of Bulawayo, on the **Bembesi Battlefield** (the sites of the battle and laager of 1893 are Nat. Mons. 109 and 107), to collect grain and provide the intelligence on rebel movements. It was manned by a garrison of Afrikaners under Capt. L. C. Geysler, and again was a centre of discontent. Geysler himself was selling purloined grain in Bulawayo until personally stopped by Plumer. On July 28th a detachment from Plumer's forces was ordered to Bembesi to take over and, with the garrison, to build a new fort at the Insiza drift on the Belingwe road. However, the garrison sent word to say they all wanted to take their discharges at the end of the month and the orders had to be countermanded. Geysler himself resigned at the end of July and reported that his men would only serve under their own officers. After some hesitation he was, however, replaced by Lieut. Barrett of the Police, whereon Geysler's second-in-command, Lieut. W. Swart, resigned and a stream of further resignations was refused. This obstructiveness culminated on August 26th when eight men of the



(National Archives)

Plate 3 — Hope Fountain Fort



(National Archives)

Plate 4 — Hartley Hill. Taken shortly after the rebellion, the photograph shows the original fort on the summit of the hill

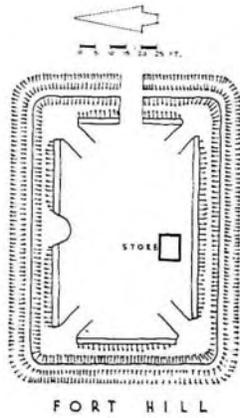
garrison refused to join a patrol of Imperial troops - they were court-martialled, fined and discharged. The disbandment of Bembesi had again been pressed by the Native Commissioner of Insiza, H. P. Fynn, on August 8th. "I beg to suggest that the fort at Lee's store (Bembesi Fort) be shifted to the Insiza Drift on the Belingwe road as it is absolutely useless where it is at the moment"(6). At the end of August this suggestion was finally acted on and Fort **Rixon** was established.

In the Midlands, Gwelo was in laager under the command of Capt. J. A. C. Gibbs, who had arrived with a small party from Salisbury on April 1st and who appears from his own and other diaries to have been a most enthusiastic fort builder. On his arrival at Gwelo a diarist recorded: "Captain Gibbs disgusted with state of laager, formed fatigue parties and commenced fixing us up, it's a Godsend he came to camp"(10). A week later the laager was fortified and in order. On May 20th Gibbs left Gwelo with a force of 66 troops and 120 others to prepare a fort controlling the Charter-Salisbury road. He chose the site for the future Fort Gibbs (Nat. Mon. 98), (Fig. 8), two days later at Makalaka Kop, a low but commanding kopje where, three weeks before, the Salisbury Column on its way to Bulawayo had skirmished with a Matabele force, and which dominated the rebel grain lands. The outer wall was completed in a week and work started on a brick iron-roofed store within it on June 1st. Two weeks later the fort was complete, the flag hoisted and appropriately celebrated. This square building, with fine dressed stonework and even the fort's name and date engraved on a stone block at the entrance, is probably the best built of any fort. Subsequently a cattle kraal and pole and dagga huts for the officers' mess, hospital and telegraphist were built outside the entrance to the fort and a larger hut for the men inside, and the stone wall protected by sods and sandbags. The fort never saw action, beyond a skirmish in which a Coloured scout killed three Mas-hona on June 6th. At the end of 1896 Fort Gibbs was taken over by the British South Africa Police, to be finally abandoned at the conclusion of the rebellion. On June 25th, 1896, Gibbs left a garrison at the fort and went on to **Shangani**, on the Bulawayo-Gwelo road, where a standard circular earthwork fort was erected, again at a site where the Salisbury Column had reported a strong Matabele concentration.

Plumer returned on July 12th from a patrol in which he had destroyed the Mlimo stronghold at Thaba zaka Mambo and forced the rebel leader Mkwati to flee. He moved to the Matopos and established camp at one of Usher's farms (**Usher No. 1**) on July 13th. On July 17th Carrington arrived in camp with Grey and Rhodes and took charge of operations. The force moved south to the Ma-leme valley, five miles nearer to the Matopos (**Usher No. 2**). From here, on July 20th, the Induna Babyaan was attacked and defeated at Nkantolo Hill. Three days later a fort (**Usher No. 3**) was designed and sited by Baden-Powell to command this area of the Matopos. This was the true Fort **Usher** and consisted only of a low wall of horizontal timbers, braced and protected by sandbags. Two rectangular gun emplacements projected from diagonally opposite corners - a new feature and one no doubt introduced by Baden-Powell. It was intended that Laing's Belingwe Field Force should also take part in the attack on Babyaan and he entered the Matopos from Figtree, but at dawn on July 20th he was

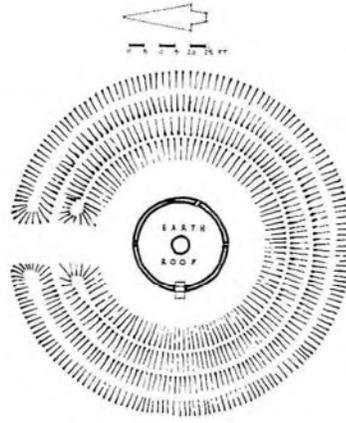
heavily attacked by Imbesa's impi in a badly sited camp near Inungu Mt. and forced to retire. On July 25th Capt. J. S. Nicholson was also engaged by Imbesa in this area. Nicholson returned on July 27th and built Fort **Inugu** (Fig. 9) in an open area four miles north of Inungu Mt. The fort was completed two days later and, like Fort **Usher**, provided with a Police garrison of 25 men. Inugu also afforded protection to the Matabele of the western Matopos under Faku, a man who never had much faith in the Mlimo. His followers took no part in the rebellion and were themselves therefore frequently threatened and harried by rebels.

Plumer's force of 800 men then moved east along the edge of the Matopos and, after a minor action at Mshabezi on July 31st, formed "Sugarbush Camp" on the Nsezi River on August 3rd, opposite a large rebel impi under the Indunas Sekombo and Nyanda. On August 5th an advance guard of 138 dismounted men moved towards the pass leading to Sekombo's stronghold. They were surrounded and attacked by 3,000 Matabele, whom they held off for two hours until the main body arrived and put the Matabele to flight. This was to prove the severest engagement of the campaign. Seven men of the force were killed but the Matabele had 200 casualties and their forces were completely dispersed. On hearing news of the engagement, Carrington and Rhodes had left Bulawayo and arrived at the camp on the evening of the 5th. The next day it was decided to build a fort on the site of the camp and work started on August 7th on Fort **Inceza**, (named after the river, but known from September 22nd, 1896, as Fort **Umlugulu** (Nat. Mon. 71), (Fig. 10). On August 14th the troops at Inceza were afforded some relief from the monotony of camp life and fort building by a sports day. The shooting during the V.C. race however, not only caused concern to other garrisons in the Matopos, who sent out patrols to investigate, and to newly arrived Imperial reinforcements whose advance guard galloped into camp at that moment, but must have disturbed the Matabele themselves. The day before the battle of August 5th, Baden-Powell and the Native Commissioner, J. Richardson, had captured one of Mzilikazi's wives, the mother of Nyanda. She was held in Fort Inceza for a week and then became the go-between in the negotiations that now opened, as it became clear that some rebels wished to surrender. Rhodes returned to Fort Inceza on August 15th to initiate these negotiations. On August 19th, by which time the new fort was practically complete, the main body withdrew to its main camp in the western Matopos, **Malema Camp**. On August 21st Rhodes left his camp outside Fort Inceza to meet the rebels for the first Indaba, and thus succeeded in bringing hostilities in the Matopos to a halt. Fort **Inceza** with forts at **Spargo's** and the **Umzingwane River** (8 miles and 20 miles respectively from Bulawayo) governed the head of the Tuli road. At the beginning of October the last patrol of the Matabeleland Relief Force extended the protection to this road with forts built along it at **Grainger's Store** and the **Manzinyama River**, 48 and 75 miles respectively from Bulawayo. To secure communications between Inceza and the base camp at Fort Usher, Fort **Umchabezi** had been built midway between them on a site selected by Plumer on September 1st. Of the Matopos forts in mid-September only Inceza had good permanent pole and dagga huts for the men. The others contained only makeshift structures but improvements were started. The garrison left at Inceza at the end of August consisted of 60 Police



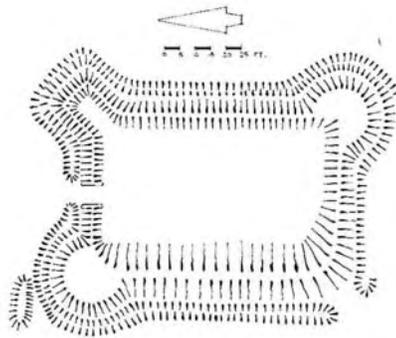
FORT HILL

Fig. 6



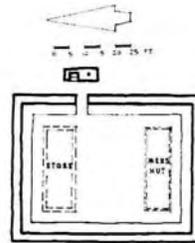
MANGWE FORT

Fig. 7



FORT INUGU

Fig. 8



FORT GIBBS

Fig. 9

with one seven-pounder, one 2.5" R.M.L. mountain gun and one or two maxims. This varied armament is reflected in the differing designs of the two bastions and the gun emplacement.

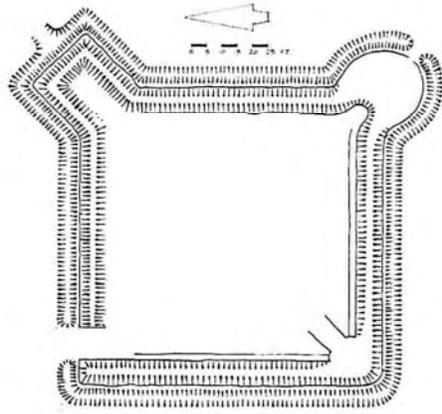
With the ending of hostilities in the Matopos and the approach of the rains, it was urgently necessary to attempt to withdraw as many troops as possible and, at the beginning of September, Forts **Dawson, Halsted, Hope Fountain, Spargo's, Umzingwane** and **Bembesi**, were abandoned and the garrisons at **Figtree, Khami, Mangwe**, and **Luck** reduced to 20 men each. The total garrisons of the forts two months before had been 347 men - by mid-October Forts **Khami, Marquand** and **Luck** were also abandoned and the garrisons had been reduced to a total of some 100 regular Police, first known as the Matabeleland Mounted Police but soon to be incorporated in the new British South Africa Police. The whole emphasis also shifted from hostile operations to peaceful encouragement of rebel surrender, under the Police and native commissioners, backed by the power of forts built in areas outside the Matopos. The first fort intended primarily and expressly for this purpose had been established on July 23rd at **Solusi's Kraal**, 35 miles west of Bulawayo between the Gwaal and Manzin-yama rivers, by civilian volunteers commanded by Lieut. Bull, under the direction of the Native Commissioner, and soon reinforced by a Police contingent.

The first and most widespread murders had occurred in the Insiza district at the start of the rebellion. When news of the first murders reached the settlers in the area they planned to gather at **Rixon's Farm**, where the northern Bulawayo-Belingwe road crossed the Insiza river; instead they laagered further south at Cumming's Store and were brought to Bulawayo two days later. Dr. and Mrs. Langford and C. J. Leman were making for Rixon's Farm when they were attacked and the men killed. Mrs. Langford fled for help but found Rixon's Farm deserted, and hid alone in a nearby river bed for several days before being discovered and killed. Col. Napier's Gwelo patrol, which recovered their bodies in May, lost two troopers in the area. On August 27th the Native Commissioner reported that rebels, desperately short of grain of which there were rich stores in the area, had gathered at Rixon's Farm and were killing Hlomdhleni's people, refugees from Thaba zaka Mambo, in their search for food. Although the leaders of these rebels had attended the first Indaba they were said to have renounced the negotiations and the Matopos chiefs, and claimed that they were the true voice of the Matabele nation, and still undefeated. A detachment of Matabeleland Mounted Police was sent to the farm and on September 10th their Commanding Officer, Insp. J. A. Warwick, reported: "With the assistance of surrendered natives, have erected a Fort in which I think the most suitable position, commanding a view of Rixon's valley and the open country along the Insiza river. The fort consists of a stone wall substantially built with a row of sandbags on which the top is not completed owing to the scarcity of sandbags. It is about 40 ft. square. I'm building a good substantial hut at each corner, which will be finished within a few days. My instructions were to establish a fort in a suitable position, which may mean anything, a temporary or a permanent one".(7) **Fort Rixon** (Nat. Mon. 97), (Fig. 11) was threatened soon after and the area reinforced by men from the strong Behngwe Field Force patrol then in the area, but no more than isolated skirmishes took place with the rebels.

North of Gwelo, in the Somabula forest, strong rebel forces remained and two strong patrols of the 7th Hussars, under Lieut.-Col. Baden-Powell and Lieut.-Col. H. M. Ridley, entered the area in September. The latter found and buried the bodies of men killed six months before at the start of the rebellion at Harbord's store where the Hartley Hill road (originally the Hunter's Road) crossed the Ingwenya River. The rebels were not brought to action and on September 26th Baden-Powell's patrol built a fort where the road crossed the **Vungu River**. A Matabeleland Mounted Police garrison remained behind and, on October 10th, their commanding officer Capt. W. H. Robinson, and the Native Commissioner, W. J. J. Driver, rode out unarmed to meet the rebels and to persuade them to surrender, with such success that rebels and arms streamed into the fort - 180 on one day alone. But the fort was in a poor position, in broken country, with water supplies exposed and not easily obtainable, and communications with Gwelo, the headquarters, difficult. Soon after, therefore, the fort of Ingwenya (Fig. 12), on the site of Harbord's store, replaced Vungu as the main post. A further minor fort was built at Cactus Poort near where the Hartley Hill road crosses the **Kwe Kwe** River. Forts **Rixon** and **Ingwenya** are similar constructions of rough, dry stone walling and below both are small cemeteries containing the graves of the settlers and troops killed in the vicinity. Below Ingwenya the foundations of Harbord's store are also still visible. In the final stages of pacification of Matabeleland further small, defended posts were built at **Mpateni** near Belingwe; at **Edkin's store**, Filabusi; and at **Balla Balla**.

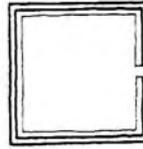
In Mashonaland rebellion broke out in June and Imperial troops arrived there in August. The same basic strategy used by Carrington in Matabeleland was not at once applied by the Commander of the forces in Mashonaland, Lieut.-Col. E. A. H. Alderson, nor with sufficient thoroughness. He preferred a system of rapid strikes against the rebels by strong patrols which would then withdraw. Largely as a result of this the Mashona Rebellion dragged on through the rainy season of 1896 and only ended in October, 1897. His lack of success emphasizes how essential the forts were to the successful pacification of the country.

Kagubi, spirit medium or Mhondoro of the Mashona and a leading rebel (later reinforced by Mkwati, leader of the Mlimo cult who fled from Thaba zaka Mambo), was at Mashiangombie's kraal on the Umfuli River. This kraal, "the powerhouse of the rising in Western Mashonaland", was to survive all attacks for over a year. On June 14th men from this kraal killed two prospectors at Beatrice, the start of the Mashona rebellion. Four days later the toll of murdered Europeans in the area was twenty. Seventy volunteers from Natal, forming the Natal Troop under Captain J. F. Taylor, were fortunately halted at Fort **Charter** on their way to Matabeleland, and on June 21st they attacked Mashian-gombie but were beaten off and retired. Immediately they left Fort Charter that district rose and 16 Europeans were killed. The Afrikaner farmers of the district then hurriedly formed laager both at Enkeldoorn and at Charter, the latter in the old fort, repaired and now surrounded with a ditch. It held 150 women and children. Provisions were scarce, food was rationed and all the cattle were dead from rinderpest, so transport and evacuation were impossible. However, ammunition arrived from Fort Victoria and the garrison was even able to keep up a system of patrols with the seven horses that remained. This laager was relieved by



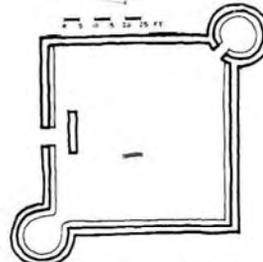
FORT UMLUGULU

Fig. 10



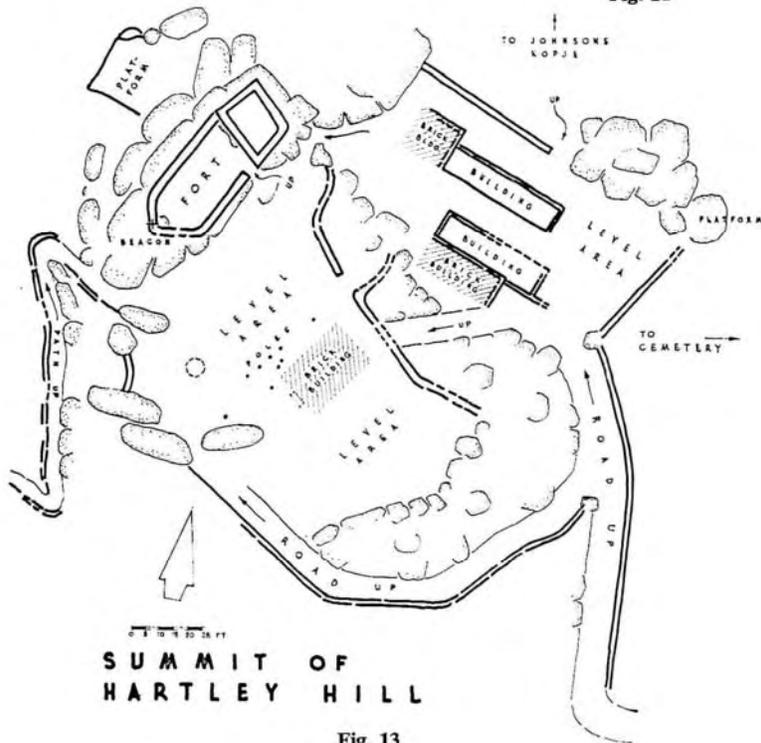
FORT RIXON

Fig. 11



FORT INGWENYA

Fig. 12



SUMMIT OF
HARTLEY HILL

Fig. 13

Lieut.-Col. R. Beal and the Salisbury Column, returning from Bulawayo to the defence of Mashonaland, on July 17th, but a garrison remained, receiving provisions from Salisbury. Like most of the laagers of the time, crowded conditions made it look disreputable. "It had the appearance of a gypsy encampment just before being told to move on by the local police"(1). **Charter** remained a base for numerous strong patrols through what was a strong rebel district.

As in Matabeleland, the main line of communications in Mashonaland had to be protected and the Imperial troops under Alderson, on their way to Salisbury from the coast in August, established fortified posts between Salisbury and Umtali at **Devil's Pass, Headlands** and the **Marandellas Hotel** (the two latter then at points south of the present main road and towns.) Their garrisons were provided by local volunteers and Imperial troops of the Mashonaland Field Force under Major C. W. Watts. During the march Makoni's kraal was attacked by Alderson with only partial success on August 4th, and to contain Makoni Fort Haynes was built on the next day at the camp site beside some newly erected Police huts. It was named after Capt. A. E. Haynes, R.E., who had designed it and who fell in the attack; it became the main depot for the road garrisons. The Police huts were converted to a hospital and Alderson's sick and wounded left there. Subsequently, after negotiations with Makoni had failed, and after a three-day siege ending on September 3rd, 1896, the kraal was destroyed and Makoni court-martialled and executed. At Mazoe, a few hundred yards from the Alice Mine, an area of strong rebel activity, a fort was built and garrisoned, on August 19th, by men of the Salisbury Rifles in order to protect the men working the Alice Mine; it was named Fort **Alderson**. Alderson, at the beginning of November, moved this fort higher up the hill for the better control of the rebel grain-lands in the valley below and also of the rebel leader Nehanda's kraal, ½ miles from the fort across the Mazoe River. He thereby caused a near mutiny in the garrison, who by no means enjoyed fort building.

Hartley Hill (Nat. Mon. 92), (Fig. 13), (PL 4), a long established and important mining centre on the then borders of Matabeleland, had early taken precautions against a rising, and twelve of the 34 Europeans in the vicinity, mainly prospectors, reluctant to abandon their property and retire to Salisbury, started to fortify the hill. They asked for, and received, arms from Salisbury as early as April 4th. Three weeks later the threats became real when news was received that H. Taylor, a prospector, had been murdered 35 miles away. Matabele were in the neighbourhood and the tiny garrison retired permanently to the fort. They did not realize that their real danger lay 23 miles away in the seemingly peaceful kraal of Mashiangombie until, on June 15th, all but two African servants deserted, and the Native Commissioner of Hartley, D. E. Mooney, was killed while on a visit to investigate the murder of an Indian storekeeper at the kraal. At the same time two prospectors were killed at the kraal. Three days later two more Europeans of the Hartley garrison and an African companion were killed on their way to Salisbury with despatches. Thenceforward the hill was fired on daily from adjacent Johnson's Kopje and parties collecting water were harassed. The tiny force held out until relieved by a patrol of 185 men under Capt. the Hon. C. J. White on July 22nd. From then, for over five months, the district was abandoned to the rebels. On October 10th, 500 European and 100 African troops under Alderson,

with four seven-pounders and four maxims, attacked Mashiangombie. After three days they retired again, having achieved little. Alderson realized the need for a fort but felt the difficulties of transport and supplies, and the shortage of men prevented the establishment of one at this time, particularly as the rains were about to start.

Earl Grey, who clearly realised how important an instrument the forts could be, criticised Alderson's policies strongly: "Alderson and his mounted infantry made so rapid a *promenade militaire* through the country that in many places the result is nil and the natives are in a state of mutiny. . . . Alderson committed two blunders - after his third attack on Mashiangombie he should have blown up the cave and left a fort behind. He did neither and the result is that Mashiangombie believes we are afraid and impotent".(9) Under Earl Grey's prodding **Hartley Hill** was re-occupied on December 1st by the Natal Troop, reinforced two weeks later by Major H. Hopper and 80 men of the British South Africa Police. The original fort was then enlarged and improved. Orders were: "To make frequent patrols especially after arrival to show we are in possession, to encourage the friendlies, but not to provoke hostilities". Grey commented: "Alderson has left an inheritance of difficulty for us to deal with. If you remember the first thing I did after my arrival at Salisbury (November 18th, 1896) on finding out that no fort had been established at Hartley was to get Alderson to send out a force at once and establish one - and after some little difficulty I got him to do so. Well, the evidence which this fort gives that we intend to stay there is puzzling Mashiangombie and is already beginning to make him uncomfortable - the latest news is that he is quarrelling with the Mondoro (Kagubi, the main leader of the entire Mashona rising, who had his headquarters at this kraal) who has taken some of his wives. I have every hope that we shall be able, without taking any active measures against his kopjes, to reduce him to the state of submission which is necessary if the country is to be safe for the miner"(9). However, still apparently believing that the Matabele were behind the Mashona rising, the authorities at Hartley established seemingly friendly relations with Mashiangombie who must indeed have felt invincible, until on January 9th the Chief Native Commissioner warned "Mashiangombie and Kagubi must be harassed. All stray Mashonas shot. Do not talk further with Mashiangombie" (8). Three days later the Commandant of the British South Africa Police, Lieut.-Col. the Hon. F. R. W. E. de Moleyns, planned a night attack with 170 men on Kagubi, now living a quarter of a mile from Mashiangombie, but failed to surprise the kraal and retired, though he did establish Fort **Mandora**, on an "extensive kopje" nearby, presumably and surprisingly named after Kagubi, the Mhondoro. Earl Grey commented: "de Moleyns again was irresolute - made a night march to within a mile of the enemy and then right about to build a fort instead of instantly putting the matter to the touch. ... "(9). It did, however, result in Kagubi leaving the district. Fort Mandora, like Hartley itself, was extremely unhealthy and fever-ridden, and took a heavy toll on its garrison. At last, on February 20th, Capt. R. C. Nesbitt, famous for his part in the Mazoe Patrol, left Hartley and established Fort **Martin** (Nat. Mon. 95), (Fig. 14), on a site one mile from Mashiangombie's kraal and within seven-pounder range of the kraal. He reported: "Fort Martin is very healthy, being splendidly situated very high

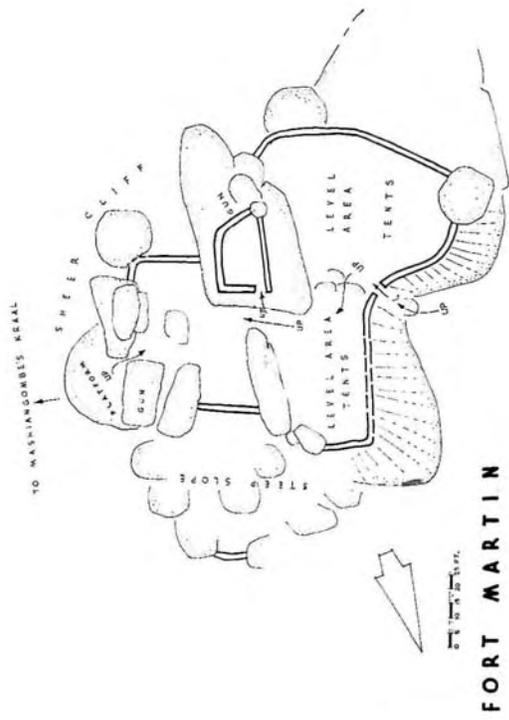
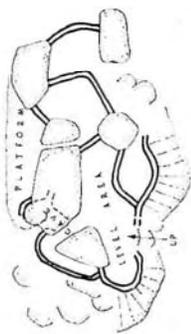


Fig. 14



... it is impregnable and the best possible place"(8). The two kopjes forming Fort Martin are protected and unclimbable to the east, the side facing Mashian-gombie's kraal, while the lower, sheltered western sides have level areas, which were encircled with walls and on which tents were pitched. The smaller kopje to the north, which naturally also had to be defended, was occupied by the African Police. The fort was named after Sir Richard Martin, who had succeeded Carrington in overall command of all the forces in Rhodesia and was also the Imperial Deputy Commissioner. The garrison were destroying crops and Mas-hiangombie now realized his vulnerability. Mkwati fled while many others, where they could, deserted. Mashiangombie was again persuaded to parley and tried to buy off his besiegers with £15 10s. 6d. "tax" and five muzzle loaders - not a convincing gesture. When this failed he attacked Fort Martin, on March 17th, with three to four hundred men, and killed three African Police before being repulsed. Thereafter the fort was fired on intermittently and his kraal shelled in return. The end came on July 24th. The British South Africa Police under de Moleyns and the 7th Hussars under Captains Carew and Poore, a total force of 670 men, stormed the kraal and after a sharp fight, which lasted only a few minutes, occupied the kopje and started to picket and dynamite its many caves. Among the attackers two Europeans and three Africans were killed. At dawn on the 25th, Mashiangombie himself appeared at the mouth of a cave, wounded by the blasting, and was shot down. The Mashona Rebellion was virtually over. Fort Martin remained the Police and administrative post for a further year; Hartley, then a rough mining camp, was not considered a suitable spot.

The last fort of importance in Mashonaland had been built on January 28th, 1897, opposite **Chikwakwa's Kraal** and Gondo's kraal, 25 miles east of Salisbury, and garrisoned by 40 Police under Sub. Insp. C. Harding after whom the fort was named. It was to this kraal that Kagubi came after de Moleyns' attack on him at Mashiangombie's. On February 16th the kraals were attacked and destroyed, though Kagubi had again fled, this time to Mazoe. During the final stages of the pacification of Mashonaland minor forts were built at **Loma-gundi**, 7 miles west of Sinoia, by the 7th Hussars in September 1897, the last act of the Imperial forces, and at Mt. **Darwin** by the Police under Major F. H. van Niekerk.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This work was carried out as part of the author's normal duties as Inspector of the Historical Monuments Commission.

I would like to thank both Mr. R. Summers and Col. A. S. Hickman for reading and criticising the first drafts of this paper.

LOCATION OF FORTS

Many of these forts are on private land. In all such cases permission to visit them must be obtained from the owners. All map references are to the 1: 50,000 Federal Topographical series.

- Fort Tuli**, Nat. Mon. 94. Map ref. sheet 2129C3, marked. 0: **Bulawayo**, take Beit Bridge road; 82.2 m. (4.0 m. past Gwanda), turn R to "Tuli"; 184 m., Tuli Police Station. Fort 2 m. further, across Shashi River.
- Pioneer Cemetery**, 3/4 m. from Fort.
- Prison** (1891), between Fort and Shashi River.
- Fort Victoria (1891)**. Map ref. Sheet 2030B2 713728 0: Fort Victoria, take Beit Bridge road; 3.5 m., turn L to Clipsham Farm; 4.4 m., Homestead. Fort 100 yards behind Homestead.
- Fort Victoria (1892)**. Nat. Mon. 17. In the centre of Fort Victoria on Dillon Avenue between Allan Wilson St. and Hughes St.
- Mangwe Fort**. Nat. Mon. 50. Map ref. Sheet 2128C1, marked. 0: **Bulawayo**, take Plumtree road; 43.8 m., Marula, turn L to "Mangwe B.S.A.P."; 63.8 m., Mangwe Police Station. Fort 1.8 m. past Station.
- Cemetery and John Lee's House**. Nat. Mon. 83. Approx. 1 m. from Fort.
- Fort Adams, Empandeni**. Nat. Mon. 88. Map ref. Sheet 2027D2 939058. As for **Mangwe**, bus 63.8 m., Mangwe Police Station, turn R; 68.9 m., fork L; after 100yds. turn L; 71.2 m., cross grid, turn R; 77.9 m., Empandeni Mission. Fort 2.6 m. past Mission.
- Fort Luck**. Map ref. Sheet 2128C1, not located in detail. As for **Mangwe**, but 53.2 m., turn very sharp L (before, not at, sign "Lydeard Store") crossing Lydeard to Darnaway Farm. Fort can be found on this farm.
- Fort Inugu**. Map ref. Sheet 2028A4 49383. Matopos, approx. 10 m. past Rhodes Estate; Fort 5 yds. W of main Antelope road, \ m. S of the Malonga River.
- Fort Usher No. 3**. Map ref. Sheet 2028B3 658423. "Fort Usher" signposted from Bulawayo and Matopos. Only tree, originally lookout within fort, survives, 100 yds. S of main road, 200 yds. E of bridge crossing Kantolo River.
- Fort Umlugulu**. Nat. Mon. 71. Map ref. Sheet 2028B4 959424. 0: Bulawayo, take Beit Bridge road; 17.5 m. turn R at signposted route "Fort Umlugulu"; 31.5 m., turn R at Esibomvu; 32.5 m., Fort.
- First Indaba Site**. Nat. Mon. 63. 2 m. past Fort, route signposted. **Rebellion Memorial and Cemetery**. Visible near Fort, the main Matopos rebellion cemetery. Commemorating and containing graves of troops who fell in all Matopos actions, including seven in Sekombo engagement August 5th, 1896, also later members of Police garrison.
- Fort Inyati**. Map ref. Sheet SE-35-16 PJ9422. From **Inyati Village**, proceed to Government Clinic; immed. before Clinic turn R; fork R; enter fenced, cultivated land through gate. Fort 50 yds. W of road, and 50 yds. S of northern fence (approx. -J- m. from Clinic).
- Rebellion Memorial in Inyati Mission Cemetery**, commemorating the men killed in defending the Police Station at the outbreak of the Rebellion.
- Fort Rixon**. Nat. Mon. 96. 0: turn off Salisbury-Bulawayo road at Shangani, follow signs to **Fort Rixon**; 30.5 m., just before Fort Rixon village turn R; 31.1 m., fork L; 31.3 m., turn L; 31.6 m., Fort.
- Cemetery** on right at foot of hill with graves of Dr. and Mrs. Langford, Leman and troopers killed on Gwelo Patrol, May, 1896.
- Fort Ingwenya**. Nat. Mon. 67. Map ref. Sheet 1929B1, marked. 0: turn R from Salisbury-Gwelo road at **Hunters Road Station**, follow signs to "Lower Gwelo"; 2.9 m., fork L; 7.9 m., fork L; 8.0 m., turn R; 14.3 m., Fort on L at S end low, grassy hill.
- 14.5 m. **Cemetery** on R of road, for civilians killed in district at outbreak rebellion. 0: Gwelo; take "Lower Gwelo" road; 26.0 m. turn R; 26.6 m. Fort.
- Fort Gibbs**. Nat. Mon. 98. Map ref. Sheet 1930A3, marked. 0: turn off Gwelo-Umvuma road at **Lalapanzi**, turn R; 1.9 m., turn R off road on to grass track; 2.2 m., pass ruined farmhouse; 4.2 m., farm dip; Fort visible J m. S of dip on summit of low granite dome.
- Grave of Sgt. W. Maxwell** "found dead in the veld" in June 1897, in clump of trees at foot of hill.
- Fort Charter**. Map ref. Sheet 1831C1, marked. 0: **Salisbury**, take Fort Victoria road; 52.3 m., turn L to "Charter Estate"; 65.1 m., turn R; 65.3 m., turn L; 66.7 m., Charter Estate Offices. Fort 2.8 m. from Offices on Charter Estate.

Fort Martin. Nat. Mon. 95. Map ref. Sheet 1830B2, Spot ht. 4156, Fort Martin Farm. 0: **Salisbury**; take Salisbury-Bulawayo road; 30.0 m., turn L at "Epsom Mine Road", follow Farm signs to "Fort Martin"; 48.1 m., turn L; 54.0 m., Farmhouse. Fort 1 m. away.

Cemetery on farm boundary 1/4 m. S.W. of Fort with graves of men killed in final action, and Native Commissioner, Hartley, killed at outbreak of rebellion.

Hartley Hill. Nat. Mon. 92. Map ref. Sheet 1830A2 246859. 0: **Salisbury**; as for Fort Martin but at 48.1 m. turn R; 68.1 m., turn R to hill, visible 1/4 m. N of road with beacon at summit. 0: **Hartley**; turn R off Salisbury road and continue along road to Beatrice. Hill 18 m. from Hartley.

Cemetery 1/4 m. from east foot of hill with graves of garrison, and of D. Hoste, died 1893.

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7. BA 2/9/2 Military operations, Matabeleland, 1896 Aug. 1—Dec. 22. BA 6/1 Chief Staff Officer—Diary. BA 8/1 G.O.C—Orders. BA 8/2 Garrison and regimental orders.
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The Makalaka

by Karl Mauch

translated from the German by F. O. Bernhard

(with notes by Professor M. Gelfand, C.B.E.)

Karl Gottlieb Mauch, the eldest of four children, was born on 7th May 1837 at Stettin, near Stuttgart. From his very early years he had a consuming ambition to explore in Africa; his initial training was as a teacher but he gradually equipped himself for his special purpose by studying natural history, geology and medicine. With help from Dr. August Petermann, a notable German publisher of geographical works, he eventually arrived in Durban in January 1865, to begin a remarkable series of travels. For a year he journeyed through the Transvaal and in the course of this he met Henry Hartley, who regularly hunted north of the Limpopo from a base at his farm in the Magaliesburg.

Hartley had that same year, 1865, found indications of gold in Mashonaland and he invited Mauch, as knowledgeable in geology, to go with him on his next trip in order to confirm his discoveries. They set out for Mashonaland in May 1866 and returned in January 1867, to start again for a second visit two months later. It was on their return that year that the existence of gold at Tati, on the Umfuli, and to a lesser extent on the Mazoe and near Inyati, was announced to an eager world.

Mauch travelled north again in 1868 but he was intercepted and turned back by the Matabele, for Mzilikazi feared gold prospectors as a potential threat to his independence. For the next two years he wandered through the Transvaal and the adjoining Portuguese territory collecting material for one of the works for which he is remembered - the first geological map of south central Africa. Then, in July 1871, he began his last and greatest African journey, from the Transvaal to the Zambezi. He travelled with the minimum of resources and near Zimbabwe he was stranded - to be rescued by an American wanderer, Adam Render (or Renders). Render was established in a Makalaka kraal and here Mauch stayed for nine months. Render knew of the Zimbabwe ruins, and showed them to Mauch who was the first to publish an account of them.

From the Zimbabwe area Mauch struck north and north-east, keeping away from the Matabele, and his next discovery was what he believed to be further extensive gold deposits. He called them the 'Kaiser Wilhelm Gold Fields'; they are now known as the Makaha field. He reached the Zambezi above Sena, made his way down to Quelimane and thence back to Germany, to report to his friend and benefactor, Dr. Petermann. He was not there long for in 1873 he made an expedition to the West Indies but from this he returned to Germany for good. He died at Blaubeuren on April 4th, 1875, as the result of an accident.



Karl Mauch, 1837-1875

(National Archives)

He was remarkable amongst the travellers. With no financial resources, no hunting or trading ventures to back him, but spurred by a desire to know, he contrived to reach the heights. His discoveries appeared as contributions to *Petermann's Geographischen Mittheilungen* (Gotha, J. Perthes) between 1867 and 1874. His original diaries, in the Linden Museum in Stuttgart, have never been published in full. The description of Zimbabwe, taken from one of his articles, was translated and contributed by R. Summers to *Nada*, 1952, but otherwise his articles have remained unpublished in English. The following extract describing the Makalaka of the Zimbabwe district as he understood them from his nine months' stay amongst them has been translated by F. O. Bernhard, and Professor M. Gelfand has added notes to put the account into perspective. It comes from *Carl Mauch's Reisen in Inneren von Sud-Afrika*, 1865-1872. (Erganzungsheft no. 37 du Petermann's Geographischen Mittheilungen) Gotha, Justus Perthes, 1874, pages 38-44.

E.E.B.

. . . Before I begin with the detailed description of the Ruins (Zimbabwe), I should like to tell something about the Makalaka tribe. It appears to me best for this purpose to accompany both a girl and a boy through life.

The feeding of children: When young birds have hatched, their parents carry food to them and stuff it right down the beaks of the little loud-mouths. This appears to have been taken as an example by the Makalaka.

As early as the first day after the birth of a child, a specially fine porridge of rice-flour or, this being lacking, of ground millet is prepared in order to 'stuff' the new arrival. Usually it is the grandmother who undertakes this feeding process during the first few days. She takes the child on her lap; the head, anointed with fat, is slightly raised on her bent left arm. The business of forced feeding, horrible to behold, is begun. The stuffing finger enters well behind the palate; the far too large quantity of the sticky mess pours down the sides and covers the area of nose and mouth in a dangerous looking manner. As a second aid the tormented creature, at times almost choking, is rocked by a movement of the legs in the way one shakes a sack to distribute different objects according to their weight. The still weak stomach of the poor, helpless thing swells to such a degree that the beholder begins to grow anxious lest it should presently burst. Under this torture the child has cried so much that it is tired and has fallen asleep; it lies there as if it were dead. Now it is gently taken up with both hands cupping its head and the grubby face is licked clean; 'woguta' ('it is satisfied') says grandmother and lays it down again at its mother's side. When, after about four to five days, the mother has sufficiently recovered to be able to undertake once more her daily work, she has the child tied on to her back in a skin in a half sitting, half lying position, the arms and legs protruding through openings. It very soon becomes accustomed to this. Whatever kind of work it may be that the mother does, either in, around or away from the hut, the child remains on her back and neither cold nor rain make any difference.

Thus it grows. The teeth appear and are superstitiously observed to see whether the lower or upper ones are cut first. ⁽¹⁾ It attempts to walk. Already it is receiving, besides porridge and mother's milk, such tasty dishes as 'mandera' (beetles very similar to our cockchafers), 'masoria' (caterpillars of a giant moth), grass hoppers, field rats, mushrooms, etc. Its body is frequently rubbed with ground-nut oil (*Arachis*) and several times already has the short, curly hair been scraped off the head, for a Makalaka razor is no keener than a blunt pocket knife. For some time it has been wearing garments in the shape of a few strings of beads around neck and loins. A child of three eats and drinks everything, whatever the mother wants to give or not to give it; it talks, runs, plays, dances and has its own will which it knows how to enforce by crying. However, as a rule it still drinks from its mother.

Tattooing of the Girls: If the child is a girl and has reached the age of about five years, it is thought desirable to send her to relations in a distant village where she will be brought up, ⁽²⁾ that is, fed and cared for. Here, in time, she learns to carry wood and fetch water, to prepare porridge and relishes, to brew beer and make salt, to mould and burn pots, but she also learns the customs and vices and the superstitious habits of her tribe. Frequently, too, the attempt has already been made to buy the girl;⁽³⁾ the possibly already greying, or else the still young, lover has paid part of the bride-price and the father has very likely told his little daughter all about it. When the time comes that the old women deem the girl to be of marriageable age, then the beauty has to undergo the horrible torture of tattooing. One must imagine the tormenting pain when the whole area below the breasts and the abdomen, from one side to the other, with the exception of a line of one inch width in the middle, receives the round sum of about 4,000 small incisions in the skin, arranged in 30 or more parallel lines, not counting further cuts on other parts of the body. Furthermore one imagines these small wounds being rubbed with an acid, soot-blackened, juice to cause the production of elevated scars. Also one imagines the possibility that, should these 'beauty lines' be found not narrow and high enough, then the torture, which lasts for several days, will have to be repeated. One has to admit that 'Lady Fashion' reigns much more tyrannically there than among civilized peoples. ↵

Marriage and married life: By the time the girl has reached the age of between 12 and 14 years her education is completed. From now on she has but to wait till her father can come to an arrangement with her suitor concerning the bride-price, ⁽⁵⁾ if it does not occur to her to elope with the one accorded to her or with a bridegroom of her own choice; the reason for this is not love, romantic love. How could she know what love is, as this emotion has never been cultivated in her? From early childhood she has been estranged from her parents, has been sold by her father like merchandise; thus she knows no love for her man. At best she prides herself if a lot has been paid for her. If the man is capable of keeping her in fear of him then living together will be tolerable; if, however, he is weak or if she should hate him, then she knows only too well how to embitter his life in every way. She may drive herself into such a state that she becomes a poisoner, the more possible as she risks no punishment but is feared, and thus dominates the village and then knows how to take advantage of her power. ⁽⁶⁾

Widowhood and death: If a woman should survive her husband she is

given as heritage to the oldest son of the family, and, should he perchance be her own child, she remains either as matriarch in the house of the family or, if she prefers to, takes another husband. In the first case she becomes a 'snuff-sister' (coffee and tea being unknown here),* in which role she discusses all the news concerning other families, invents all sorts of lies which she spreads around, and comments on the weather. Thus, for instance, an extremely malevolent widow showed a great ability in discovering the most unlikely reasons why such scant rain fell during my sojourn there (only 16 real rainy days during the rainy season): the white man shoots too much (although I killed each time a poisonous and, as such, greatly feared snake), the white man made a 'thing' which chases heavy rainclouds away (this was the well-known toy for children, a star made of stiff paper which revolves in the wind and which I had placed on top of my hut), the white man looks continuously at the stars so that no rain should fall (astronomical observations), the white man collects medicines to bewitch the rain (collecting and examining plants unknown to me), the white man alone is the cause of all the ill-luck that must follow the absence of the rain (although I had to remain amongst these people because of the rainy season, besides other reasons).

When the woman finally ends her earthly life she is buried in a cave or a hole in some rocks together with her small grease jar, and the opening is closed by a stone wall. Soon she would be forgotten, did she not now and again appear to the family as a tormentor. But as such she allies herself with her late husband; but more about that presently.

Occupations for Boys: As regards feeding and the constant presence of his mother the boy up to the age of five years receives the same treatment as the girls. He is less frequently sent to distant relations to be brought up as he is needed at home to drive the goats and sheep to pasture. Daily one may see him driving them out and returning with them, always keeping them together by whistling and calling. While driving them out he usually carries besides his knob-kerry, bow and arrows, a lump of reddish hard porridge from which he tears small morsels which he presses into a fitting shape for eventual transmission into the masticating and digestive organs. As goat-herd he occupies a very important position. To encourage him to maintain this position in a very conscientious manner he is given a goat as an installation gift, or pocket money as it were. Only so will 'the pride of the family' look after father's property with any attention. He plays his own games to while away the long day, such as throwing stones or sticks at small mammals and birds; he uses a sling, shoots arrows, has a kind of blunderbuss, sets traps, walks on stilts, etc. According to the season one meets him climbing trees bearing wild fruit, or stealing green maize cobs, which he roasts in a hidden place and enjoys the grains there; thus it often happens on such days that his belly shows much greater dimensions on his return than on his departure in the morning. In spite of this he is always hungry, he even 'dies of hunger' and woe betide the mother should she not have prepared some special relish to go with the daily red porridge! Her back-side is just as much in danger of being hit as are her pots.⁽⁷⁾ She does not dare to put him in his proper place in the only appropriate manner, to let him experience her physical superiority, for

*This is a weak joke by the author. In German a gossip is sometimes referred to as a *Kaffeetante* (Coffee-aunt).

isn't he still a child who knows no better? With great interest he takes part in all conversations around the fire-place in the almost dark hut, whether of members of the family or by visitors. His childish opinions often tip the scales in an argument. In many cases he has by now been given superior clothing for, already, he wears an apron and also a piece of skin to cover his seat.

Adolescence: The boy has become a fully trained goat-herd by the time he is between 12 and 15 years old. Now he awaits an advancement to become a cattle-herd. To this state he is installed by being presented with a young cow of his own. In this occupation, too, except for milking, he has plenty of time to spare and, according to his inclination, he learns now to make baskets, wooden dishes, knob-kerries, bow and arrows, spears, reed traps for fishing and nets of bark-rope for the chase. Many a one also flatters his vanity and coquetry. He braids thin bark-strings, attaches to them pretty buttons and weaves them into his short, curly hair, only to drench this wig with either fat or thick cream whenever he has the opportunity. Such a wig is said to be of unbelievable beauty to Makalaka eyes and the aroma of such extravagantly applied pomade is an indescribably sweet perfume to their noses. To while away his time he also twists fine loin strings to which he ties small brass rings or glass beads as a further ornament; he also at this age loves to dance throughout the night in the open air or inside a hut. Should he possess any musical talent he endeavours by day and by night to attain a certain virtuosity by practising and by a rare perseverance. If he is the son of a smith the natural tendency to acquire this art is inherent in him. He shows himself so adept that soon he knows as much about the work as does his fatherly master. Yet he would never dare to equal him in dexterity or the urge for perfection. His weapons such as bow, arrows in a baboon-skin quiver, spear and axe, are now his constant companions to which he likes to add several snuff-boxes in the shape of round bowls made of the fruit of a certain tree, or a small calabash. One never meets him without these objects, whether he is on a friendly mission or on the war path, driving his cattle or hunting, or simply on a commercial journey or his honeymoon.

Courtship: His principal task now is to look around for a wife and this has frequently its own difficulties. If the young man has been lucky enough to have discovered a sweetheart in some place he visits the village now and again over the years for which occasions he dresses up in the most pleasing and tasteful (that is most smelly) manner. He has polished his body to a beautiful gloss with grease and he does not forget to carry a flawless, polished, highly carved calabash of pleasing shape and size which he has packed with grease. If he is wealthy, and thus able to pay the price asked by the girl's father, he takes his bride home. But if he is poor he is liable to have to work for years for his bride's father, and is likely to be cheated as was Jacob by his cousin Laban. Suppose that he really is luckier than the above mentioned biblical father, he either builds a new hut for his wife or is satisfied with a repaired old one. Soon he feels at home in this new situation. Now he has nothing further to do than to assist in obtaining the daily bread, to help in the preparation of the fields and, should he desire to eat sufficiently and to drink beer frequently, to look around for further wives. ⁽⁸⁾ When he has grown old and, eventually, dies a natural death, he, too, will be placed in a cave. Some of his personal goods are placed there as well and then he is

immured and would soon be forgotten did he not now and again torment the family in the shape of Motsimo. (9)

The Tormentor Motsimo: Thus I have reached the subject of a religious belief of the Makalaka showing that they accept a life of the soul after death, in a certain way, in a transmigration of souls. They believe in a highest being of goodness, called Mali, (10) and another of evil, Khosi. (11) The former lives 'pa tenga', that is in heaven; the latter lives 'pasi' ('a' nasal), below the earth. They do not consider any thanks due to the former when they receive some favour; in any case, they have no word for 'to thank' in their language. Any luck they attribute solely to their own cunning and skill. Does, however, some accident occur, then it is always caused by others, either living or dead. If someone falls ill it is because the family ghost, the Motsimo, revenges himself for the reason that various things had been denied him while he was still living as a man on earth. But where does the patient learn the reason for his illness? From the doctor in his or in another village. He is told all about the case. It lies now in the interest of the sorcerer or witch-doctor always to find a different cause for the illness than the mere fact that the patient possibly suffers from indigestion or that he has caught a cold or sprained his ankle. He finds it out very quickly, for he possesses prophetic 'woods' the position of which, when thrown down on the ground, tells him the unmistakable reason. Without any doubt it is the Motsimo who once had asked for a goat or beer or a piece of cotton cloth or a knife, etc., and who was denied these things. He declares that the Motsimo now asks twice as much. The patient has to drink an infusion of some root or other and the relations of the patient have to dance to the sounding and beating of drums in his hut for several nights. Certain incisions have to be made on his body or even on the body of a healthy relative, and so forth. All this has to be scrupulously observed so as to appease the tormentor Motsimo.

In the case of death from old age it is again the Motsimo who called. A Motsimo often takes sudden possession of a man so that he is no longer himself. A man acts like a woman, a woman asserts that she is a man, a daughter becomes her father's wife, a mother her son's wife, a son the husband of his sister, in short, the most horrible deeds are committed. One is vividly reminded of the possessed which are spoken of in Holy Writ and one is sorely tempted to exorcise the devils with a sound beating. The Motsimo frequently possesses animals, such as a goat or a cow, which are immediately treated as if they were humans. If the Motsimo, however, is not on any of his tormenting outings he has to lead a very dull life. He is out in the bush riding around on lions. Besides the Motsimo there are many more spirits who cause evil. Some appear now out of the water or, then again, out of the earth, but they are chased away by dancing. The doctor, however, profits from all this and knows how to get paid for his efforts. Thus, among other things, there occurred the case when a doctor cured a slight indisposition in a poor man's daughter after week-long treatment and, instead of any payment, simply asked to take the cured patient as wife, in spite of the fact that he already had five wives.

Physical build, Clothes, Ornaments: On the whole one may term the Makalaka's build medium. The men are mostly lean people, whereas for a woman to be excessively fat is reckoned to be extraordinarily beautiful. Hands and feet are

somewhat larger than proportion demands, the hair is short and woolly like that of the Negroes and the beard of the man is insignificant. Only rarely does one encounter negroid features. The narrow, somewhat aquiline nose and the not excessively thick lips in many a physiognomy do not make them appear ugly. This may point to Arab, Malay or Israelite connections in olden days. The colour of their skin is of the brown we so well see in roasted coffee beans; but there are transitions to reddish and black without, in the latter case, attaining the velvety black of the Negroes.

Sartorial artists like tailors and shoemakers, or milliners for the women, would not find any work among the Makalaka. Both sexes wear only a small apron in front and a somewhat bigger piece of skin at the rear. Very rarely are sandals worn, as the necessary thick skin of a buffalo or some other big game is always eaten to the last morsel, it being a delicious relish to be added to the daily food. They know absolutely nothing of hats or other kinds of head-covering. The women, particularly, expose their bald, scraped skulls to the singeing rays of the sun and no exception is made where children are concerned. Notwithstanding this, I have never heard of a single case of sunstroke. They hardly know how to protect themselves against cold and rain by using larger animal skins; they prefer to await better weather sitting near the fire in their huts and they kill time with gossiping which is a highly developed art among them.

As ornaments glass beads are strung on a piece of bark string which is worn as a necklace. Also popular are finger-rings, bracelets and leg-rings of iron, brass or copper. The men are less inclined to adorn themselves in this manner, but they see to it that their womenfolk do not lack such ornaments. These constantly wear their wealth of glass beads, which often weigh 20 pounds or more, under their ordinary clothes, never over them. Apart from this weight of jewellery their lower arms are frequently completely covered by brass rings and their legs, from just below the knee, are weighed down by metal bangles of finger thickness. In spite of this being so inconvenient whilst doing the daily chores, it, nevertheless, shows that the woman is well-to-do and the ornaments are beautiful and the lucky owner is being adored and envied by the others for it. In addition, there is less danger of the jewellery being stolen. ⁽¹²⁾

Habitation: The frequent raids of their warlike enemies influenced the Makalaka in the siting and building of their villages. Instead of building their homes, as of old, in the plains near their fields, they are now obliged to seek out mountain tops where nature enables them to entrench themselves and, in case of need, to hide in caves into which, quite apart from their families, cattle can be introduced and sheltered. In these caves they find adequate safety but, should the enemy besiege them for any length of time, they will soon be in an awkward position for they usually have not enough time to lay in a sufficient supply of water.

I have already described in what manner the individual huts are built. Now I want to introduce the interested reader into one of them and acquaint him with all the implements contained therein. One observes only objects which are absolutely necessary, as the Makalaka know no luxuries. There are a great number of globe-shaped pots without handles or legs. Their size varies between those which contain four gallons (12 Maass) down to others for which even the

volume of liquid contained in a teacup would be too great. All are made of sandy clay and become very porous with burning. To obviate this drawback, but in ignorance of the process of glazing, some unripened maize or some paste is cooked in the pot whereby the pores become clogged. The pots serve to keep victuals which cannot be stored in specially built grain bins, as for instance millet, maize and ground-nuts, because they fear to lose them during the night. To those already mentioned may be added beans, flour, rice, dried pieces of the stem of sugar millet, mushrooms, meat or its substitutes such as beetles, caterpillars, locusts, and also milk. Further one sees wooden bowls and dishes, pumpkin gourds or calabashes as well as plaited baskets. Stuck into the grass roof are ladles, brushes, feathers, bows, arrows and spears. There also hangs tobacco for snuff,⁽¹³⁾ hemp for smoking and the small salt bag. Bed, table or chairs are totally lacking, but never the carved wooden head-pillow, as I would call it. A mat made of grass or reeds serves as sleeping place. The fire place, in the centre of the hut, consists of three stones which form a tripod on which the cooking-pot may be stood in safety. When I further mention a couple of animal skins which hang on a bark rope which is spanned across the interior, and also a small basket for the brooding hen, I have enumerated almost everything which is stored within the hut. On the outside, large poles and firewood are piled up below the overhanging roof. Nearby lies the mortar fashioned from a tree trunk, 10-12 inches thick, and the pestle belonging to it, which is of heavy and hard wood.

Food: The preparation of their food is simple. The millet porridge must never be missing and a relish to go with it is prepared which, according to the available stores or the season, may consist of stewed bean leaves, ground or boiled ground-nuts, mushrooms, roasted locusts, heated cockchafers, caterpillars, the meat of domestic animals or of game as well as their skin, or of sour milk. In short, a rich variety thoroughly spoiling the Makalaka man who, therefore, often gets into sharp arguments with his wives. ⁽¹⁴⁾ Everyone washes their hands as soon as the meal is ready and all members of the family sit on the floor around the bowl in which the meal is being served, with their legs tucked under their buttocks. One after the other starts eating, using fingers only, taking a lump of the stiff porridge which he dips into the relish or sauce and allows the morsel to disappear behind the teeth accompanied by continuous smacking of lips and talking. Never does one see two hands in the bowl simultaneously and never is more than a mouthful grabbed. Only rarely is someone so hurried with this pleasant occupation as to help himself out of turn. One eats twice daily, in the morning and at sunset.

Work: As the Makalaka certainly never take too long over their 'table d'hote' and as, on the contrary, these less than Lucullian feasts are finished in next to no time, an enormous amount of time is left to them for work. But what kind of work is awaiting these people? It seems as if there were nothing for them to do, nevertheless, one meets with only a very few who could be called genuine loafers. The accomplishment of their ordinary tasks requires the co-operation of all the members of the family. The man's duties are to keep the huts of his several wives in good repair, to cut wood, gather firewood in bundles, to make wooden bowls and mortars, to produce weapons, knives and agricultural implements, to

go hunting should he want to eat meat or to supply his wives with new garments, to go on bartering trips, to make baskets of tough, flexible tree branches, to weave blankets and sacks from tree bark, to convert forest into fields by stumping, to help with sowing and reaping, to chase destructive baboons away from maize fields, and so on.

It is the duty of the women to observe cleanliness and order within their huts, to carry water and wood, sometimes over considerable distances, daily to wash, dry, grind and cook millet which is necessary for the daily meals. Their principal work is making ready the lands and they have to prepare salt and beer. The education of the children is their very own task, as the man does not concern himself with this at all. There is certainly enough to do just to be able to live from hand to mouth, and considering this, one can excuse polygamy.

Music, Dancing, Hunting: The *m'bira*, a square piece of wood over which metal tongues (fastened at one end between some thick iron wire and the wood) are made to sound, is the most pleasant among their musical instruments. The tongues are of different length, allowing a formal tuning of from two to three octaves. This instrument is wedged into a very dry calabash by two small pieces of wood. The calabash has loosely fitted mussel or small shells around the rim of the large opening. The tunes, which are by no means disagreeable to listen to, mostly contain eight beats, repeated *ad infinitum*. These are accompanied by the singing of improvised texts which have a refrain. Another instrument is the 'Job's flute' made of a number of hollow reeds of variable length. Instruments to produce noise are kettle-drums, tambourines and horns of the Harrisbuck (Sable antelope). One is vividly reminded of the Quadrille when watching their dances in the open air. Singing and the beating of drums accompany them.

One of their most favoured pastimes is the chase, mainly using nets in the way which was very popular in Germany at the beginning of the century. The linked nets may often attain a length of four to five English miles. Each owner of a *mampula* (net) takes up his position behind a scherm of tree branches placed behind the net belonging to him, ready to spear any panicking animal which entangles itself in the mesh, for according to the law of the chase the trophy belongs to him who made the first wounding stab. Such hunting parties, in which the people of several villages take part, often last for several days.

Customs, Superstitions: A sort of baptism or 'the giving of a name to the child' occurs in their religious traditions. This is done in the following manner. According to the sex of the as yet still unnamed child an older member of the family, either male or female, is kept, as it were, as a prisoner in a neighbouring hut, and is later, shrieking loudly, dragged to the hut wherein the birth has taken place. It is now supposed that this person is the *Motsimo* of a deceased relative who bore the name to be given presently to the child. This *Motsimo* is now forced to sit outside the hut and is covered by an animal skin. Water is brought and the spirit washes his hands in a wooden bowl after which he eats some of the freshly prepared millet porridge and drinks some of the beer which is offered to him. While all this takes place women and girls dance around the covered *Motsimo* and, in the most cheerful mood, with much singing and shouting, they throw some glass beads, brass bangles, etc., as gifts into the bowl. The men, but without dancing, do likewise and then they enter the hut to partake of the baptismal

feast. The child now has the name of the Motsimo who, uncovered and released, has at this stage vanished. ⁽¹⁵⁾

When a death occurs the body is buried either at sunrise or at sunset according to the time of demise. First the body is washed, then anointed with fat; the knees are drawn up, the arms bent across the chest the eyes are closed, after which the corpse is partly covered by an old piece of linen or cotton and laid on its right side in a cave, the mouth of which is then closed up by an artless stone wall built without the use of any mortar. In the case of newly born twins, one of them who has been pointed out by the 'prophetic bones' (*Hakata*) has to be carried into the bush inside a pot while still alive. There it will soon fall victim to hyaenas.

Superstition deeply affects the life and behaviour of the Makalaka and the most insignificant actions are ruled by it; for instance the placing of firewood in the fireplace, the mode of sitting in the hut, the way of holding a broom or a ladle, even the manner of relieving oneself, etc.

To ensure the efficiency of a smith's bellows a goat has to be flayed alive, and to make sure that a furnace works well one has to mix a certain medicine with the clay, while porridge and beer have to be supplied during the smelting activities, and so forth.

Language and History: In their language one finds elements which are also present in Zulu and Sesuto; in fact, Sikalanga belongs to the large group of Bantu languages which spreads over the whole of the south-eastern part of Africa. Though clicks, as they appear in the Zulu language, do not occur, Sikalanga sounds less pleasant than the Zulu language.

As far as their history is concerned it remains shrouded in the deepest darkness. As they are ignorant of the informing of posterity, either by writing or by carving in stone, of any historical happenings, one experiences the greatest difficulty in separating truth from myth and the fictitious in their changing traditions. Only from the first decades of the 19th Century does any certainty in regard to their history appear. In the following I shall try to relate what I could find out in this aspect.

About 300 years ago they must have been a powerful people, for their mambo (kings) ruled over the whole country between the two rivers Limpopo and Zambezi. In fact they extracted tribute from places which are well beyond those borders. However, such a powerful empire could not last forever, as raiding invasions by other people, the Barotse or Balosse, frequently took place from the north-west. ⁽¹⁶⁾ To those as well as to the Portuguese they ceded lands, while the Basuto to the south of the Limpopo recognised the growing weakness of their lords and liberated themselves from vassaldom without incurring any punishment. But the Balosse were concerned not only with raiding, for the wider they spread the better they liked the country. It may be that they themselves were being chased from their homes and thus founded their new homeland here, finally to become the factual masters of the country.

The empire of the Balosse in its turn suffered upheavals and dismemberment through the warlike and wild hordes of the Zulu from the east and, soon after, the Matabele, those relations of the Zulu, invaded the country from the west. First they were led by the father of the notorious and cruel Mosilikatse and

later by Mosilikatse himself after he had been chased from the present Republic of the Transvaal by the Dutch settlers. The Balosse resisted the annual attacks and raids for many years. However, as they were attacked and harassed from two sides, their numbers and wealth diminished rapidly and the last Balosse sovereign Sebamubamu (gun) succumbed in the year 1866 to the two-year old efforts at suppression by the Matabele. The majority of the surviving Balosse people emigrated to the very mountainous part east of the Sabia river where they should be safe from further raids for the time being. Some others remained as subjects of the conquerors and are, together with the rest of the Makalaka, considered as nothing more than herdboys and breeders of the cattle and goat-herds of the present Matabele prince who, furthermore, exacts a tribute in arms and cereals from them each year. Notwithstanding this, he allows his troops to undertake short raids against them. Whoever pays the tribute, which is being increased every year, may live in the uncertain hope that he will not be bothered again in the near future, but he who refuses will certainly be made the target for a quick raid by night when there will be no time to put his own person in safety. The inescapable consequences of such a refusal are death for the men, the old women and the young children, captivity and slavery for the young women and girls, loss of all property and destruction by fire of all habitations.

For years now it has been like that and will remain so in future until the country will be barren, like that part in the north-west where numerous remains of burnt villages, bleached bones and large deforested tracts of land which still show the furrows of erstwhile agricultural enterprise, are witness to the presence and lust for destruction of the Matabele.

This, therefore, will be the probable fate of the Makalaka amongst whom I spent nine months, from September 1871 to May 1872.

NOTES

1. This observation is correct. If the lower incisors appeared first the babe was disposed of; similarly twins would be disposed of.
2. It is probable that this girl (*a muzukuru*) would be sent to live with her paternal grandparents.
3. It is doubtful if pledging was as frequent as the author infers.
4. The incisions (*nyora*) also aid in identification of the clan, especially those on the face.
5. Shona custom generally leaves the choice and engagement to the couple themselves.
6. It seems that this assumption is faulty in the light of present day knowledge of Shona practice.
7. A son beating his own mother is a most unlikely event.
8. Most men, it would appear, had only one wife.
9. Motsimo is clearly the *mudzimo*, the ancestral spirit.
10. Mali is probably *Mware*, God the Creator.

11. Khosi is probably *Ngozi*, an angered ancestral spirit.
12. The author has probably overlooked the many amulets worn as charms against disease and evil.
13. It would appear that tobacco, besides being used in the form of snuff, was also smoked at this time.
14. It is unusual for the Shona male to interfere with the preparation of food by his wife.
15. The use of the family *svikiro* or medium to indicate, through possession, the name of the child, seems most unlikely. The naming of the child is usually left to the mother and mid-wife.
16. The Barotse or Balosse referred to here were probably the Varozwe. Raids into this region by the Barotse or Basuto nations are unlikely.

Diary of a Journey from Southampton to Salisbury, 1895

by H. D. Rawson

Harold Denton Zimmermann was born in Manchester in 1872, one of ten children of Henry Zimmerman, a Lancashire cotton merchant of German extraction, and his wife Agnes. After being educated in Britain Harold, and his younger brother, Otto Christian Zimmermann, referred to as Jim in the diary, sailed in 1895 to start a new life in Rhodesia. From Southampton to Cape Town they travelled on *SS Moor* of the Union Line. Built in 1882 she had subsequently been lengthened and in 1895 was of 4,664 tons; she was broken up in 1913. The voyage from Durban to Beira was in *SS Goth*. This was a new ship, of 4,738 tons, built in 1893. After the journey described in this diary the brothers commenced a general store in Salisbury and both took part in the Mazoe Patrol of June 1896 which rescued the Europeans cut off at the Alice Mine. The brothers restarted their business after the rebellion and built up a large trade in grain for the Salisbury market. Harold later took up farming in the Arcturus area owning 6,000 acres which he called "Alderley."

The brothers changed their name to Rawson in 1913 or 1914. Harold Denton Rawson died on 22 June 1963, aged 91, and was survived by his wife, two sons and a daughter.

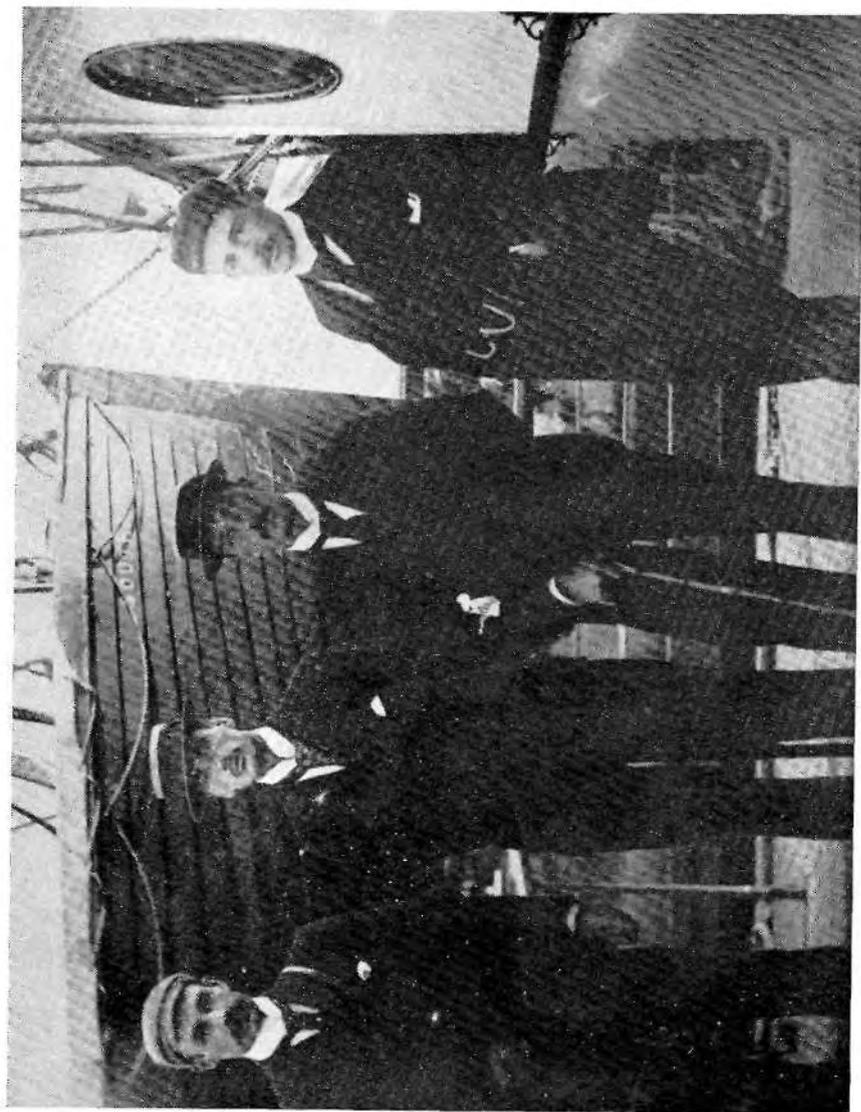
The original diary is now in the National Archives and is reprinted here by permission of his widow, Mrs. H. D. Rawson, and the Director of National Archives.

E.E.B.

27th April 1895—Sailed at 3.15 from Southampton, had to wait one hour off Isle of Wight for mails. How sad it is to see big strapping men break down when saying goodbye to wives, sisters, or children, and as the tender moves away which has brought the mails, one cannot keep one's eyes dry, as one thinks of how many years it may be before we see Old England again. We must look forward however, and remember that it rests with ourselves alone, when we next see the faces we love.

We have just taken the mails on board, and are going dead slow down the Channel as there is a thick mist, together with pouring rain. Otto is downstairs in our cabin getting ready some photographic chemicals.

28th April—Had a splendid night, sorry cannot say same for Jim, who has had no sleep owing to toothache, and no breakfast owing to sea sickness. Thank goodness, I have escaped so far, and never ate such a breakfast in my life as I did this morning, it won't pay the ship if I don't get seasick. Lovely weather, just off the coast of France. Do not know anybody on board yet. There is, however, a theatrical Co. travelling 2nd class, and they sit next Jim and self at meals. They are really too awful, *such bounders* I never saw before, all the girls' hairs



(National Archives)

The beginning of the journey—Left to right are H. D. Rawson;
— Punit; — Heyman; O. C. Rawson

are alike, every one of them have bright golden locks, they are evidently a thick lot??? but I fancy will afford us some amusement on voyage. Today being Sunday I suppose we shall have service, as we have 2 or 3 sky pilots on board. Two fellows who were crying yesterday at saying good-bye to their wives, ended in getting tight last night, I suppose to drown care. We are now nearing the French Coast which appears to be very rugged, all we can see being two lighthouses and numerous old windmills which are all working. Meg (our dog) seems to have taken to her new quarters and has not yet been seasick.

29th April—More lovely weather, nearly through Bay of Biscay, and have not felt the slightest sign of seasickness (thank goodness). Jim has had bad face ache all night, going to see Doctor. Made one or two friends, seem good sorts, am sitting in stern in the sun, whilst a few fellows play deck quoits just next me. Have just been talking to a fellow who had been 15 years in Matabeleland, and the author of a book I read not a fortnight ago. Looked over the book of photos we brought with us, what recollections they call up, of home, friends, and larks now past. In 2 days we shall be at Madiera (*sic*). The theatrical troupe is affording us great amusement, all the girls are terribly ill, they look green, and never come to meals. I can understand now why people say that you do nothing on board but eat, as we seem to be always at that part of the programme, and I think I do my full share, I think I never knew what it was to be hungry before. We have nick-named nearly all the fancy looking parties on board, and the theatricals have come in for their share.

30th April—The ship is rolling horribly and it is very hard to write. A baby next door cried all last night, and kept me awake, this morning the mother has the cheek to ask me if the infernal brat kept me awake at all. All the ship's officers are struck in turn with our theatrical friends (only female), I think it must be the glitter of their golden locks. We had a sweep on the day's run this morning, £3 first prize and 2 seconds of 10/-, it is needless to tell my readers that I did *not* win that sweep, I was 3 miles out having a ticket for 353 miles, whereas we did 356. I am now sitting right at the very prow, and it is a grand sight to see the nose of the vessel cutting through large and small waves all alike.

1st May—Glorious weather, just coming in sight of Madiera (*sic*), what a lovely little island it is, with its white houses, with green and red blinds, nestling in amongst the tropical vegetation, up the hill side. At 11.30 we anchored in the bay, but long before we were at a standstill, we could make out scores of little boats, coming out to meet us, some laden with all kinds of basket ware, for which the Island is noted, and others with fruit, lace etc., but by far the most numerous were the boats, with just two young men in, half naked showing their lovely chocolate skins (I did not see one with a blemish of any sort) ready to dive in for money thrown from the deck, it is wonderful the way they will even dive right under the ship and come up on the other side. Well we soon landed, and of course had a haggle with the boatman who wanted to charge us 2/- a head for rowing us 500 yards, but you bet, a Manchester cotton merchant's son knows a game worth two of that. We landed off the quay, and the sight was magnificent, right in front of us was a large avenue of trees, and on our right was a standing for riding horses, bullock wagons, etc., etc. The streets are very peculiar to we novices, and sometimes it took us all our time to keep on our feet, as they are so

slippery; they are laid with bits of stone, but put down so smoothly as to be almost like glass, of course they need it as they have sleighs, no wheels being seen. We first went to an Hotel and got some wet as it was hot, then we looked over the town and Cathedral, the town was unfortunately shut up owing to it being 1st May. The Cathedral was splendidly decorated, and is a lovely piece of architecture. We had only 3 hours on shore, so of course could not see everything and the time simply flew. We nearly left some people behind, and if they had not had the good fortune to secure a private steam yacht, and followed us, they would most undoubtedly have had to wait for the next boat; as it was the Captain saw them and stopped the S.S. *Moor*. Thus ended a day that will live in my memory a long time.

2nd May—Lovely weather, we are getting into tropical heat, have just come into sight of Teneriffe with its top capped with snow, it is a lovely sight with the sun on it, and the sailors say one that you do not see once in twenty years. We are sailing right through the Canaries. They have elected a committee for dances, cricket, sports, concerts etc., and have put me on it, but as I am the only second class passenger on it, I feel a little bit out of it (I suppose I ought to feel honoured). It is a thankless task, cadging subs etc., and needs a good deal of cheek (I wonder why they asked me). We started with a dance last night, and as everybody was in full dress, Jim and self felt terribly out of it, 2 fellows have promised to rig us up in future.

3rd May—More lovely weather but rather rough. Going to get my hair cut by a seaman, as it is too long. Cricket this afternoon at 2.30 and smoking concert tonight, we have arranged for something every day and night during the voyage. The cuddling that goes on is tremendous especially with the theatricals. The head steward told me that during the voyage the average sale of mineral waters for one voyage is 25,000; it is almost incredible, but he says that it is nearly all drunk in the tropics. There is a sweep on the day's run every day, and today it is worth £20, it is going on now and they are auctioning the tickets just in front of me, my no. 375 (no good). A seaman has just brought round a flying fish, which has landed on the deck, it is a pretty fish dark and light blue.

4th May—Are now in the tropics and it is consequently fairly warm. Played a cricket match this afternoon, 1st v. 2nd, I was Captain of 2nd, and made top score, we were beaten however by 9 runs; going to have a return match, there is a smoking concert tonight. Have collected £12 from the 2nd class towards sports, dances, etc., which they say is very good. Just passing Cape Verde, and can see the White Lighthouse. We have now been at sea a week, how fast the last few days have gone. I find that living like this on board for some time costs a lot of money, for instance having elected me on the entertainment committee, I am expected to head the list with £1 1s. 0d. (rough on a pauper). A shoal of porpoises are playing just a few feet off the ship, some of them jumping some feet out of the water not 3 yards from the ship, it is a pretty sight seeing these big fellows some of them being 5 or 6 feet long racing us, there must be hundreds of them. I thought they were sharks at first. This afternoon we saw 3 "black fish" (a kind of small whale) they are about 20 feet long, so the sailors said. The Smoking Concert went off very well, it came off on deck, and they rigged up a stage and fastened up electric light, the theatrical talent was well to the fore,

5th May—Sunday, fairly in the tropics, but I personally do not feel the slightest too warm. Service was held in the Saloon, but I did not attend, preferring to watch another shoal of porpoises, and one great ugly looking shark, not 30 yards from the vessel. The water does look lovely, how I should like a swim, but I am afraid that the sharks would be too familiar. A little land swallow found its way onto the deck this morning, too worn out to fly any further. A big, fat, greasy, oily, German at once pounced onto it, and made it a prisoner.

6th May—Really too hot to do anything but sleep, even too hot to eat, (most annoying); had to abandon the cricket match. The dance came off, but everybody was like a hot butter paper, nobody could keep his collar stiff as it positively made you perspire to blink; however the girls seemed to enjoy it, first jumping around till they had waterfalls off the end of their noses, and then retiring for a clean blouse. I am sure some of them wear nothing under their top petticoat. Bad storm last night I am told, thunder, lightning, and everything that is nasty at sea, but Jim and self both slept through it all, quite naked with our port hole open.

7th May—Crossing the line. By Gad, but if Hades is any hotter than this it is too hot for me. Been trying to play cricket this afternoon, and I managed to smite the ball through a skylight into a cabin, and on going down to recover it, found a girl almost nude on her bed, I felt rather uncomfortable (I expect she did also); she is the prettiest on board.

8th May—Beastly hot, notwithstanding it is blowing fit to blow your eyebrows off, again slept with my port hole open, and during the night the wind got up, so did the sea, result being washed clean out of my bunk, wet sheets, night-shirt, and bad language. Last night I unfortunately broke a large wicker sofa, so I very carefully placed it, so as to just hold together, and then I asked the biggest heaviest and fattest man on board to have a seat. Oh! he did come down such a lovely crash and rolled down the deck into the scuppers. What language he did use; ending in picking up the demolished couch, and throwing it overboard. This morning the owner is looking everywhere for his piece of furniture. We played cricket today, 2nd class v. 1st, return match, losing again through bad luck, I made top score again both innings. Jim will persist in getting bowled first ball, with painful regularity.

9th May—Rather rough. The theatrical Co. is getting rather familiar with everybody, the girl who sits next Jim got a bit over the line, and all dinner time would persist in saying in a loud voice to Jim "would not you like to kiss me, dear" to the intense amusement of everybody but Jim, who went scarlet. There was a dance last night and one of the theatricals nearly broke her leg through being so rough in the Lancers. Cards appear to be in full swing now on board. Yesterday I saw about £20 change hands, which only makes me think more what a good thing we swore off. A whale was seen today. The concert went off very well, it was in the Saloon, (proper stage with footlights); the thing that took best of all was the last on the programme, when two girls out of the troupe danced a breakdown without music. Of course they all had on Music Hall attire. Somebody caused a lot of fun by dressing up as a policeman, and throwing people out during the intervals. The cricket match today was "those who have been to S.A. before" versus "the new men"; for the latter I was asked to play, but unfortu-

nately they put me in first, and I got bowled for 0 both innings. There is one fellow on this ship I cannot stand at all, I am sure I shall have a row with him before Cape Town. He imagines the ship belongs to him, and he is nothing but a red faced Scotchman, fancy a man walking about a ship in *kilts*. I took Meg down to our saloon tonight and she promptly had a most determined fight with another dog, much to the detriment of sundry old ladies' nerves. There are 114 passengers on board, a crew of 120.

10th May—Friday, Sports Day. Ran in flat race and made a dead heat of it, Jim and self have gone in for everything, and have done fairly well. A very small dance on tonight (supper etc.), enjoyed myself tremendously.

11th May—Caught a bad chill last night after the dance, and result being fever during the night, and feel very poorly now; am taking doses of quinine. Been up for 2 hours, consequently could not go in the Sports any more. I feel too ill to write any more now, this is being written in my bunk with my temperature at 105. How slowly the hours pass, lying here, with nothing but one's thoughts for company, and whistling "Home sweet home". The doctor says I have influenza, he has turned Jim out of our cabin and given him a first class one, on deck. I sprained both my wrists slightly yesterday at the sports. One of the theatrical Co. wants to come and nurse me, but she is not allowed.

12th May—Feel better, though not allowed up, my temperature went to 102 last night.

13th May—Got up, everybody very kind, even an officer carried my chair for me to a cool spot on board. I feel very weak on my legs, but my appetite has come back and that is a good sign. Borrowed a fiver off Jim to lend another fellow, I wonder if I shall ever see it again. We have a parson in the 2nd class, he gave us 40 minutes sermon, I think I can safely say it was the greatest bosh I ever listened to, I told him the other day he was a coward, and he said if it was not too hot I would knock you down, I wish he had tried, he is just like a spoilt child, without the pluck of a flea. Doctor says I am mending wonderfully quickly.

14th May—Cold, and heavy swell on. The 2nd class had their concert on last night, and it was a tremendous success, all the 1st class came down, and I am sure they enjoyed it more than their own. We got the Captain to extend time for 2 hours, and had a fair old knockout. All the officers contributed.

15th May—Lovely weather. Got up and on looking out of my port hole found we were once more in sight of land, can see Table Mountain quite clearly. All the Theatricals leave us here for Johannesburg, and we are all going to see them off tomorrow. We steamed slowly into the lovely bay, and consequently had a lovely view of the town resting at the foot of Table Mountain. At 12 noon we came alongside the quay, and caught sight of some real live black niggers; it did not take us long to be off the ship, and once more on dry land, setting off with a friend (the one I lent £5) (who has paid me back) who knows the town well, it has some very fine buildings, shops and streets, and numerous hansoms with black drivers. We went to the Houses of Parliament first, and fortunately they were sitting. We listened to Cecil Rhodes (Premier) speak, and then came away; it is a very fine building, we then went to the Botanical Gardens which are also very fine, all the tropical vegetation going down well with "the novices". There is a great fete on today as Admiral Bedford leaves today in the S.S. *Tantallon*

Castle, which we went over this morning, there was a guard of honour consisting of 1 detachment of Highlanders, and 1 of the York and Lancaster Regiment. There is a large ironclad in the harbour called the *Royal George*. We have been to a Music Hall tonight, and taken a hansom back to the ship. This is being written in my bunk while Jim snores a loud accompaniment just below. All the other passengers are stopping at hotels these four days, but we came to the conclusion that we came here to *make* money, not to spend it; good night I am going to turn in as it is 1.30.

16th May—This is again being written in my bunk, at midnight. Today has been the first wet one since we left England, nevertheless we managed to put in a good time. Jim went a long ride over the country for 30 miles in a 4 in hand, but was not able to take any photos worth anything owing to the bad light. This evening we all saw our friends (theatrical) off by train to Johannesburg at 9 o'clock and you can bet it was a lively goodbye, I think I must have kissed every *white* female on the platform. Oh what a lark it was!!! We gave them 3 cheers as the train steamed out, some of the girls were actually crying. I wonder if any of us will ever meet gain. Of course I have promised to write to about 50, but as the Irishman says, "Devil a line they will get from me."

17th May—Once more in my bunk. This morning Jim and self looked over the Museum and Public Park, and this afternoon went a lovely drive 35 miles with a friend in a Cape cart with 2 very highspirited horses; however, it ended rather suddenly, as, when we were coming down a hill at a gallop, we came full smack into another trap, result being *smash!!!* Our horses were cut to pieces, in a terrible manner, the cart broken, also the harness, whilst our adversary lay in the road not fit for anything better than the knacker's yard; fortunately we were not far from a station, so we managed to come back by train, as the horses were bleeding far too fast, and were very excited and nervous. Jim has just found out that he left his camera in the cart, so we are going tomorrow to see if we can find it. When we got half way on our drive we saw an old Dutch fort which was examined and found very interesting. Two of our friends went to see Rhodes this morning, and he gave them 100 square miles of land, and 100 mining claims as a present, owing to their having been members of the pioneer forces.

18th May—Jim went off early this morning and recovered the camera, he saw the horses which are in a terrible plight. We left Cape Town at 1 o'clock this afternoon and passed Cape Point with lighthouse on it; there is a very heavy ground swell on, and the vessel is rolling a great deal. We took a lot of new passengers on board, for ports up the coast, and they are already all ill. We were allowed to let Meg out as soon as we sheared off, and she was delighted to once more get her liberty after 3 days confinement in her kennel.

19th May—Sunday. Being strangers the day is very slow, the only diversion being a most determined fight between Meg and a sister traveller. The captain has ordered them both to be chained up. It is now 11 o'clock at night, and we are just entering Port Elizabeth. All the lights of the town look very well across the water, of course we can only go slow, and have to take soundings every few yards. We are going on shore tomorrow, so am going to turn in as Jim is already sleeping the sleep of the just.

20th May—Went on shore with Jim and found Port Elizabeth a very busy

place, in fact it has far more of a business air than Cape Town. There are a lot of very fine buildings. We saw our first bullock waggon. Came back at 4.30 and turned in early, after doing a little sewing which I am sorry to say always brings my very worst language out, as I so constantly mistake my fingers for the pin-cushion, and then I drop the thimble and have to climb down out of my bunk, where I invariably bump my head; threading a needle is also not so easy when the ship will persist in trying to roll you out of your bunk.

21st May—Not been on shore, but tried to catch a shark, they are evidently too cute. Been asleep all the afternoon.

22nd May—Arrived early this morning at East London. Went on shore early, and found it is a very pretty place. Looked over the Court Houses, Markets and Public Park, which is a very fine one being over 7 miles round, and cut out of the virgin forest.

23rd May—Not been able to touch this account owing to having been too ill to write, so have to jot down everything from memory. We left East London at 7 o'clock at night, and steamed slowly towards Durban, as we were too early, owing to the *Goth* (the boat we have to tranship into) having been run into and damaged.

24th May—In the open once more, but did not get out of my bunk. Doctor is very kind.

25th May—Arrived at Durban and went on shore with Jim. It is undoubtedly the finest town we have yet seen, having lovely streets and shops, fine buildings and large hotels. There are nice trams which we got on, and went out into the suburbs finding large mansions with lovely gardens, and really good horseflesh. Came back at 3.30 and transferred into the *Goth*, had to get aboard by being pulled up in a basket, a novel sensation being suspended in midair and sea underneath you full of sharks.

26th May—Sunday. First day on the *Goth*, she is quite as big as the *Moor*, but she is not half as comfortable, the bunks are terribly small, and get very stuffy. I am still very poorly, the doctor says it is inflammation of the stomach. I attended divine service this evening and I think felt homesick for the first time.

27th May—Had a very bad night, not an hour's sleep owing to the inflammation, but I feel better this morning. We are now in Delagoa Bay, and a lovely bay it is, it is just the end of the fever season here and everybody looks fairly washed out. We were boarded by some Portuguese soldiers, and such a half-starved lot of mere boys I have never seen in uniform before; we did not go on shore as we are both seedy, Jim having been bitten on 2 fingers whilst stopping Meg fighting another terrier, the wounds are nasty and have been cauterised. Meg nearly killed the enemy. On Thursday we get to *Beira*, *hooray!!!*

28th, 29th and 30th May—Had a bad dose of malarial fever.

31st May—Still feel very ill, but have arrived at *Beira*, so I must pull myself together. Came on shore this morning, and found the town to consist of nothing but sand, and shanties all made of corrugated iron. I am now going to bed at 8 o'clock, as I feel a bit weak. Malaria is a terrible complaint, my temperature went up to 105 stopping there for 2 days, they say in England that at that height you die, but here you sometimes go to 107.

1st June—30 of us started from *Beira* at 6 a.m. in a little 30 foot steam

launch towing our luggage behind us in a big clumsy lighter. The river is lovely in places, and swarms with crocodiles and hippopotami. Of the latter we saw a good many, with their huge heads just showing above the water. In places this river, the Pungwe, widens out till it must be quite a mile across, but it is terribly shallow, and time after time we ran onto sand and mud banks, when we all had to at once stand on one side to keep her from rolling over. All natives aboard had to get into the water and push us off. This may be exciting at first, but when it happens every hour or so, you get fed up with it. The skipper of the launch used to take a lot of drink aboard, and sell it to the passengers, and if it was not selling quick enough he went on to another mud bank. He charged 2/6 a bottle of beer.

We arrived here at Fontesvilla at 3 in the morning, having taken 15 hours instead of 5, having had nothing to eat, and being in the terrible damp which you can see rising from the river. You can understand that we were glad to arrive. On arriving at the only canteen in the place we managed to make a good meal off roast buck and hot coffee (oh that coffee did taste good), and turned in for 1 hour. [Fontesvilla was on the banks of the Pungwe River, about 40 miles from Beira, and was the starting place for the little 2 foot gauge railway to Chimoio, a distance of about 100 miles. It was a notoriously unhealthy place, the railway contractors dying like flies.]

2nd June—We ought to have gone by train this morning at 6 to Chimoio, but the train refused to take anybody so we went back to bed, having to wait till tomorrow as there is only one train per day. They have only 2 meals a day here, and I was already sick of the two, as you get nothing but roast buck, till you are sick of the sight of it.

3rd June—Got up at 4 this morning and climbed aboard the train to take us to Chimoio; there are about 20 of us and 1 lady all in one so-called saloon carriage, which is more like a cattle truck than anything else, at all events we can smoke inside. The train started at 5.30, and bitter cold it is here at that ungodly hour, however, the sun soon came out and then it got warm. The country is very pretty and crowded with every conceivable kind of game which constantly keeps running across the line right in front of us, often racing us. The train only consists of 2 trucks and 1 saloon, they cannot pull more as the engines are only small (2 foot gauge) and the inclines and declines very steep, the lines are terribly badly laid, as you can move them by kicking. It got so hot inside that for the most part of the journey I travelled on the trucks, only the sparks from the engine were such a nuisance burning my clothes all over; the trucks caught fire 4 times, they can only burn wood, and every 10 miles we stop for a fresh supply. We passed through the tsetse fly, and caught Meg with one on her nose, they look just like our housefly at home, only their wings cross over. We also passed through a great swarm of locusts, it is wonderful to see them covering everything as far as the eye can reach. The engine driver and stoker both carry firearms, and shoot at any game coming in sight, stopping the train if they hit. It was laughable to see a charge of buckshot sent into a troop of baboons, how they did chatter and grin. We arrived here at Chimoio after 14 hours travelling, to cover 107 3/4 miles, and 5 of us had to sleep in one small hut on the ground, whilst Meg kept the rats off, however I am getting more used to this sort of luxury. [Chimoio was quite an important place, with a Portuguese Commandant, and railway headquarters,

for material for the broad gauge being started to Salisbury. From Chimoio all the transport of goods to Salisbury was done by ox waggons, taking 30—40 days, and in the rains as long as 3 months.].

4th June—Found a fellow from Manchester called Hotchkiss, who used to be with W. Graham & Co. Changed our sleeping quarters for better. Chimoio seems to be the best place we have yet come across, having some pretensions to being busy, and the mud huts look a little cleaner than usual. Trying to find a waggon to take us up to Salisbury, but so far been unsuccessful. I am feeling much better now than I have done for some days.

5th June—Had a good night's rest, and feel better. No waggons in yet for Salisbury.

6th June—We leave for Salisbury this afternoon, and find it takes 30/40 days to do the journey. Got our first two orders today, and the firm of Zimmerman Bros, feels very pleased over the matter. We left at 4 o'clock and walked $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles out to the waggons but are now informed we can only go tomorrow. I walked back into Chimoio in the dark to fetch some sugar, and I can assure you, my hair sometimes stood on end, as I kept taking stumps of trees for animals.

7th June—Got up at 7 after having slept under the waggons, as ours have not got tents to them, and someone told us hyenas had been near in the night, but I slept the sleep of the just. It is now raining hard, so we cannot trek, making everybody very grumpy, at present I am sitting under the waggon writing this whilst the rain drips off the bucksail onto my feet. Jim's work is to keep the fire up. Our cauldron has unfortunately been broken (big iron pot). They have brought all the oxen up and tied them to their yokes, lighting large fires all round, as they say lions are plentiful.

8th June—Had a good night under the waggon, no lions troubled us but the hyenas were again to the fore getting right under one of the waggons. Thank goodness it is fine today, as it is wretched sleeping on the ground in the wet. This morning I cut Jim's hair and he mine, two such sights you never saw in your life, there is not a hair $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch long on either of our heads, all our friends laugh at us. Travelling is slow, having taken 3 days to do 8 miles.

8th June—Started at 3 in the morning and trekked 12 miles, outspanning at 8 a.m. We are stopping here all day and night, as it is now raining. Doing our best to make ourselves comfortable but it is hard work, and the fire won't burn.

9th June—Had a bad night, everybody getting wet through. 3 lions were round the camp last night. Just cleared up, so we have inspanned, and are at present crossing a river which takes 34 oxen to pull each waggon through. Had a bathe this morning and a good wash (a treat not always obtainable); Jim and self are getting a little more seasoned, and now no longer lie awake at night with one hand grasping a revolver, and with the other trying to grab all the blankets. We bought some flour today, and I tried to bake. Oh Lord!!! What stuff!!! white clay is nothing to it. Jim most certainly will die an unnatural death if I am not more careful. The loaf fell off the waggon, and the wheel went over it making little impression. We have got to a nasty place and two waggons in front are stuck in a drift so we have to wait for morning when they will have to be dug out.

10th June—Had a good night, heard some hyenas. Lovely weather. Had

another attempt at bread making, and got on better this time. Just had another accident, our waggon breaking its disselboom, so we are anchored for the night. Whilst we were on the move this evening a lion ran right across the road just in front of the waggons, into the long grass, all our bullocks took fright, and it took some time, with plenty of whip, to quieten them. The tales one hears are simply nerve destroyers, the tip being not to listen to them, or they think they are frightening you, and tell a pack of fairy tales. A span of oxen consists of 16 or 18, and each has its own particular name and place in the team; put out of their places they will not pull.

11th June—Terribly hot, had to cross a large river running fast and full of crocodiles; of course we got stuck in the middle and had to yoke on another span to pull us out, our loads are 8,500 and 9,500 lbs. exclusive of the waggon which weighs another 3,500 to 4,000 lbs. Have got to heavy sand, and the waggons sink in up to the axles nearly; it soon knocks the bullocks up, so we have outspanned for the night. When a waggon sticks it is a treat to watch the drivers. The span is straightened out, and the driver walks up and down, talking to the oxen each by its name, and then suddenly he will crack his whip, and each ox puts all his weight into the yoke. A good driver seldom hits the oxen. Made some more bread, but it is still not right, as it is not the same when you have to put the dough in a frying pan with plate over it, and then bury it in the cinders.

12th June—The heat is intense by day, and beastly cold by night, averaging 100° difference in temperature between 12 midday and 3 in the morning. A lion took one of the dogs last night, fortunately not Meg who always sleeps next to us, and acts splendidly as a watch dog, but unfortunately she is covered with insects. We gave a spread today to 2 of our friends, who have come up with us, so far, and part tomorrow. I gave them soup, fish, stewed buck, shot this morning by the driver, and greengages—all tinned but the buck. I had to bake 3 loaves, and fortunately they at last came right, rising nicely. We outspanned at 10.30 p.m. and the waggon that arrived first was troubled by a lion. When we arrived on the scene we found the driver on the top of the waggon with his hair simply standing on end, saying that a lion had come out of some long grass and after marching right round the bullocks and waggon had bounced back. After lighting a lot of fires, turned in.

13th June—Were troubled all night by a pack of jackals, but Mr. Lion took pity on us, and left us in peace, our fires evidently frightening him. It is now tropical heat, and we are 4 miles off Masikessi, the border town of Portuguese territory. Meg has now become a splendid water dog and swimmer, and makes a grand companion. I made 6 loaves today, and they have turned out fine, rising splendidly. Our driver has made us a present of a piece of buck, shot this morning, and by stewing it for 3 hours it *did taste good*; altogether we manage to have a very good time. The hills we have to climb are terrific, and a newcomer wonders how on earth they manage to climb them with such heavy loads, the roads too are awful, ruts being 2 to 3 feet deep, with large boulders strewn about; the knocking about the poor oxen get, not to mention ourselves if we happen to ride, is something cruel. 10.30 p.m., just had a terrible smash, coming down a steep hill we had to cross a river, which was badly bridged, and our front waggon very nicely slipped 2 wheels over the side of the structure; it took a long time to rec-

tify matters, and it was a very weird sight seeing them working by torch light with the bullocks standing round, and everybody in typical pioneer costume.

14th June—The waggon in front of us last night had 3 bullocks killed by lions; they talk of going after them, as once a lion kills a bullock he gets more and more bold each time. Reached Massi-Kessi at break of day and bluffed the sleepy Portuguese officials. It is a sleepy little place, and well known to abound in game of every description. We all stood this evening and listened to a lion roaring not far off in a kopje (a small rocky hill); it is the first time Jim and self have heard old Leo on the prowl, and I can assure you it is a most uncanny sound in the pitch dark of a tropical night and on a bush road all by ourselves, and unarmed, the waggons being on in front. I give you my word, I really don't know why we *stopped* to listen for quite 2 or 3 minutes. The jackals are prowling around quite close to our camp fire, and Meg wants badly to have a go at them. Where we have outspanned is noted for lions, and as we have been bothered by them a trap is being set. One of the dead bullocks that they killed but could not finish is fastened to the trigger of a rifle, so that as soon as he touches the meat the rifle goes off. I hope they get one. We *now* sleep on the *top* of the waggon.

15th June—Had a good night's rest. On going to look at the trap this morning they found the cute beast had actually chewed the stock of the gun to pieces, ruining the weapon, and then eaten the meat. They are going to set it again. The scenery here is simply superb, and one cannot possibly half imagine all its stately grandeur unless seen for oneself, the passes, valleys, mountains, rivers and foliage being so magnificent, the view changing every few yards. If people at home could see the hills (which at home we should call mountains) these oxen climb with such terrific loads behind them, they would indeed recognise the bullock as a beast of burden. We have just been told that the boys have lost one of our bullocks, so we cannot inspan. If the lions have not got him already they will do so before morning.

16th June—Woke in the middle of the night by a shot, and heard a lion roaring as if in great pain about 200 yards off, so concluded the trap had worked. On going to it this morning at daybreak, the lion was found dead 20 yards from the trap, which consisted of the piece of bullock meat he left, being surrounded by brushwood leaving an opening for the brute to enter by; a string is stretched across the opening and fastened to the trigger, of course the time being night the lion not seeing the string in his eagerness touches it with his chest, when hey presto he is shot through the lungs. When he had been hit he had bounded right through the brushwood, and you could see where not 5 yards away he had rolled in pain, the place being simply deluged in blood. They have fastened 6 bullocks to him and drawn the carcase into camp, he measured 11 foot 1 inch, and is a very fine specimen of a male lion. When skinned and dressed he weighed over 400 lbs. They have divided the meat, and have given us a lot, saying it is like veal. We have now inspanned as the boys who went out early this morning have returned saying our lost bullock is at the bottom of a precipice, which he has evidently fallen down. They have gone to fetch it, so that means more fresh meat in camp. Today seems to be one long chapter of accidents; just now a waggon with some gold mining machinery was going down a very steep hill and the driver forgot to put the brakes on till too late, result being the waggon overran the bullocks,

killing one—so we shall have even more fresh meat. I feel very ill today, and fancy another dose of fever is not far off. Shall turn in early tonight, it has just started to rain, out of spite.

17th June—Had a good night under the waggon, and feel much better this morning. Tasted the lion's meat, it is *not nice*, so tough you cannot get your fork into it, so have given it to the boys. Nothing happened today, for a wonder.

18th June—Woke up in the night to find Jim and self wet through, the rain coming down in torrents, so we climbed down off the waggon and finished our night's rest under the waggon. We had a new excitement this afternoon; on arriving at a wayside canteen we outspanned and our driver along with some others promptly got drunk; suddenly we heard shouts and on looking up saw a fight was in progress between our driver and the canteen keeper, the latter getting the worst of it pulled his revolver from his belt and fired in his adversary's face; fortunately the weapon was unloaded, so with an oath he made for his rifle; our man ran away and when about 20 yards off the proprietor rushing out took deliberate aim and fired. Fortunately the bullet whistled harmlessly by, but of course this created a fair old rumpus (quite like a final lacrosse match). Our man says he will put the police on his track when we get to Umtali, which we reach tomorrow. The man is quite right, as it is somewhat dangerous when a madman fires and you are in direct line of fire *as we were*, consequently we shall be kept there some days, just our luck as provisions are getting scarce, while they capture and try him. We climbed the largest mountain this evening that we have done since we started, it seems incredible the way the bullocks climb with such terrific loads.

19th June—More bad luck; during the night one of our black drivers ran away, having had a row with the boss, and to add to our discomfort it is pouring with rain. Our driver carries a concertina, and whenever we are in company with other waggons they always bring it out, everybody appears to play one of them; is just giving us "Home sweet home". Just started to climb what is called Christmas Pass—such a place I never climbed by waggons before—the steepness is appalling, and in length 4 miles, we shall only do 2 tonight, and 2 tomorrow morning. The Pass lies right through a chain of mountains, we cannot see the scenery owing to it being night. It is now midnight, and I want my tea badly, it is bitterly cold here, freezing hard. The ascent is so steep in places that sacks of flour, sugar, and cases of whiskey keep slipping off behind, and then by the aid of a candle we have to haul them back again.

20th June—*More accidents*—The front waggon got a wheel over the side of the precipice, and after very carefully off-loading every pound of freight we managed to pull it back onto the road (most exciting). Lovely weather, the view when we woke this morning far surpassed everything I have ever seen; far away all round, as far as the eye could reach, nothing was to be seen but range after range of mountains every colour under the sun's rays, testifying to the wonders of all awe inspiring nature. We are going to climb the other half of the Pass. I hope we shall get into camp before we did last night. We reach Umtali in 4 miles, the first English town and hope to see something worth seeing. I have noticed since we got into English territory the roads are much improved.

21st June—Tropical heat still, and very cold at night. Reached Umtali at

9 p.m. taking a whole day to cover 4 miles. Tried to have a look at the town, but was too dark, we outspanned 1 1/2 miles from the town for 3 days, to allow the oxen to recoup a bit, so that we shall look over the place tomorrow and day after.

22nd June—Sunday. We tried our best to make ourselves look presentable by putting on clean shirts, washing our hands and faces, and brushing our beards (my beard is nearly 3 inches long) before marching into Umtali, but our getup, viz. top boots, riding breeches, shirt, and broad felt hat, gave us away I am afraid; anyway we did not care and enjoyed ourselves looking over the town which is at all events businesslike looking. The town (streets and squares etc.) is marked out by deep cut ruts and when you look down on the town from the surrounding hills you can distinctly make out all the streets, etc. The main street is a very fine large one with the Police barracks in the centre.

23rd June—After doing the usual bake and wash up, we wended our footsteps once more to Umtali and had a really good look over the place. I am taking photos. We asked questions of everybody we met, and the Civil Commissioner was most kind, sending a basket full of lemons to the waggons, which were most acceptable. Bought another teapot, as ours was broken by the waggon going over it. We also managed to secure some potatoes (sweet), which we tried this evening and found very good eating. We also bought some beads, to trade with the natives whom we may meet on the road.

24th June—Started once more on our travels, and a real treat it is to be once more on the move; our driver has some special business to do at Salisbury so he is hurrying, and expects to be there in 12/13 days, we have done 12 miles today.

25th June—Lovely weather, but getting colder as every day we mount higher and higher. Jim and Mathews (a fellow on another waggon) went out buck shooting this afternoon, and saw plenty of game, but did not manage to kill anything. Mathews stalked a bunch of dead red leaves for 1 hour, and then fired, his face was a treat when he found what he had done. I am going out tomorrow.

26th June—Went out shooting and had 2 shots at buck, but did not harm anything. The game must thoroughly enjoy hunters of my kind, as they are able to turn round and smile at my futile efforts.

27th June—Jim shot a nice buck today, everybody says he must have trapped it first. It is what is called a Dyker. We have skinned it and divided the meat which means a few square meals.

28th June—Done a good trek, and halted just under a Sugar Loaf rock, noted for leopards. We are going out to try and get something, as we can see troop after troop of baboons running about. Just got back, but not managed to bag anything larger than a rock rabbit, a large snake nearly caught one of the drivers this evening and scared him terribly.

29th June—We have outspanned opposite a fairly large rocky kopje, and are going round the bottom to see if we can find any buck. We are started, but instead of keeping on the level, we began to climb. Well, we had not gone very far when we heard a leopard barking, so we drew nearer and took council as to whether we should go on or turn back, when suddenly the animal appeared not 100 yards away and two more of his pals barking close to. This settled the matter at once, and going upon the maxim of "best be a coward for 5 minutes than dead

men all your life", we very suddenly and expeditiously left Mr. Leopard master of the situation. On arriving in camp, each said that had there been only one leopard he would have had a shot, but on calmly considering the matter, for my part, I am afraid I must own that in my case it would have made no difference.

30th June to 4th July—Had a terrible dose of fever.

5th July—I feel a little better today, but am still terribly weak, not being able to walk yet. Fever is an awful complaint, but when you get a dose in the open veldt it becomes terrible. My temperature would not go down, but kept up at 104 for 3 days and a half. I have had a good many complaints in my short life, but this new friend beats the lot in a common canter. I have tried to be as bright as I can for Jim's sake, *who is so good*, but it is such hard, hard work and I often be wondering if I shall ever see all your faces ever again. Two nights I made sure I was going to die, and I fancy the others did also. Am too tired to write any more.

6th July—Am feeling better, and can now walk just 10 yards, with the help of an arm. We are now at a wayside store, and as usual all our drivers have got drunk, and are making my head ache most abominably with their row. If I had a gun or revolver I swear I would shoot at them.

1th July—Am getting along fine, and getting my appetite back. Last night the drunken blacks killed one of our bullocks, so we are going to have fresh meat for a few days. We are trekking along fine now, and expect to be in Salisbury in about 9 days. We intend to build our own brick house, and have just been going over quantities and find we require 50,000 bricks for what we wish to build. It means hard work for which I am trying my best to get fit. Game is scarce here, so they have not been out today.

8th July—Getting stronger every day and am now able to walk a little.

9th July—The climax of our adventures has been reached today. On outspanning our driver got down a case of whisky, and succeeded with some more in getting blind drunk. He also gave the blacks some drink, which made them drunk also. On the driver ordering them to inspan the bullocks, they gave him cheek, so he first got a thick stick and commenced to half murder one. When he dropped him, he made for the other, when they both attacked him with heavy knobkerries, and they would most undoubtedly have murdered him if Jim and self had not rushed up and floored both of them. I could not help laughing when on turning round, I found Jim still sitting on the chest of one of them, choking the very life out of him, and I do really believe he would have sat there till now, if I had not told him to let the black go. What funny faces that black was pulling, by jove the scummage has done me all the good in the world. One of them ran away to the Police, and shouted out that if ever he met Jim and self again he would stick a knife into us. They were both over 6 foot Zulus. This evening suddenly 2 mounted policemen rode up and arrested our driver, but on talking the matter over with Jim and self, they took pity on us and left him to take us into Salisbury where they will collar him as soon as he arrives. I had to drive one of the waggons this evening, which is not easy work, slogging away at 16 oxen, through 1 foot of dust. Thus ends the first dust with the blacks, and I must say they have not the hearts of flies, being much bigger and stronger than Jim and self. We are



The end of the journey—"Crossing the last water near Salisbury",
photograph by O. C. Rawson *(National Archives)*

just informed that we shall be wanted in Salisbury as witnesses; this is a nice beginning.

10th July—Just been putting Ellimans on the head of the black who stopped with us. He says he cannot eat anything owing to our having knocked his teeth loose. He is so frightened of the Police that he says if he is asked how he came by the cuts and bruises he shall say a bullock poked him. Three big Jackals have just run right across the road, and Jim has gone to try and shoot one.

11th July—Lovely weather still. Selous the great lion hunter, with his newly married wife, passed us this morning in their waggon, and later we saw Selous returning from a hunting trip in the bush. Water is very scarce here, and what there is happens to be the colour of milk. Of course we boil it before we touch it.

12th July—They have been shoeing bullocks all morning, some of them having gone footsore. Jim has taken a photo of it, I am standing by. We are now close to Salisbury, being only 30 miles away, but it is all heavy sand, and I think will take us another 5 days yet. However, this seems nothing after nearly 3 months travelling.

13th July—Did a good trek, considering the road is so heavy. Jim goes on ahead into Salisbury tomorrow. I have just been making him some sandwiches to eat on the road. Yes, he has 18 miles to walk.

14th July—We came right through a bush fire last night, and it was a truly grand sight. They are very common now, as the grass is so dry, and the Kaffirs set fire to it, to catch the rats they are so fond of. Jim has gone into Salisbury, and I have to chain Meg up to keep her from following him as once out of sight the hyenas (wolves) would soon have her. I am going into Salisbury tomorrow.

15th July—Walked 5 miles into Salisbury this morning, which tired me tremendously. At first sight I was extremely disappointed in the town, it did look so insignificant to have come all these hundreds of miles to, but I think we shall manage to peg along somehow. And now my journey is over and I can only exclaim with true earnestness, Thank God. On looking back, it appears to be one long dream, and in places a nightmare. What I should have done without Jim to help and comfort me, I don't know.

The Death of Charles Annesty

by A. S. Hickman

The Missing Man

This is the story of Charles Annesty in life and in death so far as I have been able to trace it. He was supposed to have been murdered near the Alice Mine at Mazoe early on the night of June 19th, 1896. His body was not found and he has since been forgotten in Rhodesia, one of the many casualties of the Matabele and Mashona risings.

The roll of those "Reported murdered or missing" in the official report of the British South Africa Company has this entry:—"Annesty, Charles, about June 19, 1896. Mazoe District; prospector, last seen at Chipadzas, June 13, 1896, going to Mazoe". There is a general note that "In the following list . . . no hope is entertained for any of those returned as 'missing'. All bodies that have been found have been buried." In fact no one is recorded as missing but it is obviously implied that when there is no comment the man listed was murdered, or that his body was not found. So the fate of Annesty remained a mystery until, over sixty years later, as I shall relate, it was cleared up. First of all I must set the stage at the risk of certain repetition from the work of previous writers.

In 1896 there was a great deal of mining activity in the Mazoe Valley in the general area favoured by the Pioneer Corps prospectors of 1890. The largest mine was the Alice, where a ten-stamp battery was in course of erection. The manager was J. W. Salthouse who lived on the mine with his wife, and who employed George, a Cape Coloured, and about a dozen Mashona labourers. In addition J. Pascoe, W. Faull, J. Fairbairn and J. Stoddard were engaged in removing the battery from the Vesuvius mine and re-erecting it at the Alice.

The Vesuvius was about two miles distant, and nearby was the Mazoe Limeworks. In the same area J. Ffolliott Darling had a property, as did Charles Annesty.

At Mazoe was the Mining Commissioner's office where J. Dickinson, J.P., was working as Acting Mining Commissioner with H. Spreckley, brother of the famous pioneer, as his assistant. The Telegraph Office, built of pole and dagga, was manned by T. G. Routledge. Also, according to a report by Salthouse, there were two stores and the Native Commissioner's office, but the Native Commissioner, Henry Hawken Pollard*, was on patrol towards the Darwin area. Eight miles distant, on the Salisbury road, lived Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Cass at a Salvation Army farm called Pearson Settlement; the Dickinsons lived on an adjacent farm.

Salthouse says that his mine was 27 miles from Salisbury to the west of, and beyond the end of, a valley eight miles long and 500 yards wide at the base ". . . formed by rocky hills, heavily timbered on the west, and the Iron Mask Mountains on the east. The road to Salisbury runs along the west side of the

*Pollard was still on patrol when he was murdered by his own police near Taminga's Kraal on about June 18th. This kraal is shown on a War Office map of 1891 as being north of Mazoe near Makope Hill in what is now the Chiweshe Reserve.



Charles Annesty

(M. C. Gallop)

valley and on both sides is completely closed in by long coarse grass and reeds, about nine feet high. At intervals it is intercepted by dongas, or deep gullies. The Tatagura River runs parallel to the road, along the middle of the valley." This description holds good to the present day except that the road is wider and the dongas have been eliminated.

The people of the Mazoe community were engaged upon their lawful occasions without undue concern for the rising of the Matabele which had begun in March of that year and was still in full flood. However, in the Government Gazette of April 15th the Acting Administrator issued a warning "Note to Prospectors and Others" in which he began by saying that he had "no reason to believe that there is any probability of a similar rising of natives in Mashonaland", and continued with the advice that there should be vigilance in case advantage was taken of the crisis to attack and loot isolated stores, mining camps and farms. Those who lived in such places were told that because the area was very extensive there might be difficulties of "speedily affording relief" if certain emergencies arose. Therefore they were asked to report any suspicious circumstances to the nearest Company official, and all possible steps should be taken by them personally "to place themselves in a position of defence and security". In some quarters it has been alleged that the Company gave no warning; this is obviously incorrect, but I do not know in what manner the Gazette was distributed, and it is doubtful whether it could have come into the hands of all concerned.

But Dickinson, as J.P. for the Mazoe District, wrote to Judge Vintcent, the Acting Administrator, to ask that the Mazoe people should be notified by wire "when anything startling occurs" as it would help to allay anxieties. A month later he wrote again to Judge Vintcent to forward a petition signed by some of the local people in which they asked to be allowed to obtain Martini-Henry ammunition and "hereby humbly request that you will supply us". They pointed out that most of them had rifles but were short of ammunition, and only asked for it as a precautionary measure as they did not wish to be called into camp and thus create uneasiness amongst the local tribesmen. It is a matter for speculation whether the Alice Mine had been chosen as a rallying point or whether the term "camp" referred in general terms to Mazoe itself, where the Government establishments were situated.*

The date on which Charles Annelly left his claims to go on a prospecting trip is not known; he passed by the Alice and probably worked his way down the Mazoe Valley. He was seen at Chipadza's, which appears to have been a well-known kraal, about June 13th on his way back towards Mazoe. He used to travel with a pack donkey which carried a bell around its neck, and he was accompanied by his spaniel dog.

*The Mining Commissioner's office appears to have been about two miles away from the Alice, on the Mazoe River close to its junction with the Tatagura. The War Office map of Southern Zambesia of 1891 seems to confirm this position. The site of the Native Commissioner's office is not known. The Telegraph Office was probably in the vicinity of the present Police Camp. The site of King's Hotel and store has, however, been found by Dr. R. C. Howland between the present village and the Alice, about half a mile from the latter and clearly visible from the laager. It is just on the Alice side of a wooded hill around which the road skirts and the foundations, now very broken up, are nevertheless clearly defined. There is a white-walled shed nearby. In the McGregor Museum at Kimberley is a clear picture of the buildings as they were about 1896.

Soon afterwards the first murders outside Matabeleland took place, on June 15th in that other famous gold belt, in the Hartley Hill area. One of the first victims was David Enraght Moony, the Native Commissioner there, though the news did not get through to Salisbury until after murders at Beatrice Mine had been reported, with others on the Hartley Road. A newly-formed Defence Committee of Salisbury met at once and ordered the posting of picquets that night, and the following day the populace went into laager.

That day, June 16th, Dan Judson, Inspector of Telegraphs at Salisbury, and an officer of the Rhodesia Horse, informed Salthouse at Mazoe of the murders and followed it up on the 17th with reports of more murders nearer to Salisbury.

Salthouse at once asked Judge Vintcent for advice, telling him that he had nine men and three women in the neighbourhood, and he asked for a wagonette to convey the women if they were ordered to town. The same day he called on the local people to rally at the Alice Mine, and named ten others who had joined him and his wife, noting that Mrs. Cass and Mrs. Dickinson had to be brought in from their farms eight miles along the Mazoe-Salisbury road.

He did not mention Darling, who must have joined the party later from his claims, which lay opposite a large cave in the Iron Mask Range further up the Tatagura Valley. This, Darling had suggested, should be used as a refuge, but the party was already committed to the Alice. Darling's comment is that he found Salthouse making a rough laager on a small kopje behind the camp: "the position, though the best in the immediate vicinity of the camp, was quite unsuitable for the purpose, being commanded by hills on three sides, from which shots could be fired at distances from 400 to 700 yards. The laager consisted of branches of trees and rocks *in situ* and there was no difficulty in getting over the boundary in any direction". It was now, however, a case of any port in a storm for the people who were so soon to be beleaguered.

After dark on the 17th Judge Vintcent sent a telegram to say he was about to dispatch a wagonette with six mules, and this arrived at about seven o'clock on the next morning, the 18th. It was driven by J. L. Blakiston of the Telegraph Department, accompanied by H. D. Zimmerman (Rawson), a store owner, and a Cape Coloured, Hendrick, of the Police.

The fortunes of Salthouse and his party were now centred on the Alice Mine; they have been recorded in considerable detail as will be seen from the bibliography attached to this article. In particular, Dr. R. C. Howland, whose grandfather, W. S. Honey, was in Lieut. Dan Judson's relief party, has made an excellent contribution by piecing together the various narratives in "The Mazoe Patrol" (in *Rhodesiana*, No. 8, 1963).

The rebel forces were the Shona tribesmen of Chief Hwata who lived in the area, strengthened by Matabele agents. Their leader was Mhazvi, a policeman who had joined them from Salisbury; a fine shot himself, he taught the rebels how to shoot.

On the morning of the 18th E. T. Cass, J. Dickinson and W. Faull were murdered on the Salisbury road and, later J. L. Blakiston and T. G. Routledge as they returned towards the laager after sending a vital telegram to Salisbury. They were killed near King's Hotel within view of those in the laager. They were

the only two to fall north of the mine and it was in this area that there appears to have been the greatest concentration of rebels.

The night of the 18th was full of hazard for the defenders, but they were reinforced at about 1.30 p.m. on the 19th by Lieut. D. Judson and his patrol of seven men, who had gallantly ridden to their help through the night, but this party was not strong enough to relieve them. The new arrivals assisted, however, in keeping guard that night and thus afforded some rest to the besieged men who had been on the alert for two days and two nights.

The only survivor to report the following incident was Darling, who had been a member of the Pioneer Corps in 1890, and who had been working his claim near that of Charles Annesty. He relates: "Early in the night (19th) some shots were heard in the neighbourhood of the hotel, and soon afterwards we heard a tinkle of a donkey bell out on the flat, and a dog howled out there during the night. From information received since I have every reason to suppose that Mr. Charles Annesty, who arrived here from British Columbia about twelve months ago, was murdered at that time. He was due back from Chipadzi's about that time, and used to ride a donkey, and had a spaniel dog. He would come up that road, as his camp was close to mine, a couple of miles further on from the laager."

To complete the story of the Alice Mine, at grey dawn on the morning of June 20th, Inspector (Captain) R. C. Nesbitt of the Mashonaland Mounted Police, with his patrol of 13 volunteers, broke through the rebels and reached the laager. After the wagonette had been fortified with sheet iron the whole party left the mine at 11.30 a.m. and reached Salisbury about 9.30 p.m. having Lieut. C. McGeer, Trooper G. Jacobs and Trooper H. J. van Staaden, all of the Salisbury Field Force, killed and Troopers A. Burton and C. Hendrikz, severely wounded. As Dr. Howland so aptly remarks it was "one of the most heroic expeditions in Colonial annals."

The Skeleton

The Alice Mine is no longer working, but to the north-east of it about half a mile distant on the slope of the hill opposite the old mine is the Golden Shaft, a very good property owned and developed by Mr. Andreas Stori, a Swiss-born miner, now a Rhodesian citizen.

He told me that in 1955 he decided to build a substantial stone summer-house on the summit of the hill beside his house, which is a short way down the hillside with his shaft and machinery below that again. Whilst preparing the site he found an old water-bottle and five cartridge cases of .303 calibre at about three feet below the surface and beside two rock slabs which form a natural shelter. This observation post, as it could be termed, does not directly overlook the Alice Mine and therefore is not likely to have been occupied by the Mashona rebels who besieged it. At the time Stori put these exhibits aside to keep as items of interest.

In 1957, in the valley below the mine shaft and not far from what we now know to be the foundations of King's Hotel, he was using a bulldozer to expose the reef when his employees reported the finding of a human skeleton. On later examination I estimated this site to be 600 yards from the summit of the Alice



(Herald)

Andreas Stori with his finds; the water bottle is at top right

Mine laager. The remains were lying at full length about three feet below the surface with head to the east; the ground sloped downwards towards the feet. Stori collected all the bones he could find and removed them to his homestead, where he kept them for some time. He found no buckles or buttons with the skeleton. He says the upper incisor teeth were missing and the skull was not completely intact. Above the site where the skeleton lay is a prospecting shaft about ten feet deep, but it can not now be said when it was dug or whether the body had been cast into it.

His servants did not fancy Stori keeping these remains in his home, so to give them a decent burial he made near his house a concrete grave, with a removable slab, to receive them. A short distance away he set up a memorial cross.

On May 19th, 1961, Mr. Harvey Ward of the *Rhodesia Herald* visited Stori, heard some of the facts recorded above, and the next day contributed a most interesting article to his newspaper. He also got in touch with me, suggesting that I should visit the site. On May 24th I went there with Mr. Graham Guy, curator of the Queen Victoria Museum, Salisbury, and we saw the bones and other exhibits. As I knew Darling's narrative I felt sure that if the remains proved to be those of a European it must be Charles Annesty. Guy took over the cartridge cases and water-bottle to have them dated. The hole which can be seen in the latter was caused by a pick when it was dug out.

On June 3rd, 1961, Mr. Guy and I returned to the Golden Shaft with Mr. Harvey Ward, Mr. R. Trevor-Jones, and Dr. A. Brain of the Queen Victoria Memorial Museum. Trevor-Jones is a noted anthropologist, and on examining the bones stated that they were definitely those of a European, a man aged between 25 and 30 years and about 5 ft. 10 ins. tall. There were "fragments of the occipital bone; the right side of the maxilla, with portion of the orbit and the nasal bones; the mandible complete except for the left horizontal and ascending rami; the long bones of both lower and upper extremities; some vertebrae and some metatarsal and tarsal bones". With these human remains was the lower end of the right femur of a dog—a most amazing confirmation of Darling's story. Trevor-Jones, who is now professor of anatomy at Cape Town University, subsequently wrote up his findings in the *Central African Journal of Medicine* of September 1962, with diagrams of the various bones.

In August Guy received a report from England on the water-bottle and cartridge cases. The water-bottle appeared to be of a military pattern which was first issued in 1895; it had been covered in felt, and had a capacity of one quart. It must have been carried by a sling as there are two metal retainers, one on each side of the bottle. Of the cartridge cases three were issued in the 1890's and the firms concerned stopped making them in 1897. The other two, bearing the letters "ELEY, LONDON" were first issued about 1890. So all of them were in current use in 1896.

There is nothing to prove that the bottle and cartridges were in any way related to the skeleton, but there is some reason to suppose so. It is possible that Annesty, who knew nothing of the Mashona rising, encountered armed rebels on his way home when he reached the vicinity of King's Hotel, which was precisely on his route. He might have abandoned his donkey and climbed to the nearest

hilltop for safety where he sheltered behind the rocks and fired not less than five shots. Shots were heard by Darling but I had previously assumed them to have been fired by the rebels.

Later, leaving his water-bottle to avoid noise, Annesty may have worked his way down the hillside towards the valley and in the direction of the Alice Mine, which by then he could have heard was defended. Presumably his spaniel dog would have been with him and may have given him away. He was then set upon by rebels and murdered and his dog killed then or later. Perhaps his body was thrown into a prospecting trench which later partially filled up. I cannot imagine the rebels burying him, and his body was not found by the Rev. Douglas Pelly, who in mid-August, 1896, collected the remains of men killed in the vicinity of the Alice Mine and buried seven of them there, including Blakiston and Routledge, whose bodies lay nearest to Annesty in the vicinity of King's Hotel. All the others who were killed in action or murdered had fallen on the Salisbury side of Alice Mine.

The Family

In October 1964, I wrote to the Commissioner of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police at Ottawa, telling him the story of Annesty, and asking for his co-operation, which was readily forthcoming, in an endeavour to trace Annesty's relations. I wish to pay special tribute to him and to members of his Force who have spared no effort in assisting me and have spent much time in carrying out their investigations, which extended from the west coast to the east coast of Canada. The first letter I had from Canada indicated that inquiries had been made at the Public Archives in the hope that the name might be found in early census records, but this proved impracticable unless it could have been stated in what area the man might have lived. But Police records were checked and revealed that a William Annesty served with the Royal North West Mounted Police from 1918 to 1920 and that he was a native of North Sydney, Nova Scotia.

This was the first clue, and from then until the present time correspondence has passed between the Commissioner's Office and myself with the result that I am now able to outline the family background of Annesty and some of his activities. The latest report contains the earliest information, that Charles Annesty was born on July 7th, 1864, either at Petites or Fortune, Newfoundland. There is some confusion as to the actual place of birth as the record was found in an old family Bible. It appears that his wife Ada died before he came to Rhodesia, and his only child, a daughter named Rita May, who was born on November 20th, 1887, was brought up by her grand-parents.

When she was about 18 months old Rita May's father left North Sydney in Nova Scotia for British Columbia in a boat owned by a Joseph Peppett. He was there for about two years and owned a tobacco store, before he left for South Africa, which must have been in about 1891 when he was 27 years of age. We do not know where he was or what he did between then and his coming to Rhodesia in 1895. He was murdered in 1896 at the age of 32 and this agrees with Professor Trevor-Jones's findings from the bones. But there is one discrepancy regarding his height. Trevor-Jones says that the skeleton was that of a man of

about 5 ft. 10 in., but Annesty's daughter maintains that he was short, and that he could not have been more than 5 ft. 5 ins.

Because of this discrepancy I asked the Canadian Police to find out the average height of men of the Annesty family and the answer is that descendants are now 5 ft. 9 ins. to 5 ft. 11 ins., but that George, Charles Annesty's brother, and father of the policeman was a very short man, not more than 5 ft. 5 ins. tall.

Rita May's recollection of her father may however not be clear as she was only nine years old when he died, and he had been absent from home for some years then, unless perhaps he re-visited Canada between his arrival in South Africa in 1891 and Rhodesia in 1895. Her assessment of height is based on what she has heard from relatives that all the Annestys of her father's period were very short men. The best evidence comes from Mr. R. Allan of North Sydney, whose parents, now dead, were close friends of Charles Annesty, and who told their son that Charles was approximately 5 ft. 9 ins. tall.

Rita May is now 77 years of age; she married Henry Gallop of North Sydney in 1904 and had ten children of whom eight are still alive. She usually lives in North Sydney, but was recently spending the winter months with one of her daughters in the Province of Quebec. She was living with her grandparents when in about 1900, at the age of 13, she heard of her father's death, in a letter written by Mr. Cleveland, "said to be Mayor of Salisbury at the time".

The Police report reads: "Cleveland forwarded them a few belongings of Annesty which he claimed had been found in a trunk inside a cabin which had been burned down. These belongings consisted of Annesty's marriage certificate, and a lock of hair which he carried in remembrance of his deceased wife. Also included was the sum of \$1,800.00 which was used in the upbringing of Rita May Gallop. No further information was ever received from Cleveland."

Perhaps this event occurred somewhat later than Rita May remembers, because Cleveland was not Mayor until 1903. His son, the Hon. Ralph Cleveland, a former Cabinet minister, tells me that his father was a native of New Brunswick and came to Rhodesia in 1895; he was Mayor after only one year as a Councillor. So it could be that Annesty's next-of-kin were not traced in 1896, and his possessions remained in store, until Cleveland heard of them when he became Mayor, and being a fellow-Canadian knew the whereabouts of the family.

The Police report continues: "When Mrs. Rita May Gallop was about 25 years of age (1912) a man by the name of Dingwall came to see her at her home in Nova Scotia and said that he had seen her father's body, and had picked it up inside the cabin. He had stated that this cabin had been attacked by Indians (Africans) and then burned to the ground. The body was also badly burned." Dingwall's version of the murder does not agree in any way with other accounts, though the hut, or huts, on Annesty's claims may well have been burned down by the rebels. If Dingwall found the body why was it not buried?

One of Mrs. Gallop's sons, Melvin Charles, also of North Sydney, has been most helpful with family information. Families such as the Annestys and Gallops have lived in the town of North Sydney for generations, and there are many of Charles's more distant relatives still living there, most of whom have heard of him.

Melvin was under the impression that it was understood locally when news

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An Early Enthusiast for Rhodesian Aviation - Mr. C. F. Webb in 1912

by J. McAdam

During the years 1909 to 1911 several attempts at powered flight were made in South Africa and such names as Kimmerling, Weston and Bradell were in the news at the time. While any manner of manned flight was considered sensational in that era, no spectacular performances were recorded until the closing days of 1911.

Then, in December of that year, the African Aviation Syndicate, comprised of Captain (later Brig.-Gen.) Guy Livingston, and Messrs. E. Driver and C. Compton Paterson, arrived in Cape Town from England, equipped with two aircraft, with which they immediately made a number of highly successful flights. Driver set a South African altitude record of 4,000 feet, and on Christmas Day Paterson created a South African distance record of 30 miles.

These activities stimulated considerable interest amongst the aeronautically-minded throughout South Africa and Rhodesia. Mr. C. F. Webb, B.A., a Member of the Aeronautical Society of Great Britain and a former secretary of the Aeronautical Society of South Africa, then resident in Salisbury, wrote a series of three articles entitled "The Aeroplane in Rhodesia: Its Practical Utility", which were published in the *Rhodesia Herald* of January 18th, 19th and 26th, 1912.

There is no doubt of Mr. Webb's proficiency in his subject; his technical knowledge was beyond dispute, and some of his predictions were surprisingly accurate; a few, on the other hand, were a bit off the beam. Viewed in the light of to-day's developments in aviation in Central Africa Webb's essays are of interest, and a few excerpts are quoted, with some comments by the author of these notes.

"The time for the practical application of the aeroplane to the solution of certain problems and the overcoming of certain difficulties existing in Rhodesia is not to-day nor to-morrow", wrote Webb, "since any new development must take time; but it is soon, and the sooner the better, for Rhodesia prides itself upon being up-to-date in most things. In six or seven years aerial machinery should be as reliable as the latest car to-day, which means that aeroplanes will be as familiar in Salisbury or other parts of Rhodesia in seven years' time as motor cars are now ... but why wait seven years when they can be made use of at once?"

It was, in fact, eight years before Rhodesians saw their first aeroplane, van Ryneveld and Brand's "Silver Queen II", which arrived at Abercorn on 28th February, 1920, and, flying via Ndola, Broken Hill and Livingstone, landed on the Bulawayo race course on 5th March. The first aircraft to visit Salisbury was the "Rhodesia", an Avro flown by Messrs. Thompson and Rutherford which, on 11th June, 1920, landed on the old racecourse close to the position now occupied by the new Library, Museum and College of Music.



(Miss G. Buchan)

The first aeroplane in Salisbury, "Rhodesia" on Salisbury racecourse,
11 June, 1920

"Rhodesia", continued Webb, "is a country in which the aeroplane in competent hands should prove to be of inestimable value. It is extremely difficult to travel through in parts owing to . . . the fly, the nature of the ground, lack of water or too much water, and so on. All of these obstacles disappear when the aeroplane is introduced into the problem."

"Similar conditions . . . to those in Rhodesia are found in . . . Russian Siberia and South America. In constructional and survey work . . . of the Lake Baikal section of the trans-Siberian Railway, and the trans-Andean Railway, the respective governments are employing the aeroplane. Where the aeroplane is being used in other countries to overcome certain difficulties, it could be employed with equal facility to overcome the same class of difficulties here."

"Here we may note a few of the uses to which it could be put: Some parts of Rhodesia are practically unknown . . . other parts are imperfectly surveyed, and here is a field for the employment of aeroplanes. . . huge tracts of country could be surveyed and rivers mapped in one tenth time and not half the expense involved at present. . . exhaustive geological surveys and prospecting of mineral deposits could be carried out." The most extensive topographical and geological aerial surveys yet made anywhere in the world were carried out in the Northern and Western provinces of Northern Rhodesia by the Aircraft Operating Co. during the period 1927 to 1930.

"The aeroplane could be utilized for carrying the mail and thus supersede the antiquated coach mail in the outlying districts. In times of unrest or even

actual war the uses to which the aeroplane can be put are practically unlimited."

Webb then quoted possible criticisms which might be levelled at the introduction of aircraft in Rhodesia; and proceeded to deal with them: "Disadvantages to the use of aeroplanes, some say, are the risk of breakdown and the expense. Firstly, the risk of breakdown is considerably less than in the case of a motor car of equal power . . . aeroplanes have the advantage that there are no jolts or cast horse-shoes lying about in the air. The greatest risk in aeronautics is, and always has been, at the moment of alighting, but the risk to-day with an experienced pilot in charge is very slight. Secondly, expense. This is of two kinds—initial and current. An aeroplane large enough to carry one man and impedimenta would cost at least £1,000, and barring repairs due to extensive damage, upkeep should cost no more than a car constantly in use, say £30, and pilot £30 per month salary, i.e. £60 per month."

Webb went on to list further possible objections against aviation as a practical undertaking in Southern Africa:

1. The rarity of the atmosphere at (these) altitudes.
2. Inability to obtain recharges of petrol.
3. Absence of suitable landing places.
4. Danger due to gales of wind and storms.
5. The number of accidents which have occurred in Europe."

He had no difficulty in countering these points: "Objection No. 1 can be answered by stating that a height of 13,000 feet has already been attained in Europe". (This was followed by a somewhat technical explanation of the effects of altitude upon air pressure and of the effects of latitude upon the density of the atmosphere at any given altitude.)

"Objection No. 2 hardly needs comment as in populated districts it does not now hold good, and in unexplored territory it does not arise."

"Objection No. 3. The principal aeroplane pilots of Europe favour flying at a height of about 3,000 feet above ground, at which height it is possible to volplane or glide down to any landing place over an area of about 50 square miles."

"Objection No. 4 would especially apply in Southern Africa, but will be overcome by faster aeroplanes. In the author's opinion 1912 will not pass before we have . . . aeroplanes capable of travelling at 150 m.p.h. . . . independent of weather conditions. . . cutting through the most terrible hurricane with absolute impunity. Before that type of aeroplane arrives, however, there are two ways of getting over the difficulty. One of them, the simplest, is not to fly at all in stormy weather;* the other is to fly so high as to leave the storm below you." Webb's reasoning regarding high-speed aircraft 'cutting through hurricanes with impunity' was faulty; it has subsequently been proved that high speeds in conditions of severe turbulence impose immense strains upon the structure of an aircraft. His plan to fly above them was optimistic: tropical storms frequently attain a height of 30,000 to 40,000 feet.

"Objection No. 5. The accidents that have occurred can be grouped under

*25 years later pilots of Rhodesian and Nyasaland Airways referred to this technique as "No see, no fly!"

three heads: inexperience, foolhardiness and mechanical defect. Neither the first nor second can be laid to the account of the aeroplane. The third will only be overcome as perfection is neared, though (considerable) reliability has already been reached."

Webb then recorded the specifications of an aircraft which he believed would be suitable for use in Rhodesia: "... a monoplane of at least 100 horse-power capable of any speed from 15 to 70 m.p.h., and able to carry at least two persons with sufficient impedimenta for a journey of 600 miles." It is worthy of note that some twenty years later the most popular and successful aircraft in commercial and private use in Central Africa was the de Havilland Puss Moth. This was a monoplane of 100 horse-power, capable of speeds ranging from 42 to 100 m.p.h.; it could carry a pilot plus either one passenger with luggage or two passengers without much luggage, and its maximum range was about 600 miles; not a bad estimate on Webb's part.

"The Government or one of the big companies", went on Webb, "should take the initiative and prove whether or not the aeroplane is a commercial proposition; also, in order to stimulate the industry and to attract European aviators, a prize should be offered to the aviator who first irrefutably demonstrates the practicability of the aeroplane in Rhodesia; . . . and perhaps it is not too much to hope that either Compton Paterson or Driver may be persuaded to come and give us a demonstration in Rhodesia."

"Finally, we would suggest, to stimulate enthusiasm, that a number of influential residents in Salisbury interested in aviation should form themselves into a committee to act as the executive for the future 'Aeronautical Society of Rhodesia', which. . . could act in co-operation with the Aeronautical Society of South Africa. With such a society. . . steps could be taken to bring Rhodesia into line with other members of the Empire (which could be). . . linked together and defended by . . . a girdle of aircraft, and in our time we may see, with Tennyson, 'the heavens fill with commerce'."

Webb's articles must have kindled some interest, because the next development was a note in the 'News of the Day' column in the *Rhodesia Herald* of Wednesday, 7th February, 1912: "A meeting to consider the question of forming an Aeronautical Society for Rhodesia will be held in Tattersall's Club lounge this evening at 8 p.m. The Mayor (Mr. M. E. Cleveland) will take the chair."

The meeting was poorly patronised, and the following day's *Herald* reported: "The meeting convened to be held at Tattersall's Club last night was postponed *sine die* on account of the smallness of the attendance."

Then followed some activity in the correspondence columns of the *Herald*. Mr. T. C. L. Howard wrote, on 14th February: "Apropos of the attempt to form an Aeronautical Society, though about a score of gentlemen attended the meeting on Wednesday evening, the Chairman and Mr. Webb refused to continue . . . as they considered the meeting insufficiently representative. (One presumes) . . . that those present. . . were interested in aeronautics. Why then did Mr. Webb not place his views before the meeting? No doubt Mr. Webb's attempt is premature. Had he convened a meeting for the purpose of forming a Motor and Aero Club he might have met with greater success. It would be interesting if some of the motorists of Salisbury were to give an expression of their

opinion."

This view was supported in next morning's *Herald* by Mr. Chas. A. Miller: "Re the formation of a Motor and Aero Club I think your correspondent's idea an excellent one, and more feasible than an Aeronautical Society, in which nobody appears to take much interest."

Mr. Fred. A. Johnstone said, in effect "let's cut the cackle, and get on with the job." His letter, which appeared on 16th February, read: "I should like to know when we are going to do something. I was at the meeting the other night and . . . was rather disgusted with the result. It is time we made a move. Could Mr. Webb not give those interested some further information by holding another meeting (never mind about forming a society) and reading a paper or giving a lecture. We should all appreciate such a move. Those interested would be sorry to see the matter drop now."

Evidently Mr. Webb accepted the publication of these letters as proof of sufficient aeronautical interest to warrant further effort on his part, for in the *Herald* of 17th February the following communication appeared over his signature:

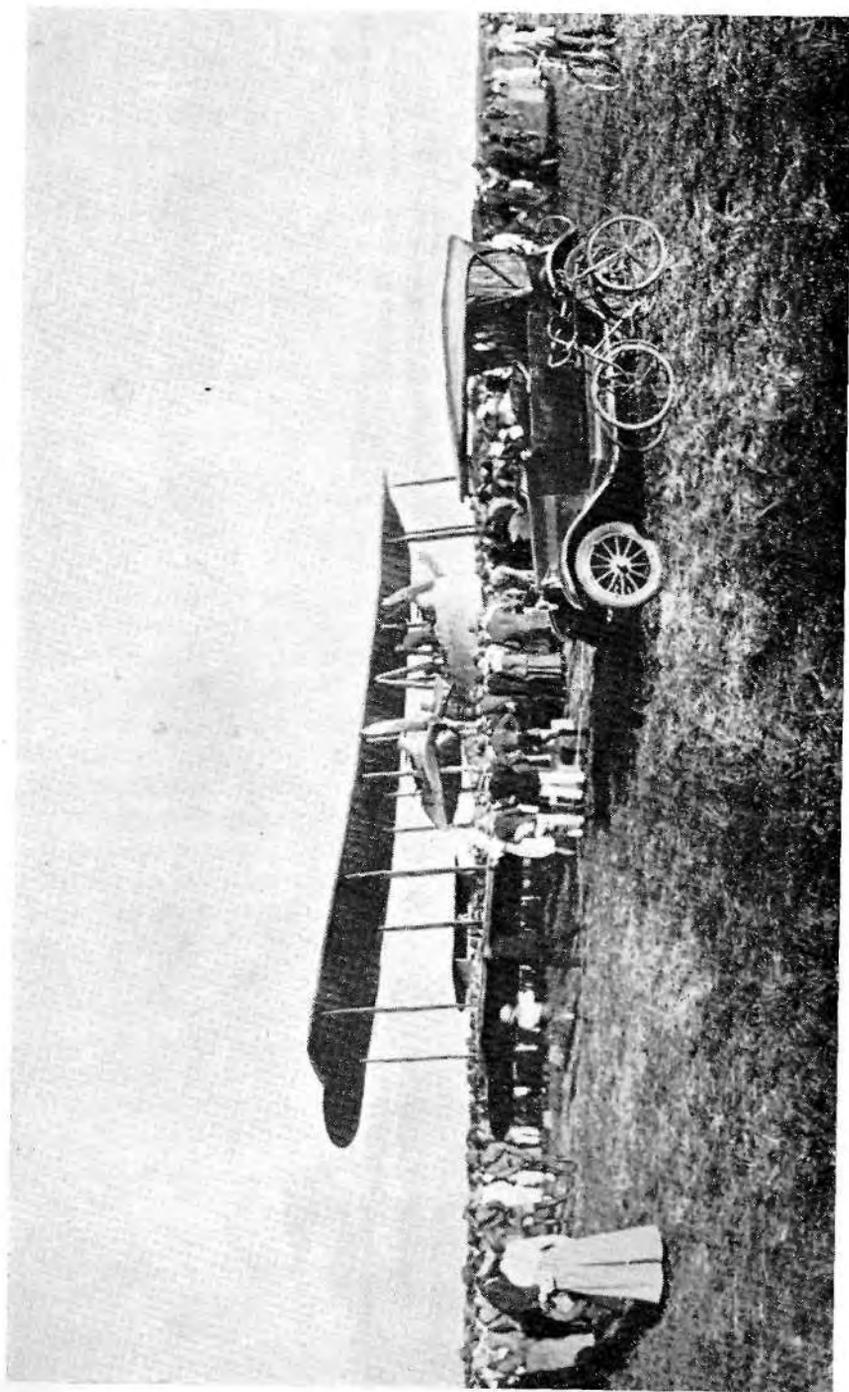
"I am extremely gratified by the . . . interest . . . proved by correspondence . . . since my meeting of the 7th inst. All letters are unanimous. . . that the meeting was a failure. It was a failure in that:

1. Absolute apathy was shown on the part of the general public.
2. Many who should have come . . . were prevented at the last moment by indisposition.
3. Organized boycott by some clique . . . in Salisbury.

Many influential persons were invited but failed to turn up or to send apologies, with the result that the Mayor (Mr. Cleveland), Mr. Munnik and I and those that did turn up were kept hanging about from 8 to 8.45 when the meeting was declared off. I consider that this amounted to little less than a deliberate insult to the Mayor, the Committee of Mashonaland Tattersall's Club and myself as convener. However I was able to judge the amount of interest in aeronautics and the probable chance . . . of obtaining the services of Driver or Paterson for the purpose of an aviation meeting. I think the suggestion to form a Motor and Aero Club a valuable one; to that end I . . . will meet all interested in the dining room of the Commercial Hotel on Wednesday the 21st at 8.30 p.m. to discuss these points. The idea is in my mind to inaugurate a series of lantern lectures illustrated with models, lantern slides and blackboard sketches."

The minutes of this meeting are not available, if indeed any were recorded, and the next we read is a report, published during the first week of March, to the effect that: "A communication has been received from Capt. Guy Livingston, Manager of the African Aviation Syndicate—which includes Messrs. Driver and Compton Paterson—that they would be willing to hold a six days' flying meeting in Rhodesia (three days in Bulawayo and three in Salisbury) some time in April, provided the necessary guarantee is raised. The guarantee is somewhat larger than might have been hoped, but correspondence is in progress."

Then, on 8th March came the announcement: "The following gentlemen have consented to act on the Provisional Committee of the projected Aeronautical Society of Rhodesia:



(National Archives)

The first aeroplane to land in Rhodesia, the "Silver Queen", on the Bulawayo racecourse, March, 1920

Patron: Sir William Milton, K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., *The Administrator of Southern Rhodesia.*

President: Col. Burns-Begg, *Resident Commissioner.*

Vice-Presidents: Mr. E. W. S. (Later Sir Ernest) Montagu, *Secretary for Mines and Works.* Mr. G. H. Eyre, *Postmaster-General.*

Chairman: Mr. E. A. L. Brailsford, *Magistrate.*

Vice-Chairman: Mr. M. E. Cleveland, *Mayor of Salisbury.*

Committee: Messrs. S. Weil, E. E. Homan, C. G. Jamieson, M. Epton, J. Lawson, C. D. Don, T. C. L. Howard and J. Fison.

Technical Advisers: Messrs. A. Simpson and J. L. Johnston.

Acting Hon. Secretary and Treasurer: Mr. C. F. Webb, B.A.

A meeting of this Committee will be held in the Court Room of Mr. Brailsford's Court at 4.30 p.m. on Wednesday, 13th March.

Agenda: To consider the advisability of forming an Aeronautical Society of Rhodesia.

To consider arrangements for a flying meeting in Bulawayo and Salisbury."

On 12th March all concerned were informed that the meeting was to be postponed until 4.30 p.m. on Friday the 15th. Again no records are available of the business discussed.

The next and final announcement appeared in the *Herald* of 27th March: "A meeting of the provisional Committee of the Aeronautical Society of Rhodesia is to be held in the Court Room at 4 p.m. on 2nd April to meet Major Shaw, who recently returned from Johannesburg where he interviewed Capt. Livingston re. holding an aviation meeting in Rhodesia. Major Shaw is in Bulawayo this week, endeavouring to arrange that Bulawayo and Salisbury co-operate in matters concerning aviation."

As in the case of previous meetings, no records appear to be available—nor is there evidence of any subsequent meeting of the Provisional Committee.

The next item of interest to aeronautically-minded Rhodesians appeared in the *Herald* of 6th June: "Mr. C. F. Webb has received a letter from Major Rogers, R.E., Chairman of the Aero Club of South Africa, with reference to the 'Royal Flying Corps' now being organized in England by General Henderson . . . who is anxious that the Colonies. . . should co-operate." An editorial in next morning's *Herald* endorsed General Henderson's view.

Evidently the correspondence regarding the guarantee required by the African Aviation Syndicate did not bear fruit, for the Aviation Meeting' in Rhodesia never materialised. At Kimberley, during Easter week of 1912, the Syndicate encountered serious financial difficulties, which were temporarily overcome by a generous grant from De Beers Ltd., but it was finally forced into liquidation in September, after one of the first, if not the first, aeronautical lawsuits in history. The Syndicate's aircraft were sold by public auction at Alexandersfontein, near Kimberley, on 14th September, 1912.

Mr. Webb must have come to the conclusion that the prospects of a career in aviation were brighter in England than in Rhodesia, for the last we hear of him is that he left Salisbury in mid-1912 (probably about July), and joined the newly-formed Royal Flying Corps at Farnborough.

It seems likely that Mr. Webb had been the mainstay of the proposed Aeronautical Society of Rhodesia, for after his departure no more was heard of the venture, and as already stated, Rhodesians waited for nearly eight years to see their first aeroplane.

WANTED —A RHODESIANA SYMBOL

The Rhodesiana Society is in need of a distinctive symbol, something that can be used on its publications, its stationery and its programmes as an easily recognizable and distinguishing motif. Members are asked for suggestions, which should be sent to the Honorary Secretary.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Mr. F. O. Bernhard, who farms at Ziwa, Inyanga, was born and educated in Switzerland. He has lived in Rhodesia since 1933: during the war he served with the R.A.F. in Europe as an airgunner. He has interests in local archaeology, particularly of the Iron Age.

Mr. E. E. Burke, the editor of *Rhodesiana*, was educated in Birmingham. After working in libraries in England he served, 1939-1946, with the Devonshire Regiment, and thereafter the King's African Rifles in East Africa, Ceylon and Burma. He came to Rhodesia in 1946 to join the staff of the National Archives and is now Principal Archives Officer. He has studied records management procedures and archives administration in England and America and is a Fellow of the Library Association.

Mr. P. S. Garlake was educated in Rhodesia and studied architecture at the University of Cape Town. He practised in London and Salisbury, 1957-60, and then studied archaeology at the London University Institute of Archaeology. In 1962 he was awarded a Nuffield Research Studentship with the British Institute of History and Archaeology in East Africa to study the early Islamic architecture of the East African coast. He returned to Rhodesia in 1964 and is now Senior Inspector to the Historical Monuments Commission.

Col. A. S. Hickman, M.B.E., was for over 31 years in the British South Africa Police from which he retired in 1955 as Commissioner. Since then he has been engaged on historical research on the Pioneer period and has been a constant contributor to the Police magazines, *Outpost* and *Mapolisa*. He is the author of *Men who made Rhodesia: a register of those who served in the British South Africa Company's Police* (Salisbury, the British South Africa Company, 1960), and is Deputy Chairman of the Historical Monuments Commission.

Mr. J. McAdam, an Associate of the Royal Aeronautical Society, was born in South Africa and educated at St. Andrew's College, Grahamstown. He commenced flying training at the Johannesburg Light Plane Club in 1933 and after qualifying as a commercial pilot he joined the newly formed Spencer's Air Services at the Victoria Falls and then subsequently the Aircraft Operating Company and Rhodesian and Nyasaland Airways, which in 1940 became the Communications Squadron. He is now an Operations Officer with Central African Airways and for the last few years has been engaged on the compilation of a history of civil aviation in Central Africa.

Mr. R. W. S. Turner joined the staff of the National Archives in 1947. During the last war he served with the Black Watch and the 1st Punjab Regiment, holding the rank of Major. He visited the United States of America to study various aspects of archives administration. He was Secretary of the National Archives Building Board—the statutory body charged with erecting the present National Archives. He is Chairman of the Rhodesia Records Committee and Chairman of the Rhodesiana Society's Membership Committee.

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