

RHODESIANA

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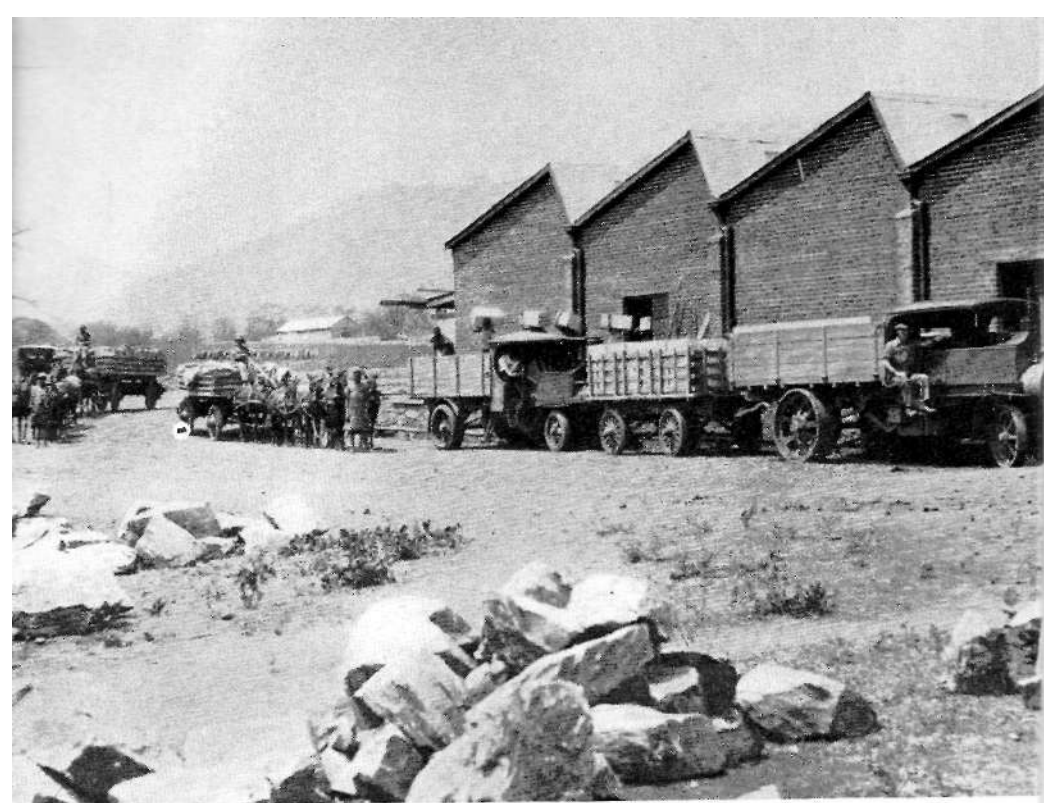
1896



The Standard Bank Limited,
Bulawayo

1914





Cases of citrus being loaded on to steam lorries at the No. 1 pack house, Mazoe Citrus Estates, in 1922. The estate, which is administered by the Anglo American Corporation, was established in 1914.

Mazoe Citrus Estates 1914-1967

A modern factory at Mazoe Citrus Estates which incorporates the original pack house. In the citrus season, 140 tons of fruit are processed daily to produce comminuted and concentrated juices, citrus oils and pulp for silage.



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Publication No. 15 — December, 1966

THE RHODESIANA SOCIETY

Salisbury

Rhodesia

Edited by
E. E. BURKE

assisted by
COL. A. S. HICKMAN, M.B.E.

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



W. H. Barnard, about 1906.

(Mrs. A. Whiley)

The Battle of Imbembesi

by

M. W. BARNARD

With an Introduction and Notes by A. S. Hickman

Biographical Note

It is understood from his daughter, Mrs. Audrey Whiley, that Bill Barnard did not write this account of the battle of Imbembesi until some considerable time after the event. It is not a diary, but the close details of his narrative indicate that a diary may have been used for its compilation. Mrs. Whiley estimates that the notes were written at least 40 years ago, if not earlier, and wishes her father had written more, a sentiment I am sure everyone who reads the account which follows will endorse.

Mostyn William Barnard was a grandson of Sir Henry Barnard, K.C.B. who died when in command at Delhi during the Indian Mutiny in 1857. He was born at Kensington, London, on January 28th, 1871, fifth son of Col. William Andrew More Barnard, of the 96th Regiment (2nd Manchesters) and Grenadier Guards, an Equerry to Queen Victoria. He attested as a trooper No. 597, in the British South Africa Company's Police on September 12th 1890, the day on which the Mashonaland Expedition reached the site of Fort Salisbury at the end of its march. The troop in which he served is not known, but was obviously one of those stationed at or near the main base camp of Macloutsie. He was discharged at the Tuli Depot on December 9th, 1891, when the Police establishment was being reduced drastically. He joined the Mashonaland Mounted Police in 1893 and in the Matabele War of the same year served as a volunteer in "A" Troop of the Salisbury Horse, under Major Maurice Heany. Members of the Police did not serve as a unit but were attached as volunteers to the Salisbury Horse, Victoria Rangers or Raaff's Rangers for this campaign.

Barnard took part in the battle of Shangani on October 24th, and at the Imbembesi River on November 1st, the last action before the occupation of Bulawayo, and was shot through the left knee, a severe wound, as he relates. The brunt of the Matabele attack fell on the Salisbury laager, and he was one of the several men to be hit. After hospital treatment in Bulawayo he was granted six months sick leave in Britain.

In 1895 he was one of a party of police who were sent under Major P. W. Forbes to establish control in North-Eastern Rhodesia, and he served in the Tanganyika (Abercorn) District. In the Matabele Rising of 1896 he was a member of Grey's Scouts, recruited in Bulawayo. He was then sent on an expedition to the Makarikari Saltpans on the Bechuanaland border, and on April 4th became clerk to the Registrar of the High Court of Southern Rhodesia.

On June 1st, 1899, he was appointed an Assistant Native Commissioner for

Matabeleland and acted as Native Commissioner for the Sebungwe (Que Que), Mafungabusi (Gokwe), and Bubi (Inyati) Districts as well as superintendent of the Fingo Location (Bembesi) where the Chartered Company had settled Africans who had come from the south accompanying the 1890 Expedition.

In 1902 he went over to the Law Department as Chief Clerk to the Civil Commissioner of Gwelo, and in 1904 in the same capacity to the Civil Commissioner of Fort Victoria. He had passed the Civil Service Law Examination in 1900, being among the first 20 who so qualified.

In 1905 he served in the Magistrate's Office at Bulawayo, and then as Chief Clerk to the Solicitor-General in 1907. In the same year he carried out special duty with the visiting directors of the British South Africa Company, after which he resumed work with the Solicitor-General until 1909.

On June 5th, 1906, he married Miss Mabel Beere, of Grahamstown, of Irish descent, whose father was a magistrate in the Cape Government service. There were two daughters, Mrs. Audrey Whiley, employed for many years by the British South Africa Company in Salisbury, and now with its successor, and Miss Marjorie Barnard.

He held various appointments as Assistant Magistrate at Bulawayo and Umtali until October, 1916. In 1916-17 and for a period in 1918, he acted as Magistrate and Civil Commissioner at Bulawayo; in addition he performed the duty of Assistant Censor. He was Civil Commissioner and Magistrate at Melsester for some time thereafter.

Later he was Magistrate and Civil Commissioner at Bulawayo until he died there on February 9th, 1928. He was a Justice of the Peace for the Colony.

He was truly one of the men who made Rhodesia, and his vivid narrative which follows will give the reader an insight into his sterling character.

The morning of November 1st, 1893, broke cold and drizzly. Before marching a reconnaissance was made of the ground in front of us. To "A" Troop fell the task of examining the Elebani Hills where the enemy had been shelled the day before.¹ It was while so doing that we saw the results of the shelling. When we had finished the Troop assembled at the foot of the hill. Suddenly a man came down shouting that he had seen some enemy crouching among the rocks on the other side. We thought it might be a party of scouts. Heany called for four volunteers to deal with them.² Of course the lot wanted to go. So Heany sent the leading half section. Leaving one to hold the horses, W. Cary,³ Constable⁴ and I accompanied Fraser⁵ up the hill with bayonets fixed. We crept quietly up the hill and on looking down on the other side we saw some black limbs of natives crouching among the rocks. With a yell we sprang down to where they were and were greeted with terrible shrieks, and found our "scouting party" consisted of a few terribly aged Matabele women, who had presumably been abandoned as not mobile enough. They had some food so we left them. Doubtless they rejoined their friends later on. On rejoining and reporting, we were greeted with the derisive jeers of our comrades, who had just previously been so very jealous of us.

The column marched about 8 a.m. Our troop was on main guard that morning. We had some alarms and the Troop once galloped up in support. The



One of the machine-guns at a corner of the Salisbury Column's laager after the battle of Bembesi.
(National Archives)

enemy always melted away and we eventually laagered on each side of some old huts. The site was an ideal one, save for the fact that water was rather far away. The country was open, but there was very thick bush on our right, about 400 yards away.

In a daytime halt our saddles, etc., were always left in rows outside the laager. We were preparing lunch and mending clothes, etc. Suddenly we saw a large number of natives leaving the west end of the bush. We thought they were the enemy retiring on Bulawayo, but they turned out to be the right "horn" of the attack. The Salisbury seven-pounder was run out and started shelling them. We were watching this when someone shouted, "Look, the bush is full of the b——s."

Sure enough, the fringe of bush on our right face was swarming with enemy coming on well. We put out saddles on our heads and grabbing our arms ran to our places in the laager. Meanwhile the "Alarm" and "Pickets Retire" were being sounded.

When we took up our places on the wagons we saw that a very heavy and determined attack was in progress. We started firing, when it was noticed that a vedette immediately in front of our right face was calmly sitting down and not looking at the enemy at all, and that a crowd of enemy in advance of the rest were creeping towards them. On the sound of the bugle we ceased firing and the "Retire" was blown again, but owing to the direction of the wind the men could not hear. I think it would have been better if a few had kept on firing, but those were not the orders. At last the men became aware of their danger and started to mount, but it was too late. Their horses were shot. Then they started running, very wisely round the position of the Gardner gun which was at the right rear of our right face and a little distance in front of the laager.⁶ The

last man, Thompson,⁷ was overtaken and assegaied to death. The second man, White,⁸ continued to run in the same direction. The Gardner was then in a position to fire just behind White, and the enemy were stopped as if an invisible wall had been drawn up in front of them. White eventually reached the laager in a state of exhaustion. Then the fun started. The enemy came on splendidly in short rushes, stopping to fire, and so on. They were not in mass or in line, but advanced more in the shape of a lot of locusts than anything else. No two men being the same distance from us. This rather militated against the effect of our Martini Maxims with their trajectory. We, however, did very nicely with our rifles, each man selecting his own target and judging his own distance. In other words we picked our men. Personally I was getting in some very useful shooting until interrupted, as I shall have to relate.

One must explain, however, that owing to the direction of the wind, the smoke from the right rear and rear wagons blew down on to the rest of the right flank, i.e., "A" Troop. Two on the right and one on the rear faces of the laager, were thus left exposed, while the rest of the face was covered by smoke. It would appear that the enemy concentrated their fire on these three wagons. Certainly all our fire casualties occurred in the three wagons.

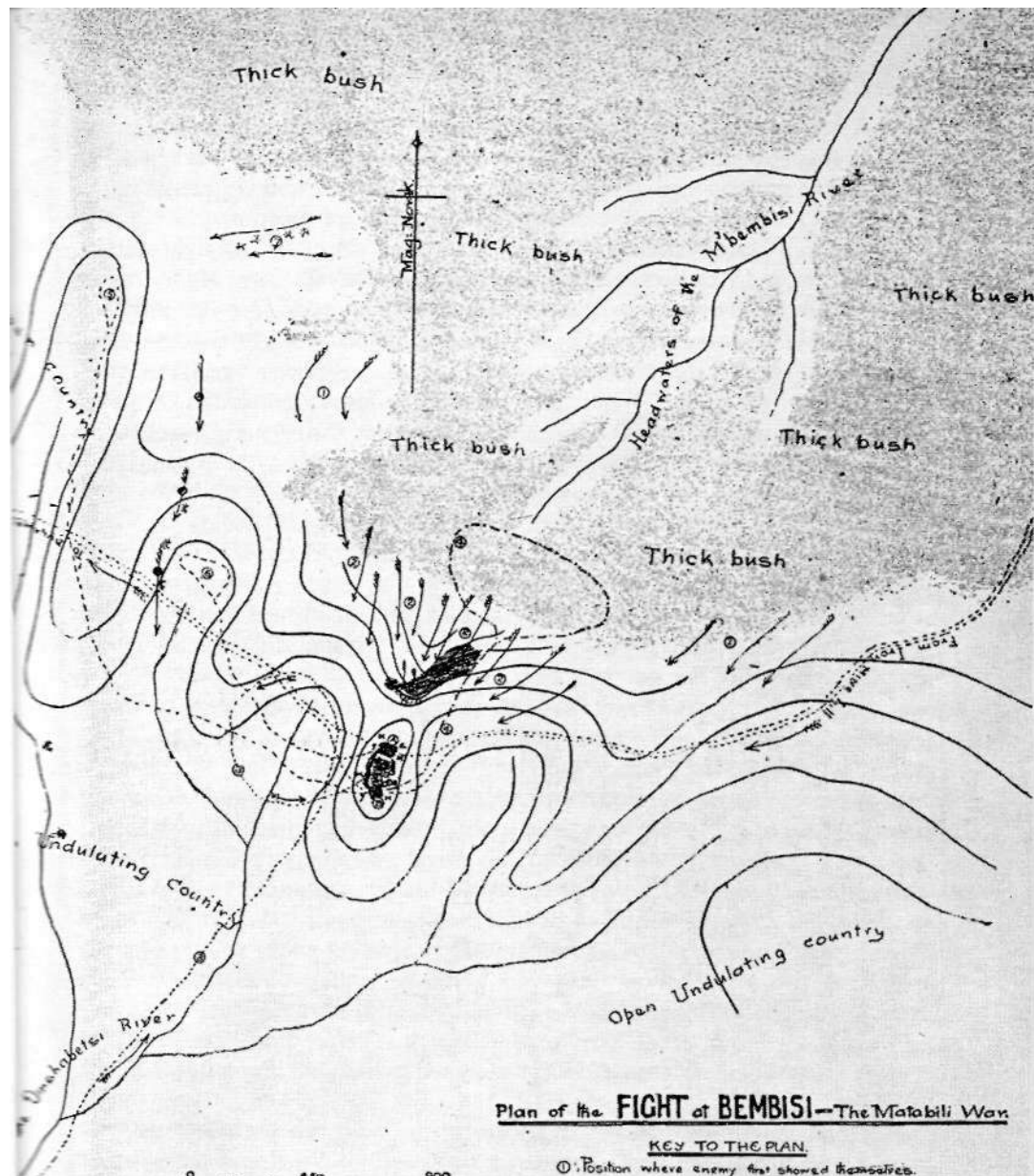
It is commonplace that casualties are few when men are defending a laager. It speaks well for the enemy's marksmanship that he inflicted as many casualties on us as he did.

"B" Troop were on the inner face of the laager,⁹ next to the Victoria outfit. This being so they were out of action. Being fed up with this situation they strolled over to our face so as to get a share in the fun. Jolly sporting of them, but it led to some congestion in our ranks. I found my good shooting spoiled by a somewhat nervous man next to me bobbing up and down. I stood up to fire, and even then got in some good work. But an officer made me get down again, saying I was drawing fire.

I got down and was shooting in the kneeling position. Quite happy thank you. All of a sudden it seemed that the whole world, rolled up into one lump, smote me in the left knee. I could not help saying "Oh!". Then I heard some idiot shout, "There's an okey hit." When I recovered myself I started firing again, but the men who were awaiting room on the wagon were too much for me. I was whisked off in very quick time and deposited behind some bags that had been left on the ground, a wagon load being shifted, when the attack started. But I was too excited to care very much then. Lieut. "Billy" Bodle came running up to me and said, "Barnard, I am bloody sorry to see this."¹⁰ Then Bishop Knight-Bruce came up with a billy of water.¹¹ By posing as a dying man I managed to get a drink out of him of real whiskey. He was not very free with what he had, and for years afterwards the chaps said I should have received the V.C. for getting as much liquor out of him as I did.

At last Dr. Edgelow came to me.¹² He was covered from head to foot in blood, so must have had a sticky time with someone else. He ripped my breeches open and felt and dressed my knee. He remarked, "Well, you are a lucky beggar. Now keep very still."

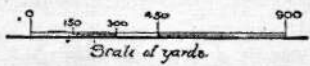
Then, if I remember rightly, Lieut. Dykes brought me some breakfast.¹³ It was most welcome. I had had no food that day.



Plan of the FIGHT at BEMBISI—The Matabili War.

KEY TO THE PLAN.

- ① Position where enemy first showed themselves.
 - ② Main attack. ③ Course taken by stampeded horses. ④ Dismounted skirmish by Victoria Rangers. ⑤ Manœuvre by mounted troop and ⑥ Captain Barron's support. ⑦ Enemy's attempt to cut off troop (5) showing bursting shells.
 - ⑧ Attempt by enemy to capture our cattle.
- | | |
|---------------------|------------------|
| ① Salisbury Laager. | M. Maxim gun |
| ② Victoria Laager | G. Gardner gun |
| ③ Cattle kraal. | 7. 7 pounder gun |
| | H. Hotchkiss gun |



Notes.
 ☉☉ Deserted huts A A Shells from 7 pounder
 Shows route taken by the columns
 ☉☉☉ Cover obtained by enemy owing to the conformation of the ground

R. G. Coryndon

From the Illustrated London News of March 17th, 1894. (National Archives)

Meanwhile the fight was going on furiously. The bullets seemed to be coming just over my head, on the ground as I was. They must have seemed a bit closer to the men on the wagons. I, of course, could see nothing of the fight. All I could hear was heavy fire and occasional bursts of cheering.

But a very serious situation occurred. It appears that when the fight started our horses were driven up to the Victoria Laager, as they were out of the action. Some "Friendlies" however, scared them and they galloped off in the direction of the enemy. Sir John Willoughby,¹⁴ Troopers Fife-Scott,¹⁵ Neale¹⁶ and others went after them. There were a few horses in the laager for emergencies. What ensued was rather funny. By this time several men were dismounted. A lot of these jumped on the horses in the laager and went to the rescue, George Grey (afterwards leader of Grey's Scouts) came to me and took one of my spurs off my boot.¹⁷ Another man took the other. I may add that both my boots were stolen while I was wounded. We were very short of these articles!

Eventually the enemy retired and we sent out men to clear the bush of them. A Victoria Troop under Captain Bastard,¹⁸ got into a rather difficult position. A large number of enemy were cutting them off. It so happened that previously Biscoe had got this range.¹⁹ He let them have a belt and did great slaughter amidst the cheers of our crowd.

The fight being more or less over, some men came and carried me to where the wounded were being attended to. This was under a wagon. I saw my friend Cary with a bullet in the head—Siebert was also there.²⁰ Calcraft was very badly wounded having been shot through the kidneys.²¹ There was a good many others, of course. My German friend, to whom I had previously attended, came up full of joyful excitement, bleeding like a pig from his head. He said, "Vos you hit Barnard?" "Look here. Even I did get von graze."

As night came on I suffered badly, bleeding a great deal. Late that night Forbes came with the doctor who plugged my wound²²—a very painful process. I may say that just prior to that two Matabeles crept up to the laager. They crouched down near me and had a good look around. I had not got my revolver or I would have shot them. They melted away just before Forbes came. I told him about it but he evidently did not believe me, putting my statement down to delirium.

Here I might add that the treatment of the wounded was very bad. We were put on this wagon with a little grass to lie on and a shelter constructed of poles and a bucksail. We jolted over the veldt. It must be brought to mind that there were no roads and the wounded suffered quite unnecessary agony seeing that there were about 500 Friendlies who could have carried us. It was too much for Cary and Siebert. They died. Crew had some friends among the native contingent who eventually saw to it he was carried.²³ I was very glad this was so as he was very badly wounded.

We halted next day and the wounded were lifted down and put under the wagon. Lots of men from the Victoria Column came to see me, among them Captain White,²⁴ and I was then forgiven for my "desertion".

As we were about to march the oxen of our wagon started to move. Of course we were powerless to move and the rear wheel came up to the legs of Crew and myself before some men, who were luckily standing by, managed to

hold the wagon and so stopped it. Otherwise it would have gone right over us. Of course the wounded should have been placed on the wagon before the animals were inspanned. About this time Captain Borrow gave me a bar of chocolate which was jolly good of him seeing how short all supplies were.

We arrived at the Umgusa river where, of course, there was no drift as there was no road. Calcraft yelled out that he could bear no more pain and that his back was being broken. Some of "A" Troop happened to be handy and we were carried across the river. I shall never forget that welcome respite. We jolted on to Bulawayo and arrived just about finished. We were hanging on the reins of the shelter to ease the pain.

The laager was formed on each side of an old store that Colenbrander used.²⁵ The wounded were put into this store, some grass being put down for them on the brick floor. There we lay. It seems almost incredible but we ran out of morphia, oilskins to keep the wounds wet, and even bandages. There were also only two orderlies who worked all day and, therefore, slept at night. Thus there was nobody to help us at this time. There were no bedpans or other conveniences but some bright spark discovered a jerry. We had to use wooden vessels from Bulawayo kraal. The stench can be imagined. We also suffered a terrible plague of flies.

Operations were carried on in front of us. I remember being next to one man and having to hold towel and sponges during the operating.

By this time my knee was about twice the size of my head and wet dressings were the only possible treatment. As I have said there was no oilskin. I managed to get a pal to keep me supplied with a billy of water and with this and some lint, and by keeping awake all night, I managed to keep my wound wet and presumably saved my leg. I am told that the doctor wanted to cut off my leg and Crew's but luckily previously consulted Dr. Jameson who said we were still so young we must be given a chance.²⁶

A remarkable situation occurred at this time. Owing to the vast number of masterless dogs left behind by the Matabele, the howling was such a nuisance that the men were sent out to shoot them.

Our only food was kaffir corn. Certain luxuries were found at a deserted mission station and brought in by our chaps for the wounded. I regret to say the doctor consumed them. (The doctor was mad and later died in an asylum.) We were never washed and were all verminous. Several bales of limbo were found at Lobengula's kraal and these were used for bandages which made our wounds look quite gaudy and gay.

Just before the arrival of the Southern Column, Forbes moved out again to attack the enemy who were then to the North. On one particular night our laagers were left very poorly manned. A dust storm arose and the alarm sounded. From what we wounded could gather things looked pretty bad. Crew and I being the only two of the wounded who had our own arms available, grabbed our rifles and revolvers and got ready in case the attack penetrated to the wounded. Had a real attack occurred there was nothing to prevent that. However the whole thing fizzled out. What strikes me on remembrance is the utmost cheerfulness of the wounded under such an alarming situation. I think most of us would have been delighted to get in another shot.

other beastly things around one. The conditions of the camp at that time can hardly be described.

The laagers were broken up and the Fort was built somewhere near where the cemetery is now. Tents had arrived and a decent camp was made in the vicinity of the Fort. A force called the Matabele Mounted Police was formed while the rest of the men disbanded.³¹ The Bechuanaland Border Police returned to Bechuanaland and the disbanded men went out pegging farms and claims.³² A temporary township was also established in the Fort's vicinity. Poles, grass and canvas made up the Township with a thatch hotel and several stores. I think two people even went to the length of getting corrugated iron roofs. In order to establish some order Col. Heyman was appointed Magistrate and Civil Commissioner.³³

It was quite a good idea to start with a temporary township for they were then surveying the present township of Bulawayo which was then part of a ploughed field. Bulawayo was then built with some brick buildings, some wood and iron, and several, not one, hotels. When it was ready, and not before, the whole temporary township moved into it.

Owing to the condition of my health Dr. Jameson granted me six months' leave and a passage to England. I left Bulawayo by what was called the Post Cart, which consisted of oxen and an ordinary trek cart with the passengers clinging on to the reims which kept the mail bags on. At the MacLoutsie river we met the up mail which consisted of Cape Cart and mules. It was a pleasure to transfer from the trek cart, and on this faster transport arrived at Palapye at 2 a.m. Here we were kindly allowed to sleep till 6 a.m.

After this four-hour nap we travelled on the recognised post cart of the district and this was not a bad conveyance for it consisted of a Scotch cart, plus hood, pulled by trotting oxen.³⁴ Unfortunately on this occasion there were too many passengers. There was a board which formed the floor of the cart and the three senior travellers slept on that. Being the youngest I had to crawl under the board into the well.

This trip was made more memorable by the fact that the Rev. Moffat was one of the passengers.³⁵ Although we liked and admired him, his presence was a constraint, especially on our language.

Somewhere on the journey we changed into a coach, but at Mafeking we found ourselves again travelling by Cape Cart. While on this weird journey there was a night trek before we reached Vryburg. At this point a very tall, young Dutchman joined us. Unfortunately I said something which must have annoyed him and he started using the most foul language. We reminded him of the presence of the Rev. Moffat but he refused to desist. It was very dark and I was encased in a big cavalry cloak up to my ears. From this defence I offered to throw the lad out of the cart. This stopped him and I was most relieved as he was twice my size.

At Vryburg we caught the train and it was an immense relief to get into a Second Class carriage and go to sleep. The journey from Bulawayo to Vryburg took exactly fourteen days, during which time the four-hour stop at Palapye was the only one for sleep that we had.

NOTES

1. "A" Troop of the Salisbury Horse.
2. Major Maurice Heany, who had served in the United States Cavalry and the Bechuanaland Border Police, where he met his subsequent partners, who contracted for the Chartered Company, Johnson and Borrow. He commanded "A" Troop of the Pioneer Corps in the Mashonaland Expedition of 1890.
3. William Arthur Cary was also a serving member of the Mashonaland Mounted Police. He died of wounds on 3rd November, 1893, after the battle of Imbembesi; formerly No. 791 in the British South Africa Company's Police.
4. Harry Paley Constable, later became an officer in the Matabeleland Mounted Police in which he served in the Jameson Raid of 1895/6. After repatriation to Britain he returned to take part in the Matabele Rising of 1896. He was formerly No. 737 in the B.S.A.C. Police.
5. Two men named Fraser served in the B.S.A.C. Police in 1890/91, No. 15 and No. 823, and in the Salisbury Horse in the Matabele War of 1893, J. Fraser and John Alexander Fraser.
6. The Gardner Gun now stands as a monument in Main Street, Bulawayo.
7. Frederick Thompson was born in Ireland in 1857. He had previous service in the Cape Mounted Rifles and the B.S.A.C. Police (No. 675). When he joined "C" Troop of the Salisbury Horse he had been prospecting. His troop officer, Capt. J. A. Spreckley, wrote that he could ask for no better soldier; certainly he had the experience. But it seems that he and his companion, White, were not keeping a proper look-out on vedette duty, when they were overrun by the Matabele.
8. White is not identified. There is a farm in this area now known as "White's Run".
9. "B" Troop Salisbury Horse, was commanded by Capt. H. J. Borrow, formerly adjutant of the Pioneer Corps of 1890, later killed in action with Major Allan Wilson's patrol, Shangani River, on 4th December, 1893.
10. "Billy" Bodle was one of Heany's junior officers in "A" Troop. He had been R.S.M. of the B.B.P. and was largely instrumental in recruiting men for the B.S.A.C. Police, in which he also served as R.S.M. After the Matabele War he was, as a Captain, the first officer to command the Matabeleland Mounted Police, with an initial strength of 150. After long and distinguished service in the Jameson Raid, the Matabele Rising, and the Boer War, he was appointed to command the British South Africa Police combined units until his retirement in 1909. He served in the First World War, retiring in 1917 with the rank of Brigadier-General. He died in 1924.
11. Knight-Bruce, first Anglican Bishop of Mashonaland, joined the Salisbury Column at Fort Charter, and thereafter accompanied it to Bulawayo.
12. Dr. Herbert Edgelow. Transferred to Salisbury from Hartley Hills as hospital surgeon, where he worked with Dr. Thomas Stewart. Both doctors accompanied the Salisbury Horse in the Matabele War, 1893. Professor M. Gelfand in *Tropical Victory* states the medical arrangements were most elementary. Edgelow later became a well-known doctor in Mashonaland, practising at Hartley and Salisbury. He died in Bulawayo in 1924.
13. L. L. Ballantyne-Dykes, (No. 19 Pioneer Corps), served as a corporal (not lieutenant) in the Salisbury Horse in the Matabele War. He was one of the officers appointed to the newly-formed Matabeleland Mounted Police in December, 1893, commanded "B" Troop of the same unit in the Jameson Raid, and was subsequently commanding officer of the Matabeleland Civil Police.
14. Sir John Christopher Willoughby, Bart., an officer of the Royal Horse Guards (The Blues), served in the B.S.A.C. Police as chief staff officer to Lieut.-Col. E. G. Pennefather, who commanded the Mashonaland Expedition of 1890. During the Matabele War he was military adviser to Dr. L. S. Jameson and acted in the same capacity in the Jameson Raid of 1895/6. He had extensive business interests in Rhodesia.
15. Corporal Harry N. Fife-Scott. He and his brother John both served in "B" Troop of the B.S.A.C. Police during the Mashonaland Expedition of 1890; they were the sons of a well-known merchant of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Harry was a member of "A" Troop Salisbury Horse in the Matabele War; he was formerly No. 64, B.S.A.C. Police.
16. Trooper Neale. Medal roll records George Neale. Probably died at Salisbury in April, 1923. Had service with the Cape Mounted Rifles and B.B.P. Entered Rhodesia riding bicycle from Pretoria. Full name was George Goddard Neale. *Rhodesia Herald* 13th April, 1923.
17. *The Downfall of Lobengula* states that the first to intercept the horses were Sir John Willoughby, Borrow and Neale. They were followed by Capt. C. H. W. Donovan, Mr. Bowen, Corporal Fife-Scott, Lieut. P. H. Browne "and several others". George Grey was not mentioned by name.
18. Capt. S. W. Bastard was a retired officer of the Royal Navy who commanded No. 2 Troop of the Victoria Rangers. He had been mining in Victoria District, but transferred to Matabeleland after the War.
19. E. C. Tyndale-Biscoe retired from the Royal Navy as medically unfit. Served in the Pioneer Corps of 1890, in "C" (Artillery) Troop as Lieutenant. During the Matabele Rising of 1896 he was a Captain in the Bulawayo Field Force. In the Mashona Rising 1896/7 he

- served as a temporary officer, B.S.A. Police. He served with distinction in the Naval Brigade at the Siege of Ladysmith and was promoted to commander in the field, 1900.
20. Julius Siebert. No information, but may have been the German referred to later by Barnard, though Major Forbes in his report says he was shot in the head and never regained consciousness. He died of wounds on 3rd November.
 21. Samuel Calcraft. A Londoner who came to South Africa in 1877, serving first in the G.P.O. at Port Elizabeth, and then the B.B.P. as corporal. He was a corporal in the Salisbury Horse and was shot in the back whilst serving a maxim. He died of wounds on 6th November.
 22. Capt. Patrick William Forbes. Commanded "B" Troop of the B.S.A.C. Police in the Mashonaland Expedition of 1890 on secondment from the 6th (Inniskilling) Dragoons. Carried out a "coup-de-main" against Portuguese at Umtasa's Kraal, 1890. In general command of the Salisbury and Victoria Columns, Matabele War, 1893, and for the pursuit of Lobengula after the fall of Bulawayo. Had long and distinguished service both in Southern and Northern Rhodesia, but was blamed unjustly for loss of Major Allan Wilson's Shangani Patrol on 4th December, 1893.
 23. Trooper F. H. Crewe. Medal roll records Trumpeter Frederic Harding Crewe. Served as lieutenant in Bulawayo Field Force in Matabele Rising of 1896 and was mentioned in despatches.
 24. Capt. the Hon. C. J. White served in the B.S.A.C. Police from April, 1891, on secondment from the Royal Fusiliers. He was appointed Chief Commissioner early in 1893, and was chief of scouts during this campaign. He saw much service in the Matabele and Mashona Risings, 1896/7, and in the First World War.
 25. Johan Colenbrander had lived at Bulawayo before the Matabele War. His buildings were taken over by Dr. Jameson as his headquarters.
 26. Dr. L. S. Jameson accompanied the Expedition to Mashonaland in 1890 as Cecil Rhodes' representative; was Administrator of Mashonaland at the time of the Matabele War, and accompanied the Northern Column, once again as an "observer". His subsequent career, including the ill-advised Jameson Raid of 1895/6, should be well-known.
 27. Wilson's Shangani Patrol was, on 4th December, 1893, attacked by Matabele impis and died to a man except for those who were sent back with messages. In all 34 fell in action: Major Allan Wilson, commanding, and 15 members of the Victoria Rangers; Capt. H. J. Borrow, second in command, and 17 members of the Salisbury Horse.
 28. Capt. W. F. Moberley had himself been slightly wounded at the battle of Imbembesi. He was a member, No. 98, of "C" (Artillery) Troop of the Pioneer Corps in 1890. He was in the Artillery Troop of the Salisbury Horse in 1893, and in the Mashona Rising of 1896/7 commanded patrols of the Salisbury Field Force.
 29. Commandant Pieter Raaff, C.M.G., had distinguished service in native wars in South Africa. As Magistrate at Fort Tuli he had recruited the Rangers who carried his name; they came mainly from Johannesburg. He died in Bulawayo on 26th December, shortly after his return from this campaign.
 30. Selous also has some scathing things to say about Labouchere and his coterie, about their similar attitude to the Matabele Rising of 1896. See his *Sunshine and Storm in Rhodesia*.
 31. The Matabeleland Mounted Police was formed in December, 1893, at the close of the war and consisted of 4 officers and 150 men, commanded by Capt. W. Bodle.
 32. A B.B.P. contingent of 225 men under command of Lt.-Col. H. Goold-Adams, C.M.G., a British Imperial unit, formed part of the Southern Column for the march on Bulawayo; 60 of these men were involved in the pursuit of Lobengula under Major P. W. Forbes.
 33. Capt. H. M. Heyman (later Sir Melville) commanded "A" Troop of the B.S.A.C. Police on the Mashonaland Expedition of 1890, and the following year saw service in Manicaland. He played an important part in the early development of Rhodesia.
 34. The use of trotting oxen had been encouraged by King Khama of the Bamangwato, and was quite a speciality of his territory.
 35. Rev. John Smith Moffat was a son of the famous missionary, Rev. Robert Moffat, of Kuruman. He and his wife established a mission station at Inyati in Matabele territory in 1859. He had been British Resident in Matabeleland. At the time Barnard met him he was living at Palapye as Assistant Commissioner for Bechuanaland Protectorate. In May, 1894, he travelled to Cape Town to bring his wife and eldest daughter to live at Palapye.

The Zambesi Saw Mills Railway

by

G. M. CALVERT

Introduction

When the writer was stationed in the teak forests of Sesheke District in the Republic of Zambia between 1961 and 1964, an interest in railways led to a spare time investigation into the Zambesi Saw Mills line which provided the main all-weather transport to the forest areas. This story of the line is the outcome of many pleasant hours field work spent, as duties permitted on the line itself, listening to "old-timers", and searching for rare printed records.

In addition to the information on the railway's close connection with the Rhodesia Railways, the picture of railway operation on the Rhodesian systems around 1900 is of particular interest.

Background

The *Livingstone Mail* of November 11th, 1911, carried a front page advertisement announcing that Messrs. Trombas and Jacobs were prepared to accept orders for all kinds of native timbers at their Dimitra saw mills, sited where the milling company now stands in Livingstone. This was the beginning of a forest industry which is still in full production 55 years later, although, after negotiations with A. F. Philip & Co., of Bulawayo, in 1916, the firm changed hands to become the Zambesi Saw Mills Ltd.

As the timber adjacent to this mill was felled the first transport problem was solved by sawing solid wooden wheels out of large diameter logs, liberal applications of axle grease obviating bearings. With the change in ownership, and a contract for sleepers from the Beira and Mashonaland and Rhodesia Railways in 1915, new machinery was purchased in 1917 and sited about 30 miles west of Livingstone on the south edge of Mapanda Forest, adjoining Bovu Vlei. The sleepers were cut at the mill, carried by ox wagon eight miles to the Zambezi and transported in four locally constructed wooden barges to the Rhodesia Railways spur at the Livingstone pumping station.

Barge transport, however, proved expensive due to losses in the rapids, so in 1918-19 a two-foot gauge wooden tramline was laid from the mill back into Livingstone, the Rhodesia Railways advancing capital for the operation.

Sleepers were then carried in upon 10-ton bogie wagons (originally used on the old two-foot gauge Beira Railway) hauled by relays of oxen. The Livingstone mill was opened in June, 1919, the tramline then being used to bring in logs as well as the sleepers still sawn at the forest mill. A traction engine was acquired about 1917-18, and was used in connection with a saw bench which turned out the timber to build the Livingstone mill at the present Zambesi Saw Mill site. Once the job was completed a specially constructed two-foot gauge bogie replaced the front wheels and the traction engine supplemented the oxen on the tramway, the large rear driving wheels riding astride the wooden track.



Sketch Map showing the Zambesi Saw Mills Railway

Scale miles 0 10 20

- Mkusi forests
- ZSMR, existing
- ZSMR, lifted
- Halts etc Simonga

Drawn by G.M. Calvert,
November 1966

After the Mapanda machinery was moved to Livingstone in 1922, the traction engine ended up powering one of the machines, and apparently also operated a mealie crusher when "off duty". No information as to the ultimate fate of the engine has yet come to light, but one recent suggestion is that it could have been used later to haul copper on the Copperbelt and eventually left derelict in the bush. By about 1923 the demand for railway sleepers was increasing and the wooden tramline was proving unsatisfactory, so it was decided in 1924 to lay a standard (3 ft. 6 in.) "Cape" gauge railway, powered by steam locomotives and standard rolling stock, for which most of the capital was provided by the Rhodesia Railways, who thereby acquired a controlling interest in the firm, which continued until the Rhodesia Railways became government-owned in 1948.

Early Railway Construction

On October 10th, 1924, the *Livingstone Mail* noted that the Zambesi Saw Mills had started relaying their line to Mapanda with steel rails; the contractors, Messrs. Knight and Folkstad, hoped to have the 35 miles in running order early in 1925.

The new line replaced the wooden rails for about 25 miles west of Livingstone, then continued west along the Zambezi valley to reach, eventually, the Malanda forests, north of the present Zambezi River Transport station at Mambova. The Sinde river, about eight miles out of Livingstone, was crossed by mid-January, 1925, and seven months later the new line had begun to develop the passenger traffic it has carried ever since.

The Rhodesia Railways loaned the former Mashonaland Railway No. 3 to the saw mills as a construction loco, a 4-4-0* engine built by Nasmyth Wilson in 1897, withdrawn from service in 1926 and scrapped in 1929. The locomotive and tender weighed only 51 tons in full order, and this lack of weight combined with large driving wheels made it necessary to carry a gang of labourers to assist the train over the top of the steep Kamatanda bank, 16½ miles west of Livingstone. When the Zambesi Saw Mills acquired their first locomotive, 7th Class No. 70, in May, 1925, No. 3 was returned to the Rhodesia Railways.

With about 40 miles of line connecting the Malanda forests to Livingstone the present main line was under construction. Siburu forest, roughly 56 miles out, was reached about September, 1928. The bridge across the Ngwesi river at mile 48 3/4 was completed about the same time, construction trains having crossed by means of a deviation south of the bridge site, with the rail being laid on the dry river bed.

By mid-1931, the Malanda line had been lifted back to about mile 18 and a branch line had been laid to the bank of the Zambezi to remove timber brought across a Zambesi Saw Mills pontoon from an extensive two-foot gauge system owned by Susman Bros, to extract timber from "Westwood" in Southern Rhodesia.** The two-foot line operated with one of two ex-Beira Railway, ex-Cement Co., 4-4-0 locomotives built by the Falcon Engine and Car Works in

* This notation indicates the wheel arrangement of the locomotive. The number of leading wheels is given first, followed by the number of coupled wheels and then the number of trailing wheels. Thus 4-4-0 indicates two leading wheels on each side, followed by two driving wheels on each side coupled together, and no trailing wheels. (*Ed.*)

** See "Rhodesiana" No. 13, December, 1965, pp. 65 and 66.

1897, and a Kerr Stuart 0-6-2 hauling old ex-Beira Railway, ex-Zambesi Saw Mills, bogie wagons. The second 4-4-0 was cannibalised for spares for the other two locomotives. When cutting of timber on the south bank finished in about 1936-37, the 3 ft. 6 in. pontoon branch was lifted and re-used, probably to accompany exploitation gangs working round Mulobesi mill (100 3/4 miles from Livingstone, completed in 1934), and as part of a new branch line, which was under construction in 1938, extending 60 miles south west from Mulobesi to the Masese Forests.

Recent Construction

The Masese block of forests was exploited between late 1939 and early 1949, and the felling gangs then worked the forests adjoining the route back towards Mulobesi, leaving 53 miles of line to Mululwe for the running of a weekly freight service until September, 1956, when lifting and relaying commenced in order to connect the Kataba forests, 72 miles north of Mulobesi, with the mill. This branch was completed in 1958 and the north and westerly forests were worked over from the Kataba logging camp. In late 1964 a new branch was laid from Kataba at mile 59½, to tap the forests adjoining the Njoko river headwaters, bringing the present length of track to a record of about 198 miles.

The Livingstone mill was shut down from 1960 and the machinery moved out to Mulobesi mill which was being modernised, only the main offices and railway headquarters remaining in Livingstone. The major products are mkusi railway sleepers, mining timbers, and parquet blocks.

Route and Formation

Legally the line is a "tramway" which permits construction and operation standards to be the minimum compatible with reliability at low train speeds, though over the last ten years or so the line appears to have been recognised as a railway, probably due to the quantity of private goods and passenger traffic carried in addition to the company's logs and sawn timber.

The main line, which is mile-pegged from the Rhodesia Railways station in Livingstone, starts to climb out of the Zambezi valley at mile 11, and encounters gradients varying between 1 in 60 and 1 in 80 as far as mile 32; the line from mile 40 crosses gently undulating country with a ruling gradient of 1 in 100 until Mulobesi is reached at 100 3/4 miles.

A point worth noting is that a recent aerial photo survey shows the line out of the Zambezi valley to have been laid, apart from a couple of very minor sections around 36 miles, along the optimum alignment—a major feat for the surveyor responsible, travelling on foot, with the meagre resources of the late 1920s at his disposal. The alignment was decided by running a compass bearing from a point on the Malanda line to Siburu forest, and then holding the railway route as close to the bearing as gradients permitted.

On the run from Mulobesi to Kataba, mile-pegged from "The Points", the junction with the main line at 99f miles on the latter, empty trains have a long pull against 1 in 80 from mile 6f to mile 28-j, thereafter crossing fairly level country with a maximum grade of 1 in 100. Forest extraction trackage is limited to 1 in 100 over a distance of 1,000 feet, though heavier grades than this

have been used where there has been no alternative line from which to work the relevant section of forest.

Curve radius, where possible, is kept to about 20 chains, though the sharpest curve at 28½ miles on the main line is about 9½ chains. Curves are normally given a maximum of 2 inches super-elevation, or "cant", on the outside rail to counteract the centrifugal force exerted by the train when rounding the curve.

Rail

The majority of the rail used was obtained second-hand from the Rhodesia Railways, the main line being laid with flat-bottom round-top rail weighing 60 lb. per yard laid on either wooden or steel sleepers spaced at approximately 3 foot centres, depending upon the stability of the formation. The dates stamped upon lengths of this rail vary between about 1897 and 1903.

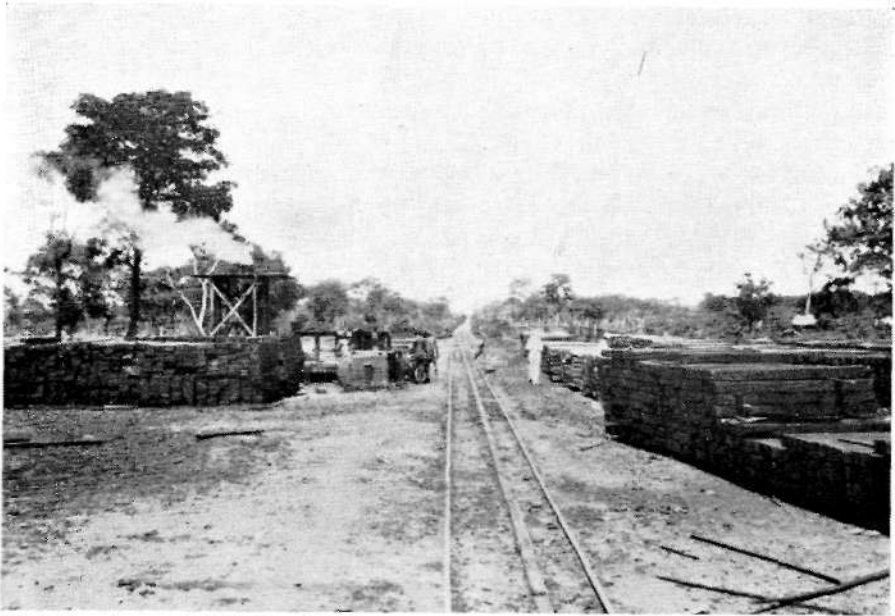
The Kataba line is laid with four alternate portions of 60 lb. and 46½ lb. rail (known as "45 lb."), totalling 48 and 24 miles of each, respectively. The varying mileage of temporary forest extracting trackage—very roughly 20 miles in all—is 45 lb. rail upon steel sleepers for portability. The oldest piece of rail yet seen is of 45 lb. section, date-stamped 1876. This rail was probably first laid in the Hex River Pass as the Cape Government line was extended north from Wellington to Touws River, which was reached by the end of 1877. After replacement by heavier metals and subsequent re-use between Vryburg and Mafeking, then again in Southern Rhodesia, the rail was probably acquired by the Zambesi Saw Mills in 1924-25. It remains in daily use and despite its 90 years is still capable of carrying a 66-ton locomotive.

Bridging

The main line crosses two major rivers and several smaller streams, all of which are liable to violent wet season floods. The earliest bridges were built to carry the wooden tramline, the largest being that across the Sinde river. The foundations of this bridge remain on the south of the present Sinde bridge, which was erected probably in late 1939, and a couple of hundred yards south of the present Sinde road bridge.

Although the tramline loads were comparatively light, this wooden trestle bridge carried the standard steam line for just under 20 years before being replaced, and was early provided with a decking and side rails to carry the old Katombora road traffic above wet season floods. The best example of bridging is that across the Ngwesi river, 398 feet long and estimated to be about 20 feet from rail to bed. Typical of the spirit of the company at the time, it is related that the design was sketched out on backs of envelopes while sitting round the evening camp fire, trestle spacing being varied to suit the different lengths of second-hand Rhodesia Railways "I" beams available. Most of the work was done by hand, as a pile driver used initially proved ineffective owing to the amount of woody debris accumulated beneath the sandy river bed.

The original bridge of 1928 consisted of ten spans between the east bank and a small "island" about 60 feet across, with a short section of bridging to reach the west bank, the total length being the same as it is today. In February, 1950, a cloudburst upstream, reputedly causing the river to rise 6 feet above the



The Livingstone end of the line, looking west, in about 1925. The track is dual 3 ft. 6 in. and 2 ft. gauges—the rail for the 2 ft. gauge being of wood.

(T. Jaeger)



Motor trolleys crossing near mile 41 in October, 1963. The trolley and trailer lifted clear of the track would be replaced on the track when the train in the distance had passed.

(G. M. Calvert)

bridge, removed bridge, island and one or two trestles. When the flood subsided, the track was run across the river bed to maintain train services during reconstruction. The bridge was rebuilt to the design of Mr. W. L. Bonny, the Rhodesia Railways' bridge engineer, who stabilised the new structure by the erection of a concrete pier to replace the island.

After the bridge was completed, the Ngwesi again rose above rail level, at Easter, 1950. On the following morning, with the water down to footing level, it was seen that the bridge had sustained no damage apart from one trestle, which had at the upstream side lifted slightly from its foundation. This was rectified by driving a waiting train across, its weight being sufficient to push the offending trestle home. The bridge is still in service, now carrying locomotives weighing about 125 tons.

Among the other bridges a small span across one of the two arms of the Sala river is notable in that the girders are the two sides of a Cowan and Sheldon's turntable dated 1898. It was constructed in about 1930 and the wooden abutments were faced with concrete in October, 1961. The only river on the Kataba line, the Machili, is crossed by an embankment carrying a water tank, with an 88-foot bridge at one end and a 50-foot bridge at the other. Both bridges were smaller when originally built, each having had two 16 ft. 6 in. spans added following floods.

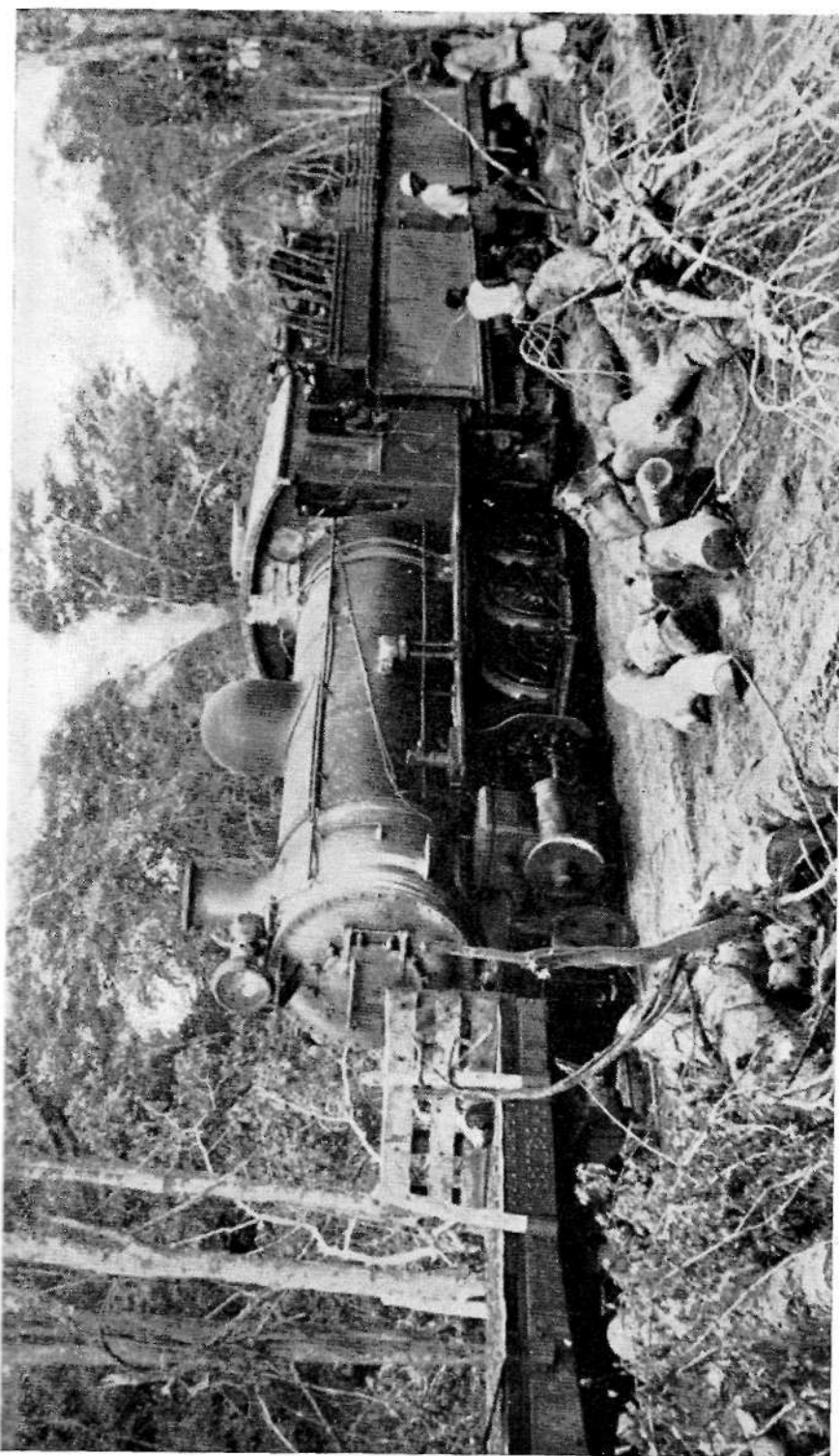
Tales of operation and construction difficulties are legion. On one occasion the trains were kept running across a stretch of flooded mopani by the ingenious expedient of raising the track upon an embankment of bush poles cut on site; the foot of water still over the rails after this operation was insufficient to deter the driver or stop the locomotive.

Early Rolling Stock

The original rolling stock consisted of 25 "German Shorts" or four-wheelers, brought up from South-West Africa during World War I, and used by Pauling during construction of the Trans-Zambesia Railway, completed in 1922. These vehicles were delivered in small batches from Dondo Junction near Beira, via the Rhodesia Railway workshops at Bulawayo for some slight modification to the continental type braking arrangements, and when first in service with the Zambesi Saw Mills, mkusi brake blocks were used until the special metal pattern could be obtained. When the brakes were applied, the train streamed smoke from every wooden block. Nineteen of these vehicles appear on a rolling stock inventory of September, 1953, though eight are recorded as damaged or defective. There are a couple still to be seen, almost derelict, used for the movement of loco boilers around the loco shed in Livingstone.

The next additions to the vehicle fleet were eight Rhodesia Railways bogie flats used to carry logs from a siding near Messrs. Greenspan Bros.' cutting area at Fuller in Southern Rhodesia to the Livingstone mill about 1925. As this supply of logs was depleted, the trucks went into service on the Zambesi Saw Mills, and are in operation today, though some renumbering has taken place. Four other flats numbered 26 to 29 were scrapped virtually on arrival, owing to their extremely rusty condition.

About ten bogie vehicles were purchased in 1928, another 20 in 1934. With



8th Class No. 60, built in 1904, and purchased by Z.S.M. in 1958, in the Kataba forest in March, 1962.

(G. M. Calvert)

piecemeal purchases over the years, the rolling stock totalled 109 vehicles by June, 1939, including three vans.

Present Rolling Stock

Today the rolling stock totals about 170 bogie vehicles and about 20 "shorts" or four-wheelers. The numbering runs from 1 to 204, the latter being the original Rhodesia Railways van number. Ninety-five logging flats make up about half the total, with passengers catered for by the provision of eight standard coaches and about 12 locally-built vans. The remaining trucks consist of steel gondolas, wood "dropsides", stores vans, fuel wagons and private owners' vehicles. The majority of this stock was built in the United Kingdom between 1900 and 1911.

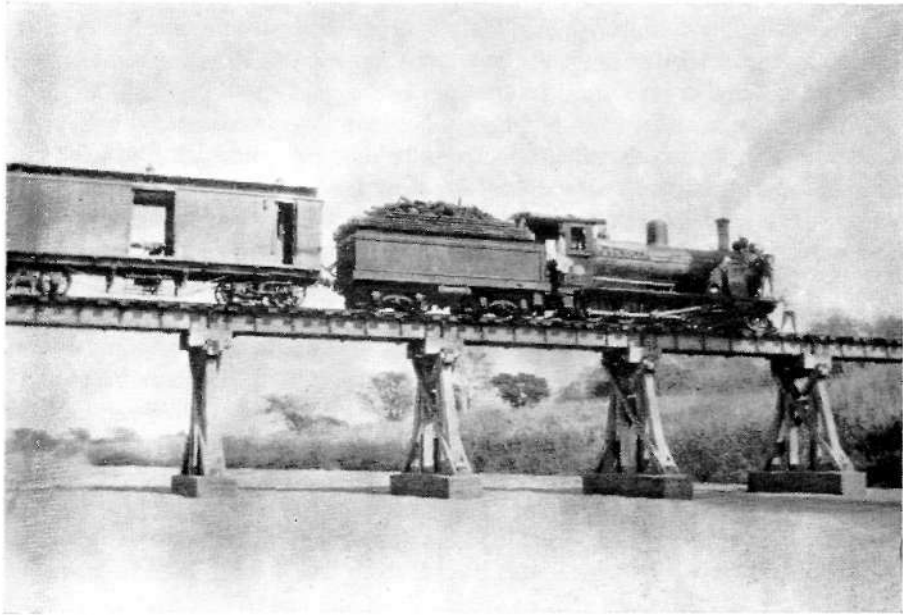
Passenger vans 108 and 109, dated 1893 on the chassis, have had a varied life, for after commencing service with the Cape Government Railways, they became part of Pauling's construction train before going to the Rhodesia Railways as bridge-gang vehicles in 1919. Acquired by the Zambesi Saw Mills in 1939, the bodies were removed, and they ran as firewood supply flats until about 1949, when a steel gondola carrying additional wood for each locomotive replaced the wood stacks previously in use at each watering point. Too light and short for use as logging flats, bodies were then built in the Zambesi Saw Mills shops to convert them into the passenger vans in use today.

Coaching Stock

The eight coaches were acquired between 1958 and 1963, passengers prior to 1958 travelling either in the sparsely furnished vans or on the nearest vacant flat. Six of the eight were built by the Metropolitan Railway Carriage and Wagon Company between 1904 and 1914, one by Gloucester Carriage and Wagon Company about 1908, pride of place going to a Lancaster Carriage and Wagon Company first class saloon built in 1900. This saloon, Zambesi Saw Mills No. 1, is reserved for the use of the General Manager and is of particular interest as she was originally Rhodesia Railways No. 1. Entering service in 1901, she was placed at the disposal of Mr. Chamberlain for a tour of South Africa in 1901-02, then becoming part of the "Train-de-Luxe" in 1902, referred to in the *Locomotive Magazine* of September 26th, 1903. This train covered the 1,360 miles from Bulawayo to Cape Town in 53 hours, the return trip being made in 69 hours, both considerably faster than the normal 1903 timetable. In about 1906, No. 1 probably became part of the "Zambesi Express" running from Cape Town to the Victoria Falls and back carrying first class passengers only. In about 1931 she was slightly altered internally and re-numbered 1,000, remaining in service until her purchase by the Zambesi Saw Mills in 1959. Locally reputed to have been one of the first coaches to cross the Victoria Falls bridge when this was opened for traffic in 1905, it is fitting that she should quietly end her days within sight of the Falls which had so much to do with her first service.

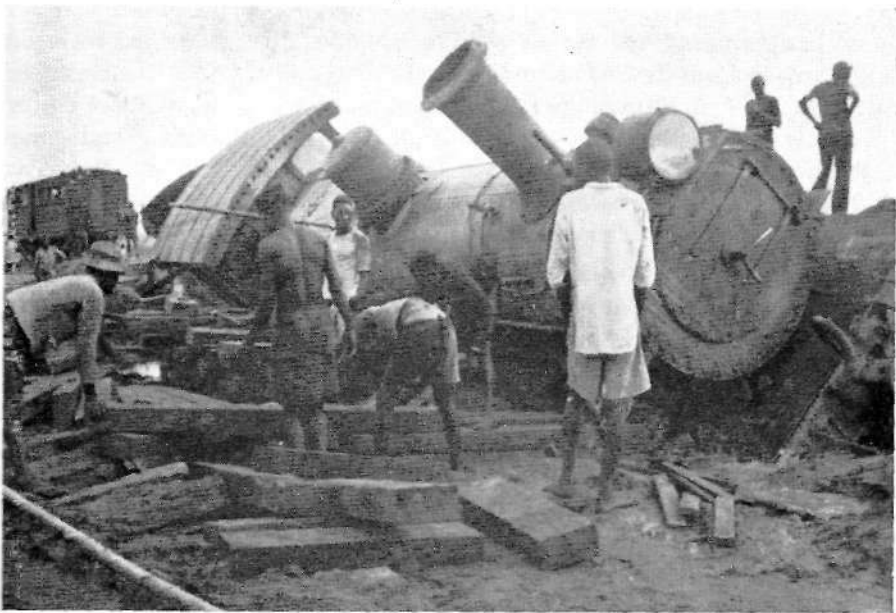
Locomotives

From a modest start with one engine in 1925, the roster has slowly grown to a total of 18 ex-Rhodesia Railway locomotives at June, 1964, with two



7th Class No. 23 on the Ngwesi Bridge in 1929/30 not long after it was erected. The engine, built in 1901, is still working.

(G. H. Wilson)



No. 71 deep in the mud of the Machili river between Lonze and Nanga forests, in the 1937/38 wet season.

(L. Jordan)

becoming due for cannibalisation. Only two ex-Rhodesia Railway locomotives owned by the Zambesi Saw Mills have been scrapped in 40 years, and of these one had suffered a prolonged immersion in the mud of the Machili River in 1937-38, and the other was purely by "accident"—various vital parts being used on other locomotives when she was being overhauled, until re-assembly was no longer possible. Two old South African locomotives bought as an emergency measure in 1954 proved unsatisfactory for the services required of them and were both scrapped within ten years of purchase.

The sturdy 7th Class built between 1900 and 1903 was the mainstay of the locomotive department until 1958, although four larger and more powerful 8th Class engines were bought in 1938-40 when needed for opening up the Masese Forests. With the addition of four 10th Class "Express Mountain" locomotives in 1958-60 and four 9th Class in 1963-64, the old 7ths are now reaching the end of a long and useful life, which says much for the soundness of the original design and construction over 60 years ago.

All locomotives are wood fired on waste material from the mill, removal of the firebox arch being the only modification in the conversion from coal to wood, while all tenders are provided with a level steel deck upon which to stack the fuel.

Most of the necessary maintenance work upon the locomotives is carried out in the Zambesi Saw Mill's own loco shed, using machinery of which some items are of historic interest, the wheel lathe for instance, carrying the Cape Government Railways stamp. Odd repairs beyond the capabilities of the local equipment were carried out by the Rhodesia Railways' shops in Bulawayo.

Traffic and Operation

The opening of the line to Mulobesi in 1934 offered a regular direct transport route into eastern and southern Barotseland, the alternative Zambezi river route necessitating two road/river tranship points due to the presence of rapids. The railway has, therefore, developed a considerable passenger and goods traffic, in addition to the logs and sawn timber for which it was built. Passenger figures are not available, but an estimate based on train observations suggests many thousands a year. Goods traffic includes regular consignments of mealie meal and motor fuel, together with items ranging from chickens to loaded Bedford five-ton lorries. In timber, the line has carried an approximate annual average of three million cubic feet of round timber and a million cubic feet of sawn produce, weighing about 150,000 short tons.

Early working on the railway involved one engine with a train of four bogies and eight shorts running a daily round trip six times a week. No turning facilities existed until a triangle was built at Malanda West in about 1927, so the engine had to reverse the thirty-odd mile journey out with an empty train in order to run forwards with a load on the return journey. The first points used were of the contractors' variety—no levers, the rails being pushed into position by hand with much effort, so shunting movements were kept to a minimum!

Out-and-back working was continued until a forest shunting engine was stationed at Mulobesi probably in 1935. Headlamps were essential for the dis-

tance covered involved running at night, oil lamps being used until loco No. 23 arrived in 1928 complete with an electric light and generator unit.

In 1939 work in the Masese area 60 miles south west of Mulobesi placed a heavy burden on motive power and available trucks which resulted in the purchase of four 8th Class engines, and the introduction of a traffic system similar to that used today. Two engines were stationed at the forest logging camp with two more in Livingstone. One forest engine dealt with the movement of trucks within the forest, the other hauled the daily load of logs to Mulobesi and brought a train of empty trucks back. The two locomotives in Livingstone worked a daily train service to Mulobesi moving logs, sawn timber, and passengers.

Very sandy conditions in the forest meant that wear and tear on locomotives was severe in the extreme, so the two forest engines were "exchanged" on a weekly basis with two others in the Livingstone shed so that essential maintenance could be carried out, together with regular boiler washing to remove lime accumulation from the hard bore-hole water used by the locomotives.

Operation of the line to the Kataba forests from 1958 followed a similar system, but maintenance had to be reduced to a fortnightly interval while closure of the Livingstone mill meant that logs were hauled only to Mulobesi. In July, 1963, the Livingstone service was reduced from 12 trains a week to eight, for economy reasons, though forest working was not affected.

A journey on the line to Mulobesi today is an experience remarkably similar to descriptions of travel on the old Beira Railway published in 1900-03. Having booked a whole coach in Livingstone (if there was not one already included in the train), the passenger presents himself at his coach at any time in the evening before departure, complete with bedding, a lamp, food and drink, and goes to sleep lulled by the gentle sizzle of steam from the waiting locomotive. At about 3 a.m. the driver joins his engine, checks the train while steam pressure is brought up to full, and then couples up to the train. The pre-dawn chill is broken by a long blast on the whistle announcing departure at 4 a.m., and the train slowly pulls out on its way north.

Sunrise finds the train 36 miles out at Makunka mission, two previous stops having been made for water at Simonga and Kalemba. Another hour, and the train eases into the only passing siding, at the Ngwesi river. More water is taken on, while the driver and his crew check the engine and carry out routine oiling and greasing. The knowledgeable passenger takes the opportunity of collecting a supply of boiling water from the loco injector overflow pipe to make his breakfast brew, and of stretching his legs before the journey is resumed. If there is a southbound train or a scheduled motor trolley on the line, this must be allowed to go through before the engine whistle can sound its departure warning.

As the train works its way past scattered African "gardens" and a continuous vista of bush, signs of elephant can be seen in frequent repairs to the telephone line alongside the track, while the occasional flash of a tail gives away a watching buck. Even today it is not unknown for a motor trolley to be delayed by a pride of lions occupying the permanent way.

After stopping for water at Sala at 63 miles, the train crosses one of the early bridges which still retains its wooden "girders" before passing a baobab

overhanging the line upon which a board is secured to commemorate "Weston's Halt"—the site of No. 23 making one of her several departures from the track many years ago. There is a story that a member of the Saw Mills staff was so unnerved by this incident that not long afterwards while travelling as a passenger on the footplate, the locomotive happened, to lurch a little more than usual, and the train crew was left in silent astonishment as he made a frantic leap from the engine and vanished at high speed into the bush, only to return a few minutes later, somewhat crestfallen, to the train, which had been brought hurriedly to a standstill.

The last stop for water is made at the Sichifula river at 74 miles, followed by a halt for passengers at 81 miles and a tsetse fly check at 89 miles. The Forest Department fire tower at Situmpa forest is passed just before the train stops at the junction with the Kataba line to ensure that the remaining mile across the Salazuvu Vlei and up the bank into Mulobesi is clear to proceed. A series of long blasts on the whistle announces that arrival is imminent, and as the train tops the bank and crosses the cricket field in the centre of the small staff township, the steel chimneys and iron roofs of the sawmill can be seen through the mkusi trees which shade the houses.

At 12.30 p.m. the train draws to a standstill adjoining a trainload of logs ready for the mill and the journey is over, having taken about 8½ hours, including stops, to cover the 101 miles.

Although the journey is of necessity slow, an enviable record of reliability has been achieved over the 40 years that the line has been in operation. Delays and minor mishaps occur from time to time, usually due to rain-softened ground failing to support the track, but services are usually rapidly restored.

The railway staff are past masters in the art of ingenious bush improvisation and it is upon their skill that the railway depends. Unique in that the conditions in which the Zambesi Saw Mills operates are almost ideal for large scale railway timber extraction and at the same time extremely difficult for road transport, large areas of valuable mkusi forest could not be exploited economically without the railway system.

To the railway historian the line is a working museum of locomotives, rolling stock and track, re-living the pioneering days in which they saw their first service in the Rhodesias. The sight of one of the old locomotives, whispering through the bush at the head of a heavy train, leaving behind the smell of wood-smoke, hot oil, steam and dust, is not one which is easily forgotten, and the writer is fortunate in having had the opportunity to record as much of the history and detail of this remarkable and little-known system as can now be obtained.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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- Photographs taken by T. Jaeger, c. 1925-1945..

The Diary of Alfred Cross at Old Bulawayo and to the Victoria Falls, 1875

With an introduction and notes by E. C. Tabler

Alfred Cross, W. A. Browne and William J. Tainton, left Kimberley in 1871 for a hunting and trading trip to Matabeleland. They stayed on in that country as partners in hunting and trading for about nine years. Cross left Matabeleland in 1880, and he died in 1920.

The diary was given to Mr. V. W. Hiller, later the Government Archivist of Southern Rhodesia, by Cross's widow, then of Berlin, Cape Province, on August 8th, 1934, and thus it found its way to the National Archives of Rhodesia.

I have tried to keep the number and length of the notes at a minimum and therefore have merely given the names of the resident traders and missionaries and of visitors; facts about all of them can be found in my *Pioneers of Rhodesia* (Cape Town, 1966). I cannot identify most of the Africans mentioned. In a few instances I have made Cross's spelling uniform, but I did not correct his orthography, in order to preserve something of the flavour of the original.

Cross wrote in a pocket diary and often enough he did not fill the small space allotted to a day, but he managed to pack a good deal of interesting information into his short entries. His diary is a reliable and amusing picture of the life of a resident Matabele trader in "pre-pioneer" times.

Monday, January 25th. Thompson's child¹ died on Saturday.

Tuesday, 26th. Buried Thompson's child.

Wednesday, 27th. King² returned to Umhlahlanhlela to receive the impey.

Thursday, 28th. Impey returned. Been to kill Quadalala's people.

Friday, 29th. Thompson left for Umthlanjene (Inyati).

Monday, February 1st. [At] Bulawayo.

Wednesday, 3rd. Left to buy corn at Umvunowler's.

Friday, 5th. Returned from Umvunowler's. Westbeach³ arrived from the Zambesi.

Saturday, 6th. Philips, Fairbairn, Martin, Grant⁴ left for the King's at Umhlahlanhlela. Dorehill⁵ arrived & [brought the] post. The King had Tunzy Mantier & Umganewla killed.

Sunday, 7th. Wrote home. Sent the letter by Martin.

Monday, 8th. Philips, Fairbairn, Martin, Noris⁶ left for out.⁷ [The] King left Mhlahlanhlela for Umganewen. Tainton and Grant followed.

Tuesday, 9th. Byles⁸ and Dorehill left for the King.

Wednesday, 10th. Walked over to Thompson's with Hudson.⁹ Thompson not returned.

Thursday, 11th. The King given orders for his armies to be in rediness to go out.
Saturday, 13th. A man hanged himself in the veldt. Reason unknown. Dorehill came over from the King's on horseback.

Sunday, 14th. Dorehill returned to the King's (Umganewen). Asked to dinner by Petersen.¹⁰ Had a fine pudding made by Schuch.¹¹

Monday, 15th. Gave the boy Timber a thrashing for killing a fowl & eating it in the night. The King had to leave Umganewen & go a few miles on account of water.

Tuesday, 16th. No grub. Living on the parish. Had a snake in my house but could not kill it.

Wednesday, 17th. Palmer and his wife¹² arrived. Intend going on to the King.

Thursday, 18th. Thompson returned. Gave me a letter from Uncle Ben. First news I have had from home since we left.

Friday, 19th. Sent Uncle Ben's letter over to Uncle Will¹³ at the King's. Thompson sent me over a bag of corn and some vegetables. Raining nearly all day.

Saturday, 20th. Still raining. A boy came over from Uncle Will and says he was going out for a hunt for elands.

Sunday, 21st. Last night there was an alarm raised and the whole town turned out trotting past. Shields and asegies rattling. We were rather anxious untill we heard that it was only a man supposed to be mad who had caused it. Elstob¹⁴ arrived from Tati.

Monday, 22nd. All of our cattle taken. Said to have been in the gardens. Herd denies it, says they were never near them.

Tuesday, 23rd. Last night I killed a snake in the house. I believe the same one that I had seen before. Hudson gone over to the King's about the cattle. Elstob's released by paying.

Wednesday, 24th. I sent over again to the King about our cattle and he must of sent back a very sharp answer as the cattle were brought back at once. The King sent to me to say if they were not back at once I was to let him know tomorrow & was not to pay.

Thursday, 25th. Thompson been over. Asked with Hudson to dinner tomorrow.

Friday, 26th. Had dinner at Thompson's. Went over on foot. The impey gone out towards the Mashooners.

Saturday, 27th. Dorehill & myself rode over to the King's. Every one over there looks well and happy but no trade doing.

Sunday, 28th. Been very hot. Expecting a storm all the afternoon but seems to have passed off this evening. Dorehill leaves tomorrow morning for Ingatine. Westbeach rode over to the King's & tried a short cut back & after riding an hour or more found himself back at the King's. How he turned he does not know.

Monday, March 1st. Dorehill left early this morning. Byles & Tainton rode over from the King's and returned again this afternoon. I have been busy all day making Thompson's boys a little wagon.

Tuesday, 2nd. One of the quiet days. Nothing doing. Elstob nearly eaten up by Tamtams (a sort of bug) and grumbling the whole day with himself and everybody. Says he will burn his house down.

Wednesday, 3rd. I finished the wagon for [the] young Thompsons and sent it

over. They were very much pleased with it, and sent me a large basket of vegetables & chutney. We were all amusing ourselves by blowing up the white ants with gunpowder.

Thursday, 4th. Deans & French¹⁵ arrived today & brought in the post. I was delighted at getting two letters from home. One from Uncle John and the other from Ma and Pa dated Dec. 19th.

Friday, 5th. Judge our surprise this morning at receiving a note from Thompson saying that Mrs. Palmer was dead and asking me to come over and help Old John¹⁶ to make the coffin. Old John & I had hard work to finish it. We made it out of a gun case & part of an old wagon side. To be buried tomorrow.

Saturday, 6th. Hudson, French & myself started at daylight to bury Mrs. Palmer which we did about six this morning. Deans gone over to the King's. Sent Janck over to Tainton with three guns.

Sunday, 7th. Writing home all day. Frightfully warm. Wish we could get some rain.

Monday, 8th. Sent my letters off. Written to B. Tainton, Diamond Fields, and home, Panmure.¹⁷

Tuesday, 9th. Very hot. Traded with Dingan.

Wednesday, 10th. Deans & Grant arrived from the King's. Dorehill returned from Robert's.¹⁸

Thursday, 11th. Deans and Grant returned to the King's. Grant sold all his ivory to Deans and is going round the kraals again.

Friday, 12th. Nothing doing. Everything dry and miserable. Got very little to eat in the meat line. Made myself a rhinoceros home pipe. Think it will smoke well.

Saturday, 13th. The same as yesterday and expect will be the same tomorrow. Arranged to buy a sheep & two goats so will have meat for a few days.

Sunday, 14th. Threatening rain all day but I am afraid it has all passed off as it is getting clear again. Wish we could get a few days of it.

Monday, 15th. Dorehill & Schuch gone over to the King's. Dorehill to say good bye. Palmer arrived in the evening from the King's & is going out.

Tuesday, 16th. A light rain. Palmer and Dorehill left about midday [to go] out. Gave Dorehill Juno for Bob, a nice looking dog. Juno was always stealing. Elstob left for the kraals.

Wednesday, 17th. Commenced raining about sunset and keeps on. I hope it will last for a few days.

Thursday, 18th. A nice steady rain been falling all day. And every thing looks more lovely. It is so nice and cool & one is obliged to put a jacket on, a covering seldom used up here in summer.

Friday, 19th. Tainton arrived from the King's & intended returning but it rained so heavily this afternoon that he was obliged to stop here. He came over to put the King's old wagon in order. They are going out for a few days hunting.

Saturday, 20th. Tainton returned early to the King's. I walked over to Thompson's this afternoon. Mrs. Thompson took me into—rain all gone—the garden and made me fill my pockets with tomatoes and radishes. When I could not stuff any more in she gave me some bottles of jam & chutney. I had a fearful

load. Luckily French came & met me half way and helped me. I had taken off my coat & carried all in that.

Sunday, 21st. The rain is all gone and left the air beautifully cool. The little dog we picked up on the road up and gave to a nigger out here came back today after being away about five months. I should like to keep it now if it was not for its foot.

Monday, 22nd. Tainton sent over for my gun. He is off hunting, taking the King's wagon with him. I believe Deans is going with him. The King has found them in horses. They ought to have fine fun.

Tuesday, 23rd. Received a letter from Alice dated 6th January. Mayers¹⁹ sent the post in from Tati. [Post] Returning on Thursday. Hear Philips gone on to Diamond Fields.

Wednesday, 24th. Written to Alice and J. Tainton. The impey reported & expected in tomorrow.

Thursday, 25th. Petersen and myself rode over to Thompson's. Did not see Thompson as he had gone to the King's. Mrs. T. made us stay to breakfast. The impey is at the King's. I believe they have brought back a great many cattle & goats. Have not heard what their loss is. Post gone.

Friday, 26th. A drizzling rain all day and feels quite cold. Every one is going about with a great coat. Funny weather. One day so hot you scarcely know what to do with yourself and the next as cold as any winter day. I bought an ox yesterday for beads and today the people brought the beads back & wanted the ox. Would not give it back so they took it. To the King about it tomorrow.

Saturday, 27th. Raining heavy all day and looks as though it intends to keep on. Heard from Tainton. The impey still laying out being doctored. Hear they have lost forty men and eight wounded.

Sunday, 28th. Still raining steadily. Will do no end of good but pity it did not come a little earlier. Pity those poor b——s in their waggons that are out with Old Ben.²⁰

Monday, 29th. Raining heavily all day. Had. no meat so been living on the parish. Reading the history of the Jews for want of a better book. Find it rather dry reading.

Tuesday, 30th. Raining all the morning but cleared off this evening but still cloudy. Deans came over from the King's this afternoon, returning tomorrow. French & I asked to dinner by Thompson. Did not go. Too wet.

Wednesday, 31st. Still a light misty rain which I do not believe can do much good and yet makes one miserable. Deans returned to the King's. Sent Jan to Lopeeler's.

Thursday, April 1st. Still the same misty weather untill this afternoon when it cleared off. Jan returned from Lopeeler's. Bob came here in the night & the other dogs tackled him, the boys thinking it a strange dog. Thrashed him frightfully with their kerries. He cannot walk today.

Friday, 2nd. All the rains cleared off. Bob is very bad but serves him right. He had no business to run away from Tainton.

Saturday, 3rd. Had a note from Tainton for some things. Kept the boy here untill tomorrow. Got a large dish of tomatoes from Mrs. Thompson. Do not know how to cook them.

Sunday, 4th. Nice cool day. Went for a long walk on to the top of the Doctor Hill. Hear that the last impey put away a lot of the captured cattle and the King has found it out.

Monday, 5th. Helping Petersen to take stock. He is leaving for Tati as soon as his wagon comes in which he expects in a few days. Philip's place will then be closed until he returns himself. Traded with Songas.

Tuesday, 6th. Scotch mist keeping on all day. Tainton sent for more guns so hope he is doing lots of trade. He and Deans had a row about trade.

Wednesday, 7th. A misty rain again all day. Sent Tainton the things he sent for. Persuaded Hudson to begin & make a new stock for Tainton's elephant gun.

Thursday, 8th. Petersen's birthday. He gave a fine dinner to all that were here which were only four. We expect the King back in a few days. At least we heard today he was likely to return soon. The weather still continues the same.

Friday, 9th. Mayers arrived with Petersen's wagon. But brought no news in from below.

Saturday, 10th. Petersen & Mayers left. Went over with them as far as the King's & got a pony from Old Ben to return on. Did not get back until late.

Sunday, 11th. Very quiet all day. Very likely Old Ben will return tomorrow. French came home today. He went with us yesterday but could not get a horse until today.

Monday, 12th. The King has not returned. Petersen and Mayers left there this morning.

Tuesday, 13th. Lucas²¹ returned from Umganwen. Sent Jan over for Thompson's wagon. Schuch is to paint it for him.

Wednesday, 14th. Byles came in this afternoon from the kraals. I am sick. Had to cook for myself. If not better tomorrow I will go on the parish.

Thursday, 15th. Old Hudson been out shooting. I bought an old four to the pound gun to get the barrel. It is a good old gun. I hope I will be able to get it mended.

Friday, 16th. Nothing to put down. Byles moved into his new house or Charley Mayers' house.

Saturday, 17th. At work all day making a mattress of klip springer hair. But it takes a frightful lot of hair. I am afraid I will not get enough.

Sunday, 18th. Nice and cool. Hudson and I had dinner together.

Monday, 19th. Nothing doing, no trade. Thompson came over to see us but had no news.

Tuesday, 20th. All the Bulawayo men called by the King. Left this morning in their war dress.

Wednesday, 21st. Bulawayo men returned. Say they went to ask the King to come home but he won't. Sent Tainton a saddle & 8 blankets.

Thursday, 22nd. Tainton, Deans & Wood²² came over from Umganwen. Thomas, Lee and Smith²³ out there. Thomas came in to stay. Got a letter from Browne²⁴ dated 18th Feb. Tainton [received one] also.

Friday, 23rd. Deans, Tainton & Wood returned to the King's. War declared between the parsons.²⁵ I feel very seedy. Bad cold in the head.

Saturday, 24th. Sent Jan with the cattle over to Tainton. a Boer arrived with

meat & brandy for sale and wanted tick for a lot of shooting stuff. Did not get it.

Sunday, 25th. All [day] trying to keep quiet but a lot of Imbuso²⁶ here playing all day.

Monday, 26th. Lee came over from Thompson's where he has been since Saturday. Thompson expecting Thomas & Wood over at his place today.

Tuesday, 27th. Wood came here in the night. He has succeeded in getting his hunting veld towards Gwelo & gone to Tati for his things. He had to give a nice horse for the veldt.

Wednesday, 28th. Lee left this morning and Deans' & 'Roberts' wagons came in. They have a post with them. Post gone to Thompson's. Old Ben came over on horseback & went back.

Thursday, 29th. Roberts wagon gone over to [the] King. Got a letter from Browne to expect him here about middle of next month. Sent caps & lead to Tainton.

Friday, 30th. We have a dispute about the date. Thompson has it the first May & we the last April.²⁷ Hudson been over to the King's. Nothing fresh over there.

Saturday, May 1st. French and Schuch walked over to the King's. We hear that the King has moved but do not yet [know] where he has gone.

Sunday, 2nd. All quiet. The King is at Myka-Thlopa. He does not seem to care about coming home.

Monday, 3rd. Thompson sent us over a lot of Cape papers. They are rather old but we are very glad to get them.

Tuesday, 4th. The King sent a man to Hudson & me with a scull bone to ask us what animal it belonged to. Some one has been trying to bewitch with it. We sent back and told him it was a dog's without doubt. Sent Tainton 5 bars lead.

Wednesday, 5th. Nothing doing at all.

Thursday, 6th. The indooners holding a council or court to recover things stolen from the white people. I feel worse again today. Hudson very bad.

Friday, 7th. Thompson come over to Dr. us all. Hudson still bad. The Raadt still going on and lots of goods turning up.

Saturday, 8th. Too seedy to do any thing.

Sunday, 9th. We had to send for Thompson to come over to Hudson.

Monday, 10th. Thompson sent the cart over for Hudson & wanted me to go too, but I would not.

Tuesday, 11th. Old Nina²⁸ came over to give the people of the town a feast.

Wednesday, 12th. Nina returned. Hudson no better. Two diggers²⁹ came in to ask for the road³⁰ to Northern gold fields.

Thursday, 13th. The King got the red water fever again.³¹ Says he will not allow any wagons in. Ackward as we are expecting Browne.

Friday, 14th. Tainton came over to see me. Feel a little better, but cannot get about.

Saturday, 15th. Hudson worse. Thompson beginning to funk. French gone to sit up with him. Grant come to paper the King's house.

Sunday, 16th. Tainton came over. Hudson no better. Grant gone to sit up with him. Afraid will go hard with him.

Monday, 17th. Tainton returned to the King's. Schuch & one of the two diggers [Thomison] walked over to see Ben and came back with Byles in his wagon.

Tuesday, 18th. Deans over from the King's. Wood came in on his way to the hunting veldt. Poor Hudson worse, he sent over today to ask us to go and wish him good bye. Afraid, poor man, will be gone by morning.

Wednesday, 19th. Poor Hudson died this evening. Sent some guns & powder over to Tainton.

Thursday, 20th. Every one gone over to bury poor Hudson. He left me his little pet dog Judy. I could not go over I was too sick.

Friday, 21st. Thompson & Deans were appointed by Hudson to see after his affairs. Thompson asked me to help Deans as he has to attend his child.

Saturday, 22nd. Started two men off to Tati with letters to stop Browne. Sent Tainton a double barrel gun. Deans, French & myself been at work all day taking stock of Hudson's goods.

Sunday, 23rd. Quiet all day. Grant got liver complaint. Someone sent him this epitaph for his tombstone

Here lies Harry Grant more sinner than saint

He died from drink & liver complaint

Monday, 24th. Queen's birthday. Nothing to drink her health in. French & I grubbed together, had a poue [*pou*, a bustard] & pot of jam for dinner.

Tuesday, 25th. Tainton come to get a fresh supply of goods. Some of Kama's³² men came in with a bull for Old Ben.

Wednesday, 26th. Just as Tainton was starting back the King made his appearance. Translated a letter from Griete³³ who has been stopped, at Manymani's.

Thursday, 27th. Thompson over & answered Griete's letter, which says he cannot come in with his own oxen as they have come through a country which has red water. If any one will lend him oxen he can come on after he has sent his away

Friday, 28th. Petersen & Mayers reported. But [they are] not allowed to come on as they have mixed their oxen with some bought from Griete. Sent another letter to Tati for Browne. Jack gone over to Inyati. All oxen that have come from the Transvaal to be sent back to Shasha.

Saturday, 29th. Hear that Petersen is coming in on horse back. Heavy thunder storm this afternoon. Deans killed an ox. Grant grumbling because the King will not pay him.

Sunday, 30th. Rain all over but still cloudy. Petersen has not turned up. Nothing to read. Obligated to go back to Fenimore Cooper's.

Monday, 31st. Petersen arrived. Could not get any oxen to bring his wagons in.

Tuesday, June 1st. Browne arrived at Mcobi's. Sent Jan & April out to him. He has to send his oxen away & we go and fetch him. Boys returned from Tati. Ben off to Mz.

Wednesday, 2nd. Tainton gone over to the King's. Deans come back. Robert Mc[Menemy] arrived. Letter from Browne.

Thursday, 3rd. Hudson's things sold by auction. Deans doing auctioneer. Things fetched a good price.

Friday, 4th. Sent the cattle over to Tainton.

Saturday, 5th. French and I walked over to Thompson's and came back loaded with all sorts of good things but best of all half a large cake.

Sunday, 6th. Quiet. Very cold. Someone shot poor old Smutt last night.

Monday, 7th. Clarkson³⁴ came in late last night. The people at Mcobi's will not let he and Browne come on. Walked over to the King's.

Tuesday, 8th. Came back from the King's, King given Clarkson & Browne leave to come on with their own oxen.

Wednesday, 9th. Clarkson returned to the wagons at Mcobi's. Expect him back this day week.

Thursday, 10th. French & I trying our new guns bought at Hudson's. My 6 [bore] nearly knocks me over.

Friday, 11th. Deans & Thompson hard at work with Hudson's papers. Byles come over and is going out to bring Petersen in.

Saturday, 12th. Byles left with two spans of oxen to fetch Petersen.

Sunday, 13th. Clarkson's horse that was left with me died from horse sickness.

Monday, 14th. Petersen arrived. Deans bought Hudson's house & moved in today.

Tuesday, 15th. Post leaves tomorrow. Written to B. Tainton & Pa & Ma. Browne & Clarkson arrived 9 p.m. French and I killed a wolf.

Wednesday, 16th. Busy all day unpacking. Lots of letters from home. Elstob arrived.

Thursday, 17th. Browne gone over to the King's. Saw a woman hanging up to a tree, hanged for witchery.

Friday, 18th. French and I rode over to Thompson's. Thompson's baby ill.

Saturday, 19th. Home³⁵ reported. Tainton & Deans over from the King's. Bought some good blood feathers. Best bunch I have seen. Keep them for home.

Sunday, 20th. Tainton & Deans returned at daylight.

Monday, 21st. Home & McKee³⁶ arrived last night. Camp quite lively with so many wagons. King sent to tell Griete that he will pull him in with the Makalakas.

Tuesday, 22nd. Byles & Browne over from King's. Browne & I got the road into the Zambesi. Bought Thompson's boys two parrots. Byles returned to the King's.

Wednesday, 23rd. Busy packing for the Zambesi. Clarkson left for the King's.

Thursday, 24th. One of Home's horses died. Deans' wagons arrived.

Friday, 25th. Got nearly every thing packed ready to start. Schuch nearly shot scuffling with a gun.

Saturday, 26th. Went to wish the King good bye. We all went over in the wagon. Asked the King for guides to take us across the country. We are to get them from Bukwela's.

Sunday, 27th. Got up, washed and went to bed again.

Monday, 28th. Busy loading up and packing. Start tomorrow.

Tuesday, 29th. Left Bulawayo for the Zambesi. Little Induna ran away with us.

Wednesday, 30th. We traveled nearly all last night and arrived at Camalo this morning. We got guides here & are travelling across country. Did 5 hours treak & incamped for night.

Thursday, July 1st. Left our last sleeping place early. Do not get over much ground as we have to chop our road. Sleeping at a little river called Umcamo. Did 8 hours today.

Friday, 2nd. Traveling through a very thick bush and heavy sand. Had no water since this morning. Did not take time but think about 9 hours.

Saturday, 3rd. Started before daylight. Road very heavy sand & oxen thirsty. Got to the water late, first since yesterday morning. 11 hours.

Sunday, 4th. Commenced to rain in the night but held up a little this afternoon so we went on to Nyoken (Bukwela's town). 3 hours.

Monday, 5th. Got the men from the Indoona promised us by the King and treaked on. Road very wet. Got to Gwie. Had some bother to find a drift. 4½ hours.

Tuesday, 6th. Rain came on again, obliged to stay here all day. Bought a lot of corn & pumpkins.

Wednesday, 7th. Rain held up. Browne shot a wolf last night after its eating all the yokes loose. Came to a vley called Umgose. Next water a long way on so staying here for tonight. 3½ hours.

Thursday, 8th. Left early this morning and came to a vley called Mowani. I shot a snake twelve feet long. Got a few ducks & gees. No game baring birds which we have to live on. 10 hours.

Friday, 9th. Left Mowani this afternoon & got into a small road which we have to keep. Paid the guides off and let them return. 7 hours.

Saturday, 10th. Arrived at Nata. Got some buffaloes & shot two. Nata is a large sand river, dry or nearly so all winter but running in summer. Treaked 3 hours.

Sunday, 11th. Having the buffalo meat cut up into beltong. Hired two boys.

Monday, 12th. Left Nata this afternoon. More of a road from here. 3 hours.

Tuesday, 13th. Arrived at a pan where we expected to see John Lee but he has left. Made another treak 5| [hours] today.

Wednesday, 14th. Only a spoor to lead us by. Do not know if it is the right way. Lots of small vleys full of water. 7 hours.

Thursday, 15th. Browne broke his dissleboom. Lots of elephant spoor, but not fresh enough to follow. 6 hours.

Friday, 16th. Came to a camp belonging to Vanderberg.³⁷ We are treaking all right & will get the other road in a few days. Left again in the afternoon. 5 hours.

Saturday, 17th. Water very scarce. Only water today was a little mud hole. Got a Bushman to go on with us to show the water. 6 hours.

Sunday, 18th. We were in hopes of getting better water but we got a little hole which the elephants had been rolling in last night & as thick as mud. Struck Tati road. 4 hours.

Monday, 19th. Caught up to a young Dutchman [who had] been to buy corn. Our Bushmen left us today. Water today a little better. 5 hours. Got to Tama-Zonka.

Tuesday, 20th. Travelled all night and got to Watcha (1st of Clamakami) vleys & Mangwato road. 7 hours from Tama-Zonka.

Wednesday, 21st. Treaked last night & got to Zuruza by morning where we met Barber, Frank & Wilkinson.³⁸ 5½ hours. Stay here a few days.

Thursday, 22nd. Barber, Frank & self been out all day looking for fresh elephant spoor but could not get any. Browne is too sick to hunt.

Friday, 23rd. Went to sleep at a vley about 10 miles north of this but no elephants came to drink.

Saturday, 24th. Hunted about all day and then returned to the wagons.

Sunday, 25th. Reading & sleeping all day. Kirton³⁹ came out from Zambesi.

Monday, 26th. Started out again. Slept out. Lions frightened our horses but did not hurt them.

Tuesday, 27th. Returned to camp. Hired two Bushmen.

Wednesday, 28th. Left again for the vleys with Frank & Barber. Tried to make Frank eat quaga. Wagons, Barber's & Co also, to go on. Sleeping at a vley.

Thursday, 29th. Hunted out towards the fly, sleeping at Sequantley.

Friday, 30th. Returned to Tama-Fooper where the wagons are, 2 hours from Zuruza.

Saturday, 31st. Boys bringing in camel & quaga meat. Left in the evening and came on to Tama-Setsy. 1½ hours.

Sunday, August 1st. Reading & sleeping nearly all day.

Monday, 2nd. Barber, Wilkinson & self been out. Shot a splendid fat eland. The fat round the heart weighed 30 lbs.

Tuesday, 3rd. Boys bringing in the eland meat.

Wednesday, 4th. Elephants drank at the vley. Browne & I followed them until dark. Had no water all day & did not come up to elephants. Sleeping in veldt. No water, food or bedding.

Thursday, 5th. Got back to the wagon at five o'clock jolly thirsty and hungry. Had nothing to eat or drink since yesterday morning. Our horses gave in from thirst.

Friday, 6th. Left Tama-Setsy this afternoon and came to the big sand hill. 3½ hours.

Saturday, 7th. Treaked all night and got to Hendrik's Vley this morning. Barber, Frank & Wilkinson away shooting. 4 Dutch families standing here. 12 hours. No water between this & Setsy.

Sunday, 8th. Came on in the night to Tibekie's pan. Passed the large Cream of Tata tree in the night. Barber and I measured it [at] 26 yards in circumference. Carl, a young Dutchman traveling with us, is lost 11 hours from Hendrik's Vley.

Monday, 9th. Came on to next vley. Found Carl but nearly dead from fright. Wont get lost again in a hurry. 3½ hours.

Tuesday, 10th. Got to Daka, a nice little river, beautifully clear water. 5½ hours.

Wednesday, 11th. Arrived at Pontimatenka. Jolly⁴⁰ brought in dying with fever. 5 hours from Daka.

Thursday, 12th. Jolly died in the night & we buried him today. Could not make a coffin. Buried him in blankets. We leave for the falls tomorrow.

Friday, 13th. Did not get away today. Jolly's things sold. Stack⁴¹ taken charge of his wagons.

Saturday, 14th. Started for the falls. Anderson⁴² going with us. 36 in all. Frank, Anderson & Wilkinson blistered their feet all ready.

Sunday, 15th. About 20 miles from Pontimatenka. The sore feet worse. Browne amongst them today.

Monday, 16th. Stayed to shoot game for the niggers & give the lame people a chance.

Tuesday, 11 th. Did not do much of a march today. All lame now but myself & niggers.

Wednesday, 18th. Heard the falls early in our first march. Sounds exactly like the sea.

NOTES

1. William, 17 months old, the son of John Boden Thomson, the LMS missionary at Hope Fountain. The date of his death is incorrectly given in my *Pioneers of Rhodesia* as 25 January.
2. Lobengula.
3. George Westbeech.
4. George A. Phillips, James Fairbairn, George F. Martin, Harry I. Grant.
5. George D. Dorehill.
6. Norris.
7. To go south, or down country.
8. Henry Byles.
9. R. Hudson.
10. T. Petersen.
11. Harry Schuch.
12. Mr. and Mrs. Grey Palmer.
13. W. J. Tainton.
14. J. D. Elstob.
15. Alexander Deans, R. French.
16. John Halyet.
17. A village near East London.
18. Robert McMenemy, a resident trader at Tnyati; unless of course this was a surname.
19. Karl Meyer.
20. Lobengula.
21. Lucas or Lukas, a Griqua or Thlaping.
22. George Wood.
23. Thomas Morgan Thomas, John Lee. There were at least three Smiths in the country.
24. W. A. "Zambezi" Browne.
25. Between J. B. Thomson and T. M. Thomas. The latter, just returned from Great Britain and no longer a member of the London Missionary Society had claimed his old house at Inyati Mission as his own property. He did not long remain there.
26. Young warriors of the Mbezo Regiment, Lobengula's bodyguard.
27. "We" were correct.
28. "Nini", Lobengula's sister and for long his favourite relative.
29. W. Thomison and Raybuck.
30. To ask permission to use the road to, and enter, that region.
31. The fear that redwater, a cattle disease, would be introduced by trek oxen coming from the south.
32. Khama, chief of the Mangwato at Shoshong.
33. H. Greite.
34. Matthew Clarkson.
35. William Horn.
36. McKay.
37. Piet van der Berg
38. F. H. Barber, Levitt Frank, Patrick Wilkinson.
39. George and Argent Kirton.
40. Jolly.
41. Unidentified.
42. "Sandy" Anderson.

Wheels in the Bush : 1931

by
J. RICHMOND

In terms of living memory it will not be long before the early days of the Copperbelt mining camps will only be read about—the active participants having all passed on. But the dwindling band of Rhodesians who were there in the late 1920s and early 1930s will remember the thatched pole-and-dagga or Kimberley brick living accommodation, offices and workshops. They will recall with quickened pulse the bustle and pressure of activity as surface works kept pace with underground development.

Those were the days when drinking, gambling and fighting filled most of the hours between shifts for a substantial core of "hard cases". The camps were often dominated by certain tough characters—in one case four brothers who, as a gang, could take over and wreck almost any function. They had a brutal lust for handing out a thrashing to some inoffensive victim.

The summer rains seemed more incessant in those days, slowing down operations and turning bush roads into quagmires. For months there could be no week-end hunting and fishing and as a result there was more drinking, gambling and fighting.

Perhaps this was not the right atmosphere for young men of 19 or 20 years of age to be working on their own away from parental care but I don't think the somewhat rugged conditions were what led me and my two friends to decide to get away from it. On the contrary we were inclined to look for even more unusual conditions provided they did not include a daily stint of eight hours normal work.

From boyhood I had been fond of cycling and when I came up with the idea that we might pedal our way around Central Africa it caught on immediately. Youthful ambitions of working my way around the world had always been frustrated and lack of money even at this stage was a limiting factor. However, with the outlay of about £10 for a bicycle, a couple more pounds for other equipment and enough money to feed ourselves on hard rations for three or four months, we had the Congo as our first objective.

When this news reached our families the consternation was so great that we feared official and complete restraint on any venture, and hurriedly switched our plan to one which would take Dave to his family's farm at Mazabuka and Dick and me to Johannesburg.*

Our original Congo plan had been gossiped around the Camp and eventually reached official and Government quarters without arousing undue excitement. Our change of plan was hardly known to anyone and subsequently led to much speculation as to our whereabouts. Many years afterwards police records still had it that we were last heard of making for the Congo.

* 'Dick' was R. Bryson, now manager of the Free State Geduld Mine, O.F.S., and 'Dave' was D. Anderson.

It is probably for the best that my laboriously kept diary of the trip was lost soon after it was completed and the decision whether or not to quote the real names of people met *en route* need not be made: they can all remain anonymous.

The timing of the trip was quite important for we had to wait until the rainy season ended, which was March, and yet not wait too long and find that water was scarce in the area south of the Zambezi. There were harrowing stories from men who had trekked on foot from Southern Rhodesia with gangs of African labour for the Copperbelt. Scarcity of water was a real danger and in the case of one man we knew had resulted in the death of one of his gang. As it turned out we judged wrongly and should have started sooner.

Preparations for the ride were simple. Bicycles with carriers were bought and a few cooking and eating utensils assembled. Bedrolls of a couple of blankets would be tied to the carriers, and haversacks for clothes and food would go on our backs. Water would be carried in the usual canvas bags which held about two quarts. For protection Dick and Dave acquired .303 rifles while I was offered and accepted the loan of a World War I .45 revolver complete with holster and Sam Browne.

Apart from wanting to know the distance between probable food supply points the first part of our route was so simple that no map was needed. There was only one road south and very few tracks leading off it. Dave would be with us down the Great North Road for 250 miles from our start to just beyond the Kafue River. From there he would go west a few miles on the main road to his family's farm at Mazabuka and Dick and I, leaving the main road, would turn east to cross the Zambezi River at Chirundu and make for Salisbury, Bulawayo and Johannesburg. The wildest part of the trip would be on the great escarpments flanking the Zambezi and in the broad valley between them. There were no roads and with the exception of a pontoon operator at Chirundu, no permanent European inhabitants.

In those far off happy days politics didn't exist and there was no racial friction between white and black. Certainly one could travel anywhere with complete security. Once off the beaten track we might have difficulty in making ourselves understood since we couldn't speak any of the local languages but that was a problem to be sorted out when it arose.

I recall that we set off on a Saturday morning in April on the well-kept 20 miles of road to Ndola, where we made some final purchases of fresh and tinned food. We all needed ammunition for our firearms and this could only be obtained on a permit from the District Commissioner's office. The clerk who dealt with us was the only unco-operative person we encountered on the whole trip but we smoothed our ruffled feathers over beer and sandwiches at the hotel, having eventually obtained what we wanted.

Five miles away and on our route was the Bwana Mkwubwa copper mine which had ceased operations four or five years before. It looked a good place to spend the night for we had the choice of several empty rondavels in which to sleep. The African caretaker was probably pleased to have visitors to liven up his dull job for he made no fuss about our using one of the buildings. The cold



R. Bryson (on the left) and D. Anderson.

(J. Richmond)

concrete floor of the rondavel did not make a comfortable bed and we were glad to be up and off next morning.

The next bit of habitation would be Kapiri M'Poshi, 80 miles on and our junction with the Great North Road which at that point turns north-east to Tanganyika and Kenya on the route from the south. We were thoroughly enjoying ourselves as we bowled along that fine Sunday morning. Although the bush is so monotonously uniform for hundreds of miles that one might well be going round and round the same tree, we passed through a stretch of real forest that made a delightful change.

We met no traffic but during the morning came across a truck parked in the bush beside the road. A tarpaulin was stretched over a felled tree trunk to form a shelter and half a dozen Africans crouched beside a fire a few yards away. Peering under the tarpaulin we saw two rough-looking unshaven characters reclining on their bedding, mugs in hand and a bottle of brandy between them. They mumbled about being on their way to a job in Broken Hill but had decided to devote the weekend to a spell of steady drinking; as they termed it, having a "jag" on. We declined to join them and pushed on. Two hours and 30 miles later on we heard a motor vehicle coming up behind us. A clattering truck came into view and stopped where we had pulled aside to let it pass. With typical alcoholic impulsiveness the two drunks had decided to break camp and move on. They urged us to climb on the back with our bikes and have a lift to Broken Hill. We were anxious to avoid such unsavoury specimens, however well-meant their offer, and in refusing, said quite truthfully that we were cycling for the fun of it. With rude remarks about our youthful enthusiasm the truck roared off and we never saw them again.

Dave had purchased a second-hand bicycle for the trip and it soon exhibited the nasty characteristics of a twisted frame that had him in trouble particularly when the road became sandy. He came some awful jangling coppers and we would stop to readjust his kit with a worried eye on the water bag which had spilled its contents on the ground.

Water was not a serious problem though, for in spite of being on a watershed, there were small streams no great distance apart from which we could refill our bags. I don't recall whether bilharzia was the specific reason why all our drinking water had to be boiled or otherwise sterilised. Boiling was no difficulty when we camped for the night but during the day would have meant unduly long halts so we resorted to dropping a crystal or two of permanganate of potash into a billycan of water. We hoped that this would have the desired effect on any germs without damaging our insides.

Some time on Monday we reached Kapiri M'Poshi and the only thing I have to remind me of the event is a snapshot of the railway station name and elevation, 4,211 feet above sea level.

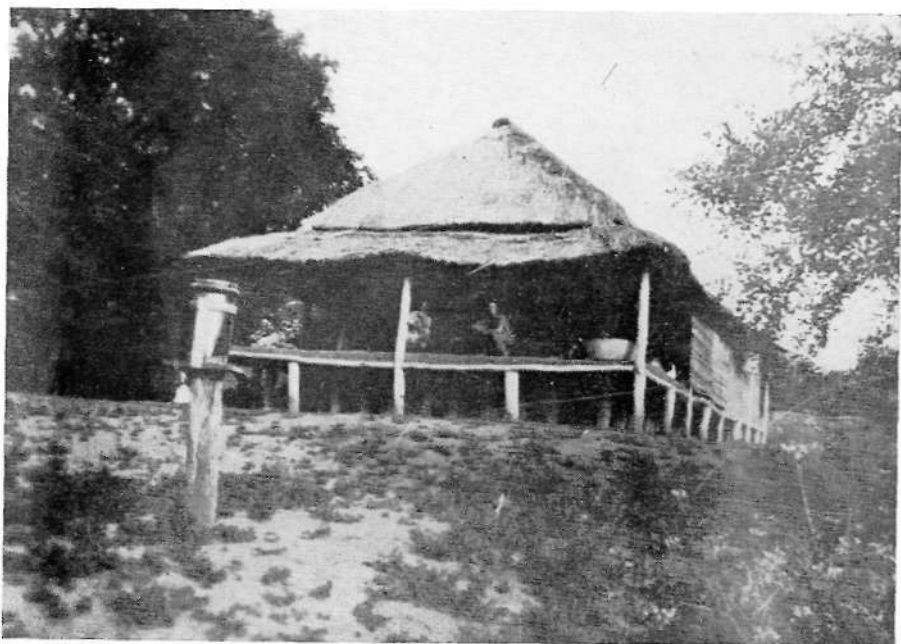
We passed pedlars of dried fish, an important staple in the Africans' diet in these parts. Tied with bark string, great bundles of the putrid-smelling, sun-cured article were carried by traders on bicycles from the big rivers to the west, to be hawked about the villages on the line-of-rail.

About camping time on Monday night we came on the headquarters of a fairly large road repair gang, a hundred or so Africans under the supervision of a couple of Europeans. We were offered the use of a tent if we wished to spend the night and we were glad to accept this comfort. The evening developed into quite a convivial affair with the middle-aged supervisor of the road gang generously sharing his supply of beer and whisky with us. After a while he and his assistant were joined by another young man whom we accepted as just another detail of the organisation. The late arrival, dark-haired and smooth-skinned, was dressed in khaki slacks and shirt and took virtually no part in the conversation.

Up bright and early the next morning we looked around for our host and companions of the previous evening to say good-bye. Peeping into one of the tents we saw the dark-haired, silent young "man" in a camp bed and the tent hung with all the items of a female wardrobe. We hastily withdrew, suddenly remembering how uninhibited had been our talk and behaviour in what we assumed was all male company. The mystery of why the young woman posed to us as a male was never solved, but as we rode on our speculations were in favour of the theory that her presence was unofficial and had to be kept as quiet as possible.

Insects had not troubled us as yet but one midday we pulled up for a rest, hot and sweat-soaked after a spell of hard riding, and were attacked by swarms of minute black flies. They clustered thick wherever they could find a damp spot on our heads, arms and legs; they got into our eyes, nostrils and ears. As fast as we slapped and brushed them off more settled on us and there was nothing for it but to move on as quickly as we could and try to leave them behind.

The second-hand tyres and tubes on Dave's second-hand machine became an annoyance that even caused dissension amongst us as the number of punctures



The house of 'Jimmy the Greek' at Chirundu.

(R. Bryson)

increased. We sometimes tended to get strung out along the road as each one made his own pace for a while. On one occasion I was in the lead and eventually looking behind me I found the other two had dropped back out of sight. Unconcerned for the time being I carried on but finally waited for them to catch up. When at last they did they were both irritable, having had to mend a particularly bad puncture while I had, they felt, deliberately left them to it.

Dave, having grown up in Northern Rhodesia, had friends in several places and as we got near Broken Hill he proposed we should look up a young married school teacher he knew who was stationed there. By now we were in urgent need of a hot bath but hoped to preserve the hardy spirit of adventure and conserve our finances by avoiding hotels. We were not disappointed for the generous young couple housed, fed and entertained us in their small cottage with wonderfully spontaneous hospitality. Having just left one mining camp I don't recall that we were particularly interested in the technical affairs of this centre of lead and zinc production.

The road between Broken Hill and Lusaka traversed miles of black cotton soil that was a nightmare during the wet season. As the rains were over we had nothing to worry about but deep ruts in the now sun-baked surface testified to the struggle vehicles had had to get through two or three months previously.

We were without a compass and so never wandered far into the bush from the road. Visibility through grass and trees was a bare 50 yards and without the horizon or any landmarks one could easily lose all sense of direction.

The midday heat and strenuous pedalling always generated a longing for cold tangy drinks. One day the rare sight of a farmhouse near the road drew us

like a magnet but it turned out to be unoccupied by its European owner. Africans from a nearby compound came to talk to us and we asked for water to fill our bags. The well was behind the house and so was a small citrus orchard with lime trees bearing ripe fruit. We fell on these and spent a happy hour mixing mugs full of delicious fresh juice, sugar and water.

In 1931 Lusaka was being considered as the new capital of Northern Rhodesia. There must have been various good reasons for desiring a change, a more central geographical position and a healthier climate being the main ones, but Lusaka on the dreary dusty flat land surrounding the railway station did not compare in charm with pretty Livingstone at the Victoria Falls.

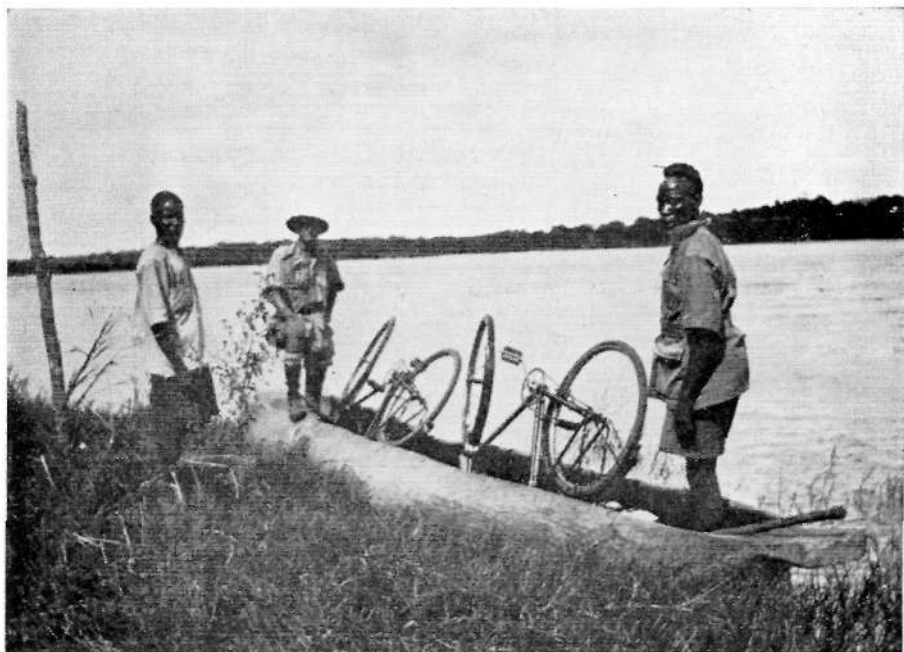
Here again Dave had friends and he was game to call on an elderly widow who was of some importance in local affairs. We were given a very warm welcome by this busy, kindly woman and her daughter. Over dinner she told us of how she hoped to develop a landholding near the town into a residential suburb. Hand in hand with this went her building contracting business which was booming as a result of the possible move of the capital. But she had difficulty in finding suitable men to work for her and promised us a rosy future if we would stay in Lusaka, driving her trucks and managing her labour. We were still too full of our adventure to be sidetracked and, thanking her, went on our way next day.

A passenger train, southbound from Ndola, was due at Lusaka and we went along to the station to see if anyone we knew was on board. There was only one acquaintance and he was surprised to see us because, like many others, he imagined us to be in the Congo. For half an hour we exchanged news until the train moved off on its three-days journey to Johannesburg.

It must have been late when we left the town for darkness had already descended when we reached the village of Kafue only 30 miles away. Police camp, hotel and two or three stores lined one side of the main road. On the opposite side was an open grassy field where we hastily prepared camp before going to the hotel for a meal. This was to be our last night together with Dave and we probably celebrated mildly. Returning to our camp we noticed that there were a great many more mosquitoes than usual and once in our bed rolls we tried to protect ourselves with the small pieces of net we carried. It was a hopelessly unequal battle and we spent a horribly uncomfortable night, alternately crouched suffocating with the blankets over our heads or pacing up and down the road scratching the scores of itching bites. While packing up the next morning we came across the cause of our misery; we had camped next to an old disused well from which a steady stream of mosquitoes was still emerging.

We crossed the Kafue River by the railway bridge, wheeling our bicycles along the footplates between the rails. Halfway across we stopped to take photographs and watch the hippo moving about in the reeds near the banks.

Ten miles south of the river we said our goodbyes to Dave and watched him pedal off westwards down the main road with only a few miles to go for home. For Dick and me there was a road eastwards with farms on either side that ended abruptly at a homestead after about eight miles. A farmer and his young son were at work in the yard and we asked for directions to make our way to Chirundu. Apparently the only feasible route for us was via a small mica mine situated



Crossing the Zambezi.

(J. Richmond)

deep in hills north of the Zambezi escarpment. From there we could get directions to an old coal prospecting camp in the Valley where, we were told, three or four European men were living. We were shown the beginning of an overgrown track, bearing faint evidence that it was used occasionally by a motor vehicle, and we set off again.

The topography had changed completely from the gently undulating watershed that had made cycling a fairly easy means of travel. From now until we reached the Zambezi Valley we would be in broken, hilly country. The trip took on a much more arduous aspect as we frequently had to dismount to push our bikes up steep slopes and wheel them down precipitous inclines. The long dry grass growing on the track wound itself around the moving parts of our machines until the wheels would no longer turn and we were forced to stop and disentangle it. Tired but pleased with our first day off the beaten track we reached the primitive little mine at nightfall. Accommodation was obviously at a premium but the owner rose to the occasion and showed us a tiny grass hut where we could sleep and insisted we join in his evening meal.

Thinking back to those days when telephone communications in the bush were a rarity and its modern successor, the radio, unheard of, it is not surprising that the loneliness of the owner, his wife, and a young man working in the mine, was almost like a tangible object one could grasp. Infrequent trips to the villages of Kafue or Mazabuka would be their only contact with the outside world so new faces appearing unexpectedly in their midst was an event of great importance. The wife, tall, thin and tired-looking, dug into her precious larder of tinned food to serve a meal equal to the occasion. The husband, anxious to be hospitable,

ceremoniously opened a new bottle of whisky and sent the young man bustling round to find suitable boxes as extra chairs for the little living-room in the mud and thatch cottage.

We were shown samples of the ruby mica the mine produced and which in those days commanded quite a good price, but talk that evening was not about mining. They wanted to know what we had done and what we were going to do and perhaps this helped them somehow to feel that one day they would get away from their rather hopeless existence.

Eventually we were allowed to go to bed and crept into the hut by the light of our electric hand torch, to sleep on the earth floor softened by a spread of dry grass. We discovered in the morning that the hut was normally inhabited by large, unpleasant-looking spiders, probably harmless but none the less disconcerting.

The mine owner confirmed that European men had been living at the old coal prospecting camp and as far as he knew were still there. Some weeks before two of them had made a trip to Kafue in their old car and returned with supplies. Nothing had been seen or heard of them since. We were shown the track used by the men and told that with any luck it should take us to them.

The going was even rougher than on the previous day with grass and small bushes dragging at us and our bikes, but we reached the escarpment before mid-day and gazed through a sullen heat haze at the valley floor 1,500 feet below. The track led almost straight down the steep face of the escarpment and on occasions we felt that gravity would take over and send us galloping out of control until we smashed ourselves and bicycles into the bush below. About half way down we came upon the old car, an early 1920s model black Dodge tourer with tattered canvas hood still erected. Two large tree trunks were harnessed to the rear of the car to act as an additional brake. We marvelled to think that it had once got all the way down to the Valley and all the way up again and on the second attempt had reached as far as this before breaking down and being abandoned.

Viewed from the top of the escarpment the floor of the valley had looked as smooth as a billard table but on closer acquaintance we found it was dotted with numerous hillocks and cut by winding gullies. The bush and undergrowth were thick and a new hardship appeared for me which Dick escaped because he was wearing calf-length boots. A low, trailing vine with minute thorns tore at my ankles and some of the needle tips broke off, embedded in the flesh. Many weeks later they were still festering their way out.

We came on the coal camp about mid-afternoon. There were several well-built huts centred around an enormous baobab tree on slightly elevated ground. We introduced ourselves to two young men, one bearded, the other merely unshaven, and an old man of medium height, dark-haired and bright-eyed. The fourth member of the camp, they said, was away on an urgent hunting trip, shooting for a rather empty pot. They showed no particular surprise at our appearance and accepted what we were doing as something similar to their own haphazard way of life. We gathered that the younger men were financially dependent on remittances from England and the old man, of whom they seemed genuinely fond, was in turn dependent on the three younger ones.

Some time ago they had decided to start a commercial fishing venture on the Kafue River and had invested all their resources in a motor boat and other equipment. Whether the venture failed because the fish refused to be caught in sufficient quantity or because too much time was spent on water skiing was not clear. Finally, however, with funds exhausted, they had decided to suspend the venture, retire to the bush and live off the land until more money could be wheedled out of relatives in Britain. The episode had nearly ended on a more disastrous note when, in a somewhat inebriated state, they had put the old man on the water ski and continued to tow him around for some time after he had fallen off with one foot entangled in the tow rope. Only just in time did they notice an arm waving desperately from the water to attract their attention.

This close shave with death had not upset the old man at all for his many years of pioneering and police work in Central Africa had included three attacks of the dreaded and usually fatal blackwater fever. Hunting no longer interested him and he left it to the younger men but he was still full of energy and spirit and to occupy what might have been a rather dreary time he was building an aeroplane. With pride he escorted us to a little cleared site on the slope below the camp and showed us the crazy framework of a biplane made of pieces of packing cases and rusty wire. He was now covering the wings with white sheeting and stored away in one of the huts was his precious old motor cycle engine that was to turn a propellor, yet to be carved out of local wood. His design was based on a picture cut from a magazine and he was quite confident that the contraption would fly. He felt his only problem was that of getting enough fuel for his first flight.

Towards evening the fourth member of the party arrived back at the camp. He was empty handed and had had rather a rough time. The day before he, and the Africans with him, had come suddenly on a pride of lion in a clearing in the bush. The proximity was such that shooting was impossible and with the lions prepared to attack the intruders, everyone climbed the nearest tree. Unfortunately the young man dropped his rifle and, as the Africans carried only spears they were helpless as long as the lions remained in the immediate vicinity. It was several hours before the beasts moved off on a hunting expedition of their own and the weary, dispirited party were able to descend to the ground. Thirsty and hungry, they had no heart for more hunting then and returned to the main camp.

The final incongruous touch to our stay with these people came after supper when the bearded young man asked if we would like to see some of his cine film. It seemed impossible that he could have the equipment and facilities to do this in such a primitive and out-of-the-way spot. But he proudly produced his projector and with power from the battery of the old car on the escarpment showed us a film of their motor-boating days on the Kafue.

The next leg of our trip should take us to Chirundu where we planned to cross the Zambezi. The valley is criss-crossed by paths connecting the numerous villages and to avoid our getting hopelessly lost we enlisted the help of an African to guide us part of the way. With guide in front we followed, awkwardly pushing our bikes along the narrow path. As we passed through villages we would listen to him asking which was the better path to take and after a while

learned the few words, "Which is the road to so-and-so?" Late afternoon we reached a large village which our guide indicated was as far as he could take us. It was on the route used by the District Commissioner on his periodic visits and had a Government rest hut which we were allowed to use.

It was well into the night and we were asleep when half a dozen of the village men assembled outside the hut to ask our help in the matter of a herd of wild pig that was at that very moment rampaging through their gardens and destroying crops of millet and sweet potatoes. Nocturnal by habit, wild pig are notoriously difficult to hunt but the men pleaded so urgently that a rifle stood a better chance than spears, clubs and axes that we agreed to go with them to see what could be done. For an hour we stumbled about the patches of cultivation, Dick with rifle at the ready, I with revolver in hand and electric torch which I occasionally flashed in the direction of grunting sounds from the feeding pigs. The Africans kept behind us, urging us on with whispered encouragement but the pigs had no difficulty in keeping out of our way and eventually we persuaded the men to let us give up and return to our hut.

From this village one path used by the District Commissioner led direct to Chirundu and once put on it by the villagers we had no need of a guide and were able to reassure ourselves from time to time with enquiries in the few words learned the day before. The going was easier and we could ride our bikes again. Villages were more numerous as we approached the river and here and there we began to see coloured people, as distinct from the purely African.

"Jimmy the Greek" and his brother had settled at Chirundu many years before. In the course of time the brother had been killed by a lion but Jimmy stayed on. Jimmy's house was a few hundred yards from the Zambezi and raised on stilts two or three feet above the ground. In broken English he made us welcome and gave us afternoon tea.

It was days since we had had an overall wash and we were stinking in the tropical heat of the valley. We announced our intention of having a bath in the river. Jimmy was horrified to hear such foolhardy nonsense. The river was alive with crocodiles, he said, not to mention hippo. We did not take his warnings very seriously and, collecting towels and soap, started for the river. Jimmy was quickly after us carrying a rifle and, selecting what he considered the least dangerous spot, admonished us not to go in more than knee-deep, keep within four or five yards of the shore and be as quick as possible about the whole thing. He sat on the bank above us keeping an eagle eye on the surrounding water. Although we could hear hippo snorting in the reeds a hundred yards away we had our bath hurriedly but unmolested.

There had been more traffic across the river and use of the pontoon at Chirundu three or four years before when engineers had surveyed the site for the Beit bridge. An approach track had been cut down the Southern Rhodesian escarpment and across the valley to the bridge site opposite Jimmy's house. Nothing had happened in the meantime and the track had become unusable to wheeled traffic. I don't recall whether in fact the pontoon was out of commission or whether Jimmy considered it wasn't worth his trouble, and our expense, to use it for a couple of bicycles but he volunteered to find Africans to take us across the river in a canoe.

Next morning, gratefully stocked up with some fresh bread and eggs and bearing an urgent message to a storekeeper on the Southern Rhodesian side for a bag of flour for Jimmy, we went down to the river again. Two Africans were waiting beside a dugout canoe drawn clear of the water. It must have been 16 or 18 feet long, carved from a single tree trunk and looked somewhat unstable. The bikes were placed amidships balanced upside down on handlebars and saddle, and haversacks and bedrolls packed beside them. The Africans pushed the canoe into the water and Dick and I climbed aboard and knelt behind our machines to steady them; the Africans climbed in at either end.

The Zambezi is narrow at Chirundu, about 400 yards across and, though not in flood at that time of the year, the current was still considerable. We were paddled upstream close to the bank we had embarked from for a couple of miles, where the Africans rested, steadying the canoe in a patch of still water. Then the craft was pointed at the opposite bank and with furious strokes they drove it into the current. In midstream the current made long ripples that slapped the side of the canoe and we seemed to be racing downstream without making progress to the other bank while the paddlers kept up the speed of their stroke. Just when it seemed that they must rest and let us drift, we passed out of the main current and in a few more minutes had reached their recognised landing spot. The canoe was dragged on to the bank for us to disembark. Bicycles reloaded, the men led us off to a village some distance from the river.

We didn't care much for the look of this place or its inhabitants and the powerful smell of drying fish was everywhere. After protracted negotiations two men agreed to lead us to a village near the escarpment, but only on the following day, so we were obliged to prepare to spend the night. We whiled away the afternoon watching village life, the entire community near-naked. A beehive-like hut was found for us to sleep in, its grass wall inside blackened with soot from the small fire kept smouldering at night on the floor to discourage mosquitoes. We bought a scrawny chicken, killed and plucked it and put it on to broil after we had had our supper, to be eaten the next day. A bed under the stars would have been preferable to sleeping in the powerful odours of the hut, but with such creatures as hyenas prowling around the village the risk was too great.

Almost anywhere on any night in Central Africa could be heard the throb of drums from some village or other. Usually the event was a large-scale beer drink that went on into the early hours of the morning. Dancers shuffled and stamped to the beat of the drums accompanied by chanting and high-pitched wailing from the women. Thankfully we were not treated to this in our village that night for there would not have been any fit guides the next morning, but we could hear the familiar sounds from other distant villages.

The tall mopani forests in this part of the valley are beautiful but the going was not easy next day, for sometimes we followed a man-made path and at others an elephant track, littered with trees the great beasts had pulled down on their way. With all the evidence around us we were certain we would see them but recent droppings beside a stagnant pool covered with blue water lilies was the closest we came to them.

Before noon we reached the village we were aiming for and hoping to get up the escarpment by evening, but realising that it would be tough, we asked

about porters. One man in the village spoke some English and we tried to persuade him, with some others, to take on the job. He had to decline on account of being busy building a hut for his future father-in-law as part of the marriage settlement. In due course four men were hired and paid in advance to get us to the top of the escarpment. We made our way eastwards to the foot of the escarpment, came on the track cut by the bridge survey party and started the ascent.

Merely pushing the bicycles up the steep slope was hard work but in some places the track was so eroded by rain that the men had to hoist the machines loaded with gear on their shoulders and carry them. By late afternoon we were only two-thirds of the way up. The porters called a halt and held a conference amongst themselves and then announced that they would go no further. In the area ahead, they said, the danger from lion was so well-known that no-one would sleep in the open. Thinking that they wanted more money we offered it but it was refused. Neither pleading nor harsh words had any effect, they simply walked away down the steep hillside and disappeared from view. Already very tired after a strenuous day we pushed on a little further and made camp, to spend a restless, uneasy night constantly getting up to add fuel to the fire, an ear cocked for the sound of prowling lion.

We had very little water left in our carriers next morning. We had grown careless and not given a thought to conserving it. As we sweated our way to the top of the escarpment the last of the water was soon used up and before mid-morning we were parched and in need of more.

The state of the track had improved and we were able to ride again but there were no signs of native habitation. We were jubilant on coming across a faded sign nailed to a tree at a dry watercourse crossing the track, "Waterhole 200 yds Upstream." Leaving the bicycles by the track we set off up the sandy, boulder-strewn gully, cursing the enormous, sticky, yellow spiderwebs that spanned 10 or 12 feet between bushes on either bank. Not believing that the small patch of cracked mud we came on could have been a waterhole we struggled further on until convinced of the sad truth that the waterhole had dried up. Another four or five miles along the road and another sign raised our hopes. This time we struggled downstream for half a mile with the same disappointing result.

Dimly we began to realise the predicament we were in but an undreamed of complication hastened matters to a crisis. Dick began to suffer from stomach pairs and within an hour was in the throes of an acute attack of diarrhoea. Frequent stops were unavoidable and around mid-day we came on a collection of huts evidently built and used by the bridge survey party. While Dick rested in the shade sucking condensed milk from our last pathetic tin I scouted around and found what had been the camp water supply, a horrible little patch of green slime that even the wild animals avoided.

With great fortitude and determination Dick roused himself and we carried on. During the afternoon we thought we heard the distant sound of singing that might mean an African village to the north of the road. It seemed so real that, leaving our bikes on the road, we started off through the bush, straining our ears to get the right direction. After half an hour the noise was just as distant and its direction more vague. We were no longer sure that it was village singing

and decided to return to our bikes. Having walked back what we thought was the right distance to reach the road we began to worry at not finding it. The feeling of having lost one's sense of direction is most unnerving and in our position to be "bushed" spelled disaster. We began to cast about separately, shouting to keep in touch with one another through the obscuring scrub. For a few panic-stricken minutes we lost each other as well. At last one of us found the road again and the relief at finding it and our bikes a couple of hundred yards away was intense.

By now it was nightfall and we had no choice but to camp for the dark hours under the safety of trees we could climb if lion approached. Dick, still suffering from diarrhoea, was in a severely dehydrated state and I was hardly better, eyeballs burning and mouth and tongue as dry as ash. It was a miserable ten hours till daybreak, filled with nightmares about gushing water and thirst-quenching cold drinks or wakeful spells menaced by real or imaginary animal cries.

Hardly able to talk in the morning, we noticed patches of dew on the short grass around us and lying flat on our bellies, sucked off enough to wet our mouths. We considered abandoning all our equipment and without anything but our bicycles making a dash for the nearest certain habitation, a European-owned store about 40 miles away. Perhaps because to do this would have been the outward sign of our inner feeling of despair we hung on to all our belongings and pushed slowly on; not prepared to admit to ourselves that we might not get through.

Now and then we would see a cluster of huts without a sign of life around them, the Africans having abandoned the settlement for lack of water. By mid-day we were confused and light-headed but suddenly registered on human figures moving about some huts we were passing. A single African family had clung to existence beside a miserable little patch of cultivation. Simply by sign language we showed we wanted water and were given the family supply, kept in a four-gallon tin. How gratefully we drank the tepid, opaque liquid that had been bailed patiently, cup by cup, from seepage in some stream bed.

Having drunk again and again and rested for an hour we were able to eat a little of the sadza offered to us in the familiar three-legged pot. We judged we were about ten miles from the European store and Dick, feeling better than on the previous day, agreed we should push on. Much as we wanted them to, I don't think the Africans understood our thanks for their help.

Sheer relief from not having to worry about water must have contributed to the next contretemps for after we had gone a good distance we realised that Dick had left his rifle behind. We debated whether to turn back and recover it or accept the loss which also involved the risk of the African being found in illegal possession of a firearm due to our negligence. Judging we were near the store we decided to carry on, with the idea, possibly, of taking the storekeeper into our confidence.

This was the store to which we carried Jimmy the Greek's order for flour. Placing the order led to a chat and the chat to tea with stories and anecdotes. After an hour or so an African presented himself and said there was a man who wanted to speak to us. Mystified, we were led off behind the store and there,

exhausted but cheerful and carefully guarding Dick's rifle, was the African who had been so kind and helpful with water a couple of hours ago. He had run about ten miles to catch up with us. Dick was quite overcome with gratitude and to show it in relation to simple African values presented the man with one of his two blankets.

Dick was recovering well from his bout of tummy trouble and we cycled on but I have no recollection of where we spent that night. The next day was Sunday and on a good road we were eating up the miles again. We hoped by afternoon to make use of a letter of introduction Dick had been given before we started, to a farmer at Maryland on the railway we were now following to Salisbury.

Fortunately for us the farmhouse was close to the main road at Maryland rail halt. The front door was opened to us by a white-suited, red-sashed house servant to whom the letter of introduction was handed. Waiting for the farmer to appear we looked around with an uncomfortable feeling growing that two dirty, untidy, young men had landed in the wrong environment. But having delivered the introduction we could not sneak away before meeting the farmer who eventually appeared in immaculate tennis clothes. He invited us to spend the night and suggested that the majordomo take us in charge for hot baths and tea. Excusing himself to play the next set with the Bishop, he departed and we retired rather unhappily to our ablutions followed by tea in our bedroom.

Some time after the tennis guests had departed we were invited to join our host and his wife in the sitting room for drinks from an array of bottles set out on a huge circular tray. As we sat telling them of our ride I began to shiver and by the time dinner was announced I was shaking from head to foot with uncontrollable ague and had to go straight to bed. The signs were unmistakable and the cause not difficult to determine. In spite of regular doses of quinine I was paying the penalty for sleeping in African villages where virtually every bite from a mosquito would be malaria-infested. Later in the evening my host dosed me with more quinine and a hot whisky toddy. Most of the next day was spent alternatively shivering and sweating but eventually the fever subsided.

It was acutely embarrassing to be ill like this in the home of strangers, kind though they were. On Tuesday morning my bike and I were loaded into the guard's van of a Salisbury-bound goods train. Dick elected to ride the 50 miles and meet me at the station. The fever started again on what seemed an interminable journey.

Memories of the next ten days are blurred. A doctor examining me in a hotel bedroom and talking to Dick about pneumonia on top of the malaria; a hospital ward with about a dozen patients; a wonderful sister-in-charge who wiped the pouring sweat from my face; the man who died of cerebral malaria; daily visits from a worried Dick.

With the return to normal consciousness came the realisation that the ride was over for me. Physically it would have been difficult for me to carry on, but finance was the deciding factor. Unexpected medical and hotel expenses had crippled us both. The cash we had left, added to what Dick raised from the sale of our bicycles was just enough to cover the train journey to Johannesburg. We had done 600 miles in two weeks and, although *hors de combat* for the time

being, we were happy and a little proud in what we had achieved. At least we had satisfied the urge to try something unusual and had been rewarded with a variety of unlikely incidents. And, perhaps, this sort of experience feeds on itself for I have no doubt that it stimulated me to make other expeditions in the years that followed.

If this story were fiction it would possibly be rounded off with an exciting account of how the old man eventually flew his aeroplane out of the Valley, but alas, I never heard what became of him or his project. Nor, in fact, have any of the characters we met ever crossed my path again although when I passed through Chirundu 25 years later Jimmy the Greek's house still stood, looking a little pathetic beside the great bridge now spanning the river.

Bernard Mizeki

The Devil's Advocate puts his case

by

W. F. REA, S.J.

The origins of this contribution to *Rhodesiana* go back some eight years to the time when I first heard of Bernard Mizeki, the Anglican martyr of the 1896 Rebellion, but when I was also told that the truth about his death was neither so straightforward nor so edifying as the accepted account would lead us to believe. Since then I have heard as many as four variations on that account:

- (i) That he was killed because his goats kept on straying on to his neighbours' property;
- (ii) That he was killed because goats strayed on to his property. They did so much damage that he killed them. In revenge his neighbours killed him;
- (iii) This is similar to the second version except that the story was related of cattle and not of goats;
- (iv) That he was a cattle thief.

I did not feel much sympathy with these stories, thinking that those who told them would be better employed trying to sift their truth, thereby perhaps depriving Bernard Mizeki of his claim to martyrdom, or alternatively vindicating the claim. Such were my rather unformulated ideas when Jean Farrant's *Mashonaland Martyr: Bernard Mizeki and the Pioneer Church* (Cape Town, Oxford University Press) appeared in October, 1966, written with a charm worthy of that which Bernard Mizeki exercised on so many. Anticipating that I would be asked to review the book I thought that I should try to test the truth of the alternative versions that I had heard. In a review I could not ignore them completely; on the other hand, unless they were reasonably well supported there would be no cause to upset accepted belief. Admitted it would be acting as a Devil's Advocate, but if that is not an attractive role, it is an honourable and a necessary one.

Fortunately, before long I was put in touch with Father Isidore Chikore of All Souls' Mission, Mtoko, the grandson of the Mangwende who had been Bernard's friend but under whom he had been killed. Father Chikore's grandmother had actually been the half-sister of those responsible for the murder, and so he was well acquainted with the full story. What he said made clear that three out of the four variations from the accepted version which are mentioned above, the first, the third and the fourth, are completely wrong, and should never be mentioned again. The second is wrong in part.

The questions which I put to Father Chikore were the following:

- (i) I have been told that Bernard Mizeki was killed because cattle came into his field, and he warned the people that if it happened again he would kill the cattle. It did happen again, and he fulfilled his threat.

In their anger the people killed him. How far is this version of Bernard Mizeki's death true ?

- (ii) How widespread was this version?
- (iii) How many people have given this account ?
- (iv) Is this account still prevalent today ?

Father Chikore's reply is best given in his own words:

"I would like to make some necessary changes in your first question and inform you of the facts as they were presented to me many a time by different people and especially by VaNyaya. my grandmother on the maternal side. VaNyaya, my mother's mother, was one of the many wives of the then chief Mangwende, Gukwe. She died at Gomba Kraal in 1958.

"It was the goats and not the cattle that went into the garden and ate some of the things that were growing there. The garden was something like what we would call a vegetable garden today, and would not necessarily exclude other crops, such as mealies and the like. My grandmother thought these goats were a great nuisance to the *mufundisi*, Mr. Bernard Muzeki, now St. Bernard Muzeki. The people round knew all about it and a complaint about the goats was naturally made to them by Bernard Muzeki.

"Mufundisi Bernard did not tell the people that he would kill the goats if they went into his garden again. He only lodged a complaint, as far as I can still remember my grandmother's narrative.

"Mufundisi Bernard had some people, probably males, who were working in his garden. Whether they were workers in the strict sense of the word or whether they were big boys in the school it never came into my mind to ask her. These people got hold of the goats and killed them when they had broken into the garden.

"After the news had spread that the goats were killed, some men of Chief Mangwende's clan went to the Mufundisi Bernard Muzeki and complained bitterly. The Mufundisi replied that he had not given any orders that the goats should be killed if they broke into the garden again. The men replied that he must have given orders to the workers to kill the goats. The workers would not have done such a thing on their own.

"And one night, so the story went, some of Mangwende's sons and one or two (*vakuwasha*) sons-in-law of the chief went to the school, got hold of Bernard Muzeki, dragged him somewhere and beat him to the ground with something, until they thought he was dead.

"The men went away probably back to their villages. Bernard Muzeki revived and crawled somewhere, and there he died. He was a very good man, the man of God, so kind and straightforward. These people were wrong, my grandmother said, to molest such a person.

"This is as far as my memory can carry me about the tragic story of St. Bernard Muzeki, as he is now called, as told to me by my grandmother, VaNyaya, one of the wives of chief Mangwende, Gukwe. I, as a little boy, remember him very well especially when he used to feed me on roasted pieces of meat. He died in the hut of VaNyaya perhaps between 1925 and 1928. He had lived for well over a hundred years.

"Many years ago one of the Native Commissioners at Mrewa sent for

VaNyaya, VaChinhema and another wife of Mangwende to enquire about the murder of Bernard Muzeki. They did not tell the Native Commissioner the names of the people who had murdered Bernard Muzeki in case the people concerned got into trouble. My grandmother told me the names of the people who murdered Bernard Muzeki. Unfortunately I cannot recall them at the present moment. I might recall them in the future. Now to answer your questions:

"How widespread was this version ? All the elders of the Mangwende clan and others who lived at the time of the incident were well versed in the story. The story has been handed on since.

"In what part of the country was it known ? In Nhowe proper, which means the area mostly dominated by the VaNhowe, the ruling clan then and even now. It stretched almost from Marandellas to Hanwa, Mukarakate, Rota, Nyakambiri, near Dambodzvuku and Zeware raMangwende up to Marandellas again, encircling St. Bernard's Mission area, as it were.

"How many people have given this account? Many of the prominent ones and very many of the others.

"Is it still prevalent today? Yes; especially if one knows where to enquire and who to enquire from, one could still get a lot of information. But with all these modern mistrusts and suspicions, unless one were a well trusted African I am afraid most people would be very reserved."

Now how does this account of Nyaya modify the generally accepted one, the one that has been formally presented in Jean Farrant's *Mashonaland Martyr*? Two particular points demand examination, the killing of the goats and the circumstances of Bernard Mizeki's death. I do not think that Mrs. Farrant gives due weight to the first of these. She admits the existence of the story, but says that "where written testimony is concerned" it goes back to an unsigned typewritten account in the Diocesan offices in Salisbury. This, however, ignores the very important and considerable oral evidence of the story. However, Mrs. Farrant does refer to oral evidence twice and that at some length.

The first reference is the long account of the incident given by John Kapuya, who was one of Bernard's first converts and one of his most trusted companions. His story was that the tribal goats had certainly destroyed Bernard's garden, but that Bernard did not kill them. He merely took one of them to Mangwende and asked for it as compensation. "It was not in Bernard's heart," he said, "to do a thing like killing all the goats." The man who did kill goats which destroyed his garden was a European, a Mr. Bennett. Owing to the similarity in Shona pronunciation of "Bernard" and "Bennett" the names became confused, and the slaughtering of the goats by the one was attributed to the other.¹

Mrs. Farrant's other reference is based on the story of Chinhema, Mangwende's fourth wife, who, incidentally is also mentioned in Nyaya's account. Substantially it agrees with John Kapuya's, though it adds that many years later Mr. Lindsay Oliver, the Native Commissioner at Mrewa, made an investigation into the death of Bernard Mizeki, and after examining Chinhema and other old people, from Mangwendi's country, he was satisfied that Bernard

1. Jean Farrant, op. cit, pp. 140-41.

did not kill the goats.¹ The investigation by the Native Commissioner corroborates Nyaya.

All three versions, that of Nyaya, of Kapuya and of Chinhema deny that Bernard killed the goats, though Nyaya says that not everyone believed Bernard's word. However, in view of Bernard's high reputation—even Nyaya says, "He was so kind and straightforward"—his denial must be accepted.

There remains the minor point: who did kill the goats? Nyaya says it was the boys or men who were working in Bernard's garden, and there is no reason to disbelieve her story. Kapuya and Chinhema say it was Bennett, who may well on some occasion have made a slaughter of trespassing goats. The act would seem to have been in keeping with his character. So this offence may have been laid to his charge as well. This would shift the blame from the workers in Bernard's garden, who may well have included John Kapuya. In later years, while anxious to clear the memory of their much loved *mufundisi*, they would not feel any obligation to inculcate themselves, and would have been glad enough to let the blame lie on the departed James Bennett of unhappy memory. However, the actual killer of the goats is of less account than the fact that all agree it was not Bernard.

Finally we come to Bernard's death and its motive. Mrs. Farrant says that her account has been composed "by joining together every fragment of African testimony contributed over a space of two years."² So, unfortunately, there is no one witness who gives as full and coherent account as John Kapuya and Chinhema gave of the earlier period. The clearest description of a motive is provided by the harangues given by Mangwende's evil son, Mchemwa, and the local witchdoctor to a secret meeting of headmen, which had been summoned to plan the massacre of Bernard, and of all Europeans, and of Africans who associated with them. The witchdoctor told the meeting that the ancestral spirits were angry because the people had accepted Christian teaching and had consorted with Europeans. In a private talk to Mchemwa and some of his relatives he guaranteed them victory over the Europeans if only Mchemwa would have Bernard killed. A few days later the Mashona rebellion broke out and Mchemwa gave his uncle and brothers their instructions. They were, he said, to kill every European, everyone who associated with Europeans, every half-caste child, and every missionary and they were to kill the teacher, Bernard.³

So according to this account Bernard was killed because he associated with Europeans, and because he was a missionary. This need not exclude other motives, such as the loss of the tribal goats. Nyaya says that not everyone believed Bernard's denial. However blameworthy their incredulity, it is a fact that has to be taken into consideration. Mchemwa considered that in practice he was chief since he thought his father incapable of acting effectively; so the loss of the tribal goats would have affected him personally. There is, therefore, no need to deny Nyaya's version that the murder was caused by a dispute over goats. It is the truth, but it is not the whole of the truth.

But Bernard would not have been the first Christian martyr who was put

1. op. cit., pp. 168-9.

2. op. cit., p. 218.

3. op. cit., pp. 204-5.

to death for mixed motives. There is a parallel in the death of Gonçalo da Silveira who was killed in Southern Africa about 330 years earlier. He was killed in part because he was a Christian missionary, but also in part because the Mohammedan traders thought that he would introduce the Portuguese and so be a threat to their livelihood.

So when all the evidence that the Devil's Advocate can provide has been examined, what must the verdict be? Six years ago when writing a sketch of Gonçalo da Silveira for the Rhodesiana Society I felt obliged to say that I used the term "martyr" in a general sense without meaning to anticipate any decision of the Congregation of Rites. A similar proviso being now made, what are we to think?

First, if Bernard was killed not so much because he was a Christian but because he associated with Europeans, he can none the less be considered a martyr in the wide sense. He could have got away but he thought it his duty to stay and risk his life for his converts and his catechumens. Thus he was a martyr of charity as so many missionaries in the Congo have been in the last six years. They were killed primarily because they were Europeans, but they nevertheless died because they remained faithful to their duty when they might have saved their lives by leaving. If only for this reason his shrine is to be welcomed as an unintended but real memorial to others, who though divided from him by race were yet united to him by their fidelity to the end to those committed to their charge.

But from Mchemwa's instructions to his relatives when he was sending them out to murder, that they were to kill all missionaries, it seems that Bernard is a martyr in a stricter sense. He was killed because he was a missionary and so by his actions and his works he had borne witness to Christian teaching.

Reginald Bray : Police Pioneer

by

A. S. HICKMAN

In 1966 the Rhodesia Pioneers' and Early Settlers' Society selected Mr. Reginald Holden Bray, of Malindela, Bulawayo, to hoist the Union Jack at the Pioneer Day Ceremony in Cecil Square, Salisbury.

It was a most fitting choice because he is the only son of Sgt. Reginald Bray who, as a member of "B" Troop of the British South Africa Company's Police, was on parade at the same place on 13th September, 1890.

For the first time the Rhodesiana Society was represented officially, and a wreath laid in tribute to our Pioneers by the Deputy Chairman. Symbolically it was composed of red and blue flowers because the British South Africa Company's Police carried those colours, whereas those of the British South Africa Police, their successors, are now blue and old gold, derived from the ribband of the Chartered Company's medal for the Matabele War of 1893. I have not yet been able to discover why the use of blue and red was adopted.

It should be of general interest to learn something of the man whose memory was honoured in 1966, as a representative of all the fine men who paraded on the site of Cecil Square in 1890 at the end of their famous march. Reginald Bray was one of those lesser-known Pioneers whose contribution to the development of Rhodesia was of high value, but received little publicity or recognition.

He was born at Stoke Green, near Coventry, on December 11th, 1855, his father, William Henry Bray, being the owner of a factory. Little is known of his early life until at the age of 26 he went to seek his fortune in South Africa. But it is almost certain that he must have had some military service in a cavalry regiment after he left school at St. Edmund's College at Ware in Hertfordshire and it is also thought that he was at one time engaged in some business, possibly connected with his father's factory.

In the Cape Province he started farming at Diep River, about 9½ miles south of Cape Town, where he grew produce for the ships which called at the port. He had a horse and trap to drive him from his farm to the port but must have ridden on horseback on frequent occasions because it is said that he once jumped his horse aboard a sailing ship which was at the quayside. He was obviously a lively and popular character, but his mode of progression was not always appreciated! Once he gave a lady a lift to Cape Town, but she became distressed when his horse stopped at all the hotels *en route*, so she refused to accompany him on the return journey. There is no record to say whether he stopped at the hotels in order to deliver vegetables, or for what purpose!

It is not known how long he ran the farm, but at this period he met a trader from German South-West Africa with whom he went into business, and later continued on his own account.

He travelled in the most remote and inhospitable areas of Namaqualand in the Cape, and in Damaraland and Ovamboland in South-West Africa at a

time when these territories were largely unknown and parts of the latter had only been annexed by the Germans in 1881. He was at Angra Pequena (later named Luderitzbucht) when the Bremen merchant, Luderitz, landed there in 1883.

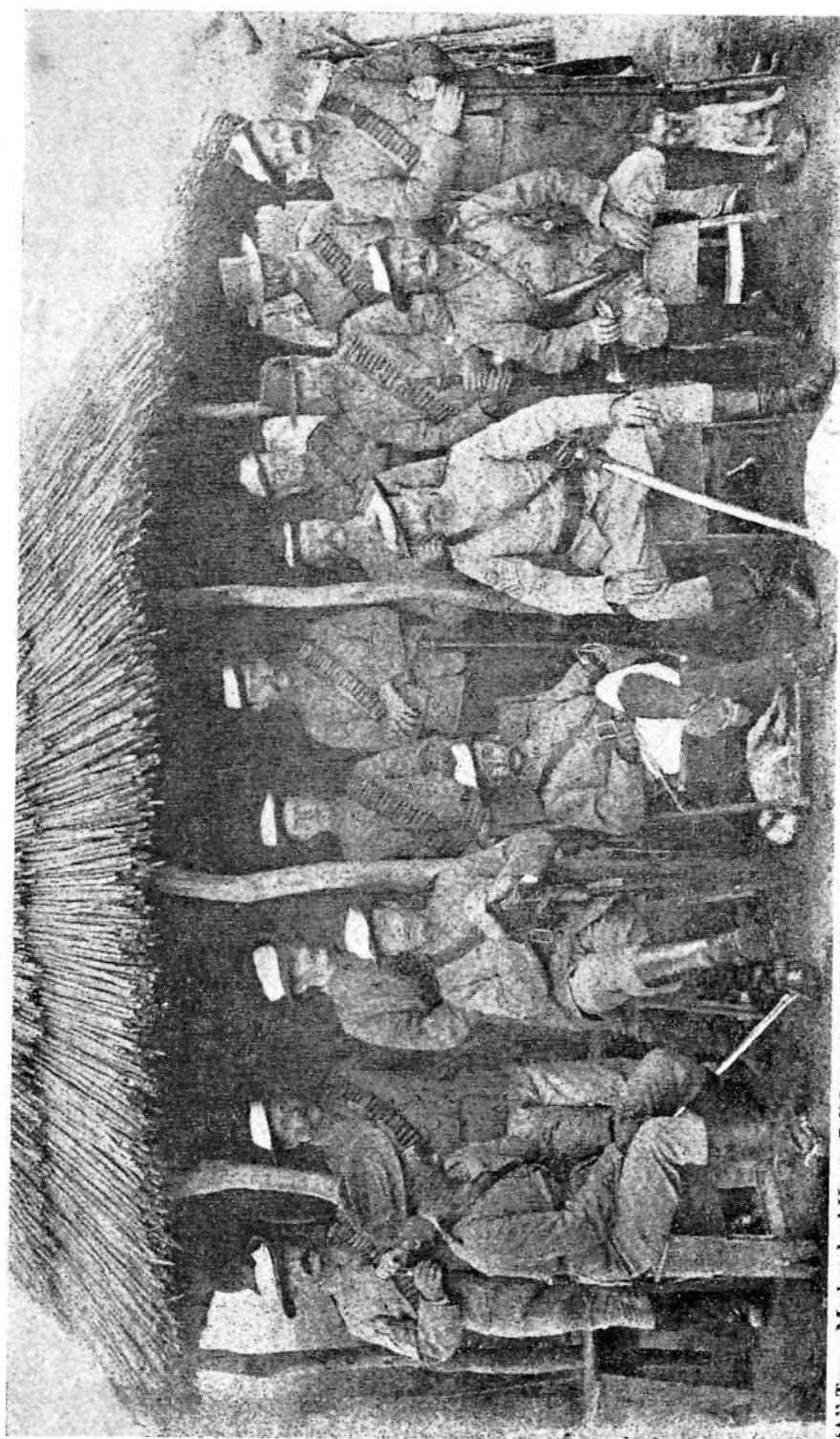
On his last journey he travelled with two wagons on his way from Ovambo-land. He was accosted by 20 Hereros who first dragged all his merchandise from his wagons in an attempt to discover arms and gun-powder, because apparently some traders used to keep such articles in false bottoms to their vehicles. Bray had no such device, and the Hereros took one of his wagons and all his cattle, amounting to about 1,000 head, and warned him that they would kill him should he return. He had no authority to appeal to and so retreated; he would have been "made" had he been able to bring his cattle through to the Cape. The Germans later, under von Trotha, practically exterminated the Herero people in a war and pursuit which dragged on from 1903 to 1907.

In December, 1884, Bray joined the Warren Expedition to Bechuanaland and in July, 1885, became a member of the Bechuanaland Border Police on its formation. In September, 1888, then a corporal, he wrote a most interesting letter to one of his sisters from "Khama's Country on the Limpopo River". He related that he had come as a member of the escort to Sir Sidney Shippard, the Administrator, who was inquiring into the death of Grobler, the Transvaal agent, at the hands of the Bechuanas. The troops, under Major H. Goold-Adams, with Lieut. F. E. Lochner, consisted of a B.B. Police sergeant-major, two sergeants, two corporals and 45 men; 5,000 of Khama's tribesmen were also present. Bray continues, "We are encamped on the . . . Limpopo River, on the other side is General Joubert with the Dutch Artillery; they have their flag flying on their side, and we the Union Jack flying this side. The Administrator and General Joubert and his officers meet every day this side of the river, examining witnesses both on the Boer's and Khama's side . . . Yesterday I swam across the river with five other fellows to an island, and some of the Boers swam across from their side to us and we had a long and friendly chat. Amongst other things they told us they had no coffee or tea, all they had brought they had finished, so I sent them over two large kettles of tea which they appreciated. It seems strange we being so friendly and talking with these fellows and perhaps before long we shall be firing at one another."

This episode demonstrates that whatever protocol may apply to senior negotiators, there can, and should be, human sympathy and friendship amongst the rank and file!

Early in 1889 Bray was in charge of the police camp at Shoshong in the Protectorate. He continued to serve in the Bechuanaland Border Police until he attested as a sergeant in the Company's Police on December 10th, 1889, one of the first to join, as No. 3. He was sent to Kimberley to take charge of "B" Troop recruits and to bring them to Mafeking for training. They set out the same month, only a few being mounted, and travelled via Taung, where they were signed on.

I have seen a delightfully candid photograph of Bray at Mafeking in 1890. He is in a convivial group consisting of No. 1 Troop Sgt.-Major F. K. W. Lyons-



"A" Troop, Mashonaland Horse, Salisbury, 1892. Front row, l. to r.: Regt. Sgt.-Major W. F. G. Moberley, Lieut. Reid, Capt. F. K. W. Lyons-Montgomery, Troop Sgt.-Major R. Bray, Trumpeter E. Finucane. (A. S. Hickman)

Montgomery, and No. 4 Sgt. E. W. Fitzgerald of the B.S.A. Company's Police, and Troop Sgt.-Major Ham of the B.B. Police. They were obviously old comrades and are seated around a table with a flowered cloth, drinking from what appears to be a large bottle of Guinness. Bray is nearly bald, what hair remains being close-cropped; he has a handsome moustache and is smoking a pipe. He is wearing dark-coloured corduroy breeches, top boots and spurs, and a light civilian jacket with shirt and tie, and holds a bush hat with light puggaree. One of his companions is leaning against a barrel!

On the march to Mashonaland Bray continued to serve in "B" Troop (Capt. Forbes) the only police troop to complete the journey to Fort Salisbury with the Pioneer Corps, after others had been dropped *en route* to protect the lines of communication. He was present at the historic parade on September 13th, 1890.

We know already that Bray must have been quite a gay character; he was not of Irish descent, but Norman from the heart of England, yet after the first St. Patrick's Day banquet he assisted the Chairman of the Mashonaland Irish, his old friend, Lyons-Montgomery, in clearing up the liquor which remained, in a night session in their hut at the Police Camp!

He was himself promoted to Troop Sgt.-Major and posted to "C" Troop on May 1st of the same year and is said to have been present at Chua Hill near Macequece on the 11th in the fight with the Portuguese. He was discharged from the Police on the last day of 1891, when the Force was reduced drastically by the Chartered Company for reasons of economy.

As a result Bray left Mashonaland and is said for a short time to have conducted a laundry in Lourenço Marques. Here, in 1892, he married Alice Edith Smith at the end of her voyage from London, and next year their son was born at Durban. Bray was now a member of the Cape Mounted Rifles, with whom he served until 1895 when Capt. Sir John Willoughby persuaded him to return to Mashonaland.

The next news of him is that he was running a store at Six-Mile-Spruit on the old Pioneer Road near Salisbury at the outbreak of the Mashona Rising of 1896. Prudently he mounted his wife and son, then aged three, on his horse at midnight and walked beside them to safety at the Gaol Laager in Salisbury; neighbours of his were murdered within three miles of his store, which was looted. It is said that as a result of the anxious ride Mrs. Bray lost a baby which was due. Bray was given charge of part of the laager defences and took part in actions at Chishawasha and elsewhere near Salisbury.

He received only about 50% compensation for his store, and moved to Umtali where he served as Captain and Adjutant of the Umtali Rifles. In 1898 the Chartered Company appointed him to their permanent military staff as instructor to the Southern Rhodesia Volunteers in the Umtali District, and for his services as their regimental sergeant-major he was presented with an illuminated address and a sword of honour, the citation reading "Presented to Staff-Sergeant-Major Bray by the officers, non-commissioned officers and men of No. 3 Squadron, Southern Rhodesia Volunteers, Eastern Division, as a mark of appreciation of his great worth and valuable services rendered to the Squadron, July 8th, 1902."

In July, 1904, he was promoted to staff-lieutenant; he was also a member of the Umtali Club. Since the Brays' first arrival they had moved from Old to New (the present) Umtali. Here conditions were far from healthy because the stream which ran through the Park was bordered by swamp and rotting vegetation. At this period two children died, a boy and a girl, and it was decided to send Reginald junior, at the age of eight, to the Convent at Salisbury. Here he became the first permanent boarder, Geoff Fountain having entered earlier but only remaining whilst his parents were overseas.

At Umtali Mrs. Bray, who was a trained nurse, used to help voluntarily at the hospital due to shortage of staff.

In August, 1907, Umtali was *en fete* for the visit of His Royal Highness, Don Luiz, Duke of Braganza, Crown Prince of Portugal. A guard of honour was furnished by the Southern Rhodesia Volunteers, who mustered 130, including a band. In the report of the proceedings tribute is paid to Lieut. Bray who "is to be highly complimented on this achievement, which we can say without fear of contradiction, testifies to his popularity in Umtali." Less than six months later the Crown Prince, with his father King Carlos I, was assassinated in Lisbon.

It is said that Bray was to have been given a more senior staff appointment in Salisbury, but was frustrated by an officer who was jealous of his popularity, and the fact that he had done so well over the Portuguese royal visit. Be that as it may the Chartered Company in an economy drive (which was unjustly mean) in 1909 retrenched Bray, a staff officer with married quarters, and replaced him by a sergeant-instructor, who was single. Bray then undertook accounts work but did not find sufficient scope in Umtali, so went to Salisbury where he opened an agency in 1911. In the same year he moved on to manage the Makwiro Inn, and two years later to Bulawayo as a partner in the Imperial Hotel; finally he set up as an auctioneer. He died at Bulawayo on November 21st, 1921, of heart failure.

A grand tribute is paid to his parents by Reginald, their son. Mrs. Bray was ten years younger than her husband, and died ten years later in 1931. Their marriage was a most happy one, in spite of all the hardships they endured together, and perhaps because of them. Bray was physically a very powerful man who knew how to command men, yet at home he was ruled gently by his wife. Reginald also says that at the back of his father's neck was a distinct scar, which he thinks may have been caused by an assegai, but was never told, and never asked. He used to correspond with his two aunts, his father's sisters, who were twins and died in London as spinsters.

He is a worthy descendant of his Rhodesian parents, and was, therefore, well chosen to hoist the flag in his own right in addition to his Pioneer links. He joined the Railways first as a junior clerk at Umtali on May 14th, 1907, and during the course of his career was also stationed at Salisbury, Gatooma, Bulawayo, Beira, Livingstone and Broken Hill. He retired after 42 years' service in August, 1949, as what is now graded staff superintendent, being responsible for these duties from Beira to Ndola. Not content with this he served for another 12 years in the City Valuator's Office at Bulawayo, and only retired from this congenial work when an age limit was imposed.

In 1914 he enlisted in the Cape Town Highlanders, being too impatient to wait for the formation of the 1st Rhodesia Regiment. He served in the German South-West Africa campaign, and once, in 1915, when he wrote to his father that he had been in Aus, was told that his father had also been there over 30 years previously (1884). After the conquest of German South-West Africa Reginald Bray joined the British South Africa Police as a member of the famous Murray's Column, but was invalided out before the close of the campaign.

In 1919 he informed his father that he intended to marry; he was then 26, but was told he was much too young; his father had not married until he was 37! Reginald nevertheless married on October 1st, 1919, and there are three children. Margaret is Mrs. Peter White of Sinoia; Cynthia, Mrs. Plowman of Bulawayo, and Basil Oliver also lives at Bulawayo with his family. They were all educated in Rhodesia, Margaret and Cynthia at the Salisbury Convent, and Basil at St. George's College. Margaret went on to qualify as a teacher at Rhodes University. A real Rhodesian family!

I mentioned that Reginald Bray was of Norman descent. His namesake and ancestor was that Sir Reginald who was a close friend and servant of King Henry VII. At the battle of Bosworth Field, the last fight between the houses of York and Lancaster, he found the English crown which had fallen from the defeated and slain King Richard III, and brought it to his master, then Earl of Richmond. This service is described by Shakespeare in *King Richard the Third* as having been performed by Lord Stanley, who is awarded all the credit in the following lines:

"Lo! Here this long-usurped royalty
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal:
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it."

The true facts, whatever they may have been, are not relevant because Sir Reginald Bray from that day in August, 1485, remained the faithful confidant of King Henry VII until his death in 1503.

He was the brilliant architect who built St. George's Chapel at Windsor Castle with a side Chapel named after him in which he is buried; he also designed the beautiful Henry VII Chapel at Westminster Abbey. Although an architect he was obviously of fighting stock and also took part in the battle of Blackheath against the Cornish rebel army in 1497.

He was personally blamed by these rebels (as was Cardinal Morton), as one of the King's most intimate counsellors, for what they considered to be unjust taxation, so that in exposing himself on the battlefield he ran great risk should his identity have been discovered. He was a Knight of the Garter, a most colourful character who lived a rich and rewarding life, not only to his own advantage, but for the benefit of his fellow-men.

Chief Chibi : 1890

by

D. K. PARKINSON

The accompanying photograph was taken by Lt. Ellerton Fry during the Pioneer Column's march through what is now Chibi District. The photograph is entitled *Chief Chibi and Followers*. The two Europeans in the photograph are, left to right, Lt. R. G. Nicholson and Lt. R. Beal, both of the Pioneer Corps.

There is no clue as to which of the Africans is Chief Chibi. The two Africans who stand out in the group as possibly being Chief Chibi are the middle-aged man holding a rifle, and the old and possibly blind man wearing a light coloured blanket.

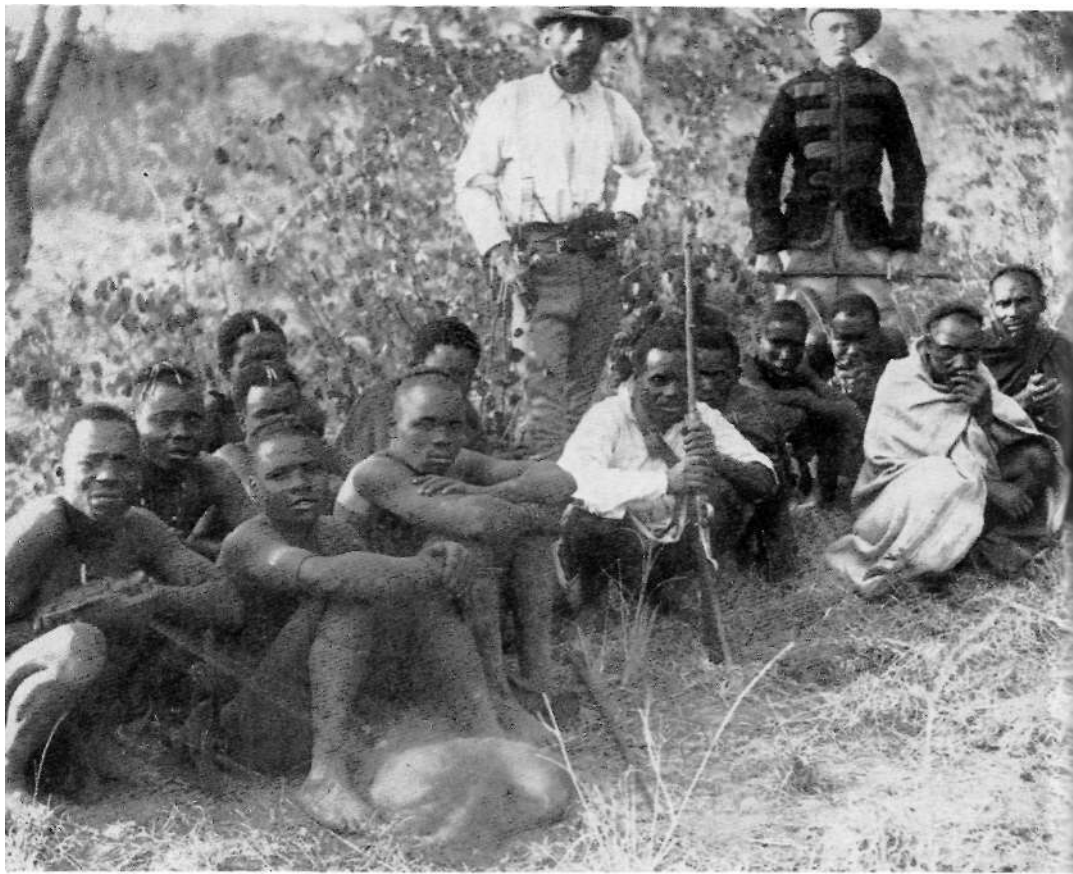
In talking to the old Africans in Chibi District I received descriptions of the Chief Chibi of 1890 which made it obvious that neither of the two who stand out in the group, nor any of the others, could be Chief Chibi.

A brief background to the photograph for historical perspective is as follows. To the Pioneers of 1890 the area falling between the Lundi and Tokwe rivers was "Chibi's country". Selous in his book *Travel and Adventure* says "Beyond the river Lundi, except for the first few miles, as far as Chibi's brother's kraal, I had no natives to assist me in the guidance of the expedition" (i.e., the Pioneer Column).¹ To reconnoitre the country ahead, Selous, accompanied by Lt. R. G. Nicholson, set off from the Lundi laager of the Pioneer Column on August 2nd, 1890, for four days. On the first evening away from the laager they "slept at the foot of Silogwi hill where a brother of Chibi's was then living".²

Silogwi hill is in fact Chirogwe hill. Due presumably to lack of Chikaranga speakers in 1890 local names were given a "Zulu" pronunciation and spelling.

On August 6th, 1890, the Pioneer Column marched from the Lundi laager and for the next three days averaged three to four miles a day until on August 8th they laagered at "Chibi's kraal".³ Orders for August 9th were written at the Tukwan river (Tokwana), on August 10th, three miles south of the Tukwa river (Tokwe) and on August 11th at the Tukwa river (Tokwe). As can be seen from the rough map of Chibi District the Pioneer route ran past Chirogwe hill and the laager on August 8th, 1890, was in the area of Chirogwe hill.

It appears, therefore, that the column took the kraal on Chirogwe hill to be that of Chief Chibi. Why this was so is, in the face of Selous' knowledge, a mystery. It cannot have been due to Selous' absence as he had, in his own words, gone forward on August 2nd for four days. He would then, have rejoined the Column by August 8th and this is confirmed by the fact that he had been accompanied by Lt. Nicholson and Nicholson is present in the photograph, which I must assume was taken near Chirogwe hill on August 8th or 9th. This assumption is based on the fact that I can find no record of any members of the Column having gone some 15 miles out of their way to visit the kraal of the real Chief Chibi (adjacent to Chibi on the map); and further, the photograph was taken on the plain and yet when in 1891 Rhodes and D. C. De Waal visited Chief



Chief Chibi and followers.

(National Archives)

Chibi he would not or could not descend the hill on which he lived. I accept that the position would have been the same with him in 1890.

The background of the tribesmen in the district, at the time the Pioneers entered, as related by themselves, was as follows: In the midst of the intertribal strife long before the occupation, a people left their borne, believed to be to the north of Salisbury, and drifted southwards through the country, to Chilimanzi, then Mashaba and finally to Nyaningwe Hill overlooking the present-day Chibi Government station. Their leader on their arrival at Nyaningwe was one Tavengerweyi, possibly the first man to take the title of Chibi or more correctly Chivi. His people called themselves the VaMhari.

Tavengerweyi had over 30 sons, and during his lifetime the elder of the sons moved away from Nyaningwe Hill. The eldest son Matsweru moved to Chakozha Hill, another son, Masunda, moved to Chongogwe Hill and so on. On the death of Tavengerweyi, Matsweru became chief. He was followed by Mazorodze who was killed by the Matabele and, after him, Madhlangove became chief. All these three were sons of Tavengerweyi.

By the time Madhlangove became chief Masunda was already dead. Masunda had well over 40 sons. Chongogwe became crowded and again a move took place, some of the sons going south and coming into contact with the VaPako people. Fighting broke out and the VaPako retired to their caves in Chirogwe hill where they were besieged and starved into surrender by Masunda's sons and their allies. The victors then took over the caves.

Of Masunda's many sons at least one, Chirembamuriwo, was alive when the Pioneers entered the District. He lived on Zwamapere hill, a small hill just behind and really part of Chirogwe. The Chirogwe hill and caves were still in the possession of Masunda's grandchildren and possibly even some of his younger sons at that time.

Madhlangove was still chief Chibi in 1890 and in fact only died on November 30th, 1907.⁴

D. C. De Waal in his book *With Rhodes in Mashonaland*,⁵ commenting on Rhodes's visit to Chief Chibi Madhlangove in November, 1891, says that Chibi was then at least 80 years of age. Whether he was then blind is not recorded, but it is said by the tribesmen that in 1897, when Peter Forrestall was posted to "Chibi's" as the first resident Native Commissioner, he climbed Nyaningwe hill to see Madhlangove, and Madhlangove was very old and blind.

I now return to the photograph. Only the old man in the light-coloured blanket sitting second from the right could be Chibi Madhlangove as he is the only one of the group of considerable age and he appears to be blind. I can find no record or tradition that Madhlangove went to visit the Pioneers at Chirogwe nor could he have done so. Chirogwe is some 15 miles from Nyaningwe and as stated above Madhlangove could not even descend Nyaningwe in 1890 let alone travel some 15 miles.

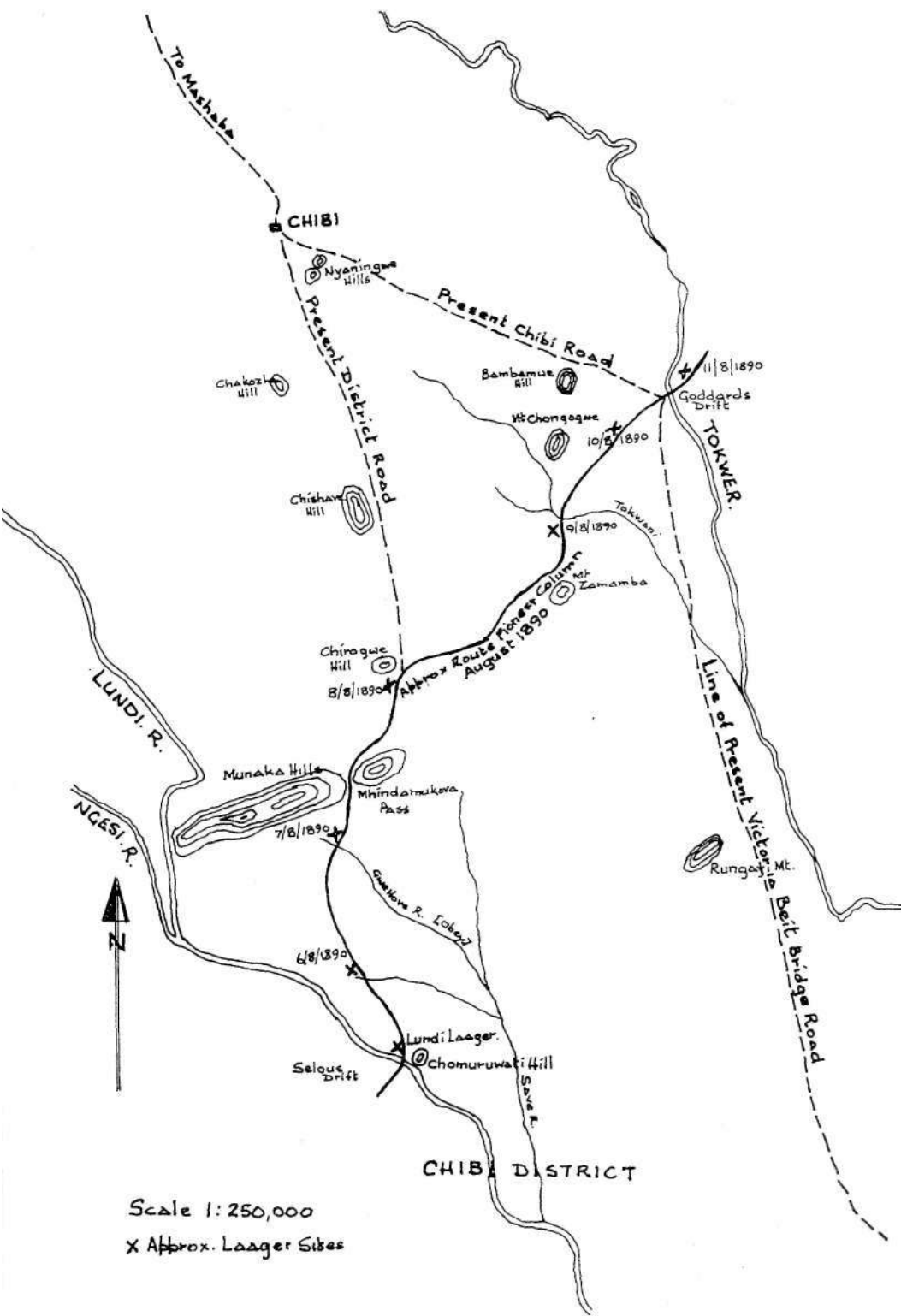
All the old men I have spoken to who knew Madhlangove during their youth have said that Madhlangove had a wound on his head which was unmistakable. The present Chief Chibi, Marire Mikotose, says that the wound scar ran from the forehead just before the hairline towards the crown in a straight line. It was just off centre but he cannot remember on which side. It was approximately one inch wide and five inches long, was hairless and slightly inset. On being shown the photograph, the present Chief Chibi said emphatically that none of the group could be Chief Madhlangove as, although he could no longer remember Madhlangove's face, the scar would have been clearly visible in the photograph.

Turning to the other African in the group who stands out, the man holding the rifle, he is obviously not the Chief Chibi of 1890 and may well be one of Khama's men or one of the natives who accompanied the Column. However, an interesting story is told by the VaMhari concerning the coming of the Pioneer Column, and the gift of a rifle.

They say that when the Pioneers reached either the Lundi River or Chirogwe, they disagree as to which, they were met by Chirambamuriwo, a surviving son of Masunda, who claimed to be Chief Chibi. The Pioneers accepted this and presented him with a rifle. Some time later the mistake was discovered and the rifle taken from him and handed to Chibi Madhlangove.

A final point worthy of mention is that Chirambamuriwo although a nephew of Madhlangove, would, among the Africans, be known loosely as a brother of Chibi Madhlangove. This would confirm Selous' account that a brother of Chibi lived in Chirogwe.

It is more than mere coincidence that historical records and the tribesmen's story fit together so well proving conclusively that the photograph is not of Chief Chibi, but of Chirambamuriwo and his kinsmen. This latter, from my



Scale 1:250,000
 X Approx. Lager Sites

knowledge, I accept as an indisputable fact. But which of the group is in fact Chirambamuriwo? It can only be the old man in the light-coloured blanket as according to informants he was approximately 70 years of age in 1890. Chirambamuriwo died in about 1894 or 1895. The man holding the rifle would be a close relative, either a son or a nephew who would assist Chirambamuriwo in all matters of importance.

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On Ethel Colquhoun Tawse Jollie

by

PHILLIPPA BERLYN

"... because the conclusion of the war will see a reorganisation of the British Empire and in that new Commonwealth of five free nations, I want Rhodesia to take her place and play her part"

Although it would not have been incongruous if these words had appeared in print recently, they were, in fact, written from Melsetter, in January, 1917, by one of the most arresting characters in the early history of Rhodesia, Ethel Tawse Jollie.

Before her arrival in Rhodesia in 1915, this remarkable woman had already received some recognition as a student of Empire and foreign affairs through her connections with the Royal Empire Society. She met and married Archibald Colquhoun, the author and explorer, best known to us in Rhodesia as the first administrator of Mashonaland. She had already visited Rhodesia with her husband and on his death in 1914, she chose this country as her permanent home. Here, too, she met and married her second husband, policeman Tawse Jollie of Chipinga.

She had not been long in Rhodesia before Ethel Tawse Jollie began to make her presence felt. She had an excellent command of language, and she put this to good use, writing for important quarterly magazines overseas as well as being a regular contributor to the Rhodesian Press. The most remarkable single factor about Ethel Tawse Jollie was her clearly developed political instinct, which demonstrated itself throughout her written and spoken work.

In 1917, a slim dark green volume was printed in Bulawayo. It was called *The Future of Rhodesia*, and sold for the princely sum of 3d. Written in emphatic terms by Mrs. T.J. (as she was called affectionately by those of us who knew her towards the latter end of her life), the following words are inscribed on the fly-leaf of this booklet: "Published by a few of those who earnestly desire a higher form of government for Southern Rhodesia and who are convinced that the immediate amalgamation of Northern and Southern Rhodesia desired by the directors of the British South Africa Company will prevent or postpone indefinitely the granting of responsible government to the people of this country."

Signing herself Ethel Colquhoun Jollie, she sets out systematically the case for responsible government in Rhodesia. Her first paragraph is headed "Responsible Government the Goal", and she goes on to detail the existing financial position of Southern Rhodesia, the necessity for land settlement and how to attract the type of person who will put down roots in a new country. It is interesting that at one point she urges the opening of a Rhodesia office similar to those which already existed at the time in London, even going so far as to mention the Strand as a possible strategic site for such an office. She also cites precedents for the granting of responsible government, quoting Natal and other parts of



Mrs. Ethel Tawse Jollie, about 1920.
(National Archives)

the then Empire: "A Canadian friend tells me that the people of the territory administered by the Hudson Bay Company asked for and got a form of responsible government when their numbers were considerably lower than ours and their financial position less sound."

It is clear that she does not favour the case for amalgamation which was at that time being pushed by the Chartered Company: "I am inclined to think that we should be thought less impressive if by amalgamation we increased so enormously the disproportion of our numbers to the territory we occupy." She also says, in regard to the British South Africa Company: "The interests of a trading company may broadly speaking coincide with the interests of the country in which they trade but they do not constitute the whole interests of that country."

She joined the Responsible Government Association and was soon made organising secretary. It was apt, then, that when Rhodesia was given what at that time was thought to be responsible government, Ethel Tawse Jollie should have been among those who took their places in the first Rhodesian Parliament. Here, she acquitted herself well, and earned for herself the reputation of a fluent and impressive speaker.

But she had achieved an even greater distinction when she was elected to Parliament, by being the first woman to hold a seat in any parliament in the then British Empire. After her retirement from politics she continued to lead an active public life in the Eastern Districts, and later in Salisbury, and during the last war she worked for a time as Women's Employment Officer.

Her written work was perhaps the most significant part of Mrs. Tawse Jollie's life. Part author of two books, *Two on their Travels*, and *The Whirlpool of Europe*, she contributed a number of lucid and learned papers and articles to various newspapers and magazines, and eventually, in 1924, published her own, factual book, *The Real Rhodesia*. In the foreword to this, she says that her book has two main objects: "One is to defend Rhodesia from the libel that has smirched her reputation and still stands between her and a successful future . . ."; the other: ". . . to try and give a true picture of a British Community which is unique in many conditions of its life—both politically and socially."

Today, 16 years after her death—she died on September 21st, 1950—it is thought-provoking to read these words and to know that they are as true of today as they were when Ethel Colquhoun Jollie wrote them in 1924.

Kopje and Causeway

An extract from C. E. Finlason, *A Nobody in Mashonaland*,
(London, George Vickers, 1893)

This is an account of Salisbury in 1891 as seen by an itinerant journalist and it has a refreshing frankness and a sardonic humour which set it apart. The extract constitutes chapter 15 of *A Nobody in Mashonaland: or, the Trials and Adventures of a Tenderfoot*, first published in 1893. The work achieved immediate popularity and was reprinted in 1894 and again in 1895.

The author was a journalist, and well known amateur cricketer, on the staff of the Kimberley *Independent*. He "hitched" a journey through the country from Tuli to Beira at a critical period in its development and reported with graphic detail the day to day life of the early settlers and the incidents of travel.

E.E.B.

Everything in this world is comparative, and things are big or small, good or bad, pretty or ugly, according to what our eyes and minds have been recently fed upon. I say recently, because to the home-born man who arrives in this country for the first time, Capetown is a squat, squalid, disappointing village; Kimberley an insignificant, desolate place, where people live in tin houses, and traverse the same few hundred yards—and none other—every day for years; Johannesburg—the golden city—a promising, evil-smelling town, but by no means the eighth wonder of the world, and so on. Let that man from home, however, live in South Africa for five or ten years without leaving it, and he will gradually come to believe that Capetown is a great city, Kimberley a very important and wonderful town; Port Elizabeth almost a Liverpool (especially if he has become a Bayonian), and Johannesburg a dazzling brick and mortar wonder—a nineteenth century marvel, which all the world may be expected to admire with respectful eyes and praise with awe-struck voices. His eye has, in a measure, lost its sense of proportion, the glory and magnificence of the things at home have become dimmed to him, and he will never, never admit it. Therefore it is that objects which were once insignificant, and even contemptible to him, are now great and admirable. It is surprising how quickly the eye is influenced by its immediate surroundings. Ask any old Kimberley man, who, after a long sojourn at Johannesburg, pays a visit to the once-loved town of dust and diamonds, whether the streets have not become narrower, the houses smaller, and everything shrunk somehow. If you take to playing exclusively on the 5 by 8 billiard table, and then come upon a table of the usual size, the cloth seems like a field, in which are three marbles. The distances seem immense to the eye accustomed to the smaller table. So, when a man comes fresh from one of the leading towns in the Cape Colony, Transvaal, or Natal, upon Mafeking, he cannot be brought to consider it more than a frontier hamlet. Later he comes upon Tuli, which is even smaller, much smaller than even Mafeking. After long weeks without seeing a house of any sort he arrives at Victoria, which can easily be encircled many times with a penny reel of N.M.T. cotton.

Another long journey and he comes upon Fort Charter, with its impregnable fort, its four inhabited huts, and its half-finished Commissariat log hut stores. As he proceeds he finds that places marked with a big and solid black bull's eye in the map are so many post stations consisting of two Kaffir huts inhabited by ruminating B.S.A. troopers. The farther he goes the smaller are the evidences of the white man's presence, and by the time he enters Salisbury his mind regards Victoria as rather an important place, Tuli a town, and Mafeking almost a city. To pursue my little metaphor, he has every day been playing on a smaller and smaller table. Thus it is that his mind is prepared to do full justice to the size and importance of Salisbury, the capital of Mashonaland. I, who had read the glowing accounts which have appeared in the English and South African journals, descriptive of Salisbury, expected much. Had I not read of English, Wesleyan, Roman Catholic, and Presbyterian churches? Of great hotels, a hospital, library, and many stores? Of a surveyed township, with its stands ruling at high figures, of the Government buildings, the Sanitary Board, and a teeming population? All these things, and more, very much more, had I read, and, therefore, did I foolishly, and in my innermost heart, expect to find a place such as was Baby Johannesburg on or about its first birthday. But there is only one Koh-i-nor and one Johannesburg. What Johannesburg did in miraculous bounds—hardly touching the earth as it sped—thanks surely to some fairy godmother, less fortunate Salisbury has had to do on its hands and knees: sore are the finger tips, and scarred the knee-caps. Some day, perhaps, Salisbury will rival Johannesburg, but not next year, or the next. At present the population is estimated roughly at 400. Those who once believed that the great Mashonaland boom would start a year from the beginning of the Chartered Company's operations, now understand that success, though visible to the eyes of the sanguine, and to many who have delved and dug in the country, is still high up; a cocoanut on the top of a seventy-foot tree: and only hard climbing will bring it within reach.

But I can, of course, only speak of Salisbury as it is—or as it appeared to me in November, 1892. It is situated by a long kopje, which forms a conspicuous landmark for miles around. I saw it, indeed, thirty miles—a day and a half—before I reached it. It is a pretty hill, covered from top to bottom with syringa-like trees. From the top a magnificent view is obtained. Running along at the bottom of this kopje is the township of Salisbury, consisting at present of a street about a thousand feet long. There are many vacant stands, but the houses and stores are fairly close together, and make an encouraging show. As might have been expected, there are very few attempts at architectural magnificence. There is one two-storey mansion, with four gables, which is, I believe, generally admitted by the Salisbury community to be the show place of the town. The walls are of horizontal poles stuck firmly in the ground, covered with mud, and painted red, so as to resemble brick-work when viewed at a distance of several miles. The roof is well thatched after the European fashion. There are windows in this mansion—red American windows. The contour of the poles shows through the mud and paint, like the ribs of a thin trek ox through its hide, but the mansion looks roomy and comfortable, and the owner is envied by everybody. Messrs. Heany, Johnson, and Co.—the millionaire firm—were building a house

with burnt brick (at £4 per 100), deal boards, etc., after the pattern familiar to civilisation; and there is also Slater's Hotel, a burnt brick, grass-thatched building about 50 by 20. It is firmly believed by Salisburyites—who grin at the notion—that an attempt is being made to float this concern into a company with a capital of £10,000. The rest of the stores, for the most part, are the ordinary round Kaffir huts, or the ordinary square building made of the same materials. There is, however, no slavish adherence to any one model. It is not what a man would like in Salisbury, but what he can get. One store, with sign-board and all complete, consisted of a transport wagon, over which had been thrown the usual sailcloth. Underneath, on the wagon, and on cases on the ground, was spread the usual assortment of goods common to an up-country store.

Close by was an hotel rejoicing in the name of "Tommy's Rest: or the Salisbury Hotel". It was an ancient, weather-worn marquee, with an extra canvas roof, which flapped drearily at every gust, like the sail of a deserted ship. Outside was the alluring intimation: "Cleanliness and civility a speciality. Single meals 2s. 6d."

The floor of course was mud, uncovered, and not aggressively level. There was one little American table—*table d'hote*—which was spread for the next meal, or the last. It does not matter, because the cloth was always laid. The cloth was of thin ceiling lining, known throughout Mashonaland by European and Mashona as "limbo". The plates were of tin—not porcelain iron—the salt-cellar was a tobacco tin, the mustard-pot once held an ounce of Liebig's extract of beef. The forks were iron, two pronged, and the knives were such as you would expect. The *menu* was not extensive, nor was the waiting beyond reproach. At this place you pay your half-a-crown, and take what is given you, in the manner provided, and you grumble at your peril. Nobody, however, does grumble. The habit of grousing leaves everybody long before they reach Salisbury. Some of the square huts are of a good size, and they are not waterproof; but this is because they are new. During the first rains the owner in his macintosh and top boots, umbrella in hand, marks the worst places—as many as he can remember—and when the weather clears for an hour or so, he hastens to make those places good, either with more grass, or pieces of canvas. Long before it has done raining (it begins, they tell me, in December and finishes in April or May) the average Salisburyite, of an evening, can keep a candle alight without an umbrella over it, and if he has a bedstead can sleep the night through sometimes, though it rain all night, and wake up quite dry. Along the main street are several conspicuous auctioneers' signboards, and for some time past this business has been the most profitable—for nearly everybody who could get away in time to escape the wet season, got away, and in the majority of cases, sold all their superfluous belongings by auction. There are other hotels in the main street such as I have described, some a little better than Tommy's Rest, some rather worse. Slater's, however, is about the only one which an English horse would not cock his ears at. The main, and only street of the township proper, faintly resembles the Dutoitspan Main Road (Kimberley) in the early days, but I noticed only three canteens in the Salisbury street, whereas it will be remembered, it was different in the good old days of the Pan, when honest

diggers used to thin the Illicit Diamond Buyer, or liquor shops—almost synonymous terms in those times—by elaborately arranged bonfires—quite illegal, but extremely effective.

There is also a billiard room, which is regarded with some pride by the inhabitants. It is made almost entirely of logs and grass. It was difficult to build owing to the impossibility of supporting the roof by pillars in the middle. Thanks, however, to big trees, four and five feet in diameter, the ingenious carpenter and architect succeeded in making a chamber where billiards can be played without the cue striking the wall in any one place—an engineering feat justly regarded with great admiration. The table itself is a good deal better than might have been anticipated, and considering the table rests on a mud floor, the roll to one side is not too marked. A ball struck smartly will go right up the centre of the table to the top cushion and back again without falling against the left side cushion, if the bias of the slightly warped ball happens to work against the slant of the table. The lighting at night is a little ingenious. A platform or shelf hangs over the middle of the table, and on this platform are lamps or candles, I am not sure which, never having been there in the evening. The shelf comes down very low, and the player, if he would see from end to end of the table, must have his eye very close to the cushion indeed, and aim along the cue as if it were a rifle. Strangers generally find that it takes a good deal of practice to get "used to the table". They get, I should fancy, cramp in the back, and ricks in the neck.

When the stranger first gazes upon Salisbury he wonders why one half of the town should be by the kopje, while the other half, with the fort and administrative offices, should be on a little rise nearly a mile away. Greater still is his wonder when he is informed that the hollow, which lies between the two halves, is a disgusting and aggravating swamp during the rainy season which for days together makes intercourse between the two sections impossible. The kopje part of the town, too, is lower than that part where the fort is constructed, and probably less healthy. From what can be gathered there was a bit of a muddle over the choosing of the site. The new settlers were sick unto death of moving on—had as much of it as poor Joe of Bleak House—and wanted the site chosen and the stands given out without delay. The rainy season was coming, and they were anxious to start building. The high officials of the Company on the other hand were rightly anxious to obtain the best site possible, and disinclined to make a hasty decision on so momentous a point. So they deliberated and compared the advantages of this site with those of that, but before they had come to any definite decision, the inhabitants took matters into their own hands and started building under the kopje. The Company thereupon built its fort upon the rise; many of the residents built their houses and started business on that side, and thus it was, I am told, Salisbury came to be divided by a swamp.

Salisbury certainly struck me at that time as one of the oddest places; it is in the heart of Mashonaland, the Land of Ophir, the Queen of Sheba's country, Rhodesia, the very latest thing in the way of Eldorados, yet one had to look hard to see a Mashona, there was no sign of any digging operations, and gold, even in the form of coinage, was a great and revered rarity, for the currency was cheques, and small change was an unknown thing. Salisbury is an English

town, the centre of one of the vastest commercial enterprises undertaken by man during this present century, but it is the most un-English place in appearance that ever British flag waved over. At the time of which I write it was more like a neat section of Kanya or Palapswi than anything else. With a few rare exceptions there were no square buildings, no burnt brick, no corrugated iron, no doors, no windows, no vegetables, and only half-a-dozen ladies. Deal boards were unknown, iron stoves were forgotten things, as were also white shirts, cuffs, and collars. Passenger cabs or carriages, of course, there were none. The troopers and officers of the Company—with a great big C—had, at the time I write of, a few poor animals which had survived the sickness, but there were not half-a-dozen civilians who could boast of a horse, and therefore it was that everybody walked at Salisbury. But the residents, to do them justice, did not wear out many boots, and were content to wait for the hardy prospector, in the Hartley Hills or Umtali, to find the money for them.

The metropolis of Mashonaland boasts its own paper—*The Mashonaland Herald and Zambesian Times*. It is edited, written, and printed by Mr. Fairbridge, of Cape Town. He was once a flourishing sharebroker in Kimberley in the good old days. He is now, amongst other things, the accredited representative of the *Argus Publishing Company*. His *Mashonaland Herald*, etc., was a wonderful production. Type, at the time of my visit, there was none, the whole plant consisting of what is called, I fancy, the "cryptograph", or "stylograph" machine. The talented editor—and I say this in no jeering spirit—wrote all that he had to say on a piece of waxed paper, with a special pen which cut through the wax and made a number of microscopic holes at each stroke. When the sheet was finished, and placed in position, a smudge with the ink brush, or roller, made a fair copy. About 700 copies could be taken from each sheet. After that the minute holes became caverns, and then the subsequent copies were all ink and smudge. At the very beginning Mr. Fairbridge started with two pens, one he lost early, and the other had been his sole and only implement. It was worn out months ago, and made a broader and more lurid stroke at every edition. Many had been sent to him, but none reached him, for the Chartered Company mails were not altogether to be relied upon. A month or two before I arrived his ink failed him, and since then he had been experimenting with lamp black, oil, and turpentine. The lamp black he made fresh for every edition, by lighting a little turpentine and letting the smoke gather on the bottom of the kettle, but the exact proportions of the oil and lamp black had still to be discovered. When I was there, there had been a little too much "free oil". Too much free oil, it may be explained, resulted in letters with yellow borders spreading all over the paper, and sometimes, on bad days, the leader came out like a slab of butterscotch, while the advertisements seemed to resemble almond rock. Those editions were, of course, suppressed, and the editor with raw nerves had to try and try again until he at last succeeded in striking off a legible edition. A copy consisted of either two or four full sheets of foolscap printed or "cryptographed" on both sides. When it was a four-sheet edition the price was a shilling; the smaller edition went at sixpence. The writing was good, crisp, and readable when it was legible, and there were as many sheets devoted to advertisements as to news. After the edition had been printed the editor pinned the separate

sheets together, and with the whole edition under his arm sallied forth to distribute the copies to the subscribers, who received "the paper" not only with gravity, but with eagerness. The editor had to be his own canvasser for subscriptions and advertisements, his own newspaper boy, his own compositor, his own collector, his own leader writer and reporter. It came out once a week, "which", said the editor to me one day, as he gloomily pushed his fingers through his thick curly hair, "is enough for *me*, if it isn't for the community." It was not always that he succeeded in getting cash from his supporters, and frequently he had to accept payment in kind—biscuits, dried fruit, sugar, coffee, etc. Sometimes this system worked well, but occasionally there were hitches—for instance, where two clients struck on baking powder. On one occasion an advertisement was paid for by a new shovel. It was worth more in the open market than the price of the advertisement—shovels being scarce just then—but the editor had a haunting suspicion that there was some black meaning in that presentation, which was made after the issuing of an edition rather more remarkable than usual for free oil. All that is changed now, and the editor has a compositor and real type. But he is not, I think, altogether happy, because the people of Salisbury, for the most part, have migrated to the Victoria Gold Fields.

Of course the great B.S.A. Company is paramount in Salisbury, as it is throughout Mashonaland. The Company says, "Do this", and he or they who are thus commanded straightway go forth and do that thing. "Go there!" says the secretary and they go there. As much back-talk as they like, but they must obey. Against the Company there is no appeal. The Company, in fact, is an absolute monarchy, with the Doctors Jameson and Harris co-kings, responsible to the great Sultan Rhodes and his Council at the Board. The power vested in the hands of these two men is great, and whether it will increase or diminish with time depends on circumstances—but the power at present is, I believe, conscientiously used solely for the benefit of the community.

It must be confessed that the average Salisburyite is by no means given to church-going. They boast, indeed, that they got on for many months without any clergyman at all, and many regard the inevitable invasion of the clergy with dislike. There are others—the majority let us hope—who take quite a different view, and do not grudge the money necessary to keep the little church of their own denomination going. One is accustomed to find the churches in every city and town the handsomest buildings in the place. In Salisbury the churches have to be looked for carefully, and might be missed over and over again by the superficial passer-by. Each church is merely a Kaffir hut capable of holding from thirty to seventy worshippers, and every denomination is represented.

During the never-to-be-forgotten summer which marked the commencement of the B.S.A. Co.'s operations at Salisbury, everything went up to awful prices, and amongst those things that participated in the upward movement were quinine and whisky. About the quinine famine I will not say more than that it was worth at one time £100 an ounce; it was worth anything, for it was not to be had for love or money, and men died for the want of it. But the scarcity of whisky, brandy, dop, and indeed all spirituous liquors, was regarded by the average Salisbury man as being far more serious and a great deal more noticeable than the scarcity of, or even the total absence of, quinine.

"Quy-nyne," said a prospector to me; "quy-nyne is all very well with them as believes in doctors' stuff. Take things az yer finds 'em. My stomick won't hold quy-nyne, but it sucks up whisky like a sponge. Give me a bottle of whisky a day and I'll defy the fever."

He was so affected that his face quite flushed with excitement. It was easy to see that he had been a hard drinker in his time, but since he had come to Mashonaland he had—with rare and expensive interludes—been as sober as a glass of water, and as cheerful. People *had* to drop liquor at that time. Why, it is on record that on one occasion a single case of whisky—that is to say one dozen quart bottles—was sold by auction for £76. It is said—only *said*, mind you—that an intending buyer, who arrived five minutes after the lot had been knocked down, had to be held by five men, and closely watched thereafter night and day for a week. You see there was not another drop of spirit in the whole camp, and he was in that awful stage when a man would cheerfully murder his mother for a whole bottle of whisky. During the famine men occasionally made an intoxicating beverage out of Kaffir corn, but they had not the proper recipe, and the attempts were failures for the most part. For a long, long time afterwards liquor was dear in Salisbury, and in Mashonaland generally. The inhabitants got such a thirst then that subsequent attempts to meet the demand failed for many months. When I arrived, in the beginning of November, nine out of the ten men who shook hands with me asked if I had brought any liquor up. Whisky was ruling at £40 a case then, and dop at 25s. a bottle. The day before I left there was great excitement. A canteen keeper had got a few cases of whisky by native carriers *via* Umtali, and hung outside his place a great placard announcing "Whisky! Whisky!! Whisky!!! Great and frantic reduction! Only 40s. (forty *shillings*) a bottle!" Lots of men went in at once to see if it was a hoax. Whisky was 4s. a "tot", even when I was there. On the road, any distance from a store, a bottle of "Cape Smoke", which sells for 5s. a gallon in Kimberley, and 11s. in Johannesburg, fetched from £3 to £5 the bottle. Those were dreadful times!

There was not much society in Salisbury—not society in the ordinary sense of the term. You can't very well entertain in a Kaffir hut. There were no chairs to begin with, and even tables were not to be found everywhere. The cooking was usually done inside, and there was no chimney. A fire in a Salisbury hut is not a cheerful thing. On a wet day the smoke from the wet wood is very pungent, and the accumulated ashes of many previous fires have a depressing effect when acting in conjunction with damp floors, wet boots and soaking clothes. Men, however, used to visit one another sometimes. They lounged in with grave faces, smoked pensively for an hour, exchanging a few uninteresting remarks, and then lounged out again. Visitor and visited alike made no attempt at entertaining or being entertained. Even the ordinary hospitable offering of a "tot" was not made in those days. There was, in fact, very little to talk about in Salisbury, for there was nothing doing, and as there were not half-a-dozen ladies in the whole community there was no scandal. It must be confessed that men by themselves do not constitute a lively community. Without the women we are very dull dogs indeed, and therefore it is that Salisbury was as dull as a rusty knife. If the residents had plenty of books and newspapers to read it would

have helped them a good deal, but the library was limited, newspapers came only in fits and starts, and sooner or later the man with literary tastes was reduced to the dictionary or to working out sums from an arithmetic book. I met one man who used to husband his reading. He once got a hymn book which he read from beginning to end, slowly and deliberately. Then he began at the beginning again, but with the book upside down. Afterwards he learnt it all word for word by heart; he said that he also learnt it backwards. He is an authority on hymns anyhow. You see, where there is nothing to do but watch the rain—and I am only speaking of the past rainy season and the one now on—when there is no business, no work, no social intercourse, no cricket or tennis, or sport of any kind, no theatre, or public entertainments for months together, a man may even be glad to learn a hymn book—backwards. The gentle reader will naturally take out his lead-pencil at this place and write on the margin, "Why didn't the beggars set to and work; a new town like Salisbury is not a place for loafing!" There is much in thy pencilling, oh gentle one; but the fact was, there were many in Salisbury who went up in anticipation of a boom, *and* a share market. "Actual demnition work," to quote Mr. Mantalini, with prosaic blister-raising picks and shovels, was not what they expected. Hitherto, in all previous beginnings in South Africa, there were always people to do the work—the actual wrestle with Mother Earth—and others to reap the fruits thereof; but in Mashonaland every man must dig his own shaft, and a good deal more too. So it is that the speculative bee, who would be so busy in a boom, is a very disconsolate drone indeed just now. The real workers, on whom the success of the country and the Company depend, go digging outside, miles away from the capital, during the dry season, and only come into Salisbury or Umtali, or go out of the country during the rains, when mining work must stand still, and bees and drones alike must loaf.

Money in the shape of gold or notes there was none at the time of which I write. The currency might be described as consisting almost entirely of B.S.A. Company's cheques, many of which were for unwieldy amounts. They were endorsed, and passed from hand to hand like bank notes. You can easily imagine how troublesome it was to pass a cheque for £17 4s. 7d. or £6 4s. 3d. You got other cheques in change, and unless you were like the wanted office boy always being advertised for, "quick and correct at figures," you were soon badly muddled.

There is an ever-flowing river (wherein are crocodiles) close to the town. Those who fetch their own water find it a long way off, and those who bathe avoid with care the deeper holes. Kaffirs were cheap, a blanket worth 5s. in Kimberley would keep them working for a month, but they were difficult to get, and very hard to keep, for a Mashona is easily offended with his work, and when he is offended it is his custom to disappear with what he can lay his hands on. Those who employ him have to feed him as well, of course, but "ufoo" is nearly always cheap, even at Salisbury, and the Mashona is satisfied with "ufoo", if he has it often and plenty of it. "Ufoo," it may be explained, is Kaffir corn or millet seed, ground between stones by the natives. It is reddish in colour, and is hated with fervour by every pioneer in the land. During the famine the pioneers in Salisbury, and at most of the out-stations, had, for some

time, to be content with "ufoo," without salt, sugar, or honey. If you want to shake up the bile of an "A" or "B" Company man you must ask him how he likes "ufoo". If he is of a placid temperament he will find words to convey to you some glimmering idea of what he thinks of it. Nearly always he will fail, because words are inadequate, even when helped out by his own peculiar adjective. You who listen will only learn that "ufoo" is a sort of meal which, when cooked, makes a porridge with properties analagous to powdered glass, inasmuch as it has no nourishment, and cuts the inside to pieces. It has a sickly hardly perceptible taste. I have said before no words can give one any idea of how Tommy Atkins of the B.S.A. regards this savage food.

I hope no one will accuse me of running down the capital of Mashonaland. To find fault with the place in earnest, in its second year, would really be ridiculous. It is a brand new town, arising under very exceptional and adverse circumstances; and, considering all things, the progress made is highly creditable to all concerned. One has to make the long and tedious journey oneself to fully understand what it must have cost in time, worry, and labour to bring Salisbury to its present stage. The Beira railway, now approaching completion, will make all the difference in the world.

A Letter to the Editor

The Cover Picture

Sir,

You, as editor, tell me that our *Rhodesiana* cover picture, which was introduced with our special issue No. 12, of September, 1965, will in due course be replaced by another. As a reader with conservative inclinations I am rather sorry, but before the disappearance of this sketch from the *Illustrated London News*, feel compelled to make some observations.

This picture purports to show the Mashonaland Expedition of 1890 crossing the Shashi River at Fort Tuli on July 11th, 1890. I am aware, having been told so personally by that grand old pioneer, "Jock" Carruthers-Smith, (No. 527, B.S.A. Company's Police), that the first rugby match ever to have been played on Rhodesian soil took place here, and I quote from my notes in *Men who made Rhodesia* as follows (page 362):

"At Fort Tuli, shortly before the expedition, there was played the first rugby match ever to be staged on what is now Rhodesian soil (if it can be so described). Teams of Police and Pioneer Corps met in the sandy bed of the Shashi River, and played to exhaustion, wearing their heavy issue boots; Jock told me it was the hardest game in which he ever took part.

"Before that there had been two matches at Macloutsie, in Bechuanaland, between the Company's Police and the Bechuanaland Border Police, who were camped nearby. There were no less than nine British internationals in the two sides, and amongst those who played for the Company's Police were the brothers Van der Byl from Cape Town. The first match was won by the Company's Police, when Jock scored the only try in the game. The B.B.P. won the return match."

Now for the picture; the crossing place is obviously just below the fort at Ft. Tuli and traverses the river on a diagonal of about 800 yards. When the river is almost dry a shallow stream runs down its bed and this shows clearly, close against the right bank of the river, where in fact it followed this course when last I saw it in 1959. But the sketch artist appears to have used some licence, because a rugby post stands firmly in the water to right of the riders! and there is no sign of any second post! Either the stream must have been flowing much further from the river bank, or the post must have been some distance out in the river bed!

I was faced with the same problem in 1959. The Tuli Expedition of the Rhodesian Schools Expedition Society was led by H. A. B. Simons, headmaster of Baines School, Bulawayo, and I led the Pioneer History section. When we were due for a visit from the Earl of Dalhousie, then Governor-General of the Federation, and Sir Robert Tredgold, the Chief Justice, we decided to stage for them a rugby match in the bed of the Shashi River, and I had to try to determine what site would be the one nearest to that used in 1890. The shallow stream was at that time close to the river bank, so the match was played a little

distance out in the presence of our distinguished visitors. As our chronicler, P. H. Agar, remarked, "The game was a great success and made up in gusto what it lacked in skill. Several leaders who were misguided enough to take part are thought to be unlikely to be recovered in time to return to Bulawayo." The date was May 13th, and the history leader was *not* one of those who took part. Those who did were in bare feet or wore gym shoes in contrast to their hardy ancestors' footwear!

Yours sincerely,

Highlands, Salisbury.

A. S. HICKMAN.

For issues 9, 10 and 11 we had a picture of Baines' camp at Deka and the sketch of the Pioneers crossing the Shashi has been used on subsequent ones—nos. 12, 13, 14 and 15, so we are due for a change. It is not easy to find a suitable illustration as it has to be one that lends to a division down the middle so that both the back and the front of the cover can show a reasonably cohesive picture independently. Suggestions would be welcome.—EDITOR.

THE NORTHERN RHODESIA JOURNAL

The last volume of the *Northern Rhodesia Journal* has just been issued. It consists of three enlarged numbers printed and bound together, over 400 pages in all. The *Journal* has come to an end because, to quote the Editorial: "The *Journal* aimed at a popular readership mainly of Europeans and now, with the steady Africanisation of the country, it is felt that the circulation of, and interest in, a journal of this nature, will begin to fall. Its value to the new African nation is now as a historical document, not as a piece of current literature."

This volume, No. 6, 1966, which also includes a cumulative index of all six volumes, is obtainable at 30s. from the Livingstone Museum, P.O. Box 498, Livingstone, Zambia, or from the Editor, Mr. V. W. Brelsford, at P.O. Box HG.221, Highlands, Salisbury, Rhodesia.

The Annual General Meeting

The Annual General Meeting of members of the Rhodesiana Society was held in the National Archives, Salisbury, at 8 p.m. on Thursday, November 10th, 1966.

PRESENT:

The Chairman, Mr. H. A. Cripwell; the Deputy Chairman, Colonel A. S. Hickman, M.B.E.; the Editor, Mr. E. E. Burke; the Honorary Secretary, Mr. M. J. Kimberley, and 56 members. Apologies were received from 14 members.

BUSINESS:

The minutes of the annual general meeting held on November 18th, 1965 were read and confirmed.

The Chairman's report on the activities of the Society during the period November 1st, 1965, to October 31st, 1966, was read and adopted.

The audited financial statement covering the Society's transactions during the year January 1st to December 31st, 1965, copies of which had been circulated to all members, was adopted.

In the election of the officers and committee for 1966-67, Mr. H. A. Cripwell was re-elected Chairman; Colonel A. S. Hickman, M.B.E., was elected Deputy Chairman; Mr. M. J. Kimberley was re-elected Honorary Secretary/Treasurer; Mr. E. E. Burke, Mr. V. F. Ellenberger, C.B.E., I.S.O., Dr. R. C. Howland, Mr. R. Isaacson, Mr. B. W. Lloyd, the Rev. W. F. Rea, S.J., Mr. G. H. Tanser, and Mr. R. W. S. Turner were re-elected, and Mr. W. V. Brelsford was elected, as members of the Committee.

Mr. M. Mitton proposed a vote of thanks to the Editor which was carried unanimously.

Immediately after the business of the Annual General Meeting had been transacted, Dr. R. C. Howland presented a film on the Mazoe Patrol which he had produced, entitled *Heroism at Mazoe*. This was followed by a talk by Mr. D. H. Varley, M.A., F.L.A., Librarian of the University College of Rhodesia, titled *Africana Postscript*.

Mr. J. F. Bowles proposed a vote of thanks to Dr. R. C. Howland and Mr. Varley, which was carried unanimously.

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT, 1965-66

The following report by the Chairman for the period November 1st, 1965, to October 31st, 1966, was adopted at the Annual General Meeting.

1. COMMITTEE:

The following members of the Rhodesiana Society were elected to the Committee for the year 1965-66:

Mr. H. A. Cripwell (Chairman), Mr. M. J. Kimberley (Honorary Secretary/Treasurer), Mr. E. E. Burke, Mr. V. F. Ellenberger, C.B.E., I.S.O., Colonel A. S. Hickman, M.B.E., Dr. R. C. Howland, Mr. H. R. G. Howman, M.B.E., Mr. R.

Isaacson, Mr. B. W. Lloyd, Rev. W. F. Rea, S.J., Mr. G. H. Tanser, Mr. R. W. S. Turner.

The Committee appointed:

Mr. E. E. Burke as Editor; Messrs. Cripwell, Tanser, Hickman and Burke as members of the Editorial Sub-committee; Colonel A. S. Hickman as Assistant Editor; Mr. R. W. S. Turner as Chairman of the Membership Sub-committee and in charge of advertising; Colonel A. S. Hickman as Deputy Chairman.

I extend to all members of the Committee my grateful thanks for their support during the year.

2. PUBLICATIONS:

During the year under review the following issues of *Rhodesiana* were published:

(a) *Rhodesiana* No. 13, published in December, 1965, an issue of 83 pages.

(b) *Rhodesiana* No. 14, published in June, 1966, an issue of 70 pages.

It is hoped that *Rhodesiana* No. 15, December, 1966, will be available for distribution to members early in 1967.

3. MEMBERSHIP:

At the annual general meeting held at the end of June, 1963, I reported that the Rhodesiana Society had 299 members. I am very happy to report that we now have 627 members which makes us one of the largest active societies in Rhodesia. Regrettably 89 members have not yet paid their 1966 subscriptions despite several reminders, and, in accordance with established practice, will not receive further issues of *Rhodesiana* until they pay their subscriptions.

The majority of our members reside in Rhodesia—Salisbury, Bulawayo, Gwelo, Umtali, Fort Victoria, Gatooma, Hartley, Rusape, Bindura, Essexvale, Mtoroshanga, Umvukwes, Buffalo Range, Concession, Marandellas, Melsetter, Mtoko, Marula, Macheke, Sinoia, West Nicholson, Gwanda, Turk Mine, Norton, Glendale, Raffingora, M'Sonneddi, Goromonzi, Karoi, Kamativi, Banket, Dett, Que Que, and so it goes on—and the remainder are drawn from South Africa, England, Scotland, America, Malawi, Zambia, Bechuanaland, Basutoland, and South-West Africa, and we are even represented in Japan, Australia, St. Helena, Ghana, Uganda, New Zealand, the Netherlands, Isle of Man, and elsewhere.

4. FINANCE:

As at October 31st, 1966, the Society had a credit balance of £1,237 9s. 2d., in its current banking account at C.A.B.S. From this amount must be paid the cost of printing *Rhodesiana* No. 14, namely £381 11s. 2d. less advertising revenue of about £100, and the estimated cost of printing *Rhodesiana* No. 15, about £400 less advertising revenue of about £100, in December this year.

As the interest on our current account at C.A.B.S. is only 3½%, I feel that the incoming Committee should consider investing certain of our funds on fixed deposit; this would result in more income accruing to the Society by way of interest. With an estimated £1,000 anticipated next year in respect of subscriptions, our financial position is extremely sound and capable of financing

three issues of *Rhodesiana* in a year subject, of course, to labour and material being available.

5. BACK NUMBERS OF "RHODESIANA" :

Back numbers of *Rhodesiana* continue to be in demand. Numbers 1 (1956), 4 (1959) and 6 (1961) are already out of print and stocks of some of the other numbers are getting low. The Committee hold the following stocks:

No. 2 .. 55	No. 8 .. 54	No. 12 .. 163
3 .. 56	9 .. 38	13 .. 114
5 .. 35	10 .. 122	14 .. 207
7 .. 19	11 .. 135	

6. RHODESIANA SOCIETY CREST:

Following a proposal by Dr. R. C. Howland, suggestions were invited from all members for the design of a distinctive crest or symbol for use on the Society's stationery, publications, programmes, etc. Regrettably, the response was poor. Your Committee decided, however, to pursue the matter by launching a competition for the design of a suitable symbol or crest and offering a prize of £5 5s. for the design accepted by the Committee. The competition was announced in a local newspaper on August 9th, 1966, and when entries closed on September 30th, 1966, quite a number of designs had been submitted. The Committee examined all the entries submitted and awarded the prize to Lt. R. D. Gardener. It is hoped that, in due course, after one or two suggested minor alterations have been considered and after the question of copyright in the design has been examined, the design will be adopted as the Society's crest and appear on our stationery, in *Rhodesiana*, and perhaps even on a tie.

7. GENERAL:

At its recent meeting your committee expressed its approval of the idea of having some sort of social function from time to time for members of the Society. This could take the form of a dinner or a luncheon or a cocktail party and could be arranged to coincide with the publication date of an issue or issues of *Rhodesiana*.

Your Committee recently considered a report by Mr. V. F. Ellenberger on the time-consuming evening and weekend labours of those members of the Committee who are responsible for editing *Rhodesiana* and for providing the Society's secretarial and book-keeping services and for auditing the Society's books, and resolved that it accepted the principle of awarding honoraria from time to time to certain of its officers, subject to funds being available.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT FOR THE PERIOD JANUARY 1ST TO
DECEMBER 31ST, 1965

INCOME	£	s.	d.	EXPENDITURE	£	s.	d.
Balance at C.A.B.S. as at 1st January, 1965	770	10	1	Postage, Stationery and Duplicating	24	1	7
Subscriptions.	586	1	1	Post Office—Box rent	2	0	0
Sales of <i>Rhodesiana</i>	133	1	0	Donation to Countess de la Panouse	71	1	3
Revenue from Advertisements	134	4	0	<u><i>Rhodesiana</i> No. 11</u>	284	17	2
Donations to Countess Panouse Fund	33	16	6	Printing .. £277 14 4			
Bank charges and postage included in cheques	3	17	2	Distribution	7	2	10
Interest on C.A.B.S. account for 1964	30	7	2	<hr/>			
				<i>Rhodesiana</i> No. 12	606	13	1
				Printing .. £572 4 1			
				Distribution	18	12	9
				Typing MSS	12	4	6
				Photo prints	3	11	9
				<hr/>			
				Addressograph plates	5	1	5
				Meetings and lectures, advertising, refreshments, etc.	16	6	2
				Miscellaneous	2	10	3
				Bank Commission and Exchange	5	13	9
				Cash at C.A.B.S. as at 31st December, 1965	673	0	5
				Stamps on hand as at 31st December, 1965	11	11	
				<hr/>			
	£1,691	17	0		£1,691	17	0
				<hr/>			

Audited and found correct:
J. S. DERRY, A.I.M.T.A. (S.A.), A.I.A.C.(S.A.).
28th March, 1966.

Prepared by M. J. KIMBERLEY,
Honorary Secretary/Treasurer,
1st January, 1966.

Notes

BACK NUMBERS OF "RHODESIANA"

Many new members of the Society are anxious to build up complete sets of *Rhodesiana* but Nos. 1, 4 and 6 are now out of print. In order to assist these new members the Committee is prepared to buy back any copies of the three out-of-print issues which might be offered to them. In this way they hope to build up a small stock for re-sale to new members. Any members who have copies for sale are asked to inform the Honorary Secretary at P.O. Box 8268, Causeway, Salisbury; the following prices will be paid:

No. 1	..	£1 Os. Od.
4	..	15s. Od.
6	..	12s. 6d.

DIARIES OF CARL MAUCH

The original diaries of Mauch, German explorer and geologist, are in the Linden Museum at Stuttgart. Microfilm copies were obtained in 1955 for the National Archives of Rhodesia with the intention of publishing a translation into English. The diaries proved to relate to journeys in the Transvaal, Mocambique and Rhodesia between September, 1869, and October, 1872, including Mauch's visits to the Zimbabwe ruins and are of considerable importance as an original record. However, Mauch's script proved too difficult to decipher from the microfilm and in 1957 the German consul in Salisbury arranged for photographic facsimiles to be made from the originals. Until last year, although the project of publication had never been lost sight of, the difficulties of decipherment and translation had caused it to be put into the background. Now, however, the work has been most ably completed by Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Bernhard of Umtali. Mr. A. E. Phaup, the Director of Geological Survey is assisting with the geology and it is hoped in the National Archives that the book will be published during 1967.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

The publication on behalf of the Archives of the pictorial history of Rhodesia, *Rhodesian Epic*, compiled by T. W. Baxter and R. W. S. Turner (which is reviewed elsewhere in this issue) makes a notable addition to the works issued by the National Archives. The following list indicating the various sources of supply, may be useful to members:

THE OPPENHEIMER SERIES :

Published in London by Messrs. Chatto and Windus for the Government Archives of Southern Rhodesia, 1945-56. Obtainable through booksellers; stocks are not held by the National Archives.

1. *The Matabele Journals of Robert Moffat*, 1829-60; ed. by J. P. R. Wallis, 1945, 2v. OP

2. *The Matabele mission: a selection from the correspondence of John and Emily Moffat, David Livingstone and others, 1858-78*; ed. by J. P. R. Wallis, 1945. OP
3. *The Northern Goldfields diaries of Thomas Baines*; ed. by J. P. R. Wallis, 1946, 3v. £5 5s.
4. *Gold and the gospel in Mashonaland, 1888, being the journals of: 1, The Mashonaland mission of Bishop Knight-Bruce; 2, The concession journey of C. D. Rudd*; ed. by C. E. Fripp and V. W. Hiller, 1949. OP
5. *Apprenticeship at Kuruman, being the journals and letters of Robert and Mary Moffat, 1820-28*; ed. by I. Schapera, 1951. OP
6. *The Zambesi journal of James Stewart, 1862-63*; ed. by J. P. R. Wallis, 1952. OP
7. *The Barotseland journal of James Stevenson-Hamilton, 1898-99*; ed. by J. P. R. Wallis, 1953. OP
8. *The Southern African diaries of Thomas Leask, 1867-70*; ed. by J. P. R. Wallis, 1954. £1 15s.
9. *The Zambezi expedition of David Livingstone, 1858-63*; ed. by J. P. R. Wallis, 1956, 2v. £4 4s.

"DOCUMENTS ON THE PORTUGUESE IN MOCAMBIQUE AND CENTRAL AFRICA, 1497-1840":

Published in conjunction with the Centro de Estudos Historicos Ultramarinos, Lisbon; obtainable through booksellers from the Centro at 160 esc. a volume, or from the National Archives at £2.

v.1 .. 1497-1506; 1962	v.3 .. 1511-1514; 1964
2 .. 1507-1510; 1963	4 .. 1515-1516; 1966

REPORTS :

Obtainable, without charge from the National Archives.

- | | |
|---|----|
| 1935-1947. <i>Central African Archives in retrospect and prospect</i> , 1947. | OP |
| 1947-1948. <i>Central African Archives</i> . 1949. | OP |
| 1949-1954. <i>Archives in a new era</i> . 1955. | OP |
| 1954-1962. <i>Archives in a growing society</i> . 1963. | |

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL SERIES :

1. E. E. Burke. *A bibliography of Cecil John Rhodes*. 1953. OP

"LIST OF PUBLICATIONS DEPOSITED IN THE LIBRARY OF THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES":

An annual list of material received under the legislation for compulsory deposit, commencing in 1961; available from the National Archives, without charge.

"OCCASIONAL PAPERS" :

Articles by members of the staff on the historical background to matters of current interest, and reprints of important documents; available only from the Government Printer.

No. 1, June 1963. (Federal Series). 10s. 6d.

No. 1, 1965. (New Series). 7s. 6d.

No. 2, 1967. In preparation.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS :

The story of Nyasaland told in a series of historical pictures to commemorate the Diamond Jubilee of Nyasaland, 1951. OP

The story of Cecil Rhodes, 1853-1953. 1953. Available from the National Archives. Free

The coming of age of the Central African Archives, 1956. OP

A guide to the public records of Southern Rhodesia under the regime of the British South Africa Company, 1890-1923. 1956. Available from the National Archives. Paper covers, £2 10s.

Cloth covers, £3 10s.

Thomas Baines: his art in Rhodesia, from the original paintings in the Central African Archives, 1957. Available only from Mardon Printers (Pvt.) Ltd., P.O. Box 55, Salisbury. £7 7s.

A select bibliography of recent publications concerning the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, 1960. Available from the National Archives. Free

L. H. Gann. *A history of Northern Rhodesia: early days to 1953*. 1963. Published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus and available through booksellers; stocks are not held by the National Archives. £2 15s.

L. H. Gann. *A history of Southern Rhodesia: early days to 1934*. 1965. Published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus and available through booksellers; stocks are not held by the National Archives. £2 15s.

T. W. Baxter and R. W. S. Turner. *Rhodesiah Epic*. 1966. Published by Howard Timmins and available through booksellers or from the National Archives.

Ordinary edition, £3 15s.

De Luxe edition, £10 0s.

A. J. Edwards. *A history of Southern Rhodesia, 1934 to 1953*. In preparation.

T. W. Baxter and E. E. Burke. *Guide to the Historical Manuscripts in the National Archives*. In preparation.

The Diaries of Carl Mauch, 1869-1872, translated by F. O. Bernhard; edited by E. E. Burke. In preparation.

REVIEWS

T. W. Baxter and R. W. S. Turner. *Rhodesiah Epic*. Howard Timmins, Cape Town. 239 pages, illus., index. 75s.

This history of Rhodesia is a most original and attractive production. The story is told almost entirely in pictures, 442 of them, with the text kept to a minimum.

This does not mean that it is a selective history relating only those events that can be described pictorially. Even though each chapter has but a short, factual introduction the captions to most of the illustrations are very full and nothing of importance is left out. In fact, because a particular picture happens

to be available a good many interesting sidelights, that would not warrant a place in a more academic history, enliven these pages.

For instance, the photograph of the Umtali Tramway, which ran from 1898 to 1920, tells of a stage in the development of communications that is not generally known. The pictures of Hans Schrader, a prospector of 1893, and of a Boer immigrant family of the same period, depict in a most graphic fashion the sort of people, and their tough, hard way of living, who opened up this country. Words could not do it in so succinct a style. The whole chapter on the history of the press and of newspapers, with montages showing headlines, parts of articles and advertisements, indicates in a few pages a complete contemporary scene.

The story of Rhodesia is prefaced by a sketch of how the continent of Africa was outlined by the early Phoenician, Egyptian and Arab sailors who ventured far along the coasts in the days before Christ. Then some intriguing maps of the 16th century are reproduced in which the whole of the interior of the continent is confidently filled with features. The reader can let his imagination run as wild as that of the cartographers in picking out the wonders and oddities that, apparently, existed in our part of Africa in those days.

Our own prehistoric era, the Bushmen and the origin of the tribes of today are adequately covered by reproductions of drawings and paintings and a most authoritative history of Zimbabwe is condensed into a few captions to some very good photographs.

Next we come to the well-documented history of the Portuguese explorations and then the first hunters, travellers and missionaries. There is a chapter on David Livingstone who although as far as I know never set foot in Rhodesia, was the most important modern pioneer of Central Africa as a whole because his travels and his revelations of the cruelties of the slave trade inspired a surge of missionary and government enterprise. So this chapter, quite logically, includes pictures of his journeys and discoveries in Malawi, Zambia and the Portuguese territories.

Rhodes and the Pioneers, the Matabele War and the Rebellions are exciting subjects that lend themselves to lively illustration. In addition to photographs there are reproductions of contemporary drawings, particularly from that meticulous recorder of Empire, the *Illustrated London News*, and of painting. Some of the paintings, such as that of Allan Wilson's "Last Stand" in the Bulawayo City Hall, are well known but others, such as that, from the *Illustrated London News*, of the Matabele attack on Cummings' store, are not often reproduced.

Some of these pictures are magnificent in their emotional content. Look at the galloping, rearing horses in the charge of the Afrikaner Corps at Colenbrander's farm or the mounted Gwelo patrol which "inflicted, heavy casualties", and Grey's Scouts "charging through wooded country". Even making allowances for a little romanticism these pictures are very dramatic. They are of the stuff that stirs our blood, even today, far more effectively than any written description. And what better than drawings could depict the jubilation of the troopers and the insolent self-confidence of Jameson at the start of his Raid and the hang-dog dejection of the surrender at the end of it ?

Another section I found most fascinating was that on "Transport and Communications", a humdrum activity of government in its modern context but full of adventure only a few decades ago. The ox-wagons of the pioneers, of the first immigrants, of the miners, are shown, again mainly by reproductions of contemporary drawings, performing some of those almost unbelievable feats of crossing swollen rivers or streams with almost perpendicular banks. Also are shown the Zeederberg coaches, the exotic camel patrols of 1903, the machilas and rickshaws, and finally, of course, the building of the railways. Here, indeed, the hardships and hazards of opening up a new, wild country are most vividly depicted.

It is said that every nation needs legends, even myths, from which arise a sense of history and on which an individuality is built. Well, the deeds of heroism, the adventure, the fortitude and the boldness illustrated in these two chapters alone—"War and Rebellion" and "Transport and Communications"—undoubtedly carry the assurance that Rhodesia has a national tradition, based on the deeds of the pioneers, and the men who first came to the country and who fought for it. The authors have chosen an apt and happy title, for Rhodesian history has been an epic.

Particular aspects of history are developed in the sections on "Life in the Towns", on "Ivory and Gold" and on "Forerunners of the Faith", titles which indicate their content. The chapter on "Administrators and Politicians" brings the recital to an end at about 1920 except that the pictures of the final chapter contrast the towns of today with the first huts and shacks of the pioneers and emphasise the swift, astounding development that we take for granted.

Mr. Baxter is Director of the National Archives and Mr. Turner the Principal Records Officer. They have succeeded in bringing historical records out of the vaults and presenting them to the general public in a fashion that makes reading them, or rather, looking at them, a great pleasure. The photographic work, especially in bringing out the best in old pictures, is excellent and was all done in the Archives. The lay-out by Frank E. Read is skilful and pleasing.

W. V. BRELSFORD

E. C. Tabler. *Pioneers of Rhodesia*. C. Struik (Pty.) Ltd., Cape Town, 185 pages, illus., bibliography, index. 49s. 6d.

I find this type of encyclopaedic work most difficult to review because its value can only be expressed in terms of the information that it contains; such a work can never be perfect nor complete, and thus one is inclined to be critical of omissions and minor errors, probably rather unjustly.

The book consists of more than 400 biographical sketches of people who arrived, between 1836 and 1880, in the territories now comprising Rhodesia, the Caprivi Strip, the Barotse Valley, the vicinity of the Victoria Falls, the Tati Concession and that part of Botswana north of the Botletle River and the Makarikari. In all the entries, the author endeavours to give full name; year of birth and death; occupation in the defined area; details of birth, parentage, education and early life; career; details of death; and a brief assessment of achievements if the man is sufficiently important.

Mr. Tabler, who has worked for more than 24 years on this period of Rhodesian history, has certainly succeeded admirably in the task that he set himself, and has put in a tremendous amount of research. He states that the work is intended primarily as a working handbook for scholars and students, but the general reader also will find much in which to interest himself.

It was a pity that Mr. Tabler was unable to spend a few days at the National Archives in Salisbury as he would certainly have been able to include more than a score additional names and further information to some of his entries. For example, Cross eventually settled at Blaney in the Cape Province where he died about 1926; Musson died in 1938; Dawnay was the fourth son of the 7th Viscount Downe, not the 6th Viscount who died before Guy Dawnay was born; Father Depelchin died at Calcutta in 1900; Glyn did not arrive at the Victoria Falls until July 23rd, 1863; Selous's christian name should be spelled Courteney. There are a number of other spellings with which I do not agree but, undoubtedly, most of these would be open to argument.

One entry which I checked more thoroughly was that for the Rev. Thomas Morgan Thomas. Mr. Tabler certainly seems a little confused and gives the impression that he only had three children by his second wife. In point of fact he had 11 of whom nine were still living when Thomas died. Mr. Tabler also says that Mrs. Thomas left Shiloh in 1884, returning there in 1889 to wind up the estate. This is not so. Mrs. Thomas stayed on at Shiloh until 1889, eking out a precarious living trading and also endeavouring to carry on with the missionary work. Mr. Tabler is confused with a visit that Mrs. Thomas made south, shortly after her husband's death, when she took her daughter Caroline, then aged 15, for further education at Zeerust.

I found Mr. Tabler's bibliography very comprehensive, but the mnemonic symbols used rather trying. Notable omissions were the new edition of the Victoria Falls handbook and the Federal Government historical map, both published in 1964. This map has a most comprehensive list of visitors to Central Africa. I did find annoying the fact that, though the manuscripts consulted are listed, there is no information as to where they may be consulted.

The illustrations are obviously very much of an afterthought and have little bearing on the contents of the book. Why include a photograph of the Directors of the African Lakes Company which operated outside the territorial scope of the book? A few portraits of the people written about would have been far more suitable.

These minor criticisms aside, this book is an important contribution to Rhodesian history and demands a place on the bookshelves of all Rhodesians.

T. W. BAXTER

Notes on Contributors

Phillippa Berlyn is the wife of Professor R. H. Christie of the University College of Rhodesia. She has written widely, specialising in short stories, political commentaries and Shona studies, including the composition of Shona poetry.

Mr. G. M. Calvert was born at Heywood, Lancashire, in 1936, and was educated at William Hulme's Grammar School, Manchester, and Plumtree. A desire for an open-air life led to his joining the (then) Northern Rhodesia Forest Department in 1957 after two years' engineering study at the University of Cape Town. Returning to the Research Division of the Forest Department in 1960 on completion of a two-year forester course in the Forest of Dean provided the opportunity for a spare-time study of the Z.S.M.R., and a correspondence with Mr. A. H. Croxton which has been responsible for a widening of interest into the Rhodesian Light Railway field. He is a member of the Gwelo and District Light Railway Society and is at present studying forestry at the University of Edinburgh before returning to Zambia in 1968.

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. D. K. Parkinson is a member of the Department of Internal Affairs. Formerly stationed at Chibi he is now at Gokwe.

The Rev. W. F. Rea, S.J., was educated at Beaumont, Heythrop College, Oxfordshire and Oxford University, and has been Senior History Master at Beaumont and Stonyhurst. He came to Rhodesia in 1958 and until 1966 was on the staff of St. George's College, Salisbury. He is now a lecturer in the Department of History at the University College of Rhodesia. He contributed to *Rhodesiana* in 1960 and 1961 and is a member of the Committee of the Rhodesiana Society.

Mr. J. Richmond was born in Benoni, Transvaal, in 1911. After being educated at various Transvaal schools and what is now R.E.P.S., Matopos, he trained as a survey/geological draughtsman and worked on Witwatersrand gold mines and the Copperbelt. He served in Survey Units of the S.A. Engineer Corps from 1940 to 1944 and then engaged in publishing mining/prospecting maps and statistics from 1945 until moving to Rhodesia in 1954. He is employed

by the Anglo American Corporation, Salisbury, and is presently occupied, on a research project concerning past gold production in Rhodesia.

Mr. E. C. Tabler, M.Sc., of South Charleston in West Virginia, is an engineer, and a prominent historian of the Pioneer period. He is the author of *The Far Interior: chronicles of pioneering in the Matabele and Mashona countries, 1847-1879* (Cape Town, Balkema, 1955) and of *Pioneers of Rhodesia* (Cape Town, Struik, 1966) and has edited a number of important sources for Central African history.

New Members of the Rhodesiana Society

From July 1st, 1966, to December 31st, 1966

Admiral Tait School, Salisbury
Aitken, G. A., Bulawayo
Allen, Mrs. C. J., Salisbury

Bailes, J. M., Norton
Beach, D. N., Salisbury
Berry, Major D. S., Bulawayo
Bindura School, Bindura

Chew, J. A., East London

Dorn, P. A., Los Angeles, California,
U.S.A.
Durban City Library, Durban, South
Africa

Edwards, V. W., Salisbury
Ellison, Mrs. C, Salisbury

Gavin, Mrs. W. L., Bulawayo
Goldin, Mr. Justice B., Salisbury
Greendale Town Management
Board, Salisbury
Greenfield School, Bulawayo

Harvey Brown, D., Umtali
Hillside School, Bulawayo
Huntley-Walker, N. R., Goromonzi

John, Mrs. V., Plumtree

Karp, M., Nottingham Road, Natal,
South Africa

Ledingham, Mrs., I. W., Salisbury
Lee, M. V. R., Bulawayo
Lewis, Miss E. N., Salisbury
Locke, D. J., Bulawayo
Lockett, A. J., Salisbury

McFadden, D. J., Salisbury
Marlborough School, Salisbury
Milton Junior School, Bulawayo

Moffat Primary School, Salisbury
Moore, T. C., Salisbury
Morris, Capt. A. W. R., Salisbury

Oriel Girls' School, Salisbury

Pascoe, Mrs. E. M., Salisbury'
Pascoe, N. D., Salisbury
Pascoe, T. C., Salisbury
Pearce, Mrs. E. S., Salisbury
Pitout, J. A., Marquard, O.F.S.,
South Africa
Primary School Correspondence
Centre, Salisbury

Raylton Primary School, Bulawayo
Reiner, B. F. J., Gatooma
1st Bn., Rhodesia Light Infantry,
Salisbury
Richmond, J., Salisbury
Robinson, Mrs. V., Salisbury

Sandler, L. J., Salisbury
Selukwe Town Management Board,
Selukwe
Shee, Dr. J. C., Bulawayo
Shelah, R., Plumtree
Slaven, Mrs. J. D., Salisbury
Southerton Primary School,
Salisbury
Sutherland, A. R., Salisbury
Swire-Thompson, A. J., Umvukwes

Tait, K. G, Salisbury
Thomas Coulter School, Wankie
Trenance Primary School, Bulawayo
Turner, N. F., Johannesburg, South
Africa

Umtali Junior School, Umtali

Venter, Mrs. C. F., Salisbury

Waterford School, Bulawayo

The total paid-up membership at December 31st, 1966, was 587.

Publications of the Rhodesiana Society

Rhodesiana No. 1, 1956 (out of print)

SIR ROBERT TREGOLD. Address on the occasion of the unveiling of the memorial at the Mangwe Pass on July 18th, 1954.

Extracts from the Matabele journals of Robert Moffat, 1829-1860.

W. V. BRELSFORD. Northern Rhodesiana.

Rhodesiana No. 2, 1957

R. HOWMAN. The effect of history on the African.

A. S. HICKMAN. Some notes on police pioneer doctors and others.

"REGULUS". Frank William Baxter, V.C.

H. POLLETT. The Mazoe Patrol.

Rhodesiana No. 3, 1958

F. BERGGEGGE. Account of a journey in Central Africa.

A. S. HICKMAN. Norton District in the Mashona Rebellion.

N. M. BRETTELL. Three Rhodesian poets.

Rhodesiana No. 4, 1959 (out of print)

Diaries of the Jesuit missionaries at Bulawayo, 1879-1881; translated from the French by Mrs. M. Lloyd.

Rhodesiana No. 5, 1960

A. S. HICKMAN. The Mashonaland Irish.

E. C. TABLER. Impressions of Hendrik's Pass.

MRS. MARY BLACKWOOD LEWIS'S letters about Mashonaland, 1897-1901.

W. F. REA. Rhodesian pioneer.

E. C. TABLER. Rare or little known Rhodesiana relating to the pre-pioneer period.

Rhodesiana No. 6, 1961

W. F. REA. Rhodesia's first martyr.

Rhodesiana No. 7, 1962

J. A. EDWARDS. The Lomagundi District, a historical sketch.

H. W. SMART. Early days in Bulawayo, 1896-1900.

D. E. FINN. "Kambandakoto", a study of A. S. Cripps, 1869-1952.

Rhodesiana No. 8, 1963

E. E. BURKE. William Hartley's grave.

E. CAMPBELL. A young lady's journey to Umtali in 1895.

R. C. HOWLAND. The Mazoe Patrol.

Rhodesiana No. 9, 1963

J. A. EDWARDS. Colquhoun in Mashonaland: a portrait of failure.

A. S. HICKMAN. The siege of the Abercorn Store.

B. M. E. and K. E. O'MAHONEY. The southern column's fight at Singuesi, 2nd November, 1893.

R. C. HOWLAND. The Market Hall — Salisbury's oldest building.

"Shifts and expedients": extracts from the book by W. B. Lord and T. Baines.

MRS. M. CRIPPS. Umtali during the Rebellion, 1896.

Rhodesiana No. 10, July 1964

The British South Africa Company's Central Settlement Farm, Marandellas, 1907-1910; from the papers of H. K. Scorrer, edited by R. Reynolds.

C. T. C. TAYLOR. Lomagundi.

R. W. DICKINSON. Sofala.

H. A. CRIPWELL. Operations round Mpepo, German East Africa, 1917.

Rhodesiana No. 11, December 1964

J. ELLENBERGER. The Bechuanaland Protectorate and the Boer War.

F. O. BERNHARD. Notes on the Pre-Ruin Ziwa culture of Inyanga.

L. S. GLOVER. Memories of the Mashonaland Mounted Police, 1896-1897.

R. C. HOWLAND. Salisbury, old and new, contrasted in photographs.

Rhodesiana No. 12, September 1965

H. F. HOSTE. Rhodesia in 1890.

R. W. S. TURNER. Henry Hartley, 1815-1876.

P. S. GARLAKE. Pioneer forts in Rhodesia, 1890-1897.

K. MAUCH. The Makalaka; translated from the German by F. O. Bernhard.

H. D. RAWSON. Diary of a journey from Southampton to Salisbury, 1895.

A. S. HICKMAN. The death of Charles Annesty.

J. MCADAM. An early enthusiast for Rhodesian aviation: Mr. C. F. Webb, in 1912.

Rhodesiana No. 13, December 1965

EXTRACTS from the South African letters and diaries of Victor Morier, 1890-1891.

J. MCADAM. Early birds in Central Africa.

P. BERLYN. . . . Of women who left their mark.

A. H. CROXTON. Rhodesia's light railways.

Rhodesiana No. 14, July, 1966

P. S. GARLAKE. The Mashona Rebellion east of Salisbury.

R. ISAACSON. The Countess de la Panouse.

M. O. COLLINS. The start of geodetic survey in Rhodesia.

S. GLASS. The outbreak of the Matabele War (1893) in the light of recent research.

The second visitor to the Victoria Falls: extracts from W. C. Baldwin's *African hunting and adventure* . . . 1852-1860.

D. DOYLE. "The rise and fall of the Matabele nation" (1893).

Nos. 1, 4 and 6 of *Rhodesiana* are out of print. Other back numbers are available from the Honorary Secretary at P.O. Box 8268, Causeway, Salisbury, to whom enquiries should be sent.



BLUEPRINT FOR THE FUTURE

Rhodesia has developed from a desolate wilderness into a modern, progressive state in just over seventy years. The Mutual Group* is proud to have been part of that progress . . . a vital link in the economic growth and stability of a great young country with endless potential. Rhodesia's growth is a twentieth century phenomenon due to her vast natural resources and a people imbued with a spirit of adventure and a will to succeed. Just as long as Rhodesia produces people, men and women, who face the future with the same courage and a determination to base their way of life on free enterprise and mutual trust in each other . . . there can be no end to progress in Rhodesia—progress that The Mutual Group will be happy to serve.

*South African Mutual Life Assurance Society, Central Africa Building Society,
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