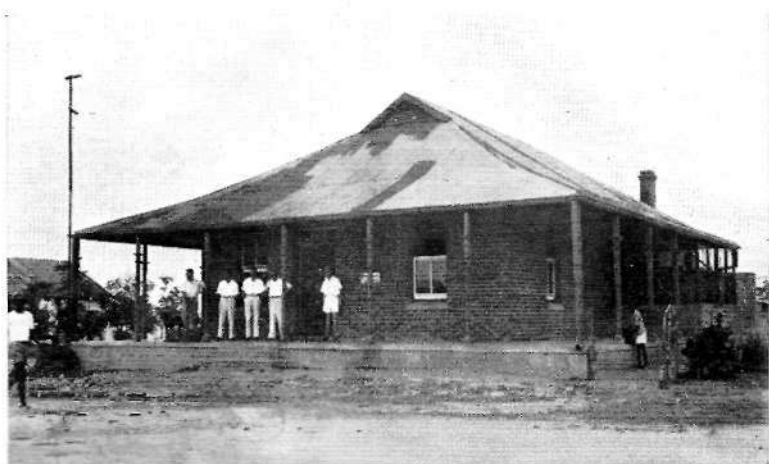


About 1935



The Standard Bank, Bindura

1967



RHODESIANA

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THE RHODESIANA SOCIETY

Salisbury

Rhodesia

Edited by
E. E. BURKE

assisted by
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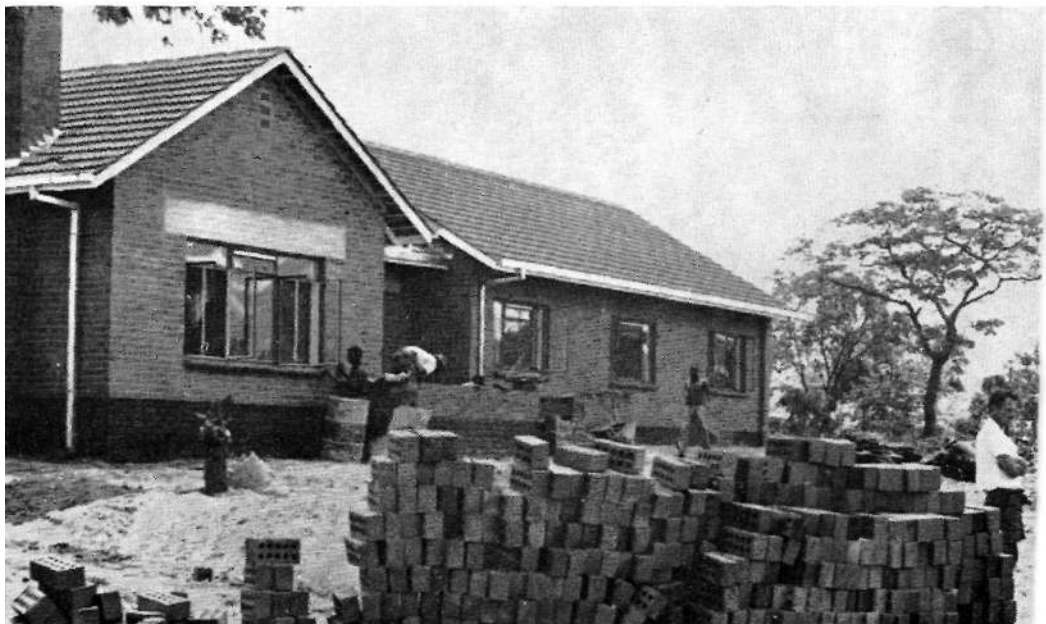
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The old Zeederberg staging post near the Trojan nickel mine, Bindura. The staging post, which was built in 1905 and later became an hotel, is now occupied by an employee of the mine.

Bindura: Old-world charm and present day progress

A house under construction in 1967 for a senior official of Trojan nickel mine. Anglo American Corporation, which administers the mine, is spending £10 million on nickel mining, smelting and the provision of housing and ancillary services in the Bindura/Shamva area.



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The cover picture is from a map of southern Africa of 1590, by Filippo Pigafetta. (National Archives)



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

There is no entrance fee; the subscription is £1 10s. (\$5 USA) a year, and this entitles paid-up members to those numbers of *Rhodesiana* issued during the year. There are two issues in each year, dated July and December.

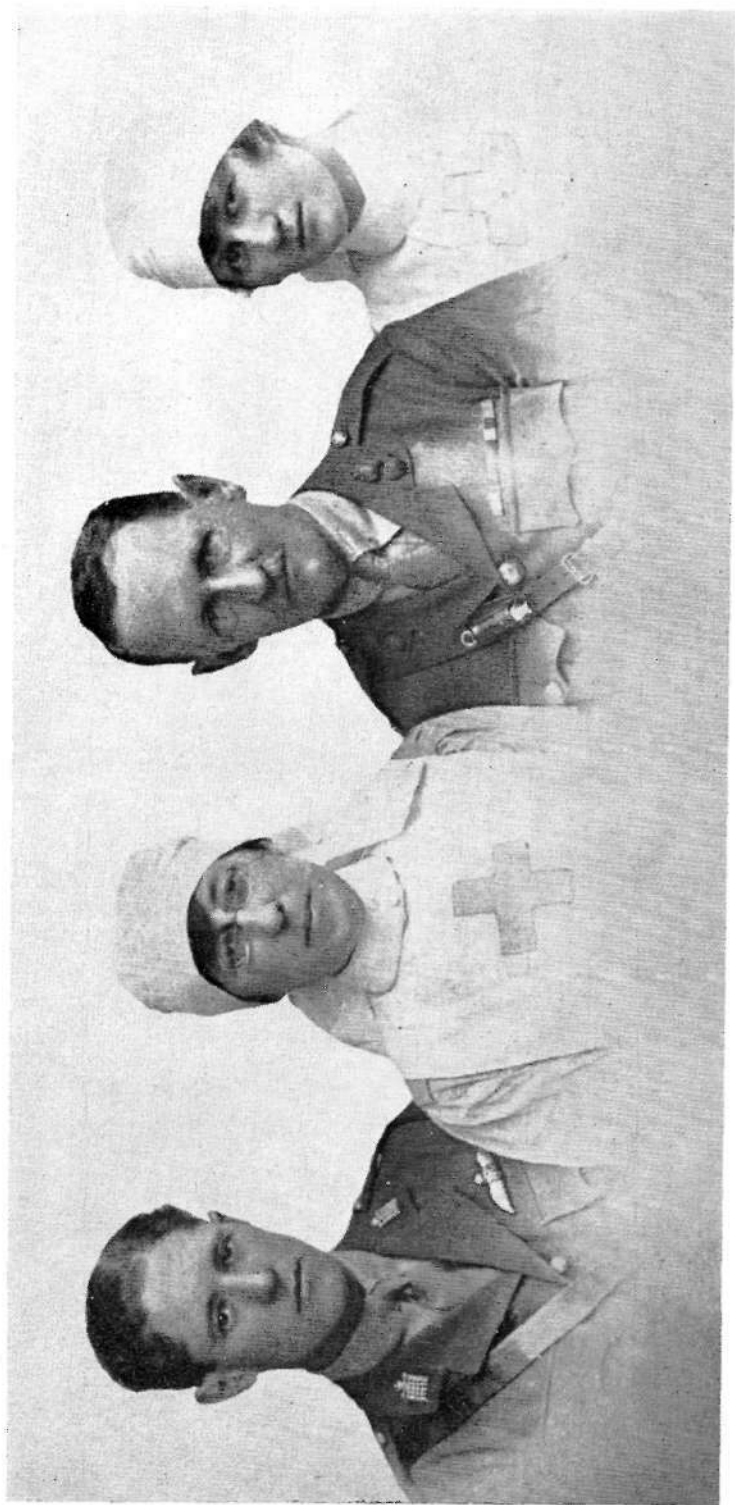
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The Judson family during the First World War. L. to R.: Pat Judson, Mrs. Judson, Col. Dan Judson and Mazoe Judson.

(Mrs. M. Robbs)

Pat Judson

First Rhodesian-born Airman

by J. McAdam

In Rhodesia the name Judson first came into prominence at the commencement of the Mashona Rebellion in mid-1896. On Wednesday, June, 17th Mr. Dan Judson, Chief Inspector of the Chartered Company's telegraphs (and a recently-gazetted officer of the Rhodesia Horse) organised and—on the 18th—led the first party to go from Salisbury to the aid of a number of persons besieged at the Alice Mine in the Mazoe Valley, 27 miles north of the town.¹

Next day, June 19th, reinforcements were sent from Salisbury under Captain R. C. Nesbitt and,² after joining forces, the combined party, with those rescued from the Alice Mine area, fought their way back to Salisbury, reaching the town on Saturday the 20th. Nesbitt received most of the credit—and the Victoria Cross—for that historic expedition; Dan Judson was afforded no official acknowledgement of the heroic part which he played, but he earned for himself something of far greater worth—the very highest respect of the community.

Not long afterwards Dan Judson and his wife moved to Bulawayo, where their son Daniel Sievewright was born on March 16th, 1898. This being the eve of St. Patrick's Day, his godmother aunt promptly suggested that he be nicknamed 'Pat'—so Pat he became, and thereafter, except in official documents, was seldom referred to by his Christian names.

Apart from a very short period at St. Andrew's Preparatory School, Grahamstown, Pat was educated in Bulawayo, initially at St. George's School and later at Milton School.³ The school magazine *Miltonian*, of March, 1913, proudly recorded that "The Beit Scholarship [for 1912 has been awarded to] D. S. Judson, who passed tenth in Rhodesia and came top in arithmetic, in which subject nearly one-third of the candidates failed."

Soon after the outbreak of war in August, 1914, the 1st Rhodesia Regiment was drafted to South Africa to assist in quelling the Rebellion in the Orange Free State; and then to German South-West Africa. Dan Judson was appointed second-in-command and Pat, though only 16 1/2 years of age, persuaded his father to allow him to join up as a bugler: he was, not surprisingly, the youngest member of the battalion. His father, it so happened, was the eldest. Pat graduated from bugler to motor-cycle despatch rider, first to General Edwards and later to General Botha.

Upon the termination of the South-West Africa campaign Pat returned to Milton School for a short time until, early in 1916, the Judson family left for England, where his mother and sister, Mazoe, joined the nursing services, while he and his father became involved in the war in Europe.

It was not long, however, before Pat became interested in flying and he transferred from his regiment, the Queen's Westminster Rifles, to the Royal Flying Corps; thus in April, 1916, he found himself on active service on the Western Front as an observer with No. 2 Squadron. His pilot was a fellow-Rhodesian, Captain W. Wray Forshaw, of Salisbury.

Pat did not much enjoy the occupation of observer, and managed to obtain a transfer to the Home Establishment in order to train as a pilot. After graduating he returned to France, where he flew on active service until, in March, 1918, he was severely wounded while bombing enemy concentrations; after recovering, he was drafted to the Central Despatch Pool, and ferried aircraft from England to France until his demobilisation in April, 1919.

Soon after this the Judson family returned to their farm 'Kirton' at Heany Junction, some 15 miles east of Bulawayo. Pat enrolled at the Potchefstroom Agricultural College under the Returned Soldiers' Scheme and then, having gained a diploma in forestry, returned home to manage the family farm.

Pat, however, had been 'bitten by the flying bug' (as has happened to so many others, before and since); he was unable to shake it out of his system, so decided, in the late 1920's, to make civil aviation his future career. His interest in aeronautics would undoubtedly have been stimulated by the formation of the Rhodesian Aviation Syndicate by Captain J. Douglas Mail and Mr. Aston Redrup at Bulawayo in August, 1927, followed a year later (July, 1928) by the transfer of the Aircraft Operating Company's main base from Northern Rhodesia to Bulawayo, and considerable local activity by that company.

Early in August, 1929, Pat joined the Johannesburg Light 'Plane Club at Baragwanath Aerodrome to undergo the flying and technical training necessary for the "B" (commercial) pilot's licence which he would require for his new career and, on August 31st, the *Bulawayo Chronicle* reported that "a Rhodesian farmer, Mr. D. S. Judson, is now learning to fly with the J.L.P.C.—he went solo on the 27th".

One requirement for the "B" flying licence was that a candidate should have to his credit at least 200 hours of solo flying experience. Pat's wartime flying activities now stood him in good stead, for he was able to produce a letter from his erstwhile comrade-at-arms, Captain Wray Forshaw, certifying that while on active service he had amassed considerably more than the required minimum of flying time. With his flair for mathematics and his mechanical ability, Pat made short work of the theoretical and technical examinations and, on September 23rd, he became proud possessor of South African 'B' Pilot's Licence No. 116.⁴

Pat remained in Johannesburg for several weeks after qualifying because, Baragwanath being the 'hub' of civil aviation in southern Africa at that time, he probably believed that the chances of securing, or hearing of, suitable employment were more favourable there than elsewhere. There can be little doubt, too, that he applied to Major Miller for a post in his newly-formed company, Union Airways, Ltd.⁵, and possibly also to the Port Elizabeth Light 'Plane Club (in order to be on Major Miller's 'doorstep').

Towards the end of October, however, Captain Benjamin Roxburgh

Smith, pilot and manager of the Rhodesian Aviation Company, which had commenced operations in Bulawayo in April, 1929, had occasion to visit Johannesburg in one of the company's Avro Avian aircraft, and, on November 1st, Pat returned with him to Rhodesia. It is uncertain whether Pat was offered a permanent position with the company at that time, or whether he accepted temporary employment pending news from Major Miller. At any rate, a telegraphed offer of employment as pilot/instructor to the Port Elizabeth Light Plane Club, with an assurance that he would be released as soon as Major Miller required his services, was not accepted. This telegram reached Pat on December 14th, 1929, thus it may safely be assumed that he had by this time thrown in his lot with the Rhodesian Aviation Company as assistant pilot to Captain Roxburgh Smith.

At this time the company owned two Avro Avian and one de Havilland Moth aircraft; then, in February, 1930, a Blackburn Bluebird was brought into operation. The company's pilots were responsible for a variety of duties including air taxi work, sight-seeing flights over the Victoria Falls, joy flights (generally referred to as 'flips') over any towns which possessed suitable landing fields, and the instruction of trainee pilots.

In 1929 the Government of Southern Rhodesia introduced a pilot-training scheme under which it undertook to "grant £750 per annum to each flying club on condition that five *ab initio* pilots be trained to 'A' licence. A further £50 will be paid for each pilot so trained and a flying grant of £30 to each pilot who obtained an 'A' licence the previous year. The balance will be given to the club as a grant-in-aid."

Since no flying club existed at Bulawayo, and that at Salisbury had no instructor,⁶ it was agreed that the Rhodesian Aviation Company would enjoy the benefits of the Government grant provided that the conditions were fulfilled. The first four pilots to qualify under this scheme were Messrs. S. Harrison and J. Forrest Thomson, of Bulawayo (trained mainly by Captain Roxburgh Smith) and Mr. B. Tubb and Mr. (now Dr.) C. E. R. Payne of Salisbury (under Pat Judson's instruction).

There were no qualified flying personnel on the staff of the Director of Civil Aviation,⁷ so Captain Garth Trace, of the Aircraft Operating Company was appointed official examiner of trainee pilots at Bulawayo, while Salisbury candidates were tested by Major Gilchrist, an ex-R.F.C. pilot.

An early example of 'bamba zonke'⁸ now appears to have been perpetrated . . . although the Bulawayo trainees passed their tests on March 23rd (five days before those at Salisbury), Mr. Tubb was issued with Southern Rhodesian 'A' Pilot's Licence No. 1, Mr. Payne with No. 2, while Messrs. Harrison and Forrest Thomson were allocated Nos. 3 and 4 respectively.

Some months later Pat trained Mr. Freeland Fiander, who had lost his left arm, and who was able to manipulate the throttle control lever—normally operated with the left hand—by means of a special attachment controlled by his left shoulder.⁹ Not long after this his wife, Mrs. Audrey Fiander (likewise trained by Pat) qualified for her licence, to become Rhodesia's first woman pilot.

Pat Judson, although official instructor to the Salisbury Flying Club, was in fact based at Bulawayo, and would fly up to Salisbury at fortnightly intervals, spend a few days on instruction work, then return to headquarters at Bulawayo. Later this became a weekly exercise—Bulawayo to Salisbury on Fridays, returning on Mondays—and at the Company's First Annual General Meeting on June 30th, 1930, the Chairman, Mr. F. Issels, referred to the 'regular service' which the Company operated between Bulawayo and the capital. While not advertised or officially classified as such, they may nevertheless be regarded as Rhodesia's first regular flights on which passenger bookings were accepted. One of the first VIP's to travel on this service was the Colonial Secretary,¹⁰ the Hon. W. M. Leggate, C.M.G.; after a pleasant flight from Bulawayo to Salisbury he remarked "I am going thoroughly to recommend the Premier to save time by adopting this form of locomotion."

The Rhodesian Aviation Company's aircraft were available for air taxi work, and the most interesting facet of Pat Judson's flying activities would doubtless have been in this field. The aeroplane was slowly coming to be regarded as a serious method of transport—no longer a 'gimmick'—and enterprising business men (among others) discovered that they could reduce journeys to the more inaccessible areas from days—or even weeks—to hours; such as those to Nyasaland or Barotseland, which entailed many days of time-consuming travel via devious surface routes.

One of the first 'converts' was Mr. R. N. Wolton, representative of a prominent manufacturer of agricultural fertilisers, who flew from Salisbury to Lusaka on June 3rd, 1930, in (as the *Bulawayo Chronicle* put it) "a large aeroplane, piloted by Mr. Pat Judson, which landed on the Rugby football ground. Mr. Wolton is the first representative of a commercial firm to reach Lusaka by air." (This was probably true enough, for, as far as is known, it was the first aircraft ever to land at Lusaka.)

The Government of Northern Rhodesia evidently became interested in air travel as one method of overcoming its by no means inconsiderable transport problems; senior officials on tours of inspection, etc., must have wasted days and weeks in non-productive travel time and one of the first recorded examples of the official use of the aeroplane in that territory was a flight to Mongu, in the Barotse Province, by Pat Judson conveying the Government Auditor, Mr. J. B. Hewlett, on his annual official visit. Later the *Bulawayo Chronicle* reported: "The flight from Livingstone took under four hours¹¹ as against four weeks' travel by land and water which that official had to undertake on his visit last year."

The Northern Rhodesian authorities must have been satisfied with this performance for, a few weeks later, Pat and his aircraft were chartered to take Mr. C. C. Reade, Director of Planning and Development, on a 1,400-mile aerial tour embracing Ndola, Mpika, Fort Jameson, Lusaka and Livingstone. This journey, completed in a few days by air, would have consumed an equivalent number of weeks by surface transport.

The value of the aeroplane in cases of medical emergency came to be

appreciated; on August 2nd, 1930, Pat flew Dr. N. G. C. Gane from Salisbury to Gatooma to perform an emergency operation.¹² A week later Miss Hope-Carson, a guest of Col. and Mrs. Judson at Kirton Farm, sustained a painful arm injury when thrown from a horse. Pat landed on the airstrip which had been prepared near the homestead and flew the young lady to Bulawayo for medical attention at the Memorial Hospital.

The aviation industry next collaborated with the entertainment world and subscribers to the *Bulawayo Chronicle* read, on September 30th: "Moving with the times. Pictures by Plane. Watch today for the Rhodesian Aviation Co.'s Plane piloted by Pat Judson carrying the film 'What a Man'. Prince's Salisbury last night—Prince's Bulawayo tonight."

Three weeks later—on October 21st—Pat was called to play a part in a drama which was unfolding near Beira. A Shell Company employee named Clarkson had lost himself in the bush while on a hunting expedition and, as serious misgivings were felt for his safety, the Company's Salisbury branch was requested to engage" an aircraft to assist in the search which had been organised. Pat took off from Salisbury at 1 p.m. and landed at Umtali to re-fuel; here he was delayed by a slight mechanical defect and did not leave until 4 p.m. His progress being further retarded by strong head-winds, he did not reach Beira until after dark, and he circled above the town until a number of residents drove their cars to the landing ground, whereupon he was able to make a successful landing by the lights of their headlamps—the first recorded night landing at Beira. (Clarkson was later rescued by a ground party, exhausted but otherwise unharmed.)

A few days after this episode Pat—on Sunday, October 26th—flew Mr. C. J. Christowitz,¹³ a Blantyre transport contractor, from Salisbury to Nyasaland, landing on a prepared ground at Limbe, a town five miles from Blantyre¹⁴. This was the first aircraft to land in the "commercial/administrative" area of Nyasaland (Blantyre/Limbe/Zomba) and the first civil land plane ever to visit the Protectorate.¹⁵ The *Bulawayo Chronicle* of October 28th, quoting a report from Blantyre, stated "The pilot made a good landing at the air ground at Limbe amidst an excited crowd of natives, Indians and Europeans." The following morning Pat was the proud recipient of a telegram from the Governor of Nyasaland, Sir Shenton Thomas, which read "Heartiest congratulations on your successful enterprise as first civil aviator to land in Nyasaland and trust you will be the forerunner of regular services."

Some weeks later Pat went on another interesting tour when Mr. S. Forsyth of Salisbury chartered the Moth for a business journey to Beira and thence up the north coast of Mozambique Province to Quelimane, the port of Mozambique, and Porto Amelia. No prepared airfields existed in this area and all landings had to be made on beaches and 'luangwas', which Pat described as 'sort of salt pans'. Fuel supplies presented no great problem as the Moth's engine consumed normal motor spirit, available in four-gallon cans, of which he carried one or two spares in the luggage locker.

On the flight between Quelimane and Mozambique Pat landed at both Pebane and Angoche in order to re-fuel the aircraft. Later he wrote "While

circling around prior to landing at Angoche thousands of natives had gathered and no sooner had the 'plane touched ground than we were surrounded by this yelling mob of smells."

It is understandable that Pat's aeroplane occasioned considerable interest, for it was the first ever seen by the inhabitants of most of the areas which he visited on this tour. After his return to Rhodesia he remarked that ". . . we met with nothing but co-operation and assistance—we were treated everywhere with overwhelming kindness and courtesy, and our visit was made perfectly delightful." Pat went on to sound a word of warning to others who might contemplate such a trip: "It does not do to travel in short sleeves; the heat of the sun was at times so terrific, even flying at 3,000 feet, that I found it necessary to drape bits of rag over my arms to keep them from blistering."¹⁶

Young Judson's aeronautical prowess was by now becoming recognised beyond the borders of Rhodesia, for on April 8th, 1931, he received an urgent telegram from the Johannesburg Light 'Plane Club, Baragwanath, offering him a post as pilot/instructor to that establishment. Pat did not accept the offer; perhaps he was aware of the imminent resignation from the Rhodesian Aviation Company of Captain Roxburgh Smith, which took effect at the end of May. On June 1st, therefore, Pat found himself manager and chief pilot of the Company, and the position of second pilot was taken by young Mr. Miles Bowker, himself later to become one of Rhodesia's outstanding civil aviators.¹⁷

About a month after this Pat learned with pride that he had been accepted as an Associate Member of the Guild of Air Pilot and Navigators of the British Empire (G.A.P.A.N.).

Early in August, Pat visited Johannesburg, where he took delivery of the first of two D.H. Puss Moth aircraft which had been ordered by the Company. This was the first cabin-type aeroplane to operate commercially in Rhodesia, and it afforded a considerable advance in comfort to air travellers. Hitherto all passengers sat in open cockpits and, of necessity, wore flying helmets and goggles, a factor which must undoubtedly have discouraged many potential 'customers'. The Puss Moth, cruising at 100 m.p.h., was 20 per cent faster than the Moth which had previously been used for most air taxi work; and it could accommodate two passengers in addition to the pilot. (The Moth carried only one passenger.)

One of Pat's first assignments in the new machine was an urgent charter flight to Maun in Ngamiland, some 330 air miles west of Bulawayo. Following the destruction by fire of a trading store operated by a Mr. Deaconos, and a subsequent claim, an insurance official, Mr. E. H. Plasket, wished to survey the damage with the least possible delay. The condition of the road from Bulawayo to Maun via Francistown was, to say the least, indifferent, and the return journey involved several days of dusty, comfortless jolting—a problem to which the aeroplane provided the perfect answer. After an incident-free flight Pat landed successfully on the recently-constructed airstrip; the Maun correspondent of the *Bulawayo Chronicle* wrote: "The aerodrome had never been used before—all the natives turned out to see the first flying machine to reach Maun.

The visit of the aeroplane marked a red-letter day for Maun; we hope the visit is the fore-runner of many more."

In mid-October, Pat and the new Puss Moth were commissioned to convey two commercial men, Mr. Herbert Moss of Bulawayo and Mr. E. Mocke of Ndola, to Dar-es-Salaam on a business visit. The availability of the new machine would almost certainly have been responsible for this charter—it seems unlikely that a journey of such magnitude would have been undertaken in the old Moth. The route which was followed included landings at Ndola, Mpika, Mbeya and Dodoma. At that time, as indeed for many years to follow, the sole navigational aids available to air pilots consisted of magnetic compass and small-scale maps, devoid of all but the most prominent landmarks (some maps indicated non-existent features) and, in poor visibility, the pilot's own sense of direction. Radio aids were many years in the future, and an airman's personal knowledge of the terrain was an invaluable attribute.

It is evident that Pat Judson's aesthetic senses were not lacking; he enjoyed the freshness of Mbeya, in the Southern Highlands of Tanganyika. "The scenery there is beautiful" he said later, "All the grass is green, there is plenty of water and the air is delightfully cold—a welcome relief after the heat at Ndola." And of Dar-es-Salaam: "The first glimpse was an inspiring one; everywhere was green grass and green trees—pretty houses and gardens, while the sheltered harbour scintillated in the afternoon sun."

Such interesting excursions must have provided a pleasant variation from the comparatively humdrum duties of pilot-training which, of course, formed an essential part of the Company's activities, and had to be pursued. Thus, in mid-November Pat was back in Salisbury in his role of official instructor to the Salisbury Flying Club.

Friday, November 20th, 1931, proved to be a tragic day in the annals of Rhodesian aviation. Shortly before 8 a.m. Pat and Mr. A. G. E. Speight,¹⁸ a member of the Salisbury Flying Club and only son of Mr. A. E. Speight, K.C., Solicitor-General of Southern Rhodesia, climbed into Moth VP-YAB and strapped themselves in. Mr. Cyril Payne, who had just made a short flight in the Moth, swung the propellor for them, and they taxied out and took off. 'Jock' Speight had been taught to fly by Pat, and he held an 'A' Flying Licence, but as some time had elapsed since his last flight, it was necessary for him to undergo a short 'refresher'; and the purpose of this exercise was to perform a few manoeuvres, particularly landings (generally referred to in flying parlance as 'circuits and bumps') under Pat's supervision before again flying solo.

After completing several practice take-offs and landings something went wrong while flying at a height estimated as about 100 feet and, according to an eye-witness "the machine dropped horizontally, wobbled and rocked, then perpendicularly dived—she seemed to spin as she went down."

VP-YAB crashed on the edge of the aerodrome (later known as Belvedere) and was completely destroyed; Pat Judson was killed instantly and young Speight so grievously injured that he died that afternoon.

Southern Rhodesia was all but thrown into national mourning—all social activities and sporting fixtures for the following week-end were cancelled. Both



Pat Judson working on a 'Moth', 1930.

(Mrs. M. Robbs)

victims were accorded military funerals, at which the highest in the land were either present or represented.

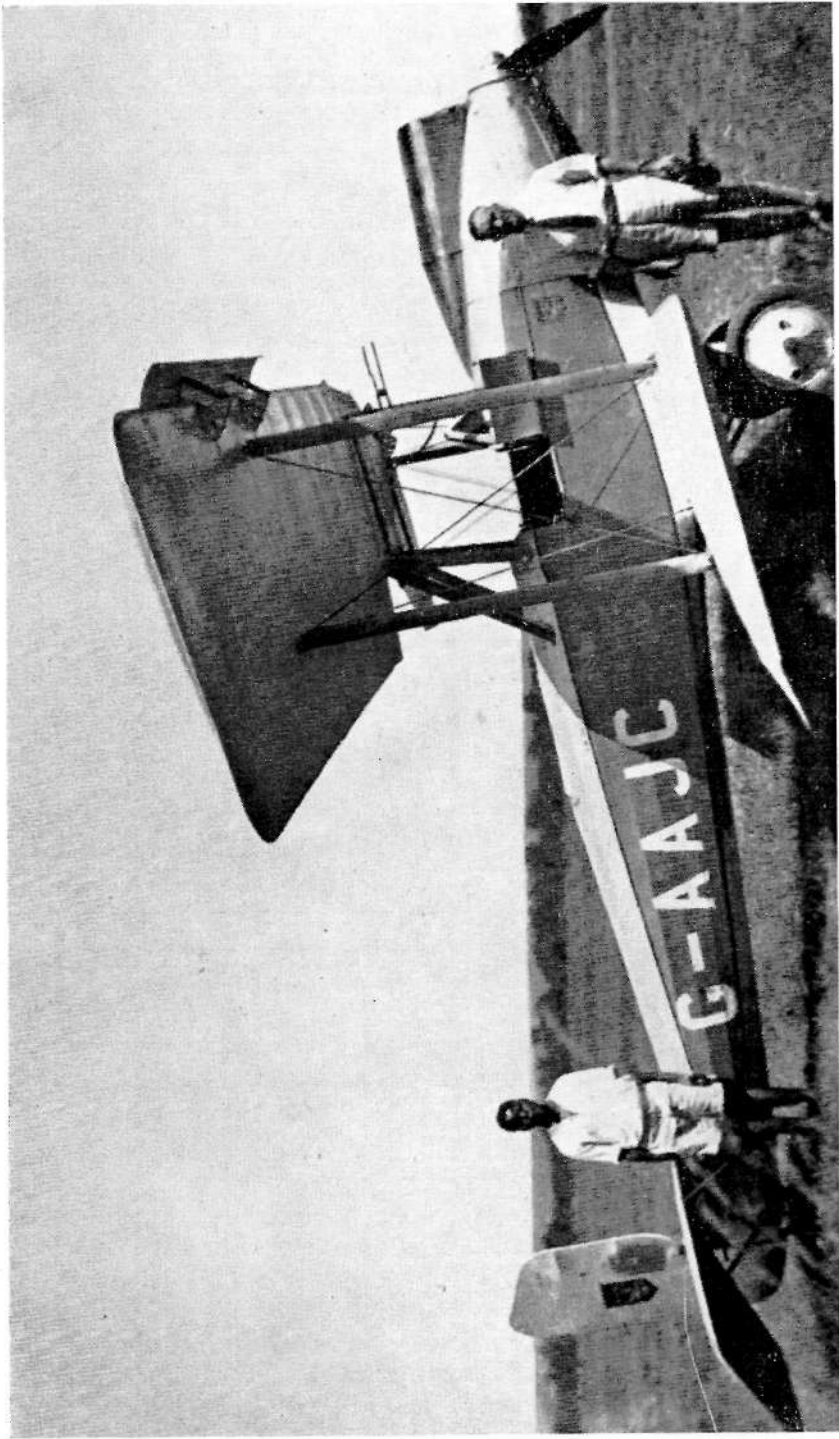
Tributes to the two young men—Pat's age was 33, that of 'Jock' Speight 26—came from all quarters: in an editorial next morning the *Rhodesia Herald* wrote: "... the first tragedy in the history of ten years of civil aviation ... it was one of the inscrutable decrees of Providence that through it Rhodesia should have lost two of her younger citizens whom she could least afford to spare." The *Bulawayo Chronicle*: "... it is distressing in the extreme to realise that the first (fatal air) accident in this country in which Rhodesians have been involved has terminated the careers of two able and promising young men who, had they been spared, might have served their land, though in different spheres, in the same sound way as their fathers have done." The *Sunday News* of Bulawayo on November 22nd commented: "Many would have picked out these two as the 'born and bred' Rhodesians whose character and career seemed to show most promise for the future." Mr. Justice McIlwaine said in the High Court, Bulawayo on the 25th: "If one had been asked to select two of the finest examples of Rhodesian youth I cannot think of anyone with higher claims than Mr. Speight and his companion in disaster, Mr. Pat Judson."

Those concerned with aeronautical matters soon began to speculate on the probable cause of the accident. Members of the Salisbury Flying Club held an informal meeting on the following day to discuss the tragedy, and the consensus was that "when something went wrong Judson left it to Speight to correct while Speight left it to Judson, and in the few seconds that elapsed the machine lost flying speed irretrievably and crashed before anything could be done."

The verdict at the official inquiry held at the High Court, Salisbury, before the Chief Magistrate, Mr. N. H. Chataway, on Friday, December 4th was "Death by misadventure due to an air crash from an unknown cause: the accident was not due to any mechanical defect." Mr. Chataway added, "I have come to the conclusion that the accident must have been caused by a stall in turning into the aerodrome."

While the true cause will never be established beyond doubt, it seems probable that the members of the Salisbury Flying Club had not been far wrong in their assessment.

There are two points which are perhaps worthy of note. Firstly, VP-YAB was an early Moth, not equipped with Handley-Page automatic 'slots', as were later machines of this type. These slots were strips of metal which normally rested flush with the leading edge of the upper mainplane (wing), and as the aircraft slowed down to the point of 'stalling' (losing forward speed to the extent that it was no longer supported in the air by virtue of such forward speed) the slots would automatically move out and disturb the flow of air over the top of the wing to provide additional buoyancy and stability at low speeds. They also afforded a visible indication of an impending aerodynamic stall, and aircraft not so equipped could slip out of control at low speeds with considerably less warning than might those which featured these devices.



B. Roxburgh Smith by the side of a Blackburn Bluebird; showing Handley-Page automatic 'slots' on the upper wing, 1930.

(Capt. J. McAdam)

The second point is that intercommunication between the two cockpits of Moth aircraft was by means of the 'Gosport Tube' system—a non-electric tube of approximately 3/4-inch diameter leading directly from a mouth-piece in front of one pilot to earphones in the helmet of the other. Thousands have been taught to fly by this means, but misunderstandings were certainly not impossible.¹⁹ The first fatal air accident in Kenya occurred on March 12th, 1928, in a Moth aircraft similar to VP-YAB; in this Lady Maia Carberry and a trainee pilot to whom she was imparting flying instruction lost their lives in circumstances which would appear to have been almost identical. That accident was attributed to a probable misunderstanding between instructor and trainee.

During the months that followed a subscription list was opened and considerable thought was given to a suitable memorial to Pat Judson. Then, on August 1st, 1932, a letter appeared in the *Bulawayo Chronicle* above Col. Dan Judson's signature: "I have been advised by the Secretary of the Rhodesian Aviation Company that a sum of £171 has been subscribed by my late son's friends and admirers towards a memorial to his memory as a pioneer pilot of Rhodesia; in addition, a valuable cup²⁰, suitable as a trophy, has been given by Mr. Gordon Cooper."²¹

I have the names of the subscribers in front of me as I write, and I see that they cover a wide field and that the sums vary from £5 to 5 shillings, which is gratifying as a token of the esteem in which my son was held.

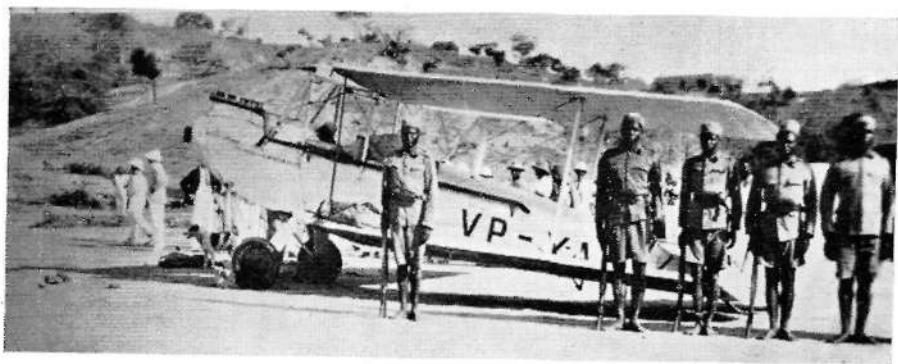
My wife and I were asked by the Aviation Company to say the form we should like the memorial to take, but we both feel that we should like suggestions to come from others, and I therefore invite those interested to communicate either with me or the Aviation Company or to express their views through the courtesy of the Press."

A few days later the *Chronicle* reported that "Friends of Pat Judson in the Rhodesian Aviation Company have erected a memorial in the hangar at Bulawayo Aerodrome,²² in the form of a bench in solid red Rhodesian teak. It has a brass plate inscribed 'In Memory of Pat Judson' and on it stands a framed set of three photographs of the young pilot. The first shows him in France in 1917, the second on the beach at St. (Porto) Amelia in 1931 and the last a portrait taken very shortly before his death."²³

An interesting suggestion came from Mr. Nigel Norman, Chairman of Airwork, Ltd., of England, who, having been appointed Technical Adviser on Aviation to the Beit Trustees,²⁴ visited Bulawayo in February, 1933, during the course of an aerial tour of the Rhodesias. Upon his return to England he submitted a most comprehensive report, one of the recommendations of which was that "the route beacon light to be installed at Bulawayo be of the course-indicating type, with a flash aligned on Sengazani (en route from Pietersburg) and on Que Que (en route from Salisbury).²⁵ It is suggested that the supporting tower be constructed of stone to an architect's design and dedicated as a memorial to the late Mr. Patrick Judson." Any relevant suggestions from local sources must have been directed to Col. Judson or to the Aviation Company, for nothing further appears to have been published in the Press.



Mr. and Mrs. H. H. C. Perrem with the Pat Judson Trophy, 1938
(Capt. J. McAdam)



Moth VP-YAB at Porto Amelia, 1930.
(Mrs. M. Robbs)

The cup referred to by Col. Judson in his letter to the *Bulawayo Chronicle* was manufactured in England and was delivered to Rhodesia in 1936²⁶ by which time it had been decided to name it the "Pat Judson Memorial Floating Trophy", and that it would be awarded annually for "the most meritorious flight of the year" by a pilot, male or female, private or commercial, who was domiciled in Southern Rhodesia. The funds subscribed would be used for the provision of miniatures,²⁷ and for administrative costs.

The Trophy was administered by the Department of Civil Aviation, and nominees for awards were submitted either by flying clubs or by individuals. First recipient of the award, in 1936, was Mr. B. Danby Gray,²⁸ pilot for Lonrho (London and Rhodesian Mining and Land Company, Ltd.) for a flight from England to Rhodesia in that Company's new D.H. 90 Dragonfly aircraft, registration VP-YBB. In 1937 Mr. Miles Bowker received the award for a night flight from Salisbury to Johannesburg in Rhodesian and Nyasaland Airways' Dragonfly VP-YAX, carrying urgently-required films of the Coronation of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth in May of that year.

The last pre-war recipient was Mr. H. H. C. Perrem of Umtali, to whom the Trophy was awarded for an adventurous flight from Umtali to Europe and back by him and his wife in an open-cockpit two-seater Heinkel HE64D monoplane, registration VP-YBI. Mr. Perrem writes ". . . Application (for award of the Trophy) was made in our absence whilst my wife and I were on the flight, and submitted by the then Umtali Flying Club. Although the award was made to the pilot, we both took an equal share in the flight, which was carried out as an exercise holiday and with no prior knowledge of the possibility of the award. The presentation was made by the Municipal Council of Umtali at a full meeting of the Council. After holding the Trophy for one year, it was surrendered by me to the Department of Civil Aviation, and a miniature was sent to me, which is still in my possession."

No award was made in 1939; nominations were generally considered soon after the end of each year and in January, 1940, World War II being four months old, the attention of all concerned was claimed by matters of a more urgent and serious nature. The Department of Civil Aviation had been absorbed by the Rhodesian Air Training Group and custody of the Trophy was taken over by the Rhodesian Pioneers' and Early Settlers' Society, of which Col. Dan Judson was then Secretary. Its subsequent war-time history is somewhat obscure, but after Col. Judson's death in November, 1942,²⁹ it may have been loaned to the Rhodesian Air Training Group for, on April 9th, 1943, *Fledgling*, an Air Force magazine issued by the Initial Training Wing of the Royal Air Force Station at Hillside, Bulawayo, made the following jubilant announcement: "I.T.W. Wins Pat Judson Memorial Trophy! This Trophy was originally offered for the most meritorious flight of the year, but due to the changed conditions of war-time it has been decided that it should be awarded to the cock station of this area for sport. The results of the 1942/43 sports season are as follows: I.T.W. 19 points, Kumalo 15, Heany 10, Induna 9."³⁰

After the war the Trophy's existence was all but forgotten by most of the aviation community in Rhodesia—newcomers had never heard of it—but it

seems that it remained in the custody of the Pioneers' and Early Settlers' Society for some years. In March, 1951, the President of the Society wrote to the Director of Civil Aviation, Salisbury, suggesting that administration of the Trophy be resumed on a similar basis to that of pre-war days, but nothing came of this. Then, in 1952, Mrs. Dan Judson decided to present the Trophy, the remaining miniatures and the Trust Fund to Pat's old school, Milton, with the suggestion that annual awards be made for the best model aircraft constructed and flown by youngsters, and there is evidence that this was done for a while before petering out due, presumably, to lack of interest.

In September, 1963, the author mentioned the existence, whereabouts and early history of the Trophy to the Secretary of the Rhodesia Division of the Royal Aeronautical Society, Mr. S. H. Guy, who suggested to the Committee of that Society that, if possible, it be re-instated in its original purpose, under the Society's auspices. Protracted correspondence then ensued between the Society, the Headmaster of Milton School and Mrs. Mazoe Bovell—now Mrs. Robbs³¹—the sister of the late Pat Judson, and only surviving member of the Judson family.³² Eventually it was agreed that the Society would assume administration of the Trophy, which would thenceforth be awarded for meritorious flying work—not necessarily a particular flight—as the nature of flying has altered considerably during the intervening years. The Trophy, now being the property of Milton School, would have to remain there, but would be loaned to the Society at the time of the award, in October each year. As before, the recipient of the award would be presented with a miniature, which, however, would be of rather less elaborate design than the originals (due to the extremely high present-day cost of the latter).

The first post-war award of the Pat Judson Trophy was made in 1963, the recipient being Mr. C. H. Prince, whose aeronautical career in Rhodesia dates back to 1937; the majority of his flying has been in the field of instruction, and the award was made in recognition of his devoted and prolonged services in that branch of aviation.

A break with tradition was made in 1965, until which time all awards had been made for flights by male pilots in powered aircraft. That year the recipient was Miss Caroline Rowe, whose award was in recognition of her achievements in the field of gliding—in particular, for a record flight at Colorado Springs, U.S.A., on February 22nd, 1965, in which she reached an altitude of no less than 33,000 feet above sea level. Not only is Miss Rowe the first woman recipient of the Trophy, but she is able to claim the additional distinction of being the youngest ever.

In 1966 the award was, for the first time, made collectively, and went to "The Beaver Pilots of Central African Airways" for many years' safe operation of these small single-engined aircraft over remote 'bush' areas of Malawi and Zambia. The miniature was received on behalf of all the Beaver pilots by First Officer R. L. van Rooyen, C.A.A.'s most experienced pilot in this type of aircraft.

The death of Pat Judson was a tragedy which those who had the privilege of knowing him will never forget. Let it be hoped that the Pat Judson Memorial Flying Trophy will ensure that his name is remembered by those who did not have that privilege.

NOTES

1. The First Mazoe Patrol.
2. The Second Mazoe Patrol.
3. St. George's School was later transferred to Salisbury, and became St. George's College. Milton School was originally established in Borrow St., Bulawayo.
4. AH South African pilots' licences, private and commercial, were enumerated consecutively on a common register. Pat's was therefore the 116th flying licence issued since the introduction of the Aviation Act in 1927. In Rhodesia the Aviation Act was promulgated on April 1st, 1930, whereupon Pat was issued with Southern Rhodesian 'B' Pilot's Licence No. 1.
5. Union Airways, based at Fairview Aerodrome, Port Elizabeth, was established on July 24th, 1929.
6. The first flying instructor at Salisbury was Major S. C. 'Sandy' Wynne-Eyton, who was also the first Rhodesian private owner of an aircraft, a Moth—hence his soubriquet 'Moth-Eyton'. He left to join Wilson Airways, of Nairobi, soon after its inception in mid-1929.
7. The Government Department styled 'Civil Aviation', established in 1930, was administered by the Department of Defence until 1936. The duties of Director of Civil Aviation were undertaken by the Commandant of Territorial Forces, Colonel G. Parson, D.S.O.
8. "Bamba zonke"—a term meaning 'grab the lot' or, more loosely 'skim the cream'. Applied in jest in later years to Salisbury which, being the capital, was sometimes suspected of feathering its nest at the expense of others.
9. Manufactured to approved aircraft standards by the Rhodesian Aviation Company's Ground Engineer, Mr. R. T. 'Steve' Launder.
10. Then a Rhodesian Government rank, not to be confused with a similar title in the British Government; later known as the Minister for Internal Affairs.
11. Livingstone was then the capital of Northern Rhodesia.
12. Not long afterwards Dr. Gane himself qualified for his 'A' Flying Licence.
13. Early in 1931 he formed Christowitz Air Services, Nyasaland's first flying enterprise, which operated successfully until taken over by Rhodesian and Nyasaland Airways on February 1st, 1934.
14. The twin towns later amalgamated under the control of a single municipality.
15. Previous aircraft known to have visited Nyasaland were:
 1. A B.E. 20 of the R.F.C., which operated from Fort Johnston for a short period in late-1917.
 2. A Dornier 'Mercury' float plane, flown by the Swiss airman Walter Mittelholzer, alighted at Karonga on Lake Nyasa on February 3rd, 1927—and at Fort Johnston on February 4th—en route for Cape Town via Beira and the east coast.
 3. A Short 'Singapore' flying boat, in charge of Sir Alan Cobham, arrived at Fort Johnston on March 3rd, 1928, and departed for Beira and the Cape on March 4th.
16. The Moth was an open-cockpit aircraft.
17. Miles Brunette Bowker lost his life on active service in the Mediterranean theatre during World War II.
18. 'Jock' Speight was captain of the Rhodesian cricket team which played against the first official M.C.C. team to visit Rhodesia, in 1929.
19. Terms commonly used in flying instruction were "You've got her!" or "I've got her!". The author once found himself sitting with folded arms in a Puss Moth—a much more docile aeroplane than the Moth and in which, being a cabin type, no Gosport Tube was necessary—while his instructor was doing likewise, each for a while believing that the other "had her".
20. The intrinsic value of the cup was, at the time, put at over £300.
21. A prominent farmer in the Essexvale district, by whom Pat Judson was held in very high esteem.
22. Later known as Kumalo (when the R.A.F. established an air station there in 1940).
23. The bench and photographs are, like the Trophy, now the property of Milton School.

24. In February, 1932, the Beit Trustees announced a grant of £50,000 to be devoted to the provision of aeronautical facilities in the Rhodesias. Mr. Norman was provided with a Moth aircraft, in which he toured the areas concerned prior to reporting back to the Trustees as to the most advantageous use of these monies.
25. Such a beacon was visible only if the aircraft was on course. If the pilot allowed the machine to drift off, the light would fade from his view and would not be seen until he had regained the required track.
26. The reason for the time-lapse does not appear to have been explained.
27. Six miniatures, facsimiles of the Trophy (in design), were manufactured at the same time.
28. Bertram Danby Gray lost his life in an air accident, involving the same aircraft, near Selukwe, Rhodesia, on October 20th, 1938.
29. Lt. Col. Dan Judson, O.B.E., V.D., J.P., died on November 22nd, 1942.
30. The air stations mentioned were all in the Bulawayo area.
31. The author is indebted to Mrs. Robbs for much of the information in this article.
32. Mrs. Judson died on September 15th, 1963.

Notes on some Historic Baobabs

By G. L. Guy

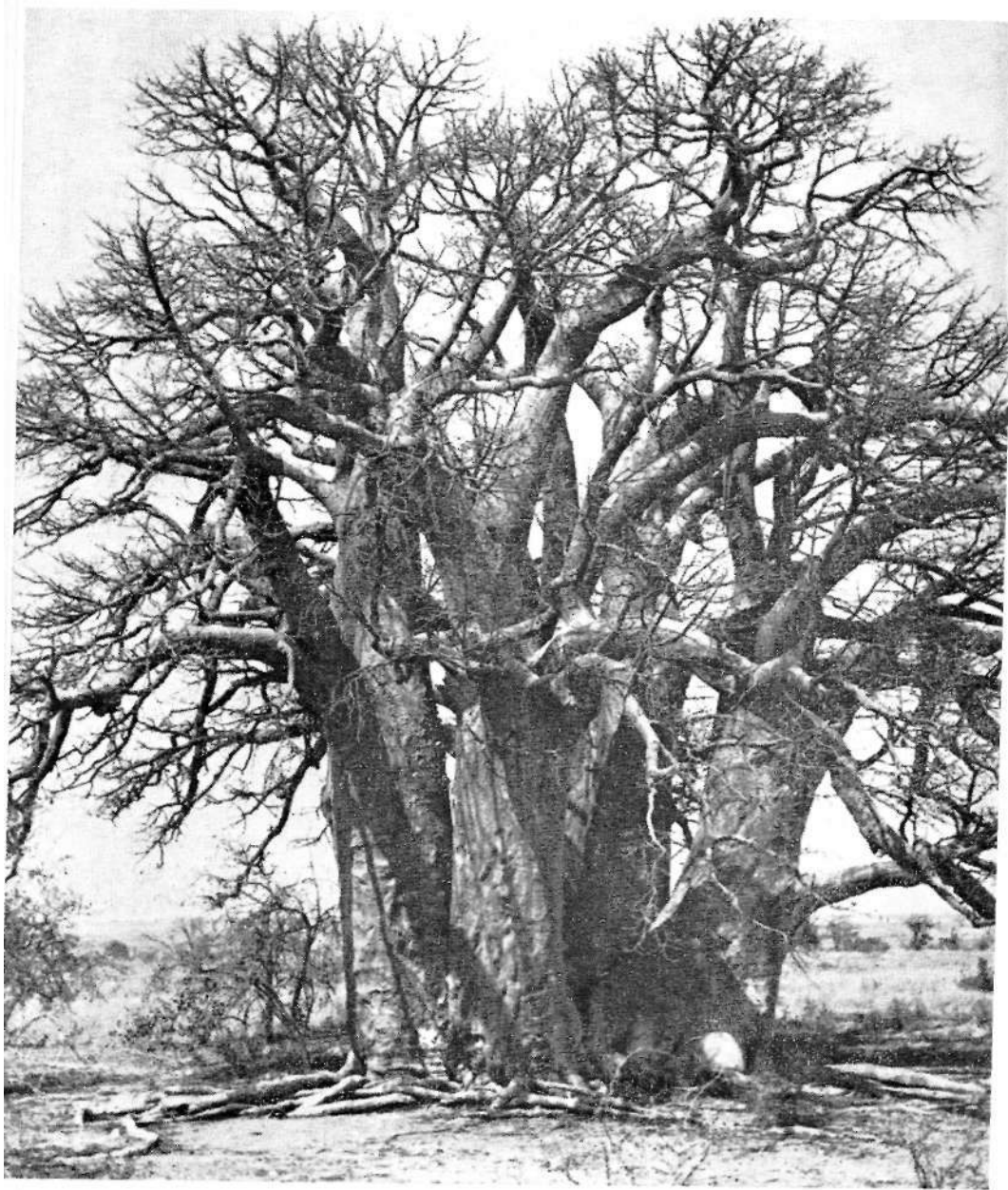
This paper was presented at the Annual Conference of the South African Museums Association, at Bulawayo, in May, 1967.

Since the early explorers in Southern Africa first saw baobabs, their size and probable age have excited comment and speculation.

Adanson, from whom the genus is named, was the first to speculate; he worked on the basis of annual growth and decided that a tree in Senegal must be some 5,150 years old. Andersson, late in the 18th century, tried to calculate the rate of growth from the time taken to cover some initials carved in a tree and he too arrived at an age of over 5,000 years. David Livingstone also entered into the controversy; in 1853 he counted the growth rings in a tree in Bechuanaland and arrived at a figure of 83 1/2 rings per foot of radius, "but supposing each ring the growth of one year and the semi diameter of a mowana (Sechuana—baobab) of one hundred feet in circumference about 17 feet, if the central point were in the centre of the tree, then its age would lack some centuries of being as old as the Christian era. Though it possesses amazing vitality, it is difficult to believe that this great baby looking bulb or tree is as old as the Pyramids."

Livingstone did more than speculate about their age; he measured some, two of which we have been able to locate. The first, in 1853, is on the north side of Ntwetwe pan in Bechuanaland and he describes it in these words: "About two miles beyond the northern bank of the pan we unyoked under a fine specimen of the baobab, here called in the language of the Bechuanas, mowana; it consisted of six branches united into one trunk, at three feet from the ground it was 85 feet in circumference." Livingstone's calculations are not very accurate though: he gives the diameter of this tree as 36 feet 5 inches, the actual figure being 27 feet, and in his Journal he quotes 20 rings per inch radius when discussing this tree, and gives the age as 4,360 years. The tree was fairly easy to find, for Livingstone goes on to say that they outspanned at Gootsa pan which was still known by that name when we visited it in September, 1966. At "three feet from the ground" the tree now measures 80' 3" in circumference, an anomaly which I will attempt to explain later; for the present it will suffice to say that the last hundred years have seen a gradual drying up of the country. Livingstone estimated the circumference of Lake Ngami as 39 miles—it has been completely dry on occasion in recent years and the Botletle river (Dzouga of Livingstone) is no longer the populous river highway of 1853.

James Chapman, a year or so later, followed Livingstone's spoor and says of this same tree near Gootsa, "The dimensions, which we took with a measuring tape, proved its circumference at the base to be twenty nine yards." This confirms Livingstone's measurements, assuming that Chapman ran his tape



Livingstone's tree; three miles south of Gootsa Pan.

(*Mr. G. L. Guy*)

round the tree a few inches lower. The base is heavily buttressed and could not be easily circled.

On the tree are carved "J. Jolley" "1875" "O.B.", and I wrote to E. C. Tabler in West Virginia about these. His comments were that he was interested to know how Jolley spelt his name, that the "1875" must have been carved in the year of Jolley's death for he died of fever at Panda-ma-tenka in August that year: "O.B." was most likely Oswald Bagger, a somewhat flamboyant Swede who was near the Victoria Falls in 1878. Jolley is still commemorated by "Jolley's Pan" on the old Panda-ma-tenka road, which is now the Rhodesian border with Bechuanaland.

Had this tree been nearer a source of water, it would have had far more records of early travellers carved on it: about three miles due north of it is Gootsa pan, where Livingstone and many after him camped, as the surviving baobab shows. Unfortunately, for our purposes, no one seems to have left a record of the size of this tree; in 1966 it was 50' 10 1/2" in girth at breast height (4' 3" from ground level) and the condition of the letters shows that it has grown very slowly, if at all since "H. v. Z 1851". I have been, unable to find out very much about Harry van Zyl, other than that he was a hunter. The "Green Expedition" was one of several made by the Green brothers, Frederick and Charles. They were Canadians by birth and travelled with such famous naturalists as Wahlberg, who was killed while hunting elephant with Frederick Green, Chapman, in 1855, and C. J. Andersson, whose books are well known to naturalists and historians. The Greens were among the first white men to reach Ghanzi and went as far north as the Chobi river in 1852. "F.W.D." is obviously Fred Drake, a hunter and trader from Pinetown, who hunted as far north as Dett from 1873 to 1879.

We failed to find another very much larger tree, under which Baines and Chapman camped for several days while Chapman was ill in May, 1862. We were within a few miles of it when we found a group of baobabs painted by Baines on the 21st May because he says "a long circuit brought me, with empty pouch, to the clump of baobabs we had seen yesterday from the wagon. Five full-sized trees and two or three younger ones were standing, so that when in leaf their foliage must form one magnificent shade. One gigantic trunk had fallen and lay prostrate, but still losing none of its vitality, sent forth branches and young leaves like the rest."

The trees are still standing and look very much as they did in Baines's day, except that the right hand one, or eastern, had lost two branches: one hollow was inhabited by barn owls when we saw it.

When searching for the tree of 101 feet girth we did not know of the existence of the clump, or of Baines's sketch, so we tried to retrace Baines and Chapman's route from their maps and the names of pans. With the clump as starting point we should be able to find it if it still exists.

Baines and Chapman earlier in their trip used another baobab as a camp site and their diaries refer to it as "the big tree". It must have been the biggest they had yet seen, but its girth at 50 feet was small in comparison with some they encountered later. This tree is just off the Ngami-Ghanzi track, and is situated

on the edge of a pan and its position on modern maps agrees very closely with the latitude calculated by Baines.

He remarks that they "found the little puddle of filthy water quite insufficient for our cattle, and as for drinking it ourselves when the wagon came up and coffee was made, nearly two thirds of the depth was thick mud."

We measured the tree at 15 inches from the ground, 59' 4", and at breast height, 56' 0 1/2". It is hard to guess where Baines made his measurements but it must have been above ground level because of buttress roots and the mere fact of having to stoop low to measure. We think he must have measured it at about breast height which is the most convenient height. This tree has obviously grown in girth, probably almost entirely because of the reserve of water afforded by the pan, which when full is about 100 by 190 paces in size.

Two trees at the eastern end of Lake Ngami have vanished. Livingstone recorded the girth of one at 76 feet and Baines refers to it as "Livingstone's tree". We were informed by Julian Marshall, the Fisheries Officer at Maun, that the remains of a giant baobab were still visible near Toten and that the tree could not have been dead more than two or three years.

Further north, Baines and Chapman measured another tree, which so far we have been unable to find. Stereo pairs of air survey pictures of the pan where they camped do not show any large trees, but only a check on the ground will make certain whether or not it is still growing.

Baines and Chapman crossed the Panda-ma-tenka road and went more directly north than other travellers and in March, 1863, they measured this tree, "57 feet breast high, and 65 at the ground". It is now in Wankie National Park, at Dandari Pan.

Baines was a careful and accurate man in all respects and he kept very careful records of latitude, but he could not keep a watch or clock under his conditions of travel, so one can only rely on latitude in following his old routes. It is a singularly unrewarding occupation in that dry sandy flat forest running up and down lines of latitude looking for trees, unless there is some other feature with which to link them.

Still in the same area there was another well known baobab at Cream of Tartar Pan on the Panda-ma-tenka road which was variously measured at 27 yards, 25 yards and 80 feet circumference. We travelled by dead reckoning and reached a pan now called Sebuyu but there was no baobab of that size in sight. There was a much scarred small tree, of 24' 9 3/4" girth at breast height, with dozens of initials carved on it, but none we have been able to identify.

With the diminution in rainfall over the past hundred years it is possible that we were at the wrong pan; on modern maps a much larger pan is shown to the north and east of Sebuyu which may have been the waterpoint of early travellers. Sebuyu was quite dry when we saw it in September, 1966, but at this stage a burnt-out generator and fuel shortage started us homeward and we must make further search for this tree at some future time.

We eventually (March, 1967) found what is probably another measured tree at the south east corner of the Makarikari Pan. This one was first measured

by Emil Holub in 1875 and tracing it meant finding the old hunters' road along the eastern edge of the pan.

Things have not altered very much in Botswana and the old road is still used in part by modern transport, winding down the escarpment from the Makwe plain. The first place to find was Bergfontein or Nokane spring, still known under the latter name. This corresponds with the Dinokane of other Travellers and is on the old wagon road which is easily negotiable today by Landrover; no trees of any size have sprung up on it and the cleared way is easily discernible except in two or three places in mopane scrub. The spring is a pleasant place in that dry country, with large trees overhanging the two pools and it is much frequented by game and cattle; we saw fresh leopard spoor as well.

Where the road enters the pan it turns east of north and about two miles away there is a baobab, the first large one near the old road; there are two much younger ones before it. Holub's description, "It was at the saltpan that I saw my first baobab, the most southerly specimen along my route", strongly points to this tree as being the one measured by Holub. "The one I noticed was twenty-five feet in height, its circumference measuring nearly fifty-two feet". There are no other baobabs of any size for at least three miles beyond this one: westwards along the pan from the road there are larger specimens but Holub talks only of the eastern shore and the road went east and north.

If this is indeed Holub's tree, it too has grown very little. At a convenient height from the ground it was 54' 8" and measured at breast height from the upper side of the slight slope on which it stands it is exactly 52' girth now: its height is just over 30' today. (Height measurements, unless made by a forest officer or surveyor, are always subject to suspicion, as very few people know how they should be done.)

We do not think it worth searching for the tree measured by Richard Frewen: it was some seven miles from the Berg, but no other means of identifying it are given.

Yet one more lay on the old wagon track and Schultz gives its diameter in 1875 as 32 feet. If this large tree still exists it may be possible to find it as its position is fairly well described.

Finally, I was able to find one more tree measured last century, again by David Livingstone, this time during his Zambezi expedition in 1858. In September of that year he wrote in his Journal: "We wooded at Shiramba about four miles above the spot pointed out as the Great House. All is deserted now and we saw nothing except a small brown antelope. While the men were cutting down a *lignum vitae* tree I walked a little way to the southwest and found a baobab, which MacRae and I, measuring at about three feet from the ground, found to be 72 feet in circumference. It was hollow and had a good wide doorway to it. The space inside was nine feet in diameter and about twenty five feet high. A lot of bats clustered about the top of the roof and I noticed for the first time that this tree has a bark inside as well as out."

Livingstone's figure cannot be accepted without question, however. In his *Narrative* he talks of "a magnificent baobab hollowed out into a good sized hut,



Baines's sketch of the group at the north end of Ntewe Pan, 1862.
(Africana Museum, Johannesburg)



The same group as it is today, very little altered except that the tree on the right has lost two branches.

(Mr. G. L. Guy)

with bark inside as well as without" (p. 40). Later, on p. 53, he says "Conspicuous among the trees, for its gigantic size and bark coloured exactly like Egyptian syenite, is the burly Baobab. It often makes the other trees of the forest look like mere bushes in comparison. A hollow one, already mentioned, is 74 feet in circumference, another was 84, and some have been found on the West Coast which measure 100 feet." And he contradicts his early calculations by continuing "Their great size induced some to imagine that they afforded evidence that the flood of Noah never took place. On careful examination of many hundreds in the forests, and some which had sprung up in the floors of old stone houses, the number of concentric rings convince us that even the very largest specimens of this remarkably soft-wooded tree are not 500 years old."

John Kirk measured the tree on 25th January, 1860, "A long walk yesterday, no game and few plants. The same today, up a few miles, measured the large hollow baobab at Shiramba. It is 12 1/2 of my fathoms each—5 feet 11 inches. The tree's circumference equals 73 feet or the diameter nearly 24 feet. The diameter of the hollow inside was 9 feet."

It would be interesting to hear Livingstone and Kirk on the subject of the rate of growth of baobabs now, for in 1965 I measured the tree at the same three feet from the ground as did Livingstone and found it to be 73.95 feet. Thus in over 100 years it can have increased at most two feet in circumference. In 1965 there was still a colony of bats in the tree and some exceedingly active bees.

How fast do baobabs grow then?

The only definite age we have is a Carbon 14 date done by Dr. E. R. Swart at the University College of Rhodesia.

He took a sample from the centre of a 15 foot diameter tree and made its age 1,010 years \pm 100; another sample, 3 1/2 feet from the centre, was 740 years - 100. In other words, for the first 270 years of its life the tree grew fast, reaching a diameter of seven feet. It took 740 years more to reach 15 feet in diameter, which gives some slim basis for calculating age.

The tree grew eight feet in diameter in 740 years and treating it as a true cylinder, it grew .1135" in diameter annually.

Livingstone's tree at Shiramba grew a maximum 1.95 feet in girth in 108 years or .62 feet diameter, an increment of .07 ins. per annum, which is even slower. A mean of .09 inches diameter per annum gives an age for a tree of 32 feet diameter of 4,266 years.

To return now to the tree measured by Livingstone near Gootsa pan, this seems to have shrunk some 57 inches of circumference. This is about 5J per cent of the total, an acceptable figure in the light of the figures quoted below, where several of the trees have diminished by over 4 per cent of their girth in 1931.

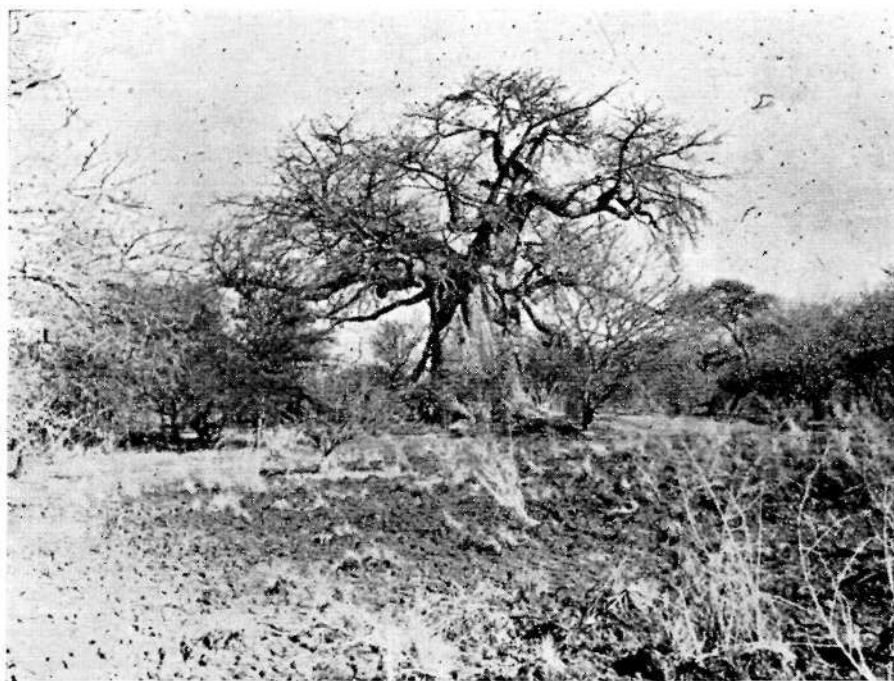
There is concrete evidence that baobabs do not grow at all for long periods of drought; in fact, they actually shrink, as the 17 trees in a sample plot near Messina, Transvaal, prove.

These trees, first measured in 1931 by Dr. P. C. de Villiers, now a Professor at the University of Stellenbosch, have been measured at intervals since then.

De Villiers painted a ring at breast height round each tree and measurements have been made at the same points each time since then.



Baines's "Big Tree", south of Lake Ngami, as sketched by him in 1862.
(Africana Museum, Johannesburg)



Baines's "Big Tree" today, photographed from the opposite direction; i.e. the cluster of small trees on the right is next to the figures in Baines's sketch.
(Mr. G. L. Guy)

The figures for three trees are given below in inches of girth at breast height.

Tree No.	1931	1938	1946	1949	1953	1966
2	242	242½	235½	240	244 3/4	237
7	101	108	109½	116½	126	126¼
15	245	242½	221¼	238	241 5/8	235 3/4

These rates of growth graphed against the rainfall for those years show clearly that baobabs are very sensitive to drought years.

Studying them, reading the descriptions of early travellers and surveying the large numbers of dead and dying trees in the Limpopo valley, one is forced to conclude either that current rainfall shortages are as aggravated as they have been in the past two thousand years or that overgrazing and consequent erosion and fast runoff have prevented sufficient water from soaking in.

Anyway, until we can prove the existence of annual rings the age of baobabs must remain speculation, but I think we can say that they do live at least over 4,000 years.

It will therefore be doubly interesting to look for several baobabs recorded by Thomas Baines in the Limpopo valley, on the last of his journeys in 1871.

Between the junction of the Shashi and Semokwe rivers and his crossing the Limpopo at Baines Drift, he and his companions measured five trees along their route, varying from 40 to 63 feet in girth. If the trees are still alive they are very probably on an existing track, because there has been so little development in the area in the last 90 years that there will have been no call for the construction of surveyed roads.

Again Baines kept meticulous records of latitude calculated from stellar observation though he seems to have deserted his old favourites Alpha Crusis and Alpha Lyra for Alpha Eridani, Canopus and Fomalhaut. Where physical features, such as a river junction, can be tied to his observations, he seems to have been less than five miles out in every case.

Some at least of the trees were measured by stretching the traveller's arms around them at shoulder height but Baines knew his own fathom and very likely he checked those of his companions: he gives "10 times the span of my extended arms or perhaps nearly 50 feet", while of a nearby tree "Gee found that it measured 8 times the length of his extended arms and 3 feet over or probably 30, in circumference", so he obviously knew that Gee's span was less than his own, but later he gives definite measurements of 61 and 63 feet girth. This was when they were with the wagons, so possibly they had a tape with them then.

It seems possible, too, that the trees measured in Cecil Rhodes's presence in 1890 on the Parkwe (sic) river by de Waal can also be traced today. It is likely that Rhodes's party camped at "Biles Pool" so named by Baines, which was on that river. It seems to have been one of the regular night camps after Baines's time.

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Marandellas and the Mashona Rebellion

by R. Hodder-Williams

Introduction

In 1896 the settlement called Marandellas was situated four miles from the present site of the town, which was then virgin veld. It was the advent of the Umtali-Salisbury railway line in 1898 which drew the administrative centre of the district away from its original position, where Ruzawi School now stands, and began the decline of Old Marandellas. In 1896, the main road from Umtali to Salisbury, which Selous had surveyed for Rhodes in the summer of 1890-91, ran south of the present road and railway, and the first Marandellas grew up around the wayside inn on that road. Rhodes had realised that the shortest route to Mashonaland and Salisbury from Capetown did not lie along the line of rail slowly advancing from Kimberley, but by sea to the Pungwe and thence inland across Portuguese territory to the Eastern Highlands and along the watershed. In order to encourage this route, he offered 20 acres of land on the road from Umtali to Salisbury to anyone willing to establish a coach stop and provide shelter and refreshment for travellers and stabling for their horses. Towards the end of 1891 three members of the British South Africa Company's Police, who had themselves accompanied the Pioneer Column to Salisbury, accepted Rhodes's offer, obtained their discharges and built what came to be called the Ruzawi Outspan.

These three men, Lance-Corporal David Bottomley, Trooper Edwin Head, a cheerful Cockney standing only five feet high, and Trooper John Moore, a self-made tailor, can be regarded as the first white residents of Marandellas. They did not stay there long, however, but soon sold the inn to Messrs. Symington and Robertson, who also ran a coach service between Umtali and Salisbury. By 1896 the inn was being run by Sam Dalton, an indication, it seems, of the occupational impermanence traditional in Rhodesia at the time. In 1892, when the Company's Military Police had been changed into Civil Police, an out-station had been formed at Marandellas and in 1894 a Native Commissioner was stationed there.¹ In 1896, then, Marandellas was a wayside stopping-place and an important centre of communications, situated as it was at the junction of roads leading from Umtali, Salisbury and Fort Charter. It consisted of a rambling collection of brick buildings, spread over an area of many acres, and served as the administrative centre of a district with only a tiny white population.

It was on March 23rd, 1896, that the second Matabele War broke out, but the vast majority of white people in Rhodesia never imagined that trouble would spread from there to Mashonaland. Their judgment, however, was soon proved to be faulty. Of no one was this more true than of Cecil Rhodes. He was travelling from Beira to Salisbury along the main road when he received news

of the outbreak of trouble in Matabeleland, and he spent one night of his journey at the Ruzawi Outspan. There he met 'Wiri' Edwards, the young Native Commissioner with a broad Scots accent, and although Rhodes was suffering from a bout of malaria he sat for over an hour on the wall in front of the hotel discussing the numerous troubles he faced as a result of the abortive Jameson Raid and the new threat to his country posed by the Matabele uprising. "He was very worried about the position in Matabeleland," Edwards recalled, "but like many more of us, he didn't suspect that the Mashona would follow the lead given by the Matabele."²

This was the common belief among Europeans right up to the murder of the Norton family on June 17th, and in some cases still later. Even the Reverend John White was taken by surprise, and he was thought to be as close to the African people as any man.³ There had been signs for those who were prepared to read them, but many native commissioners, quite as much as other white people who came into less direct contact with the Mashona, refused to accept the evidence of their eyes and their informants.⁴ However, by June, 1896, facts could not be ignored; the Mashona *had* risen. What immediately concerned the settlers and the Administration, therefore, was not finding some rationale for this behaviour, but the more immediate problems of survival and of breaking the rebellion.

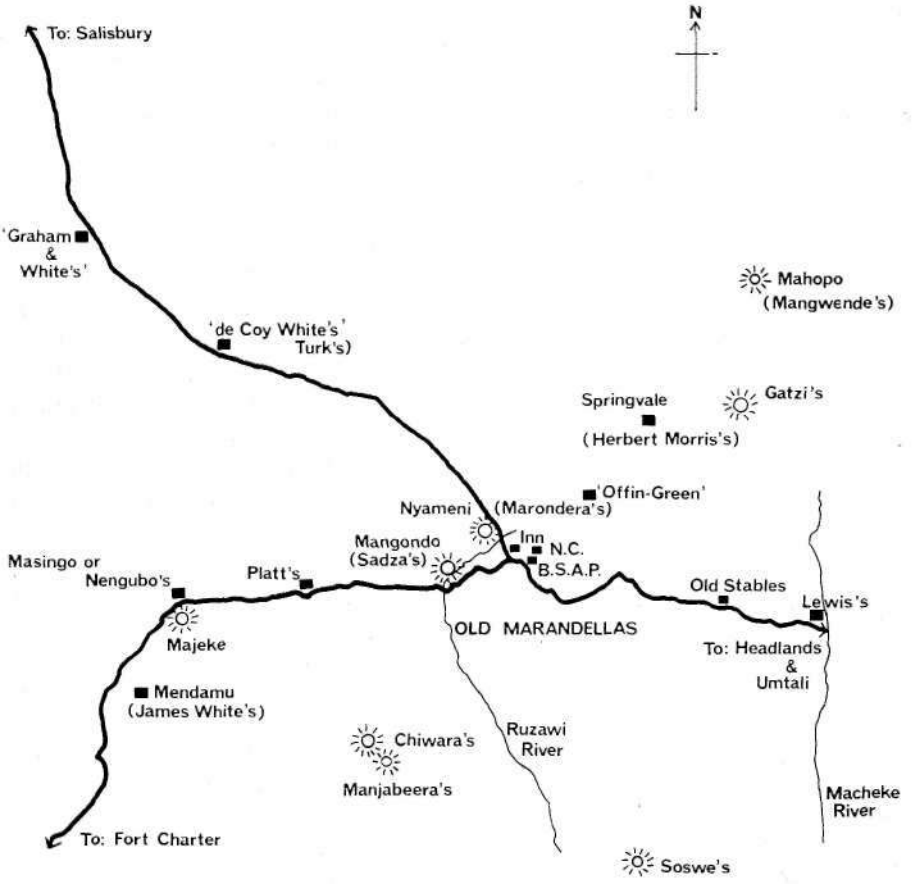
Marandellas provides an excellent portrait of these very problems. The first part of this article relates the efforts of the small white community to ensure its survival; the second part tells of the successful attempt to break the rebellion in the district. The initial steps come to an end with the evacuation of the settlement of Old Marandellas on June 21st, while the process of breaking the rebellion begins with the arrival of Major Watts and his detachment of 100 men from Plumer's Matabeleland Relief Force at the end of July. Between these events six weeks elapsed when the area was deserted of Europeans, and during this period many false rumours abounded in the rest of the country. "Heard that six whites were killed at Marandellas hotel," Lionel Cripps wrote in his diary for June 24th,⁵ but this was not true. Conflicting accounts of those days are still common, but it is now possible to build up a picture which, although it cannot co-ordinate all the pieces of evidence, represents, as closely as is probably practical, what actually took place in the Marandellas area between June 17th, 1896, when the Norton family was murdered, and October 27th, 1897, when the rebellion may be said to have come to an end with the unconditional surrender of Kagubi.

I

The Norton family was murdered on Wednesday, June 17th, 1896. By midday of the same day the news had reached Mahopo, the kopje upon which Chief Mangwende had built his kraal. His son, Mchemwa, and his brother, Gatzi, understood the message beaten out from kraal to kraal by the drummers, and "towards evening fires blazed out from the hills of Nhowe and were answered by similar fires on the far off hills of Goromonzi and Jeta."⁶ When Ziute and Savidjgo came to Bernard Mizeki's home among the buildings which

Gouveia had once inhabited, they did not come on the spur of the moment; for many weeks, even months, there had been plotting and planning. And yet, although Mchemwa waited for a message before letting his wrath loose on the white men and those who befriended them, there was no concerted African movement against the scattered European population. Bernard Mizeki was dragged from his hut on Mchemwa's instructions and mortally wounded late in the night of June 17th, but it was not until the 20th, however, that the rest of Marandellas felt the full impact of the rebellion.⁷ For three days, then, the Mashona stayed their hand, and the tiny European population, quite unaware either of Bernard Mizeki's death or of the possibility of a general uprising, continued to trade and travel along the main road. That Bernard Mizeki was the first casualty in the Marandellas area throws some interesting light on the causes of the rebellion. For what had incensed Mchemwa and the nganga was Bernard's attachment to the white man's church and his traditions and beliefs, so much so that they believed he was really a white man in disguise, hiding himself under a black skin. Molimile Molele, the Methodist catechist at the Nengubo Mission, was disliked for the same reasons, and he too lost his life in the rebellion on account of his attachment to the white people and their ways.

The oral evidence is quite clear on this point, and it finds expression on two main fronts. The first, for the sake of convenience, may be termed administrative, for the African teachers had attempted to make the Government's instructions understood. Mrs. Farrant noticed that "Bernard visited the kraal on top of the hill whenever he could in an attempt to interpret and justify to the chief the actions of the Government"⁸; and Douglas Pelly wrote in March of a visit to Bernard Mizeki that "our talk was chiefly of crops and cattle, and the future actions of the Government."⁹ The African teachers were not unnaturally equated with the Government and the white men who controlled it, so that the African peoples really came to believe that Bernard Mizeki's task, under the guise of Christianity, was to snatch their children away from them and convert them into white children. The teachers were also held responsible, quite apart from the hut tax and demands for labour, for the terrible scourges of locusts, rinderpest and drought which the white man was alleged to have brought into the country. And this introduces the second, major channel of discontent, the religious; for if God failed to make it rain, was He not angry at those Africans who had turned away from the traditional spirits? In its baldest form, this opposition is expressed by old Mrs. Mangachema: "Molele had provoked them by telling them to leave the Mudzimu,"¹⁰ but individual complaints concerning monogamy, the killing of twins and so on also divided the powerful leaders of traditional African religion from the new, white-led religion. Unless one or other was going to give way, there was bound to be a conflict, especially since religion in Shona society held such an important and long-standing position. Thus those men who assisted the white men, whether in Governmental duties and explanations or religious observances, were clearly assisting in breaking down the traditional fabric of African life, which others were so keen to uphold. "The reason why the Reverend Molele and the rest were killed was because they were



The Marandellas District in 1896

said to be keeping foreigners"¹¹, and "they wanted to destroy Nengubo beca ;se he had accepted the Missionary."¹² These two statements sum up the fusion of administrative and religious forces which prompted the people of Nhowe to kill Bernard Mizeki and the people of Chizengeni to murder Molimile Molele.

This is not the place, however, to discuss the complex causes of the Mashona rebellion. But the reasons for the murders of Mizeki and Molele, both men of great courage and Christian principles, indicate that the rebellion was something much less superficial than a Matabele-directed expression of discontent. It was a genuine national revolt such as every invading people must expect, when they come to live in another's land with any degree of permanence.

Bernard Mizeki's murder remained unknown to the white community for many months. On that fateful Wednesday the Native Commissioner for Marandellas, 'Wiri' Edwards, set off for Headlands to meet the Chief Native Commissioner, H. M. Taberer, to assist him in dealing with some trouble concerning Chief Makoni. The Marandellas settlement was thus left in the care of Trooper Fitzgerald and a few African messengers. On the same day, a Captain Harry Bremner rode through Marandellas on a horse borrowed from Taberer at Headlands. He was in Rhodesia on holiday, having taken leave of his duties with the 20th Hussars in India, and, like so many other young men at the time, he had decided that he had no option but to play an active part in the troubles which Rhodesia was then facing. So he planned to catch up with, and join, the Natal Troop and help in the fight against the Matabele. This troop had passed through Marandellas at the beginning of June before there was any public cause for alarm in Mashonaland on its way to Matabeleland along the Old Charter Road. Behind it, stores for the war in the south were making their laboured way from Beira, and these had just reached Marandellas when Bremner passed through and the Mashona rebellion began. But it was not that which prevented their continuing along behind the Natal Troop; it was the dreaded rinderpest. By the time the wagons reached Marandellas, there were simply no oxen left alive to draw the provisions and ammunition further. So they remained in the yard of the Ruzawi Outspan, some way from the main buildings, thus providing an ideal cover for attackers and a potential supply of lethal ammunition for the enemy. They were still there on Thursday, the 18th.

On this day the wagon road from Salisbury to Umtali was a hive of activity, for it was the height of the Rhcdesian winter and the road was in one of its more hospitable conditions. For the most part the rivers were now fordable with little difficulty, although the sand was deep in places and as liable to bog down heavy loads as any sea of mud. It was the best time of the year to travel, and the Marandellas section of the road was very busy. Stores from Beira were making their laborious way to Salisbury, mostly under the control of 'Colonial natives', some with flour, one, indeed with live poultry. George Lamb, a transport rider for Store Brothers of Salisbury, was in charge of one wagon, eight donkeys and two passengers, one of whom was a certain Miss Carter;¹³ the Salisbury-Umtali mail coach passed them before they came to the hotel, as did five white men, who, dissatisfied with conditions in Rhodesia, were taking themselves and their possessions to the railhead at Chimoio; while the Comte de la Panouse, with his

four reluctant donkeys, was conveying a couple of Europeans and 4,000 lbs. of saleable provisions to Salisbury.¹⁴ All these passed through Old Marandellas on Thursday, June 18th.

On the Friday morning Lamb allowed his empty wagons to rumble slowly on towards Lewis's store on the Macheke, while he stopped off to pass the time of day with Sam Dalton and a couple of other Europeans who were staying at the hotel.¹⁵ As Lamb caught up with his wagons, unaware of potential trouble or Bernard Mizeki's death, he received a telegram from his brother in Salisbury, reporting the general uprising of the Mashona.¹⁶ The nearest telegraph office at the time was at Headlands, about 40 miles to the east, and the message, therefore, had to be brought by runner from there.¹⁷ After some discussion, the party turned reluctantly towards Salisbury, and at the hotel Lamb was met by an African employee of Store Brothers who had brought a letter for him from his brother enlarging on the telegram, with the postscript "Don't treat this matter lightly." It was on the same day that Edwards also heard of the Norton family's murder on the telegraph at Headlands. The interview with Makoni which he and Taberer had planned, therefore, never took place, because the immediate problem was to make certain that the scattered Europeans of the Marandellas District were advised of the uprising and came into the tiny village of Marandellas as soon as possible. As soon as Edwards heard of the news of the Nortons' murder, he despatched a runner to Marandellas with instructions for Trooper Fitzgerald, who alone manned the Mashonaland Mounted Police post there,¹⁸ to gather the Europeans together at the hotel. This message arrived late on Friday afternoon.

The news at Headlands on the Saturday was worse still, and any ideas Taberer and Edwards had had of going to reprove Chief Makoni for past insolences towards Native Commissioner Ross were given up. Edwards's duty was to return to Marandellas and save or destroy the ammunition which remained there, if it had not already been captured by the insurgents. As it happened, Dalton had already begun to bring some of the ammunition into the comparative safety of the hotel. So, just before sundown on the 20th, Edwards galloped off from Headlands, accompanied by a young transport rider, Kenneth Jakins.¹⁹ They rode light, taking a revolver each but no rifle, and they spurned coats although it was a cold winter's night. They called in at Lewis's store on the Macheke, encouraging him to bury his supplies and hurry off to Headlands. But, like "many more, he would not believe that the Mashona natives as a whole had risen and were out to murder all the white people."²⁰ As they rode, small fires could be seen on the tops of some of the more prominent kopjes, not veld fires but signal fires, which were to herald the night of the long knives. But much else, of which they were still ignorant, had happened around Marandellas on that Saturday.

While Edwards was planning to return to organise the defence of Marandellas, George Lamb had decided that caution was the better part of valour, and he turned back for Salisbury, advising all the wagons he met to follow his example. Quite a company then formed, as the Comte de la Panouse's party joined the cavalcade, although from time to time his heavy wagons fell behind

the empty load of the Store Brothers' wagons, as did another group, carrying much needed provisions to Salisbury under the guidance of some 'Colonial natives'. Travelling with the Comte was the same J. H. Finch who later bought the Ruzawi Outspan and turned it into a health centre after the turn of the century. The company hastening back to the safety of Salisbury—men came to laager there from as far afield as Fort Charter—had an adventurous journey, the last couple of days being spent in a running battle with some Mashona.²¹ By the evening of the 20th, they had reached White's store where they spent the night.²² They tried to pass the news of the rebellion on to him, but he was out bartering with the Africans at the time, and the message had to be left with his assistant, an Irishman named Lynch. White was intending to build a brick store and mule stables with the Irishman's help, and had already 10,000 bricks ready for the kiln. But he was never to fulfil this optimistic plan.

In the meantime Trooper Fitzgerald had been busy. Unaware that the rebellion had already begun in his district with the murder of Bernard Mizeki only ten miles away, he had followed Edwards's instructions and sent messages to bring the isolated European community in to the Ruzawi Outspan. This was done late on Friday evening when fires were to be seen again upon the neighbouring hilltops, and on the Saturday morning the followers of Chief Marondera prepared for battle and moved up from the kopje called Nyameni where their kraals were sited towards Old Marandellas. Lamb had camped on the Salisbury side of Nyameni and had thus managed to make good his escape, together with the Comte's party and the provisions belonging to a man called Kelly. The five Europeans making for Chimoio also got through without loss of life, because there is no record of any white man being murdered between Marandellas and Headlands, except for the three traders, Metcalfe, Richards and Hitchman, on the last of whom the letter from Native Commissioner Ross advising him of the rebellion was found.²³

Lamb had been fortunate in moving outside the radius of Chief Marondera's activities. But there were other Europeans who lay within it and to whom Fitzgerald had sent messages late on Friday evening. These were clearly in danger, for it was early on Saturday morning that Marondera moved menacingly towards Old Marandellas. First to see them was Edwards's young herdboyer who had followed his usual custom and driven the fifty head of cattle not yet infected by the rinderpest the long mile from the Native Commissioner's cattle kraal above the hotel to the Ruzawi River. As he went he saw armed men among the kopjes which stand sentinel over the narrow track to the river. He left the cattle, and reported the news to the senior messenger, Shidagwa.²⁴ At the same time, another messenger, Jim by name, returned to tell Shidagwa that he had spent the night at Marondera's kraal and had seen the men steal out at first light with their assegais and guns. The two Africans realised that the small outpost which clustered round the inn was in danger and could not be defended as a whole. They therefore hurried to the Native Commissioner's house, despite the presence of Marondera's warriors among the neighbouring rocks, to collect possessions and papers and bring them to the hotel. It was a courageous act, and dearly did Jim pay for it, because he did not survive running the gauntlet of

the rebel fire. By evening the Mashona had fully encircled the sprawling inn, and Edwards and Jakins were therefore faced with a nasty situation as they approached Marandellas on horseback. Fortunately, a messenger had been sent by Fitzgerald to report on the position, and the lack of cultivation which surrounded the settlement and the lateness of the hour enabled the three men to creep through the scrub into the Outspan without alarming the enemy, whose fires could be seen burning all around. Fitzgerald had done good work, Edwards later commented; apart from beginning the fortification of the inn itself, only two Europeans from the district were not accounted for. But the population of the area was so small at the time that Edwards's praise of Fitzgerald seems slightly excessive.²⁵

One of those whom he had not succeeded in bringing into the hotel was James White, who lived 12 or 13 miles away and was managing, on behalf of the Willoughby Consolidated Company, the farm Mendamu, which lay on the Marandellas-Fort Charter road beyond the Wesleyan Mission at Nengubo. Here, then, on the Friday evening came Fitzgerald's message, and James White wrote a reply early on the Saturday morning. "Thanks for the warning," it went, "but there is no sign of any trouble here. If you hear of anything more, let me know. Captain Bremner is here and is going into Marandellas early tomorrow."²⁶ This was not quite the last that was heard of James White.

The bearer of this letter was given passage through the rebel ranks which were already converging upon Mendamu, only because some of his relatives were among their number. It was still very early on the Saturday morning, and James White's letter managed, to reach the Ruzawi Outspan before it was fully surrounded. But Bremner never came into Marandellas on Sunday; and, indeed, the first reaction is to speculate why the gallant Captain of Hussars was still at James White's farmstead. Had he not borrowed the Chief Native Commissioner's horse at Headlands in order to catch up with the Natal Troop and play his part in the war against the Matabele? He had passed through Marandellas on the 17th, and yet, here he was, three full days later, still on the farm and planning to go, not to Fort Charter, but to Marandellas. What had happened, was that the Natal Troop had been ordered to Salisbury as soon as the extent of the rebellion became known, so that, when Bremner found them gone on his reaching Fort Charter, he rode back on the same, and only available, horse towards Marandellas. Presumably, he believed that the main Fort Charter-Salisbury road was more dangerous than the Fort Charter-Marandellas-Salisbury road, even though many farmers and traders, like the Bezuidenhouts, went into Salisbury to laager along the direct road from the Fort Charter area. Thus it was that Captain Bremner was back at Mendamu on that fateful Saturday morning, when the rebellion began in earnest around Marandellas.²⁷

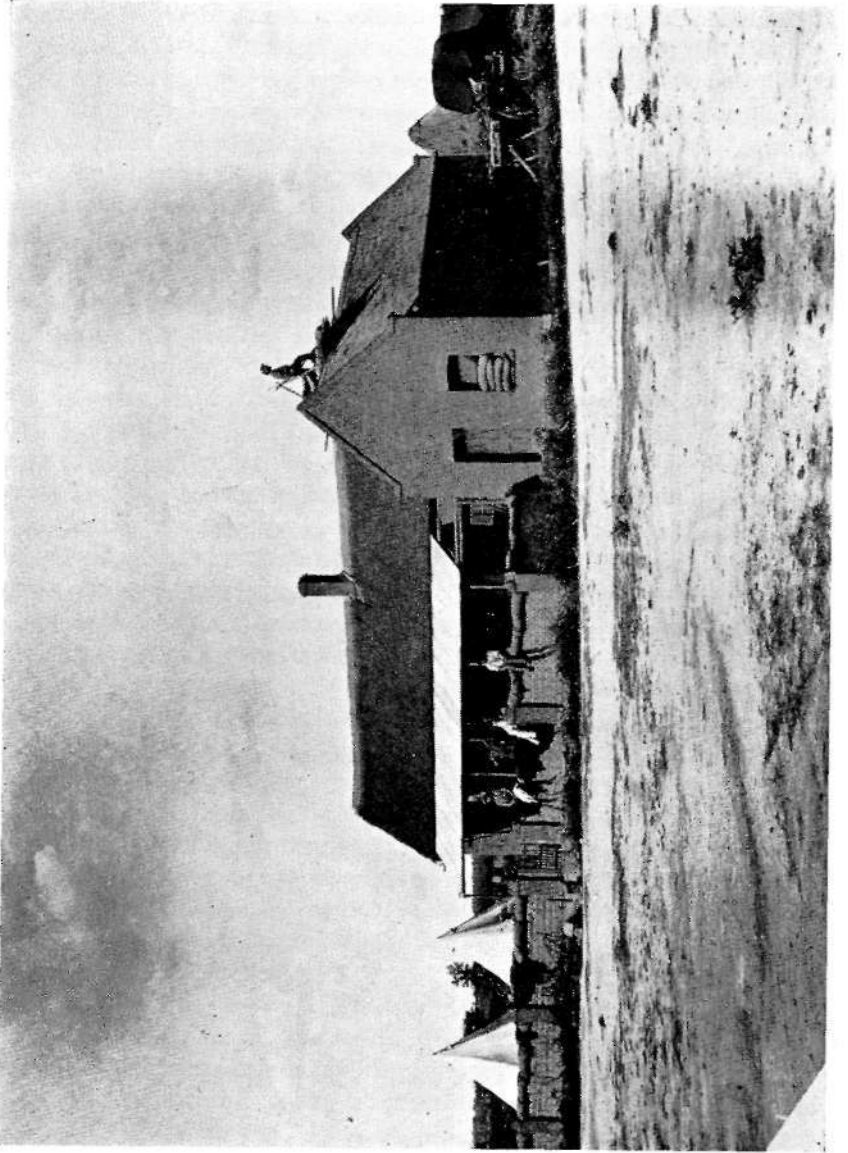
Bremner was still in bed when James White went down to his garden to collect some vegetables. At this moment, the rebels who had let the messenger through at first light rushed the farmstead, which was a square pole and dagga building of one room, and took Bremner unawares, killing him with a single blow of a battle-axe. White heard the commotion and came back towards the house, only to be fired upon and wounded in the arm. But he picked up a log of

wood and charged his assailants who scattered, leaving only the revolver from among his fire-arms. With this he drove the rebels off.²⁸ But he had been badly wounded in the arm, and he wrote a last note which some of Alderson's Mounted Infantry found, most fortuitously, outside the homestead in August, and which was produced at the trial of his murderers. "The natives have been here," it read, "Bremner is dead, and I am badly wounded and will peg out soon from loss of blood. Good-bye to all my friends—James White."²⁹

The fact that he had been injured reached the mission station at Nengubo via Andrew Shamu.³⁰ How he got to know is not clear, but Mendamu is not far from Masingo,³¹ by which name the Nengubo Mission was often known, as Waddilove still is by many of the Africans of the Chiota Reserve. Shamu was unpopular with his fellow Africans "because he was always on the side of the Europeans and they said he was giving them a place to live in." This might explain why the news of James White's predicament came to him, for Andrew Shamu was a friend. His unpopular stand, however, did not go unnoticed among the Europeans, and he was "given the work of selling goods in the store at the Sabi River being the work and store of the Government." When the news of White's injury reached Nengubo, Molele, the catechist, set forth with a scotch cart to White's farm, accompanied by his friends, Ruwere, Gombera and Zehiya (or Shanvyadore), but probably not Chief Nengubo himself. Molele had been warned some time before of the impending trouble and had been encouraged to bring his family into Salisbury for safety's sake. But like Mizeki, he had felt that duty compelled him to continue his work among the people he had been sent to teach. The small party met White staggering along the road, and it therefore never reached the farm to bury Bremner. This task Major Watts and his men performed on July 26th. "Before leaving (Mendamu)," Watts wrote, "we buried poor Bremner in front of the house as decently as was possible under the circumstances."³²

By the time Molele's small party was approaching Nengubo again, with James White lying in the scotch cart, it was nearly mid-day, and Chizengeni's people were ranged among the kopjes beneath which the track from Mendamu to Masingo threaded; they had been there for some time, and the people of Nengubo who had remained at the village had retreated into their homes from fear, but two young boys, Manzeki Molele and Zeheriah Ramashu,³³ immediately they saw the party return, ran out to greet it. What exactly happened next is far from clear, for the immediate time-scale is most confusing in the oral evidence. But the most likely reconstruction seems to be this.

The people of Chizengeni and Chiriseri attacked the small party, and in the melee Molele was shot and killed. Out of control, the ox wagon swept on with the rebels in loud pursuit. James White lay helpless within it, unable to shoot or defend himself, and he was killed when the cart was caught up, for it ground to a halt in the soft earth among the gardens of the people of Nengubo.³⁴ These events proved too alarming for the inhabitants of the village, and they took to their traditional refuge, the tumbled rocks of the kopje Majeke, except for a few of the children who gathered round the dead evangelist in tears. That there was not more carnage can probably be accounted for by the Chief's authority; for



The Marandellas Hotel, 1896.

(National Archives)

all knew that it was he who had supported the presence of Molele amongst his people, and there is even one account of these events which says that the Chief himself went to James White's farmstead although he was not on good terms with the European. But, whatever the exact timing of events, when night fell, Molele and James White were dead and the two boys who had run out to meet the company were also killed. Mrs Molele was herself badly hurt, but a kindly neighbour, taking unwonted courage from the darkness, bathed her wounds and in the morning the mother and three daughters set off for Salisbury, perhaps escorted by two men detailed for the duty by Chief Nengubo.

Emile, the youngest daughter, was by now very poorly, and Mrs. Molele thought she was actually dead, for the family 'buried' her in the hill Mutandara, in a cave with a stone to protect the body, while the Chief gathered the bodies of the others who had been murdered and covered them with branches to prevent the wild animals feasting upon them. Later, Molele and White were buried side by side under a large fig tree a few hundred yards from where they both met their deaths. The little girl, Emile, however, was not dead. The cave in which she had been left was near a watering point, and one day, while she was quenching her thirst, a Mashona woman came upon her and, finding her motherless, looked after here. In this way she survived for the five weeks between her father's death and the coming of what the oral evidence refers to as British troops.³⁵ It was probably on one of their many scouting trips that a group of the Matabeleland Relief Force came upon Emile and her foster mother, whom they questioned about rebel movements. When they had dug the graves for James White and Molele, one of their officers, taking compassion on the orphan—for that was what men thought she was for years—followed the example of Colonel Harding who had adopted the two sons of Chief Makoni, and in this way the little girl found her way back with the officer to his home in the Northern Transvaal, which had, of course, been a popular area in Plumer's recruitment for the Relief Force. Mrs. Molele had also returned to the Northern Transvaal and later, when Emile had been in South Africa for some time, she met up with her mother again there.

James White and Molele were killed around mid-day on the Saturday. By this time, George Lamb, outside the orbit of Marondera's activities, was slowly moving towards another White. The Marandellas district was inhabited by Whites to a disconcerting degree. There was James White, the farmer, the Reverend John White of the Wesleyan Church, in Salisbury that June, and James de Coy White, the storekeeper.³⁶ About the last named there is a good deal of confusion. For George Lamb stayed the night of Saturday, the 20th, at White's and the night of the 21st at Graham's, and yet Alderson, on the map in his book about the rebellion, marks a staging-post as 'Graham and White's' and Miss Carter, Lamb's female companion, also refers to outspanning at 'Graham and White's'.³⁷ Now, Lamb is unlikely to be mistaken, because his diary is too detailed. When he and his party arrived at de Coy White's store on the evening of the 20th, White was away bartering with the Mashona, having left Lynch in charge, and Lamb was unable to make the purchase of butter on which he had agreed with White before, because Lynch considered he had no authority to

sell butter below the usual price. A message was sent to White, however, informing him of the general nature of the rebellion, but Lamb had left before White returned. Lamb's description of the evening at Graham's store is more detailed still. Graham apparently complained that he could get no African to take a letter ten miles to his partner, John Moore, who had, in fact, been one of the original owners of the Ruzawi Outspan. There was a dinner party that evening, and Lamb records the names of all those present, but there is no mention of White, even though Miss Carter, in her article in the *Rhodesia Herald*, wrote: "Messrs. Graham and White decided to remain in the building" when the cavalcade left for Salisbury, implying that they both lived at the same place.³⁸

But they did not. There were, in fact, two stores, one of which, 'Graham and White's', still stands in the village of Bromley. According to Marshall Hole's account of the rebellion, Harry Graham was in partnership with James de Coy White "who had a store a little further down the road."³⁹ This makes good sense; while Graham, with the aid of John Moore, ran the partners' original store, White, with the help of Lynch, was building a second one, perhaps that marked 'Turk's' on Alderson's map, for which purpose 10,000 bricks were ready for the kiln.

After Lamb and the Comte de la Panouse had left, two men remained behind, Harry Graham and Miss Carter's 'White'. They were both murdered, Graham near the wayside inn, and the second man some distance away. This second man was Phillips, the prospector, who was present at the famous dinner party and who is recorded as having been murdered about the 20th in the Salisbury district. In the list of those killed during the rebellion is James de Coy White, "a storekeeper in the Salisbury district".⁴⁰ Since no exact place is given, it seems that he was murdered in the course of a bartering expedition similar to that on which he was engaged on the night Lamb passed through; he certainly did not die at the same place as Harry Graham. But there is still no mention of Lynch.

There is, however, an interesting anecdote related by T. P. Gilbert in his reminiscences.⁴¹ There were two men who ran a wayside stopping place between Salisbury and Marandellas. Gilbert could not remember their names, so he called them White and Black, adding that it was just as well that he had forgotten them. Perhaps too much significance should not be read into these pseudonyms, but the choice of them is provoking. At any rate, there was a difference of opinion between the two over the truth of an African woman's warning, which allowed one man to reach Salisbury and the other to stay. From what is known of the staging posts between Salisbury and Marandellas in the June of 1896, this story must refer to White and Lynch. Lynch, it is certain, was not impressed by Lamb's warning, because he did not accompany the party to Salisbury nor dine with Harry Graham on the 21st. But the African woman's evidence convinced him, although it did not convince James de Coy White, who had, after all, just returned from a bartering expedition among the Mashona. Thus, they parted company, White to die on another trading trip, Lynch to survive. That Lynch went to Salisbury, however, seems doubtful, since it was only strength of numbers which enabled Lamb's party to get through safely,

so he may have gone to Marandellas which was much closer. But this is unlikely also, since Edwards and all the local Europeans left at dawn on the 21st. The fate of the Irishman, Lynch, remains a mystery.

The peculiar pattern of the rebellion is beginning to take shape. It was not a well-organised movement nor was the strategy co-ordinated. Bernard Mikezi was killed on the Wednesday night; nothing happened after that event until the Saturday, when the rebels moved towards the inn and Mendamu farm, yet Lamb, so near to all this activity, did not meet with trouble until the Monday morning on the Salisbury side of Graham's inn. Still more strange is the story of the other European who had not responded to Fitzgerald's call when Edwards arrived on the Saturday evening. This man lived only three miles away from the inn, between the hotel and Mchemwa's kraal on Mahopo, and yet had no experience of the rebellion until first light on the Sunday. He had only been on his farm a few weeks, and was unwilling to leave his new home. At dawn on the Sunday, an African, perhaps one of Edwards's messengers, Jan, or perhaps Herbert Morris's cook-boy, Simon, went to urge him to make for the hotel immediately. The man demurred; his mind was soon made up, however, when a number of Africans, led by Mangwende's son Mchemwa, appeared from over the neighbouring kopje's crest and came running towards the homestead, not concealing their hostile intent. He seized his rifle and made for the bush at a fast pace. There then ensued a thrilling race between the European and his African companion on one side, firing back at their pursuers from time to time, and Mchemwa's band on the other side. The two managed to reach the inn, exhausted and unharmed. So much is common ground. But who was the man? Ernest Morris says his name was Offin,⁴² a name which E.G. Howman repeats when he retells the story,⁴³ but Edwards calls the man Green.⁴⁴ Except for the names, however, the stories are so similar that they must surely refer to only one event. What is certain is that a new farmer in the area, Offin-Green he might diplomatically be called, managed to avoid an unpleasant death and, with the vital assistance of an African, gain the comparative safety of the hotel.

At the hotel preparations were being made all night for the escape. For Edwards had decided that the hotel was too large to defend in itself, and that the wagons would have provided too good a cover for any attacking force, if the Europeans had retired from the hotel to the store. He, therefore, planned to make a rush early on the Sunday morning. He prepared three wagons for the company from those which had arrived at the inn on Friday to take some of the ammunition back along the Fort Charter road to Matabeleland. At least these had mules, and not oxen. There were nine European men, a Mrs. van der Spuy and her babe in arms gathered at the hotel. Exactly who the men were is not known, but some of their number can be named for certain. There was Edwards himself, the young transport rider, Jakins, and Trooper Fitzgerald; there was Sam Dalton, manager of the hotel, Herbert Morris, the so-called Offin-Green, and a man named Gray, who was conductor of the mule train which had arrived on Friday. But who were the other two? Between Mendamu and the Ruzawi Outspan was a farm belonging to a man named Platt, who may well have been of this company; Mr. van der Spuy is another possibility, as are Morkel and his

companion who were staying at the Outspan on the 19th and might still have been there. But this is all guesswork.⁴⁵

Whoever they were, they were off early on the Sunday morning. The rebels who had watched the preparation, assumed the party would make for Salisbury, and they blocked the main road to the west accordingly. This bad misjudgement gave the Europeans a chance to gain a slight lead and be through the narrow 'nek' which lies to the east of the inn and into more open country before Marondera's men could stop them. Not without alarms, the racing convoy continued to keep ahead of the rebels, and the mules, which had been driven flat out, were changed 16 miles from Old Marandellas at the old stables, and soon the party was on its way again, keeping a sharp look-out for the enemy; but they never came close nor made any concerted attack upon the wagons. This hesitancy on the part of the Mashona, this failure to press home an advantage by a direct attack prevented them doing more damage to the tiny European community.⁴⁰ On this occasion it enabled the cavalcade from Old Marandellas to reach Lewis's store at the Macheke river in safety, and slightly in the lead. Lewis was still unwilling to desert his store, but the sight of a party of Shangaans, who had been doing some clearing work for the Administration, fleeing before the Mashona soon changed his attitude. "He dived into the store and came out with his rifle, a blanket, a box of Three Castle cigarettes and a bottle of brandy."⁴⁷ The party finally reached the village of Headlands as darkness was falling. The Chief Native Commissioner was surprised to see the party intact, for another party of Shangaans had reported that Marandellas had been looted and the Europeans there slaughtered. It was from this kind of source, presumably, that Lionel Cripps had made the entry in his diary: "Heard that six whites were killed at Marandellas hotel."

In fact, the only people to have been killed at the hotel were Africans. When Major Watts arrived on July 29th, he found some wagons just outside the inn with two dead drivers upon them. Seeing that Lamb had been turning wagons back towards Salisbury on the western approach and Edwards had been clearing the road from the east for two whole days before the evacuation of Old Marandellas, the murdered Africans must have been in charge of empty wagons coming up from Fort Charter to collect provisions and ammunition for the Matabele campaign, like those which arrived on Friday, June 19th, and played such a major part in the desperate escape to Headlands.⁴⁸

The European population of the Marandellas district in June, 1896, was, as has been seen, very small, and extremely isolated. There was virtually no farming done, and the area consisted of individuals running stores and inns, or scattered officials of the Administration. It is surprising, in view of the nature of the European settlement, that there were not more casualties. If men like the Whites and Harry Graham had believed the warnings they received, there would have been even fewer deaths. This was due to the extraordinarily haphazard nature of the Mashona rebellion, the exact purpose of which seems more akin to a demonstration than a determined attempt to drive out an invading people. This can be dimly observed in the Europeans' comparative success at survival, when direct attacks were few and badly co-ordinated. It can be seen

more clearly in the second phase of the war when this unwillingness to attack and drive out the Europeans with a concerted movement was continued. Then the Africans seem to have laid their chief emphasis upon defence from the beginning, a defensive posture which was determined and defiant, but ultimately hopeless and almost fatalistic.

II

After these first exciting days Old Marandellas subsided into complete inactivity. No white man remained in the area; even Sam Dalton had left on the wild escape to Headlands. The Europeans in the rest of Mashonaland found themselves in the same predicament as those in Matabeleland, surrounded, as they were, by hostile Africans and short of provisions. They badly needed food as well as military assistance, and to this end, Plumer, who had recruited a force of about 1,000 men from all over South Africa to relieve Matabeleland earlier in the year, immediately despatched a column of 100 men, although a larger number had originally been planned, under the command of Major C. N. Watts, to escort 13 wagons loaded with foodstuffs to Salisbury. Known as the Matabeleland Relief Force, this band of men was, of course, only part of the original force, and should more properly be known as the Mashonaland Column of the M.R.F. It was not until July 29th that Major Watts's column arrived at Marandellas, having handed the wagons of supplies over to Colonel R. Beal at Fort Charter. Many of his men were in rags and mostly only half shod, having struggled along the thorny road from Fort Charter, looting and burning kraals as they went. On one foray they had discovered the body of Captain Bremner at James White's farm, which they had buried there as best they could.⁴⁹ On another occasion, they had fought a lengthy battle against the Mashona for the control of a pass, four of their company being wounded. So they arrived at the inn, a rough, tough band of volunteers, "very badly off for boots, clothes, etc. and much needing a refit all round", as Alderson described the column on meeting Watts at the beginning of August.⁵⁰

Nor were they well disciplined. During their attack on Gatzi's kraal on the 24th October, Major F. S. Evans was forced to stand up and tell them "not to rush all over the place after loot", an act which enabled the Africans to set their sights and shoot him dead. During the same encounter there were pickets placed all round the kraal. The members of these pickets were not averse to shooting off at the most impossible targets, and a bullet frequently went into another picket. This would often end up with the two pickets losing their tempers and starting firing at one another. "This sort of thing happened so often", one member of the force later wrote, "that when we left Gatzi's most of us had a bullet hole or two through our blankets."⁵¹ This sense of adventure, which came close to irresponsibility, was not reproduced by the Mashonaland Field Force and its commander, Colonel E. A. H. Alderson. This force was not a permanent corps, but one raised by assembling detachments from British infantry battalions and giving them a period of special training. Like the Comandos, in the Second World War, emphasis was laid on initiative and the

effectiveness of small groups, but the ethos of the regular soldier remained. This was the first time the force had been into action, and its members' experience of Aldershot training was not necessarily the ideal preparation for the conditions prevalent in Rhodesia.

At any rate, the non-Imperial forces were not much impressed by Alderson's tactics, which they regarded as altogether soft, and giving the lie to part of Baden-Powell's comment that "the Mounted Infantry corps from Aldershot was probably the finest of its kind that had ever taken the field. . . . It was employed entirely in Mashonaland, where its doings in the field drew unqualified praise from colonials and Dutch alike."⁵² Adams-Acton, for example, maintained that Alderson's Mounted Infantry did "no end of harm", because the Mashona were not driven from their strongholds, and his failure resulted in giving the Relief Force a lot of trouble since the Africans "now thought that they could defy the white man."⁵³ And Grey, the Administrator, wrote to the Countess Grey on January 10th, 1897, that he felt Alderson had made a major mistake in not crushing the Mashona utterly when he had a chance at Mashiagombe's and again on the 17th that "there is no doubt, privately, that the Imperial troops did very little and the punishment of the Mashonas has not been sufficient."⁵⁴ But, in public at any rate, there was nothing but praise. Nevertheless, such criticism was fair up to a point. The Mounted Infantry was unable to capture Chief Gatzi at the first attempt. But the failure stemmed, as Adams-Acton implicitly realised, from a differing notion of the correct tactics to be employed. Alderson hoped that the recalcitrant chiefs would negotiate and come to terms; when he was unable to persuade a chief to do this, he passed on to the next chief hoping for better results until, having arrived at Salisbury, he could survey the Mashonaland scene as a whole, realise that the path of negotiation had failed and then deal with the rebellion more directly and less peacefully. In one respect, therefore, the local troops were more abreast of the realities, for they understood the nature of the war intuitively. This was not a rebellion where a compromise solution could be sought to one side's grievances, because what was at stake was the white man's presence in the country. On this issue, in the August of 1896, there could be no compromise.

The local troops, that is those raised in South Africa, came to the war in a quite different frame of mind from the Imperial troops. Too sensitive an attention to abstract justice was alien to their emotional state, guided as it was by a mixture of anger, frustration and fear. There was the case of the prisoner whom Alderson, unconvinced of his guilt, let free. The Native Commissioner—whose name, perhaps fortunately, is not known—after the friendlies had tortured the African by using the "hot and cold" treatment, shot the alleged rebel through the head twice. Adams-Acton noted, as extenuating circumstances, that the Native Commissioner had had two of his brothers murdered in the Matabele War, a claim which it is impossible to substantiate from the records.⁵⁵ Certainly, the bitterness towards the Africans was widespread and strongly held. George McDougal, who fought with the Umtali Volunteers in the Marandellas area, wrote to his family in Scotland that the "enemy are always ready to pounce upon small parties unarmed, and *torture* them to death. It is such dastardly

conduct on their part that makes the white man so bitter against them here"⁵⁶ The individuals did feel some measure of guilt at their new standard of behaviour, which they justified by drawing attention to the Africans' activities. When the men in Manyabeera's cave refused to surrender and the cave was blown to pieces together with all its inhabitants, Adams-Acton remarked dryly: "Although this may seem rather a brutal way of fighting, it must be remarked that nearly all of us had had friends and relations murdered and tortured by these niggers, and we had seen the farm houses with the bodies lying just as the niggers had left them, and one of our more popular officers had been killed and another wounded, so we did not feel inclined to show mercy." And he found fellow spirits in Salisbury where, so he records, the people were indignant at the Chartered Company's leniency, and were sending off postcards to their friends saying:—"Sell all your Chartered shares—Colonel Alderson and Judge Vincent have given over the administration of the country to Makoni and Lomagundi."⁵⁷

It is often said that troops take their lead from their Commanding Officer. In this instance, Major Watts was a hard man for whom the end usually justified the means, although Alderson found him a fine officer. It is still not quite clear on what conditions Chief Makoni surrendered to Watts on August 30th, but certainly one stipulation was that his life should be spared, if only temporarily. Little did he know how temporary it was going to be. For Watts, perhaps overpersuaded by Native Commissioner Ross, ordered a court martial, found the Chief guilty and had him shot on the spot, since he felt it prejudicial to security to wait until permission for the execution had been received from Umtali or Salisbury. For this, he was suspended for exceeding his duty and on September 18th he arrived in Salisbury under arrest where a court of enquiry was going to sit on him on charges of cruelty among others. He was, in fact, exonerated, mainly on the grounds that war conditions were a justification for actions not easily countenanced in other circumstances, but, as one of those serving under him in the Umtali Volunteers wrote, "our CO. Major Watts is a perfect devil",⁵⁸ adding that, nevertheless, such treatment might be a good lesson to Makoni's men. A good lesson, it was generally agreed, was what the Africans needed. Even Cecil Rhodes and F. C. Selous fell under this emotional grip. Rhodes is quoted as having advised a police officer not to spare the Africans when they threw down their arms and begged for mercy. "You should kill all you can," he is supposed to have said, "it serves as a lesson to them when they talk things over at night."⁵⁹ And Selous, on a higher moral plane, wrote of the Matabele rebellion:—"For breaking out into rebellion against the white man's rule, I should have borne them no great animosity . . . I should of course have lent the services of my rifle to help quell the rebellion; but had it not been accompanied by the cruel murders of white women and children, I should not have been animated by the same vengeful feelings as now possessed me, as well as every other white man in Matabeleland."⁶⁰

Such a reaction was only to be expected. To people like Selous, and many other young men educated in the public schools of England, this could be seen as a moral issue. For they were buoyed up, amid the dangers and catastrophes

inherent in a new, undeveloped country, by the fundamental certainty of the Victorian code of morals under which they had been reared. They provided a special status for their womenfolk, for whom it was right and glorious to do battle, and against whom it was wrong and somehow debasing to do any injury, a code alien to that of the Mashona. It would be wrong, however, to suggest that attitudes in the days of the Mashona rebellion were only, or even mostly, based on moral rectitude. They were not; and yet most of the European troopers were genuinely shocked at some of the Africans' behaviour and felt that they were therefore justified in using every means to put an end to the atrocities, even if it meant employing the same methods they deplored so much amongst their enemies.

A second force was a feeling of resentment. On one plane, this was the basic desire to revenge the deaths of acquaintances, although, since the majority of the forces were recruited from outside Rhodesia, too much emphasis has probably been given to the degree of personal loss involved. This was a communal exercise and in its most naked form a racial one. For what irked the Mashona was the permanence of the new immigrants; they were quite different from the prospector, or the itinerant missionary, or the hunter or even an adventurer like Gouveia. They had come to stay, to build inns for the encouragement of further immigrants and to disseminate their new, and disturbing, religion.⁶¹ These, then, were the ingredients for the conflict, the African desire to remove the white man from the status of permanent resident, and the European desire to establish the general principle that all permanent residents should be able to live safely in Rhodesia as elsewhere in Southern Africa, and to ensure that what had befallen others of their race should not occur to themselves. On another plane, surprise that the Mashona, of all people thought to be so cowardly by nature and so grateful for deliverance from Matabele raids, should rise up and slaughter their benefactors, itself spread a special type of resentment. But the Matabele were far from permanent settlers; they came and left, and none too frequently at that. It is perhaps indicative that it was not until the white men came back in force at the end of July that the Mashona, in the Marandellas district at any rate, began to burn down the now deserted stores. For what they had wanted had been the removal of the white men, and this had happened on June 21st, but with their return in force there was a much greater incentive to destruction for destruction's sake.⁶²

But in addition to these feelings of indignation at the Africans' uncivilised practices and of resentment at their apparent ingratitude, there was a third factor in the situation. This was a war; and few wars are as chivalrous and glorious as poets have sometimes made out. Particularly was this the case in the terrain over which the Mashona rebellion occurred. "The use of dynamite," Colin Harding wrote, "though distasteful, was, I think, justifiable and necessary."⁶³ And he was probably correct, though his addendum, that it was not used until they were convinced that the caves were devoid of women and children, was not altogether true. Harding himself was a conspicuous example of the humane,⁶⁴ and his comment demonstrates his belief in the traditional code of behaviour. The first actions in the Marandellas area exemplify the difficulty of the military

task, the necessary though distasteful methods that had to be used, and the character of the men who took part in the campaign.

It was Watts's column which first ran into trouble. On the 28th of July, this column of the Matabeleland Relief Force, having left Piatt's farm on their left, came to the Ruzawi River. The crossing lay beneath Mangondo, a series of kopjes among which Chief Sadza had built his village and where F. C. Selous had been entertained many years before. It was quite a different reception which Watts's men now received. But organised gunfire drove the Mashona back into the recesses of the kopjes, and members of the relief column followed them with gay abandon, exploring the huts, catching chickens and collecting fowls, for they "had been told in Bulawayo that the Mashonas would not show fight."⁶⁵ The loud report of the elephant gun, or family gun as it was more usually called, disabused them of that idea, and for some time desultory fire continued between the inhabitants of the kopjes and the relief force. The problem which Watts faced now was to recur again and again in the campaign. There was only one entrance to the agglomeration of petty caves which honeycombed the rocky mass and that was defended from the inside by the Mashona, amply supplied with 'family guns' and copper wire, stones, old pots, broken bottles and even bullets as ammunition. It would be a bloody process to force the entrance without the use of dynamite. But Watts had no dynamite, so he was forced to continue his march without having taught the rebels a lesson.

He did not get far. The old Charter Road wound its way at the base of a longish ridge of hilly ground which the Mashona occupied and at one point it rose to a pass between two redoubtable kopjes, whose defensive qualities it would be hard to better. On the 29th, a party of sharpshooters was able to clear the vital outcrops while a troop from the column provided a distraction as well as covering fire, and towards the end of the morning the pass was taken, four men being wounded in the process. Once the 'nek' had been occupied, there were no immediate problems for Watts, since the road to Marandellas lay through open country, and by midday the footsore soldiers were inspecting the flour, tea and coffee which covered the hotel's yard and noting with regret that the bottles which strewed the ground were mostly empty.

By 1896 the Ruzawi Inn was a solid brick building. The pole and dagga house which Bottomley, Head and Moore had originally erected in the early months of 1892 had given way to more solid and enduring stuff. The early buildings, the first in Marandellas, are commemorated in the name of the African village attached to the present Ruzawi School, "Rudaka", after the word 'daka', meaning 'mud', "for the hotel was made of mud bricks and such buildings were new to us, the Mashona people."⁶⁶ What Edwards had not liked in June was the extent of the outbuildings, the stable and store for example, and the frontage of the L-shaped hotel, which made it so difficult to defend by a handful of men. But these were seen by Watts as advantages. For, with its high garden wall on two sides, its solid fabric and its ample outbuildings, it seemed to provide excellent facilities for a permanent garrison, and he decided to leave 30 of his troops there to man it, while he himself carried on with the bulk of the column to meet Alderson and the Mounted Infantry. The junction of forces took

place near Headlands on the 6th August, and Alderson, having decided that Marandellas, because of its important pivotal position, should be more heavily garrisoned, took 20 more of Watts's men back with him towards Salisbury, while the major himself continued his journey to Umtali where he set up his headquarters as officer commanding the line of communications.

By the beginning of August the supply of food for Salisbury was so dangerously low that Judge Vintcent sent a message to Alderson requesting him to collect grain from the kraals in the Marandellas neighbourhood. With this aim, the bulk of the Mounted Infantry set off early on the 10th for Gatzi's kraal which they found deserted, its inhabitants having removed themselves into the numerous caves which abounded there. One African, however, was captured and he was used as a go-between with Chief Gatzi. He was lowered through a cleft in the rocks on a rope and a parley took place between Gatzi and his advisers underground and Alderson and his advisers above. Not much progress was made for Gatzi, like Mchemwa his arrogant nephew, had no intention of giving himself up to white men without a real struggle. But while these fruitless negotiations were going on, Lieutenant W. E. Barnes, in his search for stored grain, incautiously put his head into a crevasse already occupied by a manned tower musket, and the boom of the familiar family gun told its own sad story. After Barnes's death, the Europeans no longer felt like negotiating, but there was nothing positive which Alderson could do. The solid rocks and the running streams made the Gatzi caves an ideal retreat, and although the Mounted Infantry attempted to smoke the rebels out, they had no success, and were forced to move on, having gained no grain, but having lost an officer.

And so they went to Mahopo instead, to the kraal of Chief Mangwende. But he had gone, and his grain with him, to the Bogoto Mountains to the north, while Mchemwa and his followers had left for Nyameni and the terrain under Chief Marondera's suzerainty to the south. All that remained was a large Portuguese flag, which Gouveia had given the chief a decade earlier. For this performance, Adams-Acton noted that "wherever the Mounted Infantry went, they wasted no end of ammunition and lost officers and men without doing any good."⁶⁷ After these failures, Alderson himself went on to Salisbury, with an escort of two Mounted Infantry sections, leaving Jenner in command of the column with instructions to burn all the kraals around Marandellas and collect as much grain and oat hay as possible. This Jenner set out energetically to do, and a number of kraals were captured and destroyed without loss, including Chief Marondera's. On one occasion, however, there was a reminder that the terrain was naturally a difficult and dangerous one in the face of determined opposition, for Joliffe, a transport rider with the M.R.F., while returning to camp after the capture of Ushewokunsi's kraal on the 17th August, was shot and killed by a sniper from the rocks of Nyameni.

The Matabeleland Relief Force during this time had been busy in a different and rather irksome way. For they had been fortifying the Outspan, piling up sandbags and setting up look-out posts. A hole was made in the ridge of the thatched roof and a staging constructed, where a look-out was constantly kept.⁶⁸ For the first few days of their occupation of the hotel, they worked long

hours in the heat of the day, and then did duties at night, but soon, with their work done, a general idleness set in, and boredom became common, as the troops, without reading matter, had only five or ten minutes of parades a day. unless they were sent out on patrols to guard the lines of communications. This was their chief function, but patrols do not seem to have been frequent at first, so that, for the most part, the troops were confined to the Outspan's immediate vicinity, since the existence of rebels in the neighbourhood prevented sorties unless they were part of these rather irregular patrols. In the middle of August, a party of the Salisbury Field Force under Captain Nesbitt arrived, having mended the telegraph lines, but they soon returned to Salisbury, and the monotony returned. By the beginning of October, the lines of communication had been restored and the supply position improved. Alderson now felt that it was time to take the offensive, and the majority of the ordinary soldiery, who had chafed at not being allowed to have a go at the Mashona rebels, were more than ready to go into action.

They certainly went at it with enthusiasm, and it is surprising that their casualties were so few. Soon after midnight on the 2nd of October, Captain L. W. Pease led out 40 men of the Umtali Volunteers, who had just arrived from the eastern districts, and 30 men of the Matabeleland Relief Force in a southerly direction, accompanied by Edwards in his capacity as Native Commissioner and guide. They marched about ten miles before attacking a well-fortified, but uninhabited, kraal belonging to the sub-chief Chiwara.⁶⁹ The Africans had already got wind of their coming, and had moved off to Manyabeera's, a less well-fortified village, but better provided for defensive purposes, for it was sited on some flat rocks through which the river ran, and beneath which were some caves amply provided with water. It was here that Edwards had come during the previous month to negotiate. But on that occasion the chief's request had been a ruse to inveigle some of the white men into a trap, and the plan might well have been successful had not the redoubtable Shidagwa, while reconnoitring the place, seen an armed band bearing down upon the small party from Marandellas, and given the warning. On the top of these flat rocks was a stockade, which the troops rushed, all the while stray bullets finding their way from crevices in the rocky formation. All around there was evidence of the profits of looting, and the small white army was envious of the provisions at hand. They were, after all, living a "semi-soldiering, semi-brigand life",TM and the sight of young goats and calves was too much for them. Lieutenant F. Leigh-Lye, fancying a particular choice goat, leapt down to capture it and was shot in the leg for his pains. As he struggled to return, Herbert Morris came to his rescue, but he too was shot in the thigh by one of the hidden elephant guns. He had joined up with the Umtali Volunteers after his escape from Marandellas, and was now back in his home territory, but the wound was severe, and he died of an uncontrollable haemorrhage, being buried with the others who had lost their lives in the campaign in the small cemetery in the grounds of the old hotel. George McDougal records that "in reconnoitring the cave mouths Lieutenant Leigh-Lye was brought to the ground", but Howman's story, which

fits better the reckless atmosphere of the volunteer bands, is that Leigh-Lye ignored Morris's warning that the goat was a trap.⁷¹

The beastliness of the war had only just begun. Pease's troops withdrew 100 yards from the rocky fastness and shelled it gently with their seven-pounder, but to no avail. The early lessons were now bearing fruit, for it became abundantly clear that only dynamite would move the rebels from their lairs, and a message was sent to Umtali asking for explosives. After a week they tried smoking the Mashona out, but this, too, was unsuccessful. At last the dynamite arrived, from Salisbury rather than from Umtali as it happened. First of all the softening-up process took place. Three 10 lb. charges were put down, but they elicited no response. Then a greater degree of determination was shown, and a whole case was put down. This produced an enormous explosion with a dull flash in the midst of a great volume of smoke, which cleared to show that the caves had been markedly altered in shape. After a long wait, "the women and children came out, and awful sights they were. The cave was evidently a small one and they had been thrown against the rocks and were all covered with blood and the dynamite (*sic*) had skinned them or burned the skin off their bodies."⁷² But even this was not the end. For the men refused to surrender; they shouted defiance and continued to take pot shots at anyone in their line of fire. So three whole cases of dynamite were put down into the cave, and the whole complex was utterly destroyed, the rocks disintegrating or subsiding and the bodies being hurled, mutilated and lifeless, in all directions. Such was the fighting which the terrain and the African determination dictated. It was repeated again and again, at Gatzi's and Soswe's just as at Manyabeera's, where the ultimate death toll could never be known. The Mashona's endurance and determination was astonishing; for they only rarely attacked, and then only in very favourable circumstances, but allowed themselves to be trapped in positions which were secure against the Matabele, but not against the white man's dynamite, there to await death usually in the most horrible circumstances. For twelve months this went on in the Marandellas district. The Mashona retreated to their rocky defences, where the odds were stacked against them, to meet their destruction, and only infrequently did the dull thud of the family gun mark a marginal success for them with the death of an Imperial trooper.⁷³

The return to Gatzi's kraal on October 24th began a repeat performance of what had occurred at Manyabeera's. For the previous week the neighbouring kraals had been cleared out, on one day no fewer than eight kraals being burnt before breakfast at 10, and their inhabitants gathered at Gatzi's kraal, beneath which lay enormous caves and running water. The kraal itself was rushed and the Mashona fled into the caves; the seven-pounder, doing more damage to the fowls than the rebels, and some dynamite made no effect, for the caves were large enough, airy enough and sufficiently well-watered to cater for all the men gathered there. For nearly a week the undisciplined troops remained, shooting indiscriminately, looting and joking. It was this lack of discipline which was responsible for the death of the Commanding Officer, Major Evans. Evans's death was a particular tragedy, because he had married only two days before he set sail with Alderson to Central Africa. He was much loved by his troops, who

shed tears at his untimely death, and he was buried in the Ruzawi cemetery together with Trooper H. P. Earnshaw early the following morning. There was a 24 hour lull while the funeral took place, but once that was over the business of ejecting Gatzi and his followers from the caves continued. The women and children, having been warned of the impending use of dynamite, came out, but the men remained, unrepentant and unbowed. Finally, 2,000 lbs. of dynamite were set off at once, and the same havoc, the same misery, the same ultimate success repeated itself. Slowly, then, the district was being cleared and, although some chieftains refused to give up, many began to move away from their old homes, as Mangwende had done, travelling north into the Mrewa district or east into the empty lands of Chiota, or, as some of Soswe's followers had done, south into the Wedza area. Expeditions still went out all through October to dislodge the Mashona from their natural fortresses in which they had gathered, to Cheri's and Soswe's in the south, as well as Gatzi's in the north.

The approach of the rainy season heralded important activities on a more general scale. The work of Watts's column along the line of communications, in which complex Marandellas held a pivotal position, meant that Wilson Fox's endeavour to feed the colony was bearing fruit. The road from Salisbury to Umtali became quite as busy as it had been in June, each wagon convoy being escorted by a detachment of armed troops. Alderson's original tactics had paid off in what was, to a large extent, a guerrilla war. For he had based his plan of campaign on holding and securing the basic lines of communication and then sweeping out from them to clear the countryside of insurgents, piece by piece. His work was almost done; by December, patrols from Salisbury had swept clear in a great circle, inflicting defeats on most of the chiefs they had met, while the road from Salisbury to Umtali along the watershed was also clear; Umtassa had come down off the fence; Makoni was dead, though his son remained hostile among the rocky terrain to the north of Rusape; Marondera's, Gatzi's and Mangwende's homes were destroyed, and those rebels who remained at large were being driven further away from the main road and their traditional homes. All that was needed, it seemed, was a clearing up and policing operation. But this very fact that the rebellion had withdrawn so far from the lines of communication was one of the factors in preventing the rebellion being brought to an immediate conclusion. George McDougal for one had foreseen this, when he wrote to his mother that "I don't think it will be over for a twelvemonth yet, if even then."⁷⁴

At any rate the Imperial forces under Alderson left the country. Major operations of a military nature were now unlikely; supplies were sufficient for months to come; the cost of the operations was an unwelcome drain on the Administrator's finances; the Chartered Company was eager to say that Rhodesia was quite well able to look after herself; the Imperial troops were themselves anxious to be away from Salisbury before the rains set in, bringing with them fever and horsesickness. So it was decided that the new Mashonaland Police Force under Captain the Hon. F. W. E. de Moleyns should relieve the Imperial troops of the last burden of the campaign. On December 11th, 1896, then, the last orders of the Mashonaland Field Force appeared, and on the

12th the Mashonaland Field Force ceased to exist. The security of Rhodesia was now in the hands of de Moleyns and the British South Africa Police. These included a large number of irregulars who had been in the country since July, many from the Umtali Volunteers and some from Watts's column of the Matabeleland Relief Force, about 200 recruited from the Cape Colony and Natal, some Australians, and a few men from the United Kingdom.

The advent of the rainy season made operations much more hazardous. Not only was it difficult to carry out patrols under the conditions of a Rhodesian summer, when rivers are frequently impassable, but the health of the troops was also impaired. Seven men died of fever in Mashonaland between June and the end of October, 1896, whereas in the next six months 14 more died and during the first months of the 1897 winter 13 more died of fever, probably contracted at the end of the rains.⁷⁵ Actions, however, still took place and the hilly country round Marandellas, covered as it was in places with an added protection of thick bush, continued to afford a hiding place for a fair number of rebels. The kraals were systematically destroyed, one patrol under Majors A. V. Gosling and "Maori" Browne accounting for five of the kraals under the suzerainty of Chief Soswe on the 20th February. It was hoped that this would dissuade the Mashona from cultivating too much during the summer, so that by the winter months they would be all the more eager to surrender. By the time the rains were coming to an end, the Mounted Police in Marandellas were faced with only one major problem, and that was the defeat of Soswe and his henchmen. To the north and west, the rebellion had virtually ceased to be; the problem of Mangwende now fell within the province of Mrewa, from which Marandellas had recently been divided, and dealings with him no longer concerned the forces stationed in Marandellas. It was only in the unknown area to the south-east, where Karl Mauch had trekked across in 1872, that the rebellion continued to flourish, for the immediate vicinity of Marandellas had by now been thoroughly cleared out.

Most of the action, consequently, took place some distance from Old Marandellas. Patrols were repeatedly sent out after Chief Soswe, who remained with some, but not all, of his followers in the rocky plateau where the Soswe Reserve is now. On April 14th Ernest Morris, who had taken over from 'Wiri' Edwards as Native Commissioner while the Scotsman was in the United Kingdom recovering from black-water fever, led a patrol of 24 Umtali Volunteers into Soswe's lands, and was there attacked, one private being killed and two other men injured; patrols were sent out into the same area on April 17th, May 26th and again on June 19th, but on all these occasions it was the volunteers who attacked, not without some minor casualties, and the Mashona reverted to a purely defensive attitude. Soswe himself had been captured, but some of his young headmen continued the struggle to the bitter end. But the struggle became less keen and less universally supported as the long odds against an African victory began to be understood, so that by the end of July the rebellion began to peter out, and headmen were surrendering to the Native Commissioner and giving up their arms. Many of these were clearly the purchase price for 'old workings' paid by the early-day prospectors. There was a number

of Martini-Henry rifles and some Lee-Netfords, which had been gained as loot at the beginning of the rebellion but had not been used much because of the difficulty in getting hold of ammunition, as well as the inevitable elephant gun and other strange armaments.

"A series of surrenders now took place," writes A. S. Hickman, "including that of Chief Mangwende (of Mrewa)."⁷⁶ By September, 1897, Mangwende had indeed become a resident of Mrewa, though he and his ancestors had lived for centuries around Mahopo, the kopje which overlooks the lovely Theydon Valley. This was an indication of one of the most important, but least noticed, results of the Mashona rebellion. Colonel Alderson's strategy, which de Molyneux's police had continued, had been to concentrate on securing safe lines of communications, and then to work out from that base into the hilly country to which the rebels had withdrawn. Thus, by the end of 1897, the area around Marandellas under the undisputed control of the white men was the land adjacent to the main lines of communication along the watersheds. When the rebellion came to an end, a new policy towards the Mashona had to be worked out, and the 'reserves' set aside for their use tended to coincide with their geographical position at the end of 1897. This is hardly surprising; but it was also singularly convenient for the Europeans, as it left in their hands most of the land along the lines of communication.

Thus, the followers of Mangwende had been driven away from Mahopo and their traditional garden lands towards the north, where the Mangwende Reserve is now situated. In the south, Soswe's followers drifted down to the Sabi River and can be found in the Wedza Reserve, although the rocky bastion of the present Soswe Reserve, which rears itself precipitously from the Wenimbi Valley, continues to be the home of some of the descendants of Soswe's warriors of the 1890's. In this case, the rebels were never completely defeated and driven out. In the Chiota Reserve to the west, Chief Sadza can be found, 20 or 30 miles away from the family home among the kopjes called Mangondo. In this way, the pattern of Land Apportionment finds some of its roots in the rebellion, and the Europeans' occupation of the lines of communication was a natural sequel to the strategy employed in 1896 and 1897. It is in this respect particularly that the rebellion had a lasting effect upon the history of Marandellas. For it settled, by force of arms, the area of European occupation and so laid the foundations for the farming community upon which the prosperity of Marandellas depends.

NOTES

1. Marandellas was one station in the administrative district called Mangwende. The Native Commissioner's headquarters were at Mrewa.
2. *Reminiscences of Wiri' Edwards* in the National Archives of Rhodesia (ED 6/1/1 Nat. Arch. Hist. MSS).
3. C. F. Andrews, *John White of Mashonaland* (Hodder and Stoughton, 1935), at p. 42.
4. See: Jean Farrant, *Mashonaland martyr* (O.U.P., 1966) at p. 194-195 and 199; T. O. Ranger's paper *The Organization of the Rebellion—Part 2* delivered at the History of the Central African People's Conference held at the Rhodes-Livingstone Institute, 1963 Edwards, op. cit., and especially the *Reminiscences of T. P. Gilbert* (GI 3/1/1 Nat. Arch. Hist. MSS).
5. Diary of Lionel Cripps. (CR 1/1 Nat. Arch. Hist. MSS).
6. Farrant, op. cit., p. 205.
7. See: Farrant, op. cit., for the full and dramatic story of the last days and death of Bernard Mizeki (p. 199-224). This seems a remarkable reconstruction from the oral evidence. The passing of the years is making such important exercises increasingly difficult. Also: W. F. Rea, S.J. "Bernard Mizeki: the Devil's advocate puts his case" in *Rhodesiana*, no. 15, Dec. 1966.
8. Farrant, op. cit., p. 199.
9. Quoted in Farrant, op. cit., p. 201.
10. Waddilove Papers: an interview with Mrs. Mangachema, June 23rd, 1966. The use of the word 'provoke' sounds peculiar, but it seems to have been a convenient transcript for a more complicated Shona phrase.
11. Waddilove Papers: undated address by Mr. Mashizhera to the Principal and Staff of Waddilove.
12. Waddilove Papers: interview with Mrs. Chinandi, June 17th, 1965.
13. The lady's name is sometimes given as Miss Bradley.
14. *Diary of George Lamb* (LA 1/1 Nat. Arch. Hist. MSS).
15. One of these was Arthur Morkel, who had come up to Rhodesia in the wake of the Pioneer Column in 1891.
16. The murder of the Norton family and servants was not the first murder of the Mashona Rebellion, but it seems to have been the event which shocked the Europeans into realising exactly what was happening.
17. The telegraph line itself ran through Marandellas, but there was no office there. The line was cut about the 22nd at Marandellas and communication between Salisbury and Umtali ceased until the middle of August.
18. The two other policemen stationed there had gone off on the Jameson Raid and not returned.
19. In the next line of his *Reminiscences*, Edwards refers to him as Jenkins. In Lamb's *Diary* he is overtaken on the morning of the 19th by a party of Europeans, one of whom is Jankins. Could this be the same person?
20. Edwards, op. cit.
21. This story is told in John Buchan's *A book of escapes and hurried journeys* (Nelson, 1922) and is derived from George Lamb's *Diary*, op. cit.
22. See map and note 39 *infra*.
23. This letter can still be seen, in rather a tattered state, in the National Archives. (HI 3 Nat. Arch. Hist. MSS)
24. The Head Messenger had left mysteriously, with a gun, a day or two before. Shidagwa seems to have stepped into the breach quite naturally.
25. See *infra* at page 39.
26. Edwards, op. cit.
27. *Reminiscences of Mrs. Croll*. (CR 1/1 Nat. Arch. Hist. MSS). Most of this paragraph is reconstructed from Major Watts's chapter in H. C. O. Plumer *An irregular corps in Matabeleland* (Kegan Paul, 1897) especially at page 219.
28. Edwards, op. cit. Quite how Edwards got hold of this eye-witness story is unclear, and it sounds a little far-fetched as it stands.
29. Quoted in Edwards, op. cit.
30. The story of Molele, which has unfortunately escaped most Rhodesian writers, is a reconstruction from the oral evidence preserved in the Waddilove Papers. All quotes, unless otherwise annotated, come from there, but individual contributions have not been noted.
31. Or Mashingo.
32. Plumer, op. cit., in Watts's chapter, at page 220.
33. Josiah Ramashu, Zeheriah's father, was then at Chiremba. It was he who had sent the warning to Molele at the start of the rebellion.
34. John Meikle records that two farmers were killed in Marandellas because "they could not be warned in time". One, presumably, was Greyling but the other remains a mystery, unless it is supposed to refer to James White, who was, of course, warned in time, but did nothing about it. See Meikle's *Reminiscences* at p. 263 (ME 1/1/1 Nat. Arch. Hist. MSS).

35. The oral evidence suggests that the adjective 'British' is used only to distinguish one set of soldiers from those who killed Molele. In other words, it is equivalent to 'white'.
36. Various de Coy White and Decoy White in the records.
37. *Reports on the native disturbances in Rhodesia, 1896-97* (British South Africa Company, 1898) at p. 104. This is a copy of an article in the *Rhodesia Herald* by Miss Carter.
38. Miss Carter, *ibid*.
39. *Reports, etc.*, at page 65. P. S. Garlake, in his "The Mashona Rebellion east of Salisbury" (*Rhodesiana* no. 14, July, 1966) also fails to note the existence of two stores. White did not live with Graham in June, 1896.
40. *Reports, etc.*, at page 143. The actual date given for his death is surely wrong.
41. Gilbert, *op. cit*.
42. *Notes given to Mrs. F. E. B. Fripp in April 1950 by Mr. Ernest Morris, and afterwards confirmed as correct with his recollections*. Unpublished.
43. E. G. Howman, unpublished cyclostyled article *Some notes about Rhodesia*. He and Morris were both senior men in the Native Department, so Howman's source is probably Morris himself.
44. Edwards, "Marandellas and the '96 Rebellion" in *NADA*, 1923. This may be a confusion due to indifferent handwriting. The 'ffin' and the 'een' can be made to look similar, and with a good deal of imagination it is possible to devise a way of writing 'Gr' that could be mistaken for a fancy 'O'. More likely this is a case of a straightforward error in recollection. Morris was talking in 1950; Edwards was writing in 1923. Morris's faulty recollection is demonstrated by attributing to his brother, Herbert, the journey to Headlands to meet Taberer, before going to "see Chief Makoni who was causing trouble" (p. 4 of Mrs. Fripp's notes). In the same sentence he writes that Herbert had "left the farm to go into Marandellas". Of course, it was 'Wiri' Edwards who went to Headlands, and Herbert Morris, who came, on Fitzgerald's message, to Old Marandellas. Not only was Ernest Morris away in Matabeleland at the time, but Edwards, who was actually in the district that Saturday evening, tells of Herbert's coming from his farm Springvale to the Outspan. The confusion must lie in Ernest Morris's memory.
45. The other two may, of course, have been local farmers of whom there is no record.
46. The African organisation of the rebellion, as has been pointed out, was haphazard. The telegraph line from Salisbury to Umtali was not cut until the 22nd, nearly a whole week after the death of Bernard Mizeki.
47. Edwards, *op. cit.*, *NADA*, 1923. The full story of the flight is told graphically in this article.
48. E. G. Howman, *op. cit.*, relates that when Watts's column reached Marandellas at the end of July, it saw a number of fine black pigs running around. "Imagine their feelings," he wrote, "when the fat pigs were first seen, what visions of a full meal were conjured up, and what a tragedy followed. There were a number of wagons all about and examination soon revealed that on a number of them bodies were lying. Apparently they were the bodies of the drivers of the wagons who had been cut off by Marondera and fled to their masters at the wagon outspan. They had been slaughtered to the last man; some had died on the wagons, others on the ground, and as there were only fragments of them left, it had to be accepted that the pigs had been busy, and that was the end of the feast which everyone had been looking forward to." Both Watts and Adams-Acton mention pigs in the yard of the inn itself, and the two dead drivers, but neither mention the disappointment at not being able to eat the pigs. Surely such a dramatic story would not be omitted by both of them. Marshall Hole, in the British South Africa Company's Report on the rebellion, states that when detachments of 'B' and 'D' troops of the Salisbury Field Force reached Graham and White's on July 24th, "no trace of any white man could be found. Fifty pigs were killed as food for the column but were afterwards rejected when it was found that they had been eating a dead kaffir." Admittedly, Hole's account of the rebellion is more remarkable for its inaccuracies than its truth, but, if he was right in this instance, and Howman, writing many years later from hearsay misplaced the incident, the rest of the evidence makes a more consistent whole. The number of Africans so killed remains in doubt, and here Howman is probably exaggerating. For statements by H. Adams-Acton see his *Diary* (AC 1/1/1 Nat. Arch. Hist. MSS).
49. Some people think he was buried in the Ruzawi cemetery.
50. E. A. H. Alderson, *With the Mounted Infantry and the Mashonaland Field Force, 1896* (Methuen, 1898), p. 102.
51. Adams-Acton. *Diary*, *op. cit*.
52. R. S. S. Baden-Powell, *The Matabele Campaign, 1896* (Methuen, 1897), p. 459.
53. Adams-Acton, *op. cit*.
54. See Grey's *Letters*. (GR 1/1/1 Nat. Arch. Hist. MSS).
55. None of the possible candidates for 'Native Commissioner', Edwards, Weale, Brabant or Ross had one, let alone two, brothers killed.
56. George McDougal to 'Maggie', Oct. 13th, 1896. (In possession of Mr. D. W. Forshaw).
57. Adams-Acton, *op. cit*.

58. John McDougal to 'Alick' dated Sept., 8th, 1896. (In possession of Mr. D. W. Forshaw). See also C. Harding, *Frontier patrols* (C. Bell, 1937) and the *Diary* of C. Tyndale-Biscoe (BI 3/1/3 Nat. Arch. Hist. MSS).
59. Quoted in J. G. Lockhart and C. M. Woodhouse, *Rhodes*, (Hodder and Stoughton, 1963), p. 349.
60. Quoted in P. Mason, *Birth of a dilemma*, (O.U.P., 1958), p. 198.
61. As an old man said to 'Wiri' Edwards: "We saw you come with your wagons and horses and rifles. We said to each other, 'they have come to buy gold, or it may be to hunt elephant; they will go again.' When we saw that you continued to remain in the country and were troubling us with your laws, we began to talk and to plot." *Edwards' Reminiscences*.
62. The only building burned down in Marandellas before August, 1896, was the Native Commissioner's house above the Ruzawi Outspan: the inn itself was left intact.
63. Harding, *op. cit.*, p. 97.
64. Alderson, *op. cit.*, p. 199.
65. Plumer, *op. cit.*, in Major Watts's chapter, at page 220.
66. John Kapuya, quoted in Farrant, *op. cit.*, p. 139.
67. Adams-Acton, *op. cit.*, cf. also Edwards' comment, *op. cit.*, where he notes that Soswe's followers "had heard of our attempt with dynamite on the Gatzi caves and were not afraid of it."
68. Pencilled note from J. H. Finch to Maurice Carver in the Ruzawi School Archives.
69. Sometimes called Chipara.
70. As described by George McDougal to his mother, Oct., 1st, 1896. (In possession of Mr. D. W. Forshaw).
71. George McDougal to Mrs. McDougal, Oct., 7th, 1896. E. G. Howman was also an eye-witness on this occasion. (In possession of Mr. D. W. Forshaw).
72. Adams-Acton, *op. cit.*
73. This account has been compiled from:—Adams-Acton, *op. cit.*, the *Reminiscences* of 'Wiri' Edwards, Alderson's *With the Mounted Infantry and the Mashonaland Field Force, 1896*, the *Letters of George McDougal* to his family and the official Company's account of the rebellion. Their description of the events and the geographical setting are identical but the nomenclature is haywire. Edwards thought the action took place at Chiwara's, two miles beyond Manyabeera's, and McDougal addressed his eye-witness account from Mtazokaba's.
74. George McDougal to Mrs. McDougal, Nov. 6th, 1896. (In possession of Mr. D. W. Forshaw).
75. Figures derived from the *Report on native disturbances in Rhodesia, 1896-97*, at pages 134-5.
76. A. S. Hickman *Men who made Rhodesia* (Salisbury, British South Africa Company, 1960).

A note while this issue is in the press.

A MATABELELAND BRANCH OF THE SOCIETY

Under the chairmanship of Mr. M. H. Barry 32 members of the Rhodesiana Society voted to form a Matabeleland branch at a meeting in the National Museum in Bulawayo on October 18th.

The meeting was organised by Mr. D. T. Low who received an enthusiastic response to his initial enquiries. Mr. Peter Gibbs was elected chairman of the branch and Mr. Low honorary secretary. Other members of the branch committee are Dr. O. N. Ransford and Mr. C. W. Pagden.

The branch plans a series of talks at three or four meetings a year. It is notable that next year is of special significance in the history of Bulawayo as it will mark the 75th anniversary of the city.

E.E.B.

An historical sketch of Bulawayo

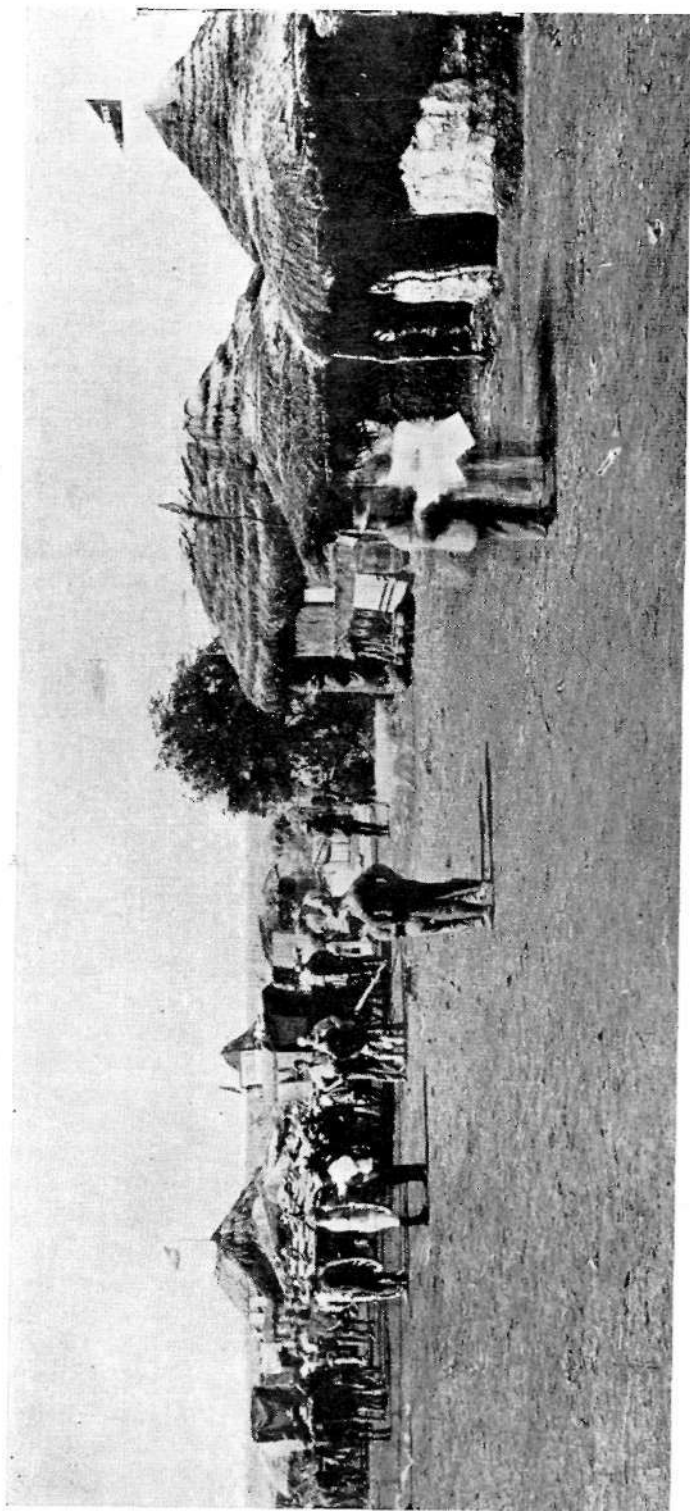
by O. N. Ransford

This paper was read at the Annual Conference of the South African Museums Association, at Bulawayo, in May, 1967.

I was looking the other day at one of those excellent touring maps of Southern Africa which are produced by the Shell Company. They are published in rather bilious-looking yellow and red covers, and open up like concertinas at the most unpredictable places. A table of the distances between 30 of the Republic's principal towns is printed on the back, and it interested me to see that the names of only two of these towns—Umtata and Knysna—were of African origin. The remainder—Ladysmith, Johannesburg, Bloemfontein, and the rest—were all imported names. In Rhodesia this ratio of one African to 15 alien names is just about reversed; most of the names of our towns are African in origin; only rarely do you find an imported one. Admittedly the Rhodesian capital was called after a British Prime Minister, but even Salisbury may be an ephemeral name, for we at this end of the country prefer to call it "Bamba Zonke". Bulawayo's name on the other hand has a pedigree dating back to Shaka's times. It can be translated as "The place of he who has been badly treated", and you will remember that Shaka, when he became Chief of the Zulus, called his first capital Bulawayo to commemorate his tribulations as a child. One of Shaka's kinsmen, a boy named Mzilikazi grew up in this Zulu kraal of Bulawayo; when he became King of the Matabele many years later this fact was remembered, and one of his praise names was "black calf of Bulawayo".

The present city of Bulawayo stands near the southern end of the great plateau which runs right through Rhodesia like a broad backbone. On one side of this watershed the rivers drain into the Zambezi; on the other side they flow into the Limpopo and Sabi. The city is strategically placed; it commands all the approaches to the plateau from the south, and in a military sense whoever holds Bulawayo holds Rhodesia.

The written history of this city covers less than a century, but men have made their livings in the region for over a million years, and some of them have left their stone implements scattered in great profusion on this southern portion of the plateau. About seven thousand years ago—the time admittedly is conjectural—a Khoisan people, whom we call the Bushmen, came to hunt game on the open veld where the city's buildings stand now, and some of the naturalistic paintings which have been their most splendid contribution to Rhodesia are still to be seen in caves and rock shelters only five or six miles away on the



The beginnings of modern Bulawayo, 1894.

(National Archives)

Hillside road. But to find examples of their typical burning friezes, one has to drive for an hour or so to the granite murals in the Matopo Hills.

At about the time of Christ, a people whom Rhodesians now rather vaguely refer to as the "Ancients" followed the Bushmen to this part of the watershed. The "Ancients" made characteristic pottery and they knew how to work iron and mine gold; these people were not mere hunters and food gatherers like the Bushmen; instead they reaped crops of primitive millet, and herded sheep and cattle. We owe our knowledge of these early Rhodesians to archaeological finds and to depictions made of them by Bushmen artists. They are remembered too by their mines dotted all over the many gold reefs round Bulawayo, and one of the best examples of these ancient workings can be seen opposite the City's isolation hospital.

During the first millenium of the Christian era migrants of another race, who showed negro characteristics, began to arrive on the southern part of the Rhodesian plateau. Their common language was quite unlike that of the Bushmen, which is characterised by click consonants, and we speak of them today as the Bantu—a purely linguistic term. They were a fecund and militant race and were prepared to compete for the more favoured parts of the plateau lands, and in the end they drove the Bushmen into the less hospitable fringe areas of this country. By the thirteenth century these black men had organised a centralised nation called Gurohuswa, based on the Bulawayo area. It may have been a primitive and even a barbarous state, but it was a perfectly valid entity developing on its own lines. Gurohuswa was ruled by a paramount chief called the Mambo, whose power was spiritual as well as temporal. Military conquests during the 15th century expanded his state into the Empire of Monomatapa, but as trade with the Arabs increased its focus of power shifted from the southern end of the plateau to the Zambezi valley. The Bulawayo region now reverted to a provincial status until the Rozwi aristocrats living in this area broke away from the Empire about 1510, and in the first Rhodesian Unilateral Declaration of Independence set up a successor state ruled by the Mambo Changa. Soon afterwards, when obsequious Arab traders began to address him as Emir, Changa was sufficiently flattered to add the title to his name, becoming known as Changamire. His successors of the Changamire dynasty ruled this part of Rhodesia until the 1830's, but so far as the rest of the world was concerned they might have been living on a different planet. Indeed, this enigmatic elite is only remembered today for the great stone-walled buildings they set up all over the southern part of Rhodesia. As the Rozwi boundaries expanded relatives of the Mambo were deputed to rule the various provinces of his Kingdom. According to African tradition the Prince who reigned in the Bulawayo area was addressed as Khami, and the ruins of his pretentious palace, 14 miles away from the city, provide evidence of the high state he kept.

Soon after 1830 the consequences of Shaka's rise to power in Zululand reached right across the Limpopo. Fierce hordes of Nguni warriors, driven northwards during the *Mfecane*, invaded the Rozwi state; the great stone buildings were pillaged and burned, and not until 1835 did peaceful times return to this area when the invaders crossed the Zambezi in search of more booty.

The peace was short lived. Five years later, the long shields of another Nguni tribe—the Matabele—appeared on the southern horizon, and this time they had come to settle for good.

The Matabele, fleeing like their predecessors from Shaka's wrath, settled first in the Transvaal, and then in 1837 were driven beyond the Limpopo by the Voortrekkers. In two straggling columns, one of which was led by their Chief, Mzilikazi, and the other by a senior Induna named Gondwana, the Matabele nation marched northwards making for a flat-topped hill near the southern end of the great plateau which was a landmark well known to their scouts. It lies seven miles to the north-east of modern Bulawayo.

Gondwana's party soon reached the agreed rendezvous after a prosperous journey, and settled down near Essexvale to await the arrival of Mzilikazi's section. Mzilikazi, however, had wandered far into the Kalahari and when he went on to reconnoitre the country beyond the Zambezi his impis were checked by the Makololo. Indeed, Mzilikazi did not reach the agreed rendezvous until 1839 or 1840, and there he found that Gondwana's indunas, believing him dead, had elected Kuluman, his heir, to the chieftainship. Their temerity was punished by the prompt execution of the recalcitrant indunas on the summit of the flat hill which has ever since been known as Thabas Induna.

The Matabele now entered into possession of this part of Rhodesia. The area for about an 80-mile radius round Bulawayo became their heartland, but they raided or exacted tribute from tribes living as far away as the Hunyani and Sabi Rivers. Mzilikazi established his capital close to Thabas Induna and just east of the old Kumalo airport. When the surrounding grass and firewood and water was exhausted, or one of his wives died, it was customary for Mzilikazi to move the capital to a different site, and sometimes right across to the other side of the watershed. Not very much was heard of the Matabele King by the outside world until 1854, when Robert Moffat made a prodigious journey from Kuruman to visit his friend Mzilikazi at the Thabas Induna kraal. Moffat's journal speaks of his outspanning near the present Bulawayo golf course and of the difficulty he experienced in getting his wagon over the Matsheumhlope stream which runs through it and beside this Museum building.* Dr. Moffat visited Mzilikazi again in 1857, and in 1859 he brought up three missionary families who established themselves near the royal kraal which by this time had been moved to the Inyati area. It is a stirring experience to visit their mission today, and see the foundations of the cottages which these first Christian missionaries to the Matabele built for themselves in the wilds.

Towards the end of his life Mzilikazi moved again close to the southern side of the watershed, and he died there in 1868. The King was buried among the Matopo Hills in a natural sepulchre which must be considered one of the most impressive tombs in the world. His personal possessions were interred in a nearby cave and some of them can still be seen there today.

After an interregnum of a year during which a search was made for Kuluman, Mzilikazi's heir, another of his sons, Jandu, was enthroned as King of the Matabele in 1870. His succession was disputed by one section of the Matabele,

* The National Museum in Centenary Park, Selborne Avenue

and when the incredible Sir Theophilus Shepstone in distant Natal, scenting power for himself in the far interior, announced that his horsegroom (who went variously under the names of April and Kanda) was "the missing dauphin" of Matabele history, opposition to Jandu became militant. Jandu himself was genuinely anxious to avoid civil war, but eventually he had no alternative except to fight, and he crushed the rebel impis in a battle fought near Turk Mine. After this victory Jandu was given the praise name of Lobengula—"the scatterer".

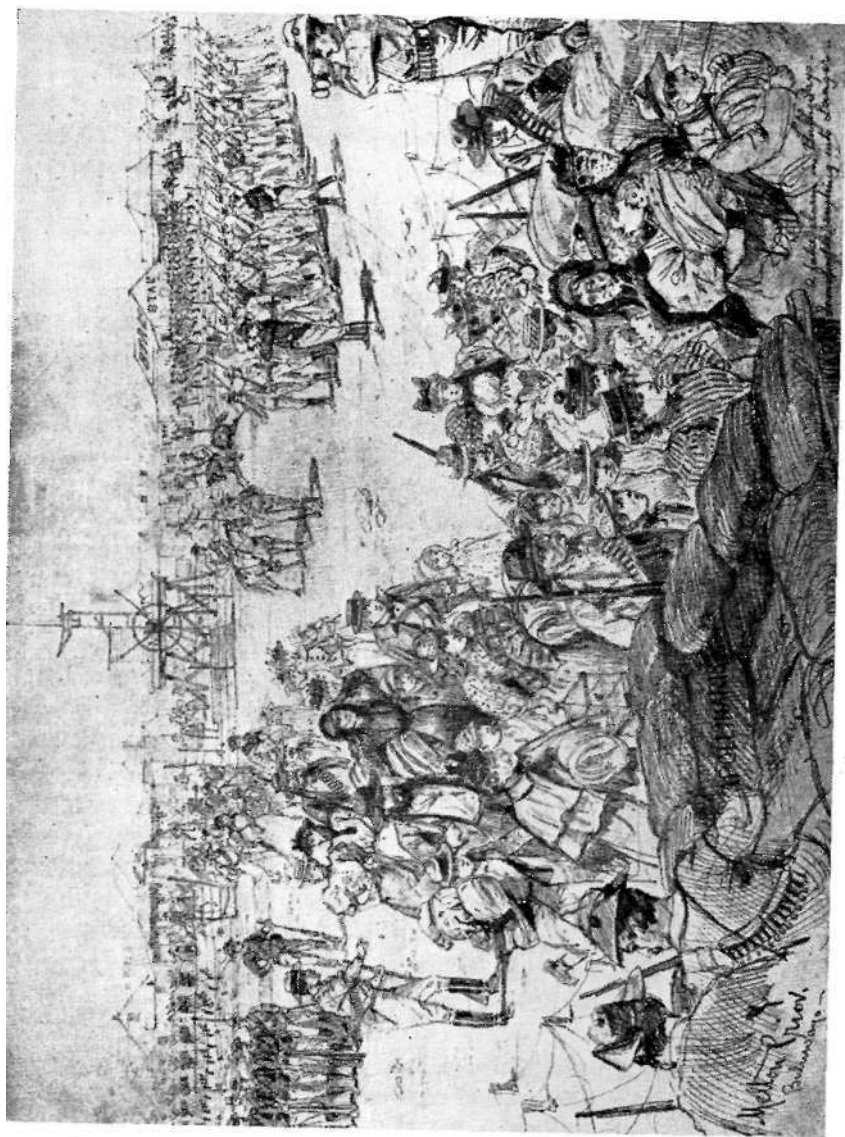
As was customary, Lobengula established a new capital soon after his accession. When he watched its huts go up he was still smarting from the wounds of the civil war, and remembering the name Shaka long before had given to his own royal kraal in Zululand, Lobengula came to a decision about its name: "I have been killed by my people" he said, "I shall call it Bulawayo."

This first Rhodesian Bulawayo stood 14 miles distant from the modern city, and one can still see the remains there of Lobengula's brick house and wagon shed. The King did not spend his entire time in the capital; he liked to retire to private kraals, and in 1879 we know that he was living at Matsheumhlope in a kraal at the top of Caithness Road. Two years later Lobengula moved across the watershed, and built his second Bulawayo where Government House stands today. It was of considerable size, measuring a mile and a half in circumference. Unhappily there is now little to see of Lobengula's capital: only a part of the tree under which the King dispensed rough justice has survived to become famous as the Indaba Tree of Bulawayo.

As he grew older, Lobengula spent much of his time at the private kraal of Umvutcha seven miles from Bulawayo. Its site today is thickly wooded by trees foreign to the immediate neighbourhood, whose seeds have been brought to it by cattle coming to graze the sweet grass growing on the site of its well-manured cattle kraal. A mile away from the King's house an area was set aside for the European visitors who visited Lobengula at Umvutcha, and this looks today very much as it did when the Matabele court was thronged by concession seekers. The tree under which John Moffat lived at the time is still standing, and on it can be seen the initials and date which Alexander Boggie carved there in 1888. Rudd and his companions camped on a pleasantly elevated site nearby when they came to Umvutcha and persuaded Lobengula to sign the famous Concession which was to prove the basis of Rhodes's title deed to this country.

In 1893, war broke out between the Matabele and the white settlers of Mashonaland, and when at the end of their cavalry blitzkrieg Jameson's men rode into Bulawayo to the jaunty sound of bagpipes on November 4th, they found that the huts of the royal kraal had been burned the day before in a Rhodesian version of the Great Fire of Moscow.

The white men at once set about building a new town. Government House was set up on the site of Lobengula's residence as though to emphasise in a Roman manner the conquest of the Matabele nation. On the banks of the Bulawayo spruit below, the crude huts of the settlers went up too. Their site, now the suburb of Sauerstown, however, proved unhealthy, and almost at once the bush two miles away to the south was cleared and the streets of the present



“A false alarm”; citizens of Bulawayo seeking refuge in the laager, 1896. From the *Illustrated London News*.

(National Archives)

city surveyed. To the east an area on both sides of the Matsheumhlope stream where the National Museum stands was preserved as a park, while beyond it a residential suburb was laid out.

The men who planned the European town did a remarkably good job: the streets were straight and particularly wide, and one suspects that like Baron Haussmann in Paris before them, they were intended during troublesome times to be easily controlled by artillery and small arms fire.

A few bungalows and stores quickly appeared, but the most imposing structure to be seen in the new town was Williams' Building, two storeys high, at the corner of Selborne Avenue and Fort Street: it played an important part during the rebellion and still stands there in its old form today. A market hall was built in the centre of the town and was to provide the nucleus of the town laager in 1896. Unhappily this historical building was pulled down later to make room for the City Hall.

In March, 1896, the first Bulawayo boom abruptly collapsed when the whole of Matabeleland suddenly flamed into insurrection. The little town awoke one day to find itself in the most deadly peril, but it survived to become a firm base from which local volunteers, and subsequently Imperial troops, recovered control of the country. The six months which followed the outbreak of the Matabele rebellion constitutes Bulawayo's heroic era.

When the rebellion broke out about 700 white men and 500 women and children were living in the town; several hundred other Europeans were scattered through the surrounding countryside in small centres like Gwelo and Inyati, or pegging out farms, or prospecting for gold or store keeping. The rebellion was fomented and organised by a priestly personage named Mkwati, and he had timed it to begin on the night of Saturday, March 28th, when the moon was full. Groups of warriors were to be infiltrated into the town on the previous day with instructions to kill every European living there when the moon came up that night: other bands were organised to hunt down the settlers and prospectors in the outlying districts. But, as so often occurs in affairs of this kind, Bulawayo was saved by the rebellion breaking out prematurely. On Friday, March 20th, a full week before full moon, a truculent group of warriors killed two African policemen in a scuffle near Essexvale. Bulawayo heard of these murders on the Monday—and took little notice of them. But that same day the rebels lost all restraint. They fell upon every isolated European community within their reach in the countryside and by sunset the insurrection had become general.

During the next few days it would have been very easy for the rebels to have stormed the town. It had no defences; many of Bulawayo's fighting men had been recruited by Dr. Jameson some months before and taken off to raid the Transvaal, and the town's natural leaders were languishing at the time in Wormwood Scrubs. But some queer notion of conceit or vanity had made Mkwati, the rebel leader, promise to destroy the town with a bolt from heaven; his impis were not concentrated for an all-out assault, but instead were allowed to continue their campaign of massacre in the outlying districts. The frightened townspeople of course never knew of this reprieve, and as they awaited for the

attack to fall on them it is not difficult for us to comprehend the horror which seized their town during that last week in March, as news trickled in of the 150 Europeans who had been butchered in the most atrocious circumstances outside. These losses were more than 10 per cent of the total white population of Matabeleland, and we must note that this figure far exceeds those of the French Colonials in Algeria ten years ago, or of the whites in Kenya during Mau Mau. It is said that the morale of even veteran soldiers drops when their losses reach 10 per cent. But the people of Bulawayo possessed the old British virtues of fortitude in hardship and a will to succeed whatever the odds. They somehow felt that a new country would arise from the bones of those who had died, and they never wavered in their determination to win. They had no sense of moral isolation, but were sure instead that the tide of history was running their way; above all they could be certain that Britain would back them in this crisis to the hilt.

Bulawayo had to face tremendous odds. Rifles were available for only 400 men and horses for 100. Surrounding the town were more than 15,000 warriors, 2,000 of whom were armed with modern rifles and many more had muzzle loading guns of various types. The beleaguered town was many hundred miles from the nearest help, and in any case rinderpest had recently struck down nearly all the trek oxen required to bring up stores and reinforcements. By any standard it seemed that the infant settlement was doomed.

But Bulawayo reacted splendidly to the crisis. While patrols of mounted men, 30 or 40 strong, rode off to attempt the rescue of those settlers who were still holding out in improvised forts in the surrounding districts, a laager was set up round the Market Hall.

It was a formidable affair. According to Selous "the Bulawayo laager was probably the strongest ever constructed in South Africa". The Market Hall was surrounded by a ring of wagons chained together and by three separate fences of barbed wire, while beyond the perimeter there was a belt of broken glass 30 yards wide. Bottles incidentally, seem to have been freely available. Other articles were not: a single cauliflower we are told cost over 30s., eggs were nearly £4 a dozen, and milk 30s. a bottle. The town's streets were mined, and arrangements made to explode the mines by firing rifles at them over fixed sights. Bundles of oil-soaked faggots were placed at intervals in the town to be ignited in the event of a night attack. Williams' Building was loopholed and a gun mounted on its roof. The club too was fortified and other smaller strong points were set up in the suburbs.

The assault that everybody braced themselves to meet was never delivered, and the story of Bulawayo's first weeks of siege is concerned instead with the rescue patrols sent out into the districts. Usually the patrols were too late to do anything except bury the groups of mutilated bodies they found, and they always had to fight their way back into laager. Although many rebels were killed during these forays the European casualties too were constantly mounting.

"There were so many military funerals" one eyewitness reports, "that many of the natives in the town got into the habit of whistling 'The Dead March in Saul' in the streets.'

Each patrol wrote its own saga. One of them, having been sent to relieve Gwanda was ambushed on the way back 17 miles from Bulawayo. This patrol suffered 27 casualties among its 100 men before it got in.

In the middle of April, the rebels, having dealt with all the outlying settlers, at last began to close in on Bulawayo. They encamped round the town in a great crescent, their right occupying the line of the Umgusa river and Government House only three miles from the laager; their centre was based on Matsheumhlope, while the rebel left fortified the ridge of modern Hillside. By establishing forts at intervals down the vital road to Tati, however, the Europeans succeeded in keeping open this, their sole link with the outside world.

By the third week of April the situation in Bulawayo had become desperate, and four separate attempts were made to push the rebels back from the Umgusa. Not until April 25th, did the Bulawayo Field Force achieve a success when it scattered a large impi just beyond the modern suburb of Queensdale some six miles from the laager. From then on the immediate threat to the town diminished. Reinforcements began to arrive and the Europeans were at last able to get over to the offensive.

Mkwati's stronghold at Thabas-za-ka-Mambo was stormed in July, 1896, and from then onwards Bulawayo formed the base from which Imperial and Colonial troops operated in continuous actions against the rebel impis in the Matopos. The battles fought there by General Carrington, Plumer and Baden-Powell belong to the history of this city, but this forgotten campaign would require a whole book to be properly described. Peace only came to Matabeleland in October, 1896, when Mr. Rhodes, on his own initiative, concluded an armistice with the rebel Indunas.

Thereafter, while Mashonaland in its turn was plunged into bloody rebellion, Bulawayo prospered. In 1897 the railway line from the south reached the town and it attained Municipal status. Cecil Rhodes in his will had asked to be buried on a kopje looking out over a wild panorama of hills which he had discovered in the Matopos, and the whole town went into mourning for his funeral. By 1943 when Bulawayo became a city, on the 50th Anniversary of its foundation, it had grown into the chief industrial centre of Central Africa. It had also developed into the main Rhodesian tourist hub; besides having many historical sites in and around the city, Bulawayo was close to the ruins of Khami and other Rozwi strongholds; more important still, it was only an hour's drive from the wonderland of the Matopos. It was the centre too from which could best be reached three places whose tourist interest could challenge those of any in the world: the Victoria Falls, the Wankie Game Reserve, and Zimbabwe.

Suburbs sprang up all round the city as its prosperity increased, and a whole complex of African townships, were built which were usually (and aptly) named after an important induna or a member of the Matabele royal family. The townships today form perhaps the finest memorial that could be erected to the memory of the pioneers who brought civilisation to this region and who began the building of Bulawayo.

Today it is an unusual and an edifying experience to visit the Bulawayo

townships and see what an enlightened municipality can do to meet the artistic aspirations of the marginal man in Africa. Indeed, one suspects that Bulawayo may be most remembered by posterity for the new idioms of painting and sculpture which are evolving here.

There is one final thought I should like to leave with you. Although no one could say modern Bulawayo is a city notable for its noble buildings or glamorous night life, it has a peculiar quality of its own. For a drive of only half an hour allows its citizens to leave all the frustrating "amenities" of civilisation behind, and sets them instead among the open expanses of untamed Africa.

James Dawson: Rhodesian Pioneer

by L. D. S. Glass

PART ONE: MACDUFF—SHOSHONG—BULAWAYO

James Dawson was born at Macduff, Scotland, in November, 1852. The third son of Alexander Dawson, a builder, he took to law, being trained in the office of the Provost George Macduff, and later joining a legal firm in Edinburgh. But, like many of his countrymen, he decided to forsake his homeland: he set out for an Africa that was still the Dark Continent and yet to experience the "Scramble". In 1876 he sailed to Cape Town and, as he put it, "at once" established himself at Shoshong, where his brother was already engaged in trade.¹

Shoshong, in Bechuanaland, was at that time the capital of Khama, King of the Bamangwato, and it was to be some years before the arrival of British protection enabled him to brave the Matabele and to move further north to less arid quarters at Palapye. The form of trade carried on by Dawson and his brother was typical of the day and place. From the natives they obtained ostrich feathers, skins, cattle and ivory in exchange for clothing, blankets, calicoes, guns and ammunition. For a time Dawson appears to have done fairly well, and in 1878 a friend was congratulating him on obtaining 10s. a pound for his ivory.²

But early in the 1880's the trade began to decline; ivory became scarce in Bechuanaland and the competition from the ostrich feather industry in the Cape Colony harmed this branch of trade. By 1883 he was finding that he could get next to nothing for his cattle. The remedy seemed to be to move further north in search of more lucrative trade, and so in 1884 he transferred himself to Bulawayo while his brother went "down country".³

The man who set out for Bulawayo was tall, standing slightly over six feet, thin, yet sinewy. A moustache, drooping over his beard, gave him the doleful appearance that men of his day seemed to delight in presenting to the world. But apart from this the expression was keen, the eyes searching. He was a man who, like F. C. Selous, the famous hunter, was always to look younger than his years. In personality he was modest and unassuming, kind and amicable, which may go far to explain the fact that Dawson was never destined to be a leader of men; he was to become the 'willing horse', one who undertook tasks on behalf of others and whose part in subsequent historical events was accidental rather than purposeful.

Bulawayo was the capital of Lobengula, King of the Matabele, and to him Dawson was not unknown. In some small way the latter had performed secretarial duties for Khama and written several letters to Lobengula on his behalf.

While visiting Matabeleland in 1880—either on Khama's request or to investigate its trade possibilities—he had met the Matabele King.⁴ After establishing himself at Bulawayo in 1884, Dawson was to carry on trading and farming activities in the area until 1905, and so find himself involved in some of the stirring events of those years.

When he arrived in the Matabele capital there were only two white traders there: Moss Cohen and James Fairbairn. It was with the latter that he went into partnership. For some years after 1884 it was still possible to obtain ivory in Bulawayo, while the high quality of the ostrich feathers available there apparently enabled him to keep up his export trade. He himself has told us that while he was buying the finest ostrich feathers in Bulawayo he was importing from the Cape thousands of the inferior short feathers. These were, he explained, "part of the warrior's full dress. . . they think far more of them than of the larger and finer feathers."⁵

In Bulawayo Dawson was soon on good terms with the Matabele, who gave him the name of "Jimsolo". With Lobengula he established a friendly relationship and before long was acting the part of chief white adviser to the King. Later on, when asked how this came about, he said: "Well, one couldn't live in Bulawayo without seeing a good deal of the King and he gradually got into the habit of asking me for information and advice and of sending me on missions of various kinds."⁶

Dawson has left us some of his impressions of Lobengula. "A wonderfully good man" he called him on one occasion,⁷ and on another said of him: ". . . a genial soul. . . liked to laugh and joke about trifles. . . There was a world of fun in the old King."⁸ But he made it clear that when Lobengula was angry he was "a most unpleasant companion". Dawson regarded him as an able man, "very diplomatic, a past-master in the art of playing off man against man or party against party. His mind had been trained by constantly hearing cases and giving decisions to a high pitch of intelligence and acuteness."⁹

Some ideas of the habits of the King may be gleaned from Dawson. He had some "European style" houses built of burned brick with thatched roofs, but in these he rarely lived, preferring his "travelling wagon". The King moved about a great deal, and when in Bulawayo chose to stay in his wagon "and leave his fine houses to themselves". About 12 of his wives—of which he had something like 80, with 30 or so children—used to live in huts behind the houses.¹⁰

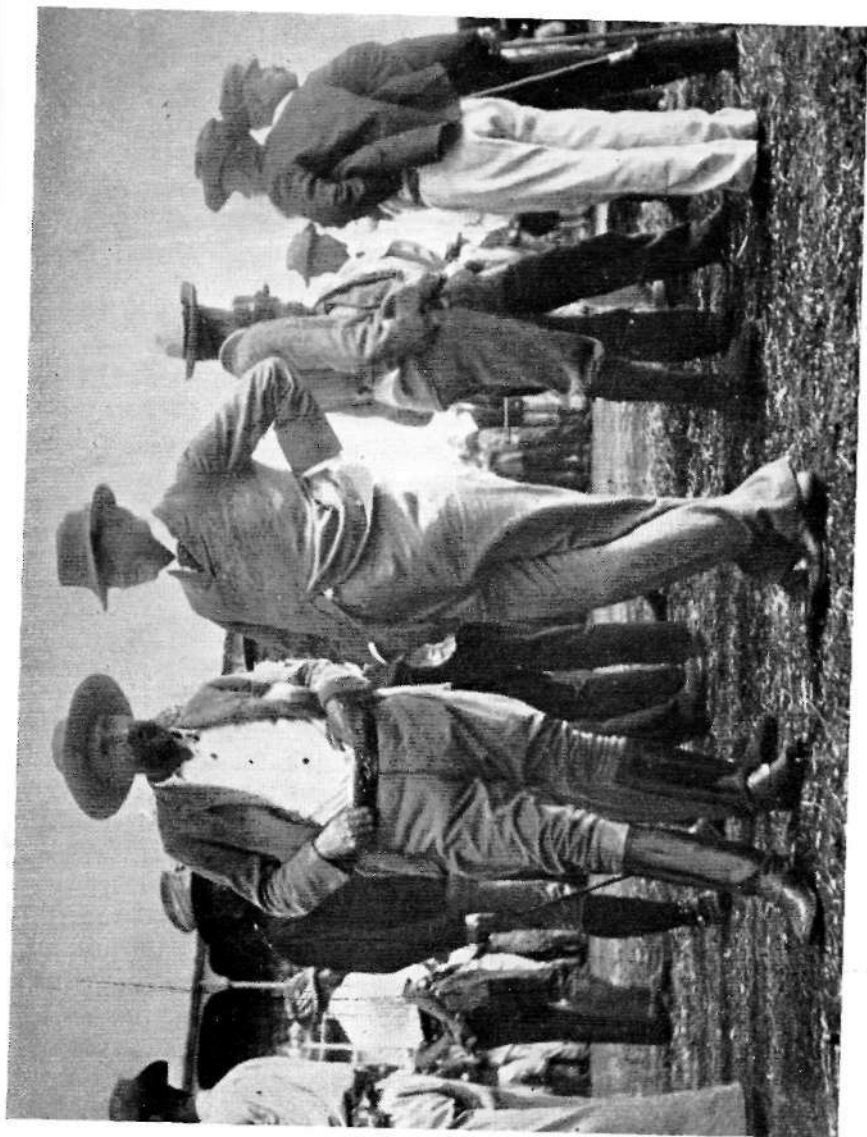
The territory claimed by Lobengula was extensive, reaching to the Zambezi river in the north and to the borders of the Portuguese lands in the east. In this area, to the north and north-east of Matabeleland proper, lived the scattered Mashona tribes, under no paramount chief and without the centralised military system that made the Matabele the formidable warriors they were. It was on control of these tribes and the trade and products of their lands that the existence of Lobengula's primitive state depended. This factor was to be of great importance in the near future, for when the British South Africa Company occupied Mashonaland in 1890 and attempted to separate it from Matabeleland a war became inevitable. Dawson has shown us how Lobengula controlled the resources of Mashonaland for the good of his state. He tells us that in Matabele-

land itself the large military kraals were distributed over a radius of some 60 miles around Bulawayo. Outside this area the country was not permanently occupied by the Matabele, but was looked upon as a source of income and food supply: ostrich feathers, ivory, cattle and produce derived from game were the main products. He has described how, after a raid on a Mashona or Makalaka¹¹ kraal the cattle were given to those most in favour to look after. "This was a Matabele's height of ambition, for they looked upon these cattle as their own, although they were liable at any time to be called upon to return them to the King."¹² We may comment that they were, in this sense, merely herdsmen or guardians of the cattle supply of the country and that the King would look to their fair distribution among his people. Observed Dawson: ". . . if a man were found to be getting what was thought to be too many cattle together, some story would be trumped up against him, say of witchcraft, or some ridiculous charge: he was knocked on the head, and there was an end of him, and the cattle were quietly annexed."¹³

Shortly after Dawson's arrival the first zephyrs of change began to whisper about Bulawayo when European concession hunters besieged the King's kraal. It is unlikely that Dawson looked upon them with friendly eyes, for they brought the threat of competition that would be ruinous to his type of trade. In August, 1888, Rudd, Maguire and Thompson, three representatives of Cecil Rhodes, arrived at Bulawayo: they were seeking a concession on which Rhodes could build a company for the exploitation of the territory to the north of the Limpopo river. At the end of October Lobengula's mark on their document registered their success. Dawson played no part in this and the two witnesses to the "Rudd Concession" were the Rev. Charles Helm and J. F. Dreyer. We do not have any of Dawson's observations on the signing of the concession, but the letters to him from Sam Edwards at Tati would seem to indicate that Dawson, like his correspondent, disapproved and doubted whether the King had, indeed, signed. However, Helm's integrity was unassailable, and he fully explained to the King the contents of the agreement.¹⁴

The concession was accepted by the British Government, the British South Africa Company duly chartered, and Mashonaland occupied in 1890. The Company had its own representative, J. W. Colenbrander, at Bulawayo, and negotiations with Company officials were carried on through him. During the three years that passed before the Matabele Raid on Fort Victoria in July, 1893, led the Administrator, Dr. L. S. Jameson, to decide on war, Dawson continued quietly trading at Bulawayo. There are few recorded instances of his acting on behalf of the King.

One of these concerns Lobengula's desire to possess some gold claims. Late in September, 1890, Dawson set out for Mashonaland to secure these for the King. He knew, it appears, of gold reefs in the Umfuli river area, for in 1886 the King had sent him to prospect in that direction and he had spent six months on this.¹⁵ But when he arrived there at the end of October, 1890, he found the reefs already pegged off by the recently arrived settlers. "Too late by a month" he wrote in his diary of the trip.¹⁶ However, he went on to Salisbury, saw the authorities and secured two reefs in the Umfuli district and two at the junction



Dawson with Rhodes, Bulawayo, 1896.

(National Archives)

of the Sebakwe and Imbembesi rivers. A small stamp battery was presented to Lobengula by the Company and put into operation on his Umfuli claims. "A substantial lump of gold" was in due course presented to the King,¹⁷ all, it appears, that he ever gained from his brief interest in the world of mining.

PART TWO: THE MATABELE WAR

Dawson was disturbed at the decline in the relations between the Matabele and the settlers after the raid on Fort Victoria in July, 1893. And he was worried not only because of the threat to his own safety and that of other whites living at Bulawayo, but also because he could see no warlike intentions on the part of Lobengula. Living in the capital during the weeks before the war started on October 5th, 1893, he was able to observe the absence of any military preparations and to record a state of affairs quite different from that presented to the outside world by Jameson. The Administrator, intent on war, had to portray Lobengula as the aggressor, whose impi menaced the frontiers of Mashonaland.

Dawson wrote to John Smith Moffat, Assistant Commissioner for the Bechuanaland Protectorate, on September 9th. "I am firmly of the opinion," he said, "that Loben. does not want to fight and that he will not do so unless actually forced to it in self defence . . . holding the opinion which I do of Loben's intentions I cannot see where the probability of hostilities occurring becomes apparent unless, of course, the Third Factor, i.e. the Company, is so powerful as to have its own way in case they wish to see the thing out." The surmise was correct. Jameson had abandoned his old policy of peace after the expulsion of the impi from Victoria on July 18th, 1893, and was indeed determined "to see the thing out".

It was in this same letter that Dawson raised the question of the establishment of a border between Matabeleland and Mashonaland. "Allow me to ask," he wrote, "if it has never been suggested to attempt the settling of all this trouble by arranging a specific boundary line across which neither party would be permitted to pass either for offensive or industrial purposes without the consent of the other."¹⁸ Such a border had, in fact, been the policy of Jameson ever since he became Administrator in September, 1891, if not before. There is no evidence that he ever discussed the matter of a border with Lobengula, but from the end of 1891 his letters to Bulawayo assumed that one existed, and he stressed again and again that the boundary applied to white hunters and prospectors as well as to aggressive and warlike bands of Matabele. But the puzzling thing is that in the weeks before the outbreak of hostilities not only Dawson, but Lobengula and Colenbrander as well, professed ignorance of any border. Colenbrander, who had translated Jameson's letters in which he spoke of "our recognised line" or of "the border agreed upon between the King and myself", claimed to know nothing of it. And when Lobengula denied knowledge of a border Jameson angrily retorted: "As to the boundary the King knows very well that ever since we have been here the Umyaniti (Umniati) and the Shashi (Shashe) formed the boundary across which we would not allow our white people to go."¹⁹ But it was all to no avail. Lobengula, in any case, could never have accepted a border that would have destroyed his claim to Mashona-

land, its people and its economic resources. This was made clear late in September, 1893, when the High Commissioner, Sir Henry Loch, interviewed Umshete and a group of Matabele envoys sent on a "peace" mission to Cape Town. He was told bluntly that the King would never discuss a border.

Dawson's insistence on the pacific intentions of Lobengula was unpalatable to Jameson, who had to discredit the opinions of the trader. After he had read the letter of September 9th he wrote to Loch: "Dawson's information, living at Bulawayo with the King, is of no value—the King being a master of deceit and his word utterly unreliable."²⁰ On September 22nd Dawson again wrote to Moffat, saying that Lobengula had often been told by white men that they never fought without giving their enemy warning. He went on: "I hope that one of the best traditions of our race is not going to be violated in this case."²¹ It must have been with no little grief, therefore, that Dawson, some 20 days later, was made to realise that the war had started without any ultimatum having been sent and without prior warning. On October 12th Lobengula heard from his own people that the white forces were advancing. He sent for Dawson and asked him to write to Loch: "I hear today that your people are already in my country, apparently wishing to fight." In his covering letter the trader declared that while he was with the King many of his Indunas turned up, "apparently for the purpose of devising some plan of action in the present crisis".²² No doubt it was these communications that caused Frank Rutherford Harris, Cape Town Secretary of the Company, to wire Colenbrander, then at Palapye:

"Dawson is making a mistake and if he thinks we are going to take his statements in preference to Dr. Jameson's and the whole population of Mashonaland, he is vastly mistaken . . . I attach no importance to anything he says neither will Mr. Rhodes nor do I think will H.E."²³

On October 12th Dawson did not know that Loch had given Jameson permission to advance on October 5th. By the 12th both the Salisbury and Victoria columns were well into Matabeleland. The former was only two days march from Iron Mine Hill, where the rendezvous with the Victoria column took place on the 16th. So shocked was Dawson at the news of October 12th that he accused the High Commissioner of adopting "temporising measures" while his forces were advancing.²⁴ For he had only just read to Lobengula Loch's letter of October 1st, in which the High Commissioner asked for further envoys to be sent to Cape Town.²⁵

Even with the picture as gloomy as it was in the middle of October, Lobengula decided to make a last bid for peace, and to send off the deputation for which Loch had asked. But this was not a peace mission in the sense that Umshete's had been: Lobengula had been informed of the two border incidents of September 30th and October 5th, in which the Matabele were accused of firing upon white patrols near Fort Victoria and Macloutsi respectively. Confident that his people had done no such thing, the King decided to send indunas to secure two white representatives who could investigate the alleged shooting. Wherefore Lobengula called for Dawson on October 15th and dictated a letter to Loch. "I am tired," he said, "of hearing the lies which come to me every day

. . . Send two men of yours to me and I will give them what assistance I can to find out who were the people who have done this shooting."²⁶ Dawson was placed in charge of the Matabele envoys, and the next day, October 16th, the ill-fated party set out from Bulawayo.

There can be little doubt that Dawson was relieved to be leaving the town that soon, it seemed, would be the scene of fighting. He had, indeed, been trying to get away ever since the trouble had flared up at Fort Victoria. As early as July 27th he had, according to Colenbrander, been "over at the King's to ask for protection from the King's returning impi or to be allowed to leave the country". To this request Lobengula had replied that it would be well for him and others to be away "as the hearts of his people were sore".²⁷ And well they might be, for on that very day Bulawayo received the news of the firing upon the impi at Victoria on July 18th. Dawson, it appears, loaded up his wagons to leave, but was forbidden to do so by the King.²⁸ At this time, early in August, the only Europeans left in Bulawayo were Dawson, Fairbairn, Crewe, Grant, Ussher, Armstrong and Mr. and Mrs. Colenbrander.²⁹

On September 22nd Dawson, once again, was all set to leave Bulawayo and make his way to Salisbury. "My wagons and stock," he told Loch, "start in the morning and I follow on horseback in a few days en route for Mashonaland."³⁰ But on the 28th he was still in Bulawayo, the King having refused permission for him to leave until a reply was received to the message sent to the Queen with Umshete. At this time he was being badgered by the indunas who urged him to remain. Dawson has told us that they asked: "What did I want to go for? What was the King to do without me? Were the young men to jump over the King's house (to disregard the King's protection) to get at me? What was I afraid of?"³¹ By this time, too, all the Europeans had left Bulawayo except Dawson, Fairbairn, Ussher and Grant—and according to Rhodes the last-named, Grant, left on October 3rd.³² With Dawson's eventual departure, not to Salisbury where his wagons were awaiting him, but to Tati, only Fairbairn and Ussher remained to weather the storm. And when the King fled from Bulawayo on November 1st he sent a message to Fairbairn. "Stay where you are," he said, "You need not be afraid of my people, as you are not personally responsible for the row; and if you get killed it will be by your own colour, as they will very likely also kill me."³³ As it happened, no harm came either to Fairbairn or to Ussher.

With Dawson, upon his departure from Bulawayo, went three indunas: Ingubogubo (Lobengula's brother), Ingubo (brother of Gambo) and Mantuzi. Late on the afternoon of October 18th the party arrived in the yard of the Tati Concession Mining and Exploration Company. Colonel H. Gould-Adams, Officer Commanding the Southern Column, had his camp about a mile away, across the Tati River, and the visitors were surprised at the sight of the white tents. Dawson went off with F. C. Selous, who had joined the column some days earlier, and left the three Matabele in charge of the Company foreman, Alfred Taylor. What happened subsequently is one of those tragic and unnecessary events that seem to have been inseparable from the course of Imperialism. The Matabele were marched off to the camp, where Ingubogubo had his hands and

feet bound with reims. At this the other two took fright: Mantusi was shot in the back while running away and Ingubo had his head crushed in by the bun of a guard's rifle.

A Commission of Enquiry, under Major W. H. Sawyer, Loch's Military Secretary, later cast the blame for these melancholy happenings on Dawson. Sawyer decided that he was culpable in that he had failed to report himself to Goold-Adams, as was demanded by military etiquette, and had instead gone off with Selous for a drink and dinner. "It is to this unfortunate delay that the subsequent deplorable occurrences may chiefly be attributed," wrote Sawyer.³⁴

I find it hard to agree with Sawyer. Dawson had not expected to find a military camp at Tati, and could not be blamed if he went off with Selous, tired and thirsty after his journey. He had every reason to suppose that the envoys would be safe in the yard of the Tati Company. The blame would seem to lie more fairly with W. F. Kirby, the Manager of that Company, who grew alarmed at the sight of "the three armed Matabele" and sent for Goold-Adams. The Colonel decided to detain the men.³⁵ Had Kirby ignored their presence and not given way to panic at the sight of a trio of Matabele, the tragedy would never have occurred. Dawson, however, true to character, took the blame upon his own shoulders, and in a long and apologetic statement made on December 6th, 1893, declared ". . . it was simply an unfortunate affair and there is no one to blame, if anyone then myself . . . I know now what I should have done, but owing to my ignorance of military matters I did not report."³⁶

On the evening of October 19th, when the column was about to resume its march to the north, the surviving induna was handed over to Dawson. The unhappy men set out for Palapye, where they arrived early on the morning of October 22nd and where Ingubogubo was placed in the care of Moffat.³⁷

It seems 'clear that Dawson did not approve of the way in which the war came about. But he was not the man to utter any criticism or condemnation of the B.S.A. Company after the Matabele had been defeated. He was later to write:

"I hardly think that those who talk of the late war as being unjustifiable would have thought so had they been unfortunate enough to have lived in the country just previous to its breaking out."³⁸

On one occasion he expressed the idea that Lobengula's people had "rushed him into" the war.³⁹ To this view, as we have seen, he certainly did not hold at its commencement.

Dawson remained at Palapye until news of Jameson's arrival at Bulawayo was received on November 9th. The next day he set out on his return journey. With the conquest of the capital the war was virtually over, but much remained to be done: Lobengula had fled to the north and had to be captured, while the warriors had to be induced to lay down their arms. It is for his connection with these matters during the months of February and March, 1894, that Dawson has best been remembered.

During the weeks after the occupation of Bulawayo, Jameson's main concern was the capture of Lobengula, for it was considered that there could be no peace until this was done. It was to this end that Major Patrick Forbes set

out from Shiloh on November 25th, bound for the Shangani River. By December 18th Forbes and the Company's forces were back in Bulawayo, with Lobengula still not captured and the fruits of the attempt being the loss of Captain Allan Wilson and his patrol on December 4th and a retreat which Loch described as a "complete rout".

During January, 1894, a native named Makasa failed in an effort to contact the King. Jameson at last turned to Dawson, whose long association with Lobengula made him the logical choice and who, into the bargain, was by nature disposed to undertake such an arduous task. He was asked to make a search for the King and, at the same time, to fulfil quite a number of other commitments. Among these was the discovery of the remains of Wilson and his men, and it is to this that we shall first turn.

He set out on February 1st, 1894, accompanied by a white man, James (Paddy) Reilly. A few days later they contacted a Matabele, Malibamba, and he, with four of his followers, made up the small expedition.⁴⁰ On the 23rd they crossed the Shangani River and came upon the place where Wilson's last stand had taken place. In his diary Dawson tells us of the scene upon which they came:

"a small space of about 15 yards in diameter, literally covered with bones, men and horses more or less mingled . . . all the heads were in this small space except one which was about 10 yards off. This was the man who was so hard to kill that they were almost going to leave him alone because he was a wizard. This we determined to bring back for recognition—a strong built dark man with clipped beard and moustache."

This man, as is now well known, was Harry Borrow, whose end has been described by Frank Johnson:

"Survivors of the attacking Matabele . . . never tired in subsequent years of recounting that epic scene and describing how, ultimately, only one man was left standing, a man taller than the rest, who with empty rifle took off his hat and sang a song—obviously 'God Save the Queen'—until he also fell. That was my friend Harry Borrow."⁴¹

Dawson and his companions collected the skulls and bones and buried them near the spot under a large mopani tree. On the trunk they carved a fitting memorial: "To Brave Men".

Some days before this they had received news that Lobengula himself was dead. On February 11th natives had reported that he had died of smallpox and that all the principal indunas had gone to bury him. As the party progressed more definite news was gathered, and after the remains of the Wilson patrol had been buried Dawson wrote to Jameson:

"I confirm the news of Lobengula's death from ordinary fever and not from smallpox. He must have died about 22nd or 23rd of January some 30 to 40 miles south of Zambezi."⁴²

During this trip Dawson did his best to induce the Matabele to lay down their arms and to go in and surrender. Those who agreed to do so were given passes. It was on February 16th that his party had arrived at the Shangani: the river was swollen by flood waters, so that for some days there was no opportunity of crossing. Young men of the Matabele regiments appeared on the far side and Dawson spent some days in arguing from bank to bank, telling them that the war was over, that the whites wanted to live in peace and asking them to bring some of the older indunas to talk. When they eventually crossed the river—on, as we have seen, February 23rd there was still no sign of the older men. However, on March 1st two indunas came to Dawson—none other than Mjan, chief induna of the Imbezu Regiment and Ingubogubo, the induna who had escaped death at Tati. A long indaba took place and Dawson was fearful lest Ingubogubo should blame him for the deaths of Ingubo and Mantuzi. However Ingubogubo eventually got to his feet, and, waving his hands about, made a speech in which he declared that both he and Dawson had escaped death at the hands of the English at Tati.⁴³

It was, presumably, on this occasion that Mjan told Dawson about the burial of Lobengula. The old induna stayed with him until the last, and then, accompanied by Busangwane, the chief witchdoctor, buried him in all his finery, with shields and assegais. Mjan sat him up in a cave and stuck an assegai into his stomach. "The calf of the elephant belched", said Mjan who was then perfectly satisfied that he had done his work properly.¹⁴

On this trip Dawson did more than to discover the remains of the Shangani patrol, to obtain news of the death of the King and to induce the Matabele to surrender. It is clear that he had also been asked to seek information on a disturbing rumour that had been current since about the middle of January. This was to the effect that some troopers in Forbes's Shangani column had stolen gold sent as a "peace-offering" by Lobengula. Dawson was able to confirm the rumour and in a letter to Jameson on February 24th wrote:

"With regard to the suspicion that some of the men had received money. I am told that Petchan (who has gone in) with Seholoholo and another man were sent by Lo Ben with £1000 to give to the man in command of the white men and to ask him to stop that they might talk . . . they met two men who appeared to hear what they had to say: took the money and told them to go back it was all right, they would tell the white Induna. This appears to be what happened."⁴⁵

Col. Goold-Adams was with Jameson when the latter received this on March 1st. He proceeded to make enquiries among his men and the upshot was that before the middle of the month two batmen in the Bechuanaland Border Police, Troopers James Wilson and William Daniel, were arrested. They stood trial and were convicted of having stolen about £1,000 worth of gold and of suppressing the King's last message: "Take this and go back. I am conquered."

Strangely enough, Dawson himself was the recipient of £1,000 worth of gold sovereigns from the Matabele. He has told us how, on February 24th, the day after he had buried Wilson's remains, he received a message from two

headmen to come to them alone at their kraal. He gave Reilly some excuse for leaving him; upon arrival the contents of two skin bags was poured out onto a dry oxhide. He was told to count and found that each bag contained 500 sovereigns. The men said: "Take it, Jimsolo, and plead for us with 'the Doctor'. We are tired of war and want to be able to sleep." Dawson repeated what he had been telling them all, that the white men also wanted to live in peace, took the money and returned to his camp. Writing about this some years later he declared: ". . . as far as I am aware Reilly knows nothing of the matter till the present day."⁴⁶ This is a sad little story. One might argue that he had earned the money, but it is reflection on him that he should have accepted it at a time when any need for bribery—if it ever existed—was past, and that he made no attempt to share it with his companions.

Dawson arrived back in Bulawayo on March 7th, 1894, but was not yet destined for the rest he had earned. More tasks awaited him: for Rhodes had decided to inter the remains of the members of the Shangani patrol at Zimbabwe and Dawson himself had promised the worried indunas that he would do something about the wives and children of Lobengula. So within a few days he was off again, with two wagons laden with food for the King's relatives and to be used on the return journey for the transport of the Shangani remains. He found about 40 women, ill from living on nothing but meat for several months, from fever and smallpox, and these he brought back to their homes. He collected the remains of the white soldiers at Shangani and these were subsequently taken to Zimbabwe where they were interred on August 7th, 1894.

The two trips of February and March, 1894, because of their connection with the event that captured the imagination of Rhodesians—Wilson's last fight—have long constituted the main grounds on which Dawson has been remembered. They reveal him as the man to whose lot fell the less pleasant work, the man who was dutiful and obedient enough to carry out fully the tasks imposed on him. At any rate, they helped to fill in the details of history. And while he took no part in the fighting of 1893, he was, two and a half years later, to secure his niche in the military annals of Rhodesia for his active part in the 1896 Rebellion.

PART THREE: THE REBELLION AND AFTER

With the completion of the two expeditions of early 1894 Dawson decided to pay a visit—the first in 18 years—to his native country. On July 5th, 1894, he left Matabeleland for the Cape⁴⁷, and by the middle of August was back in Scotland. While there he gave interviews to the representatives of various newspapers and journals, and these, the reader will have noticed, have been of value to the author. Early in 1895 he returned to Bulawayo, anxious to develop his business interests there. He and his brother, Alexander, came to an agreement with the Matabele Gold Reefs and Estates Company, Limited, and the firm of Dawson Brothers, situated at the corner of Fife Street and the Market Square in Bulawayo, became a limited liability company. Dawson was appointed General Manager and some 11 branch stores were subsequently established at places such as the Khami River, Filabusi, Tuli Road, Geelong,

Balla Balla, Fairview and Essexvale. Alexander Dawson went to England to become the London buyer of this new trading company.

But not yet could Dawson settle down to his commercial activities, for the conquest of the Matabele had not been complete in 1893. In March of 1896 the Matabele Rebellion broke out, with the murder of white settlers and native policemen in outlying districts. Bulawayo was turned into a laager, crowded with men, women and children who came into the town to avoid the slaughter that would have come to them if they had remained on their farms. A force of some 800 men, known as the Bulawayo Field Force was formed, and to Dawson fell the task of raising one of its troops. "F" Troop consisted of some 91 troopers, eight N.C.O.s and two officers, Dawson, the Officer Commanding with the rank of Captain and Lieut. Alexander Butters.⁴⁸

During the month of April Dawson's troop took part in two of the actions designed to prevent the encirclement of Bulawayo by the Matabele impi. On April 4th, 1896, a force under the command of Captain Gifford was sent out to disperse a large impi reported to be at Fonseca's Farm, some 22 miles from the town. On April 6th a fight took place and Dawson's troop successfully covered the retirement of the group of "Cape Boys" on the laager.

On April 25th they were involved in another action, aimed at driving back the Matabele gathered in strength on the Umgusa River. This time the force was a larger one, under the command of Captain R. Macfarlane, and consisting of detachments of Captain Grey's "Scouts", of the Afrikaner Corps, of "F" troop, of the "Cape Boys" and of some 100 friendly natives. In the fight that took place the Matabele appear to have attempted their customary pincer movement, endeavouring to close in on either side of their opponents. Dawson's "F" troop and the "Cape Boys" were positioned on the right of Grey's Scouts, some 500 yards south of the Umgusa River. Menaced by the left "horn" of the Matabele they opened up at short range and did considerable execution, the rebels being forced to retire on the river. In the centre, Grey's Scouts, with their Hotchkiss gun and a Maxim machine gun, drove back the enemy advancing on them while the Afrikaners on the left prevented an encirclement from that direction. The enemy was forced to scatter in various directions over the river.⁴⁹

These were the only fights in which Dawson took part, for during May and June, 1896, he found himself engaged in less exciting duties. When the Rebellion broke out it was considered necessary to keep open the road to the south and to protect the telegraph that linked Bulawayo with Palapye and Cape Town. Captain F. C. Selous was given this responsibility and requested to establish six forts between Bulawayo and Mangwe. One of these forts was established near the farm of B. (Matabele) Wilson, some six or seven miles south of Bulawayo. Dawson was sent to build it and with him went Lieut. Butters and some 40 men, presumably from his "F" troop. In several cases the fort was named after its first Commanding Officer and so, probably at the end of April, 1896, Fort Dawson came into existence. But there was little to be done: the Matabele gave no trouble in the area and it is thought that this was in order to allow the whites to leave the country. Fort Dawson, along with the others, was abandoned at the beginning of September, 1896.⁵⁰

But well before this Dawson had resigned his "commission". At the beginning of July, 1896, it was considered that the crisis necessitating the formation of the Bulawayo Field Force was at an end, and the detachments of the force in Bulawayo were disbanded.⁵¹ Those in the forts were to be retained for the present, but Dawson decided to give up his soldiering. He gave "private business" as his reason: on July 8th he was ordered to hand over the fort to Lieut. Butters and two days later, this satisfactorily done, his resignation was accepted.⁵²

No doubt his business interests had suffered during the Rebellion and needed his attention, but there was also something of a romantic nature that he intended to do. In October he was back in Scotland and there, 44 years of age, he married. Eventually the news reached Rhodesia and in November the Bulawayo newspaper declared that "at Balnacoal, near Fochabers, Morayshire" Dawson had married "Miss Mary M. Thompson, the lady engaged to Allan Wilson."⁵³ The ceremony took place sometime late in October, 1896, and there were in England at the time well-known gentlemen who were delighted at the event, although their own circumstances at the time were far from pleasant. Sir John Willoughby and Dr. L. S. Jameson were in Holloway Gaol, serving sentences for their part in the Jameson Raid. The former, cheerful despite everything, wrote to Dawson congratulating him on his marriage and adding:

"You will understand that we are not in a position just at present to go about to select wedding presents. I therefore enclose a cheque for £50 which I hope you will accept as a small present from the Doctor and myself . . ."⁵⁴

Shortly afterwards the Dawsons made their way back to Rhodesia, where he threw himself into his business, now getting on its feet again with the end of the Matabele Rebellion. After some five years in the country Mrs. Dawson wrote a book,⁵⁵ but it is a trifling and empty thing. One cannot help thinking what a woman bent on writing and married to a colourful character like Dawson, could have produced.

At the beginning of 1897 Dawson's life still had nearly 25 years to run, but on these little information is available. Dawsons Stores, Ltd., continued operating until the end of 1898, whereafter no more is heard of the concern. In 1899 we hear of his farming at Essexvale. In 1905 he left Rhodesia and established himself in Barotseland at Lealui, then the capital of King Lewanika. In 1921, apparently, pleuro-pneumonia broke out in the area and resulted in a decline in his trading business. In financial embarrassment he shot himself on October 7th, 1921, and was laid to rest in the Mongu Cemetery, a few miles from Lealui.⁵⁶

Perhaps it is best to draw a veil over the last sad days and to remember Dawson for his association with the stirring events in the last decade of the Nineteenth Century. In these, it is true, he played no major part: he never held any official position and he did not fight in the 1893 war, although one would not say that his part in the 1896 Rebellion was insignificant. At best, as we have seen, he found himself engaged in assuming irksome burdens for others—

seeking gold claims for Lobengula, escorting the indunas to Tati, setting out in search of the fleeing King, finding the Shangani remains and bringing in destitute Matabele women. But in so doing, in going about his tasks in his quiet unassuming way, Dawson earned his place in Rhodesian history. 'Jimsolo' deserves to be remembered.

This monograph has been written from sources available to the author in the National Archives of Rhodesia and in books. There must be persons who can offer corrections and additions. The author would be delighted to hear from them and if necessary he will effect alterations to his narrative by means of a letter to the Editor of this Journal.

NOTES

1. Interviews in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Aug., 22nd, 1894, the *African Review*, v. 4, Aug., 25th, 1894, and the *Banffshire Journal*, Sept., 4th, 1894. The brother was presumably Alexander, with whom he later went into business at Bulawayo.
2. George Westbeech to Dawson, July 13th, 1878, Klerksdorp. (DA 1/1/1 Nat. Arch. Hist. MSS).
3. *Pall Mall Gazette*, op. cit.; *Banffshire Journal*, op. cit.
4. *Banffshire Journal*, op. cit.
5. *Pall Mall Gazette*, op. cit.
6. *African Review*, op. cit.
7. *Banffshire Journal*, op. cit.
8. *African Review*, op. cit.
9. *Ibid.*
10. *Banffshire Journal*, op. cit.
11. Tribes to the south of Bulawayo.
12. "Lobengula and his times", article by Dawson in *Davis' directory of Bulawayo*, 1898, p. 3.
13. *Banffshire Journal*, op. cit.; see L. H. Gann, *A history of Southern Rhodesia* (Chatto and Windus, 1965), pp. 37, 55, for the Matabele economic system.
14. DA 1/1/1 Nat. Arch. Hist. MSS; see particularly Edwards to Dawson, Dec, 13th, 1888; Gann, op. cit., p. 79.
15. *African Review*, op. cit.
16. Dawson's expedition to Mashonaland, Sept. 24th to Dec, 3rd, 1890. (DA 1/2/1 Nat. Arch. Hist. MSS).
17. H. M. Hole, *The making of Rhodesia* (Macmillan, 1926), p. 285. After the Matabele War the battery lay rusting near the Umfuli River until it was bought in 1904 by the Primrose Gold Mining Syndicate for £200 (see M 3/11/16 Nat. Arch.).
18. Dawson to Moffat, Sept. 9th, 1893, sent to Loch Sept. 25th, 1893. (CT 1/14/6 Nat. Arch.).
19. C 7171, p. 68, Jameson to Colenbrander, Aug. 4th, 1893.
20. C 7196, pp. 77-78, Jameson to Loch, Sept. 28th, 1893; Victoria.
21. Dawson to Moffat, Sept. 22nd, 1893, sent to Loch on Oct. 1st. (CT 1/14/6 Nat. Arch.).
22. Dawson to Moffat, Oct. 12th, 1893. (HC 3/5/30/3 Nat. Arch.).
23. Harris to Colenbrander, Oct. 21st, 1893. (CT 1/14/1/2 Nat. Arch.). H.E. of course stands for His Excellency.
24. Dawson to Moffat, Oct. 12th, 1893. (HC 3/5/30/3 Nat. Arch.).
25. C 7196, pp. 78-79, Loch to Moffat, Oct. 1st, 1893.
26. C 7290, p. 14, Lobengula to Loch, Oct. 15th, sent from Palapye on Oct. 22nd.
27. Colenbrander to Harris, July, 27th, 1893. (HC 3/5/30/1 Nat. Arch.).
28. Moffat to Loch, Aug. 9th, 1893, reporting letter from Renny Tailyour at Shashi, dated Aug. 6th, 1893. (*Ibid.*)
29. Colenbrander to Harris, Aug. 2nd, 1893. (*Ibid.*)
30. Dawson to Moffat, Sept. 22nd, 1893. (CT 1/14/6 Nat. Arch.).
31. *Banffshire Journal*, op. cit.
32. Telegraph conversation, Rhodes and Loch. (HC 3/4/30/10 Nat. Arch.).
33. Fairbairn's diary, Oct. 16th to Nov. 4th, 1893, published in the *Times*, Dec. 18th, 1893.
34. C 7284. W. H. Sawyer's report upon the circumstances that led to the death of the Indunas, dated Jan. 9th, 1894, p. 11.
35. *Ibid.* Kirby's report of Dec, 23rd, 1893.
36. Statement made by Mr. Dawson with reference to the death of Lobengula's two Indunas at Tati; dated Dec. 6th, 1893 and taken personally by Rhodes. (HC 3/5/30/3 Nat. Arch.).

37. Dawson's notebooks. (DA 1/3 Nat. Arch. Hist. MSS).
38. *Davis' directory of Bulawayo*, op. cit., p. 1.
39. *African Review*, op. cit.
40. Dawson's diary of trip to Shangani, Feb. 1st-Mar. 1st, 1894. (DA 1/3/1 Nat. Arch. Hist. MSS).
41. F. Johnson, *Great days* (Bell, 1940), p. 18.
42. Jameson to Loch, Mar. 1st, 1894, reporting Dawson's letter of Feb. 24th, 1894. (HC 3/5/30/6 Nat. Arch.).
43. Unpublished article by Dawson: "How I recovered the remains of the Shangani Patrol and ended the first Matabele War", undated. (DA 1/5/1 Nat. Arch. Hist. MSS).
44. *Banffshire Journal*, op. cit.
"Calf of the Elephant" was one of the phrases used in praise of the King. The cave was closed with rocks and stones but was subsequently entered by both animal and human scavengers.
45. Dawson to Jameson, Feb. 24th, 1894, from "Lo Ben's Drift", Shangani. (DA 1/3/1 Nat. Arch. Hist. MSS).
46. Taken from Dawson's own account in DA 1/5/1—see footnote 43. Who the headmen were we are not told.
47. Inskipp to Harris, July 6th, 1894. (CT 1/14/1/2 Nat. Arch.).
48. See B 4/3/1 Nat. Arch., pp. 26-28.
49. Military operations, Matabeleland, Apr. 7th-July 31st, 1896. (BA 2/9/1 Nat. Arch.).
50. P. S. Garlake, "Pioneer forts in Rhodesia, 1890-1897", in *Rhodesiana*, no. 12, Sept., 1965.
51. G.O.C. 1896 Rebellion forces—orders. (BA 8/1/1 Nat. Arch.).
52. G.O.C. 1896 Rebellion forces—out letters. (BA 1/1/1 Nat. Arch.).
53. *Bulawayo Chronicle*, Nov. 21st, 1896.
54. Letter dated Oct. 25th, 1896. (DA 1/1/1 Nat. Arch. Hist. MSS).
55. *Veldt and heather* (Dent, 1902).
56. See obituary notice in the *Livingstone Mail*, Nov. 3rd, 1921.

Reginald Bray — Police Pioneer

AN ADDENDUM

by A. S. Hickman

When I wrote my story of Reginald Bray for *Rhodesiana*, No. 15, (pages 57-61) I described a "delightfully candid" photograph of him and his contemporaries in the British South Africa Company's Police and the Bechuanaland Border Police. There is now no need for readers to picture the scene—they can see it for themselves, and can for themselves assess the degree of conviviality displayed!

Fortunately I have been able to find the original picture, and feel that it is a far more lively testimony than the set group of members of the Mashonaland Horse photographed in Salisbury in 1892.

The picture now presented was taken in Mafeking by G. Kemp, whose name appears in a mauve-coloured oval stamp at the back of the print with the words "PHOTOGRAPHER" and "SOUTH AFRICA" above and below, so the man could have been an itinerant photographer, rather than a resident of Mafeking. On the back is also an endorsement in ink by Lyons-Montgomery reading "Mafeking, Bechuanaland, 1890"; the date must have been during the early months of 1890.

The evidence is as follows. The training of recruits for the British South Africa Company's Police was first undertaken at Mafeking, which was also the headquarters of the Bechuanaland Border Police under the command of Col. Sir Frederick Carrington. Many of the earlier enlisted members of the new Force were former members of the Bechuanaland Border Police, and I have no doubt that still-serving members also assisted in their training. In fact the new force sprang from the old, adopting its general organisation and methods, stiffened by its seasoned personnel. Among these were numbered Bray and Fitzgerald who both came over to the British South Africa Company's Police on December 10th, 1889, as Nos. 3 and 4 respectively; only about 52 other men had joined before them during November and early in December of the same year, but a number of others enlisted on the same day as they did and many more during the latter part of December.¹

An exception was Lyons-Montgomery, who had been adjutant of the Diamond Fields Horse at Kimberley and who resigned his commission to join the newly-formed Police on November 24th, 1889, as a troop sergeant-major, No. 1 on the attestation roll, but by no means the first to join. His first assignment on November 21st was to take charge of recruits who were travelling from Kimberley to Mafeking and as the local newspaper remarked on his departure, ". . . Col. Carrington has without doubt obtained the services of one of the smartest of our local men."²

We know that training began at Mafeking towards the end of 1889,-and continued there until Lieut.-Col. E. G. Pennefather assumed his command of the B.S.A.C. Police on March 1st, 1890. Soon afterwards the whole Force moved by troops northwards to Fort Matlaputla near the Macloutsie River, which was the boundary of the Disputed Territory. The first to move was "B" Troop (Capt. P. W. Forbes) to which our boon companions belonged, followed in a few days by "C" Troop (Capt. C. Keith-Falconer). Then followed an inspection by Col. Sir Frederick Carrington, after which "A" Troop (Capt. H. M. Heyman) and "E" Troop (Capt. Tompkins) marched out together, leaving "D" Troop (Capt. C E. Chamley-Turner) at Mafeking for the time being. I should mention that each troop numbered about one hundred men, and that the whole movement from Mafeking probably took place during the month of March, 1890.

Therefore this photograph *must* have been taken between December 10th, 1889, and early in March, 1890. Beneath it Lyons-Montgomery wrote in ink the names and units of his friends, and I feel it deserves closer scrutiny than I had accorded it previously. The group may have been posed behind a canvas at the photographer's place, or quite possibly a bucksail was used as a backcloth at the camp. I can not see the photographer having a barrel, or genuine liquor, as "property" though he may well have possessed the flowered cloth!

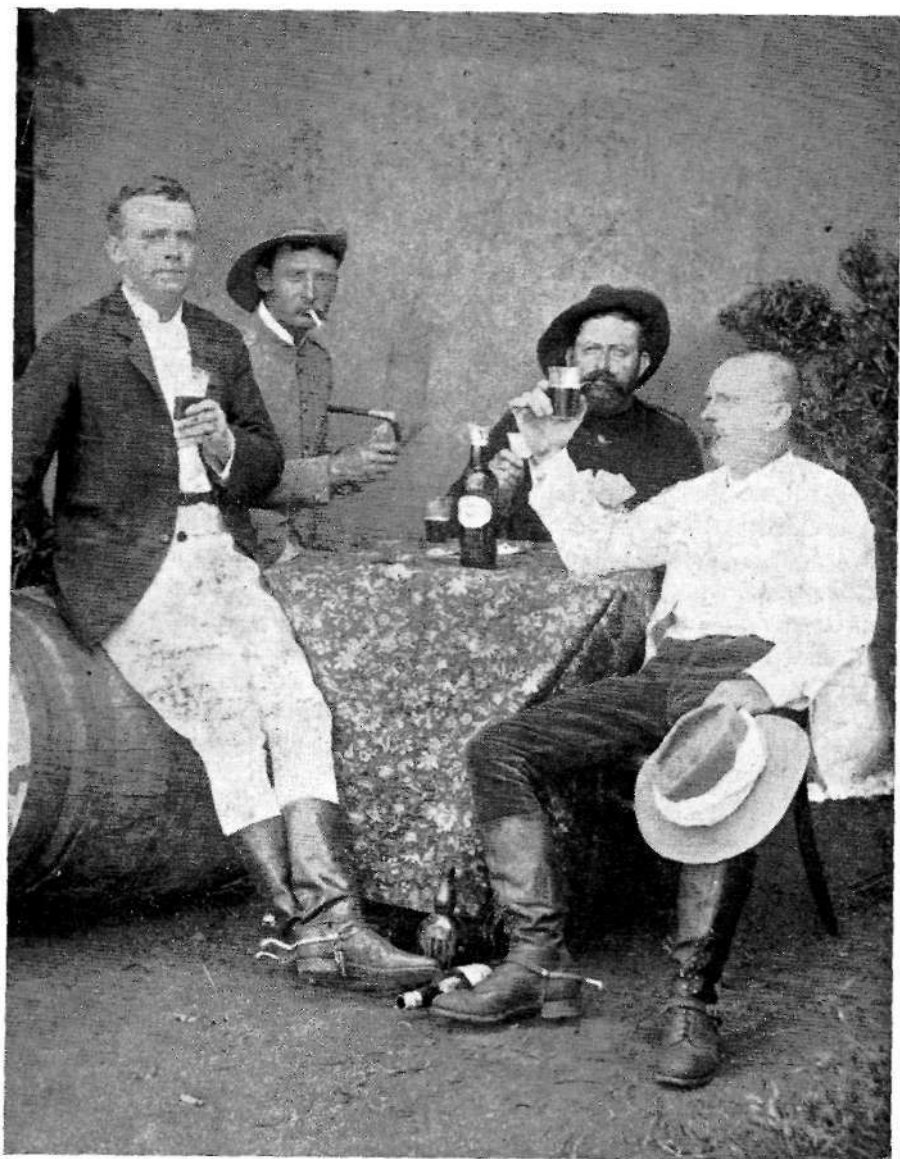
Therefore I favour the idea that the posing took place in camp. Bray, and probably Ham, are seated on real chairs, Fitzgerald is relegated to the barrel, and Lyons-Montgomery and Ham are wearing tunics and smasher hats and Lyons-Montgomery carries a riding crop under his left arm, thus giving him the free use of both hands, but it is a puzzle what he is holding, for his glass is on the table!

On the other hand his three companions are definitely holding glasses half charged with a very dark drink. Could this be Guinness? The bottle standing on the table and the discarded one which lies between the feet of Bray and Fitzgerald might seem to support this possibility!

Both the men in uniform are smoking; Lyons-Montgomery has a cigarette between his lips, and Ham a pipe, the bowl of which is concealed behind Bray's glass.

It is not very clear from the print but Bray is wearing an unbuttoned light civilian jacket with collar and tie and holds a smasher hat; his breeches are of a much darker colour than Fitzgerald's. Both are wearing top-boots laced upwards to above the ankle, but whereas Bray's spurs are long and straight with down-turned rowels and leather fastening straps without shields, Fitzgerald sports a very fancy pair, long and swan-necked, with sharp unblunted rowels, and a chain attachment below the instep; moreover he is wearing a dark civilian jacket, and is hatless.

The barrel on which he sits is not likely to have contained beer (I have not heard of draught beer being available) but more probably Cape brandy which travelled in this manner the length and breadth of Southern Africa at this period, being known affectionately as "dop".



At Mafeking, 1890. L. to R.: Cpl. E. W. Fitzgerald, B.S.A.C.P.; Troop Sgt.-Major F. K. W. Lyons-Montgomery, B.S.A.C.P.; Troop Sgt.-Major Ham, B.B.P.; Cpl. R. Bray, B.S.A.C.P. (Col. A. S. Hickman)

Worthy of mention also are two dumpy type bottles, which appear to stand empty beside the table. There is no clue as to what they contained, but one appears to have the reflection of a building on its face, thus tending to support the theory that the photograph was taken in camp.

I have actually visited the reported camp site and training area, which lies between the outskirts of Mafeking, the Molopo River and the "native stadt", which was then ruled by the Barolong Chief, Montsiwa.

When I wrote *Men Who Made Rhodesia* I carried out research into the careers of all who had attested in the British South Africa Company's Police. In the case of Foster Kynaston Lyons-Montgomery, I was most fortunate in having splendid help from his daughter, "B", then a senior schoolmistress in England, and later from his son, Hugh, who lives at Warmbaths, Transvaal, and I hope to contribute a full picture of his career in a subsequent issue of *Rhodesiana*.

Suffice it to say that he was a very wonderful character who left his mark in the early days of Mashonaland, and is named by Capt. A. G. Leonard in the epilogue to his book *How we made Rhodesia* as one of the men who made Rhodesia. He was indeed one of our outstanding pioneers.

As for Reginald Bray all I know is recorded in my previous article, but his life was so varied and interesting that I wish I knew more. Troop Sergeant-Major Ham of the B.B. Police is to me an unknown personality, but from his name and appearance I would speculate that he came from Devon and had previous service in the Royal Navy.

Corporal Edward William Fitzgerald is obviously drinking with older men, and I have little personal information about him, except that he had previous service in the B.B. Police and joined the B.S.A.C. Police on the same day as Bray, was discharged on October 21st in the same year. The only other trace of him is that he was a troop sergeant-major in the Victoria Rangers in the Matabele War of 1893. He is not to be confused with No. 391, Capt. Frederick Fitzgerald who commanded the Mashonaland Mounted Police at Fort Victoria and was killed in action with Major Allan Wilson on the Shangani River on December 4th, 1893.

NOTES

- (a) In *Men Who Made Rhodesia* I have classified B.S.A.C. Police attestations as follows:— 1889, November 30; December 72. 1890, January 94; February 208; March 65; (Troops moved from Mafeking to Macloutsie) April 39; May 28; and so on until January, 1892, when recruiting, which had been negligible from September, 1891, onwards, ceased completely. These figures reflect the policy of the Company very clearly. In November and December of 1889 men were recruited to deal with general contingencies. Then, when the Imperial authorities ruled that the Pioneer Corps should have a protective force, 434 men were taken on from January to May, 1890, to bring the B.S.A.C. Police up to 500 approximately.
 - (b) The places where some men were recruited may have had a bearing on their regimental numbers, but there seems to have been no rigid system, though ex-members of the B.B. Police appear to have had a general priority over those taken on at Kimberley.
2. Although Lyons-Montgomery left Kimberley on November 21st, 1889, he was not attested until the 24th—that is, until he reached Taungs in British Bechuanaland. Perhaps an attestation in the Cape would not have been valid in that neighbouring territory.

REFERENCES

HICKMAN, A. S. *Men Who Made Rhodesia* (Salisbury, British South Africa Company, 1960).
LEONARD, A. G. *How we made Rhodesia* (Kegan Paul, Trench Trubner and Co., 1896).

The First Annual Dinner

Any doubts about the success of instituting an annual dinner for members of the Rhodesiana Society were soon dispelled when replies to the invitations began to come in. Some members of the Committee had felt that we would be lucky if 50 or 60 enthusiasts attended. Naturally, we were most agreeably surprised when over 150 people sat down at the Rhodesiana Society's first annual dinner held at the Ambassador Hotel, Salisbury, on Friday, June 2nd, 1967. An interesting and, indeed, gratifying feature of this distinguished gathering was that members were by no means confined to the Salisbury area: a strong contingent came from Bulawayo and there were groups from Gwelo, Umtali, Que Que, Karoi, Sinoia and other areas of Mashonaland.

Guests and members gathered for drinks before going in to dine. As is inevitable with people of many mutual interests, the best part of an hour flashed by and, on climbing the steps into the dining room, one was left with the feeling that one had not heard enough, said enough or drunk enough before being asked to tackle serious things like food and . . . speeches!

Unfortunately the Society's founding father and Chairman, Mr. H. A. Cripwell, was unable to attend due to ill-health. In his absence the dinner was presided over by the Deputy Chairman, Col. A. S. Hickman. The Colonel was in good form and the proceedings, at any rate to the writer of this note, seemed to be based on some ancient military procedure, which, no doubt took the minds of many back to regimental dinner nights in the good old days of long ago.

Colonel Hickman commented on the splendid and enthusiastic turn out of members—a truly magnificent response. He regretted that the Society's Patrons, the Hon. Sir Humphrey Gibbs and Lady Gibbs, and the Chairman, Mr. H. A. Cripwell, were unable to attend. He welcomed the official guests, namely the Acting Chief Justice Sir Vincent Quenet and Lady Quenet (Sir Vincent is President of the Library Association), Councillor F. W. W. Bernard, the Deputy Mayor of Salisbury, Mr. T. W. Baxter, Director of National Archives, and Mrs. Baxter, Mr. W. H. H. Nicolle, Secretary for Internal Affairs, and Mrs. Nicolle and Mr. P. R. Warhurst, representing the Historical Association of Central Africa, and Mrs. Warhurst. He regretted that Sir Robert Tredgold, who was one of the first contributors to *Rhodesiana* was unable to be present..

Before toasting Her Majesty the Queen, Colonel Hickman extended a special welcome to the following members: Mr. Justice Davies and Mrs. Davies, Mr. Hope-Hall, M.P. and Mrs. Hope-Hall, Mr. Guy Gisborne, Chairman of the Rhodesian Pioneers and Early Settlers Society, and Mrs. Gisborne, Mr. W. D. Gale, Chairman of Rhodesian P.E.N. International and Mrs. Gale, Mrs. Jessie Lloyd, an authentic pre-1890 Pioneer, and Miss Sheila Rudd, daughter of C. D. Rudd of concession fame.

At this stage there were two toasts, four speeches and six items on the menu still to be tackled; there were, in addition, a number of glasses of red Dao in

the offering. Avocado vinaigrette was followed by consomme Julienne and then fillet of sole duglere. Then Mr. W. V. Brelsford rose to speak and propose the toast—"The Rhodesiana Society". This is not the place to note all the reasons why Mr. Brelsford should have been chosen for this important task; suffice to say he was a contributor to *Rhodesiana* No. 1.

Mr. Brelsford succinctly made a number of valuable points which logically led up to the toast he proposed. He traced the history of the Rhodesiana Society noting that it was founded in 1953 as the Rhodesia Africana Society with the objects to further the interests of collectors of books and documents relating to the Rhodesias and Nyasaland. In 1958 it became the Rhodesiana Society and its interests began to widen beyond the collection of books. The Society now exists to promote historical studies and encourage research. In its short life the Society had succeeded, through the 15 issues of *Rhodesiana*, in bringing to light a good deal of hitherto unpublished history. But, like similar societies in other parts of Africa, the pity was that it had not been started soon enough to take full advantage of vivid eye-witness accounts of history in the making.

Even so the publication of a journal such as *Rhodesiana* is of inestimable value to a young country especially one where a big proportion are newcomers. For it is essential to use every means in order—to employ a phrase that is perhaps a little suspect—to use every means to try and build a nation. The journal helps to show that Rhodesia is a country with a history, with traditions—that it is not just a collection of people from many parts of the world, that Rhodesia has its heroes, its legends, that in its creation there have been acts of bravery and gallantry, that hardships and dangers have been endured. To portray as much of this in word and picture is the task of *Rhodesiana* and the function of the Society is thus to help to preserve for posterity the rich heritage of Rhodesia's past.

Before proposing the toast Mr. Brelsford paid a tribute to Mr. H. A. Cripwell and the other foundation members of the Society.

Colonel Hickman in replying to this toast outlined the scope and growth of the Society and thanked members for the splendid support they were giving. He also warmly thanked Mr. T. W. Baxter, the Director of National Archives, for much help and encouragement. In particular he singled out Mr. E. E. Burke for his fine work as editor, Mr. R. W. S. Turner for his work as Chairman of the Membership Sub-Committee and in selling advertising space, our enthusiastic, efficient and dedicated Honorary Secretary, Mr. M. J. Kimberley and, finally, Dr. R. C. Howland for organising the competition that resulted in the Society's crest which was, incidentally, designed by Lieut. R. D. Gardener of the Rhodesian Army.

Meanwhile in this flurry of fine words and noble sentiments the dinner continued with not a few throaty chuckles and pointed asides. Caneton Poele a la Menthe was then served—for the benefit of those whose second language is Afrikaans or Urdu, this is simply translated as 'roast duck'. The last toast was then proposed by Mr. G. H. Tanser, a foundation member of the Society: "Our Guests".

Mr. Tanser in light-heartedly welcoming the guests suggested that there

was no better way of entertaining them than by sharing a meal. He alluded to the historic dinners given by Lucretia Borgia and Richard III to solve their problems. He hoped the dinner would further stimulate interest in the Society and a corresponding interest in Rhodesian history. He regretted that distance had prevented the attendance of many who would undoubtedly have wished to be present. In particular he referred to Mrs. Lucy Jackson, his 'girl friend', who was in Salisbury in 1892 and who, although now 97 years of age, still shows a tremendous interest in Rhodesia. He suggested that a message should be sent to her from the function. Finally, Mr. Tanser, who is an expert on Salisbury's history, pointed out that the Society could not have chosen a better place to hold its first annual dinner as it was on this very spot that the Pioneers had prepared their first meal on the night of September 12th, 1890.

In replying for the guests Mr. T. W. Baxter made a short and witty speech. It seems he realised that being the fourth speaker he would be hard pressed to avoid repeating sentiments already expressed by previous speakers. This led him into the field of pure research to determine what in fact had been said by the fourth speaker on similar occasions in the past. Being unable to make much progress in this apparently virgin field of research he, keen on getting the fundamentals clear in his mind, looked up the word 'guest' in the *Concise Oxford Dictionary*. He was disturbed to find that the word, apart from meaning a person entertained, also meant an 'animal or vegetable parasite'. This brought his researches to a dead end. On a more serious note Mr. Baxter thanked and congratulated the Society on its work and publications. He suggested the Society should go even further by publishing relatively unknown manuscripts which, because of their limited appeal, could not be economically published commercially. He felt that such works bearing the imprint of the Society would be much sought after in years to come.

By this time coffee was being served and the proceedings were drawing towards a close. As a final touch—and here again, like the dinner itself, the idea came from Mr. M. J. Kimberley—two copies of the handsome *Rhodesia Atlas* were presented by Mrs. Hickman, on behalf of the Society, to Mrs. R. D. Palmer of Norton and to Mr. and Mrs. T. H. P. Bashford of Karoi; their prizes were awarded as a result of a draw on admission ticket numbers.

So ended an enjoyable and memorable function.

R.W.S.T.

Letters to the Editor

Sir,

A TRACTION ENGINE

The latest edition of *Rhodesiana* contains an article on the Zambesi Light Railway wherein mention is made of a traction engine which had been used to haul timber trucks during the early days of the Company's concession, the subsequent fate of the engine being in some doubt. The following relation may be of some interest to the author, Mr. G. M. Calvert.

In 1926 I had just started farming near Morgans Spur, Nyamandhlovu. With the hopeful optimism of all newly arrived settlers I, in partnership with my neighbour, Mr. E. K. Weeden, lightheartedly engaged in growing a crop of tobacco, our knowledge of the business being derived solely from the pamphlets issued by the Agricultural Department.

When, after much labour and many trials and errors we finally had a barnful of cured leaf, the problem of obtaining sufficient moisture to handle the leaf arose, we were instructed to use steam. The answer to our problem seemed solved when we heard from Mr. Tongue, manager of A. F. Phillip and Co., Bulawayo, that his firm had a boiler for sale in Livingstone at a price of £30 which we undertook to buy.

I don't think we realised just what we were buying, for when the day arrived for us to collect it at the local railway siding the first sight we had of the seemingly enormous machine towering above the bush as it reposed on the rail truck was somewhat staggering and the problem of unloading it no less alarming. Eventually we constructed a ramp of poles and sandbags and then with some trepidation we commenced to raise steam with the idea of driving it down to earth, neither of us having any experience of steam engines. However we received some instruction from an ohliging loco driver who halted his train in the siding and with one eye on the steam gauge and gingerly manipulating various levers I finally managed to get down in spite of the ramp collapsing under the weight. To obtain traction in the soft gusi soil of those parts extensions had been fitted to the seven foot diameter driving wheels, making a track of almost three feet width. These had been removed to enable the tractor to be mounted on the railway truck and the labour involved in refitting these with our primitive tackle was prodigious. It served our purpose well enough but the time came when, disillusioned with the idea of growing tobacco, we had to dispose of it which we did to one of the timber concessionaires up the line and the last we saw of it was as it chuffed away on its thirty-mile trip to its next job, which was to drive a borehole pump.

Yours sincerely,

Gwelo.

A. H. GOODWIN.

Sir,

"JIMMY THE GREEK"

I hesitate to comment on your most interesting and enjoyable publication No. 15 of December, 1966, but the author of "Wheels in the Bush: 1931" may like to know that the house of "Jimmy the Greek" which he saw at Chirundu in 1931 was not the same one which he saw some 25 years later "looking a little pathetic beside the great bridge now spanning the river".

In 1940, when I was stationed at Chirundu in the B.S.A. Police, the old house which was then occupied by one of the sons, Nick Vlahakis, was burnt to the ground. Nick was burning old mealie lands some way from the house when a lighted mealie husk must have lifted high in the air, been carried along by the wind and fallen on the old thatch roof of the house. The house and its contents were completely destroyed, including some fine old photograph albums of father "Jimmy the Greek's" (and Mr. Richmond's) era.

Yours sincerely.

Salisbury.

J. R. PESTELL.

REPRODUCTIONS OF BAINES'S SKETCHES

The National Archives has put on sale, at 5/-, a set of eight reproductions in black and white of pencil and crayon sketches by Thomas Baines from the originals in the possession of the Archives.

They are in the form of post cards, in a descriptive wrapper, and have been printed locally—the first such work of Mr F. Read's private press at Mazoe.

Notes

THE COUNTESS DE LA PANOUSE

Mr. Otto Reitz, formerly Deputy Director of Federal Surveys and now of the Rand Water Board, had a large part in the accumulation of the historical data for the 'Map showing routes of the early European travellers in the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland' which was published as Map No. 18 of the *Federal Atlas*.

In connection with the article on the Countess de la Panouse in *Rhodesiana* no. 14, of July, 1966, he has, from his card index, drawn attention to additional sources for the Count's earlier years in Rhodesia. He notes: "You may be interested to know of the following references . . ." "Command Paper C.4588. *Transvaal and adjacent territories* where an undated report on Mashonaland is reproduced as an enclosure to Sir Charles Warren's proposed administration of the Bechuanaland Protectorate, dated June 7th, 1885. This report is signed Viscount E. de la Panoux (*sic*) and recounts his journey to Mazoe in the company of Mr. E. Stuart, who had been in that area previously. This is presumably Stewart, a trader in Matabeleland, referred to by Montagu Kerr in *The Far interior*, (Sampson Low, 1886) v.1, p. 63, 64, 65, 67 and 70. Again, on v.1, p. 63, Kerr records meeting M. Comte de Lapanose in Bulawayo in 1884."

"Mrs. J. Lovemore. *Thy beginning* (Bulawayo, the author, 1956). This book contains an indirect reference to de la Panouse under notes on living and entertaining in the early days at Hope Fountain where mention is made of a French count who built an oven for Mrs. Helm (I have not been able to lay hands on this book here to quote chapter and verse).

"A. S. Hickman. *Men who made Rhodesia* (Salisbury, B.S.A. Company, 1960). Here is another reference, to a later period when de la Panouse was travelling to Rhodesia with 'Fanny'; see p. 304 under No. 358 Cpl. C. H. F.

Divine."

E.E.B.

THE RHODESIANA SOCIETY'S CREST

Mention was made in the Chairman's Report for 1965-66 of the circumstances in which the Society obtained a crest. The Report was printed in *Rhodesiana* no. 15, December, 1966, p. 82-84. It was designed by Captain R. P. Gardener who contributed a letter concerning it to the editor of *Assegai*, the magazine of the Rhodesia Army, in its issue of June 24th, 1967.

His letter is reprinted here, with the permission of the Editor of *Assegai*, in order to put the symbolism of the design on record. The crest is now used on the Society's publications and stationery—it can be seen on the reverse of the title-page of *Rhodesiana*.

"Dear Sir,

Herewith a few explanatory notes on the Rhodesiana Society Crest you requested of me recently.

In August last year the Society announced in the local paper that it was holding a competition for the design of a suitable symbol or crest.

The very name of the Society being indicative of its nature, I selected

"THE VALIANT LAND"

The **R.B.C.** has had the happy thought of adapting a series of programmes from articles in *Rhodesiana*. Under the title of "The Valiant Land" Mr. W. Francklin has produced a weekly feature, running for 20 minutes. The series commenced with the ever popular Panouse story from the contribution by R. Isaacson and continued with such others as "Second to the Falls" from the diaries of W. C. Baldwin, "Shifts and expedients of camp life", from extracts copied from Thomas Baines, "The Death of Charles Annesty", "The Scorrer Papers", "Henry Hartley" and "The Battle of Imbembesi".

Adaptation for broadcasting is a very special technique and the following shows the method. It is part of the script of "A Wife for the Count: the story of Countess Billy de la Panouse", which has kindly been made available by the **R.B.C.**

ANNOUNCER: STATION CALL AND TIME.

CONTROL: OPENING MUSIC. CHAPPELL'S OPENINGS AND ENDINGS. C.507A.
Cut 1. To FADE AND HOLD UNDER VOICE.

INTRO.: We present "The Valiant land" a series of programmes on the early days in Rhodesia.

CONTROL: Up Music TO END OF CUT WHICH IS SUSTAINED NOTE.

INTRO.: (VOICE OVER SUSTAINED NOTE) Episode One. "A Wife for the Count".

CONTROL: EFFECTS. SHIP'S SIREN AND DOCKSIDE SOUNDS. TO FADE UNDER VOICE.

VOICE 1: On July 30th, 1890, two passengers joined the throng boarding the liner "Hawarden Castle" for the long journey to Cape Town. But only one of their names figured on the Passenger List. Felix, Charles, Edmund, Vicomte de la Panouse.

VOICE 2: It was not my first journey to Africa. I went originally in the hope that I might recoup my financial losses—which had been considerable.

VOICE 3: But there were other reasons!

VOICE 2: Oh yes! I was—shall we say—a fallen angel. At one time all France was at my feet. As an officer in the French Naval Marine I took part—naturally—in the Franco-Prussian war and emerged with—er—some distinctions; such as 'Chevalier of the Legion of Honour' and an appointment to Field Marshal McMahon the President of France. Then, I fell in love!

VOICE 3: Like a true Frenchman!

VOICE 2: As you say. However . . . France! . . . did not approve. Or, more accurately, those who mattered in France did not.

VOICE 3: A debutante ?

VOICE 2: No. A singer! . . . and a black mark on my record!

CONTROL: BRING UP VERY FAINTLY SOUND OF LIGHT OPERA SOPRANO AND HOLD UNDER VOICE AND CUT AT ". . . THE MARRIAGE FAILED TOO". (SEE BELOW.)

- VOICE 2: (CONTINUE WITHOUT PAUSE) YOU must understand that Marie Heilbron was not only a singer but a foreigner—a Belgian—and a Jewess! That was bad! But—she was very chic (Sigh).
- VOICE 3: Did you marry her ?
- VOICE 2: We married . . . in 1881 . . . and it was the end for me. First I lost my commission and my job. Then I was ostracized by my own family. Then, my bank failed! Finally, after all that, the marriage failed too. The coup-de-gras! So! I left France and—eventually—arrived in Africa where I set out immediately for the very far interior. I went hunting the elephant with Frederick Courtney Selous.
- VOICE 1: Although there are few records of this journey, Sir Ralph Williams in his book "How I became a Governor" tells how, on a journey to the North he met de la Panouse at a Jesuit Mission.
- VOICE 4: While at Pandamatenka we received a visit from two other white men who had walked into the country. The Count de la Panouse and Mr. MacIntyre. The former had been aide-de-camp to Marshal McMahan, the president of the French Republic, and had married the singer Heilbron. Why he had drifted thither I do not know. He was a cheery little Frenchman and full of fun but he got into great disgrace with my wife who discovered him making his cigarettes out of the leaves of an English Bible!
- VOICE 1: Panouse used to hunt—like Selous—in only a shirt, belt and hat; no shoes. Although he was never charged by an elephant one elephant had the misfortune to be charged by the Count. A wounded elephant was moving down a steep hillside in thick bush. The Count tore after it and came upon it before he saw it. However putting up his heavy rifle he fired into its head and killed it. The recoil knocked him down, cut his cheek and left him senseless. His boys went back to camp telling their friends that both he and the elephant were dead, the elephant having put its tusk through his cheek.
- VOICE 2: Through my cheek! The elephant had a tusk so long as my body and so thick as my leg, how can he put it through my cheek? I should have no face left!

E.E.B.

A PERSONAL NOTE

With this issue I am relinquishing the editing of *Rhodesiana*. It has been an enjoyable task, the more so because of the co-operation received from many sides—contributors, colleagues, the printers and the Society's committee. This is an opportunity to say thank you for that co-operation.

Mr. W. V. Brelsford, who edited the *Northern Rhodesia Journal* throughout its life from 1950 to 1965, succeeds me.

E.E.B.

Notes on Contributors

DR. S. GLASS was born in Pietermaritzburg and studied at Rhodes University and the University of Natal. He was in Rhodesia during the years 1958 and 1959, devoting most of his time to the history of the country, a field of research which Professor A. Keppel-Jones introduced to him. He obtained his M.A. degree in 1959 and his Ph.D. in 1964 and is now a lecturer in the Department of History and Political Science at the University of Natal.

MR. G. L. GUY, Curator of the National Museum, Bulawayo, came to Rhodesia in 1945 and joined the Forestry Department serving as Conservator of Forests, Eastern District, Mashonaland and Matabeleland before joining the National Museums in 1961. His major interests have been indigenous trees and shrubs and their uses.

Due to conflicting statements of scientists about baobabs, he started taking an interest in their rates of growth and is at present engaged in tree ring research using baobabs as a basis for past climatic conditions.

MR. R. HODDER-WILLIAMS was educated at Rugby and at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. He paid his first visit to Rhodesia in 1961 to teach at Ruzawi School and returned in 1965 to teach at the University College as well as to undertake research work. He is collecting material for a Social History of the European community of Marandellas from 1890 to 1967.

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

DR. O. N. RANSFORD served for nine years as a Medical Officer in the Colonial Service and the R.A.M.C. before settling in Bulawayo in 1947 as a consultant anaesthetist. He has written numerous medical and historical articles and two of his books, *Livingstone's Lake* and *The Battle of Majuba Hill*, have been published by John Murray during the past year.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE RHODESIANA SOCIETY

FROM JANUARY 1ST, 1967, TO JUNE 30TH, 1967

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| <p>Adams, G. J., Salisbury
 Aitken, Mrs. M., Bindura
 Bashall, J. E., Bulawayo
 Bates, R. J., Johannesburg, South Africa
 Bayley, T., Salisbury
 Baynes, N. K., Salisbury
 Beatrice School, Beatrice
 Blackie, F. C., Salisbury
 Bolton, O. Y., Salisbury
 Bolze, L. W., Bulawayo
 Bray, R. H., Bulawayo
 Brown, E. J., Redcliff
 Buchan, Mrs. G. C., Salisbury
 Carey, G. H., Salisbury
 Cecil John Rhodes School, Bulawayo
 Central African Correspondence College,
 Salisbury
 Chance, Mrs. F., Umvukwes
 Chenaud-Repond, R., Salisbury
 Code-Lewis, L. A., Salisbury
 Comptroller to H.E. the Officer Administering
 the Government, Salisbury.
 Consul-General of the Netherlands, Salisbury
 Cottrill, J., Bindura
 Dalrymple, W. M., Bulawayo
 Dodd, F. H., Salisbury
 Draper, A. A., Salisbury
 Dunlop, Mrs. V. M., Que Que
 Essexvale School, Essexvale
 Ferreira, D., Macheke
 Forbes, D. R., Salisbury
 Gelfand, B., Salisbury
 Harland, N. A., Rusape
 Henry Low School, Bulawayo
 Hutchinson, J. S., Gatooma
 Jansse, P. A., Bulawayo</p> | <p>Johnson, Mrs. J. P., Salisbury
 Klug, Mrs. R. E., Plumtree
 Krain, Mrs. V. H., Cape Town, South Africa
 Krog, E. W., Salisbury
 Laurie, A. W., Concession
 Lockley, L. M., Salisbury
 McAllister, W. V., Bulawayo
 McGee, R. A., Plumtree
 McKisack, N. J., Salisbury
 Marsh, B. E. T., Fort Victoria
 Mehmel, Mrs. L., Salisbury
 Mills, J. B., Salisbury
 Montgomery, J. H., Bulawayo
 Morley, D. S., Salisbury
 Mossop, R. T., Gatooma
 Mycock, J., Salisbury
 Niven, M. A. S., Salisbury
 Peto, Mrs. C., Salisbury
 Rhodesia Railways Historical Committee,
 Bulawayo
 Richards, P. W., Benguela, Angola
 Royston Pigott, D. M., Umvukwes
 Rudman, T., Salisbury
 Shaw, L. J., Salisbury
 Sloman, D. J., Bulawayo
 Smith, Miss P., Gwelo
 Standing, N. H., Salisbury
 The State Library, Pretoria, South Africa
 Sullivan, Sir Richard, Bart., Salisbury
 Taylor, B. H., Goromonzi
 Tite, A., Salisbury
 Tucker, E. W. C., Salisbury
 University of California, Berkeley, Cal.
 U.S.A.
 Wilkins, G. S., Bulawayo
 Wood, A. O., Marandellas</p> |
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