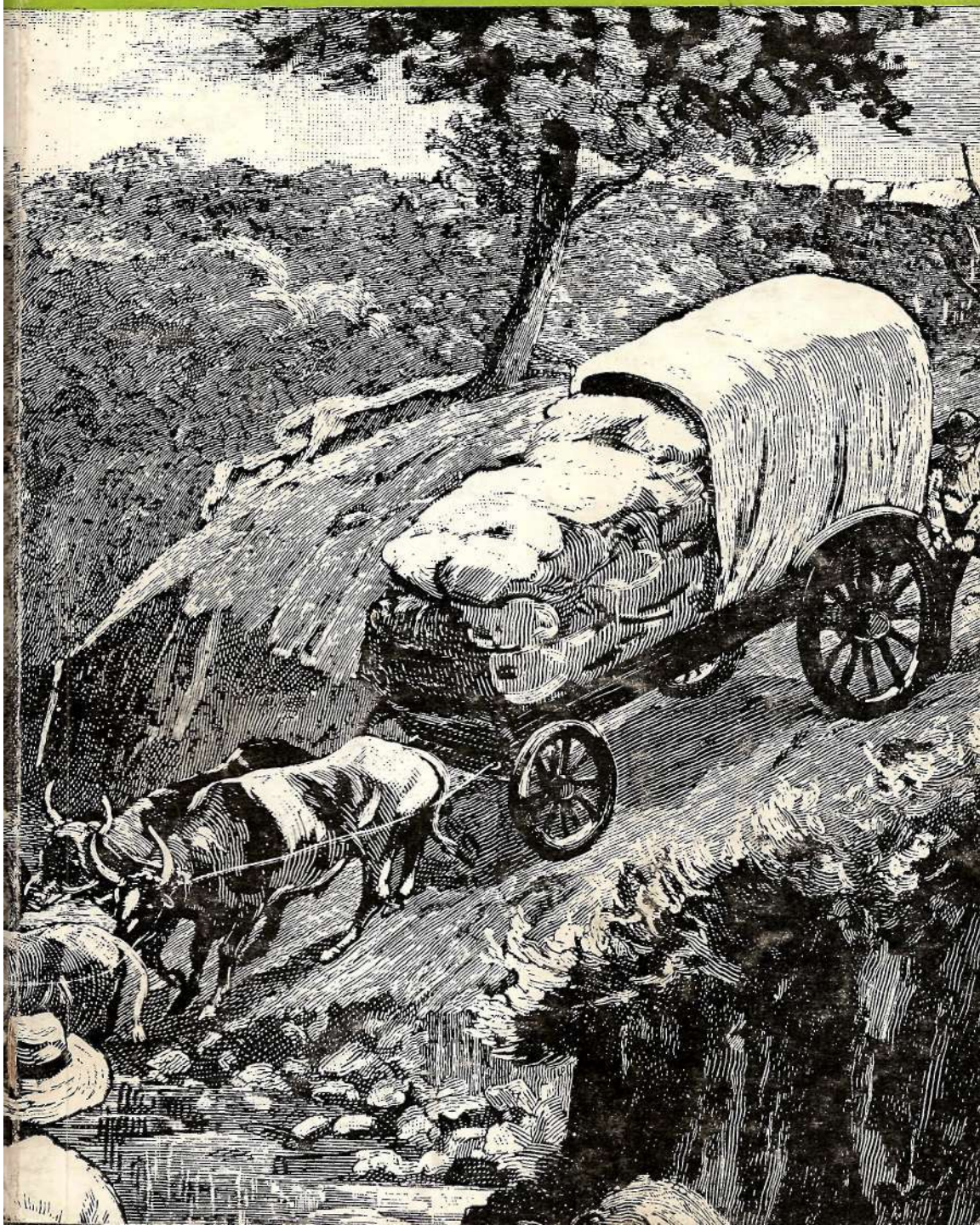


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CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
LOBENGULA: SECOND AND LAST KING OF THE AMANDABELE —His FINAL RESTING PLACE AND TREASURE, BY C. K. COOKE.	3
LOST ON TREK IN 1895, BY LILIAN EMILY STUTTAFORD	54
BUILDINGS OF HISTORIC INTEREST: NO. 3. "IVANHOE", NORTH AVENUE, SALISBURY, BY MRS. J. B. L. HONEY ..	62
SOME RECENT ADDITIONS TO THE LIBRARY OF THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES, COMPILED BY C. COGGIN.	64
SOCIETY ACTIVITIES.	67
NOTES.	70
CORRESPONDENCE	73
REVIEWS.	77
LIST OF MEMBERS.	89

The cover picture is from the Illustrated London News of 13th December, 1890, page 741, and shows—"British South Africa Company Police crossing a stream."



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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.

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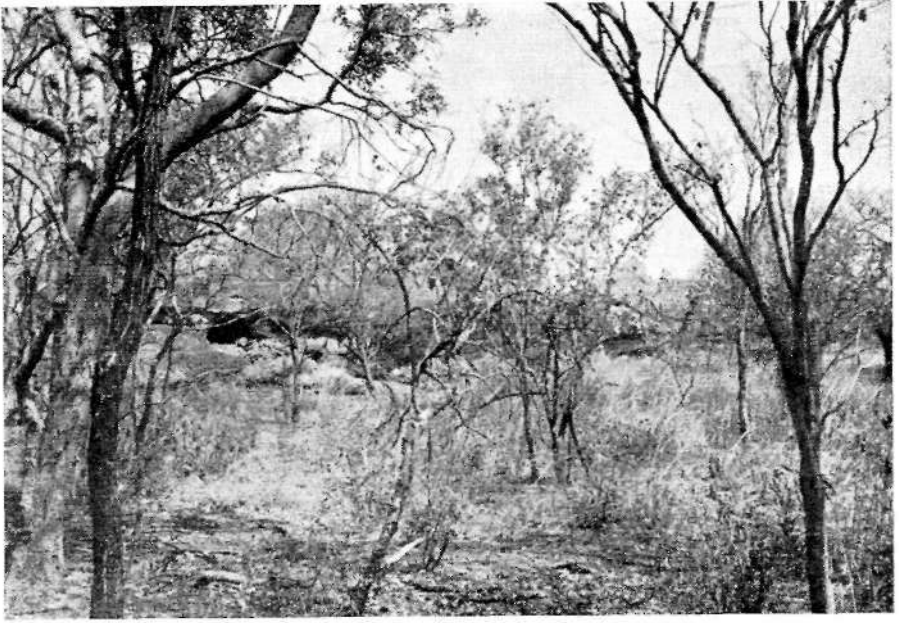
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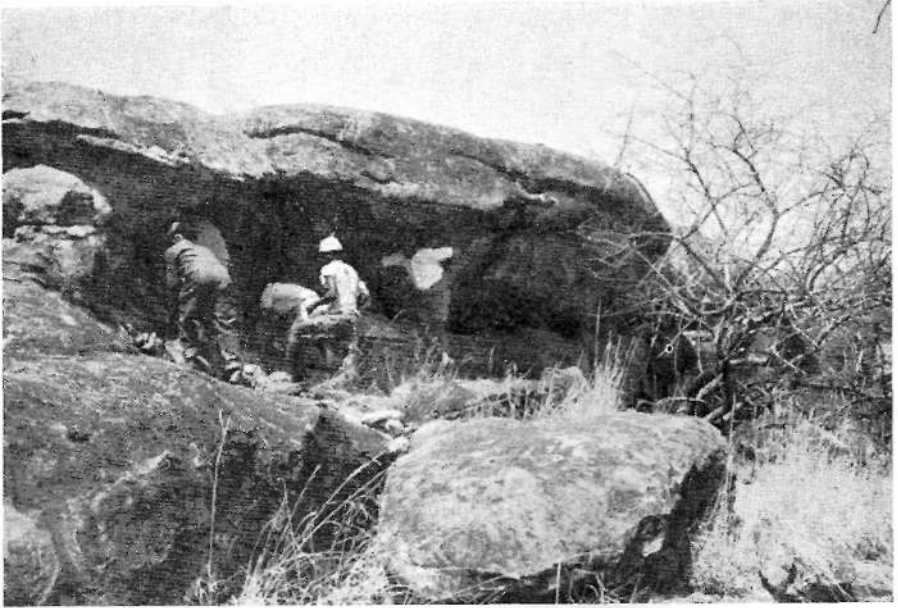
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Malindi



Lobengula's grave at Malindi.

Lobengula: An Introductory Note

Lobengula, second and last chief of the Matabele, was a son of Mzilikazi, a member of a tribe of the Zulu complex who rose to high rank under the Zulu paramount, Chaka.

About 1820 Mzilikazi rebelled against the Zulu authority and with a large number of followers moved across the Drakensberg into what is now the Transvaal. For a time he settled in the present district of Marico and here were born two of his sons, Kulumana and Lobengula, the latter about 1829.

The Matabele, as Mzilikazi's people came to be known, were in frequent conflict with the Boers who were penetrating northwards and in the early 1830s Mzilikazi sought relief from attack by migrating across the Limpopo. The resident Rozwi were quickly subjugated in a series of bloody raids and thus was engendered the military state known as Matabeleland.

Little is known in regard to Lobengula's early life. At one stage his father had ordered his death, following a principle that any potential source of opposition to the paramount should be eliminated, but instead Lobengula was spirited away to live in hiding for most of his youth, until such time as it was safe for him to emerge.

In an earlier episode Kulumana, an elder brother, had been elected to succeed Mzilikazi when the latter was presumed dead after an absence on a raiding expedition of 18 months during which there was no news of him. Mzilikazi returned unexpectedly and took retribution. The indunas responsible for the election were executed on the hill subsequently known as Thabas Induna. It was ordered that Kulumana should be strangled but it remains uncertain whether the order was carried out or whether in fact he was able to escape to Natal.

Mzilikazi died in September 1868 and a regent, Umcumbata, was appointed, pending the election of a successor. One faction of the Matabele favoured Lobengula as the new chief, another, a smaller faction, believed that Kulumana was still alive and that he was the rightful choice and that he should be sought for in Natal.

The choice fell on Lobengula but this was unacceptable to the Kulumana faction. Lobengula was installed as chief in February 1870 and in July that year it was necessary, if he was to rule effectively, to march against the dissidents. The resulting battle, fought at Zwanandaba, on the Bembesi, resulted in complete success for Lobengula. It is thus 100 years, within a few months, of Lobengula's consolidation of his authority, that Mr. Cooke's article is published.

Lobengula ruled as chief for 23 years during which his country became a major obstacle to the progress of south-central Africa. The Matabele economy was a simple one in which raiding for cattle and foodstuffs played a significant part and Lobengula, who saw the political dangers in which it stood, did his best to temper them.

The inevitable clash with the forces of development came with the Matabele War in 1893 which resulted, after a short campaign lead by Dr. L. S. Jameson on behalf of the British South Africa Company, in the occupation of the chief's kraal at Bulawayo. The subsequent events of the pursuit of Lobengula, of the Shangani Patrol and of his flight northwards, are the background to the following account.

E.E.B.

Lobengula: Second and Last King of the Amandabele

His Final Resting Place and Treasure

by C. K. Cooke

Lobengula, son of Mzilikazi, the first king of the Amandabele nation, was a man respected and perhaps feared by European and African alike. But owing to the trust he had in the white man he died a sad and disillusioned man miles away from his people. This feeling may well have been amplified because money he sent while being pursued to the Shangani, as a peace offering, was stolen by two white soldiers and never reached its proper destination.

F. W. T. Posselt considered that his correct name was Upengula, "The scatterer", but he was undoubtedly called "Loben" or Lobengula by most white men. J. Cooper-Chadwick in his book *Three Years with Lobengula* (Cas-sell, 1894) often refers to him affectionately as "the old buffer" but usually as Lobengula.¹

People who had dealings with him always speak of his honesty and state that his word was his bond. Like many of today's politicians he was constantly under pressure from the youth of the nation and other influential groups. Finally these pressures resulted in the death, by decree, of Lotshe, his most faithful and wisest councillor. Marie Lippert says of Lobengula's character in her journal (*Matabeleland travel letters of Marie Lippert*. Cape Town, Friends of the South African Public Library, 1960):

" . . . Lobengula never raises his voice, he speaks in a sort of undertone which, however, carries far and is heard and immediately attended to by his people even at a distance. One of his little slave boys, for not listening, received a sharp lesson by having his ears slit by Lo Bengula himself with a blunt pocket knife. This is not exactly pleasant and we were told of several instances of worse cruelties, but none wantonly perpetrated. 'I can only rule my people through the strictest enforcement of obedience', Lobengula says; 'I have no prisons like the white men, so I am obliged to frighten and to kill people to keep order.' On the other hand, we were also told of many traits of kindness and consideration . . ."

Lobengula was born at Marico in the Transvaal, and is said to have spent part of his childhood in a kraal on what is now the farm Komani in the Essex-vale area, and later at a kraal near the present Bulawayo suburb of Burnside.

After his accession in 1870 he built his first royal kraal named Bulawayo about four miles from the centre of the present city. It is relevant here to mention the fact that traders were established at the site even at this early date. In fact one Griete sold his store to the Jesuit Fathers, who arrived at the capital

during 1879, for £500; Father Croonenbergs records this in his diaries. He also records "a great leathern armchair on which the back is adorned with a crown . . . on which Lobengula used to sit and hold court". This was mentioned in a diary dated prior to 1881; one wonders whence he obtained such an article of furniture.

Before the Matabele War Lobengula had moved his kraal to the site where the present Government House was built after the Matabele War. When his impi were defeated at the Battle of Bembesi, on 1st November, 1893, he ordered the royal kraal to be destroyed. Lobengula, accompanied by a few followers, left on horseback (see the Huxtable statements below), with his wives and possessions on ox-drawn wagons following by a different route. It is stated that some 80,000 rounds of Martini-Henry ammunition were destroyed, together with quantities of black powder, during the fire.

Prior to the battle of Bembesi Lobengula had given the Imbezu regiment 100 Martini-Henry rifles and 10,000 rounds of ammunition; another 10,000 rounds is said to have been distributed on the previous evening to other regiments (Major P. W. Forbes's account).

Lobengula was given 1,000 Martini-Henry rifles and 100,000 rounds of ammunition. These, according to J. Cooper-Chadwick, who was appointed by the King to guard these rifles and ammunition at Umvutsha Kraal, were untouched at the outbreak of hostilities. It is therefore presumed, probably erroneously, that all the remaining 80,000 rounds were left in the royal kraal at Bulawayo. If so, why were the rifles not removed from Umvutsha at the same time? Some of these rifles and ammunition must have been used in the final battle on the Shangani.

Lobengula's Health

A great deal has been written and said about the King's health. He has been reported as dying of dropsy, venereal disease and other things. He undoubtedly suffered from gout because Dr. Jameson treated him for this complaint.² However, contemporary accounts by Africans state that Sipolo, Twalimbisa, Njube and Magwegwe accompanied the King, who was on horseback. This rather implies that he was a fairly fit man and not nearly so heavy as many white contemporaries stated. Lobengula had several horses including one which he purchased from Mr. Griete, the storekeeper at Old Bulawayo. If Lobengula was as heavy as reported a Clydesdale, a Suffolk Punch, or a Shire horse would have only just been able to carry him.

There are conflicting reports about his height which put him anywhere from 5 ft. 7 in. to 6 ft. 3 in. Fear and his royal presence undoubtedly magnified his size in many people's eyes.³

The King's Death

Here again there has been very much conjecture as to the cause of death. However, every statement taken by Mr. Huxtable from people present at the time of his death, or from their descendants, say that he drank poison from a

bottle, as also did Chief Magwegwe. They both died the same day at the same place.

The Place of His Death

Most contemporary observers consider that he died in Pashu's country at a point near Mwanapenzi's village and that he was buried in a cave known as Malindi, a name probably derived from *Amalinda* meaning the "Home of the Spirits".

However, F. W. T. Posselt had the following information from Mr. Henry Rangeley of Fort Jameson, and had in his possession a letter dated 17th September, 1940, written by a European (name not disclosed) from which he gives the following extract:

"I cannot say for certain whether it was '94 or '95 when I met Lobengula, but I am quite sure he was introduced to me by Mpeseni. I do not believe the diamonds story, as I think Lobengula would have told me.

"On my return to Blantyre I told the story that I had seen and met Lobengula. He was supposed to have died, but I contradicted the fact. Major Forbes, the head of the B.S.A. Company in Blantyre, came to see me and stated that I would be in serious trouble if I persisted in my story.

"I told Major Forbes that I didn't see how I could get into trouble by telling the truth; as a matter of fact I showed Major Forbes a photo of Lobengula taken by me at Mpeseni. He was very surprised and perturbed." (*Upengula*, p. 113.)

Further, Mr. Gordon Lancaster, who has made extensive enquiry regarding the "Angoni" in Northern Rhodesia, published the following account in the *Proceedings of the Royal Anthropological Institute* (v. 67, 1937):

"Lobengula crossed the Zambesi at Manyere Drift and arrived at Mten-guli Uka Sosera village on the Lietembwe River in January, 1894. He was carried by an Ngoni who had been sent for that purpose. He was a very heavily built man with a large protruding belly, and breasts like those of a woman heavy in milk. So cumbersome was he, that he had to be helped to move about from one place to another.⁴ He had a great pipe in which he smoked hemp. If he passed the pipe he would talk, but if not it was a sign that he wished to be alone.⁵

"When chief Mpenzeni visited him he used to crawl on his hands and knees to greet him. The day Lobengula died the rock on the Sanjika Kopje split and fell and all the great Ngoni indunas mourned.⁶ Sanjika is on the road between Fort Jameson and Fort Manning. I [i.e. Lancaster] have seen the split and fallen rock.

"It is not known where Lobengula was buried; he was a fugitive from Justice.⁷ The secret was closely kept.

"It is said he died shortly after his arrival from the Zambezi in 1894. This information was given by an aged Ngoni councillor, named Ropu, who resided near Fort Jameson and died in 1927. This story is little known and usually all knowledge is denied on this subject."⁸

Other Information

Statements on the whereabouts of Lobengula's grave were made as early as 1912. This is proved by documents in the National Archives in Salisbury. Extracts from these documents follow:

"In May 1912, the B.S.A. Company's Administrator, Sir William Milton, received a letter from Mr. A. Giese, of Deka Farm, Wankie, saying that he believed he could find Lobengula's grave as he knew the names and whereabouts of three Natives supposed to have been at the burial.

"The King, he said, was supposed to have died two months after the Shangani fight in the presence of Chief Magwegwe, who then took poison. Both were buried in one grave with some rifles and ammunition.⁹

"The Chief Native Commissioner at the time, Mr. (later Sir) Herbert Taylor, in forwarding this letter to Sir William Milton, said it would be policy, at least during the lifetime of those who were at the funeral, to give no cause for thinking that Lobengula's grave had been discovered.

"Sir William agreed, and Mr. Giese was thanked for his offer to take a Government official to the spot, and asked to keep quiet about it.

"In August, 1914, Mr. Giese again wrote to the Chief Native Commissioner saying that a farmer named Briers had come across a grave in a cave, which Briers thought was Lobengula's and which was in the locality Mr. Giese had in mind.

"It contained the body of a large Native, half-squatting, half sitting, with the head on one side on the ground, and rifles, saddles, crockery and silver jugs.

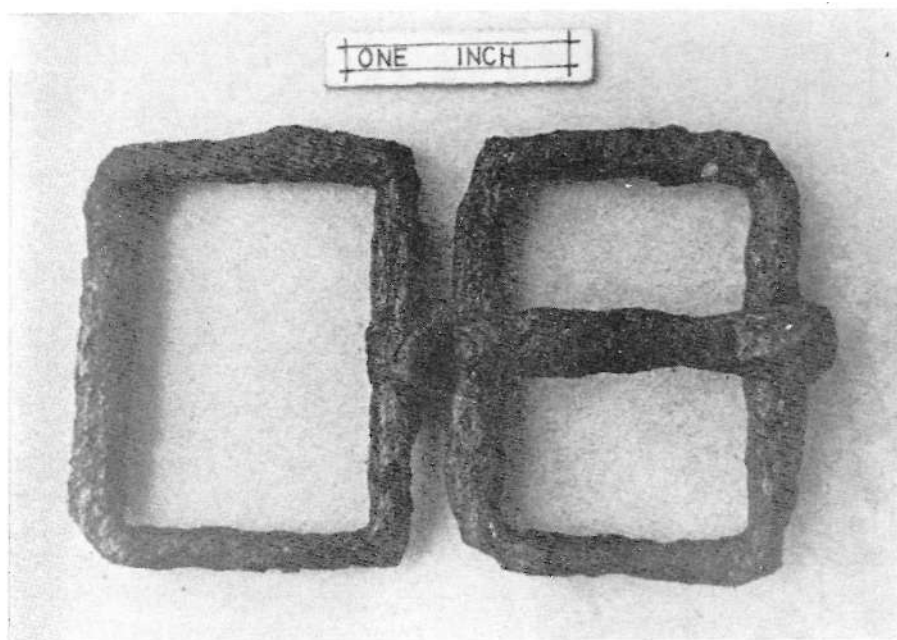
"Mr. Briers later told the Native Commissioner at Wankie of the grave, and said the skull was of abnormal size. The relics included a bullet mould, an assegai and a wooden chair. Again the Administration decided to keep the matter secret.

"In March, 1915, Mr. J. A. Chalmers, of Gwaai, wrote to the late Sir James McDonald saying that he had discovered the grave by accident while chasing baboons. His description tallied with Mr. Briers'.

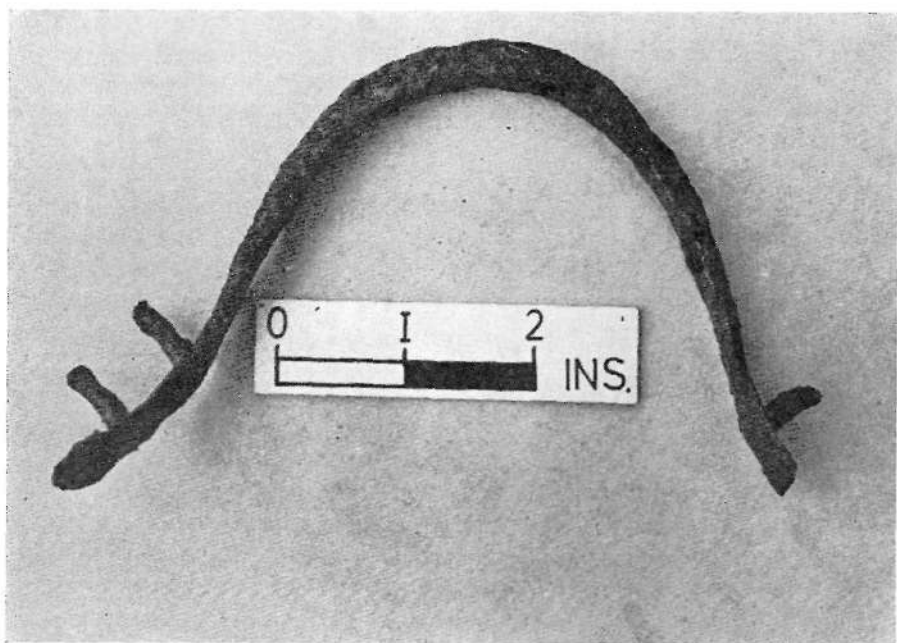
"The Archives show that the Administration officials came to doubt the authenticity of the evidence of both Briers and Chalmers, and informed the heads of Lobengula's family that rumours of the discovery of the King's grave had reached the Administration but it could not prove them."

Another account is in the form of a statement entitled "An account of a discovery of Lobengula's Grave as related by Mrs. Nortjie to A. C. Adams". It is quoted in full below:

"My father's name was Barend Cristoffel Labuschagne and he originally came from Cape Town where he was brought up by my grandmother. After the Boer war, in which he took an active part in the Boer Army scouting the English lines, he moved from Ladybrand to Louis Trichardt and then to Bulawayo, where he was transporting for the Red and White Rose Mine. In 1903 he moved north again and crossed the Zambezi at the Old Drift in June of that year. In December of 1903 I too came north and also crossed the Zambezi at the Old Drift where my father had come to meet me from Sesheke,



Saddlery buckles.



Saddle arch.

at which place he had established a trading store. We returned to Sesheke to live and I attended the Paris Mission Society School where I was taught English and needlework.

"While we were living at Sesheke, in about 1904-5 my father acted as interpreter between Lewanika, whom I saw many times, and the B.S.A. Co., during negotiations for concessions in Barotseland. The meetings took place about 15 miles from Livingstone on the other side of the Sinde River.

"The store was eventually sold to Eli Sussman and we returned to Livingstone. A little while later we moved on again to Zimba where we had a farm called 'Traveller's Rest', which was later sold to a Mr. Buchanan, and after that we farmed in Kalomo. During the time we were at 'Traveller's Rest' we went hunting and trading many times in the Gwembe Valley where my father was well known among the natives by the name of 'Mandevu' because of his beard.

"In 1912 George Horton of Kalomo wanted to send some cattle across the Zambesi into Southern Rhodesia for the good grazing there, and my father arranged to take them for him. The cattle were loaded onto railway trucks at Kalomo, transported across the Zambesi, unloaded at a siding near Wankie, then trekked east to a place called the Ngamo Flats on the Gwaai River where they were put out to graze.

"After my father had been at these grazing grounds for a little while he met and became friendly with a man named Piet Bree who was cattle farming in the vicinity. One night as they were talking Bree mentioned that on one occasion he had heard his Matabele herdsmen talking about Lobengula and from what they were saying he gathered that Lobengula was actually buried nearby. He asked them about it but they became very nervous and said they knew nothing. My father became very interested in this and Bree and he decided to ask the herdsmen about it again. This they did but again were unable to get a direct answer.

"A little while later, however, two Bushmen who worked with the herds approached Piet Bree when he was alone and said they had heard that he and my father wanted to see Lobengula's grave. They said they knew where it was but they would only take them there if Bree would shoot them an elephant. My father and Bree thought about this for a while and then decided to agree to the Bushmen's terms, so Bree went to Bulawayo the following day where he obtained a licence to shoot the elephant.

"The elephant was finally shot on the edge of a large water pan on the Ngamo Flats. Only when it actually lay dead on the ground did the Bushmen consent to lead the way to Lobengula's grave which lay in a large flat sand plain thickly covered with 'wag 'n bietjie' thorn bushes. As they all walked through this plain the Bushmen told my father and Bree that they had seen Lobengula when he first came to the area, accompanied by twelve Matabele men and a coloured man, but they had kept out of sight as they were afraid of the Matabele who killed all the Bushmen they found. They camped in the plain near to a cave they had found, and after a little while the coloured man left and did not return. Then Lobengula had nearly all of the possessions he

had brought with him moved into the cave, and one night after, this had been done he and two of the Matabele, who appeared to be Indunas, killed the other ten men with spears as they lay sleeping. The following day the two remaining Matabele took the remainder of Lobengula's possessions into the cave and then came out into the open alone leaving Lobengula inside. After a short while he too came out carrying a rifle and shot the two remaining men and dragged their bodies into the bush. He then went back into the cave and did not come out again. The Bushmen then pointed out where the ten Matabele had been killed and scuffed the sand with their toes to show where bones were still lying scattered around. They then went on a little further and at last stopped by a large thorn bush which they pulled aside revealing a cave, the entrance of which was below the level of the sand and cut into bedrock. My father and Bree climbed into the cave and went 29 paces along a passage which then opened out into a chamber, but they could see nothing as they did not have a light. They returned to the surface and sent for a lamp, lighted it, and then went along the passage and entered the grave chamber.

"Lobengula was sitting alone, with his head thrown back on a large wooden chair in the middle of the cave, his legs and shoulders covered by skin karosses. On the ground around him were skins, clay pots which appeared to have contained food and water, wooden utensils and a few weapons. On a spur of rock protruding from the side of the cave was a saddle and bridle which my father later thought to be the one presented to Lobengula by Queen Victoria. By the side of the chair were a Martini rifle and bandolier, and a walking stick. The body was completely dry, being only skin and bones, and the chair was riddled with borers. The skins were rotten and fell apart at a touch as did also the saddle when my father tried to lift it. The cave itself showed signs of having been occupied before in that niches and benches appeared to have been cut out of the solid rock.

"My father and Piet Bree searched the cave thoroughly but could find no trace of the money which Lobengula was thought to have carried with him when he fled from Bulawayo. The cave contained no valuables whatsoever except for the silver fittings on the saddle and bridle. Piet Bree took the Martini rifle and walking stick as souvenirs, and my father the silver saddle fittings and the bandolier, which was still in good condition.

"They returned along the passage to where the Bushmen were waiting and returned home. They never went to the grave again.

"My father told me this story many times and I remember the details very well. When he died I kept the bandolier and I still have it in my possession."¹⁰

This account was repeated almost verbatim in the *Journal of the Historical Firearms Society of South Africa*, vol. 4, No. 5, June 1968.

The Official Discovery

During the latter half of 1943 information was received at the Native Commissioner's Office, Bulawayo, that the grave of Lobengula had been dis-

covered and was about to be entered by treasure seekers. The following statements and letters give the whole story of the events leading up to the declaration of the site as National Monument No. 48 by Government Notice 547 of 12th November, 1943:

I

Office of the Native Commissioner,
Bulawayo.
29th October, 1943.

The Provincial Native Commissioner,
Bulawayo.

LOBENGULA'S GRAVE

I attach all papers which are self-explanatory and need no further comments on my part.

I met members of the Kumalo family in this office on the night of the 22nd instant, and they are satisfied the King was buried in this cave. They ask that the articles removed by Shoko from the grave should be returned and that this should be done by me.

In the event of the Government recognising that the cave is the burial place of the King, some steps will have to be taken to protect and preserve the site. The entrances should be sealed up with stone and cement and the area fenced. The *ruwari* containing the cave and a suitable surrounding area should be declared a National Monument in terms of the Act.

On the other hand if the Government desires further evidence it will be necessary to take Siayatsha, Twalimbiza, and possibly the late Chief Pashu's son, to the site and undertake further investigations.

However, before any final steps are taken in the matter members of the Kumalo family residing elsewhere should be consulted as a matter of courtesy. I mention some:

Ntola Kumalo, Essexvale.

Albert Lobengula, Inyati (Grandson of the late King).

Sidojiwe Kumalo, Que Que (Son of the late King).

Ndanisa Kumalo, Matopos.

Lothse Kumalo, Filabusi.

Onondo, Inyati.

Sibongosibi Kumalo, Nyamandhlovu (Grandson of the late King).

Nyanda Kumalo, Gwanda.

Bavumi, H. M., Inyati (son of Mtjana).

(signed) A. J. Huxtable
Native Commissioner

II

Arthur John Huxtable States:

I am Native Commissioner, Bulawayo. My native name is "Chitemamuru".

I have known Shoko for many years. By reputation she is a Rain Goddess. At one time she lived at Pasipas, Bulawayo, and frequently visited this office. Some five or six years ago she left for Gwelo and subsequently Victoria, where she now resides.

Some two months ago Shoko returned to Bulawayo and called on me. She asked for a *sikonzi* to accompany her to Lupani to assist her count her cattle. I gave her a *sikonzi*.

Later the *sikonzi* returned and reported to Mr. Johnstone (Mbizo), the Provincial Native Commissioner, Bulawayo, that Shoko had no cattle and that Ginyilitshe, who had also accompanied Shoko, was on his way in.

Ginyilitshe duly arrived and on the information he supplied, Mr. Johnstone was of the opinion that Shoko and Masitulela (Wessells) had either found or were looking for Lobengula's grave.

On the 30th September, 1943, at about 2 p.m. after further information had come in, the Provincial Native Commissioner asked me if I would leave as soon as possible and endeavour to reach the grave before Shoko and Wessells. I left by car at daybreak the following day (1st October, 1943) with Cronje Ndongdo, Ginyilitshe, Manja Kumalo, Dagamela and others. Our object was to prevent anyone entering and violating the grave. There have been many rumours current in the past that money and precious stones were buried with the Chief. We also were well aware that the Ndebele people would resent most bitterly anyone tampering with the grave.

We arrived at Lupani and here it was necessary to find a guide who knew the road to the Lubimbi valley. Ginyilitshe, when he first visited the grave with Gundwani, had travelled by a different route.

We heard there was a native, Monki, at a village some seven miles from the road and we proceeded there. We were fortunate to find him at home. Here we ascertained that Shoko was at Gundwani's kraal lower down the Shangani River and that Wesseels had parted company with her. We also learnt that the cave had been entered and that certain things had been removed.

We then proceeded to where the Gwaai River crosses the Shangani River and eventually came to the Lubimbi Valley.

At the valley certain of my party were detached and instructed to proceed to Gundwani's kraal three to four miles away, to find Shoko and Gundwani and bring them to me. They returned later in the evening with Wakeni, the brother of Gundwani. Shoko was unable to walk on account of the condition of her feet and Gundwani was away from his kraal. I was advised that a rifle had been removed from the cave and taken by Samagula to Bulawayo.

On the 2nd October, 1943, we left on foot at about 4 a.m. guided by Wakeni, and arrived at Mwanapenzi's village in Pashu's country after walking

some fifteen to sixteen miles. Here our party was strengthened by two of Mwanapenzi's sons and we left for the grave some three miles away.

From Mwanapenzi you travel north west and cross the Manyanda River on three separate occasions and the Kamakubi once. When you arrive at Manyanda or Mubobo for the final time you follow the river bed for some three hundred yards down-stream until you are faced by a big rock in a bend on the northern bank. At this particular spot you leave the river and continue northwards for some five hundred yards till you arrive at a big *ruwari*. On the extreme west is the King's grave, in the Gokwe District near the Wankie Border. The King was called *Ndhlovu* (elephant). I feel he is not lonely at nights. There are elephant signs everywhere in this locality.

The main entrance to the cave is approximately 14 feet by 10 feet at the highest point. It had been sealed up with stones which had been removed. It was obvious that the cave had been entered recently.

After obtaining permission from the Kumalo, as a gesture of courtesy, I entered the cave with Manga, who is related to the blood.

There are three smaller entrances. Two at the back (northern end) and one on the south eastern side. The stones had been removed or fallen down from one of the entrances at the back. It would be possible for jackals or even hyaenas to enter here. I mention this as wild animals must have removed most of the bones of the skeleton.

Of the body there was the top of the skull of what was obviously the body of a big man, and a shin bone. There were no other remains.

There were three pots, seven bottles and a few pieces of leather, but nothing else.

On the floor of the cave were stones which looked as if at one time they formed a platform, and on the ground near them some poles. The stones and the poles had been disturbed and there is no doubt the cave had been searched by others.

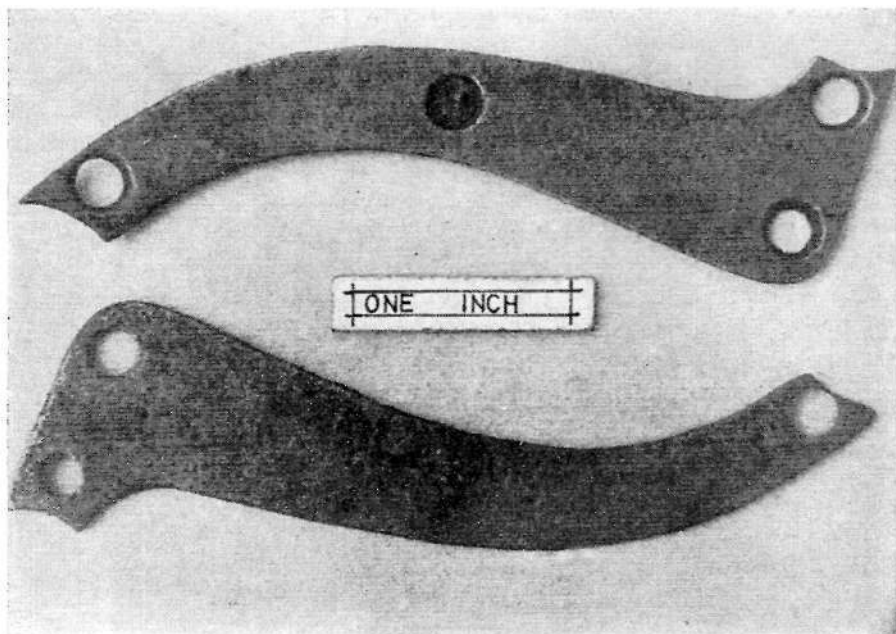
Before leaving I gave instructions for the entrance to be sealed up once more.

In the afternoon we left the cave and travelled again through Mwanapenzi's village to Lubimbi, arriving in camp at 9.30 p.m.

The rifle and other articles taken by Shoko and her party have been recovered and are now in the office here. They must be returned to the cave.

I am of the opinion that the cave was used as a burial ground for Chief Lobengula for the following reasons:

- (1) There is evidence that the Chief died in Pashu's country and I would lay particular stress on the information supplied by Siayatsha, Twalimbiza, Shoko and Gundwani, apart from other circumstantial and hearsay evidence.
- (2) The fact that a cave was used to bury the body.
- (3) The fact that a rifle was found in the cave and the iron frame of a saddle and pieces of leather. There is ample proof available that the Chief rode from Shangani on a horse.



Brass saddle brackets.



Sole-plate of a Wesley-Richards Monkey-Tail rifle.

- (4) The fact that all other evidence, however circumstantial and hearsay, dovetails. The story of one native supports that of another throughout all statements.

I am further of the opinion that no valuables were removed by Shoko and Wessells from the cave. There is no doubt they were in search of treasure trove but met with no success. Shoko's whole attitude throughout reeks of suspicion. I cannot conceive that a man of Wessells' stamp would undertake the long journey from the Lonely Mine to Pashu's without hope of reward. The theory that he was on a prospecting trip has been exploded, in attached documents. The Mine referred to was the King's grave. I am convinced that if any valuables were placed in the cave they were looted on occasions prior to Shoko's visit.

Ample opportunity has been afforded to others to rifle the grave. Pashu's people, Nsibazunungu's people and others must have known of the whereabouts of the cave however silent they may have remained in the past.

(signed) A. J. Huxtable
Native Commissioner

III

Siayatsha states:

I live in the Bubi district. I am a headman. I married Sedambe, a daughter of the late King Lobengula. I married her after the King's death.

When the battle of Shangani took place I was a young man of about 16 years of age. I was a member of the King's party prior to the arrival of the European force at Pupu (Shangani). Before the battle was fought the King left on horseback accompanied by Sipolo, Twalimbiza, Njube (Albert Lobengula's father) and Magwegwe. They moved down the Shangani River and turned northwards to Pashu's country.

My party, which consisted of all the Queens, other members and servants of the Royal household, followed a different course as we had been warned not to follow the King as our spoor would indicate his whereabouts. We travelled north not following the river as the King had done. We came to Nkoka's country in the Sebungwe District. After a time a message came that the King was at Pashu's and we swung round in that direction to join him. We found the King, Magwegwe, Sihuluhulu, Mtofu, Ndonza, Makubazi, Mtjana, Twalimbiza, Bozongwana (father of Gula Kumalo) and others. All these people are now dead with the exception of Twalimbiza, who resides in Queens Kraal, Bubi.

We joined the King and his people in Pashu's country at a place now called Mlindi. I cannot remember what this locality was called before the events I am now relating took place.

The King was camped with his Counsellors and we camped some little distance away. After a few days there came word by one Baza that the King's impis had surrendered.

I overheard the King speak to Magwegwe. He said "Do you remember your words?" Magwegwe replied "Yes, King." The King said again to him "What were those words?" The reply came "When you die so shall I." As soon as these words had been said the King took a small bottle and drank some of the contents. Magwegwe picked the bottle up and did likewise. After about three or four hours the King and Magwegwe, *Ilunda le Nkosi* (meaning the mouthpiece of the King), died.

The same day Mtjana drove some oxen to the camp, including a black one. This was killed and skinned and the King was wrapped up in it.

Magwegwe was buried in the ground close to the camp near a *ruwari*. The camp was close to the river. I actually saw Magwegwe being buried.

The King was carried on a stretcher by Mtjana, Sihuluhulu, Ndonza, Mlonyeni, Ntuta and others. He was carried to a cave quite a distance away, which had been pointed out by Pashu and his people. Mtjana had sent word to Pashu to find a cave and Pashu was present at the burial of the King.

I know Nsibazenungu. He visited the camp before the King's death, bringing gifts. He was also present at the burial.

The younger people were not allowed to see the King buried so I do not know what actually occurred. I have never seen the cave.

I did not actually see the King drink out of the bottle, or Magwegwe. I was told this took place in the King's camp. I was camped with the Queens some 500 yards away.

I did, however, see the King's body being placed in the black skin and later being carried away on the stretcher; the body was in a sitting position and next to him was placed his chair. There were some rifles but how many I cannot say. These were carried by the elders. There was the King's stick which looked as if it had been made of brass, and also a saddle. All these things were put in the grave with the body. There were other articles but I was not near enough to identify them. There were no safes and I cannot say if there were any valuables.

After the burial of our King we remained at the camp for some days. Mpando and Mlonyani died there from illness. Many people died at this camp, amongst them some of the Queens, from, I think, malaria fever. There were no signs of smallpox.

I know Somhlolo. He may have been present but I cannot remember.

Later we moved away from the camp at Kana. Quite a number of people died on the way. At Kana we found others with cattle. I cannot remember if Manja Kumalo was there. We all then, with the cattle, travelled to Pupu, thence to the Shangani River. After crossing the river we proceeded to Gwampa where we met a wagon laden with food sent to us by the Europeans. The war was over, and we all then returned to our homes with the exception of the Queens. They accompanied the wagon and were settled in the area now called Queens Kraal, Inyati.

The King's wagons were at Pupu. I do not know how they were removed from there, but I next saw them at the Queens Kraal.

I know where Magwegwe was buried. The King was buried on the western side of his grave. I have never actually seen the cave. It is in Pashu's country close to a river. I do not know the name of the river. Since the King's burial this locality has been known as Mlindi. I do not know Mwanapenzi. If I was taken out to Pashu's country I think I could recognise the places where we camped and where Magwegwe was buried. This all, however, happened a long time ago. I do not know how far the King's cave is from Magwegwe's burial place. I saw the stretcher party carrying the body of the King to the west of Magwegwe's grave towards a *ruwari* and a river, but how far they went I do not know. We were not allowed to follow.

Magwegwe was my uncle.

I know Nyamande, the son of the King. He is dead. He was not looked upon with favour by the King. I do not know what the trouble was. I cannot say if Nyamande has ever rifled the grave.

I know Shoko. I have met her occasionally.

I have seen the various things alleged to have come from the King's cave. I am unable to identify them.

A King is always buried in a cave, but not a commoner.

Twalimbiza was personal servant to the King. He was in the King's camp at the time he (the King) died. He would know what things were put in the cave. I cannot say if he actually accompanied the body to the cave. Even after the death he worked for Queen Lozikeyi at Queens Kraal until she died.

I actually overheard the King speak to Magwegwe. He was sitting in his camp and the people had gathered round. I went away with others and it was shortly after we heard the King and Magwegwe had drunk out of a bottle.

18th October, 1943.

(signed) Siyatsha his X mark

IV

Twalimbiza states:

I am an old man. I live beyond the Queens Kraal on the Bembezi River, Inyati.

I know Ginyilitshe, Shoko, Nsibazenungu, Pashu, Magwegwe (Ilinda re Nkosi), Mtjana, Ndonza, Basa, Sihuluhulu, Manondwana, Lotshe and others. All of these people with the exception of two are dead.

I am of the Mlimbi (or Mbimbi) tribe and was born beyond the Zambesi River (N. Rhodesia). As a young child (indicated about 6 years of age) I was captured by one of the King's *impis* and brought to Bulawayo. Thereafter I was a servant of the King.

Lotshe was killed near Mawala Hill (the farm Mawala, Bulawayo, is called after the Hill) by the King's orders as he advised him (the King) not to oppose the Europeans.

Lotshe was one of the King's generals and a Counsellor.

I remember when the King left his camp on the Pupu river. I was a young boy (15 years of age indicated).

The King left before the battle of Shangani. He rode on horseback accompanied by Ndonza, Ngaiya, Sipolo, Sihuluhulu, Gwati and others. Later the party was joined by Mtjana and others beyond the Kana River.

I and other servants travelled with the King.

I know Siyatsha. He journeyed in another party with the Queens. He eventually met us at Pashu's having moved there from Nkoka.

I remember a messenger being despatched to the Queens telling them we were at Pashu's and that they were to meet us there. After about six days they arrived and camped close to us.

As I have already related we camped at Pashu's.

I know the word Mlindi. This was the name given to that particular place by Ndonza and Ngaiya. These two men were great hunters and used to bring ivory to their King. I think Mlindi is the name of a river.

Later still I remember Basa arriving at our *Isihonqo* with the news that the King's soldiers had surrendered. The King became depressed as his people no longer followed him. I did not actually live in the same *Isihonqo* as that of the King, but occupied one close to his.

I did not see the King die nor did I overhear any conversation pass between him and Magwegwe. I heard that the King and Magwegwe had died, but I did not see them buried. Mtjana ordered me to go with the other young boys to join the cattle at Masola. Njube (father of Albert Lobengula) was also a young man but was too sick to accompany us and remained behind. Siyatsha and the Queens also stayed.

As we left for Masola we saw some oxen being driven to the King's *Isihonqo*, but who drove them I cannot remember.

I do not know the exact place where the King and Magwegwe were buried. As I have said before all the young people were ordered by Mtjana after the King's death to proceed to Masola.

I know Pashu. He visited us both before and after the King's death. He brought gifts of grain and goats.

I cannot say if Nsibazenungu visited us during our stay at Pashu's.

I was one of the King's personal servants, but did not work inside his *Isihonqo*. I worked outside collecting firewood and water and so forth.

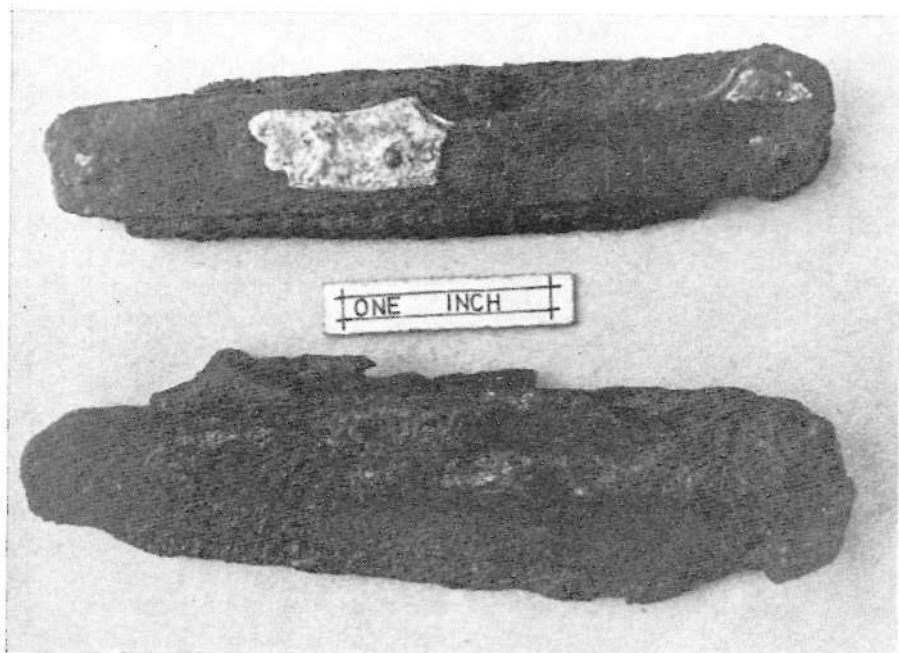
The King had rifles with him, his chair and a stick. I cannot say if there was money and other valuables.

I have seen the rifle and other things in the Native Department, Bula-wayo, but I am unable to identify them.

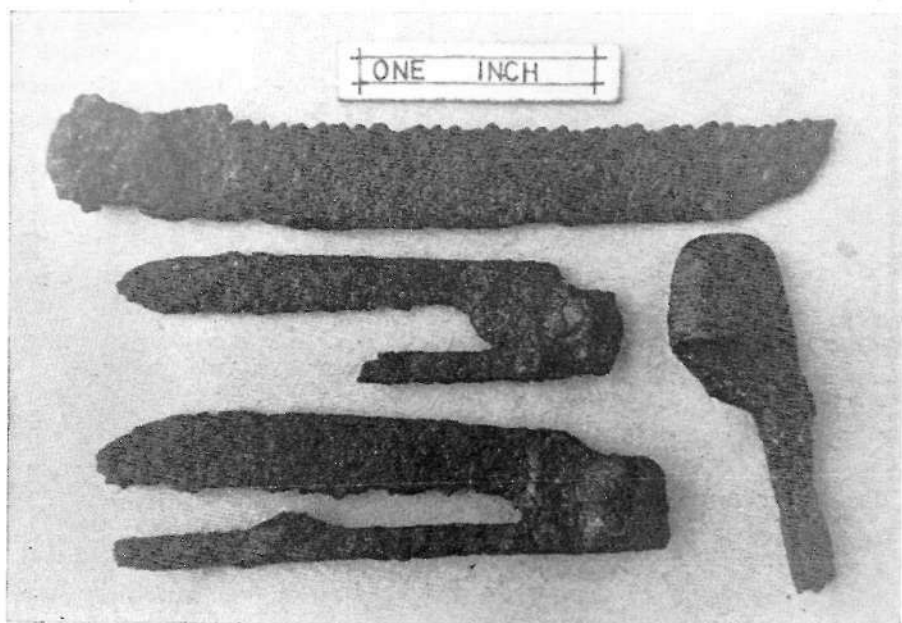
I know the King and Magwegwe were buried in Pashu's country near the Mlindi.

I do not know the Manyanda River.

At Masola we were joined by Siyatsha and the Queens. We found the cattle there and drove them to the river Kana. There we stayed for some time until Jimsoro (European) and Makakamela (European) instructed us to move to the Bembesi River where we would stay.



Parts of a penknife.



Parts of a penknife.

At the Gwampa we met a wagon with food supplies sent to us by the Europeans. We then travelled to Queens Kraal where I worked for Queen Lozikeyi until her death.

The King's wagons were left at Pupu. I am unable to say if they contained valuables. I did not come close to such things.

Nyamandi joined us at Pashu's, but was driven away by Mtjana before the King's death.

27th October, 1943.

Signed Twalimbiza his X mark.

V

Shoko Nkosanzana states:

I was born at Matojeni (Matopo Hills). Have lived in various parts of the country and have recently come from Victoria where I now live.

I am a Rain Goddess (*Umtaka Mlimo*) and well known throughout Matabeleland. I also travel amongst the people blessing the grain (*Ukunika Inhlanyelo*) to ensure that a year of plenty follows.

I was born after the Rebellion.

I became a Rain Goddess when a child. The call to do so came to me in my dreams.

I know Nyamande. He was a son of the late King Lobengula. At one time I lived at his village at Nyamandhlovu. He died during the time I was at his kraal. I knew him well.

I cannot say if Nyamande knew where the King was buried. He never discussed the matter with me. He was a wealthy man and had many cattle. I cannot say where he got the money to buy them. He also owned horses and had three wagons. He possessed rifles, but I cannot say how many. Again I am unable to state where he found the money to acquire all these things.

Nyamande never told me where the King's grave was situated. I cannot say if he ever visited the place, but there were rumours that he did so. He would go on hunting expeditions in the direction of Pashu's country.

I have heard that Nyamande had entered and rifled the grave, but what he took I do not know. Lunyoni told me so. He used to live in Nyamande's Kraal. He is also dead.

I am unable to say when Nyamande died. It was during the time when "Mabubula" (Mr. Harris) was Native Commissioner at Nyamandhlovu (about 1929).

I went to Fort Victoria from Bulawayo about 8 years ago. I came to bid farewell to Chitemamuru before I left. He had just at that time married me to my husband.

Before I went to Victoria I did not pay any visits to Pashu's country. About three or four years ago, however, I came to Bulawayo and journeyed through that country and eventually, arrived at Wankie. I travelled here and there blessing the grain. I was accompanied by another woman. I stayed at

Gundwani's village, but he did not go with me. I also visited Mwanapenzi's kraal and visited the cave. I did not enter it as it was stoned up with the exception of a small opening. I located the cave as I passed by. No one showed it to me.

(Note: This is not the truth. The cave is located in fairly dense bush some distance from the nearest native path.)¹¹

I thought at first the cave had some connection with Mambo's people.

(Note: Mambo was the King of the Malozwi. These people occupied the country before the Ndebele and Mashona. Even now in Mashonaland the natives consult the Chief of the Malozwi on important matters.)

I did not for a moment think it was the King's burial place that I was looking at. Mwanapenzi did not tell me anything about the cave. I think he must have been frightened to do so.

After I reached Wankie I returned to my home in Victoria.

Recently during this year I again visited Bulawayo. I came to Chitemamuru and asked for a *sikonzi* to accompany me to Lupani to assist in counting my cattle. This was an untruth. I have no cattle there.

My real object in coming to Bulawayo was to search for the King's grave. During my previous visit to Pashu's country (the occasion she went to Wankie) I met Gundwani after I had found the cave. I discussed the matter with him. He said the locality was haunted as the King was buried there. He further added that his father, Nsibazanungu, had shown him the cave. His father also told him that he was present at the burial of the King.

I talked the matter over with Gundwani as I have known him for many years. I met him at Nyamandhlovu, but not at Nyamande's kraal. I knew his father Nsibazanungu. He used to visit Nyamande frequently and Nyamande in his turn used to visit Nsibazanungu.

I now admit I knew before I returned to Victoria after my first visit that the King was buried in a cave in Pashu's country near the banks of the River Manyanda.

I knew the late Chief Pashu. He made no mention of the grave. He did not visit Nyamande.

I know Ginyilithse. I wanted him to accompany me and be present when I arrived at the cave. I sent a message to him to meet me at Gwamajula (Lonely Mine). He is an old man and I could trust him.

I know Masitulela (Wessells). I met him at Gwamajula. I told him about my plans and he offered to go with me. He was interested in the matter and decided to see the grave. I did not tell him that there might be treasures in the grave nor did he mention this to me. Yes, it is strange that he should offer to undertake the long journey without thought of reward.

I have said that Masitulela wanted to see the grave. He was interested in it. I remember camping at Mwanapenzi with him. He was there for three days yet he did not visit the cave. He wanted to do so but I refused to allow him. I changed my mind after I left Gundwani's kraal with Wessells. I became afraid and decided that he should not see the grave until it had been examined by a Government Official. I admit I allowed him to come with me in the first

place with the object of visiting the cave. I also admit I have incurred the enmity of the Ndebele people in going there. I still maintain I never held out any offer of reward to Masitulela.

About a month ago in company with Ginyilitshe I went to Gundwani's kraal. Masitulela met us there later.

I first sent Gundwani and Ginyilitshe to the grave. They were to return and report to me. I could not go myself on this occasion as my feet were swollen. I gave snuff to Ginyilitshe and told him to sprinkle it in the entrance of the cave. This was to appease the spirits.

I sent Gundwani with Ginyilitshe as a guide. He knew the way. They returned in due course and told me they had seen the place.

Later I set out with Masitulela (Wessells—Masitulela means the "Silent one"), Wekeni and others. We travelled through the Lubimbi Valley to Mwanapenzi's village on the banks of the Manyanda River. Ginyilitshe had returned to Bulawayo and Gundwani remained behind as his children were ill. Wekeni did not know the way to the grave, but I knew I could get people at the village who did.

We camped at the village for three days. The first day I sent Wekeni and others, including the son of Mwanapenzi, to the grave with some snuff. They were to place the snuff in the grave as a sign of respect. I told them to enlarge the entrance and enter. That was all they were to do.

The day following I went with some people to the cave. This was the second occasion I had seen it. I went on my knees before the grave, sprinkled water on the ground and said "*Ngiyazi ukuti le indawo enkulu. Ngingabo limala Ngokuza lapa. Ngiyahlonipa*"—(I am aware that this is a great place. May I be spared the dangers that are wrapped up in such a place. I am paying my respects.)

I did not myself enter the cave but sat on the stones in the entrance. I sent the others in. They had no fear as I had appeased the spirits.

There was found in the grave:

A rifle

A tool (bullet mould)

An iron frame which looked as if it has been part of a saddle

Pieces of leather

Bucket-handles

A bottle

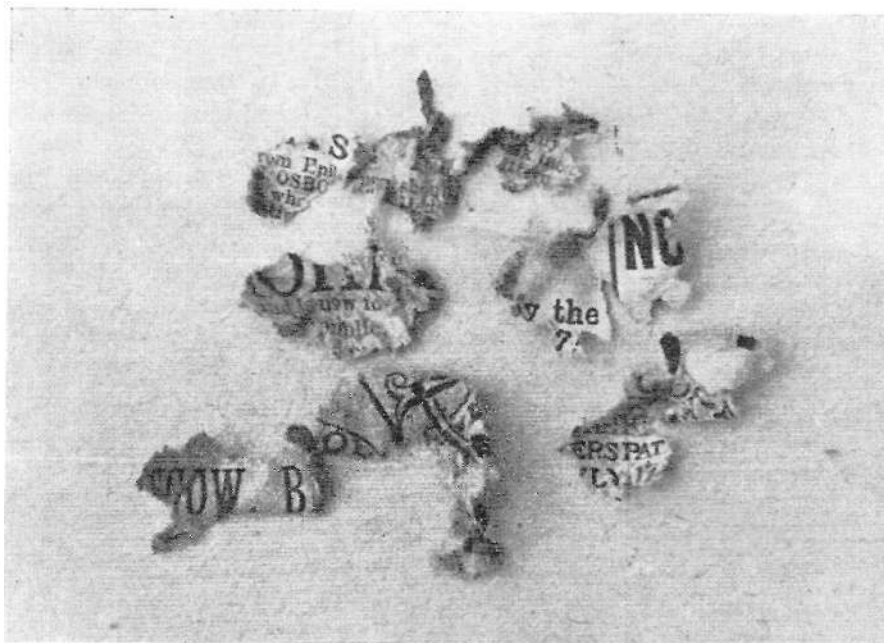
An iron handle.

All these articles are now in the possession of the Inkosi.

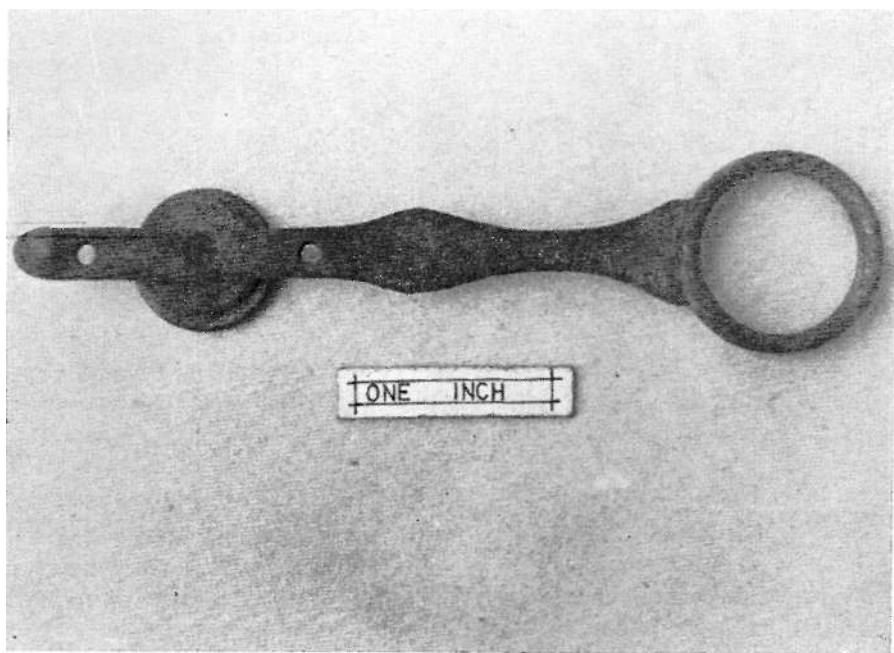
There were also three pots and other bottles. These were left behind.

I saw a bone in the cave. I cannot say to which part of the body it belonged.

There were some stones on the ground of the cave and resting on them some poles. It seemed to me that these same poles had been used as a stretcher on which to carry the body and had been placed on the stones. I cannot say if the stones and poles were disturbed by my party. We did not search the



Paper inside cartridge case used as a "muti" container.



An unidentified brass object.

cave. I only wanted the rifle as proof of the great discovery. I did not again return to the cave.

I know Mwanapenzi. He is married to the late Chief Pashu's daughter. I do not know if he knew where the grave was. I did not discuss the matter with him. Yet I admit I stayed in his kraal for three days.

The cave is not far from Mwanapenzi's kraal on the Manyanda River in the Gokwe country.

I think the cave was the burial place of the King. There is the rifle and the information supplied to me by Gundwani.

My object in finding the grave was to disclose it to the Government. I do not expect any reward. I see the letter produced. It was written by Masitulela on my instructions. I did ask for a reward in the letter which I handed to the Native Messenger Maleme.

I saw N. M. Maleme at Mwanapenzi's. He told me I was wanted by the Inkosi in Bulawayo.

I also remember Sangondoma arriving at Mwanapenzi. He came on foot and went away on a donkey. The donkey carried nothing else except some reeds that I had gathered to make mats. I know Masitulela has got the reeds. I am sending a native to fetch them.

I quarrelled with Masitulela at Mwanapenzi. I did say that he was going to do me down. By this I meant he would get the credit for discovering the grave. There was no money or valuables in the cave.

16th October, 1943.

(Signed) Shoko her X mark

VI

Manyanda.

24th September, 1943.

To the N.C.,
Byo.
Dear Sir,

I have arrived at this particular place, Manyanda, and as regards Lobengula's grave, I think it is the right place I have discovered now. I feel certain of what I have seen.

I shall be very thankful if you will let me know at your most earliest convenience what reward our Government is prepared to pay for the discovery of Lobengula's grave. I will be glad if you will kindly send me some black limbo and let me know as soon as possible.

Thanking you in anticipation,

Yours faithfully,

pp. Rain Queen Mazikali
H.W.

VII

Wekeni Mnene, No. 2548, Shangani, states:

I am a Zambesi native and the brother of Gundwani. My father was Nsibazenungu. He was a kraal head. He used to live in the Wankie District in Pashu's country near the Manyanda River. Pashu was his Chief. I was a young boy when my father died.

I live in the same village as Gundwani. He told me that our father had shown him the King's grave and described the locality. I have only been to the grave once and that was the time I led Shoko and her party to it. I know that Gundwani had been previously with Ginyilitshe. I saw them return and then Ginyilitshe left for Bulawayo.

After the return of Gundwani Shoko asked me to guide her to the cave. We travelled by Lubimbi to Mwanapenzi and took three days on the journey. In addition to Shoko and myself there also came Samagula, Sugela, Simanyala and Masitulela (Wessells). The European took his four donkeys leaving his scotch-cart at Gundwani's village.

We arrived at Mwanapenzi's kraal and Masitulela (Wessells) camped apart from us.

The first day Shoko remained at her camp. She sent Simanyala, Sugela and Siansokebale, the son of Mwanapenzi, to the cave with instructions to *Tetela* and look inside. I did not go on this occasion. They returned the same day and reported that something that looked like a rifle barrel was in the cave.

The following day the same party proceeded to the grave but now strengthened by Shoko and myself. We arrived and outside the cave Shoko *Wa tetela* and threw some snuff inside. I could not understand what she said as she spoke in a foreign language. We then removed some of the stones and entered.

I saw a platform made of stones on which rested some poles. It seemed to me that this had been made to place a body on. There was the top of a skull on the right-hand side as you enter the cave. The skull was on the ground. There was also a long bone. I cannot say if it was a shin bone. It was also on the ground but on the left-hand side. We saw a rifle and iron tool (bullet mould) and iron frame which looked as if it had been used as a saddle frame, some pieces of leather, an iron handle, two bucket handles and a bottle. All these articles are now in the Native Commissioner's office and I identify them as having been taken from the cave. There were also some other pots and bottles which we left in the cave.

Shoko told those present to move the stones in the grave forming the platform and the poles. She did this to enable her to look underneath. She found nothing. Those present made a search in the cave but did not turn the ground up. We found nothing else except those things I have already mentioned.

Shoko and I did not visit the cave again, but she sent the others on three further occasions to *Tetela*. She did not give any instructions that the entrance to the cave should be sealed up again.

I know that people should not violate or enter the grave or even go near it. We knew we were doing wrong but we feared Shoko. She is *Umtaka Mlimo*, which interpreted means "A child of God", and we thought we had her protection. Everyone in my country is frightened of her.

After I visited the grave with Shoko a messenger arrived saying that she and Gundwani were wanted in Bulawayo. This messenger was Sangondoma, who is working for Masitulela. Later a police messenger arrived at Mwanapenzi and took Shoko and all of us away to Lubimbi. This messenger came from Bulawayo.

All the time we were at Mwanapenzi Masitulela did not visit the grave. I heard Shoko say that he was looking for a mine.

I never overheard any conversation between Masitulela and Shoko.

Masitulela (Wessells) did not leave his camp at Mwanapenzi and prospect for minerals. He did not go into the veld. This seemed strange to me. I do not know why he should accompany Shoko. If he wanted to look for minerals he could go by himself. I really think he must have been searching for something in company with Shoko.

I am sure no treasures were found in the cave.

There was a quarrel between Masitulela and Shoko but only over sugar. I am sure there was nothing else.

Shoko sent the rifle and other things to Bulawayo by Samagula.

Again still later I travelled with Chitemamuru and his party to Lubimbi and to Mwanapenzi and thence to the grave.

I know the cave as the resting place of the King of the Matabele who at one time lived in Bulawayo. I have been told so by my brother Gundwani and Shoko. I have known this for a long time but remained silent.

11th October, 1943.

(Signed) Wekeni his X mark

VIII

Gundwani states:

I live in my own kraal, Shangani Reserve.

I know Shoko, Ginyilitshe, Monki, Wekeni and Masitulela (Wessells).

I am the son of Nsibazenu who died when I was about 13 or 14 years of age. The deceased was a Mutonga (Zambesi native).

I know the present Chief Pashu. He is my brother-in-law. The old Chief Pashu I did not know, he died before I was born. Pashu's people dwelt in the Wankie District close to the Gokwe border.

I have known Shoko for many years. She is a Rain Goddess *Umtaka Mlimo*. Once I was in trouble at Inyati and Shoko assisted me. She did not say that later in return she may look to me for help.

Shoko has visited our country many times. She came to bless the seed to ensure that we reaped a good harvest. People gave her presents. We have always reaped a bountiful harvest when this has been done.



Breech of a Flaubert pistol.



Brass tinder-box.

My father, Nsibazenungu, told me he was present when the King was buried. He did not give me any particulars about the burial, or what had been placed in the grave with the body.

One day many years ago, when I was still a young boy, my father pointed out to me the cave in which the body of the King had been placed to rest. This cave was near the Manyanda or Mubobo River and not far from Mwanapenzi.

I know the word *Mlindi*. It is the name of a river close to the cave. *Mlindi* means a haunted place where there are spirits. The Zambesi used to bury their dead in this locality.

The cave is under a *ruwari*. I cannot say how many openings it has. I only saw one entrance when I visited the place with Ginyilitshe about a month ago.

When my father pointed out the cave to me he told me that the King had been buried there and furthermore that I was never to disclose this fact to anyone. We were passing through this place one day on a visit to some of Pashu's people. The cave is just on the border of Wankie and Gokwe districts. It is just inside the latter district. The river Manyanda below the grave forms the common boundary.

Last month (September, 1943) Ginyilitshe and Shoko came to my village on the Shangani. Masitulela (Wessells) came later after I had visited the grave with Ginyilitshe.

Shoko, when she arrived, told me she had come for the purpose of visiting the "Amalinda" to *Tetela* to the grave. I know what she meant and she further explained herself. I know of Nyamande. He was a son of the King. He is now dead. Shoko told me he had directed her to come to me. I think that Nyamande must have known that my father, Nsibazenungu, was present at the burial of the King. I have never actually met Nyamande. I have heard though that Shoko at one time lived at Nyamande's village.

I led Ginyilitshe to the cave. We travelled through Mwanapenzi's village. At the village Siansokobale accompanied us. Shoko gave us some tobacco and snuff and told us to sprinkle it round the entrance to the cave and appease the spirits, *Tetela*. We came to the place and I showed the grave to Ginyilitshe

We remained some little distance from the cave itself, but we could see it. We were frightened to approach nearer as we feared the King. Ginyilitshe did not sprinkle the snuff and tobacco. He went on his knees and spoke to the King. He said that we had not come there to disturb him, and that he must not take revenge on us. We had been misled.

The entrance to the cave was sealed up with stones with only a small opening at the top.

That is all we did. We returned to my village where Shoko was. Ginyilitshe remained for two days and left for Bulawayo. Masitulela (Wessells) arrived a day after with a scotch cart and donkeys. He had come from Inyati.

I asked Masitulela (Wessells) what he wanted and he replied that he had been called by Shoko to look for Solomon's Mine.

Masitulela and Shoko and several others left for Mwanapenzi. Wekeni, my younger brother, guided the party to the village where I knew Siansokobale would take them to the grave. Shoko told me they were going to the grave to *tetela*. She referred to the King as her grandfather. He was not her grandfather. I did not accompany them. I refused to go. I was afraid. Wekeni was offered money to guide the others.

Masitulela and Shoko camped outside my kraal in different places for about a week. I did not hear any conversations between them.

Masitulela (Wessells) took his donkeys with him to carry food and blankets. The scotch cart remained at my kraal.

After Shoko and the rest had left a Police Messenger arrived from the *Inkosi* in Bulawayo with orders that Shoko and myself were to report to Bulawayo.

Wessells had left one of his natives, Sangondoma, at my village. I sent him after Shoko. He returned after two days riding one of Masitulela's donkeys. The donkey was not carrying anything else. I am sure of this. Shoko sent a message that she would follow.

I later heard that Shoko had returned and was at Lubimbi. She did not return to my kraal as she had swollen feet. Masitulela (Wessells) had passed through my village with his cart and donkeys on his way back to Gwamajula (Lonely Mine). I spoke to him. The Police Messenger was present and inspected his cart. He found nothing in it.

The next thing I knew was that Chitemamuru and his party had arrived and moved on to the grave with Wekeni again as a guide.

I am sure the cave I pointed out to Ginyilitshe is the grave of the King. My father pointed it out to me. A King is only buried in a cave.

Shoko is the only one I know of that has entered the grave. She returned with a rifle, iron tool (bullet mould), saddle frame, bottle and pieces of leather.

I fear the grave. My father also told me not to disclose its whereabouts. I showed it to Ginyilitshe because Shoko said that Nyamande, before his death, had told her to come to me. Shoko also related that she knew where it was.

My father, Nsibazenungu, and Nyamande were alive at the same time. I cannot say if they knew one another.

I have never heard it said that Nyamande had rifled the grave.

11th October, 1943.

(signed) Gundwani his X mark.

IX

Cronje Ndondo states:

I am head native clerk, Bulawayo Native Department office. I have had 21 years service.

I have been stationed at Gwaai and Inyati.

During 1927 when I was at Gwaai I heard that Nyamande, the son

of Lobengula, had gone to Pashu's country, and taken out some rifles from the cave Mlindi, which it was alleged was Lobengula's grave. Madhloli, who is now head, told me. He was a first cousin to the King and he was annoyed at what Nyamande had done. This is all I heard in the Gwaai. I know Nyamande.

In 1939 when stationed at Inyati, Chief Somvubu (now deceased), the son of Mtjana, told me that the King died at Pashu and he was buried there by his father and others. That is all I heard at Inyati.

Nyamande died during 1929 or 1930. He was a wealthy man. He spent considerable sums on buying horses. He paid £80 for a black gelding in Bulawayo.

For the last year or two I have been stationed in Bulawayo.

I know Shoko, Gundwani, Wekeni, Ginyilitshe and others.

Recently Shoko came to Bulawayo from Victoria and asked for a *sikonsi* to help her count her cattle at Lupani. I think she wanted a *sikonsi* to show the people that she had the support of the Government in searching for the grave. She had no cattle at Lupani.

The *sikonsi* returned later and reported to Mbizo (Mr. Johnstone) that Shoko had no cattle. He also reported that Ginyilitshe, who had accompanied them to Lupane, was following. The latter duly arrived and told Mbizo that he had been at the King's grave with Gundwanzi at Shoko's orders. It was on account of this information that I, with Chitemamuru and others, left for Pashu's.

On the 1st October, 1943, our party left by car for Lupane. There about 7 miles north of the road and at a village we found Monki. This man guided us to the Lubimbi valley.

From the Lubimbi I and others went to a kraal about 3 miles distant where we heard Shoko was resting. We found her there with Wekeni, the younger brother of Gundwani, and others. She was suffering from swollen feet. She admitted she had been to the King's grave and produced an iron saddle frame, pieces of leather and a bucket handle. She mentioned that she had sent a rifle to Bulawayo. All these articles she stated had come from the grave. She did not say she had found anything else.

Shoko said she had found the grave two years ago and had left it alone. She did not mention that anyone had guided her to it. Later, the spirits were worrying her and compelled her to return and see what was inside. On the second occasion Wekeni was her guide.

I have heard that Ginyilitshe and Shoko had a quarrel over the grave at Gundwani's kraal and Shoko tried to commit suicide.

On Saturday, 2nd October, 1943, we continued to Pashu's country guided by Wekeni. We travelled via Mwanapenzi's village and thence north to the Mlindi. Near the Manyanda River we saw a cave the entrance of which had been stoned up. When we arrived the stones had been pulled down and it was open. Chitemamuru and Manga Kumalo entered and what happened had already been described by Ginyilitshe and Manja Kumalo.

Mlindi is not the name of the country there but of that particular rock where we found the cave. "Amalindi" means "The home of the spirits".

In my own mind I am satisfied we found the King's grave.

Only a King is placed to rest in a cave in this country. A commoner is buried in the ground. There were the pieces of leather. We know the King left the Shangani on horseback and there was also the rifle.

8th October, 1943.

(signed) C. Ndondo

X

Nduna, No. 1980, Shangani, states:

I live in the lower Lupani area. My father's name is Ndamlaleli. He is dead.

When the battle took place at Shangani I was a child. My mother carried me to the Kana River away from the fighting.

All I can tell about the death of the King is what my father told me.

My father told me that before the battle of Shangani was fought the King left on horseback with Ndonza, Ngaiya, Mkubazi, Tshayamatole, Sihuluhulu, Chiefs Mtjana, Magwegwe, Manondwana and his personal servants, Nkantiwa and my father. The party travelled to a place called Sikobasinedanga (a pan near Kana). From there they crossed the Kana River and moved westwards to Pashu's country. There a messenger, Basa, arrived and reported to the King that his people had surrendered and that he should also return to Shangani and give himself up. The King asked if any people were following and the reply was in the negative.

The King called together the people who had accompanied him on his flight. He removed necklaces and girdles from his body and flung them in the fire. He said that all his cattle would be taken by the white men. He took a bottle from his belongings and drank from it. Chief Magwegwe, who was next to the King in rank also drank some of the contents. The same day the King and Magwegwe died.

Mkubazi was sent to call Pashu and returned with him. Pashu was told to look for a cave for the King in his country.

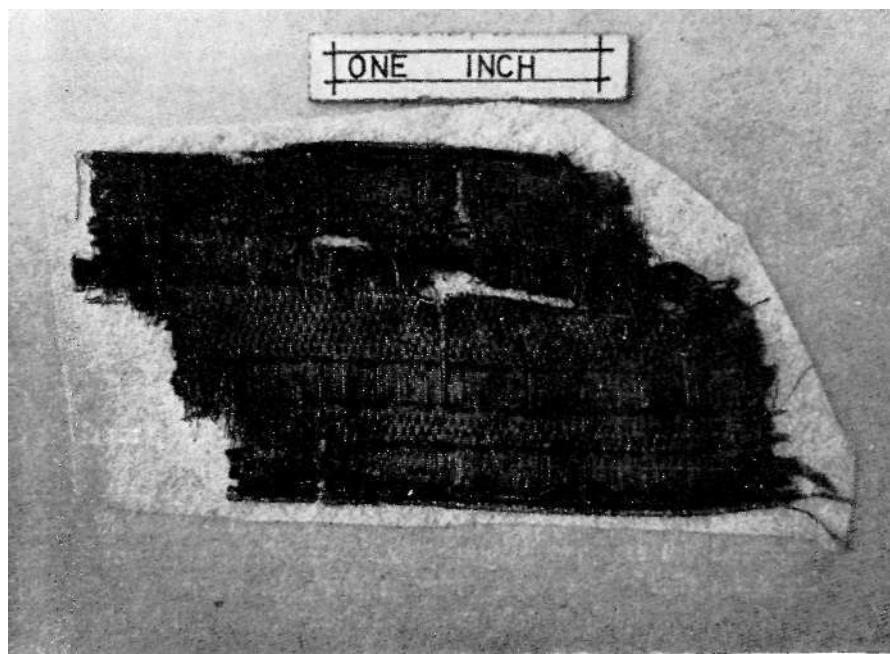
Pashu left with Ndonza to search for a cave. They returned in the evening with the news that they had found one. A black ox was killed and the King was placed inside the skin. The next day the King and Magwegwe were carried on stretchers to a place called "Malindi". The King's body was placed in a cave and Magwegwe buried in the ground on the eastern side of the cave.

My father was one of the people who carried the King's stretcher assisted by Ndonza, Mkubazi, Tshayamatole, Sihuluhulu and a few other young boys.

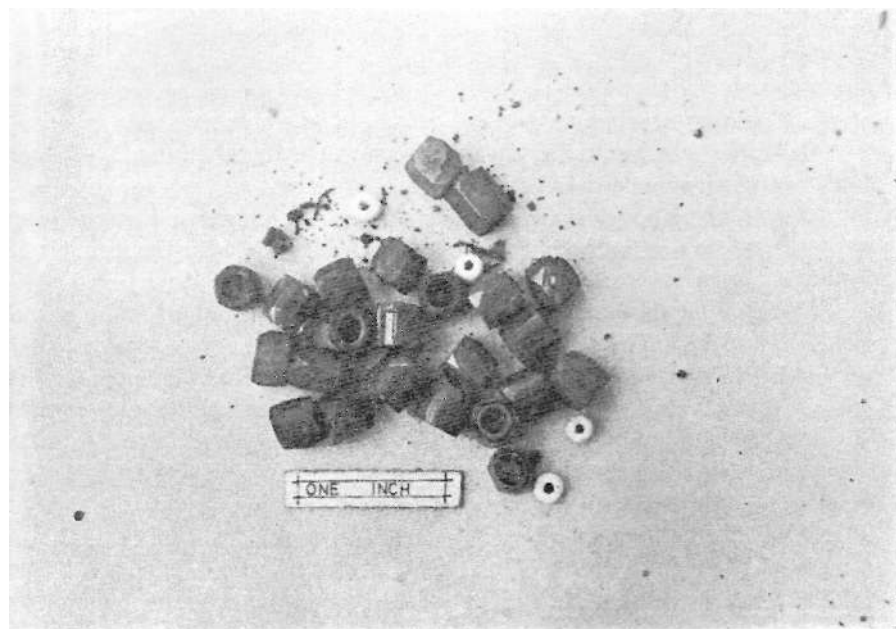
Before the King was buried the party was joined by Nsibazenungu and a few of his followers.

Chief Mtjana ordered that the King's property should be buried with him. The following were placed in the cave:

Two chairs which were presents from Queen Victoria to the King
One brass stick



Gold braid.



Beads.

One double-barrelled rifle
One single-barrelled rifle
Money and also pieces of gold
The King's saddle
A pipe which had also been presented to him by Queen Victoria
Other things such as pots.

I do not know if any bottles were placed in the grave. I cannot say how much money there was nor what it consisted of. I did not hear if there were any safes.

There were three horses and they all died from tsetse fly.

I have never been to the "Malindi". My father pointed out the place to me from a distance and said I was never to go near it.

Amalinda means the "Home of the Spirits". I have been to Mwanapenzi's village and to Pashu's. On my way to Pashu's I have passed the Malindi. It is close to the Munyanda River which is also known as the Mubobo. You cross this river and downstream about 500 yards you see a big rock on the river bank. The Malindi is on the eastern side of it.

I cannot say if anyone has entered the cave and rifled it. I have never actually been to the cave itself but passed close by.

Such is the story related to me by my father.

I know Siyatsha. He was not present at the burial of the King. He was a child and probably remained behind with the cattle.

8th October, 1943.

(signed) Nduna his X mark

XI

Manja Kumalo states:

My father was Somhlolo. We are related to the Royal House. My father and Lobengula were cousins.

I was a young boy when the battle was fought at Shangani. I was herding cattle and goats not far from the battle ground. I could hear the thunder of the guns.

I heard after the battle was over that the King and others had left and moved north west. The King was on horseback. His wagons remained near the battlefield and were afterwards taken to the Kana River (about 14 miles north east of Lubimbi Valley) where they were captured by the Europeans.

My father Somhlolo followed the King and his party. I later went to the Kana River with the cattle and camped there. Later I was told to take the cattle to the Shangani River. Before we arrived there my father rejoined us. He had been absent for about three weeks. He reported to us that *Ilanga Litshonile Ko Pashu* meaning "The Sun had set at Pashu". That was all he said. My father died that same night and was buried near the Shangani River the following day.

I am an old man. All these years I have remained silent though I was

aware the King had been buried in Pashu's country. It was our wish that the grave should never be found. I have talked now because I and others have seen the grave and there is no longer any necessity for secrecy.

Recently I went with Chitemamuru, Cronje Ndondo and others to Pashu's country. There near Mwanapenzi's village we came to a cave on the Mubobo River. The main entrance had at one time been stoned up but when we arrived it was open.

I entered the cave with Chitemamuru. I could see it had been disturbed. The ground had been dug up and rocks inside had been removed. I saw the top of a skull, a shin bone, three pots, seven bottles and some poles. I think these same poles had been used as a stretcher to place the body on. I am sure the cave had been rifled because the poles were under the stones in the cave.

In my opinion I am sure it is the King's grave. For one thing there is the locality and the things that were found inside the cave. I refer to the rifle and pieces of leather, and there is the fact that only a King is buried in a cave.

Our custom is that the burial ground of a King must not be disclosed. It should only be known to those who accompany him on his last journey. I cannot say if any treasures were buried with the King.

7th October, 1943.

(Signed) Nanja his X mark

XII

Ginyilitshe states:

I have already told my story to the Inkosi.

I had a quarrel with Shoko at Gundwani's village. This was because I restrained Gundwani from entering the grave. She said nobody had shown her the grave, but God had come to her in a dream and had done so.

I knew Nyamande. He was a son of the King. I knew him during the lifetime of the King and later.

I was a member of the Insukamini regiment and Nyamande was a soldier of the Ingubo regiment. We went on raids together to Mashonaland. This was before the rebellion. We raided in the Sipolilo and Zimutu (Victoria) Districts. We used to plunder the countryside and return with cattle and slaves from amongst the Mashona.

Nyamande did not fight at Shangani. The King was on his way there from Gadadi (White's Run, Insiza) with his wagons. Then followed next Nyamande and his party and my regiment came afterwards. Before we reached the Shangani Nyamande and his followers joined us. It was said that the King had driven him away and told him to fight with the others. The King never favoured him on account of his conduct.

When the actual battle of Shangani took place Nyamande was not present. He was in our rear.

Nyamande was not present at the King's death.

Gundwani told me that he had agreed to show Shoko the grave because

Nyamande had told him to do so. He also related that Nyamande had said that he had visited the cave, being guided by Mwanapenzi.

Nyamande died about 1929 or 1930.

I know that when Nyamande died Shoko was a member of his kraal.

Mwanapenzi married a daughter of the late Chief Pashu and the latter was present at the burial. It is likely that Mwanapenzi was pointed out the grave by his father-in-law.

Gundwani found no difficulty in leading us to the cave. He went straight there.

The late Chief Pashu and Mwanapenzi used to live in the same kraal. Both of them moved their villages because Nsonso (the late Mr. Lanning, N.C.) used to visit them and make enquiries as to the locality of the grave.

At Gundwani's village, after my return from the grave, I had words with Shoko as I have said before. I told her I had come with the intention of counting cattle and not to enter the cave. She took a reim and tried to hang herself. The *sikonzi*, Gogoli, took it from her.

13th October, 1943.

(signed) Ginyilitshe his X mark

Ginyilitshe, 4845, Inyati, states:

I am a kraal head living near Gwamajula (Lonely Mine) Inyati.

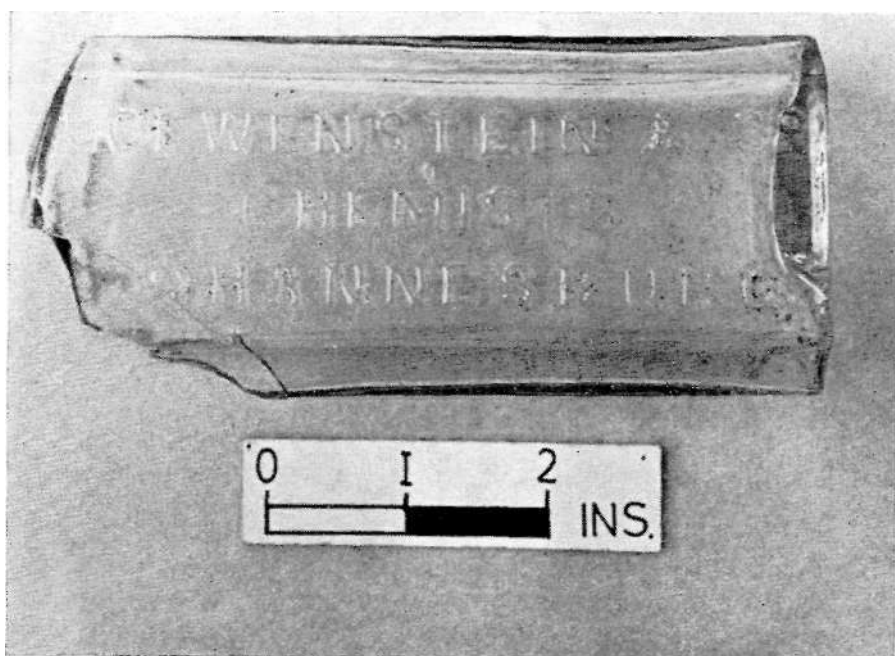
I know Shoko, Gundwani, Wekeni, Monki, Manja, Kumalo, Dagamela, Wessells and Cronje Ndonga.

During August this year Shoko sent a message to me to meet her at the Lonely Mine. I went there and met her. She asked me to accompany her to the Native Commissioner, Bulawayo, where she hoped to obtain a *sikonzi*. The three of us would then proceed to Lupane to count her cattle. At that time she advanced no other reasons why she wanted to visit Lupane. I cannot say why Shoko should turn to me concerning her cattle. This is the first time I have met her, but I have known of her before. She is *Umtaka Mlimo* (a Child of God). She promised to pay me £6 for my assistance. I came with Shoko to Bulawayo and she was given a *sikonzi* by Chitemamuru. I reported the fact that I was accompanying Shoko to Mbizo. We then proceeded to Lupane and continued on our way to Gwaai (Half Way House). Shoko then said we must go to Gundwani's village where the cattle were. We went there.

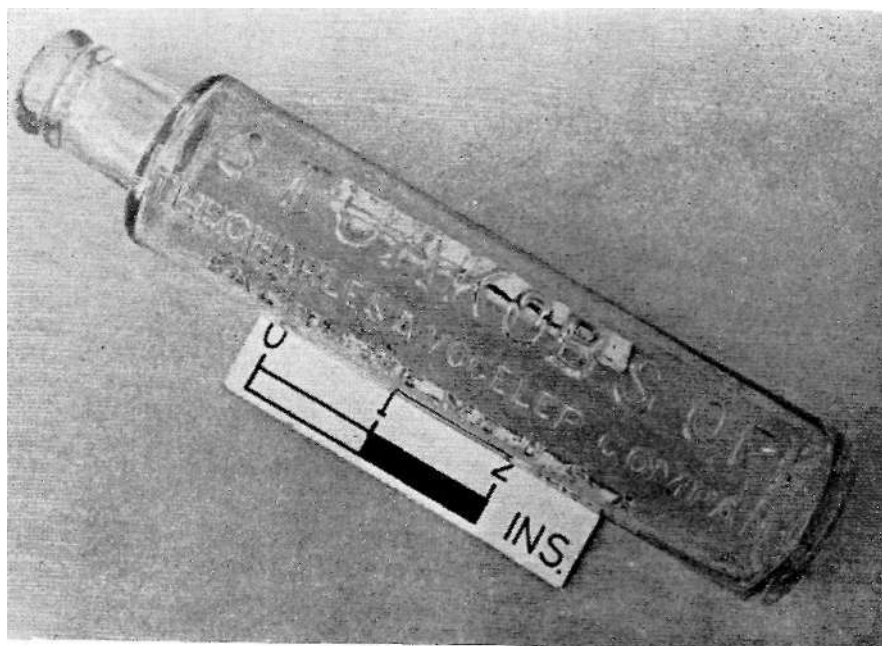
At the village Shoko instructed Gundwani and Manyachana to go with me to Pashu's country. We went on our way and passed through Lubimbi valley. Shoko remained at Gundwani's.

Passing through Lubimbi Gundwani explained to me why we were going to Pashu. He said Shoko had no cattle but had discovered a mine called Solomon's Mine. We were to find it. We travelled to Mwanapenzi's Village on the Mubobo River.

We slept at the village and next morning went to search for the mine accompanied by Mwanapenzi's son. Gundwani knew the road and led us. We crossed the Mubobo River four times, and the Kamakubi once. When we reached the former river on the fourth occasion we turned downstream in the river bed and walked a little distance. We left the bed near a big rock



Medicine bottles.



overlooking the river and walked north for about 200 yards. We came to a *ruwari*, still led by Gundwani. Then Gundwani pointed out a cave which he said was Solomon's Mine. He said I had been asked to accompany the expedition as I was to *ukutetela* (appease the spirits).

I did not *tetela* because I was frightened. I knew, and many of us know, that the King had been buried in a cave in Pashu's country, but we did not know the exact locality. I knew at once I was looking at the King's grave. Gundwani is the son of Nsibazenungu (deceased) who was present when the King was buried. It was Nsibazenungu and Pashu (deceased) who pointed out a cave in their country in which to bury the King who, at the time of his death, was fleeing from the Europeans, after the battle of Shangani. The King was suffering from fever and smallpox.

I will open my heart now. The King's grave has been found and why remain silent? The great secret no longer exists. I was present at the battle of Shangani as a member of the Insukamini Regiment. The King moved away before the battle on horseback. We fought to hold the enemy from following him (the King).

The King left a place called Pupu (Shangani Reserve near the river about 22 miles north east of where Lupane Hotel now stands) before the battle started. He was accompanied by men and young women who were carriers. Amongst those who went with their King were Chiefs Mtshana, Sihuluhulu, Magwegwe, Ndonza and others. As I have related before, the King left on horseback and his wagons remained behind. The wagons were later captured by Johwana (Colenbrander).

After the battle of Shangani we remained in the vicinity of the battleground. We were ordered not to follow our King as our spoor would disclose his whereabouts.

After about a month had expired Mtshana and others, with the exception of Magwegwe, returned to us and reported that the King and Magwegwe had died. They related the King had been buried in Pashu's country but did not name the exact spot.

After the news we moved up to the Shangani River and returned to our homes. There was no more fighting.

Many of us have known that the King was buried in Pashu's country. We were told so by those who were with him at his death but we were forbidden to disclose any information. That is why I and others have remained silent all these years until just lately. They further advised us that they had discovered the cave in which to bury the King with the aid of Pashu, Nsibazenungu and Ndonza.

When I saw the cave recently I knew it was the King's. I knew he had been buried in Pashu's country and I know no other man would have been buried in a cave. Magwegwe would have been buried in the ground. Only a King is placed to rest in a cave.

Shoko was shown the grave by Gundwani. The latter is the son of Nsibazenungu. Gundwani told me that his father had shown him the cave.

When I arrived at the cave with Gundwani the main entrance was stoned up with the exception of a space about a square foot.

Still more recently I have visited the place with Chitemamuru, Cronje Ndongo, Manja Kumalo, Dagamela and others. We travelled via the Lubimbi Valley and Mwanapenzi's kraal and followed the same route. When we came to the cave I could see it had been violated. The stones at the main entrance had been removed and it was open.

Chitemamuru and Manja Kumalo entered the cave. The rest of us sat on the rocks in the entrance. We only found the top of a skull, a shin bone, several bottles containing fat and three pots. I saw the top of the skull. It was that of a big man. The King was a very big man. I could see that the earth inside the cave had been disturbed and stones removed.

I cannot identify the rifle said to have been found. The King had many.

I cannot say if the King took any treasures with him when he fled from Shangani. It was rumoured that he had diamonds and gold. I cannot say if he had two safes for "Who would dare go near the King's house"? Ndonga and others present at the death did not say that any treasure had been buried in the cave.

After I returned from my first visit to Pashu's and Gundwani I returned to Bulawayo and reported all that had taken place to Mbizo (Mr. Johnstone).

Siyatsha, who married the King's daughter Sedambi, lives not far from Bulawayo. He was a young boy at the time the King fled. He accompanied the King but I cannot say if he was present at the death.

4th October, 1943.

(signed) Ginyilitshe his X mark

XIII

Samagula, No. 3457, Shangani, states:

I live at Mabuto's kraal in the Shangani. Mabuto is also known as Gundwani.

I know native female Shoko. I met her for the first time last month at Gundwani's kraal. I did not see her arrive nor do I know who accompanied her.

I know a European Wessells. I do not know his native name. I met him for the first time at Lubimbi (Hot water springs) in the Gokwe District.

At Gundwani's kraal Shoko asked me to accompany her to Pashu's country, in the Wankie district. She wanted to travel in this country with the object of blessing the seed so that the inhabitants would reap a good harvest. I know Shoko is a Rain Goddess, but I cannot say if she is a witch doctor.

I left Gundwani's with Shoko and four others. Gundwani did not go with us, but his younger brother Wekeni, travelled down to the Shangani River and crossed it near Lubimbi. We visited kraals and Shoko, at each place, treated the seed. She turned the seed over in her hands, chanting and using the word *Totela* which means the *Mudzimu*. Some of the owners of the

grain brought small sums of money and others fowls as gifts to Shoko. We journeyed to Lubimbi where we met Wessells.

We joined Wessells at the top of the valley where he was camped with his wife (a coloured woman), child and a native. The latter is of the Mulozwi tribe, but I do not know his name. There were also four donkeys there, but no scotch cart.

We stayed at Lubimbi for one day and then all moved to Mubobo's kraal in the Wankie District. We finally reached Mwanapenzi's kraal after journeying for two days. I overheard no conversation between Shoko and Wessells.

We camped apart and Shoko on occasion would visit him.

At Mwanapenzi's village Wessells camped near the river Manyanda, which is also known as the Mubobo, and we made our *sihonqo* (camp) some little distance away. The Mulozwe native was still with the party.

The day after our arrival at the village Shoko told us that we were to accompany her to the Amalinda. This means the house of the spirits. Wekeni, three others from the village, and I went with Shoko. The European remained behind. We travelled through the bush, crossing many rivers. We came to the final river and moved east until we reached a big *ruwari* (rock). There in front of a cave Shoko knelt, and we clapped our hands. She spoke in a foreign language, and we did not know what she said. I know she was addressing, *Ukutetela*, the *Mudzimu* (spirit). Nothing further was done that day and we returned to our *sihonqo*.

The same party returned to the cave the following day. Shoko again addressed the *Mudzimu* and then ordered us to open and enter the cave. She did not say what was inside or what she was searching for.

The opening to the cave was closed with stones with the exception of a small gap (one foot square, indicated) we widened this gap and opened the cave. We were frightened to tamper with the cave. We did so because we feared Shoko still more. She is a Goddess.

Shoko now entered the cave and we followed her. I saw a rifle, a tool, an iron handle, and pieces of leather. I have handed all these articles to Chitemamuru. I saw two clay pots and a few bottles. I did not touch the pots or the bottles and therefore do not know if they contained anything. There were fairly large stones in the *middle* of the grave and poles on the ground in close proximity to them. These same stones were in such a position as if to form a table upon which to place something.

Shoko did not search the cave on the two occasions I went with her. After she entered the cave she remained clapping her hands and talking in a language unknown to me.

Shoko took the rifle and other things and gave them to me with instructions to take them to the *Inkosi* at Bulawayo. That was all she said to me. She did not remove anything else during my presence.

I forgot to mention that I saw the top of a skull in the cave and a shin bone.

We again left the cave and returned to Mwanapenzi's village. I did not remain there with the others but returned to my kraal and thence to Bulawayo.



Bottles from the grave.



I do not know who is buried in the cave.

Wessells did not visit the cave on the occasions I did.

I do not remember Shoko and Wessells having a quarrel.

When I passed through Mwanapenzi's village for the final time I saw the Mulozwi native there with his master.

4th October, 1943.

(signed) Samagula His X mark.¹²

Subsequent History

Because of respect for the Amandebele people and especially the Kumalo section of them the whereabouts of the cave was kept a secret. It was, however, visited from time to time by the Monuments Commission's inspectors.

During October 1960 there were persistent rumours at Kamativi Mine that two hunters had found a silver teapot of Victorian age in or in the vicinity of the grave. Investigations by the Chief Inspector of Monuments and the British South Africa Police stationed at Binga failed to get to the bottom of these rumours. However, evidence showed that the grave had been entered. The rough stone walling closing the entrance to the cave was rebuilt but not cemented in position.¹³

The grave was not disturbed, as far as we know, until 1967 when Dr. Oliver Ransford was taken there by the District Commissioner, Binga.

During September 1967, accompanied by Mr. B. J. M. Foggin, Under-Secretary of the Department of Internal Affairs, and Mr. I. Findlay, District Commissioner, Binga, I visited the grave.

There was no doubt that the cave had been visited after Dr. Ransford had entered it. A modern African earthenware pot had been placed in the centre of the cave. The pot contained modern glass beads and a piece of paper. The paper proved to be part of a Customs Department "Declaration Form".

To facilitate entrance much of the rough stone walling was removed.

The cave floor was covered with the dung of rock rabbits (*Heterohyrax* or *Dendrohyrax*). We carefully scraped aside this deposit to free various objects which were showing through it.

The following items were removed:

- 4 sole-plates of guns or rifles
- 3 cut-throat razors (blades only)
- 1 saddle arch
- 4 brass saddle brackets
- 1 tinder-box (brass)
- Sundry parts of penknives
- 1 silver pipe cover
- 1 piece of gold uniform braid
- 1 saw
- 1 file, triangular
- 1 part of hammer gun action
- 1 rifle-sling buckle
- 2 saddlery buckles
- 1 spectacle frame

- 4 spectacle lenses
- 1 Martini-Henry cartridge case—corked
- 1 base of cartridge
- 2 unidentified cartridge cases
- 4 lead bullets
- 2 unidentified brass objects
- 1 bottle—Loewenstein and Co., Chemists, Johannesburg
- 1 bottle—St. Jakob's Oel. The Charles A. Voegeler Company, Baltimore, MD, U.S.A.
- 1 magnifying glass
- 1 cowrie shell
- 6 unnamed bottles—wine
- 1 bottle—Cafe Vierge
- 1 bottle—Elliman's Royal Embrocation
- 1 blue enamel drinking vessel
- 1 ebonite pipe-stem with ivory screw
- A quantity of blue hexagonal beads
- A quantity of white opaque oblate beads
- 1 brass circular ring
- 1 rivet

The unidentifiable objects were all returned to the grave and the stones replaced to cover the entrance to the cave.

Other material not removed from the cave was identified as under:

- 1 femur and 1 clavicle (human)
- 1 unmarked pill bottle
- 1 screw-topped bottle
- A quantity of saddle strapping
- A quantity of saddle leather
- Many fragments of gold braid
- Remains of planed wood which may have been part of a chair
- Poles which may have been part of a stretcher.

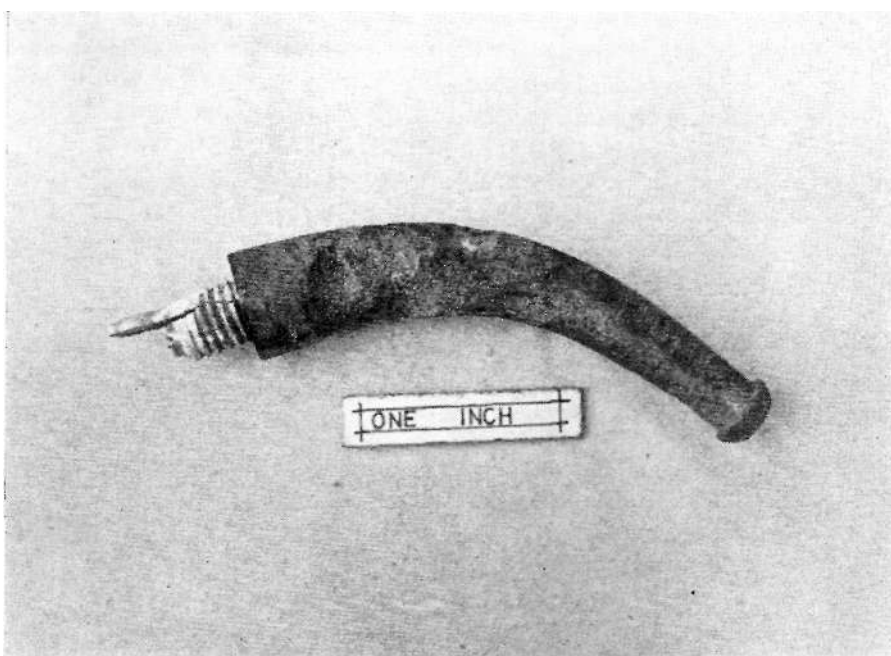
Investigations were started immediately in an endeavour to date the objects and if possible link them with Lobengula. The first undertaking was to clean the metal objects and protect them from further deterioration. Mrs. P. S. Garlake, of Salisbury, undertook this work on behalf of the Historical Monuments Commission. Once this object had been achieved photographs of all the remains were taken.

Mr. B. M. Berkovitch, Secretary of the Historical Firearms Society of South Africa, identified the parts of the weapons as—

1. Sole plate of a Wesley-Richards Monkey-Tail rifle
 2. A Snider sole-plate
 3. The breech-block of a Flaubert pistol?¹⁴
 4. 8-bore undischarged cartridges
 5. 8-bore lead balls
 6. Snider cartridge cases
- and 7. Rifle-sling buckle.¹⁵



Silver pipe-cover.



Ebonite pipe-stem showing teeth marks from porcupine.

All the weapons listed would have been manufactured prior to 1890.

The blue hexagonal beads and the white oblates were common trade beads of the nineteenth century. Many of these have been found during excavations in refuse dumps of the late Matabele period. Similar beads were also recovered during clearing operations at Lobengula's first Bulawayo.

The tinder-box of brass could be of any age and similar articles can still be purchased at country trading stores in Botswana. My son has one in his possession which was purchased at Kalkfontein during 1959.

The spectacle frame and lenses are of a "pince-nez" type similar to those used in the Victorian era. There is no evidence to suggest that Lobengula ever used glasses but someone may well have given them to him.

There is a record of Lobengula being intrigued by Maguire using a magnifying glass to start a fire, so he may well have had one presented to him.

Cut-throat razors were in common use at this period, indeed no other type had then been developed.

In the statement by Nduna, No. 1890, Shangani, is a list of objects said to have been buried with Lobengula. These include "a pipe which had been presented to him by Queen Victoria". Through the good offices of my brother, O. H. B. Cooke of Walpole St. Peters, Norfolk, it has been possible to obtain the following information about the silver pipe cover. The Master of the Birmingham Assay Office states that the silver mark shows that it was stamped at Birmingham in 1888 and that the initials L-B refer to a pipe-maker named Louis Blumfield of 21 Queen Victoria Street in the City of London.¹⁶

Following on this information my brother wrote to Sir Michael Adeane at Windsor Castle. He received the following letter in reply:

Dear Sir,

Your interesting letter of November 2nd addressed to Sir Michael Adeane has been passed to me for a reply. A search has been made in the Royal Archives but I am sorry to say that nothing has been found about the presentation of a pipe and uniform to Lobengula, King of the Matabele. The only gift recorded is that of a portrait of Queen Victoria which was given to him in 1889 when the Queen received two of his Chiefs at Windsor Castle. I am so sorry that I cannot be of assistance to you.

Yours very truly,

Robert Mackworth-Young.

With reference to the pipe-maker my brother commented that no such pipe-maker has existed in the City within his memory of London over the last ± 40 years.

The letter from the Queen's Archivist is of interest because it makes no mention of any other presents than the portrait to Lobengula.

In *Three Years with lobengula* J. Cooper-Chadwick says, on page 114, "On the return of the indunas from England . . . Babyan and Umshete, the two envoys,¹⁷ brought back as a present from the Queen to Lobengula an almost life-sized portrait of herself, in a handsome frame, and also a valuable gold collar."¹⁸ With such an important item missing from the records one is bound to wonder how incomplete they are. However, all that can be said is that the date

of manufacture fits well with the date of the King's death.

The gold braid was manufactured from gold wire and obviously came from a military uniform of some description. The following extracts from Cooper-Chadwick (op. cit.) have a considerable bearing on this:

p. 120: "In February, 1890, Captain Ferguson, Surg.-Major Mellidew, attended by a corporal and a private, all of the Royal Horse Guards arrived at Gubulawayo . . . They all appeared before him [i.e. Lobengula] in the full uniform of the Blues . . ."

p. 122: ". . . before leaving Captain Ferguson presented the King with his full uniform, which had taken his fancy . . ."

There is no evidence that Lobengula ever donned the uniform but the braid is of great significance.

The planed wood may well have been part of a chair. Nduna also states that two chairs, presents from Queen Victoria, were placed in the grave.¹⁹

The parts of saddlery are of particular interest because it has been stated that saddle horses were ridden during Lobengula's last journey.

Another interesting feature of the investigation is the statement made by A. C. Adams in which it says that on the visit of Briers and Labuschagne a bridle was removed from the grave. On acquisition card No. E/1/4353 in the National Museum, Bulawayo, the following is recorded:

"Archives, 12.11.48, on permanent loan.

"According to Mr. Louw (donor) these [i.e. a bridle and a bit] were given to him by a Mr. Briers who told him he had taken them from Lobengula's grave. I have written to Mr. Louw asking for the fullest particulars known to him but he has not replied.

"The relics came into my possession through the Cape Times who forwarded a letter from Mr. Louw, saying he was anxious to return them to the Rhodesian authorities. Mr. Piet Briers is now unfortunately dead . . .

"S.R. Public Relations Dept., Cape Town, 30.4.47.

"Further applications to Mr. Louw have also met with no reply.

"E.B. [National Archives] August 1948."

The original account says that the fittings are of silver, in fact they are of nickel silver. The bit is a straight Pelham and curb of a semi-military type in use towards the end of the nineteenth century.

The blue and white drinking vessel without a handle is typical of the enamelware which was made in the Victorian era.

There were a number of bottles in the cave but only a few had any names or identifying marks on them. The most interesting are the Elliman's Royal Embrocation and that marked St. Jacobs Oel.

Fortunately at the time of these investigations Mr. Don Low, a member of the Historical Monuments Commission, bought a collection of old issues of *Punch*. In one dated 22nd May, 1886, an advertisement for this very "cura-all" appeared:

"A Lucky Investment

"Mrs. Mary Ann Halls, of Wardley, Uppingham, Rutland County, was crippled with rheumatism. She suffered agony over eighteen years. Her feet

and hands were deformed. She was crippled and helpless. She could not walk. Her doctor said she was incurable. She had vainly tried different remedies. One bottle of St. Jacob's Oil removed all pain and swelling. It brought her hands and feet back to their natural shape. It cured her as if by magic.

"A Lucky Investment

"For more than five years Mr. Henry Coates, 11, Cheatham place, Adelaide Street, Kingston-upon-Hull, was a sufferer from rheumatism in its worst form. Not only was he unable to work, but often confined to his bed. His feet and ankles were terribly swollen, and two crutches would hardly support him. Twelve hours after applying St. Jacob's Oil he found relief. He continued its use, and was soon well. Now he can not only walk without a stick, but can run, and works every day. This great remedy costs only 2s. 6d. a bottle."

There were several more similar advertisements.

On page 116 of J. G. McDonald's *Rhodes: a life* (Philip Allan, 1927) the following appears, relating to the year 1889: "Lobengula was suffering now from sore eyes in addition to a return of the gout; his indunas were more difficult than usual to restrain . . . Jameson determined to see things out so remained at the King's kraal doctoring his [i.e. Lobengula's] ills . . ."

Lobengula is said to have had great respect for Dr. Jameson as a man and also because he could alleviate his suffering. Once the remedies of the doctor were not available he would most certainly have had to use African remedies or any of European origin that hunters and traders could give him or recommend. One can only hope that the poor old man had some relief from his gout and swollen joints from these two forms of medication.

Cafe Vierge and the chemist Lowenstein have not been identified.

Once again the available dating points towards the correct period.

The corked Martini cartridge was opened carefully. It contained a few dry leaves and sticks which were unidentifiable. Also contained in the cartridge case was the dried out and almost powdered remains of a piece of paper. Of the words still readable "Epilepsy" is one. It would appear that this was an advertisement for some cure which he had or wished to obtain. The ornate printing is very typical of the Victorian era.

The wooden poles may well have been parts of the stretcher mentioned in the accounts of the burial.

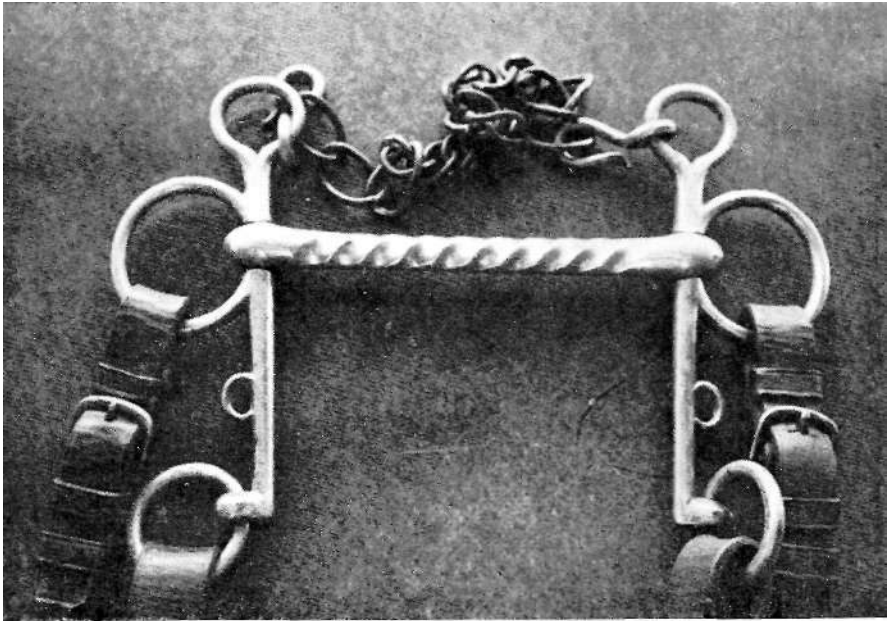
There are several articles which have not been identified including a complicated piece of brass.

A large cowrie shell, possibly part of a bead necklace, was also amongst the finds. Sea shells, especially cowries, have always had intrinsic value in the eyes of the African peoples.

The above account may be said to close the case for the "prosecution". The evidence extracted by Mr. Huxtable added to the material evidence of dateable articles all points to the possessions of somebody of great importance. Who but the King would have had a number of guns and rifles? Who would have had a silver-mounted pipe? And who else would have had access to wine



Part of hammer gun action of sporting rifle or shotgun.



Bit removed from the cave by Mr. Briers.

and exotic medicines? There is no record of any European dying at that period near Lupani and no other African than a chief would have had so many possessions.

Everything points to the cave being in some way associated with Lobengula. There are three possibilities: (1) It was his grave; (2) It was the cave in which his possessions were buried; (3) The items were hidden as a ruse to mislead the pursuit whilst he (Lobengula) escaped across the Zambezi.

The evidence for Lobengula having crossed the Zambezi is slight and unconfirmed. Posselt in his book *Upengula* (p. 112) says "Many natives definitely state that it [i.e. the grave at Malindi] is not [his] and that the fugitive king fled north, as was his apparent intention, and expressed as such by him, and crossed the Zambezi, evidently with the object of reaching the Anguni under Chief Mpezeni, his kindred people. They point to the fact that he still had some wagons and a horse at his disposal, and was accompanied by many of his household guards, the *Imbovane*, none of whom, it is said, ever came back. Though many of his cattle may have been struck by 'tsetse fly' such cattle may well survive for a period of months. Once across the Zambezi, the king, who was a heavy man, could as a final resort be carried on a litter."

There are many conflicting reports about the state of the trek oxen, one account saying that there were insufficient beasts to supply the skins for the King's burial. But the fact remains that the Queens returned to their kraal outside Bulawayo by wagon. Would the King have left all his wives to return to Bulawayo and take none with him? This does not seem to have been a likely action even on the part of a fugitive.

The statements taken by Mr. Huxtable only mention a small party with the King, being followed on a different route by the Queens. There is no mention anywhere of the *Imbovane*.²⁰ They may well have been part of the fighting force left to engage the forces at Shangani.

Almost every account given to Mr. Huxtable states that the King died at Malindi but not all of them state where he was buried.

When Mziligazi died in the Matopos he was taken by cart to his kraal at Mhlahlandhlela. He was not buried at Entumbane until some time later. He was buried in one cave whilst his possessions, including his wagon, were buried elsewhere. This may well have been the custom of the Amandebele and the cave we are dealing with may well be that of the King's possessions whilst he is buried elsewhere but nearby.

The early accounts of the discovery may have been exaggerated, but each one appears to refer to a larger cave than the one examined by the writer. The description given by Labuschagne talks of a passage 29 paces long.

Briers or Bree gave conflicting accounts. In one he talks of the King sitting in a chair with his head thrown back, in the other he stated to Giese that "It contained the body of a large native, half squatting, half sitting with the head on one side on the ground."

The same statement mentions "silver jugs". This may well be the source of the rumour of the Victorian tea-service mentioned previously.

No mention of the skull has been made for many years. The bones seen

in the cave do not indicate a man of large proportion nor a man of the age of over about 60. (See footnote 3.)

However, H. H. Phillips was told by Siyatsha Fuyana who died in 1952 that when the cave was entered 50 years after the burial (i.e. the cave under discussion) it was found that it had been violated. The remains of the King comprised only the skull and a few bones, the remains of a saddle, a rifle, the butt of which had been eaten by white ants, a mould for making bullets and the handle of a safe.²¹ Siyatsha stated that the treasure of diamonds was a myth and this was confirmed by a slave of Sidambi who was actually in charge of the household luggage on the wagons at Shangani. The name of the slave was Twalimbiza.²²

As there were two human bones present when the writer entered the cave there is no reason to doubt that there was a skull present at the time of the official visit in 1943.

Robinson does not mention the presence of a skull on his visits (reports in the Commission's files). He, however, never carried out an examination of the inside of the cave.

Complete excavation of the cave might disclose further bones, but because it appears from the contemporary accounts that the King was not buried but only placed in the grave, it is unlikely that any other bones are extant. Also the ravages of porcupine are evident, a fact shown by the tooth marks present on the ebonite pipe-stem (see plate).

Lobengula's Treasure

Many reports on the enormous wealth of Lobengula have been circulated over the years. Expeditions have been mounted in an endeavour to locate it. Some accounts say it was buried with him, others say that it had been hidden previously on the King's instruction.

The last report printed was in *Illustrated Life Rhodesia* of the 18th July, 1968. The article was entitled "Who wants to be a millionaire?" This article claims that a fortune of more than £3,000,000 could, and probably was, accumulated by Lobengula.

It is suggested that Lobengula allowed his men to work on the diamond mines, providing they were not absent for over six months, and that they paid a tribute of diamonds to the King on their return. It also states that the Matabele numbered many thousands of workers and that Lobengula's fortune grew proportionately. Two buckets full of uncut stones were amongst his treasures. Another account mentions 14 biscuit tins of diamonds.

The possibilities of such a large amount of diamonds must be examined.

The diamond mines at Kimberley were not in full operation until after 1870 so that Lobengula could only have levied tribute for about 20 years, and probably only for a maximum of 15 years.

If the buckets mentioned were only of two-gallon capacity it would require a minimum of 20,000 stones to have filled them. The estimated population of Matabeleland at that time was about 40,000 and that of the whole of Lobengula's kingdom about 100,000.

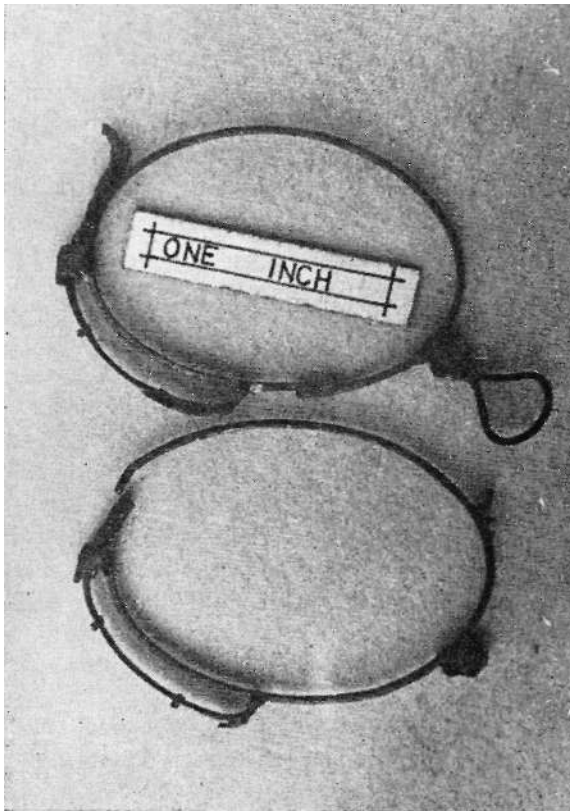
Of this number it is estimated that Lobengula had an army of approximately 15,000 men. These were made up of true bloods *Zanzi* and the *Hole* or slave regiments. The second class outnumbered the Anguni Zanzi because of the numbers of the Ingobo, Induba and Zwangendaba regiments killed by Lobengula's troops when Mbiko refused to recognise him as the legal successor to Mziligazi.

None of these fighting men would have been allowed to go to the mines. The old men would not have been accepted for work. The younger men were also attached to the regiments as blanket-carriers and the performance of other menial duties.

This would appear to leave only the women and young children in Matabeleland, and the Shona people north of Gwelo. If they could have escaped from the domination and fear of Lobengula would they have returned to pay him tribute!

Another point to ponder is whether Lobengula would have recognised a rough diamond as such and whether he would have collected what must have appeared to him as valueless stones.

The other items of value mentioned by the authors of the tales of treasures state that he had as much as £1,000,000 in golden sovereigns. This statement



Spectacle frame.

must also be examined to examine the possibilities of Lobengula amassing such a fortune. He was given an allowance of £100 per month from the date of the signing of the Rudd Concession. This was signed on 13th October, 1888, so from this source he would have collected a maximum of £6,000, of this some was spent on horses, wagons, etc. Also £2,000 was sent as a peace offering prior to the battle at Shangani.²³

The possibility of labourers returning from the Reef mines paying tribute is likely; the mines, however, only came into full production about five years prior to Lobengula's death. The levy would have had to have been enormous for the sum of almost £1,000,000 to have been raised by the minimal number of workers which could have been spared from the regiments.

Stories of buried treasure are always romantic and exciting and the value always increases as years go by. Undoubtedly Lobengula had some gold, some ivory and possessions that he valued, but there is no possibility that he owned anything like the vast treasure that is often conjured up in the mind of the romantics.

To state that it existed after considering the possibilities would be merely a fiction to beguile the credulous or avaricious.²⁴

Conclusions

All the evidence for the cave having some connection with Lobengula is either second-hand or circumstantial. To summarise:

The objects found in the cave are all of the correct date and some tie up with the verbal accounts given to Mr. Huxtable.

The beads indicate that the burial was that of an African and the cowrie shell would be unlikely to be in the possession of a European hunter.

The variety of guns and other weapons point towards a person of great importance.

The wine bottles could be part of the cache of a hunter or trader, but are unlikely grave goods for anybody but an African, to whom they would have a certain basic value.

The pill bottles, medicine bottles and the piece of paper extracted from the corked cartridge point to someone who was sick, probably suffering from aches and pains and swollen joints if St. Jacob's Oil and Elliman's Embrocation are any indication.

The silver mount of the pipe is an enigma, because although the one statement of Nduna mentions a gift by Queen Victoria of a pipe the Royal Archives at Windsor have no record of this gift. On the other hand they have no record of the "handsome gold collar and chain".

The saddlery is of importance especially as Lobengula is said to have been mounted when he left the Lupani area.²⁵

The gold braid would only have been part of a military uniform. No European regiments have ever been in the area of Malindi in full dress uniform. The circumstances of the gift by Capt. Ferguson point directly to the braid being part of the uniform given to Lobengula.

All the above makes it almost certain that the possessions belong to no

other than Lobengula. But can we say for certain that it is his last resting place? The early reports of a chair are borne out by the wood, but there are only a few bones, no skull and no teeth. When Huxtable visited the cave an question he mentioned the top of a skull. Giese and others mention a large skull. There are no bones left except the "clavicle" and part of a "tibia". The tibia, ±14 inches long, could have belonged to a man of 5 ft. 8 in.-5 ft. 10 in.

Because of the lack of skeletal material now present in the cave it is impossible to say with absolute certainty that this is the grave of Lobengula. It may only be the place where the King's possessions were placed. However, a number of the Kumalo family believe that he was buried at this place. Therefore, we must accept their judgement.

Reverting to the "treasure" it no longer exists, if it was placed in the grave. In any case it is unlikely to have amounted to more than a few thousands of pounds at the most generous estimate.

These few objects are all that are known to have belonged to the once powerful ruler of the Matabele, a man every inch a king, a man of his word well liked by all who knew him. A tyrant—in our modern eyes perhaps—but as the sole arbiter of justice amongst a warlike people his sentences were of necessity severe. His judgements were rarely questioned—even after his death—except possibly in the case of Lotshe and his sister Nini (Mcengence).

How sad it is to think that only the despoiled grave, far from the haunts of his ancestral spirits, is all that remains of Lobengula, second and last king of the Amandebele. His warriors are scattered and no more, his grave is fittingly inhabited by rock-rabbits because this animal is the totem of the Kumalo clan of the Amandebele people.

The grave will be sealed with stones and cement and as this is done we should quietly and reverently murmur the Royal Salute "Bayete" in the hope that his spirit is disturbed no more.

POSTSCRIPT

Mr. Cooke adds:

Since writing this article the following information was given me by a Matabele man who for obvious reasons does not want his name disclosed.

"Lobengula was buried in the cave described by you but his bones are no longer there. They were removed by the Matabele after peace was restored and were secretly taken across to Emtumbani and put into the same cleft of rock which contains Mziligazi's remains."

Enquiries elsewhere have not confirmed this but as this information was given me voluntarily without any question I think it may well be true.

However, no European who knew Mziligazi's grave prior to it being closed in with masonry and cement remembers how many skulls were in the grave.

NOTES

1. On page 50 of *Gubulawayo and Beyond* by M. Gelfand (Chapman, 1968) is the following from Weld's Journal: "My old instructor in Zulu informed me today that the Chief of the Amandebele is not called U Bengula but U Pengula . . . the verb uku Pengula = to deliver from prison, misery, etc."
F. W. T. Posselt in *Upengula the scatterer* (Bulawayo, 1945), at page 1, gives a different translation. He says the name is "probably derived from either of the two verbs: 'uku bengula' = drive on, as a strong wind does a fire; drive along; rout, as an impi. 'Uku pengula' = loosen out, as another umkonto (spear), when the first is broken, snatch out of the hand grasping the stock of them; take out arms or weapons; rout an impi; dissolve as a bargain; break up a matter on which a decision has been come to. In Sindebele 'uku pengula' means particularly to scatter or to disperse, such as dry leaves scattered by a whirlwind."
2. *Gubulawayo and Beyond*, page 312, in a letter from Law to Weld dated 31st March, 1888 — "The King was laid up with the gout . . . In spite of the gout however the King was very chatty and agreeable."
3. Ivon Fry, in his *Reminiscences*, in Nat. Arch. FR/2/1 Hist. MSS.: "He was described as a good natured middle sized but corpulent man, about 5'7" in height . . ."
The diary of Father Peter Prestage, 20th August, 1882, states: "The King is a huge fellow . . . He is about 18 stone, height about 5'10", and about 46."
From a letter from De Wit to Weld, 12th June, 1880, quoted on page 264 of *Gubulawayo and Beyond*: "Lo Bengula is a very clever good natured chief, middle sized but corpulent."
In Marie Lippert's letters to her mother the following appears: "Lobengula looks horrible—shapelessly fat, very short legs . . . and yet he could not be anything but a King."
From the Maund Papers quoted by F. W. T. Posselt on page 100 of *Upengula*: "Lo Bengula, King of the Matabele, the last of the savage Zulu Chiefs . . . He stood well over six feet and was immensely bulky, weighing about 20 stone [280 lb.] . . ."
4. This statement appears to conflict with the statement that he rode a horse from the Shangani area.
5. Marie Lippert says (*Matabeleland travel letters*, 1960): "Though an enormous eater, the King is a moderate drinker and takes no spirits." One wonders if he would have taken to "dagga" in later life.
Posselt, on page 74 of *Upengula*, says in criticising J. G. McDonald's *Rhodes: A Life*: "The statement that Lobengula was befuddled with drink must be challenged, and is a gross libel on him. We have ample evidence that the King was temperate, and despised those who were addicted to drink." On pages 251 and 264 of *Gubulawayo and Beyond*, Prof. Gelfand refers to presents of champagne to Lobengula.
6. The falling of the rock is reminiscent of the death of Mziligazi referred to as "The falling of the mountain" (*Ntaba ye delika*). Mr. N. Robertson, Deputy Secretary, Ministry of Internal Affairs, comments: "The term is *intaba ya dilika*; its literal translation is 'the mountain has collapsed' but its figurative meaning (in the Ndebele *hlonipa* custom) is 'the King has died'. I well remember an old African giving one of my staff a sound dressing down when he said 'Mzilikazi died . . .' and he impressed on the A.N.C. that the correct reference to this unhappy event was *intaba ya dilika*. There is no history of any rock splitting or mountain tumbling down when the King died."
7. This statement is incorrect. He was not running away from justice.
8. *The Bulawayo Chronicle* of the 5th November, 1943, contained a long account of Lobengula's grave, which was claimed to have been located at last. This was based on information supplied by Mr. A. J. Huxtable, the then Native Commissioner, Bulawayo.
9. Mr. N. Robertson, Deputy Secretary, Ministry of Internal Affairs, comments: "However, in 1930 I was told two contradicting stories about Lobengula's end. The one was that he had fled across the Zambesi to Mpezeni's country where he lived for some time. The other was that he had died in the Sibungwe District and had been buried with great treasures which later had been stolen by Nyamande. It is fact that Nyamande was a very wealthy man and none knew from whence his wealth came."
10. Letters to Mr. A. C. Adams for information about the bandolier have not been answered.
11. This note and the other interpolations in parentheses are by Huxtable commenting on the original statements.
12. Mr. N. Robertson, Deputy Secretary, Ministry of Internal Affairs, comments: "I know a great many of the characters mentioned in these papers and in 1946 took down a story of Lobengula's death from his daughter Makumalo Sidambi, wife of Siyatsha Fuyana. Unfortunately my notes have been lost. Her story is that the King, Magwegwe and a small selected party left the Shangani River camp the night of the day that Allan Wilson crossed the river, i.e. the night before the fighting. The King's party left on horseback and he gave instructions that his queens and the remainder of his household should follow him

by a circuitous route in the wagons.

"According to Sidambi the queens met up with the King in Pashu's country where they awaited news of the fighting on the Shangani. Sidambi said that on hearing that his imps were broken the King decided to take his life. She was adamant that she saw him drink poison from a green spiral bottle and then hand the bottle to Magwegwe who also drank. She said the King then entered a cave and she saw him no more.

"After the burial of the King his party set off for Inyati, they way they had come. She made no comment about men being killed either by gun or spear. All the oxen had died (from tsetse bite) and the people were obliged to carry their food and water for the journey. Many died en route of what she said was a mysterious malady. She was absolutely sure it was not smallpox and alleged a young woman would be walking normally and suddenly drop down dead (Makumalo seemed to be in possession of all her faculties, but 1946 was fifty years after the events). She related how the party walked southwards until met by the wagons under Carbutt(?) which had been sent for them and were then taken to the Queens kraal."

13. The Royal Archives at Windsor has no record of a present of a tea service to Lobengula.
14. On page 178 of *Gubulawayo and Beyond* the following extract from a letter from Fr. Depelchin to Fr. Weld, dated 31st December, 1879, appears: "A few days ago I presented him [i.e. Lobengula] with a splendid revolver, which was given to me when I left Belgium." In *Rhodesian Prehistory*, No. 1, 1969, W. D. Gale states in his article on Thomas Baines: "As a present they [i.e. the Directors of the Goldfields Company] sent him a brace of pistols 'of the first manufacture', but in fact, says Baines, it was a second-hand case of duelling pistols which had originally been valuable but were now the worse for wear . . ." [This was in 1872.] The breech of the Flaubert pistol found in the cave may be part of one of this pair.
15. One of the strange things about the remains is that no gun barrels were recovered. It is possible that these were removed during the period of political disturbances in the area for the manufacture of "home made" weapons. The cave is known to have been entered at that time.
16. In *Gubulawayo and Beyond* at page 279, in a letter from De Wit to Weld, September 1880: "I offered him as a present a big German pipe (he likes smoking) which I had received when lately at Cape Town. He accepted it kindly . . ."
17. During 1888 Babiyan ka Masuku and Mtshede ka Mabuyana, accompanied by Maund and Colenbrander, were sent by Lobengula to England carrying letters to Her Majesty the Queen.
18. The so-called gold collar is in the National Museum, Bulawayo. Whilst the medallion bearing the inscription from Her Majesty Queen Victoria and a £5 piece showing the Queen's head are of gold, the heavy chain is pinchbeck. This article was recovered from Lobengula's kraal after its destruction in 1893.
19. In Fr. Croonenbergs' diaries, dated before 1881, there is mention, talking of Lobengula's house of "a great leathern armchair of which the back is adorned with a crown". This mention may possibly refer to this chair but the passage of time between Croonenbergs' account and Lobengula's death would appear to invalidate this.
20. *Imbovane*—the weevil-infested Mabela (Kaffir corn *Sorghum caffrorum*) which has been stored too long in the underground pits. (Ndebele.)
21. This may well refer to the riveted metal saddle arch removed and examined during 1967.
22. *Vide* statements made to Mr. Huxtable. Siyatsha Fuyana, who died in 1952, was a brother of Magwegwe. His wife Sidambi was a daughter of Lobengula.
23. *Upengula*, at page 64.
24. Posselt, F. W. T., at page 99 of *Upengula*, says: "Now if we consider one million sovereigns, weighing something like seven tons, as Lobengula's hoard . . . it means one million men going out to work—and where?"
Mr. N. Robertson, Deputy Secretary, Ministry of Internal Affairs, comments: "It has been an undisputed fact through the years that the Amandebele have a natural abhorrence of mine work and are petrified about going underground. Is it likely that they would voluntarily seek work on the diamond fields and from there return with stolen gems which uncut and unpolished are not very beautiful?"
25. Posselt, F. W. T., *Upengula*, page 85, quotes Surg.-Major Melladew, who accompanied Capt. Ferguson to Bulawayo, as saying "the King sat in his wheeled chair".

Lost on Trek in 1895

by Lilian Emily Stuttaford

Not being blessed with a facile pen, I have asked my youngest brother, Wallace X. Stuttaford, to tell this story for me, a story of being lost on the African veld during our four months' journey by ox-wagon from the Orange Free State to Bulawayo in the early days of this Colony. My brother, who has written this for me, was with us on the journey but was too young at the time to remember much about it.

Our family left Vredefort, just off the Vaal River in the Northern Free State where we had lived for some years, by ox-wagon about the beginning of September 1895, crossing the Vaal not far from Parys and heading for Mafeking in British Bechuanaland. The family consisted of my father and mother, Richard and Mary Ann Stuttaford, my second eldest sister Alice, then 21, my eldest brother Harry, then 18, another sister Hilda—the three of them not long out from Devon—myself, a younger sister Violet and two younger brothers, nine of us in all. I was 12. We were accompanied by a Cornishman called Albert Gendall, a faithful old friend of my Dad, and a Sesutu native servant.

We brought with us a cat, a dog, a few fowls, three little pigs and an old yellow mare, a real pet of the children. The fowls and pigs were neatly housed in long boxes slung under the side-rails and we all travelled quite comfortably in our covered wagon with a splendid team of trained oxen, all red and white with the exception only of the two leaders which were black. The journey was uneventful as far as Mafeking, the roads were comparatively good and there were signs of civilisation. The railway construction was just leaving Mafeking for the north and I saw the first engine arrive in Bulawayo some two years later.

From Mafeking onwards the heat became more intense as we journeyed northwards for many days along the Limpopo Valley where the country was arid and uninteresting but even during this time we contrived as a family to pass the days cheerfully. My brother Harry was a powerful swimmer, having learned the art in Plymouth, and I recollect that one day one of our best oxen swam across the Limpopo and got stuck in the mud against the far bank. The river was then known as the Crocodile River because it was infested with crocodiles. Harry, all-oblivious of this interesting fact, swam over to the ox, released it and brought it back to the near bank. A sunburnt and bronzed old transport-rider who was travelling in company with us just at that time, literally turned pale when he heard of it. Harry was also to learn of other things. One day, in his youthful ignorance, he shot at and wounded an Aasvogel (vulture), went up to it and apparently thought fit to stroke it. The huge ugly bird, injured and in pain, promptly laid hold of his hand and tore a large chunk out of it. I learned something too when cleaning some fish caught one day by my Dad in the Limpopo. I lifted out of the bucket a small yellow fish which, in a flash, sprung its sharp dorsal fin right though the first knuckle joint of my middle

finger. My Dad had a great tussle to extricate it. Huge barbel (mud fish), measuring up to three feet in length, were common but I developed a great respect for fish, even though seemingly dead, from that moment.

When nearing Khama's country our native Sesutu boy deserted us, having given it forth that Khama's people would kill him. He absconded during the night and unfortunately took with him our old yellow mare whose loss caused much sadness among the children of the party. But there were compensations. Before reaching Gaberones in the southern portion of Bechuanaland, fortune really smiled on us, for we fell in with a well-known transport-rider and conductor then on his way to Southern Rhodesia again with a convoy of wagons. This was Alec Willmore who, with his nephew Percy, had a party under his care. From this time onwards the dangers of the journey, the precariousness of the way, the following of the road, in many parts mere tracks, were greatly lessened for my father and Harry and old Gendall.

At Gaberones there were hundreds of dirty pigs, lean, lanky, hungry pigs, rushing about the place looking presumably for food. How well we guarded our own three chubby little piglets during our short stay there, only to lose them by theft immediately after reaching Bulawayo. Our convoy as a rule, trekked only in the earlier morning, resting during the warmer part of the day and going on in the cooler afternoon until we came across an inviting spot in which to camp for the night. There were difficulties at times about food, though game was plentiful, and more often about water. But we journeyed steadily on, passing Lobatsi, and eventually made better country near the border of Southern Rhodesia. For Dad and Mother it must have been a period of considerable responsibility but for the youngsters it was one long picnic and in fact a great adventure.

Journeying through the northern part of the Protectorate towards Palapye, the days were long and tedious and the road heavy with fine sand. This part of the journey was, however, lit up one bright sunny morning by an incident which stands out clearly in my memory. I noticed coming towards us in the distance a long line of what appeared to be small vehicles accompanied by men in khaki, mostly mounted. I ran to Mother and said "Look at all the little buggies coming down the road." This proved to be the ill-fated Jameson Raid contingent. I recollect how cheerful the men appeared to be, waving and calling out to us as they passed.

Shortly after, on the last day of the year 1895, we outspanned and camped in a bushy part of the country not far from the Shashi River and about 18 miles from Tati. Alec Willmore and his party went on a little further to camp but we were all fairly close together. By this time the rains had come and the next morning, which was New Year's Day and a Wednesday, the men reported fresh rain-water, of which there had been none since we started. Because of this it was decided that we should remain at the spot the whole of that day and proceed the next day to Tati where there was a small settlement and a Native Commissioner. In the early afternoon, about two o'clock on that day, my sister Alice and I on our own set off for a small range of kopjes after being carefully directed, to find an extensive flat rock between two of the kopjes upon which we were

told was a large circular basin of clear rain-water. We took with us two white enamel pails, two jugs with mugs to dip the water, and towels, intending to have a wash and take back as much water as we could. The distance was about half a mile, through thick bush and small trees. We went back along the road a little and then cut into the bush and we had no difficulty in finding the flat rock with the large basin of water, which was cool and refreshing. We walked around the basin, played about, washed, filled our pails and jugs and dawdled around for quite a long time. Then we started, as we thought, back towards the road and the wagons. But all unwittingly, and chatting to each other, we must have gone between the two kopjes in exactly the opposite direction and away from the road and the camp. By the time we began to wonder why we were not coming across the road again and finding the wagons, it was fairly late in the afternoon. Even then what had actually happened did not impress itself upon us until the sun began to get low and the moment came when we realised that we were lost.

Alice, though much older, was quite unused to Africa; I had at least been born out here and, being more familiar with the country, did not perhaps fully appreciate the gravity of the situation immediately. Whatever may have been the reason, she "panicked", began to walk quickly and aimlessly; even to run, refusing to stop and think or consider where we might be and which way we had come. I appealed to her but she would not give any thought to our predicament. Indeed she began to walk more wildly than ever and because of this we were already tired out by the time evening fell. To add to our distress, ominous rain clouds began to form, with vivid flashes of lightning and heavy thunder coming nearer and nearer. It was then, at dusk, that we thought we heard gunshots and saw in the distance the glow of a fire on a kopje. We made for it with all the speed we could muster, scrambling along in the growing darkness, tearing our hands and legs on the bushes and falling at times into holes, but grimly holding on to our pails and jugs. It was further to the kopje than we thought; our anxiety increased; we became breathless and the lowering clouds were fast folding their black density about us, lit up ever more frequently by searing and blinding flashes of lightning with loud and terribly close whip-cracks of thunder the like of which I had never experienced.

We reached the foot of the kopje wellnigh exhausted, but excited beyond words, with the glow of the fire now quite clear, away up on the top. We called out and called again, in our excitement and breathlessness, and though the kopje was much bigger than we had thought, and higher, we would still have made it. But just then, down came the rain, with huge almost solid drops beating thickly on our faces and making progress impossible. The fire disappeared; we tried to struggle on and up, with frantic endeavours, our strength now gone, but goaded on by the fear that we would be too late . . . Too late we were. The storm roared against us and raged with a violence that I would never have believed . . . At last, completely exhausted, worn out, abandoned, we sank down, clinging to each other and weeping bitterly.

Yet, in a few minutes, we somehow got on to our feet and stood leaning against a big sloping rock, still holding on to each other, with the water rushing downwards and past us in a torrential stream, almost dragging our legs from

under us. After what seemed an age to us, though it could not have been more than 15 to 20 minutes, the deluge stopped as suddenly as it had started and the urge to move came upon us again. We could discern our two white enamel pails and the towels some distance down the kopje side and we got to them and gathered them. The other things had disappeared. We were chilled, faint, nervous and dispirited; yet we made our way slowly round and down the kopje and pressed on in the darkness, till we could go no further. But Alice would not lie down to rest; wet through and bedraggled, she sat on her upturned pail and exhorted me to try to sleep. I lay at her feet in the dense blackness of the night, cold and numbed and aching, trying to think what best could be done. After a while Alice compelled me to go on. We did not know where we were going and scarcely knew what we were doing. Had we but stayed at the foot of that kopje that evening, or left our towels and pails scattered on the way, we should have been found the next morning by the men of our party who had been driven down from the kopje on the far side, by the thunderstorm. But we were confused, disheartened and alone; we could not think. Nor could we resist the urge to go on, and on again. In this I was almost as bad as Alice.

About midnight, though we had little idea of the time, I persuaded her to rest. We had just settled down and she had just ceased to cry, when a large cat-like animal stole quietly to within a few feet of us. It stopped and stared at us, silhouetted against the pale coloured grass at the back. We knew it was a lioness and were terrified. Alice screamed and it moved softly away. We got up and went on again at once, and kept on till the moon rose slowly through the trees. It must have been about one o'clock in the morning then. The moon had a wonderfully comforting effect upon us despite our constant fear and the hopelessness of our situation; we could at least see our way through the bush and over the rough stony ground and across the dongas. When day-break came we searched the horizon, the kopjes and the trees. We could recognise nothing.

I must here pay a tribute to Harry, the brother who meant so much to us at the time and is now living in retirement in Cape Town. When he, with the others, was forced down from the kopje earlier that night by the violence of the thunderstorm, and after returning to the wagons, Harry set out, on foot and alone for Tati, lying beyond the Shashi and some 18 miles away, on an exceptionally dark night, not knowing the way, following the road as best he could and making poor headway until the moon rose. I recall his cheery laugh when he told us some days afterwards, how he welcomed that glorious African moon. He reached Tati about 5 a.m., summoned Mr. Fred Drake, the Native Commissioner—a splendid man to whom we probably owe our lives—with Dr. Boyd and they organised over a hundred natives, with six useful Police Messenger boys. They then returned on horseback, as fast as they could, with the natives searching the veld on the way, picked up the Willmores and themselves searched far and wide.

That first night was our worst. Whether we afterwards became inured to our plight or whether our senses were dulled by our extreme weariness I cannot say, but, from the following morning, we just wandered, resting only when we were compelled to do so by utter fatigue, and wondered and hoped and won-

dered. I slept the next morning (Thursday) with Alice, as usual, sitting on her upturned pail, staring wild-eyed from me to the veld and back to me again. We tried to cheer each other and in this we succeeded a little, for when I woke once, Alice confided that she had dozed and had fallen off her perch. She must have picked herself up at once because this had apparently wakened me. But she soon returned to her usual posture, sitting quietly there, looking dejected in the extreme and watching me and the veld as always.

We could never refrain from going on as soon as we were rested a little; always walking, in the hope that we would find the wagons or the road or some part we knew. We were constantly startled by animals, mostly small buck, rushing off through the grass or springing away over the bushes. Even the humble hare transfixed us at times with the unexpected suddenness of his leaving. And we began to feel the lack of food; it was too early for wild berries and I began to pull and chew the succulent grass, which was comforting if not satisfying, but all my efforts to persuade Alice to try this failed.

That afternoon we came across a big sandriver, which must have been the Shashi and we decided to keep on or near it for water. I well remember the many and varied spoors of wild animals, of all shapes and sizes, in the wet sand and at or about the pools of water, most of which were discoloured. But when we dug in the sand and allowed it to settle, the water was clear and cool and reviving. By the evening of that day we must have travelled some miles, going eastwards and along the river, unfortunately; had we only gone westwards, we must in time have struck the road-crossing or drift between our wagons and Tati.

It rained again on the Thursday evening but it was not a violent rain and was unaccompanied by the vivid lightning and the frightening thunder of the night before and anyway, we were used to being wet through by then; used to squelching along and dragging our weary feet through the rain-drenched grass. The nights we could not face; we dreaded their coming, with the stillness and the wild animals padding softly about in close proximity to us. We could not see them but we sensed them and heard them and at times even thought we could smell them. We had no means of defence but we were too weak and worn out to use any. I have often smiled and thought that Alice's upturned white pail kept the animals at a distance. It seems ridiculous and absurd, but I am sure it was true. And how strange are the sounds of the night in the bushveld, small weird sounds, with occasional yelps and howls in the distance and nearer at times, or so near as to strike terror into the souls of two lost girls.

On the second night I made a rough little "skerm" or small circular stockade, with the branches of small trees and bushes which I could manage to break off and gather; but it was really useless and no comfort to Alice who still sat grimly on her pail and could not sleep. In the clear patches of sky I watched the bright scintillating stars and thought of the words "twinkle, twinkle little star . . ." When the moon rose we left again and went on, longing for the dawn and the promise it would bring. When it did come we went down to the river again, with its broad sandy bed, and saw many animals the majority of which appeared to be quite tame. They were far less alarmed at the sight of us than we were at the sight of them. We got water in our pails and tried to brighten

ourselves up by washing and rinsing out our Kappies, the Dutch type of bonnet we were wearing, and sitting in the morning sun. Alice was, however, restless—always restless. She could not remain in any one spot for any length of time. We did, however, rest more that day; indeed we could do nothing else.

On this third afternoon (Friday), towards sunset, we arranged that I should cross the river and climb a small pretty kopje on the far side. I left Alice sitting near a fair-sized tree and not far from the river bank. It took me some time to make my way to the kopje, but when, with difficulty, I got about half the distance up my courage failed me and I began to call loudly to Alice. She was much further away than I expected, but presently she emerged from the bush and came down into the river-bed. I had been able to see nothing in the distance but trees and bush and kopjes and so we returned to get our pails, feeling more crestfallen and sadder than ever. We could not find them, nor did we find them though we searched till sunset. Somehow we both felt we had lost two friends and comforters, and we had contrived to keep them with us so long. That night Alice was forced to lie down and although she slept but little she was more rested in the morning and insisted that we continue our vain search for our friendly pails. They early morning was always the best time for us; our strength returned a little; the fears of never seeing our loved ones again seemed to disappear, and hope returned. By this time, Saturday morning, the pangs of hunger became intense, but we had long since found that to drink the cool water at least brought some relief. We were driven to look for berries or anything we might eat, yet our minds were not so dulled as to make us forget the danger of eating wild unknown things in the veld. Nevertheless we hoped against hope that we might find something and wandered up and away from the river, till it began to get warmer and we could make but slow progress through the bush.

It must have been about nine o'clock when we reached a more open patch of country and could see some distance about us. We suddenly heard sounds and, looking around, saw not far off, two natives in uniform, each wearing a red fez. In the ordinary course that would have caused us no particular alarm, but our nerves had gone completely and the natives apparently, in the excitement of having found us, began to leap into the air and brandish their sticks and give tongue in the loudest and most blood-curdling war-whoops. This terrified us both. We turned and ran, or tried to run, with what little strength we had, falling and struggling up again, till the natives ceased their jumping and shouting and began to walk quietly towards us, grinning at us and beckoning in the most friendly manner. But we would have none of it. Presently they stopped and after a few words to each other, the one turned and raced off out of sight while the other mounted a large rock to watch us. These were two of the Native Commissioner's special messenger boys who had been out each day to search for us. We afterwards learned that these six were the only natives who did any real searching; all the others merely sat about in the bush, not too far from the wagons, and returned each evening for food which my Dad had to obtain from Tati and provide.

It was not long before the men arrived, the Native Commissioner Mr. Frederick Drake, Doctor Boyd, Alec Willmore and Harry, all mounted. I think

Alice fainted when the men came quietly up to us, though I had never heard of her fainting before at the sight of a man or two. I was too overjoyed to faint, but I could not get up from the ground and I remember Harry picking me up in his arms like a small child and kissing me. We must indeed have presented a sorry spectacle. Mother had, only a few days before we were lost, produced from the dark recesses of Dad's large black ship's cabin-trunk on the front of the wagon, a lovely pair of brand-new high-topped boots for me, laced all up and down the front. This had been my special Christmas present from her. When we were found only the tops were hanging round my ankles. We were 17 miles from the wagons.

We were lifted gently up on to the horses each in front of one of the men and taken slowly back to the wagons, reaching first the wagon of the Rev. Chas. D. and Mrs. Helm, who, on their journey down to the Cape to send their boys home to school in England, had waited till we were found. I know that Arnold Carnegie, then a bright boy of about 8 or 9 and of whom we are all at present mourning the loss in Bulawayo, was with them; also a younger brother and a young Helm, probably Balfour, for many years one of the most popular Mining Commissioners in Bulawayo, and his sister Jessie, well known in Bulawayo now as Mrs. Jessie Lovemore. I shall never forget the kindness of Jessie Helm; how she took off what was left of our boots and stockings, extracted the thorns from our legs and feet with loving care and gentleness and then sent us on to Mother.

Have you ever known the soothing touch of the gentle hands of a sweet mother and the quiet but comforting presence of a good father, after a long, painful and distressing ordeal? These made a lasting impression on us then.

After a rest, with our brothers and sisters around us, the doctor allowed us a very little stimulant and the smallest quantity of food and in a short time we were taken to the river, our tattered clothes removed and we were bathed in the shade of a large overhanging tree. Then another small quantity of food before being put quietly to bed. And the comfort of that bed and of that long sleep, restoring vitality and strength again, and the joy of waking to find our loved ones all about us and quite unable to suppress their excitement.

There is, in the rough and sparsely kept diary of my father, which is still in my possession, on the date 15th January, 1896, an entry in pencil which reads "outspanned close to Bulawayo", and on the following day 16th January, 1896, another entry "reached Bulawayo proper".

We lived for a while, still in our wagon, on what was then known as Cottrell's Stand, under a large tree, at the corner of Wilson Street and Fourth Avenue and then moved to the property of Bennie Newman, an able tent and sail-maker and a great character who had served before the mast and who drank boiled black tea, off the hob, all day and every day. This was in Wilson Street and Eleventh Avenue where our family occupied two galvanised iron rooms with an "improvised" kitchen and a tent in the yard. Just across Wilson Street from us lived at that time, the parents and brothers and sisters of Mr. W. J. (Bill) Nason, the present owner of Nason's Milk-Bar in Abercorn Street, Bulawayo. We were still on Bennie Newman's stand when the rinderpest came,

killing all the cattle in the country and the '96 Rebellion broke out, in March 1896. In this my Dad served, with many other local men, as a Volunteer.

We spent the greater part of the next six to eight weeks in the central laager in the old Market Hall almost exactly on the spot now covered by the stage of our large City Hall. It was then that they began to sink and completed the sinking of the well on the Fife Street or western end of the Market Square, the old well that supplied the laager with water—the old well that is now being reopened to supply water again, after 55 years, to the City Hall gardens.

For a year or two after the Rebellion, the families in and around Bulawayo and in the Colony generally, passed through difficult times and suffered many hardships and privations. But that is another story.

Buildings of Historic Interest

No. 3. "Ivanhoe", North Avenue, Salisbury

by Mrs. J. B. L. Honey

Hidden behind a thick hibiscus hedge on the corner of North Avenue and Moffat Street is a relic of those days of gracious living which were such a feature of life in Salisbury during the early years of this century. This is the house "Ivanhoe" on Stand 1796, North Avenue. It is to be pulled down in 1971 to make room for a medical centre.

Stand 1796 was originally owned in 1897 by Mr. John Tawse-Jollie. (Mrs. Tawse-Jollie became an elected Member of Southern Rhodesia's first Legislative Assembly in 1924. She wrote the book *The Real Rhodesia*, published in 1924.) The stand was later transferred to a Mr. Edward Vigne (was this Dr. Vigne?). Before the house was built a portion of the plot was apparently used as a tennis court by Major J. E. Nicholls, a Pioneer, who lived on the adjoining plot. I don't doubt that many happy hours were spent by the sports-loving folk of the day, the women in *maxi* skirts, long-sleeved blouses with hats tied up against the wind and the men in boaters and long white flannels handing round dainty sandwiches and tea in old-English china cups.

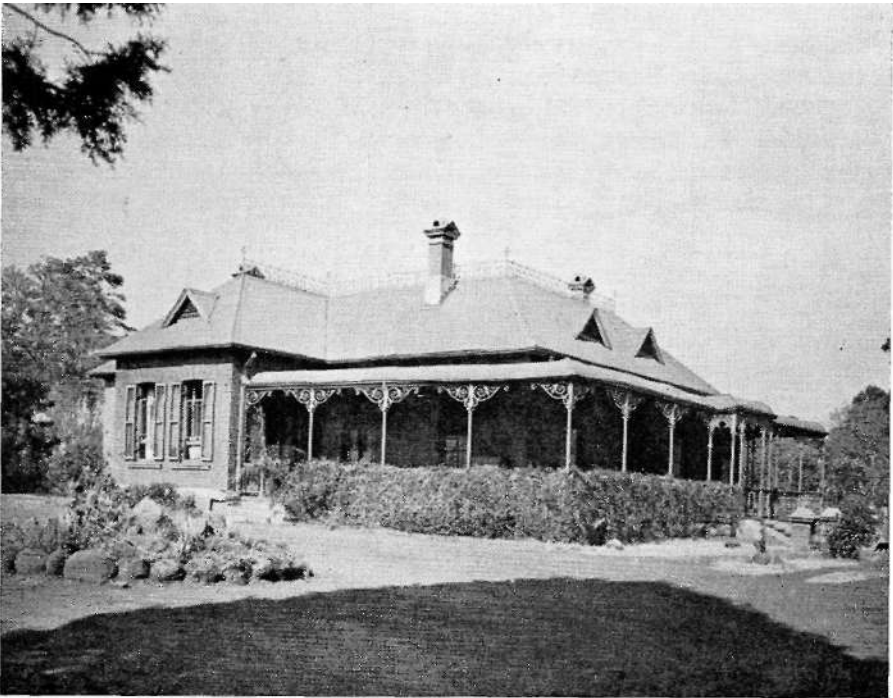
Major Nicholls also kept his polo ponies in stables on this plot. The buildings are still there at the back of the house.

A colonial-type house, with red iron roof, surrounded by a wide verandah with wrought-iron fittings and decorative stonework, was built on the stand about 1902 by Stewart Meikle, registered in the name of Lilian Maria Meikle. Five years later the value of stand plus building appears to have been £3,500, and by 1910, after additions, the figure of £3,580 is shown in old rate ledgers at the Archives.

I can well imagine the secrets of commerce and government those walls could tell, as "Ivanhoe" was rented out to various families over the years. During 1908, Monica, the daughter of Salisbury's Chief Magistrate, Mr. Marshall Hole, was married at the Anglican Cathedral, and the reception held at "Ivanhoe" was the event of the year. The verandah was decked with flowers and flags, and leading government officials and prominent colonists were among the guests. The wedding entourage of bridesmaids, flower girls and page boys can probably still show mementoes of the occasion, in jewel boxes or even in the Museum.

For some years "Ivanhoe" has been rented out as rooms; one owner was Mr. Kingcombe, the well-known veterinary surgeon, and I know of some

families who occupied parts of the large verandah when it was divided into extra rooms, in the 1930s. Latterly the Lady Warden has been Mrs. Pat Smith, daughter of Mr. H. Ogilvy of Umtali, a Pioneer, who with many other old Salisburyites regrets the need for this historic house to be removed in the name of progress. It is to be hoped that the lovely overmantel in the sitting-room, and the wrought-iron fittings outside can somehow be used in the design of the medical centre shortly to be built on Stand 1796.



“Ivanhoe”, North Avenue, Salisbury

(Photo: National Archives).

Some Recent Additions to the Library of the National Archives

Compiled by C. Coggin

ANDREWS, BRUCE. *The guide to Swaziland*. Johannesburg: Winchester Press, 1970. 194 pages. Illus., map. \$2.50.

A profusely illustrated work suitable not only to the would-be tourist, but also to those interested in the country—its origins, history, and customs. A list of recommended books forms a useful supplement.

BEVAN, ELIZABETH JOAN. *Mzilikazi, 1790-1868: a bibliography*. Johannesburg: University of the Witwatersrand, Department of Bibliography, Librarianship and Typography, 1969. 33 pages. \$1.25.

This will be a useful foundation for anyone embarking on a thorough study of Mzilikazi. 187 citations to books about him, or to books containing references to him, are classified under five broad subject headings, including one entitled the "Rhodesian period".

CHARLES, WYNDHAM. *Chief scout of the world: Robert Baden-Powell*. Revised edition. London: Blackie, 1969. 14 pages. Illus. 30c.

One of the "Junior biographies" series produced by the publisher, this is an attractively presented little book which should prove popular with children in the 6-12 age group. Prominence is given to Baden-Powell's role in the Matabele Rebellion and in the Boer War.

DANEEL, M. L. *The God of the Matopo hills: an essay on the Mwari cult in Rhodesia*. The Hague: Mouton, 1970. 95 pages. Plates. (Afrika-Studiecentrum Communications, No. 1.)

Daneel's scholarly study of the Shona High-God concept includes an account of his admission to the sacred shrines in the Matopos, where he was addressed by the "Voice of Mwari". The foreword is written by J. F. Holleman, himself an authority on Shona customary law.

FORREST, ALAN. *Valley of the brutes*. Cape Town: Howard Timmins, 1970. 180 pages. Plates. \$3.00.

The true story of Constance Vivian, an attractive woman miner who made a small fortune at Pilgrims Rest in its heyday. The events which led to the outbreak of the first Boer War form part of the exciting background to this account of the Eastern Transvaal goldfields.

Groote Schuur, residence of South Africa's prime minister. Pretoria: Department of Information, [1970]. \$10.00.

A lavishly-produced history of, and guide to, Groote Schuur. Every conceivable aspect of this home, and its intimate associations with Cecil John Rhodes, are brought to life in the pages of this work, which is richly illustrated with coloured and black and white photographs.

GUGGISBERG, C. A. W. *Man and Wildlife.* London: Evans, 1970. Illus. \$7.00.

The author has written many books on the wildlife situation in Africa and Europe, and is considered one of the foremost photographers in the world in this field. In this book he surveys man's relationship with the animal world through the ages, and his efforts to conserve it. A lengthy appendix gives the reader the opportunity of comparing conservation methods and game sanctuaries in his own country with those in others.

There are numerous photographs, many of which are coloured. One of the latter is a reproduction of Baines's famous painting *Bushmen hunting a herd of heterogeneous game* which, Guggisberg observes, includes a number of quaggas—to become extinct barely eight years after the painter's death!

JONES, DAVID PICTON. *After Livingstone . . .* London: Dorothy Picton Jones, 1968. Illus. \$3.50.

The memoirs of a pioneer missionary on Lake Tanganyika and on the Tanganyika plateau from 1882 to 1903.

Southern Africa data. Pretoria: Africa Institute, 1969- . . \$18.00 for the series.

This is a loose-leaf volume which, when complete, will be a mine of statistical information on southern Africa. The countries falling within its scope are South Africa, South-West Africa, Lesotho, Swaziland, Botswana, Rhodesia, Zambia, Angola, Mozambique, Madagascar, Malawi and Mauritius.

Sheets for inclusion will be issued from time to time, for interpolation in one or more of the subject divisions into which the work is arranged. The subjects will eventually comprise population, health, education, agriculture, mining, tourism, electricity and water supplies, communication, transport, trade, prices and finance. The information is considerably highlighted by the use of maps in colour and in black and white.

An indication of the comprehensive coverage promised by this publication is given in the first few sections which have already appeared. The section on health, for example, includes details of medical personnel, training facilities, and the distribution of specific diseases. That on education includes details of educational institutions, libraries, teacher/student ratios, and expenditure on education and literacy.

When complete, the volume will consist of 20 subject sections, spanning some 300 pages.

WILDING, NORMAN W. *Catalogue of the Parliamentary papers of Southern Rhodesia and Rhodesia, 1954-1970, and the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasa-*

land, 1954-1963. Salisbury: University College of Rhodesia, 1970. 161 pages.

The forerunner of this work, *Catalogue of the Parliamentary papers of Southern Rhodesia*, 1899-1953, has already proved its worth as a bibliographical tool for librarians and research workers alike. With the publication of the present volume, coverage of all subsequent Rhodesian parliamentary papers is brought up to date, and the reader wishing to trace similar Federal material has a complete key to it at his disposal.

This is No. 6 in the University of Rhodesia's Source Book Series.

Society Activities

MASHONALAND BRANCH VISIT TO MASHAYAMOMBE'S KRAAL AND FORT MARTIN

On Sunday, 26th July, 1970, a highly successful visit was paid to Mashayamombe's Kraal and Fort Martin in the Norton District by a group of members and their friends numbering some 260 people. This visit was of particular interest because the site of Mashayamombe's Kraal had only recently been discovered by Mr. B. S. Marlborough, on whose farm it is situated.

The visit was decided upon by the Branch Committee after Mr. Marlborough had very generously offered to do all the work on the ground. This included cutting a new road to a point near the site of the kraal and clearing a large parking area at the fort. The success of the visit was due in very large measure to Mr. Marlborough's interest, enthusiasm and organisation.

Parties set out in private cars from the Civic Centre in Salisbury between 8.15 a.m. and 9.15 a.m., rendezvousing at the homestead on Mr. Marlborough's farm, "Fort Martin Extension". There we had tea, provided by the ladies of the district, and were briefed by the Branch Chairman, Mr. G. H. Tanser. The column then moved off and wound its way slowly along the edge of the lands and into the broken country surrounding the kraal. All that was lacking was the screen of scouts spread out in front of us to avoid surprise by the enemy.

At a point where the pre-pioneer road linking Charter and Salisbury crossed a fan-shaped vlei we left our cars to walk to Mashayamombe's stronghold. Mr. Marlborough took us first to the southern end of the kopje to see the rocks illustrated in Lt.-Col. Alderson's book "With the Mounted Infantry and the Mashonaland Field Force". It was by using this illustration as a basis for comparison that he discovered the kopje. We then retraced our steps along the pre-pioneer road, which runs just to the west of the kopje, and struck into the heart of the stronghold. Here we saw the series of walls and the cave out of which 400 of Mashayamombe's followers came after the stronghold had been taken.

After lunch in the shade of the rocks edging the vlei where we had parked our cars, we drove to Fort Martin. Here a presentation was made to Mr. Marlborough and Mr. Tanser told us something of the history of the fort. For many of us Fort Martin was by far the more impressive of the two sites. This is because it can be taken in in the course of a short visit, unlike Mashayamombe's stronghold, which is too large and too broken to be easily comprehended. It is also very impressive, rising sheer out of the veld with only its satellite kopje anywhere near it and commanding a 360-deg. view. The visit ended with tea at Mr. and Mrs. Marlborough's home again and an opportunity to talk about what we had seen—and about the justly famed hospitality of the people of the country districts.

MATABELELAND BRANCH

The Matabeleland Branch has had four outings during the past year. On Sunday, 24th September, 1969, a visit was made to Fort Rixon and Dhlo Dhlo where talks were given by Mr. Roger Summers and Mr. Cran Cooke.

The Nalatale Ruins were visited on 19th April, 1970, and talks given by Mr. Keith Robinson and Mr. B. Pagden.

On 26th July the place chosen was the Alan Wilson Site, Shangani, where a talk was given by Mr. John O'Reilly.

Cummings Store and the Regina Ruins were visited on 4th October and a talk was given by Mr. Cran Cooke.

THE SOCIETY'S FOURTH ANNUAL DINNER

The Rhodesiana Society's annual dinner is held in rotation by the Matabeleland, Manicaland and Mashonaland Branches. This year the honour fell to the Mashonaland Branch and the event was held in Salisbury. The venue was Meikles Hotel where over 180 members and their guests assembled on the evening of Friday, 6th November, 1970.

To say the function was a success would be an understatement: it was a huge success. The atmosphere was pleasantly relaxed. The hour before dinner allotted to sundowners and the meeting of old friends and acquaintances was appreciated by both guests and members. Like most good things it seemed to pass in a flash.

The presence of members who had travelled considerable distances to attend showed the measure of their enthusiasm for the activities of the Society. Noteworthy among those present were Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Vickery and Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Bolze from Bulawayo, while Mr. F. O. Bernhard represented the Manicaland Branch. Among the many distinguished persons present were Mr. J. G. Stewart, South Africa's Accredited Diplomatic Representative, and Mr. W. H. H. Nicolle, the Secretary for Internal Affairs.

It was indeed a pleasant task for the Mashonaland Branch to extend hospitality to people who had gone out of their way to assist the Society, in particular to Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Marlborough who were responsible for the highly successful visit earlier this year to Mashayamombe's Stronghold and Fort Martin and to Mr. J. A. Bowen who was responsible for the equally successful field trip last year to Hartley Hills.

Mr. G. H. Tanser, Chairman of the Mashonaland Branch, was an able Master of Ceremonies. His rather ominous references to soporific linked to the fact that the guest speaker was an anaesthetist, however, proved quite unjustified!

Dr. Oliver Ransford, the well-known author of a number of historical works, was in brilliant form: he traced a fascinating web of Boer and Matabele migrations and highlighted vast areas that beckon the researcher. Much of what he said was of considerable long-term significance and will form the subject of a report in the next issue of *Rhodesiana*. Dr. Ransford then proposed the toast: "The Rhodesiana Society".

The Society's Chairman, Colonel A. S. Hickman, replied to Dr. Ransford. The Colonel was given three rousing cheers which were led by Mr. T. W. H. Kennedy-Grant who was as dashing as he was outstanding in full Highland regalia.

The draw of entrance ticket numbers for a portfolio of magnificent reproductions of Thomas Baines's 1862 prints of the Victoria Falls aroused much interest. The portfolio had been generously presented by Mr. Bolze, who is the Director of the Books of Rhodesia Publishing Company. The winning ticket was graciously drawn by Mrs. H. A. Cripwell, widow of the Society's first Chairman. The lucky winner was Miss Carol Ransford, the charming daughter of the guest speaker.

In congratulating the Mashonaland Branch of the Rhodesiana Society for organising a truly delightful and memorable evening, one must not forget the quiet, unobtrusive efficiency of workers behind the scenes. In this regard the Branch's Honorary Secretary, Mrs. R. M. T. Barker, deserves very special mention.

R.W.S.T.

Notes

NATIONAL ARCHIVES STAFF CHANGES

Mr. T. W. Baxter, Director of National Archives, has, regrettably, had to retire on account of ill-health. Mr. Baxter has always been a good friend and supporter of the Rhodesiana Society, and encouraged his staff to take part in Society activities. Mr. Baxter himself was a most diligent proof reader of the Journal, a spotter of errors and a source of constructive comment.

This friendly and co-operative association with the National Archives will continue. Mr. E. E. Burke, Deputy Director, now becomes Director. Mr. Burke is a committee member of many years standing, a contributor to the Journal which he edited from 1963 to 1967. He continues to give valuable assistance editorially.

Mr. R. W. S. Turner, formerly Senior Archivist, becomes Deputy Director. He is committee member in charge of advertising and membership and a contributor to the Journal and Mashonaland Branch Deputy Chairman.

Mr. C. Coggin, former Librarian, becomes Senior Archivist. He is a regular contributor of book reviews to the Journal.

NOTES ON NEW CONTRIBUTORS

Mr. Wallace X. Stuttaford, who wrote the article, *Lost on Trek in 1895*, for his sister Lilian, was born in South Africa in 1890 and, as related in the article, came to Rhodesia with his family in 1895. He became an attorney practising in Bulawayo, Shabani and Fort Victoria. He now lives in Bulawayo. He says that as a result of her frightening experience in getting lost, Lilian developed rheumatic fever. She never married but lived with her parents, and later with Wallace, until she died in 1966.

Mrs. J. B. L. Honey was born in Pretoria in 1904 and educated in England and South Africa. She came to Bulawayo in 1931 and married Mr. C. L. Honey who became Secretary for Labour, Housing and Social Welfare and, later, Secretary of the Constitutional Council. She is an active member of the Women's Institute and other social organisations and is interested in the history of the Pioneer women. Her husband is on the committee of the Rhodesia Pioneers and Early Settlers Society of which he was Mashonaland Branch Chairman for a number of years.

MEMBERS HONOURED

Two members of the Rhodesiana Society, Col. A. S. Hickman, the National Chairman and a regular contributor to the Journal, and Dr. Oliver Ransford, also a contributor, have been made Honorary Members of the Rhodesia Pioneers and Early Settlers Society. This honour is not bestowed very often and in these two cases it was made in recognition of the value of the historical writings of the two recipients.

HISTORICAL PUBLICITY

George Hindley Ltd., Public Relations Counsel, have recently produced two unusual and interesting publicity booklets. One celebrates the first 40 years of the well known firm, *The House of Bardwell*, printers. The founder of the firm, Arch Bardwell, arrived in Rhodesia in 1906 and the booklet contains pictures and stories of the Salisbury of those early days. The other booklet, *Gwai River: Valley of Copper*, was published on the occasion of the official opening of the Gwai River mine by the Prime Minister. It describes the long history of mineral exploration and exploitation in the valley since the days of the ancient workings. The name Messina, it is said, comes from the Bantu word for copper, *musina*, which means "the spoiler" because when this metal was fused with iron it weakened or spoiled it.

NOTES FROM THE NATIONAL HONORARY SECRETARY

The following notes were published in our last issue but they are all matters which members should be reminded of again.

Binding of Rhodesiana

As mentioned on page 81 of *Rhodesiana* No. 21 (and again in No. 22) and in response to numerous requests, arrangements have been made with Messrs. Mardon Printers (Pvt.) Ltd., of Salisbury, for the binding of members' sets of *Rhodesiana*.

To date this facility has not been well supported and it seems appropriate again to draw the matter to the attention of members.

For the time being the arrangement applies only to the binding of Vol. I (Nos. I-II of the Journal).

Rhodesiana Society Tie

The tie is now available from Meikles Department Stores in Bulawayo (P.O. Box 61), Salisbury (P.O. Box 287), and Umtali (P.O. Box 99), upon production of a written authority obtainable from The Rhodesiana Society, P.O. Box 8268, Causeway, Salisbury. The price of the tie is R.\$2.10 plus 10 cents sales tax.

Back numbers of Rhodesiana

This is the 23rd issue of *Rhodesiana* and at the present time all issues of the journal are out of print except for Nos. 16, 17, and 19 to 23.

As the number of new members increases so also does the demand for back numbers.

The Committee wishes to consider whether or not to reprint all or some of the out of print back numbers.

To assist the Committee in reaching a decision on this matter it would be appreciated if each and every member would advise the Society, in writing:

- (a) what back numbers of *Rhodesiana* he or she requires, and
- (b) whether or not he or she favours the idea of reprinting out of print back numbers.

Branches of the Society

As most members are aware, branches of the Society have been established in Matabeleland, Manicaland and Mashonaland for the purposes of arranging and organising functions such as tours, lectures and the like, for the particular benefit of members of the Society who reside in the provinces concerned.

If any member is not receiving communications regarding the functions arranged by the branch established in the area where he resides, or resides outside but visits that area from time to time, he should please advise the appropriate branch secretary (*Matabeleland*: P.O. Box 192, Bulawayo, *Manicaland*: P.O. Box 50, Penhalonga. *Mashonaland*: P.O. Box MP.89, Mount Pleasant, Salisbury).

Does the Society have your correct address?

In view of the considerable amount of work involved and the lack of volunteers to do the work, all financial matters, including the issue of receipts for annual subscriptions, are now attended to by a firm of Chartered Accountants in Salisbury. When effecting payment of subscriptions members are asked to attach their cheque, which should include the appropriate bank exchange, to the Society's statement. The statement will be returned with the Society's receipt. Statements are normally sent out in the same envelope as the December issue of *Rhodesiana*.

Contributors' copies of Rhodesiana

The author of any article published in *Rhodesiana* is entitled to receive a specified number of copies of the issue of *Rhodesiana* in which his article is published. This number depends on the size of the article. Authors who require copies should apply to the Society.

Material for Rhodesiana

The regular publications of the Society's biannual journal *Rhodesiana* depends on sufficient suitable material being submitted to the Editor.

Members of the Society are earnestly requested to advise the Editor (P.O. Box 8268, Causeway, Salisbury) of any material in their possession, or which they know of, with a view to its publication in *Rhodesiana*.

M. J. KIMBERLEY

Correspondence

SOFALA AND THE SOUTH-EAST AFRICA IRON AGE

Sir,—In his paper *Sofala and the South-east African Iron Age (Rhodesiana, 22nd July, 1970)*, Mr. R. W. Dickinson discusses a "Zimbabwe" "near Bindura" "with clay huts including one of elaborate design similar to the Tsindi series". He sees the "lack of quantity in the glass bead recoveries" here as possibly indicative that "the arteries of trade had changed course" or that "trade was dislocated". These references are to the Nhunguza Ruin excavated by me during the latter half of 1969, and on which no excavation report has yet been published. I see no resemblance in size, layout or internal features between the Nhunguza hut to which Dickinson refers and any hut at the Lekkerwater (Tsindi) Ruins. In fact, I believe the Nhunguza hut is at present unique in that it was not a domestic habitation but appears to have fulfilled an important ritual or administrative function. The lack of beads at Nhunguza is almost certainly a reflection of the areas chosen by me for excavation: the floors of huts that had decayed after an orderly abandonment of the site. Such areas seldom yield many finds, and beads are usually only recovered in any quantity from settlement middens. Finds of animal bones were similarly rare at Nhunguza yet it would be foolish to suppose that the inhabitants were therefore largely vegetarian. These misinterpretations perhaps indicate the dangers of making use of a newspaper report (Dickinson, *op. cit.*, note 33), instead of awaiting the excavator's published report or discussing such points with him.

Yours, etc.,

P. S. GARLAKE

Mr. R. W. Dickinson replies:

"I appreciate the points raised by Mr. Garlake on my recent paper printed in Vol. 22 of *Rhodesiana*, and regret that because of pressures on my time while writing it I was unable to consult him. The points affect the main theme only slightly, that gold trade connections of the present Sofala *c.* 1500 were with the northern Karanga centres and that Great Zimbabwe and associated 'P' and 'Q' stone-walled centres growing in late period III and period IV were abandoned before the Portuguese arrived. It is important to pose some hypothesis as to why such impressive centres were abandoned, and I suggest until a better is offered, that diversion of the gold/bead and cloth trade, built up since *c.* 1100 at Great Zimbabwe and later at the other centres, to the Zambezi was a major cause.

"On particular matters, briefly:

(a) *Huts*—the great hut at Nhunguza has features in common with hut 1 at Tsindi if one accepts a broad basis of comparison. Both have a diameter dividing wall, and both have platforms and built-in devices which could have served for the display of tribal relics, thus neither hut is of a common domestic pattern.

At Nhunguza, the device is a slot in the platform, at Tsindi which has low rather than massive platforms, a pair of heavy daga sockets were provided. The edge of one Tsindi platform is enriched with a finely moulded daga kerb.

(b) *Beads*—I accept that trade beads would normally occur in middens, but this is not invariable. At Great Zimbabwe, for instance, 134 glass beads were recovered from a clay layer above bedrock. (See Caton-Thompson, *Zimbabwe Culture*, pp. 110 and 215.) Moreover, it is not only at Nhunguza that recoveries have been slight. Tsindi, where excavations spanned four seasons, produced very few, and few emerged at Harleigh Farm Zimbabwe, another impressive 'P' and 'Q' site.

"Would it be possible at the same printing to correct one error? On page 11 of my typescript I used the word 'polities' which was unfortunately transcribed into print, on p. 27, line 8 as 'policies', which doesn't make sense."

ENGAGEMENT AT GATZI'S KRAAL

Sir,—With due deference to his age and experience I must disagree with Mr. T. P. Gilbert in his letter quoted in the article "Graveyard at Old Marandellas", *Rhodesiana* No. 22, about the dates of death of Major F. S. Evans and Lieut. H. J. Morris. In his letter he says, "that the engagement at Gatzi's Kraal took place before that at Manyabeera's so that makes the date of Major Evans's death before Lieut. Morris".

Mr. Gilbert is to be admired greatly for his long memory, but in this case, according to official reports, it seems to have slipped. After all, the events he refers to occurred 74 years ago and to be precise after all that time as regards dates of occurrences or their sequence seems to be too much to demand.

Reference to the *Report on Native Disturbances, 1896-1897*, issued by the British South Africa Company, gives the following information about relevant casualties:

Wounded. Lieut. Frederick Leigh Lye.

Umtali Rifles, October 2, 1896.

Manyabera's kraal; very severe.

Died of Wounds. Lieut. Herbert John Morris,

Umtali Rifles, October 2, 1896.

Manyabera's kraal; died October 3, 1896.

Killed in Action. Major Francis Studdert Evans,

Derbyshire Regt. (M.I.), October 19, 1896.

Gatzi's kraal.

Wounded. Trooper Charles Siegert.

Mashonaland Column, M.R.F., October 19, 1896.

Gatsi's kraal.

Accidentally killed. Trooper Harry Popplewell Earnshaw,

Umtali Rifles, October 19, 1896.

Gatsi's kraal; accidentally shot in action.

In Section III of the Report (page 130) "Patrols Sent Out since the Arrival of Imperial Troops", it is recorded that operations took place at Manyabeera's

kraal from 2nd to 9th October, 1896, and that, "1 white man died from wounds" and "1 white man wounded".

In the same section (page 131) under Gatzzi's it is recorded that Major Evans was killed in action and Capt. Pease took over command, that operations took place from 19th to 26th October, 1896, and that Gatzzi's kraal was burned. "1 white man killed. 1 ditto (accidentally). 1 white man wounded."

Note the variation in the spelling of the names of the two kraals concerned!

In conclusion may I wish Mr. Gilbert continued good health and say that his contributions to *Rhodesiana* will always be welcome.

Yours, etc.,

A. S. HICKMAN

"GARENGANZE"

Sir,—Frank Cass's 1969 reprint of this book by F. S. Arnot, was reviewed by C. Coggin in No. 22 of *Rhodesiana*. The review states that the present volume is the first to have been published since the Original Edition of 1889.

I wonder if this can be correct as, in my possession, are two copies of the work, identical except that one is bound in boards and the other in cloth. Both are labelled "2nd Edition" and both dated 1889.

Yours, etc.,

J. C. SHEE

Mr. C. Coggin, then Librarian at National Archives, replied:

"The English edition of *Garenganze* ran to three printings, all carried out in 1889. The second printing, or impression, is referred to on the title page as the second edition, despite the fact that it is identical to the first printing in all other respects. This is an example of a publisher confusing the terms 'edition' and 'impression'.

"The third printing of *Garenganze* is apparently regarded by Cass as being a third impression and not a new edition, if one goes by the information given on the verso of the title page of the new reprint. However, the third printing does contain an additional two-page introduction by Dr. A. T. Pierson of Philadelphia, and can be regarded as a second edition if the introduction is thought to constitute a substantial enough alteration to the text to warrant it. This third printing bears the words "Third edition" on the title page.

"According to Robert I. Rotberg, whose introduction forms part of the 1969 reprint, the first impression was issued in two bindings 'priced at the minimal figure (even for the time) of 2/6 (cloth bevelled boards, 3/6)'. 5,000 copies were run off initially, and these were soon followed by the other two impressions. It may be that each of the subsequent impressions was also issued in two bindings, such as those held by Dr. Shiff.

"An American edition was also published, although I have not actually seen a copy. It apparently appeared at the same time as its English counterpart, or shortly thereafter, and was published by F. H. Revell of Chicago and New York. This must be a rare edition, since it is not mentioned by Ernest Baker in

his authoritative biography of Arnot, nor by Rotberg in his bibliographical notes which precede the modern reprint.

"I can find no reference to any other impressions or editions of *Garenganze* other than these. Arnot, in response to demands for a revised version of *Garenganze* and *Bihe and Garenganze*, rewrote his experiences in one volume, *Missionary travels in Central Africa*, published in 1914.

"The English edition of *Garenganze* was published by James E. Hawkins of London. The Cass reprint was reproduced from the first impression of this edition. The volumes in Dr. Schiff's possession are apparently copies of the second impression of the original English edition."

Reviews

Rhodesia Served the Queen, by A. S. Hickman. (Published by authority under the auspices of the Rhodesia Army, 1970. Maps, diagrams. Illustrations from National Archives, by P. C. D. Eaton, Army Photographer, and from other sources. 384 pages. Price: Ordinary Edition \$6.00, De Luxe Edition \$10.00.)

The title of this meticulous account of the contribution made by the Rhodesian forces in the Boer War of 1899-1902 will evoke mixed emotions in the light of recent political developments. The Queen referred to is Queen Victoria, and the intensity of Rhodesia's patriotism of the time is the measure of the part our forces played against an adversary who is today our firmest friend.

This ironical twist of fate is reflected throughout Col. Hickman's account of the campaigns in which the Rhodesians were involved. He has gone to great pains to present the Boer side of the picture and to give the Boer leaders credit where it is due. Equally, he criticises where criticism is justified, but by and large the Boer case is given with sympathy and insight.

Since Col. Hickman's object has been to present a balanced picture, in so far as the Rhodesians were concerned, of a war that we can see now was an unnecessary tragedy, he could scarcely have done otherwise. The prejudices and hatreds engendered by the conflict have—again so far as Rhodesia is concerned—long since disappeared, and he has been able to take a dispassionate view of the actions of both sides.

Indeed, Col. Hickman tells us that when he visited the old battle grounds, he received the utmost assistance from Afrikaner farmers and others, some of whom were "Oudstryders", some of them the descendants of Boer combatants, in a spirit of friendship and co-operation well beyond ordinary requirements. Their readiness to help epitomises the friendship that now exists between our two countries.

Visiting the old battle grounds was only part of the prodigious research that Col. Hickman undertook to get a complete picture. The bibliography and the list of authorities quoted at the end of each chapter, reflecting both English and Afrikaans sources, are most impressive. The accuracy of his account is beyond question.

This Volume I of what is intended eventually to be a two-volume study is dedicated to the memory of Col. J. A. Spreckley, C.M.G., who entered Mashonaland with the Pioneer Corps and played his worthy part during Rhodesia's turbulent infancy.

He was Commanding Officer of the Southern Rhodesian Volunteers and the Rhodesia Regiment in the early stages of the war and was killed in action while leading his men at Hammanskraal in the Transvaal on 20th August, 1900. He was an excellent example of the type of men who pioneered this country and answered the call in 1899.

The Rhodesian part in the conflict has, until now, received little of the recognition that it deserved. Our forces operated from the north, striking

southwards in country that lacked large population centres, whereas the main British effort was from the south and east (the Cape and Natal) striking north and west. The war correspondents were with the armies in the south, who therefore got all the publicity.

Even the relief of Mafeking, in which the Rhodesians played so notable a part, did not correct the picture. The limelight was focused on the defenders rather than on their rescuers. Col. Hickman has therefore covered a vast amount of new ground.

Who, for instance, has ever heard of Kraaipan, an insignificant spot in the Northern Cape on the main railway line from Cape Town to Rhodesia? Yet it was here that the first encounter of the war took place, when a Lieut. Nesbitt (not the Rhodesian Capt. Nesbitt, v.c.) was sent to collect guns from the authorities in the south for use in the siege of Mafeking, and allowed the lot—guns, ammunition, train, men—to fall into Boer hands. Col. Hickman relates this incident in great detail, from both sides.

Mafeking came within the orbit of the Rhodesian Frontier Force under the over-all command of Col. R. S. S. Baden-Powell, with Col. H. C. O. Plumer in command of the Rhodesian Column and Col. J. S. Nicholson, of the B.S.A. Police, in command of an independent force operating from Palapye. This was later supplemented by the Rhodesian Field Force, raised by the B.S.A. Company, and directed by General Carrington, which reflected the British Empire of the time.

In addition to Rhodesians, there were units from Canada, New Zealand, New South Wales, Queensland, Victoria and Tasmania, as well as colonial units from South Africa. Even America was represented, in the person of Major F. R. Burnham, of Shangani Patrol fame.

These forces operated from the very borders of Matabeleland, with actions at Rhodes Drift and Bryce's Store and at various points southwards in Bechuanaland. Each one is recounted in the fullest detail, often enhanced by the personal narratives of combatants on both sides. In shedding light on these actions, and on campaign conditions in Bechuanaland generally, the personal diary of Col. Jules Ellenberger, then a junior in the Protectorate's Administration, has proved of inestimable value. Col. Ellenberger accompanied the forces as a civilian interpreter and his first-hand accounts are graphically vivid.

Of particular interest to Rhodesians of today is the founding of the Cycle Corps of the Southern Rhodesian Volunteers by Charles Duly, of Bulawayo, who earned a D.S.O. for his personal efforts and for the excellent work of his men in maintaining communications with various units of the Rhodesian forces. Their fortitude in riding, often alone, over hundreds of miles of inhospitable country, under perilous conditions, is well conveyed.

An exploit by Charles Duly himself will serve to illustrate the general quality of their work. Lord Roberts had reached Pretoria in June 1900, and Duly undertook the journey from Rustenburg to Pretoria carrying despatches through the Boer lines at night.

"With papers hidden in the tubes of his bicycle, he wheeled his machine past the sleeping enemy, and evaded wakeful dogs by riding through rivers and

pools of putrid water to throw them off the scent." When Boer pickets heard him he lay for three hours in mosquito-ridden reeds.

He reached Pretoria safely and Lord Roberts, seeing the state of his clothes, insisted that he should have his uniform washed and cleaned and that he should stay in bed for a few days to recover. He stayed in bed for six weeks, thanks to a dose of malaria contracted on the ride. He was to be afflicted with the disease for many years. He was awarded his well-merited decoration in the following year.

The relief of Mafeking in May 1900 by the northern column brilliantly led by Col. Plumer and the southern "flying column" commanded by Col. Mahon occupies several chapters, each telling the story from a different angle. Of particular interest is the account of the Boer attack on the besieged town by a force led by Commandant Eloff, a grandson of President Paul Kruger, a few days before the relief.

One reason for the attack was to set an example to the Boer commander, General Snyman, whose inactivity irked his more venturesome subordinates. And it might well have succeeded had Snyman given Eloff the support he was entitled to.

And so the Rhodesians played their worthy part in an operation that culminated in the addition of a new word to the English language when Britain went mad with joy and excitement. No one can read this book without a sense of pride in the magnificent way they served the Queen and added lustre to the history of British arms.

Col. Hickman is to be warmly congratulated on his remarkable achievement in shedding light on a little-known aspect of Rhodesia's military story, and also on the literary quality of his writing. The Government Printer is to be commended on the high standard of the printing and illustrations, and the Rhodesia Army is to be congratulated on its enterprise in making this book possible.

w. D. GALE

The Rhodesian African Rifles by Christopher Owen. (Famous Regiments Series edited by Lieut-General Sir Brian Horrocks. Leo Cooper Ltd., London, 1970. 75 pages, illustrations, diagrams. Price 30s.)

I hope I may be pardoned for digressions during my review of "The Rhodesian African Rifles" by Christopher Owen in the series of "Famous Regiments" edited by Lieut-General Sir Brian Horrocks. Twenty-six volumes in the series have been published and the R.A.R. is a junior member in a list of famous names, some of which date back into the very early annals of the British Army. In fact it is the first of the regiments of what used to be the Colonial forces to be included in this series, which is no small honour in itself, seeing with what names it is included, such as the Royal Fusiliers, the Black Watch and the 11th Hussars.

My reasons for digression are that I have a personal interest in the formation of the Rhodesian African Rifles, in the career of the author, and in the continued progress of the regiment.

The volume is a slim one but it covers in a fascinating manner the total history of the regiment from its formation in June 1940 until it was demobilised in Salisbury at the end of the Second World War. But it was never disbanded like its predecessor, the Rhodesian Native Regiment, after the First World War. It is in fact a natural successor to that regiment, and after a period in the doldrums, when it could well have been disbanded, it was sent for service in the Suez Canal Zone and thereafter, from 1956 to 1958, to Malaya where it acquitted itself with distinction, and is now firmly established for frontier duty in the Zambezi Valley and elsewhere for the security of our homeland.

In battle, on stand-by under trying conditions, and in its present role of observation and patrol to combat the infiltration of so-called "freedom fighters" its soldiers have proved their quality by courage, reliability and determination in many adverse conditions.

I wish it had been possible for the author to paint the whole picture from the actions of the Rhodesian Native Regiment in the German East Africa campaign, through the formation of its successor, the Rhodesian African Rifles, which he has done with such marked success, on to the Suez Canal interlude, then the two years' service in Malaya in combat with communist terrorists, to their present duty on active service on the borders of Rhodesia. The material is undoubtedly available, but at present the author lacks his opportunity.

My first contact with Christopher Owen was an indirect one. As a Sandhurst cadet he had been required to write a paper on historical events of his own choosing. He selected phases of the Matabele War of 1893, and his step-father asked if I could help. I sent him a treasured volume, "The Downfall of Lobengula" by Wills and Collingridge, and he made good use of it, because I heard later that his thesis had been commended. In this way he first displayed his talent for historical research and writing, and returned my book in immaculate condition!

From Sandhurst he was commissioned to the Rhodesian African Rifles in 1963 and was subsequently appointed as aide-de-camp to the Governor of Rhodesia, Sir Humphrey Gibbs. Loyalty to his position led to his resignation from the Rhodesia Army in order to remain with Sir Humphrey Gibbs after Rhodesia declared her independence in 1965, and he is now an officer of the British Army, but his book carries no political tones whatever, a fact remarked upon by Sir Brian Horrocks in his introduction. However, that distinguished general himself adds "But I cannot refrain from saying that I hope this excellent short history will be widely publicised in the U.K., because it is quite time that we emerged, if only for a short period, from the political morass in which we are now floundering, and remembered the splendid response of the small colony of Rhodesia during the last war—particularly in the early stages when, almost alone, Britain was fighting with its back to the wall.

"In 1939 throughout the whole colony approximately 10,000 white Rhodesians were available and fit for active service; of this 6,500 eventually served outside Rhodesia. So much for the white contribution."

I may add that the same pattern also prevailed in the Boer War and in the First World War.

Recruiting for this regiment began in 1940 and Lt.-Col. F. J. Wane (formerly B.S.A. Police and Native Commissioner) was selected as its first commanding officer. His officers were Europeans of the Native Affairs Department and the B.S.A. Police, and whilst recruiting was taking place the cadets of the latter were posted for a month or six weeks to the B.S.A. Police Training Depot, of which I was then Commandant. So I had some small part in the very beginnings of the regiment and men from our Askari Platoon, who were instructors at our Native Police Training School and also did guard duty at Government House, were posted to the new unit as its first instructors.

The R.A.R. then established itself at its new camp on the Borrowdale Road (the area now known as Wanefield) and had to develop *ab initio*. Route marches were in strong favour, and on one celebrated occasion the regiment, on the last leg of a march to Umtali and back, covered the 401 miles from Marandellas to camp in under 12 hours.

In 1942 personnel were employed to conduct Italian prisoners-of-war from Durban to internment camps in Rhodesia. It was during these travels that what is now the regimental march called "Sweet Bananas" had its origin, because the men were much impressed at the sight of bananas in Natal!

A posting to East Africa followed, and then transfer to Ceylon to join the 22nd East Africa (Independent) Brigade, for acclimatisation and jungle training. In December 1944 the regiment was shipped for combat duty and landed at Chittagong, later taking part in the third and final Arakan campaign. The author has related the battle of Tanlwe Chaung in detail and refers to a commendation from the Divisional Commander to the Rhodesian African Rifles and the Northern Rhodesia Regiment in the following terms, "A fine action . . . Please convey my congratulations to all ranks on their splendid fighting spirit."

My next contact with this fine regiment was when our second son, Michael, served with it in Malaya, subsequently under peacetime conditions back in Rhodesia, and finally on active service in the Zambezi Valley.

This little book contains some interesting photographs and plans, but it is regrettable that there is no index, in my opinion an essential however short a book may be. A most excellent review by W. R. Ferris was published in the *Rhodesia Herald* on 6th June, 1970.

Casualties suffered by the Rhodesian African Rifles were as follows, and are all listed by name in a Roll of Honour:

Killed in Action	..	27
Died of Wounds	..	5
Wounded72
Died on Service	..	54

TOTAL 158

—————A. S. HICKMAN

Flame or lily? (*Rhodesian values as defined by the press*) by Graham C. Kinloch. (Alpha Graphic, Durban, 1970. xvi, 134 pages, illustrated. Price \$3.95.)

Flame or lily? is described on the dust jacket as "a study of social values

as defined in the editorials of Rhodesia's main newspapers". A random sample of 2,639 editorials was selected, out of a total of about 70,000 in the *Rhodesia Herald*, the *Chronicle* and the *Umtali Post* from the time they were founded until December 1968. Dr. Kinloch, a Rhodesian, regards the leader writers as being competent to select what subjects were important. Though they probably stood for the values of the white *elite* of the country, rather than those of the man in the street, Dr. Kinloch argues that such an *elite* is "a major factor in shaping and controlling the development of any society, particularly in the colonial setting", and he also holds the belief that newspapers play a large part in moulding society's thought. He dismisses the opposing argument, that newspaper editors are all too often out of touch with the common man, maintaining that instead they often anticipate public opinion, although he gives no examples. This reviewer is a little doubtful of his claim: of the four major political changes in Rhodesia, the Press and the electorate have been out of harmony on two occasions (1923 and 1964-69), in harmony on one occasion (1953), and on the same side but for different reasons once (1961). Now, of course, the Press speaks for neither the average Rhodesian nor the governing *elite*. However, if the book is seen as a study of the values of the Rhodesian Press, it provides some interesting material. Dr. Kinloch has categorised the editorials under 12 headings: government, economic development and economic problems, labour and development (including immigrants), law, transport and communications, education, control of environment (e.g. drought and disease), minority groups, internal unity (e.g. white unity and development), external relations, external criticism and external events. He analyses the approach to these topics with numerous quotations and sets out his conclusions at the end of each chapter. To take some examples, in the attitude to "minority groups" (puzzlingly, Africans are classed as a minority group), Dr. Kinloch decides that some racial prejudice has always been present, but that there is a "willingness to attempt to understand these groups" and that there is more "give and take" than external commentators are prepared to admit, which may account for Rhodesia's "relatively harmonious race relations". In the chapter on "internal unity" he decides that he can define a Rhodesian as a "civilised, industrial settler" who puts emphasis on unity, faith in the future and loyalty to his country, who is against state control and likes to be independent of external criticism, and who puts "personal service" before materialism. In a necessarily brief and subjective examination, Dr Kinloch perhaps errs on the side of generosity.

The concluding chapter is the most interesting. Changes in the preoccupations of the newspapers over the years are tabulated. Themes relating to government, labour problems, education, control of environment, external relations and external criticism are treated more frequently in the later periods, whilst the proportion of editorials on economic development, law, communications, minorities, internal unity and external events decline. Does this mean that our ideas are becoming fixed and that we are becoming more insular and more afraid of criticism than we were?

The book is poorly produced.

D. HARTRIDGE

Zambezia: a journal of social studies in Southern and Central Africa, Vol. 1, No. 2, January 1970. (Salisbury, University College of Rhodesia, viii, 82 pages. Price \$1.00 per issue.)

The aim of this annual journal is to provide a vehicle for the publication of material in the fields of "local art and literature, education, sociology, social medicine, political science, history, linguistics and, indeed, any aspect of society" conveying thereby "a primary interest in the life of human societies in countries on, or around, the Zambezi".

That this is achieved is evidenced by the wide spectrum of subject matter covered by the papers published. Although essentially written by academics for academics (all the authors are or have been members of the staff of the University College except for D. E. Borrell) there is much of interest to the general reader, although he could, perhaps, be forgiven for finding some of the more specialised papers heavy going.

Perhaps of more interest to the uninitiated reader are the article by D. E. Borrell (Betty Finn) on Arthur Shearly Cripps, the missionary poet; that by Prof. P. B. Harris on the changing Rhodesian political culture, 1969; D. N. Beach's Afrikaner and Shona settlement in the Enkeldoorn area, 1890-1900 (an interesting view of the Southern African culture clash in microcosm) and Fr. W. F. Rea's description of the abortive attempts to found a Jesuit mission in Southern Africa, "Agony on the Zambezi".

The line-up is completed by papers from Prof. M. Gelfand on Shona ritual, Prof. M. Murphree on the effects of village school on the development of the surrounding community, M. A. H. Smout on the socio-economic character of selected Natal towns, S. F. W. Orbell on environmental factors in African education and Prof. D. H. Reader on tribalism and detribalisation in Southern and Central Africa. An essay review—"Rhodes, Rhodesia and the Jameson Raid"—by Prof. R. S. Roberts brings up the tail.

The very breadth of subject matter precludes a detailed review by one individual. One or two technical criticisms do spring to the fore, however. There appears to have been an attempt to cover as many aspects of the social sciences as possible in one issue. This undoubtedly causes the brevity of a number of the articles which in turn prevents the full development of some tantalising ideas. This is particularly true of Professor Harris's paper which introduces some interesting concepts, almost at random, and allows them to develop in a series of inspirational leaps.

In almost all cases, previous knowledge of the subject as a whole is assumed. This is justified in an academic journal, but tends to exclude the non-specialist from the author's audience. Certainly, too, a touch of humour in some of the papers would not have gone amiss. This reviewer also found the method of referencing works consulted or cited a little clumsy, although full enough to be of real value to anyone wishing to follow them up.

These criticisms aside *Zambezia* provides thought provoking and informative reading. It also fills a notable gap in locally published literature relating to social studies.

P. EMMERSON

Rhodesia 1890-1970: Eighty Years Onwards by W. D. Gale. (H. C. T. Anderson, Salisbury, 1970. Limp cover, 104 pages, illustrations, maps. Price 65 cents.)

Published to commemorate the 80th anniversary of the occupation of Mashonaland this booklet gives an excellent concentrated history of Rhodesia from that time right up to the republican constitution and the General Election of early 1970.

The author concentrates on political and constitutional matters rather than on social or economic history. All the political and legal crises, especially those of recent years such as the institution and failure of Federation and the rejection of Garfield Todd are described fully. The rise of the Rhodesia Front Party, the various independence talks, *Tiger* and *Fearless*, and others, the Declaration of Unilateral Independence are all detailed. Finally, the story is outlined of how Rhodesia is coping with sanctions.

Included in the illustrations are group pictures of members of the first eleven Legislative Assemblies and of the Cabinet of the twelfth. There is also a chronological table of events dating from 1817 to 1970.

Altogether, a most useful and up-to-date record written in an easy-to-read style.

W. V. BRELSFORD

A History of Northern Rhodesia: Early Days to 1953 by L. H. Gann. (First published in 1963. Chatto & Windus. 478 pages, 3 maps.)

A History of Southern Rhodesia: Early Days to 1934 by L. H. Gann. (First published in 1965. Chatto & Windus. 354 pages, map.)

(Both now reprinted, 1969, by Humanities Press, New York. Price U.S. \$12.50 each.)

These two volumes have long been out of print and these reprintings by Humanities Press are very welcome. They are straightforward reprints, not facsimiles, even down to the odd misprint. The only difference between these volumes and the earlier editions is that the maps have been left out of the 1969 issues.

Gann, who is now Senior Staff Member, Hoover Institution, Stanford University, U.S.A., wrote these books during the period of ten years when he was Editor at the National Archives, Salisbury. They were sponsored by Archives as part of a project to produce histories of the three territories which then formed the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Neither the volume on Nyasaland nor the second volume on Southern Rhodesia bringing the history up to 1953 or beyond, has been completed.

In the Southern Rhodesian volume Gann deals only briefly with the pre-history, early Bantu and the early Portuguese contact periods. He concentrates mainly on the period from mid-nineteenth century up to 1953 when Dr. Godfrey Huggins (later Lord Malvern) formed his National Government and thereby, as T. W. Baxter, Director of the National Archives, says in his preface "opened a new chapter in the Colony's political history".

These two volumes are still the authoritative works on the countries and periods concerned. They are scholarly, complete, accurate and thoroughly documented.

W. V. BRELSFORD

A Study of Zambia's Natural Resources by A. E. G. Storrs. (Oxford University Press. Limp cover, 132 pages, maps and diagrams.)

This guide for teachers invites comparison with a similar volume, "Conservation: A Guide Book for Teachers", published in Rhodesia in 1957. This latter work covered the Federation but concentrated on Southern Rhodesia.

The Zambian book is longer and includes amongst its natural resources bees and insects which are missed out of the Rhodesian book. The Zambian book, naturally, devotes greater length to fish which forms one of that country's most valuable food resources and has a section on the tsetse fly which is much more widely spread than in Rhodesia. The Zambian book does not include "beauty spots" as a natural resource.

Both books have general chapters on the basic facts, sections on the laws affecting conservation and on the workings of the relevant government departments. The Rhodesian book contains more practical advice on teaching material for both primary and secondary schools.

Although the specific examples, illustrations and maps are from Zambia, Storrs' book has a general relevance. He relates the great orders of flora and fauna with geological history, he deals with the economics of natural resources connecting the "balance of nature" to the "balance of payments" and throughout emphasis is laid on the great influence that a country's natural resources have on daily life.

W. V. BRELSFORD

GENERAL

Social Control in an African Society by P. H. Gulliver. (International Library of Sociology and Social Reconstruction. Routledge & Kegan Paul. Reprinted 1969. 306 pages, illustrations, maps, diagrams. Price £2 10s.)

Readers interested in the developments that are taking place in the system of chieftainship in Rhodesia will find this book intriguing. It concerns a people who, traditionally, never had chiefs or headmen as such and who had the institution of chieftainship imposed on them by colonial powers.

The Arusha Masai live on the northern border of Tanganyika and their country adjoins that of the Kenya Masai. The Arusha are an agricultural people living, not in villages, but in individual homesteads scattered around group areas that the author calls, aptly, "parishes".

The political system, and indeed the kinship and legal systems also, were all contained within institutions relating to parish age-groups and the patrilineal descent groups.

Each parish had groups of concurrent age-sets, each set having an elected

leader or "spokesman" who, as an individual, was a councillor or negotiator rather than a judge. Active decisions affecting the community at large were taken at gatherings of "spokesmen" at a parish assembly.

The leader or "spokesman" of the patrilineal lineage group was chosen by a group of people who traced agnatic descent from the earliest known ancestor. He dealt with kinship matters, betrothal, marriage, land, and he consulted witnesses and arranged for disputes to be settled by public discussion.

When the Germans imposed their rule on Tanganyika, after 1885, they introduced a system of appointed chiefs treating them as an extension of the administration. When the British took over Tanganyika as a Mandated Territory after the First World War they continued the system of appointed chiefs, gave them magisterial powers and added appointed headmen to the system. The chiefs chosen were usually the "great spokesmen" of an age-set. The Arusha accepted the system although they believed that it encouraged the chief to favour his own clan and parish. In 1948 the whole Arusha area was put under one chief with a committee of 12 councillors and the chiefly magisterial powers were taken over by paid magistrates.

In 1961 with the granting of independence the Arusha were able to reject the whole system of chieftainship and to revert to a form of council government with councillors elected through the parishes and with an elected leader. The traditional age-set "spokesmen" came back into the political field for, as was to be expected, they became the elected councillors. They had been eclipsed by the alien system of chieftainship for over 70 years but the age-old tribal structure had not passed out of memory.

W. V. BRELSFORD

Custom and Politics in Urban Africa by Abner Cohen. (Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1969. 252 pages. Price £1 16s.)

Although this volume may have little specific relevance to conditions in Rhodesian African townships, Zambian townships are mentioned and any study of the social and political stresses in African towns is of comparative interest in illustrating possible trends.

This volume is a study of what the author calls "re-tribalisation" as opposed to the more common detribalisation.

For centuries, the large scale, long distance trade between the savannahs of Northern Nigeria and the towns of the south has been in the hands of the Hausa of the north. In order to maintain the monopoly and handle the orders and necessary credits large Hausa enclaves have developed in the Yoruba towns of the south. These enclaves had their own "chiefs" and the Hausa ran their own social and local political affairs within the enclaves. In the colonial era the British policy of Indirect Rule encouraged such tribal rule.

But with the rise of nationalism and eventually the granting of independence to Nigeria the non-tribal political party and the national government became the dominant influences in the towns and the exclusiveness of the Hausa enclaves was broken. They were no longer allowed to run their own enclaves and, because they were thrown open, the Hausa met more trade competition from the Yoruba.

Also, because of their common Islamic connection, there was more social contact between the two peoples. And, because the Northern Party, the party of the Hausa homeland, was so far away the Hausa in the southern towns took to getting the patronage of the party in power in the towns.

The Hausa were becoming detribalised.

Soon a reaction set in and the Hausa again began to assert that their "way of life was different". They joined the mystical Islamic order of Tijaniyya, itself an exclusive sect, and the religious leader took the place of the former enclave chief. He became the symbol of political authority in the enclave by becoming the channel of communication between leaders and people, land-lords and clients, one age-group and another. The religious leader was a diviner and he became an adviser on trade. In this way the Hausa reasserted their exclusiveness through embracing a distinctive religious sect; they had become "re-tribalised" in the Yoruba towns.

The author quotes many examples of "re-tribalisation" among European communities as well as among other African peoples. On the Copper belt of Zambia the rise of trade unionism on a detribalised basis led to the end of the system of conducting industrial relations through Tribal Representatives. But the author sees tribalism or "re-tribalism" asserting itself in the struggles for power and office at trade union elections. So in the apparently completely detribalised African towns new factors, religion or trade unionism, for example, can be seen as rallying points for tribalism or "re-tribalism". The author's hypotheses may be of wide application.

W. V. BRELSFORD

Africa in Time—Perspective by Daniel F. McCall. (Oxford University Press, New York. Reprinted 1969. Limp cover, 179 pages, line drawings. Price \$1.10.)

The sub-title of this book is "A Discussion of Historical Reconstruction from Unwritten Sources". The text is from a series of lectures given at Boston University and the book is intended for use by university lecturers and students. But it does contain much that will interest the general reader on African history.

"Time is the essence of history," says the author, and it is "crucial that we should improve our means of assigning events, cultures, artefacts, traits, etc., to a time period." If we do not know when specific cultures flourished we cannot determine what relationships there were between them and what the course of history was in pre-literate days.

The author discusses therefore a wide range of non-literary subjects—archaeology, oral traditions, linguistics, ethnology, ethno-botany, ethno-zoology, human biology and art—and what they can contribute to the formulation of a chronology.

Although the main theme is the chronology of Africa comparisons and associations with other continents are drawn and outlined. And, the more that is learned about "pre-history" generally from unwritten sources the more certain it appears that tropical Africa was not only the original home of mankind but also the starting place of agriculture and of the skills of domestication of

animals as well as of arts such as wood-carving.

Archaeology is making the biggest contribution to our knowledge in this respect at the present time. Anthropologists have, of recent years, says the author, been too much engrossed with current social and political organisation and have neglected the study of material culture and the recording of oral traditions and folk tales all of which could add so much to our knowledge of pre-literate days.

"The recovery of the past which had already been lost when our literary history began" by means of the methodical study of unwritten sources has had notable successes in Europe and America but in Africa it is a challenge still to be met.

W. V. BRELSFORD

A Voortrekker's Tradition: a Brief Account of a long Missionary Tradition by W. W. Anderson. (United Congregational Church of South Africa, Johannesburg; distributed by the U.C.C. Bookroom, Bulawayo, [1970]. 19 pages, illustrations, genealogy. No price given.)

The voortrekker of the title is William Anderson, the Scots missionary who is remembered today for his work amongst the Griqua people at Klaarwater in the Northern Cape. This is a brief outline of his career and the missionary tradition he left, a tradition which has been carried on by his numerous descendants. For Rhodesians, a famous figure is Charles Daniel Helm, who was Anderson's grandson, while the author himself was active in the Rhodesian missionary field for many years.

This little book is more of a succinct family history than a detailed picture of missionary endeavour. Nevertheless it effectively portrays the unique role played by the missionary in South African and Rhodesian history, and makes interesting reading.

C. COGGIN

Publications of the National Museums of Rhodesia

The latest in the series of Occasional Papers is *A New Approach to African Orthetrum* (Odonata) by Elliot Pinhey.

Nos. 36-40 of the miscellaneous series, *Arnoldia*, complete Volume 4, No. 1 of Volume 5 appeared in July. Titles include *Data from the Culling of Kudu* by Vivian J. Wilson, Part V of *Notes on the Birds of Zambia* by C. W. Benson, R. K. Brooke, R. J. Dowsett and M. P. Stuart Irwin, also several entomological papers by Elliot Pinhey.

LIST OF MEMBERS OF THE RHODESIANA SOCIETY

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 Adams, E. M. A., Bulawayo
 Adams, G. J., Salisbury
 Adlington, Dr. J. L., Salisbury
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 African Administration Department Library, Salisbury
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 Barnard, Dr. P. J., Bulawayo
 Barron, A. T., Banket
 Barrow, The Hon. Sir M., C.B.E., Salisbury
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 Bartholomew, P. D., Witbank, South Africa
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 Marandellas and District Library, Marandellas
 Marandellas High School Library, Marandellas
 Maritz, Miss S. M. B., Umtali
 Markall, The Most Rev. Archbishop F. W., S.J., Salisbury
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 Mears, Mrs. C., Sinoia
 Meikle, E. C., Penhalonga
 Meikle, G. S. C., Penhalonga
 Meikle, J. O., Penhalonga
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 Udwin, S., Salisbury
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 South Africa
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 U.S.A.
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 Ghana
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 Africa
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 Wells, Miss E. E., Bulawayo
 Wells, Col. G. E., Salisbury
 Wells, Mrs. J. F., Bulawayo
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 Westcott, R. L., Gatooma
 Weston, T. H., Salisbury
 Westrop, Mrs. L. E., Salisbury
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 Whaley, D. H., Salisbury
 Whaley, G. F., Salisbury
 Whaley, T. K., Salisbury
 Whaley, W. R., Salisbury
 Whaley, M. B. E., Salisbury
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 Woolley, M. S., Essexvale
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 Wright, P. J., Fort Victoria
 Wright, T., Bulawayo
 Wright, V., Bulawayo
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Publications of the Rhodesiana Society

Rhodesiana No. 1, 1956 (*out of print*)

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

Extracts from the Matabele journals of Robert Moffat, 1829-60.

W. V. BRELSFORD. Northern Rhodesiana.

Rhodesiana No. 2, 1957 (*out of print*)

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

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

"REGULUS". Frank William Baxter, v.c.

H. POIXETT. The Mazoe Patrol.

Rhodesiana No. 3, 1958 (*out of print*)

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

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

N. M. BRETTELL. Three Rhodesian poets.

Rhodesiana No. 4, 1959 (*out of print*)

Diaries of the Jesuit missionaries at Bulawayo, 1879-81; translated from the French by Mrs. M. Lloyd.

Rhodesiana No. 5, 1960 (*out of print*)

A. S. HICKMAN. The Mashonaland Irish.

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

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

W. F. REA. Rhodesian pioneer.

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

Rhodesiana No. 6, 1961 (*out of print*)

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

Rhodesiana No. 7, 1962 (*out of print*)

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

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

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

Rhodesiana No. 8, 1963 (*out of print*)

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

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

R. C. HOWLAND. The Mazoe Patrol.

Rhodesiana No. 9, 1963 (*out of print*)

- J. A. EDWARDS. Colquhoun in Mashonaland: a portrait of failure.
A. S. HICKMAN. The siege of the Abercorn Store.
B. M. E. and K. E. O'MAHONEY. The southern column's fight at Singuesi,
2nd November, 1893.
R. C. HOWLAND. The Market Hall—Salisbury's oldest building.
"Shifts and expedients": extracts from the book by W. B. Lord and T.
Baines.
MRS. M. CRIPPS. Umtali during the Rebellion, 1896.

Rhodesiana No. 10, July 1964 (*out of print*)

- The British South Africa Company's Central Settlement Farm, Marandellas, 1907-10; from the papers of H. K. Scorrer, edited by R. Reynolds.
C. T. C. TAYLOR. Lomagundi.
R. W. DICKINSON. Sofala.
H. A. CRIPWELL. Operations round Mpepo, German East Africa, 1917.

Rhodesiana No. 11, December 1964 (*out of print*)

- J. ELLENBERGER. The Bechuanaland Protectorate and the Boer War.
F. O. BERNHARD. Notes on the Pre-Ruin Ziwa culture of Inyanga.
L. S. GLOVER. Memories of the Mashonaland Mounted Police, 1896-97.
R. C. HOWLAND. Salisbury, old and new, contrasted in photographs.

Rhodesiana No. 12, September 1965 (*Special Issue. 15th Anniversary of formal establishment of our country in 1890*) (*out of print*)

- H. F. HOSTE. Rhodesia in 1890.
R. W. S. TURNER. Henry Hartley, 1815-76.
P. S. GARLAKE. Pioneer forts in Rhodesia, 1890-97.
K. MAUCH. Tjie Makalaka; translated from the German by F. O. Bernhard.
H. D. RAWSON. Diary of a journey from Southampton to Salisbury, 1895.
A. S. HICKMAN. The death of Charles Annesty.
J. MCADAM. An early enthusiast for Rhodesian aviation: Mr. C. F. Webb,
in 1912.

Rhodesiana No. 13, December 1965 (*out of print*)

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