HERITAGE of ZIMBABWE

PUBLICATION NO. 26 2007

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Publication No. 26 — 2007

THE HISTORY SOCIETY OF ZIMBABWE
Harare
Zimbabwe
2007

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HERITAGE OF ZIMBABWE is the journal of The History Society of Zimbabwe. It replaces *RHODESIANA* which was the journal of The Rhodesiana Society which Society absorbed the National Historical Association and Heritage of the Nation, and later became the History Society of Zimbabwe.

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ISSN 0556—9605

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Origination and printing by PacPrint (Pvt.) Ltd, Harare, Zimbabwe.

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Foreword

This is the 26th annual issue of *Heritage of Zimbabwe*.

Exactly a year ago we were horrified that inefficiency, corruption, incompetence and mismanagement of everything around us had resulted in an horrific rate of inflation of 1000% and expected to treble by Christmas 2006. As we enter calendar year 2008 inflation is allegedly over 1 million % and some economists predict a ten fold increase in that inflation figure by Christmas 2008 – this is apparently an all time world record for inflation and obviously something to be *deeply* ashamed of.

Printing costs in greedy Zimbabwe have gone mad and it has been an uphill struggle to produce this volume. What will the position be a year from now? Speaking for myself, probably starvation.

This issue endeavours to provide something appealing to the taste of every reader. As always we strive for a balance between researched articles and the text of talks given to our members nearly every month of the year.

In this issue the latter is catered for by the text of five well presented and very interesting talks on a mixed bag of subjects including agricultural research, this country's Rhodes Scholars, the Margolis family, the well known artist Robert Paul and the Morgenster mission. There could have been even more talks reproduced in this volume, but, sadly, some presenters seem unable to have the text of their talk available not only immediately after it is presented but even up to six months later, which is very unfortunate.

The reservoir of researched articles is becoming depleted but in order to balance the content we offer, once again, a miscellany ranging from histories of gambling and of the Urungwe/Lomagundi district to the Shamva Railway, the Kopje Institute and the DRC in Victoria Circle. The paper on Edmond Selous, brother of F.C is enchanting and we thank the ever vigilant Richard Wood for unearthing a diary written nearly 80 years ago and making it available. We also thank our National Chairman Fraser Edkins and Bill Sykes for their efforts in editing and abridging the diary to make it more readable, and to Richard Wood for his introductory text.

Richard Wood also writes an obituary of Richard Franks who served the Society with dedication in various capacities for over 30 years.

The issue ends with several book reviews. We are always happy to review relevant books and review copies should be delivered to the Honorary Editor. Two of the reviews relate to private schools in Harare. Zimbabwe can be very proud of the achievements of its long established private schools such as Arundel, Chisipite, Falcon, Peterhouse, St. Georges, the Convents, etc.

As always the Society expresses its grateful appreciation to the sponsors all of whom are listed on page v. In this regard special mention is made of the extremely generous support of The Beit Trust without whose assistance you would not be reading this journal. We also greatly appreciate the sponsorship of TextPertise (Private) Limited and its Directors, Cheryll and Roger Stringer, who have done the formatting of this issue without charge. I express my personal thanks to my wife Rosemary whose expertise in the English language makes her an ideal Editor's sounding board. Finally, a special thank you to John McCarthy for help in several respects.

Michael J. Kimberley, Honorary Editor, *Heritage of Zimbabwe*

Towards a History of Gambling in Zimbabwe, with Special Reference to Betting and Greyhound Racing

by R. S. Roberts

Hardly anything has been written on the history of betting in Zimbabwe and not much, either, on sport from a sociological point of view. Why some forms of diversion were taken up and others not is far from clear; and why some and not others appealed to the different racial groups is perhaps even less clear. Why was hunting on horses (drag or for quarry) which was popular in Kenya abandoned in Rhodesia in favour of show-jumping and dressage? Why did Africans not take up cricket in the way that the poor of the West Indies did? One can understand that ice-hockey that made a brief appearance in Salisbury was never likely to become a mass sport in the tropics, but trotting was once very popular before succumbing to ordinary horse-racing. And why was dog racing – second only to soccer in popularity in the British Isles from the 1920s – not taken up in our urban centres as a cheaper alternative to horse-racing, particularly for Africans?

The answer to the last part of that particular question lies in the legislation governing gambling, which among many other restrictions made it illegal for Africans to make bets (either with a bookmaker or on the Tote) or even to buy a State Lottery ticket! – an example of paternalistic discrimination that appears to have been completely forgotten. In fact greyhound racing did, briefly, become a possibility in Rhodesia in 1947–9 and forty years later it did at last come to Zimbabwe; but the African masses did not take to it and its career was consequently short-lived – as will appear.

Gambling and betting are quite complicated subjects both in the technical and the legal aspects, but it is fundamental to the development of modern racing whether of horses or of dogs. Therefore some explanation of modern, commercial betting is essential to understanding what follows.

The history of betting as we know it today began in the 1860s in Paris with the development of *pari mutuel* betting. In English this became known as a totalizator (colloquially the Tote) which, briefly, is a scheme and/or any recording apparatus which totals all the bets on an event (or, in other words, puts them all into a 'pool' which is the term that football betting later preferred) and, after deducting a percentage of the total sum bet in order to cover costs and provide profits, pays out the balance to those with winning slips.

This system soon came to be preferred by the betting public – for in a sense it deals with 'natural' or definitive odds rather than the odds offered by bookmakers which change as bets come in and can be manipulated. Although there was some variation, a Tote typically kept something over 10 per cent of the total bet; just over 50 per cent was paid out to those with the winner; and the remaining 30 odd per cent was split between those with a second and third place (in the proportion of 3:2). This system also was a great attraction to the owners of venues and/or the organizers of events where betting took place – for they could run the Tote themselves and cut out the bookmakers. Thus the Tote in the late nineteenth to

early twentieth century transformed the methods and the culture of betting. In the process it also commercialized betting, particularly when in 1913 the slowness of 'totaling' manually was overcome by an Australian mechanical recording apparatus (the first was installed in New Zealand and quickly followed in Australia); soon to be made electrical this invention swept the world and became virtually an Antipodean monopoly until modern computers supplanted it in the 1970s. Meanwhile another invention at the same time, the American mechanical-electrical lure of 1912, also made modern greyhound racing practical as an urban sport, as distinct from coursing which required extensive open spaces.[1]

Thus legislation relating to gambling from earliest days in Southern Rhodesia was largely focused on totalizator betting, except when dealing specifically with gaming which is a rather different matter not covered in detail in what follows.[2]

The first piece of legislation was in 1914 and was probably prompted by public concern in South Africa about betting on the Rand as a growing social problem. The Treasurer, F. J. Newton, in introducing the bill said that the intention was simply to regulate betting so that it did not become a problem in Southern Rhodesia. Thus there was to be no advertising by bookmakers and they could not take a bet from a minor or an African. Only a turf club could obtain a licence for a Tote to be employed at a horse race only, on the day of the race. The Treasurer also added that the proposed tax on the turnover of the Tote would be used to improve the horse stock of the country, and was not for revenue purposes – an attitude of self-denial not to be shared by later governments. There was no opposition to the bill and after a few minor amendments it passed into law as the Betting and Totalisator Control Ordinance (No. 17 of 1914).[3]

The matter rested there until 1938 when tightening up of the law in South Africa was again a matter for discussion, and this prompted the Southern Rhodesia government to introduce new legislation. There was general agreement, both amongst interested parties and M.P.s;[4] and the resultant Betting and Totalisator Control Act (No. 38 of 1938) introduced licensing of bookmakers whose numbers were to be restricted but left totalizator betting basically as it was, limited to horse racing including trotting, but now taxed.

In the 1940s football pools outside the country became popular and a local group promoted such a pool in the belief, or hope, that it did not come within the definition of a totalizator. When charged with breaking the 1938 Act they were found not guilty by the magistrate in 1949; but this decision was overturned on the Attorney General's appeal to the High Court in March 1950.[5]

Meanwhile the question of dog racing also came to the attention of the authorities, because in South Africa a commission of enquiry had, since 1942, been taking evidence

[1]It is generally forgotten that coursing events such as the Waterloo Cup attracted a larger number of paying spectators than the Derby or the F.A. Cup Final.

[2]Lotteries were illegal from the start because Cape law (which was applied from June 1891) provided a statutory ban in Act 9 of 1889. The first legislation in Southern Rhodesia was the Gaming and Betting Houses Suppression Ordinance (No. 15 of 1904). These two pieces of legislation were to be only slightly changed over the years – by the Lotteries and Gaming (Exemption) Act (No. 77 of 1959), and the General Laws Amendment Act (No. 18 of 1989), respectively. The reason for this was that the activities they covered did not see the innovative changes and developments that betting did. Only in 1998 were they finally repealed and replaced by sections of the new, consolidated Lotteries and Gaming Act (No. 26).

[3][Southern Rhodesia,] *Debates in the Legislative Council … 1914,* 506, 579–80, 594–8, 634–41.

[4]*Debates of the Legislative Assembly … 1938,* XVIII, 1973, 2102–8, 2405–19, 2716, 2731.

[5]*Southern Rhodesian Law Reports, 1949 … Decisions of the High Court …* (Salisbury, Stationery Office, 1950), 34–7, R. *v.* Banks.

concerning the social problems it caused, particularly among the newly urbanized Afrikaner working-class on the Rand. These problems were exacerbated by the proliferation of bucket shops and rigging and the final report in 1946 recommended abolition. This was done by the Transvaal Provincial Council in 1947 but to be phased out, by 1949.[6] After the ban some greyhounds were kept on by their owners and a sort of 'amateur' racing sport developed in the Free State with only owners present – no spectators and no betting (although private wagers almost certainly persisted).[7] But as greyhounds are relatively expensive, to buy and to maintain, and represented considerable capital investment by their owners, there was the possibility of their being exported in 1949 to help start up racing somewhere else (as was to happen from Britain and Ireland to Zimbabwe forty years later).

Whether this was a real danger or not, the government of Southern Rhodesia had been studying the whole matter of betting (spurred on no doubt by its appeal to the High Court over football pools) and concluded that dog racing was in fact not illegal in Southern Rhodesia as long as no totalizator was employed. Therefore it decided without any prior public discussion to put both issues beyond doubt in the next session of Parliament, in 1950, by new legislation specifically banning dog racing and betting on it along with sports pools.[8]

The Minister of Internal Affairs in introducing the bill explained that it was necessary owing to the social problems of gambling that had led to the ban on dog racing in South Africa; but an added reason was that the law in respect of dog racing and pools was not entirely clear, as has already been noted.[9] The reaction of M.P.s to this unannounced piece of legislation was mixed. Most supported it because of the fear of gambling and the experience on the Rand, but there was little enthusiasm for such interference with people's freedom that had little logic as long as there was horse racing with its bookmakers and totalizator betting and a State Lottery (begun in 1935).[10] A few M.P.s were strongly against the bill for this reason[11] but in the end it was passed with a comfortable majority as the Dog Racing and Sports Pools Prohibition Act (No. 10 of 1950).[12]

Both before and after this there were many other, smaller amendments to the Betting and Totalisator Control Act of 1938 but the principle remained the same.[13] However, attitudes to gambling in general and betting in particular were softening, and a general relaxation of controls was soon seen. In 1959 the restrictions on Africans were repealed – both in respect of betting and the State Lottery.[14] Exemptions were also made in 1959 to the general ban on gaming and lotteries (under the Cape Act 9 of 1889, already been mentioned in footnote 2), because in practice was law was openly defied every week of the year by churches, clubs

[6]A. Grundlingh, '"Gone to the dogs": The cultural politics of gambling – The rise and fall of British greyhound racing on the Witwatersrand, 1932–1949', *South African Historical Journal,* (2003), XLVIII, 174–89.

[7]Ultimately a South African Amateur Greyhound Union was established to cater for this sport.

[8]*Debates of the Legislative Assembly … 1950 … 1951,* XXXI, (i), 5 (17 Apr. 1950).

[9]Ibid., 150–3.

[10]Ibid., Lardner-Burke, 155–8; Eastwood, 168–70.

[11]Ibid., Wise, 153–7, and 1415 (22 May); Keller, 158–9; Macintyre, 166–8.

[12]Ibid., 175, 615–26 (3 May); 1081–7 (15 May); 1271 (18 May); 1415 (22 May).

[13]Acts Nos. 21 of 1946, 9 and 42 of 1954, 6 of 1956, and 24 of 1959.

[14]The Betting and Totalisator Control Amendment Act (No. 24) and the State Lotteries Amendment Act (No. 30) – both of 1959. This was consequent upon the Report of a Select Committee on Betting by Natives, set up in 1958, which had been accepted by the Legislative Assembly earlier in 1959; see *Debates of the Legislative Assembly … 1958 … 1959*, XLI, 1642–98; *1959,* XLII, 1699–1711 (22 July); and this in turn was part of that wider relaxation of discriminatory restrictions relating to drink and sexual relationships.

and charities trying to raise money for good causes.[15] Then, somewhat similarly, in 1960 football pools were legalized (The Pools Control Act, No. 51 of 1960) partly because the rise of fixed-odds betting on football results (which was not illegal) made the prohibition of pools illogical;[16] and a year later a new Betting and Totalisator Control Act (No. 10 of 1961, superseding the 1938 Act) allowed motor car/cycle races to have a Tote, relaxed restrictions on the numbers of bookmakers, and generally updated the law concerning betting.[17] Finally in 1963 provision was made for casinos (The Casino Act, No. 80 of 1963).

Something of a cultural revolution in four short years; and during the debate on the new Pools Control Bill in 1960 a couple of M.P.s had expressed the hope that dog racing would also be allowed.[18] Perhaps as a consequence of this, and of the general relaxation of former restrictions, the idea of dog racing seems to have been raised again in the late 1960s. For Parliament on 7 June 1968 extended the terms of reference of the Select Committee on Betting, Lotteries and Gaming Laws to include dog racing.[19] But in the event the Committee appears never have seriously investigated that particular aspect of betting and it was not referred to in the resultant up-dating of the law (a new Betting and Totalizator Control Act (No. 33 of 1976). This Act relaxed the law by allowing Tote betting off-course but tightened up on the numbers of bookmakers[20] – part of a worldwide trend that saw the disappearance of bookmakers completely in some countries.

Only in late 1990 did greyhound racing finally make an appearance in Zimbabwe. By that time the 'sport' was in decline in Britain and Ireland where consequently there were surplus dogs for export cheaply – and that perhaps was the origin of the new interest. But before greyhound racing could begin the 1950 Act[21] would have to be repealed to make dog racing legal, and parts of the Betting and Totalizator Control Act (No. 33 of 1976) would have to be amended to allow totalizator betting on such races. This was done in 1990 in response to a request by Mr Joe Kennedy of National Tested Seeds to the Ministry of Home Affairs.[22] Members of the government appear to have been swayed by the argument that the ban on greyhound racing in 1950 had just been to fall in line with South Africa – a form of political compliance that was totally out of place in an independent Zimbabwe.

So in August 1990 a bill was introduced by the government to make the changes necessary for the legalization of dog racing. Ministers argued that greyhound racing was a cheap sport for the 'povo', which would provide enjoyment, create jobs, earn tax revenue and,

[15]The Lotteries and Gaming (Exemption) Act (No. 77 of 1959).

[16]The explanation of these changes by the Minister of Justice and Internal Affairs can seen in *Debates of the Legislative Assembly … 1960,* XLV, 1352–5 (11 Aug.).

[17]The explanation of these changes by the Minister of Justice and Internal Affairs can be seen in *Debates of the Legislative Assembly… 1961*, XLVII, 4026–9 (1 Mar.).

[18]e.g. by H. Pichanick and A. Palley, *Debates of the Legislative Assembly… 1960,* XLV, 1362, 1364 (11 Aug.).

[19]Rhodesia, *Votes and Proceedings of the Parliament of Rhodesia … 1968 …1969,* 66.

[20]The explanation of these changes by the Minister of Law and Order can be seen in *Parliamentary Debates, House of Assembly … 1976,* XCIII, 1410–15 (23 July). There had of course been many minor amendments of the law since 1961 (notably Acts Nos. 54 of 1963, 10 of 1964, 25 of 1965, 6 of 1967, 22 of 1969, and 57 of 1972), which were consolidated in 1976.

[21]The 1950 Act had in fact been amended in title to become simply The Dog Racing Prohibition Act by The Pools Control Act (No. 51 of 1960) which did away with the prohibition of pools.

[22]I am grateful to Mr J. Kennedy for answering questions on the development of greyhound racing in Zimbabwe, but the responsibility for what is written is mine.

ultimately, foreign exchange when dogs were exported.[23] Some doubts and concerns were expressed by some M.P.s during the debate on the second reading – was the sport cruel, what would happen to superannuated dogs, what veterinary and other controls would there be, was it right to give further opportunities for gambling?[24] But others supported the idea and the bill passed its second reading without a division, and then the committee stage and third reading, all on the same day without objection.[25] The resultant Betting and Totalizator Control Amendment Act (No. 17 of 1990) put dog racing on a par with horse racing and motor car racing, and provided for a dog racing association to be licensed to hold meetings and run a Tote.[26]

Preparations for all this, of course, had been long in the making, notably the importation of breeding stock from Britain and Ireland in 1988 by Mr Mike Marais who had been involved in trotting but then turned to the idea of dog racing with Kennedy.[27] By the time racing was legalized some 330 dogs, owned by their company, Greyhound Racing Pvt. Ltd, were ready for sale; and at the first auction was held just a few days after the third reading of the bill that legalized dog racing. Some 145 dogs were sold for a total of $326 830 (the most sought after one fetching $11 000).[28] The Company had also brought in an experienced British trainer,[29] who alone would be allowed to train the racing dogs which had to be kept at a kennels complex owned by Kennedy. Only dogs bought from the Company were eligible for registration to race at the meetings to be organized by the new Greyhound Racing Association, initially at Rufaro Stadium Harare but later, it was hoped, at Waterfalls Stadium; this had hitherto been the venue for trotting, which according to some was sacrificed for the sake of the plans for greyhound racing.[30] Ultimately it was hoped to extend racing to Bulawayo and Mutare.

To oversee the sport was a Stewards Committee, set up by the Association, and its Vice-Chairman was Mr Kenneth Bute, the Deputy Minister of Community and Co-operative Development[31] who when speaking in favour of the bill in Parliament had let slip that he had been invited to attend a race meting in Britain.[32] This somewhat strange set-up, with all control virtually in the hands of Kennedy and Marais, raised eyebrows even in complaisant Zimbabwe – and particularly so when it emerged that Mr David Kwidini, the Minister of State for Sports Co-ordination, had become the owner of one of the most expensive dogs sold at the auction (but ostensibly bought by somebody else) – and even more so later when the dog won one of the first races![33]

Consequently the new sport, undeservedly perhaps, had begun to receive a bad press

[23][Zimbabwe,] *Parliamentary Debates … 1989 … 1990* [Hansard Version], XVII, Minister of Home Affairs, 1389–90, 1403; Deputy Minister of Community and Co-operative Development, 1394–5; Deputy Minister of Transport and National Supplies, 1397–8 (14 Aug.); *The Herald* [Harare], 20 and 21 Sept. 1990.

[24]*Parliamentary Debates … 1990,* XVII, 1390–3; 1397; 1399–1401 (14 Aug.).

[25] Ibid., 1405–7 (14 Aug.).

[26]The necessary regulations for this were issued in Zimbabwe, *Government Gazette,* 28 Sept. 1990, Statutory Instrument 240.

[27]*The Herald,* 13 Sept. 1990.

[28]Ibid., 24 Sep. 1990.

[29]Ibid., 13, 21 Sept. 1990.

[30]Certainly Mr Kennedy did acquire a fifty per cent stake in the stadium.

[31]*The Herald,* 28 Dec. 1990.

[32]*Parliamentary Debates … 1989 … 1990,* XVII, 1394–5 (14 Aug.).

[33]*The Herald,* 28, 29 Dec. 1990.

even before the first race had been run. A leader in *The Herald* doubted if this was a sport for the masses and wondered who was behind what was in effect nothing but a business venture.[34] A later leader implied that the business was dominated by Whites who had stolen a march on the government's National Sports Council which itself had been considering such a development – but that was probably an after-thought by politicians sorry not to have seen the potential earlier.[35] Not to be outdone a Zanu-PF journalist spoke of it as a White plot to further impoverish the Black masses.[36]

Meanwhile a contributed article to *The Herald* entitled "Why we don't need greyhound racing' claimed that the gullible would simply lose money to the businessmen behind a venture that displayed contempt for the people of Zimbabwe and would turn out to be a 'national embarrassment'.[37] The Anglican Bishop of Mashonaland also deprecated this additional encouragement to gambling which, he thought, was hardly consonant with the government's policy of Education with Production.[38]

There was indeed considerable public comment: some hostile that focused on cruelty to animals with the result that the promoters issued a statement assuring the public that no live lure was ever used and that a Greyhound Trust was to be set up to care for superannuated dogs;[39] some were more light-hearted but still disturbing in that it was alleged that, following the high auction prices, dogs looking anything like greyhounds were now being kidnapped and that Africans were starving their indigenous whippet-like dogs to get the required extra lean and leggy look of greyhounds.[40]

To further complicate the introduction of greyhound racing – and much to the amusement of the critics – technical problems with lighting and the mechanical lure led to repeated abandonment of the inaugural meeting;[41] This was serious because those who had paid for their tickets were not given refunds but were invited to return to the next meeting free of charge – an arrangement that did not go down well with the crowd and, according to some, damaged popular support irremedially.[42] The good name of the new sport also took another knock in the townships when the Zimbabwe Football Association announced that it was abandoning Rufaro as a venue for matches because of changes to the layout of the Stadium to accommodate the racing.[43]

The first race eventually took place on 28 December 1990 before an audience of about a thousand people,[44] with, to my surprise, a much higher proportion of Whites and Coloureds compared to attendances at Borrowdale's horse races. *The Sunday Mail* opined that the future of dog-racing was promising[45] and thereafter reported on the racing fully and favourably; and *The Herald* once faced with the fact softened its attitude and also reported fairly extensively on the meetings. Also the promoters quickly made moves to forestall further criticism.

[34]Ibid., 26 Sept 1990.
[35]Ibid., 29 Dec. 1990.
[36]*The People's Voice,* undated cutting in The Herald, Harare, Cuttings Library, sub greyhounds.
[37] *The Herald,* 6 Oct. 1990.
[38] *The Sunday Mail,* 14 Oct. 1990.
[39] *The Herald*, 16 Oct. 1990.
[40] *The Sunday Mail,* 9 Dec. 1990.
[41]*The Herald,* 28 Nov. 14 and 22 Dec. 1990.
[42]Interview with Mike and Angela Gleig, Harare, 23 Nov. 2006.
[43]*The Sunday Mail,* 4 Nov. 1990; *The Herald,* 7 Nov. 1990.
[44]*The Herald,* 29 Dec. 1990.
[45]*The Sunday Mail,* 30 Dec. 1990.

Henceforth any dog bred in Zimbabwe would be allowed to register; restrictions on the size of owner-syndicates were relaxed so that more Africans could become involved in the sport; and affiliation to the National Sports Council was mooted.[46] National Tested Seeds put up a trophy and within a month the attendances had risen five-fold.[47]

Success did not entirely put an end to press criticism;[48] but the promoters had struck while the iron was hot and quickly held another auction sale of dogs they had bred. Thus 55 dogs fetched a total of $197 000 which constituted an average price over one thousand dollars higher than four months earlier; and one dog, the most expensive ever in Zimbabwe, fetched $25 000.[49] Soon there were some four hundred dogs in training and the future of the new sport looked more assured.

But all was not well. Once the novelty had worn off the attendances at Rufaro began to decline.[50] The main reason according to Mr Kennedy was the venue itself. The area was noted for crime and locals were reluctant to venture out at night; *a fortiori* the main supporters of racing who came from the low-density suburbs did not find it an attractive destination for a night out. As a result of declining attendances the promoters failed to maintain the stadium in accordance with their agreement with the Council which was also disappointed with its share of a dwindling gate-money.[51] Owners too were becoming discontented; the stakes had not increased as expected and Kennedy's dominant role was increasingly resented.[52]

Thus when in September 1991 he held his third auction of dogs only 50 people attended and only 28 dogs were sold, at an average price now some two thousand dollars less than in January (a fall of 65 per cent).[53] By December a group of owners was agitating to have Kennedy removed, particularly when conditions at his training complex at Parklands Farm began to deteriorate.[54] Within a few months the state of the sport became critical. In April 1992 the Council terminated the lease to Rufaro Stadium granted to Greyhound Racing Pvt. Ltd.[55]

Two months later the British trainer who had virtually been running the whole show became ill, and ten days before he died Kennedy gave in to the disgruntled owners who elected a new chairman to try to protect their investment in dogs and avoid the total collapse of racing.[56] Alternative venues were looked at through the latter months of 1992[57] but nothing was concluded; and by the beginning of 1993 dog-racing was dead – doomed from the start *The Herald* smugly said.[58]

The fate of the dogs is not entirely clear although it seems that none were put down, at least not immediately. But some were abandoned, or escaped from new homes, and the

[46]*The Herald,* 9 Jan. 1991.
[47]Ibid., 11 Jan. 1991; *The Sunday Mail,* 20 Jan. 1991.
[48]See for example R. Mawerera, 'A country goes to the greyhounds', *African South* (May–June 1990), 50.
[49]*The Herald,* 29 Jan. 1991; interview with Mike and Angela Gleig, Harare, 23 Nov. 2006.
[50]*The Herald,* 28 Sept. 1991; *The Sunday Mail,* 15 Dec. 1991.
[51]*The Sunday Mail,* 7 July 1991.
[52]*The Herald*, 28 Sept. 1991.
[53]Ibid., 29 Sept. 1991.
[54]Ibid., 7 Dec. 1991.
[55]*The Sunday Mail,* 26 Apr. 1992.
[56]*The Herald,* 13, 24 and 26 June 1992.
[57]Ibid., 26 June and 26 Aug. 1992.
[58]Ibid., 25 Jan. 1993.

S.P.C.A. had to intervene. The breeding stock were sold to South Africa, and some owners kept their dogs. But greyhounds are not the easiest of pets, and many were sold for next to nothing, if not given away, to Philippa's Kennels or were left with the S.P.C.A.; both of these bodies then exported the dogs to go to new homes in South Africa, but rumour has it that most of the dogs in fact were sold by subterfuge for the amateur dog racing in South Africa, mentioned earlier, which had grown considerably since the 1950s[59] and indeed had a flourishing, illegal betting side to it in the northern Transvaal. Staff at the S.P.C.A. in Harare also noted that for many years obvious offspring of greyhounds were conspicuous in some high density areas, particularly in Seke–Chitungwiza – a fact that gave some objective validation to the post-Independence term 'Chitungwiza racer', Europeans' jocular substitute for politically incorrect canine terminology of yesteryear.

As a new sport for the masses it seems that dog racing never really took root as it quickly did amongst the British working class in the 1920s; and even among the owners there appears not to have been the genuine interest in greyhounds that has kept breeding and the sport alive in South Africa more than fifty years after the banning. Even as a business venture it was also a failure for most of those involved though Mr Kennedy was able to recoup some of his losses from the sale of Waterfalls Stadium (now part of the light industrial development south of Sunningdale 2, off the Seke Road).

The change of government and the break with the past in South Africa in 1994 gave hope to the advocates of greyhound racing there (as it had in Zimbabwe some years after Independence), but both political and legal opinion seems to have hardened against greyhound racing – now criticized more in the context of cruelty to animals and animal rights than merely of gambling. But the debate goes on, as gambling in all its various forms no doubt will. But the plethora of Rhodesian/Zimbabwean Acts mentioned in this article have largely been consolidated – into The Lotteries and Gaming Act, No. 26 of 1998 (cap. 10.26), and the much amended Betting and Totalizator Act of 1976 (cap. 10.02); at least, for the foreseeable future, writing on the development of betting will be a lot simpler than the rather tangled one hundred years of history that I have tried to explicate.

[59]See above, fn. 7; by now there was also the United Greyhound Racing and Breeders Society and the South African Racing Dog Union.

Notes on the Urungwe, Lomagundi District, with Particular Reference to Miami and Karoi, and a Few Early Notable Settlers

by Wendy T. Lapham

PREHISTORY

There was this vast tract of land to the north of what came to be known as The Urungwe; untouched and wild as they come, just waiting to be tamed; its modern boundaries loosely placed between the Umfuli River to the west, the Angwa and Hunyani Rivers to the south and east, and the mighty Zambezi escarpment to the north. What ever the furthest boundaries of the legendary land of Monomotapa were, and some said they ran to the Cape of Storms, it is certain that the Urungwe District fell within it.

The earliest inhabitants had been the Bushman who left his pictorial, historic legacy within the sheltered walls of rocky cave dwellings, elevated to the tops of 'kopjies' for safety against the hazards of the time, more often than not marauding warrior tribes. To the north of Karoi, obvious and isolated amongst the flat pastures beneath, stand the stately dual promontories of Mounts Manyangau and Urungwe; The first, Manyangau, is a sacred site which still bears the remains of pottery on it. Legend has it that the 'gods' sent 'buffalo beans' to grow prolifically around it for protection, and if one ventured to the top one would find sparkling pools. Bob Pemberton, one time resident of the area, even managed to mow a pathway and he climbed it with only one leg. Mount Urungwe is the one with rock paintings on it.

Later inhabitants are said to have been the Makaranga mambo.

How much easier it would have been for the historians of this world if the tribes of that time had had their own written word, as myths and legends of great wealth circulated around the ancient world. We know from archeological diggings around Karoi, that Arab traders, operating from the eastern side of Lake Tanganyika, ventured up and down the Urungwe for a couple of centuries before the Portuguese missionaries and explorers began their trek into the interior of Africa during the 16th and 17th centuries. It was the route they used as they plied their copper cargos, transported by slaves, down to the sea; the copper moulded into the form of crosses and bars which became a common form of currency across Africa, many of them coming to light as newly settled farmers tilled the soil centuries later in and around Karoi. (The author found three on her farm in the 1970s). A copper cross now in the Cairo Museum has been reported to fit exactly a soapstone mould discovered at Great Zimbabwe in the 1960s. These transient visiting traders also infused the Makaranga with their Asiatic blood.

Early Portuguese and Dutch maps show a region running south from the Zambezi River under the title 'regnum monomatapae', and according to Diego da Alcacova's writings in 1506 the king of this inland empire was Makomba Menomatopam, a Magaranga.

('Lomagundi' is the district, which took its name from the local chief – a petty 'Mashuna' Chief. The name has been written in several ways – Magundi, Magondi, Magunda.)

The Portuguese – bearded, swarthy men, inappropriately clad in strange apparel, struggled through dense bush, and heat, falling victim to unsuspected fevers and diseases, travelled steadily up from the east coast, inland to the north west. They were driven by reports of tremendous wealth which was said to be found in the Kingdom of Monomatapa; gold, silver and ivory. Antonio Fernandes, a degredado (political criminal) was almost certainly the first white man to enter what was Monomotapa. From the 1514 to 1516 he traversed the unknown land between the coast and the middle Zambezi collecting information for the King of Portugal. Then in 1561 Father Gonçalo da Silveira, a Portuguese missionary, set out on his quest to convert the Makaranga.

This chapter in Africa's history began a period referred to as the search for 'Gold and the Gospel'; a driving force which was to prevail well into the colonial era, with these earlier adventurers almost certainly confusing copper with gold.

Earlier Bartholomew Diaz had rounded the Cape of Good Hope planning to enter the African interior, but faced with a fearful and mutinous crew he was forced to abandon the idea. Vasco da Gama travelled further up the coast in 1497 but did no exploring.

So the deeper interior bade its time and waited – unyieldingly and patiently for the appearance of its next batch of visitors to brave its virgin wilderness. For a further century, The Urungwe remained hidden from the prying eyes of men who were in the business of opening up the new world to the old. Even the Makaranga it seems tended to keep away, finding the place unhealthy and pestilential, preferring to live along its edges, keeping to higher ground.

There may have been previous visitors into Urungwe before, but the first trip which can be ascertained with authority was made by Jan Viloen, Piet Jacob and Henry Hartley in 1865. However they had not ventured beyond the Umfuli River as the hunting rights given them by Mzilikazi forbade them to travel beyond this boundary. Henry Hartley returned with Carl Mauch, the German geologist, in 1867, to confirm his suspicions that workings he had come across in 1865 were gold digs. Subsequently a 'gold rush' ensued.

When Thomas Baines the artist first visited the Lomagundi in 1869, his curiosity led him to record all about him faithfully with his paints. Accompanied by Hartley and armed with permission to cross the Umfuli he came across George Woods, an elephant hunter, and his wife. The three men rode to the north west reaching the Hunyani, in that year, which they followed up and down for several weeks. (Mrs Woods was the first white woman to be married in Rhodesia with the marriage having been performed at Inyati Mission.)

Baines spent a year in Lomagundi . He described rivers and workings and the area which we now know as Raffingora and Mangula. Whilst the others were examining the ancient alluvial gold workings, Baines, in need of grain and provisions, rode over to Chief Magondi's kraal situated up on the hills within the vicinity of Mvaami (Miami) and Magondi Farms. This kraal was on the fringe of the tsetse fly country. The tsetse fly was a curse to the hunters, but experienced hunters who followed dangerous game soon learned to hunt on horseback and to keep to the winter months, the fly being more troublesome during the rains. The early pioneers had by now learned some ingenious prophylactic remedies to ward off and overcome sleeping sickness. Wood fed his horses with dead tsetse flies. Baines washed his horses with aqueous ammonium carbonate and also sprinkled them with tar water.

Baines, helped by Magondi, drifted around the district inspecting the quartz reef and old diggings. Magondi also showed him the ruin of a Portuguese house; the last remnants of that country's influence in Central Africa.

The next important visitor to Lomagundi was probably Frederick Courtney Selous. He entered from the Zambezi side; following the river from the Victoria Falls, he reached the Kariba Gorge in November 1877, crossing from Matabeleland in May 1878, reaching Magondi's kraal in September of that year, where he bought maize. He hunted relentlessly up and down the Hunyani River and it was said that he had as many as 400 hunters in his employ and together they all but decimated the area of much of its wild life – rhino in particular.

He returned in 1880, and, in 1882 with the express purpose of making a route map travelled from the Hunyani north to the Zambezi. After some time he came to an area which he described as being desolate. There were signs that at one time it had been heavily populated, and he guessed, probably correctly, that the Matabele had invaded the area driving the inhabitants more towards the north and east. Selous returned again to this area in May 1883 crossing the Hunyani. Travelling east he came upon … "These open grassy downs extending over large tracts of land; without doubt the finest country for European occupation" … and strangely he found this area … "Utterly uninhabited, but for plentiful game". In 1887 Selous made his last visit to Lomagundi before the Occupation. It was then he found the Sinoia Caves but more significantly maybe for those of us who have some association with Karoi, Selous also recorded that tobacco was at that time being cultivated.

COLONIAL OCCUPATION IN THE URUNGWE: MIAMI AND KAROI

The BSA Police in Lomagundi had built a fort near Urungwe Hill on the Chifuka River in 1898. It was situated on the west bank of the Angwa River about 100 to 110 miles northwest of Fort Sinoia. It was reported to be an unhealthy place in general only bearable during the dry winter months and where communications were almost non-existent. Subsequently police were recalled to Fort Sinoia for the wet season. In 1900 Kingsley Fairbridge, making his way up to the Urungwe was warned by the Sinoia police that Urungwe was 'a death trap', adding also that a camp had been there for a year but had been abandoned because all the men who had done duty there had died. So much then for the first Miami Settlement.

In 1901 Mica was discovered in the Urungwe but its commercial exploitation didn't begin until some years later in 1919. Mica was spread over 60 square miles of a plateau which comprises the mica fields. The name Miami covers a vast area and runs for more than 120 miles from the northeast of what came eventually to be known as Karoi, across the Zambezi escarpment to Kanyemba on the banks of the Zambezi river where the headwaters of the great Caborra Bassa Dam rests to-day. Mica mining survived a number of setbacks to become very profitable although production was virtually brought to a standstill by the slump of the 1930s. Mica became very important during World War II so it saw a temporary revival in 1939 with large exports making their way to the UK and America. Again it was briefly rejuvenated in the 1950s. Small workers were helped by the Mines Department with 80% advance on mica, from rail to brokers in London.

The small settlement of Miami is still found on the map, and sprang up as a result of the eventual exploitation of the mica. Named after the local river Mwami, it was a very lively settlement indeed, becoming the hub of the area when the fields were in full production,

although there is little evidence of this now, apart from a small cemetery of twelve graves – only three with headstones, which gives credence to the unhealthy atmosphere of the place. But at its zenith it hummed with energy, boasting an hotel, several stores, a butchery, a junior school, native clinic, Police Camp, (1929) with J. L. W. Betts as Corporal-in-charge. A Native Department (1922), in the charge of Assistant Native Commissioner B.G. Hassell, a Post Office with one telephone, a tennis court, small golf course, a rifle range and a natural swimming pool in the river. Time was when there was a dance every month at the Miami Hotel with full evening dress being the order of the day. Church services were recorded from 1926 and were held in private homes.

Isaac Levy, who later retired to Spain, ran a store in Miami. His son Samuel Levy owned Macey's which gave way ambitiously to The Village in Borrowdale.

There was 'French Marie' who opened Miami's first butchery – her big bed and bigger wardrobe tucked in the shade of one tree, and her butchery in the shade of another. Apparently she was used as a 'bouncer' when jollifications got out of hand. The children who remember her never knew if she was male or female for she cropped her hair and wore jodpurs and they nicknamed her 'Mrs Mabroek' (Mrs Trousers). She was Madge Barrabold's mother and Dickie Bolt's grandmother, both of whom were well known in the Lomagundi area. Em Trigg, who was married to a much older man called Grant, ran the hotel and when he died Em married Dick Shepherd a twenty year old fresh from England, whom it was said was sent out to the colonies to escape the law after killing someone.

Hilda May Deacon who had married Portlock Gilmour lived there in the early days and again in 1945 when there was a revival of mined pegmatite. Portlock worked Turning Point, Aqua, Trazona, and Ruby mines. As a child their daughter, Mrs Althea Dewdney, remembers going out with her father to look for reefs of mica, then sitting under the shade of a tree, a pair of scissors to hand with which to cut out mica shapes and figures keeping her entertained for hours. The roar of lions at night was a constant backdrop of sound. Ditches were dug and filled with poison around the settlement to keep the lion population at bay and on one occasion the children rushed down to the ditch one morning to check how many had died only to be told off in no uncertain terms how foolhardy they had been. Donkeys dropped dead by the half dozen as they succumbed to the tsetse fly. Althea also remembers visiting one old miner named Jack Edkins. When he died he was buried in the garden, not in the local cemetery. Althea met her husband, Vic, in Miami when he was a member of the BSAP. In 1947 he was sent as member-in-charge to Karoi to open up the new Police Camp. Prior to being married she visited him there, putting up at the Karoi Hotel, just in its initial stages. Her room was a grass hut, the walls grassed only to head height to afford air, light and privacy.

One 'Old Timer' said, "The only sure way of reaching the mica fields was by the new road motor service which began in 1928, particularly in the rainy season. If you went by car along the bush track you took your 'scoff-box' and you said a prayer or two."

At about the same time as the mica fields were being worked, interest in the land further westward had already been shown by a variety of intrepid would-be farmers whose very enthusiasm for a new life, just before and after the First World War brought them to this place of virtual self destruction, where so many met death from blackwater fever and sleeping sickness. In 1919 there were only two farms in the district.

In 1915, 24,000 acres of land was given to a fellow known as 'Curio" Brown (William

Harvey Brown – an American), by the government for services rendered in the collecting of flora and fauna of the country. He was given his pick of Rhodesia and chose 'Nassau' at Miami (Nassau lies along the right hand side of the Harare – Chirundu road, about five or six miles north of Karoi) and Arlington Estate outside Salisbury … "as being the best land he had come across in all his wanderings". But sadly Mr Brown was hardly installed before he fell foul of the dreaded fever and died.

ROBERT ANDREW, AND WILLIAM, LEASKE

In 1916 a gentleman named Robert Andrew Leaske arrived from the Orkney Islands and purchased half of Nassau from the deceased Mr Brown's brother. These 12,000 acres he named 'Coldomo', after his home farm in the Orkneys. Robert Leaske ran cattle and generally lived the easygoing carefree life of the early settler, when time mattered little and the veld abounded with game of every description. Within a very short time however, Robert Leaske also fell victim to the deadly blackwater, and Coldomo became the property of William Leaske his brother.

William Leaske, was at this time in his third year as a P.O.W. in Germany, having been wounded at Mons. He had had two attempts at escaping and on the third had succeeded, arriving in Holland a few days after Armistice. Being the son of a family of sea faring captains of the 'clipper' era the wanderlust brought Bill Leaske to Rhodesia after the war. He and his young bride, Mary Johnston Leaske née Drysdale, who had been a secretary in Glasgow prior to her marriage in 1919, decided upon reaching Sinoia by train that they would travel to Miami by ox-wagon, just for fun, although they could have taken a taxi for the sum of twenty pounds. The country appealed to the couple so much that Bill decided to give up his sailing days as a marine engineer and settle on Coldomo. There they remained, subsequently producing three daughters to complete their family. Thelma, Maureen who later married David Grantham, and Marguerita (Rita) who became Mrs Mills. Maureen remained in Karoi all her life, until her tragic death in 1994, when she was brutally murdered.

The rest of Nassau remained unoccupied until a Mr A. B. Roberts purchased it in 1940. He was an American brought out to South Africa to teach others how to grow tobacco.

So at the time that Miami was blossoming into a thriving mining settlement there were only two permanent farmers. William Leaske on Coldomo and Jack Goldberg on Grand Parade – named after the Derby winner of 1919. There was also Grand Parade mine which produced ruby mica and had become the largest working mica mine in the world. Later it was worked by the Paterson brothers who took advantage of the farms close proximity to the Zambezi Valley and spent much of their time hunting game, until one day, one of them shot an elephant which fell instantly. Thinking they had killed it one of them went up too close and the monstrous beast reared up and fatally injured him.

Grand Parade, on the edge of the Rukomechi River, was also used by speculators as a cattle holding ground. They drove their herds down from Tanganyika and Northern Rhodesia, ferrying them across the Zambezi River on pontoons and on through the valley at night when the tsetse fly was least lethal, ultimately to be held for distribution at Grand Parade.

In 1923 Mr Willie Schultz went to live on Good Hope Farm, next door to the Leaskes, on Coldomo. Two brothers, Le Roux by name settled on a piece of land which they christened 'Karoi' after the river close by. Carl Le Roux, overcome with fever, ordered his brother to dig his grave and send to Sinoia, fifty miles away for his coffin. After his death in 1928

the farm was abandoned. Then in 1930 a Mr C.P. Robertson won first prize in the lottery, bought a farm (Buffalo Downs) with his winnings and grew the first tobacco crop.

On life in general during the second decade of the 20th Century, Maureen Grantham recalled … "Farming on the edge of Miami in 1920 was no fun. Mail came from Sinoia by 'runner'. Two 'boys' left Sinoia and were met halfway by two others from Miami. Briefs being sent from Coldomo to Miami which was the closest settlement and general centre of the district, were carried in the traditional way on a cleft stick. When eventually the Road Motor services started running once a week from Sinoia a 'boy' walked the fourteen miles to Miami and back again in one day, for the post. Bicycles were still an unheard of luxury. Hitherto, all transporting was done by wagon including the carrying of huge boilers for the mine which must have broken the back of many a trek ox."

The crops grown were maize, sorghum, groundnuts and sweet potatoes. Tobacco growing was still some distance into the future although it was grown in the south of the Angwa. One year maize was selling at five shillings a bag landed at Sinoia. As this did not cover the cost of transport and the bag, Bill Leaske burned his entire crop which smouldered for weeks. At the time the Africans in the Zambezi Valley were said to be starving due to crop failure, and although Bill Leaske offered the crop to the native department, no transport could be organised. The people could have eaten all they could have carried on their heads, as it was a walk quite often done in those days. Bill eventually gained a market locally, supplying 'mealiemeal' to the local mines, stores, road department gangs and the BSAP. He also supplied bricks to build the Miami Police Camp. Mary Leaske ran poultry and made butter, so that apart from sugar, tea, flour, soap and salt the Leaskes were pretty much self-supporting.

Money was scarce in the early days but as everyone was in the same position it was easy to 'keep up with the Jones's. Furniture was made from petrol boxes. Every gallon of fuel used – when eventually one acquired a vehicle, came from Sinoia in 2 × 4 gallon tins packed in a box. These tins and boxes were used for every conceivable purpose under the sun and were sorely missed when 44 gallon drums came into being.

Tsetse fly had to be coped with and could become a serious problem when all transport was ox-drawn and farming operations depended on the 'span'. Lions took their toll of cattle too, and for some reason were always more prevalent in December. One year a fully grown Shona steer was killed and dragged out over the top of a six foot high, six strand wire fence, also reinforced with thorn bush, by a pride of three lions. In the December of 1934, Bill Leaske shot five lions which had killed two beasts and stampeded the herd out of the kraal. It was Christmas Eve and upon hearing a beast being attacked he used an old Dietz storm lamp to light his way to the kraal. Having shot two lions he returned to the house for more ammunition shouting out that " the veld is alive with lions". Off he went again and they heard two more shots, next morning the four shots had accounted for five lions. One must have been directly behind another. The five carcasses were then loaded onto the back of a lorry and taken to the police camp in Miami to have the 'bandits' skin and bray them. The lone Police Trooper at the camp, Betts, by name having celebrated Christmas a little too forcefully wondered if he was seeing double as he was viewing not one but five lions. He took several snap shots and for a while Peak's Store in Sinoia used two enlargements to advertise their ammunition.

Another year Bill Leaske tied the carcase of a beast killed by lion to his own leg and

went to sleep at the foot of a tree, knowing that the lion would return but not touch him with all the beef around. That night he shot another lion. However he hated shooting anything at all having great admiration for such creatures but as cattle were his livelihood they had to be protected. In those days when one spoke of 'cattle', it meant 'trek-oxen', the sole means of pulling a plough and hauling.

With the construction of the Great North Road through Coldomo Farm and the opening of the Otto Beit Bridge at Chirundu on the 24th May 1939 the old way of life gradually gave way to civilization, much to the sorrow of the Leaske's although it did make a difference having bridges over the rivers between Miami and Sinoia, plus a wide gravel road in place of the two rutted wheel tracks which must have come as a tremendous relief to many who had to make the trip so often in real bone-shaking vehicles.

Motor vehicles were definitely more rugged at that time. Everyone had to be a 'bush-mechanic'. Maureen remembers her Dad splinting a broken axle with poles and 'tambo' cut from the bush and most engine ailments would be repaired with a piece of wire and ingenuity. This quality in the early settlers was a necessity for there were no passing cars or garage to call on for help. When one had a puncture one didn't just change a wheel, there probably was no spare anyway. One sat down and stuck one's own patch on and in the days of 'split rims' it could be most trying.

One incident Maureen and Rita were never allowed to live down was when on their way home from school in the Chev tourer with celluloid windows which were only hooked on in rainy weather, they were forced to stop for a third puncture since leaving Sinoia. It happened just as they pulled out of the Miami drift, after sundown and Bill had to make a fire for light. The girls had been aware of an hyena calling in the distance from the Chidzurgwe but didn't dwell on it. The fire must have attracted the creature and it prowled right up onto the road and could faintly be seen in the moonlight. It gave an almighty eerie howl and anyone who has heard the sinister sound of an hyena can imagine the effect on a pair of young girls. With one accord both lost no time in leaping over the closed door and into the car – landing on the tools which in those models were kept under the front seat, and were shame faced to hear their father convulsed with laughter. Whilst tightening the wheel nuts he'd been aware only of two pairs of legs disappearing over the side of the car.

The Leaske's also supplied meal once a year to Chipani airstrip en route to the Zambezi at which time they would take a few days holiday. The few cars which travelled to Northern Rhodesia by this route had to cross the river by ferry – a flat bottomed boat with native dug-outs lashed to the sides and an outboard motor. There were no guardrails or other refinements. The owner, Mr Vlalakis, known locally as 'Jimmy the Greek', was known by every traveller who crossed the Zambezi on his ferry in the 1920s until he died in 1939. To avoid paying income tax – a penalty which it seemed was ever unlikely to afflict him as he was reported to have 24 children and about 100 dependant grandchildren, he tried living on an island in the middle of the river. Flood waters nearly drowned him and drove him back to the bank. In 1939 some of the aircraft carrying VIPs and the press to the Chirundu Bridge opening, flew low over his stockaded kraal on the river banks giving awed strangers a birds eye view of a distinctive man's home. To cross the river one would hail Jimmy from the river bank and then sit and wait as the ferry chugged slowly across with allowances made for the strong currents sweeping it sideways. Local Africans gathered from all directions to watch the performance of loading and the event made a good topic of conversation for many a week.

Bill Leaske died from malaria/blackwater fever in 1941 after which Thelma and Mary Leaske struggled on for a further two years until sadly Thelma also succumbed to blackwater and died just prior to starting her nursing training. One can only be in awe and admiration of people like the Leaskes. Their sheer fortitude and resilience under great hardship and difficulty was astounding, a quality seen in all our early settlers. When Maureen married David Grantham, who was one of the returned soldiers given land after the war, Coldomo was sold, she and Mary Leaske moved next door to live on Shawnigan.

KAROI: 1945

With the ending of WW II, the western area of Miami was opened up to become a farming settlement. Prosperity came to individuals as well as to the country as a whole but to the 'old timers' whose way of life was completely changed, and speeded up, the value of the 'good old days' cannot be measured in terms of cash.

1945 saw the first five farms surveyed and taken up. The Land Settlement Board Executives, Les Hill and Fred Jamieson, charged Frank Cilliers, a coloured man, with cutting up the land. Planning for this project had actually begun whilst the war was in progress and it was the returned soldiers who received preferential treatment.

The late Mary England once explained … "One made an application, went before a committee and was either approved or turned down. If one was lucky one received a choice of two or three pieces of land. A Mr Tindale was the Government representative who lived in a rondavel around which the town of Karoi mushroomed into life. Mr Landtman took the successful applicants around to make their choice and the government found and drilled for water. Farms were not taken up until water was found. After that one was left to get on with it."

However this scheme was very nearly 'still born'. Following a high percentage of deaths a few years earlier, with the plans still in its infancy, the Ministry of Agriculture developed cold feet being reluctant to settle ex-service men and their young brides into such an unhealthy environment. After much deliberation it was decided that an all out war would be declared on the tsetse fly and government made sure there was a GMO there from the start. The first doctor was Pat Taylor whose surgery was a Nissan hut standing where the 'tip' is now. That first year saw 27 wives in Karoi 'expecting,' with the doctor taking off his white coat and hanging it up in front of the window for privacy, the surgery still being pretty basic.

The first five occupants of this scheme in 1946 were David Grantham (Shawnigan), (who later married Maureen Leaske). Jack O'Hea (Longueil), Ernie Went (Broad Acres), Peter Groenewald (Lancaster) and John Blankenberg (Maora). These first five farms were deliberately well spread out in order to establish someone in each area. Following hard on their heels came the following; Dennis England (Mshalla), Stuart McClaurin (Naba), Sam Barrett-Hamilton (Chisapi), Peter Fisher (Leconfield), Billy Postlesthwayt (Conniston), Jimmy Oxenham (Nyamanda), Sid Scolnik (Jenya) and Guy du Barry (Buttevant).

One morning in February some months after they had made their choice of a farm, Dennis England said to Mary his wife … "O.K. let's go. Pack your things – we're off". "But" she said … "How can we? We only have a 'boss boy', a driver and a handful of picanins" That was the full complement of their labour force. Her father Mr Dodd of Trelawney had given them a span of oxen and other good folks an old plough and various bits and pieces.

These were all piled onto the wagon and they were off. Machinery, tools, vehicles and materials were all in short supply following the war and until a pump and engine became available the Englands made do by filling drums of water from the vlei. They built a house of thatching grass and camped in that for ten months by which time they had made bricks and had started to build something more solid. Their first tobacco crop of 20 acres went into the ground in 1947. They also built three barns for curing it. One of their greatest problems was finding labour. There just weren't any indigenous people around. The farm was christened Mshalla by Dennis after the word Mshalleck meaning 'God Go With You', an old Syrian saying which Dennis picked up in the Middle-East when he was buying wheat from the Arabs for the 8th Army. Dennis died in 1951 and Mary married his brother Peter and they farmed on until Mary's nephew Donovan Stotter took over in 1973.

Labour did trickle in over subsequent months and life became easier. Eventually the forming of the Labour Supply Commission alleviated the labour situation but that only happened much later in 1960.

Mr Tindale, the government representative, wore a number of official hats. He was also the 'pound master' which meant that he was legally allowed to restrain and lockup in an enclosure any stray animal – or goods which happened to lie around. Moreover Mr Tindale kept boxer dogs. Feeding them was a problem and during the course of a conversation that Mary had with Nan McClaurin she happened to mention this … sort of suggesting that if she had anything at all that died on the farm, 'the late' what ever, would be gratefully received by Mrs Tindale for her Boxers. Subsequently one of Mary's sheep died of unknown causes. She cut a leg off the carcase and hastened to Mrs Tindale with it. Mrs Tindale took one look at the leg of mutton and promptly said … "That's not going to the dogs, we'll eat it."!

Over the following months the Karoi District filled up with its full complement of 37 ex-servicemen whose ambition was to farm and settle in Rhodesia. Many were Rhodesian born who returned from the war with British wives.

The RMS (Road Motor Services) became even more of an asset as the district filled up and became more populated. The old timers cannot praise them enough. For the Leaskes and others on isolated farms and mines in and around the Miami area the inception of this service was a God Send and a life line. Not only did these drivers transport their amazing and varied loads to places which were all but inaccessible, they acted on numerous occasions as carers to passengers when rivers were in full spate and couldn't be crossed. Their trips were often interrupted as they acted as good Samaritans along the way pulling bogged down vehicles out of knee deep mud and helping to draw out tree stumps from the ground as farmers attempted to clear the land for crop growing. Along the main great north road, and by-roads they travelled bringing supplies and communication diligently once a week.

With the nearest supplies still having to be bought either in Miami or Sinoia there opened up the need for prospective new traders to move into the district. Enter ARTHUR FRANK RANDOLOPH MAIDMENT.

In November 1947 two Royal Naval Destroyers made their way down the Atlantic from Britain to the Simonstown docks of the South African Cape. The destroyers were to be handed over to the S.A. government. Aboard one of them was Chief Petty Officer Arthur Frank Randolph Maidment, known as Chiefy by all in Karoi; newly pensioned off after 22 years of service, and now a volunteer who had agreed to accompany these vessels on their journey.

His own destination was Southern Rhodesia, and by this action managed to procure paid passages, not only for himself but his wife and family as well. Chiefy took on every opportunity that life had to offer. He had trained as a cabinetmaker/joiner and was to embark, as so many did, on a new life in a new country. He hailed from Porchester a small town in Hampshire, UK – Porchester had been the original port before Portsmouth. Chiefy's wife Rose, and four children, June, Audrey, Jill and Billie were to join him nine months later at the new settlement of Karoi, giving Dad time to provide some sort of accommodation.

Karoi was in its infancy, known initially in fact as Chikangwe. There was Mr Tindale's pole'n dagga hut, another which doubled up as a club and community centre where the newly formed Farmers' Association and Women's Institute met for meetings and social life. The newly built Farmers' Co-op, housed the postal agency and one telephone worked by Maureen (Leaske) Grantham, and little else.

As was the order of the day the Maidment family started off with a three-roomed building, the kitchen being a Dover stove, the bathroom a galvanised iron tub and the toilet the ubiquitous 'long drop' at the bottom of the garden. As building materials, especially glass, were in short supply windows were unglazed. One night Rose awoke to find a head looming over her – it was Mr Tindale's cow. June already married to Peter Veck in 1947 was the last of the family to arrive in Karoi.

The commercial business of 'Maidments', started more or less by accident, and a great deal of circumstance. Chiefy's first job was to build the doctor's house opposite the Gwen Scrase Hall and now within the confines of the hospital compound. Chiefy, being the local builder naturally had seen to it that he had all the tools he needed to hand. He was building flat out, but so was everyone else. Farmers would borrow and forget to return. He obtained a trader's licence, built a shed at the builder's yard and invited 15 year old Jill (later Mrs Ronnie Thornton) still at school but hating it, to open up a hardware shop. That was the beginning of 'Maidments'.

In April 1950 June Veck took over the postal agency from Maureen Grantham and Chiefy invited Peter, her husband to join the company. Peter, previously a pastry chef had had to give baking up on developing an allergy to yeast. In Maidment's shop, Peter found his niche and became a tremendous asset. He had artistic flair and a 'penchant' for the aesthetical. He recognised and loved beautiful things. He liked people, had a great sense of humour and was a born salesman. One would walk into the shop carrying the world on one's shoulders and would exit cheerful and light hearted, bearing, however a load of goods one never intended to buy in the first place.

Jill's husband Ronnie Thornton was the next to join the family business. He came from Newcastle to join the BSAP and was sent to Karoi to do a stint there. Initially he started off as Chiefy's drinking partner and ended up as his son-in-law by marrying Jill in 1956. A unique method of getting the girl. Previous to this event in her life though Jill had moved on to higher things. No longer was she in the shed at the bottom of the garden but had moved into a newly built brick building complete with large glass frontal. Starting from right to left the Maidment Mall began to grow and extend. In 1955 Rose started her Drapery and Haberdashery, and in 1956 Ronnie Thornton became an 'ex', policeman and joined Chiefy on the building sites.

Maidment's must have built a good 75% of Karoi over the years so that when Chiefy died in 1957 much of Karoi had become a lasting memory to him. By the 1960s Maidment's

had become a sort of miniature emporium-cum department store. As direct importers of goods their stocks of merchandise was vast and varied. There wasn't much that one couldn't buy. The place was a veritable 'Aladdin's Cave'.

This was where a young Keith Simpson, upon seeing a toilet bowl on display in the window, promptly climbed up and utilised it.

This was where, each year just before Christmas, Stuart MacClaurin would pitch up at the shop with a stocking and proceed to fill it with dainty luxurious goods for Nan his wife … Avon cosmetics, flimsy lingerie, trinkets, rings and jewellery. Anything that would in fact comfortably fill it to the brim.

This is the shop that Brian Rhodes's first wife brought a baby elephant into. It had been orphaned and had become so attached to her that she couldn't move anywhere without it….. Not to be outdone, the next week Alan Bunnett rode into the shop on a horse, because he said, he couldn't get near to the counter to be served. Culminating in the 'pièce de résistence' was the tale of Mrs A. B. Roberts who went shopping dressed in her nightie but wearing her hat, gloves and a three stranded necklace of pearls. Her chauffeur stood behind her gingerly holding her handbag. She wanted knickers which she tried on there and then.!!

The family must have dined out on these stories for years. After Peter's death in 1995 Maidments closed its doors and called it a day. For most of us it seemed to herald the beginning of the end. Little did we know.

The Dutch Reformed Church in The Victoria Circle: Chibi Circuit, Mashonaland, 1874–1956[1]

by Gerald Chikozho Mazarire

INTRODUCTION: EARLY MISSIONARY ESTABLISHMENT IN SOUTHERN MASHONALAND 1874–1907

Most historians and missiologists agree that the establishment of the Dutch Reformed Church Station at Goedgedacht in the Zoutpansberg in 1865 constituted the first step towards the evangelization of the Karanga a sub-group of the Shona people found in modern day Masvingo Province, also known in the colonial period as Victoria.[2] Other local people and some early European accounts of the region referred to them as the Banyai. Chief Chivi was considered one of the most powerful political and military figures amongst the Banyai north of the Bubi river ever since the 1860s.[3]

The supervisor of Goedgedacht station, one Stephanus Hofmeyr encouraged evangelical expeditions across the Limpopo and under his influence one such expedition of the Paris Evangelical Society reached Chivi Mazorodze's court in 1874.[4] Three years later Hofmeyr facilitated Francois Coillard's expedition that was intercepted by Lobengula's Ndebele impis soon after reaching territory under one of Chivi's sub-chief Manyumbu Masunda.[5] Despite this however, Coillard had already managed to receive the audience of Mazorodze and to persuade his teenage grandson to join his expedition.[6] Mazorodze's contacts with European missionaries and his own accumulation of Venda military hardware such as guns

[1] This paper is a product of research undertaken by the author in Chivi since 1996, several field trips were made possible thereafter through support from the History Department of the University of Zimbabwe and the National Museums and Monuments of Zimbabwe who also supplied a research vehicle. I am grateful to the collegial support of my research partners Jesmael Mataga, Jimmy Jonson whose teamwork helped us achieve so many projects in Chivi. The late Punish Musendo was always the patient and forebearing but jovial expert 'behind the wheel' while our assistants Jeremiah 'Jangajanga' Mabhanditi and Member Zivanai did their best to get the job done. The people of Chivi particularly our hosts from Mhosva and Shokoni villages made our work a delightful experience. Various versions of this paper were given to The Arrupe College Staff Seminar and 'New Dimensions in History Seminar Series at the University of Zimbabwe. I am grateful to all the input I got and I bear the responsibility for everything that the paper is.

[2] W. J. Van der Merwe, *The Day Star Arises in Mashonaland* (Morgenster Press, Fort Victoria, 1953) pp. 8–29; David Beach, 'The Initial Impact of Christianity on the Shona', in A. J. Dachs (ed.) *Christianity South of the Zambezi, vol. 1* (Mambo Press, Gwelo, 1973) pp. 25–40; M. L. Daneel, *Old and New in Southern Shona Independent Churches, vol. I* (Mouton, The Hague, 1971) pp. 188–190; Suretha de Silva, *Helene Hugo of Copota* (Trumpet Publications, Pietersburg, 1996).

[3] The Chivi polity had come into existence in the 1850s following its conquest of the Ngowa people who occupied the greater part of what became Chivi territory. Its power reached its peak under the reign of Matsveru Chivi II who died some time in 1865, he was in turn succeeded by an even more powerful half brother Mazorodze who was in throne at the time of these expeditions. For details see G. C. Mazarire, 'An Oral Historiography of the Chivi People From the Earliest Times to 1900', Unpublished BA Honours Dissertation, Department of History, University of Zimbabwe, 1997; idem. ''The Politics of the Womb': Women, Politics and the Environment in Pre-Colonial Chivi, Southern Zimbabwe, *c*.1840 to 1900', *Zambezia* vol. 30 no. 1 (2003).

[4] Beach, 'Initial Impact,' p. 28.

[5] Mazarire, 'An Oral Historiography of the Chivi People', p. 48; see also Hist. Mss. C05/1/1/1 'Nyanikoe, Banyailand', F. Coillard to Major Malan 17 September 1877.

[6] Van der Merwe, *The Day Star,* p. 9; Beach, 'Initial Impact', p. 38; Daneel, *Old and New I,* p. 188.

and ammunition had for long been a source of anxiety for Lobengula who sent another impi to Nyaningwe to capture him in February 1879.[7] The impi was indeed able to capture Mazorodze but only after a crippling defeat, the first against the usually well armed and trained Ndebele commandos in years. Mazorodze was executed at koBulawayo shortly thereafter.[8] His successor Madyangove continued entertaining foreign visitors at Nyaningwe despite this. In 1888 he allowed an expedition of the Berlin Missionary Society (BMS) based at Tshakoma Station in the Zoutpansberg, and led by Superintendent Knothe and Schwellenus, to preach among his people settled in the south of the territory.[9] There is no doubt however that he also valued the missionaries and their guns as military allies and in 1890 he requested the services of a resident preacher at his court.[10]

These early contacts were useful in assisting the BMS to establish itself in Chivi and other Karanga polities such as Zimuto and Gutu on the onset of colonial rule in 1890. This is how the BMS came to establish Chibi Mission Station in 1894 next to Madhlangove's stronghold at Nyaningwe under the supervision of the Reverend Dietrich.[11] Meanwhile a series of other expeditions of the D.R.C. led by Reverend A. A. Louw had been able to establish some contacts south of Chivi in Madzivire as early as 1887 and ultimately with Chief Mugabe near Great Zimbabwe.

Indeed it was one thing to establish contacts with chiefly figures and get their permission to build mission stations and another to obtain converts to the denominational faith. Frequently, scholars have concentrated on these activities at the chiefly courts at the expense of the missionaries' relations with the generality of the people. On the whole it took quite some time before missionaries could be appreciated for their work. This held true for the experience of the first BMS missionary at Chivi Mission Rev. Dietrich as recalled by Helene Hugo:

> The inhabitants of Chibi [Chivi] were suspicious and hostile towards Rev Diedricks [*sic*]. They did not want to worship the "foreign God" of the white people, as they were quite happy with their own religious beliefs and rites.[12]

Part of the difficulty also lay with the fact that Christianity preached a radical transformation from the traditional way of living the Chivi people had been accustomed to and with it came the modernization and other new things that were often associated with colonial rule. For a long time it was easy to confuse the two. Dietrich not only came with the Christian word, but introduced also the 'kraal schools'. These took some time before they could achieve widespread acceptance so that by 1909 only three of them existed in the newly established Chibi Reserve with an average but highly irregular attendance of pupils young and old, made available by occasional 'raids' conducted by Dietrich and his evangelists on African homesteads.[13]

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[7] D.N. Beach, *War and Politics in Zimbabwe, 1840–1900* (Mambo Press, Gweru, 1986), p. 53.

[8] M. Gelfand (ed.), *Gubulawyo and Beyond* (Geoffrey Chapman, London, 1968), pp. 116–122.

[9] Mazarire, 'An Oral Historiography of the Chivi People', p. 55. See also Hist. Mss. BE2/1/1 Diary of Superintendent Knothe, Entry for 15th August 1888.

[10] Beach, 'Initial Impact', p.32.

[11] Van der Merwe, *The Day Star*, p. 28.

[12] De Silva *Helene Hugo*, p. 13.

[13] See N9/1/12 Annual Report for Chibi 1909, Interview with Maherani Ruvuke 3/3/97 at Muzogwi Kraal, Chivi, who talked of how his mother used to hide him in their granary when the missionary came.

The BMS bore the brunt of these initial troubles and ultimately paid the price by abandoning the whole missionary enterprise in 1907. This left Chibi Mission, and other BMS establishments in the Victoria district such as Zimuto, Gutu and Pamushana to be taken over by the Dutch Reformed Church functioning from its base at Morgenster. There were also other challenges that confronted the early missionaries of Mashonaland as elsewhere in the region such as the threat of tropical diseases that claimed a significant number of lives. Thus although he stayed on even after the take over of the mission by the DRC, Dietrich's career at Chibi was cut short by death in 1910 when he and his two daughters succumbed to Malaria.[14]

This paper argues that the DRC take over of the BMS establishments was a turning point in the missionary history of the Victoria district characterized by phenomenal expansion of preaching centres and a wide network of 'kraal schools' which gave rise to a virtual denominational 'monopoly'. In this the DRC received the subtle assistance of the colonial state, through its Native Affairs Department that considered it cheap to leave African education in the hands of Missionaries. This way it was possible for the DRC to effect a religious 'colonisation' of the Victoria 'circle', and more so, that of its Chibi 'circuit' of the sort whose legacy is difficult to erase and warrants due scholarly attention. This situation however was upset by the onset of the Great Depression in the 1930s which put a strain on the number of outstations the church could maintain from over sixty to a mere handful. Most of the 'kraal school' teachers and catechists lost their jobs and headed for South Africa; there they encountered Zionism and other milleniarist religious movements sweeping the sub-region only to come back after a short while to found their own Independent Churches. It was a combination of the rise of Independent African Christianity and the growing competition amongst different Christian denominations seeking to expand in the post-depression period that ultimately brought an end to this DRC monopoly. Yet still, the latter often found an ally in the Native Affairs Department in resisting this change. The paper is an addition to the growing literature on this subject building on the pioneering work by such scholars as Martinus Daneel, Wolfgang Davies and Benjamin Dopcke, Terence Ranger and Carol Summers among others. By employing archival and oral reminiscences to illustrate this drama as it unfolded in Chivi, or what became the Chibi Reserve, it hopes to raise interest in such micro-histories to add to and engage the already existing literature with more grounded case studies.

CHIVI SOCIETY AND THE DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH, 1907–1930

DRC monopoly in Chivi after the 1907 take over of Chibi Mission was almost inevitable because there was literally no competition. The Wesleyan Methodists maintained a very low profile in the northern parts of the district along the Selukwe border. The Brethren in Christ Church made a brief appearance in the vicinity of the Mhandamabwe area in the three years between 1908 and 1911 before vanishing to other areas in the country and that was it. This gave the DRC a free hand. In essence it became 'the Church', and officials of the Native Department at the Chibi Office viewed it as such.

The death of Rev. Dietrich in 1910 had left Chibi in the hands of an African evangelist Joseph Mboweni for a while. No European missionary had been prepared to volunteer to

[14] Van der Merwe, *The Day Star*, p. 28.

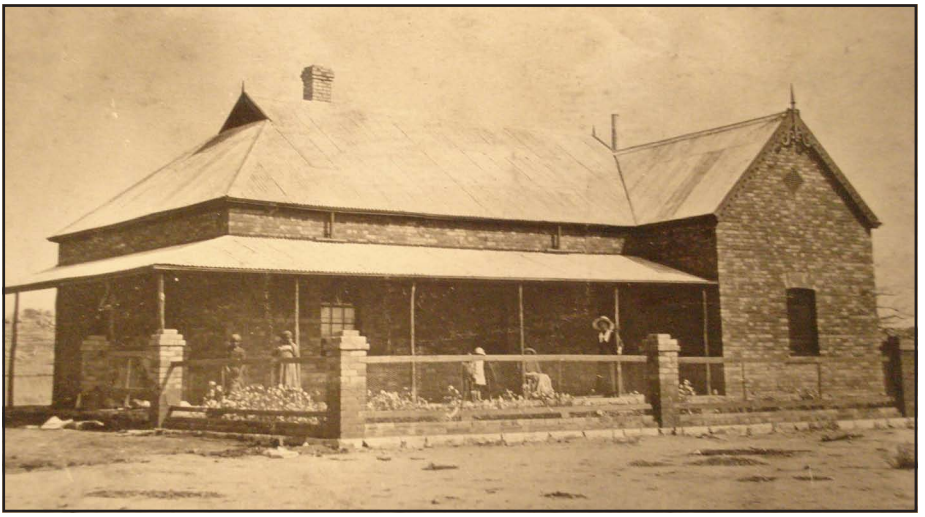

Figure 1: Rev. and Mrs. Hugo's House at Chibi Mission (Photo, National Archives of Zimbabwe)

man the station to a point that the D.R.C. actually contemplated abandoning it.[15] In 1911 Hendrik Cornelis Hugo arrived as a volunteer with his wife Margaretha and their two year old daughter Helene, to man what became the effective D.R.C establishment of Chibi Mission. Helene has since published her memories of this period.[16]

Hugo did not only have to face the challenge of gaining converts but that of penetrating African traditional culture and sometimes confronting it head on. In this it was possible to share similar interests with the Native Department to change the lifestyles of Africans. Naturally the church attracted Africans who saw education as an alternative means of accumulation in the emergent capitalist economy. This way the missionaries easily became 'authorities' who engaged and easily influenced the lives of the Africans they came in contact with, particularly those settled around the mission station. As Brand argued, the growing number of 'converts' also made it easy for missionaries to begin establishing little theocratic 'empires' within the colonial state, encompassing their flocks, pupils and this surrounding population.[17]

Studies of the Church becoming a 'state within the state' abound in Zimbabwe with the most telling example being that of Henry Orlandini, a missionary at the D.R.C.'s Alheit Mission in Gutu, who was expelled by the colonial authorities in Gutu Reserve following clashes with officials of the Native Department after exacting tax, forced labour, punishing and flogging converts.[18]

Hugo's situation at Chibi fell within this broader context and indeed one of the spectacular

[15] Van der Merwe, *The Day Star*, p. 28.

[16] De Silva, *Helene Hugo*, p. 12.

[17] C. M. Brand, 'African Nationalists and the Missionaries in Rhodesia', in M. F. C. Bourdillon (ed.), *Christianity South of the Zambezi vol. 2* (Mambo Press, Gwelo, 1977) p. 74.

[18] See Bejamin Davies and Wolfgang Dopcke, 'Survival and Accumulation in Gutu: Class Formation and the Rise of the State in Colonial Zimbabwe, 1900–1939', *Journal of Southern African Studies*, vol. 14 no.1, 1987.

changes that was registered by his coming was the increase of the 'kraal schools' from the mere 3 in 1910 to well over 58 in 1923.[19] This was not unusual as similar developments were registered in other 'circuits' within the Victoria district such as Gutu, but the major challenge was often always providing educational materials and maintaining the quality of education.[20] Commenting on the situation in Gutu, Davis and Dopcke argued that with the prospects of accumulation through peasant production or wage labour much less certain, education became an almost magical symbol of opportunity and the transformation of social order.[21] However such schools never went beyond the status of 'evangelization centres' due to the low level of education of 'kraal school' teachers and the poor quality of education they offered.[22]

The impact of these DRC kraal-schools and preaching centres in Chivi was however phenomenal. The cultural influence of this network was great and the D.R.C. was easily able to transform itself into a icon of the 'new culture' of civilization as the sole provider of education. The revolutionary effect of the plough also played an important role. Most Africans in this period preferred to avoid wage labour and engage in what Terence Ranger has termed 'self-peasantisation' involving, amongst other things, extending dryland agriculture to produce crops for sale.[23] The plough thus increasingly became useful as a technological device and Africans associated with the mission usually embraced the 'gospel of the plough' or were much well disposed to purchase it.[24] According to Ian Scoones this shift in the style of agriculture to an extensive, plough-based form led to an increasing reliance on new "big men", in the form of plough owners, for assistance in land clearance, ploughing or grain for food in hard times. The missionary and his mission staff again became these 'big men' with valuable resources.[25] These were the pillars on which DRC success lay even in the inter-war years to the extent that it looked firmly established in the district on the advent of Responsible Government in 1923. In 1925 it boasted some 61 kraal schools and this number kept rising up to about 1930 when the effects of the Great Depression began to pinch the Southern Rhodesian economy forcing it to reduce its public expenditure. Inevitably African education and health were affected most as this was still largely in the hands of missionaries who experienced drastic cuts in their grants-in-aid from government. Morale sunk to its lowest ebb amongst the kraal school teachers and school attendance dropped to less than 50% as confirmed by the Chibi Native Commissioner's tour of these schools in 1932.[26] Gradually most of the teachers drifted to South Africa in search of better wages.

THE CHALLENGE OF AFRICAN CHRISTIANITY: ANDREAS PEDZISAI SHOKO AND THE ZION APOSTOLIC FAITH MISSION (ZAFM)

Signs of fatigue in the Christian educated class in Chivi were already creeping in the

[19] N9/1/20 NC Chibi Annual Report for 1918.

[20] Carol Summers, 'Educational Controversies: African Activism and Educational Strategies in Southern Rhodesia, 1920–1934', *Journal of Southern African Studies*, vol. 20 No. 1 (1994) p. 8.

[21] Davis & Dopcke, 'Survival and Accumulation in Gutu', p. 80.

[22] Ibid., p. 80. See also Daneel, *Old and New I*, pp. 212–216.

[23] Terence Ranger, *Peasant Consciousness and Guerilla War in Zimbabwe* (James Currey, London, 1985), p. 31.

[24] After the establishment of the two Chibi Reserves, the NCs saw to it that Africans were moved from their hilltop settlements into the new reserves this also meant abandoning valley wet land cultivation to engage in dryland cultivation in the reserves.

[25] Scoones, 'Landscapes, fields and Soils: Understanding the History of Soil Fertility Management in Southern Zimbabwe', *Journal of Southern African Studies*, vol. 23 no. 4, (1997) pp. 619–20.

[26] S235/510 NC Chibi Annual Report for 1932.

Figure 2: Rev. Hugo and some mission children in the background at Chibi Mission (Photo, National Archives of Zimbabwe)

mid-1920s and the option to leave the country for South Africa had long since been a lucrative one. One of the most spectacular products of this drift to the South emerged in the 1930s in the form of Andreas Shoko, a product of the DRC Mission schools who did not only cross the border to South Africa to seek work but went on to found one of the biggest Independent Churches in Zimbabwe, the Zion Apostolic Faith Mission or Zion yeNdaza. Shoko was arguably a product of what Terence Ranger termed the failure of the 'Christian elite solution' and the rapid proletarianisation of Africans in Southern Rhodesia.[27] Yet although his activities remained broadly religious, the government treated him and his Church as a political movement.

Born at Museva in Chivi as Andreas Pedzisai Shoko, he was educated by the D.R.C. to become a kraal school teacher-assistant at Zunga School near the modern day Ngundu Halt.[28] Owing to the poor conditions of work Shoko left teaching to become a herd-boy at the local Native Commissioner Peter 'Ndambakuwa' Forrestall's farm where he was offered 'better' wages.[29] But as conditions worsened Shoko joined the exodus to the South in 1923 as a frustrated man.[30] While in South Africa that same year, Shoko and another migrant labourer Samuel Mutendi were baptized by 'Edward of Basutholand' a secessionist leader for the Zion Apostolic Faith Mission (ZAFM) who had broken away from Bishop Mahlangu's Zion Apostolic Church in 1920. Edward incorporated them into his church and on his return to Chivi in 1931 Shoko started a local version of ZAFM.[31] Shoko concentrated his activities in his home area south of the Chibi Native Reserve as most of Chivi was known

[27] See T. O. Ranger, *The African Voice in Southern Rhodesia* (Heinemann, London, 1970) pp. 194–7.
[28] Daneel, *Old and New I*, p. 288.
[29] Ibid. Interview with Bishop Dorias Shoko and Pastor M. Chaka.
[30] I. Daneel, *Quest for Belonging* (Mambo, Gweru, 1987), p. 54.
[31] Ibid., p. 55.

then. The mountainous landscape of this region dominated by the Nyuni mountain range provided ideal conditions for Shoko to relate his work to tangible Biblical images through sermons, baptism and healing sessions. Soon he gathered a huge following largely from many that had failed to find meaning in the bureaucracy and teachings of the DRC.[32] For its part, the DRC already experiencing the dwindling enrolments registered above braced itself for a fight.[33]

The Native Department also reacted to Shoko's spate of activities. Since the outbreak of the First World War Native Commissiones in all districts had been required to report on the activities of 'separatist movements'. A few did exist particularly in mining towns where the Watchtower Movement commanded a following. The government considered them and some Ethiopianist activities in the colony harmless but 'separatist' and for a long time saw them as politically motivated. The new wave of spiritualism of the 1930s did not escape this judgment either and quite often the government sought to control it by winning over the chiefs to condemn the 'immorality' of this new culture. In 1933 the Chibi Native Commissioner convened a meeting of chiefs, headmen and 'their people' where they all 'unanimously condemned' Andreas' church. There were concerns raised about his age - then hardly 25 years old- and his habit of taking women and girls on night vigils in the mountains. It is given that these elders requested that Shoko's activities be banned.[34] The Native Department however, apart from simply warning Shoko, had him actually "punished for his offense".[35]

The collusion of interest between the Native Department and the Chivi traditionalists over Shoko's activities was ideal for both parties in this particular case, but for the former it was part of a general policy already being implemented through Native Boards introduced in the 1930s to counteract the emergence of African Political Associations in the urban areas. These Boards were "to meet the legitimate desire for the united expression of native opinion".[36] Nevertheless Chiefs and headmen in Chivi were not totally won over as the Native Commissioner was to complain a few years later that they saw this policy as part of the usual attempt of the government to obtain "something for nothing" from them.[37] Thus although Shoko's activities were 'officially' condemned on the ground he was able to gather a huge following of people who identified with his movement.[38]

This was in fact the source of his momentum and success and in 1935 his movement had spread into the neighbouring Victoria Reserve, necessitating yet another Native Board meeting there convened by the NC Victoria in 1936. This time Shoko earned himself a deportation to his home in Chibi Reserve where again he spent a lot of time in and out of the Chibi BSA Police gaol.[39] It was in this endless bid to contain him that in 1944 the Chibi Native Commissioner decided to drive him and his followers into one village in Museva and ordered their village head to report to his office every month.[40]

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[32] Interview with Tizirai Vurayayi and Bishop Dorias Shoko.
[33] See S235/517 NC Chibi Annual Report to 1939.
[34] S325/511 NC Chibi Annual Report for 1933.
[35] Ibid.
[36] Weinrich, *Chiefs and Council in Rhodesia*, p.14.
[37] S325/508 NC Chibi Annual Report for 1930.
[38] Interviews with Siwela Matsaure, Nago Chinhamo and S. Sendeka.
[39] S325/514 NC Victoria Annual Report for 1935 and S325/515 NC Victoria Annual Report for 1936.
[40] S1563/1944 NC Chibi Annual Report for 1944.

Figure 3: Author and Jesmael Mataga with Bishop Dorias Shoko (Centre) son and heir to the Founder of ZAFM Andreas Shoko at the Church's Museva Headquarters in Chivi. [August 1998]

RELIGIOUS PLURALISM AND THE END OF DRC MONOPOLY

The Native Commissioner's campaign against Andreas Shoko's religious activities came in handy for the DRC whose hold had not only been shaken in the areas that Shoko was influential but was also beginning to face competition from other denominations that resurfaced towards the end of 1947. Ironically this competition was actively facilitated by Africans within the DRC itself.

1948 was a turning point in the history of the D.R.C. just as it was for Shoko's ZAFM. For Shoko cracks within his movement began to appear. It was in 1948 that his church experienced the first schism led by one Jeremiah who broke away to form his own ZAFM in Chief Shindi's area at the southern end of the Chibi Reserve. There were two other consecutive break-aways by Rueben and Ruka Changa in 1949 and 1950 respectively.[41] However it appeared many of these secessionists had personal agendas against Shoko and as it turned out most disappeared into oblivion while others rejoined him. Shoko nonetheless maintained his steam undeterred.[42]

As for the DRC its fate was sealed perhaps too soon. The year 1948 saw the entrance in the Chibi Reserve of other mainstream denominations which did not necessarily incline towards DRC ideology; some were even diametrically opposite. The DRC was alarmed and made frantic efforts to maintain the status quo. Like concession seekers of the late 19th century, church representatives flocked into Chivi, acquired various pieces of ground and erected churches and schools. All they needed to do in principle was to get the approval of the chiefs and headmen in the areas concerned and to build their schools outside the official 3 mile limit.

[41] Daneel, *Old and New I*, p. 309.

[42] Interviews with Bishops Dorias Shoko and Chikwava Machida and Pastor, M. Chaka. Jeremiah broke away because Andreas had introduced polygamy in the church, but he had hardly formed his own ZAFM, when he himself took a second wife.

The first to call were the Methodists who were granted preaching centres at Headman Tagwireyi's Charashika and Taru between 1948 and 1955.[43] The Apostolic Faith Missions despite being suspected to be 'separatists' were granted preaching centres at Vuranda in 1949 and Zivuku in 1955 under Chief Nemavuzhe with some reservations.[44] The Seventh Day Adventists began preaching at Gwitima under Headman Masunda in 1952 and were awarded a further preaching centre at Dipa in the Nemavuzhe area in 1956.[45] At the same time the Members In Christ Church based in Pretoria was seriously revising the supervision of its branches that had been established in the Chibi Reserve in 1950.[46] Meanwhile other African Independent Churches such as Jonas Zvobgo's African Reformed Church had penetrated Chibi Reserve quite considerably by 1957.[47] It was true of the 1950s that the age-old DRC monopoly was under threat and very often the DRC clashed with each denomination to no avail. Its most pronounced struggle was with the Roman Catholic Church (RCC) which had begun establishing itself at Berejena from 1948 onwards although operating from Gokomere. These were the Missionaries of the Bethlehem Order which had replaced the Jesuit missionaries who had failed to advance anywhere beyond Mzondo in the Fort Victoria District. Under the direction of Fr Aloysius Heane, the Vicar Apostolic and the first Bishop of the newly formed Diocese of Gwelo, the Bethlehem Fathers embarked on a rigorous expansion drive that saw them establishing more than 20 stations in less than two decades of their coming to Victoria district.[48] This entailed clashes with the already established DRC and in Chibi the most spectacular of these struggles was to be witnessed in the fight over St Martins' Mhomho.

THE CASE OF ST MARTINS' MHOMHO

In 1949 the R.C.C. made a formal application to establish a school at Mhomho in Magwidi village under headman Jaka to serve Magwidi, Marutsa, Makoni, Chakawa and Nhara villages. The consent of the local authorities had been obtained and the school location met the mileage limit. However the then NC AP Jackson did not recommend the application citing fears of 'scuffles of schism' if an RCC school was granted in the proximity of DRC schools which still survived in the area.[49] Fortunately for the RCC Jackson went on leave the following year and an Acting NC seconded from Gwelo granted permission to the RCC's Mhomho project. This decision was ratified by the Provincial Native Commissioner (PNC) who argued that he 'could not support the view that any denomination should be given a monopoly'.[50] The RCC was however quick to start building. On his return Jackson was

[43] S2810/2348 NC Chibi to PNC Fort Victoria 22 July 1949.

[44] S2810/2348 Missions and Churches Chibi, NC Chibi to PNC Victoria 8 June 1949, PNC Victoria to CNC Salisbury 10 June 1949, Missionary Secretary Apostolic Faith Mission of South Africa Gatooma to C.N.C. Salisbury 22 September 1949, and CNC Salisbury to Missionary Secretary Apostolic Faith Mission of South Africa Gatooma 24 September 1949 – see also PNS Victoria to Assistant Secretary for Native Affairs Administration Causeway 24 December 1953, and NC Chibi to PNC 25 January 1954, and Resident Missionary A.F.M. of S.A. Malbereign to NC Chibi 10 November 1954 and PNC to Secretary for National Affairs 12 February 1955.

[45] S2810/2348 NC Chibi to PNC Victoria 22 March 1952 and NC Chibi to PNC Victoria 4 June 1956.

[46] S2810/2348 Under Secretary for Native Affairs Salisbury to PNC Fort Victoria 15 September 1956, Chief Immigration Officer Southern Rhodesia to CNC Salisbury 11 September 1956.

[47] S2827/2/2/5 NC Chibi Annual Report for 1957.

[48] A. J. Dachs and W. F. Rea, *The Catholic Church and Zimbabwe* (Mambo, Gweru, 1979) pp. 146–147).

[49] S2827/2/2/5 NC Chibi Annual Report for 1957.

[50] S2810/2348 PNC Gwelo to PNC Victoria 1 August 1950.

taken aback and offended by these developments, whereupon he did everything he could to reverse the situation, but that was not easy either. First, he applied against the Acting NC's decision arguing that the chief and headman concerned had not been consulted, but the PNC could not be convinced.[51]

Meanwhile the RCC continued as normal and preparations to begin classes on 1st of January 1950 were at an advanced stage. Jackson continued putting pressure, forcing classes to be rescheduled "to the beginning of the second term". The matter raged on until the PNC Victoria instructed that a meeting of the local authorities be held to gauge the support of the RCC. This was duly done and some 100 village elders turned up including paramount Chief Chivi Mahaso, headmen Tagwireyi, Matsveru, Masunda and Jaka who was represented by his brother. The NC reported that all the other village heads opposed the RCC establishment except headmen Nana, Marutsa and Makoni and of these three, one was said to have had a raging dispute with the superintendent of the DRC[52] This seems to contradict the view obtained recently by the author from some people who were part of the meeting who submit that St Martins Mhomho was welcomed by everyone and that it was part of NC Jackson and the DRC's agenda to oust the RCC and maintain the status quo.[53] However as the issue remained unsolved the Director of Native Education ordered that the matter should rest with the Africans so that if they did not like St Martins' Mhomho it would follow that the school would eventually die a natural death.[54] So it went, and the NC was proved wrong; in no time St Martins' Mhomho was boasting of one of the best enrollments in the district and today is a grade one primary school.

To add insult to injury, the situation for the D.R.C. was to worsen with the opening of the RCC mission at Berejena in 1954.[55] From there it launched an offensive more or less deliberate against the DRC deep inside the Chibi Reserve, which saw the DRC losing many schools to the Catholics. This left the DRC to grab what remained of the schools that the NC was only too ready to recommend. In 1956 the D.R.C. acquired Zunga, Chikofa, Bvute and Bella as schools but these were just the last kicks of a dying horse and the PNC's description of the D.R.C. Mission as an 'Island' was only suggestive of how moribund the D.R.C. had become. By the 1970s 'Dutch monopoly' had died a natural death.

CONCLUSION

The Dutch Reformed Church occupies a special place in the religious history of Zimbabwe and more so, that of the former Victoria District. This stemmed from its position of vantage as a pioneering missionary movement that was able to spread a network of preaching and teaching centres. The centres became the means through which it was able to reach out to and influence the local African population. This paper has attempted to show for Chibi Reserve how the D.R.C. was able to command an overall 'monopoly' in the period before the Great Depression and how this was challenged by Africans from within the DRC who went on to found their own Independent churches or to work with other churches to check

[51] S2810/2348 NC Chibi to PNC Victoria 21 June 1950 and PNC Gwelo to PNC Victoria 1 August 1950.

[52] S2810/2348 NC Chibi to PNC 30 March 1951.

[53] Interviews with J. Jaka, P. Hlaruka, S. Matanga and E. Manyatera.

[54] S2810/2348 Director of Native Education to Assist Secretary Administration, Department of Native Affairs 20 April 1951.

[55] S2810/2348 Bishop Heane, Gokomere to NC Chibi 30 March 1954 see also CNC to Secretary Native Reserves Trust 4 January 1956.

its power. Subsequently those Africans that remained with the DRC began a movement to reform it from within, resulting in the formation of the Reformed Church in Zimbabwe with perhaps as much power but still known locally as 'Dhachi', an age old colloquial rendition of the Dutch Reformed Church and perhaps its legacy. Through an illustration of the situation obtaining in this 'Chibi Circuit', it is hoped to encourage more particular micro-studies, not only of the Dutch Reformed Church, but of other denominations and their everyday experiences with local people. These rich memories still lie out there largely untapped.

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Shamva Railway

by T. E. Bayley

A long-standing friend who is a rail enthusiast asked me if I would care to write a story on what I know about the Shamva Railway Line. Having lived along this track close to Selby Siding for the past 66 years I hope my story will be of interest.

The line was constructed in 1911 primarily to supply materials to the fabulous gold mine that had been discovered at Shamva where they erected a fifty-six stamp mill and employed some 200 Europeans and 2,000 Africans. They laid the track with old rails of all different lengths with the result no joins were opposite one another causing the train to sway from side to side. The base of the track was natural earth solid in the cuttings and softer on the built up sections, which subsided during heavy rains. It twisted and turned around kopjes. All excavation had to be done by pick and shovel by hundreds of Africans for there were no mechanical diggers, as we know to day. The sleepers were of teak and had to be hauled a long way from the teak forests and there were many thousands of them installed. In later years the track was laid on granite stone as crushed for concrete mostly from the Jumbo Gold Mine along its route and steel ones replaced the sleepers of teak. The track joints were matched up to be opposite one another to eliminate the swaying of the train and change the rhythm from a clickity-click to an even click-click with a smoother run. In more recent years all the joins in the track were welded together – a remarkable piece of engineering so there are now very few joins in the lines giving the train the smooth running of a London tube train.

The original steam locomotives were fired with wood for the track passed through dense forests of Msasa and Mnondo all along its course. Farmers were only too glad to sell their timber at 2/6 a cord stacked in 8ft × 4ft × 4ft heaps as they were having to stump out suitable area's to clear out farm lands. This was the way of things until Wankie colliery got under way and the railway track in that direction was able to supply the coal needs. By this time the farmers had exhausted most of their timber along this track and were glad to get down to the farming scene in earnest. The railway played an important part in supplying materials to the development of Bindura and Jumbo Mines as well as for the construction of the Mazoe dam and later transporting their citrus on its way to destinations all over the world. Grain depots were established all along its route and tens of thousands of tons have been transported for internal consumption and for export. The Farmers Co-op having been established in 1912 built storage sheds to hold the maize crops and eventually the Grain Marketing Board took over this vast enterprise. Cattle loading ramps were erected for loading and sidings were built with sheds to accommodate daily deliveries including postal services. The Postbags were sent out by train on alternate days from the Main Post Office in Salisbury being one bag out today and back tomorrow. Meat orders and groceries coming out mostly on Fridays which was a busy day for the train guard in his run to see that no one had their post or goods dumped at the wrong Siding or Halt. If goods were uncollected and being left out overnight the chances of being nicked were almost nil as was the case with fertiliser, potatoes, thousands of tones of maize stacked at depots for months completely unguarded.

There was a train out from Salisbury very early in the morning daily and one from

Shamva to Salisbury likewise. The Garratt steam engine was the most impressive one to pull the trains on this route and a passenger coach was always attached to cater for 1st and 2nd class travellers at different fares. Any farm workers busy along the track would always down tools and rush to the side of the track to wave and dance at the passengers as they trundled by and receive a smile and wave from the sweaty European driver and European stoker fireman doing their strenuous job. In 1936 the Rhodesian Railways imported a Diesel Railcar from Hungary which was put to use on the Shamva line. It reduced the number of large steam locomotives coming and going so often with light loads of passengers, post and provisions so was a great asset doing the journey at a greater speed. It left Shamva early morning having been turned round at the terminus and a turntable and returned again from Salisbury at 4.00 p.m. having been turned around there which always kept the driver up front with the passengers. A Hungarian and a Scotsman and an Englishman operated this Railcar in turns. The Hungarian having arrived with the car. The Station master at Shamva was a Mr Wilkins and like the Postmaster, Mine Manager, Police Sergeant, Doctor and others held very important posts out there in the sticks. The Rail car was removed from its splendid job during the World war two because spares from Hungary were unobtainable. After the war roads and vehicles had improved to such an extent that it was decided not to continue with them. When I took up farming on my own close to Selby Siding in 1940 and could not afford to tax my old £10 jalopy at £5 a year or afford electricity at £3.50 per month, I made use of this Rail car for my monthly trips to town for wages and provisions at 5/– return fare. It became my pleasure to sit up alongside the driver for mostly there were few passengers and he enjoyed my company giving me a running commentary all the way especially on the straight stretches. I became very friendly with this driver sitting up front with him and on one occasion when the rain was chucking down like it used to do he was prepared to drop me off anywhere along the line most convenient to proximity of my roof in the sticks. At Shamva the Rail car and trains use to run right into the Mine Stores for loading of the bullion for Banks in town.

Before the 2nd World War the Shamva train carried a dining car which was very convenient for passengers who travelled most of its journey of 87 miles having to suffer the many halts to pick up full and dropping empty clattering milk cans. Over the past 89 years there have been no major accidents, there has been the odd wild animal strayed onto the track to meet its death as well as odd cattle. There have been the occasional veld fires caused by hot coals blown out of the steam engine fire boxes but the Railways were always conscious of this hazard and very co-operative in the burning of fireguards, warning adjacent landowners whenever they were carrying out this annual exercise. At the time of constructing this railway track landowners were given the opportunity to have either side of the track through their property fenced and gated at crossings in return for ceding their 300-foot strip of land to the Railways. For most the distance this was done with first class materials much of which is still intact today. For those who did not have this done the railway strip was returned to original title where a track was realigned such as the stretch through Avondale and Adlynn which was subdivided and sold up for building purposes in the 1950s. When this track was laid through the heavily timbered bush the area was littered with wild animals and game birds such as guinea fowl and duck but to day to see anything is a very rare event.

Most every farm along this track has changed hands five or six times over the past 89 years from original two shillings an acre to thousands of dollars today per acre depending

on its productivity and need for industry or townships. The only crop grown originally was maize, but today every conceivable crop is grown profitably from sugar cane to bananas, wheat, potatoes, roses, tobacco and citrus of the finest quality. Many farmers and their families have been buried on their farms and particularly the farm workers by their thousands there being burial grounds for them on every farm. Glendale, Bindura and Shamva have National Cemeteries which are testimony to the many people of all races who have worked and slogged their lives out adjoining this railway track on mines and farms.

Now to give a little history on the halts and sidings along this line starting from Avondale halt where hundreds of tons of maize used to be delivered when the area had many productive maize farms at an altitude of over 5,000 feet above sea level. The only store in the area was that of George and Mrs. I. Cambitzi which was built of corrugated iron about a mile away from where the George Hotel stands to day. They eventually built the hotel together with a row of shops that catered for everything including the local Post Office and News Agents. Next was Adlynn Halt where plot owners had their building materials delivered for the construction of their houses when Marlborough was first opened up and transported mostly by ox-wagons to site. The local farmer Mr Neil Gilchrist used to shell his maize crop on site so had no transport problems to rail head and the late David Smith who became a Cabinet Minister worked there doing just that in his youth. Adlynn Halt was the junction to the Old Mazoe road a dirt track all the way and a nightmare along the Gwebi Flats during wet weather. On the boundary of Adlynn Farm there was a gate across the road always half open and half shut and vehicles managed to squeeze through for years without crashing into it. Next is Mt Hampden junction a very important place where the Shamva line branches off the Banket–Chinhoyi line with a station master present there to look after the signals and the many important jobs. One of the Station Masters for many years a Mr van der Linde and his wife created a fantastic rose garden with flowers in bloom all over the walls and doors. A sight to behold most of the year round to be admired and enjoyed by all who passed their way on the great highway going north. Martha van der Linde was and is an eminent artist on wild life and country scenes and signs her fantastic paintings Vdlinde. The signal box control system there is or was over one hundred years old and cast iron outfit absolutely fault proof correctly operated. During the Second World war this station played a very important role in handling the materials for the construction of one of the largest Air Force Training Camps in the country where thousands of Airmen were trained to play a part in enabling Britain to win that war. Today the airfield is known as Charles Prince Airport a very busy place indeed and the surrounding countryside has become industrialised including the largest brick and tile company in the country operating there. Every breed of cattle known has been successfully bred along the rail link with the coveted Bulawayo Agricultural Show Thousand Guinea trophy being won many times for quality stock contributing greatly to local and export markets. Dairy herds have also flourished.

My territory is the Selby area where I have dedicated most of my life to farming and will relate a few incidents of interest. Sigaro Farm was being opened up by two pals before the first World War and when it broke out both wanted to go so they tossed a coin to decide who would and Coaker won and off he went leaving Eastwood to get on with the farming. On his return Coaker then a Major was cheered and carried from Salisbury station to the Drill Hall by the troops for they were proud of his deeds on the Western Front fighting for Britain. Back to the farm they split it in half and Coaker got the half on Selby Siding side

and called it Gwebi Wood for it was very heavily timbered. When the Second World War came Eastwood's four sons went to fight in the war and Coakers three sons also. One son of Coaker, Aubrey was killed in Burma and all the others survived. During the war it was decided to sell Gwebi Wood by auction a property of 2,000 acres which was done on site and when the bidding reached £4,000 there was a dispute for it appeared the auctioneer was taking bids out of the air. To cut a long story short Mrs Cambitzi of Avondale bought it privately and successfully farmed it all her life living well into her nineties. The farm Mayfield adjoining Selby Siding went up for auction in the early twenties an undeveloped unoccupied 2,000 acre farm and was sold for £2,000 in the Grand Hotel, Salisbury. This is where most land auctions took place and is said that the seller sat down there and then and made out cheques to square up most of his debts to cover the whole amount. At Selby there was always a ganger living in a small cottage at the side of the track who maintained the line from Mt. Hampden to Jumbo and who depended on water from a well at the side of his cottage for self and staff. He and staff patrolled the track on a sturdy trolley with all their tools and provisions to last them the day and vehicle was powered by hand. He always sat up front with a small bore rifle laying across his knees to shoot guinea fowl and small game for the pot which were plentiful in those days. They like all country folk worked from dawn to dusk six days a week. During the early part of the 2nd World War the Selby ganger lost his son in the Air force during the Battle of Britain. One Sunday morning during this period I ventured up to Selby siding to check on my maize deliveries and I came across the ganger, his wife and daughter digging a hole at the side of the road. Being a new chum I asked him what was going on and he explained that they were digging for gold so asked him how he knew it was there and he explained that you pan the silt down at the stream and then decide which side the gold came from. He also said the farmers do not like prospectors on their farms and this is why he is digging along the roadside there being no road Councils to interfere with him in those days for roads were nothing more than tracks through the bush. Having not seen a pretty girl for many months I was more interested in looking at his buxom daughter and sadly I never ever set eyes on her again. There was a store at Selby Siding run by a Mr & Mrs Bisset who lived in a cottage consisting of two thatched rondavels joined together and they had five small children when a bolt of lightning hit the place and killed them both stone dead leaving five kiddies destitute. However a farmer and his wife the Gebbies adopted them into their family of five children and brought them up to maturity with good education on their farm at Tatagura, an example to all. The store was taken over by a man named Ron who lived a lonely life and I gathered that the Railways paid him £5 a month to see to it that the Post bags etc. were loaded on and off the train each day. One could buy a pair of shorts or a shirt for two shillings in those days and a candle or a box of matches for one penny so he did not get much of a livelihood out of his business. There were many postbags delivered and if not collected he would just return them next day and so it went on until eventually owners collected them.

Selby siding had a very large G.M.B. maize depot, which entailed a lot of ox wagon transport that created a sea of dust and in wet weather a quagmire. One farmer alone Glenara Estates, Newmarch and Sons delivered annually 20,000 200lb. bags of maize by a trail of 10 ox-drawn wagons escorted by a man on horseback. Each wagon carrying 50 bags being five tons and each span of oxen of 16 were either red or black always in first class condition. A fine organised sight to see which necessitated 40 trips totalling 400 wagonloads.

All other farmers delivered in ox wagons and there were many so the shouting of drivers and the cracking of whips and all the dust was a sight indeed. The G.M.B. checkers at this depot were seasonal and the wage was £15 per month and was done by hard up farmers, or anyone looking to earn a wage from school teachers to ex policemen and adventurers. One particular hard up farmer was from Enterprise whose wife would deliver him in her T model Ford called Lizzie every Monday morning and collect him Saturday for a trip home. During the school holidays they would give each son a weeks break with their Dad on the job at G.M.B. Selby in the dust. The accommodation being a lean-to corrugated room adjoining the main storage shed which was full of weevils. On the side of the room was a rough patch whitewashed over being the brains of a previous checker some ten years or more before who had blown his brains out due to the fever and deep depression. Knowing this I never disclosed this story to any checker. There were no toilet facilities, no kitchen, no power, and no water except from the ganger's well 500 yards away, absolutely nothing but dust and dirt. Local farmers did their best to entertain the sons to the extent of allowing them to shoot for the pot until the one plucky little son bowled over and killed a massive kudu bull with his small bore rifle. All three sons grew up to become successful in their careers and one eventually took over the family farm to become one of this countries most prominent farmers to day.

Some forty years ago emeralds were discovered on a farm adjoining Selby siding causing great excitement to those who heard about it. The Department of Mines kept it very hush hush for they had been stolen from the Sandawana Claims and scattered on old gold mine claims to make a quick deal. The mines department spent months retrieving every emerald by searching every square yard of the salted area and eventually arrested the culprit a European. They did not lay a charge against him due to his ailing health.

Passaford Siding had another large G.M.B. depot and Lime works belonging to Lonrho which has been defunct for many years. Tatagura Siding is of more interest for there was the local Rifle Platoon attached to the Royal Rhodesia Regiment where all the local "Riflemen" being farmers and miners competed on the range and enjoyed the fellowship of one another once a month. It was run by a local farmer a Captain Wells out of the Boer War with a large walrus moustache. The teas were great supplied by local Farmers wives and a happy day was enjoyed by all. To keep the steam trains going water was needed in great quantities and at Tatagura there was a bore hole and pump and storage tanks which required a man full time to attend to it so he lived in a small cottage alone on site. Being obviously lonely he became very friendly with a local farmer and his wife. One Saturday morning all three had tea together in the Lounge tearoom, First Street then strolled down to their town flat on the corner of Speke Avenue. On arrival the Pump man drew a gun, shot the farmer dead then his wife and then himself in the head. Many of the "Riflemen" from the Tatagura Platoon went to fight for Britain in the Second World War and many did not return. Farming at Tatagura was a Mr & Mrs. Richards who lost a son Bryan who became a Spitfire Pilot fighting for the cause, Mrs Richards was the author of the well known book "Next Year Will Be Better" and was also a Poet known as "T" being her husband's initial Tom.

Now we come to Jumbo complete with fine butchery store and Post Office, Women's Institute Hall, Mine club and 18 hole golf course where farmers meetings political meetings, dances and an important place locally with many large gold mines and highly productive farms particularly in maize and cattle. There must have been some 150,000 sleepers along

this track of eighty-odd miles and today clever craftsmen are making superb furniture out of the best preserved old ones. Before the teak forests were cut down to produce these sleepers the only mode of transport was the ox wagon at about eight miles a day.

Glendale has become important town on the route with another massive grain depot and cotton ginnery flourishing there .We must not forget Concession with its R.M.S depot and massive grain silos serving the large farming areas right up to the edge of the Zambezi Valley.

Then on to Bindura the size now of a city known first as Kimberley Reefs in the early days with its large nickel mine and largest gold mine in the country. Finally Shamva with its mine which brought about the construction of the railway between 1911 and where it arrived in 1913. The engine of train was turned on a turntable at Shamva nightly for return trip to Salisbury and pumping station was situated on the Pote River for engines.

The railway was a Godsend to the residents of the old days before all weather roads and many children travelled by train unescorted to boarding school to be away from home for months on end.

Today most grain depots have gone as have the Farmers Co-op storage sheds. Loading ramps for cattle have been removed. Passenger services went many years ago and with them the Post bags and parcels delivery service. Trains on some days are a rarity. Ganger's cottages and all the interesting people who lived in them have also gone. Road transport has killed it all and I see the day when the Harare, Bindura, Shamva rail route will be a vast main highway to relieve the pressure on existing road routes with massive trucks roaring past leaving clouds of diesel fumes to pollute the countryside.

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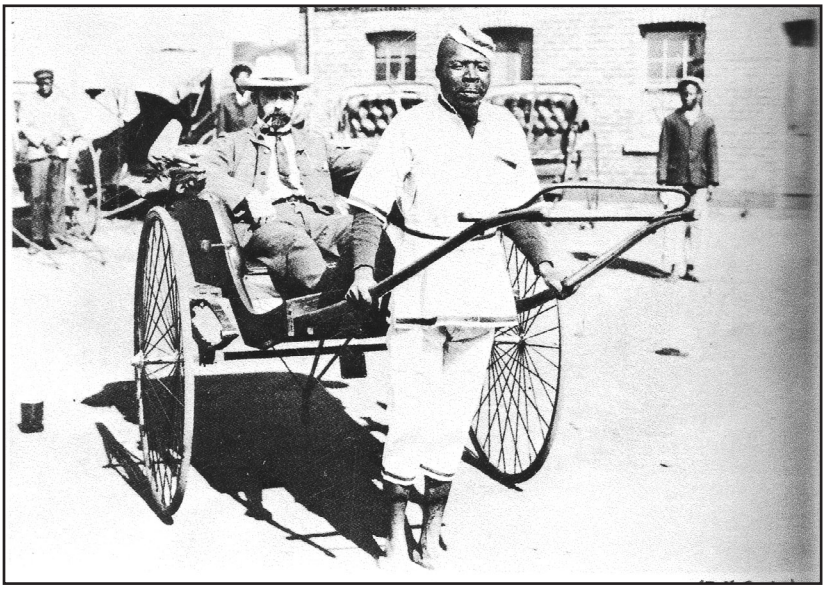
A Forgotten Establishment
The Kopje Institute

by Edone Ann Logan

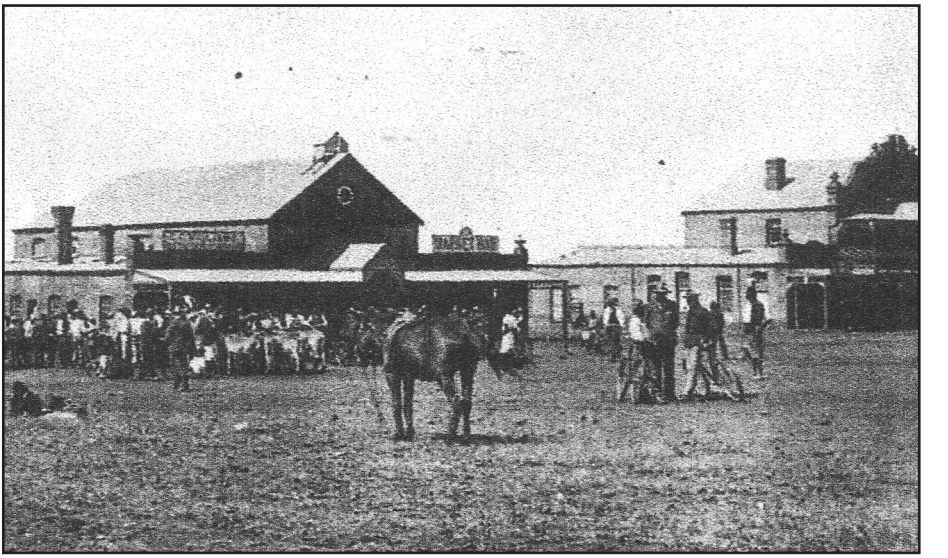
Salisbury 1927. Saturday Morning. The tinny chime of the Market Hall clock and the clanging of the auctioneer's bell draw the crowds to the Market Square and Hall in Victoria Street, below the Kopje. The streets are dusty and rough, and the towns-folk travel on bicycles or in rickshas, on horseback or in cars, or simply on foot. Farmers draw up to the Hall in a cloud of dust, travelling in all types of vehicles, ranging from Model T Fords to the latest 'Straight 8' Buick. Some have journeyed many miles over rugged tracks, and others come from nearby farms – Avondale, Glen Lorne, Mabelreign, Tudely, Marlborough, Rietfontein, Warren... There is a cheerful bustle as they off-load their produce and greet each other.

The auctioneer moves speedily between tables laden with eggs, butter and fowls, and vegetables grown in the Indian market gardens on the banks of the Makabusi. His patter alternates between English and Afrikaans. Collections of unwanted articles, second-hand clothes, books, tools and furniture all come under the hammer. At the water-trough, filled by the windmill pump, cattle, mules and donkeys find refreshment. The atmosphere is festive and friendly.

Prices vary according to supply and demand, but the average price of a live chicken is 1/6; eggs, 6*d* to 1/- per dozen; milk, 3*d* a pint; bread, 5*d* a loaf; beef and pork 1/- a pound and mutton 1/3*d*. Scotch Whiskey fetches 7/6 and London Gin 5/- a bottle.



Mr William Craster in ricksha, with puller in the Craster uniform *C. Y. Craster*



The Market Hall and square with market in progress (*National Archives of Zimbabwe)*

The Market Hall, constructed in the infant town of Salisbury in 1893, is a meeting place for town and country folk. Through the years it had housed the Council offices and been leased by various companies as offices. The Hall has been hired out for concerts, roller-skating, meetings and cinematograph shows. In 1912 it came under new management and was renamed 'The Trivoli'. Swing-seats were fitted and the Hall was beautifully decorated, and for a year Salisbury residents were treated to a succession of 'special' imported films. In 1913 the oldest building in Salisbury reached its lowest point of depression. The Hall became a dumping-place by the Tobacco Company of Rhodesia and South Africa, for unsaleable leaf. In 1949 ownership reverted back to the Municipality. The auction sales on the Market Square however, continued to take place, in spite of the changing activities inside the Hall.

For over thirty years, apart from the Market Bar, which has never lost its popularity, there have been no facilities for the convenience of sellers, buyers or visitors – no comfortable seats, no light refreshment available, no place for the children to play or parcels to be left. There is an urgent need for planning and action from the women of the community!!

* * *

In 1927, the Capital of Southern Rhodesia was progressive, exciting, sometimes unruly. The European population numbered approximately 8000, and most were possessed of qualities of endurance and optimism. In 1923 Responsible Government was achieved, and now the young Colony was settling down to solving its own problems. Men held the leading roles in governance and most organisations, but there were many women who wished to play a part in the development of the towns and the countryside, and who felt a responsibility towards improving conditions for all citizens. They wished to communicate with other women, and enrich their lives by learning and becoming involved. The time was ripe for the formation of an organisation which would fulfil these needs.

Two great characters, Mrs Constance Fripp and Mrs Beatrice Richardson (born Beatrice

Meikle), lit the first candle when they established the 'Matabeleland Institute Club' in Essexvale in 1925. Mrs Fripp travelled to Salisbury in 1926, addressing groups of women in the towns en route. She encouraged members of her audiences to join together "to create a body of organised womenhood in each centre or village, to be available to help in every way within their power, the community in which they lived." (*Southern Rhodesia Year Book* 1924–28).

Early in 1927 Mrs Fripp addressed a large group of enthusiastic ladies in Salisbury, and it was unanimously decided to establish a Salisbury Institute. Mrs Margaret Speight was elected Chairman of the first Committee. In July 1927, the Federation of Women's Institutes of Southern Rhodesia was formally constituted at a meeting held in Bulawayo. Salisbury sent three candidates to the inaugural AGM held the same year, chaired by Mrs Tawse-Jollie, the first woman to sit in Parliament in this country, and in the British Empire.

For the Garden Party or Summer Event

A charming frock of orange and white checked chiffon generously cut for the full skirt made in sections. The flowers are yellow and white silk tied with a bow of velvet. A large picture hat shades the face from the sun.

The members of the new Organisation lost no time in becoming involved with vital issues relating to health, education, agriculture, social welfare, African affairs, conservation of the environment – in fact , with every facet of life in the new country. The NFWISR became known as 'The Women's Parliament', and there was regular liaison between Government and the WI.

* * *

At the third AGM of the Salisbury WI, members passed a resolution on the establishment of a new Institute to be situated in the vacinity of the Market Square, which have under its jurisdiction, a Rest Room and Child Welfare Clinic. This branch would be in the form of a Club, and would provide assistance, recreation and rest to those visiting the Market, and offer dental and medical services to the 94 mothers and 188 children living in the area of the Kopje. Suitable rooms on the corner of the Market Square and Salisbury Street were rented from Mrs Bernstein for four pound ten shillings per annum. The new Kopje Institute was officially opened in October 1929.

For the Lawn Tennis tournament at Salisbury Club. The new cellophane brimmed hat worn by a spectator.

The Opening was well advertised, and the first Chairman, Mrs Gladys Maasdorp, (who became Mayor of Salisbury thirteen years later), addressed a large gathering of men, women and children:

> I know from personal experience how tiring it is to stand about the Market Square, waiting for bargains, or attending to one's own sales, and it is hoped that both men and women attending to these sales will take advantage of the hospitality of this Club. We trust that many country people will join the Club and use it, not only as a place for rest, but a depository for their parcels while they themselves are shopping or attending market sales. Club members are welcome to borrow books from the attached library.

The Mayor, J. McChlery, congratulated the WI, and officially opened the new Institute and Clubhouse. Tea and a delightful musical recital followed. Guests were invited to inspect the two 'charmingly and comfortably furnished rooms'.

The objectives of the new Club were extended to cater for district visitors and strangers to the town. The rooms were initially open two days each week, from 9 am to 6 pm, and on Saturdays from 9.30 am to 1 pm. Membership subscription was five shillings per annum or 6*d* per month, plus 3*d* per cup of tea.

By the end of October the Club was also open on Tuesday evenings, and on these occasions card games, dancing and other recreations were organised. These social events became most popular. Non-members were required to pay one shilling (this included refreshment). The Kopje Institute certainly brought a new dimension to the lives of those living in the vicinity of the Kopje, and those who came to the Market Hall and Square to sell, purchase or simply observe.

When the Institute finally closed down in 1948, owing to the gradual movement of commerce and residency away from the Kopje area, donations of seven hundred and fifty pounds to the Salisbury WI, and one thousand, seven hundred pounds to the Federation were made. The story of the Kopje Institute constitutes just one chapter of the account of projects undertaken, causes and charities supported and activities enjoyed by the members of the National Federation of Women's Institutes of this country over the past eighty years. Members of the NFWIZ, belonging to the handful of Institutes still in existence around the country, still endeavour 'to serve in every way within their power, the communities in which they live,' and we applaud their achievements, and congratulate them on their 80th Anniversary.

Changed names

Southern Rhodesia	Zimbabwe
Salisbury	Harare
Essexvale	Essogodini
Makabusi	Mukuvisi

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The Patron Saint of Bird Watchers Visits the Victoria Falls: Edmund Selous in Africa 1882–1884

by Bob Challiss

The chance acquisition five years ago of a second-hand book entitled Bird Watching *by Edmund Selous, published in 1901, aroused a curiosity about the author that has led directly to this evening's talk.**

In his history of ornithology published in 1951, Erwin Stresemann identified Edmund Selous as one of the most important pioneers[1] of what the ornithologist R. S. Fitter subsequently called the 'scientific sport' of bird watching.[2] Selous led the way in British field studies of bird life, particularly with regard to the observation of instinctive behaviour in the light of Darwin's theory of evolution. This work prompted a need to watch birds and record their actions "with an accuracy that earlier would have been considered pedantic."[3] The patience, endurance and thoroughness exercised by Selous in his fieldwork, particularly his use of hides, with a notebook at hand in order to record his observations on the spot, prompted the ornithologist Raymond Erwin to hail him as 'the patron saint of all bird-watchers'.[4] Unfortunately, Selous was tactlessly outspoken in his criticisms of fellow naturalists, particularly when this involved his passionate aversion to the killing of wild creatures. Frowned upon by the "hunting, shooting and fishing" establishment, he nevertheless persisted in his endeavours, published extensively and greatly impressed a new generation of ornithologists led by Julian Sorrell Huxley. Huxley recognized that Selous was the pioneer of avian ethology in Britain, and praised him for being "one of the most indefatigable observers of bird habits the world has seen", his work paving the way "for the inclusion of the results of bird watching within the framework of scientific biology."[5]

Apparently, the terms 'bird-watching' and 'bird-watcher' were actually coined by Selous,[6] who would probably have had something characteristically scathing to say about the current vogue for the terms 'birder' and 'birding'. However, as a 'twitcher' with limited knowledge about the natural sciences, I must curb myself from making too many pronouncements upon Edmund Selous' qualities as an ornithologist. Instead, I will try to concentrate on giving a mainly historical account of his travels in Southern Africa during the early 1880s, which seems to have been largely neglected in the still growing field of publications on his life and work.

Born in London on 14 August 1857, Edmund Selous was six and a half years younger than his much more widely renowned brother and he died in Weymouth on 25 March 1934, seventeen years after Captain Frederick Courteney Selous, D.S.O., was killed-in-action near Kinsala in East Africa. Unlike his more robust brother, who thrived on the rigours of Rugby School, Edmund was a rather "delicate boy".[7] Since my last enquiries a few months ago,

This article is based on a talk given to the Mashonaland Branch of *Bird Life, Zimbabwe* on 16 February 2006.

even the Edward Grey Institute at Oxford has not been able to find out if Edmund's formal education ever involved attendance at a school before his admittance to Pembroke College, Cambridge, on 21 September 1877.[8] He spent only the Michaelmas term of 1877 and the last term early in the following year at Cambridge before he was admitted to the Middle Temple in London on 18 November 1878.[8] He was called to the Bar on 17 November 1881.[9]

Scant information has come to light about Edmund Selous' early life, but he attributed his and his brother's naturalist inclinations in small part to their London Stockbroker father, who had in "an air-tight-compartment sort of way, some interest in insects." [10] Much more influential was their mother who "had joyous 'L'Allegro' – like country instincts, a deep inborn love of the beauties of nature (which she sketched charmingly), and great love for, and interest in both plant and animal *life*." Edmund underlined the word 'life', for their mother's "whole soul shrank away from" killing animals. Rather ingeniously, Edmund explained his brother's passion for hunting by claiming that "what, in root and origin, may be the same, is often differentiated in the sexes, and so inherited by each."[10]

Edmund Selous confessed that in his early youth he had belonged to the "great poor army of killers," but proved to be "a bad shot, a most fatigable collector [of eggs] and a poor, half-hearted bungler, generally."[11] However, it was not incompetence, but a growing interest in the observation of wild life that prompted his conversion as a young man to the conviction that killing wild animals was "something monstrous and horrible." He soon became especially interested in watching birds instead of shooting them and lamented how "for every one that I have shot, or even shot at and missed, I hate myself with an increasing hatred."[11]

Edmund Selous' conversion to a profound "respect and reverence for animals"[12] preceded his departure with his brother for Africa in November 1881. Shortly before they left England, Frederick Selous' bestseller, *A Hunter's Wanderings in Africa,* had been strongly criticized by animal lovers. In response to an accusation of engaging in "wholesale, senseless slaughter," Frederick rather lamely retorted that he had to cater for the demands of his black hosts and helpers "eager for meat".[13] Perhaps Edmund wished to see for himself what was happening to wild life in Southern Africa. Apparently, he also wished to consider the feasibility of going into partnership with his brother who now intended to give up the hazardous and increasingly unremunerative career of elephant hunting in favour of a more settled and relatively secure life as a farmer.

Edmund Selous (with his wife Fanny Selous and their daughter-in-law, Camilla Selous), Wyke Regis, Dorset, circa 1924.

Economic depression accompanied by a recession in a boom for ostrich feathers, upon the sale of which the prosperity of most farmers depended, soon prompted Frederick to return to the wilds, this time in a quest for museum specimens instead of ivory.[14] Even so, he and Edmund gained some experience of ostrich farming in the Cape Colony, although it is not known where exactly and for how long. In the sole direct reference that I have found to this period, published over two decades later, Edmund provides us with a typical example of how he offended his fellow ornithologists:

> Having been led to speak of the ostrich, I will take this opportunity of challenging the statement to be met with in several works of standing, that the male bird alone performs the duties of incubation. I have lived on an ostrich farm and (unless I am dreaming) ridden round it every afternoon in order to feed the hens, who had till then been sitting on the eggs, and were often still to be seen so doing.[15]

In another publication he stated:

> There are two kinds of ostriches – the scientific, or professional kind, that behaves in a way peculiar to itself, because it is a "ratite bird", and the common, vulgar bird, as known to people in South Africa, who have observed its habits on the ostrich farms. For the first, see various authorities, and for the second, Mr [S. C.] Cronwright-Schreiner in *the Zoologist* for March 1892.[16]

In a book for children entitled *Beautiful Birds*, which passionately advocated the observa-

Edmund Selous (with his two grandsons Gerald Maxwell Braddon Selous and George Cobbett), Weymouth, circa 1933

tion instead of the slaughter to the point of extinction of colourful birds, mainly from Asia, South America and Australia, for the decoration of fashionable ladies' hats, Edmund extolled the virtues of ostrich farming. Edmund thought that ostrich feathers were "the very handsomest of all" and he pointed out that the birds that provided them were "not killed, but kept alive and fed and taken care of, and [had] a very good time of it."[17]

In February 1882 Frederick Selous prepared for a return to the far interior, only now he intended to supplement his income from hunting by acting as a guide to travellers and by obtaining specimens of fauna for sale to a dealer in London to fill gaps in the British and South African museums. As a guide, Frederick's first client was a twenty-three-year-old Scotsman, and Plymouth Brethren missionary, Frederick Stanley Arnot, who accompanied Frederick on his latest venture to the interior as far as the London Missionary Station at Shoshong, capital of Chief Khama of the Bamangwato people. Apparently, Edmund chose to remain in the Cape whilst his brother was away.[19] Eventually he trekked to the Transvaal in August 1882 before reuniting with his brother in February the next year, when Frederick returned to Klerksdorp. During April and May 1883 Edmund accompanied Frederick to the Bamangwato country, where they separated again. Whilst Frederick went eastwards in a quest for specimens in the Mazoe and Sabi Valleys, Edmund, during May and July, travelled northwards to the Barotse village of Leshuma, on the banks of the Zambezi.[19]

Very little information has come to light on Edmund Selous' experiences prior to his arrival at Leshuma. In 1905 he published some observational notes on birds in Holland in which he recalled what might well have occurred during his journey with Frederick to Bamangwato in 1883:[20]

> Last night, as I say, I slept upon the 'polders,' or 'polde,' as these flats (I have anglicized the word) are called here. Coming to my ruff observatory, I fixed one end of my plaid upon the top of the parapet by putting pieces of cut turf (which lie all about) upon it. The free end I wrapped about myself as best I could, and lay down behind this shelter, which was not at all a sufficient one against the strong, though mild wind which was blowing. Lying thus, the terns in their hundreds hung in a cloud and shrieked above me, black against the almost golden light of the moon which, in full regency, rode sometimes alone 'through the heaven's wide, pathless way,' sometimes amidst an attendant pomp of clouds. It was hard, even though I wanted to sleep, to draw 'the blanket of the dark' over such a scene as this; but all that is possible almost of 'moon magic' I have seen sitting on the wagon-box, at night, whilst trekking through the desert forests of Bechuanaland. What effects! What weirdness! What mystery! What 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' beauty! I used often when we out spanned, at last, amidst Cape jasmine and a profusion of white lily-like flowers (yet not lilies), to pick these last by the armful, and with enough of the others to make the night a perfume, draw them between the ribs and canvas of the open tent of the wagon. Then, whilst I was falling asleep, great sphinx-hawk moths would come sailing in and, hovering in front of this or that blossom – sometimes half-a-dozen or more at a time – probe them with their long probosces, all in the full-flooding moonlight which silvered the wide sea of foliage without. It was like sleeping at the mouth of Circe's cave – or Prospero's. I have seen all the moon has to show,

> I think, but she shone so gloriously over these wide wastes, to night, I could hardly turn from her and the terns. It grew so cold though after a time that I had to shift to a larger and more protective bank of turves, and was glad enough when the first light of dawning called me up to un-numb myself by walking and see the sunrise flush waste, water and birds.

In another 1905 publication, Edmund recalled the treatment by local inhabitants of poultry, which he may well have witnessed at Leshuma:

> The [people] by the Zambesi employ the following method of catching fowls, or, rather, of keeping them caught. Having secured one, they lay it breast downwards, on the ground with its head tucked under one wing, and then pat the ground for a little beside it. When they leave off, the fowl remains still and keeps so, I was told, whilst they catch others, all being treated alike. I have myself 'in the dark-backward and abysm of time' seen a native do this, but cannot now remember the extent to which he was successful. I have tried it myself, with fowls and pigeons, and they were still for a varying length of time, but not long enough to be of this practical use. Now – very now – I have tried it on a young tern who, though he shrieked all the while I was getting him into position, became quiet when I began the patting, and remained so afterwards 'whilst one, with moderate haste might tell a hundred.' I told seventy-two, as a matter of fact, but I did not begin at once – not for quite a minute, I should think. When he got up, at last, with a start, as it were, he had a dazed look and went off slowly, whereas he would certainly have hastened under ordinary circumstances.[21]

Edmund Selous' host at Leshuma, the hunter and trader George Westbeech, a close friend of Frederick's, had a trading post at Panda-ma-tenka, and served the needs of virtually all white visitors to the region. 22 For someone as sensitive as Edmund was to the killing of wild creatures, the company of Westbeech must have been extremely hard to tolerate. The business partnership between Westbeech, who was based at Panda-ma-tenka, and his fellow hunter and trader, George Arthur "Elephant" Phillips, who was based in Bulawayo, from the 1860s until the 1880s, was responsible for the slaughter of vast quantities of game in the Barotse and Matabele regions:

> In the season of 1875/76 he brought down from the Barotse Valley about twelve thousand pounds weight of ivory: and between the years of 1871 and 1876 he is said to have sent away from Panda-ma-tenka no less than thirty thousand pounds weight. The question may well be asked: From where did all this ivory come? By whom was it collected? In answer to these questions an unpleasant and sordid tale must be told. From the beginning of the partnership with Phillips, the firm employed native hunters, supplying them, of course, with the necessary firearms and ammunition. It is stated on good authority that the number of native hunters thus employed by Westbeech and Phillips at one time exceeded four hundred, spread over the length and breadth of the land. One result of these methods was that the white rhinoceros, although it had previously existed in enormous numbers, was entirely exterminated, for, owing to its sluggishness, it is the easiest of all large animals to kill. An eye-witness has related that at Panda-ma-tenka there could always be seen an

> immense heap of rhinoceros horns, in spite of every wagon that left for the store for the South being loaded to its full capacity with this article of trade. By the year 1882 there were practically no white rhinoceros left …[23]

Of elephants the same dismal tale must be told. So intensive was their destruction that by the late seventies not a single tusker of good size could be found anywhere. In support of this statement, reference may be made to the writings of [Frederick] Selous, who complains that the palmy days of elephant hunting were over by the time he got into his stride as a hunter …[24]

> Soon after Edmund's arrival at Leshuma, Arnot passed through the village on his way to purchase supplies at Panda-ma-tenka.[25] Arnot had travelled northwards form Shoshong during the previous year. Thanks to his remarkable personality and Westbeech's good influence on Chief Lewanika, the young missionary was allowed to open a school at the Barotse capital of Lealui. 26 When Arnot returned to Leshuma from Panda-ma-tenka he decided to postpone the resumption of his missionary endeavours in order to accompany Edmund to the Victoria Falls. Arnot published a brief account of their journey, which began on 7 August and had to be undertaken on foot because of the roughness of the terrain and the susceptibility of horses to the tsetse fly:

The country was very rough and wild; no path; constant stumbling over big boulders, and ploughing through high grass and weeds. The grass in many places is like long lances, cutting one's hands and face frightfully at times. Mr Selous fell into a game-pit, and got hurt slightly. These pits are very cleverly covered over with sticks, grass, etc., so they are very dangerous to strangers.

> On the morning of the sixth day after leaving Leshuma we reached the Falls. I had expected something grand, but never anything so stupendous and terrific as they appear; yet they are beautiful in the extreme….On returning to camp I found that two large lions had come up in broad daylight to within sixty yards of the camp. The were shot at, and one, which was wounded, again came fiercely up at night, and would have done mischief had not all been awake, and kept him off with shouting, scattering fire, etc. …[27]

Arnot neglected to mention that early in the day following their arrival at the Falls there appeared on the scene a party consisting of an Englishman, his wife, their seven-year-old son, a retinue of thirty porters, an Irish deerhound-like bitch called Venus and a donkey.[28] Perhaps Arnot omitted this because donors to missionaries were likely to be more generous if they read about lions at the Falls rather than accounts of family visits to places where travel might seem to be as devoid of danger as a walk in a park. In his autobiography, *How I Became a Governor*, Sir Ralph Williams, who was knighted in 1907, recorded the event that occurred that morning at about nine o'clock as follows:

> While thus wandering we were amazed to see two white men coming towards us, who proved to be Mr Edmund Selous, a brother of the famous hunter, and Mr Arnot, a missionary amongst the Barotse, and later on, I think, a gold medallist of the Royal Geographical Society. It was a strange place in which to foregather.[29]

The sightseers met on 14 August, which happened to be Edmund Selous' twenty-sixth birthday, but there is no mention of this by Williams. Indeed, the only reference to Edmund

in his autobiography is the brief mention just made, despite the fact that they must have met again a few months later in Bulawayo. Arnot too only mentioned Edmund briefly and without any comment save for the fact that he had travelled to the Bamangwato region with his brother in 1882. However, Arnot himself seems to have greatly interested Williams, whose comments on the "remarkable man" included the observation that he was "as near to his master as anyone [he] ever saw".[30]

The Williams party spent three weeks at the Falls before returning to Panda-ma-tenka, where resident Jesuit missionaries had loaned them the donkey for their son to ride on, the belief being that these animals were less susceptible to the tsetse fly than were horses.[31] When Sir Ralph and his son went down with fever, Mrs Williams, devotedly assisted by the Jesuits, notably Father Booms and Brother Pietro Paravacini,[32] had to nurse them back to health before they could leave for Bulawayo on 1st December.[33] Arnot returned to Barotseland but it is not known if Edmund accompanied him back to Leshuma before proceeding to Panda-ma-tenka and then Bulawayo.

In *The Mighty Nimrod,* published in 1984, Frederick Selous' biographer, Stephen Taylor mentions that during Edmund's visit to Africa, the brothers had a serious row, the causes of which are unknown.[34] Taylor suggested that likely causes of the "coolness" were Edmund's possible disapproval of Frederick's liaison with a black woman, who often accompanied him into the far interior and with whom he had children, and "Edmund's impending marriage to Frederick's former flame, Fanny Maxwell."[35] One of the purposes of this article is to suggest that a third likely cause for contention between the brothers lay in their very different attitudes to wild life.

After spending six months in Mashonaland, Frederick Selous returned to Bulawayo where he and Edmund were reunited in December 1883. A brief account of their visit to the Shiloh mission station, which most probably took place at this time, indicates that the brothers were still on good terms with each other. Charles Celt Thomas, whose father Thomas Morgan Thomas had fallen out with his fellow members of the London Missionary Society in Matabeleland, and conducted the Shiloh mission station independently of them, recalled that Frederick was a regular and always very welcome guest in their home, who visited them once in 1883 in the company of his younger brother. Charles Celt Thomas recorded the following impressions of their visitor.

> Edmund was an artist and naturalist, specializing in birds, and as different from Fred as he could possibly be. He claimed that he had never fired off a gun in his life. He was very talkative and amusing however.[36]

Either Edmund was guilty of exaggeration about his aversion to hunting, even as a youngster, when he visited Shiloh, or the memory of Charles Celt Thomas was faulty. Whatever the case may have been, the brief anecdote indicates that everyone was in good spirits during the visit and the row between the brothers probably took place some time afterwards.

Regrettably, Frederick Selous tended to exclude references to his private life and acquaintances in his books. Consequently, in *Travel and Adventure in South-East Africa*,[37] he not only neglected to mention Edmund's and the Williams families' presence in Bulawayo in December 1883, but also the presence there of two other rather unusual white travelers, namely Count Edmond de la Panouse and a Mr McIntyre. The Count, formerly an *aide-de-camp* to Marshall MacMahon, President of France[38] had recently married a famous Parisian

actress, Marie Heilbron. Reputed to have formerly been one of the richest men in France, he had fallen upon bad times, parted from his wife and intended to recoup his fortunes in Africa as an elephant hunter.[39]

The Count's male companion in 1883 was the brother of the well-known British *prima donna* Marguerite McIntyre.[38] Williams recorded that the Count had shocked his wife by rolling his cigarettes in pages torn from a Bible during their sojourn at Panda-ma-tenka.[40] Apparently, the Count and McIntyre did not visit the Victoria Falls, for their names do not appear on the list of early visitors to that place compiled by the archivist T. W. Baxter, A.L.A, in 1952.[41]

The Williams family seems to have been quite active socially during the Christmas season in Bulawayo. They must have been particularly pleased to meet Frederick Selous whose *Hunter's Wanderings* had, upon its publication in 1881, originally prompted the Williams family to visit Africa.[42] They met Frederick first as guests at the home of the Revd and Mrs C. D. Helm at the L.M.S. Hope Fountain Mission Station and then celebrated Christmas with him as the guests of the Revd and Mrs W. A. Elliott at the sister L.M.S. mission station at Inyati.[43] If Edmund Selous was absent on these occasions then he might have kept company with other whites in the Matabele capital, most probably Count Edmond and McIntyre, with whom he might have travelled to Bulawayo from Panda-ma-tenka. Whatever might have happened, the famous "sea-cow" affair, which provided Frederick Selous with three harrowing days of trial and tribulation during the festive season possibly added fuel to the flames of disagreement between the brothers.

Depletion in the number of elephants with good tusks in the region and a scarcity of rhinos, apparently helped to divert the attention of hunters to hippos, for whips made from their hides fetched good prices south of the Limpopo.[44] The "Sea-Cow Row" arose when large numbers of hippos were slaughtered without royal permission. The Matabele believed that this had resulted in the late arrival of the rainy season that year. Lobengula's advisors, conscious of growing resentment amongst the Matabele of his friendly, albeit essentially diplomatic relations with whites, urged firm treatment of the hippo hunters.[45] The chief culprit was Robert McMenemy, a trader who had employed mixed-race hunters from the Cape "to kill over fifty hippos."[45] Taylor states that Frederick was implicated solely because one of his black transport riders had killed a hippo for the pot. Sir Ralph, however, recalled that Frederick had also employed hunters to kill hippos for him, one of whom, "a German, poached on the special preserve of Lobengula."[48] During a nerve-wracking three-day trial, Frederick's life was threatened when he was accused of sorcery,[47] and he had to spend long periods "in the pouring rain" outside Lobengula's kraal. Eventually, McMenemy had to pay compensation in the form of fifty cattle, worth 300 pounds. The other men received smaller fines, Frederick's of ten cattle worth 60 pounds being the smallest.

Frederick greatly resented his treatment by Lobengula,[50] but Taylor points out that he failed to understand that the slaughter had placed the King in an invidious position. By holding the trial, Lobengula gave some satisfaction to anti white feeling amongst his indunas and warriors, thereby post-poning, as Taylor put it, "the evil day when he would not be able to stop a dam-burst of violence against whites."[49]

Well ahead of his times as he was with regard to concern about wild life, Edmund would probably have agreed with a more recent opinion expressed by the late T.V. Bulpin that Frederick "like most of his irresponsible fellows...deserved what he got."[51] If the "Sea-Cow

Row" did in fact create tension between the brothers, this might account for their separate departures from Matabeleland; on the other hand, Frederick may have left ahead of Edmund simply because he was anxious to dispatch his specimens to their various destinations as quickly as possible.

Thanks to the diary of the Jesuit priest who lived in Tati, Father Peter Prestage, we know that Frederick "rode in from Ramakobane" on 13 January 1884, prompting the priest to write: "Affairs in Matabeleland anything but pleasant."[52] Early the next morning "Messrs McIntyre and Stuart and young Selous arrived with their wagons" and breakfasted with the priest. Prestage recorded that Frederick's wagons left that evening and early the next morning, on 15 January, "Mr McIntyre and party left."[52] Stuart had acted as guide to Count Edmond and McIntyre when they had first arrived in Matabeleland in April 1883.[53] By December 1884 he had returned to Matabeleland, where he acted as an interpreter for Father Prestage during an interview with Lobengula.[54] In January 1885 Stuart accompanied Count Edmond southwards after his first visit to Matabeleland[55] and he again travelled northwards with the Count in 1891, when he died of fever before they had crossed the Bechuanaland border.[56] On this occasion the Count was returning to the interior in the company of his mistress, a former English barmaid called Fanny Pearson, who is the heroine of Robert Cary's *Countess Billie*.

The Williams family remained for three months in Bulawayo where Lobengula was very civil towards them.[57] On 8 January the family visited Shiloh in order to personally thank the missionaries for sending them a gift on their arrival in Bulawayo, only to learn that the Revd. Morgan Thomas had died that morning. 58 Count Edmond boasted in later years that before leaving Matabeleland after his first visit he had hunted elephant with Frederick,[59] but there is no record of this in the latter's correspondence and publications.

Late in January 1884 the Selous brothers reunited in Klerksdorp for their last meeting in Africa. As Edmund intended to send their mother "a very long letter containing not only an account of his own journey to the Zambezi but also a brief account of himself after [he and Frederick] met in the Matabele Country" and as Frederick had been "very much occupied with packing his specimens" the hunter was to inform their mother some months later, he "did not think it would matter very much whether [he] wrote or no."[60] On 5 March 1884, Frederick set off again for the interior, this time with William Montague Kerr, another missionary newcomer to Africa.[61] Edmund visited Natal and then India before returning to England where he married Fanny Maxwell in 1886.

Edmund's mother-in-law, writing under the pen names Mary Elizabeth Braddon and Babbington White, was a prolific authoress whose novel *Lady Audley's Secret*, published in 1862 and filmed in the year 2000, "was one of the really big successes in the world of fiction, a best seller of best sellers". Edmund would have heartily endorsed a line by the heroine in the film version that "no hunted animal accepts his fate." Fanny and Edmund had a son, and twin daughters. Educated at Cheltenham school and Pembroke College, Cambridge, Gerald Holgate Selous served as a financial adviser and consul in the British Diplomatic Service, was appointed CBE in 1947, retired in 1949 and published his memoirs, *Appointment at Fez*, in 1959.[64] A great-grandson of Edmund's is Andrew Selous, Member of Parliament for South West Bedfordshire and Conservative Party Shadow Minister.

Unlike some of his contemporaries, particularly those who saw the Falls, Edmund Selous does not seem to have published an account of his experiences. Indeed, to date, none of the

biographical sketches of Edmund and bibliographies of his works indicate that he published anything before 1899. In that year Edmund's first article appeared in *The Zoologist*: "An Observational Diary of the Habits of Nightjars (*Caprimulgas europeus*), Mostly of a Sitting Pair. Notes Taken at Time and on the spot".[65] The first of his eleven books for children on animal and insect life also appeared in 1899, entitled *Tommy Smith's Animals*. Described in the *Athenaeum* as "A quaint fascinating little book: a nursery classic";[66] a twenty-third edition of this book was published in 1934, the year Edmund died.[67]

In "Observations tending to throw light on the question of sexual selection in birds, including the breeding habits of the ruff (*Machetes pugnax*)" Edmund's discoveries were of special scientific significance. Sir Julian Huxley briefly outlined their importance in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* as follows:

> Because of the unique variability of male ruffs in the breeding plumage every male on a "hill" (as the ruff's assembly places are called) can be individually recognized. Edmund Selous took advantage of this fact. He made observations on one "hill" throughout several weeks of the breeding season, and was able to establish the fact that whereas some of the cocks never succeeded in mating at all while he was watching, the others but rarely, one or two secured a large number of mates. Not only that, but the most successful cock had an exceptionally well-developed ruff, and one that to the eyes at least was very striking in its colour contrasts. In this species, then, by no means every male secures a mate, and courtship display is concerned with the securing of mates. There is a real "struggle for reproduction" among males, with the resultant intrasexual selection.[68]

I believe that an Oxford zoologist is currently studying Edmund Selous' life and work for a doctoral degree.[69] On 26 June 2004 *The New Scientist* published an article suggesting that Edmund's penultimate book *Thought-Transference (or what ?) in Birds*, which "even his admirers would like to forget", might "have been onto something that eludes even present day science".[70] To conclude this article I will restrict myself to what must have been the most powerful influence exerted on him by his African experiences in the far interior.

In Bird Watching (1901) Edmund lamented the fact that "no careful record … taken from hour to hour and from day to day" had survived the disappearance of

> The great herds of bisons, zebras, antelopes, giraffes, etc., that once roamed over places now given over to humanity, (and inhumanity) … A few generalities conveying some of the more obvious and striking facts – or what seemed to be so – will alone survive their extinction.[71]

Edmund was particularly critical of hunting for sport and zoologists who relied on hunters for the collection of specimens:

> Enlightened curiosity has been drowned in blood thirstiness and the course pleasure of killing has over-ridden in us the higher one of observation and inference. We have studied animals only to kill them, or kill them in order to study them. Our "zoologists" have been thanatologists thus the knowledge gleaned by the sportsman-naturalist has been scant and bare, for – besides that the proportions of mixture are generally as Falstaff and Falstaff's page – there is little to be seen between the sighting of the quarry and the crack of the rifle. Observation is commonly left off just where it should have begun.[71]

Edmund conceded that in the quest for knowledge about nature, observation and the collection of specimens for analysis might be equally important, but he deplored the scale of specimen collecting – just as much as he deplored the widespread engagement of individuals in trophy hunting, the collection of eggs and butterflies and other pursuits involving the destruction of the natural environment. Edmund felt too that there was "insufficient protest on the part of scientific men as a body" against such pillage.[72]

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Introduction to the Diary of Mr Hird

by Richard Wood

A year or two ago ferreting for something in our firm's strong room, I came across an old feint and margin exercise book with a durable cover. I took it into the light of day and discovered that it was the handwritten diary of a journey undertaken in 1929 from Harare to the Victoria Falls and back, in two Model A Ford motorcars. Edward Somerville Hird wrote up the diary for presentation to "Moots" one of the young girls who accompanied the party on this journey. I read the diary and enjoyed doing so not because it was particularly exciting or revealed important historical information but because it exhibited the cheerful "what the heck" attitude of the 1920s in Southern Rhodesia. I wondered who Edward Somerville Hird was. I do know families of Hirds in Zimbabwe and initially thought that it would be a simple task to establish the writer's identity. I telephoned the Hirds that I knew but none of them had ever "Hird" of our Edward. Excuse this pun but when you read the diary you will see where I caught the virus. I then raised the matter at a Committee meeting of the Branch and Peter Sternberg, one of our Committee Members, thereafter went through old directories in his possession and found Hird listed with a Mount Road, Avondale address.

There the matter lay for some months until the Committee were looking for something as a filler at one of our meetings. We had a film to show but this film was not long enough to take up the whole meeting. I remembered the diary and gave a talk to the Association on the contents thereof. This talk resurrected the interest of some of our Committee Members and Fraser Edkins proposed that Ian Johnstone, the Archivist, be requested to undertake investigations.

Up to this time I had a very definite mental image of Edward Somerville Hird. I had pictured him as one of the younger members of a large family, an amiable youth aged about 18 who had just left school, was hating his job behind the counter at Satcoy but revelling in the newly permitted pleasure of drinking beer shandies, – a character out of the pages of P G Wodehouse – a bit of a silly ass much under the thumb of his mother and "George" who I took to be an older and dominating brother. It therefore came as a surprise to me when Ian Johnstone reported that Hird had been born in 1897. In other words he was 33 years old when he wrote up the diary. He had not recently left school and he had been born in Scotland.

Ian Johnstone also reported that Hird had died a bachelor survived by two maiden sisters and a married sister and two brothers neither of whom was called "George". His married sister Alice Mary had been or was married to George Fyfe and his unmarried sisters survived him by several years dying in 1953 and 1960 respectively. Ian Johnstone also reported that Edward Hird had left his Estate not to his brothers but to his sisters and to his niece, the daughter of Alice Mary Fyfe also Alice Mary, who in turn had had a daughter married to a Mr Keith Evans. Keith Evans is known to Members of the Committee and Bert Rosettenstein and I contacted Keith and his wife Margaret Evans, who are now living in the United Kingdom, for further information in regard to the family.

I was also referred to the 2002 Edition of *Heritage* (No. 21) which contained the text

of a diary of an earlier and longer journey undertaken by G. E. Fyfe from Johannesburg to Salisbury by ox wagon in 1895. Mr Fyfe was the spouse of Edward's married sister, Alice Mary Fyfe. Again there were shocks. Mrs Evans advised us that Edward Hird's parents never came out to Southern Rhodesia. Who then is the "mummy" referred to in the diary? Mrs Evans also told us that Mabel, the older of the maiden sisters had been a talented seamstress who had sewed for the Governors wife (Lady Mary Baring/Lady Kennedy?) and that the younger, Margaret, was the housekeeper to the late Dr Blackie and his family.

It seems to me unlikely that either of these two maiden sisters took part in the journey described in the diary. I have no reason to believe that both of them would have died young. Assuming that they were both into their seventies when they died, they would both have been born before 1890. The "Moots" in the photograph is clearly a young girl and we know the names of the other girls in the party. They were Madge and Hilda Clark and Nettie who was picked up at Insiza. And so my initial assumptions were mainly incorrect. Edward was not travelling with his maiden sisters. George was not his brother. "Mummy" was not his mother.

The solution to this puzzlement I found by studying the notes accompanying the account by George Fyfe of his ox wagon journey up to Salisbury in 1895. Mr Fyfe's daughter Margaret wrote this note. The note explains that George Fyfe married Alice Mary Hird who had been born in Scotland in 1881. She was the older sister of Edward Somerville Hird. Their first child, also George, was born in 1906 and I believe that it was he who was the driver of one of the Model A Fords used on the journey and rather than Edward's domineering older brother he was in fact Edward's nephew and some 9 years younger than him.

I also believe that the person referred to as "mummy" in Edward's diary was not his mother but his sister Alice who was 16 years older than Edward and who had welcomed Edward into her Avondale home when Edward immigrated to this country. It would be unusual for a person born and brought up in Zimbabwe to refer to his sister as "mummy". But I remember being surprised as a schoolboy when a young clerk in my father's office, a recent immigrant from the North Country, enquired of me how "mum" was when my mother had been ill. I would say, "how's your mum" but it was simply "how's mum". It may be that in the Northern parts of the United Kingdom referring to "mummy" does not necessarily mean one's own mother. The age gap between the sister and the brother and the fact that the sister had welcomed her much younger brother into her home may also have contributed to Edward referring to his sister as mummy.

Finally, who was "Moots"? We now know that it was not one of Edward's sisters, all of whom have been accounted for. The notes on the Fyfe article indicate that Mr Fyfe had five daughters between 1908 and 1923, the three older attending Girls High and the younger two the Convent. I am sure that Moots is one of these girls. Indeed Moots is probably the nickname given by Edward to the niece to whom he left part of his estate, Alice Mary Cattrall (nee Fyfe), the mother of Mrs Evans who provided some of the information on which this hypothesis is based.

To complete the story, Edward died of a thrombosis following a cartilage operation in Salisbury in 1947. He was 50 when he died. If he had survived he would have now been 110. If anyone has any further information in regard to the Hird and/or Fyfe families, please get in touch with me. I would also like to know whether anyone can shed any light on the Clark family, the other component of the expedition.

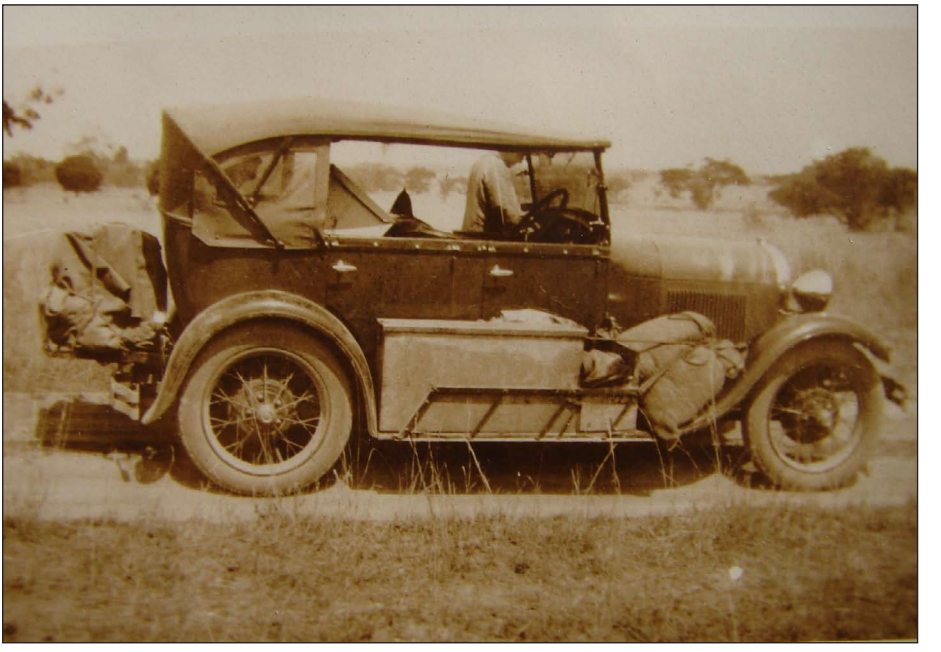
Ned's Diary

by Edward Somerville Hird.

I must commence this book by apologising for any inaccuracy of detail that may occur. What I really meant to write was a diary of events from day to day, but want of time, and inclination alias laziness kept me from doing so, and now I have to rely on my memory, a poor factor at the best, but decidedly worse when wanted to excel. However, here goes, for better or for worse.

The best part of a holiday many people say is anticipation. This to me is a case of opposition to that theory. I may be morbid, but I was always wondering what would happen to upset our arrangements, and if I had had much longer to wait, I think I would have gone balmy (nothing unusual). Anyway fate decreed that the definite time of waiting was to be short and, all preparations having been made, we set off on our trip on Sunday morning 22 September at 7 a.m. (approx.). I am afraid I did very little to help in the packing of the supplies, but considering my happy knack of getting in the way, and packing the wrong things in the wrong places, it was just as well. Anyway, I gave a final look round to see that the rest of the family had put everything in on Saturday night. Our car really was a sight. Only a Ford could have kept its dignity under such a weight of packages etc. The best rule to follow when going on a camping trip with a car is tie something to everything but be sure you do tie it – of this, more anon.

Our first stop was at the hospital (no dear reader, not in the way you think) but simply because we had arranged to meet the other members of the party there, viz. Mr and Mrs



"Lizzie Henry Ford the Ship of the Desert" loaded for the journey

Clark and the Misses Madge and Hilda. Final arrangements having been made as to the run, by the engineers, off we went. It was a lovely morning, and as yet, old Sol had not attained to any degree of "blisterness", and as we buzzed along I for one felt at peace with the world, I even thought kindly of the "Satcoy", and believe me, dear reader, that showed a great contentment of mind on my part, and I am sure Mummy, Moots and George felt the same. We saw a large flock of small birds, a little way from town, hundreds of them something like our truly British "spug". The trees were beautifully green and cool looking, and to use a well known phrase "everything in the garden was lovely". Moots smiled sweetly at my humorous attempts, and everything boded well for a successful trip. Our first official stop was Hartley gaol where we were received unofficially, (thank Mike) by Mr and Mrs Gaoler. They were very kind to us, and gave us tea and cake, and loaded us up with a sack of vegetables. (Poor old Lizzie, another sack to be added to your cargo.) We were shown all over the Gaol and grounds and then decided to visit the hippo pools – one mustn't visit Hartley and miss the hippo pools. They were only 5 miles off our way, and an extra 10 miles in our journey was nothing. On our arrival, we found it to be a beautiful stretch of water, at one point in particular we could see a stretch of about 2 miles. There are no hippos, or hippi, or hippopotamuses (have anyone you like) in the river now, but one could imagine Mr and Mrs Hippo and family splashing about and having a good time generally. There is lots of sand and shady trees, very needful, as the heat while we were there was "offal". Quantities of pretty little shells, give it almost a seaside appearance. We took one or two snaps and climbing back into our respective cars, we set off back to Hartley. Our host the Gaoler, who was also our guide, left us at the railway station, after having put us on our right road once more.

The road between Hartley and Gatooma is quite a good one and we went along in good style dining off sausage rolls "a la car" as we went. The sheets of instructions supplied by the A.A.R. (Africa's Awful Roads) were very clear and on the whole very accurate, but on nearing Gatooma, Moots got rather nervous as to my ability to give the proper instructions to George as to how to proceed, and requested the transference of said instructions to Mummy, who was in the front seat. Result : we got just a little bit lost, to my huge delight, inwardly suppressed with great presence of mind. We made a detour through Gatooma's traffic "jambs" "jams" (have your choice again) and without stopping (there was really nothing to stop for) we proceeded on our way. We had intended camping for the night at the Sebakwe river but on arrival there we found the place overrun with locals belonging to a construction gang, so after consulting the Clarks, we decided to push on to Que Que. I must go back here a minute and mention the Umniati river, where we stopped for a few minutes to fill up our radiators and likewise ourselves. It is quite a pretty place and full of small fish. We had oranges here again and cooled them first by holding them in the running water. Now we go back to Sebakwe. Not liking the look of the place for camping purposes, we went on to Que Que.

Arriving at the Que Que Hotel we stopped for tea and biscuits, which we ate in the car, and then pushed on again. By this time it was well on in the afternoon and we should have been thinking of camp, but no suitable place presented itself until we came to Que Que river. By this time it was rather dusty so we decided to pitch our camp on the further side of the river and so ended our first stage of the journey.

We were all very tired that night, and as it was dark, we had a bit of a job getting

everything unpacked, tent erected, beds made and supper ready, however, many hands make light work and we eventually sat down in various places and postures to eat our well-earned supper by lamp light and electric torch light. The Clarks had ducks and we had cold roast chickens, potatoes, bread, sauce, pickles and lettuce. Personally I discarded my civilised knife and fork and, letting my primaeval instincts have full sway, grabbed my leg of chicken and worried on. I believe I even growled on one occasion, but thank goodness no one heard me. It is surprising how many legs a chicken has, when eaten in the dark, reckoning up afterwards, we each had about 2 legs and gave some away at that. After we had had tea, and cleared up, we sat and talked and listened to the gramophone. It was then I wrote the first and only page of my diary. We were not long in turning in and in spite of the unusual surroundings, the whole party was soon asleep, at least they were quiet, and it sounds poetical to say asleep. Personally the ground was a bit too lumpy for me to feel comfortable. I felt like the chicken, too many bones, and no place to put them. Then George had called our attention to a peculiar noise like dry leaves rustling and on investigation we found it to be caused by millions of ants, moving around and carrying twigs and leaves. I had visions of them carrying off the whole countryside during the night. However, I fell asleep and was next awakened by the moon staring at me. Ultimately, I adopted the locals' trick of getting inside my blankets and succeeded in falling asleep again. Towards morning, it got very cold and about 5 a.m. George and I got up and lit a fire to get warm. We were soon followed by Mr Clark looking for tea and finally the whole camp was astir. We cooked breakfast, and after a good wash in the river we felt ready for the road again. Soon everything was packed and tied on, and then off we set for Gwelo.

Moots and Mummy – "Good morning, Have you used your Pears soap?"

Having arrived safely at Gwelo, George took Lizzie to the garage to have the sock absorbers, sorry, I mean shock absorbers tightened up. We had a good weight on board, and when we went over a bump, we nearly sat on the road, at least we would have done if it hadn't been for the rear axle.

The rest of us went shopping and to send off some postcards. Gwelo is quite a pretty place and seems a busy one too. Having finished our shopping etc. we had tea and set off again. About two miles out of Gwelo, the Clarks stopped. We immediately thought of punctures but on enquiry found that Mr Clark had left his hat in the tea-room and he had to go back for it. We waited for him and then set off again.

The road from Gwelo to Insiza was most uninteresting, flat and one tree here and there. Occasionally we would pass a forest of about 4 trees together. Daisyfield is marked on the road sheet as Post and Telegraphs that is quite wrong. It should read Telegraph posts. As for Daisies, I "dessay" they used to be there but not no more. It was on this stretch of road that we had our first mishap: one of the glass side wind screens suddenly decided to fall to pieces, but fortunately no damage was done. We duly arrived at Insiza where we were to pick up Nettie. We reckoned on having to wait until 8 p.m. when who should step off a goods train but Nettie, hours earlier than we expected. We were glad because it let us get on at once, which we proceeded to do after having tea, and making a few purchases. We were now five passengers so there was no room to bounce. The first few miles out of Insiza seemed to be composed principally of gates, much to my disgust. Then when we got past the gates, George shot a guinea fowl and sent me to retrieve it. I wish people would shoot birds not more than 10 yards away. In any case this particular guinea fowl was not

The only time the whole camp wore a look of excitement. The gentleman with the feet is George.

deceased (it was a foul shot) and on my arrival, decided to seek pastures new. Fortunately it could not fly (neither could I) as it was. I chased it round a bush 3 times and then only caught it by going in the opposite direction, and catching it on the fourth lap. Anyway I don't know whether the fowl or myself was the "tiredest". I may say I later ate my share of said fowl with relish. Well, the slaughter and capture complete, we were away again, feeling we were gradually getting into the wilds. The country was still pretty and green, but was beginning to assume "a sterner aspect" (borrowed that from a book). We camped the second night at Inyati on high ground. We arrived in daylight this time, and looked something like a camp, before darkness fell. We all went to the river, and had a wash up, the river was very low, but quite clear and rather pretty in places. After a good supper we turned in and all slept well.

As they say in the Gondoliers "Rising early in the morning, we proceed to light the fire" which we did and breakfasted off the Guinea-fowl deceased the previous day. Packing up was the order again and then off we went once more. Our next port of call was Lonely Mine, which, as its name suggests, was a large mine, with village attached.

Lonely Mine store is kept by a very enterprising gent (he is either a Jew or a Scotsman). He has put the signpost to the falls cockeyed in such a way that the weary traveller feels he must go in and ask which road he must take, and incidentally, he makes a few purchases. We filled up with petrol, bought some lemons and said goodbye to Lonely Mine. It was now getting "verra waarm" and we were beginning to develop a thirst. Oranges we found were not good thirst quenchers and were dropped in favour of some "soor sweeties" purchased in Gwelo. We passed a tremendous number of spruits, all dry and most of the rivers were dry too, and we were too dry for words. I meant to send a postcard from one of the trading stores, but could not get sufficient moisture to lick the stamp. The scenery was mostly small trees, kraals, sand and DRY river beds. At last we came to a notice on a tree "Good water obtainable at spring 100 yds off road on Right". The retriever got out and started off in high glee to fill various sacks, tins, etc. but came back with his tail between his legs, having walked about 100 miles up a snake trail of a stream bed, without even seeing a puddle. Nothing for it but jog on, which we did, feeling like 5 huge sponges. Our road sheet told us that the Bambanki river ran parallel with the road for one mile – all I can say is it must have got tired running. The next thing we struck, or rather that struck us, was a small whirlwind, and before we could do anything to save it, Moots best "spare wheel" went flying overboard. We were going downhill at the time and the engineer went to the bottom before stopping (I think he had a spite against me). Poor old retriever got out, and sprinted back along the trail, and picked the poor old hat off a thorn bush. Said bush had stopped its flight, much to the detriment of said hat. Shortly after this we came to a kraal, where we obtained some water, and going on a bit further we stopped and made tea. The heat by this time was getting unbearable and I, for one, feared that Africa was to claim another "pioneer".

We now set our thoughts on Lupani Hotel and promised ourselves each a nice cool beer shandy. It was now "Hotter than it otter", and our tongues were hanging out again, when at last we spied a fringe of green and a gleam of water, and shortly afterwards we splashed thankfully over Lupani river drift. We stopped for a few minutes to fill our sacks, and cans, also to give the cars a drink, and pushed on up to the hotel with a feeling of thankfulness. We invaded that hotel and were soon sitting comfortably on the verandah DRINKING. Lupani

consists of an hotel and store, with several rooms in the form of huts. We took in petrol, an extra water sack, and a bottle of acid drops, and set off on the next stage of the journey. We were really in wild country now and kept a sharp look out for any animals.

I may state here that we did not see any big game i.e. lions and elephants etc., but smaller game were numerous – koodoo, impala, small buck of various descriptions and baboons. I will not state when, where or what we saw in the game line because my ignorance would probably get me into awkward places.

Shortly after leaving Lupani, we had our first bit of bad luck. The river, for quite a way, runs parallel with the road, and various charming views, and glimpses of water can be seen. The road is rather of the up and down variety and inclined to be sandy but the going was not too bad. We had long left the river and had got to a part which, for heat, seemed like a chink out of Hell. There had been numerous grass and bush fires along this section and that added to the heat, which at times was almost unbearable. It was in one particularly bare patch that our steering gear became very stiff and George decided to try and fix it, so we stopped, while he and Mr Clark poured oil into the steering pillar to try and ease it. To make matters worse, Mummy felt very groggy and the rest of us were almost flopped out. After deliberation, we decided to push on to Gwaai river, where rest huts were mentioned on the road sheet. Mummy by this time was feeling very seedy and Nettie was transferred to the Clark's car for the time being. We set off again for Gwaai river and I anxiously watched old sol sinking lower and lower and wished I could jump on him and help him under the horizon. We passed lots of blackened places and in some cases the fire was still burning. The heat can better be imagined than described. At last Sol went under in a blaze of crimson and, soon after, darkness fell. It was not much cooler, but the absence of that aforementioned fiery element made it seem cooler. We pushed on because lack of water and risk of bush fires made camping out of the question. We had by now entered what seemed to be a suitable jungle, the tall grass almost brushing the car on both sides at times. One expected at any minute to see a lion bound across the trail, and the lights of the car seemed only to accentuate the darkness.

On we went twisting and turning, up and down, looking anxiously for the river, which seemed to have taken wings and buzzed off somewhere else. Occasionally a dull glow in the bush would denote a recent fire, still smouldering. At one time we lost sight of the lights of Clark's car and had to stop for quite a while, until he caught up to us. On several occasions, we went down into a sort of spruit where there seemed to be water, and reeds growing, the glorious cool, refreshing feel of these dips, and the smell of moist earth was absolute nectar to our parched senses, and gave us the heartening we needed. Everything must come to an end and late that night we at last crossed the rocky bottom of the Gwaai river, climbed up the other side, and stopped at the rest huts tired, hungry, thirsty, weary and dirty. That was our latest camp and we had to unpack our beds, blankets, food etc. by lamp and torch light. Finally after getting Mummy to bed and ourselves washed and fed, we tumbled in to roost, after what I think was the worst day of our trip. I should like to give a special word of praise to George for the way he drove the car that day. With the steering gear jammed almost, and an unknown trail full of twists, turns, the strain of driving and keeping the car in a road just broad enough for it, must have been awful. I slept in the car that night and George slept in the gateway of the small compound round the huts, while the rest of the party slept inside the compound. The huts themselves were like ovens and sleeping inside

Gwaai River Camp: Picture contains stockade, huts, cars, Moots and George (feeding as usual) Nettie saying grace. Note the reverent attitude of the other two.

them was out of the question. Shortly after we had turned in, we heard the sound of another car coming from the Falls direction. They stopped a little bit from the huts and turned their spotlight all round. Seeing the two cars, and George and me sleeping outside, they must have thought we were a crowd and buzzed off across the river, nearly stuck going up the other side and, finally, the sound of their car gradually grew fainter and fainter and we were left in possession. The only sound that broke the stillness of the night was the croaking of the big bull frogs in the river and, listening to this chorus, I fell asleep

We were all up early next morning, for that day was to take us through Dett Valley, a wide valley about 8 miles long and reckoned to be the hottest place on the whole trip, although after what we had come through, Dett really had no terrors for me. Fortunately we were feeling refreshed and fit, and Mummy was much better, so after a hurried breakfast we packed up, set off in the cool of the morning, it was even a bit chilly. We were not long on the road before old Sol peeped over the horizon and spotted us sneaking along. "Oh ho," said he, "the blighters think they are going to sneak away and leave me, I'll larn em." And up he came in leaps and bounds. We did score though, and slid through Dett Valley without feeling any particular discomfort. It is a wonderful place, quite green in many places, very wide, and very long with lots of native kraals strung along the far side. Elephants are to be seen here on occasions and although we saw none we could imagine them stalking along. I don't know what we would have done if we had suddenly come upon one, I suppose that would have depended on the "Elyfant".

Our next place of call was Dett where we got petrol, some more Lemos and sweets. I also purchased some beautiful handkerchiefs with cross word puzzle borders, said hankies

were a source of great amusement to my fellow travellers. It was very hot and we were all glad to be out of Dett. I might say we left Dett behind us with equanimity. We were now bound for Wankie, the big coal mining centre of Southern Rhodesia which we hoped to make by lunch time and also promised ourselves a bath, if one was to be had. The country was now very rugged, very hilly and the road was cum sa.

At one time we seemed to be perched on top of a hill with a glorious view of miles and miles of bush and kopje, the next minute, down we went into a valley. It was for all the world like a scenic railway. This lasted for some time, and then we came to mica hill, the terror of returning motorists. It is well named because it simply glistens with mica, every stone and rock being full of it. It is very steep, but George took it very carefully in low gear and we got safely down. At the top of the hill we saw a car and a tent and on enquiry found that it was a Renault car and two men, they had hit a stone in the middle of the trail and had damaged the gear box. Nothing could be done so the Clarks made room in their car and took the elder man to Wankie to get help. The younger man had shot a lioness a few days previous, and we saw the hide, that was as close as we got to wild game during the whole journey. Having got safely down mica hill, we soon entered a kind of forest, with palms, cacti and "bubbub" (Baobab) trees. It seemed a very pretty place and as the road was good, we went along in good style. All along the route, and particularly in this region, we saw hundreds of funny little nests up in the trees, they were roughly round in shape and had a back door and a front door. I should think that when the bird was at home he or she opened both doors and sat in the draught (if there was one). Soon after we left this Forest we saw Wankie in the distance, it seemed to us to be right up in the air and I thought Lizzie would have to get wings to reach it. However on a nearer approach, we found wings would not be required and we were soon at the hotel which was perched up on a hill.

We made a dive for the hotel, and ordered baths and lunch but first of all we had a nice long cool beer shandy with real ice, our thirst seemed as unquenchable as ever. George had his bath first and I followed. Moots had said previously that the water would at least be "cooled" in Wankie. Anyway after my bath, I spied a shower and thought how nice it would be to finish off with. Standing under it with a feeling of coming rapture I turned the handle. Wow! It was hot! I found out afterwards that George did the same but do you think he would tell me. Oh no. Anyway we reappeared washed, and looking less like alley cats and were soon sitting down to a good lunch. The best part of the lunch to me was the salad and the cold water. After lunch we filled our water sacks, tins, radiators and got some petrol and turned our back on Wankie. To me it was a hot, dirty dreary place, covered in coal dust (locals have the advantage here, the dust could not show on them) and I was glad to leave. We were now on the last section of our journey and looking forward with keen pleasure to our arrival at the Falls. We did not go far that afternoon and camped at some private rest huts, adjoining a cattle kraal. The huts belonged to the manager of the Wankie Colliery and he allowed travellers to use them not that we slept in them for we preferred the open air.

This was another daylight camp and we got into something like order before dark. After supper we turned in for a night's rest. Yee Gods what a night! First of all it was very close, not a bit of a breeze, then the locals jabbered and sang in the compound, the cattle too had a concert of their own " a "moos't" enjoyable affair to them, and to top it all, the pariah dogs of which there were fifty five million, seven hundred and ninety six thousand, eight hundred and seventy four and a puppy, bayed, howled, barked and squeaked individually

The two private huts at the "Kattle Kraal" (not the ones we were to sleep in)

and collectively, the whole night through. This was a place famous for lions, in fact, near the cattle kraal a high platform of poles was built so that a boy could keep a look out for Mr and Mrs Leo and family. Rumour had it that about thirty lions had been killed in the vicinity. If they lived anywhere near, I think they must have committed suicide. Towards morning, things calmed down a bit and then it was time to get up. After our usual morning tea we packed up and set off on the last stage of our journey. We were all getting excited now as we hoped to make the Falls about noon. The scenery was still wild looking, bush and kopjes, dry spruits and river beds, although water seemed to be getting more plentiful. We passed through part of "Tom's Farms" – said Mr Tom being a sort of zoo keeper, having a game preserve on his farm, where all sorts of game could be seen in its natural state i.e. invisible to the naked eye. We were now looking for some huts where tea could be had and presently we crossed a spruit and came on said huts up on a hill.

There was no white person here but the boy soon had the water boiling and the tea made. The tea room by the way was an old farm hut rejoicing in the name of "Rosslyn", and belonging to a gentleman named Cumming. Evidently Mr Cumming had prospered and had gone and built himself a homestead a little further on.

After tea we set off again, next stop Victoria Falls. A very enterprising gentleman named Clark, was now appearing on various trees (at least his name was) showing distances from the Falls "50, 30, 20,10 and 5 miles from Falls, Best Value in Curios etc." We were slightly out of reckoning here and kept looking for a dismantled light railway. I began to think that it was so light that the wind had blown it away when we stumbled on it, or rather I should say over it, and shortly afterwards we reached the long hill that leads up to Victoria Falls and finally reached the police camp and the Curator's Cottage. The Curator, Capt. Barry

All the party, except the photographer, put a head on the pole and you have him too. Moots (Miss Alice Mary Fyfe), Mummy (Mrs Alice Mary Fyfe), Mrs Clark, George Fyfe, Nettie, Mr Clark, Hilda Clark and Madge Clark at front.

was expecting us, and on my enquiry, told us where the camping ground was. So off we set a distance of 2 or 3 miles and at last, after a bit of argument and exploring, we reached our destination and camped within a stones throw of the mighty Zambesi, with the roar of the Falls distinctly in our ears.

Our camping ground was quite near the "big tree" a giant "bubbub" or cream of tartar tree. This tree is one of the landmarks at the Falls, and reserved grounds are marked out near it for the use of those who wish to camp. I am afraid our first feelings were none too cheery. We were hot, tired, dirty, and hungry, the day was very tiring and we were hungry and no boy could be seen to gather sticks for a fire and we seemed miles from the Falls or anywhere for that matter.

Personally I think what we needed most was a good square meal. Anyway we crawled down to the river and had a wash and then crawled back to the car, had a good grouse, and decided to go to the hotel and see what it was like, so leaving the Clarks with a promise to meet later, we set off back to the hotel. Our first stop was the garage as George wanted one or two little things done to his car. The garage man told us that we were the first new Ford car to arrive at the Falls without a broken spring. After making arrangements for the overhaul of the car, we made a bee line for the hotel for tea and were soon sitting on a cool verandah, enjoying the best beer shandy we ever had, with ice clinking musically against the glass, and studying guide books with revived interest. During our refreshments we roughly sketched out a plan of activities for our stay and accordingly booked our seats in the motor launch trip to Kandahar Island, the next afternoon. We then decided to walk down to the

railway bridge, and have a look at the gorge. By this time we were feeling rested and quite a bit cheerier as to our fate. The Falls Hotel is one of the finest of its kind I have ever seen. It is a huge building and the verandahs and lounges are spacious, beautifully furnished and cool. A splendid view of the gorge can be had from the verandah and trolleys, pushed by boys, run to and from the principal points of interest. We now set off to visit the railway bridge, and have a good look at the Falls. It was quite a good walk from the hotel to the bridge, but we knew we would be able to ride back. Imagine our disappointment on our arrival at the bridge to find the construction train busy and no traffic allowed on the bridge. The railway are building an addition to the bridge to allow motor cars to cross and as this entails quite a bit of construction, Thursday is set apart and neither trains nor pedestrians are allowed on the bridge that day.

The hotel clerk obligingly informed us that no trains were running that day but omitted to mention pedestrians. Unlike the Roman general "we came, but we neither saw nor conquered". Deciding to return to the hotel, we rang for a trolley and soon were tearing back at a speed of anywhere between 1 and 2 miles per hour. The trolleys are built to carry eight passengers and the motive power is 2 or 3 locals. The downward journey from the

One of the trolleys which take one to and from the hotel

hotel to the bridge is made in good time but the return, being uphill is slow with a full load on a hot day it is some job pushing and I for one think that the locals on this job earn their money. Arriving back at the hotel we had another drink and then while I set off to arrange about dinner that night the rest of the party went to do some shopping and meet the Clarks as pre-arranged. I found the manager and arranged that those of us who wanted could have dinner, then I set off for the parking ground.

On arriving at the cars I found a council of war being held. The Clarks did not want to go to the hotel for dinner and Mummy and Moots decided they would rather not go either. George and Nettie were on the fence, and I saw my hopes of dinner going west so by dint of arguing and grousing I finally got my way and it was agreed that the Clarks should go to the Camp and we would have dinner and follow later. By now it was just after eight and the female members of the party had still a bit of "dolling up" to do, which same was done by the car mirror and an electric torch. Finally we set off to the hotel and were soon seated at a table in the beautiful cool dining room. Most of the diners were in evening dress, George and I were without jackets and our sleeves rolled up. The ladies, in spite of their protestations as to the contrary were as respectable as anyone in the room (more so in some cases). The dinner was delightful and we had a great deal of fun and laughing. The ladies discovered that they had only one handkerchief between them which was passed quietly and unobtrusively under the table as required. I distinguished myself by spilling the salt and in following the time honoured custom, nearly threw some over the stern old lady at the table behind me, George, in cutting a piece of lemon, received a stream of juice in the eye, much to the amusement (of us). Altogether we had a rollicking time and I for one would have cheerfully paid twice the money for my dinner. After dinner we felt quite cheered up and ready for our camp. Capt. Barry the Curator at the Falls, had offered the use of his house to the ladies of the party, Mrs Clark did not want to separate her family, and Mummy and Moots decided that they would rather camp too. I would have liked them to have had the comfort of a decent bed during our stay but I was delighted when they refused to go. We would have missed such a lot of fun.

It was late when we arrived at our camping place and on the way out we saw the eyes of some "Zambucks" in the bush. Arrived at camp, we found the Clarks already more or less settled down and were introduced to a young man who was to camp with them for the night. He was attached to Princess Alice's shooting party away up on Northern Rhodesia, and had brought back one of the party who had been sick, and unable to carry on. We now had to pick our camping spot and unpack our beds, nets, after which we sat and talked for a while. Moots wrote a letter home which was in itself a diary. We had made up our minds at Gwelo to each write a diary, I gave up first and as she really had no time for writing, cooking etc. taking up any spare moments she had in camp, her diary also was stopped, which was lucky for me – had it gone on and been completed I would never have had the nerve to attempt this history. We retired to bed that night, tired, but happy and looking forward with zest to our short stay at the Falls. Soon the whole camp was asleep and the only noises we heard were the usual night sounds of frogs and birds and over all the distant roar of the mighty Zambesi, as it plunged over the Falls and it was listening to this symphony of nature's voices that I fell asleep.

Next morning on awakening I found that Moots, Nettie and George, being very energetic, had gone to see the sun rise on the Falls. The trip was mentioned the night before but, not

being energetic, I said I would not go. I got the fire started and on the return of the early birds we had breakfast. The programme for the morning was to walk through the rain forest to the railway bridge and back to camp for lunch. So leaving our camp to its grim fate, we set off.

The entrance to the rain forest was not very far from our camp. Of course there was so many things to see, baobab (bubbub) trees, ferns, palms and of course glimpses of the Zambesi itself. By the time we really entered the rain forest the sun was getting "gae Warrm". At last however we plunged into the famous walk which is often drenched with continuous spray from the Falls. The water in the Zambesi was very low at the time of our visit and the spray consequently very much less, in fact, hardly any spray was really falling in the rain forest itself but out on the edge of the gorge, one could get a good soaking at many places and wonderful views could be had of the tumbling waters. The lack of spray made these views possible so that although the Falls were less than usual we were compensated in other directions. We were really at last going to see the Falls and stand in the spray from the falling waters, it was to do this we suffered the heat and discomforts of our long trek and they were worth it all. Victoria Falls are truly magnificent, awe inspiring. The river here, jumps 400 ft into the gorge below and the many different aspects of this mighty leap are too wonderful to be described, they have to be seen to be realized. Niagara to me seemed to be the most wonderful waterfall in the world – it is still wonderful, but not the most. Man thinks he is a wonderful, all-conquering being, so he is, but he still has to tip-toe to the edge of the mighty gorge and gaze in awe at the spectacle of one of nature's most magnificent works. We stood on the edge of the gorge and got thoroughly soaked. My word, it was good! If we could have had a shower bath like that when we wanted it on the way up, how we would have revelled in it. We spent quite a long time both in the rain forest and on the cliffs and by the time we left we were all thoroughly soaked and happy.

Leaving the rain forest we walked to the railway bridge and caught a trolley for the hotel.

The Grin that won't wash off. A dam(p) fine picture taken in the rain forest.

We took some snaps of the Falls from various places along the route and could hardly tear ourselves away from the views. It was only by promising ourselves another good soaking and the knowledge that we still had so much to see that we at last turned our backs on the Falls. Arriving at the hotel we had our fail-me-never cold drink and then proceeded to do some curio hunting. By this time the morning was nearly over and we were to go back to camp, have lunch, dress and be at the boat house at 2.30 p.m., so gathering our purchases we boarded another trolley and soon arrived at the boat house, which was only about three quarters of a mile from our camp. After a hurried lunch we all set off again back to the boat house and took our places in the big motor launch for our trip up the river to Kandahar Island.

Kandahar Island is about 12 miles above the Falls and the sail up the river on a bright sunny day is delightful. The cool breeze off the river and the beautiful green of the banks, the palm trees, some tall and stiff looking, others feathery and graceful, make a picture which has to be seen to be realised. Then there are the many different kinds of birds and last but not least the hope of seeing a real live crocodile in its natural surroundings. Someone in the boat spots a croc and immediately with a glorious disregard for the law of gravity all the passengers rush to this or that side of the boat to get a good look at Mr Croc. One is safe to say that out of every hundred crocodiles sunning on the banks of the Zambesi, ninety nine are logs of fallen trees, but croc or no crocs the trip up the river is well worth the money. Arriving at Kandahar Island we went ashore and had a good look round. There is a regular path running right round the island and at the landing stage a small shelter where tea is served. The cups, cakes, etc. are brought along in the launch and while the people are exploring the island the boys make the tea. It was on this island that we picked up numerous nuts (about the size of a small orange), belonging to the vegetable ivory tree. These nuts, when cut and the kernel polished, look just like real ivory. The cheaper curios are nearly all made from vegetable ivory. "Once aboard the lugger" again, and we set out for home. This time we had a new experience, the current or the wind at least was now against us and every few minutes there was a shower of spray over the bow of the launch so much so that canvas guards were put up. In spite of the canvas, however, we got soaked and enjoyed it too. Moots was in her element, she sure did love to get wet, it certainly was delightfully cool. We passed a boating station belonging to the town of Livingstone. They were having a regatta and flags and bunting were all over the boathouse. Quite a large place was enclosed by wire, to keep out Mr Croc. We did see two crocs on the banks during the trip but a bit too far away to photograph, one was a youngster in the "crockery" class.

The man in charge of the launch was very obliging and if a croc was sighted or some strange bird was seen, he would go as near as he could, even doubling back a little way on his course so that we would have a better view. The afternoon passed all too quickly, and we were soon back at the boathouse.

We now went for a walk along the bank of the river and took some more photographs, returning to camp tired but happy after a most enjoyable day. This was now Friday night and as we were to leave for home, Sunday midday, we really had only one more day at the Falls. After making our plans for the next day we went to roost. The mosquitoes at the Falls were very bad, and in the rain forest especially looked larger than we had ever seen before. We had mosquito nets with us and any bites we did get at night were I think more from ground residents than winged pests.

A view of the Zambesi camp. The figure on the right is human.

Early next morning our party set off for the rain forest for another free shower bath. The Clarks did not accompany us this time so we were on our own. Arriving at the rain forest we soon found a place on the cliffs where we were drenched with spray. There seemed to be more than before, and we felt just a little bit chilled. However, our walk back to camp, warmed us up and gave us an appetite for breakfast. We had, by now, a permanent boy, supplied by Capt. Barry. We could safely leave the camp in his charge, and he also looked after the fire and washed the dishes.

After breakfast we set off for Palm Grove in Northern Rhodesia, via the railway bridge over the gorge. On reaching the entrance to Palm Grove we all had a rest and decided who was going down and who was not. Finally, George and Nettie set off, followed by Moots, Madge and Hilda Clark and myself. We wasted part of our energies visiting the knife edge and then started down the long trail to Palm Grove. Palm Grove, as its name implies, is supposed to be a beautiful shady grove of palms, down by the side of the gorge. I say supposed because on the occasion of our visit it was dry, very few palms and to crown all, the remains of a large fire, with a tree trunk still smouldering. The descent is bad, steep and rocky, the heat is moist, sticky and beggars description and the view, when the bottom is reached, if the "viewist" is able to see, is not worth the trouble. Then there is the ascent, oh yes, plod, plod, up, up with your eyes on the ground. Indeed, so steep are some parts, that one has to keep ones head up to prevent ones chin striking the ground. (This is rather a wonderful sentence.) Anyway I sure wish there had been an "assistant" to help us up, the only ass in the party, had only two legs, and these were a bit wobbly at the knees when he arrived at the top.

We were glad to reach the top again and staggered to where the others were waiting

for us and had a well-earned rest. We really were disappointed with Palm Grove and felt sorry afterwards that we had not gone to Livingstone Island instead.

After having a breather for a few minutes, we set off back to camp. The day was now at its hottest and we had a long walk back. However, we took it easy and duly arrived at the bridge, crossed over and boarded a trolley for the boat house, the nearest point to our camp, and soon arrived at camp, hot tired and hungry.

We had half arranged to go on a canoe trip to Cataract Island that afternoon but after lunch we felt so done-in that we decided to go and sit by the river, not far from camp, at least the other members of the party did and I, feeling rather G I, found a quiet spot a little way off, under the big palm tree, by the rivers edge and promptly lay down and went to sleep. Judging by the noise from down the river the others were having high jinks and scaring all the crocs within 10 miles of our camp

I was awakened by someone calling, and on arriving at camp I found that the rest of the folks had made up their minds to go along to the boat house and get a canoe for Cataract Island.

Cataract Island is just on the edge of the Falls, and to my mind is the best place to view the gorge. The grip is made by canoe, paddled by 4 locals, and the journey over to the island is pleasant, though very short.

On arriving at the island landing stage, one proceeds along an already well marked path leading to the various points of interest, beautiful and awesome glimpses can be had at various points of the racing cataract itself, the madly rushing waters making the very ground tremble beneath one's feet.

Then there is the view on the very edge of the Falls themselves. One can stand on the very brink of the Falls and see the waters plunge over the 400 ft drop to the rocks below.

The Canoe at landing stage Cataract Island

The rainbows here are wonderful, indeed anywhere near the Falls rainbows can be seen in the spray of the falling waters. We had a drink from the river, right on the brink, and then hurried back to our canoe.

Our chief trouble at the Falls was hurrying back from places where we felt we could stay for weeks. I am afraid my descriptions of places and scenes are very very poor and incomplete, but our trip really was a rush in every sense of the word. We only had two weeks and in that time we covered 1450 miles and visited many places, so that if my descriptions are glimpses, I make the excuse that our experiences were glimpses also, and another thing, no pen of man or camera either can truthfully describe the beauty and grandeur of Victoria Falls. The former, unless in the hands of an expert, is a poor medium of expression while the latter, though giving life pictures, lack motion and even if given motion lack, well lack the atmosphere of awe and wonder which to my mind surround the Falls. They must be seen to be believed.

This was really our last visit to the Falls. We intended to leave for home next day about noon, so that, taking into consideration that we had everything to pack up, we would have no time for another visit. We did, however, promise ourselves one more visit to the rain forest, early in the morning. We did some of our packing that night after supper, and then retired, feeling that our stay had been all too short. We had really done well in the sight-seeing line in spite of the heat, and sundry headaches, but what we wanted now was to go back to certain special places, and spend some time at each. However beggars cannot be choosers and that bogey of all good holidays, Work, though relegated to the background during our brief respite, forced itself once more in the foreground, and bade us return.

Next morning, we were up with the larks and after our promised visit to the rain forest, which we did not enjoy as much as we expected, we had breakfast and started to pack. The heat that morning was terrible, and we all felt tired out before we had done anything. We groused and fell over things and George and I could hardly tie a knot. However we at last had everything packed, and tied on, and after a final look round, we said goodbye to the Zambesi and our camping ground and turned our faces homeward.

It was now that we visited properly, for the first time, the famous "Big Tree" which, although so near our camp, had never received our attention until now. This famous tree, a huge "bubbub" stands on a little hill, and although of no great height, is of tremendous girth and is absolutely covered with names and initials. Having duly inspected and photographed the "Big Tree" we set off once more on our homeward journey.

At last we came near Bulawayo and soon were amongst the traffic again. I wanted to buzz straight through. I did not want to see the town and I did not want to see the crowds of people. It all seemed to put a period to our freedom which had been all to short. We duly met Mummy, somewhere near Duly's and after a bit of a powwow we set off for breakfast which turned out to be a good one, and to which we did justice.

After breakfast we set off to find out about the trains for Plumtree as Nettie was to leave us at Bulawayo, after which the Ladies went shopping while George and I spring-cleaned the car, and rearranged the packages. Having said goodbye to Nettie, we set off to the Matopos, but not far from Bulawayo we hit the wrong road and had to retrace our way. It was here that we separated, the Clarks, who were keen on Matopos, and not pushed for time, going on, while we set off for Fort Victoria and Zimbabwe ruins. Getting in to Bulawayo is one thing but getting out is another – it resembled "Dett" in that respect. However, by

The party at "Big Tree "(Edward at far right)

'dint of spearin', which at times brought no result (one dear old lady informed me that her Grandfather knew the road but he was dead) we were finally guided out by a worthy inhabitant. He had travelled all over the countryside (trying to get out himself, I imagine) so seemed to us like a "books" man, after the dumbells we had run up against. Anyway, to speak "novelically" we shook the dust of Bulawayo from our feet, I mean wheels, and proceeded in good style to Zimbabwe. We were able to get along at a good speed now and Moots got a chance to get her neck straight again. Travelling alone has its advantages. We had lunch "under a spreading chestnut tree" by the roadside that's "chestnut quite true, but anyway it was a big shady tree. After lunch, which we thoroughly enjoyed, we struck a very wearisome bit, as far as scenery was concerned, mile after mile of white sandy soil, flat and uninteresting. The road was fortunately good and we could make good speed. We were looking for a place to camp, preferably near water, but did not strike any. We came to the Doro Ranch late in the afternoon and had tea at the ranch house for which a very reasonable charge is made. The ranch house is a very pretty place and had an air of prosperity about it, although we saw no sign of the owner or his family. The boy made our tea and served it very nicely in the dining room. After tea we decided to push on to Shabani and put up at the hotel for the night. The cool of evening was coming on and we were feeling refreshed after our tea. The scenery was changing again and we seemed to be getting amongst some low hills. Numerous places were passed where quite a nice camp could be made, but we still thought it best to push on.

Darkness was now setting in and we still had quite a bit to go. Had we been wise, we

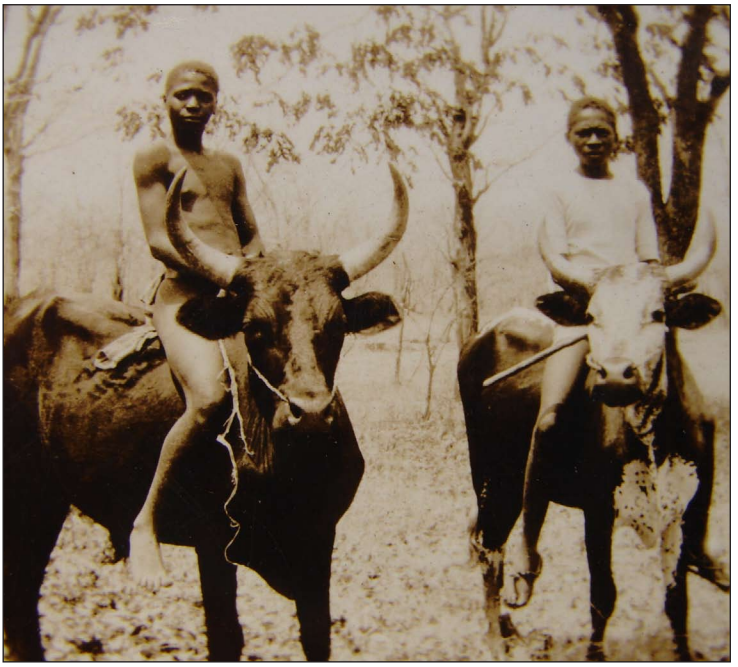
would have camped at some of the numerous places that appealed to us, however darkness fell and we were still chugging along. George had to have all his wits about him now, as the road was not too good and very winding. We detached the spotlight and I held it in my hands and tried to throw the beam as far ahead on the trail as possible, but some of the turns were so sharp that the car had swung at right angles to its original direction before I noticed and said beam was pointing into the bush. On and on we went, and finally we spotted some lights high up on the hills. Surely this was Shabani, but no, the lights were left behind and we were in the wilds once more. By this time we were tired and hungry and looking forward to a good square meal and a rest. Once more lights, and this time a car which raised enough dust for ten sandstorms and we had to stop until the atmosphere had returned to its normal state again. Finally we spotted two piccanins "did they know the way to the hotel" "Yah" and if we gave them a lift, they would direct us. All right, one on each running board and off we went, up and down in and out, and back and forward. I was thinking our two black guides were merely out for having a joy ride at our expense, when we arrived at the "hotel" which turned out to be the club house, belonging to the mine. No hope of a meal here. Two piccanins, white ones this time, redirected us to the real hotel at which we duly arrived. I went to investigate and was told I would find the manager in the bar. Proceeding to this part which was not very difficult to find, I interviewed the said manager, who was "rolling the bones" on the bar counter. My enquiry for accommodation for the night and something to eat, brought a look of contempt to his countenance. "Full up" said he. "You are," I was tempted to say. Indeed the majority of the contents of the bar seemed "full up" and, even if a room had been available, I would have doubted the advisability of the ladies staying there. In the vernacular of America "It was a tough joint". After deliberation we decided to push on to the Lundi river and camp there. Meanwhile a car had rolled up and the occupant shouted to the bar keeper for whisky. The knight of the bottles evidently took the wrong brand of firewater to the man in the car, who promptly told him his fortune and "cracked him one". We had visions of a real wild west scrap but it petered out. The pugalistic gent in the car, when approached by George, offered to put us on the right road for Lundi river and leaving the pocket edition of a wild west saloon behind us, we went our weary way.

At last we came to the Lundi river, and crossed the bridge which is 320 yards long. There seemed to be quite a bit of water and some big pools. We climbed up the road on the other side and stopped about a hundred yards from the river. The next question was "where would we camp" Everything was dark, with the exception of one or two fires belonging to some locals' camps. One boy told us that the boss was in his tent so I set off to interview him. After falling over various stumps etc. I arrived at the tent, to find the occupant sleeping soundly. He looked as if he wouldn't be as nice awake as he was asleep so I left him to it and went back to the car. We decided to camp off the road a bit further up and after some manoeuvring George got the car in a suitable spot and we came to roost. My, but we were tired. We bribed the cook boy of the bosses camp to boil our kettle, and sent another boy to the river for a petrol tin of water. We then had our supper, washed the dishes and then, rolling up in our blankets, we tried to sleep. Mummy and Moots slept in the car and George and I lay down by the side of the car and, speaking for myself, I was soon asleep. In the morning we got up and had a look around us. Daylight showed us that where we had camped was not so wild as we supposed. It seemed to be a sort of lumber

camp for the supply of timber and fire wood for the mines we went down to the Lundi river and found it to be very pretty, wide and in places quite a rush of water. One could imagine the volume of water there must be in flood season. After morning tea we packed up our kit and set off for Fort Victoria and Zimbabwe. The road to Fort Victoria is very pretty and we thoroughly enjoyed the run. We now began to see big road transport motor lorries and that explained the good roads. Arriving at Fort Victoria we had tea and a look round, it is quite a small place but seems clean and nice. We made some purchases, George got oil and petrol for the car and we set off for Zimbabwe.

Zimbabwe is quite a short run from Fort Victoria, the road is good and winds in and out amongst some big kopjes. We were soon at our destination and on enquiry at the curator's office we were shown where we could camp. It was very hot and, somehow or other, we all seemed flopped out and lazy. We got a couple of piccanins to fetch some water, which was quite a bit away and we had lunch. After lunch none of us seemed any better and as we seemed to have quite a bit of climbing to do we funked it, and lay down to rest instead. I dreamt I was back at the Falls again in the cool spray. Actually we seemed to be in Hades with the lid shut.

Later in the afternoon, we decided we really must stir our stumps and visit the ruins so we dragged ourselves over the veldt in the direction of the sacred enclosure and temple. The ruins certainly are wonderful: tremendous walls and towers, built of millions of flat pieces of granite, with twisting passages and ruined halls and not a pennyworth of lime or cement in the lot. One feels sorry that the ruins are to a great extent shrouded in mystery. It seems to leave such a blank, and one can only gape an say "yes there are a tremendous lot



The first and second in the annual race at . . .

of stones and some wonderful walls but what were they for and who put them there, and also who knocked them down, time or enemies?" I got a headache trying to figure it out, Mummy felt that the remaining walls etc. were waiting specially to tumble down upon her devoted head, George wandered all over with a look of boredom on his noble countenance as much as to say nobody knows anything about this heap of stones and who the h.... cares anyway. Moots was the only one who exhibited any lively interest in the piles of stones and reconstructed the whole temple to her complete satisfaction and I might say in the face of many sarcastic and caustic remarks.

We all went down together, had breakfast, packed up our gear and set off for "England Home and Beauty", anyway for Satcoy and GHW (poofaki – which is Russian for worse luck). Arriving at Fort Victoria we did some shopping including a large hat box for Moots to put her Paris model in, which she bought at Wankie on the way up and collected at Bulawayo on the way back. Off we went once more for Salisbury via Enkeldoorn, which same I hope I never do again. We stopped long enough to swallow a cup of tea and some sandwiches and then off we went again. We now began to count the milestones, one nearer home each time. Me, I didn't like milestones and was trying to get over my grouch. By the time we had reached the Hunyani bridge I could smile a little bit. Here we had a tin of pineapple and some biscuits. We were very near Salisbury now, the glamour of our holiday and freedom was waning and already I could feel the long tentacles of that Octopus "everyday routine" fastening round me. At last we sighted Salisbury and in a few minutes we were back in the familiar streets. George had owned the road for so long that he thought he owned Salisbury, and nearly knocked a traffic cop into kingdom come. We pulled up in front of Duly's, the Ford agent in town and showed ourselves off. We really had done rather a feat – 1451 miles, over good and bad roads with five passengers most of the way, and loaded with camp gear as well. Good old Lizzie. Leaving Duly's we carried on to Avondale and rolled up the drive coming to a stop at the front door. We were not expected so soon and everything was upside down as the home folks were having a grand clean up to celebrate our home coming. I knew we ought to have camped another night.

So ended one of the best holidays I ever spent.

We saw so much and so many different places that to describe them all as I would like to do is beyond my feeble power. Sufficient to say that I would do the same journey all over again but would like a little longer time at the Falls to explore them thoroughly. I have tried to describe the general incidents of our trip with a few personal incidents thrown in. If I have strayed from the strict path of truth at times I crave an Author's (pardon the term) Licence. My descriptions are poor, my spelling not too good, my writing bad and my memory bad but if I can interest or amuse those who may read this long-winded story, I will have achieved what I started out to do.

Edward Somerville Hird
Avondale 22 December 1929

Cereal Crop Research and Breeding in Zimbabwe

by Mike Caulfield*

This is the text of a talk given to members of the History Society of Zimbabwe at Rattray Arnold research station, Enterprise, Harare, on 9 April 2006.

Crop introductions occurred from shortly after the arrival of the pioneer column. This was very much a trial and error exercise to see if the plants would survive and produce. There was an advantage in that persons coming were from many parts of the commonwealth as well as the world.

South Africa was an obvious source. What had been found adapted there was selected for similar local conditions. However the very strong British influence brought much from there as well. The SR Department of Agriculture had been established back in 1897. At Self Government in 1923 saw the Ministry of Agriculture formalize and establish more research stations where more formal investigations were undertaken. Both Gwebi and Harare had been started in 1909. Others were at Bulawayo 1921, Gwelo 1923, Kadoma 1924 and Enkeldoorn 1929. The Hillside was established in 1924 for early tobacco work; more intensive tobacco work took place in Trelawney from 1935.

These covered the range of environments. Other specific stations were added over the years that followed. However the most important research for cereals took place at Harare. This site was chosen by Major Mundy who later went on to be Secretary of Agriculture in 1943. The soils were particularly uniform and this showed up through the years as accurate trial work. The department expanded into different divisions. Crops which fell under Plant Industry in 1924 then came under Specialist Services in 1948. Many resources were applied to obtain a sound Agriculture research base. The post second-world war years saw an acceleration in all aspects of agriculture.

SORGHUM

This crop is indigenous to Africa, and has good drought stress tolerance, thus one would have expected it to have played a greater role as a cereal in this country. Research was undertaken originally in Harare but it fared badly from stalk borers in the early trials.

In 1947/8 the work was wisely transferred to Matopos under I. Ferguson. This move was in order to promote the crop. The Government in 1951 provided a price incentive. A list of recommended varieties was circulated to farmers from the findings. For only a few seasons the crop was cultivated by commercial farmers in the western regions but again declined. The communal farmer, especially in the drier areas did plant the crop in a small way but preferred maize. The main use for sorghum was in opaque beer brewing, but this is a small market for the red seeded types which contain tannin, which reduces bird damage. The disadvantage of sorghum is that the feeding value of the grain is 90% that of maize and it is prone to bird damage which, coupled with lower yields, placed it as a lesser choice to maize. Governments have tried to get the crop more accepted over the years. Almost every

*Mike Caulfield: Senior maize breeder @ Rattray Arnold Research Station, Seed Co.

decade there has been some drive to get the crop more acceptable. When price incentives have been offered the crop has had increases in plantings only to slump again later.

In the early 1970s sorghum research was transferred to Kadoma research station under J. Brindley- Richards. He worked on both open pollinated and hybrids. Red Swazi was a variety that was recommended at that time. When hybrids were introduced in the late 1960s from the USA they were more responsive to good management and produced competitive yields. The brewing ones were grown often on contract to the brewers who paid a fair price.

Production beyond this was seldom viable. Matopos in the last over 20 years has had financial assistance from ICRISAT, an international funded organization, to breed and promote the crop but still one sees little increase in the area planted. So sorghum remains in low volume and a poor cousin to maize. Currently there is interest in a white sorghum for opaque beer brewing but the quantity probably will not amount to much.

WHEAT

This crop also has its origin in Africa. It originates from the highlands of Ethiopia. But it has travelled much since then. The crop has been grown since 1900 in a small way, mainly as a utumn crop grown in the wet lands. The yields were mostly low, producing a couple of bags an acre. Surprising in 1921 this managed to amount to 70% of colonies' needs. But as the number of mouths increased so the deficit widened. In 1931 T. Samson was employed to work on wheat in breeding and research. He was stationed at Hillside experimental station which was mainly concerned with tobacco. Initial work looked at planting as a summer as well as a winter option. The amount of rust was so severe on the summer planting, that soon work continued only on the winter sowing. A list of recommended varieties was published from 1939.

Free seed issues were sometimes used to promote the crop. Varieties were sourced from many countries. On the list were Canadian, Kenyan and Indian. The Punjab 81 was a top yielder but when the millers got to evaluate its protein content they found it low and it was dropped. The protein is what makes bread rise in baking. Today attention is also given to the type of protein, as this affects the quality of the baked loaf. Wheat plantings hit their lowest in 1950. The wet land plantings were just not viable being dependant on residual moisture to carry them through. In the late 1950s, a drive was launched to put wheat back as a crop. A breeder was appointed in 1954, Olly Olsen who was Danish. He was an incredibly hard worker. He soon saw that the solution lay in developing a shorter straw or dwarf wheat which would be winter produced. This wheat could be farmed with more inputs and achieve high yields, the two key components being nitrogen and irrigation to provide water when needed. He eventually released ten of these short straw types. Varieties that came out of this program were named after our rivers.

The early success was Zambezi; others followed, such as Limpopo. Yields were four-fold that of the older tall varieties. He left and was replaced by Ian Edwards, who followed a similar direction and a few varieties were released to combat the ever changing Rust disease. Tokwe was released in this period. Even to this day the breeder needs to continue to produce varieties resistant to the current forms of the rusts. It is hoped that a new release will hold up in field plantings for at least 4 years. Corrie Badenhorst followed. He was not there long before he left. Anthon Mashingwani took over and ran the program with success, releasing new varieties, prominent ones being Sengwa and Nata.

The milling industry became far more demanding and new wheat varieties had to meet minimum baking standards. So new varieties had to satisfy both farmer and miller.

Seed Co added wheat to its research in 1983 due to the rather frequent changes in breeders in the Ministry. Ephrame Havizvidi has been running this work to this day. He established extensive breeding and testing in the main wheat growing areas, including the southern lowveld. He has produced many varieties from 1990, the most successful being Scan in 1994 and later Nduna. Releases continued to meet the market's even higher demands. The plan is that a variety is replaced within four years. The country has never been able to meet its demand, though it has got close at times.

MAIZE

Maize, a South American crop, was first introduced into Southern Africa by the Portuguese traders in the 16th century. The maize was a very flint grain type.

This type has got lost to the varieties introduced by the settlers. Attempts have been undertaken to sample this background but when one breeds into it a heavy hybrid contamination is expressed.

Early work, as with other crops, was to try out new introductions. Most varieties came via South Africa which had, in turn, sourced mainly from the USA.

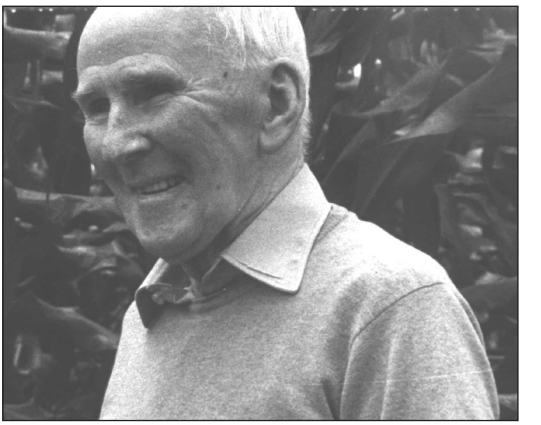
These were all open pollinated varieties. Many were tried and only a small number recommended. A variety Hickory King was very popular, but a locally assembled variety called Salisbury White (SW) was more used and better yields could be attained. Another variety, Potchefstroom Pearl, developed in SA, was useful in drier areas. Fertilizer was not much used prior to the 2nd world war and they had to resort to animal manure or to growing a green manure crop of a legume, such as sunhemp ploughed in to increase yields. Work on rotation experiments started in 1913 to find ways of maintaining fertility. This work was very intensive and investigated a wide range of options. An advantage was shown in that a rotation with a legume was beneficial to the maize in the cycle. This was especially where little or no fertilizer was used. Maize is a gross feeder of Nitrogen but in the period before the second world-war there was no affordable form of this fertilizer.

A mile stone was reached when Harry Arnold commenced hybridization of maize in 1932/3. He had been shown an article from the USA by Dan McLoughlin then newly appointed Chief Agriculturist. The article briefly explained the system used and armed only with this he commenced the inbreeding process, using the well-used Salisbury White (SW). Of interest, South Africa did not start hybrids until 1955 and they were assisted by a team of USA breeders. He chose 50 ears from a block of SW on the station and the next year started to inbreed. Maize, having the male and female parts separated on the plants, allows the process of controlled pollination to be fairly simple. Most other plants have the two next to each other and it is a slow process to handle pollination as one needs to dissect the flower, generally using magnification. He continued this inbreeding, which results in an ever weaker plant. The poorest would not survive. After 6 years the plants from a selection will become fixed and all plants will appear identical. There were 44 individual new inbreds that remained. The next stage is to cross them together in pairs and to find ones that yield the highest.

Between 1942 and 1945 many yielded over 20% of the SW; in the drier season of 1946/7 one reached 68%. The war in 1940 saw all but a skeleton staff remaining so not

Two pioneers of crop breeding in Zimbabwe

H. C. Arnold



A. G. H. Rattray

much occurred until 1945. Alan Rattray who had joined this project in 1938 was called up in 1940. On his return he took over the project. The best high yield single crosses were crossed together to form double hybrids and evaluated for yield; the best of these were chosen to be released. Field scale production started at Henderson and Gwebi research stations with the top yielding double hybrids in 1948. A total of 3548 pockets of seed was produced in the first season. The demand for hybrid seed was so great that they had to call on seven growers from the Southern Rhodesia Seed Maize Association to assist.

This association had been formed in 1940 by growers of open pollinated varieties. By 1950 just under 50% was grown by members. Soon 65 growers were producing. Not long after, the association took on all hybrid seed production. In 1952 sales had reached 30 000 pockets.

In field production alternating gangs of designated female and male are planted in the field. The pattern is usually 6 to 2. The six rows to serve as the female have the flower or tassel removed as soon as it appears so that these plants receive the wind blown pollen from the two male rows. Seed is only reaped from the females, the males having been discarded before reaping of the females. These Double hybrids rapidly took over from OP in the 1950s. SR 11 was the largest seller. In 1967 an improvement, SR14, took over as the most popular.

Alan Rattray started his own breeding in the early 1950s but he selected from a newer variety called Southern Cross. It was later in maturity with a higher yield. Following the same procedure he tested his new inbreds five years later against Arnold's older ones and obtained even better results than had been previously obtained.

A particular single cross was far ahead; this was later given the name SR 52. Even with Alan's conservative nature he decided to go ahead and release this hybrid in 1960 even though it would require the seed price to be more than double, also the area under seed would increase as the seed yield would be less than half. The reason is that an inbred was to be used in both parents and the best inbreds yield half of a hybrid. The female used

was an inbred called N 3233 and it had a very good yield which made single cross hybrid possible.

This field production of a single cross became the first commercially used in the world. Producing the double hybrids from the local sources was also a first, as elsewhere they had used USA material to start off. These feats are a credit to these two men. The farmer response again was overwhelming and they paid the higher price, as the increase in yield more than covered the seed cost. Seed costs are usually less than 5% of input costs. By 1969 just under 65% of l l seed sold was SR 52, its highest point achieved.

An interesting incident was when Rex Tattersfield was weighing, at Gwebi, an early trial which contained SR 52. He thought he had made a mistake in the plots as one entry was so much higher than the rest that he rechecked them, but they were the SR52 plots.

Originally a maize parasite weed called witch weed was a serious yield reducer. It was first reported in 1916 but by 1928 had affected 20% of the maize planting. This necessitated research being undertaken on three farms in the Mazoe valley. The findings were that a trap crop of Sudan grass was grown then ploughed under six weeks after the weed had germinated. Hand weeding really only stopped it from setting seed. The seed of this weed can remain dormant in the soil for 20 years. Work continued through till 1946. Then the problem slowly at first decreased then went away by the end of the '50s. It was much later that it was realized that the application of modern Nitrogen fertilizer coupled with the new hybrids was eliminating this weed problem. At our research farm we stopped applying nitrogen on a small field which had grass on a few years earlier and to our surprise witch weed appeared in this block but adjacent blocks that had nitrogen only as an extra did not even have one weed plant.

The next hybrid break through was when Harry Arnold, now in his second retirement, reviewed work that had been undertaken at Matopos by Graham in 1966 and observed that a Kansas inbred was common in the top hybrids. He was following on work that had also come to the same findings in South Africa. He followed this up crossing this inbred to a series of our best single cross females. This was done at his home plot Brookfield off the Enterprise road. The yields of these confirmed those at Matopos The inbred which was early in maturity was ideal in producing an early hybrid for which there was a need. Up to this time no early hybrid had been available. Two hybrids, which were three-ways, were put on the market in 1969, R200 from Arnold and R201 in 1973 by Pip Nelson, who also released another similar hybrid R215 in 1976. The R201 became the biggest all-time seller.

The small scale farmer who needed an early hybrid started to buy these new hybrids where he had previously kept using his home strains. The Extension department promoted these hybrids and the farmers, especially small scale farmers, were quick to see the value of these and sales climbed from 1976 at a fast rate.

Being three-way hybrids and using the local high yield single cross female, the seed could be offered at affordable price. For this market the general Manager Dennis Hobbs realized that the buyer needed a smaller pack size than the 100lb, so Seed Co started to pack 1lb to 10lb. plastic packets from 1977. By independence over 90% of all maize seed sold were hybrids. This feat, again, was a first in Africa.

Harry Arnold had served as station manager at Harare Research station from 1925 to 1948 when Alan Rattray took over. For Arnold's work he was awarded the MBE in 1944. A heavy yielding velvet bean he had bred was named Arnold velvet bean in 1945. He had

come originally from England where he had worked at Oxford university in general field work. He arrived in South Africa and started off as a butcher's assistant to two of his brothers who were in Greytown, Natal. He later went farming for a Colonel Wall in Greytown in Natal as a manager on a mixed farm, before coming to this country. I also worked on this farm, but for the son, before I came here in 1962. Arnold and Dan McLoughlan worked as the first inspectors when hybrid production was commenced using the farmers to produce the seed. This they did for over 10 years.

A steady flow of new hybrids came on the market to cover wider needs in the ensuing years. Rob Olver released ZS 206 in 1984 which was a yellow hybrid similar to SR 52 but with improvements. As with SR 52 it was very popular as a green mealie and much of the Johannesburg area trade was of these two hybrids.

Seed Co in 1973 bought its own research farm and named it Rattray Arnold after the pioneers in maize breeding. Breeding commenced, led by Rattray now second time retired. His main project was to search again in Southern Cross and Salisbury White for potential new material. I joined him to assist full time. Success was slow in coming but eventually in 1993 SC 701 was on the market. This was a superior SR 52 type.

From 1984 a number of maize breeders joined Seed Co over the years. Those that have made major impact were Rob Olver for the ZS 206 and SC 513, Barry Mac Carter for SC 501 and Paul Rupende for SC 709. Seed sales in 1972 had attained 184 000 pockets, more than double the 1962 sales. In 1990 sales were 725 472.

Alan Rattray passed away in May 1998 just short of his 91st birthday. His ashes are interred at the entrance garden of Rattray Arnold research station and an engraved stone reads, "A life dedicated to the service of agriculture". He had been working up to the last few years. His career had started with work at the Kadoma cotton research. He took time off to gain a diploma in agriculture at Potchefstroom. Returning, he worked again at Kadoma, from where he left, later, to study at Cambridge university and returned with an agricultural degree in 1938. That experience stood him well in applying modern research to the maize program but also influenced other research at Harare. He was a most precise worker and demanded a very high standard from all those working under him. Alan received a number of awards for his outstanding contribution to agriculture in Zimbabwe: the British OBE , the 1962 Farming Oscar, and a silver plate on the 21st anniversary of SR 52.

In 1997 a new leaf disease struck Zimbabwe called Grey leaf spot. It affected this new hybrid as well as most others on the market. Yield losses of up to 70% were recorded. It had shown up in Natal two years earlier. It is believed that it came in with the ship loads of famine maize sent in from the USA for use in Central Africa. The disease found its way up the length of Africa in a short time.

As they do with other crops, diseases are occupying more of the breeders' time. The global movement of people and commodities is helping to spread diseases at a greater pace than in the past, no matter how much control is applied.

Seed Co was fortunate in that we were able to find good resistance in some of our breeding material which proved to be some of the most potent in the industry, so it was not long before tolerant hybrids were on the market.

Seed Co had embarked on maize virus breeding back in 1980. The disease maize streak virus which attacks the leaves and causes the leaf to function poorly, was becoming more prevalent, mainly as there were year round green plants from growing wheat under irrigation.

Wheat area was expanding rapidly. We were able to link up with some good work in Nigeria in finding tolerance to this African grass virus. This work had good international funding. Our breeding took over 9 years to convert this material into a usable form. Many of the new hybrids today contain this resistance. This problem was not confined to Zimbabwe, but throughout Africa. All year round maize cultivation was the cause of the increase else where. North of Zimbabwe it is possible in some areas to plant a second crop in what is known as the short season. The drive to produce more maize necessitated more of this planting. For this second planting it is necessary to have streak resistance.

Zimbabwe has sold its hybrids widely in Africa and they were, for many years, the same ones as sold in this country. From follow up in other countries it was realized that this was fine for part of the sales but there were needs that we were not supplying. For instance in areas where the maize is still pounded by hand they need a harder grain type, such as in Malawi. The breeders are selecting material that is producing harder grain hybrids and directing them there. In the northern half of Zambia cob and leaf disease are more frequent and severe .In this case we have established a research station to work on these problems. More recently to sell hybrids in the highlands of Kenya it has been necessary to place a breeder there to address the special needs of this market. A research station will follow. In South Africa the farmers need hybrids in which the grain dries down quicker.

Crop breeding is a never ending exercise as needs are frequently changing. The maximum yield is the main aim but the product has to satisfy the market needs. These needs, such as a higher protein levels, sometimes clash with yield.

In Zimbabwe, the Government has ruled out any use of any GMO product. With all the fan fair on GMO products, they have in the short term not been getting to the market in quantity. They will certainly enter into greater use in the future. The field of GMO is as most items could be altered in this way.

In conclusion, the success of hybrid maize comes from all the players performing well: the breeder identifying the hybrid, the seed organization producing the product and the farmer making use of the product.

If you are a member of the History Society of Zimbabwe,
please ensure that the Society headquarters
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as communications by post are no longer affordable.

A History of the Rhodes Scholarships in Zimbabwe

by D. L. L. Morgan

This is the text of a talk given to members of the History Society of Zimbabwe at Arundel School, Harare, on 3 December 2006.

Any man starting from scratch, at the age of 17 with a hole in the heart condition in a foreign continent, without wealth, connections, special skills or education, who before he died at age 48 of heart failure could establish the greatest diamond mining empire in the world to this day, who could establish one of the great gold mining houses of South Africa, who could become Prime Minister of the Cape at the age of 37, who could help establish the explosives and fertilizer industry and agricultural research in South Africa and who could open up two huge countries in South/Central Africa (Zimbabwe and Zambia) and take time out to obtain a degree at Oxford had to be a very remarkable man. So remarkable that no man's death in the USA in 1901/1902 received wider coverage than Rhodes' death in far away South Africa save for U.S. President William McKinley assassinated in 1901.

Very early on in his massing of wealth Rhodes came to the conclusion that justice, liberty and peace for the world could be best advanced through the English speaking people. He therefore wished to create a South African Federation and bring the largely unexplored hinterland of Africa under British Rule and to establish an identity of interest between the English speaking Americans and the British Empire as a means of securing world peace. When he heard that the Kaiser had decreed that English was to be taught in all German schools he brought Germany into his block of countries to ensure world peace. The mechanics of establishing the rapport between the three blocks of countries was to bring young potential leaders from them to a central place where they could be educated together, the central place chosen being Oxford University.

The potential leaders were to be chosen on the basis of intellect, character, leadership, unselfishness, interest in their fellows – attributes which Rhodes hoped would guide his scholars to esteem the performance of public duties as their highest aim . The importance of the U.S.A. in this scheme can be judged from the number of annual scholarships awarded to the USA – 32 whilst the British Empire as it then was got 20 and Germany five. The Empire allocation was clearly inadequate – Canada had 2 (Upper and Lower Canada) plus Newfoundland, South Africa had 5 (4 post matric schools at the Cape plus Natal), Australia had 6 (1 for each State), New Zealand 1, the Rhodesias 3, Bermuda and Jamaica 1 each. There were no British Rhodes Scholars as such as British Students were already in Oxford. These imbalances were corrected over time by the Trustees so that Canada and Newfoundland now have 11, South Africa 9, Australia 7, India 6, New Zealand 3, Pakistan 2 and Kenya 2. Germany's scholarships were taken away with each world war and are presently restored at 2. Various other small and not so small Commonwealth countries have had scholarships given to them by the Trustees. Singapore, Malaysia, Malta, Hong Kong, Nigeria, Ghana, Uganda, British Caribbean, Bangladesh but most of these are currently suspended for financial reasons and Hong Kong's as it is now part of China.

The Scholarships are supported by Rhodes' Estate, the balance of which was left in Trust for the Scholarships, - originally net £3.3 million but with prudent investment (some of the Trustees after 1923 are leading bankers) the capital grew by the early 2000s to over £200m, fell back to £160m with the worldwide fuel induced slump and is picking up again.

After 100 years in operation as the first ever scholarship scheme for potential leaders (subsequently copied by the American Fulbright Scholarships, the British Marshall Scholarships for Americans in gratitude for Marshall Aid in World War II and very recently understood to have been copied by the Gates Scholarships to Cambridge) what is the verdict on Rhodes' Scholarships as the context in which to judge Zimbabwean Scholarships.

In the USA enormous prestige is attached to Rhodes Scholarships so much so that universities compete against each other on the number of such scholarships that they have won. Not surprisingly President Kennedy was said to have 16 Rhodes Scholars in his administration, President Clinton was himself a Rhodes Scholar and had numerous Rhodes Scholars in his administration. Two other Presidential candidates have been Richard Lugar and Bill Bradley) and a Rhodes Scholar has been Speaker of the House of Representatives (3rd in line to the President) and another (Dean Rusk 1961) has been an Secretary of State. There have been Rhodes Scholars also in the Senate (5 in Clinton's time) and the House of Representatives. Three of the American Supreme Court judges, only 9 at a time, have been Rhodes Scholars and there have been numerous heads of universities, businesses, ambassadors and scientists (amongst them world celebrated astronomer Edwin Hubble and neurologist Wilder Penfield).

One of the most striking areas particularly in view of Rhodes goal of securing world peace, has been the military : the Commander in Chief of UN Forces in Korea (Charles Bonesteel) NATO Supreme Allied Commander Europe 1979–87 (Bernard Rodgers), Commander NATO forces in Kosovo (Wes Clarke) and Commander i/c NATO Southern Command 1977–79 (Stansfield Turner) who later headed the CIA. The celebrated historian Jan Morris in her trilogy on the British Empire considered the Rhodes Scholarships as the greatest contributor to Anglo-American relations.

In Canada John Turner, a Rhodes Scholar, became Prime Minister, a Governor General (Roland Michener) was a Rhodes Scholar, Trudeau had 3 or 4 Rhodes Scholars in his cabinet in 1968–79, 2 to 3 at any time of the 9 Supreme Court judges in 1974–85 were Rhodes Scholars including the Chief Justice in 1979 and in the 1960s and 1970s 4 to 5 of the Provincial Chief Justices were Rhodes Scholars.

In Australia Bob Hawke, a Rhodes Scholar, was Prime Minister (1983 to 1991), 3 of his Cabinet were Rhodes Scholars and 3 in the shadow cabinet were Rhodes Scholars. Rhodes Scholars were also scattered through the judiciary, governorships, diplomats and big business.

South Africa has not had a Rhodes Scholar Prime Minister but Jan Hofmeyer, a Rhodes Scholar, was Smuts' Deputy Prime Minister. Again there have been Cabinet Ministers, masses of judges, a Chief Justice (Centlivres 1950–57), a South African head of the Scottish Courts (Thompson), 2 South Africans as English Lord Justices of Appeal (Hoffman and van Zyl), 3 University Vice Chancellors and many in top business positions – at one time Rhodes Scholars held six of the eight top positions in Anglo American. A notable Rhodes Scholar was Braam Fischer, a leading lawyer, who was imprisoned for life for his involvement in the nationalist struggle in South Africa.

Elsewhere a 1964 Pakistani Rhodes Scholar Wasim Sajjad has been acting President of that country, Dom Mintoff, was Prime Minister of Malta and Norman Manley was Prime Minister of Jamaica. In New Zealand Sir Arthur Porritt was Governor General and 2 German Rhodes Scholars were condemned to death by Hitler for a failed plot against him (von Trott zu Solz and Count Bermstoff) At Oxford the present Vice Chancellor is a New Zealand Rhodes Scholar, fighting a massive campaign to restructure Oxford.

What then of the Rhodes Scholarships in Zimbabwe. The first surprise was that of the 20 Scholarships going to the Empire we should have had 3. More remarkable still was the provision in the Will that if the resources to fund the Scholarships proved inadequate and Scholarships had to be sacrificed the last to go should be the Rhodesian ones. Where were these Scholars to come from?

Despite Rhodes' herculean efforts to open up the country with railways from Kimberley to Bulawayo to Harare to Beira and from Bulawayo to the Victoria Falls and despite his installation of telegraph lines to Harare the settler population was slow to build up : gold was not that easily found or worked, roads were poor, distances were great, markets were limited, floods, droughts, locusts, disease (malaria in humans, rinderpest in animals which took 90% of Southern Rhodesia's cattle in 1897) meant that at Rhodes death there were only 10 000 settlers in S. Rhodesia and only a relative handful in N. Rhodesia.

Schooling for European children was provided by the B.S.A Company until 1923, whereafter it was taken over by the Government when Southern Rhodesia became a self governing colony and by religious bodies and private organizations. Academic standards in the early colonial years were not high, many parents could not afford to keep their children at school to matric level, entry to Oxford also required Greek and Latin qualifications until 1919 and only St Georges provided Greek. Finding suitable home grown candidates was therefore difficult. Until 1927 Northern Rhodesia had no senior schools. In consequence in the first 10 years of the Scholarships the selectors had to pass over the opportunity to make 11 awards, selected six Scholars who, being sons of senior B.S.A Company officials, had grown up and been educated in Britain, chose another three who had been educated at South Africa schools leaving ten out of a possible thirty as "home growns", all from St Georges, three of whom did not take up or complete their scholarships. Such were the early standards that Rhodesia had to wait until 1924 until it produced its first Scholar to take a first and, with one exception, until 1953 for its first Scholar to read for a doctorate (although D.Phil degrees were only created at Oxford immediately after World War 1). Confronted with these difficulties the Rhodes Trust organizing Secretary suggested that local candidates from Rhodesia would profit by attending university in South Africa before applying for scholarships and going on to Oxford. This pattern began to develop from 1913 and was well established by 1923. To assist parents in keeping children at primary and secondary schools and to enable them to attend university scholarships and bursaries were provided from a £200 000.00 bequest under the Will of Sir Alfred Beit, Rhodes' close mining associate on the Kimberley diamond and Transvaal Gold fields, a director of the B.S.A. Company and an original trustee of the Rhodes Trust. Indeed so imbued was he with Rhodes' dream of extending the British way of life northwards in Africa that on his death in 1906 Beit left a further £1 200 000.00 to a Trust, the Beit Trust, for the development of communications in Rhodesia and thereafter for charitable, educational and other public purposes. This sum may not seem large today but it financed new railways, large bridges, rolling stock, numerous

school buildings, hospitals and contributed greatly to the development of the country. Some of that money even helped our present President with his education and to get to Fort Hare University in South Africa.

Coupled with difficulties over standards of education was the selection procedure for Rhodes Scholars in Rhodesia. Credentials were forwarded by the Southern Rhodesian Director of Education to the Trustees in England with his recommendations but not always with the benefit of an interview. On this basis it was possible for the Trustees in 1916 to award a Scholarship to an imposter (Clifton Ludwig) whose award was based on qualifications he did not possess.

Fortunately this came to light before he went in to residence and his scholarship was withdrawn. The incident led by 1920 to the appointment of a local selection committee which by 1923 had almost sole responsibility for the choice of Rhodesian scholars. It was a development which brought to an end protracted exchanges with the Trustees over eligibility and in particular a residential basis in Rhodesia for applicants.

A further limitation on the pool of possible candidates for Rhodes Scholarships in Rhodesia was the education available for indigenous Rhodesians. This was in the hands of missionary societies with extensive land grants from the Chartered Company and later with financial assistance from the Government which controlled the educational syllabus. Parents contributed buildings and books. It was a system geared largely to religious, agricultural and industrial training.

Academic standards were fairly elementary and by and large did not extend to the towns . Not until 1944 did Government assume responsibility for African education, which remained separated from its non-African counterparts until 1980 (save for a few private schools which admitted all races). Only after World War II were the first secondary schools for Africans established by the Government and the Missions (save for one Mission Secondary School established in 1939) and not until many years later did such schools attain upper six level and thereby provide a generally recognized springboard to university and eligibility for Rhodes scholarships. A yet further limitation on the pool of talent was the exclusion of women until 1976.

For determination to surmount academic obstacles Southern Rhodesia's Kingsley Fairbridge was a fine example. In 1896, aged 11 years, he left school in South Africa to help his father in his land survey business in the eastern districts of Southern Rhodesia. This often entailed his moving by ox wagon as a young lad to remote parts of the country, with a couple of retainers, to set up camp for his father and with only the land to live off. He fell in love with the vast open spaces and the thought came to him that if he could bring people, later refined to underprivileged children, from overcrowded England and give them an opportunity to develop in the healthy outdoor climate of Southern Rhodesia, he would benefit them and the country of his adoption. He determined to get to England to advance the idea. He worked, with some tutoring in Mutare for his South African matriculation examination and then, with a promise from the Rhodes Trustees of a Scholarship if he could pass the Oxford entrance examination, he took himself off to England, at the fourth attempt at the examinations passed, and at 23 years of age entered Exeter College in 1908. He opted for a diploma in forestry thereby bypassing the need for Greek and Latin. He won a boxing blue and in 1909 founded the "Child Protection Society." Sadly the Chartered Company did not consider Southern Rhodesia's then state of development a suitable environment for his

experiment. In 1912 therefore he established the first Fairbridge Farm School in Western Australia. Further schools followed later in Queensland, New Zealand and Canada and eventually in 1946 in Southern Rhodesia . They enabled many hundreds of children to have a better start in life. Dogged by malaria Fairbridge died at the age of 39. His name survived in the farm schools until fairly recently when they were no longer considered appropriate. He was the first Rhodes Scholar worldwide to appear in the Dictionary of National Biography and his painting is one of the very few to hang in the main hall of Rhodes House, Oxford. Sir Carlton Allen, the Warden of Rhodes House, in reviewing Rhodes Scholarships in 1944 described Fairbridge as "perhaps the most remarkable and certainly the most original of all Rhodes Scholars."

If finding suitable candidates posed a problem in the selection of Rhodesian Scholars in the early years of the awards World War 1 robbed the country of many of those who were selected. Founded on the belief in the British Empire 5 500 of its residents, out of a European population of 27 000 (one person in five), volunteered to fight for Britain and of those nine of the country's first 30 scholars were killed in action or died as a result. Four of those scholars were awarded the Military Cross, one of them with bar. All six of the 1918 and 1919 Rhodes Scholars had served in the War. The call to arms for Britain was similarly answered in 1939 from all races. Fortunately in this war only three scholars lost their lives, one of them being the first Rhodes scholar to be killed in World War II. To spread the risk the Southern Rhodesian Minister of Defence in World War II, Sir Robert Tredgold, who was himself a Rhodesian Rhodes Scholar, had made it clear that Southern Rhodesia's limited manpower should not be concentrated in a national force which might be destroyed in a single engagement. It was in the air and through the several air training schools for Empire pilots established in the country that Southern Rhodesia made its special contribution to Britain in World War II. One of the country's highest decorated airmen to emerge at war's end as a Wing Commander was Scholar Hardwicke Holderness with a D.S.O., D.F.C. and A.F.C. (In this connection only 9 D.S.O.s, 17 D.F.C.s and 69 M./C.s were awarded to Rhodes Scholars worldwide in both World wars.)

In so far as the award of a double first in law to 1924 Scholar Charles Cummings (later to be knighted), was a landmark for Rhodesian Scholars it also highlighted the contributions in the field of law which early Rhodesian Scholars would make to the country. Between 1936 and 1998 there were, with the exception of the years 1981-90, at least one Rhodes Scholar judge and sometimes as many as three or four on the small Southern Rhodesian/Zimbabwean High Court bench, being judges C. T. Blakeway 1938-44, W. E. Thomas 1944, V. A. Lewis 1936–50, R. C. Tredgold 1943–55, T. H. W. Beadle 1950–77, C. L. Beck 1970–81, J. M. Greenfield 1968–74, W. H. G. Newham 1974–80 and D. A. B. Robinson 1991–98. Of these judges, Lewis, Tredgold and Beadle became Chief Justices of Rhodesia and were knighted in recognition of their services to the country and Sir Robert Tredgold (whose older brother was also a Rhodes Scholar and was killed in World War I) served later as Chief Justice of the short lived Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland from 1955–59. Judge Beck was the senior puisne judge and a judge of appeal at his retirement in 1981, later to serve as Chief Justice of the Transkei. He and Judge Lewis were not Southern Rhodesian but South African Rhodes Scholars who made their homes in Rhodesia. Indeed Southern Rhodesia was to benefit from a number of Scholars from other countries in the years between 1928 and 1981 one of the most distinguished of whom was Baron Robins of Rhodesia and Chelsea who

was in the first wave of American Rhodes Scholars to reach Oxford in 1904 becoming the Resident Director of Rhodes' Chartered Company in Southern Rhodesia in 1928 and its President in 1957. He was knighted in 1954 and created a baron in 1958, only one of two Southern Rhodesians ever to have been raised to the peerage. (The other was Sir Godfrey Huggins, later Lord Malvern).

Chief Justices Tredgold and Beadle were men destined to play significant roles in the history of Rhodesia. Tredgold came from an interesting lineage. Born in Bulawayo in 1899 he was the son of Sir Clarkson Tredgold, a confidante of Rhodes and Attorney General of Southern Rhodesia under chartered Company rule and later a judge. His mother was a granddaughter of Robert Moffat, the celebrated missionary in Central Africa and a niece of the explorer David Livingstone. His uncle was the second Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia. He was appointed as an acting judge in Northern Rhodesia at age 32, entered politics in 1934 and in 1937 at age 37, became the first man born in Rhodesia to become a Cabinet Minister. He variously held the portfolios of Justice, Defence, Native Affairs and Air, made more than one trip to Britain in the war years to confer with the War Cabinet and handled the merging of the Southern Rhodesian forces into the Southern Command under General Smuts. In 1943 he became the first Rhodesian born Rhodes Scholar to become a judge in the country and eventually Chief Justice of Southern Rhodesia and of the Federation and President of the Rhodesia and Nyasaland Court of Appeal. He was made a Privy Counsellor and on occasion acted as Governor General of the Federation. In 1960 with restlessness brewing over the limited constitutional rights of the bulk of the population and the consequent introduction of Law & Order Maintenance legislation, which he considered an unwarranted invasion by the Executive in the sphere of the courts and an outrage to every basic human right, he resigned. He opposed the country's 1961 constitution as unacceptable in its franchise arrangements for the masses. He could not carry the people with him, a right wing Government came into power, the unilateral declaration of independence followed in 1965, followed in turn by a conflict which was only resolved in 1980 with a new Government elected under a universal franchise.

Unlike Sir Robert Tredgold, who had gone straight from school to Oxford after service at the tail end of World War I, Sir Hugh Beadle followed the accepted post-World War I practice of doing an initial degree or degrees at a South African University. His first acquaintance with Oxford was as Captain of the combined South African universities boxing team against an Oxford and Cambridge boxing team touring South Africa in 1926. The following year he was at Oxford and boxing for his new university. He qualified as a pilot at Oxford but when World War II broke out he served at the outset as a major in the Army. When the War was over he became Minister of Justice and Internal Affairs and then of Education and Health in Southern Rhodesia before being appointed to the bench in 1950 where he served for a record twenty-six years, sixteen as chief Justice. He too was knighted and made a Privy Counsellor. It fell to his lot in 1968 to decide on the legal status of the Government and the new constitution it had introduced following the Unilateral Declaration of Independence in 1965. Two years and nine months had passed since the Declaration. He and his Court held that the de facto Government was firmly in control of the country and that it had attained de jure status. In passing judgement the judges held that they had either to preside as judges under the new Constitution in the interests of protecting the fabric of society or to resign and create a chaotic situation. They opted to preside under the new constitution.

As a consequence of this decision they dismissed an application for a reprieve by two men sentenced to death, whom Queen Elizabeth had reprieved, and they were duly executed. In Britain this raised some interesting questions : had the Chief Justice committed treason (a question which had not arisen since the American War of Independence in 1776) and should his appointment as a Privy Counsellor be revoked as a member of the rebellion. They only remained as questions.

Apart from the Judiciary there were many other Rhodes Scholar lawyers who made a contribution to the country as advocates and attorneys and on the Government side of the law Sir Victor Robinson became the country's Federal Attorney General from 1954-59 and was Chairman of the Constitutional Council of Southern Rhodesia in 1962.

Southern Rhodesia's gain legally from imported Scholars was not a one way trade: 1920 Scholar Vair Turnbull becoming Solicitor General of the Sudan and 1925 Scholar Sir Charles Cummings becoming Chief Justice of the Sudan and, on his retirement, General Manager of the Chartered Company in Rhodesia. 1973 Scholar Michael Tselentis has served as Chairman of the Johannesburg Bar Council and, as at 1993, as an acting judge in the Transvaal.

Rhodes Scholar lawyers in Zimbabwe have produced two three generation Rhodes Scholarship families. Chief Justice Vernon Lewis was succeeded as a Rhodes Scholar by his son C. P. J. Lewis, a senior partner in a large attorney's practice in Harare and grand-nephew of Sir Leander Star Jameson, and the Chief justice's great-grandson, Simon Lewis was a 1998 Zimbabwe Rhodes Scholar. Sir Victor Robinson was followed as a Rhodesian Rhodes scholar by his son D. A. B. Robinson, a judge of the Zimbabwe High Court and he in turn by his son, J. V. Robinson, who subsequently emigrated to the United States of America where he is a practising lawyer.

Legal and political careers have been somewhat intertwined in Southern Rhodesia. Apart from the involvement of Sir Robert Tredgold and Sir Hugh Beadle, Chief Justice Vernon Lewis was, before going on to the bench, Minister of Justice in Southern Rhodesia in 1936 and Judge Greenfield before taking judicial appointment spent the years 1950-54 as Southern Rhodesian Minister of Justice and the years 1954-1963 as Federal Minister of Home Affairs and of Law and Education, becoming leader of the House in 1957. Scholar B. V. Ewing who had taken a first in Mining Engineering at Witwatersrand University followed by a first in Jurisprudence at Oxford became Southern Rhodesia's youngest Cabinet Minister in 1962 at the age of 34 before following a highly successful business career in South Africa.

Rhodes Scholars choosing law as a career in Southern Rhodesia/Zimbabwe have slowed down markedly in the last thirty years which may help to explain the dearth of those being attracted into politics where there has been no member of parliament since 1963 although this may change with the adoption of Prof. Arthur Mutambara, a 1991 Rhodes Scholar as leader of one of the two M.D.C. factions. Those opting for the civil service as a career have also declined in the last forty years. Early Scholars to achieve distinction in this area were 1912 Scholars Sir Stanley Howard, who became Inspector General of Forests in India and L. Powys Jones who became Chief Native Commissioner of Southern Rhodesia, a department of Government which was almost a state within a state. 1932 Scholar Sir Evelyn Hone became the Governor of Zambia.

Academic life and research has had increasing appeal for our Scholars over the past 50 years. Starting slowly with our first full-time academic in 1953, Scholar Michael

Demborough, who became a highly honoured Professor of Medicine at the Australian university in Canberra and a world authority on cot death and deaths under anaesthetic. We had an avalanche of academic careerists in the late 50s, 1960s, 1970s and 1980s who became professors or their equivalents in the USA (4), Britain (4), S.A. (3), Australia (1 and he became a vice chancellor), Canada (1) and Zimbabwe (1), finishing with 1990 Scholar Arthur Mutambara, our new politician with a professorship in the USA, making 15 in all, plus others who were also involved in academic life and education. They certainly constitute a major brain drain from Zimbabwe. Only 1960 Scholar A. M. Hawkins the Professor and Head of Business Studies at the University of Zimbabwe remains in the country and 1985 Scholar P. M. Nherere, lecturer in law at the University of Zimbabwe until his death 2 years ago returned to Zimbabwe. His was a remarkable feat of courage as he had been blind from the age of 3 and obtained a first at Cambridge and an upper 2nd at Oxford in law.

There has been steady support for medicine as a career over the years, not only for research but also for general practice. The same holds true for engineering. The fastest growing of the career choices have, however, been those leading on to careers in business: the M.Phil in Management Studies, Economics, and P.P.E. Numbers of our younger Scholars have gone into merchant and investment banking, management consultancy, financial and economic analysis and corporate business generally. Some of them have done so even from disciplines outside finance and economics. Once again the lure of a larger business climate than Zimbabwe has to offer has meant a haemorrhage of talent from the country.

Two aspects of education in Zimbabwe have impacted on Rhodes Scholarships over the last 25 years. On the one side improved access to better schools has resulted in many more black Zimbabweans attaining the qualifications for and obtaining Rhodes Scholarships. On the other side the decline in standards of Government school education has meant that whereas in the past government schools provided the majority of Rhodes scholars in recent years Rhodes Scholars have been drawn almost exclusively from private schools. In the last 14 years only 2 out of 28 scholars have come from government schools. The declining standards at University of Zimbabwe and the battle of our newer universities to establish themselves has meant that of those 28 most recent scholars only two received university training in Zimbabwe (both at U.Z.) And from those outside the country the growing tendency is for talented young Zimbabweans to go outside Africa for their university education before winning Rhodes Scholarships and going to Oxford. In the last 9 years 11 of the 18 scholars came from Harvard (4), Cambridge (3), LSE(1) St Andrews Scotland (1), Griffiths Australia (1), Dublin (1) Swarthmore, U.S.A. (1). Finally for the statisticians in the last 16 years there have been 13 black Zimbabwean Rhodes Scholars, 3 Asian Rhodes Scholars, and 16 white Rhodes Scholars. Of these 13 have been women and 19 have been men.

The quality of our Zimbabwean Rhodes Scholars has remained extremely high notwithstanding the vicissitudes faced by the country. The Secretary of the Rhodes Trust and Warden of Rhodes House from 1989-99, Sir Anthony Kenney, commenting in the early 1990s on Zimbabwean scholars considered them to be in the top 20% of all Rhodes Scholars at that time and following his retirement in 1999 he placed Zimbabwean scholars in his decade in office, presumably using an academic yardstick, as third out of 19 Rhodes Scholarship countries: behind Australia first and Germany second : ahead of the USA, Canada, South Africa.

It says something about the quality of our youth – as good as the best in the world. Our 2006 Rhodes Scholar Shazreen Mahomed was rated the best astrophysicist at Harvard in 16 years by one of her professors. Only a few days ago an article appeared in the Global Competition Review on the next generation of world economists and one of Zimbabwe's year 2000 Rhodes Scholars, Patrick Smith, with a Chemical Engineering degree and a first class in Management and Economics at Oxford was placed in the top 40 competition economists from 7 major countries – the second youngest to be selected

I have mentioned Pearson Nherere and Arthur Mutambara amongst our black Rhodes Scholars. Mutambara was the firebrand President of the SRC at UZ, was a top engineer out of UZ in 1991, received a doctorate at Oxford in robotics (engineering) went on to be an associate professor in the United States, author of major textbooks, switched to Management Consultancy with McKinseys, one of the world's leaders in that field, transferred in that field to South Africa and is now, aged 40, back in the hurly burly of our politics. James Manyika, another engineering product out of UZ was also awarded a doctorate at Oxford in Engineering in 1993, won a blue for basketball, was given a junior research fellowship at Balliol, was a junior research scientist at NASA in the USA. He too is now a Management Consultant with McKinseys in California.

The opening of the scholarships to women for election in 1977 has resulted in awards to them after 1989 of some 40% of the available scholarships. The first woman Scholar from Southern Rhodesia, D. J. Saunder, elected in 1977 did a Bachelor of Fine Art at Oxford, won a blue for hockey, was awarded a Knox Fellowship to Harvard, has held exhibitions of her sculpture and paintings in Washington and New York and has had public sculptures erected in Washington, Rockville and Virginia. One of her creations has been to transform a graffiti besmirched bridge in North East Washington with colourful graffiti proof tiles arranged in 320 six foot ceramic sculptures suggesting children playing hopscotch. The sculptured figures have then been adopted by private foundations, businesses and individuals for US$500 – US$1000 each, totalling US300 000 without cost to the Government.

1989 woman scholar H. S. Fearnhead in her final year of medicine won the Peter Tizzard prize for paediatrics, the British Paediatrics Association student prize, the John Pearce Memorial prize for surgery and the Radcliffe prize for her performance in her final examinations and throughout her clinical training at Oxford. She is now a cancer specialist in Britain. I have already mentioned the Harvard standing of astrophysicist Shazreen Mahomed.

On the sporting front Southern Rhodesia/Zimbabwe scholars have won over 50 blues (excluding repeat awards) in 16 sports, the major sports being rugby (8), waterpolo (8), cricket (7), athletics (6), hockey (5), boxing (4) swimming (4) and squash (3). Between 1965 and 1973 there were 6 cricket blues and, remarkably, five Oxford cricket captains, namely G. N. S. Ridley (1967), F. S. Goldstein (1968), M.St J. W. Burton (1970) B. May (1971, P. C. H. Jones (1972) . D. B. Pithey who won a cricket blue in 1959 also played cricket for South Africa. In the same period between 1965 and 1971 there were 3 hockey blues and an Oxford hockey captain, P. R. B. Wilson (1969), who also played cricket for Oxford, a squash captain R. M. Zachs (1970), a sailing blue and Vice Commodore, H. Ashton (1974), three water polo blues and pentathlon, swimming, athletics, rugby and skiing blues. It was certainly a golden sporting era for the country's Scholars. There was a further squash captain, G. C. G. Light (1984) and much earlier there was a boxing captain S. A. Richardson

(1928). One Scholar, C. W. Adams (1969–71) earned triple blues in pentathlon, waterpolo and skiing, a number won double blues, B. C. D. Mundy for water polo and swimming (1949) D. B. Pithy (1960–62) and B. May (1970–72) both for cricket and hockey. C. W. Sherwell (1969–71) J. C. Rex Walker (1976–8) and M. J. Addison (1981–83) for swimming and water polo and R. B. Tait (1973–4) for athletics and rugby. L. P. Maclachlan who won a blue for rugby in 1953 also played rugby for Rhodesia, Scotland and the Barbarians and D. A. B. Robinson who won blues for rugby in 1952–4 went on to play rugby for Rhodesia. Only two of the women scholars have won a blue, D. J. Saunder for hockey and J. Taylor (2003) for rowing. With basketball a favourite with black Zimbabweans three basketball blues have been won since 1989.

So what of Rhodes' dreams of World Peace anchored on English speaking people and the contribution his scholars might make to such peace. Well, they didn't prevent two world wars last century but English is the lingua franca of the world through the former British Empire and primarily the power of the USA. And yes by their contributions in a host of countries, again primarily through the USA they have helped in politics, law, education and more mundanely in everyday communities to make the world a better place. And that too has extended to a small country like ours even though, for the present, Zimbabwe's Rhodes Scholar contributions are to other countries rather than our own. The wheels could turn again and anyhow Rhodes dreams were global not insular. I believe that his Scholarships were an incredible dream, an incredible reality from an incredible man.

Note: I am indebted to Mr R. J. Challis for much of the history of Zimbabwe's Rhodes Scholarships prior to 1923.

Margolis Family and Olivine Industries

by Rory Beattie

This is the text of a talk given to members of the History Society of Zimbabwe in Harare, on 26 October 2006

FAMILY IN LITHUANIA

The Margolis family originated in Kovna in Lithuania. The name Margolis originates from the Hebrew word Margalith which means pearl. There were nine children where I picked up with the family. Of the nine children born between 1875 and 1898, three brothers ended up in Rhodesia/Zimbabwe – Harry, Salman and Berel. My story concerns Harry and Salman, and their descendants – three generations in all . . . and their establishment of Olivine Industries.

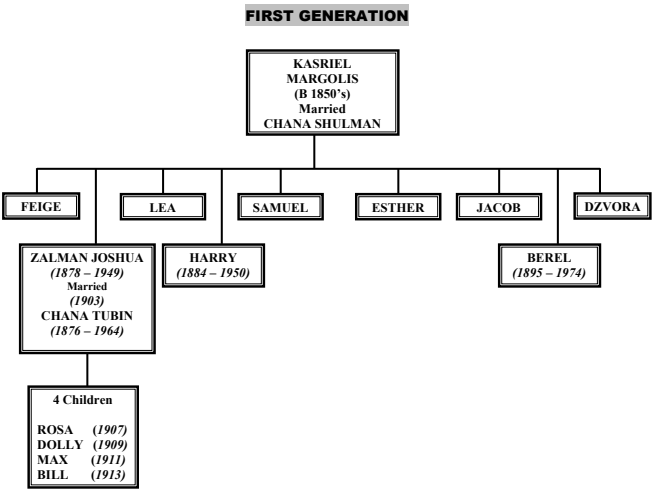
I have a few notes written by the family some years ago and of course have worked for them and been associated with them since 1965 – 40 years. Some of the information I have about the family is from recollections as they got older and from chats I had with the late Bill Margolis in particular.

There are no members of the Margolis family living in Zimbabwe any longer. There are two widows still living, one in London and one in Chicago from the second generation. The grandchildren – third generation, are all adults and parents now. They live scattered around the globe in America, Britain and Israel. So this family saga will start with the first brother coming to Rhodesia in 1902 and end with the last family member leaving in 2002 – strangely 100 years.

ARRIVAL IN RHODESIA – FIRST GENERATION

The first member of the family to come to Rhodesia was Harry Margolis, after whom the Harry Margolis Hall is named. He was a lifelong bachelor, and could be regarded as the patriarch of the Rhodesian branch of the family, although he was younger than his brother Salman. Somehow or other Uncle Harry, who was born in 1884 went to England at the age of 17. He struggled to make ends meet and left England in 1903 by ship for South West Africa – I think it was called German West Africa at that time. The Boer War had ended in May 1902 and was all in the news in Britain. It probably helped Harry think about going to Africa. He had an opportunity to accompany a valuable cargo of horses to make sure they arrived in good order. Of course he knew virtually nothing about caring for horses but his character was always confident and he managed to carry out the task. Fortunately, no mishaps occurred and he made his way to Rhodesia in 1903. He was very poor and as is well known to your members, times in this country were not easy. He managed to gain employment of various sorts and began to save up money to bring some family out from Lithuania to what would seem a better life in Africa. This reminds me of discussions I had with Bill Margolis over the years regarding emigration. It seems as if all large scale emigration has taken place throughout history for economic reasons. Initially that was the reason for Harry Margolis coming to this country as life was very very difficult in Lithuania.

Harry managed to save the fare for his older brother Salman to come to Rhodesia in 1912. Salman was born in 1878 and married his wife Chana in 1903. However, the money



saved by Uncle Harry was only enough to bring Salman to this country and not Chana (later anglicised to Anna). Chana was pregnant at the time and remained behind to have Bill Margolis, her youngest child of a total of four children.

Money was very short as Harry and Salman had to save up the fares to bring Chana and the four children to Rhodesia. The family was split up from their home and lived between grandparents and friends to make ends meet. Three of the children with one relative and mother and a child with another. The only contact Anna had with Salman was an occasional letter all the way from Africa to Lithuania in the early 1900s. The family's life was very similar to the circumstances in the musical Fiddler on the Roof, only with no music to accompany the daily grind of life. The First World War broke out in 1914 and of course contact between Lithuania and Rhodesia became non-existent. The family's financials were desperate and for the next 5 – 6 years they were on the run from either the Germans or the

Harry Margolis

Salman Margolis

Bolsheviks. In October 1917 the Russian Revolution took place. The Bolsheviks, under Lenin, seized power in November. There were orders for Jews to be out of their homes in 24 hours. Rosa Anolick remembered the long convoys of people walking down the road fleeing capture. This situation was the same for many Jewish families whose family members went to the United States or Africa for a better life. They were all constantly waiting for letters and this led to the saying in the family "we go to bed with the Post Master and rise with the Post Master." The children and their mother were constantly in hiding like other Jewish people for fear of persecution and capture. Of course there was little or no schooling during those times. To say life was difficult is an understatement.

At times Chana thought her husband has passed away, but contact was re-established between Salman and Chana in late 1919. Money could then still be saved up and sent to the family. Sometime during 1921 Anna and the four children came to Rhodesia. They traveled across land in Lithuania to Hamburg in Germany. They managed to get a boat from Hamburg (called the Userama) to Cape Town. All five members of the family slept in one bunk and the children remember that the boat was very crowded with people headed to South Africa. There was much talk of Australia but little mention of Rhodesia. They wondered many times where they were actually going to end up. In Cape Town they were met by a couple and stayed a few days with them before being put on a train to Salisbury and the family saga began in earnest.

Life in Inyazura

In 1914 Inyazura was a farm. Uncle Harry bought it at an auction (1 700 acres). There was a little farm store included in the deal and so trading continued. Their farming interests developed and they owned three farms growing tobacco, groundnuts, beans, vegetables with some cattle and sheep. However, it was their trading activities that were the foundation of their achievements and fortune.

It was very hard for Anna when she first arrived in this country. She had not seen her husband for nine years and in addition during that time letters had been infrequent. The children received very little schooling and for the most part were untutored. They spoke no English and had only a small knowledge of German. From 1921 to 1923 the family lived in grass thatched huts with dagga floors. At this time the family had no beds and had to sleep on the floor. They had blankets but beds were scarce and could not be purchased for many weeks. The first house they lived in was built in Inyazura in 1923. The children remember and reminisced about the wild animals roaming around Musami and Inyazura. Lions and leopards were seen frequently but most would just walk away. The leopards were more audacious and would capture sheep from the sheds in Inyazura. The family had only donkeys and carts for transportation till 1925 when they bought a Model T Ford.

In 1924/25 H. Margolis and Company was established with a new "large store" – nearly 20 years since Harry first came to Rhodesia. At about the same time Inyazura became a train stop from Salisbury. There were about 150 white people living in the district and Uncle Harry was the Post Master and Train Master for the new village. These years at Inyazura were the real beginnings of the Margolis family. The years 1925 – 1950 (when Uncle Harry died) are very deep in the memory of the family.

They all remember . . . A large, rambling house always full of visiting salesmen, farmers and other Jews. Simple life . . . Anna first up in the morning in the dairy, churning milk into

butter by hand, the slightly sour smell of milk in the air. Always cooking and busy with housework. Father Salman very strict and inaccessible. Uncle Harry full of fun.

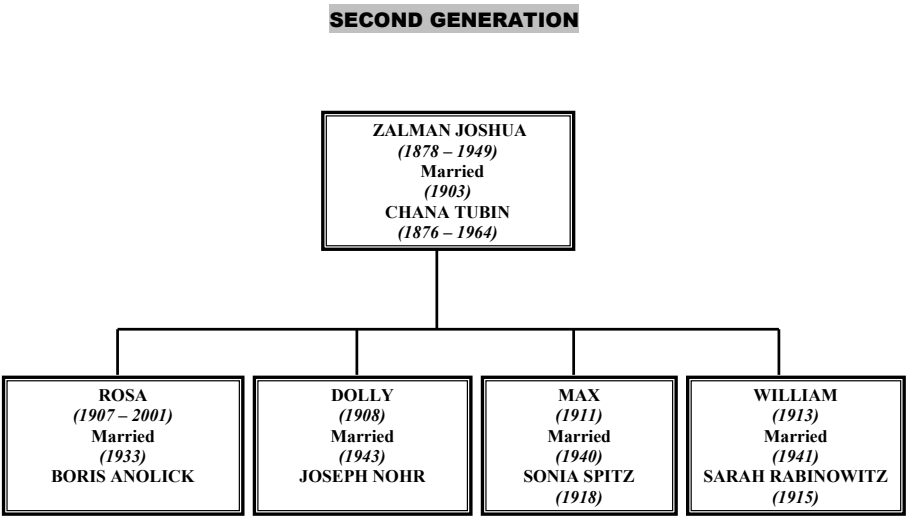
£5 000 overdraft story

Uncle Harry went to Salisbury to borrow £5 000 from the bank and on his return to Inyazura he told the family (at dinner time) the story in great detail. He outlined waiting nervously to go into the bank and then meeting the Manager. He described the highly polished desk with no papers on it. The lady who poured tea out of a silver teapot also got a mention. The Manager was very courteous and referred to Uncle Harry throughout as "Mr. Margolis". He called for the record of H. Margolis and examined it very quietly for what seemed ages. He then said "well, a very clean account Mr. Margolis. I am sure we can arrange to advance the loan with no problem." They shook hands on the agreement and the money was available immediately with nothing in writing. The family – especially the children – were enthralled at the story. Your father then asked me why Uncle Harry had had told the story to them all. I foolishly replied that I thought they would be interested. Bill then told me it was to make sure all the family knew about the debt and the family honour at stake in making certain that everything was settled with the bank in accordance with the hand shake between the Manager and Uncle Harry. He added that all the family had a keen interest in the daily takings at the shop, etc. realizing the loan had to be repaid!

SECOND GENERATION

Schooling

When the children first arrived they went to a mission school near Inyazura for a short while – to learn a bit of English. The family only remember that the Missionary's name was "Jules" and he was very kind to the children and a good friend of the family's.



Of course something had to be done about sending the children to proper school as their English was seriously limited and they knew only a little German. The family heard that there were German nuns at Salisbury at the Convent and at that time boys could also attend. The Convent in Fourth Street had boarding facilities so it was decided to send them from Inyazura. They were all told very carefully not to let the Catholic nuns influence these Jewish children. Rosa, the eldest, was asked to please make sure this did not happen. So they were sent to school by train from Inyazura to Salisbury, unaccompanied as the family could not afford to pay the fare for an adult. The children's ages were – Rosa 14, Dolly 12, Max 10 and Bill 8. An ox cart took them from Manica Road to the Convent. The family's knowledge of German was so limited that by mistake they sent the children to school on the day the term ended. So after a day at the Convent they returned to Inyazura and only came back to school some weeks later.

Rosa schooling story – Geologist – Olivine

The Head Mistress at the Convent was Mother Bertranda and she held that post from 1922 to 1941. When Rosa Margolis wrote her Standard 8 examinations the family wished her to return home to help in the shop. Mother Bertranda would have none of it as she told the family Rosa was very clever. She kept Rosa at the Convent for a further year and Rosa wrote her Standard 9 and 10 examinations in one year. She of course passed with flying colours and won a scholarship to Cape Town where she studied Geology. Rosa was responsible for the name Olivine, which is a semi-precious stone.

Max and Bill sent to Prince Edward

Max's academic achievements were not the same as his brother and sister as he had suffered most from a lack of schooling in Lithuania and as the eldest son was required to work in the shop from an early age. The family were not well off and so could not afford to employ help in the shop.

Bill Margolis

Bill, however, had a glittering academic career. Bill, as I have already pointed out was sent to the Convent and then Prince Edward where he managed to obtain a first-class education and won a scholarship to Cape Town University, where he achieved a distinction in Economics in his Bcom and MA. The intervention of the Second World War interrupted his PhD at the LSE in London, for which he had also been awarded a scholarship. After three years army service his organizational abilities were recognized and he was seconded to the Rhodesian Department of Supply as a programming officer for the Lease-Lend operation. This proved to be a springboard for a lifetime of public service in Geneva, London and Washington and these international achievements are too lengthy to mention here.

On the local front he was appointed Chairman of the Grain Marketing Board in 1958 and became first Chairman of the Rhodesian Agricultural Marketing Authority in 1967. He promoted the expansion of tobacco, maize, wheat, sorghum, coffee, groundnuts, soyabeans, beef and dairy produce, and was one of the forerunners to encourage cotton as a suitable crop for black workers and farmers. He also held the view that the land itself was not a determining factor in development, but rather ownership, management ability, technical know-how and access to capital.

Bill Margolis

He was an economic adviser to many Rhodesian governments, including Garfield Todd, Roy Welensky and Ian Smith.

He was appointed MBE in 1951 for public service and received an OBE in 1958 for his service to agriculture.

I am not covering their philanthropic activities – again far too many to cover – not part of this talk. Suffice to say, it covered many forms and all races and creeds. As a financial person – handling the family's money, etc. – I can say it was exceptional.

Olivine – 1931

Olivine was started in 1931. It was a family partnership and was formally established as a company in 1957. At first the business was called Rhodesian Industries and the name was changed to Olivine Industries in the late 1970s. The origins of Olivine Industries are a little obscured in the family records. There are however two anecdotal stories of its beginnings.

The first story has it that the eldest daughter had married Boris Anolick, an Engineer. Boris at the time was working as a cinema projector operator in Salisbury and a suitable position had to be found for him in a business. The story goes that the Olivine oil business was bought for the young couple.

The second story related to me by Bill Margolis concerns a parcel of groundnuts which had been bought at Inyazura. In those days the family purchased grains which were used for rations in the mining industry. The groundnuts proved surplus to requirements and the family decided to export them to Australia. Again, they knew very little about exporting and it was a costly plan for them. The crop was shipped all the way to Melbourne and, on arrival, found to be infected with afflotoxin and rejected. The groundnuts had to be shipped back to Beira and through to Salisbury. The acquiring of the oil mill then arose for them to process the crop.

Whatever the reason, the family bought, from a Portuguese trader, an insolvent oil

mill in Birmingham Road. The site was called Duck Pond as farmers used to come out shooting on the weekend. This site is still where our Soap Factory is situated today. Boris Anolick crushed the groundnuts, turning them into the first bottles of oil. The other product being made was brilliantine for gentlemen's hair. Rosa kept the books and little by little the company began to grow.

After the war there were three family members in the business. Bill Margolis – managing and administrative responsibilities, Boris Anolick – engineering and production, and Max Margolis – distribution. The family all lived very modestly with any profits ploughed back into machinery and expansion. They kept up to date with technology and the emphasis was on the quality of products.

The brand names that they established have become widely known in the country; Olivine, Big Ben, Perfection, Buttercup and so on.

In the initial stage the company only processed groundnuts for the oil factory and used tallow in the soap business. Growth/expansion was slow but steady; from a simple filtered oil to oil refining, from filled soaps to high quality toilet soaps – all great improvements. The Second World War also impeded growth for obvious reasons. So after the war – immigrants began to arrive in quite large numbers and the fortunes of the company improved. A candle factory was added in the mid 1950s and the business expanded in line with the development of Rhodesia.

In 1964 the decision was taken to produce margarine and bakers' fats and a new factory was commissioned with Danish technology. At the same time, a factory was established in Lusaka, duplicating production from Harare. In 1967 a cottonseed processing plant was established near the factory in Birmingham road. Cottonseed oil, which is a dark oil, could be used very effectively in margarine and bakers' fats and the amount of cottonseed grown in the country was increasing in tonnage every year.

Boris Anolick (as an engineer) always kept up to date with technology and the family had many firsts with the new modern plant:.

SCN plant; Glycerine plant; Fatty acid plant; Solvent extraction

In the late 70s Olivine had grown enormously and the second generation of the family were all in their 60s and looking to wind down. There is a saying that it takes three generations to build up and end the life of a family business and, although this is not true for Olivine, it is true to say that the third generation would not carry on running the business. All the members of the family, as I have already mentioned, are professionals living out of the country. So with great sadness, the decision was made to try and find a suitable buyer.

Sale to H.J. Heinz

In early 1980 Bill Margolis met Dr. Tony O'Reilly, the H.J. Heinz Chairman, in London. Heinz was looking for investments in Africa and this led to discussions and a visit to Salisbury. Rhodesia was identified as a country with potential. A new government was coming to office and the years of UDI ending. The infrastructure and development levels offered Heinz an opportunity and a joint venture was proposed. Initially the Margolis family were to retain 49% of Olivine, with Heinz acquiring 51%. The negotiations dragged on for two years and finally the Government of Zimbabwe refused permission for the deal.

However, negotiation continued and eventually the government itself acquired the Margolis shareholding after a meeting between President Mugabe and Dr. O'Reilly. The joint

venture has now lasted 24 years. Until recent years, the company had expanded dramatically. The range of products manufactured at Olivine now includes H.J. Heinz products, canned fruits, jams, sauces and condiments, and the original foundation business of oils, soaps, margarine and candles.

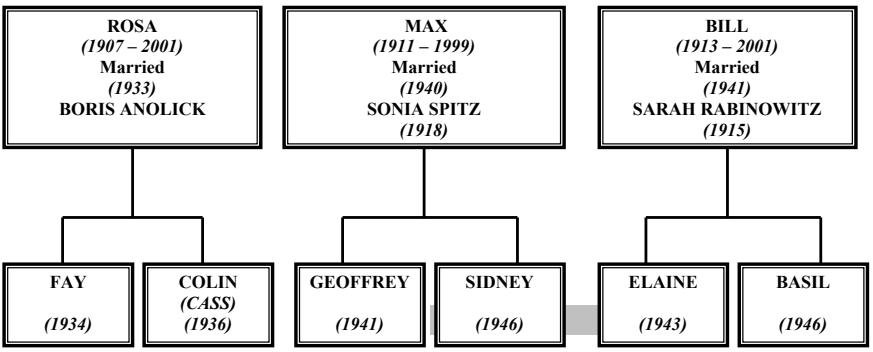
CONCLUSION

So now I come to the end of the personal Margolis story – but not of course the end of Olivine. Olivine is 75 years old and a fine tribute to the wisdom and skills of the Margolis family. I am sure it will survive its present problems and celebrate 100 years in the future.

But – back to the family. All the second generation have passed on. Rosa in 2001 aged 94. Dolly in 1994 aged 85. Max in 1999 aged 88. Bill in 2001 aged 86.

The third generation – all great achievers too – doctors, lawyers, etc. now live elsewhere.

THIRD GENERATION



They are, however, all full of pride for the family contribution to Rhodesia/ Zimbabwe, the country that gave them a home and a chance to achieve great things. No wonder they were all so loyal to the country.

I regard the contribution of the Margolis family to this country as immeasurable. Pioneers come in all forms – explorers, missionaries, farmers and so on.

Business people too are great pioneers when they conduct themselves as the Margolis family have done. Think of all the economic activity over many years: jobs created: agricultural produce bought; agricultural produce processed and sold; products for the shops; taxes paid by all.

Old Jewish expression – right hand washes left hand, and both wash the face.

At Olivine the Margolis presence is still felt and we all know what a great honour it is to have known and worked for the family and hopefully to have also learned some of their acumen and modesty.

Robert Paul

by Colette Wiles

This is part of the text of a talk given to members of the History Society of Zimbabwe at Robert Paul's old house at 110 Livingstone Avenue on 7 December 2006.

It's wonderful to be back in my old family home! It's a happy coincidence that the History Society invited me to talk about my father, the artist Robert Paul, because this year celebrates the centenary of his birth in 1906, and it is also fitting that the talk should take place here, in the lovely old house that was the Paul family home for nearly fifty years.

Because of the historical interest, I'd like to give a little background to the building itself; you may know that it is believed to be the oldest extant house in Harare; originally,

Robert Paul: Self portrait. Undated. Oil on canvas. Catalogue number 157

a Deed of Grant, dated May 1894, gave the stand to a solicitor called Edward Vigne and the first building comprised two thatched narrow rooms with a separate kitchen and cook's room to the rear. Then in 1901 a new owner, one Leonard Wigg, linked the buildings with a new corrugated-iron roof and two additional rooms and with decorated timber-supported verandas. My grandmother, Marie Hawkings, eventually bought the house in 1928 and my mother, Dreen, moved in here before she was married to Robert. Throughout I shall refer to him as Robert – it's less formal than "my father" and more formal than his family nickname of "Doo"!

My earliest recollection is that this L-shaped house was divided into four different tenancies; my parents, brother and I lived in three rooms at the east end. The remaining length of the house was divided into two other tenanted sections, while a separate cottage with its own garden existed behind the amphitheatre. Our family seemed to move about from one section to another, eventually taking over the entire house, apart from the cottage, which we never occupied. Ownership eventually passed to Dreen in 1953, something that wrankled with Robert over the years! I'll return later to the old house, its restoration and so on, but this is how it looked in the seventies with part of the veranda roof removed to allow extra light.

110 Livingstone Avenue, Salisbury 1978. Ink & gum Arabic on paper. Catalogue no. 292

Let me go back to what I know of Robert's early days. He was born in Surrey, England, in 1906, the youngest of six children. As a baby he referred to himself as "Totty"; his adoring older sister told me of baby Robert's comment on the bathwater as it ran out. "Totty frighty the gibby-gobble!" This gives an early indication of his sensitive nature, not helped by Robert's father who seemed a stern, rather critical parent. But he was I think close to his mother. The household was a strict, Edwardian one, which probably contributed to Robert's later uncertainties and vulnerability. However, his artistic aptitude showed up early and was encouraged; by the age of 10 or so he produced very accomplished paintings of snow scenes, and as far as I know he was largely self-taught. His skill was recognised by W. L. Wyllie, a famous Royal Academician, who advised Robert's parents not to send him for art lessons

but to develop his natural talent. Robert was only ten when his brother, Jack, was killed at the battle of Somme during the First World War.

At 15 he attended a public school called Monkton Combe near Bath in Somerset where he made a good friend of Miles Marshall, who was later to introduce him to the English artistic scene, via John Piper and others.

In my continuing cataloguing of Robert's life work, I was thrilled to discover last year the existence of three little paintings done when he was in his early teens; already catalogued were tiny snow scenes painted when he was ten or so; these are highly accomplished and skilled for a child of that age. In one of his letters years later, Robert wrote, "there is something unreal about snow and I remember how thrilled I was as a youngster on the rare occasions we had heavy falls in Surrey and my reaction to the visual aspect of the landscape from a painting point of view."

When he was 21, Robert decided to leave his rather dull existence in England and emigrated to the British colony of Southern Rhodesia, as a recruit to the British South Africa Police. He, and many other young men seeking change, boarded one of the Union Castle Line boats and set sail for Africa in high spirits.

After arrival in Cape Town, the recruits will have taken the steam train to Bulawayo. A photograph of the time shows the recruits with pith helmets and the hilarious puttees – a Hindi word for the long strips of cloth wound round and round the legs from ankle to knees.

Life in the Barracks in Salisbury (now Harare) couldn't have been more different from the one Robert was used to. The recruits spent six months at the Barracks, training in foot drill, bayonet fighting, musketry, mounted shooting, law, first aid, topography and other police duties. Perhaps the hard-drinking, tough, macho milieu in which he now found himself clashed somewhat with his artist's sensitivities; apparently, he seldom talked about art in those early days.

While searching material for his thesis on Robert, Chris Johnson unearthed some amusing anecdotes and photographs from Robert's contemporaries.

Robert became close friends with two other police recruits, Fred Paling and Algy Porter; as they all shared a surname beginning with the same letter, the three of them were nicknamed the "Terrible Ps". I love Johnson's description of the recruits' social life, which "revolved around the pubs in Manica road; the Masonic and the Castle Bars". After a night out they would hire rickshaws to take them back to the Barracks. They raced one another, having placed bets on the rickshaw drivers. When they reached the Police Camp gates in Montagu Avenue (now Josiah Chinamano), an argument would ensue about payment, which would be settled eventually by the loser, and the same rickshaw drivers would be hired for the next evening out. In those days there were fewer houses between the Police Camp and "town" and this house was of course one of them. What would Robert have thought, as he raced his rickshaw past the house en route to the camp, had he known that one day his fame as an artist would be celebrated here!

The Terrible Ps would frequent the Police Club over the weekend in the days when pay was small. The regimental institute allowed them "to put it on the slate" and to have the appropriate amounts deducted from their pay cheques at the end of the month. Once one of them received a pay cheque for the three pence (a tickey) – whoever it was, had it framed."

Another contemporary remembers Robert's antics at the Police Sergeants' mess: "In appearance, he seriously resembled the conventional image of Jesus Christ; and one of his tricks exploited this resemblance. With members of the mess well plied with beer, he would produce a crayon from his pocket and draw a heavenly halo on the wall. Then he would drape himself with the white billiard table cloth and stand with his face framed in the halo. The resemblance to the biblical image of Christ was startling, particularly with Robert reciting parts of the Good Book while the mess members bowed their heads in reverence before him.

"Another performance for which he was famous was his personal version of the snake dance. Jumping with agility from chair to chair and on and off the billiard table, he would strip to his underpants, all the time chanting a Hindu melody."

When the recruits' training was over, Robert patrolled on horseback in the bush in the Midlands with his packhorse, a cavalry sketching board strapped to his waist and a compass latched to the board.

He was very good at drawing maps, which was important in those days of finding one's way over the veld. Apparently he only got lost twice. He was based in Gwelo, now Gweru, for a while; Johnson says that Robert drew all the original maps of the Fort Victoria area, (now Masvingo), sketching from horseback and keeping his materials in his pack. He would spend up to six weeks at a time patrolling the veld and then return to camp for a month or so before setting out on another patrol, and could recount endless anecdotes of those early years in the Police. Once, on patrol on his own in the bush, he settled down for the night, making camp underneath a tree to which he tethered his horse. He awoke to find the little bonfire extinguished, a lion looking at him nearby, his horse nowhere to be seen having bolted in terror. On another occasion, after a long patrol he returned from the veld feeling "bushwhacked"; he made his way straight to the nearest bar, mounted the stairs and went in and ordered a double brandy still in the saddle.

As a Mounted Trooper in the Midlands, life must have been pretty lonely; there was little development and little habitation, so when a vacancy occurred at Headquarters in Salisbury, now Harare, Robert applied and obtained the post. His transfer to Salisbury came through in 1929 when he started work in the Drawing Office, having been almost continuously employed in topographical work in Gwelo.

Robert kept in touch with his close friend Miles Marshall from his school days; Miles remained in England, and they exchanged many letters on art theory, the Post-Impressionists, and so on. Robert would meet up with him during his long leave of five months there. It was during these home visits that Robert eventually met and befriended John Piper, who is now a famous name in the art world.

Back in Salisbury, many members of the Police Force were seconded to the Staff Corps in 1933, and Robert was among them. Having met a young lady by the name of Maizie English, Robert applied in writing in 1933 to the Controller of Defence Force for permission to be married, but the marriage was short lived and they divorced after three years. Years later Robert recalled, "I was in town one day and spotted a redhead as she walked down First Street. I thought 'that's a good-looking piece' only to discover as I caught up with her that it was my wife."

Now we come to the part of his life when he met my mother, Doreen Hawkings, or Dreen. She and her family had migrated to this country in the same year as Robert, and the

family established themselves farming tobacco near Norton. Her fine sense of the absurd and sense of humour matched Robert's.

They may have met at the farm when she was visiting her family, but Dreen was working in town and living in a self contained section at this end of the house at what was then 84 Livingstone Avenue, near the Police Camp.

They married in 1937 and Robert moved in to the house with Dreen, and her dog, Ginger, and they lived there for the rest of their lives. At this stage, Dreen's mother still owned the house, which was divided up in separate tenanted sections as mentioned before. I was born in due course; Dreen's dog, Ginger, did not share the general rapture of the event and was apparently rather jealous, as he jumped in the pram as I slept outside; at any rate they had to get rid of him.

Robert would accumulate leave so he and his young family could travel back to England by sea, visiting relatives and friends. He would have been eager to catch up on the latest developments in art in Europe, and his friends will have updated him on these.

Robert was in touch with John Piper as always. In a letter Piper mentions "War scares"; it was written in July just before the outbreak of World War Two. Another ten years would pass before Robert was able to visit England again. Baby Paul arrived, when we were still living at the far end of this house. It must have been very cramped, and I remember some strange tenants in the adjoining section – noises travelled easily through the locked door, and there were pretty violent rows with eggs and stuff being hurled around. Eventually all other tenants left, and we moved into the rest of the house. The two of us attended the David Livingstone Junior School, which is conveniently just across the road from here.

Picnics were a popular weekend pastime and Robert would take his painting materials with him, setting up the easel in the bush. There was probably no time for painting during the week and little of his work of this period remains.

Does anyone remember the old Princes Theatre? Some big function, a ball, perhaps, was to be held in the theatre, and Robert was invited to provide large paintings of English soldiers in military dress through the ages and these were hung around the walls. They looked very fine and impressive, the soldiers with their braid and fancy headdresses and swords, but I have no idea what became of them afterwards.

The Salisbury Sports Club featured largely in our lives when we were children: Paul and I seemed to spend many an afternoon there, amusing ourselves with friends, while Dreen played tennis, and we seemed to spend quite a few evenings there too, while the grown-ups relaxed in the bar. Children were not admitted into the Club building; bored with amusing ourselves, we would hang around the windows of the bar in the hope of receiving chocolates or some other treat.

Robert's fine watercolour of the Salisbury Sports Club, as it was then, hangs at Lord's Cricket Ground in London – I think I temporarily became an honorary man when I was admitted to the holy sanctuary in order to photograph the painting (reproduced overleaf)!

As kids, Paul and I played freely in the Avenues, climbing the trees, or terrorising the neighbours. In those days, Robert sketched and painted on the spot. Curious onlookers would often come to watch as he worked, but he was quite unselfconscious and seemed to welcome the interest.

Certain subjects, like the avenues of trees, recur in Robert's works, some many times. I think this was partly due to exposure and opportunity, rather than affection for the subject

Salisbury Sports Club. 1954. Water colour & pencil. Catalogue no. 459

Selous Avenue, Salisbury 1942. Ink & crayon on paper. Catalogue no. 179

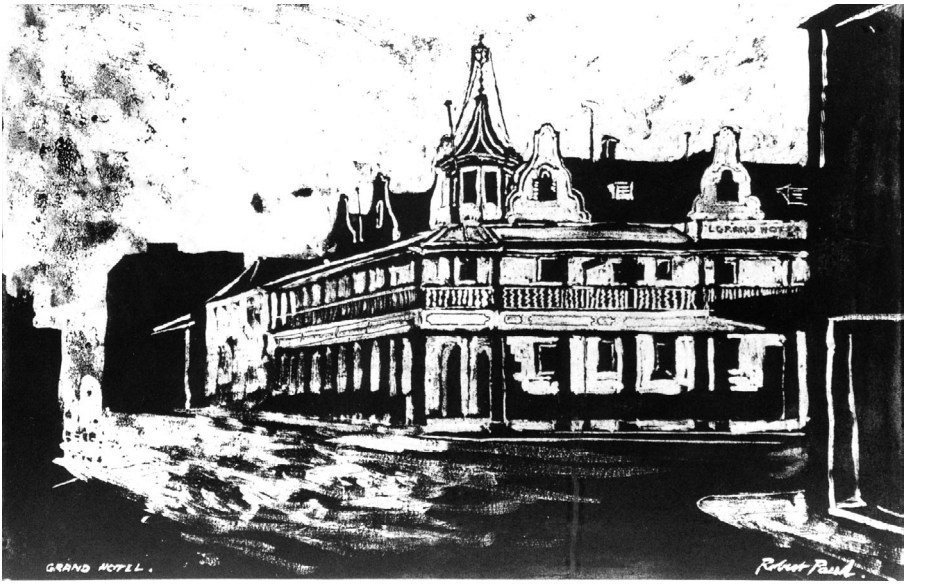
itself. In other words, he painted or sketched wherever he was, but certain views clearly caught his fancy, and those he tried again and again in different styles.

I'll move now to the old buildings of Harare, many of which were recorded by Robert at the request of a local company who financed a book of his prints, but which also featured in our family's life.

Fred Paling, one of the Terrible Ps, was now living with his family at the Chlenry – a nicely proportioned old house which is at the top of the hill in Hillside Road. The Chlenry was originally a dairy farmhouse, and the three tall trees which were a landmark for over flying pilots fifty years ago, are still there today. As a family we would often visit for a meal or tea and drinks over the weekend, and Fred's nephew, Colin Style, remembers playing at the Chlenry as a small boy with his friends. He says, "We saw Robert one late afternoon standing on the crest of the hill. He was doing a watercolour of the view of the fields below, stretching down Mukabusi River. We went up to him and stood in a circle practically breathing down his neck. Robert was not only completely unruffled but seemed to be pleased to have an audience. As he worked, he chatted away telling us what effects he was aiming at. His notions seemed highly eccentric to us young Philistines then and we stood around grinning broadly, tapping our skulls significantly. He painted the sky a wash brown as he said, 'to reflect the fields'. The sky seemed its normal blue to us, and this was the thing about Robert Paul. He never acted, either intensely or artistically, but fitted easily into the milieu of the small town colonial society."

Sometimes our family would visit the lounge or courtyard of the old Meikles Hotel, where violists would play while families gathered for tea – the original palm court orchestra, no doubt an echo of English tradition. I can hear them now, squeaking away on the strings serenading the patrons with the latest waltz.

The Grand Hotel was another of the favourite watering holes of the citizenry of the old



Grand Hotel. Undated. Gum resist technique. Catalogue no. 559

Salisbury; in those days women were not allowed in bars. Drinking formed a large part of my parent's social life, as it did for many in the forces, and also I think for many living in the old colonies. But for the Pauls it was a social exercise, not a private one, and whilst he never combined drinking with painting, Robert was as keen as the next man to have a party. He often joked about it – when he popped in to Tara Arts Centre, a commercial gallery in town, he was asked, "Any more work for us to sell?" He replied, "There would be, if the Norfolk didn't open at ten thirty in the morning!" His was a ready and original wit – the timing and the rhythm always spot on. On emerging from a family meal at a Chinese restaurant in Manica Road (now Robert Mugabe Road) Robert placed himself in front of an expired parking meter. "My God, I've lost weight", he exclaimed drily.

In those early days of Salisbury, there were not many entertainments to be had, although there was the cinema, which we used to call the bioscope! The Old Palace Theatre, the Victory Cinema and the aforementioned Princes Theatre interspersed live theatre with days of cinema. If I remember correctly, one of them had a man playing on a Wurlitzer organ, which, before the film started, used to rise up from the bowels of the earth playing loudly. Of course, television came much later. In those days our radio was something very special, and I remember many an evening when my family would gather around the funny old Pye wireless (with a fabric-covered aperture in the middle) listening to English programmes like *Take It From Here*, *Much Binding in the Marsh* and the *Goon Show*. Robert would be the initiator here; he loved technological innovations. When we acquired our first television set (black and white of course), he said to us, "Overseas they are talking about colour television. Won't that be marvellous?" The black and white picture we had at first was very blurry and sometimes it was impossible to see what was going on.

We had no labour-saving devices in the home here; for years we did not even have water in the kitchen. Mother Dreen had to work hard for our hot water – first she chopped wood into small enough pieces to feed into the old "Rhodesian boiler" which was just round the corner outside Derek's storage room which used to be the bathroom. Then she lit it and waited for the water to heat, and Robert, Dreen and the two kids would pile in the bath together – quite a squash! Actually that didn't happen often, and I don't think the family dog was included. I clearly remember Robert shaved using an old razor strop – the shaving knife playing up and down to get a good edge. Then he would leave for work each morning on his bike, clad in khaki uniform with its funny puttees.

I can recall some exuberant parties. My parents did not go in for entertainment in the accepted formal sense. Visitors would pop in innocently for tea, say, but by the evening a fully-fledged party would have developed, riotous and drunken and enjoyed to the hilt! We kids found it very tedious, especially when the grown-ups became silly, indulging in songs about the Muffin Man, and Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam – full glasses of beer were balanced on the forehead, while contestants sank to their knees, goaded on by the rest, and there were a few spirited attempts at Russian Cossack dance. Those were REAL parties!

But in between the revelry was art, and that was sacrosanct. When the mood to paint was upon him, Robert would get up early and start work in what served as his studio – a small enclosed room at the far end of the house. As the space filled up with abandoned canvases, sketches, paint-spattered rags, empty bottles of turps, everything piled higgledy-piggledy, he would retreat gradually onto the veranda, where there was a good light and much more space. I can see him there now, brush in hand, a study in concentration, working the canvas

briefly but stepping back to view the results at length, his head tilted slightly in critical appraisal. When he painted the scene he looked at it for much longer than he painted it. He picked this up from Piper: "Look for nine minutes and paint for one."

He would take the canvas to the living room, prop it a distance away in front of him, and sit in his armchair contemplating and analysing his work so far. He always sat there, the light from the window behind him. I remember that chair with some amusement; Robert was sitting there one day, rather glum and downbeat. There was a loud bang, and Dreen jumped, exclaiming, "What on earth was that?" Probably my liver exploding" came the gloomy response.

In an article describing Robert at work, Colin Black wrote:

"The artist put the wet canvas flat on his veranda. Having studied the near-finished work on the easel from all angles, he decided to view it from above. Something missing, he thought. He turned the garden hose on it, thus creating varying textures and imposing a pattern of fine dark lines. Better, he said to himself, and went inside for a brandy and soda. Terry, the 8-year old wirehaired terrier who had viewed his unorthodox procedure with interest, strolled up to look at the canvas. Then he lifted one leg and added his own pattern of fine lines and patches. 'You can't bluff the expert critic', said his master. *Marora River, Inyanga* was praised when it was viewed in South Africa recently by several collectors. They said it was 'vigorous' and 'strong in tone'."

Life with an artist did have its ups and downs – Robert was moody and temperamental and there were times when he was 'down' when he did not paint for weeks. Dreen was a perfect foil for him – she was very supportive in his artistic quest, and tolerated his moods practically and sensibly. She coped with his occasional philandering with spirit and panache and gave him total domestic back-up, doing everything around the house, from chopping wood to general repairs.

Dreen had no help but managed to cook three meals a day for the family, kept the house, went shopping, grew our own vegetables and tended the garden. All that in the mornings. On some afternoons she played tennis, on others she sewed most of our clothes, or made spectacularly good ballet costumes. She was a good tennis player and reached championship levels.

Dreen was wonderfully inventive. In the early days there was no water supply in the kitchen itself, but there was a standpipe and tap against the kitchen wall outside. So Dreen built a concrete surface underneath the tap as a washing-up area, and later extended this as a low garden wall made entirely of the broken ends of gin, brandy and vodka bottles forming a rough mosaic set in the concrete! An observer once described our kitchen garden as pure Tennessee Williams. An electric geyser had been installed outside a second bathroom. To ensure a hot-water supply to her washing up area, which had now moved inside the kitchen, she draped a rubber hose from the top of the geyser, along the outside of the house, then fed it through a hole she drilled through the wall. Luxury indeed.

Family holidays were not only a huge treat, but provided Robert with wide painting opportunities. Early holidays were spent in Beira. In those days we went by train and Rhodesia Railways moved mighty slowly! Sometimes when it reached Macheke, the train stopped and everyone got out, including the driver, and headed straight into the hotel pub with its own brown leather-upholstered lounge settees. Travelling in those old steam trains was a hot, thirsty, not to say dirty, business.

Robert was very interested in the Portuguese architecture in Beira, and sketched the houses with their balustraded gardens edging the paved roads.

He painted many of the wreck north of Beira – it has disappeared now, I think, but was used as a breakwater.

In the fifties, Robert retired from the Southern Rhodesia Staff Corps, and we spent several holidays at the Wild Coast in the Transkei: at Qolora. Whilst on holiday there, a couple celebrated an anniversary, and Robert gave them a watercolour of a beach scene with rocks and the spray of the waves beating up against them. "Thank you Robert, that is very nice," said the lady. "Yes", Robert replied, "but you are looking at it upside down."

At the old Leopard Rock Hotel at the Vumba we holidayed a few times; as kids we were impressed and rather frightened by Robert's stories of the mountain behind the hotel being haunted, but wonderful memories linger of mists and huge butterflies.

Of all the holiday places, it was Nyanga that gave Robert the most inspiration and opportunity to develop. His talent and passion found expression wherever he was – whether in the vegetable garden with the Tennessee Williams flavour, or surrounded by the magnificence of the Nyanga Mountains. Here he painted the landscapes for which he is most famous. In the early days, the only hotel in the area was the Rhodes Hotel and the family stayed there often, but afterwards the National Parks cottages offered a welcome respite from the city life.

Inyangombe River, near Mission Bend, Inyanga.1980. Oil & egg tempera.Catalogue No. 479

Robert's achievements and exhibitions are known and listed elsewhere. He never sought to promote himself or his art; indeed, he was critical and unsure of its merits, and genuinely pleased when these were recognised. Robert died in 1980 and Dreen a year later. An irreverent thought here: Robert and Dreen might have been amused by this quote from

Spike Milligan, whose humour they loved. Spike said, "When I die I want to go to heaven, but if Jeffrey Archer's there, I want to go to Lewisham!"

In the years after they died, the house was often empty and became very dilapidated. Paul and I were keen to keep the old buildings as some sort of museum, and people said "You're mad – throwing good money after bad. Knock it down and put up flats."

But in May 1991 Derek Huggins' Gallery Delta had to vacate its space at Strachan's Building in the old Manica Road and happily Derek agreed to restore this house and move his gallery here. This was a monumental task.

Months of hard work passed and, in November, permission to use 110 Livingstone Avenue as an art gallery came through, so much-needed drinks were had in the garden to celebrate. Restoration was completed by the end of the year, an amazing achievement. With superb, not to say loving, restoration work of Derek and his team, the architect Peter Jackson and many others, the new venue for the Gallery Delta was born and inaugurated in December 1991.

And so memories of Robert, his art, Dreen and 110 Livingstone Avenue are perpetuated and everyone now says, "What a wonderful thing to have done!"

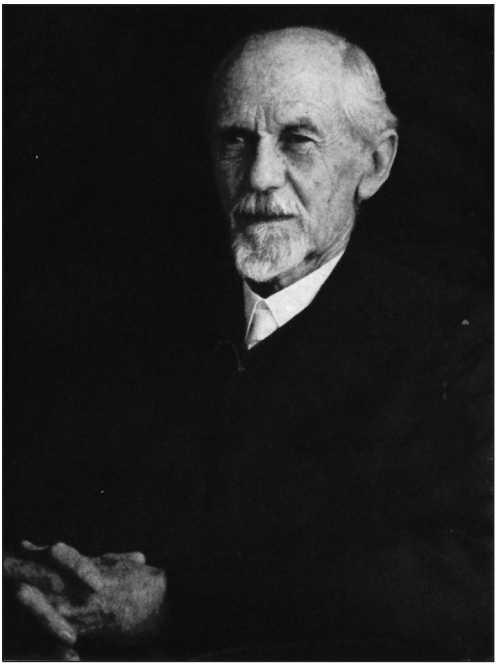
Andrew Louw of Morgenster – Mission Founder

by Coenraad Brand *

INTRODUCTION

Morgenster mission, that is located five km to the southeast of Great Zimbabwe monument is inextricably linked with the name of A. A. Louw, or Muneri Sekuru as he was known locally, who founded it in 1891. He became after the Moffats probably the best known of the pioneer missionaries in Zimbabwe, largely because of his longevity I think. He was 94 yrs old when he died and was buried at Morgenster in August 1956, his funeral being attended by amongst others, Garfield Todd, fellow missionary of Dadaya and then Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia.

When the Queen Mother visited Rhodesia in 1953, the year of Federation and the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II, it was the only mission she visited, to meet the "grand old man" of Morgenster. On the New Year honours list of the next year he was duly awarded the Order of the British Empire (OBE) by the Queen, which was subsequently pinned on him by the Governor, Sir Robert Tredgold, in Bulawayo.



Ds A. A. Louw

* The author is a grandson of Andrew and Cinie Louw, who was born and grew up at Morgenster.

CROSSING THE KROKODILRIVIER

In June 1891 he was encamped on the southern bank of the Limpopo (Krokodilrivier, Crocodile river as it was known) at Middeldrif with two transport wagons waiting to cross. The previous day they had found a cleft stick planted next to the road with a folded piece of paper in it. It read

> Ds Louw
> Kom na Floors syn drif, met Platje syn pad
> 22 Juny 1891 Bremmer
> [Come to Floors' crossing, on Platje's road.]

Bremmer was a member of the Adendorf trek, a party of boere of the Transvaal Republic who wanted to annex the south-central part of Rhodesia. They wished Louw to join them so that they could use Miga, one of his evangelists, as an interpreter to obtain land concessions from the native chiefs of the region. Louw did not want to get involved with them, and decided to stick to the main wagon route. He was, however, not allowed by the British South Africa Company (BSACo) police at Middeldrif to cross since the Major in charge was away for a few days. So they could do nothing but wait. After three days the Administrator, Dr Leander Starr Jameson, himself turned up, no doubt because of the looming threat that the Adendorf trek posed. He was soon persuaded that Louw had nothing to do with the boere, and after his wagons were searched to make sure he was not carrying liquor or any contraband, he was allowed to go through.

The next time he met Jameson personally was in Salisbury, where he had gone from Morgenster on another three week ox wagon trip, to request more land for the mission. Many of the early missions received a land grant of 3 000 morgen, just like the original settlers, but Morgenster on the granite escarpment had very little cultivable land. He was shown into the Administrator's office. The exchange that followed went something like this

> Yes, Mr Louw, what can I do for you?
> I have come to ask for more land for my mission.
> How much do you need?

Louw thought that there would be some bargaining, so he put in his bid.

> We could do with another 6000 morgen.

Jameson's response was prompt:

> You can have it.

And that was the end of it.

The land issue became a huge headache for the mission during the 1950s and '60s with the rise of African nationalism when the people around Great Zimbabwe said that the mission had taken away their land. I am not sure what Louw's thoughts were in amassing 9000 morgen for the mission. On the one hand, they needed to be able to meet the essential needs of the mission community for food, meat, milk, timber and the like, but they probably also wanted to, in a sense, 'capture' people of surrounding areas who lived on or around mission property, to in time build Christian communities and, as at Mt Silanda and other missions, teach people farming and other practical skills. In fact, Kootjie Pienaar, a young farmer from Britstown, accompanied his original trek and initially helped him to get established at Morgenster. However, it was the policy of the BSACo administration to support the founding of missions by giving them land grants, so that by 1900 ten different denominations had already been allocated a total of 325,730 acres, and had purchased an additional 71,085

acres themselves. Some missions also received annual cash donations from the company, as did Louw also on one occasion from Rhodes himself.

THE SOTHO EVANGELISTS

When Andrew Louw entered the country, he was coming from Kranspoort and Goedgedacht in the Soutpansberg, from where the Dutch Reformed Church (DRC) missionaries Stephanus Hofmeyer and later Sam Helm had tried for nearly twenty-five years to launch a mission into the territory of the Banyai, who were viewed as a backward and oppressed people, across the Krokodilrivier. The area was then commonly known as Banyailand. [Louw's own account of the early years of the mission, which was published in Dutch in 1917, was still titled Dageraad (Dawn) in Banyailand.]. The term Vanyai derived from the name that had been given to the earlier Shona Varozvi overlords, but then became the common name applied to all of the southern Shona. It might also have been a bad pronunciation of the word Vanhiya, the pitiful ones, since that is how they were seen due to their subjugation and constant raiding at the hands of the Ndebele who had invaded the country in 1837 under Mzilikazi and established their capital at Gubulawayo.

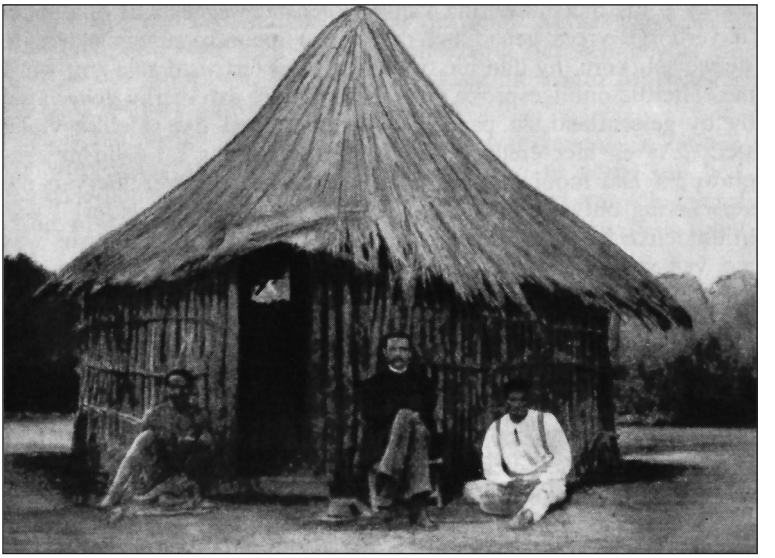
God's call to Louw came through Helm when he visited Colesberg and made a plea in church on behalf of the Banyai. He had been farming with his brother for more than four years while recuperating in the Karoo air from a persistent lung condition that forced him twice to stop his studies at the Stellenbosch seminary. Louw took seven evangelists with him from the Soutpansberg. They had already spent shorter or longer periods in Banyailand before and three had accompanied Sam Helm on a reconnaissance into the south during 1890. The men were: Miga Makgato, Josua Masoha, Lukas Mokoele, Isak Khumalo, Petrus Morudu, and Dawid Molea. Several of them had therefore also been able to acquire some chiKaranga, and Louw posted them along the way at different villages of important chiefs, so that only Dawid reached Morgenster with him.

By the time Louw arrived, there had already been thirteen different missionary expeditions by African evangelists to different parts of southern Zimbabwe spanning a period of nearly twenty years. These were all launched from Soutpansberg, but involved a number of men, including two German missionaries in 1888, from as far a field as Lesotho, including from the Swiss Mission Vaudoise and the Paris and Berlin societies. Gabriel, half caste son of the near legendary Coenraad de Buys, whose clan had been converted at Goedgedacht, was the first to go in 1872 and spent four years in chief Zimuto's area, near the present Masvingo. Ten years later he was tragically killed during a raid on Zimuto's people by a boer party under Veldkornet Grobler, when he and his brother and two other evangelists (Miga Makgato being one of them) were forcibly drafted to join the fray.

ARRIVING AT MUGABE'S MOUNTAIN

Louw being the eldest son, carried the names Andries Adriaan of his father, who was then minister at Noorder-Paarl DRC church. But he was always known as Andrew, probably because his mother, Jemima, was a daughter of the Rev Andrew Murray Snr of Graaff Reinet, whose family, and well-known author and missionary statesman uncle, Andrew Jnr, had an enormous influence on him.

When their party crossed the Limpopo, they knew where they were heading, since Helm had the previous year - which was the year that Cecil John Rhodes' 'pioneer column'



Their first hut

took over the territory - already got a favourable response from the chief, Ishe Mugabe, to a request for establishing a mission in his area, and identified a scenic and well watered location on a mountain ridge above the Mutirikwe river as a possible site. The Zvimba Mugabe clan from whom Robert Gabriel, the first President of independent Zimbabwe came, is apparently not related to Chief Mugabe, since they are of the Ngwena mutupo, that is the crocodile totem, while the latter descends from the Rozvi Moyo. So it was only after Louw had again visited him and confirmed that he would be welcome, that he finally on 9th Sept 1891, ascended and pitched his tent on what they referred to as "Mugabe's mountain." He was ill with fever, but within two days walked to the Fort at Victoria, resting when necessary, to go and fetch mail from home. On their way back they also made a small detour to go and see the massive stone structures of which they had heard so much.

His earliest letters are already headed as being from Morgenster (morning star), which was the name of his parents' home in Paarl. Though for him it was also the expectation of a dawn of the gospel that would break over Banyailand, according to the 'word of the prophets' stated in Scripture, '… until the day dawns and the morning star rises in your hearts.' (2 Peter 1:19) A calamitous event was, however, soon to befall them.

MUGABE'S DEATH

Louw suffered from repeated bouts of malaria after his journey through the Lowveld. Mugabe, who was living not too far down the hill in the forest by the Munzvero river, visited him and asked: "Why does God (Mwari) make you sick? Is he angry with you?" He offered to call a reliable Nganga (traditional healer). "If the spirits require cattle," he said, "I can help you to pay."

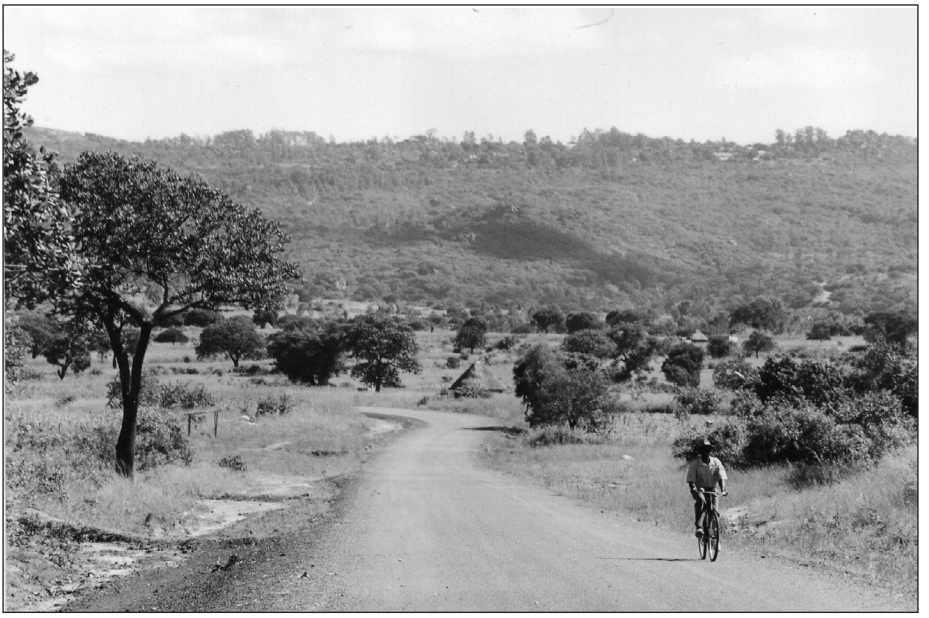
He, however, kept on asking Louw for a gun and powder for his muzzle loader, since he was involved in land disputes and raids with neighbouring chiefs, in particular Murinye and Nemanwa. [A recent history refers to the 'Nemanwa wars' that went on over a good

part of the 19th century.] Louw declined these requests, as he did for the offer of divination. But he had not yet realized that the time of enforced colonial 'pacification' had fully arrived. Nemanwa had enlisted the help of the Native Commissioner and Magistrate at Victoria, who slapped a fine of thirty head of livestock on Mugabe as punishment for a recent raid. Mugabe consulted Louw, who advised him to pay, but he would only offer a token gesture of two or three beasts. Later a posse of police and armed villagers under the Fort's commandant were reported to be approaching, and some of Mugabe's elders in great agitation inquired from Louw whether he would be willing to fight for them. He, however, replied that he could only intercede if they quickly marshalled enough animals to send toward the advancing party.

Louw expected the commandant to come by his hut before proceeding to Mugabe's, which would offer him and David the opportunity to serve as mediators in the dispute. Unbeknown to them, the force had taken a shortcut instead. After a time had passed some of Nemanwa's men came past in high spirits driving animals ahead of them and carrying other booty they had garnered. Toward evening another passing man glumly accused a startled David with the words, "today you have killed our father." For two days they laid low in fear for their lives, and it was not until two of Mugabe's sons came to confirm the dreaded news, that they heard that he been shot and his village pillaged.

RELATIONSHIP WITH RHODES

If chiefs learnt how advantageous or necessary it was to have a mission patron, then the Chartered Company also well appreciated the value of missionaries in pacifying and 'civilizing' local communities. A statement by Rhodes that Louw was "worth as much to me as a hundred of my own police" became a celebrated part of the Morgenster mission lore.



The mission on Mugabe's mountain seen today from Chikarudzo

The actual story was that within five months of his arrival, Louw was already short of basic supplies and his father approached Rhodes in Cape Town to inquire whether it would be possible to dispatch things for him on Company transport. Rhodes, however, promptly cabled the captain at Fort Victoria instead, instructing him to supply the mission with the necessary from their own stores, refusing to accept payment, and said to A. A. Louw Snr in the much quoted words that his son was worth much more to him than any goods could account for. Afterwards Rhodes personally visited Morgenster and sent Louw eucalyptus seeds that he had obtained from Australia, which was the origin of the towering avenues of trees and plantations that characterize the mission to this day.

Rhodes offered a 1,500 morgen farm to each pioneer settler and eldest son. When Louw later learnt that this entitlement also applied to him and his infant son, he turned it down, since he was of the conviction that a missionary's calling could easily be compromised by the ownership of landed property.

A HELPMEET AND TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE

Louw noted in his diary within three months of his arrival that he had with the help of David attempted a first translation of John 3:16, the Lord's prayer, and Psalm 23. The evangelist's command of chiKaranga was, however, still very limited and Louw himself was no linguist.

He was already nearly thirty years of age, and acutely aware of how much he needed a wife in the field. His two brothers, Abie (Abraham) and James, who followed him to the Stellenbosch DRC Seminary, put him in contact with a young teacher, Cinie Malan, who had just completed her studies at the Huguenot Seminary in Wellington. She was from the Cape village of Riebeeck West, where she had been a classmate of the boer war general, later South

The Queen Mother visiting with Dr W. J. van der Merwe, mission head.

African prime minister, and World War II Field Marshall Jan Smuts in the local farm school. Ironically, it was her own brother, Dr Daniel Francois Malan, who as Afrikaner Nationalist candidate defeated and replaced Smuts as prime minister in the 1948 South African general election. After an eight month correspondence Andrew and Cinie were married in Paarl by his father in February of 1894 during his first return visit to his home.

At Morgenster, Dr John Helm, brother to Sam Helm, had in the meantime arrived to initiate medical work. With a knowledge of Greek and some Sesotho, he immediately joined Louw in Bible translation work, together with evangelist Isak Khumalo who with his mother and family, had also relocated to Morgenster. They were Ndebele, and their life long commitment to the mission was the culmination of an extraordinary chronicle of exile and conversion. His mother was a daughter of Mzilikazi who for some reason had to flee south with her children from Matabeleland during the succession struggle of her brother Lobengula. They were converted at Bethesda, a station associated with Kranspoort. Isak was trained and served as pastor, also participating in the expeditions across the Limpopo, where he had to dodge the raids carried out by his own people on the Banyai.

Cinie soon started applying herself to mastering the Karanga language and its grammar, to take over Dr Helm's role in the translation. In this the Louws had the assistance of a local young man, Johannes Hungwe, who had received some education in the Soutpansberg, and later also evangelist Lukas' daughter, Laura Mokoele, and Isak Khumalo himself. A first test translation of Mark's gospel was printed in 1897, and in 1904 of all the gospels, Acts and selected epistles. In all of these the influence of Sesotho is very apparent throughout. Other missionaries had also started the same task in different parts of the country and by 1918 translations of the New Testament had been done in all four of the main Shona dialects, namely Ndau, Manyika, Zezuru, and Karanga.

Translating Scripture for use in preaching is always the first assignment of any pioneer missionaries, and if a language has not yet been put to writing, the need for 'language development' goes hand in hand with early attempts at translation. This resulted in Cinie's Manual of the Chikaranga Language being published in 1915 by Philpott and Collins in Bulawayo. She also played a major role afterwards together with Prof C. M. Doke of Witwatersrand University in the policy decision to nationally adopt a Union Shona based on the three major dialects for educational and other purposes. It is this development which prevented the first translation of the whole Bible in Karanga (and the other dialects) to see the light of day. The revision and rendering of Scripture in unified Shona fell to the hands of their eldest son, later to become Dr A. A. Louw, who spent seventeen years in completing it. It is fitting that the launching of the first full Shona bible eventually took place at Morgenster in April 1950, with both Andrew and his son present, and an inscription on the modest candle monument bearing the morning star verse in 2 Peter from this Bible. This was nearly sixty years after he had first arrived on Mugabe's mountain.

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The Biltong Hunters*

By One-Four-Three-Seven

INTRODUCTION

1437 Trooper Ebenezer Mocke

Trooper Mocke attested into the British South Africa Police on the 9th May, 1911. He left the Force on 13th October 1918.

Mocke was posted as being Absent Without Leave on the 18th August 1915 and as a Deserter on the 21st September 1915.

He was arrested for Desertion in Bombay in British India on the 20th March 1916, but was released on bail that same day. He was later detained on the 17th May 1916 pending Extradition and he remained in detention until his extradition on the 5th July 1916.

The reason for his desertion was that he wanted to get married, but was refused leave of absence. He then deserted and went to the Transvaal where he married Dorothy Frances Gibson on the 20th August 1915 at Vryburg. His wife had been married previously. Her maiden name was Barker.

After his marriage he went to India and tried to enlist in the Army for service in East Africa using his own name. He was not accepted into the Army in the light of his desertion, but he was appointed as a Civil Sergeant and he went to Mombasa with a shipload of remounts for the Army serving there. He was arrested upon his return to Bombay.

He was extradited back to Southern Rhodesia where he was prosecuted for desertion and was sentenced to 6 month IHL by a Board of Officers on 4th August 1916. He had pleaded "Guilty" to the charge.

After he had served his sentence for Desertion, he was posted to Makaha as a Trooper in Charge. When he left India under escort to return to Southern Rhodesia, he had to leave his wife in Bombay with very little money. She eventually made her way to Southern Rhodesia to join her husband. Mocke did apply for a concessionary rail ticket from Beira to Salisbury for her but this was refused.

Mocke did apply to be placed on the married establishment whilst he was at Makaha on the 20th October 1917. He was then placed on the married establishment waiting list, although he was told that his wife could join him at Makaha, but he would not be able to draw a marriage allowance.

Mocke's date of birth is not known, but he was 20 years of age when he joined the Force in 1911, and so he must have been born in 1891. His given address, when he applied to join the Force was given as No. 30 Market Street, Pretoria. He had been employed as a clerk at the Land Board prior to joining the Force.

It was just on flfty-four years ago that I was called in by Captain Murray, Officer Commanding "K" Troop of the BSA. Police, Bulawayo (afterwards Colonel R E Murray, D.S.O., D.C.M., commander of the well-known Murray's Column in the First World War). He told me 'that biltong hunters were becoming very active in the vicinity of the Gwaai, Lupani,

* This article was first published in *The Outpost*. All names have been changed, to avoid embarrassment to the families of the men mentioned.

Gwampa, Shangani and Bubi Rivers. They were slaughtering game wholesale and destroying the countryside by lighting fires to flush the game. He wanted me to patrol the area incognito in an endeavour to stop the destruction and, if possible, charge the guilty persons.

Troop Sergeant-Major G S Hough was instructed to give such assistance as I might need for the venture. (The last time I was to see Hough was in the private bar of the Grand Hotel, Cape Town, in 1921; he was then quite blind but recognised me by my voice.)

In due course I left Bulawayo on a nondescript horse with a pigskin saddle made for me by that craftsman among saddlers, Jack Everett. I had with me four pack donkeys, four constables in mufti and my batman.

My trek to the Gwaai, following tracks, game path and old roads, took six days. I camped on the Gwaai River for two days and while there sent out the constables in different directions to contact the local tribesmen and get information concerning the whereabouts of any white hunters in the district. From them I learned that hunters were on the Bembesi near its confluence with the Gwaai, so the following day I moved over to the Bembesi. The river was dry and I continued down its north bank until I came to a large pool of clear, clean water. Here I pitched camp and made kraals for the animals, collecting much dry wood for fires during the night.

It was not a restful night. Lions disturbed the quiet with their muffled growling, hyenas enlivened the stillness with their mournful howlings, and crocodiles were grunting in the pool below me. The horse would snort with alarm at every sound, while the donkeys broke wind with alarming frequency. Altogether it was a weird and frightening night, yet at the same time a spell-binding and fascinating experience.

On the following day the constables fanned out in different directions, with instructions to pinpoint the hunters. All were back by sundown reporting there were no human beings whatever anywhere in the area. One of them was in a shocking state of nerves and exhaustion; he had come across a herd of elephant and had been winded by a cow with a small calf, who had come after him with ears extended and trunk in the air. He had had to run for it and did not seem to have stopped running until he reached camp.

I then decided to move over to the Gwampa River, arriving at the junction with the Bubi about five o'clock. That evening, as I was camped at this spot and after it was quite dusk, I heard a single rifle shot.

It was too late to investigate it then, but all day break I was in the saddle and following the Gwampa downstream to where the shot had seemed to come from. Only a mile from my camp and close to a pool in the river I came across a white man and several Africans skinning a magnificent eland bull. The shocked surprise on the white man's face proved he was frightened beyond measure at being caught literally red-handed in the act of skinning a royal game carcass.

Remembering my instructions, however, I dismounted, shook hands with the man and congratulated him on getting such a fine specimen. "It was getting dark," he told me. "I thought it was a reedbuck."

Marais invited me to join him in a grill-up of fresh liver and kidneys, followed by a cup of scalding black coffee. As we ate we talked and, quite innocently, he gave me all the information I needed concerning other parties of hunters in the area – where they were camped and how and where they operated. Marais himself was in partnership with his stepfather and was camped farther down the Bubi River.

I watched with interest as Marais and his servants prepared the meat. Working at a speed which indicated considerable experience, Marais himself cut the meat away from the bone while the Africans cut it into strips about two inches thick. The prepared strips were 'then placed on the inside of the eland hide, salted, 'tuned' over several times and covered by taking the four corners of the hide and bringing them to the centre. A trestle-work scaffold was then built and after the strips had lain in brine for three hours they were hung to dry. Marais told me that it was important not to over-salt the meat or the biltong would 'become unpalatable and cause severe thirst after eating.

When all the meat was hung (there was no waste), the whole of the trestle-work was lightly covered with green branches in such a way as to allow a good circulation of air. Marais told me that the strips of biltong would be left "in situ" for some five to eight days, and then be transported to the main camp in grain bags on donkeys. The best biltong, he told me, was always treated this way on the very spot where it was slaughtered, and any attempt to remove the freshly killed carcase or freshly butchered meat always resulted in a loss of quality in the biltong.

Two Africans were left to mount guard over the meat. I was surprised that they were willing to undertake these duties with the numbers of carnivorous animals roaming the area, but Marais told me that Africans would follow a good hunter anywhere and do anything for him for the sake of always having satisfied bellies. They certainly looked fit and well fed, these men, and I was assured that they took the precaution of building themselves large fires at night.

It was midday when I left Marais and I now thought I would investigate the party of Strydom brothers Marais had told me of. I instructed two of my constables to approach the Strydom camp and seek employment there in order to obtain evidence of their activities.

These two returned after four days to tell me that the white men had proved very suspicious of them and they had been unable to obtain employment. However, they brought with them a local Ndebele who had been present when the Strydoms had shot an elephant near the Unsungamala Valley a few weeks previously. With this witness and the two constables I visited the spot and found a piece of elephant hide in a tree and bones distributed over a wide area. The scaffolding on which the meat had been dried was still in evidence. Suitable exhibits were collected and taken back to camp.

According to Marais, there were other hunters on the Shangani River. With one constable I rode over to the Shangani the following day. Following an elephant path and no more than four miles from my camp, I was startled when a rifle cracked nearby and a shot struck a tree a couple of feet to my left and level with my head. For the best part of half an hour the constable and I remained motionless in an effort to detect some movement in the bush. There was none. Throughout the afternoon we endeavoured to pick up the tracks of whoever had fired at me, but without any success whatever.

It was too late by then to continue to the Shangani and we returned to camp. Shortly after my arrival, the constables brought in two Africans for questioning. One was Ndebele and the other a Sesutu by the name of Kleinbooi. The latter was sophisticated and spoke fluent Afrikaans. I questioned him closely and from him learned a great deal about the Strydom brothers. He, incidentally, had been present at the killing of the elephant.

I now felt I had my hands full. I told the two Africans they would have to accompany me to Bulawayo and next morning rode over and arrested Marais for killing the eland.

We all then trekked back to Bulawayo. I had been away six weeks.

When making my report to Captain Murray I asked for assistance to go back to the Bubi and arrest the Strydom brothers. He told me that Corporal Hughes-Halls and Reggie Brown would be detailed to accompany me. I also recall that I wanted to report sick with a deaf ear. Sergeant Major Hough instructed me to treat It with oil that evening and go along the following morning to the Memorial Hospital to have it syringed. Hughes-Halls, who was in the office, said he had some sweet oil in his room which I could use if I came along later.

That evening, however, the deaf ear was forgotten at first. With a party consisting of Corporal Hughes-Halls, Trooper W. Bussey (the first editor of *The Outpost*), Trooper "Hacker" Matthews (the camp cook) and Jack Everett (the troop saddler), I went on a night out at the Empire. This was the rendezvous of the troops whenever cash was available, and it was here that the barmaids always seemed prettier than in any other pub in Bulawayo.

By the time we left the Empire near mid-night, I.I. whisky had warmed us considerably. Noting our condition, the rickshaw boys gave us a wide berth and we were compelled to walk back to camp. Passing the Bulawayo Club (of which, I need hardly say we were not members) one of the party suggested dropping in for a drink. In we went, and I ordered I.I. whisky and soda from the Indian steward. He looked suspicious but nevertheless produced the drinks. I tried to pay with a gold sovereign, but he wanted coupons. I was out of coupons, I told him off-handedly, so he put the sovereign in the till and gave me my change in coupons. These would not have been of much value to me and the only way to dispose of them was to drink more I.I. whisky. This we did, leaving the club at last in a highly intoxicated state.

I just managed to remember that I was going to have my ear syringed next morning and back in camp stumbled over to Hughes-Hails room for the oil. In flickering candlelight H.H. pointed out the bottle of oil and wadding and I poured some into my ear and plugged it.

Next morning, at the hospital, Dr. Eaton examined my ear and expressed surprise at what he saw there. "We must get the sister to syringe this", he said. The Sister was even more surprised at what came out, and suggested I take another look at Hughes-Halls bottle. Later H.H. and I did this together and found that I had used cough mixture instead of sweet oil. Hughes-Halls found this vastly amusing.

Later I appeared in court against Marais (he was fined £25 for hunting royal game) and in due course Corporal Hughes-Halls, Reggie Brown and I left Bulawayo together for the Gwaai to effect the arrest of the Strydom brothers.

Following my earlier route, we travelled in easy stages to spare our horses. We knew that however much we hurried Marais would he there before us to warn them of our approach, and we might have 'to pursue them a long way before we came up with them.

On the fifth day, approaching my old camp on the Bembesi, we passed a copse of mopani trees and saw fresh rhinoceros tracks. The horses became uneasy as we approached another clump of trees and suddenly there were grunts and whistles and two rhinos burst from the mopanis. For a few moments they stood with their ears erect, grunting and snorting and peering shortsightedly in our direction. They were so close we could see the enormous folds in their skin. Then, with a final snort, they clumsily trotted off towards the river and the long grass.

The horses, by this time, could not be controlled, and we were compelled to gallop off in the opposite direction. The mule, with pack-saddles flapping like the wings of a giant

vulture, followed – only to give the horses their second scare when they saw this strange apparition approaching.

It took us some time to calm the animals and we did not reach my old camp much before sunset. With little time left, we had to work hard to get the animals kraaled and everything safe for the night. I had warned my companions that we might have a restless night here, and no sooner had we settled down after our bully beef and onion stew than we heard the first grunt of a lion. Lions were in close proximity all night. Loathsome hyenas hung about just beyond the range of our firelight, emitting their dismal howlings. The horses and the mule were our greatest concern, and we had to take it in turns to stay with the animals, talking to them and petting them. No wonder their nerves were on edge – ours weren't too good either. I remember Reggie Brown, in his gravelly voice, calling down curses on all biltong hunters – and Hughes-Halls reckoned he had never been in such a zoo.

We wasted no time in getting away from that spot in the morning, and made directly for where I thought the Strydoms might he camped at the junction of the Gwaai and Bubi Rivers.

Emerging from a wooded belt we came into open country. To our right a herd of sable was grazing; to our left a lone bull followed slowly in the wake of the herd, and 'this beast appeared to be carrying a burden on its head. This was puzzling and we decided to find out what it was. Dismounting, H.H. and I managed to get close enough to drop the beast, and another shot killed it.

Imagine our surprise when we came close and found that the sable bull had been carrying a full-grown leopard carcase impaled on it horns. The horns were magnificent, making almost a complete circle. How the leopard had struck is anyone's guess, but it seemed obvious that the horns had penetrated its body simultaneously, one through the ribs and one through the stomach. Presumably, continual head-shaking by the sable in an attempt to rid itself of its unwanted burden had caused the dead leopard to slip gradually down the horns until it became jammed in the narrow space not far above the head.

We found wagon tracks at the Strydoms' old camp at the junction of the Bubi and the Gwaai indicating they 'had moved on some time previously. We used their old kraals for our animals that night and slept more peacefully than the night before.

It was easy to follow the wagon tracks next day and after a ride of some twenty miles we came to their new camp. There were three wagons, a number of donkeys and one horse. The last belonged to the father, who was present. He told me his 'sons were out hunting, but that they were expecting us, and would be back by sunset.

We pitched camp nearby and awaited the return of 'the hunters. One by one they came back and when all three were home, they strolled over together to greet us.

Corporal Hughes-Halls explained that he had a warrant for their arrest on a charge of shooting an elephant and other game. They admitted shooting the elephant in self-defence when they were charged by it – and claimed that any other game they had killed was in terms of their £5 licences. If we thought we had evidence to the contrary they would meet the charges in court in Bulawayo, with an attorney to defend them.

With the air thus cleared they extended to us, with the generosity of their kind, the full hospitality of their encampment. We accepted an invitation to dinner that evening, and there was no doubt the wives of these men knew how to cook. The meal was plain but delectable stewed marrow bones, stamped mealies, pumpkin rusks and black coffee.

We were not backward in asking for second helpings and did full justice to the excellent cooking of the Strydom wives.

The brothers produced for us from one of the wagons the tusks of the elephant they had shot. The pair together weighed 74 lb. Conversation veered to the place of men and animals in God's world. With simple biblical faith they pointed out that God had put animal in the world for the benefit of men. Why then should the government impose restrictions on the hunting of game? Friendly argument on these lines continued far into the night but the Strydoms were unshakeable in their convictions. Suddenly I asked them which one it was who had tried to shoot me near the Shangani.

There was silence for several seconds and I saw the glances that passed between them. It was one of these men, I am still convinced, who fired at me, but this was never proved.

I also believe that the shot was intended as a warning, or I would not be telling this story today, for the skill of these men with their rifles was almost unbelievable. They asked permission to shoot some fresh meat to leave with their wives before coming back with us to Bulawayo. This was granted, provided I accompany them. I have never, repeat never, seen shooting like these fellow could. If a reedbuck jumped up, it was down and dead within seconds. Of the four reedbuck shot before nine o'clock in the morning, there was not one that was not cleanly killed with the first shot. On our way back to the wagons, a steinbuck jumped up, ran for some distance and vanished near a small tree. The brothers told me that if it jumped up again the three of them would fire and I would find three bullet holes in the carcase. Sure enough, when the little animal made his appearance, three .303 rifles cracked and the little buck turned over. There were six holes in its body when I examined it – three where the bullets had entered and three exits.

I had expressed admiration of their shooting and the brothers enjoyed displaying their skill. A kingfisher, in flight, hovered momentarily in preparation for its dive to the waters of a stream, and was brought down with a single shot. Imagine, with a .303.

Next morning we started on our long trek back to Bulawayo. The Strydoms were mounted on donkeys, so progress was slow. When the donkeys became tired the Strydoms would walk for long distances to rest them. These men were certainly fit. The journey was uneventful. The Strydoms gave us no trouble; they were helpful and full of humour.

The brothers appeared in court before Magistrate Carey. Sergeant Killon was prosecuting, with H. J. Sonnenberg for the defence. The latter put all his skill into their case but without success. They were heavily fined – so heavily that one told me afterwards that they would have to sell a wagon to meet the cost.

An interesting point arose in the course of the trial. I had mentioned to Captain Vernon New (in command of the town police, Bulawayo) that I was determined to "get" the hunters, especially as (as I had thought then) that one of them had tried to kill me. Over a drink at the Grand Hotel, Captain New had mentioned my determination to Sonnenberg. The latter brought this up during the trial in an attempt to prove prejudice on my part against the Strydoms. In cross-examination he asked me whether I had in fact made this remark to Captain New. The magistrate turned to me and said, "You need not answer that question. Your conversation with your superior officer in the course of duty is privileged and need not be divulged."

J. W. Downie and Dr D. M. Blair – notes and recollections about two outstanding Scotsmen

by R. D. D. Blair

(This is the text of a talk given to members of the History Society of Zimbabwe by Mr R. D. D. Blair on his grandfather and father respectively on 25 January 2006.)

Much of this talk was prepared in May 2005 and given to the annual tea party outing of the Pioneer Society. I know that some of my grandfather's and father papers are deposited at National Archives, and my father made a return in early 1974 to a questionnaire from one John McCarthy. However this talk is not based on hard fact and research, but on what I have been able to find at home, from obituaries, on a transcript of my father's recollections and on my memories. My sister Jean and her husband Chris are here tonight having flown out from Paris especially for this talk and to learn something of the family history – the lengths and excuses some people will go to just to escape a European winter! Maybe Jean's memory will be jogged as she listens and she can add something at the end. There are also several people here who knew my grandparents and father and mother and one in particular whom I would like to acknowledge is Vic Clarke – former Director of Blair Research and a great friend of my father who may also have something to add on my father's scientific contribution.

I confess to feeling a bit of a fraud as although I am proud of what my grandfather and father achieved, I am not sure it is really any different from the contributions which the forebears of most of you here made to Rhodesia's development. To some extent this evening will be very politically incorrect – something of a celebration of colonialism.

This talk then is about two Scotsmen who made Rhodesia their home: my maternal grandfather, John Wallace Downie, who was what we would now call a Chef of his time (hopefully without the connotations attached to that term in present day Zimbabwe) who died before I was born, and my father, Dyson Milroy Blair, who was a medical doctor and scientist.

J. W. DOWNIE

John Wallace Downie was born in Glasgow, Scotland on 28 Dec. 1876. His father, Christopher Downie, was a railway guard and station master. I am not sure how many brothers and sisters he had, but although there is some evidence from an old will that there may have been several, I only know of one – a brother, Christopher, 2 years younger, who also came to Rhodesia. Maybe further research will one day produce interesting revelations such as Peter Godwin discovered about his family and wrote so well about in *When a Crocodile Eats the Sun*. Young Christopher Downie died in a mining accident at Planet Mine, Arcturus in 1915 and his grand-daughter is Ann Hart (Lomagundi farmers amongst you will remember Frank and Anne farming at Banket and their prize charolais herd). Ann now lives in Cape Town.

John Wallace Downie

My grandfather went to Gartsherrie Academy in Glasgow, but left at an early age as he joined Caledonian Railway in 1890 at age 14. Obviously he did not have a great formal education, but according to the tribute by Kennedy Grant (the famous Presbyterian Minister) at his funeral service

> he used to the full his very real native ability and forged for himself a place among the makers of the Colony. By reading, travel and human contacts he had stored his mind richly so that he was able to see the country's domestic problems in the light of the larger problems of the world.

He came out to South Africa in 1897 as a 21 year old and joined the Rhodesia section of the Cape Government Railways. I am not sure when he came to Bulawayo in Rhodesia, but it may have been in 1897. He worked on the railways until 1902, and I am almost certain he was in Bulawayo in 1902. I have photographs of Rhodes' funeral, and the building of Victoria Falls Bridge, and think he may have watched the construction of the bridge. He went into business in 1902, and operated in Bulawayo, Salisbury and Beira. The business, Cotton and Downie, was perhaps involved in import/export.

He married Clara Carroll in Bulawayo in July 1910. Clara was the daughter of George Carrol, who came to SA in 1880, and to Bulawayo in 1898 to open the first Cuthbert's Shoe Store in Rhodesia. By 1902 he had built a house at 16 Main St. John and Clara moved to Salisbury to the first stand comprising the property, Bonnington (then in Cape

Ave, which became Montague, and is now Josiah Chinamano) on which we still live. It was registered into my grandmother's name on 20 July 1910, the date they were married, so I assume it was a wedding present (lobola). My mother was born in March 1912 in the original house on Bonnington (as was I). She had a very good business brain, and was the main preserver of what wealth her father had accumulated. My uncle Robert was born in May 1918 in Bulawayo. He went to school at PE, and Fettes College in Edinburgh (Tony Blair's school). After this he worked at Farmers Co-Op before joining the army in 1940. He died in Feb. 1944 when the troop ship carrying him to Singapore/Malaysia was torpedoed in the Indian Ocean.

John Wallace Downie seems to have run Cotton & Downie until 1919. One thing he did was operate as a Broker (except in diamonds) in 1911- whatever that meant – having purchased a licence from the BSA Co for £10 a year. Then he became General Manager of Farmers Co-Op from 1920-24.

By then he was involved in politics. He joined the Rhodesia Party and was heavily involved in the campaign for Responsible Government rather than union with South Africa, and the Rhodesia party won the 1922 Referendum on that issue. He was an MP in the first Parliament after the General Election in 1923, and was in Sir Charles Coghlan's First Cabinet after Responsible Government in 1923. He was an MP from 1923 to 1930 (I am not sure which constituency he represented initially, but by 1930 he was the MP for Mazoe) and was a Cabinet Minister most of that time as Colonial Secretary, Minister of Agriculture and Minister of Mines and Public Works. He was Chairman of the Rhodesia Party from 1923-25. He was a delegate to the Rhodesia Railways negotiations in London in 1926, was Special Commissioner for the Tobacco Investigation in the UK in 1928, and was a delegate to the SA/ Rhodesia Customs Conferences in 1929 and 1930. In 1929 he was awarded the CMG.

In 1930 he succeeded Sir Francis Newton as SR High Commissioner to London. By this time Moffat was Premier having succeeded Coghlan after his death in 1927. In making the announcement that he was to be the next High Commissioner Moffat spoke as follows:

> I would like to say how greatly Mr Downie will be missed in the councils of the Government. His sound business knowledge and his common sense point of view have been of the greatest assistance to the Government and the only reason – and it is a matter which naturally gave me a great deal of thought – why I decided on him for the appointment was that the position in London was of such very great importance and would require for it our very best man.

In a newspaper editorial on the rumour that he was to be the new High Commissioner the comment was that he was the right man for the job because he would be able to act as a trade commissioner and help develop the economy. Against that was

> his value as a cabinet member and his virile personality, critical and constructive in his analysis of any question, thoroughly Rhodesian in his political outlook and courageous enough to take up an unpopular attitude when he considers the Colony's welfare demands it. Mr Downie holds a place in the political life of Rhodesia entirely his own.

During his time as High Commissioner, one of the big issues was that of mineral rights in Rhodesia. In November 1932 the British Government told Downie that they believed

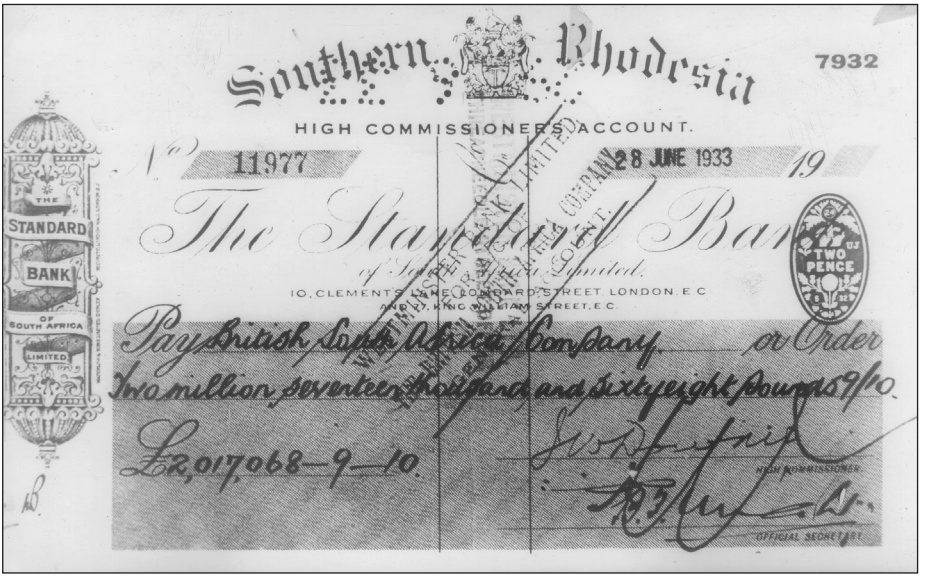
1st Session of 1st Parliament of Southern Rhodesia.
Back Row: R. D. Gilchrist, J. L. Martin, C. E. Gilfillan, G. M. Huggins, J. Murdoch-Eaton, J. Cowden, L. K. Robinson, H. R. Barbour, E. Edwards (Hansard), V. S. Lewis (Hansard) A. Drew (Clerk of Papers), R. W. Hawtin (Hansard)
Middle Row: C. C. D. Ferris (Asst. Clerk), Lieut. Col. D. C. D. Munro, Col. C. F. Birney, Lieut. Col. O. C. Du Port, A. R. Thomson, G. F. Elcombe, J. G. Jearey (Clerk), Major W. J. Boggie, Capt. H. Bertin, F. L. Hadfield, Max Danziger, R. A. Fletcher,
Front Row: Sir Ernest W. S. Montagu, Hon. W. M. Leggate, Hon. H. U. Moffat, Hon. P. D. L. Fynn, Hon. Sir Charles P. J. Coghlan, Hon. L. Cripps (Speaker), Hon. Sir Francis Newton, Major the Hon. R. J. Hudson, C. Eickhoff (Deputy Speaker), Mrs E. Tawse Jollie, J. W. Downie
Insets: Left: J. P. Richardson Right: F. P. Mennell

mineral rights vested in the BSA Company. Moffat decided this wasn't worth contesting in court, and decided to buy the BSA Co. out for £2 million. My grandfather signed the cheque. He was also a member of the Imperial Economic Committee and served as an adviser to Rhodesian Ministers at the Imperial Economic Conference in Ottawa in 1932 (whilst still High Commissioner). I have also found a newspaper report of a speech he gave whilst High Commissioner encouraging British film producers to go and make films in Rhodesia to take advantage of "its wonderful natural scenery, delightful climate, perfect light and romantic history". Apparently there was a film producer, Geoffrey Barkas, in Rhodesia at the time making a film on Rhodes, but Downie was encouraging the British film industry to find a producer of genius to make a picture on the mysterious ruins at Great Zimbabwe that inspired Rider Haggard's delightful romances.

During the Rhodesia Party feuding Downie backed Moffat, and according to Blake's *History of Rhodesia*, persuaded Moffat to fight it out for leadership of the Party. In the end Moffat resigned in favour of George Mitchell, and the Rhodesia Party lost the 1933 election to Huggins' Reform Party.

At the end of his tour of duty as High Commissioner in 1934, he retired and travelled extensively, to Argentina and Brazil in 1934, Canada and the USA in 1935, and New Zealand and Australia between 1936-37, generally accompanied by grandmother and mother, as family photographs show.

Stepping back in time, in the mid 1920s Downie had bought land in Willowvale and operated it as a farm called Midlothian (a Scottish name whose connection to the Downies I am not clear about). It seems it was originally transferred in 1913, and may have been bought in either 1920 or 1925 by a syndicate of Downie and some friends, as it was known as Midlothian Syndicate, but it was transferred entirely into his name in January 1928. He appears to have tried to develop the farm and become something of a farmer on his return



The Mineral Rights payment cheque

from London in 1934. The farm remained in the family, passing to my mother, and then on her death in 1977 to me and my sister, until in 1990 it was expropriated for high density housing (part of Budiriro). We have many memories of happy times there, particularly during the 1950s when we spent school holidays there, herding mombies to dip, driving tractors, learning to drive a car, playing cricket on a pitch we prepared, building tree houses, and wandering around in what was then bush.

After returning from London Downie was also involved in the Salisbury Show Society,

Early days of commercial flights

and was its President for some time. In addition, he became Chairman of Rhodesia and Nyasaland Airways, the precursor of Central African Airways. During World War II he served as Controller of Supplies from 1939 until his death in August 1940.

Downie had a great interest in education, especially Prince Edward School, and endowed the Chris Downie Scholarship in memory of his brother. He bequeathed money to both Prince Edward and Girls High schools in his Will. He was also a very committed Presbyterian, and donated the Church organ and stained glass windows to what is now City Presbyterian Church. Through his Will a portion of land at Midlothian farm was bequeathed to the British Empire Servicemen's League to form the John and Robert Downie Memorial Village.

It seems most of the great and good were present at his funeral service. Kennedy Grant's eulogy reports that he always retained

> his own rugged, individual outlook on life and men. He was not one to take his views from others without thought, nor would he change his views according to shifting public fancy.

He seems to have been a bluff, loyal, dependable sort of person. Another passage in Kennedy Grant's eulogy will make some of you who know me (especially my wife Mary) see where I may have got some of my traits -

> he had no time for slack and untidy workers and was himself a model of

> orderliness and discipline. He drove himself and did others the compliment of expecting them to keep pace with him.

I am not sure my wife would see it quite like that!

Kennedy Grant's eulogy stated that

> it was his heart's desire that he might achieve something of permanent worth in the life of the land he loved.

I guess he did that. He seems to have been a pretty successful businessman, politician, public servant and diplomat and played a key role in the development of agriculture and mining in the 1920s and 1930s. One of that emerging breed of what might be called Rhodesian nationalists, but with very strong ties and commitment to Britain. I am a total cynic and instinctively distrust all politicians (not just Zimbabwean politicians), but there is one story which has always stuck in my mind which I think points to my grandfather having been an honest politician. When my father (whom we are coming to shortly) was Federal Secretary for Health, one of his Ministers was Bennie Goldberg who had a farm in Mutare. Goldberg used to travel back to his farm in his chauffeur driven Government car most weekends and I remember how incensed this made my mother – she felt there was no way he should be using his Government issue vehicle for a trip back to his private farm, and she used to say that would never have happened in her father's day! It is difficult to see how permanent my grandfather's contributions (particularly to the development of agriculture and mining) might be these days. Perhaps the only "permanent" memorials are the windows and organ in the Presbyterian Church, as well as Downie Avenue in Alexandra Park.

My grandmother Clara seems to have been a very supportive wife, and went with him everywhere. I remember her as a kindly, caring lady who very sensibly doted on me! She ran a very open house, and there were always lots of relatives and friends staying. Her home was the first base for several early Presbyterian ministers – including Horace Thomas. She lived there at Bonnington until her death in October 1964. Both John and Clara Downie are buried in the Pioneer Cemetery.

DR. DYSON MILROY BLAIR

My father was born in Suva, Fiji, in September 1907. His father, also Dyson, was born in Girvan, Scotland, in March 1874, and worked as a surveyor in Colonial Service all his life, in Ceylon from 1891–1906, Fiji 1906–1920 (where he became Commissioner of Land), and then in Uganda from 1920–1929, where he was Director of Lands, Surveys and Mines. He died in Kirkcowan, Scotland in October 1929. An interesting outcome of Dyson senior's Colonial service and my father's birth in Fiji was that I had to prove in recent years that I had no right to Fijian citizenship so as to retain my Zimbabwean citizenship! My father's mother, Jeannie was a Milroy, a family with a long history of wool milling in Kirkcowan (their mill is still there, though it hasn't worked for decades). She was born in Kirkcowan in December 1877, and married Dyson there in May 1900. She came out to Rhodesia in the 1930s, lived here until her death in 1956, and was buried in the Pioneer Cemetery. My father's only brother, Willie, was born in Fiji in 1910, and came out to Rhodesia at father's urging. He lived his whole life here, and was a chemist at Rhodesian Milling Co. for much of his career. He died in 1996. His daughter Ilona and granddaughter Belinda are here tonight.

Father started school in Fiji at Suva Boys Grammar School, but was then sent to school

Dr Dyson Milroy Blair

in Scotland, to the Dollar Academy, in about 1919. It was a lonely boyhood and he rarely saw his parents, but school holidays were spent with the Milroys and cousins in Kirkcowan. During this time he had a severe bout of rheumatic fever which had permanent consequences for his health and was the start of his poor eyesight. From the Academy, he went on to Edinburgh University to study medicine. Amongst his contemporaries at Edinburgh were several doctors who subsequently contributed significantly to the development of medicine in Rhodesia: Melville Arnot (instrumental in the link between Birmingham University and UR Medical School), Bert Honey, Bill Murray, Jimmie and Olive Robertson and Don Rittey. He graduated in 1930 and, after his housemanship at the Royal Infirmary in Edinburgh and a few locums, he went to visit Uganda and South Africa. He was stranded in Cape Town during the 1931 economic crisis when he was on his way back to Scotland and happened to hear about prospects in Rhodesia. He was interviewed in Cape Town by a Dr Askins, Rhodesia's second Medical Director, and came here by train in December 1931, aged 24, to

take up a position as an Assistant and Relieving GMO in Shamva for 3 months. He stayed for the rest of his life, and stated that he liked the country from the moment he arrived, and was particularly attracted by the practically limitless scope of medical work in those days

As a young bachelor he was used as a locum for others and got around the country – to Bulawayo, Shamva, Enkeldoorn, Gwelo, Gatooma, Plumtree and Sinoia. Sinoia was his main base, and he lived in the Sinoia Hotel for £10 a month all found (this was apparently one fifth of his salary). He got to know many people there, and made life long friends, such as Bill Lovell of Lovell's garage in Banket, many of whom I also knew. (As an aside, Bill Lovell's son, Dyson, who was named after my father, went on to work in Hollywood, assisting the famous director, Franco Zefferelli.) It was also during this time that he met, literally on the road in 1933, one of his great friends, Richard Morris, who became the first Federal Secretary for Health. His daughter was Ann Gibson, whom many in the History Society will have known. The fun filled social life in Sinoia centred, it seems, on picnics around the Hunyani River. The camaraderie of those days is evident from the many photographs, long lasting friendships, and his colourful reminiscences of Sinoia life, field trips and locum experiences. (*Editor's note*: – See brief selection of reminiscences at the end.)

At this time his interest in tropical diseases developed, starting him on his bilharzia, malaria and trypanosomiasis research. In 1934 and 1935 he did extensive trips through the Zambezi Valley on two trypanosomiasis surveys and, in response to a plague scare, a rodent survey in Matabeleland and the Lowveld. From what I gather, they were based somewhere near a place called Sessami, just north of Gokwe, and from there they walked all the way down the Ume River and then across to the Zambesi at Sampakaruma. The latter is now an island in the Zambesi, near Kariba. On the trypanosomiasis surveys he was accompanied by a BSAP officer, Eric Thompson, who wrote up his memories of those surveys in the 1995, 1996 and 1997 editions of Heritage. During these surveys he took several thousand blood slides and, according to Richard Morris,

> the examination of them demonstrated for the first time in Rhodesia the presence of chronic carriers of *trypansoma Rhodesiense* as the reservoirs of infection of *Glossina morsitans* (the tsetse fly).

This marked the end of his clinical work (much to his regret), and he was appointed Field Research Officer, starting his life long research on bilharzia. In 1937 he went to the UK on study leave and gained the Diploma in Public Health at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine. On his return he worked at what I think was called the Pasteur Institute, but was later to become the Blair Research Laboratory, and also in Rusape, Fort Victoria, Filabusi and Ndanga as Field Officer (the precursor to Provincial Medical Officer).

When World War II began he was assigned to the Royal Army Medical Corp at a camp on the Mediterranean coast in Egypt. He was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel in charge of the School of Hygiene in Haifa (Palestine) and then Italy. He was awarded the OBE for his wartime service, the citation stating:

> Intensely keen, hard-working and an excellent tutor, this officer has undoubtedly been greatly responsible, both in the Western Desert and through his work at the Hygiene School, in inculcating the "hygiene"spirit throughout the Middle East. His work has been and is outstanding; his keenness and enthusiasm unbounded. Never sparing himself, available for advice to all ranks at all times, ready to investigate any new idea or design, his work has

> been greatly responsible for the cutting down of fly borne and lice borne diseases among forces in the whole of the Middle east, and for the extremely low daily sick rate due to these diseases.

He was succeeded by Mark Webster, who of course became another Secretary for Health.

He married my mother in February 1944. I was born in January 1946 and my sister in October 1947. We lived at No. 1 Downie Ave, before joining my grandmother, Clara Downie, at Bonnington around 1960.

After the war Dyson was assigned to Medical Headquarters here, and, when it became the Ministry of Health in 1948, he became Director Preventive Services, at the same time continuing with field work and research. My father's wartime experience perhaps sowed the seeds of his belief in hygiene and sanitation as being central to the prevention of disease. When he was assigned to Medical Headquarters he was able to bring this to fruition. He set up the school for African Hygiene Assistants at Domboshawa, whose diplomates went on to play an important role in promoting health in rural areas. According to Richard Morris the programme was totally designed by Dyson.

Michael Gelfand's book *Service to the sick: a history of the health services for Africans in Southern Rhodesia (1890-1953)* describes the formation of this programme:

> there was a pressing need in African areas for demonstrators in the prevention of disease and promotion of public health measures. Accordingly a course for such men was planned by Dr D. M. Blair. They were to be taught and sent out into the tribal trust lands to carry out certain preventive measures, such as vaccination and the treatment of rivers with copper sulphate. People were to be taught the value of hygienic living, how to attain it and methods of improving their sanitation. These demonstrators were not to be merely teachers but to show how these measures could be done in a practical way. (p. 144)

Albert Burgan, a sanitary inspector, formerly of the Army School of Hygiene at Aldershot, ran the course which consisted of practical skills such as carpentry (making fly traps, lids for latrines), building (for building bathrooms, toilets, lining pit latrines, protecting wells), and preventive medicine. The students learnt that

> whenever a preventable disease occurred, something was wrong... with the living conditions of the patient or the community... [and] It was their responsibility to find out exactly what was wrong and... to put it right and thus protect the community from another outbreak of the same disease. (*ibid.*, p. 145).

In later years medical students at UR were also sent out to learn how to dig pit latrines as part of their community medicine course – the influence of my father and Fraser Ross. It is quite apt that, years later, the ventilated improved pit latrine developed by Peter Morgan at the Blair Research Laboratory became known as the Blair toilet! It was of course named after the Laboratory, not my father, and should perhaps have been named the "Morgan Toilet."

One trainee, Kaswa Tunganga, recorded his memories. He had initially trained as a builder at Domboshawa Industrial School because he

> considered it to be the quickest way to make a fortune. My plans changed... when Dr D. M. Blair... introduced the Hygiene Demonstrators' Course...

> at Domboshawa... [and] outlined the work which would be done... "Boys with Building Training would be useful to the country in the new role", he added. My desire to make a quick fortune was outweighed by the ambition of wanting to help in the health field.

He rounds off his recollections:

> Health Assistants are accepted and respected members of their areas. Working together with field workers of other Ministries, their contribution towards the progress of the people and the country is invaluable. (Ibid, p 146–148).

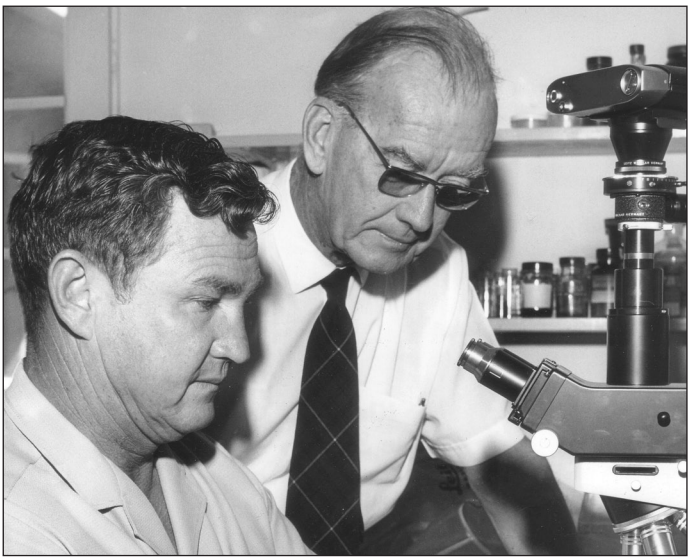
We often went out to Domboshawa as kids as Alfred Burgan became a great family friend.

Dyson also worked with Jock Alves (the best man at Dyson and Isa's wedding and, among other things, a one time Salisbury City Councillor) on field work which resulted in the prevention of malaria and blackwater fever in the Mazoe valley. He was awarded the MD by Edinburgh University in 1950 for his work on Malaria. His work on bilharzia, as demonstrated in a whole series of publications, was recognized internationally and he was appointed by the WHO to the Expert Committee on bilharzia. He often served as Chairman to this Expert Committee and attended many conferences (Puerto Rico, Washington, Geneva, Canada) in the 1950s and 1960s as we were growing up. He worked on the first oral treatments for bilharzia with a group which included Fraser Ross, another Scot who became a life long friend (Fraser married a close friend of my mother, was the Director of Harare and Mpilo Hospitals, and became Dean of Medicine at UR – I am still in touch with him and his wife Joan in Cape Town).

In 1953 we spent 9 months living in UK while father did a course in Medical Statistics at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine. On his return in 1953 he was appointed Director Medical Services, Southern Rhodesia and in 1958 (at age 51) succeeded his great friend Richard Morris as Federal Secretary for Health. He always felt one of his greatest achievements at the time was his help in getting the Medical School established at the University of Rhodesia. Many of the people instrumental in setting up the Medical School had been class mates at Edinburgh. In 1964 he was awarded the CMG for service to medicine in Rhodesia.

In 1964, following the break-up of the Federation, he retired (aged 57) upon the abolition of office, rather than join the Southern Rhodesia Ministry. He spent the rest of his life as Honorary Research Officer at Blair Research Laboratory, and described these as the happiest days of his life, as he loved practical down to earth investigations and the field work. I remember once driving him out to Chipoli in Shamva where he examined hundreds of workers on the citrus estate. During this time Vic Clarke was Director of the Laboratory, and they worked together on several of the over 20 papers my father had published, mostly on bilharzia. He saved many people in the armed forces who contracted bilharzia or malaria during the 1970s war. His particular interest was on the type of bilharzia that goes straight to the brain.

The University of Rhodesia awarded him an Honorary DSC in 1977 for scientific contributions and his work in establishing Medical School. I was proud to be with him on that day. He was also very involved in the Rhodesia Scientific Association, and became one of the few Honorary Fellows. One of his great friends was Mike Gelfand, who survived on a few hours sleep a night and did not really know what time was. Many late night phone



Drs Dyson Blair and Vic Clarke at work

calls from Mike disturbed our house when he phoned Dyson to discuss some medical matter he was engrossed in. On other occasions he would pop into the house for a quick discussion, and several hours later would leap to his feet when he remembered that he had left his mother in the car at our gate! Dyson also gave part time lectures to students in the Department of Community Medicine. During the 1970s he suffered from failing eyesight and his physical health deteriorated, but he remained active right to the end, walking over to the Blair Research Laboratory almost to the day he died in May 1978. My mother died a year earlier in March 1977.

An interesting insight into my father's thinking on the development of medicine in Rhodesia comes from his foreword to Michael Gelfand's *Service to the sick: a history of the health services for Africans in Southern Rhodesia (1890-1953)*. He pointed out that in its 60 formative years, the health and medical services of Southern Rhodesia had only four Medical Directors: Drs Fleming, Askins, Martin and Morris.

> Dr. Fleming's long service confirmed that feeling of continuity of thought and effort – an essential quality in developing a health and medical service from nothing. His successors also had to face big problems in charting the development of the service and building up a well-trained corps of men and women – many of them trained in Southern Rhodesia and financed within the resources of the country itself... The Medical Directors set their priorities as these presented themselves, and as they held office for long periods they had to live with and correct mistakes in their plans.
>
> This is a very different pattern from the state of affairs in the Colonial Medical and Nursing Service in the British colonies where staff were transferred from one colony to another by London, and which resulted in a lack of continuity of service in any one place: the officers concerned had little incentive to take a deep interest in any advance because it was unlikely that they would be

> able to see or scheme for a successful conclusion. Sir Roy Welensky put the situation neatly – "In the British colonies people go home every 30 months, in Rhodesia they go home each night".

A lovely story in the book from one of the doctors who joined the service the same year as my father illustrates this difference rather aptly. Dr Minto Strover refers to the use of blood transfusions for patients with Blackwater fever. Blood typing was still rudimentary, referred to as Groups 1 to 4, but group 4 (the universal donor type) was the only type used in the bush. Blood from a donor went into a sterilised whiskey bottle with a chemical additive, was kept at body temperature with the bottle popped between the nurse's breasts on the 40 odd km trip and then, with the bottle hung from a picture rail, was transfused into the patient. Strover wrote:

> Many cases were saved from death by this method which was a great credit to Bill Blackie's interest and research. He told me an interesting but alarming story – he had been discussing blood transfusion with a doctor from Northern Rhodesia and had asked him whether he had tried this therapy for blackwater cases. His reply was "Yes, but it's useless – they all die". Blackie then asked him... whether he grouped the blood. The reply came "Of course not. What do you mean? We just took the blood from any willing donor and gave it to the patient!" (ibid. p. 61-62).

My father was a very humble man, and never sought recognition or praise. He loved this country, and was a very conscientious and wonderful friend. Although for much of his life and through his senior appointments he was a medical administrator/ high level manager whose work consolidated that of his predecessors in developing the relatively advanced and widespread health infrastructure that the constituent countries of the Federation inherited, and which gave them such a good start, I think at heart he was really more a scholar and scientist. His paper on the plague survey in 1935 was not published, but throughout his career he published his research extensively, with his first published paper "Infections with *Plasmodium ovale"* being published in 1938, and further publications coming out from then on (many were published in the *Central African Journal of Medicine* which for years was edited by Gelfand). Bilharzia was a disease which fascinated him and was the subject of most of his research and publications. He was meticulous and paid a great deal of attention to detail – a real example to many researchers.

He was also a liberal, humanitarian sort of person. In response to a question in John McCarthy's survey about the ideals and aims of Rhodesians before World War II he didn't really answer the question but wrote:

> After the hard times of the depression of the early 30s there was a great desire to see the country prosper and its economy built on a sound basis. However, the spirit of comradeship and helpfulness of the depression days was gradually replaced by a more selfish attitude towards others.

He found things in 1970s Rhodesia very difficult and against his conscience, and in another response to John's questionnaire said that very little of the ideals and aims of Rhodesia's pioneers lived on in the present introspective self-satisfied Rhodesian white society. He was a very committed Presbyterian who served for many years as an elder at the City Presbyterian Church.

In addition to the above heritage, and from a personal point of view, these two Scotsmen

– J. W. Downie, my grandfather, and Dr D. M. Blair, my father – left me a lasting heritage which I enumerate as follows: -

1. One of the most enjoyable things my father left to his family was Glenhead, his holiday property at Nyanga. He and two friends, John Bowles, who became Federal Ambassador to Washington, and Arthur Pendred (whose daughter is Richard Wood's wife), bought three adjoining properties in 1941. Arthur Pendred was apparently the first to get a stone cottage built, but then decided things were getting too civilized around that part of Nyanga and moved off to way beyond what is now Troutbeck Hotel, so my father bought Pendred's piece of land and joined it to his bit, which had only got as far as a terrace being levelled for a house to be built. I still have Glenhead, and we escape to it regularly.
2. My father and grandfather left a fine Africana library which I have tried to maintain. I had the great privilege of growing up reading Livingstone and Selous in the original editions.
3. The Harare property, Bonnington (named after a place in south east Scotland – but I have not as yet worked out the connection to the Downies), on which my mother and I were born, is still in the family, and my wife and I live there. I have a very real sentimental ambition to be living there still in July 2010 (just a few years to go now) as it must be quite unusual for members of a white Zimbabwean family to have lived on the same property for 100 years. If I succeed there will be the mother of all parties!
4. Finally, my grandfather somehow acquired P.O. Box 1, Salisbury (now Harare), and we still have it!!

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EXCERPTS FROM REMINISCENCES WRITTEN BY DR DYSON BLAIR

ASPECTS OF LIFE IN SINOIA

A friendly community

Sinoia was my main base from 1932 to 1936... Sinoia in those days was quite small but a very friendly place. There were a lot of quite old people and also quite a number of young people of my own age. Chaps in the Railways, the Post Office, Police, the young clerks in the Native Department, the young assistants on the Citrus Estate and so on, and we had quite a nice little community of young people to play tennis, go for picnics which was a great thing in Sinoia in those days. The nurses who were posted to Sinoia had a very good time. The work was interesting and in their off duty.. There was never any shortage of invitations by farmers and their wives for a nurse to come and spend their nights off on their farms... they rode the horses, walked round the farm, ate, slept when they wanted to and so on... Whenever we got a new nurse promptly there was a party and all the young

Bogged at Frog's Spruit on the Hunyani River

Picnic at the Citrus Estate Swimming Pool with Ford, Teasdale and Watkins families (1935)

people available were invited along including, of course, all the members of the Police. Thus the available talent was looked over.

This very friendly atmosphere in Sinoia showed itself in a number of other ways. For example... the mail from Great Britain used to arrive on the train on Thursday afternoon about 5.30 [and]... could be heard chugging up the hill from the Hunyani Bridge for... about half an hour before it reached the station. The staff at the Post Office... could not sort a very large volume of mail, including all the British newspapers, magazines and so on in the time to meet the impatience of the farmers who were there to pick up their mail. So a lot of the younger people, including myself, the Police chaps and anybody who was off duty, the clerks in the Native Department, used to turn to and sort mail. It was also a good chance to meet a lot of the farmers who came in. In those days the farmer from one road would come in and collect the mail for a whole number of his neighbours and deliver it on his way home. This sort of "I'll do for you what you'd do for me in similar circumstances" was the saving grace in living in what otherwise might have been a very narrow-minded small introverted town.

Telephones

[At night the telephone] branch party lines which came into the Post Office at Sinoia were all plugged through separately onto a switch board at the Police Camp where there was a man always on duty. The Black Watch (the African constable he would be called nowadays) on duty would plug through people from one party line to... another party line so that you had all your calls free once the Post Office staff left... people... naturally kept all this conversation until the time when they didn't have to pay for it. They could, by asking the Black Watch to plug them through to another party line, chat to their friends perhaps 40 to 60 miles away. If anyone on the party line was ill at night... the Black Watch had to send someone over to my room at the hotel and from there I would scurry across what is now the Sinoia Public Garden to the Police Camp and deal with the call. It was an unwritten rule that telephone consultations and advice were not charged for, but I often thought, on a cold winter night or when it was pouring cats and dogs, that a charge was well required, and earned.

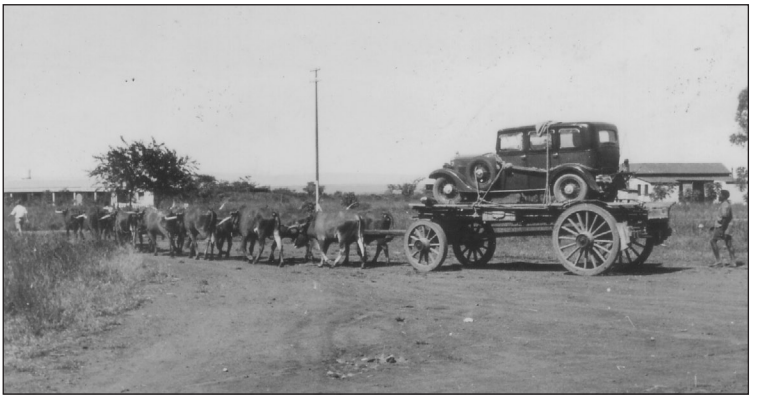
Church

Another social event was the Church service on Sunday evenings... in a tiny little church... where a congregation of 20... would crowd the place out. There was an old harmonium there and it was played invariably by Bill Lovell who ran a garage at Banket but came over at night in his car from Banket to Sinoia to play the harmonium for the church. His mother had done it in her day for I don't know how many years so there was a great tradition in the Lovell family in playing the instrument... for all the congregations at Sinoia.

The usual routine was that at the end of the church service at night, all the congregation... were invited over to the Nurses home for tea and this was a very great occasion. Everybody came over and there was a great chat and talk and the minister got plenty of opportunity of finding out about what was going on in the district.

Community Picnics

Another feature of life in Sinoia was the picnics which were usually organised by the nursing staff at the hospital who themselves had no vehicles but soon saw that everybody



A 1930s tow-truck approaches Lovell's Garage

who had a car was employed on Sunday afternoon in carrying a very sumptuous picnic to a particular place on the river. A favourite spot was Frog Spruit about 5 miles south of Sinoia on the banks of the Hunyani River where there was a delightful glade with grass and shady trees where we used to lie and cook a kettle, have tea, cake and scones and all sorts of goodies made by the nurses. To this was invited any new people who came to Sinoia so that nobody ever felt left out of anything.

Tale of a coffin

The provision of certain services at Sinoia was quite difficult because it was a small community... The provision of coffins... was carried out by an old chap who I think was a bookkeeper and general odd jobs man... These [were knock-down] coffins... made of wood, any wood which could be got... He didn't make a coffin on demand, he very wisely made a selection of coffins... of various sizes which would suit an average man, woman or child... [Soon] after I went to Sinoia I went out on a long call to a prospector about 10 miles beyond... Meyami District Headquarters... This old chap was said to be very ill indeed and the Policeman at Meyami said he thought he might even be dead before I got there. Uncle Charlie (of course this news was relayed from the Post Office to everybody) hailed me as I was leaving Sinoia in my little two-seater Ford to say would I take up a coffin.... I could see the logic, if he was going to be buried at Meyami... a coffin would be an advantage instead of just being buried in a blanket. So into the dicky seat of my car was stuck the parts of the coffin. I said to Uncle Charlie, "How do you know this coffin will fit the man I am going to see?" He said "I don't know him, I know the kind of coffin which is required for practically everybody in this district but this chap I do not know, so I am giving you one which should fit him. It will be a bit big but that's better than being too small."... When I got to the cottage, to my amazement the patient was sitting in an old chair on the verandah in a ragged dressing gown gazing out on the sunshine and a rather beautiful fruit garden... he said "Are you the doctor... I think it was silly of them to have sent for you, I knew I'd be all right once I got over my fever". He must obviously have been having malaria and had a very severe rigour... As I was getting him ready for his injection and putting him back into bed he said "What are those bits of wood in the back of the car?" So I said "Oh, that's some special wood that the Magistrate asked me to collect

at the station and bring up for him, he wanted it to make some furniture or something". I hadn't any other plausible excuse as to why I should be carrying a knocked down coffin in the back of my car to take out for him, should he require it.

A case of suspected poisoning

[One of DMB's cases was a Banket farmer whose symptoms suggested lead poisoning. After a second occurrence, DMB went to the farmer's house and questioned the wife, as the husband had said she prepared all his meals especially for him.] I said to the wife "Can we go along to the bathroom and see if there is anything there that might have poisoned your husband." There upon she took umbrage and flew into a frightful rage and said "Do you think I would allow my husband to be poisoned by something in the house?" So I said, "Well to put it bluntly I think he is being poisoned with lead". Whereupon she burst out "How did you know?" So I said... "if your husband comes into hospital again, as he will do if he is being poisoned with lead... I will take steps... and if lead is proved to have been the cause of the poisoning I will have no other recourse than to report the matter to the police and let them do the investigating." She refused to admit that she had done it herself although I was quite certain from her reactions that she had, and she did her best in the district to say that I had nearly killed her husband and if he had had a decent doctor he wouldn't have been ill at all and so on. But I knew very well that she was just covering up a guilty conscience and I am quite certain that it was a true attempt by a woman to poison her husband using lead, at one time a favourite poison for women to use when trying to do away with their husbands.

FIELD TRIP TALES FROM TRYPANOSOMIASIS AND RODENT SURVEYS

[During the Trypanosomiasis Survey and the Rodent Survey DMB covered vast sections of the country, either by car (a Ford truck) along barely discernable roads, or on foot. In 1935 he spent five months in the bush! The first year of the survey DMB and Trooper Eric Thompson covered the area of Sebungwe and Robb's Drift (on the Umniati, now Munyati, River), while Dr Jefferson and party did the north bank of the Sanyati and north Lomagundi. The second year of the survey, just DMB and Thompson did a more intensive survey of the Zambesi Valley from Walker's Drift down to Kariba and the area of Kariangwe (now Kariyangwe) and Western Sebungwe.]

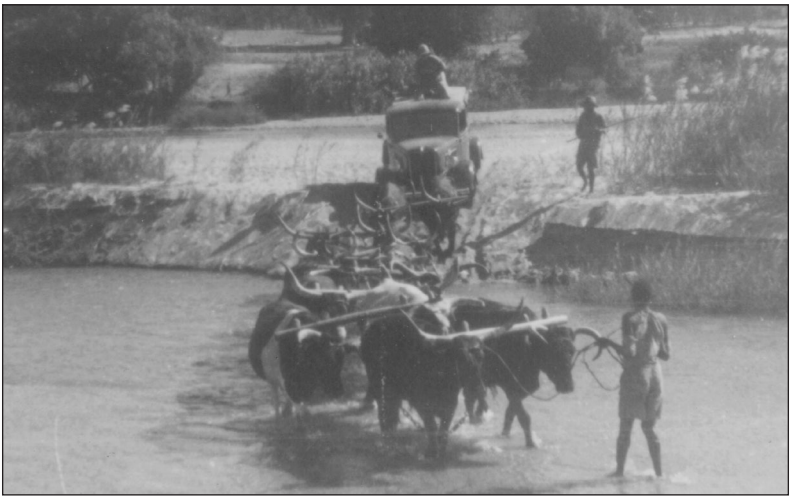
1934 Trypanasomiasis Survey.
Back: Eric Thompson, Dr Blair, Ling, Head .
Front: Simpkins and Dr Jeffares.

Trekking

The journey from Cameron's Store [on the Sessami River, below the escarpment up to Gokwe] to Kariba involved walking through very rough terrain along the course of the Umi... This involved going up and down little hills, walking in the beds of dry streams and was really quite tiring. I admired greatly the stamina of the six carriers that Eric Thompson and I had with us to carry their food and our bit of tack, and the odd bit of equipment I had... for taking blood slides on the way down.

The area from Cameron's Store to the Zambesi is practically uninhabited as far as we could see. Just the occasional small little shack probably now abandoned. When you get near the Zambesi you come through the broken country of the Mutusa Dona Mountains and

The Rat Pack, Fig Tree, 1935: Dr J. Ledger, Ferriera, Dr D. Blair, Dobell, Edwards and Gandolfo



Crossing Moodie's Drift in the V8 during the 1935 Plague Survey

then down very steep hills to the flood plain of the Zambesi. You walk across the plain and our first contact with the Zambesi River itself was at Sampa Karuma's village, and from there the walk to Kariba is very pleasant. It is along the banks of the river, usually shaded by very large stately trees and altogether a very pleasant outing indeed. So for one day of pleasant walking we had two days of pretty tough walking.

Coal outcrop

One night in the Umi River area we could not find a level place to make our camp... and [so] we camped down on the sand of the bed of this river. It was quite deeply cut in, a nice white sand bed and we settled down for the night and made a little fire, the carriers sleeping round one side of the fire and Eric Thompson and I sleeping in the sand opposite them. I was interested to see a band of what appeared to be very black stone on the side of the river cutting and found that this was very like coal. So, with the aid of one of the spear diggers which the carriers had, we cut out some of this and managed to dislodge three or four quite big blocks. We put them on the fire and I was amazed to find that this was in fact a coal seam about three foot thick which had been exposed by the river cutting into it. The Africans were amazed to see the coal burning in the fire and none of them knew, in all their walking about in this country, that this could be used as firewood.

Sinekoma's village – Yaws and cattle herding

From Siabuwa's the road became even worse if that was possible, going through very stony country... covered with boulders... anything from six inches to a foot in diameter and the road had been formed by merely clearing away the bigger boulders and making a track through this very desolate part of the escarpment. Eventually we got back down into the Zambesi plain and reached the Native Commissioner's rest huts at Sinekoma's village. The river here is really beautiful... very wide, flowing along very gently, both banks covered with large shaded trees... [There were] very big cultivated lands of sorghum back from the river bank with a very large village, one of the largest African villages I had up to then ever seen. I noticed immediately that whereas in the Sampa Karuma's village there was no evidence of yaws at all, in Sinekoma's village practically all the children and most of the women were suffering from yaws... This stirred my interest greatly because no one had told me that yaws was common in this area and I thought of it as an East... and West African disease and not occurring as far south as this. The other interesting thing is that the Tonga people living in the upper part of the valley had cattle and the people of the villages further up the river had quite large herds of cattle [and goats]. The cow herders... rode calves while going about their herd duties and it was quite an interesting sight to see a young lad of about 14 riding a calf bare backed with a little stick to hit the calf's haunches to keep it on the right track. By this means they really rode like gauchos round their parents' herds of cattle.

Gokwe and tobacco

From Cameron's Store [we] tackled the climb back up the final escarpment to the Mafungabusa plateau on which Gokwe sits. It was very interesting here to see quite large numbers of Africans, pairs of them carrying cones of native tobacco. Now this was the original area where the Mashankwe and Matonga people grew tobacco which was paid in tribute to Lobengula. As far as I could see this tobacco must have been compressed into a sort of cone

by being pounded into the ordinary mealie stamping mill – the empty log in which women with hard poles break and stamp the mealies... These cones, of length about two feet, and at the maximum base diameter about a foot, were tied up with bark rope in threes or fours between two sticks and carried on the shoulders of two carriers. And we saw several... groups of men carrying tobacco up the escarpment to Gokwe where presumably it was sold to storekeepers and was largely used by the Africans as tobacco for smoking and chewing and, of course, snuff, a very popular way of taking it, certainly in Sebungwe.

2nd Survey and the fascinating Mr Sweetman

[The rains] brought to an end... our first year of investigation of the sleeping sickness problem in Sebungwe and the Robb's Drift area.... [and] we all returned to our normal duties and I went back to Sinoia and took over the station again for the wet season with the knowledge that the new dry season I would tackle a more intensive survey of the Zambesi Valley from Walker's Drift down to Kariba and the area of Kariangwe and Western Sebungwe.

The next autumn at the end of the rains... I managed to get Trooper Eric Thompson to join me again and we got our vehicle, a Ford truck and our equipment together. At the suggestion of the Native Commissioner for Sebungwe we employed a Mr Sweetman, a European who lived in the southern part of the Sebungwe district about 35 miles from Gokwe where he had a very large family with an African wife. Sweetman was a very interesting character. [The following inserted from elsewhere in reminiscences]. He had come to Rhodesia... about 1906 and joined the Native Department and... been posted to Mrewa. [After 2 or 3 years when the DC was transferred and he was passed over for the post] Sweetman was so disappointed he just resigned and moved to the most lonely part of Rhodesia he could find at the time, which was Sebungwe. And he settled down there and really lived the life of an African rural inhabitant... not very far from Gokwe with quite well watered lands, he had several wives with his family and he was accepted by the African as a Headman in his own right.

He was very old; he must have been about 60 to 65 at this time, very well read. He carried with him to read on this trip three little books in the original Greek of poems and histories... All the males of his family enjoyed the names of Greek gods... some... had their father's strong good looks and in fact looked like brown Greek gods. Some... had gone to school at mission schools in other parts of the country but others... were living with their father under what one would call rural African conditions.

Sweetman

[At one of the villages around the Binga area] we were invited by the Headman to stay the night [and] sleep in his huts, but we said "No" we would just sleep in the open as we usually did with a fire and our carriers nearby, and he came and had a long conversation with Sweetman. So I said afterwards... to Sweetman "What did the Headman say?" and he said "Oh, the Headman was just offering his daughter for the night". I said "What!", and he said "Yes, it is the usual custom here that distinguished visitors have the services of one of the daughters of the Headman of the village." So I said "What did you say?" and he said "Oh, I said that the doctor didn't want his daughter for the night but I would do the honours". And

sure enough the old boy did! He went to the huts and spent the night there while Thompson and I slept in the open with our carriers.

[Here was an] extraordinary contrast... an old chap who could read Greek in the original with pleasure and occasionally read to us the English translations from the Greek of what he was reading, and yet lived in other respects the material life of the African population roundabout. He was a marvellous hunter and... we always had guinea fowl or a nice young impala or something to eat and the carriers would come with us without any difficulty at all as long as they knew Sweetman was with us doing the hunting.

The Binga steel boat [and an idea ahead of its time – the dream of a mobile clinic]

At Binga's we found a steel boat, a rowing boat about 18 feet long made of iron and normally poled or rowed by an African crew... Here at Binga's we also noted a very high incidence of yaws, and the idea came to me that perhaps the solution of the health of the people in [these remote areas] would perhaps be a mobile clinic operating in the dry season... working from a boat going up and down the Zambesi from Walker's drift where it was fully navigable, to work a strip down to Sampa Karuma's a little up stream from the Kariba gorge. I put this up to the Medical Director in a report but I am afraid nothing came of it because there were not enough doctors to staff the existing stations in Rhodesia at that time without taking one away for part of the year to undertake a task like this. But I still believe that a medical officer engaged on preventive medicine treating yaws, treating malaria – as practically every child had... [an enlarged] spleen- and eye disease, would be very well worthwhile indeed.

Hot Springs

From Binga we did several trips searching for sleeping sickness cases... firstly we went towards Walker's Drift and then up the Sebungwe River to Kariangwe, the old Native Department station of 1900's which was abandoned when sleeping sickness was found to be occurring... in 1911... It was very interesting to see this remnant in 1930 of a place which had been abandoned in 1912.

I was keen to walk farther east towards Sasatonka's village where much of the early 1912-13 sleeping sickness cases were found but on Sweetman's advice did not tackle this because he said that he was quite certain that there was no living population in that area. It was officially de-populated, and even in the Lubu valley where we found numbers of Africans living in little villages in the bush, collecting honey, hunting and so on, these people... were unofficial residents in the area.

We then went back down towards Binga's village by a different route and discovered some more very nice hot springs near the Mlibizi River, and we spent one whole day having a wonderful cure, bathing in these hot waters. These springs were very hot at their source and ran down a grassy little plain into the main river and you could choose your temperature for bathing by just moving up and down these little runlets. You just made yourself a little place to sit where the temperature suited you. [The other hot springs were at the old Binga, now beneath the waters of Lake Kariba]

Solar Eclipse 1934

I had my radio with me and I had discovered there would be a total eclipse of the sun

stretching across Africa. So we got up early next morning and the boat took us down to Sampa Karuma's village where we arrived about 9.00 and the carriers arrived just after. I told them to sit down and rest because the night was coming on and it was no use walking on... until the sun went out and came back out again. They thought we were quite mad and I told Sweetman not to say a word to them about this and we settled down and had a cup of tea on the bank of the river. Then at about ten to eleven I said "The sun will now go out". Of course they were too polite to laugh at me but I could hear from their comments and our best Native messenger told Sweetman that they thought we must be mad because the sun had just come up and it would not go down until six o'clock at night. However, one soon noticed that the dogs which were barking in the village... and the chickens crowing and cackling started getting quiet. Soon after that the air became still and the light started to fade and the bite into the sun was soon quite obvious and eventually the sun was completely eclipsed. The interesting thing was that although the animals all went quiet, the hens, chickens, goats and the dogs had stopped barking, the babies in the place all started making a great row, the children obviously... were afraid. We sat there in almost total darkness for about 10 minutes with only the light of the little fire... breaking the gloom and then after about 20 minutes the light slowly came back again and as soon as it was well on its way the carriers picked up their loads and we set off again to walk to Kariba.

Sailing on the Zambesi

Eric Thompson and I decided we would use a sail to go up the Zambesi as we had noticed that there was an enormous constant up river breeze on the Zambesi, so we thought that this might be sufficient to compensate for the current flowing down. We tried at Sampa Karuma's a square rigged sail from a mast from a tree just chopped down on the river bank, with a cross beam and three rubber ground sheets laced together with bark twine to form a square sail. We tried this out at Sampa Karuma's just sailing on the river much to the astonishment of the African population. My final triumph was taking the steel boat across the Zambesi to the north bank and bringing over for treatment at Sampa Karuma's village a boatload of African children and their mothers. And it was amazing to see how they got into the boat, sat down and quite happily allowed me, single-handed, to sail them back by

A mobile clinic on the Zambesi

tack across the river and then drifting into Sampa Karuma's, landing them and taking them back after their treatment.

We left Sampa Karuma's with the carriers carrying part of the load and most of the load in the boat because we decided that if this worked then the carriers would have an easy journey back to Binga. We sailed up the Zambesi to a prearranged stopping place to fit with the walking speed of the carriers, and we had a very, very pleasant and interesting journey. Sweetman and Eric Thompson fished from the boat most of the time going, and the crew of the boat sat and fished while the sail did the work and there was loud approval of this method of transportation.

LOCUM TALES

Locum for Dr James Kennedy

Ndanga Hospital... was the most simple possible construction... there was only one building... an operating room, a dispensary, consulting room and an office, all very small... All the rest of the hospital was rondavels, thatched rondavels with earth floors... James Kennedy introduced this system that he was more concerned with treating the family than the individual patient so when a patient came in with his relatives he took the lot and gave them a hut and there they cooked the food that was required for the lot of them. This of course meant that James Kennedy's units proliferated from Ndanga to I think a total of about nine or ten dotted all over the south east district of the lowveld. This meant a great expenditure on food: mealie meal, meat, salt, and vegetable bills were enormous, but his drug bill was remarkably small. He relied mainly on treatment for venereal disease which was very rife... iron tonics which he invented himself, which he had great faith in. But he relied mostly on feeding, not only the patient who was sick but all the members of his family who had come in with him. One of the duties which fell to the doctor at Ndanga was the slaughter of the... animals for beef... Now this was quite a ceremony... [attended by] all the staff [and] all the patients who could walk. I was told that I was to come up to the cattle kraal as we were getting ready to prepare the meat. I hadn't realised that the preparation of the meat meant that I should shoot the animals... I had never been so scared in all my life. My eyesight had always been poor at the best and I thought this is going to be an absolute disaster... I said "Doesn't somebody else do the shooting?" and they said no, it was always Dr Kennedy, so I had to keep up the situation that I was Dr Kennedy's locum and anything that Dr Kennedy could do I could do. So I took aim, using the top rail of the cattle kraal as a support, and shot the animal through the head, fortunately it dropped dead at the first shot. There was a loud drawing in of breath, which was much more impressive as a measure of satisfaction or awe than any shout is... I decided however that I wouldn't test my luck any further and I took jolly good steps to see that on following Saturday mornings I was elsewhere when the meat shooting had to be done...

Tale of a "corpse"

When I was doing a locum at Gwelo... [the police called] to say that the servant of a prospector along the road from Gwelo to Que Que out in the bush, had gone to a farmer... and passed on a message that his master was dead, would I please go out with the police trooper and conduct a postmortem. So I said "I'm very busy here just now, perhaps the trooper

had better go on his motorbike and I'll follow in my car and come out later."... However when I got to the turn-off on the road I found that the young trooper had balked at going on alone to inspect the dead body... We went through the bush winding about for four to five miles until we suddenly came to a little grass shelter. The car drew up, the policeman got off his bike, and I took my PM case... and walked into the hut expecting, of course, to see a corpse. The hut was bare of any furniture. It had a veld bed... four forked sticks with branches laid across and grass, and laid on top of that a blanket and pillow and another blanket over the... corpse. As I went over to feel his pulse... his eyes opened and the chap looked up and said "who the hell are you?" I said I was the doctor from Gwelo and that his cook boy had rung and said his master was very sick and I should come and see him. He said "Interfering idiot" and so on. However, I had a good look at him and discovered that... he had had a very thick night... and had consumed a bottle of whisky and two bottles of brandy. I gave him something to settle his head and the trooper and I departed. Fortunately he wasn't curious about what was in my wooden PM box... The police trooper was visibly shattered with this experience and I said "Well that's a lesson, never believe everything you hear on the telephone, and be prepared with your answers to deal with the situation as it arises", as this is one of the things as a doctor that one learnt in Rhodesia very quickly.

Railways

At Gwelo I did... a locum for... the Medical Officer to the Rhodesia railways. As Railway Medical Officer I had to pay occasional trips up and down the railway line in the extra-ordinary way the Rhodesia Railways worked. A medical officer from Bulawayo came all the way to... the outskirts of Gwelo, I did from Gwelo, station included, to Que Que inclusive and the whole length of the Fort Victoria branch line.

The mode of transport on the Railways was a small truck... like a tiny guards van... with a driver sitting in a seat rather like a car yet he had no steering wheel and driving this little truck... [with] a petrol engine along the railway line. We got up quite a good speed, and on the trip to Fort Victoria... we usually left Gwelo at about 5.30 in the morning and were rarely back in Gwelo until about eight at night. It was as much a social occasion for the railway people as it was a medical visit.... in those days each gangers cottage had a number of signs on for the railway when they came along. One was a red cross which they would lower down to show they wanted the doctor to stop. Another indicated, with a big "W" on it, that they wanted water. Some of the cottages had underground water tanks and when the train came along it would deliver some water. Very rarely did you find a cottage that didn't have the red sign down indicating that it wanted the doctor to stop... the mother of the family, often with 4 or 5 children, was only too glad to have the opportunity of somebody to talk to different from her husband because many of these cottages were very isolated indeed. They were far from main roads and nobody came along. Some of the families were very grateful for what one was able to do for them, and of course Rhodesia Railways patients then, as always, got everything... practically anything that the normal chemist shop supplied the Railway Medical Officer brought to them. [The] truck went right into Fort Victoria, but the GMO Fort Victoria was the Railway Medical Officer for the people in Fort Victoria, so I saw nobody there but merely turned round, the fuel tank was filled up, and back I came.

Achievements in the Agricultural Research Field in Zimbabwe

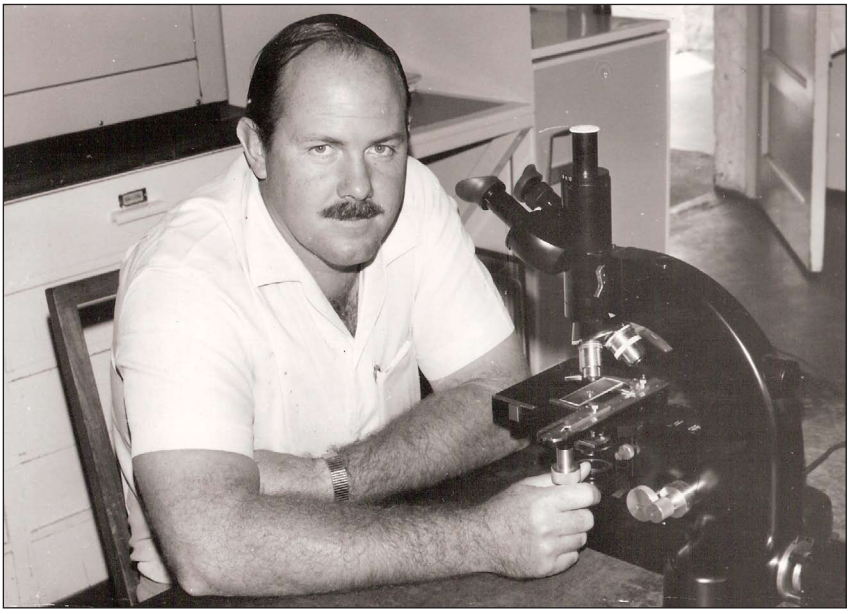
by Jerry Grant

This is the text talk given to the History Society of Zimbabwe by Dr Jerry Grant, a former Deputy Director of the Department of Research & Specialist Services on 24 September 2006

Robin, Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, it is really a great honour to be asked to talk to you. I have not done much in the agricultural industry for four years now and I'm rusty as an old nail, so forgive me for any shortcomings in my delivery. I thought I was going to be addressing a society with which I have had very little to do and I find a lot of my ex-colleagues here, so I'm going to have to temper what I say now because I'm on trial.

John Petheram has come over from Australia to hear me talk. Tom de la Hunt has come out of retirement to hear me talk and these are people I worked with in my youth. I also see a number of friendly faces from the farming community here.

Robin (Chairman of the Mashonaland Branch) asked me to talk about the history of research in this country and that's quite a mandate, but I've put together, in more or less an anecdotal form, some of our experiences in the field of research because I think that could be a little more interesting than simply regaling you with dates and times which, I suppose, is what history is about. We will see how it goes from there. I am treating it totally informally, and if anyone has anything to say to me en route, please do so, because I'm wide open to



Dr Jerry Grant

criticism. As I said, I'm very rusty on this topic. I will forget names, people and events, but I hope my talk is interesting enough for you to get something out of it.

I will start by giving a very approximate history of agricultural research in Zimbabwe, approximate for the reasons I outlined earlier. First of all I think we should talk about the structures because I know from my experience, even with the farming community who were very close to the research industry at one stage, that there is not an awful lot known about just what we have, and what we had, in this country in the way of infrastructure.

The private sector had a number of good set ups. The University of Zimbabwe in particular has a research farm out on the Mazowe Road as you know, and at one stage it was a highly productive unit. I cannot speak for the present, as I am out of touch, and I am not going to be negative about the way it was and the way it is now. I am going to talk about what I knew of it and we will close up at the end with some thoughts on how it may go from here. The UZ had extremely good facilities. The UZ Animal Science Faculty was of a very high standard, as indeed all of their faculties were, and the laboratories at the UZ were excellent. I have done a lot of work through UZ, both subsequent to my leaving Research and Specialist Services (R&SS) and the Commercial Farmers' Union (CFU) and prior to that as well. We had people like John Topps, whom some of you may remember as an international scientist, John Oliver, who headed up that particular Faculty, and who ran an absolutely first class laboratory, Mike Schweppenhauser who ran the Crops Department for years and many others.

The seed houses have varying standards of research facilities, particularly The Seed Company. I believe that one of your field visits was to the Rattray Arnold Research Station recently and some of you in this audience have been there and will have seen that it really is first world. It's an excellent facility and the standard of work carried out by the breeders is very high. I was fortunate recently to have worked with a young man from that Station called Elliot Tembo, who is a maize breeder developing what he calls "quality protein maize". He is working on the genes for high Lysine and Tryptophane (two of the essential amino acids) production in some of the higher yielding hybrids and he has done this successfully, not the modern way with genetic engineering, but the old fashioned way by selection. I believe that he has already had some considerable success in reducing the cost of feed inputs to monogastrics, particularly pigs and poultry, because of the high quality of the protein content of his maize. From a human nutrition point of view that would have major significance in this country where maize is a staple.

Elliot and I had ran a trial in association with the National Dairy Producers Association, who re-employed me for a short period to evaluate local maize varieties for their silage qualities. We know a lot about maize from its grain yield point of view, because that is the primary purpose of growing maize. We have incredible locally-bred hybrids in this country and we have first world standards of yields on a commercial basis. But we know nothing about the quality of those varieties for silage making purposes.

I came across some work done recently in South Africa which interested me a great deal, where the content of metabolisable energy in the plant was shown to vary considerably between varieties. The metabolisable energy is obviously the source of dietary energy to the animal and we are talking about silage mainly for dairy production here. I had the pleasure of meeting a researcher called Robin Meeske, who runs the Livestock Research Unit at the Outeniqua Experimental Station near George in the Western Cape. I don't know

if any of you know that area. It is a particularly beautiful area and if I had my time over I would go to Outeniqua Research Station as the skivvy or the tea-maker, because it lies under the beautiful Outeniqua Mountain Range, in an idyllic setting of verdant pastures of kikuyu grass and clover combinations. It is absolutely beautiful. Robin Meeske found that the South African maize varieties, when ensiled, yielded a considerably different fraction of metabolisable energy and he was able to predict the subsequent milk yield from the equations derived from the models he developed from yields on these varieties. Some of the rankings of varieties, in terms of straight yield, were altered when the ME content of the silage was taken into account.

We have always grown silage from the highest yielding varieties, but in his experiments, the ranking changed because of the difference in the ME yield. That was very interesting. So we ran 25 local varieties through tests here, on this property, Art Farm, at Rattray Arnold Research Station and also at the Seed Co. property in Kadoma, which is in a drier area and which had a very dry season two years ago. We got some interesting results and some very high yields of silage, but unfortunately we were unable to complete the work. It went on a bit longer than planned and the Dairy Association had a change of leadership who pulled the plug on funding, so we curtailed the project before we had fully concluded it. I had some problems with determining the *in vitro* organic matter digestibilities, which is a fairly complex biological process requiring access to rumen-fistulated cattle for the supply of rumen liquor for the digestive process. This technique used to be child's play to the University of Zimbabwe laboratories, but they gave the project to a first year research student, who had no idea of what she was doing. We did not get reliable *in vitro* organic matter digestibility estimates from the samples and therefore I could not get an ME estimate based on IVOMD, which was a great pity. Nevertheless we got some very useful data on yields and related topics.

At some stage we will pick that work up again, I think, as there was clear evidence, from IVOMD results that were acceptable, that there were differences in ME content of the varieties tested.

The fertilizer companies have had input, mostly through product testing at various research centres and that is what this Station is all about. Richard Winkfield (Art Farm) will probably tell you about this work at a later stage, so I won't go into it now. This Station is again, in my opinion, a first world standard Station and they do a lot of product testing on a commercial basis for the inputs companies, the fertilizer people, the seed people and others.

The pharmaceutical companies have all had input at some stage, and the NGOs too. There is an organization called the Consultative Group on International Agricultural Research (CGIAR). It is one of the foundation-funded organizations, of which there are about 13 separate institutes world-wide. For instance ICRISAT – the International Centre for Research in the Semi Arid Tropics – has a laboratory at the Matopos Research Station, one of our stations, with very good laboratory facilities, office accommodation, housing, dormitories, and supporting services. This organization has done some very good work on the development of drought tolerant crops and crops appropriate to that Natural Region four area, which is very dry. They have had particular success with the pennisetums, the sorghums, some of their crosses, the millets and a whole range of others. The work is mostly geared towards small scale producers, but that is the way it should go now. CYMMT is the

maize research centre, based in Mexico I believe, which has a station on the Mazowe Road out here. I don't know if any of you have seen it on the right, just as you leave town. In addition to that there is an outfit called ILCA, which is the International Livestock Centre for Africa, based in Ethiopia, of all places. I could never quite understand why it was based in Addis Ababa, while another ILRAD, the International Center for Research in Animal Diseases, is based in Nairobi.

I had the pleasure of spending some time at ILCA some years ago. It was in the time that our good friend Haile Miriam, the one who resides in Gunhill now, was Head of State and he had a different way of running things. When we arrived there, we were met by soldiers with AK47s and we disembarked off the aircraft with AK47s pointed at us and our passports then disappeared. We went out to the ILCA compound which was outside of Addis Ababa and totally isolated from the local community. I could never understand why these expatriate organizations did not integrate with the community. Why place them in Ethiopia if you build an island – a compound containing sports facilities, shopping facilities, accommodation and very high class international researchers, all paid good salaries to work there, but they had nothing to do with the local community. A couple of interesting points – I spent a couple of weeks up there, with the researchers at ILCA and one evening, one of the young American lasses, who could see that I was a bit of a misfit with these expats, said "Do you want to go for a musical evening in town". I said "Yes, that would be a pleasure" and as she had a company car, an ILCA car, she picked me up. On the way into town I saw a hyena trotting along the pavement. I said "Hey, that's a hyena". And she said "There's hundreds of them. They come into the city at night to eat the bodies." And they did. Haile Miriam saw that they were well fed and hyenas moved into Addis Ababa at night to clean up the mess. That put a new prospective on research for me.

Moving on, the Zimbabwe Sugar Association is another private organization which has an excellent facility in the Lowveld, obviously purely geared towards sugar production. It was run by Ken Cackett for many years, a top researcher, whom I haven't seen for a while but I know that the Sugar Association still funds its own research through that Station. The Agricultural Research Trust – Art Farm – is another.

The Tobacco Research Board, of course, has an international reputation for research, and is probably one of the top research organizations for tobacco in the world. The station at Kutsaga is out at the Airport, and it has satellite stations as well. I would guess that Kutsaga really is the reason why Zimbabwe was on the map as a top tobacco producer. Unfortunately, it is a Parastatal organization, as it came about through an Act of Parliament, and that means that Government has a say in the appointments there, which has been a problem of late.

That was a broad brush picture of the private sector research in this country – it was not exhaustive, and it's not totally inclusive. I've obviously left out some, but I am trying to give you an idea that there is much private effort in research in this country.

I was going to talk now about the Government's input into agricultural research, which was my mandate, but I am going to digress a little and talk about the Department of Veterinary Services, because they have done some excellent work and, while it is not entirely agricultural research, it is related. Again, I am not in touch. I keep in touch with Stuart Hargreaves, the Director, on a number of issues, but I am not in touch with their research. Neither am I an authority on veterinary research, but there are three or four items that immediately come to mind by way of demonstrating the calibre of these people.

One of them was John Condy and his work on foot and mouth disease in cattle years ago. I don't know if any of you remember John – probably a world authority on foot and mouth disease in cattle. He had wild buffalo and cattle cooped up on one of the islands at Kariba to monitor the cross infestation from buffalo to cattle, because foot and mouth, as you know, is endemic in this country. It is carried by buffalo, and it always will be endemic, as long as we have buffalo in this country (God forbid that we ever lose our buffalo in this country). The only way we can control the spread of foot and mouth disease is by strict discipline and adherence to the Animal Health Act, both of which have collapsed in the last couple of years, for obvious reasons. Foot and mouth is now rife throughout the country, so we will not be a major beef or livestock exporter again, as long as that situation prevails. Whether we could recover or not, is a matter of some conjecture. One of the things that I found particularly interesting about John Condy's work was that – I think I'm correct in saying – he actually could not get transmission from buffalo to cattle under those circumstances. Despite the fact that they were cooped up on an island – I think it was Antelope Island in the eastern basin of Kariba – there was no transmission. Transmission is really a function of the stress conditions in an animal, particularly nutritional stress, and if you stress an animal for any reason, they will pick up what ever is going. That is one of the reasons that foot and mouth disease, which is caused by a virulent and highly infectious virus, spreads so quickly and so easily in this country. Foot and mouth is not a major catastrophe, in terms of the affect on the animal, because it is not actually that damaging. They can survive it quite happily, but our varieties in this country, SAT 1, 2 and 3, create absolute havoc when they hit Europe. European cattle just turn their toes up as soon as it arrives and they die *en masse*. That is why the British and the European farmers are so anxious to keep the infection out of their countries. Control in that region is by a drastic total slaughter-out policy.

One of the spin-offs from the work on foot and mouth disease in this country is that our veterinarians are world renowned experts on the disease, and when Britain had its outbreak a little while ago, some of our veterinarians went across there to help them in controlling the disease. I think that's a plus for little old Zimbabwe.

I am sure you have heard of floppy trunk syndrome amongst the Matusadona elephants and you may even have seen it. It is horrific. It affects mostly the bulls, because they spend most of their time on the shore line around Matusadona, particularly around Fothergill Island. For some reason or other they develop the syndrome known as "floppy trunk syndrome" because it is exactly that. The nerve endings on the trunk die and the trunk becomes useless. As you can imagine, an elephant without a trunk has no chance of survival. It is a very interesting academic issue and Chris Foggin, together with the Onderstepoort Veterinary Institute, has done a great deal of work on it. I believe that they have narrowed the causal agent down to a plant. At one stage it was thought it was caused by pollution from the lake, heavy metals from fuels from outboard motors and all sorts of things. I think they narrowed it down to a plant toxin of some sort which creates the condition. It occurs particularly amongst bulls because the breeding herds don't sit along the shore line and graze this particular plant. Thus it is more obvious in the bull population. But it is dramatic. I have seen it as my daughter worked up at Fothergill for a while and was involved with Chris Foggin on the programme. It is quite pathetic to see these animals unable to use their trunks and I have actually seen an animal try to graze like a hippo or a cow, because the trunk was of no use.

You may also remember Andy Norval's work with ticks. Andy Norval was an international authority on ticks and was eventually poached by one of the American institutes and went over to the USA. He died unfortunately, tragically, but his work lives on.

Glynn Vale's work on trypanosomiasis is another example. Glynn Vale is probably a world authority on 'Tryps' and the control of tsetse fly and his work was outstanding.

That is just a little aside as regards the Department of Veterinary Services. Let me move on to the Government's agricultural research effort.

The Government research into agriculture was conducted through the Department of Research & Specialist Services, which is now called AREX. The Department was responsible for agricultural research in this country. It had a well developed infrastructure and that infrastructure is still in place. I went out to see some of it a couple of years ago. I had a look around Grasslands Research Station, because I was asked to do a paper on the possible resuscitation of research efforts in this country and I must say I was a little distressed to find the state it was in but, unfortunately, that's a sign of our times, totally unnecessary, totally foreseeable, but nevertheless tragic. I think the last lick of paint that that place had or the last fence that was put up was when I was there and I left in 1983, some 24 years ago.

The headquarters of R&SS in Fifth Street Extension, opposite the Golf Course, has been responsible for most of the crop breeding work and some excellent work is being done there. I am sure you have seen the trials as you drive up the street between the Botanic Gardens and the Golf Course.

Matopos Research Station, south of Bulawayo, is one of the largest research stations in the world. It is 27 000 hectares in extent, so the facilities for research are very good. The work of that Station has concentrated largely on range management and extensive livestock production.

Henderson Research Station on the Mazowe Road was probably the apple of the Department's eye, concentrating on livestock and pastures and on dairy production. The Henderson dairy herd was one of the top three herds in the country, as a Government dairy herd. The Poultry Unit was based at Henderson. The Weeds Research Unit was based at Henderson and the Fisheries Research Centre was also based at Henderson. It was a very large and active research station and one that we were very proud of indeed.

I'll give you a little story about one of the issues we have been facing with the new crop of young researchers coming up. I have served on the Agricultural Research Council for a number of years and the mandate of the ARC was to monitor the state of agricultural research in this country. It was quite a mandate, but we did the best that we could with both private and government institutes. We were out at Henderson at the Fisheries Research Centre where a young man was presenting his proposals to us for a research project. He did it well and we all listened attentively and at the end of it, I said to him "Have you done a literature review?" He said "What do you mean?" I said "Well, have you looked through the literature pertinent to your proposal?" He said "No, why?" I said "Well, you go into the library in this Centre here and have a look at the work done by van der Lingen". He was the former Head of the section – remember him. We used to call him "van der fingerling," which was appropriate for a fisheries research man. But the point I was making was that van der Lingen had already done the work proposed and it was all recorded in the library of the unit. After a while I contacted the young man and said "Have you followed up my suggestion?" He said "It's all there". That sort of incident was unnecessary and was all due to a lack of leadership.

We had to live with a peculiar attitude that prevailed at that time, in that anything done pre-independence was of no consequence. I remember, to my horror, addressing a party of international visitors, (at one stage we used to have lots of them in this country), when I was in the Department of Research, soon after Independence, with a fellow Deputy Director. She was addressing the group at the time and saying "We are a new country, we are a new Department, we need help" etc, etc, etc. Afterwards I said to her "The building that we are talking in is actually 45 years old and this Department has been going since 1913. What do you mean we are a new Department?" And she said "That's pre-Independence, that's colonial" and simply dismissed it.

Grasslands Research Station was my home station. It was my first appointment and we concentrated on livestock and pasture work, although in the early days we also had a crops section. The Horticulture Research Centre was based at Grasslands and we had the Soil Science Research Laboratories under Dr. Penny Grant, who is now retired in Hermanus in the Cape. She was an icon in her field and ran the Soil Science Research Laboratories for years at Grasslands. She took no nonsense from anyone, particularly those in the fertilizer industry. Many a young rep got put firmly in his place by Penny and the industry was the better for it.

Amongst other things – let me divert a little bit here – we had marvellous sheep flocks on Grasslands. We had a flock of 300 breeding Mutton Merino ewes and we had pure bred Suffolks and pure bred Hampshires and their crosses were phenomenal animals. We used to produce lambs, at 120 days of age, dressing out at 22 kilogrammes, from heavily fertilized pastures. The Government gazetted sale price for produce from Stations at that time was a dollar a kilogram for lamb. So we had a lot of lamb and we thoroughly enjoyed it. We were spoilt on that. Anyway, that is purely an aside.

One of the major problems that we had with intensive sheep production on pastures was internal parasitism. Under those circumstances, in a high rainfall area with a heavy stocking pressure, you can imagine how heavily infested they became.

My nearest claim to fame was in evaluating the epizootiology of nematode parasites of sheep in the high rainfall Natural Region 2. To do this we had to bring the ewes in and lamb them down on disinfected concrete floors, take the lamb away at birth, put them into disinfected concrete pens and rear them artificially, so that there was no contamination from their mothers. Now lambs rear artificially very easily. I actually developed a system of self-feeding which worked well. I had 2 gallon galvanized buckets with a whole lot of holes drilled around the top with teats fitted in the holes and plastic pipes going into the base, and I constructed a frame to stabilize the contraption.

We put this feeder in the middle of the pen, filled it with warm milk from the dairy three times a day and had 18 lambs feedings off it at a time, all of their tails going mad and the milk would go down as if the bucket had a hole in it! It was all over in 2 to 3 minutes, three times a day. Of course my kids loved it and after school my girls were in there feeding lambs all day long. But the point I am making is that lambs rear artificially very easily.

Having reared worm-free lambs under this method, I put them onto the pasture at regular intervals and being reared worm free, you can imagine these little animals were so susceptible to parasitic infection that they picked up everything that was going. I then slaughtered them and removed the digestive tract, tied it off at the oesophagus and at the anus, separated the sections and went through the contents under a dissecting, binocular

microscope and removed the parasites. I actually developed a technique which helped a lot. We found that if you put the gut content into a water bath at body temperature in a tray over a nylon sieve, the parasites would migrate through the mesh into the relatively clear solution underneath. That made life easier, because you can imagine looking at partly digested material for parasites, from a millimetre in length, was like looking for a needle in a haystack. I built a large water bath on the Station for the purpose and used baker's sieving material, which has a very constant and regular mesh size and we were able to extract the parasites and identify them much more easily. The adults of the larger species got caught up in the mesh, but that was not a problem because we counted them in situ. Between us, my laboratory assistant and I handled and identified some 154 000 parasites over the period and, to cut a long story short, 90% of the problem, as I suspected, was *Haemonchus contortus* – the wire worm. But there were others of interest. We found a number of *Trichostrongylus* spp., *Trichuris ovis*, *Oesophagostomum* spp., *Strongyloides* spp., the liver tapeworm of sheep, *Stylesia hepatica* was a problem and a genus called *Cooperia*, of which there are 22 species.

I remember this distinctly and I was able to identify all of the species from the many textbooks that I had at my disposal. We did all of our own identification. The males in the nematode kingdom have a peculiar hardened, chitenous spicule, which is part of the reproductive system, which stains well. It is a small body near the tail, often winged and striated and they are peculiar to the species. So you could identify the male beyond any doubt from the spicule and you were pretty sure you knew what you were dealing with.

I found a *Cooperia* that did not fit the bill. I looked through all of my references and it just did not fit the bill. I had three male specimens of the parasite. One I destroyed in trying to identify it (I extracted the spicules and mounted them). One I kept in a specimen bottle in my lab as a reserve, and one I sent to the British Museum of Natural History in London. I will never forget the response I got from the British Scientist responsible for that section. I cannot remember his name now, but he said "The specimen submitted resembles that of the genus *Cooperia*, but it is not known to science." So, somewhere out there there is a *Cooperia* waiting to have a name tag on it and it could have been *Cooperia grantii*, but it isn't! This sounds a little academic, but it was actually quite exciting. It is out there somewhere, it is not known to science and is waiting for a name tag. Unfortunately, I lost the other specimen I had in my Lab. It just disappeared. I unfairly wondered at the time if my assistant wasn't thinking of a *Cooperia chibindii*! But, anyway it has gone and that little mystery will never be resolved.

In the Masvingo Province we have a small livestock and pasture station, Makaholi Experimental Station, which has done some good work on legume introductions to the natural veld grazing.

Chiredzi Research Station in the SE lowveld concentrated on tropical horticulture, while we all know the eastern Highlands Research Station in Nyanga which concentrated on the temperate horticulture crops. It was run for years by Bud Payne, with a 2-foot beard, who was an institution unto himself there.

The Cotton Research Institute at Kadoma obviously concentrates on cotton production and has been responsible for cotton being a major commercial crop in this country. There were satellite stations. There was Panmuir out in Mashonaland Central Province, Middle Sabi was a satellite of the Chiredzi Station, Nyamandhlovu, Tsolotosho and Esigodini were

satellites of Matopos Research Station. The infrastructure was well developed and worked. For a small developing country, it really was an excellent set up and I believe it was largely responsible for the success of the agricultural industry in this country. I am trying to give you a little bit of a background to set the scene for why, I believe, we (and I use the royal we) were so successful as a relatively small organization, with small teams, but in a country that boasted a highly developed research infrastructure.

Let me go on to my next point. One of the reasons for our success was the environment in which we worked and the fact that we had excellent communications with the officials at the highest level. When I say the highest level, I digress a little bit now, to tell another story.

When I was at Grasslands I got a call from the Prime Minister's Office to say that the Prime Minister wanted to come out and see the work of the station. I said "Yes, that's fine". I said "Is the Minister coming?" The caller said "No, it's just the Prime Minister". Obviously the Prime Minister's Office had cleared it with the Ministry. Ian Douglas Smith arrived, in his government Mercedes Benz with a CMED driver who had been driving Prime Ministers for years, and a Special Branch bodyguard – a youngster in his late 20s with a bulge under his jacket here – that was the only bulge that I saw on him and that was the only weapon I saw around. They arrived with no escort, no outriders, no sirens, no accompanying soldiers – nothing. Just the black Mercedes pulled up at the office and I introduced Ian Douglas Smith to the staff and took him around the Station. I sat on the back seat with the PM and his bodyguard sat on the passenger's seat and the driver drove us round. I looked between the seats of the Mercedes and saw an instrument which was strange and I said to the PM "That instrument is not a standard Mercedes instrument?". He said "No, it's the altimeter out of my Spitfire". I have wondered about this for years and I never got to ask him how he recovered it. Ian Douglas was shot down in Northern Italy in the Second World War, remember, flying for the RAF. He parachuted out. Now how did he get his altimeter out of the wreck if he parachuted out? I never asked him and I don't know how he did it. I do know that he went back after the War, as he spent six months behind enemy lines in Northern Italy and was sheltered by some of the local peasant folk there and he went back to meet up with them and to thank them. Perhaps then he either found the wreck or they had found the wreck and stripped it, or whatever, but he had the altimeter out of his Spitfire mounted in the console of his official Mercedes Benz. That, of course, is a bit of history that has got absolutely nothing at all to do with agricultural research.

As I said, we had very effective small units of professional staff and I say small, because I think there were only about 12 or 14 active Animal Scientists in the country and I was one of them. There were probably the same number of Pasture Scientists and the same number of specialist Agronomists, and so on. They were small units, but were well funded and staffed and we had adequate resources with which to work. That was most important, because it gave one access to research resources which others did not have. I had the good fortune to visit Rothamstead Research Station, which is one of the oldest British institutes, just north of London in a little town called Harpenden. Rothamstead housed the ODA Statistics Department and I took my data across there to have it analysed for a Ph.D. This was immediately after Independence when we were acceptable internationally and suddenly we could travel. Up to Independence, the farthest I ever got was Pretoria. Being newly independent we were popular although rather strangely, invariably when you pitched up

as an African, the first comment was, "But you're white, you're not black". That was the perception at the time about Zimbabwe as it was. It was a new Zimbabwe. I arrived at Rothamstead with my data set and in those days you didn't have a CD or a floppy disc or something, you had punch cards. You actually punched the cards and I cannot remember how it worked, but the punch made a series of holes in the card and the computer read the data in binary fashion. I went over with boxes and boxes of cards and they could not deal with the data because it was too big for the system. They had a main frame computer at Rothamstead, which was in a room probably half the size of this hall, with restricted access, environmentally controlled, all that sort of thing and only the computer technicians operated it. My data went to the back of the run because it was too big to handle. The machine ran 24 hours a day, so I did not get the out put from my run until the next morning. The senior officer of that team said to me "You can get three Ph.D.s out of this data"! I think I had data from 1 700 animals, produced from four different systems of production, with progeny slaughtered in three different age groups, over a period of 6 years. The researchers over there would be competing with 20 or 30 other post-graduate students for half a dozen animals on which to work. The point I am trying to make is that we had access to good resources in this country to do research.

Harry Ward at Matopos Research Station did some very solid work with characterizing cross bred cattle using indigenous bloodlines on the exotics and I cannot remember how many thousands of data sets that he had from this trial, but it was enormous. We were also well funded. We used to get new vehicles. Can you believe it? You'd get new vehicles and new tractors every couple of years and we even used to have our Government house painted every five years by PWD. Whenever I protested they would say "It's on the list for painting, out you get", and they would paint the whole house. It was an environment that was conducive to work. We had adequate salaries and they were competitive with the private sector because, in fact, we could draw staff from the private sector to staff research stations. We had incentives, we were well motivated, there were active commodity societies which kept one going, like the Zimbabwe Society for Animal Production, the Grassland Society of Zimbabwe, the Crop Science Society, the Soil Science Society, and so on. We had field days, we ran seminars, we had farm visits, discussion groups and publications. There was plenty of opportunity for publication. Just let me digress quickly now again.

We ran a field day at Grasslands on some of our livestock and pasture work. On these field days we used to say to the girls at the station "You cater for lunch and you do a lamb braai", or whatever, and we would buy a whole lot of beer and it would be rolls and salad and lamb braai. It was a good lunch, provided by the Station. I said to the girls "Cater for 200-300 people". We had 1 150 visitors that day, the majority of whom were farmers and the rest industry people. I remember standing in the middle of a field, with fat cattle behind me and verdant pastures underfoot, talking to 1150 people about our work and I thought, this has got to be something! That is the most motivating feeling you can imagine, having that sort of interest in your work. And we fed them all. We got hold of the girls and said "Not 200 to 300, make it 1 100 to 1 200 for lunch." They rushed off to town to get a whole lot more rolls and salad and we fed the whole lot. We were humming in those days and the work was of a high standard. We were answerable to our seniors in a big way and I'll talk a little bit about that just now because it was so important.

The Government publications we had were the Zimbabwe Journal of Agricultural

Research, which was a top quality publication and the ZAJ, which was the successor to the Rhodesian Agricultural Journal. The RAJ was first published in 1913, believe it or not, and last published in 1988, sadly never a copy since 1988. The ZJAR is no longer published and the Departmental Annual Reports are no longer published, I am afraid. So there is no longer that avenue for our current researchers to get their information out.

We had good interaction with other organizations and this is most important. The Conex/ Agritex Group had some very sharp people in it, Tom de la Hunt and company and I point out my friend in the audience here, because we worked closely with these people. When Tom and others went over to the commercial side of the industry, we continued to work closely with them and you had to be on the ball because there were no fools amongst them. It was a stimulating environment to work in, and that's the point I'm trying to make. It included the Veterinary Pharmaceutical reps, the Fertilizer reps, the Stock Feed reps and others. They all went through our hands at one stage or another because we were on top of current research and they wanted to know what was going on. We had an amazing symbiotic relationship with these people, it was mutually beneficial and really beneficial to the industry as a whole. I am sure that was partly the reason for the success of the commercial agricultural industry in this country.

We also had Liaison Committees which were put in place to keep researchers in touch with industry demands, and David Worthington of Charter Estates was Chairman of our Liaison Committee. David is a gentleman and an outstanding cattleman, and when you had the Liaison Committee visit your station and you put out your work for scrutiny by them, you were on the front line and were grilled. It was an excellent relationship, because it kept you right on your toes and I very much enjoyed that era, particularly with the likes of David Worthington on the committee. Sadly that has fallen away and there is very little liaison now between researchers and their publics.

I want now to touch on some of the achievements because I'm very proud to have been part that era of our industry. I have already mentioned Harry Ward's work at Matopos, on his cross breds, where he was able to show that anything with a bit of indigenous blood in it out-performed the exotics under that environment. We have talked about Matabeleland's Natural Region 4 before, which is pretty inhospitable, and the thinking at the time from Internal Affairs, was to improve the calibre of local cattle by introducing exotic bloodlines. We used to say "No way. Keep the Bos indicus and Sanga types, the Mashonas, the Tulis, and the Ngonis, as they are. Keep them pure, because they will outperform exotic cattle under the conditions in which they are supposed to operate in the communal areas. If you take them out and put them on irrigated pastures, a Simmental, or a silver white cross will outperform them any day, but under those conditions, the less exotic blood the better." They still talk now about improving indigenous cattle by the introduction of exotic blood for the small scale producer. I can't believe it.

We developed carcass evaluation systems for the objective assessment of performance of our experimental cattle. I talked earlier about the resources that we had and at times it was extravagant. I make no bones about it. We killed cattle in large numbers, because we measured the carcass mass changes of the experimental groups and you only get to measure carcass mass once! When you measure body mass change in an animal it can fluctuate by 4% -5%, depending on whether it had a drink of water or whether it passed urine or whether it defecated or whatever, because you're measuring gut content all the time. We killed these

animals, dressed them out and we measured carcass mass changes. We also had excellent meat laboratories, both at Henderson and at Grasslands, and we ran these carcasses through the meat laboratories, stripped them completely, all the meat off the bone, all the fat off the lean tissue, then chemically analysed for residual fat and broke it down to the lean tissue content, the fat content and the bone content of these animals. We measured performance in terms of those criteria, rather than the body weight of the animal. It was expensive, but we had the resources and we did it. We killed thousands of cattle. When Dick Elliott reviewed the carcass classification scheme in use at that time, we killed hundreds of cattle to establish the relationships between the tissue yield – what you and I buy and eat – compared to the visual appraisal of the animal. Some of the relationships have been subsequently refined, but it remains the basis for the objective assessment of the value of beef carcasses.

We also looked at the protein requirements of indigenous cattle. Elliott's work on the protein requirements of indigenous cattle re-wrote the NRC standards because these little animals – I talked earlier about how they handle adverse conditions under the communal area systems – have a lower protein requirement for maintenance than exotic cattle. It is a genetic adaptation and the NRC standards were shown by Elliott's work to overestimate protein requirements for maintenance in their case.

We did a lot of work on the intensive feeding of cattle for slaughter. I talk about Elliott a lot. Elliott was probably one of the most outstanding animal scientists on the sub-continent and that includes South Africa. I had the pleasure of working with Elliott for a number of years, as my senior, as my mentor and as my examiner for a PhD, and that was something else. Elliott's high energy diets for finishing cattle became the standard ration for feed-lotting in this country. He revolutionised the finishing of cattle and the feedlot industry grew out of that work. We all did work on that. I did some interesting work on the use of additives in diets, ionophores, anabolic agents and antibiotics. The use of additives these days is frowned upon, in my opinion unnecessarily so. It is a bit like genetically engineered crops. You cannot touch a genetically engineered crop because it's harmful, or will cause cancer in 20 years time or whatever. All the crops we grow are genetically engineered, to a lesser or greater extent, by the process of breeding and selection. The modern technologies simply speed up the process. These additives are used as a standard procedure in America. Every animal that goes into a feedlot in America gets an ionophore, an anabolic agent behind the ear and an antibiotic, before they even see their first mouthful of grain. It is standard procedure. If they did not do it they would not be in business because the competition is so great.

Ionophores are interesting because they change the fermentation pattern in the rumen of the animal. You are aware that a ruminant has a vast paunch, which is really a fermentation vat, full of microbial organisms and that is how they digest the coarse roughages which make up a large part of the diet. They break down the herbage taken in into its various components, the end products of which are primarily organic acids, which the animal absorbs further down the alimentary tract. One of the down sides of the ruminant digestive process is that ruminants are inefficient digesters of grains because these high quality foods are similarly attacked in the rumen and much of the food energy that is released is used by the microorganisms to replicate themselves. Ruminants are designed to eat grass and other herbage, whereas chickens and pigs and other simple stomached animals, utilize grains better than cattle. However, the ionophores change the pattern of fermentation in the rumen and reduce the amount of hydrogen that is released in the belching process, the eructation

process and that improves efficiency of food conversion. Did you know that ruminants are significant contributors to the greenhouse gas effect (and global warming), because all over the world there are millions and millions of cattle pumping CH4 into the atmosphere every time they belch. Now that is a fact.

The ionophores reduce the amount of hydrogen lost and, therefore, improve the efficiency of the digestive process, resulting in a better mix of organic acids as the end products. I thought that was very interesting, but the compounds were never registered for use in this country.

The anabolics have the ability to partition the nutrients to direct more towards lean tissue deposition, than fat, and again, that is healthy and more efficient. Fat contains about two and half times the energy content of lean tissue, so these were advances in the manipulation of the nutritional process.

The antibiotics were selective in their action. There are a lot of organisms in the rumen, particularly amongst the protozoan group, which are actually harmful to the animal. Selective antibiotics were shown to be beneficial by removing some of these pathogens.

I fed cattle at Grasslands research Station with a combination of an ionaphore, an antibiotic and an anabolic agent, (the anabolics were put in with an applicator under the skin behind the ear and it would dissolve slowly and gradually release the active ingredient into the blood stream) and I improved feed-lot performance by 32%. You can imagine what that does to the bottom line in costs of feeding. It was a remarkable result and was statistically tested so it was not a chance effect.

One of the other things I want to talk about now is whole grain feeding. High energy feeding comprised basically 75% maize, 20% roughage and 5% to 10% of a protein concentrate. That was the break down, that was the standard diet. Snap corn, with its sheath, put through the mill, gave you an 80-20 ratio of grain to roughage (largely independent of yield) and you added a protein concentrate to make a standard diet. I fed whole grains to cattle because there is an argument for whole grain feeding. You could reduce the amount of roughage required, because whole grains have a physical roughage function, but the argument presented was generally that the animals pass the grains out intact and you can see them in the dung pats. So I said "Alright, let's test it" and I fed cattle on concrete floors, without bedding of any sort and picked up every single dung pat, washed it and removed every single maize pip out of the pat. It's a bit like counting nematodes under a dissecting microscope. And I found that the loss of grains through the animal in the pat was less than 0,02% of that fed. So there was every argument for feeding cattle whole grains rather than crushed grains, particularly in the communal areas where cattle owners may not have access to a hammer mill. It takes a little bit of manipulating to get the cattle to adjust to the diet, but it can be done.

Elliott was given the Gold Medal by the South African Society for Animal Production in recognition of his work and that was a particularly pleasing award. We worked closely with our South African counterparts and there was a certain amount of professional jealousy shown toward us. They actually tried to discredit some of Elliott's work, because how could somebody from this little 'tin pot' third world country up north be producing top scientists and doing this sort of work? But Elliott held his own with them and eventually they accepted it and he was awarded the Gold Medal by the Society. I was fortunate to attend the meeting at which he was given that award and it was a proud moment for all of us.

We looked at the use of protein supplements in the dry season for breeding and growing

cattle. This work was started at Matopos Research Station in 1930, by Charles Murray, remember him as former Permanent Secretary for Agriculture? Murray and Romayn did the first work on protein supplementation at Matopos in 1930. We refined it a bit and that was a major part of our component. One interesting point, a little digression again, I found by pure coincidence that feeding salt with protein improved the performance of the cattle on the supplement. Salt is only sodium and chlorine and has no nutritional value per se. We all like salt, we eat it because we like it, but it doesn't have any nutritional value, unless you're deficient in either sodium or chlorine, both of which are abundant in our normal diets. The only reason that I could pin down to why we got an improved performance was because, I surmised, that salt reduced the rumen retention time of the protein and therefore less of it was degraded microbially. Are you with me? The microbes will attack and degrade anything that goes into the rumen. That is fine for grass, not so good for maize and for high concentrate diets, because they reduce the quality of the material in making available nitrogen and energy for the manufacture of microbial protein. Microbial protein comprises something like 70% of the animal's total protein intake. These microbes are washed out from the rumen continuously and are digested enzymically by the animal lower down the tract. However, the quality of protein they provide is inferior to that of plant proteins. The only reason I could put down to a response from salt was that it reduced the retention time by virtue of the fact that the animals drank more water and the contents flowed through faster. There was also possibly an osmotic effect somewhere too.

On one of the trips I made to the UK, I went to some of the top research institutes, Livestock Research Institutes, in the UK and rather nervously I fed my ideas out with my data, which was statistically significant, shown to be not a chance effect. I bounced my views off these fellows, they listened attentively and not one of them said "You're on the wrong track". So I think that that was a distinct possibility. Unfortunately, I never got a chance to follow it up with things like measuring rate of passage through the rumen, which is a relatively easy procedure, and therefore was never able to prove my hypothesis. But that was little aside, that the simple technology of feeding salt with a protein supplement enhanced the performance of the supplement because you got it through the rumen quicker and it was digested enzymically further down the tract.

We also looked at the use of phosphorous in young cattle in the growing season. Phosphorous is used in the energy metabolism, in the carboxylic acid cycle in cattle and it is a necessary element in this process. But not in winter, in summer when the energy intake is higher. We showed clearly the advantage of phosphorous supplementation in the summer months.

Compensatory growth in young cattle is a valuable phenomenon because in this country particularly, with markedly seasonal rainfall, you have animals that are stressed for eight months of the year, and then for four months in the year they have a high quality diet. In between that they have got to adjust their systems to this vast divergence of nutritional plane and they compensate. If you stress an animal and then re-aliment it on a high quality diet, it compensates, it grows faster, lays down tissue faster and more efficiently, than if not stressed. Thus they make up much of the difference. If you stress them too much, as young animals and you stunt them, you will never make up the losses. But animals, particularly those adapted to our environment, have a remarkable ability to compensate for periods of under-nutrition.

In the area of pasture and range management, some fascinating work was done particularly through Grasslands and Henderson Research Stations, on the introduction of varieties of sub-tropical legumes for grazing cattle. These legumes, which were predominantly from Australia, though originally from South America, were introduced here and established in the veld to raise the level of nutrition for cattle on range in this country. We increased production by about 60% through the use of these legumes. One of the difficulties encountered was the establishment and the persistence of the legume, but that was part of the work. There are about three hundred indigenous legumes in this country, herbaceous legumes and I don't know how many of those are readily taken by cattle, but the exotic, the Australian species, particularly the *Stylosanthes* spp., were singularly successful. The late Dennis Barnes started this work, but John Clatworthy really pioneered the work and made a major contribution to our knowledge of the use of sub-tropical legumes for livestock production

The use of nitrogenous fertilisers on pastures was seen as one of the most effective ways of increasing overall productivity. Malcolm Rodel, Dave Parkin and company at Henderson Research Station achieved 20 tonnes of dry matter per hectare from fertilised Star Grass pastures. That is a very high level of production and you could stretch that to 30 tonnes if you were able to irrigate the pastures and lengthen the growing season. In fact they produced a tonne of carcass beef per hectare from these pastures. That is a lot of beef. The economics of the system simply depends on the price of beef relative to the price of the fertiliser. Right now beef is expensive, fertiliser under Government controlled prices is cheap and the ratio has never been more favourable for producing large quantities of livestock products from fertilised pastures. I don't see anyone doing it, but the economics very much favour that situation right now.

The introduction of clovers for mixed grass pastures was one of John Clatworthy's many specialities at Grasslands Research Station. John achieved the equivalent of 600 kg of N fertilizer per hectare with his clovers. Robin Meeske at Outeniqua runs Jersey dairy cattle on a standard kikuyu/ Kenya white clover mix, over sown with rye grass for winter production. And that is the total system of production, together with a small amount of concentrate.

A considerable amount of work was done on bush control and range management. We looked at set stocking, rotational and multi-paddock systems for grazing cattle. You will remember Alan Savory and his Holistic Resource Management, his high density, short duration grazing schemes. Savory is an excellent ecologist. I hold him in high regard. He may have had a few other problems here and there, but he is an excellent ecologist and he is a successful consultant in America and internationally. He runs the Holistic Resource Management Centre in Albuquerque in new Mexico, and he really opened our eyes to range management in this country. The controversy at the time raged around four paddock, three herd systems, rotational grazing, set stocking, high density short duration (non selective) grazing and David Worthington came up with an offer. He said "You can have X thousand hectares of my ranch (Charter Estates) to test it formally," and John Clatworthy and Alan Savory designed a system which David Worthington put in place on the ranch. All the fencing, all the water points, all the paddocking, everything, was provided by Charter Estates and Clatworthy spent, I think I remember correctly, about two months every winter for 6 years, camping in the bush in his tent, snivelling around the paddocks counting, identifying and recording plant species, while Alan Savory hired an aircraft and flew over the farm and said "Yes, that looks good, that does not look so good". Unfortunately, nothing really

conclusive came out of the trial for it should have been run for longer, but that was the sort of liaison that we had with the community that I talked about earlier.

There was obviously a lot of work done on the food crops, the introduction breeding and management of the cash crops, the crops for food security and those for export. Soya beans, was a relatively new crop to this country when I first joined Grasslands Research Station. I think we grew the first crop of commercial soya beans at Grasslands in 1962 and it yielded about 2 tonnes per hectare, which was a good yield at that time. Tom Corby, our Head of Station, developed the inoculant factory at Grasslands, for the production of the appropriate rhizobia for the fixing of atmospheric N in the soil. Legumes do require the appropriate rhizobia in the soil to develop the symbiotic relationship that results in the nodulation of the roots and the transfer of atmospheric N to the soil. The result is you do not have to add nitrogenous fertilisers to a legume, if you get the right rhizobia present. Dear old Tom, is still alive in England, in his 90s and still active. We produced rhizobium commercially for farmers and it revolutionised the soya bean industry in this country. Grasslands still produces legume inoculant commercially and is the only factory to do so north of the Limpopo.

Most of the current crops grown in the country went through some aspect of development through the Department. One of the major success stories was the wheat story. We were almost self-sufficient in wheat production at one stage. We produced about 360 000 tonnes of wheat. The only wheat we had to import were the hard wheats, the red wheats, which are required in the gristing process to improve the quality of flour for baking purposes. But this is no longer the case, I am afraid. It came about largely through some farsighted policy changes to the Water Act, where farmers were encouraged to develop water resources on their farms by providing cheap loans, provided you grew wheat. Money was therefore readily available at very low interest rates to develop water resources on farms, and farmers took full advantage of that. The irrigation sector grew rapidly on commercial farms during this era, mainly for the production of wheat, barley and the summer supplementation of maize and tobacco crops.

You know the story of the maize hybrids and you all know the role Alan Rattray played in the development of those hybrids. His SR52 was legendary and the basis of the commercial maize crop for years. I spoke briefly about Rattray Arnold just now and about the work they are doing on maize hybrids. They have got hybrids now that out-yield SR 52, but Alan Rattray pioneered the work on maize hybrids and we had really first world standards in terms of maize yields, because of this work. There was a farmer in Enterprise, Owen Connor, who grew 20 tonnes of grain per hectare from a wheat crop following maize. That is incredible production, over 10 tonnes of each from the same hectare of land. That is the sort of capacities which we were capable of.

I am trying to tie this all together, because of the research effort of the early workers, because of the calibre of person that we had farming, the Owen Connors of this world and others I see in the audience here, because of the support services (the breeders, the fertilizer companies, the extension people, the equipment suppliers), we were capable of that sort of production and this country rightly earned the reputation as the granary of Africa.

The development of the horticulture industry is a success story in itself, but again has fallen on lean times. It was at one stage the fastest growing of all the sectors in the industry. We had producers packing product on farm for export direct to Marks & Spencer

in London and on the shelf the next day. We were also major exporters of citrus products and sub-tropical fruits.

So what of the future of research in this country? I cannot see the continuation of State funded research in this country, I regret to say. I think we have lost it now and that is very sad. There is no support for the current crop of researchers, they are inadequately paid, are not given the resources with which to work and are mostly moonlighting to make ends meet. Those of any calibre have already left for greener pastures. At one Station I visited, the Head had been "given" a farm, under the land reform programme and the inputs for the farm were taken from Station stores and delivered to the farm in a Station vehicle! In fact the vehicle had been wrecked in a week-end accident while driven by someone who was not even a Station employee, but a relative.

The infrastructure, however, is still in place and it can be put to good use, with much refurbishment. I believe that the way forward is to look at partnerships between the State and the private sector and that will come eventually in this country when things somehow get back to normal. I do believe that a partnership arrangement, between perhaps the CGIAR Group and Government, could work. It does in other developing countries and there is no reason why it cannot in ours. The infrastructure can be resuscitated and there will always be private sector needs for applied research, like that carried out at Art Farm. This is the bread and butter that this Station relies on, but it is applied research which is different to the fundamental research on which our systems of livestock, pasture, and cropping were developed. We will have to look elsewhere for that in the future. That is my view.

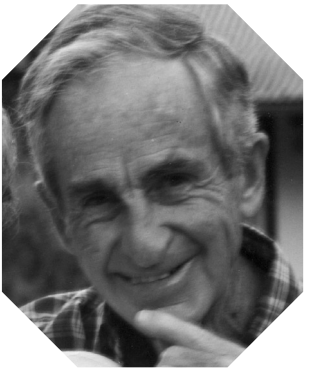
I have tried to paint a broad brush picture for you of agricultural research in this country, it is not a history, it is not exhaustive, it is not complete by any means and I therefore apologize for its shortcomings to those of my colleagues who may read this.

OBITUARY

Richard Dell Franks

by Richard Wood

Richard Dell Franks died tragically on 4 November 2006. On this Saturday morning he had gone to a house in Greendale to collect some fuel vouchers and, in reversing his vehicle in an unfamiliar driveway, had collided with a brick pillar, under which was a swarm of bees. When he walked to the back of his car to inspect the damage to his vehicle and the pillar, the bees attacked him and he was stung to death – a freak accident and a tragic end to a fine man.



He was born on 8 September 1934, the elder son of Mr & Mrs J. R. Franks. His father, Johnnie Franks, had come up to this country from the Cape to join the Civil Service and, after serving as a Magistrate in various towns, had transferred to the Staff of Parliament where he became Clerk of the House. Richard, however, had earlier connections with Rhodesia. His maternal grandfather, a Mr Dell, had run a hotel called the Masonic in Bulawayo in 1895, and thus Richard qualified for membership of the Pioneers and Early Settlers Society.

Richard's parents lived in the Milton Park area and so, when Blakiston School first opened (under the name Salisbury North) in 1941, Richard was a founder pupil. At the same school was Gill McLeod. They became friends, and years later were united as husband and wife in a strong and happy marriage. From Blakiston, Richard progressed to senior school at Prince Edward, which he attended from 1946 to1951. He was a good scholar and excelled at most sports. In his last year there, he was Head Boy, Captain of Rugby, and joint Victor Ludorum. He played fly-half and was picked in this position for the Rhodesian Schools Rugby Team in 1950 and also in 1951, in which latter year he was made captain. These were years when Rhodesia was only just beginning to benefit from the post-war influx of population, and although the national schoolboy side was not considered strong enough to take on a South African Representative XV or even provincial sides, it toured Natal and did well against the major schools there.

In 1952, Richard went down to the University of Cape Town to study law. He joined the Rugby Club and played fly-half for the under-19 A team. Interestingly his scrum-half was one Tommy Gentles, a diminutive ex-Bishops boy, who ended up in the Springbok Team.

It was then that a series of mishaps began that were to punctuate the rest of his life. The rugby fields below the halls of residence were divided by concrete paths that took students down to the main gates on to De Waal Drive. Richard was tackled on to one

of these by Ronnie Melk, a great Matie forward who later played for Western Province. He smashed his knee.

Unable to play rugby again, he took up rowing. With his great determination he developed into a first-class oarsman and was awarded University Colours when his crew not only won Inter-Varsity but also the open Buffalo Regatta. He was then struck down with poliomyelitis, which wasted the muscles around his neck and shoulders and lost him the better part of an academic year.

He obtained his Law Degree at the end of 1957 and, after touring Europe with a group of university friends and working in London, he returned here and joined, firstly, Messrs Coghlan Welsh & Guest, and then Messrs Atherstone & Cook, where he remained a partner until his death over 40 years later.

He married Gill in 1961 and their marriage was blessed by three fine children, Alistair, Caroline and Neil, all of whom gave him great happiness. Like many of his contemporaries he was caught up in the bush war and was fortunate to avoid death when the Land-Rover he was driving was ambushed in the Maranda Communal Area. A passenger sitting next to him was killed instantly by a bullet through his chest.

Gill and Richard established a beautiful home in Avondale, where every Wednesday afternoon we met and played tennis. On one of these occasions we assembled and Richard was late, an unusual event. We presumed that he had been held up by some office crisis, and started to play American tennis. A neighbour, Ann Lander, ran down to the court where we were playing to tell us that Richard had been knocked off his motorcycle in an accident at the intersection of Second Street and Churchill Avenue. Despite wearing a crash helmet he sustained a cracked skull, serious concussion and an injury to his ear which made him deaf. As ever, he struggled through these set-backs and was able to return to work and tennis after a relatively short time.

Life continued. He worked hard and conscientiously in his legal practice. His outside interests were for the outdoors. He was a member and office-bearer of the History Society for over 30 years, serving as Chairman both of the National Committee and the Mashonaland Branch Committee. He enjoyed the Society not only because he was interested in our country's history but also because the outings enabled him to be with friends in the veld, and Richard liked nothing more than walking and camping in the countryside. Over one long weekend in the 1970s he and I drove to the Swire-Thompsons' farm north of Troutbeck in Nyanga, left the car there and walked up to the top of Rukotso, Zimbabwe's second highest mountain, and then down the other side across the Bende gap and up into the Nyagui Forest area, a high plateau forming part of the Eastern Highlands chain of mountains stretching north of World's View. After two days and nights rendered slightly eerie by our coming across several recently constructed but deserted villages, we descended down the eastern side of the escarpment and caught a rural bus travelling back to Nyanga. We later ascertained that the villages were deserted because the Tangwena people, who had been moved up there from Gairesi Ranch, were led back across the border into Mozambique by their leader Rekayi Tangwena.

Richard did yeoman service for the Society over a long period of time – organising this, collecting that, and generally working hard and unobtrusively to ensure that

arrangements worked and chaos averted. In similar fashion Richard played his part as an active member of the Anglican Church Avondale. He had a quiet but firm faith and a continuing determination to help those less fortunate than he was.

His bad luck continued – he was blinded in one eye by a tennis ball that came off the shoulder of his racquet. He developed cancer, which he fought off, but only after a further permanent burden to his physical health. He dealt with all these set-backs in an uncomplaining manner and continued to meet life's various challenges squarely until his tragic death.

The above is a sketchy and incomplete account of events in Richard's life and does not explain what made him a very special person. In a word it was his integrity. He was totally reliable, helpful, steadfast and honourable. He was incapable of avarice or deceit. He was a gentleman who is sadly missed by his family and his many friends.

If you are a member of the History Society of Zimbabwe,
please ensure that the Society headquarters
– P. O. Box CY 35, Causeway, Harare – has your email address,
as communications by post are no longer affordable.

Book Reviews

1. THUNDERING SMOKE – A history of the Locomotives of the Beira and Mashonaland and Rhodesia Railways and the National Railways of Zimbabwe 1892-2003.

by R. G. Pattison. Published by Sable Publishing House, Somerset, UK.

The late George Pattison has been described by a fellow railway author as that beloved beavering historian. Those of us who had the privilege of counting George as a friend will readily confirm that he was much loved by the many people whose lives he touched. This book published posthumously substantiates that he was also a beavering historian. George must have spent many thousands of hours in railway offices extracting details of every locomotive, including hired engines that served on the National Railways of Zimbabwe and its predecessors.

The book has chapters on each class including the specifications, purchase price, and the mileage travelled by each engine during its service. He has also produced statistics for each class to show its combined performance, good and bad, over the period of service, which illustrate what the locomotives as a class were capable of in their heyday. Where appropriate the performance of different batches is also compared. These statistics are supported by reminiscences of journeys undertaken by the author on the footplate or in diesel locomotive cabs. Anecdotes by locomotive crews and other railway staff also add to the human touch.

The author comments in great detail on the data presented using his deep knowledge gained over a lifetime of interest in local railway matters. Some of the major accidents involving the various classes are also covered in some detail. Allocations to the various locomotive depots at intervals of time are also of historical interest. Before delving into the performance of each class of locomotive the book has a number of opening chapters setting the overall scene. These chapters cover construction of the system, terrain, track, weather, operating aspects, trains working, depots and crew working.

The author always made no secret of his admiration for the 15th Class Garratt and DE2 Class diesels introduced in 1955. The book demonstrates that this admiration was well founded and that these two classes performed magnificently.

A chapter on the UDI diesels, that is the Classes 5, 7, 8 and 9 purchased in the face of United Nations economic sanctions concludes that these particular locomotives were a poor investment running off low mileages particularly in the case of the mainline DE 5 and DE 8 series. However this reviewer is tempted to ask that if Rhodesia Railways maintenance staff had not been subjected to frequent military call ups during the 1970s maybe they would have been more able to concentrate on ensuring these locomotives did come up to expectations.

The author has performed a herculean effort in researching, assembling and finally evaluating a vast amount of data on the locomotives of our national railway. In doing so he has provided an invaluable service for all those who have an interest in the railways of the then Rhodesia and the now Zimbabwe. This work is a fitting memorial to a great railway enthusiast.

The book contains a number of interesting photographs taken by the author and others over the years some of which as far as I am aware have not been published before.

I would rate *Thundering Smoke* on a par with A. H. Croxton's *Railways of Rhodesia/ Zimbabwe* as a definitive historical reference work and a must for the bookshelf of all those who have even a passing interest in the railways of Zimbabwe.

All rail enthusiasts owe a deep debt of gratitude to John Batwell and Richard Clatworthy for ensuring the author's text was completed after his death in March 2005 and submitted for publication. They have secured for posterity an amazing amount of valuable historical information. In bringing the authors work into the public domain they have ensured that this treasure trove is accessible to all thereby giving interest and enjoyment to many people in the years to come.

Thundering Smoke, ISBN No. 0-9549488-1-5, is published by Sable Publishing House, P.O. Box 52, Ilminster, Somerset TA19 9XY UK, email address: <admin@sable-publishing-house.com>. The recommended retail price in the UK is £24.50.

R. D. Taylor

2. TRACKS ACROSS THE VELD
Illustrated Memoirs of a Rhodesia Railwayman 1950–1976
by Sam Wright. Published by Woodfield Publishing, Bognor Regis, UK

Sam Wright served in the Royal Air Force during the Second World War as a navigator on Beaufighters. Postwar he flew as a Navigating Officer with B.O.A.C. on routes to South Africa and the Far East. Having two young children the author found the frequent absences from home not to his liking. In February 1948 therefore he gave up flying and after numerous interviews found employment with British Railways in a clerical capacity at St. Pancras Station in London. However before long the commute from Wimbledon became monotonous and a totally uninspiring regime of each day ensuring that a correct supply of wagons to various loading points led to a deep sense of gloom and even despondency at the prospect of a future of drudgery for the next forty years. An advertisement in the Daily Telegraph inviting applications for clerical positions on Rhodesia Railways caught the author's eye and led to a successful application for one of these positions. The farewells from loved ones and the sea voyage to Cape Town in April 1950 on the Durban Castle are all described and will bring back memories to those who have made similar journeys.

The author duly arrived by train in Bulawayo from Cape Town. On the same day he underwent a medical examination and received his posting to Macheke. This first station in a new career was reached at midnight a day and a half later. The author was met by the Station Master holding a dim oil lamp. No electric power in Macheke at that time. The book describes in detail his first impressions of Africa and all its different peoples. Right from the start the deeply felt love and loyalty to his adopted country comes across very strongly and continues right through the book. Mr. Wright soon settled down to the daily routine of issuing tickets to intending travellers, mostly African and dealing with goods. The ability to add lengthy columns of figures was a necessary skill as there were no mechanical adding machines or calculators in those days. The accounts had to balance at the end of each day and the month end station balance sheet was a major exercise. It was a matter of pride for all station staff to get these correct and to Head Office on time.

Accommodation was a major problem in Rhodesia in those days and it was therefore some six months before Sam's wife Carol and children Joy and Nicholas were permitted

to join him. Arrangements were made for the family to stay in the Macheke Hotel. In this age of instant communications the author recalls that not once was he able during the period of separation to speak to his wife on the telephone. A posting to Marandellas soon followed when a house at this station became vacant.

Influenced by his Station Master, the author decided that the way to career advancement would be to seek promotion to Station Master grade. This required two examinations, one in Station Accounts and the second Trains Working. In order to gain knowledge of trains working each weekday, Sam, when his normal day's work was completed at 4.30 p.m., used to spend until 9 or 10 at night with the duty Station Foreman learning the very responsible task of ensuring that all the trains working in his section passed through safely. A vital task, as a mistake would result in horrific consequences. Examinations in these subjects were duly taken and Mr. Wright was promoted to Station Master Grade Four at Masuie, then a newly established station near Victoria Falls. A shortage of staff meant that he and the sole Station Foreman each worked twelve hour shifts non stop for a period of six months.

Transfers to Shangani and Norton stations followed. Promotion to Station Master Grade Three and a consequential transfer to the larger station of Chisamba in the then Northern Rhodesia meant yet another move which involved loading all one's personal effects into a covered railway wagon. The family became skilled in the act of packing these wagons to minimize damage from shunting.

The author describes in detail his duties and life at a country station and gives wonderful descriptions of the interesting people that made up the local communities.

At this time the Railways introduced a trainee officer scheme to provide for the development of future senior staff. Mr. Wright applied and was one of the six trainees selected. No formal training course had been laid down but those selected were required to study for and pass the examinations of the Chartered Institute of Transport. The training also consisted of periods of work experience in the various sections of the railway administration. This meant a transfer to Broken Hill, but a new house and the availability of schools, butchers, shops, library etc. was a delight for a family man coming from small centres with few amenities. Broken Hill was a major railway centre and the District Superintendent controlled all railway activities from the Kafue River to the Congo border.

Postings to the Trains' Office, and then to the Statistics section gave the aspiring officer experience in the work undertaken by these sections. The author subsequently transferred to the position of Trains' Inspector, a post requiring constant travel along the line mainly in a guard's van to check on the work of all stations in the area. Finally came a transfer to Bulawayo and postings to the various sections in Railway Headquarters.

The writer describes his duties in some detail which will be of interest to those rail enthusiasts who wish to know more about what happens in a railway organization behind the main stage of trains, locomotives and tracks. An enlightening period was spent as a legman for a team of external consultants who were investigating the organizational structure of the Railway Administration. This gave Mr. Wright the opportunity to see how top management worked and he describes how certain senior

officers, when they felt threatened by the likely findings of the consultants, defended their sphere of operations against change.

Finally having passed the Institute of Transport examination and gained wide hands on experience Mr. Wright was promoted to the post of Assistant Commercial Officer at Ndola. This involved a very different work environment with the need to develop close relations with major customers in order to promote rail transport and resolve any problems experienced by customers.

This reviewer has the suspicion that Mr. Wright would have preferred that his elevation to officer status had been in the operations branch of the railways.

A transfer to Salisbury as Sales Officer followed, where, for the first time in his career, golf became a necessary part of working life. The good life in Salisbury didn't last long before Mr. Wright was elevated to Assistant Commercial Officer (Sales) in the General Manager's Office in Bulawayo. Changes in the management structure led to his appointment as Commercial Officer for the Southern Region from which position he retired in 1976.

Throughout the book, Mr. Wright recalls his work colleagues and relates humorous and other incidents covered by anonymity when necessary! The tasks of the various Head Office and District office sections are covered in some depth. This makes the reader appreciate how large and complex an organisation the railways are. Mr. Wright's family life plays an important part. The education of his children, the constant moves leading to boarding school and the adventures of little ones at small country stations are recounted in delightful detail. The first family holiday by road to Durban and a subsequent sea cruise from Beira up the East Coast will remind many of happy times.

The author has produced a very readable book which captures the life of a railwayman working long hours beside the tracks. By hard work and personal application the author improved his status, which in time allowed him to build his own home in Bulawayo and to send his children to Teachers' Training College and University.

Tracks across the Veldt makes an important contribution to the railway literature of this country as previous works have concentrated on the trains and infrastructure and not the lives of the many railway employees who made the trains move twenty four hours a day in all weathers and conditions. In addition the book has in important place in our social history as very little has been published about the lives of what I may describe as the ordinary working man, and I use this term with the greatest respect to the author, living in the then Rhodesia from the 1950s through the 1970s.

I do have two minor criticisms. The first concerns historical facts. The exhibition the author and his family visited in Bulawayo in 1953 would have been the Rhodes Centenary Exhibition and not the Trade Fair. The first Central African Trade Fair was held in May 1960. Major Allan Wilson's patrol, lost at the Battle of Shangani on 4th December 1893, comprised 34 men and not the higher figure, stated in the book. My second criticism relates to the number of typographical errors, which should have been eliminated at proof reading stage. *Tracks Across the Veldt* is a most enjoyable book, which should be read by all who seek a deeper understanding of the workings of the railways of this country and the staff who toil to make the trains run. Those that lived and worked especially on the railways in the then Rhodesia during this period will be

reminded of many happy times and the drive and dedication of the people who made their lives in this country.

Tracks Across the Veldt. Illustrated Memoirs of a Rhodesia Railwayman 1950-76 by Sam Wright, ISBN 1-903953-78-2, is published by Woodfield Publishing, Woodfield House Babsham Lane, Bognor Regis West Sussex, PO21 5EL United Kingdom, email address: <www.woodfieldpublishing.com>. U.K. price £15,00.

R. D. Taylor

3. A HORSESHOE CLOWN
by Mary Leared, 2007.

The authoress states that she has written the book mainly for her grandchildren and clearly it will be of great interest to her family in general and her grandchildren in particular. The book will also be of interest to those who live or who used to live in the Horseshoe district and the surrounding farming area. Likewise, dispossessed farmers from other farming areas of Zimbabwe should enjoy reading this book.

There is a lot of interesting social history still to be written about farmers and about farming in this country prior to 2002 when the farm invasions began and the personnel on farms in this country changed so radically. Hopefully, therefore, this book will encourage those with the necessary drive, interest and enthusiasm to put pen to paper so that a plethora of social histories of farming districts of Zimbabwe up to 2002 will appear.

This book is extremely well written, quite well printed but poorly bound. Those in the printing industry in Zimbabwe who attend to the binding of books need to improve their standards significantly in this regard. The original print order of this book is sold out and the authoress is ordering further copies – the binding will I am assured be given special attention!

Copies are obtainable from the author Mary Leared at telephone 263-4/336332 or by writing to her at No. 6 Dagmar Court, 19 Cheryl Road, Avondale, Harare.

Michael J. Kimberley

4. THE CHISI STORY 1929 -2004
by Anna McCarthy, published in 2007 by the Chisipite Senior School.

The author, Anna McCarthy, has taught at Chisipite since 1983, and has written a vivid account of the school's birth and growth. She interviewed former teachers and pupils (including the very first pupil) and made use of the Diamond Jubilee Magazine of the Junior School, the 1999 edition of "Chisi Chippings", the school magazines and school records. There is a delightful copy of the page in the Rhodesia Herald, Friday 3rd May, 1929, in which an advertisement of the opening of the school is printed, alongside announcements of Bridge Drives, "Diner" Dansants, Kennel Club shows, and more.

Parents and pupils of the school will enjoy reading this account and many could well be mentioned by name or would almost certainly find themselves in one of the many group photographs, dating from the first one in 1930, which includes two boys.

From its inception in 1929 as a farm school for junior pupils, the school flourished. In time, the Senior School was formed and Chisipite became known for its achievements in sporting and scholastic fields.

The school's history is intertwined with that of Rhodesia and then Zimbabwe. It is, as the author says, "no more than a road map to the country of the past, signposted by the recollections of some who have been there, and dedicated to all those who would like to explore further."

The Chisi story is a well written and engrossing book. It is highly recommended and would make a most acceptable gift.

Copies available from Chisipite School, P.O. Box CH30, Chisipite, Zimbabwe.

Rosemary Kimberley

5. GRACE AND LEARNING FROM AFRICA

Arundel School – The First Fifty Years

by Dorothy Twiss and Rose Cochrane, published in 2005 by Arundel School.

This is the record of the remarkable progress of Arundel School. The book was compiled by Mrs Dorothy Twiss, former head mistress, and Rose Cochrane, a foundation member of the school. Mrs Twiss' daughters also contributed, and, most important of all, Vimbai Shiri gathered pictures and piecemeal script into a finished, indexed work.

During 1954–1956, four senior schools opened their doors: Falcon College and Peterhouse for boys, and Chisipite Senior School and Arundel School for girls. These were Independent Schools, "whose function it was to provide an alternative to the State system, incidentally bridging the racial gap."

A portion of Arundel Farm was sold for the school grounds and the Board of Trustees drew up guidelines – the school would be interdenominational, though under the sponsorship of the Anglican Church, and would cater for boarders and day girls. Money was raised by the Board for a boarding house and classrooms ready for three forms in 1956.

From this has grown the present school with all its new buildings, from the Chapel to the sports pavilion, in a compact and harmonious setting.

Full accounts are given of the huge expansion during the early years, the bush war problems, and increasing political interference since Independence, The staff and parents have met these challenges with exemplary ingenuity and perseverance, and the school maintains its high reputation to this day.

With its profuse illustrations and abundance of detail, this book will be a most welcome gift to past pupils and parents.

Copies available from Arundel School, P.O. Box MP 51, Mount Pleasant, Zimbabwe.

Rosemary Kimberley.

History Society of Zimbabwe Mashonaland Branch Report April 2006 – March 2007

The Mashonaland Branch of the Society has had another successful year in fulfilling the Society's aim of uniting all who wish to foster a wider appreciation and knowledge of the history of Zimbabwe. At the same time we have given our members both interest and pleasure.

Our first event of the year was a visit on 9th April to the Seed Co. Rattray Arnold Research Centre for a talk on the history of cereal crop research and breeding by Mr. Mike Caulfield. Mr. Roy Arnold also spoke about his late father, Mr. H. C. Arnold. Some 70 members attended and apart from the talks enjoyed a tour of the variety demonstration plots. Some plots contained plants of early varieties from which current varieties were developed. These plots had been specially planted for our visit. This was the first visit outside Harare for some time and the support showed that such visits would be popular.

We had two activities in May. On the 4th May Mr. Peter Sternberg showed the film "Land of Rhodes" which was made in the 1930s. Mr. Sternberg has since left Zimbabwe and we miss his contribution to our society. We wish Peter and Hermonie well in their new life in the Cape. On the 18th May Mr. Peter Mundy gave a most interesting and well, prepared presentation on the lives and services rendered to this country by H. M. Jackson, Hugh Marshall Hole, Lionel Powys Jones and Stan Cary. All these gentlemen won numerous honours and awards both military and civil.

Following the support given to the April Seed Co. visit we decided to venture further afield and visit three sites in the Masembura Communal Area on Sunday 12th June. Price Waterhouse Coopers provided two minibuses free of charge and I would like to record our appreciation to Mr. David Scott for this very welcome support. The visit was organized by, Richard Wood and Richard Franks. The first stop was at Chavadzimyu Cave where Richard Wood spoke about the rock paintings at this site. We then moved on to Chisvingo Ruin site for an address by Richard Franks. After a good walk it was time for a lunch break at the foot of the hill and afterwards a fascinating talk by Mr. Alex Masterson on the life of his father Mr. Bernard Masterson who was District Commissioner for the area from 1938 to 1948. Mr. Masterson senior was decorated for his work in fostering practices of good husbandry and soil conservation. It was a tribute to this work to see mature trees and soil conservation works still in place. Some two hundred members and friends enjoyed a most enjoyable day in our wonderful countryside.

On the evening of 27th July Mr. Coenrad Brand spoke on the early days of Morgenster Mission and the contribution made in the mission field by the Rev. Louw and his family. This was yet another inspiring tale of dedication and achievement.

September saw us again focus on agriculture when on Sunday 24th we visited the Agricultural Research Trust Farm. Mr. Richard Winkfield gave a short talk on the background to the formation of the trust and its work. Dr. Jerry Grant then gave a very professional presentation on the history of agricultural research and the many achievements by a dedicated group of professional civil servants. I make no apology for spending so much time this

year on agricultural research as I really believe that the very important contribution to the country's development made by relatively few people needs to be better known and recorded for the future.

From agriculture to industrial development and the story of the Margolis family and Olivine Industries. Mr. Rory Beattie spoke to an audience of some 110 people on 26th October. Once again it was a tale of early hardship, hard work, enterprise and finally success told in a sincere and well, researched way.

We had two gatherings in December. The first on the 3rd was the traditional Christmas outing held once again in and around the pavilion at Arundel School. Our speaker on this occasion was Mr. David Morgan who spoke on the history of Rhodes Scholarships and highlighted the achievements of local scholars. The founding of these scholarships has achieved so much that is positive and good in the world. About 140 to 150 members and friends attended this outing. The following week some sixty members gathered at Gallery Delta to hear a presentation by Collette Wiles on the life of her father the artist Robert Paul. The venue was the Paul family home at 110 Livingstone Ave., which has remained largely unaltered for over a century. The house itself is well worth a visit and I found the whole evening had great atmosphere. We opened the new calendar year on the 25th January 2007 with a talk, once again illustrated, by Mr. Robert Blair on his father Dr. Dyson Blair and his grandfather Mr. John Wallace Downie. This is another family with very deep roots in this country and one, which has made a very substantial contribution in many fields of activity.

Our final event was a talk and audio-visual presentation by Mr. Bill Sykes.

The film was entitled "Spitfire The Pursuit of a Dream" and the speaker who was closely involved in the making of the film was able to give a fascinating insight into the whole project and its ultimate sad ending. This function was enjoyed by some 300 members and guests the highest turnout at any of our activities during the year. The Branch has had a busy year and we have seen the reintroduction of visits outside of Harare. All this activity would not have been possible without the wonderful support of our members and I thank you all for this support and encouragement. The Committee have, worked hard and well as a team to make it all happen and to them also my sincere thanks. I would also like to thank our Branch Secretary Pat Hobley for keeping the minutes of our branch committee meetings. Another lady who deserves sincere thanks is our National Secretary Carol Cochrane. Carol sends out the email circulars and this is no small task in addition to her other secretarial duties for the national body. In this she is ably supported by her husband Ian.

I must also express the appreciation of all of us to our speakers. They put in a tremendous amount of work preparing the talks so that we may be better informed of what has gone before. We always thank them individually but it would remiss if I did not record our appreciation in this report. John McCarthy is also one of those who contribute so much in the background. Arranging the public address system and recording the talks for subsequent possible, publication in Heritage. A special thank you John.

The Branch and the Society as a whole suffered a major blow in the late November when our Branch Treasurer, Richard Franks, was tragically killed by bees. Richard had been an active member and held all the important offices in the Society over many years. His contribution to our affairs has been immense and we greatly miss his wise counsel and experience.

Following Richard's passing, Alistair Hatrick kindly agreed to take over the role of Branch Treasurer. While on the subject of finance, I would like to say that the much appreciated donations we receive at functions are used to cover the costs of our venues and car guards when appropriate. Some venues such as this Church do not have a fixed charge but we give them a donation for the use of the facility. In the case of the Church we know the money finds its way back into the community and the good work they do for those in need. I stand down as Branch Chairman at the conclusion of this meeting. It has been a great privilege to serve the members of the branch and to do something towards furthering the aims and objectives of our Society. It is my fervent hope that one day, the contributions to the development of our country by all those we have been hearing about will be given the real recognition they so richly deserve.

One final thank you. To my wife Jenny who types my correspondence, takes messages, arranges flowers, wraps presents plus all the other support she gives in her quiet way a very special thank you.

R. D. Taylor
Branch Chairman

If you are about to make a new will,
or to amend your existing will,
please think of the History Society of Zimbabwe.

If you are a member of the History Society of Zimbabwe,
please ensure that the Society headquarters
– P. O. Box CY 35, Causeway, Harare – has your email address,
as communications by post are no longer affordable.

If any member of the History Society of Zimbabwe or any other reader of this journal would like to assist the Society in its efforts to continue to publish this journal despite the galloping inflation, please consider sourcing, ideally in South Africa, the paper requirements for one issue of the journal and donating that paper to us.

The requirements are:

a) 8000 sheets 80gsm or 90gsm or 100gsm white bond size 1024×765mm, short grain (for text)

b) 250 sheets 250gsm gloss art board, size 640×915, long grain (for cover).