HERITAGE of ZIMBABWE

PUBLICATION NO. 27 2008

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THE HISTORY SOCIETY OF ZIMBABWE
Harare
Zimbabwe
2009

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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.

Edited by

MICHAEL J. KIMBERLEY

Authors are responsible for their own opinions and for the accuracy of statements they make

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COVER DESIGN — *Front:* Zimbabwe Bird, from a cast in the National Archives of the soapstone original which was removed from Great Zimbabwe by the archaeologist Theodore Bent in 1891; masonry from a passage wall in the Great Enclosure, Zimbabwe (photograph *c*.1904). *Back:* Masonry with chevron decoration, from the outer wall of the Great Enclosure (photograph *c*.1894); Conical Tower (photograph *c*.1930) National Archives.

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Foreword

This is the twenty-seventh issue of *Heritage of Zimbabwe* which first appeared in 1980 and succeeded *Rhodesiana,* this Society's publication, forty issues of which appeared between 1955 and Independence in 1980.

As always we have provided articles on a wide range of subjects so that every reader of our journal will find at least one article which is to his liking.

Some of the articles comprise the text of tales given to members of the Society, and these include Mike Saunders on tsetse fly control in this country and Charles Duly on 50 years with the Ford Motor Company.

Two of our authors lived here but are now based elsewhere, namely Angela Hurrell, now living in Australia, and Richard Clatworthy, now in England.

His Excellency Jaroslav Olša, who was the Czech Republic Ambassador in Zimbabwe and is now in that post in South Korea, has written a history of the Bata Shoe Company in this country from its establishment in 1939 to 1970. In similar vein Robin Taylor provides a history of the cement industry in Matebeleland.

We have not published a history of a suburb for a long time but include here a history of the Greendale suburb of Harare by Robin Taylor.

There are three biographical articles on Forbes, Mauch and Upington, by John McCarthy and prolific author Rob Burrett. Bob Challis offers the second part of his work on people associated with his country who have been awarded the Victoria Cross, and Jonathan Waters updates the story of Sofala. Finally Colin Saunders provides an amusing text on the demise of the "dumpy".

The issue ends with several book reviews. We are always happy to review relevant books. Review copies should be delivered to the Honorary Editor.

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 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 to John McCarthy, Bill Sykes and Fraser Edkins for help in several respects.

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

The Grave of John Upington, Avondale, Harare

by Rob S. Burrett

This short note concerns John Upington whose grave is the oldest in the small Avondale Anglican Cemetery off King George Road. Upington was the first of Rhodes' Pioneer Column to die in the newly occupied territory of Mashonaland. Born in Ireland, he was the younger brother of Sir Thomas Upington who was at one time Premier of the Cape Colony from 1884–6 (Hartmann 1926; Tanser 1965: 235). John was the oldest of those enrolled in Pioneer Corps and had, prior to coming to southern Africa, been a Justice of the Peace in County Cork. He immigrated to South Africa sometime in the late 1800s and for a while was resident in Uitenhage. He joined the Pioneer Corps on 17th May 1890 and was appointed as a Trooper in "B Troop' on the 21st June (Cary 1975: 104). As a practising Roman Catholic he would have associated with the Catholic Chaplain, Fr. Andrew Hartmann S.J., and with Frank Mandy, the leading Catholic Officer in the Pioneer Corps (Cary 1975: 52; Burrett 1993: 43).

There have been a number of different published versions purporting to describe Upington's last days and subsequent burial (cf. anonymous, *Rhodesia Herald*, 12 November 1926; Crawford 1926; Hartmann 1926; Mandy 1891; Tanser 1965). This note sets out to document the actual story, based as it is on these articles as well as newspaper cuttings and hitherto unpublished notes in the Jesuit Archives of Zimbabwe, Harare (Hartmann Unpubl.: 43–4).

Fig. 1: Frank Mandy

It would seem that Upington was a member of a prospecting party under Frank Mandy (Fig. 1), which, after the disbandment of the Pioneers, had set out north seeking gold in the vicinity of modern Chinhoyi. Other members of the party were Dr Brett, E. Slater, J. Corderoy and O. R. Armstrong. Their initial camp was in a low-lying place fairly close to the east bank of the Manyame River [1] and most members quickly went down with fever (malaria).[2] Upington and an unnamed companion, possibly F. C. Selous according to Hartmann (1926 & unpublished: 43–4), had gone hunting somewhere towards Fort Salisbury when they came upon a lion which, although only 10 to 12 yards off, simply lay staring at them. They both fired at the beast and then followed up the injured animal with rifles at the ready in case it sprung out at them. While adjusting the bridal to his horse, Upington rested his loaded rifle on his breast. Unfortunately the horse stumbled and the charge exploded, the bullet entering below his left breast and coming out near his collarbone. No bones were broken and his companion quickly attended to Upington's wound. A message was sent to Mandy's Camp asking for assistance and Armstrong was sent to help

[1] Interesting Mandy 1891 calls it Manami River rather than Hunyani.

[2] My own previous research suggests that this camp was on a low knoll on the east bank of the Manyame River opposite what is now called Spreckley's Kop, a much higher and locally prominent hill just southeast of the modern town of Chinhoyi. Jack Spreckley was the second Mining Commissioner for this area and he made this larger hill his base camp (cf. Burrett 1993).

(Cary 1975: 61). He found Upington little worse for wear and the three men proceeded to Fort Salisbury to collect supplies for Mandy's party. They first visited Fr. Hartmann at his "huts" which were somewhere in the vicinity of the present Harare Dominican Convent on Third Street. He advised Upington to consult the BSACo doctor, Dr Lichfield who pronounced the wound 'slight and not at all dangerous' (Mandy 1891).

Everything seemed well, the wound was apparently healing and Upington was able to partake in Communion at Christmas Mass. Immediately the party headed back to Mandy on the Manyame River but opted to stop over with Lieutenant O'C. Farrell who was in the process of pegging the farm that was to become known as Avondale to the northwest of the nascent town of Salisbury. Farrell had erected an oblong two-roomed house of pole and daga along the "main road" north where it crossed the Avondale Ridge. That evening, 26th, Upington complained of great pain in the wound and it was realized that severe infection had set in.

Hartmann was quickly called out to Farrell's camp to assist. The Jesuit found the patient dying and in great pain. Dr Lichfield who also arrived quickly confirmed the inevitable, '… erysipelas has set in and the poison is doing its fatal work (Hartmann 1926)'. After administering the Last Rites Hartmann returned to Fort Salisbury only to be advised the next day that Upington had died quietly in his sleep around 5pm on 27th December 1890. Hartmann returned to Avondale Ridge to bury the dead man according to the rites of the

Fig. 2: Marble cross and cast-iron railing

Roman Catholic Church. The grave was dug a short distance and to the 'right of Farrell's house (Hartmann 1926)'. Later, in 1893, Hartmann had the chance to discuss the details of this sad occasion with Thomas Upington, the brother of the deceased, while the former was visiting the Cape Colony.

Upington's burial in what is today the Avondale Anglican Parish Cemetery established the cemetery and was also probably the reason that the Anglican Church was located at this point. It is a subtle irony that Upington, a strong Catholic in an era when Interdenominational harmony was a long way off, was to be a subsequent catalyst for the local protestant community. The grave was originally surrounded by a low stone walled enclosure. This enclosure later sheltered Countess 'Billy' de la Panouse during the night that she fled her nearby homestead when it was attacked in the 1896 Mashona Uprising (Tanser 1965).

In 1926 the Anglican Parish decided to restructure the existing graveyard. Upington's stone enclosure was demolished and a new memorial, the existing headstone, was erected. This consists of the marble cross and cast-iron railing, Figures 2 & 3. Not much else distinguishes this, the earliest grave and visitors generally overlook it as it is seemingly modern. Yet we have here the earliest European graves of the recent colonial era. It, and the cemetery at large, is well worth a visit for anyone interested in the history of this country.

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Fig. 3: Headstone

Fifty Years with Ford

by Bryan Duly

The story of Motoring in Rhodesia, from birth to maturity centres to a large extent on the life of Charles Duly and the company he founded.

Charles Duly sought adventure in Africa. He was a competitive cyclist and used his love of the sport to not only serve his country in successive uprisings and wars but also as the base upon which he built his successful motor company. As both soldier and civilian his care for his fellow man is well documented.

Born in the UK in 1870, the same year that Lobengula became king of the Matabele, he began his apprenticeship in a railway workshop. From Southampton where he was completing his apprenticeship, news of Africa, north of the Limpopo came via the weekly arrivals of the rival Union and Castle Steamship Companies. Charles Duly yearned for adventure and Africa beckoned him. He knew there were great unknowns and he was impatient to begin his adventurous life. On completing his apprenticeship he immediately applied for a job with the Cape Government Railways and was accepted. At the age of 20 he shook the dust of England off his boots and struck out for Africa.

He worked in Uitenhage for two years but stories of the Witwatersrand Goldfields filtered down and stirred him. He then moved to the Witwatersrand in 1893 where he repaired mining machinery and participated successfully in his favourite sport which was cycle racing.

In 1894 he met Edith Harris and though they were attracted to each other he would not contemplate marriage before he had first established himself. The Rand did not appeal to him greatly. Undoubtedly spurred on by his desire to marry Edith he yielded to the fascination and adventure of the new land of Rhodesia.

Charles Duly

Charles aged 24 set off by bicycle with a Scottish friend for Bulawayo. They went via Pretoria, Pietersburg and then across the crocodile infested Limpopo. From there they went via Tuli to Fort Victoria and then finally to Bulawayo. So soon after the defeat of King Lobengula, many of the Africans they met on their way were unfriendly. The average journey time in those days from Johannesburg to Bulawayo by ox wagon was between 13 and 20 weeks. His journey took him 10 days. However it was to be another 7 years before Charles Duly was to return to make Edith his wife.

Charles Duly established himself in the cycle business with the agency for Raleigh

Cycles. In Bulawayo this determined young man proved himself not only to be a very keen but also a very competitive cyclist.

In 1896, the Matabele, still smarting from the defeat of their Chief Lobengula, two years previously, rose up in revolt. In March in the Bulawayo area 141 people were murdered on the lonely mines and farms. Every able-bodied man was called up. Charles Duly, serving with the Rhodesia Regiment under Colonel Plumer, used his cycling skills in the service of his country by riding through enemy lines with important dispatches. In June of the same year the Mashona uprising occurred. Here 103 people were murdered. It was only when Cecil Rhodes negotiated the peace treaty in the Matopos Hills that peace came to the country.

Following the peace, Charles Duly enjoyed excellent trade with soldiers of the Relief Force that had come up from Mafeking. Now that the fighting was over, they were anxious to return to their base in Mafeking or to go even further south to the Cape of Good Hope. With this change of circumstance, Charles Duly had to change from his "Sale or hire" policy of cycle trading to a policy of "Outright sale only". One day a customer refused to accept his policy of "Outright sale only". Charles Duly aged 26, also refused to budge. Eventually the customer said to him, "I don't think you know who I am. I am Rudyard Kipling." Charles Duly was unimpressed and replied, "Well I am Charles Duly, so there you are." Baffled but insistent Kipling agreed to find a guarantor. Charles Duly said, "It will have to be a good one." Kipling replied that he would get two guarantors. Charles Duly replied that they would have to be "Two good ones". A few hours later Kipling returned bringing with him the well known local engineer Charles (Later Sir Charles) Metcalfe who was Rhodes's principal advisor on railway construction. He said, "I say Duly, I know he is not much to look at, but he's alright. I will guarantee his account." Charles Duly looked up to see who the other guarantor was hovering in the background. It was none other than Cecil Rhodes himself who was enjoying the fun.

The cycle business continued to do well but Charles Duly's fresh memories of the uprising and of the strategic role played by the dispatch riders haunted him. With this in mind he and Mr Dollar of Selukwe, founded the Volunteers Cycle Corps.

Charles Duly aged 27 opened his second branch in Gwelo in 1897. He was indeed a visionary because he advertised his business as a Motor Depot even though it would be another 5 years before the first car arrived in the country. He sold cycles: Humbers, Swifts, Raleighs and Gazelles.

In 1900 when the Boer War broke out, Colonel Plumer (later Field Marshal), took advantage of Charles Duly's knowledge and skills. He called on him and Mr. Dollar to form a Cycle Company to operate in the Northern Transvaal. With the Cycle Corps, Lieut. Duly under Lieutenant-Colonel Holdsworth did excellent work in keeping up communication with the beleaguered garrison of Mafeking, then under the command of Major Robert Baden-Powell. One of his dangerous exploits was a ride of about 140 miles from Rustenburg to Pretoria and back again, when the road traversed was in the hands of the enemy. He had papers for Lord Roberts hidden in the tubes of his bicycle. Hiding from the enemy in a putrid pool, he contracted malaria which was to reoccur throughout his lifetime. Now bearing the rank of Captain, Charles Duly was awarded the DSO "for his special and meritorious service".

Seven years after his epic arrival in Rhodesia, Charles Duly returned to South Africa to marry Edith Harris. He had many experiences under his belt. He had assisted His Majesty's

government in suppressing an uprising in Matabeleland; he had established himself in business with branches operating in two centres. In conjunction with Mr Dollar from Selukwe, he had established the Cycle Corps and had distinguished himself in the Boer War where his meritorious service was recognized with the DSO. Charles Duly married Edith Harris and they trekked from Port Elizabeth to Rhodesia.

It was then back to business and the sport he loved which was cycling. In that same year Charles Duly opened his third branch in Salisbury (107 years ago). He again showed his determination and cycling skill when he won the Baxendale cup for the cycle race from Bulawayo to Gwelo and back again (approx 200 miles).

A Duly advertisement in 1908.

In 1902 Charles Duly imported the first motor car into Rhodesia. It was a 6,5hp Gladiator. These vehicles were quite popular vehicles in France and Britain but were not among the more technically inspired. (They faded out of existence in 1920.) Newspaper advertisements of 1902 show Dulys advertising its sole agency for Gladiator cars, Rex and Werner motor cycles. The price of cars was still beyond the reach of most Europeans who were the buying public. Although Charles Duly was the pioneer motorist it was his friend Mr François Issels who brought the first Ford car into Rhodesia in 1905.

In 1905 Charles Duly advertised Gladiator, De Dion and Humber cars, but cycles were still his main line of his business which was also known as the Rhodesian Cycle Agency. An advertisement by Thomas Cook & Sons in 1907 advised clients that, "All trips to Rhodesia now use Dulys fast and luxurious service of motor cars."

Charles Duly had been faithful to the Gladiator, De Dion, Bouton and Humber ranges of cars, but he was now looking for a solid and prosperous foundation on which to build his business. There were many motor vehicle manufactures from which he could source vehicles. However it was the philosophy of Henry Ford that gripped him. Ford said:

> I will build a car for the multitude.
> It will be large enough for the family,
> small enough for the individual to run and care for.
> It will be constructed of the finest materials,
> by the best men to be hired,
> after the simplest designs that modern engineering can devise.
> But it will be so low in price that no man earning a good salary will be unable to own one and enjoy with his family the blessing of hours of pleasure in God's great open spaces.

This philosophy appealed to Charles Duly.

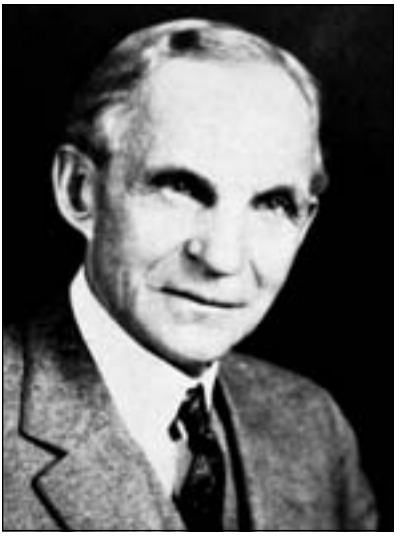
On the 1st October 1908, Ford had launched the utilitarian Model T motorcar. It was the universal car for "the man in the street", not for the wealthy or the enthusiast. The Model T turned the fad of the wealthy into the plain man's utility. Its essence was simplicity and dependability. Initially available in a limited variety of colours, he standardized on black from 1913 to 1925. This gave rise to the expression "Available in any colour you like providing

Charles and Edith Duly in the first motor vehicle in Rhodesia – a 'Gladiator'.

Mrs Issels, with the first Ford in Rhodesia, 1905

it is black". The Model T's ability and slogan of "Will take you anywhere and bring you back" also appealed to Charles Duly. Ford later said that the Model T was not the best car he knew how to design but the roads in 1908 were bad and he was going to design a car that would run through anything. He did. The vehicle had an almost indestructible quality about it. Some car dealers tried to hedge their bets with several motor agencies but Henry Ford countered this with his directive. "One wife – One dealership".

In 1911 when Charles Duly and the Ford representative signed the agreement for Charles to purchase 60 Ford vehicles a year, there were 1580 manufactures of Motor vehicles from which to source product. Everything Charles Duly had read about Ford's philosophy confirmed in his mind that he was making the right choice. Nonetheless in 1911, it was with great trepidation that Charles Duly signed an agreement for 60 new Fords a year. The Model T, launched in 1908, featured an ancestral form of automatic transmission using epicyclic gears operated by pedals, which left the hands free. In a crisis the driver of a Ford could jump on any one of the three pedals on the floor including reverse gear and bring the machine to some kind of a halt! So different was that transmission that a number of American states, (and even Kenya) offered two driving licences, one for ordinary cars and one for planetary types, i.e. Ford.



Henry Ford

The Model T became affectionately known as the Tin Lizzie. Jokes and stories about the Tin Lizzie abounded, half of them made up by the Ford Motor Company itself. One man was reputed to have asked that when he was to be buried that his Model T be buried with him. When asked "Why?" he replied that he had never been in a hole that his Model T had not been able to get him out of!

Sales of the Ford Model T became a flood worldwide and Rhodesia was no exception. My personal experiences with the Model T Ford go back some 43 years. It was on a journey to the Matopos with members of the vintage car club. I was accompanied by my wife and son. My son was a baby in a carry cot. It would be fair to say that the primitive suspension system of the Model T Ford combined with the fairly poor road surface resulted in my son being airborne 50% of the time. The return journey was up Laidman's Hill. This was a formidable challenge. I can still remember my anguish battling up that hill thinking that if I failed, my only option would be to go up in reverse gear which would have aroused hoots of derision from fellow car club members that I would never live down. A 50-mile journey by a car of that era

Henry Ford's son

The Model 'T' Ford, nicknamed 'Tin Lizzie'.

A Ford in military service being swung across a river.

was a conversation piece. Such a journey without incident was a subject of wonderment and that is what we did that day.

In 1911, Charles Duly formally registered his motor dealer network as a limited liability company, Duly & Co. Ltd. Recently, the 97th AGM was held. It was also in 1911 that Charles Duly also opened his fourth branch in Gatooma, followed by his fifth branch in Fort Victoria the following year.

In 1903, Charles Duly had written wrote a long article entitled "Motors in Warfare – A Serviceable Adjunct". This article on "the utility of automobiles in warfare" was revolutionary. Eleven years later when WWI broke out in 1914, it was not unexpected that Charles Duly was tasked with the job of organising motor transport for the Rhodesian Volunteer Forces. Now with the rank of Captain, Charles Duly was charged with the job of organizing the motor transport for the Rhodesian Volunteers Forces who were to launch an overland attack on General Von Lettow-Vorbeck's forces in German East Africa (Tanganyika). It would require cutting some 200 miles of track from the Northern Rhodesian base before German territory could even be reached. It was a major task and it was not until March 1916 (two years after the war had begun) that the column set off. The expedition was also to use dug out canoes. The initial compliment of 400 canoes grew to an astonishing 3,000 canoes. This war of Von Lettow-Vorbeck was more costly in manpower than ever imagined. Three months after the war ended, a communication was received from London, signed by Winston S. Churchill, Secretary of State for War, recording his majesty's high appreciation of the services rendered by Capt. Duly. He attained the rank of Major shortly afterwards.

In 1919 Dulys imported their first tractor which was fitted with steel cleats instead of tyres. The tractor was ahead of its time for many Rhodesian farmers but W. Harris, manager of Dulys Salisbury, could see the future of the tractor in farming. He determined to show it at the first postwar Agricultural Show in Beira. The streets of Beira were mainly sand but

A Fordson tractor in Northern Rhodesia in 1919.

Spares were not a problem.

Duly's advertisement in 1909 …

… and in 1913

two roads were tarred which were the pride of the inhabitants. When Harris was spotted driving nonchalantly along one of these tarred roads leaving impressions of the steel cleats in the tar, he was arrested by a horrified policeman and thrown into jail. The jail was not very private and in no time the British Consul heard of the incident. He rushed to the jail, recognized his friend, Harris, and hastened to the Governor of Mozambique to protest at the arrest of a prominent Rhodesian citizen who was also a British subject. His protest not only secured the release of Harris but also an invitation for Harris to attend lunch at Government House. Leaving the lunch early, Harris rushed to the Agricultural show to demonstrate his tractor. Dulys were awarded a silver medal. "Agricultural Show Beira 1919. Special Prize to Messers Duly & Co Ltd, for the Best Piece of Agricultural machinery ever on Show – Fordson Tractor." This was the start of Dulys great involvement with the farm machinery.

The comradeship of the First World War was such that they formed an association called the "Comrades of the Great War". When this was to become part of the British Empire Service League, Rhodesia was represented at the launching by Major Charles Duly and Captain W. H. Kimpton. Present was the great war leader Field Marshal Lord Haig. Jan Smuts represented South Africa. In 1925 when HRH Prince of Wales (Duke of Windsor) visited Rhodesia it was Major C. Duly, DSO, who escorted him around the cenotaph.

Only in 1923 did advertisements reflect that motor vehicles were then the principal selling line of Dulys. Sub-dealers were appointed in Umtali, Lusaka, Broken Hill, and Livingstone. There followed years of consolidation.

In 1927 when production of the Model T ceased, 15 million Model Ts had been produced and Ford had built half the cars in the USA. Eight years ago, at the end of the last century, motoring journalists from around the world were asked to choose the car of the century. There could only be one serious contender, the Model T and it emerged the winner. The imperishable Model T became a victim of its own legendary ability to cope with anything. As roads were developed in North America, cars became more sophisticated than the Model T and a new Ford model was needed to meet the competition. Ford introduced the 'Model A' in December 1928 as a stopgap measure and it did very well but it was only in 1932 that Henry Ford's famous Ford V8 engine in the 'Model B' provided the answer to Chevrolet's 6 Cylinder engine introduced in 1929.

The Model 'A' Service Truck, 1929.

At the inaugural Conference of Empire delegates who founded the British Empire Service League, held in Cape Town in March, 1921. Standing: (Left to right): CHARLES DULY, RHODESIA; T. G. JONES, TRANSVAAL; H. J. KNIGHT, NEW ZEALAND; A. DARK, AUSTRALIA; W. H. KIMPTON, RHODESIA; SIR W. A. A. CAMPBELL, SOUTH AFRICA; DONALD SIMPSON, GREAT BRITAIN; R. L. GOULDING, NATAL; T. MORGAN, CANADA; V. C. JUDD, GREAT BRITAIN; F. B. ALDER, SOUTH AFRICA; JAMES CORNELL, AUSTRALIA; JAMES W. B. SOMERVILLE, SOUTH AFRICA (SECRETARY).

Sitting: G. J. C. DYETT, AUSTRALIA; HARRY P. WALKER, SOUTH AFRICA; E. B. B. TOWSE, V.C., GREAT BRITAIN; SIR FREDERIC DE WAAL, ADMINISTATOR OF THE CAPE PROVINCE; GEN. THE RIGHT HON. J. C. SMUTS, PRIME MINISTER, SOUTH AFRICA; GEN. SIR H. T. LUKIN, SOUTH AFRICA (CHAIRMAN); FIELD-MARSHAL LORD HAIG; W. COLDICOTT GARDENER, MAYOR OF CAPE TOWN; JOHN LOMAX, SOUTH AFRICA; R. B. MAXWELL, CANADA; W. E. LEADLEY, NEW ZEALAND; S. S. TAYLOR, GREAT BRITAIN.

In 1929 the depression was making itself felt prior to the world slump in the thirties. Few commodities were affected as much as copper. At that time Bill Grainger was manager of Dulys' Ndola branch. "Manager" was a glorified term because the manager had to do everything. This included visiting mines and the odd farms. Times were hard but none the less there were some lighter moments. Visiting one of the many mine canteens, Grainger was challenged by some miners looking for some fun, baiting a stranger. When he said he was selling Fords, he was picked up and thrown bodily out the door landing at the feet of mine superintendent Petersen. Petersen asked for an explanation. He then asked Grainger if he had any vehicles in stock. "Yes," said Grainger. "Three vehicles in stock." Petersen turned to the errant miners and said, "Each of you takes a new Ford car next Monday or you are out of a job".

One of Duly adverts in the Gatooma Mail of the time proudly boasts "Only cars to return 100% from the Hartley dance after the storm". This was very much in line with the Model T slogan which was "Will take you anywhere and bring you back".

In 1930 Charles Duly's son Cecil went to Windsor, Ontario, in Canada to gain a thorough grounding in the motor industry. It was the height of the depression in North America and unemployment and distress were rife. On his return to Rhodesia in 1932, Cecil Duly found conditions here almost as bad. Fortunately for Dulys, Henry Ford's masterpiece, the Ford V-8 engine, was introduced in 1932 in the Model B and it proved to be a winner as did the Popular, which was also known as the '100 pound car'.

Henry Ford once said "It has always been our belief that a sale of a car does not conclude a transaction between us and the buyer, but establishes on us a new obligation – to see that his car gives him service". In 1932, in line with this thinking, Dulys opened their Central Parts Depot to cater for the slower moving parts (76 years ago).

A few years later Charles Duly opened a branch in Umtali. To keep pace with the rapid development of the copper mining industry in Northern Rhodesia, Charles Duly opened a branch in Kitwe (Nkana), the geographical centre of the Copperbelt.

In 1939 the Second World War began. Now aged 69, Charles Duly's soldiering days were over. However, ever mindful of his duty and wanting to do what he could for his country he did the following three things:

> He donated a mobile workshop to the armed forces, fitted to a large truck to carry out repairs in the field.
>
> Secondly, he gave a large interest free loan to the Southern Rhodesian Government for war purposes.
>
> Thirdly, to set an example for others to follow, he donated a new house to the BESL for disabled servicemen of Bulawayo.

In 1945 with his son Cecil safely returned from the war, Dulys was poised for expansion. Ever keen on cycling, Charles Duly donated a tarred and banked cycle track to the City of Bulawayo. Four years later on that very same cycling track, Charles Duly, now aged 79 was injured by a cyclist whilst he was crossing the cycle track. He did not recover from that injury and died shortly afterwards. At the time of his death, the company he founded had an established network of dealerships spanning both Southern and Northern Rhodesia.

This short title: "Major Charles Duly, DSO, VD." reflects the man and his life. He was a leader, who gave distinguished service to his country. He also volunteered his services. His keen interest in the welfare of servicemen and ex-servicemen is well documented. He was

a prominent freemason, in which he became Deputy District Grand Master of Rhodesia. He was a Rotarian and for many years was President of the Rhodesian Pioneers and Early Settlers Society. One day Charles Duly musingly penned this introspection of himself:

Cannot be clever, Cannot be original, Cannot be interesting or entertaining,
But we will be always thorough.

And thorough he was. He had pioneered the motor business and had established the market for Ford vehicles in both Southern and Northern Rhodesia. His thoroughness was reflected in his outstanding war record, his dedication to the sport of cycling and his active concern for war combatants and their families.

In the years following, under his son Cecil Duly, sales of Ford vehicles grew as follows:

1951 1352 Ford vehicles were sold
1952 2000+
1954 4000+
1956 6000+

Firstly Charles and then Cecil Duly had established the market for Ford products through a network of branches and sub-dealers in most centres. Such was the demand for Ford products, that the Ford Motor Company was encouraged to build a Ford Assembly Plant in Salisbury to supply the 21 Duly branches, 13 in this country and 8 branches in Northern Rhodesia. At a party in the Duly showroom in Angwa Street in 1961, Henry Ford (the second) celebrated with us, both Dulys 50 year association with Ford and the opening of the Ford factory. The factory built and supplied a diversified product range of some 25 vehicles comprising 16 British Ford cars, two North American Ford cars, 7 British commercial vehicles and Models of Ford Tractors.

It had taken Dulys 50 years from the signing of the Ford Franchise agreement in 1911 to the opening of the Ford Assembly plant in Salisbury in 1961. In 1961 with its own Ford assembly plant, Rhodesia could truly claim to have reached motoring maturity. Charles Duly was both the pioneer motorist and a pioneer motor dealer. It is of interest to know that Dulys this year celebrates 98 years as a Ford franchise holder. This is an honour that is shared by only two other companies in the world. It is also 107 years since Charles Duly imported the first motor vehicle which heralded the age of motoring in our country.

The First Flight from Brooklands to Cape Town in a Vickers Vimy, 4 February – 20 March 1920

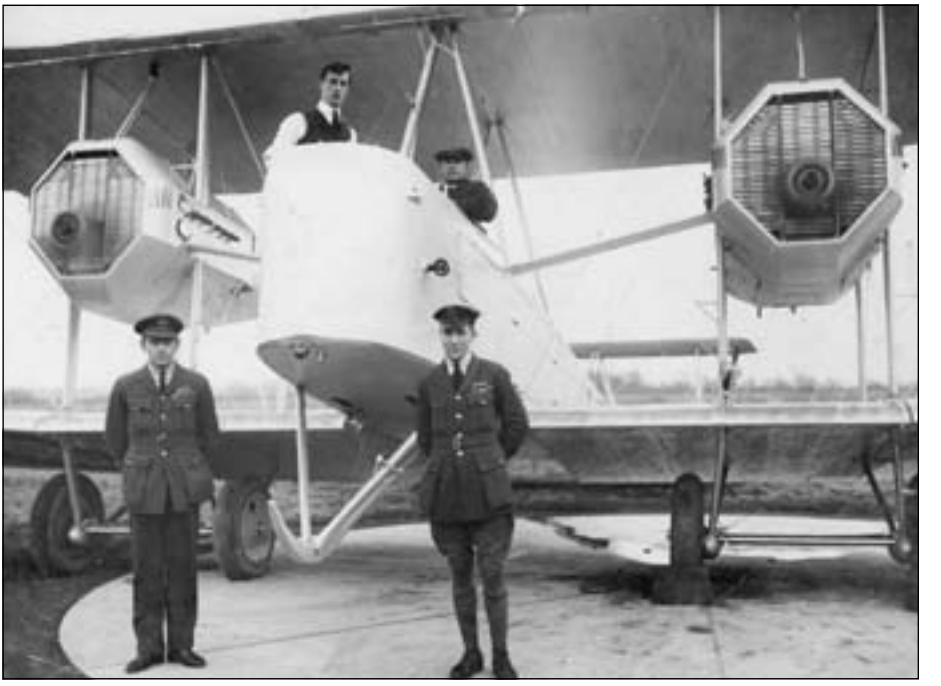
This is the transcript of an interview with the pilots H. A. Van Ryneveld and C. Q. Brand that was broadcast by the English Service of the SABC in 1956.

Brand: It might be as well if I told you how I came to be involved in this particular undertaking. I happened to be in the Air Ministry on duty when I ran into a mutual friend and van Ryneveld in the passages.

Van Ryneveld: During the last 18 months of the First World War, I was on the Western Front and from time to time news trickled through of a night fighter pilot of the defences of London who was reputed to have cat's eyes and could see in the dark.

His bag of enemy aircraft shot down at night was steadily increasing. And I heard also that on one occasion he had had a forced landing on a pitch-dark night and had put his fighter aircraft down in a small field without straining a wire. Later I heard that this night flying wizard was a chap by the name of Brand and that he was a South African.

Brand: I was introduced and Van Ryneveld, knowing I was South African, then asked



The Silver Queen is made ready at Brooklands for the Cape flight, with Rolls-Royce's Mr Burton and the RAF technician Sgt. Sherratt. In the foreground are the pilots, Van Ryneveld and Brand.

me if I would care to join him in this expedition. I was naturally delighted as it had been my boyhood desire to fly from Cape Town to London. (Note: the opposite direction to the actual flight).

Van Ryneveld: I have here two letters which were the first to be carried all the way by air from London to Cape Town. Both are dated February 3, 1920. One is signed *D. Lloyd George* – he was then Prime Minister of Great Britain – the other is signed *Winston S. Churchill*. Both are addressed to General Smuts.

Van Ryneveld: How fortunate Brand and I were, in that our Prime Minister at that time, General Smuts, had unbounded faith in the future of aviation and in his countrymen. And how he backed us. My cabled proposal to him, that South Africans should attempt the flight, met with his unqualified approval.

Brand: We then began our planning and, in due course, arranged to take off on the 4th of February 1920.

Van Ryneveld: I knew there were at least four other entrants whose preparations were well advanced. With the confidence we all had in flying, what more natural ambition would I have than that South Africans should be the first to get through.

Brand: Our journey had the prospect of catching up with the *Times*-backed Vickers Commercial competitor piloted by Broome and Cockerell. Before their departure from Brooklands I had laughingly called to them, "All right, we'll catch you up at Kisumu".

Van Ryneveld: Time appeared to me to be the essence of the venture and the only hope of succeeding would be to fly by day and by night.

Brand: We commenced our journey with a machine that was somewhat heavily laden, but we were hopeful and our take-off at Brooklands was most interesting. We cleared the hangars and got away comfortably, but with certain apprehension. However, we crossed over the channel into dense fog over France. And there our venture began.

Van Ryneveld: Even in that terrible night over the Mediterranean, I was having a word or two with old Aeolus – he was the god of the winds. I said "Look here old boy, be more friendly with me … not so rough with us …" So I always had friends. Whatever time of day or night, the old Silver Queen was ready for action. We dragged her into the air.

Brand: With our heavy load, we had great difficulty in making headway. The first crash was caused by a radiator cap not being replaced. On the Rolls-Royce Eagle we had the drain at the bottom of the radiator and there were so many things in these engines that could go wrong and in this case that plug came unstuck and the water drained out and the engine seized.

Van Ryneveld: So it came about that one moonless night we left Cairo on a direct compass course for Khartoum. Everything went perfectly. We'd had a good sleep at Cairo, the two Rolls-Royce engines with their stub exhaust pipes were pounding boilermakers' deafness into our aching ears without a splutter. And bacon and eggs for breakfast at Khartoum, and supper at Mongalla, where we would be nipping at the tail of the Times machine, looked like a certainty.

Suddenly, after about seven hours in the air, our starboard engine faltered, and when we flashed our pocket torches onto it we saw the last drops of water and steam boiling out of the radiator. And down we had to go into the blackness of utter darkness.

Brand: And we had no alternative but to land in the sand in what appeared to be a cleared space. It was fairly clear. We were on the ground for about 60 yards when unfortunately a

boulder about the size of an ordinary settee loomed ahead of us and we hit it with our one undercarriage. We were lucky to have survived the crash.

Van Ryneveld: Even to this day I know of no pilot other than Quintin Brand who could have pulled off a night forced landing like that without reducing everything to petrol and pulp. I still have a snapshot showing his three-point landing on the sand with our tracks running up to the small outcrop of rock which finally wrecked us. If it weren't for that rock, 'Silver Queen I' would probably have gone through to Cape Town.

Van Ryneveld: Well, I know that Brand, devout chap that he was, knelt down under the battered port wing and offered up his grateful thanks. (While van Ryneveld was perjuring himself in Hell on the other.)

Brand: Sir Pierre then contacted Jan Smuts who was able to give his consent to the purchase of another machine and we made a second start in the 'Silver Queen II' ten days later.

Van Ryneveld: Our appeal to him for another aircraft was granted immediately.

Brand: The flight was then made by daylight. We thought we would abandon the night flight because we were a little uncertain as to the dangers involved and thought they were rather too great – too big a chance – tempting fate.

The landing at Mongalla was a little bit alarming because the aerodrome was rather small. We finished up with our nose in the trees and then our take-off the following day we had to knock down some trees and get our tail back as far as possible to get off in the short run.

With a smaller quantity of petrol we managed to take off. We then observed water squirting out of one of our tank connections in the radiator on top of the plane and had to force land. At that moment we were fortunate in spotting a smoke fire which was burning in the middle of a circle on the ground. This happened to be Shirati emergency landing ground, 90 miles from Kisumu.

It was only a small aerodrome but we got down and set about making our repairs. The interesting part was that there was not a native in sight when we landed, and some minutes after we had got down that we saw heads bobbing about here and there in the trees. Eventually they timidly came forward and an Indian trader arrived in the meantime and

The wreck of the Silver Queen at Wadi Halfa.

he could speak English. We said what we wanted – water for the radiator – and he said he would arrange it. And then we made some adjustments to the bottom of the machine and I believe there was a roar of laughter from the Indian. Apparently one of the natives there, was an ex-police boy who knew something about bombers. And he suddenly called out to the Indian "Hi, you mind there. These birds lay eggs sometimes and they go off with a loud noise and kill people"

Our next trip was nearly 770 miles to Abercorn.

We noticed smoke fires burning desperately on Tabora, not knowing at the time that Cockerell and Broome had crashed there that morning, taking off. We didn't hear about this until we got to Abercorn. We had no alternative but to carry on with our job.

And our next landing was Ndola.

Our take-off the following day was for Broken Hill en route to Livingstone. At Broken Hill the aerodrome had had a lot of rain and was very, very soft. The landing there was made without trouble but the take-off the next morning was somewhat alarming. As we took off we sank into the mud. The machine was just about reaching flying speed when we touched the ground again. We made six hops altogether crossing the aerodrome. You can imagine the state of our nerves when we were finally airborne. I know my hands were shaking and my legs were chattering on the rudder bar. And I know van Ryneveld's hair must have been standing up on end.

Van Ryneveld: I have never thanked Brand for this 36 years extension of time, during which, from the flying point of view, I have acquired the proper respect due to this old Africa of ours, which treated our first attempts to ride roughshod over her with such contempt. And I'll do so now: "Thank you Quintin."

Brand: We were thankful that ordeal was over. Landing at Livingstone was equally impressive because many miles ahead we saw what appeared to be cloud lying on the ground, on our course. These, we concluded, must be formed by the spray rising from the Falls. That spray was visible from at least 70 miles away – a series of clouds on the ground, so there was no difficulty in keeping our course. The landing at Livingstone was made, and we took a number of photographs which eventually appeared in the press as the first photos ever taken from the air of the Victoria Falls. Some of the older residents there had no idea that the River had so many islands immediately above the Falls. Seeing the photographs they realised.

The trip from Livingstone was nearly a casualty, because as we were just about airborne we struck a soft patch, the machine was yanked into the air and she held the atmosphere. We closed our eyes because we felt we were going straight into a tree. We got an up-bump which lifted us over the tree to safety – absolutely providential. In flights of this kind a great deal depends on luck – there is no doubt about that – and we had our fair share of it, otherwise we would not have got through alive.

Brand: Our landing at Bulawayo was quite uneventful, but the enthusiasm was simply fantastic. The people came in their thousands – and we were forced to shut off the engines in the middle of the aerodrome purely because of the propellers. We were there for a couple of days and had the opportunity of seeing the Matopos and the sights which they were delighted to show us.

The subsequent trip from Bulawayo … the take-off from Bulawayo was … we had to take sufficient petrol to get to Pretoria. Our take-off – terribly long run – she eventually

became airborne, and was flying steadily. We crossed the border of the aerodrome where there were some trees, and finally, our tail dragged through a high tree and we hit the ground, wrecking the machine completely. In crashing, the front dashboard had crushed up against us and pinned us more or less in the machine, but there was just room for an arm to go into the dashboard. Sir Pierre …

Van Ryneveld: I was the pilot at the time …

Brand: Sir Pierre tried to switch off and couldn't reach the switch. He leaned back. The structure above us was meanwhile collapsing, the engines running full-bore and petrol and water showering on top of us. He leaned back then, giving me a chance to put my arm into the gap … switching off. As I did so the prop hit the ground and a piece of the prop flew off and hit my arm. I was only thankful that Sir Pierre's head wasn't down there. It bruised my arm through, and it was the colour of the rainbow from one side to the other on the forearm – but otherwise no damage. Things like this mend, as far as we were concerned.

But friends in South Africa came to our help again and a DH9 was flown up for us to complete the flight.

Van Ryneveld: When we crashed at Bulawayo, we did not have to ask (Jan Smuts). He named and sent the "Voortrekker" up to us.

Brand: And the trip from then onward was, of course in easy stages. The DH9 had the capacity to carry the fuel we needed and especially as we had heard that there was an abundance of petrol wherever we wanted it. So our hops were shorter and our subsequent stops were Pretoria, Johannesburg, Bloemfontein, Beaufort West and Cape Town.

And then that enormous crowd to welcome us there, including the Governor-General, and Jan Smuts and others.

Van Ryneveld: And when we finally landed at Cape Town – he was there to meet us, and, great human that he was, there were no speeches. He merely said "You must be very tired my boys. Come along to Groote Schuur (his official residence) with me and have a good sleep."

Brand: And I certainly must say, it was a wonderful experience. People were so friendly and so keen. And that spirit is still alive today. That's the astonishing thing to me. That wherever I've been I've run into the same attitude. There's extreme interest now about the flight, and enthusiasm.

Van Ryneveld: Those are just adventures. Those are things of the past and it was grand. My dear fellows – if you had been a millionaire you could not buy an adventure like that – nothing in the world could buy what we had – given to us for nothing. And got away with it too.

SABC: Not every man can do it Sir Pierre …

Van Ryneveld: Yes, they can. I say that all those chaps who started off either before us, with us or after us – they would all have got through if they had been provided with two extra aircraft.

Van Ryneveld: The "Oubaas" wanted us to get through – South Africa – they wanted it. The "Oubaas" was just as keen as anybody else that we should get through. In any case it was grand fun – the finest thing in the world.

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Cecil John Shirley

by R. S. Roberts

Cecil John Shirley was not a man of importance in the history of Southern Rhodesia and his name is probably unknown to most readers. I came across him only because he wrote and illustrated a small book, Little Veld Folk*, in 1943, which someone gave me thirty-five years ago to read to my children. When they grew beyond such simple pleasures I thought to pass it on to someone else with children, but then decided that it was a pity that such an endearing book was not better known and more widely available. So I pasted over and replaced some few words and phrases unsuitable for an emerging Zimbabwe Rhodesia and wrote a brief, simple introduction about the author, so that it could be republished.*

Louis Bolze of Books of Rhodesia agreed to make a photographic reproduction of my amended copy, and so it was published as a second edition in 1978. Also part of the agreement was that any fees and royalties and part of the profits were to be given to the St Giles' Clinic in Salisbury. The point of this was that Shirley had been born with only stumps for limbs, but with perseverance and encouragement had learned to write, to draw and paint, to type, to ride and to shoot – all with the help of ingenious but simple devices that he designed and made.

Thirty years later, I could not find my copy of the 1978 republication which I now wanted to read to my grandchildren; and searching in a secondhand bric-a-brac shop recently I found not only a copy of the book but also, what is very rare, one of Shirley's landscape paintings in oils which I did not hesitate to buy. This is what has prompted this brief tribute to a remarkable man and his many talents.

Cecil John Shirley was born in Britain in about 1882 into a well-to-do diplomatic family. His limbs were but stumps like those of the 'thalidomide' children of 40–50 years ago. His father and others of the family were ashamed to have such a disabled child and wanted him sent away and put into care, but his mother and uncle were determined that he should be given every opportunity and encouragement to try to lead as normal a life as possible. He was fitted with artificial limbs but he found that the arms were not as versatile as his stumps which he learned to use to great effect as his shoulder muscles developed. Indeed at the age of five with his mother's encouragement he learned how to hold pencil and brush to write, draw and paint. Then his uncle taught him to shoot and to ride, and Cecil's skill in this, with the aid of various little gadgets that he designed, became a great joy to him throughout his life; for it gave him the same mobility and independence as others. He was educated largely by governesses at home but he did become self-sufficient enough to go to school.

And self-sufficient he had to be, for his father had little time for him and being something of a prig and a snob tried to keep his disabled son away from other people and away from learning practical things like carpentry. Only his mother and uncle encouraged him to try his hand to new things, such as pottery and painting for which he showed considerable talent. When Cecil was in his late teens, his father made him take a job in a solicitor's office, but the boy yearned for an outdoor life and travel. Then his mother died and left him a bequest which enabled him to make a break away into an independent life – indeed he barely saw his father again.

Cecil John Shirley

Landscape by Cecil John Shirley

Thus he went to South Africa in the late 1890s and when the Boer War broke out in 1899 he volunteered hoping for some specialized role, but he was rejected, and instead he rode north in order to see some military action and write reports for newspapers on the progress of the war. He then went on long, lonely treks into the northwestern Cape, where he learned to respect the rural Afrikaner, his simple way of life and his language. Later he went to Australia and worked as a herder on a cattle ranch and also obtained experience of growing citrus fruit, in between shipping horses to India. Wherever he went he sketched and painted, mainly for his own pleasure but he did undertake commissions and also sold depictions of his travels when back in England.

In 1910 he came to Southern Rhodesia to join his younger brother who was in business in Salisbury.[1] Cecil decided that he liked the country and went into a partnership in a farm on the road to Beatrice. In 1915 he moved to Manor Farm in Bromley and remained there until the agricultural slump of the 1920s forced him to look for an alternative source of income. This was not too difficult because he was fairly versatile; he was a stringer for *The Rhodesia Herald*, and had some administrative experience working part-time for the local Farmers Association and the local Road Council.[2] And so he now became a full-time employee of the Road Council as overseer of the roads and surveyor for new roads; Cecil and his brother sold the farm and Cecil bought for himself Woodleigh, a small-holding nearby.

He resigned from this work in 1932, perhaps because of ill-health; for it was about then, while in Salisbury Hospital, that his skill in carving wooden legs attracted attention. He had made his own legs from time to time and occasionally for other people; so now he was taken on by the hospital to make legs for those who could not afford the more expensive imported artificial limbs, notably of course for Africans to whom he became widely known as 'lo dokatal'.

In 1934 he returned to his former job on the roads in the Bromley-Melfort area where, at Woodleigh, he had built a small house with a study cum living room opening onto a verandah facing the garden and small kopjes. From here he loved to watch the birds and small animals by day and into the night. In 1938 ill-health forced him to give up his job on the roads; and it was probably then that he had the time to perfect his drawing and water colouring of nature, and to begin writing short stories about the birds and smaller wildlife, such as porcupines and weasels, which he then illustrated with his drawings.

This hobby of his, in particular, and his fortitude and versatility, in general, came to the attention of many people who admired the way in which he had made a happy and independent life for himself. Word of the illustrated stories reached W. D. (Bill) Gale who then helped Shirley prepare them as a book for publication. Gale later recalled that this 'was one of the most rewarding acts of my life'.[3] The book was published in Johannesburg in 1943, as *Little Veld Folk*. And this was the book that I had republished in 1978.

Shirley was also encouraged, probably by Gale, to write his life-story, and he did this at roughly the same time that he was preparing *Little Veld Folk*. He entitled it 'Limbless

[1] His brother does not figure again in Shirley's autobiography, but he was the E. V. Shirley who worked for the Rhodesia Trading Co. and later lived in Avondale, *The Rhodesia Directory 1911* (Salisbury, Argus, [1911]), 103; *1928*, 557.

[2] Road Councils, created by The Road Councils Ordinance (No. 21 of 1921), did much to open up the countryside, but along with the rest of the history of administration and local government in Southern Rhodesia have been almost totally neglected by historians.

[3] W. D. Gale to Mrs Paddy Vickery, 25 June 1975 (in my possession).

through Life'; and the Prime Minister, Sir Godfrey Huggins, who as a practising surgeon must have come across Shirley's work at the Hospital, agreed to write a brief Foreword to the biography in November 1942; 'Through his love of independence,' he said, 'Mr. Shirley has lived a life full of interest and variety and on that account he has been able to help others in similar circumstances, to help themselves.'

This manuscript, however, was never published, but the typescript (typed by Shirley himself, by the use of sticks strapped to his stumps) is in the National Archives in Harare. It may be that he was also trying to organize its publication in Johannesburg in 1944, when he had to go into hospital there to have new artificial legs fitted because of problems with his hips. There he died in bed of a sudden heart attack and a nurse later told Gale that when she found him there was a copy of *Little Veld Folk* on his pillow beside his head. He must have died happy – as had he lived.

When news of his death reached Salisbury, Gale published a tribute to Shirley in which the greatest praise was to say that he had so overcome his handicaps that friends and visitors would also forget them and treat Shirley as someone who stood on his own feet, just like everyone else.[4] Shirley's motto since his earliest days had been never to accept defeat; anything was possible and with perseverance could be achieved.

[4] *The Rhodesia Herald*, 4 and 5 August 1944.

Harvey the Hornbill and Other Tales from the Rhodesian Air Force

This article was prompted by the talk that Alex Masterson gave on 15 May 2008 at Prince Edward School on the subject of "Birds and Birding Characters". During the talk he made mention of Harvey the Hornbill, a well-known pet of the Air Force at Wankie FAF 1.

The following is extracted from A Pride of Eagles, the complete history of the Rhodesian Air Force.

HARVEY THE HORNBILL

As well as air force personnel, the FAFs, Forward Airfields, acquired inhabitants of the furred and feathered variety. Among these was Harvey the Hornbill whose story is told by Ian Dixon, VR.

No visitor to Wankie FAF 1 could be unaware of the most important member of its establishment. Native born and Rhodesian he came from the surrounding areas. Discovered as a helpless orphan by a national parks game ranger his arrival at the FAF was a pure fluke. The ranger displayed him to a group of TF security guards telling them sadly that he was probably too young to survive. The TFs begged the ranger to let them try to save him. The ranger, convinced that the orphan chick would be dead within a week was persuaded to let the air force have a go.

As soon as the ranger drove off, the chick was placed in the guardroom in an empty grass-filled carton. Although there was little to commend FAF 1 to the average international traveller, it did have a massive and varied supply of insect life. Soon everybody on the station was engaged in insect hunts. Being gifted with a classical education I discovered that by placing fire buckets full of water under the security lights at night, we were daily rewarded with a prodigious supply of bedraggled insects.

This bounty was put to our orphan who ate every single thing that was put before him. Far from being dead in a week, our Ground Hornbill grew rapidly to maturity. A name needed to be found for him – so we named him Harvey.

Harvey soon started demonstrating his amazing personality. A real nosey-parker, he trusted everybody on camp – with a few notable exceptions, one of which was the cook. It hadn't taken Harvey long to discover the attractions of sugar which he knew could be found in containers on the mess hall tables. Periodically he would make a sugar raid. His technique was to knock the bowls over with his large powerful beak, and ingest the sugar in the manner of a flamingo gathering algae. The state of the room after one of his sorties had to be seen to be believed. The cook didn't like it and took anti-Harvey precautions. Harvey responded by extending his operational area into the kitchen proper where he found new supplies of sugar and other goodies. An impasse was eventually to be the only solution.

Harvey allowed most people to handle him but only on his own terms. He had some particular favourites among the TFs and techs, following them around like any normal pet. He strongly disliked dogs and cats, seeing them both off with great élan. It was seriously painful to be pecked by his massive beak, so few challenged him.

Harvey wandered wherever the whim took him, be it into the Ops room or the living

quarters. He was also fond of a quiet kip in the guardroom, or parked vehicles, much to the chagrin of the visitors. I remember a meeting in the camp bar with the fuzz (police) and the army, breaking up in disorder after Harvey had soundlessly insinuated himself under the table. He could have stayed there all day undetected, but unfortunately he discovered a packet of liquorice allsorts in a policeman's briefcase with devastating results.

Nobody could call Harvey handsome, but he did have a very memorable face, with scarlet wattles and expressive eyes with long, seductive eyelashes. He was frighteningly intelligent, a lesson to the human world not to underrate wild animals. One stinking hot afternoon, exhausted after a busy week, I fell asleep. I was awakened by a furtive noise emanating from my locker. Very carefully and quietly I rose from my bed to see the rear end of Harvey jutting out of my cupboard. He was busy looking for something edible. To assert command of the situation I yelled 'Voetsek!'

Showing no alarm at all, Harvey withdrew from the locker and stared into my eyes. He then turned his head on one side, taking another long level stare at me, before trotting over to the open door. In the doorway he paused for another look. As he exited, I would not have been surprised to hear him say 'Same to you, you daft twit!'

Harvey enjoyed helping the techs working on the aircraft on the hardstand. His assistance took the form of stealing the assorted spanners, wrenches and screwdrivers and walking off to hide them in the surrounding veldt. He had a great affection for the helicopters and would perch in contemplative mood on their rotors for hours. His grip was tenacious and he would stay on a rotor blade even when it began to rotate on start-up. Often the blades were spinning at a fair speed before Harvey was projected from them like a rocket. Squawking like hell he would break into flight, and after landing in the veldt, trot back to the hardstand in search of another helicopter to perch on.

Conversely he detested Dakotas, and as they taxied in after landing, he would trot out to mix it with them, wings outstretched, shrieking defiance. These attacks were quite fearless, and we were convinced that he would meet his end chopped up by a propeller. Frequent miracles preserved him, despite some very close shaves. He never stopped showing antagonism toward the Daks – his agitation began when the Dakotas were on finals for landing, and he would remain stroppy until they departed.

His attitude toward other aircraft was ambivalent. I watched him once, perched on the wing of a Trojan as it taxied for takeoff. Harvey stayed put all the time the aircraft was taxiing down the runway. Then as the Trojan turned into wind and began its takeoff run, Harvey was parted from his high perch with a great squawk.

Harvey contributed greatly to the morale prevailing at FAF 1. It was my opinion that he qualified for a medal, and I accordingly put in an application to Air HQ. It was never acknowledged or acted upon. Which was a poor state of affairs.

In October 1978, the story continued.

> Harvey the Hornbill, FAF 1's long time man-about-the-tarmac, is due for a posting and will be leaving the Air Force altogether. Nothing political about the move, we are assured. It's more of a security matter, for Harvey is increasingly AWOL, Squadron Leader Tudor Thomas explained.
> Whilst he's here there is no problem, but he keeps on wandering away, and he trusts humans so completely that he will get himself run over or eaten very soon. We obviously can't keep chasing after him. There are occasions

> when we spend more time looking for Harvey than for terrs, so a new home has been arranged at the Chipengali Wild Life Orphanage where Viv Wilson will arrange for Harvey to live to a ripe old age. The link with FAF 1 will not be broken completely, for the Bar Fund will pay for Harvey's keep.

Not so much a punishment posting – more of an honourable retirement on pension.

A *Get Harvey Back* campaign was waged unsuccessfully in 1979, but by then Harvey had taken to civilian life like a duck to water. Viv Wilson reported that he had been given his freedom and was able to wander into the bush whenever it pleased him, but he could return to Chipengali for food and a bit of love and attention from humans when he needed it. Apparently he was spending most of his time at a nearby dam. Obviously a story with a happy ending – for Harvey.

BENJI

Having attested into the Force at Centenary, Benji, a mongrel that belonged to a nearby farmer, which, every time he was taken back to his owner pitched up again soon afterwards at the FAF. Eventually the farmer let him go. Benji was posted when the FAF closed down and as the war moved east. He initially went to FAF 4 at Mount Darwin and then on to FAF 5, Mtoko, and, due to his leadership qualities and his specialised knowledge of the north-eastern operational area eventually ending up at Grand Reef airfield, FAF 8, near Umtali.

In planning these moves, consideration was given to his rank, seniority and possible personality clashes with members of his own trade group. Benji's officer commanding sent the following signal:

> Bearing in mind Benji's affinity for bush life and his complete disregard for service protocol, it is thought unlike that he would accept a posting to either Air HQ or New Sarum or Thornhill air bases.

Benji flew into FAF 8 on a resupply run on 15 November 1978, having been listed on the manifest as a VID, a Very Important Dog. His arrival prompted the following signal:

> Flight Sergeant Benji met by reception committee, including members of the local press to whom he showed total disrespect by relieving himself against the aircraft main wheel. Disciplinary action was attempted but ignored by Benji who set off on an immediate clearance patrol ahead of his section. So Benji now patrols the spacious acres of FAF 8, protecting his countless Air force friends from snakes, bullfrogs, displaced Brown Jobs and other terrors of the night.

When the war ended, FAF 8 was abandoned except for the caretakers and Benji. His posting to New Sarum had been arranged by Air Force Headquarters and a team of dog handlers motored down to FAF 8 to effect the transfer. Benji could not be found. Sensing he was going to uprooted once more he had gone to ground under a bed in one of the billets. He showed considerable reluctance to leave his beloved FAF 8 where he had spent so many happy years with his Air Force fellows. In fact he had to be carried to the waiting Land Rover. Once in the vehicle he lay down on his bed in the back and slept throughout the whole journey.

On arrival at New Sarum Benji was found to be dead.

His friends believed he died of a broken heart.

On a happier note – there was a sort of Noah's Ark operation in reverse, when No 3

Squadron, Dakotas, assisted Chipengali boss, Viv Wilson, to return a troop of monkeys to the bush.

Mostly ex-pets, the 20 vervets had been acquired over a period of time and this prompted Viv to think about releasing them as a group. Gradually he changed their diet to the natural food they would find in the area, and then identified a suitable island in Kariba, which was to become their new home. The monkeys were crated and flown from Bulawayo in two hops by the Air Force aircraft.

Commenting on the operation, one of the 3 Squadron pilots said:

> They ponged a bit, but no more so than some of our other passengers, and they were less hairy than most. In fact, by the standards of some people we transport they were really quite cultured!

The Demise of the Dumpy

by Colin Saunders

Did we really think that we could change the beer-drinking habits of the nation?

In the early 1970s, members of the Lowveld Natural History Society became increasingly concerned about the nation-wide litter and environmental disfigurement problems arising from the introduction by National Breweries of a No Deposit, No Return beer bottle – the infamous "Dumpy".

The squat ugly bottles were worthless after the contents had been consumed. In consequence many people discarded them wherever they happened to be when swallowing the last mouthful of refreshing brew. Hundreds of thousands of these almost indestructible bottles were tossed out of car windows, hurled into the bush, or just dropped onto street or pavement. Along roadsides and rivers they created a particularly unpleasant reminder of mankind's untidy and irritating habits.

In the lowveld, flood waters in the major rivers carried huge quantities of these loathed containers from up-country. When the waters subsided, the sandbanks and poolsides were littered with the accursed bottles. Ranchers and game ranch owners reported livestock and game with serious cuts of foot and hoof and hock from encounters with shattered glass. There were also significant numbers of cases of humans, particularly barefoot children, sustaining unpleasant lacerations of their feet, many of which required suturing at clinic or hospital.

The irresponsible swillers and their wretched bottles really were creating a multitude of

The dumpy alongside a regular beer bottle.

problems. We decided in 1971 to endeavour to have them banned (the bottles, not the beer drinkers). This was indeed a tall order. Many of our friends thought we had no chance in taking on the respected, high profile, mighty breweries.

In those days the country was fortunate in having a strong, and in many places dynamic, network of so-called *Intensive Conservation Area Committees* ("ICAs") throughout the commercial farming areas. These committees and their members rendered invaluable service in promoting good farming practices, an inseparable component of which was natural resource conservation. In addition, the majority of these responsible rural citizens were particularly fond and appreciative of the unspoilt countryside that surrounded them in those now far-off days – they just loved "the bush" (or *bundu,* or *shlatini*).

We notified the very approachable Natural Resources Board of our concern, and gave notice that we intended to mount a publicity campaign through the ICA Committees and environmentally conscious and outdoor-oriented NGOs. The Board provided us with a full list of ICA secretaries, and we swung into action with a carefully co-ordinated campaign to which we hoped to enlist influential supporters.

We circulated a letter introducing ourselves, and requesting their support. With tongue in cheek we suggested that the dumpy should replace the Zimbabwe Bird or Flame Lily as the national emblem, as it was better known to far more people. We enclosed a questionnaire that sought to establish just how much of a problem was being seen throughout the land, and how concerned our fellow citizens were.

We were greatly encouraged by the remarkable degree of public support that we received. Heartened by this response, we then approached the breweries.

In a letter to the Managing Director of Rhodesian Breweries I said:

> I must inform you that our questionnaire survey conducted amongst societies, associations, and other bodies having an interest in the Rhodesian countryside, has resulted in an indication of overwhelming support for our contention that the dumpy beer bottle is one of the most offensive and frequently offending articles polluting this country today. My Society is most gratified at the level of support that we have received from like-minded Rhodesians. We are determined that something shall be done to put an end to this menace.
>
> We accept without reservation that dumpy beer bottles are but one item in the steadily increasing catalogue of polluting waste articles. We also wish you to accept that they feature as the outstanding example of man's polluting habits, bringing a sense of disgust, despair, and shame to many thousands of us who value the intrinsic aesthetic beauty of rural Rhodesia.
>
> We are aware that it is man who is responsible for pollution and dumping, but responsible man in this context embraces the men of Rhodesian Breweries as much as it does the mass of Rhodesians who require to be educated to conserve their country.

The brewery giants were at first rather dismissive of our stance. A senior sales representative was despatched to Triangle to see us, initially with a "get back in your box, little man" type of message. We listened to persuasive arguments that introduction of the dumpy was the logical response to vast numbers of beer drinkers who had pleaded for a "no deposit, no return" system to save time and money, and to make shopping for beer that much more convenient.

It was our view that it was Rhodesian Breweries that benefited most from the dumpy – no need to collect and account for deposits, to accept and transport to the brewery sundry quantities of returns of crates and bottles, and to pay out cash or credit to those beating a path to the bottle store with a basket of assorted bottles.

Taking us seriously, the breweries introduced the "C.A.R.E" Campaign – I forget what the acronym stands for. Their Public Relations Department set up committees throughout the country to appeal to fund-raising bodies to come forward and register as participants in this scheme, aimed at recouping waste glass. The breweries undertook to collect broken and discarded glass from bulk collection depots throughout the country, and to purchase the glass at $5 a ton. This meant five 44 gallon (200 litre) drums full of dumpies! Specified charities would then be credited with the amount so raised.

We did not think that this proposed initiative would contribute meaningfully to solving the numerous problems presented by the dumpy, and told the breweries so. John Carter, the excellent Managing Director of the breweries, lamented in a letter to me "Your somewhat casual dismissal of the C.A.R.E. campaign surprises me".

It seemed that we were regarded as tiresome upstarts. The battle raged on, and it became obvious that the breweries had influential friends in high places. The Ministry of Commerce and Industry was introduced into the attack.

In a letter to me as Chairman of the LNHS in December 1971 Minister of Commerce and Industry Bernard Horace ("Jack") Mussett said:

> This is an item that has attracted a lot of interest, and on which I have received a number of suggestions, most of which revolve around the imposition of a tax, or a complete ban, or the insistence that every bottle should carry a deposit to ensure its return either for re-use or for recycling. All of these suggestions overlook the fact that the thin walled non-returnable bottle was introduced to meet a public demand for a glass container that did not have to be brought back…
>
> It is also necessary to consider the economic effect on the companies involved in manufacturing and using dumpy beer bottles. To ban the dumpy would deprive the manufacturer of a very significant portion of his throughput, and his profit would be so seriously jeopardised that the factory might well have to close down. The foreign exchange cost of importing bottles and jars, excluding dumpies, presently manufactured locally, would be significantly in excess of $ 1 million per annum.

We did not waste much time in wringing our hands over the misfortune to the Gweru glass-works that might attend the success of our campaign.

And so it went on, and the Minister of Commerce and Industry continued to defend the breweries organisation and its C.A.R.E. campaign. Rhodesian Breweries was after all a substantial contributor to the nation's commerce, and to its industry.

To our great surprise, we found an unexpected ally in the Ministry of Roads, whose tractors engaged in mowing roadside verges throughout the country (did they really do that in those days??) frequently suffered severe damage to their tyres from broken beer bottles – in addition to the hazards to life and limb arising from their rotating mowers flinging sharp fragments of glass into orbit around them.

Fortunately over the next two years the tide of indignation over the dumpy continued

irresistibly to rise. We missed no opportunity to raise the subject wherever we could. We fostered negative publicity in the press. The breweries, who valued greatly their carefully crafted image of a caring and environmentally responsible business, had a difficult time in countering the strengthening public view that it was their packaging of their major product that was the root of the problem.

Through friendly MPs we contrived to have the matter raised in Parliament.

The Minister eventually stated "As I said in Parliament, if I am convinced that certain action must be taken to control or ban the use of dumpy beer bottles, then I shall take that action".

The matter refused to go away, and eventually we were victorious. *The Rhodesia Herald* of Tuesday February 26th 1974 carried a front page headline which stated "Dumpy to be Dumped", followed by an article that commenced "Rhodesian Breweries are to stop manufacturing dumpy beer bottles in the national interest".

Some years later dumpies reappeared briefly in the market in two situations: the national airline continued briefly to serve their contents, and small quantities of cheap wine were sold in what was probably the surviving stock at the glassworks.

Dumpies eventually and unavoidably disappeared from the scene.

Outdoor lovers throughout the country were elated.

Did we really think that we could change the beer-drinking habits of the nation?

Our attitude to this question might best be summed up in the catchy words of a prominent politician on the campaign trail recently:

Yes we can!

Cement Industry in Matabeleland

by R. D. Taylor

This paper is based on notes prepared in 1997 by Mr R. W. Barron who kindly lent me a copy when I was researching my article The Bulawayo, Gwanda and Beit Bridge Railway *published in* Heritage *No. 25 of 2006. I consider that, in view of the importance of the cement industry to Matabeleland and their historical value, the notes, with some additions, should be published so a wider audience can appreciate them. Mr Barron was General Manager, subsequently redesignated Managing Director, of Portland Holdings Ltd from 1968 until he retired in 1985.*

After his retirement, Mr Barron remained a member of the Board as a Technical Consultant until 1999. At that time he had been in the cement industry for 58 years, seven years of which were in South Africa and the remainder in this country. He passed away on 20 July 2006.

The use of cement as a building material can be traced back 5000 years to the pyramid building era in Egypt. The general use of cement and concrete declined after the fall of the Roman Empire. The principles of cement manufacture were rediscovered in 1756 by John Smeaton who used cement made from a mix of blue lime and pozzolanic material obtained from Italy in the construction of the Eddystone Lighthouse. Joseph Asdin a bricklayer from Leeds England who was granted a patent to the process in 1824 and who opened the first cement factory in 1825 in Wakefield, England coined the name Portland cement.

The process of manufacturing cement comprises a considerable number of separate operations. Very simply the process involves crushing limestone and clay in ball mills in proportion 86% limestone and 14% clay by weight. The resultant fine powder is then burnt at 1450 degrees centigrade in a gigantic rotary kiln and the resulting nodules from the burning process are called clinker. This clinker is blended with gypsum, slag, limestone and flyash, which are ground together in ball mills to a specific size to produce cement, which is then stored ready for packing and delivery to customers.

PREMIER PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY LIMITED

Cement is a basic and strategic material to any economy. Rhodesia's first cement company Premier Portland Cement Co. Ltd. was formed in 1913 with its factory at Cement Siding 15 km east of Bulawayo, and is still an unmistakable feature of the landscape. The first sales to the public took place in September 1914 and by 1915 sales had reached 3000 tones.

Exports to the then Northern Rhodesia and Belgian Congo began in 1916. Limestone came from Claremont quarry some 22 km south of Cement and was moved to the factory by the company's own narrow gauge (2ft. gauge) railway.

Pretoria Portland Cement Co. Ltd. bought the major share holding in Premier Portland in 1928 and with increased demand for cement, particularly in the area of dam building plans for increasing cement production were made. Demand fluctuated with the pace of economic development but new peaks were seen during the Second World War with the construction of airfields and other facilities for the Empire Air Training Scheme.

RHODESIA CEMENT LIMITED

At the conclusion of the Second World War the Rhodesian Government wished to see increased cement production and a second producing company Rhodesia Cement Limited (Rhocem) was floated as a public company in 1946.

Mr B. L. Gardiner of Goldfields Limited became Chairman of the new company. Other directors were L. A. Levy and I. Kollenberg who were major shareholders in Gwelo Lands and Minerals Limited which owned Southill Ranch which held the limestone deposit at Colleen Bawn under Victorian title, T. P. M. Cochran, a mining engineer in Salisbury, M. G. Fleming and J. W. Phillips – the latter appointed by the Industrial Development Corporation. G. A. Lewis and Company were the company secretaries. C. Dodd was the General Manager. Other employees in 1946 were R. Bentley, Quarry Manager and R. P. Shinn, African Compound Manager who was responsible for recruiting labour. R. W. Barron was appointed Chief Chemist in January 1947 and later Works Manager. Among other employees in 1947 were R. B. J. McCormick, L. A. Visagie and J. E. Breaks.

Although Rhocem bought the sites of the factory and villages from Gwelo Lands and Minerals the latter retained title over the limestone area and were paid a royalty of 1/– a ton on all cement sold as well on any other products made from limestone such as lime. This arrangement was only changed in 1963 when United Cement Limited (UNICEM) was formed between Rhocem and Premier Portland Cement Limited and the limestone area and the rights were bought by UNICEM.

Development of the limestone quarry and the factory started in 1947 with most of the skilled staff being accommodated in Gwanda and commuting every day.

The quarry was developed under the 'glory hole' system with the limestone being blasted and hand spalled on the surface of the hill and then hand loaded into vertical shafts in the hill and again hand loaded into 2 ton coco pans which transported it through horizontal adits and drives to the crushing plant. This consisted of a 12" to 14" gyratory McCully primary crusher and a 4" Symons cone secondary crusher producing a minus 1" product which was delivered by a long conveyor belt to the Raw Materials Store in the factory which in turn was serviced by an overhead travelling crane. In the 1950s a new 30" McCully primary crusher with an intermediate stockpile was installed ahead of the existing crushing plant, which was fed by tip lorries loaded by mechanical shovel.

The cement plant was mostly supplied by Electro-Mechanical Construction Company (EMC) of Johannesburg, which was owned by L. M. Baerveldt who had been the agent in South Africa for Polysius of Germany before the 1939/45 war. A Mr Seebach who had worked for Polysius in South Africa pre-war and stayed there was the Commissioning Engineer. The plant consisted of a 40 t/hr Double Rotator raw mill, a 240 t/day rotary kiln with a single pass grate pre heater, a rotary cooler and a ball coal mill. The cement mill was a three-compartment, open-circuit, ball mill and was also supplied by EMC. The packing equipment was two 2-spout bates packers supplied by Bateman's. Raw meal blending was with three small blending silos from where the raw meal was transferred by compressed air to a large kiln feed silo. The finished cement was also transferred by compressed air to the storage silos at the bagging plant.

The first plant was commissioned in 1949 and construction started immediately on a second kiln and cement mill which were commissioned in 1951. A third line with increased raw milling, storage and bagging capacity was commissioned in 1953. Later in 1950s two

shaft kilns were commissioned as standby units to be used in periods of high demand but, owing to problems with raw meal blending and fuel quality, they were unsuccessful and scrapped.

In order to generate some income during the construction of the first cement plant a small lime plant was started. This consisted of a shaft in the limestone hill lined with refractories. It was fed with hand spalled limestone and cobble coal. The burnt lime was extracted at the bottom of the shaft, sorted and the quick lime sold in 44-gallon drums, mainly to the gold mining industry. Later a steel shaft kiln, fed with crushed limestone, and a hydrating and bagging plant were constructed. A similar shaft kiln was later erected on the limestone deposit at Shamva but was not successful because of the low quality of the limestone and was later abandoned with the limestone deposit and the kiln used to replace the one at Colleen Bawn.

SALISBURY PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY LIMITED.

In 1957 Salisbury Portland Cement (SPC), a subsidiary of Blue Circle Cement, England and South Africa, came into production in Salisbury. In 1966 an agreement was entered into with UNICEM to rationalize the distribution of cement in the country and to avoid cross railings of cement and unnecessary sales staff and depots. There was a quota system based on the agreed capacities of SPC and UNICEM and compensation was paid monthly, by the company that had over sold its quota. It was further agreed that in view of its small capacity SPC would have the first option to increase capacity.

UNITED CEMENT LIMITED

In 1963 when Rhocem and Premier Cement sales were only about one third of their productive capacities the two rival companies agreed to merge and rationalize their cement producing assets in the country and formed United Cement Limited (UNICEM) on a 50–50 basis with four directors each on the board and the chairman alternating every year.

For economic reasons clinker production was concentrated at Colleen Bawn and the kilns at the Bulawayo factory closed down, although for a short period magnesite mined in the Gweru area was burnt in a small kiln under contract to Vereeniging Brick and Tile Company before onward railing to Vereeniging.

Later when Colleen Bawn kilns were in full production, the Bulawayo kilns were brought back into clinker production as required.

In 1974 an additional 30 ft/hr closed circuit cement mill supplied by Polysius was commissioned at Bulawayo together with two secondhand 4 spout cement packers bought from Pretoria Cement.

PORTLAND HOLDINGS LIMITED

After Independence in 1980 Rhocem changed its name to Portland Holdings Limited (Porthold) and in 1982 Premier sold out to Porthold who thus became the sole owners of UNICEM. In 1986 at Colleen Bawn No. 4 kiln, a three-stage pre heater unit supplied by Polysius with a capacity of 1 000 t/day was commissioned, together with a 25 000 t clinker storage silo and other increased raw material storage and handling facilities.

During 1995 also at Colleen Bawn 100 t/hr cement packing machines with improved rail and road loading facilities were commissioned.

In 1996 at Bulawayo two new 100 t/hr cement packing machines also with improved rail and road facilities, a 15 000 t cement storage silo together with a 15 000 t clinker storage silo and additional clinker handling facilities were completed. Also in 1996 at Colleen Bawn a new increased capacity limestone crushing plant together with two limestone-blending beds were introduced.

The Company's year-end was changed from 31 July to 31 December in 1996, at the request of Anglo American Corporation who had taken a controlling interest in Portland Holdings Ltd., and construction was started for the planned expansion of No 4 Kiln at Colleen Bawn. Orders were placed with Polysius for a pre-calciner unit with a capacity of 2 200 t/day and with F. L. Smidth for a 100 t/hr closed circuit cement mill at Bulawayo.

During 1998 a new Unidan 100 cement mill was commissioned at the Bulawayo factory bringing the factory's capacity to 900 000 t per year. Improved rail and road facilities were completed in that year to expedite transport of cement to customers in Zimbabwe and the region.

The cement milling and bagging plant at Colleen Bawn was closed in early 2000. Clinker produced in Colleen Bawn is railed to the Bulawayo factory to make use of the more efficient and environmentally friendly mills at this site.

The Colleen Bawn plant is now focused on clinker manufacturing and the Bulawayo plant on cement milling, bagging and distribution.

LIMESTONE DEPOSITS

This country is very short of limestone deposits of suitable quality for cement manufacture. All the cement companies over many years have spent large sums of money in trying to find other suitable deposits. Colleen Bawn is undoubtedly the best deposit but it is situated a long distance away from the major market areas.

Over the years Porthold apart from inspecting and surface sampling numerous deposits has carried extensive diamond drilling explorations firstly in the Masvingo area, later and more extensively in the Shamva area and more recently in the Nyamandhlovu and Karoi areas. In all these cases the results have shown that the deposits were either too small or not of suitable quality. In the case of Shamva extensive tests were carried out locally and at McGill University in Canada to try and establish a method of beneficiating the limestone by removing some of the excess silica. The only probably suitable deposit was prospected near Mazabuka in Zambia in the 1950s, but a decline in cement demand and political problems resulted in abandoning the plan to establish a plant there.

GRANULATED SLAG

In the 1950s through the efforts of Mr Cochran, who was also on the board of the Rhodesian Iron and Steel Corporation, Rhocem acquired the sole rights to the granulated slag which RISCO were prepared to produce as a by-product of steel manufacture. This was envisaging the production of blast furnace cement or large dam construction. Although little slag was used for this purpose in the early years a later development was the introduction of PC 15 with a 15% slag content as general-purpose cement. The main purpose was to reduce the diminution of limited limestone resources and to use an otherwise waste product. These rights were inherited by UNICEM but in later years ZISCO refused to renew these sole rights.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS
I would like to thank Mr Barron's daughter Miss D. E. Barron for permission to publish the notes and Mr C. E. Rickwood retired Company Secretary of Portland Holdings Ltd. for obtaining the notes and for providing the information needed to bring them up to date.

If you are a member of the History Society of Zimbabwe,
please ensure that the Society headquarters
– <ianco@zol.co.zw> – has your email address,
as communications by post are no longer affordable.

Major Patrick Forbes (1861 to 1922)

by J. D. McCarthy

Author's note: This examination of the career of Major Forbes, as a soldier and administrator in the employ of the British South Africa Company during the first 10 years of its mandate as a Charter Company, was first prepared as a University of Rhodesia History Honours III Seminar Paper way back in April 1969. However, it was based upon primary and secondary sources available at that time at the National Archives of Zimbabwe and, in my view, is still valid as an opinion as to the impact of his actions upon the affairs of this country. Brief supplementary biographical notes on Major Forbes have been included at the end.

Major Patrick Forbes
(*Wills, W. A. & Collingridge, L. T.* The Downfall of Lobengula)

Major Patrick Forbes was once described by Colonel Frank Johnson, who led the British South Africa Company's ("BSA Co.") occupation force, otherwise known as the Pioneer Column, into this country as "a typical British bulldog, with as much sense".[1] My intention in this article is to look at the different aspects of Forbes' service with the BSA Co., to see whether or not we would agree with this remark.

After passing out of Sandhurst Forbes served for 9 years as a junior Lieutenant in the

[1] Gibbs, *A Flag for the Matabele*.

Major P. W. Forbes (back left); Lt. Colonel Pennefather (back right). Seated left Lt. the Hon. Eustace Fiennes; Capt. Heyman
(*National Archives of Zimbabwe*)

Inniskilling Dragoons, then based in Natal, before accepting the offer of a command in the BSA Co.'s Police Force. This force was recruited especially to cover the occupation of Mashonaland, and Forbes was "thus launched in a career which, both in soldiering and administration, threw upon him a leader's responsibilities, far bigger and heavier than were available for a Troop Commander in a cavalry regiment". [2]

Forbes was posted second in command to Lt. Col. Pennefather, with the local rank of Major, and, though he remained inconspicuous during the march of the Column into the territory that is now Zimbabwe, he appears to have performed his duties diligently and efficiently. As soon as the Column reached the site of what was to be called Salisbury and was disbanded, Pennefather returned to Natal and this left Forbes as the most senior military man in the service of the BSA Co. in Mashonaland, and it was to him that the Administrator (Designate), A. R. Colquhoun, turned in October 1890 when it appeared that trouble was in the offing at Umtasa's kraal in the Manica area, south east of Salisbury. In September Colquhoun, accompanied by Frederick Courtney Selous and a few troopers, had gone to Umtasa's kraal and there, on the 14th of September, had made a treaty with the Chief which gave sole land and mineral rights in the area to the BSA Co. The Portuguese in neighbouring Mozambique, however, would not recognise the treaty, claiming that Umtasa and the Manica territory came under the Portuguese sphere of influence, and in the October of 1890 they determined to exert their influence over the disputed area.

On the 31st of October, Colquhoun sent Forbes written orders[3] instructing him, in the absence of Colonel Pennefather, to proceed to Manica and there assume command and direct affairs. Forbes was to occupy as much of Manica as possible under the treaty executed by

[2] Lt. Gen. Sir E. A. Altham, *Some Notes on the Life of Major P. W. Forbes*.
[3] Letter, Colquhoun to Forbes, 31 October 1890. DT 8/5/1–3, Nat. Archives.

Colquhoun on the 14th of September, and was to request Colonel Paiva d'Andrada, the senior Portuguese military man in northern Mozambique, if he should enter Manica, to remove himself. If force was used directly against Umtasa, Forbes was empowered to enter Massi Kessi and any place in Manica territory which might seem to him to be important to occupy. Accordingly, Forbes left Fort Salisbury and reached Umtasa's on the 5th of November where he assumed command of the Company's "forces" in Manica territory, those "forces" comprising no more than a dozen men at the time. On the 6th he sent a Lieutenant Graham and two troopers to Massi Kessi with a letter for Colonel d'Andrada, saying that the presence of d'Andrada and a man called Manoel Antonio da Sousa Gouveia, the Capitão Mor of Gorongoza, at Massi Kessi, constituted a threat to Umtasa. Gouveia was in fact a slave raider and had been ruler of much of what became the north-eastern part of Southern Rhodesia, so he was not someone to be trifled with lightly. Undaunted, Forbes warned the Portuguese that he would resist force with force, but d'Andrada did not think this warning worth replying to, and on the 8th of November it was reported to Forbes that Gouveia had arrived at Umtasa's kraal with over 70 armed followers. At this time Forbes had only 10 men with him, but, as he was determined to carry out Colquhoun's orders, he sent word back to Fort Salisbury for reinforcements, while he kept the Portuguese occupied by repeating his earlier warning not to interfere in Umtasa's territory.

(Left to right) Leander Starr Jameson, Harrison (Administrator's Secretary); F. Courtney Selous; A. R. Colquhoun (Administrator designate)
(*National Archives of Zimbabwe*)

By the 15th of November Umtasa was reported to be in a state of abject terror, while Gouveia confidently awaited the arrival of d'Andrada and the Baron de Rezende with further reinforcements. Forbes, as yet, had heard no word concerning his own reinforcements, and he sent two troopers back along the route to look for them, with orders that they should leave their wagons and push on ahead. Fortunately these men under Lieutenant the Hon. Eustace Fiennes were quickly found, and arrived later the same day, at about the time that

"Pioneer" Officers including Lt. E. C. Tyndale-Biscoe (front left, hatless); Capt. Heany (seated centre with cane); Col. Frank Johnson (seated 2nd right); F. Courtney Selous (seated 1st right), and Capt.s H. J. Borrow and 'Skipper' Hoste (standing 4th and 5th right)

(*National Archives of Zimbabwe*)

a Mr Dennis Doyle, in charge of Native Affairs, Captain Hoste R.N.R., and Lieutenant Tyndale Biscoe R.N. also made it to Forbes' camp. Major Forbes now had a force of about 34 men and, on the 16th of November, taking one part of this force, he surrounded Umtasa's Kraal, he quickly arrested Colonel d'Andrada, Gouveia, Rezende and a French prospector named de Llamby without any opposition. The other, and larger part, of the force had in the meantime been sent to disarm the followers of d'Andrada and Gouveia, and this was also done without a shot being fired. Although Rezende and de Llamby were released almost immediately, Gouveia and Paiva d'Andrada were held and later sent to Fort Salisbury under close escort, because Forbes realised that if they were released, this would be taken as a sign of weakness by the local people, especially as they lived in fear of Gouveia and his followers.

In examining Forbes' career, there is little doubt that up to this point at least, he had carried out his orders well, as is illustrated by a letter from Colquhoun to Dennis Doyle in which the former writes, "A few lines to congratulate you and Forbes. You lost no time. The entry of the large armed force into Manica territory after protest, and the occupation by force of Umtasa's Kraal, again after repeated protests, quite justified the steps taken."[4] Certainly Forbes' actions showed a "bulldog" like determination, but they also demonstrated in this instance at least that he was able to sum up the tactical situation correctly and then

[4] Letter, Colquhoun to Doyle, 20 November 1890. CT1/16/2.

make his move at the opportune moment. It seems certain also that Forbes carried out his orders without much thought as to the possible political ramifications of his actions, for "without due ceremony" he "proceeded summarily to take them prisoners – three nationals of a country with whom Britain was not even remotely at war, and in a territory over which she had no valid authority to rule."[5] When he arrested them, Forbes charged them with "intriguing and conspiring with natives in a British territory" – an offence which it would have been difficult to prove.[6]

The actions of the BSA Co.'s forces in Manica raised a storm of protest in Portugal, where it was said that they were a direct violation of the 'modus vivendi' signed between Britain and Portugal on 14 November 1890. This charge, however, was countered by Sir Henry Loch, the British High Commissioner at Cape Town, who wrote, "The subsequent action of Captain Forbes was taken on the 15th of November, or one day after the signing of the 'modus vivendi' in London, and therefore at a time when it was not possible for him to be acquainted with its contents. This action is clearly a part of, and consequent on, the occurrence of the 8th of November and must be regarded as such." [7] The action, to which he referred on the 8th of November, was the removal of the Union Jack at Umtasa's Kraal by Gouveia, and its replacement with the Portuguese flag.

Sir Henry Loch,
British High Commissioner in Cape Town
(*Wills, W. A. & Collingridge, L. T.*
The Downfall of Lobengula)

Colquhoun's orders to Forbes had also been to occupy as much of the eastern side of the country as possible and, once his military strength had been doubled and he had full control of Umtasa's area, he chose to interpret those orders liberally. Accordingly, he set off in the direction of the Indian Ocean, meeting with no opposition at Massi Kessi, where, after Gouveia's arrest, the fort had been abandoned. From there he continued on down through Chimoio's Kraal towards the port of Beira. Meanwhile, however, Paiva d'Andrada and Gouveia had arrived at the Cape, and the former's reports of the whole event had stirred dangerous international currents. Messages were quickly sent via Mafeking and the Forts at Tuli, Victoria and Charter to Salisbury, ordering the immediate withdrawal of Forbes and his men from Manicaland. According to one source, [8] before Colquhoun could pick anyone to go after Forbes with these orders, Jameson came forward with someone whom he said would be admirably suitable for the task, though in actual fact this man was believed to be totally incapable of reading a map! But, as it transpired on this occasion, the fellow,

[5] Gibbs, op. cit.
[6] Gibbs, op. cit.
[7] C.6495, No.36. Encl. No.8, Loch to Knutsford.
[8] Gibbs, op. cit.

fortunately or unfortunately, managed to find his way to Forbes and the latter had no option but to obey orders and withdraw. It is interesting to speculate just how different Zimbabwe's history might have been if Forbes had been left to drive a wedge through Mozambique and to occupy the Port of Beira.

Before leaving the Manica episode and moving on to the next stage of Forbes' career in this part of Africa, it is worth noting his reactions to the events that had taken place, and the fact that he believed, perhaps predictably, that he had acted perfectly correctly in the whole affair. Quoting again from Lord Loch's correspondence, Forbes is recorded as having said, "The arrest of Andrada and Gouveia will, I think, effectively stop any attempt on the part of the Portuguese authorities to recover Manica by force. There is no doubt that nothing has already raised or will raise us more in the estimation of the natives, than the capture of Gouveia."[9] On the other hand, understandably, Colonel Paiva d'Andrada did not share Forbes' view and described him as "the exact and perfect type of the rudeness of an English common soldier."[10]

In October, 1891, Major Forbes was appointed Magistrate at Hartley Hill, after which he became Resident Magistrate of Salisbury, a position which he held until the outbreak of the Matabele War. There appears to be little reference in any records to Forbes as a magistrate, though we do know through a report from the Administrator to the Imperial Secretary in Cape Town that the preliminary examination of the case concerning the murder of a prospector named Guerold in the Mazoe district by local tribesmen was held on the 13th of February 1892 before Forbes as the magistrate in Salisbury.[11] We also know that Forbes was a regular church-goer and would read the prayers himself on a Sunday if the Archdeacon of Mashonaland was not available. He was the first churchwarden in Salisbury and was very instrumental in the building of the Cathedral. Although the years 1891 to 1893 were quiet and fairly uneventful, Forbes was kept busy the whole time with administrative and judicial duties, and came to be regarded as an outstanding member of his little community.[12] He was prominent also in the foundation of the Salisbury Turf Club and showed himself always to be a man for the outdoors. It is apparent that during that period, Frank Johnson's 'typical British bulldog' did well by the BSA Co., as well as the people around him, by putting into practice the undoubted administrative and organisational abilities which he had acquired with the Inniskilling Dragoons while serving in Zululand and Swaziland.

In 1893, when hostilities with the Matabele began to threaten, Jameson began to organise and plan a campaign to subdue them, and Forbes featured prominently in that plan. Jameson contacted him and outlined his tactics which involved marching on the Matabele capital, Bulawayo, from three points, namely Salisbury, Fort Victoria and Tuli. His intention was that each force was to consist of 250 mounted volunteers, and they were take rations for only the first three days, after which they were then to live off the land in Boer Commando style. Under Jameson's plan, Forbes was to take command of the Salisbury Column, and of the combined Salisbury and Victoria Columns, the latter being under the command of Major Allan Wilson, once they linked up at Iron Mine Hill, near the modern day Umvuma. Forbes, as a regular soldier, was not keen to operate without wagons, as the Boers had

[9] C.6495, No. 50, Encl. No. 1.
[10] C.6495, No. 44. Encl. No. 1.
[11] C.7171, No. 19, Encl. 1. Secretary BSA Co. to Imperial Secretary, Cape Town, March 1892.
[12] E. A. Altham, op. cit.

been able to do in clashes with the Zulus, and in this he was right. Without wagons there could be no sustained campaign, no medical support, no artillery and, most important, no ready-made defensive laager against enemy attack. In spite of Jameson's grumbles that wagons would cost money and would probably be used mainly for the transport of goods to be sold in Matabeleland, he gave in over the wagons, and "one cannot but be thankful that there were men like Forbes who were prepared to stand up to his (Jameson's) civilian contempt for the military, and to his blatant attempts to win the war 'on the cheap'." [13] Forbes obtained 16 wagons for the Salisbury Column, with 40 days supplies, two Maxim guns on galloping carriages, one Gardiner gun, one Nordenfeldt and one seven-pounder mountain gun. During the delays caused by shortages of horses both at Fort Salisbury and Fort Charter, Forbes took the opportunity to give the newly recruited force an intensive though brief course of training. Meanwhile, the Victoria contingent under Allan Wilson, a 37 year-old mining inspector who had seen action in the Zulu War, was also taking shape and by September 1893 it numbered 414 men, three Maxims, two pieces of artillery and 18 wagons. The Tuli Column under Commandant Raaf, the magistrate at Tuli, who had also seen action in the Zulu Wars, numbered 225 men. At this time, F. Rutherford Harris, the Secretary to the BSA Co., wrote to the Imperial Secretary, "It would be difficult to get a finer body of men than the 800 now under arms, a great majority of whom are old campaigners who not only are well acquainted with the country in which they have now lived for two years, but, in addition, have previously seen good service in native wars in the Cape Colony and elsewhere."[14] Jameson himself was supremely confident in his forces and wrote, "I am glad to inform you that Major Forbes' party here is in perfect order and prepared for any emergency, and I expect to find the Victoria party in a similar condition on my arrival there on Monday evening."[15] Sir John Willoughby, who was now Senior Military Officer of the BSA Co., at least in Jameson's opinion, and who was acting as Jameson's advisor, said after inspecting the Salisbury Column at Fort Charter that it was a well officered force and was united and enthusiastic.[16]

On 16 October 1893 the Salisbury and Victoria Columns met up at Iron Mine Hill, about 135 miles northwest of Bulawayo, and on the borders of what the Matabele regarded as their territory, and began to advance at dawn the next day. The two columns travelled 300 yards apart as far as possible, this being done especially by Forbes so as not to have to interfere with the running of the Victoria Column under Wilson. In light of future events, it is difficult to know whether Forbes really thought it was best to let Wilson run things on his side, given his obvious ability, or whether Forbes just felt inadequate next to Wilson who had had a great deal of experience in so called native warfare. The columns reached the Shangani River on the 24th of October and Forbes, accompanied by Wilson, selected points at which two drifts could be made. Both columns crossed in under 20 minutes each, which was quite a feat in itself, and laagered for the night on the west bank of the river. Forbes personally inspected all the pickets that night and ordered the firing of some signal rockets in the hope of making contact with the scouts of the Tuli Column. There was in fact little chance of these rockets being seen by other members of the B.S.A. Co. forces outside of

[13] G. Cary, *A Time to Die*.
[14] C.7196, No. 41, Encl. 22. F. Rutherford Harris to Imperial Secretary, September 23, 1893.
[15] C.7196, No. 59, Encl. 4. Jameson to High Commissioner, 1 October, 1893.
[16] Ibid., Encl. 14, Willoughby to Loch, Charter, 4 October 1893.

The Victoria Rangers – (standing left to right) Lt. Stoddart; Capt. Judd; Major Allan Wilson: Capt. Napier; Capt. Fitzgerald; Lt. Hamilton; Lt. Williams. (seated left to right) Lt. Sampson; Adjutant W. P. Kennelly
(*Wills, W. A. & Collingridge, L. T.* The Downfall of Lobengula)

the two columns, but it was learned afterwards from captured Matabele that these rockets so frightened the Matabele impi that were shadowing the columns that they were deterred from launching a night attack on them. Such a night attack by thousands of Matabele warriors would have put the columns in very serious jeopardy, as the Maxim guns would have been almost impossible to deploy with any real effect. As it was, the Matabele attacked at dawn the next day and by 8am had been beaten off with heavy casualties to themselves. Despite losing one white trooper in the fierce encounter, with five being wounded, including Forbes' younger brother, the columns were able to continue their advance the following day.[17] On the 1st of November, the columns were attacked again at Imbebesi, this time by the crack Mbizo regiment, but a laager was quickly formed and, after a battle lasting 45 minutes, the Matabele were again driven off. A few minor skirmishes occurred later in the day, but the Mbizo had lost between 500 and 700 men, and the way now lay open to Bulawayo. It is worth noting that Jameson, in reporting by telegraph to Rhodes on the outcome of this battle, laid stress on the splendid leadership displayed by Major Forbes.[18] Many of his men, on the other hand, did not care for what they regarded as his dictatorial manner.

At this point in the campaign, Burnham and Ingram, two American scouts attached to the columns, reported that King Lobengula had already departed from Bulawayo northwards in the direction of the Zambezi, leaving instructions for Bulawayo to be burned. So, on the

[17] This injury led to his death by drowning in February 1894, when, whilst attempting to cross the swollen Umzingwane River near Essexvale, Bulawayo, he was swept away.

[18] E. A. Altham, op. cit.

3rd of November, Captain Borrow and 20 men were sent to ride ahead of the columns to occupy Bulawayo if they could, and, in the process, met with no opposition at all. Captain Donovan, an independent officer attached to the Victoria Column, and who wrote afterwards about the advance on Bulawayo, recounted how, at one stage, Forbes had made friendly black warriors attached to the columns carry a stout thorn bush each. Donovan thought that these moving thorn bushes must have presented a curious sight to the watching Matabele, and it reminded Donovan of Shakespeare's play, 'Macbeth' in which Macbeth had seen "Burnham Wood coming to Dunsinane!".[19]

Once in Bulawayo, Jameson made immediate attempts to contact Lobengula through 'Colonial boys' with a view to giving the King two days grace after the return of the messengers in which to give himself up. Jameson was determined that the Matabele King should be captured, because he believed that was the only quick way of ending the Matabele War, but by the 13th of November, when there was still no sign of the Lobengula, he decided that a force must be sent to bring him in. Since Major Forbes had acquitted himself very well on the advance to Bulawayo, both in view of the efficient way in which he had led the combined columns, as well as in the great personal courage that he had displayed when under fire, Jameson decided that he was the best man to lead any force sent after the Matabele King. Both during the Manica episode, and on the march on Bulawayo, Forbes had also shown that he had no doubt as to his own capabilities, as well as those of the Company's forces to come through successfully, thus, perhaps, reinforcing the "British bulldog" description of him. Thus far, he had also shown that he possessed a shrewd judgement of both men and situations. However, the subsequent failure of the Shangani Patrol, as it came to be known, to bring in Lobengula, and the loss of nearly 40 lives during the course of the patrol, require a close examination of the events and circumstances of this patrol and the extent to which Forbes can be blamed for this debacle.

Lobengula, King of the Matabele
(illustration said to be an authentic likeness)
(*National Archives of Zimbabwe*)

On the evening of the 13th of November, a combined force drawn from the three columns set out under Forbes' command with three days rations, headed initially for Umhlangeni near Inyati, about 35 miles northeast of Bulawayo, where a Matabele impi was reported to

[19] Captain C. H. W. Donovan, *With Wilson in Matabeleland*.

be located. The orders given to Forbes by Jameson were "if necessary, to bring on a fight with the Matabele, to try and find out their exact strength, to push them back if possible, and, if not, to try and draw them on to attack the laager at Bulawayo. Should he not be able to overcome the opposition, he was to push on and do his utmost to capture the King."[20]

At this stage, it is useful to note what Trooper M. W. Barnard, who had been wounded at Imbembesi and who subsequently believed that Forbes was not to blame for the failure of the Shangani Patrol, had to say. He wrote, "In the first place, Jameson, ordered the pursuit by 150 men, with two Maxim guns, but no wagons and no artillery… Both Forbes and Wilson begged Jameson, not to persist in this idea, but desired to approach the matter in a more reasonable moment when the rains had ceased. Jameson, however, was adamant."[21] If this was true, it would place much of the blame for the failure of the patrol on Jameson's shoulders, but there is evidence that Forbes in fact expected little opposition, and thought that the patrol would not be away from Bulawayo for more than four days.[22] It is certain, however, that Jameson and Colonel Goold-Adams, who commanded the Imperial forces now in the country, both believed that Forbes and his men would meet no opposition, and for this reason sent them out with rations for only three days, no blankets, coats or heavy gear, and no ambulances or supply wagons.

Commandant P. J. Raaf
(*National Archives of Zimbabwe*)

Jameson, and in particular, Goold-Adams, were also responsible for appointing Commandant Raaf, who had led the Tuli Column, to be Forbes' second-in-command, as it was felt that Raaf's great experience would be invaluable to the lesser experienced Forbes. Before the patrol set out, Major Forbes was told by Jameson to consult Raaf on all steps taken, either offensive or defensive, and this was something that Forbes, though unwilling, felt obliged to do. Whereas Forbes believed that the patrol would encounter little opposition, Raaf was convinced that it was undermanned and in potential grave danger, and this fundamental difference of opinion was to be a constant source of friction between them throughout the patrol. "There were two voices throughout. Major Forbes was a conscientious and capable officer; but deferred too much to the opinion of Captain Raaf, who had great prestige in native warfare, but being sick unto death had no heart for this business."[23]

When the patrol reached Umhlangeni on the 16th of November the Matabele had

[20] G. Cary, op. cit., p. 37.
[21] M. W. Barnard, Letters, Miscellaneous BA/6, National Archives of Zimbabwe.
[22] G. Cary, op. cit., p. 39.
[23] J. Colvin, *The Life of Jameson, Vol. 1.*

dispersed, but Forbes, acting on reports from captured Matabele herdsmen that the King was on the Bubye River 10 miles away, moved on towards the Bubye, leaving Captain Fitzgerald at Umhlangeni with 80 men from the Victoria Column, one Maxim and a seven-pounder. When Forbes reached the Bubye, and a further report had been received that Lobengula was 20 miles down river, Raaf urged him to wait and rest the men, but Forbes was not keen. However, Forbes gave in to him because, as he later wrote, "I feared that if I moved after what he had said he would unsettle all his men to such an extent, by talking about the difficulties of the matter, that their morale might suffer."[24] From this it can be seen that, even at this fairly early stage, there was dissension among senior members of the patrol, and much of this was probably Forbes' fault. Most of his officers, as well as the men, did not share his enthusiasm and believed him to be both ignorant and arrogant. Captains Heany and Spreckley, who were in charge of 'A' and 'C' Troops of the Salisbury Horse, were loyal to him, but they were not regular soldiers in his eyes and he treated them as amateurs who knew little or nothing of military matters. It is interesting that the only man that Forbes appeared to trust was Major Alan Wilson, the leader of the Victoria contingent in the Patrol, and a man who, like Forbes, was keen to get at the enemy and was contemptuous of those who showed any timidity. By this stage, also, the patrol was four days out of Bulawayo, which meant that they had exhausted their rations and the men had to live off the land, a cause of increasing dissent. On Saturday, the 18th of November, Lieutenant E. C. Tyndale-Biscoe wrote in his diary, "There are a great number of kraals in this part of the country. We are now living on anything we can pick up, (as we only brought two days rations from Bulawayo) mostly meat and Kaffir Corn."[25] In another entry in his diary the following day, Tyndale-Biscoe wrote, "There is a good deal of discontent among the men on account of the rations, and not following Lobengula at once. So Forbes ordered a parade at which he told the men who were dissatisfied to step forward, which most of the Salisbury men and Raaf's men did. So Forbes determined to return." Forbes, in calling for this parade and in the way in which he conducted it, made a few important mistakes. Early on the Sunday, and being aware of the mood of unrest among the men, he had summonsed Wilson and Raaf to tell them of his intention to call a parade at 11:00am, but he asked them both to tell no one why the parade was being called. He later recounted [26] how, at the parade, he told each Corps separately that the BSA Co. was unable at the moment to supply more rations and that those who wanted to could turn back. He wrote how surprised he was at the numbers of men that wanted to turn back, though he felt that, since none of the Victoria Rangers wanted to turn back, they had been forewarned by Wilson, in spite of Forbes' orders. After the parade, some of the officers of the Salisbury Column, namely Heany and Spreckley, went to Forbes and complained that they had been told nothing beforehand, and he told them that he had done that purposely as he did not want them to influence their men. But they understood him to mean influence them in a negative sense – i.e. to go back, whereas he had intended exactly the opposite. He says the result of the misunderstanding was to make them and all their men very bitter against him.[27] This misunderstanding, however it may have arisen, does not reflect well on Forbes' leadership abilities in this instance. If he had

[24] Wills & Collingridge, *The Downfall of Lobengula*.
[25] E. C. Tyndale-Biscoe, *Diary*, Vol. II, National Archives of Zimbabwe.
[26] Wills and Collingridge, op. cit.
[27] Ibid.

taken Raaf's advice given early in the day to call a conference of all commanders, instead of calling a general parade, there would probably have been no demands to turn back, but clearly he had thought the discussion with Wilson and Raaf alone to be the better option.[28] Such aloofness on the part of Forbes was out of place given the rather irregular nature of the whole patrol, and certainly exacerbated the friction and general misunderstanding that was developing. On this day Corporal E. V. Campbell wrote in his diary, "The same night Forbes sent two scouts out to set up three rockets amongst the enemy, which they did about 9 o'clock that night, for what reason I really don't know. The King and his men were only about five miles ahead of us at that time, it seemed a most absurd thing to do because we were supposed to be after the King to catch him."[29] Campbell was one of Allan Wilson's men and, in his enthusiasm to be after the King, he believed that Forbes was to blame for all the delay and not Raaf, his second-in-command. Lt. Tyndale-Biscoe also wrote of this firing of rockets among "some niggers who were following after the King" as "a most stupid proceeding."

The next day, Monday the 20th of November, Forbes continued on down the Bubye River a few more miles so that the Matabele would not think the Company's forces were giving up too easily, and then he gave orders for the patrol to return to Umhlangeni. Meanwhile, on Jameson's orders, Captain Borrow of 'B' Troop, Salisbury Horse, 'Matabele' Wilson, a trader and prospector, and 20 men had gone north of Bulawayo to Shiloh and had found Lobengula's wagon tracks leading northwards. Borrow and Wilson joined Forbes at Inyati on the 22nd of November, and Forbes immediately resolved to move the next morning to Shiloh which was 20 miles away. The men arrived after dark at Shiloh, dispirited and resentful, not of Jameson and the other rather casual organisers of the whole patrol, but of Forbes himself. It seems likely that, because many of his officers were amateurs, he had not attempted to take them into his confidence, with the result that they were inclined to blame him for everything and to listen to the criticisms and forebodings of Raaf and others. This early mutual distrust is important to remember in the light of the tragedies that later occurred. Another member of the ill-fated Shangani Patrol, Corporal D. P. Bottomley, wrote in his diary on reaching Shiloh, "Forbes is detested and despised by everybody in the forces and justly – as a leader he is a most pronounced failure – while we were simply starving he had a pack horse with any amount of food and because we would not volunteer to go on without food of any kind he grew abusive. He actually forced some starving men to leave a sheep which he immediately had killed for himself."[30] It should be noted, however, that Bottomley was always moaning and was generally a most disagreeable character by all accounts, so it would probably be a mistake to believe too much of what he wrote.

At Shiloh on the 24th of November, Forbes took stock of the wagons and supplies that had been brought up from Bulawayo by Captain Napier, as well as of the reinforcements that had also been sent with him. Together with Allan Wilson, he worked out that if he allowed for 13 days in which to capture the King and return, he could take with him enough food on five wagons for 260 men, while the other 280 men were to return to Bulawayo under the command of Captain Heany. Forbes was reluctant to take even five wagons, feeling that they would be a dangerous encumbrance, but he knew the men would not go without

[28] G. Cary, op. cit., p. 43–44.
[29] E. V. Campbell, Diary. CA 2/1/1, National Archives of Zimbabwe.
[30] D. P. Bottomley, Diary. BO 4/1, National Archives of Zimbabwe.

them. He wrote later, "I did not wish to take any wagons with me, but I knew that as they were there I should have to, if it was only for a few days, and I decided on taking some dismounted men to send back with them when it had been proved to everyone's satisfaction that it was impossible to take them on."[31] This seems to illustrate a rather negative attitude on the part of Forbes, a factor which also did not augur well for the success of the patrol. For the re-formed patrol Forbes picked Captain Borrow and 22 mounted men from the Salisbury Column; 70 mounted men and 170 dismounted men from the Victoria Column; and 78 mounted men from the Bechuanaland Border Police. "Of the Tuli Column he took 20 men, and he made the mistake of taking Captain Raaf, although Forbes must have known well by this time that Raaf had no heart for the enterprise."[32]

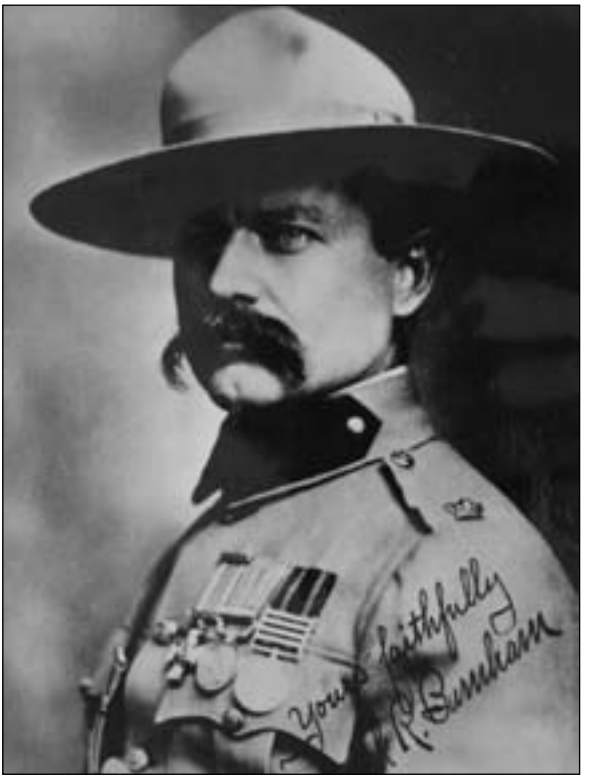
The patrol left Shiloh at 9.00am on the 25th of November but, with heavy rains falling, the going was very slow, so much so that, two days later, Forbes decided that, if he was to catch Lobengula, he would have to do so without the wagons. Accordingly, he reduced the size of his force to 158 well mounted men, with half rations for 10 days to be carried on pack horses, plus two Maxim guns mounted on galloping carriages. Each member of the scaled down patrol was to carry 100 rounds, and the Maxims were limited to 1000 rounds each, which was not much given that the patrol depended upon the stopping power of these new weapons. The two remaining Maxims were to be sent back, which presented a problem because they were under the charge of Captain Lendy, a regular officer, described as "a dominating, outspoken and experienced officer."[33] This meant that, if he remained, he would have no clear cut duties, a problem which Forbes attempted to resolve by treating him as if he were directly responsible for the deployment of the two Maxims that accompanied the patrol, but which were notionally under the charge of Captain Tancred. This of course meant cutting across Tancred's command, and it also ignored the position of Captain Coventry who was in charge of the Bechuanaland Border Police contingent, to which the guns belonged. Lendy and Tancred reached an agreement on their own whereby the former would work one of the guns in action, but otherwise leave the command of them to Tancred. Forbes knew nothing of this unofficial arrangement which still left Lendy without any clear cut duties. Lendy soon lost confidence in Forbes, and through coming into contact with Raaf he became strongly opposed to Forbes. Lendy, Raaf and one of the latter's

Capt. C. F. Lendy
(*Wills, W. A. & Collingridge, L. T.* The Downfall of Lobengula)

[31] Wills and Collingridge, op. cit.
[32] J. Colvin, *The Life of Jameson*, Vol. 1.
[33] G. Cary, op. cit., p. 50.

captains named Lloyd Francis, criticised anything and everything that Forbes did or did not do, saying, for example, that he never disarmed any of the local people found during the advance, that he never took steps to learn the King's position or his intentions, and that he never attempted to protect either the flanks or the rear of the patrol during the advance. Such criticisms, if overheard by N.C.O.s and troopers would have done nothing for the general morale of the patrol. Forbes himself later wrote, "I had found that Captain Raaf could not keep anything to himself and he did a great deal of harm by talking to the young officers he had with him about the dangers of the march."[34]Forbes also doubted Lendy's knowledge of native warfare, even though he had little practical knowledge himself, but then he also doubted the ability of the Matabele to defend their king. This belief was encouraged by locals that were questioned along the line of the march, and nothing was learned that made Forbes change his mind. However, he was careful to keep the patrol on alert throughout, and he was confident of its ability to defend itself by always being ready to form itself into a defensive laager of a sort, and to be able to fight at very short notice.

On the 2nd of December Forbes and Wilson agreed that it was not advisable to take the patrol any further than the Shangani River, because they were now 9 days out of Shiloh, and it was at least 60 miles to the main drift on the Shangani where the nearest supplies were located. The following afternoon the patrol came in sight of the Shangani, and Forbes now believed rather optimistically that his task was nearly over. Local herd-boys, on being questioned, said that Lobengula had left that morning, and, as there was still two hours of daylight left, Forbes called Allan Wilson and instructed him to take 12 men across the river to try to establish where the king was. However, Forbes did also emphasise that the Wilson party must return by nightfall – it is certain that if Wilson had obeyed this order, there would have been no need for the Shangani Patrol memorial that still stands in the Matopos, close to the site of Rhodes' grave. Forbes had been told by the Matabele herd-boys that the King only had 3000 men with



Maj. F. R. Burnham
(*National Archives of Zimbabwe*)

[34] Wills & Collingridge, op. cit.

him and that the majority of these would be of little use for fighting. Accordingly, Forbes' plan, as he is reported to have explained it to his galloper, a Mr Chappé, was to take 50 men and the galloping Maxim the next day (4th of December) and make a rush for the king, leaving the Major Allan Wilson in charge of the laager. 35 It was for this reason that he sent Wilson out to establish the king's position, accompanied by the American scout Frederick Burnham, so that the latter could lead Forbes' party to the exact location the following day.

Allan Wilson's small patrol did not return by nightfall, and it is useful to turn to an account provided by Walter Howard to see why Wilson either disregarded or disobeyed Forbes' order to return. Howard wrote, "It was known to some that Major Forbes intended on the next day to make a rush attempt to capture the King, taking with him about 50 men and a Maxim. It is probable that Wilson and his followers intended to forestall Forbes with the fatal result that all were killed."[36] M. A. G. Hay, who was also a member of the patrol, had this to add, "As so often happens with irregular Troops there had been some little jealousy, amounting almost to ill feeling, over the fact that Major Forbes was in command. The Victoria men felt that their man, Major Wilson, should have been given the command of the patrol." Hay went on to suggest that no such jealousy existed between Wilson and Forbes, but from what he has heard on patrol, the Victoria men were willing and ready to make a dash to capture the King "and so do Major Forbes a shot in the eye". This might explain why Wilson's patrol numbered 20 men and not the 12 that had originally been ordered by Forbes.[37] Up till that point Wilson had had the same ideas as Forbes, had got on well with him and had been loyal to him, but if he had learned from Chappé that Forbes planned to leave him out of the final action and had tried to conceal the fact, he may have become determined to try and bring the king back himself and probably within the hour.

On the night of the 3rd of December, the main body of the patrol found itself surrounded on three sides by the Matabele and Forbes, realising that he had underestimated the Matabele, now took all the defensive precautions he could. At about 11 p.m. Captain Napier and Troopers Robertson and Bain returned with news of Wilson's patrol, the gist of which was that Napier thought that Wilson wanted the whole column to have joined up with his small patrol by 4 a.m. the next morning. According to Forbes later, there was neither a written message, nor a direct verbal one from Forbes, though Napier himself later said that he was sent back to let Forbes know Wilson's position and to ask him to join him very early in the morning with the rest of the men and the Maxim guns.[38] Forbes rightly pointed out to Napier that it would be impossible to move in the dark. "To move forward by night with his whole force (already much exhausted by a long march in bad weather) without further knowledge of the strength and disposition of the opposing Matabele would have been an act in defiance of military principles, and to incur grave risk, and Forbes was no doubt right in deciding not to do so."[39] Since it was impossible for the main patrol to join Wilson's smaller patrol, Forbes should have recalled Wilson, but instead he chose to take a middle course and one not defensible either on general military grounds, or having regard to the

[35] Ibid.

[36] W. Howard, Letters, HO 5/2/1–11 and HO 5/3/1–3, National Archives of Zimbabwe.

[37] Ibid.

[38] W. Howard, op. cit.

[39] H. Marshall Hole, *The Making of Rhodesia.*

special nature of the situation. His compromise was to send Captain Borrow with 20 men to reinforce Wilson's unit as a reconnoitring patrol. However, by sending these 21 men, Forbes was not converting Wilson's unit into an effective strike force against the Matabele, and instead was only endangering more lives. These additional men may well have only tempted Wilson to brave the overwhelming odds that he found against him on the morning of the 4th, and to continue with his attempt to apprehend Lobengula, only to fail and to be surrounded and killed, together with all his men. If, on the other hand, Forbes had recalled Wilson while there was still time, the latter would almost certainly have escaped, and 33 brave men would not have lost their lives. Such a decision, however, would have meant Lobengula's certain escape, and Forbes would very likely have been blamed on his return to Bulawayo for failing in his orders to catch him... In Forbes' defence it can also be said that the news brought back by Napier the night before the massacre in no way showed that Wilson's party was in trouble, and when he sent off Captain Borrow at midnight he told him to tell Wilson to use his judgement and not to take any unnecessary risks.

Early on the morning of the 4th, Forbes and the main body of the patrol did move out to join Wilson, but they had only gone a few hundred yards when they came under very heavy fire and were forced to form a defensive laager. This in turn resulted in Forbes giving up all thoughts of advancing across the river to Wilson's aid, and he had instead to concentrate on the safety of the main body. When the firing died down, Forbes then moved the laager back about 600 yards along the river and, while this was being negotiated, Burnham, Ingram and another scout named Gooding rejoined the main body from Wilson's patrol, having been sent back at dawn by Wilson. On his arrival, Burnham said, "I think I may say we are the sole survivors of that party."[40] Forbes waited in laager throughout the 4th of December in the hope that some of Wilson's party might have escaped, and then in the evening he sent Ingram and a man called Lynch with messages to Jameson in Bulawayo. When these messengers reached Jameson, Lynch reported that Forbes would make for the main drift on the Shangani, and that Jameson was to take rations and reinforcements there to meet him. The ever-cheerful D. P. Bottomley, who was now in Bulawayo, later had this to say, "Forbes is an incompetent useless fool and worse than a fool – he is a scoundrelly and willing fool of a mean dishonest and villainous Company who are little more than blood sucking and thieving scoundrels and liars."[41]

The retreat commenced at 9 a.m. on the 5th of December, and unsurprisingly the morale of the men was very low, aggravated by the forebodings of danger that Raaf, Lendy and Lloyd Francis had. By now the patrol had been thrown entirely on its own resources for food and the horses were very weak, to the extent that often they could not be ridden and had instead to be led. Meanwhile, the Matabele continued to harass the patrol and actually mounted a strong attack against it on the 10th. Forbes halted the men at midday on either side of a gully where he thought they would be under cover, but the Matabele attacked down the gully and managed to kill a few of the horses. After this initial mistake, however, Forbes was conspicuous for the way in which he risked his life in rallying his men. W. Howard, writing of this incident, said, "Major Forbes shouted out 'man the koppies' – he was never at a loss in an emergency – and on to the koppies we ran, some to the right and some to the

[40] Wills & Collingridge, op. cit.
[41] D. P Bottomley, Diary, BO 4/1.

left."[42] That night the patrol was surrounded on two sides in very broken country and it was decided to leave the gun carriages behind and make a break for more open country in the dark. Forbes said the suggestion to leave the gun carriages behind and to carry the Maxims by hand was made by Captain Napier, but it was Forbes who gave the actual orders and who led the retreat. By morning the patrol had reached more open ground and thereafter only had one more serious skirmish with the Matabele before Inyati was reached on the 16th of December. Throughout this retreat, Forbes showed great courage and determination for the men now had to live off horse flesh. Since many of them had also worn out their boots, some were using their wallets as covering for their feet. Forbes shared all these hardships, and Walter Howard pointed out that he walked all the way to Inyati. On the night that the patrol moved out under the cover of darkness and the order was given that all the dogs accompanying members of the patrol should be killed so as not to give away the patrol's movements, Forbes set the example by killing his own dog himself. Recounting this return march, Howard said, "Happily we were under the command of a brave man and a good soldier; ably seconded by Commandant Raaf."

In the meantime, a relief party of 100 men had set out from Bulawayo on the 8th of December in response to the messages that had been brought by Pearl Ingram and Billy Lynch. Already, Jameson and Rhodes were inclined to blame Forbes for all that had happened – he was to be made the scapegoat for the BSA Co's failures. It seemed not to have occurred to them, and certainly not to Jameson, that in their hurry to send off the patrol in the first place in pursuit of Lobengula, the organisers had failed to take the normal military precautions. M. W. Barnard, who was recuperating in Bulawayo, wrote, "I regret to say that on arrival at Inyati, Rhodes refused to speak to Forbes and he was certainly very badly treated by the Chartered Company in view of his victories and that the campaign was one of the cheapest and shortest on record."[43]Jameson had planned to confirm his appointment of Forbes as the first magistrate in Bulawayo, in which post Forbes had been acting since the 14th of November, but this was now quietly forgotten. D. P. Bottomley, a member of the relief party sent out to Inyati, wrote about the return of the Shangani patrol as follows, "… and about 7.30 p.m. Forbes' men came into camp and never have I seen such a bowed-down, miserable crowd as these poor fellows… They had no boots – wallets, horsehide and all sorts of things had to be used and their ammunition was played out." He went on, "Forbes is in very bad odour with everybody from Rhodes down and he thoroughly deserves it.… Curses loud and heavy against Forbes from everybody and nothing but praise for Raaf."[44]

Forbes seemed surprised at the hostile reception he received, and immediately demanded a Court of Inquiry, and this was acceded to by Jameson. The latter seemed to regard such an investigation as unfortunate, but necessary, and he wrote as much to his brother Sam, "This inquiry (into Forbes) will mean washing some dirty linen in public, but it can't be helped. I have never been very favourably inclined to the military element and hope this will be the last "Army" I shall have anything to do with."[45] These were somewhat ironic remarks, given his involvement in the infamous Jameson Raid into the Transvaal some two years later. The Court of Inquiry assembled on the 20th of December in Bulawayo under

[42] W. Howard, op. cit.
[43] M. W. Barnard, Misc. BA/6, National Archives of Zimbabwe.
[44] D. P. Bottomley, op. cit.
[45] J. Colvin, op. cit.

the Presidency of Colonel Goold-Adams, with Captains Willoughby and H. M. Heyman as the other two members. (11th photo) For the Inquiry Forbes produced a 20,000 word report in his own hand covering every incident of the patrol, as well as every decision taken by him. Forbes found no fault with his own judgement and seemed to consider it a loss of dignity and authority to ask the advice of his officers while on the patrol. The official verdict of the Court of Inquiry was that Forbes was not to blame for the failure of the patrol, but there is little doubt that this failure put paid to any further advancement in his career as far as the Company was concerned.

Col. Goold-Adams
(*Wills, W. A. & Collingridge, L. T.* The Downfall of Lobengula)

To sum up Patrick Forbes' career thus far, then, up until the Shangani Patrol debacle his record with the BSA Co had been very good, his administrative ability had manifested itself; and he had shown not only great personal courage, but, in a strict military sense, good leadership skills, backed by sound common sense. However, his temperament was not suited to the irregular type of warfare involved in the Shangani campaign. If Forbes could have forgotten that he was a regular soldier and had taken his amateur officers into his confidence, he might have won their loyalty to the extent that they might not have allowed themselves to be influenced by Raaf, who, from the very outset, had believed the patrol to be foolish and dangerous. Raaf, who suffered from peritonitis during the patrol, should never have been sent as Forbes' second-in-command, even although he did have considerable experience of what was then termed as native warfare. The failure of the patrol depended on many factors over which Forbes had no control. In the first place, the men who made up the patrol were, for the most part, irregulars with no real discipline who were more interested in returning to their jobs, or to taking up the land grants and pegging the gold claims that Jameson had promised them, than in chasing after a defeated king. Secondly, the poor weather conditions had had a bad effect on the morale of the men and made a quick pursuit of Lobengula very difficult, if not impossible. Thirdly, the supplies given to the men on patrol were woefully inadequate, and Jameson seemed incapable of appreciating the difficulties that were being experienced on the patrol. Finally, it was unfortunate that, through the efforts of Troopers Wilson and Daniel, Lobengula's last peace offering before the Shangani Patrol was never received. The King had sent back messengers with about 1,000 gold sovereigns and a message for Forbes, but these had been given to the two troopers who took the money and said nothing. If they had spoken to Forbes, it is conceivable that he may not have sent Allan Wilson and his men across the Shangani River when he did.

After the Court of Inquiry, Forbes returned to England on six months leave. Whilst there he was well received by the press, and by the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, who regretted that, as regular soldiers had not participated in the Matabele War, Forbes' actions could not be rewarded. In 1895 Forbes returned to Central Africa, but this time to the BSA

Co.'s territories north of the Zambezi as Deputy Commissioner for those territories. On the 24th of November, 1893, a separate British Protectorate of Northern Rhodesia had been set up and its immediate needs included the complete abolition of the slave trade, the opening up of more administrative posts, and the linking of these sites by a network of land telegraph lines to higher authority and ultimately back to London itself. Forbes' administrative skills were suited to these needs and, characteristically, he began by making a long tour along the north-eastern and northern borders of his territory, inspecting the existing Company stations, and selecting sites for additional ones. His route took him along the Stevenson Road to Lake Tanganyika, and from there westwards across to the Company Station called "Rhodesia" on the shores of Lake Mweru, before he retraced his inspection route back to Blantyre. This tour, which he completed in just over two months, instead of the more usual four months, proved very successful and gave him first-hand experience of the difficulties that had to be faced, but unfortunately he also contracted intestinal troubles and had to push on for Cape Town via Beira. He arrived in Cape Town on the 4th of December, 1895, having travelled 4,690 miles in 134 days, and of those, 1,342 had been done on foot.

While Major Forbes was in hospital, where he underwent an operation which prevented him from ever again riding a horse, the Jameson Raid occurred, and, when he recovered, he was sent by Rhodes to Mafeking to discharge all the liabilities incurred there by Jameson.[46] For the purpose, Forbes was given a 'carte blanche' to draw on Rhodes' banking account for any amounts required, a fact which indicated that, despite the disappointments of late 1893, Rhodes believed that he could fulfil the task honestly and efficiently. Sir Harry Johnston (at one time British Commissioner to Nyasaland) in one of his letters to Lord Salisbury, while saying that affairs north of the Zambezi were not in an altogether satisfactory state, did make mention of the fact that Forbes had not yet returned, having been sent to Mafeking.[47] This mention of Forbes by Johnston would suggest that he held some degree of regard for Forbes. When Forbes did finish at Mafeking, he returned to Northern Rhodesia through Mashonaland, paying particular attention on his way to the progress of the African Trans-Continental Telegraph Line. Forbes journey through Mashonaland coincided with the Shona Rising, and on one occasion he narrowly missed being killed, though one of his travelling companions, a Captain W. McCallum, was not so fortunate. When he reached Northern Rhodesia, he wrote a letter dated the 7th of July to the Administrator in Salisbury reporting on McCallum's murder, and in reply received a letter from the Administrator's Secretary giving him details of the progress being made in stamping out the rising.[48] The Administrator at this time was Mr Justice Vincent, and it would appear that the BSA Co. still had sufficient regard for Forbes that it should take the trouble to give him this information.

During Major Forbes' tour of duty north of the Zambezi there were no outstanding events, and the work done by him appears to have been very routine. However, what evidence there is suggested that he had to work hard against tremendous odds to address the needs of the territories under the Company's mandate. His earlier tour of the northern part resulted in new posts being set up, as well as the introduction of a weekly mail service across the plateau. Regular patrols were introduced along the Stevenson Road, which resulted

[46] E. A. Altham, op. cit.

[47] No.6851, No. 101, Johnston to Salisbury, March, 1896, (F. O. Confidential Print)

[48] Letter, A2/2/5, Jas. Robertson, Secretary to the Administrator, to Major Forbes, Blantyre, 1 October, 1896, National Archives.

in an immediate decrease in the slave trade in the north-eastern extremities of the territory. This is confirmed in the half-yearly report of the Livingstonia Mission for the first half of 1896, by the Rev. A. Dewar stationed at Mneugo near the Company's station at Fife, who praised the efficient manner in which the Company was administering at least the northern part of its territories.[49]

The southern half of the BSA Co. territories north of the Zambezi included the lands of the powerful Ngoni Chief, Mpeseni, who was anti-British, and this made Forbes' administrative task in the area doubly difficult. Carl Wiese, a German trader, had obtained concessions from Mpeseni in 1887, and these had been taken over by the North Charterland Exploration Company. When the administration of these territories had been handed over to the BSA Co. in 1893, these concessions had remained with the North Charterland Company, and yet because they were a British company, and even though Carl Wiese worked for them, they were in a precarious position in Mpeseni's area of influence. In a report on affairs north of the Zambezi in May 1896 to the Administrator in Salisbury, Forbes was reporting not only on the progress made on the telegraph line, but also on the power of Mpeseni.[50] Then in October, in a letter to the Company's Secretary at the Cape, reporting on the position of the North Charterland Exploration Company, he went further to suggest that its officials working at Mpeseni's, with the exception of Wiese, were in grave danger.[51] He made it clear that the BSA Co. could not provide the smaller company with adequate protection, to which the Foreign Office responded by saying that, since the BSA Co. had a duty to administer Mpeseni's area, North Charterland must withdraw until such time as they could be safeguarded.

Major Forbes' term north of the Zambezi was curtailed by his having to be invalided home to England on leave in June 1897. However, throughout that comparatively short time it was clear that he had carried out his duties diligently and efficiently. He also remained strongly loyal to the Company in the face of continual criticism of its administration from Sir Harry Johnston, the Administrator of the Nyasaland Protectorate, and later from his successor, Mr Alfred Sharpe. Both men were strongly opposed to the fact that the BSA Co. had been allowed to administer the territory north of the Zambezi at all. In a letter to Forbes in September 1896, Sharpe said that there was practically no protection for Europeans in the frequented parts of the Company's territory, and that if any sudden crisis arose it would fall upon the British Central Africa administration to provide the necessary troops.[52] Forbes' reply to Sharpe was robust, not only defending Company policy, but requesting that the Protectorate Police from Fort Hill should confine their activities to their area and not interfere in the Company's territory. He said the Company's territory was both well administered and well defended, giving figures and other details to support this claim. He assured Sharpe that there was no danger:

> Because I consider that we are quite sufficiently strong to hold our own at any point where we may require to, and;
>
> Because in my opinion, gained by 12 years army service in native countries in South Africa, the armed forces of the B.C.A. would be absolutely useless

[49] Letters, Forbes, FO 2/1, National Archives.
[50] No. 6911, No. 54, Encl. 1. (F.O. Confidential Print)
[51] Letters, Forbes, FO 2/1, National Archives.
[52] Ibid.

against an enemy that could give us any trouble, and I can see nothing in the reports of the many wars they have fought recently to disprove this.[53]

Forbes' reply to Sharpe was typical of his rather abrupt nature, but it does serve to illustrate his loyalty to the Company, even though he may secretly have felt that his appointment as Administrator north of the Zambezi was a poor return for his services in Mashonaland and Matabeleland. Since he was only in the northern territories for two years, it could be argued that he did well to carry out the work that he did, even if it meant leaving the administration of much of the western and north-western part untouched. Rhodes, on the other hand, felt that he could have done more. The BSA Co. was fortunate in that Forbes was succeeded by men like Coryndon and Robert Young, who, working on the foundations laid down by Forbes, were able to extend the Company's administration over the whole of its territory north of the Zambezi.

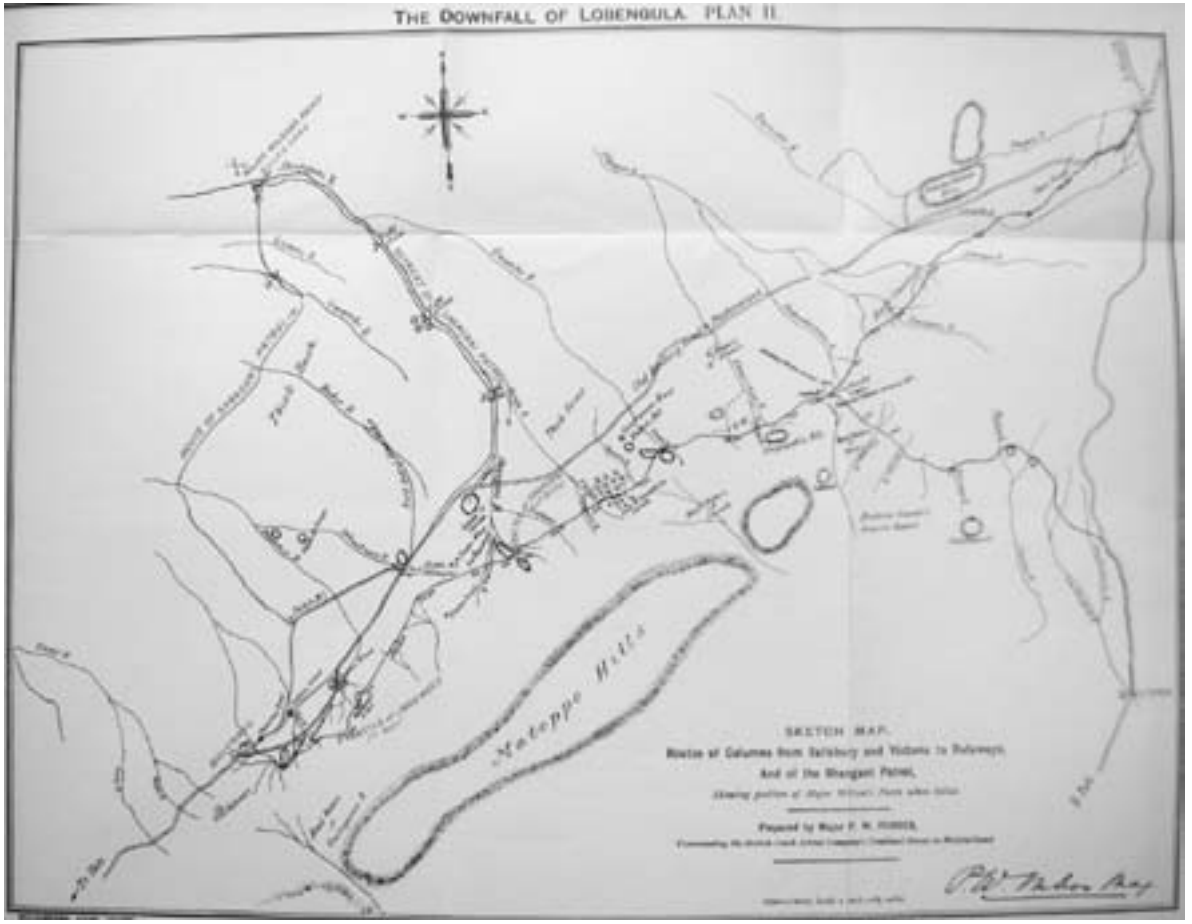
In March 1897, in a well known periodical of the time, it was said of Forbes that he was one of the most popular men in British Central Africa.[54] He promoted the establishment of a public hospital with a resident doctor at Blantyre, and he also helped create a racecourse and golf course, complete with pavilion, at the Blantyre sports club, much of it at his own expense. This popularity, which seems at odds with perceptions held about him by those who campaigned with him in the first half of the 1890s, was to some extent illustrated by the fact that, on the occasion of his wedding in 1903 in London, 33 of his friends in Rhodesia got together and presented him with a motor car as a wedding present.[55] Among these 33 names were those of Frank Johnson, Maurice Heany, R. Bain, 'Matabele' Wilson, E. C. Tyndale-Biscoe and Walter Howard.

Major Forbes returned to Southern Rhodesia in September 1898 to take up a new post of Staff Officer to the Volunteers, a post which in effect saw him having to administer all the Chartered Company's forces south of the Zambezi. He remained in this position till the end of the Boer War, when he resigned from the Company and returned to England. However, prior to that, according to the main Board Minutes of the Company, he had been awarded a pension on the 26th of April 1899.

His last significant duty in Africa was to act as one of the pall bearers when Cecil John Rhodes was buried in the Matopos. As has already been mentioned, he was married in 1903 to the daughter of the Treasurer of the Foundling Hospital in London, and soon afterwards he was appointed Governor of this same hospital. Forbes loved children and devoted his time and energy to this establishment till the outbreak of the war in 1914, when he applied for re-employment and was posted Staff Captain of Prisoners of War in the Southern Command. He held this position till 1916 when he was able to be replaced by officers on the Active List, but, from his home, 'The Hollies' in Salisbury, England, he continued to devote his time to war work. For example, he was involved in the care of the disabled, the collection of war savings, and the despatch of parcels overseas to British prisoners of war. After the war Forbes remained Churchwarden of St. Martin's Parish till he died of a long and painful illness in 1922.

To sum up, despite the tragedy of the Shangani Patrol, and his leadership failings during that particular campaign, Major Patrick Forbes was that "typical British bulldog", as Frank

[53] Ibid.
[54] E. A. Altham, op. cit.
[55] Letters, Forbes, FO 2/1, National Archives of Zimbabwe.



Map by Major Forbes showing the various Matabele War battle sites as well as the route of the Shangani Patrol. (*Wills, W. A. & Collingridge, L. T.* The Downfall of Lobengula)

Johnson had referred to him, and there can be little doubting the very important part played by him in the founding of what were then known as the Rhodesias. His contributions over a period of some 13 years, both as a military man, and as a key administrator, were significant and seemed to have earned him the admiration of many, to the extent that one of the avenues in the centre of Salisbury was named after him, as was the border post east of the Umtali on the border with Mozambique.

Supplementary biographical notes on Major Forbes, drawn from *The Pursuit of the King*, by John O'Reilly (1970)

Patrick William Forbes was born on the 31st of August, 1861, at Whitchurch, Oxon., son of Alexander Clark Forbes. He was educated at Rugby and Sandhurst, and obtained a commission in the Inniskilling Dragoons, with which unit he served in South Africa from 1880 till his secondment for service with the BSA Co. in November, 1889. Much of that period was served amongst the Zulus.

In 1903 he married Beatrice Grey, daughter of the Treasurer of the Foundling Hospital in London. During the First World War he served as Staff Officer in charge of prisoner-of-war camps in Wiltshire from 1914 to 1916, when he retired. He and his wife then lived in Salisbury (Wilts) until his death in 1922 at the age of 61.

His younger brother, Eustace, who served under him as a Trooper in the Salisbury Horse, was the fourth son. Eustace was educated at Repton and Jesus College, Cambridge. He was a good cricketer (Captain of Jesus College XI) and footballer. As has already been seen, he lost his life in a drowning accident in February 1894, three months after being wounded in the first Battle of Shangani.

Greendale, 1890–1971

by R. D. Taylor

Greendale a large residential suburb to the east of the capital city, Harare, has been home for many families over the past century. It's a suburb characterized by large properties, normally of not less than four hundred square metres and administered in its formative years by its own civic-minded residents.

This paper traces the progress of the area from the original Greendale farm until its Town Council was dissolved and the Greendale area absorbed into the Greater Salisbury Local Authority on 1st July 1971. It also concentrates on the original Greendale farm and not those areas such as Amby, Athlone, Mandara, Greengrove and Beverley incorporated over the years into the Greendale Town Management Boards administrative area. The boundary of the original farm using current landmarks extended from the survey beacon on the rocks behind Coro Park Service Station on the Mutare Road in a north easterly direction behind the properties on the south side of Coronation Avenue along Marion Edwards Road across Greendale Sports club to a point just to the east of the intersection of Arcturus Road and Harare Drive. It then went north along Harare Drive (Eastern Road), west into North Road, across to Montgomery Road, Wavell Road and southeast along Boston Avenue, St Luke's Road and Samora Machel Avenue (Western Road) back to the rocks at Coro Park.

Readers interested in the history of the area prior to 1890 are referred to the article by Professor D. N. Beach "The early history of Harare to 1890" published in *Heritage of Zimbabwe* No. 9 of 1990.

Greendale farm in extent 1499 morgen 350 square roods (approx. 1284 ha) was transferred to George Haupt and Henry Spreaker trading as Haupt and Company on 17 December1892 (Deed of Grant number 186). An amount of thirty pounds was paid for the farm. G. H. Tanser in his book, *A Scantling of Time* records that:

> Haupt was an immigrant from the Rhine Valley of Germany. He was a trained engineer with a will to work hard himself and to make those employed by him to do so too. He trained his employees and paid good wages and built his farm into a successful business. He burnt lime on the farm, which was used extensively for building in the then Salisbury.

During the early days of the first Chimurenga on 24th June 1896 Capt. Stamford Brown and Lieut. Hole with fifteen mounted men and thirty-four dismounted men of the Salisbury Field Force carried out a patrol to Haupt's farm and collected five wagon loads of food comprising three thousand five hundred bundles of forage. On the 22nd July 1896 Lieut-Col. Beal, Rhodesia Horse, with one hundred and thirty three men set off from Salisbury at 11 a.m. to carry out a patrol to Chishawasha Mission and its neighbourhood. They laagered for the rest of the day at Haupt's farm, the last spot where water was obtainable between Salisbury and Chishawasha. At about this time a two-room picket post was built on what was to become Lot 5 of Greendale. A stone stockade wall was built around the post and from here a good view across the Nyarawanga River could be had towards Salisbury, as the area was open grassland in those days. G. W. Haupt was a trooper in the Salisbury Field Force, and was awarded the British South Africa Company's Rhodesia 1896 medal for his services with the force.

In January 1899 various residents from Salisbury East submitted a petition against the closing of Haupts Road by two wires crossing the road. They said the road had been in use from 1892 to 1898 and was illegally closed. Haupt stated he intended to plough the ground. The Surveyor General replied to the petitioners pointing out that if a road to which the signatories consider themselves to be entitled has been closed they have their remedy by an Action for infringement of their rights.

Haupt played his part in the affairs of the Farmers Association. In 1900 he led with Arnold Edmonds opposition to the plan by Cecil Rhodes to import a large number of cattle from Australia to replace those lost in the Rinderpest outbreak. Edmonds and Haupt believed that given the experience they had gained herd numbers could be rebuilt locally. Rhodes refused to listen and arranged the import of one thousand head. The importation turned out to be a disaster as only seven animals finally reached Salisbury, the remainder died from East Coast Fever or Red Water on the way inland from Beira. Worse still this disease had been introduced into the country.

Locating Haupt's homestead site or sites on Greendale farm has turned out to be an enigma, faced as I have been with conflicting and what I consider inconclusive evidence. G. H. Tanser also states in his book that two of Haupt's children who died of fever are buried on the edge of a kopje on which his house stood. A perusal of the forms, Information of a Death, held in the National Archives of Zimbabwe reveals that Rita Haupt died in Salisbury Hospital on 15th December 1905 from malaria and convulsions at the age of 2 years and 6 months. Her usual place of residence is given as Greendale near Salisbury. Filed with the notification form is a letter written from Greendale on 28th December 1905 by G. W. Haupt to Mr Gardener, Deputy Registrar. It states:

> Sir,
> My daughter Rita we buried at the South Beacon of this farm. The place was selected by me sometime ago as my resting place and those belonging to me. The grave is temporary fenced in but order for monumental railings and Tablet went by last Post.
> Yours truly,
> Geo W. Haupt.

This would put the grave site near or under the rocks behind Coro Park (Total) Service Station at the intersection of Mutare Road, Samora Machel Avenue and Coronation Avenue. Another child, George Haupt, died at Greendale Farm on 16th January 1913 with bronco-pneumonia and exhaustion at the age of 10 months. The usual place of residence is given as Greendale Farm, Salisbury and intended place of burial Greendale Farm.

A site on Wavell Road, at one time known as the Lane, near the northwest corner of the original farm has been suggested as the homestead site. Two rooms with very thick walls and sloping wooden floors have been incorporated into what is today a large family home. Mrs Diana Clements, daughter of the late O. P. "Joe" Wheeler OBE and Mrs Dorothy Wheeler, who was born in the house in 1927 and who lived on the property until 1981 has informed me that her father told her that two Germans built two small rooms on granite foundations, which were their bedrooms. Next to the bedrooms was their living/eating room. A corrugated iron outside room next to the two bedrooms served as the bathroom. O. P. Wheeler changed this arrangement in 1944. Mrs Clements does not recall any mention of children's graves on or near the property.

Haupt sold this particular property, Lot 4 of Greendale, in extent two morgen on 28th October 1898 for twenty-five pounds to John Alexander Fraser. Fraser in turn sold the property on 13th February 1901 to James Robertson, one time Secretary to the Department of the Administrator, and Robertson subsequently sold to O. P. Wheeler in 1923. Also in late 1898, Haupt sold Lots 3 and 5 to Messrs George Graham and John Francis Taylor respectively. Lots 3, 4 and 5 were adjoining. This area was to become known as Rhodesville. In the years that followed Haupt sold a further twenty plots which varied in size from one to five morgen. They were all on higher and rocky ground north of the present day Rhodesville Avenue. It would seem that Haupt when in need of funds used to subdivide and sell plots on the less arable parts of his farm.

If one accepts that Lot 4 was the original homestead site the unanswered question remains why were the first sub divisions of the farm sold by Haupt those which contained his homestead and its surrounding area. He only owned the site for just over six years.

Mr R. J. Olds former Secretary of the Greendale Town Management Board informed R. F. Gondiwa, a Zimbabwean student who was researching Greendale, that the homestead site was south of Coronation Avenue. This would put the site possibly along Trinity Road or in vicinity of Huxham and Hampshire roads. These sites, all near the southern boundary of the farm are elevated with a view over what would have been at the time arable areas and close to water. Short Road, when it was extended through into Athlone during the late 1950s, was at the same time renamed Haupt Road and the writer suggests the existence of mature exotic trees just along Trinity Road close to Haupt Road could have been an old house site.

I can only hypothesize that Haupt found after six years that his original homestead was not in a convenient position for conducting farming operations and more valuable to him as residential land. Accordingly in about 1898 he moved his homestead across to the southern side of the farm. His stated intention in 1905 of establishing a family burial site near the southern beacon of the farm gives strength to this argument. Such sites tended to be fairly close to the family homestead.

Mrs Clements recalls that her parents told her that various animals such as jackals, duiker, and serval cats roamed the area in the 1920s and the distant call of lions to the east could be heard occasionally into the 1940s. In fact in the late 1980s the writer recalls one evening coming across a Kudu bull on a road near his home!

During the First World War enemy aliens were interned on a selective basis. I believe that Haupt because of his long period of residence in the country, at least 22 years, his service during the first Chimurenga and his age of over 40, would not have been interned but put on parole during the period of hostilities. On the 24th December 1920 a news item appeared in the *Rhodesia Herald*, which stated:

> A big land deal has just been completed in which the farm Greendale, at Rhodesville has changed hands. The farm which is about 2800 acres in extent belonged to Mr G. Haupt and being close to Salisbury rich in soil and with an abundance of water, it compared most favourably with the best in Rhodesia. The sale was effected through the Estate Department of P. Lazarus and Co and realized approximately 20 000 pounds. It is believed that having sold his farm Haupt left the country for South America.

On the 7th March 1921 formal transfer of the remainder of Greendale, by then 1281

morgen 231 roods, to Sir Harry Waechter for 11 890 pounds was registered as Deed of Transfer number 16095. In October 1921 Sir Harry applied to close Rhodesville Avenue from the corner of Lot 20 to the point at which it joined the Arcturus Road. Residents of Rhodesville objected on the grounds that this had been the road to Chishawasha and Arcturus at least from 1892 and the alternative meant they would have to go first down to the Enterprise road thence on to the Arcturus road a considerable additional distance to Arcturus. The Administrator rejected the application in January 1922. The farm manager on Greendale at this time was Mr J. C. Martins. Sir Harry is described as a businessman and philanthropist. In 1911 he was the Managing Director of Bessler, Waechter and Co. Ltd. an English firm of shippers and ship owners. He served in the First World War in France and Italy and received the Croix de Guerre and was awarded the CMG. He was divorced in 1923 from Evelyn Mary Josephine d'Arcy. They had two sons and a daughter. His eldest son Harry Leonard d'Arcy Waechter died in 1985 extinguishing the title. Sir Harry owned a considerable number of properties in the centre of Salisbury and in Hatfield and lived on and farmed Arlington Farm, one of the farms covered in part by the present Harare Airport. Sir Harry died at Arlington Estate on 20th May 1929. It would appear Sir Harry's crop farming was concentrated on Arlington, then 14 363 morgen (approx 12 302 ha) and Amalinda 3685 morgen (approx 3 156 ha). Sir Harry's deceased estate papers (DR34/29) filed in the National Archives show that he also owned a large number of cattle but all crop farming assets were listed in the inventory as being on Arlington and Prospect. I believe therefore that Greendale farm being some distance from Arlington was used as grazing for his large cattle herd, which amounted to some nine hundred head at the time of his death in 1929.

Sir Harry Waechter's estate took a considerable time to finalise but on the 20th May 1938 his Executors transferred Greendale by then 1259,7928 morgen (approximately 1 079 ha) to Greendale Suburban Estates Limited, (Sam Lewis and Son) for a consideration of 14 600 pounds (Deed of Transfer 496/38). In anticipation of transfer on 1st April 1938, Sam Lewis and Son placed an advertisement in the *Rhodesia Herald* headed Greendale Estate (Adjoining Highlands, Rhodesville and Coronation Park) and which went on to state this attractive residential estate is now being surveyed into residential plots in conformity with Town Planning Board Regulations. The land surveyor was H. E. Maarsdorp who carried out the survey in August and October 1938. This was followed up in the *Herald* on 16th September 1938 by an announcement offering Salisbury's newest and most attractive suburb Greendale with residential plots commanding magnificent views of two acres and upwards on very easy terms. The writer's father W. A. Taylor took title to Lot 78, Greendale on 27th February 1939. The real development of Greendale suburb was now underway but unfortunately the outbreak of the Second World War on 3rd September 1939 interrupted progress.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT

The administration of the whole of the Greendale area came under the Arcturus Road Council. Despite a shortage of building materials during and immediately after the Second World War residents continued to build houses. However a road council was not an appropriate body to administer a rapidly growing urban area. Roads were not being adequately maintained and water supply and sewerage services were nonexistent.

Residents led by Mr D. J Rooney asked Government to take action. This resulted in

Government Proclamation No. 26 of 24th March 1950 establishing the Greendale Town Management Board with effect from 1st April 1950.

At a meeting of enrolled voters held on 18th June 1950 the following were elected to the new Board: Mr J. W. Pithey (Subsequently elected Chairman); Major-General B. S. Mould (Subsequently elected Vice Chairman); Mr Arthur Cooper; Mr W. T. Denyer; Mr D. J. Rooney; Mr L. H. Rowcliffe.

The first meeting of the Board was held the same day and thereafter the Board met on the first and third Monday of every month.

The Arcturus Road Council did not oppose the formation of a Town Management Board, as it had been obvious for some years that it was rapidly becoming impossible to finance the necessary maintenance and further bitumen surfacing of roads in the Greendale TMB area from the tax levied by the Road Council. The function of a road council was the development and maintenance of roads other than main roads in a comparatively thinly populated rural area.

The three main reasons for the support given by residents to the proposed formation of a Town Management Board were:

1. The general failure of wells particularly in the area in the vicinity of the Marandellas Road.
2. The discontinuation of the temporary sanitary disposal service (bucket system) which had been carried out on a contract system.
3. Realisation that a Road Council could no longer serve the needs of a rapidly developing suburban area owing to rising costs and the extensive area under its jurisdiction.

In the first year the staff of the Highlands Town Management Board serviced the new board with Mr A. J. G. Trimmer Secretary and Mr R. W. Lowing, Assistant Secretary respectively.

In February 1952 Mr R. J. Olds who was to serve the new Board and Greendale for the entire period of the Boards existence was appointed Secretary. The new Board didn't waste time in meeting the needs of residents. On 1st September 1950 they took over the sanitary removal service from the previous contractor. This involved purchasing a five-ton Bedford lorry and one thousand new sanitary pails to provide a nightly service. Rubbish removal once per week was free of charge but residents had to provide their own rubbish bins. New centrally situated Town Offices were completed in August 1952. These were designed to look like a residential building so as to blend in with the general character of the area.

In order to fund its activities the Board levied an owner's rate of three pence in the pound on the valuation of land. The Government Valuator gave a valuation for Greendale for land only of 50 045 pounds.

WATER SUPPLY

Immediately after the formation of the Town Management Board the water needs of the area were investigated. The greatest and most immediate need was the southern portion of the area comprising those parts south of Greendale Avenue including Amby and Athlone. Before the end of 1950 four boreholes had been sunk and orders placed for piping, pumps and purification plant. An emergency water delivery service was introduced and 88 properties had 500 to 600 gallons delivered each week. Longer term planning was to link the Greendale

system to the Salisbury system when water from the Hunyani Poort Dam (Lake Chivero), which was built in 1952, became available. Demand for water grew rapidly:

Year ended	*Consumers total*	*Consumption (Million gallons)*
1957	1 114	107
1959	1 458	183
1965	1 679	248
1970	2 158	403

Reservoirs were built on Lot 259, the first in 1957 holding 500 000 gallons and another two in 1959 giving a total storage capacity on site of 3 500 000 gallons. By 1958 the total length of the water reticulation system had grown to sixty-one miles.

HEALTH MATTERS

The Greendale Town Management Board provided money in its 1958/59 estimates for the construction of a small clinic building between the Town Offices and Courtney Selous School. At this time the incidence of malaria fever was causing disquiet. The clinic was opened by Dr Graham who was the Provincial Medical Officer (North). Attendance by children to the end of 1959 was 1779 and total attendance in 1960 had grown to 3226. The sister in charge also made home visits and carried out 135 of these in 1963 and the Board appointed its own Health Inspector in 1959. The Government Veterinary Service also held regular sessions at the Town Office to vaccinate dogs against rabies.

CEMETERY

In December 1952 the Board received a report on the establishment of a one thousand nine hundred and five-lot cemetery to serve both Greendale and Highlands. The Highlands and Greendale management Boards co-operated in laying out the site and the cemetery was dedicated on 5th December 1953.

SWIMMING POOL

In 1950 the new Town Management Board requested the State Lottery Trustees to finance the building of a swimming bath in Greendale. The Trustees in September 1953 agreed to make a grant of 11 200 pounds for the construction and tenders were called for a bath of 100 feet by 50 feet. This was larger than the original plan but it would make the bath the same size as the Highlands pool. The trustees agreed to increase the grant to 15 385 pounds plus architects and other professional fees.

The Governor of Southern Rhodesia, Sir P. B. R. W. William Powlett, opened the new swimming bath on 26th March 1954 and the Town Management Board provided fifteen pounds to cover the cost of cards, seating accommodation and refreshments for fifty guests. Courtney Selous, Chisipite and John McChlery Schools used the pool in its earlier years. Floodlight swimming took place once a week. Attendance in 1958 was 43 387 and remained at around this level until 1967 when numbers started to decline due to the increased prevalence of private pools, 228 having been built in the area and the schools by now also having pools themselves.

ROADS

Road construction and maintenance is a major item of expenditure for any local authority.

Setting priorities for the construction of roads is a difficult task in the face of so many conflicting but equally valid claims. By the end of 1950 bituminous surfaces had been laid on Coronation Avenue 590 yards, Wiltshire Road 1000 yards and Cecil Road 1670 yards. Nine years later in 1959 an ambitious road surfacing programme was undertaken at a cost of 73 000 pounds. Once completed it would leave 18 miles of gravel roads mostly in recently incorporated townships. In 1966, 47 miles out of 68 miles had tar surfaces and by 1970, 67 miles out of 71 miles had been tarred. This mileage did not include cycle tracks constructed on Coronation Avenue, Rhodesville Ave., Court Road, Hampshire Road and Arcturus Road. In 1965 Local Authorities assumed responsibility for the issue of motor vehicle and trades licences and were permitted to retain five pounds for each licence issued. It was only in 1970 that vehicle licence revenue accrued in full to the local authority in which the vehicle was domiciled. By this time road building in Greendale was all but complete.

FIRE BRIGADE

The Town Management Board established its own fire brigade early in 1965. The Chief Fire Officer of the City of Salisbury provided training. A fire engine based on a Land Rover chassis was purchased at a cost of 3 619 pounds and 852 pounds was spent on a small fire station situated behind the Town Office. A twenty-four hour service was provided and in the first year the service attended 71 calls including 9 false alarms.

AFRICAN HOUSING

In July 1953 the Greendale Town Management Board decided to investigate the provision of housing for Africans employed in Greendale. Areas suggested were south of the Salisbury to Umtali railway reserve or at Donnybrook Farm. Protracted discussions took place between the Government, City of Salisbury and the Board and it was only in 1966 that the Board acquired three hundred acres of land 5 miles east of the Boards boundary. It was allocated three hundred thousand pounds from Government loan funds. The new township was named Tafara and work commenced on 7th September 1966 to erect 1240 houses and to install water and sewerage mains. Priority in the allocation of houses was given to employees of Greendale-based commercial and industrial undertakings and domestic employees. As at June 1967 seven hundred houses had been occupied and Government was then asked to provide an additional forty thousand pounds for a further 170 houses. Mr G. A. H. Gosden was appointed Township Superintendent from February 1967.

At the end of 1967, 1402 houses had been completed and a school with six classrooms was ready for use by the second term. A market of eighteen cubicles was in full operation and work had started on four general dealers shops, two butcheries, eating house, barber, photographer and milk depot. Street lighting and domestic power supply was completed by December 1968. In 1970 Government approved a loan of 1 200 000 pounds to purchase 480 acres of Donnybrook Farm from the City of Salisbury and to enable the erection and servicing of an additional two thousand houses. Additional clinic facilities were also provided.

COMMERCIAL DEVELOPMENT

As more and more people built homes in the suburb so commercial enterprises started to develop. The Meikle organization was always to the forefront of commercial development –

Meikles Salisbury opened its first suburban branch store on Rhodesville Avenue in 1952.

In March 1953 Milionas Brothers trading as Coronation Trading were granted a General Dealers Licence to operate on Plot 12 Amby situated on the Umtali Road near the intersection with Coronation Avenue. Plans were also approved for Greendale Investments to erect a service station and flat on the corner of Mitchell Road and Rhodesville Avenue.

Greendale Development Company was given approval in April 1955 for the construction of a hotel on the corner of Greendale Avenue and Stewart Road. This Tudor style hotel initially called the Punch Bowl and later the Red Fox, was a popular meeting place for residents. A year later in 1956 Mr R. J. Olds was given approval to build a hotel costing 20 000 pounds. This hotel became the well-known Kamfinsa Park Hotel. Mr Olds subsequently built a block of shops the Kamfinsa Centre in 1971. The name Kamfinsa derives from the name of Mr Olds' mother's farm in the Kabwe district of Zambia.

TREE PLANTING

Any visitor to Greendale today cannot avoid being impressed with the number of trees in the area. This wasn't always the case and the Town Management Board supported by a group of public-spirited residents embarked on a tree planting drive. The program was approved in August 1953. Property owners were expected to look after trees planted on their own frontages and by 1957 most of the road frontages had been planted. These efforts have done much to enhance the appearance of the suburb.

PUBLIC TRANSPORT

Transrhodes a private omnibus company provided in the early 1950s a bus service between the centre of Salisbury and Greendale using second hand buses imported from England.

The widespread nature of the properties did not allow for an intensive service but the basic transport needs of residents and school children were provided for. The route to and from town was for many residents rather circuitous and time consuming. After an agreement between the City of Salisbury and the various Town Management Boards, United Transport Company (Africa) Ltd. undertook the establishment, maintenance and operation of an omnibus service for the whole Salisbury area for a twenty-year period ending 30 June 1975. United Transport therefore in 1955 took over the Transrhodes service and expanded it.

AMALGAMATION PROPOSAL HIGHLANDS AND GREENDALE

In mid 1954 discussions took place on the possible amalgamation of the Greendale and Highlands Town Management Boards. Highlands, however, favoured municipal status for Highlands before any amalgamation. After a couple of months the discussions were terminated as Highlands wished to take control with six board members compared to three from Greendale for an initial period at least. Greendale insisted on equality of numbers.

INCORPORATIONS

Over the years the Town Management Board incorporated into its administration the developing residential areas of Amby, Athlone, Greengrove and Mandara. In addition the industrial areas south of the Umtali Road of Beverley, Msasa and Doon Estate were to fall under the board's area.

COURTNEY SELOUS SCHOOL

A Government primary school was opened in January 1953 with 105 children and four teachers. At the time it was known as Greendale School and the founding Headmaster was Mr John L. Levitt late of Highlands School. Mr Levitt was to serve the school and oversee its development until 1973 when he returned to the higher graded Highlands school on promotion as Headmaster. The inaugural meeting of the Parent Teachers Association was held at Coronation Playground on 18th January 1953 and was attended by the Headmaster, his wife and 55 parents. In March of that year correspondence took place with Mr H. S. Selous, son of F. C. Selous, who was living in Fort Johnson, Nyasaland. Mr Selous gave permission for his father's name to be used for the school but declined an invitation to open the school saying it would be a shattering experience for an ex district commissioner now living in obscure retirement.

The school motto SANS PEUR SANS REPROCHE was taken from the bust of Frederick Courtney Selous that was in the Legislative Assembly. The school crest is the Lilac-breasted Roller also known as the Blue Jay or Mosilikatze's Roller. By June 1953 enrolment had grown to 150 pupils and football and netball were being played and the grounds levelled. Two donkeys were kept at the school to remove cut grass and parents lent a cart and harness.

Mr L. R. Morgan, Secretary for Education, officially opened the school on 3rd October 1953. Mr Morgan planted an oak tree in front of the office and unveiled a stone sundial to mark the occasion. By 1955 pupil numbers had grown to 256 with seven teachers. In that year the school received from the by then late H. S. Selous a circular silver salver presented to his father by his rugby friends, a large portrait of F. C. Selous and eight books written by F. C. Selous. In 1957 the school suffered serious overcrowding with pupil numbers reaching 451 and kindergarten classes having 40 pupils each. This problem continued for some years and in March 1959 enrolment reached 667 with some classes having nearly 50 children. Staff numbers had grown to 20 teachers plus office and ground staff.

In all this educational development sport was not overlooked. In 1955 a concrete cricket pitch was laid as well as four practice nets. The school was also allowed to use the nearby Greendale swimming bath once a week. This paid off as in 1958 the school was promoted to the swimming A Division and seven pupils were selected to swim for Mashonaland in the inter provincial gala. After many years of fund raising the school's own pool was opened in August 1966 at a cost of 4 031 pounds. In that same year the school library was opened and the school hall followed in mid 1968. Tennis wasn't neglected with the first court being built in 1956 and two more in 1962. In 1960 and again in 1962 Courtney Selous first eleven won the Mashonaland Junior School cricket competition.

The development and achievements of the school over the years is a record second to none and a fitting tribute to the contributions made by the Headmaster, staff, pupils and parents.

POSTAL SERVICE

A postal agency named Coro Park was opened on 1st October 1948 in an office in the Coro Park Service Station on the Marandellas road. This agency, which wasn't central to the area it was intended to serve, closed on 31st March 1951 and reopened the next day in the Athlone Stores a better but still not ideal location. In 1961 the Town Management Board reviewed street numbering and moved away from using plot numbers as the basis

for a postal address. This changeover was to cause considerable confusion for some time. The post office was then moved to the shopping centre in Coronation Avenue and again much later to a shop at the Kamfinsa Shopping area on the Arcturus Road. While outside the time scale of this paper it was only in March 1995 that a purpose built, Greendale Post Office was opened at Kamfinsa.

POLICE

The Greendale area south of the Arcturus road and Rhodesville Avenue comes into the Rhodesville Police Station area of responsibility and north of these roads falls into the Highlands Police area. The Town Management Board tried hard over a long period to convince the Government to build a police station in Greendale and a site was reserved for this purpose on the corner of Salisbury Drive and Arcturus Road. Government in 1968 informed the Board that the construction of a Police Station at Greendale remained a first priority but it was unable to say when construction was likely to begin. That situation remains today. Greendale did contribute to modernization of the Police service when a resident policeman Mr L. E. Davenport started the first police dog training school on his own property in 1948. His home served as the base for police dogs in Salisbury until a purpose built facility was erected at Bluff Hill in 1958.

SPORTS CLUB

The growing population of Greendale and the distance from the City centre led to moves to establish a sports club in the area. The Town Management Board submitted an application to the Governor for permission to sell one acre Lot 152 Athlone to the Greendale Sports Club. This particular plot had been deemed a public open space. They also agreed to lease four acres to the club for a nominal rental of one pound a year. Formal agreement for the donation was given in May 1954. The club set about raising funds holding a fete for this purpose on 15th August 1953. The club submitted a plan for a clubhouse in October 1956 but the application was withdrawn, as it was not considered suitable. Planning permission was finally given in January 1957. Major-General B. S. Mould was the first President and he held office from 1953 to 1960 when Mr J. W. Pithey took over for two years. Messrs. J. White and W. A. Schofield followed Mr Pithey. Mr W. T. Denyer was founding Chairman from 1953 to 1958 to be succeed by Messrs Schofield, J. White, F. M. Becks and D. R. Peckover. The first Secretary was Mr A. Cooper. These gentlemen laid the foundations for a successful and popular sports club which, offered tennis, cricket, hockey, squash, baseball and bowls. The clubhouse in addition to becoming a centre for social activities is used for meetings by bodies such as ratepayers, neighbourhood watch and political parties. Members of the club achieved national honours in hockey, baseball, bowls, cricket and squash.

BOY SCOUTS

Mindful of its social responsibilities the Board agreed in January 1954 to rent one acre of land in Queen Elizabeth Road for a nominal one shilling per annum for a period of five years to the 7th Salisbury (Greendale) Boy Scout group. The first Scout Master was Mr Ronnie (Skip) Rogerson and the cub mistress Miss Jean Neilson. On 22nd June 1968 Lt Col. C. W. Greathead OBE officially opened the Valhalla Scout Headquarters a well-built and equipped complex.

ST LUKE'S ANGLICAN CHURCH

In 1917 the Anglicans residing in the Rhodesville area built a brick under thatch chapel at the entrance to Lot 5 at the eastern end of what is now Wavell road. Prior to this residents used to meet in the entrance hall to the house on Lot 5 and a thatched rondavel served as a Vestry for the visiting priest. The chapel enabled local residents to have monthly Communion Services without having to go into the Anglican Cathedral in Salisbury to which the Rhodesville chapel was attached. By 1924 the chapel was proving too small and it was extended to hold 24 people. When St Luke's church was built regular services in the chapel ceased but it continued to be used for weddings, christenings and funerals. At the time of writing the chapel is being used one evening a week for a service. In 1956 it was suggested it be demolished and the bricks used for the extensions to St Luke's church. Fortunately this move was resisted.

In late 1949 the rapidly expanding Anglican community east of Salisbury decided they must build a church. One of the moving spirits was Dr Marjorie Chappell a retired medical service doctor. She died soon after work on the church commenced but left a substantial legacy. At first a hall was built first in Boston Avenue and in 1956 it was agreed to consecrate the hall as St Luke's Church and to extend it to accommodate the numbers now attending. The Consecration took place on Sunday 21st October 1956. A church organ was ordered from England and was used for the first time on Easter Day 1958.

Rev Christopher Glover was the first full time clergyman and the Rev David Jenkins took his place in October 1954. Rev Jenkins did much to guide and develop the church in its formative years. He resigned at the end of 1962 and was well known in the wider community for his television work. The Rev L. A. Davies who remained at St Luke's until September 1966 followed Rev Jenkins. Rev J. R. Fenwick took over in January 1967 and remained at St Luke's until 1975. Brigadier L. J. Woodhouse was one of the two founding Church Wardens and held office until 1957. The other was Mr C. G. Satterthwaite who held office until 1958. Brigadier Woodhouse served his church in many ways including chairing the Finance Committee, Building Committee and being unofficial garden supervisor. A rectory was built on the site in 1958,prior to that rented accommodation was used for this purpose. In 1959 Rev Arthur Newton was appointed Assistant Clergyman and in 1960 Father R. W. Snow came from England to assist in the rapidly expanding pastoral work. In 1958 regular Sunday services started at Courtney Selous School and investigations to find a site for a new church to serve the residents on the eastern side of Greendale were undertaken. A stand was purchased opposite the Town Management Board offices but it remained undeveloped and was eventually sold.

In 1956 it was agreed that on the first Sunday of each month services would be held in Shona at 5.30am and at 3pm. In January 1963 Mr Ernest Madziro was appointed Catechist/ Verger to increase the African work in the parish. At the time of writing he is still serving St Luke's.

The church played its part in the life of the community as shown by the following family events recorded in 1970: Weddings 25; Baptisms 59; Confirmations 75; Funerals and Cremations 16.

GREENDALE METHODIST CHURCH

By mutual agreement the Presbyterian and Methodist churches decided to divide the work

with Greendale for the Methodists and Highlands for the Presbyterians. The Greendale Methodist Church began as a fellowship and Bible Class meeting in the home of Mr H. Scallan and subsequently in the home of Mr L. Veary. The Greendale members started fund raising and in 1955 Mr T. R. Elliott made a gift of land with a stipulation that the first building on it would be the Church building. Following a grant from the Methodist Missionary Society work began on 1st August 1956 and the foundation stone was laid by the then Prime Minister the Hon. R. S. Garfield Todd. The first service was held on Christmas Day 1956 even though the Church was not complete and the official opening and dedication Service took place on 17th February 1957 with Mr Tom Elliott unlocking the main door.

The first minister was the Rev. Nigel Gilson who took up his appointment in September 1958. However, after less than a year, he was moved to the Mabelreign church. Rev. Gilson was followed by Rev. Oliver Roebuck 1959–60, Rev. Gary Strong 1961–1968, Rev. Brandon Graff 1969–1973. Mr Norman Coltham established a Boys Brigade and Girls Brigade under Mrs Ivy Gonifas as senior officer and Mrs May Palmer as junior officer was also started.

CATHOLIC CHURCH – CHURCH OF THE ASSUMPTION OF OUR LADY

In the early 1950s the Catholic Church decided to take a long-term lease at a nominal rental for a site on Rhodesville Avenue to establish a community centre. The first building was intended to be a church hall with the foundation stone being laid by Archbishop Aston Ignatius Chichester SJ in September 1953. However before the hall was finished it was realized that funding would not be available for the envisaged complex and the hall was completed as a church, which was opened in 1954. Father B. Latchford SJ was the first priest and he used to travel from Chishawasha to take services on a Sunday. The first resident priest was Father John Gough who was to serve the parish from 1960 until 1975.

REGIONAL AUTHORITY FOR GREATER SALISBURY

In 1964 a Committee of officials was set up to establish co-ordinating machinery for various services common to the Salisbury Municipality and the surrounding Town Management Boards.

The Minister of Local Government and Housing in March 1966 set up Working Party of representatives from Government, City of Salisbury and the Town Management Boards to investigate the practicability of establishing a Regional Authority for Greater Salisbury. In June 1968 the Minister proposed to establish a Regional Authority to take over from Greater Salisbury local Authorities in the initial stages African Affairs, Regional Planning and Regional roads. This proposal met with a great deal of local opposition. The Minister in response then set up a Commission of Inquiry, which duly recommended a Unitary Authority for Greater Salisbury. In a debate in Parliament on 11th August 1970 the Minister Mr M. H. H. Partridge told the House that the target date for establishing the Unitary System was 1st July 1971. Mr Partridge was a long-time resident of Greendale, a former member of the Town Management Board and its Member of Parliament. His actions did not endear him to a number of his constituents. Greendale Town Council held a special meeting on 21st August 1970 and passed a resolution stating that:

> while deprecating the methods employed by the Minister in announcing the proposed local Government structure namely that it was a Cabinet decision and not made by Parliament and also that the ratepayers and residents of

areas affected were not given the opportunity to express their opinion this Council reluctantly accepts the Governments decision in principle but should use the liaison Committee to ensure good local Government or to find an alternative to the proposed Unitary System.

No alternative was found and the Greendale Town Council ceased to exist at midnight on 30th June 1971. The Secretary Mr Olds retired on that date. During the month of June 1971 elections were held for the new Greater Salisbury Authority with Greendale being divided into two wards thus compounding its loss of identity under the new order.

It is the writer's belief that from 1971 Greendale started to lose its identity and with it the strong civic pride and the sense of community that achieved so much for the benefit of all its residents.

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Karl Gottlieb Mauch (1837–1875)

by Rob S. Burrett

Karl Mauch was responsible for bringing to the attention of Nineteenth Century Europe the existence of viable gold deposits in southern Africa and later the ruined structures at Great Zimbabwe. These revelations had a profound influence in shaping subsequent history. Yet while he was an important character his story and his experiences in general have not been covered to any real degree. Those who have tackled the subject have tended either to venerate or vilify the man, approaches that reflect the socio-political leanings of the authors and the general contexts of their time.[1] This has resulted in selective pictures being promulgated.

In this article, which derives from an exhibition on Mauch commissioned by the German Embassy, Harare I have tried to invoke the complexity that was this man and his setting. Undoubtedly Mauch was influenced by the Eurocentric ideas of his day – there are elements of racism, German nationalism and at times idiosyncratic bigotry, self-righteousness and at times self-pity. Yet at the same time there are many useful elements that can be found in his works; these as well as his bad points are presented.

PERSONAL BACKGROUND

Karl Gottlieb Mauch was born in Stetten, a small village near Stuttgart, Germany on 7 May 1837. He was the oldest of four children and was brought up in austere circumstances; his father, a carpenter, scrimped what little surplus money there was to educate his sons.

His obsession for African travel was inspired when at the age of fifteen he was given a school atlas for Christmas. What captivated him were the "blank spaces" that constituted the then European knowledge of the interior of Africa. His fired imagination drove him to read all of the African travelogues and hunting adventures that he could borrow. He was determined to make his mark in Africa.

After completing school in Ludwigsburg Mauch was recommended to a training college for junior teachers in Gmünd. After graduating and a rather unsuccessful year and a half teaching at a Catholic school in Isny, Württemberg, Mauch took up the post of private tutor for a wealthy family in Austria. He remained with them for four years. During this time he saved diligently towards funding his envisioned travels. He also studied various subjects that he deemed necessary for an African explorer – mathematics; Latin; several foreign languages (conversational English, French & Arabic); geology; botany; astronomy; cartography; sketching; and a basic medical knowledge.

Towards the end of his tenure Mauch wrote to the prominent German geographer and publisher Dr A. Petermann requesting both advice and financial assistance. Petermann advised the young man against the plan citing Mauch's lack of academic qualifications. Nonetheless Mauch's mind was made up and he set off to Africa on his own. Only later was he to receive funding from Petermann and other German patriotic associations once he had proved his worth.

After leaving his tutoring post Mauch proceeded in 1863 to Trieste on the Mediterranean coast before spending some time in London. Here he took the opportunity to study natural

[1] References used include Barnard 1971, Burke 1969, Summers 1963 & Tabler 1966.

history at both Kew Gardens and the British Museum. He then took a job on a small German boat heading for South Africa.

SOUTH AFRICA 1865–66

In January 1865 a penniless Mauch arrived at Durban in the Natal Colony. He found the climate, vegetation and local people bewildering. He quickly sought out German compatriots but he soon fell out with many of them; Mauch was not an easy man. After a week he walked inland to the Colonial capital, Pietermaritzburg. Here he took up temporary employment with a prominent German family. However he was determined to head further into the 'lesser known interior'.

After a while Mauch made for Rustenburg in the then Transvaal. Here he took to exploring the neighbourhood fostering a keen interest in economic minerals while many of his prejudices against other communities (both Black and White) were entrenched at the time. He traversed the nearby Magalliesburg and Pilansburg Mountains studying the geology and local people and then journeyed down the Crocodile River (the headwaters of the Limpopo). On this latter journey he made his first significant geological find – a localised deposit of copper in the Dwarsberg Mountains together with evidence of indigenous BaTswana mining and smelting of this metal. Mauch's apparent secretiveness about "his discovery" upset the suspicious Boers and rumours were soon circulating to the effect that he had located silver and gold; the presence of which the Boers realised would encourage British occupation.

While in Rustenburg Mauch met Friedrich Jeppe, a fellow German, journalist and publisher, who introduced him to A. Forssmann – a Swedish merchant based in the nearby town of Potchefstroom. Forssmann receives no acknowledgement in Mauch's writings but it was he who funded his work in Transvaal and who, through the influence of his brother the Surveyor-General of the Transvaal, was able to justify Mauch's activities to the Boer government enabling him to persist with his investigations rather than being expelled from the country. Mauch must have known this although he showed little appreciation.

Moving to Potchefstroom Mauch extended his travels to the southern and northwestern parts of the Transvaal Republic. During these journeys he located a small lead deposit. Although he traversed the Witwatersrand he failed to recognise the immense gold deposits that were to be revealed two decades later. He narrowly avoided conscription by the Boer authorities into one of their commando raids against Moshoeshoe I, the founder of modern Lesotho by heading off to the more remote areas of the northwestern Transvaal where he spent most of late 1865 and early 1866 travelling and recording. During this time he made his first contact with members of the Berlin Missionary Society as well as the farmer-hunter Henry Hartley. Both were to have profound affects on Mauch subsequent adventures.

OF THE HUNT AND GOLD

In February 1866 Mauch met the Transvaal farmer and hunter Henry Hartley. Hartley had received permission from King Mzilikazi to hunt elephants in what is today central Zimbabwe. He already knew of the presence of gold workings in these territories, but as a professional hunter he had ignored them not wishing to upset the Ndebele monarch who was weary of possible invasion by those seeking the yellow metal.

Hartley invited Mauch to accompany him and his three sons on their next hunt in Mashonaland. The German jumped at the possibility. The first journey north lasted from 22

Fig. 1. The results of a Mashonaland rhinoceros hunt by Harley. Sketch by Mauch. Colour original in Stuttgarter Landesarchiv, Germany.

May 1866 to 10 January 1867. The party travelled the "Hunters Road" and although Mauch observed several elephant and rhinoceros hunts (Fig. 1) he was not moved by the pursuit, instead spending most of his time documenting the landscape, vegetation and geology of the country through which they passed. The Ndebele guides who accompanied them quickly concluded that the German was insane so he was, as he puts it, 'free, as it were, to pick up stones and plants and throw them away again'.

The journey first took them to *eMhlahlandlela*, south of Bulawayo where they saw the Ndebele Monarch. On route they passed the western fringe of the Matopos. Mauch was captivated by them, calling them the Makaka Mountains (Fig. 2). After seeing King Mzilikazi the party was granted permission to hunt in the area of central Zimbabwe along the Mapfure River. Here Mauch saw recent alluvial workings along the Umsweswe River.

After returning to the Transvaal the hunting party again returned north for Mauch's second Hartley safari. On this journey he "discovered" and subsequently publicised the existence of viable gold deposits. This journey lasted from 15 March until 1 December 1867. It covered much the same ground but with excursions northwest down the Mapfure and eastward to the headwaters of the Munyati River.

Mauch's so-called discovery of the goldfields near Chegutu, Zimbabwe is well known, but it is often misted with a good deal of mythology. Some of this is of Mauch's own doing for he exaggerated his own part in the story as well as the perceived richness of the ore that they located. It was his effective marginalising of Hartley and his portrayal of the discovery as an accident dependent on his own geological skills that subsequently soured relations between Mauch and the Hartley family. But that was still to come once they had returned to the Transvaal.

Not long after Mauch located a second gold deposit on the north bank of the Tati River in what is now northeastern Botswana.

> 'Over a width of 20 miles occurs various fine schists of grey, snowy-white and greenish colour, interspersed with smaller or larger quartz veins. I satisfied

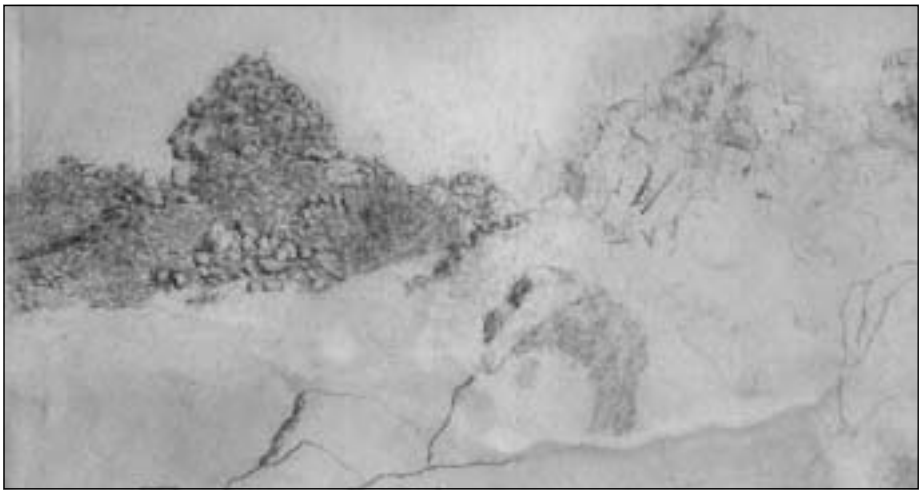

Fig. 2. Partially completed pencil sketch of the Matopos Hills by Mauch. Original in Stuttgarter Landesarchiv, Germany.

myself by taking some few goldbearing samples of quartz. I take this region as being still richer in this precious metal than the already mentioned ones.'

Here he inspected several large open-pit workings and, although he fails to mention it, it is unlikely that he failed to see the adjacent stonewalled ruins that belong the earlier Khami period. Initially Mauch accepted African traditions of mining and metallurgy although he was subsequently influenced by others into the belief that they were associated with a previous, lost civilisation supposedly associated with Ophir, Solomon and Sheba.

Mauch faced a quandary. Should he remain quiet and exploit the discovery for his own benefit or should he continue with his childhood quest of exploration? Mauch chose the latter and through lectures and newspaper articles he divulged the facts to a wider audience. The impact of his announcement was dramatic. Initial press reports in the Transvaal press were soon circulating around the globe and the first major mineral rush in southern Africa ensued. The initial focus was on the southern, more accessible Tati Gold Fields (Quick, 2001). Those that lay beyond the Ndebele State were considered unsafe. As Mauch observed in his paranoia '… every attempt to dig for gold would bring one into mortal collision with the owners of the land, namely the warlike Matabele'.

He was now an international hero. One Transvaal newspaper printed a jubilant poem with the refrain "*To the diggings in March with our Pioneer Mauch*". Prospecting parties quickly assembled in southern Africa, often funded by leading citizens of the colonies of Natal and Australia, while several well capitalised syndicates came out from Britain. They headed north each trying to get there first and beat off competition. Quickly a small town developed adjacent to the Tati deposits. This was in its heyday the most northerly European commercial settlement in the region. It was from here that missionaries, traders and later military expeditions set out north in the process of what was to become the colonisation of Zimbabwe and Zambia.

The Tati settlement boomed from 1868 to 1870 but it then faded. The ore was not as rich as Mauch's exaggerations. In addition conditions of poor health (blackwater fever and

dysentery were rampant) and the excessive costs of supplies created by long and difficult transport meant that the miners just could not make a living. Many left for the other mineral honey-pots in the region such as the newly discovered alluvial diamonds on the Gariep (Orange) River, the diamond fields of Kimberley and later still the gold reefs of the Witwatersrand.

Over the next few decades the Tati settlement experienced fluctuating fortunes as miners and hunters came and went. For a short time it was the supply mission of the Jesuits (Burrett, 2002). A brief flourish between 1890 to 1893 coincided with the advance of the British South Africa Company northward into Mashonaland but the ore could not sustain it, especially as investors were attracted to what was purported to be better deposits further north. The settlement was finally abandoned in 1896 in favour of a better location at Francistown on Cecil Rhodes' newly laid northern railway line. The original site is now overgrown and largely forgotten.

After his announcement of the discovery in 1867 Mauch had no further association with either of the two gold deposits he had reported. For a while the honour that ensued saw him wined and dined by numerous local dignitaries, while his exploits were rewarded with public acclaim in the German States. Numerous patriotic societies now happily sent contributions to this "son of the land". Mauch now had the long sought for recognition and financial resources. He purchased a large quantity of supplies, trade goods and survey equipment (Fig 3). After some training at the Natal colonial observatory in Pietermaritzburg, he believed was able to compile accurate maps of the "blank interior of Africa" and this became his principle yearning; it was he felt his divine purpose.

MAUCH'S FIRST NORTHERN JOURNEY

With money for the first time Mauch opted to head for what was known as "Banyailand" that lay north of the Transvaal (the modern Chibi District of Zimbabwe). From there he planned

Fig. 3. Mauch's survey equipment. Now housed in Stuttgarter Landesarchiv, Germany.

to head for the Portuguese trading station of Zumbo on the Zambezi River and ultimately to reach Egypt. In his quest Mauch was encouraged by several missionaries, fellow Germans. Reverend A. Merensky of Berlin Missionary Society at Botshabelo in the Transvaal was particularly influential. Previously he had heard from visiting African travellers' tales of stone ruins north of the Limpopo. Merensky quickly formulated an opinion that these were traces of the biblical Ophir, backing his interpretations with select extracts from early Portuguese and Arab documents. Unquestioning Mauch accepted these conclusions, citing them as his own rather than that of another.

Heading north Mauch was accompanied by a German engineer Paul Jebe who had heard of his exploits and had come to Africa to assist. Initially there was a young English Officer, Vincent Erskine, son of the secretary to Governor of the Natal Colony, as well as six Africans as guides, carriers and interpreters. They left on foot on 10 July 1868, heading into the unknown Lowveld of the eastern Transvaal. It was to be an ill-fated trip. A severe drought gripped the country and there was an acute shortage of water and food as the local communities had nothing to sell. Mauch records little about his companions in his diaries during this period and instead he presents a long tale about his own insatiable hunger. He claims that they were forced to survive on baobab and *Kiggelia* (Sausage Tree) fruits, various wild bulbs, grasses and carnivore carrion.

> 'A kind of bean that we ate at a time of greatest want caused violent vomiting. Our hunger was at times so terrible, that one day we had nothing else to eat but our sandals of buffalo leather.'

All seems a trifle exaggerated.

After passing through mountainous country and staying at the villages of several Venda leaders the party crossed the Limpopo on 31 August 1868, Elton and some of the Africans having quickly abandoned the group. According to the laws of the time this fording of the Limpopo was "illegal" as Mzilikazi had decreed that all Europeans should first pass through his capital *eMhlahlandlela* before travelling in these parts which he declared, without justification, to be his tributary lands. Mauch was simply courting confrontation.

After struggling for some months along the Bubi and Mwenezi Rivers Mauch, Jebe and the remaining African members of the party found themselves stranded on the margins of Ndebele territory without food or trade goods. They were thus most fortunate in many ways to be accosted by a small party of Ndebele warriors who had heard of their presence. After their arrest as Boer spies they were marched towards the capital. Mauch's growing anxiety was heightened when he heard that Mzilikazi had just died and the state was in political flux. No one knew the likely successor and central authority had broken down in some areas.

The group were first taken to Inyati where the London Missionary Society had a mission run by Reverends William Sykes and Thomas Morgan Thomas. Here Mauch and Jebe were to remain while they appealed to the regent, Nombate, for understanding. This unnerved Mauch. He fell out with Jebe, falsely accusing him of incompetence and after a short trip to the Mapfure River and a brief interview with Nombate, Mauch lost his nerve seeking and being granted permission to leave for the Transvaal.

After his flight from Matabeleland Mauch spent time travelling and documenting areas the Boer Republic and the Diamond Fields of the northern Cape Colony. This allowed him to complete his map of the region. It was submitted for publication but the printing

was poor and Mauch gave up in disgust, presenting his data to Petermann and fellow German Transvaal residents Jeppe and Merensky. The latter two men later combined many of Mauch's facts with their own, publishing several detailed maps of the Transvaal. Although Mauch had given them the facts and he was acknowledged by them, this action offended the touchy explorer; again he felt that something that was his was being usurped by others.

In February 1870 Mauch made a journey by foot from the Transvaal to the Portuguese settlement of Lourenço Marques, now Maputo. At the time a party of Portuguese officials were in the Transvaal and one of them, Lieutenant Leal, wished to return early so Mauch was asked by the Transvaal Government to accompany him (Fig. 4). Mauch mapped many new areas along the way, most especially the Lebombo Mountains which today form the boundary between South Africa and Mozambique and which lie in the Kruger National Park. While he was well received by the Portuguese Governor of Lourenço Marques, the German made few friends. In his diaries he omits any mention of his travelling companion Leal, while Mauch's caustic comments about the Portuguese colonials and their mixed racial associations are typical of his north-European perceived ethnic superiority.

Fig. 4. Mauch (left) together with Lieutenant Leal after arriving in Lourenço Marques (Maputo). Original photograph in Stuttgarter Landesarchiv, Germany.

On the return journey Mauch was lost for a short time, always short of food and he caught malaria. Untreated the disease quickly took its toll. He struggled to the eastern Transvaal town of Lydenburg, collapsing as he got there and it was only through the care of the Berlin Missionaries that he recovered and was able to return to Potchefstroom.

In late 1870 in an attempt to throw off his lingering sickness Mauch undertook a boat trip down the Vaal River to the Cape Diamond Fields. Single-handedly he steered a small, flat-bottomed vessel down the river on a 21-day, 400-mile journey. He faced many dangerous rapids but the sickly man struggled on, falling and cutting himself seriously on a number of occasions. Mauch returned by foot to Potchefstroom in January 1871 without actually reaching the Diamond Fields. True he recovered much of his health but his foolhardy behaviour is typical of the single-mindedness of the man.

MAUCH'S SECOND NORTHERN JOURNEY

Mauch, encouraged by the missionary A. Merensky, decided on a new trip north of the Limpopo. The principle aim was to locate the rumoured stone ruins. Accordingly in early 1871 he set out following the same route as he took in 1868. However, he his way was blocked by several African communities that were at war with the Boer Government. He therefore changed to a different route going via Pretoria to the Zoutpansberg. Near modern Louis Trichardt Mauch took up temporary residence with an interesting local character João Albasini. The latter had carved out for himself a personal empire based on patronage amongst the local African communities. Through slavery, the ivory trade and his intermediation with the Boers he was an influential character.

Using Albasini's homestead as a base Mauch explored the region and witnessed for the first time the full horrors of Boer slavery. Under the guise of indentured labour some Afrikaners captured and "traded" young children from the neighbouring African and Khoisan communities. These individuals were then "placed" with Boer families but Mauch recognised it for what it was. He wrote several damming letters about it to the press and it is not surprising that he could not return to the Transvaal Republic.

At the time of Mauch's visit there were four Karanga youngsters who had been seized from southern Zimbabwe by one of Albasini's hunters. Mauch succeeded in getting agreement for these children to be sent back with him on his journey northward. They, a delegation that had arrived from their home village to plea for their return and several employees of Albasini headed north, loaded with Mauch's many trade goods.

Again the journey went badly. Mauch was detained for some time by several Venda Chiefs along the way. Finally crossing the Limpopo on 10 August 1871 he found that there was little water and food for his entourage. They struggled on and after reuniting the children with their parents at Dumbo's village, where Mauch though he was ignored and left unthanked, he headed further north into the broken granite country of southern Zimbabwe. He was captivated by the landscape and mentions the productivity of the people who then, as now, lived in large numbers in the area of Ngundu-Renco Mine.

Near the village of Chief Shumba Mauch had an altercation with his carriers and they deserted him. Later that day they, and some of the local residents, stole a considerable portion of Mauch's abandoned trade goods and the paranoid German believed he was to be killed. Shortly after several men arrived from Chief Mapansure inviting Mauch to accompany them. Although well received Mauch was unable to converse with his new hosts as he couldn't speak any Shona and in his mistrust he concluded that he was being held captive by Mapansure as 'his white man, as guest and prisoner'. Accordingly he wrote to a fellow German, Adam Render who was said to be living in the neighbourhood requesting his assistance.

Render, who Mauch had previously derided as having "gone native" quickly arrived taking Mauch with him to his residence at Pika's, the village of Render's father-in-law. This was on Chigaramboni Hill adjacent to a small tributary of the Tokwe River, south-southwest of modern Masvingo. "Pika" was not his actual name, which was in fact Magoma. Mauch describes the village as nestled between numerous granite boulders and divided by steep precipices with only one relatively accessible entry. A wooden palisade surrounded it and many of the houses were built beneath large overhangs (Fig. 5). Mauch's opinions of his hosts were to swing considerably during his nine months stay. At times his writing is vitriolic and at others complementary. He was certainly a difficult man.

GREAT ZIMBABWE

After a time Mauch came to hear from the villagers of "Spook Mountain" (probably Mufurawasha Hill) where it was said that there was a mystical pot. He was advised against going there but Mauch, Render and several reluctant members of Magoma's community nonetheless set out for the hill on 5 September 1871. They failed to locate the pot which was said to have moved elsewhere. It was later recovered by another white traveller and is now housed in the museum at Great Zimbabwe (Fig. 6).

However, from the top of the hill Mauch saw in the distance the ruins of Great Zim-

babwe. He was elated, believing that his great quest was over. But he was unable to visit immediately as first they had to make arrangements with the local Duma chief, Chipfunhu Mugabe who controlled the site at the time. This happened some days later, Mauch gives the impression that his work at Great Zimbabwe had to be done in great secrecy as the local people were antagonistic towards his being there. He completely failed to understand the peoples' spiritual connections to the site, blinkered by his own interpretations. His stories of the lost …, the mysterious … and the dangers of his work verge on the melodramatic.

Given his European preconceptions encouraged by the biblical interpretations of Merensky, Mauch was quick to assign the site to an ancient, lost and supposedly superior civilisation. Great Zimbabwe, he falsely concluded, was the home of the Queen of Sheba.

> 'I dare today to close: Queen of Saba of the Bible is the Koeniging of Simbaoee. The mentioned Saba is Simboee, Matth. 2.11 – From the three kings was the one from here, the others from Arabia and India. The mentioned pot is perhaps a federal drawer! The ruins are imitations of the temple and palace of Salomon.'

Mauch was to visit the site on several occasions. Although his

Fig. 5. Render's cave on Chigaramboni Hill south-south-west of Masvingo. "Pika" or more correctly Magoma's village (corrected after Hall 1905).

Fig. 6. The Mystery pot. Original now in museum at Great Zimbabwe (Hall 1905).

interpretations were off the mark it is his descriptions and sketches of the site and its artefacts that are invaluable; they document the site before its widespread damage and alteration during the closing years of the Nineteenth and early years of the Twentieth Centuries. One just needs to read through his errors.

> 'I did not see such a thing strange and amazing in my life yet. Highly over the valley with the many ruins, into a wild-fissured rock crest built, a castle lies.'

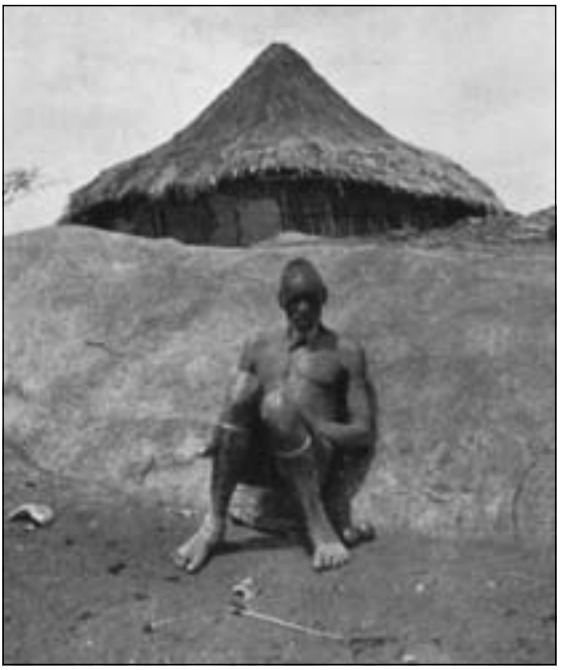

Fig. 7. Haruzivishe Mugabe when later Chief Mugabe. At the time of Mauch's visit Haruzivishe lived on the Hill Complex and was the official guardian of the site. (Hall 1905).

Mauch's interpretation of the Hill Complex is, like that of many visitors, incorrect. The structure is not and was not defensive. The impressive walls that crown the southern cliff face are in fact easily accessed from the other, northern side. It was here that Haruzivishe Mugabe had his village at the time (Fig. 7). He was the younger brother of Chief Chipfunhu Mugabe and was the then guardian of the site.

Mauch first visited these hilltop ruins on 11 September 1871. After paying the people with masses of imported glass beads he was granted access, entering the Western Enclosure by way of the now closed off doorway on the upper cliff edge. Inside it was a bit of a struggle as the complex was thickly overgrown and Mauch soon encountered the painful touch of the Tree Nettle (*Obetia tenax*) which remain a threat to unwary tourists. Nonetheless Mauch was able to trace the original walls, discounting the more recent, rough walls built by Mugabe's people for their tobacco gardens and livestock byres. He describes the distinctive stone monoliths, '8 to 12 feet in height and 4-6" in diameter' that surmount the outer wall, misinterpreting them as structural supports rather than symbolic features. Mauch also illustrates one broken monolith, possibly from the platform at the rear of the Western Enclosure. This piece had a series of triangles and chevrons incised into the soft soapstone.

Beyond this Mauch found himself in the confusing maze of small corridors and enclosures at the rear of the Western Enclosure. The walls seem to have been much higher than they are at present. He also records a sunken passage that was the entrance to the Eastern Enclosure. Today this area has been substantially altered by later curators. In 1871 however the narrow entrance passage was covered – 'The cross-beams are of trimmed stones … of a

peculiar, easily split mica-slate'. Interestingly, although Mauch went to the Eastern Enclosure he does not record the well-known Zimbabwe Birds, the majority of which stood in this area; possibly it was just too overgrown or he was wary of entering via the roofed passageway.

Fig. 8. The soapstone bowl located by Mauch in the cave on the Hill Complex. (Summers 1963).

Nearby Mauch located the small "cave" in which there was/is a mass of ironstone rubble. Surprisingly he makes no mention of this geological quirk; the material had to have been brought from elsewhere. He does however describe a large, carved soapstone bowl which he later established was used in contemporary religious activities (Fig. 8). This bowl can now be seen in the Great Zimbabwe Museum. Heading down to the southern valley, then cultivated by Haruzivishe's people, he came across numerous collapsed terraces on which there where once dhaka houses.

Mauch also investigated the Great Enclosure on several occasions. Despite its being densely overgrown he found that it was still visited by the local people, although he himself did not witness their traditional ceremonies. In his opinion the Conical Tower and the decorated walls in front of it marked the grave of some member of the "lost elite"; a somewhat Eurocentric interpretation based on European practice in Christian churches. Notwithstanding the thicket Mauch made a preliminary sketch of the enclosure (Fig. 9). This was later redrawn and featured in several contemporary publications. This is a particularly important record for it not only documents the original spatial layout, something destroyed by early Rhodesian investigators, but it shows that it was actively used by the people at the time.

Fig. 9. Mauch's original field sketch of the Great Enclosure. Original in Stuttgarter Landesarchiv, Germany.

On one occasion Mauch climbed the Conical Tower hauling

himself up on the vines that festooned the place. He was adamant that the structure was hollow and he threw off several of the top courses seeking an entrance before he was forced to acknowledge that it was solid. In doing this Mauch destroyed most of the dentelle decoration that once capped the tower thereby altering it for ever. Only a trace remained and fortunately this was photographed early in the Twentieth Century before it collapsed so that today little remains.

Later, while hidden from his hosts, Mauch secretly removed several splinters from one of the wooden cross-beams of the main doorway. He knew that this was likely to be interpreted as offensive and that such action would prevent further investigations. Yet he believed that here there was real evidence to support his theory that this was the Ophir of biblical legend – cedarwood from the Lebanon. He was however wrong, it was not cedarwood like that of his pencils but was Tambootie or Muguniti/Mutovhoti (*Spirostachys africana*); remains of these lintels have been recovered since that time (Huffman & Vogel, 1991: 66).

One especially important element of Mauch's records that has hitherto been ignored by most commentators on Great Zimbabwe, is its contemporary ritual importance to the people living nearby. This was no abandoned ruin but it was a living spiritual site where ceremonies were still held. He records several versions but all seem to suggest veneration for the ancestors and the intercession of a "priest" who went to select locations on the hill and at the Great Enclosure to offer libations and the meat of sacrificial black oxen. These are likely to represent a post-occupation tradition, possibly encouraged by the Rozwi elite at the time when they were a powerful force but continued by later, lesser Shona Dynasties.

Mauch's wood-stealing did not go unnoticed and it caused considerable bad blood towards both the two Europeans and Magoma's people who were seen as accomplices. The resulting tensions strained community relationships in the region and in one clash a person was left dead. Arising from this and other idiosyncrasies of Mauch's behaviour, many residents of Magoma's village made accusations against Mauch for a variety of reasons. This forced him to relocate to the nearby village.

> 'Tuesday, 21 May 1872 – Last week brought some changes in the daily course of my stay here. For on the 15th I moved my home …. to Zikara's for the following reasons. First, so as to drive the people who had promised to go with me to reap their corn quickly and, then, to give some sick persons medicine and so to be able to obtain victuals and, finally, to be out of the way of Pika's rabble who daily became more unpleasant, thievish and impertinent. A possibly very consequential action of mine.'

THE LAST JOURNEY & BEYOND

Mauch delayed his journey north for nine months. This was to allow him to wait out the rainy season and to resupply with trade goods that he ordered from traders in northern South Africa. Despite the impression we are given of his total isolation Mauch was in regular contact with several settlers in the Transvaal, in Matabeleland and with the Portuguese colonial settlements along the Zambezi. From the last came parties of 'Bazungu', mixed-race traders who maintained a well travelled network across much of eastern Zimbabwe.

After two aborted attempts to travel north, one of which was stopped by the rumour of an Ndebele raiding party, Mauch, Render and ten carriers set off towards the Zambezi River on 26 May 1872. They travelled swiftly across the open plains east of modern Chivhu where

at one point they were attacked by residents of a village who mistook them for 'Bazungu' in an attempt to 'force us to flight, and steal our goods'. He mentions their crossing the Ruzawi River just south of Marondera where his fervent imagination fashioned sacrificial altars out of many of the isolated, natural boulders which characterise the area. Nearby he records the existence of the Tsindi Ruins although does not seem that he actually visited it. The party then travelled down the Nyangadzi River, passing south of the Makaha Goldbelt east of modern Mutoko. At the time there was little mining for the metal but there were numerous alluvial workers. Here for the first time Mauch's nationalistic fervour got the better of him and he "named" this geological formation the Kaiser Wilhelm Goldbelt after the German monarch.

While in the area Mauch heard about yet another '*Zimbabye*'. This he visited finding a small, wooden enclosure; in all probability this was a traditional Shona *banya*. They then crossed into what is today Mozambique, fording the Gairezi River about the modern border village of Fambe. Mauch was now in the territory of Chief Makombe, the powerful Barwe leader who was at that time autonomous; not yet crushed by the Portuguese colonial army.

They now headed for the Portuguese colonial settlement of Sena on the Zambezi River. Here Mauch encountered serious difficulties with the administrators who were suspicious of this strange, ill-kept man who had come in, unannounced from the east. They refused him permission to travel any further, questioning his documentation and motives. Finally Mauch forced his way through to the coastal settlement of Quelimane. Here his attempts to get funding from the Portuguese Government to "explore" the hinterland of Sofala (near Beira) were rejected. He could do no more in Africa, his dreams were crushed and Mauch had to swallow his German pride and beg for a free return passage to Europe on a French vessel with an all French crew. It should be noted that the Franco-Prussian War was still topical. Karl Mauch finally left Africa forever on 5 October 1872.

Back in Germany his life was miserable. Mauch was a hero when far away in the African field and initially he was greeted with much acclaim, but it brought him no enduring security. At first he dreamed of getting employment in a museum or university but his lack of qualifications prevented this. Dr. Petermann now met for the first time his ardent disciple, finding him a difficult and uncouth individual. The hero that he had presented to the German public through selective editing of Mauch's correspondence was far from this in reality. Nonetheless Petermann did manage to get Mauch a place on an official German Expedition to South America. This proved a total failure and Mauch abandoned the party in the West Indies; he was unable to interact with the others and his African malaria had resurfaced.

Returning to Germany Mauch took up the post of plant-geologist at a cement works in Blaubeuren. But his health deteriorated coupled with severe bouts of depression. One evening he fell from his third-floor bedroom window. Five days later in a hospital in Stuttgart Mauch died from his injuries on 4 April 1874. It remains uncertain if this was an act of suicide or simply an accident. Karl Mauch's funeral was well attended by many dignitaries and colleagues. A monument was later erected at his former Teacher Training School but thereafter he was effectively forgotten.

NATURAL HISTORY

Part of Mauch's lasting legacy is his contribution to knowledge was in the fields of botany and geology. In both he was a knowledgeable amateur whose early records are invaluable. Certainly he made mistakes but it could be argued that he was the founder of these academic disciplines in this country.

His geology was surprisingly good and he improved with experience. The biggest problem Mauch faced was the very ancient, largely igneous character of the rocks in the areas he covered. This contrasted with the younger, predominantly sedimentary and metamorphic conditions with which he was acquainted. For this reason he sometimes misidentified some materials, for example dolerite ridges are often described as schist outcrops. Yet in his basic mapping of the rock systems, when Mauch contented himself with identification and not interpretation, he was to prove very capable. His notes enabled him to create one of the first geological maps of the region (Fig. 10), while his confirmation of the existence of viable gold deposits initiated the first gold rush to the region, pre-empting the discovery of diamonds at Kimberley and the gold of the Witwatersrand.

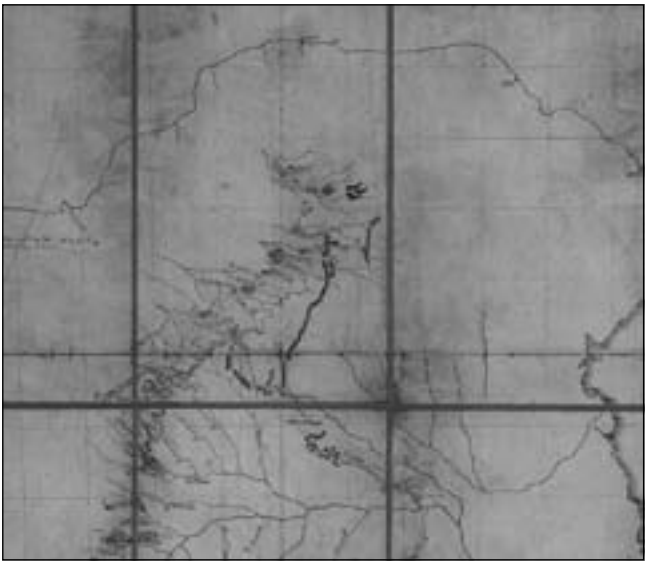

Fig. 10. A section covering Zimbabwe of Mauch's original geological Map. Original in Stuttgarter Landesarchiv, Germany.

His description of general vegetation and specific species is also informative. He describes the characteristic ecology of the Southeast Lowveld with its riverine gallery-forests giving way to thorny acacia and combretum bushveld and extensive mopane groves in places. On reaching the higher granite country with better rainfall Mauch records the typical musasa, mufuti and other elements of miombo woodland; 'caesalpines which, from here on up to the vicinity of the Zambesi, lend their peculiar character to the vegetation.'

While his poor rendering of Shona and Ndebele plants names often make it difficult identify specific species mentioned, Mauch's illustrations, unfortunately all too few, are more easily recognised. They are remarkably accurate. I find his illustration of "Wild Cana" at Great Zimbabwe in 1871 fascinating. So often we are given to believe that this is a recent garden escapee invading wild Africa. Possibly this is not correct and we have misjudged the plant or at least its invasive time depth.

CONCLUSION

Although Mauch spent eight years travelling in southern Africa, he remains inadequately understood. He was a very difficult man who easily took umbrage. At times he was overly romantic and seemingly lost in his own imaginative world while on other occasions he exhibited extreme intolerance and racism. He accepted friendliness but showed little gratitude or thanks in return. Possibly Mauch was mentally unstable?

Mauch was also an ultra-German nationalist at the time of the reunification of that European State. He preferred the company of his German compatriots and believed that his successes should be for the sole benefit of the "Fatherland". It is therefore not surprising that it was only with the rise of more extreme German nationalism prior to World War 1 and later in the Nazi era that there were active attempts by some Germans to revive the memory of this patriot. It is ironic that it was in fact the '*hated English*' that took greatest advantage of Mauch's "discoveries", giving him relatively little credit. Even in later Rhodesian historiography Mauch was confined to a limited role and it was only in the late 1960s that he was "rediscovered" as a pioneer by the Rhodesian authorities as they sought to create for themselves a historical heritage.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I must thank several people who were one way or another involved in this project: members of staff of the German Embassy in Harare, Adele Hamilton-Ritchie and Paul Hubbard for help with the original poster text, and Mr Tom Stern of Germany who shared with me various insights into Mauch from a contemporary German perspective and who lent me several hitherto unpublished Mauch sketches, maps and photographs housed in the Stuttgarter Landesarchiv, Germany – copies of which I have tried to include in this paper to give them greater circulation.

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A Disappointing Outpost of the Portuguese Empire: Sofala Revisited

by Jonathan Waters

It is 40 years since R. W. Dickinson wrote up his last account of Sofala to be published in *Rhodesiana*[1]. This article updates the state of the site following a visit to Sofala in May 2008 with Henrik Ellert, and draws on various sources published post Dickinson's 1968 article. Prof Eric Axelson published the *Portuguese in South East Africa from 1600–1700* before his volume on the same subject from 1488–1600 (published in 1973) and he has some invaluable references. Similarly, in his excellent chronicle, *A History of Mozambique*, the historian Prof Malyn Newitt also makes invaluable references which Dickinson may not have had at hand when he wrote his article.

HISTORICAL BACKGROUND

Sofala fascinates because it was such a focal point for the Portuguese empire in south-east Africa, and those who have evaluated it such as Newitt and Axelson, wonder why they persisted. To show just how it captured the imagination centuries after its zenith, Dickinson opened his 1968 article with the 1823 description by Captain Owen of the Royal Navy: "The port of Sofala, the Ophir of Solomon, whence his fleets returned laden with gold, almug trees and precious stones … we found but a paltry fort and a few miserable mud huts" (pg 33).

However, Sofala served a much greater purpose for historians. Perhaps due entirely to luck, 16th Century Sofala and its visitors were to produce the most comprehensive reports of life during the period and penetration of the interior. João de Barros' 9-volume "classic" (Axelson's words) *Da Asia* and the accounts of the Dominican friar João de Santos, who was based at Sofala between 1586 and1590 and ventured in as far as Mt Darwin (known as Mt Fura) once more repeat the fabulous tales of Solomon at the Ophir that worryingly some still believe today.

The myth of the Ophir had started long before that as Thomas Lopez in 1502 had already stated "the Moorish princes were telling us that in the Sofala there is wonderfully rich mine producing incalculable treasures. And that is the mine to which, as they find in their books, King Solomon used to send every 3 years to draw an infinite quality of gold."[2] Lopez was on Vasco da Gama's second voyage to the East and from the intelligence gathered, plans were drawn up in Lisbon in 1504 for the occupation of both Sofala and Kilwa. Francisco de Almeida was to lead the expedition and left Lisbon in March 1505.

A second expedition left shortly afterwards under the command of Pero de Anhaia. While de Almeida set about overrunning Kilwa, de Anhaia with his force of 150 (Dickinson pg 40) won permission from the blind sheik Yussaf to construct a factory and he started construction on a stockade on 19 September 1505. Dickinson speculates that de Anhaia's force included Antonio Fernandes, the carpenter and *degradado* (convict), who made at least two extraordinary trips to the Zimbabwean highveld – the lands of the Monomotapa.

[1] R. W. Dickinson. Sofala: Gateway to the Gold of Monomotapa, *Rhodesiana* No. 19 (December 1968), pg 34–48.

[2] Lopez was quoted in W. H. J. Rangeley, *Nyasaland Journal*, Vol XVII, No. 1.

1505 Sofala – 16th century fablist sketch of Sofala

Axelson's (1973) publication includes a good deal more information on the early captains of Sofala in its more prosperous period and on Fernandes. Here we need to correct an error as Dickinson puts Fernandes trips to Monomotapa down to 1514 and 1515, whereas Axelson, who translated the original document he found in the *Torres de Tombo* (Portuguese Archives) in 1939, notes that his absence from ration lists in 1511 and 1512 would bring one to "the obvious conclusion that he departed on the first of his great journeys in January 1511" which lasted 4 months. Axelson says he made the "second remarkable journey by mid 1513.[3]

Alluding to attempts by Dickinson and others to retrace Fernandes odyssey, he says: "Ingenious attempts have been made to reconstruct the itinerary followed, but it is much more likely, as Dr Alexandre Lobato (Axelson's great Portuguese contemporary) has suggested, that [Gaspar] Veloso (the clerk of the factory at Sofala who recorded Fernandes adventures) was simply giving an outline of the economic geography of the interior and the places described are not necessarily in the sequence followed by Fernandes."[4] He also quoted Lobato as saying Fernandes embarked on a third journey, acting as an agent Simão Miranda de Azevedo, the Captain of Sofala from 1512–1515, which "appears to have occupied all of 1513 and much of 1514".[5]

[3] Axelson, Portuguese in South East Africa 1488–1600 (Johannesburg, C Struik, 1973), 79–80.

[4] Ibid.

[5] Ibid at 85 quoting Lobato in *Expansao III*, pp 115, 239.

The third trip was to visit the "wealthy king of Onhaquoro" (Nyakoro), who was situated in the lower Zambezi, 30 leagues (200km) from the sea and four days from where gold was extracted. Fernandes was then engaged by João Vaz de Almada, the factor of Sofala, in 1515 to bring in millet from the village of Inhambambe. To give an insight into the constitution of this remarkable man, he was the only one of the party who did not fall ill. Almada also says of Fernandes that he "has so much credit in those lands that they worship him like God, so that wherever he goes if there are wards for love of him these are stopped at once."[6]

Axelson notes that Fernandes name does not appear on the ration roll of 30 September 1516, but on 31 December 1516 he is recorded as "carpenter and interpreter of this fortress".[7] A roll from 1 April 1517 to 31 March 1518 notes he was owed 20 000 reis and had been away in "Inhamunda's" (the king who controlled most what would be Sofala province today). Newitt and Axelson noted Fernandes had been sent to construct a wooden tower upstream of the mouth of the Zambezi in an attempt to control trade, but the ship carrying the structure foundered and the project was abandoned.

Axelson also writes about the rather colourful Sancho de Toar, who assumed the captaincy of Sofala on 1 July 1518. Toar's father, a Castilian, had helped Alfonso V in his attempt to occupy the Castilian throne and had been sentenced to death for treason. Toar stabbed the judge and fled to Portugal. It was not unfamiliar territory for Toar as he had been dispatched in 1500 by Pedro Alvares Cabral, the leader of second Portuguese voyage, on their way back from India "Presents were exchanged and Toar discovered from a hostage seized something of Sofala's importance in international trade."[8]

However, it appears Toar found trading around Sofala frustrating and after he left in 1521, an audit found his liberally awarded expenses exceeded revenue. An audit (dated December 1527) of the activities of the captain (Diogo de Sepúlveda) and factor (António Rico) to follow also found problems and "irregularities" in the estate of Antonio Fernandes, "who had died".[9] We are yet to discover how Fernandes met his end.

João dos Santos (1609) provides a detailed description of Sofala 'the fortress of Sofala is square shaped and enclosed by a wall of twenty-five spans in height. It has four round bastions at the four corners, furnished with heavy and light artillery. In a square area on the edge of the sea, it has a large and beautiful tower two stories high and next to it a very beautiful room, residence of the captain. In the basement of this room is the captains larder and in the shaft of the tower, from the ground to the first floor, a very beautiful cistern from which the people of Sofala drink since it is better than the water from the wells'.

"DISHONESTY AND DECLINE"

Newitt begins his book with the remarkable 1547 account by João Velho, the factor at Sofala, who recounts the corrupt activities of the Captain, Dom Jorge Teles de Meneses and his henchman, Francisco Riberiro. A classic tale of how the honest do not get ahead in life. This account is contained in Volume 7 of the collaborative series Documents on the Portuguese in Mozambique and Central Africa (this Dickinson in 1968 noted that after 3 years, only 11 years of the 343 years promised had been translated).[10]

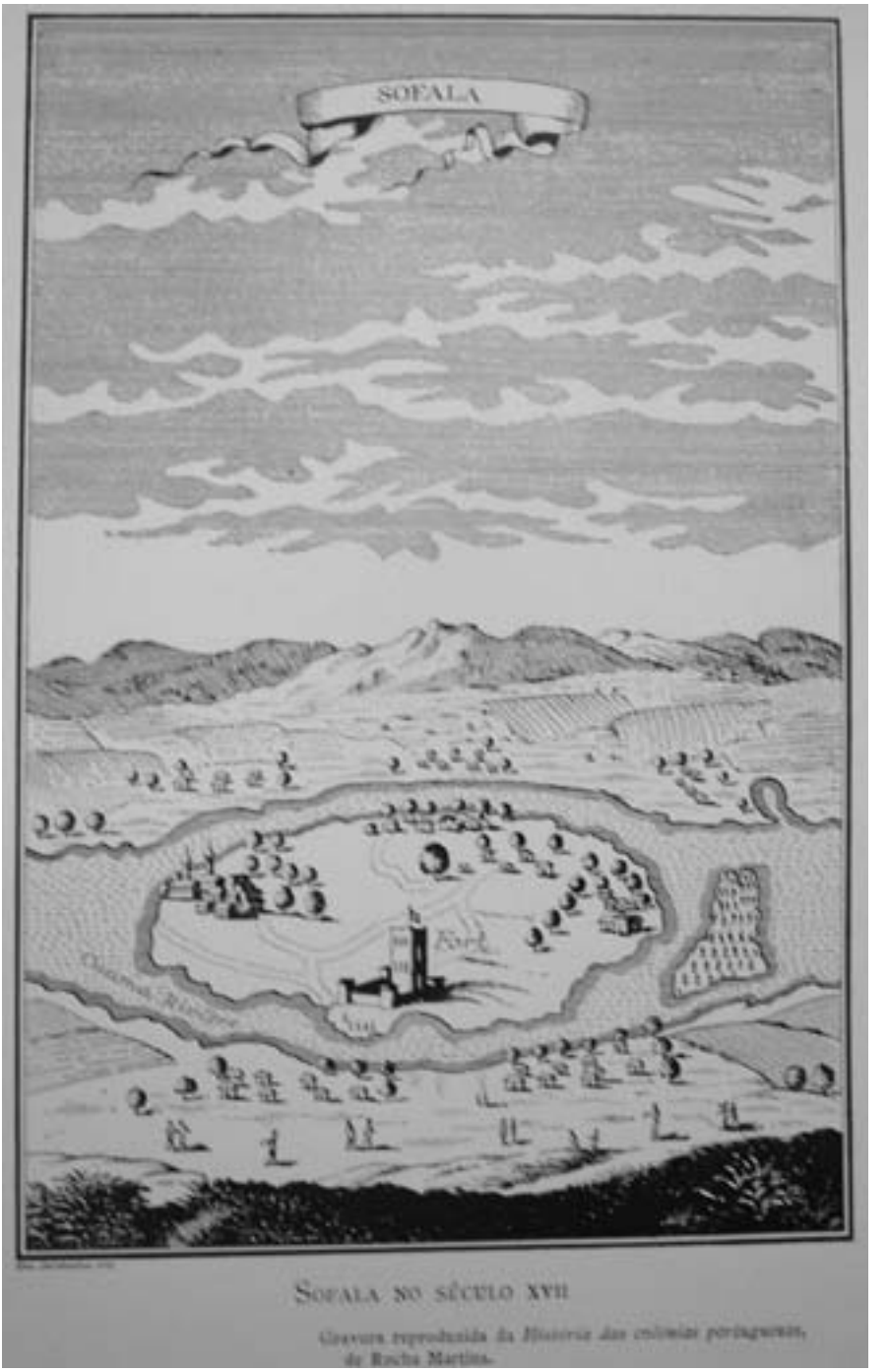
[6] Ibid at 90.

[7] Ibid at 92.

[8] Newitt, at 18 quoting Lobato and Axelson.

[9] Axelson at 98, quoting Afonso Mexia and Fernam Martinz, Cochin to Rei 10/12/1527, ib Doc VI, p 184–90.

[10] *Documentos sobre os Portugueses em Moçambique*, 1962–1965.



Sofala – 16th Century fablist sketch of Sofala

16th Century fablist sketch of Sofala

While it probably started in one way or another when Sofala was established, captains started trading exclusively for their own profit from the 1540s. There were various attempts throughout the period to push for a return towards bureaucratic austerity, such as the *regimento* (royal declaration) with which Vicente Pegado started his term at Sofala in 1530 and appeared to have been earnest in his endeavours, despite a lack of resources at the start of his captaincy through the non-arrival of trade goods from the East.[11] Pegado's term saw the establishment of Sena (Seyonna to the Arabs) in 1531 the first settlement in the interior on the Zambezi (to be followed by Tete a few years later).[12]

But the behaviour of the protagonists in period of de Meneses and his henchman, Francisco Riberiro appeared to be the norm. By the 1540s, the gold trade, which had never amounted to much, had declined further, and most money was being made from the sales of ivory, which was popular in the East. Very little made it into the royal coffers. By this time, the captaincy was on sale and the 3-year assignment, effectively a looting opportunity, could be bought for 150 000 cruzados (around 24 grammes, about four fifths of what is known today as a troy ounce, which weighs in at 31 grammes).

[11] Axelson at 125–131.
[12] Ibid at 54.

17th Century fablist sketch of Sofala

We have unconfirmed reports that Luis de Camões came to Sofala sometime during 1568 after having spent nearly 2 years on the island of Mozambique. He was trying to 'hitch' passage back home to Portugal after a decade of adventures in the East. Confirmation comes from the Santa Clara's manifests that included such luminaries as Diogo do Couto and Camões who embarked from Sofala in November 1569.[13]

Axelson says: "The trouble was that the profit depended entirely on the captains. The regimentos were excellent, but the captain just did not observe them. The principal cause of loss lay in the vessels which the captains sent to Malindi, allegedly in search for cloths (owing to the non-arrival of a royal ship from India). These vessels conveyed ivory to Malindi where it was sold, and where cloths and beads from Cambay were bought and equally illicitly sold." One of the captains was named in a 1540 report by Estevão da Gama, the new governor of Portuguese India, as having disposed of goods acquired at Malindi in the river north of Sofala (probably the Buzi). "As a result it was also impossible to sell cloths and beads from the factory."[14]

By the 1580s, the Sofala yielded virtually nothing for the crown, although Portugal had now been absorbed by Spain (incoming bureaucrats had their subjects swear allegiance to the Spanish King Filipe). Ironically, until Portugal became independent again in 1640, this was the start of what was probably the most prosperous period for the Portuguese (trading

[13] Eduardo Ribeiro – *Camões e a busca dos Triunfos Perdidos*. Indico No. 45/2008 p. 31.
[14] Axelson at 133.

wise) in south-east Africa. There was a brief attempt in 1587 to return to the *regimento* of the days of Pegado but control in distant Africa must have been weak.[15] The Spanish were perhaps more interested in the Americas.

PORTUGUESE KNOWLEDGE OF THE INTERIOR (ZIMBABWE TODAY)

João de Barros' *Da Asia* appeared in 1552 indicated the extent of Portuguese knowledge of interior as far west at the Manyame and the Luangwa.[16] While it is not clear how far he travelled inland, it would appear Barros gained much of his knowledge during the captaincy of Pegado (1530–1538), the longest serving capitão in the 16th Century. Axelson is quite forward in accepting that the description given to Pegado by unnamed traders of "Symbaoe" is that of Great Zimbabwe, and it's hard not to disagree.

Barros said it in the middle of Butua, considered to be the modern Midlands today with the richest mines having been the Globe and Phoenix in Kwekwe and the Cam and Motor in Kadoma. Symbaoe was "a square fortress, of masonry within and without, very well worked of stones of marvellous size, without the appearance of lime between them; the wall is more than 25 palms wide, and the height is not so great considering the width. Above this door is an inscription which some Moorish merchants, learned men who went there, did not know how to read what lettering it was in. And almost all around this building on the some hills were other buildings of the same fashion, all worked in stone, and without lime, among them a tower of a dozen fathoms. The natives of the land call these buildings Symbaoe, which is to say 'court', for so they call any place where the Monomotapa may be." [17]

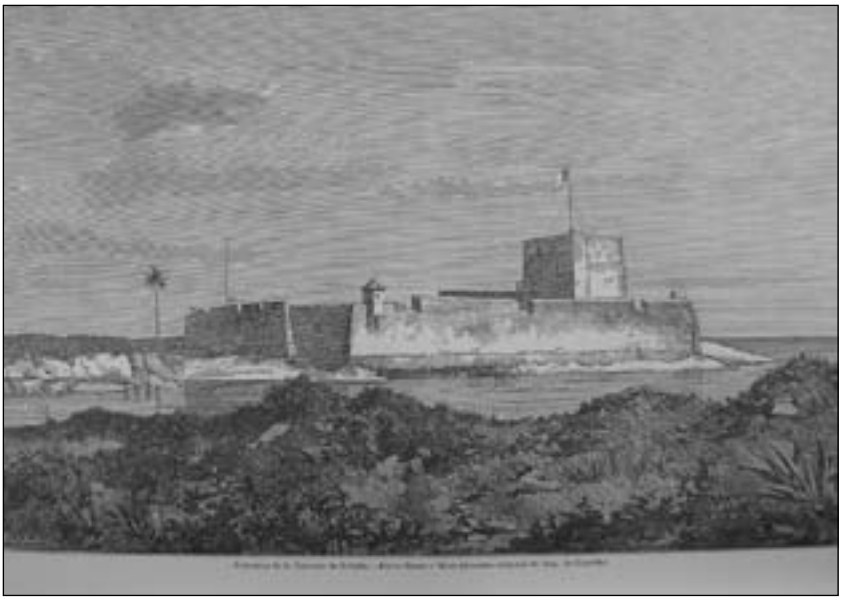
The traders who saw it to Pegado the masonry was far superior to that of Sofala. It was said to be 170 leagues (850km) from Sofala, between 20–21 degrees of latitude. Axelson notes that while the distance was exaggerated, and the shape was elliptical and not square, it was an "obvious reference to Great Zimbabwe".[18] The main building was guarded by an *alcaide mor*, which we could take to be a spirit medium, but the indications were it was abandoned. Khami would still have been occupied at the time, while DhloDhlo and Nalatale would not have been built. He further suggests that the inscription is that of the Chevron pattern – "unless there was an inscription under above the main entrance which has subsequently disappeared".

Axelson's summary of Barros' description of the customs of the people of Monomotapa is worth mentioning too.[19] The main crimes were witchcraft, adultery and theft. The Monomotapa would only wear cloth spun in the land and was waited by people on their knees: only Portuguese and Moorish traders were allowed to stand in his presence. 500 jesters and musicians waited upon him and shouted his praises. He carried a small hoe with a silver handle as an insignia and no one could approach him without a present.

While it would appear that Sofala was in decline from as early on as 1530, the Portuguese presence was kept up right to the end, despite the lack of economic return. In 1758, Inacio Caetano Xavier reported "Sofala lacks *moradores* (residents) and the fort is surrounded by the sea so that in many parts it is beaten by its waves. The church which is inside the walls

[15] Ibid at 172.
[16] Ibid at 141.
[17] Ibid at 142.
[18] Ibid.
[19] Ibid at 143.

Picture of the fort in the late 19th century before it was demolished to build the Beira cathedral



Sofala-Fort – 19th century sketch of the fort

All that remains of the fort today

Welcoming sign to Sofala today dating from Portuguese times

is ruined and needs rebuilding"[20] In 1783, the sea inundated the fort for the first time, but Newitt notes it was to stand for more than another century.[21]

Newitt also mentions that the last time Sao Caetano saw any action was in 1836 when the Portuguese community took refuge in the fort when the town of Sofala was attacked and raided by the particularly brutal Nguni warrior Nxaba.[22] He had been operating in the Manica and Sofala provinces for some years, having attacked the Portuguese *feira* of Masekesa (Macqueece) in 1832. Oliver Ransford in his book *The Rulers of Rhodesia*, noted

[20] Newitt at 137, quoting Xavier from *Noticias dos Dominios Portugueses da Costa de Africa Oriental* 1758).
[21] Ibid.
[22] Newitt at 260.

that the Portuguese were reduced to such straits that they cast golden bullets for their guns before being overwhelmed. [23]

2008 SOFALA TRIP

I picked up Henrik at Tica, where my mother informs me there was a "zoo", well a collection of bedraggled animals, an distraction of sorts at the time for travellers on their way to take the ferry over the Buzi, the old north–south highway before it was routed via Inhachope. He was accompanied by a colleague from Beira, Sehora de Barco, who had grown up in Sofala. The ferry still goes over the Buzi and the road is not too bad.

In what would be regarded as "living Sofala", we stopped at the home of the man who turned out to be the guardian of the tomb of Saaid Abdullah Rahman (Dickinson[24] mentions as the tomb of "Abduraman" towards the end of his article), the most significant attraction in Sofala today. Together with Mohammed Jamú, a mechanic who had travelled fairly extensively in the region, we decided to undertake reconnaissance operations to get our bearings.

Henrik had found out on the web that low tide would be at 7:15am the next morning and we wanted to be sure of where we were going. Mohammed took us to what the Portuguese had built up as the modern administration of Novo Sofala, which has been destroyed by a combination of the sea and the civil war. There is very little life aside from fishing operations. Mohammed then took us to the edge of the bay where we were to cross the next day to get the old fort and we were advised to seek the permission of the guardian of the Rahman's tomb.

The next day we set off just after dawn, were able to walk cross the deep channel that separates the eastern spit from the mainland, and walk east across the tidal area to view the remains of the fort of Sofala. Having visited the remains of several Portuguese in Africa and Asia, having read so much about it and conjured up images in the mind, nothing can really prepare you for the disappointment that is Sofala.

Mohammed pointed to a pile of rather large rocks becoming increasingly visible as the tide went out. "Is that it?" we asked! Both Henrik and I had both expected there would be more than the pile of rocks in the distance that is Sofala today. We had both expected there to at least be the low lying foundations of the fort, and not the two dozen or so fairly large blocks brought out as ballasts to steady the Portuguese ships.

Gerhard Liesegang, who conducted an excavation of the site in 1973, noted that the Portuguese accounts said the fort was cut off from the mainland sometime between 1830 and 1840 and was abandoned in 1891 following administration changes in the province. In 1900, the southern wall fell down, and as Dickinson notes, the fort was dismantled a few years later and run over on barges to Beira, a mere 30kms as the crow flies, but at least 5 hours by car, to build the new cathedral.[25]

The tide was still going out, and we still hoped to scurry over to the site, which was about 300 metres in the distance. But even at low tide we were unable to cross a channel that must have been around a metre deep with the current flowing strongly. When the tide turned, the water levels started to rise quickly and we realised that we would need a boat

[23] Ibid at 76.

[24] Dickinson, note 1, p 76.

[25] Dickinson at 45.

The tomb of "Saide Abdul Raman"

Practising the "Samango Cult" after prayers

to get over there. Dickinson noted that Al Mas 'Udi, who wrote about Sofala in the 926, said it meant "a shoal".[26]

Modern interpretations of Sofala's disappearance into the sea could be put down to global warming, but Mohammed confirmed what Dickinson said in 1968: that by cutting down the mangrove on the other side of the bay that protected the bay, the sea quickly did

[26] Ibid at 36.

its work on the fort. But there has been further deterioration as Liesegang noted that in 1973 that "the ruins of the fort are partially covered with water when the tide comes in".

CONTEMPORARY SOFALA

The most important facet of life at Sofala today centres around Rahman's tomb, which would not have been in the state Dickinson would have found it. Perhaps construction was already underway: Mohammed told us the grave was 12th Century and that in 1967 his father had constructed what has now become the "mosque" over the tomb and is also being threatened by the sea. I use inverted commas since I am not sure if it is consecrated as one.

Liesegang noted the custodian/guardian at the time also referred to him as "Yusuf", the name of the blind sheikh usurped by the Portuguese in 1506, and as so often was to be the case following the arrival of the Portuguese in the area, he was replaced by the puppet Suleiman. Liesegang spells his name as "Saide Abdul Raman" and "Sayyid 'Abd al-Rahman". Dickinson spells his name as "Abduraman" and says he was a dhow captain from Turkey who brought Sha'fi Mohammedanism to Sofala.

Dickinson makes no mention of it (nor for that matter does Liesegang), but perhaps it is because it is now a modern role of the tomb. Following prayers, the monkeys [27] that have been patiently waiting outside the mosque, are fed with the offerings brought to the mosque. The local Ndau people believe that these monkeys have a link with the supernatural world which is always omnipresent. Ancestral worship features prominently in Ndau traditional religious observances but precisely how this so called "Samango cult" or respect for the role of the monkey in traditional belief has evolved or the precise nature has not been elucidated fully.

It may well have gained popularity during the Mozambique civil war (1976–1991) – a period when religion tends to thrive and consultations with the supernatural world through spirit mediums gained importance but further research is required. What can be said with some certainty is that both Islamic and traditional Ndau religious observances have coalesced in a harmonic manner around this holy place. There is a Christian tomb inside a walled and roofed structure, an estimated 5 kilometres or so away, and local Christians perform periodic oblations there, but again, further research is required.

Rather than a guardian/custodian of the tomb as there was in Dickinson's time, there is now an I'mam. Whether ordained as one, he conducts the prayers. Just like the fort though, the tomb is under threat from the sea, and Dickinson speculated at the time that the Swahili settlement that Pero de Anhaya found occupied by Yusuf may have been in close vicinity to the tomb and may have met a fate similar to that of the fort ("one wonders whether by some lucky chance the remains of the Swahili settlement are still on dry land").[28]

Mohammed said few artefacts are found today (we were handed some pottery which was kept in the mosque, including a piece of well worn blue and white Chinese porcelain), but he told us, in the time of his grandmother, they used to find gold coins. Given the rarity of surviving artefacts, another thing worth mentioning is the discovery of the ivory trumpet

[27] Vervet monkeys living near areas inhabited by people can become pests, stealing food and other items and raiding crops. This small, black-faced monkey is common in East Africa as it adapts easily to many environments and is widely distributed. There are several subspecies of vervet monkeys, but generally the body is a greenish-olive or silvery-gray. The face, ears, hands, feet and tip of the tail are black, but a conspicuous white band on the forehead blends in with the short whiskers. The males are slightly larger than the females and easily recognized by a turquoise blue scrotum and red penis.

[28] Ibid at 46.

by Brian Christie in the 1960s (Fagan & Kirkman 1967). Kirkman identified it as an mbiu or proclamation trumpet. They were unable to date the 50cm trumpet with any certainty and said simply that it probably dates from the occupation of the fort in the 16th Century.

CONCLUSIONS

Newitt notes that up to the arrival of the Portuguese, Sofala was the "gold trading port par excellence" and that the decline in the gold trade had as much to do with troubles inland than the arrival of the Portuguese.[29] Newitt notes that by the time the captaincy shifted to Mozambique Island in the mid-16th Century, Sofala became "an increasingly isolated outpost."[30] In his Ethiopia Oriental, João dos Santos records that hyenas dug up bodies in the graveyard, and an account of the town in 1634 said there were no soldiers and the captain lived alone in the fort.

In his conclusion, Axelson struggles to find a reason as to why the Portuguese persisted with Sofala. It brought them no profit, and he notes the production of gold from Sofala was "insignificant in the Portuguese economy" [31] and it did not appear to be going East for the purchase of spices silver was by far the preferred currency according to reports. While the purpose to of the Portuguese at Sofala was to enable the King to profit from the gold trade, documentary evidence was "sadly lacking".[32]

In fact, Axelson quotes Prof Magalhães Godinho as remarking that "virtually nothing" reached official channels in Lisbon from Sofala.[33] Axelson does note that it was unfortunate they arrived at a time when the Monomotapa Empire was disintegrating, but greed got the better of most. "Portuguese government policy towards the kings of the interior was enlightened and some officials were unselfish and patriotic; but many officials and most *casados* put their own interests far before those of the mother-country which they would probably never see again."[34]

Having travelled long land distances between Sofala, what has been identified as Luanze, what could possibly be Bocuto (in the Umfurudzi Safari Area on a trip with Henrik in September 2008), and having visited outposts on the Mina (Ghana), Malabar (India), Malacca (Malaysia), and Mombasa (Kenya), you can only have a deep respect for the early Portuguese braving the elements of this hostile continent. Axelson admires Antonio Fernandes too and in his conclusion, says he "must rank as one of the great African explorers."[35]

It is unfortunate that we don't have more information on Fernandes. What crime did he commit that saw he banished to Africa? Not only that, but how and where he died. Then again, maybe not, because imagination can fill in all the gaps. Did he not return from a trip, his luck finally having run out? Did reports come back of his death? Did he finally succumb to a tropical disease? Or did he die a relatively old man? I use the term "luck", because to not fall victim to some form of disease, hostile locals, or wild animal, would have been deep in the realm of luck at that time.

Was he a person who thrived on adventure or personal fortune? It would seem to be

[29] Newitt at 6.
[30] Ibid at 136.
[31] Ibid at 236.
[32] Ibid at 235.
[33] Ibid at 236.
[34] Ibid at 235.
[35] Ibid at 233.

very much the former. He would have been quick to get out of Sofala, an enduring thought I had during our brief visit. Clearly he seemed to be trusted by whoever was captain over the course of two decades and that shows gravitas. It appears he must have loved Africa and found it hard, whatever fortune he may have amassed, to return to Portugal, a land he left as a convict, later to be feted by kings in Africa. It would have become his domain, and he would have known that even returning to Portugal as a free and potentially rich man, he would still have found it hard to escape his past.

There is every chance there is more information, or references to documents now lost, and yet to be uncovered that is buried in the *Torres de Tombo* or slowly rotting one of the archives of one of the humid former Portuguese outposts. If he stayed in south-east Africa until his death, he would have no doubt gone on more great trips that may have been written down. No doubt along the way he met locals and heard stories, possibly about a "big waterfall over there", and it comes down to how curious he was to see it as opposed to taking up a trading opportunity.

A Career in the Department of Veterinary Services

by Richard Clatworthy

This is an account of my personal experiences in a variety of grades and locations in the Rhodesian and Zimbabwean Department of Veterinary Services. For background I need to define some of the main disease and parasitic challenges to livestock farming in the territory, but I could not presume to write a history of veterinary services in the country – my history is in general terms. Writing without access to official records and veterinary literature, I will not provide references.

My employment in the Department spanned from 1965 to 1983, starting with three years at the Research Laboratory in Salisbury (now Harare), with a spell of secondment to the Field Service in Mashonaland Province, then a period at Wankie (now Hwange), four years in Bulawayo, five years at Gwanda and four years as Provincial Veterinary Officer at Gwelo, which became Gweru while I was there. Place names will be given as they were at the time of events described.

At the end of the 19th century, prior to railway construction, transport was dependant on horses for riding and mules and oxen for pulling carts and wagons. Horses were susceptible to Horse-sickness caused by a midge-borne virus – if the horse recovered it had a degree of immunity and "salted" horses were especially valuable. Cattle were susceptible to numerous diseases, many transmitted by ticks, which also caused considerable harm by straight parasitism, so dipping of cattle – immersion in chemicals to kill the ticks while having minimal effect on the cattle – early became a necessary measure. Large tracts of Africa, including parts of the Limpopo, Sabi and Zambezi valleys, were infested by the Tsetse fly (*Glossina* species) which transmitted Trypanosome blood parasites, lethal to cattle and other species, imposing a near-complete ban on livestock farming. Draught oxen there would progressively fail, though in some instances a narrow "fly belt" could safely be crossed at night.

In 1896, some years after the incursion by white people, an outbreak of Rinderpest, a virus disease carried by antelope and causing high mortality in cattle, spread through the territory. This loss of cattle, exacerbated by attempts to create cattle-free zones by slaughtering cattle, was part of the cause of the first *chimurenga*. It brought the wagon transport industry virtually to a halt, and provided the spur to railway construction inland from Beira. A few years later cattle imported from East Africa brought with them the tick-borne protozoon *Theileria parva parva* causing the disease called East Coast Fever, which caused further havoc to wagon transport. To control this the government introduced legislation requiring the dipping of all cattle in an approved acaricide at defined intervals, and allowing the movement of cattle only under permit, the fore-runner of a host of legislation making Southern Rhodesia a closely-regulated country livestock-wise.

A near-ubiquitous cattle disease is Blackleg or Quarter Evil, a gas gangrene infection caused by a bacterium *Clostridium chauvoei* whose spores are widely present in soil. Protection is afforded by a vaccine and a laboratory was established in Salisbury to produce this vaccine as well as serving as a diagnostic and research centre. Another bacterium

Brucella abortus caused cows to abort their calves, and could be transmitted to humans as Undulant Fever – the laboratory distributed imported vaccine against this infection.

Bovine Tuberculosis was unfortunately introduced with imported cattle to a large ranching company in the south of the country and took a while to be eradicated. Quarantining of imports became established procedure.

Rabies, a viral disease of the nervous system affecting numerous species, including humans, for a long time of sporadic or negligible incidence, became more widespread, mainly in dogs, in the 1950s. Vaccine was imported and the vaccination of dogs became compulsory, leading in the early 1960s to a great reduction in incidence; in 1965 it was confined to a portion of the Eastern Districts. It was in this year that I joined the Department at the Laboratory as Diagnostic Officer and the examination of submitted brains for Rabies became my task, so this is an appropriate point to take up the personal narrative.

The two halves of a suspect brain were submitted in jars of formalin and glycerine solutions; from the former, portion sections were cut and stained and examined for the diagnostic "Negri body" inclusions which afforded a positive diagnosis. If negative, a suspension of the glycerinised portion, suitably treated, was injected into a group of mice; if Rabies virus was present it would kill them within a fortnight. Survival for 30 days (and most of them did survive) confirmed a negative result.

Over several months it became clear that the number of positive cases was increasing, with a shift in species incidence: whereas before it had been mainly confined to dogs, there was now an increasing number of jackal cases, with a corresponding increase in the number of infected cattle. From the Eastern Districts it spread to cause a severe outbreak in the Marandellas district. A jackal reduction exercise was carried out by the Department of National Parks and Wildlife Management and the outbreak abated, only for cases to appear in the south-west, tragically heralded by two human deaths. Here the Slender Mongoose, *Herpestes sanguineus,* was a frequent host. With the passage of time, positives were recorded in an increasing number of wildlife species.

An early special assignment was being sent with four calves and a couple of attendants to camp on the bank of the lower Lundi river, to see if the calves became infected with a mystery disease believed to have been present in the area – the circumstances are a bit complicated to explain but in short, they didn't. At the campsite was a hollow baobab tree, and if ever it falls down and anyone wonders why it is full of dumpy bottles and microscope slides, I have the explanation.

As stated, Quarter Evil, pretty ubiquitous in unprotected cattle, was controlled by a vaccine prepared at the laboratory. The causative bacillus, *Clostridium chauvoei,* was cultured in a medium containing bovine liver and brain, then killed by the addition of formalin; this soup, appropriately purified, constituted the vaccine. In my childhood my father used to vaccinate calves once, which appeared to confer lifelong immunity. During my veterinary education I had been taught that booster vaccinations in succeeding years were desirable, and this was the official advice put out.

During 1967–8 there were number of cases of nervous inco-ordination and paralysis occurring in cattle, developing a couple of weeks after such booster vaccinations – no problem was recorded in calves after primary vaccination. Rabies was excluded, and no other known condition fitted the bill. One viral infection was suspected, and testing for it involved me learning, unguided, the art of egg inoculation. After initial deaths through bacterial

contamination my eggs developed normally and hatched to healthy chicks, discounting that suggestion. The alternative possibility was an auto-immune reaction to the brain tissue used in the vaccine. We learned that Onderstepoort, the South African veterinary institute, used a medium of bovine muscle and liver, and we switched to that. No further cases developed – until one ranch, having run out of new vaccine, used some of the old that they still had and triggered a group of cases. However the laboratory had a practical problem: while mushing up brain was easy work, carving and shredding beef was far more laborious. Just then, however, a private company indicated a desire to take over the vaccine production and we were happy to let them do so. I suppose the laboratory could have been sued for the cattle losses but fortunately no farmer took action.

Throughout the outbreak it did appear that there were more cases in Brahman cattle than in the classic European breeds, a predisposition I would encounter again later.

During 1968 the Poultry Pathologist took long leave enabling me to gain experience with the daily submission of post mortem material from several poultry farms.

That winter produced severe frost – I was struck while out on an Allergic Encephalitis investigation by the severity of damage around Sinoia. Further frosts occurred later in the year. I remember a discussion that took place following a report of numerous hippos found dead in the Lundi River after frost in November. The rainy season that followed was a good one, after a few years of low rainfall, and dams filled.

Early in 1969 two problems appeared fairly widespread: a fatal haemorrhagic enteritis in cattle and heavy losses of lambs. Tests eventually revealed the presence of Rift Valley Fever virus, a mosquito-transmitted infection. Vaccine was obtained from South Africa. As had been recorded previously, humans are susceptible and several of us went down with it as a diphasic fever. In my case, I felt unwell over a weekend, worked through the week normally, but was prostrated over the next weekend and for a few days afterwards.

Securing long-horned cattle for injection of a Trypanosome-inhibiting drug

A cattle-handling race for Trypanosomiasis control in Binga District.

My experience was pretty typical. Unfortunately we had sent livers to Chemistry branch of Research and Specialist Services to test for arsenic, and we thereby infected some of them. At that time there had been one human death from Rift Valley Fever recorded, in a medically compromised person, and I do not think any of us were seriously affected. It came as something of a shock in later years to learn that in subsequent RVF outbreaks in East Africa there was significant human mortality.

Having completed my initial contract, I elected to stay in the Department but to transfer to the Field service. I took my family on a long holiday and while overseas learned that on return we would be stationed at Wankie. My wife was not best pleased at the prospect! I started there in September and mercifully the rains came early that year and we were spared the worst of the infamous heat (though I remember having to raid the fridge for ice to cool the "cold" bathwater issuing from pipes lying on the surface of rock outcrops, in the sun!).

There were few actual farms around Wankie – at the time a Commission was evaluating the best land use for the area. The Zambezi valley from below the Victoria Falls to Lake Kariba (and beyond, but not in my district) was Tsetse Fly infested, and tribal cattle were kept on a regime of a preventative drug against Trypsanosomiasis, to be injected quarterly. Unfortunately this drug, injected into the neck muscle, was rather irritant and led to hardening of the muscles, causing difficulty in grazing for the animal and presenting us with problems in finding fresh areas to get the needle into. Ethically this was undesirable, and fortunately successful clearance of the fly from the area has allowed discontinuance of its use.

To revert to veterinary history: Foot and Mouth Disease (FMD) was and is the classic dreaded animal disease in the Developed World. In southern Africa it generally caused little mortality but had to be rigorously controlled for the sake of international trade. Southern Rhodesia's initially successful exportation of live cattle for slaughter in Britain had to be curtailed due to outbreaks of FMD – instead a slaughterhouse and canning factory was set up at West Nicholson. FMD being caused by a virus which induced immunity, the control

method adopted in southern Africa was to define the limit of the outbreak, set up a patrolled cordon with cloven-hoofed stock being moved away from it, those in the infected area being concentrated together. Blister fluid, rich in virus, would be collected from cases and this fluid, diluted with a suitable proportion of water, was injected into all the cattle in the infected area. The presence of infection in the majority of these a week later confirmed successful "virusing" – a few weeks later the cattle would be recovered and immune, and confirmation of the absence of cases allowed controls to be lifted. Unfortunately there are several strains of FMD virus and successful control of one strain might be shortly followed by a fresh outbreak of another, requiring the process to be repeated. At the time of my leaving the Department virusing had been superseded by the use of effective vaccines, not previously available.

Along the Zambezi west of Victoria Falls there were three ranches, the third occupying the corner at Kazungula. We knew there was FMD in western Zambia, and it was discovered on the Kazungula ranch. In the event I was not called on to do much – a team from outside moved in and took control, and I only paid a couple of visits to the site.

In early 1970 cattle started dying at Sidobe, a marshy area near Victoria Falls. I post-mortemed one and found in its stomach a heaving mass of the blood-sucking nematode Wireworm, *Haemonchus contortus*. I arranged for a supply of Phenothiazine, the drug of choice at that time.

Events elsewhere now engulfed me. The previous year a regional veterinary laboratory had been set up at the Bulawayo office with a Veterinary Officer in charge of it. He then found that this switch of status had effectively blocked his promotion prospects. Consequently he resigned in high dudgeon (and went on to do well elsewhere). They now needed a new person to run this laboratory, and guess who was the obvious candidate?! I was just developing my contacts with the Wildlife staff at the nearby Wankie Game Reserve and was not keen, but was told it would be no use arguing. So it turned out to be, and having sweltered through the summer at Wankie, my family and I found ourselves on the highveld in the middle of winter! To add to my discomfiture, I learned that Trypanosomiasis had been diagnosed in the Sidobe cattle, well removed from the nearest known Tsetse fly area. It was under the flight-path to Victoria Falls airport and it was speculated that the fly might have hitched a lift in aircraft. I was embarrassed to have missed the diagnosis.

At Bulawayo a local poultry farm delivered its daily mortality for post mortem, reminiscent of my Salisbury days, and a chinchilla operation did likewise. With a capable Laboratory Technician, we diagnosed numerous infections in these. Chinchillas had been introduced to Rhodesia as a diversification enterprise, with a supposed good market for the pelts. To draw an analogy: the price for milk may be disastrous but so long as dairy farmers can convince others that it is profitable, they can get by on the sale of breeding stock. This was the situation in the Rhodesian chinchilla industry until its eventual collapse. Later that producer gave it up as a business, keeping a few animals as a hobby – and they remained in perfect health!

I managed to get out a fair bit – a farm west of the Matopos had a mystery cattle disease which we never convincingly diagnosed but I am convinced it was plant poisoning, probably by succulents such as *Kalanchoe*. With good rains later in the year it cleared up spontaneously.

Rabies had persisted in the mongoose population around Bulawayo, and now we were

getting many cases in jackals, and consequently cattle, to the west and south of the city. Then Newcastle Disease, a viral infection, appeared in local poultry, generally controlled by administration of a vaccine in drinking water.

In 1971 a veterinarian who had served under the Federal government and who had subsequently worked elsewhere returned to the Department and relieved me of my Laboratory post so I was now a Field officer again. Travelling to Filabusi, Fort Rixon, Turk Mine, Tjolotjo, Nyamandhlovu, Plumtree and Kezi made for an interesting and varied life.

In 1972 we knew that Fort Victoria office was dealing with FMD (type SAT II) in the south-eastern corner of the country, and soon it appeared in the south-eastern corner of our Province, the angle between the Bubye and Limpopo rivers. I and other Bulawayo officers were sent down there, setting up headquarters at an irrigation complex at Chikwarakwara. As Fort Victoria had plenty on their plate, it was agreed that we would take over the operation across the Bubye, in Sengwe Tribal Trust Land (TTL). We had already virused the Chikwarakwara cattle with blister fluid collected locally. Fort Victoria staff provided us with fluid that they had collected and with this we virused all the Sengwe cattle. Inspections the following week showed universal infection, just what we wanted, and I returned to Bulawayo leaving routine supervision to other staff.

A month later we were shocked out of complacency by the discovery of fresh cases of FMD at Chikwarakwara, typed as SAT I. We would just have to do the exercise over again. We rather battled to get fluid, not finding many large blisters, and had to use a rather extreme dilution for virusing, doing both Chikwarakwara and all the Sengwe cattle again.

A week later I inspected the Chikwarakwara cattle and found a satisfactory incidence of infection, though not as good as last time. The following day we went into Sengwe and at the first dip I found one infected animal – at the next not even that!

My boss, Dr Jimmy Thomson, was due at the camp that evening and I wondered what I could tell him. Over the next couple of days we inspected cattle together and took blood samples for antibody determination. The result, in short, was that all samples had antibodies to both SAT I and SAT II.

Clearly both types had been present in Sengwe from the start, but only SAT II had reached Chikwarakwara at the time of initial virus collection. With our locally collected fluid we had infected them with SAT II only, then with the fluid handed to us by Victoria Province staff we had unwittingly infected the Sengwe cattle with both strains simultaneously, so they were already immune to both at the second virusing. Anyway that was that, for the time being.

One amusing diversion during that exercise: one of my Onderstepoort classmates was now the State Veterinarian for the Venda area across the Limpopo, and I arranged to meet him. Accompanied by a Senior Animal Health Inspector, one Chris Steyn, I walked across the nearly dry river-bed to a camp on the South African side, and was met by Claude with a companion. "Hello, Clat, may I introduce my Senior Stock Inspector, Mr. Steyn". We had a good laugh.

The Chikwarakwara area abounded with game. An elephant had become a regular crop-raider in the irrigated crops so an Animal Health Inspector was pleased to be authorised to shoot it. The meat was divided among the locals, to their great pleasure. One afternoon I was walking with a Field Orderly in the bush when I became aware of a buffalo grazing, facing away from us, about 15 yards away (in trying to reconstruct the distance I would

estimate the width of a road, and not a Bulawayo street!). I became aware of the soft voice of the F. O. behind me and whispered over my shoulder "Keep walking". I believe the buffalo never noticed.

One day I was driving a government Land Rover truck, with Jimmy Thomson in the passenger seat and a team of staff in the open back. I spotted a snake at the left edge of the road so moved across to the right. As we got nearer the snake appeared bigger and as we drew level I saw it was a mamba, reared up to windscreen height, looking about to try and identify the source of the vibration. We passed it before it could react, and I was glad I was not one of the people who try to run over snakes on principle!

In 1973, with Dr. Thomson on holiday, I was the senior veterinary officer at Bulawayo when a group of cattle, purchased in the Tjolotjo tribal area and on route to Cold Storage Commission holding ranches, were held overnight at the lairage of the Bulawayo abattoir, and the next morning some were dead. Blood smears revealed the presence of Anthrax, a bacterial disease caused by *Bacillus anthracis,* an organism capable of forming spores which can survive in soil for years and cause illness and death in numerous species including humans. Cattle are very susceptible, succumbing rapidly to overwhelming septicaemia. Enquiries revealed deaths in the originating area, and a team of us went out to vaccinate cattle against the disease. We also had to disseminate the message that people should not eat the meat of cattle that died. At one meeting a Senior Animal Health Inspector was mocked by one man who said he had eaten plenty of such meat and he was fine. The following evening word was received that this man had been admitted to hospital and had died of intestinal Anthrax.

We vaccinated the cattle, with a couple of instances of a beast emerging from the race and dropping dead soon afterwards, and within a week deaths declined and ceased. Previously sporadic cases had occurred around the country, with no particular defined hot-spot. In view of subsequent events and allegations it is important to record that Anthrax was present in western Matabeleland prior to 1979.

Many years previously Liebigs' Ranch had imported pedigree cattle of which some were infected with bovine Tuberculosis; this had spread throughout the ranch and eradication became a major exercise, with a team of veterinary officers from all over the country coming in for a fortnight each winter to carry out the standard tuberculin test, which involved injecting cattle in the skin of the neck with an extract from cultures of *Mycobacterium tuberculasis* and *M. bovis,* and checking for swelling at the site three days later. As *M . avium,* fairly common in birds, could give a false positive, a simultaneous injection of avian tuberculin was also given, and the mammalian swelling had to exceed the avian one for the result to be positive. Over several years the incidence of TB had been greatly reduced, and in 1973 and 1974 I went down on my own to test a couple of sections, discovering a few reactors which did not reveal tubercular lesions at slaughter.

In mid-1974 there was a round of transfers and I, now graded Senior Government Veterinary Officer, was assigned to Gwanda and we moved there in September. At that time the rail link between Beitbridge and Rutenga had just been built, and a kopje near Beitbridge had been quarried for ballast. The rains came early that year, and a pool formed in the bottom of the quarry, and cattle drinking at it died. Tests on stomach contents and the water showed the presence of nitrate, from explosives residues. The cattle were removed and the kopje was fenced off.

Liebigs' Ranch now came within my fiefdom, so for the next few years I organised the annual tuberculin test, with some outside veterinary officers coming in. Suffice it to say that in 1977 there was a solitary reactor, no visible lesions, and the ranch was declared free of infection, though occasional cases were found at slaughter of cattle from the neighbouring tribal area. Parts of Liebigs' Ranch were also vaccinated annually with a new vaccine against FMD (type SAT II, the most common strain), this also being a fortnight-long exercise with outside help. The vaccine had to be refrigerated right up to injection, administered by a self-refilling syringe connected by a flexible tube to a bottle of vaccine in an ice-filled billy-can or paint tin.

Rabies persisted in jackals, and some other wildlife species, with a significant number of cattle cases. It did seem to me that a greater proportion of Brahman cattle than other breeds became infected. Numerous jackals were poisoned by ranchers and the outbreak subsided. However I believe there was a long-term sequel:

In subsequent years I encountered a number of hind leg swellings in cattle, caused by a large abscess behind the knee (stifle). I believe these originated in the popliteal lymph node behind the joint, trapping infection introduced by the Heel Tick, *Rhipicephalus simus,* which had become unusually common in cattle. A common host for this tick is the wart-hog, which had in turn become exceptionally numerous in the area. I believe this was due to reduced predation of warthog piglets caused by the reduction in jackal numbers.

Cattle abortions from Brucellosis ("Contagious Abortion") had generally been controlled by vaccination on ranches but still occurred in tribal areas. Blood testing showed a high incidence of positives in the Shashi TTL, alongside the Botswana border, and I resolved to do something about it but events forestalled me.

Late in 1975 FMD again appeared in Sengwe, threatening our south-eastern corner. We had in the meantime built a fence from the boundary of a ranch on the Bubye river across to the Limpopo, cutting off Chikwarakwara and another dip area. Initially it appeared that infection had not crossed the Bubye but in early 1976 it did and we had to virus cattle. Our fence greatly aided the control program and only one strain was involved.

In mid-1976 there were reports of pig mortality in TTLs straddling the Umzingwane river, midway between Gwanda and Beitbridge. On a visit I found reports of pig deaths but none current. A representative situation was three apparently healthy sows where a fortnight ago three others had died suddenly. A tribesman gave me the spleen of a pig he had just killed for meat, which I sent to the laboratory. A few days later an Animal Health Inspector returned from the area with two dead young pigs which showed haemorrhagic lesions – specimens were sent off. Within a few days we received a report that both lots were positive for African Swine Fever, a virus disease calling for a slaughter out policy. At a meeting of tribespeople to explain this, stating that compensation would be paid, there was universal acceptance except for one objector who, it turned out, did not keep pigs but transported them to the abattoir.

Accordingly the next Monday a party of us set off for Siyoka. The compensation money had not come through but my Bank manager was happy to arrange a personal overdraft at a low interest rate. With the boundaries of the apparently infected area defined, we set about shooting pigs and burning the carcasses. I learned that once the fire is going, pig carcasses will sustain combustion without the need for additional fuel. Then came a report of several pig deaths at a village some way outside the defined area. The boundary had to

be extended to take in the area, with payment of compensation for many slaughtered pigs. Then we learned that the pigs which started the scare had been struck by lightning, but the locals were happy to use the pretext to turn their pigs into cash.

Following the exercise there were no more cases until early the following year, when cases occurred after a spell of heavy rain which brought the Umzingwane down in flood. It was believed that drowned warthogs, the natural carrier of ASF, had been washed up in backwaters where pigs gained access to them. The pattern of deaths showed that transmission was almost exclusively through eating meat or tissues of pigs dead of the disease; in a village a number of deaths would occur together but the rest of the piggery would survive, indicating little lateral transmission. In the meantime pigs would die in another village to which meat from the infected village had been taken, with pigs getting access to scraps. Again slaughter with compensation achieved control.

1977 was, as stated, the year of eradication of bovine tuberculosis from Liebigs' Ranch, but working conditions became more hazardous, with a fresh threat of FMD from the east. By early 1978 the South African government was worried about the possibility of spread across the Limpopo and requested a survey of cattle concentrations along the Limpopo east of Beitbridge. Accordingly arrangements were made for my Senior Animal Health Inspector and myself to fly along the strip in an aircraft provided by the Department of Internal Affairs. We flew from Beitbridge in a high-wing Cessna piloted by a lad named Chris Brittlebank, and I found it fascinating to view the territory from the air. There were only a scattering of cattle near the river. I subsequently made several flights with Chris and other pilots, including an aircraft owner in Gwanda – for several places in the southwest the flying charge was no more than the mileage rate going round by Beitbridge.

During the year Jimmy Thomson, my immediate boss, was promoted to an Assistant Director post and the new Provincial Veterinary Officer at Bulawayo was a school contemporary of mine, John Owen Kelvin (Jok) Rodger. We had started at Natal University together, he had completed his Agricultural degree while I went to Onderstepoort, he then studied at Edinburgh where I visited him after graduating; he had joined the Rhodesian Veterinary service on graduating while I spent some years in practice in England.

At Beitbridge the Department held a block of land as a quarantine station, though very few cattle had had occasion to use it. Late in the year, with cattle sales in the TTLs suspended for security reasons, it was decided to hold a cattle sale at the quarantine station, for cattle from the nearby area, considered free of FMD (we were not in a position to carry out inspections in the TTL). It was a cause of great embarrassment to find a case of FMD in the assembled cattle. On reflection, any announcement of a forthcoming sale constituted an invitation to move cattle into the eligible area from further afield. Anyway, with the cattle already confined and no other cattle in the vicinity, virusing and control was uncomplicated but it called for the provision of feed by the Cold Storage Commission (CSC) for over a month before the cattle, having been purchased by the CSC, could be removed for slaughter.

We carried out inspections of cattle in the neighbouring Mtetengwe TTL and in order to ensure full cover I cattle-spotted from the air, again with Chris Brittlebank, notifying the ground team by radio of hidden groups of cattle. On the second day there was a call to evacuate an injured person from an administrative base out to the east and, as we were already in the air, we diverted there and picked up the casualty.

During early 1979 we were busy vaccinating Liebigs Ranch and other ranches between West Nicholson and Beitbridge with FMD vaccine made by a reputable British company, using all the cold-chain precautions. However it was not long before a case was found on Liebigs, typed as SAT II. A virusing exercise was carried out, but in the meantime FMD was found on other ranches nearby, and a few weeks later fresh infection, SAT I, was found in the Liebigs cattle. Civil conditions made any form of cordon operation impossible and we could only hope that the West Nicholson-Beitbridge main road would act as a barrier. However we found cases in ranches to the west of it, and it was recognised how the warthog population, normally so evident along the road, had disappeared. (Later they returned). It seemed that we might just as well have been injecting water, and I was thoroughly disenchanted with the principle of vaccination against FMD.

It was now August 1979 and school holidays, and I was taking the family down to the Natal coast. The Merieux company (French) had just commenced production of FMD vaccine at their new plant in Botswana, we had just received our first stocks (SAT I and II), and I left my staff using it on ranches west of Beitbridge. When I returned a couple of weeks later I was amazed to discover that the new vaccine had demonstrated its power to stop an outbreak in its tracks – new cases ceased occurring a few days after vaccination. We were quickly able to protect all the ranches in the Gwanda district, but the tribal areas remained inaccessible and the position therein unknown.

I knew that early in 1980 the Assistant Director was due for retirement and that this would lead to a round of promotions and transfers, and that I could be in line for a Provincial Veterinary Officer post. It was rather a shock to learn at the beginning of January of the tragic death of the PVO for Midlands Province at Gwelo. I was interviewed for and appointed to the post and we left Gwanda in February 1980. As PVO I was now equal in rank to Jok Rodger, and Jimmy Thomson became Assistant Director (Field) so he was my boss again!

Midlands Province had the same sort of problems as the south-west with interesting ramifications. FMD had affected the general farming area and been countered by virusing, but whereas ranch and tribal cattle generally recovered without noticeable ill effect, dairy cattle suffered sequelae in the form of ongoing lameness, mastitis and infertility – or so it was claimed and I was in no position to gainsay it. With the advent of the Merieux vaccine, the remaining farming area and tribal areas in the east had been vaccinated. We were only now able to check the tribal areas west of the main railway line, which did not reveal any FMD but were vaccinated anyway.

During 1979 Anthrax cases had started to occur in western Matabeleland, spreading through the province but not reaching Gwanda. There was however a significant incidence in Midlands province, with a worrying human mortality from eating infected meat. Therefore Anthrax vaccination in tribal areas was a priority, coupled with the vaccination of dogs against Rabies, which had lapsed during the years of insurgency. Again I came to an area where Rabies in jackals, cattle and assorted forms of wildlife was spreading, calling for a jackal poisoning programme.

By the middle of 1980 we were ready to tackle a major project in the Belingwe (later Mberengwa) Communal Land, stretching across the southern foot of the province (which incidentally was *jongwe*-shaped, with the cockerel's foot at Belingwe/Shabani, a tail stretching toward the Sabi river and a head towards Gokwe). This southern territory had for some time been inaccessible to administration and the disease status was unknown. The planned

exercise involved virusing all cattle with both SAT I and II strains of FMD, vaccinating cattle against Anthrax and dogs against Rabies. The FMD virus was being prepared by tissue culture in the Laboratory (where I had once worked), not involving blister fluid which was not "naturally" available anyway.

The exercise went ahead – I did not have direct participation other than re-supply transport. However at the inspections a week after virusing no FMD lesions were seen. Was the cultured virus non-viable or were the cattle already immune? Antibody tests would be necessary and I set out on a trip. Initially I called at an area to the east of the Communal Land where FMD was known to have occurred the previous year, to bleed cattle to establish antibody levels for comparative purposes. Then we entered the Communal Land and found ourselves in a hidden valley between two granite ridges, and the cattle we caught had nice FMD blisters – so we knew the virus had been viable. Blood collected from cattle over a fairly wide area was universally positive for FMD antibodies indicating the near-ubiquitous natural infection that had occurred.

That was my last personal experience of FMD in Zimbabwe. Rabies incidence dropped though Anthrax deaths kept occurring in new locations. An Accreditation scheme for freedom from Brucellosis (Contagious Abortion) in cattle, based on blood tests, was established and became popular with commercial farmers (I often wondered what was going on in the Shashi area). In fact life became fairly routine. With few other veterinarians in the area, largely occupied with small animal and horse practice, I got in a fair amount of farm animal private work (in Wankie and Gwanda I had had the companion animal work, in Bulawayo the veterinary officers had done farm animal work as a partnership. My GVO in Gwelo/Gweru, Louis van Rooyen, had his own client base and I let him look after them).

With reduced rainfall in 1982 grazing became sparser and hungry cattle took to ingesting bone fragments lying about in the veld. These bones, from decaying carcasses of wild and domestic animal species, often contained a potent bacterial toxin produced by *Clostridium botulinum,* causing muscular paralysis, usually fatal. Botulism can also occur in humans by a different route – the toxin is not passed in fresh meat. Control was by a vaccine, produced at Onderstepoort, supplemented by mineral supplementation to curb the depraved appetite. Again it appeared to me that Brahman cattle were more susceptible, as with Rabies and the vaccine-induced Allergic Encephalitis, and I noticed in a veterinary publication that a colleague in Namibia claimed similar experience.

On one occasion an officer from Head Office visited Gweru and when I took him to Thornhill airport to put him on the plane to Harare the crew of the Viscount came into the terminal and the co-pilot was my former bush pilot Chris Brittlebank. Chris went on to be a Captain for Air Zimbabwe.

As stated, Anthrax was slow to disappear even with widespread vaccination. There was an outbreak in sheep on a farm at Chivhu (formerly Enkeldoorn), ironically belonging to the Minister of Health! However there was to be a more dramatic incident.

Outside Gweru a farm had been converted to a game park/zoo, with antelope running in the open grass-and-woodland and carnivores kept in pens at the centre. Natural deaths in farm stock, as well as animals slaughtered for the purpose, were acquired and butchered to feed the carnivores. One day a dairy cow which had died suddenly was brought in, and the people who opened the carcass did not know to attach significance to the greatly enlarged spleen. A few days later Louis van Rooyen was called to the property where some carnivores had

died and others were ill. Some of the spleen was still present and microscopic examination confirmed Anthrax. Antibiotic treatment was instituted where practicable – I was invited to attend a lion in an enclosure, with no handling facility – I took crystalline penicillin which I was prepared to inject if he was comatose, but he was very conscious! He had a massively swollen lower lip – in a couple of days that subsided and he accepted some meat laced with antibiotic capsules. In summary, leopards and servals all died, lions fell ill but recovered, hyaenas and jackals seemed unaffected. The farm of origin got their stock vaccinated against Anthrax, as did any of their neighbours who had not already done so.

The years immediately following Independence had enjoyed good rains and crops, political harmony, and promise for the future. However succeeding years brought a drought and instability and things began to look pear-shaped. With my English-born wife wishing to return to Britain I felt that a change in career was indicated and left the Zimbabwe Department of Veterinary Services at the end of 1983 and worked out the remainder of my career with the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food in England, retiring in 2000.

Every veterinarian has some James Herriot-style stories to tell – I have a few, but most against myself. At Tod's Hotel, between Gwanda and Beitbridge, lived a "tamed" giraffe named Shortie (obviously!) who some years ago had got a foreleg tapped in a cattle grid – I presume he must have extricated it himself, any human assistance would have entailed great risk – and had been immobilised near the hotel, being fed and habituated to human proximity. Given the chance, he liked to lick sweaty skin, but his saliva left a smell. One day I was imprudent enough to bend down to palpate the mass of scar tissue on the coronet of the hoof, and found myself staggering backward with a feeling that my face was out of shape (no real damage) – Shortie had lifted his leg sharply at what I suppose would have felt like fly irritation. It does allow me to start, or stop, a conversation with "When I was kicked by a giraffe …" but I know it is phony – any human kicked in anger by a giraffe does not survive to tell the tale.

Shortie was joined by a female giraffe, named Dianne (don't ask me why), and shortly after I arrived at Gwanda they had a calf, which I saw when passing through. However after a couple of weeks the calf sustained a fractured humerus – quite unamenable to a plaster cast and I had to confess inability to help, so they put it down. Shortie and Dianne went on to have another calf which survived for as long as I was at Gwanda.

A rancher near Beitbridge had a pet monkey which got its forearm caught in a snare, and the hand and arm beyond the constriction went gangrenous and sloughed, leaving the bones protruding. The technique for dealing with a monkey is not for anyone to hold it, but to induce the monkey to hold onto the handler. The vet can then grasp a foot and pull the leg out straight, revealing a prominent vein running up the back of the calf, eminently suited for administering anaesthetic into. With the monkey unconscious, completion of the amputation was straightforward.

During my last Easter in Bulawayo, with the private vets away, I received a call to attend a horse that had got caught in barbed wire. I found a skin laceration starting on the front of the thigh, extending round the inner surface and up behind to just below the anus. While I was planning my procedure a woman standing nearby exclaimed "God, she is in a mess!" and one word jumped out of the sentence at me: *she*. Examining the wound more closely I realised that it divided and two separate tears ran each side of the vulva, which had retracted inwards. Without the tip-off I wonder if I would have simply sutured the two

obvious edges together, with consequent urine seepage and a mess. It was a rather tedious, if straightforward, job of infiltrating local anaesthetic and suturing, with the associated tetanus protection. The following week I was away on a field job and I never determined the subsequent progress.

One fairly common, if surprising, procedure carried out by cattle vets in subtropical conditions is circumcising bulls – Brahmans and such breeds have loose skin and a pendulous sheath with a tendency to prolapse, exposing its delicate inner surface to laceration and penetration by grass seeds, etc. The resulting infection leads to a weeping, purulent, swollen mass trailing on or near the ground. Excision calls for a zig-zag incision to create an opening larger than normal, in the knowledge that it will contract somewhat – a "normal" opening will become constricting. At my first attempt, at Wankie, I removed too much tissue, leaving the *glans penis* exposed – the rancher suspended a Bank money bag, made of cloth in those days, by ties around the animal, and eventually he returned to normal and subsequently got calves. With subsequent cases I achieved success but with some odd cosmetic appearances. In my final year I did one on a farm near Chivhu which I thought I had got just right. Then I heard that the bull had died and a colleague at Beatrice had done a post mortem and had established that the bull had suffered septic infection around the heart from penetration of the stomach wall by a piece of (swallowed) wire. This is a commonly recognised happening in cattle, and many cattle live normal lives with assorted pieces of metal, blunt and sharp, in their stomachs, until some mischance causes penetration. It was galling to me to recognise that the intra-abdominal pressure associated with enforced recumbency during the operation may well have precipitated this bull's demise.

During my time at Gwelo/Gweru I was called to the Wha Wha Prison farm – a sow had farrowed and there were, according to the message received, two piglets left inside her. I went to the farm, with the attendant passage through prison security, and was escorted to the piggery. The sow was contentedly lying suckling her ten piglets. Internal examination showed her uterus to be empty and undamaged. I asked the Prison Officer in charge of the farm why he had thought there were two piglets left inside and he replied "Well, she's got twelve teats"! At the time I was partly annoyed, partly amused, only later did I come to realise a probable explanation: no doubt the Officer has drawn the short straw of running the farm, without experience or aptitude, and had been happy to rely on the guidance of more knowledgeable convicts, one of whom had probably seen and seized the opportunity for a practical joke.

Looking back on my career I feel I can claim a fair degree of success, though I made mistakes which I am not telling about. I am sure however that my colleagues will agree that life in the Department of Veterinary Services provided a rich variety of official duties and clinical cases in a variety of animal species, with a sense of pride in being part of an efficient and respected organisation.

Zimbabwean Second World War VC Connections

by R. J. Challiss

This article concentrates on six Second World War VC winners closely associated with colonial Zimbabwe. In three instances, significant numbers of the fellow combatants of the winners came from the Central African territory and in the three other instances the winners were to become closely connected with the territory after the war. The need to restrict this article to a reasonable length has precluded a broader study of VC connections with Zimbabwe and neighbouring Central African territories. This broader context has been considered to a large extent in articles published by the author in the Journal of the Medal Society of Zimbabwe *(Challiss,* passim*).*

Consideration must be given first to two men, Lance-Corporal Harry Nicholls and Captain Eric Wilson, who earned their awards early in the Second World War and who both performed the remarkable feat of surviving to wear posthumously awarded VCs.

Born in Nottingham on 21 April 1915, the son of Florence Leach and John Nicholls, Harry Nicholls was educated at Bosworth Road School in Nottingham and joined the Grenadier Guards in 1936 (Buzzell, 240). He married Constance Caroll in 1937 and they had one daughter (*Who Was Who Vol. VII*, 581). Keen on "most sports", notably football, cricket, tennis, riding and swimming, Harry Nicholls excelled as a boxer. He won the Imperial Services Boxing Association Heavyweight Amateur Championship title in 1938, amongst other trophies, and represented the British Army against Denmark in 1937 (ibid.). His VC, won near the River Escaut in Belgium, was gazetted on 30 July 1940:

Lance-Corporal Harry Nicholls VC
(*The Register of the Victoria Cross*)

> On 21st May, 1940, Lance-Corporal Nicholls was commanding a section in the right-forward platoon of his company when the company was ordered to counter-attack. At the very start of the advance he was wounded in the arm by shrapnel, but continued to lead his section forward; as the company came over a small ridge, the enemy opened heavy machine-gun fire at close range.
>
> Lance-Corporal Nicholls, realizing the danger to the company, immediately seized a bren gun and dashed forward towards the machine guns, firing from the hip. He succeeded in silencing first one machine gun and then two other machine guns, in spite of being again severely wounded.
>
> Lance-Corporal Nicholls then went on up to a higher piece of ground and

engaged the German infantry massed behind, causing many casualties, and continuing to fire until he had no more ammunition left.

He was wounded at least four times in all, but absolutely refused to give in. There is no doubt that his gallant action was instrumental in enabling his company to reach its objective, and in causing the enemy to fall back across the River Scheldt.

Lance-Corporal Nicholls has been reported to have been killed in action. (*The V.C. The Stories*, 86–7)

Nicholls was officially declared to be "Missing, believed killed" (Turner, 11) and his wife was invited to Buckingham Palace to be presented with his V.C. by His Majesty King George V1 on 6 August 1940 (Arthur, 388). When Harry Nicholls' German captors heard of his award they formally presented him with a VC ribbon when he was a prisoner-of-war in Poland (Buzzell, 240). After the war Harry Nicholls was personally decorated by His Majesty at Buckingham Palace on 22 June 1945 (Arthur, 388). The Nicholls then emigrated to Southern Rhodesia where Harry became Head Messenger in the Standard Bank, Manica Road, Salisbury (*Who's Who 1958*, 2227). Accompanied by his wife, who spent the evenings knitting, Harry Nicholls was a regular at the Dolphin Bar in Manica Road. "Ride him cowboy!" he commented once as a drinking companion fell over backwards in his chair. (Gratwick) His first marriage was dissolved in 1971, and he married Grace in the same year (*Who's Who 1958*, 2227), He died in Leeds, in Yorkshire, on 11 September 1975 and was buried in the Southern Cemetery in Nottingham (Buzzell, 240). His citation was printed in the 1956 Victoria Cross Centenary Celebrations brochure on the stories of selected winners of the award (*The V.C. The Stories*, 86–7) and one of the items in the exhibition in Marlborough House, London, was a drawing of him by Tresilix, which was loaned by the Grenadier Guards (*The V.C. Exhibition*, Exhibit No. 530). Apparently, Harry Nicholls himself was unable to attend the VC Centenary celebrations, for his name is absent from the list of holders on parade. He eventually returned to live in England where he regularly attended VC/GC Society functions, even though he was confined to a wheelchair (Arthur, 388).

A self-styled Harare "Street Lawyer" and (it hardly needs to be said) an admirer of novels by John Grisham, informed the author of this article that as a boy he had attended the Selborne-Routledge Junior School in what was then Salisbury, where one of the sports that he enjoyed was boxing. During a visit to England with his parents he was taken to Madame Tussaud's museum in London where it astonished him to see a waxwork image of his school boxing coach, Harry Nicholls (Stevenson).

Eric Charles Twelves Wilson was born in Sandown, Isle of Wight, on 2 October 1912, the son of the Reverend C. C. C. Wilson, and was educated at Marlborough College (*Who's Who 1958*, 3280). As a boy he was inspired with a special interest in Africa by stories told by his grandfather who founded the Church Missionary Society Mission in Buganda in 1876 (Young, 25). Further curiosity was aroused at Marlborough by a memorial to Richard Corfield, with engravings on it of camelry and cavalry and the names of 36 Somalis who were killed with him on 9 August 1913 while fighting the Mullah (ibid.).

Eric Wilson went to the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and in 1933 was commissioned in the East Surrey Regiment. In 1937 he volunteered to serve in the King's African Rifles and in 1939 he was seconded to the Somaliland Camel Corps (Young, 26).

When the Italians attacked British Somaliland in 1940, "the hastily recruited garrison of the colony consisted of the Camel Corps, the first East African Light Battery and five battalions of the Black Watch, two battalions of the Punjabis from the 2nd and 15th Regiments, the first Northern Rhodesia Regiment and the second K. A. R." (Birkby, 37). Numbering about 6000 soldiers in all, the British forces were hugely outnumbered and outgunned by the Italians, but their spirited resistance at the Tug Argan Gap between 11 and 16 August 1940 undoubtedly inhibited Italian intentions to make further incursions into British territory in Africa. In his book *The War History of Southern Rhodesia*, J. F. Macdonald recorded that

A/Captain (later Lieutenant Colonel) Eric Charles Twelves Wilson VC (*The Register of the Victoria Cross*)

> in the six days of fighting the British casualties were amazingly light. Of the whole force, only forty were killed, seventy-five wounded, and nineteen missing. British Somaliland had fallen, but the enemy had paid a heavy price; it has been estimated that he suffered at least a thousand, possibly fifteen hundred casualties (Macdonald, 87).

Amongst those decorated was a Southern Rhodesian, Lieutenant R. J. D. Desfountain (ibid., 82) and a Northern Rhodesian, Second-Lieutenant A. G. Molison, who were awarded Military Crosses. (Birkby, 40) Eric Wilson's VC citation was gazetted on 14 October 1940:

> For most conspicuous gallantry on active service in Somaliland. Captain Wilson was in command of machine-gun post manned by Somali soldiers in the key position of Observation Hill, a defended post in the defensive organization of the Tug Argan Gap in British Somaliland.
>
> The enemy attacked Observation Hill on 11 August 1940. Captain Wilson and Somali gunners under his command beat off the attack and opened fire on the enemy troops attacking Mill Hill, another post within his range. He inflicted such heavy casualties that the enemy, determined to put his guns out of action, brought up a pack battery to within seven hundred yards, and scored direct hits through the loopholes of his defences, which, bursting within the post, wounded Captain Wilson severely in the right shoulder and the left eye, several of his team being also wounded. His guns were blown off their stands but he repaired and replaced them and, regardless of his wounds, carried on, whilst his Somali sergeant [Eric Wilson later recalled that this was Corporal Omer Kujog] was killed beside him.
>
> On 12 and 14 August, the enemy again concentrated field artillery fire on Captain Wilson's guns, but he continued, with his wounds untended to man them. On 15 August two of his machine-gun posts were blown to pieces, yet Captain Wilson, now suffering from malaria in addition to wounds still kept his own post in action.

> The enemy finally over- ran the post at 5pm on 15 August when Captain Wilson, fighting to the last was killed (*The VC The Stories*, 87–8).

In fact, the Captain had only been knocked out and he was captured by the Italians shortly after regaining consciousness. His pet terrier Vicky suffered the same fate as his other comrades at the machine-gun posts (Ashcroft, 15).

Shortly before this action had ended, Captain D. C. McCreath had "stuck to his observation post to the last" and like Wilson "he was also found to be a prisoner-of-war" (Birkby, 42). Upon his release he was awarded an MC. During his detention in the prisoner-of-war camp in Adi Ugri in Eritrea, Eric Wilson learned of his VC award from a more recent captive, but it was only after his captors had fled before advancing British forces and he was released when he discovered that it was posthumous.

> This troubled him, and he wrote to the recommending officer Colonel [Arthur] Chater [DSO], to say that the only way he could make sense of the award was to see it as recognizing the action of all those in the gun position. His Colonel replied "Of course. It is for all of you." That was the end of the matter (Young, 26).

When he had recovered from malaria, treatment for which had begun during his imprisonment, Captain Wilson served with the Long Range Desert Group from May 1941 until June 1942 (*Who's Who 1958*, 3280) when, as adjutant, he contributed "greatly to the efficiency of the group through his extensive knowledge of desert conditions" (Young, 26). He then returned to England, and in l943 married Ann, the daughter of Major Humphrey Pleydell-Bouverie, MBE. He had two sons with Ann before they were divorced in l953 (ibid.) In the same year he married Angela Joy, daughter of Lt.-Col. J. McK. Gordon, MC. (*Who's Who 1958*, 3280) with whom he had a third son (Ashcroft, 15).

After joining the 11th King's African Rifles in Burma in 1944, Wilson contracted scrub typhus at Dimapur, which detained him in a hospital for two months (Young, 26). Unfit for further active service, he commanded the Infantry Training Centre at Jinja in Uganda until the war ended. In 1946 he was seconded to the Northern Rhodesia Regiment and he retired from the army in 1949 with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. Colonel Wilson "served with distinction as an Administrative Officer" in Tanganyika until 1961 "when political changes in Africa forced his return to Britain" (ibid.).

The Colonel marched in the VC Centenary Parade in Hyde Park in 1956 (*VC Centenary Review of Holders*, correction slip) when his portrait by Henry Lamb, loaned by the Trustees of the Imperial War Museum, was exhibited in the Victoria Cross Centenary Exhibition in Marlborough House, London (*The V.C. Exhibition*, Exhibit No. 533). After his permanent return to Britain in 1961 Colonel Wilson worked for the Goodenough Trust for Overseas Graduates and for many years he retained his interest in Africa as a prominent member of the Anglo-Somali Society (Young, 26). Based in his home in Watery Lane Studio, Stowell, Sherbourne, Dorset, the Colonel also kept in touch with the Federal Army and Central African Forces Association (Gregory, 8). He died on 23 December, 2008, aged 96. His medals are to go on display in the new Lord Ashcroft Gallery in the Imperial War Museum in 2010 (Ashcroft, 15).

The third winner of local significance during the war was the legendary Major General John Charles "Jock" Campbell, VC, DSO and Bar, MC, who was born in Thurso, Caithness,

Scotland, on 10 January 1894, and was killed in a car accident in Libya on 26 February l942 (Buzzell, 52). Many Rhodesians served under his command in the 4th Regt. of the Royal Horse Artillery in North Africa, as did Rhodesians from other units who participated in his famous "Jock Columns" which caused great havoc behind enemy lines. Reliant upon volunteers, these "self contained forces had what they required from each arm – perhaps a section of members from the 4th Royal Artillery, a section of anti-tank gunners from the 3rd Royal Horse Artillery, and a company of the 60th Rifles" (Macdonald, 76).

A/Brigadier (later Major General) John Charles Campbell VC, DSO and Bar, MC
(*The Register of the Victoria Cross*)

When Jock Campbell won his V. C. in the defence of the Sidi Rezegh landing ground in late November 1941:

> L./Bdr. P. T. Ellis received the Military Medal for outstanding coolness and bravery, Bdr. C. Hunter and L./Bdr. A. H. Deplooy [*sic*] were killed outright, whilst Gnr. D. McBeath was badly wounded and died later. Bdr. R. Sindle was also badly wounded and taken prisoner (*Gunners*, 37–8).

Deplooy should be spelt Du Plooy. Lance Bdr. Ellis, decorated with the M. C. and a Mention in Despatches in addition to his M.M., survived the war as a Captain (ibid., 371).

Of the Rhodesians serving with the King's Royal Rifle Corps and present at the battle of Sidi Rezegh, one officer and five other ranks were killed or died of wounds, eight were badly wounded and twenty-two were taken prisoner. Lieutenant O. H. Newton, for the courage and initiative he displayed in the operations and in his subsequent escape from enemy hands, received an immediate award of the Military Cross (Macdonald, 280).

The Brigadier's V.C. award was gazetted on 3 February 1942:

> In recognition of most conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty at Sidi Rezegh on 21st and 22nd November, 1941. On 21st November, Brigadier Campbell was commanding the troops, including one regiment of tanks in the area of Sidi Rezegh Ridge and the aerodrome. His small force holding this important ground was repeatedly attacked by large numbers of tanks and infantry. Wherever the situation was most difficult and the fighting hardest, he was to be seen with his forward troops either on his feet or in his open car. In this car he carried out several reconnaissances for counter-attacks by his tanks whose senior officers had all become casualties early in the day. Standing in his car with a blue flag, this officer personally formed up tanks under close and intense fire from all natures of enemy weapons. On the following day the enemy attacks were intensified and again Brigadier Campbell was always in the forefront of the heaviest fighting, encouraging his troops, staging counter-attacks with his remaining tanks and personally controlling the fire of his guns. On two occasions he himself manned a gun to replace casualties. During the final enemy attack on 22nd November he was

> wounded but continued most actively in the foremost position, controlling the fire of batteries which inflicted heavy losses on enemy tanks at point-blank range and finally acted as loader to one of the guns himself. Throughout these two days, his magnificent example and his utter disregard of personal danger was an inspiration to his men and to all who saw him. His brilliant leadership was the direct cause of the very heavy casualties inflicted on the enemy. In spite of his wound, he refused to be evacuated and remained with his command where his outstanding bravery and consistent determination had a marked affect in maintaining the splendid fighting spirit of those under him (*The V.C. The Stories*, 88).

In his book, *Gunners*, Major E. R. "Tort" Fothergill, M.C. and bar, outlined the later exploits of the General in the following tribute to his leadership:

> For two months longer at Gazala, Mechili, Antelat and Agedabia, Jock and his columns attacked and fought the enemy. At the end of January,1942, he returned to Cairo and was given the command of the 7th Armoured Division, to whose training and re-organization he turned his accustomed enthusiasm and efficiency. A few days later he met his death whilst on a visit to forward troops.
>
> Coming so soon after the news of his fame, his comrades felt the loss even more acutely. To everyman in his old regiment and in the desert, Jock was his hero and personal friend. As one gunner said afterwards, "when ever he was near me I felt a braver man". All who saw him in action must have experienced that feeling, the inspiration of being alongside one who so obviously knew what ought to be done and had no fear of any consequences.
>
> He died at the summit of his fame, his life's work fulfilled. Now neither old age, nor ill health, nor misfortune can touch him. He and his renown are secure for all time, and the memory of his character so loyal, so brave and so unselfish, will remain a constant source of strength to his comrades (*Gunners*, 41).

After the Battle of Sidi Rezegh Rommel withdrew westwards when Rhodesians played a particularly significant role south of Gazala:

> With the "Jock Columns" that hastened Rommel's retreat and harassed his lines of communication were frequently to be found groups of Rhodesian anti-tank gunners operating with small bodies of infantry, armoured cars and twenty-five pounders. One exciting adventure in which the Rhodesian gunners participated was a daring raid on the aerodrome of Gazala, an operation which entailed slipping through the German lines at night. Although the raid was successful the Rhodesians were discovered by hostile aircraft and severely bombed (Macdonald, 287–8).

The fourth V.C. winner of local significance during the Second World War was Squadron Leader (later Wing Commander) John Derring Nettleton. A South African, Nettleton led a number of Rhodesians in the famous Augsburg raid in 1942, which greatly boosted the morale of allied forces and inspired patriotic pride locally of a kind similar to that aroused forty-five years earlier by the Mazoe Patrol saga.

Born on 28 June 1917 in Nangoma, Natal, the grandson of Admiral Alfred T. D. Nettleton who "had refused a baronetcy after quelling an uprising in Fiji" was "a friend and former shipmate of King George V" and had "served at Simonstown between 1891 and 1894" (Uys, 308–10). Educated at the Western Province Preparatory School, where he was Victor Ludorum, and the South African Merchant Navy training ship *The General Botha*, where he was Chief Cadet at sixteen, Nettleton joined the Merchant Navy for two years before becoming a civil engineer with the Cape Divisional Council. As a Lieutenant in the S.A. division of the R.N.V.R. he was inspired by his boyhood hero Captain A. W. B. Proctor V.C., D.S.O., M.C. and Bar, D.F.C. to become a pilot. Uys describes one of his early flying exploits as follows:

Squadron Leader (later Wing Commander) John Dering Nettleton VC
(*The Register of the Victoria Cross*)

> When he was nineteen years old, he and a friend attempted low-level stunt flying. On one occasion they landed with wires festooning the aircraft's wings. They had flown under the aerials of the Milnerton wireless station and snagged some wires. A severe reprimand followed. Such low-level antics were frowned upon by the authorities – little did they dream that one day this young man would be known as the "Roof Top V.C." (ibid., 310).

Nettleton joined the RAF on 6 October 1938, became an instructor on bombers and, during the war, served with No. 44 (Rhodesia) Squadron. Rapidly promoted to Acting Squadron Leader by July 1941, he was mentioned in despatches in December that year. When he flew on the Augsburg raid in 1942 he was already "a twenty-five year old veteran in a seasoned squadron" (ibid., 311).

Wing Commander David Penman D.S.O., who died in 2004 aged eighty-five, was the pilot of one of only five Lancaster bombers to return from the Augsburg raid. In his Daily Telegraph obituary the operation was succinctly described as follows:

> The Lancasters had only recently entered service when twelve of them were sent to attack a vital factory near Augsburg which produced diesel engines for submarines. The prospect of such a sortie was breathtaking, involving a round trip of 1000 miles, mostly over enemy occupied territory. To achieve the necessary navigational accuracy, the operation was flown at low level in daylight and without a fighter escort.
>
> Numbers 44 and 97 Squadrons, with six Lancasters from each, were involved. As a section leader, Penman was briefed the day before the attack and he later remarked: "When the target was revealed, we were shattered; suicide was the common thought". The target was at maximum range for the bombers, which were loaded with four 1,000 lb. bombs each fitted with

a delay fuse. Leading the raid was Squadron Leader John Nettleton; Penman was at the head of the final section of three aircraft. The bombers crossed the French coast at 50ft., and shortly afterwards German fighters attacked the first formation. Within minutes, four of the Lancasters were shot down, but Nettleton pressed on with one other surviving aircraft. As he approached the target two hours later, in the face of intense anti-aircraft fire, the other Lancaster was shot down. Nettleton's aircraft was severely damaged, but he completed his attack successfully before limping home.

The six Lancasters of No 97 reached the target moments later without loss; but, as Penman commenced his run to the target, the leader of the section ahead was shot down. Undaunted, he continued his attack despite his aircraft being hit repeatedly, with some of his guns being put out of action. Penman released his bombs on the factory from 250 ft, before climbing into the gathering darkness for the hour flight home; he was accompanied by his section's only other surviving aircraft, which was flying on three engines.

The factory took little damage, and production of diesel engines was barely affected. So, with just five aircraft returning, all badly damaged, the price was heavy. The raid graphically confirmed that unescorted, daylight raids were potentially disastrous, and risked unsustainable casualty rates. Nettleton, killed over Turin months later, was awarded the V. C. and Penman received an immediate D.S.O. (*The Weekly Telegraph* Issue No. 699, p. 1995).

When *The Daily Telegraph* cited an Air Ministry report on the raid in 1942, estimation of its value was very different:

> Squadron-Leader Nettleton said: "The families of those who did not come back may ask: 'was it worth the loss involved?' My answer to that is: 'absolutely'." We have now a report that shows that the factory was heavily damaged.
>
> The R.A.F. is proud of being able to strike this blow in the Battle of the Atlantic by attacking the German submarines in the course of manufacture, and to show that the offensive spirit is very much alive in Britain (Harley, 134–5).

In a note to Air Marshall A. T. Harris, Commander-in-Chief of Bomber Command, Churchill said:

> We must plainly regard the attack of the Lancasters on the U-boat engine factory at Augsburg as an outstanding achievement of the Royal Air Force: Undeterred by heavy losses at the outset 44 and 97 Squadrons pierced in broad daylight into the Heart of Germany and struck a vital point with deadly precision. Pray convey the thanks of His Majesty's Government to the officers and men who accomplished this memorable feat of arms in which no life was lost in vain (Silk, 9).

Twenty decorations were awarded to officers and airmen in the raid. Amongst these were four Rhodesians. Pilot officer P. A. Dorehill and Flight Lieutenant L. S. McClure were awarded the D. F. C. and Sergeants D. N. Huntly and L. L. Dando were awarded the D. F. M. Dorehill, McClure and Huntly were part of Nettleton's crew and Dando was part of Pilot Officer A. J. Garwell's crew (ibid., 9–10).

Pat Dorehill piloted the second Lancaster to reach Augsburg. He survived the war as a Squadron Leader with a D.S.O., D.F.C. and bar and returned to Rhodesia where he died on 7th December 2004. Flight Lieutenant Charles McClure was killed in action shortly after the raid. Sergeant Air Gunner Donald Norman 'Buzzer' Huntly was killed in action during operations on 13th to 14th September 1942 on a raid to Bremen (Cooke, 12). Born in Salisbury on 26th September 1921 he attended Plumtree School where he played rugger for the first fifteen and was employed by the Shell Company in Salisbury before he attested in the Air Force in July 1940 (Flemings, 19). Sergeant Lawrence Laver Dando was taken prisoner when his aircraft was grounded on the return flight from Augsburg. Three Rhodesians, Pilot Officer H. A. Peall, Sergeant P. J. Venter and Sergeant B. D. Moss died in the raid. Sergeant A. D. C. Dedman, in the Lancaster piloted by Warrant Officer H. V. Crum, was also shot down and taken prisoner of war (Silk, 11).

Soon after the Augsburg raid Nettleton and Huntly were selected with thirteen other American and British war heroes for a goodwill tour of the United States. When Huntly was killed shortly after this tour one of his American hosts, Mr H. Morgenthau, in a special message of condolence to Huntly's parents, said:

> We at the Treasury are deeply sorry to hear of his death. He was a great help to us during his visit to the United States, and he at all times was a credit to the uniform he wore. I feel he gave his life not only for his country but for ours in the fight against the common enemy (Flemings, 41).

Nettleton married Assistant Section Officer Betty Havelock of the W.A.A.F. and received his V. C. from George VI at Buckingham Palace in November 1942. (Uys, 321) Promoted to Wing-Commander Nettleton took part in a number of bombing missions over Germany and Italy before failing to return from a raid on Turin in July 1943. He was officially presumed dead on 23rd February 1944 the very day when the birth of his son was announced (ibid.). No. 44 Rhodesia Squadron flew on 637 missions and the distinction, together with 149 Squadron of being one of only two Squadrons to operate continuously throughout the war. The Squadron lost over a 1000 aircrew, fifty of whom were Rhodesian (Cooke, 12).

The name Rhodesia was removed from No. 44 Squadron's emblem after the war. When the Squadron was presented its standard in June 1967 by Princess Marina Air- Vice Marshall Howard sat with Mrs Nettleton and her son at the ceremony but no Rhodesians were invited. (Uys, 322) However the Commander of the Royal Rhodesian Air Force, Air-Vice Marshall Harold Hawkins, O.B.E., A.F.C., sent a congratulatory telegram. Mrs Nettleton and her son officially opened the Nettleton School swimming pool in Salisbury in the following year when they met the Prime Minister Ian Smith at a Mayoral reception. (Ibid.)

The fifth V. C. winner of local significance during the Second World War was Captain Gerard Ross Norton V.C., M.M. Born at Herschel, Cape Province on 7 September 1915, Norton died in Harare, Zimbabwe on 29 October 2004. His nickname "Toys" was given to him as a child and remained with him throughout his life (ibid., 333). Educated at Mt. Frere in the Cape and Selborne College, he was a keen sportsman and first made contact with Rhodesia when he toured the country with his school rugby team in 1934. In the following year he joined a bank in Umtata and received peacetime military training in the Middelandse Regiment from 1936 to 1938. In response to Smuts' call to arms in November l939 (Hare-Scott, 107) Norton transferred to the Kaffrarian Rifles in East London and did

eight months training in Pietermaritzburg and in the Premier Mine area near Pretoria before the regiment went north with the 2nd South African division July 1941 (Uys, 334). His brother John, who had qualified as a doctor at the University of Cape Town, and his twin sister Olga, who studied art for two years at U.C.T. before joining the nursing profession at the Somerset Hospital in Cape Town, joined the Medical Corps and served in East Africa and the Middle East.

Again promoted to the rank of Sergeant, Norton preferred to remain with his men under their platoon leader, Lieutenant "Big Bill" Bailie, whom he had befriended whilst employed in a bank in East London rather than opt for officer training.

Lieutenant (later Captain) Gerard Ross Norton VC, MM
(*Hare-Scott, K.* For Valour)

When Tobruk fell, Bailie and Norton decided to evade the Germans and return to allied forces some 570 miles (912 kms) across the desert (ibid. 346). The two were soon joined by four others, two of whom subsequently elected to make their own way to British lines. On 29th July 1942, after thirty-eight days at large, they found refuge with a company of New Zealand machine gunners on Ruweisat Ridge. Because he was wearing an Italian army greatcoat, Norton's reception from Sergeant Keith Elliott of the 22nd Bn., 2nd N. Z. E. F. was less than cordial (ibid., Addendum and Corrigendum, 346 c) General … 8). Soon afterwards Elliott won a V.C. at Ruweisat Ridge. When Elliott and Norton met again at the V. C. reunion in 1956 their conversation was reported to be a lot more cordial than it had been on the previous occasion (Prentice (2), 2). Bailie was awarded the Military Cross for his courageous escape with Norton across the desert and was to record their adventures in his book *Escape from Tobruk – 38 Days Desert Trek to Freedom*. Norton was awarded the Military Medal (Uys, 339).

After recuperating in Cairo, Norton attended an officer training course and, on leave in South Africa, married his childhood sweetheart Lilla Ellen Morris. When he broke his leg in a Cairo rugby match Norton had to spend a month at Robert's Heights (Voortrekkerhoogte) in Pretoria before joining the 1st coy, 4th Bn.,The Royal Hampshire Regiment in Italy. His company commander was Captain Bill Bailie (ibid., 339–41).

In a large-scale offensive code-named "Operation Olive", launched during the last week of August 1944, it was necessary for the 8th army to breach the Gothic Line, comprising a series of concrete bunkers and gun emplacements that straddled Italy from Pisaro on the east coast to Massa on the west coast. As part of this operation, Big Bill Bailie, by now a major, led his men of D company in an attack on the line at Monte Gridolfo:

> In the forefront of the fighting was his close friend, Lieutenant "Toys" Norton.
>
> The Hampshire Company advanced until swept by bullets from Spandaus in a valley on its right flank. Fire from the gun-emplacements then zeroed in on the Company and effectively pinned them down – just what the methodical Germans had in mind when they built the defences. Norton's platoon was caught in a vicious crossfire. Norton advanced alone under heavy

fire and single-handed wiped out the first machine-gun nest with grenades. He then attacked a German strong-point containing two machine-guns and 15 riflemen.

In a 10 minute battle the lone officer used his tommy-gun to devastating effect, until he had wiped out the machine-gun nests and either captured or killed the rest of the enemy. Although continuously under fire from a self-propelled gun Norton then attacked a well defended house. He methodically cleared the house, one room at a time, taking prisoners whenever possible.

Norton then led his platoon up the valley against further strong-points. The Gothic line had been breached largely due to the heroism of this brave junior officer.

By that evening the Hampshire had taken the town of Monte Gridolfo (ibid., 341).

These deeds took place on 31st August 1944, but were to be erroneously embodied in Norton's VC citation with subsequent events, when he was wounded in action and sent to a base hospital at Bari. One of the nurses there was his twin sister Olga. After celebrating their 29th birthday together on 7 September, another hospital celebration was called for when Toys Norton's VC award was gazetted on 26 October 1944 (ibid., 342). In *For Valour*, Kenneth Hare-Scott recorded the following tribute paid to Norton by a parachutist friend of the author's:

> Norton really was one of the best, liked and respected by everyone, the soul of modesty … after the Gothic Line fighting and his award of the V. C. he was made Liaison Officer at Brigade H. Q. because he had really been badly wounded though he would never admit it. Overcome with confusion but in a determined way he told his Commanding Officer in an interview one day that "a man with a wooden leg could do this job, sir. Can I please return to my platoon?" In the end they let him (Hare-Scott, 113).

On 1 December 1944 Norton was promoted to Captain and in 1945 he was invested with the VC by His Majesty King George VI at Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh. Demobilized early in 1946, he resigned from the bank and took up farming in Rhodesia, where he became a citizen (Uys, 343). His friend Colonel Big Bill Bailie MC and Bar, returned to work in the bank in South Africa (Hare-Scott,113).

For 38 years Toys Norton grew tobacco on Minehaha Farm in Rafingora and as a member of the Ayrshire Club contributed to the sporting life of the country districts in rugby, cricket, tennis (*S.A. Sporting Encycl.*, 451), golf and bowls (Foster-Mawers). The three Norton daughters, Elizabeth, Marguerite and Jennifer were educated at the Girl's High School in Salisbury. Toys Norton wanted "lobola" for his daughters, but would not allow them to marry on the days of a cricket Test. In 1956 Toys Norton and his wife Lilla attended the Victoria Cross Centenary Celebrations held in London. Representing the former Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland Captains Norton and Frederick Charles Booth, who had won his VC with the Rhodesia Native Regiment in 1916, joined the parade of some 300 Holders that was reviewed by Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II in Hyde Park, London, on the sunny morning of Tuesday 26 May 1956 (Prentice (1), 3).

Already granted the freedom of the City of Gridolfo in Italy, Toys Norton was granted the same honour by the City of East London in 1956 (Uys, 343). In 1962, when the Norton's

home was destroyed by fire most of their property was lost, but the medals in a lead box flung out of the window were saved along with a stinkwood writing desk which had been presented by the City of East London (ibid., Addendum and Corrigendum, 346/7). In 1968 Toys Norton was invited to a VC reunion in London, on condition that he surrendered his Rhodesian passport and used a special visa to visit the United Kingdom. Norton refused, saying, "I am not prepared to travel to London on temporary permit – I think it is hypocritical. The British authorities must be prepared to accept me as a Rhodesian or not at all" (Uys, 344).

In 1986, when his brother Dr John Norton died, Toys Norton sold Minehaha and moved with his wife to the Annandale Estate in Trelawney, where Lilla Norton died in 2000 (Foster-Mawers). After Toys Norton was assaulted by Zimbabwean "war-vets" he moved to Dandaro. in Harare. Shortly after his death on 29 October 2004 his twin sister Olga died in Marondera on 19 January 2005. Amongst memorials to Toys Norton are his portrait by Terence McCaw in the South African Military Museum in Johannesburg, and the picture of him and his VC citation in a place of honour at the main entrance of Selborne College, where one of the hostels is named after him (Uys, 346).

Air Vice-Marshall Ian Mowbray "Harvs" Harvey, DZM, ZESM, MSM, Deputy-Commander of the Air Force of Zimbabwe from 1994 to 2000, on March 26, 1983, married Penny Gortmaker (née Norton), daughter of Toys Norton's brother John. Born in Umtali (now Mutare) on 4 November 1940, Air Vice-Marshall Harvey died on 4 April 2006. After a military funeral, "his ashes were scattered across the north and west of the country during the running of the 2006 [Southern Sun/Zimbabwe Sun] Air Rally" (Raath, 16–17). He was survived by his wife, and her son from her first marriage, Robert.

Finally, special consideration must be given to a World War II VC winner whose humanitarian work in many parts of the world included Zimbabwe. Of all Holders, Group-Captain Geoffrey Leonard Cheshire, VC, OM, DSO and two bars, DFC (later Baron Cheshire of Woodhall) undoubtedly exerted the greatest influence for the good. He did this by the devotion of his prestige and seemingly boundless energy and enthusiasm to the relief of pain and suffering amongst the incurably ill of all ages in those parts of the world where he and his second wife, Sue Ryder, CMG, OBE (later Baroness Ryder of Warsaw) believed that such work was most needed. In Zimbabwe today two Cheshire Homes for the incurably sick are to be found in Harare, one for adults in Baines Avenue and the other for disabled children on Westwood Drive.

Wing Commander (later Group Captain) Geoffrey Leonard Cheshire VC DSO and 2 Bars, DFC (later Baron Cheshire of Woodhall, OM) ("*Baron*")

Born in Chester on 7 September l9l7, the son of the distinguished Barrister and Oxford Don, Dr Geoffrey Chevalier Cheshire and Primrose, the daughter of Colonel T. A. Barstow of the

Seaforth Highlanders, Leonard was educated at Stowe School and studied law at Merton College, Oxford. He joined the Oxford University Air Squadron in l937 and obtained a commission in the RAF in l939 (*Who's Who 1958*, 543). Gazetted on 8 September 1944, his VC citation was longer than most because it was awarded for outstanding deeds of bravery and leadership sustained over a period of four years rather than for any single act of conspicuous gallantry. It is summarized in *The Register of the VC* as follows:

> From June 1940 when his operational career began, until the end of his fourth tour in July 1944,when he had completed a tour of 100 missions Wing Commander Cheshire displayed the courage and determination of an exceptional leader. During his fourth tour he pioneered a new method of marking enemy targets, flying in at a very low level in the face of strong defences. In four years of fighting against the bitterest opposition he maintained a standard of outstanding personal achievement, his successful operations being the result of careful planning, brilliant execution and supreme contempt for danger. (Burrell, 60)

On 9 August l945, Wing Commander Cheshire and Dr (later Sir) William Penney, as official British observers, flew in a B29 Super-Fortress bomber to witness the destruction of Nagasaki by an atomic bomb (Boyle, 252–9). Cheshire pioneered the establishment of the first of his homes for the incurably sick in July l944 and wrote three books on his life and thought, *Bomber Pilot, Pilgrimage of the Shroud* and *The Face of Victory*. In l959 he married Sue Ryder, who was already well known for her efforts to help with the rehabilitation of concentration camp victims on both sides of the Iron Curtain (Russell, *passim*).

When Sir Leonard visited Southern Africa in l98l, he did not confine his attentions solely to his Homes. Busy as always, he nevertheless found the time to open a model aircraft museum in a small town l40 kilometres south-west of Harare.

A model aircraft gallery, housed in the Kadoma Library, had recently been opened to the public and Peter Sternberg, who had constructed the models which were on display, was keen to find a prominent person, preferably connected in the field of aviation, to officially open the gallery on l0 April l98l.

> On hearing that Group Captain Cheshire, VC, Britain's top bomber ace of World War 2 was about to pay a brief visit to Zimbabwe, he contacted Mr. Upfill-Brown of Harare, local organizer of the visit, and an agreement was reached where upon G/Capt. Cheshire, instead of flying by commercial airline from Harare to Bulawayo would travel by private aircraft to a small airfield situated at Eiffel Flats and be driven the 7 kms into Kadoma for breakfast and thereafter proceed to the library for the official opening ceremony.
>
> Group Captain Cheshire addressed two gatherings of approx. 100 people, seated in the newly opened library auditorium, firstly to a gathering of invited dignitaries and guests and secondly, half an hour later, to senior pupils from local high schools. On both occasions he held his audience spellbound.
>
> Thereafter Cheshire officially opened the aviation gallery, escorted by the Mayor of Kadoma and then, despite the wishes of his accompanying party to return to the airfield and proceed to Bulawayo, Cheshire insisted on touring the rest of the extensive library building until he had seen the entire complex.

Leonard Cheshire proved to be a very sincere and humble person, and despite his tight and busy schedule, went out of his way to fulfil this invitation. Peter Sternberg, Chairman of the library, stated that Cheshire gave the impression that he (Cheshire) was being honoured by the library in performing this ceremony (instead of the other way around)! It was indeed a great honour to meet such an outstanding personage as Leonard Cheshire, VC, a humble and great man (Sternbergs).

The late Tony Upfill-Brown, a stockbroker who had served with the Welsh Guards during the l939-45 War, was the founding Chairman of the Zimbabwe Medal Society in l988. (*ZMSJ*, 52, iv). The pride of his collection were the medals of Sergeant (later Lieutenant-Colonel) Tom Lawrence of the l7th Lancers, who won a VC in the Anglo-Boer War and was a member of the English Riding Team at the Olympic Games, Stockholm, in l9l2 (Uphill-Brown, 8).

When Sir Leonard Cheshire visited Zimbabwe in l983 he addressed a large gathering at a Harare high school, St George's College, where films were shown, one on the work at his Homes and another entitled "Spitfire". Although Sir Leonard was a deeply committed Roman Catholic, the work of the Ryder-Cheshire Foundation is omni-denominational. However, this visit to the Jesuit institution inspired a revival of the St George's-Convent Interact Society, which undertook the special task of helping to care for those in the two local Cheshire Homes. In the words of the College Rector, Father M. K. O'Halleran, S.J., this help was "not just a question of fund-raising but of physical labour for the people in the Homes and of friendly companionship with them, whether for adults in the Avenues or the children at Westwood" (O'Halleran, 17).

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Early History of the Rhodesian Bata Shoe Company Limited[1]

by Jaroslav Olša, Jr.[2] and Jennifer Robinson[3]

Bata Zimbabwe, one of the leading companies in Zimbabwe, was established in 1939, but the original firm traces its history from 19th century Moravia, one of the historical lands of today's Czech Republic. It was in 1894, when a young man of 18, Tomáš G Baťa, a ninth generation shoemaker, founded the Baťa (pronounced "Ba-tya") Shoe Organization in his native Moravian town of Zlín. From a small family business it grew – in the 1930s – to be the envy of Europe with its machinery workshops of the latest design and using the latest conveyor type production methods pioneered only shortly before by the Ford car manufacturing company in the United States. The company was soon well-known for its social programmes for workers, as it provided day care for children, housing, and free schooling up to college level with the opportunity to work in the shoe-making business. Work for Baťa company offered a secure and exciting future. From the 1930s onwards, the expansion of company operations was rapid.

By 1932, the year of Tomáš G Baťa's untimely death in a plane crash, over thirty Bata companies were already operating in sixteen European countries as well as in Egypt, the United States, the Union of South Africa, the Dutch East Indies, Singapore and India.[4] The foundations of the worldwide enterprise were truly laid. When war clouds gathered over Europe during the late 1930s Baťa's highly skilled personnel fanned out from soon-to-be-occupied Czechoslovakia across the world taking with them machinery, materials and their skills and knowledge with a mission to be accomplished. … And one of those missions was the establishment of the shoe-producing facility in Southern Rhodesia.

BEGINNING OF RHODESIAN BATA SHOE COMPANY

Baťa's involvement with both Rhodesias goes back to the mid-1920s when Romanian-born Jewish businessman Samuel Rabinovitz, owner of Union Agencies, was appointed as Baťa representative in Bulawayo. Not only was Rabinovitz involved with the importation of shoes, he also acted as advisor to the company on policy towards the whole of Southern Africa.

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[1] The text summarises events in Bata history up to the demise of the last of the original Czech directors in the 1970s.

[2] Jaroslav Olša, Jr. (b. 1964) is a Czech diplomat, who served as his country's ambassador to Zimbabwe from 2000 to 2006. Since 2008 he has been Czech ambassador to South Korea. He wrote 650+ pages Czech-language *History of Zimbabwe, Zambia and Malawi* (Dějiny Zimbabwe, Zambie a Malawi, 2008 – with Otakar Hulec), selected (with Mbongeni Malaba) and translated into Czech Rhodesian and Zimbabwean short stories under the title *The Rainmaker* (Přivolávač deště, 2003) and wrote and edited four titles on African art, the last being *Four Generations of Zimbabwean Sculptors* (Čtyři generace zimbabwských sochařů, 2007).

[3] At the end of the 1980s Bata Shoe Company commissioned Jennifer Robinson to write a text on the history of the company to be published on the occassion of the company's 50 years of operation in Zimbabwe. The publication never materialized and an unedited and unfinished first version of a manuscript was found by Jaroslav Olša, Jr. in the archives of the company in 2001. As it contained a lot of valuable material collected by the author in interviews with the Czech and Slovak founding-fathers of Bata factory and their collaborators (then in their seventies and now all of them deceased), significant parts of the text have been used, partly rewritten and added to with new material from the other sources mentioned in the bibliography. Ms Robinson is – without her knowledge – therefore named as one of the authors of this text, the final version of which was edited and written by Jaroslav Olša, Jr. between 2002 and 2005.

[4] Note that Baťa operations in foreign countries used the local variation of its original name – omitting the typical Czech-language "hook" above the T, thus becoming simply Bata.

In the mid-1930s Rabinovitz on behalf of the Rhodesian Government visited India, where Bata operations were very advanced. The Bata company even created three new towns in India, namely: Batanagar, Bataganj and Batapur, the last of which is now a suburb of Lahore, Pakistan. While in India Rabinovitz observed a canvas, rubber-soled shoe at the Bata factory in Batanagar. Through a preferential customs tariff between Rhodesia and India, Rabinovitz imported these shoes and found a ready market for them. His next visit was to Czechoslovakia, where he met the son of the creator of the company and a new director, Tomáš J Baťa. Rabinovitz returned to Zlín on several occasions and, during his visit in 1937, he discussed the feasibility of setting up manufacturing operations in Southern Rhodesia. Baťa headquarters at that time were already diversifying into other countries because of threats of war and Rabinovitz returned to Southern Rhodesia to consult government officials and to seek a factory site.

During the late 1930s there was a small group of Czech representatives of Baťa already based in Southern Africa. Karel Strnad was operating as Baťa representative in Southern Rhodesia from 1937, and a year later he was joined by other ex-Zlín shoemakers. Miloslav Šenár headed the company's Johannesburg office, Jan Kasperlík its Windhoek agency and Jan Novosad was appointed head of Baťa's African operations and oversaw also newly established Bata in British East Africa.

Meanwhile, at the Zlín headquarters, Ota (Otto) Roubíček, an English-speaking plimsoll export officer had been instructed to despatch a pre-fabricated plimsoll plant and ten thousand pairs of men's leather shoes to be used as capital for the new company. After despatching the plant, Roubíček set off for Rhodesia arriving in Bulawayo in October 1938. In the meantime, the machinery and materials from Zlín were shipped to Beira on Baťa's own sea-going vessel, the SS Morava.

Bulawayo was a thriving community in 1938. On the shoemakers' arrival their intentions became known and the public were up in arms, and *The Bulawayo Chronicle* was full of antagonistic letters. However, the municipalities all around the country were eager to welcome the pioneers. Initially, a site about twenty kilometers from Salisbury was favoured for the new factory, but because of the enterprising mayor of Gwelo, Jacobson, who pursued the Baťa men relentlessly outbidding all competitors and arriving in Bulawayo every second evening to observe their progress, Gwelo was chosen. Its advantages of a good climate and its central position in the country as well as the full support of the local council were amongst the deciding factors. And last, but not least, it was said that at that time Salisbury was suffering badly with malarial outbreaks.

The site allocated to the company was fifty acres near Gwelo golf course and a further three hundred acres below Ngamo dam, where the experimental growing of loofahs for insoles was to be conducted. Until building could commence, an old cotton ginnery, rented from Meikle's Trust, became a temporary factory. As well as negotiating land and rented accomodation, the small group was busy organizing immigration papers and work permits for the skilled staff, who would shortly be arriving from Central Europe.

On 25 February 1939, the Rhodesian Bata Shoe Company was officially incorporated with a capital of ten thousand pounds. Initially, the company was managed jointly by Baťa, Novosad and Lazarus; the chairman of the board was R D Gilchrist and the factory representative on the board was Strnad, with the first board meeting being held at Mimosa House in Bulawayo.

First Bata men before boarding the vessel in Genoa, Italy, heading for Rhodesia (March 1939) (l–r): Štrom, Mrs. Vašíček, Vašíček, Bek, Polišenský, Kozáček

Towards the end of March 1939 the first group of staff arrived from Czechoslovakia. The journey had taken them three weeks: first by train to Genoa, Italy, then by the SS Guilio Cesare to Cape Town and finally by train to Bulawayo. The group which consisted of František (Frank) Kozáček, Josef Polišenský, Vilém Vašíček (Vaszyczek), Jan (John) Bek and Štrom, arrived in Cape Town with only a few shillings between them. Kozáček, the only one who knew a little English, discovered he had no train ticket to Bulawayo. The group had to pool their meagre resources to buy one and they arrived tired, hungry and impecunious at Bulawayo station, where they were met by Kasperlík who took them straight to Osborne's Cafe for breakfast.

Some days later the machinery arrived from Beira and the shoemakers were ready to begin. Kozáček, the Company's future architect, fixed the rotting floor of the ginnery himself and Polišenský installed the machinery with the assistance of a local electrician. Štrom and his trainee shoemakers made sample shoes by day and burned all the rejects in the evening. Females for the closing room were hired and fired in the first week and the best part of the group's salaries were used for lodging expenses at the Royal Hotel, run by the Shaw family whose weekly charge was ten pounds.

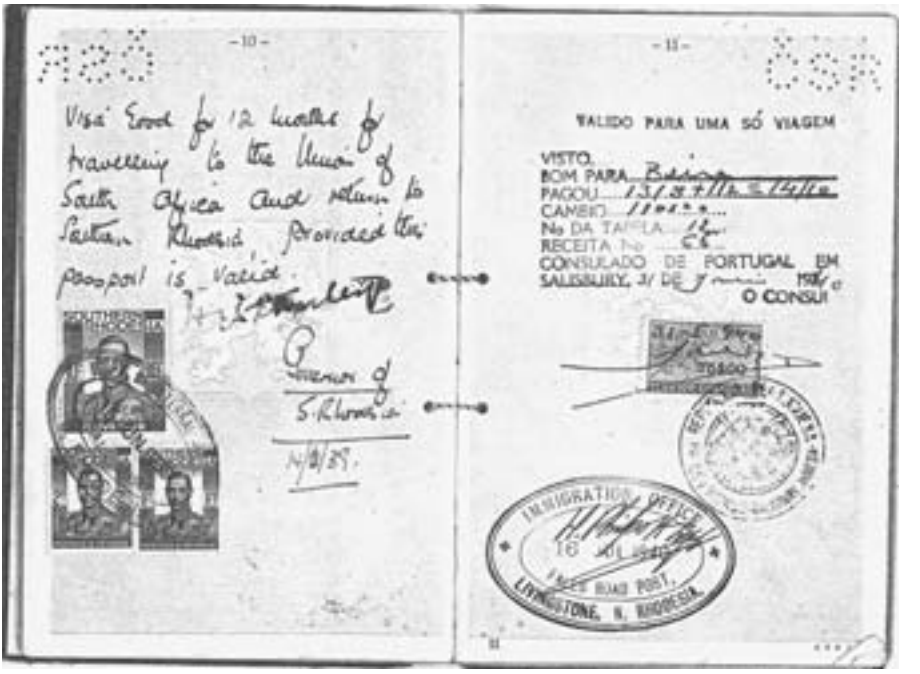
While the cotton ginnery was being converted to a factory, Roubíček was setting up a Bata

office in an old office building in Fifth street opposite the Gwelo Emporium. Office staff were also recruited and Miss Diagones was appointed as secretary. During the interview with her and her mother the latter asked if her daughter might be able to continue her afternoon piano lessons. The Board agreed … not knowing her working days in the early years were never to be less than eleven hours. She became secretary to the managing director as well as to the general manager, assistant to the wholesale department, production planner, dispatch supervisor, customs clerk as well as actually labelling cartons herself. In addition to her offical duties, Miss Diagones helped her employers' wives, who at the beginning could not speak a word of English, with their shopping.

Original passport photo of Pytlík (1938)

O'Conner and Divaris also joined the Company at that time, O'Conner in retail and Divaris in buying. Kasperlík in wholesale also took care of all financial transactions. No employee had only one task and whatever had to be accomplished was tackled as a team. What was lacking in expertise, would be substituted with hard work and hope.

In May 1939 the first shoes for sale came off the production line. Šenár was assigned to procure store premises, to employ staff and to generate cash flow. Jaromír Vrána had opened the first shop in Livingstone Avenue, Gwelo. Shortly after another one opened in



Kozáček's Southern Rhodesian visa

Meikles old store house – first Bata factory premises in Gwelo (1939)

Abercorn Street, Bulawayo, followed by one on Manica Road, Salisbury. Their first stock comprised the ten thousand pairs of men's leather shoes from Bata headquarters in Zlín, Czechoslovakia, supplemented by imported Bata ladies' shoes from Canada and endless types of shoes from South Africa, not forgetting Bata's own local production of canvas shoes.

In September 1939 two more Czechs, Josef Pytlík and Miroslav Paseka, arrived in Gwelo after a most adventurous journey. Pytlík had been preparing to leave from Europe for the capital of Dutch East Indies, Batavia (now Jakarta, Indonesia) when he was asked to change his plan and leave within three days for Southern Rhodesia. Pytlík called his younger brother, gave him all his belongings not suitable for Africa and collected his exit permit and left for Prague at the end of July. In Prague he collected travel documents for ten young Czech shoemakers who were in Borova, Yugoslavia.

Due to the German occupation of Czechoslovakia in March 1939 and the war in Europe imminent, his trip was something of a nightmare and after much interrogation, Pytlík eventually arrived in Borova. Soon after, in August, the twelve young Czechs left from Italy. All went well until they turned the horn of Africa. Storms broke loose rocking the 10,000-ton boat in all directions. All the passengers were sea sick and some evenings young Pytlík was the only occupant of the dining room.

On arrival in Mombasa ten of the young Czechs left the ship to join Bata's East African operations in Limuru leaving Pytlík and Paseka on board. The day Britain declared war, the German ship Watussi was interned by the Portuguese off Ilha de Mocambique. It took Pytlík and Paseka almost two weeks to prove that they were not Germans but Czechoslovaks since they were travelling on a German ship with documents issued in German occupied territory.

Eventually they were allowed to proceed to Beira - twelve days away - on a twelve berth Indian ship together with 58 other passengers. Their sleeping and living accommodation

Starting the company Polišenský with his trainees (May 1939)

was the dining room table where they ate curry and rice every day. They eventually arrived penniless and hungry after living on fruit for six days travelling from Beira to Salisbury and then overnight to Gwelo, where the next morrning they managed to get their first African beer.

COMPANY'S RISE DURING WORLD WAR II

The outbreak of war in Europe meant that Bata company in Gwelo was on its own. Most of the Czech shoemakers had left Czechoslovakia, and those who had not, were now like prisoners of war. General manager, young Tomáš J. Baťa, now aged 23, had left for Canada in April 1939 and had set up a new Canadian Head Office with smuggled bars of company's gold from Zlín. The established shoe factories soon secured lucrative aircraft and engineering contracts in the face of local competition in the early 1940s when he became a Canadian citizen.

Meanwhile, still waiting in Borova for their visas to Southern Rhodesia, were Karel Navrátil, František Vymětal, Muchna and a couple of others. Three months had gone by, the men had no work permits for Yugoslavia. Some feared they would have to return to occupied Czechoslovakia. Navrátil himself had decided to join the foreign legion, if he could not get visas for Rhodesia. Not having the visas, the group boarded a ship, *Palestine,* bound for Portuguese East Africa, hoping for good luck. Not surprisingly, they were not permitted to disembark in Beira, until Strnad and Kasperlík suddenly appeared on board and sorted everything out.

On arrival in Gwelo the men could not secure permits from Southern Rhodesia, so they had been asked to proceed to Northern Rhodesia. Having only a roll of calico, some pins and the promise of store equipment and shoes they were sent to fulfill one more difficult mission – to open a few Bata shops North of the Zambezi. In addition to this, Muchna was in the meantime asked to complete Gwelo's troublesome balance sheets which he duly did.

The outbreak of war meant a total blockage on the importation of machinery, spare parts and raw materials. Baťa's technical staff became skilled in the art of improvization and innovation. Each member of the staff had numerous jobs and went wherever their skills were required. Polišenský spent his nights travelling between Gwelo and Bulawayo to have

machine parts fixed in time for the next morning's production. Pytlík had to establish new supplies of textiles, chemicals and raw materials. New sources were located in India, South Africa, the Congo and whatever was available in the war years had to be used or adapted for use. Although rubber was not available for civilian use, wild rubber was secured in Katanga as a last resort. When it arrived in Gwelo it was found to be full of bark and soil and was difficult to process. With chemical sources dried up, substitute samples were accepted even though when they came from the boiler they smelled awful and had to be left for several days before packing in hand-made boxes. Through their early college twelve-hour days in Zlín, where each student had had to learn all aspects of shoemaking as well as rubber and leather technology, the pioneers had been well prepared for every challenge.

Late in 1939 two general dealers' offices opened in Beira and a representative was appointed in Portuguese East Africa. Strnad was officially appointed as Company Manager, becoming Managing Director in 1940.

In the early 1940s the British Government ordered military boots from the company. Bata's immediate task was to find leather sources. … One lot purchased from Bata India appeared to be a real bargain until it was discovered that it had been measured in Chinese feet, which differed considerably from the standard English measurement. On another occasion chemicals were ordered from three separate sources in the hope that at least one lot would get through – all three lots arrived.

With a vision of enlargement, Kozáček had drawn up the architectural plan for the new company site. The first building, a tannery, was planned and Roubíček was assigned to set it up and manage it, and he immediately set off for Nairobi in January 1940 to undertake a cram course in tanning. The tannery he was to learn from was a primitive back-yard establishment and Roubíček decided the only way to succeed was to buy all the literature he could. He experimented night and day for the next six months, returning to Gwelo at the end of 1940.

Meanwhile in Gwelo the target was to produce one thousand pairs of shoes per day at the end of 1940. Land had been secured for the present factory site and the building of the tannery commenced. The budget for the project was 800 pounds. Roubíček faced the opening of the factory with optimism and prayers. The approach to the site was a nightmare with grass so high it was impossible to see another person a foot away. The day was set for starting up, but with the water supply not yet connected, water had to be carted by lorry. The hides were transported from Gwelo abbatoir with a span of donkeys. Second-hand scrap machinery was ordered from Britain consisting of unhairing, fleshing, splitting and shaving machines. Drums were built and an old contractor did the welding jobs.

The company was fortunate to secure the assistance of a Danish engineer, Stenslunde, at that crucial time. Stenslunde also assisted during execution of the military contracts by making a rubber cement mixer and hand operated punching and eyeletting machines. Production was initially thirty hides per day and until the machines arrived, every task was done manually, which was a laborious process of sinking hides in cement pits, fleshing by hand, measuring the leather on a ruled table (often inaccurately) and in the rainy season, waiting up to two weeks for the leather to dry.

However, much to the tannery personnel's credit, by 1943 they were producing two thousand hides and four thousand skins per month. By this time Vladimír Jaroš and Ferdinand (Jerry) Javora were assisting Roubíček.

"Walking advertisment" for Bata in Gwelo (May 1940)

Early shop window in the first Bata shop at Livingstone Avenue, Gwelo (February 1940)

In 1942 Fišer, also an ex-Zlín shoemaker, came from Uganda to establish a leather production workshop. Pytlík was seconded to assist him. A new extension was built in the ginnery but there were no machines or equipment apart from some fruit boxes to sit on and a table. All operations were done by hand. From old umbrella frames, Fišer made needles which enabled the workshop to produce twelve pairs of shoes a day per stitcher. A blacksmith was contracted to make cutting knives which he did from spring steel and a local farmer made up cutting blocks and wooden mallets.

In 1943 the factory moved to its present site and Kasperlík became Company Manager. It was a year of great expansion. The tannery building was extended and two new factory buildings were completed on the new site. The leather workshop increased production from 500 to 800 pairs daily and had by then acquired a beam press whose first operator was Mushayabachi. When Mushayabachi came for his interview with Pytlík all he needed to know was how he could swing the wooden mallets. When Mushayabachi passed the test Pytlík became his teacher in all aspects of leather production.

The major part of Bata production then centred around the military orders. The leather factory produced 800 pairs per day and the rubber factory was producing 1,200 pairs per day. Unfortunately, over the previous two to three years, many key personnel had been called away for military duties. Others had decided to venture out on their own. Machinery was being used 24 hours a day with no hope of replacement and miracles had to be performed on the repair side.

The following year the number of employees increased from 700 to 2,000. Production output was one million pairs of shoes, of which ninety per cent were military orders with more orders in the pipeline. To make provision for this increase, two more factory buildings were erected, one for production and one for storage of hides and tannery finishing. The main project at this time was the opening of more retail stores to absorb the company's products in the post war period. The end of war saw the commencement of the tanning of leather uppers, which avoided the cancellation of military orders when former supplies of leather from Australia diminished. This new enterprise was facilitated through the arrival of new machinery from overseas including a splitting machine and ten rubber presses for the making of plimsolls as at this time none were being sold in the country. The leather factory was still awaiting machinery, with 75 per cent of their production being done by hand.

But not everything went smoothly, as at the end of 1945 lightning struck the main factory building, which housed most of the raw materials. Luckily most were saved and rehoused in a hired hanger at Moffat Aerodrome.

POST-WAR YEARS

In 1946 the company restructured, dividing into districts and appointing district managers. What haunted Bata was rationing which was still not over – raw materials were in short supply and leather prices doubled overnight. However, the rubber factory had a good year after switching from war contracts to peacetime production and exporting canvas shoes to places such as Sweden, Palestine and the Sudan.

In 1947 the tournament tennis shoe was born, although the leather factory was still producing by hand. Kasperlík was re-appointed Company Manager and the creator of the company, Tomáš J. Baťa, visited Gwelo for the first time. The same year new shop premises were leased and Bata emerged in Umvuma (Mvuma), Fort Victoria (Masvingo),

Shabani, Sinoia (Chinhoyi) and Gatooma (Kadoma) bringing the total retail outlets to a record twenty-one.

It was only in 1948 when the company really felt the war was over. Bata found itself in a precarious position, with military orders having come to an abrupt end at the end of 1945 and the switch to post war production not being an easy task. It was fortunate for the company that Batà headquarters had established a London-based office immediately after the war. This company studied Bata Rhodesia's situation and provided valuable advice particularly in design and marketing fields. New shoelines had to be built up for the local market which was buoyant. However, not everything went well, as high prices threatened the closure of the tannery and the poor transport system in the country handicapped not only shoemaking, but industry as a whole.

The labour force in this period was migratory and underproductive. The labour turnover was as much as 60 per cent. Plans were immediately made to provide incentive schemes to stabilise the labour mobility, based on those practised in the Czechoslovak headquarters in the 1930s. Training schemes were organised, houses were to be built, and schooling was arranged. A bonus scheme for greater production was introduced as well as long service awards and the company pension scheme.

Konstantin Fiksl, born in Russia and educated in Czechoslovakia, was appointed as Managing Director in 1949. His task was to restructure the company's operations. A repair workshop opened, repairing 500 pairs of customers' shoes per week, but stores in Portuguese East Africa were closed down and the company set its sights on Nyasaland and both Rhodesias.

Exports were boosted following a customs union with South Africa. Bata Shoe Johannesburg became agents and exclusive distributors of shoes from Gwelo, but it was not easy as leather prices were still 75 per cent more expensive than South African competitors and also the transport situation forced Bata to carry extra large stocks of materials.

In 1950, the long awaited grinding machinery arrived for the rubber factory and plans

Musil, manager of Bata shop in Gwelo serves a customer (*circa* mid-1950s)

Having a good time in Bata club in Gwelo (*circa* mid-1950s) – (l–r) Polášek, Vymětal, Mrs Jakubec, Musil, Mrs Velfl, Jakubec, Mrs Musil, Mrs Polášek, Velfl

were under way to recycle old car tyres. Rubber prices had escalated and synthetic rubbers were being used. The tannery was producing 200 hides per day competing in the face of cheap imported hides. The company remained viable only through the rubber factory, but shoe prices rose with the outbreak of the Korean war and exports rose, chiefly to South Africa and the Belgian Congo. Also an increased mechanisation in the rubber factory caused production to soar and the rubber factory produced a quarter of a million pairs of shoes.

After a short Korean war boom for Bata, 1951 was a period of general recession in business and in prices. The Congo and South African markets declined but Rhodesian retail stores increased their sales to over 100,000 pairs. The rubber factory was not working to capacity and the transport situation did not improve. With all the problems, by the end of 1951 the labour force dropped to a mere 780.

The following year, 1952, marked a good year, with retail outlets selling 194,000 pairs of shoes and exports to the Congo and South Africa once more increasing. Due to progress in mechanisation the demand for Bata shoes outstripped supply and the company had to import shoes from Bata India to satisfy demand. Shoe production topped one million in 1953. Retail had 28 stores with additional larger stores planned. There was a new drying chamber in the tannery and two further conveyors were installed in the rubber factory giving additional production of 45,000 pairs per day.

But 1954 was something of a depression as Rhodesia was experiencing a recession. An import drive from the Far East affected local industry which could not compete, and Bata India's prices were cheaper than goods produced in Gwelo. However, booming mining operations promised increased business and the opening of several new retail outlets was being considered. The situation changed for the better when increased tariffs on imports put Bata in a more competitive position a year later. However, the 80 per cent increase in the price of rubber held the company back and the India rubber market won out. Also transport

was rerouted via Mafeking, which increased costs by 50 per cent. Canvas footwear was restricted but increased leather production saved the day.

With all the problems, retail business was buoyant. Thus, in 1956, Rhodesian Bata produced three million pairs of shoes, the number of retail stores reached 34 with five new openings planned for the year. The following year was a record one and considerable expansion took place at the Gwelo plant. New machinery was acquired by the tannery and rubber factory and the wooden structure of the former was replaced by steel. Leather shoe production was the kingpin of the factory operations.

Expansion followed as new stores were opened in the main cities and in 1958 the completed tannery was opened. The rubber factory was in recession although still making a profit and this recession affected wholesale trade. Another progressive year for the company, 1959, saw the production of rubber boots and "tropicals" beginning and a new material was patented by the company for toepuffs and counters known as the "Herefit patent". The rubber "reclaim" plant was now in a position to export their goods due to lower transport rates on the railways. Local collection of hides looked promising and a chain of collection stations was established. However, hide prices rose by forty per cent, and Baťa pegged its prices despite this to maintain sale volumes. A very successful launching of the tropicals was noted at 6/- per pair. Exports progressed with orders from the Sudan, Bahrain and even the United Kingdom.

In 1959 some of the founding fathers of the company, namely Navrátil, Vymětal, Jaroš, Pytlík and O'Conner, celebrated 20 years service with the company – they were the last remaining employees of the first group which started the company in 1939.

In 1960 Vytopil was appointed new Managing Director. On the production scene a new chemical shoe project was underway, but a 30 per cent tariff levied on leather shoe exports to South Africa was a heavy blow to the company. But this did not inhibit Baťa's development as new warehouse extensions giving an extra 1,000 square feet of floor space, a conveyor to connect the rubber factory to the warehouse and more employee housing were built.

Showing the successes of African Bata's operations at Advanco Bata conference in London (1957)

Tomáš Baťa (centre) in Gwelo speaking with Fiksl (left) and Pytlík (right) (1962)

Another minor setback in 1960 were the riots in October of that year, but the company continued to expand by establishing a branch in Elizabethville (now Lubumbashi) in the Congo and a separate company in Lusaka. The next three years saw some more reshuffling among the Czechs – Fiksl became mayor of Gwelo in 1962, Čarnecký replaced Vytopil as Company Manager, and in 1964, on his election as Chairman of the Board, Vymětal was appointed Managing Director.

Quality conference in Gwelo (1964) – the tallest man in the middle Šenár, the smallest one on the right Čarnecký

Bata shoe company was a multiracial company from the very beginning: Christmas party in Gwelo (1966) – Šenár with retail store's supervisors

With the dissolution of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland the operations in newly independent Malawi and Zambia went their own way, with the establishment of Bata Shoe Company (Malawi) Ltd. and Zambia Bata Shoe Company PLC.

The enlargement of Baťa facilities in Rhodesia continued. The building of a new hides store began and palletisation was introduced to the raw material store. 1968 saw the introduction of controls over imported footwear which would have been favourable for Bata if customer purchasing power had not dropped due to the worst drought and frost conditions in the country's history.

FROM RHODESIA TO ZIMBABWE

In 1970 Du Plooy succeeded Vymětal as Company Manager and he became the first manager who did not belong to the group of Czech creators of the company. The second blow for the Czech presence in the company was the untimely death of Čarnecký. The company which started in an old storage house in 1939 had become by 1970 one of the most successful in Rhodesia and when the last Czech director left, Rhodesian Bata Shoe Co. Ltd. had 44 stores and sold 7 million pairs of shoes a year.

The following decade, especially the second half of the 1970s, was difficult due to political unrest and military activity, the unavailability of spare parts and cutbacks in foreign currency resulting in reduced production. With peace coming to the country after the independence in 1980, production and the workforce increased as well as demand for new shoes. Demand for footwear at that time was exceeding supply but meagre currency allocations and old machinery were hampering production. Two visits to the factory by the company president Tomáš J Baťa in both 1980 and 1981 and Zimbabwe's President Canaan Banana were symbols of the coming of better times.

The 1980s and 1990s saw the opening of new factories in Mutare and Kwekwe, the building of a permanent pavillion at the Bulawayo Trade Fair grounds, and steady increases in the number of shops, which numbered 85 in 2005, and also the creation of a new type of shop called Athletes World, which are now all over Zimbabwe.

With more than 50,000 employees (3,500 in Zimbabwe itself) in 46 production facilities and 4,700 company owned retail stores selling 140 million pairs of shoes worldwide (from St Lucia to Australia and Uganda to Sri Lanka) in 2006, the Czech-created Bata shoe company is going from strength to strength.

GOOD-BYE TO THE FOUNDING-FATHERS

In 2002 the history of Czechs and Slovaks involved in creating the local Bata company came to an abrupt end. The last of the original Bata men, Josef Polišenský, who came to Gwelo in 1939 to build the first factory, passed away in Kwekwe aged 83. Although the company itself is now a Canadian venture, it is still owned by the original Bata family, with Thomas G. Bata, a grandson of founder of the company, being its CEO, his father Tomáš J Bata having been Honorary President until his death in 2008, aged 93. While there are no Czechs nowadays working for Bata in Gweru, Kwekwe or Mutare, a few sons and daughters of theirs remain there, and some Czech names such as Kozacek, Senar or Jakubec can still be found on Bata's payroll.

The Rhodesian Bata Shoe Company Limited ■ P.O.Box 279, Gwelo ■ April 1970

It is with deep regret and a sense of great loss that we record the death of Mr. Antonin Cimecky who passed away in Gwelo on Thursday, April 2nd.

For the past eight years Mr. Cimecky had been closely associated with our Company, first as managing director from 1962 to 1964 and then as regional co-ordinator for C.A.R.C.

Mr. Cimecky was born in Ostrava, Czechoslovakia on August, 30th, 1914, and joined the Bata organisation in Zlin in 1928. After holding a number of executive positions with Bata in various parts of the world, Mr. Cimecky came to Africa in 1948 when he took charge of the Kenya Company.

Mr. Cimecky's career with Bata thus spans four decades, and his absolute dedication to the organisation, his determination and extraordinary business sense played no small part in a successful career that established Bata in Africa.

Messages of condolences from his friends and business associates poured in from all over the world.

The funeral service was held at St. Cuthberts Church, Gwelo, on Monday, April 6th, 1970.

The Management and Staff express their deepest sympathy to Mrs Cimecky and her children on their sad loss.

The end of an era: The *Bata Journal* announces the death of its last Czech director

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Tsetse Fly Control – the Rhodesian/Zimbabwe Contribution

by Mike Saunders

This is the text of a talk given to the History Society of Zimbabwe in Harare on 26 April 2007.

Trypanosomiasis, a parasitic disease – Nagana in animals, Sleeping Sickness in humans – transmitted by the Tsetse fly; it has been and still is one of the most serious constraints to the development of food self sufficiency throughout Africa. Recognize that 9 million square km of the tropical and sub tropical zones and 39% of the best agricultural land in Sub Saharan Africa is infested to some extent by Tsetse fly. This means that not only is the production of livestock seriously limited but the main source of draught power for transport and land preparation is under constant threat from disease. In some countries the presence of the Tsetse fly has led to large scale human migrations into less infested areas resulting in human and stock overcrowding and serious land degradation.

Despite years of research, experimentation and control programmes involving this disease and it's carrier it is said that the situation is no better today than it was 100 years ago and in many areas it is far worse. The disease itself has resisted control or treatment and the Tsetse fly has proved a robust and resilient vector.

Attempts at disease and vector control go back generations to the days of the Rinderpest outbreak in the 19th Century. This animal plague wiped out most of the natural hosts of the Tsetse fly and with them the disease itself was suppressed; however the host animal population eventually recovered and this recovery coincided with a rapid increase in domesticated animal populations as Africa became developed as an agricultural continent. By 1919 in Rhodesia the problem was serious enough to demand action by the Agricultural authorities.

The first solution offered was nothing if not clumsy and destructive – eradicate the hosts in the same way the Rinderpest had done – shoot all the wild animals. Drastic but quite effective as it turned out. Not very environmentally friendly however. (Note that most wild animals have become resistant to the parasite whereas domestic or non-indigenous animals are vulnerable and this includes humans.)

This was followed by a related programme which cleared the bush habitat where the host animals lived – also not very environmentally friendly and only marginally effective In some desperation a programme of ground based application of residual pesticides was started and this was integrated with cattle dipping and other treatments. This proved quite effective in countries where management and discipline could be maintained. This technique however also had many ecological drawbacks as the heavy dosages tended to run off into the environment with resulting off target damage. The chemicals used were very persistent such as DDT and Dieldrin.

As a result of a long programme of trials and experimentation mainly in the Zambezi valley the concept of using odour baited traps or targets was developed to a point where it would be deployed in many countries. This technique had some local successes but always

suffered from a need to maintain ongoing management inputs. Such inputs were not always continuously available given geography and politics in Africa.

It is however an open-ended technique which tends to achieve population suppression rather than eradication, thus any relaxation in maintenance can result in rapid re-development of a significant population such as happened in Botswana in the late 90s when a long-term drought ended and the Delta became inaccessible.

Meanwhile the search had gone on for a precision technique that could replace those systems which had ceased to be effective or environmentally acceptable. This led to further thought about aerial application. The attraction of such a potential technique was the capacity to treat large areas rapidly since the sheer scale of the problem was a major factor.

Aerial application of insecticides had been tried before but usually as an alternative method of applying the same persistent chemicals that were currently being used for ground application methods. What was needed was a fresh approach which utilised the aerosol technique becoming common in domestic and industrial pest control methods, a fine spray using tiny droplets containing very low amounts of non-persistent chemicals.

The major difference in concept was to move away from the principle of covering fly habitat with a persistent pesticide so that moving flies would eventually come into contact with it and pick up a lethal dose. The aerosol technique selects the actual insect as the target and aims to deliver the lethal dose direct onto the insect using a non-persistent pesticide

This is where we were came in. For some time the aerial spraying industry in Rhodesia had led the way in developing more cost effective ways of applying pest control chemicals to field crops. It seemed quite logical to go one step further and apply some of our expertise and experience to this aerosol technique.

It took a long time, a lot of trials, experimental operations and development processes all of which led to a progressive improvement in results. However in this process there was one giant step which made it all come together – night operations

Releasing a fine cloud of tiny droplets into open savannah demands very stable air conditions if the chemical is not to be dispersed by air movement and is to have any chance of hitting the target of a small fly hiding in the bush. Suitable conditions do prevail during cool winter days but there are only a very few suitable daylight hours available each day – about three in fact. These calm conditions however do persist throughout the winter nights to give a total of about 12 hours out of each 24, so why not use them.

The question was – was it possible to fly at tree top height over bush areas in an aircraft doing 250 KPH – at night. Worth trying at least. Some scary trials ensued; but in the end it was found that not only was it possible but quite practical using suitable aircraft modified with special working lights that allowed the pilot to see well ahead of the aircraft.

So now it was theoretically possible to apply extremely small quantities of a non-persistent chemical to control the fly and still maintain acceptable levels of off-target effects. While it now seemed possible to achieve all this there was still one important input factor left which needed to be added.

If you are to use very small quantities of material there can be no room for error, you are not splashing stuff around on the basis that there so much going down that probably some of it will get to the right place and do the job. On the contrary you are applying just enough to do the job and no more. Too little and you will fail, too much and there will be off target effects. There can be no gaps left and no overlaps.

Up to this point aerial operations were still relatively imprecise and regrettably this encouraged and allowed poorly qualified operators to carry out some projects with inadequate preparation and very suspect execution. The results were usually ill defined and could not be quantified in any way but were accepted as being within acceptable limits if eradication was not the objective. A number of very poor quality operations were allowed to go ahead in some countries and this eventually led to disastrous accidents and very poor results; this gave aerial operations an undeserved bad reputation.

This did not occur in Zimbabwe however nor in other countries where our operations continued to develop under sound quality control discipline. We were however always limited by availability of really accurate track guidance technology; in the early days not even the best military standard equipment could deliver the accuracy we needed – a maximum wander of 100 m over 60 km or 0.16%. Not possible. We did get close and achieved some very good results in many operations in many countries around Africa but the final precision eluded us.

Then along came GPS – Global Positioning System – the satellite based navigation system that changed everything. Accuracy of the order of one meter over 100 km was now achievable 0.001% !!

The first real test of the new equipment came in 2001 in Botswana when it became necessary to clear the Okavango Delta from an increasingly troublesome fly population. A plan was put forward to spray the entire area of 16 000 square kilometres in two campaigns over a period of two years. The operation started in late May 2001 and the first half was completed by mid August.

This operation was very closely monitored by an environmental team from Australia and the results were very encouraging in their assessment of off target effects. The effect on the fly population was apparently complete eradication – the first time this had ever been achieved. The second half was completed the following year and the result was the same: the Okavango Delta was clear of Tsetse flies.

The technique had now been refined to the point that under suitable conditions of climate, terrain and habitat it could be relied upon to eradicate Tsetse flies and thus eliminate the scourge of Trypanosomiasis. It could produce consistent results over large areas in a very short time compared with other control methods.

So what is this technique that was developed to this level here in Rhodesia and Zimbabwe and what are the components and characteristics.

The technical objective is to distribute accurately and evenly about 300 mg of a synthetic pyrethroid insecticide over each hectare of fly habitat in the treatment areas. Every square metre of the area must receive the correct droplet density with no gaps left and no overlaps.

This material must be delivered in the form of an aerosol spray cloud of correctly sized droplets such that all flies in the treatment areas will come into contact with a sufficient number of these droplets to receive a lethal dose. One or two droplets contain sufficient active material to kill a Tsetse fly. Now 300 mg is about the size of a typical Aspirin tablet and a hectare is about the size of two football fields, so to achieve even distribution of such a small amount is a considerable challenge but it can and has been done over huge areas.

First the insecticide is dissolved in an industrial solvent; then this is bulked up with a suitable carrier to a volume that when atomised correctly will generate a sufficient density

of droplets in the aerosol cloud to ensure that all flies in the treatment area will receive a lethal dose. Easier said than done.

This aerosol must be delivered into the fly habitat under conditions which allow the droplets to infiltrate the whole area delivering this lethal dose to all the flies. These conditions are critical, if there is any significant air movement the droplets will be dispersed and lost before they can be effective. This is why the operation is always carried out during the calm conditions of winter nights in open savannah.

So this is what has to be done, now we need to examine how this can be achieved in practice.

There are five main components to the operation. These are: Pilot; Aircraft; Navigation System; Pesticide; Dispersal System.

The Pilot must be a professional man with training and experience in low level flying at night. He must be fully conversant with the aircraft type and the navigation equipment; cowboys need not apply.

The Aircraft must be totally reliable and capable of accepting considerable modifications to install the night flight equipment, the navigation equipment, the dispersal system and the protection necessary to absorb damage from in flight bird strikes. There are only a very small number of aircraft types that can do this task and are all turbine engine powered specialist aircraft. An endurance of four hours and a safe flight envelope up to 300 kph is needed with a load capacity of 1 500 litres of material.

The Navigation system must have an accuracy capability of not more than one meter wander, it must be pilot friendly and have an on board data logging capability to allow pre-flight programming and post flight analysis.

The Pesticide must be prepared in such a way that the physical characteristics of

Two Turbo Thrush aircraft spraying tsetse fly infested habitat.

Volatility, Viscosity and Density combine with the Chemical characteristics needed to meet the demands of the Technique and eradicate the flies without adverse off target effects.

The Dispersal system must be capable of producing a continuous output of nearly mono sized droplets of the order of about 30 micrometres diameter. It must be controllable by the navigation system to maintain an accurate and consistent flow rate.

A contractor must put all this together and be able to offer the operation at a cost acceptable to potential clients.

A typical project would cover an area of 10 000 square kilometres, requiring five aircraft units. For entomological reasons this area needs to be treated five times at roughly 20 day intervals. Each aircraft can cover about 350 square kilometres per night so with five aircraft the area can be covered in five to six nights. This leaves an interval for maintenance and crew rest – it is a stressful operation.

In 2001/2002 records show a maximum flight path wander of less than a metre and a dosage accuracy within .02 % of target. Records show no Tsetse flies have been caught in surveys since the completion of the programme.

Each aircraft flies at 250 kph for about 8 hours; that is a distance of 2 000 kilometres. So the five aircraft will fly 10 000 kilometres – for five nights – for five cycles – that is 250 000 kilometres – more than five times around the world – low level – at night.

The current technique can be compared to the original control methods in the same way you can compare the use of a surgical scalpel to a blunt hatchet or a stiletto to a battle axe. We can now select and remove a single species from an ecosystem with minimal environmental damage; this is truly a success story which is ongoing and can and will have a significant impact on Africa's ability to feed itself in the future.

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Working on Railway Lines

By Angela Hurrell

We are about to leave Zimbabwe. We are the last two of a Pioneer family, which once numbered over sixty. The Hurrell family has been in Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe) for 115 years, forebears having trekked up from South Africa in 1892.

William and his wife Florence came up by wagon with their little daughter Grace, their dogs and a piano They first settled in the Fort Victoria (now Masvingo) district, but blackwater fever and the establishment of a staging post in Gwelo drew them to what William thought would be the most important part of the country, the centre. They ran the Horseshoe Hotel, built first with pole and daga ('wattle and daub'), later replaced with brick and corrugated iron. It was demolished when Tom Meikle built the Midlands Hotel. The family played an important role in the town. William was Mayor several times, the last being for the duration of the visit of the Prince of Wales, when he replaced the sitting mayor whose spoken English was considered too heavily accented for him to play host to the British prince.

I feel it would be remiss of me to go without setting down in print the contribution made by Hurrell & Sons (Stewart Hurrell, his sons Dale and Neville) in the early 1950s to the new railway line connecting Bannockburn to the Mozambican coastal port of Lourenço Marques (now Maputo). After the line had been completed, the Railways awarded further contracts in various other parts of the country. The three wives, Isabel (Stewart's wife), Angela (Dale's wife) and Jenifer (Neville's wife) and their families, always supportive of their menfolk, moved with them and lived in the sometimes harsh conditions of camp life. Unfortunately, the men and Isabel are no longer with us, so I have had to draw on my and my sisters-in-law's memories, which are not usually considered a reliable source. However, where we have agreed on certain points I have taken these as fact. Any records of the contracts have been lost or destroyed, and I regret never having kept a diary or paid more attention to what was discussed daily by the Hurrell men.

We were young and very involved in bringing up our children so perhaps did not take in as much detail as we should have done. This is therefore essentially a report from a woman's perspective.

PREPARATION OF THE LINE

I met the family in July 1954 when Stewart and Dale had already begun work on the preparation of the line. Copper and chrome were much sought-after worldwide at the end of the Second World War. Southern Rhodesia had plenty of chrome and the copper would come from Northern Rhodesia. Because there had been limited maintenance done on the rolling stock during the war years, new locomotives, coaches, wagons, etc., were considered essential in preparation for the movement of these minerals as well as for increased consumer goods and passengers. It was anticipated that the line from/to Beira would be overloaded in a few years, so there was a need for it to be upgraded.

The rail link from Salisbury to Beira had been built in 1898, and the link to Mutare in 1900, earlier than the Salisbury to Bulawayo line that was completed in 1902. Even at the time of the building of the Beira line it was known that it was one of the country's steepest

gradients, with heavy curvature. This was brought home to us after an accident while we were working on that line, many years later.

The port of Beira was not considered big enough to allow for expansion. It was felt that a second outlet to the coast was essential and the port in Lourenço Marques was deemed suitable for both expansion and enlargement. Because of the problems in construction on both the Southern Rhodesia and Mozambique sides it was planned that the expense for the line would be shared between the two. The only other route to Lourenço Marques was via Mafeking to South Africa on the line connecting to the coast. That line was maintained and run by Rhodesia Railways.

In 1949 the General Manager of Rhodesia Railways, Sir Arthur Griffin, sent J. Hossack, the Deputy Engineer (Projects), and another engineer to check on the feasibility of the link from Bannockburn on the Shabani branch line to Pafuri on the border of Rhodesia, South Africa and Portuguese East Africa (Mozambique). The branch line from Shabani (now Zvishavane) was constructed in 1928, and laid to main line specifications as it was foreseen that the line would later be extended southwards.

The investigating party set off from Bannockburn in a new vanette to survey the land, but the Bannockburn/Belingwe escarpment led them 58 miles southwards to Masase Mission near West Nicholson. The vanette was clearly not suitable for the work expected of it, so they went via Beitbridge to the ridge between the Bubye and Nuanetsi rivers.

Tom (Murray) MacDougall of Lowveld fame and the British South African Police in the area advised the engineers to replace the vanette with a 3-ton truck and hire some twenty workers. It was recommended that they go round Mateki Hills. The party returned to Bulawayo and it was not until 1951 that a second survey party was organised.

The plan then was to find a route along the flat ridge between the Lundi and Nuanetsi rivers and then cross the border about fifty miles north of Pafuri on the 22nd parallel. A detailed survey was approved and a larger party with vehicles sent out. They had to chop their way through the bush near to the border and a bulldozer was found to be necessary in some places.

Stewart, beginning cutting at Ngesi, 1954.

The Portuguese surveyed a route from the railhead at Ginga to the border, some 200 miles, about thirteen miles south of the Rhodesian team which reached the Boundary Post. The gradient from Bannockburn was l in 125 but when later a route was taken through Belingwe this was reduced to l in 80. The Buchwa crest had too high a gradient so the way through Belingwe was investigated. However, they were put off by a long narrow gorge with vertical sides that barred the way, so, with the loss of twenty miles of wasted survey, a route was taken that went east of Buchwa instead of west. This increased the length of the line and led into heavier and denser country, and it was six months later that the Nuanetsi river was reached. Buchwa, a kopje of iron ore about 28 miles south-east of Shabani, reached an altitude of 860 metres. Photographs taken at the top of Buchwa showed a good view of the surrounding countryside. Later, in 1970 the Rhodesian Iron and Steel Company (RISCO) in Redcliff set up the Buchwa Iron Mining company to mine the deposits for transport to Redcliff. In 1975 specialised wagons carrying 59 tons of ore were supplied to RISCO.

The Economic Co-ordination Administration (ECA) of the US Mutual Security Administration (MSA) was interested in the construction of the Pafuri-Lourenço Marques link, and considered it to be a project qualifying for assistance from the American Overseas Development Pool with a grant of 50 per cent of the total cost, which at that time was estimated to be £6 million. Repayment was to be made by way of raw materials from Northern and Southern Rhodesia for cobalt, copper, zinc and chrome, and guarantees of monthly deliveries of coal to be made from Wankie to Northern Rhodesia to facilitate mining operations in the copper region.

Priority was given to the building of the new link to relieve pressure on the Beira line, which it was hoped would be completed by 1955.

Later that year Rhodesia Railways decided to begin construction of the new rail link for access to Lourenço Marques that would run along the watershed from Bannockburn to the border. The ECA mission in London approved the loan of £5 million to both Rhodesias for

The Ngesi cutting, 1954, with Buchwa in the distance.

improvements to the Rhodesian railways. The Minister of Transport at that time, Mr G.A. Davenport, reported that the route had been pegged and that tenders for the construction would shortly be invited. Dr Salazar, the President of Portuguese East Africa, sent a message to the Prime Minister, Godfrey Huggins, that tenders were being invited for the construction of the line from Guiga on the Limpopo.

The MSA said that it was impossible to honour their offer of a grant as new commitments had emerged in Eastern Europe. Very heavy rains in Rhodesia that year meant that only thirty miles were staked out. Later that year it had reached 53 miles to Ngezi, where it was reported that the construction was under way with bulldozers, concrete mixers, tip trucks, graders, lorries and a small gang of workers pushing south-east from Bannockburn. The only major river bridge that had to be built was over the Ngezi and was 4 × 95ft span.

The majority of the rock cuttings were through serpentine or granite rock, which is what Hurrell & Sons embarked upon. A track pre-assembly depot was set up at Bannockburn, which boasted a temporary population of some 150 people, a cottage hospital with a resident medical officer, library and tennis courts.

The Lundi and Nuanetsi rivers flooded and cut off the staking party for ten days. Fresh water was always a problem and at one time had to be transported from twenty-five miles away. In time new boreholes were put down. Game was plentiful and the Road Motor Service vehicles carried supplies. The Portugese had to build a temporary 2,012ft bridge over the Limpopo.

It was reported that 160,000 cubic yards of earth and rock had been moved in preparation for the line, mainly by the Railways with a 'small amount by contractors'.

Inspection of the track with Railway employees.
The Minister of Transport, Mr G.A. Davenport, is second from the right.

LAYING THE TRACK, 1954–1955

The first twenty-two miles of track was laid and ballasted by early 1954. An important feature was two purpose-built plate-laying trains, each consisting of eleven bogies of flat wagons, built by Rhodesia Railways. Each train carried sixty-six 40ft pre-assembled panels of track complete with sleepers, which were assembled at Bannockburn yards. While one rake of wagons was being loaded, the second was being off-loaded. It was therefore possible for one Rhodesia Railways plate-layer, one operator and eighteen workers to lay half mile of track in four hours.

All stores and spares were moved from Bannockburn to Rutenga, and the pre-assembly plant was moved to Ngesi on the sixty-five miles of ballasted track that had been completed. The Portugese arrived at the border at the end of 1954 but the line was incomplete and only engines pulling light loads could run on it. The Rhodesian earthworks had almost reached the border by December in spite of heavy rains. The track-laying was complete to eighty-seven miles

Early in the year the last load of earth was laid into position to finish the main-line earthworks on the Rhodesian side, with work still to be done on the crossing loops and Bannockburn yard. The track-laying of 126 miles was completed and the job finished in July 1955.

Malvernia Station was established by the Portugese and named by them after the Prime Minister of the Rhodesian Federation, Lord Malvern (Sir Godfrey Huggins). Malvernia became the interchange station between both railway administrations, where locomotives could be turned around and refuelled. A township was established and one has to pity the families of men who saw duty there. It was terribly hot in summer. A 25-mile-long pipeline from the Nuanetsi river was later set up to provide water for the various households.

In 1956 passenger trains began to run, but only once a week as the track had to settle. Rhodesia Railways named the border siding Vila Salazar after the President of Portuguese East Africa, and it has since been renamed Sango. It is situated at the south end of Gonarezhou National Park.

LIFE AT THE CAMPS

Stewart's wife Isabel made a home for the family at every camp they set up. These were constructed of pole and daga, thatch, canvas and corrugated iron. The bedrooms were usually in the form of a rondavel with pitched thatched roof and mud walls. The sitting area was of canvas and thatch. A corrugated-iron kitchen housed a wood-burning stove, and the toilet was the old 'long-drop' type (a deep narrow pit with hessian or grass walls and plenty of old wood ash for keeping the place sweet-smelling). As often as not the lounge/dining area was of canvas with a thatch roof. The showers were constructed of corrugated iron, hessian or thatching grass that was hammered on to poles to form a circular space. A ladder made of rough timber was then attached to the side of the shower and reached the top, which was open to the skies. Half a 44-gallon drum was then fixed on to the cross poles at the top and filled with hot water when needed. A fire nearby heated the water, which would then be taken up the rather unstable ladder and poured into the drum on the top, usually half full of cold water from a previous shower. It worked well.

A large gang of African labourers was employed and their huts had to be moved as the work progressed. There was always a huge cooking pot at the construction site, where

one of the men spent hours cooking mealie meal (sadza) for lunch for the hard-working labour force.

The family lived under somewhat harsh conditions, especially in the rainy season when everything leaked and work came to a standstill. Water had to be transported from the

The shower at the Hartley home.

nearest supply, which was sometimes a river and sometimes tanks set up by the Railways. Lights and a fridge were run on paraffin, and this meant that the lamps had to be cleaned and refilled every morning. Almost every night insects would get into the 'chimney' of the paraffin light and cause it to smoke.

Cleaning a paraffin lamp is not an easy job. The sticky soot has to be removed with newspaper before washing, a job that was the bane of Isabel's life. Wood stoves (often a Dover) were used in kitchens made of corrugated iron - hellishly hot in the summer. Washing was carried out in rivers or in tubs, and the ironing done, usually in the open, with either flat irons, heated on the stove-top, or ash ones. These were cumbersome, as they were heavy and had to be filled with hot ash, emptied when the ash grew cold and then refilled. It took an experienced laundryman/woman to produce a white shirt without scorchmarks caused by sparks of ash.

The contracts that Hurrell & Sons took on were usually for the relaying of line, re-ballasting and renewing of old iron sleepers with new concrete ones, and virtually any jobs considered too small for the Railways to do themselves. The work on the new line was initially one of blasting away rock formations that stood in the path of the planned line, so the Hurrells purchased a compressor and jackhammers. Stewart had plenty of mining experience, and Dale, having attended Camborne School of Mines in Cornwall, was very knowledgeable about working with explosives.

Once the job of blasting had been completed, the company was then awarded a contract to prepare the bed for the proposed line and also to transport and offload ballast.

Stewart took care of the business side of operations while Dale was on the job with the

labourers from sunrise to the close of the day's work. Neville, who had been working at the Gwelo Dairy, was persuaded to join the family business. He shared a tent or rondavel with Dale and soon settled into the work, though I think he missed his friends. The men usually worked together on the various contracts, but later Dale and Neville would split the labour force and work on different contracts.

Two family dogs, Donnie and Bonsor, both boxer-type animals, moved with them. They often disappeared for days at a time, hunting in the bush. Bonsor suffered an attack from a porcupine that left one of his front legs damaged after several quills had penetrated it. When I met them, he was still hunting on his three good legs and one stiff one.

Living (camping) near Ngezi provided Dale with ample opportunities to prospect and early photos show him atop Buchwa Hill that later was mined almost to level ground for the rich iron ore found there. The camp was under a large wild-fig tree, and this was where Neville found a little pigeon that he named Churri. Churri became quite tame but carried out a one-bird war by pestering Stewart whenever he was working on his accounts. The bird would persist in pushing pens and pencils onto the ground, time and again.

From Ngezi the family moved to Wickwe, setting up camp once again for themselves and their labourers.

The family at Wickwe Camp, 1954.
Left to right: Dale, Dirk, Isabel, Mrs Cameron, Stewart.
In the front is Mrs Cameron's son and the dog, Gundi.

MY FIRST VISITS TO THE CAMPS, 1954–55

Ours was a courtship carried out long distance as the construction roads alongside the proposed track were very makeshift. We would meet sometimes only once a month in Gwelo. Dale would often have to travel at night so that he did not take time off from the job unless it was really necessary. His dog Gundi (short for Gundone, for he was a good ratter) always accompanied him, so it was a case of 'love me. love my dog'. He was Dale's shadow and a real character who had to be fed whenever we stopped for a late-night snack at the hot-dog caravan situated near Boggie's clock in Gwelo, where OK Bazaars now stands.

I was invited to recuperate at their camp after a spell in hospital, and Dale collected me from Gwelo. Neville with his sister Ann and Richard Lamb travelled in his car, and other motorists, including Railway employees, were also on the road. However, February 1955 was part of another heavy rainy season. The Lundi, Nuanetsi and Tokwe bridges, all low level, were flooded. We drove down to the Lundi bridge hoping to cross the swollen river to Rutenga to where they had moved their camp, but we could not. We then tried, by going back through Shabani, to cross on the Ngezi railway bridge without success. We then went round to try to cross the Nuanetsi but that bridge was still flooded. We had to stop travelling as our fuel was getting low. All the travellers on the road had to spend the night on the banks of the river waiting for the water to subside. We had only a box of pears to eat but were able to call birthday greetings across the river to Isabel where she and Stewart waited. They had driven down to the bridge to see what was happening. Isabel had prepared a special dinner of oxtail for us, stored in the fridge awaiting our arrival.

Neville amused us all by rigging up a sail with his shirt and some sticks and floating on his back down the fast-flowing river; there couldn't have been any crocodiles around. When we were able to cross, with water up to the mudguards and willing local men pushing, we enjoyed the luxury of a hot shower and the prepared supper.

I had only known the family for a short time and had been brought up to eat whatever was served, so somehow managed to swallow the oxtail stew that everyone (except me) thought such a treat. I managed to finish supper without anyone noticing my revulsion, but Dale's invitation to 'suck the bones' was nearly my undoing! In later years it became known that this was not my favourite meal and it was never again offered to me.

Once a week the Hurrell seniors drove to the nearest town (usually Fort Victoria) and bought whatever the labour force had requested in the way of shirts, trousers, cigarettes (gwaai), bicycle parts, toiletries, etc. The week's pay was collected from the bank, and Isabel and Stewart then drove out to where the work was progressing to pay the labourers. The men were able to have 'squellet' (credit) and settle their debts, in full or in part, when they received their pay. Occasionally they would prefer a trip to town but for the most part they seemed happy with this arrangement.

I took my annual leave and spent it at the camp in a caravan, and during this time we all travelled to Chipinda Pools on the Lundi River. This meant camping proper and sleeping on stretchers in the open, something I had no experience of. Starting out by placing my stretcher nearest the fire, I ended the night sleeping in the back of the car, squashed but safe, after listening with concern to the sounds of the bush, lions roaring and hyenas laughing.

We used the construction road, which ran alongside the planned railway line. It was very rough and fortunately, being winter, it did not rain, for then the road became a quagmire and very dangerous to drive on. Isabel was always a keen fisherman and had good catches in the river, but we wandered along to the Chipinda Pools, where the water formed strong cascades in the rocks, an awe-inspiring sight. Some 30km downstream of the Pools rise the Chilojo Cliffs, 170m from the south bank of the Lundi river. They consist of multi-coloured sand formations, the base of which is, apparently, the lowest point in the country. Situated in the Gonarezhou National Park, the horizontal layers of soil, coloured white, ochre, pink and brown are a spectacular feature in the reserve.

The camp at Rutenga was situated under some large trees on the opposite side of the main road to where the railway houses were later built. Being born and raised in town I

was totally unprepared for the many insects and wild animals that seemed to abound. The sight of hunting spiders running along sent me up and onto the nearest chair. They seemed to abound in the camp, probably drawn by smaller insects that came fluttering to the lights at night, and sped along with front feelers or legs sticking out in front, over anything that happened to be in their way. They seemed huge and while they may have been quite innocuous, as I was assured, they certainly gave me nightmares; it was with relief that I could climb the few steps to the sanctuary of my caravan.

Stewart and Isabel shared a love of the bush and at that time there was plenty of wildlife to be seen nearby. After dark they would often drive along the main Beitbridge road with a spotlight beamed from the car roof, hoping to see some of the animals that they could hear. Dale appeared content to remain 'at home' in his spare time, and, having become engaged, we were happy to be left to our own devices. Neville had made friends with the young railway employees and often joined them at the Lundi Hotel on a Saturday night. The Lundi Hotel (then the Rhino Hotel) was situated on the riverbank near the low-lying bridge They catered well and provided overnight accommodation. The pub was very popular and one could also obtain fuel there. Sitting out under the trees before dinner when the river was in flood one could hardly carry on a conversation for the noise of the river flowing past. Years later, when prospecting in the area, we stayed there with our children, but a subsequent visit revealed a tumble-down ruin with little evidence of the hotel.

Rutenga Camp, 1954.

LAYING TRACKS

Contracts were awarded for the laying of prepared tracks of line, which was mostly done by the Railways. However, we were awarded contracts for some of the work, and have a photograph of the Minister of Transport, Mr Davenport, his wife and members of the party who paid a visit to inspect the operation.

The Railways used a machine that lifted lengths of pre-assembled line into place, but we could only use our labourers. It was heavy work. Contracts for work in railway sidings was awarded to our company and carried out with our gang of labourers, and progress was made to the Lowveld. Being summer, the heat was unbearable and it was while there that several of the labourers got sunburned, causing blisters on their backs.

About that time two ex-railway men (Mr Newman and Mr Molenzi) joined the company, and it was a major undertaking moving the whole camp. Naturally time spent on moving camp meant less work done, which meant less income, so there was always a rush to get

settled again. Mr Newman's wife lived with him in the camp, and their children frequently spent school holidays there also. Theirs was a substantial camp. Mr Molenzi, who would insist on calling Neville 'Navel', lived alone while at the camp.

Chikombedzi was the last camp, some miles from the border. It was very basic and made up of tents for sleeping quarters, and a corrugated-iron shower and makeshift kitchen, again of corrugated iron. The men lived there while Stewart and Isabel maintained the base camp in Rutenga, travelling for some hours to reach the labour force on pay-days on the dreadful bush road that ran alongside the line.

When Dale and Neville worked away from the main camp they employed some 'raw' cooks. On a couple of occasions, having returned from work and after driving miles, they were served a supper which had been cooked at three in the afternoon. Pre-cooked eggs and steak kept warm for hours in the old Dover stove did not make a very appetising meal.

The newest recruits to the labour force were usually given a few days to build their own huts. Dropped off amongst suitable trees and grass they would be left to select and cut them down to be collected later. On one occasion a young 'kitchen hand', who later became the cook, was left in the bush where lions were known to roam. Being understandably nervous he pointed this out and was told to climb the nearest tree if in danger. He was about 17 years old at the time. Fortunately no lions came near!

It was while living in this camp that the menfolk decided to buy an elephant gun, as the big jumbos were often to be seen wandering around the bush. Poles supporting the new telegraph/telephone lines had to be planted in position ahead of the railway line, but the elephant would bend these poles, sometimes for metres along, and they would have to be replaced. To my knowledge the gun was never used.

On a visit to the camp I was interested to see how the bush was cleared before work could begin on the laying of the line. A tractor with chains attached to a big concrete ball

Chikombedzi Camp, 1955.

was driven through the bush. It was most effective in pulling big trees and bushes up and out of the way.

There were some accidents that occurred and when working in one of the sidings. On one occasion, while replacing a length of line, adequate care was not taken to ensure that the old part had been thrown clear of the new track. When the train came along, the steps hit the end of the line and imprinted the markings on the end of the rail onto the steps. Although minimum damage was done, there was no way that one could plead ignorance of the cause of the accident!

EARLY MARRIED LIFE, 1955–1957

After we were married, our work took us to Hartley, where we set up camp on Mr Knight's farm, outside the town. The work entailed crushing granite for the renewal of ballast along the Gwelo line, and suitable rock was found on the farm, much to Mr Knight's disgust, for he did not want a gang of workers on his place and barely tolerated us living there.

Our first home was of grass and canvas with the usual shower and kitchen. Going to take a shower was a trifle dangerous as we found that small holes in the earth's surface usually housed scorpions that seemed (to this 'townie') to abound. Going barefoot was not to be encouraged.

On a short visit by my mother, another real 'townie', there was a bush fire burning a little way away. We could hear the crackle of burning wood and grass and the night sky was lit up with flames. Our camp had been cleared of bush for some distance, but my mother did not sleep that night as she kept sitting up and looking out to see how near the fire was coming. The walls of our house were only three or four feet high, with the roof sloping down, almost covering the walls, but it was possible to see out of the gap. Her bed squeaked each time she sat up so we knew how she had spent her night. I don't think she was cut out to be a camper.

On weekends we would usually take our dogs to Gwelo, and as this was before the

Our first home, Hartley, 1955.

full tarred surfaces were built, we had to travel on the strip roads, which went as far as Bulawayo at that time.

Once that job had been completed, we again moved to Rutenga to re-ballast the line, and we were able to rent one of the new brick-built Railway houses. There were fly-screens fitted to all the doors and windows.

The heat was terrific so we slept on a tiny gauzed veranda to catch any breeze there might be. Once again we could listen to the nightly chorus of animals nearby. Lions were always on the prowl and made their presence known by their roaring, particularly during the night. Dale and Neville drove down the construction road to work each day and I would amuse myself by making ginger beer, etc. This came to an end when, in the extreme heat, the bottles blew up one by one and showered the kitchen with shards of glass and spilt ginger beer.

We then moved to the Umvuma area near Gobo Siding where the work entailed re-ballasting sections of the Umvuma to Gwelo line. It was of short duration and we camped with caravans near a stream in the bush. The water in the stream was clear, so we could get our washing done in it. We often heard baboons barking from the kopje nearby, which must have been frightening for my new sister-in-law. This was the first taste of camp life that Jenny, Neville's wife, had experienced.

Our first baby was a few months old and not even crawling at that stage, so it was easy to lay out a rug on the bush grass and, with a playpen round her, know that she was safe.

We often passed a large rondavel built just back from the road to Gwelo near Lalapanzi Siding (established in 1908 to serve the chrome mines in the area, Cambrai, Rhodesia and Rose; Magnesite was also found here). Stewart and Isabel had lived there while working in the area, when Dale and Neville were babies. Built of rock, it has withstood the rigours of time and is still intact these many years later. The old tennis courts, where they enjoyed many Saturday afternoons playing tennis, were still standing.

From there our work took us to Zimuto, which was on the line north of Fort Victoria; Copota School for the Blind is nearby. Work there again consisted of re-ballasting the line. Again our living quarters were caravans, with tents for the dining area and a ruined building that we used as our kitchen in one corner and and shower in the other. The normal (long-drop) toilet was dug nearby.

Water was often collected in a couple of 44-gallon drums and buckets and transported on wheelbarrows. A shallow hole dug in the nearby vlei would enable water to seep through, and it could be scooped up and taken back to camp, but it needed several trips to fill the 44-gallon drums used for washing - and also for drinking purposes, which meant that it had to be well boiled before being poured into a filter. We were able to buy milk in whisky bottles from the Tribal Trust Land farmers and that too had to be boiled well.

We were fortunate to be able to employ a 'cook/waiter', who set the table in the dining tent, served the food that had been cooked, cleared up and then washed dishes afterwards, albeit in a zinc tub.

The shower water was always kept hot, the lamps cleaned and then filled with paraffin, the stove ready for use with plenty of dry firewood chopped and on hand. How many times our 'domestic' had to climb that wobbly ladder to fill the drum at the top of the shower, I don't know.

Our baby turned one while we were there and had to get straight up on to her feet to walk:

The kitchen at Zumuto.

there was only bare earth and bush grass under foot … very prickly on her little knees.

Mike Darroch, Dale and Neville's cousin, joined us and lived in a tent in our camp. We were there during the winter and it was often difficult to get the labour force out and ready for work early in the mornings. It was sometimes necessary to transport them using the tipper truck to drive to the job and operate the tip. This usually woke them up.

Getting from our shower to the caravan was a freezing experience, so it was a relief when the weather started warming up as, of necessity, we spent a lot of time outdoors.

ALWAYS ON THE MOVE

In 1958 we moved to Bannockburn, 19km west of Shabani on the main Gwelo–Maputo line. The line to Shabani branches off this. Bannockburn takes its name from a battle between England and Scotland in 1314.

The work consisted of re-ballasting the line and re-laying it with heavier sleepers. This line connected with the new South Eastern line to Rutenga and on to Malvernia and was expected to carry heavier traffic in the coming months. A landmark that we came to recognise was that of Ngomohura, which was the name of a huge rounded rock on the main road to Fort Victoria after the Selukwe Wolfshaw Pass. Both Dale and Neville had previously climbed it.

Shabani is 97km south west of Fort Victoria and was an important mining area. It was the largest producer of asbestos in the country. The mine was opened in 1916, largely in response to the demand for this mineral during the First World War. A rail link was built in 1928. Gold, beryl, chrome and iron ore were also mined in the surrounding areas.

Dale had a small contract near the Gwaai forest, which is about 135km north-west of Bulawayo near the Victoria Falls–Bulawayo line. We lived in three tiny Railway cater huts made of wood. There was a walkway connecting the rooms to a bathroom and kitchen nearby. Each hut was big enough to hold only two beds and not much else, so our two little girls slept in the second one.

We used one room as a dining area where I also did the ironing. The iron I used on one occasion was a paraffin one, and while I was refilling it I caused it to catch alight. I flung the iron down on to the wooden floor and was fortunate indeed that it didn't do more damage than make scorch marks before it went out.

Our second child was only three months old and I often pushed her pram along the road to the store nearby. The sandy road caused the pram wheels to sink about four inches down, which made it very heavy going.

Moving back to Bannockburn, we shared a house with Neville and Jenny and, by now, three children – our two little girls, aged nearly three and nine months, and a little boy born to Jenny and Neville. It was a very noisy period, and, at times, quite trying, as the two families had very different ideas about coping with children and life together under one roof.

Our next contract took us to Glendale, where we were able to rent a very nice brick-built house. Heavier traffic was expected to use the line that ran through the village, so re-laying of the line was necessary. Glendale, 85km north of Salisbury (now Harare), is situated in the Mazoe valley, with good views of the mountains round about. There was a large railway depot. The Iron Duke Mine is about 15km south of the village and was Zimbabwe's leading producer of iron pyrites.

Unfortunately we were not long in the area and moved once again to a new contract in Umtali. Again we were able to rent a house, and the huts used by our labour force were moved on to the commonage near a river. Moving the huts took the best part of two days. Being contractors, we were only paid for the work completed, so time was of the essence and our trucks could be seen transporting the labourers' pitched grass roofs. Quite a strange sight!

Neville, Jenny and family lived in a little thatched cottage near the Machipanda border post into Mozambique; we lived on the other side of the town. This was a contract to re-lay track on the old section that needed heavier rail, again for the expected increase in traffic.

There had been a derailment on the section where the men were working and it was found that certain goods trucks could not travel there as the line had very tight curves – the

Gado Camp near Umvuma.

trucks had simply jumped the rails. Fortunately it was found to be the fault of the Railways and not of the contractors!

While in Umtali (Mutare) we visited the Bull Fighting at Vila de Manica, which was a horrifying eye-opener for me. I don't know what I expected, but the sight of spears being thrust into the backs of the bulls enraged me and I took the children and waited outside the arena. There was far more interesting entertainment as drunk Rhodesian youths were being picked up by the Portuguese police, knocked around with batons, and pushed into a Black Maria. I was ashamed of these young men, as we had witnessed similar behaviour in Beira when on a visit there.

We then moved to Banket, some 115km north of Salisbury. The only memory I have of that short spell is when I got disoriented after shopping in Sinoia (Chinhoyi). I drove home but, instead of turning west, went east and drove many miles before realising my mistake.

BOTSWANA

The year 1960 saw us moving to work in Francistown, Botswana. This, a much bigger job, kept us busy for two years, and consisted of re-laying with heavier rails. The talk was all about the 'panels', which were whole sections of rail, complete with sleepers attached. These panels were slewed into position when the old rails were removed. During the time this changeover took place, we were permitted to hold up goods trains if it was really necessary but never the mail trains. It was a case of 'all systems go' in the shortest possible time.

When the work was 40 to 50 miles away, both Dale and Neville spent four nights of each week in a ganger's cottage in Maope, which is south of Francistown. They would have to leave for work on a Monday at 4 a.m., only returning after work on Fridays. The labour force camped in commonage areas near the job. The only house available in the town had just two bedrooms, so we used the front gauzed porch as a third. In the extreme heat one summer we moved our beds outside, rigged up a mosquito net and slept the night there. This was not really satisfactory, as we had curious pedestrians peering over the hedge early in the morning.

The older children started school at John Mackenzie School in the town. Both Jenny and I entered into the life of the busy little town and got to know the townsfolk, enjoying the stability of a semi-permanent stay. On one occasion Dale and I and the family set off by car for Bulawayo, but had a breakdown half way there. As the road was so close to the line we were able to hail the drivers, who recognized Dale and stopped for us to catch a lift in the train. We moved back to Rhodesia at the completion of that contract.

BACK IN RHODESIA

Neville and family moved to Connemara, where he ran a crushing plant to crush stone from the old mine dumps at Connemara Mine near Hunter's Road. He had the job of seeing to the setting-up of the crusher and was responsible for the maintenance of the plant, which meant procuring conveyor belts, hoppers and screens, etc. A tractor collected the rocks from the dumps, which then ran through the crusher and was correctly sized for ballast purposes before being transported to the Hunter's Road Station goods yard. It was then tipped on to the growing dump in the yard, from where railway wagons collected it as and when needed. Arthur Birkin, a family friend, was employed when Neville had to return to the main construction job.

Neville was living and working in Mount Hampden on the Harare to Sinoia line, and this was where Joshua Nkomo tried to influence our workers to become unco-operative, successfully curtailing their work on one occasion. They asked for protection but wanted to know how Neville would provide this. He simply showed them his Luger, strapped, Western style, to his belt. They cheered at this and went back to work! Neville had later to work through Inkomo Barracks, and put up with the army trailing him while working in the Barracks. They certainly did not like civilians in the area but had to accept that the work needed to be completed.

On our return from Botswana in 1963 we went to Darwendale, 62km west of Salisbury. It is situated on the edge of the Great Dyke, and the line went through the village to Sinoia. Tobacco and cattle were farmed there, and chrome mined nearby. We lived in a manager's house on the Smith's farm, and Dale and Neville had to travel each day to where the job was in progress. Again the job was that of re-ballasting and re-railing. Neville started re-laying the track from Bulawayo through the good yards on to the main line to Salisbury. The line went behind Cement Siding, on past Heany Junction and all the small sidings to Gwelo and onwards.

It was considered an important contract as it was for the upgrading of the existing main line from, in some sections, 40 ft, 60 ft and 90 ft rails to new 120 ft-long (welded) rails. New concrete sleepers had to replace the old ones in order to carry the longer rails. Reballasting therefore also had to be undertaken.

The long rails were dragged off the transporter wagons by a chain attached to the end of the rail and hooked onto a fitting on the track. The train then moved forward with the two long rails being pulled off and dropped alongside the existing line. The concrete sleepers, made in Gwelo by Fort Concrete, were also off-loaded from the carrier. Short contracts of 20 to 30 miles each were undertaken all the way to Salisbury. In time a silver dogspike was hammered into place signifying the end of our relay, so the Railways' claim that all the work was done by them was not correct, as the contractor, in this case, ourselves, was given no mention.

One of the contracts was earmarked by the railway engineer to be awarded to a South African contractor who was suspected of 'back-handing' in Bulawayo. Neville and the company lawyer went to the Minister of Transport, who had been appealing to all Rhodesians to use local firms before foreign ones. He intervened, and the contract was re-awarded to Hurrell & Sons. He then moved to a house in Fairbridge that had previously been a sergeants' mess for the RAF when they were stationed in Bulawayo. At a later date, while living in Gwelo, Neville was involved in the building of the emergency line from Rutenga to Beitbridge to connect with the South African railway system direct through Botswana. Marshalling yards in Beitbridge were Neville's main job.

A SAD END TO THE BUSINESS

Stewart and Isabel purchased a farm in the Somabula/Selukwe farming areas, so they moved to a pole-and-daga house that they built there while the boys continued contracting. They later moved with their caravan to oversee the dam being built on the farm. Two small houses were built on the farm with farm labour for Neville and Dale, and the families sometimes travelled from where they were working to spend time there. Dale was particularly anxious to start developing the farm, and it was always a wrench for him to return to the job. Later

it was decided that he should move on to the farm and begin clearing land, planting crops and starting a herd of cattle while Neville continued the contracting. He and his family moved into the pole-and-daga house while the finishing touches were made to the two small houses. He did, however, return to work on the contract from time to time, but was always glad to get back to the farm.

During the school term the family had to move back into Hurrell Road near Riverside School in Gwelo, and Dale commuted to the farm. Unfortunately he was not able to settle there for long. Working on the Bulawayo line he met with an accident and died as a result of it. Stewart, coincidentally, was in Bulawayo Hospital at the time, where he was being treated for cancer, and he, too, died some months later. Isabel lost both a son and her husband within a very short space of time. Neville continued working for a while but the farm had to be sold and so the company all but ceased to exist. It was a very sad end to a thriving family business.

In later years I travelled with Isabel and my children along the Mozambique line to Lourenço Marques en route to Inhaca Island. We were able to recognise some of the places where the camps had been and to appreciate what work had been involved, especially with the blasting of rock in the cuttings carried out by Hurrell & Sons. I consider these to be lasting memorials of the contribution of the family's hard work in helping to build the Mozambique line.

Note: The detail regarding the planning for the 'South East Connection' has been taken from R.D. Taylor's article published in Vol. 24 of *Heritage*. Information on the towns and cities was taken from the *Tabex Encyclopedia of Zimbabwe*.

Book Reviews

1. JOURNEYS BEYOND GUBULAWAYO TO THE GAZA, TONGA AND LOZI – Letters of the Jesuits' Zambesi Mission, 1880–1883.
Translated by Veronique Wakerley, Edited by R. S. Roberts, Published by Weaver Press, Harare, 2009.

This is the second volume of the letters of Father Depelchin and Father Croonenberghs, Jesuits of the Zambesi Mission, translated from the French.

The first volume was published in 1979 and marked the centenary of their arrival in Zimbabwe and described their journey from Grahamstown to Bulawayo.

This, the second volume, continues the story of the Zambesi Mission from 1880 onwards and deals in the main with the ambitious plans of the Jesuits to establish mission stations in Gazaland, in the Middle Zambesi, and in the Upper Zambesi.

The volume contains three groups of letters. The first is entitled "To the country of Umzila" and is devoted to Father Law's Mission from Gubulawayo eastwards across country to Gazaland from May 1880 to October 1881.

The second section of letters is entitled "Among the Batonga" and is devoted to Father Depelchin's move to the north from Tati from May to December 1880.

The third section of the letters is entitled "The Valley of the Barotses and Pandamatenga" and consists largely of extracts from Father Depelchin's Journal and describes the journey north from Tati to Pandamatenga and on to Lealui and back again.

An Appendix follows the three Sections and is an assortment of letters and extracts put together in order to round out the earlier narrators and bring them up to date as at mid 1883.

As indicated in the foreword written by the original Editors in Brussels on 1 July 1883 the letter constitutes a moving yet glorious history of the first three years of the mission to the Zambesi and offers an uplifting portrait of the heroism of the Catholic missionaries.

Weaver Press is to be congratulated on publishing this sequel to the first volume and I have no hesitation in strongly recommending that all our readers should purchase a copy of this well produced and highly interesting volume. If not in the local bookshops contact Weaver Press in Harare on telephone 263/4/308330.

(Reviewed by M. J. Kimberley)

2. TROOPERS' TALES OF THE BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA POLICE
Compiled by John Berry and Alan Stock, Published by the United Kingdom Branch of the British South Africa Police Regimental Association, 2008.

This is book eight in a series designed with the threefold object of:

- recording previously unpublished stories by members of the B.S.A.P. written over a century ago, before they are lost forever;
- republishing stories and memoirs which appeared in old magazines, which are now not readily accessible to the ordinary reader;
- enabling former members, who may not be familiar with the distinguished history of their Regiment, to learn how earlier generations of their colleagues lived and worked.

The book contains eleven tales by eleven different B.S.A.P. Troopers who served at

varying times from the earliest days of the force to immediately after the Second World War. In each case the trooper's regimental number is given and some of these numbers certainly go back to the very beginning of the Force. For example, Trooper Boultbee was No. 340, Trooper Ball No. 345 and Trooper Stenming No. 547.

The tales also extend over a very wide area of this country including the Lundi River, Inyanga, Rusape, Gwanda, Fort Tuli, Filabusi, Belingwe, Bulawayo, Mount Darwin, Fort Victoria, Bikita, Hartley, Beitbridge, Salisbury, Figtree, Nyamandhlovu, Inyati, Concession, Chiweshe, Sipolilo and a few other places.

The tales are varied and include descriptions of some exciting incidents including the theft of a consignment of gold being transported by Cape cart from Killarney Mine to Balla Balla, a vivid description of a pub crawl in Bulawayo encompassing visits to all the well known watering holes, and a quite amusing description of a hunt for a rogue elephant that was destroying crops. The longest tale concerns Henry George Seward who enlisted as a trooper in 1920 and retired after 28 years service in 1948 with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, Officer Commanding Matabeleland.

The book is excellent and our readers are enjoined to acquire a copy and also to give a thought to purchasing the other eight volumes in the series. For information about price, etc., send an email to John Berry at <jb5584@eircom.net>.

(Reviewed by M. J. Kimberley)

3. ALL FOR NOTHING – My life remembered.
By C. G. Tracey, published by Weaver Press, 2009.

This book records the recollections of C. G. Tracey (known to all nowadays as CG) who was born in Gutu on the last day of 1923 and now lives in retirement in Harare. He was educated at Ruzawi an Anglican private school in Marondera and then at Blundells a well known English public school founded in about 1570.

All his life CG has been a farmer initially at Handley Cross near Chakari and subsequently at Mount Lothian opposite Ewanrigg National Park in the Arcturus District.

As a practical farmer CG was very successful and his farming activities became very diverse embracing animal husbandry involving pigs, cattle (Jersey, Charalois, Limousins), and sheep where he was involved in developing Wiltipers, a new breed. He also grew crops of various kinds including maize, especially hybrid seed maize, cotton (300 acres) and soya beans. He also produced flower seed (zinnias, calendulas, petunias and marigolds) for export to international seed houses in America as well as vegetable seed including tomato and lettuce.

CG was very enterprising in his farming work and there are a number of examples of this. Soya beans were widely grown in the USA and Brazil in maize areas but in this country the low yields made the crop unpopular with farmers. CG approached research complexes in the USA and imported varieties from there as well as from Colombia, Brazil and West Africa which he grew on Handley Cross and this provided the impetus for our government plant breeders to develop new varieties and today soya beans are the most important oil-seed crop in this country.

With the advent of sanctions following UDI in 1965 and the resulting currency restrictions canned tomato products could no longer be imported. CG carried out research in England and South Africa, had tomato cutters, pulpers and screening units made in Rhodesia, and

after some experimentation began to produce very popular canned tomato juice with a 12 month shelf life from his own tomato crop.

It was not surprising that a successful farmer like CG was drawn into service in organised agriculture in this country. He was Chairman of the Pig Breeders Association and represented that Association on the Council of the RNFU and served that Council as one of its two Vice Presidents. He served as President of the Commercial Cotton Growers Association and as a board member of the Pig Industry Board and the Agricultural Marketing Authority. Way back in 1975 CG became Chairman of Tobacco Sales Limited, a public company listed on the Stock Exchange, which operated the tobacco sales auction floor, and became a conglomerate involved in many activities.

CG was extremely keen on horses and participated successfully in jumping and horse-riding arena events at the Salisbury and Bulawayo Shows. His love of horses led to playing polo and he and his brother Martin were members of the Chakari Polo team. CG started a commercial Stud and he describes an amusing tale of how during sanctions he purchased at Tattersalls' brood-mare sales at Newmarket a filly bred at the Royal Stud at Sandringham and sold to him by Queen Elizabeth.

He was a keen competitor at agricultural shows and won prizes for cattle, pigs and sheep regularly at the Salisbury and Bulawayo shows and even competed with success at the Rand Easter Show. In 1996 he and his wife were presented with a silver rose bowl for exhibiting their livestock at the Salisbury/Harare Show for 50 consecutive years.

CG was a director of many companies not only agricultural but also commercial and industrial and he was chairman of the Zimbabwe Banking Corporation for a number of years and of the Zimbabwe promotion Council which made such a major contribution towards putting Rhodesia and then Zimbabwe on the map.

His story ends with a chapter on compulsory land acquisition and land invasions throughout Zimbabwe and, finally a very sad chapter on the loss of his own farm and his continuing fight for it through the courts.

CG lived an interesting and exciting life and he has told his story well. The book of 327 pages was beautifully printed in Mauritius and is a credit to CG, to his publishers Weaver Press of Harare, and to the many people who helped and advised him.

I have no hesitation in recommending that all our members purchase the book. It is available at bookshops or if necessary direct from Weaver Press of 38 Broadlands Road, Emerald Hill, Harare.

There are still others in Zimbabwe who have made major contributions to what used to be a wonderful country and who have a tale to tell about their lives. Hopefully, the publication of this book will encourage them to put pen to paper as CG has done. CG captures the importance of this in his prologue with the words "the recollections of many of my generation will be lost forever unless they are recorded now".

(Reviewed by M. J. Kimberley)

4. DĚJINY ZIMBABWE, ZAMBIE A MALAWI (History of Zimbabwe, Zambia and Malawi)

By Otakar Hulec, Jaroslav Olša, jr., Praha: Nakladatelství Lidové noviny 2008.

Those who follow the dramatic events in Southern Africa probably wonder why **co**untries rich in mineral deposits and natural beauties suffer from clashes and conflicts even in their

post-independence period. The attractive qualities and potentialities of Africa give rise to aspirations of concupiscent circles abroad. One should not be satisfied with asking what happened but ought to raise a more profound question: Why did it happen? And this question can hardly be answered without our genuine interest in African history. The Czech-written publication dealing with the historical development of three important African countries provides a thorough and detailed interpretation of numerous significant facts and events. A detail of Stephen Kappata's painting "Makishi dancing is our heritage – Traditional Rich Culture of Zambia" on the hard cover of this book cannot escape our eyes. It also reminds us of ancient folklore traditions of the region. It was a good idea to discuss these three African countries which have a lot in common.

The Introduction (pp. 5–14), offering fundamental information about geographical, natural, ethnic and cultural conditions of the three countries, is followed by nine chapters: 1. prehistory (pp. 15–41), 2. early state formations (pp. 42–101), 3. colonial Rhodesia and Nyasaland (up to 1953, pp. 102–202), 4. the formation and disintegration of the Federation (from the end of World War II to 1964, pp. 203–237), 5. Rhodesia and Rhodesia-Zimbabwe (1964–1980, pp. 238–290), 6. Post-Independence Malawi (pp. 291–341), 7. Post-Independence Zambia (pp. 342–403), 8. Post-Independence Zimbabwe (pp. 404–484), 9. contacts between the lands around the Zambezi and the Czech lands (pp. 485–520).

The publication appeared in the enduring and renowned series of books dealing with the history of different countries of the world, which already numbers 60 titles. The text of the present volume highlights the authors' systematic approach, indispensable for producing so ambitious a piece of scholarship.

Who are the authors? Otakar Hulec (1935) is well-known for his lifelong interest in the history of Rhodesia and South Africa. He published his books on these two countries in 1974 and 1997 respectively. Together with Jan K. Coetzee and Linda Gilfillan, he wrote *Fallen Walls* – voices from the cells that held Nelson Mandela and Václav Havel (in English 2002). He has translated numerous short stories and mythological narratives of southern Africa. Jaroslav Olša, jr. (1964) has been engaged in Czech diplomacy since 1992. He spent six years (2000–2006) in Harare as Ambassador of the Czech Republic accredited not only in Zimbabwe, Zambia and Malawi but also to three more countries of Sub-saharan Africa. He has been active in translating and editing modern African writing, too.

Representing the most experienced generation of Czech academic research, Otakar Hulec wrote the chapters dealing with archaeology and old history including the colonial period, i. e. chapters 1–5, whereas his middle-aged colleague Jaroslav Olša jr. discussed chiefly post-Independence development and the interrelations of the whole region and the Czech lands. The two authors cooperated closely in describing the first and second republics of independent Zambia (pp. 342–378) and in writing teh Introduction and Appendix. Jaroslav Olša jr. wrote passages on modern culture, literature and arts including those in (Hulec´s) chapters 3 and 5.

Bearing in mind the topical importance of and response to the ongoing political and economic crisis in Zimbabwe, the book under review touches on specific ideological and cultural phenomena whose impact is felt in the neighbouring countries. Readers will equally appreciate the authors' well documented comments on the struggle and clashes of autocratic and democratic forces in Zambia and Malawi. The text is illustrated by maps and some two hundred photos, many of them being originals taken by Czech specialists in African

studies, travellers and journalists. The Appendix includes statistical data, genealogies of ethnic groups, a survey of political leaders, a glossary of African language expressions used in the text, a comparison of (remarkably numerous) old and new geographical names, a list of abbreviations, literature (pp. 551–592) as well as a bibliography of Czech-language texts on Zimbabwe, Zambia and Malawi (pp. 593–610) and last, but not least, an index of facts, persons and institutions (pp. 613–654). The publication is sure to attract students and other readers who wish to learn more about Zimbabwe, Zambia and Malawi.

(Reviewed by Vladimír Klíma)

If you are a member of the History Society of Zimbabwe,
please ensure that the Society headquarters
– <ianco@zol.co.zw> – has your email address,
as communications by post are no longer affordable.

If you are about to make a new will,
or to amend your existing will,
please think of the History Society of Zimbabwe.