HERITAGE of ZIMBABWE

PUBLICATION NO. 29 2010

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Publication No. 29 — 2010

THE HISTORY SOCIETY OF ZIMBABWE
Harare
Zimbabwe
May 2011

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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

ISSN 0556—9605

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.

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

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Foreword

This is the 29th annual issue of *Heritage of Zimbabwe* and its appearance follows the introduction into Zimbabwe of dollarisation based on the American dollar in place of the embarrassing Zimbabwe dollar.

For over 50 years the member's annual subscription to the Society entitled the member to a free copy of the journal published during the subscription year. That approach ceased a couple of years ago and the present position is that the subscription is a mere $1 per year and members and others purchase the journal separately for $15 to $20 per copy. Since the journal sells well and our very supportive sponsors are always generous the Society is able to finance the ever rising cost of printing *Heritage of Zimbabwe* each year.

Although printing is not a problem the availability of material for publication has become a serious problem. In order to produce a journal of about 80000 words we need a steady supply of suitable articles. Ideally there should be a blend of original researched articles and the text of historical talks given to members at meetings of the Society.

Whereas in the past we received a steady supply of articles and always had a reservoir of suitable articles to choose from those days are no more. I earnestly appeal to all who read these few words to put pen to paper so that we are enabled to continue our publishing programme which is now in its 56th year.

This issue contains quite a broad range of articles for your reading pleasure. We reproduce the text of talks given to the Society on the contribution of the Greek Community to this country, on the establishment and operation of ferries at Kariba, and on incidents in the career of a District Commissioner.

Recent research has resulted in articles on Railway Catering by Robin Taylor, on life through the Government Gazette by Fraser Edkins, and on the Bulawayo Water Works. The major article in this issue is a lengthy and fascinating account by Dr Ray Roberts of the trials and tribulations of Alban Njube Lobengula the Royal heir and one of the six sons of Lobengula

We are fortunate to obtain the reminiscences of Jack Nesbitt originally handwritten, subsequently transcribed by Robin Heath, and recently edited by Fraser Edkins and this text constitutes a significant contribution in this issue of the journal. There must be a quantity of material of this kind in family archives of residents or former residents of this country and we appeal to all to allow us to peruse such material with a view to publication.

Also from family sources we are very pleased to print the story of Mr O. P. Wheeler and the memoirs of the Filmer family and thank Edone Logan and Diane Clements for making the material available for publication.

As always the Society expresses its grateful appreciation to the sponsors all of whom are listed on page v. In particular, we greatly appreciate the sponsorship of TextPertise (Private Limited) and its Directors, Cheryll and Roger Stringer, who have done the formatting of this issue without charge. I express my personal thanks to my wife Rosemary who once again has been a first class Editor's sounding board.

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

Alban Njube Lobengula, Iqanda le Ngwenya: A Chronicle of a Royal Heir's Exile and Despair

by R. S. Roberts

Njube, was born *c*.1878–1880[1] to Lobengula's wife, Mpoliyana,[2] daughter of Mabuyana, son and successor of Gundwane, the senior Ndiweni leader, who had led the main group of the Ndebele from the Transvaal to the upper Ncema. She was thus sister (or half sister) of Faku, the regent at that time of the main Ndiweni chieftainship, on the headwaters of the Gwayi and Kame (south west of modern Bulawayo);[3] and this distinguished ancestry marked her out as one of the most important of Lobengula's wives after Lozekeyi.[4] And Njube, although only third in order of birth of the six sons of Lobengula who survived into the Occupation period, was the oldest of the four 'royal' sons, born that is after Lobengula's accession[5]—the three younger than him being Mpezeni (born *c*.1881), Nguyoboenja (born *c*.1887), and Sidojiwe (born 1888 or even later).[6]

When Lobengula abandoned his capital in November 1893 and went north he naturally took with him the close members of the royal household and family, including these young sons. At the Shangani he decided to retreat further north while his troops would stage a rearguard action against the Company's patrol pursuing him. So he left on horseback with only a few followers, and the Queens and the rest of the household went north by a different route. Accounts vary as to how many of his sons accompanied their father, but it seems certain that Njube did, and also perhaps Mpezeni and Nguboyenja; Nyamande, however, the very oldest son, who was adult but non-'royal', had tried to join his father

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[1] At his burial in 1910 his age was given as 32, Rhodes Univ[ersity], Grahamstown, Cory Libr[ary], PR4066/11: St Philip's Church, Grahamstown, Burial Regist[er], 22 Apr. 1898–16 May 1912, entry 747, 12 June 1910 (I am grateful to Jeff Peires for confirming this source). However, the inscription on his tombstone in Grahamstown, in the Fingo Village, Old Native Location Cemetery, now known as KwaNdancama, has his date of birth as 1880 (see below, photograph, p.29), and also fn. 6. Unless otherwise indicated all code-references to original documents are to files in the National Archives of Zimbabwe in Harare, and a full descriptive list of such files quoted is to be found at the end of this article.

[2] N/3/19/1, Chief Native Comm[issioner] to Secr[etary] [to the Department of the] Adm[inistrator], 28 Sept. 1923, cited in J. D. White, 'Amakosikasi: Some notes on the queens and families of Mzilikazi and Lobengula', *NADA* (1974), XI, i, 112, which, however, wrongly ascribes the second name of Sintinga to Njube instead of to Tshakalisa; Nat[iona]l Arch[ives and Record Service of] S[outh] Afr[ica, Repository], Cape Town, MOOC [Master of the Supreme Court Cape Town], 6/9/645 [Death: Notices, 1834–1916: Nos 1565–1701, 1910], No. 1611, Alban Njube Lobengula.

[3] NB/1/1/15, 'Tala of Ndiweni v Faku Induna of Ndiweni', Nov. 1901, where she is described as sister of Faku, whereas Hist[orical] M[anu]s[cript]s Collect[ion], WI8/1/ 2, 33, describes her as a (full) sister of Tunzi, Faku's half-brother. Although not of the senior line of his branch of the family, Faku was made a salaried Chief by the government after the Rebellion, and his descendants retained that position.

[4] Ntabeni Khumalo was not entirely consistent on this point and elsewhere spoke of Mpezeni's mother in the same terms, Hist. Mss Collect., WI8/1/2, 33; cf. 65.

[5] The early Native Department of Southern Rhodesia had strong connections with Natal-Zululand and was perhaps theoretically correct that in normal Zulu practice the sons born before Lobengula's accession would not have been considered 'royal' for purposes of succession, but the still young Ndebele state had seen little of normalcy and was to see even less after 1893.

[6] For their ages see Univ. Cape Town, Libr., Mss Dep[artment], BC636/DI.2 [Zonnebloem Papers, Admission Regist. 1876–1900], Index Nos 595–7; for more detail on Mpezeni, Nguboyenja and Sidojiwe, see R. S. Roberts, 'Some relatives of Lobengula and close associates of the Khumalo family after the Occupation', *Heritage of Zimbabwe* (1986), VI, 23–5; and 'Nguboyenja Lobengula' (Harare, Univ. of Zimbabwe, Dep. of Hist., Henderson Seminar Paper 60, 1984).

earlier but had incurred Lobengula's wrath and been sent back to join the regiments near the Shangani. Soon after Lobengula's small group halted in Pashu's country, contact was made with the main household and they all came to camp nearby; but there is no further reference to Njube and it must be assumed that he, with his two younger brothers if they were with him, joined the Queens before they all returned south after it was announced that Lobengula was dead.[7] Lozikeyi and many of the Queens finally settled on the Bembesi where an area later known as the Queens' Kraal was to be demarcated for them; whether Njube and his brothers stayed there or whether their mothers took them to their respective home areas is not known. What is known is that Lobengula had appointed Mtupana, who has not been identified, as guardian for Njube, if not the others, and he did later play his part in maintaining contact with Njube although in effect being superseded as guardian by the Administration.[8]

The British South Africa Company assumed responsibility for the immediate members of the royal family by giving pensions to the queens and their sons and daughters, and to some brothers and sisters of the king. Njube and the next two by age of the 'royal' sons, his brothers Mpezeni and Nguboyenja, were identified by the Administration as closest to the throne, and Rhodes had them brought down to Cape Town in 1894.[9] It was not likely that such a busy, often absent confirmed bachelor would give them real care, and the only two references we have to the boys' treatment at Groote Schuur indicates that it could be callous. One occasion was when Rhodes asked one, or all, of the boys to remind some guests in what year it was that he (Rhodes) had killed their father; the other was when Rhodes speaking of the possibility of Njube's accompanying him on a visit to Matabeleland warned him that 'I must have no nonsense about your being king. You will have to wash plates and clean my boots. You understand?'. There may have been an element of jest in all this, insensitive as it was; for Sarah Gertrude Millin, the novelist who witnessed the latter occasion, also said that the boys loved Rhodes, evidenced by Njube's naming his second son for him after his death.[10] Indeed it does appear that Rhodes spoiled the boys, at least as far as money was concerned; and the combination of expensive tastes and extravagance were in many ways to be the downfall not only of Njube but also of his sons after him.[11]

All in all, Rhodes's taking the boys was partly a quixotic gesture of personal responsibility for their father's fate but it was also a calculated manoeuvre to remove from their traditional political environment potential pretenders who were of an age that would make them amenable to European education and rule. The older non-'royal' sons, Nyamande and Tshakilisha, being born before 1870, were too old for this role and as sons of Lobengula's

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[7] For details of the journey to the north see the various statements by participants in C. K. Cooke, 'Lobengula: Second and last king of the Amandebele: His final resting place and treasure', *Rhodesiana* (Dec. 1970), XXIII, 14–19, 30–3; for the deduction concerning the sons' return south, see P. Nyathi, *Uchuku Olungelandiswe: Imbali YamaNdebele: 1893–1895* (Gweru, Mambo Press, 1996), 119.

[8] NB/3/1/10, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Civil Comm. Port Alfred, 25 Sept. 1907.; also see below, fn. 148.

[9] LO/5/2/39, I, Rutherfoord Harris, Cape Town, to B[ritish] S[outh] A[frica] Co[mpany], London Off[ice], 31 Oct. 1894; ibid; II, Acting Secr. B.S.A.Co. Cape Town to B.S.A.Co. London Off., 21 Nov. 1894. Rhodes House Libr. [Oxford], Mss Afr. s. 228, C (Papers of C. J. Rhodes, Letters and Telegrams Received), 3B, No. 23, Stevens to Milton, 10 Nov. 1894.

[10] C. Radziwill, *My Recollections* (London, Isbister, 1904), 332, and F. Gross, *Rhodes of Africa* (London, Cassell, 1956), 258; S. G. Millin, *Rhodes* (London, Chatto & Windus, 1933), 96–7. The second son, Rhodes, was born on 23 August 1903 in Port Alfred, Copy Baptismal Certificate from Church of the Prov[ince] of S. Afr., in author's possession.

[11] S138/92, Chief Native Comm. to Secr. Premier, 9 May 1929.

favourite wife Mbida,[12] daughter of Lodada Mkhwananzi of Inqobo, were probably already too strongly defined in their traditional socio-political status to be of use for the Company's purposes. Sidojiwa, the youngest of the four 'royal' sons, on the other hand, was regarded by the Administration as just too young to be sent away and of little potential importance politically because of the allegedly lowly birth of his mother, Ngotsha.[13]

It was his age, in fact, that was crucial in marking Njube out, for what was to be his somewhat pathetic role of pretender, although not as tragic as that of his younger brother, Nguboyenja, who, the Company originally thought, would have been the successor to Lobengula,[14] despite the allegedly low birth of his mother, Sitshwapa.[15] Thus when Bulawayo was in laager in 1896 and it was thought that the presence there of a son of Lobengula would confuse the rebels, it was the sixteen-year old Njube, as the oldest of the three in Cape Town, who was chosen for this role of unwitting decoy-cum-hostage.[16] This plan, however, was abandoned while Njube was *en route* to Mafeking, for fear that it might give the Mlimo the idea of claiming credit for his return.[17]

Thus Njube, having commenced his education at Zonnebloem College in February 1895,[18] stayed there until he completed his education, probably in 1900; while there he became a Christian, baptized as Alban, and he remained a devout practising Anglican till his death.[19] Nevertheless his Christianity and his Western education did not enable Njube to evade his royal Khumalo birth even if he had wanted to; indeed it seems that after the failure in 1896–7 of the traditional leadership, which compromised his older brothers Nyamande and Tshakalisa, the Khumalo family turned to Njube, whatever his exact seniority was. Ranger, in line with his general argument, claims that it was Chief Umlugulu, son of Mlota Khumalo

[12] White, 'Amakosikasi', 112. The history of Nyamande and Tshakalisha will be dealt with in a forthcoming article.

[13] For her alleged lowly birth, see NB/3/1/20, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Secr. Adm., 24 Oct. 1910, and N3/19/1, Chief Native Comm. to Secr. Adm, 28 Sept. 1923; but for a more exalted Dlodlo origin, see Roberts, 'Some relatives of Lobengula and close associates of the Khumalo family after the Occupation', 25–9, or, somewhat differently, P. Nyathi, *Igugu Likamthwakazi: Imbali Yamandebele 1820–1893* (Gweru, Mambo Press, 1994), 105.

[14] LO/5/2/39, I, Rutherfoord Harris, Secr. B.S.A.Co. Cape Town to London Off., 31 Oct. 1894.

[15] NB/3/1/20, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Secr. Adm., 24 Oct. 1910. In fact she was a daughter of Mpukane, an Ndiweni like Njube's mother; see Roberts, 'Nguboyenja Lobengula'.

[16] LO/5/2/49, I, J. A. Stevens, Acting Secr. B.S.A.Co. Cape Town to London Off., 17 June 1896, quoting telegram of 12 June to Cape Town from Earl Grey. Njube was told only that he was being allowed to visit his mother.

[17] LO/5/2/49, I, J. A. Stevens, Secr. B.S.A.Co. Cape Town to London Off., 24 June 1896. The episode, however, seems to have become the basis for claims by Ranger and Cobbing that the Company was toying with the idea of setting up a rival to Nyamande and hinting that Njube would be acceptable as king; see T. O. Ranger, *The African Voice in Southern Rhodesia* (London, Heinmann, 1970), 30, with no reference cited, and J. R. D. Cobbing, 'The Ndebele under the Khumalos, 1820–1896' (Lancaster, Univ. of Lancaster, Ph.D. thesis, 1976), 286–7, 443–4, with no reference cited. Cobbing's argument appears to be that Njube, together with Nguboyenja, was picked out for Company purposes at this time because his mother and Nguboyenja's mother were both sisters of collaborators in 1896, Faku Ndiweni and Mpini Ndiweni, respectively. But this is both illogical and unchronological. Firstly the Company's showing favour (if that is the word) to Njube and Nguboyenja had begun eighteen months earlier and it was rather a cause (if it has any connection at all) of their uncles' collaboration than an effect. Furthermore, it must in any case be doubted whether the Administration as early as June 1896 had a clear idea of who were collaborators—except, perhaps, in the case of Gambo who unlike Faku had been inactive in 1893—and certainly not enough to use them as a political base. It is possible that Faku as a usurper may have tried to make his allegiance to European rule clear as early as this but it was only in 1901 that the Administration definitively came down against his rival Tala, the traditional claimant; see NB/1/1/15, 'Tala of Ndiweni v Faku Induna of Ndiweni'.

[18] Univ. Cape Town Libr., Mss Dep., BC 636/DI.2, Index No. 595.

[19] St Philip's Church, Cape Town, Regist. of Baptisms, 1 Jan. 1893 – 20 July 1902, 445, entry 1786, 13 Jan. 1900; and Regist. of Confirmations, 15 Jan.1900 – 11 Nov. 1917, 1, entry 8, 15 Jan, 1900. The Chief Native Commissioner Matabeleland in 1906 referred to him as a 'pillar' of the Ethiopian Order of the Anglican Church and found that he had built a small chapel on his farm where he attended service (see below, pp. 7, 13, 15, 17). In Grahamstown Njube attended St Philip's Church where he established a close bond with the minister, the Revd W. Y. Stead, as will be seen below (pp, 25, 27).

of Eyengweni and one of the most prominent leaders of the Rising, who tried to build a party in Njube's interest and urged him to return to Matabeleland;[20] but it seems rather that it was old Chief Mtshana Khumalo, of the Imbizo, recently become Nguboyenja's stepfather, who had been notably inactive in the Risings, that took the lead in trying to arrange for Njube's return and in so doing turned to modern forms of political expression.[21]

In April 1897 Njube was writing to Rhodes, rather incoherently and not for the first time apparently, for permission to return to Matabeleland for good, ostensibly to perfect his mother-tongue but probably because messages from family and supporters at home were making him homesick and impatient.[22] Then some months later Mtshana applied for permission to go to Cape Town to visit the boys,[23] and when this was granted he took the three boys' mothers, along with Queen Mfunga (sister of Mpoliyana) and two other Ndebele in January to February 1898.[24] A few months later we have examples again of Njube writing to Rhodes begging permission to go home for a holiday.[25] According to Ranger the Rhodesian Administration was averse to allowing Njube's return, and one of Rhodes's correspondents urged him to get rid of Njube lest there always be trouble from the ex-rebel faction;[26] but again it was not so much the ex-rebels as Mtshana who took the next step and engaged a European lawyer to attend a secret meeting of indunas at his kraal on Sauerdale to discuss their desire for one of Lobengula's sons in Cape Town to become 'Head Induna'.[27] Also collections of money were begun in order to send an induna to Cape Town and Mtshana even sent messengers out to urge other indunas to boycott a meeting in Bulawayo organized by the Chief Native Commissioner Matebeleland to discuss the matter.[28] Consequently it was the collaborator by inaction Mtshana who was deposed early in 1899 for thus opposing the government, and not the active rebel Umlugulu,.[29]

In April 1899 Somaxhegwana, son and heir to Mlizane Mathe of the Mhlahlandlela, most of whom like Mtshana had been inactive in the Rising, went to Cape Town to see Njube and on his return a meeting was arranged at Mtshana's kraal to give the indunas messages from Njube. What exactly these were is not known but the Administration feared that the people believed that the European occupation would not last, that Njube would soon return to be king and would then seize all the cattle and return them to 'thoroughbred' Ndebele

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[20] Ranger, *The African Voice*, 30, but without citation of any source.

[21] As mentioned above (fn. 17), Cobbing, 'The Ndebele under the Khumalos', 443, says that the Company Administration had hinted that one of the sons in Cape Town (Njube, Mpezeni or Nguboyenja) would be acceptable as king, but no authority is cited and I have not found any evidence for it; on the face of it, nothing seems more unlikely once the Rising had failed, and everything that the Administration did thereafter, as will be seen, negates such an idea. It will be seen throughout this article that Ranger's elevation of the 'rebels' as constituting 'the African Voice' in Matabeleland does not accord with the evidence.

[22] Hist. Mss Collect., MISC/NJ1/1, Njube Lobengula, Zonnenbloem College, to Mr Norris [for Rhodes], 3 Apr. 1897.

[23] NB/1/1/3, J. C. Makunga to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 5 Jan. 1898

[24] *The Bulawayo Chronicle,* 28 Jan. and 18 Feb. 1898.

[25] Rhodes House Libr., Mss Afr. s. 228, C, 27, No. 92, Njube Lobengula to [C. J. Rhodes], 14 and 24 Oct. 1898 (part of the latter of these two letters has been quoted in Ranger, *The African Voice*, 31, but with a wrong date ascribed to it and with innumerable errors of transcription); there are other letters of Njube's at this time in this collection that are early evidence of his later inability to handle money; see Njube Lobengula to [C. J. Rhodes], 23 and 25 [?] Sept. 1898.

[26] Ranger, *The African Voice*, 31, no authority cited.

[27] NB/1/1/6, Native Comm. Fort Usher to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 25 and 27 Nov. 1898; Coghlan and Dyason, Bulawayo, to Secr. Adm. Matabeleland, 15 Nov. 1898; Deputy Adm. Bulawayo to Coghlan and Dyason, 18 Nov. 1898.

[28] Ibid., Native Comm. Malema to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 5 Dec. 1898.

[29] EC/3/1/1, 8 Feb. 1899, Minute 42.

(from left) Mpezeni, Njube and Nguboyenja Lobengula in Cape Town, c.1897
(*Courtesy of the National Archives, Zimbabwe, Harare, Illustrations Collect., 92 (Njube) 32***).**

except the loyalists/collaborators of 1896.[30] Somaxhegwana also became friendly with Karl Khumalo who had been involved in Mtshana's meetings earlier, and had a kraal built for Njube.[31] This caused Njube's mother, Mpoliyana, to rebuke him, although it is possible that her letter was written for the Administration's eyes in order to protect the family:

> Rumours are about that you have ordered a kraal to be built for you by Somaxhegwana son of Mlizane and others.
>
> I wish to know at once if you did order the building of the kraal.
>
> My heart is very sore to hear these rumours about you. When I visited you in Capetown, I told you that Mr Rhodes is your only father, and that you are not to listen to anybody but him. You faithfully promised to do so. Do you believe people misleading you? My son cling to Mr Rhodes, he is your only father and guardian.[32]

Njube replied emotionally:

> I received your letter alright—it is clear you do not wish me to return home. I wish to know what you want from me, perhaps it is because you dont like me any more. I believe Bejana told you that I do not wish to return home, and wish you all good-bye.
>
> I was under the impression that you do not care about me any longer, since you drove away Mapitsholo, who came to your kraal to erect me a house, now you intend to drive away Somaxhegwana. What do you wish me to do? I must bid you all good-bye.
>
> If you wish to drive Somaxhegwana away, do so as you did to Mapitsholo, as I will not come home again, even if you reply to this letter, you better understand that I shall not reply to it, as well as I shall not return to my home.[33]

Then in October 1899 Mpezeni contracted pneumonia in Cape Town and was sent to the Somerset Hospital where he died.[34] The Cape Town Office of the Company omitted to inform either the London Office or the Administrator in Southern Rhodesia, and by March 1900 rumours began to reach Matabeleland which, not unnaturally, upset both the Ndebele and the Native Department.[35] Thereupon the Administrator relented and at an indaba he held with the Chiefs in June he announced that Rhodes was coming up and would bring Njube

[30] NB/1/1/8, Native Comm. Matopo-Mawabeni to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 15 July 1899; Native Comm. Tegwani to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 10 July 1899. This, of course, was the Native Department's perception which like Ranger's was focused exclusively on rebels/loyalists, but as in the case of Mtshana it was the historic relationship to the royal family rather than the abnormal events of 1896–7 that determined men's actions; Somaxhegwana's grandfather (or perhaps great-grandfather), Gwabalanda Mathe came from the same area as Mzilikazi in Zululand, had headed the Mhlahlandela from its inception, and had saved Lobengula from Mzilikazi's wrath; see NBE/1/1/2, Native Comm. Matobo, 'Monthly Report . . . October 1899'; Somaxhegwana committed suicide soon after this episode.

[31] LO/5/7/2, 'Report on Matobo-Mawabeni District for Month December 1899'.

[32] AM/2/1/7, Mpoiyana, Bulawayo, to Njube, Cape Town (copy translation), 14 Aug. 1899, quoted in Ranger, *The African Voice*, 31, with orthographical errors.

[33] AM/2/1/7, Njube, Groote Schuur, to mother (copy translation), 21 Aug. 1899, quoted in Ranger, *The African Voice,* 31–2, with orthographical errors. The file has another, similar letter undated. Mapitsholo had been a member of Mtshana's group that visited Cape Town in March 1898 (see above fn. 24), but has not been further identified.

[34] Roberts, 'Some relatives of Lobengula and close associates of the Khumalo family after the Occupation', 25; Ranger, *The African Voice,* 30, wrongly gives the date of death as 1898. ,

[35] LO/1/1/17, Agenda 4 Apr. 1900, Item 5: Secr. B.S.A.Co. Cape Town to Secr. B.S.A.Co. London, 14 Mar. 1900; NB/1/1/9, Secr. B.S.A.Co. Cape Town to Secr. B.S.A.Co. London, 14 Mar. 1900; and idem to Secr. Adm., Bulawayo, 14 Mar. 1900; AM/1/5/3, Adm. Matabeleland to J. A. Stevens, Cape Town, 26 Mar. 1900.

with him[36]—presumably because it was urgent to allay any suspicions among the Ndebele that the boys were not being properly cared for in Cape Town.

There is little record of this visit but according to Ranger it made a 'great stir'.[37] Njube apparently summoned Mlugulu to go to Bulawayo to see him which Mlugulu did without asking the permission of the local Assistant Native Commissioner.[38] A couple of other indunas in the Matobo District asked for permission to visit Njube,[39] and both in this area and Mzingwane there was some curiosity about Njube.[40] But that was all, apart from his religious activities; these centred on St Columba's Native Mission in Bulawayo where he was a communicant but also included building a chapel at his mother's place in the Matopos and encouraging his people to send for teachers.[41]

Njube then went back to Cape Colony, never to return to the land of his birth. In about April 1901 he married Annie Mashiqa Mahlamini, a Mfengu girl,[42] then living in the Stutterheim area of the Eastern Cape.[43] Perhaps because of his need for money for the wedding there were rumours in Matabeleland that Njube was coming back to claim his property—and, indeed, all cattle—with the help of the old indunas;[44] and Njube himself telegraphed the Administration demanding various sums of money in respect of 'my property'.[45] The Chief Native Commissioner Matabeleland asked him to explain what this property was; no answer appears to have been forthcoming but the Administrator suggested that Njube was referring to £70 that Njube and his brothers deposited with the Administration in 1895, which, with interest, now totalled £94.[46] Rhodes said that he had paid Njube this sum but it was agreed to give Njube a present of £50 for his marriage and to consider a regular

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[36] RC3/2/1, Secr. Adm., Bulawayo, to Secr. Resident Comm., Salisbury, 25 June 1900.

[37] Ranger, *The African Voice*, 32; LO/5/7/4, 'Monthly Report of the Asst. Native Commissioner Mlugulu for September 1900'.

[38] LO/5/7/4, 'Monthly Report of the Asst. Native Commissioner Mlugulu for September 1900'; and 'Monthly Report of the Asst. Native Commissioner Mlugulu for August 1900', misquoted in Ranger, *The African Voice,* 32.

[39] LO/5/7/4, 'Monthly Report of the Native Commissioner Matobo-Mawabeni for September 1900'.

[40] Ibid., 'Monthly Report of the Native Commissioner Matobo-Mawabeni for August 1900'; and 'Monthly Report of the Native Commissioner, Mzingwane for September 1900', quoted in Ranger, *The African Voice*, 32.

[41] *Mashonaland Quarterly Paper* (May 1900), XXXII, 7; (Nov. 1900), XXXIV, 8; (Feb. 1901), XXXV, 8. It was probably his mother who was referred to when it was noted that one of Lobengula's principal wives had been baptized at Christmas 1899, ibid., (May 1900), XXII, 7.

[42] I have not so far found details of the marriage; it has been said that they married in Matabeleland (*The Cape Argus,* 16 June 1910) but as Njube's letters at the time were all posted in the Cape colony it is most unlikely. Their first child, Albert, was born in Kimberley in early February 1902, Diocese of Kimberley and Kuruman, Diocesan Off., Kimberley, Regist. of Baptisms of St Cyprian's Church, Kimberley, 1893–1902, entry 6611. For details of his wife, see Natl Arch. S. Afr., Cape Town, MOOC/6/9/545 (Nos. 1098–1231, 1906), No. 1104, which gives her as Mashiqa, born in Alice in 1883–4. The reference to the surname Mahlamini is in Minist[ry of] Local Gov[ernment], Public Works and Urban Development, Harare X/40 (Relatives and Retainers of Lobengula), Memorandum: Subsidies to the Wives and Children of Lobengula, 1 May 1950. For her Mfengu ancestry, see Natl Arch. [of the United Kingdom], London, C.O.879/84 [Confidential Print Africa, hereafter cited simply as Afr. (South)], 746, 113, Adm. to Resident Comm., 15 Mar., encl. in Resident Comm. to High Comm., 16 Mar., encl. in High Comm. to Colon[ial] Off., 28 Mar. 1904.

[43] NB/3/1/14, A. N. Lobengula, Bolo Reserve, to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 22 and 24 Apr. 1901 (telegr.).

[44] NB/3/1/1, W. E. Thomas to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 1 Apr. 1901.

[45] NB/3/1/14, A. N. Lobengula, Bolo Reserve, to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 22 and 24 Apr. 1901 (telegr.)

[46] Rhodes House Libr., Mss Afr. s. 228 C, 1, No. 145, Adm. to Rhodes, 29 Apr. 1901 (telegr.).

allowance.[47] In fact Rhodes obtained a job for him at the De Beers offices in Kimberley,[48] in some sort of caretaking capacity, it seems.[49]

Queen Mpoliyana, his mother, then went to visit him in Kimberley[50] and it was later discovered that Njube's new wife was in Southern Rhodesia having travelled back with Mpoliyana, masquerading as her 'slave'.[51] The object of the manoeuvre was to have their first child born in Matabeleland.[52] On sending this news to Kimberley, where the passes had been issued, the Administration also discovered that Njube was applying to the military authorities there for a pass to travel to Bulawayo at the end of November for a two-month visit. The British South Africa Company objected to his application,[53] and a De Beers detective was set to watch his movements,[54] until it was learned that the military authorities had prohibited Njube from leaving Kimberley.[55] While this was being done the Southern Rhodesian Administration sent his wife back to Kimberley on the grounds that her stay 'would in course of time lead to intrigue and trouble'.[56]

Njube wrote to apologize to the Chief Native Commissioner Matabeleland for smuggling his wife into Matabeleland, but then went on to complain about his uncle Faku.[57] Other letters followed asking the Chief Native Commissioner Matabeleland to sell Njube's shotgun for him and some cattle to raise money urgently, needed apparently to complete his marriage obligations before the birth of his first child.[58] The Chief Native Commissioner Matabeleland tried to meet Njube's wishes and discovered that the shotgun was worth only about £5 and that Njube possessed only one ox, which Dhliso had presented to him, and one presented

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[47] NB/3/1/14, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to A. N. Lobengula, 23 Apr. 1901 (telegr.); Chief Secr. to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 4 and 7 May 1901 (telegr.); Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to A. N. Lobengula, [mid-May 1901] (telegr.).

[48] A/2/8/7, Under Secr., Salisbury, to J. A. Stevens, [Secr.] B.S.A.Co. Cape Town, 10 Sept. and 12 Nov. 1901. The position appears to have been something of a sinecure as De Beers wanted either Rhodes or the B.S.A.Co. to bear the cost of the wages, ibid., idem to idem, 12 Nov. 1901. De Beers Consolidated Mines Limited, Arch., Kimberley, Photograph of 13 Coghlan St, inscription, which, however, is almost certainly incorrect in saying that Njube had the job at De Beers before he married. Ranger, *The African Voice*, 32, wrongly has Njube going to the Cape to farm at this time.

[49] Diocese of Kimberley and Kuruman, Diocesan Off., Kimberley, Regist. of Baptisms of St Cyprian's Church, Kimberley, 1893–1902, entry 6611.

[50] NB/1/1/14, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Native Comm. Matobo, 19 Aug. 1901.

[51] NB/3/1/14, Secr. De Beers Consolidated, Kimberley, to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 4 Nov. 1901.

[52] Hist. Mss Collect., WI8/1/1, 'Miscellaneous Statements and Notes', [1], evidence of J. P. Richardson.

[53] LO/1/1/30, Agenda 8 Jan. 1902, Item 7, Priv[ate] Secr. Adm. to Secr. B.S.A.Co. London, 12 Nov. 1901, encl. Secr. B.S.A.Co. Cape Town to Adm., 1 Nov. 1901 (telegr.); NB/3/1/14, Adm. to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 2 Nov. 1901 (telegr.).

[54] NB/3/1/14, Secr. De Beers Consolidated, Kimberley, to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 4 Nov. 1901.

[55] A/2/8/7, Under Secr., Salisbury, to J. A. Stevens, B.S.A.Co., Cape Town, 18 Nov. 1901.

[56] LO/1/1/30, Agenda, 8 Jan. 1902, Item 7: Priv. Secr. Adm. to Secr. B.S.A.Co. London, 12 Nov. 1901, encl. Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Chief Secr., 5 Nov. 1901 (telegr. and letter); Adm. to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 6 Nov. 1901 (telegr.).

[57] NB/1/1/15, N. Lobengula to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 4 Nov. 1901. The complaints are obscure; it appears that Njube was living in a house that Faku had made available to him saying that Rhodes had given it. This was the time, of course, of the attempt by Tala to reclaim the Ndiweni inheritance from Faku, and it is possible that Njube was opposing Faku, despite his close relationship. The question of Njube's dwelling is complicated rather than clarified by the little additional evidence that has been found. When his eldest son Albert was baptized on 2 March 1901, he was living in Lennox St, Kimberley, Diocese of Kimberley and Kuruman, Diocesan Off., Kimberley, Regist. of Baptisms of St Cyprian's Church, Kimberley, 1893–1902, entry 6611; on the other hand, the De Beers Archives' photograph of 13 Coghlan St, already referred to, in fn. 47, bears the inscription that C. J. Rhodes had this house built for Njube.

[58] NB/1/1/15, Njube, Kimberley, to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 7 Nov. and 18 Dec. (*bis*) 1901; Secr. De Beers, Kimberley, to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 8 Jan. 1902. Albert Solniso was baptized in Kimberley on 2 March 1902, having been born on 8 February, presumably in Kimberley, Diocese of Kimberley and Kuruman, Diocesan Off., Kimberley, Regist. of Baptisms of St Cyprian's Church, Kimberley, 1893–1902, entry 6611.

by Faku to his wife.[59] Njube, however, spoke of many cattle that had originally belonged to him, which the Administration had promised to return to him when he had finished his education, together with some land that Rhodes had promised.[60] It was presumably to clear up these 'promises', of which the Native Department denied all knowledge,[61] that he now retracted an earlier disinclination to visit Matabeleland[62] and requested permission to return[63]—perhaps thinking that the official attitude to him might have changed with the death of Rhodes (at whose brief lying in state at Kimberley he had paid his respects[64]).

Late in 1902 Gambo (a loyalist, it should be noted) and some other chiefs went to Cape Town and there was considerable official concern as to what they had discussed with Njube in Kimberley *en route* as well as with Nguboyenja who was still in school in Cape Town; the fear was that dissatisfaction over the imposition of a poll tax was creating a situation that Njube could exploit.[65] There was apparently talk of Njube making a visit early in 1903 and the Chief Native Commissioner Matabeleland advised against it on the grounds that some elders and relatives would help him raise fictitious claims to cattle and unsettle the people.[66] Therefore, the Administrator held a meeting with Chiefs in Bulawayo early in January 1903[67] and 'informed them definitely that N'jube would not be brought back, that he had married a Mfengu woman, and that the Government was paying him a subsidy sufficient to keep him in the Cape Colony'.[68]

Njube conveniently at this point began to show an interest in moving to the Eastern Cape but whether this was because the Administration prompted him, or because Njube found his position in Kimberley untenable or because his wife wanted to return to her home area for the birth of her second child is not known.[69] Whatever the reason, the Administration quickly decided to offer Njube a gift of £50 and a monthly allowance of £6 to help him settle down to farming in the Eastern Cape where he had gone on a visit to look for a suitable place to live for himself, his wife, young son Albert and his sick mother.[70] Njube meanwhile demanded restitution for the cattle he claimed he had before 1895 and threatened to go to

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[59] NB/1/1/15, Native Comm. Matobo, Minutes, n.d. and 23 Jan. 1902. Dhliso is presumed to be Dhliso Mathema, who led Nqama in the Rising and then became a salaried Chief in 1897.

[60] Ibid., Njube Lobengula, Kimberley, to Adm. Matabeleland, 18 Mar. 1902; NB/1/1/16, Njube Lobengula, Kimberley, to [Adm. Matabeleland], n.d. [late April 1902].

[61] NB/1/1/15, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, Minute, 25 Mar. 1902; NB/1/1/16, idem, Minute, 5 May 1902.

[62] NB/1/1/15, Njube Lobengula, Kimberley, to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 18 Dec. 1901.

[63] NB/1/1/16, Njube Lobengula, Kimberley, to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 25 Apr. 1902; NB/1/1/18, Assist[ant] Secr. De Beers, Kimberley, to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 30 Aug. 1902.

[64] J. G. Lockhart and C. M. Woodhouse, *Rhodes* (London, Hodder and Stoughton, 1963), 479.

[65] NB/1/1/18, Native Comm. Tegwani to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 22 Dec. 1902. The poll tax of £2, replacing the hut tax of 10*s*., had been long discussed and had finally been passed in July 1902; see Southern Rhodesia, *Debates in the Legislative Council . . . 1899 to 1903* (Salisbury, Argus Printing and Publishing, 1904), 150, 172, 182,185, 192, 193; but the implementation of the resultant Taxation of Natives Ordinance (No. 20 of 1903) was delayed until the next year while amendments required by the Colonial Office were being passed.

[66] NB/1/1/19, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, Minute, n.d.

[67] A/3/18/1, Adm. to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 22 Dec., and reply 23 Dec. 1909 (telegr.).

[68] Afr. (South) 746, 113, Adm. to Resident Comm., 15 Mar., encl. in Resident Comm. to High Comm., 16 Mar., encl. in High Comm. to Colon. Off., 28 Mar. 1904.

[69] Natl Arch. S. Afr., Pretoria, [SAB: Arch. of the S. Afr. Gov.], NTS, 9830, 1/407 [Departement van Naturelle Sake: Albert Lobengula, Lobengula's Sons], I, Chief Secr., Salisbury, to Secr. Native Aff[airs], Cape Town, 3 Mar. 1903, implies that Njube himself took the initiative.

[70] NB/1/1/19, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to De Beers, [5 Feb. 1903] (telegr.); Assist. Secr. [De Beers], Kimberley, to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 16 Feb. 1903; Civil Comm. Port Alfred to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 9 May 1903.

London to see the King if necessary;[71] and he also engaged a lawyer to collect money in Matabeleland for this purpose[72] and arranged for relatives to go to Cape Town to obtain permission for him to return to Matabeleland.[73] Nevertheless he agreed to draw his £6 a month allowance on a quarterly basis but asked for £150 capital to start farming near Port Alfred.[74] However, he then said that £6 was not enough and that he still wanted restitution for the cattle; for this purpose he was sending an emissary to Matabeleland to collect money from friends and those who held his cattle.[75]

These threats were worrying to the Native Department as nothing would unsettle the Ndebele as much as claims being made to cattle now in private ownership. The Administration's view was that any cattle that Njube might have had had been lost during the rinderpest epidemic or the Rising, but it was prepared to give him a few cows and the £150 capital to help him settle, and to raise his quarterly allowance from £18 to £26, provided that he drop the cattle business once and for all.[76] This was apparently agreed and Njube rented some land and the Company made arrangements for the money to be paid to Njube via a local magistrate.[77]

But the Company soon learned that this was not the end of the matter, for a messenger from Njube began trying to collect money in Matabeleland.[78] Also Njube quickly dissipated the £150[79] and within a matter of weeks claimed to be starving for lack of cash and in desperate need of the restitution of his cattle![80] The demands gradually became more strident. He needed, he said, at least £1 500 for a farm that he had undertaken to buy in the belief that his 350 head of cattle were to be restored. The details of the cattle were not very clear, but he asserted that he had left them with Queen Lozekeyi before leaving for Zonnebloem College and that the B.S.A. Company had thereupon seized them before the rinderpest. He also claimed that Lobengula had paid the Company £3 000 for a piece of land for his children.[81] The Chief Native Commissioner Matabeleland apparently wanted to be generous but the Administrator overruled him, in the belief that Njube was being used by someone to extort money from the Company.[82] Early in 1904 Njube was visited by two of his uncles[83] and he then informed the Native Department that he was returning to Southern Rhodesia,

[71] Ibid., Njube Lobengula, Grahamstown, to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 4 Mar. 1903.

[72] Ibid., Native Comm. Bulalima–Mangwe to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 16 Apr. 1903; NB/4/1/1, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, Circular 18, 21 Apr. 1903.

[73] Natl Arch. S. Afr., Pretoria, NTS 9830, 1/407, I, Civil Comm. Mafeking to Secr. Native Aff., Cape Town, 27 Apr. 1903 (telegr.).

[74] NB/1/1/19, Civil Comm. Port Alfred to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 9 May 1903, A/2/8/8, Chief Secr., Salisbury, to J. A. Stevens, B.S.A.Co., Cape Town, 23 May 1903.

[75] NB/1/1/19, Njube Lobengula, Port Alfred, to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 13 and 27 May 1903.

[76] Ibid., Chief Secr., Salisbury, to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 23 May, 2 and 27 June 1903; A/2/8/8, Chief Secr., Salisbury, to J. A. Stevens, B.S.A.Co., Cape Town, 3 June and 1 July 1903.

[77] Natl Arch. S. Afr., Pretoria, NTS 9830, 1/407, I, Secr. Native Aff., Cape Town, to Civil Comm. Bathurst, 6 and 20 June 1904; Civil Comm. Bathurst to Secr. Native Aff., Cape Town, 15 July 1903 (telegr.); Natl Arch. S. Afr., Cape Town, T1030 (Treasury Correspondence Files, Nos. 400–98, 1907), No. 495, J. A. Stevens, Secr. B.S.A.Co. Cape Town to Magistrate Port Alfred, 23 June 1903.

[78] NB/1/1/19, Assist. Native Comm. Mzingwane to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 1 July 1903.

[79] Ibid., Civil Comm. Port Alfred to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 25 Aug. 1903; A/2/8/8, Chief Secr., Salisbury, to J. A. Stevens, B.S.A.Co., Cape Town, 4 Sept. 1903.

[80] NB/1/1/19, Njube Lobengula to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 28 Aug. 1903.

[81] Ibid., Njube Lobengula to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 7 and 19 Sept., 2 and 26 Oct. 1903; A/2/8/8, Chief Secr., Salisbury, to J. A. Stevens, B.S.A.Co., Cape Town, 5 Nov. 1903.

[82] NB/1/1/19, Chief Secr., Salisbury, to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 5 Nov. 1903.

[83] Afr. (South) 746, 113, Resident Comm. Mafeking to Imp[erial] Secr., 23 Mar. 1904 (telegr.).

despite the Administration's prohibition, in order to raise the money that he urgently needed by selling his cattle.[84]

Whether it was a coincidence or not, the Administration was also worried at this time with a recrudescence of Mlimo messengers one of whom, Manyanga, from the Belingwe District, was caught going around Charter District demanding gifts and threatening that Lobengula's son was going to raid the Shona to regain his cattle.[85] The Government was so alarmed by the possibility of Njube's return that the Chief Native Commissioner swore an affidavit that Njube's return would be 'detrimental to existing security of property, and . . . prejudicial to and dangerous to the peace' of the country,[86] in order to justify a warrant should that become necessary.[87] The Administrator decided to appeal to the Resident Commissioner for the High Commissioner's help to keep Njube out rather than be seen to arrest him after arrival.[88] The ground for asking the High Commissioner this was that Njube was 'dangerous to the peace of the territory' in view of his support from 'the less well disposed':

> The Matabele nation are divided on the subject [of his possible return[89]], those that rebelled in 1896 being desirous that he should come back, when an effort would possibly be made to secure his recognition as king, while the 'loyal' portion of the nation do not desire his return.[90]

The High Commissioner quickly responded by asking the Transvaal authorities not to issue the required pass should Njube apply and sending an arrest warrant to the authorities of the Bechuanaland Protectorate.[91] The High Commissioner also informed the Governor of the Cape who replied that his officials were watching Njube's movements but that he appeared to have no intention of going to Southern Rhodesia.[92] The Administration, however, was not convinced; photographs were obtained from Cape Town and sent to Mafeking and correspondence on the subject continued until late May when the Chief Native Commissioner Matabeleland sent a verbal description of Njube which portrayed him as of medium height and 'well dressed with hat aslant [with the] general bearing of

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[84] NB/3/1/4, A. N. Lobengula, Cuylerville, Trappes Valley, to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 4 Mar. 1904. It is, of course, possible that it was his uncles who wanted him to return with them in order to help pursue their own ambitions.

[85] LO/1/1/68, Agenda 29 Mar. 1904, Item 8, Adm. to Joint Manager, B.S.A.Co., London, 26 Feb. 1904 and encl.: Native Comm. Charter to Acting Chief Native Comm. Mashonaland, 17 Feb. 1904; LO/1/1/71, Agenda 11 May 1904, Item 3, Preliminary Examinations of Manyanga, Sworn Statements of Tshawabaya, Tshikwezero and Shumba; S628, Case 220, R. v. Manyanga, 2 May 1904.

[86] NB/3/1/4, H. J. Taylor, Affidavit, 16 Mar. 1904.

[87] Ibid., Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Chief Secr., 28 May 1904; this would have been in terms of the Peace Preservation Ordinance (No. 4 of 1901), section 1.

[88] The Administration could not keep him out because the Immigration Restriction Ordinance (No. 10) of 1903 had not yet received assent, pending agreement on changes (which were ultimately embodied in the Immigration Restriction Amendment Ordinance (No. 13) of 1904).

[89] Ranger, *The African Voice*, 32, wrongly makes the 'subject' to be the visit in 1900.

[90] Afr. (South) 746, 113, Adm. to Resident Comm., 15 Mar., encl. in Resident Comm. to High Comm., 16 Mar., encl. in High Comm. to Colon. Off., 28 Mar. 1904, quoted with orthographical errors in Ranger, *The African Voice*, 32. The full exchange of correspondence, mainly telegraphic, can be found in S1896/RC1. The Cape authorities did what they could but it had already been decided in 1903 that there was no legal power to stop Njube moving about either within or beyond the Cape borders, Natl Arch. S. Afr., Pretoria, NTS 9830, 1/407, I, Secr. Native Aff., Cape Town, to Chief Secr., Salisbury, 2 May 1903 (telegr.).

[91] Afr. (South) 746, 106, Acting Imp. Secr. to Secr. for Native Aff., Johannesburg, 19 Mar., and High Comm. to Resident Comm. Mafeking, 19 Mar. (telegr.), and 'Warrant of Apprehension', encl. in High Comm. to Colon. Off., 21 Mar. 1904.

[92] Ibid., and ibid., 113, High Comm. to Gov. Cape, 19 Mar. (telegr.), encl. in High Comm. to Colon. Off., 21 Mar. 1904, and 24 Mar. encl. in High Comm. to Colon. Off., 28 Mar. 1904; ibid., 121, Gov., Cape Town, to High Comm., 29 Mar. (telegr.), encl. in High Comm. to Colon. Off., 2 Apr. 1904.

[a] Cape boy'.[93]

Meanwhile the Company had been trying to settle Njube's claims for cattle by offering him 25 head, which offer he accepted but then asked to be changed to £300.[94] The Administration gladly paid this 'in full and final settlement of all claims against the British South Africa Company'.[95] On the strength of this Njube bought a 205-acre farm, Hyman's Party Location in Bathurst Division, for £600 (£300 cash and £300 on a bond) and spent some £200 of the Ndebele's contributions on cattle.[96] But by the end of 1904 Njube was obviously in financial difficulties again; he told the Chief Native Commissioner Matabeleland that he needed more than double the allowance that the Administration paid him and that he was sending Simon Mhlatuzana to Matabeleland 'to make collections for me. I am greatly starving'.[97] The Administration gave him an advance of £20 on his allowance[98] and more surprisingly decided to allow collections to be made under close scrutiny,[99] and with no pressure from Chiefs on the people.[100] By March the Chief Native Commissioner Matabeleland decided that the collecting had gone on long enough; the money was brought in and sent to Njube,[101] who sent confirmation of receipt and thanks to various people.[102]

By 1905 the Administration was much more relaxed. The Chief Native Commissioner wrote to Njube in October to ask if he had any objection to his sister's proposed marriage; Njube said not and repeated the wish of another letter that he be allowed to come up to Southern Rhodesia to do some hunting.[103] The Chief Native Commissioner Matabeleland advised the Administrator that he had no objection; the Native Commissioner Matobo, however, thought it better that Njube be kept away and, in the absence of the Chief Native Commissioner Matabeleland, a definite refusal was thereupon sent to Njube.[104]

Njube replied a few weeks later to give details of the death of his wife and to repeat his

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[93] S1896/RCl, Adm. to Resident Comm. Mafeking, 25 Mar. 1904, encl. photograph; NB/3/1/4, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Resident Comm. Mafeking, 28 May 1904 (telegr.).

[94] A/2/8/9, Chief Secr., Salisbury, to J. A. Stevens, B.S.A.Co., Cape Town, 12 May, 18 and 20 July 1904.

[95] LO/1/1/79, Agenda 12 Oct. 1904, Item 3, Chief Secr. to Joint Manager and Secr. B.S.A.Co. London, 6 Sept. 1904, and encl: A. N. Lobengula, receipt, 6 Aug. 1904.

[96] NB/3/1/7, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Chief Secr., 20 Nov. 1906; Dep. of Public Works and Land Aff., Regist. of Deeds, Cape Town, Farm 273, Hyman's Party Location, Division of Bathurst, Deed of Transfer 9675, 27 Aug. 1904.

[97] NB/3/1/1, A. N. Lobengula, Bathurst, to [Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland], 19 and n.d. Dec. 1904. Ranger, *The African Voice*, 176, says that the collection was made by 'educated' people; whilst it is true that Simon Mhlatuzana was literate, such a description obscures his traditional status: better known as Ntando Ka Tebe, he was the son of a leading confidant of the Khumalo family, related by marriage to Lobengula and to become a Chief himself later; for details see Roberts, 'Some relatives of Lobengula and close associates of the Khumalo family after the Occupation', 30–1.

[98] A/2/8/9, Chief Secr., Salisbury, to J. A. Stevens, B.S.A.Co., Cape Town, 13 Jan. 1905.

[99] NB/3/1/1, Ch. Secr. to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 6 Jan. 1905.

[100] NB/3/1/3, Native Comm. Bubi to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 30 Jan. 1905.

[101] Ibid., Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Native Comm. Matobo, 3 Mar. 1905. How much was collected is not clear but various sums of £104, £123, £490 and £261 are referred to, ibid., Native Comm. Tegwani to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 9 Mar. and 17 May 1905; Civil Comm. Albany to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 20 June 1905. See also Natl Arch. S. Afr., Cape Town, T914 (Treasury Correspondence Files, 2306–92, 1905), No. 2348, Moses Mfazi, Bulawayo, to Civil Comm. Bathurst, 22 Mar. 1905; Civil Comm. Bathurst to Assist. Treasurer, Treasury, Cape Town, 6 Apr., and reply, 15 Apr. 1905.

[102] NB/3/1/3, Lobengula to Moses Mfazi, Bulawayo, 25 Apr. 1905 (telegr.); Native Comm. Tegwani to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 17 May 1905. It is interesting to see that Njube was in contact with figures as diverse as the Revd Moses Mfazi, a Mfengu, of the Methodist Wesleyan Mission in Bulawayo and Gambo Sithole, the loyalist chief of 1896–7.

[103] NB/3/1/5, Njube to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 13 Dec. 1905; Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Chief Secr., 30 Jan. 1906.

[104] Ibid., Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Chief Secr., 1 Dec. 1905; Native Comm. Matobo to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 21 Dec. 1905; Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Njube, 27 Dec. 1905

request to be allowed a hunting trip of a few months duration.[105] The Administration replied that it would consider the request but nothing appears to have happened; instead later in the year a party of Ndebele accompanied his sister Nganugiso and his mother's sister, Queen Mfunga, to see Njube in the Eastern Cape.[106] The reason for this visit was probably Njube's announcement that he intended remarrying, to Mary Nongokwakhe, a daughter of the late Gqunukwebe chief, Luthuli Kama of Iquibica (Qhibira) in the Middledrift district.[107] This forthcoming event helped precipitate a new crisis for Njube.

Firstly, Njube suddenly found himself regarded with as much suspicion by the Cape authorities as by the Southern Rhodesian. Rumours of unrest, even a rising, in the Eastern Cape were linked to his forthcoming marriage into the Kama family. For its acting chief, Ngangelizwe (Mary's uncle), had become the main supporter of the Order of Ethiopia (because of his family's close links with the Dwane family) which was now in rebellion against the Anglican authorities; and furthermore Ngangelizwe's plans to give the Order land was causing bitter divisions among the Gqunukhwebe.[108] Such a combination of royalty and Ethiopianism had already been a worry for Rhodesians because of Lewanika's involvement with the African Methodist Episcopal Church a few years earlier;[109] and it was a fear to be etched more deeply in the psyche of Whites in southern Africa by John Buchan (who after leaving South Africa in 1903) published *Prester John* in 1910.[110] Three years later this fear was to be given a specifically Rhodesian dimension by G. Heaton Nicholls (who had been in Barotseland when the A.M.E.C. had been active there) in his novel *Bayete*! *'Hail to the*

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[105] NB/3/1/6, A. N. Lobengula to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 19 Feb. 1906. His wife died on 16 February 1906 at her father's house near Alice, Cape of Good Hope, *Gov. Gazette*, 20 Apr. 1906, Master of the High Court, Edict, 19 Apr. 1906; Natl Arch. S. Afr., Cape Town, MOOC/6/9/545, No. 1104. It appears that she died after childbirth and the absence of any later references to the surviving child indicates that it did not long survive its mother; see NB/3/1/6, A. N. Lobengula to Mhlatuzana, 1 Feb. 1906; Natl Arch. S. Afr., Pretoria, NTS 9830, 1/407, I, Assist. Resident Magistrate Middledrift to Chief Native Comm. King William's Town, 28 May 1906.

[106] NB/3/1/7, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to A. N. Lobengula, 19 July 1906; NB/3/1/6, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Native Comm. Matobo, 6 Aug. 1906. His mother had gone down much earlier apparently; see NB/3/1/7, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, minute, 16 Mar. 1906.

[107] NB/3/1/7, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to A. N. Lobengula, 19 July 1906; NB/3/1/10, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Priv. Secr. Adm., 1 July 1910; and RC/3/7/17, 289, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Secr. Adm., 20 Oct, encl. in Secr. Adm. to Priv. Secr. Resident Comm., 24 Oct. 1910. The latter two letters, however, wrongly have Qhibira in the Stutterheim district and Mary as the sister or daughter, respectively, of Ngangelizwe who in fact was her late father's younger brother who acted as chief from 1899 until his death in 1938 when the real heir, Thamsanqa, Mary's brother, at last succeeded. His son Siseko succeeded in due course to the chieftainship of the Gqunukhwebe, one of the largest groupings in the Ciskei. He was followed by his son Zwelimjongile who died as recently as 2004; and his widow is currently acting chief, as regent for her son (interview by Tol de Beer on my behalf with Chief Siseko Kama, Qhibira, 20 July 1983, which Jeff Peires has kindly up-dated for me). It is possible that the obscure reference to a confinement earlier in 1906 refers to Mary, and not to his late wife; see Natl Arch. S. Afr., Pretoria, NTS 9830, 1/407, I, Assist. Resident Magistrate Middledrift to Chief Native Comm. King William's Town, 28 May 1906.

[108] Natl Arch. S. Afr., Pretoria, NTS 9830, 1/407, I, Secr. Native Aff., Cape Town, to Resident Magistrate Alexandra, 8 Sept. 1906. For J. M. Dwane's virtual secession from the Anglican Church, his support from the Gqunukhwebe, and his relationship to Chief Kama's family (his father had been a councillor to Chief Kama and his sister married into the Chief's family, thus making Dwane and Njube relatives by marriage), see T. D. Verryn, *A History of the Order of Ethiopia* (Pretoria, privately, 1972), 117–32, 66; C. E. Tuckey, 'The Order of Ethiopia . . .' (Johannesburg, Univ. of the Witwatersrand, B.A. Hist. Honours dissertation, 1977), 28, 52, 56–7. For the land issue see W. M. Cameron, 'The Ethiopian movement and the Order of Ethiopia', *The East and the West* (1904), II, 395–7. For something of Njube's participation in the Ethiopian Order, see the letters to him and his wife from the Acting Prov., Univ. of the Witwatersrand, Libr., Arch. of the Church of the Prov. of S. Afr., AB 652 (Order of Ethiopia), Letter Book 5 (19 Aug. – 7 Sept. 1907), Bishop W. M. Cameron to Chief Lobengula, 29 Aug. 1907; Letter Book 14 (20 Apr. – 25 May 1908), idem to Mrs Lobengula, 25 May 1908.

[109] See T. O. Ranger, 'The "Ethiopian" episode in Barotseland, 1900-1905', *Rhodes-Livingstone Jnl* (June 1965), XXXVII, 26–41.

[110] London, T. Nelson.

King'!; this was not published until 1923, but its leading character was a man called Nelson, the elected successor of Lobengula, who turned to Ethiopianism and a simplistic Marxism as the only way of resisting the European in the modern world—and so successfully was this done that Nelson was set to become king of southern and central Africa.[111]

The real-life 'heir' to Lobengula, however, did not have his fictional counterpart's many abilities and drive, and so the scare soon died down; but the second problem grew more acute. Njube's chronic shortage of money now reached crisis point because of the costs of settling his dead wife's estate and of preparing to take a new wife. Already his creditors, mainly European shopkeepers in Port Alfred, were beginning to press him and in an altercation with one of them Njube was assaulted.[112] Njube in desperation decided to go to Johannesburg and find a job, but in the meantime asked Simon Mhlatuzana to repossess Njube's cattle and sell them.[113]

All aspects of Njube's situation—the Ethiopian link, the indebtedness, and his desire to go to Johannesburg and to repossess cattle in Matabeleland—alarmed the Southern Rhodesian Native Department by virtue of their unsettling effect on the Ndebele. The Chief Native Commissioner Matabeleland told Njube that he did not think Johannesburg a suitable place for him and that enquiries would be made about the cattle he claimed.[114] Mhlatuzana was told to let the Ndebele leaders know that the Administration would help Njube out of his difficulties and the Chief Native Commissioner Matabeleland advised the Administrator that Njube's 'wandering disposition' should be curbed once and for all by settling him on a good farm.[115]

When the High Commissioner visited Bulawayo in October 1906, he met the Chiefs and Gambo obliquely referred to their desire for a paramount chief over them. The High Commissioner, forewarned, replied: 'I will look after Njube . . . but Njube cannot come back as the Paramount Chief of the Matabele.'[116] Even this, however, did not stop talk about Njube returning, and so after considerable discussion within the Administration it was decided to send the Chief Native Commissioner Matabeleland to Port Alfred to see Njube and 'arrive at some decision which would prevent for all time the agitation for Njube's return' and put an end to Njube's attempts to reclaim cattle that might have belonged personally to Lobengula but since the distribution of 1895 were regarded as the private property of their individual recipients.[117]

When Taylor arrived in Port Alfred in early November he found that the Ndebele had learned of his plans and had sent down Mhlatuzana and Sihluzo Khumalo to join Queens Mpoliyana and Mfunga in any meetings with Njube. For his part Taylor contacted a local

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[111] London, George Allen & Unwin.

[112] NB/3/1/7, Njube to Simon Mhlatuzana, 25 Aug. 1906; Magistrate Port Alfred to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, n.d. (telegr.)

[113] Ibid., Njube to Simon Mhlatuzana, 25 Aug. 1906; Njube to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 28 Aug. 1906.

[114] Ibid., Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Njube, 5 Sept. 1906.

[115] Ibid., Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Chief Secr., 4 and 5 Sept. 1906.

[116] NB/3/1/8, 'Proceedings at Presentation of Chiefs of Matabeleland to His Excellency the High Commissioner . . . Bulawayo, 8th October 1906'. Note the role of Gambo, a so-called 'collaborator'.

[117] NB/3/1/7, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Chief Secr., 20 Sept. 1906.

law agent, who had had dealings with Njube earlier while serving as an Inspector of Native Locations, and asked him to prepare a full report on Njube's financial position.[118]

It appears that Njube had on first arriving in the area leased a farm and tried to make his living by sub-letting to, or share-cropping with,[119] local Xhosa, with whom, however, he had soon quarrelled. Then, as has been seen, he bought Hyman's Party and some cattle in 1904 but his farming had been a series of disasters with cattle deaths and crop failures on the mere couple of acres that he tried to cultivate. He had started constructing a brick house, probably with the money from the approved collections of 1905, but once such remittances from the Ndebele ceased he had abandoned building and moved into rented accommodation on a neighbouring farm. His debts were just over £100 and if he sold the farm for the estimated market value of £400 (£200 less than he had paid for it) he might just have enough to pay off these debts and the bond.[120]

This, however, would leave him with nothing and would not solve his pressing financial problems presented by his engagement to marry. Lobola of 30 head was to be paid[121] and the Master of the Supreme Court required £124 to be paid into court as Njube's late wife's half-share of the net value of their estate which under Cape law had to be safeguarded as a maternal bequest to her children, Albert and Rhodes, before Njube could contract a new Christian marriage.[122]

The Chief Native Commissioner's assessment of Njube was generally favourable and particular point was made of his religious nature;[123] however, he was 'impulsive and easily led . . . lavish when he happens to have money, and very improvidential . . . [and] inclined to drink'.[124] The local law agent said that he had neglected his farm and generally needed guidance, having 'no idea of the value of money' and being surrounded by hangers-on who took advantage of his good nature.[125]

Although all these personal problems had a direct bearing on any plans to make Njube settle down happily, the real point of the meeting was to settle the political questions. This being so the meeting had a stormy beginning. When Taylor explained that the High Commissioner had recently met the Ndebele Chiefs in Bulawayo and told them that Njube could not go back to Matabeleland, Njube quickly became angry and said that:

> he was leaving for Johannesburg at once and was going to lay his case before the High Commissioner. He could not understand why, as a British subject, he should be banished from his country. He was not aware that he had committed any crime. He made no claim to the Chieftainship, all he

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[118] What follows is drawn, unless otherwise indicated, from this report: NB/3/1/7, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Chief Secr., 20 Nov. 1906, and from the papers on his late wife's estate which had to be filed because they had been married in community of property, Natl Arch. S. Afr., Cape Town, MOOC/13/1/1558 [Liquidation and Distribution Accounts: General Series: 17–19 Oct. 1907], No. 132. Sihluzo has not been more fully identified.

[119] *The Cape Argus*, 16 June 1910.

[120] This picture of Njube —his farming, his dependency and expectation of unending contributions from the Ndebele—is to be contrasted with Ranger's unsubstantiated description of him as a 'progressive farmer', *The African Voice*, 32.

[121] NB/3/1/7, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Chief Secr., 20 Nov. 1906.

[122] NB/3/1/10, Secr. Native Aff., Cape Town, to Civil Comm. Port Alfred, [27] Mar. 1907, encl. in Secr. Native Aff., Cape Town, to Secr. B.S.A.Co. Cape Town, 27 Mar. 1907, encl. in Secr. B.S.A.Co. Cape Town to Secr. Adm., 2 Apr. 1907; Natl Arch. S. Afr., Cape Town, MOOC/13/1/1558, No. 132, Fairbridge, Arderne & Lawton, Cape Town, to Master of Supreme Court, Cape Town, 19 Aug. 1907. This procedure is known as passing a Deed of Kinderbewyzen.

[123] See also above, pp. 3, 7, 13; and below, pp. 17, 25, 27.

[124] NB/3/1/7, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Chief Secr., 20 Nov. 1906.

[125] Ibid., J. N. Cock, Port Alfred, to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 14 Nov. 1906.

> wanted was to be free to return to his home and enjoy the same liberty as any other Native of Matabeleland . . . Rhodes repeatedly told him that when his education was completed he would go back and live on . . . Rhodes' . . . farm in the Matobos, and when Dr. Jameson was in Grahamstown he assured him that his cattle were still there and he would have them when he went back.[126]

When Taylor insisted that the matter was not open to discussion Njube 'asked why he was not killed at once' and stormed out of the meeting. The next day he 'apologised most profusely . . . [and] stated he was in serious difficulties and did not know what was going to become of him'. On the third day, after vainly trying to reopen the question of at least a short visit to Southern Rhodesia, he said he wanted to live near Johannesburg away from the harassment of his neighbours and creditors. When Taylor said he could not recommend this, Njube and the two Ndebele advisors asked if the Government could not buy him a good farm with some cattle in the Alexandra Division, pay off his debts, buy him a gun, increase his allowance, and settle the question of his 350 cattle in Matabeleland so that he could pay his lobola. Taylor undertook to present these requests to the Administrator; and on the last, but the most important, question he said that if enquiries substantiated Njube's claim to the cattle he would get them. However, Mhlatuzana and Sihluzo, and later his mother, admitted that Njube's cattle had all perished in the rinderpest; whereupon Njube asked if the government could not replace them. The two Ndebele representatives asked if chiefs could not lobola for Njube, and Taylor said they could if they wished; and this appeared to settle the matter.[127]

On his return to Bulawayo, Taylor recommended that Njube's requests be met: that a farm of 400–500 acres be bought by the Company and held in trust for Njube, that it be provided with basic requirements and a house, that his debts be paid, that he be given a gun, and his allowance increased to £180 p.a. so that he could support his mother and sister. All this was rather an expense but Taylor stressed that it would settle him down and facilitate his remarriage in which 'he should be encouraged . . . as a matter of policy as it would tend to still further alienate him from his people' some of whom had an Ndebele bride in mind and objected to a Xhosa match (which indeed may have been the reason for that cessation of remittances which had precipitated the whole crisis!). So strongly, apparently, did the Native Department welcome the marriage that it had ordered Chief Mapisa to withdraw the objections which he was said to have made.[128] The Department was also to enlist the help of Jameson as Prime Minister of the Cape to keep an eye on Njube's finances and to see if there was any way round the Supreme Court's requirement of £124 before Njube could remarry by Christian rites. The Master, however, could not relax the law and so the only solution that the Cape Native Affairs Department could suggest was that Njube should marry according to customary law and have the marriage solemnized later when he had

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[126] Ibid., Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Chief Secr., 20 Nov. 1906.

[127] Ibid.

[128] NB/3/1/10, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Native Comm. Matobo, 1 Aug. 1906. This must be Mdilizelwa of the Imbizo (son of Maphisa Fuyana of Isizinda), who became a Chief in the Matobo District in 1897. Again to be noted is the involvement of a 'collaborator' family, thus throwing doubt on Ranger's basic assumption that it was the erstwhile 'rebels' who constituted 'The African Voice'.

paid the money into court.[129] While Njube was prepared to do this, in spite of his religious scruples, the uncle and guardian of the bride-to-be absolutely refused to even consider a non-Christian marriage.[130]

While all this was going on and while the Administration in Salisbury was considering Taylor's report, more bills from creditors and pleas from Njube continued to flood in,[131] until at last it had to be agreed that Njube's allowance be increased from £104 to £200 p.a.; the Administrator, however, would not agree to Taylor's recommendation that a farm be purchased and Njube's debts paid off, lest that merely encouraged him and local traders to further extravagant credit.[132]

It was also at this point that the Administration allowed Njube's younger brother, Nguboyenja, to come up from Cape Town to visit his relatives before going to England—a somewhat surprising decision in some ways, in view of the trouble with and suspicions about Nguboyenja over the previous months, but perhaps a deliberate attempt to divert the focus of Ndebele attention away from Njube. And to keep a better check on Njube the help of the Cape Native Affairs Department was obtained.[133]

Njube, however, did not give up. In May he wrote a plaintive letter to *The Bulawayo Chronicle* complaining that not only was he banished without cause but also unjustly deprived of his cattle.[134] According to the Chief Native Commissioner Matabeleland, this claim (made in spite of the admission by his family that his cattle had all died) was a blatant attempt to obtain sympathy and stir up an agitation against his exclusion from Southern Rhodesia.[135] This fear appeared to be confirmed in August when Sihluzo Khumalo arrived as emissary from Njube, ostensibly to announce Njube's forthcoming marriage;[136] this involved asking for wedding gifts which, in the case of requesting *itodhlana le sinkwa* (a steer for bread

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[129] Natl Arch. S. Afr., Pretoria, NTS 9830, 1/407, I, Secr. B.S.A.Co. Cape Town to Secr. Prime Minist., Cape Town, 7 Feb. 1907. NB/3/1/10, Assist. Secr. Native Aff., Cape Town, to Secr. B.S.A.Co. Cape Town, 23 Feb. 1907: Secr. B.S.A.Co, Cape Town to A. J. Holland, Adm. Off., 2 Apr. 1907, encl. W. E. Stanford, Native Aff. Off., Cape Town, to Secr. B.S.A.Co. Cape Town, 27 Mar. 1907, encl. Civil Comm. Bathurst to Secr. Native Aff., Cape Town, 27 Feb., and reply 27 Mar. 1907 (*bis*); Natl Arch. S. Afr., Cape Town, MOOC/13/1/1558, No. 132, Secr. Native Aff., Cape Town, to Master of the High Court, Cape Town, 27 Mar., and reply, 3 Apr. 1907.

[130] Natl Arch. S. Afr., Pretoria, NTS 9830, 1/407, I, Civil Comm. Bathurst to Secr. Native Aff., Cape Town, 20 Apr. and 13 May 1907.

[131] NB/3/1/7, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Chief Secr., 27 Nov. 1906, encl. Revd H. L. G. Edwards to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 20 Nov. 1906 (concerning the cost of educating Njube's sister, Nganugiso, at St Peter's Industrial School, Grahamstown); Njube to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 7 Dec. 1906, encl. J. N. Cock to Njube, 28 Nov. 1906 (concerning Njube's intention to marry in December and his creditors); Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Chief Secr., 14 and 18 Dec. 1906, encl. J. N. Cock to Njube, 28 Nov. 1906, and J. N. Cock to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 11 Dec. 1906, respectively (concerning creditors); NB/3/1/10, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Chief Secr., 11 Jan. 1907 (concerning stopping of all credit facilities to Njube by all businesses in Port Alfred).

[132] LO/1/2/53, Minutes, 3 Jan. 1907, Annexure 5: Adm. to London Off., 27 Dec. 1906 (telegr.); 10 Jan. 1907, Annexure 9; London Off. to Adm., 8 Jan. 1907 (telegr.); 21 Feb. 1907, Annexure 3: Chief Secr. to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 10 Jan. 1907; NB/3/1/10, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Njube Lobengula, 14 Jan. 1907; Natl Arch. S. Afr., Cape Town, T1030, No. 495, Chief Secr., Salisbury, to Under Colon. Secr., Cape Town, 1 Feb. 1907; Assist. Treasurer, Cape Town, to Civil Comm. Bathurst, 4 Feb. 1907.

[133] Natl Arch. S. Afr., Pretoria, NTS 9830, 1/407, I, Secr. B.S.A.Co. Cape Town to Secr. Premier, Cape Town, 7 Feb. 1907; Secr. Native Aff., Cape Town, to Civil Comm. Bathurst, 23 Feb., and reply, 27 Feb. 1907. NB/3/1/10, Assist. Secr. Native Aff., Cape Town, to Secr., B.S.A.Co. Cape Town, 23 Feb. 1907.

[134] *The Bulawayo Chronicle,* 18 May 1907.

[135] NB/3/1/10, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Chief Secr., 17 July 1907.

[136] Ibid., Native Comm. Fort Usher to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 22 Aug. 1907; Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, Circular, 26 Aug. 1907; Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Chief Secr., 27 Aug. 1907.

or food) was tantamount to claiming allegiance.[137] There was, however, no general appeal to the people, and much of the money that selected Chiefs and elders donated was spent by Sihluzo for his own purposes.[138] This turn of events did damage to Sihluzo's image and so encouraged the Native Department that it took over and forwarded to Njube some of the money collected.[139] The Administrator was critical of this action as it tended to imply recognition of Njube[140]—a danger which the Chief Native Commissioner Matabeleland himself had warned about a few days earlier: 'there are several who are, and would be, only too glad to foster the idea of his recognition by the Government'.[141] The Administrator's view was that Njube was provided for by the Government and, therefore, did not need any gifts from the Ndebele,[142] but, as the Chief Native Commissioner Matabeleland rather plaintively said, it was difficult to stop the Ndebele from complying, and to know what to do, when Njube was in constant correspondence with the more educated of his people.[143]

Meanwhile the process of settling the estate of Njube's late wife had at last reached its final stages and the Master of the Supreme Court agreed to accept a second mortgage bond on the farm to the value of £124 as Albert and Rhodes's inheritance;[144] and this at last cleared the way for Njube's remarriage.[145] Njube was reported as enormously excited and wrote to express his heartfelt thanks to all who had helped expedite matters.[146] As preparations for the marriage went forward, however, Njube and his two sons fell ill and asked for Mtupana, the guardian that Lobengula had appointed before his death, to come down.[147] This was allowed after some deliberation but limited to three weeks (as Mtupana was not regarded as trustworthy by the Administration[148]); in the event his visit was regarded as expedient because Mtupana's presence at the marriage ceremony which took place on 8 October[149] was thought to be divisive of Ndebele opinion in that Njube's preference for a Xhosa over the Ndebele girls whom some Ndebele chiefs proposed

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[137] Ibid., Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Chief Secr., 27 Aug. 1907; Native Comm. Fort Usher to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 18 Sept. 1907.

[138] Ibid., Native Comm. Fort Usher to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 19, 23 and 26 Sept. 1907.

[139] Ibid., Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Civil Comm. Port Alfred, 25 Sept. 1907.

[140] Ibid., Chief Secr. to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 9 and 25 Oct. 1907.

[141] Ibid., Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Chief Secr., 20 Sept. 1907.

[142] Ibid., Chief Secr. to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 2 Oct. 1907.

[143] Ibid., Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Chief Secr., 17 Oct. 1907.

[144] Natl Arch. S. Afr., Cape Town, MOOC/13/1/1558, No. 132, Master of the Supreme Court, Minute, 11 June 1907; Fairbridge, Arderne & Lawton, Cape Town, to Master of the Supreme Court, Cape Town, 19 Aug. 1907, encl. Mortgage Bond for £124. 11*s*. 9*d*. To follow this tortuous process one also has to consult MOOC/6/9/545, No. 1104; MOOC/7/1 (Wills: General Series, 1689–???), 785 (17–30 Apr. 1906), No. 923; and ibid., Regist. of Estates, 129 (1906) ff. 385–6; and Natl Arch. S. Afr., Pretoria, NTS 9830, 1/407, I, Civil Comm. Bathurst to Secr. Native Aff., Cape Town, 31 May 1907 which was a letter of introduction for Njube who then went to Cape Town to press matters on.

[145] Natl Arch. S. Afr., Cape Town, MOOC/13/1/1558, No. 132, Magistrate Port Alfred to Master of Supreme Court, Cape Town, 13 Aug. (telegr.), and reply, 13 Aug. 1907 (telegr.); Natl Arch. S. Afr., Pretoria, NTS 9830, 1/407, I, Secr. Native Aff., Cape Town, to Magistrate Port Alfred, 12 Aug. 1907 (telegr.); Master of Supreme Court, Cape Town, Certificate, 12 Aug. 1907.

[146] Natl Arch. S. Afr., Pretoria, NTS 9830, 1/407, I, Prince A. N. Lobengula to Civil Comm. Bathurst, 16 Aug. 1907.

[147] NB/3/1/10, Lobengula to Native Comm. Bulawayo, 7 Sept. 1907 (telegr.); Civil Comm. Port Alfred to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 19 Sept. 1907 (telegr.).

[148] Ibid., Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Civil Comm. Port Alfred, 25 Sept. 1907.

[149] Njube was to have been married by Bishop W. B. Cameron, the Acting Prov. of the Order of Ethiopia, at Qhibira on 26 September 1907, Univ. of Witwatersrand, Libr., Arch. of the Church of the Prov. of S. Afr., AB652, Letter Book 5, Bishop Cameron to Chief Lobengula, 29 Aug. 1907; it was then postponed to 7 October, NB/3/1/10, Civil Comm. Port Alfred to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 19 Sept. 1907, but in the end he was married at King William's Town by the chaplain to the Order on 8 October 1907, copy of 'Full Marriage Certificate' from Dep. of Home Aff., Pretoria, 20 Aug. 1985, in author's possession.

> has for all time alienated their sympathy and the whole question, in so far as the 'raw' Native is concerned, may now be regarded as a 'closed book'. This, however, does not apply to what may be termed the educated class, who by correspondence . . . will continue to express their sympathy with Njube's alleged grievances.[150]

The 'closed book', however, obstinately remained open. Njube wrote to request that a collection be made for him and told Mtupana to ask permission to undertake this as soon as he arrived back in Matabeleland and also to regain Njube's cattle for the lobola payment to Chief Kama; all this was forbidden by the Chief Native Commissioner.[151] Sihluzo thereupon returned to Port Alfred[152] and Njube, desperately trying to avoid being served with summons for debt, then announced that 'I am leaving . . . tomorrow for Bulawayo . . . I cannot hold myself, seeing my children starving.'[153] The authorities in Port Alfred forbade Njube to leave[154] and the Administration in Southern Rhodesia prepared to have its immigration officials stop him from entering the country.[155]

It appears that in fact Njube never left Port Alfred, but it was discovered that collections were being made by Mtupana and several chiefs in spite of the Native Department's ban,[156] on the basis that each Ndebele should contribute 10*s*. to Njube to help him get out of trouble.[157] Those involved were reprimanded and ordered to return the money to the donors.[158] Njube's next tactic was to try to send Sihluzo back to Matabeleland with Njube's new wife to present her to the people; the Native Department's reply was to forbid this on the ground that the Ndebele had no desire to meet a Xhosa girl.[159] Njube then tried yet another tactic and hired attorneys in Grahamstown to instruct Coghlan and Welsh in Bulawayo to ask why Njube had not been allowed back after the Anglo-Boer War, as Rhodes had promised, and why the Ndebele were not allowed to supplement his inadequate allowance.[160] The

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[150] NB/3/1/10, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Chief Secr., 22 Nov. 1907. C. C. Ngcebetsha, whose cousin married Njube's son, Rhodes, claimed that the Ndebele paid the lobola for Njube's new wife, which must be a reference to the collection described above; see *The Afr. Home News*, 14 Apr. 1962.

[151] NB/3/1/10, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Native Comm. Bubi, 7 Nov. 1907; Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Civil Comm. Port Alfred, 7 Nov. 1907; and Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Chief Secr., 22 Nov. 1907.

[152] Ibid., Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Chief Secr., 22 Nov. 1907.

[153] NB/3/1/14, Resident Magistrate Port Alfred to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 30 Dec. 1907; A. N. Lobengula to [Resident Magistrate Port Alfred], 30 Dec. 1907.

[154] NB/3/1/10, Civil Comm. Port Alfred to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 30 Dec. 1907 (telegr.).

[155] Ibid., Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Adm. Off., 30 Dec. 1907 (telegr.); Adm. Off. to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 31 Dec. 1907 (telegr.); Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Inspector Murray, Southern Rhodesia Constabulary, Bulawayo, 31 Dec. 1907.

[156] Ibid., Native Comm. Insiza to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 31 Dec. 1907 (concerning Chief Buwehle); Native Comm. Inyati to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 7 Jan. 1908 and Native Comm. Tegwani to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 16 Jan. 1908 (concerning Mtupana); Native Comm. Insiza to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 10 Jan. 1908 (concerning Chief Fudu and Chief Maledaniso, Njube's brother-in-law).

[157] Ibid., Native Comm. Gwelo to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 28 Jan. 1908.

[158] Ibid., Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Native Comm. Insiza, 6 and 27 Jan. 1908; Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Native Comm. Matobo, 24 Jan. 1908; Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Native Comm. Bubi, 27 Jan. 1908; Ch. Secr. to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 3 Feb. 1908.

[159] Ibid., Magistrate Port Alfred to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 4 Feb. (telegr.) and reply, 4 Feb. 1908 (telegr.).

[160] NB/3/1/13, Coghlan & Welsh, Bulawayo, to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 21 Mar. 1908. This recourse to lawyers may indicate a weakening of Njube's direct links with the Ndebele, for Mhlatuzana was soon to write to Nguboyenja that Njube no longer corresponded with him, NB/3/1/19, [25 July 1908].

Administration in reply said that no promise had ever been made and that Njube's allowance was adequate.[161]

Njube's next move was to write to say that he was returning to Bulawayo to sort out what had happened to his father's property; and to this end he asked the authorities in Port Alfred for a pass to go to Bulawayo for a month to collect sufficient money to pay off his creditors rather than struggle on month by month.[162] Instructions were immediately given to the police to prevent Njube's entry into Southern Rhodesia,[163] and despite reports of his being seen in the Bechuanaland Protectorate there was no real evidence that Njube had even left the Eastern Cape.[164]

The basic reason for the increasing tempo of Njube's efforts was that his financial problems were reaching their crisis. It seems that the authorities in Port Alfred had virtually taken over the administration of Njube's affairs and his allowance went straight to J. N. Cock so that he could placate creditors, and when Njube protested at this, a formal power of attorney for six months was obtained to regularize this procedure, although hope of staving off writs for civil imprisonment was fast disappearing.[165] The Administration, however, would not budge; and, following an obscure episode in which Njube wrote a letter signed 'Sihluzo', it told Njube that he would not be allowed to visit Southern Rhodesia and that his allowance would be sufficient for his needs if he practised some economies.[166]

A few weeks after the receipt of this news J. N. Cock seems to have intervened on Njube's behalf but the Chief Native Commissioner Matabeleland strongly advised the Administration to have Njube warned of the 'unpleasant' consequences that would follow any attempt to enter Southern Rhodesia without permission. As for Njube's repeated but vague claims to property the Native Affairs Department would investigate them if given the details. For the meantime Njube must learn to curb his extravagance and the only help that the Administration should give was to pay the expenses of Njube's two children, Albert and Rhodes, who had recently been put in school in Grahamstown.[167]

No more was heard of Njube until early 1909 when the Chief Native Commissioner wrote to a law agent in Port Alfred to say that the Administration did not want to interfere in Njube's personal affairs.[168] Then in April 1909 an uncle of Njube, Sikonkwana Khumalo, asked permission to visit Njube. The Chief Native Commissioner Matabeleland believed that he had no power to stop him going but was opposed to such visit as secret meetings

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[161] NB/3/1/13, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Coghlan & Welsh, 10 Apr. 1908.

[162] NB/3/1/14, Priv. Secr. Adm. to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 27 May 1908, encl. Prince A. N. Lobengula to [Adm.], 18 May 1908; A. N. Lobengula to Acting Civil Comm. Port Alfred, 9 June 1908.

[163] Ibid., Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Inspector Southern Rhodesia Constabulary, Bulawayo, 30 May 1908.

[164] Ibid., Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Priv. Secr. Adm., 20 June 1908; Native Comm. Tegwani to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 1 July 1908.

[165] Ibid., A. N. Lobengula to Civil Comm. Port Alfred, 4 May 1908; Acting Resident Magistrate Port Alfred to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 9 June 1908, encl. A. N. Lobengula to Acting Resident Magistrate Port Alfred, 9 June 1908. According to a report at the time of his funeral, Njube's affairs remained under the control of attorneys who allowed him £5 a month living expenses out of his allowance of £16. 13*s*. 4*d*., *The Cape Argus*, 16 June 1910.

[166] NB/3/1/14, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Priv. Secr. Adm., 20 June 1908; Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Acting Resident Magistrate Port Alfred, 29 June 1908.

[167] Ibid., Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Secr. Adm., 3 Aug. 1908.

[168] NB/3/1/16, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to F. C. Finaughty, 26 Jan. 1909.

always took place on return to plan for a paramountcy which unsettled the people in their ownership of cattle.[169]

The Administration, however, took a stronger line in forbidding the visit.[170] Thus, when forwarding this instruction to Sikonkwana, the Chief Native Commissioner Matabeleland told the Superintendent of Natives in Gwelo that it was 'inadvisable, from a political point of view, to tacitly, or otherwise, acknowledge in any form whatsoever that Njube's association with the Matabele continues'.[171] This seems to have been the end of this particular episode and the next that was heard of Njube was towards the end of the year when it was reported that he was still in debt and a writ of attachment had been issued but returned 'nulla bona'; his farm was idle while he lived largely in Grahamstown where his mother had settled.[172]

Later in the year the High Commissioner visited Southern Rhodesia and held an indaba of Matabeleland Chiefs at which the usual, rather oblique requests were made for Njube's return.[173] The High Commissioner replied that, 'The son of Lobengula is well, and being well looked after in Cape Colony, but he is not coming back here.'[174] This blunt reply did not go down well and at the end of the indaba there was considerable delay, if not reluctance, in giving the High Commissioner the traditional royal salute; this so annoyed the High Commissioner that in a hasty attempt to put the blame on the Southern Rhodesian authorities he confused Njube with Nguboyenja and his visit to Matabeleland a year earlier: 'a move that was unwise and dangerous . . . [and] for the future', he ordered 'that under no circumstances is the son of Lobengula to be allowed to return to Matabeleland, even for 24 hours, without the written permission of the High Commissioner'.[175]

Somewhat alarmed, the Administration asked for a report from the Chief Native Commissioner Matabeleland. His reply settled any fears of outright political disaffection by making it clear that the Chiefs were divided into two sections which were both perfectly loyal to the Administration but differed over the issue of Njube's return which had been discussed between themselves before the indaba. The one section took the view that, having failed before, they should not raise the matter again; to this the other section had retorted: 'We know your reasons for not wanting the King's son; you have committed yourselves by branding his cattle.' Thereupon the former section gave in and agreed to support the pleas for Njube's return but at the end of the indaba both sides had waited, not wanting to be seen to be the first to give the royal salute. The Chief Native Commissioner Matabeleland thought there might be some outside influence being brought to bear on the Chiefs of Insiza, Matobo and Mzingwane, the centre of support for Njube, but he noted that the division was in some ways of long-standing historical origin, for the Chiefs of Bubi and Bulalima had branded

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[169] Ibid., Minute by Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 22 June on Native Comm. Insiza to Sup[erintendan]t [of] Natives Gwelo, 14 June 1909. Sikonkwana, a Headman, was the son of Qalilanga, son of Mzilikazi; for more detail see Roberts, 'Some relatives of Lobengula and close associates of the Khumalo family after the Occupation', 30.

[170] NB/3/1/16, Secr. Adm. to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, n.d. The legal basis of this would have to have been the Native Registration Amendment Ordinance (No. 10 of 1902), which empowered the Administration to refuse an African pass without which he could not legally move about.

[171] NB/3/1/16, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Supt Natives Gwelo, 13 July 1909.

[172] Ibid., Civil Comm. Port Alfred to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 7 Nov. 1909.

[173] NB/3/1/18, 'Proceedings at "Indaba" . . . 12th November, 1909'; see, particularly, Sikombo, Buwehle, Majinkile, Makwelambila, and Magai.

[174] Ibid., 'High Commissioner's Reply'.

[175] Natl Arch., London, C.O.417/482, 13488, High Comm. to Resident Comm., 16 Nov. 1909, encl. in High Comm. to Colon. Off., 18 Apr. 1909.

their stock and represented the old Gapeni section that had been under Gambo before the Occupation. Whatever the reason, the Chief Native Commissioner thought it undesirable in future to hold a mass indaba which tended to make such differences a major issue.[176]

On hearing news of the High Commissioner's reply to the Ndebele and the events at the indaba, Njube in Grahamstown then tried the new tactic of appealing directly to the High Commissioner:

> I observe from reports of His Excellency's speech in Rhodesia that I am not to be allowed to return to my own country. What the cause of this decision may be I know not and can only assume that it is a fresh 'Colour Bar' on the eve of Union . . . the late Lobengula's property, wives, and son[s] Nyamanda and Tsakalisa are still resident [there . . . and it] was definitely stipulated when I was sent to Capetown to be educated that the Chartered Company would not confiscate the late Lobengula's cattle but would return [keep] them for me till I return[ed] from Capetown. Since my education was finished no doubt with a view of retaining the late Lobengula's cattle I have not been permitted to return to Bulawayo. As His Excellency has been pleased to assure the Rhodesians that I shall never be allowed to return to my home, I . . . petition that he will order the Chartered Company to send down at their cost to my farm at Bathurst the cattle belonging to my late Father with their increase. I should be obliged if you . . . would make it clear if . . . I am never to be allowed even to visit my home. I should be further obliged if His Excellency would . . . refer me to any Act of Parliament or any Proclamation under authority of which he prohibits my return to my own home . . . In fine I would respectfully ask . . . if Justice is to be denied to me a British Subject merely because . . . [of] the colour of my skin . . .[177]

In response to this moving plea the High Commissioner contacted the Southern Rhodesian Administration indicating that Njube's 'letter will require to be carefully answered'. His own view was that Njube should be made to understand that it was not a case of personal blame attaching to him but that his position in Matabeleland would inevitably lead to misunderstandings and problems; the cattle question, however, should be settled and the British South Africa Company should pay up if any were due to Njube.[178] The Administration, in its turn, turned to Taylor for advice. He drew a crucial distinction between Njube, who by birth would have succeeded his father, and his brothers who would not; this distinction made it impossible for Njube to lead the life of a private citizen. Furthermore, Ndebele society was divided into two sections: the one was happy to 'recognise that under this administration they have absolute security of property, irrespective of status, which was not the case during the regime of Lobengula'; the other did 'not favour the policy of equal rights for all natives in so far as the acquisition of wealth in the form of cattle is concerned

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[176] NB/3/1/18, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Adm., 16 Nov. 1909.

[177] NB/3/1/16, Alban Njube Lobengula to Priv. Secr. High Comm., 25 Nov. 1909, encl. in High Comm. to Resident Comm., 2 Dec. 1909. Part of this quoted, without citation but apparently from another file, in T. O. Ranger, 'Traditional authorities and the rise of modern politics in Southern Rhodesia, 1898–1930', in E. Stokes and R. Brown (eds.), *The Zambesian Past* (Manchester, Manchester Univ. Press, 1966), 176–7.

[178] NB/3/1/16, High Comm. to Resident Comm., 2 Dec. 1909.

. . . and keep in constant communication with Njube, and who advocate his return'.[179] Such a return to the country, he said

> would force the two opposing sections to look upon each other with suspicion, it would be the one topic of interest to the natives, not only in Matabeleland but also in Mashonaland, to which Province a large number of 'Holis' returned after the Rebellion, the whole country would become unsettled, reprisals would set in, cattle would be seized, and Njube himself could not help being influenced by certain of the Chiefs, with the inevitable result that the peace of the Country would be endangered . . . [particularly] as the 'King's' son in Matabeleland he would lay claim to all cattle . . . supported by his advocates.
>
> Therefore, the Ndebele should be made to recognize once and for all that Njube would never return and that his claim to cattle would not be entertained.[180]

The Administration, after some heart-searching, informed the Resident Commissioner that his own statement in January 1903 and the High Commissioner's in November 1909, that Njube would not be allowed to return, should be reaffirmed to Njube who should also be made to accept that, on the admission of his mother and the Ndebele envoys in 1905, he had no claim to any cattle.[181] The Resident Commissioner, in forwarding this, drafted a reply to Njube for the High Commissioner to use; this was done almost word for word and it made it quite clear that Njube was not to return to Matabeleland and that 'whatever cattle are now in the country are owned legally by private individuals and there are none which can be regarded in any sense as belonging to you'.[182]

When the High Commissioner informed the Colonial Secretary in London,[183] the officials in the Colonial Office thought the case weak and so asked for assurance that the Southern Rhodesia Administration was entitled on grounds of public policy and empowered by law to prevent Njube's return and for an explanation for its change of attitude towards Njube since it had contemplated making him an interpreter in Southern Rhodesia in 1908.[184] This last point was, of course, another confusion with Nguboyenja but while the Administration was preparing its answers on this and the legal position, the outgoing High Commissioner, Selborne, who, as had been seen, took an even harder line on Njube's return than the B.S.A. Company, informed the Colonial Secretary of his

> wish to leave on record my very deliberate conviction that Lobengula's eldest son should not be allowed to return to Southern Rhodesia; and that in the absence of legal power . . . special legislation should be passed.
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> There is absolutely no possibility of such a return turning out for the good of Lobengula or for the peace of the country. No matter what promises

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[179] Ibid., Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Secr. Adm., 18 Dec. 1909, quoted in Ranger, 'Traditional authorities and the rise of modern politics ', 176.

[180] NB/3/1/16, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Secr. Adm., 18 Dec. 1909.

[181] RC/3/7/17, 289, Adm. to Resident Comm., 31 Dec. 1909. For doubts, see F. J. Newton, the Treasurer, who wrote that, 'Logically, I do not think the proceedings [keeping Njube in exile] can be justified', A/3/18/1, minute, 5 Jan. 1910.

[182] RC/3/7/17, 289, Resident Comm. to High Comm., 8 Jan. 1910, encl. 'Draft Reply'; Natl Arch., London, C.O.417/481, 4298, Imp. Secr. to A. N. Lobengula, 19 Jan. 1910, encl. in High Comm. to Colon. Off., 24 Jan. 1910.

[183] Natl Arch., London, C.O.417/481, 4298, High Comm. to Colon. Off., 24 Jan. 1910.

[184] RC/3/7/17, 289, Colon. Off. to High Comm., 3 Mar. 1910; Natl Arch., London, C.O.417/481, 4298, minutes, 19–25 Feb. 1910.

> Lobengula may make, or what his intentions may be when he returns, his position becomes impossible . . . In my opinion . . . friction would at once commence. Every Matabele would go to him for advice; they would take to him case after case for settlement . . . and they would be asking him with unwearying reiteration whether he really was the son of Lobengula . . . because if he really was . . . he would not stay still under the white man's dominion. He would, in fact, be goaded . . . into . . . rebellion and bloodshed.
>
> The position of Dinizulu in Zululand was always impossible, and the position of Lobengula's son in Matabeleland would be still more impossible.[185]

This firm statement of policy was soon followed by a full clarification of the confusion with Nguboyenja[186] and the exposition of the Administration's legal powers to prevent entry;[187] and with this the Colonial Office officials let the matter rest.

The time for Njube's return, however, had now passed. The episode of the indaba and Njube's protest to the High Commissioner rebounded on Njube in that Gambo now openly took the initiative and started sending messengers around the countryside urging all to follow his example in branding former royal cattle and to recognize the 'futility of any continuance of the agitation for Njube's return'.[188] Furthermore, it was learned in 1910 that Njube was seriously ill with tuberculosis, and it was decided to move him to Aliwal North for its drier climate.[189] The Administration undertook to bear the expenses of the move, including that of Njube's mother.[190] Two months later, however, it was learned that Njube had made no effort to remove, perhaps because his indebtedness made it difficult to leave.[191] The Administration immediately asked for a listing of Njube's debts and assets and emphasized that he should be urged to move as soon as possible for his own good.[192] But it was too late. Njube was

[185] RC/3/7/17, 289, High Comm. to Colon. Off., 14 May, encl. in High Comm. to Resident Comm., 30 May 1910. The comparison of Njube and Dinizulu was one that Africans could also draw; and, when it was suggested in 1914 that the South African Government pay for the education of Dinizulu's sons, P. Ka I. Seme objected on the ground that such education had been the ruin of the Lobengula chieftainship, *Ilanga Lase Natal*, 16 Jan. 1914.

[186] Natl Arch., London, C.O.417/482, 13488, Adm., 'Meeting with Natives at Bulawayo, 12th November, 1909. Memorandum upon Certain Points . . .', para. 8 [7]; RC/3/7/17, 289, High Comm. to Colon. Off., 18 July 1910, encl. Resident Comm. to Imp. Secr. 23 May encl. Adm. to Resident Comm., 21 May 1910.

[187] RC/3/7/17, 289, High Comm. to Colon. Off., 18 July 1910, encl. Resident Comm. to High Comm., 10 June. The powers in question were in section 2 (d) of the Immigration Restriction Amendment Ordinance (No. 13, of 1904).

[188] NB/3/1/19, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Supt Natives Gwelo, 27 Jan. 1910. The Matopos Chiefs, at least, started branding, but denied that they had hitherto not done so because the cattle belonged to Njube, ibid., Native Comm. Tegwani to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 17 Feb. 1910.

[189] NB/3/1/18, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Secr. Adm., 27 Jan. 1910; Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Secr., B.S.A.Co. Cape Town, 5 Jan. [Feb.] 1910.

[190] A/3/18/1, Secr. Adm. to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 1 and 7 Feb. 1910; Secr. Adm. to Secr. B.S.A.Co. Cape Town, 1 Feb. 1910.

[191] NB/3/1/20, Acting Civil Comm. Grahamstown to Secr., B.S.A.Co. Cape Town, 8 Apr. 1910, encl. in Secr., B.S.A.Co. Cape Town to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 14 Apr. 1910; A/3/18/1, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Secr. Adm., 18 Apr. 1910 (telegr.). Albert and Rhodes had not been sent back to school in the New Year because Njube owed £9. 5*s*. in back school-fees, A/3/18/1, Stead to Resident Comm., 3 Feb. 1910. The Administration decided to pay this amount *ex gratia*, ibid., Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, minute 14 Feb., and Secr. Adm. to Stead, 7 Mar. 1910. Stead, however, pressed for more because, he said, Njube could never be relied upon to pay for their education, ibid., Stead to Secr. Adm., 14 Mar. 1910. The Administration decided to do nothing more for the time being as it was worried about setting a precedent for undertaking responsibility for Lobengula's descendants in perpetuity, ibid., Secr. Adm., Minute, 27 Mar. 1910.

[192] A/3/18/1, Adm. to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 21 Apr. 1910 (telegr.); NB/3/1/18, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Civil Comm. Grahamstown, 21 Apr. 1910.

too weak to travel and was dying.[193] The Chief Native Commissioner telegraphed that Njube was to be provided with all care and medical attention at the Administration's expense,[194] and started making arrangements to send an Ndebele of standing down as quickly as possible lest the Administration be blamed or fears of witchcraft be allowed to develop.[195] The Chief selected was Nyangazonke who arrived in Grahamstown on 26 May 1910.[196] Sikupuzela, a daughter of Lobengula, began borrowing money so that she, too, could go down but the Chief Native Commissioner Matabeleland forbade her lest the importance of Njube, even in death, be magnified.[197] The Administrator, however, countermanded this prohibition as unjustified and Sikupuzela continued her preparation to leave[198] but it is not known if she in fact left before news of Njube's death came.

Njube died in Grahamstown on 10 June 1910;[199] a well attended funeral was conducted two days later at St Philip's Church by the Revd W. Y. Stead, and Njube was buried in the cemetery in the Fingo Village nearby. The event attracted the attention of several local newspapers which carried short pieces on Njube's brief and tragic career; this was best epitomized by *Grocott's Penny Mail* which said simply that 'as an exile [he] quite lost heart'[200]—lost to his people he had long been referred to back home as 'Iqanda le Ngwenya' (the crocodile's egg [that is hard to find]).[201]

This news of Njube's death must have been something of a relief to the Southern Rhodesian Administration. The Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland noted hopefully that the 'great concern, [and] expressions of sorrow . . . [that] were universal' among the Ndebele were due to the fact that 'the natives realise that the last connecting link with the Royal House of Khumalo has been severed'.[202]

When this extract was forwarded to the Colonial Office in August,[203] the Colonial Secretary rightly queried whether or not 'the difficulties which arose during A. Njube Lobengula's lifetime might arise again when his son grew to manhood' and indeed whether

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[193] 193NB/3/1/20, Mbenja, Grahamstown, to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, n.d. [16 May 1910] (telegr.); Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Adm., 18 May 1910 (telegr.); Resident Magistrate Albany to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 21 May encl. Certificate by G. Purvis, M.D., Grahamstown, 18 May 1910.

[194] Ibid., Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Civil Comm. Grahamstown, 18 May 1910 (telegr.).

[195] Ibid., Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Secr. Adm., 17 May 1910.

[196] Ibid., Endorsement on Secr. Adm. to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 18 May 1910 (telegr.); Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Native Comm. Fort Usher, 18 May 1910 (telegr.); Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Civil Comm. Grahamstown, 25 May 1910 (telegr.). Nyangazonke had succeeded his father, Faku, as chief in 1908; thus he was nephew to Njube's mother; furthermore Nyangazonke's mother, Nedlana, was a royal Khumalo, daughter of Lobengula (or, perhaps, Mzilikazi); see Minist. Local Gov., Public Works and Urban Develop., Harare, PER/5, Dumezweni, District Comm. Matobo to Prov. Comm. Matabeleland South, 1 Mar. 1979; cf. the 'Nedlana' of Mzilikazi and the 'Njedhlana' of Lobengula, White, 'Amakosikazi', 111, 112.

[197] NB/3/1/20, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Adm., n.d. [25 May 1910] (telegr.); Adm. to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 26 May 1910 (telegr.).

[198] Ibid., Native Comm. Fort Usher to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 30 May 1910.

[199] Ibid., Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Native Comm. Tegwani, 10 June 1910 (telegr.); *The Journal* [Grahamstown], 11 June 1910; Rhodes Univ., Grahamstown, Cory Libr., PR4066/11: St Philip's Church, Grahamstown, Burial Regist., 22 Apr. 1898–16 May 1912, entry 747, 12 June 1910: Natl Arch. S. Afr., Cape Town, MOOC/6/9/45, No. 1611.

[200] *Grocott's Penny Mail,* 13 June 1910; *The Cape Argus*, 16 June 1910. The report in *The Journal*, 11 June 1910, confused Njube with an imposter in England (for whom, see R. S. Roberts, *Prince Peter Lobengula, Frank Fillis and Imre Kiralfy: Imposters and Impressarios in the Early History of Modern Mass Entertainment in Britain* (Harare, Quest Publ., 2nd ed., 2004).

[201] *The Afr. Home News*, 3 Mar. 1956.

[202] RC/3/7/17, 289, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, Review of Reports of Native Commissioners. June 1910, 19 July 1910, encl. in Priv. Secr. Resident Comm. to Imp. Secr., 12 Aug., encl. in High Comm. to Colon. Off., 22 Aug. 1910.

[203] Ibid.

the Ndebele might not in the meantime regard one of Njube's brothers as leader.[204] These queries were dismissed by the Southern Rhodesian Native Department which, typically, thought in terms of some 'correct tribal' law rather than of current political realities among the Ndebele. Indeed, in dismissing any claims that Nguboyenja or Sidojiwa might have, Nyamande was not even mentioned because he had been born before Lobengula became king; similarly the young Albert and Rhodes were dismissed as having no 'locus standi' because Njube had not consulted his people before marrying their non-Ndebele mother.[205] Whilst the Native Department could not have foreseen the emergence of a traditionalist like Nyamande to articulate the people's grievances over land in the 1920s, there was little reason to expect that children of the new generation would so easily abandon their own personal, traditional claims to cattle any more than Njube had. As he had clung, pathetically but obstinately, to an outmoded concept of cattle ownership, so he bequeathed the idea to his heirs, by telling them that part of his estate was 1 000 head of cattle which, he said, were still owed to him by the government.[206] But if the book was not closed, at least an important chapter in the history of the royal family had reached its end. As an official at the Colonial Office laconically put it, when closing Njube's file: 'there is at present little risk of the Dinzulu history repeating itself in Matabeleland'.[207]

The first concern of the Administration after Njube's death was to break the news to the Ndebele Chiefs and to assess their reactions. Their reception of the news seems generally to have been one of sullen silence,[208] but there were reports of the open expression of relief by some[209] and sorrow by others.[210] It was of course expected of her position that Queen Lozekeyi should show greatest grief,[211] and permission was given to Chiefs to visit her to give their condolences,[212] although this was later regretted for fear that such visits might be made in a body to back her claim to become guardian of Njube's children;[213] careful watch was, therefore, maintained.[214] There seems even to have been a fear that there might be some sort of proclamation of a successor to Njube, but the Chief Native Commissioner

[204] Ibid., High Comm., 16 Sept. 1910 in High Comm. to Resident Comm., 7 Oct. 1910.

[205] This part of the correspondence is split between two files: RC/3/7/17, 289, and A/3/18/2: Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Secr. Adm., 20 Oct., encl. in Secr. Adm. to Resident Comm., 24 Oct.; and Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Adm. (telegr.), 24 Oct. encl. in Acting Adm. to Priv. Secr. Resident Comm., 25 Oct., both encl. in Resident Comm. to High Comm., 27 Oct. 1910.

[206] *The Cape Argus*, 16 June 1910. See also Natl Arch. S. Afr., Cape Town, MOOC/ 7/1/885, No. 1410, Mary Nongokwake Lobengula, 'Inventory of . . . Property Left in the Estate of Alban Njube Lobengula . . .', 14 June 1910; the entry reads: 'All the cattle looted by the Chartered Company in Rhodesia after the war of 1893'. The heir to this part of his estate, not specifically mentioned in the will (see ibid., No. 1409, A. N. Lobengula, 'Last Will and Testament', 21 May 1910 (there is a typed copy in NB/3/1/20) was the child of his second marriage, Ndabecala; for the little contact that he later had with the Ndebele see R. S. Roberts, 'Traditional paramountcy and modern politics in Matabeleland: The end of the Lobengula royal family—and of Ndebele particularism?', *Heritage of Zimbabwe* (2005), XXIV, 20–2. But the two children of the first marriage, Albert and Rhodes, were very different in this respect and were to press the claim as theirs some twenty years later.

[207] Natl Arch., London, C.O.417/482, 37021, minute, 7 Dec. 1910.

[208] NB/3/1/20, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to all Native Comm., 27 June 1910; Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Priv. Secr. Adm., 1 July 1910.

[209] Ibid., Native Comm. Inyati to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 29 June 1910.

[210] Ibid., Native Comm. Insiza to Supt Natives Gwelo, 6 July 1910.

[211] Ibid., Native Comm. Inyati to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 29 June 1910.

[212] Ibid., Supt Natives Gwelo to Native Comm. Insiza, 27 July 1910 (telegr.).

[213] A/3/18/2, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Priv. Secr. Adm., 30 July 1910; Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Supt Natives Gwelo, n.d. (telegr.).

[214] NB/3/1/20, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Native Comm. Bubi, 29 July 1910; NB/3/1/23, Supt Natives Gwelo to Native Comm. Insiza, 28 Dec. 1910 (followed by a flurry of telegrams).

assured the Administrator that neither Nguboyenja nor Sidojiwa were likely to command such support owing to the low birth of their mothers.[215] This left only Albert and Rhodes, the young children of Njube's first marriage; and Queen Lozekeyi did ask that she be allowed to take care of them, but the Native Department cautiously (and hopefully, no doubt) told her that their dead mother's parents would presumably do that.[216]

In fact the future of Albert and Rhodes was to be far from clear. The maternal relatives appear not to have made any claim on the children, and their stepmother and the Kama family certainly had no interest in them whatsoever[217]—and even if they had, it is doubtful if old Queen Mpoliyana would have allowed them to take the children as she had never recognized Njube's second wife or the child of that marriage.[218] In fact it was with the old and almost invalid queen that Albert and Rhodes were living in the Grahamstown Native Location, dependent for their sustenance upon the Revd W. Y. Stead's charity.[219] Therefore, the Chief Native Commissioner Matabeleland asked Stead to continue to care for them and to send the account to the Administration.[220] In the meantime Stead as executor of the will was trying to wind up Njube's estate. The only asset was £5. 11*s*. left from the monthly allowance from the Administration for June; the debts on the other hand were nearly £600.[221]

The solutions arrived at were that the children should stay with their grandmother in Grahamstown who would receive from the Southern Rhodesian Government £8. 6*s*. 8*d*. a month, in addition to her own monthly allowance of £1,[222] and that the liabilities of Njube's estate would be discharged by the government which would in return take over the title to the farm at Bathurst.[223]

After the estate had been settled, the £124 deriving from the second mortgage bond of 1907 was put into the Orphanage Fund for them and it then became necessary to appoint Tutor(s) Dative to be responsible for the children. Stead wrote to say how wrong it would be to separate them from Queen Mpoliyana who cared for them better than any of the relatives in the Cape would; he, himself, had promised the dying Njube that he would be a 'father' to them and so he proposed that he, together with the Chief Native Commissioner and a relative of Njube, should be made legal guardians.[224] The Chief Native Commissioner Matabeleland thought that Stead alone should be appointed as he was on the spot, and the

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[215] NB/3/1/20, Adm. to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, and reply, 24 Oct. 1910 (telegr.). This was tendentious or wishful thinking**,** for their birth was hardly lowly; see above, fns 13, 15.

[216] NB/3/1/20, Native Comm. Inyati to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 24 June 1910.

[217] Indeed she had treated them badly, *The Cape Argus*, 16 June 1910, and NB/3/1/20, Stead, Grahamstown, to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 30 July 1910.

[218] NB/3/1/20, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Priv. Secr. Adm., 1 July 1910.

[219] Ibid.; the Queen herself, like all her colleagues, received a pension of £1 a month from the Southern Rhodesian Administration.

[220] Ibid., Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Stead, 23 July 1910.

[221] Ibid., Stead, Grahamstown, to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 11 July 1910; the net liabilities came to £578. 9*s*. 2*d*., U/3/1/9, Auditor's Report, Financial Year Ended March 31 1911, ff. 13, 57, 63. The farm was duly transferred to the British South Africa Company in January 1911 for £550—twice the sum which the Company was able to realize when it was sold a few months later, Dep. of Public Works and Land Aff., Regist. of Deeds, Cape Town, Farm 273, Hyman's Party Location, Division of Bathurst, Deed of Transfer 32, 6 Jan. 1911 and Deed of Transfer 4221, 13 June 1911; S235/437, Chief Native Comm. to Secr. Premier, 27 Jan. 1925.

[222] NB/3/1/20, Acting Secr. Adm. to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 12 Aug. 1910.

[223] Ibid., Adm. Dep. to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 23 Aug. 1910 (telegr.).

[224] NB/3/1/25, Stead to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 28 Mar. 1911.

Administrator—and this was arranged for mid-April 1911 when the hearing was held before the Resident Magistrate in Albany.[225]

Meanwhile the Ndebele had been attending to their part in winding up the affairs of Njube—the raising of money for a tombstone. The lead seems to have been taken by Manja Mpondo Khumalo, who was to be prominent in the 1920s as a protagonist of the royal family's cause, and the Native Department promised to assist in making the arrangements.[226] While the Ndebele were organizing their collections of donations, the Chief Native Commissioner Matabeleland asked Stead to obtain quotations and designs.[227] The total estimated cost was about £50[228] and the £35 sufficient for the sort of memorial that the Ndebele chose was raised by June 1911.[229] It was decided that Manja should be their representative to go to Grahamstown to approve of the completion of the memorial and assist at the unveiling ceremony. The wording for an inscription was supplied and it was left to Stead to choose a text.[230]

The ceremony took place on 13 August 1911 in Manja's presence and Stead made a moving address in which he said that what the Ndebele had erected would 'remain for a thousand years as a standing memorial of the devotion of his people' who had never forgotten him although separated from them for so long. The inscription in Ndebele, translated, reads:

> Here lies the prince, the son of the King
> of the Amandebele, A. N. L. Mzilikazi of
> Matshobana who was born in 1880 and died 1910

and underneath was a quotation from John, 16: 33:

> In the world ye shall have tribulation,
> but be of good cheer, I have overcome the
> world.[231]

Stead reported that Manja seemed well pleased with the memorial but wanted an iron rail put round it.[232] The £5 required was soon subscribed by the Ndebele[233] and the rail duly erected.

In 1912 Queen Mpoliyana died of tuberculosis and the Administration bore the cost of her burial near Njube.[234] The annual allowance to the boys, Albert and Rhodes, was then reduced to £7 a month and it appears that they thenceforward lived *en famille* with Stead

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[225] NB/3/1/25, Master of Supreme Court, Cape Town, Edict, 23 March 1911; NB/3/1/18, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Secr. Adm., 5 Apr. 1911; NB/3/1/25, Secr. Adm. to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 10 Apr. 1911; and Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Stead, Grahamstown, 12 Apr. 1911.

[226] A/3/18/2, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Secr. Adm., 30 Aug. 1910; Acting Secr. Adm. to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 5 Sept. 1910. For Manja, see Roberts, 'Some relatives of Lobengula and close associates of the Khumalo family after the Occupation', 31–2.

[227] NB/3/1/20, Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Stead, Grahamstown, 18 Aug. 1910.

[228] Ibid., Stead to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 25 Aug. 1910.

[229] Ibid., Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Stead, Grahamstown, 26 June 1911; Stead to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 28 Aug. 1911.

[230] Ibid., Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Stead, Grahamstown, 26 June 1911; endorsement 13 July 1911 on Stead to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 6 July 1911.

[231] *The Journal*, 15 Aug. 1911; NB/3/1/25, Stead, Grahamstown, to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 18 Aug. 1911; also see photograph opposite.

[232] NB/3/1/25, Stead, Grahamstown, to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 18 Aug. 1911.

[233] Ibid., Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland to Stead, Grahamstown, 15 Nov. 1911.

[234] NB/3/1/31, Stead to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 22 Oct. (telegr.), 30 Oct., 2 Nov. 1912.

The Unveiling and Dedication of the Memorial to Njube in the Fingo Village, Old Native Location Cemetery, now known as KwaNdancama, in August 1911. The two youngsters, similarly dressed, standing to the rear of the Revd W. Y. Stead, nearer the memorial, are thought to be Njube's sons, Albert and Rhodes. (*Courtesy of the National Archives of Zimbabwe, Harare, Illustrations Collect., 92 (Njube) 84, wrongly said to be of the funeral***).**

as their guardian; they thus grew up with Stead's son, William Henry, who was later to become a Native Commissioner in the Southern Rhodesian Native Department.[235] In this family environment the two boys appear to have settled well; their school work was good and by 1912 they had passed Standard 1 and Standard 2 with the best attendance record in the school. They were, Stead reported, nice, intelligent boys,[236] but their future was to be as problematic as their father's sad life had been.

His education, extravagance and exile, his expensive tastes and exogamous marriage all contributed to his undoing, and in all these respects his sons were the sons of their father and even more alienated from the traditional culture of the Ndebele and from their painful transition into the modern world. The enforced journey that Njube and his two younger brothers had taken to Cape Town in 1894 had in fact been to a limbo between two worlds, designed by Rhodes and the Company, from which there was no escape either for him or his sons later.

EPILOGUE

In 1956 the newly completed township in Bulawayo, Western Commonage No. 3, was named Njube.[237] This was achieved, however, not without difficulty because originally 'Rufaro' was the name agreed upon by the Western Commonage Advisory Board and the Bulawayo municipal authorities.[238] The Ndebele then organized meetings and protests against this name which smacked of the rising Shona influence in Bulawayo promoted, as it was, by 'tribalistic' bodies such as the Sons of Mashonaland Cultural Society.[239] So high did feelings run that there were fears that Christmas would see a repetition of the 1929 riots.[240] The choice of the name 'Njube' in preference to other Ndebele names was mentioned early in 1956,[241] although the idea of adopting 'Lobengula' as a compromise was still being canvassed some months later only to be dropped for fear of confusion with Lobengula Street.[242] Finally the Advisory Board agreed unanimously on Njube which the Council accepted.[243]

And that, with associated school, library and clinic, was virtually Njube's only memorial in the country of his birth. In Grahamstown his grave was to be adjoined by those of his mother, in 1912, of his son, Rhodes, in 1937 and his widow in 1961, but they were all to fall into a very sad state and even danger of demolition. Only very recently, with the fading of the Zimbabwe nationalist project, has a renewed interest in their past led the Ndebele to remedy that sad state of disrepair.[244] The crocodile's egg has been found and there is even talk in Grahamstown and Bulawayo of hatching it out—by the declaration for the first time since Njube's death of an agreed royal heir.

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[235] Ibid., Secr. Adm. to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland, 16 Dec. 1912; Oral ST7, Interview, W. H. Stead, 19 June 1973.

[236] NB/3/1/31, Stead to Chief Native Comm. Matabeleland 12 Dec. 1912; S1561/10, I, Stead to Chief Native Comm., Salisbury, 2 Jan. 1914.

[237] City of Bulawayo, *Minute of His Worship the Mayor . . . for the Year Ended 31st July, 1956,* 3, 43.

[238] *The Afr. Home News*, 22 and 29 Oct. 1955.

[239] Ibid., and 5, 12 and 26 Nov. and 10 Dec. 1955; 14 Jan., 10 Mar. 1956; 7 June 1958.

[240] Ibid., 31 Dec. 1955 and 7 Oct. 1961.

[241] Ibid., 3 and 17 Mar. 1956.

[242] Ibid., 18 Aug. and 1 Sept. 1956.

[243] Ibid., 8 Sept., and 6 and 27 Oct. 1956.

[244] I hope to review that development in a later article.

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/8 13 Apr. 1899–24 Feb. 1900
/9 19 Jan.–4 Apr. 1900
/14 24 Aug.–19 Oct. 1901
/15 19 Oct. 1901–15 Jan. 1902

/16 16 Jan.–9 May 1902
/18 25 Aug.–31 Dec. 1902
/19 11 Dec. 1902–22 June 1903

3/1 Correspondence: General
/1 4 Jan.–13 June 1904
/3 18 Feb.–1 Mar. 1905
/4 1 Mar.–11 Aug. 1905
/5 11 Aug. 1905–27 Jan. 1906
/6 9 Jan.–7 Mar. 1906
/7 28 Feb.–19 July 1906
/8 6 Aug.–22 Oct. 1906
/10 8 Jan.–25 Feb. 1907
/13 29 Jan.–16 Mar. 1908
/14 27 May–17 Aug. 1908
/16 5 Jan.–10 July 1909
/18 27 Sept. 1909–10 Jan. 1910
/19 14 Feb.– 1 Mar. 1910
/20 12 Mar.–30 May 1910
/23 28 July –29 Dec. 1910
/25 20 Apr.–14 Oct. 1911
/31 30 Sept.–7 Nov. 1912

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Incidents in the Career of a District Commissioner

by Stan Fynes-Clinton

This is the text of a talk given to members of The History Society of Zimbabwe in Harare on 17 September 2010.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, first of all, can you all hear me? Not being able to hear clearly can have serious consequences, as was the case with a farmer who noticed his pet cat was looking ill. He rang the local vet, who happened to be a bit deaf. After listening to the farmer's list of symptoms the vet said:

" Give the animal a litre of castor oil."

"A litre?" queried the farmer.

"That's right, one litre," said the vet and promptly rang off.

That evening the vet rang and asked, "How is the cow doing?"

"What cow?" asked the farmer.

"The one that is ill of course."

"That wasn't a cow, you doddering old fool, that was my pet cat," replied the farmer.

"Well, what is it doing now?" asked the vet.

"It's out in the orchard with twelve other cats."

"What are they all doing?"

"Well, said the farmer, there are four digging, four filling in and four – looking desperately for fresh ground to break!"

In the time allocated for this talk I'll only be able to take you through a collection of a few snap shots of incidents in my life in district administration. It is not possible to give you a fuller picture – that would cover such a large subject.

In January 1956 together with Ian Macintosh, I was posted to the Chibi District, Victoria Province. (Years later Ian Macintosh became the coach for the Sharks and Springbok rugby teams). Fresh out of school and academic disasters the two of us had no idea what to expect. On arrival at Chibi Administrative centre late one Sunday afternoon, we were given a most uncaring reception, causing concern about our choice of career in the Ministry of Native Affairs.

That poor introduction had an adverse effect on us newly appointed junior clerks. Never having handled financial books, typewriters, large sums of money nor prepared legal Preparatory Examination documents, to be forwarded to High Court, we were thrown into the deep end without life jackets. Had it not been for the Assistant Native Commissioner, Lionel Leach, who arrived back from leave after a few weeks and patiently showed us the ropes, it is very likely we would have deserted the place. However, not having anything better to do, we remained on, not particularly happy. About six months into district life, we were shown an advertisement inviting applications for an outdoor job in the Ministry. Mac and I made applications, which were forwarded by the Native Commissioner to the Provincial Commissioner, Fort Victoria, for sending on to Head Office. A few days later the Native Commissioner told us that Tommy Lewis, the Provincial Commissioner, had

refused to forward the applications to Head Office, "Because he did not want to admit he had two stupid clowns in his Province, who in addition couldn't even spell the word Province!" That decision saved my bacon, because I quickly learned to love the work and to spell as well! Incidentally, Tommy Lewis, father of David Lewis, was the last man in World War 1 to be shot down by the German pilot ace known as the "Red Baron" – and survived, thank goodness for me!

It should be noted that at most remote districts the white population seldom exceeded 30 people, made up of police and across the board Native Affairs personnel. Amazingly, in my experience, we all managed, to get on with one another most of the time, the exceptions being very few and short lived.

Every male African had to obtain a registration certificate (Chitupas) at the age of 18 years. Immediately the certificate was issued, his details were recorded in an appropriate section of a tax register. Those tax registers went back many years and were huge, indexed by Chief, Headman and kraals. Through the careful maintenance of tax registers a fairly accurate record of the district adult male population was available to the administration.

Tax collection points were well known to the tribal people and every year temporary huts were built at those centres by the tribal leaders for the main annual tax collections. Chief, headman and kraal-heads gathered at a collection centre on given dates to pay tax for their followers. Officials spent several days and nights at each centre, working non-stop from 0700 hours until all kraal-heads gathered, for a particular day, had paid the taxes handed to them by their followers. Occasionally, at the end of a day's work, there was time to do a spot of fishing or shooting for the pot, leaving the messengers to care for the huge box of money. Never did any money go missing!

At the end of one tax collection patrol, lasting a week, back at district headquarters Lionel Leach, Mac and I had to reconcile the total collection. We had to balance to the penny and work continued until that was achieved. Part way through the process Lionel had an urgent call. Chibi and many other bush stations had no water-borne sanitation and a sewerage gang comprising prisoners, suitably guarded by a prison guard, went around the small village clearing out the contents of the thunder box buckets.

Lionel, well settled and enjoying a magazine, was suddenly disturbed by a blast of cold air fanning his posterior as the flap at the back was lifted and, a black pair of hands snatched the bucket from under him. A howl of anger erupted from the thunder box as Lionel screamed, "Put that bloody bucket back"! When Mac and I looked out the window we saw the gang of prisoners, smelly buckets held high, running for their lives, hotly pursued by the guard.

Still on the subject of "tame bandits" . . . At one district, a certain prison guard was a secret drinker and had occasional sips of hooch while guarding the prisoners. One very hot day he sipped more than usual and went into more than a deep sleep. At the end of the day's work, it was reported the gang was seen returning to the prison dutifully carting the guard in a wheelbarrow, with the more senior prisoner, assessed by length of jail term, marching smartly carrying the shotgun over his shoulder!

At Gokwe, in order to give bandits a form of recreation, some were used as caddies. At no time was it ever reported that a "caddy" abused the privilege and made good his escape after a game! These anecdotes clearly indicate how well prisoners were treated in "government hotels!" Need I say anything about prison conditions in Zimbabwe today,

where even the shortest jail term is a death sentence!

Those "tame bandit" incidents gave me the feeling of having seen and heard everything, but I was wrong. The following story may explain why:

A Farmer decided he wanted to go to town to see a movie.

The ticket agent asked, "What's that on your shoulder?"

The old farmer said, "That's my pet rooster Chuck. Wherever I go Chuck goes."

"I'm sorry, Sir, said the ticket agent, we can't allow animals in the theatre."

The old farmer went around the corner and stuffed Chuck down his overalls. He then returned to the booth, bought a ticket and entered the theatre. He sat down next to two old widows named Mildred and Marge.

The movie started and Chuck began to squirm. The old farmer unbuttoned his fly so that Chuck could stick his head out for a bit of fresh air.

"Marge," whispered Mildred.

"What?" asked Marge.

"I think the guy next to me is a pervert."

"What makes you think so?" asked Marge.

"He undid his pants and he has his thing out," whispered Mildred.

"Well don't worry about it," said Marge, "at our age we've seen them all!"

"I thought so too," replied Mildred, "but this one – is eating my popcorn!"

In order to progress up the promotional ladder it was essential to pass Lower Law 1 and 2, African Customs, Administration, oral and written Shona or Sindabele. This was achieved by spending many hours studying after each day's work and at "sparrow", well before sunrise, requiring considerable self-discipline.

On passing the law examinations and with the recommendation of the Native Commissioner, Mannie Rademeyer, I was appointed acting Assistant Magistrate at the age of 20 and presided over across the board criminal, civil and African Customary cases. Sometimes justification for judgment and sentence was called for by Chief Justice Murray, Justice Meisels and other judges of the time.

Police were meticulous and efficient prosecutors and not without a good sense of humour. Consequently they were party to many amusing court incidents. While attempting to extract exact information from a raped victim of how an accused had removed her underclothing the irritated presiding Native Commissioner lent forward and said, "Let's please get on with this case, Mr. Prosecutor; African women don't wear knickers." The prosecutor bowed and with a wicked look on his face replied, "As you please your worship, I bow to your obvious superior knowledge!"

Such humour extended beyond the bounds of court rooms. A motorist was stopped by a policeman for speeding on a district road.

"Good day, Sir, you were speeding," informed the policeman.

"Sorry officer, replied the male motorist, I'm in a great hurry to find a shit-house."

The policeman rose to his full height of 6' 7", took out his notebook and pen and remarked, "Well sir, you have found one!"

I was moved to Beitbridge where I recall with great amusement the farewell tour made by Sir Percival William Powlett, the then Governor of Southern Rhodesia. Mike Hagelthorn, the Native Commissioner, gave me the portfolio of head of entertainment and essential facilities. The latter was to do with speeding ahead of Sir Percival and Lady Powlett's

cavalcade in order to erect a flag pole, raise the Union Jack and carefully position a thunder box at several venues held over the two days. After the official speeches, as director of entertainment, I concealed myself behind a bush where I could be seen by the performers but not by the officials, as Mike Hagelthorn's instructions were explicit, "Don't allow the singing and dancing to drag on for too long." Moving at great speed to remove the flag, flag pole, thunder box and empty the contents of the bucket, and then re-organise everything at the next venue was a simple task compared to bringing to a timely conclusion the various performances. Once bare-bosomed damsels got everything into full swing and voice and fell into synchronized dancing in "TDPs" (traditional dancing pump), it was extremely difficult, nigh impossible to get them to stop!

Fortune was on my side when, after a number of bush postings, I was sent to Binga. The movement of the Tonga people away from the Zambezi River was a unique experience. The groundwork to affect the move, having previously been carried out, it was then necessary to move the people, their goods and chattels, livestock and a multitude of other items, using convoys of huge lorries to locate families to their new environment. The interior to where the Tonga were moved had previously been bush cleared and bore-holes, dip tanks, sub-offices, schools, conservation works etc., were constructed. For two years following the moves, the people were supplied with food (maize, salt and dried beans) at well located sub-office centres. Administrative staff would go on patrol to those centres, on long stints, to register marriages, preside over tribal courts, issue registration certificates, issue monthly rations and undertake any other duty that might arise over the patrol period.

I experienced some strange happenings with snakes in my little Binga iron and wooden shack with highly polished granolithic floors. As you know, snakes have great difficulty moving over smooth surfaces. There were numerous incidents of cobras and puff adders somehow gaining access into most rooms. On one occasion late at night I heard a strange muffled thumping noise on the kitten's box situated in the bedroom. Without the aid of a torch I foolishly felt around in the box for the kittens.

As I groped around, there was a blow to the box. Moving away, I grabbed a torch. There was a huge puff adder. It was killed with a hockey stick and thrown outside. The next evening I described all the snake incidents to Cedric van Heerden, my closest neighbour and good friend. Cedric, a street-wise builder, suggested the immediate dismissal of the temporary domestic I had taken on a few weeks previously, because he felt he had been influenced by a Nganga (witch-doctor). The next morning I paid the domestic his wages and dismissed him. Strangely, thereafter there was never another snake scare in that home! Was that a coincidence or the sacking a bad decision?

Prior to the Robinson Commission in 1961, Native Affairs officials presided over all criminal, civil and African Customary courts in the country, with the exception of Salisbury, Bulawayo, Gwelo, Gatooma, Que Que, Umtali, Marandellas and Fort Victoria, where there were magistrates (Civil Commissioners).

Though criminal and civil courts were removed from Internal Affairs, there remained numerous responsibilities. Official's duties were immense, hugely varied and carried tremendous accountability. In fact the Ministry was criticized for being a government within a government!

At that time of change from Native Affairs to Internal Affairs some of the duties were:

- to construct and maintain roads, bridges, dams, dipping tanks, cattle sale pens, boreholes and official buildings in Tribal Trust Lands and Purchase areas;
- to ensure dipping of all cattle in Tribal Trust Lands was efficiently carried out, weekly in summer and fortnightly during winter;
- to supervise all African agriculture, including conservation of arable land, grazing, water and forests in T.T.Ls;
- to preside over African Customary cases;
- to attend all Intensive Conservation, Farmers Association and Rural District Council meetings in the commercial farming areas, for the purpose of providing advice and information, when required;
- to control Civil Defence throughout the district and up-date all Civil Defence plans on a regular basis;
- to control all financial records and draw up annual budgets for District Administration and African Development Fund for approval by Parliament;
- to administer emergency travel documents, passports, national identities, registration of births and deaths, registration of firearms, vehicle licensing, deceased estates, registration of Wills;
- to control petrol rationing and advise African Councils and appropriate ministries on problems affecting clinics, schools and water supplies;
- to plan and encourage the tribal people to undertake a variety of projects through the process of Community Development;
- to recommend applications for Purchase Area Farms and monitor the Master Farming Training programmes. It should be pointed out that in order to be eligible to make an application for a Purchase Area farm, the applicant had to attend the Master Farming Training programme for several years and pass the necessary practical and written examinations. More emphasis was placed on the practical side.
- to research Chiefs and Headmen family trees and make recommendations for their appointment, whenever vacancies occurred;
- to act as Returning Officer whenever national elections or referenda were held;
- to authorise and control business licences in Tribal and African Purchase areas;
- when census of population was required, to appoint and train census officers and supervise the process of gathering information, to be collated before forwarding on to the Statistics Department.

When Lord and Lady Dalhousie planned to tour the country to bid farewell to Southern Rhodesia, Stan Morris, Secretary for Internal Affairs at the time, sent instructions to District Commissioners for them to ensure chiefs' wives received training in social graces before attending the Governor-General's official sundowner parties. Jack Brendon, District Commissioner, Mtoko, and wit of note, replied to Head Office by sending the following poem. Verse one depicts the chiefs' wives "social graces" prior to being trained and verse two the result after training by District Commissioners:

Mai WaNingi hale and hearty
Dancing at the P.M's party,
Bosoms swinging as she waltzes
Draws scornful looks from those with falsies,
And when she dips one in the Gin

Just to soothe the picanin,
The Aide he cries, "By jove that is risqué
Don't let her come near H.E's whisky"

Mai WaNingi all forlorn
Trussed up in her "Maiden Form,"
Bosoms rolled and stowed within
Sprinkled liberally with "My Sin",
And when the other ladies so arranged
Say, "Goodness, darling how you have changed,"
She'll bow and murmur graciously
"I owe it all to my D.C."

Head Office Circular Instruction dated 19 December 1962, was sent to districts suggesting that as district administration staff spent so much time in the bush, officials should attempt to observe the sex life of crocodiles. Surprisingly, the full details were not known at that time. Leo Ross, District Commissioner, Rusape, put pen to pad and wrote a long poem and, sent it to the masters in Head Office. The last verse read as follows:

So once again the ex N.C., now D.C.,
With binoculars and tape recorder must sally forth,
And do as the founder long ago exhorted and travel north
He must hunt and scour the country from Limpopo to the Nile
And render copious reports in triplicate
on the love life of a crocodile.

Ainsley, Leo's daughter, was a talented artist and drew a cartoon depicting a lecherous male crocodile approaching his female of choice on a sand bank, her eyelashes fluttering seductively in anticipation. In the background appeared a pith helmeted head, with binoculars poking through Bull Rushes. The caption read, "No, no, not now darling, the District Commissioner is watching!"

After serving in Mount Darwin and Hartley, I was promoted to District Commissioner and transferred to Bindura in 1967. Many highly successful development projects were initiated in the Masembura/Msana Tribal Trust Lands which were given national acclaim through the media. Without the invaluable input of Glen Yeomans, Senior Agricultural Officer, Benny Kaschula, A.D.C., Arnold Rudolf and John Stewart, D.O.s and tribal leaders those schemes would never have come to fruition.

There in 1971 the people were being persuaded by nationalists to undertake acts of civil disobedience, such as refusing to dip cattle, construct contour ridges, pay dipping fees and local council rates etc. A report was received from the Field Assistant that one of the cattle dipping tanks had been filled with rocks and could not be used. A meeting was called with the Headman, Chief and village heads at the dipping tank in question. At the meeting I said, "This is your dip tank. I don't care what you do with it, but by law you all have to dip your cattle. So, arrangements will be made for the Animal Health Inspector, Police and Field Assistant plus all the dipping records to be at Chikowore dip tank on Thursday next week which, as you know is 10 kms from here. You will be there with your cattle. If not you will be prosecuted." With that I departed. A couple of days later, before their next dipping day,

a message was sent that the tank had been cleared of all the rocks and the cattle owners were anxious for the Field Assistant to recharge it with water and dip fluid. Playing them at their own game often worked!

News of my impending transfer to Sinoia in August 1972 was made known. A few days later, Chief Msana sent word that he wanted me and my family to go to the Nyava hall for a farewell "meeting". On the date, we arrived at the hall to great singing and ululating. We were escorted into the huge hall by dancing men and women. Many speeches were made and then a most touching moment occurred. The chief called the village heads up one by one and, on arrival before my family, they made short speeches and produced money for my family, carefully placed in a traditional beer pot.

Within a month of arriving in Sinoia, Lomagundi District, an agricultural show was held in Chief Chirau's area of jurisdiction. The guest of honour was P. K. van der Byl, Minister of Information. He met me in Sinoia and we then travelled in his vehicle to the Chirau Show Grounds, unaccompanied by security personnel. As we approached the welcoming party, Chief Chirau standing to the fore, P. K. van der Byl remarked to me in his hot potato accent, "I hate Chief Chirau, because he is the only bugger in Rhodesia who dresses better than me!" He was right – Chief Chirau always looked every bit the chief!

I developed a network of intelligence informers. On receiving a telephone call, always in the evening, I would give the informer a time and isolated place where to meet me. Unaccompanied and under cover of darkness, I would set out and leave the Land Rover some distance from the selected venue, which I circled around on foot to ensure it was "safe" and then moved into the appointed meeting place. If the informer was not there I immediately departed. Those ventures were absolutely terrifying.

On one occasion the police wanted to question one of my informers. We met at night in the darkest part of my garden in order conceal the informer's identity. As the meeting was being concluded, one of the S.B. details lit a cigarette. I never heard from that excellent informer again, presumably because he felt the officer's action was to identify him!

A number of District Assistants (prior to 1963 called messengers) were killed in ambushes. One, who left the Magondi base camp to visit a girl friend, disappeared. We searched for him for two days before we came upon his badly dismembered corpse. We never found his girlfriend!

After a great deal of begging, fifteen horses were donated to Internal Affairs, Sinoia, by a South African farmer. We immediately set about forming a mounted "stick". Considerable instruction and training was carried out and they became good horsemen. A keen horseman myself, I accompanied them on many of their weekly information gathering patrols. During one patrol the "stick" was caught in an ambush. One District Assistant was killed and another badly wounded with a shot right through his hip. After a short skirmish all suddenly went quiet and a radio call for the wounded to be casevaced was successfully made. Some days later, a PATU stick found both horses. The gray had been killed by terrorists, but the black one, Jessica, was unharmed; perhaps something to do with the colour and spiritual beliefs?

District administration's aim, at the time of the establishment of assembly points, was to reinstate cattle dipping and other administrative functions badly disrupted by the bush war and civil disobedience. Meetings were held throughout the district where people were addressed on the need to re-establish normal administrative functions. On three occasions

at such meetings Sgt. Major Tom Shonga and I were threatened with death by screaming freedom fighters out of the Magondi Assembly Point. Out of necessity those fearful meetings had to be seen through to their conclusion!

A report was made of a missing Umfuli village head. Tom Shonga and I made our way to the village on foot where we met the village head's wife who told us, "He went fishing to the Umfuli River for some weeks, as he often does." Later, his decomposed body was found within shouting distance of the spot where his wife had been questioned. The village head had been murdered by a gang from the assembly point. They decreed his body was to be left for the wild animals and not to be buried under any circumstances; a frightening thing to comply with, but the intimidation was effective enough for that demand to be met.

Tom Shonga was the Sgt Major at Sinoia who accompanied me on many dangerous missions and walked hundreds of kilometers across country on countless foot patrols, shared meals with me and slept many nights by my side under cover of trees and laughed politely, long and loud at my rather poor jokes. With all District Assistants I had a special affinity. They shared such a large part of my life, contributing to the many experiences and correcting me whenever I made an error about an aspect of African custom or the proper use of a Shona word. The tragedy is that all those proud, strong, faithful, knowledgeable men were dismissed almost immediately ZANU took over the reins of government. Tom Shonga was threatened with death and was forced to leave his traditional home and live out his final days in Norton.

I have always been proud of the men and women, of all colours, I served with in the Ministries of Native/Internal Affairs and others I worked with in districts – police, army, commercial farmers, their wives, miners, and people in many other walks of life. All those people were loyal, devoted to the country, of great integrity, caring, efficient, courageous and hard working. It is a great honour to have been given the opportunity to give you snap-shots of very few of so many of the interesting, amusing, frightening and tragic incidents I experienced in 15 districts during my 26 years in the Ministry. Post 1980, the amalgamation of the Ministry of Internal Affairs into the Ministry of Local Government took place, which spelled the demise of the Ministry for which I had such a passion. However, its interesting and fascinating history of 90 years, from 1890 to 1980, will live on, despite a political party's destructive efforts.

In closing let me quote William Jordan who wrote, "Man is placed in this world not as a finality but as a possibility. Man in his weakness is the creature of circumstances; man in his strength is creator of circumstances. Whether he be victim or victor depends largely on himself."

From that quote, perhaps we learn that we must have the sure and unshakable conviction that things can be made better, for the only real obstacle to world-changing is the coward's belief that it cannot be done. I leave it to you to decide whether we in districts were victims or victors?

Kariba Ferries

by A. Harris

This is the text of a talk given to members of The History Society of Zimbabwe in Harare on 9 May 2010.

To understand how we became involved in the ferries one has to understand that our father had a passion for Kariba. He was involved right from the start of construction as he was employed, in those days, by Clan transport, which carried a fair number of goods to Kariba for the construction of the wall. During those years at Clan Transport, the founder of the company, Donald Holdsworth, planted a seed in my father's head. He felt that eventually the bottom would drop out of the transport world and that the one thing that would always be in demand would be tourism. My father was sent on a trip to Mozambique to find a suitable place for Donald to build or buy a hotel. He had a grand time touring but the venture came to nought.

Over the years, my father had many of his own attempts at getting into the world of tourism. He was once offered the lease for Bumi Hills by Rhodesian Leaf Tobacco but fell short on funding. Some years later, he set up a partnership to buy the Lake View Hotel in Kariba from the then owner Bud Flanagan. The sale was all but signed, sealed and delivered, when the partner decided that he no longer wanted to go into the venture and, try as he might, my father, yet again, could not raise the funds – he was short on the deposit for the hotel by a thousand pounds. Back to the drawing board he went.

In 1968, my father decided that he was going to start his own business as he had been overlooked in a promotion, long promised to him by the owner of Clan transport, who had unfortunately passed away. It was then that he started Reg. Harris Motors in Harare.

A few years after he had started, he was approached Mike Mandy to go into a partnership with him in a Safari Lodge type set up in the Umi River called Rokari, where the crocodile farm belonging to Innscor is now situated. All looked good and I even relocated to the lodge and started overseeing the erection of chalets, when it was discovered that Mandy, despite having already erected several chalets, in point of fact did not even hold a lease or title to the land, which was in what was then termed Tribal Trust land. He had apparently been to the relevant ministry and spoken to the Minister himself, putting forward his project proposal, and was told by the Minister that he did not see any problems with the project and that he was sure that he would be granted a lease. It was on the basis of that statement by the Minister that Mandy proceeded to build and subsequently approach my father. Needless to say, the authorities, in due course, evicted Mandy and the property was put up for auction to the highest bidder and so, once again, my father's attempt at getting into the tourist industry was thwarted.

It was at this time that Lake Shipping Company, which owned and operated a Ferry and Hydrofoil service, literally ran aground. The main characters in this company were Bev Portman, Clive Halse, Alec Gibson and others whose names escape me now. The company was ailing and, in fact, was in intensive care and failure was imminent when the Hydrofoil had suffered engine failure and was limping back to Kariba. A short cut through the Islands off Bumi culminated in the vessel running into shallow water and striking the bottom

holing the Hydrofoil and effectively sinking the venture. The failure of the Lake Shipping Company we believe was due entirely to poor management, poor logistical planning, too many chiefs and not enough indians.

As I said logistics was one of the main reasons for failure of the company. No one had really bothered to do the arithmetic! They had the Hydrofoil capable of carrying 65 passengers and travelling the length of the lake in a little over 3 hours including stops at many points along the way such as Bumi, Binga, Mlibizi, terminating at Msuna Mouth. This was great for the passengers in some ways but not in others: great because they could see the entire length of the lake and see many points of interest, but not great because their vehicles were on the, very much slower, Seahorse and were either 18 hours behind them or had left 18 hours before them. This meant that they were stuck at one end or the other of the lake without their vehicles and were obliged to stay, at extra expense at a hotel, whilst waiting to be reunited with their vehicles, effectively negating the economic reason of using the ferry service. This was the first error.

The second was that the Seahorse could only carry 9 cars and the average number of passengers per vehicle is 3. So it meant that the Hydrofoil at best ran at around 50% of its load capacity. Error number three was 2 vessels doing the job of 1. Their remedy for empty seats on the Hydrofoil was to build another ferry, Sealion, that could carry 15 cars which would now give them the full seats on the Hydrofoil. Error number 4: they now had 3 vessels to do the job of 1.

Then one had to look at the issue of fuel for all these vessels to do this simple task and also all the extra crew and land-based staff that were necessary to maintain this service. The Hydrofoil used 1000 litres of diesel each way and had to refuel at Mlibizi because it could not reach Msuna mouth without doing so. Each ferry used around 1200 litres return.

As can be clearly seen, this was a venture destined to failure even without the numerous engine failures that dogged the hydrofoil plus, I was led to believe, a bloated management team.

My father was very good friends with Brian Nicholas, the Managing Director of Zambezi Coachworks, the company that had built the 2 ferries: Sealion and Seahorse. Knowing of my father's desire to get into the tourist industry, Brian told my father that Lake Shipping company was in deep trouble and that the financiers of the Seahorse UDC Limited were about to foreclose on them. My father had contacts within UDC and visited them with a plan, suggesting that he would take over the payments on the Seahorse when they foreclosed. This was agreed and my father finally got his foot in the tourism door for the princely sum of R$13 000.

My father and Brian used to go on frequent extended lunches. It was at one of those lunches, that ran on into the night, that Brian convinced my father that it would be a good idea to buy the Sealion, which was less than a year old, as well. Brian had convinced Lonrho, who owned Zambezi Coachworks, to finance the building of Sealion and his job was on the line because of the collapse of Lake Shipping. The next morning my father woke somewhat the worse for wear and said to my mother that he had committed to buy the Sealion the previous night so was now fully in the tourist industry. The cost to my father for that evening of carousing was R$120 000, not including the cost of the food and booze that he and Brian had consumed.

Finance was organised through Grindlays Finance and that later turned out to be the

longest running lease-hire agreement in the history of this country, as it ran for a little over 10 years, owing to the war closing the operation, which I will discuss later. My father managed to convince the financiers that, rather than foreclose on him, as they would not find anyone else to buy the operation as there was no business, he would agree to pay the monthly interest on the loan, until such times as the service was resuscitated and payments could resume. Fortunately, they saw the sense of this proposal.

So a plan was hatched to convert the Sealion to a vehicle- and passenger-carrying vessel and go full tilt into the tourist industry. It was at this time, when I was between jobs and was about to emigrate to South Africa, that my father asked me if I would consider not leaving but going to Kariba to look after the family interests up there. I agreed and in February of 1974 I moved to Kariba and began the conversion on the ferry.

The Saloon as it is known was prefabricated by Zambezi Coachworks and shipped up to Kariba in pieces. I was given the task of assembling this rather large Meccano set, a task that was not without its problems. I cannot tell you how many tools were lost in the harbour as our relatively unskilled labour force assembled this jigsaw, despite tying wire, electrical cord and rope to the various items.

It was duly completed and our very first trip, on what was supposed to be a money generating trip, was the wedding of Mike Fynn, brother of the flamboyant character Rob Fynn who started the safari camp on Fothergill Island, among other ventures. My father was so elated to be out on the water and finally in tourism that he gave the trip as a wedding present to the newlyweds.

In the period that we were converting the Sealion, we had made a plan with Seahorse to run day cruises, sundown cruises and even to hold beach parties at night on Long Island, where my father had set up camp and used to stay when he came to Kariba. It was at one of these beach parties that a couple of guys were playing the fool with their boats, as men do, and one of them somehow managed to dig a fairly deep hole in the bottom with his propeller. This spot just happened to be where my father used to paddle out and take an early morning dip. Needless to say, as he was paddling along he suddenly disappeared in the newly dug hole losing his glasses.

Our team in Kariba consisted of Alec Gibson, ex Lake Shipping, as manager and Captain of the ferry, his wife Evelyn who manned the offices and me, brandishing the lofty title of Purser, the functions of which I knew nothing about. In fact, I was so shy of the public that I was embarrassed asking people to pay their fares but learned very quickly what to do. My mother was also intimately involved with the operation and headed up the catering team and public relations on board. We had also taken on a number of the staff from Lake Shipping under the guidance of Alec. In fact, one of those men is still with us today as our senior and only remaining Captain, 36 years later. Not a bad achievement.

The ferry was well known for its cuisine and was favoured in particular by the numerous hitch hikers who used the service. They were generally an undernourished lot that lived on very little each day so, when they got on the ferry and could have 3 full meals and eat as much as they wanted, they certainly went to town but my mother's catering even thwarted those starving individuals.

My mother, Jean Harris, was a legend on the ferry, not only for the catering, but also for her wonderful nature. She was respected by all, as she had a very effective way of dealing with unruly and troublesome passengers and, at her full 5 foot 1 inches, was a formidable

character to cross especially on the ferry. Even today, we have people who reminisce about the wonderful, efficient, but firm service they received at the hands of my mother.

I do recall an incident that occurred when we were doing a booze cruise one weekend. There was a guy who boarded the ferry wearing a caftan, which immediately sent alarm bells going in the Old Girl's head and she was watching him like a hawk. Despite being fairly inebriated, he did not step out of line, I think much to the disappointment of my mother, right up till the time that we stopped for the passengers to have a swim. He removed his caftan and was, of course, in his birthday suit and dived in. He swam around for a bit and when it was time, she called all the passengers aboard and waited with baited breath to see how our nude bather handled the situation. Needless to say, he was not particularly fazed by the fact that he now had to get out of the water and climb the steps back onto the ferry displaying his full manhood. When he reached the top of the steps, she looked down as he stood before her in all his glory and said, "Shame, I have seen better on a younger man", and walked away

The operation was an immediate success and we were inundated with bookings. We tried to satisfy every enquiry and even went to the length of running Seahorse in tandem with Sealion, carrying loads in excess of 90 passengers, when the ferry really was not designed to carry more than 72. It may not sound like a lot but, when you have 50 chairs and a few mattresses, it is quite a task to satisfy all but we did a good job of that. I do believe that the secret was in my mother's catering. If everyone had a belly full of good wholesome food and access to plenty of cold and relatively cheap drinks, a lot of sins can be forgiven. We had the ability to squeeze 18 vehicles into a ferry that only carried 15 but had to travel with the loading ramp open, a practice that was stopped when a ferry on the North sea went down because doors were not closed properly

It became apparent very quickly that we needed to modify the Seahorse to be able to carry passengers to try and satisfy demand. This we started to do but it was a lengthy process trying to do the whole thing ourselves in between sailings and the many other commitments that we had, such as carrying freight around the lake.

In the early 60s, my father had been part of a group of men that went to fish in what was to be the last competition between the newly independent Zambia and Rhodesia, which had just declared UDI, and on that trip they went into a bay, which is commonly known as the Ruzi. He immediately fell in love with it, so, when he got involved with the ferries, he started making moves to gain access to the Ruzi.

It has to be understood that the Ruzi was declared a crocodile sanctuary under the supervision of Dave Blake and as such no one was allowed to set foot on the land but, undeterred, my father put plans in place so that he could use the place. He had befriended the senior man as far as inland waters were concerned in the Ministry of Transport, one Commander Stan Trethowan. Some may know of him for his contribution in writing the Inland Waters hand book. Anyway my father convinced him that, if the ferry were ever to get into trouble, it would be an asset to have a safe haven to be able to get off the lake and he naturally suggested that The Ruzi would be such a place. The commander could see the logic of my father's suggestion and it was with his support and an order from him that my father got a lease on what is marked on the map as Island 52 from National parks

As we battled on and did our best to satisfy the needs of the ever increasing demand, we became involved in other ventures, one of which was a venture with a hunter by the name of

Robbie Mann, who was, under-capitalised, running a hunting camp in the Chete Safari area. Island 52, being right in the middle of that safari area, was a logical place to erect a camp for the hunters to be based, which we duly did, and also brought into the operation another professional hunter, one Fred Rademeyer. That year, the hunting was good but, when it came to the time for renewal of the hunting concession, Robbie was outbid by a Portuguese man by the name of Adalinho Peres, who had lost his concessions in Mozambique.

Peres saw the many benefits of becoming involved with us because of the ability to be able to service his hunting concession using the ferries. So we continued with the operation on the island with both Rademeyer and Mann working for the operation. My father, of course, had unhindered access to the camp and all its facilities, so was in his seventh heaven.

Friday, 13 August 1976, was a fateful day for the operation because, as the hunters were returning from their day's hunt, their vehicle struck a land mine with the right rear wheel. The clients were of course sitting on the seat over the back of the Land Rover and bore the brunt of the blast. There were also hunters on the back, along with a Buffalo and a Zebra, which did a lot to absorb the blast but, unfortunately, the man sitting over that wheel was in bad shape.

As I said, we used to resupply the camp with provisions and were on our way to the camp, when we heard the blast out on the water. A tracker on the vehicle, who had been thrown off by the blast, ran about 3 kilometres back to the hunting camp butchery/workshop, where they departed from each day and managed to raise the alarm. A vehicle driven by Robbie went out to recover the hunters. It later turned out that the tracker who had raised the alarm had in fact broken his leg in the blast but had still managed to run back to the butchery.

Night had fallen by the time they returned to base. We had been notified by Binga of the mine detonation and the possibility of the necessity to arrange a casevac but by the time we discovered that this would be needed it was too dark, it being a moonless evening. We remained on site to see if the air force would be able to casevac him, or if we would have to take the man back to Kariba by ferry. It was, sadly, a late rise for the moon and it was only at around 10 p.m. that night that an air force helicopter arrived, and the hunter died whilst waiting. A subsequent post mortem revealed that he had severe internal injuries and massive trauma to the brain and the doctors said that had he lived he would have been "a vegetable". That, of course, shut down the hunting operation.

Information got back to us that the land mine had, in fact, been set primarily for Robbie because he was particularly unpleasant with the staff who had connived with the opposition forces, however, unbeknown to them he had a mild malarial infection and it was his birthday that day. Fred had agreed to take the hunt out so that Robbie could spend the day with his wife.

The land mine did little to affect the operation of the ferry and we continued with huge demand and carrying full loads.

On 20 December 1978, we set off for Mlibizi on our usual trip and, in keeping with the time of the year, had a very festive crowd aboard, who were all in the mood of the season of good will. That night, when we were approaching the Chete Gorge, we were boarded by members of the police force, which was not an unusual occurrence, and were advised that they had information that it was the intention of the opposition forces to carry out an

attack on the ferry at some stage and they had come to escort us through the gorge, it being one of the most logical places for them to launch their attack. I, by this time, had become Captain and manager of the ferries, as Alec Gibson had moved on some time earlier. The Police were fully armed with a .50 Browning and personnel with FNs on board. We also had three men from, what used to be called, Dad's army on board, who were our protection force. Given our fire force, a decision was made to proceed through the gorge.

Fate was not on our side and we came under attack. Usually when going through the gorge our senior deck hand, the person I referred to earlier that is still with us, would drive the boat and the three Dad's army and I would be at the ready with our FNs in the event that we came under fire.

Earlier that year, we had, in fact, come under fire but it was, so called, friendly fire by way of an RAR detachment, who were on their last night in the area and had managed to get hold of some booze. When the ferry came through, they thought that it would be good fun to fire some rounds over it.

This event, of course, had its repercussions for them, as you can imagine, but also for us, because, as we had been under fire before, our crew were very aware of what it was like to be shot at. So the deck hand, knowing that we were under fire, hit the deck and, as far as he was concerned, it was every man for himself. The ferry had a bias on the steering and when let go it would turn to the left. You can imagine, in the heat of the moment, my consternation and the choice language being used, when I noted that we were heading straight for where the enemy fire was coming from on our own shores

I, immediately, ran and took the wheel, kicking the deck hand out of the way, as he was lying where I had to stand and steered the ferry through the fire and so on to safety. One could only marvel afterwards at the very effective fire that we had come under – they had fired 3 RPG7 rockets at us, and missed. Once out of the gorge, I managed to coax the deck hand back to the wheel and went down to the Saloon to carry out a damage assessment. It really is quite amazing how the mind works because, as far as I was concerned I had come out of the attack unscathed, so I believed that everyone else was OK. This proved not to be the case. As I walked into the saloon I was immediately approached to get a first aid box to assist a passenger who had been hit. My first reaction was to go to the injured person and see what was needed to sort his problem out. Sadly, he had been killed instantly and there was nothing that could be done for him. He turned out to be a man of 29 years of age, by the name of Peter John Collinson, and he came from Witbank.

I had, in point of fact, been sitting having a quiet chat and a drink with him immediately prior to the Police boarding the ferry. All that we could do was remove the body from the saloon and off-load it on to the police boat to take to Binga. Unfortunately, it is a natural reaction to seek sanctuary inside when one comes under fire and it was whilst doing so that Peter took a bullet through his side, straight through his heart and lungs. Had he just hit the deck he would have been OK. When we arrived at Mlibizi, I had to inform the oncoming passengers of the attack, giving them the option not to board if they wanted. Out of a full load of 15 vehicles, we had 2 that refused to travel, which I thought was pretty good under the circumstances.

A full damage inspection of the ferry the next day revealed that at the exact point where I was standing when the attack started was a bullet hole at waist height through the side wing of the bridge. Someone definitely was looking after me that day

That put an end to the ferry service and we were now facing a major problem of no business. It was also around that time that we had been under pressure from a South African coach operator (Springbok Atlas Tours) to modify a ferry in such a way that we could carry the coach and passengers and we had, not long before the attack, completed modifications to Seahorse to accommodate this request which, of course, never came to fruition

We tried many things to generate revenue. The ferry was, of course, well known for the Booze Cruises that we mentioned earlier but this did not fully satisfy the financial requirements of the operation. An incident from those cruises involved the fountain that used to be in front of Caribbea Bay. As we were coming in to dock to drop our passengers off, one chap took a running leap, diving into the water – not an uncommon occurrence and one which we really were powerless to stop. Anyway he swam to and proceeded to climb up the fountain. Understand that the fountain shot something like 100 feet into the air and was not an insignificant jet of water being in the region of 100 mm in diameter, so you can imagine the pressure behind that water. Reaching the top, he very foolishly stuck his rear end over the waterspout. The effect was catastrophic, with him being thrown up in the air and then falling into the water. The water was instantly coloured with blood and people dived in to rescue him. I believe that he ended up with a severely ripped anus, needing many stitches to put him back together and, apparently, his manhood was irreparably damaged.

There are so many stories to tell of people diving off whilst the boat was underway, thinking that they could just take a swim and catch up with the boat. In fact, one character nearly drowned and, had it not been for the quick thinking of the hostess at that time, Jane Manchip, who saw that he was in trouble and dived in and rescued him, he would have drowned.

Another thought that he could rope walk like an orang-utan to a police boat that we were towing and was very fortunate that I noticed him, just as he was losing his grip, and stopped the ferry. I am sure he would have been battered and injured by the boat we were towing.

Yet another was with a group of friends drinking on the roof of the ferry, which was a prohibited area. The friends subsequently left him by himself at around 2 a.m. as we were passing Binga and he fell off. Fortunately, he was able to swim to a kapenta rig and get to safety but not before having to discard all his clothes with the exception of his underpants. It was June and very cold. The boat arrived in Mlibizi and it was only then that his companions noticed he was not on the boat. Binga Lake Safety managed to contact us and inform us that this passenger was OK and, indeed, in Binga.

We also carried out a modification to the ferry and built 22 cabins in the vehicle hold and operated cruises on the lake. These cruises were accepted as part of the Super 6 holiday scheme that the Government had launched and was heavily subsidised. Our trip was incredible value at R$155 for 6 days full board inclusive of flights or travel by coach.

In this interim period, as stated earlier, the Seahorse was used extensively to carry freight around the lake but was also used by the, then, Rhodesian forces. Probably the most harrowing incident for me was the raid on Lusaka, where an attempt was made to eliminate Joshua Nkomo. I am sure many of you will remember his claims to have avoided death by climbing out of a toilet window. We were strongly of the belief that he had got wind of the forces heading for Lusaka and was, in point of fact, not even in the house when they hit.

We spent nearly a week up the Nyaodza river at the slipway there practising loading and unloading the vehicles, which were fully equipped with all the kit including ammunition

that would be going on the operation. On one particular trial, as a Land Rover mounted the loading channels, an RPG7 rocket rolled off the back of the vehicle and hit the deck, which had the more alert amongst the troops diving for cover, as they saw it rolling on the vehicle. There was a national service troopie at the rear of the vehicle, who merely rushed up grabbed the rocket and tossed it headlong back onto the vehicle. Needless to say, there was a lot of choice language.

All practised out, we had achieved the ability to load the 7 Land Rovers that were going on the "op" in under 9 minutes. Speed was to be the essence of this operation on our super-fast ferry, travelling at around 12 kilometres per hour.

On the appointed day, we set off down the lake in the direction of Bumi and when we were west of Siavonga and the Sampakaruma Islands, we did a sharp turn to starboard, that's the right for you land lubbers, and headed in towards the Zambian shoreline. Having given various criteria for a landing point, a couple of patrol boats had done several reccies of the area and we followed them to what they had identified as a suitable landing point. It was quite amazing to see how Siavonga came alive, as we cleared the end of the Islands and it became obvious that we were heading for the Zambian shore. I believe they thought the invasion was destined for them.

As it faded into last light, we landed on the Zambian shore line and the Land Rovers were off loaded and set off on their mission. We were to retire to an Island in Zambian waters to wait for the return of the vehicles, at first light next morning. A mini disaster struck for us as I was manoeuvring out of the landing point. We must have hit a tree or perhaps the bottom with one of the propellers which sheared a pin in the propeller shaft, without which there was no drive on the one engine.

No problem, we had support strike boats, as they were called, and one of them took me back to Andora Harbour to find a replacement for the shearpin. I searched in vain and, after a couple of hours, had to abandon the search and return to the ferry with the knowledge that the rest of the journey would now be done on one engine which reduced our top speed to around 6 kmph.

The whole night, Siavonga was a hive of activity but we remained unchallenged on our newly occupied island. Someone had brought along a whole lot of girlie mags and these were hungrily pored over through the night.

We were in position at first light for the return of the strike force and there we sat waiting. After an hour, we were told that the vehicles had been delayed but would be there in a short while. Another hour passed and another radio call revealed that they were very close to our position but one of the vehicles had broken a tie rod end and, as all the vehicles were new, they were reluctant to leave it, so a helicopter was despatched to source another. I believe they went as far as Chirundu and Karoi to try and find another ball joint without luck so, after many hours, they finally made the decision to blow the vehicle up and abandon it.

The end result was that the remaining vehicles, 5 in number, as one had also been abandoned earlier as a result of an accident and was the reason for the first delay I believe, eventually were loaded back onto the ferry around 2 p.m. and, thereafter, we began the terribly slow return trip to the Nyaodza.

Whilst heading back, it came to light that one of the troops, a Welshman, oddly enough known as Taffy, had been injured, having taken a round through his backside. The guys joked that it would be a major problem for him when he went to the loo as he would not

know which hole to expect it to come out of, however being welsh the extra holes would be of huge benefit.

Very tired but elated at the relative success of the operation the guys were rewarded with a helicopter touching down with one wheel on the roof of the ferry and a number of cases of Castle Lager being off-loaded for them

The operation limped along barely keeping head above water when Independence arrived. Instantly, there was huge interest in the newly formed Zimbabwe. Most people knew where we were because of the massive negative publicity that was given to this country because of the Rebel Smith Regime. We were instantly inundated with bookings again and set about resuming the service when six tourists were abducted and subsequently killed by dissidents in the Lupane area. This slowed the bookings for quite some time but, as with all things, time is a great healer and people forgot about that and the ferry went on from strength to strength. In the "in season", immediately prior to the time that the farm invasions and unrest started in 2000, we were operating both ferries a total of 5 times a week, one doing 3 trips and the other doing 2.

A feature of our trips has always been to stop for a swim, weather permitting, and, of course, there is always the query in respect of crocodiles. It is worthy of note that the ferry has been operating on the lake for 36 years, on and off, and I am sure that no vessel has covered as many miles as frequently as the ferry, and, when questioned, our staff and in particular the guy who has been with us since we started, have never seen a crocodile in open water of the lake.

I think that perhaps the most difficult load we have ever carried was a coach belonging to a South African operator that was carrying a church group on a tour of the then Rhodesia. This coach was identical to those operated by Grey Hound in the States. The main problem was that the coach was 6 metres longer than the available space on the front of Sealion. We told the driver that there was no way that we would be able to put his coach on the ferry but he dug his heels in and informed us and his passengers that if he had to drive around to Mlibizi he would just return straight to SA. We got him to sign a waiver that if there was any damage to the coach we would not be held responsible and then set about loading this beast. We travelled with the coach resting on its belly on railway sleepers with about 5 metres protruding beyond the loading ramp. It took two and a half hours to load the coach and another five and a half to get it off the other end. As I said, the passengers were a church group and, as we left harbour, this lot burst into song, singing: "For those in peril on the sea".

The off-loading of the ferry at Mlibizi was a pretty harrowing experience and, as can be imagined, I had many people offering their advice as to how I should go about getting the coach off the ferry and, strangely enough, it was all coming from the people who were on board the ferry. After some time, a woman, who was waiting to board the ferry to go back to Kariba, came up to me and started offering her opinion as to how this should be done, whereupon I said to her, "Madam there are already enough experts on the ferry without you, so please let them guide me". This was said clearly in the earshot of the passengers on the ferry and after that there was complete silence. Eventually the coach was off-loaded with very slight damage and they went on their way.

The carriage of vehicles and passengers was not our only function and, as stated before, we, over the years, have been involved in many operations, carrying freight to destinations

along the lake shore for various clients. In the main this was done with the Seahorse but also larger loads were carried by Sealion. We have done game relocations, moving mainly elephant. There was one elephant cull for which we moved the carcases and hides. Live crocodiles have also been moved by the ferry. Also, over the years, there have been a number of light aircraft that have had accidents in the Kariba area and we have recovered them. One of the more unusual loads was a scraper that we carried on Seahorse.

There are so many stories emanating from the ferry but there is only time to mention a few. We had a husband and wife team that worked for us as Captain and Hostess named Bob and Sarah Shelley. Bob's claim to fame was running the Sealion aground in the Sibilobilo lagoon off Bumi, which seems to be a common place as this is where the Hydrofoil met its untimely fate. His good intentions were to take the ferry closer to the shore for the passengers to see some game on one island. Of course it was too shallow and, before he knew it, the ferry was hard on the bottom. I was away on leave but my father and brother rushed to Kariba from town, in the meantime despatching Seahorse to the scene. They then followed in my father's speed boat and set about refloating the ferry. I am uncertain how long it took to do this but, eventually, it was pulled off and, after a quick dive to check propellers revealed little damage, the ferry was on its way again. Apparently the passengers, rather than being annoyed by this incident, were elated at having been shipwrecked on Kariba and went away very happy. It is worthy of note that that particular lagoon is impassable for us if the lake gets down to the very low levels that it has done in the past and, to avoid a repeat of this incident, we no longer travel the length of that lagoon.

Another couple that worked for us, George and Sally Movet, were caught in a waterspout on one trip that resulted in the loss of the Dome from the radar, which, of course, damaged the radar irreparably. We had sailings that we were committed to do and no radar so this involved us in some absolute navigation working on dead reckoning which was very interesting.

On one trip we were approaching Chete Gorge, which can be pretty difficult even with radar for the uninitiated, but when it is a moonless night, without the aid of radar, it becomes even more difficult. As can be imagined, there was much debate as to what exactly was the correct gap and we decided, against better judgement, to listen to the previously long-standing crew member as to where we needed to go. This turned out to the wrong decision and, very soon realising we had missed the gap and were, indeed, well and truly on the Zambian side of the island, we did an about turn and found the correct gap and continued on our way.

After leaving the gorge, a passenger approached me, saying he had noticed that we appeared to have turned around on a couple of occasions and enquired if there was a problem. The passengers were not aware that we were travelling without radar, so I, not wanting to cause any alarm, merely said to him that we had reached a particularly tricky part of the voyage and, whilst it appeared that we were turning about, we were not. He then asked me if I could show him this place on a map, the only one at that time being on the bridge. As fortune would have it, I happened to see a member of crew walk through the saloon and, feigning an acknowledgement to him, excused myself, saying to the passenger that there appeared to be a need for me on the bridge and departed from the saloon. Needless to say, I avoided that guy for the remainder of the trip, which was not difficult as it was night time and everyone was bedding down for the night.

Some questions that have come up have been: "Who dug the hole for the lake and what happened to the soil?" My mother took a look at the Matusadona mountain range and was sorely tempted but resisted.

"Do ferries like this sink often?" My answer was always, "No, only once!"

"What should we do in the event that we sink?"

"Do not panic find a life vest and if you look on the horizon you will see a black dot. That's me. I have gone for help." I would, of course, then advise the passengers of the full safety procedure.

Having said that ferries like ours only sink once, that is not strictly true, as both ferries have been under water, but at their moorings in Andora Harbour. The Seahorse was the first to go down and this was entirely due to staff not doing what they should do, after returning from a freight run to Bumi. Having experienced a few problems with the cooling water for the main engines, they removed the cover from the water filter, which was the source of the problem and removed obstructions from the filter but failed to replace the cover. This was not a problem whilst they were underway but, when they docked, there was some argument between the Captain and the mechanic and both just walked off the boat, not replacing the cover, as each felt that it was the others responsibility. Of course, the next morning, as the filter overflowed over-night, the front of the ferry was neatly tied to its mooring point with just the nose sticking out of the water.

Sealion suffered a similar fate also at its moorings in Andora harbour. We had problems with the lighting plant in the ferry and it had been removed in order to fit a newly repaired unit, that was still to come from Harare. The guys who had removed the engine did not block off the exhaust outlet, which, in itself, was not a problem because the exhaust port was above water level, but, during the course of the day, a member of crew had been washing down the decks using municipal water. At knock off time, the guy washing the decks down subsequently claimed that he had put the hose out one of the port holes, when he left the job but failed to turn the tap off. Whether he did in fact put it out the port hole is academic because the hose either had been left inside the boat or had fallen back inside, resulting in the boat taking on a lot of water over-night, which in itself was not a problem, but the water that was taken on was enough to put the open exhaust port under water. This was a 75mm pipe so one can only imagine the amount of water that could now come into the vessel. This was further exacerbated by the fact that the crew's toilet at that time sat upon a pipe that was a 100mm in diameter that went straight through the hull into the water.

It was apparent that the night guard was not doing his job as he would have seen that the boat was getting very low in the water. At around 6 a.m., the manager was called by the guard to say there was a problem with the ferry, as it was very low in the water. He dashed down to the harbour and arrived as the boat gently settled on the bottom.

Getting the ferries up again was not as massive a task as one would imagine. It took around 200×200 litre drums and 20×1000 litre tanks to refloat the Sealion and of course not quite so many to raise the Seahorse.

Needless to say those offending pipes in the hull of the vessel now have valves fitted to avoid a recurrence.

In the case of Sealion it was pretty serious as we had trips to Mlibizi that we had to cancel whilst we underwent a refit of the vessel to make it serviceable again. This took us exactly 30 days from the day that it went down to the next trip that it sailed.

In the early days of the ferries operation we used to encounter huge "islands" of "Kariba Weed" (*Salvinia auriculatis*). These were clearly visible on the radar as we travelled along in the night but sometimes they were so vast in expanse that it was difficult to go round them so we would take the shortest route that we could find. This was not without its problems as there were often large dead trees amongst the weed. Also, the ferry, being completely flat bottomed, would begin by pushing the weed into a pile which would roll under the boat and then out the back. The main problem here was that the engine-cooling water intakes are underneath the boat and the weed very often clogged those intakes, so we would have to stop, open the weed traps and empty them, then continue on our way.

These weed islands of Salvinia are no longer a feature of Kariba. The Water Hyacinth has replaced it but not in the vast islands that the Salvinia used to be, so they are relatively easy to skirt. We had always been told that the Salvinia would control itself naturally and that there would be no reason for concern of its presence in the lake, due to the fact that it does not like rough water. When washed out into the lake in the rainy season, when high winds are prevalent, it bruises badly and dies and sinks to the bottom. This, of course, has proved to be the case. However the hyacinth is a different kettle of fish, as it takes over the more sheltered areas because it is a bit hardier than the Salvinia but, again, when it gets washed out into the open waters of the lake, the frequent rough weather on the lake kills it off. A type of weevil that has been introduced to the plants and it is apparently the only thing that lives on it as the weed in itself has absolutely no nutritional value. Apparently when or if the weed is completely eliminated the weevil will not move on to another plant but will just die out. We would often, in the rainy season, also encounter large floating dead trees but we no longer see them as all those old dead trees have long since been washed out into the lake and have sunk, no longer posing a threat.

The advent of the Kapenta fishing industry has not been without its effect on our operation, purely from a safety aspect, as we have on numerous occasions had close calls with Kapenta rigs that have had electrical failure and are just parked with no lights. Quite strangely, the radar on some of these occasions has not picked up the rigs, on others our crew have believed the blip on the screen to be a bit of weed, as encountered in the past, when all of a sudden someone on the rig has turned a light of some sort on just in time for our guys to avoid colliding with it.

Turning now to how the ferries got to Kariba. All these vessels, our two and the army ferry, Ubique, as I have said earlier, were manufactured by Zambezi Coachworks in Salisbury and were all transported by road by a company called Thornton's Transport. In the case of the Seahorse, my knowledge of that transfer is very limited, but I am more aware of the facts behind Sealion's journey.

The boat itself was literally used as a trailer, with an Oshkosh truck at the front with a semi trailer underneath and a self-steering dolly at the rear. A second truck at the rear was used more for braking than the actual motive power. The transfer took 4 days and was supervised by a man by the name of Frank Lobb, who apparently walked Salisbury to Kariba. He is still alive today and works for Terriers transport.

I am sure many, knowing the size of Sealion, wonder how they managed to get this rig around those very tight corners from Makuti to Kariba. It was the fact that they had the self-steering dolly and that the ferry was, basically, the trailer and it was able to straddle those tight bends, that they were able to get it to Kariba.

On the technical side Sealion is 106' long and 21' wide. The saloon overhangs by 5' either side. Many sceptics said when she was being converted that she was top heavy and would roll over in a storm. This we have obviously disproved. When we took over the boat it was powered by 2 GM Bedford marine engines that were rated at 145HP. We removed those engines and fitted 2 Volvo TMD100A engines rated at 260HP and have subsequently pensioned them off and she is now powered by 2 x 260 HP DAF Marine diesel engines. Her displacement is around 100 tons and she can carry up to 120 tons of freight. Her average speed when going to Mlibizi is 12 kmph. A journey to Mlibizi takes approximately 22 hours depending of course on wind on the lake and which way the wind is blowing. The voyage can be done in a far shorter time but this increases fuel consumption drastically and no real purpose would be served in getting there any quicker as off loading and subsequent travel is done in daylight.

A little bit of information now about the Hydrofoil. When she arrived in the country it was hailed as a triumph of sanctions busting for this rebel country, as it was in those days. Such was the significance of this vessel's arrival that it became, as far as I am aware, the only privately owned asset in the history of the country to adorn the face of a postage stamp.

She was a very elegant vessel in her time and, had she not been dogged by frequent mechanical failures, could have been very successful. Named Seaflight, the manufacturer in Italy's name, she was a 65-seat vessel capable of travelling at speeds of up to 100km/hour. She was powered by 2 Fiat Carrera V12 engines that were rated at 750 horsepower each. They are the same engines that powered many locomotives. They had an idle speed of 700RPM and a maximum of 1100RPM. The propellers were relatively small, being 22 inches in diameter but they had a 36 inch pitch. At idle, the Hydrofoil travelled at 9 knots which created problems for the operators, as the maximum speed in Andora harbour is 5 knots and the, then, Lake Captain, Frank Andrews, would take great delight in fining them for exceeding the speed limit in the harbour.

After the collapse of Lake Shipping Company, the hydrofoil stood on the slipway at Andora harbour until a character by the name of Ian Fiquart (affectionately known by us young bucks of the day as "Thickfart") came along and bought it. He apparently was the Dale Carnegie representative in Rhodesia and, most certainly, had the velvet tongue that went with that profession. He repaired and revived the Hydrofoil, offering a service transferring passengers to and from the various lakeside resorts such as Bumi Hills, also day cruises and sundown cruises. He employed a guy to be the captain of the Hydrofoil by the name of John Baker, commonly known as JET, which I believe were his initials excluding his surname. Jet was a well known character in Kariba, who doubled up some nights as a DJ dressed up as Elvis. After the collapse of the Hydrofoil business, he joined the Police marine division and then, subsequently, saw the light one day and turned very religious and, to this day, is a minister in his church.

There was one thing about this change of path in his life that left many devastated and that was the fact that, previous to the change, whenever he heard of anyone travelling outside the country, he would ask them to bring him a bottle or two of good quality rum. This resulted in his having a substantial collection of this alcoholic beverage but, upon his seeing the light, he smashed every single bottle against a wall.

I also recall a character, whose name escapes me, a red-headed youngster, who was very gay and open about the fact. One day, I was at the Hydrofoil site next door to us, when

a chap approached this youngster and asked if he knew where the Kariba Ferry was. His answer to that was, "I am the Kariba Fairy".

When the business once again collapsed, the hydrofoil was bought by Doug de Sousa of DC de Sousa welders and it was transported to Durban, where, I believe, the authorities refused to even allow it on the water, let alone offer any form of passenger service there.

There was another different craft that came to Kariba in the pre-independence days and that was the Float Plane. We used to call it "The Converter" because it could convert avgas into a lot of noise at take off. This venture was started by a Kiwi by the name of Pete Anderson and it was, to all intents and purposes, a pretty successful venture. It was the only craft that had the permission of the authorities to exceed the speed limit in Andora harbour as it would be allowed to take off and land there when the lake was rough. There were many unproven claims of his being involved in all sorts of nefarious activities including poaching on the Zambezi below Kariba. I do not know too much about the craft itself so cannot give you any further details. I do know that, shortly after Independence, Pete moved his operation to Kenya and I am led to believe that he ultimately ended up back in New Zealand.

And that everyone is the end of my talk.

Articles are needed for future issues of *Heritage of Zimbabwe.*
If you can assist in this regard, please contact the Honorary Editor
by email to <mjksec@honeyb.co.zw>.

The History of Bulawayo Waterworks Company, 1895–1924

by Jim Milne & Rob Burrett

King Lobengula Khumalo's capital was occupied by invading British South Africa Company (BSACo) forces in November 1893 and the present site nearby was formally declared the town of Bulawayo by the Administrator Dr. L. S. Jameson on 1 June 1894. At first the European settlers obtained their water from private wells or from public ones then sited in the Market Square where the City Hall is now located. The trade of this vital commodity was quickly monopolized by a small, organized group of "water sellers", largely of Asian or Fingo (Cape Nguni) extraction. They would draw water from the public wells carrying it to the householders on donkeys or rolling it along in barrels, Fig. 1.

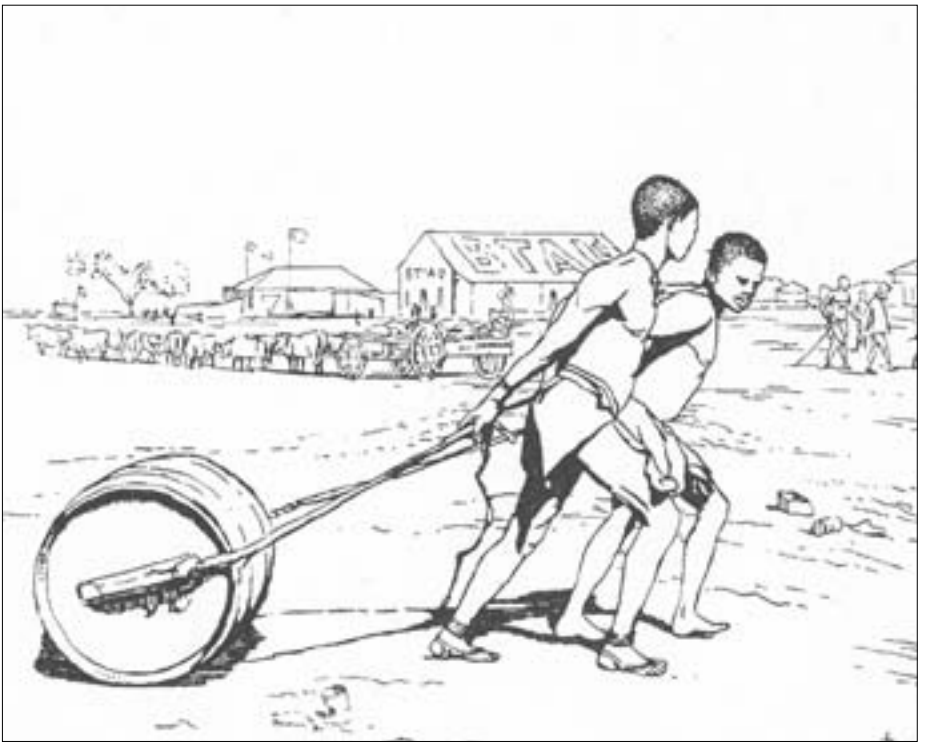

Fig 1: Water carriers, Bulawayo, 1894. Sketch by Alice Belfour, 1895.
Twelve Hundred Miles in a Waggon **London: Edward Arnold.**

In 1895 the BSACo decided to commercialise this essential service and it granted three pioneers the sole concession for the purpose of providing public water and electricity to the town for a period of twenty-five years. With little delay the three, Colonel William Napier, Percy Vipon Weir and Charles Jefferson Clark, sold their concession to a large

speculative and investment firm, Willoughby's Consolidated Company Limited. Napier was an employee of this firm and he had good connections to leading members of the BSACo hierarchy. Willoughby's in turn established the Bulawayo Waterworks Company to implement the concession. Registered in London it had an initial share capital of two hundred thousand pounds.

The Waterworks Company wasted no time and commenced the construction of three dams to the south of the town on Napier's Farm where the Matsheumhlophe Stream passes through a rocky area – what is now the Hillside Dams Conservancy. Being comparatively elevated this location would allow the captured water to be gravity-fed to storage facilities nearer the town. Two pen and ink sketches appeared in the locally produced newspaper, the *Bulawayo Sketch*. Dated 28 March 1896 they show the two upper dams complete but dry, Figs 2 & 3.

Fig. 2: Dam Number 2. Bulawayo Sketch 28/3/1896. Now lost after failing in January 1898.

Fig. 3: Dam Number 1. Bulawayo Sketch 28/3/1896. Original collapsed in January 1898 and now the position of the Upper Dam, Hillside Dams Conservancy.

A couple of months later the dams were officially opened. The unveiling of the commemorative stone was a significant event in the nascent town and it was accompanied by speeches from numerous dignitaries and a salute of 21 dynamite explosions. The stone, which has since disappeared, read:

BULAWAYO WATER WORKS
The first sod turned on May 28th 1895
by
His Honour Dr. Jameson C. B.,
Sir John Willoughby Bart, Chairman
C. Jefferson Clark, Managing Director
Joseph C. Verey C.E.Engineer
C. A Woodford, Contractor

The Waterworks Company then laid metal pipes to convey the water to its reservoir located at a high point above the town. Initially this was on the site of the current railway station but it had to be removed with the arrival of the railway from South Africa, when it relocated to a large stand nearby, where the Bulawayo power station still dominates the city skyline. Here a 40 million gallon reservoir was erected together with a state of the art filtration plant while pipes were laid out to deliver water throughout the town. However, work on this distribution network proceeded slowly given the unavailability and expense of the necessary pipes, all of which had to be brought in by inefficient ox-drawn wagons. By January 1896 there were grumblings amongst the residents about the lack of progress. In response, the local manager of the Company, Jack Spreckley (Fig. 4), agreed to sink an

Fig. 4: Col. Jack Spreckley (*National Archives of Zimbabwe*)

additional well in the area of what was to become Centenary Park as well as deepening the original public wells in the Market Square.

In March 1896 the Matabele rose in resistance to the new colonial regime (Umvukela I) and a laager was erected in the Market Square to shelter many of the European Settlers and their foreign servants from the town as well as from nearby farms and mines. There were, at one stage, several hundred people in this laager. Unfortunately, the Bulawayo Waterworks Company had not, by the outbreak of hostilities, completed deepening the wells, so water was scarce. This posed a serious threat to the residents and, in response, a young engineer, Francis Issels, quickly sank a new well on the western edge of the laager. Fig. 5. At 50 – 60 feet a good supply of water was found. Initially a bucket and rope was used to draw water but later Issels erected a small windmill. This remained a notable landmark for many years after the events of 1896 and was a regular meeting place for servants sent to collect water for home and business. Later several tanks and billboards were erected at the site and various commercial and political advertisements were posted However as piped water became increasingly available the "laager well" became redundant and it was filled in and forgotten. It was relocated in 1951 and reopened in 1957 when Bulawayo celebrated its Diamond Jubilee as a Municipality. It was then named the "Pioneer Well". Its waters were used to maintain the pristine gardens that once graced the City Hall while several commemorative plaques and a large pool with a lion-headed fountain were erected. Sadly the plaques are now gone and the pool stands cracked and empty. It is hoped that recent moves to restore the area will see this historical well being suitably commemorated.

After the 1896 Matabele War, work was resumed on the dams at Hillside but work was slow and the company's service remained poor. While Willoughby's, through an associate

Fig. 5: Market Square, Bulawayo 1896 showing the laager around the Market Hall as well as Mr. Issels Siege Well with windmill. (*RSB personal collection*)

company, managed to provide electricity to the residents by 1897, the Waterworks Company failed to live up to its promises. It was immensely unpopular and after considerable public agitation the company agreed to put in a pump at an abandoned mine at Queens Park (Wolley Dog Mine). This delivered water to town via four small service reservoirs located adjacent to Suburbs near the Bulawayo Athletics Club.

In November 1897, the Railway arrived in Bulawayo from Mafeking, South Africa. This brought with it significantly faster and cheaper communications. The necessary water pipes and plant could now be landed at comparatively reasonable costs and by the end of 1897 the three Hillside dams and town waterworks were finally complete. Heavy rains began falling in December (180mm) and this continued through into January 1898 (220mm). The dams filled quickly and a triumphant Jack Spreckley sent a message to London – "Dams half full". On January 10th a contrite Jack Spreckley sent a message "Dams washed away". There was an inadequate spillway capacity on the upper Dams 2 and 3 and this allowed the floodwater to overtop the earthen walls undermining them and causing their collapse.

No. 1 Dam, the present Lower Dam, with a capacity of 41 million gallons and a masonry core, was only partly damaged and was quickly restored. However the smaller earthen No. 2 and No. 3 Dams with capacities of 10 million gallons each were written off. The current Upper Dam was built on the position of the original No. 2 dam and by the end of 1898 it had been rebuilt, but with only half its original capacity. Fig. 6. In 1915/6 this wall was raised to its present height filling for the first time in December 1917. No. 3 Dam was abandoned and was subsequently flooded when the Upper Dam was raised. Remains of this earlier No. 3 wall can still be seen when the water level is low.

At the time Spreckley was so annoyed with his engineer, Verey whom he blamed for the collapse, that he painted his name in red paint on the rocks surrounding the disaster and had the original commemoration stone removed and thrown into the nearby bush. It was rediscovered in 1960 when the area was being developed as a park at which stage, we are told, it was transferred to Criterion Waterworks. Despite enquiries, we have still to relocate it.

The Hillside Dams proved completely unreliable as a water source. There is a small catchment area, a mere of 10sq. km, while the porous nature of the sandy subsoil allows

Fig. 6: The Upper Dam, Hillside Dams Reservoir 1904. (*RSB personal collection*)

the water to soak quickly away. Even as early as June 1897 the Dams were already being described as "sieves", unable to hold enough water to satisfy demand. The problem persists to this day and many attempts to solve the problem in the intervening century have proven fruitless. The water quality was also poor and people were advised to boil and filter the water. The threat of waterborne diseases and limited and often disrupted supplies fed growing antagonism towards the Waterworks Company. Several notable residents and the new town council demanded that the private company's monopoly be terminated. In 1912 the Waterworks Company offered to sell its rights and infrastructure to the Bulawayo public authority but the price was high and the fledgling council could not raise the necessary loans. A legal challenge lead by the Council in 1915 failed to dislodge the Waterworks Company monopoly and poor service delivery continued to dog the town, severely limiting its capacity to expand. Many would suggest that the eclipsing of Bulawayo by its erstwhile rival Salisbury (now Harare) dates from this time and revolves around this very issue.

In 1920 the Municipality started a new round of negotiations for the take over of the water supply. However the issue was clouded by national politics – the rift over possible amalgamation within the Union of South Africa or self-government. The issue dragged on and it was only the serious water crisis of 1922 that brought it to a head. Most of the town's water supplies were condemned as severely polluted and some of the old wells were sealed. The Hillside Dams were dry early and by 1923, the Bulawayo Waterworks Company depended almost entirely on the Wolley Dog Mine as its principle supply, supplemented by tapping into further abandoned mine shafts in and around the town. In light of these failures it was agreed in 1923 that the Town Council should buy out the rights and installations of the Bulawayo Waterworks Company for £117 000.00. This agreement was finalized in 1924 and Bulawayo's water supply came under the local authority; a situation that has prevailed until its position was challenged by central government and its ZIMWA initiative in the first decade of the twenty-first century. But that is a different story.

The Hillside Dams were soon replaced by a larger reservoir built in 1928 on the Khami River west of the town and adjacent to the Khami Ruins. With its art-deco style and massive gate structures this dam was the town's major water supply until it too could no longer cope with demand and the city moved to erect several additional dams on major eastward flowing rivers southeast of Bulawayo. In the meantime the Hillside Dams were decommissioned and they became a major recreational hub in Bulawayo; a position they still hold.

A Moment Probably Best Forgotten

by Geoff Quick

At the end of December 1900 and during the first weeks of the following year there appeared in the South African and Rhodesian newspapers a story about a riot in Bulawayo involving members of the British South Africa Police (BSAP).

It seems that on a Saturday night a couple of weekends before Christmas 1900 a certain Trooper Spicer of the BSAP was engaged in some early festive celebrations overstaying his welcome in the bar at the Grand Hotel, Fig. 1. When the licensee, Benjamin Jagger, closed up at 11.00pm Spicer refused to leave and an argument ensued, which turned into a fight. Spicer came off second best and ended up in hospital in what was described as a fairly serious condition. We can only speculate whether this description included his initial degree of inebriation.

The manner in which Spicer had been treated by the local publican obviously preyed on the minds of the members of the Police Mess in Bulawayo over the next few days. On the following Tuesday night, 18 December 1900, all hell broke loose shortly before closing time when some thirty members of the BSAP descended on the Grand Hotel. The subsequent events were described in the press as a riot.

The two bars in the hotel were the subject of particular attention by the police mob, who ensured that both places were completely smashed up with all their windows broken. The initial damaged was estimated at more than £600, although prominent Bulawayo architect Frank Scott, who gave evidence at the following criminal proceedings, suggested a figure of £400.17.9d. This was a considerable amount at the time bearing in mind that the Bulawayo

Fig. 1: Grand Hotel circa 1900 (*courtesy Rob Burrett***)**

Chronicle was then advertising the price of a suit at 4/6d. The licensee also alleged liquor, cigarettes and cash were missing from both bars.

What was probably an enthusiastic and noisy crowd of an estimated five hundred Bulawayo residents gathered to watch the BSAP at play. This included a number of ladies, believed to be hotel residents, watching from the hotel balconies.

The municipal police, who had been called out to quell the anarchy, were not only inexperienced, but completely ineffective and were unable to make any arrests. The town's magistrate Mr Brailsford was seen riding frantically up and down outside the hotel calling somewhat desperately and unsuccessfully in the Queen's name for the spectators in the excited crowd to assist in making some arrests.

Nobody was molested as the members of the BSAP pursued their act of revenge for the perceived abuse of Trooper Spicer at the hands of the hotel's licensee. Benjamin Jagger was at a later stage to offer £50, if Spicer could prove his ill treatment.

The next morning those of the BSAP thought to have been involved appeared before their officers Colonel Bodel, Major Straker and Captain Llewellyn. A mass identification parade was held, where the alleged culprits were picked out by members of the municipal police and other witnesses.

Twelve persons, including the following members of the BSAP were arrested and detained in custody on charges of malicious injury to property, assault and theft. The ringleaders appear to have been Corporals 828 Algernon William Bruce Gault and 822 James William Johnstone. The others were Troopers 1061 John Currie, 1130 Henry Marsham Davies, 1109 Reginald Griffiths Evans, although on at least one occasion a newspaper named him as Robert Evans, 1073 Harry Foster, 1159 William Henry Longman, 1169 Cecil Ernest Edward Massey, 844 Patrick McGuirk, 1110 David Smith Muil and 1131 Evan David Thomas. Also arrested and detained was John Phillipson, an Australian, although there is no record of him on the BSAP nominal roll. (Copy in author's possession).

All applications for bail were refused and the accused were initially remanded until 3 January 1901. On 31 January 1901 one of the accused Trooper Longman died of effects of malaria, although it was speculated that the burden of facing trial preyed on his mind.

The trial commenced in Bulawayo on 13 February 1901 and six of the accused Currie, Evans, Massey, McGuirk, Muil and Thomas were quickly acquitted of all wrong doing. During the lengthy criminal proceedings that followed a number of witnesses were called to give evidence by the prosecution; at the conclusion of which Davies was found not guilty and discharged. The others were not so fortunate and all were found guilty as charged. Before sentence and in mitigation, the defence counsel said that all the accused had recently returned from the war front in South Africa where they had acquitted themselves well. Gault had been captured in a Boer ambush south of Gaborone but managed to escape into the wilderness (Burrett 2008). This plea seems, however, to have had only minimal value because Gault ended up being imprisoned for 15 months with hard labour, whilst the others Johnstone, Foster and Phillipson were sentenced to 12 months each with hard labour.

Those members of the BSAP who were convicted were all discharged from the Force "by order" retrospectively with effect from 9 February 1901, whilst those who had been discharged by the Court agreed to terminate their services at their "own requests", with some leaving on the 9 and others on 10 February 1901.

Such is the end of a somewhat ignominious chapter in the history of the BSAP, which is

based on reports found by Ken Hallock in the *Cape Times Weekly Edition* and Gordon Norris in the *Bulawayo Chronicle*. The contributions of both are gratefully acknowledged.

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END NOTE

The members of the police named in the newspaper reports have been fully identified from the BSAP Nominal Roll for the period, a copy of which is held by the author; the original being with the National Army Museum in London.

Early Days

by Jack Nesbitt

(Edited by Fraser Edkins)

The handwritten reminiscences of Jack Nesbitt were transcribed in 1998 by the late Robin Heath and are reproduced here in edited form. They are an interesting (sometimes risqué) account of a young man growing up and making his way (mostly in the Eastern Districts) in the first third of the last century. Many well-known names are mentioned of those who pioneered the early development of Zimbabwe.

Jack, (born in Mutare in 1909), was the son of Joseph Nesbitt (a member of the 1892 Moodie Trek). His father left the wagon train at Fort Victoria to travel to Salisbury where he joined the Chartered Company's B.S.A.P. His mother was Annie Hewitt, a trained nurse from Oxford, who sailed to Cape Town, thence Beira, in 1896, before taking firstly the barge up the Pungwe River to Fontesvilla, then the train to Chimoio and the remaining distance (to Mutare) by machila or on foot. She had come to join her sisters Emily and Eliza, who were already nursing in the country. Emily had come to the new territory in 1893 at the invitation of Bishop Knight Bruce to take over the first hospital in Rhodesia (at Old Umtali) from the founder nurses, Sisters Blennerhassett, Sleeman and Welby. (The hardships faced by these women are vividly described in the book "Adventures in Mashonaland" by Rose Blennerhassett and Lucy Sleeman.)

Jack's father, by then a trooper stationed in Melsetter, met Annie in Mutare, married her, and took her back to Melsetter by donkey wagon (a five day "honeymoon" during which the wagon turned over, with bride and all her possessions). Jack's uncle Randolph was Major R.C. Nesbitt, V.C. of Mazoe Patrol fame. Jack's paternal great-grandparents had settled near Grahamstown in the 1850s, his great-grandmother Ann Nesbitt narrowly escaping with her life in the 1852 shipwreck off Hermanus of the SS Birkenhead which was bringing her from England to join her husband Alexander and eldest son Charles (Jack's grandfather), who were already serving with the frontier forces near Grahamstown.

His manuscript ends with his engagement in 1934 to Hazel Walsh. (His sudden death in 1984 prevented him from completing his memoirs.)

Due to space constraints this article must conclude with Jack's journey by train to Bulawayo in 1926 to take up a job at the Lonrho Glass Block Ranch in the Balla Balla district. Then followed stints as a rancher, Court Interpreter and with the Native Department and an acting post as an Assistant Magistrate, prior to his engagement to Hazel and his transfer back to Penhalonga in 1934.

(The editor's notes appear in italics).

THE EARLY YEARS

1909

I was born in 1909 and remember little until I was about four years of age, except for one or two incidents such as when my cousin, Ted (Blatch), fell out of a wild fig tree and broke his arm; when cousin Hewitt Blatch (called Cecil) got himself tangled in a Buffalo

Bean vine on Cecil Kop, one Christmas Eve, and was so ill from the effects of the hairs that he was unable to indulge in the Christmas goodies; and also of launching mother's tin bath on a pool in Blacksmith's Spruit, just below our house. When one of my cousins got into the bath, it blew the candle grease used to plug the bunghole and sank to the bottom! Blacksmiths' Spruit, so-called because on its bank stood Messrs Macintosh and Falla's blacksmith shop, on the site now occupied by Lawson and Pigott in Victory Avenue, (*the site is now occupied by Puzey and Payne*) was in those days a fast running stream with many deep pools and, during the rainy season, was frequently a raging torrent, unfordable for many hours.

1913

In 1913 we travelled by boat from Beira to Durban and then by rail to Pietermaritzburg and finally by mule cart to visit Grandmother Nesbitt at Kokstad, Cape Colony. In Kokstad, I saw my first snow and remember long icicles hanging from the eaves of the houses. On our return to Umtali and at the outbreak of the First World War in 1914, my father volunteered to guard the Pungwe Bridge on the Beira-Umtali railway line, where he remained for many months.

1915

Memories really commence from the time when my father, having returned to Umtali from the Pungwe Bridge, moved to Hoboken farm in the Vumba Mountains, to manage it on a share basis for the owner, H.B. Dickson, who lived in the Odzi area. We travelled from Umtali in an ox-wagon, slowly winding our way up the track leading over the mountain pass two thousand feet above us. Our first halt was at Fern Hill, home of Lionel Cripps, a pioneer and later the Hon. Lionel Cripps, first Speaker of the Legislative Assembly. The next day we continued through Cripps' next farm, The Park and then started the really tortuous part of our journey, zig-zagging up the mountainside, penetrating thick forests with wonderful tumbling, crystal clear streams, where the animals and ourselves thankfully quenched our thirst. The Samango Apes (Blue Monkeys) barked their indignation at our intrusion, little Blue Buck hurried deeper into the gloom of the forest and magnificent Bush Buck watched us from the open glades and then, with a flick of a white tail, were gone.

To a little six year old boy, this was a journey into paradise. Beautiful Hurukuru (Louries) gliding on scarlet wings from tree to tree; green bush pigeons flashing through the high branches in search of edible berries; and the raucous call of the hornbill. These and many other wonderful sounds and sights, as we slowly approached our second night's stop at Cloudlands, the Cripps' third farm, where at over 5 000 feet we gazed at the little town of Umtali far below, built up excitement in me until I could bear it no longer and fell into an exhausted sleep with the wonderful scent of mountain sedge and herbs mingling with the smoke of the camp fire.

From Cloudlands, we descended to Hoboken, following the Mazorwe river. There was no road now, only tracks, and in places we stopped to cut into the side of a particularly steep slope, to enable the wagon to proceed without capsizing. The rough track crossed and recrossed the stream, which grew in size as many small tributaries joined it. We came to a crossing where the stream, now a sizable river, flowed slowly about 12 inches deep and then, quite near the track, plunged thirty feet over a solid rock ledge, surrounded by huge trees,

wild banana plants, tree ferns and many other species of fern. This was later to become one of my favourite places. Finally, we forded a deep drift and climbed three hundred yards to our future home, two large brick, interleading rooms under a thatched roof. My father later added to this, building a kitchen with a large, wood burning stove.

The weeks that followed found our little fox terrier, Patch, and myself shadowing my father as he spent the days stumping and ploughing land in preparation for the planting of maize and njera (millet) when the rains came. The small children of our African labourers joined me at the lands and they soon lost their shyness and we played happily together. Gradually, as I learnt to speak Chimanyika, their language, I spent more and more time with them and I was slowly admitted to the company of the bigger boys and forsook the little boys and girls playing near their mothers on the edge of the lands, going off with the older boys to hunt and fish and to forage for fruit and roots to eat.

At first I was lent a bow and arrows and a small throwing spear and with these I practiced on anything in sight. Then one day, accompanied by my friends, we searched in the forest until exactly the right Gwanzichi sapling for a bow was found and this we cut and hacked and shaped and stored in the shade to dry, together with a dozen or so thin Mapiripiri shoots for arrow shafts. In the meantime, during our midday rests in the shade, usually on the banks of the stream, I was taught the value of any old nails or pieces of galvanized wire, which were beaten and shaped into barbs for arrow heads and sharpened razor sharp on hard, smooth rocks.

As we worked on our metal, the junior members of our party prepared and cooked any birds or animals we had trapped or shot, mostly, I recollect, field mice and the larger cane-rats. These were gutted, salted inside and wrapped in a ball of mud and then put into a fire and baked until the mud was hard and commenced to crack. Then they were removed and broken open and the beautifully cooked meat was revealed, all fur or feathers coming away with the mud. Most people are horrified at the thought of eating mice but this is in the mistaken belief that field mice have similar habits to the house and sewer rat. The field mouse, away out in the veld, lives entirely on roots and shoots and is delicious to eat, tasting like young chicken. I would far rather eat it than the rabbit so dear to the average European.

Another occupation during our midday rest was the preparation of string and cord for our traps, fishing lines and bow strings. We stripped the bark from the wild flax bush, removed the green outer bark from the inner fibre and then, taking two or three or more very thin lengths of the fibre, we rolled them together with the flat of our hands on our legs, joining in new pieces as we came to the end of each piece. In this way, we made a line light enough to use for fishing or a cord strong enough to tie an ox to a tree.

Our fishing was unorthodox to say the least. With a grasshopper or worm on a bent pin, we sought a spot where the grass overhung a narrow, deep running stream, let our line down through the grass and then sang the 'fishing song'. After a time the fish, never very large, would come out from under the bank, presumably to investigate the source of the melodious sounds and, seeing a nice fat worm or grasshopper dangling temptingly from the grass, would decide to eat to music.

One day my father went off to the area now known as Manchester Park (*renamed Bvumba Gardens*), probably to prospect for gold or perhaps merely to explore the area. He returned in the late afternoon and announced that he had shot a buffalo. There was great excitement and our donkey was saddled and I was allowed to ride to the scene of the kill,

on condition that I walked home as any meat which could not be carried on a pole borne by our two African servants would be tied onto the donkey's back for the return journey. My reaction to the sight of my first buffalo was one of acute disappointment. I suppose I had expected to see an enormous animal and here was a carcass about as big as a medium sized cow.

The next few days were spent making biltong and in cutting up the hide for riems and voorslaage. The voorslaage formed the lash on the end of the long ox whips used for driving the oxen in the plough or wagon. The expert handling of these long whips on their ten foot bamboo whip-sticks was a joy to watch and my father excelled at it. Seldom did he need to lash an ox. A crack of the whip, like the report of a gun, over the ox concerned and his name shouted at the same time was all that was needed to spur him to greater efforts. When it did become necessary to teach a recalcitrant animal a lesson, my father could flick him with the tip of the lash at exactly the spot he selected.

My father used an old fashioned Martini-Henri rifle, the gun which caused such devastation in the early wars in South Africa. The Martini-Henri, a very long-barrelled, large bore gun with a heavy lead bullet, propelled by an enormous charge, was singularly accurate up to a distance of several hundred yards and, compared with the muzzle-loader which preceded it, seemed to have magical qualities even though it was a single shot rifle. With this lovingly oiled and cherished gun, I have seen my father knock a large hawk off a tree at 200 yards. I determined that, come what may, I would own a gun some day and emulate him.

The African's skill with herbs and his complete belief in witchcraft and the all-powerful Nganga was demonstrated to us during our stay on Hoboken. My mother was an extraordinarily light sleeper, awakening at the slightest sound. One morning we awoke to find most of our clothes and some kitchen utensils gone. Although we slept with all doors unlocked, my mother could not believe that anyone could have entered her bedroom and removed clothing from the cupboard without awakening her. Then we noticed the remains of small bundles of burnt herbs near each door and our African servants immediately said 'Ah! mitombo', meaning medicine made by a Nganga. They then regaled us with stories of how the waroyi (wizards) could turn into many shapes and perform evil deeds. Particularly frightening to we children were the stories of 'Nyamusenga', a werewolf adopting many shapes and guises, specializing in seizing children at night to use their bodies to make medicine, more often than not for sexual purposes.

One day, my father and I, accompanied by our little dog Patch, were walking along a large, ancient furrow near the river. Suddenly Patch leapt at my father's feet and fastened his teeth into a large Puffadder which, in another moment, would have bitten my father. Then, with a yelp of pain, he released the snake and my father shot it. Patch had a nasty bite on his face. This my father cut deeply with his knife, squeezing out as much blood as possible. We carried Patch home and there his wound was filled with permanganate of potash, all we had to deal with snake bit. The next morning, Patch was missing and we found him later curled up in a mealie stook in the lands and from here he refused to move. His head had, by this time, swollen to an enormous size. We force-fed him with milk and soup and, after some days, all the skin and flesh fell away from the side of his face, exposing his jaw and his teeth. Slowly he recovered and was with us for many years, loved and cherished in spite of the incredibly vicious look his face assumed after healing.

At this time the only white neighbours that we had were the Groves, whose farm lay between us and the Portuguese border, and the Cripps family, who had now moved to Cloudlands; these neighbours we visited occasionally on a Sunday, my mother riding our donkey and my father and I walking beside her.

About two miles from our homestead, a beautiful, crystal clear stream flowed down a valley filled with tall reeds and buffalo grass and we would wade up this stream through the tunnel which it had cut through the reeds until we came to a wide, clear space under an enormous lemon tree which bore all the year round. No local African knew the origin of this tree but it was obviously a relic of the time, many years earlier, when the Portuguese explorers penetrated this area. This was a beautiful picnic spot in the deep shade of the large tree, with the clear stream running between moss covered banks, the whole surrounded by dense reeds and tall grass.

About a mile from our house, there was a large pool on the Zorwe river, about three feet deep, with a clean, sandy bottom and fast-flowing, clear water and in this pool we children all bathed in the nude in hot weather; sometimes just boys, sometimes just girls and often boys and girls together, completely unselfconscious, except that my white body was always the subject of interest and curiosity to any new bathers of either sex.

This mixed bathing left no impression upon my mind but I do remember the first time sex was brought to my notice. One day we boys came upon our eighteen year old African herd boy masturbating in a secluded spot and we quite casually sat around and discussed the subject of sex with him, but my most vivid recollection was the astonishment that I felt at the quite extraordinary size of this youth's equipment. Just like our donkey's, I thought.

In the surrounding forests and hillsides the variety of wild fruit and roots was quite amazing and many of these we gathered for my mother to make jams, jellies and preserves, of course after having thoroughly gorged ourselves first! I remember with nostalgia the wild custard apples, particularly. These we gathered before they were quite ripe and buried, wrapped in leaves, until they ripened. Whistles we made from reeds and thick, hollow grasses, experimenting until we had five or six distinct notes, then, with improvised drums, our orchestra went into action whilst the little girls and boys stamped their feet and waggled their behinds to the rhythm.

My cousins, Elsie and Ted Blatch, now both working in Umtali, frequently came out to spend the weekend with us. They each owned a bicycle and, on these, they would leave Umtali at about 2 pm on the Saturday afternoon, push their bicycles most of the eleven miles to Cloudlands and then ride down the rough track to Hoboken, wading through the streams which were sometimes in spate, arriving in the evening and starting off again after lunch on Sunday, pushing their cycles up to Cloudlands and then riding back to Umtali.

1917

Towards the end of 1917, when I was eight years of age, my father realized that there was no future on the farm for him and accepted a position as Assistant to the Compound Manager on Rezende Mine, Penhalonga. His work was to handle the employment, housing, feeding and welfare of the thousand or so African employees on this gold mine. Before we left Hoboken farm, my father, with the assistance of Mr Cripps and after much correspondence and argument, was granted a neighbouring farm, Fangudu, as a pioneer farm. However, we did not attempt to farm it and some years later he sold it to a friend, Fanie Maritz, for (I

think) a bottle of whiskey and £100. (*Maritz was a pre-pioneer who had lived in Manicaland for some years prior to the advent of the Pioneer Column and who married Mary Haines another nurse who had accompanied Jack's mother to the country in 1896*).

PENHALONGA DAYS

1917

Upon arrival at Penhalonga, we found that no accommodation was immediately available and we were dumped in the empty back premises of a Greek store. Here, without benefit of stove or bath, or even piped water on the premises, my mother made us as comfortable as she could until, after a few weeks, we moved into a semi-detached house at the eastern extremity of the village, near a small stream that cascaded down Jefferies Kop from a small dam on its shoulder. This dam comprised the village domestic water supply.

Now, at last, my real schooling started and none too soon at the age of eight years! My mother and father, apprehensive at first of the effect of such a late start, were delighted at my progress and, at the age of ten years, I achieved my great ambition to own a gun, when one afternoon they took me across the valley to friends who had a No. 1 BSA airgun for sale for the, to us, large sum of £6. My pride and joy, as I triumphantly bore my reward home on my shoulder, compensated them, I know, for the sacrifices in furnishings and other comforts they forewent to obtain his magnificent present for me. With my father's assistance, I rapidly became proficient in the use of my air rifle, with a consequent decimation of bird life in the area.

My mother and father were happy in Penhalonga, particularly as they were able to renew old friendships and I can remember accompanying them to many homes to gatherings which

The house near Plantation Dam: Jack far right

invariably ended in a grand singsong round the piano, when my father would be prevailed upon to sing in his rather military style, standing as stiff as a ramrod, such old ballads as 'Knights of Old' and 'Keep the Home Fires Burning'. One of the families we visited frequently was the O'Reilly family. Mrs O'Reilly, a really strikingly beautiful Irish girl, had come out to Rhodesia to nurse and later married Dick O'Reilly. She and my mother had worked together in the Old Umtali Hospital and were, I gathered, the toast of the area. I listened to many of their reminiscences, particularly to their adventures in the donkey cart drawn by two donkeys, Pills and Powders, mentioned in 'Adventures in Mashonaland' by Sisters Blennerhassett and Sleeman.

Our semi-detached house was within a few hundred yards of the abandoned Penhalonga Proprietary Mine, at one time one of the largest mines in Rhodesia but abandoned because the soapstone formation of the area made it too dangerous to work. The mine's tunnels into the mountain, known as 'drives', still remained and these we children loved to explore with home-made candle lamps. Our explorations usually ended a couple of hundred yards into the tunnel when the eerie darkness beyond the faint glow of our candle lamps suddenly seemed evil and terrifying to our superstitious minds, steeped as we were in African beliefs in the supernatural. The nerves of one of us would crack and he would turn tail and run, followed by the rest yelling 'Nyamusenga' (werewolf). These tunnels always had cold, crystal clear little streams running out of them and were lined with beautiful maidenhair ferns as far as daylight penetrated.

Penhalonga was a mining village. The large Rezende Mine had succeeded the PP Mine and was situated on a hill across the valley, about two miles from the original mine. On this hill, known as Rezende Hill, a new shaft had been sunk to tap the Penhalonga reef and work it from a different angle. A large 70 stamp mill had been erected to crush the gold-bearing ore. Rezende Mine was owned by the company which owned the PP, the London and Rhodesia Gold Mining and Land Company, known as the Lonrho, now world-wide. On the hills and in the valleys surrounding the Rezende Mine were many small workings owned by individuals and other companies and, apart from the unending roar of the mighty Rezende mill, the tonk, tonk, tonk of various five or two stamp mills could always be heard. Everyone in Penhalonga was employed on a mine or by some business catering for the mining community and it was natural that mining dominated the thoughts of everyone. We children, too, were steeped in mining lore and technicalities and it was not strange, therefore, that in our leisure hours many of us constructed miniature mines, crushers and mills. Situated as I was, next to a beautiful tumbling stream, I soon hit upon the idea of water power driving my mill and for weeks I laboured at constructing a really workable five stamp battery with a water-wheel to drive it. When at last I had it completed, my mother and father and all my little friends were invited to attend the inauguration and, after a few hitches, my mill worked perfectly, the stamps pounding with a rhythm that was music to my ears. Soon my mill was surrounded by other mills as my friends, enchanted at not having to turn their mills by hand, hurriedly staked claims up and down and beside the stream, leading water off by means of purloined pieces of piping until the stream was so reduced in size that we pioneers no longer had sufficient power and afternoons were frequently enlivened by quarrels and fisticuffs.

At this time in Penhalonga, milk was scarce and entailed a long journey by our garden picannin each day to fetch it. My father decided to keep goats to provide our own milk and,

to my delight, eight goats and a billy-goat were installed in a newly-made goat shed. I used to insist on interrupting operations by milking the goat straight into my mouth.

1918

When World War I ended in November 1918, there were great celebrations in Penhalonga with fireworks and a huge bonfire and food and drink for everyone. I remember that, when the very large sack of bonfire logs were lit, one well-respected Afrikaans farmer, full of brandy and the excitement of the occasion, ran right through the fire up to the top of the stack and down again, emerging minus his eyebrows and his magnificent goatee beard. A small friend of mine, Monty Banwell, picked up a fairly large squib which had not exploded and proceeded to blow on the very short stump of fuse until it glowed again. Before he realized what was happening, it exploded near his mouth and a very sad Monty learnt not to blow on squibs.

It was in 1918, during the rains which were phenomenal that year, that the Mutare river running through Penhalonga flooded to such an extent that many of the shops in the village were marooned and the area now occupied by the swimming bath and the caravan park was feet under water. After the floods had subsided, leaving many isolated pools of water, the Africans waded in these pools, spearing large quantities of barbel. At Odzi, a landslide damaged the railway line and the Odzi river railway bridge was washed away.

Like all the other men in Penhalonga, my father caught gold-fever and spent most of his weekends prospecting. Together, he and I would wander off into the surrounding hills equipped with prospecting pick and a bag to carry the samples of rock from any likely looking outcrops. I loved the prospecting trips, especially when, in good weather, we decided to sleep out for the Saturday night, for then we would braai our meat and cook our 'sadza' and he would tell me wonderful stories of his boyhood in the Eastern Cape, of fishing and shooting, and of his journey to Rhodesia with the Moodie Trek, which he and some others left at Fort Victoria.

1918

In about the middle of 1918, my mother was offered the running of the Mine Boarding House. This entailed catering for all the single men on the mine who, however, had their own quarters and only ate at the Boarding House.

The building had very high stone foundations and in the large area under the house, enclosed by these foundations, lived, we were to discover some months later, a large family of cobra. I remember, before my father eventually smoked them out and shot them, watching from a window above these fascinating reptiles sunning themselves at the foot of the foundations in the early mornings and then gliding off into the thick, surrounding bush in search of food.

I thoroughly enjoyed the change to the boarding house as the men, grateful to my mother for the vast improvement in the quality of the food served to them, became firm friends and thoroughly spoilt me, often slipping me the odd shilling which delighted me because this meant that I need not search the neighbour's backyards for twelve bottles to sell to the local store at 1d each to enable me to go to the local 'bioscope' each Sunday evening.

This bioscope was run by a Mr Harry Perrem from Umtali. At first, it was held in a barn-like building known as the Drill Hall and then it moved to the Penhalonga Hotel and

became much more elaborate, with folding wooden chairs, a large moveable screen and a pianist who suited her tunes to the picture on the screen. The projector was operated by electricity provided by a temperamental petrol engine. Harry Perrem was a large, fat man with an enormous, drooping moustache and a deep, gruff voice. The projector and the films were brought out to Penhalonga by the Perrems in a model 'T' Ford, Harry being the Ford Agent in Umtali. The starting, or not starting, of the engine was an important part of the evening's entertainment for the local children and we would all stand around the door of the outhouse, watching as Harry filled the tank with petrol, the radiator with water and the sump with oil. Then the great moment would come, as his frail little wife took hold of the starting crank while Harry fiddled with the levers and shouted 'Gaya, mother'. Little Mrs Perrem would frantically turn the crank and eventually, with a roar, the engine might start, immediately flooding the hall with beautiful electric light. Then we would all rush to queue up to pay our shillings to Mrs Perrem and swarm into the hall and fight for the best front seats, while our elders followed more decorously and took the more comfortable seats at the back. In the meantime Harry Perrem was busy with his mysteries in the projection room, which was actually the space behind a wooden screen with a hole in it through which the picture was beamed down the aisle onto a white screen, a sheet on a frame, and was completely obliterated by late-comers walking down the aisle. If the film was old and Harry had difficulty in threading it through the projector, the pianist would hurriedly start playing, to drown Harry's extremely versatile swearing!

How we enjoyed those wonderful pictures. Larry Seymour, Tarzan and the Apes, Cowboys and Indians and, of course, ensuring a full house every time, Charlie Chaplin. There was always a serial and to miss the next installment was unthinkable. I don't remember any of these shows running through to the end without a break-down. We children enjoyed the breaks almost as much as the pictures, upsetting chairs, pulling hair and pinching the girls. Now and again, repairs would be beyond Harry and he would come huffing along to the screen to announce to the audience 'Ladies and Gentlemen, the show's boost'. After the show, our elders fortified by a few drinks at the pub, most of us walked home, often in the rain and some of us a distance of two to three miles.

My father's office at the Compound was a good three miles from our home and he bought himself a Zanzibar donkey. These were white donkeys, then very much in demand because they were more energetic and lively than ordinary donkeys and would willingly triple, trot and canter for miles. My father, a good horseman, soon taught me to ride.

My cousin, Cecil (Hewitt) Blatch, who lived with us for a time whilst employed as an assistant in the local Post Office, had a large mongrel dog named Jap and soon I had made myself a cart from a petrol box with pram wheels and trained Jap to pull it. Then, on Saturday mornings, my mother and I would walk down to the local store, load her purchases into the cart and Jap would pull it home, often, when it was heavily laden, straining with paws slipping on the road but always determined to get it home.

To help my mother cook for the boarding house, my father sent to Chief Mutasa's kraal for one of Mutasa's sons who had been handed over to him by Mutasa many years before when, as a member of the BSA Police, he had brought grain to Mutasa's people for famine relief. This young man, Edward Ndorikanda, had grown up working for various families and had become a very good cook. Now a man of about thirty years of age, he arrived complete with wife and children. The eldest boy was Mtoko, aged about eight years, and

there were a couple of girls and two other sons, Jonah and Henry, much younger. These children lived in huts in our backyard, as was the custom then, and soon they were my constant companions. We milked the goats together, gathered maroro (custard apples) and other fruit, both wild and cultivated, and in the evenings we would sit around a fire in a spare hut and cook sadza.

More and more houses were being built on Rezende Hill, near the mine shaft and mill and it was eventually decided to move the boarding house to this more central position. We installed a large tin bath in the bathroom. Cold water was laid on but hot water had to be carried from the main stove in the kitchen. Between the bathroom and my parent's bedroom, there was an opening but no door and mother hung a heavy curtain over this opening. Some years later, after the death of my father, mother used to let a room to the local schoolteacher. One day, when I was about 13, I arrived home for a visit, not knowing that a new teacher had arrived, and I ripped aside the curtain to go into the bathroom when, to my horror, there sat a completely strange and rather beautiful female doing her best to hide herself behind a cake of soap.

Shortly after we moved to Rezende Hill, we children became keen on go-carts. These we made ourselves, out of petrol, candle or dynamite boxes, with whatever wheels we could scrounge. These carts were not popular with our parents, as tumbles were frequent on the rough, steep roads, invariably resulting in quite serious abrasions and sometimes in broken bones.

At the southern end of the Penhalonga Valley, where the Mutari river meets the Imbeza river, there was a five stamp mill belonging to John Meikle. This had served the Bantisol Mine but was now leased to other small-workers wishing to have ore crushed. One of these had workings in the northern end of the valley and to transport his ore from mine to mill, a distance of about three miles, he hired ox-wagons from a local wealthy farmer, Arthur Strickland, at a rate per ton transported. Strickland who took great pride in his wagons and animals, had beautiful matched spans of oxen, sixteen to each wagon. These were beautifully trained and well handled by expert African drivers, many being Xhosa from S. Africa. When they were to be inspanned, at the command of the driver the sixteen oxen would form a half-circle around him, quite voluntarily, and he would slip the rein over each beast's horns and it would then move off and stand next to its yoke. The yoke was lifted by the driver and the young boy who acted as leader and, at the shout of 'Jok', each ox would lower its head and move under the yoke between the skeys, where the strop would be fastened around its neck onto the skeys.

At the northern end of the valley lived friends of ours named Norris. Mr Tom Norris was a carpenter on the mine and Mrs Norris played the piano. Many an afternoon I spent with the three Norris children, clustered around the piano singing songs.

Running through Penhalonga valley was the Mutare River, so named because, in ancient times, alluvial gold was recovered from it. The word 'mutare' means 'metal' or 'gold'. Where this river flowed, a few hundred yards from our school, it was wide and about three to four feet deep but very discoloured by the water pumped from the mine. On our way home, we would dash down to the river, strip and bathe. It was not long before our inventiveness led to the acquisition of canoes (*made from corrugated iron and old car tubes*). Then the game was on. We chose sides and had battles, sinking as many of the opposition craft as possible. As most of us could only swim a couple of yards, it was a miracle that no-one was drowned.

Another activity popular with us for a time was kite flying. We made large kites, each with a six inch nail in its nose, and when we had learnt to make them swoop and dive, we had kite fights, the idea being to dive onto another kite and tear it with the nail.

The Penhalonga School took children from Kindergarten to Standard Five, after which the scholars either went out to work or moved on to senior schools in Umtali or some other town. Our Headmistress was an elderly spinster, Annie Barker, and she was assisted by a Miss Geldenhuys who took the lower classes. The school consisted of two large rooms, without even an office for the headmistress. Annie stood no nonsense, nor could she afford to do so for her three classes (Standards 3, 4 and 5) consisted of boys and girls whose ages ranged from 10 years to 17 years. There was one boy, known as the village idiot, aged over 20. We respected Annie Barker, we feared her and years later we realized that we loved her too. She was a great friend of my mother's and she liked me and took particular trouble to push me through the various classes quickly but this did not prevent her giving me really sound thrashings on several occasions. A thrashing from Annie Barker was something to remember, particularly when you tried to sit down afterwards; girls or boys, they all got similar treatment. Annie Barker had perfect white teeth and had never had toothache and she drilled into us that this was the result of having regularly cleaned her teeth with salt water and nothing else, all her life.

My cousin, Cecil Blatch, soon tired of the Post Office and learning morse code, so decided to join Perrems Garage and I remember he and I being driven to Umtali from Penhalonga by Chris Perrem, (son of Harry Perrem the bioscope owner) in a Model "T" Ford. As we bounced along the rough road, Cecil shouted above the roar of the engine: 'What are we doing?' and, holding my hat on my head to prevent it being blown off, I heard Chris shout back: 'At least 25!' (miles per hour). All cars stopped at Christmas Pass Hotel where a tub of water was kept on the roadside for drivers to fill up the radiators before tackling the climb over the Pass. I remember once when going back to school in Umtali, having to travel the last few hundred yards of the climb in reverse gear, the petrol in the tank being too low to flow to the engine when travelling forwards!

In Penhalonga there were two motor cars. Strickland had one and the Mine Manager had another. The Mine Secretary, Tommy Cowley, and the Mine Surveyor, Allan Prior, both had Harley-Davidson motor cycles with sidecars and I frequently timed my walk home so that I should be overtaken by one of these kind people, who invariably stopped and gave me a lift in the sidecar. Each morning and afternoon, the Umtali Taxi Company, which had the mail contract, sent out a car to Penhalonga which carried passengers at a charge of 5/- each way. This was one of the treats looked forward to when I started school in Umtali. The driver of the mail car was a coloured man, Adams, and he had a fox terrier dog which rode the rough eleven miles each way on the running board of the car.

Penhalonga was a busy, thriving mining village in those days and the people were friendly and sociable. Apart from the golf. tennis, cricket and football clubs, there was a recreation club subsidized by the mine with Library and billiard room. On public holidays, particularly on Occupation Day, 12th September, the whole population would turn out for a grand picnic and sports day, either on the Sambi River or at a favourite spot on Strickland's farm, Inodzi, on the banks of the Mutare River. These outings we loved as all the children would be taken on an ox wagon and our parents would ride or walk or drive in various types of animal drawn carts. There would be games and races and lashings of eats and lemonade.

Picnic on Sambi river c. 1920

The butchery in Penhalonga was owned and operated by J.L. ('Johnnie') Crawford, a friend of ours who had come to Rhodesia with the Pioneer Column. My mother, with her large boarding house, was his best customer but neither this nor the fact that she was an old friend, secured any great privileges from 'Johnnie'. Meat was supplied on credit, accounts being paid at the end of the month, and all orders were written in a small book supplied to each customer. One day, my mother ordered five ox-tails and received two. She wrote in her book, pointing out that she had ordered five and sent the book back by bearer to Johnnie. He wrote across her note: 'How many bloody tails do you think my cattle have?' His son, John became and remained my best friend until his tragic death in a motor accident in 1954. His daughters, Grace and Mary, both married Palmers, sons of 'Johnnies' old friend and fellow pioneer, Jimmy Palmer.

About two miles from us in Penhalonga lived the Glovers. Mrs Glover, very much younger than her husband, had six children and encouraged us to visit and play with them. Mr Glover, a miner, was known to all the Africans as 'Boss Fokoff', no doubt because this was one of his favourite expressions. A picannin would pitch up with a note from Mrs Glover and my mother would ask "Where do you come from?' the answer would be: 'Boss Fokoff'. She soon learnt not to ask the question.

1919

When I was ten years of age, it was decided that I should learn to play the piano and a piano was bought for £20 from people, named Beacham, who later purchased and ran the Salisbury Beer Hall in First Street, a billiard saloon licensed to sell malt. For two years, various ladies did their utmost to encourage me to become a Paderewski but scales and dull compositions completely failed to 'send' me, particularly as all my friends would be waiting outside with fabulous suggestions on how to spend the afternoon.

1921

Towards the end of 1921, I noticed that my father changed. His drinking bouts, of which I had been vaguely aware for some years, became more frequent and he no longer had any desire to explore and prospect and finally he gave up his job as Assistant Compound Manager. Shortly after this, mother took him to Salisbury Hospital, where he soon died of cancer of the bowels. Until he died in Salisbury, mother stayed with his younger brother Randolph Nesbitt, V.C., who was Native Commissioner, Goromonzi at the time. A friend, Mrs Beechey, looked after the boarding house whilst she was away and it was Mrs Beechey who took me in her arms and broke the news to me. It didn't really mean anything to me until mother returned alone, broken-hearted, her brave spirit for a time deserting her.

(*Joe Nesbitt is buried in the Pioneer Cemetery, Harare*.)

My mother and father were the most devoted couple I have ever known. Not once did I ever hear a harsh word between them and the only time I ever heard her reproach him was when once he was brought home completely inebriated and she exclaimed 'Oh! Joe!', and then gently put him to bed.

Although he did not make much of his life, Joe Nesbitt was a great gentleman, beloved of all who knew him. Would that he could have lived longer so that, as an adult, I could have got to know him better.

UMTALI HIGH SCHOOL

1922

At the beginning of 1922, when I was just turning 12, Ralph Glover and I were sent to Umtali High School as day scholars and it was arranged that we should live with my mother's sister, Auntie Emmie Blatch. Her two younger children, Elsie and Ted, now working, supported their mother and we were to pay a small sum for our accommodation. We spent a happy year with the Blatches and our lives were filled with love and laughter in their home. Umtali High School was a coeducational school and looking back now I realize how lucky we were in the standard of our teachers. They were cultured ladies and gentlemen in the best sense of the words and certainly far superior to many of the teaching fraternity today.

1923

At the start of the 1923 school year, Ralph Glover and I became boarders at the school. The girl boarders lived in a large house in the suburb of Darlington and were cared for by Mrs Freeman, wife of our science master, Jack Freeman. Boys were housed in a house known as Piggot's Building on the eastern outskirts of the town; the younger boys slept in this building and we all dined there but the older boys slept across the road in a long shed known as 'the stables', which had a master's room and bathroom at one end and our ablution block on the other end. About my only memory of this particular dormitory is of lying in bed after lights out and listening to the master, George Millar-Millar, playing on his gramophone a record of Dame Clara Butt singing 'Three Fishers Went Sailing Away to the West'. With the growth of the community, it soon became necessary to provide more and better accommodation and work was commenced on the erection of a large hostel, to become known as Chancellor House, across the town on the main road to Salisbury. In

the meantime, we continued to live in Piggot's Building where we had no playing fields and as two senior new boys, Gordon Brookes from Plumtree School and Terrence Klassen from Blackpool, England, urged the school to start playing rugby and were supported by 'Konk' Edmonds, who became our games master, we buckled to, cleared scrub and larger stones from the side of a hill with a very steep slope, erected rugby goal posts and started playing.

My classmaster was Arthur Ball, known as 'AB', an extraordinary good-looking and popular master, adored by the girls who slyly sang the then popular song 'Abie, Abie, Abie my boy, Vat are you vaiting for now?' when they could be sure he was listening. 'Konk' Edmonds taught French and Games, 'Gussie' Hutchinson taught Maths and the Headmaster, 'Naartjie' Livingstone taught Latin. George Millar-Millar taught English and Farrell, who spoke with a strong Scottish accent, doubled up with 'Jock' Freeman and 'Gussie' to teach Science and Maths. Abie, George and Gussie were bachelors and, I think, enjoyed life thoroughly but were always discreet and well-behaved at school. Gussie, drinking with his cronies at the Royal Hotel one evening, disappeared and then returned to the bar minus his false teeth and with a very worried look. He explained to his friends that he had accidentally coughed out his teeth on Main Street and that, as eight o'clock was approaching and soon people would be motoring down Main Street to the local cinema, he entreated them to help him find the missing teeth. Full of the right spirit, his friends readily agreed and soon Gussie had them all down on their hands and knees, feeling on the poorly lit street for his teeth. He kept them there until the cinema-goers arrived and were held up by Gussie, who explained that his friends were trying to cross the street. Finally, he produced his teeth from his pocket and they all returned to the bar to make him pay for his sins.

1923

It was at about this time, shortly before the 1923 Referendum to decide whether Rhodesia should join the Union of South Africa or be given self-government, that General Smuts, Prime Minister of South Africa, visited Rhodesia and, at Umtali, was entertained at a Garden Party in the Park. The schoolchildren were all there and I remember being astonished at the General's strong Afrikaans accent.

1924

In 1924 we moved into Chancellor House and, as this meant a long walk to and from school situated near the Market Square (today behind the Norwich Union Building), I used this as a lever to persuade my mother to buy me my first cycle. This was purchased from Messrs Taylor and Nisbet's shop at Penhalonga, then managed by Pop Marnie who later married Doris Sharples and bought the Penhalonga Hotel. The cycle, complete with carbide lamp, pump and bell, cost £8 and was my pride and joy. Soon I had several of my friends, notably Jimmy Ward, Arthur Martin and Tommy Brent cycling with me to Penhalonga on a Saturday morning for a tuck-in to tea and cakes provided by my mother. As we couldn't leave Umtali until about 9 am and had to be back by noon and the eleven miles each way included a long walk pushing our cycles over Christmas Pass, we wasted little time when the eats were placed before us!

By this time, I was a Corporal in the School Cadets. My bird shooting stood me in good stead and in a short time I was a marksman and in the school shooting team. At the

Umtali School Bisley Team 1924. Jack on the left

Cadet Camp at Gwelo, we were remarkably successful and managed to win a number of trophies for our school.

Mr Fairbridge, father of Kingsley Fairbridge of Farm School fame, lived at Utopia, at the top end of Main Street. Fairbridge was a small man, addicted to dressing in semi-western style and was reputed not to bath in his old age, but to give himself a sand bath, like a chicken. Mrs Fairbridge was an enormous woman and one of my earliest memories in Umtali was the sight of Mrs Fairbridge and her two large daughters driving back in their donkey cart to the cinema, with an African running ahead, paraffin hurricane lamp in hand. Way back in about 1900, one evening the leading citizens of Umtali were attending the usual convivial gathering in the Umtali Club, the old Central Hotel, purchased for them by Mr Rhodes, when someone rushed in and said 'There is a pride of lions on Waterhouse Hill!' (Incidentally, Waterhouse Hill was the rise in Main Street about half a mile north of the Club and was so called because, bang in the middle of the street, was a building housing the filters and cocks controlling the town's water supply which came from the dam at the top end of town). Grabbing their guns, which in those days many kept within reach, the élite of Umtali proceeded to Waterhouse Hill with a couple of acetylene lamps for light. As they crept quietly along after reaching the place where the lions had been seen, suddenly several pairs of eyes glowed in the darkness. Three or four of the hunters leveled their rifles and fired. They could see that they had killed at least one lion and they rushed forward, each

claiming that it was his shot that had done the deed. Upon reaching the spot, they found two of Mrs Fairbridge's donkeys dead and each man began disclaiming responsibility.

Gussie Hutchinson had married Ruby Robertson, one of the schoolteachers, and George Millar-Millar climbed Cecil Kop with another teacher and came down engaged, so when Arthur Ball told us, on Saturday evening that on Sunday he was walking another teacher, Miss Crawhall, up Cecil Kop, we chorused: 'Be careful! Remember Gussie and George Millar-Millar!'. AB laughed and said: 'Oh no, not me. I'm a confirmed bachelor'. Sure enough, within a short time he had married Miss Crawhall.

Umtali High School, being in a border town, attracted a number of pupils from Portuguese East Africa, both Portuguese and children of British people living in PEA. One I remember particularly was Jose Rodriques, who came to our school as a junior with hardly a word of English in his vocabulary but who, within a year, was busy writing a book in English. It was never published and he did not become an author but it was an indication of how hard he worked at a foreign language. I remember an Italian boy, Giovanni Gasco, whose father was a railway ganger at Inyazura. The reason I recall Gasco is because, I am ashamed to say, we were continually twisting his arm or ill-treating him in other ways, just to hear him cry: 'Banana', which he invariably did! It didn't sour him as, years later, when the Rhodesians were in Italy (*during World War Two*), one of my friends met Giovanni Gasco, who treated him right royally and regaled him with food, wine and nostalgic stories of Umtali.

On the market square, an open place with large marula trees next to our school, we boys settled our differences in the age-old manner and frequently, after school, a ring would be formed and the quarrelers would fight it out until one of them had had enough, when they were made to shake hands, and forget their differences. We used this market square to do our cadet parades during school, about twice a week. When I became a sergeant, I marched my platoon as near to the school fence as possible because on the other side the Girl Guides were performing their activities and my particular girl was there to admire the exercise of my authority. It was all very innocent. If we fancied a girl, we would get a friend to deliver a note, usually through a sister, to the girl saying: 'Will you be my girl?' If she replied 'Yes', then for weeks there would be exchanged glances and smiles but seldom more than a word or two until the next school dance or some other 'get together' when perhaps, if you were very sophisticated and brave, you might steal a kiss! I remember one sweet thing, who had been my girl for months with never even a hand squeeze until a mischievous female friend practically forced us into the old Post Office letter box area and I hurriedly kissed my love and emerged all blushing and embarrassed. I was even more embarrassed later that afternoon when my friend Gordon Brookes, calling for me to go to rugby, told me that my lady love had just informed him that I certainly didn't know how to kiss.

At this time, my cousin Ted Blatch had bought himself a motor cycle. This was an enormous Indian Scout, and a beautiful machine. I used to nip out as often as possible to be taken on the pillion of this bike by Ted. As I had relations in town well-known to the masters at school, I had little difficulty in getting permission every Sunday afternoon to visit them. AB would say: 'Alright, Jack, Blatching again, I presume?' as soon as I approached him after lunch. One Saturday morning, when Ted was away on holiday, I quietly wheeled out his motor cycle to some distance from the house and then rode off on it, looking like a flea on a dog's back. I took the road to Penhalonga, over Christmas Pass. The road was rough and corrugated and, on my way back, speeding down a long straight known as the

'ladies mile', I went into a speed wobble and fell off with the heavy motor cycle pinning down my leg. There I lay until some passing Africans rescued me.

Still enamoured of the girl who said I couldn't kiss, during school holidays in Penhalonga I would borrow a horse from a friend of the family, Harry Norris, and ride the eleven miles to Umtali where I would canter this very handsome grey past my lady-love's house and then ride all the way back to Penhalonga, not even having spoken to her!

Penhalonga was a thriving village and the main reason for this was the Rezende Mine, named after a Portuguese explorer Baron Rezende, and at that time the second largest mine in Rhodesia. The rail-head for supplies and machinery for all mining activities was Umtali and everything was transported to Penhalonga by wagon. Messrs Hodson and Myburgh, forwarding and clearing agents and transport riders, had a virtual monopoly in transport and their donkey wagons, two or three in convoy, laboriously climbed Christmas Pass every night and outspanned about a mile beyond the Christmas Pass Hotel on the Penhalonga side, where Hodson and Myburgh had stables and fresh teams to take the wagons on to Penhalonga. One winter's night the African crew, as usual, lit a fire under one wagon to keep warm whilst the teams were changed. Unfortunately for them, they chose a wagon laden with cases of dynamite. The blast was heard in Penhalonga, six miles away.

Great friends of ours were the Sandy Tullochs who farmed some twenty miles or so from Penhalonga, on the lip of the Honde Gorge. Sandy Tulloch was a most attractive personality with a quite remarkably beautiful, deep speaking voice. My mother always said: 'If I hadn't married Joe, I would have married Sandy, if he'd asked me'. Mrs Tulloch was a gracious, sweet, cultured woman. They had two daughters and two sons, all grown up and the daughters married. I spent many school holidays at the Tulloch's farm and I remember still, with the greatest pleasure, the wonderful 'brunches' Mrs Tulloch would serve at about 9 to 9.30 in the morning. There would be delicious ropoko meal porridge, chocolate in colour, with sugar and cream, beautifully cooked scrambled or poached eggs and then wonderful freshly baked scones with homemade strawberry jam and cream. A stream, when it left the Tulloch's garden, flowed into a small dam and from there a four inch pipe ran down a steep hill to a mill-house below, housing a grinding mill powered by a Pelton Wheel driven by this water. Africans, mostly girls and women from neighbouring reserves, brought maize or millet to be ground at this mill and Sandy operated it two or three days a week. The Africans paid no cash but Sandy took one sixth of the meal and all the bran, in payment for grinding their grain. About six or seven miles from Tulloch's farm and just over the Portuguese border, the Tullochs operated a sawmill, situated right in the indigenous forest where trees grew to an enormous size. Those trees were felled and dragged to the sawmill where they were sawn by large circular saws driven by a steam engine. Alastair and Jack Tulloch, the two sons, took turns week and week about to operate this mill and, needless to say, I was soon in on the scene! It was here, armed with the Tullochs twelve bore shotgun, that I shot my first Samango Apes, beautiful long-haired apes known as 'blue monkeys' because of their blue coloured fur, tipped with sliver.

One week I was at the sawmill with Alastair when a very large order for fruit boxes was being executed and, because of this, it was decided that Jack would come on the Saturday, instead of Monday as was usual, and operate the mill through the weekend. On the Saturday morning, after Jack arrived, Alastair left for home and I rode my donkey along the top of the mountain range, through Meikle's estate, 'Mountain Home', back to

Penhalonga. That evening, some Portuguese Africans, who had attended a beerdrink on the Rhodesian side of the border, knowing that the hut in which the Tullochs slept at the mill was always vacated on Saturdays, decided in their drunken state to raid it and to steal whatever they could find. Jack must have awakened and recognized them, so they hacked him to death with their axes

Cecil Blatch, my cousin, was now managing a farm at Inyazura, about 45 miles from Umtali on the Salisbury line, for a relation of Sandy's called Major Ewan Tulloch. Cecil lived in a pole and dagga cottage with a thatched roof and furnished entirely by petrol boxes, a couple of chairs, a table and a couple of beds. The windows in the cottage were merely holes in the walls, innocent of frames or glass.

Petrol in those days was purchased in four gallon tins and these were packed two to a box. The petrol boxes were the main furnishing throughout the rural areas and often in the towns too. There were many permutations and quite extraordinarily attractive furnishings could be achieved with the assistance of curtains and cushions.

On Saturday afternoons we would cycle to Inyazura siding, which consisted of a double railwayline for trains to pass each other, an open-sided shed for shelter of passengers and goods and a general dealer's store known as Margolis' Store where the owner, Margolis, was assisted by another Jew named Horwitz who lived in premises attached to the store. Margolis and Horwitz were most hospitable and we spent many pleasant hours drinking tea with them and eating their simple fare. My chief memory of these visits is of their large, horned gramophone and one particular record in which someone sang about 'Robins in the park' and being 'afraid to come home in the dark'. Neighbours on the other side of West Valley were the Lloyds, who must have been fairly wealthy because they had a big house, two managers or assistants and, most important of all, a pianola into which I loved putting the rolls and pumping away with my feet. Beyond the Lloyds were the Boyd-Clarks, great dairy farmers. Sometime later, I spent another holiday with Cecil and some family friends, Mrs Coventry and her five daughters. We had a pleasant holiday, with very much better food than when Cecil and I were alone. Incidentally, the horns of a kudu bull (*shot by Jack at the age of 12 with a 7mm rifle*) I presented to Chancellor House and they were mounted in the diningroom and may still be there. (*Are they?*)

ENTRY INTO COMMERCE

1924

On the first day of the school holidays in December, 1924 (*aged 15*), having sat for the Junior Certificate Examination and having persuaded my mother to allow me to leave school, I started work in the office of Meikles (Umtali) Ltd, which had just taken over the general dealer business of Messrs Meikle Brothers. The office staff consisted of Mr Milne the Manager, A.C. Soffe the bookkeeper, Jackie Deere the shipping and costing clerk, Douglas Meikle ledger clerk, Winnie Stokes typist, and myself as office boy. Jackie Deere, recently back from England where he had had commercial training, was detailed to give me an hour's shorthand and touch-typing lesson every afternoon. My salary was £5 per month. I lived with the Blatches and paid £4 for board and lodging and had £1 per month for pocket money!

Some of the people who worked in Meikles at that time were Nicholls and Bowker in

the Hardware, Giletts, McCulloch, and Jock Steele in Groceries, McGibbon and Gladys Stokes in Draper, Shankey in Outfitting and Tom Stratton (Snr) in Despatch. My first working suits were khaki jacket and longs, with which I wore a white helmet. The majority of men wore helmets in those days. After a few months I was promoted to the cash box and my pay increased to £7.10. The cash box was upstairs on a balcony and from it wires led to each department. Cash sales were marked on an invoice which was placed with the cash tendered in a small, closed wooden container which was then shot up the wire to me by means of a strong, elastic spring. I put the cash in the container and shot it back to the assistant concerned. In those days, Meikles gave customers 1% discount for cash and this was paid by means of small stamps handed to the customer and redeemable for goods. Many customers, particularly passing through Umtali, could not be bothered with these stamps and I had a working arrangement with most of the assistants to send them back to me and I then promptly traded them for packets of lemon cream biscuits, to satisfy my permanent hunger.

There was an African office messenger named Edward and he and I soon became great buddies and he would come up to my box, sit on the floor, out of sight of authority, eat my biscuits and talk to me. From Edward, I very soon learnt everything I did not already know about sex.

In Penhalonga, a new shop had opened known as A.P. Stokes and Co., managed and owned by Percy Stokes, an ex-Meikles employee, and financed by our old friend Harry Norris. As I was well-known in Penhalonga, Percy Stokes decided to offer me a job at £2.10.0 more than I was receiving at Meikles. As this meant free living at home, I accepted and resigned from Meikles despite the fact that Mr Milne, the manager, at first refused to accept my resignation, saying that I had a good future with the Meikles organization and insisted on a letter from my mother backing my resignation. Percy Stokes was a character and it was here that I first witnessed really bitter family quarrels. Percy and his wife, Hilda, seemed to loathe each other and I was frequently extremely embarrassed by their quarrels in my presence and by the vicious and rude expressions they hurled at each other.

I now persuaded my mother, much against her better judgement, to purchase a motor car and she withdrew her meagre savings from the Bank for a down payment on a new Chevrolet four cylinder tourer, which she bought on a hire-purchase agreement from J.T. Woods' garage in Umtali. No sooner was the agreement signed than Mr Woods took me out in the car to teach me how to drive. I explained to him that I had known how to drive for years, although I had not driven and to his amazement I took over and drove the car. One day, driving in Umtali, I offered a lift to Ida MacDowell, a lovely little girl on whom I had had a crush for some considerable time. I persuaded her to come for a drive along the Circular Drive and, upon reaching a secluded spot, I daringly asked her if she would be my girl and, to my joy, she agreed. Next, I timidly asked her if she would kiss me and she promptly killed our romance by replying 'Certainly not!'.

By that time, I was so successful in obtaining monthly orders from all the housewives in Penhalonga that the opposition shop, Messrs A.H. Day and Company, decided to offer me a job at an increased salary. I resigned from Stokes and Co. and started with A.H. Day and Co. at the magnificent salary of £15 per month.

Whilst I was at Stokes and Co. one of my duties was to drive the firm's half ton truck to Umtali about twice a week to fetch supplies for the store. When I left, Percy Stokes offered

my job to his very much younger brother, John then still a schoolboy at Umtali High School. John took the job and we soon became firm buddies and companions in what mischief we could achieve, using either my mother's car or Percy's half ton truck.

The main road running through Penhalonga village had a high bank on the one side, on which grew a long row of silver oak trees, and on the other side, at road level, were a number of shops catering for the African trade and owned and run by Greeks and Indians. The Greek community were very decent and hard working people and we were all on very friendly terms. We young people particularly liked two young cousins who ran separate stores. These were "Fatty" and 'Sausage' Tselentis. Fatty was fat, but I don't know why we called his cousin 'Sausage'. Of the two, Sausage was our favourite and we spent many hours in his company and eventually prevailed upon him to teach us to dance the tango. The storekeepers lived in premises attached to their stores and, one night at about 9pm, accompanied by Ernie and Monty Banwell, John and I decided to play a trick on our Greek friends. The four of us filled our pockets with stones and each climbed into a separate silver oak tree overlooking the shops. At a given signal, we hurled stones onto the tin roofs. The shopkeepers all came out, talking volubly in Greek and we remained quite quiet in the leafy oak trees. When they all went inside again, we repeated the stone throwing. This went on for some time and the shopkeepers became thoroughly exasperated. The next time we threw stones, there happened to be two or three Africans passing and they, fearing that they would be blamed for the clamour, ran off up the dark street. Fatty Tselentis, now really incensed, rushed out of his store, heard the retreating, running footsteps and decided to give the culprits a good fright, so shot off a couple of rounds from his pistol into the silver oak tree nearest to him! Dead silence prevailed and, after a considerable time, John and I descended from our trees and cautiously approached Monty Banwell's tree, into which the shots had been fired. There was Monty, clinging like an ape to the trunk of the tree, and as we approached, he said in a hoarse whisper 'Don't shoot, Fatty'.

Across the border from Umtali and about 20 miles distant was the first Portuguese town on the road to Beira. This was Masekesa, now known as Vila de Manica. At Masekesa, once a year, a festival was held, the main feature of which was a bull fight. The bulls were usually emaciated heifers or steers and the whole performance was regarded by Rhodesians, who flocked over the border to attend the festival, as a joke and a time to swig vinho and generally have high jinks. The Portuguese, however, took their bull fights very seriously and all the usual ceremonies and customs were observed, with the Governor of Mozambique often present, the ladies in their finery tossing flowers and handkerchiefs to the brave fighters who, incidentally, spent more time jumping over the barricades surrounding the ring than actually fighting the bull. The Portuguese police coped, it must be said, very kindly and gently with young Rhodesians who jumped into the ring during the proceedings and insisted on fighting the bull single handed. Always, at the end of the afternoon, a real bull, kept especially for the purpose, was let into the ring and the Rhodesians were invited to have a go at it. A dozen or so young men would leap into the ring and a hilarious few minutes followed. Eventually, the poor bull would be picked up and carried out of the ring, indignant but quite unhurt. Occasionally, one or two of the Rhodesians would be gored, sometimes quite seriously, but no-one has ever been killed.

The crown and pinion gears were a weakness on our particular model of Chevrolet. It had a magnificent engine and would climb the steepest hill but it had wheels with wooden

spokes and these creaked when you drove along in winter. The remedy was to keep them as wet as possible. New, the car cost my mother £370. The Chev's chief rival at that time was the four cylinder Baby Overland, sold by the Umtali Taxi Company, owned by O.T. Baker and Maj. Lark. In Penhalonga there was an ex-Australian miner named Jenkins who had a daughter, Eva, much desired by all of us but zealously guarded by her father who was, consequently, generally disliked. 'Jenks', as we called him, had a Baby Overland, a 'bonzer' car according to him, and many times I raced him on the Umtali-Penhalonga road and one night, I must confess to my shame, I edged him off the road and into the ditch when he was very drunk. In my car I had the O'Reilly family all egging me on and shrieking with laughter. Mrs Jenkins was reported to have said to the people who eventually picked them up: '…and it was them O'Reillys, too!' This was the night that an English travelling theatrical company staged 'No, No, Nanette' at the Cecil Hotel in Umtali. Incidentally, this was the first time any of us had seen a one-piece bathing suit and the gorgeous girls in the chorus in these costumes created quite a stir. After the show, Jenks got into the back seat of his 'bonzer' car and shouted that some bastard had pinched his steering wheel!!

At this time there were quite a number of teenagers in Penhalonga and it was seldom that a month passed without a party at someone's house. Mr Harris a new Chief Electrician on Rezende, had two daughters and many parties were held at their house. Mr Harris was a radio enthusiast and the first radio reception any of us had ever heard was on his set at this time, when, on a good night, faint strains of music could be heard on the earphones – there was no loudspeaker. At this time, the Ukelele songs were extremely popular and I never hear 'Ukelele Lady' and 'If you Like a Ukelele Baby' without, in my mind's eye, seeing us all clustered round the set awaiting our turn to don the earphones. Other songs popular then were 'I'm One Of The Nuts From Barcelona', 'Felix Keeps on Walking', 'It Aint Gonna Rain No More' and 'Why Did I Kiss That Girl?'

(*The following day*) I decided to complete a job on our car and, to my amazement, I found that our gardener Kamuna (aged about 16), assisted by a couple of African friends, had completed the job of re-assembling the differential and rear wheels of the car and, strangely enough, during the remaining three or four years that we had that car, the crown and pinion gears did not fail again!

1926

In 1926, my uncle, Randolph Cosby Nesbitt, V.C., retired from the Native Affairs Department and decided to settle at the Cape and, on his way through Umtali to catch his boat at Beira, my mother took me to the station to see him, hoping, I think, that he would use his influence to get me into Government Service. It was her earnest wish that I should become a civil servant or a bank clerk. Security was something she had always yearned for and never achieved. Anyway, he didn't do anything about it.

At this time Umtali had an extraordinarily good dance band known as Roberts' Band and led by a very personable young man named Cedric Roberts but known to everyone as "Barmy' Roberts because of his many escapades. He came from a wealthy family in England and had, I believe, been asked to leave home because of this propensity to get himself into trouble. He could read no music but once he heard a tune could play it, syncopate it and embellish it with incredible skill. He gathered together about seven other instrumentalists and trained them until his dance music was irresistible. He owned a car which he operated

as a taxi and many are the fantastic stories told about him. He had a contract with the Cecil Hotel to take tourists for scenic drives and he once took two old Cooks Tour ladies up the Vumba and, tearing round the most dangerous part of the road, with a sheer drop of hundreds of feet on one side, steered the car with his knees whilst using his arms to indicate various places of interest. On another occasion, he met a visiting rugby team at the station, crammed them into his very large Willys Knight car, tore up Main Street, swerved round the right angled bend into Victory Avenue and made straight for the Cecil Hotel verandah shouting: 'Hold on, boys. No brakes!' and proceeded to mount a very large heap of loose gravel which no doubt he knew had been dumped on the side of the road for road repairs. Umtali won the rugby game!

Walking to work every day, I passed the Mine Surveyor, Joey Sheal, on his way to the mine and, as a matter of course, each morning I raised my hat to him and said 'Good morning, Mr Sheal'. One day he stopped me and said: 'Jack, you have grown up now and you are working for your living. There is no longer any cause to raise your hat to me'. But I continued to do so – I just couldn't help it.

Overlooking Penhalonga village is a steep mountain, Jeffrey's Kop. On Sundays or holidays John Stokes and I, accompanied as was very usual by the two Banwell boys, would sometimes climb this mountain and roll enormous boulders down the mountain slopes. These would thunder down, gathering speed until they leapt and careered, breaking large trees and crashed into the valley below. One day, an enormous boulder, weighing many tons and which we had moved by means of crowbars from where it was precariously balanced on the cliff's edge, thundered down and, to our horror, deflected by a particularly large tree which it shattered, made straight for Banwell's house. This house was on a terrace cut into the mountainside, with the bank at the back almost up to roof level. Down thundered and bounced this rock, almost the size of a motor car, and we knew Mrs Banwell was in the house but there was nothing we could do to warn her. The two Banwell boys started screaming with fright and then, incredibly, the rock bounced at the right moment, cleared the house and crashed into the stream in the valley below.

After one of our 'tango' evenings at the house of two girls named Gladys and Marjorie Bullock, we persuaded our friend 'Sausage' Tselentis to join us in an escapade which led to my departure from Penhalonga. John Stokes, Victor Horne, son of the then Manager of Rezende Mine, Sausage and I left the Bullock's house close on midnight. I had my mother's car and Victor had his father's car but the sight of Jenk's 'bonzer' Baby Overland in an open garage nearby was too much of a temptation and much against Sausage's will we persuaded him to accompany us in this car on a joy ride to Umtali. Victor drove and, like a clot and in spite of our warnings, dashed through the several streams which crossed the road, quite without bridges in those days. Jenk's immaculately kept car was consequently sprayed with water which collected dust all the way to Umtali and back. In Umtali, all quiet and sleeping, we drove to the Municipal swimming baths, climbed over the corrugated iron wall and had a hilarious swim in the nude. Upon our return to Penhalonga, we garaged the 'bonzer' car and dispersed. Next morning, Jenks was amazed to find his pride and joy covered in dust and mud and, furious, immediately reported the matter to the Police. Sausage Tselentis told the Banwell boys of our adventure and when Percy Hawden, the Sergeant in charge of the local police, as a shot in the dark, accused the Banwells of taking Jenk's car, they panicked and repeated the story to him. Percy Hawden gave us a good talking to and pointed out that

a statute had just been enacted making the 'borrowing' of another person's car a criminal offence and suggested that we endeavour to make our peace with Jenkins, who demanded £5 from each of us. John, Sausage and I paid but Victor Horne, whose father was the Manager of the mine, told Jenks to jump in the lake.

One day I had a difference of opinion with Preston, the Manager of A.H. Day and Company, knocked him down the high steps in front of the shop and was promptly fired. For two or three months, I taxied with my mother's car and made more money than I had ever earned before, averaging about £70 a month. However, mother wasn't happy about this and spoke to our friend Joey Sheal, the Surveyor and Assayer on the mine, who gave me a letter to Lonrho's General Manager in Salisbury, Digby Burnett, suggesting that I be given a job as a learner, under him, on the mine. Armed with this letter, I set out in our car for Salisbury, accompanied by a fitter and mechanic on the mine named Horace Whitmarsh. Our journey to Salisbury over the 180 miles of tracks which passed for a road, took 12 hours of hard going, with an extra 20 miles or so due to our taking a farm road near Macheke and having to retrace our tracks to the main road.

In Salisbury, I stayed with our friends, the Powells, whose young son practiced assiduously on the violin and who retired recently as the Secretary for Internal Affairs. Quite unprepared for a confrontation with Digby Burnett, a much feared, autocratic martinet, I innocently presented my letter to him. He read the letter, grunted: 'Nonsense! We don't need learner surveyors but we do need ranch assistants. Take this chit to Hards and he'll give you a rail ticket to Balla Balla where you will start right away under Brent.' I stammered 'Yes, Sir' and found myself out of his office and being ushered into Mr Hards' office, where I was duly provided with rail tickets to Bulawayo and from Bulawayo to Balla Balla on the West Nicholson branch line, a letter to the Manager of the Grant Hotel, Bulawayo, owned by Lonrho, and £10 in cash for out-of-pocket expenses.

Asking Horace Whitmarsh to explain to my mother what had happened, I entrained that evening and arrived at the Grand Hotel, Bulawayo the next morning.

Part two of Jack's memoirs will be published in a future edition of Heritage "subject to demand" by readers.
Feedback from readers is earnestly requested (to Fraser Edkins at P.O. Box 53, Harare) concerning the names and events mentioned in Jack's memoirs, in particular as to the present whereabouts of the descendants of Jack and those mentioned in this article.
My grateful thanks are extended to Shirley Geisel for her typing of the several drafts of this article.

Life through the Government Gazette: 1894

by Fraser Edkins

Following the grant of the Royal Charter to the British South Africa Company ("the Company") on 29th October 1889, and the occupation of "Mashonaland" by September 1890, the sovereignty of Matabeleland was strictly observed by the fledgeling administration, if not always by individual settlers, (some of whose trespasses caused the occasional headache for Leander Starr Jameson, the Administrator, and his colleagues).

In the *Mashonaland Times and Mining Chronicle* of 20th May 1893 "Matabele" Wilson wrote:

> I arrived at this place, (Bulawayo), on 18th April (1893), and found everything in a very healthy state; nothing but good feeling on every side. The only thing that upset things for a time was the entry of Edkins and Shackleton into the country (Matabeleland) from Victoria. Some of the Insebi Regiment came across them and looted their cart. Shackleton was sick at the time, Edkins sent to the king (Lobengula) to report the affair, also for medicine. The king sent at once and had Edkins brought to Bulawayo where he is now staying with Mr and Mrs Colenbrander. Shackleton, I regret to say, died during the interval. The king has returned everything to Edkins, with the exception of a few rifles so, with the exception of a little fever, he is none the worse for his experience. This ought to be a warning to people who rush into the country without previous experience and, in consequence of their ignorance of customs, fail to obtain permits to cross the border. All, however, is now quiet and I hope to be in Victoria soon. Edkins is also returning shortly.

Edkins and Shackleton (traders in Fort Victoria) had set out on a prospecting and trading expedition into Matabeleland without King Lobengula's permit to cross the border. Things changed, of course, following the war with Lobengula later in 1893 and the occupation and effective annexation of Matabeleland by the Company following his defeat.

Notwithstanding this state of affairs on the ground, the new territory still remained "under the protection" of Queen Victoria and it was necessary for the Company to reach agreement with Her Majesty's Government relative to the administration of Matabeleland "in augmentation of the powers conferred (upon the Company) by the Charter". That agreement was recorded on 18th July 1894 "at the Court at Windsor" (those present including Queen Victoria, the Duke of York and certain Privy Councillors).

The initial limits (as far as Matabeleland was concerned) thereafter appeared from the High Commissioner's Notice 38/1894 published in the Company Government Gazette of 5th October 1894 (the Matabeleland Order in Council).

GOVERNMENT GAZETTE OF 5 OCTOBER 1994

Among the rules set were the following:

1. As to area, the new limits of the occupied territories (Mashonaland and Matabeleland) were now:

a. to the East and North West, the "Portuguese Possessions" (latter day Mozambique and Angola);
b. to the South, the borders of the Transvaal (or South African Republic) to a point opposite the mouth of the Shashi River;
c. on the Western boundary by the Shashi and Khama's territories (modern day Botswana) up to the Zambezi River;
d. on the Northern boundary from the Zambezi to "the Portuguese Boundary" (Mozambique);
e. excluded (as in the Charter) was the Tati District and a 10 mile radius round Fort Tuli.

Prior to the conquest of Matabeleland in 1893, the area contemplated as "Mashonaland" by the Charter excluded Matabeleland, Tati, the radius around Fort Tuli and a small piece of "Disputed Territory" between the Shashi and Motloutse rivers, but was otherwise "the Territories North of the 22nd parallel of South Latitude" (As appears from a map this parallel runs in a line West to East from the Tuli Safari area in line with Malipati and over the southern reaches of the Mateke Hills and passes just North of Sango (Vila Salazar).

2. The British Secretary of State had to approve any person proposed as Administrator of the territory (and could remove him from office). The first appointee was Dr. Leander Starr Jameson.
3. The High Court of Matabeleland was constituted, and a Judge appointed to head it, Joseph Vintcent.
4. The Administrator, (Dr. Jameson) was to administer the territory with a Council consisting of Judge Vintcent and three other members appointed by the Company and approved by the British High Commissioner in Cape Town.
5. The Company and Council were authorized to levy hut taxes and customs duties (to pay for the administration of the territory) but were not permitted "to impose upon natives any conditions, disabilities or restrictions which (did not) equally apply to persons of European descent" (save in respect of the supply of arms, ammunition and liquor or any matter in respect of which the Secretary of State saw fit to authorize a regulation).
6. "Natives" (defined as any persons not of European descent who were native of South or Central Africa) were entitled to acquire and dispose of land on the same conditions as others but all contracts concluded by natives for the encumbrance or sale of their land had to be attested by a Magistrate (certifying that the price was fair and that the native understood the transaction).
7. A "reasonable fine" (to be confirmed by the British High Commissioner) could be imposed "in case of a revolt against the Company, or other misconduct committed by a native chief or tribe".
8. Save where "repugnant to natural justice or morality" the Magistrate in civil cases between natives was to be "guided by native law" (and could appoint two native assessors to give such guidance). Magistrates (not necessarily men with legal qualifications) had the same jurisdiction as that of a Resident Magistrate in the Cape Colony. Appeals lay to the new High Court.
9. Polygamy was in order if a part of native law or custom.

10. Death sentences had to be confirmed by the British High Commissioner (done by telegraph).
11. Appeals in certain cases lay from the new High Court to the Supreme Court of the Cape Colony (and thence to the Privy Council).
12. The thorny issue of land in the conquered territory was addressed (albeit radical changes were to come following the First Chimurenga in 1896) with the appointment of a Land Commission headed by Vintcent, with Captains Charles Frederick Linsell (appointed by the Secretary of State) and Herman Melville Heyman (the Company nominee). These were some of the initial provisions, viz:
    a. the Land Commission was to deal with "all questions relating to the settlement of natives" in Matabeleland and was instructed "without delay" to assign to them "land sufficient for their occupation …. and suitable for their agricultural and pastoral requirements including …. a fair proportion of springs or permanent water" and to "deliver to them cattle sufficient for their needs";
    b. the Company was to retain the mineral rights in all land assigned to natives and, if it required any such land for mining, townships, railways or other public works, it could "order the natives to remove from such land" against "just and liberal compensation" with land elsewhere ("equally suitable in all respects as the land from which they were ordered to remove");
    c. subordinate tribunals called District Land Courts (headed by the local Magistrate) were appointed to make recommendations to the Land Commission on all land questions referred to the latter;
    d. all land cases were subject to review by the British Secretary of State.

Mashonaland and Matabeleland now essentially constituted together the area that later in 1894 came to be commonly called "Rhodesia" and constitutes present day Zimbabwe.

Other business was conducted in that Company Gazette of 5th October 1894, including appointments by Leander Starr Jameson of Harman Hopper as Registrar of Brands (with Hubert Hervey, Richard Nesbitt (brother of Major R. C. Nesbitt, VC, of Mazoe Patrol fame) Herman Heyman, George Farmaner, Henry Gray and Dunbar Moodie as Deputies for various Districts).

Notice was given by A. H. F. Duncan of the intended surveying of farms, interested parties (including objectors) to attend on given dates at "places of meeting" to verify the beacons, one of which places was Cumming's Store near Belingwe (a place of refuge in the 1896 Uprising - see facing page 26 of "The '96 Rebellions" Vol. 2 of the Rhodesiana Reprint Silver Series), other farms including Claremont (original owner W. L. Ewing) Ruparara (Moodie) Placefell (Pattinson) and other Eastern Highlands properties near Juliasdale.

A notice to creditors to lodge their claims with Executors Messrs Eustace, Nicholls and Rankine recorded the end of the dreams of "the late John O'Connor, Prospector, Matabeleland".

Finding it "expedient to make provision for the repression of cattle thefts", Jameson declared in force the Brands Registration laws of the Cape Colony, providing inter alia:-

a. that every transport rider entering Company territory should take out a pass recording the number of cattle in his possession on entry and any such person found without a pass or with any greater number of cattle than specified in his pass, (in the absence of

a satisfactory explanation) would be liable to a fine not exceeding £100 or 3 months imprisonment with labour;

b. that every owner of any horse, ostrich or cattle in the territory should (for a fee of 25 shillings) register his brand (and see item 22 at page 25 of *Heritage* 28 for details of some of the brands of certain well-known pioneers).

GOVERNMENT GAZETTE OF 12 OCTOBER 1894

Pursuant to the Matabeleland Order in Council, a notice in the Gazette of the following week introduced a hut tax of 10 shillings per annum (payable on 1st July in each year) for every hut occupied by "every male Native" during any part of the year (including any hut occupied in his kraal by his wife or other woman).

Payment was required in sterling coin (or equivalent market value in grain or stock, including the cost of carriage or driving to the nearest market place).

GOVERNMENT GAZETTE OF 2 NOVEMBER 1894

In Jameson's temporary absence Colonel Frank Rhodes (brother of Cecil) was appointed Acting Administrator.

Farm Survey notices appeared in this and most other Gazettes of the time, including the survey of Wha Wha (later to achieve notoriety as a detention centre for African nationalists).

GOVERNMENT GAZETTE OF 9 NOVEMBER 1894

James Kennedy was appointed Registrar of the Matabeleland High Court.

Richard Plumer's estate was sequestrated (his brother being Colonel Plumer, later to achieve fame as leader of the Rhodesian Field Force which undertook operations against the Boer Forces in Botswana and the North West Transvaal).

GOVERNMENT GAZETTE OF 16 NOVEMBER 1894

Frederick Courtney Selous registered his brand (FS).

Julius Weil (General Merchant) advertised his ability to outfit parties "for the Interior" with wagons, oxen, mules, salted horses and large stocks of guns and ammunition (even arranging Letters of Credit where necessary). To ease the journey Weil listed the availability of whisky, champagne, wines, canned goods and cigarettes (being "sole proprietors of the Adel Shee Cigarette"). Weil was perhaps the country's first curio salesman, listing "Native Curios, Game Horns, Karosses and Feathers" as always on hand.

George Pauling (based in Mozambique) advertised the Beira Railway passenger service from the "75 Mile Station" (East of Chimoio) to Fontesvilla and then by steamboat to Beira (The Chimoio – Salisbury leg was by coach).

For travellers to and from England, advertised was a fortnightly Castle Line service to and from Beira, (via Madeiras and Los Palmas).

Keep Brothers of Birmingham undertook the sale of "every description of Hardware, Soft Goods and Provisions on the most reasonable terms", (with all orders to be accompanied by trade references or credit on Standard Bank).

GOVERNMENT GAZETTE OF 23 NOVEMBER 1894

James Edward Nicholls was appointed Assistant Registrar of the Matabeleland High Court and as Clerk to Judge Vintcent.

Members of the "Matabeleland Expedition" were reminded to lodge their claims to a share of "the proceeds of the sale of cattle captured during the late war" (against Lobengula) the final dividend to be paid on 1st December 1894. W. G. Hill (Poundmaster) gave notice that a stallion donkey and three black and white pigs held at the Salisbury Pound were to be sold four days hence if unclaimed.

Jesuit Father Prestage, Robert Beale and E. A. Maund (among others) registered their brands.

The Zambesia Mail and Passenger Service (Proprietor J. D. Symington) advertised "fast and comfortable coaches" from Salisbury to Umtali (36 hours) and Umtali to Chimoio (in 36 hours) departing Pioneer Street every Sunday at 6:00 a.m. Each passenger's luggage allowance was 30lb (excess luggage surcharged at 6d per lb). Their competitors to Umtali included H. Bezuidenhout (in conjunction with Zeederberg's) and George Pauling.

The services of A. Holmes (Blacksmith, Wheelwright and Farrier) of Mazoe Road, were no doubt called upon by the coach operators.

Kimberly Butchery (opposite Hatfield Hotel) offered "Good Beef and Mutton, Sausages and Brawn" as did Martin and Lafferty of Speke Avenue and Pioneer Street (who also advertised their polonies).

Deary & Company offered quotations for "the Company stock" of tinned beef, tea, ground and raw coffee, compressed vegetables and various items of hardware.

Jessop & Hewitt ran the Cosmopolitan Hotel in the Causeway, the main attraction being their Billiard Saloon.

George Gibbs of Bristol, "sole makers of Gibbs-Metford Sporting Rifles, being the only rifles used by Mr F. C. Selous during the last 12 years" referred interested persons to their agent in Kimberly.

W. M. Philippi & Company of Beira advertised their stock of Nobel's Dynamite, Detonators & Fuses.

The Rhodesia Herald announced the arrival of "an excellent and highly artistic assortment of Christmas and New Year Cards". *The Johannesburg Star*, *Cape Argus* and *Bulawayo Chronicle* were also available as was *The African Review* (edited by H. Rider Haggard).

GOVERNMENT GAZETTE OF 30 NOVEMBER 1894

Lionel Munro Wyllie was appointed Acting Registrar of Deeds (and a tin box of his papers are in the writer's possession if any of his descendants are out there). He ended up in Ceylon.

The Count De La Panouse and Meikles Brothers registered their brands.

Apart from notices of lost mining and farm claims and a reminder to the "Matabeleland Expedition" claimants, a quiet week.

GOVERNMENT GAZETTE OF 7 DECEMBER 1894

Appointments of Assistant Native Commissioners were announced including William ("Bulala") Taylor (later to achieve notoriety for his controversial methods) and H. P. Fynn.

Tenders were invited for the supply of rations to the Mashonaland Mounted Police (including Boer Meal, Lime Juice and Dop Brandy).

E. E. Homan and the Roman Catholic Mission (the latter a cross over a Z) registered their stock brands.

English and Colonial Mail left by coach at 3:30 p.m. each Monday and parcel rates were advised (for the United Kingdom 2/9d per lb.)

GOVERNMENT GAZETTE OF 14 DECEMBER 1894

Joseph Orpen, Charles Rutherford, Frederick Metcalf and Partners, and Messrs Birkhart and Gaynor (among others) registered their brands.

There were no other entries that week.

GOVERNMENT GAZETTE OF 21 DECEMBER 1894

Frank Rhodes announced the application to Matabeleland of the Cape Cattle Removal Laws of 1870–1893, (for the further control of stock theft).

Three terms for civil business at the High Court in each year were announced (and three Criminal Sessions in each year) with Saturday still a working day (to 1:00 p.m. in the case of Government offices).

Government offices were to close for a week from 22–28th January and on New Year's Day 1895.

George Haupt ('GH') (on whose farm the suburb of Greendale was later founded – see – *Heritage* 27) and the Salvation Army registered their brands.

GOVERNMENT GAZETTE OF 28 DECEMBER 1894

The final Gazette of the year. There was no business but for registration of brands.

Later Gazettes, many with illustrations, show the continuing development of the territory (including the impact of the 1896 uprising) and it is hoped that readers will find this article of sufficient interest to warrant the theme being continued year by Gazette year in future editions of *Heritage*.

My grateful thanks to Felicity Naidoo for her usual sterling work in typing the drafts of this piece.

Articles are needed for future issues of *Heritage of Zimbabwe.*
If you can assist in this regard, please contact the Honorary Editor
by email to <mjksec@honeyb.co.zw>.

Mr. O.P. Wheeler OBE (Joe Wheeler) A Pioneer of Entertainment, Social Thinker and Entrepreneur 1902–1955

by Diana Clements

The arrival in Port Elizabeth, South Africa, of O. P. Wheeler, OBE, (Joe Wheeler as he became known) was when ships anchored away from shore and passengers were swung ashore in a type of basket onto the 'docks'!

Joe Wheeler, my late father, was born in Shrewsbury, Shropshire, England, in 1878. In 1901, however, he answered an advertisement in a London newspaper for an accountant with a firm in Port Elizabeth and got the job; surprisingly so, as Joe Wheeler had never studied accountancy. He wanted to go to South Africa to start a new life, as many young men did in those days. He studied accountancy on the ship going out but was 'fired' after one day in this new job! Now, virtually penniless, he wandered around the then small town of Port Elizabeth and saw a theatrical bill board still advertising as "Playing Tonight", a London

O. P. Wheeler OBE (Joe Wheeler)

company, though it had moved out to other towns. With quick thinking, Joe shot round the town, rounding up anyone who could play a harmonica, the piano, sing etc., to come to this theatre which still had up the professional billboard. The theatre was packed. Halfway through this crazy show, the Doorman came to Joe and said, "They are waiting for you out front, Mr. Wheeler, better you leave now by the back!" Hastily, Joe Wheeler paid off the "cast", and, with what was left, ran flat out down to the railway station where a train was just pulling out. He jumped on – and it took him to Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia.

He was at the Victoria Falls, watching the bridge being built, and here he formed a friendship with an American selling sewing machines and life insurances, as this bridge building was a very hazardous undertaking in those days! His name was I. W. Schlesinger (Isidor W. Schlesinger). With what profits "I.W." had made, he bought a spanking new Cape cart and team of mules and decided to leave for South Africa. Joe Wheeler commented that this out-fit must have cost a lot of money but "I.W." said, "Watch me, 'O.P.'". (They called each other by their initials for the rest of their days in the business world as their worlds merged together in entertainment till "I.W." died in Johannesburg, a multimillionaire by then). As a result of this friendship, "I.W." became interested in the theatre and foresaw the financial possibilities of Joe's favourite subject. "I.W." later formed African Theatres Trust Ltd., in Johannesburg with control over cinema entertainment in South Africa and Rhodesia. "O.P." would join African Theatres later but before that Joe Wheeler moved about independently.

From the Victoria Falls, Joe Wheeler returned to Bulawayo where he obtained a job as bookkeeper with Cory's Grocery Stores. This would be about 1902 as Joe Wheeler attended the funeral service at Matopos of Cecil John Rhodes. He showed his family, in later years, the exact track up to the granite dome where Cecil Rhodes' grave was cut out. The paint markings were still there (in 1936) where the oxen were to go as they towed up the heavy lead lined coffin of Cecil Rhodes and we were told by our father that people lining that route were 'advised' to bring handkerchiefs soaked in some perfume as the coffin had been on the train from Cape Town, where Rhodes died, for nearly a week! This is not the path taken today by tourists wanting to see the grave; it is an easier route.

Joe Wheeler was also a skilled banjo player and joined a Banjo Band – a small professional company – sometime between 1903 and 1905. They went on tour to Beira in Portuguese East Africa (Mozambique), but the company went broke. (The following quote is from an account given by Dorothy Wheeler, in later years, to C. T. C. Taylor for his book *A History of Rhodesian Entertainment*).

> Poor Joe came down to breakfast one morning in their rather second-rate hotel to find that the others had decamped overnight and that he was the only survivor – without an escudo in his pocket. He did some quick thinking and offered to paint the dilapidated roof of the hotel in cancellation of the bill and in return for a third class ticket back to Rhodesia.

The offer was accepted and Mrs. Wheeler thinks that the same coat of paint is still visible today! (1968). Joe travelled up country in the third class coach and, to avoid the embarrassment of being recognised by the Customs Official at Umtali, he stretched out on a bench under a blanket when the latter boarded the coach and said, "Hi, get up there, you," twitching the blanket off his face; but he need not have worried. The official merely said, "Oh, it's only you, Joe," and threw the blanket back over him again".

The first mention of Joe in the theatre world was in Bulawayo as a member of the cast of an overseas professional – Charles Rodney – in his pantomime "The Necromancer" in January 1906. Joe stayed on in many of Rodney's "Saturday Pops", acting with the other professional, George Kingsland, gaining the experience which was to mark him out as a provider of entertainment and as an actor of special merit whose standards were always high. It was in professional George Kingsland's production of "The Brixton Burglary", a comedy in three acts, that Joe met his future wife by name of Dorothy Nicholson who was playing the part of Petunia Perkins.

Dorothy Nicholson had arrived from England in April of that year, 1906, having been en route to the Victoria Falls Hotel where her father George Lyndhurst Nicholson, was the manager. This hotel, then, being the only one at the Victoria Falls was a wood and iron building where, Dorothy Wheeler recalls, "baboons ran up and down the passages dragging their hands along the corrugated iron, making a terrible row and then pinching the sugar lumps from the tea trays on the verandah". Dorothy, while at the Falls, once persuaded an African to row her in his canoe along the side of the river Zambezi! She was very petite in her long gown with its nipped in waist and big hat, the dress mode then, but she managed to gracefully board the wooden canoe, carved from a tree trunk, and sat with a lace parasol opened over her head because of the strong sunshine, while the African poled the canoe along till he managed to find a suitable place for her to disembark!

Joe and Dorothy were married in April 1907 in St. John's Church, Bulawayo and Dorothy, from then on, assisted, and often acted, in many of Joe's theatre productions. In 1912, Joe Wheeler was co-lessee of the Empire Theatre in Bulawayo with Lago Clifford, a professional who stayed on in Rhodesia after his original company had returned to England. Clifford left Rhodesia in August 1912, and Joe Wheeler remained as sole lessee of both theatre and bars, so becoming a full professional in the entertainment world. He started an outdoor cinema and, during the rainy season, would send up a rocket on clear evenings to show the Bulawayo public that the cinema show was "on".

Dorothy Nicholson 1906 in the "bush" outside Bulawayo

During his years of showmanship, Joe Wheeler produced 43 plays and musical shows. Also, he probably had the first movie camera in the country – that was in 1912. There was considerable demand for its use and Joe Wheeler had a first class camera man, Noel Bose. They worked together till Joe's retirement in 1955.

Joe's initiative in producing cine films of current events and showing them on screen the same day kept Mr. Bose fully occupied. But, in 1914, Joe was caused some anxiety as he had been asked to take some film for the Chartered Company. When he asked for payment of his expenses, he was told that they could only be authorized by one person, Colonel Brady, who was now on his way back from England by sea. The Great War had already broken out and enemy submarines and raiders were taking their toll of Allied ships. Joe, naturally, wrote again in protest saying, "Dear Chartered Company, and if he doesn't come back? Yours faithfully, Joe Wheeler". The reply was equally short and to the point: "Dear Joe, Poor Old Joe, Yours faithfully, Chartered Company".

By now, there was a big economic recession caused by the War and the departure of so many Rhodesians on active service, and the slump became so serious by the end of 1916, that Joe Wheeler left with his family for South Africa, joining African Theatres. However, he subsequently became their representative in Rhodesia at the Palace and Empire theatres in Bulawayo and the Palace in Salisbury, acquiring something of a monopoly.

Joe was soon back in the throes of production. In March 1920, he produced "Maid of the Mountains" at the Palace, Salisbury for the Salisbury Amateur Musical and Dramatic Society – the first time it had ever been performed by an amateur company. It was still then in its fourth year at Daly's in London.

In November 1920, Joe was transferred to African Theatres Head Office in Johannesburg. He did not take to his office job in Johannesburg and was eventually able to get transferred back to Salisbury and to take over the Palace again in 1922.

He celebrated his return during Show Week by producing the Salisbury Amateur Musical and Dramatic Society in the great musical "Chu Chin Chow" with a total of 70 performers. It was said to be the greatest show by either professionals or amateurs seen up to that date in Salisbury. It ran from August 7th to the 19th, 1922. He obtained the loan of 6,000 pounds worth of scenery from the Johannesburg production, plus a full orchestra. In the market scene of "Chu Chin Chow", Joe had a real live camel brought on by its handler, the only person allowed to 'handle' this camel – the first time a live animal had been on stage. Harold Kimpton (of Kimpton Cars), a very tall, well-built man played "Chow" and Peggy Truter played Zahrat-al-Kulub; they met during this show and later married each other. *The Rhodesia Herald* for the 8th August printed the following notice by its critic:

> The atmosphere soaks in as soon as one enters the vestibule, decorated with oriental screens and lanterns. The aromatic fragrance of incense scents the air inside the building and amber tints from the over-head lights soften the blatant glare of electric globes. Eastern censer bearers indolently swing curious carved vessels and rare perfumes fill the air.

Picture, also, that everyone attending stage performances in those days, always wore full evening dress. What a wonderful sight it must have been in these oriental surroundings.

An outstanding authoress, Gertrude Page, contributed immensely to Rhodesia as a literary success. She arrived from England about 1900-ish with her husband, Alec Dobbin who bought a farm at the Umvukwes and called it "Omeath" after his home county and

from where Gertrude Page wrote many of her books. Several had sales of over 100,000 copies, many being made into films. *Paddy, the Next Best Thing* was produced at the Savoy Theatre London, creating a record in running for 800 performances. The lead of Paddy was played first by Peggy O'Neill, then Ethel Oliver took over the part, and the production was transferred to the Strand Theatre, also for a long run. It was brought to Rhodesia in June 1924 by an overseas company with Ethel Oliver still in the lead. It opened at the Palace Theatre, Bulawayo.

On 23 July 1924, Paddy, the Next Best Thing opened at the Palace Theatre, Salisbury, in a production by Joe Wheeler, using a full amateur cast. Alec Dobbin, Gertrude Page's widower, (Gertrude Page, being in ill-health for many years, died in a Salisbury Hotel in April, 1922, and was buried on their farm at Umvukwes) let it be known to Joe Wheeler that he was worried at not having a fully-qualified professional in the title role as in the Bulawayo production. He was thereupon invited to attend a rehearsal, without being told who was actually playing the part. After seeing it, he said he was quite satisfied. Dorothy Wheeler, who in fact played the title role, was a tremendous success and accorded a standing ovation on the opening night. And Alec Dobbin sent up a big basket of flowers with a card inscribed, "To 'Paddy' – Who Is the Next Best Thing".

Joe Wheeler produced stage shows in South Africa and Rhodesia for many famous stage personalities and groups including Sybil Thorndyike, Owen Nares, Jean Forbes-Robertson, Marie Tempest, the Royal Welsh Choir, and the Carla Rosa Opera Company. He also handled, before World War 2, Noel Coward, the Old Vic Company, Alicia Mankova and Anton Dolan, Eileen Joyce, Florence Desmond, the Great Masklin, Seymour Hicks and his wife Ellaline Terriss.

On 18 July, 1927, a Mr. Matthew Reid, General Manager of African Theatres Ltd., arrived in Bulawayo from Johannesburg with plans for alterations and additions to some of the theatres in Rhodesia. The Palace, Bulawayo, was to be the first and in Salisbury another big scheme was being considered.

Something happened during this visit, what exactly is not known but whatever it was, it made Joe Wheeler decide to sever his nine-year connection with African Theatres and become independent again. He took over as sole lessee, Prince's Hall in on 19 August 1927, and announced that he had arranged for a regular supply of first class films, "including the greatest invention of our time, Phono Films, speaking and talking" for which he had the sole rights. Joe's contract was with Kinemas Ltd. of South Africa. Now considerable rivalry began. Kinemas Ltd. was the sole agent for Fox Films (later 20th Century Fox), a smaller company then to MGM Films, and African Theatres was the sole agent for MGM.

Joe also began producing again amateur shows in Prince's Hall and in January 1929, the international entertainment magazine, *Stage and Screen*, described him as:

> a first rank actor and also that rarity, a real producer with a true dramatic instinct. Also with a knowledge of stage-craft that enables him to produce good results out of medium material and get the highest out of the least.

The Meikle family became interested in Joe Wheeler's attempt to provide opposition to African Theatres and Tom Meikle built the Prince's Cinema in Bulawayo, to give Joe a foothold there. For this, Joe bought and imported from overseas the very latest in projection equipment at his own expense and had this costly machinery installed in the new Prince's Cinema. But this new machinery needed a fully qualified projectionist to set up and handle

Kinemas Ltd "Mobile Talkies" trucks that went round Rhodesia with films – 1929/30. Joe Wheeler's film contract with Kinemas Ltd. had sole contract of Fox Films of America (later 20th Century Fox of today).

it and Joe had to advertise for one. He received a reply – from South Africa – and the applicant duly arrived with the necessary papers proving his expertise as a projectionist and set to work, setting up, wiring this complicated, expensive machinery.

Everything was ready and due to be opened at the end of 1929. One morning, though, a stranger, a lady, came into Joe's office there with a warning. She said she was a clairvoyant and had seen a man running over the roof of this new cinema leaving flames behind him! Joe, of course, took it in good part, thanked her for her trouble and gave her some cash to have a cup of tea and forgot about it. That night, the 5/6 November (see photograph which was taken the next day, 6 November,) a mysterious fire destroyed the whole cinema and projection machinery. Joe was not insured, needing every penny to set up the furnishing and equipment for this new cinema. The projectionist from South Africa disappeared the night of the fire – returning, it was said, to South Africa. An electrical fault was thought to have caused the fire but was never able to be proved.

Tom Meikle quickly rebuilt Prince's Cinema and it was officially opened in March 1930, by the Mayor of Bulawayo. The first films shown there from Kinemas Ltd. were "The Blue Danube" and "Second to None" with Lupino Lane. By September, 1930, Joe could claim that he had 3 talkie and 7 silent cinema houses in Rhodesia and neighbouring territories – all of them using films from Kinemas Ltd.

But problems were starting, originating from South Africa, the only point of entry for films, by rail. Joe was having the films disappearing off the trains or arriving later than advertised so causing public dismay and apologies had to be made to the public for these setbacks. It was a deliberate plan to 'break" Joe's great success as opposition. Fox Films tried to help, asking Joe and Kinemas Ltd., to find another point of entry for their films into Rhodesia but the only one was Beira in Portuguese East Africa. And this was too hot and

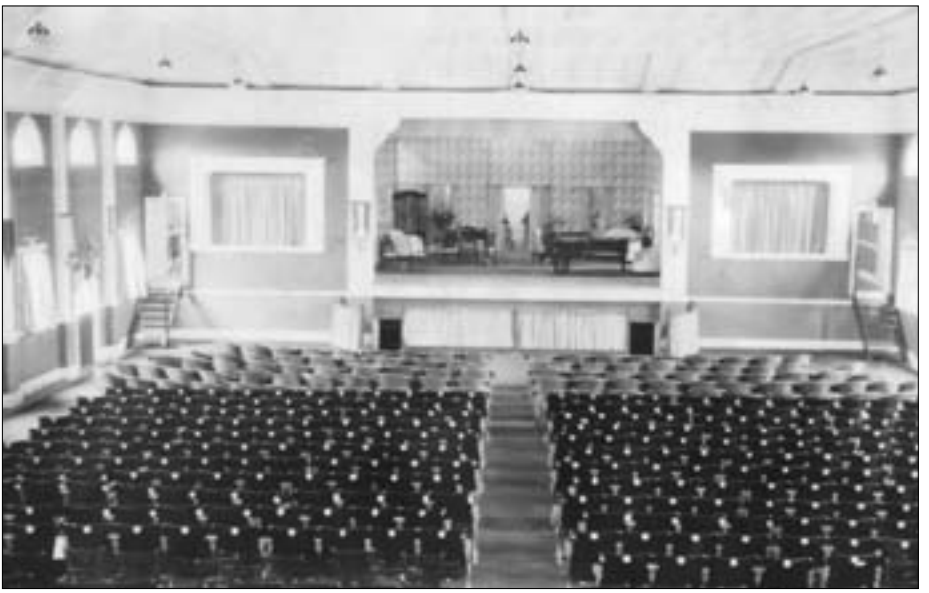
Prince's Cinema (built opposite the Grand Hotel) after the "mysterious" fire of 5 November 1929. It was put down as an "accident" i.e. "someone had thrown a firework" and that the two men responsible were drowned as they tried to cross a river when making a quick get-away.

Photo taken on 6 November of the interior of Prince's Cinema, Bulawayo, after the "mysterious" fire of 5 November 1929.

humid for films to be haphazardly handled, as there was not the strong, regular rail service, which South Africa had. Finally, Kinemas Ltd., had to close and Joe's only recourse was to rejoin African Theatres.

His "OTHER SIDE" should not be overlooked. In 1938 "Jovial Joe" as he was widely known, was elected to the Salisbury Town Council and later became Mayor of Salisbury in 1940/41. Dorothy Wheeler, always a very capable and equally popular organizer, was Lady Mayoress. As Lady Mayoress, she organized a "HELP FOR BRITAIN" Fund. All over Salisbury and the outlying districts, people co-operated with braais – one on a farm where the guests were to attend wearing 'Deep South' fancy dress. There were numerous 'Games Evenings', raffles, Treasure Hunts – all done in the 6-week time limit given, and all culminating in Dorothy Wheeler organizing a "First of May Fair" in Kingsway Boulevard with the Town House being the central point. The Police closed off this area for the whole day and evening. The day started with hot breakfasts served by Girl Guides to diners at tables under the trees on the islands of the boulevard. Then a rehearsed "May Pole Dance" by a dancing school followed in a plot of vacant ground facing the Town House. Then the Governor, Sir Herbert Stanley, and Lady Stanley arrived to officially open the First of May Fair and stayed, seated on the central island, while a long procession of 'floats' went past them portraying Rhodesia's Industries and Agriculture. The most outstanding 'float' was a real Harvard aeroplane, lent by the R.A.F. Training station, with six pretty, young, Rhodesian girls in white 'pilot' dress draped around it. In the evening, fish and chip stalls opened up at points along the pavements, serving fresh fried fish on newspapers with vinegar and salt as required – real British style! Other kiosks served take-away meals,

1929/30 Prince's cinema, Salisbury, front entrance with film billboards showing which films were playing that week. The street is Third Street where, now, the new Meikles Hotel has its entrance.



Interior of Prince's cinema, Salisbury, S. Rhodesia, taken from balcony where projection and sound machinery were installed for the films. The stage is set is for one of Joe Wheeler's stage plays.

Interior of Prince's cinema, Salisbury, S. Rhodesia, taken from stage looking over seats to entrances at back of hall.

Dorothy Wheeler when Lady Mayoress in 1940/41

while bands played background music. It all ended at 11p.m. local time, with the Lord Mayor of London broadcasting from London to the Lady Mayoress of Salisbury a personal message of thanks and appreciation to her and all her teams for the magnificent work they had all done – it was relayed to all the boulevards from speakers fixed at the Town House, so all could hear clearly. She had raised 32,000 pounds, in six weeks, for Salisbury's gift to the British Government "to use as they think best." This handsome gesture evoked the admiration of the Prime Minister, Winston Churchill "who instructed that a Minister of State should receive the gift in person." Salisbury's gift to Britain was handed over by the High Commissioner in London Mr. O'Keefe to Lord Cranborne, Dominion Secretary, at the Dominion Office.

Dorothy Wheeler, also, during her time as Mayoress, founded "Fairways Homes for the Aged" – "Fairways" being the title chosen by her as they were to be built right near the fairways of the golf course, Raylton, now Henry Chapman. She brought in council teams to assist her and the Mayor, being a past President of Rotary, brought in Rotary to advise and help. Athol Evans was one of her assistants. She also assisted Lady Stanley with the latter's "Lady Stanley Home for Young Girls".

While Joe Wheeler was Mayor, he called a meeting "to consider help to the Government in solving post-war problems". Quoting from "Portrait Personalities" in the *Rhodesia Herald* of March, 29, 1949 he said:

> that they had to decide . . . to enter upon a new line of thought aimed at the material and moral benefit of the whole rather than the few. It could be the

> only way to acknowledge the sacrifices being made by youth – the flower of the land who had given up their prospects and were ready to give their lives if need be. . . . It was the duty of those who remained in the Colony and were living unharmed and more or less luxurious lives whilst the young men were enduring the danger, physical and moral degradation of so-called modern warfare, to prepare for the return of those men from the fighting lines. They must lift their eyes from their ledgers, look around, look ahead and use their brains for the national welfare.

In Rotary, Mr. Wheeler, spoke of

> the chaotic and explosive condition of the world, of the universal need for peace and of the work that could be done in the Colony to remove the cruel and loathsome menace of war.

In that speech he outlined what members of Rotary could do with their international affiliations. The Rotary Magazine made a special feature of Mr. Wheeler's address and "asked Rotarians to pledge themselves to follow Mr. Wheeler's lead". These are but two selections from many speeches "showing the other side of Mr. Wheeler's character, ability and accomplishments and his sincere desire for the welfare of his fellows". He retired after a very full and active life in 1955 and was awarded the OBE, Civil Division, for General Social Work in June of that year.

Joe Wheeler's health was now very fragile and failing. He died on the 11 September 1960, aged 82 years, in his home surrounded by his family.

That night, John Parry, the Chief of Broadcasting in Rhodesia, interrupted the 8 o'clock evening news bulletin to announce: "Mr. O. P. Wheeler, Joe Wheeler, had passed away; a person who had given so much to this country in entertainment and social welfare". A greater honour Joe could not have wished for. His funeral service in the Pioneer Cemetery was very well attended: Noel Bose, mentioned earlier as Joe Wheeler's camera man, was still there and stood by the entry gate counting the mourners as they filed past. After the service, Mr. Bose came to see Joe's widow, Dorothy Wheeler, to tell her that, "Mr. Wheeler has played his last part to a packed full house!" He stopped counting at 490, as he had to get up to the graveside! A touching and wonderfully thoughtful gesture from Joe's oldest and most loyal theatre colleague.

Dorothy Wheeler was offered a Damehood in June 1955. However, officials advised her that Mr. Wheeler's Award was in the same Birthday Honours' List of June 1955, and it was a ruling that no two Awards to members of the same family could be granted in the same Honours List. Unknown to all her family, Dorothy Wheeler quietly let her name be withdrawn. This great sacrifice only became known to her family much later – when she was already a widow – when the British Government awarded in the same Honours List, a Knighthood to the then Governor of Rhodesia, Humphrey Gibbs and a Damehood to his wife, Molly. This was at the time of the UDI dispute and Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Gibbs stayed loyal to Britain whilst still in residence in Government House. Only then, did Dorothy Wheeler break her silence of 5 years. If Dorothy Wheeler had discussed the problem with her family, they would have agreed with her withdrawal of her name in order to let her husband, Joe Wheeler, go ahead to receive his OBE, but they would have recommended to the same officials, that her name be recommended in a later Honours List. It was richly deserved.

The Filmer Story

Related by Madge Filmer and her daughter, Joan.

Compiled by Edone Ann Logan

The Filmers were among the first white farmers to settle in the Pungwe area of Nyanga. Mrs Madge Filmer recorded their experiences in an issue of the Inyanga ICA Newsletter in the 1970s, and her daughter, now Mrs Joan de Kock of Strickland Lodge, Mutare, recently added her reminiscences to the original story.

Madge Filmer recalls

In 1936 my husband Gerald and I decided to visit Rhodesia from South Africa with a view to perhaps settling there. After exploring different areas of the country, we arrived at Chipungu Falls, which were in full spate after a heavy rainy season – a breathtaking sight! Looking down the length of the valley Gerald stated, "This is where I want to farm!"

I responded, with some trepidation, "There is plenty of water, but it seems to be the back of beyond: no signs of civilization whatsoever!"

I pictured our home farm, "Cloetedale", near Queenstown in the Cape, which had been in the family for eighty years. The neat, cut stone buildings, close neighbours and proximity to town, all seemed suddenly appealing. However we had experienced years of drought and this area looked like the Garden of Eden in contrast. The decision was made to leave our homeland for pastures new, and we applied to purchase three farms in the vicinity of Chipungu Falls.

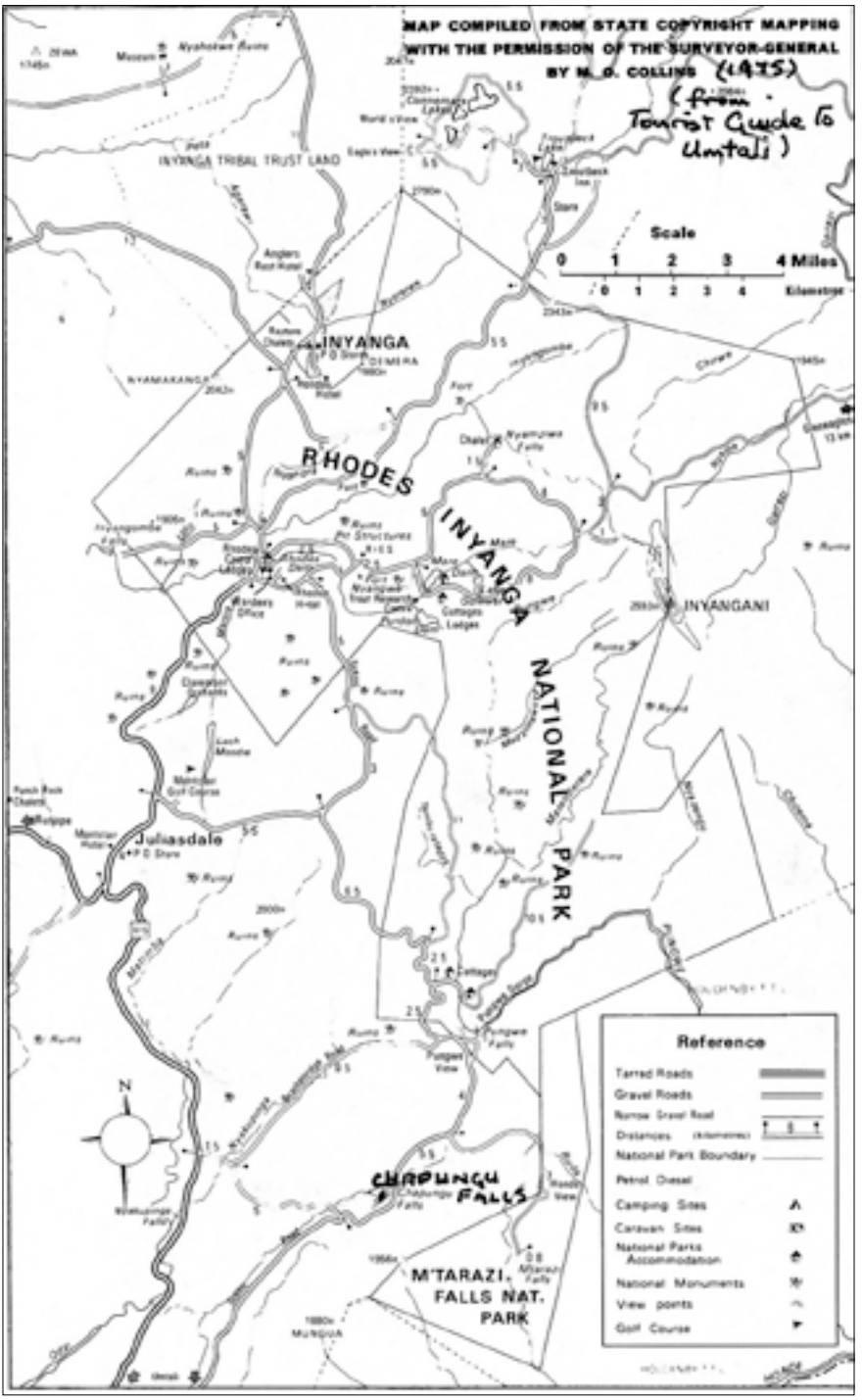
Joan continues the story

The train left Tylden, near Queenstown, loaded with 500 sheep, mainly stud Merinos and Romney Marsh, plus forty-four horses and their food, and some furniture. My brother Dick, just 19 years old, and a farm-hand Nelson, were to travel with the stock to see them watered and fed. They had to make themselves as comfortable as possible in one of the horse trucks, sharing accommodation with our large, docile, piebald stallion, Phantom, and sleeping on beds of lucerne hay. Phantom delighted in pulling the lucerne from under them during the night!

On leaving Tylden, a large crowd gathered to see Dick and Nelson off, and they were presented with a magnificent bouquet of vegetables, which were fed to the animals en route, as there was no way of cooking them. My parents gave Dick our gramophone and records to help pass the time on the journey, but he told me later that it was impossible to hear anything while the train was moving, so they just watched the records going round! They had to battle at every stop to off-load the stock and get them watered and fed in the short time they were allowed.

On the day the rest of the family was to follow by road, I organized a gathering of my friends in Queenstown and we had a wonderful morning together before the others arrived. I didn't realize how many years would pass before I saw those friends again.

My parents travelled in a big Studebaker with the eleven year old twins, Douglas and Molly. Our farm assistant, Donny Marshall and his new wife Fran, drove the three-ton truck,


MAP COMPILED FROM STATE COPYRIGHT MAPPING
WITH THE PERMISSION OF THE SURVEYOR-GENERAL
BY N. D. COLLINS (1975)
(from Tourist Guide to Umtali)
INYANGA TRIBAL TRUST LAND
Scale
0 1 2 3 4 Miles
0 1 2 3 4 Kilometres
INYANGA
RHODES INYANGA NATIONAL PARK
INYANGANI
Juliasdale
CHAPUNGU FALLS
M'TARAZI FALLS NAT. PARK
Reference
Tarred Roads
Gravel Roads
Narrow Gravel Road
Distances (Kilometres)
National Park Boundary
Petrol Diesel
Camping Sites
Caravan Sites
National Parks Accommodation
National Monuments
View points
Golf Course

Gerald and Madge Filmer, Cashel, 1957

loaded with some of the furniture and the farm equipment. I was 17 years old and drove the Willys Jeep, accompanied by my Aunt Florence Northcroft, Dad's sister, who came along to see us settled. Aunt Flo was loved by us all.

Our journey took six days, driving via Joburg and Pretoria, (escorted through the cities by officials from the AA). I drove with the nose of the Willys almost under the back of Donny's truck, which was in front of me! We camped each night, except at the border, where we enjoyed the luxury of a hotel. I well remember helping Donny unpack the tents and camping equipment from the top of the truck each evening, while Molly just cried, and Mum and Dad looked on as they had bad backs. We had to pack everything back again the next morning.

Mum had cooked four large chickens for the trip. They had been part of my poultry business at Cloetedale, and not knowing they were to be eaten, I had dipped them, in preparation for the stock sale before we left. So we had to eat 'Chicken a la Dip' for days! We cheered when the last chicken had been consumed and we could open tins! Thankfully a cousin had made a whole bin of delicious rusks which lasted for many weeks.

We reached Umtali at sundown, filled up with petrol and decided to press on to the huts belonging to our good friends, the Winston Fords, who were originally from our area near Queenstown. When we sat down to eat the welcome meal they had prepared, Aunt Flo unknowingly sat on a stool which had on it, a bowl which contained rising dough; not a good start!

The train took ten days to reach Umtali. The residents thought the circus had arrived as they watched 500 sheep being herded through the town, driven by five of us on horseback. We returned for the rest of the 44 horses once the sheep were home. It took several days to drive them the fifty miles (80km) to the farm. (Dad had planned to breed race horses in his new venture, as Umtali boasted a very good race-course in those days.)

The furniture was piled up on the station platform and covered with tarpaulins until we were able to fetch it two or three weeks later. Nothing went missing.

Madge describes their home

Previous to our arrival, Mr Wynston Ford, had erected some huts for us to live in at Chipungu. There were four bedroom huts and a wood and iron shack which we used as a kitchen and dining-room. Our bathroom was a small tent, erected over a long porcelain bath which we had brought up on the lorry. Occasionally the tent blew down on top of the occupant.

A wire fence had been erected round the huts and there were wire-netting enclosures in which to pen the sheep, to keep them safe from wild animals.

Thankfully I had brought plenty of linoleum with me, and we put this down in the bedrooms, but as the huts were built over an underground stream, it was not long before the lino rotted, and the bracken sprouted through in odd places: quite decorative and unique! The walls never really dried out. The huts were sparsely thatched and sometimes we would find an egg, which had been laid on the roof, lying on the bed.

The first night after the sheep arrived, it was bitterly cold and we were all tucked up in bed when we heard grunting outside the fence. Thinking it may be wild pig, the men went out to investigate, taking their rifles. They found nothing.

The following day we visited the Manager of Rhodes Estate, Mr Don Purdon, a relative of ours. The residents on the Estate were our nearest neighbours – twenty odd miles away. The road was through the Pungwe Falls area and was twisty and in some places, such as Sheepcrawl Hill, very steep. After hearing our story, Mr Purdon suggested that on our return, we search for leopard spoor. Sure enough, it had been leopard that had been so close the night before. Thankfully they had been puzzled by the see-through netting fence and did not attempt to jump it. We soon learned that leopards would take dogs and sheep at every opportunity – and they weren't the only predators.

Boniface the cook, was an inveterate hunter, and no leopard hunt took place without him. On one occasion he was badly mauled. I knew that leopards' claws are very poisonous and tried to stop the swelling with all I had in the medicine box. However my "cure all" home remedy for sores, cuts, gashes and skin ailments did the trick: wash the wound with Epsom Salts; pour in Laurel (lamp) paraffin and lastly fill the wound with powdered M&B. Boniface never missed a day at work!

The Odzi River was between us and Bonda Mission, and it had no bridge. The road was often impassable anyway, so we resorted to home treatments for all.

As in so many cases throughout the country, the Filmers came to be trusted by the black people of the area as their means of communication with the authorities and the outside world, and as physicians and arbiters in many of their troubles. Most younger men went to work in the towns, or South Africa, leaving families without support for months at a time. Sometimes the Filmers were visited by people as far afield as the Honde Valley – people curious to see a "white woman".

Madge continues

We began exploring the beautiful countryside, but had to blaze new trails as there were few roads. We went first to see the breathtaking Pungwe Falls, and our car must have been the first to reach Mtarazi Falls a few weeks later. Gerald planned a scenic route round the top of the cliffs, through the forests to a site from where there would have been a panoramic view of the Honde Valley, 1 000 feet below. The Government offered us thirty pounds to build the road, so his dream never materialized. (Later National Parks built roads to these view points, just as Gerald had planned.)

We cleared and levelled a site with a lovely view and began building our homestead in August. We used Kimberly bricks made on the farm by the men-folk. I planned a large, comfortable house with three bedrooms, a large lounge, dining-room, pantry, bathroom and kitchen. As all the builders were inexperienced, they encountered numerous problems, especially with the floors. After we moved in Dick said,

"Isn't it strange that none of the furniture has four legs the same length!"

We moved into our home in January, and were very pleased we had brought our lovely old furniture with us. In each bedroom there was a wash-stand with a jug and basin – all brought up from Cloetedale.

Joan and I developed a lovely flower garden down the slope in front of the house.

Joan describes the farming operations

While the house was being built we began clearing the land and developing the orchard. Twenty-seven different types of fruit and berries were planted, which meant that eventually we could enjoy fruit every day of the year!

While clearing the land we found a tombstone down in the valley, with the inscription, "Te-ke", which in Arabic means "King" – but not a king as we know it, but the spirit in relation to the body. We took the stone to the Umtali Museum.

The 'slave pits' (now called pit structures) intrigued us, as did the ancient furrows, looking like pencil lines on the hills across the valley. The large furrow fed Rhodes Hotel. They all seemed to have the same fall – 1:400. One of our workers said King Solomon built these furrows, and legend has it, he said, that the King had a cave at the bottom of Chipungu Falls, but if anyone should show this to a visitor, he would be struck dead.

Great landslides or 'washes' on the hillside were also a fascinating feature of the area. One morning we heard a roar and found that a portion of the hill on which the house was built, had disappeared, leaving a huge gash – forming another 'wash'. The furrow above the wash had been cleared out as it led to the orchard. On being put to use it had become waterlogged and the weight of the saturated soil had caused the slide. We wondered why there were adits and dumps on Iron Cliffs, the farm adjoining ours.

My Dad soon realized that farming in this region was very different from farming in

Joan Meikle and Dick Filmer

South Africa. The climate was too wet for long-wooled sheep; the wool turned green and then black. We had 90 inches of rain that first year, and wet wool caused many of the sheep to die of pneumonia. Mum and I decided to make four hundred canvas coats to protect the animals, taking it in turns to use the sewing machine – but the coats rotted in the perpetual wet. As far as I know we had the only green-coated flock of sheep in the country!

Eventually we resorted to running cattle, as the sheep were either killed by leopards or succumbed to pneumonia or some other disease. The horses lost their foals, probably because of senecia poisoning (a pretty little yellow flower which comes up every year in spring.)

Dad found that the soil was too poor to produce good crops. Heavy rainfall caused leaching, and no one seemed to be able to say what was lacking. Fertilizers were not available. Dad tried pyrethrum, using tons of lime, and this grew well, but we didn't have the facilities for drying the crop or marketing it. Straw crops grew a few inches and then died back.

Dad went to Salisbury to discuss with the relevant authorities the prospects of afforestation. The discouraging response he received was, "When you have grown the trees, what will you do with them?"

There was then not much demand for timber.

Madge describes their busy social life

During the rainy season the menfolk were kept busy, working overtime with tractor and

farm-hands to assist travellers stranded while trying to negotiate the steep cutting above Chipungu house, called Chipungu Hill. The road was the only route to Inyanga from Umtali, and many tourists came to visit Rhodes Estate, Mtarazi Falls and the Pungwe Gorge.

Rescuing stranded families became routine. During the wet season we kept open house for friends and strangers alike. All callers were given tea, and once I took a count and found I had poured over 200 cups of tea in a fortnight! One year there were just seven days when we had no visitors.

All our produce was home-grown: veges and fruit, fresh bread spread with butter made on the farm, porridge with fresh cream, home-made jam. Gooseberry jam was known as '365'! Eventually we decided to open a guest house to provide some form of income, as well as having the pleasure of visitors. Over the years many interesting, influential and sometime famous people stayed at Chipungu Falls Guest House.

It wasn't easy running a full-time guest house; our meat came from an African butcher, but all other supplies, apart from those we produced ourselves, had to come by Green Motor Transport, which quite often broke down en route.

Joan concludes

Gradually we made young friends, both from Umtali and Rhodes Estate. Dick played cricket and rugby and I played tennis and hockey in town. We were invited to the Show Balls in Umtali, and parties at the Estate. We met many young policemen who came quite regularly on horse patrols to see that all was in order on the farm.

Despite all the disappointments, and the isolation, we were never lonely, and our family spent ten very happy years on Chipungu. My brothers, Dick and Douglas, wished to go

Allan and Molly Richmond, Mutare

into agriculture, so our parents decided to move to Cashel where there was better farming potential. There my father built up a reputation for service to the community and became respected as one of the leading conservationists in the area. My parents' home, "Sutton Park", was always open to visitors, and friends and neighbours could be assured of a helping hand or loyal support during difficult times.

It was a sad day though, when we had to leave our beloved Chipungu.

Foot Notes

i Joan married Jackie Meikle in 1940 and they had four children. They had been married 50 years when Jackie passed away. Later Joan married Johan de Kock of Nyazura, and they live in Strickland Lodge, Mutare. Joan is 92.

ii After leaving Cashel, Dick moved to Shamva and he and his wife Lilian had four children. They now live in Sydney, Australia. Dick is 93.

iii Molly married Allan Richmond of Umtali. They looked after Madge for twenty-five years after Gerald died in 1954.

iv Douglas farmed for a few years and then joined the Prisons Service Farm in Gwelo where he taught farming. Later he emigrated to SA.

v Chipungu Falls was sold to the Imperial Tobacco Group and was named Chapungu Estate. The ITG established extensive pine and gum plantations, and later, after UDI and sanctions, diversified into irrigated crops, potatoes and fruit, and cattle. Later a new company established a guinea-fowl rearing project and built trout breeding tanks on the Nyakupinga River. The area now belongs to the Wattle Company and is planted to pine and eucalypt. Chipungu Falls remains an almost unknown beauty spot just off the Pungwe Scenic Drive.

vi The original names of towns have been used in this account: Inyanga – Nyanga; Umtali – Mutare; Salisbury – Harare; Fort Victoria – Masvingo; Gwelo – Gweru.

Railway Catering

by R. D. Taylor

Railway operating companies from the very early days of train travel realized that it was necessary to provide passengers with food and drink before and during their journeys. This was especially so in Southern and Central Africa with long distances between major centres very often requiring a train journey of several days duration for a traveller to reach his destination. The provision of catering services took three main forms, on board catering using purpose built dining cars and buffet cars, hotels at important terminals and refreshment rooms plus kiosks at stations.

This paper looks at the dining car services provided by the Beira and Mashonaland Railway and its successors Rhodesia Railways and National Railways of Zimbabwe. Suffice to record that our railways did in 1904 build and operate a hotel at Victoria Falls and a hotel at Wankie. Later they also ran the Savoy Hotel in Beira from 1930 to1949. In addition refreshment facilities and staff canteens were provided at Bulawayo, Gwelo, Salisbury, Umtali, Marandellas and other stations. At various times over the years the hotels and station refreshment facilities were leased out to private operators but were also managed by the Railways Catering Department at other times. Railway management and in particular the Catering Department are conscious that passengers very often retain a vivid recollection of the dining car service long after they have forgotten other details of a journey. Dining car staff therefore have a great responsibility in providing for the comfort of passengers and maintaining the reputation of the railway.

FIRST DINING CARS AND SERVICES TO THE END OF WORLD WAR 1

The Board of Rhodesia Railways Limited met at 15 St Swithin's Lane London EC on the 19th June 1899. Chairman of the Board meeting was the Rt. Hon. Cecil John Rhodes MLA who was visiting London at the time. The Board discussed a number of issues and among the tenders it accepted on the recommendation of its engineers was one to purchase a Train de Luxe to consist of: three sleeping cars, two dining cars, two smoking and buffet cars, one postal and baggage van; all with electric light and spare parts to be supplied by the Lancaster Railway Carriage Co. Ltd. for twenty thousand pounds. The company intended to use these vehicles to operate a luxury weekly return train service between Bulawayo and Cape Town.

The two new dining cars were numbered 4 and 5 and the smoking-buffet cars 6 and 7. These new vehicles were landed at Cape Town and erected in the Cape Government Railways workshops at Salt River in mid 1901. Due to the closure of the railway to the north because of the second South African War the new vehicles couldn't be put into service immediately and the Train de Luxe only started a public service in December 1902. The train wasn't as popular as anticipated and in November 1903 it was decided to add second-class coaches to the train and the following month the extra charge for travelling on the train was abolished. In December 1905 it was decided that the train should in future only run between Kimberley and the Victoria Falls. The Cape Government Railway was asked however to continue providing the catering service on the Train de Luxe. In April 1906 the train was renamed the Zambesi Express and still ran between Kimberley and Victoria Falls.

Dining car Beira and Mashonaland and Rhodesia Railways 1924

Dining car Beira and Mashonaland and Rhodesia Railways 1930

Lunch on the Zambesi Express cost two shillings and sixpence and the menu offered Tomato soup; Boiled Kabaljoe with parsley sauce; Haricot Mutton; Roast Ribs of Beef; Assorted Vegetables; Cold York Ham and Roast Beef; Chicken and Tongue; Dressed Salad; Tapioca Pudding; Stewed Fruit; Cheese and Biscuits; Black Coffee.

One of the new dining cars and a buffet-smoking car were in effect spares for the Train de Luxe set and were therefore put into use on the fledging train service within Rhodesia. Train services between Salisbury and Bulawayo started on 1st December 1902 and the service between Bulawayo and Victoria Falls commenced in July 1904. Catering on these trains was in the hands of contractors. The Rhodesia Herald of 7th December 1905 records that the dining car service was inaugurated on the mail arriving in Salisbury from Bulawayo on the 6th December. In addition to the Administrator and his party were forty other travellers who availed themselves of the acceptable innovation.

Catering was in the hands of the Grand Hotel in Bulawayo and the lessee personally supervised the inception of the venture. In order to put train catering on the same basis as other catering establishments the Administrator in 1904 published an Ordinance to sanction the granting of licences for the sale of liquor and food on Railway cars. The licence fee in respect of all cars belonging to one railway company running upon lines in Southern Rhodesia was fifty pounds for one year.

In 1908 the Railways undertook the first of what were to become numerous rebuilds and conversions of catering vehicles. Coach 89010 was built in 1905 as a sportsman's car. Sportsmen were what we would today call hunters. The coach, fully self-contained and staffed, could be hired by a party of sportsmen to enable them to travel to any point on the rail network. As game was shot out near the railway lines and legislation introduced to try and control the slaughter of game the demand for this type of rail vehicle fell away. Hence the decision to convert the coach into a dining car at a cost of three thousand four hundred and thirty eight pounds. In 1942 it was converted yet again into the dining portion of a 42-seat twin dining car numbered 660. This unit was later given the name Chimanimani. It is still in use and was seen by the writer at Bulawayo Station on the Bulawayo/Francistown train on the 19th November 2010.

The two smoking-buffet cars from the Train de Luxe set were not fully utilized and ended up standing idle. In 1911 it was therefore decided to convert these smoking – buffet cars into dining cars and this work was carried out by the railway workshops in Umtali. The two original Train de Luxe dining cars plus the converted smoking-buffet cars lasted in service until 1931 when the wooden bodies were scrapped and the under frames fitted with new guards /baggage van bodies supplied by Hurst Nelson of the U.K.

In 1908 two new 18 seat dining cars, numbers 89038 and 89039 were purchased from the Gloucester Railway Carriage and Wagon Company. Vehicle 89038 remained in service as 24-seat dining car Limpopo until 1967 when it was sent to Zambia as part of the division of assets on the break up of the Rhodesia Railways unitary system. The under frame of the second vehicle 8039 was used in 1951 to build a twelve seat buffet car and given a new number 680. Its seating capacity was increased to 24 in 1979 and in November 2010 it was recorded as having been leased out to the owners of the Victoria Falls Safari Express who operate a tourist train service in the Victoria Falls area.

The manager of the Victoria Falls Hotel in addition to his hotel management responsibilities was required to control the refreshment rooms and dining cars throughout the railway system.

As railway services grew this arrangement was found to be unsatisfactory. It was therefore decided to establish a separate Catering Department and the Railways Board approved this proposal on 25th September 1911. Mr. T. Mallett who was manager of the Victoria Falls Hotel was appointed to the new position of Manager, Catering Department, at a salary of nine hundred pounds per year. A new manager for the hotel had to be sought.

Mr. Mallett continued to run his department from the Victoria Falls Hotel. However this proved inconvenient and after twelve months the Catering Manager and staff were moved to railway headquarters in Bulawayo. Mr. Mallett retired in 1922. In 1914 a new dining car number 89141 was completed and placed in service. It was built in the Umtali workshops on an under frame and bogies supplied by Metro Carriage and Wagon Company in the U. K. This vehicle was in 1942 converted into the kitchen and staff quarters portion of a twin diner and numbered 661 subsequently named Chimanimani. The following year, 1915, another new dining car 89142 entered service also having been built in Umtali. The building of these dining cars demonstrates the level of sophistication achieved by local railway workshops at such an early date.

The Beira, Mashonaland and Rhodesia Railways catering service ended the fateful year of 1914 as a department with its own manager responsible for a fleet of eight dining cars plus station refreshment rooms and hotels. It provided catering on trains radiating from Bulawayo to Salisbury and on to Umtali and Beira and to Victoria Falls and up as far as Ndola in the then Northern Rhodesia. South African Railways operated dining cars on the line from Bulawayo to Vryburg. A good record of progress in the first decade of passenger services.

MINERAL WATER FACTORY

Soon after the establishment of the Catering Department it was decided to set up a mineral water factory in Bulawayo to supply the dining cars, hotels and refreshment rooms with mineral waters. The factory also bottled Cape brandy, wines, Vinegar and sauces. Production in 1919/20 was 11183 dozen bottles and this had grown to 53 000 dozen bottles in 1950. The capacity of the factory was extended in 1947. In later years staff were allowed as a special privilege to buy minerals direct from the factory. In order to reduce catering losses the factory was closed in 1968.

THE AFTERMATH OF WAR

As the country recovered from the First World War and the 1918 Flu epidemic the General Manager of the Beira, Mashonaland and Rhodesia Railways issued an Annual Report for the year ended 30th September 1919. This showed that in its fleet of ten dining cars 47 648 meals were served to passengers plus 32 368 meals to military and police personnel. In addition 143 531 cups of tea, coffee and cocoa were served. From 1st October 1918 the price of a lunch was increased to 3s. 6d. and the cost of a dinner to 4s.

In 1925 the General Manager reported a rare profit for the year on dining cars of two thousand six hundred and nineteen pounds. These normally operated at a loss. The profit was attributed to increased numbers travelling and the economical manner in which trains had been run. Meals served totalled 65 027.

The 22nd April 1926 was a fateful day for the catering department as it lost one of its newer dining cars, number 89142 introduced into service in 1915. Train 12 Up derailed at

Sawmills and the dining car, five saloons and one goods truck left the track as a result of defective points. The next morning while re railing operations were in progress fire broke out in the wooden wreckage of the dining car. The Enquiry Committee was of the opinion that the fire was caused by failure of staff to extinguish the fire in the coal stove.

Some of the coal smouldered in the stove and later dropped on the splintered woodwork of the overturned car. The fire destroyed the dining car and three South African railway coaches. No serious injuries or fatalities were recorded.

It was decided that it would be more economical to purchase a more up to date dining car and build a passenger brake van on the under frame of 89142.

Nearly a year later in March 1927 an order was placed with Cravens Railway and Carriage Works of Sheffield for four twenty-four seat dining cars at a cost of four thousand and forty eight pounds each. The kitchen was 12 feet 5 inches long, the saloon 24 feet 8 inches, the pantry 10 feet plus a 6 foot 6 inch bar with refrigerator. These dining cars entered service in 1928 and were numbered 89143, 89144, 89145 and 89146.

In 1929 a further four dining cars were ordered from Cravens at a cost of six thousand and thirty three pounds each. Inflation was at work even then. The first two were put into service on 10th July 1930 and the others the following month. They were numbered 89182, 89183, 89184 and 89185. The entry into service of these new vehicles allowed the Railways as already recorded to scrap the wooden bodies of the four original dining cars and use the under frames for guards/baggage vans. The arrival of these new cars was timely as the total number of meals served that year reached 103 573.

The worldwide depression was soon to take its toll and the railways were forced to reduce passenger services in response to falling demand. Some dining cars were set aside and the number of meals served decreased from 90 745 in 1931 to 58 094 in 1932 and 44 830 in 1933. By October 1932 only five dining cars were in service.

It took some years for the patronage of the dining cars to recover but this was in part due to alterations in the timing of certain trains that meant that meals in dining cars were no longer required. In an effort to attract travellers away from local hotels and boarding houses the cost of meals was reduced in follows: – Breakfast down from 3s. to 1s.6d. Lunch 3s.6d. to 1s.6d. and Dinner 4s.0d. to 2s.6d. Total meals served in 1935 were 52 874.

SECOND WORLD WAR

In 1939 when the Second World War started Rhodesia Railways had a fleet of twelve dining cars. In the year ended 30th September 1939 the total number of meals served in dining cars was 65 582 and as a portent of things to come this included 1 249 meals for military personnel. Meals supplied to servicemen were on a concessionary tariff.

The railways were required to allow as many staff as possible to proceed on military service and consequently and as a departure from tradition six stewardesses were appointed in June 1941. The catering service was under considerable pressure to cope with demand as both civilians because of private motoring restrictions and servicemen used trains. Meals served in the year ended September 1941 reached 93 425 of which 19 950 were to servicemen. The stewardesses proved a success and by 1942 the number employed had increased to fifteen. To provide for the increased demand two dining saloons numbers 89010 and 89141 were rebuilt in 1942 in the Bulawayo workshops at a cost of four thousand five hundred pounds. The former became a 42-seat dining car, renumbered 660 and 89141

became the kitchen, pantry and staff car, renumbered 661 and coupled together they formed a twin diner, which ran between Bulawayo and Ndola. Later this twin unit was named Chimanimani.

In 1943 two other dining cars were rebuilt into a twin diner, number 89145 becoming the kitchen, pantry and staff vehicle and 89146 a 40-seat diner. Still demand for catering services continued to grow with 163 710 meals served of which 40 079 were for the service personal.

To give some indication of the exceptional demands made of the Catering Department between 25th March 1940 and 29th June 1945 seventy-four special trains carrying twenty two thousand Royal Air Force members were run. Other air force members travelled in batches on regular trains. Large numbers of South African troops passed over Rhodesia Railways lines in special trains on their way to the battlefields of North Africa. Dining car stocks needed replenishment en route and supplies had to be prearranged. In addition if sufficient dining cars were not available the Catering Department was required to arrange meals at train stops along the way.

Different train movements all of which required a catering service included two special trains in April 1941 carrying German women and children whose homes were in Tanganyika from South African ports to a camp in Salisbury. In 1942 fourteen special trains moved Italian prisoners of war to camps in Gatooma, Umvuma and Fort Victoria and in January 1943 nine special trains moved Polish refugees from Beira to Rusape, Marandellas and points in Northern Rhodesia.

The 1st December 1944 saw the retirement after 42 years railway service of Mr. P. E. Shinn from the position of Catering Superintendent an appointment he had held from 1932. Uniquely Mr. Shinn's son, Mr. G. F. Shinn held the same senior position from January 1961 to April 1966.

The ending of hostilities in August 1945 did not mean that the Catering Department could immediately return to its prewar level of service. Servicemen had to be returned home, as did prisoners of war, internees and refugees. This process took time and in 1946 the Department served 18 423 military meals out of the total of 141 626 meals served in dining cars.

At the end of it all the physical assets of the Department were worn out and the same can no doubt be said of the staff who had to work long hours with little or no leave during this time of conflict

A BRIGHTER FUTURE

The Catering Department now under the direction of Mr. W. H. Ward entered what was to be a time of growth and optimism as the country settled down after six years of conflict. The fleet consisted of two twin dining cars and eight single diners. On 19th February 1949 twin diner 89145/6 was released from Bulawayo workshops after painting and light repairs bearing the name Mosi-oa-Tunya. (The Smoke that Thunders) This was to be the start of giving local names to all catering vehicles.

Dining cars were provided on all through trains to the then Northern Rhodesia, through trains from Bulawayo to Beira and on trains between Bulawayo and Salisbury. Catering service on passenger trains to South Africa continued to be provided by the South African railways.

The Australian Cricket team visited Rhodesia in November 1949 and as part of the tour travelled to Victoria Falls on Train 14 Up. The Chief Steward Mr. F. H. Stephens provided a special banquet with the following menu: -

Consommé Hassett
Fried Stockfish Kookaburra Sauce
Wallaby Chicken a la Moroney
Roast leg of Pork Au Crumbling pitch
Pumpkin de Morris: Roast Potatoes all out
Cabbage Ouzat
Fruit Me Cool: Twist Sauce
Lindwall Cheese: Coffee Dwyer
Mailey Wisecracks

In the year ended 31st March 1950 a total of 121 434 meals were served in Dining Cars. The ordinary passenger was also well looked after as can be seen from the following Dinner menu for 29th August 1949 The dinner cost 4s.6d.

Consommé d'Bouef
Fried Stockfish Maitre d' Hotel
Boiled Ox Tongue Naturel
Roast Spring Chicken and Bread Sauce
Roast Sirloin of Beef
Vegetables: Cauliflower Cabbage
Baked Potatoes Boiled Potatoes
Sweets: Compote of Apples and Custard
Cheese Coffee

Mr. F. Jordan took over the Catering Department in 1949 but sadly wasn't in the position for very long as he passed away on 13th February 1952. His place was taken in June 1952 by Mr. R. L. Amyot who was to head the Department through a period of expansion and interesting times until he retired in January 1961 after 30 years railway service.

Dining cars were withdrawn in mid 1952 from the Bulawayo/Salisbury/Umtali train service. This action resulted in a storm of protest and as a consequence what were then termed restaurant cars were introduced from Bulawayo to Salisbury and on Umtali line as far as Umfeseri. The catering vehicle left Bulawayo on the overnight train and on arrival in Salisbury in the morning was attached to the Umtali bound day train, 3 Down. At Umfeseri or later Eagles Nest, it would be shunted on to the train, 6 Up, which had left Umtali earlier in the morning.

In this way passengers on trains travelling in either direction could be served lunch. Time was allowed in the timetable for passengers when the respective trains arrived at Inyazura to walk up to the local hotel for a quick cup of morning or afternoon tea. Later a kiosk was erected at Inyazura station for this purpose. The restaurant, or buffet cars as they became known only served cereals, cold meats and salads, hot dogs, egg rolls, fruit lunches in addition to biscuits, sandwiches and other light snacks. They did not offer a corridor service apart from early morning tea or coffee.

In mid June 1953 two new 12 seat buffet cars were introduced into service. They were designed by the Chief Mechanical Engineers Drawing Office and were built in less than six months in the Bulawayo workshops on 1930 vintage second-class coach under frames at a

cost of two thousand pounds each. Remembering that the Rhodesia Centenary Exhibition was on at the time they were appropriately named Centenary, vehicle 681, and Exhibition vehicle 682.

ROYAL VISIT

The Rhodes Centenary Exhibition was held in Bulawayo from 30th May 1953 to 29th August 1953. This exhibition attracted many visitors including Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret. The Queen Mother opened the Exhibition on 3rd July 1953. Rhodesia Railways had hosted Royal tours before but this was the first occasion on which apart from the royal diner, royal staterooms and the royal lounge, which were loaned by South African railways, the train consisted of Rhodesia Railways coaching stock specially painted Ivory.

Catering was the responsibility of Rhodesia Railways and preparations started in the January with orders being placed for new china, glassware, silverware and linen. Arrangements were made for salmon to be flown out from England and cheeses and melons came from Holland and the Cape. Bulawayo railway man and poultry breeder Mr. C. C. W. Smeeton supplied poultry and eggs for both the Royal and Pilot trains. Staff on the Royal Train included Mr. R. L. Amyot Catering Superintendent, Chief Stewards, R. Matthews, A. J. Marshall, H. A. Freegard, L. W. D. Tucker and T. W. Barker, Head Chef M. A. Vlotman, Chefs W. W. J. Plews and R. Howard, Stewards J. L. Bennett, J. M. Bezuidenhout, C. D. Edwards, H. Bauwer, C. S. van Staden and Stewardesses M. I. Miles and O. Merritt. Catering services also had to be provided for the Pilot train by a staff led by Mr. R. A. Dawes Catering Inspector. The dining car Chimanimani and buffet car number 680 provided the catering service for the pilot train. The only adverse comment was on the behaviour of the gentlemen of the Press travelling on the Pilot train some of whom showed little consideration for the staff by requesting dinner well after nine o'clock at night.

MORE PROGRESS

In July 1955 a new a-la-carte tariff was introduced in the Buffet cars with the following prices, Egg and bacon 2s. Omelette 3s. Fried fish and chips 3s. Scotch kipper 2s.6d. Steak egg and chips 3s. Sausage, mashed potatoes and green peas 3s. Curry and Rice 3s.6d. Mixed grill 5s. Plate of soup 9d. Boiled egg 9d. Fruit salad and cream 1s.6d. Clearly Kippers weren't the luxury they are today.

In December 1955 the Railways Board gave approval for the building of a new twin diner plus a single buffet for African passengers. The new 28 seat twin diner, named Kafue and its 16 seat lounge/kitchen car were built in the Bulawayo workshops on the under frames of coaches which had entered railway service in 1913. Nothing was wasted at that time. Kafue was put on display at Bulawayo Station on 22nd and 23rd May 1956 and its reported that over a thousand people visited the station to inspect this latest acquisition with its concealed lighting, plastic, stainless steel and chrome interior. Kafue went into service between Bulawayo and Ndola. The dining car was numbered 665 and the lounge car 664.

The 24 seat buffet car number 700 named Sabi was built at a cost of ten thousand pounds on the under frame of a 1911 vintage coach. It proved popular with African travellers who could buy a large plate of stew for 1s.6d, mug of tea 4d.sausage rolls and meat pies 6d each

July 1956 saw a revision of prices on dining cars with Breakfast costing 5s.

Lunch 6s. Dinner 7/6d. Children under the age of twelve were charged 3s a meal as were school pupils travelling on school trains. As these children would have been school boarders travelling to and from home one can imagine they ate their monies worth. In October 1957 a second twin lounge/ diner unit was placed in service. It was also built in Bulawayo workshops on old coach under frames of 1915 vintage. The dining unit number 667 and the lounge/kitchen unit 666 were named Zambesi. A second African buffet car number 701 entered service in 1958 and was named Shangani.

The Moçambique Railways (CFM) took over the operation of the railway from Umtali to Beira on the 1st October 1949. However it was only in July 1958 that CFM started operating a dining car service between Beira and Umtali.

The decade of the 1950's ended with the Catering Department in addition to its hotels and refreshment rooms being responsible for a fleet of seven twenty four seat single diners, four twin lounge/diners, three buffet cars and two composite buffet cars for African passengers.

A portent of things to come during what became the turbulent 1960's was when in July 1960 the Railways were called upon at short notice to move 343 refugees mainly women and children from the then Belgium Congo. A special train left Ndola on 11th July and arrived in Bulawayo on the morning of 13th July.

During the trip the dining car staff served over 1500 meals, no mean feat in the circumstances. Mid 1960 saw the introduction of two cafeteria cars built from old third/ fourth class coaches. These 24 seat cars numbered 730 and 731 were intended to work on the day trains between Gwelo and Fort Victoria.

The very nature of dining car operations meant that breakages were inevitable. In November 1960 it was reported that 8600 glasses, 7268 cups, 2000 saucers and 2300 plates of various sizes had been listed as missing or broken in a year. This does not include knives, forks, spoons etc.

A big change took place in 1962 when from 11th December Rhodesia Railways took over catering on all mail trains to and from South Africa. The four twin diner sets serving mail trains between Bulawayo and Ndola were transferred to the South line and replaced on the North line by single 24 seat units.

Mosi-oa-Tunya and Chimanimani being 40 seaters were with minor modifications ready but Kafue and Zambesi required structural modifications to increase seating capacity from 28 to 40. The dining cars were shunted off the southbound train at Ramathabana and in due course shunted on to the northbound train from Mafeking.

In May 1966 the Railways introduced a fast daylight railcar service between Salisbury and Umtali. These railcars were fully equipped with a kitchenette and bar. A steward formed part of the crew. Sadly the railcars, which carried twenty first and forty-seven third class passengers, were withdrawn in 1968 due to a lack of patronage.

The Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland was dissolved on 31st December 1963. Rhodesia Railways continued to operate as a unitary system until 30th June 1967 when the systems of Rhodesia and Zambia were split into autonomous railways.

This breakup required a distribution of assets and some of the Catering Department fleet went to Zambia Railways and thereby passed outside the scope of this paper. These were four of the older single diners.

640 Limpopo service entry 1908
641 Matopo service entry 1928
642 Lusaka service entry 1928
643 Nchanga service entry 1928

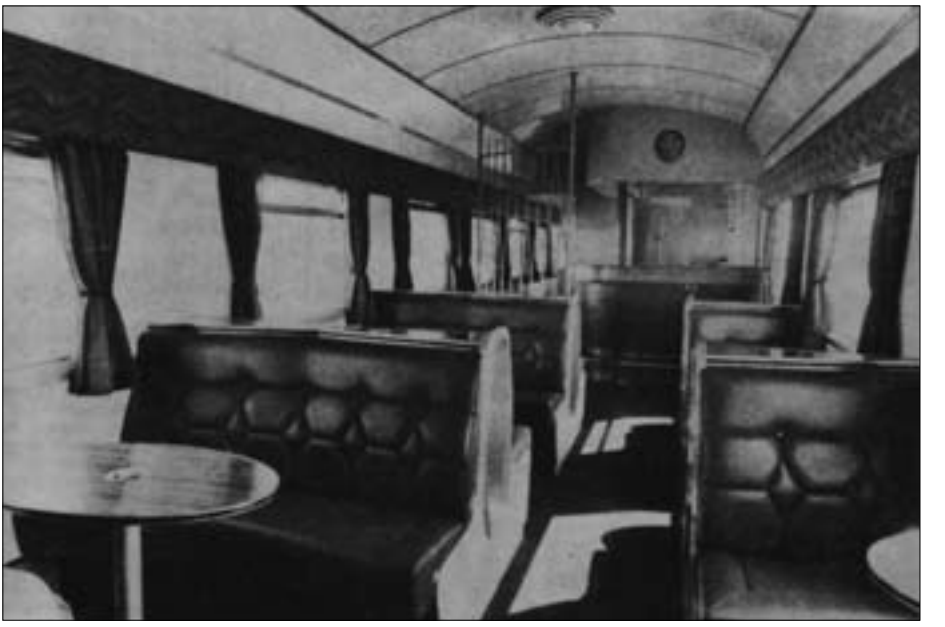
Dining cars were withdrawn from Bulawayo to Victoria Falls trains from 1st January 1969. These trains had been speeded up and left Bulawayo at 8.30 p.m. and arrived at Victoria Falls at 6.50 a.m. thereby eliminating the need for dinner and breakfast en route. The catering service was however restored the following year. On 31st January 1971 Mr. C. A. Goodyear retired as Catering Manager a position he had held since April 1966 and Mr. T. W. E. Boulter took his place.

EXPANDING AGAIN

The early 1970s were a period of expansion and re equipment for the Catering Department. All the new vehicles were designed and built by railway staff. The first new vehicle was 42-seat diner and 15-seat lounge unit Zimbabwe numbered 668 and 669. It had large windows and fully carpeted floors. The modern bar had numerous refrigerators, storage cabinets and an icemaker. The kitchen was fully gas operated with two large stoves, water heaters, warming ovens, large tea urn and coffee percolator. Zimbabwe went into service in January 1972 and was followed six months later by a similar vehicle Victoria Falls, numbers 670 and 671. March 1973 saw the first of four twenty seven seat single diners placed in service. They had a small cocktail lounge with the bar furnished in copper.

Costing Z$50 000 each they were mounted on a new type of bogie fitted with stabilizers and shock proof dampers to give a smoother ride. They were named after cities, City of

Dining portion. Twin diner Zimbabwe 1972.



Lounge portion. Twin diner Zimbabwe 1972

Bulawayo (687), City of Salisbury (688), City of Gwelo (689) and City of Umtali (690). Once these new vehicles had entered service Mosi-oa-Tunya which dated back to the 1928 batch of dining cars was put on light duties and shunted into the Catering Department siding to be used as a training school for dining car staff.

At 07.15 hrs on the 27th March 1974 the passenger train from Bulawayo to Lourenço Marques (Maputo) collided head on with a goods train in the vicinity of San Miguel siding between Manhica and Villa Luisa. The twin lounge/diner, Kyle, formally Kafue, was completely destroyed and this time even the under frames ended up on the scrap heap. A sad loss of two catering vehicles that had only entered service in 1956. From 1st April that year a breakfast would have cost 80 cents, lunch 95 cents and dinner $1,15. Children's meals were 55 cents each.

CATERING STAFF

Working in a dining car wasn't easy due to cramped working and living conditions for as long as six days at a time. Dining car staffs reflect the human face of the railway service and as such are required to be polite, efficient and cheerful. The working day can be long and arduous starting at 05.30 hrs. so as to be ready to serve morning coffee to sleepy passengers in their compartments at 06.00 hrs. This is followed by breakfast, morning tea, lunch, afternoon tea, and dinner and for some patron's coffee and drinks in the dining car until as late as 22.50 hrs. Spare a thought too for the chef and kitchen staff preparing and cooking food sometimes for three sittings in a narrow swaying kitchen with summer temperatures as high as 50□. The dining cars, based in Bulawayo, were required to travel as far as Beira a return distance of 2156 km and to Ndola a return distance of 2450 km. Each car had a Chief Steward in charge with two, three or four stewards depending on the

Luncheon: dining car Zambesi 1972

number of passengers travelling. The ideal maximum number of passengers per steward at a sitting was eight. At busy times as many as one hundred passengers were served during the course of one meal. In addition to the stewards two junior staff assisted the Chef and two others worked in the pantry. A Chief Steward in 1917 earned fifteen pounds per month on promotion and his pay rose to twenty pounds after 24 months satisfactory service. A steward earned twelve pounds per month on appointment and this increased to fifteen pounds ten shillings after three months satisfactory service. Staff were rotated to the railway operated hotels and refreshment rooms to provide relief from the peripatetic life in the dining cars. Learner chefs were trained at the Victoria Falls Hotel. In order to cover peak traffic periods such as Christmas temporary staff were employed, very often university students on vacation. Dr. Bob Challis well known professional historian was so employed when he was a student and has kindly provided the following reminiscences of his life as a temporary dining car steward.

> After my first year as a BA student at Cape Town in 1961 I worked as a waiter more politely steward on Rhodesia Railways. I was issued with a uniform that looked a bit like a Royal Navy Mid shipman outfit – but not quite so smart, perhaps. Suitably clad in my white shirt, black tie, black corduroy jacket, black waistcoat, black trousers and shiny black shoes I reported for duty in the dining car where I was greeted with yells of delight / or hoots of derision from Falcon schoolboys who had last seen me as a prefect over a year earlier.
>
> These pupils were on their way to Salisbury for the Christmas holidays. They made the most of ordering me here there and everywhere or trying to do so anyway. My next trip was to Northern Rhodesia. Just after we had crossed the Falls Bridge I was laying tables for the evening meals when I

heard what sounded like a gunshot just above my head. A stone had been thrown from the outer darkness, making a tiny hole almost in the middle of the dining saloon window, which was now covered with a spider-web of cracks. I was annoyed because I had to remove tiny slithers of glass from the table top and re-lay it. After nearly two days of travel and travail it was a relief to reach the end of the line at Ndola where the Copper Smith Arms traditionally drowned the sorrows of railway employees. I can recall loosing a whole tray of cups and saucers as I swayed between carriages during the early morning coffee/tea deliveries – I think this happened on the return trip from Ndola where I might have still been a bit hung-over. This was at the time of the Congo crisis when my schoolboy French came in useful to the refugees who travelled in large numbers of the trains from N.R. The stone-throwing incident was also typical of political problems in N.R. at that time. More damage was to be done when we returned to Bulawayo. It was the early morning of Christmas Eve, the chief steward Mr. Rose wanted us waiters to help him with some stock taking, the train was stationary in the railway station and the engine driver had promised Mr. Rose that there would be no shunting and other sudden movements for a couple of hours – perhaps the engine driver forgot his promise, for just as we had laid out all the glasses and bottles of booze on the dining saloon tables there was a sudden lurch – which certainly helped to simplify our stocktaking. That evening I went to Government House as a guest of Sir Humphrey and Lady Gibbs (Sir Humphrey had invited my mother and step father, Brigadier Bob Prentice, and I was allowed to tag along too, in a borrowed dinner jacket). It was a very grand occasion at Lobengula's former residence – and guess who were serving drinks at the bar? Mr. Rose and two of my fellow stewards.

During the next long vacation, I got a job as a clerk in the Central Plant Depot of the Rhodesia Railways in Bulawayo. I could tell a few tales about this experience too – but will restrict myself here to just one. There was a certain rather casual worker at the plant called Tinker Beets who one day reported to me the sad news that he had 'lost' the Coles crane – this was a very large item for anyone to lose – but lost it was – nearly a day went by before someone finally spotted the crane hidden in an obscure spot behind a large warehouse. Beets had forgotten that he'd left it there two days earlier"

ZIMBABWE

Rhodesia Railways became Zimbabwe Rhodesia Railways in June 1979 and the name changed again in May 1980 to National Railways of Zimbabwe. National Railways of Zimbabwe continues to provide catering services on its trains between Bulawayo and Harare and Bulawayo/Victoria Falls and Bulawayo/Chiredzi. They were also used on special trains and chartered by tour operators such as Rail Safaris.

In March 1986 National Railways of Zimbabwe introduced the popular daylight train service between Harare and Bulawayo. This train was timed to run at a maximum of 100 km/hr and the buffet cars were modified to travel at this speed.

Twin Diner: Zambesi. Harare Station. 1 February 1998

They proved popular serving drinks and light meals. This train was withdrawn in mid 1993. Saturday 22nd October 1983 was a special day for the Catering Department when they provided 272 seated lunches and 219 hamper lunches for the VIPs travelling on the first electric passenger train between Gweru and Harare. Forty staff served these meals in two dining cars for the hot meals and the buffet car was used to serve the hamper lunches. Another special day was 4th November 1998 when NRZ introduced its new coaches and ran a special daylight train from Bulawayo to Harare for invited guests. The writer had the privilege of travelling on this train and I recall the excellent meal service provided by the catering staff resplendent in new uniforms for the occasion. When National Railways of Zimbabwe ordered these new coaches they did not include catering vehicles in the order.

The existing single dining cars in the City series were repainted to match the new blue and grey livery of the coaches and one was attached to each new train formation to provide a catering service.

In the early hours of the morning of 1st February 2003 the northbound passenger train to Victoria Falls collided head on with a southbound goods train near Mambanje siding north of Dete. Fifty persons lost their lives in this horrific collision and in addition to the coaches destroyed in the subsequent fire the Catering Department lost dining car 671, portion of the twin diner set Victoria Falls. The other half number 670 is still in the railway workshops awaiting repair to the damage it sustained.

The year 2011 can reasonably be claimed as the centenary year for the Railway Catering Department following the appointment of the first full time catering manager Mr. Mallett after the Railway Boards decision of 25th September 1911.

I feel it appropriate to conclude this paper with full list of all the catering vehicles in service or in workshops at the time of writing in November 2010:

660 part of Chimanimani twin diner
666/667 Zambesi
668/669 Zimbabwe
670 part of Victoria Falls twin diner
680
684 Tati
685 Nyanga
688 City of Harare
689 City of Gweru
690 City of Mutare

In addition 1930 vintage dining cars 644, 645 and 646 are assigned to the Railway Museum in Bulawayo and used on special trains.

Train services which currently have dining cars attached are Bulawayo/Harare, Bulawayo/Chicualacuala and Bulawayo/Francistown

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

In preparing this paper I have received considerable assistance from a number of persons and organizations to whom I extend my grateful thanks; Dr R Challis. Harare Mr. F A Edkins. Coghlan, Welsh and Guest Harare Ms S Lawrence. Karingal Victoria Australia Mr. G Murray. National Railways of Zimbabwe Mrs. S Muzamindo. National Railways of Zimbabwe Mr. and Mrs. C E Rickwood. Bulawayo Director and staff National Archives of Zimbabwe

Hellenic Community
The Quiet Contribution: Chapter Two

by John Travlos

This is the text of a talk given to members of The History Society of Zimbabwe in Harare on 22 July 2010.

Thank you for according to me the honour of addressing you this evening to tell you some of the facts surrounding the Diaspora of Greek peoples which drove some of our country men to Africa. I have called this address "The Quiet Contribution by Zimbabweans of Greek origin".

One of the most famous lawyers of all time, Abraham Lincoln, was renowned for his skill in persuading jurors to acquit his clients and he used stories liberally to illustrate his contentions that his opponents' conclusions were wrong.

He gave the following story in one of his addresses:

> An old grandfather once caught his seven year old grandson weeing in the hay above the stables.
>
> "You must never do that," advised the grandfather. "It pollutes the horses' food."
>
> The very next day in the evening the grandfather was sitting on the porch enjoying his pipe and slowly quaffing his beer when grandson ran breathlessly up to him.
>
> "Granddad, granddad, sister Jane and the new farmhand are in the hayloft. She is pulling up her dress and he is pulling down his pants. Come and stop them, they are going to wee in the hay."
>
> Old granddad cast a glassy eye on the lad and slowly drawled, "Son, you have got the facts right but you have drawn the wrong conclusion."

So there it is. I will try and give you historical facts as I have understood them but let you draw your own conclusions.

I am conscious that there can be differing versions of the same events by good people and that the facts which I have heard from the older generation may differ from understandings of those facts by others. Nevertheless here are my own bona fide observations of a panoply of colourful, wonderful characters who were the salt of the earth. I have had the privilege of taking a glimpse into their lives and times.

HELLENIC COMMUNITY – INTRODUCTION

I shall try my best not to allude at all to the Euro crisis which has hit Greece – save to suggest a message to Prime Minister Papandreou: "For bedside reading, tonight take with you a copy of Aristotle's works and I am sure you will find direction as to how to resolve the crisis."

However it might be more appropriate to refer to the satire, humour and parody of Aristophanes whose famous female character Lysistrata persuaded the women of Athens and Sparta to deny their menfolk conjugal rights until they stopped fighting each other.

Perhaps today Lysistrata might similarly convince the men of Athens and Sparta to pay their taxes.

The circumstances under which many Greek people emigrated were caused by the now mostly forgotten unquiet cataclysms of history and the chasms of suffering needlessly caused by the folly of xenophobic dictators in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. They thought that they could give their people happiness and prosperity by committing genocide against Greeks, Armenians and Kurds. Their actions resulted in killings, maimings and death and in the exodus of millions of refugees.

Somewhere in that huge diaspora was a 16 year old boy – a survivor.

His name: Constantine John Kircos
His family: The Kircos of Mutare
and The Blismas of Harare

THE KIRCOS/BLISMAS STORY

This story was recounted to me by the late Mrs Hellas Blismas, the fourth child of the Paterfamilias of this family, Constantine John Kircos who was born in Katopanagia Smyrna (now Izmira) in the 1880s. He was one of 14 children of whom only two survived the Diaspora which resulted from the heinous genocides perpetrated by the Turks in Asia Minor in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. His father John and mother Artimis with their 14 children were forced in the depth of winter to flee with no food and just the clothes on their back as they tried to make their way to the safety of the Island of Chios in the Agean sea in order to escape the Turkish onslaught. Fully 12 of these children in this one family died on the way of cold, hunger and illness. Constantine John was one of the two children who survived.

At the age of 16 young Costa John Kircos after a serious tiff with his father ran away from home. He stowed away in a boat bound for Egypt and disembarked in Alexandria where he spent some time working to make a little money to enable him to fulfill his dream of travelling through Africa. He decided to go it alone and face life at any cost. He was adventurous, strong, determined and courageous. He set out from Egypt on foot. He may well have travelled some way on Nile river barges. From thence he travelled by camel, ox wagon and on foot and through his own force of character was able to join travelling groups of various kinds, befriend local people, forage for food and make his way through the Sudan to Tanganyika and thence to Portuguese East Africa – afterwards called Mocambique and still later to Rhodesia. The trek took him four years to complete. He won the trust, loyalty and respect and friendship of many Africans en route. Several of them shared the ordeal of his trek through Africa. They constituted essential help to Costa not only in the setting up of camps but also in facilitating barter trade with various tribes as they went along. Somehow he managed to accumulate some cattle, goats and a variety of other animals, determined as he was to establish a farm as soon as he could.

His character and his success were moulded in the crucible of his suffering in the exodus of his family from Turkey and surviving his arduous journey down the continent of Africa. Although he started out speaking only Greek and Arabic he managed during his travels to learn English, Portuguese, and a smattering of German and Italian but mastered several African dialects fluently.

His arrival in Portuguese East Africa coincided with a raging war with the Makonde

tribe and of course he was asked to help. He fought alongside the Portuguese with a handful of African warriors and won significant battles. On the establishment of peace and in recognition for his services he was awarded a farm named "Chibata" in the Villa Pery District. Later he bought his own farm at Revue only 23 miles from the Rhodesian border. He named this farm "Athena" and there, developed his farming career. His choice of the name "Athena" was quite fortuitous but may have been the result of a teenage crush on a girl called Athena. Much later, by proxy, he was able to choose and persuade to join him in marriage a girl called Athena Karassellos. She hailed from the Island of Kassos.

Costa John Kircos soon became well known and respected for his kindness, generosity and thoughtfulness towards everyone regardless of origin, race or creed.

He made his farming career a great success. He grew tobacco, maize, vegetables and fruit and reared his own cattle, sheep, goats and pigs and of course acquired many, many friends. The railway line from Umtali to Beira ran through his farm upon which was a siding with a dual track where steam engines would cross lines and pick up water. During their waiting period there the Kircos open hospitality was well known to drivers and conductors who would walk to the farmhouse where they would be given a huge meal and various supplies to take back to their homes. These supplies were not always readily available in those days but were plentiful at the Kircos farm.

In the year 1900 Costa ventured to Umtali where he bought a piece of land near the railway station and another in Main Street on which the Umtali Trading Company later operated. He was an astute business man but was also acclaimed and respected for his generosity and kindness towards the less fortunate. He was a very strong man and stood over six foot tall. The locals nicknamed him "Shumba", the lion. Through the Chief Immigration Officer, Steve Maybrook, he was able to secure permission for many Greeks from Greece to settle in Rhodesia.

But life was not easy by any means for Costa and Athena. Umtali was mostly veld with pole and dagga huts as shelters. There were no stoves, food was cooked on an open fire and tapers were used as candles at night. Paraffin lamps were only introduced later. Snakes, scorpions, spiders, mosquitoes, roaming lions and leopards were all part of the scenery but with courage and determination they were able to develop three houses near the railway station and to rent them out. The family moved from the farm in Portuguese East Africa to Umtali to prepare their five children for schooling. In 1917 the deadly influenza epidemic reached Umtali and Costa fell desperately ill. By the Grace of God and the care of Dr Stewart and nurse Mary Emmery he was saved.

After his recovery the Portuguese government awarded him two concessions to erect and run timber sawmills, one at Morrebani in the Villa Peri district and the other at Savane on the Trans-Zambezi railway to Nyasaland. He employed A. K. Mackintosh to help set up the timber and sawmill operations and he became a supplier of various timber products to the Rhodesia Railways.

His fame spread and he was even asked for assistance from the Copperbelt in Northern Rhodesia as it then was. He also managed to run a mine outside Umtali for several years and established a transport business. He was able to accumulate substantial wealth and became one of the wealthiest Greeks of his time. Gold sovereigns were the accepted currency of the era. He owned the first Model T Ford in Umtali and gave his family many happy hours of travelling on strip roads.

He became known far beyond Umtali. He was always asked to attend festivities in Beira because of his close association with and support he had given to Portuguese East Africa. When President Carmona of Portugal visited Beira, Costa Kircos portrait was hung in the foyer of the Municipal Buildings. He was decorated by the President in appreciation for all the services which he rendered to the Portuguese nation.

> Costa founded the Greek Community in Umtali and with his own resources built the Orthodox Church there. Athena raised money in South Africa, Mocambique and Nyasaland as well as Rhodesia for the building of the Church Hall which was completed a few years after the Church had been built.

Costa's story was broadcast over the radio on several occasions and its recordings can still be found in the Umtali Archives.

He died on his birthday, the 21 May 1944 at the age of 58. His funeral took place at the Umtali Greek Orthodox Church and was the largest Umtali had seen up to that time. People of all colours, creeds and nationalities attended and letters, telegrams and phone calls were received from all over the world but the most touching moment took place when his elderly staff, some from long distances away came to Umtali, having walked from their villages from many miles away. They arrived en mass at the funeral ceremony. They sang and danced in a most respectful and colourful way as only Africans can do on such occasions and then presented calabashes and special gifts.

His eldest son, John Kircos, later became the Mayor of Umtali. His son Ajax played rugby for Manicaland and became a well known business man there. Costa's daughter Hellas married into the Blismas family who in Salisbury were famous for their ice creams and Nickerbockerglories served at The Chocolate Box and The Popular Café particularly after the "bioscopes" shown at the Palace and Little Palace Theatres in First Street. Some of you might remember also The Lounge and Pocket's Tea Room and the several places where ladies were accustomed to shop including Trowle-Ayers.

One of the Blismas, John Blismas, is coming from South Africa next week to give a show here in Harare. He has attained recognition in one of the most difficult disciplines of show business – comedy.

Hellas and her sisters taught all their girls the art of delicious Greek cooking. Her daughter Maria, with her husband Peter Papadopoulos of Rhodesian basketball fame whom you might remember, and their son opened the now famous "Eat Greek on Broadway" in Durban, and Maria and Marina still make the most delicious mezzethes and dips to this day in Durban and Harare respectively.

And Mariana and her husband Nic Agides are right here with us this evening.

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My first story was about Constantine John Kircos. My second is about John Paizee.

These two paterfamilii, independent of one another and as a result of two different Diaspora in two different centuries eventually arrived in this country.

The Paizee/Vrettos family by the end of the nineteenth century came to Ithica after first settling in Florence and Venice and after Ithica to Africa. They settled in Italy after fleeing the Ottoman onslaught against Byzantium. I quote from Azarias:

> Many of the Byzantine Greeks who fled the Ottoman onslaught settled in Italy where they provided the West with a number of Greek scholars

> with their nineteen centuries of high culture behind them. Coupled with the florescence of their sophisticated hellenistic metropolitan life they contributed immensely to the Renaissance

By the time the Paizee's left Italy for Ithica the bloodstained waves of violent destruction wrought by the Turks had begun to cleanse and subside and, as Ionian Islanders, not only did they play a role in the revolutionary expulsion of 400 years of Ottoman occupation of Greece, but also in union with Greece of the Ionian Islands.

One of the ironies of these Diasporan experiences was that the Paizee/Vrettos family had members of both the Catholic and Orthodox churches. Hence when the bulls of excommunication promulgated nine hundred years previously were ended by their withdrawal by both churches in 1976 there was much rejoicing, but final unity between the two churches is yet to be realized.

To understand the character, culture, psyche and ethos of the early Greek settlers to this country and their families there are several sets of historical background which should be taken into account.

Firstly there is the five thousand year old ancient Greek culture and traditions coupled with another 1,000 years of Byzantine life with their influence and depth of human understanding, art, science, knowledge, wisdom, philosophy and democracy. Will Durant in his mammoth treatise *The Life of Greece* best summarized this ethos in his Preface as follows, and I quote briefly from it:

> Greece has bequeathed to Europe through Rome her sciences, her philosophies, her letters and her arts as the living, cultural basis of our modern world. You might however remember Edward Gibbons' old saying "Rome conquered Greece but Greece led the captors captive". There is nothing in Greek civilization that does not illuminate our own.

Secondly, deeply ingrained in the families who came here was, and still is, the Orthodox Faith and a consciousness that the original Greek language is the language of the New Testament and of St Paul's letters to the Corinthians and Thessalonians and of the significant role of Our Lady and the Saints whose lives touch our own. Hence the building of Orthodox churches and chapels and crypts wherever Greeks of the Diaspora have gone and is evidenced by those built by them in Zimbabwe.

Thirdly, Greece and Africa through Egypt have established and nurtured even to this day a three thousand year old sacred bond, particularly in scholastic learning of every description. It was also about three thousand years ago that Diogenes said, "The Foundation of any state is the education of its youth", which is just as valid today. At the opening of the rebuilding of the ancient library of Alexandria – completed only eight years ago – the quintessential role played by Greek scholars was recognized and lauded by Mrs Mubarak, who said at the opening of the library, and I quote, "The ancient library founded by Greeks was and still is one of the greatest and most inspiring of all creations of the human intellect".

The emphasis on education by Greek communities throughout the world and here in Zimbabwe follows naturally. Hence the establishment of the Hellenic Academy and Greek schools in Harare, all of which now probably rank amongst the best in Zimbabwe.

But this ancient sacred connection between Greeks and Africa is even more apparent.

The Apostle Mark the Evangelist was sent to Egypt by Peter and the disciples. St Mark

is honoured as the first Pope and Patriarch of Alexandria and All Africa. The 130th Pope and Patriarch of Alexandria in St Mark's unbroken line of succession is Theodoros who until his election several years ago was the Orthodox Archbishop right here in Zimbabwe. His office has contributed to the establishment of the Orthodox Chapel at the Hellenic School and Pope Theodoros himself recently laid the foundation stone.

And it was a Greek Zimbabwean family who recently helped to restore the crypt near the Nile river in Egypt which tradition holds to have been the refuge of the Holy family itself when they fled into Egypt.

These aspects of Greek ethos are embedded in the psyche and culture of those who emigrated to this country and I might add that I find no contradiction in holding a dual heritage, namely that of Greece and that of Zimbabwe. This was emphasized, par excellence, at the opening of the New Library in Alexandria Egypt: "A co-operation of cultures and not a clash of civilizations".

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Thus, the next story is a very different story with very different beginnings.

Yes, it does start way back in Constantinople of Byzantium and in the bloody and heinous Turkish sacking of the Mother City. But by the time our story begins the blood stained waves of suffering had somewhat receded and the 400 year old occupation of Greece by Turkey had ended in the Revolution of 1821.

I have called the story of the Paizee/Vrettos/Venturas/Bouzanis and Travlos families "AN ODYSSEY FROM ITHACA TO ZIMBABWE".

Our Odyssey begins at a time in the turbulent history of the Heptanissa – The Seven Islands. These gems of nature nestle in the Ionian Sea opposite Italy – they include the Islands of Cephallonia and Corfu.

Ithaca features as the smaller but most famous of these Islands – the Island of Odysseus also known as Ulysses of Homeric fame.

By the 1850s a highly emotive movement had sprung up in the Heptanissa for *Enossis*– Union with Greece. At the time Britain held Suzerainty over the Islands. Some of the British Governors were empathetic but others were callous and cruel, misunderstood the Greek ethos of the local people and generally rode roughshod over their aspirations.

However, in their own inimitable way the British wanted to verify these aspirations and feelings of the people of the seven islands and William Gladstone who was then Britain's Foreign Minister was dispatched to make the assessment.

Intimately involved in this Enossis Movement were two of the great families of Ithaca, the Rizospastes – or Radicals – who favoured violence as the only means to achieve Enossis with Greece and the Moderates who favoured accession to Greece by diplomacy and negotiation with Britain.

One of the leading families in the Radical Movement was the Paizee family and amongst the leading families in the Moderates was the Vrettos family led by Doctor Nicolas Vrettos. Both families were well established land owners and enjoyed rather magnificent villas built in the hills.

Of course, the two families clashed. Heated debates and arguments ensued. Their views were irreconcilable to the extent that it became anathema even to greet each other during sultry, peripatetic evening gatherings in the square or agora of the capital of Ithaca. The Radicals continued with their cry for armed insurrection whilst the Moderates steadfastly

stuck to their diplomacy and negotiation to achieve a peaceful transition to union with Greece.

When William Gladstone visited the Island there was of course huge rivalry as to which family should host his stay. There were no hotels and no tourism at that stage. Understandably he chose to stay with the Moderates, the Vrettos family which only caused a further deepening of the rift between the two families. Likewise the long sojourn of the famous German archaeologist Heinrich Schliemann was with the Vrettos family. He was there trying to locate the precise spot where Ulysses Palace once stood.

Incidentally, one story recounted by the locals is that when Gladstone visited a junior school in Vathi he is said to have asked one child in Standard 1 or the equivalent "What is 1 plus 1?" The little boy replied "Sir, it depends on what one is. If one represents half then 1 + 1 equals 1. If one represents 2 then 1 +1 equals 4". Gladstone marvelled that so young a class should already have this perception of mathematics.

After his tour he returned to give a recommendation to Westminster that union should be granted but it was only much later in 1864 that this union with Greece was achieved.

Notwithstanding this the enmity between the two families continued until about 1897 when the story which triggered the emigration of some members of both families to Rhodesia began.

John Paizee, then probably aged about 18 or 19 years was a young, reputedly headstrong, goodlooking lad. Penelope Vrettos probably then aged 16 or 17 years was reportedly a strikingly beautiful girl with very long hair and admired for her dignity and poise even at that young age. Perhaps she might have been the epitome of her namesake the beautiful Penelope, Odysseus' faithful wife who spurned all suitors who gathered around the palace, believing that her husband, absent for 12 years fighting in the battle of Troy was either dead or lost. She had told the unruly suitors that she would choose one of them when her tapestry was finished. She worked on it during the day but every evening she unwound the tapestry confidently awaiting her husband's return.

Needless to say John Paizee and Penelope Vrettos , as the Greeks say "Made sweet eyes at each other" and fell in love.

They confessed to their respective parents and families their love for each other and their intention to marry.

There then ensued the most dreadful row imaginable and this awoke every passion of antipathy between the Paizee and Vrettos families. A Shakespearean Montague and Capulet syndrome was bound to and did ensue in real life. Continual mighty rows erupted over and over again.

The two young people were forbidden to see each other again.

John and Penelope decided to elope. They met secretly in the dead of night. John had commandeered a rowing boat and in this tiny vessel he rowed his bride to be to the Island of Cephalonia from whence they travelled to Patras thence to Piaeus and caught the next boat which happened to sail for Durban in South Africa.

When the late Byron and I, both grandsons of Penelope and John first visited Ithaca the old people in Vathi still held vivid memories of the "Beautiful girl with long hair" as they put it who had eloped to Africa. Referring to my statement that History repeats itself three other members of the family later also chose to elope.

Of course, blood is thicker than water. John's uncle Costa Paizee followed the young

couple to Rhodesia where he settled and started the first large scale shoe and boot factory in the country, Rhodesia Leather Shoe Industries Limited. Sometime later the Prince of Wales, Prince Edward, after whom Prince Edward School is named, was visiting Rhodesia. Using his initiative and thumbing his nose at two competitors Costa somehow found out the Prince's shoe size and made him a pair of shoes of python skin. He presented these to the Prince who we believe was delighted at this unusual gift from Africa. Costa then mischievously put up a prominent board outside his factory displaying the words "By appointment to the Prince of Wales, Prince Edward" much to the chagrin of his competitors who petitioned the authorities for the sign to be taken down. Subsequently he was awarded several large contracts to make boots for the armed forces. Well after the war he married a Greek girl from Cairo, Lefkothea who played a leading role in the Hellenic Ladies Association. I myself remember the factory well on the corner of Fourth St and Speke Avenue and the cacophony of noise which emanated from the factory's machinery. The building still stands today. His favourite niece, my mother Phyllis Despina was given shares in "The Rhodesia Leather Shoe Industries Limited which Costa subsequently sold to Bata on his retirement in about 1947 or 1948.

Penelope's brother, Dr Andrew Vrettos, a devoted medical practitioner, the son of the original leader of the Moderates, Dr Nicholas Vrettos also followed the young couple to Rhodesia. Notwithstanding the fact that he had obtained his degrees at the same university as the well known dentist Dr Byron Moore, who had no difficulty in obtaining a practice certificate, Dr Andrew Vrettos was not allowed to practice in Rhodesia. He was not British. After he had ascertained that the young couple had settled down and started a family, and hearing about the terrible sufferings ordinary people were enduring in countries in South America who were experiencing the excesses of dictatorship and revolutions, he decided to venture there. He encountered many people suffering from tropical diseases and was impelled, by his own empathetic character to study their cures and antidotes. He amassed great knowledge of these diseases and wrote two books on Tropical Medicine. Then, hearing about the dire straits of the Cuban people, he made his way to Havana where he practiced for many years ministering to the very poor who lived in the slums of Havana. He became so well known in the skill of his profession that he was invited by the then President of Cuba, Batista, to attend his family at the Presidential residence. He was also offered a surgery there, but Doctor Andrew refused to be weaned away from the poor people who desperately needed his services and whom he served for the rest of his life. On his death his faithful nursing staff and some of his patients sent to his family here in Zimbabwe his certificates of practice and university degree certificates which are still retained to this day by his grand niece Phryne Bouzanis. It will be of interest to note that a cousin, Chris Vrettos, a well known engineer was mostly responsible for the building of the Hellenic Club and Cultural Centre in Harare. His recently late son, Dennis, was largely responsible for building the Hellenic nursery school and other buildings at Hellenic school grounds in Alex Park and his brother Doctor Basil Vrettos is making his name as a skilled Orthopaedic surgeon in Cape Town.

Grandfather John and grandmother Penelope settled on a farm in Arcturus. John's penchant for business and his love of the outdoor life led to a friendship with Thomas Meikle and with Costa Kircos. John Paizee was the first to import a flock of sheep into this country but these did not survive conditions here.

Subsequently these three characters decided to ride on horseback to Nyasaland where the best cattle were to be obtained. I have received conflicting reports about these journeys to Nyasaland. It is not clear whether Thomas Meikle accompanied them. They went on at least two occasions. On the last of the journeys John Paizee contracted black water fever and never returned. His two little daughters were then barely five and seven years old and they eventually became the respective mothers of Byron and Phryne Venturas (now Bouzanis) and John and Nicolas Travlos.

Penelope operated the farm in Arcturus for a while where she reared sheep and cattle and planted crops. She was befriended by the Jesuit Fathers, Brothers, and Sisters at Chishawasha who acting out of Christian charity gave her and her two little girls shelter and a small store. Katherine (later Venturas) and Phyllis Despina (later Travlos) had vivid memories of their sojourn in Arcturus and wept when occasionally we took a drive past the old farm. Another quirk of fate was that one of Lonrho's most productive gold mines, the Arcturus Mine was many years later located partially on that same property.

Both sisters eventually became the most senior of the surviving pupils of GHS. (The Girls High School) and were always well remembered by their formidable headmistress Miss Forsythe.

Grandmother Penelope had a deep and abiding faith. This was manifested in a hundred ways. It was this faith that made her absolutely fearless. The family recalls an occasion in Harare when a snake reared its head on the back verandah of the house. She fearlessly took hold of it by the neck and removed it out of the reach of the grandchildren.

During the great 'flu epidemic of 1917 her daughter Phyllis fell desperately ill and was taken to the then general hospital in Harare. The nursing sisters had given her up for dead and made ready to remove her to the mortuary. But Penelope had a dream in which Our Lady appeared to her and simply said "Your child is not dead". She awoke and rushed to the hospital only to find that the nursing staff were already wheeling the child to the mortuary. With loud and insistent cries Penelope cajoled and eventually persuaded the hospital staff, albeit in her very broken English, to release the child's body to her. She then massaged the child for hours and hours and brought her around. Phyllis lived for another 82 years.

Katherine married Christo Venturas and Phyllis married Gerassimos Travlos and it was again ironical and another quirk of fate that both sister also lost their respective husbands when each set of their children were aged approximately 7 years and 5 years respectively.

We always remember that for many decades afterwards the two sisters enjoyed the utmost hospitality and preference for the Meikles organisation.

Both Katherine and Phyllis lived as widows for many decades after their husbands' passing.

They are both venerated by their families as mater familii of their respective families.

Our late father Gerassimos, with his brother Spero had a clothing factory on 34 Stanley Ave, cnr 34 Jason Moyo Ave. Our late mother Phyllis, after she was widowed demolished the old factory building and built a three story office and shop complex on the site. The family still owns this building. It was her own initiative and drive that enabled Phyllis to send her children to school and university and from which she operated her own business. This included a fully authorized distributorship right for Time Life Incorporated for the two Rhodesias and Nyasaland (as they were then named).

These families, as with many of the Greek families who emigrated to this county, saw

history made and remade and saw their children and grandchildren flourish and render service both to the Greek community and to the country. Byron and Basil Bouzanis served with distinction in World War II as did many Greeks from Zimbabwe – John Plagis, the Passaportis boys, the Divaris brothers to name but a few.

Costa Paizee, Christo Venturas and Gerassimos Travlos all served as Presidents of the Hellenic Community and Byron Venturas and John Travlos have also served the Community in various capacities for most, if not all of their working lives.

Byron has participated in community affairs since 1948 and has played a role in every major project from the buildings of the Orthodox Cathedral of the Holy Trinity to the start of the Club and Cultural Centre and the new Athenaeum Hall. His father, Christo, donated the money which built the firs Athenaeum Hall which was on the corners of Samora Machel Avenue and Julius Nyerere Way where Anglo American's Chartered House now stands. Indeed, when the Old Athenaeum Hall property was sold and the Hall demolished Phryne Venturas (who married Basil Bouzanis) rescued the old Grecian pillars which formed its patio. These were relocated at her home in Alexandra Park and are still to be seen there.

Byron also served as President of the "Old Soldiers Association" for many years.

The new generation represented by Chris Venturas and Alice Travlos have also joined in giving service to the Community.

Soulis Bouzanis was a judge and Basil prosecuted in some of the war Tribunals held in Greece after World War II. After Mussulini's invasion of Greece was repulsed Hitler sent in his Panzer Divisions. They were held up by Basil's horse-back cavalry regiment which managed to halt the Panzer advance in the mountain passes of Central Greece. The bitter battle which ensued resulted in most of the resident regiment being wiped out. They were hopelessly outnumbered, outgunned and out-equipped. There were 30 survivors only of which Basil was one and he carried shrapnel bits in his legs until his death in the 1980s. These 30 survivors were lined up by the professional German army commanders who lined up their own troops, gave the Greeks back their empty guns and caused the Germans to salute the Greek soldiers – recognizing, as they did, their outstanding bravery. Basil was allowed to keep and wear his uniform and all were allowed to go free back to their homes. Most of the Jewish population of Greece lived in Thessalonica from which there was a hurried and secret exodus. Basil was asked to take a small baby down to the harbour. He was able to do so wearing his uniform in spite of the fact that the city was teeming with German soldiers at the time. He delivered the baby at a pre-arranged secret place at the harbour. The same baby happened to become Mrs Shimon Perez and the Bouzanis have a standing invitation to visit the Perez in Israel – an invitation which they have never been able to fulfill.

CONCLUSION

There are many other facets of the amazing lives which these characters lived but time does not permit us to talk further.

Phryne is writing a book on Ithaca and Zimbabwe which she hopes to publish soon.

These are only two more stories of Greek/Zimbabwean families out of many others.

I hope I have been able to give you a tiny inkling of insight into Greek character and characters, a few of whose children and children's children remain here today.

But I am compelled to ask again, have we really learnt the lessons of history and the Diaspora. Out of 250,000 white Zimbabweans here in the 1970s, approximately 230,000

have emigrated. Out of some 11 to 12 million black Zimbabweans it is said that some 3 million have left.

Perhaps the glare of modern news may have ameliorated what could have been a far worse scenario for us.

Do we ever learn from history?

I have given you the facts. I leave you to draw your own conclusions.

I conclude with a three line quote which I believe captures the pathos of our history thus far. It is taken from a poem called "Definitive Moments"

There are definitive moments
Moments we use as milestones
Moments after which things are never the same again.

1910–2010
140 years on from Carl Mauch
The Zimbabwe Geological Survey marks its Century of Achievement

by T. J. Broderick

This is the text of a talk given to members of The History Society of Zimbabwe in Harare on 9 September 2010

From the archaeological record of Zimbabwe we acknowledge the keen observational ability of our Stone Age, San and Ancients in adapting their environment to their way of life. This resulted in their use of appropriate stone for tools, iron for hoes, clay for pots and gold and copper for trade and adornment. The observation of rock relationships and the development of stratigraphic principles came to a head only some 200 years ago and were recognized in the publication of William Smith's first geological map of Britain in 1815. It has been dubbed "The map that changed the World" and it is in the tradition of Smith that regional geological mapping in Zimbabwe and the World follows.

Although Thornton, geologist to Livingstone's Zambezi Expedition of 1858 to 1863, touched Zimbabwe at the Victoria Falls and at Kanyemba, it is the German explorer Carl Mauch who is recognized as the first geologist to traverse Zimbabwean territory. He walked the Bubye River Valley in 1868 before joining Henry Hartley in their quest for gold to the vicinity of the present-day Chegutu. He also recognized and documented the Tati Gold Belt. Mauch returned in 1871 when he crossed the Bempe (Limpopo) River, passed Marungudzi and crossed the waterless Nuanetsi lava field to reach Great Zimbabwe. He continued, to name the Kaiser Wilhelm Gold Belt at Makaha, before migrating east through Mozambique to Quelimane. He chronicled a wealth of geological, botanical and sociological detail, whilst his route was fixed by sextant, chronometer and aneroid barometer.

Organized regional geological mapping in southern Africa began with the Geological Commission of the Cape of Good Hope in 1895. Prof. Ernest Schwarz and Dr A. L. du Toit were on this Commission in 1904 when their masterful geological maps of the Langkloof and Eastern Cape where based on the survey of farm boundaries, but did not reflect the diverse topography they worked within. Schwarz advocated the damming of the Cunene and Chobe rivers and the diversion of waters to flood the Makarikari Pans. This engendered controversy and it was du Toit who was asked to mediate in the feasibility of the scheme. He, with the use of a South African DH9 aircraft, initiated the use of aerial photography in the region by flying sorties out of Livingstone. The irrigation of Botswana was not achieved.

P. B. Fletcher was the first surveyor in Bulawayo. He was invited to plan and survey the streets in 1894 and these form the basis of the CBD and Suburbs today. More importantly, this survey work caused Fletcher to invite his elder brother, R. A. Fletcher and friend W. M. Espin to join him from Johannesburg. They published the first geological map of Matabeleland in 1897, a remarkable feat when the geodetic and primary triangulation

of Rhodesia was only initiated in that year. Alexander Simms completed the survey up the 30-degree Arc of Meridian between Bulawayo and Salisbury by 1901, whilst Rubin continued this northwards across the Zambezi. Gordon then linked the chain from the Transvaal in 1906. Further triangulation in the country then remained dormant until 1928.

A. J. C. Molyneux was one of the earliest geologists and mining engineers active in the region. He, through the Chamber of Mines, was instrumental in founding both the Rhodesia Scientific Association (1899) and the Rhodesia Museum (1901) in Bulawayo. Chamber of Mines' support for a national museum required that the curator be a geologist. This was Frederick Philip Mennell, whose service to mining and geology in the country earned him the title of being Zimbabwe's 'father of geology'. By 1904 he had accumulated sufficient knowledge on the geology to publish his own map. Mennell was to be one of the main protagonists, again through the Chamber of Mines and the BSA Company, for the establishment of a national Geological Survey, which came to fruition in 1910 with the appointment of H. B. Maufe as its first Director in Bulawayo. He immediately set to work to map the geology of the Enterprise Gold Belt with the aid of mule-drawn buckboard and plane table. He was to serve this country handsomely until his retirement in 1934 and again as Acting Director during WW II.

The first published Geological Survey map was of the Selukwe mining camp, representing the concerted efforts of Maufe, Ben Lightfoot and A.E.V. Zealley through 1911 and 1912 in what we now know to be an area of extreme geological complexity and difficult topography. Zealley had succeeded Mennell as Curator at the Museum before joining the Geological Survey whilst Lightfoot had followed Maufe from the British Geological Survey's Scottish Office. He was experienced in coal geology and went on to assess and map the Great Sabi Coal Syndicate claims and the Wankie Coal Concession in 1912. The mapping was at a scale of 800 Cape Roods to the inch. A. M. Macgregor, who had been Assistant Curator at the Museum, joined the Survey in 1914 and assisted Maufe in mapping Kalahari and Karoo stratigraphy west of Queen's Mine. He returned after war service in 1919 to complete Zealley's mapping of the Somabula diamond field before returning to the Bembezi Valley to complete the geological mapping around the Lonely Mine in 1922. He was to complete a 27-year marathon of geological field work, which only terminated on his appointment as Director of the Geological Survey in 1946. He concentrated his efforts on the Basement Complex and he worked his way south from Kadoma through Battlefields and Kwekwe to Hunter's Road, the latter being the first geological map at a scale of 1:100 000 and the work resulted in his famous tripartite subdivision of greenstone belt stratigraphy into the Sebakwian, Bulawayan and Shamvaian systems. As the author of over 50 geological publications, Macgregor's Doctor of Philosophy degree was awarded by the University of Natal in 1947. He was the Geological Society of South Africa Draper Memorial Medallist in the same year, was awarded the OBE in 1949 and became the Society President in 1951.

The first 1:1 million-scale geological map of Southern Rhodesia was published in 1921 and then again in 1928 to coincide with the 1929 World Geological Conference held in Pretoria. Accelerated progress of geological mapping was facilitated by the introduction of motorized transport in 1925 and the inauguration of aerial photography in 1935, when A. E. Phaup and F. O. S. Dobell were mapping the Lower Umfuli Valley. Maturity of the 1:1 million map continued to show itself through the 1936, 1946 and 1961 editions, the latter being the first to be scribed as opposed to being purely hand drawn. The 1970s saw

an upsurge in the number of geologists employed in regional geological mapping, their efforts culminating in publication of the 1971 1:1 million map, designed to coincide with the Geological Society's international Granite 1971 Conference. The passion for regional mapping was at its height under the directorship of Wiles and Stagman and the 1977 version of the million-map reflected this advance. The map and its accompanying bulletin remain definitive in the perspective of the Geological Survey of Zimbabwe as it has now been reprinted four times, although interpretive changes have been made in the 1996 publication of the 1:1 million-scale Tectonic map of Zimbabwe, an initiative that resulted from the British Geological Survey project on structural controls of gold mineralization in the country, but included the minds and research of others, notably Phillip Oesterlen, Tom Blenkinsop and Jim Wilson.

The Geological Survey now has access to digital mapping techniques and a modern linework camera. Extensive areas of new geological mapping have resulted from renewed efforts during the 1980s and 1990s and this has allowed for the compilation of a new national geological map. This is a landmark map that sorely requires to be published in the national interest, as information dissemination is essential for development planning and implementation, especially in this, our time of need. The challenge is there. If a map could change the course of geological thinking and a nation's, or indeed the World's fortunes in 1815, a similar one could certainly help Zimbabwe now. And, if Macgregor is anything to go by, there is a need for the passion and determination that he showed to pull this project off and to revive the pressing need for the continuation of basic and routine mapping and documentation of our geological resource.

Staff of the Geological Survey of Scotland, 1910

The staff nucleus for the Rhodesia Geological Survey was recruited from members of the Geological Survey of Scotland. Herbert Brantwood Maufe became the first Director (1910–1934) and stood in from 1940 to 1945; Ben Lightfoot was appointed as Geologist from 1911 to 1914 and again from 1921 to 1934 and was Director from 1934 to 1946; Henry Stobie McVey was the Chief Draughtsman from 1910 to 1938. (*Photo: Adapted by Dr. P. E. J. Pitfield from a photograph in the archives of the British Geological Survey, Keyworth, Nottingham.)*

British South Africa Police Book Series

These books form the BSAP Book Series and are presently twelve in number with more planned. The stories contained in these books have been gleaned from many sources particularly *The Outpost* Magazine, are considered collectors' items and are for sale to raise funds for the BSAP Association. Although in soft back, the covers are tastefully bound in the Force Colours of Blue and Old Gold with the Force Crest embossed thereon.

The books are available from the Quartermaster Bertie Cubitt. Please send your orders to: (snail mail) Fritton 55 Church Road, Elmstead, Near Colchester, Essex CO7 7AW or (email) <bsapuk2@aol.com>. Postage and Packing are additional costs which can only be determined, for obvious reasons, once an order has been placed. NB: Please note several modest price increases as of 31/08/2010.

1. *The British South Africa Police, Origins and Early History 1885–1901* by 1084 Trooper W. B. Bussy. Price £6.50 plus P&P.
This book comprises articles that first appeared in *The Police Review* (forerunner to *The Outpost*) between 1911 and 1914. It describes events and formations of various units that led to the formation of the BSAP. Because the editor of *The Police Review* knew and spoke to most of the contributors, this book must be considered an authentic account which later provided a strong basis for the Gibbs/Phillips History of the Force.

2. *Zambesi Patrol* by 2753 Trooper J. H. Hoddinott. Price £5.00 plus P&P.
This book recounts, in patrol diary style, a four month patrol in 1928 in the Zambesi Valley to verify a reported smallpox outbreak and to establish cordons and vaccinate the native population. Accompanied by 3 native constables and 22 carriers and no pack animals because of the tsetse fly, he had many adventurers ably supported by his cook in all things.

3. *Sunrise Patrols* by 2829 J. E. Palmer. Price £7.50 plus P&P.
This book deals with Palmer's memories of his time in the BSAP from 1926–1933. His service on various stations and as Member in Charge opening the then new Beitbridge Police Station and then Nyamandhlovu. He takes the title of the book from the advice given by the Commissioner at his pass out parade, to carry out patrols early in the day for the benefit of the horses (not the troopers).

4. *Down the Decades with the BSAP*. Price £7.50 plus P&P.
A collection of articles extracted from *The Outpost* magazine from each decade of the Force's existence, illustrating the evolution of the Police in Southern Rhodesia

5. *Not without Incident* by 374 W. H. Rabbetts. Price £6.50 plus P&P.
This book recounts the author's service with the BSAP from 1902–1914 and his post B.S.A.Police experiences.

6. *Mocke The Life and Stories of 1437 Trooper E. Mocke of the British South Africa Police*. Edited and revised by John Berry and Alan Stock. Price £9.75 plus P&P.
This book contains the stories written by Trooper Mocke of his experiences in the BSA

Police many of which were published in the force magazine *The Outpost* under the nom-de-plumes of 1437 and Pioneer. The stories span the years from the Boer War and the First World War on into the seventies.

7. *B.S.A.P. Military Operations in World War One and Two* Revised and edited by Cliff Rogers. Alan Stock and John Berry. Price £8.00 plus P&P.
This book relates to operations involving BSAP Personnel outside Southern Rhodesia during the World Wars with nominal rolls and medal rolls of those who took part.

8. *Trooper's Tales of the British South Africa Police* edited by John Berry and Alan Stock. Price £10.70 plus P&P.
This book contains eleven stories by members of the BSA Police who started out as troopers at periods ranging from the earliest days of the Force to immediately after World War II.

9. *Commanding the Regiment* by John Berry and Fred Punter. Reprint Price £6.50 plus P&P.
This book chronicles events leading to the formation of the Force and the foundation of the country it later policed. The foremost personalities involved are described, with photographs, and a section is devoted to each Commanding Officer and Commissioner.

10. *Stand to your Horses* by Stanley Edwards. Price £15.00 plus P&P.
This book, which is illustrated with drawings and pictures, spans the service in the Force of 3739 Senior Assistant Commissioner Stan Edwards from 1938–1966 and comments not only on his service, the stations on which he served but on his observations of people, personalities, African customs, wild animals and the bush.

11. *Murray's Column* by G. H (Tony) Tanser. Price £10.00 plus P&P.
This book describes the BSAP Column sent to East Africa as part of the British Forces to fight the Germans under General von Lettow-Vorbeck. It details, with illustrations, the very difficult campaign waged against a very well led and efficient enemy who were not defeated but who surrendered two days after the Armistice in 1918.

12. *Inimitable Style* by 2696 Trooper G. C. Style. Price £9.00 plus P&P.
Style has been described as Trooper, a Man of Letters and Lowveld Pioneer. The book is divided into Four Parts. Part One is his biography of his early years. Part Two is about service in the B.S.A.Police. Part Three are general stories written by him on early Rhodesian topics. Part Four is a valuable history of the development of the Southern Rhodesian Lowveld.

13. *Humour in the British South Africa Police* Compiled and Edited by John Berry. Price £8.50 plus P&P.
This book contains humorous stories of the imaginary Constable Wonderwayi of *The Outpost* fame, the *How are They at Home* series which examines how the various BSAP Ranks act when at home, a poem of the famous north country lion who ate young Ramsbottom suitably adapted to the BSAP and finally stories of Scimshank-Wick. The book is liberally filled with cartoons by various members which complement the stories.

Book Reviews

by Michael J. Kimberley

A. The Shattered Jewel by S. H Fynes-Clinton, 2010, US$20

This is a well written book which gives readers a living picture of the civil service in a country which was once known as the Jewel and Bread Basket of Central Africa.

The author explains how the country and its people experienced "unbelievable turmoil and ruin by poor governance of those in power".

The author joined the Native Department on 18th February 1955 and retired in 1981 after some 25 years and fifteen postings in district administration including fifteen as a District Commissioner, which saw him serve in 13 different towns in this country including three spells in Bulawayo.

The frequent postings enabled officials in the Department, like the author, to get to know this country and its people extremely well.

The wide experience of people and places qualified the author to write his reminiscences in an interesting and entertaining way and hopefully others with his experience will put pen to paper before old age removes the incentive to do so.

A theme that runs through the book is the dedication of most of the officials in the department and their loyalty to the country. There was of course the odd notorious, racist, bad egg like a Deputy Secretary in the head office who had on his desk a bound book of blank pages about three inches thick entitled The African's Contribution to Civilisation in gold lettering which he used to show off to all who came to see him. Fortunately this person was very much the exception to the general rule.

All in all this book is very worthwhile and highly recommended. It can be purchased directly from the author by telephoning him in Harare on 308178 or 882031.

B. Murray's Column – The Story of The British South Africa Police Campaign in German East Africa in World War 1, by G. H. Tanser, Price £10 plus p&p

This 262 page book is the eleventh volume in the Books of the British South Africa Police series. The series has a three-fold object of recording previously of the B.S.A.P, of republishing stories and memoirs which appeared in old magazines and which are now not readily accessible, and of enabling former members of the B.S.A.P. to learn how earlier generations of their colleagues lived and worked.

This volume was published in 2009 by the United Kingdom Branch of the B.S.A.P. Regimental Association and was written by Tony Tanser way back in 1971, based on papers on Murray's Column given to him by Mr Archie Cripwell who served with the column from 24 April 1918 until demobilisation on 15 February 1919.

The book is available through emailing <bsapuk2@aol.com>.

C. My Inyanga by Mary Clarke, 2010.

My Inyanga is a magic part of the world and I have thoroughly enjoyed visiting the area from time to time during the past 50 years.

The author settled at Nyanga in 1983 on a 50-acre property called Blue Mountains, on the Pungwe Scenic Drive, and made it her business to know everything there is to know

about the natural history of the area. The book of 111 pages gives a personal account of the incredible diversity of the area which is part of its magic.

The author describes her smallholding and the neighbourhood in general terms but to me the most appealing part of the book is the author's description of the animals to be found from snakes of various species to chameleons, leopards, wild pig, monkeys, baboons and the plants. The author devoted much of her time to exploring the plants of the forests and the mountains. She found the biodiversity of the forests to be remarkable with their wide range of ferns, orchids, fungi and their forest trees.

The narrative is supported by a list of the animals (113), birds (203), trees (129),ferns (159) and flowering plants (320).

The Chapter on ferns is particularly impressive and thirty of the 57 genera found in the area are illustrated and notes given of their principal characteristics, so much so that armed with the book one should be able at least to identify those genera in habitat without undue difficulty.

Tradition, history, customs and folklore are dealt with in an entertaining and interesting way and 15 pages are devoted to the Pungwe River and the use of its water for the City of Mutare and the quite violent opposition to the scheme on environmental grounds, with the less costly Osborne/Odzi Project being preferred in that it would have less of an adverse environmental impact.

There is a bibliography and a list of books on Nyanga for further reading.

The book is well printed on art paper and well illustrated with colour pictures.

It is important that books of this kind which deal with aspects of Zimbabwe's tourist sites are written by those who know them and, more importantly, are available at all hotels and tourist places in the area. Hitherto such books have not been readily available at Zimbabwean tourist places and hopefully the book which is highly recommended to all who visit Nyanga will be stocked by all hotels and other tourist places in that area.

Those who would like to buy the book should please contact Jeanette Clarke by email: <jclarke@gem.co.za>

History Society of Zimbabwe

National Chairman's Report 24 March 2011

I welcome you to the Fifty-eighth Annual General Meeting of the History Society of Zimbabwe.

Whilst the advent of Internet, the cyber world and all its complications and changes to our way of life has been disconcerting to many of us more mature citizens, through the e-mail the Society has been able to transform the manner in which it communicates with its members, resulting in huge benefits. I must express my huge debt of gratitude to Bill Sykes who maintains an excellent data base of all our members, and who is able to send out our notices of events extremely quickly and efficiently. Bill spends a great deal of time maintaining our cyber records from which we all benefit hugely.

As a result of the speed and ease of communication, the Mashonaland Branch has been able to perform outstandingly as will be shown from the Mashonaland Chairman's Branch report.

Whilst it is the events that we hold that attract attention throughout the year, it is through the publication of our Journal *Heritage of Zimbabwe* that our more enduring message is retained and secured. In this regard I must once again express my great appreciation to Mike Kimberley who has edited the last 22 editions of our Journal and who has number 23 in his sights. The editor who had previously edited the most journals was the late Vernon Brelsford who oversaw the publication of 24 successive editions. This is indeed an onerous task, as the moment one Journal is completed, preparation starts on the next. Mike is the prime driver in seeking to obtain articles for publication and a very focused and persistent driver he is too! This task has been made more difficult by the fact that many talks are now delivered utilizing power point, rather than based upon a written script. The National Committee has decided that whomsoever is the sponsor of any speaker will have the responsibility of inveigling a written document out of him or her.

Once Mike has accumulated sufficient articles, he and his wife Rose carefully sift through them and edit them, often requiring numerous further communications with the aspirant author. At the stage that sufficient pages for publication are available, Mike then has to submit these in acceptable form to the formatter. The Society has been most fortunate that in Roger and Cheryll Stringer we have formatters par excellance who give of their time and expertise to prepare articles submitted to them for ultimate publication. Once all formatting has been completed Mike has to meet with the printers, negotiate the rates and monitor the printing up to final date of publication. From time to time pagination of the Journal is erroneous so that each Journal needs to be checked before we are able to offer them to our members.

From time to time Mike indicates a wish to be relieved of or at least assisted in this herculean task which he has performed so selflessly and effectively for so many years. Not unnaturally there is great resistance to this suggestion by other members of the Committee! Cognizant, however, as we all are, that succession plans are not rated very highly in this part of the world, I should still be most delighted if any other aspirant editor were to indicate a willingness to work with Mike in this vital aspect of our Society.

My third expression of extreme gratitude is to Fraser Edkins who has done an outstanding

job over many years now, of marketing our fairly substantial stock of back numbers. Fraser's house, I believe, has almost rested upon piles of our journals, and I am also grateful to his wife Maureen for allowing such invasion for the benefit of the Society. Poor Maureen was recently involved in a nasty traffic accident from which, thank God, she is now recovering.

The National Committee has debated at length the matter of subscription levels. As you will know, last year the subscription was set at one US dollar for membership, and the thinking behind this was that for the Society to exist, subscriptions should be paid. Nevertheless, it was also acknowledged that the administrative burdens in seeking to keep track of who had or who had not paid, was excessive. Indeed, the subscriptions were actually handled on the same basis one used to buy fruit and vegetables at Nyanga by paying into an honest box! Furthermore, the Society is keen to bring into its body, anyone who has an interest in the heritage of this country. As a result it has been decided that no subscription whatsoever will be raised but members will still be asked to pay for the Journal. In furtherance of this matter I should like to say that all members are encouraged to draw as many of their friends or other interested parties into our membership as possible.

It will be of interest to you that our current membership, based on our data base, is 550. Whilst this is a significant number, our membership has in the past reached 1300 members, this was in 1972. I am aware that numbers alone never tell the whole story. We are all aware, however that the Society, through all of its activities and its journal seeks to reflect and retain as many strands of the development of this nation as possible. The broader the spread of our members, the more effectively will such objective be fulfilled.

For many years a member of our National Committee has been involved in the Historic Buildings Advisory Committee which falls under the aegis of the National Museums and Monuments body. Some time ago a major exercise was embarked upon whereby specific historic buildings were identified and plaques were made to be affixed to these buildings. This was a joint venture between National Museums and Monuments, the National Trust of Zimbabwe and the History Society of Zimbabwe. Regrettably access to many of the Government buildings was denied, and this project has never reached fulfilment. Sadly also the Historic Buildings Advisory Committee, which was years ago extremely active, has now fallen by the wayside. As one of the objectives of the Society is to support proposals for the preservation of historic buildings, we are saddened by the apparent demise of the Committee, and remain hopeful that enthusiastic and knowledgeable personnel may resurrect it in due course.

In all the areas through which I have been associated with the Society, there has never been a meeting or a gathering that has not brought a spirit of interest, humour and fellowship to the participants. I am most grateful to all my fellow Committee Members, and in particular to Robin Taylor in his position as Mashonaland Branch Chairman, who is far more efficient than I am and who has on many occasions reminded me of events to take place or undertakings to fulfil. Dennis Stevens has always been most diligent in looking after the financial affairs of the Society. I should like to believe that the fellowship of which I speak within the Committee is the glue that binds all of us members together, and which in turn makes each little story and each individual member a thread in the fabric of our nation and I trust that will remain so for many a year to come.

Tim Tanser
Chairman

History Society of Zimbabwe

Mashonaland Branch Chairman's Annual Report 2010/2011

The Mashonaland Branch has had another busy year. I believe we have again been successful in maintaining an interest in local history and have provided those who have attended our talks with an informative presentation on a wide variety of subjects.

Our first function, on 25 March 2010, was a talk on the Zambesi Mission by Professor Ray Roberts. It was a tale of dedication and hardship by the early Catholic missionaries as always very well presented by our speaker.

On Sunday, 9 May, we celebrated the 50th Anniversary of the formal opening of the vast Kariba Hydro Electric Scheme with two talks. Mr. Rob Beaton spoke on the development of the kapenta fishing industry on the lake and Mr. Alan Harris addressed us on his family's involvement in water transport. It was a very enjoyable morning but the attendance was a little on the low side.

REPS Theatre has given much enjoyment to many residents over the years. It was appropriate therefore that on Sunday, 20 June, we should combine with REPS to celebrate 80 years since the formation of the Society and the 50th anniversary of the move to the present theatre. REPS put on a stage presentation of the highlights of their eighty years. This show was followed by the audience being split into small groups and taken on conducted tours of the various facets of the theatre. An eye opening and interesting morning.

The Greek Community has played a prominent part in the development of this country and the history and contributions of three families was the subject of a talk by Mr. John Travlos on 22 July. The talk highlighted yet again how people with ambition and determination came here with nothing and over time established prosperous businesses for following generations to build on.

We took advantage of the Hero's holiday weekend of 9th and 10th August to invite Rob Caskie to address us and repeat his presentations on two of the significant battles in the Anglo/Zulu War. The first presentation on Rorkes Drift was exciting and vibrant but I have to say I found the talk on the second day disappointing. The visit of Rob and Karen was to a large extent sponsored by Tim Tanser and Dennis Stephens and I would like to thank them for their generous contributions.

The mining industry is very important to the Zimbabwe economy; one which we as the History Society have somewhat neglected in recent years. The year 2010 was the hundredth anniversary of the Geological Survey Department. Mr. Tim Broderick gave a fascinating talk on 9 September entitled "One Hundred and Forty years of Geologising in Zimbabwe".

On 14 October we paid tribute to the life and times of the late Dick (Pete) Petheram. He was a senior civil servant whose official position complemented his own deep interest and love for our wildlife and natural resources. His daughters, Edone Ann Logan and Jill Frow gave a vibrant presentation, which was touched with humour and also at times sadness.

Our Christmas outing took the form of a Sunday morning talk by Bill Sykes supported by Brenda Brand on the flight of the Silver Queen from London to Bulawayo in 1920. The speaker also covered the flight of the replica aircraft in 1999. As always with Bill Sykes talks they were supported by excellent illustrations. A very good number of members stayed on to picnic in the grounds of Prince Edward School.

On 17 February 2011 Marie de Bruijn made a wonderful presentation on the transport routes and development of roads in Gazaland. Her tales of travel by wagon and families using footpaths to walk over mountains to attend church services captivated us all.

It will be seen from the above record that we have had a series of well researched and presented talks. The presentation of a talk lasting forty minutes takes a lot of time and effort and on behalf of all our members I would like to express our sincere appreciation to all our speakers.

At the last Annual General Meeting a number of new members were elected to the Committee. Liz Ade, Charles Castilin, Stan Fynes-Clinton, Michael Laban and Spider Webb all of whom have freely joined in our activities and are making a significant contribution to our affairs.

The September committee meeting was a sad occasion as we said farewell the Bert Rosettenstein prior to his emigrating to Australia. Bert joined the Branch Committee in 1974 and made a tremendous contribution for over thirty-six years. We will miss him and wish him and Jennifer well in their retirement.

Most speakers use power point to illustrate and enhance their talks. This is modern technology and we have taken the decision to acquire our own equipment, rather than continue to borrow from other organisations. So far we have purchased an HD Projector, a small generator and various cables, plugs and leads. This has cost $981 and has been funded by your generous donations at our meetings. We still have some way to go to be fully independent and up to date in this modern technology. This is a part of our activities very much run by Bill Sykes and I would like to thank him for all the work he puts into the audio /visual side of our talks and for sending out our notices.

The Headmaster of Prince Edward School has kindly continued to allow us to use this wonderful facility for our meetings. A donation is made to the school after every function and I would like to record our sincere appreciation to Kevin Atkinson for his generosity. It is a facility that would be hard to beat in Harare.

All the Committee have worked together as a team and made our achievements possible. I would like to thank them all for their individual contributions and support they have always given me.

I would also like to thank a lady who may not be so well known to members. Since 1987, Mrs. Pat Hobley has taken and produced the minutes of our Branch Committee meetings. She is employed by Scanlen and Holderness and now that we have moved the venue of our Committee meetings Pat for logistical reasons has had to stand down. Our sincere thanks to Pat not only for her minutes but also for the welcoming cups of coffee she always had ready for us when we arrived at the Scanlen and Holderness boardroom.

Finally my sincere thanks to our members who have given such tremendous support for all our activities. This support gives the committee great encouragement and also a sense of satisfaction.

Thank you again to all who have contributed in so many ways to a successful year.

R. D. Taylor

Branch Chairman.