HERITAGE of ZIMBABWE

PUBLICATION NO. 35 2016

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Publication No. 35 — 2016

THE HISTORY SOCIETY OF ZIMBABWE
Harare
Zimbabwe

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- ☆ Outings to sites of interest with talks on related subjects and a national annual luncheon are part of the organised activities offered to members.
- ☆ The Society encourages historical study and research; and endeavours to record in interesting form the story of Zimbabwe in *Heritage of Zimbabwe,* the only publication devoted exclusively to this purpose.
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- ☆ *Heritage of Zimbabwe* is published once a year and copies may be purchased by members from the Society. The articles will appeal to Zimbabweans as well as people beyond our borders who seek to understand our country.
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THE HISTORY SOCIETY OF ZIMBABWE

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HERITAGE OF ZIMBABWE is the journal of The History Society of Zimbabwe since 1980. It replaces *RHODESIANA* which from 1953 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

FRASER EDKINS

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

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

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Every single edition of *Rhodesiana* and *Heritage of Zimbabwe* and an updated index of *Heritage* will be available online when the Society website goes into operation.

The index will also be available to buy in hard copy in 2017.

Editor's Foreword

This is the 35th (2016) edition of Heritage of Zimbabwe, and brings the publication up to date.

The excellent Peter Fey weighs in again this year (as he does on demand) with an account of the times of Oxford-educated geologist turned airman Frederic Dobell.

Our second article is the edited WWII letters home of the courageous Ian Meikle of Bomber Command, with an introduction by John Meikle, his nephew.

This is followed by Peter Munday's well-written account of pioneer Hugh Jackson and the Jackson family group of medals.

Bruce Mennell adds very usefully to the history of the Courtauld family in Zimbabwe, without whose generosity we might today have no National Gallery, quite apart from several other notable buildings.

Richard Wood gives food for thought in his articles on lawyers in politics and place names in Zimbabwe.

We reproduce a short publication by Wild Zambezi.com on the Mana Pools "railway" (a fascinating fact probably not known to many).

Rolf Chenaux-Repond, a new contributor, gives a history of a number of British navy vessels named after places in Zimbabwe. I love the final sentence of his article and hope we will hear more from Rolf in future publications.

Peter Fey (an editor's dream) submits an article on the Geological Survey 1965-79, the fourth in his series of intensely researched pieces.

Well-known estate manager Geoff Brakspear appears in print for the first time in Heritage with a most interesting and detailed history of his ancestor Harry Sanderson.

Historian Rob Burrett provides the edited report of Harry Wallis on the significant Zimbabwean contributions to the Anglo-Boer War effort in 1899-1900.

I submit a (heavily edited) diary of Roger Howman's trip around America in 1937, possibly not an entirely Zimbabwean history but relevant as a chronicle of a trek undertaken by this remarkable man to see what he could learn and compare in the American Indian reservations and African-American colleges about Zimbabwe's own problems and the future of race relations in Zimbabwe at a time when he was about to commence a career in the bush as a young District Assistant.

Hugh Marshall-Hole was a well-known administrator in the pioneer days and a short memoir of his life is provided by regular contributor Jono Waters.

Not to be outdone by husband Rolf, Maia Chenaux-Repond submits an illuminating (and sometimes tear- jerking) account of her work with Internal Affairs during the Second Chimurenga.

I seek information in my short piece on Dennis Frank Duigan (and to re-unite Duigan's family with certain of Duigan's personal documents).

Mike Tucker a real "roving reporter" contributes a well-researched article on Fort Hill and the Cemetery at the Hartley Hills goldfields. Further articles from Mike will appear in subsequent editions and I very much welcome his expert input.

Gavin Stephens' loving obituary to his father Roy Stephens is followed by that of

Jono Waters to the late Tackie Bannerman.

Ever-reliable Paul Hubbard reviews books on our railways and on Luise White's treatment of UDI and African decolonization.

We conclude with Ray Roberts' report as National Chairman for the years 2015-2016.

As always, my sincere thanks go to Felicity Naidoo and Rhona Sergeant (our typist and type-setter respectively) for their tireless help in the production of this journal, to our generous Sponsors whose annual contributions ensure the continued appearance of Heritage, and to the authors who have produced the remarkable works that go to make up this edition. Thank you also to our members who buy our journals.

Finally, look out for the updated Index to Heritage, painstakingly compiled over many months by the dedicated duo of Chris Halse and Mike Fox, which should be available in hard copy in the next few months.

F. A. Edkins
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Frederic Osbourne Storey Dobell MC, OBE, MA (Oxon) A Geologist turned Airman

by Peter Fey

Introduction

This article forms part of a proposed ongoing series, begun some considerable time ago (Fey 1994; 1995), which seeks to document the scientific contributions made by some of the lesser-known members of the Southern Rhodesia Geological Survey. Original place names have been used in the text.

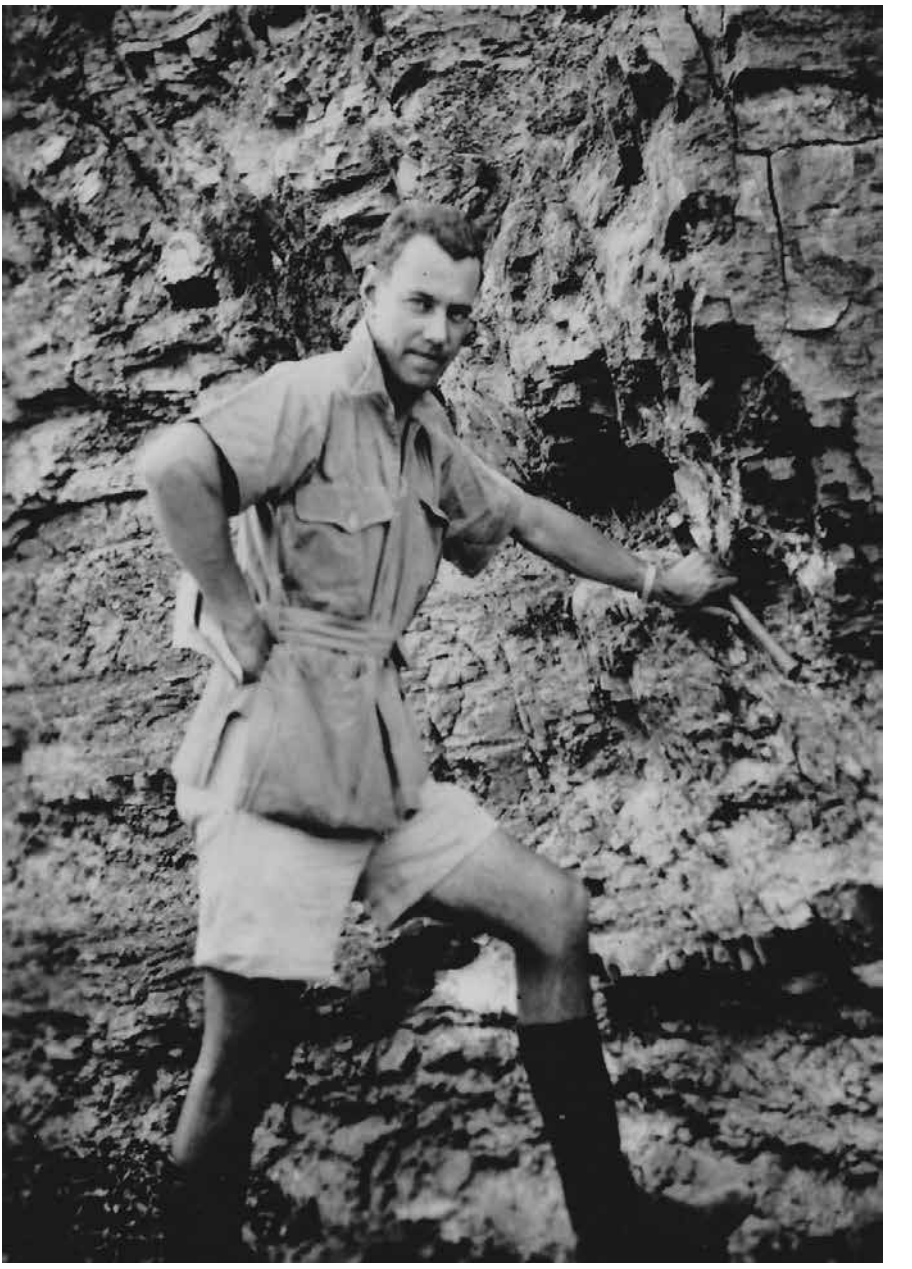
Frederic Osborne Storey Dobell was born on 6 December 1912. He read geology at Christ Church College, Oxford where he became a member of the Oxford University Air Squadron. Completing his degree in 1934 he joined the Aircraft Operating Company Limited in Johannesburg as geologist. The company had, since 1932, undertaken aerial surveys on contract for the Southern Rhodesia Geological Survey, producing air photographs which were to greatly facilitate and speed up geological mapping.

Starting work with the Geological Survey in Salisbury in 1936, Dobell was to spend only three and a half years with that organisation. Despite the extensive correspondence on file, spanning a period of almost 10 years, very little is known about his personal life. Extracts from one of his field notebooks, quoted by Tyndale-Biscoe (1972, p 50—51) portray him as an enthusiastic young man, extremely observant and very interested in wildlife. His fieldwork appears to have been satisfactory both in terms of mapping speed as well as quality, and he was evidently popular with his colleagues. Dobell resigned abruptly from the Geological Survey in September 1939, returning to England to enlist. He spent the war years with the Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve, was appointed to a permanent commission with the Royal Air Force in 1946, and died on 11 July 1965 whilst still on the active list.

The writer feels a special affinity for him since, in 1937, Dobell took part in a reconnaissance trip into the Zambezi Valley, touching on an area which was to be geologically mapped only some 55 years later (Fey, in prep.),

The years 1936-1939

Dobell commenced work with the Geological Survey in Salisbury on 2 March 1936. Employed under a two-year contract he was delegated to assist A. E. Phaup (Fey, 2013), already a seasoned Geological Survey veteran, in the mapping of the Lower Umfuli gold belt. There Dobell, utilising donkeys for transport in the least accessible parts (Tyndale-Bicoe 1972, p 50), concentrated on the country north of the Umfuli River, an area for which aerial photographs had been produced in 1935 by his former employer, the Aircraft Operating Company Limited. During the 1936 field season Phaup covered 253 square miles, Dobell a creditable 297 square miles. The results of their investigations were published as Bulletin 34 (Phaup and Dobell, 1938).



In the course of the following year Dobell completed fieldwork at Gadzema, where the Giant Mine was the major gold producer, and also mapped Lomagundi Group strata in the terrain lying southwest of Sinoia. His coverage for the year amounted to 705 square miles, again largely due to the availability of aerial photography. In addition he assisted A. M. Macgregor in a reconnaissance of the Urungwe district, and in the middle of the year accompanied Director B. Lightfoot on a long foot safari to examine coal outcrops in the Zambezi Valley immediately southeast of the Chewore Inliers (Fey, 2014). The report on this expedition was evidently written only shortly before his resignation from

the Geological Survey (Dobell, 1939).

Frederic Dobell

In November 1937 a memorandum from the Secretary, Department of Mines and Public Works (1937) advised Lightfoot that Dobell's contract was due to expire in March 1938. Thus prompted, the Director indicated to the Secretary that Dobell's contract should be renewed for a period of three years. This was duly effected, the contract commencing on 2 March 1938 at a salary of £450 *per annum*, with stipulated annual increases of £25 to be awarded at the sole discretion of the Minister.

In the course of 1938 Dobell mapped 270 square miles in the Lomagundi District, northeast of Banket. The area is underlain mostly by granite, contains a narrow belt of Archaean schist hosting the Muriel gold-copper mine, and is traversed from north to south by the Great Dyke. The survey of this portion of the intrusion previously undertaken by F. E. Keep (1930) was revised and the Muriel Mine, a gold and copper producer, was documented. In addition to examining a large number of open chromite workings along the Great Dyke, Dobell also made visits to 27 other mines, claims and prospects.

Whilst on vacation leave in England for two months in the middle of the year he visited the Roman Deep gold mine in South Wales and also attended the graduation ceremony at Oxford, where on 4 June 1938 the university conferred on him the degrees of Bachelor, as well as Master, of Arts. His father, Dr D. C. Dobell, who had accompanied him to the ceremony, was taken suddenly ill, leading Dobell to notify Director Lightfoot that he might be forced to postpone his return to Salisbury by up to a fortnight, but would secure his passage on a flying boat at the earliest opportunity. It appears from his letter (Dobell, 1938) that a further trip to the Zambezi Valley had been planned. This may be a reference to the proposed investigation of Banirembizi, a mountain located at the northern extremity of the Great Dyke, immediately adjacent to the Zambezi escarpment. The area had previously been reconnoitred by Lightfoot (Fey, in preparation).

Dobell spent the first part of 1939 revising mapping undertaken during the previous field season, and in documenting work done in 1937. Early in the year he advised the Director that he was suffering from bilharzia, evidently contracted whilst working in the Lower Umfuli region. In a memorandum to the Secretary, Department of Mines and Works Lightfoot (1939) opined that Dobell had contracted the disease whilst on duty and recommended that Government pay for the cost of treatment.

Fieldwork began for Dobell on 1 May 1939, when he resumed mapping begun in the Banket area by Phaup in the latter half of 1938. This work was interrupted late in June so that Dobell could undertake a reconnaissance of Banirembizi. With this assignment completed and a report prepared Dobell again left for the vicinity of Banket on 28 August before almost immediately returning to Salisbury on 2 September 1939 (Lightfoot 1940a, p 5).

Resignation

The reason for his abrupt return to Salisbury when he should have been working in the field was that, with the outbreak of war, Dobell was extremely keen to enlist. Unable to obtain a commission in the Rhodesian Air Force and wishing to rejoin his old squadron

at Oxford, he felt he had no option but to resign from the Geological Survey. This he did on 18 September (Lightfoot, 1940a) without giving the requisite three months notice in writing. He subsequently met the Minister of Mines at the home of the latter on the evening of 22 September 1939 to put his case. In view of a proposed, imminent redeployment of government geologists into the districts for the duration of the war the Minister, not wishing any such geologists to leave the country in the interim, advised Dobell to defer his plans for a fortnight, when he would be allowed to leave. He furthermore suggested that Dobell ascertain by cable if his former squadron was interested in his services (Dept of Mines and Public Works, 1939). Although expressing himself satisfied with the Minister's advice Dobell nonetheless precipitately left the country for England the following day (Lightfoot, 1940b).

Aftermath

In a letter dated 28 September 1939 to A. M. Macgregor, who was Acting Director between 12 June and 30 October 1939 during Lightfoot's absence on leave, Dobell explained that, had he advised him of his intention to resign in order to enlist he would have put Macgregor in an invidious position. He solicited Macgregor's help in obtaining whatever outstanding salary the Government might decide was due to him, together with leave pay estimated to amount to some £60. From a further letter dated 8 February 1940 it emerged that Dobell had recently married, which he confided to Macgregor might have been "a stupid thing to do", as had been his decision to resign his job. However, he wrote "I don't regret either yet". Also in February Lightfoot (1940b) advised the Secretary, Department of Mines and Works, that Dobell had obtained a commission with the Royal Air Force for the duration of the war, and proposed that his case be finalised. He felt that Dobell should be paid his still outstanding September 1939 salary up to the date of his departure as well as any leave pay due to him. This appears to have been done.

It says much for Lightfoot, and for the regard he must have had for Dobell, that he kept the position at the Geological Survey open for him. This prompted Dobell (1944), at the time Officer Commanding 140 Squadron, to apply for reinstatement. In his letter to Lightfoot he noted that the date of his release from the Royal Air Force was still conjectural, and commented that his field skills had probably become extremely rusty, hence might benefit from a refresher course. Nevertheless, Lightfoot evidently worked very hard on Dobell's behalf, as evidenced by a memorandum from the Secretary, Department of Mines and Works (1945). This advised Lightfoot that the Minister had accepted the Public Services Board recommendation to the effect that Dobell be permitted to withdraw his resignation, after which he would be reinstated in the Service.

Regrettably, this reinstatement did not eventuate. In the final letter on file, dated 16 November 1945 and written from the Royal Naval Staff College in Greenwich, Dobell apologised for his tardy reply and thanked Lightfoot for the efforts made on his behalf. Evidently he had been hoping for, and indeed had just been offered, a permanent commission with the Royal Air Force. This he had accepted, feeling that it would be best for him and his family. He looked forward to meeting Lightfoot once the latter returned to England after having spent the war years in Southern Rhodesia.

Career in the Royal Air Force

Dobell's decision not to rejoin the Geological Survey is understandable when one considers his obvious aptitude for life in the armed forces. On completion of training

he was commissioned into the Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve on 23 October 1939, thereafter serving in East Africa, the Middle East and Europe. He rose steadily through the ranks, was twice mentioned in despatches during 1943, and became Squadron Leader in October 1944. During that year he was Officer Commanding, initially of No 69 Squadron, then of No 140 Squadron. This role provided a link to Dobell's early training with the Aircraft Operating Company Limited since both squadrons, the first equipped with Wellington aircraft, the second with Mosquitos, were engaged in photo reconnaissance missions in support of the Allied invasion of Europe.

On 26 March 1946 Dobell was appointed to a permanent commission with the Royal Air Force with effect from September 1945, retaining his rank of Squadron Leader. In March 1954 he became Officer Commanding of the Flying Wing at RAF Bassingbourn and in May of the following year was appointed Officer Commanding, RAF Binbrook. In 1957 he joined the staff of the Air Ministry, and on 13 June of that year was made a Commander of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire (CBE). He attended the Imperial Defence College in 1959, became Assistant Commandant of the RAF Staff College at Bracknell in January 1960 and was appointed Director of Intelligence in April 1963. Made a Companion of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath (CB) on 1 January 1964 he must rank as one of the most decorated geologists in history.

During that year Dobell attained the rank of Air Commodore-Intelligence but died at the early age of 52 on 11 July 1965 whilst still on the active list.

Acknowledgements
Details of Dobell's years with the Geological Survey were taken from documents in the author's possession, whilst the outline of his Royal Air Force career was gleaned from the website *rafweb.org/Biographies*. The photograph was sourced from the National Archives of Zimbabwe.

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Ian Meikle: Wartime Letters

Edited by Fraser Edkins and with an introduction by his nephew John Meikle

Ian Meikle was born in Umtali in 1916, the youngest son of John and Bertha Meikle. His father had emigrated from Scotland to Natal as a child, in 1868, with his parents and elder brothers Tom and Stewart, and entered Rhodesia in 1892.

Ian was educated at St. Andrew's College, Grahamstown, in the Eastern Cape, before joining his younger brothers Douglas and Jackie on the Monarch Mine which was then just over the eastern border with Mocambique at Penhalonga. He married Helen Barry, daughter of 1890 pioneer D'Urban Barry and had one son, the late Tony Meikle.

Ian joined the RAF in 1941, first at Hillside Camp, Bulawayo and then at Moffat, Gwelo, hoping to become a pilot. When he realised that he would have to wait five months to commence the pilot's course, he volunteered as an air-gunner. As an officer he was able to take his wife Helen to Britain where they landed in December 1941. He started his training at RAF Manby in Lincolnshire, before being posted to RAF Finningley near Doncaster and finally to RAF Bircotes a satellite station to Finningley. While at Bircotes and still in training, he took part in the "1 000 Bomber Raid" on Cologne on 30 May 1942 flying as front-gunner in a Wellington.

Bomber Command dispatched 1091 aircraft for the attack on Cologne. A third of the great city, the capital of the Rhineland, was laid waste within 90 minutes. The cost in bombers was 43. Southern Rhodesians were therefore involved in this major operation of the war.

Ian's first operational base after training was at Scampton near Lincoln in July 1942. He had hoped to be posted to Waddington flying Lancaster bombers, where 44 Rhodesia Squadron was based.

In September 1942 he was transferred to No. 8 Pathfinder Force based at Wyton, Huntington, flying Lancasters. Ian had volunteered and been selected for an elite force that was to face extreme danger. Bomber Harris originally opposed creaming off selected crews for a special force, preferring that each Group maintained its own "pathfinding" force, but was overruled. However, once the decision was made, he made every effort to attract the best men and to reward them with a special badge and a step-up in rank. Of this elite corps (the Pathfinders) Harris wrote "The force has already paid a rich dividend by successfully locating and marking targets and enabling the remainder of the Command to saturate defences and go straight in without spending time searching for their target".

Ian flew as air gunner in all 3 turrets of the Lancaster but often in the rear turret

from which, he told me, the remains of the gunner were often hosed out. He writes graphically of his raids over Germany, France and Italy, but unfortunately there are many missing letters. Ian was a tall man, well over six foot, and had difficulty fitting into the turret to the extent of having to forfeit the use of a parachute for which there was simply no room. The rear turret was the most vulnerable, isolated and bitterly cold.

These (edited) letters, written to his parents John and Bertha in Umtali, reveal how a young Rhodesian felt during those war years, the longing to be among his own people and under African skies, his hopes and fears, and his adapting to the English way of life and the fact that he found little in common with local people. He mentions the kindness and hospitality shown by local farmers and the factory workers at the Lancaster factory, but overall he felt the local people resented the influx of foreigners. What comes through clearly is his resignation to his probable fate considering that, of the ten men of his course with whom he went over to Britain, only two survived the war. My uncle was a brave man who was awarded the DFC, but also a sensitive man who showed the mental scars long afterwards. In 1943 he returned to Southern Rhodesia after two tours of duty of 90 sorties and spent the rest of the war instructing. He represented Southern Rhodesia at the Victory Parade in London in 1946. He then went farming at Odzani where he and Helen grew vegetables. He died prematurely in his sixties.

Controversy has raged ever since over the ethics of "area bombing" advocated by Harris. Some have sought to portray this as a war crime, which was deeply hurtful to those who served. As a result no campaign medal has ever been awarded to Bomber Command which is a travesty considering that 55 000 aircrew out of 125 000 serving died, the highest casualty rate of any unit. Harris was vindicated by post war analysis of Reich Security Services files which stated that, after the Cologne raids, the morale of the German people was shattered and their belief in victory shaken. Belatedly a statue was erected to Bomber Harris and a memorial built to Bomber Command in Green Park, London. Bill Sykes in Heritage of Zimbabwe No. 30 gives a robust riposte to the critics of Arthur Harris and the brave men of Bomber Command, who went beyond the call of duty and deserve better.

Hillside Camp (Bulawayo) 20/8/41

My Dear Mother and Father,

Nothing startling has happened since you passed through and I haven't heard anything further about the pilot's course. We are having a big inspection in camp today, some big bug from Salisbury, so I had better be getting along.

RAF Moffat Gwelo 20/9/41

We have very queer hours here, starting at 7 in the morning until 9 and then we have three quarters of an hour for breakfast and then until 2.30, with a quarter of an hour break in between. We are supposed to have the rest of the afternoon off for swotting, but there always seems to be something on, PT or kit inspection. It is not so bad really as the course only takes a month. If all goes well regarding the exams, I will be a sergeant with one wing up in a fortnight's time.

We are being sent to England so I sincerely hope I will see you before I go off. I had the opportunity of taking a pilot's course, but was told I had to wait 5 months

before I start flying, so didn't think it worthwhile. Perhaps I will get a chance once I get overseas. I am not looking forward to it very much, but still it is my duty after all.

We have started flying here already. I was up for about two hours yesterday shooting at ground targets from the air, it was quite good fun. I haven't heard yet whether I hit any or not. We are due up again tomorrow to shoot at drogues towed by other aircraft which ought to be more difficult.

RAF Moffat Gwelo 4/10/41

We have only a fortnight to go to complete our course and I believe we are being sent straight off without any embarkation leave at all. It is a bit of a blow to me as I did want to see the old town again before I left.

I was interviewed by our CO a few days ago and was told that I had been recommended for a commission. Three of us have been recommended and two are getting it, so I hope you will hold thumbs for me. If I do get it I want to take Helen over with me as officers are allowed to. Helen is pretty keen on going and it will make all the difference in the world to have her over there with me. The only snag is that the Mine is so hard up at the moment. I have written to ask them if there is any chance of raising enough for Helen to go over but I doubt whether they will be sympathetic about it. They will probably think mine is a selfish view, but I hope they realize what it means to me. I might be stuck over there for years.

(Ian eventually had to ask his brothers Douglas and Jackie for money to pay for Helen's boat ticket).

RAF Moffat Gwelo 12/10/41

I hope you received my wire about the Commission. I am a Pilot Officer now and feel quite proud about it.

We are leaving here this week on Friday night for Cape Town. Helen is going down with me. I have managed to wangle 3 days leave to go to Umtali to fix things up at the Mine.

c/o Rhodesia House, Strand Street 14/12/41

Well, I have just returned from leave and am now at Bournemouth awaiting posting to a OTU (Officer Training Unit) Helen is staying with Noeline at Uxbridge for the time being as we find it pretty expensive moving around the country. (Helen's sister Noeline Barry married Cecil Buttress who later farmed at Concession).

At the moment I am billeted with a crowd of officers in a hotel. I only pay 2 shillings a day messing.

The last crowd of gunners from Rhodesia have been here for 5 weeks awaiting posting, so it looks as if I will be here for the duration. It makes me so wild as I might just as well be at home with you for all the good we are here. We have about 1 hour drill every morning and have the rest of the day free. This is quite a pretty spot, but everything is different over here, give me good old Rhodesia every time. Helen is of the opinion they won't see us for dust when this war is over.

We spent most of our leave in London, which we found too crowded for our liking. It is far better to stay indoors during blackout time for it is so difficult to find

places of amusement. We spent 2 days out at Uxbridge with Noeline and stayed at a very old Inn "Ye Olde Kings Arms". The food and beer was very good considering the rationing of same.

We had lunch with Kay's father (John Oswald) and had a very jolly time together. He thinks the world of Kay and of course was very eager to hear all the news about her and the family. (Kay Oswald had emigrated to Rhodesia in 1936 and nursed at Salisbury and Mutare hospitals. She married Ian's brother Toosie Meikle of Mountain Home, Penhalonga, in 1939).

We are longing to hear news from home. I haunted Rhodesia House during our leave but no such luck. Still I am hoping to hear before Christmas. This will be my first Christmas away from home, but I will be thinking of you all. We have been invited to stay with Noeline's in-laws over Christmas which will be nice. They are living at Cambridge and have a beautiful place, I believe.

I hope you are all keeping fit and looking after yourselves and everything is going well with the mine. I wonder how long it will be before we see it all again. Helen is thinking of taking up Red Cross work.

Uxbridge January 1942

The cigarettes have not arrived yet, but they will be very welcome when they do. They are such a price over here being 2/- for 20 and they are pretty inferior at that, so it will be a real treat to have a decent make again.

I have been to Lincoln twice since I have been at the base, it is about 6 miles away, there isn't much to it although it is full of ancient buildings. The Cathedral seems to be a pretty impressive building and I must try and have a look over it one day. The people are the same everywhere regarding us as if we have just crawled out of cheese or worse.

Life is still going on the same here and wish this nasty business would end, am sick and tired of it. We both get so homesick at times and at the present rate of progress we shall be here for years to come. We aren't too badly off really and I could never settle down, this life is so different somehow. Anyway, it will be a great day when we see you all again. Helen and I would give anything to be back with you all, but there is a big job to be done here and the sooner it is over the better. The news isn't too good these days but I am still very optimistic about an early cessation of hostilities. I have to announce some news of great importance. Helen is going to have a baby. (Ian and Helen's only child Tony was born on 13th August 1942).

Uxbridge 26/1/42

Helen and Noel (Noeline Barry) are safely settled into their house about a mile from Uxbridge. The owner has left all his furniture, cutlery and also a small stock of tinned provisions which is proving very useful indeed. The dining room has been converted into an air-raid shelter which has spoilt things a bit, but still we are very comfortable. Helen is doing all the house work and Noel spends all day at school. It certainly is a full time job doing all the housework and lighting of fires for the baths and the sitting room. Helen won't know herself when she gets back home and has the good old servants to do the work.

We are not so badly off for food, Helen and Noel had a good laugh when they purchased their first weeks food. The amount looked so small but it is amazing how

well one can come out on it. Bread isn't rationed and there is always that to fall back on. The egg ration amuses me, measly little egg a week and they come from Uruguay. They must go in for native fowls out there judging by the size of the eggs. Helen is wishing she could have smuggled a few of her fowls over. The fowls at home will have to work overtime when they get back. We had a very heavy fall of snow last week but it has cleared up in the last few days. The countryside looks very beautiful, but give me good old sun anytime.

We are both very optimistic about the war and hope to back with you for next Christmas. Our opinion seems to be shared by many others, so here's hoping.

RAF Manby, Lincolnshire 10/3/42

I have completed my course at Manby and posted to Finningly which is near Sheffield to do my course at the OTU. We will be trained on Lancasters and Manchesters there before going to operational station. This will be the No. 44 Rhodesia Squadron, I hope, as they will be the first to fly in the new... (missing page).

I am sending a photograph taken at Manby of 2 of our squads. They are all Rhodesian in this one with the exception of one Canadian. We have one of our sergeants staying here at the moment Dick Rundle from Bulawayo. (There is a C. R. Rundle listed in the Roll of Honour in the War History of Southern Rhodesia).

He hasn't been posted yet so I am hoping he will stay for a while as it is pretty lonely for Helen with Noel away all day.

We had an air raid warning here this morning, but all clear went a few moments later. I was amused at the old Char who wasn't taking any chances and scuttled off home as fast as she could go. She went through the Blitz on London, so I can't blame her.

This is quite a long day when one has to concentrate all the time. There is more to this flying game than meets the mind. Aircraft recognition is one of the chief subjects. It seems to get worse with all the new machines they are bringing out. I have mastered the lot pretty well and can at last tell friend from foe so won't be caught napping.

Hitler appears to be calling up all available manpower this spring perhaps he will overstep the mark this time and bring about his downfall.

Uxbridge 16/3/1942

My leave is up and I am off tomorrow to Finningley. I am certainly seeing England on my travels. Spring is here at last, at least everybody thinks so. I hope it lasts. It was really quite hot in London on Saturday. Helen and I went up on Saturday and spent the night in town. It was Noel and Cecil's first wedding anniversary so we thought we would make ourselves scarce. We went to see Vic Oliver's show ("*Take a Load of This*") in the afternoon which was jolly good. The seats cost 12/6 each but we thought we would be devils for once, it was certainly worth it. In the evening we went to see "*Dive Bomber*" at the Marble Arch Pavilion which was quite good. Typically Yankie though. We spent the night at the Waldorf just off the Strand and came out on Sunday morning.

We are both full of beans, but both wish this beastly war was over so that we

could get back to you all. I will come through OK the devil looks after his own you know.

RAF Finningley, Doncaster 23/3/1942
I arrived here five days ago on the last stage before reaching a squadron. It is about the best camp I have been in so far. The food is jolly good. I don't know where they get the butter from because it isn't rationed at all, much to my satisfaction. We have been doing nothing but duties ever since my arrival, though necessary I suppose, gets very monotonous after a while.

It won't be long thank goodness as we should start flying very soon. We do both day and night flying here so I hope for my future salvation that I manage to secure a good pilot. All the crewing up is done here and the individuals choose amongst themselves. Rest assured I won't pick a dud.

I met a chap called Baker here last night whom I met at College. (St Andrews, Grahamstown). It was a pleasant surprise and it makes all the difference having a friend or two at these stations, especially those who come from one's own country. He is a pilot and has been over here about six months. There are only ten Rhodesians here, the rest of the course have been scattered all over the country. There are several Canadians here who we don't get on too well with, as with Canadians in general. I think it is a big mistake to split men from the same country as they have done in our case.

RAF Finningley, Doncaster 14/4/1942
I have done a bit of flying lately, but only on cross countries for map reading purposes. We are expecting to be crewed up shortly, so it shouldn't be long before we are on operations. I had quite a good trip the other day, we went cross country to (censored), it took 2 and a half hours. I have never known it to be so bumpy before and we ran into heavy rain storms. The old Anson leaked like a sieve but we didn't mind very much.

Jerry has been pretty active round here for the last week, we often hear bombs dropping round about. I hope he keeps away from here. He certainly is getting a few nasty knocks from us at last. I will have the satisfaction of seeing a few tons dropping on Germany.

RAF Finningley Doncaster (undated).
I have been doing quite a lot of night flying the last couple of days. We had rather a hair raising experience last night when one of our tyres burst on landing. Fortunately the pilot kept his head and managed to right the machine. Most of the night trips have consisted of bombing exercises on the range near here, from 8 000 feet. My job has been to keep off any intruders as they have been knocking around recently. None have shown up thank goodness.

RAF Finningley Doncaster 18/5/1942
I had some very sad news the other day when I heard that Hugh Marillier, a Rhodesian lad I trained with, had been killed in a plane crash. Helen and I are both pretty cut up about it but I suppose one must get hardened to these things in wartime. You probably noticed Hugh in the photograph I sent you.

Life is still going on the same here with bags of flying day and night. I think I have seen most of England from the air so far, it now remains for me to see Germany!!

We have a wonderful crowd of chaps here, and that seems to me to be the only advantage of war creating new friendships. I have palled up with a couple of New Zealanders, they have just finished their first 200 hours on operations and are resting here for six months. They have had some pretty hair-raising experiences but seem to treat them as a matter of course. Both were on the Scharnhorst raid in the Channel, but said they only saw the ships once, owing to bad visibility.

A few of the local farmers invited a dozen of us to a darts match the other night at their local pub. Very few of us had ever played the game before, but we didn't mind as they gave us plenty of good beer. In all, we have been having a gay time lately, the local Lancaster factory people, hearing that we were flying in their machines, invited us to several parties. They have been good fun and they are a decent crowd and very hospitable.

We are expecting to move to our satellite "drome" Bircotes soon to complete our training. We crew up there and after three weeks will be posted to an operational station.

RAF Finningley, Doncaster 27/5/1942

I am over at our satellite "drome" at the moment completing my course which should take another fortnight or so weather permitting. I have crewed up at last and my new crew consists of an English pilot, Canadian observer, Canadian wireless operator, English bomb aimer, and of course me in the tail. We get on quite well together and I think I have been pretty lucky in my choice of pilot, he seems a very steady type. Not one of the medal seekers who go in for 0 feet over the target to release the bombs!

The ground is a mass of Blue Bells at the moment, it really is a sight for sore eyes. There is no water laid on so we have to walk down to the mess for baths. The exercise is doing me a world of good. We have been having rather rotten weather lately and it is not too pleasant walking around knee deep in mud.

RAF Bircotes 6/6/1942

You will no doubt be surprised to hear that I was on the Cologne raid last Saturday night. It came as a surprise to me as I haven't finished my training yet, but all the OTU's had to contribute a number of machines to swell the number. We were kept in the dark for five days and all confined to camp. Although we knew something big was on, we didn't dream that it would mean our initiation to night bombing of Germany. I wouldn't have missed it for anything as the destruction of Cologne was a sight I shall never forget. We flew in our training machines Wellingtons, which have done such good work in the past and I was fortunate to be crewed up with an excellent pilot S. Leader Stewart DFC. I was front gunner and of course had the best view of all.

We started off at 10.40 pm with 2 000lbs of incendiaries on board and headed out to sea towards the Dutch coast. We were in no hurry as we couldn't bomb until

1.10 am as some of our big stuff had to drop theirs first to start the blaze going. We could see the fires when 40 miles away, and they gradually increased as we flew nearer. There was ack-ack everywhere and the search lights were weaving everywhere obviously completely demoralized by our numbers. It was rather terrifying for me sitting in front watching the flak come up all around us but we weren't hit once. We eventually arrived over Cologne and the sky was absolutely full of machines, as you may well imagine. The chief difficulty was to find a space to drop our incendiaries, eventually the navigator sighted one right next to the cathedral, so the pilot headed towards it. Before dropping them the navigator had to wait for 3 of our machines to get out of the way immediately below us. His aim was good and our contribution set up a nice little blaze. There were bags of fighters about and we saw one shoot one of our chaps down in front of us. Two more exploded in mid -air, evidently direct hits from shells.

We then turned for home, but what an inferno. I wouldn't be down below for anything. We were flying at 16 000 feet and the fires were terrific even from that height, so you can imagine what it was like at ground level. We arrived home at 4.30 without any incidents and were all pretty deadbeat. It certainly takes it out of one having to be alert the whole time.

We were on the Essen do two nights later, but only got as far as the Dutch coast, when we had to turn back, owing to a short in the electrical system. We cursed like anything but nothing could be done about it, as all the various lights were failing including the wireless which is most necessary. Complete failure would have meant that the bombs could not be fused or the bomb doors operated. Anyway, we got back safely and landed with four 500lb bombs we were carrying.

We only lost two machines from here on the two trips which was jolly good going considering the state of the number of machines sent from here. Quite a few of them were shot up badly but managed to reach home safely. Two Rhodesian lads who were with me are missing from the Essen raid, I hope they are alright. One was George Reid whose father works on the Railways at Umtali and the other Johnstone from Salisbury.

(The Roll of Honour in the War History of Southern Rhodesia includes G. T. Reid and P. D. D. Johnstone).

I saw most of Scotland yesterday when we did a five hour cross-country from coast to coast. I was really surprised by the nature of the country being so hilly. It is a bit of a contrast from the country down here which is as flat as a pancake. We just skirted the Lake District on the way back and were sore tempted to go to Strathaven (from whence the Meikles originate) to have a look, but unfortunately time would not allow it.

Finningley Satellite, Bircotes 13/6/ 1942

I feel a lot older in more ways than one, it certainly gives one a different outlook on life in the Air Force. It is not a bad outfit really but I definitely wouldn't want to make it my career in life and shall be sick of the sight of aeroplanes when this war is over. I doubt whether I shall ever want to go up in one again. They say only birds and fools fly and I think it is very true, there is nothing like a good old terra-firma.

I forgot to tell you that Eddie Banks turned up at Finningley just before I left. I didn't see very much of him as he was in a different flight, anyway he hasn't

changed much and is just as bumptious as ever. (There is an E. W. Banks on the Rhodesian Roll of Honour).

I received a very welcome parcel of cigarettes, tea, sugar etc from D'Urban and Betty Barry. The tea and sugar will go a long way in augmenting Helen and Noel's rations as they are pretty meagre, believe me.

Bircotes 20/6/1942

I have at last finished my OTU, but we are being held back for some reason. We were at Rhodesia House on Saturday morning and met quite a few boys we knew, including a number of Army chaps who are over here doing a special course at Sandhurst. It's a sight for sore eyes to see good khaki again and bush hats.

We haven't the faintest idea where we are being posted to yet, but hope it will be Waddington on Lancasters. I am not worrying at all now that I have broken my "duck", let the Jerries do their worst.

Scampton Near Lincoln 11/7/1942

I was on the Bremen raid before going on leave, this was our first raid as a crew it wasn't too pleasant at all as the opposition was fierce, one big shell burst just under my turret and blew us up quite a way, didn't feel too happy as I could smell it. Which according to the old timers means that it was pretty close. Anyway, we got back safely which is the main thing. They certainly put up a terrific barrage and if one could forget there was a war on and weren't shooting at you, it would be a pretty and impressive sight.

I arranged to broadcast to you after we had lunch, but we had to wait until 7.15 to talk. I hope you heard me OK. I had a cable from Toosie to that effect. I am afraid I was a bit nervous and left out a few things I had to say to you. Anyway I will do better next time. Usually there is only a handful of people at these broadcasts but on this occasion there were hundreds as the hall was packed. Hence the stage fright. Anyway, I hope you gathered what I had to say which is the main thing. (Editor's note: selected serving members were able to broadcast messages to family from Rhodesia House, of which relatives were forewarned in advance).

Ten of the chaps I came over with are either killed or missing, it is a bad show but still one has to expect these things. Let's hope this business won't last much longer. I am sick and tired of it already. There will be bags of fun and games for me from now on, especially if they start the Second Front we have heard so much about. The sooner the better, I hope they keep it up the whole time.

We will be flying in the latest four engine machine (Lancasters) which are absolutely first class and a vast improvement over the old Wellingtons we have done our trips on.

I am sharing a room with a chap I went to college with Basil Baker, he was at Finningley when I first arrived there. He is a jolly decent sort and we get on well together. I am sorry we were not posted to Waddington but we don't have much choice these days. Chips Holland (Son of John Holland of Umtali and brother to Binks Holland) and Doug Rail (There is a W. D. Rail on the Rhodesia Roll of Honour), are still there and I expect I shall be seeing them soon, as they are only

8 miles away.

Father, it must be a job getting around these days owing to petrol rationing. Not many cars are seen on the roads here. Even the people who do run cars will never give you a lift, often I have been walking alone and empty cars have passed. They are certainly a funny crowd out here, give me a bunch of Colonials every time.

The atmosphere in the mess is rather amusing, providing one has a sense of humour. All the big cheeses congregate in one corner of the room, usually near the fire place and the mere P/O's herd in the other like a flock of sheep. There is no feeling of comradeship and I shall be darn glad to get out of it. I shall probably be promoted to Flying Officer in a few months time, the extra half a crown a day will help the family budget along very nicely.

RAF Scampton Lincs 19/7/1942

It was nice seeing Chips Holland and Doug Rail from RAF Waddington and we had a good old chat over a couple of beers. I am sorry we weren't posted over there now, as there are still quite a few Rhodesians left. It seems a far better station than this.

R.A.F Scampton Lincs 3/8/1942

I was on the Dusseldorf Raid last Friday, it was quite good fun except for a few narrow shaves. We nearly crashed on take-off when the machine with 4 000lb bomb and a load of incendiaries started to swing but we just managed to clear another machine at the end of the drome. All went well after that until we were about 60 miles from the target when a single engine fighter appeared on the scene. It was obviously expecting to catch us napping but I spotted him immediately from my mid—turret position and gave the pilot the order to take evasive action and even though we threw him off for a few minutes he was back on our tail until we got to the target. He was forced to give up then, as the flak was pretty terrific. This bloke was carrying a light on his wing which helped matters a lot, this was obviously used to signal to the ground defences. We got over the Rhine at 20 000ft. The bomb aimer went down to his position, but we discovered afterwards that his oxygen supply was faulty and he had gone all the way without it and was naturally dopey. Anyway in this condition he pulled the wrong switch and everything fell out before the bomb doors were fully open. There was a terrific thump and the machine went into a nose dive with all the engines out but they all picked up again fortunately. We all thought we had received a direct hit and wouldn't have had a chance if it had been so. The bombs fell in the target area OK, so we turned for home. After getting out of the flak belt another fighter, a twin engine this time tagged on to us, but we lost it after 10 minutes. This was due to the wonderful turn of speed these machines have when empty. We were jolly glad to get back and have a good meal of bacon and eggs. We certainly made a good job of it for some of the fires were terrific.

The Jerries were pretty active over the last day or so. We were having tea the other afternoon, when gunfire shook the windows and we dashed out and saw a DO 217 cruising along under the clouds. The ack-ack fire wasn't very accurate but he soon disappeared when a fighter appeared on the scene. He was shot down into the sea later we learned afterwards.

Doug Rail was here for a few days doing a special course but left yesterday. I am quite sorry as it makes all the difference to have ones fellow countrymen to knock

around with. These people don't speak our language here so are pretty difficult to get on with. Chips Holland is still going strong at Waddington, I have seen him a few times down town. He is getting married next month at his station so I expect I shall attend the ceremony. His future wife is in the WAAF's and her people have pots of money so he should be well away.

Thank you so much for the razor blades you have been putting in my letters, they are very welcome indeed as they are pretty difficult to obtain here.

RAF Scampton, Lincs 11/8/1942

We are expecting to be shifted from here soon on a very special job. I can't tell you anything about it now, but hope to do so later. We will be much nearer London which will be a good thing and although the job will be pretty dangerous, it will mean promotion and will be worthwhile in the long run. (This is a reference to his transfer to No 8 Pathfinder Force, flying Lancasters bombers).

RAF Scampton Lincs 21/8/1942

Helen went into the home on the 12th and the babe arrived at 5.15 next morning. We are calling him Ian Antony and it's really hard to believe that I am a proud father.

We finished our last six hour cross-country yesterday, it was a very interesting trip right up to Scotland down past the Isle of Man to Lands End. The coast is really beautiful over the latter part and we got quite a scare there too as two Spitfires got suspicious and shot up to identify us, they were really too business like.

We are expecting to move from here tomorrow to a station down near Cambridge, where we will have a special and rather dangerous job to do. You will probably hear about it in due course but it is very secret at the moment.

RAF Scampton Lincs 1/9/1942

We are still hanging about here waiting for orders to move to the new station. The snag is that they won't accept us, except as a complete crew, we are still 2 short and so have to wait for them to join us.

Chips Holland is getting married this Saturday and has asked me to take Doug Rail's place as his best man. Doug is under open arrest at the moment for a low flying offence. It is taking place in the morning and there won't be a reception, worse luck. His prospective bride, a farmer's daughter, seems a very nice girl and appears capable of keeping him in order.

What a senseless existence this is, not one of the aircrews is keen on going over Germany, it is just treated as an unpleasant job that has to be done. One has only to glance round the mess before a raid and note the expressions on the chap's faces, to realize the job we have got to do. There is one thing though, one never fears a grave, they all seem to be fatalists and know I am one now.

There isn't much in the way of news this week. I'm afraid, we are still being very well fed with three good meals and a huge afternoon tea every day. What more could one wish for but this isn't the life or the country for me, we all want to be back amongst our own kind.

RAF Wyton, Huntington 23/9/1942

I hope you having been receiving my telegrams now that the service has been started from this end. You will probably hear from me more regularly this way as there is always the uncertainty of letters reaching home safely.

I expect you have heard the sad news about Chips Holland missing ten days ago. Let us hope he got away with it and feel so sorry for his wife separated after only 8 days of married life. I was at the wedding as I told you. I spent the Saturday evening with them in Lincoln and she went the following night. Another friend of ours was killed in a raid about the same time. He was Dick Rundle from Bulawayo who spent several of his leaves at Hillingdon. The best always are the first to go in these outfits and he wouldn't have harmed a fly. It certainly isn't a pleasant experience, if you call it that, with friends at your pub disappearing one after another. One has to expect these things though. I am quite hardened these days.

I am due to be promoted Flying Officer on the first of the month, the extra four bob will come in very handy. As a matter of fact from our point of view I am very satisfied with the way things are going. The war must seem very distant to you out there as it did to me. It is pretty hard to realize even here sometimes, but one comes to earth with a bump when floating over the other side.

RAF Wyton, Huntington 19/10/1942

Life has been treating me pretty well on the whole here, I have been on 2 trips lately, Osnabruck and Kiel. We should be averaging about three a week but the weather has been against us. We didn't have very much excitement at Osnabruck although Jerry did his damnest to hit us and very nearly succeeded on one or two occasions. The raid was quite a success and we observed our bombs dropping in the middle of the target area.

The Kiel raid wasn't so funny at all, for apart from the cold the temperature at minus 30 degrees we nearly got in a spin and crashed. This happened just as we were approaching the target when thirty search lights caught us and they naturally started shooting at us. Smithy my pilot, tried to evade them by turning away, when a shell burst near one wing and turned the machine over on its back. He says he doesn't know how he righted it again as it was just about to go into a spin. Anyway, thank goodness he managed it. This was a pretty good effort on his part considering we had 9000lbs of bombs on board, not a word was spoken for quite a few minutes after that. The flak at the target burst all around us and all we received was one hit in the starboard inner which didn't do any damage. The docks and town were pretty well lit up, so we dropped everything in the centre and made for home. I could still see the fires burning from 100 miles away and the reflection on the clouds from well over 120. A few flak ships opened up on us when we were out to sea, but we soon lost them. I didn't see any of my friends the fighters except over the target chasing some unfortunate in another type of aircraft. They seemed to steer well away from us for some reason or other and I am not sorry.

It is very sad hearing about poor old Chips going west, he was one I did think would get through. The machine crashed on the other side somewhere and the only survivor was the Flight Engineer. (The Lancaster of 44 Squadron that Chips Holland was piloting was shot down over Holland. After the war the people of the village of Epe erected a memorial in his honour and the Holland family were invited to a

memorial service). Chips' wife phoned me up the other night and said she had not given up hope as they could find no trace of him in the machine and I hope she is right, but the chances are pretty remote. It is easier for the other members of the crew to get out if there is a slight chance at all.

We have started playing rugger here and I have had 3 games so far. We had quite a job getting a team together as most of the chaps seem to play soccer.

I was wondering if they would publish that photo in the Herald as half the chaps have gone west. It is exactly a year and a day since we saw you last but it seems years and years to us. It makes us feel we have left the old life a long way behind but our thoughts are always with you. Don't worry it won't be long before we are united again.

We were on the Genoa raid last week and it was easily the best trip I have been on so far. The take-off was in the late afternoon and it was still light when we crossed the French coast, much to our consternation, but apart from a few guns popping off at us nothing else was seen.

We quite expected a herd of fighters to swoop down on us but they must have thought better of it thank goodness. The moon was full and the visibility very good, it was really wonderful flying at 20 000 feet towards the Alps. Our biggest thrill of course was to see the lights of Geneva, we skirted the place so had a really good view of what was going on down below. It really was a pretty sight with all the different coloured lights and the Neon signs flashing on and off. The Swiss naturally took an extremely dim view of the intrusion, so fired a few guns at us to show there was no ill-feeling. I think they were pointed in the opposite direction, but still. Everything showed up extremely well including Lake Geneva. From this point we could see the Alps looming up in front of us and what a magnificent sight they presented and wish you had been there because no words of mine could describe them. We crossed with 4 000 feet to spare and even then the peaks seemed to be reaching up trying to draw us down. We flew directly over Mont Blanc and it was very easy to distinguish from the others from its shape and height. There wasn't a cloud in the sky as we crossed Italy and the coast line could be seen sixty miles in front. When this was reached, the old Ice cream merchants opened up, but their fire was inaccurate and they appeared to be pretty jittery down there. We were half an hour early so decided to stooge up and down the coast to pass the time away. Everyone else had the same idea until there was a regular procession which should have given them a bit of target practice but didn't take advantage of it. When the time was up we waited for the first flares to be dropped then went in, these were not really necessary owing to excellent visibility. The flak was pretty intense as we flew over the target at 10 000 feet and seemed to burst all around us. It must have been close as the powder could be smelt. Our bombs fell on a built up area and must have blotted out a few inmates, a pretty cold blooded thing to say, but war is war. There were some terrific explosions as a few bombs hit some oil tanks—really pretty watching and as we set course for home the fires were going pretty well. One of our chaps from here went down to 50 feet after dropping his bombs to give his gunners some practice shooting at the numerous villas on the coast. I bet they were mad. The return trip was quite uneventful until we had passed over Paris

when we saw 5 fighters in formation coming for us about 800 yards away. I didn't wait for any more so told Smithy to dive into the clouds which he did at about 300 mph and that was the last we saw of them, thank goodness. We were ready for bed with a vengeance on our return having been in the air for eight hours ten minutes.

RAF Wyton, Huntington 24/11/1942

My Flying Officer has just come through and it is quite a sensation strutting around with a thick stripe being one above the alleged "lowest of the low". It happened to be stand down yesterday, meaning there were no operations for us and I took the opportunity to go down and see Helen and Tony. We usually have these stand downs twice a week depending on circumstances and weather of course. The train leaves Huntington at 12.27 and arrives at Kings Cross at 2.40, the Tube takes an hour to Uxbridge. We were on the Turin raid last week and it was a great success as regards the bombing. Our ground staff were working on the machine until just before take-off but we managed to get away on time. It was quite moonlight, and our course was 6 miles off Paris, owing to cloud covering the landscape it was impossible to get a pin-point to assist the navigation at all. We of course thought that we were well away from the danger zone but we had not reckoned with adverse winds. Without any warning, there was no means of telling of course with a cloud cover beneath, they opened up on us with heavy stuff, as we were at 16 000 feet. I thought we had had it as the puffs kept floating past we could smell it which means it is too close to be healthy. I told Smithy how they were bursting behind so he decided to stick the nose down and fortunately it was just the right thing to do as they had a proper barrage just in front so we should have run right into it. Anyway, we heaved a sigh of relief when it was over and I must confess I shut my eyes once or twice as mine is a very exposed position and one can see "too" much. We lost 6 000 feet in that dive and had to battle up to 20 000 feet to enable us to cross the Alps in comfort. They were even more beautiful than ever as more snow had fallen since our previous visit, we could see the target about 20 miles away with flares dropping and bombs bursting as we were slightly late. It was as bumpy as blazes dropping down to the target, the light flak was pretty concentrated but not at all accurate. It gave one the impression of a person chucking a handful of sand around trying to hit someone. Anyway, we pressed on and bombed and then turned for home, everything stood out very well especially the Cathedral. We discovered next day that the machine had been hit twice, once in the port outer engine and the other missed me by 2 feet at the back of the turret, but still a miss is as good as a mile these days. We were picked up by a fighter near the coast on the way back but soon lost him as I saw him first. The weather over here was lousy so we were diverted to a fighter station on the coast. The cloud ceiling was only 800 feet but we managed to get down safely. On trying to take off the next day the immersion pump failed so we had to hang around for another 24 hours before it was repaired. The food etc was pretty good down here, but we looked awful sights not having shaved for 3 days, especially being officers you know!!! Anyway, it was a real treat to go round looking like a tramp for once, just like old times in fact. It was pretty cold that night in spite of having full kit on.

The snag is that I have to be literally pushed into the mid-upper turret owing to my size and if I had to bale out, well it would be just too bad. Anyway, for your

peace of mind I hope the seats will be modified to enable me to get out easier.

We are getting pretty severe frosts now which is a sign of things to come and I am not looking forward to it a bit, but still we can stand this winter easily with the knowledge that victory is just around the corner and that we shall soon be home again. It will be a grand day. I certainly don't like war as a pastime but am only hoping that I am doing my bit.

RAF Wyton, Huntington (undated)

(Pages missing)... I have great faith in Smithy so if we are unlucky to be hacked down it will be no fault of his.

They are certainly getting it in the neck these days and I can't see how they can last much longer. These 4 000lb bombs of ours must be having a deterrent effect, it would be on me I know.

Helen and I have been talking over things and I have decided to take a chance on coming out when I have finished my two tours. There wouldn't be any objection from these quarters, as quite a few of the overseas tours have gone home recently. There is certainly a risk attached to it but for that matter we might easily have a bomb dropped on us over here. It wouldn't be for at least another four months, so perhaps by that time the U boat menace will have been solved.

It would be grand seeing you all again. It seems years since we saw you last and makes me think that we are living in a different world, perhaps we are, but our thoughts are always with our dear ones at home. Look after yourselves, we'll see you soon, keep the home fires burning.

RAF Wyton, Huntington—December (undated)

(Missing pages. Several letters also went astray possibly due to ships carrying mail being sunk by U boats)

I have been on four trips since I wrote, just over to Frankfurt and three to Turin. We did the latter in four nights which wasn't bad considering the distances involved. The Frankfurt trip went off pretty well although conditions at the target were pretty rotten. I managed to bag a fighter on the way in. It was a JU 88 and had shadowed us for some time. We managed to evade him on his first attack, but on the second he kept on after us so I got in first. I only had one gun as the other was u/s but I got in first and let him have it (Meikle was decorated with the Distinguished Flying Cross for this action). Only about (missing page, so we don't know what happened next).

The first two Turin trips were an outstanding success, the fires started were colossal. I haven't seen anything like that since Cologne. No wonder the (Italians) are getting out of it, as on the second trip fires were still burning and a huge pall of smoke hung over the town so we had no difficulty in locating it. The last however was a complete shambles, the cloud was up to 20 000 feet and the target was completely obscured. All we could see were some search lights on the ground so we bombed them.

We were pretty severely iced up so it would have been suicidal to have ventured below. Coming back the cloud was higher and we had to climb to 25 000 feet to clear them. I haven't been so cold in all my life, our rear gunner fished a chunk of

ice out of his oxygen mask on our return. It was clear over the channel and we were interested spectators in a naval engagement down below. The worst part of these trips is the first stage crossing the French coast and the first 60 miles or so inland. The first night we saw 2 of our aircraft shot down in front of us so we gave that place a wide berth. There are always bags of fighters about also as with one of the trips when bursts of tracer flashed all around us which wasn't too pleasant. I am getting hardened to it however and as I have done 12 trips so feel quite a veteran. Only another 33 to do that is "all" and then I am going to keep 2 feet on the ground.

RAF Wyton, Huntington 28/1/1943

I am sorry to have missed a week writing to you but I haven't had much time to spare with 2 trips to Berlin and one to Dusseldorf. I was very glad to be on the two Berlin do's although I didn't feel too comfortable about them. We were first over the target on both occasions but had to fly around for some time before locating it, owing to poor visibility. They were shooting at us the whole time which wasn't very comfortable but we were fortunate enough to get away without a scratch. The city was damaged pretty well judging from the huge fires started and the palls of smoke, which we estimated went up to 10 000 feet on our departure. One of our chaps came back on two engines and has been awarded the (illegible), pretty good going.

Award of the Distinguished Flying Cross
Leaving Buckingham Palace after the Investiture

In comparison Lorient (in Brittany) was quite a pleasant target on both occasions. I don't think there is much left of the place by now. The Jerries are certainly getting it in the neck these days and I shouldn't care to be in their shoes when the bombing offensive starts in summer.

Dusseldorf a few nights ago was also very successful, it is one of the hot spots of the Ruhr. We were again extremely lucky, nothing came dangerously close unlike Berlin where we could smell the stuff. I forgot to tell you that we got a photograph of the centre of the target on the second night. There were the usual fighters about but they left us severely alone for a change. I feel quite a veteran these days having done nineteen trips, only when my forty fifth is over I am done with. It shouldn't take very long once the fine weather starts as we should average ten or twelve a month later.

The winter has been extremely mild so far with only two falls of snow. We only suffer when up in the air with a temperature of minus forty. It doesn't seem to matter how much clothing one puts on and the electrical heating only works in spasms for some unknown reason. I have been invited to another pheasant shoot in a couple of days. There is bound to be something to prevent me going. It is a real treat to get out on these excursions, as they are the nearest approach to home life we get over here that I miss so much. This country has treated us very well, it is difficult to judge it under wartime conditions. I will always have a soft spot for it but there is no place like home.

RAF Wyton, Huntington 5/4/1943

We have done one trip since being back and that was to Kiel (Canal) a place with a few unpleasant memories for us. We were turned upside down on the last raid there last October. It has always been a hotspot but we got away without any serious mishaps even though we were first in. We have been to all the hottest parts on the other side so there is no reason why the next trips shouldn't be like the first thirty. They are increasing their defences in one big way. ... (missing pages)

RAF Wyton, Huntington 23/5/1943

I went to Rhodesia House with Helen to see about some clothes for herself and Tony from the Royal School of Needlework, who supply almost anything in the clothing line, free of charge to wives of officers providing coupons are produced.

I went to see Ticky Baggot at Rhodesia House about getting home at the end of my trips and it looks as though everything will be arranged. It would be an easy matter for myself but Ticky said he would pull a few strings to get us back on the same boat. If this falls through I am afraid we shall have to stay for the duration, as we naturally prefer to face the risk, if any, together. Ticky wanted me to go down to Ipswich on Saturday as a guest of Sir Cecil Rodwell (Governor of Southern Rhodesia) and his wife, the idea being to appear at the local Wings for Victory Week. Anyway I was dead off. I am afraid rather disappointed him, as I am the only Rhodesian in this racket now poor Eddie Banks has gone.

We had ten air-raid warnings the first five nights which rather disturbed ones slumber. The gunfire was pretty terrific at times and on one occasion at four in the

morning, one appeared to be coming too close. I went out to investigate in case it should have been necessary to dash into the shelter. Anyway the barrage must have put the wind up them as he dropped everything he had about four miles away so we heard later, but even then the windows shook. Quite a change to be on the receiving end!!

I have only another six to do now and shan't be at all sorry when they are over. It will take some time for my nerves to settle down after all this, all my pals but two have gone which doesn't help matters very much. It has been a great experience in spite of everything and I shouldn't like to have missed it.

Thank you very much for sending the photographs, Father which also arrived today. They are jolly good but the only snag is that they make me feel so homesick.

RAF Wyton, Huntington 29/5/1943

I haven't done a single thing since coming back from leave, but I hope to get cracking and finish the remaining six very soon. The snag at the moment is that they have pushed our navigator to another squadron, we have been together since OTU We are very fed up but couldn't do a thing about it. Let us hope his successor is as good.

Please give all the family our love, we hope to see you soon. Look after yourselves.

All our love.

Your loving son,

Ian.

Hugh Marrison Gower Jackson (1870–1934) - Pioneer, Administrator and Family Man

by Peter B. Munday

I acquired the "Jackson family" group of medals on the London disposal auction on 4 December 1991 of the A. A. (Tony) Upfill-Brown Collection of Orders, Decorations and Campaign Medals. These medals, making up Lot 208, comprised:-

Hugh Marrison Gower's group of three, a CMG, OBE (civil) and BSA Co. 'Rhodesia 1896'his son, Hugh Gower's WWI pair, a British War Medal and an Allied Victory Medal (Bilingual, South African Unit Issue) and his daughter Natalie Kate's MBE (Civil) Regrettably there was virtually no research with the Lot, though there was a note dated 9 Jan. 1986, from a local auction house addressed to Tony Upfill-Brown, stating that the medals were disposed of by Miss Natalie Kate Jackson, who was custodian of the medals awarded to her late father and late brother, Hugh junior.

At the time of bidding, I did not have any other information apart from what was scantily given in the catalogue. However, my early interest in the name Jackson stemmed from the fact that I was taught by Miss Olive Jackson, in Standard 1, at Selborne Junior School in Salisbury, which in 1947 was located in Prince Edward Street adjacent to the Mashonaland Turf Club race track, a redbrick building now part of the Harare Polytechnic College.

Miss Olive Staley Jackson, daughter of Staley N. G. Jackson (Hugh's brother) and niece of H. M. G. Jackson, married Thomas Hugh William (Hugh) Beadle, (1905–1980) later Sir Hugh, the Chief Justice of Rhodesia and Privy Councillor. Olive has a hunting and recreational camp in Binga named after her. Lady Olive Beadle was involved in numerous community projects before her death in a traffic accident in the bush.

Hugh Jackson was born of British Nationality on the 18 September 1870 in Pietermaritzburg, Natal, South Africa.

His father, John Otter Jackson, was a Justice of the Peace and Regional Magistrate in Natal.

His mother, Sarah (nee Gower, daughter of the Rev. Samuel Gower) had three sons and six daughters, five of whom survived into adulthood.

Hugh was schooled at Ardingley College in Sussex, England.

After completing his education Hugh joined the Natal Native Department and worked amongst the Zulu for eight and a half years, with the result that he was fully conversant with the language and cultural customs of the Zulu Nation. It was during his tenure in the Natal Civil Service that the Zulu gave Hugh the nickname "*Matshayisikoba*", the Owl Slayer, a nickname which followed him into Matabeleland and was used by the Ndebele people.

In 1895, he accepted an invitation by Herbert J. Taylor, the newly-appointed Chief Native Commissioner in Rhodesia, to take up the new post of Assistant Native

Commissioner at Umzingwane in Matabeleland. By 1895 European settlers had taken up residence in Bulawayo and the town was developing rapidly. Hugh journeyed up from Port Shepstone to Pretoria and then on to Bulawayo. The last leg of the journey was in the famous mule-drawn 'Zeederburg Coach' (the express transport of the day). His appointment was with effect from the 14 October 1895. Towards the end of 1895 Hugh was placed temporarily in charge of the Belingwe district, the headquarters being located at Makupekupene , a spot near Essexvale (Esigodini) station today.

Apparently, soon after his arrival in Matabeleland, Hugh Jackson was given a warning by a former warrior, Sikwaba, (a survivor of Lobengula's purge of the 'Imbizo Regiment', which had been corporately sentenced to death for disobedience), that he had a vision in which Lobengula was going to unleash supernatural forces to fight the European settlers. What subsequently happened to Sikwaba is not known but, when the 1896 Rebellion erupted some five months later, Hugh and a small party were cut off deep in the Matopos hills. In the confusion which prevailed for some time, and in the absence of any news, it was reported that Hugh Jackson had been killed. However, he survived and was able to return to Bulawayo.

In the meantime, his younger brother, Staley Nettleship Gower Jackson, had also joined the Native Department as an Assistant Native Commissioner, and had been part of a small force which escorted Sir Charles Saunder to Zambaan's territory. Staley was also part of a beleaguered unit at Belingwe during the Matabele Rebellion.

Following his escape, Hugh enlisted in "Gifford's Horse" as a Lieutenant in "B Troop", the Commander of which troop was Captain H. P. Fynn (Assistant Native Commissioner of the Insiza District). A fellow Lieutenant in the unit was Lieutenant Howard Udwin Moffat (1869–1951) who was to become Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia (1927–1933).

The unit was formed and commanded by The Right Hon. Captain, and later Lieutenant Colonel, Maurice Raymond Gifford (1859–1910) who was wounded in action on 6 April 1896 at Fonseca's Farm and had to have his right arm amputated.

The unit supplemented the activities of other locally recruited units and their patrols to Insiza and the action at Fonseca's Farm are detailed in official documents.

For his services with Gifford's Horse, Hugh was awarded the campaign medal:- "British South Africa Company's Medal 1890–1897" reverse 'Rhodesia 1896' 138 medals and 38 clasps were issued to the unit and 6 354 medals and 832 clasps on the Roll to Colonial and locally-raised troops.

Hugh's older brother, Gower Alexander Jackson (14th March 1869–20th April 1915) served as a Commander in the Native Commissioner's Department Troops and was awarded the BSA Company Medal "Mashonaland 1897". He was killed in German South West Africa early in the Great War. Hugh's younger brother, Staley N. G. Jackson, served as a Lieutenant in "C Troop" Belingwe Column and was awarded the BSA Company medal 'Rhodesia 1896'.

On 11 August 1897, in St John the Baptist's Church in Ixopo, Natal, Hugh married Martha Lawson Greer, the event being recorded in their Family Bible. This bible also recorded the birth dates and the location of Christening ceremonies of four children born to the Hugh Jackson Family.

Their first child was born in Bulawayo on the 14th August 1898, and Christened Hugh Gower by the Vicar the Reverend William Bashe.

In 1900, Hugh was appointed a 'Special Justice of the Peace'. On the 16 February

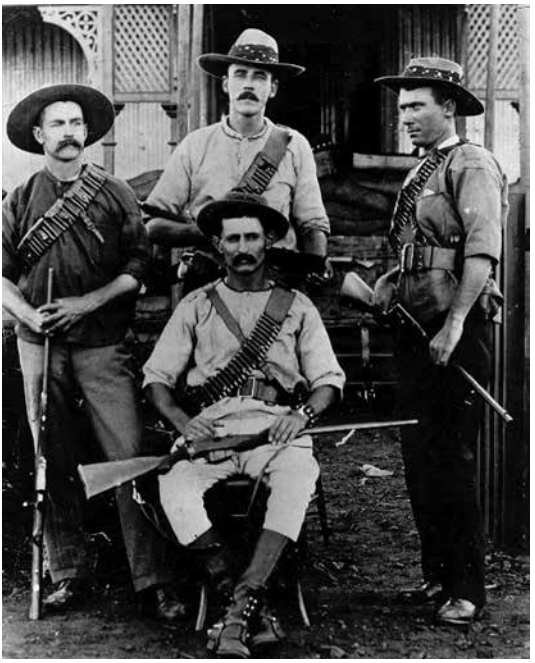
1900 a baby daughter, Natalie Kate was born. The baby girl was Christened at Fort Usher, Matabeleland, by Archdeacon Upcher. On the 8 of November 1904, a second daughter was born, Norah Bernadine, again at Fort Usher, but Christened by Archdeacon Beaven.

During the period 1904–1908, Hugh's appointments seemed to flow over him. He was appointed Assistant Magistrate for the Bulawayo district and a Superintendent of Districts of Gwelo, Selukwe, Insiza and Belingwe. In 1908 the family moved to the Midlands Province, as Hugh Marrison was appointed Native Commissioner and Additional Magistrate at Gwelo.

Their second son was born on the 29 September 1909 in Gwelo. Wilfred Marrison was Christened at Gwelo by Archdeacon Upcher. Meanwhile Hugh was writing and publishing articles in the NADA journals. His depth of knowledge, love and understanding of the indigenous people, of their idiosyncrasies and culture and documenting a verbal history of their nation, became legendary.

The family moved in 1913 when Hugh was appointed Native Commissioner and Superintendent of Natives for the Bulawayo District and Assistant Magistrate of Bulawayo.

Another move took place when Hugh was appointed Acting Chief Native Commissioner in Salisbury in 1921.



Gifford's Horse 1896—'B Troop' Officers Standing (L to R); Sub. Lieut J. H. Hulbert, Lieut H. M. G. Jackson, Lieut A. Rorke. Seated; Captain H. P. Fynn
Photo: National Archives of Zimbabwe

The Supplement to the London Gazette, 3 June 1924 carried the news of the appointment of Hugh Marrison Gower Jackson, Esq., Superintendent of Natives, Southern Rhodesia, to be an "Officer of the Civil Division of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire" (OBE)

In 1924 his appointment as Assistant Chief Native Commissioner was announced. In 1928 Sir Herbert John Taylor Kt., retired after serving the Native Department for thirty three years and handed the portfolio of Chief Native Commissioner and Head of the Southern Rhodesia Native Department, to Hugh Jackson.

In April 1930 Hugh was appointed Chairman of the Native Affairs Committee and the Government representative on the Board of the Native Labour Bureau. On the 3rd of June 1930 the supplement of the London Gazette listed Hugh Marrison Gower

Jackson, Esq., OBE, Chief Native Commissioner, Southern Rhodesia, and proclaimed the award of the "Companions of the Order of Saint Michael and Saint George" (CMG)

The *Rhodesia Herald* of 9 September 1930 announced his retirement, with effect from the 15 September, 1930. He had served the country for thirty five years. The column expressed popular feelings of regret, true respect and affection as sentiments of all who had worked with and under this man. He was an acknowledged "authority on all matters pertaining to Natives".

After his retirement he served on the Native Board Committee during 1933.

Hugh died at his home 'Gowerfield' in Salisbury on 7 November 1934, survived by his wife and four children. His funeral was attended by a large crowd, "an eloquent tribute to the high esteem in which Mr Jackson was held by all classes of the community". A memorial service was held in the Anglican Cathedral by the Bishop of Rhodesia, the Right Reverend E. F. Paget. There was a graveside service in the Salisbury Cemetery where a large crowd of natives had gathered "to pay their last respects to one who, all his life, had been in the closest contact with them and had always commanded their deepest admiration and respect for the able manner in which he had served them".

In an effort to research the 'Man Behind the Medal', I was most fortunate to find that Hugh Marrison Gower Jackson's niece, Mrs. Ethie Pearce (Staley Jackson's youngest daughter) was still alive. I visited her several times at her home in Rhodesville, a suburb of Harare, in 1993.

Ethie, then 80 years old and the last survivor of her generation, could remember details which otherwise might have been lost. She held a copy of the genealogical chart of the Jackson family and the Family Bible. Within the family circle "uncle was always called Marrison" and hardly ever referred to by his first name. "Uncle Marrison", she said, was a keen gardener and conservationist. He loved all animals. On one occasion he had great misgivings when he had to shoot a rogue hippo which was destroying crop gardens in one of the areas for which he was responsible. He especially loved the many plants he tended in the lovely garden at his Borrowdale home, 'Gowerfield'. Apparently, he had a "fantastic sense of humour" and a repertoire of funny stories set in the early days which kept his family and friends enchanted.

Photo: National Archives of Zimbabwe
Hugh Marrison Gower Jackson
CMG, OBE (1870–1934)
Chief Native Commissioner (1928–1930)

Ethie remembered other members of the Native Department who were featured in the archival photographs shown to her. One member who meant a lot to her, and she recognized immediately, was early settler Donald Moodie.

Ethie was also able to give details of her cousins, one of whom was Natalie, who sadly had died in Marondera a matter of months before our contact, and also Wilfred and Hugh.

In further research the property "Gowerfield" was located, visited and photographed. The original house in which the Jackson family lived in the early 1930's has been well preserved. According to the Title Deed it is a subdivision of Rietfontein farm, which was owned by pre-Pioneer, Frederick Courteney Selous in 1906, now 16 Addington Lane in the Ballantyne Park area of Borrowdale, a well-sited suburb of Harare.

A brief examination of the medals issued to Hugh Marrison Gower Jackson's children, and who they were.

Hugh Gower Jackson (11 August 1898–31 July 1944)

He was tutored at Lancing College in Sussex, England. Hugh Gower, only 17 years and nine months old, volunteered for service in the Great War and was amongst the youth of Rhodesia who left the Colony to support the "mother country". At the time of his enrolment on 26 June 1916, he was living in Bulawayo. He was half an inch short of six feet tall and given a Regimental Number 6 135 and seconded to 2 Battalion of the Rhodesia Regiment. After a period of training, he spent three months with the Rhodesia Native Regiment. Thereafter he was taken on strength on 4 of June 1917, having attested into the 1st South African, 9th Brigade as a clerk. He evidently went "Missing" on 23 March 1918 in France and was officially recorded as a "Prisoner Of War" on 29 April 1918.

He had been captured by the Germans and sent to forced labour in a mine for about seven months. The conditions were poor and Hugh's health suffered as a result. He was finally released on 4 December 1918. Ethie told me that Hugh Gower was re-employed by the Native Department and saw out his last days sitting in a wheelchair in the Avondale Pass Office issuing Identification Papers to rural folk wishing to seek employment in the towns. On 31 July 1944 his servant found him slumped dead in his wheelchair at his home at 22 Prince Edward Street in Salisbury.

Natalie Kate Jackson, MBE (16 February 1900–10 December 1992)

Natalie Kate obtained a Bachelor of Arts degree at Cape Town University where she studied English and Music. Kate, as she was known in the family, joined the Southern Rhodesia Civil Service as a young graduate in 1923. She attained the distinction of being the most senior Woman Officer in the Service. At the time of her retirement in 1955 it was stated "throughout her service her record as a conscientious and able officer has been of a high order". Kate was appointed, in the Queens Birthday Honours list of 9 June 1955, to be an Ordinary Member of the Civil Division of the most Excellent Order of the British Empire (MBE)

Kate enjoyed travel and once visited America. Although she never married, she loved children and was Godmother to a number of children of relatives and friends.

Norah Bernadine Jackson,(8 November 1904–1973)

Was the first Headmistress of St Mary's Preparatory School (1932–38) which in time became Bishopslea Girls School located in Salisbury. She received the 'Jubilee 1935' and 'Coronation 1936', commemorative medals which were distributed to school children and teaching staff in those colonial times.

Wilfred Marrison Jackson, (29 September 1909–1975).

The "youngest of the Jackson family" was awarded a campaign medal for service in the Middle East during the Second World War.

On 13 April 1940 Wilfred was posted to the 4th Royal Horse Artillery with the rank of Gunner, based in Port Suez. On 31 December 1942 he was promoted to Lance Bombardier. In late 1943 he was hospitalized for treatment for a lacerated scalp—the cause was accidental—"no evidence that anyone was to blame" was recorded. On 16 February 1944 he returned to King George VI Barracks in Salisbury. On 10 of July 1944 he passed a trade test as a Clerk Group "C", Class III On 4 January 1945, he was promoted to Corporal and awarded the Africa Star. Wilfred was later promoted to the rank of Colour Sergeant and discharged in October 1945.

Jackson Family group of medals

Acknowledgements

I thank my companion Desna for her enthusiastic encouragement at all stages in the production of this article, Jero Young for scanning the photographs and the staff at the National Archives for their cooperation in the researching of data.

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Stephen and Virginia Courtauld

by Bruce Mennell

The following is a brief outline compiled by Bruce Mennell of part of the remarkable lives of Sir Stephen and Lady Virginia Courtauld ("Ginnie") and focuses on the years they spent at their last home near Mutare, Zimbabwe.

During the 16th century the Courtauld family were prominent shipping merchants in the French port city of La Rochelle, a Huguenot (Protestant) stronghold during the French Wars of Religion (1562-1598). Like most of the Huguenots, Stephen Courtauld's forebears were eventually forced by persecution to leave France. They moved to England where they established themselves as silversmiths before diversifying into the weaving trade. Later they established a silk mill in Essex, forming the basis of what would become one of the largest textile companies in the world. Shares in this company were the foundation of Stephen Courtauld's vast wealth.

Stephen Courtauld was born in Bocking, Essex, England on 27 February 1883. After leaving Cambridge University in 1901 he studied chemistry in London until 1903 when, despite his financial independence following the deaths of both of his parents, he opted to train as an apprentice brewer with the Bass Brewery.

When the First World War broke out he volunteered for active service and fought on the Western Front as a machine gunner in some of the bloodiest arenas of the war. Rising from the rank of private soldier to that of Major, he was awarded the Military Cross for bravery. The effects of his war experience remained with him for the rest of his life; whereas he had been known before the war as a lively and extroverted youth, photographs taken of him subsequently show a serious, reserved man who rarely smiled. Stephen was a mountaineer of international repute and it was at fashionable Courmayeur in the Italian Alps in 1919 that he met his future wife Virginia, then the Countess Spinoza.

Virginia Peirano was born on 19 January 1885 in Braila, Romania. Her Italian father, the Marquis Peirano, was a prosperous shipping merchant in the port of Santa Margarita and in 1890 the family moved to London where Virginia was to receive a convent education. Rebellious and unorthodox, and while still a teenager, Virginia had a large snake tattooed down the front of her right leg, a shocking choice for a convent schoolgirl to make during the Edwardian era.

Virginia's marriage to the aged Italian Count Spinoza was eventually annulled by the Vatican and on 20 August 1923 she married Major Stephen Courtauld at Fiume in Italy. The newly-weds lived briefly in Florence, Italy before moving to London's Belgravia where they took up residence at 47 Grosvenor Square. The Courtaulds had no children but from 1926 they brought up Virginia's nephews Peter and Paul Peirano. The Courtaulds became an integral part of London's high society and during the 1930's they were described as "one of the most glamorous couples in London."

From 1919 until the early 1950's, Britain benefited considerably from Stephen Courtauld's philanthropy which included his sponsorship of the Royal Opera House in Covent Garden, the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, and the British School in Rome, Italy. Aside from his pure philanthropic activities, during the 1930's he wielded significant influence within the British film industry and in partnership with Michael Balcon helped transform the small, struggling Ealing Film Studios into an internationally recognised presence in the world of cinema, providing crucially needed financing. The still-popular Ealing Comedies, the last of which was made during the 1950's, are regarded as classics of British film-making to this day.

For their main recreation during the pre-war champagne years the Courtaulds travelled the world, often aboard their stylish 210 foot, 30-crew luxury motor yacht named "Virginia". It was commissioned by Stephen and launched in Scotland in 1930, with a luxurious interior decorated in the Art Deco style by one of Virginia's avant-garde coterie. A model of the yacht can be seen above the door inside Stephen's study at La Rochelle.

The Courtaulds' London home from 1936 was Eltham Palace, in earlier centuries the residence of English Kings and Queens including King Henry VIII. When the Courtaulds obtained a 99-year lease on the palace in 1931, about all that remained of its past glory was the almost derelict medieval Great Hall which the Courtaulds restored before building an ultra-modern mansion adjacent to it. The house incorporated the most exotic styles of the 1930's with Art Deco, Scandinavian and classical themes. The mansion was also highly advanced technologically with modern plumbing, and speakers built into the walls and several other innovations derived from the design of modern luxury liners.

Eltham Palace became a place to which the rich, the famous, the great and the good, and occasionally the Bohemian, all streamed, welcomed by the vivacious Virginia and treated lavishly to hospitality, company and entertainment of the finest quality that London could provide. The Palace became legendary as much for its classical music recitals as for its ritzy parties. Visitors included film stars and explorers alongside many of the cultural icons of the day. The political establishment was represented by such figures as R. A. B. ("Rab") Butler who was married to Stephen Courtauld's sister, and one of the more illustrious visitors to Eltham Palace was the Duchess of York, wife of the future King George VI and later known as The Queen Mother, who wrote after one of her visits: "What a feast we had! And what champagne!".

Stephen, Mollie, George, August and Virginia Courtauld in the grounds of Eltham Palace, their London home, in World War II. George and August were Stephen's cousins, and Molly was August's wife.

In 1936 the Courtaulds embarked on a six month

tour of Africa during which they visited the Victoria Falls and Great Zimbabwe. When they returned to Britain in 1938 the atmosphere had changed as ominous signs of looming confrontation with Nazi Germany became increasingly disturbing. During the austere years of the Second World War, the parties that had characterised life at Eltham Palace were rare. The Courtaulds joined in the war effort with Stephen serving as a fire warden in Civil Defence and Virginia running the local branch of the Women's Voluntary Services. Eltham Palace was damaged by four incendiary bombs in 1940 and Virginia's beloved nephew Paul was killed in action in Ceylon (Sri Lanka) on 9 April 1942. The Courtaulds decided to leave London in 1944. They moved first to rural Surrey and then to Scotland and in 1945 relinquished their lease on the palace. Stephen was content in his new life in Scotland as a farmer but Virginia struggled with the cold, damp weather and eventually persuaded Stephen that she could only live in a country with a warm, sunny climate.

In 1949 the Courtaulds bought a small twin-engine plane and flew from Cairo to Cape Town from where they travelled northwards to revisit Southern Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe). A friend of the Courtaulds, the Honourable Barney Howard, recommended the eastern border town of Umtali (now Mutare) as a suitable place for them to settle.

The Discovery of La Rochelle

In October of 1950 they went to Umtali (Mutare), staying at the Cecil Hotel while they began their search for a suitable site on which to build a home.

Whilst flying over the Eastern Highlands the Imbeza Valley caught their attention, a wide valley partly surrounded by hills with a high annual rainfall that held out promise for the growing of trees and plants. They examined various properties in the Valley but were particularly taken with Zietzman's Farm, a small, rundown market garden farm with a dilapidated homestead. When the couple learned to their astonishment that the property had originally been called La Rochelle, it seemed like divine confirmation that the property was destined to be their home.

The Courtaulds returned to England to obtain Southern Rhodesian residence permits and to wind down their affairs and on 5 January 1951, while they were away, the purchase of the land on which La Rochelle stands was finalised. They arrived back in the country two weeks later on 21 January 1951 and moved on to their new property on 20 February. They probably lived initially in the existing six-room dwelling while they built the rondavel they named "The Peacock Cottage" (because of the wallpaper), and moved into it when work began on the construction of the main house.

(Editor's note: Stephen Courtauld is said to have described Zimbabwe as "a cold country with a hot sun").

On 16 June 1954 Stephen and Virginia became citizens of the country that had felt the benefit of their philanthropy from the time they arrived. Over the next 13 years their major achievements included the funding of the construction of buildings for:

- The Courtauld Theatre, Mutare (1955)
- The Queen's Hall, Mutare (1957)
- The National Gallery, Harare (1958)
- The Rhodes Club, Mutare (1961)

- The auditorium of what is now the Zimbabwe College of Music, Harare (1962)
- Kukwanisa Farm School, Nyanga (1964).

The charitable project of the 1950's which most consumed Stephen's effort was the development of the National Gallery. In early 1952 the first permanent Board of Trustees for a new gallery was established with Stephen as Chairman. He worked to raise funds and made an interest-free loan of £40,000 which was later written off. He participated in the recruitment of Frank McEwen as first Director from April 1956, who then worked with Stephen on the design of the building. The Queen Mother opened the then "Rhodes National Gallery" on 16 July 1957 with the Courtaulds present. After Stephen's departure from the Board in 1962 he and Virginia were the first patrons of the Gallery. They loaned the gallery various paintings, furniture and tapestries, including two pictures by Paolo Veronese.

Frank McEwen organised over 80 exhibitions of major artworks borrowed from overseas galleries. He also set up his famous Workshop School which discovered and encouraged sculptors from the rural areas. As a result Shona sculpture became an internationally acclaimed genre, with exhibitions at the Musée de l'Art Modern, the Musée Rodin in Paris, the Institute of Contemporary Art in London, the Guggenheim in New York and other renowned galleries.

They gave generously to the University College and to Ranche House College in the capital, and also provided an interest-free loan to the Mutare Municipality that enabled the construction of the Civic Centre in 1959.

Among their non-financial bestowments were the donation of a collection of Greek and Roman coins to the University as well as a Stradivarius violin and several priceless 17th century musical monographs to the College of Music. They donated their collection of jewels and gemstones to the National Museums and in 1972 their La Rochelle estate was assigned to the National Trust.

Countless projects great and small were to benefit from the generosity of the Courtaulds, including schools near La Rochelle and at Koko Bay, their property on the shores of Lake Malawi. Their progressive-minded activities were not limited to assisting and promoting the social, cultural and civic wellbeing of all the country's peoples. In their unobtrusive quest for a just and non-racial political dispensation in their adopted country the Courtaulds were also the main sponsors of the Capricorn Society Africa, a pressure movement that sought to improve relations between races in the British-administered countries of sub-Saharan Africa, and among the visitors to La Rochelle during the late 1950's and early 1960's were many whose names are familiar in the present including Robert Mugabe, Leopold Takawira, Herbert Chitepo, George Silundika and Ndabaningi Sithole.

In recognition of his wide-ranging philanthropy Stephen Courtauld was knighted in 1958, the couple being known thereafter as "Sir Stephen and Lady Courtauld".

Lawyers in Politics

by Richard Wood

It occurs to me that, whereas South Africa has had many lawyers who have reached the top in politics, for example Nelson Mandela and de Klerk, who successfully and jointly managed the birth of the new South Africa, (not to mention J. C. Smuts who gained access for South Africa as a member of the leading nations following World War I), lawyer politicians in Zimbabwe, have not, with perhaps one exception, achieved similar heights in our home country.

I am not sure why this is the case. Perhaps the local scene was set by Leander Starr Jameson, the second Administrator, who found combining law and politics distasteful —he acted as Chief Magistrate when starting his task as Administrator.

The exception to the relative failure of lawyers to make much impression on the political scene is Charles Coghlan. He was an early Bulawayo attorney, born in the Cape but of Irish extraction, who was elected to the Legislature in 1908. L. H. Gann in his book *A History of Southern Rhodesia* at page 213 describes him as "A burly, determined man, whose bristling moustache made him look rather like a Rhodesian Clemenceau, Coghlan took his seat on the Legislature in 1908, and his legal knowledge and public standing soon made him the most influential man on the unofficial side "

He saw his role to be to protect the interests of the local settlers against the commercial interests of the Chartered Company and he opposed the Company's assertion that unalienated land in Zimbabwe could be sold for the benefit of the Company's shareholders only. The British Government sought to protect the status quo by legislating that the Legislative Council, which now had an unofficial majority, could not pass laws to raise revenue or deal with the land question without the consent of the Administrator. (The governing Council was a mixture of officials appointed by the BSA Company and "Unofficials" elected by the public). However, the pressure exerted by the Unofficials eventually caused the British Government to refer the question of the ownership of unalienated land to the Privy Council which four years later found that it was owned by Britain. This finding had the consequence that the Chartered Company, having lost its claim that it owned the unalienated land and therefore was entitled to the proceeds of its sale, decided that it could no longer bear the cost of administering the country and was happy to let the settlers decide whether to be governed by another country or to govern themselves. Coghlan initially favoured union with, and government by, South Africa but changed his mind in favour of self-government. Smuts was keen to accept the country as a new province of South Africa because he believed that his party would be more likely to be supported by more enlightened Rhodesian voters who would strengthen his hand against the growing number of Afrikaner nationalists in South Africa. Coghlan

also feared this growth of nationalism, as did the majority of British-born or connected settlers in Rhodesia and so he decided to back self-government rather than South African rule and led his Rhodesian Party to victory in the 1922 Referendum which voted for self-government, rather than amalgamation with South Africa, by 8 774 votes to 5 989.

And so it was that in 1923 Southern Rhodesia became a self-governing Crown Colony rather than a country governed by a chartered company and Coghlan, now Sir Charles Coghlan, became its first Premier, as leader of the Rhodesian Party, and remained so until his death in office on 26 August 1927. He was clearly the country's most successful lawyer politician and incidentally the founder of one of the country's largest legal firms, Coghlan Welsh and Guest, whose two other founding partners also had political careers and were also knighted for their efforts, viz: Sir Allan Welsh and Sir Ernest Lucas Guest, the former ending up as Speaker of Parliament and the latter a Cabinet minister. This firm's dalliance with politics continued into the modern era. J. H. (Jack) Howman was a partner in the firm in the early sixties and became a close political colleague of Winston Field, the founder of the Rhodesian Front. When this party won power in 1962, Howman became a cabinet minister. When Field was ousted in an intra-party coup in 1964 and replaced by Ian Smith, Howman, in a politically rare display of personal loyalty to his old leader, resigned from the Cabinet. His co-partner, W. R. (Sam) Whaley was appointed as a Senator and thereafter chaired the Whaley Commission, which made constitutional proposals which formed the basis of the new Constitution published in 1969, in terms of which the country formally became a Republic in March 1970. After a few months on the back benches, Howman again became a Cabinet minister under Smith and was one of a trio of lawyers who signed the Unilateral Declaration of Independence in 1965. Desmond Lardner-Burke was another. He had been a partner of the Gweru legal firm of Danziger and Lardner-Burke before being appointed a Cabinet minister. Who was the third lawyer signatory? It was Clifford Dupont who, before emigrating to Rhodesia, had practised as a solicitor in England. It was he who gave up his safe parliamentary seat of Charter to successfully oppose Sir Roy Welensky in a by-election for Arundel constituency, and, after UDI, was appointed Officer Administering the Government, a clumsy title for the office of Governor, used because, until the republican constitution came into effect, the last British appointed Governor, Sir Humphrey Gibbs, continued to occupy Government House. After he had vacated, Dupont became the first President of the new republic.

Coghlan Welsh and Guest is the only firm to be named after three lawyer politicians but there are two others which are named after two politicians. The one is Coghlan and Welsh in Bulawayo where Sir Charles Coghlan practised and the other is Danziger and Lardner-Burke of Gweru. The founder of this firm was Max Danziger, described by L. H. Gann in the work already quoted as "an able Jewish lawye" who, in a parliamentary debate in 1930, advocated for the colony the total segregation of the races, saying that the only "solution" was to allocate Africans a large area near Bechuanaland which would ultimately absorb the whole of the Colony's black population, (envisaging a population transfer comparable to the kind which a few years earlier had shifted all Greeks from Asia Minor).

Among other firms whose names reflect a founding lawyer politician are Stumbles and Rowe, (now incorporated with Coghlan Welsh and Guest), Scanlen and Holderness, Sawyer and Mkushi and Wintertons, all in Harare, and what was Goldberg, Gargan Brothers and Chadder in Mutare. A. R. W, (Rubidge) Stumbles, who originally practised

in partnership with his brother-in-law Bill Atherstone, was the founder of Stumbles and Rowe. He was a member of parliament under Huggins, Todd and Whitehead, became a cabinet minister and finally Speaker of Parliament. Sir Thomas Scanlen, co-founder of Scanlen and Holderness had been Prime Minister of the Cape Colony before coming up to Rhodesia. On the 3rd January 1896 he became legal adviser to the governing Council in response to the crisis caused by the Jameson Raid and continued in this capacity, with occasional breaks, until 1907. His co-founder Holderness was the father of Hardwicke Holderness who was also later a senior partner in this firm. Hardwicke, a Rhodes Scholar with a brilliant war record as a fighter pilot in the RAF, became a member of parliament and a firm supporter of Garfield Todd. He lost his seat when Todd's party lost an election to Whitehead's supporters. Sidney Sawyer became a young partner of Roger Cazalet in the firm Cazalet and Sawyer. He also at a young age became a junior Minister in the Federal Government. When the Federation dissolved he fought a by-election for the seat of Avondale but lost it to an RF candidate. He then took on a young partner, Honour Mkushi, and practised with him until his early death. The firm of Sawyer and Mkushi is still in existence. Benny Goldberg started the Mutare firm of Goldberg, Gargan Brothers and Chadder. He later became Federal Minister of Health. I have a vague memory that he had lost one ear, but cannot be certain of this. I do know that he was a successful and well-liked Minister.

Until now I have dealt with members of the side-bar, the attorneys. I now turn to the Bar, the Advocates. Sir Robert Hudson, before he became a judge, was a minister in Coghlan's first cabinet. Another advocate T. Bertin was a prominent politician of those times. Huggins appeared to have little truck with lawyers but had as one of his ministers Julian Greenfield, a Bulawayo advocate who was so self-effacing that, when he was nominated at a United Party conference as the new leader of the party, (after Huggins resigned to lead the Federal Government) he missed election because, in the lead-up debate he announced his belief that Garfield Todd would make a better leader than he would. Although he won the first ballot, over lunch the delegates thought again and after lunch voted to make Todd their leader. Julian Greenfield had been Minister of Justice and Minister of Internal Affairs under Huggins and then Garfield Todd 1950–1952 and then went federal and became Minister of Home Affairs and Education and eventually a High Court judge. Other Huggins and Whitehead supporters who became members of parliament from the bar were Manfred Hodson (1948–1953) who did a lot to get the University open, and John Pitman and Roger Hackwill. None of these achieved cabinet rank. One who did for a short time under Todd was Reggie Knight who served as Minister of Justice before accepting appointment as an Administrative Court judge. Paddy Lloyd, a Bulawayo advocate, became a member of parliament as a Todd supporter. He was favoured as an advocate by the Railway Workers Union and on one occasion, when I acted as attorney briefing him to defend an engine driver who had fallen asleep at the wheel and crashed his train, I was surprised that he addressed union officials, assembled to give him their views on the case, as "brethren and comrades", all this taking place in the lounge of the old Meikles Hotel.

Herbert Chitepo began practice as an advocate at the Harare Bar in the 1950's. To allow him to act as a principal rather than as an employee in the centre of Harare it was necessary for the Bar Association to obtain specific municipal consent to allow

this to happen. I am told that he had established a reasonable practice before he left the country to become one of the African Nationalist leaders in their struggle for African majority rule. Another lawyer who participated in this, but not so prominently, was Enock Dumbutshena who ended up as Chief Justice. Another was advocate Edison Sithole who mysteriously disappeared before Independence. At about the same time three advocates were elected to parliament as RF candidates. They were Hilary Squires, Chris Andersen and Fergus Blackie. Squires became Minister of Defence and later a judge. Andersen also achieved ministerial rank and after independence, continued as a minister appointed by President Mugabe until he reverted to the Bar, before retiring due to ill health. Blackie, after a relatively short time in politics, accepted appointment as an Administrative Court judge and later as a judge of the High Court. Fergus Blackie's venture into Rhodesian Front politics surprised many of his friends as he was a gentle soul who, before becoming a lawyer, had started to train for the priesthood. Advocate Nick McNally was a leading light in the Centre Party, which opposed the Rhodesian Front in various elections in the years following UDI. Nobody in his party won a parliamentary seat over this time, but he did well to maintain liberal white thought in the country at a time when many of the electorate were being called up to fight the insurgency.

In the post independence parliament, Abdullah Kassim was appointed by Government as a Senator and chaired the Senate Legal Committee. He was senior partner of Gollop and Blank. I think that Simplicius Chihambakwe may be on the same committee. On the government side of the House sits Patrick Chinamasa, now Minister of Finance and Jonathan Samukange, while on the opposition benches were Welshman Ncube, David Coltart and Tendai Biti, the latter two Ministers in the now deceased Government of National Unity. I recall that Chief Justice Godfrey Chidyausiku was a Member of Parliament after 1965 and that twenty odd years earlier Sir Hugh Beadle had been Minister of Justice in the Huggins administration.

Doctor Ahrn Palley sat for many years as Member of Parliament for the Highfield constituency. He won this seat in an election held at the end of 1962, (called by Edgar Whitehead of the United Federal Party and lost to the Rhodesian Front) and retained his seat in the election called by the RF in 1964. There he sat until 1970, Helen Suzman-like, a liberal thorn in the flesh of government until he refused to take the oath of allegiance to the new republic whereupon he was ejected from parliament. I hesitate to claim him as a lawyer because he was also qualified as a medical doctor, but I do believe that he practised as an advocate in the early fifties. My only professional experience of him occurred in Zimbabwe-Rhodesian times when I sat as an alternative representative of Chief Chirau's party on a committee chaired by George Smith, then Solicitor General or Secretary to the Cabinet, tasked with examining the statute law to advise what changes were necessary to accommodate the new regime. I remember raising what I thought was a perfectly innocuous question relating to the Fencing Act and being harshly branded as a colonial relic by Palley who was representing Bishop Abel Muzorewa's party on this committee. This attack made me realise that politics is a tough game, which probably explains why relatively few of our country's lawyers have succeeded at it.

The Mana Pools "Railway Line" Extracted from wildzambezi.com

This stretch of line really does exist, albeit only two kilometers long and located in thick bush in the southern section of Mana Pools National Park near the Ruckomechi Research Station.

For decades, the Ruckomechi Research Station has been a Zambezi Valley base for research into tsetse flies (family Glossinidae), large biting flies similar to "horse flies" that inhabit much of mid-continental Africa between the Sahara and the Kalahari deserts. They live by feeding on the blood of vertebrate animals and can cause human sleeping sickness and animal trypanosomiasis, also known as *nagana* in domesticated animals. (Wild animals in areas inhabited by tsetse appearing to have an in-built immunity to the disease).

Tsetse have been extensively studied because of their medical, veterinary, and economic importance. John Davison tells us that this stretch of "trolley line" was linked to tsetse control research conducted by scientists under Dr Glynn Vale who studied the habits and behaviour of tsetse flies and how to control them. Dr Vale is credited with inventing the modern tsetse fly trap which contains a chemical distillate, smelling of ox breath, which attracts the flies and then kills them

Dick Pitman (who took the photograph) was shown the stretch of line by the owners of Zim 4 x 4 and Kavinga Safari Camp, currently under construction a few kilometres away on the summit of a low cliff overlooking the broad Ruckomechi River, downstream of the tsetse research station and roughly 10km from the famous Chitake Spring.

with relatively little knock-on effect on their natural predators, such as Robber Flies, which apparently catch tsetse on the wing like insect versions of the Peregrine Falcon.

Apparently wagons loaded with cattle were pulled up and down the trolley line located in the thick bush that attracts tsetse flies, while the researchers conducted experiments endeavouring to separate the effect of "movement" from that of "shape, size or colour" with or without "odour". Interestingly, according to John's brother Gerald Davison, a former Director of the Tsetse Control Branch, it was on this line that Dr Vale proved that both the human upright stance and odour were repellent to feeding tsetse flies, and that most of the following swarm of tsetse were in fact males, and were not interested in feeding at all.

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Place Names in Zimbabwe

by Richard Wood

The naming of places in Zimbabwe was considered by a committee set up shortly after Independence 1980 to recommend whether names should be changed (or corrected) spellings to reflect the philosophy of the new regime. This committee did a good job in correcting the spelling of numerous places whose names had been misspelt by the early authorities in the country. For example Umtali became Mutare and Marandellas became Marondera. Why were so many names mispronounced by the early settlers? The reason was that most of the Shona names had been given an Nguni (Zulu, Xhosa or Ndebele) twist to them. Roger Howman thought that this arose because most of the early wagon-drivers were of Nguni origin and when asked by their employers "What's the name of this place?' would ascertain its name from the local inhabitants and then pronounce it in the South African way to their masters. I believe it goes further than that. Most of the early officials learnt their African language in the Eastern Cape or Natal where they had grown up and found it easier to repeat a Shona name in the way it would have been pronounced where

Richard with Trish and granddaughter Carla

they came from. I witnessed this first hand when as a youth I was present when a senior official from Messina Development Company called on my father, then Native Commissioner Sinoia (Chinhoyi), (another example of mispronunciation), to tell him they were looking for a name for their new copper-mining venture at Doma and wanted to find out the Shona word for copper. My father told him that the word was "mangura". The official took this information back to Messina and a few months later the company announced that it was calling their new mine Mangula. Obviously the change of spelling occurred because, to the South African ear, Mangula sounded more correct than Mangura. The correct name was restored by this committee.

Most places in Zimbabwe are named after people, usually the Chief or Headman holding sway in the area concerned. Hence we have Gutu, Mutoko, Chivi and Marondera as examples. There remain a few places named after white people, example West Nicholson, named after an early prospector in the area. Serui (Selous) was named after the famous hunter and naturalist, or was it? I have often wondered whether the name has something to do with the Serui River that runs through the area. (but perhaps the river was named after the hunter). Places named after white women seem to continue keeping their names. Who can tell me who the Beatrice was who gave her name to the settlement on the Mupfure River? Who was Colleen Bawn, the name of a village just outside Bulawayo? Who was the Julia of Juliasdale, near Nyanga? Some such places were normally named by the original prospector or farmer who pegged the claim or farm, thinking of the girl he left behind when he came to the country. The sad thought is that if the relationship did not last the girl in question may never have known that she had a town or village named after her. Sometimes the place name is connected to a famous person without reflecting his actual name. There are the suburbs of Harare, previously Salisbury, which have connections to Lord Salisbury., the British Prime Minister after whom the capital was previously called viz. Hatfield and Cranborne, after the home and one of the titles held by the great man, and New Sarum (after Old Sarum), the Roman name of the settlement which eventually became Salisbury, the English city from which the Salisbury family in England took its name. Stortford Parade in Mabelreign probably takes its name from the birth place of Cecil Rhodes in England (Bishops Shortford) who is also reflected in the name of Rhodesville, an Harare suburb, but not, I believe, in the old name of Africa Unity Square, Cecil Square, which was given the family name of Lord Salisbury and not named after Cecil Rhodes. Rhodes is, however, reflected in the name Centenary, a farming district of Mashonaland established in 1953, the centenary of Rhodes' birth. While on the subject of Rhodes I have wondered why the old name of the country, Rhodesia, was always pronounced with three syllables, Rho—Dee--- Sha, rather than the more logical two Rhodes—Ia. I have never heard an explanation for this and can only assume that it was easier to say. The naming of the country had a ragged beginning. Before the conquest of the Ndebele the area under the control of the BSA Company was simply Mashonaland, but as early as mid 1891 people began referring to it as Rhodesia or even Rhodesland, although other names suggested were Zambesia or Charterland. The local newspaper took up the running and changed its name from The Mashonaland Herald and Zambesian Times to the Rhodesia Herald in October 1891. In May 1895 the BSA Company officially adopted the name but the name change was not recognised by the British Government until the Southern Rhodesia Order in Council of 1898 was issued and

this, too, was a little surprising, considering that Rhodes had blotted his copy-book with his involvement in the Jameson Raid at the end of 1895, and had been forced to give up his premiership of the Cape Colony because of it.

The name of Mashonaland also has its mysteries. It is called after the predominant African tribe in the area the Shona or Mashona. However this is not a name used by the Shona to describe themselves. If you ask a Shona speaker what his tribe is he will tell you that he is a Musezuru if he comes from Central Mashonaland, a Karanga if he comes from the south east, a Manyika if he is from Manicaland, a Kalanga if he comes from the south west, and a Mundau if he hails from the Gazaland area and of course a proud Makorekore (men of men) if he is from the north west. So where does the word Shona come from? Roger Howman's theory that the name comes from the Nguni word for dusk or the west " Shonalanga", literally the setting sun. Mpumalanga, the rising sun, is the new name for the eastern Transvaal, and as the sun (langa) rises (mpuma), so it must fall (shona). Admittedly Mashonaland is more north than west from the South African border but the bulk of Nguni speakers come from the east of South Africa and to them Mashonaland would be the land towards the west.

Other places still bear names of European origin. Cashel Valley is named after Sub- Inspector R. Cashel, a policeman who took up a farm in the area. Heany is named after Maurice Heany, a military man who commanded "A" troop of the Mashonaland Horse. Mount Darwin commemorates Charles Darwin, the English naturalist who expounded the theory of Evolution He was much respected by Selous who named mountain in the area Mount Darwin. Selous also named a mountain in the Gwebi area Mt Hampden after another of his heroes, the English politician John Hampden (1595-1643) who steadfastly challenged the absolute authority of King Charles I and died from wounds sustained when fighting for the Roundheads against the King's forces during the English Civil War. Another mountain which has an English name is Mount Rudd which rises out of the Sabi Valley near Birchenough Bridge, I presume that it is named after Rhodes' business partner Charles Rudd, but there is no obvious connection. Melsetter was the name given to the area by Thomas Moodie, the leader of a trek of farmers from the Orange Free State who were mainly Afrikaans speaking, but Moodie's ancestors hailed from Melsetter in the Orkney Islands of Scotland. The name was changed by the committee to Chimanimani after the mountain range in the district. Other examples of places named after British places include Melfort and Bromley, names chosen by the original farmers in the area.

Animals and trees give their names to various places, particularly south of Bulawayo where we find Syringa, Marula, Figtree, Mangwe and Plumtree all in close proximity to each other. Plumtree School's emblem is a plum tree bearing nine plums representing the nine children of the railway worker living in the vicinity who were the school's first pupils. Shona names are not so arboreal but there is of course Msasa and at the base of the road from Guruve to the Zambesi Valley there is a hamlet bearing the Shona name for baobab (Mauyu). As for the names of animals we have Nyamandhlovu, the place, not the flesh, of the elephant. Jumbo Mine. It was the name given to mining claims linked to the Alice Mine not far away. Apparently in the 1890's London Zoo had two favourite elephants, Alice and Jumbo, and a verse

of a popular music hall song of the day was as follows

"Jumbo said to Alice" I love you"
Alice replied " I love you too
But if you really loved me as you say you do
You would come and rescue me
From the London Zoo"

It is surprising that one has to look hard for names reflecting the king of the beasts, the lion. There is Lion's Den beyond Chinhoyi and the Mhondoro Communal Area along the south bank of the Mupfure River. Mhondoro is a Shona alternative for the more common "shumba" but is normally used to describe the tribal "lion spirit" rather than the animal itself. The only reference to the leopard that I can think of is Marirangwe which means the call of the leopard, ("Ingwe"). Antelope are represented by Balla Balla (or more properly Mbalabala) (kudu). Inyati means buffalo. Umvumvumvu is a river near Cashel and the name derives from the word for hippo. The Mabvene river in the Enterprise District. means the baboon's river. Guruve means Pig and Shurugwe is Sindebele for pig pen. Bikita is the Shona word for ant bear and Domborembudzi, the granite kop north of Harare translates loosely as the hill of the goats. (klipspringers?) The Warren Hills were originally called "Nyamapere" the place of hyenas. An interesting name is Bindura which is the shortened version of the original "Chipinduramhuka" which means "the turning of the animals ". There is a gap in the hills that one passes shortly before reaching the town. In the old days the tribesmen would stretch nets across this gap, drive the game along the base of these hills and turn them into the net traps stretched across the gap. This brings to mind the naming of Lake Kariba. The narrow gorge which is walled to hold back the water was and still is the Kariba Gorge. Kariba (more correctly Kariwa) is the Shona word for fish trap and the name was given to echo the restricted outlet of a fish trap.

It is the back story that is more interesting than the direct translation and this is particularly true of names given to passes in Zimbabwe. The Providential Pass from the Lowveld to Masvingo (literally "Ruins", named after the nearby Zimbabwe Ruins) was so named by Selous who felt it was lucky to find such a relatively easy route up the hills. Thomas Moodie was not so lucky in finding a way up to the highlands of Chipinge from the Sabi Valley and the route he took following the Tanganda River was long and steep which is why he named it "Drie spanberg". It took three spans of oxen to pull each wagon up and through.

Another pass in the area is called "The Italian Road" which connects Chipinge and Chimanimani. Why is it so called? It was constructed by Italian prisoners of war who were interned here during World War 2 and it certainly shows off the inherent ability of Italians to make roads. They did a wonderful job. During my father's time as Native Commissioner Chipinge he spent a lot of money and effort in making up a track down to the Sabi Valley from Chipinge to Rupisi (hot spring) on the lower Sabi valley floor. As the road was rough and in places precipitous, his decision was criticised and the road became known as "Wood's Folly" but it did shorten the journey considerably. My father was relieved that the road was taken over by the Roads Department which upgraded it and it is still used as a way down from Chipinge.

Another Pass in the eastern districts is Christmas Pass. It is so named because the gang of BSA Company policemen employed to cut the road reached the crest on Christmas Eve and spent Christmas day on the summit.

Can anyone explain why the pass down the Zambesi escarpment to Mushumbi Pools is called the Alpha Trail?

Finally it is time to discuss the name of our capital, Harare. This was the name given to the high density township situated behind the Kopje and was the name used by Africans to describe generally the city. Its literal translation is "He is not asleep", which is a good description of life in a bustling town. When the name was changed from Salisbury, the high density township was renamed "Mbare" after the headman who lived on or near the Kopje in the 19th century. He had gained occupation by usurping and killing Neharawa, the previous headman in the area. Mbare himself suffered the same fate several years later when he was killed by Gutsa who took possession of the Kopje and surrounding lands and was still in occupation when the 1890 Pioneer Column arrived. G.H. Tanser in his book " A Scantling of Time" tells this story and asserts that Neharawa's occupation of the Kopje was so lengthy that his name became attached to it, a name which mispronounced, was accepted by the first Europeans as Harare. This account is repeated by R. Cherer-Smith in his book "Avondale to Zimbabwe", published after Tanser's book. While I have no doubt that Harare was the African name for Salisbury- why else would Salisbury Boys High School (later Prince Edward) call its Old Boy's Association" Old Hararians". I am not entirely convinced that the name derives from Neharawa. In my limited library I can find no reference to the Kopje being called Neharawa by the Pioneers or early settlers and, although it is feasible that Harare is a mispronunciation of Neharawa, why should the mispronunciation be so universally adopted by the Africans who were the main users of the name? Could it not be a nickname used by the Africans as a nod to their way of life when they came to this busy town.? I would welcome further discussion on this point particularly from those whose home language is Shona. Mis-translations, mispronunciations and mis-spellings have confused Zimbabwean places names for too long, and I am a typical culprit in doing so. For years I told people that Ngomakurira meant the mountain that makes a noise. It actually means the beating of a drum. I had confused the word for hill "gomo", with the word for a drum "ngoma". The name is meant to reflect the noise made by the wind as it blows down the beautiful canyon that bisects. it. As I have never heard this wind it is possible that this back story is equally incorrect. but somebody must know.

I once heard a keen amateur astronomer saying what a coincidence it was that the Shona name for the dog star or constellation, Canis Major, was imbgwa, the Shona for dog. I have no idea whether this is correct or not but, if it is, to call it a coincidence ignores the possibility that an early missionary gave his class an astronomy lecture or possibly the name came from an early Portuguese explorer who had to rely on the stars in the absence of any maps in those days. As this constellation was referred to by name by Ptolemy in the second century, it is possible that he was referring to the African name for it. It would be interesting to see what other African languages call it. In the same way the early white pioneers could not understand why the Matabele referred to a pass in the Matopos as "Hendrick's" or "Ntheleka" (his nickname) until

one of them recalled that it was the route taken by Hendrick Potgieter when he came up from the Transvaal in 1847, fifty years earlier, to retrieve cattle stolen from his people by Mzilakazi's followers.

As each generation passes on, the stories behind these names becomes more difficult to discover. For example who can now tell the origin of the old name for the road to Mazoe "The Golden Stairs Road ". Someone will say that's easy—it's the road to the gold mines of the Mazoe valley, but that is not the whole story. I recall my parents singing an old gospel song which contained the words "Old man Adam and his wife, they'll be there with drum and fife, climbing up the Golden Stairs" a reference to Adam and Eve making their way to Heaven. On a more less prosaic note, when and where did the phrase "the cow's guts" to describe the lower end of the city originate. Was it a description of the confusion of streets (like a mass of twisted intestines). I have not heard the phrase used to describe the less salubrious areas of other cities in the world. These are piffling examples of information that will be lost unless an effort is made now to recall them. I challenge history teachers to set projects for their students to try and discover the origins and stories behind the place names in our country before they become lost in the mists of time.

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John Austen and HMS Bulawayo

by Rolf Chenaux-Repond

I recently wrote to Ray Roberts in connection with his annotation No. 96 (page 108 of the Paddy Clarke diary)) regarding John Austen—nee Johan Gabriel Eriksson Oesterlund (1861–1942), who bequeathed £77 000 in his will to the Royal Navy so that a ship with a name associated with Southern Rhodesia could be commissioned after the Second World War. Ray suggested that I expand my comments on the matter and I do so now.

Why the Admiralty should have considered the preferred names "Sebakwe" or "Que Que" unpronounceable seems odd in view of the fact that there were ships in the Royal Navy in the forties and fifties bearing such names as "ESPIEGLE", "VACEASEY" and "WALCHEREN".

Be that as it may, a Fast Fleet Replenishment Ship of about 15 000 tons (19 000 tons full load) which was commissioned into the German Kriegsmarine in 1939 under the name of WESTERWALD (later renamed NORDMARK) was taken over by Britain as a prize of war in 1945 under the name of HMS NORTHMARK.

The ship was a sister of the ALTMARK which had been acting as a supply ship for the modern German 12 100 ton/28 knot "pocket battleship" ADMIRAL GRAF SPEE, which wreaked havoc amongst British merchant shipping between 1st October and 7th December 1939. The raider was scuttled on its Captain's orders in shallow water off Montevideo, Uruguay, on 17th December 1939 after having been damaged and expended most of its ammunition in the Battle of the River Plate during an engagement with three British cruisers. Not one British life was lost in Captain Langsdorff's earlier actions against the merchantmen (nine ships totaling 50 000 tons).

Some 300 British prisoners, crew members of ships the GRAF SPEE had sunk, had been transferred to its sister ship ALTMARK, but that ship was boarded by sailors from the Destroyer HMS COSSACK (a Tribal-Class destroyer like the MASHONA and MATABELE, see below) when hiding in a Norwegian fjord en route home to a German port. The prisoners were freed and returned to England. The incident made headlines worldwide and brought forth a series of furious protests from the German Government—neutral Norway had not yet been invaded—and from Captain P. Vian (later Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Philip), skipper of the COSSACK, the laconic comment "my country right or wrong".

HMS NORTHMARK was renamed HMS BULAWAYO in 1947, presumably as a result of John Austen's legacy. She had a speed of 21 knots and could carry 10 000 tons of fuel oil, plus lubricants and a variety of other naval stores.

The vessel is listed in the 1952 edition of '*Les Flottes de Comabt*' as HMS BULUWAYO (sic), and in the 1963 edition of '*Weyers Flotten-Taschenbuch'* with

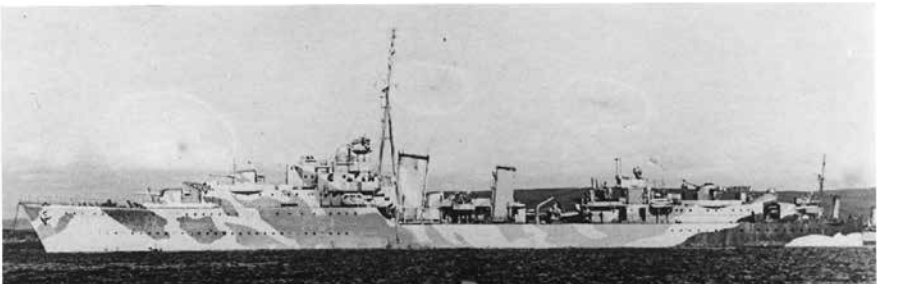
the same spelling. The 1957–58 edition of 'Jane's Fighting Ships' refers to HMS BULAWAYO as having been broken up (scrapped) at Dalmuir in November 1955, after serving for a decade as a Fleet Auxiliary in the Royal Navy.

HMS Bulawayo

The money bequeathed to the Royal Navy by John Austen, an enormous sum in 1942, would have paid for a 50 ton/73 ft motor torpedo boat in 1950. A destroyer would have cost in the region of two million pounds by then.

Also bearing names associated with this country were two of the 16 strong Tribal Class of large Destroyers commissioned by the RN in the late 1930s.

They were named HMS MASHONA and HMS MATABELE. Both ships were lost early in the war. MASHONA was sunk by German aircraft off the West Coast of



HMS Matabele

Iceland on May 28th 1941. MATABELE fell victim to a German U-boat on January 17th 1942 while escorting a convoy bound for Murmansk in Russia. Ten other units of the class were lost before the end of 1942, the remaining four surviving World War II.

There is a sequel to the above, as the Royal Navy commissioned a 1 925 ton/25 knot Aircraft Direction Frigate named HMS SALISBURY in 1956, and a modern 32 550 ton/20 knot Royal Fleet Auxiliary/Fleet Replenishment Ship (a successor to HMS BULAWAYO so to say) named HMS FORT VICTORIA in 1993. This ship is still in service and can carry 12 500 tons of liquid cargo, 5 000 tons of ammunition, 3 000 tons dry stores and 500 tons refrigerated cargo. She is equipped with three Sea King helicopters permitting the discharge of stores by air.

Alas, HMS SALISBURY was not named after the capital city of then-Rhodesia, but after a town in the South of England, and HMS FORT VICTORIA presumably after the Army training camp on the Isle of Wight.

Otherwise there might today be an HMS MASVINGO sailing the Seven Seas.

The Geological Survey 1965-1979

by Peter Fey

Introduction

This is the fourth of a series of articles covering the history of the small Government department charged with geological mapping and the documentation of Zimbabwe's mineral endowment. Following on from earlier texts by the author the original spelling of place names is used.

Over the period described here the Geological Survey underwent a large number of staff movements. Several of the old guard left, one serving geologist died and the directorship changed three times. Improved conditions of service from 1967 saw an influx of new, mostly young, geologists such that 26 of the 28 geological posts in the establishment had been filled by 1971. However, after 1975, increasing frequency of military call-ups resulted in resignations outnumbering recruitment. At the end of 1977, owing to the deteriorating security situation in rural areas, regional geological mapping had to be suspended for the first time since the 1941 field season. Nevertheless, by this time over 50% of the country was covered by detailed mapping and further large tracts had been surveyed on a reconnaissance basis.

The Decade 1965-1974

The mid-1960s saw a marked increase in exploration for base metals, notably nickel and copper, prompting a decision by Government to accelerate the regional mapping programme. This decision was adversely affected when, after an inspection of the department over the period April-October 1965, the Public Services Board increased salaries of senior geologists only, leading to fears of staff losses if junior geologists defected to the mining industry. Thankfully, this was avoided in September 1966 by a further regrading of starting salaries, which had increased from £880 per annum in 1964 through £1 050pa to a new high of £1 470pa. At this time the Establishment comprised the Director and Deputy Director, 4 Regional Geologists, one or more Economic Geologists, a Mineralogist and 18 Field Geologists. The Geological Survey continued its policy of detailed, as well as reconnaissance, mapping, with much of the latter still awaiting compilation and publication in a proposed 1: 250 000 scale map series. Regional Geologists in effect were Government consultants who routinely assisted the economically important small-worker industry by visiting prospects and mines, whilst the Economic Geologist focused on documenting the country's mineral inventory.

Throughout the decade professional staff of the Geological Survey worked hard to promote an awareness of geology and mining by giving numerous talks and lectures as well as radio and television broadcasts. They also attended, often helped to arrange, and usually presented papers at geological symposia and congresses, of which there

were many. Three such events were organised in Salisbury by the Rhodesian Branch of the Geological Society of South Africa. They were the "Symposium on the Rhodesian Basement Complex "in October 1967, the "Granite 71" symposium in August-September 1971, for which a set of commemorative postage stamps was issued, and "Metallogenesis 76" in August-September 1976. All comprised technical sessions as well as geological excursions and attracted a large number of international delegates. Papers presented at all three congresses were subsequently published by the parent society in South Africa.

Before the start of each mapping season field geologists were expected to present an intra-departmental series of weekly lectures on their individual project areas, such lectures generally being attended by invited members of the university and mining companies. There was considerable collaboration between the Geological Survey and other Government departments as well as research institutions and the private sector. A high percentage of commitments for senior staff comprised the attendance at innumerable meetings of organisations such as, inter alia, the Mining Affairs Board, Committee of Management for the Institute of Mining and Metallurgy, the Scientific Council of Rhodesia and the Geological Society of South Africa (Rhodesian branch).

Of the generally large number of visitors to the department each year most would come for mineral determinations, with lesser numbers either seeking geological advice or wishing to purchase maps and bulletins. Because stocks had run out and remapping of the areas described was not considered feasible in the short term, Director A. E. Phaup arranged for bulletins 32, 33 and 35 to be reprinted, a policy which his successor Wiles continued with bulletins 30, 31, 34, 36, 39, 42, 43, 44 and 45.

During 1965, although there was no reconnaissance mapping, five field geologists covered 3344 km^2 in detailed geological surveys. These included the country around Que Que, an area originally surveyed by A. M. Macgregor between 1926 and 1931. Fieldwork begun by C. W. Stowe was completed by N. M. Harrison in 1964–1965. In view of the region's status as the country's major gold producer it is curious that, in his bulletin, Harrison did not include the usual section on the mines, an omission redressed only in 1998 by Du Toit.

J. W. Wiles, who in December 1964 had attended the International Geological Congress in New Delhi, India, extended his stay in that country into January 1965 to enable him to investigate the local mining industry and its mica mines, just as the first Director, H. B. Maufe (Fey, in press) had done in 1921.

The offices of the Geological Survey, which since October 1940 had occupied the west wing of Maufe Building, were rewired and some long overdue alterations were effected until funds ran out in the second half of the year. Later in the decade this wing was named the Lightfoot Wing in honour of the second Director, B. Lightfoot. The new spectrographic source unit, in storage since 1962, was commissioned in June 1965. However, continuing shortage of accommodation forced geologists to share offices, the problem being alleviated only during 1970, when space was reallocated in the east wing of the building.

The first locally trained geologist, I. D. M. Robertson, joined the department in February. Former Director J. C. Ferguson died in August and geologist N. W. Bliss returned from Canada with an M Sc degree.

On 11 November 1965 the country declared its independence from Britain and changed its name to Rhodesia. Economic sanctions were imposed by the United Nations and remained in force until 1980.

The museum, which had been closed for refurbishment throughout the previous year, was reopened in 1966 and named the Macgregor Museum, thereby commemorating eminent geologist and past Director A. M. Macgregor.

During that year there were numerous staff changes. After regradings in March J. W. Wiles was made Deputy Director, B. G. Worst took on the role of Economic Geologist and Messrs I. Goldberg, J. G. Stagman, W. H. Swift and R. L. A. Watson became Regional Geologists. Worst resigned in August in order to join the Tsumeb Corporation in South West Africa and was replaced by Swift. He in turn was succeeded as Regional Geologist Salisbury by Stagman, whose role in Gwelo was taken over by Watson. Goldberg resigned at the end of November and was succeeded as Regional Geologist, Bulawayo by J. F. Wilson, who in March had received a doctorate from the University of the Witwatersrand for his elucidation of the geology around Mashaba. In October the University of Dublin conferred the degree of MA on Watson, and in December C. B. Anderson joined the Geological Survey to become its Mineralogist, replacing H. J. Martin who had resigned in 1963.

In the 1966 field season four geologists mapped an area of 3481 km² in detail despite the fact that the activities of three were temporarily disrupted by dissidents. With the retirement in March of B. B. Napier, who had served in the department since 1924, R. B. Spratt became Chief Cartographer.

Deaths during the year were those in April of F. P. Mennell, doyen of Rhodesian geology, at the age of 86, and in November of former director B. Lightfoot in England, aged 78.

In 1967, attracted no doubt in part by the newly revised salary scale, a record number of mostly young geologists were recruited. They comprised E. R. Sutton, J. D. Muirhead, R. J. Linnell, E. G. Leitner, D. W. Thompson, E. R. Morrison and I. M. Kirkpatrick. Morrison, with 14 years of industry experience in Canada and Southern Africa, was posted to Bulawayo to assist the Regional Geologist. Director A. E. Phaup retired in March, to be succeeded by Wiles. Stagman became Deputy Director and was replaced in Salisbury by Swift, whilst Watson took over the role of Regional Geologist, Bulawayo from Wilson, who resigned to take up the post of Senior Lecturer in Geology at the University College of Rhodesia. Harrison replaced Watson as Regional Geologist in Gwelo, and Phaup rejoined the department in August, initially on a year's contract. He was to serve for an additional 10 years, principally as departmental editor, before finally retiring in May 1978, thus becoming the Geological Survey's longest-serving geologist (Fey, 2013).

The Mining Cadet Scheme, introduced by the Ministry of Lands, completed its first year. It was designed to attract school-leavers into the mining industry by offering them temporary employment with the Ministry. Once candidates had spent one year in the scheme they could be granted scholarships to study geology or mining engineering at university. Upon qualifying they were bonded to the Ministry for an equivalent number of years.

During 1968 the only recruit was geologist P. A. Stidolph. Regrettably, Watson died of a coronary thrombosis in April, and was later succeeded as Regional Geologist, Bulawayo by F. P. Tennick. Owing to reduced demand the position of Mining Geologist (Gatooma), created in April 1967, was abolished in June 1968 and the branch office in

that town closed. Thereafter mines in the district were serviced by Assistant Regional Geologist O. J. Arnett, recruited from Zambia in August and based in the capital. One post of Regional Geologist was abolished on 1st September and redesignated Senior Field Geologist with effect from 1 July 1969. Although a nominal 8 geologists were in the field during the year, 5 of these were also involved in bulletin writing and economic duties, thus accounting for the small area (1962 km^2) mapped in detail.

Also during the year former long-serving geologist R. McI Tyndale-Biscoe completed a history of the Geological Survey. The work, covering the organisation's first half century 1910–1960, was subsequently issued in bound, albeit typescript, form in 1972.

Revised salaries of professional officers, detailed in Ministry of Mines and Lands memorandum Head 2/3/1 dated 6th December 1968, became effective on 1 January 1969 and raised the pay of the Director from £4 080 to £4 500 p.a. Annual increments for geologists in other grades were naturally considerably lower. Furthermore, a staff expansion from 19 to 24 geologists became effective from 19 March.

With their fieldwork completed in the Gatooma and Copper Queen areas respectively, N. W. Bliss and P. R. Leyshon resigned in mid-1969. Morrison was transferred from Bulawayo to Salisbury to become Economic Geologist in place of Bliss, whilst Anderson was succeeded as Mineralogist by Miss S. M. Warner and went into the field. New geologists comprised D. Edwards, followed at the end of the year by I. E. Chunnett, J. Odell and V. R. C. Stocklmayer. Swift, who had joined the Geological Survey in 1939, took early retirement at the end of August and moved to the Inyanga district to grow coffee, it is believed somewhere near the London Store and garage. Whilst on one of his regular weekly shopping trips he, together with his wife and dogs, was ambushed and killed by insurgents (J. F. Wilson, pers. comm.).In January 1970 he was replaced as Regional Geologist in Salisbury by Harrison, after whose departure the Gwelo office, without a permanent head, atrophied and was eventually closed in mid-1971, its functions being taken over by the Bulawayo regional office.

Further staff changes during 1970 saw the resignations, after only 3 years' service, of D. W. Thompson (Lower Gwelo) and R. J. Linnell (Beitbridge), whilst new appointments comprised N. H. Lockett, O. G. Garvie and A. O. Thompson, the last two being based in Bulawayo. Thompson became the department's specialist on the Karoo Group rocks and initially undertook a geological reconnaissance over portions of the Limpopo Basin. There followed detailed studies of the coalfields east of Wankie, where the Industrial Development Corporation (Rhodesia) sought to establish reserves of feedstock for oil generation. During the year the Ministry of Lands vacated the East Wing of Maufe Building. Portions of this were partitioned and redecorated to create 7 new offices for geologists, some of whom had been sharing, whilst the major part of the old strongroom was converted into an annexe for the library.

The author joined the Geological Survey in January 1971, followed in February by A. Martin whose father had served as Mineralogist in 1954-1963. Another, albeit temporary, recruit in September was Canadian geologist A. Kuhme, stopping over in Salisbury whilst on a world tour with his girlfriend. During a field season lasting seven months eleven geologists covered 12 428 km^2, of which 6 617 km^2 were mapped in detail. Messrs Stagman and Kirkpatrick completed their photo-geological interpretation, supported by reconnaissance trips, of some 7350 km^2 of country along the Zambezi Escarpment, extending from Kariba to Sipolilo. The principal aim of this exercise was to determine how this rugged terrain could best be mapped.

Rhodesia Geological Survey staff photograph December 1971
Rear (left to right): J. Odell, C. B. Anderson, P. M. Belstead, V. C. R. Stocklmayer, I. Chunnett. Second row: P. A. Stidolph, N. Lockett, O. Garvey, P. Fey, A. H. Barrie, D. Edwards, B. Williams, A. Kuhme. Third row: D. O. Levy, Mrs Daley, ___, Mrs Robbie, Miss C. Alcock, E. R. Sutton, O. J. L. Arnett. Seated: B. Radclyffe, R. B. Spratt, E. R. Morrison, J. G. Stagman, J. W. Wiles (Director), N. M. Harrison, I. Kirkpatrick, A. E. Phaup, I. H. Green.
Front: W. N. van Blerk, B. Jacobs, A. Simmonds, M. Taylor, P. van der Poole, J. Heron.

Technical staff in the Drawing Office remained essentially at full strength although Chief Cartographer B. Spratt retired in December and was succeeded by D. O. Levy, who had joined the department at the end of 1943.

With the staff increase of the late 1960's, regional mapping progressed at an unprecedented rate. Between 1969 and 1974 there were at least 9 geologists in the field and mapping was under way in many parts of the country. Portions of the Limpopo Mobile Belt were investigated by Linnell, Roberson and Odell, whilst Anderson worked at the junction of the Zambezi and Moçambique orogenic belts in the far northeast of the country. Lockett mapped the terrain between Dett and Kamativi, where he described strata later to be assigned to the Proterozoic Magondi Supergroup, the remaining unmapped portions of which were elsewhere concurrently being surveyed by Kirkpatrick (Tengwe) and Fey (Makuti East), with Sutton (Mafungabusi) making the most significant contribution. Meanwhile, greenstone belts receiving attention comprised Shamva (Stidolph), Makaha (Chunnett),Mt Darwin (Leitner) and that portion of the Bubi belt lying north of the Lonely mine (Muirhead), whilst Edwards worked immediately to the east in terrain underlain largely by granites along the Vungu and Gwelo rivers northwest of Gwelo. His mapping, together with that of D. W. Thompson, was later compiled by Harrison. On completion of fieldwork in the Lowveld Robertson resurveyed the important gold-producing area around Battlefields originally described by Macgregor in 1930. At Inyanga Stocklmayer undertook a detailed study of the Umkondo Group of sedimentary rocks and, after Chunnett's resignation in June 1972, he extended his survey northwards into the contiguous Inyanga North-Makaha area.

With the Establishment now including 28 posts for geologists, of which 26 were filled, a new salary scale came into effect at the beginning of July 1971. During that month the sixth edition of the 1:1 million scale geological map was published, just in time for the impending "Granite 71" symposium. Having completed fieldwork in the Tengwe region northwest of Sinoia in the previous year Kirkpatrick was promoted to Senior Field Geologist.

In 1972 Secretary for Mines K. K. Parker retired and was succeeded by M. M. Cawood whilst the Geological Survey staff was augmented by T. J. Broderick, M. P. R. Light, M. C. Barker and I. Sutcliffe. Light became mineralogist in Salisbury for a year whilst Barker and Sutcliffe were assigned economic duties in the Bulawayo office. Fey and Broderick briefly worked together north and northwest of Karoi, where Garvie and Kuhme contributed to the mapping, Broderick then extending his survey westwards to Kariba. Mrs S. M. Anderson (née Warner), and Garvie and Kuhme resigned later in the year, the last to continue his trip around the world by car.

Economic Geologist Morrison continued to periodically issue new titles in the Mineral Resources series which had been launched by R. Tyndale-Biscoe and N. E. Barlow in 1952. He also began compiling summaries, to be published as three bulletins between 1974 and 1978, of exploration results on ground held under Exclusive Prospecting Orders by mining and exploration companies.

The rising gold price in 1973 led to greatly increased demand for the department's services, where the Drawing Office recorded an above average loss of personnel. Leitner, however, was the only geologist to resign, departing at the end of November. New recruit R. B. Perry, a former cadet, was immediately assigned economic duties in Bulawayo, relieving Martin who began fieldwork near Shabani. There he acted as geological leader of the Rhodesian Schools Exploration Society's expedition to Mount Buhwa. In Salisbury Light was replaced as mineralogist by T. R. G. Fernandes, enabling him to continue the mapping begun by Linnell at Beitbridge. Because the strongly magnetic beds of the region preclude the use of a normal compass for determinations of strike and lineations, Light researched, built and effectively used a sun compass in the field. The results of his studies earned him a doctorate in 1980, and were eventually published as Bulletin 87 in 1998. Meanwhile, the deteriorating security situation along the country's northern border prompted the reassignment of Anderson and Fey to the granite terrain west and south of Wedza. During the year, when they were all visited in the field by senior staff, 9 geologists undertook 3 478 km^2 of detailed and 5 971 km^2 of reconnaissance mapping. Senior Field Geologist Kirkpatrick spent much of his time working closely with the Ministry of Water Development, visiting and reporting on 26 dam sites during the year. Edwards visited one site on the Gwelo River in his project area.

Issued during the year and one of only two Geological Survey publications written by non-members was Bulletin 70 on "The Palaeontology of Rhodesia". The author, Geoffrey Bond, was the first Professor of Geology at the university in Salisbury.

Geologist D. R. Howes joined in February 1974 and was posted to Bulawayo; Edwards, Odell and Muirhead resigned and left in April, May and October respectively. Although many man hours were lost as a result of military service there were once again nine geologists in the field, mapping mostly granite areas. On 30 April A. E. Phaup was honoured by his colleagues when the department's technical library was named after him, and in the middle of the year Robertson was awarded the degree of PhD from Imperial College, London for a thesis based on his fieldwork in the Limpopo Mobile Belt.

The period 1975 to 1979

In 1975 only four geologists remained in the field where, despite military commitments, they mapped an area of 4 023 km². Light completed his bulletin area at Beitbridge as did Martin at Shabani, where he identified stromatolites in Archaean limestones as well as an erosional unconformity within the Belingwe-Shabani schist belt. This discovery was to have major implications for the subdivision of Archaean stratigraphy and greenstone belts in the southern part of the country. Both men were subsequently awarded doctorates for their work. Meanwhile Broderick, having documented his fieldwork in the region east of Kariba, which gained him an MSc degree, mapped more than half of his newly-assigned area at Nuanetsi and Perry, working from the Bulawayo office, completed the small Mphoengs map sheet area in one season. Stocklmayer and Fey undertook a mid-year trip to the Eastern Districts to collect samples of Umkondo Group carbonate rocks requested for carbon isotope investigations by Professor M Schidlowski of the Max Planck Institute in Germany.Arnett attended the 6thCongress of the Geological Society of South Africa in Stellenbosch, preceded by a conducted field trip to mining properties in the metamorphic terrains of Namaqualand and Bushmanland.

There were numerous changes in both technical as well as professional staff. Barker left, having obtained a Lonrho Research Scholarship to the Institute of Mining Research in Salisbury and Fernandes joined the same institution as mineralogist. He was replaced in that position at the Geological Survey by Mrs S. Warner, who had rejoined in a temporary capacity. Former cadet R. Hatherly joined at the beginning of the year but was immediately called up whilst J. S. Turner, another former cadet, and J. A. Wilson from Britain were appointed towards the end of the year. A major loss was Robertson who left in June, having been sought out by the Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Co Ltd to join the firm's Fundamental Research Organisation in Johannesburg.

A significant achievement for the department was the commencement of the National Geophysical Survey in July. This was placed under the control of Economic Geologist Morrison, with the only qualified geophysicist on staff, E. R. Sutton, overseeing the operation of the section which consisted of one geologist, three technicians and one Landrover. The survey was intended to collect gravity data only but it was soon realised that, with little additional effort, magnetic, radiometric and geochemical information could be gathered simultaneously. However, existing maps proved inadequate for planning routes, particularly in Tribal Trust Lands, resulting in a lower than envisaged rate of progress.

In a departure from established practice, geological details of areas being mapped were omitted from the director's annual report in 1975, much of this information being contained as short articles by staff members in a new annual publication of which Volume I (for 1975) appeared in January 1976. The practice has continued and the Annals of the Geological Survey, routinely edited by the Chief Field Geologist, now serve as vehicle for the early dissemination of information on mapping projects, mining geology, geophysics and mineralogy.

In 1976 changes to the establishment saw the loss of four posts for geologists, and at the end of the year there were 4 vacancies in the reduced establishment of 20 geologists. Much experience was lost through resignations, seven of which were directly attributable to the political and security situations. All the persons involved left the country. Of the

others who resigned all joined the private sector at greatly enhanced salaries.

At the beginning of the year N. M. Harrison took over the duties of Chief Field Geologist from I. M. Kirpatrick, who became Regional Geologist, Mashonaland. Tennick, his counterpart in Bulawayo, resigned and was replaced by Arnett, whilst chemist B. J. Radclyffe retired after 14 years of service and was briefly succeeded by A .D. Powell. In April Director J. W. Wiles retired after 29 years with the department and was succeeded by J. G. Stagman. Morrison became Deputy Director and was replaced as Economic Geologist by Sutton. Fey, having completed writing Bulletin 77 (Wedza), initially assisted and then took over from Kirkpatrick as Regional Geologist when the latter resigned in September. Mineralogist Mrs S. M. Anderson left in May but rejoined in October and the Drawing Office lost the services of three Higher Technicians, namely J. L. Heron, J. Mayo and B. P. Williams.

Field geologists who resigned comprised Howes, Lockett, Martin and Perry. They were replaced by former Ministry cadet D. E. Grant, and by P. E. Cheshire, S. A. Milner and M. K. Watkeys from Britain. As a result the mapping section was dominated by completely inexperienced geologists comprising three newly qualified cadets augmented by several recruits from Britain, with the latter being exempted from military service in the first two years of their stay in the country. The remaining five experienced geologists were spending more than 50% of their time on ever-increasing call-ups, with man-days lost during 1976 totalling 3.199. Nevertheless, seven geologists completed 3.613 km^2 of detailed mapping during the season, major contributions to that figure being those of Stocklmayer and Stidolph (Salisbury), Watkeys (west of Beitbridge) and Wilson (east of Bulawayo).With fieldwork completed at Nuanetsi Broderick started mapping in the Beatrice area but was almost immediately called up, and was severely wounded at the end of the year.

Since they had joined too late in the year for field assignments, Cheshire and Milner were initiated into mining geology by occasionally assisting the Regional Geologist. The National Gravity Survey programme, severely interrupted through equipment problems, military call-ups and resignations, was suspended at the end of 1976. During the year additional space was made available in Maufe Building, thereby allowing all staff to have individual offices.

Thanks to the sterling work of editor Phaup and the Drawing Office staff, publication of geological material continued unabated. On taking office Director Stagman, to the chagrin of his deputy, divested himself of most routine administrative duties and embarked on a two-year period of sustained creativity and effort. Assisted by colleagues Broderick, Harrison and Stocklmayer he wrote Bulletin 80, "An Outline of the Geology of Rhodesia" (Stagman, 1978). Owing to huge demand this work, the fourth of its kind in the history of the Geological Survey, was reprinted in 1981. To accompany this bulletin Stagman compiled a revised, seventh edition of the 1:1 million scale geological map of Rhodesia, drawn principally by the Drawing Office's cartographer P. M. "Paddy" Belstead. Published in November 1977 it is the first map in the series to differentiate between the Archaean granites and gneisses. To date neither work has been superseded.

The academic highlight of 1976 was the week-long "Metallogenesis 76" congress, opened in Salisbury on 30th August by the Hon. I. B. Dillon, Minister of Mines. The event attracted 138 delegates of whom 72 were from outside the country.

Staff losses continued in 1977 with the resignations of the Chemist, Librarian geologists Grant, Watkeys and Wilson, as well as Economic Geologist Sutton. Their

departure was partly offset by the recruitment from Britain of new geology graduates A. N. Clay and A. Leach. At year's end 14 vacancies in the establishment of 55 posts comprised the positions of Economic Geologist, five geologists, librarian, chemist, three geophysical technicians and three draughtsmen.

Only four geologists had full field seasons, the work of the other five being severely disrupted by military commitments or security constraints, so that coverage for the year amounted to 4939 km^2. Stocklmayer, Stidolph, Hatherly and Clay mapped around Salisbury, Turner completed 80 km^2 at Norton and Thompson a similar area on the Lubimbi coalfield. In a departure from the norm British recruits Cheshire, Leach and Milner combined to resurvey the entire map sheet area 1929 B for the country between Redcliff and Gwelo, the work being published in 1980 as Bulletin 86. Owing to the deteriorating security situation systematic fieldwork was suspended indefinitely at the end of the season. Meanwhile, Chief Field Geologist Harrison kept busy with editing and map compilation, visiting dam sites and at times standing in for the Regional Geologist and Deputy Director.

Of the three sections making up the Economic Branch only the regional offices in Salisbury and Bulawayo operated during the year. Mine visits, mainly to gold producers, comprised 146 (Salisbury) and 92 (Bulawayo), resulting in a total of 148 reports and 56 plans being prepared. On these visits Regional Geologist Fey was at times accompanied by Messrs Anderson, Cheshire, Clay and Milner.

Rhodesia Geological Survey staff photograph 1978
Rear: W. N. van Blerk, S. B. Travers, F. Muchenga, A. N. Clay, P. E. Cheshire, A. Leach, T. J. Broderick, S. A. Milner, M. P. R. Light, J. S. Turner. Middle: L. H. H. Yates-Round, Miss J. Matchett, Miss F. M. Colborne, Mrs H. M. Daley, Mrs S. M. Anderson, Mrs E. H. Callander, Miss F. J. Campbell, Miss L. P. Morrison, Miss S. L .Thomson, H. J. Jordan. Front: V. C. R. Stocklmayer, C. B. Anderson, H. A Barrie, I. H. Green, E. R. Morrison, J. G. Stagman (Director), A. E. Phaup, N. M. Harrison, D. O. L. Levy, P. Fey, P. A. Stidolph. Absent: O. J. L. Arnett, I. Sutcliffe, A. O. Thompson, P. M. Belstead, Mrs A. C. Dawe, B. S. van Beek

Chemist Basil Radclyffe sitting at the atomic absorption spectrophotometer

In 1978 the establishment was increased by two posts of office orderly to 57, of which 26 posts were for geologists. Salaries for the latter were raised in July and the scale restructured to range from $5 988 to $ 11 064 per annum, in 11 increments, for honours graduates with an upper second class university pass. A new chemist, H. J. Jordan, joined the department in January. Editor Phaup finally retired in May to return to Britain and was awarded an honorary doctorate by the University of Rhodesia. Director Stagman retired in June, to be succeeded by Morrison with Harrison becoming Deputy Director. Geologists Arnett, Hatherly, Leach, Light, and Turner resigned. Of these men Hatherly joined the Institute of Mining Research at the local university, Leach returned to Britain and the remainder emigrated to South Africa. Stidolph succeeded Arnett as Regional Geologist in Bulawayo, Anderson became Economic Geologist in April whilst Stocklmayer, who in May received a doctoral degree for his study of the Umkondo Group, took over the post of Chief Field Geologist in July. In the same month supernumerary typist Miss P. M. Elliott, one of the few able to cope with the author's handwriting, joined the Department. Fey was appointed Examiner in Geology for the Rhodesia Government Mine Surveyors Certificate of Competency, and Stagman returned as editor in August.

During the year fieldwork was confined to short stints of remapping around Salisbury and Hunters Road, occupying 47 man days. Geologists were mostly occupied with the writing of bulletins and short reports of which three and one respectively were issued

during the year. Only two dam sites were visited. With fieldwork severely restricted and departmental transport requirements reduced accordingly, five Landrovers and six caravans were returned to the Government's Central Mechanical Equipment Department.

Although larger mining companies had curtailed or ceased prospecting coal exploration, which peaked in 1977, was maintained, albeit at a reduced level. Only one new Exclusive Prospecting Order was granted, the lowest figure since 1949. The Economic Branch continued with mine visits of which 109 were made from the Bulawayo office and 162 from the Salisbury office. Attention focused on gold producers of whom a small number, including Stori's Golden Shaft (Mazoe), Roma (Beatrice) and Redwing and Old West (both at Penhalonga) were visited on a regular basis.

The author in the Geological Survey library during the 1970s

Responding to a query raised at the 329th meeting of the Mining Affairs Board regarding the preparedness of the Geological Survey in the event of a political settlement, Director Morrison (1978) summarised the functions of the department, detailed its current staffing position and commented on future projects. Some 60% of the country had been mapped at a scale of 1: 100 000 and described in 77 bulletins and 44 Short Reports. In addition there had been 7 editions of the 1:1 million scale geological map. The backlog of 19 reports in preparation would take 3-4 years to clear and there was a 2 to 3 year backlog in map production. Regional mapping had been suspended, as had geophysical surveys, and recruitment of staff had ceased. Building up staff to former strength and

Geophysics team, October 1975. From left to right: Bruce Brislin, Michael Falcon, Richard Tolhurst, Eric R Sutton (geologist/ geophysicist), Paul Hetreed

competence was likely to take 3 to 4 years.

Morrison noted that, in the future, it would be necessary to recruit and supervise geologists at a rate commensurate with the capabilities of existing staff to supervise them. Whilst experienced staff were essentially irreplaceable there would be no difficulty in obtaining recent graduates in the event of a satisfactory political settlement. Although current demands by small mines and prospectors for the department's services were being met, this would not be possible with a return to boom conditions such as those obtaining at the beginning of the decade.

With regard to future projects Morrison opined that regional mapping, servicing of small mines as well as the provision of mineralogical, chemical and spectrographic information should remain functions of the Department. However, the somewhat neglected assessment of the country's minerals inventory might well be taken over by a suitably equipped Minerals Bureau. Importantly, the country had fallen behind its neighbours in the provision of geophysical surveys. These, if undertaken by contractors, could rapidly be implemented. Whilst country-wide coverage was desirable it would be more realistic to initially concentrate on the Zambezi Valley and the Limpopo belt. Finally, there remained ample scope for primary mineral exploration, which in many "Third World" countries had been conducted by United Nations agencies funded by the World Bank.

In 1979 only two geologists, Messrs Cheshire and Clay, resigned but their loss was keenly felt. Of an unchanged establishment of 57 posts 20 were vacant, comprising those of geologist (14) and geophysical technician (3) together with one each of librarian, cartographer and laboratory hand. Military call-ups continued to pose a severe strain on individuals and to interrupt the regular flow of the department's work. Of 20 European

The McGregor Museum. Note photograph of Dr A. M. McGregor over the entrance

males, 16 had military commitments totalling 1417 days. In addition, the too-frequent changes of the Department's Executive Officer were a recurring irritation.

With fieldwork in abeyance geologists devoted their time to bulletin writing. Chief Field Geologist Stocklmayer edited volumes IV and V of the Annals whilst Deputy Director Harrison also devoted much time to editorial tasks. Three bulletins and Volume IV of the Annals were published.

During the year metal prices increased, in the case of gold spectacularly so. This stimulated small worker activity with the result that from the middle of the year the regional offices experienced increasing calls for their services. Visits totalling 174 (Salisbury) and 161 (Bulawayo) were made to 131 separate properties, mostly gold mines and prospects. A concerted effort by insurgents to disrupt mining activity in Matabeleland made the security situation there worse than that in Mashonaland.

In August Fey, Harrison, Clay, Stidolph and Stocklmayer paid an instructive and enjoyable visit to the Barberton Mountain Land in the Eastern Transvaal as guests of the Economic Research Unit of the University of the Witwatersrand. The region, extensively studied by the unit since 1965, is geologically similar to Rhodesia's gold belts. Economic Geologist Anderson attended the Geological Society of South Africa congress in Port Elizabeth and took part in an excursion to uranium occurrences in the Karoo Supergroup at Beaufort West.

The decade ended on a low note for the Geological Survey. Staff turnover had been high. Since 1975, driven by increasing military commitments, unprecedented losses of

technical personnel had greatly outweighed recruitment. Although fieldwork had been suspended at the end of 1977 because of the deteriorating security situation the backlog of geological texts and maps awaiting editing and printing was not expected to be cleared before 1981. Whilst a prospective settlement of the country's political situation could be expected to assist the department in resuming its normal activities, these might well be severely restricted by an anticipated shortage of suitably qualified personnel.

Acknowledgements
The author has drawn extensively on Annual Reports of the Director, Department of Geological Survey, as well as on his personal recollections of the period described. Photographs were sourced from the National Archives of Zimbabwe.

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Harry Sanderson

by Geoff Brakspear

Geoff Brakspear was born in Harare on the day King George VI died. He was brought up in the Beatrice farming area and went to school at Ruzawi and Prince Edward schools. He read Estate Management at Reading University, after which he undertook his practical training in London. Returning to Zimbabwe in 1980, he worked in the real estate business for the next 22 years, rising to be a partner of Knight Frank, where he specialised in commercial property and development. He left Zimbabwe in 2002 and is now working in property asset management for a local authority in the United Kingdom. His interests are in Zimbabwe philately and history, and when possible he tries to conquer a golf course but with little success.

This article is the product of extensive research into my family's history in the country now known as Zimbabwe. I was brought up with various tales of our beginnings in this country and inevitably some family myths started to creep into the story, all of which appeared to have some basis in fact but much had been left out.

My family's story in Rhodesia starts with the arrival of Harry Sanderson in Southern Africa in the 19th century. Harry is regarded as our pioneering ancestor in the new country that had recently been occupied by the pioneers and police of Cecil John Rhodes' British South Africa Company.

Harry Sanderson was born on 8 April 1864 in Spilsby in Lincolnshire, where his father was the innkeeper at the Red Lion. His father was Joseph Sanderson and mother Salome, nee Wray, who had four daughters and the one son, Harry. The Red Lion Inn is still in existence today, and is situated on the main road of the small hamlet of Partney, a mile or so to the north of Spilsby at the junction of the A16 and A158.

In the 1881 census Harry was shown to be an outfitters apprentice and, as he was still living at the Red Lion, one can assume that the organisation he worked for was not too far away. It is likely that he also helped out at the Red Lion. Working hours in Victorian times were long and arduous, so if he was also helping at the Red Lion his day could have been fairly long. His training as an outfitter can be seen in later photographs where he does appear to be somewhat better attired than those around him.

Harry was essentially a child brought up in the latter part of the reign of Queen Victoria at a time when Britain's Empire was at its peak and still expanding. Britain had painted the world red. With Disraeli securing the title of Empress of India for the Queen, the people of Britain could be considered to be at the centre of a vast Empire on which the sun never set. Harry would have been brought up with tales of the adventures of fellow countrymen travelling to wild and exotic places.

From the great continent of Africa came the tales of David Livingstone, Stanley, Speke and many others who had explored the vast interiors of this dark world. This

world was described as being open, free, and full of wild and dangerous animals and black people who were supposedly backward in their technological development and above all there was land for the taking. In addition it was a continent where you could make your fortune, as people such as Cecil John Rhodes had done on the diamond fields of Kimberley.

There is no evidence of when Harry left Spilsby and we first encounter him in Africa when he arrived at Fort Tuli in May 1891, by which time he was 27 years old. What had he been doing for the last ten odd years? Was he newly out of England? Where had he been prior to arriving at Fort Tuli in May 1891? There is an indication that Harry may have come out to South Africa earlier. In the time frame of ten years prior to 1891 there was the Witwatersrand gold rush of about 1884/5 in which Cecil John Rhodes increased his fortune. This indication is within Harry's estate which listed as the sole asset a property known as "Lot No 398 Parkmore Township, district of Johannesburg measuring 69 square roods and 64 square feet". I have no idea when Harry purchased this stand, nor what he did with it. The only thing that is known is that it was sold after his death at public auction for the sum of £205.0.0. I think it is likely that Harry did venture out to Southern Africa in the mid 1890's and could have got to Johannesburg. What is equally puzzling is that he appeared to have some wealth behind him, which he could have acquired in South Africa. This wealth enabled him and his family to do what would probably not have been possible with Harry's middle class status.

The first family myth was that Harry was part of the 1890 Pioneer Column, and had the honour of raising the flag in Cecil Square on 12 September 1890. Harry attested on 21 May 1891 into the British South Africa Company Police (BSACP) as Trooper Sanderson (No 744) at Fort Tuli. Fort Tuli was in the northern part of the Bechuana Protectorate on the borders of the area occupied by the fierce Matabele and their King, Lobengula, so how could we have claimed that he was in the Pioneer column?

The mix-up occurs with Trooper R. H. Sanderson, who was attested into the Police in December 1889 (No 62), and served in B Troop of the Pioneer Column. On his discharge from the Police on 18 December, 1891, he took occupation of a farm which eventually became known as Willowvale, now an industrial suburb of Harare. The ownership of the farm was a partnership of Sgt–Major F. K. W. Lyons-Montgomery, Regtl Sgt W. Bodle and R. H. Sanderson. As was required at the time the farm had to be occupied for a period of two years. It was likely to have been Sanderson that occupied the farm as the other two are known to have had numerous other activities. After the farm had been occupied for the correct amount of time, it was sold to Herman Bezuidenhout. No other record of R. H. Sanderson can be found and it is assumed that he left the country, if he didn't die of malaria, blackwater fever or some other malady common at that time.

In Harry's obituary the *Rhodesia Herald* stated that on joining the BSACP in 1891 as a trooper, he "was detailed for duty at Fort Tuli and the drifts on the Transvaal border". He later travelled up to Fort Salisbury where on 1 January 1892 he was transferred to the Civil Department as "a servant". It is probable that he was discharged from the BSACP in the later part of 1892 when L. S. Jameson, the new Administrator, reduced the 650 strong force to about 150.

After this and until the latter part of 1897, the evidence I have is contradictory and confusing. It would appear that after Harry left the BSACP in late 1892 it is likely that he was either employed at or became the manager of the Hatfield Hotel in Salisbury, by the partnership of Snodgrass and Mitchell, who owned the hotel.

Robert Snodgrass and David Mitchell came to Mashonaland in July 1891. They were transport riders who had come up from South Africa with a wagon load of merchandise. This they sold for a tidy profit in Salisbury. All goods were very expensive at that time, and this is borne out in many of the accounts of that period. They decided to stay and immediately constructed the first brick-built hotel, the only other hotel being the Mashonaland Hotel which was of pole and *daga* (mud). The building constructed was called the Hatfield Hotel (Hatfield being the ancestral home of the British Prime Minister at the time, the Marquess of Salisbury) after whom the town was named,

Snodgrass then got involved in local politics and was elected by the settlers to sit firstly on the Town Management Board in 1891 and then from 1 January 1892 on the first Sanitary Board (the first municipality for the settlement). But Snodgrass was not to remain on the Board for very long. He resigned during the course of 1892 to build a hotel in Umtali. This was also called the Hatfield Hotel. Snodgrass is, however, recorded back in Salisbury towards the end of 1893, as he joined the Salisbury Column, in which he was made a Lieutenant, for the invasion of Matabeleland.

There is not much written about Mitchell and it is assumed that he undertook the obligatory two years residence on the farm that they had acquired immediately south of the settlement. To make things easy this was also called Hatfield! The only other mention of Mitchell is that he also sat on the Sanitary Board for a short time.

In 1895, Snodgrass and Mitchell started building a new hotel, to be known as the Cecil Hotel, on the corner of Third Street and Baker Avenue, Salisbury. Construction ceased during the Mashona Rebellion, and the building was used at one point by Imperial troops known as the Mashonaland Field Force under the command of Colonel Alderson. In 1898, the partnership broke up and the assets were sold. These assets included the Hatfield Hotel in Salisbury, Hatfield Farm and Willowvale (the whole of this or that part known as Ardbennie). Hatfield Hotel in Umtali, for reasons that will become clear later, was not included. The Cecil Hotel was taken over by the British South Africa Company as the company had lent Snodgrass & Mitchell the funds to build the hotel. The building was to become the Legislative Assembly building, and later the House of Assembly. Although much altered it still forms the framework of the Zimbabwe House of Assembly.

It makes some sense that Harry Sanderson was employed as the manager of the Hatfield Hotel when Snodgrass left to build the hotel in Umtali, as he had some experience in running an inn in Lincolnshire.

The Hatfield Hotel was one of the earliest brick-built buildings and was situated on the corner of Pioneer Street and Manica Road, immediately next to the Masonic Hotel, which was also brick-built. From all accounts the two hostelries formed the centre of the settlement's social life in the Kopje area for many years.

In 1893 Harry moved to Umtali to manage the new hotel built by Snodgrass, the latter having returned to Salisbury, and joined the Salisbury Column for the invasion of Matabeleland. As far as we know Harry was not involved in the invasion of Matabeleland, the principal reason being that he was in the remote post of Umtali. Columns for the invasion of Matabeleland were formed in Salisbury and Fort Victoria, and put together speedily.

Harry stayed in Umtali running the Hatfield Hotel. In a letter written by Ethel Campbell to her mother dated 9 January 1896 she referred to meeting a Mr Sanderson

on arrival in Umtali and staying in a hotel. There is also reference to the Jameson Raid. At the end of her letter she asked her mother "What is all this rumpus in Johannesburg? Scraps of news come here, and everyone gets most excited over it, and the stories going about are hardly to be believed." In March 1896 the Matabele started the Rebellion with some Mashona, with the remaining Mashona rising three months later. From the reference of Harry in Ethel Campbell's letter it is certain that he was not caught up in the Jameson Raid. Being in Umtali the Matabele Rebellion did not affect him. It is probable that he left to return to the UK before the Mashona rebelled.

So sometime in early 1896, Harry Sanderson left the country to return to England on leave (at least I have assumed it was leave). Having worked for Snodgrass for a period of about three years, it makes sense that leave was taken, as this was the norm at the time and for many years to come. Whether it was his intention to find a bride or not I have no idea. I am not certain of the route he took to go to Britain, but it is most likely that he went through Beira in Portuguese East Africa. For this journey he probably travelled by mule coach from Umtali to Chimoio, or he could have walked the distance. From Chimoio he would have caught the train to Fontesvilla, and then the river transport Kimberley to Beira. In Beira he would have caught a boat down the coast to South Africa (or up via the Suez Canal) and then on to England.

It is likely that Harry left in the first half of 1896, the reasoning being that it would take one to two months to get to England. There he was introduced to Georgiana Adkins. John Sanderson relates that Harry had spotted Georgiana in church and had asked to be introduced to her, thus indicating that they hadn't met before. After a short courtship they married on 11 November, 1896.

We should remember the times. There were men spread all over the Empire, with many seeking wives from "home". I have read stories of women being contacted by letter through a sort of lonely hearts club, and travelling to meet their intended husbands. There are reports of a fair number of such ladies on the ships that took the 1820 British settlers to South Africa. Without being too disparaging of my great grandmother, she was, in March 1896, 29 years old, and in those days such women were near being considered "old maids". The courtship then may not have been as long as one could expect.

Their marriage certificate shows that both Harry and Georgiana were living in East Farndon, Northamptonshire. Harry's father is shown as a farmer whilst Henry Adkins, Georgiana's father, is indicated as a builder. Harry on the other hand, at the age of 32, was said to be a "merchant". What is of interest is that the second witness to the marriage was one David Macdonald James Mitchell. Could this be the same David Mitchell of the partnership of Snodgrass and Mitchell? Could Harry be staying with David Mitchell, and through him have been introduced to Georgiana Adkins? The chances are quite high.

The next family myth is that Georgiana travelled out to Rhodesia alone via Beira, from where she walked to Umtali. I have searched the passenger lists of ships that left the UK between 1890 and 1899 and found them both travelling aboard a 1 400 ton vessel by the name of "Umhloti", which left London on 24 November 1896 bound for Port Natal (Durban). This was probably a cargo vessel with some passenger accommodation, the number of passengers listed as nine. The only problem with the passenger list is that it states Harry was 25 instead of about 32 and that he was travelling with Georgiana. I am confident that these are who we think they are—it is not as if there were many couples with these names travelling at about the right time in the right direction. It is probable from Durban that they caught another ship to Beira. The couple would probably have

arrived in Beira in late December 1896 or early January 1897.

The Beira-Mashonaland Railway line between Beira and Umtali, later to Salisbury, commenced construction in September 1892. The railway was to be a light narrow gauge line, with the first contract for the stretch between Fontesvilla to Mandigoi (later renamed Gondola) a stretch of 120 kms. The contract was awarded by the Beira Railway Company to George Pauling. With an appalling death rate, mainly from malaria and blackwater fever, the line reached Gondola in October 1893 and Chimoio in November 1894. Construction of the line stopped there for almost two years.

In October 1896 the line between Beira and Fontesvilla was opened by the Beira Railway Junction Company. Up to that time people arriving at Beira for Rhodesia had to take the river transport Kimberley, from Beira to Fontesvilla, where the train could be taken across country. After October 1896 the services of the Kimberley were not necessary.

The final 120 kms from Chimoio to Umtali could be undertaken in Mr Symington's mule-drawn carts, but "many passengers preferred to walk rather than wait for the next coach which could be a week in coming". The time frame was supposed to be 22 hours from Chimoio to Umtali, but the letter of Ethel Campbell indicates that it took far longer to trek.

On arrival at Beira, Harry & Georgiana probably travelled by train to Chimoio, and thereafter either walked to Umtali or caught one of Symington's mule coaches. The family myth that they walked from Beira to Umtali is I believe clearly a myth—who would walk through such disease-ridden country when a train could be caught? So it is probable that there is a blend of fact and fiction, with the couple walking the last part of the journey from Chimoio.

In the latter part of 1896 construction of the railway line re-commenced. But in late 1895 the surveyor, Mansergh, reported that there would be immense difficulties and great cost in taking the railway line up Christmas Pass to Umtali. At a meeting in Umtali on 26 March 1896 the residents agreed that the whole of the town would move to a planned site where it would be easier and cheaper to take the railway. In fact the British South Africa Company gave the residents little choice, viz, move and get the railway or stay and be isolated. In order to do this the British South Africa Company agreed that the layout of the new Umtali would be as it was in Old Umtali, and stand owners would get the same stands. If by chance the new stands were not suitable, the land owner could swop his stand for one of the unallocated stands. The Company paid out over £300,000 in compensation and assisted as much as possible with the relocation of residents. The last meeting of the Old Umtali Sanitary Board was held on 11 August 1897, with most of the residents leaving before the end of that year.

The first train into Umtali from Beira arrived on 4 February 1898, having left Beira the day before. Construction of the railway line from Umtali to Salisbury using a standard gauge line (3 foot 6 inches) started almost straight away, with the first train reaching Salisbury on 22 May 1899. After the completion of the Umtali to Salisbury line, the Umtali/Beira line was relaid with a standard gauge. This was completed in 1900.

Both Harry and Georgiana were probably in "Old" Umtali in March/April 1897. We know that Harry and Georgiana worked in Umtali for a while and later travelled on to Salisbury leaving the Hatfield Hotel in Old Umtali. Although not previously mentioned in the various references that I have seen, the only plausible reason for leaving Old Umtali

was because the hotel was closing down with the movement of the town to the new site.

I have found no record that Snodgrass rebuilt the Hatfield Hotel as no hotel by that name appears to have emerged in the new township, nor do I know whether Snodgrass took up his stand in New Umtali. According to the local newspaper *Rhodesia Advertiser* of 6 May 1898 Snodgrass was on the Railway Festival Committee. In addition in May 1909, a telegram of condolence was received on the death of Harry from a "Mr Snodgrass (Umtali)".

I am uncertain when the hotel closed down, but I have found reference to it in a letter written by the soon to be married Mrs Mary Blackwood Lewis, dated 24 November 1897. In the letter, which describes her journey from Beira to Umtali, she says that she had "a scratch meal" at the hotel in Old Umtali. In the *Rhodesia Herald* article of September 1940, which appears to be an interview with Georgiana, there is an indication that she and Harry stayed in Old Umtali about nine months. Given the timings that we have, the arrival of Georgiana in February/March 1987 and their departure towards the end of November or beginning of December of that year would be about right with the indication of nine months in the 1940 newspaper article.

Harry may have been transferred to Salisbury by Snodgrass to run one of his hotels. At this time Snodgrass and Mitchell had two hotels, the Hatfield—where Harry had previously been—and the Cecil which was supposedly under construction. Harry went by wagon to Salisbury, probably with the hotel's contents. Georgiana took the new Zeederberg coach from Umtali to Salisbury. She described the journey in a 1940 newspaper article: It was a perilous journey. The road was strewn with boulders "much bigger than that." said Mrs..., pointing to a pouffe in her drawing room. The travellers had specially waited for Zeederberg's newest coach, imported from America, but their patience availed little, for at Odzi a mule decided to go over a high ant-heap, and the coach overturned. Some of the passengers thereupon returned to Umtali, but Mrs. Sanderson staunchly continued, and reached Salisbury after a "terrible journey."

Not only were the rigours of travelling in a mule coach across the African veld a problem, but Georgiana was heavily pregnant. According to John Sanderson, Georgiana was left "bleeding on the African veld" after the coach overturned. The journey from Odzi to Salisbury was still a very long trip and it would have been better to go back to Umtali. However, Georgiana continued onwards. I have been told that the birth of Geoffrey Graham Sanderson on 27 December 1897 was slightly premature, and the blame for this was squarely laid at the feet of the coach accident. How true this was, I do not know. But it would be true to say that Georgiana probably travelled from Old Umtali to Salisbury towards the end of November or in December. Geoffrey was certainly born in Salisbury.

When, or if, Harry continued in the employment of Snodgrass and Mitchell is difficult to say. It is unlikely as the Cecil Hotel was incomplete, and it would appear that in 1898 the Snodgrass/Mitchell partnership was breaking up.

Whilst I have not found out what happened to the Hatfield Hotel, it is clear that Harry now made a shift to the Commercial Hotel, situated on the corner of First Street and Speke Avenue. It is unclear whether, to start with, Harry took over the management of the hotel or whether it was purchased at the outset. In Harry's obituary it states that he "with Mr Mountford, took over the Commercial Hotel" as it also does in Tanser's *Scantling of Time*. Alex Jack in his book *Salisbury's Changing Skyline, 1890-1980* said the following.

The first hotel to be built on the corner of Speke Avenue and First Street (stand

522) in 1896 was the Commercial Hotel. The proprietor was E. E. Homan, who also owned the adjoining stand 523 on the western side. These two stands had cost £850. The building, one of the first in this area, was of wood and iron. But the hotel did not prosper and was sold in 1897 to Sanderson, Mountford & Co. who paid £2 500 for the land and buildings.

Harry Sanderson became the sole owner in 1902, and two years later acquired stand 524. Ultimately, all the stands between First Street and Angwa Street passed into the ownership of the hotel as it steadily expanded.

The Deeds Office records show that Stands 522 and 523 were transferred to Sanderson and Mountford on 3 May 1898, with Harry taking sole ownership on 31 July 1902. Alex Jack talks about E. E. Homan owning the original building. This name is not mentioned in Tanser's *Scantling of Time*, where he suggests that Rosenthal was the proprietor. The Deeds Office records state that the two stands were sold by William Martin.

The building that was purchased by Harry was described as "a wood and iron structure", but the "new hotel provided amenities which were lacking in the Pioneer Street hotels, for a bathroom was included". The Avenue Hotel, not to be outdone, proclaimed that it had a "Ladies Drawing Room, separate Married Quarters, and two bathrooms." It was decided that "there were more prospects on the other side of the causeway, and so we presently took over the managership of the Commercial Hotel, which stands where the Grand is now." The commercial centre of Salisbury was centred along Pioneer Street, indeed this was where the Hatfield and Masonic Hotels were, as well as the newly-built Queens Hotel. On the east side of the settlement was the administrative centre, with Company and Government offices. There was for many years a constant friction between the British South Africa Company and the settlers, very much a 'them and us' culture. By moving to the site of First Street/Speke Avenue there could have been raised eyebrows from fellow settlers. At the end of the day the decision was correct, but it might have been a hard decision to make. Many references to First Street refer to the Commercial Hotel, and later the Grand Hotel, being pivotal in the development of First Street.

I am uncertain when and by whom the Commercial Hotel was converted into a brick-built structure from the "wood and iron structure" that was purchased. Peter Jackson states "Le Roux designed a bar which was built in about 1900" and "in 1902 more rooms were added". In Alex Jack's book *Salisbury's Changing Skyline 1890-1980* he had the following to say.

The brick building shown here, with rustic pilasters and Greek urns on its pediment was designed by S. D. Le Roux. His plans carry no date but as they were the eighty-first set to be passed by the Municipal Council it is likely that the hotel was built about 1899. More rooms were added in 1906. The hotel was the first in the country to have a tennis-court.

What is clear is that Harry did make substantial improvements to the property, as can be seen from the photograph below, it is no longer 'a wood and iron structure' but brick. From records obtained from the Deeds Office in Harare, Harry purchased another two stands (nos 525 and 526) on 20 April 1904. But there was a problem with this, as he already owned stand 522 and 523, but not the property between these two sets.

Stand 524 was purchased by John D. G. Birch in March 1903 and he may have been reluctant to sell it after such a short ownership. However I believe that negotiations and agreement may have taken place in early 1909 because, although Harry died in May 1909, the transfer was made to his widow shortly afterwards.

Commercial Hotel, probably prior to 1904
Harry Sanderson is seated in the buggy to the left (man without hat)
(National Archives)

Other references that I have found are in G. H. Tanser's *A Sequence of Time. The Story of Salisbury, Rhodesia. 1900 to 1914* as follows:

- Under 'Sandy' Sanderson, the Commercial Hotel, at the corner of Speke Avenue and First Street, had become deservedly popular and was challenging the Avenue Hotel in Jameson Avenue as the chief hostelry in the Causeway.
- Hotels were to be compelled to put in fresh drains for bathwater disposal, for the Avenue and the Commercial, following the Queen's example, had each put in two baths, from which the dirty water emptied into the streets. Storm channels were to be dug, and all residents to be compelled to divert their roof-waters into them.
- In May 1904, another transport innovation, the rickshaw, appeared. An attempt made previously to introduce these light, man-drawn carriages had failed because the Shonas had stoutly declared, "*Mena ikona bongola*" (I am not a donkey). By now, their desires, or needs, had increased, and they were ready to undertake this heavy work.

At first, people had twinges of conscience at being hauled along by another human being in the shafts, but gradually these objections disappeared as ladies, particularly, found rickshaws very suitable for shopping expeditions. Ten vehicles were brought from Bulawayo, and Walter Craster, the local representative of the Salisbury Rickshaw Company, was not at all pleased when the Town Council, looking for revenue, decided on a licence costing £3 for each vehicle. He argued the conditions of the roads would mean constant repairs. The rickshaw depot was established in Salisbury Street behind the Queen's Hotel.

The rickshaws soon became the form of transport for those who made use of the hotel bars. The rates were based on journeys between the hotels, 1/6 from the Queen's to the Avenue, or to the Commercial. From either the Queen's or the Commercial, a policeman had to pay 2/6 to get home to the Police Camp at Greenwood, with an extra 1/3 if there were two passengers or if the time was after nine o'clock.

Commercial Hotel, circa 1905—note the presence of rickshaws. The man in the white hat and the lady next to him are Harry and Georgiana Sanderson. (National Archives)

I have found no record of Harry, or indeed Georgiana, purchasing any other property at this time. I must assume therefore that they lived in the hotel and were thus almost constantly "on duty".

I have, since the move of the couple to Salisbury, focused on their ownership of the Commercial Hotel. I have almost entirely forgotten about the family. As previously indicated Geoffrey Graham Sanderson was born on 27 December 1897 in Salisbury, but I am unsure where. He was baptised in the Salisbury Pro Cathedral (as it was known—i.e. the Anglican Cathedral) on 6 February 1898, and his godparents were John Duncan Graham, George Frederick Mountford and Annie Sanderson.

It would be almost seven years later that the couple heralded the arrival on 9 October 1904 of their second child, Evelyn Mary Sanderson, who was generally known by all as "Molly". Molly was born in the Commercial Hotel, baptised at the Salisbury Pro Cathedral on 15 November 1904 and her godparents were Thomas Henry Lilley, Henrietta Lilley and Eliza Sanderson.

What happened to Harry's sisters? We know that his elder sister Mary Ann also came out to Southern Rhodesia. She was known by the community at large as "Auntie", quite why I have no idea. Within the family it would also appear that she was known as "Auntie Missie", certainly the various references to her in photograph albums and in John Sanderson's notes of 1992 have this name. It is just possible that the other white lady in the above photograph is "Auntie. "Auntie" married Frank Blake, but there were no children.

Eliza, Harry's other sister, never married and I think there are photos of her in the

family albums when she travelled out to Rhodesia. The discovery of sisters Maud and Edith is relatively new and I have no idea what happened to them, although it is likely that Edith died before she was ten years old,

So what else do we know about Harry. For some unexplained reason Harry managed to get himself elected to the Salisbury Town Council, but resigned a few months later. No other record shows that he took an active part in public life.

Again we do not know of his sporting prowess, but I have a newspaper cutting of a photograph found in the archives of the Salisbury Sports Club. The photograph, which appeared in the *Rhodesia Herald*, is of unknown date and has a team of cricketers all dressed in white in front of a score board reading 429. Standing on the far left hand side of the photograph is none other than Harry Sanderson.

We also know that he participated in what appears to be regular gatherings of people resident in Salisbury. I have two photographs of these gatherings, one of which is a Strachans post card with the wording "Some of the Pioneers of Rhodesia". Harry Sanderson is standing in the centre, five from the left, and Frederick Clayton (who comes into the family story later) is standing on the far left.

(Postcard Strachan & Co, Salisbury)

I have in my possession a trophy for the races on Occupation Day 1902 (12 September) that was presented by Harry Sanderson, and won by Frederick Clayton riding "Sundance". It would appear that Harry had a close friendship with Frederick Clayton. John Sanderson holds the Kirchbaum Cup which was awarded by the Salisbury Sports Club to Messrs Clayton and Sanderson's "The Silver Lady" for a flat race in November 1905.

Other aspects that came out of Harry's obituary was that he belonged to the organisation known as the Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes (RAOB). The brotherhood is much the same as the Freemasons, but appears to be restricted to only a few countries—mainly those within the British Empire or Commonwealth—Britain, Australia, New Zealand, Canada and South Africa. They state that their basic desire "is to defend the weak, to help the unfortunate and render assistance to those in difficulty or need. These honourable principles have existed in man since the earliest ages and in this respect our Order may be regarded as 'ancient—or Antediluvian'." This may be

mere speculation but Harry could have been the founder of the RAOB in Salisbury, as this obituary talks of the "Sanderson Lodge". The other Lodge mentioned in his obituary is the Gatooma Lodge. If Harry was to found the RAOB lodge in Salisbury, it suggests that he may well have been a member of the RAOB before he left England.

The other organisation that he belonged to, according to his obituary, is the "Sons of England Society". The Sons of England is a social body of Englishmen rather like the Caledonian Society (Scots) and the Hibernian Society (Irish). The Sons of England do still exist in Zimbabwe and the organisation has a meeting hall in Eastlea. I have made contact with the Sons of England, but unfortunately no records exist of the time in question.

All this was to end on 3 May 1909, when Harry died suddenly. According to his death certificate Harry died in the Commercial Hotel of "Cirrhosis liver, Haematemesis (sic)" (I suspect that the last word is mis-spelt and should read Hematemesis). Looking up in a medical dictionary, Hematemesis is a form of gastrointestinal bleeding, whilst cirrhosis of the liver is the disorganisation of the liver structure by regenerative nodules that are surrounded by fibrotic tissue. Both of these maladies can be caused by various means.

What is apparent is that Harry's death was sudden and unexpected. According to his death certificate he had been cared for by Dr F. E. Appleyard and the duration of the last illness was twenty four hours. The person reporting the death to the Registrar was Robert McQuarrie, who was resident in the Commercial Hotel. It would also appear that he was the "person causing body to be buried". So where was the rest of the family? Georgiana, Geoffrey and Molly were in England at the time of his death. This is probably why there is no mention of the family in the long list of mourners in the two obituaries within the *Rhodesia Herald* of the following two days.

Part of the *Rhodesia Herald's* obituary to Harry, dated 4 May read—The funeral took place at the Cemetery yesterday afternoon, amid many manifestations of sorrow on the part of the townspeople. Flags floated at half mast and all business houses were closed at the time of the funeral, which, in consideration of the late Mr Sanderson's services to the country in the early days, took place with full military honours. A short service, conducted by the Dean, was first held at the pro-Cathedral, and, afterwards, the long procession moved off to the Cemetery, a detachment of the S.R.V., under Lieut Douglas, with arms reversed, preceding the coffin, which rested on a gun carriage. Next came members of the local lodge of the RAOB and the Sons of England, to both of which organisations the late Mr Sanderson belonged, and then a long procession of townspeople in vehicles and on foot, who followed to the cemetery, where the last rites were performed by the Dean, and the buglers sounded the Last Post. The Band joined the procession en route to the cemetery and played the Dead March.

He will, perhaps be best remembered for his kindly disposition and generosity, and many a Rhodesian "down on his luck" has been indebted to him for the substantial assistance and encouragement.

The next day the *Rhodesia Herald* gave a description of the funeral, and a long list of mourners. The funeral of the late Mr H. Sanderson, to which a brief reference was made in yesterday's issue, was attended by a large number of townspeople representative of all classes of the community and the procession of mourners was one of the lengthiest that has ever wended its way to the Salisbury cemetery. The procession was augmented at the cemetery gates by many who had gone ahead and the assembly at the graveside

must have numbered several hundreds.

It has always intrigued me that my great grandfather should warrant what amounts to a full military funeral—gun carriage, reversed arms, flags at half mast, full military honours and so on. It is also intriguing that all this happened on the same day that Harry died. I do not think there can be any doubt about when the funeral took place. In the obituary it is very clear that Harry died "rather suddenly yesterday morning" and that the funeral took place "yesterday afternoon". I can understand that with lack of refrigeration facilities, as would be the case in 1909, burial was a priority, but to arrange such a funeral at what can be no more than six hours notice is extraordinary in today's terms. The enquiries I have made indicate that at that time, it was relatively common to give full military funeral facilities to those considered to be important members of society. Life was not quite so hectic in the early part of the 1900's as it was later in the century, but there still had to be a fair amount of organisation at short notice. Apart from all the people named in the obituary and the article on the funeral, there was a detachment of the Southern Rhodesian Volunteers (SRV) and a band to play the Dead March.

The last piece of information that I have been able to obtain about Harry Sanderson was in his file at the National Archives, relating to his last will and testament. It would appear from papers that there was a will dated 15 July 1899 in which the sole beneficiary and executor was Georgiana Sanderson. But it would appear that Georgiana was either a reluctant executor or there was not much to be done. Indeed the Estate was only closed on 24 October 1950 after the first and final liquidation account was drawn up, some 41 years after Harry died! The reason it was not done until 1950? It is probable that after the death of Georgiana her affairs needed to be sorted out.

In the file is correspondence with the Standard Bank Trust Department in Salisbury and Johannesburg regarding the rather late report to the "Master of the Union" of his death. This is the only mention of "Lot No 398 Parkmore Township" in Johannesburg. According to the National Archives papers the Parkmore stand was the only asset of Harry Sanderson, but this probably only relates to his South African Estate.

This is only the first part of our family history in Rhodesia and in a separate article I will continue with Georgiana's story.

References

I refer to various notes made by John Sanderson that were of great assistance to me in piecing this story together. John is Harry and Georgiana's grandson, the son of Geoffrey Sanderson.

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Wallis' Report on the Tranvaal War 1899-1900

by Rob Burrett

In 1970 and 1975 the late Colonel A. S. Hickman produced two books on the Rhodesian contributions during the Anglo-Boer War. In the first part he dealt with the efforts related to possible threats to the country's southern rail link through the Bechuanaland Protectorate (Botswana) and to the Relief of Mafeking. An important reference in this book was the unpublished report of Captain Harry Wallis of the Southern Rhodesia Volunteers (SRV). Hickman cites sections of this diary but does not seem to have had full access to Wallis' documents of the period, more especially his photographic albums. In addition some of his conclusions have been contested in recent years. This article reprints the entire diary, adding certain of Wallis' photographs and relevant footnotes.

Harry Wallis was the Bulawayo-based Acting District Engineer and an employee of the Cape Government Railway which at that time operated the southern railway. Drawn into the conflict in its early days, he and other railwaymen volunteered, joining the SRV. Their work was essential in restoring the railway, enabling Colonel Plumer to successfully lead a force southward to participate in the Relief of Mafeking (Burrett 2009). After this they returned to their civilian jobs and Wallis submitted his report, through the Resident Engineer S. F. Townsend, to his employer in Cape Town. This provides a railwayman's perspective of the war. The map at the end of this piece shows the various locations mentioned.

A. Covering Letter

Pasted inside the front cover is the following letter from Townsend.

The Office of the Resident Engineer - Bulawayo

7 Dec. 1900

H. Wallis. Esqre - Acting District Engineer

Dear Sir

WAR REPORTS- RHODESIA SYSTEM

I have to acknowledge receipt of your No 96/3586 of 30th November last, enclosing three copies of your War report, for which I thank you.

I have forwarded one copy to the Engineer-in-Chief and have added the following remarks. viz: "I fully endorse Mr. Wallis's remarks and wish to add that in the opinion of all concerned, both Civil and Military, it was chiefly due to his untiring energy and devotion to duty, that the lines of communication were repaired and kept open in so efficient a manner".

Yours faithfully

S. F. Townsend

Resident Engineer

B. The Report

Bulawayo 1st December 1900
Armouring trucks
S.F. Townsend Esqre - Resident Engineer
Bulawayo
Sir

Acting upon instructions on about the middle of September last, certain two bogie trucks were armoured by the Maintenance Department's workmen at the request of Colonel Nicholson[1]. These bogies were armoured with light section steel rails to a height of 4-foot 6-inches above the floor and were fitted with attachments for Maxim and Hotchkiss Guns and were sent at the request of the Military Authorities on the 4th October to Mafeking.

At a later stage two more trucks were armoured with light section steel rails, for the purpose of protecting trains.

Trains North of Mafeking.

All four trucks were inspected by Colonel Baden Powell[2] and approved.

Day Light Train Service

The first train under the new timetable, to enable trains to be run through the Territory[3] bordering on the Transvaal in daylight, left Bulawayo on the 4 October.

Railway Volunteers

On discussing matters with you it was decided to obtain a list of the Maintenance Railway Men willing to take up arms for the defence of the railway when required. Permanent Way Men who agreed were guaranteed 5/- per diem Imperial pay, rations and arms in addition to their ordinary pay, and the Bulawayo Railway Men who volunteered, signed a document (without reservation as to pay) as no idea could at the time be formed as to what pay the Imperial Government would grant, and it is pleasing to note that the Engineering Department practically volunteered to a man.

At this time War was not expected and the above measures were only taken as precautionary, and on 12 October when the Ultimatum was received considerable anxiety was felt for the Railway Men unarmed along the line.

Military Precautions for Bulawayo

Owing to the unprotected condition of the Northern Border, the Military Authorities considered it possible that a number of Boers might take possession of a train in the vicinity of Mafeking[4] with a view of attacking Bulawayo, and steps were taken at Colonel Nicholson's request to select a suitable spot near the Khami River for wrecking any such train.

Ramathlabama Bridge Destroyed

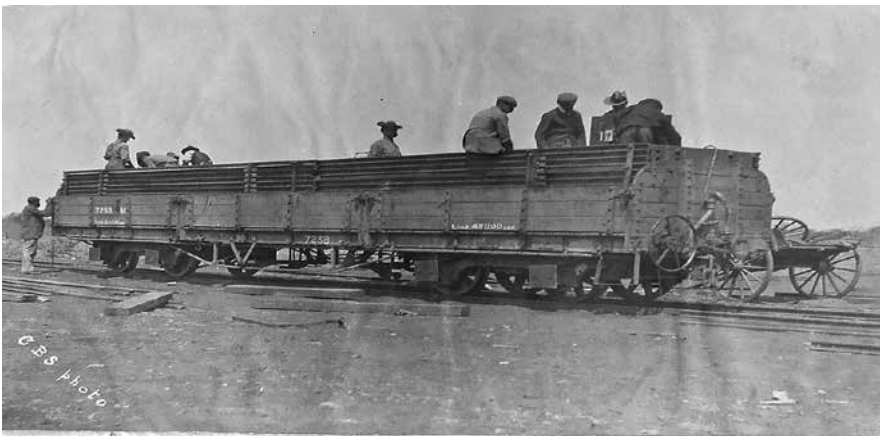
On the night of 13 October, upon the news of the destruction of the Ramathlabama

[1] J. S. Nicholson was Commanding-Officer of the BSAP. Ex-7th Hussars, he was seconded to command BSAP in 1898. He was director of operations in the Protectorate until January 1900.

[2] R. S. S. Baden-Powell was one of the "special service officers" sent to South Africa before the conflict with the purpose of organising the military defence on the northeastern boundary of the Transvaal or South African Republic.

[3] Bechuanaland/Botswana

[4] Now Mahikeng in NW Province, South Africa.



First Truck armoured in Bulawayo

Bridge by the Boers, the General Manager, Rhodesia Railways, the Traffic Manager and myself left by Special Train to see what was the best course to be adopted for the protection of Railway Men.

Pitsani and Lobatsi Looted

At Palla Road news arrived that the Boers had visited and looted Pitsani and Lobatsi and that they were making their way northwards.

Collecting Gangers Armed

At this stage I decided to pick up all gangers that could be spared, with private rifles, to proceed south with the train.

Crocodile Pools

Mr. Surmon[5], the Assistant Commissioner at Gaberones was interviewed and had reliable Native Scouts to obtain information. On the 15th October I visited Crocodile Pools and found the Protectorate Native Police at the Metsimasuane Bridge[6]. We were instructed to remain at Gaberones[7] and await Captain Llewellyn[8] with the Armoured Train which had been despatched from Bulawayo on the 15th.

I had at this time 38 armed Railway Men. Captain Llewellyn arrived on the 16th with 15 British South Africa Police and 35 Railway Men (selected by yourself), and a 450 c.m. Maxim, establishing his base at Crocodile Pools.

At this stage news arrived that a 100 Boers had wrecked Lobatsi and taken the pumper and his wife prisoners, amongst others.

Captain Llewellyn proceeded southwards without difficulty and the next day we went to within five miles of Lobatsi, on which occasion a shot was fired at No. 2 train at about 943-Mile post.

5 W. H. Surmon was the Resident Assistant Commissioner, Southern District of the Bechuanaland Protectorate.
6 Now Metsemaswaane River
7 Early spelling for Gaborone, basically the settlement around the fort
8 H. Llewellyn, formally in the Royal Navy, took part in all the major military campaigns, in the first decade of the country. An Inspector in the BSAP, he subsequently saw service in the police service in Britain.

Capt. Llewllyn, Gen. Baden Powell, Col. Nicolson.

Bakhatla Chief Linchwe

Dead-End Lengthened Crocodile Pools

Upon Captain Llewellyn's instructions the Railway Men on the 18th October lengthened the dead-end at Crocodile Pools to accommodate the enormous number of vehicles he brought down. On the same day he engaged a party of Boers several miles south of that siding without casualty on our side and three of the enemy reported killed.

Work Done for Military

The Railway Men made latrines for the camp and threw up earthworks round the pump.

Engineer's Armoured Train

On the 20th October Captain Llewellyn formally appointed me to take charge of No. 3 Train with Railway Men, whilst No.s 1 & 2 were purely Armoured Trains.

This arrangement continued until the disbandment of No. 2 Train at Metsimaclaba[9] when the Construction Train became No. 2.

Engagement 951-miles

On the 21st October at 951-Miles we opened fire on a party of Boers and broke up their laager, and on the same day I was sent northwards to arrest certain suspected persons at Mochudi[10].

Crocodile Pools Evacuated

On my return to Gaberones I found that Captain Llewellyn had abandoned Crocodile Pools, bringing all Railway Men northwards, the place being untenable owing to the Boers taking up a strong position overlooking Crocodile Pools, with artillery. Here I found that a collision had occurred between the two Military Trains (No.s 1 & 2), owing to their deeming it necessary to patrol at night-time without lights. I temporarily repaired the Railway Medical Officer's Coach and the Resident Engineer's Construction Coach.

1,016-miles Base

A retirement was made to 1,016-Miles where a loop and dead-end were put in at the request of the Military, taking the points and crossings from the dead-end at Kalakani. I learnt here that Ganger Burney of 189 Cottage had been arrested by the Military as it

[9] Now Metsemotlhaba River

[10] The DRC ministers Stoffburg and Joubert were arrested accused of trying to influence Kgosi Linchwe to rise up against the British administration.

was alleged that he had gone off in the direction of the Transvaal.

Metsimasuane Bridge
On the 27th Captain Llewellyn went to the first Cottage south of Metsimaclaba and here found that the Boers had blown up the Metsimasuane 100-foot bridge at 954¾-Miles and the culvert just north of Gaberones.

Mochudi Evacuated
We removed as much property from Mochudi as train accommodation permitted, as it was impossible to hold this place owing to lack of water for engines and the Bakhatla Chief, Linchwe[11] was still undetermined to drive the Boers from his country.

Base Removed to Mahalapye
On the 28th October instructions were received from the Military authorities to establish a base at Mahalapye as alarming news was received about the Boers' projected attack on Khama's Country. The Chief Sekomi furnished this information together with a letter received from Commandment Grobler[12] asking for his assistance. At Mahalapye certain sidings and dead-ends were made by Mr. Calcott and Railway Men.

Bump-proof near Fortress Kopje, built by my train.

Culvert Blown Up
I was sent patrolling southwards to Kalakani on the 31st October where I learnt that the Boers had visited Mochudi and blown up the first culvert north of that place at 996-Miles. It is of interest to note that this was the most northern damage done by the enemy.

I accompanied Captain Llewellyn to the scene of damage and found that they had blown up the south abutment and pier, injuring the girders and destroying the permanent way. This culvert we repaired during the night.

[11] Kgosi Linchwe I was the paramount chief of the BaKgatla. His capital Mochudi was not far from the Transvaal border and had previously clashed with the British administration over land and laws.

[12] Assistant Commandant-General F.A. Grobler was an early hunter north of the Limpopo. Commanding the Boer forces on this front he was not popular amongst the men as he was indecisive.

Col Houldsworth Arrived
Colonel Holdsworth[13] arrived at Mahalapye and took command on 4 November.

Boers Attempt to Burn Repaired Bridge
On 8 November whilst patrolling we came across a party of Boers setting fire to the above temporary repairs. They scattered in all directions under our maxim fire. We proceeded as far as the Metsimaclaba wooden bridge which was untouched and considerable relief was experienced when Linchwe decided to take up Arms to protect his country.

Mochudi
From this date our advanced trains took up position at Mochudi[14], here I erected an out-look on the station and took down the loading ramp for military purposes.

At an early stage in these operations wood was used as fuel for engines as coal was running short, the Military taking Mr. Transfeldt's supply at Crocodile Pools[15] and from one, Riley, between Metsimaclaba and Mochudi.

Augmenting Water Supply 1,016-Miles
We remained at Mochudi until 7 December during which time I took every opportunity of employing the Railway Men in keeping the road in order and finishing off the well at 1,016-Miles, erecting a steam-pump and doing various works for the Military.

Sequani Attack

On 24 November Colonel Holdsworth made an attack on Sequani[16], a Boer village on the border, 35 miles east of the Mochudi in which no Railway Men took part.

Gangers Put on Lengths
On 30 November I re-instated all the permanent way men at their cottages north of Mochudi, the base being transferred to that place, trains bringing in the water-supply from Mahalapye and 1,016-Miles.

[13] G.L. Holdsworth was seconded in 1899 to train the SRV in Bulawayo. He later arrived in Mochudi and with members of the SRV and BSAP attacked Boer positions across the border at Derdepoort.
[14] Mochudi is off the railway. He is probably referring to the station Mochudi Road, now Pilane.
[15] A Transfeldt owned Crocodile Pools farm and was selling timber to Kimberley
[16] A small village on the South African border now known as Sikwane

Gaberones
After the Sequani attack the enemy gave up their position at Gaberones, leaving a considerable supply of forage which was destroyed by the Military.

Repairing the Road
The armoured trains on 7 December took up position at Metsimaclaba and on the same day we repaired the culvert north of Gaborones at 964 1/8 -Mile.

Col. Houldsworth wired me his congratulations at the rapid work done by the Railway Men on this occasion. At this time we were patrolling as far south as Gaborones Station.

Damage to Buildings
Mochudi Station, Nos. 191, 190, 189, (Metsimaclaba) 188 cottages and Gaborones Station were damaged, having window and doors removed in many instances, tools taken and in the case of Gaborone Station, the safe blown up.

Well At 1,016-Miles
At this time the 1,016-Mile's well was yielding 24,000 gallons per diem at which rate the steam-pump from Palapye just exhausted it in 24 hours. Water was brought on by train, and the armoured trains were supplied by means of a portable washing-out engine taken down from Bulawayo.

Repairing Road
On 10th December the armoured trains moved to 188 Cottage from which position we went southwards and repaired the 9-foot culvert at 961-Miles 75-chains, the 20-foot Bridge at 961-Miles-10 chains, and the 12-foot culvert at 950-Miles 12-chains, these openings had the permanent way damaged by dynamite the girders removed and timbers damaged, but the masonry was practically uninjured.

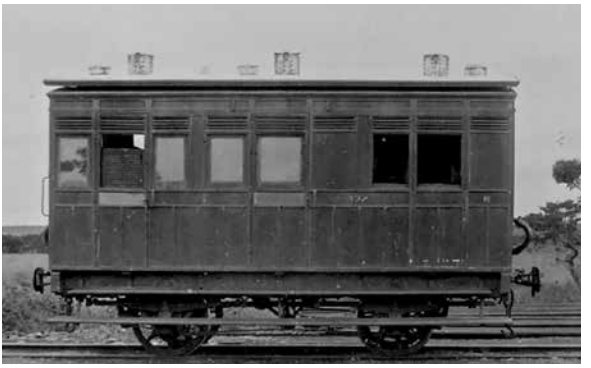
50-Foot Bridge 959-Miles Damaged
The 50-foot bridge at 959-Miles had its south abutment completely shattered, the shoe-plates of both booms damaged by dynamite and one cross-girder completely destroyed. It was on the occasion of our visit to this bridge that we found the corpse of a Protectorate Native Policeman (Chere) at 961-Miles, lying across the Railway, where it had been placed by the Boers after shooting him, evidently with a view of his body being cut to pieces on our midnight patrols[17].

Repaired Bridge Burnt By Boers
The 50-foot bridge was repaired on the 13th December by timber-work which was subsequently burnt by the Boers on the recall of the armoured Trains to Mochudi.

Dead End Extended Gaberones
On the 18th December the dead-end at Gaberones was extended at Captain Llewellyn's request to a distance of 10-chains and a set of points and crossings put in to make

[17] Trooper Chere of the Protectorate Native Police was captured on 22 October 1899 by a Boer patrol near Kgale Hill. He was first British casualty on this front.

provision for the new base at that place, but owing to the Boers massing at Sequani with artillery and their shelling of the Native Stadt adjoining, same being heard distinctly at Mochudi, also a rumour that the Boers were preparing to completely crush Linchwe, Colonel Houldsworth withdrew the armoured trains to Mochudi where we remained until 13 January 1900 during which time the men were occupied in weeding the line, pulling out slacks, etc.



My old coach 1898-1903

Works Done At Military Request

The following works were also done at Mochudi at the request of the Military:

Making provision for the watering of Linchwe's cattle at 1,016-Miles, making troughs and laying pipes, etc.

Cutting wood for armoured trains.

Fitting up and caulking tanks from Palla Road for use at Crocodile Pools, in the event of the tanks at that place being damaged.

Painting No. 1 armoured train.

Fitting up additional bogies for horse traffic.

Col Plumer

Colonel Plumer[18] arrived and took command on 8 of January.

Boers Attempt to Destroy Repairs

On 11 January our advanced trains were sent to Gaborones to lay in wait for a party of Boers who were expected to burn the temporary culvert north of Gaberones, where they found my train and fled in the direction of Gaborones, where they were fired upon by Captain Llewellyn on No. 1 train.

Acting Permanent Way Inspector Appointed to Follow up

At this stage I appointed Ganger Duggan as Acting Permanent Way Inspector to take charge up to Gaberones from Debeeti, and to follow up the armoured trains, placing gangers on their lengths as the Trains advanced and on the 14th January, I again repaired the 50-foot bridge at 959-Miles. This work was done in less than 5 hours and I cannot speak sufficiently high of the enthusiastic manner in which the men worked.

Base Gaberones

The base was removed to Gaborones on the same date and several works were carried out at military requirements, such as water arrangements and de-railing telegraph trucks.

[18] H.C.O. Plumer was another of the 'special service officers' sent to the front before the conflict. He was placed in charge of operations around Fort Tuli and later moved to relieve his commander, Baden-Powell, in Mafeking, cf. Burrett 2009.

Metsimasuane River 100-Foot Bridge Damage

I inspected the Metsimasuane River Bridge at 954¾-Miles and found it in a deplorable state, the Boers having placed dynamite on the top and bottom of each boom, in the centre of the bridge but with no better result than bulging the steel-work and starting the rivets and the flitch-plates.

The north and south abutments had the masonry blown away by dynamite, and shaken almost down to ground level, the lower or eastern girder was dropped 5-foot on its north side, and 8½-foot on its south side, whilst the upper or eastern girder, was suspended 6-foot 3-inches below its original position, and its northern end was four inches above its ordinary position. The whole iron-work was lying aslant with a sag of about 15 inches out of the straight.

Boers Shell Bridge Whilst Under Repair

On 17 January our trains were subjected to a very heavy shell fire at 955-Miles from the Boer position, 20 shells in all fell within 50 yards of the train, and on the 21st I received instructions from Colonel Plumer to proceed with repairs of the bridge and by his orders took my men from No. 2 train and encamped at the advance position one mile north of the bridge, unloading timber and material for the repairs at Midnight so as to offer no target for the enemy. I may mention that this bridge was repaired in 12½ working days under shell-fire and under exceptionally awkward circumstances.

On three occasions the river came down bank-high and silted up the prepared foundations for the centre trestle, the whole weight of the bridge also (55 Tons) was thrust on its lowest point and the only "jacks" procurable were tested to 20 tons and consequently were continually failing. From the photograph it will be seen that the south and centre of the bridge was supported by 16"x14" trestle, 20"x30" in height respectively. I was unable to secure a footing for a trestle on the north abutment having had to build a dry stone-wall for the temporary bird cage which was allowed to remain.

Works Done at Military Request

At this time the military were garrisoning Fortress Kopje, Basuto Kopje and the hills on the north-west side of the bridge and having almost daily encounters with the Boers in the vicinity of their position.

Whilst repairing the bridge the Railway Men were constantly required for other purposes as follows:

Building No. 1 Bomb proof shelter at the foot of Fortress Kopje. This with No. 2 which was erected principally at night time (south of Metsimasuane River) was built with iron sleepers upright and roof of light section rails packed closely together. The internal dimensions were 20-foot by 12-foot by 6-foot with a covering of earth 3-foot 5-inches thick on the top, running with a natural slope to a thickness of 16-feet at the base. On several occasions the Boers dropped shells amongst us when they discovered us at work.

On the occasion of the "coming down" of the Notwani River[19] after very heavy rains I was instructed to throw a footbridge across that river which was done by trussing 9"x3" timbers with telegraph wire with a clear span of 40-foot without support. This foot-bridge was erected for the purpose of sending to our men on Fortress Kopje across

[19] Now Notwane River

Hard Cases No 2 Train (Engineers)
Praed, Gill, Duff
Andrews, O'Shea, Reid
Mead, Simpson, Keys
Smirk, Dunn, Olleronshaw

the river in the event of their being attacked.

the erection of a new steam-pump, boiler, tanks and pipe-line for a temporary water supply in the event of the Crocodile Pools water arrangements being found damaged.

Whilst all these works were proceeding continuous duels were taking place between our artillery and the Boer guns, our guns consisting of one 12½-pounder, Quick-firing Maxim Nordenfeldt, two 2½ -Muzzle-loading Field Pieces and several old 7 Pounders, whilst the Boers had one 12½ pounder similar to ours, a Krupp 9-pounder and a 1lb.-Maxim-Nordenfeldt. On several occasions my men were sent out to garrison Fortress Kopje during three projected attacks on the Boers.

Engagement of Boer Fort

On the 11th February I volunteered to take six men to blow up the Boer 12½-Pounder and Major Bird took a party of 250 men for a night attack, which turned out a failure owing to the enemy being ready and expecting us.

No. 2 train passed over the 10-foot bridge on the 13th February and the usual four miles an hour caution boards were erected. The men were after this engaged in sinking mines in the vicinity of the bridge and erecting a third bomb-proof on Fortress Kopje.

Boers Evacuate Crocodile Pools

The Boers evacuated their position at Crocodile Pools on the night of 24th February and we moved forward to that place the next day. The whole of the buildings had been ransacked, the doors and windows taken away and the leathers cut off the tanks, which were otherwise uninjured. The pipe-line was intact but the brasses of the pump were damaged and a sack of cement thrown over it.

Bridges Damaged. Weeding Line

The 20-foot bridge at 652-Miles and the 9-foot culvert near 951-Miles were completely destroyed, these two were repaired on 27th February. The former had its girders lying in the bed of the stream, the permanent way damaged and timbers burnt. On the same day by Colonel Plumer's instructions I started a gang of 75 men to weed the line which was terribly overgrown to an average height of 3-foot along the track between Crocodile Pools and Goode Siding, a distance of about 50 miles.

Road Damaged

At 950½-Miles serious damage was done to the Road 5-chains of railway having been removed to distances varying from 200 yards to three miles.

50-Foot Bridge Ramoutsa not Damaged
The 50-foot Bridge at Ramoutsa was untouched and I found several bogie trucks loaded with wood at that siding, not otherwise damaged than having their brake-gear destroyed.

Road Broken
At 933-Miles two pairs of rails had been taken out at intervals of 10-chains. The 9-foot culvert at 932-Miles had its girders removed and a sheep truck tipped into the waterway.

Ootsi Siding
Ootsi siding was reached on the 6th March which was untouched, save that the building was ransacked.

Road Broken
At 922½-Miles three pairs of rails were taken out and timbers broken.

2-Foot Culvert 919-miles
At 919½-Miles the 2-foot culvert had its rails taken out and thrown into the ditch. In this as in almost every case the fish bolts had been sheared off at the nut by sharp blows with a hammer.

2½ -Culvert 918-miles
I found on the 7th March at 918-Miles the 2½-foot culvert badly destroyed, the pier completely blown up by dynamite, girders badly bent, two 30-foot rails and bridge timbers damaged.

918½-miles
At 915½-Miles the line was wantonly pulled up, 15 pairs of rails being torn up and thrown into catch-water drain, deep openings cut into the bank across formation, and two sheep trucks buried up to floor level and filled up with earth. The telegraph was also badly destroyed at this point.

From here to Lobatsi no damage was done to the line.

Lobatsi Station
Lobatsi Station was looted in the usual manner, the leather hose-bags cut off the overhead tanks which were otherwise uninjured and the feed pump knocked off the boiler at the pump in the river whilst the gravitation supply from the Kloof was disconnected a short distance from the tanks.

The tanks leaked considerably owing to the five months exposure to the sun, but the whole water supply was put in order in one day.

20-foot Bridge 917-miles
We occupied Lobatsi on the 8th March. (917-Miles 34-chains). At 917-Miles the 20-foot bridge had both abutments blown up in the upper portion, the pier was untouched but the girders were damaged at the end of foot-plate bracings. The temporary bridge at this place I afterwards took to pieces and hid the material in the catch-water drain on

account of our having to abandon Lobatsi on the 16th March.

Break in Lobatsi Gorge
In the Lobatsi Gorge several pairs of rails were blown up and severely damaged by enormous charges of dynamite which left holes 5-foot deep in the solid rock formation.

Weeding Road
On 9 March I took Colonel's Plumer and Nicholson to 913-Miles and on the following day cleared the line of weeds to one mile south of Pitsani Siding, the railway being intact to this point.

Special Maxim for mounting

Pitsani
On arriving at Pitsani natives advised me that a large party of Boers with artillery had occupied Pitsani-Pothlugo an hour previously.

I here found four cattle trucks in the siding untouched which were immediately sent north.

Engagements Lobatsi
On 14 March the Boers advanced in strong force and shelled the out-post camps, during which occurrences Lieutenant Tyler was killed, several wounded, and two taken prisoner by the enemy. The next day Colonel Plumer decided to evacuate Lobatsi and to attempt to relieve Mafeking via Kanye and Sefeteli - a route 30 miles west of the railway leaving the armoured trains to fall back on Ootsi and later on to Ramoutsa.

Wood Cutting
In the interval that followed the Railway Men on the trains were engaged in cutting wood and in taking up the long dead-end that had been put in at Crocodile Pools in the early part of the War.

Here I also had an opportunity to inspect the temporary bridges and found them in good condition.

Armoured Trains Shelled
On patrolling to Lobatsi the armoured trains were heavily shelled, without damage however by a party of Boers who immediately afterwards left that place.

Engagement Outside Mafeking
Colonel Plumer had an engagement early in April in attempting to get into Mafeking. After this I returned to Bulawayo where I remained until 11 May, attending to district matters.

Mafeking Relieved

Mafeking was relieved on 17 May when we proceeded with all possible haste southwards, again repairing the 20-foot bridge at 917-Miles.

Road Damaged South of Lobatsi
It was found that the Boers had done considerable damage to the Road south of Lobatsi, girders and the Permanent Way of the 20-foot bridge at 913-Miles being blown up.

Repairs to Road
On the 20th May we repaired 10 breaks in the Road at the following places – 913¾, 911¼, 911 1/3, 910½, 906, 905 5/8, 905, 904, 903¾ and a culvert at 906-Miles. These damages to the Road varied in quantity of rails blown up and consisted mainly of joints having dynamite placed underneath, completely destroying the Rail, fish-plates, and iron sleepers.

Cottages
The cottages between Lobatsi and Ramathlabama were badly damaged, the last one of which had its galvanised iron roof, doors and its windows taken away, and the walls broken down.

9 Pounder Mounting and Shield made by Railway Men.

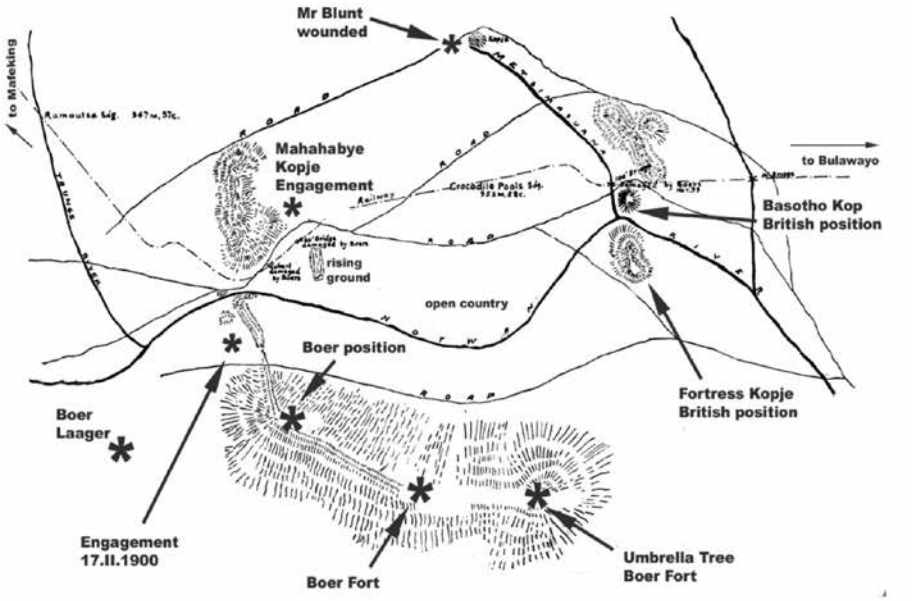
Repairs
On 21 May 8 had breaks were repaired at the following mileages- 903 3/8, 903, 902¾, 897, 896 7/8, 892 and 890¾.

Ramathlabama Bridge Destroyed
On 24 May one break at 886¾-Miles was repaired and also the Ramathlabama Bridge – a 5½-foot water way on the boundary of the Colony and British Bechuanaland. The damage here was as follows:

the south abutment blown up,
Girders of two spans injured by dynamite,
one concrete pier knocked over,
the Permanent way completely destroyed, and
two vehicles, a bogie and a cattle truck, soaked in paraffin and burnt.

Met Acting District Engineer Mafeking
Upon the completion of this bridge Mr More arrived from Mafeking with his repairing party, when I handed over to him such men and material as he required, and asked Col Plumer for leave to return to my District.

Colonel Baden Powell



The Colonel directed me to take the men and provisions on the 24th (the following day), into Mafeking, where Colonel Baden-Powell addressed the Railway Men and thanked them for their hard work in eulogistic terms.

Railway Men

In conclusion I cannot speak sufficiently highly of the cheerful and enthusiastic manner in which the men worked, both night and day, and I would specially commend for your consideration the Permanent Way Inspectors (Hamilton and McEntee), Acting Inspector McLean, Works Foreman Gill (since deceased) and Acting Works Foreman A. Duff without whose excellent assistance and tactful dealing with men such good results could not have been attained.

Deaths On Active Service

I regret to record the death of works Foreman T. J. Gill and of Sub-Ganger P. Prince of the second length north of Mafeking. The latter was taken prisoner by the Boers but escaped in January last and died of fever at Crocodile Pools.

Obediently yours
H. Wallis
Acting District Engineer

The 1937 American Diary of a Rhodesian Native Commissioner

Edited by Fraser Edkins

"When race is found by science to be an illusion and public opinion finds ideas rooted in race untenable, why does race continue to be such a problem?" (Roger Howman).

Introduction (from Gloria Passmore's obituary to Roger in Heritage 23)

One of the most outstanding civil servants the country has known, H. R. G. (Roger) Howman gave a lifetime in pursuit of race harmony, justice and fair play in Zimbabwe. He died aged nearly 94, having served 56 years in government (1927–1983), 42 years of that in so-called African Administration, into which he had followed his father. Roger Howman rose to be Deputy Secretary for Internal Affairs, and was unique in bringing social scientific knowledge to bear in his work, having studied at the London School of Economics. Howman's contribution was given priority only in 1962, when it was touch-and-go which way the country would turn, towards final confrontation, or to reconciliation, between the races.

A major change in administration affecting all ministries of government—the national policy of local government with community development—once described as democracy's social technology, held out new hope for the future. A "native-cum-agriculture" policy (Lord Blake's phrase) had predominated since the twenties, with increasingly stringent rules for land resettlement and conservation. This had culminated in the African Land Husbandry Act of 1951 to which historians attribute, more than any other cause, the ultimate guerilla war.

The Mangwende Commission in 1960, revealed 'an explosive situation' in Southern Rhodesia. Two further inquiries were rapidly appointed, the Robinson and Paterson Commissions, to re-examine, respectively, the Ministry of Native Affairs and the entire Public Service. Fresh attention was paid to the promotion of elective local councils, which had evolved out of an experiment by Roger Howman in the district of Wedza in 1948.

Howman had first warned in 1944 that working with individuals only overlooked the close relationships in a traditional society. Local communities had to be motivated as a whole for change to be effective. In NADA, he stressed the need to foster the corporate life of the people. He was seconded from 1951 to 1952, now a Senior District Commissioner, to tour Northern Rhodesia, Nyasaland, Uganda, Kenya and Zanzibar, studying chiefs and councils. He found local authorities based mainly on tribal control, a colonial policy that he felt was not conducive to development.

The Howman Report of 1953 was later published by the University of South Africa as African Local Government in British East and Central Africa. The first outcome

THE CHIEFS AND HEADMEN 1965 TOUR TO EUROPE

1. Chief Mangwende	**10. Chief Chiporiro**	**19. Chief Chirima**
2. Chief Mukanganwe	**11. Chief Chisiwiti**	**20. Chief Namangwe**
3. Chief Ngorima	**12. Chief Nyamukoho**	**21. Headman David**
4. Chief Chibi	**13. A/Chief Mutasa**	**22. Headman Zamuchiya**
5. Chief Mutekedza	**14. A/Chief Chirinda**	**23. Headman Mugabe**
6. Chief Mabika	**15. Chief Nyajena**	**24. Headman Murape**
7. Chief Murinye	**16. Chief Neshuro**	**25. Headman Madhlangobe**
8. Chief Mupawose	**17. Chief Muwusha**	**26. Headman Maswoswa**
9. Chief Nyamaropa	**18. Chief Nenguwo**	**27. Interpreter: J. C. Chiromo**

Roger Howman, (holding hat) standing near centre.

was the African Councils Act of 1957, designed by Roger Howman to weld tribal authority with Westminster-type local government. All chiefs or headmen were made ex officio vice-presidents, in a purely honorary capacity, of democratic councils in their districts. Howman, the country's acknowledged expert on African custom, was awarded the MBE for his services.

Councils might be established only on local request, and the system had to be comprehensible to a largely illiterate, rural population. This called for community development, an internationally recognized branch of social administration, utilizing village level workers trained in non-directive motivation to help communities organize for local needs. It also involved re-orientation to non-authoritarian methods for upper cadres of district administrative and technical personnel. Howman sought advice from the UN Bureau of Social Affairs, and aid was given to the Rhodesian government by the United States Agency for International Development.

During 1962, the Ministry of African Affairs was reorganised as the (non-racial) Ministry of Internal Affairs, with local government and community development now officially the top priority of government. S. E. ("Stan') Morris, Secretary to the new ministry, delegated responsibility for the policy to Roger Howman, appointed his Deputy. The goal was to place responsibility for decision-making in local affairs on the freely-chosen representatives of responsible people at community and local government levels.

Essentially administrative in character, the policy was sanctioned in June 1962 by Edgar Whitehead as Prime Minister and later, unaltered, by Winston Field and Ian Smith. It had been obstructed but not checked by the shock win of the right wing Rhodesian Front at the General Election of December 1962. Due to the perseverance of Roger Howman and his colleagues, in implementing the policy as enunciated, it became transmogrified only after his superannuation in 1969.

The policy demanded coordination of all Ministries and the devolution of functions and finances from central to local government. The necessary Prime Minister's Directive on Local Government and Community Development could not be published until July 1965. There had been a two-year dispute over whether the word 'community' should be defined by race, in which Roger Howman had been deputed to discuss the

matter with Lord Graham for the Cabinet. He had succeeded in preventing this step, though ambiguity persisted.

A second PM's Directive, in 1966, detailed the division of functions between central and local government, and fixed subsidy formulae for primary schools, clinics, and other services voluntarily administered by councils. There were delays from departments jealous of their preserves, as well as obstruction to training, mainly from right-wingers in the service. Opposition came too from church missions, and nationalists and liberals alike, who tended to confuse it with South African ideology. Nevertheless, some 170 elected councils, with a combined revenue of R8.5 million and growing infrastructure, eventuated.

A "trilogy of legislation", as Howman called it, had been necessary to formalize the surviving traditional functions of the chiefs, in the allocation of land and dispensing of tribal law, thus preserving distinct the functions of modern local government. The task took him twelve years, from the passing of the Councils Act in 1957, to the Tribal Trust Lands Act of 1967, and finally the Tribal Law and Courts Act of 1969. He accompanied a chiefs' tour organized by government in 1965, covering Greece, Italy, Portugal and South Africa.

Roger Howman recognized the importance of women as a force for change, and women's advisors were trained for village work. Tribute was eventually paid to his efforts for women, in the form of the Roger Howman Memorial Hall, established at a training centre near Fort Victoria, now Masvingo.

Throughout the commissions, working parties and other proceedings, Howman played a leading role. In 1967, the Whaley Commission had sought his advice in a personal capacity, on constitutional reform. He had adamantly opposed proposals to elevate chiefs to the Senate asking, 'Why have chiefs, only, to speak for Africans?' His vision was of a non-racial, bicameral system, on Swiss cantonal lines, with a legislature elected by universal vote, and a second chamber to which representatives of local government communities might be elected. A final answer to the problem of race? Roger Howman had sought a solution from the outset of his career.

Ministries were devolving functions and finances, and councils beginning to gather pace. In 1969, Roger was obliged to retire at age sixty, confident nevertheless that the policy was on course, but within two weeks, first steps were taken to dismantle the local elective system.

In 1970, Roger Howman was invited to join the Central Intelligence Organization as a Desk Officer for much of Africa, monitoring also internal policy. This agency sent security-threat assessments to the Cabinet, drafted by Roger, warning against amendments (in 1971, 1973 and 1976), to the law affecting local government. Councils were nevertheless converted from elected bodies to appointed 'chiefs' councils', and steps were taken departmentally towards provincialization, a euphemism for bantustanization. (Howman had led a Cabinet-appointed working party in 1968, which found provincialization unworkable and the matter had been dropped at that stage).

By 1976, administration had become subordinated to guerrilla warfare. Howman remained in the CIO after Independence in 1980, retiring a second time, three years later, at the age of 74.

Henry Roger George Howman was born in Fort Victoria (Masvingo) on 9 July, 1909, the son of E. G. Howman, a Provincial Native Commissioner. He attended the Plumtree School, and entered the Audit Department in 1927, seeking general

experience, before being seconded to work in the Native Education (later Native Affairs) Department. Here he was influenced by the Director, Harold Jowitt, to study social science, and took a correspondence degree with the University of South Africa.

Shortly after joining Native Affairs in 1935, Howman won a Beit Fellowship for two years' training at the London School of Economics. After a year, Karl Mannheim, his mentor, persuaded him to register for a Ph.D. on race contact in Southern Africa. Whilst in London he attended the Third International Conference on Social Work, and travelled in his breaks to Europe and Russia, researching race questions. Before returning home he spent four months in America visiting universities and interracial agencies.

On his return, Roger Howman was enlisted by his father, as its chairman, to prepare the report of the Urban African Affairs Commission of Inquiry, 1938. The Second World War prevented fieldwork overseas for his doctorate and he went on to serve in districts all over the country, before rising to be Local Government and Research Officer in 1958, and ultimately Deputy Secretary for Internal Affairs.

Roger Howman served on many important bodies, notably as a Trustee to the Rhodes Livingstone Institute and The Tribal Areas Rhodesia Research Foundation. He is listed as a member of the History Society of Zimbabwe from 1956, and served on its Executive for many years. He wrote articles not only for Rhodesiana and Heritage of Zimbabwe, but also for NADA, and the Journal of African Administration as well as others. He was a many-gifted man and his observations of masked weaver birds were published in the premier ornithological journal in Africa, The Ostrich. His love of nature led to a rare species of plant that he found high in the Chimanimani Mountains being named after him, the Aloe Howmanii, described in the publication Kirkia.

Roger Howman's marriage to Stella, who died a few days after him, provided the sustaining influence behind his life's crusade.

America

After two years as a Beit Fellow at the London School of Economics, in the 1930's, "not studying for any degree, only to see what the sciences had to contribute to Southern Rhodesia's problems and the future of race relations", and before returning to Southern Rhodesia, Roger Howman spent about four months travelling through the USA and kept, as best as he could, a pocket diary in pencil.

Back in Southern Rhodesia after those "crowded years", he was "shunted off to the out stations" by Chief Native Commissioner Charles Bullock, (having been rejected for war service by the Air Force due to a duodenal ulcer). He settled down happily in the bush (as a Junior Clerk in the Native Department) to apply his university teachings to the study of the histories and cultures of the African tribes, completely forgetting about his American diary until it was located some thirty years later.

Whilst in London his "three years of investigation" had been –

1. to familiarize himself with practical modes of influencing inter-racial behavior (the "techniques of racial adjustment" evolved by various organizations);
2. field work and community surveys which recognized the importance of precision, objectivity and research in a highly emotional field;
3. the transformation of mind and character being wrought by the tribal-rural-

urban processes of change going on in Rhodesian life.

The diary is a sequence of little pictures of a great diversity of attitudes towards race in America about 80 years ago. Writing in 1998, Roger felt that the explanation to the question posed in parentheses at the beginning of this article might be that it was not race but identity that was the substantial problem, the "sense of belonging felt in one's self and the feelings aroused when identifying others—the 'we' and the 'they'; if identity is a craving of far deeper import than we allow in human nature, what immense significance is it likely to acquire—if tolerance does not become an ingrained norm…with identity attaining a depth of trained hate so deep and modern as to require a new word (Genocide)"?

The diary transcript has been heavily edited for this article. The pencil original and photographs are believed to be with his family in Australia.

Roger's (edited) diary reads as follows.

15th August 1937: the journey begins.

I embarked 11am on the 'Brittanic' which sailed from Southampton at noon and anchored seven miles out from New York before sun-rise of the 15th. I woke to admire the skyscrapers just visible and hanging high in the haze. The ship then moved nearer, past the Statue of Liberty, into the harbour about 8am.

I settled in the Kenmore Hotel and walked around. New York was so hot that I found relief in the Rockefeller Centre and Radio City where air-conditioning covered everything, most impressive and wonderful, although it was the Empire State with its 135 stories which attracted me to the top.

What a businessman's culture this is! Freed from the traditions and restraints of the old countries, business shrieks at you using every device, contrivance and snare to draw your dollar. As if the riot of salesmanship is not enough for New Yorkers, strikers patrol up and down persuading you not to patronize this café, that barber-shop or those offices. Protuberant policemen, armed like big-game hunters with belts (loaded with cartridges, pistol and truncheon threatening to slip down), stand about to ensure only persuasion is allowed.

As for mechanization, that bewilders you… I could not find a way into the post-box for my first letter; an iced water contraption outwitted me, as neither water nor cup would come out for me; you pick your food from an array of pigeon-holes whose glass shutters only move when a coin is inserted; my first offence was that of entering a café (here it is a drugstore) without a coupon; it sticks out from a cabinet at the entrance and somehow the watchman inside is alerted if you ignore it. Every bit of wit an unsuspecting visitor has is required to cope with the acute competition and ingenious ideas in these turbulent streets.

18–31 August, Tues. (1937): Initial contacts—a fortnight in New York

I got in touch with Miss Carney of Columbia University who was my contact in USA and seemed to be an expert in arranging visitors' tours in the Educational field. With her assistance I visited quite a variety of persons I wanted to see which included Dr Odum (of Regionalism fame), (see the Web), the YMCA and the NAACP (National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People) described as being militant enough to use the law to change matters, to keep the racial situation in a state of

flux and to serve notice on the whiteman that weaker people expect him to live up to the principles of his laws. I had time to visit Coney Island by sub-way, the Statue of Liberty by ferry, Princeton University, Central Park and the Natural History Museum, so well-worth seeing for its realistic portrayal of Africa's game. I even fitted in a Baseball game and the World Heavyweight bout between the renowned Joe Louis and Tommy Farr from England at the Yankee Stadium which, in spite of forecasts of 'just one punch' from Joe, turned out to be a draw with a fine display of boxing skill by Farr.

On the more serious side, I met Dr Jesse Jones of the Carnegie Corporation (see the Web) who invited me to attend a month's long seminar on Race Relations and African Education in North Carolina University starting next week. I also met up with Dr Roper at the University for lunch and was introduced to a Dr Eleazor who explained that he did not know how to get over the racial theory problem except in his classes on Sociology and admitted that his educational methods hardly touched the great mass; that churches are too wish-dreaming and preach rather than practice or frame programmes. He decided to approach News Editors of the Press and spoke to them about how they built stereotypes about the Negro and inflamed public opinion, using the findings of the Chicago Commission on the contributions of the Press to the (1919) Chicago riots. His record of news clippings showed the influence of his efforts and later momentum was such that he was able to give up, and the newspapers now feature the Negro as a general feature of their news service.

Wed 1 September 1937: Roger buys a car

Having spent a fortnight in New York, talking to and arranging a programme with a host of people and deciding that the Indian Reserves, rather than the African/American education centres, offered the closest approach to our problems, I decided that a car was the best way to travel. Today I bought for $250 a Ford coupe with folding hood, second hand, and was pleased when the Driving Examiner said I was a good driver but the left-side habit was too dangerous, so only if I left New York tomorrow would he give me a licence.

Thurs 2 September, 1937: to the Yale Carnegie Seminar in North Carolina

Collected car at 3pm and thankful to leave city life at 4pm. Two days later after stops at Baltimore and Washington to see the Lincoln Memorial, I arrived Chapel Hill and the hotel in North Carolina for the Yale Carnegie Seminar on Race Relations & African Education. How quickly Americans "take up" a new-comer! I had hardly walked down the stairs to the lounge when I was hauled into groups, inquired about and made one of them. My esteemed first boss, Harold Jowitt, was there representing African Education for the British Government, and a host of famous professors who took this "new man visiting America" under their wings as the days passed, and made him promise to see them if he passed their way. Some even produced their books and autographed them for him! The State Agents for Negro Education from all the States were there. The Seminar lasted 24 days and the Carnegie Corporation even insisted on paying my tips.

Dr Loram of Yale and Dr Odum of Southern Regionalism played prominent

parts and lectures included "Cultural Patterns", "Disintegration of Culture", "Cultural Change", "Societal Nature of Negro in USA". "Acculturation", "Southern Folkways" and "Race Relations". A Rev. Strydom presented a paper on Race Problems in South Africa. (At the mammoth 1944 people's congress of Afrikaner cultural organizations Strydom advocated separate development in South Africa, specifically that African tribes should be developed into "... units in their own areas"). I was still to learn how Americans have innumerable little get-togethers and love a speaker from Africa, or anything, even paying huge sums for that if necessary. Dr Charles Johnson of Fisk University gave such an absorbing lecture on Race that I got to know him and it was he who, when he ignored me in the street, walking past with eyes fixed on the pavement, gave me a talk later on race etiquette in which Black and White did not socialize in public places, only in the University precincts. (Johnson was a sociologist and the first black president of Fisk, known for his conservative and practical approach to civil rights activism. His grandson served in the Obama administration. See Roger's story of the rabbits and the dogs hereinunder).

Tues 28th September 1937: to the Cherokee Reserve

Left Chapel Hill with a companion, a B. Carman (Director of Education, Belize, Honduras), who found Afro-Americans remote from his problems and offered to share expenses with me if we could travel together over Indian Reservations. We set off to cross America via Ashville with a deviation into the Great Smokies where Roosevelt's New Deal had the 'Civilian Conservation Corp' working on a sky-line tourist-drive in the mountains where the Cherokee Indians lived. There we were shown around a school and local homes. In the evening we went to a Cherokee concert where I was called upon to speak on Africa… so animals, soil erosion, education etc. The Cherokees looked a dissolute lot. The Std. V teacher lamented that they were no longer Indians, considered that they had lost the lively appreciation of art and nature so characteristic of the Navaho where she had worked, with every stone, hill and tree having a living personal meaning for them. The Cherokees are the teachers' great despair as money goes into gambling, drink, snuff and cinema… things designed for homes in carpentry shops are sold and the New Deal, claiming to make the Smokies the tourist showplace of the USA, is viewed as a great danger for its artificial stress on development of Indian traits to catch the tourist trade… already many dress up and grunt in reply to questions while all can speak English, in fact they are simply "poor whites of the mountains". School had a class for two year olds designed to remove mother's influence and to prepare for "civilization" in written form. The log cabins we entered were bare, an old woman on a filthy bag of rags on a bed, a mirror and picture of "Popeye the sailor-man" as the sole ornament in one and two old Indians sitting on raw-hide chairs!!!

Fri 1st October, 1937: to Georgia

On 180 miles to Atlanta to Georgia where met up with Dr Roper for lunch and then the social inauguration of a new Principal, Pres. Clement, at the Negro University of Atlanta.

This inauguration turned out to be one of the most vivid, human gatherings I have ever attended. It was at once overwhelmingly "African", not just a touch with Black America, for me and my white host made up only four of us in a rowdy, gay party

of a good two hundred Negroes, mostly students, frankly American dressed in best public fashion with difference in colour and a certain African animation… girls in very latest fashion, with large lipstick and a wide range of facial types; elderly Negro women restraining and motherly, the widow of the ex-president referring to "all my children" and loving all the young fellows who came up to greet her: the girl who took me around to be introduced, or to have tea: the cosmetic head, the insurance agent, the professor. The hall buzzed with conversation and happy spirits with such striking variety. Such a transformation of a people who in the streets were "niggers" would uproot any stereotype and at first I was discomforted, if not bedeviled, by having to shake hands all round, or helping a grey-haired, soft-spoken old lady on with her cloak or another who dropped her handbag… the emotional clash of cultures from which deep-seated attitudes from Africa could surely not be the same again! This was emotional change, so different to academic or thinking change, traumatic if you wish: it is much easier to believe, or assert, all men are equal than it is to overcome cultural conditioning in the exercise of polite behavior or moments of kindness.

Sat 2nd October, 1937: a visit to a Negro newspaper

I was taken by a Dr Washington, a Negro at the (Atlanta) University and before that at Detroit, to the local newspaper, the only Negro daily in the USA. Much talk about the power of tradition. The slavery tradition ensured that a lady never entered a store alone, she had a slave carry her purchases but, after slavery went out, custom shifted to having a servant, and Negroes of a class able to do likewise did so. With the crash of cotton the new economic order made such servants impossible and many ladies adapted by ordering their supplies, even a coke, by telephone and credit account, until even this was too expensive. Part of the old order survived in the attitude to women, who were not supposed to do any work, but the economy pressed so strongly that the 'waiting profession' under the exclusive control of the Negro was taken away by white girls with the adaptation that Negroes, dressed differently and fitting in most ingeniously, did the 'lifting' by removing all dishes while the white waitresses removed light articles or prepared the tables, removing crumbs etc. Tips were not touched by a Negro if he happened to go to a table first, but on occasions one saw a waitress share a tip with him. In Atlanta a Negro operated a nite-club which was so popular that whites sought to come, with the result he set aside Saturday nights specially for whites.

"The Negro has no intention of abandoning the USA, he is simply interested in Africa in a distant kind of way" said Dr Washington to me when he took me to his home for lunch, but his two daughters were a bit overcome by a visitor from Africa and born there. He recalled that in Detroit, where (Henry) Ford (of Model-T fame) insisted on having different nationalities in a well paid labour force, all mixed indiscriminately from that city of over 100 nationalities, a fair amount of inter-marriage took place, but the black/white barrier keeps it down and it is getting less.

4th October, Mon

Taken to YMCA. and NUL (the National Urban League, a civil rights organization) where asked to speak to students, did so on Native Welfare Societies in Rhodesia and the nature of Tribes.

Tues 5th October, 1937: Roger meets the Ku Klux Klan

Although Bryce (James Bryce; sociologist and author of American Commonwealth, 1889) had recorded that, "The progress made by the Negro since the civil war has been more rapid than was ever shown by any other group in an equal length of time", I had come across abundant examples of how race attitudes resisted change. Said a Negro to me, "We coloured folks can't organize without you, and you white folk can't organize without us, both of us get whipped all the time" and then a planter, "the lazy shiftless cropper couldn't organize as a union" while the opinion of the fellow leaning against a wall spitting tobacco was, "Wal, I've got nothing against the niggers, why, don't you know I was fourteen years old afore I knowed I was any better that a niggah!!"

Generally assertions about Negroes joining Unions, or attempting to form them, were treated as jokes and one leader said, "The fact that there are whites in the local Union was perhaps the only factor which prevented the planters, under a banner of white supremacy, from starting a race war; that, and the fact that the black croppers gave them no pretext, alone prevented a massive purge".

Amidst all the organized efforts and campaigns to dispel prejudices (at present in the 'America's Tenth Man Days') the most telling factor seems to be what is starting to be called 'Technicways' by academics… in these days of social movement and differentiation of types, economics impel change: at first street-cars had two entrances, one for whites, the other for blacks, but money demanded only one entrance so the Negro gets to enter there against tradition of Folkways, but must sit at the back and leave only at the back: when elevators or lifts came in they had only one entrance so all must travel together: at petrol service stations where Negroes were first told to "help yourself" they are in such numbers that petrol companies insist on proper service for all, over-ruling the, "I ain' gwin serve no nigger" attitude of ten years ago with a greeting, "Come back and see us again". The recently emerging black business woman finds it helpful to carry an apron in her handbag so when she crosses the Mason and Dixon Line (the symbolic divide between north and south during the Civil War, essentially the line between slave and non-slave states but actually between Pennsylvania and Maryland) she slips it on to ensure she has an un-harassed train trip as if some white woman's domestic. These are examples of how technical life is creating new and adaptive codes of conduct transforming attitudes and rigid order into new relationships. Economics has another influence. In the South, because of the race question, five and a half million white workers keep themselves in virtual peonage to the planters, in order to keep three million Negroes in a similar degraded position. However, the CIO (Congress of Industrial Organization a federation of industrial unions formed in 1935) has started to organize trade unions with black farm workers, in spite of their early organizers being beaten up.

How will the KKK interpret or respond to this tangled skein in Southern life?

At 10am I was ushered into an office of a medium-sized, rotund businessman who greeted me with interest as someone from Africa, even if rather doubtful where Rhodesia was. He was the Grand Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan. He started off giving me an account of the Klan. "There are more Klansmen in New York than in Georgia, our headquarters, and 50,000 in Pittsburgh alone. Many join when young, later become leaders independent of the Klan and many of the present Congress are our members, so they don't rubberstamp Roosevelt and we stopped the election of Al

Smith in New York. The Klan is feared because it takes a hand in anything it finishes off, and because it is so secretive. As for the New Deal, Roosevelt's attempt to change the views of the Supreme Court may go all wrong because the Justices so struggle to be fair that to compensate for their biases they often become just the opposite of what they were. As for the future, with the South facing a collapse of cotton and five million croppers unemployed I see no room for despondency. China, perhaps the only people who can rank with the white race, will swallow Japan and so lessen the yellow peril and the Jap cotton menace. Our menace is England and her Sudan and Empire cotton production. The tendency of Negroes to join labour unions and be accepted will be short-lived because prejudice is so instinctive it will rip the Unions apart and we having nothing to fear. As for Negro unions on their own, the Negro is so loyal and law-abiding he won't, but in towns we may expect trouble. The top-class Negro is in an unhappy position for he will not be given any opportunity. Race relations are much better but what the Negro needs is vision and learning: education is good for him but he must stay on the land if he wants to be happy. We have proved that it is possible for the two races to live together without amalgamation, the Negro gets the best justice in Southern Courts and much prefers white judges because their own, and they as a race, have not the inherited character able to do such a job as a judge. Also race prejudice on the part of the whites ensures that they will treat the inferior race well and fairly. Mixture of race is fatal, Egyptians and Hebrews mixed and see the results. Sometimes the cross-breeds attain a high level, such as the French-Negro of Haitians who built a civilization, and then they decay. About 1923 lynchings was reduced from 24 to 2—the period after the War when Negroes were unruly—because the Klan took a hand and worked on the fear of the unknown and mysterious which is the Negro's fear. Federal intervention will not stop lynching but I think lynching is dying out because both Negro and White get better educated and develop pride of race. I think the Negro is getting darker as a group because white blood is not entering so much".

As if to contrast with the KKK I was booked in to the well-known and respected Southern Interracial Commission in the afternoon. (An organization to promote racial justice founded by Methodist pastor Will Alexander in the aftermath of race riots and largely consisting of liberal white Southerners). I asked (Dr Tobias) what Negroes think of the Commission, how wise to cast it in a religious air, what advice offered if Africa set up such a Commission?" "The essence is to change attitudes in a world of prejudice and segregation, adjustment in a Negro world where competition is so keen that trivialities of life take on great significance; schemes for rural/urban change and racial etiquette. We are now coming to deal with the Negro not by legislation but by commission whereon both parties to the cause are represented. We are convinced that the political platform is no place for the discussion which enters so intimately into the lives of black and white, and that professional politicians are no more to be trusted with the wise handling of race relations than they are with Educational policies'"

Prejudice is not the spirit of the devil, nor is it a matter of good people and bad, but of the situation. In inter-racial work don't leave out the leaders of the local community… the tobacco-chewing sheriff etc, because of some idea that 'leaders' must be religionists or intellectuals. 'Poor white trash' are worse than 'niggers', they

won't have their children educated but even if they do, their intelligence is too low. The pecker-woods, hillbillies, ridge-runners and covites are the products of isolation, live in Kentucky and Tennessee Mountains speaking what is called 'Queen Anne English', are often pure Anglo-Saxon and are the meanest, most suspicious, bitter, lazy, illiterate groups in the States, untouched and untouchable, and if the odd child is drawn out of school he stays out".

I met a man in Birmingham (Alabama) who said anyone in the city would shoot a Negro for $12, only the fine for discharging a firearm in city limits would be imposed. In contrast an old planter said, "If you're going to take back the Negro to Africa I'm going too, we don't own him, he owns us". Even more graphically, "We should cross the Negro with the Mexicans, then we could hate him properly".

Fri 8th October, 1937: on the road–Alabama–Georgia-Tennessee–Arkansas–New Mexico

Left Birmingham via Athens (Georgia) passing through the long Mississippi cotton belt to Memphis (Tennesee) on the great river to near Little Rock (Arkansas), a distance of 420 miles of which 108 took ¾ hour to cover through the level, below 600', maligned cotton land. Wretched croppers abound in tumbling log cabins apparently held together here and there by huge Coca Cola and other adverts along the road. I reached Oklahoma with its smell of oil and incessant rhythm of oil pumps, then on 454 miles in the day to Santa Rosa, Texas, where you pull your car's hand throttle fully out and leave it there for miles and miles of straightness with occasional canyon, yellow sage with blue in evening, white sombreros, unshaven men, wild horses or mustangs as we neared the Rockies before Albuquerque (New Mexico). The cotton tenant is certainly the worst rural existence I have seen, worse than a similar casual impression in Russia. Strange that one of the most valuable commodities in the world should connote the most degraded of human existence! (See James Agee's "Cotton Tenants").

In Albuquerque I visited the University of New Mexico's Anthropologist (Hill), a Spanish school and had lunch with the Dean. An interesting Pueblo Indian town, then sped up into the oldest place in America, also the remotest, Santa Fe, in the mountains along some of the loveliest scenery, brilliant yellow sage, rock-coloured Pueblo houses hung with bright red chilli bundles. Some Indians in their brilliant blankets, long hair with a solitary feather recalled the old romantic pictures of the Red Indian of old times. After a night there we went to a school for Indians—bright compared to Cherokees—and shown the oldest church and house in USA, before leaving midday for Gallup (New Mexico). On the way we called in to The Enchanted Mesa and the Pueblo Sky City on a road so bad I broke a spring, but visit well worthwhile, with the first sight of wonderful canyon scenery where Wild West films were made, and Indians climbed 500 feet down cliffs from their 'kraals' to sell pottery.

Wed 13th October, 1937 : the Navaho

Fitted new spring in Gallup where we stayed at the Montezuma Hotel and then off main roads on gravel to Window Rock, heart of the largest Indian Administration and Reserve where the famous Navaho live. Here, an excursion with a young fellow, who piled us into his Ford van fitted with Alvord-type balloon tyres, ran us over the desert into the most romantic and exhilarating canyon I have seen; the "Canyon De

Chelly" where one motored alongside a stream in the sand, with sheer walls towering 1000 feet on either side in some places, to the 'white house', a kind of Chinhamora cave shelter with ruins of the cliff-dwellers dated 900 to 1300 AD whose paintings included a swastika! We meandered some ten miles up the canyon, stopping at Navaho 'hogans' which the Administration has adopted in their architecture. Spent the night at Ching Lee School in a dormitory to see the 'new Indian', with scant sleep. Next day, after visiting classes, talking to teachers in the morning, we rejoined the main highway over about 80 miles of sandy track, but so beautifully grotesque.

We stopped at two Indian schools and a Cherokee, when he heard I had been to his people in the Smokies, took me to see his 'hogan' and family. (The 'hogan' was the primary traditional dwelling of the Navaho Indians, not dissimilar to our pole and daga hut structures). The famous 'Painted Desert'. Nevertheless it was an unmatched remarkable piece of landscape, a kind of earth set out in autumn tints, red sandstone with not a growing thing, and as evening came in The Petrified Forest with its tumbled logs of stone scattered about the bare desert dunes ushered us to a cabin near Winslow (Arizona). (Roger's administrative and educational experiences with various Indian tribes are written up in "A Rhodesian glimpse of the American Indian" NADA 1939, Vol XVI at p. 58–71).

Fri 15th October, 1937: to the Grand Canyon and beyond

Just before Flagstaff (Arizona) we turned North for Grand Canyon to a trading outpost called Cameron on the Little Colorado river, near an extinct volcano called the Rainbow Crater which has reduced everything to powdered black sand and lava, a deceased world out of which it was a relief to move. At 2pm we came suddenly onto an unseen edge that fell over 6 000 feet into blue and coppery depths, a place of mute wonder. After this memorable "Desert View" we edged along the rim for about three hours seeing on a gigantic, overwhelming scale all the colours of the "Painted Desert", coming at last to "Bright Angle Lodge", an hotel built so precariously on the edge that when you entered the back of the reception there was only a 3 foot brick wall on the verandah between you and the gulf.

The Grand Canyon is as supreme and indescribable as the Victoria Falls, as a world wonder. We spent three days there. Two days of that were spent going down to the bottom and up on mules, staying the night at the Phantom Ranch on the River. Leaving at 2.30pm our mule-train reached there at 6pm. On a mule zig-zagging down, down, and down one certainly suffers from insecurity, if not height giddiness but this wears off as those sure-footed beasts calmly continue on despite the clutching, wriggling hands. They have no imagination and will stop at a zigzag with both feet on the very edge with the rider dangling right over the abyss, suspended, hardly daring to move until the mule so decided. On the way back I soon found that the mule was conditioned to follow the others (about five) so I could get off and walk, or even climb here and there to wait for them, taking photos. It took seven hours up (9am–4pm) and I enjoyed the tiredness of the ride and climb, even the stiffness later. We left that place of dreams-come-true about 7.30am Monday and via Williams reached the Boulder Dam (Nevada), a fairly recent American engineering feat which we were shown all over before going on to Las Vegas, a city of green in the desert (this before the city

became a gambling mecca). My companion, Carman, had left me at Grand Canyon to go ahead staying with his relations in Hollywood.

Mon 18th October, 1937: California and Hollywood
Left the 'Motor-Cabin' (start of 'motels') into the beautiful Mojave Desert of California all set about with vegetative oddities in the shape of cacti, Joshua trees and ghoulish plants… and I saw my first wildlife in America, a solitary coyote!!! After a stop at Baker in the middle of the desert a knock developed in my engine so came a slow trip up the mountain of the coastal area, down into orange groves after dark (magnificent sunset over desert) and 25 miles outside Los Angeles to edge of San Bernadino for night at another 'motel', and repairs to engine (bearing burned out).

Tues 19 October, Hollywood
Arrived Hollywood via Pasadena where I had fixed to meet my companion, Carman, whose relations had made arrangements for me to stay for several days, very kind, and take us around. The ones I got to know were the Stanley's, whose brother is mayor of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer town, "If you knew of the inner side of the movies you'd never go to a film again"!!!

Wed-Mon 20-25 October, Los Angeles
Shown all around Hollywood and Los Angeles, past homes of the film stars and their foot-prints in the pavement. Another day met Dr Bogardus at University, then an Anthropologist who took me to lunch and talk till 3pm. All the relations took us to dinner in Santa Monica, then the Planetarium and on Sunday to "Long Beach". On Monday I broke away with the anthropologist and an Official to visit the Sherman Institute at Riverside, a vocational Indian school, and learned how different were these "Riverside Indians" from the others. Because of the over-population of the reserved area, policy had shifted to allow individuals to settle where they wished and the Los Angeles area attracted thousands gathering together, thus a brown American became noticeable in an urban area but bereft of any old forms of culture, organization and skills. So these people were given the Sherman Institute as a means of fitting them into modern American urban life. The striking thing for me was the total renunciation of Education as an Indian problem, no thought to traditions, art, culture, just an apprenticeship in laundry, bakery, electrical, housewifery, as modern machinery and labour-saving devices enfolded him, no Cultural Hybrid for these people.

26th October, Tues: Arizona-New Mexico-Texas
An awful lot of San or Santas about, early Spanish must have had saints on the brain! Back to our car we left our Hollywood friends and relations at 10am via the films. Palm Springs for lunch and on through California's flatness to Blyth on the Colorado River, with its Grand Canyon waters, for 300 miles on to Wendon Cabin. Next day through very different scenery via Phoenix and Coolidge Dam in Arizona's rock-strewn hills, desert kopjes and mountains into New Mexico where my speedometer broke at Las Cruces and so into Texas and El Paso on the famous Rio Grande river.

28th October, Thurs: Mexico
We took the tourist bus across the (Texas) border at Cuidad Juarez into Mexico and

saw the market, school, some homes and cabaret of Mexicans, also the best building portrayed on postcards, the gaol. Left at midday for the famous Carlsbad Caverns in the National Park (Mexicans hang a red flag outside their door when they have meat for sale, after bull fights, many to be seen, their colours blue and grey to keep spirits away, an old Indian idea). The Caverns, enormous and exciting, only the Americans would or could open up such a place and equip it with 'organ entrance', lifts down 900 feet, well-lit stalagmites and tites, rest rooms and eating/drinking places, far bigger than Rhodesia's and South Africa's caves (the 'Big Room' has a ceiling 280 feet high) for we walked 2 and a half miles underground, lunch inside, and out 3pm.

29th October, Fri: Texas-Louisiana
On to Fort Stockton via Pecos and over 400 miles of Texas flatness with its cowboys driving cattle and sheep, and trees as in Rhodesia beginning to appear as we neared Austin. Next day 355 miles through tree-clad, sometimes swampy, Texas through Houston to Orange River, the border into Louisiana where noble, classical homes began to appear and cropper cabins seemingly held together and covered in huge advertisements, till we made Lafayette and knew we were in the old French colony with its Negroes. (Named for King Louis XIV, all land drained by the Mississippi River). This was ceded to Spain in 1762 until the Louisiana Purchase of 1803 when Napoleon, short of money, sold it to the USA for $15 million.

1 November, 1937: to New Orleans
163 miles today, to New Orleans (Louisiana) via famous Huey Long Bridge. Huey, reviled as a "dictator" when, as Governor, he built the bridge and made the highways before he was assassinated two years ago, but with many civic accomplishments by his political machine. Carman left me here to go home to Honduras.

2 November, Tues : Roger's French ancestry
Walked about town, reflecting on my mother's mentioning of her French ancestors who, as the Comte de Granet D'Allicourt escaping the French Revolution, settled in New Orleans as the D'Allicourts and, became cotton planters. A daughter married another planter named Charles Holland. They were closely associated with the Hartley family whose son George married Alice Holland. (Their son Robin, a former law partner of your Editor, lives in retirement in Cape Town). They were always busy in the British-American cotton industry, so my mother's family spent much time in New Orleans and she was born there. At tea time looked up a Mrs Rundle, a sister of Lady Beit.

3 November, Wed: New Orleans
Took a $2 tour, then explored by myself the Park, cemeteries, market and slave place on river, museum. Learned what a "hunters' paradise" and flora-covered country was around us… azalea, camellias and magnolias bloom everywhere and with many others which Louis XIV ordered for Paris and so spread through the world! The State flower is the Magnolia, it's emblem the Pelican. Reliance so long on a single crop, cotton has meant penury for most people and the evolution of a small fragment at the top

('Gone with the Wind') and a most heterogeneous population from which jazz music and Mardi Gras burst on the world. The Mississippi River in the top lands flowed higher than its surroundings so regular floods and destruction until levees were built and the river mouth deepened when the economy began to flourish.

Thus 4 November, 1937
Having had the car overhauled I motored due North via Jackson, Yazou City and Delta cotton flatness to my objective – Greenville.

5 November, Fri : Will Percy
Greenville was the only addressed letter I had been given for America so I was anxious to present it. Given to me by a Miss Mcleod in Moscow who was a friend of Lady Alfred Beit, both of whom insisted I call on her nephew (I think) named Hodding Carter with some newspaper in Greenville. Walked from my hotel to the levee and looked out over wonderful Mississippi River before presenting myself at the counter of the local newspaper, Delta Democratic Times. Hodding Carter read my letter and promptly called a Will Percy whom he said I couldn't leave Greenville without seeing. Next moment a Negro arrived with a car and I found myself ushered into a double-storied old "Plantation house" into the presence of a small frail-looking elderly man who wanted to know everything from the time I left Moscow and doing what in USA? After about an hour he called in "Ford", the Negro, to go to the hotel and bring all my things here as I was going to stay with him, this without asking me!!!

That was my introduction to a memorable stay with one of those so rare personalities one never forgets for the rest of one's life. I stayed with him for ten days, having difficulty in leaving such a friend in such an interesting place who would not let me go. He was a lawyer more concerned with social life and Negroes than his practice and a genuine relic of the old Southern aristocracy, a well known gardener, often visited, a poet called the "Keats of America" and the trusted repository of Negro troubles… all this I had to learn there.

Will Percy introduced me into such a wide and varied cross-section of American life in the South that I can only condense some of the notes I made each day to make up the tremendous mixture of peoples and attitudes below the surface of what is said to be American life. This was quite a violent change from the lofty views I had so far encountered in academic and educational circles, those who wanted to do something about the Negro.

"Tis an unwritten law that I never use what they tell me. I can never talk to my own plantation Negroes as I do others and believe it is best to keep race relation troubles away from authority and law", says Will. "If he makes nothing out of his cotton the tenant stays, if he makes money he moves, and each planter knows that next year he will be back asking for help. This urge to move due to "we just like to, we are nomads", and the slavery tradition which makes a man test out his right to move, to be free and enjoy the experience, knowing his whiteman won't let him down".

"They (the North) break their hearts over the race (Negro) but won't lift a finger for the individual: we don't break our hearts over the race but the individual certainly keeps us busy".

"We don't own the Negro, he owns us".

Will invited a Negro doctor to his house to meet me. "Race relations much

improved, I recall ten years ago a gas attendant saying to me, "Get out your car, take your own filler cap off, hold the nozzle, I ain't going to serve no nigger", nowadays my screen is polished and "come-back-and-see-us" greets me. At school calendars are white, pictures white, heroes white, Jesus Christ is white, nothing (illegible), so character is the highest thing for us, not colour" So many high Negroes have stressed character, an internalization of values that supports them in passively accepting rudeness, contempt and a cuff over the head, they moralise and easily find a quiet comfort in Christian teaching. If all whites were philosophers like Will Percy we would have no race problem. Little smut spoken by Negroes but a group of workers will expound, discuss, review and probe the Old Testament for weeks. No coloured man will allow others to go homeless or starving, one member of the family will keep all the rest even if the rest could easily labour, no orphans, no cripples and only a few old age persons in homes. Our (black) people have their 'big-shots', i.e. shoot money about and make a big noise but don't think real leaders will come from their ranks; there is no faith, no confidence in such big-shots. One noted Negro aviator was billed to visit Greenville and folks waited at the aerodrome, at the church, and weeks of preparation fell to pieces when he didn't show up, nor apologise later. A mother's wish for her son is that he find and remain under the wing of a good whiteman and not take to aviation! Last year Mount Bayou (the Negro 'town' of 7 000 odd of Greenville) held its 50 year anniversary and split into two factions over its celebrations, so they held two pointing out that the other side was a racket. There are 43 churches and new ones often arising, depending on the personalities of the preachers. On nothing can they join forces, the YMCA has five signatures to each cheque and it is at present split on the question of who owns the vacant stand in town granted to them, where a YMCA community centre has never existed though much talked about. Leadership is difficult because the term "nigger-lover" is paralleled by "whitemans-nigger" and intercommunication is almost nil. Immorality and absence of family life is traceable to slavery when promiscuity was the order of the day but in slavery there was a very wide distinction between the household slaves and the plantation labour. The former absorbed the finest culture of the whiteman and were proud, and encouraged to be proud, and it is from this group, very largely but not all, that stable and more "upper-class" Negro families of today come. The others, the unruly mob, come from the unruly plantation traditions.

A relative in Greenville

The day after my arrival in Greenville an inquiring reporter of the newspaper turned up and next day a photo of me under the heading, "Rhodesia's Howman" appeared, with a brief introduction to Will Percy's guest from far away. A day or so later an old lady phoned Will Percy to ask if his guest knew anyone called Hartley in that country and when I said my mother was a Hartley there were signs of excitement at the other end! The upshot was that Will took me over to her, he knew her as the old type Southerner, and as I walked in an old lady exclaimed "Louis!" (the name of her younger brother as it turned out). I had found a relative in Greenville, a Mrs. Holland said to be 92.

Contact with "old South" prompted Will Percy to recall for me that "Southern

families never used the word 'nigger', their home servants were, if anything, 'darkies' and only on the plantation or work gangs was 'nigger' used, and still is as it lingers on—when long ago it was dropped out as impolite in aristocratic society".

Attitudes of the Police

One day the Police phoned to seek Will's advice as to a white woman who had lodged a complaint of sexual advance against a Negro taxi driver, with the result that the Negro was told to get out of town because:

1) the relatives of the girl might come from Oklahoma
2) her male friends in Greenville may take action
3) the law could do nothing, it is not a crime.

Will, being very aware of every whiteman's fears and the greatest unwritten rule at stake for a lynching, found that the taxi-drivers were watching to see what was done. "I didn't care about the fellow, it is the community, Greenville's reputation, for we had no lynching for 30 years and the dreadful feelings which a lynching aroused". The trouble was that the Negro did leave town and after a few weeks returned. The Police were naturally angry at being ignored and humiliated. They again phoned Will when I was there and he promptly contacted the Negro doctor I had met to persuade him to use his influence to get the culprit out of town for fear of lynching. The doctor was not regarded by the Negroes as a self-seeking, superior person (as yet!), he had their confidence and he replied confidently that he would get the boy out of town. Said Will to me, "Did the doctor try to impress me and so get the prestige and leadership in white eyes which they so often wanted or was he genuinely concerned over the culprit and the community?" He was anxious and much relieved when later the doctor rang him that the Negro had fully left town.

I got to know Tom i/c Police, one of those officers described by Will as "at their wits end trying to deal justly with crimes committed by simple and affectionate people whose criminal acts do not seem to convert them into criminals". One night he took me on his round in his car until 3am seeing to all the hot spots and nite-clubs. Said Tom "Where a whiteman would render himself ineligible for admission to society the Negro does not render himself unfit, indeed when a Negro is carved up, both the victim, once he recovers from the shock which induced him to call in the Police, and the whites (judge etc) treat the culprit benevolently, or his 'whiteman' asks for him back." He is usually charged with Assault, not assault with intent to murder, because the latter would bring him before the Circuit Court and few want that unless the crime against a white results in Murder. Even the State Judge is always releasing prisoners or reducing their sentences. The Prison Guard allows a 'good prisoner' out for the night to visit his home now and then.

One morning the police took me along to see the judge's court (English 'magistrate') in action… the judge somehow spotted me, suspended proceedings while he came down to invite me to join him and I found myself sitting alongside him hearing cases for the rest of the morning. The judge was rather proud of the fact, he told me, that he had been re-elected three times to his post, the first time I became aware that such public servants had to be 'elected' each time parties contested for local power.

The Church

"This church is built for all who have breath in their body and we welcome these

young white gentlemen" said the preacher when he saw us entering his service. Will Percy had arranged for someone to take me along to a preacher he knew, as he said I would be very interested in seeing how Negroes joke and become impertinent with God, embroidering the Bible just as they see fit. Church goes on all night, in one corner was a select, dominating group of women from whom prompting came for audience participation or replies, while members of the congregation came in or went out as they pleased. The preacher put his hand over his face and prayed loudly, drawing out the tone to an intonation and allowing the congregation to drone in "Yes Jesus" or "Amen", "I know it". "Amen" yells the preacher to encourage the audience in their "Amens". In a sermon—"Do you remember Jesus and the stone of Saint Peter?... Jesus and his disciples were going on a journey when Jesus said all pick up a stone. Peter easily picks up a small stone. At end of the day Jesus turns all the stones into bread. Next day Peter was slick and carries a very big stone. At the end of the day Jesus sees his stone, put his foot on it and says, "On this rock I will build my church". And Peter, who had tote dat stone all day, said "I be damned if you do, dis rock is bread or it is nothing."

Beneath the preacher's platform the business side was conducted by three grayish men at a table who collected and accounted for all the money coming in. In his prayers the preacher even remembered "the prisoners in the penitentiary who can't be here today, the white folks and business men… and visitors who are so welcome". So ended an enthralling church for me. Clearly Negro or African sensibilities cannot tolerate formalities which reduce congregations to passive recipients of 'The WORD'.

Work

"Thrift is a nature of mean mens".

The Plantation

One day Will Percy took me out to his Trail Lake cotton plantation, inherited from his father Senator Leroy Percy (a State park named after him) with title back in the 1850's and I was greeted by his Negroes with, "but you ain't de right colour", said their spokesman about "a man from Africa". I was shown around by these direct descendents of the slaves, so anxiously and affably. I heard a youngster, pointing at the car, "Whose car am dat" and getting a reply "Dat car am "us", with the accent on us, which amused me as revealing a feeling of identity with Will Percy, until he explained later it meant a car bought with their money from cotton.

Will went on to say "The evil of slavery was not the cruelty to the slave but the cruelty to the slave owner. Had the owners been strong enough to accept their responsibilities without inward disintegration and had they practiced those virtues called for by any position of responsibility in modern life—wisdom, cleanliness, honesty—slavery would have been far more comfortable and a self-respecting status for the Negro than his present so-called freedom. The only slaves I ever knew were great human beings with a dignity, assurance, simplicity and integrity I have not seen matched … in poverty and old age long after, that pride still sustains them: though saddened, they could face life without bitterness nor servility. The Negrophiles who frequent Harlem, applaud Josephine Baker and Paul Robeson, gush over the Negroe's

genius for rhyming and miming, and pronouncing on Dahomey sculpture as more vital and exciting than Praxiteles and Michael Angelo are ignored by these folk who, while accepting their adulation, know them for what they are, condescending snobs searching for someone who needs to be raised up, preferably with a spotlight on themselves".

Prison

Taken to Parchman Prison, described as "a most human institution for inhumane crime that could only operate in a stable agricultural community". Outside on a plantation of its own the prison, having no wages bill, can come out on the price of its cotton and grows vegetables, stock, fowls, pigs and had a dairy, a laundry, a hospital with separate utensils and facilities for Negroes. Theft is the main Negro crime, all Mississippi take it for granted that he will take anything with a shrug of the shoulders. All want to become "trustys or trustees", the decoration on their uniform distinguishes them. Murderers and burglars are loaned out to "their whiteman" and recently a Greenville lawyer asked for his convict to drive him to Caroline, leave granted for four days. All will say "I was 'cused of … Grand Felony", never "I was guilty". To me the place resembled a dormitory more than a prison and there were stalls selling sweets, coca cola, tobacco, with good beds, heating, blankets and clothes which the Negro buys and refits smartly. I was served by a murderer. "A Negro tha's been to Parchan has the prestige level of the old school tie".

The last days in Greenville included a lunchtime talk to Rotarians, a visit to the Chamber of Commerce, dinner with Hodding Carter, visit to a Roman Catholic Church and school, listening with Will to his favourite afternoon opera from the New York Philarmonic orchestra and many goodbyes to so many friends and relations discovered in so short a time. {Will Percy later sent me a copy of his "Selected Poems" for Christmas and later still his profound autobiography "Lanterns on the Levee" in 1941. He died in 1942 and earned a tribute in the Readers Digest series "The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met" in September 1952. He was also that to me.} (The life of this Harvard educated lawyer is covered in depth on the web).

Wed, 17 November 1937: Mississippi

I left Greenville 10am and on the way through the cotton belt to the Delta Co-operative Farm I called in at his invitation to Oscar Johnson at his new type of plantation economy, a scheme to industrialise agricultural methods. Oscar is closely associated with Roosevelt's New Deal and came into prominence over the great job of work he did in disposing of a huge cotton crop a few years ago without disturbing market prices. I had met him in Greenville and his view point seemed to me to have much value for Rhodesia in the problem of producing and marketing Native crops in balance with the white farmer's output.

From Oscar Johnson's I carried on in the afternoon to the Delta Co. Farm under Ben Franklin who in Carolina had invited me to stay if I happened near him. He believed the days of the individual farmer were over and co-operation the coming order. "It is tradition that all planters exploit their tenants. Exploitation is not an accurate description. Our trouble is that from the owners' standpoint they see Negroes as they are, not as they are potentially. To give improved economic conditions and security to these people as a whole would fill the gaols like a good cotton crop does… drinking, gambling, sex, with an orgy of car driving would be their response, as they

are. We must go for their potential."

I spent the night in their guest room and found encouragement in a little band of idealists mounting re-education with economics, a new, promising trial watched anxiously by many American eyes.

Thurs, 18 November, 1937: to Tennessee

Up early and away along the Mississippi almost freezing to Memphis (Tennessee) where I had promised, in Greenville, to look up a man who had been a Rhodes Scholar. He turned out to be a lawyer and a political District Attorney. I suppose it did me good to meet such as he, a highly suspicious and discreet political appointee in office whose primary aim was to keep his Party and himself in power, be it by money or intimidation, and avoid facing facts. I explored the city, said to have a higher crime rate than Chicago, a melting pot of restless, disorganized people outcast from the agricultural economy, both black and white, from the South. By 3pm was anxious to get away so took off over Tennessee away from the river to Nashville only 240 miles away, and ran into snow. Stayed in the YMCA.

19 – 24 November, 1937: Nashville

Several days in Nashville because here it was I sold my car for $65, saw "Thanksgiving Day" (25th) pass as a holiday, and had names of many significant persons to see, also 1867's Fisk University for Negroes, all drawn to my attention back in North Carolina. First to a Dr Park (aged 75) described as the grand old man and most famous of the American sociologists, now retired at Fisk University from Chicago. (See Wikipedia for the life of Robert Ezra Park). Not only did he talk from 2 to 6pm but he took me home to dinner and was most interested in my explanation that I had been in London and now the USA to see what Science had to say and contribute towards our racial adjustment problems in Rhodesia.

A white taxi driver told me: "Fisk (University) is a good show and has good niggers. They seem to be able to talk sensibly and behave. It is the niggers with no education and too much money that is the trouble".

A Mrs Cummings said: "Negro servants very difficult to get in Nashville. The Negro goes to Fisk, such as my cook's daughter who learns English Literature, Greek and the Classics, when all she may expect as a job is as a domestic servant".

Another opinion: "The gasoline employs only white because of friction of races if they mix. Even if a Negro is assigned as "helper" he is tormented and baited by the poor whites and besides sanitary arrangements etc. make the position difficult. It is the conservatives—those who speak of Mississippians as foreigners—who stand in horror of meeting Dr. James Weldon Johnson socially, or even calling a Negro "doctor" but a new generation is very different. Tennisseeians are different to all other States, they are so homogeneous in English / Scots stock, and even the "hill-billies" are fair Anglo/Saxons speaking a Queen Anne's English and preserving English ballads. The South accepts anyone who is a gentleman, poor or not, the North accepts anyone who is rich, the West accept you whoever you are, but here in Nashville you need an introduction of some kind to break in"

On Sunday I was taken to see The Parthenon and then out 12 miles to visit "The

Hermitage", the home of "Old Hickory" built 1819 by President Andrew Jackson who, as General, was the conquering hero and idol of the nation after his battle of New Orleans subdued the English in 1815. He became President in 1829, died 1845. Fine old colonial house of the usual six columns preserved by an Association, with the pistol that he (Jackson) used in a formal duel to kill one of his many opponents.

Dr (Charles) Johnson—the Negro I had met in North Carolina: "Africans I have met have shown an emotional attachment to their background in Africa. I have an intellectual appreciation of European ways but an emotional appreciation of my African ways, I keep both. I recall an African whose wonderful record at Colombia University convinced the head that Africans could be educated but when he returned to Africa he was an outcast until he established a rapport with his tribal emotional values, and then he found an emotional satisfaction that he never found in European culture. All missionaries, educationalists overlook emotional education and its resistance to change, while over-valuing intellectual instruction, a veneer. Human feelings for individuals (broke) inhuman slavery from within. Southerners who rise above their feelings are the best inter-racialists, both for political reasons and because they are more sensitive of its limitations. The Northerner who fits or adapts himself to the Southern folkways often tends to lag behind because of a fear of going too far. Urbanisation and class are changing the whole character of the Negro problem. Negro insanity and suicide rates are increasing, a fact that the Negro tends to congratulate himself on, they feel elated at disproving the old assertion that they had no worries because they were incapable of anxiety, being racially carefree and happy.

"Once in the South the Negro was conditioned to race etiquette, now education and communication are breaking that down so that it is Fear that fits a Negro into place. Enlightened self interest has pointed the way to fair treatment of Negroes in health and educational measures, as well as crime and disease. The core of race is a mystery, an element I try to avoid. My attitude tests showed 325 out of 512 Negro students believed all whitemen hate Negroes, there was an emphatic negation of inter-marriage. Negro girls tended to show more liberal attitudes towards whites than boys."

"Negroes retain much of the folkways of the immigrant white they first met—superstitions traced back not to Africa, but to Europe. Think of the "h" in Cockney and the Elizabethan English they first contacted and retained in their social isolation."

Mr. Smith of Education took me out to two Negro schools and had this to say: "A new tendency in Tennessee in about six schools is fitting their teaching to their background, girls to home economics, boys to building, farming etc. As a result wages have risen and these schools have a waiting list for their graduates, untrained get $3 a week, trained about $15 but a Fisk lacks all these. About 1914 Negro schools started vocational training and later, about 1918, the Federal Government brought in a scheme for vocational training for all people and white education followed suit. Booker Washington's conception of Education stimulated the early Negro type of education and advanced it over white schools. Of course, the usual objections were raised, that we were training the Negro for menial positions, but that is no longer heard. Race relations, with inter-racial work since 1918 in Tennessee, were progressing well until the Depression upset the economic structure and whites were forced to take over work which they previously would not touch as "nigger work". So prejudice and violence broke out. Bell-boys, once exclusively Negro work, became white jobs through their labour organization. In Nashville some Negroes still are waiters in some hotels, and

cleaners, but a clear separation of work exists. Once building was an exclusively Negro job but now the Unions keep them out. With increasing motor cars the Negro hotel business is beginning to grow and replace the old system of paying-guests. So also Negroes are interesting themselves in gas stations and one at Fisk is being used as an educational facility."

"A lynching leaves a trail of emotion behind it that affects everything. Twice I have had to urge the continuance of a school when the County Board wanted to close and drop it, because they believed education caused such crimes. In each case I found that the culprit had either not been to school, he was illiterate, or had been only two years and left as an "unmanageable character", one Negro was lynched because, after shooting the sheriff, he said he did not mind going to the penitentiary …. more a reflection on penal methods than on schooling!"

Another educationalist had this to say: "The Negroes greatest enemy is the Negro" because of the few goods jobs available to them they tend to plan and trump up cases against those successful. Instead of building himself up as a leader a Negro is apt to apply himself to pulling another down. Even among the Jeanes Teachers this tendency came out in trumped up cases against a teacher by those who could not look forward to getting his job, and only by careful investigation and rigorous punishment of the plotters was the system finally rooted out of the system". (Jeanes Teachers, mostly black women in the South, were trained by the Jeanes Foundation (formed 1907) with a view to improving education in their communities – see Wikipedia).

Dr Bond at Fisk (University for Negroes, founded 1867)

"Education has been turning away from the curricular and text-books unrelated to life situations but it is still very slow. The influence of schools is so small in the general pattern that we often get dejected but every now and then we are encouraged by real results …. a barefoot boy pays his way through college as a footballer and is now a PhD and Dean of a university. Fisk draws its students from the business professional section and rarely do they go into the rural world, they know it not. Sometimes I think the pupils of rural schools are more intelligent than the teachers because of their emotional associations with their environment, they make a quicker grasp than the teacher trained in textbooks and methods. Just as crime statistics indicate greater disorganization among the first generation of immigrants than either their parent group or the second generation, so too does the Negro suffer since slavery, and has not been allowed to reintegrate. In the old, highly religious, puritanical schools of the early teachers (Quakers, Fisk, Atlanta etc) the Negro got some stability that is absent in modern schools. The Negro is tending to become an urban group. The Southerners, both white and black, have lost their traditional manners, the etiquette of race relations. Patronage is hateful; we stopped our Negro spirituals in schools because we felt we were being exploited to entertain visitors".

Mr Clay, a Negro at State College and Secretary to Negro Commission for 20 years:

Theme of Race Relations

"The Tennessee Inter-racial Commission" started in 1918. Committees at District or County level were formed, comprised of leading Negroes who indicated who were the whites that were interested in them, and these whites were invited to form the White

Committee. Both Committees met together when called by the secretary with business but each separately prepared their materials. These sent representatives to the State Committees who together formed the Tennessee Inter-racial Commission at Atlanta with two secretaries, one white, one coloured, salaried by the Commission until the Depression when funds ran out. Then the coloured secretary, who was myself, returned to where he came from as an official of the State, but kept up his commission work with the States approval assisted by two State Agents (Turner and Tanner who I had met in N. Carolina), the white secretary being financed by his mission board. Thus the State generally became responsible for the permanent staff of inter-racial work and as a result Tennessee is doing better than any other State. Charitable funds are far too shaky for so permanent a work as inter-racialism, money is the main source of the problem. Women do most of the work, Jeanes women are invaluable.

Mr MacQuiston of Nashville

"The map shows how the student population of Negroes is dispersed on either side of the Mississippi belt, spreading into Texas and Oklahoma where Negro facilities are higher, also into Washington where the great student concentration is located. About 40% of our graduates move into the North; Mississippi remains a reservoir of the lowest cultural level, any Negro who struggles out of it is an exceptional person and the best of that State go and live elsewhere".

Tom Campbell of Tuskegee (See the web for details of this famous institution)

I asked him if a distinction could be made between "Negro" and 'nigger" by a whiteman in talking to a Negro: "No, we would not like that distinction any more than a whiteman would like it between whiteman and "poor white trash". All Negroes hated the word "Negress" but why, they say "don't know".

He recalled a plantation owner who admitted that he did not like the word "nigger" because niggers then lost their pleasant expression. He had followed up the migration of Negroes to the North of ten years ago and found that "their children, sharing in the education and opportunities of the North, were unable to find jobs, especially as teachers because while the Northerners allowed their children to mix with blacks in their schools they can't yet permit a Negro to teach their children. So all those Negroes are returning to the South, a fine combination of early Southern experience and Northern learning calculated to do best in the schools now of the South. I found an area where these migrations had deposited 5 000 Negroes in a village used only by two Negro families and these immigrants came under the same compulsory education laws, the health laws etc. without any knowledge or experience of them, in fact chaos reigned. They also lamented the loss of so many Bibles in the move with children's ages recorded in them."

Thur, 25 November, 1937. Thanksgiving Day: to Chicago

After a week down to earth and in the mud of Mississippi and another week in Nashville's stimulating, rapidly changing racial environment, I left the South by train about 7am to arrive in Chicago (Illinois) just before 8pm. Half lost and aimlessly looking for a tram (street car) to take me to International House at Chicago University I ended up in the Mayflower Hotel.

26 November Fri: Chicago

Having phoned Mannheim, a nephew of my Prof. Karl Mannheim in London who

now has a lectureship at Chicago University, he fetched me, moved my gear from the hotel to International House and took me to lunch before dropping me off to see Dr Farris. Later I met Dr Caton of the University, a Negro head of the WPA project in Chicago, a mine of information.

26th–1st December (Friday–Wed.) Chicago

My six days in Chicago were so full and hectic that notes had to be curtailed. The university was one of the key-points I had in mind as a whole school of Sociology had grown up there under Dr Park and many were of international repute away off in London. It was most absorbing to actually meet and talk to the men whose books and names were so well known, also to find them so accessible, friendly and often hospitable. On the Sunday I took a bus tour of the city, admired Madison Avenue which edges Lake Michigan with the business skyscrapers on the other side, so fine views of both, and ended up in the famous Field Museum which was practically established by Carl Acherly whom I last heard of in Kivu and the gorilla forest in which he is buried. His collection of Africa's game now centres on a very fine group of two fighting elephants and a perfect reconstruction of an African waterhole with its game done so realistically that it was difficult to distinguish real stuffed animals with trees from the surrounding stage paints of the same. Also there were two lions of the "Man-eaters of Tsavo" which Paterson gave to Acherly. I felt homesick!

E. Mannheim

Not having been in USA long he was keener to talk about social adjustment to American society: "Puritanism still lingers on in English men and finds expression in frugality over food, censure of sleep and attention to manners. In response to an invitation the English are taught to pause and consider if they can accept and not let anyone down, but the American views hesitancy as unwillingness and values a quick "yes" rather than the consequences of inability to comply. A Swede friend doffed (his hat) when a New York policeman saluted him whereupon the policeman flared up and wanted to know what he meant by that "Does he think I'm a woman?" Again the same friend was so courteous to a secretary used to curt instructions that she asked "Is that guy trying to get fresh?" I recalled feeling indignant at invasion of privacy when at my first meal in a restaurant an American sat himself down at my table when there were plenty of vacant tables about!! Culture conflicts".

Dr Ogburn (once of Columbia University)

The author of the theory of "cultural lag" (see the Web) and an important study of social change: "Thirty years ago Negro structure was that of household and laboring strata. Now an esprit-de-corps is developing among a Middle Class which is inaccessible to whites. I spent some time on the Pacific coast where the white labourer is an independent equal of everyone else so on my return to my home in Georgia I was struck by the slavish, cringing attitude of the Negro and felt it was wrong. Now, in Chicago there is a Negro Upper Class which I have got to know and never met before".

Extract from his book: "Despite the fact that man appears as an active agent in cultural changes, economic processes and social forces play quite a determining part in these changes. It is not true that man creates culture freely as he wills. The extent

to which man is a freely determining agent in directing social evolution is one of the fundamental questions in sociology. To change man to fit culture or to change culture to fit man is each so difficult a task as to be almost impossible".

Dr Caton—Negro of Chicago University and Director of WPA Project of Government:

Kept me busy all morning, then to his home for lunch with his wife and on to two lectures at the University. His grand-father was the son of a daughter of a planter and his trusted "slave-manager"; a most exceptional case so contrary to public morals that she had to go into hiding for two years before being forgiven and allowed back to her folks. Because of concubinage and preference for light skins nearly all household slaves were light and these were the people that were set free from slavery first. It was this group, because of its cultural advantages, which moved into the towns and became the professional and upper class when migration brought immense numbers into Chicago etc. to form a large Negro community. This has happened over the past 20 years and he has been assigned by the University to a research scheme financed by the Federal Government to study the effects of Chicago life on the Southern Negro, whose numbers now exceed Harlem (in New York). Shades of colour and an almost morbid attention to trivialities of American behavior differentiate them—the outcome of Prejudice.

Said he, according to my notes: "About 25 000 coloured folk form the "Society" or upper class of Negro life. Family, culture, education, language (grammatical) and mannerisms—such as hitting hands on knees when laughing – are its criteria and the mode of admission is through knowing the social signposts. "Do you know …." is the universal question before you can be placed, or you must vouchsafe that you know so-and-so in order to be placed. I was first married to a white girl and never, as a result, was admitted into any Negro society although my family history, education and standing in the university qualified me. I lived on the periphery until my wife divorced me and I married a Fisk student. Now I am fully accepted, even expected to be a leader although I am regarded as a kind of prodigal son. Lower class Negroes often accuse the upper class of immorality but it is very rare, such a class position is too new, too unstable for a Bohemian strata to arrive, Bohemian being a type that develops once the mores are so stable that people who belong to it, instead of being expelled or labeled as depraved, are tolerated as Bohemian. Not even money alone is a passport to this upper Negro level. This class never uses the word "black" in the presence of very dark Negroes and to be polite they refer to a man as being a "polite brown". It is the colour nearly black that takes a sadistic pleasure in torturing a black person by crude hints of superiority about "coloureds" and "niggers"; the very light coloureds are less conscious of their colour position to do so. Lightness is a definite hall-mark, and a light girl will be sought after by both dark and light skin Negroes. These upper class Negroes bar all inter-marriage and uphold Negro identity, partly because it is to their advantage for on a Negro base depends their prosperity and position. Many of these light coloureds, to justify superiority, lay stress on race or blood but appeal also to family and culture …. when, however, a Negro/white relationship is involved the stress is wholly against any suggestion of race superiority. Once the social structure of Chicago had a top of professional people but since all students want to become doctors etc., and Fisk turns them out in numbers, they have become so top heavy that professional people can maintain only their status. For example, having a consulting

room and living behind it, working in a night-club or hotel as a steward, taking a job as porter or waiter during the summer and reopening their office. At any cost they maintain their professional job. My mother-in-law objected to me because I wasn't a professional man but later decided my connection with the university was good enough. The social workers of a certain institution draw equal wages regardless of colour but some of the Negroes go for Lincoln Zephyrs, the hall-mark of a top car, and clothes are highly important in Negro society. Trivialities are all important in status".

There is widespread puzzlement over terms by which to refer to Negroes, often hesitancy and quick withdrawal of a word used from habit. Emotions cluster around such words and change them too, so a word like "nigger" which implied no derogation or abuse among real old-timers becomes loaded with trouble in the present. The word "negro" meaning "dark" in Spanish / Portuguese, is becoming suspect from emotional meanings. "Negress" was tabooed long ago, "darkie" fading away and the only "freed" word at the moment, as far as I can judge, is "Afro-American" which is in rare use but may intrude and relieve existing speech dilemma.

Dr Rochard—French Negro, Foreign News Editor of the "*Chicago Defender*".

He showed me around the newspaper and its mixed staff. His comments : "Race Commissions and Councils simply scratch the surface and never touch the mob. I am reminded about the story of the rabbits who, being upset by the dogs, called a conference of dogs and rabbits in which resolutions and sentiments of a high level were passed. One rabbit, on the way home, saw a dog coming along the path, "Shall I or not? No, he doesn't look like as if he attended the conference, I'll move", and move he did. (The good of such relationships and contacts never touches the great majority.)

In passing along an editor asked me "Why can we not be like the French, equal citizenship, rights, universities? No wonder I heard an African say he would like to die for France, she had given him so much. So also does Brazil treat the Negro well. The South was composed of the riff-raff of England who taught the Negro his immorality and who poured their blood into Negro veins and made their sons slaves".

I was greatly impressed by the staff of Chicago University and, to the persons with interests like mine, I would recommend Chicago where facts are sought in the field, in the situation, and only then resort to theory and modes of progress.

Wed 1st December, 1937: to Canada and the Niagara Falls

After quick farewells and chances to talk to a renowned sociologist Louis Worth, who took me to lunch, and the anthropologist Lloyd Warner, I caught an 8pm train for the night's run into Canada and Toronto at 9am.

2nd–5th December. (Thurs/Sun) Toronto

My best friend at London University and fellow student under Dr. Mannheim was Dick Davis who had prevailed on me to visit Canada and he met me at the YMCA where the guesthouse provided me with quarters. He, or his lady friend Marion, ran me around in her car and we went to a big football match (American style) and an ice hockey game on the Saturday, to the University the day before to meet a sociologist and social psychologist, and on Sunday motored to the Niagara Falls for the day. Very cold there so couldn't leave the main viewing area but a fine sight in spite of

overwhelming Victoria Falls. Then in a snow-storm to Hamilton on the main line where they saw me off to New York by the 9pm train.

6th–15th December, 1937: to New York and Yale University

Train arrived New York 8am and I to Woodstock Hotel. Very wet so visited Rockefeller Centre, the nearest skyscraper up 70 stories (850 ft up).

Next day to Yale University by train to meet Dr Loram ex South Africa and educational specialist at Yale, who with Dr Jesse Jones had given me such a financial up-lift during my first month in America as a guest at North Carolina University. While there I met a Dr Dollard who has just written a book on the colour problem.

Another day I went to the YMCA headquarters, met a Dr Tobias, and others, who next day took me to the YMCA in Harlem where my notes recorded:

A Negro officer: "I once idealized assimilation of the Negro in American life. I see the foreigner shed his identity in one generation, but the Negro remains forever a foreigner though he does all in his power to be an American and has no other culture. 65–75% of Harlem Negroes are unemployed and on relief, that is our gravest problem. There is hardly any inter-racial work in the North, we just fit in where we can whereas in the South the old informal relations of master/ servant or slave has been extended into the formal Southern Interracial Commission. That, and the schools where educated Negroes and whites influence their respective spheres and often prevent riots and trouble. I counsel boys to remain in the South until they are well educated but they come and their friends or acquaintances help them out. Here they endure over-crowding, cold and poverty but they won't go back because the sense of freedom is glorious; of release from a hostile country needing unceasing awareness and care. Here we can walk the streets, be sure of hospitals open to us, that lawyers will work for us. Harlem is probably the most overcrowded sphere in the world and the highest rents in the city. the Negro has no civic sense at all and to organize for civic betterment or community welfare is almost impossible. He never thinks on such lines, spending today at a dance, knowing tomorrow brings nothing, and once they get a job they forget all we might teach them here, and religion encourages them in the carefree, careless philosophy until we despair".

About 14th Dec. uproar in a noisy street caught my attention …. a procession with posters held aloft protesting the heavy-weight fight of Germany's Max Schmelling. "Stop the Hitler mad-dog" with Hitler's face. "Support Religion, Democracy, Race Tolerance". An early linkage of Racism with the odium of Nazism …. a hint in a single word of a change of emotion from pride and acclaim to political abuse.

Over the weekend I was taken for a drive along the Hudson River to Harrison, lunch at Old Algiers café and over the last two days had talks of tremendous interest with Dr Otto Klineberg (author of famous book on "Race Differences" in 1935); Dr MacIvor (author of famous book "Society 1937"); and Dr Ralph Linton (author of "*Study of Man*" – the best book on anthropology I've read) at Columbia University and a good-bye to Jessie Jones at the Carnegie Institute who presented me with his "*Essentials of Civilisation, 1929*".

So ended my four months in hectic USA when I boarded the "Queen Mary" at midday, explored her and sailed 3pm on her 3 030 mile journey to Southampton.

On the "Queen Mary" 15–20 Dec. 1973

On board ship looking back, I marveled awhile how a "young man from Africa", and more amazing still, from an unknown country there called Rhodesia, could have evoked such a degree of feeling in such a variety of attitudes!! Was this due to a propensity in American society to unrestrained zest, or a chance to relish the role a 'stranger' offers in releasing opinions?

One feature of the American experience seems to offer a major lesson, that direct political or legal attack to bring about new modes brings little success—legislation usually provokes worse results—until most of the feelings and sentiments encased in habit, customs and institutions of a community have become receptive through changes wrought by quite different powers or social forces. These processes of unseen change take place unceasingly, unknowingly, accumulatively and become more apparent in time, especially in a later generation.

Americans readily recall the "Age of Reconstruction", those ten years after 1867 when the Northerners, having defeated the Southerners in the Civil War, set out aggressively to oust slavery, to enforce equality and to regulate social life by imposing their own laws and institutions on the South. The consequences were disastrous for both black and white, hatreds, fears, alarms, hysterical myths about each other sprung up. For instance, the early theories about the blackman's incapacity for civilization, which served as credentials for white opinion and conviction, and which led to the Negro's initial stress on learning Latin and Greek to prove such notions wrong, have crumbled away in time and let a tide of changes flood over the decades. The overwhelming influence of economic stresses can be seen in the gradual unifying power of Trade Unions over the fabric of Segregation in race relations and in what sociologists are beginning to term "Technicways over-ruling Folkways".

I was just in time to see the beginnings of President's Roosevelt's New Deal, another remarkable change to confront the Great Depression. Such was the vast unemployment and poverty stress that the whole structure of Government was under threat of civil war, or serious unrest, until Roosevelt in 1933 over-ruled the old Liberalism's "freedom in the business world with government keeping out". He brought in new controls over financial speculation and malpractice, and set out to shift "purchasing power" to the bulk or poor of the nation and in doing so ensure Consumption and increased Demand from Production Forces. The New Deal increased "purchasing power" by providing massive employment through public works initiated by the Government, the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) and the Works Progress Administration (WPA), some of whose "scenic drives" I motored on, passing CCC camps.

I learned that such drastic changes arose from the famous English economist, J. M. Keynes. He was busy altering the basis for liberal thinking and America's devotion to individual enterprise and economics.

We bandy about so easily the words "social change"—from those concerned to "improve the African" to those for whom "the African can't and won't change"—that we miss the intricacies and depth of feelings involved. And for us officers of African Affairs and Administration it is a strange world in which it is a daily necessity to take action yet to be incapable of seeing where those decisions and actions may lead.

SOCIAL CHANGE has clearly become a complex and wonderful process for study. Change starts with one individual's actions (a simple choice leading to

satisfaction, self-interest, an easier life, profit, prestige) and accumulating in many to become a force. In the competition among ideas and actions for survival amidst all the dislocations, new models of behavior appear. As these new types emerge so a corresponding type of thinking and feeling accompanies it. Fresh standards, norms, mores and outlooks become dominant, or more valid in the realities of life, as the old decay or become latent, old rules no longer apply as guides, and all must have their limitations and fit into the existing culture and customs. Man, in changing his environment or techniques, changes himself, unknowingly. Stubborn political ideas become self-destructive.

My old mentor, Prof. Mannheim, pointed out some years ago that a society of men who calculated their actions in detail, based their lives on rational thinking, could revert to thinking it was right, at a given time, to reveal the worst depths of brutality and sadism (the irrationalism of Nazi Germany!).

Our problem in Rhodesia? …. how to identify those activities of human wills which tend to turn racial attitudes, or group emotions, into peaceful, cooperative and tolerant attitudes. And vice versa, those social processes which in an orderly and fair-minded society tend to introduce or resurrect antagonisms and resentments. Some day such identification will be sufficiently valid and precise as to permit Society to guide a scientific strategy of controlling prejudice, maybe, even if it can never be eliminated!

Of course, in times of historical upheaval and breakdown social changes take place with results very remote from the declared aims and purposes of those individuals thrust into leadership roles who address the situation and appear to be in control of the changes in events.

Finally, it may be useful to note that no moral code, no scientific doctrine, no law or creed can win the same hold upon people as habits, sentiments and ideas of status drilled in from childhood, a sort of atmosphere in which men live for the present and cannot imagine anything different, or even be aware of the social sources of their deepest feelings, their pre-fabricated stereotypes in all group relations whereby we come to deal with the individual not as such but as the exponent of a group. And this applies to inter-tribal, or "ethnic" divisions (as new word-fashions now demand) as well as Race and Nationalities.

Hugh Marshall Hole
A Short Memoir

by Jonathan Waters

Hugh Marshall Hole

Hugh Marshall Hole was a dedicated Chartered Company employee, who went on chronicle the early days of colonialism generally in a measured—for the time—and often humorous way. Where he was not present, he was prone to exaggerate (the "thousands" of Zwangendaba members massacred after Lobengula's ascendancy in 1870). As a BSA Co insider he writes fairly balanced accounts, sometimes disapproving of their imperialist machinations, clearly being less in love with company at the end of his 38 years of service than he was at the start. I would say his later reticence was probably more a people issue and in some ways when the BSA Co finally comes into the money in 1924 and pays its first dividend (after the white settlers paid the Crown for the unalienated lands), the company probably took on a much more "corporate" mould.

Having come across his account of his life in the National Archives, I think his tale deserves a wider audience, and I've edited down his *A Short Memoir of My Life*. I am not repeating the whole account here, but rather picking out the parts relevant to his character formation, family life and his association with the early administration of the country. Clearly he kept good journals and diaries. His career to me seems to have been more one of a selfless competent functionary—a doing person—rather than some BSA Co flunky. Certainly cabal at the top of the Chartered Company saw these qualities early on and put his administrative and organisational skills to good use. His thirst for adventure was an added bonus for the company as it seemed he would do almost anything and go anywhere to advance their cause.

Usefully Marshall Hole names people—even that of a troublesome landlord (Arnewood)—when they are in London in 1898, and he's one of the few that does not hold Sir William Milton, the First Administrator, in high regard. It is a pity he does not write more about the internal politics and factionalism in the BSA Co after Rhodes' death. Few so intimate with the company's machinations would have been able to chronicle it

as well. While trying to fight modesty, you do feel that in this account, and others, that while he takes it on the chin, he never does get the Knighthood that he feels deserves for his utterly dedicated service to Rhodes, Jameson, Queen, King, Country and the BSA Co.

Hugh Marshall Hole (in fact "Hole"—he appears on the UK Probate register as such—an explanation for the "Marshall" prefix follows) was born in Tiverton, Devon on 16 May, 1865 and died in Hampstead on 18 May, 1941. The first 28 pages of the 30 page account A Short Memoir of My Life deals with the period up to 1924 following the death of his first wife Ethel and he adds another two pages to this account ending on 20 June, 1932, little under a decade before his death. Being the chronicler he was, he wrote up his personal history more so for his descendants—"The following notes have not been written with any view to publication, but are set down in order that, in time to come, my grandson, Hugh Garrett Taylor, and his family, if he has one, may have a few particulars of my life, which has, on the whole, been rather different from the ordinary ... they deal with conditions that have now vanished from Africa, and may therefore be of interest to a younger generation."

He notes that his mother, a widow, had come to Tiverton in 1862 with a view to educating her four young sons and a daughter at Blundell's School, "then one of the cheapest public schools in England". He makes no mention of what her late husband did, but alludes to some association with the Far East. His mother, as Eliza Mary Hillier (born Medhurst), then met his father, a solicitor in the firms of Dunsford & Hole, and the two were married in Dawlish in August 1864. By his own account, he has little to do with his stepbrothers and sister, who had largely "gone out into the world" before he had any recollection of their existence. All his siblings were adventurers and travellers and his eldest stepbrother, Charles, "died by his own hand" in 1891 in Texas.

However, he is devoted to both his sister and mother, who he respects immensely, who clearly imbues his spirit of adventure and who he mourns deeply on her death in 1886 at the age of 58. "My mother was the wisest woman that I ever knew. She had travelled much at a period when comparatively few Englishmen, and still fewer Englishwomen, had left their native land. It says a great deal for her strength of character that, although born in a narrow-minded age, the daughter of a Congregationalist missionary of rigid Calvinistic views, she should have developed into a practical woman of the world with a wide outlook. She was a woman of strong likes and dislikes, but no prejudices. She had the most remarkable sense of humour, and was brimful of affection."

"My only full sister, Susan Georgina, was born on October 11th, 1868 and we were inseparable until I myself went to Blundell's in 1875. I think she was baptised 'Susan Georgina Marshall'...my father was always called Marshall Hole (to distinguish him for the innumerable Holes scattered all over Devonshire), sometimes Marshall, tout court, and my mother was generally spoken of by her in laws as 'Mary Marshall'. So we all grew up to regard Marshall as part of our surname, which in reality it was not. My daughter Monica was not baptised 'Marshall' although she always used the double name until her marriage, and so did both my wives." That being the case, it's hard not to call him Marshall Hole, especially given that part of his legacy is well entrenched by virtue of the currency he gave his name to during the Boer War.

By his own account, Marshall Hole was "undistinguished in sports at Blundell's...but was a good cross-country runner, and the best swimmer in the school". He constantly

"shirked" at his studies though he had a natural aptitude for English and the Classics. What is particularly memorable for him is learning to shoot and ride a horse during one of the summer holidays at the estate in Lockerbie of Sir Robert William Buchanan Jardine, a wealthy friend of his mother's from her days in China. In 1883, he is accepted to Balliol College, Oxford. Among his contemporaries, he counts "the brothers Fairfax", who went on to head the prestigious Australian newspaper group, while the only one who goes out to Africa is Victor Morier, who joined the BSA Co Police, but who died on his first leave.

After Oxford, he considers what career to follow and is keen on heading out to the Far East. In London while visiting his half brother, Walter Hillier, on leave a year's leave from his post in China, he meets his future wife, Ethel Rickman, who was living with her widowed mother. "The Rickmans were not well off, but Ethel made quite a small income by painting—mainly decorative and conventional work, which was then greatly in demand. We took to each other at once, and I found in her a kindred spirit that she longed to get away from England to a new country where there was some scope for adventure, and a life free from narrow and artificial restrictions. Within a few weeks we were engaged, though we did not take any one into our confidence."

However, he falls short of winning a post in China and it seems, in July 1888, that his "only resource" was to be articled in his father's firm. He's saved from this fate by Edward Meek Slatter, a Natal colonial, who has just returned to Devon to settle, having made a fortune in the Transvaal goldfields.

"He was a good deal in Tiverton, negotiating for the Worth Estate, which was then in my father's disposal, and although I never became very friendly with him his account of the prospects in South Africa—especially in the Transvaal—fired up my imagination. I made up my mind, with Ethel's full concurrence, to go out 'on spec'. My father was very much opposed to the whole thing, regarding it as idiotic to reject the opportunity of an easy and assured place in his own business...he had none of the thirst for travel and adventure which I, in common with all my mother's sons and daughters, inherited from her."

His father relents and with letters of introduction from Slatter, Marshall Hole sets sail in April 1889 for South Africa, going initially to Kimberley (the rail head at the time), with the intention of getting a connecting coach to Johannesburg. As is so often the case in life, fate intervenes. He arrives on a Sunday, the only day when there is no service, and so with Slatter's letter, goes to seek Douglas Foxwell, a stockbroker. "Fortunate in finding him at home", Foxwell and his partner Phineas Tallerman are of the view that the gold boom was beginning to fizzle and he should try and get a temporary job in Kimberley. That night he meets the solicitor, Alfred Caldecott, who on hearing that he knows "something about law", offers him a position at his firm "at the magnificent salary of 10 shillings a day" until he could decide what to do permanently.

The next day Caldecott takes him through the Diamond Market, pointing out Cecil Rhodes as they pass by the Craven Hotel. "I asked who Cecil Rhodes was. 'Surely' he said 'you as an Oxford man have heard of Cecil Rhodes.' I said I never had. 'Well you will soon,' he replied." Before very long, he finds himself, along with fellow clerk Robert Corydon, sorting and copying documents for Dr Leander Starr Jameson and Rutherfoord Harris. "I gradually came to know that both were intimate with Rhodes,

Alfred Caldecott and Family.
Ella his wife on the right, and her sister Lucy Drake. C. 1892

and were mixed up in some 'wildcat' scheme connected with native chiefs in the remote north. They were very kind to me, and Jameson more than once said: 'When Rhodes floats his company, I will get you that job with us.'" After the Royal Charter is granted in October 1889, Marshall Hole gets a good deal busier, but by his own admission, is a little out of his depth: "The work was very confidential and very interesting, though I didn't understand properly what it was all about."

Having saved £500 since his arrival, Ethel sets sail on New Year's Day in 1890 and he heads down to Cape Town to meet her. "The ship arrived on January 23rd and we were married at noon on the same day, in the Cathedral, by Dr Bennett-Clarke, the Dean." They head back to Kimberley after a brief honeymoon in Muizenberg and he becomes absorbed with working for the Chartered Company while Ethel busies herself with a smallholding on Dutoitspan Road, where she keeps numerous livestock. Their first child, Mary Monica, is born prematurely, and baptised by Archdeacon Gaul, "one of our first and greatest friends".

After the office is transferred to Cape Town in April 1891, Rutherfoord Harris offers Marshall Hole to go with him to Mashonaland. As the ban on women entering the country is still in place, Ethel and Monica, who is in poor health, head back to England. Marshall Hole travels up to Mashonaland, a journey take takes 60 days (which he says is recorded in this letters to Ethel), with a Mr Hawtayne, who had been appointed Treasurer in Mashonaland. "My letters also describe the disappointment confusion and muddle which I found on arrival." Three months later, he is appointed as Jameson's

private secretary, noting Rutherfoord Harris returns to Cape Town after being "mauled" by a crocodile with bathing.

Ethel returns to the Cape in June 1892 and Marshall Hole travels down to Tuli to meet her and head back north, a 400 mile journey which they completed in 21 days. It sounds rather like a romantic second honeymoon. "This journey was an agreeable picnic, only marred by one accident (the wagon overturning on the Gondokwe spruit). The novelty of camping out, the camp fires, the natives, the wild scenery, the loneliness, all appealed to Ethel's adventurous spirit. Along the whole route we only encountered half a dozen white men—storekeepers, and a few wagon parties coming the other way. We saw very little game." At the Nuanesti, Ethel is alarmed after she mistakes a legavaan for crocodile while bathing. "I had unfortunately forgotten to bring my gun, but I threw stones at it, and it scuttled away. It seemed about ten feet long and was certainly a rather unpleasant beast to meet on such an occasion. Ethel had spread out her clothes to dry in the sun when she caught sight of it; from that day she never went to bathe alone, and I always took my gun."

Arriving in Salisbury, the town turns out to greet them. The only other women to get to Salisbury ahead of Ethel were Mrs Caldecott, the wife of Alfred, who was now the Public Prosecutor, her sister Lucy Drake, Mrs Deary, wife of the leading storekeeper, Fanny Pearson (de la Panousse), the Dominican nuns and Mrs Pascoe, wife of the Salvation Army officer. Snobbery existed at the time and Marshall Hole tells us that "the Caldecott party were aloof, and associated with none of the others except Ethel, but we knew them all and like them all". Entertainment was limited "in camp" (as he says the nascent town was known) and weekends comprised race meetings, riding parties, picnics, fishing and shooting expeditions. As he points out, many of these tales are contained in Old Rhodesian Days.

"So began our long residence in Rhodesia, which lasted, with short intervals for leave, until 1913, when my health finally forced us to forsake the country. The life was entirely what we had both longed for, and we revelled in it. Our friends, mainly of course men, were some of the finest characters the British race could have produced; all young, all full of the spirit of adventure. Many of them had had an adventurous life before we knew them. Some of them were gamblers, some, on occasion, heavy drinkers, but all were generous, and no man suffered because he was hard up. None of us were well off, but when there was any money it was kept in circulation. The remoteness of our position, and the difficulty of getting the necessaries—let alone the luxuries—of life made us all equal. We shared and shared alike."

In 1892, Marshall Hole became acquainted to Hubert Hervey, calling him the "most singled-hearted man I ever knew". "His lofty ideals and high principles had a great influence on my life." He reveals that he ghost wrote Lord Grey's A Memoir of Hubert Hervey after he was killed in action during the Umvukela, near Fort Umgululu (which is close to the Rhodes Indaba site). Having moved from his position of Jameson's private secretary to Civil Commissioner of Salisbury in 1893, Marshall Hole is appointed Acting Magistrate of Salisbury after the incumbent Major Patrick Forbes is selected to command the Salisbury Column following the outbreak of the Matabele War.

Jameson "refused to allow me to go to the front", but he does spend three weeks in western Mashonaland with Lieut Randolph Nesbitt on a mission to initially investigate

Hubert Hervey - Final resting place

Joseph van Praagh

the shooting of Arthur Standford, and then trying to "cut off" Lobengula fleeing across the Zambezi with the belief that Allan Wilson was in hot pursuit. Bad weather and poor food—"the roughest experience I have ever endured"—see him coming down with his first bout of fever, which he found hard to shake. Home leave follows in October 1894 and the family are "chaperoned" by Arthur Lawley, chief engineer on the railway at the time, down to the coast. On the way home he makes acquaintance with another luminary of the time, Hamilton Goold-Adams, and on returning to England for the first time in nearly five years, "receives a warm welcome from my father, who had quite forgiven me for not becoming a solicitor".

With Forbes dispatched to Nyasaland in the wake of the Shangani Patrol debacle, Marshall Hole returns in July 1895, to the position of Magistrate, Civil Commissioner and Registrar of Deeds on a salary of £800 a year. He becomes a freemason in February 1896 (the lodge master at the time is Joseph van Praagh—"a very cultured Jew"), having been introduced to the society by JAC Gibbs, who was adjutant to the Rhodesia Horse. He volunteers for service again as Umvukela breaks out, but his position within the BSA Co keeps him hostage to his civil duties. When the trouble shifts to Mashonaland, Marshall Holes are living at Greenwood with "innumerable dogs, cats, and other livestock, even a few cows, which Ethel had somehow managed to save from the rinderpest". Joining the Salisbury Field Force he has his "first experience of being under fire".

He speaks of the "incredible discomfort" that the townsfolk had to endure being cramped into the laager at the gaol. Ethel, eventually getting a pass

to sleep at Leander Buildings defies orders to go back to the gaol and Col Alderson, who headquarters there after he brings the relief force from the east, is criticised in the local press for allowing Ethel to ride with a detachment to "rebel villages" about 3 miles from the town. He notes that Ethel had a lucky escape as she was set to visit the Nortons the day Chimurenga breaks out (18 June —the story is told in Old Rhodesian Days) and they get the news of their murder on the same day as the cable comes through announcing the sinking of the Drummond Castle, in which her friends Mrs Morris and Mrs Mack were also lost at sea.

"After the first horrors of the outbreak we had a long period of short commons and almost of famine. For months we never tasted white bread and no meat except tinned bully-beef. We had to eke out our miserable rations by game (not much to be got except birds) and barbel, caught mainly by Ethel, in the river. On the first of January 1897 I went down with a low fever, which the doctors called 'typho-malarial', and was very ill for six weeks. Most of this time I was taking doctors' orders, the most tremendous doses of quinine—30 sometimes 40 grains a day, with the result that I became more or less 'quininised', with the bad effects on my hearing and memory. In fact the events of the next few months were completely blotted out, and to this day I cannot recall anything which happened between February 1897 and about April."

Ordered to the coast for a holiday, he "foolishly pottered" around Beira rather than Durban and on returning to Salisbury with Monica's governess, Frances Sintzenick, goes down with blackwater fever, which puts him on his deathbed. Weighing 50kgs, they head back to Beira, having planned a holiday to New Zealand. But the eastbound boat is delayed and the party opts to take a German boat bound for Marseilles, stopping at various points along the east coast of Africa. "Miss Sintzenick was rather a heavy responsibility but we could not abandon her of course. She was very handsome and a reckless flirt, and gave us a lot of anxiety, until we finally shook her off in London... at Zanzibar we were the guests of Count Coudenhof, who had a house there, and were entertained royally at the Club and elsewhere—mainly, I am inclined to think, owing to the attractiveness of Frances, for whom all the men fell."

The Chartered Company offers Marshall Hole a six month contract in England and they return to Rhodesia in 1898 on the new railway to Bulawayo, where on arrival he is told by the Administrator Arthur Lawley of his appointment as Secretary for Matabeleland. "This suited us very well, and we entered upon a delightful sojourn in Bulawayo, which lasted, with breaks for leave and for special missions on which I was sent, and for part of the Boer War, for nearly ten years. The Company built us a charming house near the racecourse, after our own designs, and in it Ethel was able to give her artistic tastes full scope. The first few years in Bulawayo were among the happiest of my life. The parties, dance, tennis, race meetings, shooting trips, all combined to make our life amusing, and my official duties were responsible and interesting. Lawley was the best chief I had ever served under, and allowed me as much discretion as he possibly could."

Marshall Hole is invalided back to Bulawayo during the Boer War after he develops dysentery on the way to join Plumer's force. The rest of the war is spent trying to address the issues over a shortage of labour (amazingly he makes no mention of what his name becomes marked in history for—the Marshall Hole currency). He initially is sent to South Africa and then in 1901 travels to Arabia at Rhodes' request, after visiting him in

Kimberley, a year before his death. "I was a good deal shocked at his appearance, which had altered for the worse since I had last seen him, shortly after the relief of Mafeking. Dr Jameson was staying with him (at the Sanatorium) and also General Prettyman. I had some talks with Rhodes about the native labour question in Rhodesia mainly. We played bridge every evening, and I lost £5 to Rhodes, at which he was greatly pleased, though it did not amuse me much!"

After spending seven months in Arabia (where he gets to see his sister in Aden for a day for the first time in 14 years as she is on her way back from China), Marshall Hole returns on a German boat with an experimental gang of 200 Arabs. He feels uncomfortable being the only English passenger "in a crowd of squareheads" as "feeling was running high against the English over the Boer War...the Germans were told, and believed, that I was taking them down to be sold into slavery!" With Lawley having been appointed Governor of Transvaal, Marshall Hole is elevated to Civil Commissioner and Government Representative for Matabeleland at a salary of £1 750. His first major task is to arranging Rhodes' funeral in the Matopos, a duty he notes "involved a good deal of responsibility". A period of home leave follows, where he is offered a place in the Rhodesian Coronation contingent at Alexandra Palace.

On his return in May 1903, he takes up an appointment as Administrator in North-Western Rhodesia during the absence of Corydon, who is involved in negotiations over the boundary with Portuguese East Africa. "I was told the appointment would be for 6 months only, but I was kept there until April 1904—just on a year. Kalomo, the Government headquarters, was a dreary little place, but I was able to get in a good bit of big game shooting, and also made the most interesting journey of my life, by canoe, up the Zambesi to visit King Lewanika in Barotseland." Marshall Hole also presides over the first Zambesi regatta at Livingstone in 1904. Another period of home leave follows from the mid-1905 as they attempt to complete Monica's education and domestic issues, including the death of his mother-in-law, and his return is delayed until early 1907. On arriving back in Bulawayo, he takes up another spell in North-Western Rhodesia with Corydon having moved onto Swaziland.

At the end of 1907, Marshall Hole moves back to Salisbury in the position of Chief Secretary, replacing Mr Castens. Rarely do accounts have a bad word about William Milton, but Marshall Hole has this to say: "Owing to the slipshod way in which they formulated their decisions the Administrator (Milton) was able to take the opportunity to abolish the post of Chief Secretary (thereby ensuring a larger pension for Castens, who was his bosom friend, but whose inefficiency had become a public scandal) and to create a new post (Secretary, Department of Administrator) to which I was appointed, but which was of inferior status to which the Directors intended me for. The fact that there were dissensions among the Directors, who were divided into two groups, one of which was composed by Wilson Fox (the real 'brains' of the board) and Lord Winchester, and the other of Birchenough, and Hawksley with Jameson in the background and unfortunately I slipped between two stools."

After travelling the country to complete the Report of Education Committee, the Marshall Holes leave Bulawayo with "great sadness" in April 1908 and embark on an emotionally trying period. "Although not such an attractive place as Salisbury, the society of Bulawayo was at that time much more lively and less official than that of Salisbury, and we were by no means anxious to exchange to the rather narrow and formal life of the capital. Monica had become engaged to Gerald Fitzgibbon, a man whom we

both cordially disliked, but who had now announced his intention of buying land near Salisbury and farming there. During the last few months of our stay in Bulawayo we three lived at Government House—a most happy time—Fitzgibbon having gone to England to realise some investments." Arriving in Salisbury, they are forced to live at the Residency on a "monstrous rent" as housing was short. "Milton, the Administrator, was put out at having me forced onto to him in place of Castens, and showed me no favour, rather the reverse. I had an uphill task of the new appointment. Ethel before

Residency

long, bought a piece of land a little way out of town ... we called the place Emangeni ('among the hills')."

Monica gets married to Fitzgibbons in August 1908 and their daughter born on Christmas Eve 1909. Suffering from kidney stones, Marshall Hole makes a few trips to the Cape. Once again, trying to deal with the "acute" labour situation, he is sent up Nyasaland, where he has a "splendid trip" courtesy of the Governor, Sir Alfred Sharpe. "Our expedition closed with a shipwreck at the mouth of the Zambesi, and a sojourn of three days on a spit of sand! The object of the mission to Nyasaland was achieved, and a regular supply of native labourers ensured for the time being." As his kidney stones continue to trouble him, Marshall Hole goes back to the England and is operated on in November 1910. Returning in 1911, it is clear the marriage between Monica and Fitzgibbon is in trouble, with his son in law showing "premonitory signs of bad conduct".

Marshall Hole is put in charge of the first Census and later in the year undertakes another trip to Nyasaland in connection with the labour issue. Sharpe has left Nyasaland and he receives a hostile reception from his successor, Sir William Manning. "Our mission was a failure owing to his uncompromising attitude and the opposition of the

white settlers to any withdrawal of labourers to Rhodesia. We were away about a month, but had no outstanding adventures." On the steamer from Beira to Chinde, he does, however, meet Molly Torin, who becomes he goes on to marry after Ethel's death in 1924. She was in "great trouble" (he does not say what, nor does he allude to what the issue is either), and "we were all sorry for her".

Back in Salisbury, he had succeeded in "breaking down Milton's antipathy, and he gradually gave me more power and wider scope, especially in native affairs. I was to all intents head of the Native Department." Meanwhile, the marriage to Fitzgibbon has irretrievably broken down due to his "intolerable" behaviour and she leaves him "to go on the stage". With his own health and that of Ethel's failing, he decides it is time to leave Rhodesia. Arriving in London in June 1913, the Chartered Company offers him employment in the London office, which helps supplement his Rhodesian Government special pension in view of his long service. But in 1914, Marshall Hole is back in Rhodesia, having been appointed to a Commission charged with thorny issue of native reserves. His fellow commission members are Corydon, Francis Newton and Edward Garraway, who all went on to be knighted.

"When the Great War broke out we were miles from civilisation and in fact did not hear of it for some days. I became unsettled, and anxious not to be out of it. Against the advice of my colleagues, I offered my services to my old regiment, the Southern Rhodesia Volunteers, which was under orders for German SW Africa, but was rejected on account of my age (49) and uncertain health. At the conclusion of the first season's work with the Commission, viz, in December, I made up my mind to seek a military job at home, and resigned my seat on the Commission." He arrives in England on Christmas Eve and signs up for the Territorial Brigade, where he is stationed in East Anglia, "where Zeppelin raids were prevalent." He holds a variety of other posts in home defence and retires with the rank of Lieut-Colonel. After demobilisation, the Marshall Holes buy a house near Brentwood, which they call "The Outspan" feeling they "had made our last trek".

Turning to other family matters, Marshall Hole's father dies in March 1916. Monica gets remarried to Major Garrett Oddin Taylor in January 1916 and gives birth to Hugh Stephen Garrett Taylor (who Marshall Hole indicates this memoir is for at the start). Ethel's health deteriorates fast from 1923 when she develops chronic pleurisy and she breathes her last in April 1924. "For the time being I felt that all interest had gone out of my life." In that same year, he also loses both his remaining stepbrothers, and his sisters both lose their husbands. He does note that Ethel was able to see him awarded CMG in the New Year's Honours, recognition for service to the Empire that he long sought. After her death he goes to Algeria and returns to be appointed Managing Secretary to the Chartered Company with a seat on the Executive Committee. "This, mercifully, gave me a lot of work and kept my mind occupied."

In July 1925, he travels to Canada as the representative for Rhodesia at the Biennial Conference of the British Empire Service League. The following year, while suffering from an ulcer, he polishes up his first book, The Making of Rhodesia, while convalescing. The book was published in 1926 and favourably received by the Press". He also receives a letter from Mrs Torin, the passenger on the steamer during his 1911 trip to Nyasaland. "She congratulated me on the book and told me something of her own life in the 15 years which had elapsed since our meeting. I hardly remembered her name, and could not recall her appearance, but I knew we had liked her very much and tried to help her

in a very difficult situation. I wrote and thanked her, and asked if I could see her when she came to London."

"In July she came, and I called on her and took her out to tea. I learnt that her first husband had been killed in the war, leaving her with one son, who was at Dartmouth, training for the Navy. And I heard of the hard struggle she had had to keep herself going with journalism and writing plays. I was immensely struck by her good looks and charm. During August and September we met frequently, dined together and went to the theatres. On 26 September I met her at Paddington and took her to Cafe Royal. On that occasion I realised that I could never be happy unless she became my wife. Later I spent a day or two at her attractive home near Emsworth, and told her of my wishes, but she would not then give me a definite reply; told me to wait a bit a think it over. In November I went to spend a month in the South of France (St Jean de Luz). Before I came back I had a letter from Molly Torin to say she would marry me."

Marshall Hole gets married on 6 January, 1927, with Monica and Jack present, along with Molly's son Harry. "From that moment my life seemed to begin again, and I was once more a happy man. I had never before enjoyed the companionship of an intellect like Molly's, and I found her responsive and sympathetic. To her son also I took a great fancy, and he seemed to respond, perhaps because he had never known his own father." In 1928, he retires from the Chartered Company. "With the disappearance of the all administrative functions the character of the Company changed. The work became entirely financial and I was out of my element. It was with a certain relief therefore that I learnt in 1928 that the offices of the Secretary and Chief Accountant were to be united, and that I should be free to retire, after 38 years service. That was the way it was put, but in reality they wished to get rid of me for the sake of economy."

With a special pension and seat on the Board of the Rhodesian Land Bank, the Marshall Holes establish themselves at Molly's home, Lumley Mill, near Emsworth, Hampshire. Here he enters a prolific writing stage with the release in 1928 of Old Rhodesian Days, Lobengula (1929), The Jameson Raid (1930), and The Passing of the Black Kings (1932). Monica becomes estranged from her husband after he gets into financial difficulties and has a stroke on 26 June, 1930. Marshall Hole rushes to her side in Crookham, but she dies in the evening. "In spite of her matrimonial vicissitudes she had, I am sure, an enormous amount of happiness in her short life, because of her great good spirits and inability to mope or see the worst side of things. She was a most attractive personality, and her main fault was that she allowed her heart to govern her brains. To me she was always, not only an affectionate daughter, but a confidential and sympathetic chum, even though she did not always take my advice. With her death a chapter closed in my life."

Marshall Hole concludes this memoir in June 1932, and it would seem along with his writing of books. No doubt he continued to correspond with his chums from his old Rhodesian days and he continues to write to The Times on occasion, providing additional information when another contemporary passes away. I'm unable to provide any meaningful information about the last decade, suffice to say that he is back in London when he dies on 18 May, 1941, having just turned 76. I suspect when war broke out, he went and signed up again with the Home Guard in some capacity. His address is recorded in the Hampstead Cemetery register as 5 Collingham Gardens, Kensington. But there

is no headstone. I've been twice to look for his grave in Row Q5, number 24, which should be just across from the section for World War 1 dead. There are burials in 23A (Ida Katz–1973) and 22B (Ianthe Bacon–1966) I can only conclude it was destroyed in the war. Ethel's grave across the cemetery is in a poor state, and that is his probably his only memorial in England.

CONSECRATED GROUND. **PAGE** 3677

BURIALS in the Burial Ground for the Borough of HAMPSTEAD, in the County of LONDON.

NAME.	Abode.	When Buried.	Age.	By whom the Ceremony was performed.
Harriett Mary Bird. Sec. J10 No. 83. No. of Interment 29345	New End Hospital Hampstead.	1941. 20 May.	54 Yrs.	H. Hill. St Lukes N.W.3.
Cyril Charles Frederick Lauser. Sec. D5 No. 6. No. of Interment 29346	Found dead Barts Dent Centre, Bartholomew Close.	1941. 20 May.	38 Yrs.	H Hill St Lukes N.W.3.
Hugh Marshall Hole. Sec. Q5 No. 24. No. of Interment 29347	5 Bolingbroke Gardens, Kensington.	1941 21 May	76 Yrs.	Rt de Vine for A. T. Stevens St Lukes N.W.3.

Glimpses of the Work of the Community Development Section (Women)

by Maia Chenaux-Repond

Glimpses Of The Work Of The Community Development Section (Women) Of The Ministry Of Internal Affairs In The Province Of Mashonaland South – 1973-1978 Presentation To The History Society Of Zimbabwe Sunday January 26, 2014

I am very pleased to see some former members of the Ministry of Internal Affairs here and – am especially happy – to see some former Women Advisers and Development Workers, and a daughter of a Women Adviser – the very people I am going to talk about.

The title of my talk is GLIMPSES of THE WORK OF THE COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT SECTION (WOMEN).

I say "glimpses" because, in order to keep reasonably within the time allocated to me, the story I tell has to be brief and many important and interesting details will have to be left out.

I am going to talk about:

- the work of our field staff during times of peace and during the time of the Chimurenga;
- the achievement of women in Tribal Trust Lands, in African Purchase Areas and
- in Protected and Consolidated Villages, as they were called;
- the problems they faced there and those who lost their lives in the service of their communities.

I dedicate my presentation to them all.

I will use place names as they applied at the time.

From 1973, to the end of 1977, I was Provincial Community Development Officer (Women) in what was Mashonaland South. The Province covered the Districts of Mudzi, Mtoko, Mrewa, Wedza, Marandellas, Goromonzi, Gatooma and Hartley. (In 1978 I was stationed in Mashonaland West, but I will not be covering my work in that Province.) In my capacity as PCDOW, I was responsible for the support and 'technical' supervision of the Women Advisers and the Development Workers in the Province. I continued to cover the same Districts after the Provinces were split into Mashonaland East, West and Central in 1975.

While the mission and mode of operation of the Community Development Section (Women) applied to the whole country, I can only speak in some detail about the one Province in which I worked, because, as I discovered when starting my research for a much more detailed account of the Section's work, there was nothing in the National Archives about its work in the other Provinces where we also had Provincial Officers, or about its nerve centre at Head Office where my senior, Wyn Wilson, was stationed.

The Initial Field Staff – the Women Advisers

Women Advisers of Mashonaland South (1976)

Initially our Field Staff were the Women Advisers. All 21 who worked in the Province of Mashonaland South are depicted here.

The Mission

The Mission of the CD Section (Women)1 was:-

- To nurture latent talent, goodwill and the burning desire to learn.
- To foster self-reliance and the confidence to initiate action.
- To develop the ability to define problems and find solutions.
- To encourage a sense of community service and individual responsibility to pass on knowledge.
- To reap a rich harvest – health, progress, a happy family and community life among the rural black people of Rhodesia.

The Target Population

The target population were the women and, to a lesser extent, the 'school leaver girls' of the Tribal Trust Lands (TTLs) and African Purchase Areas (APAs) of the country. At the time women made up two thirds (64%) of the 20 – 49 age group in the TTLs , as the men tended to migrate into town in search of wage employment. The majority of their wives stayed behind, tilling their husbands' land, thus protecting their land-use rights, and feeding and bringing up the children.

In the then Province of Mashonaland East the estimated number of adult women in the TTLs and APAs was about 90 000 of a total population of about 440 000 (figures rounded). The vast majority of the girls who went to school were unable to study further after completing primary school (Grade 7), partly due to the bottleneck in the education system. This group were termed 'school leavers'. They often felt at a loss as to what

to do with their lives.

The Method

We adopted the 'non-directive' approach appropriate to community development (CD). The Women Advisers called this "leading from behind". In late 1974 – preparing the Provincial Policy for Mashonaland East – I paraphrased two sections from the Prime Minister's

Directive , substituting the word 'women' for the term 'people': I quote:

> "Community Development is not a plan or program prepared by any Ministry to be imposed on women: it is a process stimulated from outside, but essentially operated by the women themselves which leads to their own plans and programs within the law."

It is our role "….. to assist women to acquire the attitudes, knowledge, skills and resources required to solve through self-help and through organised groups, as wide a range of their felt needs as possible, in their own order of priority."

How the CD Section (Women) came about

There were two CD Sections in the Ministry – one targeting predominantly men, one almost exclusively women.

The initial Policy of Community Development had a specific agenda: I quote:

16. (a) …… at District Level Government's primary purpose is local self-government [ie to establish African Councils in the TTLs and APAs]. The means or process whereby this purpose is to be promoted is community development."

Since governance was considered to be a male affair, this program was aimed at men.

The foresightful Roger Howman – a Deputy Secretary of Internal Affairs in the sixties – argued that women were an invaluable resource to be mobilized for the development of the rural areas.

The CD Section (Women) came about in 1964 with the appointment of Winifred Wilson to the Salisbury Head Office of Internal Affairs as Senior CD Officer (Women) and Betty Mtero as Training Officer, stationed in Fort Victoria. After much research in the field by Wyn and many courses for rural women held by Betty, in which the participants' 'felt needs' were discussed, Wyn and Betty worked out the Section's Mission, mode of operation, the selection procedures for field staff and the content of their initial training. The Section became operational in 1967 with the training and stationing of the first fifteen Women Advisers. The first two Provincial Officers were appointed in 1970.

The Women Advisers Selection

Women Advisers were selected from the area in which they were to operate and they worked from their own homes. We looked for mature married women – though divorcees and widows were also accepted. They had usually returned to their father's or brother's musha and worked from their home there. Almost all of Women Advisers had children. Applicants had to have a minimum education of Standard 6 and a proven record of community involvement. They had to be acceptable to the women in the area and have the support of their Chief.

Furthermore they had to produce a letter from their husband, stating that he supported her employment as a Women Adviser. The latter was prudently asked for, since a Women Adviser's job involved frequent travelling and absences from home. Occasionally a husband thought his wife was becoming 'too independent' and wrote to Head Office that his wife was "hereby resigning" from her job. Wyn Wilson would then invite him to her office. After listening patiently to his 'problems' she would explain that an employee had to write her letter of resignation herself and eventually showed him his initial letter of support. Usually the matter was put to rest in this manner.

We developed the intuition to select the right personalities.

We were allocated funds to train and employ 20 additional Women Advisers per year. In contrast 252 male Community Advisers had been stationed to foster CD leading to Local Government from the beginning.

A vacancy was advertised mainly by word of mouth – through the offices of the District Commissioner to whose District a new post had been allocated, through the Chief of the area and through women's clubs and other interest groups.

Training

Once accepted, the candidates underwent a six-months' initial training course. They learnt about methods of 'working with people', how to identify 'felt needs', how to stimulate the formation of interest groups, 'club management' (the role of office bearers in interest groups), the role of Government and Voluntary Organisation in the development field, and more.

By 1976 the Section had 148 Women Advisers in the field, countrywide.

The job

Women Advisers were principally animators. To summarize their detailed job description, their role was:

- To help women to identify problems and to solve them through self help, as far as possible.
- To encourage women to form interest groups and to help these with project and program planning and organisational difficulties.
- To create links with individuals and development organisations who could help them, notably with expertise.
- To motivate women to attain better standards of living for their families,
- To stimulate women's participation in community projects organised by community boards and councils, and last, but not least -
- To disseminate innovative ideas which they often did during their visits to individual homes.

It is perhaps noteworthy that their full title was "Women's Organisations' Advisers", but this was never used. I emphasize that they were not women's club organisers and not skills trainers. Indeed, they were expressly forbidden to teach home-craft skills. This was the task of the Women's Organisations. They worked with women's clubs of course – it was the most numerous interest group – but they advised mainly on democratic governance, project and program planning and the organisation of events like area and district shows.

At District Level the Women Advisers cooperated closely with other Government field staff, notably the Community Advisers, the Agricultural Demonstrators and the Health Assistants, all of whom were male.

Bicycle Repairs

They travelled mainly on bicycles, hence cycle 'repairs' was included in the program of one of their Refresher Courses. They wore distinctive green-and-white checked uniforms, which they sewed themselves during their Initial and Annual Refresher Courses.

Dual line of control

Women Advisers were on the staff of the District Commissioner 'for day-to-day activities and discipline' but came under the Provincial CD Officer (Women) for policy and 'technical' direction.

While dual lines of control are not acceptable in management theory, this was necessary partly because the District Commissioner as 'the custodian of community development at District level' had to be well informed on what the field workers of the various Departments were doing. Usually it created no difficulties, if only because male District Officers largely regarded us as the 'cakes and doily brigade', thought 'women's work' was boring and thus left us mostly alone. However, we Provincial Officers also had to deal with a few arrogant and antagonistic men, who made our lives more difficult, especially as the Chimurenga progressed.

Similarly, the PCDOsW were on the staff of the Provincial Commissioners but were given policy direction by the Senior CDOW Wyn Wilson.

Chauvinism

Internal Affairs was an autocratic and chauvinistic Ministry. Anyone protesting this, I could entertain telling anecdotes proving my point for the next hour.

This chauvinism and contempt of 'women's work' is perhaps best illustrated by the fact that Noel Hunt, the inimitable Deputy Secretary of Internal Affairs, used to introduce me at official functions with the words "And this is Mrs Chenaux-Repond – she teaches umfasis to make cheese soufflés in iron cooking pots. No wonder their husbands beat them!" Having said that, I hasten to add that three District Commissioners in particular – John Saunders of Mtoko, Charles Collet of Mudzi and Brian Lucas of Marandellas – gave our work unstinting support. Assistant District Commissioner Andy Parkinson (Mudzi) is fondly remembered by all field staff. I also pay tribute to my first Provincial Commissioner Robert (Bob) Wollacott, who understood community development well and gave me support and encouragement throughout.

The Provincial Officer's Role

The most important aspects of my role were:

a) Support/supervision of field staff;
b) Recruitment of staff and voluntary workers – Women Advisers and women to be trained as Home Economics Demonstrators, and later Red Cross Dispensary Assistants;
c) Training – at Provincial Level I planned and conducted the annual two-weeks' refresher courses for our field staff, courses for Pre-School 'Teachers', Motivational and Skills Courses for wives of Chiefs, and, at national level I coordinated the four-weeks' Initial Training Courses for Home Economics Demonstrators, their refresher courses and I participated in Grooming Courses for wives of Senator Chiefs. Mostly these courses were held at Domboshawa Training Centre.
d) liaison/integration – it was also my task to liaise with the Non-Governmental Agencies with a view to help them to integrate their programs with the CD (Community Development) programs of the Districts. And obviously I linked with other Government Departments, notably Agriculture, Health and Education.

In theory we had an Officer's post in each province. The exception was Mashonaland. When Mashonaland South and North were split into Mashonaland East, West and Central, the required additional Provincial Community Officer (Women)'s post was forgotten and even in subsequent years the post was left out of the financial estimates. Thus Dorienne Graham-Jolly and I continued to cover the Districts of the former Provinces of Mashonaland North and South, merely acquiring a second Provincial Commissioner to whom to report.

Alas, the 1976 portrait gallery of Provincial Officers was soon to become obsolete. By the end of the year Penny Ross (Head Office), Ruth Baker (Matabeleland South), Alison Watson (Matabeleland North) and Brigitte de Chalain (Victoria) had resigned and only Wyn Wilson (Head Office), Betty Mtero (Training Officer), Alison Stewart (Manicaland), Adaire Robbins (Midlands), Dorienne Graham-Jolly and I (who shared Mashonaland) remained as full-time officers. We had never had a full complement of Provincial Officers at any one time. Four Provinces were now no longer covered.

Reasons why we could not attract – or retain – experienced Officer staff where not only the increasing dangers we had to face during the Chimurenga period, but also our poor pay. In our negotiations for better conditions we were repeatedly told that "It

Provincial Officers (as at 1976)

is difficult to equate your job with that of any of the other Provincial Officers (all male), since you work with women".

No Government vehicles were allocated to the CD Section (Women). We had to buy our own cars and claim mileage compensation. Luckily my Renault 6 was convinced she was a Land Rover and took me wherever I wanted to go. I also carried a mobile library for field staff in her boot.

My Renault 6

The rural Women – What were they involved in?
Women Advisers – and the women they worked with – were involved in all aspects of development.

Community Projects
Women in the TTLs and Purchase Areas took part in all community projects initiated by Community Boards or Councils. These included the building of bridges, weirs, community halls, the protection of water supplies and much more.

There were almost always more women than men working on community projects. Only partly was this due to the fact that more women than men lived in the rural areas. Once a project was agreed upon, households were required to supply labour according to their size, on a roster basis. Where husbands were employed in towns, it fell to their wives to work in their stead. If resident, it was up to the male household-head to decide who would work on the project, and sometimes his choice fell upon his wife or his daughters-in-law.

Where women could see that their families would benefit from a project, they did this most willingly.

Stan Fynes-Clinton, District Commissioner Sinoia (Lomagundi) in my time, confirms in his book The Shattered Jewel that women's perception of a community project was significant.

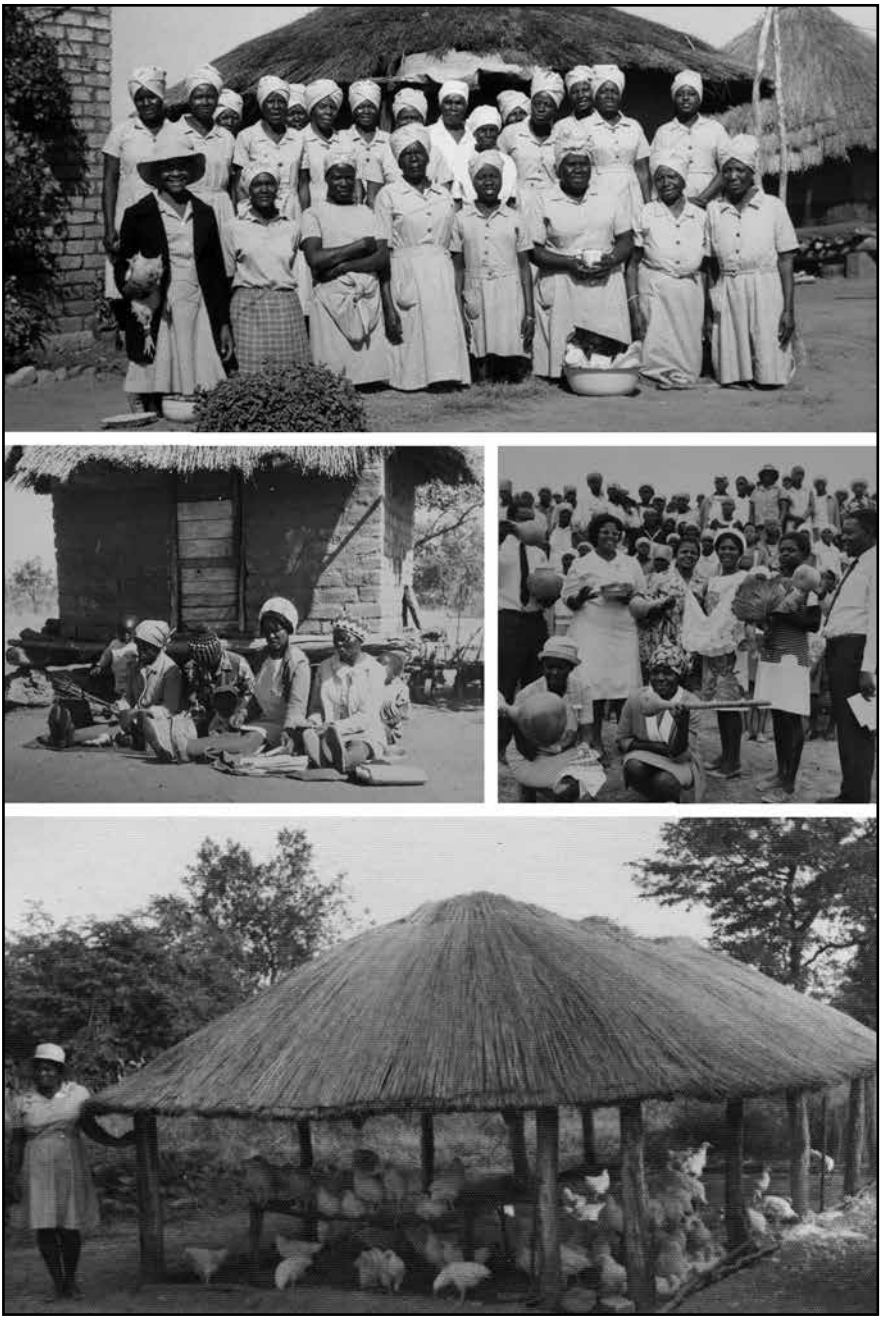
> I quote:"I realized the importance of working with women in order to implement various projects to improve the welfare of the people. The women were more concerned about the welfare of their families than the men were, and therefore they actively supported any scheme aimed at improving health, livestock, crop yields and the protection of water supplies. I could see that, behind closed doors, the females were able to exert considerable influence on their menfolk to support and participate in such schemes. Later in my career, I often met with women's groups to discuss the benefits of projects, and I knew that, if the ideas were accepted by them, those meetings would yield results."

Their own projects
Women also had their own 'felt needs', over and above and different from those of men, which they were willing to meet through self-help. They undertook their own 'brick and mortar' projects and formed innumerable interest groups:

'Brick and mortar' projects:

Club house being built – Kukumbirana Club, ChiotaTTL, Marandellas
Raising the funds for a club house Mondoro-Ngezi TTL

Interest groups



'Society', Savings Club, Women's club section at an agricultural show and Chicken Project

Learning
Women organised countless local training courses where they learnt a wide variety of home-craft skills.

Water harvesting demonstration.

They organised 'Look and Learn Visits' – visiting projects – for example water harvesting demonstrations and (not illustrated) the building of fish ponds in their own yards to raise fish, notably bream. They visited factories in town to see "how our husbands spend their days".

Women financed these activities largely themselves. Our Section had a very small vote and could seldom allocate money to support a project. NGOs, also, could hardly ever do so. There was no foreign aid at the time.

Where did I come in?
After initial familiarisation tours I visited the Women Advisers' work areas mainly on invitation to assist with problems which they could not resolve themselves, to be shown projects the women were especially proud of, to give motivational talks or to help judge articles at shows. I also gave countless talks to groups of men, such as traditional leaders or Councillors, explaining what women wanted to achieve and soliciting their support. Of course I always paid a visit to the District Commissioner's Office to discuss matters.

Local Government Awareness Training
Perhaps the most spectacular example of rural women's burning desire to learn was their response to the Local Government Awareness Program which I introduced. In area after area where I met women's groups the members lamented that "the Council is not supporting Women's Projects".

Further enquiries revealed what I had suspected. Women had little idea of the

structure, functions and mode of operation of their Councils and thus were not in a good position to lobby them with their concerns.

Furthermore, women were disenfranchised in most Council areas. When District Commissioners held meetings with 'the people', they dialogued mostly with men. While women did attend public meetings, they were not supposed to speak, unless very elderly. Thus when 'the people' decided to have a Council and discussed the Council Warrant – which stipulated the franchise, the words "All male residents" or "All (male) rate payers" were usually inserted.

As women gained confidence through participation in interest groups, they started speaking up at public meetings. Our confidence building was not appreciated by all. I recall a District Commissioner at a Provincial District Commissioners' Conference telling me "that I was (thereby) messing up the Tribal System".

I asked group after group of women if they wanted to learn "How Councils Work". Their response was enthusiastic. Thus, first of all, I gave Women Advisers thorough training in

Civic Affairs (at their next refresher course), for which they had to do research.

Women Adviser S Sakuringwa doing research on civics – at a refresher course.

Then I enlisted the support of the Branch of Community Development Training. Together we determined training content and itineraries. Women Advisers grouped women at suitable venues; the Branch's mobile units undertook the training. Women attended in their hundreds.

During 1975 some 2950 women took part in one-day 'Council Awareness' sessions. Now men started to complain that similar training had not been arranged for them, so we graciously allowed them to join. During 1976 some 2720 women and 880 men took part. For 1977 much report data is missing; thus I can only account for 743 women and 55 men. However, an advanced one-week course on 'How Councils Function' was also attended by 18 women in Chiota TTL.

Everywhere women asked to be allowed to vote and to be allowed to stand for election. I helped Women Advisers to make progress plans for 1977 on how to narrow the communication gap between women and Councils. For 1978 I planned to assist women to learn effective lobbying techniques and to press for their enfranchisement. I envisaged running grooming courses for aspiring women councillors but, regrettably, I was transferred. The Province remained without an Officer and these plans came to nothing.

Cooperation with other Development Agencies

Government Departments Our Section cooperated closely with other Government Departments – notably Agriculture, Education and Health – and with Voluntary Organisations in the development field targeting women.

I got my certificate' – a HED receiving her certificate after passing her one-month initial course

Voluntary Work

Voluntary work flourished among the rural women, fostered both by the Organisations of Women's Clubs and by our Section. The women's organisations trained Area Trainers. We trained Home Economics Demonstrators (HEDs). The HEDs were elected by the Women's Clubs of an area, who had to make a financial contribution towards their training. Our Section gave them a one-month's course in home-craft skills and teaching methods. On their part the participants undertook to teach club members on a voluntary basis what they had learnt. With very few exceptions they did so, some for years.

War

A civil war was raging in Zimbabwe during the nineteen seventies, gaining momentum from 1972 onwards. In Mashonaland East major guerrilla infiltration routes led from bases in Mozambique through Mudzi and Mtoko Districts. Others led from Zambia through the northern part of Mrewa District. In Mudzi a mined Cordon Sanitaire was established by re-locating the inhabitants who had lived in the border area inwards. Protected and Consolidated Villages (PVs and CVs) were established in the three Districts in 1975 and 1976.

Protected and Consolidated Villages – PVs and CVs

A Protected Village in Chiweshe TTL – 1974.

The concept of Protected Villages (PVs) was taken from the guerrilla wars in Malaya

and Vietnam.

Its main purpose was to separate the civilian population from the insurgents:

- to deny the guerrillas food, shelter and the opportunity to indoctrinate people,
- to achieve better surveillance of the civil population,
- to give it protection from the witch hunts and executions the guerrillas used as one of the tactics to get people 'on side'.

They consisted of a 'Keep' containing the housing of Administrative Staff, sometimes only one young white National Serviceman (who did his national service within Internal Affairs), perhaps 20 black District Security Assistants (DSAs) and sometimes other paramilitary or military personnel. It had a water tank, ablutions and a radio station. The 'Keep' was surrounded by an earth embankment with look-out points. I usually slept in the 'Keep' during my visits to the PVs and CVs.

The huts of the people surrounded the earth fortification and the village itself was enclosed by a security fence. There was usually only one entrance gate, controlled by armed DSAs

Nick Baalbergen (a member of staff of Internal Affairs) has given a detailed account of the formidable logistics entailed in the translocation of the entire population of Chiweshe TTL in 1974 in Mazoe District . About 50 000 – 60 000 people were resettled into 21 PVs with an average population of about 2000 – 3000 each, within a period of a few months – inclusive of the construction of keeps and fences.

There were also 'Consolidated Villages' (CVs). As money for the 'war effort' became tight, a number of these concentrated villages had no perimeter fence. This was particularly so in Mudzi.

Obviously this wholesale translocation caused considerable trauma to the affected adults and their children – both already under heavy stress from the war. New homes had to be built. Families used to living in scattered homesteads near their fields, now had to move close together. Some now lived far away from their fields and crops. People lost crops and cattle to the war.

The main consideration for the location of a PV was the availability of water. Where possible existing schools were incorporated, but some – too far away – eventually had to be demolished and rebuilt inside the PV. Clinics were often several kilometres away and more and more of them closed down. Some of the Secondary Boarding Schools were shut down as pupils were abducted or joined the liberation movement of their own accord.

Curfews were imposed. Where military operations took place in the vicinity, people often were not allowed to leave the village for days.

The Development Workers

To help women and teenage girls cope with the new situation, a new category of field staff was created by our Section – the Development Workers. The first group was trained in 1974 for Mashonaland Central. I received the first group of eight in Mashonaland East in April '75.

Selection

The Development Worker's job was advertised in the press – mainly in the 'African

Times' published by the Ministry of Information. Applicants had to have a minimum education of Grade 7 (though some had more) and had to be over the age of 21. Most of them were in their early twenties. A very few were more mature women, divorced or widowed mothers of children. Their children had either been claimed by their fathers or were being looked after by maternal relatives. Penny Ross was appointed to Head Office to handle the selection procedures and she coordinated the initial training of the first and other intakes. Betty Mtero trained further groups.

Their job

In contrast to Women Advisers Development Workers were principally (home-craft) Skills Trainers. Wyn Wilson had rightly concluded that – in the PVs and CVs – we had to begin with the very basics of home making, nutrition and health. As the war progressed interest groups collapsed. More and more of the trained local voluntary workers 'withdrew'. The staff of Voluntary Organisations no longer travelled to operational areas.

Their housing

Development Workers' Housing – a cool 2-roomed cottage – Nyakasoro.

Also, in contrast to Women Advisers, Development Workers were transferrable and thus had to be given Government housing. Their housing varied drastically, from a cool two-roomed thatched cottage to a single tin hut in the blazing sun. They wore the same uniform as the Women Advisers but the checks were rust and white. Development Workers were stationed in PVs/CVs in pairs to give each other mutual support.

The Village Trunk

In order to help women's or girls' groups to start, Development Workers were issued with a 'village trunk'. It contained a quantity of fabric, wool, sewing and knitting needles and crotchet hooks. When the 'initial capital' was used up the women and girls had

to raise their own funds for further projects. (They usually sold the first articles they made). For their own comfort Development Workers were issued with a chamber pot, a charcoal iron and a cooking pot. This is all the 'furniture' they had, except that the DC Mudzi supplied mattresses.

The Officers' changing Role

By the end of 1976 my complement of field staff was complete. I had started with 14 Women Advisers in 1973. Each year more staff was added. I now had 21 Women Advisers (seven of them living in PVs/CVs). One was posted to the burgeoning new Seke Township – now Chitungwiza – a completely different set of circumstances for me to learn about. Twenty Development Workers were stationed in pairs in ten PVs/CVs.

To support and supervise a total of 41 field staff – spread over an area of some 43'000 (42'711) km2 (the size of Switzerland, my country of birth) – was a nearly impossible task.

A distance of 450 km separated the two Women Advisers living furthest apart.

l had to concentrate more and more on those stationed in the 'Operational Districts' Mudzi, Mtoko and Mrewa, as the workers there needed most moral support. I became increasingly overworked and this affected my health and my family life. My husband came home every lunch-time to be with our three daughters. He continued to support me against 'his own better judgement'. When he himself was on call-up with the Police Reserve, or engaged in road construction work out of town, I had to juggle my program so that I was at home at night.

My psyche became affected. The violence I witnessed in the 'Operational Areas' caused me horrendous nightmares, followed by insomnia.

Furthermore, by early 1977 the so-called 'peaceful Districts' – notably Wedza, Marandellas and Goromonzi – were by no means peaceful any longer. They, too, became heavily infiltrated by the insurgents and 'incidents' were starting to happen. In 1977 the Provincial Authority of Chiefs seconded an Assistant to me – Philippa Mundangepfupfu (now Matema) – who took much administrative work off my shoulders and has remained a friend to this day. Nevertheless Women Advisers in relatively 'peaceful Districts' were of necessity comparatively neglected.

Gaining the peoples' confidence

I made many visits to PVs and CVs and usually stayed there at least for one night. Initially I had to gain people's confidence. I was put to many a test as to whether or not I could be trusted. Usually they decided to trust me – in their own good time.

Travel in mine protected vehicles

PCDO Travel during the war

Due to the mounting dangers of land-mines and ambushes it was

no longer possible for me to travel in my own car in the 'Operational Areas'. I was often flown in a Cessna by pilots of the African Development Fund (ADF) Air Wing to airstrips near PVs. To others I was taken by mine-protected vehicle by District staff. I was flown mainly by Russel Kilner, a highly capable pilot, originally trained by the Rhodesian Air Force, who had the reputation of being somewhat of a 'cowboy' as he dared to fly from - and particularly land on - soggy airstrips during inclement weather on which others would not have dared. Occasionally I was flown by the very capable women pilot Laurie Graham.

Women Advisers in PVs and CVs

As already mentioned, Women Advisers worked from their own homes. When the time came, they had to move into PVs/CVs together with the inhabitants of neighbouring kraals or headmen's areas.

Difficulties encountered by WAs and DWs in the PVs

Our field staff in the PVs and CVs worked in very difficult circumstances. Some of the problems they faced were the same; others differed, partly on account of their dissimilar employment conditions and partly on account of their differing marital status:

Problems faced by both WAs and DWs in the PVs and CVs

Adaptation

- Difficulties adapting to village life,
- So many people living so close together,

Fear

- Fear of the *vakomana*
- Fear of the security forces
- Fear of *mujibas*
- Fear of denouncers.

Emotional Pain

- The pain of witnessing the violence of the war,
- the effects of violence.

Insufficient support

- PCDOW so busy she cannot visit often enough,
- The DC's staff too busy with the war.
- Some things "we can't discuss with men".

Women Advisers saw the work and the network of working relationships which they had built up over years destroyed. Government workers became guerrilla targets and many colleagues of other Departments left. Most interest groups ceased functioning, and voluntary workers went underground.

They faced domestic pressures. They had to abandon their former homes, build new ones at their own cost, and their families' living standard was drastically lowered. They feared that their former homes would be destroyed or looted, which they often were. Even their homes in the PVs were sometimes ruined when a village was attacked by

guerrillas and set ablaze.

Women Adviser Psuura in Mudzi had to move CVs twice and to rebuild three times. When her third home was burnt down she and her husband were afraid to rebuild fearing that the couple would be labelled as 'very rich' and thus become a guerrilla target. She went to live with her father.

Women Adviser's PV's home burnt down

Again and again Women Advisers rose above these tragedies and helped village women to regain their courage to start afresh. Their husbands continued to support their work. They, too, deserve admiration.

Their children's schooling was often disrupted. There was the ever-present fear for their safety; fears that they might become mujibas or chimbwidos , fears that they would leave to join the guerrillas.

Development Workers had to gain acceptance by the village women they had come to help, against formidable obstacles. Initially villagers suspected that they were 'CIO' . There were suspicions amongst the wives that, being unmarried, they might be 'loose women'.

Sometimes there were unwelcome attentions from District Security Assistants (DSAs), and sometime a lonely Keep Commander 'fell in love' with a Development Worker. Occasionally there was temptation if a Development Worker really liked a suitable man. But they knew better than to enter relationships with DSAs or other military or paramilitary personnel. The villagers would never have trusted them again.

We discussed these difficulties at length during our Refresher Courses, our Seminars at District Stations and during my visits to the PVs and CVs, especially when I stayed the night. We often sat together under the stars until 'lights out'. That is when I listened with a heavy heart to their accounts of the violence they had witnessed, trying to comfort them and giving them emotional support.

There was no doubt in my mind about their dedication to their work.

The political tightrope

Women Advisers and Development Workers seldom mentioned the war in their monthly reports, other than making oblique mention of 'the situation'. (Their reports were given to the District Commissioner and copied to me). They could safely assume that the District Commissioner was aware of 'the situation'.

But sometimes they wrote personal letters to me, expressing their pain at the violence they witnessed.

They also never mentioned the political tightrope they had to walk. They were Government Workers. They could not afford to fall foul of the guerrillas. They had to meet the District Commissioner's work expectations and mine. Above all they had to remain acceptable to the villagers. Thus they never initiated political discussions with the people. When others did so, they just listened.

In my opinion they managed to walk this political tightrope because they were utterly dedicated to the aims and mode of operation of our Section, convinced that what they were teaching the women was important no matter under what political system they would live.

What did we achieve in the PVs/CVs?

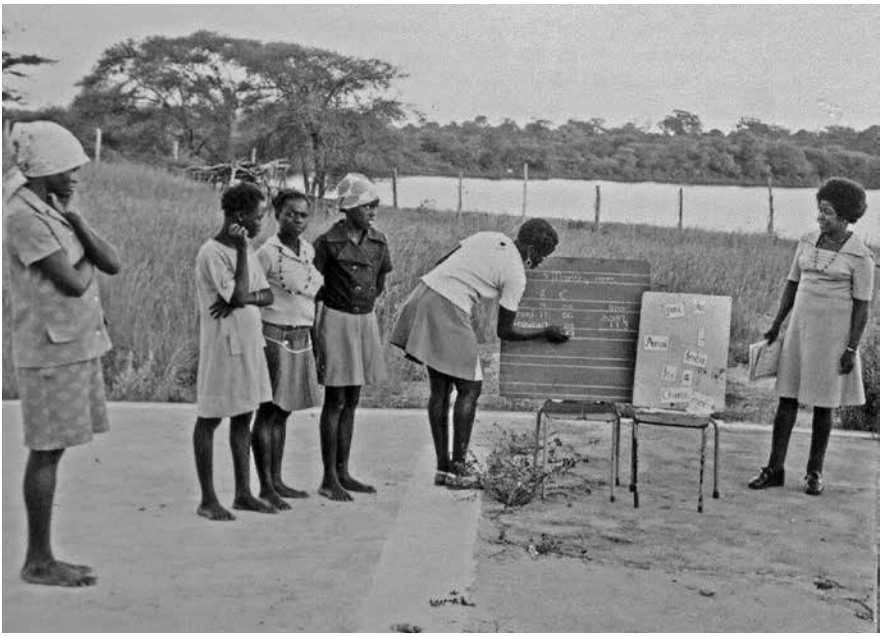
- **Environmental Hygiene**
  The first concern of people who had to move into PVs/CVs was to build themselves shelter, find water and firewood and establish cooking facilities. There was no sanitation at the beginning. Within newly established villages it was one of the Development Workers' and Women Advisers' tasks to encourage people to dig pit latrines and rubbish pits and to erect pot stands.
- **Distribution of milk**
  They distributed milk reconstituted from powder donated by the International Red Cross to children aged up to five years. The children had to bring their own containers and drink the milk in their presence, so that it would not end up in some grown-up's tea.
- They achieved the Formation or resuscitation of Women's Clubs.
- They taught home-craft skills, vegetable growing (fertility trenches) and also nutrition, especially for the 'under-fives' to prevent or cure kwashiorkor caused by lack of protein in their diet.
- Formation of Clubs for School Leaver Girls – starting with home-craft skills training but sometimes going beyond.
- Whether or not interest groups could be formed did not only depend on the persuasive skills of the field staff. It also depended on the local guerrilla leaders, who increasingly adopted divergent tactics. In some PVs/CVs the local leader tolerated no interest groups except churches – somewhat odd, I thought at the time, for the 'communists' they were thought to be. In others they sent messages that the Development Workers or Women Advisers were doing a good job and should keep it up.
- Adult Literacy Classes

Adult Literacy projects had been a burning interest of mine even before the war. I managed to get two Development Workers who were trained as Literacy Teachers by the Adult Literacy Organisation (ALOR) and stationed them in two PVs where women

and girls (as well as some boys) who had never been to school had asked to learn to read and write.

Courageous Literacy Teacher Trainer Janet Gwanzura of ALOR came with me to Nyakosoro PV, where she tested the students before she presented them with the Functional Literacy

Certificate (Stage 1) at the joyful graduation ceremony the next day.



Literacy Graduation on the Nyakosoro helicopter landing pad.
Janet Gwanzura on the right.

Play Groups for children.

For many mothers the distances from their new habitations to their former fields were long. They were not allowed to take food out of the PV/CV for fear that they would feed the guerrillas. If they took their young children with them these were hungry as the day was simply too long. If they left them in the village they were sometimes neglected and accidents happened. Thus it was important to establish supervised play-groups. Children in war situation need the opportunity for innocent, joyful play even more than those living in peaceful surroundings.

A Bridge – Alfred Beit School makes toys

Initially these playgroups had no toys whatsoever. Then I had an idea. My youngest daughter Yvonne was just of the right age to make such toys. I went to the headmaster of her school (Mr J Siney) and proposed a project. Headmaster and teachers responded enthusiastically. I was allowed to give a talk to the Standard 4s about "A day in the life of a small child in a PV ..... " and "What YOU could do to make their lives a little better". Obviously I did not go into the rights and wrongs of the war, but children understand

PV children with puzzles made by Alfred Beit School.

very well that children are innocent victims of wars and are never the 'enemy'. In response to my talk the Standard 4 children of Alfred Beit School (Mabelreign) spent a school holiday collecting materials and during the art lessons (and others) of the following term made toys and educational apparatus for pre-schools in PVs under the guidance of Mrs Bennet.

The establishment of 'Red Cross Posts'

As more and more clinics closed the need arose for training women who could give out medicine for common ailments like burns, coughs, infected wounds and eyes, for scabies and for diarrhoea. Thus lengthy discussions ensued between the Ministries of Health, our Section in Internal Affairs and the Rhodesian Red Cross (backed by the International Red Cross). It eventually fell to the District Administrative Staff to enthuse village development committees to build modest dispensaries, to the CD Section (Women) to select suitable women, for the Rhodesian Red Cross to train them and to supply basic equipment and medication.

Milk Distribution at a PV Red Cross Post

Keep Commander Simon Pitt was a pioneer in this respect. He was very development

minded, and in addition had the good fortune of being stationed in the same PV during every call-up. He developed trust and a good relationship with the villagers. He contacted the formidable Ruth Tucker, Director of the Rhodesian Red Cross, directly and, in cooperation between the two, the first 'Red Cross Post' in Mashonaland East was opened in Marembe PV (Mudzi). It became a prototype.

Casualties

Very sadly some Women Advisers and Development Workers became casualties of the war:

Women Adviser Dinah Nyakabau (Mrewa) – together with other villagers who had been denounced as 'sell-outs' – was subjected to such brutality that she lost her mind for some time. (August 1977).

Development Worker Philippa Mukonyora (Mudzi), a widowed mother of six children, died in an inferno when the Kudu (an armoured vehicle, a Rhodesian invention) in which she was being transported together with a National Serviceman and five DSAs detonated a land mine. The fuel tanks exploded. Although several vehicles had travelled in convoy, no-one could get near the Kudu to save the passengers. (16 Sept 1978).

Women Adviser Colleen Goto (Wedza) and her husband, who was a Councillor, were so badly beaten by members of the Security Forces – who thought they had information on guerrillas, which they had not – that it took her three weeks to get well enough to travel to the District Station to report the incident. The following year, her husband was beaten and killed by guerrillas after having been denounced. The mujibas left a message that they were coming back for the whole family. Once she was certain that her husband was dead, and fearing that they would all be killed, she left with her four traumatized young children (aged eight months to Grade 7) with only a small bag of clothes to start a new life in town. (March 1977, July 1978).

One of Women Adviser Bertha Chibisa's sons (Mudzi) joined the guerrillas. He left without telling his parents, as was usual for such youngsters. Then her only daughter was abducted. The mother was interrogated by the Security Forces. To punish her for having 'terrorist children' (and therefore 'not being loyal to Government') they destroyed her home. She had been able to crawl out of the house while it was being shot at and slept in her field that night. Dishevelled and without money even for the fare, she boarded a bus to Salisbury before dawn. (Early 1979).

Widowed Women Adviser Norah Chitekwe (Mtoko) was killed by mujibas or vakomana after being denounced. As she left her home and her children, summoned by mujibas, she put the record "God be with you till we meet again" by Jim Reeves on the family's gramophone and left it playing for her children.

Neither the Goto nor the Chitekwe families were allowed to bury their loved ones.

What is so very painful for the surviving family members of some of the women and men who were murdered after being denounced as 'witches' or 'sell-outs' is that the denouncers, and sometimes the killers, are known to them and live in their home areas to this day. At the time, Norah Chitekwe's children were told not to cry, lest they become targets themselves. Not to be allowed to grieve openly is one of the most difficult things to come to terms with. (February 1979)

In Conclusion

In conclusion I would like to say that I am aware that there are people in this audience who have lost loved ones during the Chimurenga. I am aware of Chris Hales who was blinded in a landmine explosion. I acknowledge your pain.

Obviously I experienced the war years differently from the men who worked in Internal Affairs in an administrative or paramilitary capacity. Over time Internal Affairs became more and more militarized. Even administrative men went into uniform. (Some District Commissioners refused). To the National Servicemen other categories were added – the Guard Force, the Vedettes, the Echelons and ARU (the Administration Reinforcement Units). Some units were tasked with an increasingly offensive role, over and above a defensive one.

I experienced the war years very differently from the fighters on both sides of the war, and differently again from the Women Advisers and Development Workers who did such admirable work in life-threatening circumstances. I could at least go back to the safety of my home in Salisbury after a few days in the field. They had to live and work in the war areas without respite.

I experienced the war as a woman who was not required by law to fight nor driven by inclination to do so, and I abhorred the war.

Thus we each harbour our own truth, and there are many truths.

Denis Frank Duigan, MC
The Zimbabwean Connection

by Fraser Edkins

A tin box containing certain records and personal papers of the abovenamed has been in the strongroom of my partnership for many years and I think that the return of same to Duigan's family would be appreciated by them, but how do I contact them?

The papers indicate –

1. Duigan was born at Wanganui in New Zealand on 17 October 1893 and was educated at Nelson College and the Victoria University College.
2. Duigan was a Captain in the 1st Battalion of the Auckland Infantry Regiment on the Western Front in the First World War (in which he was awarded the Military Cross in April 1918 for conspicuous gallantry in the field).
3. He attested into the Regiment on 7 September 1915 and was discharged in London on 31 July 1918 as medically unfit in consequence of a "GSW Head" (gunshot wound to the head) after signing an agreement that he absolved the New Zealand Government of all liability for any pension and the cost of his passage back to New Zealand.
4. He had served 126 days in New Zealand, then 2 years and 204 days "abroad" as part of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force to France in World War I.
5. Duigan graduated in February 1911 having passed the Matriculation (and Solicitors' General Knowledge) Examinations in Latin, English, Arithmetic, French, History, Geography and Zoology in December 1910.
6. Birth certificates indicate that he married Winifred Kaye, (4 years older than him), daughter of Fred and Lucy Kaye of Essex, in Selsey-on-Sea Sussex, England and that they had a second daughter Brya Denise on 3 January 1931 at the Trafalgar Nursing Home in Cape Town. At that time he was 38, and his wife 42, and he described himself as a Cattle Farmer and lived at "Liemba" in Borrowdale, Harare, Zimbabwe. Brya died in August 2011 in Auckland.
7. There was an older daughter, born 2 March 1919 at Oakleigh in Woodford Green in England, called Doreen Mary ("Dorrie") and, as this birth is about 7 months from the date of his discharge from the Army on 31 July 1918, he obviously stayed on in the United Kingdom following his military discharge. He described himself in 1919 as a Farmer's Apprentice (ex-Captain).
8. By 1931, when Brya was born, Duigan had moved to the then Southern Rhodesia. Older sister Doreen appears to have married one Tim Heal and died in 2000/1.
9. Contained in the tin box is the Estate Accounts of Duigan's father in law, Frederick Kaye, a Shipbroker's Clerk.
10. Also in the box is a list of his wife's assets (mainly stocks and shares).
11. There is correspondence in the box concerning the insurance of "Liemba", his

farm in Borrowdale and various insurance premium receipts and building and motor vehicle insurance policies and powers of attorney and other documents.

12. Some of the documents have attractive (and possibly modestly valuable) old Southern Rhodesia postage and revenue stamps on them.
13. There is evidence that Duigan was in a farming partnership in Abercorn, Zambia with Henry Hubert Ostler (who was an Appeal Court Judge in Wellington, New Zealand in the 1920's–30's).
14. There are letters to Duigan from his mother. The Birth certificate of Duigan's wife is in the box.
15. There is a 1921 letter from the New Zealand Defence Department giving Duigan permission to leave for Southern Rhodesia (which permit he required because he was then still a reservist in the New Zealand Territorial Force).
16. There is a letter from him to his lawyer in Harare about stag hunting etc, (and other reasonably interesting papers).

I think he eventually settled back in New Zealand, (and may have become a Judge himself). There is a letter from him dated 25 January 1937 written on a letterhead from "Judge's Chambers, Wellington", to his lawyer in Harare, advising that he had transferred all of his interests in the Zambian partnership to Mr Justice Ostler (of the Supreme Court, Wellington, New Zealand). Of course, he may simply have been using a letterhead handed him by his business partner Justice Ostler. On the other hand, he did write his Solicitors General Knowledge examinations before enlisting and was a law student in the office of solicitor Mr B. Wyman when he enlisted for WWI service.

His direct family are still in New Zealand. Can anyone assist? The Ostler connection may help and Duigan, as I say, may have been a Judge and/or solicitor in New Zealand. This will enable me to return the documents to his family, (probably his grandchildren). He was born in 1893 and died in 1961.

It seems Duigan was something of a hero (a Military Cross for conspicuous gallantry in the terrible conditions of the Western Front in WWI) and for that reason alone the papers should be of interest to his people, (and the stamps in particular to any collectors in his family). It is recorded that he received his wounds in "No Man's Land" in France and was hauled to safety by his CO Major (later Colonel) R. C. Allen (who was himself later awarded the DSO).

There are also some interesting historical references in one of the letters to a "Farmers' Parliament" in the 1930's in New Zealand and of the Kiwi farming community "laying the rest of the (New Zealand) community under contribution to them", as a result of "this rotten exchange" (presumably an artificial currency exchange rate) and of his hope of the New Zealand Government being turned out of power in the 1935/6 elections).

The papers should go to those of the children of Brya or Doreen who have an interest in their family history. There are at least ten Duigans in the New Zealand telephone directory with a "B. Duigan" (Brya?) listed as resident in an apartment at Scotia Place in Auckland, but we know she passed away in August 2011 (about 5 years ago). Her obituary appeared in the *New Zealand Herald* of 23–27 August 2011. She was survived by Roy Kings and three children (one of whom is called Dennis). There are said to be no "Kings" in the New Zealand directory. I have had no luck on the web. Plenty of information about Duigan, and pictures of him, but no contact address for the family.

A bottle of Scotch to whoever finds an e-mail address for Roy Kings or the family of Tim Heals or any of their children, (or any of the descendants of Doreen or Brya).

Fort Hill and the Cemetery at Hartley Hills goldfield

by Mike Tucker

National Monuments reference number: 92
GPS reference for Fort Hill: 18º12´05.81´´S 30º23´46.11´´E
GPS reference for Johnson's kopje: 18º12´01.16´´S 30º23´47.41´´E
GPS reference for the cemetery: 18º12´12.55´´S 30º23´45.19´´E
GPS reference for Hartley Hills mining camp: 18º11´53.32´´S 30º23´40.59´´E
GPS reference for the Hunters Road drift across the Chimbo stream:
18º11´46.61´´S 30º23´41.70´´E

How to Get There

Hartley town on the A5 national road is now named Chegutu. The original Hartley Hill goldfields are east of the junction of the Mupfure River (formerly the Umfuli) and the Chimbo River (sometimes marked Zimbo) The area is best reached from the main Harare Bulawayo A5 national road 71 km from Harare, by turning left off the national road at the roundabout, south toward Ngezi Mine. At 7.2 km continue past Chengeta Safari Lodge turnoff on the left and at 15.73 km reach Seigneury Road intersection. Turn left onto the gravel road, 15.89 km turn right, 16.13 km ignore right turnoff, 17.54 km go to the left of the Seigneury store, 17.69 km cross the Chimbo River, 18.00 km pass 3 stamp mill on your left, 18.62 km stay on main gravel road, pass old gold diggings on your right, 19.11 km a farm track turns left for Fort Hill. (i.e. 3.3 km from the tar turn-off) 19.27 Km take right-hand fork, 19.62 km park car and the fort is on the summit of the hill to your left. Johnson's kopje is to you right. 350 metres northwest of Johnson's kopje are the two peaks of Hartley Hill next to the Chimbo River. See Google earth image for the layout of the original site.

Why Visit?

In 1890 only three gold-fields were well-known. The Mazowe Valley, the Northern, near LoMagondi's (north of modern Chinhoyi and on the Angwa River) and the Mupfure River (formerly the Umfuli) or Hartley gold-fields. According to William "Curio" Harvey Brown the Hartley goldfield had the reputation as the richest.

Many Pioneers made directly for Hartley Hills as soon as the Pioneer Column was disbanded in the hope they would peg a rich gold claim and make their fortune. The BSA Company issued licences at a shilling each, entitling prospectors to peg a block of ten claims (fifteen if they were a Pioneer) each 45 metres (150 feet) in length by 120 metres (400 feet) wide.

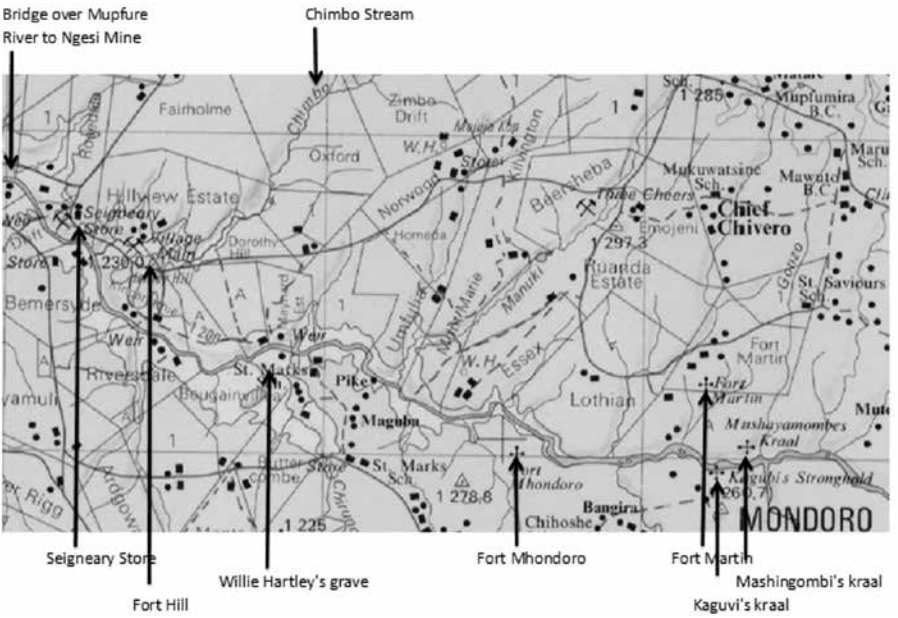
Brown took one of Frank Johnson's ox-wagons to the diggings and along the way they killed a large black rhinoceros which the whole party helped to skin along with much

joking about how once they had made their fortunes they would all journey to see the skin and skeleton exhibited at the 1893 Chicago World Fair.

Fort Hill played a prominent part in the first Chimurenga, or Mashona Rebellion; initially twelve prospectors moved into the fort with ample supplies and ammunition on 24 April 1896, and were under constant attack from the 18 June until the 22 July 1896 when they were rescued by a relief party led by Capt. the Hon. C. J. White.

This was the longest actual siege of the Matabele / Mashona uprisings of 1896-7 or *Umvukela*, or First Chimurenga and the defenders were very vulnerable, particularly when collecting water from the Umfuli River (now the Mupfure) almost 1.7 kilometres away. It is a bit surprising that Chief Mashayamombe did not commit more of his military resources to seizing Fort Hill, rather than just besieging it. In the following year on 17 March 1897 Chief Mashayamombe committed 300-400 of his men on an attack on Fort Martin which had been established close to his kraal in a battle that lasted three hours, so he had the manpower.

Easy access from Harare to an historic site with associations with Henry Hartley, Thomas Baines, early gold mining and the Mashona Rebellion, or First Chimurenga.



A general map at 1:250,000 scale showing the principal places of interest referred to in the following article and how they physically relate to each other.

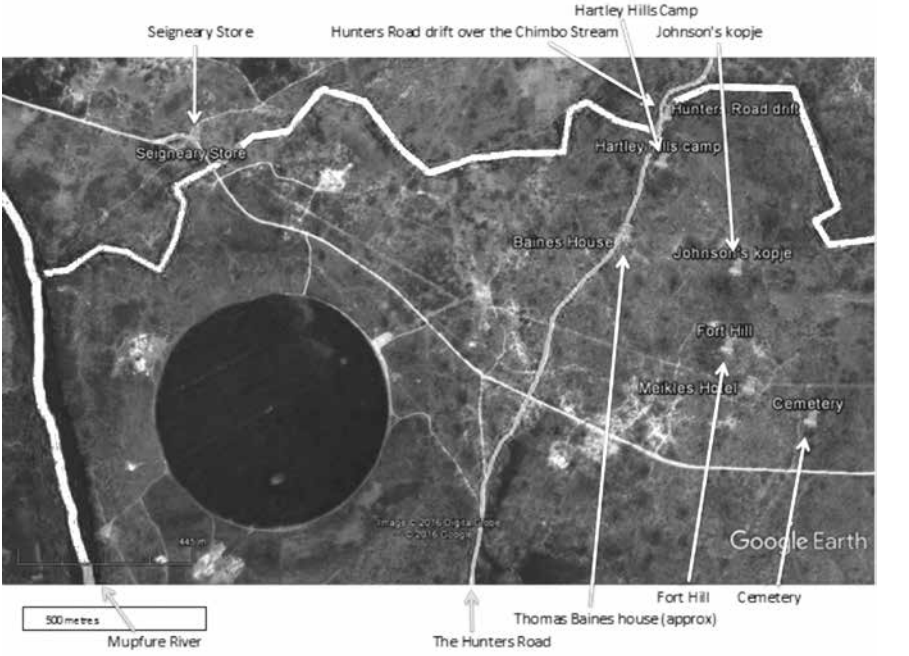
At Hartley Hill itself, the only structures still standing are the stone walls of the Fort Hill (1896-7) and the cemetery. The area is littered in contemporary gold workings in the form of shallow shafts and holes burrowed into the ground and mounds of earth and the occasional windlass for hauling up ore. Piles of quartz that have been picked out of the reefs awaiting transport to the three-stamp mill a kilometre away where it is pounded up to liberate the gold. In the same way the 1890 pioneers reported the ground covered with ancient workings, so things have not changed much!

A windlass commonly used by artisanal gold miners above a shaft just below Fort Hill

The interesting features at Hartley Hill goldfield moving from west to east are:

1. The Hunters Road blazed by Thomas Baines crosses the Chimbo Stream just west of Hartley Hills mining camp. A footpath today follows the course of the Hunter's Road to the stream and the Chimbo Stream banks have been cut away on both sides with stones laid in the stream bed. A new track has been cut down the eastern bank, but the western bank appears to follow the original track.
2. Hartley Hills mining camp was just east of the Chimbo Stream and 500 metres northwest of Fort Hill, marked by two distinctive peaks; early photos show pole and *dhaka* huts, but all traces of them have gone. There is late Iron Age dry-stone walling on the top of the northern kopje, probably built as defence against amaNdebele raiding parties.
3. Johnson, Heaney and Borrow's camp (Johnson's kopje) was on a small kopje just 200 metres north of Fort Hill. The Fort Hill defenders burnt down the camp huts facing Fort Hill in April 1896 because they afforded cover to Chief Mashayamombe's men. We found traces of brick and occupation debris at the base of the kopje. At the top of Johnson's kopje, shallow *schantzes* have been dug out and lined with stones on the side facing Fort Hill and it was from these that a sniping fire was made on Fort Hill. Fort Hill enjoyed a strategic advantage in that it is higher than Johnson's kopje and the strongest dry-stone walling faces Johnson's kopje.
4. The house that Thomas Baines built has left no visible remains, although it was probably west of Johnson's kopje and south of Hartley Hills mining camp.
5. Fort Hill was built in 1896 and extended by the BSAP in 1897 and is still visible being built of loose granite rocks to a height of about 1.5 metres (5 feet) at the summit of the kopje below the survey beacon. The northern end has a redoubt with a rectangular structure measuring 4.5 x 3.5 metres and this may have been the original defensive position. The entrance is just below and the summit of the kopje has been walled. The access ways and levelled platforms where pole and *dhaka* and brick huts were built for the BSAP and Natal Troop between December 1896 and February 1897 are also visible as is the roadway built up the hill on the southern side, although it has been partly dug up by artisanal gold miners. Prior to the fort being built this was where Graham, the Mining Commissioner, had his camp.
6. The long shelter marked on the Young Farmers Club map is no longer visible as the area has been extensively dug over by local gold miners in recent years.
7. In 2015 a large rondavel site still existed with its stone pillars extant, but had been destroyed by the end of 2016 and many of the previous tracks are no longer usable.
8. The Meikles Hotel cellar site was not observed and has probably been destroyed by gold digging.

9. The Cemetery site some 200 metres to the east still exists with eight gravesites. There are headstones for William D. Hoste and John Scott; the remainder are unmarked.



Google earth image with key features marked.

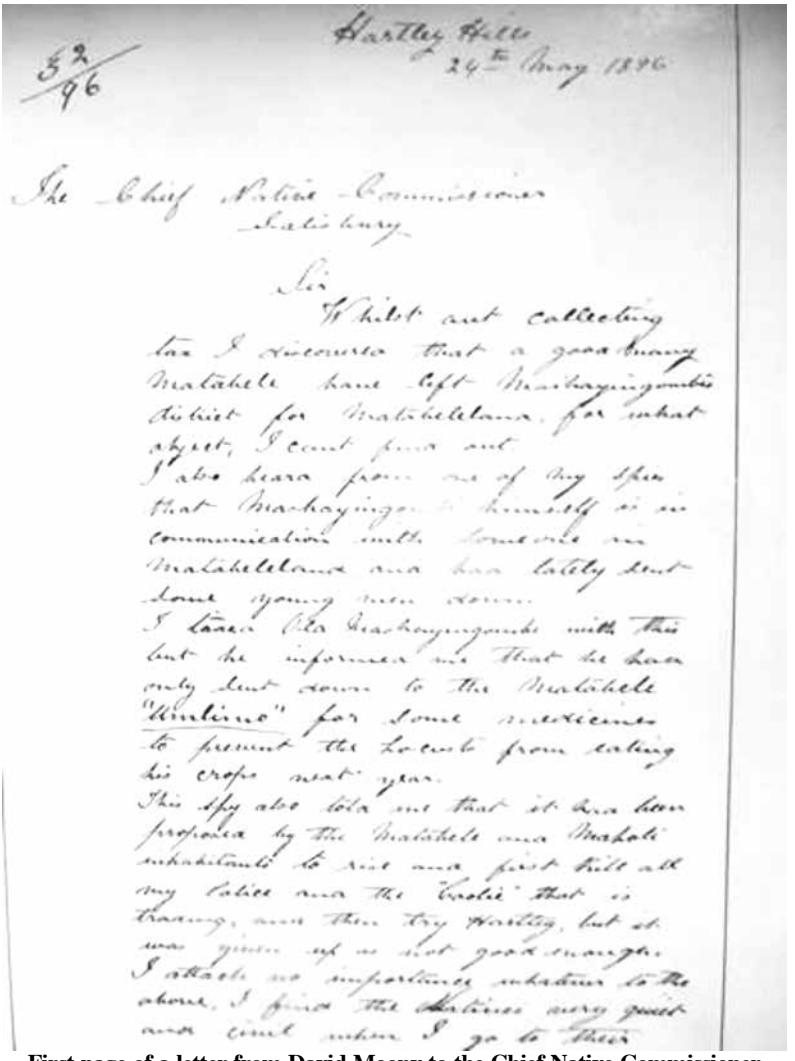
Hartley Hills played a prominent part in the First Chimurenga or Mashona Rebellion. The Umfuli River (now the Mupfure) formed a traditional boundary to Matabeleland and as news of the Matabele Uprising, or *Umvukela* grew, a meeting was held on the 4 April 1896 at the Mining Commissioner's camp for the 34 Europeans in the vicinity, mainly prospectors and traders. The British South Africa (BSA) Company's Medical Officer, Arthur Newnham, emphasized to the BSA Company that their location at Hartley Hill was important and reported that amaNdebele had come into the district, supposedly for work.

The BSA Company issued twelve Lee-Metford rifles and several thousand rounds of ammunition to supplement the privately held rifles. Twelve men, who were reluctant to abandon their claims and retire to Salisbury, began to fortify the hill. Percy Inskipp, the BSA Company Under Secretary wrote to check they had sufficient supplies saying: "we presume you are satisfied that in deciding to remain at Hartley, you are confident of being able to maintain your position." Although news of the killings in Matabeleland was now common knowledge, Newnham replied: "we feel perfectly safe, are well off for food and unless peremptorily ordered, we mean to stick to our guns."

On the 24 April a lone prospector, name not known, was attacked between the Umsweswe and Umniati (now the Munyati) Rivers and defended himself until his ammunition ran out, his servant reporting his death. On hearing the news that the AmaNdebele were now within sixty kilometres of Hartley Hills, the twelve defenders reinforced their defences at Fort Hill and slept inside it at night.

Right is part of a letter from David Moony, one of the first victims, to the Chief

Native Commissioner, W.S. Taberer, dated 24 May 1896; "Sir, Whilst out collecting tax I discovered that a good many Matabele have left Mashayingombi's district for Matabeleland for what object, I can't find out. I also heard from one of my spies that Mashayingombi himself is in communication with someone in Matabeleland, and has lately sent some young men down. I taxed Mashayingombi with this, but he informed me that he had only sent down to the Matabele "Umlimo" for some medicines to prevent the locusts from eating his crops next year. This spy also told me that that it had been proposed by the Matabele and Maholi inhabitants to rise and first kill all my Police and the "coolie" that is trading, and then try Hartley, but it was given up as not good enough. I attach no importance


Hartley Hills
24th May 1896

52/96

The Chief Native Commissioner
Salisbury

Sir

Whilst out collecting tax I discovered that a good many Matabele have left Mashayingombi's district for Matabeleland for what object, I cant find out.
I also heard from one of my spies that Mashayingombi himself is in communication with someone in Matabeleland and has lately sent some young men down.
I taxed Mashayingombi with this but he informed me that he had only sent down to the Matabele "Umlimo" for some medicines to prevent the Locusts from eating his crops next year.
This spy also told me that it had been proposed by the Matabele and Maholi inhabitants to rise and first kill all my Police and the "Coolie" that is trading, and then try Hartley, but it was given up as not good enough.
I attach no importance whatever to the above, I find the natives very quiet and civil when I go to their

First page of a letter from David Moony to the Chief Native Commissioner saying all was quiet in the Hartley Hills district. Moony was one of the first to be murdered on 15 June 1896

whatsoever to the above, I find the natives very quiet and civil when I go to their…"

The men at Hartley Hill were still unaware that their real danger lay not with the AmaNdebele, but just twenty kilometres away in the seemingly peaceful kraal of Chief Mashayamombe. The Native Commissioner of Hartley, and author of the above letter, David Moony, had established his camp close to the village of Muzhuzha Gobvu, a nephew of Chief Mashayamombe. Tensions had grown between Moony's men and those in Muzhuzha's village. Three days before Moony was killed, Mjuju, one of Muzhuzha's men, beat the wife of Jim, one of Moony's men and when the women complained, Moony thrashed Mjuju. Four men from Mjuju's kraal ran out with guns which Moony confiscated and sent to Thurgood, the Tax Collector at Hartley. Moony then crossed the Mupfure River to the south bank and found the bodies of three Indian traders killed at their store, probably on 14 June 1896; whereupon a number of his men deserted.

On their return to Moony's camp next day they saw Chief Mashayamombe's armed followers, led by his brother Chifamba coming towards them, and Moony realised that his flogging of the Chief's nephew and his men's desertions were connected; he quickly mounted his horse and rode towards Hartley Hills with his remaining men. Just past the Nyamachene River, his horse was wounded and Moony climbed a small kopje and was killed here in the ensuing gun battle.

His messenger January, real name probably Jarivau, managed to escape and from a cave watched two traders, Stunt and Shell walk into Muzhuzha's kraal, where one was shot and the other ran off before being stabbed and their bodies were thrown into the Mupfure River. January then made his way to Fort Hill and informed the men there of the tragedy. On hearing this news, all but two of their African servants deserted.

Chief Mashayamombe's men now went on the offensive. The Chief's nephew, Kakono, travelled over sixty kilometres west to the Umsweswe River to kill JC Hepworth and another group under the Chief's brother, Chifamba Muchena, went east to the Beatrice Mine and killed Tate, Koefoed and four of their workers.

Victims killed in the first six days in Hartley Hills district

Surname	Name	Title	Date	Where killed
Moony	David	Native Commissioner	15 June 1896	Mashingombi's kraal
Stunt	John	Prospector	15 June 1896	Mashingombi's kraal
Shell	A.	Prospector	15 June 1896	Mashingombi's kraal
Thurgood	Harry	Native Commissioner	15 June 1896	George's kraal
van Rooyen	Robert	Transport rider	16 June 1896	Hartley Hills road
Fourie	Benjamin	Transport rider	16 June 1896	Hartley Hills road
Tate	William	Mining Engineer	16 June 1896	Beatrice mine
Koefoed	S.	Prospector	16 June 1896	Beatrice mine
Wickstrõm	N.	Prospector	17 June 1896	Umswezwe's kraal
Hepworth	John	Mine Manager	17 June 1896	Wallace's farm
Norton	Joseph	Farmer	17 June 1896	Porta Farm, Norton
Norton	Caroline	Farmer's wife	17 June 1896	Porta Farm, Norton
Norton	Dorothy	Farmer's daughter	17 June 1896	Porta Farm, Norton
Fairweather		Nurse	17 June 1896	Porta Farm, Norton
Gravenor	Harry	Farm assistant	17 June 1896	Porta Farm, Norton
Alexander	James	Farm assistant	17 June 1896	Porta Farm, Norton
Wallace	James	Prospector	17 June 1896	Hartley farm
Carrick	Edward	Mining Commissioner	19 June 1896	left Hartley Hill for Salisbury
Turner	A.	Storeman	19 June 1896	left Hartley Hill for Salisbury
Nelson	Thomas	Prospector	20 June 1896	Umswezwe's kraal

The list of European victims for the Hartley district in the first six days of the uprising

With the news of the killings, the defenders moved permanently into Fort Hill. They were: Carrick, the Mining Commissioner, Newnham, the Medical Officer, Carlisle, the Store and Hotel keeper, and Messrs Ackland, Avery, Bradburne, Forbes, Hales, Loder, McRae, Turner and Warne.

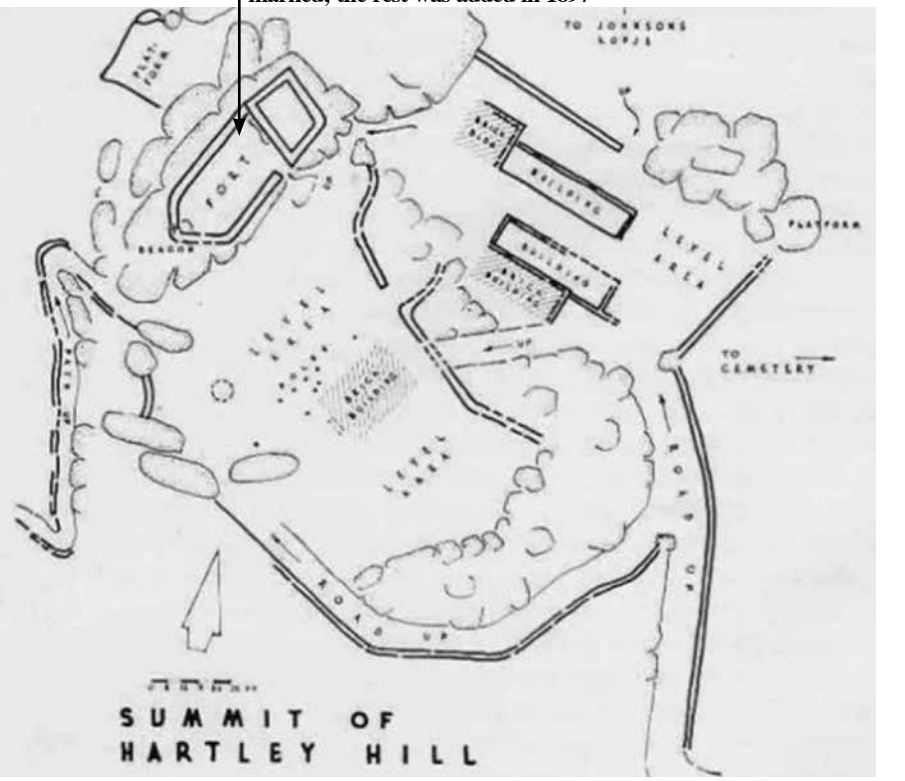
The tiny garrison felt great anxiety for other Europeans prospecting or trading in the district, especially Harry Thurgood, and on the evening of 18 June 1896 Carrick and Turner, with January the detective, left to warn him; but after finding Thurgood's Farm ransacked they continued on to warn the inhabitants of Salisbury and were attacked on the way and killed near the Manyame River on 19 June, their bodies being found on 21 July by Whites' patrol with the letters they had been carrying.

A few hours after Carrick and his colleagues left on 18 June the Fort Hill garrison was fired on from Johnson's kopje about 200 metres away; so next day they burnt down the huts on Johnson's kopje belonging to Johnson, Heany and Borrow which were affording cover to their besiegers. No direct assault was made upon the fort, as it was strongly built and fortified, but a daily and continuous harassing fire was opened up on them and they ran a gauntlet of fire getting water from the nearby Mupfure River. This action lasted between 18 June and 22 July with the firing most intense on the night of 2 July. The remaining ten defenders became very weary with continuous weeks of day and night guard duties.

Remains of schantzes, stones piled for protection from gunfire, built by Chief Mashayamombe's men on Johnson's kopje from where they fired upon the defenders of Fort Hill. An old green glass bottle and a bully beef tin were found nearby.

On 5 July two African servants who had been sent from Salisbury with letters were pursued and killed within sight of Fort Hill. However, the tiny force of ten, led by

The redoubt in which the besieged men lived for over five weeks is marked; the rest was added in 1897



Plan of Fort Hill by P. S. Garlake

Fort Hill today, it occupies the highest point in the area

The Fort from below showing the Trig beacon on the left and entrance on the right

Interior north west wall

Maxim gun platform on west side of Fort Hill

Eastern wall looking north towards the redoubt; west wall on the left of the photo

The trig beacon at the south end of Fort Hill – Brent Barber in the photo

Dr Newham and Carlisle, who ran the local Store and Hotel, managed to hold out until they were relieved by a patrol under Capt. the Hon. C. J. White on 22 July.

When one visits Fort Hill today, it does seem amazing that so few were able to hold out for so long and managed to fetch water from the Mupfure River under continuous sniping fire without any of them being wounded, or killed.

Capt. C. White's patrol with Capt. Biscoe, Surgeon Fleming, Capt. St. Hill, and Lieuts. Nesbitt, Eustace, Ogilvie with 210 Troopers and 40 Zulus left Salisbury on 19 July 1896 with the aim of relieving the small garrison of ten men at Hartley Hill.

White's patrol had its first encounter with Chief Mashayamombe's men about three miles on the Salisbury (now

Fort Hill in early 1897 with the redoubt on the summit of the hill and huts below occupied by the BSAP and Natal Troop.
The platform walling and *dhaka* floor are still observable.

Approximately the same view on the levelled platform as the 1897 photo above

Harare) side of Norton's farm, where they had lined a kopje and fired upon the patrol. They were immediately attacked and in the ensuing fight Tpr W. H. Gwillim of the Salisbury Field Force and a Zulu were killed and four wounded. The patrol moved on,

having some difficulty in crossing the Manyame River, and laagered for the night. Next day, they found the skeletons of Carrick, Turner and January and laagered at the Serui River before coming upon about 50 of Mashayamombe's men whom they routed with heavy loss. Rough stone walls had been built overlooking the road. There was also a bark rope stretched across the road with an empty bully beef tin with a stone inside to act as a warning bell and Mashayamombe's men were well stocked with food and ammunition.

That night the column laagered twenty kilometres from Hartley Hill and next day relieved the ten survivors; the late R. Carruthers-Smith, who was there on that day, told Col. Hickman how the patrol had galloped up the slope to the fort cheering and shouting and been greeted by the ten besieged men with joy and relief.

White's patrol remained at Fort Hill for the rest of the day and began the return journey next morning, the 23 July, accompanied by the relieved garrison of ten men. They had intended to return by way of the Beatrice Mine, and crossed the Mupfure River with great difficulty, but instead of finding an open road as they had been led to believe, they faced broken country with kopjes overlooking the road, the perfect setting for an ambush. They re-crossed the Mupfure and returned not by the road past Norton's Farm on which they had come, but on the south road which joined the main pioneer road from Fort Victoria and crossed the Manyame River twelve miles from Salisbury.

From then, the district was abandoned until 9 October 1896, when 522 European and 100 African troops under Lieut. Col. Alderson and Major Jenner, with three seven-pounders and four Maxim guns, attacked Chief Mashayamombe's kraal. After three days they retired, having achieved little. Alderson realized the need for a fort, but felt the difficulties of transport and supplies, and the shortage of men prevented the establishment of one at this time, particularly as the rains were about to start.

Earl Grey, the Administrator, was extremely critical of Lieut. Col. Alderson saying: "Alderson and his mounted infantry made so rapid a *promenade militaire* through the country that in many places the result is nil and the natives are in a state of mutiny. Alderson committed two blunders, after his third attack on Mashayamombe he should have blown up the cave and left a fort behind. He did neither and the result is that Mashayamombe believes we are afraid and impotent."

Following Earl Grey's continued criticism; Fort Hill was re-occupied on 1 December 1896 by the Natal Troop and two weeks later reinforced by Major Hopper and eighty men of the British South Africa Police (BSAP) with the fort being enlarged and pole and dhaka and brick huts being built. But the fort was in an extremely unhealthy position with malaria endemic, and took a heavy toll on its garrison.

There are no personal accounts of the siege which is a pity. Fort Hill is in good

Men who died at Hartley Hill, Mupfure River

Surname	Name	Title	Date	Where killed
Hoste	William Derick	Prospector	25 May 1893	Fever
Livingstone	William Kinloch	Trooper, BSAP	12 January 1897	Fever
Bellenden	William	Corporal. BSAP	7 February 1897	Fever and dysentery
Overstall	Frederick	Trooper, BSAP	11 February 1897	Fever
Butcher	Harry	Trooper, Natal Troop	16 February 1897	Fever
Scott	John	Trooper, BSAP	22 March 1897	Fever
Forster	John Lowry	Trooper, BSAP	23 March 1897	Fever
Varndell	C.R.	Sergeant, Natal troop	6 April 1897	Fever
Sims	George	Trooper, BSAP	24 April 1897	Fever
Lee	Herman	Trooper, BSAP	23 June 1897	Fever
Tennant	Robert	Hospital-Sergeant, BSAP	16 July 1897	Fell off a rock and killed

condition today, with the levelled off platforms built by the BSAP who subsequently moved in, well preserved with dhaka floors and walling and some occupational debris such as broken bricks and the occasional horseshoe. The area surrounding the Fort has been completely turned over by gold miners, probably not unlike the state it was in when Hartley and Baines were here in 1870! Even the access road up the kopje is cratered with gold diggings.

W. D. Hoste was the younger brother of Henry Francis "Skipper" Hoste, who resigned as Captain of the RMS Trojan to join the Pioneer Column as Captain of B Troop. The remaining victims are from when the fort was re-occupied by the BSAP from December 1896 to February 1897.

For Queen and Empire. William Derick Hoste aged 30 years, died of malaria on 25.05.1893

J. Scott is listed as Trooper No. 503 in Col. Hickman's *Men who made Rhodesia*. He attested on 4 May 1890 serving in C Troop in the Pioneer Column and was discharged from the force on 30 November 1891 and must have signed up again before his death on 22 March 1897. His grave is the only one we can be sure of, as his name has been recorded in cement.

The BSAP compiled lists of the names of those buried at each site around the country before 1908. Lists were then drawn up by the Guild of Loyal Women (GLW) that were sent to be cast as the familiar circular cast iron markers by the Gregory iron foundry in Cape Town. Those who died prior to the death of Queen Victoria on 22nd January 1901 are headed "FOR QUEEN & EMPIRE" and those after are "FOR KING & EMPIRE." The BSAP then placed the grave markers, but not always on the correct graves; so the current positioning of the grave markers should always be treated with caution, including that of W. D. Hoste.

The grave marker to W. D. Hoste is the only one to survive, although we can be certain that every grave at one time had one. It is puzzling that we have ten victims listed as victims, but only eight graves, possibly two were buried at Salisbury.

At the end of January 1897 Fort Hill was abandoned and Fort Martin constructed, one and a half kilometres from Chief Mashayamombe's kraal on the north bank of the Mupfure River. Kaguvi, the spirit medium, was based on the south bank nearby at Chena's kraal. [For further details see the website www.zimfieldguide.com]

Hartley (the 1:250,000 map calls it "Village Main" after the Johannesburg mining company) moved from this site near the confluence of the Mupfure River and the Chimbo Stream to its present day site in 1899 as it was a better site for the railway line which arrived in 1901. In 1982, the town of Hartley was renamed Chegutu.

For further related articles including: Early European visitors to Hartley Hills goldfield / Thomas Baines and the Hartley Hills goldfield / The search for Willie Hartley's grave / Chief Mashayamombe's stronghold, Fort Martin and the Cemetery see the website www.zimfieldguide.com.

Acknowledgements

T. Baines. *The Gold Regions of South Eastern Africa*. Books of Rhodesia 1968

Col. A. S. Hickman. *Norton District in the Mashona rebellion*. Rhodesiana No. 3. 1958

P. S. Garlake. *Pioneer Forts in Rhodesia 1890-1897*. Rhodesiana No. 12. Sept 1965.

W. H. Brown. *On the South African Frontier.* Books of Rhodesia 1970

Thanks to ORAFs for permission to quote from Rhodesianheritage.blogspot.com/2012/02/in-search-of-lost-grave.html recompiled from the magazine Rhodesian Knowledge Number 1 about the Young Farmers Club (YFC) expedition

Col. A. S. Hickman. *Men who made Rhodesia*. BSAP Co. 1960

The '96 Rebellions. BSA Co. Books of Rhodesia 1975

Ken Calder who accompanied me on my first visit and Brent Barber who came on the second visit.

Obituary:
Roy Stephens
12 April 1935–27 November 2015

by Gavin Stephens

Former Chairman, and a Founder Member, my father was a proud supporter of the Matobo Conservation Society. He passed away unexpectedly on 27th November 2015, at his home in Bulawayo, in his 81st year.

Roy was born in Bulawayo in 1935 and lived his entire life in the city, contributing to the sporting, cultural and business community of the city.

He attended Milton Junior School, and then Milton Senior, where he was Headboy in 1952. He joined the Bulawayo Board of Executors and Trust Company in 1958. He retired in 2000, after 42 years' service, as both Chairman, (a position he held for many years), and as Managing Director. He was elected President of the Chamber of Mines, having served for many years on the Executive and as Vice-President. He was also Chairman of the Mining Industry Pension Fund. He was instrumental in the establishment of the Zimbabwe School of Mines in Bulawayo. Following his retirement he was elected a Life Member of the Chamber of Mines.

For many years he served as Chairman of CABS in Matabeleland. After his retirement he served as CEO of the Association for Business in Zimbabwe (ABUZ), and was also Chairman of the Bulawayo Publicity Association, on which Executive he served for ten years.

In the sporting arena, Roy captained Matabeleland Hockey, and went on to play for his country. He was a member of the first national hockey team to travel abroad. He represented his country in basketball. His rugby career had come to an early end with a broken knee at school. He was also an avid tennis player. As a boy he grew up very involved with Boy Scouts, with his crew winning the annual Assegai Competition, and earning his troop's first King's Scout Award. He went on to become a member of the Raylton Rover Crew, and was one of the last surviving members. Roy's father, Gerald, also a keen Scout, helped establish Gordon Park in the Matopos in 1936. Roy was a year old at this time, but it meant that he would effectively grow up in the Park. Under the guidance of Skipper Knapman, a lifelong family friend and first Ranger at Gordon Park, Roy learnt his trees of the Matopos, and from this came a lifetime hobby in Botany that was immensely rewarding and resulted in significant work done in the Matobo Hills. Roy drafted the first tree check-list for the Matobo Conservation Society, contributed to the World Heritage Site submission and was always willing to share his knowledge.

Roy's great passion was the Matobo Hills. Apart from his depth of knowledge and love of all that the hills have to offer, he was a member of the Rhodes Estate Matobo Committee, and served as Chairman of the Matobo Conservation Society, the Matabeleland Tree Society and the Bulawayo Aloe and Cactus Society.

Roy is survived by Joan, his children Sally, Gavin and Desmond, and four grandchildren, all of whom have grown up to share his "Matopos Passion". He will be missed by all who knew him.

Do you wish to comment on the layout and content of this edition?
Write to the Editor at edkins@cwg.co.zw.

Obituary: James Hugh 'Tackie" Bannerman (1942-2016)

by Jono Waters

James Bannerman, who died on March 21 aged 73, was a tree fern specialist and a leading authority on the history and culture of those of the Shona speaking people of south east Africa, who had fallen under the Portuguese domain of influence for nearly four centuries before the colonial Scramble for Africa. In 1890, the eastern Shona were divided between two very different colonial powers due to the clever manoeuvering of Cecil Rhodes's BSA Company which set their boundary deep into what had been Portugal's Sphere of Influence. Had the Portuguese not been outwitted by Rhodes and his agents, the border between Rhodesia and Moçambique would almost certainly have followed the Macheke and Save rivers, with the Manyika people falling wholly under the suzerainty of Portugal.

Finding himself stationed along the border in the 1960s as a young policeman, Bannerman became interested in the identity of the eastern Shona, discovering that a modern border had done little to undermine their cultural identities.

Bannerman was particularly interested in genealogies, totemic histories and had a love for drawing information rich maps—his distinctive "pop art" style most probably having its origin in the post-war comic books of the 1950s. His interest led him to enrolling at the University of Rhodesia, where he went on to complete an Honours degree in History under the tutorship of the eminent historian David Beach. The completion of his dissertation on the Hlengwe people of south eastern Zimbabwe—often mistakenly referred to as Shangaans—spurred his interest in the cultural dynamics and tribal crossovers that went beyond modern day colonial borders. He concluded his treatise on the Hlengwe by declaring as much: "I may be accused of being particularistic, but I have been trying to deal with Rhodesia only. Much of Hlengwe history is of course tied with the history of the vast majority of the Tsonga group of peoples who live in Moçambique, there being minorities only in Transvaal and Rhodesia". For his project, he won the Best Student Award, a Rh$35 book prize.

James Hugh Bannerman was born in Abingdon, Berkshire on August 22, 1942. His family lived in the Old Manor in Shippon, near Oxford, which was listed in the Domesday Book. Bannerman's love of history started with his passion for the house, and he was heartbroken when the family moved to Germany at the end of World War II. His father Hugh was a Royal Air Force doctor and his mother Hilda had a medical connection: her father had invented Andrew's Liver Salts. Given the nature of his job, Dr Bannerman moved from airbase to airbase and Bannerman attended various educational establishments, including the Jesuit School Beaumont and the Benedictine Fort Augustus, both of which no longer function as schools. While a student in Bristol, he enjoyed time as a cadet in the RNVR, sailing on a minesweeper before suddenly deciding to take off to Africa.

Enlisting in the British South Africa Police on July 31st 1961, Bannerman earned the

nickname "Tackie" (a cheap tennis shoe), for which there is still no explanation, nor did he ever offer one. In his BSAP days he was largely stationed at Inyanga and often rode across the border to share a few glasses of vinho with an old Portuguese storekeeper and developed an interest in Mozambique. In later years, he was to assist a group of amateur historians in searching for the remains of Rhodesian Air Force airplanes that were shot down in the area during battles towards the end of the bush war. In 1970, Bannerman resigned from the police as he was no sympathiser of the politics of the Smith regime. He entered government service as a Young Farmer's Club advisor and later joined the Department of Conservation and Extension services (Conex). However, he continued to be called up as a Police Reservist and gained notoriety within the force as being one of the first pairs to take part in the inaugural Rusape River Race. Conceived in the Balfour Bar in Rusape, the rules were simple: two man crew, two inner tubes tied together with rope, two paddles and off you go.

In the late 1970's, Bannerman enrolled at the University of Rhodesia and was based in Salisbury as the war drew to its end. Graduating from what became the University of Zimbabwe, Bannerman remained in the capital, working for the Department of Rural Development before he was transferred to Mutare. In 1987, Bannerman left the employment of the government and decided to move to the Vumba mountains where he engaged in his other great passion—tree ferns. He started up a nursery, which he christened Duzi Duzi ("Very Close By/Nearly There"). To supplement his income, Bannerman started to consult for the German aid agency GTZ on projects in Mozambique. Spending increasing amounts of time over the border, he met his Mozambican wife Teresa.

In the mid-1990s, he moved his nursery to Ardroy Farm, a property in the Vumba mountains belonging to John Wisdom, the estranged son of Doris Lessing. Wisdom had run a guesthouse and backpackers lodge which, along with his increasingly successful nursery, kept Bannerman busy until the events of the late 1990s. Displaced from his Vumba base during the farm invasions that started in 2000, Bannerman settled with Teresa in Manica Province in Mozambique, continuing to work for GTZ in Malawi. He did not abandon Zimbabwe entirely and travelled back to Mutare monthly to spend time with his old GTZ colleague Mike Froude. His small dwelling in Manica was full of books and academic papers and he was engaged by a number of NGOs and private organisations to undertake various projects of a historical and cultural nature, along with land use surveys. Always willing to meet those interested in the history of the region, Bannerman would happily engage over cold beers at a local eatery and would be most pleased if his favourite *lulas* (squid) was on the menu.

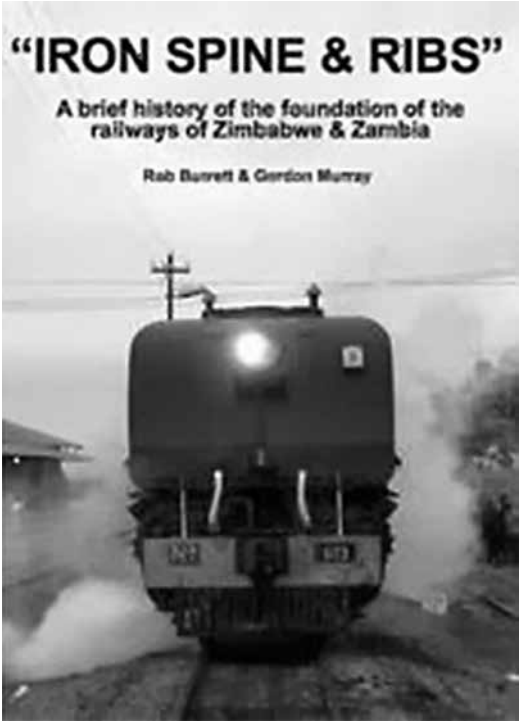
In 2016 Bannerman developed an intestinal blockage. The hospitals in Mozambique were unable to adequately diagnose the problem. He was transferred to Parirenyatwa Hospital, Harare where he was operated on, but sadly died two days later in the early hours of March 21. He was buried at Glen Forest Cemetery with a sizeable group of his friends having made the journey to wish him farewell. Over the years he contributed a wealth of historical and botanical papers to various journals and publications. At the time of his death, Bannerman was working on his magnum opus, The Eastern Shona, a follow up to David Beach's work on the Shona of the central plateau, The Shona and Their Neighbours, which he had helped proof-read. Falling a few chapters short of his overall scope, the book is being revised and is due to be published in 2017. Bannerman kept up a devoted correspondence with his mother and father until they passed away. He is survived by three sisters, and a younger brother who is a famous designer of gardens.

Book Review: Iron Spine and Ribs

by Paul Hubbard

Burrett, Rob, Murray, Gordon & Taylor, Robin. 2015.
Iron Spine and Ribs: a brief history of the railways of Zimbabwe & Zambia.
Second edition. Bulawayo: Khami Press.
36 pages.
ISBN: 978-0-7974-9687-3.
US$5.

The railways of Zimbabwe and Zambia were an essential part of the economy and information of their development and use has been difficult to find unless you have Anthony Croxton's excellent *Railways of Zimbabwe* (1982) or the earlier edition, *Railways of Rhodesia* (1973). At an almost breathless pace, this little booklet provides a welcome summary of the evolution of the railway network of Zimbabwe. Lavishly illustrated, the booklet is more than just the story of the engines, steel lines, buildings, nuts and bolts that constitute a railway. There are brief chapters on ancillary matters including the Victoria Falls Bridge, Victoria Falls Hotel and the Road Motor Service. The second edition corrects numerous errors present in the first edition while adding new information. This revised booklet can be seen as a companion volume to the current guide to the railway museum (Burrett et al. 2014). The latter booklet contains much of the detailed trivia on locomotives, wagons and carriages that will excite railway enthusiasts across the world. Thankfully Iron Spine and Ribs is a booklet for the general reader that provides a concise and readable history of a valuable institution in Zimbabwe's history. There is



a need for an in-depth history of the National Railways of Zimbabwe which is something this booklet may inspire one day.

Reference:
Burrett, R., Murray, G. & Taylor, R. 2014. Our Railway Heritage: Historical locomotives, coaches and other relics of the National Railways of Zimbabwe Museum, Bulawayo. Bulawayo: Khami Press.

Paul Hubbard
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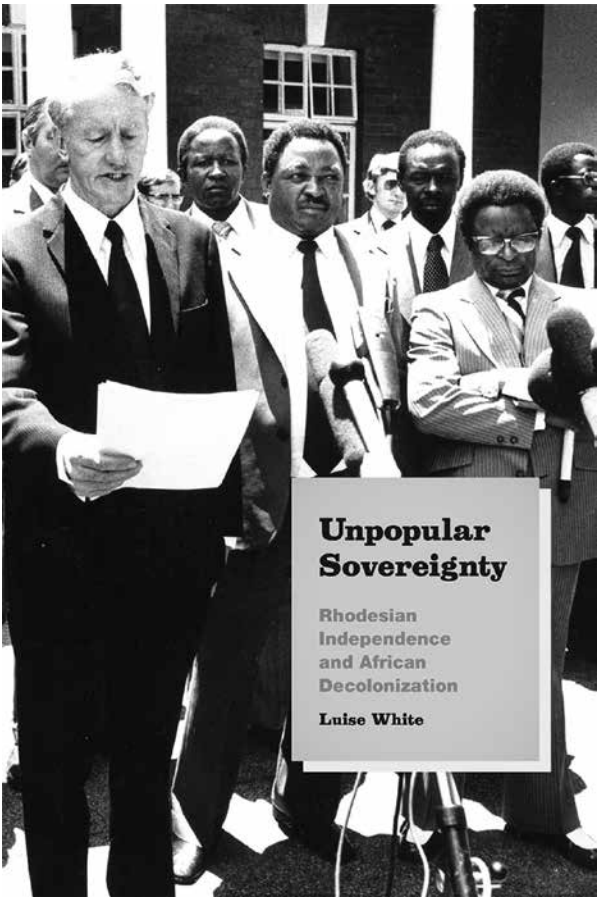
Write to the Editor at edkins@cwg.co.zw.

Book Review: Unpopular Sovereignty - Luise White

by Paul Hubbard

Luise White. 2015.
Unpopular Sovereignty: Rhodesian Independence and African Decolonisation.
London:
The University of Chicago Press.
343+xvi pages.
ISBN 13: 978-0-226-23519-6.
Price: US$30.



The year 2015 was the 50th anniversary of white-ruled Rhodesia's bid for independence. The bones of the story are well known to most people. On 11 November 1965 the Cabinet of Rhodesia announced that Rhodesia regarded itself as an independent sovereign state. This was the first unilateral break from Britain's Empire since that of the American colonies 189 years before. The majority of the international community deemed Rhodesia's action illegal and economic sanctions, the first in the UN's history, were imposed on the breakaway state. Protracted political

negotiations failed and the Rhodesian Bush War (1964–1980) led to the Lancaster House Agreement and the first fully-democratic elections ushered in the independent state of Zimbabwe. Until this book, the motivations and actions of the Rhodesian government were seen as those of a rebel white state only interested in maintaining its privilege and power. Luise White has done well in showing the more complicated aspects of this story within the broader politics of African decolonisation, a perspective long-needed in studies of the Ian Smith era.

Much of the book deals with an under-explored facet of Rhodesian history—the question of citizenship and how it was negotiated, invented, restricted and denied. To White, citizenship means political rights bestowed by a legal authority, usually a constitution and is not a synonym for nationality, belonging or community (p. 39). Thus the concept does not automatically imply voting rights or any other sort of benefits and obligations. White does a masterful job of sorting through the complex imaginings of citizenship in Rhodesia as it applied to the various classes and colours in society; after 1965 Rhodesian citizenship was not always desirable and more so after military service became compulsory. Dual citizenship - a hot topic in Zimbabwe in post-2000 politics —was often seen as desirable and necessary. The notion of "kith and kin" so beloved of Smith and his followers was perhaps a mistake, not least because it encouraged a lessening of attachment to Southern Rhodesia and promoted an appeal to external nationality that created a fluid (or even transient) white population. This weakened the political structures and allowed the radicals to rule.

It may come as a surprise to readers of this book to learn that white and black politics often became entangled, sometimes even because of common interests. This comes through quite strikingly in White's discussion of the 1961 Constitution where both sides were fractured in their engagement with the issues surrounding the new legislation, especially whether or not to accept it. The divergence in the politics was of course the meaning of the constitution, which Ian Smith believed would lead to full independence for Southern Rhodesia when the Federation was dissolved, whereas for Joshua Nkomo and his party, the constitution meant a loss of voting and socio-political rights. This was a position to be taken for the next twenty years.

UDI is often presented as something endorsed by the entire government of Rhodesia which White shows in Chapter Four is untrue. Smith mistrusted his senior military and civil service officials and feared a coup in the months before 1965. There were also worries about a British invasion to enforce a decision to decolonise. Rhodesia's legal status - was it a quasi-dominion or a quasi-colony - clouded matters. White strikingly argues that "had Britain invaded, however, it would have meant that Britain would literally have taken over Rhodesia, to make it a colony, so that Britain could then decolonize Rhodesia" (p. 113). Ironically this is what effectively happened in 1979-1980.

This quest for legitimacy was repeated in local politics when, in 1965, judges ruled that Rhodesia had a fully de facto government, which delighted the politicians but depressed much of the citizenry. Other signs of independence such as the currency, anthem, and passports were debated and enacted a little erratically.

Rhodesia sometimes "took the work of showing the world it was a sovereign nation very seriously, and sometimes it did not" (p. 123). By asking for internationally-backed sanctions, Britain reinforced the confused status of Rhodesia and gave it international recognition as a state, rather than a colony.

Sanctions and their impact on the imagined narrative of independent Rhodesia are an important part of this book. Instead of attempting to account for everything that was smuggled, or minutely discuss the dirty dealings between Rhodesia and the rest of the world, White investigates the meaning such activities had for the government and its citizens. Chapter Five shows that sanctions did not work. Rhodesia had a carefully planned economy long before UDI and provisions were made to expand industry and agriculture to meet local demand from local production. The economy grew at an average of 9% a year between 1966 and 1974; it slowed more due to the disruptive effects of civil war than sanctions. Sanctions-busters became a new class of "heroes" and Rhodesia celebrated unlikely friendships in Francophone Africa, the Soviet Republics and in Asia where necessary goods were sourced or sold. Like in post-2000 Zimbabwe, the Rhodesians were able to use sanctions as "evidence" of persecution of a government committed to policies that were necessary and just for its citizens and the rest of the world be damned. Political unity linked to national identity was greatly enhanced by the mythology of sanctions-busting.

The story of the 1969 Constitution in Chapter Six is convoluted, especially the back and forth on voter qualifications, socio-political rights of blacks and various provisions to be enshrined in the Constitution. The complications are overshadowed by the 81% voter approval of the Constitution and 72% endorsement of a Republic, both of which stripped blacks of political representation. The result of this vote was thus a great irony: there was such an atavistic view of black society and politics that the Rhodesian Front's quest for legitimacy with the international community meant that it would have to create its own opposition and support amongst the rural communities. "Rhodesia was now a nation adrift in its own ideologies" (p. 206). The Pearce Commission and resulting "No" vote left Smith in a weaker bargaining position and showed the possibility of mobilisation of the dis-enfranchised majority in the country. The illogical Internal Settlement of 1979 was the unwelcome result of this position.

As shown in Chapter Ten, the Lancaster House negotiations were "great theatre" (p. 257). The tension surrounding the transition to Zimbabwe was mitigated by the many private meetings Lord Carrington had with the delegations where the actual deals and compromises were made. The subsequent ceasefire, elections and installation of a new government are discussed in detail, augmented by refreshing perspectives, notably regarding the motivations of the main players in the political and military scenes. The actions of General Peter Walls and Bishop Abel Muzorewa, whose fall from grace is well chronicled, deserve a book of their own.

I completely agree with White's call for the treatment of the history of Rhodesia and Zimbabwe as a continuum rather than a "before and after" view. "The history of Zimbabwe is Rhodesia" (p. 311). There are many similarities and continuities for both nations, both in local politics and international relations, especially

from the year 2000. There are obvious examples such as the introduction of restrictive legislation and curbing of press freedom but there are also more subtle commonalities, not least the politicians' worries over the loyalty of the armed forces given a deteriorating situation. The expense of maintaining a large civil service is a recurrent theme. Comparing government concerns on how to restrict citizenship and voting rights in each nation could also be another book in its own right.

It is no exaggeration to say that this book is exactly what I hoped to read in a re-analysis of Rhodesia's uneasy transition to majority rule. Luise White is an excellent historian in that she has not let the emotions of the time period under review get under her skin and neither does she suffer from the disillusionment engendered by post-independence politics. The questions she asks on the creation of Zimbabwe are wonderfully disruptive and destroy the simplification of our history that has become the lazy norm.

The Chairman's Annual Report for 2015-2016

Welcome to the 63rd Annual General Meeting of the Society (founded in 1953). The responsibility of the National Committee is the production of the Society's publications, the holding of the Annual Luncheon, and any other matter of historical interest that may arise (whereas it is the Mashonaland Branch Committee that organises our monthly talks). The present members of the National Committee are Messrs Atkinson, Edkins, McCarthy, Roberts, Stephens, Sykes, Tanser, and Taylor—and this is a matter that will come up later.

Since the last AGM the first of our new venture of Occasional Papers has appeared: Grandfather's Diarybeing the reminiscences of a magistrate, Francis J. Clarke. It consists of 100 pages of text and over 100 endnote-annotations explaining the events and personalities—which, even though I, the annotator, say so myself—is a virtual Who's Who and historical dictionary of our history from the 1880s to 1930s. This publication was made possible by the generosity of his grandson, Duncan Clarke; and it is selling well enough; but we need to sell more to provide the wherewithal to publish the next such original record; a couple of possibilities are to hand and any suggestions are welcome.

The new Index of Heritage from No. 1 to No. 32, that was mentioned last year, has been finished by Mike Fox and Chris Halse and is now going to page-make-up for publication; it has been a massive task and it will be a very useful reference work for all of us.Our thanks again to the authors.

The 34th issue of Heritage (cover date 2015) is in the final stages of page-make-up and should become available by the middle of the year. As always we are grateful to Fraser Edkins and all the many contributors—and indeed to the Mashonaland Committee who find our speakers from whose talks many of the published articles are derived.

As mentioned last year the National Committee has had in hand for some time the proposal to establish a website that will make our activities known to a wider audience and make our publications, going back to the first Rhodesiana in 1956, more widely accessible. The complications and costs are still a problem, but the Committee at its next meeting will be considering a simpler and more cost effective solution—namely a Facebook site—that could immediatelymake available our activities, including our new Index of Heritage, and give complete access to the first 22 issues of Rhodesianaonline.

The Annual Luncheon was held on 25 October at Meikles as before, and members have spoken appreciatively of the meal and the talk by Tony Hawkins. However, numbers were down somewhat whereas the costs to the Society were up. Your committee will keep the matter under review and as always suggestions by members will be welcome. Whatever the outcome, the lunch has become something of the highlight of our year and the members of the committee work very hard to make it a success.

In that, as I said last year, a special role is played by Dennis Stephens who manages the booking and financial details and indeed looks after our finances generally; for medical reasons he is unable to be here to speak to his report, but I will do my best to answer any questions. What does not need explanation, however, is our gratitude for his careful stewardship, which enables the Society to function and indeed subsidize some of its activities to a small extent. Of particular note is Dennis's liaising with our many sponsors, listed in Heritage, who do much to sustain that publication.

The Society continues to take a keen interest in the preservation of historic buildings and matters of history generally in the country, and through Robin Taylor maintains contact with our small number of members in Bulawayo where there is considerable activity but not yet an actual branch of the Society.

In the AGM of the Mashonaland Branch which will follow Robin Taylor will report on its monthly talks which are the Society's life-blood, and on behalf of the National Committee I would like to acknowledge the vital contribution to the Society made by the Branch and indeed by all the ordinary members who sustain the Branch in their attendance at the talks and their generosity at the door.

R. S. Roberts,
National Chairman
31 March 2016