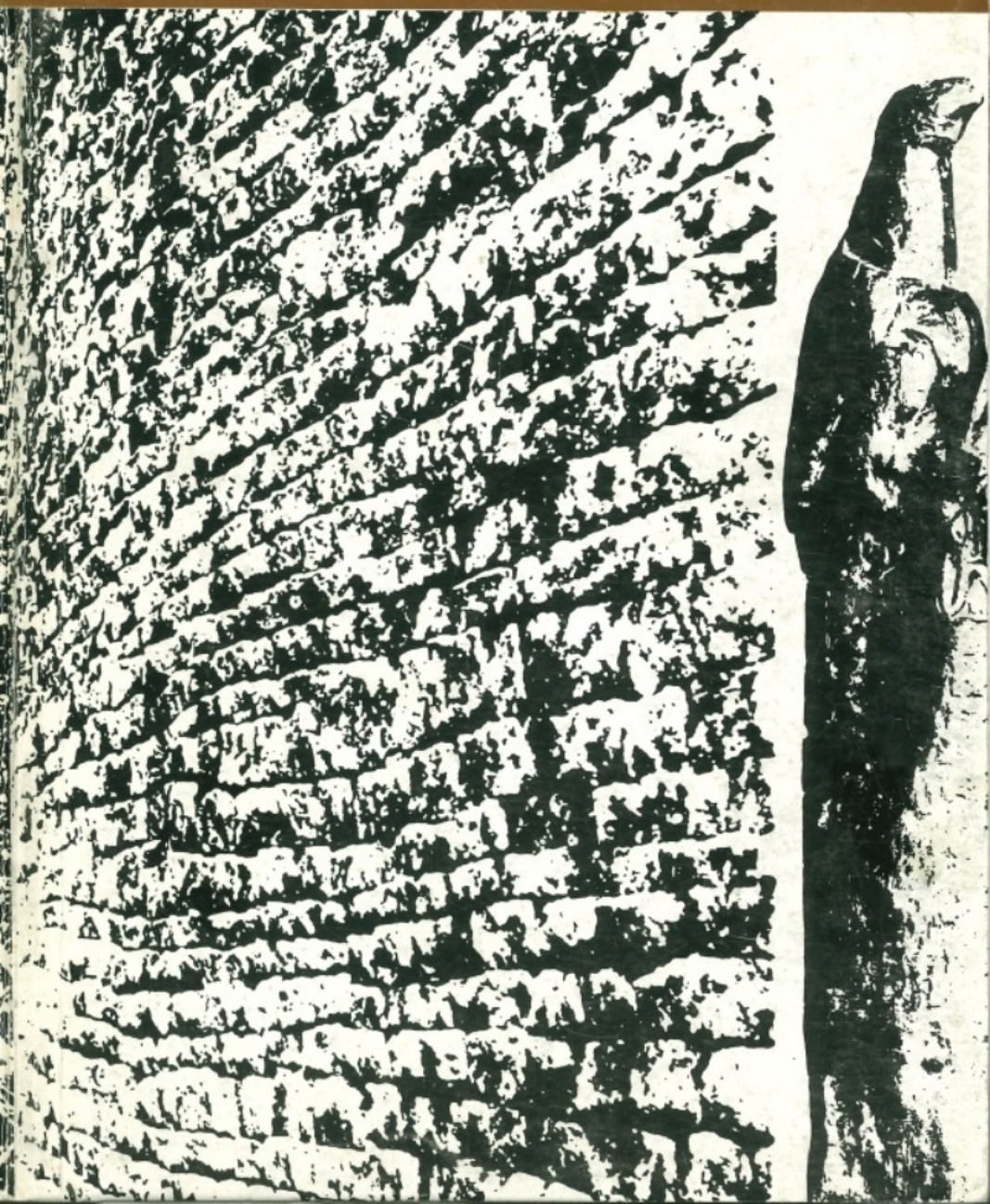


HERITAGE of ZIMBABWE

PUBLICATION No. 15

1996



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Publication No. 15 — 1996

THE HISTORY SOCIETY OF ZIMBABWE
Harare
Zimbabwe
December 1996

Heritage of Zimbabwe No. 15, 1996

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- ☆ The Society aims to unite all who wish to foster a wider appreciation and knowledge of Zimbabwean history.
- ☆ Members of the Society are not, by any means, all historians. Among our members are collectors of Africana, libraries and learned institutions wishing to acquire background knowledge of one of Africa's key areas whilst the majority are Zimbabweans interested in the story of their own country.
- ☆ Outings to sites of interest with talks on related subjects and an annual dinner 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.
- ☆ Membership is open to everyone. Paid-up members will receive *Heritage of Zimbabwe* published during the subscription year which begins on the 1st January.
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HERITAGE OF ZIMBABWE is the journal of The History Society of Zimbabwe. It replaces *RHODESIANA* which was the journal of The Rhodesiana Society which Society absorbed the National Historical Association and Heritage of the Nation, and later became the History Society of Zimbabwe.

Edited by

MICHAEL J. KIMBERLEY

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Foreword

Once again the History Society of Zimbabwe is pleased to present to its members the annual issue of its journal *Heritage of Zimbabwe*.

The 1990s seem to be full of Zimbabwean centenaries of one kind or another. During the present decade the nation has celebrated or will celebrate the centenary of several of our oldest cities and towns.

1997 is the centenary of the completion of the Railway into Zimbabwe and the arrival of the first train from outside our borders into the Railway station at Bulawayo.

No country can survive without a railway system and our Railway parastatal has provided a wonderful service to the nation for 100 years despite many difficulties including shortage of capital and vested interests precluding, for much of the life of the parastatal, the fixing of tariffs and charges at sensible economic levels.

It seems more than appropriate that the arrival of the Railway in Bulawayo should be commemorated in *Heritage of Zimbabwe* and to this end the Society is pleased to have major illustrated contributions from two Railway enthusiasts, namely Mr John Batwell, now of Johannesburg but formerly of Zimbabwe, and Reg Pattison of Bulawayo.

For the rest, we offer the usual miscellany so that at least one article will interest and offer pleasure to every reader.

Our regular contributor, Robert Burnett, has provided a paper on pre-colonial gold mining as well as one on Gweru and its environs at the time of the post umvukela.

We continue the serialization of Eric Thomson's fascinating account of Dr Dyson Blair's Medical Survey Patrol over 60 years ago in the region of the Zambezi River. This time, following an enjoyable afternoon spent by your Editor and his wife with Mr and Mrs Thomson, we have some delightful photographs taken on the patrol.

Apart from our journal, the life blood of the Society is also derived from the fascinating talks and expeditions offered to our members on a regular basis during the year by our Society's very active Mashonaland Branch.

As is well known our policy has been for forty years, wherever possible, to publish the text of the talks given to our members on these occasions.

This volume includes a talk given by Mr Walter Krog on the Rhodesian Anti Tank Battery in which he served during the Second World War. Mrs Moira Price, a long time resident of Centenary, provides her notes on the early days in the Centenary district which was the subject of a talk which she gave to members during an expedition there in 1995.

Similarly, Roy Lander, head of the Anglo American Corporation (one of the Society's major benefactors) in Zimbabwe, contributes the text of his interesting talk to members on the history of the Corporation's quite famous guest houses in Bulawayo and Harare.

The Society's National Annual Dinner has been part of our Society's tradition since 1967. In the days when we had three branches — Mashonaland, Matabeleland and Manicaland — the dinner rotated between venues in these provinces, but now

with only one branch of the Society the Dinner is usually held in the capital city. This year our guest speaker was a well known Zimbabwean businessman and farmer, Mr J.M. Sinclair, who gave an entertaining anecdotal address on aspects of the history of the Chimanimani area where he grew up.

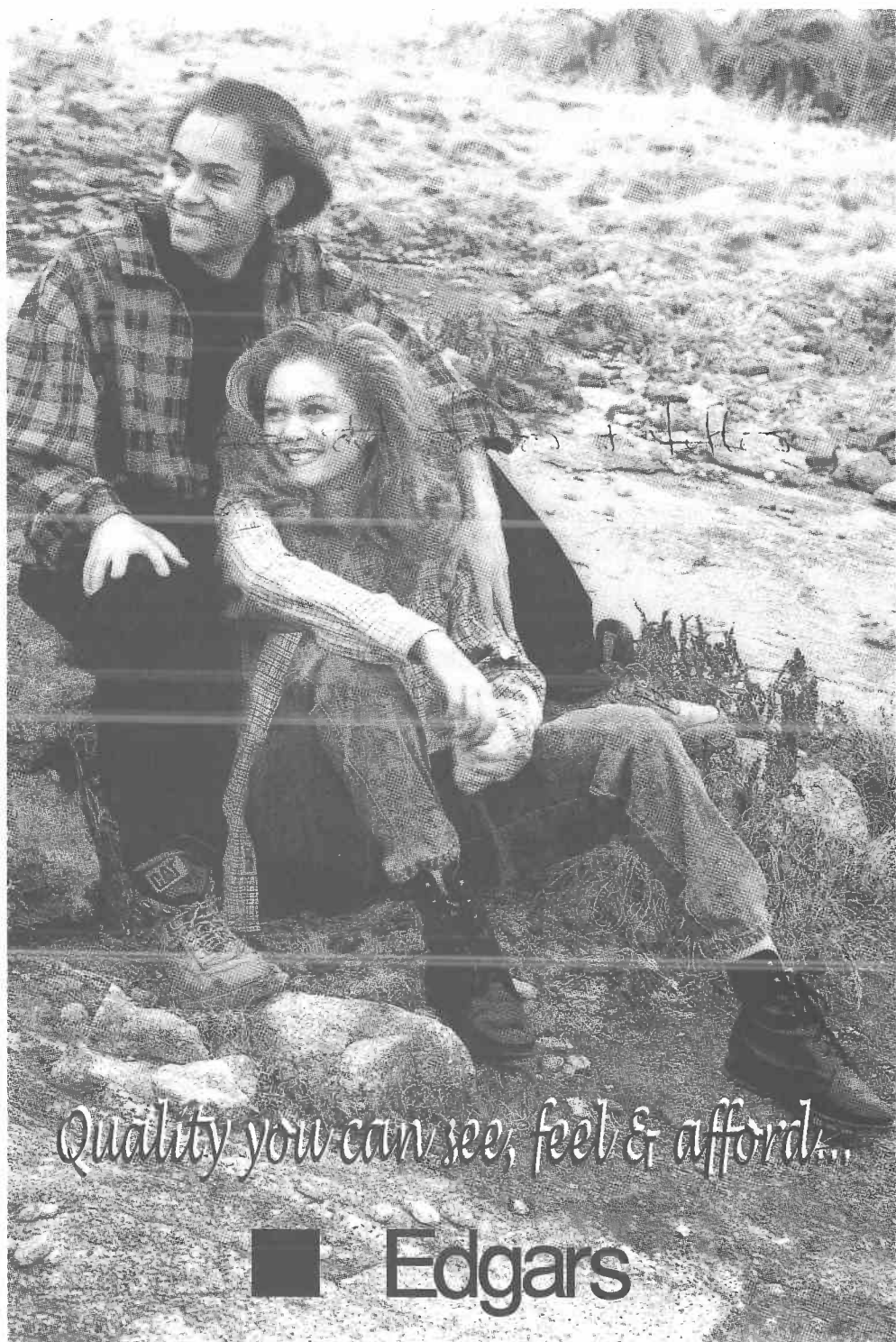
It is a great pleasure for the Society to welcome as a first time contributor Linet Mutema, Curator of Ethnography in the National Museums and Monuments. We have always eagerly accepted articles from the staff and former staff of that organization and previous issues of our journal contain contributions from Dawson Mujeri, Cran Cooke, Peter Garlake and others. We hope that Linet's paper will motivate other current staff members to submit material for possible inclusion in *Heritage of Zimbabwe*.

Finally, the major part of this volume is devoted to part of an adaptation of the diaries of James Henry Archer Burton (1850-1922), known as Matabele Jim, which we include by kind permission of his son, Mr James R. Archer-Burton of Battle, East Sussex, England. We are most grateful to Mr Archer-Burton for his cooperation and to Mr J.O. Cramp of Ayr, Scotland, and Mr John McCarthy, Chairman of the Mashonaland Branch of our Society, for facilitating the acquisition of a copy of this adaptation of the diaries by Mr James R. Archer-Burton. My personal thanks to John McCarthy for much help with editing the diary and the adaptation to a manageable length for publishing in this issue of *Heritage of Zimbabwe*.

There is a continual need for relevant articles on any subject relating to the history of Zimbabwe and your Editor welcomes articles for possible publication in future issues of *Heritage of Zimbabwe*. Without a steady stream of suitable articles our target of 80 000 words of text in each volume is a pipe dream.

Finally, on behalf of the History Society of Zimbabwe, grateful thanks are again expressed to our Benefactors and Sponsors, all of whom have so generously committed themselves to assisting us financially in meeting the high costs of publishing in these inflationary times. Our thanks are also due to our advertisers whose regular support is greatly appreciated.

Michael Kimberley
Honorary Editor
Heritage of Zimbabwe.



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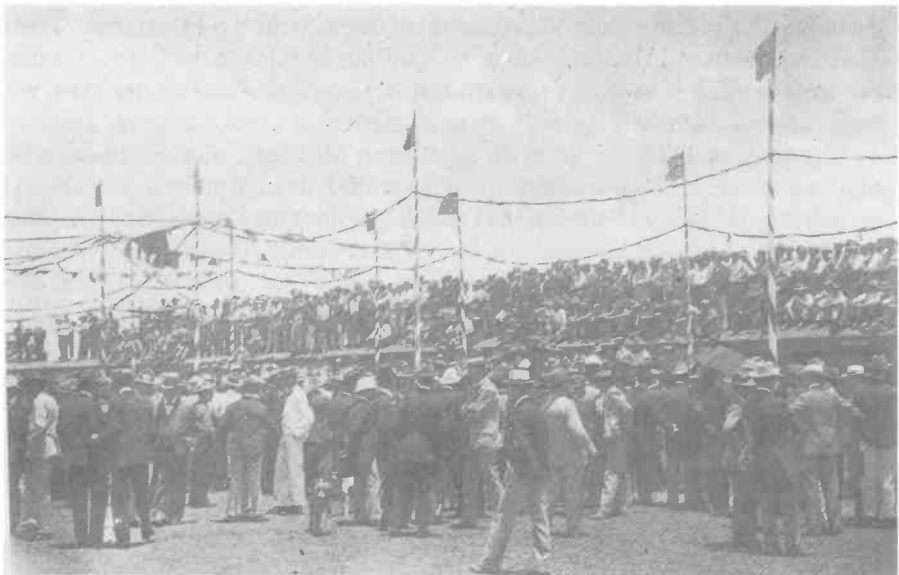
■ **Edgars**

A Great Occasion for Bulawayo The Railway Comes to Town and The Country – A Review of the Event 100 Years On . . .

by John Michael Batwell

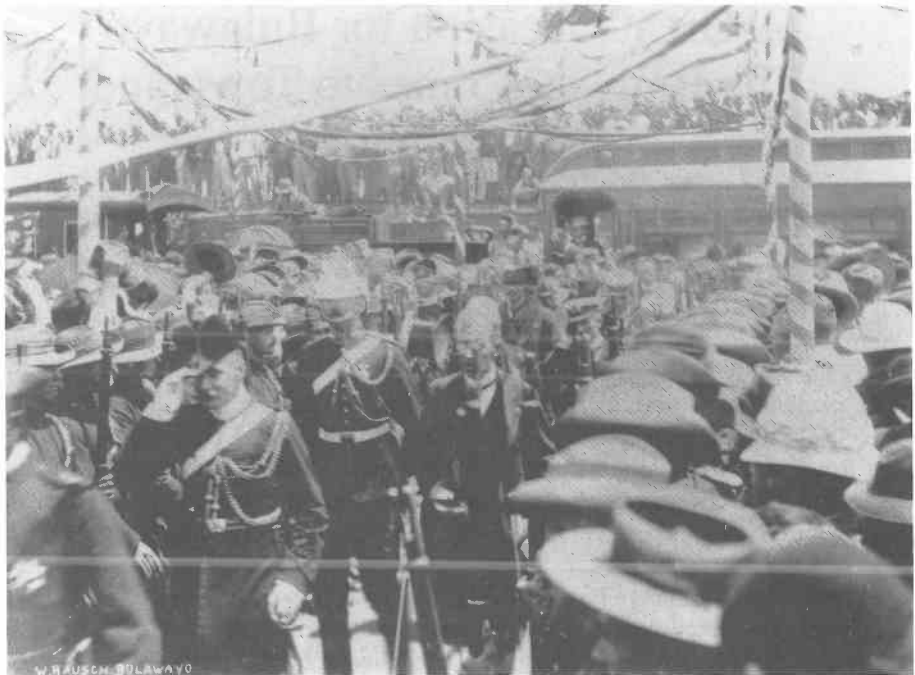
Apparently “the greatest concourse of white people that had ever assembled in Rhodesia was gathered around the roped enclosure, within which the opening ceremony was to take place. There was a pavilion in the centre with a dais under its roof for His Excellency the High Commissioner. It was adorned with a handsome canopy on which the Royal Arms were conspicuous . . .” One hundred and fifty Matabele, including several indunas, were among the guests at the “brilliant gathering” that was the Reception. After the speeches, “there were three stirring cheers each for Mr Rhodes, Captain The honourable A. Lawley, His Excellency Sir Alfred Milner, and a further and final round for George Pauling were given.” The railway had arrived in fledgling Rhodesia! The Bulawayo Chronicle got understandably carried away – “Today is the parting of the ways for Matabeleland, the relegation of the old method of transport to the past and the beginning of civilization in its entirety . . .”

It had been four years to the day since Dr. Jameson’s Column had hoisted the flag on that wild syringa in the contemporary suburb of Sauerstown, Bulawayo, marking



The crowd gathered for the opening of the railway to Bulawayo

(National Archives of Zimbabwe)



The arrival of the High Commissioner, Sir Alfred Milner for the opening of the railway, 4 November 1897
(National Archives of Zimbabwe)

the occupation of Lobengula's capital and marking the birth of the Bulawayo of today. Near that tree stood Dawson's store, built by James Dawson, one of half a dozen Europeans still in Lobengula's capital when Jameson's men arrived. By 1894, when Bulawayo was "officially opened" the town centre was a few kilometres south.

The story of Bulawayo from the days when Mzilikazi, warrior founder of the Matabele nation, led his marching impis there in 1837, through the years of Lobengula, his defeat by the Pioneer Forces in 1893 and the growth of the city which now envelopes the site of the Matabele kingdom, has been told many times. The treatment varies from historian to historian, from narrator to narrator, though the basic dates are fixed. These dates are: Occupation of Bulawayo by the Pioneer Columns from Salisbury and Fort Victoria – November 4th 1893. Bulawayo was declared a town by Dr Leander Starr Jameson on June 1st 1894. Bulawayo went into laager on the Market Square in mid-March, 1896, on the outbreak of the Matabele Rebellion. On August 21st and September 9th 1896, Cecil Rhodes held the historic indabas with the rebel Matabele chiefs in the Matopos Hills. Bulawayo was declared a municipality on October 27th 1897. To go a step further, Bulawayo became a city on November 4th 1943.

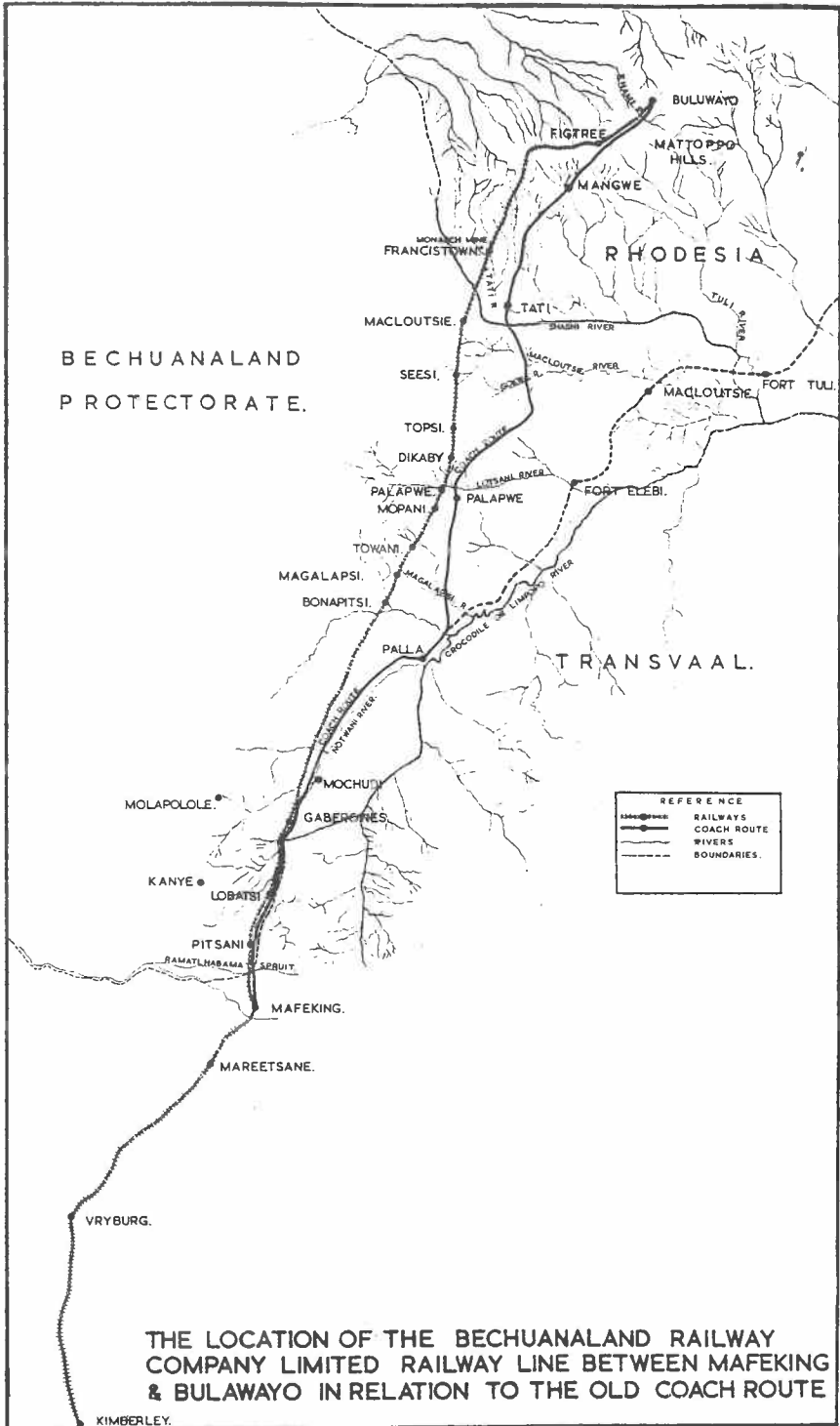
By the time the railway did arrive Bulawayo was a growing shanty town. It had just got electric power. The electric light (described by the Press as "mysterious illumination") had been turned on for the first time on the evening of November 3rd to the fascination of the local people. Bulawayo was the fifth centre in Southern Africa

to have a public electricity supply – before it were Kimberley (1882), Johannesburg (1891), Pretoria (1892) and Cape Town (1895). Salisbury did not get electric light until 1913. Schooling was under way and a hospital established by nuns of the Dominican Order; there were four newspapers in publication; sporting activities were under way such as rugby, soccer, cricket and horse-racing (the latter dating back before the establishment of a town when Lobengula's indunas raced together with the Queen's envoys in the "Zambesi Handicap", a course over hurdles, in 1889!). So Bulawayo, by 1897, was a fast developing civilization and eagerly awaited the railway after the limitations of ox-waggon transport and the rough-riding, hazardous coach services of Mr Zeederberg, proprietor of the Transvaal-Rhodesia coaching service. The *Bulawayo Chronicle* of 5th April 1895 said: "Of all questions that are now agitating the minds of the settlers of Matabeleland . . . the hope of the country in regard to railway extension rests with the Bechuanaland Railway. Editorial comment in October 1897 in the same press said, "Bulawayo has been waiting for the railway like the Australian farmer waits for rain which shall bring him prosperity."

No railways, no Rhodesia – it was as simple as that. Ox waggon transport from the South had virtually stopped owing to the rinderpest; freight charges to Mafeking were up to two hundred pounds a ton; and the time it took consignments to reach Bulawayo roused the local merchants to great heights of fury. In early 1895, the Bulawayo Chamber of Commerce voiced its concern for the need for speedy and reasonably priced transport of heavy machinery for gold mining. By October of that year, the transport situation was acute, owing to the paucity of waggons. A report prepared by the Chamber declared that in the past 12 months "upwards of 2000 waggons had come into Bulawayo and the cost of transport amounted to £140 000." A traveller recorded that he had counted over 100 waggons on the Palapye–Bulawayo road.

Railways ranked high in Cecil Rhodes' vision for opening up and developing the interior of the African continent. There are varied views on the man from loyal Imperialist under Queen Victoria's reign to the ruthless, mercenary megalomaniac who privately regarded acquired territories as his own special kingdom. Whatever, Rhodes well knew the vital importance of communications ("the railway is my right hand," he once said) and as soon as the emissaries had secured from Lobengula the Rudd Concession for mining rights (13th October 1888) and the boot was in the doorway he began to think in terms of a railway link. There was some opposition in the form of the Bechuanaland Exploration and Exploring C. (to whom Lobengula had given mineral rights covering the Mazoe District). They had also spotted the immense potential of the lands across the Limpopo, but Rhodes, silver-tongued as always when it suited him, persuaded them to come in with him in asking for a Charter for the British South Africa Company – a large corporation which would amalgamate the conflicting interests in Mashonaland. The charter was granted on October 29th 1889. The primary aim of the Company was to extend northwards the railway and telegraph systems in the direction of the Zambesi. In the matter of railways Cecil Rhodes had one eye on a link with South Africa, and the other connecting what he was confident would transpire to be his territory with the East African port of Beira.

In fact the construction of the Beira Railway happened before the railway was extended in the South from Vryburg to Mafeking but it only penetrated Rhodesia at



Umtali, with the first train arriving on the 4th February 1898, four months after Bulawayo's celebrations. The construction from Beira had been formidable with the difficult terrain.

Extending the great northbound railroad from Vryburg, seat of Government of British Bechuanaland, brought about the decision to form a separate railway company from the British Cape's Cape Government Railway (CGR). Kimberley, with its rich diamond fields, had been reached in 1885 and the extension to Vryburg achieved by December 1890. The separate company for the northbound extension was the Bechuanaland Railway Company formed in May 1893 (its name to be changed to Rhodesia Railways Ltd. six years later on the 1st June 1899). Finance was not easy for whilst the Chartered Company advanced money for construction and handed over land rights to the railway company the Imperial Government was less forthcoming and imposed many restrictive conditions upon the latter company. Aided and abetted by missionaries and the anti-Rhodes faction in South Africa, the three Paramount Chiefs of Bechuanaland travelled to London to lodge their grievances to the Colonial Secretary making it necessary for the British Government to refuse Rhodes his demands regarding penetrating Bechuanaland. Furious, but undaunted, Cecil Rhodes soon made a treaty of his own with two other minor chiefs. This gave him a strip of land north of Mafeking which reached the western border of the Transvaal. The strip was acquired for the purpose of the railway. With the Pioneers' taking of Bulawayo in 1893, the longing for railway northwards had crystallized: it was to be from Vryburg to Bulawayo.

Rhodes engaged a most colourful character, of whom many a fun tale is told, in the form of George Pauling to be line constructor. Both a physical and moral giant, Pauling, or more specifically Pauling's company, was ultimately to complete the building of the railway from Vryburg to the Congo as well as from Beira to Umtali and Salisbury, later to link with Bulawayo. The company subsequently added a number of branch lines. He was responsible for constructing numerous lines in South Africa. His engineering activities knew no bounds. His work had taken him to the Middle East, China and India besides Africa. If Rhodes was the father of Rhodesia, then George Pauling was certainly the burly midwife of its railway system. They were a formidable team. In 1891 Rhodes summoned Pauling to Cape Town from Barberton where he had been gold mining. Following discussions with Rhodes on the extension of the railway from Vryburg, he and his brother, Harold, proceeded to Mafeking to see the way for the line's expansion. Financial plans held up things temporarily. At midnight after a gathering for dinner of Rhodes, Sir Charles Metcalfe (a leading consultant engineer who is remembered in Bulawayo's Metcalfe Building at the present railway station) and Pauling an agreement was signed whereby Pauling was contracted to build the railway to the North.

Harold Pauling, George's cousin, was appointed as agent in charge of the construction of the line. (By this time the company Pauling & Co. comprised brothers George and Harry, and cousins Harold, Willy and Percy.)

By the October of 1894 the railway had reached Mafeking. To the surprise of Rhodes this line paid well from the first – it had brought the Cape railhead nearly 100 miles closer to Bulawayo. Rhodes was wrapped up with another railway at the time too, the extension inland from Beira and his financial efforts were devoted to that for a time.



Laying the track for the line to Bulawayo, 1897

(National Archives of Zimbabwe)

Onward progress of the great north route had its set-backs and 1895 was not a good year. The Jameson Raid had “upset the apple cart” and during 1896 the outbreak of rinderpest and the Matabele uprising were dark clouds to progress. Both were to take an extremely heavy toll. Progress was slow and as mentioned earlier the settlers in Bulawayo were by 1895 really agitating for improved transportation facilities. The extension from Mafeking to Palapye was slow (started August 1894, completed May 1897) – 263 miles at a rate of 93 miles per annum! After the rebellion in Matabeleland and the ravages of the rinderpest among the cattle, Rhodes pressed for a rapid finish to the job.

Such was the pressure for completion that George Pauling promised Rhodes that the last 400 miles would be built in as many days! Palapye to Bulawayo started June 1897 was completed in October that same year, 229 miles at a rate of 687 miles per annum. The capital cost of the construction from Vryburg–Bulawayo was £2 270 628 5s. 10d., i.e. a cost per mile of £3 681.

On 7th November 1896, the Bechuanaland Railway Company announced that arrangements had been made for the despatch, from an early date, of one regular train a week from Mafeking to the temporary terminus at Mochudi, 123 miles. It would carry passengers, mail and goods. Harold Pauling had later, in Bulawayo, explained that the line as far as Mochudi would be equal in finish to any section of the Cape railway but beyond that, in order to reach Bulawayo as speedily as possible, the rivers and gullies would at first be crossed by temporary wooden bridges, and would gradually be replaced by more solid and enduring structures. He confirmed that as contractors they had been considerably hampered in their work by “the dilatory manner in which the supply of material was conveyed to them by the Cape Government.” Rail materials had to be off-loaded at the coast and brought up to the railhead which was no mean

distance and time-consuming. Similarly, rolling stock was shipped in from England. Each mile of railway weighed 180 tons. The supply of water to the locos and labour force was slow and arduous – the force comprised 2400 men. Then locomotives were employed on the extension beyond Mafeking which Pauling said was “none too many for the work.” A correspondent of the “Diamond Field Advertiser” wrote: “The scene at Gaborones we shall not easily forget, as owing to the water famine, a crowd of natives came down to meet our train, all clamouring for water. Mr Pauling kindly allowed them to take as much as they could in five minutes. It was the same at every station . . .” The article went on to say encouragingly that Mochudi suddenly having sprung up from nothing was now a place that “almost amounts to a town, large stores and houses have been run up on every side, right in the bush . . . The shops, such as they are, are most primitive, consisting of tin, and one was a comical sight, being in the form of a platform made up of boxes and barrels, from which the dealer dispensed his wares . . .” Road transport prices had stabilized, but they were high enough – Messrs Musson Bros in Gaborones charged 100/- per 100 lb. for transport to Bulawayo. By March 1897, the siding at Palapye was reported as being “a busy centre now – waggons innumerable, forwarding agents’ stores, and all the makings of a town.” There was one regret however that after a dusty journey north there was no liquor store since there were no liquor licences procured!

Of the railway construction a missionary at Palapye in 1897 recorded in his recollections that “the principal bridges were not built when the railway reached Bulawayo; the train simply ran down the river bank, crossed the sandy bottom, and climbed up the other side as best it could. This switchback arrangement provided a little excitement for those who happened to be in the train . . .” Remember speed had become the essence to get the rails through to itching Bulawayans and Harold Pauling had concentrated on this factor leaving the ‘frills’ to be built at leisure. For the wide rivers, such as the Tati, Shashi and Mahalapye, masons had to be recruited to construct the stonework piers and buttresses for the steel girder bridges. It was well into 1898 before the bridges were completed.

The line from Vryburg to Mafeking was laid with recovered CGR 45 lb. rail on steel sleepers, but from Mafeking onwards 60 lb. track was installed, except for the last seven miles into Bulawayo for which 45 lb. was again used, the heavier track supplies exhausted. Heavier rail was installed on this section in 1898. The Cape Government Railways undertook the operation of the new railway as it was handed over in sections by Paulings. These openings were: Mafeking–Mochudi March 1 1897; Mochudi–Palapye Road July 1 1897; Palapye–Francistown September 1 1897; Francistown–Bulawayo October 19 1897 but official opening of the latter was in the first week of the November. These dates just show how rapidly the line was pushed through to get to Rhodesia.

The Cape Government Railways, running the railway for the Bechuanaland Railway Co., asked the company in late 1896 to assist with locomotives and an order was put in to the Scottish loco builders, Neilson & Co., for three 4-6-0 and four 4-8-0 steam engines for urgent delivery by early 1897. Reliance was placed on two well-trying Cape Government Railways’ types and these orders in effect were extensions of CGR orders for batches of the same design. Bechuanaland Railway Nos. 1 to 3 were identical to



Low level crossing of Shashi river during construction of main line, 1897. Note trucks washed down river in flood. C.G.R. locos on construction train

(W. Rausch; A. H. Croxton Collection)

the Cape 6th Class which had already become famous throughout the CGR and some were busy on the Vryburg–Mafeking line. The other 4 locomotives were the 7th Class variety which arrived as Bechuanaland Railway Nos. 4 to 7. Designed by H. E. Stephens, the Chief Locomotive Superintendent of the CGR, they had an axle load of 9,6 tons, while the engine weighed 48,35 tons and the 8-wheel tender 34,65 tons. They were admirably suited to the sand-ballasted 45 lb. and 60 lb. track. Neilsons and other Glasgow builders supplied a considerable number of these locomotives to the Cape railways between 1892 and 1902. Rhodesia Railway Ltd., in fact, procured its first locos of the 7th Class 4-8-0 type in 1899.

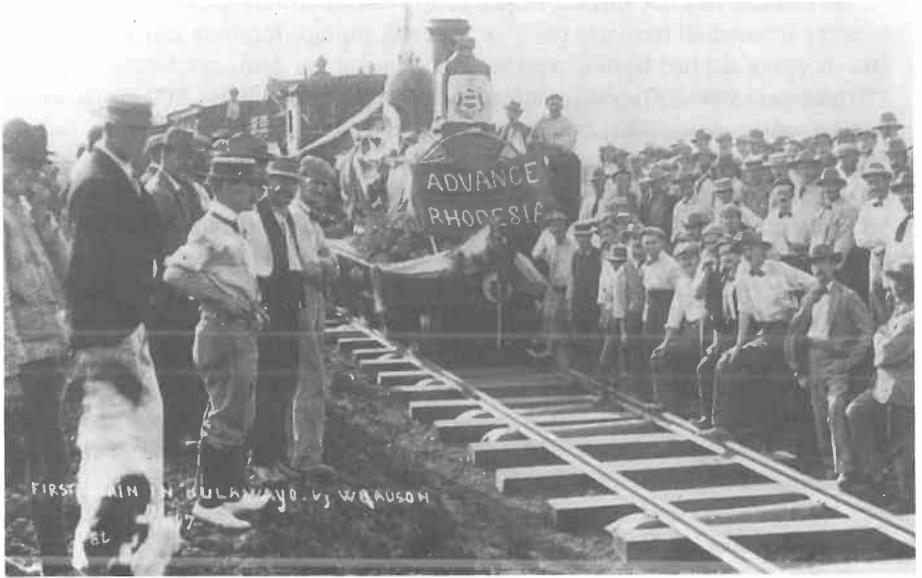
As the line approached Bulawayo, a committee was formed to organize celebratory events lasting a week. It was decided that the goods and passenger stations would be placed on the B.A.C. Ground, the passenger station being nearer the town. Initially temporary buildings would be erected with permanent fixtures to follow later. By the 23rd August, the pace was hotting up. The line was eight and a half miles within the border of the country. Accordingly, the Festivities Committee had been busy. It announced that estimated subscriptions and guarantees for this programme would amount to around £9000. (In fact, the total outlay came to £12000). Over three hundred special guests were to be invited, and Mr W. R. Paterson proprietor of the Palace Hotel, received the contract for their accommodation – despite the fact that his 130-bedroomed hotel was still being built! Going up to three storeys, it towered over the southern area of Bulawayo.

Mr Paterson had just returned from a three-week trip to Port Elizabeth and Kimberley to hurry forward all the extra building material, fittings, furniture and food required. His shopping list had been comprehensive. Among the items ordered to furnish the 130 bedrooms were 250 spring mattress beds, 500 feathered pillows, 800 sheets, woollen blankets and counterpanes, candlesticks, mirrors, toilet sets, bedroom tables and such like. Of foodstuffs he had ordered about 1500 cases of tinned items, two hundred turkeys, as many ducks and as many geese, besides 600 fowls, 400 dozen eggs and so on. Fresh fish came up from Port Elizabeth and fresh fruit from Kimberley. "The visitors will want something to drink with all this and therefore an order has been given which among other lubricants includes one hundred cases of whisky, 150 of champagne, sixty-five of beer and 20 of lime juice." He was erecting a temporary dining and banqueting hall to seat some 400 people and it would be suitably floored for dancing. "For the convenience of visitors wishing to visit the local battle-fields and other places of interest, he had ordered 12 large picnic baskets." Mr Doel Zeederberg agreed to run two coaches a day for 8 days of the festivities to take visitors to the Matopos. Such tourists would breakfast at Rhodes' farm, and thereafter proceed to "the World's View." Mr Paterson's goods were to be rushed (inasmuch as anything could be rushed then!) by means of special trucks, each labelled 'Railway Festivities'.

As the fever pitch was rising the railway experienced a collision. In the third week of September there was a collision between a mail train coming up from the south and a stationary water train. It occurred in the bed of the Shashi River. The incident occurred at three o'clock in the morning but fortunately nobody was injured and a relief train was sent from Francistown to bring the travellers forward. By mid-October, excitement was tremendous. Claimed the *Bulawayo Chronicle*: "The time is now drawing near for the great celebration, and there is no doubt that it will be an unique event in the history of Matabeleland . . . The country has been advertised all over the world. Bulawayo is as much a household word as London or Vienna . . ."

Criticism was levelled at the Festivities Committee for putting too much emphasis on races and dances, athletics, sports and rifle competitions. What was needed, it was said, was to show the visitors something of the mining activities of the country "to inspire in them a desire to invest their savings in this country."

Tuesday 19th October was a red letter day. A *Chronicle* reporter went out to the old B.A.C. ground shortly after 2 and sat with a number of others on the banks between the cuttings to await the arrival of the first construction train. At about 3 o'clock the train drew up at the temporary siding about half a mile from the station site to which place for the next month or six weeks goods and passengers would be brought. The train comprised a saloon car, a cattle truck and four or five ordinary trucks. The locomotive, the same one that had been used for the plate laying all the way up from Lobatsi, was gaily decorated with bunting and greenery. On the front were the words: 'Advance Rhodesia', surmounted by the Arms of the B.S.A. Company. Miniature Union Jacks, Stars and Stripes, and Harps of Erin adorned the escape pipe, and a variety of flags were wreathed gracefully around other portions of the loco. The passengers on this train included Mr H. W. Pauling, Mrs Pauling, the Misses (2) Pauling, Dr. Pauling, Mr R. B. Carnegie and Mr. Buchan, one of the engineers of the Bechuanaland railway. The train also brought some of the Mr Pauling's horses, a quantity of timber for the



First train in Bulawayo, 1897

(National Archives of Zimbabwe)

temporary buildings at the station site and various miscellaneous items. A crowd of some 100 gathered to greet the new arrival – the first engine and train in Bulawayo! The engine responded to the cheers with a series of shrill whistles. After gazing a while on the train, “which brings Bulawayo within four or five days of sea breezes and makes progress with giant strides a possibility”, the crowd dispersed. With the official opening of the railway only a fortnight away final arrangements were being made for the eight days of festivities which were to mark the grand occasion.

The impetus for railway expansion was such that even while the opening of the line into Bulawayo was eagerly awaited some were set on its extension to the Zambesi. Dr. Hans Sauer, Chairman of the Chamber of Mines, thought such a line northwards could be built for half a million sterling and be completed in six months. It was intended to approach Cecil Rhodes on the matter.

The 4th of November was a public holiday. Bulawayo was gaily decorated and ready to celebrate. Main Street buildings sported “a tasteful arrangement of shields, assegais and plumes intermixed with bunting and flags.” There were festoons of paper flowers on the Gold Fields offices. Eighth Avenue and Abercorn Street were thick with decorations. Four special trains were due up from the South. Their arrival times were to be 8 a.m., 8.40 a.m., 11 a.m. and 12 o’clock noon. The actual arrivals varied however. These trains were bringing guests from the Transvaal, Orange Free State, East London, Port Elizabeth, Kimberley, Bechuanaland, Graaf-Reinet, Grahamstown, Cape Town and England. Sir Alfred Milner, High Commissioner at the Cape, and his party, had in fact arrived on the 2nd. Capt. the Hon. A. Lawley, Deputy Administrator and President of the Festivities Committee, went to the station to meet Milner’s train. Unhappily train No. 3 on the 4th came off the rails three miles before reaching Figtree,

thereby holding up the fourth train. The opening ceremony was held without them but the main speeches were deferred until the banquet. The train coaches that arrived in Bulawayo for the grand occasion embraced a luxurious and resplendent De Beers saloon, built in 1895 in America. From an early hour a stream of horsemen, cyclists, pedestrians and vehicles of all sorts descended on town to witness the historical event. The decorations of the new Wesleyan Church included the banner: "Our Struggle Ended, Our Patience Rewarded: let Success Follow." Published in time for the celebrations was the first book ever to be printed in Rhodesia: "From Ox Wagon to Railway" by Alexander Boggie, costing 2/6c. A guide book was also published compiled by Messrs. R. C. Dowie and G. Fitzgerald. When nearly five hundred visitors arrived in town – wealthy financiers, British aristocrats, MPs and many other VIPs – Bulawayo saw the biggest social gathering of white people ever known north of the Limpopo. Rhodes was unable to attend the grand opening of "his railway" as he had taken ill. There were 5 a.m. excursions to the Matopos each day and daily exhibitions of rich gold-bearing quartz. Luncheons and banquets at the Palace Hotel were a regular feature. Rising to the exalted mood of the occasion, the *Bulawayo Chronicle* of 4th November wrote in its leading article that the new mode of transport had brought about the dawn of civilization to the area. "Up to the present we have been living in a kind of semi-civilized state, at times cut off from our fellows, isolated from the seething world outside . . ." H. M Stanley, the man who found David Livingstone, wrote of the railway's arrival in Bulawayo: "Few events of the century surpassed it in interest and importance. It suggested large and grand possibilities."

The first of the banquets was held on the night of the 4th November. Mrs Pankhurst not having hit the headlines yet, no ladies were present among the four hundred guests. In the speeches, Rhodes was given a tremendous accolade: "he had penetrated 1400 miles into the heart of Africa, he had introduced the most potent factor for civilization the world had ever known – he had brought the railway to Bulawayo." The call for three cheers for Rhodes was responded to with almost frenzied enthusiasm. At a second banquet for guests and Bulawayans, Captain Lawley read out a congratulatory telegraph from the Queen. For the average Bulawayan, it had been a fairly costly business. Sample prices were: for the luncheon tickets £3-3-0 single; for a ball, tickets £5-5-0, and the same for a banquet.

The festivities wound up with a farewell banquet on the night of the departure of the last two special trains. Commented an observer: "no one who looked upon the scene would have believed that such a gathering and such a menu could have been found in a city which a year and a half ago was fighting for its life against savage hordes." The first homeward train leaving on the 6th, came to grief at the Khami River. Fortunately no one was injured in a derailment and the train was on its way once more by afternoon. The railway festivities put Bulawayo on the map. Within a few weeks of the departure of the first special train the immigrants flooded in – 100 and more to a train. By late November the situation was becoming grim for many of the newcomers were in a impecunious position with no opening for them. Men thrown out of work by the depression in the Transvaal were heading north for a new deal. A labour bureau was set up early in 1898 to deal with the influx. December 1897 saw Bulawayans who had made their pile streaming south for a Christmas holiday.

A new railway needed a General Manager. As mentioned, earlier in 1897 the Cape Government Railways had entered into an agreement to work at cost price the entire line from Vryburg–Bulawayo on behalf of the Bechuanaland Railway. Mr J. L. Bissett, a former Scottish railwayman who had joined the CGR in 1881, was appointed the General Manager, his duties being to watch the economical working of the line in the interest of the company. Rhodes had been impressed with him in his time with the Cape Government Railway having risen to assistant traffic manager by 1896. Bissett initially had office in St. George's St., Cape Town, but soon after was functioning as watchdog over his CGR colleagues in Bulawayo. A well-known personality in the history of the South African Railways, formed in 1910, William Hoy came to be placed at Bulawayo by the CGR as assistant traffic manager. Hoy went on to become the fledgling South African Railways' general manager, manning the unified railways of the new Union. In 1928 he returned to Bulawayo as Sir William Hoy, KCB, Chairman of the Railway Commission of the Rhodesias and Bechuanaland.

After the record-breaking construction of the line the railwaymen of 1897 had to face the adversities of heavy rains. For example, on 3 December 1897 the river at Shashi "came down" partly destroying the approaches to the temporary bridge, and the line was closed for two weeks. Problems were compounded by the lack of telegraph communication between Plumtree and Bulawayo. Telephonic communication by a station-to-station line of indifferent reliability was achieved in December 1898.

The opening of the line to Bulawayo was followed by a period of consolidation while the bridge, buildings and so forth were completed and the line itself settled down to a commercial undertaking. One mixed and two goods trains a day were run in each direction and trains coming into Bulawayo were heavily loaded with imports from the developing township and the mining activity in the surrounding district. There were the immigrant trains with hundreds pouring into Bulawayo and soon there was a surplus of white labour.

For his own railway journeys Cecil Rhodes usually travelled in a luxurious Pullman saloon of which two were built in 1895 for De Beers. Today one is preserved at the National Railways of Zimbabwe Museum in Raylton, Bulawayo, and the second at the Kimberley Museum. Owing to the many distinguished personalities and wealthy mining magnates visiting the country in connection with development projects, Cecil Rhodes decided that a luxury train was needed to convey these people. This was the 'Train de Luxe', built by the Lancaster Railway Carriage & Wagon Co., England. It was certainly prestigious externally and internally. Limited to First Class passengers, it looked impressive with polished teak vehicles supplied. The carriages were landed at Cape Town and were erected by the CGR in mid-1901. Rhodes never got to ride on the luxury train himself alive – his body was conveyed to his resting place in the Matopos in 1902 aboard it however! The train went into public service in December 1902. It soon achieved a high measure of popularity.

The new Vryburg–Bulawayo railway was an integral lifeline during the time of the Boer War and many a story is told of sabotage of the line, heroes of the railway and armoured locomotives and trains running over the route. The armoured trains were equipped in Mafeking and Bulawayo. A typical armoured train comprised one armed wagon, a locomotive, water tanks, a guard's van and another armed wagon. The



Derailements and washaways were common — here a bull-dozer is seen in the laying of a by-pass track after a serious collision in Botswana, 1960s *(Phil Killin)*



A Rhodesia Railways 12th Class 4-8-2 puts up steam on the line through Bechuanaland *(Phil Killin)*



The Beyer, Peacock 15th Class Garratts were popular steam locomotives on the railway through Bechuanaland/Botswana from 1963 and reappeared from Bulawayo–Plumtree in the late eighties
(J. Batwell)



Rhodesia Railways operated the entire Bulawayo-Mafeking railway from 1966. Diesels operated on the line from 1973 and an English-Electric DE2 is seen at the fuel pumps at Mafikeng in January 1980
(Publicity and Travel Dept., S.A.R.)



A South African Railways steam loco moves goods traffic north through Mogosane near Mafikeng. It is bound for the Botswana border and hand-over to Botswana Railways, 1987

(J. Batwell)

railway's role in the conflict is another story of its own! The South African War was drawing to a close when news came of Rhodes' passing at his cottage at Muizenberg on 26 March 1902. The passing of the founder of Rhodesia's railway development was a sad loss. His Train de Luxe was engaged to carry the coffin and mourners to Bulawayo for his burial in the Matopos hills. One last direct connection with Rhodes was the construction and opening, on the 4th November 1903, of a nine-mile branch line from Bulawayo to Matopos. The line came off the main railway at a point called Westacre, 17 miles south of Bulawayo. This little railway, which lasted until June 1948, was built in terms of Cecil Rhodes' will, so that "the people of Bulawayo may enjoy the glory of the Matopos from Saturday to Monday", and the cost was borne by the Rhodes Trustees. Rhodes had always revelled in the beauty of the Matopos area (he had requested to be buried there) and he wanted the people of Rhodesia to have access to its beauty by rail transport.

In the 100 years since those exciting events of November 1897 the system that was later Rhodesia Railways and now, today, the National Railways of Zimbabwe (NRZ) has been the very lifeblood of Bulawayo. The headquarters of NRZ are based there and tower above the city's skyline. There is one of two railway workshops in the centre (the other being in Mutare) facilitating the maintenance and repair of modern diesel locomotives, wagons and passengers saloons.

The history of the line from Bulawayo to Mafikeng (modern spelling) has been colourful since those pioneering days at the end of the last century. The Vryburg–Mafeking–Ramathlabana section of railway was sold to South African Railways (SAR) on 1 December 1959 for £1 350 000. The day before the then Rhodesia Railways took over full operation of the Bulawayo–Mahalapye part of the line. SAR continued to operate the remaining section on its behalf. Bechuanaland became independent Botswana in 1966 and in the same year Rhodesia Railways took over operating the entire route, Bulawayo–Mafeking, a 484-mile run. The Rhodesia Railways contributed to the city of Bulawayo's 75th Anniversary celebrations with the running of a special train from Khami into Bulawayo station hauled by a vintage 1903-built 7th Class engine. This served to remember that historical event of bringing the railway to town in late 1897. (Four years later in 1972 the Railway Museum was opened in Raylton, Bulawayo, and this Museum is worth a visit today to trace the history of the rail development in this country.) With the South African National Party Government's establishment of black, independent satellite states, Mafeking fell under the newly-formed Bophuthatswana in the 1970s but today it is part of the greater Republic of South Africa once again! The change in spelling occurred when Bophuthatswana was established. In 1987 Botswana took over the ownership and operation of the railway within its borders using its own resources. As a result the Bulawayo–Mafikeng railway is, in 1996, operated by the National Railways of Zimbabwe over the mere 63 miles linking the city with the border township of Plumtree. The principal traffic along the railway today comprises trains to and from Zambia and Zaire as well as Botswana passenger and goods services. Zimbabwe's passenger and principal goods traffic moves to and from South Africa via the Beit Bridge railway line built out of political and economic expedience in the mid-seventies.

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Locomotives of the Rhodesia Railways

by R. G. Pattison

Railways approached the land lying to the north of the Limpopo from two directions. The first was the natural northward extension of the Cape Government Railways 3ft 6in gauge line from Cape Town to the diamond mines at Kimberley and on to Vryburg, which became the southern terminus of the Bechuanaland Railways, forerunner of the Rhodesia Railways. During the 1890s this line was extended to Mafeking in the northern Cape Colony, then for 484 miles through the Bechuanaland Protectorate to Bulawayo in the newly-established Rhodesia.

The second was a 2ft 0in narrow gauge line from Fontesvilla on the Pungwe River not far from the Indian Ocean port of Beira in Portuguese East Africa (PEA). This line ran westwards for 220 miles to Umtali in the mountains of eastern Rhodesia and became known as the Beira Railways. The extension of the railway to Salisbury was laid to the 3ft 6in Cape gauge by the Mashonaland Railway Company but it was only at the cessation of the Anglo-Boer War in 1902 that a link-up was made with the Rhodesia Railways in western Rhodesia. For many years all these lines spreadeagled across Central Africa were known as the Beira and Mashonaland and Rhodesia Railways or BMR for short.

The first engines for the narrow gauge Beira Railways were five little tank engines used mainly on construction trains. The first numbered engines were three tiny 0-6-0 type engines with large spark arresters giving them a real 'coffee-pot' look. All the Beira Railway narrow gauge engines were wood burners. Then came seven Falcon 'Class F, type 2 engines of 4-4-0 notation also from the Falcon Engine & Car Works, Loughborough, England – they were Nos. 4–10. These dinky little engines weighed only 18 tons but on the level across the Pungwe Flats they could haul 158.5 tons but when the going got tough through the Amatongas forests in the Silivu hills they could only manage about 30 tons.

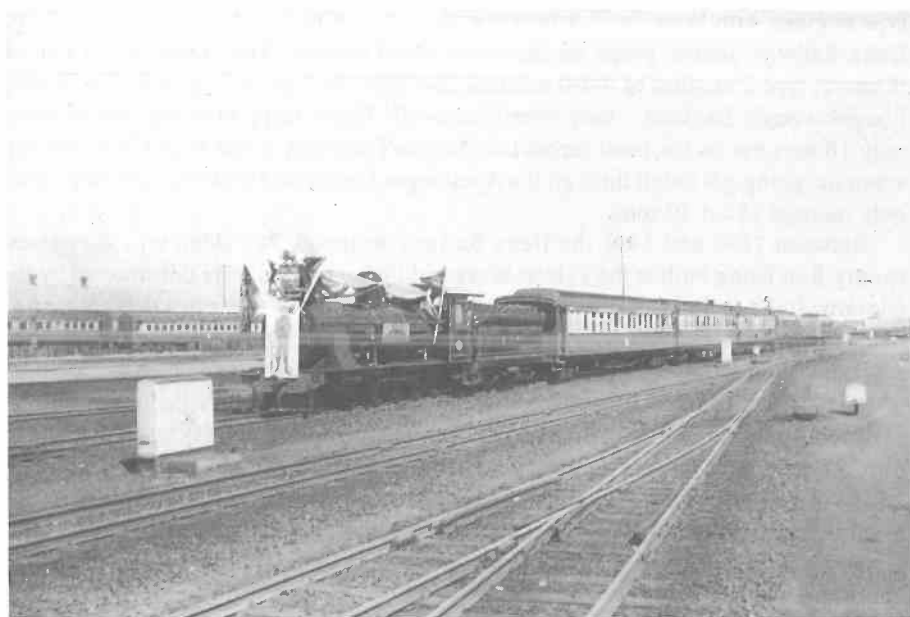
Between 1896 and 1898 the Beira Railway acquired 34 Falcon type 4 engines, twenty-four being built at the Falcon Works while the last ten were constructed by the Glasgow Engineering Co. Weighing in at nearly 21 tons they were just that bigger and more powerful than the type 2. When the narrow gauge was broadened to the southern African standard Cape gauge in 1900, some of these engines were taken to Salisbury where they worked the Lomagunda Railway out to the Ayrshire Mine in the vicinity of Sinoia and later the Eldorado Mine nearby. Three engines of this class were sold to the Cam & Motor Mine at Eiffel Flats, others found their way to the Sena Sugar Estates on the Zambesi in PEA while six workable engines were placed in service on the South African Railways in 1915. The South Africans named their engines "Lawleys" after the railway engineer responsible for the building of the Beira Railway for George Pauling & Co.

The Mashonaland Railway Co then continued the line on to Salisbury but to the Cape gauge. A real hodge-podge collection of engines, six in number, was acquired by this company – two CGR 4th Class 4-6-0s, two 4-4-0s which were not really suited



**“Rhodesia Express” 105 Down entering Bulawayo from Capetown R.R. 10th Class
4-8-2 No. 155**

(H. H. Croxton)



**Bulawayo’s 75th Anniversary. Special train conveying visiting mayors enters Bulawayo
behind 7th Class No. 43 built in 1902. May 1968.**

(G. Pattison)

to the steep grades encountered there, and two 4-6-2T tank engines from the Metropolitan and Suburban Railway in Cape Town. Their seventh acquisition was the famous JACK TAR, a little tank engine which had been used as site engine during the construction of the Victoria Falls bridge. It is now on display at the Railway Museum in Bulawayo. All these engines on arrival at Beira had to be dismantled for transportation over the narrow gauge and then re-erected at Umtali.

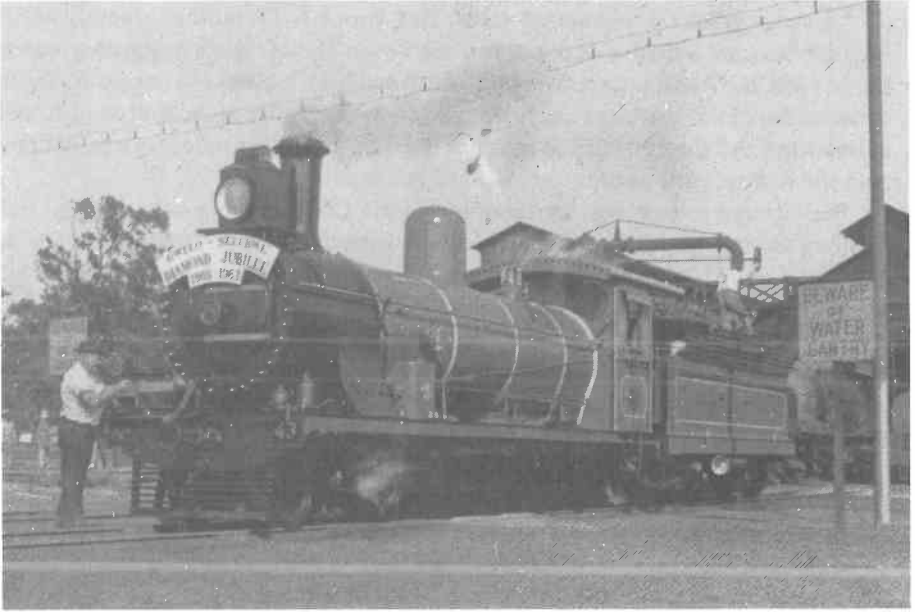
The western section was an extension of the CGR who operated the line from Vryburg through Mafeking to Bulawayo, first using their own locomotives of Classes 5, 6 and 7 until 1900 when the Rhodesia Railways bought their own engines which were driven by CGR men based in Mafeking. The fledgling railway companies wisely selected a proven design, that being the CGR 7A Class which was of 4-8-0 wheel notation, rugged and simple to maintain. They could run up to 30 mph which was a great improvement over the 2 mph of the ox wagons they superseded. On the BMR they became the 7th Class, a rather obvious choice.

Twelve engines were built by Neilson, Reid & Co of Glasgow in 1899 and were shipped round to Beira to work on the Mashonaland Railway and then the Beira Railway after it was widened to the Cape gauge in 1900. A second batch of 12 was built by the same company and they were landed at Capetown to work on the Rhodesia Railways line both south and north out of Mafeking. Batch III comprized just eight engines built by Kitsons of Leeds. Interestingly they were the only 7th Class engines built south of the Scottish borders for both South African and Rhodesian lines.

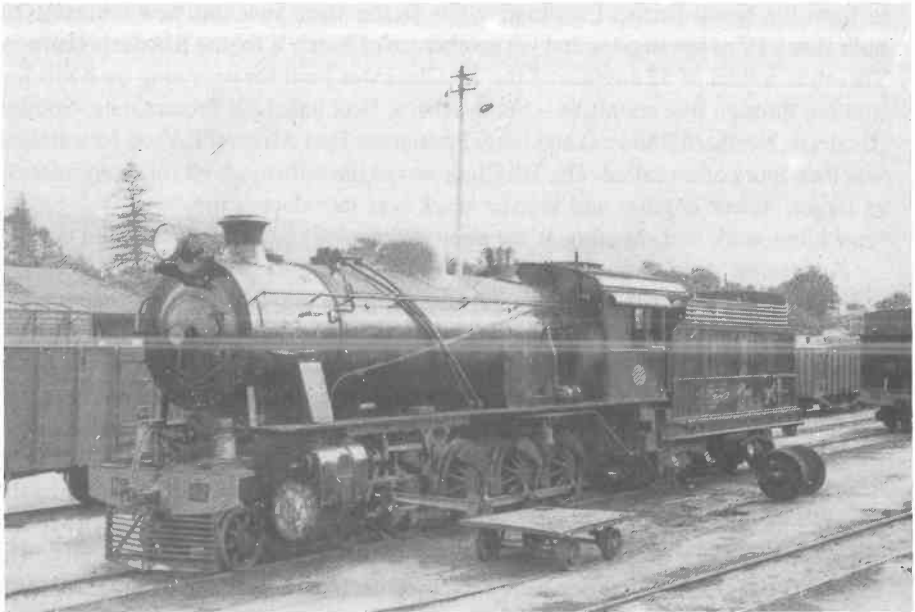
In 1903 Neilson, Reid & Co merged with two other Glaswegian locomotive builders to form the North British Locomotive Co. In the same year this new company first built Batch IV of ten engines and yet another ten of Batch V for the Rhodesia Railways. Therefore a total of 52 engines of the 7th Class was built for operating on BMR lines running through five countries – South Africa, Bechuanaland Protectorate, Southern Rhodesia, Northern Rhodesia and lastly Portuguese East Africa (PEA), as Mocambique was then more often called. The 7th Class served the railways well for many years but as larger, newer engines and heavier track was introduced, they were relegated to branchline work and shunting at the main centres.

An interesting variation on a theme was the conversion in the railway workshops at Umtali and Bulawayo of thirteen 7th Class engines into tank engines between 1914 and 1922. Nine of them, the 6th Class, had a 4-8-2 wheel arrangement whilst the remaining four, the 6A Class, being slightly larger, were of 4-8-4 notation. These engines lost their tenders, the coal and water supplies being carried in a bunker and side tanks on the engines themselves. The additional adhesive weight made them more suitable for shunting at the main stations on the BMR.

The BMR were looking for a more powerful engine than the 7th Class for hauling bigger loads up the steep grades through the Amatongas and in 1903 two large articulated engines of the Jean-Jacques Meyer design arrived in the country. They were of 0-6-6-0 notation. They were built by Kitsons of Leeds and were known as the Kitson-Meyers. They were nearly twice as powerful as the 7th Class but they were very ungainly, sluggish engines and 10 mph was considered a good speed for them. The story goes that a driver invited an African passing by to ride with him to Salisbury but the offer was declined as he was in a hurry!



R.R. 7th Class No. 43 is given the final touches prior to hauling the Jubilee Special to Selukwe, 1963. *(F. C. Butcher)*



A 9B is restored to service. No. 82, in shiny black paint and with pistons removed, waits in Umtali for haulage to another centre for a spell of shunting at this busy time. March, 1965. *(G. Pattison)*

Initially they were used out of Umtali but in 1907 they were transferred to Bulawayo for use on the considerably straighter run to Dett. They certainly pulled heavy loads but the new 8th Class, although with lighter loads, were twice as quick so in 1912 the KMs were withdrawn from service.

In 1904 the BMR bought ten 8th Class 4-8-0 type engines from North British (NBL), once again a proven CGR design. They weighed in at 96.3 tons compared with the 83 tons of the 7th Class, and were faster and more powerful. Eight were based at Mafeking whilst the remaining two worked on lines north and east of Bulawayo. The latter were known to railwaymen as RRM lines. In 1910 the BMR procured a second batch of seven, again from NBL, with four being retained for RRM lines and the other three going to Mafeking. Remember the Vryburg–Mafeking–Bulawayo section was operated first by the CGR then by the South African Railways (SAR) until 1959.

At this stage the Chief Locomotive Superintendent, as he was then titled, placed an order with NBL for the first true Rhodesian locomotive, the 9th Class 4-8-0. However, many of the specifications matched those of a single CGR Class Experimental 6 built by Kitsons six years earlier, and therefore was not a proven design. The BMR's new engines were fitted with the up-to-date refinement of superheaters in the boilers. This greatly improved the efficiency of the engines.

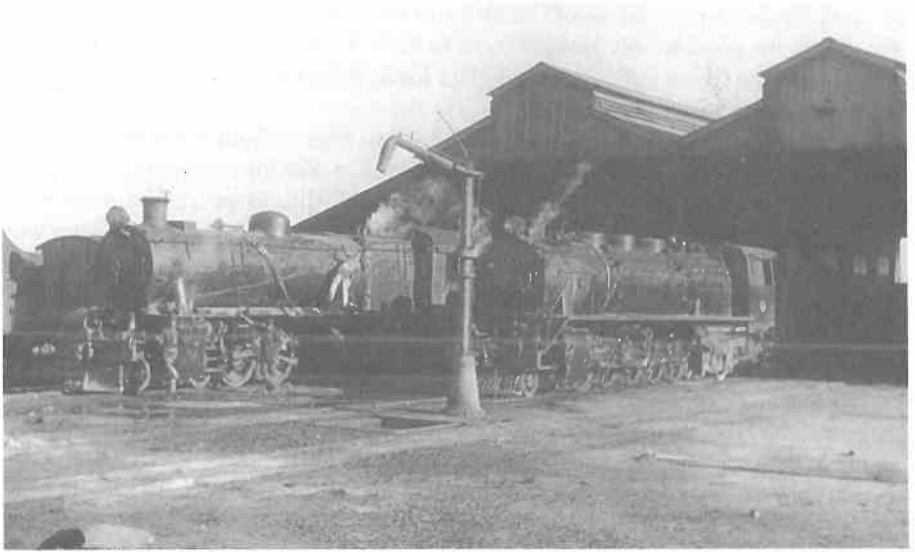
Eighteen engines of this class were placed in service in 1912, an additional six were built by Beyer Peacock of Manchester, England, in 1915 and the final batch of six again emerged from the NBL works in 1917. These were great little engines, gutsy, sure-footed but rough-riding, which served the railways well for 30 years. From 1939 through to 1956 a total of 26 were fitted with new boilers, classed as 9B and they worked for a further 25 years.

Once again engines bigger than the 8th Class were necessary for the long 484 mile track laid with 60 lb rails between Mafeking and Bulawayo, and also on RRM lines. The Mountain 4-8-2 type engines were proving their worth on the SAR so seven 10th Class engines were ordered from NBL for the BMR. Three were allocated to Mafeking shed and four to Bulawayo. Fitted with larger driving wheels – 4ft 6ins as opposed to 4ft 0ins of the 8th Class – they were ideal for the long runs they were required to do.

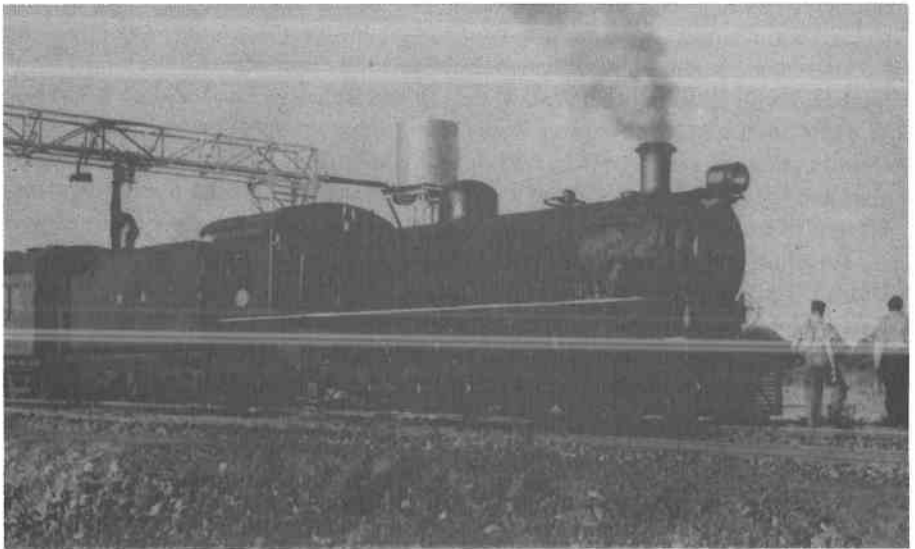
An additional six from NBL were purchased in 1922 at great cost compared with Batch I. The post-war price of steel had increased dramatically and these new engines were 315% more expensive! A singleton was purchased in 1924 when the price of steel was dropping and the price was even better in 1930 when the same company built the final batch of six at a cost of less than half that paid for the 1922 batch.

By 1927 all 10th Class were allocated to Mafeking and remained there for all their working lives until they were withdrawn in 1958 after exemplary service. Sadly, two were involved in the tragic accident in 1938 near Vakaranga in northern Bechuanaland in which 26 passengers and crew lost their lives.

During World War I the BMR required additional 9th Class locomotive but the NBL could not oblige so the order for six went to the American Locomotive Co in Schenactady, USA. They contained certain items of American practice so they were classed 9A. In 1930 they were converted to shunting engines but with tenders, and their business-like 'bark' was to be heard over much of Bulawayo and Salisbury for many years.



An ex-Rhodesian on the C.F.M. A 12B on shed at Malvernia with a C.F.M. 2-10-2 freight engine on the right. The class 12Bs and 11As were sold to the C.F.M. in 1961. A second 12B was also on shed at Malvernia. (29 April 1962). *(G. Pattison)*



12th Class No. 194 takes its quota of 1000 gallons from the recently installed tanks at Seruli, 177 miles from Bulawayo. Three tankers are railed daily from Shashi to Seruli, where each engine can only take 1000 gallons. Formerly the waterless 85 mile Shashi-Palapye section forced upon these engines the added weight of a water tank. 16 April 1962. *(G. Pattison)*

Much expansion was taking place in these central African colonies after WW I and quickest delivery dates for new motive power could be met by the Montreal Locomotive Co in Canada so an order for 18 Mountain type engines was placed in 1918. An additional 12 were built in 1921. With 4ft 0in driving wheels they were well suited for hauling coal traffic from Wankie to an expanding market on the copper mines of Katanga in the Belgian Congo. Ten years later it was the huge copper mines on the Northern Rhodesian Copperbelt that required large quantities of coal and it was these 11th Class engines that moved most of it northwards from Wankie and then hauled trainloads of blister and cathode copper ingots southwards for export overseas.

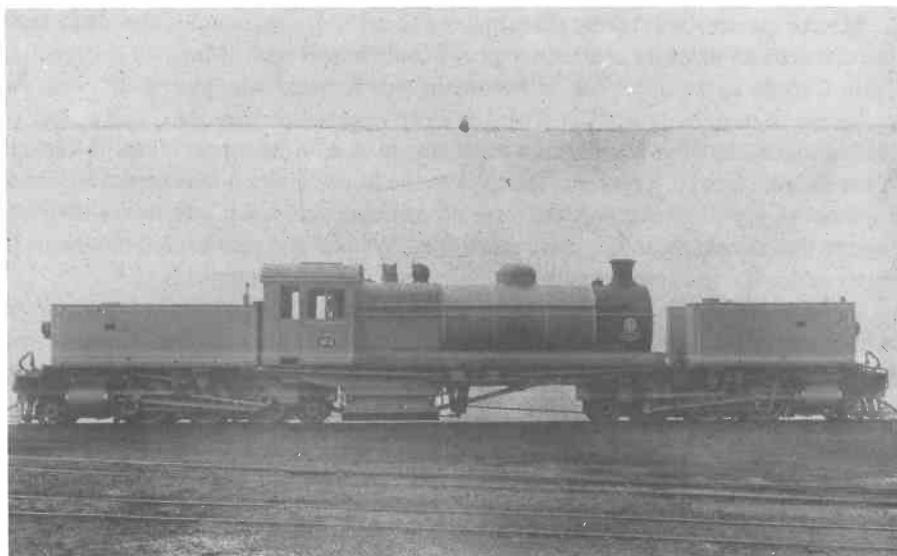
In the 1920s the Beyer-Garratt type of articulated locomotive for use on light (60 lb track) with much curvature was finding favour and was a great improvement over the ponderous Kitson-Meyers. Twelve were ordered from Beyer Peacock of Manchester in 1925, were called the 13th Class and were based in Umtali to work the tortuous section through PEA to Vila Machado. These 2-6-2+2-6-2 type engines with one crew could haul greater loads than the 'straight' engines used hitherto – this meant greater tonnages with fewer engine mileages hence greater economy.

During the 1920s the colonies were booming and still more engines were required on the BMR. In 1926 the 12th Class Mountains appeared on the scene and by the end of 1930 a total of 55 such engines had been placed in service, all NBL built. Train speeds on BMR lines were slow in those days – 35mph – so with their 4ft 3in driving wheels they could easily haul the passenger trains and 'dig' in on goods trains. They were to be found working between Salisbury and Broken Hill before WW II and then some were based in Mafeking. They were real utility engines and over the years were to be considered one of the finest engines in the world ever built for use on 60lb track. They were great 'hits' with the drivers and firemen and saw many years of service. Some worked off more than two million miles.

The 13th Class showed up the usefulness of articulated locomotives for heavy logging conditions with severe curvature but the plate frames required considerable maintenance so Beyer Peacock in 1929/30 built an improved version called the 14th Class and these had bar frames which were more robust. These Garratts took over the work of the 13th Class in PEA and were a great success. In 1949 the Rhodesia Railways (RR) as the BMR was then called, handed eight 14th Class over to the CFM, the railways of Mocambique (PEA) when they assumed control of the Beira-Umtali section. The eight remaining on the RR were transferred to Salisbury and Bulawayo for working the branch lines out of those centres. Some of them gave nearly 50 years of service to these railways.

In 1930 eight larger Garratts of the 16th Class were built by Beyer Peacock for service on the original line between Wankie and Livingstone. It was a very steep line and double-heading with 11th Class engines was not satisfactory. These 'beefed-up' 14th Class, with a wheel notation of 2-8-2+2-8-2, were ideal for hauling heavy loads so when the more easily graded Deka Deviation between Wankie and the Victoria Falls was opened in 1932, the 16th Class was moved to Salisbury to work the heavily graded line to Umtali and this they did with great distinction.

The Depression of the 1930s saw a drop in traffic and no engines were ordered for eight years. Then with war clouds looming the RR apparently did not treat the



A side view of the 'cistern' outline of Garratts built prior to 1926. This was a 13th Class Garratt for the Rhodesia Railways. This was a builder's photograph, which is why the engine was not then painted black. (G. Pattison)



Pounding up the last few hundred yards to Machipanda, PEA, comes a C.F.M. goods train headed by an ex-R.R. 14th Class Garratt. (Eight were sold to the C.F.M. in 1949.) This shot was taken on a cloudy day with mist hanging over the mountains. July, 1964. (G. Pattison)

implications as seriously as did the SAR who placed 352 new steam engines in service between 1937 and 1939. The RR's total was 16. In 1938 the RR 'purged' twenty elderly 6th, 7th and 8th Class engines and a further nine in 1940. Nothing like this happened on the SAR.

Twelve additional 16th Class Garratts were bought in 1938 and an order for four Garratts of a new design was again placed with Beyer Peacock. In light of the above paragraph what a pity the order was not for such 20 engines! They had a 4-6-4+4-6-4 wheel notation but with bigger driving wheels – 4ft 9in as against 4ft 3in of the 12th Class – they were veritable greyhounds and yet they could haul 1000 ton goods trains. These four 15th Class were based in Salisbury for the run to Gwelo.

During the war years this quartette worked off remarkable mileages and so impressed management that after the war, between 1947 and 1952, an additional 70 were bought. They were excellent general purpose engines and during their service worked passenger, mixed and goods trains between Salisbury and Monze in Northern Rhodesia, and also down to Mafeking, the run for which they had originally been designed. They were 92ft 4in in length and their 186 tons rested on 28 wheels so were ideal for running on the 80lb track then mainly in use on the RR. The 15th Class were good steamers, smooth riders, easy on maintenance, fast and ran off very good mileages between general overhauls. They were fabulous engines with some of them also clocking over two million miles in 30–40 years of service.

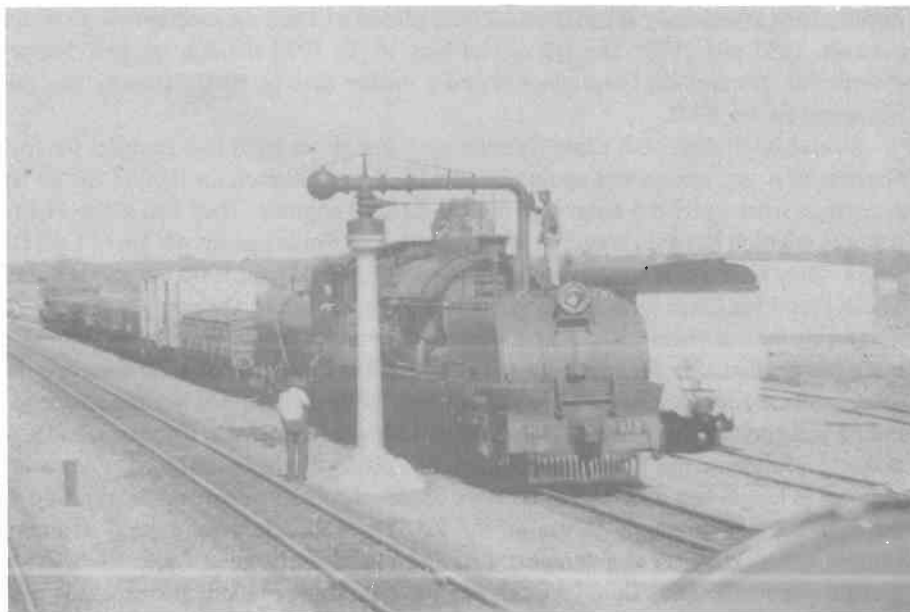
During WW II the British government had to come to the aid of some colonial railways including the RR. In 1943/44 nine Garratts with the same wheel arrangement as the 16th Class but with very small driving wheels (3ft 9.5in) eluded the German

U-boats and were a most welcome addition to the hard-worked locomotive fleet. They were the most powerful engine then in service on the RR who dispatched them to haul heavy goods trains between Wankie and Dett, and Broken Hill and Kafue, two steeply graded sections. Being non-standard engines, the RR sold them to the CFM in 1949 where they worked for many years.

During WW II the Chief Mechanical Engineer (CME) decided to blend the good points of the 11th and 12th Class engines to make an improved hybrid. The larger boiler of the 11th Class was mated to the cylinders and frame of the 12th Class, thus matching the trend on railroads in the USA. Three engines were converted to the 12A Class and there the matter rested. The prototype was scrapped in 1952 after the Igusi accident, and that left two.

There was great industrial expansion in the Rhodesias after WW II and again motive power was urgently needed. Once again it was the Montreal Locomotive Co who could supply new engines 'soonest'. Twelve up-dated 11th Class were ordered in 1947 and arrived in Beira a year later after possibly the most harrowing sea voyage of any RR engines. On these lines they were classed 11A and they spent most of their relatively short working lives north of Broken Hill and on the Copperbelt. They never rated high in the 'popularity stakes' and were sold to the CFM in 1961.

While waiting for orders for 15th Class to come through from England, the RR learned that the Sudan Railways wished to dispose of ten 4-6-4+4-6-4 type Garratts which they had bought in 1936/37. The Sudan had proved to be too sandy and dusty for their Garratts, particularly on the hind unit so they had been sidelined for most of



A Class 14 A takes on water at Heany Junction with a train off the West Nicholson branch. August 1967.

(G. Pattison)



Doyen of the 15th Class No. 350, placed in service on the R.R. in 1940, serving out its useful life shunting in Salisbury. A shortage of diesel units in Salisbury had given No. 350 a chance to venture on the main line again. Sanctions on Rhodesia a year later enabled all Garratts to see many more years service. September 1964.

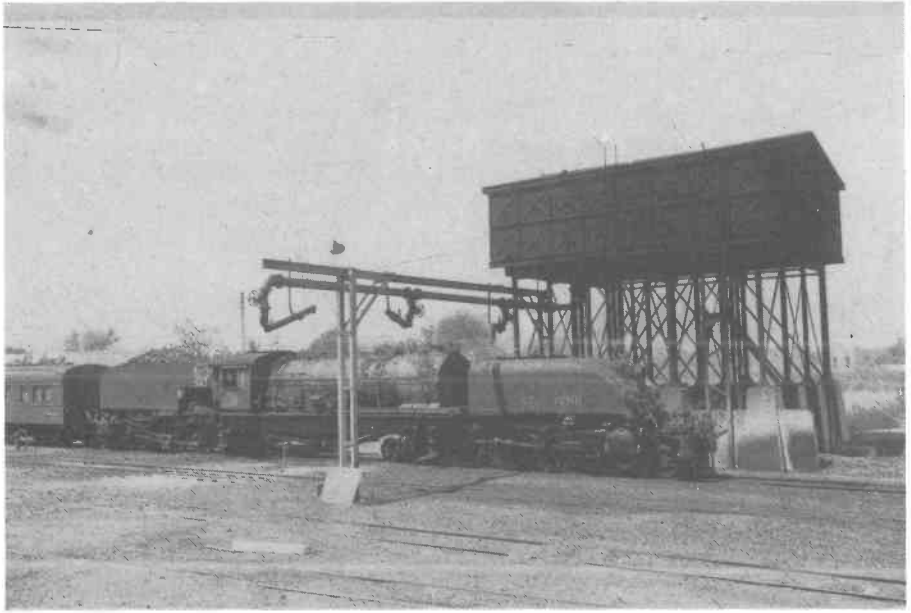
(G. Pattison)



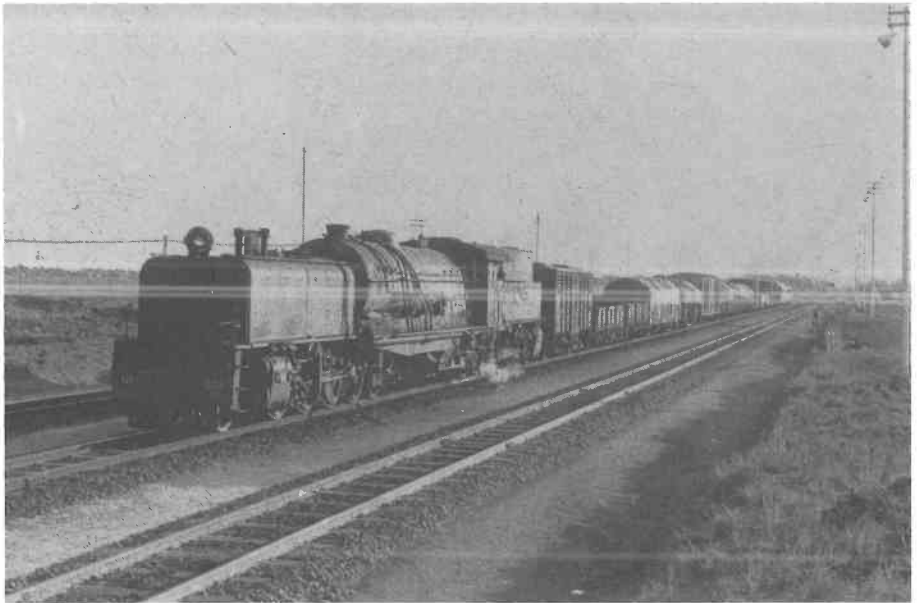
The end of the long climb from Thompson Junction (2354 ft) is in sight as this coal-laden goods train approaches Dett (3590 ft) hauled by a 15th Class Garratt. July 1966.
(G. Pattison)



15th Class Garratt No. 410 has just backed onto 14 up at Thompson Junction on 28th April, 1963, for the next leg to Livingstone. Note its striking 'streamlined' front end.
(G. Pattison)



**New Year decorations bedeck 15th Class No. 359 at Shashi, 138 miles from Bulawayo.
Motive power on Botswana line. January 1966.** *(G. Pattison)*



**16th Class No. 609 heads for Salisbury from Lochinvar with a mixed train off the
Sinoia branch line, August 1962.** *(G. Pattison)*

the war. Actually it was these Sudanese engines with this particular wheel arrangement that had caught the eye of the CME of the RR and this led to the introduction of the 15th Class in 1940.

In 1949 the RR purchased these Sudanese Garratts, gave them a thorough overhaul in the railway workshops, called them the 17th Class and based them at Bulawayo. RR enginemen detested them intensely and were soon pulled off the mainline and put onto the shunt, first at Bulawayo and later at Salisbury too. In 1964 they were sold to the CFM who used them on the line out of Beira and had more success with them than the RR did.

By the early 'Fifties' the SAR, who still operated the Vryburg–Mafeking–Bulawayo section requested additional power and the RR repeated the practice of 50 years earlier viz. 7th and 8th Class, by ordering 20 engines of the proven SAR Class 19D design. They were the first German-built (Henschel & Sohn of Kassel) engines ever built for the RR, and rather nicely, they became the 19th Class on the RR – anything else would not have seemed right!

Based at Mafeking, the SAR men, who were used to the Class 19Ds, worked these engines with great distinction and most of them passed the million mile mark within 14 years, a performance better than that of the 15th Class. Later, after their transfer to Bulawayo, RR enginemen did not have the success the SAR men had with them. RR men preferred the 12th and 15th Classes.

Another interesting variation on a theme was 'Silent Susie'. With the difficulty in obtaining water for steam engines in the Kalahari basin in Bechuanaland, the RR decided to purchase a 19th Class condensing locomotive. The long tender was fitted with radiator grills and instead of the exhaust steam passing out of the chimney as in normal steam engines, it first operated a fan under the chimney for draught and then passed into the tender where three large fans caused it to be condensed into water again. The exhaust 'bark' was eliminated and the only sound emanating from the engine was a whine like a jet engine, hence its nick-name. It was built by Henschel in 1954 and in three years of service it ran off only 84 000 miles. After an accident in 1957 it was converted into a standard 19th Class, sent to Mafeking where in its first year there ran off the highest annual mileage of any RR steam engine – 99 998 miles.

At the same time more orders for Garratts were placed with Beyer Peacock. Thirty up-dated 16th Class, the 16As, and eighteen up-dated 14th Class, the 14As, were placed in service. All the post-war Garratts were 'streamlined' compared with the rectangular ruggedness of those built pre-war. The Garratts lasted into the early Nineties.

The RR bought ten 12th Class frames and wheelsets from NBL to replace those plagued by frame fractures. However this problem was rectified and with ten spare frames available, the CME decided to build ten locomotives based on the 12A Class built ten years earlier. Once again 11th Class boilers were used on the spare 12th Class frames and thus was born the 12B Class.

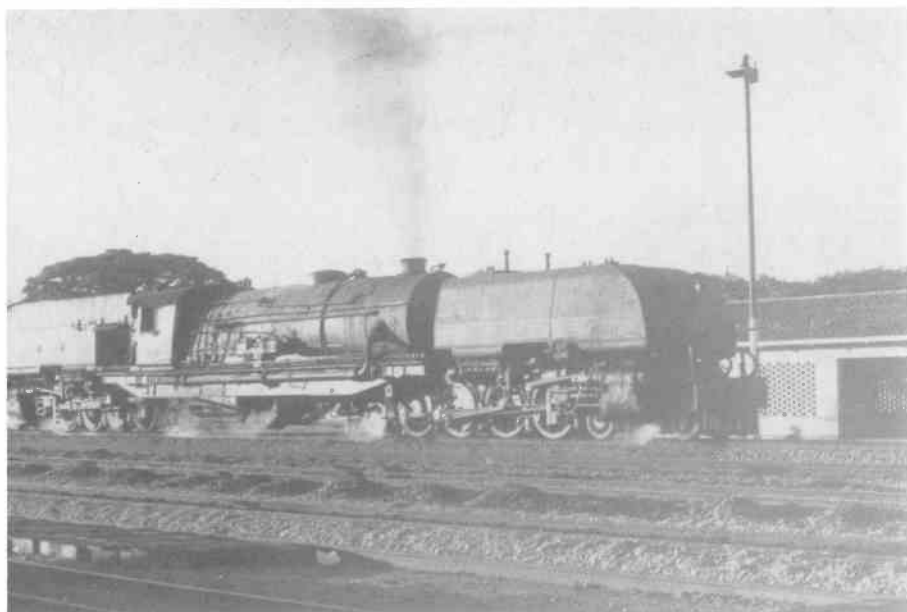
Built in the Bulawayo Railway workshops during 1954/55 these engines first worked out of Livingstone for a year and then were transferred to the new locomotive depot at Kafue whence they worked southwards down to Monze. They had but a short life on the RR – seven years – before being superseded by the larger 20th Class and being sold to the CFM where they worked out of Lourenço Marques mainly into Swaziland.



An ex-RR 18th Class, now on the C.F.M., heads a train load of Rhodesian and Zambian exports out of Machipanda *en route* to Beira. March 1965. (G. Pattison)



The striking Vanderbilt tenders fitted to the 19th Class carried 12 tons of coal, and the 6500 gallons of water were sufficient to tide them across long distances between watering stops on the Botswana line. (G. Pattison)



No. 710 20th Class at Dett, February 1972

(G. Pattison)



A south-bound goods train pauses at Lusaka in April, 1963. The engine is a 20th Class Garratt. Motive power in Zambia.

(G. Pattison)



Two DE 2s pound non-stop through Marandellas with a heavy goods train. The goods sheds are on the right. August 1965. *(G. Pattison)*



Class DE 3s in tandem working the most difficult section of the R.R. — Machipanda-Umtali. Note the speed limit on this sharp curve is 15 mph. *(G. Pattison)*

Traffic over the Northern Rhodesian mainline needed speeding up. An engine which could haul 1400 tons regardless of gradients was required and for this service the RR ordered the largest and most powerful steam engines ever used for these lines – fifteen 20th Class 4-8-2+2-8-4 Garratts from Beyer Peacock. They were a double 12th class combination, weighed in at 223 tons, were 13ft 6in high and 95ft long. So impressive were their hauling capabilities that the RR then placed their biggest order ever – for six more 20th Class and forty 20A Class, the latter having but one design change.

All locomotives were in service by the end of 1958 and some were based at Bulawayo but the majority were split between Livingstone and Broken Hill depots in Northern Rhodesia. They were magnificent looking engines and could certainly haul big loads – 1800 tons in places – but they did have maintenance problems while those that were retained by Zambian Railways after 1967 soon fell prey to General Electric diesels. The 19 that remained the property of the RR worked through till 1993 with over one million miles to their credit.

From 1925 to 1958 the RR bought direct from builders or second-hand, a total of 250 Garratts. The SAR as one would expect bought over 400 Garratts and was the No.1 buyer of these engines in the world. Our total placed the RR second.

The diesel age

Strictly speaking these locomotives of the 20th Century are diesel-electrics. In other words the large diesel engine on the locomotive drives an electric generator or nowadays even an alternator which provides the power for the electric motors driving the wheels. In other words it is a mobile power station and like the steam engine but unlike a straight electric locomotive, it can go anywhere.

The first diesels to see service on the RR were six 920hp locomotives built by the Davenport-Besler Corporation and bought by the Rhodesian Chrome Mines to assist the RR in the movement of chrome ore. They were based in Salisbury and worked down to Umtali and back, usually in tandem with loads of 700 tons. By 1955 they had been superseded by the DE 2 Class which will be dealt with in the next paragraph. The DE 1 Class were then placed on the shunt mainly at Salisbury and its satellite marshalling yard at Lochinvar while one remained for those duties at Umtali. As Canon Awdry would have put it 'they were very useful engines'.

In the Fifties one bottleneck was the arduous 180 miles over the highest point (5538ft) on the RR near Marandellas, through rugged country to the halfway siding at Eagles Nest (5413ft) whence there was a descent of over 2000 ft in the 66 miles to Odzi (3150ft). Remember the line to Lourenco Marques had not yet been built and nearly all Rhodesian exports and imports passed through Beira so this line was particularly busy. At the time bigger steam engines than the 16th Class on the 60lb track prevailing at the time would not really haul much bigger loads so it was decided to dieselize this section.

During these years the colonies still bought British so the RR ordered 23 large diesels from the English Electric's Dick, Kerr Works at Preston. These 16 cylindered 1710hp diesels began arriving in 1955 and it was indeed a most impressive sight when a pair in tandem but driven by just one crew came thundering past with a 1600 ton train in tow on a 1 in 50 gradient. They were painted crimson and fridge white initially



A Brush DE 4 heads 3 Down up the steep gradient into Marandellas. April 1971.

(G. Pattison)



**Driver T. B. Kleynhaus of Umtali on General Electric U20 C DE 6 Class on the R.R.
Seen here at Inyazura, May 1967.**

(G. Pattison)

but over the years their livery changed to green and fridge white, and lastly to all green with a broad yellow stripe.

By 1958 the Lourenço Marques line had been in operation for three years but the 15th Class Garratts were plagued by brackish water down in the Lowveld so the answer was dieselization. Another 12 diesels of the same class, DE 2, arrived from English Electric's Vulcan Foundry near Liverpool during that year and eight of the first batch were transferred to Bulawayo to work the South-East line to the Mocambique border at Malvernia. Over the next few years, as newer classes of diesels entered service, more and more DE 2 Class moved to Bulawayo. All RR goods trains are restricted to a maximum speed of 35 mph but nevertheless with no gradients steeper than 1 in 80 on the South-East line, the overall running times were faster than the Umtali route. Most DE2s could do the 678 mile round trip in 45 hours. It was on this particular section during the Sixties that these diesels ran off the highest monthly and annual mileages ever known on these railways.

All DE 2s exceeded 12 000 miles a month on many occasions – 8 000 miles for a steam engine was good going – and most of them ran off over 120 000 miles in a year, two exceeded 130 000 miles. Steam engines never reached the 100 000 mile mark. One is thinking of buying a new motor car when that mileage is reached but many of the DE 2s were operating thirty years later with 2.5 million miles to their credit. In the USA twenty years is considered a 'good innings' for diesels so the two still in service in Harare in 1996 are real veterans.

In the Sixties Britain was still a 'favoured nation' for locomotives and under a special loan agreement the RR procured 30 diesels from two builders, 16 units from English Electric's Vulcan Foundry, and 14 from the Brush Works at Loughborough. The former will be dealt with first.

The DE 3 Class arrived in this country at the end of 1962 and were based at the new diesel depot at Lochinvar near Salisbury. They were distinguishable by having a single full width cab at one end and a long hood housing the engine and generator. They were fitted with a 12 cylinder EE diesel engine rated at 1850hp which were slightly more powerful than the DE 2s because the new prime movers incorporated after-cooling, a refinement which permitted an engine to work at full power at almost any altitude. The DE 2s had to be derated by 290hp. Strangely the DE 3s sounded totally different from their earlier counterparts. They worked trains to Umtali and to Gwelo for some years before their transfer to Bulawayo where they ventured south to Mafeking and down the South-East line to the sugar estates centred on Chiredzi and Triangle. At no stage did they ever produce the excellent mileages of the DE 2s but they were 'jolly solid', reliable locomotives which gave 30 years of useful service to these railways, averaging nearly 1 700 000 miles per unit.

The Brush locomotives were placed in service during 1964, and were also based at Lochinvar. They had full width box type bodies with a cab at either end and the 12 cylinder Mirrlees National engine produced 1730hp. Sadly problems soon arose with their prime movers – cracked crankcases were a main problem – and these engines had to be derated to 1430hp. Quite often they worked in tandem with the DE 3s but the drivers nearly always led with the Brush unit as its cab was by far the more comfortable. Maintenance problems hounded the DE 4s throughout their working 'lives'

and then were side-lined Out-of-Service for quite a length of time during the UDI Years. After Independence in 1980 these Brush units were re-engined with new Ruston prime movers but problems persisted right through to the end. They actually ran off only HALF the mileages of the DE 3s so, looking back, should the RR have split the order or, in the light of the success of the DE 2s, stuck with just one builder, in this case, English Electric? It is easy to say now!

By 1965 there were over 200 diesels in South Africa made by General Electric Co of Erie, USA, and they were performing impressively. The RR deserted British builders and placed orders for 24 large diesels and 12 smaller ones. Then UDI was declared in November 1965 and Rhodesia was unable to finance the purchase of the full order. The RR opted for just ten and the Zambian government bought the remaining 26.

These engines arrived in 1966 were also based at Lochinvar. Of the low-nosed hood design then in vogue in the USA, the General Electric 12 cylinder prime mover produced 2 090hp thus making them the most powerful diesels on the RR and they soon became firm favourites with the enginemen. Later they too were transferred to Bulawayo and worked the same routes as the DE 2s and 3s but never matched the mileages of the DE 2s. They have averaged 1 500 000 miles in 30 years of service and in 1996 they are being modified for shunting.

During UDI the RR acquired nearly 200 diesels of assorted makes and sizes 'under the counter' and, to the delight of steam enthusiasts around the world, 87 Garratt locomotives were rehabilitated and saw out a further 15 years service. Added to that is the electrification of the Harare–Dabuka section and the use of General Motors diesels by the National Railways of Zimbabwe. But that is another story.

Gweru and its environs: a Glimpse of the Matabele uprising – First *Umvukela*, 1896.

by Robert S. Burrett

This article results from various talks I gave during a 1993 excursion by the History Society of Zimbabwe to the Gweru-Shangani Area. Although essentially a centennial event commemorating the 1893 Anglo-Matabele War, it was felt by the co-ordinators that we should take the opportunity to look at the later 1896 events which had occurred in the same area. For this reason the article is split into four sections corresponding to the talks given. I acknowledge that the source coverage isn't broad enough; the referencing is sadly inadequate; and that many of my interpretations have altered *substantially* since that time, however, I thought it might be useful to reproduce the talks as given least the research which went into them is wasted. I further hope that in this written form, the historical events covered aren't as confusing to the reader as I am given to believe were my talks to the participants during the excursion. It was a confusing period, and it has been difficult to establish what happened when, where and why. The literature dealt with has not made it any easier, with the nature of early Rhodesian folk histories being highly personalized and very contradictory, while the generation of subsequent historical myths obscures matters further. Hopefully, however, we can begin to untangle here the events of this period.

Reasons for the 1896 uprising

The events of 1896 in the Lalapanzi-Gweru-Shangani area must be considered in the contexts of the Matabele Uprising – the First *Umvukela*, rather than that of the related Mashona Uprising or First *Chimurenga* which occurred a couple of months later. It was essentially civil war resulting from the clash of interests between two opposing parties which could not understand each other – the Settlers with their views on an organized, capitalist, colonial system; and the Matabele people and their former tributary neighbours who desired to resurrect their independent, subsistence-oriented kingship. It was Matabele dissatisfaction with the events during and after the 1893 Anglo-Matabele War that festered and led to their instigating the Uprising during the months of March to December 1896. Certainly they accepted that they had lost two significant battles during 1893 – Shangani and Bembesi (the Matabele names for these being Bonko and Egodade respectively), but they viewed this merely as the loss of those Regiments involved, it was not in their eyes the full scale defeat and dissolution of their Nation State as was believed by the Settlers. Remember they actually won the last series of battles – the fall of Wilson and the flight of the Shangani Patrol. True they returned kingless, but their State system remained intact and the Settlers, for whatever reason, remained oblivious to this fact. The Matabele were just awaiting their turn. In fact their last Monarch, Lobengula, is reputed to have said to his people

as he took flight from Bulawayo, "Be patient and be watchful, await your opportunity". It should be noted here that I am using the term Matabele in a *very* broad sense to include all the associated indigenous peoples in that region which originally constituted Matabeleland at the time of its 1893 invasion. This would have included the Matabele proper; various completely assimilated Shona groups; tributary Rozwi and other Shona Dynasties who threw in their lot with the emerging Matabele State (not all were fighting against it contrary to Rhodesian mythology); and the Kalanga peoples.

I would like to suggest that the 1893 Occupation of Matabeleland was merely the first step in the Anglo-colonization of that territory rather than being the outright successful campaign as it is sometimes portrayed. It was an initial bruising of the Matabele State, not its termination. It was only after the strong military and political defeats inflicted during the 1896/7 period that actual colonization could come about rather than mere coexistence. The late Hilda M. Richards came to a similar conclusion when discussing later events in Mashonaland. She in fact refers to the period 1890–96 as "The False Dawn". In both Territories the previous political and economic structures and independent spirit of the indigenous people had to be broken first, and this had not occurred up to 1896. It is not surprising therefore, that Reverend Carnegie, who at the time knew the Matabele better than most, summed up the real significance of the 1896 Uprising when on 6 April 1896 he wrote, "This is the Matabele War which did not take place three years ago".

So the "uprising" was inevitable, but why, however, was there a lull of three years. Well, with the death of Lobengula, the kingless Matabele had fragmented into several rival groups supporting different aspirants for the kingship. At first there was probably great animosity between these groups and they wouldn't have co-operated in the slightest in a very similar fashion to the schisms in the society which foreshadowed Lobengula's own ascent to the Throne in 1868. It should be remembered that he too did not gather the unified support of the Matabele for a couple of years and then, and only then, was he enthroned in 1870. Undoubtedly, a similar situation of contended succession prevailed at this time. It is probable that these schisms followed the earlier divisions in the Society – region; "clan ties"; "caste"; and historical animosities. There were probably numerous divisions, but broadly speaking there were three significant factions. Those under the influence of Umfezela (brother of Lobengula) who were primarily in the Matobo–Filabusi region; those favouring Nyamanda (one of the elder sons of Lobengula) who were more in the area to the north and north-east of Bulawayo; and then probably those under the influence of Gampu Sithole who were in a broad belt to the south-west of the Town. It was only after several external stimuli resulted in protracted negotiations that some of the parties were brought together, thus allowing for the subsequent military operations of 1896. These stimuli included amongst others:

A. *Land Seizure*. The Matabele found that the Settlers took control of many of their traditional lands as part of the British South Africa's "awards" to their forces and the subsequent extravagant land grants by Administrator, Dr Leander Starr Jameson. They lost their very heartland and were literally marginalized to the sandy, dry soils of the Gwaai and Shangani Reserves. Conditions all so very different from the red clays or granitic soils they were used to.

B. *Cattle*. When the BSA Company took control of Matabeleland they set out to seize most of the Nation's cattle under the pretext that they were ALL the property of the defeated king and were thus due tribute to the successful colonizer. This idea is open to question. Although the prevalent ideology promoted by the previous elite may have suggested this was so, in actual practice it was not. Away from the Royal kraals people owned their own cattle, especially the tributary Shona dynasties. However, the royal ideology suited the victorious BSA Company and many people lost *their* cattle. Now like their South African Nguni counterparts, cattle were of utmost importance to these people, being wealth and of spiritual significance. In fact a person's whole life was tied up with the cattle ideology. The wholesale seizure, effectively looting, both official and the more extensive unofficial, of this element of their livelihoods generated significant resentment. This was further exacerbated when rinderpest broke out and what herds the Matabele had left died or were shot by veterinary officers (Settlers). The official policy behind these shootings was to create an animal-free corridor across which it was hoped (incorrectly) that the disease wouldn't spread. Unfortunately, the Matabele failed to see the importance of these bacteriological concerns, perceiving this action simply as yet another Settler attempt to wipe them out as a Nation.

C. *Treatment by the Victors*. The treatment of the Matabele by many of the Settlers and their servants wouldn't have endeared them to any Human Rights Organization, and it merely generated further antagonism towards the new comers. There are records of enforced labour; rape; seizure of goods; etc. by several early prospectors, inexperienced officials and the Native Police. All too often we have tended to over romanticize those of this Pioneer period, overlooking such failings, but like all frontier societies such misjustice was common enough when viewed with modern moral hindsight. Enforced labour for the many small mines was particularly prevalent and there had been some public outcry, while those Native Commissioners and miners involved in the practice were actively sought out in the subsequent Uprising. Furthermore, it should be remembered that those in the Native Police were drawn largely from the lower levels of Matabele society and they took advantage of their new powers. Sometimes the Administrator would react to such reports, but more often than not nothing would transpire, and the initial injustice remained in the people's minds doing little to engender race relations. Generally, the actions were condoned as necessary for "the maintenance of the authority of the whiteman" in a situation where they were a minority.

D. *Supernatural Events*. Around 1896 there was a succession of natural events which, to superstitious minds, seemed a supernatural sign. The year was one of drought (a not infrequent occurrence in Matabeleland), however, on top of this disaster there were severe locust plagues, rinderpest had struck, and in February 1896 there had been a total eclipse of the moon. All these events were interpreted by the religious and political elements of the Matabele Society as indicating that the time had now come to throw out the Whiteman in accordance with Lobengula's wishes. For a long time it was supposed that the local spirit mediums, especially Mukwati, were instrumental in co-ordinating the events of the period, and in fact in my original lecture I remained

somewhat influenced by this misinterpretation. More recently I have come across convincing discussion otherwise. It would seem that the mediums were only reflecting the political forces prevalent in their region and were not in themselves instigators. Thus, Mukwati may, even at the time, have been attributed the instigation of the "Uprising" in 1896, but he was only operating under the influence of the local political authorities, which in his area was led by Nyamanda. It must be remembered that it is always easier to later put the blame on to others, especially the deceased as was the case with Mukwati.

It is probably appropriate to discuss here a little more about Nyamanda. He remains the unrecognized third Monarch of the Matabele. Born in 1873, he was always treated by Lobengula as a favoured son and was recognized as heir apparent. By 1894 he had assumed some of his father's responsibilities and was gradually extending his influence in the Country, unifying the various regional factions to a sufficient degree so that by 1896 they could present a widespread, co-ordinated resistance to the Settlers, with only a few Indunas such as Gampu Sithole refusing to recognize his authority. In fact after the beginning of the "Uprising" Nyamanda was formally elected King on 25 June 1896 by a council of the most Senior Indunas which was held in the Matobo Hills. Militarily precocious and strongly anti-Settler, Nyamanda brought into the fray many areas which may initially have been less than enthusiastic, and of particular relevance here are the various Matabele and Rozwi groups in the Gwelo region. After the defeat of the Matabele Nyamanda sought legal recognition of his regal claims, but the Rhodesian Authorities chose to reject him as being King – it was politically convenient.

To return to the "Uprising", the plan was to rise in unison with the full moon in late March 1896. However, several groups were over anxious and a number of attacks happened too early, thus forewarning the Settlers. The first were on 20 March 1896 when two Native Police were killed near Essexvale (Esigodini). There then followed a number of widespread events in which 145 White Settlers were killed, plus no doubt a sizeable, but unrecorded, number of non European Settlers, various employees and any other black persons considered as "foreigners". However, regional divisions, suspicion and political rivalry re-awakened, effectively fragmenting overall Matabele effort thus undermining the ultimate success of the *Umvukela*. A *de facto* civil war broke out amongst their own ranks. It must be remembered that the Settlers' successes were as much a product of their "enemy's" weaknesses as Settler strength. It is probable that Rhodes realized this, thus his willingness and insistence on pushing forward with his peace negotiations or Indabas which finally brought events in the southern areas to a close.

While peace resumed nearer to Bulawayo, several groups who were not part of the Matobo negotiations held out and in particular Nyamanda. They were only physically dispersed by Imperial Forces who undertook several patrols in the region during September to November 1896. These patrols burnt villages, confiscated livestock and grain, and generally hindered the agricultural activities of the people. Settler control being reinforced by the construction of several forts of occupation. Most of these dissenting Matabele groups fled, like Lobengula before them, to the great wilderness

to the north-west and to the Mafungabusi Plateau. From here they continued to carry out isolated attacks on the Settlers and those Matabele who had surrendered. However, famine, a severe syphilis outbreak and several social problems (especially the lack of lobola) led to them surrendering one by one, culminating with Nyamanda's surrender in December 1896. The impetus in the "Uprising" finally, therefore, petered out by 1897.

Gwelo, 1893 to 1896

The history of Gwelo, now Gweru, has been very well documented in several articles which have appeared in the *Journal Rhodesiana* and I do not intend to go into such detail. I wish merely to touch upon the origin and events of the Town in order to understand the circumstances of 1896.

Gwelo was the largest Settler concentration and Administrative centre in the area. Originally founded in 1894, possibly on the site of a Matabele Regimental Kraal, the settlement was encouraged by Dr Jameson who hoped that it would grow into a regional centre of mining and transportation. For this reason it was originally proposed to name the town Jamestown or Jamesontown in honour of the Doctor. However, this never found favour and the settlement soon took on the name of the stream which flowed through it, Gweru or Gwelo as the original Shona word would have been mispronounced by the Matabele. Remember that the Ndebele language does not have an r, rather they replace it with an l, a letter in turn infrequently used in Shona.

There is some contention as to who originally laid out the Settlement. Frederick Burnham makes claim to the honour. Burnham was an American Scout who narrowly escaped the destruction of Wilson's Patrol and there has been some question as to the circumstances, but that is another story. However, in his book "Scouting on two Continents", Burnham comes across as being rather economical when it comes to the truth. Claims are exaggerated and several are clearly false. His claimed pegging of Gwelo, together with his Brother-in-law Pearl Ingram, is, I feel, probably of the latter. It seems that this honour should fall rather on a Settler by the name Brown, who rejoiced in the nickname "Sheephead". I have not been able to uncover much about this man, other than his culinary partiality for boiled sheephead and hence the name. He was, however, probably Percy Brown, a prominent early Settler in the area, but this is a guess at this time.

Regardless of whoever pegged Gwelo, very little development occurred in 1894. Newly arriving residents, who had been sent up by Dr Jameson from Bulawayo, found bare veld and had to organize the place for themselves. Still the Town began a slow growth, particularly with the influx of residents from Fort Victoria (now Masvingo) which was then by-passed by the main roads leading north and was experiencing severe economic stagnation. Early on, a local newspaper, the *Northern Optimist* appeared which featured advertisements from the following pioneer residents: Hurrell (Proprietor Horse Shoe Hotel); Austin and Fotheringh (Merchants); Mitchell (Proprietor Victoria Hotel); Furse Brothers (Butchers); Lehmann (Proprietor Gwelo Hotel); Western (Proprietor Rolling Stone Hotel); Falk (Merchant); Cowell (Builder) and Nash (Auctioneer and Editor/owner of the newspaper). Please note the numerous "hotels". Hotel proprietorship was a very easy option in these times. Of course it was not

essentially for residential purposes, rather “hotels” existed as thirst shakers. The heavy rains of 1894/5 saw frequent collapse of the pole and dakha structures which were constructed in the Town. This does not say much for Cowell’s building ability.

With the growth of the centre, the surrounding areas slowly developed. Many small gold mines sprung up, especially in the area north-west of Gwelo known as Mavene’s (after the local Rozwi Chief Amaveni); in the Shangani area; and south-east of Gwelo in the area later known as Selukwe (now Shurugwi). A number of wayside stores were also set up along the main roads. In the period 1895, but more especially early 1896, increasing numbers of Settlers came to the area as roving traders or as farmers. Many of the latter were of Afrikaans stock, and most set themselves up on isolated “farms” mainly to the north-east and south of Gwelo.

With the uprising, Gwelo Settlers held a public meeting and, prompted by Major Hurrell, formed a laager on 25 March 1896 and outlying residents were called in. The laager at this time consisted of several brick buildings with wagons used to fill in the remaining spaces to create a large rectangular pound approximately where the present Gweru Police Station stands. Residents of the laager soon found that they were ill prepared for sustained attack, having only 40 rifles and 2000 rounds of ammunition. Help was thus requested by telegraph from Salisbury. In response a small force under Captain J. A. C. Gibbs was dispatched, together with a sizeable supply of military hardware. More on this later. Gibbs did much to organize the Gwelo laager and the Settler forces in the region. He became a local hero and the Gwelo population stood firmly behind him. Despite his efforts, however, malnutrition and disease remained rampant. In particular, influenza was a major problem invalidating up to 50% of the residents at any one time. Numerous deaths resulted, including that of a nephew of the famous pre-colonial hunter Frederick Courtney Selous.

In response to the continued siege of Matabeleland towns, a larger Relief Force was accordingly dispatched from Salisbury in April 1896. Included were two Dominican Sisters, Sister Amica and Mother Patrick, who arrived in Gwelo in order to set up an emergency hospital in the Town. They rendered invaluable services to the sick and injured. Death rates still, however, remained high, while several residents complained about the lack of respect that burial parties showed to the deceased.

Life in the laager remained difficult for the several hundred individuals in Gwelo – this included 350 men, 27 women and 22 children. Food was short, there was no privacy and the strain of siege took its mental toll. Yet, Gibbs and Hurrell retained strict, yet just, control and life was just bearable. However, when these commanding Officers, together with several men, left the town to establish various nearby forts (see later) the situation deteriorated markedly. Left in charge was Captain Pocock, assisted by Lieutenant H. B. Taylor. Both proved malicious autocrats. Food rations were reduced at the same time that additional supplies from Bulawayo were refused, enforced parades were held twice daily, and these men proved inconsistent in their “judicial” capacities. In what was supposed to have been a situation of Martial Law, they presumed legal authority and personally prosecuted several Settlers, frequently resorting to hard labour or close confinement and rice water (often for periods of up to a week). In one instance a Settler from Selukwe died of exposure resulting from enforced duties, despite his clearly needing hospitalization. Not that these two were men of virtue themselves,

they simply enforced the "law" and as such thought they were above it, Alcohol was a particular vice to which they, and their close friends, were susceptible.

Six weeks of misery for Gwelo residents only came to an end with the return of Major Hurrell, and subsequently Captain Gibbs. Residents tried to seek compensation for their grievances, but to no avail. They were particularly incensed when they realized that Pocock and Taylor had acted unlawfully, for Martial Law had never been officially declared in the Gwelo District. On the 12 August 1896 the Gwelo laager was disbanded and its inhabitants could leave after four and a half months of close incarceration. Most of the people then left the town, and in fact the Country altogether. By October only 60 people remained. Yet several stores were rebuilt and they resumed operations. The earthworks of the laager were finally levelled in November 1896, the last official action undertaken by Gibbs in the Territory. I recommend strongly that anyone who is interested to know more about these and subsequent periods in the history of Gwelo should read Hurrell's works.

Fort Gibbs

The area between present day Lalapanzi and the outskirts of Gweru witnessed very little development from a European point of view until after the turn of the Century. They were marginal lands away from the main Gold Belts thus attracting few European residents. Even the local African population was on the whole rather sparse, since these lands were exposed sandveld plains undesirable from a climatic and agricultural point of view. However, their numbers were increasing as demographic pressures gradually forced them from more desirable neighbouring areas. The region fell within the Matabele sphere of influence with Matabele and tributary Rozwi and other Shona groups present. The former were under Manondwana Tshabalala and were relatively recent arrivals in the latter years of Lobengula's reign when they were placed here as a strategic defence along the border with the newly occupied BSA Company lands of Mashonaland. However, we shouldn't consider this area as part of the heartland of the Matabele State which still remained some distance to the South-west.

From a European point of view the only important feature was the main Bulawayo—Salisbury road which traversed the area, together with the only staging post on this section of the road at Iron Mine Hill or Ntabasinsimbe. Here there was a telegraph office, a store under the agency of Mr Homan and two police officers, although the latter were removed in late 1895 in order that they accompany Dr Jameson on his abortive raid into the Transvaal.

With the setting up of the Gwelo laager on 25 March, neighbouring communities were encouraged to congregate in the Town. Thus on 26 March the Settlers at Iron Mine Hill closed up the store, administrative and telegraph offices and made their way to Gwelo. Once there, and under the guidance of Major Hurrell, the beleaguered Settlers resolved to form a semi-military force which would patrol the area, bring in further isolated Settlers, and perform guard duties. Their aims at this stage were entirely defensive, there being inadequate rifles and ammunition. An appeal for help was telegraphed through to Salisbury, at this stage the lines had not yet been cut. In response a flying column of ten men under Captain J. A. C. Gibbs (I/C) and Mr J. D. Tennant set off for Salisbury at about 11 pm. on 25 March 1896. These men were drawn from

the Salisbury Regiment of the Rhodesian Horse, a volunteer force, and they took with them two .303 maxim guns with 1000 rounds, and 50 spare rifles with an additional 20 000 rounds of ammunition.

Captain James Alec Charles Gibbs was a regular officer of the West Riding Regiment seconded on 26 June 1895 for service as Adjutant to the Rhodesian Horse. His original task was to organize that voluntary force into a viable military unit. Tennant had been in the Salisbury Column of 1893, being commander in charge of the guns. He thus knew the area well. The Column moved with, for their time, tremendous speed arriving in Gwelo on 29 March, merely four days after setting out. They were in fact met near Iron Mine Hill by a patrol sent out from Gwelo under Captain Judson. Judson's men had arrived the day before (28 March). The buildings were found looted, however, several unbroken bottles of alcohol were located by "junior ranks" and the resulting binge and associated behaviour necessitated Judson threatening charges of insubordination. Accompanying Gibbs' Column was a small group of refugees from Blinkwater (near Mvuma) who, after some delay, had decided to make their way to Gwelo.

On arrival Gibbs began, with military precision, the immediate reorganization of the Settlers. As one latter wrote, "Captain Gibbs was disgusted with the state of the laager. He formed fatigue parties and commenced fixing us up. It is a godsend that he came to camp". Not that he was particularly popular at first, especially after he ordered an alarm drill in the early hours of the day after he had arrived so as to test for any weakness. As a result he restructured the laager into a triangle rather than square, and demolished all the buildings nearby so they could not afford possible aggressors any security. A barbed wire fence was then erected around the laager. He also reorganized the Gwelo Volunteers into a more quasi military force. In it were enrolled 284 men on a salary of 10/- a day. Most of the Afrikaners declined to enrol in this unit, preferring rather to form a body of 52 burgers who were unpaid for their services. This meant that they were not subject to British military discipline. A force of 180 "friendly natives" was also set up. They were largely foreigners to the area being migrant mine workers mainly from the Zambezi Valley and Mozambique. These three forces continued to patrol the Gwelo area until October 1896 when the Uprising was essentially over in this area.

Gibbs soon gained the unquestioned support of the Gwelo people, and when an additional Column of relief under Colonel Robert Beal arrived in the Town en route for Bulawayo, there was considerable friction as to who should by right have the overall command. Rhodes, who was with the Salisbury men, was hard pressed in trying to keep peace between the two Settler factions forging only a modicum of co-operation. They did in fact carry out a combined patrol to attack Mavene's (Amaveni's) kraal to the north-west of Gwelo on 19 May. Amaveni was a Rozwi leader closely aligned with the Matabele State. He was at the forefront of leading the Uprising in this area and had effectively laid siege to Gwelo, successfully beating off four offensive Settler patrols in March and April, while on 1 April he attacked the outskirts of the Settlement killing 20 of the "Native Troops". He was thus an obvious target for the enlarged Settler force, which did not so much as defeat Amaveni as forced him as to remove further from the Settlement.

The day after this combined effort, however, it was clear that the rift between the Settlers had not been overcome. Thus, on 20 May Gibbs left Gwelo traveling along the road towards Salisbury with the stated aim of building a fort to command that road and pacify the area. At the same time Rhodes, the Salisbury men, and a few of the Gwelo men (who were looked down upon) proceeded southward towards Bulawayo and out of this story. Clearly Gibbs' choice to forgo the honour of proceeding with Rhodes to the relief of Bulawayo is a reflection of the tensions in the community, and Gibbs' effective sidelining in Rhodes' ranking of importance in which long-time Settlers and Cape Colonialist were always given preference, regardless of qualification.

Gibbs chose to work initially in this area since previous patrols had indicated that there was a reasonable supply of "native grain" – something much needed in Gwelo for human and animal consumption, while if it were appropriated it would have the double effect of depriving the Matabele of a food supply, the resulting famine inducing subjugation. That there was opposition in the area was apparent from a skirmish that Beal's Relief Column had had previously at Makalika/Makolika's Kop. Here a scouting party under Arthur Eyre came across a strong body of "Matabele" which they reputed to be the Nsukumene Regiment under their Induna Umlungwane. Given that this regiment was probably elsewhere at the time, it would seem more likely that they were troops of the tributary Shona Dynasty of Nhema who lived just to the south. Eyre's group had a tough time of it and only after they were reinforced by a further patrol under Skipper Hoste, were the "Matabele" driven off, but with no loss of life on either side.

When Gibbs left Gwelo he took with him 6 Officers, 60 NCOs and troops, 100 "friendly natives" and rations for a month. He chose the site of the earlier engagement, that is Makalika's Kop, for the proposed Fort. This was on 22 May and construction began at once. In choosing the site of the previous battle Gibbs was making a symbolic statement of the resumption of Settler control in the area. Also it allowed them to take control of several particularly large grain fields which were growing to the north of the hill. Thirdly the hill commands an excellent 360° panorama of the area and it overlooked the Gwelo–Salisbury road, thus it was an excellent strategic location to safeguard traffic along that route. Gibbs had hoped that by this action he could encourage the resumption of supply transport along this route from Mashonaland to Matabeleland.

The outer wall of the Fort was completed by 26 May and the inner parapet (firing step) by 28 May. It thus took them less than 6 days to complete the stone structure of what is the best extant Pioneer Fort in the Country. There has been some debate as to the source of the stone. Hickman, writing in 1971, suggested it to be the work of a mason amongst the Gwelo men, however, it seems far more likely, as all the other reports indicate, that it was robbed from an earlier Zimbabwe Period Ruin nearby. The remains of this source lie on a hill just to the south of Fort Gibbs. Several participants on the History Society excursion strongly disagreed with me on this point. I was accused of trying to debunk the abilities of our Pioneering forefathers. My objections to Hickman's views is that all earlier writings stress the stone theft, that the stone masonry abilities are not evident elsewhere in either Gwelo town or the other forts built by this same group of men (Gwelo, Shangani and Ingwenya), and I am afraid that a certain Rhodesian nationalist tendency is very evident in Hickman's writings of this period

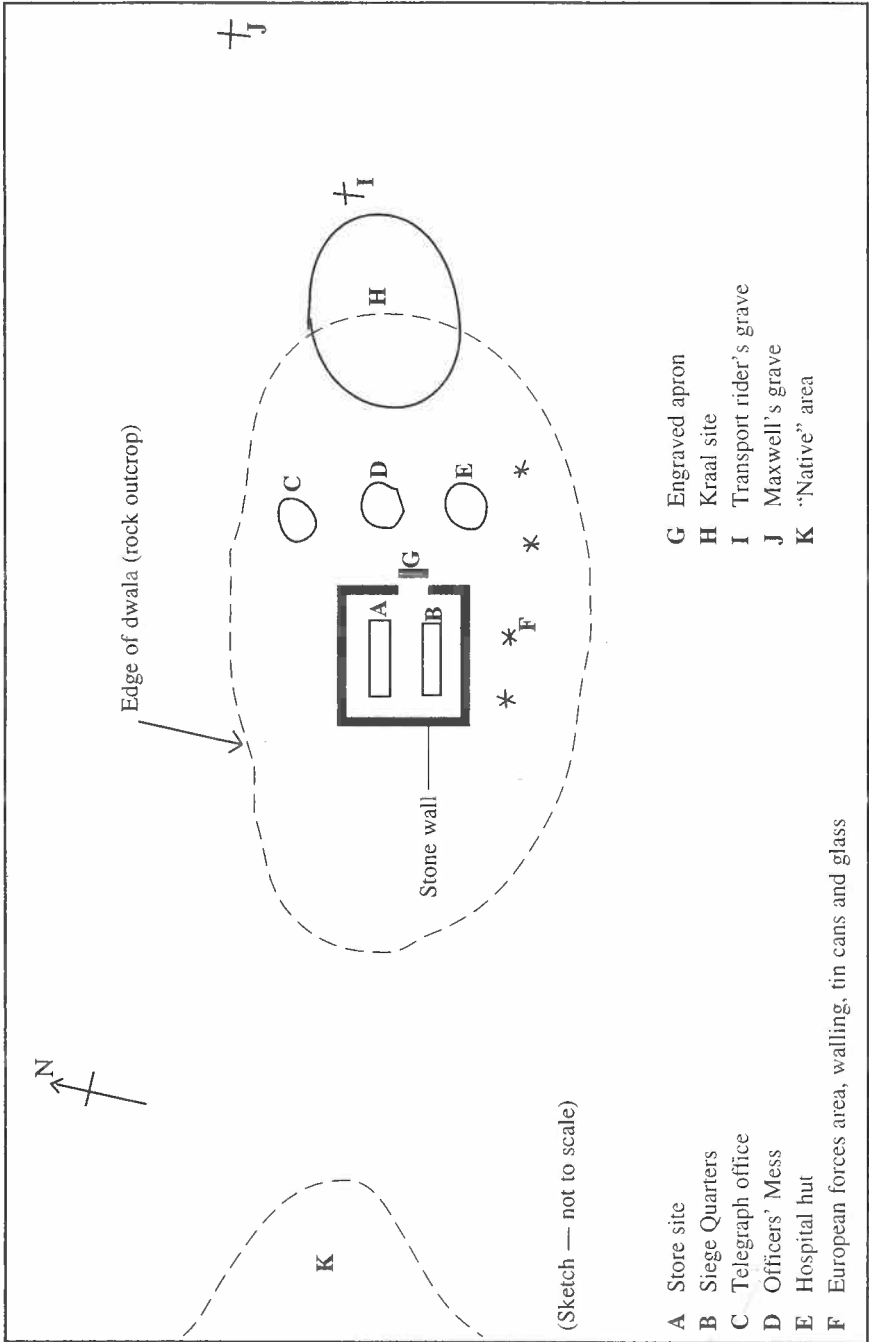


Figure 1: Fort Gibbs.

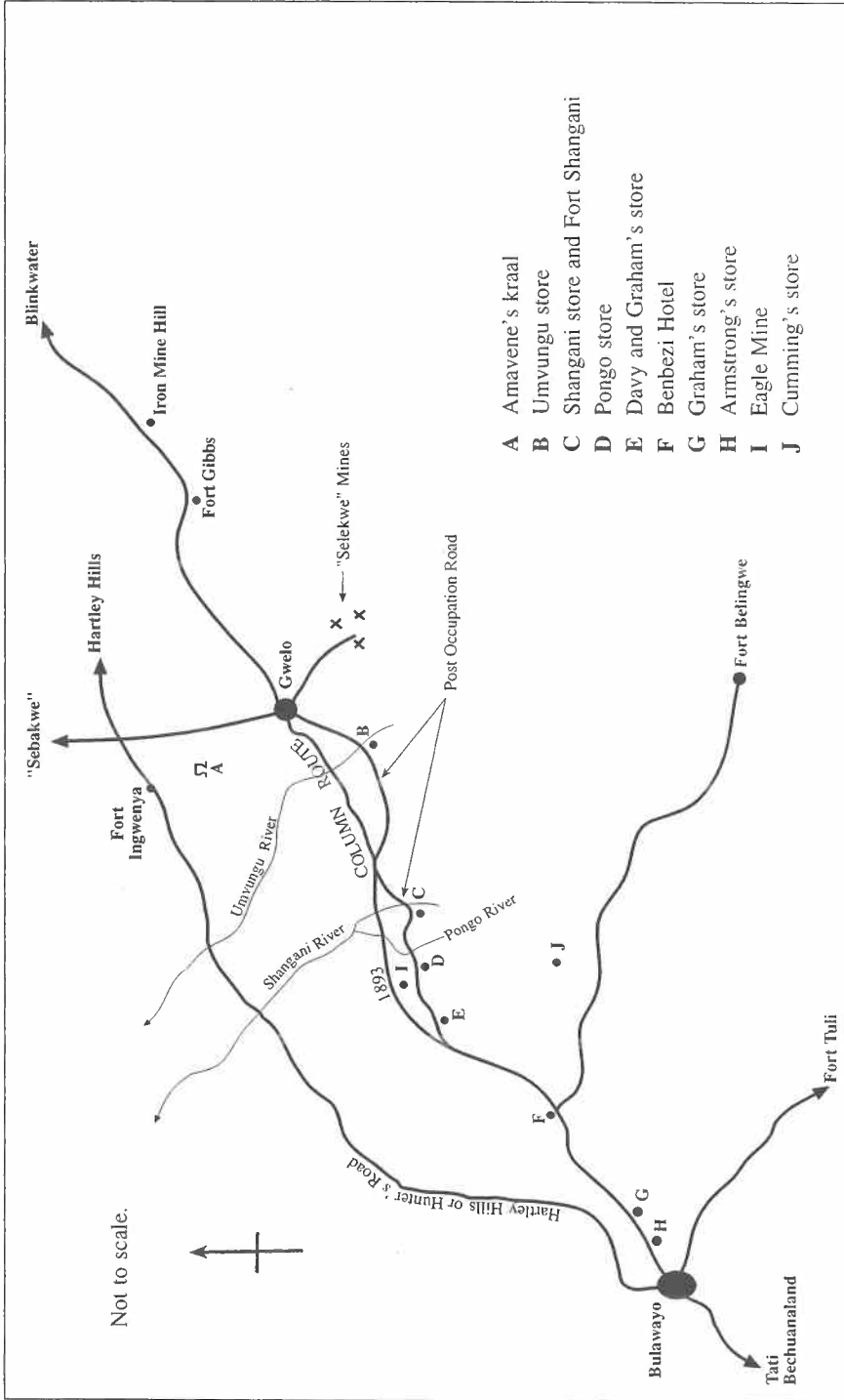
which needs to be considered in assessing his work. History is never all glorious in hindsight !

Using Gibbs' original sketch map of the Fort we can suggest the following features. The stone fort itself is roughly rectangular with a slightly wider east-west axis. Inside there were two iron, brick and dakha structures. The more northerly was the store which held food, ammunition, etc. and that to the south was to function as the mens' quarters in the case of siege. In front of the doorway an apron was built and Trooper Nicholson engraved the stone "Fort Gibbs 1896". On this apron a flag pole would have been erected. On the eastern slopes near the base of the dwala a cattle kraal was built for captured, as well as transport animals. Between this and the Fort was a line of three pole and dakha circular huts. A hospital hut to the south, an Officers' mess in the centre, and a telegraph office to the north. This telegraph agency became operative on 5 June 1896. Of these external buildings only the foundations remain. I must add that the outside walls of ALL structures were originally fortified with sandbags. The European Troops probably camped around about, and several lines of stones are evident if you know what to look for. The "Native Troops" on the other hand were some distance behind the Fort, to the west and on the next main rise where the odd remnant of the period (Bottle, cans etc.) can still be located. Figure 1 is my own sketch as to the layout.

The Fort was officially completed with the ceremonial hoisting of the flag at 7 am on 14 June 1896. In line with the then current practice it was named after the commanding Officer who helped establish it. I doubt fully if there were any adverse thoughts amongst the Gwelo Troops who had a high regard for Gibbs. Although very impressive there was never any significant action at Fort Gibbs. Only once was there excitement when, on 6 June, a scout shot at three Matabele seen in the vicinity. Thereafter the Matabele were conspicuous by their absence.

The task done, Gibbs left the Fort on 25 June leaving Major Thorold in charge with 60 men. They in turn handed over the Fort to the newly established British South African Police in late October 1896. They continued to occupy it until the end of 1897. One of these early BSAP men died and is buried nearby. Sergeant William Maxwell died of fever in June 1897. He was probably delirious and was found dead in the veld early one morning. The BSA Company Report records his death as 16 June, yet this conflicts with the gravestone which shows his death as 20 June. Another of the many unsolvable confusions of the period I am afraid. There is also an unmarked grave of a transport rider, but unfortunately I have no further details. The grave is stone lined like that of Maxwell's, but with no headstone and it lies on the path between it and the Fort.

Just to finish off we must follow Gibbs' subsequent movements. After he left this Fort he went on to construct an earthen one at Shangani (see later). Then he returned to Gwelo to oversee the demolition of the earthworks of the laager in the town. Subsequently, in November 1896, he returned to Salisbury and later left the Country in 1897 to return to his Regiment, finally retiring as Colonel in 1924. Gibbs died in 1930.



(After Selous.)

Figure 2: Sites of interest in the Gwelo Region. 1893-6

The Shangani Region

Prior to 1896 the Shangani area saw a fair degree of Settler development. The region included one of the many goldbelts which attracted early European settlement and a number of small and scattered mines soon appeared. On either side of the belt there existed two main roads linking Bulawayo to Salisbury. Along each several staging posts/stores had been set up. Primarily these were mule exchanges whose proprietors were paid by the transport contractors to maintain fresh mule teams, but they also benefited from services rendered to passing travellers. Local miners provided additional income. The more southerly of these routes was considered the main Bulawayo–Gwelo road and along this there were the following establishments extending from Gwelo. Firstly there was the Umvungu Store under the keep of Mr Barnard. This store was established at a ford along the river just to the south-east of Gwelo. Then in the Shangani area there were several stores somewhat closer together – Shangani Store just east of that river, 15 miles on was the Pongo Store, then 15 miles further Davy and Graham’s Store. A fair distance then follows to the Bembezi Hotel near the battle site of that name, then Graham’s Store, Armstrong’s Store and finally Bulawayo itself (see Figure 2). The other main road along the north of the goldbelt was known as the Hartley Hills Road. This carried slightly less traffic, but was becoming more popular as a route to Mashonaland since it was somewhat shorter in that it cut out diversions to Gwelo, Blinkwater and Fort Charter. The road was essentially the original Hunters’ Road from pre-colonial times. Along this there were further establishments and several farms occupied by a number of Afrikaner families.

Now let us focus in on the Shangani region itself. Here interest is confined to two of these stores – Pongo and Shangani. Both would have been built in early 1894 and consisted of rough pole and dakha structures. The earliest map I have indicates that the Pongo Store was owned by a Mr White, while the Shangani Store was owned by Mr Werrett. Previously Werrett had operated a similar establishment at Inyatzitzi on the old Pioneer Column route. With the Occupation of Matabeleland a new route was opened and business on the old road declined markedly, hence Werrett’s decision to relocate. By 1896 the stores had changed hands, a not uncommon occurrence in these early times. The Pongo Store was owned by Frederick Hurlstone and the Shangani Store had been taken over by Colonel William Napier of Bulawayo. W. Napier had been active in the 1893 Campaign and had built up a network of trading stores throughout Matabeleland by buying up existing establishments and appointing storekeepers. It seems that William Napier had appointed a young relative Ronald Napier to run the Shangani Store.

With the initial attacks in the Uprising most of the outlying farmers, miners, prospectors and cattle inspectors in this area were killed. The Matabele attacks were co-ordinated by Manondwana Tshabalala (Matabele) and Amaveni (Rozwi) and far more thorough here than in the Fort Gibbs region. Those outlying Settlers who survived the initial wave of surprise attack fled to the nearest settlements which they hoped would prove safe havens. Many, however, were ambushed on the way and their remains littered the roads. In all 46 Settlers were killed in the Shangani area, including two whole families.

By 24 March, 17 people had gathered at Shangani Store. They faced a dangerous

predicament given limited weapons and food. Ronald Napier was thus chosen to ride to Gwelo to ask for help. After he left (early 25 March) George Grey arrived at the store somewhat later in the day, followed by a further group which had been hunting downstream along the Sebakwe River. This latter group included Messrs Farquhar, Weston, Jarvis, Currie and a Mr Egerton (British MP for Knutsford) and his son.

It is now necessary to digress somewhat and discuss George Grey. He and a servant had left Bulawayo several days before in order to visit various gold mines in the Shangani region on behalf of the Mining Syndicate he represented. Initially they were unaware as to events which were taking place around them. Early on 25 March they reached the Pongo Store which was found looted, while the outside buildings were smouldering rubble. Numerous "native footprints" and a large dry pool of blood indicated that all was not well. They then hurried on to Eagle Mine, some four miles off the main road west-north-west of Pongo Store. This was found deserted and ransacked. While heading back to the main road they came across a Mr Scott. Scott had been mining together with two other Europeans several miles west of Eagle Mine. They had been attacked on the previous day (24th) and had separated. During this initial attack Scott had been seriously injured thus he had been abandoned by his companions, of whom one reached Bulawayo a couple of days later while the other was never seen again. Grey now sped onto Shangani Store where, with some relief, he met up with those who had laagered there. It seemed to Grey that the best option would be to seek help from Bulawayo rather than Gwelo. This seems a little odd as one of the group had already departed for Gwelo which was substantially closer. Maybe panic was already setting in and they had begun to assume that Gwelo had been destroyed. For whatever reason, Grey chose to return that very day (25th) to Bulawayo. He and his servant must have travelled like the wind, for they got through and ultimately organized a relief patrol to venture back towards Shangani. This group formed the nucleus of what became known as the Grey Scouts and they left Bulawayo on 26 March 1896.

Back at the Shangani Store those laagered there took matters into their own hands. On 26 March two small patrols were sent out from the store. One under Mowbray, Farquhar and two others visited nearby mines only to discover that those unaccounted for had already fled or were dead. The other patrol under Robinson and two men visited Pongo Store and Eagle Mine which were found deserted. On return they found that a force assisted by Ronald Napier had arrived from Gwelo in order to assist them in. This Gwelo patrol consisted of six men and a mule wagon. It had left Gwelo at 05h30 on 26 March and departed from Shangani at 17h00 the same day, getting back to Gwelo in the early hours of the next (27th). Shangani was thus deserted by the Settlers.

The Gwelo laager was now becoming overcrowded. To the original residents were added 70 from Selukwe (they arrived as a column of 10 wagons on 26 March), 24 from Shangani and several others who had managed to reach it from other localities. At least one of these individuals arrived on the 27th having passed through the then deserted Shangani Store which he reported as having already been looted, while a European body lay outside. Obviously the Matabele had been awaiting nearby and descended upon the Store as soon as it was deserted. The body was obviously one of the more isolated Settlers who arrived at the Store.

On Saturday, 28 March, Amaveni attacked a patrol to the north-west of Gwelo forcing it to withdraw. This must have caused some panic in the besieged community resulting in the otherwise inexplicable decision of the Zeederberg Mail Coach to depart from Gwelo for Bulawayo. It was obviously dangerous, if not suicidal, and it must have been thought very necessary to make contact with Bulawayo, especially since the telegraph line had been down for some days. Several Settlers were also fed up with the conditions in the Gwelo laager and chose the opportunity to leave. The coach left late on the 28 March with two drivers and nine men to guard it. They arrived at the Shangani Store early the following morning where they found the body of a recently murdered Settler, Wood, whose naked body had been left in the middle of the road in front of the store. Wood was a prospector who had been working in the Selukwe District for Willoughby's Consolidated Company (one of the early speculative syndicates) and had missed all warnings of the uprising. Thus he was probably unaware of events when he turned up at the Shangani Store soon after its abandonment. The coach now pushed on without delay. Soon, however, they noted that they were being followed and they fired continuously at their would be assailants keeping them at bay, but not forcing them to withdraw. On arriving at the looted Pongo Store they decided to proceed without even stopping. The mules as a result soon began to tire since they had been hard pushed, and had already travelled twice the usual distance without having been exchanged. Not much further the exhausted mules came to a standstill and the Settlers were forced to abandon the coach and take to foot. The attackers continued to follow them at a discrete distance. Luck was on the Settlers side, however, and after some distance they met up with Colonel Napier's patrol which had been heading out in this direction. Later patrols found the wagon looted and mules assegai'd in harness. The mail bags had been ripped open and their contents scattered over the veld. I wonder if any of these were retrieved and have found their way into the hands of some lucky postal historian?

I must add that the Napier referred to in the above quote is Colonel William Napier from Bulawayo, who on 24 March had left Bulawayo to patrol the Queen's Mine area. On 26 March he joined up with Grey's Patrol which was heading back to Shangani. The coach passengers weren't the only people to be rescued by this combined Column. In total they assisted 43 persons, including two women and a child. Certainly they went as far as the Pongo Store where they found the bodies of Hurlstone (owner), Talman (assistant) and Reddington. I have not found evidence of their proceeding further, but surely they, or at least a small section of them, would have gone onto the Shangani Store. Alternatively, this may have been considered an unnecessary danger as they would have already known from the coach passengers that the people from Shangani had already fled to Gwelo.

In the meantime Gibbs' flying Column had reached Gwelo on 29 March and operations were begun from the Town. On 30 March a small patrol under Gibbs and Fotheringham was making their way towards Shangani when they retired after being ambushed by Amaveni's men. Then on 2 April 1896, a much larger patrol was sent out again towards Shangani to try and repair the telegraph lines. It consisted of 28 men under Hurrell, Fletcher and Judson. They camped on the Shangani River the evening of the 2nd, and that evening noted the glare of a large fire which they assumed was the

Shangani Store going up in flames. This was confirmed the next day when they arrived at the scene. All the buildings had been destroyed, domestic animals slaughtered, stock (tins and bottles) smashed and there was the body of an unknown Settler. This they had intended to bury, but the alarm went out as it was clear that a strong force of Matabele was making its way to ambush the Patrol at the restricted River crossing. The Settlers thus abandoned the body and headed back, ignoring the herd of cattle clearly planted by Manondwana as a decoy.

Thereafter the Settlers were restricted to patrolling around Gwelo itself, as the Town's people awaited additional help in the form of Beal's Column from Salisbury. A small patrol did again visit Shangani on 27 April for some reason which I can not establish, but it was found quiet and undisturbed from their last visit three weeks earlier.

On 21 May Gibbs and his supporters left Gwelo to establish Fort Gibbs, leaving the remaining forces under Beal who headed south with the aim of meeting up with William Napier who had again set out from Bulawayo, this time with a large military force. They had planned to meet at the Shangani River where intelligence reports (rumours really) had indicated that numerous "rebels" were concentrating with the aim of an all out battle against the two groups of converging Settlers. However, on arrival at the Shangani Store Beal found no amassed enemy, in fact Napier was not even there. The Salisbury men then pushed on, finally meeting Napier at Pongo Store on 24 May. Napier had been delayed because of a fight at Ntabasinduna. At Pongo Store they combined forces and headed directly south from the road towards the Insiza (now Nsiza) District and out of our present story.

The Shangani area was thus deserted yet again until 25 June when Captain Gibbs arrived. Given the persistent rumours that the Matabele were planning to concentrate along the River, it was felt necessary to build another fort to convince them otherwise. This fort was a standard earthen circular structure built on a small rise next to the River halfway between it and the Store. Gibbs left a garrison there which occupied Fort Shangani until it was abandoned at the end of 1896. It appears that there was no action at the Fort, since by this time Manondwana had moved off some way to the north-west.

Unfortunately, the exact position of Fort Shangani has not as yet been established. Almost certainly it lies on the small hill between the Shangani River and the 1893 battle site. I am told that there is a circular earthwork slightly off the crest, although this could well be the result of more recent road works as other authors have attributed it. I have not seen this structure so I can not make judgement, but I would very much like to believe it to be the remains of Fort Shangani. Maybe I, or others, will one day get a closer look at it.

After Gibbs' departure nothing further of interest happened in this area. Most of the action had now moved southward to the Bulawayo, Matobo Hills and Nyati areas. However, in October 1896 several Imperial Officers including Baden-Powell passed through the area towards present day Kwekwe to attack various "rebel chiefs" who were still holding out, and in the pursuit of the Spirit Medium Mukwati, to whom they incorrectly attributed the Uprising. Most of this action occurred beyond our area of concern, but it useful to note here that they established yet another fort, Fort Ingwenya, in the modern Hunters' Road area.

After the ending of the Uprising, many of the localities associated with events in that period were soon forgotten. Fort Shangani ceased to exist, so much so that it did not even find its way into the local traditions of the area, thus the challenge to try relocate it. I must add that this is not an unusual phenomenon as the very same thing happened with the contemporary Fort Lomagunda in the Banket area. Pongo Store was never revived, although some interested amateur historian did relocate its remains and that of the associated graves in the early 1970s. A sketch map shown as Figure 3, but with no further notes was lodged at the time with the National Archives of Zimbabwe. I have recently tried to relocate these remains which are on the farm Pongo, but with no success. The owner did kindly take us around, showing us the old main road, but we had no luck. I fear we were only slightly off the mark. The Shangani

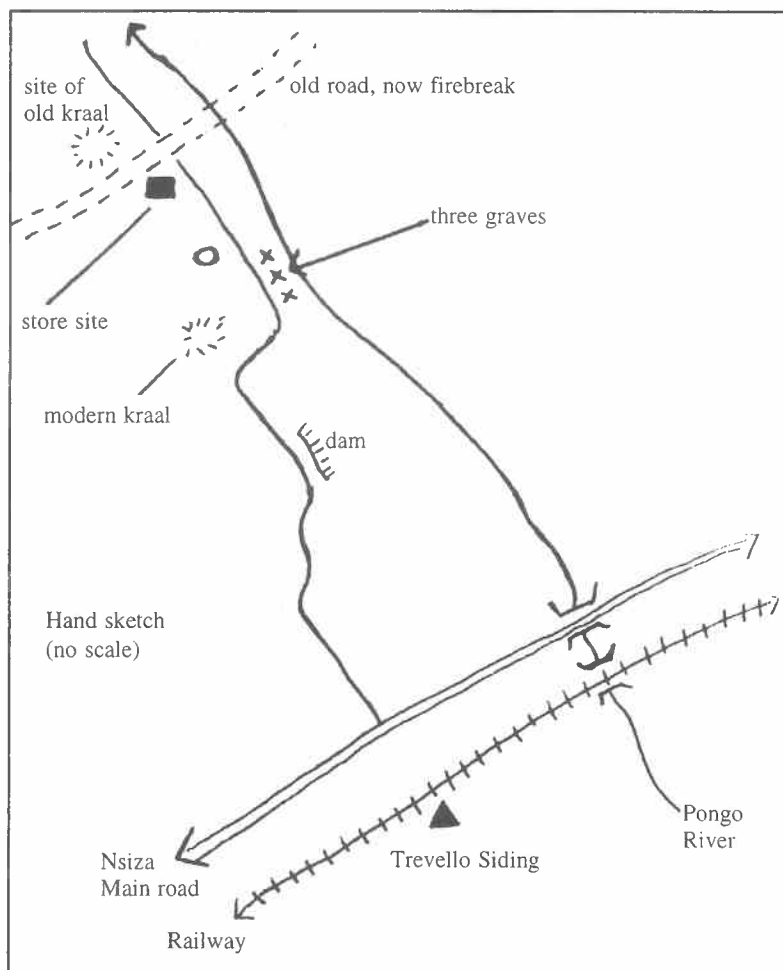


Figure 3: Site of Pongo Store

(After O. Mather sketch in National Archives, Ag Rhod 1968–70)

Store, judging from the concrete slab and associated gum trees (now dead) does seem to have been reopened after the Uprising. By whom and when I am afraid I can not say – it is merely for want of research. However, it probably closed before or at the time of the realignment of the main road in the early 1930s when the strip road was laid further to the south. Shangani Village was set up early this Century, however, it is unassociated with the original settlement and events of the period considered here.

Although the places were abandoned, events in the Uprising were not entirely forgotten. The Pongo Memorial was erected nearby. This consists of a sandstone pillar with the engraved names of those Europeans killed in the area. It was erected by the Rhodesian Memorial Fund which through public subscription could afford to set up five of these “Rebellion Memorials” – at Pongo; Filabusi; Mambo; Fort Rixon and Gwelo. The fund was initiated on 12 October 1896 in Bulawayo to commemorate the dead and to assist those injured. I, like other authors, can not understand why this memorial is known as Pongo, nor why it is located where it is. It is not at any of the historical sites of the period, is not on the Pongo River and it is definitely not at Pongo Store. Possibly this memorial was relocated from its original position when the road was realigned? A pure guess I am afraid, indicative of the amount of work still required to be done on the subject of these memorials. One final note is the scratching out of Moonie’s name on the pillar. This is not the hand of modern vandalism, but was done by the “dead man” himself. Moonie apparently arrived at the Pongo unveiling ceremony and was rather disturbed to find himself being commemorated, thus he publicly scratched his name out.

Postscript

The History Society of Zimbabwe excursion was interesting, made all the more so since I subsequently heard similar “celebrations” of the events of 1893 from a completely opposite ideological stance. Unfortunately, most of the latter will not see the medium of print. One thing, however, that became abundantly clear to me is the inseparability of current ideology and the interpretation of “History”. It seems to me that in Zimbabwe there are two histories of the last 150 years and there seems little medium in between – no attempt at a more liberal interpretation to counterbalance the ideologies prevalent. The values of the English tradition of an attempt at even-handed historical interpretation do not seem to apply here in Zimbabwe.

My own writing in this field unfortunately falls within this polarized division, and it is something I realize I will need to rectify. In this article I have largely stuck to my original scripts. I agree that it is Euro-centric in its approach and that the events relating to the indigenous peoples have largely been ignored. I have no excuse. There remains much to study in this regard – the causes and organization of the Uprising or *Umvukela*; the social and economic impact of the colonial process; the actions of the Settlers in putting down the Uprising; while the subsequent racial paranoia it generated has had a profound impact on subsequent events in our history. As I have said, there remains much to do. Unfortunately the source material which relates to these additional topics is presently sadly inadequate. Hopefully, one day a more balanced picture will emerge. Originally I had not intended to publish this manuscript as it stands without substantial revision – hence the long delay from when I gave it back in 1993, but at this time I

don't have the resources nor time to do so, hopefully, however, someone else will take up the challenge where I leave off.

References

Unfortunately since I wrote this article a fair amount of time has passed, together with a substantial clearance of surplus papers associated with household relocation, thus I can not relocate my original source material used to draw up this talk. I am not therefore able to reference it in the correct manner, which is another reason for originally withholding it from publication. However, the following are the main sources I would have used. and I apologize for any omission.

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Pre-Colonial Gold Mining

by Robert S. Burrett

Throughout modern Zimbabwe there are literally thousands of pre-colonial mine workings ranging from ephemeral surface scrapings to huge open cast pits (See Summers 1969). They mark the exploitable presence of iron, copper, tin and more especially gold deposits. In fact almost every viable mine established since Anglo-colonization in 1890 was located by prospectors intentionally seeking out these earlier workings (Phimister 1976: 7–8). The vast extent of this work is unique in the subcontinent and has few Global equivalents. They are an element of our historical heritage of which we should be justly proud, yet they have received scant attention both by academics and the general public at large.

There is a two-fold reason for this: they lack the physical attraction of other more popular archaeological phenomena such as the stone walled sites and the Rock Art; while their mere existence has posed a political ambiguity which will be touched on later. Notwithstanding the earlier controversies, I think it is now universally accepted by those that have studied and have a scientifically based understanding of these workings, that they are undoubtedly the product of the indigenous Shona economy, and it is high time that these features receive the attention that they deserve.

This article basically represents the pre-colonial section of a historical report I was originally commissioned to compile for one of our local gold producers, but which was never completed as the Company was taken over and the new proprietors seemed uninterested in such work. The original made particular reference to features at the mine in question, but these I have precluded here making the article a little more generalized for wider application.

HISTORICAL BACKGROUND

The earliest written evidence of mining in this Region tends to concern gold mining. This is understandable as this was the prime mineral with which these external literate authorities would have concerned themselves. This is not to imply that there was no mining of other more locally orientated minerals, nor that mining did not occur before these early textual dates. In both cases the answer is positive, it is merely for want of written evidence that we tend to use these texts as a base line in discussing the early mining, although this has the unfortunate tendency of furthering the apparent association of the activity with external influences which are not the actual origin. Copper, tin and iron would have formed an invaluable component of the local exchange systems in the Country, and certainly they were, judging from radio-carbon dates, being mined and traded locally from very early in the first millennium AD – see for example Summers (1969) and more recently Swan (1994). Gold production could well have begun as a by-product of copper, or it could as easily be the result of indigenous curiosity and the application of existing techniques (Phimister 1976:3). Initially this soft, if somewhat useless metal, would have held little intrinsic value to the local people, but this would have changed as a result of a rapidly expanding market for it which developed along

the coast with the expansion southward of the Islamic trade network. This is a field which requires further research.

To return to the issue of records of gold production, as far back as the mid Tenth Century AD the Islamic writer *Mas'udi* described the hinterland of Sofala as "a land which produces gold in abundance and other marvels (Axelson 1959: 164)". Later in the Twelfth Century *al-Idrisi* recorded that the gold of Sofala was usually extracted from rock after having been pounded and roasted over fires of cow dung (Axelson 1959: 164). Thus it is, that some of the earliest written records so far uncovered all indicate that gold mining was an active pursuit in the Medieval era, and it is not of great antiquity lost in time with the arrival of the Shona Ancestors. Furthermore, there is no indication of anyone other than the indigenous population being involved in the enterprise. If "Indian" or "Arab" coercion or mastery had been behind the activity, as some have suggested, then there would have been reference to such, but this is not to be found anywhere. To the local people is attributed the organizational ability.

The arrival of the Portuguese along the East Coast in the late Fifteenth and early Sixteenth Centuries saw a massive increase in written reference to the mining activities of the Region. All major Chroniclers indicate that the mining in the "Interior" was a product of the Karanga people – ancestors of many of today's Shona People. Most of the technical details which follow are derived from these documents which, surprisingly, are still doubted by some. It remains strange that these detailed documents received little attention from the subsequent Anglo-phone colonizers when they absorbed the area late in the last Century. It is not that they remained unavailable. In the late Nineteenth Century the stirring of Euro-African Nationalism led to the eking out of earlier documents relating to the colonization process, their translation into English and their subsequent publication by several authors, prominent amongst whom was the Cape historian George Theal. Maybe it was arrogance that led to their dismissing the detailed work of their Iberian cousins when they formulated their extensive myths concerning these workings, through invoking ancient and lost (and no doubt by implication Caucasian) civilization.

The late Nineteenth Century had seen the steady decline of Portuguese influence on the Zimbabwean Plateau and their increasing confinement to a narrow strip along the Lower Zambezi and along the Coast. The Interior was, from a European point of view, open territory and it attracted numerous hunters and traders from the southern parts of the subcontinent rather than the East Coast which had previously been the case. These new European (Cape) and Afrikaner visitors thus entered the Territory not knowing of the proud history of the people as was understood by those better acquainted on the East Coast. Racial attitudes were such that the Shona people were dismissed as idle, having no intellectual ability and without a history even worthy of note. It was thus necessary to infer a "Lost People" having occupied the Country, developed its mining potential and to have built the impressive stone monuments before being swept away in the tide of "Black Peril", to use the key phrase underpinning the ideology of subsequent Apartheid.

It was thus, only in the last century that there arose the very term "Ancients" and "Ancient Workings". They are value weighed judgements presupposing an exotic origin prior to the advent of the Black Peoples. At the time it became very fashionable both

in Southern Africa and Europe to interpret the evidence in the light of the Old Testament with images of Sheba, Solomon and Ophir. Even as recently as the mid 1980s, fringe literature has continued to dredge up this fallacy, or racially motivated variations (Arab, Chinese, Indian, Phoenician, but certainly not Shona), in full opposition to academia and all evidence. It is sad that these long-suffering Middle Eastern Ghosts have been illegitimately transferred into our own mode of historical interpretation, merely to suit political/economic expediency rather than truth. Rhodes and those who followed in his wake had to justify their actions in both their minds and in those of others who may have obstructed their plans. By invoking a lost civilization of "Ancients", their taking over of the traditional lands and mines of the indigenous peoples could thus be justified. After all they could claim that they were merely taking from the Black inhabitants only that which they had taken from others before them.

It is high time that we cast into the "dustbin of history" terms such as Ancients and Ancient Workings. They are racially motivated and without any substantial evidence. Authors such as Huffman (1974) and Phimister (1974; 1976) have convincingly refuted such myths. Local metallurgical skills are an established historical fact, with the products of iron, tin and copper playing important roles in traditional Society. Certainly the end market for the gold may very well have existed outside of the Country for most (but not all) of the gold produced, but that is, however, not unusual anywhere in the World both in past and present-day circumstances where local producers are part of an intricate global mercantile system, be it controlled from India, the Middle East, North America or Europe. Trade does not specify actual origin. Human incentive and parallel convergence in the development of technical skills is a widespread historical phenomenon. But enough of these reflections on these misguided ideologies of the past. Hopefully, the nails should have well and truly driven into the coffin of the Ancients myth. Certainly, far too much paper has already been wasted on this meaningless debate to the detriment of real research into the social and technical developments in pre-colonial Zimbabwe.

GOLD – ITS ROLE IN PRE-COLONIAL ZIMBABWE

One of the most important factors to remember in assessing pre-colonial mining is that the activity never provided a continuous annual occupation for the local inhabitants. Certainly there were no full-time mining, smelting and trading specialists even in the production of iron, which was a far more important everyday utility item. Gold would have been considered even more of a luxury item with a correspondingly lesser degree of specialization. Metallurgical activity was thus merely a minor part of a wider economic system, being based rather on subsistence agriculture and pastoralism (Beach 1976; Bhila 1982; Mudenge 1988; Phimister 1976). It was practised by those near potential deposits, but this activity was never the base line in influencing their lives – a useful addition, but not fundamental. The fact that deposits would soon be depleted really did not matter to the producers, since they merely took the good times when they were there. Mining was a marginal activity which had to be fitted into the normal cycle of agricultural activity. It seems to have been restricted to the winter months after harvest and prior to the preparation of the lands for the following season. Possibly all such work was undertaken in the months of August, September and October, the

so called *Chirimo* period. An added attraction of this time of year would have been the lower water tables allowing for greater access to potentially auriferous rock.

At this point it is useful to discuss a modern trend for a reverse myth which is developing in some circles of late. In this the very nature of the gold production system is over romanticized, conferring to it the full-time capacity, organization structures and productive efficiency more typical of more recent periods. This often goes hand in glove with the inference that the society was unexploitative, almost egalitarian. Why it is so necessary to “upgrade” the productive system to place it on par with modern ones is curious. It effectively denies the very subsistence nature of the society at large as if we are almost ashamed of it. This is an unfortunate tendency of some Africanist Academics whose approach has, I fear, more to do with political expediency than the facts. It makes their efforts seem almost apologist which is itself degrading, or there is the blatant manipulation of ideas to suit present political situations (especially the Socialist orientations of the 1970s and 1980s). We have to accept that the mining process in Zimbabwe was on a relatively small scale and that it played a very poor second fiddle to agricultural pursuits, while it was, and is always, a socially discriminative process in which the powerful generally had, and have, the better hand.

In terms of a temporal setting, pre-colonial mining is rather difficult to date as the pursuit does not leave behind definite datable residues. Much of the work involved non literate persons, while the deposits themselves are not particularly helpful – there being few remains or they have been reworked with each period destroying the data left by their predecessors. In his synopsis work, Summers (1969) suggested that gold production would have begun with alluvial sources from about AD 600, followed by Reef Mining at a later date, and probably initially in the north-western parts of the Country where copper production was already in full swing. Huffman (1974) has refuted these earlier “dates”, suggesting that it is a more recent phenomenon. This was extended by Phimister (1976:16–17) who restricted gold production to a period from sometime in AD 900 (initially being relatively minor alluvial deposits), increasing rapidly with the advent of actual mining from about AD 1000 and reaching its zenith about the twelfth to fifteenth centuries AD. More recently Swan (1994) has reassessed the spatial relationships of settlements and potentially auriferous deposits. She has been able to suggest that the pattern may be a little more complex than previous proposed. Certainly sites in the north-west were in the position before AD 800 to exploit the resource, while in Matabeleland villages of the period show a definite shift towards the mining areas from around AD 700. It may be that Summers is correct. There are, however, distinct regional variations in the origin and timing of exploitation.

Certainly it seems generally accepted that gold mining was at its height from the Twelfth and Fifteenth centuries AD. At the time there was a huge demand for the mineral in the vast Islamic Empire, and it seems very likely that Zimbabwean supplies fed this through traders who were based in several prosperous “Muslim” coastal towns which were flourishing at the time. However, this boom period was followed by a sharp decline from the Sixteenth Century as a result of a complex interaction of factors, including: the substantial fall in international demand and value of gold (in a sense this was the result of an over-production of the mineral resulting from both the southern and west African mines coming into production); the depletion of the more accessible

deposits; increased internal strife in the area (cause or result ?); and the inequitable nature of the trading system which the severely under capitalized Portuguese colonialists sought to impose. This is not, however, to suggest that the entire process came to a halt. Even as late as the Nineteenth Century gold was still produced, both alluvial and reef, but on a MUCH reduced scale with the former dominant. Clearly, alluvial production was less susceptible to declining market prices than was reef production (Phimister 1974; 1976).

PRE-COLONIAL PROSPECTING

Most (95%) pre-colonial mines were restricted to notoriously unreliable quartz vein deposits in which gold enrichment varied tremendously (Summers 1969: 14). It is very likely that the miners only concentrated on the richer ores in which visible vein gold was to be seen. Such was certainly the approach of many of the early colonial prospectors in the first decade of Occupation, and I do not believe that they were following a system any different from those before them. Summers (1969) has suggested that the surface visibility of these deposits would have been more obvious to these early miners as a result of secondary enrichment near the surface where, due to the weathering processes of the parent material, the remaining gold was concentrated in the upper layers. There has been some debate on this point (see Phimister 1976: 6-7), but it is difficult to draw a conclusion in this instance since the pre-colonial miners were so efficient, that any deposit in which such secondary enrichment had occurred, and which could contribute to this argument, has long since been mined out.

Gold production probably started off with the working of alluvial deposits in the major river valleys (Phimister 1974). Gradually, as these deposits were exploited, sources would have been traced back to the original ore deposits which in turn were then mined. Gold panning is thus certainly not a new phenomenon. The initial discovery of such deposits would be a very easy task. Remember that everyone would have been very well acquainted with their surrounding areas, with further ample opportunity for discovery by the youngsters while performing their herding duties away from the settlements. Knowledge would then be passed down through the generations through a strong sense of oral tradition, something of which the early colonial prospectors were well aware and which they used to their full advantage.

Possibly, once the people had become better acquainted with the idea of ore deposits, they would soon have noted several indicators with which to seek out further deposits unassociated with alluvial gold and which may not have been clearly visible at the surface. There has been a suggestion that all tertiary deposits would have been tested by panning, since the termites would have brought up a representative sample of the subsurface heavy minerals (West 1965: 40). There is also a distinct possibility of botanical indication, and this is something in which I have long been interested. There seems to be good correlation between acacia species (especially *Acacia polyacantha*) and old gold mines. True it is not entirely specific, while it is difficult to judge if they are a more recent result of post mineral extraction or if they were an initial indicator. It has also been suggested that a "herb like clover" is often directly related to auriferous rock (Silva Rego & Baxter 1964:183). I have not as yet been able to investigate this matter further, but it is feasible, after all on the Copperbelt of Zambia the famous

“blue flower” was a foolproof indicator of copper deposits. Unfortunately, archaeological evidence of the technology of gold prospecting hasn't survived the rigours of time, while oral traditions are very hazy in this regard. This is not surprising since the Black gold producers were actively discouraged from seeking out deposits during the first 70 years of colonial Occupation so as to prevent their competition with their White counterparts. In this circumstance oral traditions do die out as they become redundant. Certainly this also happened with mining traditions in other parts of the World, including India, Latin America and Wales. However, whatever the technology used in prospecting they must have been very effective in locating the deposits, although production methods were not as equally efficient.

THE PRODUCTION OF GOLD

Alluvial production would occur in the winter months and deposits were often reworked annually to take advantage of the previous flood accumulation. Any local person was entitled to pan as an individual. It seems that there was no direct political control over access to this resource, although outsiders (i.e. all those living away from the river) would be expected to seek permission and pay for the right to pan. Also, once any gold had been produced, some would be presented to the local elite who, as living guardians of the spirits of the area, would ensure the latter's appeasement. In this manner the ruling elite exercised control over local gold production and were able to extract a portion for the maintenance of the social system of which they were part. Otherwise the individual retained as much gold as his/her own efforts produced. There was no system of enforced panning on behalf of the elite. Everyone, regardless of age and gender, would have participated, although some Nineteenth Century documents mention it as being mainly a woman's task. Communal production was not practised, although groups of effectively individual producers may have concentrated at highly productive locations (Phimister 1974). I am not saying that men did not participate, they probably did, but not to the extent of virtual dominance as is the case today on some deposits I have seen recently in the Esigodini area. This latter gender division is largely a product of this Century, where it is the only moneyed option for many of the male breadwinners of the family, while it also may be the case of historical bias from earlier this Century where the State only granted gold panning permits to “male natives”.

The process of reef mining is probably of more interest to most of us today. Generally the workings were of the form of huge open trenches with a U-shaped profile which were simply dug down to follow the seam. This technique has been referred to as open stoping. Often these pits or stopes were anything up to 80 feet in depth. A slightly different form of mining involved the excavation of shafts, which can best be described as bottle-shaped in profile in that they were narrow where they traversed the unproductive country-rock, but they then widened out along the seams, often forming sizeable underground cavities. This latter form of mining is often, but not exclusively, found in the north-eastern areas of Mashonaland. The reason for this difference in technique is uncertain, but it could be either cultural or time related. The earliest reference to the latter dates back to the Sixteenth Century and Phimister quotes a useful, if somewhat later, reference which describes the methods as observed by the Portuguese:

The mouth (of the shaft) is so narrow that a man may stand with his legs extended from one side to the other. They make steps to go up and down within the circumference of the well, and on these the Kaffirs (sic) station themselves, passing the *mataca*, or earth, which is dug away, from hand to hand, which the diggers pass to them in *pandes*, or wooden bowls. The first *mataca* does not contain any considerable quantity of gold, the *mataca* which contains it is well known, and when they come upon it, or upon gold in stone, as sometimes happens, they do not desist until it is exhausted, following the vein under the earth in every direction (Theal III: 490, quoted in Phimister 1976:10).

The actual mining process employed in both techniques is that of firesetting and gauging. Neither of these techniques would have been unknown to the peasant agriculturist as they are really extensions of their farming techniques. Again this illustrates that the activity was not some unusual specialist task as some may wish to suggest. When the deposit was soft bahdzas were used to dig it out. This would have then been scooped up in wooden containers and probably loaded into skin bags which were then heaved out to the surface where further processing was undertaken – see later. The harder material which could not be removed in this manner would then be pounded with stone hammers (usually of dolerite – Beekes, pers. comm.). This would have detached additional ore, while it would have left a smooth, almost powdered surface to the rock face, a feature often seen in old mines. Thereafter, if the rock was still desirable it would be detached using iron gads which were hammered into weakened joints using the same stone hammers, or, alternatively, some of these gads were hafted in wooden handles which were used as picks. In both instances these iron gads leave narrow striations in the rock face which are clearly distinguishable in many old mines from the broader marks left by colonial picks/chisels. If, then, the rock remained massive, fire setting was resorted to. Wood would be stacked up against the face and burnt for at least 12 hours, followed by rapid cooling resulting from drenching the hot rock with water. The resulting shattered rock could then be detached using gads. Evidence for such underground fires, especially semi-oxidised carbon stained faces, are to be found in mines throughout Zimbabwe, although their importance has rarely been appreciated and most are reduced to rubble before investigation. I ask here that future mining development will take greater cognizance of the need to record such details pertaining to the pre-colonial mining than has hitherto been the case. We are not trying to prevent development, but we wish to record adequately the details before they are lost forever.

As can be imagined, this form of mining would have presented serious problems in terms of haulage, dewatering, and ventilation, especially in the case of the enclosed, if not claustrophobic, shafts. Certainly, haulage probably relied on the use of skin bags, but it is also likely that bark and wooden and clay containers were also used. Remains of the latter are especially common and sometimes, when decorated, can be extremely useful in dating the activity. The containers were probably passed from hand to hand, hauled up using bark ropes, or, as has been illustrated in a classical illustration of pre-colonial mining which features on the dust jacket of Summers' (1969) book, the containers may have been carried on the backs of the miners thus freeing

their hands to enable them to climb out. Ventilation on the other hand was a much harder problem to tackle. Generally this was facilitated by the development of several crosscuts; the infilling of fouled sections hence preventing that air from spreading through the rest of the mine; the shaking of wetted raw skins to disperse the heavier gasses such as sulphur and carbon dioxide (Summers, 1969); or more simply the shaft was abandoned when it became too fouled to be worked. Flooding, however, remained a very real problem, and without the advantage of modern pumps most mines simply stopped on reaching the water table. From a modern point of view this is most fortunate, since if they had had the technology all viable gold deposit would have long ago been removed leaving very little for today's industry. Mining in the winter months may have allowed them to penetrate a little deeper, while sometimes attempts to bucket out the water would have been deployed in the richer mines, but soon the labour expenditure would have become too great to be viable, so even these mines ceased to produce. Certainly, we know that the early Colonial miners faced similar dewatering problems which inhibited many of their efforts, so I am sure this was also the case earlier.

GOLD REDUCTION AND PROCESSING

Once the ore was brought to the surface it had to be reduced. If I am correct in believing that they would only have mined those deposits with visible gold, then this would have been a relatively simple process involving crushing and panning. This grinding process was done in the numerous dolly holes and grinding grooves which are commonly associated with the Workings. It might be of interest to note that I have observed that many of the Pioneer prospectors in the Mazowe Valley also seem to have resorted to this same traditional technique. Water was, however, necessary for this process and many reduction sites are closely associated with reliable water sources.

Initially, the rock would have been pounded in the circular holes we call dolly holes, which are often found to have been ground out of the natural outcrops or in large "portable" boulders. This was essentially a mortar and pestle process which involved a circular crushing and pulverizing technique. Burchett in an excellent series on "Ancient Mining" (sic) suggests that the oblong pedestals used were often of diabase, and in fact she illustrates a rare example of one *in situ* within the dolly hole (Burchett 1965: 29 & 44). This would have reduced the size of the ore allowing for the separation of the richer material for further processing. At this point a fairly high degree of wastage of gold would have occurred. The additional reduction sometimes took place at the same site, but it appears that, at least in some cases, it was taken back to the village sites which may not have been nearby so as to allow for more convenient processing. At these latter locations the material was finely powdered by grinding it in similar dolly holes, but it would seem that more important were the elliptical shaped depressions whose form and surface is so very different compared to those used for grinding cereals or tobacco. These shallow oval depressions are ground into the surface of the exposed bedrock invariably in large clusters. The producer would have placed the ore into one of these and then powdered it using a regulated rubbing motion. The rubbing stones were of a harder material, often diabase, dolerite and basalts (Burchett 1965: 44), while the action accounts for the numerous small parallel striations so common in these grinding grooves which distinguishes them from "normal" crop grindstones, where

the softer nature of the latter would not so much have striated the surface than polish it. In the Mutapa State this stage of reduction was called *Kangare* (Mudenge 1988: 169)

Following this, the resulting powder was either washed in wide, yet shallow, wooden bowls called *zambas* (Mudenge 1988: 169). In these the heavier gold dust would have settled out to be collected for sale in that form. In later periods it was then squeezed into vulture feathers or porcupine quills for transport in this form. Alternatively, it was heated in clay crucibles (usually nothing more than a large sherd from a broken pot) and the gold would be separated by this means. It would then be "cast" into pellet form. Such "bead moulds" are often found made from schist or serpentinite and exhibit several rounded holes drilled into the rock into which the gold was poured and then left to cool. Some early Portuguese records indicate that the ore may have been burnt before the crushing process. This involved layering alternate horizons of firewood/cattle dung and ore, but this activity has left no visible archaeological trace, yet there is no reason to suspect its validity. Such action would have further weakened the ore, both chemically and physically. It is very likely that there were differences in the processing techniques, with different individuals, areas and times operating in their own tradition bound manner.

The processing techniques are certainly not as efficient as are our "modern" principles. It meant that they could not recover gold from ores with a high sulphide impregnation as their techniques couldn't break the chemical bonding involved. Those deposits with such impurities were avoided or only mined nearer the surface where natural processes had already oxidized the rock thus enabling this form of extraction to be effective. With depth the rock would return to its sulphide concentrations and the mine would thus have been abandoned. The firing technique mentioned above may have allowed for some extraction of such sulphide bound deposits it that it caused the oxidation of the ore. Also, the actual processing involved significant losses at each stage. Summers (1969:) concluded that only 60% of the gold mined was ever obtained for trade, the lost 40% enriching village soils and surfaces near to the mines. This was a phenomenon which often confused some of the early colonial prospectors. Certainly, at Ayrshire Mine in the Makonde District, the early colonial miners were puzzled by the high yields in the surrounding soils in comparison to the actual reef they were mining.

THE GOLD TRADE

After extraction the gold was traded. Initially, the market was external, although at some stage there did arise a local consumption of the material within the ruling elite, but it was restricted to decoration in the form of thin foil applied to wooden cores, as beads and a few gold studs. The best preserved example of this, is a gold plated wooden rhinoceros which was recovered at Mapungubwe, an early site just south of the Limpopo which some people have cited as the origin of the Great Zimbabwe culture. In all likelihood there would have been such objects in elite areas throughout Zimbabwe, but most have been destroyed, especially by the Ancient Ruins Mining Company which systematically plundered the ruins for their gold. Only in much more recent periods did the gold take on a monetary value to the local people, and Phimister cites it being used as bride-wealth and ransom (Phimister 1974: 451). This, however, is a very late

development occurring only when the area had been sufficiently drawn into the international capitalist system.

To return, however, to the issue of gold trading. Initially this was through “Arab” or “Islamic” traders from the coast. It is rather difficult to be specific as to the identity of these traders, since many of the coastal people who live in central Mozambique and are Shona speakers, became absorbed into the system, trading on their own account or on behalf of others. Yet in the historical documents and oral traditions, they have tended to be grouped as one entity together with traders of east African, Asian and Arab origin. In later periods such roaming “Shona Traders” were termed *vashambadzi* (Mudenge 1988: 171), but they were not normally distinguished. Whatever the identity of these groups, they were gradually displaced or absorbed into the “Portuguese” system after the Sixteenth Century. It would be very surprising if the trading system of either of these groups, Portuguese or pre-Portuguese, would have been all that different, it was more a matter of change of face than system. In general, there seem to have been three means by which the gold could be disposed of by the miners: at the regional trading centres which were established in the vicinity of major production areas – these the Portuguese called *Feiras*; to the travelling parties of traders which often set off overland at the end of the main mining season; and there was also the possibility of the producer actually travelling to the coastal/Zambesi settlements to sell direct to the traders there. In terms of payment the producers were not interested in money as much as certain commodity items: guns; gunpowder; cloth; and beads, while certainly the rate of exchange they received varied considerably depending on either the local scarcity of goods or surplus of production (Phimister 1974: 451).

As to who was involved in the mining, this seems a little harder to establish. Like alluvial mining it would have probably involved all ages and genders, but with a probable bias towards women and children in the actual mining and men in the reduction and smelting stages. In this manner the gender divisions involved in more “normal activities” such as cultivation and iron production were being replicated in this system. As to who was allowed to mine and where, it is a little harder to say. Certainly, the old Portuguese records give the impression that the mines were considered the exclusive property of the ruling elite. This may have more to do with their perceptions of the situation based on Portuguese Society at the time, than was actually the case. Alternatively, it is not unlikely that this was a purposeful misrepresentation of the situation perpetuated by local Portuguese traders so as to ensure their continued monopoly of trade in the area. It would have discouraged competitors from trying to enter the market, since it would seem that existing links were the only links by which further gold could be extracted. Whatever the case, it is more probable that the gold production system, like many aspects of Shona Society, was a lot more flexible, differing in both time and space. Local villages nearby would probably have viewed the mines nearby as their own resource and it would have been open to all members if they so wished, although others from further afield would probably have been granted rights to mine if permission was sought and some manner of fee paid. The very strict rules which were used as an excuse by the local people for not disclosing the locality of the mines – that they were the property of the king and they had been specifically forbidden to reveal them – is a reflection of the peoples’ fears of losing their own access to the

gold hungry Portuguese, who would have had little conscience in taking over the deposits by force and extracting labour as they did throughout the Country in their period of control in the Seventeenth Century.

After extraction, a certain portion of the gold would then have become due to the local élite as a form of tribute. The amount would have depended on the nearness and power of the local élite, and certainly the historical documents indicate varied degrees of tribute and actual control over the gold mining and trading processes. In the Amcoce and Mazowe areas a tax of half the gold was levied (Silva Rego & Baxter, 1964: 183), while in other documents it is stated that only the larger pieces were considered the élites' right (Phimister 1974: 450). Obviously those areas nearer to forces which could extract tribute would have paid more than those further afield. Without doubt during the height of the Great Zimbabwe and Torwa "Empires" gold tribute would have been high, in order to maintain the complex social structures of these societies and to finance the construction of the élite's stonewalled complexes. Of these societies we unfortunately have no written documents, while the oral traditions are very poor. However, even in later periods when indigenous gold production had declined sharply, those chiefs on the main trade routes to the Portuguese Trading centres on the Zambesi, for example Hwata who "controlled" the main northerly riverine routes in central northern Mashonaland, were in a strong economic position by virtue of their domination of the trade and probable extraction of a levy for passing through their territory. We can therefore, safely surmise that earlier elite communities would have also been able to cream off a certain amount of the gold produced to maintain their positions.

CONCLUSION

This briefly summarizes the processes and possible social contexts of the pre-colonial mining systems in Zimbabwe. They are undoubtedly an indigenous development in response to the demands of the International Commodity system for gold, which would have articulated the Region into the global market from sometime in the late First Millennium AD, and more particularly in the period Eleventh to Fifteenth Centuries. Here the stages involved are generalized and there remains much to be investigated on a more micro level in both time and space. It must be remembered that the Shona social system and economy is a very flexible one (Beach 1994), and according to local conditions the form of mining, reduction, and tribute would have varied considerably with changing natural conditions, as well as external and internal social developments.

As mining decreased for the several reasons already cited, other commodities came onto the market – ivory in Zimbabwe in particular, while elsewhere slavery became the dominant means of exchange (although here, Shona beliefs were incompatible with the wholesale sale of people, so this scourge of Central Africa and Mozambique was never a significant element in our Region). By the late Nineteenth century, however, even ivory was beginning to decline as an exploitable resource and many communities were cut off from a means of trade and thus the procurement of foreign commodities. There arose a shortage of foreign currency to use contemporary jargon. How the people would have adapted to this growing crisis in the long term cannot be guessed at, since colonization interrupted the system. Ironically, this same colonization was specifically aimed at procuring the very gold deposits which traditionally had been exploited to

open for business



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their full capacity within the “limited” technology of so many centuries before. It must, however, be remembered that traditional gold production never completely ceased until the early years of the Twentieth century, when colonial laws marginalized the indigenous producers to give preference to White industry (Phimister 1974). Interestingly, several White Zimbabweans with whom I have had discussions hotly deny that this was ever the case. Whether one likes the political ramifications of this or not, it is a historical fact and modern multiracial Zimbabwean society must learn to live with it. Hopefully this article will have exposed to some, the terrible reality of some degree of historical myth building on both sides of the political spectrum which has, and still does, mask/ed historical interpretation in this country.

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John Henry Archer Burton, 1850–1922

“Matabele Jim” – the Trials and Tribulations of an 1894 Settler

INTRODUCTION by J. D. McCarthy

James Henry Archer Burton, alias "Matabele Jim," came to Zimbabwe in September 1894 at the relatively advanced age of 44, full of hope and expectation like so many others of his generation. Less than two years later he was invalided back to England having suffered an horrific facial wound while serving as one of the lesser publicized members of the gallant Mazoe Patrol. A Martini Henry round, fired at almost point blank range during one of the many skirmishes that occurred in that encounter, entered his head under the left ear and exited under the outer side of his right eye, leaving him to endure many months of agonising recuperation. The fact that he survived at all baffled many in English medical circles. What follows is an account of his experiences in this country, both before and after he was wounded, partly as told by himself in his diaries and partly as summarized by his son many years later using mostly the same sources.

Background to the acquisition of the “Matabele Jim” manuscript

The original Archer Burton diaries, complete with tiny pen and ink sketches of great clarity, are still in the possession of his son, James R. Archer Burton, O.B.E., O.St.J. FRGS, who lives in East Sussex, England. Keen to bring his father's story to light Jim Archer Burton spent many days painstakingly transcribing the 358 closely written pages of the original. Then, perhaps given the rather shorthand nature of many of the diary entries, coupled with the minutiae that is also to be found, he endeavoured to incorporate them into manuscript form. This meant writing introductions, summarizing certain of the less legible or more humdrum passages, and generally trying to make the diary content more readable. His hope had been to have the manuscript published in its entirety but, having failed thus far, he gave a copy to the Rhodes House Library in 1994.

In the meantime Mr John Cramp, a retired Anglo American (and B.S.A. Co.) pensioner and History Society of Zimbabwe member now living in Scotland, had written an article overseas on the subject of Fort Mazoe and this caught the attention of Jim Archer Burton. The two began to correspond and the History Society is very grateful to John Cramp for his not inconsiderable efforts in acquiring for it the rights to use the manuscript in whatever way it thought appropriate for *Heritage of Zimbabwe*.

Arrangement and layout of material

Described by his son Jim as “ever restless”, James Archer Burton began his life of adventure in 1874 when, aged 24, he sailed for America to try his luck as a farmer on the virgin prairie of Minnesota. Eighteen years later, after a grasshopper plague, he moved on as a prospector, first to the gold fields of Montana and then on to the Klondike. There, fortune was not on his side and after a series of failed mining ventures he returned to England in 1893. As fate would have it a close friend of the family was “Skipper”

Hoste, who of course had been one of the officers of the 1890 Pioneer Column. Fired up by his tales of the new territory James Archer Burton resolved to try his luck there instead.

For reasons both of space and relevance the Editor has chosen to concentrate only on those portions of the Archer Burton manuscript dealing with the arrival of James in Zimbabwe and his experiences there. These include the excruciating months of his medical treatment, as well as the disappointments experienced when he again attempted to build a life for himself back in the country between 1898 and 1901.

Because of its length, it was not possible to publish the entire diary and bridging material in this volume of *Heritage of Zimbabwe*. We have taken the liberty of using only selected portions and in an effort to better distinguish between the original diary entries of Matabele Jim and the bridging material inserted by his son, the former appear in roman type and the latter in italics.

**THE LIFE OF
JAMES HENRY ARCHER BURTON, 1850–1922
AFFECTIONATELY KNOWN AS ‘MATABELE JIM’**

- 1850 8 May Born in St. Johns Wood, London, England. Son of Burton Archer Burton MA., JP., Barrister-at-Law. Grandson of Lancelot Archer Burton JP, DL., Barrister-at-Law, High Sheriff of Hampshire.
- 1853 Moved to Southampton. School at Winchester.
- 1875 To Minnesota to farm with brothers Graeme and Leonard.
- 1890 To Montana and to the Yukon in search of gold.
- 1894 Sept To South Africa to trade with the Matabele and Mashona tribes and to prospect for gold. Became involved with Cecil John Rhodes’s Chartered Company.
- 1896 18 Jun During the Matabele Rising took part in the Mazoe Valley action against the Mashona, acclaimed at the time as one of the most heroic actions in Colonial history.
- 1896 18 Jun Seriously wounded – shot through the face – by a “Matabele” using a stolen Martini Henry rifle.
- 1896 20 Nov After five months in a Salisbury field hospital evacuated to England for treatment in Guys Hospital where his wound confounded medics at Guys and St. Thomas’s.
- 1898 23 Apl Returned to Rhodesia to develop land given him by Cecil Rhodes.
- 1901 28 Aug Return to England for further treatment. As a result of his horrific wounds he had to forgo his Rhodesian inheritance. As he gradually regained health he married.
- 1902 8 Jan Married Minnie Beatrice in Southampton.
- 1909 Moira born – died 1911.
- 1912 Fought on with the Salisbury Authority until 1912 to try and regain what had been lost. Backed by the Marquess of Winchester and other influential friends, all to no avail. Booked a passage in the ill-fated Titanic and retired gracefully from the Matabele scene. Trip across the Atlantic cancelled when it was discovered Minnie was pregnant.
- 1912 30 Sep James Robert born.
- 1914–1918 Enlisted in the Hampshire Regt – served in the Chaplain General’s Dept at Parkhurst Barracks on the Isle of Wight throughout The Great War.
- 1917 Joan born – died 1918.
- 1919 To Minnesota in SS St. Paul via New York.
- 1922 Jan Died in Martin County Minnesota, buried on George Lakeside.

VOYAGE TO SOUTH AFRICA

The journey to Africa began as all others had from Southampton. At 3pm on Saturday 8th September 1894, Jim set out alone in the Goth, his brother Vivian and Hoste saw him off on a trip that was to end 43 days later at Beira in Mozambique. This voyage is dealt with briefly in his journal, as nothing of consequence happened. It is simply an account of common place and prosaic experiences afloat. A friendship developed between the Revd William Copeland a Church of England parson whose divine services Jim attends regularly, once as many as three times on a Sunday in the six weeks aboard. He meets Moffat, grandson of the African missionary and nephew of Dr Livingstone, and Palk, Col Rhodes's private secretary. He keeps a record of the Goth's daily run, the weather and the dates and times of arrival and departure from Lisbon, Cape Town, Mossel Bay, Port Elizabeth, East London, Port Natal, Durban and Delagoa Bay. The books he read and some dusty comments on the ports of call, the cost of liquor and life aboard ship in general.

'The Bay of Biscay not as bad as I thought it would be, a very slow boat this, about 12 knots – 256 first day run. Played whist in the morning, the first and last game on board. Felt like eating an ox, 2nd class grub is 'so so'. Got to Lisbon on 11th, wouldn't let us land on account of the cholera scare as the Goth had been to Rotterdam. 296 run. Two Portuguese girls, one not bad looking came in a boat rowed by a villainous looking black, played on concertinas and got lots of penny's and silver. 262 knots. Already feel the atmosphere warmer. Began reading Robert Elsmere by Mrs Humphry Ward. Had divine service in 3rd class cabin. Rather like the way Copeland preaches – I've never heard a man preach like he does. He sends his shots right home – The C of E have always been highly professional in persuading men that they can kill others in the name of God, I have the greatest admiration for their skill in this respect'. Could not wish for a more perfect voyage to date have never experienced such beautiful weather. 294 knots.

Sunday 16 Sept. Went to three services and enjoyed them. Copeland again 'Beauty is the smile of God, music His voice – 'No one dies, God just takes them by the hand and leads them into the promised land. I have been christened 'the hermit' on board, why I can't see, as I've made friends with 3 jolly girls and a grass widow, etc. etc. Saw the Cape Verde light house about six miles off. 277 knots. They charge an outrageous price for drinks on board, especially as they pay no tax and get the liquor out of bond, as far as I am concerned I care not for I don't go in for any. Reading Charlotte Bronte's life – gave it up. All the usual junketing, I shan't be sorry when this journey is over.

Sunday 30 Sept. 1894. Copeland gave a very good sermon indeed, I only wish that it had more effect on me. 'Men should be judged not by their tint of skin, the Gods they serve, the vintage that they drink, nor by the way they hate or love or sin, but by the quality of thoughts they think'.

Monday 1 Oct. arrived Cape Town, drove up to town in a hansom and walked back. The Govt. House a very fine building and the botanical gardens worth

looking over. Bought a pair of veld boots, 10/6 worth about 2/- Cape Town is full of blacks, Malaya, Hottentots, Zulus, Fingos, Pondos, etc. etc.

Wednesday 3 Oct. left Cape Town, lost most of the passengers.

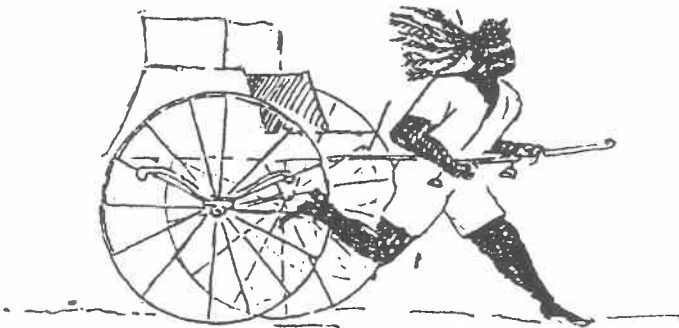
Friday 5 Oct. got to Mossel Bay, Port Elizabeth. Good shops, nice looking buildings, splendid gardens. Looked into St. Paul's Church and sat down for a rest. The bay is alive with sharks. Moffat is going up as a missionary on the Zambezi. Went into the Feather Market, saw them selling ostrich feathers by auction.

Tuesday 9 Oct. arrived East London, the best looking place so far on the East Coast. A fight between a whale, a thrasher and a sword fish close to the ship, the whale got the worst of it. Saw an Englishman on the streets, rough, dirty, ragged, hungry and begging. I hope Africa is not as bad for a poor man as I am afraid it is. The blacks do all the work, capital does the rest.

Friday 12 Oct. Passed St. John's Pondoland, wild pretty coast and very thinly settled. Boat pitching and rolling all day with green over the bows, not going 6 knots, fiddles on the tables, another week to Beira at this rate.

Saturday 13 Oct. Port Natal. What it is called a port for I can't see. A great swell, couldn't unload, any amount of sharks. We presented the Captain with a testimonial, he is a right good man and commands one of the best sea boats afloat – the Goth. If anyone kicked at the voyage, he would kick if he were to go to heaven. The wind turned into half a gale. It was marvellous to see these blacks work on the lighters, no white man would do it. They worked all day with continual duckings from the sea. Palk came on board from the Moor. Copeland gave me a Bible, no doubt thought I needed one.

Monday 15 Oct. Arrived Durban. Invested 5/- for a tug to go ashore. Went to the Royal Hotel, supposed to be the best. I was disappointed with Durban. Bought a Zulu vocabulary 1/6 also a kettle and roaster. Drove back to the docks in a rickshaw with Moffat 1/6, had a race with another one. Letters up country 4d to England 2.5d.



a Durban rickshaw

Tuesday 16 Oct. Left Durban, passed by the Zululand coast most of the day – mostly sand hills. Arrived Delagoa Bay on 17th. The town was barricaded with barbed wire to keep the blacks out. Most of the citizens were armed. A splendid place it would be if the English or any other go ahead nation had it. Moffat and I walked to the outskirts of the town, the whole place is surrounded with a 10 ft high wire fence and patrols of Goanese and Portuguese are all along the wire. What splendid specimens the Zulu women are, no wonder they are worth from 8 to 10 span of oxen. Heard today that you could buy a woman for 4 horse tails or one giraffe's tail.

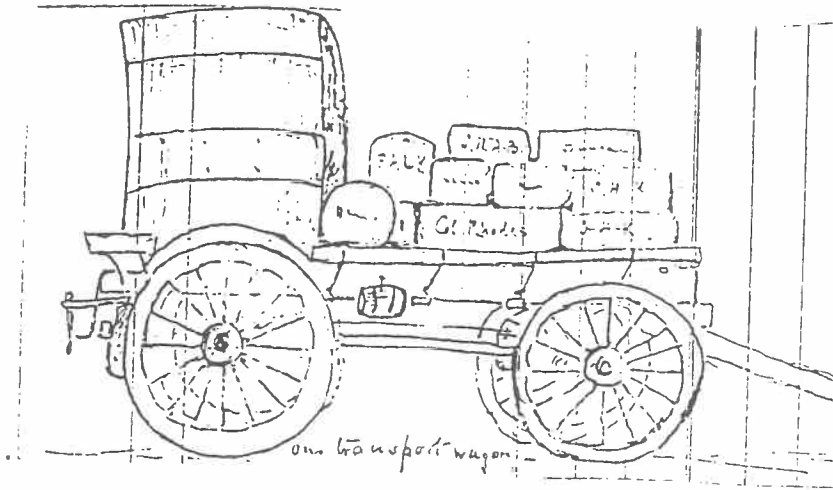
Now 475 miles from Beira. Skipper changed the time of leaving, it not being safe to leave in the dark on account of the great coral reefs outside the harbour. 40th day since we left Southampton HMS Trush is anchored near us, looking after English interests. The moths have made sad havoc with my things, I can't imagine where they came from. Gave Gilbert my little Smith & Wesson revolver to give to Viv. Had my last but one salt bath on board, wonder when I shall get another.

TREK TO MASHONALAND

Sunday 21 Oct. 1894. Arrived Beira. Our crowd filled the Royal Hotel, supposed to be a swell place. A dirty hole. 90 in the shade for the last 10 days. The street cars in Beira are run by the blacks at 6d a ride. The grub or scoff which it is called here, is a much more fit word for it. It is vile. The best people in this country up to date are the blacks.

Monday 22 Oct. Left Beira 5pm. By River boat. The skipper too drunk to navigate, ran us aground several times, went alright to 11pm then on the putty for good. Skipper left his passengers with three blacks and all the baggage all night on the Pungwe River in a fog. And so began the 300 mile trek to Salisbury. Cooked up some cocoa and unloaded part of the baggage to lighten the boat. Got to Fontesvilla at 5 after a lot of trouble, having stuck fast on the sandbanks several times. Many crocodiles about. Couldn't sleep much, the blacks kicking up the devils own row to midnight, then the whites started and kept it going until breakfast led by an English Doctor Williams. All the Beira & Fontesvilla Shipping Company is after is the £1.5.0, for ticket, passengers can get up the river as best they can. Saw some baboons and went through miles of locusts. Ticket to 75 mile peg £2. Not a bad looking place all the buildings are native huts.

Thursday 25 Oct. Arrived at 105 peg on and started for Chimoio on foot. Walked the ten miles in company with Col Rhodes' servants Watson and Roach. Did it in less than 3 hours, hard walking and very warm. I don't believe God ever made this country for the white man and the blacks would be far happier without us. Stopped at Pioneer Mary's European Hotel, they asked us 10/- for a bath. Water scarce, I nearly threw away some water which Watson had washed in, I was told to take the first dirt off with it. One strange thing here, the trees rain. No sleep, inspanned about 3 am, awful bad going, outspanned again within 7 miles of Umtali. This country reminds me of Montana, but not nearly as good,



Christmas Pass looks rather like the foothills in Gallatin County, I almost wish they were. One of our blacks has such a mouth that when he laughs or blows he hides his face with his lips.

Slept, dined and breakfasted with the Reynolds brothers in Umtali. This is the best little place so far. Situated in a small basin. Good mines supposed to be in the neighbourhood. A few brick buildings going up. Saw an English paper, first since leaving home two months ago, also saw a white woman, what a place to bring a woman to, hardly fit for a white man.

Two Mashonaland Mounted Policeman rode up and served papers on Watson for debt, I lent him £2 to settle the warrant. He will probably leave me in the same fix. There is but one freedom in the world! Money! It is stronger than all the laws.

Sunday 4 Nov. 1894. I had forgotten it was Sunday, outspanned for the day, the same old game, trying to sleep in the day time under the wagon with boiling sun almost cooking you alive. As far as I can see sand river scrub timber, of no use at all. Only two farms taken up near Umtali. Milk cut down to 6d a bottle. Roads getting worse, we all nearly choke with thirst. I am beginning to think that it must be the wine and whisky which puts such glowing accounts of these parts into our home papers. I have seen no good country yet or any whisky at 10/- a bottle.

Monday 5 Nov. Outspanned for the day near some better water. Up at 2 and only trekked until 4, we don't get along very fast. Found another good place to bathe, no crocodiles and so far no lions either. They might have had me a dozen times over as I don't carry my rifle about with me. Met Funicane on his way to Chimoio.

Tuesday 6 Nov. Inspanned again at 2 in the morning. Awful going, never shall advise anyone to go with a transport wagon. We can't come to the end of this trip too quickly to please me. Haven't seen enough good land to make into a 100 acre farm, in spite of Mr De Waal saying it was the best country God ever

made and the finest he had ever seen. I should much like to see the size of the cheque Rhodes gave him to say so.

Wednesday 7 Nov. Met another fellow on foot, a Frenchman leaving Salisbury for the coast, he didn't have much good to say for the country. Had a good swim and felt like a new man. I am afraid all my air castles are vanishing. I would not trade the Dakota bad lands for the whole of Mashonaland as far as I've seen of it. Must try and keep up through this rainy season and try my luck later on. Got to Fisher's farm after dark, outspanned and loaded some fodder 6d a bundle. Fisher had a lot of small Mashonas working for him at 4/- and a blanket a month. Sold his 3000 acre farm for £250, mostly rocks, anthills and sand.

Thursday 8 Nov. Left Fisher's farm only to trek about 200 yards from inspanning, got stuck in a creek, were helped out of it by Crouch a transport rider with 7 span which made it 14 span. How sick and tired I am getting of this, yet it may be better than what I am going to. No wonder Yanks don't take to this country. Our driver nearly killed our best ox by beating it. I felt like shooting this black man. One thing is certain, I'll never run down Yankee land again after my short experience here. Dinner today was composed of Yankee beef, cookies, tea and sweet taters – not bad.

Friday 9 Nov. Inspanned about 4.25am, outspanned again at 8 about a mile from water. Walked down and had a lovely bathe, the only thing I enjoy here. Breakfast on return of tinned bacon, salmon, tea, rather high living for my present purse. Saw several kraals in the distance among the rocks. The more I hear the less I like the outlook for a man without money here. I believe every foot of this country which we are passing through has been pegged off into farms, for what use I cannot possibly see, unless to swindle some innocent parties later on. God help the people who settle here. I hear Willoughby intends settling the country with English families.

Saturday 10 Nov. Inspanned at 2am and trekked until 5. Saw some deer and got in some shots. They were too wild, couldn't hit anything. Water scarce again. Was the only one in the crowd who had a wash.

Sunday 11 Nov. Crouch, Sanders, Watson, Jones and myself visited a Mashona kraal, the women bolted who could, thinking we were bent on mischief, such a dirty place, about 75 or 80 men in all. Gave us some Native beer which we had to drink some of. No wonder the women are afraid of white men from what I hear they do sometimes. Bought some wild honey from them 2/-. The country does not seem to improve.

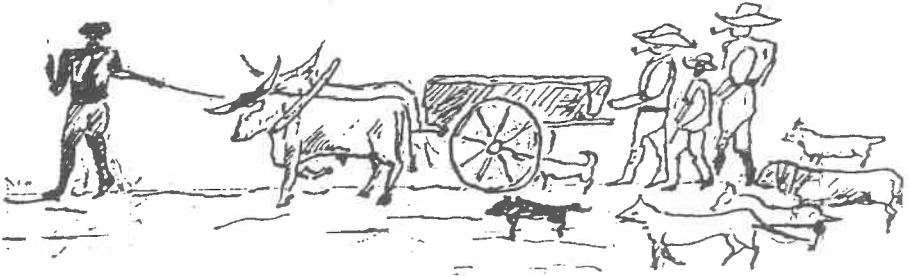
Monday 12 Nov. Trekked about 18 miles. 25 miles from Salisbury. Very windy, looks stormy ahead. Our grub playing out again. Crossed another river. I found an English George III shilling 1817. Outspanned 12 miles from Salisbury. Bought some rice and sausages for dinner 4/6. Some of the fellows from the other wagons walked into Salisbury. The up-country trip has been as objectionable as the passage on the Goth was pleasant.

Wednesday 14 Nov. 1894. Reached Salisbury. Got a letter from Bill Hoste introducing me to a St. Hill, a splendid man, rode around the place with him, the first horse I've mounted for ages. Salisbury not a bad looking little place,

but I intend waiting a month or two before expressing my opinion concerning it and what I think about it's future. Was horribly disappointed at not finding a letter from England. 'Out of sight, out of mind'. Bought a Prospector's Licence for one shilling, was offered £3 for it afterwards.

LIFE IN AND AROUND SALISBURY

Thursday 15 Nov. 1894. A. Baker died in Salisbury this morning, buried him this afternoon, quick work. Left a good opening for a fellow, wish that I had the stuff to go in for it.



Jim strikes a job on the Market Building and puts in his first days work in Salisbury bossing two blacks. Friends come to look him up and find him at work, they take him for a drink. He settles up the road expenses from Chimoio for sixteen days grub, his share is £3, he thinks he could have done it for half. He is watching every shilling. A 10 gallon drum of oil costs him £5, he gauges he would have given \$1.80 for same in the USA. He is forever comparing the costs of living in Minnesota and Montana with that of Mashonaland. The cost of the smallest items are recorded, eggs 4/6 to 6/- a doz, cabbages 1/- to 2/- each, a loaf 1/6 to 2/-. Every penny he spends he dots down, to have had the time and the inclination to record such trivialities tells us something. The weather warms up, he gets filthy working on a building site with the blacks and begins to look like a red skin. Postage to the States from Salisbury is 6½d to England 6d, but from England 2½d. The extra 3½d he observes is a tax on letters for Chartered Co. What a splendid staff officer he would have made. Jim says to himself he will be as saving as he can. He assesses that after fourteen years or more lots of men have no money, it all being in the land. 'If no gold is found in paying quantities, this country will not be worth as much as a dead black.' He doesn't like the method they have of putting up their houses with mud instead of mortar. He puts in three very hot days on the Market Building. Sunday is Auction day, a great farce, selling vegetables by auction, wasting hours to buy a few lettuce and cabbages, yet everybody turns out. The Hotel is too expensive so he moves down to the market Buildings to bunk with Carter and finds it hard to get down to writing. All his expenses to date are meticulously recorded. Walking up to the 'Fort' with Carter on the top of a kopje, discovers it is two walls with an outcore built of slabs of rock piled up one on top of another 5ft high and a flag staff in the centre and scaffolding for a look out.

His friends St. Hill and Roe give him some good meals. Settling up his hotel bill he leaves town with Bill Hoste for the Honeybird Reef on a prospecting 'Safari'. They drive out in a Cape Cart with four mules and two horses and after 30 miles camp out in a tough place. The Honeybird Reef is reached on 20 Nov and they go over two mines or rather shafts, camp again and over to the Hartley Hills on Nov 21. A lot of game about. Jim has one shot and kills a deer for the pot.

Thursday 22 Nov. Spent day at Hartley Hills visited several properties, saw some good specimens. The rain came down in torrents, when it does rain here it makes up for the long dry season. We went down and got a wagon out of a drift. A good supper off bully beef, cookies, jam and tea. The sun is very hot between the showers. Splendid cactus growing here, beautiful orchids in the trees and lots of pretty ones growing on the ground and magnificent lilies on the veld, must get some plants to send home. We left the cart at Hartley and took five boys to carry our things and moved on for a tour of inspection of the Frank Johnson & Co properties on Nov 23. Camped in a pretty place but the neighbourhood was swampy, full of fern, killed a snake and shot a guinea hen and had it for supper, excellent eating, saw a few head of game but got none. Rather warm.

Saturday 24 Nov. Got to the Old Chune, fine showing of what I saw of it. Saw some visible gold. The fellow bossing the job had a black woman who he had bought. Got an attack of diarrhoea felt rather bad. Got to Sheppards Camp, stayed for night, a man named Jackson bossing here. Met a Yank named McAdams.

Sunday 25 Nov. Stayed until 3 in the afternoon, don't think that I could have walked in the morning – felt devilish bad – walked about 8 miles and camped for night near some water. Was glad for the rest, saw some buffalo spoor, Hoste had a shot at a buck, saw some zebra and any amount of buck.

Monday 26 Nov. Got into Hartley and found Saunders sick with fever. Still feel rather bad. Walked down to the river to fish only got 5 little ones. Found a sick ox, one of the F. J. Co. ones. Cost of billiard table delivered in Salisbury from Cape Town £300, Piano £120. All or the greater part of business is carried on here with IOUs. A wolf about the place all night. The hut was full of bats – and no door to shut – but I slept well after I fell asleep.

Tuesday 27 Nov. A nasty looking morning, didn't feel at all well, took a dose of chloroquine, stayed at Hartley all day, rained in torrents. Read. – My attack of diarrhoea is staying with me well. Saunders still down with fever. Left Hartley with wagon and 7 span of donkeys and six black carriers. Got into camp after dark, rained like the devil, everything more or less wet.

Thursday 29 Nov. Walked to William's camp, turned out very hot. Saw lots of game. Harris sick with fever – gave him dose of quinine – brought him round again. I am afraid I shall never like this country. Hoste is the only man I have seen out here who has any 'get' in him – 30 today. Hoste and I took our rifles out before breakfast but got nothing. I had a lovely shot at two Reedbucks but missed them like a fool. Very hot, camped at Williams, near the Pawn Brokers

Hill, 12 miles from the Lion Reef – not bad looking country, but who could live here. Got to the Lion – rather tired, one of the blacks with fever. Wonder everybody is not in the same fix. Saw more lion spoor.

Saturday 1 Dec. 1894. Took rifle and boy out only had a shot at a small buck. Killed a snake 5 feet long. Saw plenty of zebra spoor. Found some rock with visible gold in it. Wonderful old ancient workings. Hoste also went out with his rifle in another direction. Hoste has not turned up yet. Hope he is not lost, very easy matter to do in these parts. Killed a scorpion. The donkeys left for Hartley with a load of Lion rock. Sampson went to look for the Skipper, lent him my rifle. This country and life in my estimation is rotten in the extreme. Had a wash in a pool – Sampson turned up with a buck but no Skipper – he also killed a zebra. The lions kept us awake all night – they kicked up a most infernal noise and not a pleasant one. Had hold of my rifle most of the time. How easily they could have eaten us up.

Sunday 2 Dec. Heard the lions again after sun up. Hope they haven't got away with the Skipper. Hoste turned up after we had left camp with a zebra. Glad to see him safe. Sent blacks after the meat – two ran back to say that the lions had eaten up Sampson, I ran out and had two splendid shots at five of them all in a lump – not over 100 yards, but missed and they got away from us. Such beauties – very hot. Shot a wild pig on the way back to camp. The Natives worked all the afternoon at the 'strong hold' to keep the lions off. Got a boy to fix my zebra skin. What a way to spend a Sunday, but lots' spend them in a worse fashion.

Monday 3 Dec. The lions did not turn up again. Stayed about the camp all day. Crushed several pieces of rock found colours in most of them – believe the Lion to be a fair mine – anyhow it is well named if nothing else. Walked over to the Bear – belongs to McRoberts and Burton. The air alive with locusts. Went out with our rifles in the evening. Hoste must find me a very slow companion.

Tuesday 4 Dec. Tried my best to find a shady spot to lie down in and read – very hot – not much air in this bush. It seems that all the life I ever possessed has left me. I feel too tired and lazy to do anything. Hoste went out with two blacks to try for some game – our larder has played out, all the meat gone bad.

Wednesday 5 Dec. The camp stinks of bad meat but the Natives seem to like it – eat it down flies and all. Hoste tells me of a Native who when he wanted to get drunk – took a day off, then gets order for bottle of dopp – reports – goes out into the veld – drinks, dances, swears shakes his fist at you – goes to sleep in the boiling sun – gets over it – reports – next. Rained most of the afternoon. Shot a zebra – a fair shot 300 yards, killed a large puff adder. Wagon turned up.

Thursday 6 Dec. Chilly morning had an awful night with mosquitoes and every other abomination. The wagon left for Hartley again with rock. I honestly don't believe the country has one redeeming feature in it. As for blue sky, green shadeless trees and good shooting goes, but poor men can't live on that. Turned in after good supper – mosquitoes h—.

Friday 7 Dec. Made garden at the Lion Reef. Planted cucumbers, vegetable marrows,

- peas, beans, onions, carrots, tomatoes – the soil looks good enough to grow anything. A very hot day.
- Saturday 8 Dec. 1894. The 3rd since I left Southampton at the Lion Reef. Took our rifles out but only saw a sable antelope after an awful long walk before breakfast. Read most of the day, Hoste went out again to look for some game. Knocked about the camp. Almost wish that I had enough to take me back to Montana. Mosquitoes the devil.
- Sunday 9 Dec. Read and slept most of the day. Flies awful. Took out our rifles, Hoste knocked a Tsessebe clean off her legs, got away – very hard buck to kill. I've hit several – must have walked 12 miles. Found a bee tree but the bees kept us off, had to give up – supper off Yankee beef, cookies, coffee and jam.
- Monday 10 Dec. Walked out to look for the British United Reef, couldn't find it. The wagon turned up again with load of meal for boys. Heard that Burton had shot three buffalo and wounded four more. Had an awful gut ache. Left the Lion Reef for Hartley. Camped out for supper at Williams mine. Inspanned again and outspanned 16 miles from Hartley. A nasty wet looking night, felt rather bad.
- Tuesday 11 Dec. Started for Hartley at 6am. Shot a Reed Buck, the poor thing had a young one inside of her – she went for me when I ran up to cut her throat and got away, brought her down with another shot. Came down a nasty cropper, knee awfully sore – quite lame. Saw some Mashonas taken to Salisbury by MMP for killing in some kraal. Saw 11oz of gold retorted out of 22 tons of rock. Got to Hartley at 9.30 am.
- Wednesday 12 Dec. My Mashona name is Shenanii (the silent man). Left Hartley for Honey Bird again. Reached it after dark. Very hot – outspanned at kraal and lunched with Thurgood, Native Commissioner. Passed through some pretty fair looking country but doubt if it will ever be turned into account. With the fly and lions, cattle farming wouldn't pay.
- Thursday 13 Dec. Stayed at the Honey Bird, went down the shaft, saw the reef about 6" wide but didn't look up to much. Went out shooting with Bill and Hastings. Killed a large Black Mamba. Left the Honey Bird for Salisbury, rained like the devil, got drenched – beat the record in fast driving. Groves came with us. Hoste's hut was struck by lightning and burnt to the ground, the only things saved out of it were mine, rather lucky for me.
- Saturday 15 Dec. Had the first good night in bed for an age. Went to the auction in Market Building. These people seem to have more time than anything. Was much pleased to hear from Marston. Letter from Emmie and one from Mrs Roberts, I wish she wouldn't write. Struck a job as bar tender at the Masonic Hotel at £10 a month and everything found. Butter down to 2/6 and all its worth too. Half of it is unfit to grease a wagon.
- Sunday 16 Dec. Groves leaves for England this morning, wish that I were going with him. Begin work for Susman & Co at £10.10.0 per month with board, lodging and washing thrown in. Hours rather long from 8am until 12pm, 2 hours in the afternoon which are of no help at all. Put in my first day at saloon work again.

- Monday 17 Dec. A wet chilly damp day, cold enough for a buffalo coat, I wish that I were out of this Godforsaken country, Marston was right after all in running it down, although he knew nothing about it. Sorry that I didn't take his advice and stay away from it. Must find out cheap rates to England or Australia or return to the States. These saloons ought to coin money – Claret 12/6, Beer 6/- Brandy 12/6, Champagne 35/-, Billiards 2/- game of 50. Posted letters to England.
- Tuesday 18 Dec. Put all the day working behind the bar. It's certainly not pleasant work seeing men making beasts of themselves. 16 hours are rather a long days work. I hear that the Ayrshire is supposed to be a good property – Maund has 15,000 shares in it.
- Wednesday 19 Dec. Market day. Marstons letter took about a month and 15 days to reach me. Wrote to Viv. Very hot all day. No wonder Jews make money if they are all like these two – I fancy they stay awake all night thinking who they can devour the next day.
- Thursday 20 Dec. A sale of stands in Salisbury – only one or two sold. Fetched larger prices than I should like to give for them. An awful amount of drinking is done, but don't think it beats the States. My God, sometimes I wish that I were dead and yet I want to live to get back to England once again – after all I don't see much to live for.
- Friday 21 Dec. A sale of Salisbury stands from 10 – 1, none sold. The Chartered Company evidently mean to make all for themselves with takes and upstand prices, not many have a chance. I believe it is the IOU system which causes such an amount of drinking, but the canteen men are too greedy to put a stop to it, even if they should lose by it – but that they surely never would do. A lot of drinking going on all day and night. By jove what brutes men make of themselves if they like. Lent Nesbitt a shilling, I suppose that's the last of that bob – so it goes.
- Sunday 23 Dec. 1894. The clock on the market building started. The Bulawayo coach arrived. Van Retz, the fellow who was lost in the veld for 40 days, was in town.
- Christmas Eve 1894. This day last year they heard of the death of the Wilson party. What a Xmas eve – everybody more or less drunk. Racing horses in the street and playing the fool generally. Much disappointed at not getting any letters from England. Why should I expect any. Hope that everybody at home are enjoying themselves. Mail left at 3am.
- Christmas Day 25 December 1894. Who could possibly enjoy this day doing this sort of work, selling whisky to men who don't know when they have got enough – what an abominable business it is. A lovely day – rather hot – the only good thing about it. Shut up the bar from 2.30 to 6. Spent my Xmas behind the bar to 2.30 am. Slept in the afternoon and began letter to Emmie. Am glad this day is over.
- Wednesday 26 Dec. Very quiet in town. Some of the costumes these Mashonas wear would make a Saint howl. Saw one wearing a pair of woman's drawers, another with a blouse, some a hat and vest, and a bangle, some a piece of limbo,

- others a shirt and one boot, some a pair of socks. The town looked deserted. Roller skating in the dining room.
- Thursday 27 Dec. Stewart spoke to me about taking the hotel on the other side, if I had the capital I would. Old Jackson turned up from the Sheppard Reef sick with fever.
- Friday 28 Dec. A most lovely day but rather hot. The hotel cooked 60 meals and only 14 turned up for Christmas dinner – all too drunk. Several branspish (?) wagons in town. Mrs Mc took in £29 Xmas eve between D & supper.
- Saturday 29 Dec. Very hot. Cricket match between the English Public Schools and the Old Boys. The coach arrived from Bulawayo, what an excitement when the coach arrives. Letters from Viv, Mary, Lucy & Emm.
- Sunday 30 Dec. My third Sunday at work. What an awful amount of booze these people get through in a day. What a detestable business this is selling rot gut. A run away horse, great excitement for Salisbury.
- Monday 31 Dec. 1894. A lovely day – a southerly breeze. Mailed letter to England – but the d.d P. M. shut the office half an hour before he ought to have done, that is how things are managed in Salisbury. Got my wash back – far dirtier than it was before it went and I had to pay £1.12.6. for it – lots of money in a laundry. Most of the town on a drunk – turned in just before 12, heard them raising the devil in the camp. This time last year I was at Kew Gardens hearing old London bells ringing the old year out and the New Year in.
- Tuesday 1 Jan. 1895. Could not have been a finer day for the Sports. Did not go down to the grounds, but spent far better time writing home. A fair majority of the town rather the worse for whisky – they beat the Yankees hollow at it. Rained about 10.30pm and it came down in torrents for a short time.
- Wednesday 2 Jan. Market day, had my hair cut – very warm – town very quiet – much cooler – rained – looks as if the wet weather has set in. A lady or other wise walked up the street, rather good looking, it created quite a sensation. 2 billiard matches going on tonight – Howe MMP won his game.

The journal continues with comments on comings and goings of individuals such as Falk, Carter, Maund and a tough old Major G H Browne, a shooting match down at the butts opened by Mrs Duncan – some d.d bad shooting and the weather breaking up with the heaviest rain ever seen in Salisbury – the heat and the flies a pest. E. A. Maund was likely to pull out and a good story of a Mashona who is in Salisbury on a charge of murder. He offered two girls (his sisters) to the Chartered Company in exchange for himself. 'I wouldn't be surprised if some of them took him up' says Jim.

Rained – thunder – lightning – came down in buckets full, never saw or heard anything like it – no wonder they all dread the wet season. Walked over to the Market Building to see Carter – How these people must have coined money in the pioneer days 5/- to 7/- a tot – £6.00 a bottle, but they paid £22 a case for it. Most deaths out here are caused by drink, and many for the want of it.

Jim has a long talk with Upsher an old African hunter and also meets a German, an MMP who went through the Franco German war and was in Coblenz in 1870,

talks of the old German days and forgot for the time that I was in this country. Another MMP named Hess a Coblenz man is in Salisbury. Joining the Police force seems like going in for sheep herding – a man's last resource in Africa. Another story goes of our Chief Native Commissioner (Colonial) called at a Kraal – The Induna welcomes him and offers his hand – which the Commissioner refuses and tells him that he does not shake hands with a d..d nigger – then orders beer which is brought him, and on a slight pretence that it was watered, throws the gourd and contents at the Induna's head.

Thursday 10 Jan. 1895. Nothing going on in Salisbury but drinking. The Skipper offered me his horse 'Trumpeter' whenever I wanted to go for a ride. Was introduced to Homan and had an interesting chat with 2 old hunters (Coleman) who had been out many times with Selous and who could tell many queer stories of veld life and Upsher, an Englishman – also a hunter.

Put in my day as usual. The grub is falling off, such as it is. Have eaten 3 potatoes since I've been in Salisbury, vegetables don't taste right here. 12 Jan. The coach got in at 4 in the morning got 2 papers from home, St. Paul's and Hampshire Advertiser.

Sunday 13 Jan. 1895. I must indeed want to make money – if I want to make it by selling whisky. My God how low a fellow can go when he does not have the common sense or decency to stop when he has had enough. A goodly number of men getting rather drunk. Stier came in from Hartley in a strange state of mind and went to hospital, the best place for him, poor fellow – he is as mad as a hatter. A fight and arrests in town in the night – what a tough hole the Central Hotel is. Have quite lost my appetite – had a tater for dinner – a potato is as great a luxury as a bottle of beer would be.

Jim's mention of the Police as a man's last resort in Africa and a job which struck him at the time as something akin to herding sheep is not far off the mark. As a career policeman myself forty years on in 1934, it was common knowledge that we were regarded as public 'nurse maids'. A London policeman's pay, that is for an unarmed uniformed constable on the beat, was little more than 52/6 per week. It probably goes to show how stable was the pound sterling in the latter part of the nineteenth and for the first thirty-five years of the twentieth century!

Tuesday 15 Jan. 1895. Several transport wagons arrived in town and more on the 16th, some from Mafeking, having been from 4 to seven months on the road. MMP ran in our village vet for being drunk, orders out not to serve him with drink – good. I give the devil his due, we have had the most perfect weather so far. If I had the capital I should start some Rickshaws in this place. J. Stewart made me a rather queer offer – offered me a fiver to write 4 letters for him to four different merchants in camp asking prices wholesale and retail. Susman & Co paid me cheque for £10 for a month's work and raised it £1 more a month.

- Thursday 17 Jan. 1895. Very quiet in camp, rather hot in the sun. Bill and Hastings came in from the Honey Bird. The former very nearly got into a mess in the evening. If whisky played the devil with me like it does with some I should never touch it. Poor Stiers is going to be sent to a lunatic asylum – a good place for him.
- Friday 18 Jan. 1895. Very hot day. Walked up to the Ranch with the Major and Hastings. Bill had it out with Dalton. The more I see and hear the more rotten the chances of making anything out here. Of all the many shafts Homan had sunk and that the gold he had washed he had not found enough to make a ring. I really believe that one of these days we shall hear of one of the biggest swindling transactions on record. And the only ones who will gain by it will be those favoured ones who are in the swim. Wallenstein and Upsher left with ox wagon on prospecting tour, will be back in ten days. Wallenstein in a letter to a friend at Beira says about his objections to Salisbury are that we have no water, women or wine – just so. The coach arrived at 3 in the morning – no letters from England. One paper from Southampton. Letter from Pincott which I must answer the first opportunity – 4d to pay on Pincott's letter.
- Sunday 20 Jan. 1895. Very hot day, thunder in the distance. Hoste and Hastings left for Ayre's farm – walked as far as St Hills with them – gave Bill my last 10 Martini cartridges.
- Monday 21 Jan. 1895. How sick and tired I am of this job. The heat is something awful in this room. Not much going on in camp. Had a long chat with Robertson who was through the war. He told me of many adventures and how they shot down hundreds of Matabele and once they took an old fellow with both legs broken – asked him why they did not come out of the bush – he said that the leaves of the trees fell, so what chance would a man have against such guns.
- Wednesday 23 Jan. 1895. Market day. The camp rather quiet. Some heavy drinking on. Don't know how they can stand it. Hess the MMP gave me a Z.A.R. 3d bit. Tried to have a sleep in the afternoon, but the heat and flies did their level best to keep me from it. My old Yankee watch runs alright again, I believe that it had the fever when I first arrived and had it for about seven weeks.
- Thursday 24 Jan. A most beautiful day, far too good for this country. A lot of transport wagons arrived, some being six months on the road. The coach arrived with the English mails about 10.30, it is the only thing I look forward to every week. A paper and a diary from dearest mother. The MMP said he saw a tiger in our yard last night, I guess I shall keep my window and door shut in the future. Austin from Beira died, was well and about yesterday, very sad. A wretched fellow was brought into camp with his face almost eaten off by a lion. It appears that the Native boy told him that the lion was between him and the oxen. So firing and killing the lion – with his death spring got hold of the poor fellow, broke his jaw on both sides, tore both arms and cut him up badly, the lion and lions had eaten up 8 oxen – lions are getting too thick to be pleasant.
- Sunday 27 Jan. 1895. Put in about the meanest day I ever spent. What a dirty rotten job this is. Had about enough of it. Must try and write a few lines for tomorrow's coach. Old Williams came into town with fever, looks like a corpse. Quite a

number of drunks in camp. An old prospector told me that he and his partner had found some diamonds about 800 miles North of here. After a few drinks they open their hearts – quite a number of drunks in camp. The Doctor and Hyam down with fever in hospital. J. Stephens and McAdams run in for going through Foxe's till – this camp is getting tough. Read 'The Fossicks' by Ernest Glanville and 'The Voyage to the Cape' by Russell. Very quiet in camp, had a chance to read a little.

Friday 1 Feb. 1895. This fever seems to make short work of some men. Poor old Williams looks awfully bad this evening, advised him to see a doctor. A party is being organised to go north of the Zambezi, it looks as if Rhodes wanted a few good men to risk their lives first, then an excuse to send up volunteers to knock out the Natives and add more to the Chartered Company who will be the only gainers by it. I should like to go, but still I did not come out here for glory to help the Chartered Company – but to make some stuff – if possible. Pioneer Street was filled with transport wagons, quite a sight. It appears that if a man wants to be in the swim here he has to be a boozier, but if he keeps by himself he may have a chance of saving money. My capital in cash at the present time is £32.15.0, a large sum.

Sunday 3 Feb. 1895. The Chartered Company have given leave to keep billiard rooms open on Sundays. Had some potatoes for dinner – quite a treat to see some – wonder which are really worst, the men who sell or those who buy – whisky. Started to read 'The last of the Mohicans' by Finimore Cooper.

Tuesday 5 Feb. 1895. Hoste turned up in camp with his Cape cart and 4 span of mules and pony's. The new MMP uniforms look rather smart. Don't feel very well – lost my appetite – don't wonder at it. Very warm, a light shower in the afternoon. Lent Burrige 3/-.

Friday 8 Feb. The Salisbury Hounds met – 25 in the field and most had borrowed horses and clothes, started at 6am – didn't kill anything. The Umtali coach arrived – the Bulawayo Mail is late so we get no English mail this week. Heard that it had rained for 16 days in Umtali. The Jacobs asked me to go for a drive with him which I did and saw some pretty places and views round about Salisbury, drove up to the top of Kopje. Rained in torrents and again in the night. Heard that Gordon, nephew of the late General Gordon had been shot. Don't feel at all well. What a lot of patience a man must have behind a bar unless he is an ex prize fighter and they are the only people who ought to be there. Began reading 'Wanda' by Ouida. The camp very quiet had a chance to read a little and thought how much I should like to be back in my little log cabin on the West Gallatin in Montana – in sight of some beautiful snow capped mountains, with the best of good trout fishing and better deer shooting. Life is not worth the living here in Salisbury – at least I don't think so. McLeod lent me 'Rogues & Vagabonds' by George R. Sims.

Tuesday 26 Feb. 1895. Bill Hoste down with fever, Duncan too. Seven of the Umtali coach passengers also down with fever. Very chilly in the morning – put on a jersey. Salisbury takes the cake for drunken men of any town (bar none) that I've seen. Jack Stephens gave me £10 to take care of. Cloudy damp and cold,

began to wear flannel shirts. Homan offered me a job to manage a store at Shorts Drift. It will be better than this at any price.

Friday 1 March 1895. Went up to see Bill Hoste, found him better. He gave me a 20 Mark of the old German Emperor 1892, very good of him, didn't like taking it off him. Went over to the hospital to see Duncan. Another Southampton man in Salisbury, one of Deary's men. Had my hair cut for a shilling. Took Homan up and gave Susman & Co. notice that I intended to leave when my time was up. Felt rotten, think I am in for fever, took a large dose of quinine and felt much better. Bought tooth brush 1/6 at Edwards store. Carter tells me it would be madness to return to America for the present.

Sunday 10 March 1895. The worst day of all days. Lost my temper with a drunken sod – Thank God only one more week of this sort of work. Several fellows congratulated me for getting out of this job. Homan wants me to stay in town to get used to prices before going out to Shorts Drift.

St. Hill asked Hastings and myself to dine with him, a farewell to Salisbury, at the Club. A good dinner. I went to church – am afraid it did me no good – afterwards went to the Ranch and had a good time with the Hostes.

Monday 18 March 1895. Settled up with Susman & Co gave me a cheque for six pounds. Bought a Mashona dictionary, bought a sponge 15/0. Homan has a most comfortable little home, everything very nice. Shall find a difference when I get out on the veld. Had a shave 6d. Got some papers from home, 2 weekly Times and the Hants Ad. Gave Cufflin £46 to bank for me.

TO SHORTS DRIFT

Tuesday 26 March 1895. Left Salisbury by the coach at 5am for Shorts Drift, 80 miles to take charge of Homans store and Wayside Inn. Reached Shorts Drift on Wednesday 27th, an awful place, butchered a goat, no boys to do any work. The Bulawayo coach arrived on Friday 29th with a number of passengers for dinner, Duncan amongst them.

Saturday 30 March. Another exceedingly hot day. Some Native women brought a lot of Native meal to trade. Traded a cotton shirt and a piece of blue limbo about 8in wide and a yard long for about 60lbs of corn. Did some washing. A Dutchman rode over and did some trading. Made rather a good shot with my rifle, hit a dove at about 60 yds – cooked the last of the kid – it tasted well.

Monday 1 April 1895. A rat bit one of my toes in the night. Saw one white man in two days, Little, who rode past, sold him a drink 1/-. Tried to bake some bread but failed. Washed my flannels and shirt. Commissioner Thompson and Chowles turned up, blowed in about £4 in booze. The Bulawayo coach came in at 4am, only one passenger had something to eat, not much to stay up for all night. The rats played the devil after dark. You can't teach these Natives much. Holford MMP rode in and blowed a few shillings, followed by Chowles who blowed another 36/6. The coach arrived at Shorts Drift seven hours late, the only passenger was Rosie, Fox's barmaid. Brooks MMP shot himself at Charter, wonder if he is any better off. My two cats arrived by coach – caught 4 rats in my water jug, it beats the cats. Posted letters home, shouldn't be surprised if

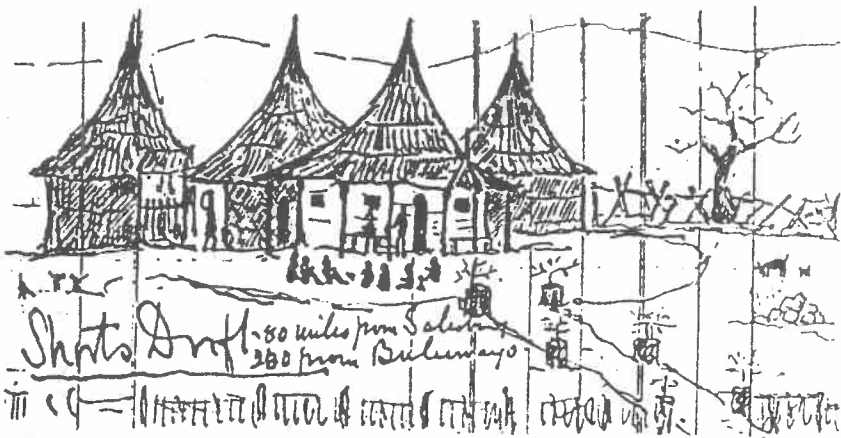
they never got to their destination, don't put much faith in the Wayside Bag. Dr Jameson passed, charged his driver (but by mistake) 30/- for 40" of mealies, cheap enough for the BSA Co outfit.

The African Hut builders

Wednesday 17 April 1895. These insignificant looking brown bee hive huts are amazing – considering the poor material, lack of scientific equipment and research, lack of education of the builders, they are works of genius. Not a drop came through the ancient thatch. Four MMPs rode up with two prisoners – horse thieves – I had to put them up. Bill for the outfit – MMP BSA Co 12 feeds for horses @ 3d, 6 suppers @ 3/- 6 beds @ 3/- 6 breakfasts @ 3/-, 12 feeds for horses, Total £5.6.0. Besides Choles MMP arrived with another prisoner, a jew who had been trading without a licence. I don't really believe that I am going to do as well here as at Susmans. As far as pay goes – and what a life it is – not worth living. Shall make a break for England next November, if I possibly manage it and from there return to Montana. Mashonaland is not good enough, at least for any body who has no money. Sent the boy over to the kraal to tell his people to come to trade at this stand. About 50 natives came over to trade, I think that they worked me. I must have exchanged between 6 & 8 lbs of white beads for 2.75 bags of mealies and a small part of a bag of Native meal, 3 pumpkins, half pail of beans, 4 eggs and some beer. I also gave them a few lbs of salt. The country is alive with locusts today.

Shorts Drift

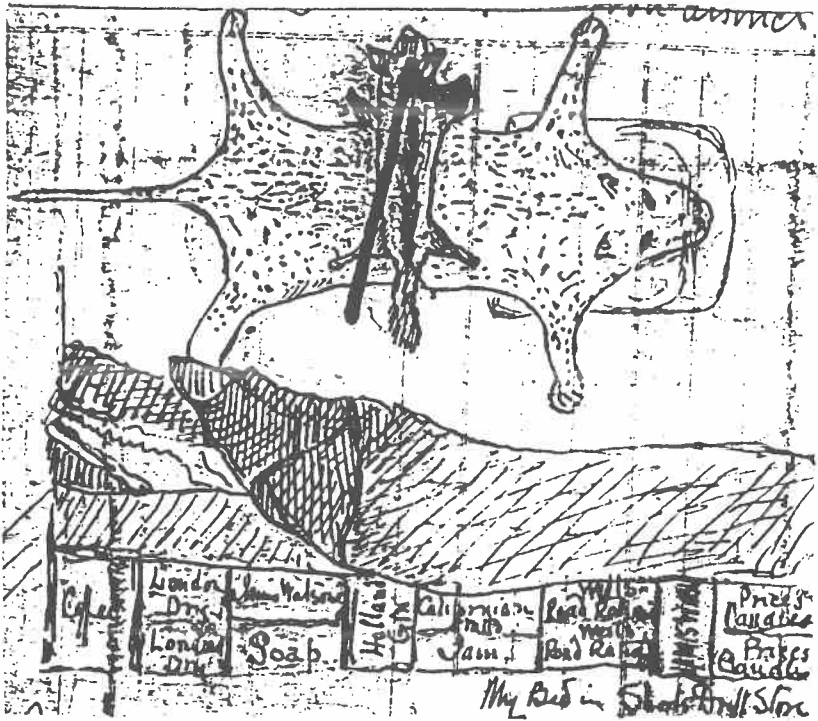
May 1 1895 at Shorts Drift, a store, a staging post, a few thatched huts eight miles from Salisbury, 280 from Bulawayo. Jim's patch, but as ever with his eye somewhere else other than what he's standing on. This beautiful day in May he is wishing he was back on the Rhine, trying for one of those May fish and enjoying a lot of good old Rhine wine. 'What a day in any country but this, the weather is the only good thing



about it!' Ah, he nearly forgets, a big man is head of all that is happening in Mashonaland – Rhodes.

The coach arrived on time from Bulawayo for a wonder and letters from Wintershill and Southampton, the Hampshire Advertiser and the weekly edition of the London Times, the letter from Mary written on April 1 '94. Did some good trading, about 30 natives turned up. A lot with Mashona women, what devils they are to trade. The women cheat like professional whites. My little Mashona boy ill, hope the little rat will get alright again. Had a fair supper, almost got away with a big leg of mutton, some brown bread and butter ad washed down with a glass of sherry. This is really a Godforsaken hole of a place neither fit for man or beast. The country seems to suit the Boers, they like it, yet they are no criterion, any place ought to do them. They are worse than any Westerner I ever met. So May Day passed.

May '95. Lime Juice and paper came by transport. Baked, but bread a failure. Homan offered me this place on rather easy terms, shall write Viv in England, if he will come out will take it, but I fancy the stock is not all very saleable. Shawe sent wagon over for beads, salt and bags. Made a bedstead. I was rather amused this morning, Homan gave my boy 6d who at once came into the store and wanted to buy a coat or a shirt. Sat up most of the night or all of it.



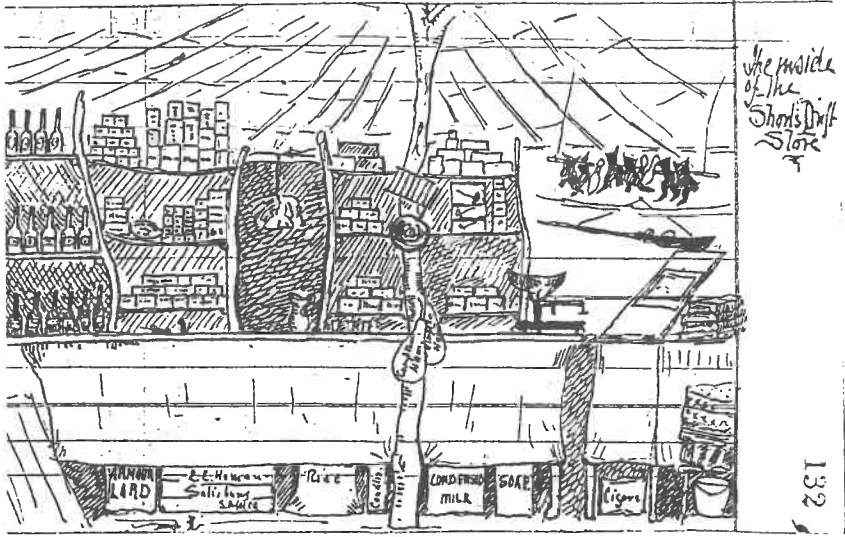
A lovely day but chilly morning, the only good thing we have out here and it's thrown away. The coach turned up, Rider Haggard, Jacobs and Hewton passengers. Cornwall, George Pauling, Major Forbes Hastings, the Skipper and Bill Hoste offer me £15 a month and 10% on the milk and butter I sell in another place. I ought to take Bill up as this is an awful job but really believe that more is in it. One transport wagon passed (Hammond) – not a soul in sight. Baked, killed a goat and dressed it. A most outrageous thing occurred here a few days back. A Colony boy passing Police Camp Krom Waal without pass was stopped by the trooper in charge and flogged. Stripped of his clothing and billy had his money taken away from him for not having a pass. The poor devil arrived at my place without a stitch on him – I gave him a shirt, he had walked ten miles in the hot sun. I counted 15 cuts on his side and stomach and face. So much for the Chartered Company's motto 'Justice Freedom Commerce'.

Sunday 5 May. Homan's cattle turned up. Am to help myself to two cows and a few fat sheep and goats. My boy bolted or gone to his kraal to get natives to bring over some meal and goats. The coach has been altered and leaves on Friday or Saturday. Verfeldt gave some Mashona lemons, very good ones. A beautiful morning and it was a glorious night. The cats very rough, on rats have made a marvellous difference. Cooked and ate a good breakfast off an antelope, cream in my coffee and some good brown bread and butter did well. A Native transport passed, a lovely night light enough to read. Got another boy to herd goats.

Wednesday 8 May. Viv's and my birthday. Some natives turned up for some mealies but not having an order I thought that they had come to work, so I started them at brick making but afterwards found my mistake and sent them off with bag of mealies. Taylor still here, he turned in early with the shivers or fever, but I think a drop too much booze. Got breakfast ready for the coach but it didn't turn up. Two of Homans goats died and I think 2 or 3 more will follow suit by morning. The Bulawayo coach turned up at 8.30 pm 9 May with eleven passengers all seemed satisfied. Mrs Austin wanted to buy a match box I had made out of native wood and a bucks horn which I gave her. Also Major White, his orderly an American arrived before hand with horses. Killed a fat tailed sheep. Three boys started work at 10/- a month. Another goat died. Potgieter also rode up on a donkey and stayed over night. Saw a splendid Bastard Eland, followed him but lost it. Quite a day for this place. I took over £3.

Friday 10 May. Coach leaves Salisbury. Baked. Started the boys at work – no trading – three more goats died, that makes five in all. I wonder what next a fellow won't have to turn his hands to. Have started brick making. Coach arrived on Saturday 11th, Du Plan passed on foot having been left behind by coach. Posted letters home to Mary, Emmie and Viv.

Sunday 12 May. Cufflin left for Iron Mine Hill. The coach should arrive tonight from Bulawayo. One more dead goat. Baked 2 loaves of bread a white and a brown and killed and dressed a goat. Southey, Inspector Mashonaland Mounted Police rode up with Chowles. Some more fellows passed and wanted to go and trade for Native meal over at my kraal – gave Chowles a note to Du Plan for



£3, he owes me the store. The only chance of getting it. Hoffman a Dutch farmer rode in. The boys still at the hut – finished the frame. Sent them after grass to thatch it which is rather scarce here, the locusts having eaten the fields bare. Saturday 18 May 1895. A native Mashonaland Mounted Policeman rode over from the Range after dopp for Chowles and Southey £1. What a lot of whisky those fellows get away with. A jackal came up to the huts but too dark to have a shot at it. I suppose it's after the dead goats but will one of these nights go for the live ones. Shawe rode over to see me. Two more goats died. Had a shot at a vulture about a quarter mile up in the air and hit it. The coach hasn't turned up. Hope the passengers will enjoy the stuff I cooked on Sunday for them. Churned and made some good butter made it in a billy – enjoyed a bit of brown bread and butter, both my own making. Rather windy, they say that the wind blow is a little fury in the winter here. Without a doubt this is a No. 1 job. Only one passenger by the coach after waiting since Sunday night for them and cooking half a goat. They say the Boers or Dutch are the only people who know how to handle a black. They can never manage to keep one any length of time. Two boys have just left a Boer farmer on the lowveld with his wagon and oxen. I suppose he has been knocking the devil out of them. I am afraid that I treat them too well. Every day they come to seek jobs.

The Mashona attached much importance to good manners, Jim's old school motto 'Manners maketh man', courtesy, helpfulness as did the Matabele. Yet the Mashona were the hereditary enemies of the Matabele, but in June 1896 they joined together in supporting the war against the white invader. Like so many, the Mashona insisted on giving all white people with whom they came in contact, special African names that

symbolised for them their main characteristics. They chose to name Jim 'The Silent man' Shinina. There is no doubt he had endeared himself as indeed he had done to the Matabele. I have a suspicion it was all because of porridge oats, for it was how Jim began his day and so the Matabele. African chiefs in days long ago had the engaging habit of wearing a long black and white feather of the sacred ibis stuck in the bands around their heads. Jim often wore a feather in the band of his bush hat, the embellishment seemed to appeal to the natives to. Jim hardly ever drank alcohol, which probably did not go unnoticed, he was patient and had the manners of an aristocrat which I'd venture to say helped in establishing a close relationship with the tribes men and women.



Sunday 19 May '95. Any amount of natives came over and I did a good bit of trading, gave them rather too much, but I did it to get them to come back. Made the Matabele clean up round the huts, also asked some of the native women to come over and fix up my huts. Saw the most wonderful star in the west, it changed colour from red to green. The boys finished the 2nd hut, I made a table and two bed stands for it. Traded a 2/- blanket for a young goat.

Nothing but their own skins

Monday 20 May 1895 About fifty native women came over to trade. They got about 10lbs of beads. 20/- too much by far. I only got a bag and a half of poop – 1.5 bags mealies, 50lbs beans, 10 eggs, some baccy. The boys finished the 2nd hut, I made a table and 2 bedsteads for it. Two country men of mine (Americans) turned up on donkeys and camped near my huts, I gave them some

milk and sold them some mealies for their donkeys. Had a long chat with the two Yankee's, they seemed anything but pleased with the outlook of the country. They seemed good fellows and are taking in the whole of Mashonaland on foot with four donkeys to carry their things. Baked and boiled a ham worth £2 but I wouldn't eat it for £50.

Tuesday 21 May. Did a little trading with Native women. Some really pretty faces and they don't seem to look naked in their black skins. Dr Jameson expected from Salisbury. Killed two chickens for his outfit, a d...d sight too good for them. Coach turned up about 9pm. Had a devil of a time getting supper for the passengers and Jameson didn't turn up after all. Did a little trading and got a lot of women to fix up one of my huts. I think I am the first white man to get women to work but they seemed half afraid. Two transports passed – gave them a bottle of milk and three eggs for a sick man. Had a long talk with the help of my Mashona dictionary to my boys in the evening. They are not half bad savages after all – poor devils. By jove isn't the Chartered Co just robbing them – 3 bags of meal for hut tax a year. I think Rhodes takes the cake for being the Chief of Robbers. I should like to see the British Government take over this country. I think we might have a little better chance.

Thursday 23 May 1895. See a lot of natives in the distance coming to trade. Jameson never stopped – wasn't sorry for it either. Tirm and Thomson rode up and stayed the night. The former Telegraphic boss at Charter, used to be in the 3rd Dragoon Guards. Got six women and 14 young girls to help fix my huts. I don't think many men have been able to get Mashona women to work for them.

Friday 24 May 1895. The old Queen's birthday, wish her many happy returns and hope she is having a better time than I am. Nothing going on here but bossing the boys. The coach arrived, brought me some papers and a letter from Graeme dated 18 April, St Paul, Minnesota.

Saturday 25 May 1895. This is the first time I fell out with my boys. The whole outfit (7) marched into the store and jabbered something about not being able to eat poop and put the pan down, I just looked at the stuff and then went for the big fellow and hit him a good one in the face with my fist (wish it had been something harder) but they all stampeded, but the door was too small for them to get out in a bunch, so I went for them nicely. I never saw a more scared lot of poor devils in my life. Then I got my sjambok and went out to look for them and I did feel like killing the whole lot of them and that's the return I get. They will have to put in jolly good time tomorrow or get (you bet). Almost split my sides after going for those blacks. My poor little Mashona boy is half scared of me. Never saw me wake up before. Well they know me now.

Sunday 26 May 1895. Hoffman rode over. Did some trading, sold an old pair of pants and a coat to a black for 10/-. The boys finished thatching the 3rd hut and started mudding it on the inside. Baked, made a mutton pie.

Monday 27 May 1895. Knocked the two last sick goats on the head – that finishes the 17 of Jepson's goats. Paid Matabele 5/- for one month's work. Did a little trading. Thomson stayed here all day waiting for the coach. Stanley White turned up on his way to Bulawayo, stayed over night. The coach turned up with eleven

passengers, about 3 days behind time. Got my load of things, but many that I wanted were not sent. Last night was cold if you like. The morning also very chilly, an east wind. Sold one of my coats. Have too many things out here, besides the White Ants and moths are eating them up. The herd boy lost most of my goats and the post boy his oxen. Not getting any milk since the Matabele boy ran away. I don't suppose the cows will let a white man milk them but will try in the morning.

Thursday 30 May 1895. A Cape cart with six mules and two men on horseback passed, had breakfast here, charged them 17/- for both. Potgieter rode up on a donkey, sold him one of my bottles of quinine for 6/-. Did some trading in Native meal, mealies, peanuts, beans and eggs, all for 3lbs of beads. Also traded two blankets for two goats. Tried to run down a Matabele fellow who I wanted to try my sjambok on, but could not catch him. Sold another lot of quinine 6/-.

Saturday 1 June 1895. Lost my reckoning again, a day ahead of time no wonder at it. My first African frost. Chowles and Harford turned up sometime in the night with a couple of prisoners. No coach again this morning. Kirett brought back the axe he stole – these blacks are a lot of thieves, but I suppose they learn it from the whites. Coach came in between 1 and 2. Lord Paulet and another tough looking old sod passengers by it. All my work for nothing. 75 women came to trade.

Sunday 2 June 1895 Awful tiring work trading with Mashona women, got about 2 bags of meal, 1 bag mealies some beans, beer, peanuts and eggs. Got a rather nice looking dog from a Cape boy who passed the place. Another goat for a 2/- blanket also one hen for a few beads. Berry passed with wagon and a herd of oxen, told me that White had died at Charter. Sent by yesterdays coach letters to Graeme, Mary, Morrison, Charlie Hughes.

Monday 3 June 1895. Started making bricks, the boys kicked rather at having to do it and have another boss. I am too easy with them. Two of the boys quit after working almost a month, a lazy lot. Two boys returned. Some natives turned up late in the evening to trade, gave them salt for what they had. The jackals are raising Cain, the fat tailed sheep missing, hope the jackals won't find it or the wild dogs. Coach turned up 3 in the morning with eleven passengers all hungry. I had to cook supper for them. Finished the chicken hut, but had a great time driving the chickens into it. A very cold night and a chilly morning. No wonder these poor devils don't like to turn out to work before the sun gets fairly well up, having nothing on but their own skins. I feel chilly with my flannel shirt and coat on.

The next two months (June and July) winter ones won't be pleasant. Fancy dreading an African winter after 20 North American ones, only hope it won't rain. Must start my stables today as it is getting too cold for horses who have been used to them. A rotten day cold south wind and half a drizzle. A nasty night for a hut without door or windows – but then it is as good as the country is. Judge Vincent passed at 4am, only stopped to out and inspan. Devilish cold morning, the boys refused to go out but I made them.

Sunday 9 June 1895. Eva, Von Routen, Windle and several others stayed here. Got a letter from Vivie who tells me that he intends trying British Columbia, I wish him success. After all I think it will beat this place and I hope to join him some day, I really couldn't advise anybody to come out here. My poor little dog died, afraid that he must have eaten some rat poison. Knocked another sick goat on the head. Made some bread and washed some towels, wish something better would turn up.

Tuesday 11 June 1895. Got up early as usual and got ready for the coach, Dr Jameson and Sir John Willoughby among the passengers. Butchered a goat. Not over warm, a coat felt comfortable, feel really rotten, hope I am not in for fever. Coach turned up about 9pm with a load of passengers, amongst them Father Kerr and two Sisters of Mercy. Had a job getting for them. A hen came off her nest with eight chicks, another with one.

Wednesday 12 June 1895. Felt rather bad all day, cooked some soup and forgot it, was all burnt up. One of the kids died. Had a bad night and felt rather mean all day, can't manage to eat anything. Had a cup of cocoa and a bit of bread. Did a little trading. Got Kirett a Cape Boy, to cut my hair with my nail scissors.

Thursday 13 June 1895. Chowles, Harford and St. J. H. Wagstaffe of the Mashonaland Mounted Police rode up and stayed the night. Wagstaffe used to be in the Royal Navy. The MMP's left after breakfast on the 14th. Sent two of my boys to the Police Camp to get 10 fat goats. Baked, washed and traded in the hot sun, felt rather better. A lot of natives asked for work. Killed a goat and made a mutton pie. The coach arrived late on Saturday 15, Palk homeward bound – lucky dog. Gave them a good fair feed. Two papers from home, Weekly Times and Hants Advertiser. Letters are dropping off, thought it was too good to last. An extra coach passed to fetch Dr Jameson and Sir John Willoughby.

Sunday 16 June 1895. One of the most perfect mornings I've ever seen, a white frost and rather chilly before the sun got up, a mist hiding the distant hills and a mist hanging over the drifts, a blue sky without a speck in it and not a breath of wind, reminds me of our Montana mornings without the snow capped mountains – wish I could see them again. Sent note and bottle of whisky to Powell. Feel more like myself this evening. Made two mutton pies, they looked so good that I broke into one of them and had the best feed for an age. Killed and skinned a goat and also knocked a sick one on the head to put it out of it's misery. Five passengers are booked by the next Bulawayo coach, one a Miss Collins, a barmaid, those are the people to coin the money – if they like.

Monday 17 June 1895. A genuine tramp turned up, a Scot – told me part of his history and that whisky was the cause of his downfall. Von Routen and Adlam got me out of bed in the night for a few things, I cursed them well in my innermost for it.

Tuesday 18 June 1895. Jameson and Willoughby had breakfast here and left for Salisbury. Saw a pack of wild dogs near the drift half an hour before sun rise. Put in three month's today for Homan, hope to put in three more if he will keep me, then if nothing looks better – good bye to this country and off to the States again. Durden and Allen MMP turned up after tea and went on to Station.

Likewise Shawe and Short rode over, Shawe has taken over this place from Homan – shall now try for a bigger monthly salary – or quit. Made rather a good shot at a dove with my rifle, about 80 yds and hit it. Everything covered with white frost. About 300 head of Trek Oxen passed for Salisbury.

Saturday 22 June 1895. A chilly frosty morning, turned out a glorious day, the climate is certainly by far the best feature in these parts. Captain Honorable R. White turned up on way to Salisbury, had breakfast here. Rather a good fellow – told me that if I liked he would try for a store and trading station and give me a chance and also asked me to join the Volunteers, but it will require more thinking about that part of it. Harford stayed the day and for a wonder didn't get drunk, reason why, I didn't give him a chance. Did some trading. Coach turned up late, 6 passengers.

Sunday 23 June 1895. Sent one of my boys to Shawes, the other went to his kraal, the 3rd herded the goats. Shot a dog. Had a good breakfast about 2 pm of eggs and bacon. A most glorious day – far too good for this vile country – got up before the sun. Took stock of the Store all day. Baked, killed a goat. Another hen came off her nest with five little chicks. An MMP and two Native Constables turned up in the evening. Loaded 20 bags of Native meal for Salisbury. Dr Jameson drove up and outspanned and drove on, not a bad sort of fellow, but how couldn't he be, with such a chance. Worth I suppose a million or two, but if I had it, I should live in Gods country, not this one. Made a large mutton pie for coach, and cooked a lot of beef. Chowles turned up in the evening. I kept up a fire for the coach 9.50 and the d—d thing not here yet. A most beautiful evening, a clear greyish blue sky with the young moon and a beautiful star over it, but later the wind got up and upset me, as I had to work in the dark as my lantern would insist on going out. Looking in the hut at my boys, I see seven all in a lump like pigs asleep – lucky dogs. If they were working for any other man they would be up and keeping the fire going. Paid one boy the Induna, a blanket and 2/- for a month's work.

Wednesday 26 June 1895. Got up some time before the sun and after the mist rose saw some wolves and went after them but couldn't get a shot. Wish that I could trade even 5 bags a day, it would mean something extra to my pay. A. Powell rode over (a very good fellow) to look over the books. Gave him £34.18.9 for Shawe, leaving me £2.2.6 on hand.

Monday 1 July 1895. Saw nobody. Hurt my knee with a nail, could hardly walk. Did a little trading. Had some bread and butter to eat and some cocoa in the morning. Boys got back with 14lb of beads and 10 bags. My leg hurts like the devil. Another day gone by – thank the Gods – wonder if this is all we live for, for the time to pass and in the end what do we get – nothing but death – that's certain. I was just thinking that one blessing we have out here is that the time seems to fly. A beautiful evening thrown away in these infernal regions – until next Saturday or Sunday to wait for letters or papers. If I had any money at home I should try £100 in the Murchison Gift Gold Mining Co, shares at 5/- to 5/6 – Justice, Freedom, Commerce – rot. I've been trying to teach some of my boys to use a spoon, knife, plate and cup for the last three months and yet they

can't do it, they don't know better or understand – why should they – really they are far better off not knowing. I hear that prospecting licences are worth £7 in Salisbury, if so I will sell mine.

Wednesday 3 July 1895. Made rather a good shot at 61 yards with my Martini-Henry rifle, knocked over three doves. Did some good trading made my beads go further. Got 4 oz fresh eggs which I intend sending up to Salisbury by next coach. Lord H. Paulet's boy rode up with two horses, an order from Chowles MMP for a box of blacking. I wonder what on earth he intends doing with boot blacking. Paulet's boy left soon after sun up. Had a jolly hot bath and a shave, and felt a little more fit.

Friday 5 July 1895. Another morning fit for the Gods, had a boss good breakfast of new laid eggs, brown bread & butter, all my own work, bar the eggs, but they came from my hens.

Saturday 6 July 1895. Lord Paulet passed between 4 & 5 in the morning. The coach turned up in the afternoon, a very jolly lot on board. Pocock nephew of John Pocock, Chaplain in Coblenz in the old days, Mayer, the Yankee mining expert, old A. M. Ede, two others and two women.

Monday 8 July 1895. Got 1000 beads from Salisbury, white pink, and RWE. Did some trading, they got more beads out of me than they ought to have. It's not saying much, but this trading is the best fun I have out here. I hear that a fellow named Hardy is on his way here either to help me or to take my place. Don't care which, would sooner it were the latter as I don't want a white help, sooner a yellow boy. A beautiful night can see the reflection of veld fires in the distance, reminds me of the prairie fires out West. The natives have re-christened me but I can't understand what it means in English. Have not had much of a feed today. Two meat sandwich and some tea in the evening. A lot of black devils have just come into the store and are jabbering like a lot of old women. Turned in about 9pm. First the Shawes boys got me out of bed for a bottle of Watson's for Homan. Then one of Shawes wagons turned up and got me the 2nd time out of bed in the middle of the night to carry 100 lb boxes of beads for 50 yards and loading on wagon. The devil take the job. Loading those boxes made me feel sick.

Tuesday 9 July 1895. About 75 women and girls came to trade. Sir John Willoughby arrived and outspanned. Had supper here, lent him one of my boys to take his oxen on. One really fine looking girl, a splendid figure, was here today. I have noticed her several times. She had round her neck one of those shells or ivory rings with an old gold coin set in it which I tried my best to trade out of her. Several transports passed with Martini-Henry and Winchester cartridges – wonder what the Co intends doing with such a lot of ammunition. Sir John Willoughby must be a rotten sod not to send my boy back after being good enough to lend him one. But then he has got that name out here.

Thursday 11 July. Got a wire for Homan from Charter to be sent on to him. Tried to get Mashona boy to go with it and he would not, which made me mad. So got into hut and went for three of them and drove them off the place, it was fun to see them get. I picked up a small knobkerrie belonging to one of them and

managed to keep up with one and laid it on to him nicely, the other two ran too fast for me. But I got two of their axes. Then I sent one of my boys off with it, but the little brute started with it and returned with it without me knowing and then ran off to his kraal. Clouds of locusts flew over the place. The place was quite a sight. After the sun went down I went out with the boys and gathered hundreds of them for food for them, I must have killed hundreds in no time and brought back in two hand fulls. Measuring one of the locusts it goes 3.75 inches, not a bad partner to have in the farming line. Shot a Native dog with my rifle at about 75 yards. One of the goats had twins. Did some good trading, about fifty women came. I got 3.5 bags of meal, three quarters bag mealies, 2 doz eggs, 6/- tobacco, monkey nuts and beer.

Saturday 13 July 1895. Homan turned up from Iron Mine Hill. Coach came in with letters and papers from Emmie, Lorna, Mary and dearest Mother. Saw 7 Sable antelope, went after them but only had a shot at 800 yards. My eighth month in Mashonaland.

Sunday 14 July 1895. Watts came over, walked 18 miles to see Homan. The management of the store (Shawe) expects wonders out of nothing, wish I'd never seen the place. Homan tells me to kill the Brandt sick goats, I shall have to kill the whole lot. Heard on the bush telegraph that a Dutch farmer about 10/15 miles from here, had been murdered by natives. On Friday Chowles MMP and several Dutch farmers intend to surround the kraals where the native belongs who murdered old M. I intend to get Shawe to send over somebody to look after store and lend me a donkey to go and see the fun. The worst of it is my rifle has come to grief.

Monday 15 July 1895. Sent my two little boys over to Shawe's with two cows, they got back before sunset – 20 odd miles. Chowles & Adlam called towards evening. Taylor NC rode up had supper and slept here. Killed a goat and sold half for 2/-.

Tuesday 16 July 1895. The coach turned up at least 12 hours before it was due. Had nothing ready for the passengers but gave them all the buck, bacon and eggs they could eat. Did some fair trading. Killed five Brandt sick goats. Hardy left for Salisbury with £20 leaving me £3.17.6 on hand. Hardy took the books with him. I am getting rather sick of this job. If this is winter, it's a lot hotter than the summer – the flies are worst.

Wednesday 17 July 1895. Very hot in the sun, did some fair trading. Watts walked over and spent the evening here on his way to Shaws. Didn't feel up to much. Ought to write some letters, but didn't feel like it.

Thursday 18 July 1895. One of the Adlams died of fever. Potgieter brought over a load of poles for Shawe, I counted 63. Homan was to give him £12 for the load, I should like to sell poles at that rate.

Friday 19 July 1895. Have put in my 4th month for Homan – wonder if I shall put in another 4. I think not. Should much like to put in next winter at home – I suppose its an awful mistake even to think of it. Did some trading. Shot a silver jackal – baked cooked some corn beef. 2 chickens for the coach – got a bad cold and cough – wrote to Vivian.

Saturday 20 July '95. Took in nix. My boys made a bedstead and I see eight sleeping on it. How they sleep on it beats me. Its worse than mine if it can be. Coach arrived rather late. Honourable R. White one of the passengers and a number more. Zeederberg's Manager stayed overnight. Got several papers from home and letters from May and Lorna. Sent my little boy over to his kraal to get boys – he brought back 7. The sun very hot had a devil of a night, coughed all night.

Monday 22 July. Killed some chickens. Great sport for these young savages to knock them over with stones. Some transport wagons passed, some loaded with beads for Homan. Coach arrived between 2 & 3 in the morning. Had to turn out and cook some food for passengers – they were a hungry lot.

Tuesday 23 July 1895. New moon. Got another little boy to work here. These Mashonas are quick at finding the New Moon – its the only time they go by. Potgieter at last reached here – loaded 35 bags of meal onto his waggon for Salisbury. Chowles rode up from the Charterside and stayed the day and night too.

Wednesday 24 July. Sent two of the boys to Krom Waal Police Camp to get 10 goats, they brought back 20. Paid Chowles £1 for them – killed a goat and sold one for 4/-.

Thursday 25 July. Another vile windy day, chilly and then got very hot. Saw a star near the moon early in the afternoon. The jackals are making no end of a noise. 4 MMPs passed and had lunch here. Killed a goat and 4 cocks, did a little trading. A cart with 6 mules passed but didn't stop. Coach supposed to leave Salisbury Friday 26 – turned up late. Books returned. Began putting up the buildings.

Sunday 28 July. What an awful day for a Sunday – both my little boys left me. Walters MMP turned up – paid two boys up to date. Rotten little sods. Thought that I should put in a good Sunday by writing letters but got fooled.

Monday 29 July 1895. Walters MMP left for Charter – thank the Lord. Shawe rode over told me that Homan had lost £93 odd in this place since it started. Wrote to Homan to get it explained as I don't believe it and also asked for another job. Potgieter, De Klerk and Hoffman rode over. Baked and killed a goat – got 4 other little black devils to work for me.

Thursday 1 August 1895. A wee tot of a Mashona who herds my goats won't eat with the other boys, neither will he eat meat killed by others. I let him kill a goat and he filled a small bag made of bark which he has round his neck full of the intestines. Edward M. Rodgers MMP Bulawayo stayed over night, knows Galt and says that Du Marques is in Bulawayo. Wonder if he is the brother of Katin Du Marques. Finncane returned with his wagons about 3 in the morning. Killed a Brandt sick goat and kid. The boys sang rather a pretty song, something about that they were working in the gardens when the masters of the land came – meaning I suppose the white man. Traded a Mashona pillow some spoons and beer for some beads. Got letter from Homan telling me to stay with the Store, which has been changed from 'Shorts Drift' to 'Umyati' in the future. Drank a little more whisky than I ought to have.

- Tuesday 6 August 1895. No coach but got ready for it. Potgieter arrived with 2 bags of salt, did a little trading. Neate MMP rode up. Coach turned up late with 11 on board. Had the largest crowd of women to trade since I've been here. A lovely day. The girls stayed over night and finished up by evening, great fun watching them work. 14 girls and a few kids finished the job and got 3 lbs of white beads for it. 9/- two days work. Some of them evidently had never seen a looking glass before, as they got wild when I showed them one. Some of them splendid looking women and really good looking.
- Friday 9 August 1895. A nasty chilly windy day. Allan Khan passed with 11 horses. Neat MMP returned from Charter on way to Kroom Waal. Big veld fires – the place reminds me of old time in Minnesota. Did a little trading and wrote some letters.
- 10, 11 and 12 August. Same old thing. Heard that Chowles MMP had been shot in the arm by natives. A lot of Dutch transport riders passed. Coach turned up, nearly got into a fight sticking up for a Native, after all some Native's are far better than white men. If the home Government looked into things as they ought to, affairs might be different out here. But the Devil takes a Cecil Rhodes Government.
- Thursday 15 August 1895. Cooked most of the day for that confounded coach. Heard that Christian had died, poor devil. Did all I could for him. If he had had his pay from Coach Co he might have helped himself. Glad he did not die here. After all what's the difference of being dead or alive in this country. I fancy the former is preferable. All I ask is to be able to get enough to get out of it and enough to start somewhere else. The Natives are having a boss good time of it singing sitting round their fire. They seem to have nothing to bother them in this world – lucky people.
- Friday 16 August 1895. By jove I am getting sick of this job. It seems to be nothing but feeding coach servants. The wind blew like fun in the night. Somebody stole my jackal skin, but I got it back. Southey, Inspector of MMP rode up with Stover MMP also old Potgieter. Stover is a Californian and does not think much more of this country than I do.
- Saturday 17 August 1895. A lovely morning, cloudy and a few and first rain drops for months. Got up all night for coach, turned up at 5 in the morning – confound it – no feeds. Letters and papers from Viv, Lorna, Emmie, Lucy and photos of little mother – not bad at all. Put in my fifth month for Homan. £60 due me with the exception of a few shillings. Neate MMP rode up and got very drunk. Sent two boys over to the MMP camp for some fat goats, killed one. A beast of a Native dog stole my loaf of bread in the night.
- Saturday 25 August 1895. Another devilish chilly day, couldn't get warm. A man named Read passed with prospecting outfit. Coach late again. A herd of horses passed – branded A. K. Coach turned up at 3 in the morning. A letter from Bill Hoste asking me if I would care about taking a trading station. Wouldn't mind if I could get into a good district. Southerly winds seem to prevail, did nothing but walk about the place thinking how and when I shall get out of this infernal country. The lions seem to be raising cain with the coach mules.

Sunday 26 August '95. Just as I was falling asleep or was having a jolly good rest, an old transport rider drove up and wanted to unload, I kicked at 1st but then got up and helped to get rid of him. Didn't get the boys up to help me. Slept in my clothes again – this is rotten work. Got up some time before the sun. Had a shot at some pigeons. By jove if I were to stay out in this infernal country long I would turn rebel – if I couldn't be more so, at the shameful way these Mashonas are treated. The Native (Mashona) police do what they like when they get into a 'Mosha' or village – take all they want, rape the women and raise hell generally. The Government may not know anything about it, but it's time they should. Killed a fat tailed sheep. Asked my piccaninny if I could get a fat steer. He told me that the police got them all. I know that the Co would not let them sell any, but I will take my chances if I can get one. We can't live on sick sheep and goats. Half the goats I've killed have long tape worms in their livers to say nothing of other diseases. I sold half a goat to a coolie the other day for 2/-. The passengers got the balance which was rotten, I would not have eaten it for a £50 note and yet I am not out here for my health.

Tuesday 27 August 1895. Chowles stayed over night. McGowen another fine specimen of a MMP rode up, drank about all the whisky that he could hold and left, Chowles also, but fell off his horse at starting. The whole Adlam family was here. Bezenkout outfit drove up towards evening. This has been a hell on earth. Several transporters here. Sent boy over to Shawe, the latter rode over. Coach turned up late. Letters from George MacKenzie, Mabel and Lorna, also got note from Meredith, Native Commr, he must be mad. Did some trading. An American in the coach. They seem about the whitest people who pass here. Another Yank rode up, sold him a tiger skin for £3. An awful looking woman in the coach – fed them all. Heard that Maund had lost one of his eyes.

Sunday 1 Sept. 1895. Was up some time before the sun. Some transport wagons passed – same old game. Wrote Homan to get a substitute in my place. Shall try my luck at something else or start for the States. I am heartily sick of this. Killed a goat, baked, a cloudy night, Southerly wind, weather getting much warmer and the grass beginning to grow, trees getting green. The coldest day so far. Looks like rain. Hope it doesn't as everything in the Store would be ruined. Not much work done, read 'My official Wife' by Richard H. Savage. One fellow left me and got lost in the veld afterwards, two boys bolted – glad of it.

Wednesday 4 Sept., 5 and 6 and 7 and 8th. Powell came over to fix up the books. Coach before time with letter from Homan saying that he would send down a man to fill my place. Killed a goat and baked. Powell worked on the books until 7th. Shot several pigeons. Chowles, Urquhart and McGowan came, the latter dead drunk. Neate MMP also turned up and got drunk before he left. Did a little trading. Walked over to the Police Camp with Powell.

Tuesday 10 Sept. 1895. Walked back from Kroom Waal, did the 10 miles in 2 hours and 10 minutes and it nearly knocked me out too. My youngster took good care of the Store in my absence and took in 3/- and he felt awfully proud of handing me over the cash. Flok rode up and stayed the night.

Sunday 15 Sept.–Monday 16 to Thursday 18 . Thought I was going to have Sunday to myself but got fooled again. Very hot in the sun. Chowles, MMP, Watts, DeKlerk and James turned up. The wind blew like the devil in the night, coach turned up 7 or 8 hrs late. Major Frank Johnson amongst the passengers. Watts got the roof on the building at last. By jove these fellows are slow in this country except at boozing. Finished my sixth month at Shorts Drift. Killed the last of the Brandt sick goats. Coach about 12 hours late, gave the six passengers ham and eggs. A wire from Homan that 30 MMPs would turn up on Tuesday for grub and horse feed. A jolly look out with nothing to feed them. 2 Yankees passed with four donkeys.

Tuesday 24 Sept. 1895. Did a rather dirty thing this morning. Got hold of a Native who was being a nuisance – by the seat of his breeches and threw him about 3 yds onto his face and started the blood, felt rather ashamed of myself. Levason came to look at my place and Powell came and we worked on the books.

Monday 30 Sept. 1895. Sent my things on by wagon – finished the books and left Shorts Drift about 4pm, caught up with the wagon after about a mile walk. Walked to Salisbury from Charter in about 21 hours, was almost knocked out doing so. Didn't find the camp much changed. Walked next day to the Mazoe with Bill Hoste, about 75 miles, took 10 days to go and return, saw lots of game but got nix. I liked the look of the country more. The Skipper offered me a job down on the Mazoe at £16 a month and 10% which I accepted, only hope that I shall get out at once.

THE MAZOE STORE

Sunday 27 Oct. 1895. Almost lost a month, read most of the day, finished reading Charles O'Malley and began Pepys' Diary. Foot and myself dined at the Ranch, Skipper dined out. Strolled into town, saw nothing and nobody so returned to the house. Locusts about again. The Hoste's very good to me, asked me to stay at the ranch. Rain needed most awfully, no grass for cattle – no transport – prices going up – locusts eating grass as soon as it comes up. Natives starving in some parts – nothing to eat.

Monday 28 Oct. 1895. Got two Weekly Times and two Hants Advertiser and deposited £125 into the Standard Bank. Worked all day with Morris laying things for the Holton Land & Mining Co for the Mazoe Store. Had dinner with Homan, Bill left for home.

Thursday 31 Oct. 1895. Knocked about town buying things for the Mazoe store, left Salisbury for the Mazoe at about sun down.

Saturday 2 Nov. 1895. Reached Mazoe early in the morning, walked ahead of wagons and went up to the Commissioners hut, unloaded and started on the building. The Skipper rode over from Salisbury on his way to see Hastings.

Sunday 3 Nov. 1895. Dreadfully hot, never felt anything like it. Got a stiff neck in the night, made our beds up in the open. The blessing here is that we have good water, but the poor Native is kept busy at it, gets it up from the river which is about 3/4 of a mile off. Worked all day at the store. Scamp had a litter of pups.

- Tuesday 5 Nov. 1895. Worked at Store – very hot – got 18 women to help and gave them about 18lb of meal, the women came over again the following day and worked. Worked with them rather hard. Worked at the buildings until the 12 Nov. – very hot only had a few boys to work, sent off one to get some more women – walked down to the river. Hoste, Graves & Feltham rode up – wrote to Cornwall and sent list of things wanted. Almost finished putting up the things in the Store. Hastings sent over 12 boys – Nesbitt and Groves rode up – very warm.
- Thursday 14 Nov. 1895. Awfully hot and dry, felt rather bad – damn this country – 15th. Felt worse, couldn't eat anything – 16th – very hot, felt rotten. Awfully thirsty. Groves and Kerr turned up.
- Monday 18 Nov. 1895. Felt rather better – posted some letters to Lorna and Emmie with some Salisbury papers. Spreckley, Routledge and Darling called. Read part of the day and bossed the other. A bad thunder storm and heavy rain. Cart turned up with 5 cases of whisky, 2 packets of sugar, bag of meal, Stephen, a Southampton man also came. The rain hid everything from sight, although the thunder was close, I could hardly hear it from the noise the rain made coming down on the iron roof. The country still alive with locusts.
- Thursday 21 Nov., 22, 23, 24, 25. Rained like the devil every day – had a wire from Morris saying that wife and party of 5 were coming down to spend Sunday. Got 12 bundles of grass to thatch the huts with. I offered them a cup full of meal for each bundle, but they thought I was not giving enough. Wired Morris not to bring his wife – 22 words 5/6. Morris never got my wire and drove up with wife, Boyne, West, and Stewart.
- Sunday 24 Nov. Morris left, not sorry to lose them, gave Morris £25 out of the till.
- Thursday 28 Nov. 1895. Gave my Prospecting Licence to Charles Annesty on half shares he to do all the work and pay expenses, wonder how it will turn out. The rock looks good, some visible gold, at least I've got some sort of an interest in the country. Spreckley came over and fixed up my Power of Attorney to transfer Licence to Annesty. A Greek Prospector and an Englishman stayed here all day. The Greek told an interesting story of how when he was working in the Kimberley diamond mines, how he got away with a diamond which he sold for £800. My first month for the Holton L & M Co.
- Sunday 1 Dec. A full moon. Cart came and brought load of things for store. Macfarlane back again, Annesty passed to register claims. Macfarlane seemed very much interested in my little spec. Got another licence and sent note to Annesty. Spreckley told me to peg away and that he would send the licence in the morning. Wonder if the ground is as good as Annesty says, I don't see why it shouldn't be so. It's on the same range of hills as the Alice – anyway we won't leave much for Mac. Hope the £5 will be well invested.
- Wednesday 4 Dec. 1895. It's a case now of more rain than we want. Rained the devil all night and nearly turned the Store inside out. Annesty took out another licence. Spreckley, Brand, Playford, Hodgson, Knapman, Harcourt, Whitaker came to the Store. After we got rid of them Spreckley and I walked over to Annesty's Camp to see the claims. He panned us out some rock – looked very

good – a good bit of gold in it. The 'Rita May' pegged out with my licence, then the extension with my other licence, and the 'Gem' pegged with his own to the left of the others. Got drenched on the way back an awful walk up to our knees in mud and water. Brought back a wee kitten under my coat, it looked more like a drowned rat than anything else.

Sunday 8 Dec. 1895. Quite alone on the Ranch. Sent Sampson with boys to get some sheep bought at the sale 169, half for us.

Wednesday 11 Dec. Austin, Ericson, Taylor, Fletcher and Highfield came. Sent cart up with 3 fat tailed sheep for Morris and the woman. Had the Post Office outfit handed to me. Doubt much I shall care about having it. Too much red tape about it for a little one horse show. Some fellows from the Alice came up and tried to run the place, but I believe I bluffed them off, some white men out here are worse than Natives. I have met Englishmen out here 10,000 times worse than any Wild Westerner I ever met, some of them will stop at nothing.

Monday 16 Dec. 1895. Wilson the convict got away, £100 reward but it fell to £50 by the time it reached Mazoe. Started a road down to the Post. Went over to the other store and stood the drinks. A lamb died – planted some tomatoes and chili seeds. Rained all night, many down with fever. Finished the fence round the buildings.

Christmas Day 25 Dec. 1895. Annesty, Highfield, Spreckley and self dined together – a drunken outfit here in the morning. Harcourt came over sick with fever.

Tuesday 31 Dec. Sadler and the Greek left – what a lot of rotten dirty sods we have out here.

Wednesday 1 Jan. 1896. My second month at this job in the Mazoe. No mail again from home. Started the fever by catching cold. Down with the fever. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.

Friday 10 Jan. 1896. Rained, didn't feel up to much. No mail from home again. Soreson, Kermode and Louis still here. Killed a fat-tailed sheep.

Saturday 11 Jan., 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18. Same old game. Had some awful nights of it, fleas nearly eat me up, it must be the dogs who bring in the fleas. Got some letters from home and two weekly Times. My weight is 158 lbs. Rained all day, first heavy wind I've seen out here.

Tuesday 23 Jan. 1896. Sent post off. Mailed letter to Mary and registered one to Sybil – (daughter of Jim's sister, Mrs George Graves – Sybil married Leonard Edward Brunel Homan, subsequently acted as 'hostess' to Cecil J Rhodes) mailed a South African 'Pound'.

Wednesday 22 Jan. 1896. Kicked two boys off. These Mazoe boys are not worth their scoff. Killed a sheep, half of it weighed 11 lbs dressed. Weighed myself 156½lbs with boots, shirt, trousers, socks and belt. A native policeman passed and called one of my boys to fetch him a drink. Don't think that policeman will ask another of my boys to do the same again. A white man shot a Native – drunk excuse. Highfield shot at his boys. A native policeman passed with Mashona Bull loaded with a hefty load. Am almost being eaten up by fleas. A beautiful day but that is all. The sheep dying of foot-rot and everything else.

Saturday 1 Feb. 1896. The first morning that I have seen mist hanging over our

- hills on this side. Very hot in the sun. Salthouse and some of his men came over, sent cart up to town after meal. Made 'Africa' take his woman with him, she told me that she wouldn't go. Rained hard. Gave Annesty a fiver to invest in a licence. Wrote to Vivie asked him to send me a pair of hair clippers. Sent boy up to Salisbury with £30.8.6. worth of cheques. Sold 15lbs of meal for 10/- and got a lot of tomatoes for a little poop.
- Monday 10 Feb. 1896. Very hot in the morning – got up early – Malaria in the air, could almost smell it. Rained in torrents in the night. Had a bath – first for ages. Went prospecting for a bit. Had a bad dose of fever.
- Saturday 15 Feb. Felt the fever coming on again. Fever for nine days.
- Monday 24 Feb. 1896. Wet, foggy, chilly, had a better night. Spreckley feels the fever coming on. Seen and had my first boy Sjamboked – didn't he wriggle – rained all night.
- Wednesday 26 Feb. Routledge also with fever. Fletcher stayed the night, his d.d donkeys got into my mealies patch. Never closed my eyes during the night, mosquitoes too awful.
- Sunday 1 March 1896. Felt the fever coming on – laid low with fever until Wednesday 11 March. Very hot, tigers about the place last night – weighed myself 148 lbs (10 stone 8) Walked over to the other store.
- Thursday 12 March, another dose of this infernal fever. Bad with fever until 16 March. Getting over the fever. Wrote to Lorna, Emmie, Bill Hoste, what an awful thing this fever is, Routledge went to hospital. Mailed letter to Mabel. Now McIntyre and Harcourt down with fever also. Made three bottles of Catsup – not bad stuff. No letters from home. Everyone bad with fever. Day after day after day until 27 March 1896.

The Crisis

- Friday 27 March 1896. Got line from Pollard to say that the Matabele had risen and shot some white men at Gwelo. Rather a nice look out, wonder if these devils will do the same. Cleaned my rifle – very hot. Killed a sheep and sent half to Hastings, quarter to McDowall.
- Saturday 28 March, Sunday 29, Monday 30 – Rather lively, cattle all being shot for cattle sickness, no transport, and the Matabele rising, a great country and the best to stay away from. Pollard shot two of my oxen for cattle sickness. Down with fever all day, managed to write to Emmie. Got a wire from Hoste asking me to send at once to Hastings and Daly to tell them to shut down and come to town, expedition leaves in three days. Rained.
- Wednesday 1 April 1896. Last news that Matabele were gathering at the Shangani – and that volunteers were wanted. Things beginning to look bad. Hastings and Daly left for Salisbury. Letters from Mabel & Ethel. Pollard shot the rest of my oxen – damn cheek I say. Wired to Hoste to ask if I could join them.
- Saturday 4 April 1896. Groves drove up, had a great time.
- Easter Sunday 5 April 1896. What a day, Groves left, baked, made some tomato catsup – no news.
- Monday 6 April. Heard that the Mashona had risen and that 160 men had left

Salisbury and that they had called out the Volunteers. Sent letters to Mabel and Ethel but they won't leave Salisbury. It's wonderful what these blacks will carry, I gave a boy 100 lbs of meal for Pollard and he ran off with it.

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, all bracketed together. Fever with the shakes now – no letters – no papers – no news. Saw some more cattle shot. Feel very weak now. No good writing as my letters won't leave Salisbury now. Nothing but fever – war.

Friday 7 May 1896. Got letters from home, first for ages. Fever still in me. A thick fog, first time the hills have been hidden from my view. Rather chilly, a good fever morning. Heard that the uncrowned King of Rhodesia had resigned his membership for the Chartered Co – what's up now? Some devilry I'll bet.

Sunday 30 May 1896. My seventh month here – £105 due to me.

Wednesday 2 June. Posted letters home.

Wednesday 16 June 1896. Heard that the Matabele were at the Six Mile Creek 'The Beatrice' Mine and had killed all hands. It beats the devil that they don't let us know what's going on. Posted letters to Mary and Lucy. Got wire from Hoste from Bulawayo telling me to get trading stuff from Herschberg, I've got it without the latter's help. But what is the good of it, the Co tells the Natives not to trade. I traded for 3 goats, 1 fowl, and any amount of sweet potatoes and a little poop in spite of them. Now we hear the Matabele are killing whites 3 miles from Salisbury. A jolly look out. Only three of us here and all sleep in different places – well all I hope is that I get one or two before they get me.

All Thursday, Friday and Saturday spent on the kopje at the Alice mine, nothing to eat or drink and very little ammunition.

Jim left Mazoe on Saturday 20 June 1896. Shot in the head on the road up to Salisbury and was in hospital for three months.

PART 2

LIFE AND DEATH IN THE MAZOE – 18TH JUNE 1896

Jim, trading peacefully at this time in an area neighbouring the Alice Mine, heard on the 'bush telegraph' early in June when a man came to his post to buy goods for a prospecting trip, that a white had been killed by natives close to Mashongombi's kraal in the Hartley district. Towards evening the ghastly news came to Jim of the terrible massacre of his friends the Norton family. The entire members of the household, parents, children, servants, their pets and animals had been brutally assegaied, their heads chopped off and mounted on poles outside the Norton homestead. This proved to be the first real evidence Jim had of the Matabele Rising.

Judge Vincent of the Administration immediately ordered a relief party to be formed. The moon had just gone down on 16th June when a wagonette cum ambulance drawn by six mules started out from Harare in pitch darkness along the Mazoe road. Its purpose to fetch the women from the Alice Mine. It arrived at sunrise, by this time Salthouse, the manager of the mine had collected all his neighbours around him including Jim. The mules were fed and watered and it was agreed that all would leave for Harare at noon. With several men walking and the women in the wagonette, Salthouse on his black pony, the only horse they had, leading the way. This pitiful little group, unarmed to any extent had only gone about five miles when approaching a deep donga over-hung by large trees, a terrible fusilade was poured into the men walking in front and Dickenson, Cass and Faull were shot dead. The natives had 'acquired' a few Martini-Henry rifles, but most of their weapons were antique, which probably saved the little group from complete annihilation. The wagonette was quickly turned round, but in doing so it upset and the women were pitched out. It was quickly on the move again back to the mine whilst being shot at all the time from the long grass at the side of the road.

On reaching the Alice, all scrambled up to a small kopje and Jim helped to roll rocks together to form some protection. It was evident that, unless word could be got to Harare as to their plight and asking for help, the little band of settlers didn't stand a chance of survival.

Blakiston of the Harare telegraph staff and Routledge volunteered to try to get down to the Mazoe telegraph office and send word. Had it not been for the women in the party they would not have been allowed to go to their certain deaths. The black pony was given to Blakiston to ride with Routledge running at the stirrup. Watching with field glasses from the kopje boulders, Blakiston was seen to drop on the road shot dead never to move again, Routledge now mounted the horse and galloped away towards a belt of timber, neither he or his horse ever to be seen again. Jim in the meantime was moving more rocks to help make the defences a little higher, whilst Salthouse went down the mine to bring up some dynamite fuse and caps. That night the natives crept up nearer and nearer, it was only small dynamite charges with short fuses, thrown out fast and furiously which prevented the natives rushing their defences.

During the night a Basuto native took up position on the kopje higher up and kept firing and shouting out in English what he intended to do to the women when all the men were killed.

When dawn broke, it was a tired, bedraggled and thirsty lot who gazed down on their six mules lying dead below, having been killed in the night. Sometime after mid-day firing was heard on the Harare road and to their intense relief mounted men were seen coming towards the Mine at a gallop. These were about ten men with Dan Judson in charge. The cluster were still not strong enough to fight their way out so it was necessary for somebody to get further help. Hendricks, one of the coloured drivers of the wagon was offered £100 if he would get through the Matabele lines in the night with a despatch for Salisbury. This he agreed to do, leaving in darkness he got to town safely meeting Inspector Nesbitt's party on their way out. Meanwhile Jim helped fix some iron plates, taken from the mine battery and put round the wagon as some protection for the women and wounded. Nesbitt's party of fifteen armed and mounted police arrived next morning. Arrangements were made to leave for Salisbury after they had rested their horses. As the mules had been shot they had to inspan six horses and the riders had to foot-slog. The entire party left the Alice Mine at noon with some mounted men in front, then some men on foot among whom was Jim, then the wagonette, more men on foot and three or four mounted men in the rear.

The struggling convoy of men on foot and horseback and those in the little wagonette, immediately on leaving the protection such as it was of their barricade were fired upon from all sides. It had not gone far when Greer dropped from his horse in the road shot dead in the saddle. Judson galloped back a hundred yards behind the column where Greer had fallen, made sure he was dead and quickly snatched up his rifle, removed his bandolier and came galloping back again.

The natives were firing ever rapidly from their cover in the long grass beside the road. Again the entire convoy was saved from utter destruction as the natives mostly had old rifles, one or two had Martinis.

The heat of the midday sun, the dust, those carrying rifles which were nearly red hot with rapid fire created an almost unbearable thirst. The natives did not give the column a moments peace, to make matters worse they shot two of the horses drawing the wagonette. At this moment when Jim was cutting a dead horse from the traces, he was shot at almost point blank range though the head so close that the bullet had not expanded sufficiently to finish him. The shot took off the lobe of his left ear, passed through the roof of his mouth and emerged below the right eye. It was evident that the leaden bullet was fired from one of the Matabele's Martin-Henry rifles. Van Staaden, Jacobs and Hendricks were shot dead beside Jim whilst they too were cutting the other dead horse out of its harness.

Mrs Salthouse, the mine manager's wife witnessed this dreadful scene, left the shelter of the armoured part of the wagonette and managed to pull Jim in. For want of bandages, she tore up a petticoat and bound him up sufficiently to stop the bleeding, thereby saving his life.

When the column reached the Tatabura River, the natives were so close and determined that no one was able to get a drink. One man on foot trailed his hat in the water as he ran through, sucking the brim for miles. The natives withdrew when the remains of the column reached Gwebi.

It was a tired, sore, thirsty, bloodstained lot that ultimately reached Salisbury about 10 pm, having covered thirty miles without food, water or respite in the heat of the day

and under constant fire. Averaging about 3 miles an hour. Over fifty per cent of this gallant band were either killed or wounded and only nine horses returned to Salisbury out of twenty six.

The dreadful news reaches England

When the bare announcement of the Mashona Rising was made in London, the first scanty details of the slaughter of the white settlers in the Mazoe district and their heroism, the press clamped on the one man who had sustained an horrific head wound and lived. Officials hearing of Jim's survival considered recovery from such a wound as reported was beyond the bounds of possibility and belonged more to the region of fiction than fact. Indeed, the whole incident was unbelievable. 'Shot through the head and lived' – the news was received by the British public with incredulity and by the Medical world with scepticism, despite its many great achievements.

Wednesday 5 August 1896. Not feeling at all well – The Skipper came to see me, talk of putting us all on half rations – Scoff must be getting scarce. Bought a leber sausage, feel better but my mouth is in an awful state. Only a small quantity of flour left in town. Nine white men went to the Mazoe – talking of sending me home – wish they would. Got up and went out for about 10 minutes.

Tuesday 11 August 1896. Wagons left for Umtali, several people left with them, wish I'd been one of them.

Friday 4 Sept. 1896. The Skipper came to see me. He saw the Judge about the Govt paying my expenses home. Am still in hospital. Rained most of the night, thunder and lightning. Got up and went outside.

Thursday 10 Sept. 1896. Some wagons left for Umtali this afternoon, I am ashamed to say I have sent not a letter by them. Another wounded man brought in.

Saturday 12 Sept. 1896. The Skipper, Spreckley and Capt. Daly came to see me. Took a bit of bone out of my cheek, didn't go outside much. Another wounded man brought in. It seems to me as if the Natives were getting the better of us. Fancy eggs 2/- each and 15/- for a bottle of Lime Juice. Walked to the Mines office and got three letters from home. Awfully weak, fell on my knees. Received £150 from Holton Co. Believe that we leave on Saturday for Umtali and home – an old fellow died this morning.

Friday 18 Sept. 1896. Got a draft for £250 on a London Bank. They charged me 1.5% (£3.15.0) Max Anglebeck's a/c was 5/-, bought a sponge 4/- got letters from Em and Marston. Walked over to the Kopje. Don't feel quite as well today, must have caught cold yesterday.

Sunday 20 Sept. 1896. Three months to day since I was shot and came to the hospital. How I long for a convoy to leave – to be able to get away – Got letter from Lucy dated May 30th and papers dated 17th July by registered post. Now I hear that the convoy leaves next Tuesday.

Monday 21 Sept. 1896. Leave tomorrow at 2 pm Thank God – if true – got knocked up walking over to the Kopje. What awful prices – B.I.A. £2.18.0 for three blankets, some ex of beef – 1/2 doz peas, baker 6/- for 1/2 doz half loaves, 4/6

for a frying pan. £1.0.6 for a bar of soap, pair of drawers 10/–, two tins of jam 6/–, looking glass 3/–.

Tuesday 22 Sept. 1896. Left Salisbury with convoy, 7 wagons, escort 25 men. Got to Headlands over half way on 28th Sept, I wish we were in Umtali, so far have seen no savages.

Thursday 1 Oct. 1896. Got within 12 miles of Umtali, most of the men walked in, tired of the wagons, wish that I was able. From Headlands we had no escort, thinking it safe, but I fancy one of these days they will be caught.

Friday 2 Oct. 1896. Got to and left Umtali, got to Massi Kassi, on Sunday morning, outspanned for breakfast. My face looks really bad, shall be glad when I get to Beira. The drivers have all been drunk since we left Untali, the conductors not much better. Wagons in awful condition – 2 of our wheels came off – roads awful, mules worse. Chimoio – I was played out, somebody helped up and got an extra truck and filled it with straw for me. Was awfully bad when I got to Beira – had to depend on help crossing the Pungwe – my head was rotten.

Wednesday 21 Oct. 1896. Bought my ticket 2nd class for Southampton £30.9.0. Did not feel up to much.

EDITOR'S NOTE

The point at which Jim sets sail from Beira seems an appropriate place at which to break for a while from the foregoing diary format. After this time his diary entries become more infrequent, which is hardly surprising given the pain that he must have been suffering. Also, they tend to be about the rather ordinary things that he was doing on board ship on his way home, and, after that, about ways in which he was trying to occupy himself in between endless visits to doctors and dentists in the very protracted healing process to his face. For reasons for both of space and general interest, therefore, we have chosen to summarise this rather painful period:

After a journey home lasting almost a month Jim Archer-Burton went straight into a private clinic run by a Dr. Bloxsam who appears to have been a surgeon. He worked in tandem with a Dr. Pallant, a dentist, and between them they painstakingly rebuilt Jim's face, including repairing an enormous hole in the roof of his palate. This treatment went on for almost a year with parts of the process having to be repeated several times. The agony's of it all comes through clearly in written asides like, "Mouth on fire much of the time." In another, in April 1897, he laments, "What can be done with my mouth. The best thing to do is to go off and work and try and forget about it." Even in the July, over a year after being wounded, he writes, "How much longer is this going on, mouth still a-flame."

In the September of 1897 he is sent a cheque for 250 pounds 18 shillings by the B.S.A. Company to meet his expenses, which is just as well, because in the October he has to settle up with his doctors. Clearly he had developed a real aversion to Dr Bloxsam, obviously feeling that he had been exploited by him. He writes, "Sent a cheque to that old sod Bloxsam FRCS – fiddlesticks – 120 pounds. Sent a cheque to Pallant for 27 pounds and wrote thanking him for what he had done for me – he is a man – the other a damned swine."

With his gradual recovery, perhaps aided by a lot of physical work outdoors, making hay in the summer of 1897 and performing other various farming chores, his thoughts turned once again to far-off places. His old friend Marston wanted Jim to accompany him to the Klondike and clearly he was tempted for he agonised about it in his diary for several months. At one point he writes, "What am I to do about Klondike, if not Klondike, Mashonaland again."

Picking up the story again the younger Archer-Burton writes of his father's return to Mashonaland as follows:

RETURN TO MASHONALAND

During the winter of 1898, Jim accompanied by Cyril Hoste, his younger brother Vivian Archer Burton and Viv's young friend Frank Varian all tried to keep fit by running with a private pack of Basset hounds belonging to Jack Moss, Jim's brother-in-law of Wintershill Hall, Bishops Waltham. It was during these pleasant outings that the four of them decided to return together to Mashonaland in the near future. Jim was anxious to return to Africa to try his luck with another trading store, this time on the Hunyani River Drift near the Poort, then known as 'Nortons's Poort' twenty miles from Salisbury. It was here that the whole Norton family were murdered during the rising.

Cyril and Vivian intended to go north of the Zambezi to Angoniland to trade cattle in the rich pastoral lands Cyril had discovered during his travels as leader of the Weston-Jarvis Expedition during its latter years. The youthful Frank Varian had hopes of an engineering career and had only just turned twenty-one, but was persuaded by Cyril to come out and take what came. It was tempting for anyone of his age, as there was not much doing as yet in Mashonaland, a country which had not got used to its new name Rhodesia. By this time and in contrast, Jim was a mature forty-eight and Cyril older, so Frank and Vivian had age and experience to count on if need be. On 22nd April 1898 the four met at the Grosvenor Hotel, Victoria Station, where they spent their last night before journeying across Europe by train, to join at Naples the SS Koeing, a vessel of 5000 tons.

For the two youngsters, Vivian and Frank, the early 1898's offered 'career' prospects full of promise. The far-ranging spirit of Cecil Rhodes dominated the scene – there was work to be done.

Cyril and Jim had seen it all before, the latter was still nursing his horrific wound, yet he had the steel to try and pick up the threads of his old life which had been so painfully shattered on that fateful day in June 1896 – the omens were for him not so good as for the others.

They arrived at Beira, in Portuguese East Africa on 24th May, the old Queen's birthday pops up again. Everybody in Beira was celebrating in the way appropriate to British Colonial locals at that time, the atmosphere was as convivial as could be helped along by the demon alcohol.

Beira at that time consisted of a long, straggling street lined by wood and iron, buildings, with a concrete pavement on each side. There was no transport, one had to walk everywhere. From the health point of view, Beira was a place to be avoided. The mangrove swamps of the Cheveve Creek, not yet reclaimed, reached to the back of the

houses in the main street. Mosquitoes were a constant plague by day and by night. Jim meets up with Dr H Haynes Lovell in Beira, the doctor checks him over and pronounces him well enough to make the long journey ahead. After several days in Beira, the four obtained a covered truck on the 2' gauge line and stowed all their baggage and themselves inside and then, attached to a goods train, proceeded at a leisurely pace to cover the 220 miles to the frontier. The journey took two days. The line was being extended as a 2'.6" gauge to Salisbury, 175 miles north-west of Umtali, but not yet completed. Transport beyond Umtali was still dependent on ox-wagon and coach.

From Umtali, the old routine began once again for Jim and Cyril. Each complete wagon had a span of eighteen oxen, a driver and a leader. They would inspan at sundown, trek till nine and then tie up. The rate of progress of their well-loaded wagon seldom exceeded two miles an hour. So twelve to fourteen miles in the night was accepted as good going. They slept in their blankets on the ground, near or under the wagon. Young Frank Varian was greatly taken by the grand free camp fire life.

Their convoy consisted of five wagons and loads varied from 6000 to 10000 lbs according to the type of cargo, the weight of the oxen in the span was about twice that of the load. They pull out from Umtali to the outspan, several miles away at the foot of Christmas Pass. It was the best time of year to be on trek to Salisbury, glorious sunsets as recalled by Jim on his first journey in these parts. The sunset over the mountains of Manicaland, the fabled country of King Solomon's Mines. When Rider Haggard was making notes for this story among others, he was suspected of spying by the giant King Lobengula who could neither read or write.

As the more lightly loaded wagons moved forward to tackle the Christmas Pass a great shout went up from the leader and drivers as this and the Odzi River Drift were feared by those having to cross the two greatest obstacles to be encountered on the trek.

The mines were re-opening, numbers of natives from the Portuguese territories to the east, were seen travelling the road to Salisbury looking for employment, some were willing to be taken on as carriers, Cyril, Jim and Vivian decided to engage enough to take them on to Salisbury. All along the road evidence was met of the native rising, gutted ruins of burnt homesteads and the roadside graves of families who had been foully murdered.

On arrival in Salisbury Jim rented a hut near the present Club, on arrival the wagons were off-loaded and unpacked. No time was wasted in Salisbury, he was out and about again in the bush, reconnoitring. On 10 August 1898 he writes to His Honour the Acting Administrator in Salisbury making formal application for a stand for a wayside store and Inn on the outspan of Hunyani Drift, the middle road about 18 miles from Salisbury. He also requests that a wire be stretched across the same drift for use during the rainy season which would be of great convenience to the public connected with Hartley Hill district.

The Surveyor-General's office in Salisbury promptly acknowledged on 16th August saying the application would be recommended for the favourable consideration of His Honour on the following terms:

One morgen (about two acres) of land to be leased for a term of five years at a rental of £1 per month. Jim replies to this on August 22nd stating that the rent, survey

fee's etc and other By-laws are rather more than the place is worth, pointing out that the road is not much frequented as neither being in one place or the other and being 18 to 20 miles from Salisbury and 40 to 50 from Hartley, 'I would have to depend entirely on the few people on the road and if the mines at the latter place should turn out unsatisfactorily it would be perfectly useless. The coming wet season will also shut off the traffic unless a wire and boat or box is fixed across the drift. Hoping that the terms can be made more easy'.

A reply came from Salisbury dated 23 August that the matter had been reconsidered and recommended Jim being granted a lease for one year at a rental of £1 with first option of renewal on such terms and for such period as shall be mutually agreed upon. The question of survey of the plot to remain in abeyance for the first year.

The crunch came two years to a day after the establishment of Jim's store cum trading post cum inn on the Hunyani Drift through which the Railway is being constructed towards Hartley. So, for the first time on August 14th 1900, Jim evoked the name of Cecil John Rhodes in a letter of that date written from The Hunyani Store, Hartley Road, which proved to be the beginning of a correspondence which was carried on between the Chief Secretary, the Surveyor General and others in high authority in Salisbury, The Director of Land Settlement of the British South Africa Company (Commercial Branch) in Bulawayo and finally the London Office of the Company at 2 London Wall Buildings, EC. month after month, year after year until September 1911. It would be hard to imagine a more lengthy and cruel correspondence which ended so sadly for a man who never breathed a word about his loss.

Saturday 30 Sept. 1899. Whilst the authorities in Salisbury were mulling over the action to be taken in connection with James Henry Archer Burton's application. Jim visits Beira for a breath of fresh air – page 292 of his Journal records: – "Got up at 5.30, a glorious morning – the sea and sky perfect – got very warm. The glare of the sun rather trying. Went for usual walk to the Ponta Jea – all sorts of rumours about the Boers massing on the Natal border and about martial law being proclaimed in the Transvaal – 'The General's German boat came in.'"

Salisbury's delaying tactics were beginning to pall – 'procrastination is the thief of time' – the way ahead for Jim in Rhodesia wasn't clear. Great events of history were about to unfold in the shape of the South African war, Ladysmith, Mafeking and Kimberley were about to be besieged by the Boers. Gold was discovered in Klondyke – Arthur Marston had been right – Jim had missed the boat again in deciding on Africa instead of the Yukon.

Events were going from bad to worse, the Boers defeated Buller in the Battles of Tugela and Gatacre but were defeated themselves by Lord Methuen in the Battle of Modder River, and in 1900 Buller defeats them in the Battle of Spion Kop. Queen Victoria dies in 1901 – it is the end of an era – Jim hangs on in Rhodesia throughout these stirring times and was there when Ladysmith, Mafeking and Kimberley were relieved and the surrender of the Boers under Cronje to Lord Roberts in the Battle of Paardenberg. Archer Burton took no part in the Boer War. He had shared rations 'eaten salt' with Boer hunters such as Jacobs. There is no doubt that he and Frederick Selous were kindred spirits.

On August 28th 1901, still nursing his head wound, Jim says farewell to Mashonaland. He treks to Beira, books up a passage back to his native land, ever mindful of the wonderful future there might be in embracing those broad acres Rhodes had given him, a concession probably in the richest little piece of country in all Africa.

Correspondence is kept up with the Salisbury authority for the next decade, indeed once back in England, the support of the Marquis of Winchester was enlisted.

On 8th January 1903 he is married to the beautiful high-spirited daughter of a Hampshire master mariner, 29 odd years his junior. He sets up home in a stone villa in Sussex by the sea and fathers two children both born in his house called 'Montana' in Pevensey Bay. His daughter Moira and his son Jimmy born in 1910 and 1912 appeared at first to have a settling effect upon him, but clouds of war were gathering over Europe and a restlessness seized him again. His Rhodesian inheritance lost, not for want of trying to save it – he books a passage in the ill-fated Titanic but mercifully cancels the journey as his wife became pregnant – it was a lucky escape for the Archer-Burton's in 1912. The family soldiers on at Pevensey Bay. Along about 1913 and 1914 another conflict began to arise in Europe, it was called the 'Great War for Civilisation.' World War 1. Jim thought at the time the Isle of Wight would be a safe haven, now that he was a real family man. The Martello Towers along the beach of Pevensey Bay were a constant reminder of wars of another age. The family up-stumps and move to the Island, but despite Jim's Matabele war wound he sought to participate by enlisting as a private soldier in his county regiment The Hampshire's.

He was rumbled before being sent to France on a draft and throughout the entire world war years he acted as an aid to the chaplain general to the forces at Parkhurst barracks in Newport whilst working his small holding near Niton to support his wife and family.

As soon as Armistice was signed in November 1918 and after seventeen eventful years in England, his thoughts turned again to the 'land of the free' across the water. He sold up his home on the Isle of Wight and headed back to Minnesota in 1919 accompanied by his wife and young son – to answer the call of the Middle West for the last time.

'May God remember him for good.'

EDITOR'S FINAL NOTE

James Henry Archer-Burton died in Martin Country, Minnesota, in January 1922. Within two years of his burial under a great oak tree at Lakeside Cemetery, Fairmont, his wife returned to England with her young son, James Robert. Educated in England, the latter was to join the London Metropolitan Police in 1933. In all he spent 32 years in the service of the Crown, both in the Civil and Military Police, earning an OBE (Mil) in the process and attaining Chief Officer of Police rank.

A widower, after 47 years of marriage, Jim Archer-Burton Junior lives in retirement in Hungerford, Berkshire.



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APEX CORPORATION OF ZIMBABWE

Symbols, History and Archaeology of Resistance – The Kaguvi Hill: a Century After the First Chimurenga

by Linet Mutema

People have always set values upon their surroundings. Some things are highly valued, while some hold little or no value at all. As time elapses, due to unlimited desires and limited resources, people's priorities are jumbled to accommodate a changing environment. This is the case with the Kaguvi Hill which is a monument that has always been highly valued by the people of Mhondoro and the whole of Zimbabwe. Currently in Mhondoro, where the Hill is situated, it has ceased to hold its original spiritual value. The people of Mhondoro have decided that they need a dam at this location more than they need a site of historical and cultural significance. Due to the past decade of drought, they feel this dam will benefit them economically.

Using the situation at Kaguvi Hill as a case study, this paper seeks to show how economic developments can have a negative impact on the preservation of the cultural heritage of a local community and the country as a whole.

Therefore, allow me to first trace the history of Kaguvi's stronghold and describe how the Hill became an important monument to the history of struggle in Zimbabwe.

The Kaguvi Hill is situated on the banks of the Mupfure River. The Hill itself is approximately 200m × 100m. On the East-Western bearing, is a walled kraal and the cave that was used by Kaguvi's spirit mediums. It is here that the 15th century mediums of the Kaguvi spirit settled (Beach, 1972: 30).

Having described the Hill and the cave, let me now talk of Kaguvi. Wood (1983: 41) points out that the historical Kaguvi lived and was active between 1660 and 1680. After his death, his *mudzimu* or 'spirit' possessed mediums who then went to live in the cave of Kaguvi Hill.

Before the occupation of Zimbabwe, the Kaguvi spirit possessed a man named Gumboreshumba. When the British South Africa Company came, it was this possessed man who was 'Kaguvi'.

In 1896, the Shona and Ndebele rose against the British South Africa Company in the first Chimurenga. Kaguvi played a very important role in this uprising. Bullock (1972) notes that, 'It was no leading Mashona chief who fermented the rebellion in Mashonaland but Kaguvi.'

It was this Kaguvi medium who sent messengers to all chiefs telling them that the time was ripe for a rebellion. On the 16th of June 1896, the rebellion broke out at Kaguvi Hill, the centre of the struggle in Mashonaland. This place served a very important function, for it was Kaguvi's stronghold where the Chivero/Mashayamombe people would hide and plan war strategies against their adversaries.

For a year, the British South Africa Company failed to defeat the Mashayamombe people who took refuge in tunnels deep in the Hill.

After realizing how important the Hill, Kaguvi and Mashayamombe were to the Shona people in the rebellion, the British South Africa Company embarked on a mission to destroy the Hill and its inhabitants. Hence the construction of Fort Martin and Fort Mhondoro where they launched their attacks.

In 1887, after continued assaults on the Hill, Kaguvi's stronghold was finally defeated. The tunnels were dynamited and Kaguvi, after escaping from the area, finally gave himself up in October that same year (Wood, 1983: 42). He was hanged in 1896. And so began the spiritual significance of Kaguvi's Hill.

During the second Chimurenga, some guerrillas fought from the Hill. They believed that they were being guided by the spirit of Kaguvi. Some were killed in that same war and their graves lie at the foot of the Hill as a regional 'Heroes' Acre'.

Today, the cave still stands as a monument to Kaguvi and those fighters left to die in the dynamite explosions of both the first and second Chimurengas. These skeletons can still be seen lying in the crevices as a reminder of the struggles that took place there as the locations to the entrances of the tunnels have long since been forgotten.

For many years after the first Chimurenga, the locals continued to remember and respect this place. Following independence, some of Zimbabwe's Freedom Fighters were buried at the foot of the Hill in honour of their sacrifice. In Zimbabwe, the 11th of August has been declared Heroes' Day. For this occasion, the people of Chivero Mashayamombe go to the Kaguvi Hill to commemorate this important day.

Due to the historical events that occurred at Kaguvi's Hill during the first Chimurenga, the area has gained its present status as one of the nation's historical and religious monuments. In 1972, it was declared a National Monument in terms of Section 9 of the Monuments and Relics Act (Chapter 70). This was on the recommendation of the Commission for the Preservation of Natural and Historical Monuments and Relics. The Act was later changed to the National Museums and Monuments Act of Zimbabwe (Chapter 313) which continues to protect sites like the Kaguvi Stronghold.

Having discussed the history of the Monument, let me now examine the issue of development and how it is going to affect the Kaguvi Monument.

Following the drought that has been hard hitting Zimbabwe, the commercial farmers settled in the surrounding Mhondoro area formed a coalition to finance the construction of a dam on the Mupfure River. The Mupfure River Dam was a good idea from a development point of view, since the local people would benefit from the stored dam water. However, the construction of the dam will have a negative impact in the area because its construction means the loss of a National Heritage site. The dam is scheduled to be built directly over Kaguvi's Hill. The monument will be flooded and will only linger in the memory of the people's minds. I feel this must not be allowed to occur.

The local people, despite having always honoured the Hill, have, at the moment, decided that they are better off with a dam rather than a National Monument that bears great historical and religious significance. In an age where Capitalism and material wealth seem to have taken over Zimbabwe, where does spiritual wealth work into the equation?

Marc points out that there are two factors that must be considered if one wants to understand the change in attitude of local populations regarding their cultural heritage. He argues that a market economy can affect people's perception of culture through a reorganization of values.

This changing attitude towards traditional culture can divert people to new values inspired by modernization and westernization ... Many, in turn, will lose regard for their cultural heritage which they associate with backwardness and underdevelopment (Marc, 1992: 260).

This statement is supported by the fact that the people of Mhondoro have separated spiritual well-being from physical well-being. The attitude is that prosperity means *economic prosperity* and therefore takes precedence over the now separate spiritual prosperity. Prior to the introduction of a market economy, people held a holistic view regarding values where the spiritual and the physical were in a causal relationship.

The second factor, as pointed out by Marc, is how, through this change in values there is a loss of cultural diversity. He writes,

... much cultural heritage is no longer in the area of influence of the groups who influenced it. (Marc, 1992: 261)

In Mhondoro, an influential spirit medium from Manyika has settled in the area. Both he and another Mhondoro local spirit medium were consulted regarding the issue of the dam. The spirit medium from Manyika said it was all right to construct the dam as long as the skeletons were covered with dagga prior to the flooding. The Mhondoro spirit medium told the people that burying the Hill will bring about disastrous results. Few people are paying heed to what the local spirit medium is saying.

The local influential figures are in favour of 'development' which, for them, is the building of the dam, 'which will help us whereas the Hill can not give us water for our crops and animals.

Kaguvi was one of the leading figures in the first Chimurenga and, as a spirit, also influenced the events of the second Chimurenga which led to the liberation of Zimbabwe. This history should not be buried under a reservoir. In order for people to make educated decisions about their future, they must first have the knowledge of their own unique past.

What I recommend is that another study be carried out to find if the dam can be located elsewhere. I refuse to believe that the only suitable place for the dam is on top of Kaguvi Hill. The people of Mhondoro should be made aware that their important cultural heritage is not to be bargained with. The Monument symbolizes the Chimurenga I War, later the Chimurenga II, and finally independence. If the local people saw the site as having value because it holds a unique spiritual meaning rather than because of its potential economic value, then they would surely guard it against anything.

I feel that we, as Cultural Heritage Managers, should work towards ensuring that this cultural heritage is not tampered with. We should not wait until it is covered by water. Of course I do sympathize with the people of Mhondoro, everyone needs water. I also feel that everyone must have it. However, the task of sourcing water for the community should not be at the expense of an important monument that stands for the history of the country. Economic prosperity means little if the people influenced by it lose integrity in the bargain.

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Medical Survey Patrol: 1935

by E. R. Thomson

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This is a continuation of the medical survey for the suppression of infectious, contagious and obnoxious diseases carried out by Dr D. M. Blair and the author and others in 1934 and 1935. The first part was published in Heritage of Zimbabwe No. 14, 1995.

A squall on the river is a not infrequent occurrence and is something to be avoided. It often happens that when natives are crossing the river in one of their dug-outs, a squall arises. This is considered to be a very bad omen not unfraught with danger. Should a squall overtake a boat-load of natives, they will immediately cease to paddle and the elder of them will call upon the other passengers to confess their sins, refusing to resume the journey until a satisfactory account has been rendered by each person. It is quite usual for cases of adultery to be brought to light on such occasions, and many are the free fights which take place on landing once more – the confessor and the aggrieved party naturally come to blows after such a dénouement. Seldom, if ever, will a native venture on the river in rough weather; a strong wind is often sufficient to keep him on land. This can be easily understood when one takes into consideration the number of crocodiles which infest these waters, waiting to capture the unwary or unfortunate boatman. Though quite skilful in his own way at handling these cumbersome craft, the Zambesi native is essentially a fair-weather mariner.

The dug-outs themselves belong to the tribe, and it is seldom found that such a craft belongs to an individual. Made, as they are, from a huge tree trunk, great labour is necessary before a dug-out takes the water. Often the big trees from which the boats



Dug-out canoe, Zambezi River 1935

are made grow only inland, and a long, tiresome drag must take place before the trunk commences to take shape at the water's edge. However the timber usually arrives roughly hewn to shape, and the operation of hollowing out the centre then commences. This is done by means of a native axe or an adze, and entails much hard work by the members of the kraal before the boat is fit to take the water. Once having been floated, very little adjustment is necessary before perfect balance is obtained. It is usual to seal up any blemish in the grain with a mixture of gum and resin, these materials being found locally.

The day following our risky crossing of the river, Dr Blair paid a visit to the Mission hospital on the opposite bank, and whilst there was fortunate enough to meet old Mariyandu. This interesting native is over ninety years of age, and must form one of the last living links with Dr Livingstone. Unfortunately he is almost blind, and one usually finds him surrounded by a number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren. A herd boy at the time of Livingstone's first visit, he already had a wife, so there is perhaps little wonder at the size of his present family.

Tuesday, the 13th of August, found us once more on the move, our destination this time being Sinekoma's Kraal, near the end of the Gokwe-Zambesi road. Sweetman left in the boat with the major portion of our kit, while Dr Blair and myself, after saying good-bye to Binga's Kraal, took the "road" on our twenty-one mile journey in our V-8 truck.



Photo taken at the Kanchindu Mission, situated on the banks of the Zambezi, N. Rhodesia, opposite Binger's, 1935

L-R: Eric Thomson, Dr. Dyson Blair, Rev. Mr and Mrs Mathews, Dr Macdonald, Harry Sweetman.



Looking for trypanosomiasis at Sinekoma's kraal

Passing out of Binga's country we came upon Falonga's Kraal, and a little further on were interested to see the Falonga hot springs. Situated at the foot of a low range of hills in an open vlei, these springs bubble out of the ground in the form of a geyser about twelve inches in height. Later in the year, we were informed, this geyser reaches



Zambezi River and the road to Binga 1934-1935

a far greater height, owing no doubt to the increased pressure of water during the rains. The water, coming straight from the spring, would be far too hot to shave with, and the natives informed us that it was their practice to cook mealies here. The mealie is attached to a stick and suspended in the water, and in a very short time it can be withdrawn, perfectly cooked. Proof of this practice was found in the numbers of mealie cobs found near the spot.

Upon our arrival at Sinekoma's Kraal, we found Mr Marr, Native Commissioner, still encamped and very busy collecting native tax. He told us that the day previous he had received news that a P.W.D. man had arrived at Gokwe for the purpose of choosing the site of the Native Commissioner's new house, and wishing to have something to say in the choice of position for this building, he was anxious to get to Gokwe as soon as possible. It was therefore arranged that I should drive him there and thus pick up some stores, of which we were in great need. It was proposed that the journey be attempted in one day, as against our previous time of two days, and I was rather dubious as to the success of the project. That night Mr Marr, who is a very efficient and enthusiastic wireless operator, got in touch with Gokwe on his portable set and informed his wife of our impending arrival. It will probably be remembered that it was Mr Marr who first set out radio news of the finding of Lady Young when she crashed in the Sebungwe district in 1935.

The following morning, as soon as it became light enough to travel, we set out on our long and bumpy journey. Speed combined with safety was our slogan, and long shall I remember that drive. We reached Gokwe at 5.30 p.m., having covered the rocky slopes and bumpy stretches in good time. We did not break the record – that, I believe, is still held by Major Bridger – and though I have no idea what the record for the Gokwe–Zambesi stretch actually is, I am quite satisfied to have performed our little journey without mishap. The fear of a broken spring was in both our minds until we finally reached the restful shelter that Gokwe affords after long days in the blue, not to mention the severe testing of brakes on the perilous escarpments. Needless to say, Mrs Marr, keyed up to expectation by the wireless message, gave us a very warm welcome. We had been fortunate indeed in crossing the various so-called bridges en route. These are composed of a number of logs laid side to side and laced together by split saplings, the whole being covered with grass in order to reduce jolting to a minimum. It frequently happens that a veld fire will include one of these dry-weather bridges in its sweep, and woe betide the man who ventures on the logs after such an occurrence. The logs themselves often retain their shape after being reduced to charcoal, and they present a nice problem for the unwary motorist. At the best, he can be thankful if he escapes by merely sinking into the sand beneath up to the axles.

As it turned out, Mr Marr found himself delayed at Gokwe rather longer than he had expected, and as it was imperative that I should return to Sinekoma's as soon as possible, I left Gokwe on Friday at about 1 p.m. On the return journey I was accompanied by Mr Burne, who is the clerk to the N.C., and we had the good fortune to see a rhino half way between Siabuwa's and Sinekoma's. He was standing amongst the trees at the side of the road, and I promptly stopped the car. Alighting, we approached the great beast on foot, and I took my camera in the hope of getting a snap; the sun having been set for about half an hour precluded any possibility of a picture, however.



Rhino, September 1934

Being rather interested to see how near we would be permitted to approach the beast, we continued to advance, the rhino the while swaying his head about and brandishing his horn in a threatening manner. We had approached to within a mere thirty yards, when the beast became restive, snorted and shook his great mountain of flesh in a very awe-inspiring way. His tough hide moved over his carcass like a series of steel plates, reminding one of a great battle cruiser in appearance; the stream-lined effect of the beast strengthened this impression.

The best way to defend is to attack, so we are told, and raising my .318 I placed a solid bullet behind his shoulder. The probable charge turned into a positive rout and Mr Rhino crashed off into the gloom in an inglorious retreat.

By this time it was far too dark to follow the spoor, and in any case it is a dangerous undertaking to follow a wounded rhino, so deeming discretion the better part of valour, we returned to our car. Boys were nowhere to be seen, until after our calling there was a rustle high about our heads, and the natives made their sheepish appearance from the refuge of a leafy tree. The carcass of the rhino being recovered by the natives next morning, not an atom of flesh was wasted. They even camped by the remains in order to cheat the voracious hyena out of his fair share of the feast.

The following morning we were destined for another mild adventure. Proceeding merrily along the road we espied a couple of rhino in the bush not far from the road. They were standing in a small clearing and, the car stopped, we proceeded to stalk the two beasts with our cameras. We were, of course, armed with our rifles, but having now sufficient meat for our requirements had no intention of shooting. The rhino probably did not understand this arrangement, for they regarded us with the utmost caution as we went carefully forward in an endeavour to get a picture. Close inspection revealed a mother and calf both scenting the air and tossing their heads about in a very aggressive manner. The country, being very stony, we were unable to move with the

silence we desired, and the noise we made so alarmed our quarry that they fled just as success was within our grasp. With the faint hope of turning them, I fired a shot over their heads, but was very disappointed to see them disappear in a cloud of dust, to the accompaniment of much crashing and snorting. Had the mother decided to charge us, it would have been a very different ending.

Only once have I been charged by a rhino, and that was last year. It was a truly thrilling experience and one I shall not easily forget. At that time I was in the Zambesi valley on a similar expedition to our present one. On this occasion I was accompanied by Cyril Giles, who had come down from Gokwe to serve subpoenas on a number of witnesses. He had covered the 170 miles of bush road on the humble push-bike, and his was a very fine effort indeed. As usual, very little time had been left for the serving of these documents on the various High Court witnesses. The great distances seldom seem to receive any consideration when process is being arranged, and he had been forced to travel living only on his gun and the hospitality of the natives, hoping that he would run into our party somewhere near the river. By good fortune he did find us, and so it came about that, being in need of meat for our carriers, we set out on a hunt when his work had been accomplished. Meat was also needed to tempt the local natives to come to our camp so that Dr Blair could give them the once-over for any signs of disease.

My companion was armed with a 9.5 Express and I with my .303 Service rifle. Hoping to get an impala or an eland we separated, each accompanied by a boy, having arranged to meet farther up the road. This hunt took place in the morning, and when we met again at 9.30 a.m. neither of us had had any luck. Turning now for home we travelled along together in single file, the intense heat precluding any further hunting that morning.

We were passing through some very dense bush, when suddenly a great grey shape broke cover, away to our left, and I fired at it as it disappeared amongst the trees. The beast, whatever it was, was going off in a line parallel to our route, and in order to get another glimpse of it we ran along to try and get a clearer view. Imagine our surprise when we saw a huge rhino bull coming straight towards us. There was a scuffle as the natives fairly flew into the trees, and Giles and I were left to face the music. The rhino was now a bare fifty yards from us and coming very fast. There was little time for thought, but I somehow remembered the advice of a famous hunter and fired full into the face of the beast, aiming slightly to the right of the horn. On he came, nothing daunted, and I was about to scramble out of his path when Giles fired with his 9.5, effectively turning the beast when he was but a few yards from us. This brief respite gave me time to let him have another shot which, taking him in the neck, forced him on to his nose. As the enraged beast rose to his feet, Giles pumped in another very telling shot, but still our enemy was full of beans and by no means out of the fight, for, scrambling again on to his ponderous but powerful legs, he came at us snorting and swearing in a most terrifying manner. Almost simultaneously we each placed a bullet in his spine, and for the last time he went down, within fifteen paces of our feet, to rise no more.

When we had inspected the kill we were once more rejoined by the natives, who, having assured themselves that all danger was past, came down from their lofty perches

and excitedly examined the carcass of our huge aggressor. To them it meant little short of a great feast, and many were their exclamations of joy as, with courage regained, they patted and fondled the scaly hide.

Although we each shared the honours of this kill, my share in the exciting and perilous fight was very small compared with that of my companion. It will be realized that a .303 is no match for a charging rhino, and had it not been for Giles and his trusty Express, the incident might have had disastrous results for me.

Upon our return to camp, Sinekoma's people were informed of the kill, and almost every available man, woman and child turned out to assist in bringing the meat back to camp. A very happy, laughing crowd they were, each carrying a basket or other similar receptacle in which to convey the precious meat.

We saw no more of these natives that day, and it was not until about 11 a.m. on the day following that they put in an appearance. We first caught sight of them across a wide vlei below the camp: there must have been some forty-odd people, each laden with spoils of the chase. Baskets were balanced on dusky craniums above their smiling faces, and each basket seemed to contain about 40 lbs. of meat. On their arrival we learned that the whole crowd had slept the night near the carcass, after first butchering the meat, and many had been roasts which were consumed in the process. Sinekoma was handed his rightful share of the bounty, and the remainder was placed in one of the huts.

That night a great dance was held, with much feasting and dancing, and it is quite safe to assume that most of the meat was consumed at that first joyous sitting.

Naturally it soon became noised abroad that there was meat to be had, and natives from far and near began to arrive with baskets filled with grain, meal and vegetables. A few fowls were also brought for barter. Of eggs and chickens we received a few, and there was great fun in bargaining with the eager natives. Not only were we able to replenish some of our supplies, but were also enabled by this wholesale visit to examine a far greater number of people than would otherwise have been the case. During the next two days blood slides, which had accumulated, were examined. In none of those examined did we find any trace of trypanosome infection.

Owing to the persistence of the mopani bees and other pests, we were obliged to rig up a mosquito net over the table at which we worked. This method proved very effective indeed, and we were thus enabled to carry out the research unmolested by the pestiferous and annoying flies.

Mopani bees can be most annoying of all. Owing to their liking for moisture, these minute bees hover continuously within about a quarter of an inch of one's eyelids, endeavouring to settle every now and again, and thus causing the recipient of their attentions to become almost frantic in his efforts to rid himself of their most unwelcome advances. They also have a tendency to get into one's ears and nose, unless frequently brushed away.

The mopani bee can and does make honey, and though not as fine or as appetizing as the product of the real honey bee, I have been glad to enjoy it on more than one occasion. Contrary to the honey bee, the mopani bee possesses no sting, and in consequence his honey is far more easily secured. It is usually our friend the honey bird who first draws the attention of the human beings to the hive, and natives lose no

time in following this seductive little creature to the treasure, to collect the harvest thus revealed. The poor bird has to content herself with what is left in the hollow trunk when the native has reaped the reward of his confidence in her.

Though usually found only in the mopani trees, instances have been known where these stingless bees place their hive in a baobab tree. Perhaps it is even easier to take out a hive from one of the latter, as the soft texture of bark and trunk should lend itself admirably to the undertaking.

The baobab tree proves useful to the native in many other ways. The bark is used for the making of ropes and skirts for the women folk, while the fruit provides a refreshing drink to the thirsty traveller. First the great pods are skilfully knocked down by a well-aimed stick, and then the pod is split open. Water is poured into the pod, where it mixes freely with the white flesh of the enclosed seeds, and as soon as the water has become saturated with the white powder, the mixture is drunk. The process is repeated several times until there is no longer any goodness to be extracted. Similarly, a few of the flesh-covered seeds may be placed in the mouth when on the march, and these provide a good thirst-quencher. It is the cream-of-tartar which is responsible for the thirst-quenching properties of this particular fruit.

In another way, the baobab tree helps to allay the thirst of the traveller. It is often found that one of these peculiar trees possesses a hollow trunk, and almost invariably this will be found to contain a quantity of water. Many are the travellers and hunters who have been saved by a knowledge of this unexpected reservoir.

In the absence of water, the pith of this tree contains sufficient moisture to allay thirst if a portion of it is chewed carefully.

In days gone by Portuguese traders used to use these trees as convenient hiding-places for their illicitly obtained ivory. The method practised was to make a hole in the side of the trunk and then push the tusks of ivory through into the hollow trunk. The hole was then closed by grass, and in a very short time the bark would have grown over and would effectively conceal the spoil. Later the ivory would be collected and traded with.

Children were often bartered for ivory by these unscrupulous traders, and generally the payment was one tusk for a boy and two for a girl. As a rule the children would be taken in raids upon the coastal villages and then brought up the Zambesi River by their captors. This probably accounts for the amazing differences one often comes across when studying the features of the local natives.

It is not known how far these Portuguese traders penetrated into the country, but Selous mentions in one of his books that Portuguese half-castes used to live upon the islands of the Zambesi, above Kariba Gorge, though their principal camp is said to have been near the mouth of the Kafue River.

The 20th of August found us once again on the move, our destination on this occasion being the village of Sinampande, about twenty miles down stream. As I took my place in the mission boat with Dr Blair and Sweetman, Mr Burne waved us an envious farewell from the bank. No doubt he would have liked to accompany us, but unfortunately he had to make his way back to Gokwe on the following day, in order that Mr Marr could resume his tax-collecting patrol down river. Our two V-8 trucks were left in the charge of our native "Rice," and our carriers took the somewhat round-

about path along the bank of the Tshete Gorge. As we moved easily down stream there was a distinct nip in the air, and I was glad to don the pullover which I kept handy.

At about 10.30 a.m. we called a halt for breakfast and landed at Chief Sinesenke's village. Here we found that the messengers who had preceded us had been unable to find even one case of yaws amongst the people of this village. We were informed by the chief that none of his people ever suffered from this malady; this was later confirmed by the Native Commissioner.

We were unable to account for the immunity enjoyed by this section of the people, and what made it even more strange is the fact that their neighbours were by no means free from the disease. True, the people of this fortunate village were of a very retiring disposition and seldom went visiting, but there must have been occasions on which they had mixed with their neighbours. Perhaps the fact that Sinesenke's village is situated a good distance from the main footpath may in some measure account for the good health which the inhabitants enjoy.

After a brief halt we resumed our journey down stream; the air was cool and the water was like a mill pond, and in consequence we have a very pleasant journey. Entering the gorge we found ourselves shut in between high banks covered with dense foliage. Tall trees on each bank were reflected in the still water, making a very pleasant picture indeed, as we drifted quietly through the Gorge. The boat-boys chanted a rather mournful dirge as they eased the boat along: there was the solo first, followed by a chorus, but neither verse nor chorus contained much variety, and we very soon had to ask them to change the ditty. They did so, but returned to their favourite as soon as possible. The burden of the song seemed to be chiefly concerning the death of a child, and the chorus related that this "was a very sad case – a very sad case." First the soloist would call on certain chief and tell him of the death of the child, the other members of the crew joining in the chorus and informing him that "it was a very sad case – a very sad case." When the soloist had mentioned the names of the all the chiefs he knew of, he would start at the beginning and go through the list again until we became so tired of the "sad case" that someone would heave a boot at his head by way of introducing a change in the programme.

Gliding along through the Gorge our attention was drawn to a hippo standing on the opposite bank; he appeared to be asleep, and must have been, for, after the doctor had taken a snap through his telephoto lens, we pulled into the bank and cautiously landed. Approaching to within 20 feet of the somnolent beast, we were able to secure some good pictures. Having snapped him to our entire satisfaction, we were prepared to make our presence known. His astonishment as he suddenly became aware of our proximity was humorous to watch, and, laughing heartily at his discomfiture, we took a final snap of him as he plunged into the security of the water.

Embarking once more, we continued to the end of the Gorge where we landed and made camp for the night. We also made the necessary preparations for the treatment of any cases which might come along.

The following morning we made an early start for Sinamapande's kraal, and on the way we were the witnesses of rather an amusing incident. Close to the village we passed a native garden and were interested to see a huge baboon stealing the crops. Tearing the cobs from the mealie stalks, he seemed to be having a gay old time until

a well-aimed shot from my .303 put an end to his antics. He fell over and then attempted to make his escape, but a group of natives who had heard the shot ran up and made short work of him with their sticks. An argument then ensued as to who could rightly claim ownership of the carcase, and this was still occupying the natives as we swept round the bend out of sight and hearing.

The natives of these parts are not averse to baboon meat as an article of diet, although fifty miles further down the river the natives will not touch it.

At Sinamapande's kraal we found that a very fine camp had been prepared for us, but as there were so few yaws' cases for treatment, there was no need to stay. The very few natives who did present themselves were very quickly dealt with, and we lost no time in re-embarking to continue our journey down the river.

Sinchembu's village was our next stop, and here we occupied the rest camp of the Native Commissioner, which is situated upon a high bank and commands a beautiful view of the river. Trees with abundant foliage offered grateful shade, and as there were great numbers of natives awaiting treatment here, we arranged to stop for a few days in order to give everyone a chance to take advantage of the cure.

By this time we were very short of meat, as our hunting during the last two or three days had been singularly unfruitful. In the hopes of finding game of some description, I set off, accompanied by a few of the local natives, to try my luck. Though spoer of all kinds of game, including buffalo, rhino an elephant, was seen, I got no chance of a shot and was forced to return to camp empty-handed.

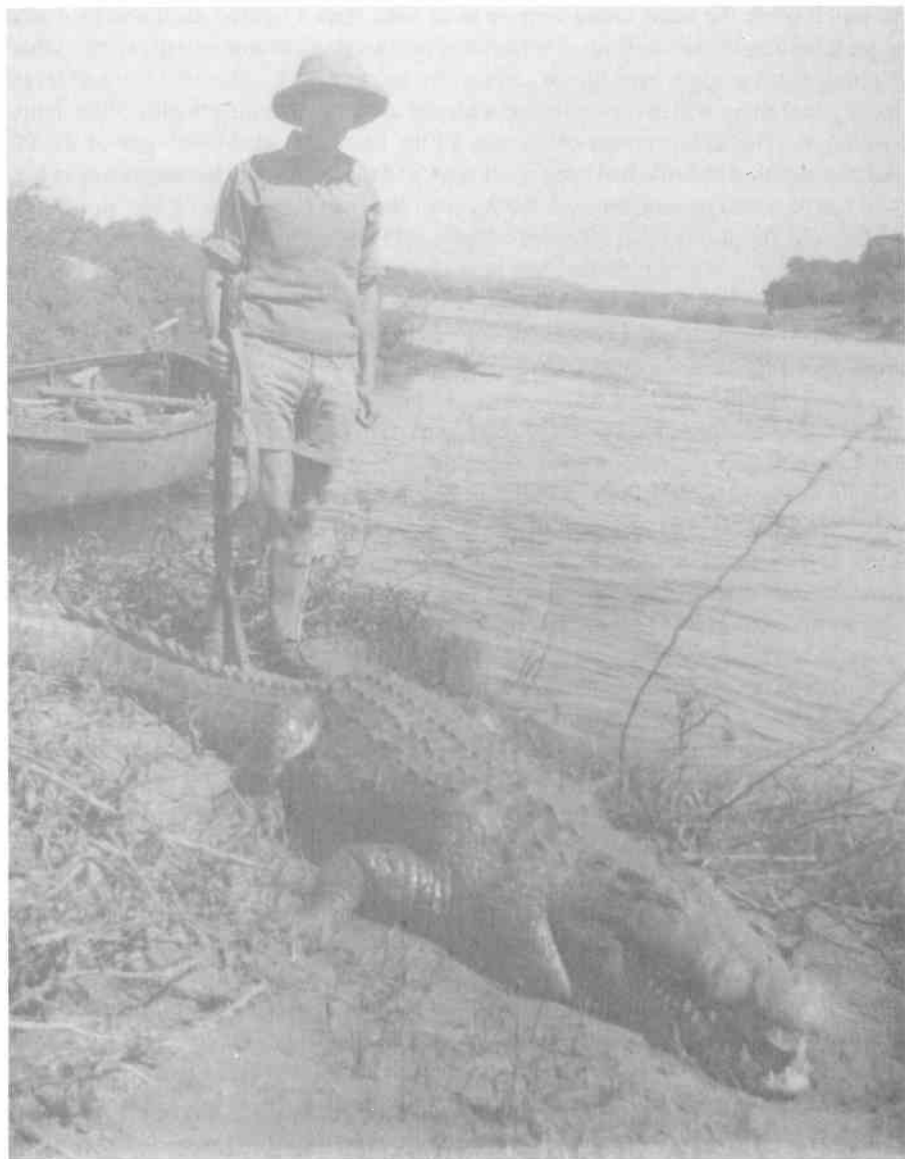
Setting myself down into one of our camp chairs, I prepared to enjoy the cool of the evening. The heat inland where I had been hunting had been most trying, and I was glad to rest my aching feet. The meat question was becoming rather a problem, and we did not wish to break into our precious reserve of bully beef if we could avoid it. As I sat there idly pondering, the question with which I was concerned solved itself in a most gratifying manner.

The sun was rapidly sinking in the west when, with a whirr of wings, a flock of guinea fowl began to alight in a huge tree nearby – almost above my head. Quietly passing me the shot-gun – which was a very inferior weapon – my boy stood by in anticipation. He had not long to wait before, with all its faults, the weapon proved its usefulness, and four guinea fowl fell to the ground with four consecutive shots.

Highly elated, the cook boy then asked if he might have a shot. I had never been aware of his ability to shoot and handed him the weapon to see what he would do. Walking to a nearby tree he rested the gun and took aim at a few stragglers which had re-alighted in the next tree. Great was his excitement, and my surprise, when a bird fell to the first shot. Swollen with triumph, he begged to be allowed to follow the retreating flock, and I had the greatest difficulty in dissuading him.

The following after noon, our work finished for the day, I was resting in the shade of a leafy tree when I observed a movement on a sandy bank and a huge crocodile made its stealthy appearance. Taking a Martini from one of the messengers I put the sights up to 400 yards and fired a shot at the reptile. The bullet plopped into the sand, a foot or so in front of the beast, causing the croc. to take a hasty plunge into the water.

About twenty minutes later another crocodile emerged at almost the same spot, and my native surprised me by a request for permission to have a shot with the Martini.



E. R. Thomson and crocodile

Never having seen him fire a rifle, I took the precaution of lowering the sights before handing him the rifle; it would never do, thought I, if by a fluke he should manage to hit the target.

Taking the gun, the native went up to a tree and, resting the rifle, took a long and deliberate aim; he seemed to remain in that position for an interminable time, but at last there was a report and we were astounded to see a convulsive movement from the crocodile, as a definite hit was registered on his scaly hide. In amazement we continued

to watch while the beast rolled over on to its side; then it righted itself and by dint of a great lashing of the tail from side to side it managed to last to reach the water, where it plunged out of sight beneath the surface. At the result of his shot, the boy had let out a delighted shout which now mingled with our applause and the plaudits of the native spectators. This achievement of his was all the more remarkable in view of the fact that the sights of the rifle had been set at zero, and the distance to the target was at least 450 yards. It will be remembered that my own shot had fallen about 2 feet short of the object with the sights set at 400 yards. How could one account for such a shot? Calling my native I asked him if he had had previous experience in shooting, and he replied that he had often fired his father's gun. He then gave me a very accurate description of a Tower Musket, and I could only conclude that he had deliberately aimed fairly high above the target to allow for distance.

For three glorious days we stayed at Sinchembu's. Our camp site, overlooking as it does, the beautiful expanse of the river, proved to be quite the best one encountered on the whole trip. At sundown we were able to feast our eyes on the glorious sunsets, which, reflected in the water, made a most admirable setting for a Rhodesian scene. Also, with the evening came a most welcome and refreshing breeze which contrasted most favourably with the scorching heat of the afternoon sun.

As we sat there one evening at peace with the world, a beautiful orange light seemed to surround us. Turning slightly in my chair I noticed the full moon rising above the trees in all its lunar glory, reminding one of some great bush fire. As I called the attention of my companions to the sight I was reminded of a similar experience which occurred to me in far-off England.

It was whilst I was travelling one evening on a 'bus from Green Street Green in Surrey to Knock Holt Pound. I was just at the commencement of a camping holiday and was to join my friends, who had gone on earlier in the day, at Fort Halstead close to the last-mentioned village in the Sevenoaks Valley.

The night was glorious and I had taken my seat on the top of the 'bus the better to enjoy the surrounding scenery. Seated in front of me were three village yokels who had boarded the 'bus when it stopped outside the village pub at Green Street Green, in front of the closed doors of the "King's Arm."

Suddenly there appeared behind the trees in front of us a bright yellow glare as the full harvest moon rose in glory in an almost cloudless sky. The yokels had evidently noticed this too, for I was amused to hear one of them say in his broad dialect: "Do 'ee a-mind when fire brigade turned out to put 'e moon out, Garge?"

"Aye! That I do, Sam," said the other with a loud guffaw.

"Tell Oi about un', Garge," joined in the third.

"Well, it be a-loik this, Fred," began the first yokel, "the 'arvest mooin been a coomin' oop be'indt they trees an' at that fire station in th' village they must ha' thought it be Varmer Dunrobin's 'aystack a-foir. Aye, Fred, they drove ould fire engine oop that hill and – s'elp-me-Bob! – when they'd gotten t'ould contraption to top o' t' ill they found it be nobbut ould mooin a coomin oop! It all 'appened a long whiles ago, Fred, but down't tould villidge we be still laffin at 'un."

Seated there on the Zambesi I related the incident to my companions, and, needless to say, it was received with as much merriment here as it had been in that sleepy

Surrey village. The moon continued to rise (as it always will), but on this occasion it resembled a huge veld fire rather than "... Varmer Dunrobbin's 'aystack."

At Sinchembu's we treated over 200 cases of yaws during the three days of our stay, so we were by no means idle. Natives arrived from far and near to offer themselves for inspection and treatment. The heat was almost unbearable during the day, and, coupled with the stench of all these numerous unwashed bodies, made life so miserable that we were pleased indeed when evening came and we were able once again to relax in comfort. The continuous squalling of the native juveniles did not add to our joy, and infinite patience was necessary for the smooth working of our sizeable task. Dr Blair, on whom was bestowed the major portion of the work, had the hardest task of all. The suffering hordes were injected with intravenous and muscular injections of Novarsenobenzol and bismouth metal respectively. Some of the patients were found to possess veins so thin that the operation of injection called for the highest degree of skill in its performance. Should an intravenous injection have made its way into the muscle instead of the intended vein the results might have been very serious.

At first, the majority of the people were apt to regard our attentions with suspicion, and most of them appeared to be rather dubious as to the success of the treatment, but thank to the skill of the Doctor, these misgivings were soon allayed and an infinite trust took their place. In order to impress the natives and further to gain their confidence, Dr Blair decided to carry out a small operation upon a native child. The child possessed a finger-nail which was so badly affected by yaws that it had begun to fester, greatly handicapping the child's movements.

Having gained the mother's permission for the operation, the Doctor prepared the anaesthetic. This consisted of a preparation of the new substance called Evipan. When all was ready the Doctor told the youngster to count to ten slowly. Hardly had the lad reached seven when he gave a most prodigious yawn and lost all interest in the proceedings. He lay perfectly still, as if in sleep, and, to the accompaniment of the gasps of amazement from the spectators, the finger-nail was pulled off. The patient did not so much as quiver an eyelid.

I am afraid the natives suspected witchcraft and seem not too sure of the business at all, particularly when the youngster continued to remain perfectly still, sleeping like one dead. So he continued to lay for about half an hour when, with a sigh, he began to awake. The relief shown by his mother revealed what anxious moments she had experienced during the experiment. I really believe she had already decided that the child was dead.

Some time later the little fellow, now fully recovered, was carried to his home by one of the carriers, and great was the excitement and chatter which broke out among the natives as he departed for his kraal.

Early the following morning he was back again accompanied by his mother, having remembered nothing from the time that the anaesthetic began to act until the time when he was taken in the arms of the carrier. He brought a gift of goat's milk for the Doctor which he presented very seriously, at the same time rendering his thanks. Almost immediately he turned to the natives and began to bombard them with questions as to what had happened the previous evening. He seemed to be quite an intelligent youngster and was not satisfied until he had collected all the details.

The same morning, the 23rd of August, proved a very eventful one for us. The previous evening Chief Sinchembu had called on us and had complained of the damage being done to his crops by the elephant herds. He had stated that nothing he could do would frighten them away, and he begged us to shoot one or two in defence of his crops. This morning he had arrived again to renew his entreaty. This time his plea fell on sympathetic ears; he told us that the elephant were even now in his lands and no efforts of the kraal folk could dislodge them from their appropriated feeding ground.

Being in possession of a licence which covered all kinds of game, I was keen to have a shot at an elephant. The opportunity had never before presented itself to me and I decided to make this my first elephant hunt; also, we were badly in need of meat to use as an inducement to the local natives so that Dr Blair could carry on his medical investigations.

Having made rapid arrangements, Sweetman and I set off at about 7 a.m. accompanied by the headman and two of our own natives. An hour's walk brought us to the lands in which the elephant had been feeding, but they had already gone off into the shelter of the bush. The state of the gardens bore mute testimony that the tales of the Chief had been by no means exaggerated: all around we could see the results of the work of the ravaging herd; there were crops uprooted and down-trodden; grain bins were seen without roofs and the roofs themselves lay where they had been thrown by these enormous thieves. Within 25 yards of the living huts the spoor of the great beasts was plainly visible.

Bordering the lands was the dangerous and tangled senanga bush. Great trees reared their heads above the tangled jungle and from the branches of these were festooned hundreds of monkey-rope creepers. Tall dry grass added to the impenetrable aspect of the senanga into which, apparently, the herd had but recently gone.

Picking up the freshest spoor, we made our way into the dim tangle before us. The moving herd had left a very narrow avenue in the long grass and undergrowth and we were able to move fairly comfortably, though cautiously, along in their wake. Here in the shade of the dense vegetation we were protected from the rays of the sun, and occasionally a light breeze found its way along the twilit avenues. Although this breeze was blowing in our faces, we could not put too much faith in it, for in this season of dust-devils and whirlwinds it never remains constant for long. A sharp look-out had to be kept by all as we proceeded carefully, and the ears of everyone of the party were strained to catch the slightest indication of the presence of our quarry.

For about an hour and a half we continued in this manner without seeming to get any nearer to the herd. We drew some little consolation for the delay from the size of the footprints we were following; these seemed to indicate at least two large bulls. Every now and again we would stop and test the wind, each member of the party listening intently the while. The sound of the breeze in the trees played us many a trick whilst thus engaged, and many ere the starts and thrills which we experienced. For myself, I was in a state of excitement which kept little shivers running up and down my spine in a most alarming manner. What would be the outcome of the hunt? And how would I react when the real excitement commenced? I could only hope that I was to be spared making a fool of myself in my first venture. Never once did the hunt lose interest.

Huge tree trunks lay across our path, and frequently we were forced to make our cautious way around these barriers; gaunt limbs had been torn from other large trees and lay partly masticated on the path. It was evident that the herd was still feeding and we had still a hope of catching up with them before they entered their impregnable refuge in the heart of the forest. In the dry bed of a river we continued to follow the huge footprints of the bulls.

As we moved carefully along, the silence was suddenly shattered by the sound of a breaking branch, somewhere on the bank of our river-bed. We all "froze" in our tracks, hardly daring a breath, as we listened to catch further sounds. We heard the sounds of a huge body moving through the bushes, but could see absolutely nothing. With the utmost care we made our way up the left bank from which point of vantage we caught an occasional glimpse of some great grey shape. Our boys kept well to the rear as we watched with interest the feeding herd. Occasionally we caught the gleam of ivory, but the bush opposite was too dense to afford an effective shot. Personally, I was far too interested in this, to me, unusual sight, to think of shooting; and Sweetman was too old a hand at the game to do anything precipitate or rash. Great ears would flap the breeze, and once I was greatly amused to see an elephant tear a branch from a tree with his trunk and draw it through his mouth, stripping it of leaves after the manner of a child when eating red-currants. In all, the herd consisted of four elephants, and we were about 80 or 90 yards from them.

As we watched, we noticed a change in their manner – there was a suspicious silence and the herd had stopped feeding. With racing heart I wondered if they had caught our wind and almost was tempted to try a shot, but fortunately I held back, awaiting a sign from Sweetman. Once, one huge beast came right out into the open, but evidently the time was not ripe to shoot, for my companion still remained impassive. The herd began to feed again, but now they were moving slowly off and we were forced to take a parallel course along the bank.

The feeding beasts entered a patch of bush more dense than any we had yet encountered, and suddenly there was a crashing as the herd, evidently having caught our wind, made a wild dash away from us. "Run!" said Sweetman. "Where?" said I. The elephant were not coming in our direction, but as Sweetman pointed I ran with him in direction taken by the elephants. We had run but a bare hundred yards when we saw the herd running towards us. This was the supreme test, but I am glad to say that I managed to conquer my desire to retreat and kept close to my companion.

The herd had crossed the river and were now passing in front of us. The first one passed and, as the second animal came abreast of me I let him have it; taking a running shot I managed, more by good luck than management, to place a bullet about six inches behind his ear. I could have fired at the other two, but felt confident that my first shot would be sufficient, if indeed, as I thought, it had gone through the heart.

Our boys now came along and together we took up the spoor; there was a distinct blood spoor, showing that my shot must have got well home. Following down the river-bed we came across a huge spoor of blood which spread for about 20 yards and was about 12 inches wide – then a break until once again there was a good blood spoor. It seemed as if the beast had taken the bullet in the lungs.

The spoor led us across the river-bed and up a very steep bank. We followed for

about 400 yards until the boy in the lead put up his hand and we halted. There in front of us was the huge bulk of an elephant bull. Simultaneously both Sweetman and I fired, but although a shudder shook the huge frame, it did not drop or make any further movement. On closer inspection we found that the great beast was dead, having collapsed on to his knees where we had found him. I was pleased to find that my .318 bullet had passed through the huge arteries at the top of the heart and that the issue had never been in doubt; also that death had been rapid.

The remainder of the herd had disappeared from the vicinity when we returned to the locality two weeks later, so our hunt had had the desired effect and old Sinchembu had gained a little peace in addition to the meat which the kill provided. He told us that the three had only hung around for about three days after our departure. So the tables had been effectively turned against the marauders and the local natives were relieved of a constant source of anxiety.

The same day of the hunt we moved our camp to the kraal near which the elephant had been shot.

Mr Marr arrived the same day, and, taking twenty of his carriers we were able to return them to him loaded with nearly 1,000 lbs. of meat; like us, he had been suffering from a shortage of this commodity and found the relief quite welcome.

Natives from far around, including Northern Rhodesia, came to the site of the kill, guided thither by the flocks of vultures which hovered constantly around. Close on two hundred natives gathered round the carcase, and before nightfall the majority of the meat had been butchered.

With an eye to the future, we took care to take a sufficient quantity for our own boys, and quite a fair amount was cut up and dried. In addition to using this as rations, we required some of it to use a trading medium, for our supply of mealie meal was running low again. Not a scrap of that huge carcase was wasted, even the bones being ground up and boiled to make jelly for the porridge of the natives.

For the next few days we lived on elephant heart and found it a very welcome change from goat and game meat, of which we had had a surfeit. Vegetables we were, of course, unable to obtain, and we were surprised to find how one can exist on little else than meat. It was a long while after our return to civilization before any of the party could face meat again, and we were on a strictly vegetarian diet.

(To be continued)

Two fine old Anglo American Guest Houses

by R. P. Lander

This is the text of a talk given to members of the History Society of Zimbabwe at the Anglo American Records' Centre on 19 December 1995 by the Anglo Zimbabwe Chief Executive

In 1964 Zambia was granted its independence from Great Britain and immediately the new President, Kenneth Kaunda informed the British South Africa Company (hereafter referred to as the Chartered Company) that mineral royalties would cease. As a result royalties amounting to around 1 million pounds a month stopped being paid in and, by the end of that year, agreement had been reached between the Chartered Company and certain companies in the Anglo American Group for a merger in terms of which a new company, Charter Consolidated, was founded in London and the "Rhodesian" assets of the Chartered Company were merged with those of Anglo. In Southern Rhodesia this decision was particularly important to Anglo as we had already been obliged with the end of Federation to move the administration of the Copper Companies i.e. Rhokana, Nchanga and Broken Hill, back to Lusaka, and Salisbury was left with a very small portfolio of responsibilities and therefore a lot less to do.

SUNRISING

At that time, I was working in Bulawayo and the only effect that these events had on my life (which was principally concerned with the affairs of Wankie Colliery Company)

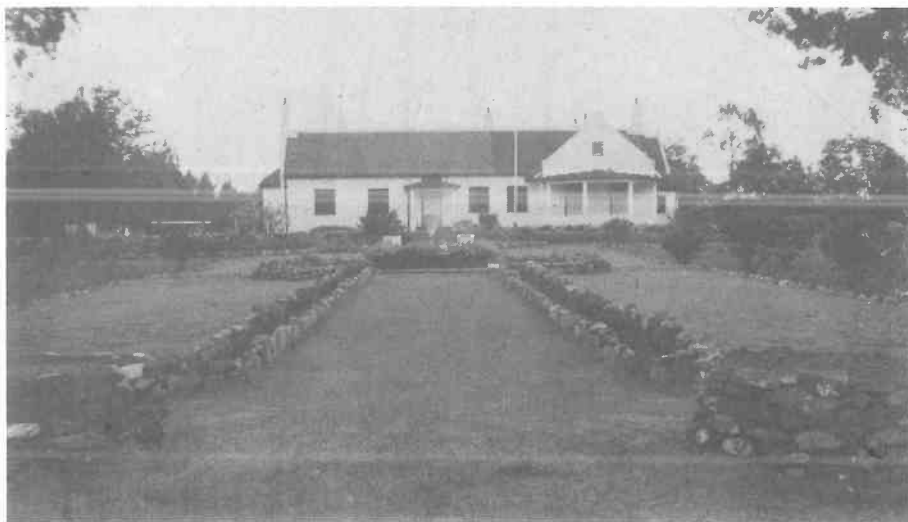


Sunrising, Bulawayo, April 1991

(Anglo Zimbabwe)

was that we took over Sunrising Guest House on the northern outskirts of the city. This was hardly regarded as a prize because Anglo's management saw both Sunrising and June Hill as symbols of a somewhat decadent business culture peculiar to the Chartered Company. Neither was it likely to be a profit centre! Nevertheless, I grew to love Sunrising, for a variety of reasons. Its location right next to Government House, which as we know has the famous cricket field and the Great Indaba Tree. Its looping Jacaranda covered drive which, after passing the front of the house, crossed through a broad sandy parking area and under a magnificent pair of trees – a eucalyptus and a fig (*Ficus madagascensis*), before returning to the entrance. The trees were old, huge and gnarled. There was (and is) a majestic flagpole in front of the entrance and beyond the sand, as you look from the house eastwards back to the entrance, a broad stone path flanked by lawn. Beyond that there was a formal low plumbago hedge – plumbago apparently being Rhodes' flower – leading past a fishpond and on down to a row of sentinel cypress. These provided a visual boundary, cutting across the view and were meant no doubt to hide the house from the road to Government House. Apart from a lawn and more trees to the north of the house which provided an aspect from the bedrooms, the rest of the property is harsh Matabele bush. Various attempts were made before and after 1965 to develop vegetable gardens at the back and a citrus orchard; Californian trees imported in the early 1920's, had been established to the south. This was a favourite spot for Sir Humphrey Gibbs who used the house a great deal when he was no longer living on his farm at Nyamandhlovu, or in office as Governor (Southern Rhodesia, 1959–1969) when of course he used Government House.

But, of the two houses, Sunrising was and always will be for me the house that appeals the most. Built in 1912–1913 by the (Chartered Company) for the accommodation of its Commercial Representative in Bulawayo it was first referred to in the ledgers as Sunrising in 1922. Unfortunately, no one has managed so far to trace the origins of this name.



Sunrising, Bulawayo, c. 1920

(Anglo Zimbabwe)

Originally, the building was on about 7 acres with a further 8 being added in 1924, and architecturally is of the early Cape Dutch style of pre 1800. It was designed as a hollow square overlooking a patio. The builder was William Cubitt & Company, no pun on the name intended! The three reception rooms face east and overlook the drive and the ornamental gardens I have already described. Apart from the two bedrooms each with their own dressing rooms which face north, the building incorporates a caretaker flat and kitchen and other service rooms facing south. The western aspect was open until 1987, when the roof was rebuilt and rethatched and the courtyard, which when I first saw it in 1965 was somewhat of a pit, was paved. The front entrance has a portico with doric columns and balustrading which do not conform to the style of the period imitated. As will be seen from the early photograph this elaborate feature was not part of the early design but it is not clear from the records when it was added. The coat of arms of the Chartered Company are above the front door which is also Cape Dutch idiom. A feature of the reception rooms is the magnificent mahogany



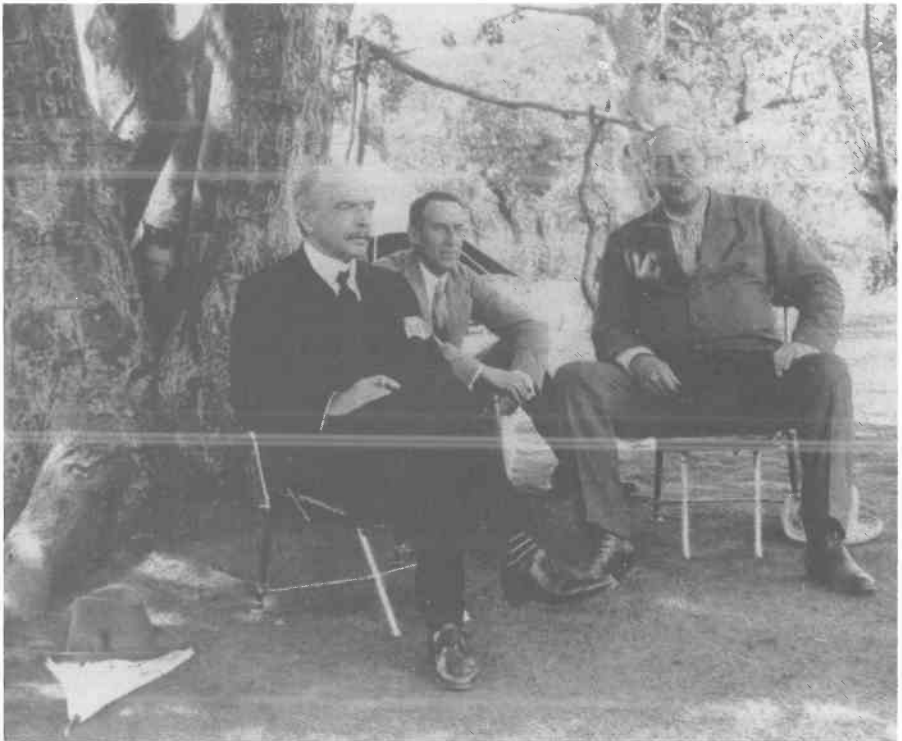
Sunrising, front entrance. November, 1995

(Anglo Zimbabwe)

double doors leading to the dining room to the left and the drawing room past the lounge to the right. All the rooms have fireplaces and the mantelpieces, particularly noticeable in the lounge, are also in mahogany. A wide passage connects the rooms from the inside while the front verandah has a half hexagonal shape to allow an adequate sitting area.

When I first entered Sunrising I was conscious immediately of the high ceilings, wooden windows and fly screens, and particularly the period furniture which is far better than anything in June Hill, the second of the two houses which is described below. The cutlery, crockery and silverware, much of it bearing the Chartered stamp, is also superior and adds an air of style to the house.

In talking about both houses, mention must be made of Major Percy Inskipp O.B.E. Starting out as a trooper in the Pioneer Column of 1890, he joined the Chartered Company in 1891, becoming Acting Secretary to the Administrator in 1892 and Secretary and Registrar of the High Court in 1893. He shared a room in the first company office block in Salisbury with Dr. Jameson for whom he had a deep affection. In 1896 when Milton was appointed Chief Secretary to reorganise the Civil Service, Inskipp became his Under Secretary, a post he held until 1899 when he was transferred to London as Commercial Manager. He remained there until 1910 when he was posted back to Rhodesia as Commercial Representative.



Percy Inskipp (centre) with Sir Starr Jameson (left) and Sir Charles Metcalfe
– Sinoia Caves, December, 1913 *(Anglo Zimbabwe)*

Percy Inskipp was the lobbyist for the building of Sunrising. He had stayed for short periods in Government House and had developed a liking for the site. The Company Board in London, however, had initially not agreed with his choice of location, citing among other reasons its long distance from town. The Board was keen instead to purchase a site in Suburbs, but Inskipp remained adamant and said that area would be unhealthy for his wife. He rather gave himself away as being somewhat of a snob when he wrote that in "his opinion also it is by no means an undiluted advantage to be too intimately associated in private life with the Bulawayo people. As you know the best of them are extremely jealous and narrow minded; many of them are much given to gossip and tittle-tattle which my wife hates and won't tolerate and I am very



Major Percy Inskipp c. 1919

(National Archives of Zimbabwe)

sorry to think that we are going to live so close to them. Living at a distance and seeing not too much of them one can get on with.”

Major Inskipp and his wife became the first occupants of Sunrising upon its completion, but their stay was short-lived due to the outbreak of the First World War when Inskipp re-enlisted whilst on home leave.

The next occupant of Sunrising was William Olive, also in the capacity of Commercial Representative, until early 1919 when the Commercial Branch was relocated to Salisbury and Sunrising was to remain unoccupied for sometime.

The company, keen as it was to have a good tenant, first offered Sunrising to Mr Justice Russell who turned it down. Then in July 1919 it was offered to E C Baxter who was Controller of Customs. Besides the rent free offer, the company promised Baxter 150 pounds per annum to cover the cost of water and lighting. Mr Baxter was also permitted in principle to use the tennis and croquet courts at Government House



Sunrising, dining room. November, 1995

(Anglo Zimbabwe)

whenever they were not in use by visiting directors of the company. It appears he occupied the house from September 1919 until at least August 1923.

In May 1923, title to the property was granted to the Chartered Company for the "accommodation of its officials." In October of that year, a proposal was made to the Company Board to consider the question of "asking Railways to take over the property and control it, British South Africa Company paying a proportion of expenses in respect of directors and general manager's visits." This, it was envisaged, would be more economical as the Railways had their own Works Department for repairs. This was agreed to early in 1924 and in March the Railway Company carried out repairs and renovations to Sunrising ahead of the visit of the Prince of Wales to Bulawayo from 18 to 21 July 1924. For this visit the Railways also transferred furniture for the Chartered Company from its head office in Salisbury to Sunrising and the Government paid the incidental expenses associated with the stay.



Sunrising, drawing room and lounge. November, 1995

(Anglo Zimbabwe)

At around this time, Sunrising had a very large complement of servants. According to Mr Peter Hiley, interviewed for *Anglo News* in December 1992, "there was an English butler, his wife and child, controlling a staff of 12 indoor and 12 outdoor servants – a great many people about." Hiley had stayed there as a child in 1926/27 while his father was on secondment to the Railways and he recalled too that the house itself had one of the only three flush toilets in town, a phenomenon much enjoyed by all the visitors.

Over the years the house has been extensively renovated, including comprehensive re-development of the gardens, but never in such a way I believe as to spoil its original character. Sir Frederick Crawford, Resident Director of the Chartered Company in the early '60's, played a part in this, and in recent years my wife and I have considered it our privilege also to be able to lend a hand with the redecorating and refurbishing of Sunrising. Hopefully, the accompanying photographs will help give an impression of its ambience and its mint condition.

Used by Anglo American as a guest house and for group entertainment since the Anglo/Chartered Co. merger in 1965, Sunrising has extended its hospitality to many notable visitors down through the years. Names like Sir Alfred Beit, Lord Bledisloe, Lord Grey, various Governors, Sir Keith Acutt, Mr Harry Oppenheimer and of course the late Duke of Windsor, are to be found amongst the pages of the visitors book. On a number of occasions the house has also been used to accommodate overflows from Government House as was the case during the Royal Visit of King George VI, Queen Elizabeth and their daughters in 1947. In 1953 the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret actually stayed at Sunrising when they attended the Centenary Exhibition.

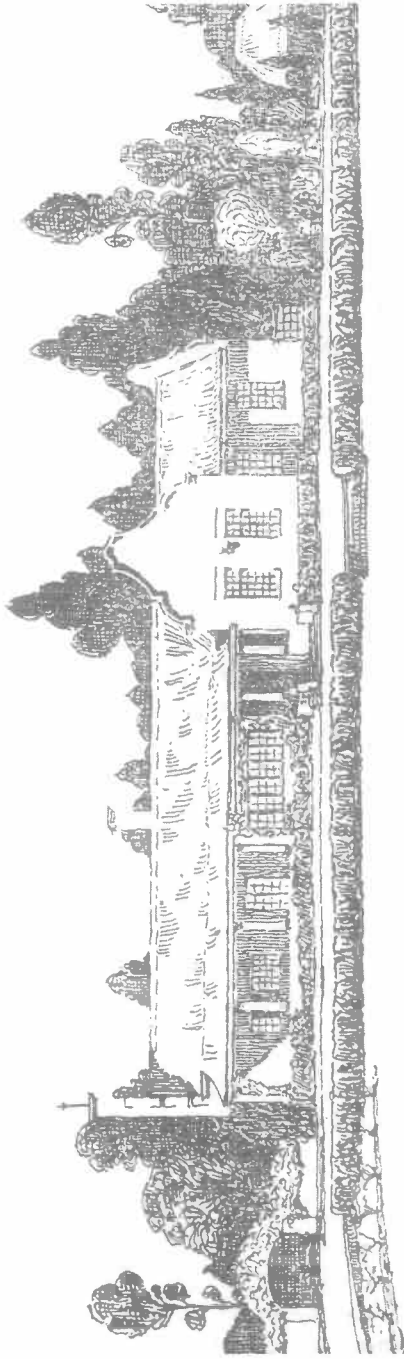
Turning back now to Major Percy Inskipp, he was also to be the central character in the acquisition of June Hill in Salisbury. As has been mentioned he joined up in 1914 and, when peace was restored, he was elected a director of the Chartered Company and became a member of the executive committee. Three years later while visiting Rhodesia, he was asked to remain there as General Manager, a post which he held until 1928. We should remember that he was therefore in charge of the company's affairs locally when the change of Government took place in 1923.

JUNE HILL

June Hill is entirely different to Sunrising in that it was one man's house for over 25 years and its particular quality that appeals to me is precisely that – that it feels like a home.

It stands on land that was originally part of Avondale Farm granted to Alfred Blackburn by the Chartered Company in 1903. The reason for the grant is not clear, but the most likely explanation is that Blackburn had a Pioneer right or had participated in the Matabele War of 1893, as a number of grants under the General Settlement Act were made at this time. Six years after the grant, Blackburn sold sections to his wife Elizabeth, two such sections being the land on which June Hill was subsequently built.

These were sold and resold to various people one of whom was Harry Louis Taylor, a Civil Engineer by profession. Taylor was employed by the Chartered Company from May 1914 to September 1933, initially as Assistant Irrigation Engineer and, as such, was involved at that time in the actual construction of the dam wall at Mazoe. He



1933

June Hill – drawing taken from a 1933 postcard

(The Hon. Mrs Philippa McCraith)

bought the land in late 1921 for 400 pounds, and it was he who in fact designed and built June Hill. The house was constructed “without foundations and from kimberley brick” and was much smaller then.

According to Mr B. Taylor, Harry Taylor’s son, the house was then on the very outskirts of town and the Sinoia railway line ran between what is now Lomagundi Road and the property. All roads were dirt, and there were little or no buildings or trees. Mr Taylor junior can recall standing on the verandah and being able to see the blotch of colour over Salisbury Kopje which was the Union Jack raised to commemorate Occupation Day each year.

The Taylors lived in the house for just over a year prior to his transfer full time to Mazoe Estates and it was they who sold June Hill to Percy Inskipp in 1922, for 1 500 pounds. Shortly after the sale almost 4 000 pounds was spent by the Inskippes on alterations and improvements designed by D’Arcy Cathcart who was then beginning to establish quite a reputation as an architect.

When in 1928, Inskipp was due to retire and return to England his successor as General Manager was named as Lt. Col. T. Ellis Robins. In preparation for the arrival of the new man, a further 440 pounds was allocated for June Hill additions. Robins obviously desired more luxurious accommodation for the alterations were increased to include a spare bedroom and day and night nurseries for an additional 1 000 pounds. The house was sold by Inskipp to the company lock stock and barrel, including contents valued at 1 439 pounds, for a total consideration of 8 500 pounds.

And so the Robins family sailed on the Windsor Castle in 1929 bound for Salisbury and June Hill. In addition to Ellis and Mary Robins and their daughters Diana and Philippa, there were Cecil Feilden (Robins’ secretary), Mary Robins’ maid, Winifred Brenchley, and the children’s nurse. Philippa, then aged 6, describes their arrival:

We were met by a series of cars at the station and driven out of town (which effectively I suppose ended at North Avenue at that time) via Milton Avenue. Roads to Avondale had no tarmac so as it was January we skidded along in the mud. At June Hill the staff were lined up to meet us all in snowy white, with smiling faces and a big welcome – “head boy” Jack, “second boy” Denis, “house boy” Dick, “cook” Johnas and “nursery boy” Gadongi. There was also a chauffeur and four gardeners, 10 in all.

All these people remained until Philippa left for England in the middle of the war, 14 years later. No wonder Robins had wanted the house altered!

This was a home and nobody can describe it better than Philippa and I quote her recent letter to me virtually in full:

We were delighted with our new home. After England the climate and carefree life was perfect for children. We soon made a lot of friends. The staff would bring their families to see us from time to time and Nanny would admire the babies and give advice. The house was rather small for a family and ever increasing visitors. Cecil Feilden and subsequent secretaries slept in an outside



Lt. Col. T. Ellis-Robins – later Lord Robins of Chelsea c. 1945

(National Archives of Zimbabwe)

room near the garages. Miss Brenchley had a tiny partitioned bedroom near the kitchen. My sister and I shared a room with Nanny.

On Fridays, the staff lined up in seniority outside my father's study window to receive their wages. He took a great interest in them and their families and



Philippa and Diana Robins with their nurse, Nanny Prickett, in the inner courtyard of June Hill, 1929
(The Hon. Mrs Philippa McCraith)



June Hill drawing room and hallway looking east, c. 1940
(The Hon. Mrs Philippa McCraith)

would talk to them individually to find out their problems. Also on Fridays my mother took a basket containing candles, matches and Lifebuoy soap to the staff quarters and inspected the rooms and replaced anything that was needed. Brightly coloured blankets were supplied and all uniforms and shoes. Also all food. Jack the "head boy" hoisted the Union Jack near the back gate in the morning and lowered it at sunset. He was never late.

The only road into the town was by Milton Avenue and where 2nd Street is now was scrub land.

My parents brought a lot of their own furniture, pictures and silver and made June Hill into a very welcoming home. Visitors were non-stop from all over Africa and the UK. As we grew older and were allowed to have our meals in the dining room, we were hardly ever "en famille". Nearly always a dinner party, black tie, followed by bridge, backgammon or silly games. Saturdays and Sundays tennis parties with excellent tea, cakes made by Nanny, and tea or soft drinks poured by Miss Brenchley.

The annual Salisbury Show was eagerly awaited. Nanny's cakes always won first prize – Miss Brenchley's sewing swept the boards. My sister and I embroidered tea cloths with lazy daisy stitch but never won anything. Everyone took part.

But what of Ellis Robins the father and head of the house and his wife? Philippa had this to say:

My father was a work-a-holic and he enjoyed being endlessly busy and his family quite accepted that his work was also his hobby, so time spent at home was rare. Often he was in his study until late at night. When there was a party, no one enjoyed it more than he did and he was a good bridge player. When he had leave it was obvious he was counting the hours to get back to work. His interests were much wider than the success of the company which he directed, he readily accepted the burdens of responsibility and a willingness to serve the public interest in any field. He supported his widowed mother in Philadelphia and wrote to her weekly. When we went to the USA to visit her he could not get back to Rhodesia quickly enough. The country and its people were his life for thirty years.

My mother was one of eight children and was brought up near Wantage, Berkshire. Her father was a considerable land owner and member of parliament for Abingdon. . . . My mother's engagement to a penniless American was not viewed with excitement. They were married in 1912 and for fifty years complemented each other and worked hard at their partnership with great success. My mother's ideas were Victorian – she knew how to entertain and run a busy house. She had very high standards and expected other people to have the same. She never bothered my father with household problems and everything was done to make his home life as comfortable and relaxed as possible.

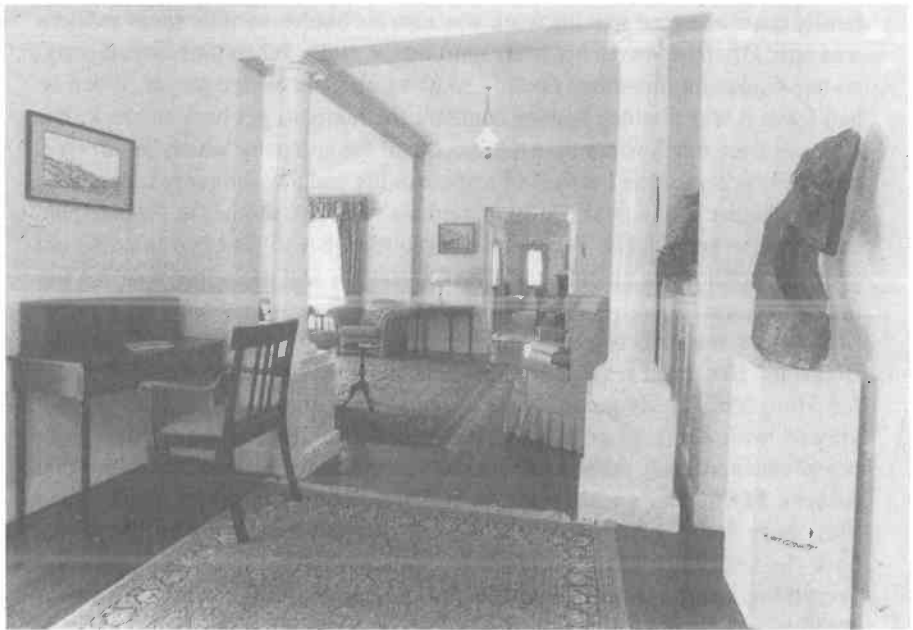
Having come from a big family she expected June Hill to be filled with friends

as people were very essential, without them she might have been homesick and lonely. She was not a reader and never made a speech but was willing to help over any charitable function. The yearly Cathedral Bazaar had a June Hill stall; we all contributed to it and it made a lot of money. Many visitors arrived on the doorstep from overseas with letters of introduction and were always made welcome. I think strangers found her rather formidable but this was partly due to shyness. Once they got to know her they found she had a great sense of humour.

During the last war when my father was first in Kenya and then on Wavell's staff in India, my mother continued to have open house at June Hill and people came on leave from Egypt and, if they were wounded, convalesced and stayed for weeks. She took a great interest in the young men learning to fly during the war at Belvedere, Mt. Hampden, etc. They came to her with all their problems and she had many letters of thanks from their parents in the UK.

Miss Brenchley, my mother's maid, taught Sunday School at Avondale Church and Emerald Hill Orphanage and was very much loved by the children. She walked to both places in hat and gloves and sunshade, this was her day off.

Others have confirmed the fact that Robins did a lot of entertaining. Having been Secretary of the Conservative Club he knew all the right people and was very socially disposed. Even from my own distant observations and comments made over the years in my presence, I got the impression that he saw the Chartered Company as almost the rightful administrator of Rhodesia. For example, he wrote to everybody who received



June Hill drawing room and hallway looking west, November 1995 (*Anglo Zimbabwe*)



June Hill dining room, November 1995

(Anglo Zimbabwe)



(Anglo Zimbabwe)

June Hill lounge, November 1995



(Anglo Zimbabwe)

June Hill, November 1995

an award in the King's Birthday Honours list or the New Year's list for work in this country to congratulate them and, just like the Foreign Office, used differing qualities of paper depending on the importance of the recipient. I suspect that there was much competition and rivalry with the various Governors of the day for entertaining the blue blood of England.

Contemporaries have also agreed that he was a work-a-holic and apparently could not delegate work. His personal assistants lived in the house until Broadlands Lodge was bought right next door, and then they had to be constantly on tap. He had no sense of humour, unlike his wife Mary. There was a story that Maurice Hely Hutchinson, who was Chairman of Tanganyika Concessions, hung a "To-Let" sign on the front gate of June Hill. Ellis never knew who did it – everybody else did – and he was absolutely furious!

His successor in Rhodesia, after he had moved back to London in 1957 as President of the Chartered Company, was Sir Charles Cumings. He took over at June Hill and had his own plans to develop the railway strip in front of the house as a park and cricket ground, and he in turn was succeeded by Sir Frederick Crawford who lived at June Hill for only a short while. Crawford found it too small and was advised not to alter it because of its poor construction. So the company bought Harry Posselt's house for him on Fairbairn Drive in Mount Pleasant instead. June Hill became the company guest house and, for a long time, little money was spent on its upkeep.

This situation prevailed for quite some time after June Hill was formally transferred to Anglo in October 1966. However, during the latter years of UDI, the house did begin to come into its own when various British politicians, bureaucrats or well wishers could visit Rhodesia and stay incognito. And we found increasingly that our guests liked the homely atmosphere and preferred June Hill to hotels. Gradually, therefore, it became better used and better regarded. We also found that it was an ideal place to entertain members of the new Government after independence. Interestingly, apart from one or two instances, they were intrigued at the colonial connection and liked the house.

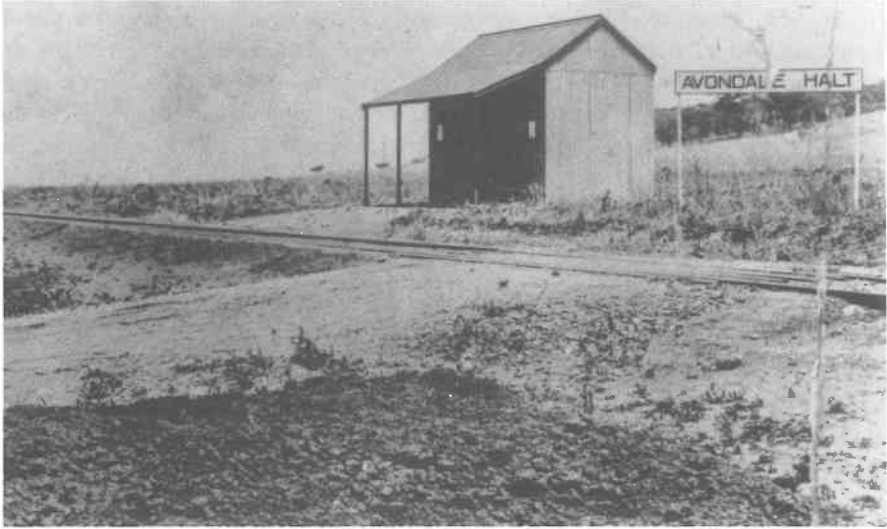
In 1990 my wife refurbished the house and completely changed the furnishings. We also redesigned the bedroom section to ensure 4 bedrooms, each with its own bathroom, as well as redesigning the back bedroom to provide a separate lounge and entrance, especially useful for people staying for a protracted period. The domestic quarters have been substantially improved and the entrance drive and garden completely redone.

Thus, June Hill today is an important asset to the Group and is in virtually daily use, bringing compliments from all our guests.

BROADLANDS PARK AND THE RAILWAY STRIP

An integral part of the June Hill complex is Broadlands Park that is located across its front, and the adjacent property of Broadlands Lodge. These were also acquired in 1965 when the local assets of the Chartered Company were merged with those of Anglo American.

The Park itself was originally part of the 100 yard wide railway strip that used to carry the rail line from Salisbury to the mining districts of Sinoia and Shamva. Built



Avondale Halt, 1911

(National Archives of Zimbabwe)

initially as a two foot gauge railway in 1902 by the Ayrshire Gold Mine and Lomagundi Railway Company Limited, the line followed a route through the present day suburbs or sites of Eastlea, the Prison Camp, KG VI Barracks, Gunhill, the northern extension of Alexandra Park, the University Campus and the northern boundary of Avondale, before running parallel to the Lomagundi Road out to Mount Hampden. At the time of construction the Beira Railway Company was in the process of converting its 2 ft. gauge line from Beira to Umtali to the standard colonial gauge of 3 ft. 6 ins and some of the materials and rolling stock were taken over for the Ayrshire line.

In the 1920s there must have been rumours as to the possible re-routing of this line away from the town limits because Percy Inskipp, made tentative enquiries as to the acquisition of the Avondale portion of the rail strip. Nothing came of these but by 1948 the rumours had obviously hardened and Robins, no doubt taking advantage of his position as a Director of the Rhodesia Railways Trust, was able to have confirmed unofficially the fact that the line was to be re-routed to the western side of the city within the next five years. B. G. Derry, then Executor and sole beneficiary to the Blackburn Estate, of which the farm Avondale had originally been a part, readily agreed to sell the Avondale railway strip since he still retained the rights to the land, and he in fact offered the whole of the strip from East to West Roads for 5 500 pounds. Robins, however, who was not interested in the strip for speculative purposes, declined this offer and recommended instead to the London Board that they should acquire sufficient of the strip in front of June Hill to "safeguard against undesirable development" upon it. This was agreed and, after some delay, the formal transfer took place in March 1951, the price paid for the land being 920 pounds. It is of interest to note that the actual station platform at Avondale Halt was located some 40 metres to the west of the portion of the strip purchased.

In 1953, when the rail tracks were actually taken up, a survey revealed that the Lomagundi Road, running along the southern edge, actually encroached on the strip to the extent that two of the boundary pegs would have been in the middle of the tarmac. Robins, who was keen to have boundary fences put up and to develop the land as a park, offered to give to the City Council the land already taken up by the road. He also suggested that Woodholme Road, which at that time only went south as far as Broadlands Road, should be extended across the strip to Lomagundi Road, in which case the Council could have that portion of the strip at the western end which would be cut off. In exchange, however, he wanted Broadlands Road to be blocked off in front of June Hill and Broadlands Lodge, with that stretch of land being formally ceded to the company. This was agreed to initially by the Council, but there was then such a storm of protest from people living in the area at the suggested closure of that portion of Broadlands Road, that the Council backed down and the project was effectively shelved until the latter half of 1965.

In the intervening years various attempts were made by the company to have the situation resolved including veiled threats early on by Robins to erect his fence down the middle of the Lomagundi Road. There was also some talk about erecting a house on the strip for the use of the Personal Assistant to the Resident Director, but this was vetoed at the last minute by the Board.

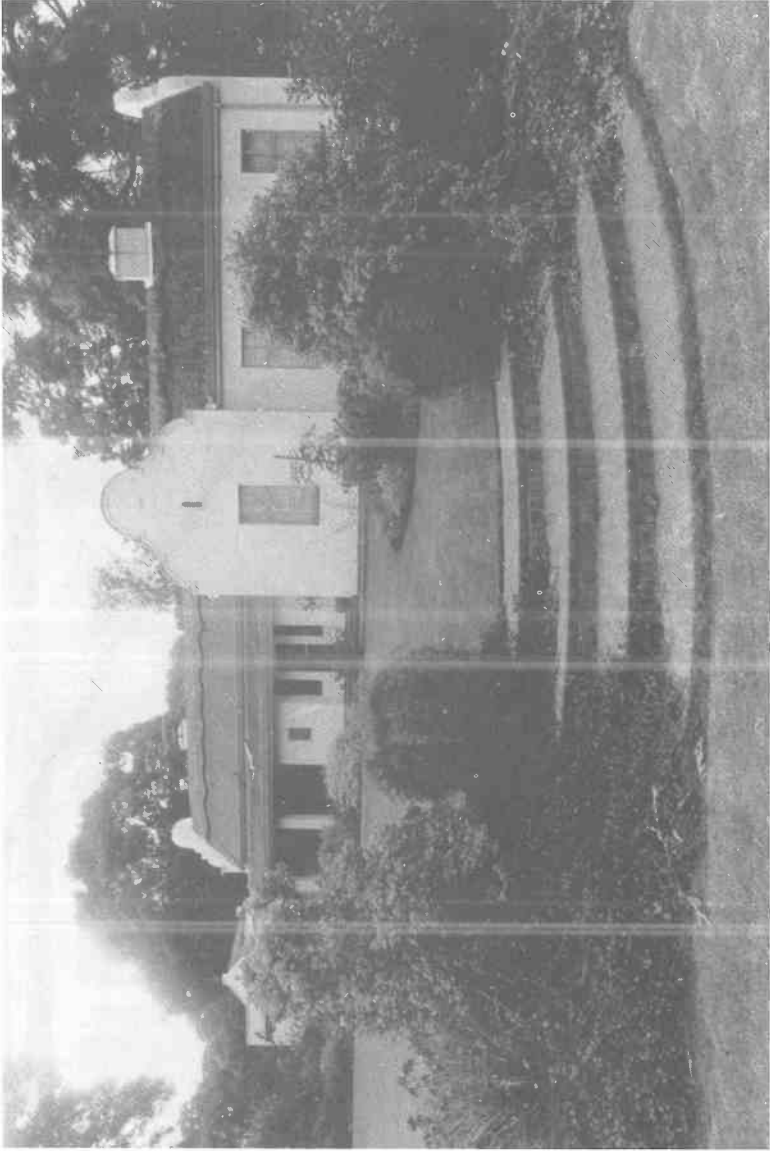
Then in 1958, and despite the fact that the roads issue had not been resolved, the company decided to have fences erected along the boundaries demarcated in the abandoned scheme, but allowing of course for the fact that Broadlands Road still ran its full length. They also commissioned a landscaping consultant, Phillip Wood, to design and implement a scheme for the strip which included grading and levelling, as well as the planting of trees and grass. This project was undertaken half heartedly in late 1958 at a cost of 2 567 pounds, but was unsuccessful and it is interesting to note that Wood's final list of charges included 30 pounds for a cricket table. Reading between the lines of the Chartered Company files of the time there would appear to have been a dispute between Robins, and his successor Sir Charles Cumings. The latter had wanted the landscaper to include a gravelled horse riding track in his plan for the new development, but this was overruled by the Board. Presumably it was Cumings too who had quietly ordered the cricket table, because firstly he was reputed to have been a fine cricketer in his time. Also, a year later, and after he had left the company's service, an instruction was issued by the board to the effect that there were to be no games played on the strip and "no horse jumps erected". Incidentally, the strip was officially re-named Broadlands Park in February 1958.

While the landscaping was going on in the area below June Hill and Broadlands Lodge, workers quarters, designed by the office of Francis Lorne, were being constructed at the western end. These quarters are still there and have now been incorporated into the new Anglo Records Centre complex built on the remaining portion of the railway strip in 1993/94. One wonders how many other such quarters can claim to have been designed by so distinguished an architect as Francis Lorne when you consider that he was responsible not only for the two Charter Houses in Harare and Bulawayo, but also for the original Anglo American head office building at 44 Main Street in Johannesburg. One can speculate that these quarters were probably also the



Broadlands Lodge – c. 1945, in the days when it was known as Bronwyn

(National Archives of Zimbabwe)



Broadlands Lodge, April 1991

(Anglo Zimbabwe)

principal reason for the company holding on to that piece of land when in 1965 the road anomalies, discovered over 10 years earlier, were finally resolved. It will be remembered that Robins had originally offered that as a bargaining chip in his efforts to have Broadlands Road closed in the way it is today.

In the late 1960s Anglo American gave consideration to constructing a prestigious residential complex on Broadlands Park but could not persuade the Municipality to agree to the change of use.

The decision to plant the area to indigenous trees was taken in 1988 in memory of Sir Keith Acutt, who lived for many years in Broadlands Lodge and who was a founder member of the Friends of the National Botanic Gardens and a great tree enthusiast. Professional advice was received from Dr. Kim Damstra of the University of Zimbabwe and Bob Drummond from the National Botanic Gardens. The pond was built in 1990 and most of the indigenous trees were planted under the supervision of my wife between 1988 and 1991.

Broadlands Lodge, previously known as Bronwyn, was also part of the original Avondale Farm and, again after various transfers, was acquired by Major Robert Leslie Hardy in February 1928 for a price of 1 800 pounds. This figure included the house which appears to have been built in 1913 and which, like June Hill, has no foundations as we recognise them today, and let me add, no significant cracks. Hardy, who retired to the Cape in the early 1950s, agreed to sell the house to the Chartered Company for 10 500 pounds and Robins purchased it in order to provide suitable accommodation for his latest PA who was married and so could not live in June Hill.

When Anglo American sent up Keith Acutt to open an office in Salisbury in 1954, Acutt also took occupancy of Broadlands Lodge, rather to Robins' concern because Acutt's offices were also to be in the Chartered Company building on the corner of 3rd Street and Union Avenue and, all in all, it seemed the relationship was becoming almost too close. Sir Keith eventually moved to Hesselwood Estate, now part of Glenara Farm, largely because the Chartered Company would not spend any money to look after the house. Sir Keith actually returned to Broadlands Lodge towards the end of UDI when it was unsafe to live in the country and his eyesight was such that it was unwise to drive at night. He moved out shortly before his death in the mid 1980s, but by this time the house had become very dilapidated and it was decided to completely renovate it, thatch it and redevelop the garden. This, too, was done by my wife and, as it was difficult to find a tenant for a house adjacent to the Anglo guest house, we decided to move in in 1987. It is now recognised as the Anglo Chief Executive's official residence and, although quite small, Broadlands has been a happy home for us for some 8 years.



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The Rhodesian Anti-tank Battery

by Walter Krog

This is the text of a talk given to the History Society of Zimbabwe in Harare on 4th July 1995.

The first intake of the Rhodesia Light Battery was drafted to various British regiments of Artillery, many of the men being commissioned. The second main intake, after being trained on that ingenious and versatile 3.7 howitzer in Salisbury, found themselves in Nairobi on two pounder anti-tank guns. The reasoning behind this was, I understand, that this was the only way an integral Rhodesian artillery unit could be sustained, under the prevailing tactical position. Availability of equipment also doubtless came into it. However, there was no doubt in anyone's mind that we were gunners, the only difference being that we were expected to get a little closer to our target!

The first appearance of the 4th (Rhodesian) Anti-Tank Battery in an operational area was when they moved from Larkhill Camp, Naivasha, Kenya, to Garissa to join the 12th (African) Division. This is described in the book "Gunners" by "Tort" as that of "a unit whose splendid record in East Africa, the Middle East and Italy was later to be a pride to the Colony". Certainly it was an initial honour to have taken part in General Cunningham's campaign of 25 000 men against 140 000 and 70 guns against 400, which ended in the eradication of the Italian forces from East Africa.

Throughout the campaign and most of the early Desert campaign, the guns were carried *en portée* on 3 ton trucks, from which position they could also be fired. This was a Rhodesian idea which caught on successfully.

The Battery left East Africa in May 1941 and by early June were in position at Mersah Matruh in the Western Desert. They had their first experience of heavy enemy shell fire when they were stationed ahead of the British 25 pounders who were sniping at axis traffic on Halfaya Pass. The idea was to provide protection from any aggressive enemy tanks, but none arrived. Having been withdrawn to Cairo they joined forces with the 102nd (Northumberland Hussars) RHA Anti-Tank Regiment who christened them the Rhodéos. In mid September the Regiment was sent to the Western Desert to relieve the 3rd Regiment RHA.

The gunners soon found out some of the facts of life regarding their own weapons as opposed to those of Jerry. Rommel's Mark III and IV tanks had 50 mm guns which were able to penetrate British tanks at 1400 yards, at which range the two pounder was ineffective. Rommel also had a two-to-one advantage in field and anti-tank guns. One of our gunners with a wry sense of humour made a collection of comparative British and German cartridge cases. He invited the offices of the Battery to view his collection and his point came across loud and clear. In every case the German calibre was considerably larger than its British counterpart.

At 5.50 a.m. on November 18, 1941, the Rhodesians were in the spearhead of the advance into Libya known as "Operation Crusader". We were the first to cross, my particular troop being attached to the South African Armoured cars. Our destination

was the airfield at Sidi Rezegh, which was captured, together with a large number of Italian planes. In the battle of Sidi Rezegh which developed, the three Rhodesian troops were in the thick of it and it was here they laid the foundation for their being dubbed "the crack anti-tank battery of the Western Desert". In one action alone, A Rhodesian gun knocked out eight enemy tanks, another disposed of four and all the other guns had sundry successes with individual enemy tanks, guns and vehicles. Two Military Medals and a Military Cross were awarded to Rhodesian anti-tank gunners after this battle.

At the height of the battle Rommel began his "romp" when he broke through with a strong column of tanks and was in amongst our "thin skins" (supply trucks and echelon vehicles). All available anti-tank guns were gathered together and a running battle developed with the gunners dodging behind sand dunes and engaging the enemy from the flank as he proceeded on his deadly way. The running action lasted all day and at nightfall some of the Rhodesian guns found themselves in laager (protective circle of guns and vehicles) with a motley collection of British vehicles. During the night the sound of approaching tanks could be heard until the tanks were right on top of the laager. A flare went up, there was a shouted command in German and all hell was let loose. The laager scattered after a few shots and the Rhodesians were reunited with their unit after a few days wandering around the desert. The German column was checked and Rommel retreated to his line back at El Agheila.

During the follow-up the Rhodesian guns were used as mobile protection for the 25 pounder OPs. In hull down positions they awaited any withdrawal of the OP truck or tank in the face of a German tank advance. They then engaged the enemy while the OP withdrew out of range.

The anti-tank guns were also used, in collaboration with the South African Armoured cars, to go around behind the enemy lines, either to cut off retreating vehicles and tanks or to harass them. Shortly after Christmas, when the enemy were holding positions at Agedebia, one troop had a good shot against some advancing enemy tanks when they knocked out six and disabled others, only getting away by the skin of their teeth, when they ran out of ammunition.

The 7th Armoured (Desert Rats) with whom the battery was serving had been withdrawn and replaced by the 1st Armoured (Rhino boys), but Rommel soon pricked the Rhino's skin and the German advance caught up with the Battery at their "rest camp" some 10 miles back. The guns then fought many rearguard actions, always the last to retire from their hull down covering positions. The advance petered out and the Battery were in holding positions for a while until in March they were transferred from the N H to the 4th RHA where they found many of their compatriots. It was interesting to note the high regard with which the Rhodesians were held by the British gunner officers and men. One officer with a famous name surrounded himself with Rhodesians of varying ranks.

About this time the two pounder was replaced with the six pounder, which the Rhodesians soon adapted to being mounted *en portée*. By 27th May the Battery were dug in at the Retma Box at the southerly point of the Gazala line. Their positions suffered the brunt of the somewhat un-announced German attack which eventually sent the 8th Army reeling back into Egypt. The Rhodesian gunners inflicted losses on

German tanks and vehicles but were overwhelmed and many captured. Fortunately, in the subsequent confusion, most managed to escape and rejoin their units. Battery casualties during this period were 6 killed, 10 wounded and 37 captured, of which all but 2 escaped. A Military Cross and two Military Medals were awarded to members of the Battery.

During the retreat the Rhodesian A/T troops attached to OPs were always the last to retire in the face of the enemy advance, inflicting as many casualties as possible and carrying out a scorched earth policy towards any supplies or abandoned equipment. Several vehicles, guns, armoured cars and tanks were knocked out by the gunners during this period, adding to the Rhodesian's already impressive score. On two occasions they surprised enemy columns and took advantage of this to knock out tanks, vehicles and guns.

On 22nd October the Battery were in the coastal sector of the Alamein line attached to the 9th Australian Division. On the night of the 30th the Australians attacked, supported by a massive artillery bombardment, with our guns moving up behind the infantry and digging in. The Germans counter-attacked six times during the day, knocking out some of our Battery guns and killing some of our men, but without dislodging us from our positions. They paid a heavy price in losses in tanks and guns from the accurate fire of the Rhodesians. The Battery was congratulated personally by the Australian commander for their magnificent show. Two Military Crosses, one DCM and two Military Medals were awarded. The Battery losses were 8 killed and about the same number wounded.

After Alamein we find the Battery in action stations at Medinine, Tunisia, where the Germans lost 55 tanks in as many minutes, but the Rhodesians did not get a shot. They then took part in the attack on the Mareth Line with the 50th Northumbrian Division and sustained heavy enemy shell fire. No tanks showed themselves for the Rhodesian marksmen, however. On to Wadi Akarit where one of our troops sustained direct hits from German artillery and lost two killed and four wounded.

At Enfidaville the Battery were in position amongst olive groves and were in action for the last time in Africa. They were withdrawn as the Black Cat division took over and made the long road journey back to the Egyptian delta. En route they called on the 237 Rhodesian Squadron of the RAF where a great get-together resulted in the party of all parties, rank being disregarded. The following morning there were surprised upward glances from the British troops with whom the battery was travelling as the Rhodesian airmen "beat up" the column by way of farewell.

And so to the final parting with their friends in the Northumberland Hussars and a pleasant voyage down south to join the South African army and then home leave. The Battery's adventures were not over yet. There was the Italian campaign to come. But that is another story.



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A Note on the Centenary District

by Moira Price

This is the text of a talk given to the History Society of Zimbabwe at Centenary on 29th July 1995.

In the early 1950s the area of land North of Umvukwes stretching to the Zambezi Escarpment and from the Kuriana river in the East to the Horseshoe hills in the west was known as the E Block. There was absolutely nothing in this heavily wooded area and no habitation whatsoever. A few people lived in the North of the area, where today stands St Albert's Mission, but there was not displacement of local people to make way for the so called settlers. There had been a few people in the area who were game rangers to shoot out the game because of Tsetse fly – so there was no game in the area either.

An area known as the Palms where there were areas of huge palms previously unknown to Zimbabwe, had been seen along the horseshoe hills and growing down the streams. A particularly large group had been set aside as a protected area, which it still is today, and is well worth seeing.

The very difficult task of dividing the area into farms was done by two Government surveyors, Mr Robert Atherstone and Mr Gus Lemkahl, who camped at a place ten miles North of Mr Jack Quinton's Rumanje farm, where he grew maize during the second world war and where he had a track to this point, and had also put down a borehole. This place where they camped is exactly where the ZRP camp stands today. We first approached the area through Mount Darwin, and St Albert's Mission. Later through the surveyor's tracks, taking three hours to go from Rumanje to the very north of the area.

When the farms had been allocated and farmers occupied the farms, Mr Alex Fry, a surveyor from Maasdorp, Piers and Hopley, came into the area and erected all the official beacons.

To obtain a farm one had to apply to the Land Settlement Board: one had to comply with their standards by having a few years of practical farming experience, a set amount of funds and be a citizen. Once approved one chose three farms in order of preference, giving reasons for choices. If lucky, one was allocated – not given – a farm. Each farmer had to do a required amount of improvements by building barns, sheds, etc., plus ring fencing, and had to comply with approved methods of farming. All this was essential before one was allowed to buy the land. A few failed and the farms were re-allocated after five years.

Labour was very short as there were no locals, and most farmers recruited Mozambican labour. Lands had to be stumped, bricks made and all the necessary buildings built.

Shortage of funds, old tractors and implements were the order of the day! The first year there were eleven farmers. The first Farmer's Association meeting was held on Jack Quinton's verandah in 1953. At this meeting it was decided that E Block was not

a suitable name for a district, and the name of Centenary was agreed upon as 1953 was the 100th year of the birth of Cecil John Rhodes.

This small Farmers' Association was assisted tremendously by Mr Jack Quinton whose help and drive for the whole area should be well noted and never forgotten – not many are today aware of how much he did for the area. The Farmers' Association had tremendous enthusiasm and much was achieved through sheer determination.

People lived very simply as money was short, and houses were nearly all pole and dagga for the first few years. Water was also short and life was quite hard but full of hope. With Jack Quinton's help phones and roads had reached the north of the district by July the first year.

The first Christmas Tree party for children – a msasa tree – was held on Mr Clay Beckingsale's farm and much enjoyed by all as were our monthly Farmer's Association meetings, and with new farmers coming in a very strong body developed. Our monthly entertainment was a jolly good party after each meeting, held on a different farm each month.

The area produced such good tobacco that the name of Centenary was soon well known.

For a long time people had old cars and holidays were few and far between – new implements, tractors, etc. all came first! To begin with, the area was policed from Mt Darwin, later Umvukwes and then Centenary. An incident when a new young British policeman on patrol from Mt Darwin arrived at Mr Les Jellicoe's farm. Les had just shot an eland – classed as royal game. The policeman inquired as to what type of antelope this was, and was immediately told by Les – a duiker! The policeman checked his list to see if a duiker was royal game or not, and agreed that it was not!

All our post and supplies first had to be collected at Rumanje until the road was through. For so many years the RMS served us so well and was our life line. Everything in those days was very much a case of self help.

Soon dams, boreholes and a few new small houses were built but still barns and farm buildings were the priority. We also joined together and employed a district nurse who was a great help. We also funded and David Nelson built the clinic in Centenary bearing that name.

The club started in the late 1950s and has never looked back. Many national and district sportsmen have come out of this small club – even to this very day. Much interest was shown in the district and we had several important people visit us. Governors: Lord Dalhousie, Sir William Powlett, Mr du Pont, and several times Mr Ian Smith and other MPs.

The goodwill and enthusiasm in the district was wonderful until it all came to a standstill with UDI, sanctions and the war, however, the hard times of sanctions, farm attacks, landmines, ambushes, death of friends have, hopefully, gone forever. There were a few advantages: it brought us good roads, a new police station, post office, D.C.'s office and the beginning of Centenary as a village.

During these hard days it was a mystery how we survived and certainly the old adage of "necessity is the mother of invention" certainly came to the fore. However, recovery after this was remarkable and our tobacco once again became well noted and the area produced seven tobacco growers of the year, plus two ZTA presidents.

More beautiful homes and gardens sprang up as well as better staff housing and facilities. The Rural Council – then Umvukwes later Mvurwi – was run mostly by farmers and was very active and productive, administering many things such as roads, schools, townships, licencing, etc. Wild life herds appeared again – kudu, sable, many small buck, lion, leopard, baboon, etc. plus even elephant! A wilderness area has been created to the North-West of Centenary all engineered by farmers and locals.

So to this day much depends on doing things ourselves – even to our present sophisticated radio system all put in at our own expense and still a very strong Farmers' Association. There are still about 20 families from the people who came in the 1950s living and farming in the district.

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Toast to the History Society of Zimbabwe at the 1996 Annual Dinner

by J. M. Sinclair

First of all thank you for this invitation to address you this evening. It is a great honour and great fun to be with you all. My theme tonight will be the Chimanimani area where I grew up and some of the wonderful characters that inhabited that part of the world. My parents farmed there and when my father was looking for a farm to buy he met one of these characters who went by the name of Hans Heyns. Hans Heyns said to my father, "Pat if you are going to buy a farm make sure it is shaped like a loaf of bread".

"Really Hans, why?"

"Ag Pat that way when times get hard you can sommer cut a slice off at a time and eventually you will end up with a nice square farm".

Good advice indeed and my father took it!

When I was a lad I went to Melssetter School. It was there that I achieved one of my very few academic awards. I have it still. It was the Smith Prize for the English speaking student who had made the best progress in Afrikaans. The glitter of this achievement was somewhat dulled by the fact that apart from my sister I was the only English speaking student!

Those of you who know the Chimanimani area will know that it is dominated by the mountains. The first known explorer to set his eyes on the Chimanimani mountains is thought to be a Portuguese explorer by the name of Antonio Fernandes who travelled to the banks of the Sabi River in Mozambique in 1512 and commented on the range of mountains to the north.

The person with the most knowledge of the Chimanimanis was Gideon Martin who started exploring the area in about 1920 but he sadly made no maps and left nothing written. Another intrepid explorer was a man called Schutte who crossed the mountains in 1895, but whose credibility was blown when he claimed to have met a gorilla on the far side!

The Melssetter area was settled and developed very largely by the Afrikaans community from the Martin and Moodie Treks.

Dunbar Moodie had been through the area in 1891 with Jameson and Frank Johnson looking for a route to the sea and was very excited about the prospects for settlement. On March 19th, the Gazaland Concession was signed by Jameson, in terms of which Gungunyana ceded the mineral and commercial rights of all his country, including Manicaland, extending from the Limpopo to the Zambezi. In return he was promised 1000 Martini Henry rifles and 20000 rounds of ammunition and an annual payment in sovereigns amount unspecified. This led to great problems later with the Portuguese as Gungunyana's empire extended well into Mocambique.

In due course Dunbar Moodie approached Rhodes and in May 1892 the 16 wagons of the Moodie trek left Bethlehem in the Orange Free State. The Moodie trek was

riven by dissension after it arrived at what was then Fort Victoria and only 7 wagons continued to Gazaland. Dunbar and Thomas Moodie ended up on Waterfall farm and the second in command, Ernst Du Plessis, ended up on Clearwater which is one farm in the area still in the hands of direct descendants of the Moodie trek in the persons of Schalk and Joan Du Plessis. Another family still there are the Giffords.

In April 1894, the Martin trek of 24 wagons left Fouriesburg also in the OFS. These were the main party of people to settle in what is today Chimanimani. It is of interest that in those days the intention was to link up with the sea through Chimoio rather than to what is today Mutare as this was thought to be the less mountainous and easier route. However, a road was eventually laid between what was then known as Melsetter and Mutare.

There were many hardships for those intrepid pioneers. The roads were virtually non-existent and in a district where the rainfall varied from 30 inches in a dry year to up to 100 inches in a wet one road maintenance was very difficult. In 1896 Rinderpest struck and decimated the herds of cattle which in many cases were the sole assets of these early settlers. There was some concern the same year with the outbreak of the first chimurenga but this did not spread to the Eastern Districts. However, Will Longden was supplied with 50 rifles with 25000 rounds and he built a fort in 1897 of 200 lb mealie bags filled with sand six to eight feet high. As the chimurenga never came to Melsetter the fort served as a wonderful children's playground.

Will Longden was Melsetter's guide and mentor for many years. The settlement of Gazaland was not to the liking of the Portuguese who claimed the territory for themselves. His first job was to try and settle the border dispute but this did not reach finality until Orpen completed a survey and an Italian arbitrator ruled on the matter in 1896. He ended up being permanently stationed there as he had requested of his superiors. He got on well with the local farmers as he spoke Afrikaans and was an excellent shot. He was indefatigable in working for the good of the community which he served. He retired in 1928 having seen Melsetter grow into a prosperous and happy community.

One of the native Commissioners owned a lovely estate high in the hills to the west of Melsetter. One of his neighbours was a gentleman by the name of Trichardt on Brooklyn.

Trichardt was penniless and he survived by poaching the zebra that existed in profusion in that area and making them into biltong. One day he overstepped the mark and shot an eland. The Native Commissioner a man of authority made Trichardt cut 4000 cedar posts for the Native Commissioner's farm proving that confusion between a man's personal business and the state did not start in recent times. Then as a community service Trichardt was made to cut up cedar logs to floor the headmaster's house at Melsetter school. That magnificent floor was still there when I was a pupil at the school. I should say that the cedar I am talking about is *Widderingtonia* which grew in profusion in the Gwashas in that part of the world. It is also known as Mlanje cedar.

On Tweelingspruit lived the Papenfus family. Old man Papenfus ran a transport business with ox wagons to Mutare. Rinderpest killed the oxen so they used to use donkeys. Koos Papenfus then as a young man used to go by donkey wagon to Mutare to pick up paraffin, soap and candles for delivery to trading stores as far south as

Mount Selinda. Phil Hayter tells of asking him whether it was very hard and difficult. "No man," said Koos. "It was lekker. You used to just travel 20 miles or so a day and then stop and shoot a duiker and cook up some stywepap (sadza) and eat ribbetjies and liver. And then carry on the next day until after 2 or 3 weeks you arrived in Mutare". The return was much the same.

After 4 trips Koos complained to his father that he had not been paid whereupon his father took a sjambok to him. Koos was a man of about 24 by then. His father obviously felt a bit ashamed so he gave him a pound. A week later he borrowed the pound back and Koos never saw it again.

One of the scourges of the Melsetter cattle farmer was East Coast Fever which was a tickborne disease of great virulence and several of the Directors of Veterinary Services in this country cut their teeth on this disease in the Chimanimani area. This first appeared in the area in 1901 and for 45 years farmers lived with this scourge. Van Riet who owned Tilbury, later to belong to A. C. Soffe, and later still to become part of Border Timbers of today, had the disease diagnosed on his farm. Very little was known of the disease and it was thought the best way to eliminate it was to destroy the cattle. Van Riet killed 400 head by stampeding them over the krantzes on Tilbury. John Young of Tilbury and Border Timbers tells of finding the bones when they were there in the seventies. Fortunately later acaricides and other veterinary controls eventually led to the elimination of the disease but not before many farmers had faced financial ruin from the disease. My father was unable to sell cattle for 3 years at one stage during the 40s and you can imagine what that did to the cashflow.

Talking about Tilbury and John Young reminds me of a story he tells of one day, when Sir Garfield and Lady Todd came to Tilbury with C. Soffe, the then owner, who was a leader in the development of the forest industry in the Eastern Districts. John was burning fireguards when Soffe and Sir Garfield came driving past in a great hurry and, when John tried to slow them down to ask them to be careful, Soffe said, "I've been in forestry all my life. I know when it is safe". Young resumed his burning and the fire was really roaring.

What Soffe did not tell Young was that driving along behind, was Mrs Soffe driving Lady Todd. Mrs Soffe just waved back when she was waved down and drove straight into this inferno. This car disappeared into the flames. John Young then heard this terrible scream as the car stopped and he ran through to save them remembering as he went that the car might explode. Anyway they were taken safely out of the car through the flames and smoke and all was well. But John Young will forever be remembered for being the man who nearly turned the Prime Minister's wife into a hot Toddy!

One of the great characters, though, was not a trekker or an Afrikaaner but an Australian of great character and humour called Dr. Rose. He attended all his patients on horseback or on foot. He really was a most wonderful man who never failed to attend when asked.

One of my favourite stories about him was when he arrived one day on a visit to one of his patients. She was a large lady with very voluminous skirts and as Dr Rose dismounted she moved towards him. However he was amazed to see that she sort of glided towards him. All was made clear to him after a glide of about 20 feet as she got off her donkey!

Another of Dr Rose's stories concerned an occasion when the local policeman by the name of Brad Jones asked Dr Rose to attend to a *post mortem* of a man who had died 4 days before as foul play was suspected. As they approached the scene about 200 yards downwind of the kraal of the deceased Dr Rose said in a loud Australian drawl,

"Jones I think that is a clear case of pneumonia".

At Doctor Rose's funeral, Granny Hume, a very devout Catholic lady, who lived in the district said to Bishop Lamont who had conducted the service: "What a wonderful service Father. I hope you will do the same for me one day". Whereupon the Bishop who was noted for his dry sense of humour said, "Mrs Hume it will be a pleasure".

In more modern times the District had its share of characters. One of these was Ned Sherlock a larger than life Native Commissioner who held superb dinner parties in the Gwasha which was what the Native Commissioners residence was called. John Ball was head of Charter Forests and he and his wife Lucy attended one of these functions. Ned always seated his guests very carefully and standing at the head of the table he announced "We have John and Lucy there and then between the Balls we have De Kock."

The character of the Chimanimani district has changed greatly over the years from a pastoral and agricultural part of the world to almost entirely forest industry based.

The BSA Company, the Wattle Company and the Forestry Commission followed by Tilbury Estate and Gwendingwe Estate all entered the afforestation race in the late 1940s and early 50s and these holdings have now been consolidated into only three major players in the form of the Forestry Commission, The Wattle Company and Border Timbers.

The total lack of basic infrastructure made farming very difficult over the years.

My father's experience is a case in point. He pioneered the use of legumes in pasture in this country and tried everything from oysternuts to cigar leaf tobacco in an attempt to find THE crop. He kept pigs and sheep and cattle which did well on the pastures but marketing and distance from town problems precluded him from ever finding something that would really make his fortune. My parents farmed there for 40 very tough but happy years and some years they did well but mostly it was a battle against the elements and distance.

The liberation struggle speeded the change in the district and deaths in the farming community were greater pro rata than any other district in the country. Chimanimani still retains its charm for me and has much to offer the visitor.

I would like to thank Phil Hayter and John Young for help in compiling this evening's talk. Other sources were two books written by my mother, one published now out of print *The Story of Melsetter* and unpublished *The Story of Albany* our home farm.

Thank you for listening to me this evening and for having Ann and me as your guests.

Jimmie the Lion Cub

by Estelle Brent Dalziel

This is not a *Once Upon a Time* story, because it really happened tho' a long long time ago, when I was a child of eight. In fact, nearly eighty years ago.

My lion cub, whom I named *Jimmie*, came into my life when he was about a week old.

My father, Tom Brent, who was doing some work for the Portuguese Commandant in Mozambique (then Portuguese East Africa) rescued the cub when his mother was killed. She had made the mistake of mauling an African child. When the lair was located, only this cub had survived.

The lion cub arrived at our home, Eastleigh, wrapped in a grain bag with only his head sticking out. He was frightened, spitting cross, and starved.

In fact, to use a Scottish saying, he was a "puir wee soul".

Strict instructions from Daddy said he was to be mine to raise back to strength. I was delighted for in those days of my early childhood I fancied myself as an animal "healer". Now I was given the chance to be a "foster mother" to a lion, too.

Initial feeding was the problem. The cats that could have been "role models" were jealous and spat at him. And no chemist shop around the corner to furnish a feeding bottle. Mother sent a "runner" to Mt. Silinda Mission to beg a feeding bottle from their hospital. Before that came (2 days) I realized it took a lot of drip feeding to give him any nourishment at all. I became desperate. As Jimmie had taken a fancy to my little finger, I put it to realistic use by putting it through a piece of meat in a saucer of milk. He sucked on that and the feeding problem was solved. That was just as well because when the feeding bottle came from Mt. Silinda he didn't fancy it. And no wonder; does anyone remember those old fashioned nipples? They were fashioned after a cow, no doubt!

Jimmie, being so little, and missing his mother so much, I carried him around with me everywhere and took naps with him and he slept in my bed at night.

However, well tended lion cubs become older lion cubs very fast. He wandered about the house with the other pets and at this time of exploration he took a liking to my parents' bed, which had nice soft springs. Here he and I got into trouble because he thought it was fun to jump on my mother when she was having her afternoon siesta! I don't know what pleased the lion more – the commotion or the feel of the soft eiderdown quilt.

Too soon as the cub grew he began to assert himself and playfully frightened those that did not please him! Consequently we had to put him on a leash when we were outside the house. Then as he became restless at night Daddy made a big cage for him for night times. He hated this. We thought he would pine. To make him happy again, I got into the cage with him and we had a nap together and when I'd leave him I'd give him a treat of a bone or a piece of meat. In a few days he stopped sulking.

During the day he spent his time on a long chain leash on our side lawn, where I fed him and played with him. He didn't mind that, and we were happy.

When we took him walking on a leash, we had to be very careful because he fancied my mother's turkey gobblers, for they made such an exciting noise if he chased them. Also Jimmie didn't like my brother Tommy, who teased him, and what at first was a playful chasing game, became a bit more serious. So now it was strictly forbidden to let the lion off the leash.

Soon the dreaded time was coming for me to go to boarding school at Melsetter. I hated the thought of leaving home and leaving Jimmie in the care of an African servant who we had instructed on his care. Also, I knew, after many tears, that the time was fast coming when it would be dangerous to keep him at home. After all, we had to consider workers, who looked on him with distrust. Jimmie was now maturing fast.

Our friend, the Portuguese Commandant at Spungabera, told Daddy he would make all the arrangements for Jimmie to be sent to a lovely zoo in Lisbon, if Daddy could deliver him to Umtali, the nearest rail head serving Beira. This first segment of the journey was by our transport wagon, drawn by donkey. I was not there at the beginning of this journey, but I was told the donkeys didn't take kindly to this job.

On the wagon's trip to Umtali it had to pass through Melsetter, where I was at school. When the wagon was outspanned I was allowed out of school to go to greet Jimmie. There was quite a crowd — mostly Africans to see the lion. I climbed on the wagon and talked to my wild friend and when I put my arm in his cage to pet him, he took my hand in his paws and licked it. I thought my heart would turn over with joy. Even a child likes to be remembered.

This final goodbye was sad indeed.

Unashamedly, I admit, I have used reminiscences of my "fostering" and friendship with a wild lion, when I have felt threatened by civilization.

It was not until many years later that I knew I was born under the star sign of "Leo".

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Estelle Florence Dalziel (née Brent) formerly Willis was born at Mount Selinda Mission on 26th July, 1910, the eldest daughter of Tom and Prudence Brent. In the winter of 1918 her father gave her the lion cub to care for. In 1919 she was sent to Melsetter School as a boarder and it was then that the lion cub started his long journey to Portugal. Estelle attended high school in Mutare and did her teacher's training at Eveline School, Bulawayo. She taught for two years at government schools and in 1931 married Dr Willis Hegler Willis, an American medical missionary at Mount Selinda Mission. In 1939 they went to live in the United States of America, returning to Rhodesia in 1959. They lived at Binga where Estelle's husband was Government Medical Officer. Dr Willis died in Bulawayo in 1965.

Estelle married John Dalziel in Harare in 1978 and a year later moved to Pitlochry in Scotland where she is still living at the age of 86.

Baobab Books

– a Company Dedicated to Zimbabwean Publishing

Baobab Books was founded in 1988 by Hugh Lewin and Irene Staunton and bought by Academic Books in 1989. The company began publishing in four main under-published areas: history, literary fiction, Zimbabwean art and culture and children's literature.

The history list has been developed with very definite objectives, two of which are to give local readers access to Zimbabwean history – which is so often published abroad – and to publish books which give the interested reader a wide range of views.

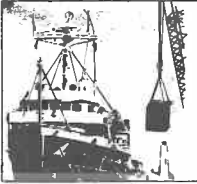
These objectives are well illustrated in the recent publications of *Zimbabwe's Guerilla War* by Norma J. Kriger and *On the Frontline* by Sister Janice Mclaughlin. A new book soon to be published is *Profit Not for Profit* by Volker Wild which looks at the history of indigenous business in Zimbabwe from the turn of the century until the present day – and challenges the view that there was no indigenous business in Zimbabwe.

The company has in the past six years collected two Noma awards and many local awards for its publications. This has given them considerable international recognition which has enabled them to publish *Images of the West* in collaboration with *Images of Africa* – one of the world's largest festivals of African Art and Culture and *Guardians of the Soil* by Chenjerai Hove and Ilija Trojanow, a book that captures the philosophy, aspirations and dreams of Zimbabwe's elders.

Among its fiction authors are Yvonne Vera, Chenjerai Hove and the late Dambudzo Marechera whose writings would not be readily available to Zimbabweans were it not for Irene Staunton's ability to sell publishing rights abroad which helps pay for the local publications and gives the authors international exposure (*Bones* by Chenjerai Hove is now in nine different editions).

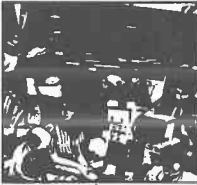
The company is based at No. 4 Conald Road in Graniteside and members of the History Society of Zimbabwe are invited to send their ideas for publication to Irene Staunton at that address.

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Book Reviews

by Michael J. Kimberley and Rosemary Kimberley

ON THE FRONTLINE — CATHOLIC MISSIONS IN ZIMBABWE'S LIBERATION WAR, by Janice McLaughlin.

Published by Baobab Books, 1996. Price \$126.50.

The Roman Catholic Church is the largest Christian Church in Zimbabwe with almost 500 000 members. It has 80 urban parishes, nearly 130 rural missions and some 800 teaching and preaching outstations. It is staffed by about 380 priests, 150 religious brothers, 1 000 sisters and 1 200 lay catechists.

This book concentrates on the relationship between Roman Catholic rural missions and nationalist guerillas, with particular reference to four Roman Catholic missions, namely St Albert's Mission at Mount Darwin, Avila Mission at Nyanga, St Paul's Mission at Musami, and Mutero Mission at Gutu, and in so doing, inevitably examines difficult and sensitive ideological, ethical and moral issues and questions.

The author, a Roman Catholic religious sister, was in a good position to write the book since she had access to church personnel and knew how the Roman Catholic Church operated in Zimbabwe. She had also been detained and deported and had worked in ZANU military camps in Mozambique and had access to ZANLA guerilla and political leaders. As a missionary in Africa for some twenty years, she had some knowledge of the languages and culture of East and Southern Africa. Finally, she was given access to ZANLA field reports which provided information about the liberation war and those who fought it.

The author interviewed 125 persons throughout Zimbabwe, most of whom lived at the four Roman Catholic missions referred to above and others of whom had operated at those missions as guerillas.

The history of this country is well documented up to at least 1965 and it is important that historical studies are carried out on all aspects of the history of the liberation war. This book is in that category and is therefore recommended to all who are interested in the history of Zimbabwe.

ZIMBABWE'S GUERILLA WAR — PEASANT VOICES, by Norma J. Kriger.

Published by Baobab Books by arrangement with Cambridge University Press, 1995. Price \$138.

The author of this book, a South African by birth and currently an associate Professor in the Department of Political Science in the John Hopkins University, spent two years doing field work for the book in Zimbabwe.

The book is the result of a study of political mobilization and organization in a rural-based war of national liberation. It addresses standard questions raised by those interested in political mobilization in nationalist or Marxist revolutionary guerilla wars that take place in the countryside, such as how do guerillas try to mobilize peasants' support and what accounts for their success or lack thereof, what are the peasants'



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motives for participating and what linkages are there between the mobilization process and post war outcomes for peasants.

The book attempts to answer these questions in relation to ZANU's efforts to mobilize political support in the countryside in the war of independence against the white settler minority, mainly through an interpreter by relying on the direct voices of peasants and other active participants. Those voices, however, were the voices of interviewees in only the Mutoko district of Zimbabwe and not in Zimbabwe generally, and more specifically from four selected wards in the Mutoko district.

One of the author's conclusions reads: "The concept of popular support is of tremendous importance in theories and studies of guerilla wars of national liberation. Yet the evidence for it is almost always inferred from secondary sources rather than from what active participants themselves say and do. I have argued that the evidence for peasant popular support for ZANLA guerilla is flawed: it does not rely on peasant voices, attributes too much mobilizing power to cultural nationalist appeals, too little influence to the lack of positive utilitarian appeals and the adverse effects of negative utilitarian appeals, and insufficient attention to the negative effects of guerilla coercion and the potential obstacles of government coercion to mobilization and participation. Oral data from active participants about their behaviour in the civilian support organizations challenge the entrenched view of popular peasant support for the guerilla. At best, peasants were reluctant supporters. Enthusiasm for guerillas and the war came from youth whose participation in guerilla wars has been overshadowed in the literature by a preoccupation with peasants."

The book is a scholarly one and to that extent is worthwhile though its conclusions may not be generally accepted.

GUARDIANS OF THE SOIL, by Chenjerai Hove and Ilija Trojanow.

Published by Baobab Books, 1996. Price: \$300.

This deeply moving book gives us a remarkable insight into the philosophies and moral values of the elders of Zimbabwe, largely rural and still faithful to the teachings of their youth. They are the guardians of the soil, from which life springs. What is stressed again and again is that the community that respects its traditions and its ancestors and follows their teachings will prosper — the land will be fertile and the rains abundant.

Twelve elders have been chosen: a spirit medium, a sculptor and painter, a retired diplomat and politician, chiefs and women of influence from Mahenye, Zimunya, Mwenezi, Bulawayo and other areas, covering a wide cross-section of the country.

Through every account runs the bitter disillusionment with the materialistic society of today which, most feel, has been imposed upon them by outsiders. There is no longer the reassurance of custom, the respect for age or the sharing of resources, as village life is adulterated by city ways. There is hope for a better future, as these elders are still able to make informed decisions for their communities. All are characterized by long memories and tremendous determination.

The photographer, Ilija Trojanow, grew up in East Africa. He has provided sensitive and dramatic illustrations and has also contributed to the text, which was written by the award-winning novelist, Chenjerai Hove. The book was originally written in German.

This volume would be a worthwhile gift for relations and friends out of the country — it is an expert blend of colour and most readable text. The reader will retain lasting memories of a group of remarkable people and the country that they represent.

FOTHERGILL — BRIDGING A CONSERVATION ERA, by Keith Meadows. Published by Thorntree Press (Private) Limited, P.O. Box 9243, Hillside, Bulawayo, August 1996. Price Z\$299.

This book is about Rupert Fothergill who served from 1955 to July 1972 in what was effectively known as the Southern Rhodesia Game Department. However, it is not a mere biography of one person because it canvasses many other matters including the development of the game section of the Department of Mines and Surveys into the more sophisticated Department of National Parks and Wildlife Management, conservation and conservation-oriented issues, wildlife management policies including the management of wild elephant populations, and other wildlife related issues.

The author states that the book “is a true historical record of a remarkable man whose efforts left this world a better place,” and that Rupert Fothergill “was an outstanding example of a breed of men who just got on with doing an honest constructive job, accepting as out of their control the manoeuvring and manipulating of power-hungry politicians that have plagued mankind for centuries.”

The interaction between Fothergill and his team on the one hand and angry or frightened buffalo, elephant and rhino on the other is exciting and the reader feels his own adrenalin rising as these numerous incidents are so graphically portrayed by the author.

A major part of the book is devoted to the internationally acclaimed Operation Noah, which lasted for four and a half years from 1958 to 1963, and involved the translocation of several thousand animals, under Fothergill's leadership, from land about to be submerged or surrounded by water when the mighty Lake Kariba began to fill for the first time. Undoubtedly, this was the greatest wildlife rescue operation of all time.

Dr John Condy wrote in his foreword to the book — “There is little doubt that without his drive, devotion to duty and heavy personal involvement Operation Noah would not have been the great success that it was, and it was largely due to his efforts that Rhodesia earned its proud game conservation status ... It is no exaggeration to say that his work on this operation made his name a legend both at home and abroad ... the cause of wildlife conservation will be the poorer by the loss of this quiet, unassuming but dedicated supporter and worker, in achieving its aims and objectives.”

The author has an enjoyably readable style of writing and his presentation reveals that he has not only thoroughly researched his subject but that he has a deep understanding of and a genuine feel for wildlife and its conservation. The book is printed in a pleasing sepia colour and illustrated in sepia by good line drawings by Ian Henderson and by some photographs.

Hopefully, this is the first of many more equally readable books from Keith Meadows. All in all this book is extremely worthwhile and therefore highly recommended to all Zimbabweans and visitors to Zimbabwe alike.