HERITAGE of ZIMBABWE

PUBLICATION No . 17

1998

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THE HISTORY SOCIETY OF ZIMBABWE
Harare
Zimbabwe
December 1998

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

Edited by

MICHAEL J. KIMBERLEY

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

ISSN 0556—9605

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

Typeset by TextPertise (Pvt.) Ltd, Harare, Zimbabwe.
Printed by Print Holdings(Private) Limited, Harare, Zimbabwe.

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Foreword

Once again the History Society of Zimbabwe is pleased to present to its members and other readers throughout the world the annual volume of its journal *Heritage of Zimbabwe.*

There are two major articles in this issue. The first is an extremely well illustrated paper on The Matabele War written after considerable research by a British soldier, Major Tomes, who was stationed in Gweru for a few years after Independence as part of the British Military Advisory and Training Team. Tim Tanser provides a short biographical note on this author.

The second consists of the reminiscences of Milton Cleveland who came to this country from Canada in 1895. Apart from being a successful building contractor, he served as a Town Councillor for no less than thirty years and was elected Mayor for a record six terms between 1903 and 1933. Anne Andersen, his granddaughter, contributes a biographical note on Milton Cleveland.

New contributor Fraser Edkins contributes a paper on Ebenezer Crouch Edkins, his grandfather's uncle, and the Edkins store killings, while regular contributor Rob Burrett writes on the Selous Road, the Ballyhooley Hotel and the Ruwa and Goromonzi Districts.

A feature of the Society's three day expedition to the Gweru and Shurugwi Districts in May 1998 was the series of excellent talks given there. We reproduce several talks given by Colin Saunders on that occasion as well as a talk by Rob Burrett on Naletale Ruins.

R. D. Taylor, a Railway enthusiast, contributes the story of the Planet Arcturus Railway, a line from Ruwa to Arcturus. Railway articles, like those on Aviation and Mining, are enjoyed by most of our readers and are always welcomed by your Editor.

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 annual volume is not possible to achieve.

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 times of galloping inflation in Zimbabwe.

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

EBENEZER CROUCH EDKINS (1869–1896)

(The Edkins' Store killings and Joe O'Connor's wonderful escape)

by Fraser Edkins

'Not far from the once large military kraal of Gorshlwayo, near the southern border of Essexvale, was a trading station known as Edkins' Store. In the neighbourhood were several mining camps and the residence of a native commissioner, and it is here probably that the first murders of Europeans were committed during the present native rising.' (F. C. Selous writing of the 1896 Matabele Rebellion in *Sunshine and Storm in Rhodesia*: Vol 2 Gold Series, p. 33).

Ebenezer Crouch Edkins, ('Ebby' to his family and friends), was murdered in his bush store in the Filabusi area on the morning of Tuesday, 24 March 1896 along with a number of other persons.

These killings are reckoned to be the very first of the Matabele Rebellion of 1896, notwithstanding the murders some four days earlier of two members of the Native Police, (interpreted then as only 'a local incident'). Edkins, born the grandson of an 1820 Settler in Grahamstown, Cape Colony, in 1869, was equally possessed of the pioneering spirit of his forebears and in the last few years of his brief life – he died a bachelor a month short of his 27th birthday – found time to try his hand as pioneer, prospector, soldier and storekeeper in the new territory opening up to the north.

Ebenezer was a grandson of John Edkins and his wife Anne, (neé Binfield), who had arrived in the Cape Colony with the 1820 Settlers, on the ship Northampton, as members of the party headed by William Smith. The Settlers were grouped under different leaders before leaving England and settled in their specific groups in the surrounds of what is now Grahamstown. John and Anne brought with them their young family of Joseph (6 months of age), (the author's great-great-grandfather), Thomas (2) and John Jnr (7).

Ebenezer's father was John Jnr whose third wife, Martha Anne Crouch, (daughter of Ebenezer Crouch, fishmonger of London), gave birth to our Ebenezer in April 1869 in the family home in York Street, Grahamstown.

Ebenezer's father died in October 1886 when Ebenezer was 17. His mother had died some years before. His Uncle Joseph, (a mill-owner and carpenter by trade, of Beaufort Street, Grahamstown), who had 12 children of his own to support, died in 1889, and his wife, Aunt Elizabeth, a year later. Ebenezer, now 21, moved to Queenstown to live with another aunt, one Mrs Firmedge. No doubt still in possession of some inheritance, and having the wanderlust of youth, Ebenezer must have listened with great interest to the stories of adventure, of gold and of fortunes to be made in the new land beyond the Shashi and the Tuli.

There is no record of Ebenezer's arrival in this country. This would have involved a succession of long coach and rail journeys overland from the eastern Cape. He was

not with the 1890 Column but it is known that he was trading as a general merchant ('Hulbert and Edkins') with one John Hulbert, in Fort Victoria, by September 1892.

Fort Victoria was the oldest settlement in what was to become known in 1894 as Rhodesia. In 1891–2 it was little more than a village, assembled around the fort, and linked to Salisbury and Bulawayo by an ox-cart passenger and mail service. Tom Meikle was one of those to open a hotel and store there. The town became the main gold centre with the registration and opening of mines in 1891 and 1892. During 1892–3 it grew into 'a thriving, makeshift, free spending and rowdy mining town with established companies moving in to take over the claims pegged by prospectors.' (*A Town Called Victoria*, K. Sayce, Books of Rhodesia 1978).

An advertisement in the first issue of *The Mashonaland Times and Mining Chronicle* of 28 January 1893 promised '... the best assortment of groceries and provisions' at Hulbert and Edkins. Such, however, was the short lived nature of many early wattle and daub businesses that, by the fourth issue of *The Mashonaland Times and Mining Chronicle*, dated 18 February 1893, Hulbert and Edkins were informing their customers that '... owing to the closure of the business all accounts are to be paid on or before the 28th instant ...'

It seems that Ebenezer and his partner Hulbert also found time in 1892–3 to leave their commercial enterprise to explore the nearby gold fields. This culminated in their pegging of the lucrative Hidden Secret claims some 12 miles east of Victoria.

Although his spirit for adventure ensured that he never stayed on to personally work the claims, (perhaps selling out for a quick profit), it may be the case that Ebenezer retained certain rights in the claims because, after his death in 1896, his assets, listed by his Executor, included '... certain interests in gold claims in Rhodesia'.

Edkin's partner, Hulbert, was to be actively employed, later, in the suppression of the 1896 uprising (which was to take the life of his ex partner) and was a lieutenant in Captain Gifford's Patrol to Fonseca's Farm near Bulawayo where, on 6 and 7 April 1896, he took part in a series of violent skirmishes and was one of the casualties, receiving a shot wound to the ankle.

Having shut shop at the end of February 1893, Ebenezer and his new partner, one Shackleton, decided the time was ripe for a trading and prospecting expedition into Matabeleland. Unfortunately, this being March 1893, before the occupation of Matabeleland later that year, and at a time when Lobengula's permit to cross the border was still a requirement, Ebenezer soon found himself in hot water.

'Matabele' Wilson, in *The Mashonaland Times and Mining Chronicle* (No 16 of 20th May 1893), told the story as follows:

> 'I arrived at this place, (Bulawayo), on 18 April (1893), and found everything in a very healthy state; nothing but good feeling on every side. The only thing that upset things for a time was the entry of Edkins and Shackleton into the country (Matabeleland) from Victoria.
> Some of the Insebi Regiment came across them and looted their cart. Shackleton was sick at the time. Edkins sent to the king (Lobengula) to report the affair, also for medicine. The king sent at once and had Edkins brought to Bulawayo where he is now staying with Mr and Mrs Colenbrander.

Shackleton, I regret to say, died during the interval. The king has returned everything to Edkins, with the exception of a few rifles so, with the exception of a little fever, he is none the worse for his experiences.
This ought to be a warning to people who rush into the country without previous experience and, in consequence of their ignorance of customs, fail to obtain permits to cross the border.
All, however, is now quiet and I hope to be in Victoria soon.
Edkins is also returning shortly.'

Johan Colenbrander had earlier written to Jameson about this incident. He reported that Edkins and Shackleton had 'got amongst the Amandabele and were fairly robbed.' He advised Jameson that 'the King is very much annoyed (and) says will you be good enough to prohibit altogether anyone from trading, or let them get his permission through yourself first, as he says serious difficulties may arise between your people and his own warriors if you allow your men to roam around in this fashion'.

Jameson's response was to placate the King with written assurances and to admonish Charles Vigers, Civil Commissioner at Fort Victoria, 'to make the residents of your district understand that they are not to go into Matabaleland' upon pain of 'severe punishment' and no assistance if they found themselves in difficulties.

In view of his unsatisfactory encounter with Lobengula's warriors, the looting of his wagon, the death (from fever) of his partner, his detention at Bulawayo, (in the Colenbrander home on the site of what is now Kenilworth Estates), and his ticking-off in the press, (and, no doubt, from Vigers), due to his breach of protocol, it is not known whether Ebby returned to Victoria, (in or about May 1893), as something of a hero or as something of a laughing stock, but his return was only brief.

He soon enlisted with the Victoria Rangers Artillery (No 653 on the Nominal Roll of the Matabeleland Expedition) for the occupation of Matabeleland, which took place later in 1893. His name also appears as a volunteer member of the Victoria Defence Force (Regimental Number 219). This latter enlistment, witnessed by Captain C. F. Lendy, occurred at Mshagashu Camp on 4 October 1893, shortly before the Victoria Column (under Allan Wilson) joined up near Iron Mine Hill on 16 October 1893 with the Salisbury Column (under Forbes). Like his fellows, he swore to '... serve loyally for the period of the hostilities ...'. It is from the records of this enlistment that we learn that Ebenezer was then 24 years of age, 6 feet tall, Church of England and unmarried, with Mrs Firmedge of Queenstown named as his next of kin (although the 1896 Medal Roll gives a brother in Johannesburg as his nearest relative).

No photograph of Edkins has turned up in the course of the writer's research. There is a picture in 'The Matabele War' by Stafford Glass (Longmans 1968), showing Fort Victoria and the main street and stores, and most of the population lined up, 'standing to', against the wall of the Fort, unfortunately all with their backs to the camera. It is the author's fond belief that one of these posteriors is that of Ebenezer. Ebenezer may well also be amongst the group of armed citizens in the photo 'Within the Fort, 1893' on the facing page 40 of *A Town Called Victoria*.

In any event, Ebenezer seems to have participated in the occupation of Matabeleland with a will, taking part in engagements with the Victoria Column at Bembesi and

Shangani, rising to the rank of Corporal and finding himself in due course on the BSA Company Roll of those entitled to wear the Medal for Operations in Matabeleland in 1893. His name also appears in Schedule F to the Frederick Clayton Trust Act as a member of the 1893 Columns.

After the cessation of hostilities, Ebenezer, like others who had given service in the 1890 and 1893 Columns, was rewarded with land. The *Bulawayo Chronicle* of 26 October 1894 gave notice of the surveying of Shrewsbury Farm 'granted to E. C. Edkins', describing it as '30 miles southeast of Bulawayo, bounded east and northeast by Dikkile Spruit and west by Bird Ethel Farm'. It is not known what became of the farm. It was not listed amongst Ebenezer's assets following his death and no property of that name appears in the Bulawayo Deeds Registry (nor for that matter does Bird Ethel Farm). Perhaps he sold it, (being a trader at heart and with no known farming skills). These grants of land, called 'farms', were invariably the 6 000 acre grants to pioneers in Matabeleland after November 1893, (provided for in the Victoria Agreement as an inducement to join the 1893 Column). However, although there was a great deal of mining, buying, selling and auctioning of claims on the land, there was very little actual farming.

It can be calculated from the Survey Notice that the farm was located in the area now called Esibomvu (on the way to, and not far from, the Rhodes Indaba site), about midway between Esigodini and Mbalabala).

That Edkins was a busy presence in Matabeleland is further apparent from the fact that, when official districts were defined in 1894–5, the boundary between Umzingwane, Insiza and Belingwe Districts was called 'Edkins (Eskins) Road'. By late 1894, obviously having decided to get back to doing what he was best at, Edkins was the proprietor of a trading store in the bush, not far from Filabusi, the well known 'Edkins' Store' of the 1896 Matabele Rebellion.

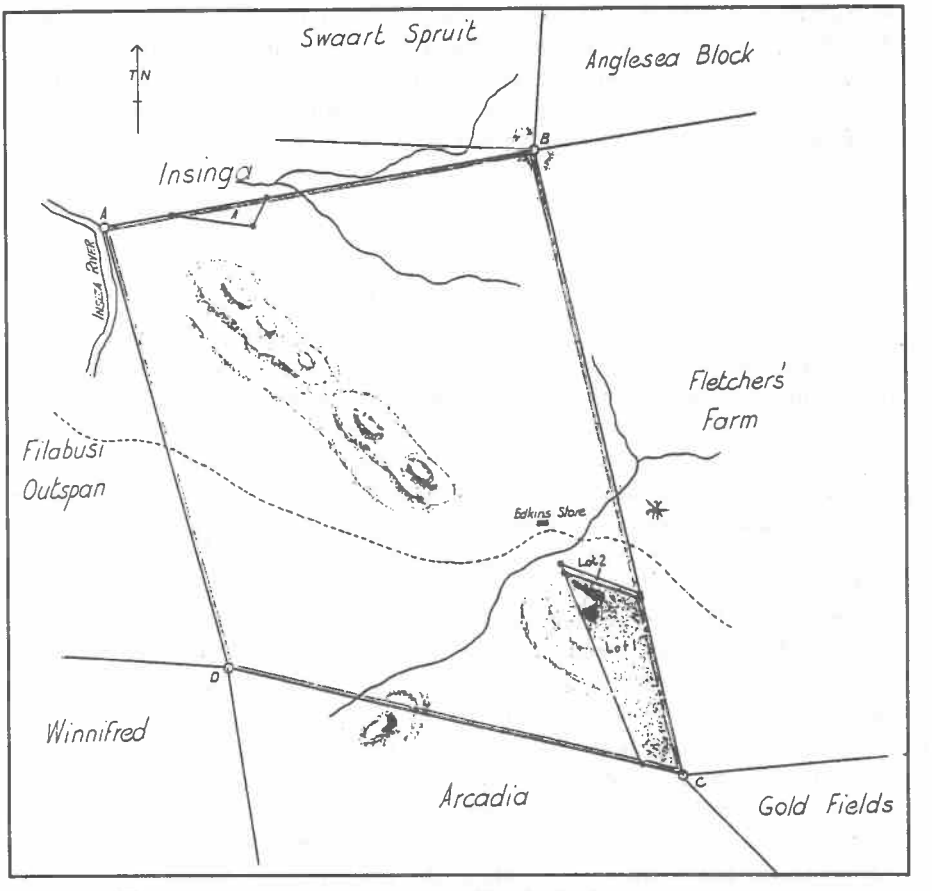
On 24 December 1894, (about 6 months after Bulawayo had been proclaimed a town), the Postmaster General Salisbury wrote to the Secretary of the Chartered Company in Cape Town as follows:

> Postal Agency: Inseziva
> Please order and forward to the Postmaster Bulawayo stores for a postal agency at Inseziva via Bulawayo.
> The agency will be under the charge of Mr E. C. Edkins and is on the road between Belingwe and Bulawayo.

Confirmation that the ordering of stores was in hand came from the GPO Cape Town on 19 January 1895. In anticipation, although the agency carried no salary, Edkins had advertised for business in the *Bulawayo Chronicle* of 18 January 1895:

'E C Edkins and Co have opened a general store in the Filabusi District Umzeza (Insiza) river. (Post Office for the District)'.

In May 1895 Inseziva was listed as a postal agency, served by runners. However, by July 1895, Messrs Zeederberg had commenced a coach postal service to Bulawayo via Filabusi and Edkins Store (Umzeza) which service, they assured readers of the *Rhodesia Herald* of 3 July 1895, '. . . will confer a great benefit on the mining interests affected'.



The diagram accompanying the 1908 title deeds to Annedale Farm and showing Edkins' Store

By 1896 at least 22 000 mining claims had been registered in Matabeleland. Expert opinion held the area to be a potential rival to the Californian gold fields. There was, therefore, considerable business to be had in the area surrounding Edkins' Store, notwithstanding the remoteness of the district. An article in the Bulawayo Chronicle of 9 November 1894 refers to 'remarkable' gold samples from Nellie's Reef Mine in the Umzeza (Insiza) district (near where 8 members of the Cunningham family were to die in the Rebellion), being sent to London for the attention of the December meeting of the British South Africa Company.

There seems no reason to believe, therefore, that Ebenezer's trading and other enterprises were anything other than thriving in 1895–6, helped no doubt by the fact that the Filabusi Native Commissioner, Arthur Bentley, also hailed from Queenstown in the Cape Colony. Ebenezer's partner was now one Arthur Cumming. It appears that Ebenezer, what with Hulbert and Shackleton before Cumming, had not much success in maintaining long term partnerships. For reasons unknown, Cumming pulled out of the joint enterprise and Edkins proceeded to sell a half share in the store to Albert

Baragwanath in 1895. Baragwanath encouraged his brother Orlando to join him in the district, describing the area as 'interesting prospecting country', which Orlando duly did, helping his brother at times to run the store. Albert, (but not Orlando, who luckily had yet to return to the area from a ration run into Bulawayo on 16 March 1896 to replenish stocks and who eventually lived on beyond the age of 100), was one of those to die at the store on 24 March 1896.

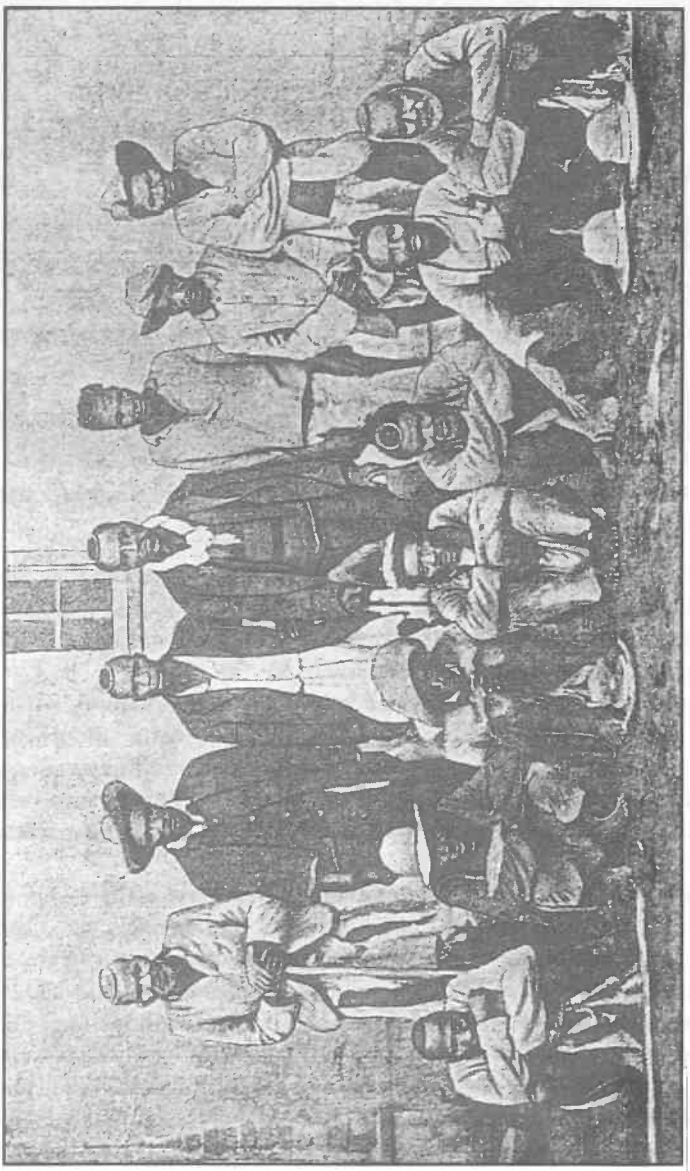
The reasons for the outbreak of rebellion need not be restated here. By March 1895, (with most of the country's armed police having been drawn off to participate in the Jameson Raid in the Transvaal), rumours of impending trouble were not infrequent, but these tended to be discounted in Bulawayo.

At 11 am on Tuesday, 24 March 1896, Ebenezer's ex-partner, Arthur Cumming, returning from a trip to Bulawayo, arrived at his own camp, about 12 miles from Filabusi, to find his Cape servant dead, the camp looted and his oxen gone. He hurried to Weir Store, on the Umzingwane river, where he sent off a message with a runner to Arthur Bentley, the Native Commissioner at Filabusi. He had no way then of knowing that Bentley was already dead, shot through the head as he sat in his office chair finishing off a letter (dated 23 March 1896). In the very early hours of the morning of 25 March 1896, Edkins' cook, who had escaped the slaughter and fled through the bush, arrived at Weir Store with news of the killings of Edkins and others at the store. This person may have been the herdboy, (as opposed to a cook), whom Carpenter, one of those present at Edkins' Store during the attack, sent off to warn those at Weir Store, whilst he tried to hold off the attackers, (because one of the bodies at Edkins' Store was later identified as the cook, who happened to be Chinese).

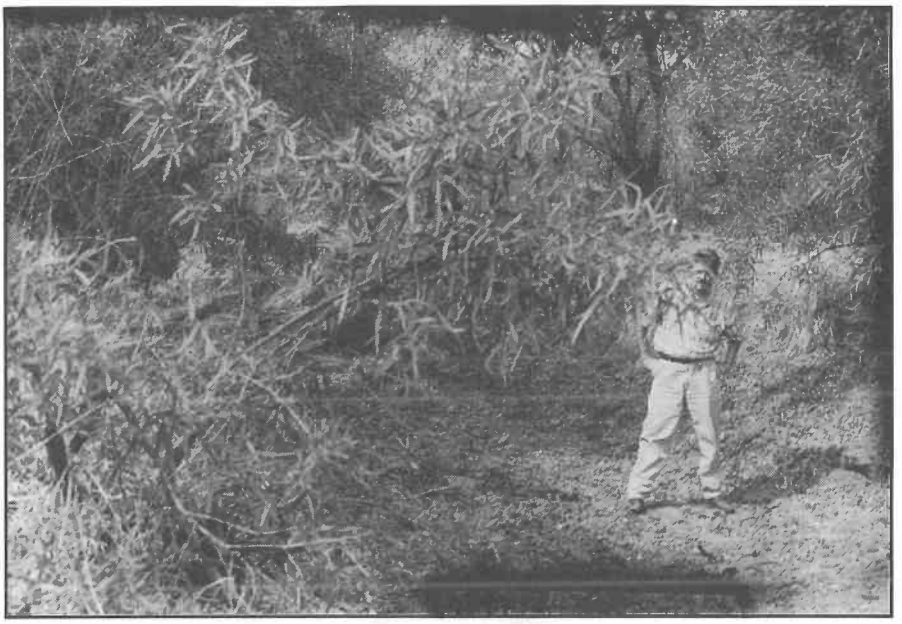
In any event, having despatched this runner, Cumming immediately set out on foot in the darkness to alert Bulawayo. He was accompanied by a German called Lucas, one of the men at Weir Store. They made it through safely and, by 2 pm of the same day, a volunteer force of 35 men under Col Jack Spreckley, (including Orlando Baragwanath), left Bulawayo for Filabusi. Due to the poor conditions of their horses, (the best mounts being with Jameson), the patrol did not reach Edkins' Store until well into the day on Thursday, 26 March 1896. Orlando saw there, amongst others, the bodies of his brother Albert, of Albert's partner Edkins, and of one John Loram Carpenter.

After the war, questioning of the Matabele tribesmen of the area revealed how the actual killings occurred. Edkins and Carpenter had prepared a full tented wagon to take a very ill Percy Cumming (brother of Edkins' former partner Arthur) into Bulawayo. Albert Baragwanath was packing up Cumming's belongings on the morning of 24 March and, as he emerged unsuspecting from a hut, was shot through the head. His assailants then rushed into the store where they also surprised Edkins and shot him. Carpenter, who was on the wagon preparing Percy Cumming's bed, managed to grab a rifle and put up a valiant struggle from within the store, and later from a nearby riverbed, before 'dying well' (in the words of the witnesses).

A number of other miners who were at the store were also killed. Altogether 14 bodies were found in the vicinity of the store. Carpenter's body was not immediately recognisable due to his wounds. Not knowing the full extent of the uprising, or what might be awaiting them in the bush, and mounted on 'sorry crocks' of horses,



Umlugulu, chief instigator of the Filabusi killings, is seen second right, front row



The author in the river bed near Edkins' Store where Carpenter tried to fight off his assailants

Spreckley's Patrol returned to Bulawayo without delaying to bury the corpses. After the rebellion the police collected the scattered remains at the store and buried them in the Filabusi Cemetery in a communal grave bearing the names of Edkins, Albert Baragwanath, Carpenter and Percy Cumming.

The Bulawayo Chronicle of 28 March 1896 reported Spreckley's Patrol finding 'the store in ashes'. It is probably safe to assume that Edkins' Store was generally similar in appearance to Cumming's Store (but without the fortifications, and made of wattle and daub with a tin roof and thatched verandah), an illustration of which can be seen at facing page 26 of 'The '96 Rebellions' (Volume 2 of the *Rhodesiana* Reprint Silver Series).

Carnegie and Taylor (Chief Native Commissioner Matabeleland) reporting on the Rebellion in June 1896, were of the view that Fazela, a brother of Lobengula, and Umlugulu (traditional organiser of rituals preceding the despatch of impis by Lobengula) were the instigators of these particular killings. The Induna, Skonkwani, camped out on Nkukweni Hill for 5 days before attacking the store with his impi, the Mkitika, (aided by deserters, armed with rifles, from the Filabusi Native Police of Commissioner Bentley), and it was these Godhlwayo people who committed the actual killings. Maduna Mafu Nkojene's section attacked miners and prospectors and the Police camp of Bentley from the Insinga hills east of the Store and were also involved in the assault, at the store, in particular in subduing Carpenter.

The exact location of the store is well known and is marked by a substantial monument bearing Ebenezer's name and the names of the others killed at or near the store on or about 24 March 1896. These include Albert Baragwanath, Carpenter and

the sick Percy Cumming, as well as Native Commissioner Bentley, Walter Nimmo, John O'Connor, (brother of Joseph who escaped in miraculous circumstances), W. G. W. Ottens, Valentine Reddan (a partner of Whawell and Greenhough, but killed at the store), George Ernest Seward, (formerly of A Troop of the Pioneer Corps and working on the Ancients Reef when killed, together with Colin Cato), Robert Sharpe, Fred Whawell, Edward White, (killed with John O'Connor his cousin), Arthur P. Woods, Alexander Anderson, Colin Cato, Alfred A. Ayerst, Henry Classen, Alaine Crawley, John Daly, Percy Eaglestone, Ferdinand Ehlert, (who died with Jeffries, Ayerst and Koch), Wilson Forster, James Gibson, John McCleod Grant, (killed with Nimmo), John McInnes Grant (killed with Sharpe), John Greenhough (killed with Whawell), Colin Ivers (killed at Celtic Reef), J. Jeffries, Koch, Johnstone (killed at the store), Arthur Lewis, Herbert Luckcass, Earnest Matthaei (killed with Woods) and Colin McDonald (killed with Classen).

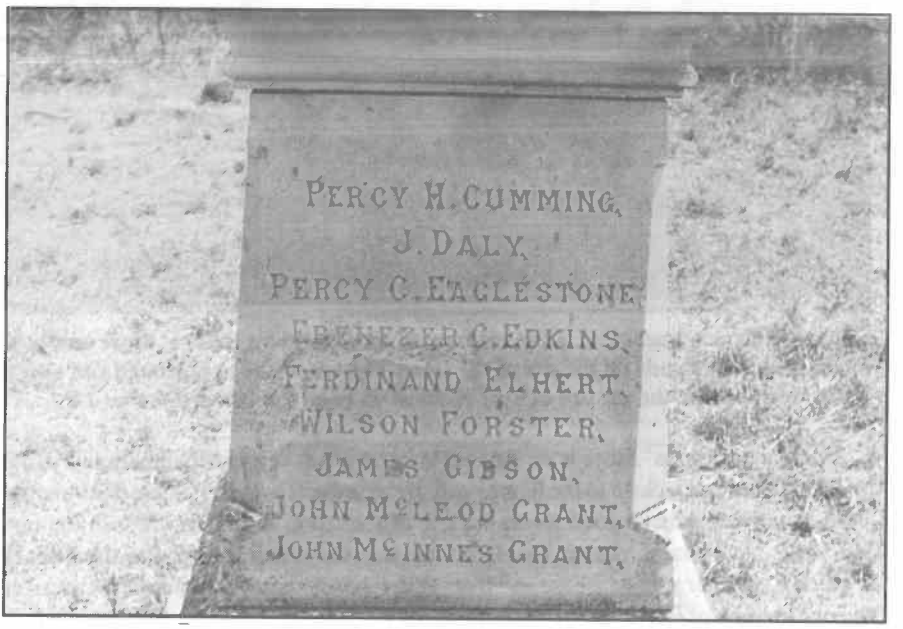
A view of the monument erected in memory of those killed at Edkins' Store and in the Filabusi area. It stands on the site of the store. The hill in the background can also be seen behind the picture of Fort Filabusi on page 6 of *Rhodesiana* no 27.

The site of Edkins' Store is on Annedale Farm not far from Mbalabala and just off the main tarred road, close to the homestead of the present owner, Phineas Ngwenyama. The memorial stands as good as on the site of the store. A short walk into the bush, (left of the memorial if you are facing it from the road), will lead you to the river bed in which Carpenter sought refuge and from which he attempted to fight off his attackers. The photograph of Fort Filabusi (established for C Troop under Captain F. Bowden in October 1896) on page 6 of I. J. Cross's 'Rebellion Forts in Matabeleland' (*Rhodesiana* No 27) shows the vicinity of the store, and the hill in the background of that picture

is the same hill seen in the background of one of the photographs of the memorial accompanying this article. That the monument is now essentially on the site of the store is further evidenced by the map accompanying the 1908 title deeds to Annedale Farm issued to one Brinsley Fitzgerald as a 'Matabele Volunteer Right' in terms of the Victoria Agreement, (reproduced with this article).

Ebenezer died without a Will, leaving £50 in the Bulawayo Standard Bank as well as 'certain interests in gold claims in Rhodesia'. (For an indication of what the bank probably looked like in 1896 go to the inside front cover of *Rhodesiana* No 30). C. S. Wakeford, of 144 Main Street, Bulawayo, next door to the Wesleyan Church, was Ebenezer's nephew. He signed Ebenezer's Death Notice in the capacity of 'next of kin in Matabeleland' and was duly appointed Executor. Wakeford floated Ebenezer's mining claims in the Bulawayo area but was unable to attract immediate interest due to the still unstable situation in Matabeleland following the Rebellion. The claims were eventually exchanged for 25 000 shares in an entity called Filabusi (Chartered) Gold Fields Ltd. Maduna Nkojene was later made a chief by the colonial administration. Umlugulu also escaped with a pardon.

The last word on the Store comes from the Bulawayo Chronicle of 12 December 1896 which advertised the public auction that day, at the Charter Hotel (see page 30 of *Rhodesiana* No 7) by auctioneer C. Maddocks, (duly instructed by the executors of Edkins and Albert Baragwanath) of the 'lease of the property known as Edkins' Store on Annedale Farm, Filabusi'. On offer was a one year lease at £24 per annum with the right of renewal for a further 2 years at £48 per annum and the assurance that 'the position of this store, in the midst of the numerous rich gold properties in the Filabusi



A view of the monument showing the names of Ebenezer Edkins and of Percy Cumming and others

District is such that, with good management, an enormous business will shortly be done'.

But what of the sole survivor of the Filabusi killings?

Those of you who have read Frederick Courteney Selous' *Sunshine and Storm in Rhodesia* will recall the dramatic first-hand account given to Selous by Joseph O'Connor of his 'wonderful' escape from certain death at the hands of Matabele warriors on the outbreak of the 1896 Rebellion on the 24 March of that year.

The story is remarkable, if only for the extraordinary 'luck of the Irish' which seemingly attended on Joe O'Connor that day, (and the view was held by some that O'Connor was the only hero of the hour, the only man amongst the many killed in the Filabusi area, to put up any sort of resistance).

That those murdered went meekly to their deaths is an idea which can be safely disregarded, possibly put about by those in authority who failed to recognise the warning signs for what they were. Most of those killed were engaged in the business of prospecting and mining out in the bush. Such rumours of impending trouble as there were tended to be discounted, (except by one or two like old Guybon Cummings still wise from the Frontier Wars experiences of the 1820 Settlers). Accordingly, it is highly probable that the victims were taken by surprise, with their weapons not immediately to hand, by an overwhelming number of attackers, most of whom would have been either locals, known and trusted by their victims, or even their employees or members of the Native Police. That any who had the opportunity to put up a fight did so, also appears from the case of John Loram Carpenter, (of whom more later).

Who was O'Connor and was he a hero? An Irishman, listed as a member of the 1893 Column, Joseph O'Connor was one of those engaged in mining at the Celtic Mine, near Edkins' Store, with his brother John ('Jack') O'Connor and their cousin Edward White, (the latter two being amongst those killed on 24 March 1896 and whose names appear on the monument at the site of Edkins' Store). That Joe was horribly injured and underwent a ghastly experience there can be no doubt, (and perhaps it is unkind to question his account and not allow him his moment of glory and his place in local history). He was seen 'in a dreadful condition' by the manager of Dawson's Store as he staggered towards Bulawayo after his escape and also by Selous in Bulawayo Hospital, and is listed as a civilian 'seriously wounded by natives' in the official account of the 1896 Rebellions, but how did he get away to tell his story? His version is detailed enough and there was no one left to gainsay it in Bulawayo because Joe was the only European survivor in the Filabusi district. But there was another version given and, to those who knew O'Connor, (as did Orlando Baragwanath) it seemed more credible.

O'Connor told Selous that he was initially alerted to the presence of strangers at the reef he was working by the furious barking of his dogs. He emerged from his hut to find a Matabele warrior aiming a musket at him and a crowd of others, bristling with knobkerries, all seemingly intent on dispatching him forthwith. He 'became mad', he said, rushed in amongst them, snatched away two 'kerries and fought them off in a running battle (all the while receiving heavy blows from 'kerries and miraculously missed more than once by shots fired at him from the musket at close range), until he reached the refuge of the Number 1 mine shaft, down the 45° incline shaft of which he tumbled some 50 metres 'like a football'.

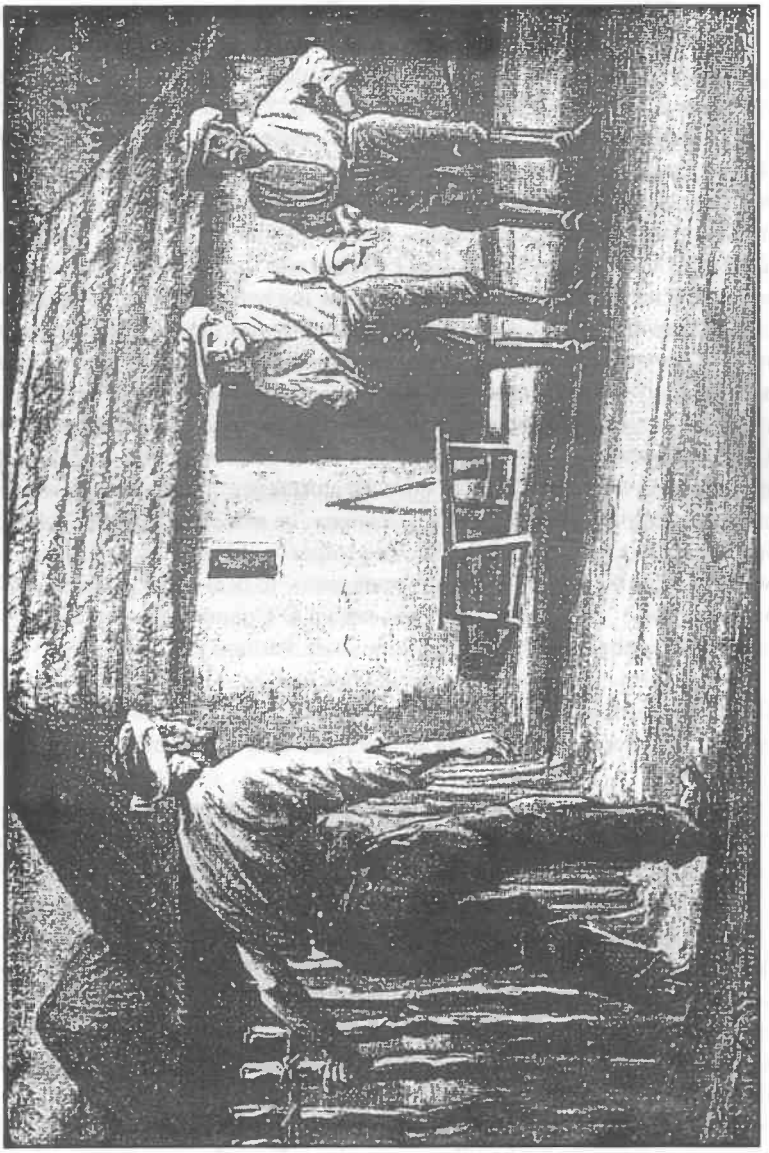
His troubles were only starting. At the bottom of the shaft he was attacked with hammers and drills by a group of his mine workers who had been working underground. He managed to temporarily drive them off 'with stones'. (Selous wondered admiringly at this stage of the story how O'Connor, 'after the terrible punishment he had received', including 13 scalp wounds, had 'managed to retain his senses'). Having beaten off his employees, O'Connor concealed himself in a recess about half way back up the incline shaft but was spotted, (by two of his formerly most-trusted workers, as it happens), who, despite shouts of encouragement and scorn from their associates above, apparently lacked the courage to go into the recess to finish him off, and ran off when a (false) alarm of the arrival of white men was shouted down the shaft.

O'Connor hurriedly found yet another refuge, behind a boulder some distance down the working tunnel which led off from the bottom of the shaft, but his ordeal was not yet over. His tracks were followed down the tunnel and two short-fused charges of dynamite thrown in his direction, (short-fused, no doubt, otherwise the intrepid Irishman would assuredly have thrown them back). Nearly suffocated by the fumes from the explosions but otherwise unhurt, (due to the limited effect of loose charges of dynamite exploded on surface ground), Joe could not account for 'many hours' immediately following, (and reckoned that he 'must have become unconscious'). He duly emerged from the shaft to find night had fallen and a bright moon shining. He found the pole and dagga police post near Edkins' Store deserted and the store itself burnt down. Alone in the night 'amongst a nation of murderers', stopping only to drink and wash his wounds in the stream near Edkins' Store, his 'stout Irish heart never quailed' and he set out to the northwest for Bulawayo. Weak and disorientated from his wounds he eventually staggered like an apparition into the relative safety of Dawsons Store at 11 pm on Saturday 28 March 1896, some 110 hours after he was attacked. The following morning he was sent by wagon to Bulawayo where he 'lay a long time in hospital'. His hair had turned grey, at the age of 26, as a result of his experiences, but he subsequently recovered from his wounds.

O'Connor's assailants emerge from the story as not very competent nor efficient killers. Why were so many so signally unable to bring him down with their knobkerries? Why did they not follow down the tunnel after the explosions or at least leave one of their number at the entrance to the shaft to await his emergence? Did they think him obviously dead or so badly hurt as to be unlikely to emerge from the shaft alive, (and, in fairness to Joe, Maduna Nkojene did express amazement when told afterwards of his escape)? Why was he not seen in the bright moonlight after he ventured out? How was he able to wander unseen for 4 days in rebel territory, (even assuming he did hide out by day)?

Orlando Baragwanath unfortunately could not bring himself to go into greater detail about Joe's character, nor did he recount to Roger Howman in greater detail exactly how, according to the Matabele warriors he spoke to afterwards, Joe contrived to escape even from those lesser hardies allegedly delegated by the warriors to deal with him, but the second version is as follows.

While interviewing Orlando Baragwanath for his article, (Orlando Baragwanath : A Centenarian Pioneer of Rhodesia, *Rhodesiana* No 28) it came as a revelation to Roger Howman to find Baragwanath praising John Loram Carpenter, not O'Connor,



O'Connor's arrival at the Store

as the man, if any, whose actions were heroic. Carpenter was killed at Edkins' Store, with Baragwanath's brother Albert and others. Orlando Baragwanath was a member of Col. Spreckley's party which discovered the bodies and the store in ashes the following day, Wednesday 25 March 1896, (at which particular time, according to O'Connor's story, O'Connor would have been hiding out in the reeds in the Insiza river). O'Connor said that he had made his way to Edkins' Store on the night of 24 March 1896 before setting off for Bulawayo, but made no mention of seeing any bodies (save for recalling 'the smell of murder in the air'). Even allowing for it being after dark, this is perhaps strange, because at least 14 bodies were seen by Spreckley's patrol outside or in the vicinity of the store and were later recovered and buried.

Baragwanath evaded Roger Howman's questions about O'Connor as 'something best left unmentioned'. In the small Filabusi community, everyone knew everybody and, according to Orlando Baragwanath, Joe O'Connor was 'probably the most disliked and despised character' in the area. We do not know the nature of Joe's 'crimes' but they must have been pretty bad to draw special attention in those rough and ready days. Thus, Joe's portrayal of his escape came as 'a great surprise'. After the rebellion, Baragwanath, naturally anxious to find out details of the death of his brother and friends, found and spoke to several Matabele warriors who had taken part in the affair. When told of O'Connor's survival and his rendering of how he got away, the warriors broke into laughter and gave a totally different story. (Unfortunately Baragwanath was not forthcoming with everything they told him). However, he was clear that they told him that poor Joe, no doubt justifiably terrified at the prospect of his imminent demise, had 'behaved so badly' that the warriors told the 'youngsters' to deal with O'Connor in the mine shaft. It was these 'youngsters', perhaps, whom O'Connor managed to keep at bay after running from the warriors into the mine shaft. Perhaps the 'youngsters' were told to kill him and throw him down the shaft but botched the job before throwing him down it still alive, or perhaps it was from these boys whom he managed to break away and dive into the shaft amongst a rain of blows from their knobkerries. Or perhaps Joe's version is true.

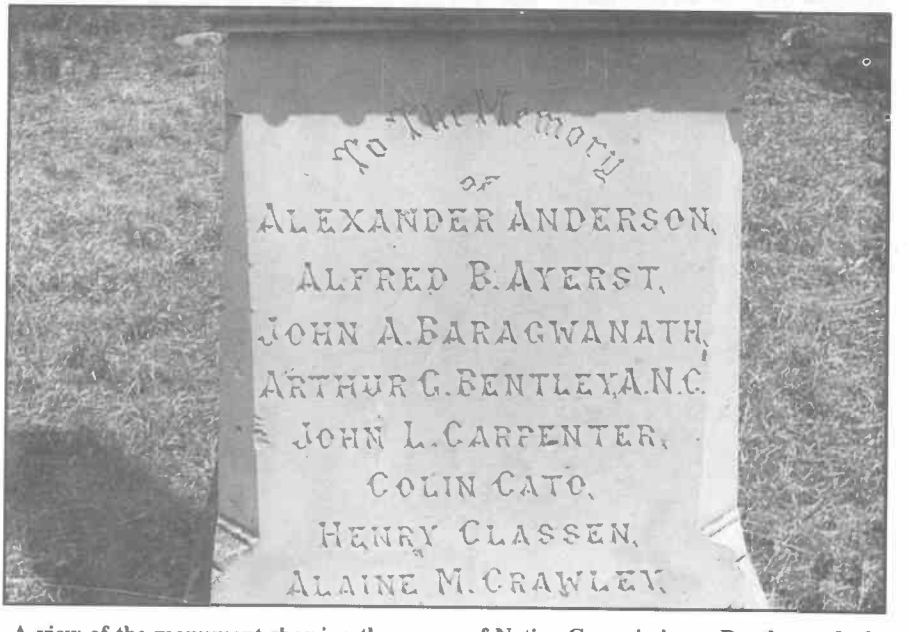
In any event, after he emerged from the mine and began his trek toward Bulawayo (so Leo Robinson, a Native Commissioner, was told afterwards), Joe got to the kraal of one Lulapa (which Joe does not mention at all). This Induna, (in Robinson's words 'a typical Matabele and real gentleman Zulu'), would not allow his young-bloods to murder O'Connor and showed Joe how he could continue up the Umzingwane river to reach the Tuli road, (near Dawson's Store where Joe eventually arrived). Perhaps it was at Lulapa's kraal, rather than the river near Edkins' Store, where Joe rested up and had his wounds washed (which might account better for the 4 days it took Joe to reach Dawson's Store, rather than that he was wandering about disorientated during most of this time).

If Joe was not a hero, what about John Loram Carpenter? It was he whom the Matabele warriors remembered when Baragwanath spoke to them afterwards. It was he who had 'restored the white man's prestige' by the manner of his death.

Carpenter, a Filabusi miner, was a particular friend of Percy Cumming. Percy had taken very ill and had gone to Edkins' Store on 23 March 1896. Carpenter and Edkins got ready a wagon to take him into Bulawayo Hospital. On the morning of Tuesday,

24 March Carpenter was standing on top of the wagon preparing a bed for Cumming. Albert Baragwanath was inside the hut packing up the last of Cumming's belongings. Edkins was inside the store. A group of Native Police (armed with Winchester rifles said Baragwanath) and the Mtikita impi arrived on the scene. Albert emerged from the hut and was instantly shot, as was Edkins in the store. Carpenter took in what was happening and seized a rifle and a handful of ammunition and, shooting two of the attackers, ran into the store followed by the herdboy attending the wagon.

The store had an iron roof on pole and dagga walls, with a thatched verandah. An exchange of fire commenced. The verandah thatch was set alight and Carpenter eventually could no longer defend the store. He dashed out, shooting a further two, and he and the boy made for cover amongst boulders and overhanging trees in the nearby dry stream bed. He ordered the herdboy to crawl away unseen and warn those at Weir Store whilst he bravely diverted attention by taunting his assailants to come on. He made a valiant stand, eventually with his back up against a tree, facing his pursuers and forcing them to keep their distance with continuous and well-directed shots, until a long-range volley of shots from the rifles of the Native Police brought him down. 'He died well' the Matabele told Baragwanath afterwards. Maduna Nkojene remembered the incident well and was full of admiration. ('Maduna, when describing this tragic episode, referred in glowing terms of admiration to the dogged pluck and brave defence exhibited by Carpenter – for a Matabele can respect a brave man though he spare him not . . . . Carpenter had been down with fever and consequently was too weak to run far, otherwise his legs might have saved his life' : With Plumer in **Matabeleland, Volume 21 Gold Series at page 42). Carpenter's body was not**



A view of the monument showing the names of Native Commissioner Bentley and of the heroic John Loram Carpenter and others

immediately recognisable to Spreckley's Patrol the following day, due to his wounds, (and perhaps the ferocity of his defence led his attackers to doubly ensure that he was dead once they had overpowered him). His name is recorded on the monument at the site of Edkins' Store and his body buried in the communal grave in the Filabusi cemetery.

Some of his descendants live today in Harare, amongst whom is Mrs S. D. Ford, daughter of the late Christine Bulman.

Baragwanath says O'Connor took no further part in the rebellion, notwithstanding the murders of his brother and cousin. Perhaps he was too scarred by his experiences to leave the safety of Bulawayo with those who later went out to attempt the suppression of the uprising. No doubt he was with them in spirit, because, as Selous somewhat drily put it, Joe O'Connor had 'abandoned any latent intention he may ever have had of becoming a member of the Aborigines Protection Society'.

Whatever the case, Baragwanath says Joe chose to stay in Bulawayo where he lived 'a dissolute life' until killed by lightning some four or five years later.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS (for guidance and encouragement)

David Sutherland
Graham Edkins
Phineas Ngwenyama
Tim Tanser
Richard Wood
Paddy Vickery
John Ford
The Staff of the National Archives of Zimbabwe
In particular Dave Collis and Roger Howman, from whose earlier articles on Edkins and the Matabele Rebellion much information was gleaned for this story.

Major I. M. Tomes

MBE, MC, RRF

by T. F. M. Tanser

Ian Tomes served in Zimbabwe as a member of the British Military Advisory and Training Team, (B MATT) from 1992 to 1994. He was posted to the Military Academy at Gweru.

Having heard of the Battle of Shangani which had occurred on 25 October 1893, Ian and a colleague in B MATT, Captain Patrick Crowley, started to look into the history of the battle and led a small tour around the battle area.

The success of this outing caused Ian to delve more deeply, not only into the Battle of Shangani, but also into everything that had happened in the Gweru/Midlands area during both the Matabele Campaign of 1893 and the subsequent uprising of 1896.

Amongst other research conducted by Ian, was to track the movement of the 1893 Column on the ground, a study which helped clarify several aspects of the campaign history. In particular that, whilst the Salisbury and Victoria Columns did meet up initially at Iron Mine Hill, the laagers they formed were several kilometres away near the grave of Captain Campbell, whose death was the first casualty of the campaign.

The article by Major Tomes has been divided into two sections, the second part of which will appear in the next edition of *Heritage*.

The Society is grateful to Ian for his research and the energy he displayed which resulted in an extremely successful outing by the History Society of Zimbabwe to the Shangani Battle site on 25/26 September 1993.

Following his tour of duty in Zimbabwe, Ian was posted to England, where, in the Public Relations Department of the British Army, he was responsible for organising and co-ordinating the famous Military Tatoo in London.

The Matabele War, 1893

by Ian Tomes

1: THE CAUSES OF WAR

The First Arrivals in Zimbabwe

To very considerably over simplify the last century, the Matabele, under their first King, Mzilikazi, had escaped from Zululand in the 1840s and migrated north into what is now the south western part of Zimbabwe. During the next three or so decades, under Mzilikazi and then his successor, Lobengula, the Matabele influence spread north and east and they effectively dominated the indigenous Shona, who lived in most of the rest of present day Zimbabwe.

Behind them came the influence of the white man. Well to the east into present day Mozambique came the Portuguese, but they never clashed with the Matabele. To the south were the English, who wished to push north. This was the era of 'Colonialism' and Britain, France, Portugal, Belgium, Spain and even the newly founded Germany were all seeking to control large parts of Africa. In present day Zimbabwe there was also an additional attraction; the belief, later to be proved wrong, that the land was one huge gold mine, a new El Dorado.

Following the signing of the Rudd Concession in October 1888 and the granting of the Royal Charter in October 1889, on the first of January 1890 a twenty-three year old Englishman, Frank Johnson, made a contract with Cecil Rhodes, that for the sum of £87, 500, he would undertake to hand over Mashonaland, fit for government by the 1 October of that year; and which he did.

On 11 July 1890, a pioneer column of about 500 pioneers and police, sent by Rhodes, entered present day Zimbabwe by crossing the Shashi River at Tuli. Two months later, on 12 September, having skirted Matabeleland without incident and having established forts at Victoria (now Masvingo) and Charter, they arrived at the present site of Harare, naming it Fort Salisbury.

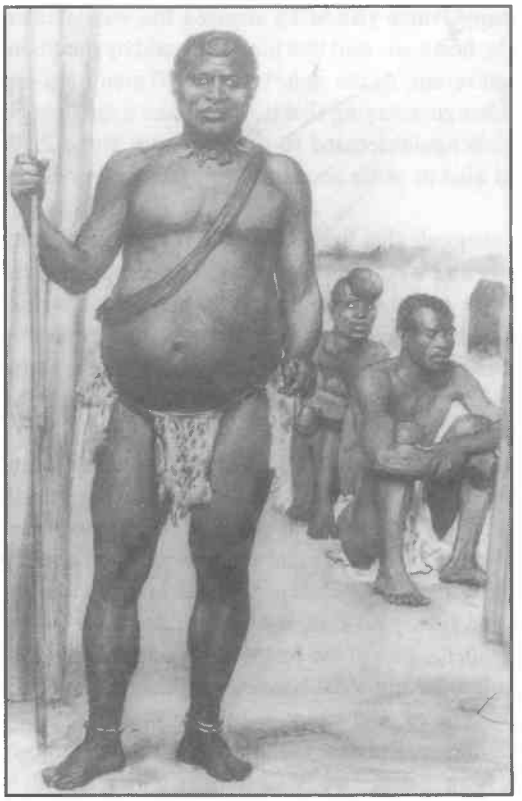
The next three years saw a steady stream of settlers, prospectors and miners entering the country. Primarily they kept to the east and north of Matabeleland, so as to avoid a confrontation with Lobengula, by then the King of the Matabele. But a confrontation was inevitable. From the beginning of the occupation in 1890 Rhodes had anticipated a clash and it had never really been possible to imagine the Matabele accommodating themselves peacefully to changing times; in particular to what they saw as an invasion and occupation of a land they considered was their subject territory. The country could not have two masters.

Rhodes and Lobengula

This is therefore an appropriate point to look at these two men, Rhodes and Lobengula. Neither was directly involved in the 1893 Campaign, but both were the powers behind the events that took place.

First, Cecil John Rhodes, who can be regarded as one of the Empire builders of

Cecil Rhodes
(National Archives of Zimbabwe)



Lobengula *(National Archives of Zimbabwe)*

southern Africa – after all Zimbabwe was named after him for 86 years. He was born in England in 1853, in Bishops Stortford, a country town some 30 miles north of London. He came out to Africa in 1870 and by 1888, at the age of 35, effectively controlled the complete diamond industry of South Africa. But he was a visionary and looked north, seeking to open up the land to white settlement with the ultimate aim of having the union jack flying from the Cape to Cairo. It was he, as mentioned, who sent the Pioneer Column north in 1890 and it was also he who effectively gave the 'go ahead' for the invasion of Matabeleland three years later. He was not directly involved in that actual Campaign, although he did reach Bulawayo on 4 December 1893, a month after its occupation and, incidentally, the same day as Major Wilson and his patrol were killed. From 1890 to 1896 he was Prime Minister of the Cape Colony and died quite young, at the age of 48, and was buried in the Matopos Hills at World's View on 10 April 1902.

Lobengula ('Driven by the Wind'), the second King of the Matabele, again was not directly involved with the actual fighting. He was born, in what is now the Transvaal, in 1837 and after a period of considerable in-fighting became King of the Matabele on 22 January 1870. Some would regard him as a cruel man, but in fairness it must be said that he was the King of a warrior nation and only keeping to the laws of that nation. On the other hand, many of the white

hunters and traders who came to his capital, Bulawayo, spoke highly of him. It is worth noting that, when he fled north shortly before Bulawayo was occupied, he left strict instructions that the two white traders who were still there were not to be touched; and they were not. One can use different words, cheated, deceived, hood-winked, out-manoeuvred and so on, but whichever one one uses he did allow the Pioneer Column to enter the country in 1890. He died, a fugitive, on about 22 January 1894 somewhere north of the Shangani River towards the Zambezi. There are differing accounts of exactly when and where he was buried, but it seems most likely it was in the Manjolo area, not far from Binga. There is little doubt though that the Matabele elders of today know exactly where it is and will announce this at some future appropriate time.

The Events of July 1893

The events in 1893 effectively started at the beginning of the winter season, when Lobengula sent his main raiding impi (a 'task force') off north towards the upper country, not far from present day Masvingo, to punish a chief called Biri whose people were accused of stealing Matabele cattle. In the same month too, a few Shona took a fancy to the shiny copper telegraph wire being strung towards Fort Victoria and purloined 500 yards of it to make bangles with. These two events became the pegs on which a great deal of trouble was to be hung.

The British South African Company Police (BSACP) arrested the wire stealers and fined them for the theft. Lobengula, however, said that the cattle paid by the Shona as the fine were his and demanded their return. At the same time the 70 man Impi sent against Chief Biri reported back to Lobengula, saying that it would take a far stronger force than them to deal with him. Lobengula decided to send an impi some 2,500 strong both to bring Biri to book and also to settle accounts with some other Shona chiefs in the Fort Victoria area.

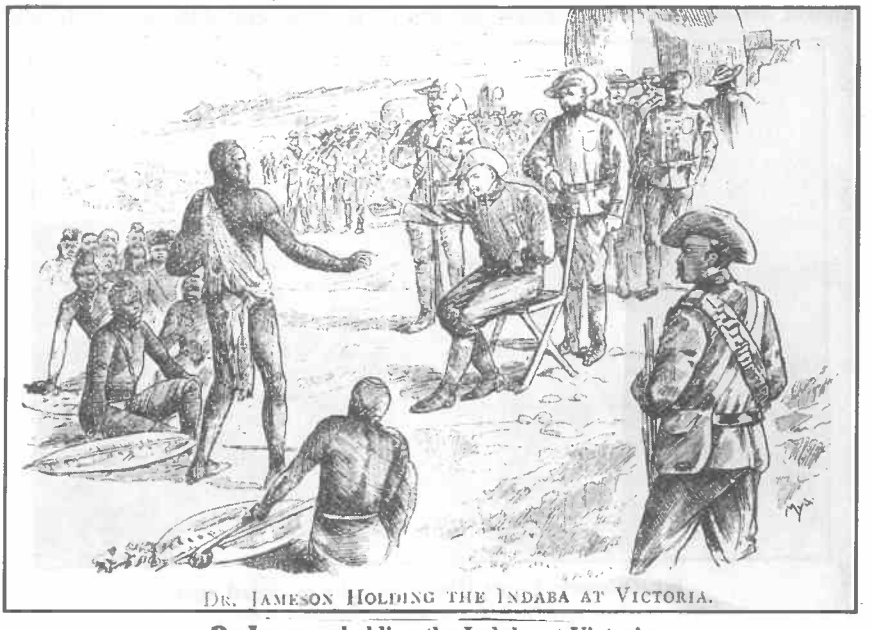
The 70 man Impi had also told Lobengula that they had met Captain Lendy, then the resident magistrate at Fort Victoria and who figures much in the campaign later. Lendy had found out that a larger force might follow up the 70 and sent a written message to Lobengula warning him of the dangers of such activity in an area now occupied by Europeans. In return Lobengula sent a message stating his force had strict instructions not to interfere with the white people and the Impi of 2,500 set out in late June. Confrontation was now inevitable.

On July 9, the European settlers and miners around Fort Victoria woke up to find the Matabele slaughtering the local Shona, looting cattle, burning kraals and generally setting the whole countryside in uproar. There was general alarm, with Europeans and their Shona retainers gathering for safety in the fort. A number of Shona were actually killed in the presence of Europeans, and although no white person was actually harmed, there were threats such as 'stand to one side, your time has not yet come'.

On 14 July, Manyewu, the Impi leader, came to the fort with a second letter from Lobengula saying that the white people were not to be harmed, but that the Shona in the fort should be surrendered. Lendy refused, and suggested the Impi camp nearby, until he had communicated with Dr Jameson, Rhodes' man in Rhodesia. Dr Jameson figures much in the campaign so this is an appropriate point to have a look at who he was.

Leander Starr Jameson
(National Archives of Zimbabwe)

Dr Leander Starr Jameson was a rather extraordinary man. Born in Scotland in 1853, he was small and looked insignificant, but under the exterior there seems to have been a ball of fire and he was continually up to assorted escapades. He came out to South Africa for his health and quite soon afterwards linked up with Cecil Rhodes, becoming his agent for, and in, Rhodesia. He came up to Salisbury with the Pioneer Column and, in one subsequent escapade, ended up on the Beira area coastline in his underpants, having lost all his other clothes when he knocked over a candle, setting fire to a complete town! He figures a lot in the 1893 campaign; but after that in late 1895 he led the ill-fated 'Jameson Raid' to oust the Boers in Johannesburg. Although he then spent a short time in jail as a result, he bounced back and was Prime



Dr Jameson holding the Indaba at Victoria
(National Archives of Zimbabwe)

Minister of the Cape Colony 1904 to 1908. He died in London in November 1917, and after the first World War, was buried close to Rhodes in the Matopos in May 1920.

Back in Fort Victoria, Lendy having suggested the Impi camp nearby, it did so, passing the time in burning other villages and killing any individuals who fell into its hands.

Three days later, on 17 July, Jameson arrived hot foot from Salisbury and called for a meeting the next day with the Matabele just outside the gates of the fort.

On the 18th the Matabele came and Jameson was quite blunt, telling Hgave them a few hours to clear out of the district, saying that if they did not he would throw them out. This was quite a shock to the Matabele who responded that Mashonaland was part of the Matabele Kingdom, that they had every right to be there and, which was quite true, they had molested no white people. This was the Showdown. Accounts differ but it appears Jameson tersely told the Matabele that if any of them were still on the Shona side of the Tugwi (or Tokwe) River at sunset, they would be shot. The meeting broke up with the Matabele moving off in an uncertain manner.

It seems that most of the Matabele in fact started to retire, but some, including the truculent King's nephew, Mgandani, showed more reluctance. Two hours after the meeting ended a force of 38 horsemen, under Captain Lendy, sallied out from the Fort. Whether the Matabele fired first is uncertain, but a running fight ensued with anything from 7 to 30 or so Matabele being killed, depending whose account one believes. Those killed included Mgandani. The Matabele made little attempt to retaliate, fled and suffered from considerable loss of face.

That night Jameson planned the campaign against the Matabele. Early the next morning, the 19th, one can picture the scene. In the telegraph office in Victoria sits Jameson, huddled with the telegraph operator. At the other end of the wire in Salisbury

Fort Victoria Court House, and the mounted men who attacked the Africans, 18 July 1893
(National Archives of Zimbabwe)

sits the magistrate, Major Patrick William Forbes, together with Duncan, a retired Naval officer acting as relief for Jameson there. They too sit next to the operator. Jameson talks to them over the clattering little instrument. He tells them what has happened and instructs Forbes to raise a force of volunteers. This force is to advance direct on Bulawayo. It is to be supported by columns from Fort Victoria and Fort Tuli. The objectives; the liquidation of the power of the Matabele and the acquisition of their homeland by the British South Africa Company.

2: PREPARATIONS AND MOVES OF THE COLUMNS TO IRON MINE HILL

The Concept and Result

The stage was thus set, and the remainder of July, August and September 1893 were to be spent preparing for the invasion. The overall plan was that there were to be three columns that would converge from three different directions onto Bulawayo. One would start from Salisbury, one from Fort Victoria and one would come up from the south, from Tati in Bechuanaland. Later, though, this was modified in that it was decided the Salisbury and Victoria Columns would join together and become known as the Northern Column, but the one from the south, the Southern Column, would still come up on its own.

It was the Northern Column which won the significant battles. The Southern Column really played a smaller part in the Campaign and is only mentioned in passing in the rest of this booklet. It is though only fair to say a few words on this Column to put it into perspective; especially as a number of its men also played a part in the subsequent abortive 'Shangani Patrol'.

Effectively there was a race between the Northern and Southern Columns to get to Bulawayo. Rhodes and Jameson (i.e. the British South Africa Company, BSAC) controlled the Northern Column, while the Southern Column was controlled by the British High Commissioner in South Africa, Sir Henry Loch. Rhodes and Jameson wanted to get to Bulawayo first, so that they could claim Matabeleland as BSAC territory; whereas if the Southern Column won, the territory would be claimed as a colony of the British Crown.

In the event, as we shall see later, the Northern Column won by ten days. The Southern Column, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Goold Adams, comprised 224 men of the Bechuanaland Border Police (BBP) who came under the High Commissioner. However it also included 225 men, under the command of Commandant Raaff, and who came under the direction of Cecil Rhodes. Delaying tactics were employed in that Commandant Raaff was told by Jameson not to move until one week after the Salisbury and Victoria had started. This effectively happened, the Southern Column was delayed, and Matabeleland became BSAC territory.

In broad summary, the Salisbury Column started from Fort Charter on 2 October while the Victoria Column left Fort Victoria on the 6th. They linked up near Lalapanzi on the 16th. Then, as the joint Northern Column, two battles were fought; the first at Shangani on 25 October and the second,a week later on 1 November at Bembezi. The Northern Column occupied Bulawayo on 4 November and was joined there by the Southern Column on the 14th.

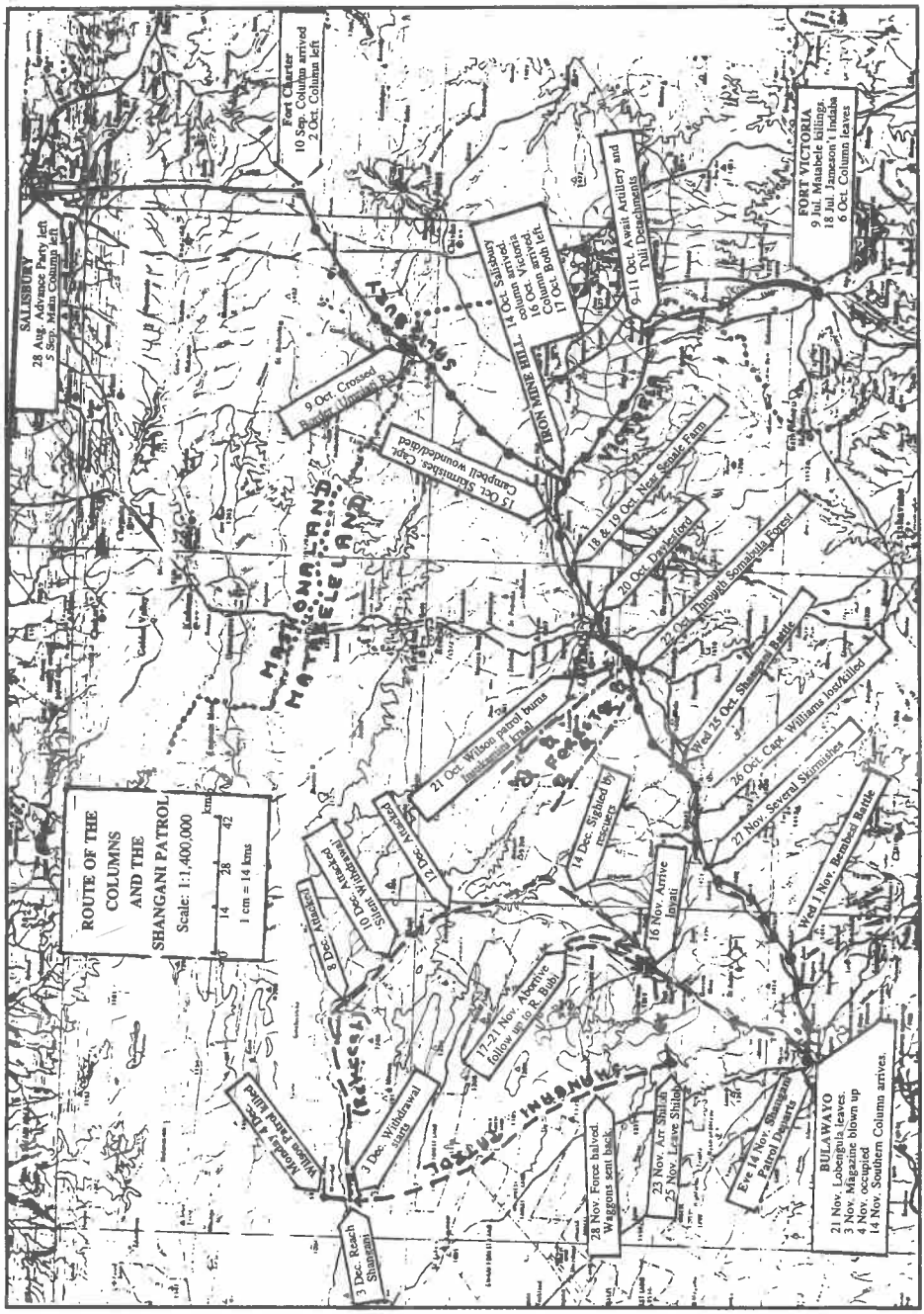


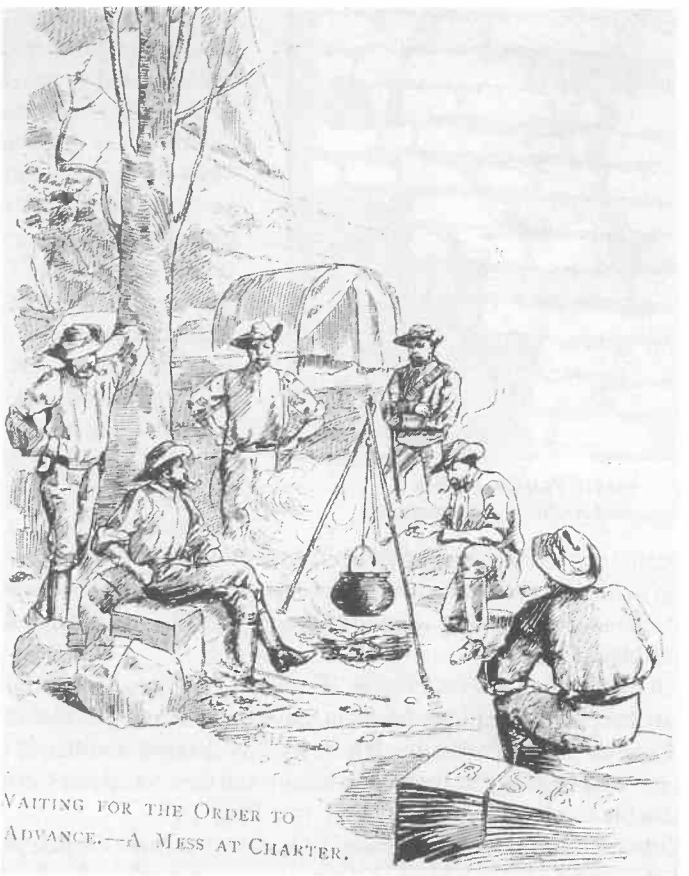
Plate 1: Route of the Columns and the Shangani Patrol

The Salisbury Column

There were three serious claimants to command the Salisbury and later combined Northern Column. First was Major 'Maori' Brown, the Officer Commanding the Mashonaland Horse, second was Major Forbes the Resident Magistrate, and a former Imperial Officer, and third was Frank Johnson who had set up the 1890 Pioneer Column and could claim he was the senior BSAC officer in Salisbury. Jameson though telegraphed from Fort Victoria that Forbes was to take command, not only of the Salisbury Column but of the Victoria Column as well when the two linked up. Frank Johnson, in disgust, left for England.

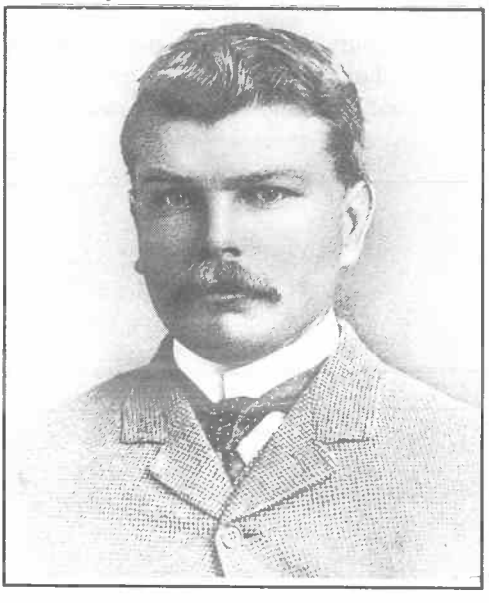
The Salisbury Column men were fairly easily recruited, although there were some arguments about terms of service and rewards, and an Advance Party under Captain Finch left for Fort Charter on 28 August. (Reference hereafter may be made to Appendix 1 for dates.)

The main body of the Column then left Salisbury (less five men who were absent without leave as they were drunk!) after a church parade at 3 pm on Tuesday 5 September. Apparently when the Column started, its members looked a rather motley



Waiting for the order to advance – a mess at Charter (*National Archives of Zimbabwe*)

crew as many preferred to wear their own clothes and many were to be on foot until they could get horses at Fort Charter. However, after five fairly easy and uneventful days, the main body joined its advance party at Charter on the 10th. They then stayed there for three weeks. There were two main reasons for this; one being to await word that the Victoria Column was ready, the other being to await the arrival of horses without which it was felt the campaign could not be launched. Some 59 horses had arrived on the 7th, in poor condition after coming up from Fort Victoria, but it was not until the 14th that a further 109 arrived. The 109 had in fact started out from Fort Tuli (on the Rhodesia border) at a strength of 171, but they provided such excellent eating for the local lions that only the 109 made it! Forbes spent the three weeks at Charter drilling and training his men, so perhaps this is the point to look at the man himself; the military commander of the Northern Column.



Major Patrick Forbes
(National Archives of Zimbabwe)

Major Patrick William Forbes was born in Oxfordshire, in England in 1861, so at the time of the Campaign was only 32 years old. He served in the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, a Northern Irish cavalry regiment, and went to South Africa in 1880. He was the second in command of the BSACP in the 1890 Pioneer Column. One must be indebted to him as, after the campaign, he wrote a very detailed report on each day's events, and this has provided the best source, without doubt, for much of the material in this article. He has been much criticized, not so much for his handling of the advance to Bulawayo, but for his leadership during the subsequent attempt (the 'Shangani Patrol') to capture Lobengula that saw the loss of the Wilson Patrol. Personally though, I would give him pretty high marks for pretty effectively commanding a rather motley and assorted lot of civilians, few of whom were used to military discipline. He died, at the age of 61, in 1922 in England.

Back to the Column at Fort Charter. Word was finally received from Jameson to start, but to start slowly until he, Jameson, gave the word that all was ready with the Victoria Column. Major Forbes has left us a pretty detailed account of the route and distances covered each day by both the Salisbury and then combined Northern Column so it is possible to plot it fairly accurately (see Plate 1).

The Column left Charter on Monday 2 October and headed south west, covering 6 miles that day and a further 11 or so the next to roughly where Featherstone now is; and their route meant that they must have crossed the present Chivhu-Harare road

about where the Police Station now is some 36 km north of Chivhu. They stayed there for two days. A further 11 miles was covered on the 6th and 2 on the 7th when they then left the old Salisbury-Bulawayo hunting route, heading in a more south westerly direction. Word to 'push on' came from Jameson at 9 am on the 8th when 7 miles were covered.

That evening there was some slight rain, but although there were occasional light showers the 'rains' did not effectively start until Bulawayo was reached; although concern that they might was a worry as it could have seriously affected the advance.

On the 9th 2½ miles were covered, the Umniati (Munyati) River which was the Mashonaland/Matabeleland 'border' was crossed and the Column then continued through what is now Central Estates. Ten miles were covered on the 10th and on that day two patrols were sent out; one under Captain Williams to follow the Umniati and then head south while the other, A Troop, headed directly for Iron Mine Hill. On the 11th, 9 miles were covered and the Sebaque (Sebakwe) River crossed, on the 12th a further 5 miles, crossing the Umvumi (Umvuma), and 9½ on the 13th where the laager was formed at the headwaters of the Bembeswane (Bembezana).

The destination, Iron Mine Hill, known to the Shona as 'sigala' or 'Tshimhanguru' and to the Matabele as 'Ntaba Nsimbi', is about 10 km SSE of present day Lalapanzi. It was reached, after a final 2 miles (making a total of about 76 from Fort Charter), early on the morning of the 14th. So far no Matabele had been seen, even by the two patrols sent out on the 10th.

There was no sign of the Victoria Column, but a note had been left by their scouts the day before. Later that morning though some of the Victoria Scouts did appear as did Dr Jameson, accompanied by his military adviser, Sir John Willoughby. That afternoon Forbes moved the column some 2 miles west to the headwaters of the Tokwe River and a laager was established.

The next day, Sunday the 15th, one might say the fun began – although seriously. The day before some local Shona had reported there were cattle stolen from the Fort Victoria area a little beyond Lalapanzi. Forbes decided, as he had to wait for the Victoria column to arrive, to have a go at recovering them. It wasn't a very successful day.

Major P.W. Forbes interviewing the Matabele Induna at Indaima's Mountain
(National Archives of Zimbabwe)

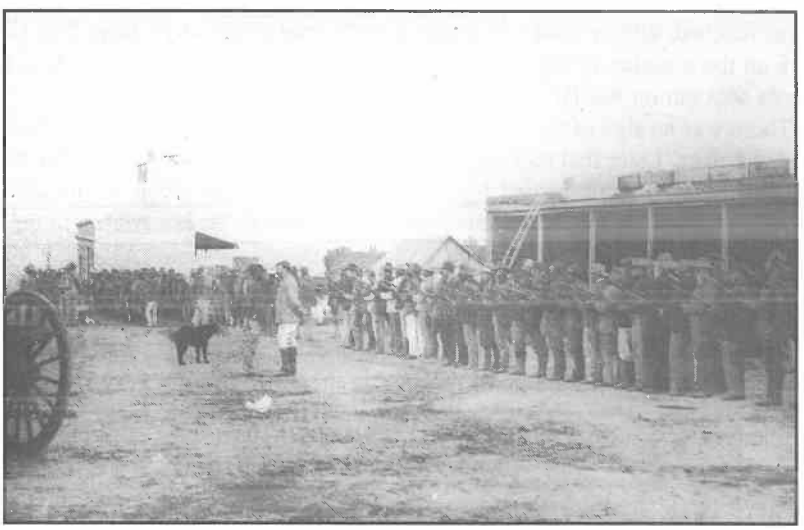
There were a number of small Matabele groups around, and Forbes himself, with a group of 10 men, had a confrontation with one such group, in the Umtebekwa river valley (probably area GR 9853). Both sides though backed off and no shots were fired. In another incident Captain Campbell, the Column's Ordnance officer, was shot through the hip (roughly about where the Fort Gibbs road turns off the main Mvuma-Gweru road in the area GR 9458). He was taken back to the laager, but, although his leg was amputated by Dr Jameson, he died that night.

During that day 300 head of cattle were recovered, but when Forbes got back to the laager at 3 pm he found everyone in a great state of excitement. Some more Victoria scouts had arrived and described a skirmish in which they said they had killed 20 Matabele. They also said that a 7,000 strong Matabele impi was in the vicinity but this turned out to be a false alarm.

Finally the 15th saw the arrival of Bishop Knight Bruce, the Bishop of Mashonaland, who arrived with his waggon as did several more scouts from Salisbury.

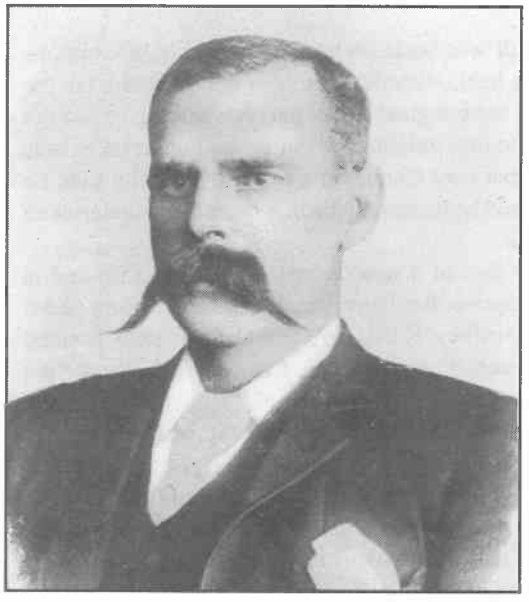
The morning of the 16th was dull and wet, but at 8 am the Victoria Column arrived.

The Victoria Column



Fort Victoria contingent
(*National Archives of Zimbabwe*)

While the Salisbury Column was being organized the one from Fort Victoria was also being prepared. Here too there was little difficulty in finding volunteers, although in the words of one contemporary writer, 'at least nine-tenths seem to be officers, and the rest stonybrokes who left the Beira railway, and who tramped to Fort Victoria at the rumour of free rations. I think the men fancy it will be all beer and skittles, but I am inclined to doubt it. Allan Wilson is Commander in Chief and Lendy is the Artillery boss. Jameson does the diplomacy, in that he tells necessary and unnecessary lies on all possible occasions.



Major Alan Wilson
(National Archives of Zimbabwe)

So let us look at the Commander of this Column, Major Allan Wilson. He was born in Scotland in 1856, and thus was 37, some five years older than Forbes, at the time of the campaign. He came out to South Africa in 1878 and joined the Cape Mounted Rifles. Later he obtained a commission in the Basutoland Police, but in 1892 became the Bechuanaland Exploration Company's representative in Fort Victoria. In 1893 he was the senior officer in the Victoria Volunteers and commanded the Victoria Column throughout the advance to Bulawayo. As will be described, he and his patrol of 33 men were killed by the Matabele on 4 December 1893.

The details of the route taken by the Victoria Column, to link up with the Salisbury Column, are regrettably not as clear as the Salisbury Column's. The most detailed account appears to be one written by Sir John Willoughby. However he was only with the Victoria Column for a part of its advance, before going ahead of it with Dr Jameson, and his account then follows their own movements rather than that of the Column.

In summary, the Victoria Column left the Fort on Friday 6 October. Over the first three days it covered some 30 miles up the Victoria-Salisbury road, via Makoris, and then turned west for a further 8 miles. There it stopped for three days until joined by its Artillery detachment under Captain Lendy. On Thursday 12th, 7 miles were covered including crossing the Umshagashi (Shagashi) River, and on the 13th a further 12 miles. On that day the Column crossed the Shashi (Shashe), the Mashonaland-Matabeleland 'border' in this area. Additionally on the same day, and perhaps a little foolishly, Dr Jameson and Sir John Willoughby left the Column to ride on ahead to Iron Mine Hill. Meanwhile the Column continued, covering a further 29 or so miles, on the 14th, 15th and 16th, and joining up with the Salisbury Column at 8 am on the 16th, having covered about 86 miles in all from Fort Victoria. It passed by the Salisbury force and laagered, a half mile beyond, on the far side of the spruit close to which the Salisbury Column was also laagered.

As a footnote, the Victoria Column apparently included a woman, a Mrs Hamilton, riding alongside her husband and trying to cram a rather buxom figure into a uniform. As this was well before the days of 'women's lib', Jameson sent her packing back to Victoria and she left in high dudgeon.

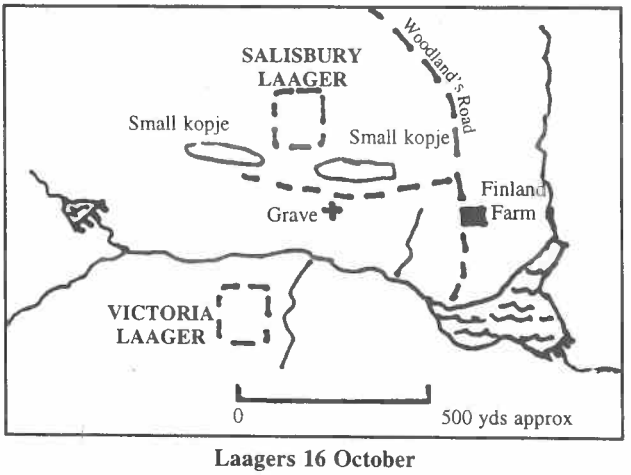
The Linking Up

There was no further movement on the 16th, the day the Victoria Column arrived, and

that evening at dusk Captain Campbell was buried with many from both Columns attending. A full military funeral was held, with three volleys being fired over the grave. To quote Forbes, 'I think there were a good many people standing round the grave that evening, who realised for the first time that wheat we had undertaken was no child's play but stern reality, and that poor Campbell's fate might at any time be the fate of one or all of us; but there could be no turning back now; we had undertaken the work and had to go through with it.'

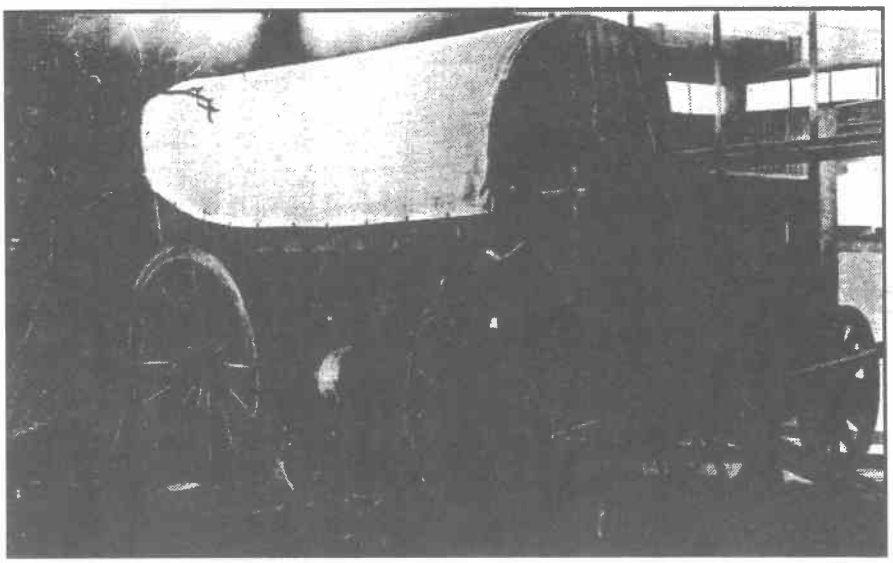
Campbell's grave is located at the foot of a small kopje (at GR 086553) and is clearly marked with a cross on a headstone, the latter bearing the inscription 'John Lamont Campbell, Late Captain Royal Artillery, Killed in Action October 1893. Erected by his father Colonel Campbell of Southall, Argyllshire'. Curiously, there are two other unmarked graves at the same site. One is probably that of Trooper Wood of the Victoria Column who died of fever the night the Column arrived and was buried early the next morning, the 17th. The other one is a mystery, although one of the workers at the local Finland farm said that he had heard a story that the local farmer and his wife had been murdered, presumably some years later, by one of their workers whom the farmer had refused to pay. Perhaps, if true, this is their last resting place.

The site of Campbell's grave does allow us to place with reasonable certainty the laager sites of the two Columns. One must assume the grave would be sited not more than a few hundred yards, at most, from the safety of the Salisbury laager, but perhaps out of sight of it. As we know the Victoria Column laager was also some half mile from the Salisbury one, and across the river, it seems reasonable to deduce (see sketch) that the Salisbury laager was at about GR 085555, now a maize field just beyond the two small low kopjes, while the Victoria laager was at about GR 083549, where there is now a scattered copse of trees.



Laagers 16 October

3: ORGANIZATION OF THE COLUMNS



A waggon of the period

Before looking at the onward move of the now combined columns this is an appropriate point to examine what they consisted of (see Plate 2).

The Headquarters

The Northern Column remained as the two columns; both of which internally worked independently. In overall command, and also commanding the Salisbury Column, was Major Forbes. To assist him he had one staff officer (who today might be called the Brigade Major or Chief of Staff). Initially this was Major Brown, but for some unknown reason, Forbes sacked him the day after the Columns left the Iron Mine Hill laager and he was replaced by Captain Finch, a remount officer and ex Life Guards officer.

Also with the Headquarters, but not a part of it, were three personalities. First was Dr Jameson. As Rhodes' right hand man, we might regard him as a sort of combined minister of foreign affairs and defence or as the political commissar. He said what the Columns were to do, but did not interfere in the military command structure and execution. With Dr Jameson was his military advisor, Major Sir John Willoughby. Sir John was an ex Royal Horse Guards officer and had been the second-in-command of the 1890 Pioneer Column. The third personality was Bishop Knight-Bruce who had been appointed Bishop of Mashonaland in 1891.

The Salisbury Column

Apart from Major Forbes, the Commander, the Headquarters of the Salisbury Column

PLATE 2: ORGANISATION OF THE COMBINED COLUMNS

In attendance:
Dr Leander Starr Jameson
Sir John Willoughby
Bishop Knight Bruce

Comdr. – Maj. P. W. Forbes
Staff Officer – Maj. Browne (later Capt. Finch from Remounts)

SALISBURY COLUMN
(Comd.– Maj. P. W. Forbes)

Interpreter/Guide – Mr Acutt
Vet and Trumpeter – Mr Chappe
Quartermaster – Capt. Kennedy
Orderley & Galloper – Mr Tanner

Remounts– Capt Finch, Mr Carden
Ordnance – Capt. Campbell.d 16 Oct.
Doctors – Drs Edgelow & Stewart

A Tp
Capt. Heaney

Mounted Tp	Maxim
Lt. Bodle	Lt. Tyndale-
Lt. Lockner	Biscoe RN
(50 men)	(10 man escort)

B Tp
Capt. Borrow.kS

Mounted Tp	Maxim
Lt. Snodgrass	Lt. Llewellyn RN
Lt. Reid	
(50 men)	(10 man escort)

C Tp
Capt. Spreckley

Mounted Tp
Lt. Laing
Lt. Christison
(50 men)

Arty & D Tp
Capt Moberley

Dtp	7 lbr Gun
(25 men dismounted)	Lt Tennent (7 lbr Gun. Nordenfelt. Gardner)

'Colonial Natives & Coolies'
Capt. Nesbitt
Lt. Papenfus
(60 'natives)

Scouts Section
Capt. Williams. k 26 Oct
Mr Williams
Mr Paget
Mr Murray Gourlay

VICTORIA COLUMN
(Comd.– Maj. Allan Wilson. KS)

Adjutant– Mr Kennelly
ADCs – Lts Bowen & Chalk
Pioneers – Lts Browne & Ware
Quartermaster – Capt. Greenfield.kS

Transport–Capt. Kirton.kS
Attached Volunteer – Capt. Donovan

1Tp	2Tp	3Tp	4Tp
Capt. Fitzgerald.kS	Capt. Bastard	Capt. Napier	Capt. Judd.kS
Lt. Harris	Lt. Sampson	Lt. Williams	Lt. Beal
Lt. Hughes. kS		Lt. Stoddart	Lt. Hofmeyr.kS
(30 mounted men)	(30 mounted men)	(unmounted)	(unmounted)

Infantry
Capt. Delamere
Lt. Stier
Lt. Robinson

Artillery
Capt. Lendy*
Capt. Reid
Lt. Rixon
(3 'galloping' Maxims.)
7 lbr Gun..
1 lb Hotchkiss)

Scouts
Capt. the Hon. White**
Lt. Dollar
Mr Burnham
Mr Ingram
Mr Vavasour
Mr Mayne
Mr Posselt
(About 40 scouts)

Native Contingent
Lt. Brabant
(about 400 Shona)

Second Native Contingent
Mr Quested
Mr Arnold
(about 500 Shona)

Strengths (on leaving Fort Charter)
258 – White
115 – Natives
242 – Horses
18 – waggons and 1 cart

Notes:
* – In charge of Artillery both Columns
** – In charge Scouts both Columns
k – killed in action (on date)
d – died of wounds (on date)
kS – later killed Shangani Patrol 4 Dec.

Strengths (on leaving Iron Mine Hill)
414 – White
400 – Mashona (approx.) … later about 900
172 – Horses
18 – waggons

contained a variety of officers, including Captain Campbell, who, as has been recounted, was the first casualty of the campaign.

The Column had three mounted troops: 'A' Troop under Captain Heaney, 'B' Troop under Captain Borrow (later to be killed with Major Wilson) and 'C' Troop under Captain Spreckley. 'A' and 'B' troops were divided into a mounted troop of 50 men and a group with a Maxim machine gun. 'C' Troop had no Maxim, being just 50 mounted men. Interestingly, both Maxims were commanded by former Royal Naval officers.

As well as the three mounted troops, there was a combined artillery and 'D' troop commanded by Captain Moberley, a former Royal Artillery officer. 'D' Troop consisted of 25 dismounted men while the artillery comprised a 7 pounder gun under Lieutenant Tennant, a Nordenfeld and a Gardner.

Captain Nesbitt, later to win the Victoria Cross in 1896, commanded the 'Colonial Natives (africans from the Cape Colony) and Coolies' Group, some 60 strong. Finally there was a Scouts Section under Captain Williams, who was to be killed, after his horse bolted, the day after the Shangani battle.

The total strength of the Salisbury Column varies depending on what book one reads. However if one takes Major Forbes' figures, which are probably the most accurate, then it comprised 258 white men, 115 natives, 242 horses plus 18 waggons and 2 carts; the latter belonging to the Bishop and the interpreter, Mr Acutt.

The Victoria Column

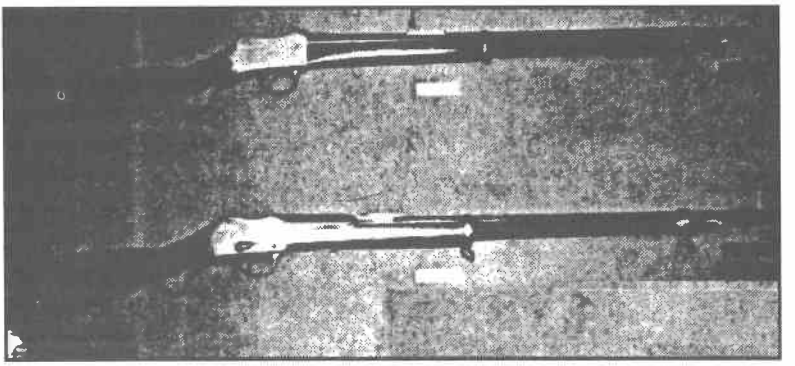
The Victoria Column, under Major Wilson, was rather different in organization. Like the Salisbury Column, it had a Headquarters and 4 Troops. Only two of the 4 troops though were mounted, with 30 men in each, No. 1 Troop being commanded by Captain Fitzgerald (to be killed with Allan Wilson) and No. 2 Troop by Captain Bastard. The other two, Nos 3 and 4, commanded by Captain Napier and Capt. Judd (also killed with Wilson) were unmounted, but it is not clear what their strengths were.

As well as these 4 troops there was an Infantry Group, again of unknown strength but probably around 200 men, commanded by Captain Delamere, while the Artillery, comprising 3 'galloping Maxims', a 7 Pounder and Hotchkiss was commanded by Captain Lendy; a champion shot-putter and to die soon after the campaign.

The Victoria Scouts were a large group, some 40 or so strong, under Captain White. Finally there were two native contingents of Shona from the Victoria area. The first appears to have been about 400 strong, and under Lieutenant Brabant, while the second, about 500 strong (but this may be too large a figure), under Mr Quested, came later, joining the combined columns a couple of days after they had left the Iron Mine Hill laager.

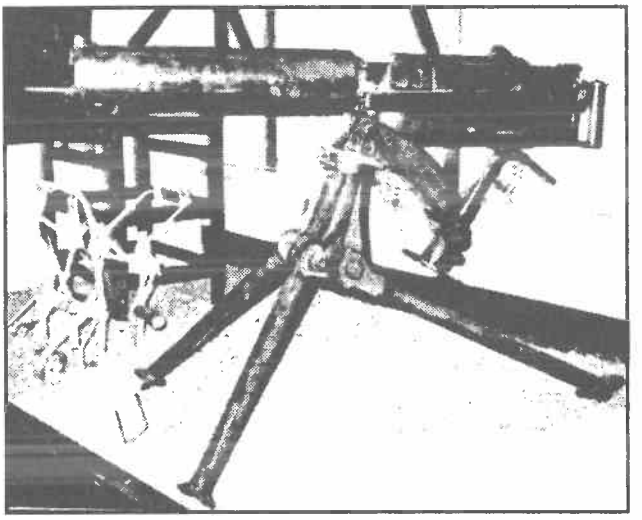
The strength of the Victoria Column was more than that of the Salisbury one and, again taking Major Forbes' figures, comprised 414 white men, up to 900 Shona, 172 horses and 18 waggons.

Martini Henry Rifle: Although some soldiers carried their own rifles, the majority were equipped with the Martini-Henry. It had only been in 1864 that the British Army had started to be equipped with a breach-loading rifle, the Snider. Replacement of this though by the hammerless Martini-Henry began in 1871. This was a steel barrelled



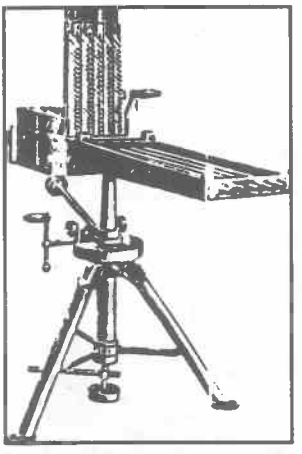
Martini Henry rifles *(Gweru Military Museum)*

rifle with a somewhat flatter trajectory than the Snider, but like the Snider was also sighted up to 1,000 yards. Ammunition at this time was not smokeless and thus vision was often obscured by the smoke during the fighting in the campaign. It was not until 1888 that the first magazine rifle, the .303 Lee-Metford, appeared; as did smokeless powder..



Maxim Machine Gun *(Gweru Military Museum)*

Maxim Machine Gun: The Maxim was to prove extremely effective during the campaign. It was the first real machine gun and was invented by an American, Hiram Maxim, in 1883, being first introduced into the British Army in 1889. Up to this time the best form of machine gun had been the Gatling that comprised a number of separate rifle barrels that revolved around a central axis and turned by a handle. Maxim introduced a radical change by making use of the recoil of the expansion of the gases to work the mechanism of loading and ejection in a machine gun with a single barrel. It was belt fed and capable of firing 600 rounds a minute. The Maxims, in both columns, were mounted on gun carriages and became thus known as 'galloping Maxims'. Each had a 10 man mounted escort.

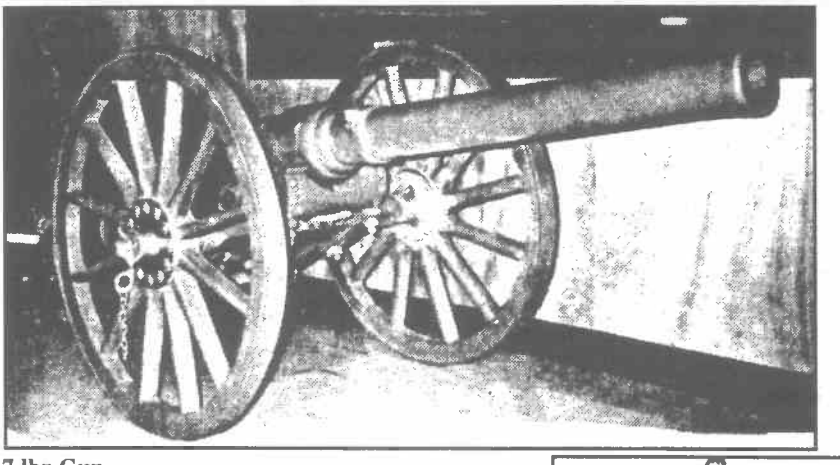


Nordenfeld

Nordenfeld: The Nordenfeld was an early form of machine gun with 5 barrels in a line, side by side, and which was fed from vertical slides by hoppers. It fired the same round as the Martini-Henry.

Seven Pounder Gun: So called due to the weight of the shell. Sighted up to 4000 yards. One can be seen today in the Gweru Military Museum, and one of them used in the campaign had been captured from the Portuguese, in Manicaland, in 1891.

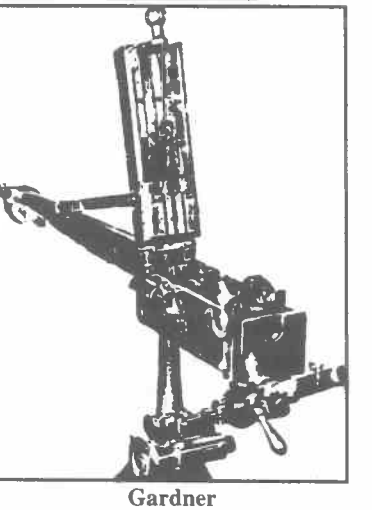
Gardner: Another form of early machine gun, invented by William Gardner of Ohio, USA, and



7 lbr Gun
(*Gweru Military Museum*)

first trialled in 1879. It consisted of two barrels mounted side by side, the bolts being operated by two cranks on a cross-axle driven by an outside handle. Feed was from a vertical magazine and up to about 365 rounds per minute could be fired.

Hotchkiss: A small field gun that fired a one pound shell and sometimes called a 'Pom Pom'. Like the Maxim it made use of the recoil of the expansion of the gases to work. the mechanism of loading and ejection.



Gardner

1896 Bulawayo laager. The hotchkiss gun manned in N.W. corner of the laager.
(National Archives of Zimbabwe)

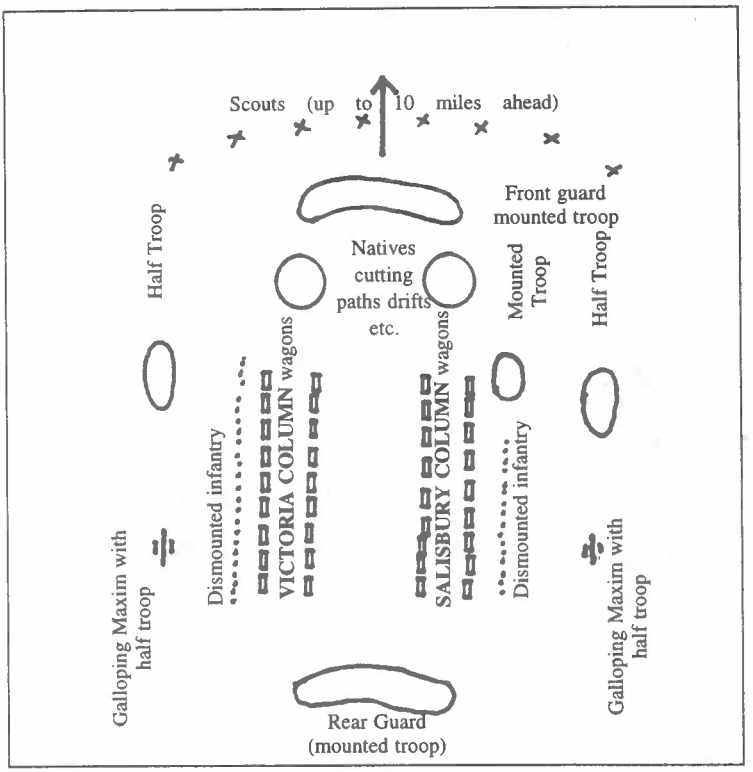
4: IRON MINE HILL TO THE SHANGANI RIVER

[Comments in square brackets relate to present day places, names and grid references. Grid references are taken from, in sequence, the following 1:50,000 map sheets; 1930 A3, 1929 B4, 1929 D2, 1929 D1 and 1929 C2]

Introduction

It is possible to trace the route the Northern Column took with some reasonable accuracy and for two reasons. Firstly, Major Forbes gives clear figures as to the distances covered each day as well as describing what the ground was like and from these it is possible to follow the route on modern maps. Secondly, in some places the old 1890s waggon trail can still be traced and one can surmise this was the trail line originally cut and followed by the Column.

The columns did not travel in one long line but in a formation that could be quickly turned into two laagers. The waggons of each column formed two parallel lines each and where the ground allowed, a distance of about 300 yards was kept between the columns; the Salisbury Column always on the right and Victoria on the left. On the right and left flanks were a troop each, divided into two, half covering the flank and half with a galloping Maxim. The dismounted men of the Victoria Column marched on the left of their waggons, while the lesser number of dismounted men in the Salisbury Column, together with a troop, kept to the right of theirs. To the front and rear were a Front and Rear Guard, each a mounted troop; the columns providing these on alternate days. Also in front were the Shona cutting trails, making drifts etc while up to 10 miles in front the scouts patrolled.



Tuesday 17 October

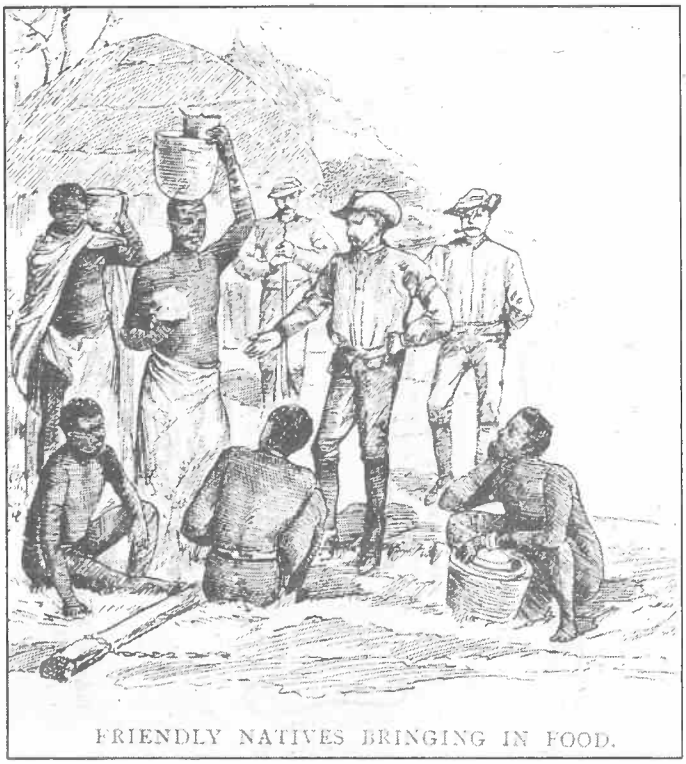
Both columns, hereafter referred to as 'the Column', left the Iron Mine Hill laager site at 5.30 am on Tuesday 17 October. By this stage, men had already died; about 22 Matabele have been killed by the Victoria Column's scouts and two white men have gone; one from his wound the other from fever.

On that day the Column covered a total of 10½ miles. The first three miles or so were north west across relatively open country [roughly up the line of Woodlands and Chiltern Road] before cutting through a mile or so of thick bush [over the ridge in the area about where the present main road by-passes Lalapanzi]. A further six miles were then spent following the north side of the Que Que [Kwekwe] River and passing some 2 km north of Makalaka Kopje [the site of Fort Gibbs, built in 1896].

The Column then laagered [at about GR 9555, north of the present large dam on Linslade Farm]. It was a day without incident.

Wednesday 18 October

On the 18th, after a further 5.30 am start, the Que Que River was crossed and after a further 3 miles the Umtangu [now Vanhu] river as well. [It is possible to trace the old waggon route along this stretch and for about 3 km beyond the Vanhu until it becomes lost in now cultivated land. The Column would have crossed the Kwe Kwe at about GR 934542 and then, where the old drift still can be seen, the Vanhu at GR 890521].



Friendly natives bringing in food
(*National Archives of Zimbabwe*)

As an aside, today's maps show just to the north of the Vanhu Drift a plot called 'Rajah's Grant'. This was a 100 acre plot given later by Cecil Rhodes to his Indian cook; hence the name. His descendant still owns the plot and works today on the adjacent Dopton Farm.

During the afternoon the Column covered a further 5 miles and during this time there was a scare when a report came in of an impi of 4,000 Matabele further on, but this turned out to be 100 Shona escaping a small Matabele raiding party and thus a false alarm. The laager that night was 'just after a good stream of water' [this would be the present unnamed river that runs south-north just to the east of Senale farm. The laager would have been in the vicinity of the Farm, GR 131510, or possibly just a little to the south of it.]

Thursday 19 October

As the grazing was good, Forbes decided to stay the day at this laager and thus two nights were spent on this site and without incident.

Friday 20 October

On the 20th, with a 5 am start, a total of 11½ miles were covered; Forbes describing

this as first crossing fine open ridges and then going down a long 4 mile slope to the Gwailo [Gweru] river. Before this descent they passed a line of old gold workings where Forbes' brother (later to drown in early 1894) picked up a 3 pound lump of quartz which he says was covered with visible gold; and it would be interesting to work out where this was today [the route would have been east to about where the railway today crosses Senale Road (about GR 0748) and then on, a couple of km south of Thornhill Air Force Base, to cross the Gweru River in the area GR 9945].

Forbes describes a line of high bushy kopjes just across the river of which he says the 'southern' [in fact eastern?] one was called Ugogo under which they laagered. [This can only be the long kopje on the south side of Gweru and the laager was probably in the area of Daylesford, perhaps at about the site of the roundabout where the road to Senka branches off the one to Shurugwi around GR 980450.]

That day information came in about the location of the Insukamini Regiment's kraal which, according to Forbes' account, was located at some 12 miles to the west a little beyond Khoboli Hill. [This was probably the wrong name. Khoboli hill is more like 18 miles away (GR 7563) and the hill he was probably referring to was (on today's maps) Kenyani at GR 8149]. During the afternoon a patrol was sent on ahead to investigate.

It got back just after dark but with a rather inconclusive report. They thought they had not been seen, but it was later learnt they had been. The Regiment, having detected the patrol and fearing a follow-up night attack had gone into the bush.

Forbes was concerned about a possible Matabele Regiment that would be to their rear as they advanced, so at midnight a force of 100 men, under Allan Wilson, and with 2 Maxim guns, was sent off to attack it.

Saturday 21 October

After a difficult night march, Wilson's patrol surrounded the kraal at dawn and attacked it, only of course to find it deserted. The patrol burnt it to the ground. It was a relatively new kraal and capable of holding about 3,000 occupants.

Meanwhile, the rest of the Column continued. Forbes tells us they went through [rather than 'past' or 'around'] the line of kopjes before crossing the watershed; and additionally both his and Sir John Willoughby's maps drawn after the campaign show the route as between two kopjes [so it appears almost certain they did not go around the north side, but past where the Zimbabwe Military Academy (ZMA) rifle range now is, then between the main kopje and one a little to the south, past the ZMA officers' mess and then across the 14th and 15th holes on Gweru Golf Course and joining the line of the present main road somewhere about where the entrance to the BATA factory now is].

From there they continued south and stopped at about lunch time, at the headwaters of the Uguamo [Ngamo] river to await the return of Wilson's Force, who arrived late in the afternoon. Three miles further on they could see a dark line, being the edge of the Somabhula Forest. [The route would have followed the general line of present road and railway, through/past Dabuka Sidings, with the laager being a little beyond where the main road curves away from the railway at about GR 9034).

Sunday 22 October

The next day saw a further early, 5.30 am, start and after a three mile move across open country the Column had to cut its way through the northern tip of the Somabhula Forest. [This would have been in the general area of the present Willoughby's Sidings (GR 8532), so named after Sir John Willoughby, who a few years later formed a company which obtained a concession from De Beers to mine for diamonds in the area. Thereafter the Column's route took it west of the present main road until rejoining it at Shangani].

It was an apprehensive time and apparently made worse when a thick fog came down while they were cutting through. They got through, however, without being attacked, although they were to find out later that the Matabele had been lying not far away in ambush, but had missed them due to the fog. The future of Rhodesia and Zimbabwe might have been very different had a Matabele attack come in, in the forest, onto the moving columns.

After the forest, the Column then crossed what Forbes calls a 'nasty little stream' [the Somabhula River], went down a gradual slope [where the old waggon ruts can still be seen] to the Vungu River, crossed it and laagered some 4 miles further on [area GR 7228]. Apart from a slight brush, with no casualties, between some Salisbury Column scouts and a small group of 7 Matabele, there were no incidents that day.

Monday 23 October

The 23rd was also a day of tension. A further thick fog arose just as the Column started to move, the guide got lost and they stopped, after 2 miles, on the east bank of the western tributary of the Vunguane [Vungwana, Area GR 6927] River until the fog cleared at about 9 am. Once it had cleared a further 6 miles were covered, before laager was established for the afternoon and night on the west bank of the Tyabenzi [Ntiyabenzi] some 7 miles or so short of the Shangani.

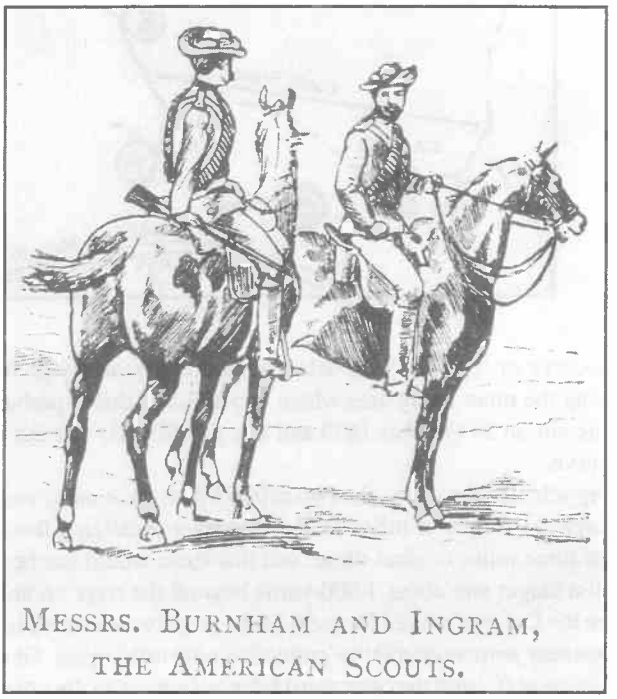
The Monday also saw the second Column casualty. A scout patrol going forward got lost at first in the fog, but eventually crossed the Shangani River. They moved on to a small kraal about 2 miles past the river where one scout, Mr Burnett, who had been a transport officer with the 1890 Column, was shot in the stomach. When another scout galloped back to the laager with the news, the impetuous Dr Jameson with Sir John Willoughby galloped off to the rescue only to get lost themselves and not get back until after dark. A rescue patrol, under Captain Spreckley, also went out, also got lost, but found some kraals across the Shangani directly to the west, were shot at, returned the fire, burnt the kraals and rode back to the Column. Meanwhile the original scout patrol got back to the laager with Burnett's body; he having died some half hour after he was shot. He was buried there that night, and his grave should still be there [area GR 6023]. 'We had now lost two really good men and had nothing at all to show for it' remarked Forbes.

Tuesday 24 October

At the now usual time of 5.30 am on the 24th the Column moved on, covering some 6 to 7 miles before laagering on a small stream with high banks about a mile short of where they were to cross the Shangani River [about GR 537167] that afternoon.

[Interestingly the day's route is shown on the pre-independence 1:50,000 map (Sheet 1929 C) as a narrow strip marked 'Route of the Pioneer Column'. The strip is still marked on the post independence map, but titled 'State Land'.]

At about midday, Major Forbes and Major Wilson rode on ahead to see where best to cross the Shangani.

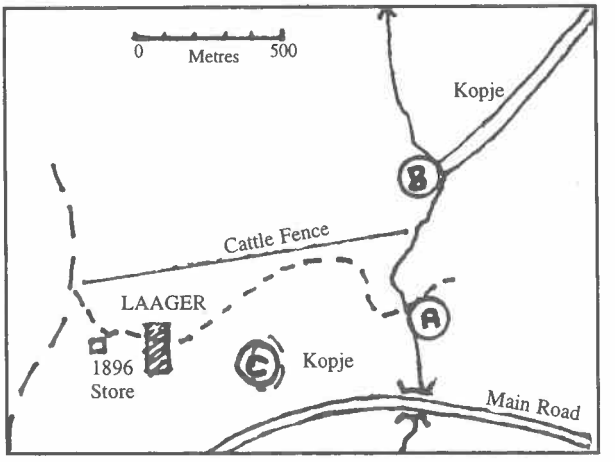


Messrs. Burnham and Ingram, the American Scouts
(*National Archives of Zimbabwe*)

5: CROSSING THE SHANGANI RIVER

So Forbes and Wilson rode down to the river and 'after some difficulty found a place where with a good deal of cutting we could make two drifts' – but where exactly these two drifts were cut is today difficult to determine.

On the ground one can now find two drifts (see sketch), one (A) is about 300 metres north of the modern road drift and used for present day farming. Here the banks are not that steep. Further downstream, about 900 yards from the bridge, is another, now abandoned drift (B). Here though the banks are very steep and it would have taken very considerable work to cross the river here. It is to this point on the river that the 'Route of the Pioneer Column' strip ends. On the other hand, Willoughby's map (see Plate 5) shows a distinct kink, south, before the river, down to the river and then a curve more to the west, which tends to suggest the crossing was more in the region of the southern drift (A) where it would have been easier to cut. If the northern one was used would not the route shown on both Willoughby's maps be a straight line



without a curve or 'U' bend? On balance I would personally go for the southern drift (A) as being the more likely area where two adjacent drifts, perhaps 200 to 300 yards apart, were cut on 24 October 1893 and that the drift (B) was cut at a later date to cut out the curve.

Having selected the drifts, the two officers then went on to view the rather tangled area of kopjes a couple of miles west of the river. Realizing that they would have to go at least three miles to clear these, and that there would not be sufficient time they settled on a laager site about 1,000 yards beyond the river on an open ridge.

Before the Column moved forward, Forbes sent two mounted troops with 2 Maxims and a 7 pounder across the river as protection onto two kopjes. One of these must have been the kopje at (C) and the other must have been more to the north; but where exactly is not clear looking at the ground today. Two further troops were also sent across, one under Captain Borrow, to work north and northwest, the other, under Captain Fitzgerald to work south and south-west. Their tasks were to 'destroy kraals, seize cattle, and prevent us (the Column) being attacked while crossing'.

By 3 pm the drifts were completed and the columns in-spanned, moved down to and crossed the river. Forbes is quite clear that *two* drifts were cut, as had been the practice throughout the advance, and there seems no reason why this policy would have been changed for this one particular river. In addition, to quote Forbes, 'everyone realized that we were here in a dangerous place, with poor drifts [plural] and everyone worked hard.'

One and a half hours after in-spanning the columns were laagered; i.e. by about 4.30 pm. Meanwhile the Matabele, having missed the Column in the Somabhula Forest, had been following, but only reached and crossed the River after the Column got into laager and probably only after darkness had fallen.

6: A COLUMN VOLUNTEER AND A MATABELE WARRIOR

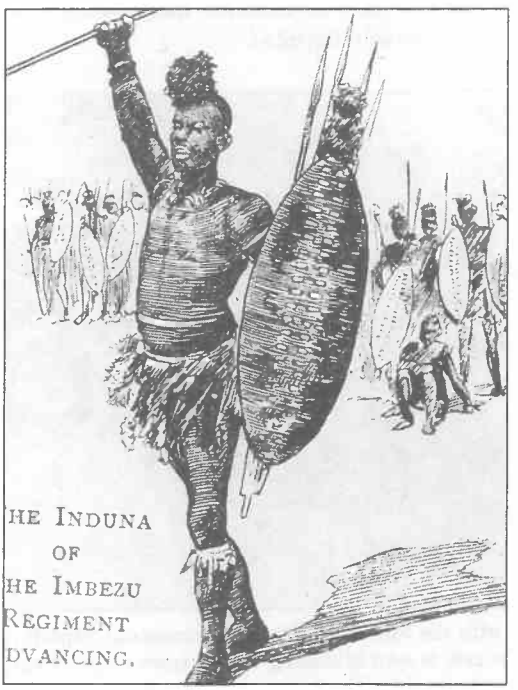
At this stage, before looking at the laager and the events of the night of the 24th, it is worthwhile to look at the basic element of any army – the individual soldier; who we can call the Volunteer with the Column and Warrior with the Matabele Impi.

The Column Volunteer

A few, but not many, of the individual soldiers with the Column had had previous military experience. Some had come to Mashonaland to farm, some to trade, but many to prospect and mine while some were drifters who having heard about the planned campaign came to join it. Effectively they were all civilian volunteers under temporary military orders.

The inducements to join given by Jameson were not bad. Those who already had pegged out mining claims were told these would be fully protected up to six months after the campaign was over. More important though was the promise to each man of a farm of 3,000 morgen (that is 6,000 acres) and twenty gold mining claims as well. In addition, all cattle captured were to be divided, half to the BSAC and half equally among members of the Column.

Although a few volunteers had their own weapon, the great majority were issued with the Martini-Henry. Each man had 100 rounds of ammunition, 50 being carried in a bandolier over one shoulder and 50 in wallets.



The Matabele Warrior
(National Archives of Zimbabwe)

Each man was issued with a khaki tunic, a pair of gaiters, a bandolier and a haversack, while those that wanted them were also issued with a pair of cord trousers and a hat. A waterproof sheet and either a cavalry cloak or cape was also issued. Bedding was limited to each individual being allowed to take two blankets and private belongings had to be limited to not more than 20 pounds in weight.

The Matabele Warrior

The Matabele warrior was not a civilian. He had been brought up all his life to be a soldier and many had had experience of fighting; although not against modern weapons.

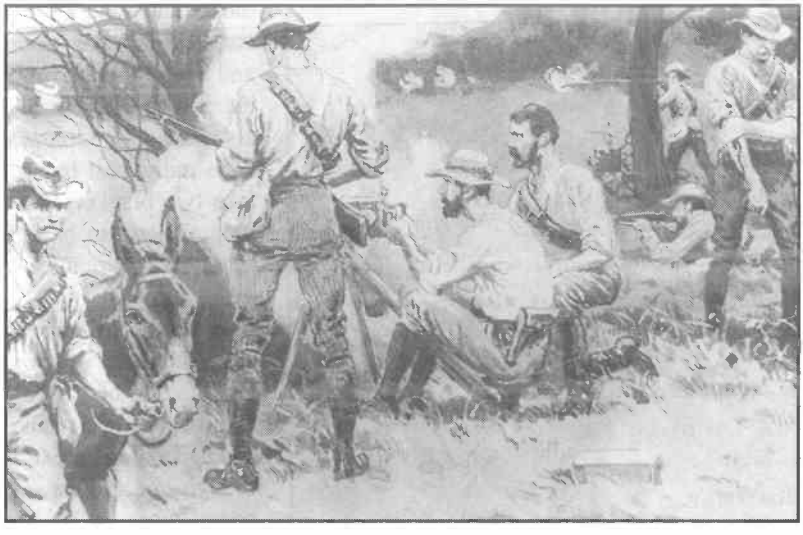
The warrior carried the traditional Zulu and Matabele weapon, a stabbing (not throwing) spear, the assegai, invented by Shaka the first

Ndebele Warrior
(National Archives of Zimbabwe)

Zulu King, and which was about five foot long. He also carried a curved oxhide shield about three foot long and two foot wide. In close combat the aim was to use the shield to push aside the opponent's spear and the assegai then used to stab. Each regiment had different coloured shields.

The shield was stiffened from top to bottom with a straight stick, which had several loops of hide along it, through which several other assegais could be placed and carried. In the middle of the stick was a larger hide loop, through which the left hand could be put through in order to carry an extra spear or knobkerrie. The whole outfit was light and well balanced, and when the warrior was running, his movements were only slightly impeded.

A number of the warriors were also equipped with rifles, a weapon they never came to terms with. Apart from not being properly trained in its use, those who carried it also kept their shields and assegais with the result that movement was considerably impeded.



13 Dec 1893: The fifth engagement with the Matabele. The maxim gun (on tripod) in action. Mr (now Major) Walter Howard, is seen attending to Sgt. (now Capt.) Pyke, whose arm was later amputated by Dr. Jameson at Inyati.
(National Archives of Zimbabwe)

7: THE LAAGER 24 OCTOBER

Its Position

It is hard to be totally accurate about exactly where the Column laager was the night of 24 October, as no signs remain. No trenches were dug nor other fortifications constructed, the 36 or so wagons were there for less than 24 hours and apart from the odd latrine and rubbish hole (if even these!) any digging would be unlikely.

We must therefore depend on written descriptions to identify the site, noting that the total laager area that night would cover an area of about 160 to 180 yards by 60 or so yards in size. Firstly there is no doubt it was a little west of the Shangani River on a ridge, reference being made to it as well as to the small kopje just to the west of the river and the larger hill, Tisikiso, not far to the south. Forbes states it was about 1,000 yards from the river. He also says it was about 350 yards from the small kopje whereas Donovan says 300 yards. On the other hand Willoughby's (Plate 5) map would put it further away; perhaps 1,200 yards from the river and 600 yards from the kopje. However his scale is not very accurate as he, for example, shows Tisikiso some 1,800 yards away whereas it is actually about 3,000 yards. All in all the Column laager site must have been just about where shown on Plate 6 (Grid Ref. 520152, on 1:50,000 Sheet 1929 C2).

The Setting Up

By this stage of the advance, 'practice was making perfect' and each column could make its basic laager in two to three minutes. Each driver had two 3 ft steel posts, and immediately his waggon was in place, he unhooked his whole span of oxen and took them clear of the waggons. As soon as his side of the laager was complete he fastened both ends of his trek-tow down with the posts and then tied the oxen up to it. The oxen were crowded close against the waggon, took up very little room and formed a most efficient obstacle. Thick thorn bush was put outside them and all the waggons not covered by oxen were protected by thorn bush pulled underneath. In bush country, such as at Shangani, the whole laager could be completed and 'bushed up' in about 10 to 15 minutes. When bushed up such a laager was very strong and provided room for both the men and horses inside.

The Layout

The laager in fact comprised two separate entities, the Salisbury one to the north, the Victoria one to the south, the two being connected by bush fences (see Plate 3). The Salisbury Column always drew its waggons up in a rectangular shape with a Maxim or artillery piece on each corner. Their oxen were just outside the waggons on the two flanks as well as at the rear. The Victoria Column did things a little differently and adopted a diamond formation, but again with a Maxim or artillery piece on each corner. On the 24th, for the first time the two laagers were connected into one by bush fences and the Victoria Column had its oxen within the enclosure so formed.

In addition, protection was reinforced by all the wagon covers being removed to give good fields of fire. The Shona contingent also improved this field of fire by cutting down all the bush for a distance of about 100 yards all around the complete laager.

Some of the bush was used for 'bushing up' while the rest was left on the ground where it provided an obstacle to any charging enemy.

As well as the laager there were two other positions that night.. First a cattle kraal was constructed between the laager and the small kopje in anticipation of securing captured cattle, which the patrols, under Borrow and Fitzgerald, that were out at this time were expected to bring in.

Secondly, there was a Shona encampment. Those with Mr Quested did not get on with the others and formed a separate camp, with Quested and his assistant, Mr Arnold, about 600 yards north east of the main laager.

The Shona contingents, sometimes referred to as the 'Black Watch', played an important role in the campaign. It was they who went ahead of each column, cutting trails for the waggons, making drifts across the rivers and driving captured cattle. At each laager site they cleared the perimeter of bushes and trees as well as constructing cattle kraals.

Protection

Protection was provided by guards inside each laager and sentry posts outside.

Within the Salisbury laager, for example, the guard, or 'inlying picket', was always found by the dismounted men and the artillery. When this column first left Fort Charter it only comprised a Non Commissioned Officer and three men. As the threat increased, so did the picket and on the night of the 24th it comprised 4 groups each of a non commissioned officer and 6 men with one group in each corner of the laager, supported by a Maxim or artillery piece. Two of these groups provided a sentry whose beat was just outside the waggons on either side. The responsibility for ensuring the pickets were mounted and alert rested with a duty Captain and a duty subaltern. Should the alarm be given each waggon was manned by 8 men, with the balance forming a central reserve.

The three Salisbury Column mounted troops were positioned inside the laager on the left and right sides, while the inlying picket troop was at the rear side. On the 24th 'A' Troop (Heaney) was on the left, 'B' Troop (Borrow) on the right and 'C' Troop (Spreckley) to the rear.

Wilson's organization for the Victoria laager formed a similar pattern.

Outside the complete laager was a circle of outlying pickets, 10 in all and each about 80 to 100 yards from the edge of the laager. Eight of the pickets were composed of white men, each being an NCO and 6 troopers, while the other two, east and west of the Salisbury laager, were Shona, each being an NCO and 3 men. Within each white picket, two men patrolled left and right to the next picket posts, two were static on watch and two rested.

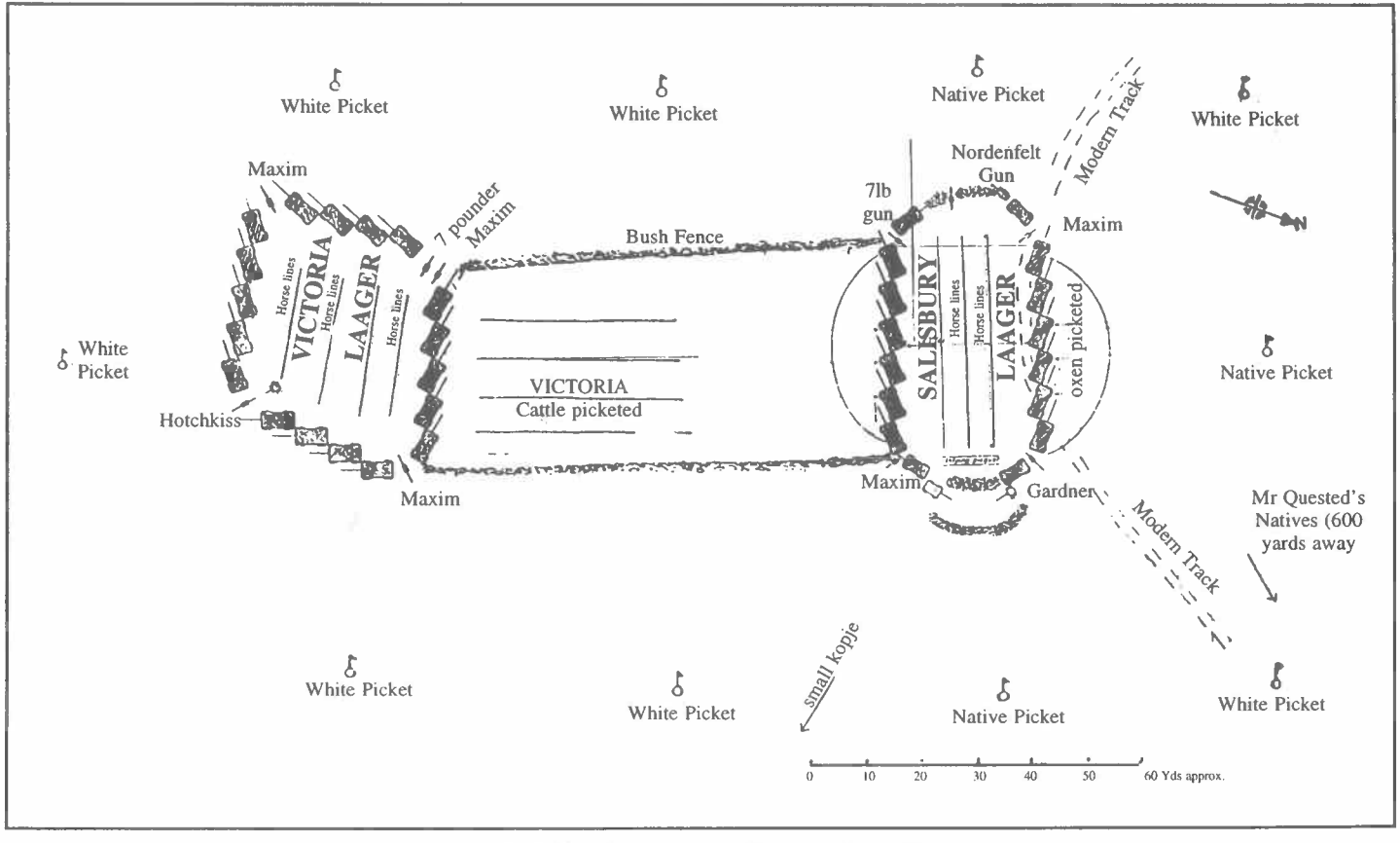


Plate 3: The Laager night 24/25 October 1893

8: THE EVENING OF 24 OCTOBER, THE SHONA AND THE MATABELE

The Evening's Events

It will be recalled that before Major Forbes gave the order to cross the river, two mounted patrols under Borrow and Fitzgerald were sent across to work north and south. Soon after the laagers had been formed, which must have been by about 4.30 pm, cattle, sheep and goats captured by these patrols began to be brought in and, by dusk, these totalled about 1,000 head of cattle, plus some 900 sheep and goats. As good a kraal as time would permit was built about 200 yards east of the central part of the combined laagers towards the low kopje. Some captured cattle were placed just outside the Salisbury Column's waggons.

Borrow's and Fitzgerald's patrols came in just as it was getting dark. They reported they had seen no Matabele and only a few Maholi (slaves) who had run away when they saw the patrols. Captain Fitzgerald though brought in about 30 Shona women and children, who had been captured by the Matabele in the Fort Victoria area the year before, and who he had found in one of the kraals. They were related or known to Mr Quested's native contingent who they joined, and there was much rejoicing in that camp; so much so that one account says it went on to late in the night and the noise was one reason that made the Matabele defer the time of their attack until the Shona had quietened down.

As darkness fell, the 10 night pickets were posted, and soon after it was dark, Forbes put up two signal rockets on the off-chance, he says, that the Southern Column from Tati might have had scouts in the vicinity; although in fact that Column was still a long way to the south west of Bulawayo then. However, it seems probable that these rockets had a quite different effect by terrifying the Matabele who at that time were starting to surround the laager. To them it appeared a sparkling stream of fire rushed straight up into the sky and knocked down some of the stars; the signal rockets apparently each letting off 28 bluish-white stars and looked very much the same as stars in the African night sky. The Matabele were especially sensitive about things in the sky in October just before the rains were expected, and such a sight had probably never been seen before in Matabeleland.

The Shona

One should perhaps say a further word about the Shona with the column as their numbers are a little confusing, but their locations are a part of the battle picture. Forbes says that originally when the Victoria Column joined the Salisbury Column they had about 400 Shona with them under Lieutenant Brabant. He also says Mr Arnold and Mr Quested joined a day or two later each having about 300 Shona with them. This would total around 1,000 although the numbers seemed to fluctuate and some had been sent back earlier with captured cattle. The total number at Shangani was therefore probably around 800 to 900.

Some 300 of Mr Quested's Contingent were camped about 600 yards to the north east, which would leave 500 to 600. Some of these slept beside the newly constructed cattle kraal, some appeared to have slept in the 'fenced' area between the two laagers but quite a number appear to have slept outside.

PLATE 4: ORGANISATION OF THE MATABELE

Lobengula
(King of the Matabele. In Bulawayo)

Imbizo Regt. [1871. 900]
(The Elite & Bodyguard. Not at Shangani, but fought at Bembezi, having about 500 casualties)

SHANGANI (Matabele BONKO)
"x" (The AMAKANDA Division)
"Forehead" i.e. in the vanguard
Commander (probably) Mtshane Kumalo. In his 60s & ex Comd. of Imbizo Regt.)

1ST DIVISION
(First to attack)

"+*x **Insugami (or Insukamini) Regt.** (5)
[?. 800]
(K. West of Gwelo. QJ7956)
"Always Ready"
Comd. Manondwane Tshabalala (6)
Shields. Half black/half white

"+*x **Isiziba Regt.**
[early 80s. 500]
(K. North of Shangani. QJ4225)
"Spreader of Sorrow"
Headdress of feathers of long-tailed shrike.

"+*x **Ihlati Regt.**
[c1880. 400]
(K. ?South of Bulawayo. ?PH6061)
"Thick Bush"

*x **Induba Regt.**
[by 1885. 200]
(K. North of Thabas Induna. PJ 84050)
"Taskmaster"

2ND DIVISION
(involved later)
Commander: Manlevu Magutshwa
(Only mounted man among the Matabele)

"*x **Amaveni Regt.**
[Before 1888. 500]
(K. ?South of Bulawayo. ?PH6050)
(meaning of name unknown)

"*x **Ujinga (or Jingen) Regt.**
[by 1847. 20]
(K. Near Insiza. QJ2714) (7)
"The Reliable"

"***Zinjangani** (7)
(mentioned in some accounts as a separate Regt./Town, but appears more likely was part of the Ujinga Regt.)

"*x **Exna (or Enxna) Regt.**
[by 1870. 800]
(K. near Lochard Sidings. QH11910)
"Hold Back" (i.e. over eager to advance)

Notes:

1. The above is based on a variety of sources; most conflicting & confusing. The best source though is *The Warriors* by Summers and Pagden published in 1970.
2. At the battle according to:
   * - Major Forbes (*The Defeat of Lobengula*).
   " - Storry (*The Shattered Nation*)
   + - Bulpin (*To the Banks of the Zambezi*)
   * - Summers & Pagden (*The Warriors*)
3. e.g. '[1871: 800]' – Date formed & strengths at Shangani in Oct. 1893.
4. e.g. '(K .... QJ4225)' — Kraal location & grid reference)
5. Wilson led Patrol burnt down their kraal near Gweru, 21 Oct.
6. (Probably false story) was wounded in the battle & hanged himself from a tree.
7. Kraals few miles north of Insiza burnt by Capt. Heaney patrol 26 Oct.

The Matabele

Accounts differ as to the size of the Matabele force, or Impi, at Shangani and as to what their plan was. Nor is it very clear who their leader was, but it was probably Mtshane Kumalo, a warrior in his 60s who had formerly commanded the King's bodyguard, the Imbizo Regiment.

Again different sources mention different regiments who were at Shangani and the details at Plate 4 are derived from a number of sources. An impi was a 'task force' sent out on a campaign whose strength, depending on the task could vary from 50 men to thousands. The total strength at Shangani was probably about 5,000 of which about 3,800 were involved in the actual fighting. (The total Matabele Army was estimated to be about 16,000 strong in 38 to 40 Regiments.)

After failing to ambush the Column in the Somabhula Forest the Impi had followed the Column, crossed the Shangani after dark on the evening of the 24th and then moved in to surround the Column, cattle kraal and Quested's Shona camp. Four Regiments (the first 'division') were used for this with the Insukamini positioning itself in the small kopje area to the east and south-east, to the north-east deployed the Isiziba Regiment, to the north and west went the Ihlati Regiment while the Induba Regiment went to the south and south-west. The second 'division' deployed further back with the Ujinga and Exna Regiments to the north and the Amaveni Regiment some distance to the west.

The original plan had been to launch an attack at about 10.30 pm when the moon was at its zenith but a combination of the effect of the signal rockets and the noisy festivities of Mr Quested's Shona resulted in the attack being postponed until the early hours of the morning – no easy task for the Matabele commander, who did not have the benefit of any of today's resources such as radios, maps, compasses, binoculars, torches and so on.

So the 24th drew to a close. In the laager everything was quiet, except for the noise of Mr Quested's Shona drifting across from the northeast. In the distance could be seen the glows from the kraals that the earlier patrols had put to the torch. There seemed little to worry about, but the Matabele were close; some very close.

9: THE BATTLE OF SHANGANI

Pre the Battle

Imagine it is now about 3.45 am on the morning of Wednesday, 25 October 1893, and you are in the laager. Still night, there is a 'a clear sky, but on the dark side' but 'happily the moon [now going down] gives some light, but there is bush within 100 yards [of the laager] and the hills beyond, that shadow the ground'. A force of nearly 4,000 Matabele is now in position all round. Apart from the pickets, everyone is in the laager except for Mr Quested's Shona, some 600 yards to the north-east and who have finally quietened down, and other Shona and some white scouts who are sleeping outside. It will not be light for another hour or so. In fifteen minutes time though, at 4.00 am, which Forbes considers is the Matabele'' favourite time to attack, everyone will be stood to. However, at this moment, apart from the pickets, most are asleep, although some people are beginning to stir. All are fully dressed and everyone has his

boots on and weapon beside him. Th Matabele are all round and a few warriors have even managed to slip in past the pickets to very close to the laager.

The First Attack

Suddenly, with no warning, the noise of screams and shots to the north-east breaks the silence.

At about 3.50 am, three Shona from Quested's Camp ['F' on maps.] have been moving down to the river to get water. Suddenly there are dark shapes in front of them. They have barged straight into the Insiziba Regiment being marshalled for the attack. Two of the Shona are immediately killed, but the third, although badly stabbed, manages to break away and runs back screaming and raising the alarm. [Another version is that one Shona went to relieve himself and did not return, the same happened to a second and the third going to investigate was jumped by the Matabele but, although wounded, got away.]

There is now a scene in the dark of frantic activity and although, as in the heat of any battle, it is difficult for those involved to recall exactly what happened and when, from the accounts written afterwards a pretty good idea can be obtained.

Over at Quested's Camp there is much screaming, yelling and shouting. The Matabele have started to attack it and are beginning to slaughter the men, women and children there. Then the laager is attacked and we can paint the picture of the scene from several who were there.

Major Forbes first: 'at five minutes to four we were suddenly awakened by quick firing and realised the enemy were on us. The waggons were manned immediately, and fire opened all round the laager. It was too dark to see the natives at first, but their position was shown by the flashes that came from the grass all round the laager. I jumped up on the nearest wagon and tried to see into the darkness, but could distinguish nothing but the flashes which were very close and frequent. The enemy were so close to us that I did not think it safe to [order] stop firing, even if I had been able to in the noise that was going on.'

Frederick Burnham, one of the American scouts, paints a similar if slightly exaggerated picture. He was in his early 30s, and having scouted in Indian wars in the Untied States and Mexico, came out to South Africa with his wife and son to seek his fortune in gold. He ended up in Fort Victoria at about the time the troubles started; and before joining the Victoria Column did a quick bit of abortive gold digging at Great Zimbabwe and some hunting. When the battle started he, like some other scouts, was 'under some trees' close to the laager, when 'a shot and a wild yell from the camp of the "friendlies" roused the whole force. Then came several scattering shots followed by the terrific war cry of the Matabele as they rushed our laager.' He too must have rushed to the laager, as did the other sleeping scouts, and then there was 'was one of the most spectacular night fights I have ever been in; what with the double line of fire from the men lying on top of the large trek wagons, and the continuous crack of several thousand rifles [a gross exaggeration] that rimmed our entire laager.'

A young Hollander de Roos recounts 'if the Makalangas [Shona] had not given the alarm we would all have gone where the woodbine twineth and the wangdoodle uttereth its mournful song. It was still too dark to take in the whole situation, but the surrounding

THE DOWNFALL OF LOBENGULA. PLAN III.
EYE SKETCH
OF THE
BATTLE OF SHANGANI,
OCTOBER 25th, 1893.
Prepared by
Major SIR JOHN WILLOUGHBY, Bart.
KEY TO PLAN
SHANGANI RIVER
Steep descent to River
Bush on rise overlooking River
Very thick bush
Thick Bush
Very thick bush
Open clearing
Thorn trees and bush
Deep Watercourse with pools of water
Scale of Yards
NATIVE KRAALS

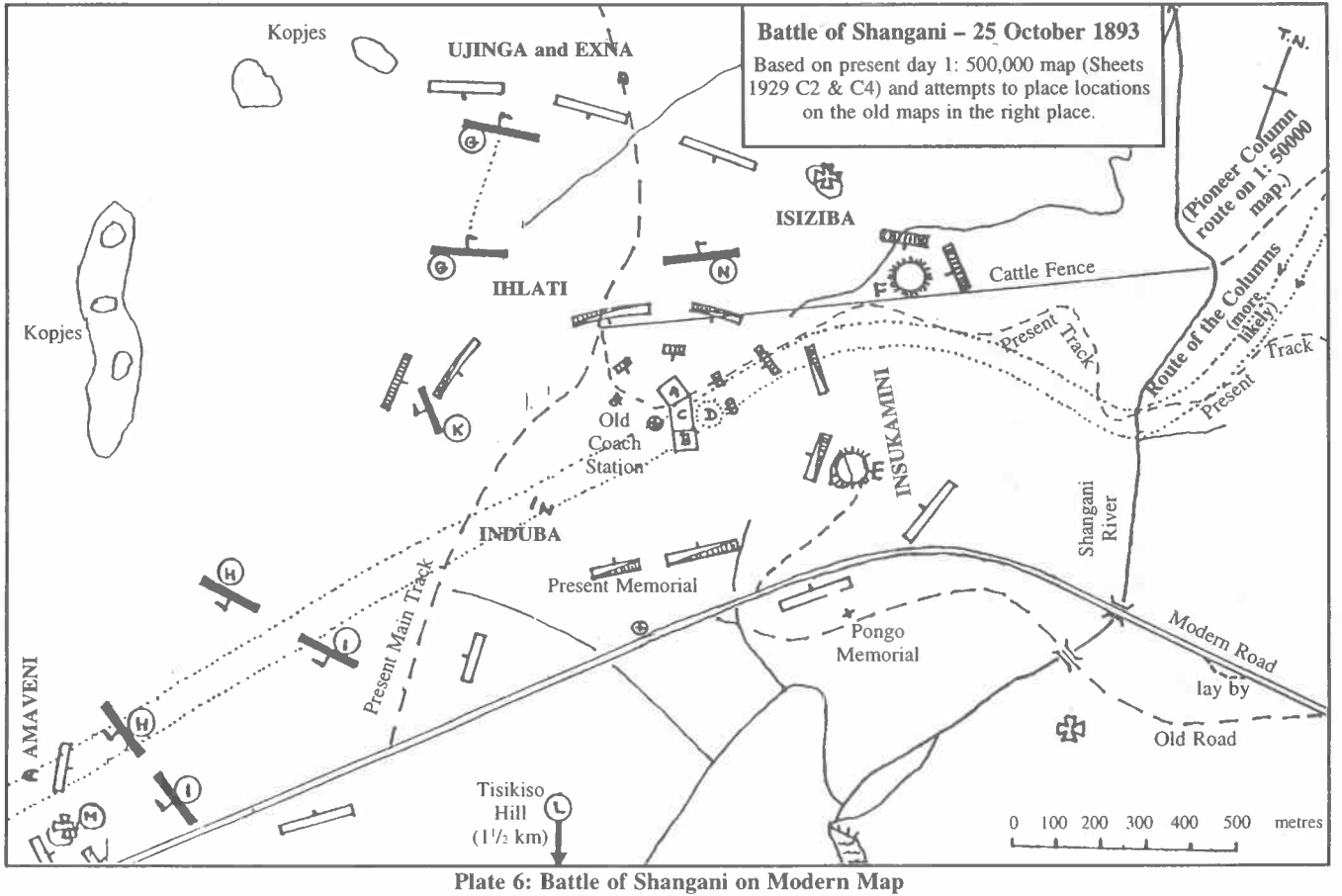
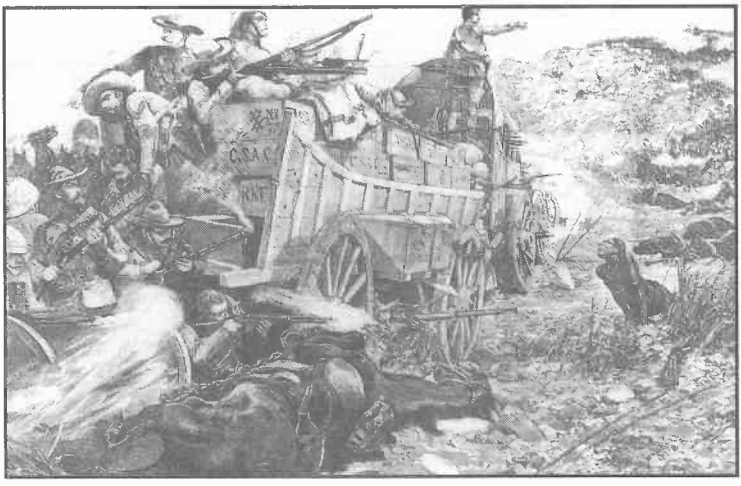


Plate 6: Battle of Shangani on Modern Map



Attack on the laagers
(*National Archives of Zimbabwe*)

veld was absolutely black with the Matabele. One one side [probably the west] the impi was so closely massed that they resembled a stretch of burnt grass in the half light. Yes, I thought to myself that's the end of you' but then his second thought 'shoot man, the Matabele are so close you cannot possibly miss. The Maxims and other guns began to speak.'

Some other recollections. Carruthers, a Victoria Scout: '... when the bugles gave the alarm. The camp was all excitement in a moment. The moving camp was all noise with the opening of ammunition boxes, the shouting of the officers, and the men getting into their places. The din outside the laager from the onrushing Matabele could be distinctly heard. Quested was the first attacked..'

Bishop Knight Bruce:: 'at about 4 o'clock I was woke by the first shots and shouts – "here they come" – I jumped out of my waggon as the first shots came past. When the Matabele were first seen, some were only sixty yards from the waggons, and their fire seemed to come from all directions.'

Captain Donovan with the Victoria Column: 'there was a sheet of flame from all around us'.

Sergeant Major Judge: 'the bullets and the potlegs came pretty thick.'

Although accounts differ as to the actual time of the start of the battle, the statements by Major Forbes and the Bishop that it was a few minutes before 4.00 am are probably the most accurate.

One can divide those first few minutes into three parts, namely, the initial reactions as described above, what happened to those outside the laager at that time and the fighting tactics of the Matabele.

Outside were the pickets and again to quote Forbes: 'I was very much afraid that some of the men on picket would be killed either by friends or by enemies, and I was greatly relieved to hear ... that they had all got safely in.'

Bishop Knight Bruce: 'I was met by a wounded man ... how he got in with the Matabele behind him and the machine guns in front is a mystery', and Carruthers: 'our scouts had no time to loosen their horses of which several were assegaied. Texas Long was the only one to bring in his old charger and Dollar [grandfather of the present President of The Pioneer Society] lost his mount. The outer sentries had a narrow escape in getting into the laager.'

All in all, it seems surprising that all the scouts and pickets got in without mishap. To be suddenly attacked without warning from yards away, to have had to run like mad and then get into a thickly 'bushed up' laager must have seen some pretty athletic feats! But get in, they all did.

The Shona were not so lucky. Forbes: 'during the first attack Mr Quested came into the laager ... his natives ... had received the brunt of the attack, waking up to find the Matabele right among them and stabbing them. Quested managed to make a stand for a short time, and then retired to the laager with his people. ... most of his people managed to get into the laager.' Quested was wounded in the arm and side and had his thumb shot off. He was however still alive in 1933, so his injuries could not have been too bad.

Carruthers: '(we) were endeavouring to get the loyal natives to come into the laager, but they were confused, running in all directions. Most of the women ran to the veld, only to be killed by the oncoming Matabele.

Burnham: 'over and above all the din of the firing rose the shrieks and yells of the friendly natives as they were stabbed and slaughtered by the onrushing Matabele. It was on this occasion that some of the unfortunate friendlies got mixed up with the enemy and were swept up against our laager, willy-nilly, to be shot down by our own Maxim guns.'

Sergeant Major Judge: '... the Matabele got in amongst them and must have killed 50 or 60 and we must have shot about 10 or so in mistake.'

All in all it appears about 50 to 60 Shona were killed in those initial few minutes and a number more wounded. Some were from Mr Quested's contingent, but his men, who came from Chibi and Chirimanzi, had fought well and retired in good order to the laager. Most of the casualties probably came from those encamped around the waggon laagers and cattle kraal. Forbes has been criticized for allowing the Shona to sleep out, but assuming Quested's contingent would not have come in anyway, to cram the remaining 500 or so into the bush area between the waggon laagers, only some 80 by 40 yards in size and which also held some Salisbury oxen and Victoria cattle would have been a heck of a squash; and was probably just simply not practicable.

It appears the Matabele did not actually attack the laager by rushing forward to storm it, assegais in hand, as would have the Zulus (and in fact as the Matabele did a week later at Bembezi) but rather more stood off, firing at the laager but from a short distance in many instances. However one description describes, 'the machine guns clattering viciously, sending plumes and shields to the ground and survivors scattering' and another 'every time they came out into the open out of the bush, our rifles and machine guns sent them flying back and they were pretty half-hearted about it'.

This first attack lasted about 30 minutes before fizzling out, and in summary involved the Matabele losing surprise by meeting the party going for water, a rush forward to

east to behind a 'bushy kopje [not identified] from behind which they attacked' but were dispersed by the 7 pounder. While this was going on Forbes sent Heaney out again, probably north-west while Captain Borrow was sent to make a wide east and north encircling movement to the kopje that had been shelled. On arrival there Borrow found the Matabele gone.

That, according to Forbes, 'was the end of our first battle' apart from a little mopping up. A few Matabele were seen in the rough kopjes area to the west and the 'Colonial Boys' under Captain Nesbitt were sent to drive them off; the ground being too rough for horses. The 'Boys' advanced in good order, but the Matabele did not wait for them.

A postscript to the battle was given by Carruthers who says 'we scouts were away early [after the battle] and I climbed a big hill south of the battlefield [this must be Tisikiso 'L']. Here I had a wonderful view of the retreating Matabele. There were several different impis [regiments] moving in different directions, their shields and assegais glinting in the morning sun. A picture I shall never forget.' The Matabele had been beaten, but not defeated and withdrew in good order rather than retreating.

10: AN ASSESSMENT OF THE BATTLE

An assessment of the battle is perhaps of interest, especially as it is all too easy to be critical of the Matabele, who lost, as it is to praise the settlers, who won.

Weapons and Their Effects

First the weapons, and here the settlers had every advantage. Firstly, they had the rifle, which they knew how to look after and use. Secondly, they had what was almost certainly the most important weapon, the Maxim machine gun. Machine guns were completely unknown to the Matabele and it was these that cut them down in swathes. Perhaps without this advantage the result of the battle might have been different and it is interesting to make a comparison between Shangani and Isandhlwana, which was only 14 years earlier in January 1879, and where the Zulus defeated and killed over 1,300 British soldiers. There were several reasons for that defeat but one was that the British in that year did not have the machine gun.

The settlers also had several artillery pieces which they used but they appeared not to have been such a decisive factor. The 7 pounders, for example, only fired 7 shells altogether; although one shell reputedly killed 12 warriors. To quote Belloc's couplet, 'whatever happens, we have got the maxim gun, and they have not'.

The result was a large number of Matabele casualties, probably about 500 killed and wounded although this is an assessed guess. Forbes says 'a considerable number of dead were left upon the field, but most of them and the wounded were carried away; [and] several of the wounded hanged themselves or threw themselves into the river to avoid being taken'. The latter was most likely due to the fact of wanting to end it all rather than face the misery of crawling off with shattered limbs or injuries well beyond the care of primitive medicines.

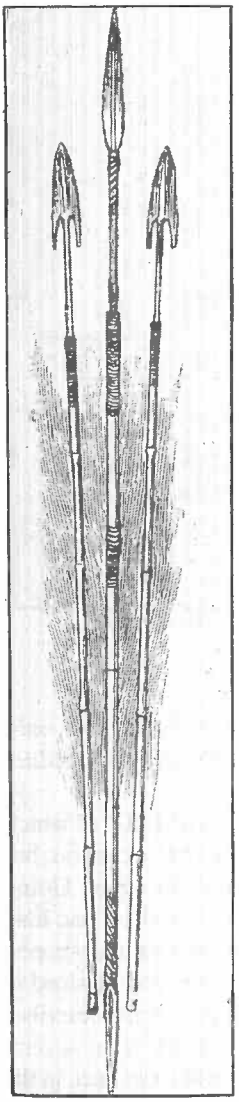
Interestingly, despite the picture given of maxims rattling and rifles blazing, the figures given by Forbes of ammunition expenditure by a force of 700 strong seem

A hot corner at the Shangani River
(*National Archives of Zimbabwe*)

surprisingly small. Martini-Henry (which included Maxims and Nordenfeld) was only 3645 rounds, while only seven 7 pounder shells, 28 Hotchkiss shells and 400 Gardner rounds were expended.

The Matabele Army did have rifles, possibly up to a maximum of 1,500 of which 1,000 were Martini-Henrys given to Lobengula as a part of the Rudd Concession; but probably not more than 800 such weapons were with the Impi at Shangani. Going back some years, it is said that Lobengula's father, Mzilikazi, disliked rifles and may even have been afraid of them. Traditionally, the Zulu and Matabele personal weapon was the stabbing spear, the assegai, and not the rifle which they were never trained to use. For example, Matabele Wilson, a hunter who knew Lobengula well, describes how one day, well before the campaign, Lobengula asked him to put right several hundred Martini-Henrys. These, Wilson says, were just stacked against a fence in the open and left there day and night. Their condition was so bad that many bayonets had rusted onto the rifles.

They also had little idea of how to use them; so much so that the belief was that the harder one gripped a rifle the further the bullet would go, and the higher the sights were raised, the faster the bullet would fly. The result was that during this battle, and subsequent fighting, the Matabele rifle fire was pretty ineffective, with most bullets going way over the top of their targets and during the battle, within the Column, only one man was shot dead, a bushman 'Colonial Boy', while only 7 were wounded (of which one died later in the day). Some Shona may have been killed by Matabele rifle fire but most were killed by the assegai and when they were caught up in the fire from the laager.



A second failure was for both rifle and assegai to be carried. As described earlier the Matabele warrior with assegai and shield was a pretty effective fighting machine. Add to this though a 9 pound rifle and the machine lost balance.

Tactics

The settlers' basic tactic was to aim to stand and fight from a strong point, the laager, effectively a 'fort'. On the march the waggons moved in lines so they could quickly form laager. The laager, once formed, was extremely strong, very difficult to break into and the last time the Matabele had attacked laagers had been voortrekker ones some 57 years earlier. (It was a tactic the British had completely failed to adopt at Isandhlwana.)

The Matabele tactic was to attack with a chest and encircling horns, but these relied on strong rushes by large numbers of warriors. At Shangani this was not really adopted. The rush would start, but as soon as the settlers opened fire, the warriors would either stop and shoot back themselves, or, alternatively, would fire while running, but with rigid arms, thus spoiling any aim. The momentum of any charge was thus lost and at Shangani the attacks were not pressed home; but they were to be a week later at Bembezi. To quote Burnham's view, 'had the Matabele abandoned their guns, and rushed us with the assegai, the victory would have been theirs'.

Surprise is a prime element of any attack and here too the Matabele had bad luck. They missed ambushing the Column in the Somabhula Forest and at Shangani lost it when meeting the Shona group from Quested's Camp which resulted in the attack being launched when one Regiment was not yet fully deployed. It is interesting to surmise what the result might have been had the attack come in with no warning in those few minutes before morning 'stand-to' started.

Superstition

Superstition also played a part in defeat. Today we may smile at some of these (but who today would spend a night in a foggy graveyard, spend the night in Room 13, walk under a ladder or have a black cat cross one's path!?).

Three examples of Matabele superstition played a part. It is said that when the Matabele encountered the fog in the Somabhula Forest they considered this to be white man's magic, although this seems unlikely as they must have encountered fog in previous years. The firing of the signal rockets on the evening of the 24th also caused consternation. Finally, although it probably did not affect the outcome, the warriors believed that an exploding shell contained lots of little white men who ran out when it burst, to kill everyone near it. A lot of Matabele bullets were wasted by firing at unexploded shells.

11: SHANGANI TO BULAWAYO

Shangani to Bembezi

After the Shangani Battle, Forbes wanted to get clear of the kopjes to the west as soon as possible, and, that afternoon, at about 3 pm, the Column moved on in its four parallel lines for some 3 miles where it laagered at the widest part of a large open plain. That night one soldier, Trooper Walters of the Victoria Column, died of his wounds and was buried there. [The laager would have been somewhere very roughly where the Shangani Farmers Association Hall now is. Apparently there is an old graveyard just to the north of the main road, and just east of the road that heads north-west by the petrol station. Perhaps Trooper Walters' grave is there?]

The 26th and 27th saw 17 to 18 miles covered and during these two days there were several quite large skirmishes and a number of kraals were razed. The 26th also saw the loss of Captain Williams, commander of the Salisbury Column's scouts. His horse bolted during a skirmish and he did not return; it being later found out he had been followed and killed by the Matabele, in the kopjes west of the Shangani River.

No move was made on the 28th, partly to rest the horses and oxen and partly to search, without success, for Captain Williams. They then continued on the 29th and 30th, uneventfully, for a further 14 miles or so. On the 31st, there being good grass, there was no move in the morning. Two miles were covered in the afternoon and reports came in from the scouts of the existence of large bodies of Matabele.

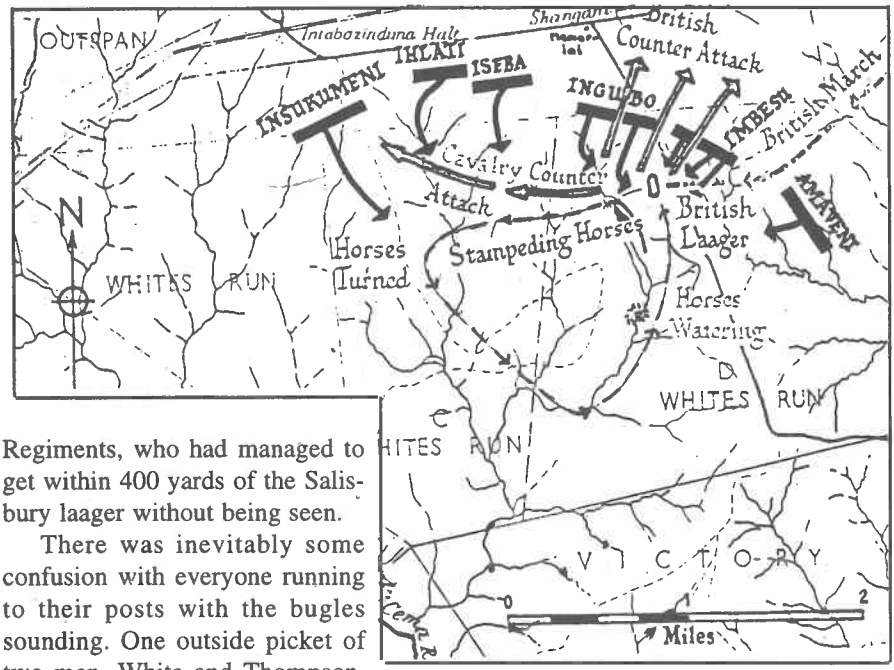
Wednesday 1 November saw a cold and drizzly morning with a further thick fog that did not clear until 8.00 am. Once it cleared the Column covered about 4 miles before laagering up for the midday meal. The second battle occurred that afternoon.

The Battle of Bembezi

Today, if you take the Gweru-Bulawayo Road to where White's Run road runs south you will see a monument to the Bembezi battle just to the west of the main road/ White's Run road junction. This mistakenly states the battle took place some 300 yards to the south, whereas the laager was just under a mile down White's Run Road on a low kopje just to the west of the road.

Having stopped, the cattle and horses were sent to be watered at a stream nearly a mile to the south. All seemed quiet but then a dark cloud of Matabele was seen to the west. Not much account was taken of them, it being thought to be a demoralized force retreating to Bulawayo but they were harassed by a 7 pounder. It was the right horn of the Matabele impi, the Insukamini, Ihlati and Isiziba Regiments, seeking to encircle the laager on the western side.

Soon afterwards the left horn, the Amaveni Regiment, was spotted to the east and also shelled. The result of the shelling was that both horns lost cohesion although at that time those in the laager did not appreciate that they were the 'horns' and that therefore somewhere close there must be the 'chest'. Suddenly, and without warning, the settlers, who had been rather idly watching the shelling, found themselves being confronted with 1,400 Matabele charging at them from only a few hundred yards away to the north. This was the 'Chest', the Imbizo (Lobengula's bodyguard) and Ingubu



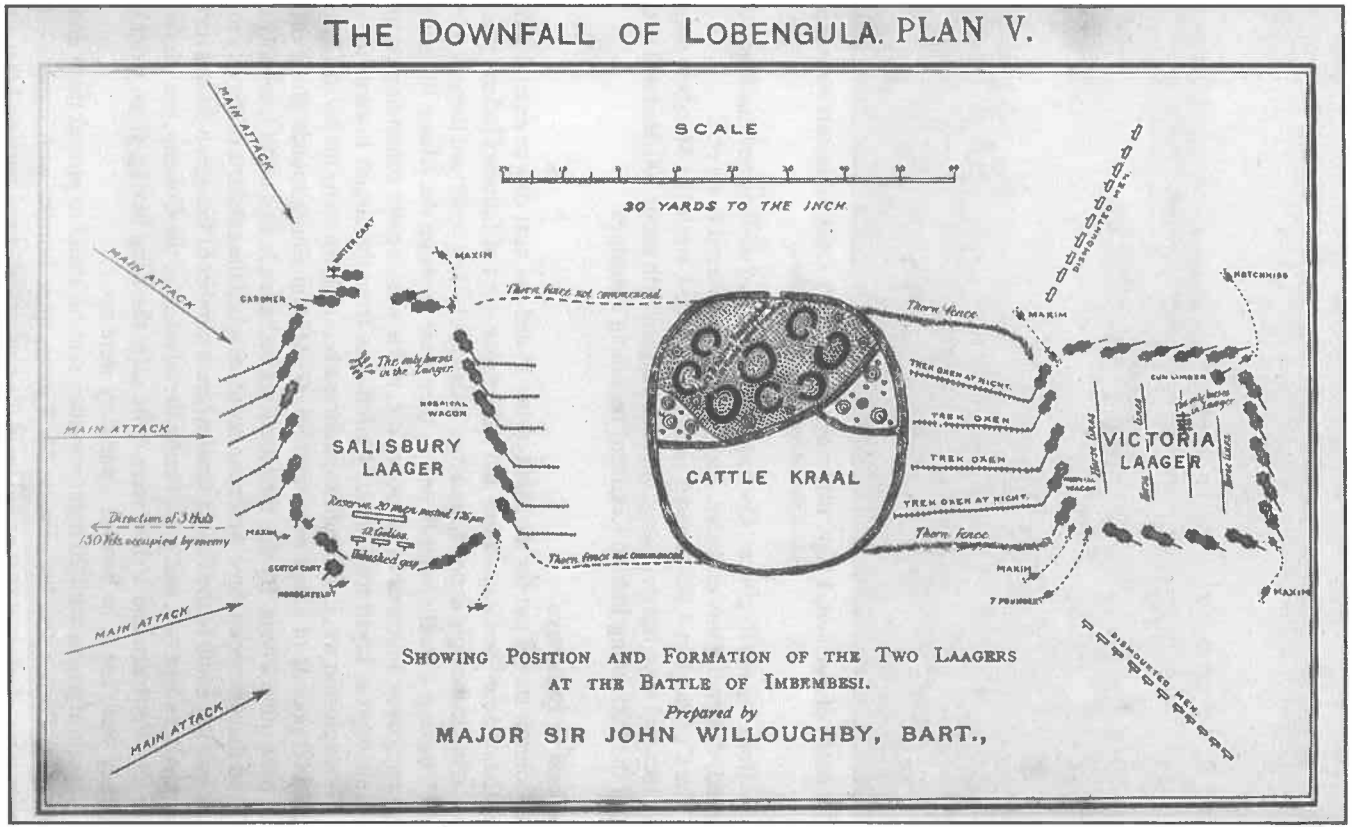
Regiments, who had managed to get within 400 yards of the Salisbury laager without being seen.

There was inevitably some confusion with everyone running to their posts with the bugles sounding. One outside picket of two men, White and Thompson, did not hear the alarm and the Matabele were on top of them. They missed catching their horse and ran for it, Thompson up a tree where he was stabbed to death. White, though, a marathon runner, ran for the laager being protected by the Gardner firing at his pursuers and got back. His run gives the name to the present day road.

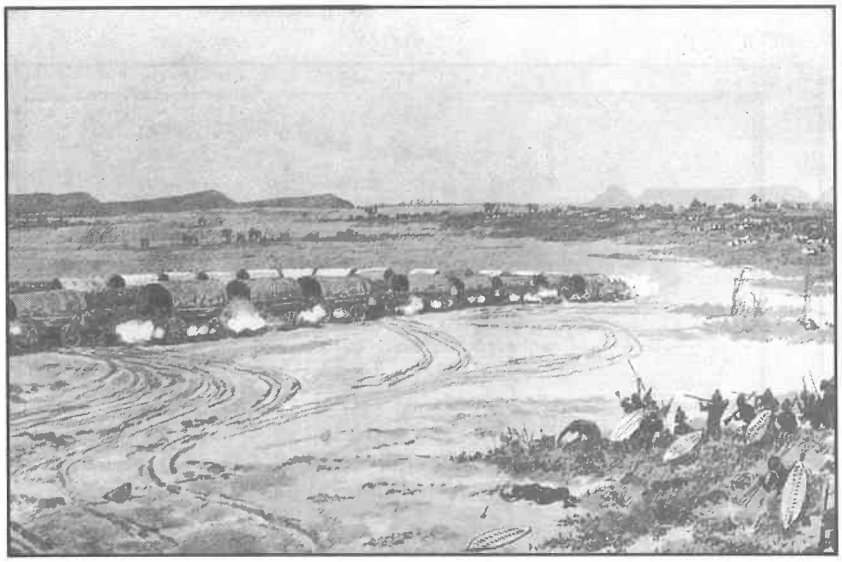
The main Matabele charge managed to get within nearly 100 yards of the laager before the murderous fire of 200 rifles and several machine guns decimated them. Several more attempts were made in the next 40 minutes or so, but all failed. It was however a magnificent attempt and to quote Sir John Willoughby, 'I cannot speak too highly of the pluck of the two regiments that made the charge. I believe that no civilized army could have withstood the terrific fire they did for at most half as long', and Burnham, 'it was a battle of Gettysburg in miniature'.

While this was going on another threat developed. The horses that had been being watered were being brought back to the laager when the assault started. They took alarm and bolted west, creating a potential disaster, as without the horses the column would have been immobilized. Fortunately, a few people who still had their horses with them in the laager, galloped after them and managed to turn the horses first south and then back to the laager.

After the assaults had failed the Matabele started a desultory exchange of fire and to evict them, 100 men skirmished forward with fixed bayonets supported by a 7 pounder. At the same time, Captain Borrow's and Captain Bastard's mounted troops were also sent forward. There was nearly a disaster when the mounted troops and infantry became too far apart to support each other and Bastard was suddenly confronted



(*National Archives of Zimbabwe*)



The Battle of Bembezi, 1 Nov. 1893 when Lobengula's crack regiments were routed.
(National Archives of Zimbabwe)

by the fresh Ingubo Regiment. Once again the effects of shelling and machine gun fire worked, dispersing this regiment, and the battle spluttered to an end.

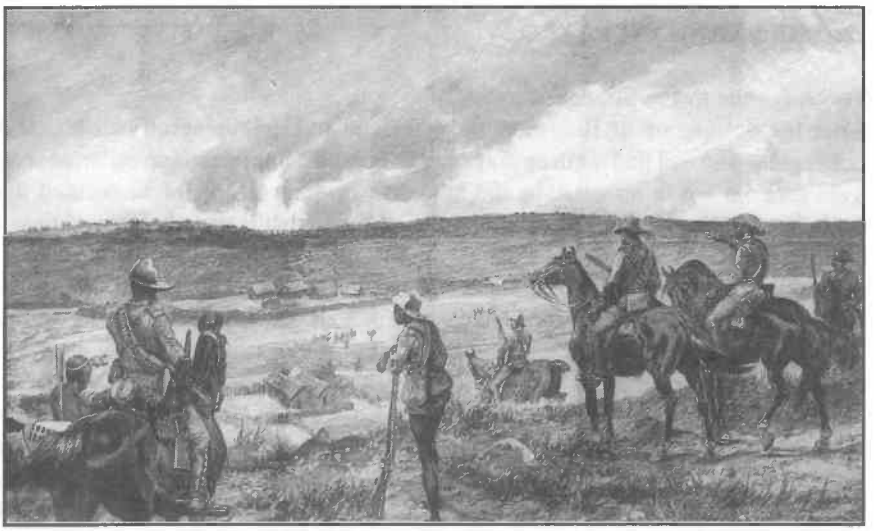
The Column lost 4 killed and 5 severely wounded, while the Matabele appear to have incurred even heavier losses than at Shangani with about 500 dead and with 500 out of the 700 strong Imbizo Regiment becoming casualties.

Bembezi to Bulawayo

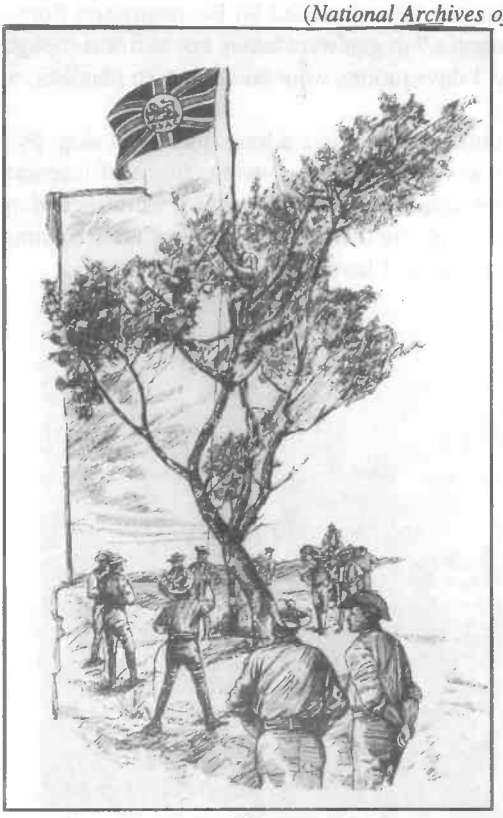
The Column stayed put for the night of the 1st and the next day covered 8 miles [to near the present Heany Junction] and three miles short of Inthabas Induna [the large low flat hill to the right as one approaches Bulawayo]. They continued the next morning, the 3rd, having a short skirmish, and as they were crossing the Khoce River heard a large explosion, followed by smoke rising, to the west, before continuing on to meet the Bulawayo to Inyati road (about 4 kilometres from the airport towards the city).

The explosion was Lobengula's storehouse being blown up by the Nyathi Regiment and 2,000 pounds of gunpowder with 80,000 Martini-Henry rounds going off must have been quite a bang. By this time the King had already fled north [probably on the 2nd] and that afternoon three American scouts reached the outskirts of the city to a site about one km south of the King's kraal where a number of European traders had been living. All, except two, had gone during the advance of the Column, but the two that were left, Fairbairn and Usher, were quite safe; the King having given strict orders that they were not to be harmed – and they were not.

Captain Borrow, with 20 men, was then sent on ahead to protect them and soon afterwards Forbes sent his orderly, Mr Tanner, after Borrow with some messages. Interestingly, Tanner at first ended up in the now deserted and burning kraal and was thus the first man from the Column to enter the town or kraal of Bulawayo.



Viewing the Bulawayo explosion
(National Archives of Zimbabwe)



Hoisting the British flag at Bulawayo
(National Archives of Zimbabwe)

On the morning of the 4th, the main Column crossed the Unguza River and reached the city at 2.00 pm. The place was theirs, but all that was left was a smoking and deserted ruin.

[Lobengula's kraal was some 5 kilometres north of where the present city is and where State House is now situated. The small European settlement area was a few hundred yards east of where the present Victoria Falls road veers left at the start of the State House entrance drive.]

12: THE SHANGANI PATROL

The Advance to the Shangani

After the occupation of Bulawayo on 4 December 1893, Jameson had hoped that Lobengula, who had fled north on about the 2nd, would come in and surrender. Messages were sent out but to no avail; he did not come in. Jameson therefore decided that a Column must be sent after him; and it is this column that is usually referred to as the 'Shangani Patrol'.

It was not to be a success. At the time it left, the King was thought to be only some 40 miles away at Inyati and the concept was that all that would be needed would be a quick dash there to secure him and bring him back; a matter of a few days which became more than a month.

At 7.30 pm on Tuesday 14 December the Column left Bulawayo. Command was again given to Major Forbes, and with him were Allan Wilson and, from the Southern Column, Commandant Raaff who had only reached Bulawayo that morning. Its strength was 300 white men (90 men Salisbury Column, 60 men Victoria Column plus 150 (who cannot have been too happy about being sent out a few hours after getting to Bulawayo) from the Southern Column; the latter included 90 Bechuanaland Border Police and 200 Natives. Four Maxims and a 7 lb gun were taken, but as it was thought the affair would be over quickly only 3 days rations were taken, but no blankets, no heavy gear, no doctor and no wagons.

It was to prove a disaster, as the quick dash became a long drawn out slog, by it being a wet and miserable November as well as by the growing 'fiasco of incessant officer intrigue, bad morale, insufficient supplies of food, no medical facilities and the complete disinterest of mercenaries in involving themselves in unprofitable fighting, that all contributed to the general dampening of heroics'.

Night March: an incident in the retreat of the Shangani Patrol
(National Archives of Zimbabwe)

Relief waggons on the way to Shiloh
(*National Archives of Zimbabwe*)

The Column marched to Inyati [for Route see Plate 1], getting there at dawn on the 16th, to find nothing there. Things then started to go wrong. Lobengula was reported to be some miles to the north on the Bubi River and five days were then wasted unnecessarily following this report up. During these five days there was much disgruntlement, with a vote being taken on the 19th resulting in many opting to return to Bulawayo. On the 21st they were back at Inyati where they were joined the following day by Captain Borrow who had found the King's trail some distance away to the west near Shiloh.

In pouring rain the Column covered the 20 or so miles across to Shiloh and it must have been a pretty bedraggled and sorry lot of men that got there that evening. It was a time for reassessment and reorganization. Jameson had sent reinforcements, including waggons and supplies, and Friday the 24th was spent on the reorganization. Some men were sent back to Bulawayo, but a force, again nearly 300 strong, together with five of the waggons, left on the King's trail at 9.00 on the 25th.

Three days later they had only covered 20 miles. The force was again reorganized, partly as Forbes realized the waggons were holding them up badly and partly as there were only sufficient good horses to take 160 men. The waggons were sent back, the Column was reduced to 158 men with only 2 Maxims and it went on with continuing reports that Lobengula was always only just in front. On the afternoon of 3 December they finally reached the Shangani River.

By this time, Forbes had decided they could go no further. Even at that stage they did not have enough rations to get back with. However one last attempt was to be tried, and at 5.00 pm, with two hours of daylight left, Wilson was told to gallop ahead for one last attempt to grab the King. Accounts differ, but it seems pretty certain that Forbes' orders to Wilson, or certainly his intentions, were for him to be back by dark. Certainly when Wilson's party left they did not bother to even take their coats and one man shouted to a fellow to keep his supper hot. [For sequence of events, see Plate 7.]

The Wilson Patrol

So off galloped Wilson, not with 12 men but in fact with 20 in all. Night came but he did not return, and by then Forbes, after Wilson had left, found out that part of the

Major Wilson and his party leaving the camp
(*National Archives of Zimbabwe*)

Matabele Army was not only behind them but also on both sides. It was a worried and uneasy force that night.

At 9 pm, two of Wilson's party returned with knocked up horses, and told Forbes that Wilson had crossed the Shangani, was five miles beyond it, that Lobengula was within reach, that he (Wilson) was going to sleep out and that Forbes should send him reinforcements in the morning. Although one can perhaps understand Wilson's desire to stay out when he seemed so close to success and it can be argued he was showing initiative, it does appear he did not follow the order, even if implied, to be back by dark.

At about 11 pm, Captain Napier with two troopers also returned, saying that Wilson had found Lobengula's camp, they thought they had even heard his voice, but that as it appeared the bodyguard was all around and they had realized the Matabele were closing in on either flank they had pulled back about a mile in the driving rain. There was no clear message from Wilson to Forbes but Napier said he thought Wilson wanted Forbes to advance with the whole force to join him for an attack on the King at daylight.

This placed Forbes in a difficult position. He could either move the whole force forward at once which he considered impossible in the dark and with the Matabele all around him; he could send orders for Wilson to come back at once which he was reluctant to do as he says he felt Wilson knew what he was doing; or he could reinforce Wilson. Rightly or wrongly he decided to reinforce Wilson, but only with 20 men which he felt was all he could spare without seriously weakening his own force.

So at about 1 am on the 4th Captain Borrow with 21 men, but with no Maxim, left and managed to join Wilson without incident, although 2 men lost their way in the dark and came back to the Column. Wilson's patrol was then 37 men strong in all, some 25% of the whole force. Meanwhile what was left of the Column, now only about 120 strong, prepared to dash forward to join Wilson with the dawn.

But it didn't work. Dawn came and the Column was ready to dash forward when they heard rifle fire from across the river. It didn't seem to last for long. The Column rapidly moved off and ran straight into a Matabele ambush which pinned them down.

They attempted to cross the river, but the banks were too steep for the horses and the river was also rapidly rising from storms upstream. The Matabele aim appears to have been to stop the advance and in this they were completely successful. Forbes' force retired slowly to the site of their previous night's camp and while they were doing this, Burnham and Ingham, the two American scouts, together with Gooding, an Australian, rode in. Burnham half fell off his horse with the words 'I think we may say we are the sole survivors of that party.' To add to the trouble the heavens then again opened with a blinding storm.

Apparently what had happened was that Wilson's patrol, with the coming of dawn and now joined by Borrow and his men, realized that they were surrounded. Wilson decided the only way they might break out was to go forward, rather than back, and they had moved forward again to Lobengula's camp only to find it deserted. They then were shot at, found Matabele all around and had obviously barged into a trap. One account says that one soldier, Trooper Vogel, was killed there, and all they could do was to fall back fighting to where they had been during the previous night. By the time they got there, they already had several wounded and the Matabele were all around them. Burnham, Ingham and Gooding had the best horses and they said Wilson had told them to gallop back for help; although there is a counter story that they just made a run for it of their own accord. Whichever is true they managed to crash through the Matabele, ford the now flooding Shangani and get back to Forbes.

"The Last Stand": The heroic but tragic episode occurred on the Shangani River on 4 December 1893
(National Archives of Zimbabwe)

As there were no other survivors, what exactly happened after Burnham, Ingham and Gooding broke out is not known, except from accounts given by Matabele who fought the patrol. Many of these accounts were records much later when memories had dimmed. However it appeared the patrol realized it could retreat no further without abandoning the wounded and those without fit horses. They made a final stand and

were wiped out by the Matabele with the Imbizo Regiment in the forefront. Accounts differ, some say the action was short and sharp, others that it lasted until late morning or even the early afternoon. Wilson plus 33 men [or was it 35? – see below] were killed [for details of personnel see Plate 8] together with probably about 300 Matabele.

The Retreat to Bulawayo

What was left of the Shangani patrol then effectively retreated, moving back the next morning and following the Shangani River upstream. It was a depressed and demoralized force that had a long and difficult struggle back. Their food was finished, half their ammunition was gone, their medical supplies almost zero and the storms had stampeded their slaughter cattle. Forbes sent back two scouts, Ingham and Lynch, who managed to reach Bulawayo on the 7th with the bad news. A relief column, with Jameson and Willoughby, set off the next day and Cecil Rhodes, who had arrived in Bulawayo at 2 pm on the 4th, followed with a further 40 men on the 12th.

On the 8th the retreating Patrol managed to capture some oxen, but the Matabele attacked and recaptured them. On the 10th they were again attacked during the afternoon and that night abandoned the maxim gun carriages, made dummy positions and slipped away in the darkness. They were again attacked on the 12th near the junction with the Vungu River and, just before midnight, once more made a night withdrawal. Relief came on the 14th (one month after they had set out on what had originally been intended to be a 3 day dash) when they were sighted by the scout Selous with the relief column close behind. They finally got back to Bulawayo on the 18th in a pretty poor and unhappy condition.

This effectively was the end of the Matabele War. King Lobengula died, a fugitive, possibly of smallpox, and probably in the Manjolo area in late January. The Matabele had had enough and dispersed. There was no more fighting – the war was over.

The Wilson Patrol Aftermath

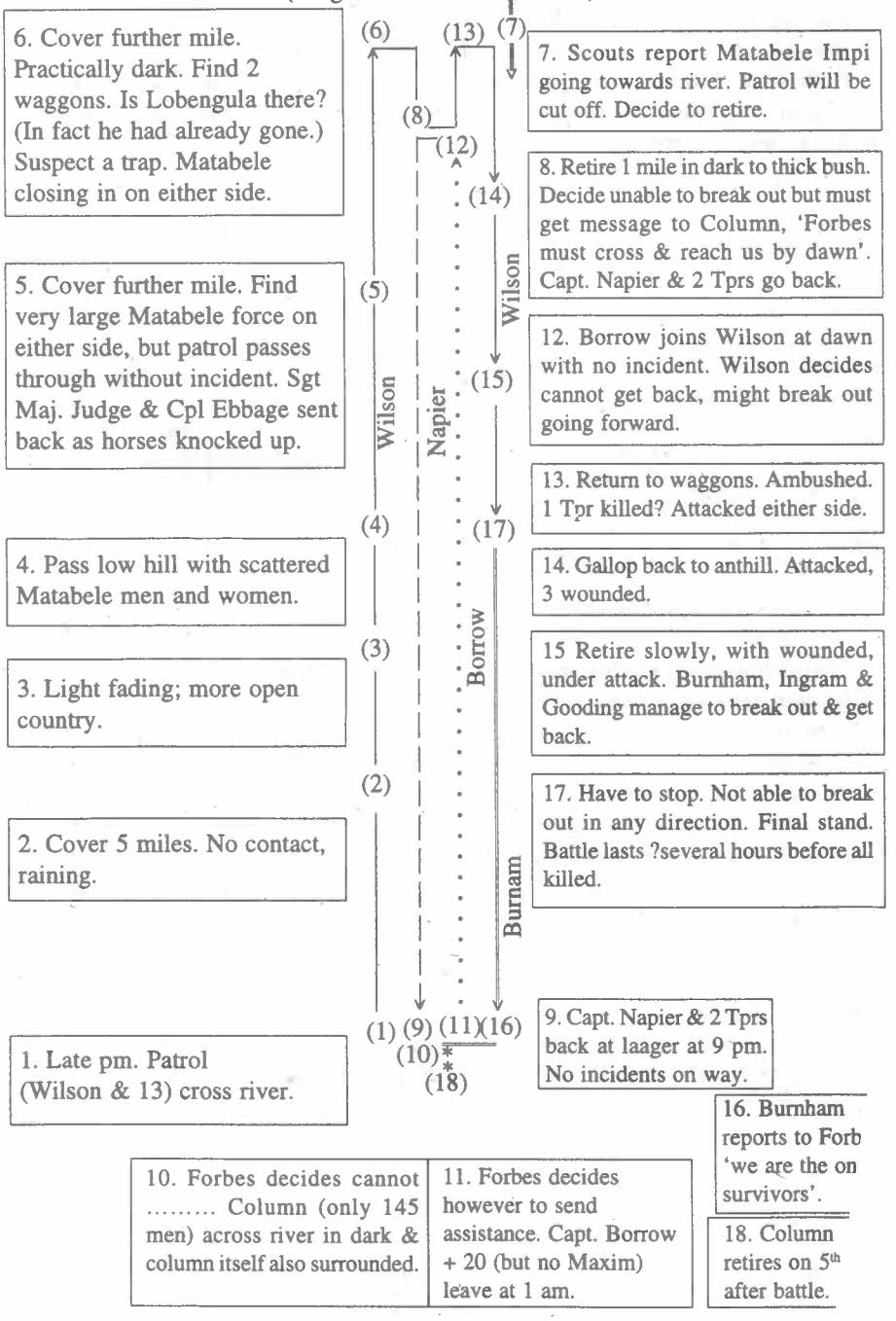
The bodies of the Wilson patrol remained where they were until found the following 3 February by Dawson, a trader and who had been one of the last Europeans to leave Bulawayo during the Column's advance. He buried them there, but the remains were later exhumed and reburied at Great Zimbabwe in August 1894. Finally, they were moved again, on Rhodes' instructions before he had died in 1902, to the Matopos in July 1904 where they are now within the mausoleum there close to Rhodes' own last resting place.

Two mysteries. First, Dawson when he found the remains, says he found only 33 skulls. Perhaps the missing 34th was taken by an animal or perhaps it was that of Trooper Vogel which one book says was killed at the King's camp early on the morning of the 4 December and could not be recovered. Dawson also brought back one skull that he found some 20 yards away from the rest and which from Matabele accounts had been the last man to die. The aim was to try and identify who it was from dental records but the skull subsequently disappeared either in Bulawayo or when sent back to England.

Secondly, who and exactly how many did die with Wilson? Most accounts seem to settle on a total of 34 including Wilson; but some names differ. The table overleaf shows 5 sources

PLATE 7: WILSON PATROL – SEQUENCE OF EVENTS, 3 AND 4 DECEMBER 1893

(Diagrammatic – *not to scale*)



Columns (b), (c) & (d) are from the *Downfall of Lobengula*, published in 1894 with:

Column (b) 'In Memoriam Chapter', pages 239 to 272.
Column (c) 'List of Those Killed', page 274.
Column (d) 'Plaque to be placed in the church at Salisbury'.
Column (e) Names on the plaques on the Matopos Mausoleum [there today].
Column (f) Names on ~~the~~ plaque on the memorial where the patrol was killed [now I believe disappeared].

Name (a)	'Downfall of Lobengula' In Mem. (b)	List (c)	Plaque (d)	Matopos Mem (Nt 2) (e)	Shangani Plaque (f)
Tpr Harold Dalton Watson Moore MONEY	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes (Sgt)	Yes
Tpr Robert OLIVER	Yes	(Note 1)	Yes	Yes	No
Tpr Harold Dalton WATSON	No	Yes	Yes	One Watson only	No
Tpr Henry George WATSON	Yes	Yes	No		Yes
Tpr Thos. Colclough WATSON	Yes	Yes	Yes		Yes

Note 1: Shown under 'Date & Place of Death' as 'Not Known'.
2: Matopos plaques show names only and no initials.

It would rather appear that there was [and is?] confusion between Tpr Money (with Christian names including 'Harold Dalton Watson'), Tpr Harold Dalton WATSON, d Tpr Robert OLIVER. For example Tpr MONEY appears on all, except that at atopos he is shown as 'Sgt.'. Tpr H. D. Watson seems to have been confused with r MONEY who by chance had the same names among his 5 Christian names and r OLIVER seems a bit of a mystery. It seems MONEY and H. D. WATSON were ed with Wilson, but where does OLIVER fit in?
On the Matabele side probably around 300 warriors were killed and it is of interest the 1992 'Heroes Day' celebrations were held at the site, where apparently there mass grave, with plans to build a shrine to the Matabele dead there.

engula's Grave

site of Lobengula's grave has always been said to be unknown, but there seems doubt that the site was found by some RAF men in 1943. In addition, according o newspaper reports of 1992 the site is well known to the present day Matabele

PLATE 8: WILSON PATROL – COMPOSITION AND STRENGTHS

INITIAL PATROL

(Left Column about 1700 hrs 3 Dec.)

*	Major.	WILSON Allan (S)
*	Capt.	FITZGERALD Freddie (S) (B)
	Capt.	GREENFIELD Harry
*	Capt.	JUDD William (S) (P)
*	Capt.	KIRTON Argent
	Capt.	NAPIER[3] (S)
*	Lt	HOFMEYER (S) Arend (Africaner)
*	Lt	HUGHES George (S) (P) (exB)
*	Sgt Maj.	HARDING S.C.
	Sgt Maj.	JUDGE[1]
*	Sgt	BRADBURN C. (exB)
*	Sgt	BROWN H.A. (P) (exB)
*	Cpl	COLQUHOUN F.C. (P)
	Cpl	EBBAGE[1]
	Tpr	DILLON D.M.C. (P) (exB)
*	Tpr	HAY-ROBERTSON A.
*	Tpr	HELLET H.J. (exB)
*	Tpr	ROBERTSON J.[3,4]
*	Tpr	WELBY E.E.
	Mr	BURNHAM Russell[5] (American Scout)
	Mr	BAIN Robert[5] (American Scout)

Strengths

21 (at start)
19 (after Sgt Maj. Judge & Ebbage sent back)
16 (after Capt. Napier group left)
17 (after Tpr Robertson rejoined)
16 (after Burnham broke out)

CAPT. BORROW'S REINFORCEMENTS

(Left Column 0100 hrs 4 Dec; joined Wilson at dawn)

*	Capt.	BORROW Henry (S) (P)
*	Sgt.	BIRKLEY W.H.
*	Sgt.	MONEY H.D.W.M. (Tpr but shown Sgt at Matopos)
*	Cpl	KINLOCH H.G.
*	Tpr	ABBOT (exB)
*	Tpr	Bath W.
*	Tpr	BRITTON W.H.
*	Tpr	BROCK E.
*	Tpr	DE VOS P.W.
*	Tpr	DEWIS L.
	Tpr	GOODING[5] (Australian)
	Tpr	LANDSBERG[2]
*	Tpr	MACKENZIE G.S. (exB)
*	Tpr	MEIKLEJOHN M.
	Tpr	NESBITT[2]
*	Tpr	NUNN P.C.
*	Tpr	THOMPSON W.A.
*	Tpr	TUCK, H.St J. (P) (exB)
*	Tpr	VOGEL F.L. (B) (New Zealander)
*	Tpr	WATSON H.G.6
*	Tpr	WATSON T.C.[6]
	Mr	INGRAM Pete[3] (S) (American Scout)

Strengths

22 (when left Column)
20 (when Landsberg & Nesbitt lost way)
18 (when Gooding & Ingram broke out)

Final strength: **34 (killed on 4 Dec)** (shown * above)

Notes

[1] Sent back to Column evening 3rd as horses lame.
[2] Lost way in dark, returned to Column.
[3] Sent back to Column after dark 3 Dec.
[4] Rejoined Patrol with Capt. Borrow's reinforcements
[5] Broke out to rejoin Column 4 Dec.
[6] Matopos Monument shows only one Watson, but shows an Oliver?

(S) Officers and Scouts who were in Shangani Battle 25 Oct.
(exB/B) ex Member British South Africa Police.
(P) In 1890 Pioneer Column.

The Planet Arcturus Railway

by R. D. Taylor

In the second decade of this century the then Rhodesia was starting to develop economically with mining and agriculture leading the way. The ox wagon as the main means of moving goods was a major constraint and it was natural therefore that the early European residents in the Arcturus and Enterprise areas should request the construction of a railway into a district which was already showing considerable potential.

In December 1909 Mr H. H. D. Christian, a prominent farmer in Enterprise, wrote from an address in London to the British South Africa Company, the then administrators of the country. He believed a 25-mile light railway should be built into the Enterprise District broadly following what is today the Enterprise Road. Alternate routes would be cheaper and easier to construct but they would be too far from occupied farms to be of much use to the owners. He estimated 18 100 bags of maize were being produced on farms through which the proposed line would run and to this could be added firewood, potatoes, manna and oat forage. In answer to a subsequent question from the BSA Company he said the Arcturus, Slate, Gladstone, Ceylon and Huguenot mines were producing and gave details of what he claimed were big mining possibilities in the district. A Company official in early 1910 wrote a memorandum on railway development to the Board of Directors. He was of the opinion that a 2 ft gauge line was hardly safe for passengers. He did say however that experience of the Mashonaland Railway Company with the Ayrshire Branch had been that although derailments were frequent very few serious accidents had occurred. The Ayrshire Branch was built in 1902 and seems to have had considerable influence on the line which is the subject of this article. The writer of the memorandum estimated that 2 ft gauge 20 lb per yard rail and other permanent way material could be landed in Salisbury at a cost of £580 per mile. The total cost including earthworks, formation and plate laying, would be £1050 per mile. To this must be added:

a) Six wheel coupled tank locomotive capable of hauling 34 tons	£490
b) Eight wheel coupled locomotive capable of hauling 53 tons	£700
c) Low sided open bogie goods wagon carrying 9 tons	£86
d) Covered bogie goods wagon carrying capacity of 8 tons	£115

He concluded the memorandum by saying that a train load would be barely three trucks carrying 27 tons and this would probably be reduced by curves as his estimated haulage capacity was based on a 1 in 50 gradient on the straight.

The main line from Umtali to Salisbury, which was built in 1898/9, passed some 12 km south of the Planet, Slate and Arcturus mines that surrounded the village of Arcturus. Ownership of the mines changed several times and in 1911 the Planet Arcturus Gold Mine Company was formed to develop the three original mines. This company also sought approval for the construction of a railway and to show its confidence in the future of the mines in 1914 sunk a new shaft to serve all three mines.

On 20 January 1913 the British South Africa Company in London wrote to the London office of the Planet Arcturus Gold Mining Company saying they had agreed to the construction of a line from Ruwa to Arcturus. Financial guarantees would be required from the Planet Company backed by the Goldfields of Rhodesia Development Company. The Blinkwater Railway Company was prepared to undertake construction. The correspondence concluded that an Ordinance Bill would be introduced at the next session of the Legislative Council.

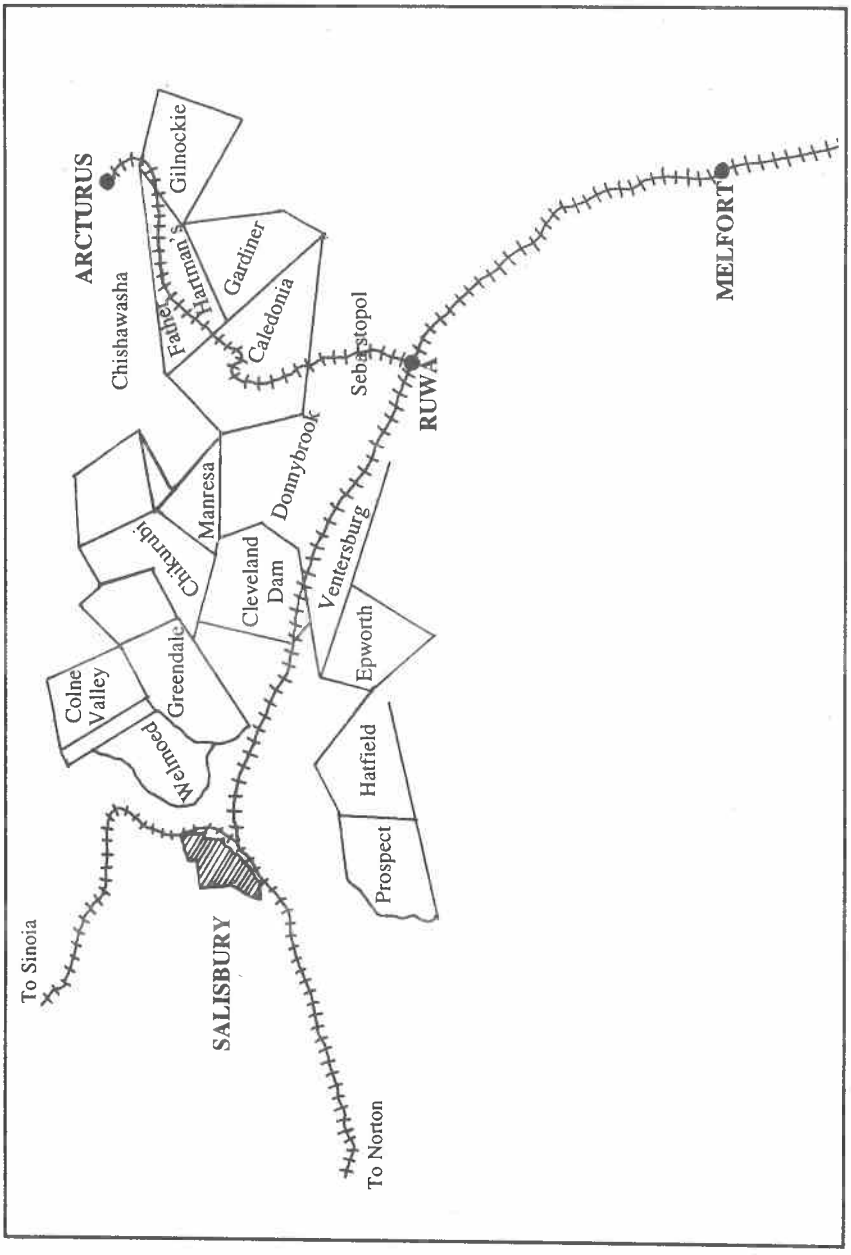
Farmers in the Enterprise area must have heard of these developments as on the same day they asked for a 5 mile extension to the north east of Arcturus to enable them to benefit. The Administrator in Salisbury agreed to this. In February 1913 a draft Ordinance was prepared by the Administrator with a Schedule providing for the construction of 'a railway from a point upon the existing system to any point in the Salisbury District near or beyond the Arcturus Mine'. The Ordinance was entitled the Railway Extension Ordinance 1913 and was signed by High Commissioner Gladstone in Cape Town on 17 May 1913. It was promulgated on 30 May 1913 as Ordinance number 5 of 1913.

Matters seem to have rested at that point and no doubt the outbreak of the First World War in August 1914 diverted attention from railway construction issues. However on 13 February 1915 the Enterprise Farmers Association sent a deputation of Messrs H. Christian (Chairman), Watson (Secretary) and Rawson to the Administrator of the BSA Company in Salisbury. The main points put by the deputation were:

a) Maize growing was unprofitable with transport costs of 4 600 per annum on an output of 36 000 bags. This was said to be a conservative estimate of production and a list of 16 farmers who would use the railway was produced.
b) At an auction sale of BSA Company land in 1914 the Auctioneer claimed the railway was to be made almost at once and as a result the price paid was considerably increased.
c) Material was lying at Ruwa siding and a final survey had been done.
d) Farmers considered that the cost would not amount to 2 500 per mile, as no bridges were required. Total cost therefore should not exceed 25 000.
e) Farmers did not want a regular train service, as the line was really an extended siding from Ruwa with trains to be run when loads were available.
f) While confined to road transport farmers couldn't benefit from the Bacon factory and the Gwelo Creamery.
g) Development at the Planet and Ceylon Mines will produce considerable traffic.

On the 3 April 1915 the Secretary of the BSA Company in London wrote to the Administrator in Salisbury saying the Board had given consideration to the proposed construction of the Planet Arcturus Railway and pointed out the requirement for an adequate guarantee from those concerned with the development. He noted no such guarantee had been forthcoming. The Board regretted present circumstances precluded the possibility of entertaining any proposal for railway expansion.

Further exchanges took place between the Farmers Association and the



Sketch map showing route of Ruwa to Arcturus railway and surrounding farms

Administrator but it was clear that without a guarantee and with the prevailing shortage of materials no progress would be made.

In 1918 Goldfields Rhodesia Development Co. Ltd leased the Slate and Arcturus Mines. On 17 April 1918 Goldfields wrote to the Administrator drawing attention to the arrangements discussed in 1913/14 for the construction of a railway from Bromley. This reference to Bromley in the correspondence must be an error as Bromley is some 24 km east of Ruwa. It was said the Rhodesia Railways had sufficient second hand material in hand for the extension of the railway. They asked therefore if the Administrator was prepared to give orders to commence construction and confirm the guarantee in the undertaking.

On 7 May 1918 the Administrator said the Directors of the BSA Company had decided that conditions had changed since 1913/14, the Planet Mine had heavy liabilities, the estimate of costs no longer held good and the scarcity of material meant they could not recommend construction.

I can only speculate that discussion must have been advanced to a higher political level as on 5 September 1918 Goldfields wrote to the Administrator saying they had received permission from all land owners between Ruwa and Arcturus for the laying down of an ordinary gauge or light railway. They asked if they could proceed should capital be available.

After consultation with London the Secretary of the Department of the Administrator replied on 24 October 1918 saying the Acting Administrator had no objection to proceeding with the line.

So it came to be that a light (2-foot gauge) railway from Ruwa reached Arcturus on 12 September 1919. Despite the early pressures from the Enterprise Farmers Association the five-mile extension to the north-east was never built.

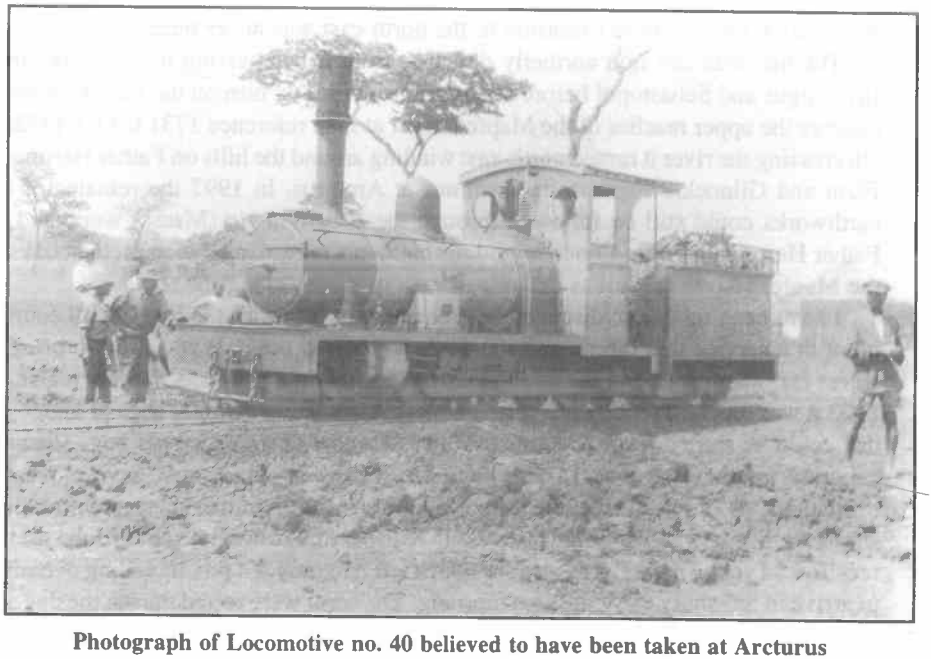
The line was laid in a northerly direction from Ruwa passing through the farms Inverangus and Sebastopol before taking a north westerly turn on the farm Caledonia to cross the upper reaches of the Mapfeni river at map reference 1731 C3 UR135286. On crossing the river it turned north-east winding around the hills on Father Hartman's Farm and Gilnockie Farm to the terminus at Arcturus. In 1997 the remains of the earthworks could still be followed through the *Brachystegia* (Msasa) woodland on Father Hartman's Farm. Concrete bridge abutments may also be seen on the banks of the Mapfeni River as well as culverts at various places along the route.

I have been unable to discover the frequency of trains on the line but all sources point to a service that ran on an as and when required basis. It was used to bring in stores for the mine and farms and to take out agricultural products, mainly maize. In 1923 it was reported to the Enterprise Farmers Association that 600 bags of maize per day could be shifted from Arcturus to Ruwa at a cost of six pence per bag. The crop estimate for the year was 14 600 bags. Collecting revenue must have presented difficulties, as orders for payment had to be given to the mine management before shipment. Maize was also being moved into Salisbury by ox wagon and Mr John Mellor recalls, as a young man, riding wagons which left Arcturus at 4 pm, travelling overnight to arrive in Salisbury early the next morning. The oxen were rested during the day and after offloading at the Farmers Co-op or Wightmans the wagon returned overnight to Arcturus.

The only public passenger transport for the area at that time was the Zeederberg mail and passenger coach drawn by a span of ten mules. This journey to Salisbury took many hours but was preferable to that on an open goods wagon on a railway of uncertain timing prone to frequent derailments. Mr George Milburn, who was to become a prominent resident in the Arcturus area, first arrived in the village on the 14 April 1922. He travelled from Marandellas to Ruwa by train and, having signed an indemnity against loss or damage to himself or his possessions, climbed aboard a goods wagon for what he described as a hair-raising journey to start his new life in Arcturus.

The line was operated by the mining company using a Brush Electrical Engineering Company designed 4-4-0 tender locomotive. The locomotive was number 40 built in 1898 by the Glasgow Railway Engineering Co. (D. Drummond) under subcontract to Brush. It was one of 46 two-foot gauge tender locomotives originally built for the Beira Railway. When the Beira Railway was widened in 1900 to 3 ft 6 in. gauge the then nearly new Number 40 was used on the Ayrshire line. This line was also widened to 3 ft 6 in. by 1913. It is recorded that No. 40 had run 105 745 miles by the end of 1912. The accompanying photograph from the family collection of Mr C. Milburn shows number 40 at Arcturus. Judging from the appearance of the earthworks the track had been newly laid. Mr Milburn's father, brother of George Milburn, was the Postmaster at Arcturus from 1916 to 1924. In 1921 the mine took delivery of a 2-6-2 side tank engine built in the Leeds works of Kerr Stuart & Co.

The gold mining history of this country is full of opening and closing of mines and the mines around Arcturus are no exception. By 1924 the whole of the Slate area had been mined out and most of the ore in the Arcturus down to the fifth level taken out.



Photograph of Locomotive no. 40 believed to have been taken at Arcturus on newly laid track.

Concrete remains of bridge across Mapfeni river taken November 1997

The mine closed and after a dispersal sale the railway fell into disuse. It was taken up in 1925. Local legend has it that when half the line had been taken up it was discovered that the locomotive and two wagons had been left in Arcturus. The line had to be re-laid to facilitate removal. The underground mine started production again in 1940 and is today one of the largest gold producers in Zimbabwe.

So ends the story of a little known and short-lived railway, which in its time played an important part in the development of the area it served. It is fascinating to speculate if, with the present rapid urban development taking place around Ruwa and to the east of Harare, by the year 2020 Ruwa siding will once again be the junction for a branch railway line.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

In preparing this narrative I have received the help of many people and made use of reference material provided by them, which I gratefully acknowledge.

Mr Claude Milburn for the use of a family photograph; Mrs Renee Cary;Mrs Kathie McIntosh;

Mr Geoff Cooke; Mr John Mellor; Mr John McDonald; Mr J. D. McCarthy, Anglo American Corporation Records Centre Director and Staff of the National Archives of Zimbabwe

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M. E. Cleveland 1864–1942

by Anne Andersen

Milton Evan Cleveland was born in 1864 in Alma, New Brunswick, Canada. He was one of a large family of four boys and three girls.

The Cleveland family had emigrated from England to Woburn, Massachusetts, in 1635. During the American Civil War the family were loyal to Britain and emigrated to new Brunswick. In doing so they lost all their property and timber mills in America but were entitled to use the title United Empire Loyalist.

The younger branch of the family remained in the USA and one of their descendants, Grover Cleveland, became a President of the United States of America.

Milton's great-grandfather was a Baptist preacher. His grandfather owned land and lumber mills in New Brunswick. His father was a millwright (and built a large sawmill for an American company in Alma, New Brunswick).

Milton worked in his father's mill and also as a shipwright building fishing schooners for several years from the age of 17. At the age of 21 in 1885 he left Canada for America where he spent six months in Dakota with a brother, one year in Seattle and finally returned to Canada and settled in Victoria, Vancouver Island, British Columbia, in 1887.

In 1888 he married Eva Walker whose family came from Scotland and Wales. Milton had three sons. Two were born in Canada, Don in 1889 and Carl in 1893. The third, my father, Ralph, was born in Salisbury in 1904.

Milton had a small construction business in Victoria but times were very bad in the United States of America and Canada in the late 1800s. He decided, with two friends, to go to Rhodesia in 1895. His wife and two boys were left in Canada where they had family and friends, until he could assess his new prospects.

He travelled by train across Canada to New York where he spent a few days. There he bought a steerage class ticket for £2.15*s*. This entitled him to a cabin sleeping 8, three decks below. He was issued with a tin mug and plate and utensils. Three times daily they were served a type of skilly from a bucket. However, he was so seasick that he never had a second meal the whole of the voyage and lived on ship's biscuits.

They disembarked at Beira and walked to Salisbury. Sadly we can find no record of this journey. Of his companions, one died during the Mashonaland Rebellion, the other later, of malaria.

Salisbury was then a five year old town with a modest collection of business premises and dwelling houses scattered around the Kopje.

He set up as a building contractor and was doing well until the Mashonaland Uprising in 1896. He joined the Rhodesian Horse Volunteers and was in charge of a few men manning some of the guns posted around the Salisbury jail where the people of Salisbury gathered for protection. When things were a little quieter they rode around the country gathering information and looking for food in abandoned farms and country dwellings.

In 1898 Milton returned to Victoria leaving a manager to look after his business.

He returned within a year and was followed later that same year by his wife. Their two young sons were left in the care of their maternal aunt and grandparents and first came to Rhodesia when their mother returned to Canada in 1901 to fetch them.

Eva Cleveland, his wife, came by boat from Southampton to the Cape. The Boer War was imminent but the train route went through Mafeking to Bulawayo so she was not in danger but very aware of the tension.

From Bulawayo she travelled by Zeederberg coach to Salisbury — a journey of three and a half days. She was the hundredth white woman to arrive in Salisbury.

In 1903 Milton was asked to stand for Council and was elected Mayor. By now his business was doing well. Fearing that he could not spare the time he asked his fellow councillors if they would agree to meetings in the evening which they did. He mentions cycling home in the rain on numerous occasions.

Council finances were in a bad way and there was a debt of about four thousands pounds. The first cheque he wrote was returned and the manager of the bank, though sympathetic, had to refuse a temporary loan. Sir William Milton, the first Administrator, however agreed to a loan. With careful control the debts were paid off and eventually a substantial balance remained. Initially he (Milton) refused to wear his mayoral robes and chain at public functions, feeling it was not in keeping with the impecunious state of the City Council.

During these years the most pressing needs were lighting, water and sanitation.

In 1913 the Cleveland Dam was completed and named after him in appreciation of the work he had done. (The dam wall was breached when the wall was raised.)

In all he was a Member of the Council for an unbroken period of 30 years from 1903 to 1933 and was Mayor on six occasions: 1903–4, 1904–5, 1910–11, 1911–12, 1920–21, 1932–33.

From 1914 to 1919 he was an elected member of the Legislative Council.

He took a keen and active interest in the development of the tobacco industry and was largely responsible for the introduction of the auction floor selling system. He organized and was the first managing director of the Rhodesian Tobacco Warehouse and Export Co.

He served on several other committees, e.g. Farming, Education, Pioneer Society and belonged to the golf club and Rotary Club.

He had a farm at Makwiro and was very interested in stock breeding and tobacco growing. Sadly it was in a farm dam there that his youngest son, Carl, was drowned. The eldest, Don, at fourteen returned to Canada to complete his education and became a doctor.

His construction business did well and five of the buildings he built are still standing in Harare. These buildings are Arnold Building (1910) at 52 Robert Mugabe Road, Berea House at 78 Fife Avenue built with Sutcliffe in 1903, Old York Building at 81 Robert Mugabe Road where the Bamboo Inn is, and a Lonrho Building built in 1910 at 92 Nelson Mandela Avenue.

In his later years he travelled widely especially in the East, to China, Manchuria, Japan and Korea, and spent five months in India.

His favourite hobby was woodwork. He had a well-equipped workshop at his home and made beautiful furniture. Golf was another great love.

He spent more than half of his life in Rhodesia and he always felt it had been the best half. Surrounded by family and many congenial friends in a beautiful country he loved, he was a fulfilled and contented man.

My father, Ralph Cleveland, was Milton Cleveland's third son born in 1904 in Salisbury while his father was Mayor. It was an English custom to present a silver cradle to a Mayor who has a child born while in office. It was a most attractive and unusual piece.

He was educated at the Salisbury Boys High School and at Bishops and then spent fifteen years in Canada returning in 1936 with a Canadian wife and two sons. He was a City Councillor from 1945 to 1957 and Mayor from 1949 to 1951. He was a Member of Parliament from 1953 to 1962 and Minister of Native Education and Local Government from 1958 to 1962. In 1956 he was awarded an OBE. He was made a papal knight (Order of St Gregory) by the Pope.

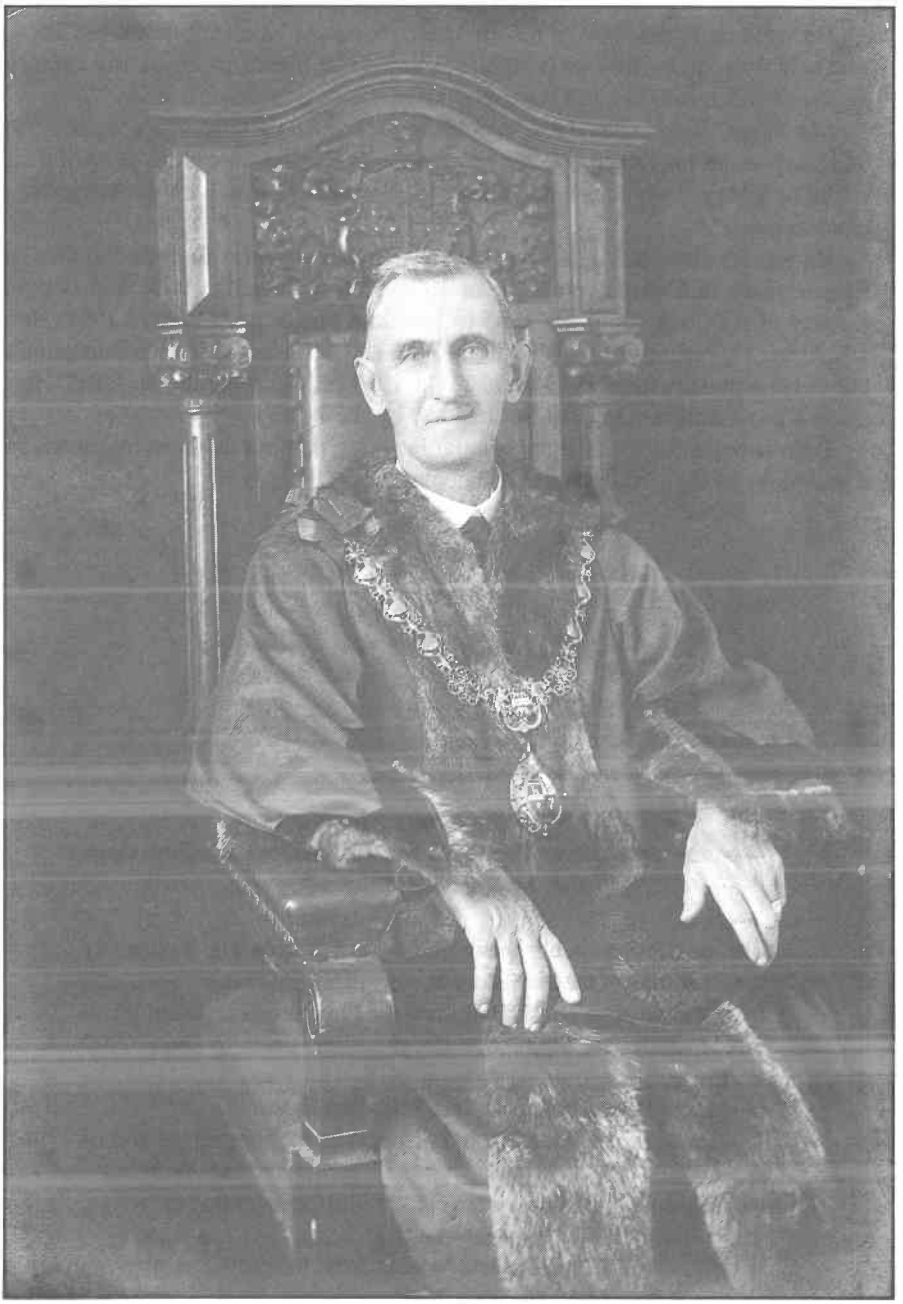
Both father and son had many similar interests, perhaps the most important being a great love of their country and its peoples.

Shadows of our Ancestors
— some preliminary notes on the archaeology of Zimbabwe
by Robert S. Burrett.

This booklet was published in 1998 by Rob Burrett who is currently the Chairman of the Prehistory Society of Zimbabwe. Rob explains from a Zimbabwean point of view the three broad archaeological eras, namely, the Stone Age (from earliest times to about 1000 years ago), the Iron Age (from 2000–100 years ago), and the Historical Period being the last 110 years or so.

A number of the tools and artifacts of the Stone Age and of the metal objects, vessels, jars and ceramics, and decoration techniques of the Iron Age are clearly illustrated by line drawings.

The booklet is available from the author at
14 Sims Road, Mount Pleasant, Harare
or through e-mail on
rburrett@nsala.icon.co.zw.



M. E. Cleveland — 5th Mayor of Salisbury

First Impressions of Rhodesia

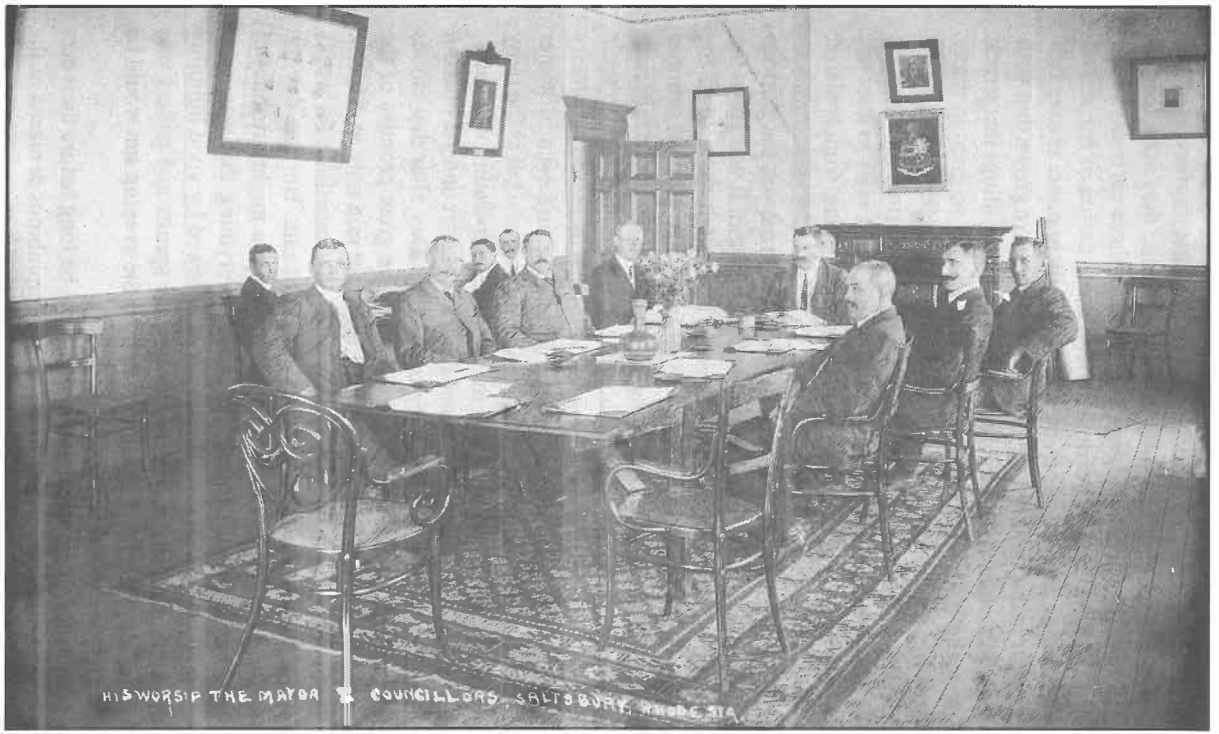
by M. E. Cleveland

Unless incidents are of striking or tragic importance they make little impression on the mind that remains; and unless they are carefully noted at the time they soon tend to vanish and are hard to recall. It has been my great regret that in those early days I did not keep a pocket diary as I have in later years. Although the occasion of our arrival was a very important turning point in all our lives, and especially in mine, as over half of my years have been spent in this country, the first impressions have grown thin with time and constant association with the country. Still there were many things that struck one forcibly enough to make lasting impressions. The change was so great in many respects from anything I had ever experienced. I have constantly referred to my two travelling companions, one of whom was to lose his life in little more than a year by being murdered in the Mashonaland Rebellion in 1896 which I will refer to later on; and the other lived in the country for many years, eventually dying from malarial fever a few years ago.

One of my first impressions and the one to remain longest with me was the glorious weather, and constant sunshine day after day and month after month. It was about the first of June when we arrived and although in late years I have felt the cold of the winter months – if it can at all be described as cold – to me it was like glorious summer and one never seemed to feel the cold unless sleeping out on the veldt without sufficient blankets. It is true that also towards the end of October we longed for the rains to settle the terribly dry dust that was carried everywhere by the winds that increased in velocity generally from the middle of August. The difference in temperature even in winter between midday and midnight is often between forty and fifty degrees, but as the rainy season – from November to April – approaches the drop in temperature decreases. There is seldom a night in the year when one cannot sleep in comfort under a blanket.

The approach of the first rains was often very tantalizing. Day after day clouds would begin to appear towards the middle of the day and give great promise of the thunder storm that would be the first harbinger of the longed for rain only to disperse towards the cool of the evening, all to be repeated day after day sometimes for weeks when it seemed as if the 'heavens were brass' and could not rain. But one day the clouds would be black and ominous in the southwest and with a mighty rushing of wind that raised impenetrable clouds of dust and carried everything that was loose before it the thunder would crash with reverberating roar followed by vivid lightning and the storm of rain would descend in torrents turning the spruits and gutters into raging currents of red muddy water. Perhaps in half an hour the evening sun would be shining and everyone glorying in the freshly washed air.

If one was anywhere near low-lying ground it would not be long before their ears would be assailed by the shrill boom of bull frogs. These amphibious denizens of the vleis bury themselves deeply in the earth during the dry season but as soon as the rains come they make night sonorous with their amorous bellowing. No tiny creatures these – six or seven inches long and three to four broad with a ferocious mouth into which you can shove the toe of a large shoe.



Salisbury Town Council 1908/1909

Left side from L to R		Right side from R to L	
bottom	Clr. W. Harvey Brown	Clr. M.E. Cleveland	top
	Clr. C. S. Gibbons	Clr. Thomas M. Fitt	
	Clr. Edward Coxwell	Clr. John Pascoe	bottom
	P. S. Warden Town Clerk		
head	Clr. H. W. Ross		

Months before the rains are due bulbous plants on the veldt send up green shoots, and it is strange to see the brown burned ground almost covered in places with green plants a foot or more high where there isn't a blade of grass and hasn't been a drop of rain for five months or more. Before the rains the earth baked day after day by the hot rays of the sun becomes almost like an oven and it is trying even to walk on, and if one is on the lee side of a kopje they can feel the waves of heat emanating from it late into the night. Even before there is any rain the forest trees, or scrub, put out the most delightful variation of colouring of all shades of greens, browns, yellows and reds in their leaves which appear not dead like the autumn tints in other countries but as if they had been varnished with the most delicate lacquer. One of the most striking trees is the *Erythrina* which adorns itself with the most striking red flowers – almost vermilion and without a leaf. It is the most ugly in shape of all the scrubs with crooked knobby stem and branches yet a glorious landmark in all its riotous colouring.

After a good soaking which often takes many heavy showers, the earth is like a greenhouse and grass and weeds spring up in profusion. The earth cools down and life is delightful. Even the poor animals who have suffered so much from lack of food and often water during the long months become frisky and quickly put on flesh. That standby of all African transport, the despised 'donkey' becomes vocal and roars like a lion. The real wet season seldom sets in before December first but has a way of varying its visitation from the first of November until the first of January. If it comes early then one can almost invariably predict a long hot drought in January which is not only trying but bad for agriculture. If later, then generally two or three months of fairly regular rains. This however does not mean that it rains every day or even a whole day at once. It is seldom that there is a week of rain without sunshine and many a wet season will have portions of the day, generally the morning, fine and sunny.

In an earlier letter I referred to 'fever victims' on my first entering the country. Before I left Durban I was told that unless I took plenty of whisky I would be dead with fever inside a year. As I had never drank whisky up to that time or any other spiritous liquor I said I did not intend making a start now. It seems strange at this time to realize that whilst we know all about the effects of malaria and something about its treatment we were entirely ignorant of its cause. Dr Rossh had not discovered that it was caused by the bite of the *Anopheles* mosquito. It was the general impression that it arose from the miasma from the swamps and newly broken up ground. In fact one never realized that where was a mosquito in the country as their bite never left any impression on the skin and the *Anopheles* variety of mosquito was evidently not present in the country at that time. In fact I was told by a doctor in Salisbury that when the railway arrived the mosquito would follow it as it would be brought up in the coaches. And apparently that was what happened. We had no mosquito nets for our beds nor seemed to need them. We were told that large doses of quinine and whisky was the remedy for fever, and as most of the quinine was sulphate in the form of a powder, it was not unusual to see a fever patient put a teaspoonful of quinine in 'the makings' as the small rice paper for rolling cigarettes in was called, and swallow it with a gulp of water. There was another remedy known as 'Rands's Kicker' consisting of two different coloured powders to be taken alternately and if one survived the second application the chances were much in his favour. I must have been immune from the bites of the

mosquito, as I never had an attack during the first three years I was in the country. But I often witnessed the effects on others. The intense perspiration that followed the chill: I have seen it soak through pyjamas, a blanket, and the canvas of a stretcher – as everybody slept on stretchers those early days, there being few or practically no beds in the country. The poor fever victim was often a pitiable sight; weak from the intense perspiration and as 'yellow as a guinea' either as the result of quinine or the malarial poison. Added to this was the lack often of properly prepared food, even if the quality was obtainable, which it often wasn't. Milk, soda and whisky was thought to be the proper diet but in fact after a 'dose' of fever one has no appetite that could be tempted by the most delicious viands. 'Blackwater', that most deadly form, or results from constant doses of fever, did not seem as far as my memory goes, as prevalent as in later years.

At the time of my arrival in Salisbury the country had only been occupied for a little over four years, consequently the class of buildings, if one could call them a class at all, was very primitive. The first thing after the occupation was to get roads and communication established from outside so that transport wagons could bring in the necessities of life – principally food-stuffs. There were a few brick buildings principally stores with galvanized iron roofs. The cost of imported timber and iron for building was necessarily very high. There were only a few dwelling houses and quite a few 'rows of rooms', as the great majority of the population at that time were men and lived in rooms or huts and had their own cook-boys etc. There were several so-called hotels which depended more on their 'bar' returns than for food and accommodation. Huts were of 'pole and dagga' construction, with grass roofs. The method of construction was this: a ring the size of the hut was excavated about ten inches deep into which 'bush wood' poles three or four inches in diameter were stood up on end to a height of about eight feet. A door was fixed in, and a frame generally covered with 'limbo' (white calico) generally served for a window. Small, thin poles bound together with the bark of a tree formed the circular roof which was covered with long veldt grass tied on with strips of bark. The floor consisted of ant-heap and cow-dung well mixed and beaten down. The poles were plastered outside and in with dagga – sand and ant-heap – thus the name 'pole and dagga'. This form of construction always reminds me of the following couplet:

> Imperial Caesar dead and turned to clay
> Might stop a crack to keep the draught away.

As far as furniture was concerned, as I mentioned before, a stretcher covered with canvas which folded up formed the bed. A deal table and a few paraffin cases for stools and cupboards. Stores of course there were none. The contrivance made of bricks and a few bits of galvanized iron were truly 'Heath Robinson' affairs and varied according to the ingenuity of the builder. For baking, there was always recourse to the 'Bake pot' most useful of camp kit, and it is wonderful the savoury meal that a good cook can turn out of a camp kettle. Fortunately at this time there was a 'bakery' in town run by an Austrian who made excellent bread when there was flour, which was not always the case. There also was always a plentiful supply of vegetables grown by

Indian gardeners, with the exception of potatoes. It is true they did raise some but in those early days I have paid as high as three shillings a pound for them and the largest were not bigger than a walnut. They said it was impossible to grow potatoes up here, but the trouble was that it was impossible owing to the length of time it took to get proper seed into the country as it would not keep. Later, when transport facilities improved cold storage seed was brought from Europe and now the most delightful potatoes are grown on the red and chocolate soils. Although there were plenty of oxen for transport and indigenous cattle sufficient for meat and enough milk could always be obtained, no butter was made. The indigenous cattle are so small and inbred that they were little use for transport purposesc, whilst deliciously rich and creamy, was small. Butter was imported from Denmark in one pound tins. The same remarks apply to indigenous fowls as to their cattle. They are exceedingly small, as are their eggs, and are poor layers. 'Colonial' fowls, as imported South African fowls were called, were very difficult to raise, as there seemed to be a particular sickness for every imported bird or animal. Consequently, eggs were very expensive. I have seen eggs sell at forty-five shillings a dozen time after time on the auction market where all vegetables and such things were sold. A breakfast of ham and eggs was really beyond the common individual. Eggs now are as cheap as in most parts of the world. Of venison there was always plenty and if one was a good shot and had good bird dogs, guinea fowls and different varieties of partridge could be obtained.

As I have mentioned before, the majority of men – and there were not many women – lived in a 'mess' of two or more having their own kitchen establishment. And Oh what kitchens they were! The less one saw of the preparation of food the more appetite he had. The 'cook' – generally a raw local whose sole qualification was that he could boil water without burning it, and whose greatest experience in the culinary arts was to stir rapoko meal into a pot of boiling water for his 'skoff' was installed to do the cooking. No wonder that men suffered and lost their digestion, yes, and were even driven to drink by the unpalatable food served up to them. Of course it was only a question of time when a few of these boys having lived with a 'missis' would have received a certain amount of training and become the envy of every other missis who lacked knowledge of cooking, or the use of the indigenous dialect to instruct 'Sixpence'. In fact this condition of affairs often led to misunderstandings and 'bad blood' between neighbours and in one case of a housewife being summoned to court for enticing Mrs So and So's cook boy away from her. For many years a method of procuration among indigenous cooks, and even today is not unknown.

There was practically no attempt at Agriculture – that is with the idea of export – in the early days as the cost of transport made it out of the question. The whole idea underlying occupation was a quest for gold, and other things developed later as the need arose. Agriculture, which meant the raising of food for the natives who were engaged on mining and other works was left to locals, and the grains principally rapoko and corn were traded for, with 'limbo' (calico), rough blankets, brassware, beads and other local requirements. These grains and other varieties of local food were of course indigenous and it was only later on that different varieties of grains and plants were imported for seed. There was an indigenous maize but the grain was so small that it was used very little for food. Later on different varieties were imported from the United

Arnold Building, built by M. E. Cleveland in 1910 and presently situated at 52 Robert Mugabe Road, Harare.

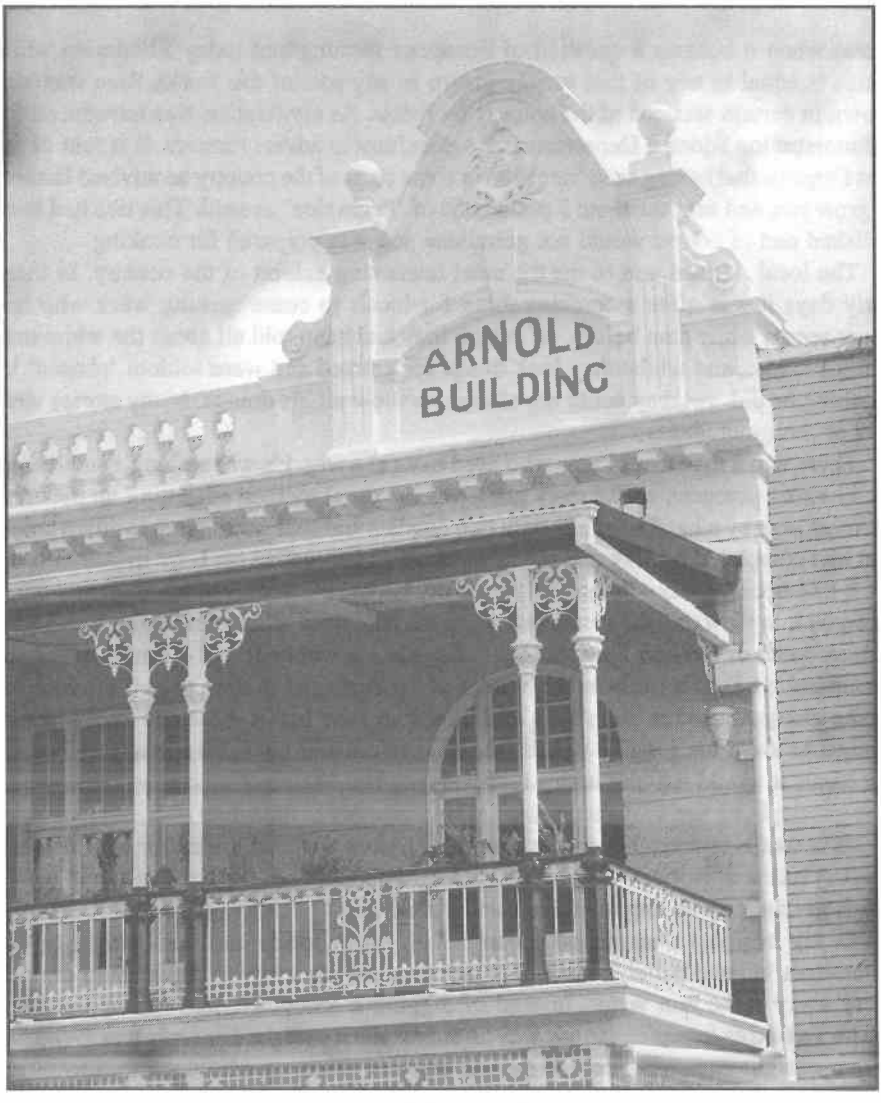
States when it became a question of European farming and today Rhodesian white maize is equal to any of that variety grown in any part of the world. Rice was also grown in certain sections of the country by locals. As civilization was introduced the Administration added a Department of Agriculture to advise farmers. It is told of the first Director that having seen 'rice pits' in some parts of the country he advised farmers to grow rice and sent them out 7 pound tins of 'Patna rice' as seed. This rice had been polished and of course would not germinate and was prepared for cooking.

The local African was to me the most interesting exhibit of the country. In those early days it was quite a common thing for locals to come seeking work who had never seen a white man before. Of course they had been told all about the white man and his magic, and whilst they took things for granted and were seldom 'phased' by anything he did, yet they could not always swallow all his doings. Many stories were told of their incredulity.

There was a man that I know who used to wear a wig. He was sinking a small shaft on a mining prospect, so the story goes, and the usual method of getting up the earth and rock was by a hand windlass with two handles and four boys. He was down below and had completed drilling and put in a charge and signalled his boys to pull him up. As it had been very hot he not only took off his hat but removed his wig, and when he came into view and the locals saw a smooth bald head where before there had been a thick patch of red hair they shouted '*Mtagate*' (bewitched) and cleared, letting the miner and his bucket rattle to the bottom of the shaft just in time to pull the fuse out of the charge. Another story was told of a man who had a glass eye and when he wished to leave his gang he would take his eye out and put it on a stump informing the locals it would tell him on his return if they had been loafing during his absence. The gramophone had only then ceased to be a mystery to the white man, but to the raw locals it was a mystery beyond explanation. I have watched a number of raw locals peering into a mirror and then going behind and looking at the back of it and with a laugh giving it up as they could not understand it.

In my business I employed a number of young locals and their stupidity was sometimes beyond belief. I remember one time setting a boy to dig a small drain to carry away some rain water. Instead of digging it straight it was full of turns and twists. I asked an interpreter to ask why he did not dig it straight. His reply was 'Whoever saw a straight stream?' There is the old story of the boys who were told to take a number of wheelbarrows to a certain place and who picked them up and put them on their heads and carried them to their destination.

Innumerable instances could be told of the raw local's stupidity but this must not be taken as evidence that he lacks intelligence, for such is not the case. It is really wonderful how quickly they pick up information, but it has been my experience that if taken away for any length of time from what they had been accustomed to they forgot as quickly as they had learned. It undoubtedly is very difficult for a white man to get at the back of their minds. They will do incomprehensibly foolish and unreasonable things on the one hand, and yet their sense of justice and fairness at times is remarkable. Much – in fact the great cause of misunderstanding between white and blacks is a lack of understanding and talking their dialects. One thing that surprises most people is the great desire that local domestic workers have to learn to read and



Arnold Building, 1910

write. No doubt the desire to be able to communicate with their families is the principal reason. But there is a big difference between the locals in employment today and in those early days. Like all members of the black race, wherever found, he is terribly superstitious and 'witch doctors' play an important part in his beliefs and actions. As this is not a treatise on local life, but a narrative of one's impressions, I have said enough at this time about him, but later on will have to refer to him in connection with the 'Rebellion'.

As I was in the building business before I left Victoria, Canada, I naturally turned to it when I reached Salisbury, as the only alternative was mining and that I knew

nothing about. As will be seen from former remarks the buildings were very primitive as we were confined to a narrow choice of materials. But it was not long before a better class of buildings was demanded, especially as there was quite a boom in mining properties. In fact, since the occupation, money had been very scarce until about the time I arrived. This was due to the fact that it was almost out of the question to get mining machinery into the country on account of the high cost of transportation, and also that the Chartered Company, which meant almost all of the people in the country, had been engaged in fighting the Matabele War and the occupation of that part of the country and getting railroads into the country.

At the time I refer to there was a great demand for mining claims, and every settler who came in was entitled to take out a mining licence which he either sold or got some prospector to peg a block of claims. As the mining law stood at that time it was illegal for anyone to take out raw gold. The only method was for a Development Company. to get hold of sufficient claims and then pick the most promising and float a gold mining company, of which one third of the shares went to the British South Africa Company. Then the Company would work its claims and win gold. In the scramble for claims, although no claim was supposed to be pegged unless it was on an 'outcrop', many blocks were pegged as extensions with the result that thousands of these were valueless and were afterwards disbanded. Development Companies were loaded up with thousands of these claims and few of the mining companies which they floated were ever able to pay dividends for the reasons that they were over capitalized and had to give one-third of their shares to the Chartered Company and the cost of mining was excessive. The result was that in after years there was a tremendous slump in Rhodesian gold shares and it was impossible for a long time, no matter how good the prospects were, to get London to take any interest in Rhodesia. Of course things changed in time and in the proper place I shall refer again to this matter. But at the time I referred to things seemed to be going fairly well and prospects were bright when an event occurred which was to shock the civilized world and set the hands of the clock back in the political and social development of South Africa. I refer to the 'Jameson Raid'.

It would be quite out of the question and unnecessary in a narrative of this kind to deal with all the causes that led up to that episode. I will content myself with detailing how it appeared and affected us in Rhodesia. Towards the latter part of 1895 it was known that there was a movement of police and horses down to Bechuanaland but only those 'in the know' were aware of the extent to which this was taking place as there was so little chance in that desolate place and with all the sources of communication in the Chartered Company's hands of anything leaking out. The reason given out was that the Chartered Company was to take over a portion of Bechuanaland and the police were being drafted there for policing the territory. Of course it was only a half truth and a blind. Jameson was accumulating not only police but others for the purpose of seizing Johannesburg and the mines with the assistance of the 'Reform' Committee's volunteers who were to rise in rebellion against the Boer Government simultaneously. Jameson's slogan was to be to rescue the women and children of Johannesburg and it is open to anyone to read how the whole plot miscarried and the subsequent effects on South Africa.

It is strange how news in South Africa is spread by what is known as the 'grape-

M. E. Cleveland's house, 'Casa Blanco'
cnr. Baines Ave. and Moffat St., Salisbury, 1911

vine' telegraph. I believe it was a Saturday night that, through rumour that something unparalleled had happened of which no one knew, that practically all the inhabitants of Salisbury gathered in the Market Square. Rumours of all kinds were afloat but nothing of fact could be ascertained as the secret of Jameson's intentions was wonderfully well kept. It was not until the next day that the whole affair was made public. Feeling ran intensely high and it was rumoured that Jameson and his officers were to be shot and then many of us realized how many prominent men had quietly slipped out of the country and were with Jameson. Judgements were of course formed before we knew anything of the facts and of course our minds had been unduly prejudiced against Kruger and all his works. Without going into the merits or demerits of the case undoubtedly Kruger's policy was such as to antagonize all Uitlanders no matter what their nationality. But I have always felt that time and diplomacy could have settled the whole question without recourse to war, as undoubtedly the Boer War was a direct result of this blunder.

The reason I say that was because it gave the impression to the Boer people that Great Britain was out to capture their country and from then on they, by taxing the mines, found the money to arm the country against what they felt was sure to transpire. It also made them, especially Kruger, intolerant of any suggestions as regards the extension of the franchise to the Uitlander population. Sometime perhaps I may write my impressions as an observer of the whole of this trouble between Britain and Boer, and how on both sides there were men – not diplomats – who, had their advice been taken by the rank and file, would have saved Africa that welter of blood and racial feelings which has had such a disastrous effect on the development and social relations of the country. Some of these men were in their view, seers and looking a long way

ahead saw what eventually will happen – a South African people made up principally of the two races. One often wonders why it is necessary to go through so much to reach an objective that is so apparent. It is like looking from one hilltop to another across a dismal swamp which apparently must be crossed in order to gain the position we want. While this may be so physically it is not necessarily so mentally and spiritually and the two hills may be brought together to form a broad tableland of peace and contentment. Well, this is another one of my side tracks.

The effect on the country of the Jameson Raid was twofold. The loss of prestige of Mr Rhodes was felt both politically and financially as far as carrying out his schemes of development in Rhodesia and whilst there was tremendous feeling of sympathy with him in what he described as Jameson's 'upsetting his applecart' there was also the disappointment that the country had received a body blow in its development. He did not at that time realize the secondary effect which was the two local rebellions: the Matabeleland and Mashonaland. The Matabele smarting under their recent conquest and the restrictions imposed upon them, felt that they had not had a fair fight with the white man and that they were capable of ousting him out of their country. Encouraged by their witch doctors and the fact that the country had been denuded of police, they took advantage of the occasion to try and sweep all whites out of the country. The secrecy with which they cloaked their arrangements and subsequent movement was a great surprise to the whites as no one anticipated a rising, although many knew of their hatred of the white man's rule. They first started by murdering settlers and prospectors in out-lying districts. Owing to the fact that the Matabele War had been fought only a little over two years before and that the Matabeles had been well organized and trained on the lines of Sulu warfare, with well defined regiments and units, together with the fact that many of their old leaders were still alive, the Matabele were a much more formidable enemy than the Mashonas of which I shall speak later.

Bulawayo and other centres, immediately on receipt of the news of these murders, went into laager and prepared as best they could not only to protect themselves but to rescue those from weaker centres. Hampered unfortunately by the lack of horses and transportation as well as rifles and ammunition they had to call on the Government to send a volunteer corps from Salisbury to assist them in quelling the rebellion. Here again was difficulty as the greater part of the police with their horses and munitions had been drafted with Jameson's 'freebooters' as they were afterwards called. There were plenty of volunteers from Salisbury and by scraping together what horses were available for the few mounted men who were to act as scouts, and the officers, and taking the few 'maxims', one small field gun as far as I remember, and nearly all the rifles and ammunition together with transport cattle and wagons the column moved off. At that time we had a scratch brass band in connection with the volunteer corps known as the 'Rhodesia Horse' of which I was a member. We not only 'played' them out of town but went as far as the first halt where they bivouacked for the night. Everyone was in good spirits, and being mostly young men the evening was spent in sing-song. Next morning we returned to town and the column resumed its march.

Hardly had this small force reached its destination than we were faced with a rebellion of the Mashonas on our own hands. Like the Matabele one it came to everybody with even more of a surprise, for the reason that the Mashonas had always

been a subject race to the Matabeles who raided them frequently, taking their women and children for slaves, murdering the men and driving off their cattle. It was therefore never anticipated that they would assist their hereditary enemy to wipe out their deliverers from rapine and bondage. It must be remembered in the occupation of Mashonaland there was no hostility from the local population and that the first cause of the Matabele War was the punishment of Matabele warriors who were – against Lobengula's instructions it is said – harassing and murdering Mashonas in the Gwelo District.

Our first intimation that anything was astir was rumours of murders outside. I well remember in the middle of the night being awakened by the ringing of the curfew bell in Market Square. I might mention that this bell was rung every night for years to warn all locals who were not domiciled in town that they must get out to the 'Location'. The few score of us congregated in the Square and listened to rumours which could not be confirmed. After some hours in the cold, for it was the middle of June and it can be cold at that time, we went back to our homes. Next afternoon some of these rumours were confirmed and in the afternoon a young man who had ridden out on a bicycle about twelve miles to a farm on the Hunyani River to see some friends – a family named Martin – found the father, mother and child, an American governess and a man friend of the family all murdered and the place ransacked. Fortunately he was unmolested and returned breathless to spread the news. The next day it was quite apparent we had to make provision to defend ourselves. A meeting was held and certain officers were appointed, the country being declared under martial law, and it was decided to form a laager at the jail as the most suitable place owing to its high brick walls and limited accommodation. It was also decided to enlarge the laager by sandbag walls about five feet high around three sides having the hail yard wall as the fourth, and to erect barb-wire entanglements in case an attempt to rush the place was made. In the meantime a sort of military organization was set up. Had the position not seemed so serious it would have been ludicrous; which feature I will deal with later. At the moment it did not seem necessary to call in everybody to the laager and it was understood that on the ringing of the curfew bell everybody was to repair to the laager.

A day or two afterward at four o'clock in the afternoon the summons was given, and I wish I had the humour to describe — though there was no humour needed at the time – the scene as it transpired. Inside the main doors of the jail wall there was a large yard maybe 60 by 100 feet used for exercising the prisoners. Into this, in one huge heap in the middle, was dumped all the things that a panic-struck population of a few hundred people thought they could save from destruction. There were strings of locals, for the locals in town were mostly loyal, bearing every conceivable thing which the 'missis' had loaded them up with all making a bee-line for the jail. Fortunately there were not a great many women in the community at the time, but many of them were Dutch and they did not intend to lose anything that could be salvaged. Into this heap went feather beds, sewing-machines, sticks of furniture, trunks, kitchen utensils, provisions, tin bath-tubs, etc. As the night came on everyone began to search for their belongings hauling this pile about until everything was mixed like the ingredients in a plum pudding. Suppers had to be got and a place to sleep found. Rations of a kind were later issued when the commissariat got organized but for that night we had to

make shift the best we could both for food and bedding. As far as I remember there were few prisoners in the jail and those as far as I know locals. The white women were given what rooms and cells there were in the jail quarters and the rest bedded down wherever they could find a vacant spot. As it was the middle, the 18th, of June, it was cold at night, yet nobody minded sleeping in the open if they had plenty of blankets, and after that first night things got into a certain routine; blankets were issued as well as rations. Messes were arranged among the men and military routine was established. Every morning roll-call and drill with fatigues for the day and sentry and pickets arranged for the night. A local camp was established not far from the jail building and the first business was to get on with the extension of the sand-bag portion of the laager and other defences.

I was given a squad of men to erect gun-platforms at each of the four corners of the laager and mount the four so-called guns. They consisted as far as I remember of an old Martini Maxim, a Nordinvelt, a Hotchkiss and I forget the name of the other one. Goodness knows when these guns had ever been fired before, and I doubt, if we had had to use them, whether they would have fired a half-dozen shots without jamming. As it was, we were never called on to try our luck. A picket cordon was established at a distance of several hundred yards around the laager with three men to a post, each supposed to do four hours duty and to patrol each way so many hundred yards, getting in touch with the pickets on his right and left, exchanging pass-words, and, in the case of coming in contact with the enemy or his scouts, to discharge his rifle as a signal to the laager and Main Guard. Many of these men had never handled a firearm in his life and hardly knew the breech from the muzzle. It must be remembered that a large number of those who had had military training, and were the pick of the settlers from that point of view were either interned or on parole with Jameson's crowd, or had

Mr and Mrs M. E. Cleveland at Meadowlands Estate near Salisbury with their motor car in 1926

gone to Matabeleland with the column. Those that were left were men that could not be spared, or in business, among which were quite a number of Jews who as usual had come in either as small traders or in small businesses or odd jobs. With the nervousness of many of these men when placed out on the veldt on a dark night as pickets imagining that every bush was a warrior waiting to drive his stabbing assegai into his heart, you have the stage set for some of the most ludicrous incidents that could happen.

I remember a little Jewish barber who was on picket duty near the end of the kopje. When he challenged a cow; unable to give the reply to the password he let her have both barrels of his shotgun with which he was armed and started on a dead heat for the laager. Another instance of a picket of similar persuasion whose picket-line ran along the edge of the great sluit that divided the kopje from the causeway side of the town imagined he saw someone crawling along the bottom of this drain, and as there was no reply to his summons fired off his rifle and bolted for the main gate of the laager. On being questioned by the Main Guard as to his companions on duty he could give no reply. Investigations revealed the two companions blissfully sleeping with an empty whisky bottle ensconced between them. On the report of a shot, the bell at the main gate of the laager was frantically rung which was a summons to 'man the walls' which was a sound unwelcome and received with many a curse from those of us who were mainly rolled up in our blankets on a frosty night. Of course the next day all delinquents were up for 'court martial'. What a pity there was no budding Gilbert present who could immortalize in song and story the laughable incidents that took place during the time we were in the laager.

After taking my turns at picket duty I was given charge of the small squad in charge of the guns and relieved from other night duty. As it was necessary that we should all be quartered together I chose a place outside of the laager in a wood and iron building near the Native Camp, but was told we went there at our own risk as in case of a 'rush' we might be fired on if attempting to gain the shelter of the laager. I was quite satisfied that on an alarm we could cover the distance before there was any danger and we had the advantage of our own messing arrangements and were under cover at least. Many a night we had to make a sprint for it, but as all we had to do was get into our boots and coats and get our rifles and bandoliers it did not take much time.

I mentioned before that the column had taken nearly all the rifles and ammunition. So when we were paraded it was found that there were not nearly enough 'Martinis' (the rifle in use), and all private rifles and shotguns were requisitioned. It happened that in the British South Africa Company's stores there were a lot of old Snider rifles that used a lead bullet in a cartridge backed up by an earthenware core. Therefore, on parade, armed with all sorts of fire arms, we were a motley crew.

Later on we were told by those who professed to know that in local warfare the locals always 'rushed' a laager or position just before day-break, creeping up under cover of darkness and then making a dash for it. Some professed to be sure that at a certain stage of the moon we could expect an attack. So we were ordered to 'man the walls' which meant standing behind the sandbags with our rifles ready from 3 a.m. until daybreak. My Lord how cold those mornings were, and I'm sure that most of us, especially as our hands were so cold, wouldn't have been able to pull a trigger. The real fact of the matter was that there never was an organized 'impi' in the country and

there was no danger of any attack at night. But of course most of us were new to South African warfare and believed what we were told – all of which was true no doubt in local warfare in the South, but not among the lazy Mashonas.

What happened was this: a few 'Cape Boys', Basutos or Fingoes, had been possibly bribed by the Matabele to come up and get hold of some of the Mashona witch doctors, such as 'Nyanda', a woman, and 'Kankabie', a man, both of which were captured and hung after the rebellion, and told them that the Matabele had driven the 'Mulungu' (white man) out of the country and that they must do the same or they would be punished afterwards. So out in the country where there were isolated farms or prospectors and small mines, a number of these miserable Mashonas would get together and murder them before they were aware that anything was wrong. In a few cases where there were quite a number of whites together who had got wind of what was going on, they had time to form some sort of a laager until they were rescued by patrols from Salisbury. It was impossible later to find out how many were murdered as many of them were thrown down old mining shafts or hidden in other ways. One of my companions, Charles Annesty, was murdered somewhere in the Mazoe district but no trace of his body was ever found. There were a lot of prospectors out in the country at that time as I said before, the demand for mining claims was strong and many found that was the easiest way to make money.

After things had settled a bit and we got some organization, that is within the first few days, patrols were formed of volunteers generally to go out to certain places where we knew there were a few Europeans holding out and bring them in. The Mazoe Patrol was the most famous and the history of that has been written by Col. Dan Judson and is fairly well known. The few facts are these: at the Bernheim Mine some twenty-seven miles from Salisbury there was the Manager, Mr Salthouse, with his wife and several other Europeans, and a short distance of a mile or two was the Mazoe Post and Telegraph office. News was received in town that they were being attacked and were trying to hold their own. The telegraph operator was shot after sending in an urgent message for help on his return to the laager. Mr and Mrs Cass, who were in charge of a Salvation Army Mission at the Tatagura River some seven or eight miles this side of the mine had gone out there, also a Mr Pascoe and a man named Fall were doing some building work at the mine. These two attempted to get into Salisbury in a donkey cart, but Fall was shot in the cart. Pascoe eventually succeeded in getting back to the mine. Cass, so certain his Mission boys would remain loyal, attempted to return to the Mission but was murdered either there or on the way. There were very few horses left in Salisbury, but about a dozen mounted men under Col. (then Capt.) Judson were able, without casualties, to get through in the night, and, as far as I remember, Capt. Nesbitt of the BSA Police and a few other troopers later joined them. They had a four-wheeled express wagon and some mules at the Mine and by placing boiler iron sheets on the sides of the wagon and accompanied by the mounted men made a try to get through to Salisbury. The road in many instances ran through deep 'dongas' where the grass was eight to ten feet high alongside it. In this grass the locals stationed themselves with their guns and, being within a few feet, were able to shoot one, I think, of the mules and wounded some of the escort. After a running fight of some twelve miles or more the locals gave it up and the party got through to Salisbury just after dark. At this

time I do not remember how many casualties there were in this rescue but several. Later on Capt. Nesbitt was awarded the VC but many thought it should have gone to Capt. Judson. Maybe the fact of Nesbitt's being a member of the BSAP and in charge of the patrol on its return had something to do with it.

There were several others of a similar kind such as the Abercorn Patrol and the one to bring out the Catholic Fathers at Chishawasha Mission. At all these Mission stations the majority of the locals were with the enemy. Pretty well every day patrols were sent out around the country to investigate and also to bring in food from adjoining farms. In many of these I took part as I was a good rider. The locals were armed with all kinds of firearms from old and ancient 'Tower Muskets', elephant guns, muzzle-loading shotguns and every kind of rifle up to the most modern Martini. Ever since white hunters had come into the country they had traded rifles or guns for ivory and other things and the modern rifles and ammunition had been taken from the murdered prospectors and settlers. The locals made their own powder out of charcoal nitrates and sulphur and, while not very powerful, a handful of it would be placed in an old Tower flint-lock rifle loaded with stones or ''pot legs'. The kaffir cooking pot had long spindly iron legs which they used to break off and break up using them as bullets. These firearms especially the latter were not dangerous except at very short range. Later on whilst hunting the locals out of their caves there were many casualties as an old rifle would be shoved through a crack in a granite rock.

One of the first things the locals did on the outbreak was to cut all the telegraph wires so we were entirely cut off from civilization for about six weeks and the outside world was under the impression that we were entirely wiped out. The food problem became a very serious matter before we were relieved. Some months before the outbreak of the rebellion we were aware that that a devastating disease 'Rinderpest' was in East Africa and was sweeping all domestic cattle and game before it in its progress South. In the first part of the year it had crossed the Zambezi and we were losing cattle. When we first went into laager there were quite a few transport cattle but they were dying at such a rapid rate that it was decided to shoot what was left and make 'biltong' (sun-dried beef). Besides the Europeans we had probably 500 loyal locals in the camp which we had to feed and our s ores of flour, sugar, and such things were desperately low. It was not long before bread was being made out of rice meal and mealie meal with a small amount of wheat flour added. Butter, tinned milk and other such luxuries had ceased to exist and fresh meat was a thing of the past. So anything that could be salvaged from outside homesteads – which were few in those days – like pumpkins, chickens, pigs etc. were real luxuries. I remember in one patrol to an outside homestead we espied a few fowls. Everybody engaged in an energetic chase to corner these birds and I was fortunate enough to capture an old rooster. In he went into my knapsack for fear that he would be claimed for the 'Officers' Mess'. Our mess was gladdened by the eventual stew with pumpkin although he turned out to be very tough and must have been a marathon runner.

Whilst there was a shortage of everything edible there was always plenty to drink. It was a strange commentary on the conditions of the country and its inhabitants, or at least it seemed so. One reason was that a bottle of beer cost nearly as much as a bottle of whisky owing to the cost of transport, and the duty on the whisky was less

than it has ever been since so it was also comparatively cheap. Naturally where there were so many young men thrown together and often enlivened by a spirit that was potable there were many pranks and tricks played on others. There was a tall, gaunt, gangling English Colonial who was much in love with a tremendously stout young Dutch girl – no, she was not young. He became the butt of the camp and all sorts of tricks were played on him. So in desperation they decided to get married which was done in due time. But unfortunately he was posted for picket duty three nights running until she protested to the CO. Among the inmates of the laager was a hotel keeper named Malcolm Frazer and his wife. They were both fairly well on in years and he was a confirmed 'boozer' and noted for his lurid language when 'tanked' as well as his taciturnity when sober. So when he got in that condition the only place for him was what we called the Guard Room, a wood and iron room about 12 feet square in the Jail yard. He was put in there on a stretcher one evening 'dead to the world' and woke up sometime in the night and started kicking the iron walls making an infernal noise. As men were sleeping all over the yard someone rolled over in his blankets and shouted 'Take off his bloody boots'. Nothing very humorous about it but it seemed such a novel idea under such peculiar circumstances that it started everybody who had been awakened laughing.

Several little incidents in laager days show what a short distance we have travelled in our love of 'show' from the local Africans. The North American Indian brave decks himself out in his glorious head-dress of eagle feathers; his brother the Zulu ornaments himself with cow-tail switches fastened to his elbows and knees, and our military brass-hats adorn themselves with scarlet and gold braid. We had all ranks up to a Major created like mushrooms in a night. But unfortunately the glorious habitaments of war were lacking. Khaki tunics were soon in evidence made by an Indian tailor with all the stripes and bars denoting 'rank' but Sam Browne belts and swords were unfortunately lacking. It happened that I knew where there was an old cavalry sword of tremendous length with its edge well gapped and rusty as the locals had been using it to chop bones. This I unearthed and handed over with its belt and scabbard to the captain of our troop. It was soon polished and burnished and the envy of other officers. Unfortunately the 'captain' was of exceedingly short stature and no matter what he could do, to his chagrin when he strutted it trailed along the ground. The only time he could effectively wear it was when on horseback, but being a poor equestrian when his horse cantered the scabbard beat a tattoo on his ribs to such an effect that it was a question of the rider being jettisoned and losing his dignity or discarding his sword. Discretion in his case being the better part of valour he handed it over to the adjutant, Bill Bailey, better known as 'Long Bill' who stood well over six feet in his socks.

'Mazoe' Smith a most respectful citizen, well on in years, with a short white naval-cut beard as a reminder to others of the days when he was an RNR cadet on the Clyde, was promoted to a captaincy and, with a contingent of natives, was for some time engaged in throwing out wire entanglements around the laager which proved more a source of danger to frightened pickets making for the laager than an enemy which was never within miles of it. 'Mazoe Bill' as he was more commonly known in private life was the manager of a development company and, as a means of locomotion, used to ride on a very sedate old black horse from his boarding house to his office. The story

is told that one day he was out in charge of a patrol and espying a few locals on a ridge half a mile off drew his 'navy' revolver, shouted to his followers 'there is the enemy – charge them!' at the same time discharging the full content of his battery of six shots in rapid succession, no doubt much the amusement of the wily Mashona and a story to be retailed by our brave troopers around their campfire.

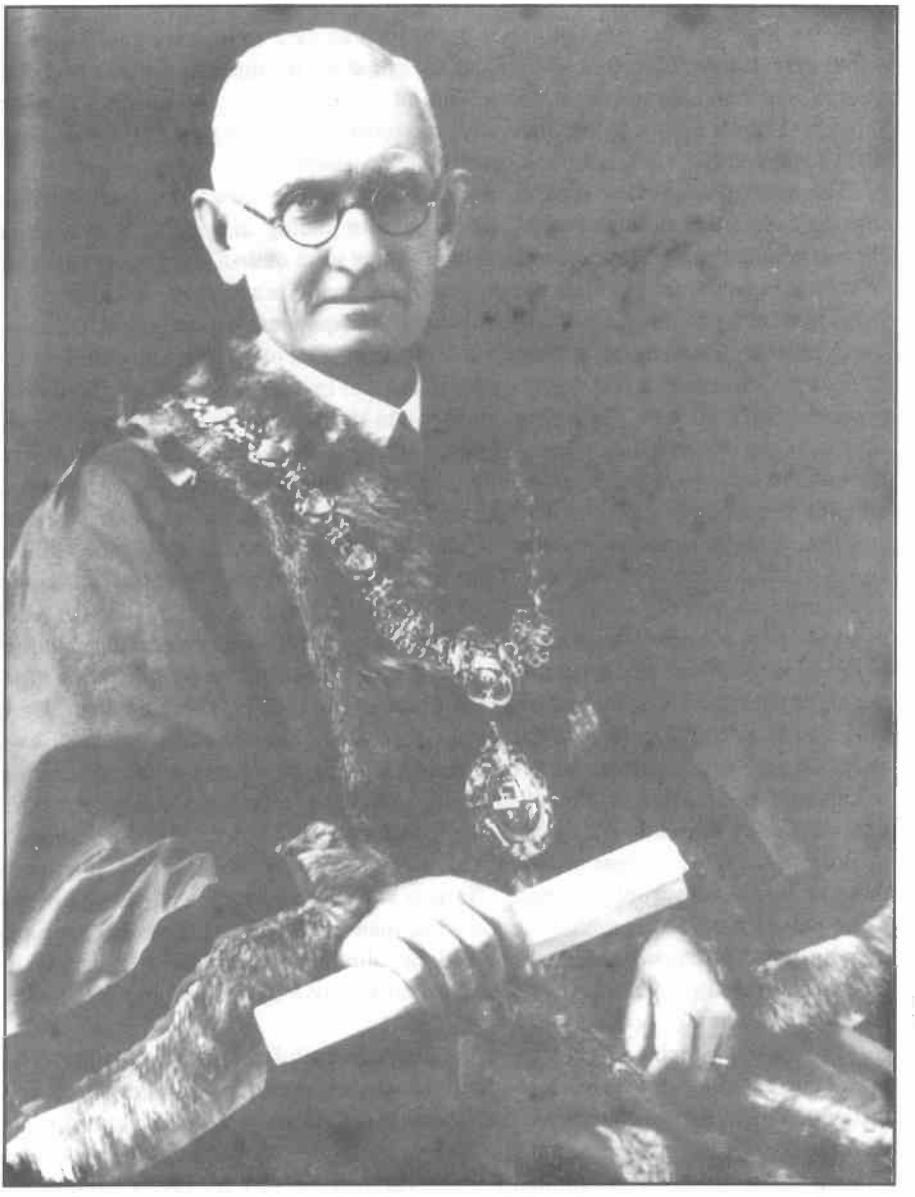
As in the Mazoe Patrol there were a few casualties and several of our best men were killed while being ambushed while out on patrol and a few spies were caught snooping around at night and shot. Had the Mashona been of the same courageous fighting type as the Matabele even armed with assegais and well led as were the latter, simply by numbers they could have given us a bad time had they not entirely blotted us out, as we were so badly armed.

Eventually local runners 'Cape Boys' got through to the Portugees on our east and after six weeks we were relieved by a troop of mounted infantry from Natal. They had come up by ship to Beira and rail as far as the line extended, then marched in. Their only brush with the Mashonas was at Umtasa's Kraal this side of Umtali where they had a small action. After their arrival the laager was disbanded and we went back to our usual occupations.

It was some time before provisions began to arrive as practically all cattle were dead with rinderpest, only a few 'salting' becoming immune after having the disease. So that mules and donkeys had to be imported from Natal and the Cape to ride transport from railhead in. In the meantime we continued to draw rations on a certain basis from the government stores. During the period we were under arms we were paid ten shillings per diem. It was rather a strange commentary that the first traders' wagons to arrive in Salisbury after the occupation were loaded with whisky, according to Sarah Gertrude Millin's *Life of Rhodes*. So the first goods that arrived after the Rebellion were largely whisky. Naturally the cost of transport was very high, at first amounting to one pound per 100 lbs from railhead. Eventually it got lower but remained at ten shillings per 100 lbs for a long time. I remember paying three shillings for a 1 lb tin of Danish butter, two and six for a tin of condensed milk and six shillings for a 2 lb tin of Road Rations composed of mutton and vegetables. For a long time we had to depend almost entirely on 'bully' (American tinned beef) and of all the tinned meats it was by far the best and held its own for many years. We got so tired of Australian mutton in time that even the memory of it makes me feel sick at my stomach. Occasionally we were able to get a buck but rinderpest had played havoc with all game.

The story *à propos* of high costs of transport is told of a lady who had newly arrived going into our one and only drapery store and asking for a packet of needles. On enquiring the price she was struck with horror and compared it with that 'at home'. The clerk smilingly replied 'Yes: but remember the cost of transport'. This was made an excuse no doubt for keeping up prices for a long time of many small articles, but a genuine one on heavier goods.

After abandoning the laager we were quite safe in town but it was not safe to go out in the country as the locals had, in most cases, taken to the hills and protected themselves as well as they could knowing they would be called on to come in and surrender their arms. A proclamation to that effect was sent out but few took advantage of the terms of amnesty, preferring to keep in hiding. One must remember that for



M. E. Cleveland — Mayor of Salisbury 1932–33

years the Mashona had been yearly raided by the Matabele and his only protection was the caves or hollow places under huge slabs or boulders of granite and, in some districts, limestone. Some of these caves were of enormous extent and they could drive in their cattle and goats and by walling up the entrance of larger size were quite secure as in many of them there were pools of water. Against an enemy no better armed – that is with assegais – they were quite secure as it was easy to guard the entrances. So one

supposes that they thought with their guns, such as they were, they could keep the white man at bay. Therefore as they did not come in and surrender it was necessary to send out columns to punish them. One of these was Col. Anderson's mounted infantry. I think from memory they were recruited from the 'Colony' Cape or Natal. Col. Anderson has written a book describing his campaign.

The method adopted to force the locals out of their caves was to insert dynamite into the cave either through forcing the entrance or finding an opening somewhere in the top among the boulders and exploding it. There were quite a good many casualties of whites in attempting to force these openings as an old blunderbuss loaded with pot legs aimed at a yard or so made a fearful wound and quite a few were killed. Of course the dynamite created frightful havoc but, aside from a lot of women and children, few of the men surrendered if it was possible to escape. In a few cases where there was a powerful chief, such as Mashongombi, near Old Hartley, who was fairly well armed, they gave the troops a rough time. Although it took many months, eventually most of the natives surrendered their arms, and it was then that one realized the tremendous amount of trading in guns that had been carried on for years by hunters and traders. Just here it might be mentioned that Rhodes' bargain with Lobengula for the 'mineral rights or concession' in 1889, was, I think, 20,000 Martini rifles and 100,000 rounds of ammunition as well as other things. While it is true that a modern rifle in the hands of a local was not nearly so dangerous really as an assegai because he invariably fired high and without aim, and it is said they had the impression that the 'higher they raised the sight the harder it would hit', yet there were, here and there among them, locals who had been trained either in the local police or by hunters and were quite good shots. Strange as it seems, as far as I remember, Lobengula would not issue these rifles to his impis and the most of them were in his store house after the Matabele war when they were taken possession of by the Chartered Company's columns after the occupation of Bulawayo. What his reasons were it is difficult to determine. It is possible that he thought his soldiers would be more effective with their assegais and shields or that having given his word as a 'king' to the white man that he would allow them to come in and to take possession of Mashonaland, he, although importuned by many of his chiefs and the impis thirsting for blood would not give his permission for them to attack the Column of occupation.

An incident which I forgot to mention and for which I cannot vouch, although it is still current in the annals of early Rhodesian stories, occurred just after the close of the laager. Through particular care and isolation the Hospital, which at that time was administered by the late venerated Mother Patrick and her staff of nuns, had been able to keep a cow alive which supplied a limited amount of milk for needy patients and invalids. Now there was a Jewish gentleman by the name of 'Doctor' Rosenthal who was the proprietor of a small motel named the Commercial. I understand this gentleman received his title of doctor from having during an epidemic of smallpox in the Orange Free State vaccinated the Dutch people with a vaccine of condensed milk. At any rate he was a very enterprising gentleman and on a certain Saturday we were surprised to see a notice 'Come to the Commercial Saturday night for a Beef Dinner'. Curiosity coupled with a desire for a taste of beef once more lured many of us to this palatial dining-room wondering from whence our host had secured this bovine treat. The

mystery was never really solved but it was reported that the hospital cow had strayed and was never afterward found.

Another incident of which I was an invited partaker occurred the Christmas of that year. A couple of bachelor neighbours of mine invited myself and a friend to Christmas dinner. We were surprised to find the *pièce de résistance* was a very large fowl. As fowls were a very great and rare delicacy – even the little local fowl – we expressed our 'surprise at a bird of such size'. Then the secret had to be told. A Dutch woman who married a sort of good-for-nothing English Colonial had got a very good sized Colonial rooster I presume for the purpose of increasing the size of her fowls. My friends and hosts had a donkey kraal and this rooster spent the greater part of its time picking up the remains of broken mealies and it is supposed that he must have been killed by a donkey braying at him. I always had a guilty feeling that 'Old Arnold' as we called him would drop around to the shop and enquire if we had seen a stray rooster.

I often used to go into the Government Stores in Salisbury and examine the great variety of weapons. Some of the rifles had no doubt been taken from murdered settlers or hunters in earlier days. I was given a number of these old guns some of which I sent home to Victoria in 1898 (Note: these guns, many of them very valuable, were lost by his sister-in-law, my late Aunt Bessie Walker, with whom they were left when the family went to live in Salisbury. They were probably sold in Victoria auction rooms, as were nearly all other family heirlooms. A few assegais and knob-kerry axes are all we managed to rescue. Ed.) Among these guns was a beautiful little 20 bore shot-gun which I re-chambered into a 16 bore and shot with for a long time. It had probably been stolen from a 'collector' some time after the rebellion.

Nearly a year later I sent a man with a donkey wagon out to the Mazoe to bring in a load of lime from a kiln where Charlie Annesty was supposed to have been killed. As he did not return at the time I thought he ought I got rather disturbed as no one had been out there since the rebellion and I thought he might have met with some trouble. So I and two other young men took our bicycles and our rifles with a blanket and started out to see if we could locate him. About 23 miles out we found him and the wagon alright but short of a donkey. The night before he had outspanned on the side of a hill and as usual tied up his span of donkeys to the trek chain. In the night he was awakened by a commotion as a lion had caught one of the donkeys, killed it and dragged it down the hill about 75 yards into the grass. It was too dark for him to see to shoot it and he had to wait until morning. The lion had turned it over on its back and stripped open the skin the full length of its belly and for some reason left it. We inspected it and, as it was late afternoon, decided we would lie out in sight of the carcass and if the lion returned to its kill, endeavour to shoot it. The moon came up late, or rather early in the morning and as it was in June and near a vlei it was bitterly cold and we were numbed to the bone, so it was a good thing Mr Lion did not turn up as I think it would have been impossible to pull a trigger. Hyenas came, but about four o'clock in the morning we heard a shot and found out later that as the wagon was trekking on about two miles ahead of us the lion returned and tried to get another donkey. As he could see it by moonlight he fired over it and it moved out of the road into the grass and he passed on. I often think since it was a foolhardy thing for us to do, as had we wounded it in the moonlight it certainly would have made short work of us.

Shortly after this, a missionary whom I knew very well wanted to go out to an old station of his in the Lomagondi district about sixty miles from Salisbury and asked three of us if we would not come along and get some shooting on the trip. We had two pack donkeys and half a dozen locals belonging to a mission near Salisbury. We asked the Police for a small escort of local police but they would not, or could not, give them, and said they would give us permission to go but warned us that since the Column had been out there and blown up the caves near this mission no one had been out there. As we got nearly out there towards night we saw a large number of locals marching across country and not knowing who or what they were we decided to wait until they had passed on. But as we were near a river they decided also to camp there. The missionary decided it was unwise to light a fire but said he would, after dark, send one of his mission boys out to spy on them and learn what they were doing and who they were. I heard him parlying with two of his boys and they said they would go if he gave them a rifle. So off they set. We settled down to a cold supper and waited for the return of our scouts. Presently they returned and held an 'ndaba' with the missionary and I heard him laugh and wanted to know what was the joke. He said the boys were afraid to go near enough to find out anything but they said to him "Umfundisi (teacher), you pray and ask the Lord to take care of us, so if the natives kill us it will be alright and if they don't it will be alright'. So with that assurance we turned in and next morning they were gone. When we reached the mission station it had been abandoned and after a while the missionary got in touch with some of the remnants of the kraal and they spun him a dismal tale of what the column had done to them and their families but of course they had all been innocent and had not rebelled. After a day we made our way back having some shooting on the way, mostly guinea-fowl and pheasant. Buck of any kind were very scarce on account of the rinderpest as already mentioned.

Business after the rebellion was very slow, although Mr Rhodes paid out compensation to almost everybody who claimed it for what they had lost or suffered. No doubt he was imposed on tremendously, but he was very much in fear that on account of the Jameson Raid and the resultant rebellion he would lose the Charter. As ever his thought was how he could overcome these terrible disasters and save his country. One of the most pressing matters was transport. He did everything possible to push on the railway to Bulawayo from the South and the line from Beira as far as Umbali. Another thing was to restock the country both for farming purposes and transport to develop the mines. Unless he could get a gold output there would be little chance for raising further capital in England, and without capital the whole enterprise was doomed. He had an idea of importing that type of transport animal that has always proved the mainstay in Africa when all other sources have failed, the donkey, from Egypt. But for some reason he did not do so. He sent to Australia and selected a large number of cows and bulls, and had them shipped to Beira, but this was some little time afterwards and I will deal with it later.

In the meantime, attracted by the high prices paid for transport 'riders' from Natal and the Union where the rinderpest had not yet spread, people came in with many teams of bullocks and others in the country brought up cattle from this district. There were also quite large numbers of a local type of cattle in Angoniland in the North and many traders went up there, bought and drove cattle down for sale. This type of cattle

never knew what sort of an old 'buckskin' might turn out the winner – than later when horses were imported from all over the country and many of their performances were well known on other tracks. At any rate a fine piece of ground had been secured adjacent to the surveyed township and a grandstand was an urgent necessity. I secured the contract to build a brick, wood and iron grandstand which, by the way, is still doing service today after a period of nearly forty years. The one outstanding thing about it was that I paid transport rates on the timber and iron – and there was a very considerable amount of it – at 10 pounds per 100 lbs from railhead to Salisbury. At that time I paid as high as 7 pounds per bag for mealie meal which of course was grown in the country.

I mentioned before about Mr Rhodes bringing cattle from Australia to Beira and holding them for some time on the Pungwe flats in order to acclimatize them before bringing them into the country. Later on, they were brought up as far as Umbali and some few farther and distributed to farmers and others when, all at once, they began to die and communicated the disease to others in the country. A great controversy arose as to what this mysterious disease or fever was. Many old South Africans claimed it was 'red-water', others, 'gall-sickness', both diseases caused by ticks. The mortality was so great that I remember well the then Director of Agriculture in the Administration, Mr Orpen, an old Cape Colony man, claimed it was red-water, and the only way was to let it sweep through the country. Other professional men and veterinarians did not agree with him and eventually Dr Koch, the great German scientist, was brought out to study the disease. For a long time it went by the name of 'Rhodesian Tick Fever'. It was afterwards found out that this fever was endemic on the East Coast of Africa in Portuguese territory and the few cattle that were there had become immune to it and later the stigma of 'Rhodesian' was removed from it and it has since been known as 'East Coast Fever'. It did spread not only through the length and breadth of Rhodesia, but through all southern Africa even to the Cape Province and proved even more disastrous than rinderpest, and the greatest cattle scourge in the history of cattle raising. Later it was found, largely through Dr Koch's investigations, that by a process of dipping in an arsenical bath and by isolation it could be stamped out, and dipping has been made compulsory for many years. Unfortunately it is still with us after nearly forty years and there are still sporadic outbreaks; although aside from the cost of dipping it is not a serious menace to the industry.

Again the transport question stared the country in the face although not so serious as before because the railway had reached Bulawayo and had about reached Salisbury from the East. Still there was the question of internal transport and as usual we had to fall back on mules, and principally donkeys, as this hardy animal can exist under conditions almost impossible for mules or horses. 'Horse sickness', a term well-known from the Cape to the Zambesi I have not yet mentioned. This 'peculiar disease' – for as yet there is no certain cure, or in fact after years of research by the most brilliant veterinarians in the world has its cause been discovered although a mosquito is suspect – is, in most cases, fatal to horses, to a less extent to mules, but the poor donkey seems immune.

After the rebellion as I mentioned there was a great fear of the cancellation of the Charter and many advocated that the country should be taken over and administered as a Crown Colony. This was not done for various reasons but certain restrictions were placed on the functioning of the Charter. The control of the Police was taken out of their hands although they had to pay for the cost and a resident Commissioner was

appointed in Salisbury. The first one to occupy that important position was Sir Malcolm Clark, an elderly soldier who had seen service in various parts of the world and had lost an arm in the service. Lady Clark was the first titled woman by virtue of her husband's rank to reside in Rhodesia and later I shall describe an amusing incident connected with the dignity of her social position. I shall now revert to more personal matters.

Having been away from home for nearly three years I was very anxious to see my wife and children, so decided to return home. I left my business in charge of my foreman and the business part was attended to by the Salisbury Board of Executors. As I was anxious to see Johannesburg I decided to go there and take a ship from Durban. This was, as far as I recall, in March 1898. As there was no railway from Salisbury to Bulawayo I went by coach. As far as my memory serves it took us about five days to do the trip of 300 miles. It was the end, or near it, of the wet season and as the road was only a veldt track, if it became impossible in one place it was always easy to cut out onto the veldt and make another track. I remember in one instance the wheel on one side got into a mud-hole and the coach stood on its 'beam end'.

The railway had reached Bulawayo some months before, and it seemed wonderful to be in a railway carriage once more. At that time there were few dining cars on South African railways and none on the Rhodesian. We were told that the train would stop at certain places for meals, but unfortunately we were held up at the Shashi River for some hours without any prospect of a meal. There were very few passengers and the General Manager of the South African Railways, Mr Elliot, happened to be in the next compartment to me and he borrowed a loaf of bread and some tea from one of the railway staff and shared it with me.

As I wanted to go to Johannesburg I left the train at Mafeking as one had to travel from there to Krugersdorp by coach. Before I left Salisbury a friend had presented me with a very fine Smith and Wesson 35 calibre revolver. So naturally I carried it with me. As I stopped in Mafeking over night I called on Julius Weill who was then a big man in business and transport in the North as I had a letter from his representative in Salisbury. I told him I had a revolver with me and he strongly advised me not to attempt to take it across the border into the Transvaal as since the Jameson Raid no arms or ammunition was allowed to be taken in under very severe penalty. He pulled out a drawer in his desk full of revolvers which had been left with him. Anyway I decided to trust to luck. There were only two of us passengers and before getting in I threw away all the cartridges except what was in the chambers, unlaced my boot and pushed the muzzle down alongside my ankle so that my trousers leg fell over it. When we reached a place called Ottoshoep on the border the coach drew up before a customs and police station and we were asked to get out and open our baggage. I only had a bag with me with just enough clothes to last me until I got to Durban. They searched all our things, turning out the cushions of the coach, then stood us up and pressed their hands all down our pockets only to discover nothing. I often think what a foolhardy thing it was to do, as the Boers had no love for any Britisher then and had they discovered my revolver it might have caused me serious trouble and certainly legal troubles and delay, and as I had booked my passage by steamer it would have been certainly inconvenient. Johannesburg in those early days was a real 'mining' town. I put up at the old Goldfields Hotel, which has long ceased to exist. Two days there were sufficient to see all I wanted and I left by train for Durban.

came to be known as 'angoni' and were a quite different variety than the local cattle that had been in Mashonaland and Matabeleland before the rinderpest came. They were undoubtedly a cross of Zebu stock from India with local stock. They had the peculiar 'hump' and loose dewlap and other marks of the Zebu as well as very short hair. These cattle always thrived where other varieties would starve, and the short hair gave no refuge for ticks, which are the bane of all tropical countries in so far as cattle are concerned. I was, in 1917, to see and learn a lot about the value of the Zebu as a strain to be introduced into tick country, when I visited Texas in that year, and will refer to it at the proper time. These animals we found made splendid mothers and produced good calves when mated with imported bulls. So in time there got to be quite a few cattle in the country. It must be remembered that a few of those which had rinderpest were 'salted'.

Naturally, labouring under all these disabilities, business was very bad. Fortunately just before the outbreak of the rebellion I had signed the contract for the erection of a large office building for a mining group, and, as they had to provide the transport on any imported material, I was not at a disadvantage and had work to go on with as we had considerable material on hand. Just to show how strong the spirit of horse racing is in the English race, the country had hardly been occupied before a Jockey Club was established, and for many years gymkhanas used to be held in which all sorts of 'mokes' were entered and, from a sporting point of view, it always appeared more fun – as one

The Selous Road, Ballyhooley Hotel, and the Ruwa and Goromonzi Districts

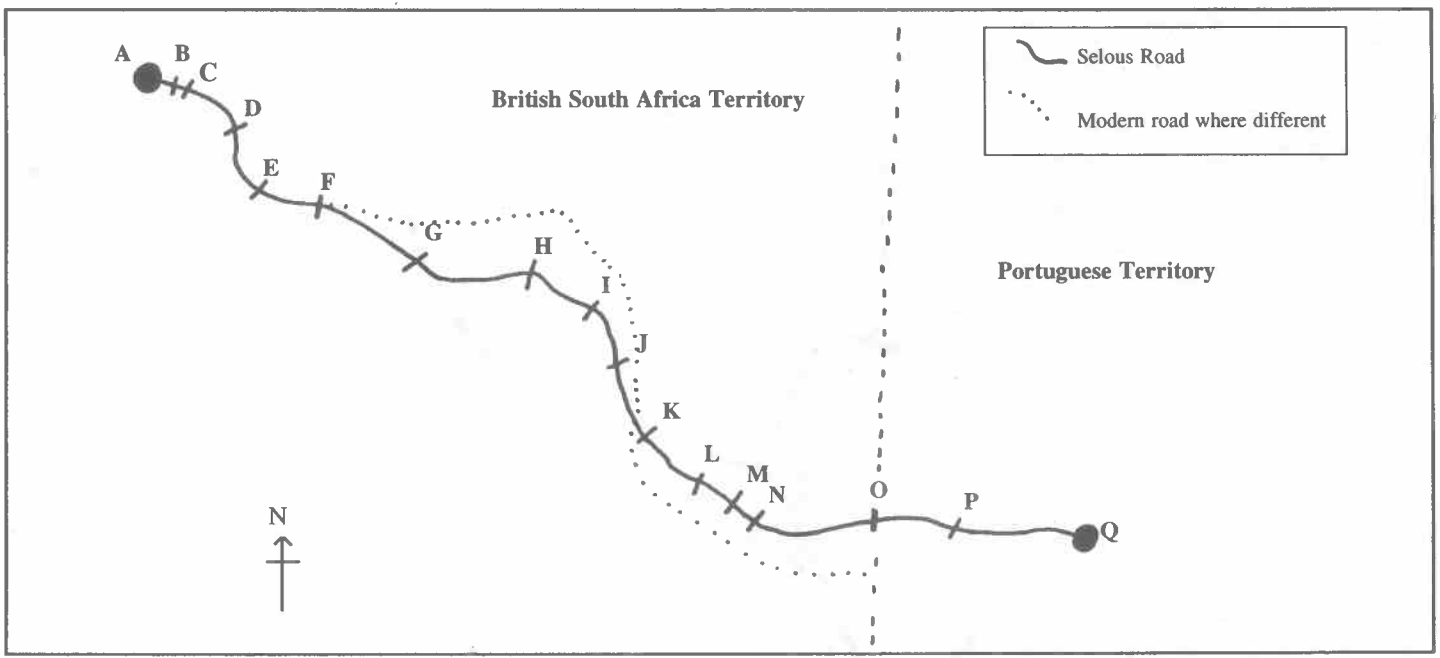
by Robert S. Burrett

With the establishment of Fort Salisbury (now Harare) in September 1890, it soon became obvious to the Settlers that their main hope in terms of access to the outside world lay to the east, to the Indian Ocean coast in the then Portuguese East African territories. The alternative route to the south and the railhead in the northern Cape was not only distant and expensive, but at the back of many minds was the persistent fear that the route would at some stage be blocked by the Ndebele around whose territory it swung. Their concerns were exacerbated by the very heavy rains that season which soon cut off any effective linkages to the south forcing the British South Africa Company Administration to look to opening up the eastern alternative.

Initially the route was a rough track made by British South Africa Company Police riders which routed between the main Shona Dynastic Settlements regardless of relief and commercial viability. This track passed through the settlements of Chikwaka (near Goromonzi), Mangwende (NE of Marondera), Makoni (NE of Rusape), and through to what is today Penhalonga, the original "Umtali" (Mutare). A rough route then passed into Portuguese territory and the settlement at Massi Kessi (Macequece).

In 1891 attempts were made to reorganise the postal services along this route and this, together with the increased civilian traffic in this direction probably encouraged the Administration to establish a more formal route. Thus Frederick Courtney Selous, the much fêted ivory hunter, explorer and official guide to the Pioneer column, set off to survey the best route to the east. This became known as the Selous Road and for most part it followed the main watershed thus avoiding the problems of crossing rivers and associated marshy lands. Besides a few changes (short cuts, better sections and dry season/wet season options) this road remained the main eastern access to the emerging territory well into the early twentieth century when it was effectively replaced by the new railway with it different requirements in terms of relief and the construction of bridges.

Initially the British South African Company tried to administer the transport system along this route, but when the administration found it too cumbersome and expensive to operate it decided to contract out the operations. The Salisbury Transport Company was the first official contractor plying this route with several ox-drawn carts. This Company relied on three intermediate staging points where they exchanged their oxen on route – Ruzawi Drift, Laurencedale and Odzi Drift. However, at this time several unrelated centres of trade also emerged along this route. The earliest map which I have seen which shows this Selous Road dates from 1895, but is based on information as of 1892. It indicates that at the point where the Road crossed the drift over the Mukuvisi River there was a wayside establishment labelled "Kerr's Store". As the road at that time and the modern Robert Mugabe Road are more or less coincident in this section, it would seem that this establishment was on the City side of the modern

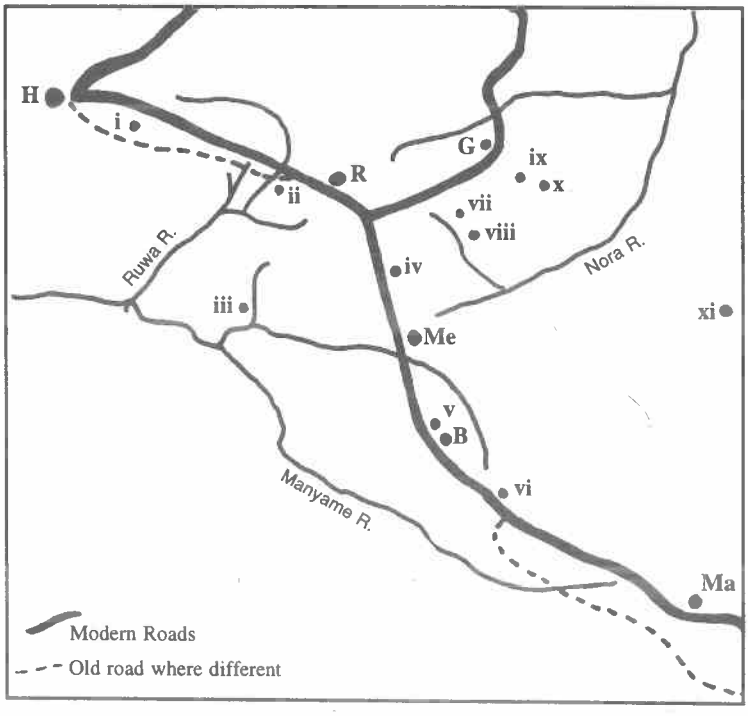


The 1892 Selous Road

A – Fort Salisbury
B – Kerr's Store, Mukuvisi
C – Ballyhooley, Ruwa Drift, replaced B
D – Law's Store, Kirriemuir
E – Graham and White's Store, Homestead
F – Tuck's, later de Coy White's Store
G – Bottomley, Head and Moore's Store, Ruzawi
H – Lewis' Store, Macheke Drift
I – Fisher's Store, Headlands
J – William's Store, Laurencedale
K – Reed's Store, Lesapi Drift
L – O'Reilly's Store, Orawati
M – Clayton's Store, Odzi Drift
N – Old Umtali
O – Massi Kesi
P – Hawe's Store
Q – Chimoio

bridge over this river near Cleveland Dam. Kerr would have taken advantage of the concentrated traffic at this point, trading with both European and African travellers and residents. At this time there was nothing at the Ruwa River crossing.

By April 1893 Kerr seems have relocated. The old site at the Mukuvisi was abandoned and a new establishment had been opened a little further out by the joint partnership of Kerr and Drummond at the Ruwa River crossing. The reasons for this relocation are uncertain, but it could well have to do with the re-awarding of the Official Transport Contract on this route to Bezuidenhout and Symington. These contractors introduced a faster option using mules rather than slow and pondering oxen. To do this, however, they would have needed more frequent mule exchanges as these animals were faster, but tired sooner. In response numerous small wayside establishments emerged along the route – Kerr and Drummond's Store on the Ruwa River; Law's Store at Kirriemuir which was at the headwaters of the Nora Valley (this lies just north



Sketch showing locations mentioned in text
(Modified after Garlake 1966)

- H – Harare
- R – Ruwa
- G – Goromonzi
- Me – Melfort
- B – Bromley
- Ma – Marondera
- i – Besa's Kraal
- ii – Ballyhooley Hotel
- iii – Seke's Kraal
- iv – Law's Store
- v – Graham and White's Store
- vi – Tuck's Store
- vii – Campbell's Farm
- viii – Mashonganyika's Kraal
- ix – Fort Harding
- x – Chikwaka's Kraal
- xi – Kunzwi's Kraal

of the modern Mutare road about the Nora valley scenic view point); Graham & White's Store in present Bromley (later called Homestead and at the time of the Chimurenga was under Graham and Phillips); Tuck's Store (later William de Coy White's Store along side the kopje between the road and Zwipadze Siding); Bottomley, Head and Moore's Store (which is in the grounds of Ruzawi School); Lewis' Store at the Macheke Drift (in the vicinity of Wilton); Fischer's Store (this original Headlands lies at the base of a large dwala some way south of the modern road); William's Store at Laurencedale (on Mona farm); The Reed Brothers' Store at Lesapi Drift (north of modern Rusape); O'Reilly's Store at Orawati (a prominent granite dwala on the farm Ruati part of Clare Estate); Clayton's Store at the Odzi Drift; and thence onto Old Mutare.

It is probable that Kerr's original Mukuvisi site was too close to Salisbury for reasons of mule exchange, hence his move further out. The first official record of Kerr and Drummond's establishment, described as a hostelry, dates to April 1893. They decided to name it Ballyhooley after a village in West Fermoy, County Cork, Ireland. At some stage soon after the move Drummond falls out of the picture and Kerr became the sole proprietor. Described as being '12 miles out of Town (Salisbury) and on a river crossing', Kerr would have run a trading store, maintained the transport contractor's exchange animals, served food and more so drink to passing travellers, as well as providing a very limited supply of accommodation.

In October 1894 Kerr was appointed postal agent, while the mail coaches were ordered to stop over at his store for at least 15 minutes – no doubt this boosted sales. However, it would appear that already it had become a favourite excursion spot for Salisbury residents because of the nearby natural pools in the Ruwa River. A picture of the site appeared in the *London Illustrated News* of the 3 March 1894 and this is reproduced here.

It is probably appropriate at this point to discuss the wider Shona settlement in this

Illustration of Ballyhooley Hotel as appeared in *London Illustrated News*, 3 March 1894
(National Archives of Zimbabwe)

area. As Beach has indicated this area was part of a very densely populated section of the Country which he terms the Demographic Crescent. The Ballyhooley site lay within this centre of Shona aspirations and was near the boundaries of three important Shona groups – the Seke *shava* Dynasty of the Harava group, the Chinamhora *soko* Dynasty of the Northern Shawasha, and Chikwaka *mbano*'s people. Seke's main kraals lay to the west and south-west. At the time of colonisation the ruling Seke lived at Cheshumba's on the Munyame-Musitkwe confluence, closer at hand were Besa's kraal near modern Msasa-Coronation Park; Chiremba's in the rocks of modern Tafara-Mabvuku; and within sight of Ballyhooley was Simbanoota's in the rocks along the present boundary between Epworth and Adelaide Farm. On the other side (east and north-east) was the Chikwaka Dynasty. Of importance here is paramount chief Chikwaka who occupied the hills of the Goromonzi Massif, with the villages of other powerful leaders around about – Zhante (a noted military leader) and Headmen Gondo. Also later centred here was the Spirit Medium Kaguvi who was originally from this area and had married many wives from here. To the north, but with a few settlements to the north-east also, were members of the Chinamhora Dynasty, most notably for the purposes of our story was the village of Mashonganyika.

It is probable that initially relations with these people and the new Settlers were cordial. As happened in many other areas, the local Dynasty heads thought that the Settlers were merely temporary sojourners as they believed had been the case with the Portuguese Colonial Period a couple of Centuries earlier – the oral traditions had in fact collapsed a fairly substantial time into what was at that stage believed to be merely a short phenomenon. These Shona Dynastic Leaders also often actively used the newcomers and the trade items so obtained in their political manoeuvring. However, this honeymoon period was short lived and Settler actions (in the way of forced labour expropriation; hut tax; unfair trading practices; sexual abuse of women; and the alienation of land) resulted in a growing discontent with the situation culminating in the crisis of 1896. The actions of the local Native Commissioner Campbell (Vhuta) and his local assistants were particularly harsh and probably drove some of the local leaders into the Uprising in which they would probably not have participated otherwise. But to return to the story before that time.

The last mention we have of Kerr is his sale of Ballyhooley to Dr and Mrs J. H. Orton. The Rhodesian Herald of 31 July 1895 records the sale in its "Personal Particulars" column. This reads as follows:

> Dr and Mrs Orton, who have been residents in Salisbury for some months past, are leaving for Ballyhooley, where from the 1 of August, the Doctor will take over Mr Kerr's popular resort, and he intends to make it a well appointed sanitarium in addition to its other attractions.

John Henry Orton was a medical chemist by training and had married Katherine Elizabeth who had three children from her previous marriage. They did much to improve the establishment and its popularity at the time. Hickman even records its favour as a honeymoon venue. So successful was the operation that the Orton's were able to employ their own barman, Augustus Thor Tucker.

By 1896 the vicinity of Ballyhooley had begun to shows signs of increased Settler interest and occupation. Nearby there were two early farms, one owned by Arthur

Smith and the other by J. D. Beyers, an Afrikander with his wife and two children. A little way to the north Arthur Duncombe Campbell, the local Native Commissioner, and his brother George D. Campbell ran a farm in the vicinity of Mashonganyika's village. About 8 miles on along the road near the headwaters of the Nora Valley Horace Law ran the Kirriemuir store, while very close to this two Indian traders had also set up shop. Unfortunately, of the latter, I can find no further details.

On 16 June 1896 the initial events of the First Chimurenga (Uprising) took place in the modern Beatrice-Norton-Chegutu areas. The small European population was under attack and Salisbury went into siege (laager). All outlying Settlers, in practice only the Whites, were advised to abandon their activities and come into town. It would seem that Chikwaka initially showed no interest in joining – this very much agrees with Beach's assessment that the Uprising was not a preplanned "night of the long knives", but a gradual spread with different Dynasties constantly reassessing their roles. It would seem that Chikwaka sent several of his important men with the local Native Commissioner, Campbell, into Salisbury on the 18 June to offer their loyalty. This he would not have done if it was a predetermined "plot".

The Administrator still felt a little cautious and requested that the Whites of the area assemble in the Salisbury Laager. On the 19th June Native Commissioner Campbell and C. T. Stevens (Lion Stevens later killed on a similar mission to Chishawasha) left Salisbury late in the day so as to warn the Settlers in the Ballyhooley district. On arriving at Ballyhooley about dawn on the 20th, Campbell found the situation was already serious and decided that all the Settlers should laager up at his farm to await for additional assistance to allow them to break back into Salisbury. He then proceeded to Mashonganyika's kraal were he had an apparently friendly meeting. Thereafter they went as far as Law's Store, sending on additional messengers to warn Graham and White at their respective stores, and then they headed back towards his farm. However, on arriving there they found that the homestead was already under attack by Mashonganyika, as well as Chikwaka's men under Zhante and Gondo. Campbell saw his brother fallen under a wave of knobkerries and battle axes.

Campbell and Stevens then fled back to Ballyhooley, on the way coming across the recently slain remains of Tucker who had been following in their footsteps. On route they came under sustained attack and fought their way towards Ballyhooley. In the fight several of Chikwaka's senior men died, including Kapi and Mushonga. Nearing the Hotel they saw that the Shona had surrounded a cart of provisions and were apparently dragging it off in the direction of Campbell's farm. There were no signs of the European residents who had been left earlier. Still under sporadic fire Campbell and Stevens fled back to Salisbury, where they reported the total loss of the Ballyhooley population. Later investigations apportioned most of the guilt in these acts to people from Mashonganyika's area.

While Campbell and Stevens were still trying to round up the Settlers, two further men, Messrs Reed and Brown had set out from Salisbury with a cart to assist Mrs Orton. Having arrived these two men and the Ortons set out to follow Campbell to his farm. They had loaded the cart with provisions, but they were ambushed not far from Ballyhooley. In the confusion the group separated and the cart was abandoned to the attackers. Campbell and Stevens came onto this scene not long after. However, their

assessment that the Settlers had all been killed was incorrect. They had split up in the confusion and had fled into the bush.

Just before midnight of the 20th, Mrs Orton, accompanied by Reed, Brown and an African Guide made their way into the Salisbury Laager. At the time Mrs Orton reported her husband as presumed dead. Only the next morning Dr Orton, who had later teamed up with a Cattle Inspector, Manning and his three African assistants, managed to get through. He had taken the brunt of the attack, and his gun stock was literally shot off in the fight. After escaping he had had to crawl through the grass. Husband and wife were thus reunited.

The other Settlers in the area were not so lucky. The first killed in the area was the farmer Arthur Smith. He died on the 18 June, but his death was unknown to the other residents until long after the events chronicled above. This is probably because he lived some way from the main lines of communications. Tucker, as indicated above, was killed on the 20 June along the road to Law's Store en route for Campbell's farm. At Law's a traveller Dickinson was killed. Dickinson was a tailor who had been travelling to Umtali and on the 17 June had chosen to stay over at Law's – ironically the rest of that Party under Mr George Lamb survived, although they did have a rough time of it.

Also killed about this time were the two Indian traders who seem to have been taken as prisoners to what is said in the official documents to be "Gabigarara's kraal". Here they were killed with the trader Graham who had been captured at his Bromley Store. Two of Campbell's very unpopular assistants, Pitiri and Mbirimi were killed by their relations at Mashonganyika's kraal, with several others only just managing to escape. A number of Campbell's farm employees were also killed – a fairly common, but much forgotten, feature. Such Shona were decried as sell outs and were removed accordingly. Law did actually get through to Campbell's farm where he was apparently captured and taken to Mashonganyika's kraal where he was tortured and killed. Beyers and his family received the warning and had been attempting to flee into Salisbury when they were ambushed and killed very near the modern crossing of the Musitwi stream at Melfort. An early *NADA* refers to their graves as being near the railway bridge, but my searching has so far failed to find a trace. If any local residents can assist it would be of great help.

With these events the Settlers appeared defeated, although there were several short periods of action. About the 22 June a party of travellers under G. Lamb and the Vicomte de la Panouse were forced back to Salisbury after getting as far as Headlands. This group endured sporadic attacks as they fled back, although this seemed to tail off as they neared Law's Store. Before reaching this, however, they were obliged to abandon one of the wagons and a large amount of cargo which was soon taken by their pursuers Law's Store was found deserted, although they came across the body of Dickinson, who had previously been part of their group. They laagered over night in the store, after firing some of the outer buildings to increase visibility. Here they were joined by one Jacob Nelson, of whom I have no additional information simply because as he was of mixed race, like the Asians near Law's Store they simply do not feature in the official records or European memoirs.

On leaving Law's Store the attackers burnt some of the remaining outer buildings,

thus no doubt, although matters seemed peaceful, the party had been under close scrutiny. Records indicate that Law's Store was only completely burnt more than a month later on 21 August. The group then came under severe fire as they approached Ballyhooley, the description of the event sounds as if it may have been in the long grassy area near the modern Thornicroft School which is just east of Ruwa. They managed to beat this off, with Jacob Nelson shooting the apparent leader. Thereafter they were left in peace for the rest of their flight. They found Ballyhooley deserted, but intact, other than some looting.

Thereafter the Ballyhooley site remained deserted until 1 July when Captain Taylor set up a temporary camp. Under his charge were a group of Settler Volunteers and they occupied Ballyhooley until November 1896. From this camp they set out to attack a number of the local Shona Kraals whose inhabitants were thought to have been involved in the Uprising. These attacks were met with stiff resistance and mixed fortunes. Yes, they often forced the people into retreat or hiding, but as soon as they attackers left the people invariably returned to their villages. Like Beach noted in his analysis of the Mapfure River area, the conflict here was also seemly successful to the local Shona Dynasties, they resumed control and the Settlers attacks were largely temporary inconveniences. The only real success from the Settlers point of view was the capture of large supplies of cereal which was desperately required in beleaguered Salisbury.

On the 10 September 1896 100 men of Colonel Alderson's force were led by a local man, Major Tennant, in an attack against Simbanoota's kraal. This must be one of the very few instances in the World where a group of British Imperial forces have been led by a volunteer. This group stormed the village capturing half of it, but it was a very difficult position to attack. It lay in a very broken, rocky area along the Ruwa River and the defenders were able to hid amongst the boulders putting up stiff resistance. Accordingly Tennant requested reinforcements and on the 12th September he resumed the attack. After some heavy fighting the Settlers forces won the day. They then preceded to destroy the kraal, however the local residents fled into nearby caves and these were subsequently dynamited – action which resulted in some imperial rebuke. Despite these apparent Settler successes the area remained at war.

In early November 1896, Native Commissioner Campbell held a meeting with Chikwaka who was called upon to lay down his arms. Given the ill feeling of the local people towards Campbell, who was renowned for his cruel use of the sjambok, it is not surprising that Chikwaka refused. As a result a sizeable force under one of the Imperial Officers, Captain Jenner, was sent out to the area, presumably via the camp at Ballyhooley. Jenner held further negotiations with Chikwaka who seem far more agreeable this time in the absence of Campbell. As a result the newly appointed Administrator, Earl Grey, decided to try and hold an "indaba" with the local chiefs in much the same manner as Rhodes had done in the Matobo Hills a little earlier.

Passing through Ballyhooley Grey, Campbell and Jenner sort to hold further discussions, but Chikwaka was no longer interested. He declined to leave his defences and openly refused to accept a spade, supposedly a symbol of peace and permission to leave the hills and plant his lands. In fact, at the same time, he also declined taking up a spear, which represented continued war, which lay with the spade. Chikwaka

simply refused to leave the steadfast safety of his fortifications. Jenner was of the unofficial opinion that it was the presence of some of the Settlers, possibly implying Campbell, that was the cause of the problem. It is also likely that Chikwaka had come under considerable pressure from others in his area to resist surrender. Also the return of the Kaguvi Medium from the defeat of Mashayamombe on the Mupfure towards modern Chegutu may have turned the leader against negotiation.

Chikwaka's eastern neighbour, and rival, Kunzvi was also contacted by this party of Settlers and he agreed to peace, even offering his own men to assist in the subsequent building of an offensive Fort near Chikwaka's kraal – here we see the intricacies of local Shona politics using the Settlers in their own inter dynasty fights. It should be noted that Kunzvi never actually fulfilled his promised surrender at this time.

December 1896 brought with it the replacement of Taylor's Volunteer Force camped out near Ballyhooley, by the newly established British South Africa Police. This unit established a police post at the Ballyhooley camp, under the command of Lieutenant E. Colin Harding. His first action was to try intersect the Kaguvi Medium and his wives who were reported to have fled to the area, however they slipped through. Matters were, however, still not at peace. On 9th January Simbanoota's kraal was again attacked and burnt after his followers had stole a number of grazing cattle from a transport operator. The result was still indecisive and Harding again, on 13th January, proceeded to attack Simbanoota's kraal this time totally demolishing it and forcing the inhabitants from the area.

Earlier on 3 December 1896 Father Biehler (a Jesuit from Chishawasha Mission) and H. Howard (Grey's private secretary) held unsuccessful negotiations with Seke at his kraal. On 8 January 1897 Harding again contacted Seke offering a hundred pounds for the capture of Kaguvi – again an unsuccessful attempt. Possibly because of the Settlers misunderstandings of the situation. Kaguvi is the ancestral spirit and as such is not something that can be captured, had Harding requested Gumboreshumba, the man possessed by the Kaguvi Spirit, he might have been a little more successful.

Further discussions took place between Harding and Seke on the 18 January, with the latter agreeing to surrender to the Administrator who made plans to visit the kraal week later. On the 22 January a large patrol under Major Gosling, accompanied by Earl Grey, Chief Native Commissioner Taberer and Harding, passed through Ballyhooley and turning off southward at Law's they proceeded to Seke's to finalise matters. However, Seke had had a change of heart and attempted to procrastinate saying he first had to discuss the matter with Kaguvi. After this failed attempt the kraal was attacked in the early hours of the next morning and destroyed. It is important at this point to mention that this attack, and all the others, was not an all White affair. Historians have had a tendency to forget that a fairly sizeable element of Shona society co-operated with the Settlers when conditions were favourable to their interests – co-operation being either permanent or temporary. It is unfortunate that there has not really been much attempt to record this element of our history as the colonialists considered it minor, while more recent reviews have glossed over a potentially embarrassing element. In this operation a large amount of stolen goods, especially from the transport wagons on the Selous Road, was recovered. Seke and many of his people fled north-east, first to Kunzwi and then further north.

Thereafter Harding and Gosling turned their attention to Chikwaka and decided that the Ballyhooley Camp was too far from the action. Accordingly they decided to abandon the site and built what became known as Fort Harding on the edge of the Goromonzi Massif (as mentioned above they used labour from Chikwaka's rival Kunzvi who was in fact still in revolt). Building commenced on 20 January 1897 and was completed by the 30th. The Fort was a square of rough stone walls which were at the time topped with sandbags. Certainly it was not a defensive position being without water and overlooked by the neighbouring hills, but it was a visible statement of Settler presence. Near the Fort were built barracks for the Settler forces, as well as a camp for Prisoners captured in the numerous attacks in the vicinity. There seems to have been a rather lax control over this camp, and at one stage the Chief Native Commissioner was forced to intervene when a large number of the Shona Women captives were reported as being raped.

Initially another attempt was made to reach a negotiated settlement with Chikwaka. W. L. Armstrong (Native Commissioner for Mtoko, now Mutoko) negotiated a five day truce and the return of three prisoners from Salisbury. However, Chikwaka and the Kaguvi Medium were unable to persuade his "young men" to agree to the terms. Police reinforcements arrived and there were a number of minor skirmishes and trading of insults between the encamped forces. With the arrival on the 10 February of a large field gun the Settlers commenced shelling the hilltop fortifications of Chikwaka and Gondo – with little real effect. Gondo's and in turn Chikwaka's kraals were finally attacked and pounded flat by field guns on 16 February 1897. All the Shona leaders, however, managed to escape and the victory was very hollow. A week later a similar attempt to over run Mashonganyika's kraal failed. Another attempt was made on the 23 May, but it also failed to dislodge Mashonganyika who took refuge in the numerous caves in the vicinity. His village was only overrun several months later in a fairly bloody series of battles and dynamiting of the caves between the 5 and 19th June 1897.

Of the Shona leaders most fled northwards to the modern Murewa District where they again resumed operations. On 19 March there was particularly fierce action at Domborembudzi near the Nyagui River close to the modern bridge over that river on the Mutoko Road. The Kaguvi Medium's new village near a prominent hill Swiswa on the south boundary of Chinamhora Communal Lands was destroyed on the 14 August and Gumboreshumba was again forced to flee northwards.

The Settlers then constantly harassed the refugees and destroyed all crops so denying them food. As a result the leaders soon tired of the affair and sued for peace. On the 2 September 1897 all the leaders came together with several senior Settlers and a surrender was agreed to. Several trials were held and Mashonganyika, his two sons and several other of his important men, as well as the Kaguvi Medium were all found guilty of premeditated murder and were hanged, largely on the evidence and insistence of Campbell. Zhante, Gondo and Chikwaka had their murder cases withdrawn (much to Campbell's disgust), but they received prison sentences and lashings. Campbell and his surviving assistants (especially one Jeke we Ziso) now instigated their own war of vengeance to which the Native Department turned a blind eye. Most of the people were now forced to leave their traditional hilltop settlements. Many fled north-

eastward, while those that remained were resettled in more open areas where the Settlers could more easily control them. In fact most of their lands were lost completely with its alienation for subdivision into European farm lands.

While all this was happening to the north, Ballyhooley had simply became a supply base for Fort Harding. It could be that about this time the Hotel returned to Dr and Mrs Orton who would have had a guaranteed military patronage. Growth is reported to have been very rapid, and they did apply for a five thousand pound damage claim which the British South Africa Company honoured.

Final military presence came to an end in late 1897 and the site again resumed its pre-Uprising role, being again listed in Symington's cart schedule. However, this was very short lived. The Chimurenga had spurred the Administration to speed up the laying of a railway line from the East Coast. This reached the Ruwa area in 1899. This new technology quickly replaced the wagon operations and most wayside stores closed up as a result. Ballyhooley would have lost much of its custom, however, it had the advantage of being a popular out of town venue for picnics and organised cycle runs so it managed to struggle on for a few more years. One sad note is that Mrs Orton died on 21 March 1898 at Ballyhooley aged 44 years.

As part of Salisbury's celebrations on the arrival of the railway, it was decided that there should be a huge children's party. Boxes of toys were purchased and sent out to Ballyhooley. The children and their parents were given free rides on the train to and from the Hotel after a successful day of sports and food. Thereafter, however, Ballyhooley fades from the scene – a victim of the railway and faster transport. It is not known exactly when it closed.

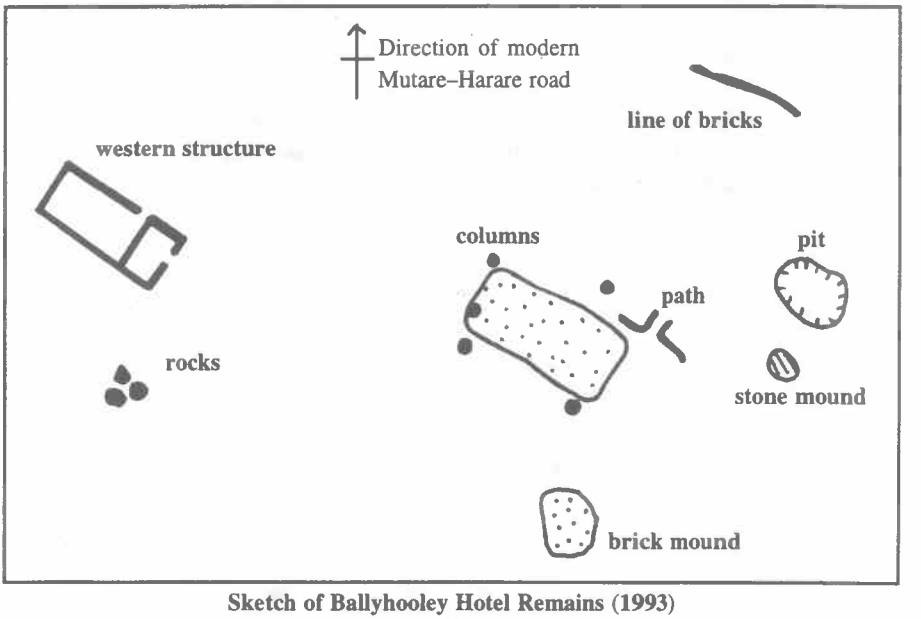
Like many of these early Settler sites Ballyhooley remained firmly entrenched in Settler traditions, but its physical location was soon forgotten. It was in 1957 that some residents in the Ruwa area became interested in relocating the site. They persuaded the Historical Monuments Commission to send out its surveyor, A. Whitty, to look at several locations they thought possible. Whitty remained unconvinced that they were correct and there the matter rested. In fact they were certainly wrong in their suggestions. They had made a very common mistake which often mars such research – they had started from a modern geography and inferred backward. As a result they had identified the gum tree plantation of the modern Ruwa Siding as old Ballyhooley. This is 2 km out to the east.

Later in 1967 Colonel A. S. Hickman took an interest and resumed the search. Using his thorough knowledge of contemporary texts and several early Settler renaissances, Hickman pinned down the site. He wrote a history of it which appeared in one of the earlier issues of *Rhodesiana*. However, here matters were left once again. In the 1970s persons unknown carried out amateur excavations at the site, but it was again forgotten. With the Civil War in the 1970s and the major changes in the residents of the area (resulting from the semi-urbanisation of the area as the City of Salisbury and later Harare has extended in this direction) most people in the know left, and the new residents were unaware of its existence. My interest resulted from the postal history research of a friend, Mr D. Collis, who had researched what he termed the Eastern Route. This is the old Selous Road and he attempted to relocate the physical sites of several of the postal agencies on this route. Ballyhooley had not been located and I

took up the challenge. After fairly extensive interviews and archival research we located the site. Later it was one of the sites visited by the Mashonaland Branch of the History Society of Zimbabwe on an excursion to the area.

The site, however, is under serious threat from the growing developments of the Ruwa Growth Point. On that Society visit I appealed for some action to be taken and the local council decided to contact National Museums and Monuments. As a result a rescue excavation was mounted and a paper by Paul Mapira has appeared. His work has established without doubt that this is the original site of Ballyhooley. One disagreement I have with the analysis is that he has made a mistake in misinterpreting the London Illustrated News illustration of 1894 from a modern perspective. I think that instead of looking from the modern road southward, this sketch is from the old road (no longer evident) looking northwards. His interpretations of the Western and Eastern structures should be reversed. This would make greater sense of the two main structures and their associated remains.

What next you may well ask. Well for me there is a continued search for the old Selous Road route and the actual remains of settlements along it – there are still "missing" sites such as Forts Morris and Haynes near Headlands and Rusape, respectively; Graham & White's Store etc. Any reader who is interested in this field and who may live in, or have a knowledge of, these areas is invited to get in contact so we can pursue the matter further. As for Ballyhooley, well it remains threatened as development rapidly extends towards it. While I can accept that there is not all that much remaining on the ground to see, there is something. If well presented it would make an interesting stop off point on the Mutare Road. The foundations could be exposed and selected artefacts and contemporary illustrations could be put up. These



Sketch of Ballyhooley Hotel Remains (1993)
(After Mupira, 1996)

displays should not only give the colonial story, but also the Shona history of the wider area and the First Chimurenga – especially issues of the Kaguvi Medium and Mashonganyika who are accepted Heroes of the era and after whom government buildings in Harare have been named. This would truly make the site of interest and preserve it for the future. But that costs money and needs some interest from the local residents and developer. I hope that this article will help stimulate it, otherwise this time the location will be lost, not due to selective memory, but to the bulldozer.

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Geoffrey Musgrave of "The Chrome" – Selukwe's Master Miner

by C. R. Saunders

This is the text of a talk given to members of the History Society of Zimbabwe at Shurugwi on 2 May 1998.

One of seven children of an entrepreneur who manufactured worsted materials for gentlemen's suits in the days when the Yorkshire textile mills were a major industrial force in the north of England, Geoffrey Musgrave was born in Bradford on 16 October, 1882. From an early age the young Musgrave showed himself to be an immensely practical and innovative person, very good with his hands, and possessed of a restless spirit and thirst for adventure.

After gaining a Diploma from the Mechanical Engineering Department of the Bradford Technical College in 1899, and completing a three year apprenticeship in engine building and general engineering, he worked in several jobs as a journeyman, building up experience in practical engineering which held a life-long fascination for him.

Geoffrey Musgrave OBE, MIMM

On completion of his apprenticeship he trained as an engineering draughtsman, and then went to London, where he was employed as an engineer with London County Council, working on and under the streets of London, in tramway reconstruction, supervision of underground shaft sinking, and the installation and operation of pumping systems.

In 1904 he entered the mining industry in North Wales, where he managed the rock-breaking and crushing operation of a large granite extraction enterprise. He also managed a light railway network, a subject which became a life-long passion. Electricity had also always fascinated him, and in March 1906 he returned to northern England as a designer of electrical equipment with British Westinghouse in Manchester.

In 1905 he travelled overseas for the first time, taking up a position as Engineer and Assistant Manager at a mine in Norway, where he was responsible for the erection of an ore concentration plant, and the construction of a light railway in the hills. He was also responsible for the survey, assay, and underground mining functions.

During his two year sojourn in Norway he met and fell in love with Karen Larsen, a fisherman's daughter from Skien, and they were soon married. Karen was an independent soul, and very creative, being possessed of wide-ranging domestic skills, including considerable talents as an excellent cook and needle-woman.

In July 1908, having by now accumulated wide skills and experience, but still restless, the young engineer went off on his travels again, this time to Siberia, where he was appointed Assistant Mine Manager of Altai Gold Concessions Ltd. After returning to England and building a copper concentration plant for a syndicate in Devon, towards the end of 1909 Geoffrey Musgrave made a momentous decision, which was to set the course for the rest of his life: he decided to seek new challenges, and hopefully his fortune, in Africa.

He was employed by the Bechuanaland Exploration Company, in what was then still considered to be 'the dark continent', as an engineer with Linchwe Concessions Ltd, in a remote area near Mochudi in British Bechuanaland, where he spent nine months prospecting in mineral-bearing areas, with the associated survey and analytical work.

At the end of this period, in 1910, his employers transferred him to Southern Rhodesia to a recently discovered chrome mine near Selukwe, where he was appointed the first registered Manager of the Railway Block and Selukwe Peak mines. Here he concentrated all of his diverse accumulated professional talents and skills in developing and managing the two mines on what proved to be a massive mineral deposit of international importance.

Three and a half years later, when the mines were established as a thriving concern, and World War I was about to break out, he was sent to Baluchistan by Edmund Davis, major share-holder of the chrome mines, to investigate and report on another chrome mining prospect in the Indian sub-continent. Four months later he returned to Selukwe, where Davis appointed him Consulting Engineer to Rhodesia Chrome Mines ('RCM'), and so he became the ultimate 'boss' of what was to become one of the country's greatest mining companies. For the rest of his life he remained in overall charge of this great enterprise.

During the Great War of 1914-18 he was seconded for service with the British

Government's Ministry of Munitions. He travelled for a full year on behalf of the Ministry, investigating mining and metallurgical prospects in Baluchistan and other parts of India, and in Japan, the Malay Straits, China, Canada, and the USA, seeking minerals essential to the Empire's war effort, and working with the British Admiralty on vital war materials.

In 1924 he was very proud to be elected to membership of the prestigious Institution of Mining and Metallurgy, and his nominators were glowing in their extolling of his virtues. The institution's files speak most highly of his character and competence: "He has more all round capabilities than those of any other engineer of his age which I have come in contact with'; 'He is an engineer of exceptional capabilities and integrity of character'; 'It is with the greatest satisfaction that the Company testify to his abilities in every department of his work – to his earnest application to his duties and his moral character and stability'; and so on. At the time of his death in 1949 he was serving for the fourth consecutive year as Member of Council for Rhodesia for the Institution of Mining and Metallurgy. Excellent organizer and administrator though he was, Geoffrey Musgrave was anything but a desk-bound executive, and he was never happier than when in the field. He personally surveyed the line for the Selukwe Peak Light Railway from Ironsides Junction to Selukwe Peak, and from 1910 to 1920 he personally carried out all the surveying tasks on all the mines and prospects for RCM in the district. He also found the time to manage and develop the large Wanderer gold mine for a full year, personally and meticulously updating the plans of the underground workings.

Further afield he also developed Tshontanda tungsten mine in the Gwaai region. In this area the story is told that on behalf of a B.E. Co. subsidiary called Rhodesian Metals Syndicate Ltd he had a fascinating contest with a man named Alsgroe, representing a rival mining firm, when both organizations were racing to peg the Kamativi tin prospect, during a season of heavy rain. Alsgroe apparently beat him to Kamativi by crossing the flooded Gwaai River in a tub. Musgrave accepted his defeat, and, diverting from the route, pegged the Lutope Mine claims instead.

He was also called in as a consultant on the promising scheelite prospect near Bikita, and his advice was sought on many of the country's newly discovered mineral deposits.

Geoffrey and Karen Musgrave found a happy niche in Selukwe, immersing themselves energetically in many aspects of the community. He was a good team leader who was highly respected and very well liked. He made RCM a big happy family, and was very kind to those in distress. He was a very generous person. He was particularly fond of his skilled workers and artisans, to whom he related very well, and he was very concerned about the welfare of the RCM black employees. With C. O. Wraith he founded the Selukwe Native Welfare Society, a body which today might be considered to be a patronising cause, but in those days was far-sighted, generous, and genuine.

He led the community effort which successfully established a hospital in Selukwe, and in view of the fact that his eldest daughter, May, married the town's doctor, this is perhaps not surprising.

He also served society on a national scale. He was Chairman of the National Industrial Council of the Mining Industry until his retirement from that post in 1947, and was President of the Chamber of Mines. He was also appointed by Prime Minister

Sir Godfrey Huggins as first Chairman of The Rhodesian Iron and Steel Commission (RISCOM), and presided over that body until the commissioning of the plant in 1947. He was Chairman of the Industrial Development Commission until its dissolution, and was instrumental in the establishment of the cement works at Colleen Bawn to overcome the necessity to import the country's cement from South Africa.

During the Second World War he was again seconded to the service of the British Empire in the field of securing vital war materials for the Allied war effort. He was a delegate to a strategically important international conference convened in 1940 in New Delhi, India, under the Chairmanship of the Viceroy. This conference, at which eleven of the Allied nations – India, Ceylon, Burma, Malaya, Hong Kong, Palestine, the Union of South Africa, East Africa, Southern Rhodesia, Australia, and New Zealand – were represented, was set up to co-ordinate the war effort in the Indian Ocean and the Middle East (quote) 'to hurl back the hordes of Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany' (unquote). Geoffrey Musgrave applied his energies with vigour in this new challenge, and he was often away from home on trips overseas; he was characteristically conscientious in never letting his wife and family know of his whereabouts on secret official business.

Before the war he had been seconded as secretary to Captain F. E. Harris, the Southern Rhodesia Minister of Agriculture and Minister of Co-ordination, during negotiation of a trade agreement with Australia, and it was here that the Government recognized in full his tremendous depth of technical expertise and his administrative skills. In June 1941 he was awarded the OBE 'for public services'.

Although a public figure of considerable stature in the burgeoning colony, Geoffrey Musgrave was also a devoted family man. The Musgraves were a talented musical family, and often enjoyed impromptu family concerts, with Geoffrey playing the banjo, Karen the concertina, May the piano, and Thora (a wonderful musician who qualified as a teacher with the Royal Academy of Music) the violin.

His sons John and Bill distinguished themselves with other young Rhodesian pilots with the Royal Air Force during World War II, John as commander of the Sunderland flying boat squadron at Reykjavik, Iceland, where he earned the DFC for protecting Allied shipping convoys in the North, and sinking a U-boat, and Bill flying Hurricane and Spitfire fighter aircraft with 237 Squadron in North Africa and the Mediterranean area.

Geoffrey Musgrave was a very practical and resourceful man with great hand skills. He was a marvellous mechanic, very adept at making and fixing things. He had the first car in Selukwe (an Alldays and Onions) and he ran the town's first garage from his back yard. He subsequently obtained a Model T Ford, in which he was the first person to make the journey from Selukwe to Salisbury by road – an adventurous journey which lasted several days. He later sold the car to Dr Donaldson, who soon complained that the car was under-powered, so Geoffrey Musgrave skimmed the cylinder head, which increased the stately vehicle's power so much that Dr D. could not take the corner at the top of Beit Street and ran into a tree!

Musgrave once accepted the challenge of a race to Salisbury against his Peak Mine Manager, Leslie Berry, also the proud owner of a Model T Ford. It was during a heavy rainy season, and they chose alternative roads, Musgrave via Gatooma, a route traversed by several major rivers, and Berry the Featherstone route with its large cotton soil

vleis. Berry left a week earlier than Grandpa Musgrave, but Geoffrey won by a week!

To make his life more comfortable during the many days he spent in the field and travelling on business, he purchased a Ford panel van, and, in an age when such vehicles were most uncommon, he converted it into a mobile office, bedroom and kitchenette, complete with running water and every conceivable comfort available at that time.

He was also a keen amateur radio 'ham'. He built his own radio, and had the second radio licence in the country, the Post Master General having the first. He spoke to radio enthusiasts all over the world, and installed a Delco plant to generate his own electricity.

He was the first 'DJ' in the Midlands, and arranged concerts for the townsfolk with his home-built amplifiers. Later, when silent movies arrived, he maintained and fixed the projectors for the owners in Gwelo who came out once a week to provide a show in Selukwe, but he tired of always being called out to fix the projectors when they broke down on Friday or Saturday nights, so declared them to be unrepairable, and the shows ceased.

He was also a keen carpenter and cabinet maker who made many fine pieces of furniture, and he was skilled in decorative leather tooling and French polishing.

An energetic and gifted photographer, he had the first dark room in the Midlands. He contributed many photographs to *The Rhodesian Annual* and other prestigious publications of the day. One of his best studies, a copy of which hangs in the Bulawayo Museum, was a portrait of the renowned *svikiro* Maziriri, of Dindingwe Hill, Chikanga, Chibi (Chivi) District, who played a significant role in the first *chimurenga*.

Musgrave had a great sense of humour, and was good at party games and tricks. He was also very interested in the occult and spiritualism, and was a dedicated Freemason who rose to the post of Grand Master.

After an extraordinarily full and productive life, Geoffrey Musgrave, OBE, MIMM, died at home on 13 July, 1949. At his funeral the Prime Minister and Cabinet were represented by the Hon. G. Davenport, MP, and the Hon. R. F. Halsted, MP, Minister of Trade and Industrial Development, with whom he had worked very closely in national affairs.

Geoffrey Musgrave was a remarkably gifted all-rounder, who made an indelible impression on the fabric of the community and the infrastructure of Selukwe, and contributed enormously to the industrial, mining, and civic development of the country in the first half of the twentieth century.

Selukwe's Heroic Doctor

by C. R. Saunders

This is the text of a talk given to members of the History Society of Zimbabwe at Shurugwi on 2 May 1998.

Sir

Recognition of Bravery: Dr R. B. Saunders

I have the honour to inform you that His Majesty the King has been pleased to award you the Edward Medal in recognition of your bravery on the occasion of the accident which occurred at the Tebekwe Mine in January last.

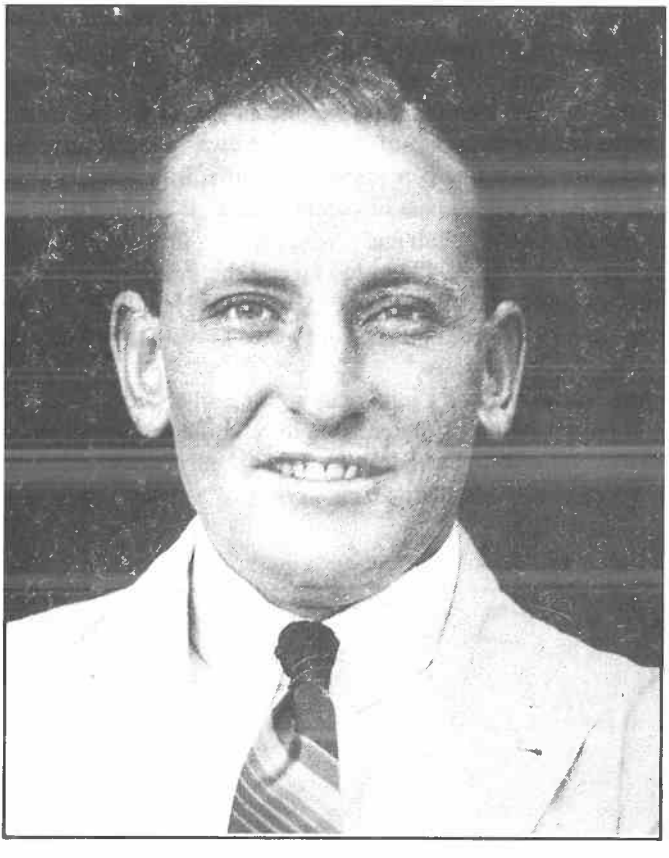
I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your obedient servant

(Signed: Vernon Vickers)

Acting Medical Director



Dr Robert Benjamin Saunders, GC, MLM, BA, MBCh.B

This letter, received in September 1937, was the first notification to Dr Robert Benjamin Saunders of the award for his part in a remarkable drama played out, over many long and dangerous hours, hundreds of feet underground in a small gold mine near Selukwe on 4 and 5 January, 1937.

The London Gazette of 8 October, 1937, subsequently carried the official citation and announcement of the award:

> **Whitehall, August 19th, 1937**
> His Majesty the King has been graciously pleased to award the Edward Medal to Robert Benjamin Saunders Esq. MBCh.B, in recognition of his gallantry in the following circumstances:
>
> On the 4th of January, 1937, an accident occurred in the Tebekwe Mine, Selukwe, Southern Rhodesia, in which one of the miners – a man named Sheasby – was trapped underground by a fall of rock and completely buried.
>
> Dr Saunders arrived on the scene at 3.15 pm, by which time the rescue party had succeeded in removing most of the spillage from the imprisoned man's body. It was found, however, that his left hand was firmly held between two timbers. He remained in this dangerous position until 12.30 pm the following day.
>
> During the whole of this time (with the exception of a short interval during which he went to the surface for some food), Dr Saunders remained underground rendering every medical assistance under extremely difficult and dangerous conditions. The situation of the imprisoned man was such that, in order to attend to his patient at all, the doctor had to lie on top of him with his back in close proximity to a dangerously shaky roof, any disturbance of which would have resulted in a fall sufficient to crush them both.
>
> After a period of sixteen hours, when all efforts to extricate the miner had failed, it was decided to amputate his left arm. The conditions only allowed of left-handed work and the operation was therefore performed by a left-handed amputator under the personal supervision of Dr Saunders. Sheasby was then transported to the surface, and has now completely recovered from the effects of his long ordeal.
>
> Dr Saunders displayed great devotion to duty in circumstances of grave danger, and his example undoubtedly inspired the injured man with fortitude and the rescuers with courage and determination.

The Governor of Southern Rhodesia, Sir Herbert Stanley, GCMG, travelled to Selukwe on 13 January, 1938, to decorate Dr Saunders with the award on behalf of His Majesty King George VI, at a colourful ceremony held at the Tebekwe Mine. A sheltered dais was erected and decorated with Union Jacks for the occasion, not far from the head of the shaft below which the drama had unfolded a year beforehand.

Welcoming His Excellency the Governor and his party, Mr Hugh Tevis, representing the Homestake Gold Mining Company which owned the Tebekwe Mine, thanked Sir

Herbert for coming to the little town to present the award on behalf of the King, and went on to say 'None could fail to be stirred by the occasion. There is nothing more moving in this world than human heroism, when human beings acting under the Divine impulse rise higher than ordinary humanity'.

Responding, the Governor stated that Selukwe was always 'a delightful place to visit', and recalled that he and Lady Stanley had included Selukwe in their honey moon trip. [*How things have changed – one wonders how many of the country's leading citizens would consider Shurugwi as a honeymoon destination today!*] In making the award, His Excellency stated 'The Edward Medal is not given lightly. It is given very sparingly, and this is the first occasion of its bestowal in either of the Rhodesias. It is sometimes called "the civilian's Victoria Cross", and that is not a bad description of it, as it is only awarded for very exceptional bravery and devotion'.

An unrehearsed lighter moment occurred during the ceremony: Colin Saunders, then aged three, and seeing his father receiving the medal, climbed on to the platform and asked His Excellency where *his* medal was. Turning to his aide and requesting a coin, Sir Herbert was given a Rhodesian sixpence, which he solemnly presented to the little boy, and which to this day is carefully preserved in the medal case.

After the ceremony, the Homestake Company hosted a splendid luncheon at the Grand Hotel, and the seven course menu would have been at least as good as that provided today for any similar occasion at any of Harare's leading hotels.

The award, and the incident which it recognized, were widely reported in Africa and in England: some of the reports were accurate, some colourful, some very articulate.

Internationally renowned author and journalist Arthur Mee, in a front page article in *The Children's Newspaper* [*does it still exist?*] headed:

'Gallant Doctor, Gallant Patient, Heroism Unsurpassed', had this to say:

> We have all sighed and sorrowed over the heroic death of Porthos, mightiest of the Three Musketeers, but an authentic story now told in the *London Gazette* excels the wonder of the immortal tale told by Dumas.
>
> It is a story of great peril long protracted, and surmounted by valour, self-sacrifice, and endurance rarely, if ever, surpassed. The scene was a subterranean gallery of a mine at Salisbury (*sic*) Southern Rhodesia.

Mee went on to describe the incident, and then ended,

> . . . news of this thrilling adventure came home to England and reached the attention of the King, who, expressing the admiration of us all, has signalized his gratification at a magnificent feat of skill and heroism by awarding Dr Saunders the coveted Edward Medal.
>
> Porthos died to crown a marvellous series of adventures in immortal fiction, but here our hero lived victorious . . .

Their son's act of bravery was not so much a surprise to his proud parents in

Oudtshoorn, South Africa, as many years previously he had demonstrated his lack of concern for his own safety in an incident reported thus in *The Cape Argus*:

Fight With Ostrich – A Lad's Plucky Act
Saved His Little Chum
(From Our Own Correspondent)
Oudtshoorn, Saturday

An exciting adventure befell a youth, Sonnie Saunders, sixteen years old, the son of Councillor Saunders, in a large ostrich camp in the veld, whither he had followed and wounded a buck, accompanied by a little fellow of eight.

As the two of them advanced into the camp, a fierce cock ostrich made for them. Young Saunders, however, knowing that if he took to his heels it would result in his little chum being laid out by the bird, advanced to meet the attack, telling his friend to stand motionless. The boy and the bird advanced towards each other, and as the bird was on the point of striking, Saunders stepped aside, grabbed the big bird by the neck , and jumped right on top of his back. After a desperate struggle, in which Saunders sustained a nasty gash on his wrist [*in fact the first kick from the ostrich almost severed his thumb*] he managed to twist the bird's neck and render it unconscious, but not until his little friend had got safely through the wire fence did he leave the motionless mass.

Old hands describe the act as one of the pluckiest, even for a full-grown man.

This adventure was featured in Lawrence G. Green's book *Karoo*.

Returning to the Tebekwe Mine story, an editorial in *The Bulawayo Chronicle* headed 'Act of Gallantry Rewarded' stated:

Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war.

The presentation yesterday of the Edward Medal for Gallantry to Dr R. B. Saunders for an act of heroism during a serious accident in the Tebekwe Mine about a year ago is, in these days of war talk and hostile action in various parts of the world, a signal honour to a country which has had little to do directly with wars. [*How that was to change!*] As the Governor said in making the presentation to Dr Saunders, the award of the Edward Medal for Gallantry, and the act of gallantry which it commemorates, is all the more to be regarded highly in that it came about in the routine of a peace man's job, without the exaltation that the fury of battle has sometimes inspired in those who have won the highest honours of war . . . Only those unaccustomed to the terrors and darkness of the depths of a gold mine can appreciate the degree of courage a non-miner like Dr Saunders showed in remaining so many hours underground with the victim of the accident, with the sound of that horrible creaking

of the earth that to the uninitiated – and the initiated, too – suggests a further imminent fall of overwhelming rock.

London's *Daily Sketch* of 9 October, 1937, featured a fanciful report:

> **He Was a Hero of the Days of Peace**
>
> Away in the wilds of Rhodesia, in a little copper mine fringing on the fever swamps, an epic feat of heroism unequalled by any bravery or sacrifice on the bloodswept fields of battle has been performed.
>
> No gallantry of war can compare with this; no human has endured greater agony or personal risk for a stranger than is told in this story . . . the story of a man whose name now goes down as the greatest hero of them all. [*And so on.*]

Our father was reluctant to speak about the incident at all, but he did mention to Colin the sense of foreboding and imminent disaster provoked intermittently during the ordeal by hearing a small tinkling far above him, gradually getting closer and growing in volume until it arrived immediately above his back, accompanied by a groaning of timber and a cloud of dust, until it faded away for the time being. A few hours after Howard Sheasby was finally extracted from the mine, minus his left arm, the whole of Tebekwe Mine's 22 level, where the accident occurred, collapsed, burying the amputated limb for ever. That portion of the mine was not re-opened for a further fifty years.

'22 level' in mining parlance means the 22nd of consecutive descending surveyed horizontal levels at intervals of 100 feet (or 30 metres) so the accident happened approximately 670 metres underground.

Concerning the actual operation of amputation, it was just possible to reach Sheasby's left shoulder, but only with the left hand of the operator. Dr Saunders performed the skin and muscle incisions, and contrived to stem the resulting haemorrhage, but he did not have the strength needed in his left hand to saw through the bone with the amputation saw in a cramped space.

For this task a strong left-handed volunteer was sought. Two were available: Ernie Sim, who represented Rhodesia at cricket as a left arm spinner, and J. M. Barry. It is not clear why Barry was chosen, but he certainly performed the most unusual and essential feat of assistance to Dr Saunders, which enabled Howard Sheasby to be released and rescued from his desperate situation.

A sequel to the award of the Edward Medal to our father occurred in the mid-1970s: sitting in a barber shop while waiting for a haircut, and paging through an old edition of *The Illustrated London News*, Colin read that the Queen had given instructions that all Edward Medals were to be recalled, and their recipients awarded the George Cross, which had superseded the former as the premier award for civilian gallantry in the Commonwealth. [*A little research subsequently revealed that the 'civilian's VC' was originally the Albert Medal, and that this had been superseded by the Edward Medal.*]

The news of the recall of all Edward Medals and their substitution by George Crosses

by royal command was conveyed to our Dad, but he was not interested in pursuing the matter. However, his sons insisted that the matter should be followed up, and we wrote to the Queen. A prompt response elicited the news that R. B. Saunders was one of a number of holders of the Edward Medal whose whereabouts were being sought, and he was requested to present himself for the appropriate ceremony at Buckingham Palace.

This was out of the question, and he was then requested to go to Pretoria or Cape Town for the presentation to be performed by Her Majesty's High Commissioner in South Africa, a ceremony in this country being impossible as a result of UDI. Dad was reluctant, but the boys insisted, and so our father and mother were taken off to Cape Town by Mike for a most pleasing ceremony conducted by British High Commissioner Sir David Scott.

As a result of the award of the George Cross, Dr Saunders was automatically enrolled as a member of The Victoria Cross and George Cross Association, all of whose surviving members were invited to the Palace to be awarded Her Majesty's Silver Jubilee Medal in 1977. As he was unable to go, Sir David Scott sent his medal to him. In 1981 he was invited again to Buckingham Palace to attend a reception to commemorate the Silver Jubilee Reunion of the Victoria Cross and George Cross Association, but by this time he was in poor health and could not have attended even if he had wanted to.

Robert Benjamin Saunders died in hospital in Harare on 14 September, 1981, after a lifetime of selfless service to the community he loved in Selukwe.

Recollections of Sporting Talents in Selukwe

by C. R. Saunders

This is the text of a talk given to members of the History Society of Zimbabwe at Shurugwi on 2 May 1998.

Sport was a prominent feature of life in the small community in which I grew up. Successful sportsmen and women were widely admired, and as small boys we had numerous sporting heroes in the town. The town's teams in cricket, rugby, golf, tennis, bowls, and especially hockey, were forces to be reckoned with in provincial and even national competitions.

Hockey was a very popular sport in the Midlands, and my father, who had played hockey for Western Province while at UCT, played for Rhodesia in 1930 and 1931, along with the Rev. Pattison from the Anglican Church at the top of the street, and one of the immensely talented Cary family who lived in the town. My Dad also played rugby for Midlands at centre, and was a single handicap golfer who had much to do with the development of the picturesque 9-hole golf course which today bears his name. Our family loved sport.

Our house was in the little thoroughfare known as Cromer Street. Two doors down was the TMB office where the secretary was Laura Mountford (later Stokes), who, along with the Pilsworth sisters, Molly (later Southey) and Nancy (later Elcombe), all played hockey for Rhodesia under the captaincy of another local lass, Marge Davis (née Loosely). Next door to the TMB office was Jackie's Garage, whose proprietor Jackie Brown was a fine swimmer who won both the Rhodesian and South African 100 yards freestyle championships. The same Marge Davis was also the Rhodesian ladies' diving champion, and she and Jackie between them ensured the local popularity of swimming.

Just down from the garage was the Grand Hotel, and seated on a bench on the verandah, wearing his Rhodesian blazer most days, was often to be found an old pensioner by the name of Matthews, who played rugby for Rhodesia in 1908. In the hotel snooker room one often saw through the open window Neil Stewart, a skilled blockman who worked for J. Douglas Smith at his butchery across the street, and Neil was famous for being the only person who had beaten world billiards champion Joe Davis, on his tour of Southern Africa.

Directly opposite Jackie's Garage was the police station, where Sgt Lawrence of the BSAP had a gangly young son Godfrey, who became a Springbok cricketer; while on the same side of the street, three doors up from our house, was the Magistrate's residence, where the Pithey family lived, becoming very well known for producing another two fine Springbok cricketers. Each of the brothers excelled at all sports, and I well remember Tony, who was in the same class as me at the Selukwe Public School, leading our attack as centre forward in the school's soccer team in our only match of the year, against Cecil John Rhodes of Gwelo, whose centre forward Chris Duckworth also became a Springbok cricketer.

Tony and David Pithey were extraordinarily talented all-rounders, and they both

played rugby for the Rhodesian Schools XV, while Tony also played hockey for Rhodesia, and David played for Western Province with me while we were at UCT.

Further up the street lived Benny Grill, another butcher, whose son Brian was an excellent scrum half and opening batsman for Milton and Matabeleland, and next door were the Malts, whose son Rodney captained a very strong cricket team at 'Tech' in Bulawayo.

Across from the Grills lived my father's accountant, Sid Cole, a Rhodesian Bisley shottist at the Empire Games in 1938. (And next door to him, incidentally, lived the Benatar family, who had a little diabetic boy called Solly who, while not a sportsman, has gained international fame as Professor of Medicine at UCT and Groote Schuur Hospital).

Lower down Cromer Street the vegetable shop was owned by one Ernest Rosswag, an awesomely strong fellow who had represented Germany at the Olympic Games as a weight-lifter, while the small business next door was owned by 'Bundu' Arnott, a popular bustling man who played rugby for Rhodesia in 1946.

At the top of the town, in Cape Street, was the Native Commissioner's house, where N. C. Franklin's son C. D. (Beb) grew up. He was to be a famous Rhodesian cricketer who twice hit the MCC's leg-spinner Roly Jenkins out of the Queen's Ground in Bulawayo in 1948. A subsequent NC was Tommy Lewis, himself a Rhodesian cricketer of note, who had a very talented son David, who was to go on to captain the Plumtree cricket and rugby teams and the Nuffield schools cricket side, and represented Rhodesia at both cricket and rugby, captaining the national cricket team for many years with great distinction. David remembers my father, not only for treating his injured knee, but also for treating his injured 'pookie' (night ape), and for giving him a pain killing injection in his injured thigh at Hartsfield minutes before going on to the field to represent Rhodesia at fly half against the Wallabies.

A friend and class-mate of David's at Plumtree was the tall and unassuming Roderick Salmon from the Tebekwe Mine, Nuffield cricketer, distinguished Rhodes Scholar and Oxford athletics Blue (and later a star of the TRB with Les Cousins of Oaklands Farm), while the Tebekwe Mine also produced the Faassen brothers, talented Chaplin cricketers, younger brother Nic a wily spinner who also gained selection for the Nuffield schools side. The Tebekwe was also home to Ernie Sim, a left arm spinner who played cricket for Rhodesia in 1931, and Warwick Bailey (later head of TILCOR), a Rhodesian hockey star.

Talented sportsmen also came from the other mines, the Camperdown producing the Snyman brothers Bertie and Chris who opened the bowling for Chaplin, Chris also being a Nuffield cricketer, while from the Railway Block came Basil Wakefield, grandson of British rugby legend and captain of England Sir Wavell Wakefield. Basil not only played rugby for Rhodesian Schools, but was also an immensely talented hurdler, who while still at school represented the Rhodesian senior national athletics team against the touring United States men's team in the 110 yards hurdles. Basil's great Plumtree School friend Robin Gilmour, also a Rhodesian Schools rugby player, came from the Wanderer Mine, while in Sebanga Poort, near the Railway Block Mine, lived Henry ('Jordy') Jordaan, a magnificent schoolboy rugby fullback for Chaplin and Rhodesian Schools.

On Tana Ranch lived the Coventry family, who produced two remarkable sportsmen in Clifford, a school master at Plumtree, who captained Rhodesia at hockey and represented the Springbok side, and younger brother Ronnie, a devastatingly hard hitting lower order batsman and versatile left arm bowler who represented the Rhodesian cricket team many times under his former Plumtree captain David Lewis.

A last and unusual comment on my recollections of the town where I grew up in sporting bliss: the Welfare Officer on the Wanderer Mine was an imposing man called Egon Klifborg, who hailed from Denmark, where he had been a national boxing champion. He ran a boxing academy called 'The Ring', which trained several Rhodesian schoolboy boxing champions, including Lionel Leggo of St George's, and David Pithey, whose father Jack, himself a boxer of note in his time, insisted that his son gave up boxing after he had his nose broken by a defeated opponent after the bell went. I remember Klifborg especially because he taught his younger daughter Yrsa to box. She was a spirited lass who was not only in the same class as me, but also regularly boxed against me, until thankfully her father's concern for her budding adolescence prevented her from continuing to torment me with her superior footwork and ringcraft, and I was spared further derision from my mates. Being with her in the ring, vainly trying to ward off the advances of determined delightful Yrsa, definitely does not figure amongst my most prized memories of Selukwe sport!

Short Notes on Selukwe

by C. R. Saunders

This is the text of a talk given to members of the History Society of Zimbabwe at Shurugwi on 2 May 1998.

THE STORY OF SELUKWE'S HOSPITAL

In the mid-1930s Selukwe was a busy place, with the local mining industry picking up momentum again after the terrible slump associated with the Great Depression.

There was no hospital in the town, and the Southern Rhodesian Government's Department of Health argued that there was no need for such a luxury, pointing out that there were perfectly adequate hospitals in Gwelo (23 miles away), and Shabani (55 miles distant).

This did not suit the townsfolk at all, so, spear-headed by my father, the local GP, they pointed out that the victims of serious accidents, which inevitably occurred on some of the many major mines in the district from time to time, really did need more immediate treatment in properly equipped facilities. The people of the town would also naturally prefer to be hospitalized locally when they required in-patient treatment, and although it became a topic in local politics, the appeals to the responsible Government Department and Minister fell on deaf ears.

Direct representations to my father's medical colleague in Salisbury, Godfrey Huggins (who also happened to be the Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia), elicited the response that while it might be a worthy cause, there was a severe shortage of funds for hospital facilities [*what's new?!*]. He was then asked whether, if the local citizens raised the money to build and equip a suitable hospital, and presented it to the Government, would the Government staff it and run it?

Huggins' response was positive, and so the local community in Selukwe set about the project energetically. They soon had the money raised, through innovative fund-raising functions, and with generous support from the local mining companies, and shortly after the outbreak of World War II, they informed the Prime Minister that the hospital was built and equipped and ready to open its doors to those in need.

Accordingly, at a colourful ceremony on 22 December, 1939, the hospital was handed over by Geoffrey Musgrave OBE, representing the people of the district as the elected Chairman of the Selukwe Hospital Committee. The facility was accepted on behalf of the Southern Rhodesian Government by the Hon. G. Martin Huggins, FRCS, Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia.

Prominent artist Celia Wakefield prepared an illuminated address, which was beautifully framed, and presented as a memento of the occasion to the Prime Minister, who in return suggested it should hang in the hospital's entrance foyer, which it did until it was discarded after Independence in 1980, and consigned to a dusty corner in an outbuilding from which I rescued it some years later.

The hospital became quite a show place, set in attractive grounds which successive Matrons, encouraged by my parents and assisted by many friends in town, always kept an exquisite garden.

It is interesting to recall the identities of the members of the Committee, amongst whom: Bill Watt-Pringle, the Vice Chairman, was Manager of Meikles Selukwe; the Secretaries were Audrey Saunderson, a nursing sister (who eventually became the country's Principal Matron?), and Pat Murphy, Company Secretary of RCM; Treasurer Basil Durrant was the Secretary of the Town Management Board; Gerald Elliott was the local Bank manager; Native Commissioner Franklin was the father of C. D. 'Beb' Franklin, a national hockey player and tremendous striker of a cricket ball who twice hit leg-spinner Roly Jenkins out of the ground when Rhodesia played the MCC in Bulawayo; Dr Dave Khan was my father's assistant; and Mr Mavros was a respected local trader, father of Dr Plato Mavros and grandfather of well-known sculptor and silversmith Patrick.

Community spirit and energetic self-help were the order of the day in the Shurugwi of old.

THE BIOSCOPE IN SELUKWE

The Plaza Cinema was an essential focal point in the lives of youngsters growing up in Selukwe fifty years ago. There was no TV or video, and radio reception on our old 'wireless' set was very variable, whether one tuned in to Salisbury or 'Daventry' (the BBC world service). The cinema and the town's bakery were run by the Galletis family.

Every Saturday we attended a matinee of the 'bioscope', and when older we dressed up to attend the evening show. Each weekend my father gave me the much prized 'Saturday sixpence' (five cents). None of us need reminding of the ravages of inflation, but consider the worth of my sixpence.

A tickey (2,5 cents) gained admission to the cinema;
A penny purchased a cold drink – Iron Brew or Mazoe;
A further penny purchased a small slab of chocolate;
The remaining penny was saved for something special.

During the show we were occasionally disturbed by somebody in the projection room upstairs opening the hatch to get some fresh air or let the cigarette smoke out, and the noise of the projectors and the conversation of the projectionists tended to drown out the sound in the film. Everybody in the audience would then indignantly turn around in their seats and say 'Shshsh' or something ruder, until the hatch was closed again.

At half time, after the news ('African Mirror' and Gallotone), a cartoon, and a 'trailer' or two, we had interval, followed by the main feature. There were frequent break-downs, and the lights would go on while they repaired the celluloid film, enabling us to discuss the merits of what had gone before. Among our heroes of the screen were Errol Flynn, Mickey Rooney, Johnny Weismuller (Tarzan) and the comedy duo Bud Abbott and Lou Costello.

After the show we stood to attention while they played 'God Save Our Gracious King' on a scratchy 78 rpm record, after which we all filed out in orderly fashion starting from the front.

THE BABOONS AND THE BREAD

Gert van der Bergh was a farmer in the Tebekwe valley who cut mountain acacia logs

on the hills on his property to supply the chrome mines with timbers for their pit props and tunnel roofing. Each weekday he would laboriously haul the logs up the steep Wolfshall Pass in his old seven ton truck. He often encountered a troop of baboons on the road. His dislike of them was well known, and as they frequently raided his mealies, he was not averse to cursing them and even shooting at them with his 303.

Gert was a sombre fellow, and one day, having delivered his logs to the mine, he went to the Grand Hotel for a little light refreshment as was customary, and there solemnly told his incredulous drinking friends that that very morning the baboon troop had run across the road in front of his labouring truck, and *every baboon had a loaf of bread under its arm.* His friends thought that old Gert had neglected to take sufficient water with his *dop*, and the story soon went around the town, with Gert now portrayed as having gone too far with his latest story.

He was later vindicated when the explanation hit the streets of the little town.

One of the nightmares faced by any baker from time to time is to get 'rope' (a fungal infection which causes flour to form long strings) in the bread. All 'ropey' bread must be destroyed and the equipment thoroughly cleaned and disinfected. In the dark hours of the early morning before Gert's revelation the local baker had found to his horror that the whole batch of bread for the town was ropey, and he needed to get rid of a large quantity. He told his delivery van driver to take it and dispose of it somewhere under cover of darkness, and the enterprising fellow dumped many dozens of loaves over the edge of the Wolfshall Pass, there later to be discovered by the baboons.

Naletale: A Kame Type Settlement near Gweru

by Rob S. Burrett

This is the text of a talk given to members of the History Society of Zimbabwe at Shurugwi on 2 May 1998.

In the granite and high grassland areas to the south of the modern city of Gweru there are a large number of stone-built ruins which date back to Seventeenth Century. They are associated with the Torwa and Rozwi Dynasties, the last of the great Shona States which occupied this part of the world. They are certainly some of the most beautiful of the innumerable ruins we find throughout Zimbabwe and they attracted much interest from the early Settlers. Of the larger sites there are Danangombe (also known as Dhlodhlo), Naletale, and Zinjanja. However there are many more of different sizes, with different degrees of decoration, and probable different function.

As with other such pre-colonial remains, the early White Settlers steadfastly refused to accept that they were of indigenous origin. They were considered "too advanced for the mere native" ! A phrase one still hears at times when I am called upon to discuss the ruins, including from several participants on a recent History Society (Mashonaland Branch) excursion to Shurugwi in May 1998. Interestingly this misnomer still comes from a variety of ethnic and income groups, both Zimbabwean and non-Zimbabwean. Typical of that period of "interpretation" we have the suggestions of Hall and Neal (1904) who thought they noted three phases of occupation at Naletale: the early Zimbabwe period which they associated with some lost Caucasian element who are said to have built the main, high quality component of the site. They were followed by the Shona or Monomatapa-Mambo Period who simply took over the site occupying the earlier structures and may have built the rough (by implication degenerative) sections on the outside. In turn the site was occupied by the Portuguese who converted it into a Fort because of the "unfriendly natives" – they are said to have taken out sections of the earliest wall resulting in the present castellated feature.

For some, these ideas may still persist, but they are utter rubbish, to put it bluntly. Mere ideological mystification. We know that these ruins are a continuation of the Great Zimbabwe Culture which was an entirely indigenous development which arose in the Limpopo Valley about the Eleventh Century. It developed as a result of increasing complexity in the control of natural resources, especially cattle, and the impact and control of trade – both locally and to the east coast. This phenomenon evolves through a series of regionally distinct successors states and there is no evidence for any external agents. Readers are advised to consult the writings of Beach (1980; 1984, 1994) or Mudenge (1988) in this matter.

Of relevance to us here are the Torwa and Rozwi States which characterised this part of the Country from the early Fifteenth Century. With the decline of the Great Zimbabwe State a large proportion of the political power base shifted westwards to the cattle rich areas of what is today central Matabeleland and the southern portions

of the Midlands Province. These areas had ideal grazing lands and could, as they do today, support huge herds of cattle which were the main ideological wealth of the emerging Torwa State. As Beach (1994) points out, the Torwa State is too early for it to be remembered to any real degree in oral traditions, while unlike the contemporary Mutapa State which lay in northern Zimbabwe, this State lay outside of the Portuguese sphere of influence and so it does not really feature in their writings. We know they were rivals to the Mutapas, but we do not really know what they called themselves, Torwa means stranger. It could be that they called themselves this, but it could just as easily be the Mutapa name for them indicating the very strained relations between the two rival states. The Torwa territory was called Butwa.

The Torwa State was initially centred at Kame (formally spelt Khami) just west of Bulawayo. Here the state evolved a new style of building, in which instead of being hidden behind stone walls, the elite constructed huge huts on open terraces and platforms, often linked by tunnels. Through time these terraces and platform walls were increasingly decorated, with the most elaborate probably at Naletale. In 1644 a serious civil war broke out, probably involving succession (an inherent weakness in the Shona States). Kame was probably destroyed around this time. The Shona Muslim community soon became involved installing their candidate as king. A defeated candidate then approached a Portuguese War-lord in the Zambezi Valley who attacked the Torwa State on his behalf and this man was ensconced. It should be noted that the Portuguese Settlers were very much a force on their own, with very little in the way of consent from the colonial state authorities – they effectively did as they wished in their own personal interests. After the turmoils Kame became a minor centre in the Torwa State and the central focus of authority shifted to the present-day Fort Rixon-Shangani area. A new State Capital was built at Danangombe. Around it were built a number of smaller complexes, some as sub-rulers' capitals and others for different functions such as religious centres, royal retreats, etc.

This time saw the floret of the building activities of the Torwa State, but politically it was in serious decline. This is not an unusual phenomenon, states under stress frequently resort to conspicuous projects to attempt to bolster their prestige and authority. The last record we have of the Torwa State is 1683. By 1696 at the latest they had been taken over by an invader State, the Rozwi. The incoming Rozwi elite took over the Torwa State Structures, increasing their political clout and using their buildings. These people simply replaced the previous elite and they, and their new State, were soon acculturated by the local people, taking up their language.

It is appropriate that we should take a quick look at the origins of the Rozwi State. They originated in the north-east of Zimbabwe where they originally occupied territory between the Mutapa State and the Manica authority. Given the complete disruption of the area with the anarchy of Portuguese "colonisation" in the Seventieth Century, a power vacuum emerged which saw the sudden rise to power of a former herdsman and subordinate to the Mutapa. Chikurawadyembewu, the first Changamire Rozwi, attracted to him many young and disgruntled people. They drove Portuguese from Mutapa and Manica areas in 1695, defeating them in battle and destroying their inland settlements – feiras. The Rozwi then determined to carve out for themselves a new State and they eyed the declining Torwa State. Rather than a head on attack which would have been

expected, the Rozwi moved westwards and then southward in 1696 (at the latest) around the Mafungabusi Plateau outflanking their victims. Some of the Torwa rulers may have been killed, some fled to the present Hwange area, but many others such as Tumbare and Chiwundura were simply incorporated as Rozwi leaders. It must be remembered that in those days population numbers were very small and large scale executions would have exacerbated the shortage of labour resources already suffered. Reorientation and absorption was a preferred tactic.

Unlike the Torwa the Rozwi did not have a background in stone construction, and it is thought that they did not build much more than what was there when they arrived, however, this is still subject to considerable debate. With this replacement the local people were absorbed into a new identity and started calling themselves Kalanga, possibly after the Rozwi's original Karanga origin. Their Torwa background was soon deleted from their oral traditions as these were handed down through the generations. This accounts for the fact that for a long time the existence of the earlier state was unknown, and the Rozwi were thought to be directly responsible for the construction of the buildings. This of course now makes sense of one early tradition which stresses that the buildings were already there when the Rozwi arrived. This is not evidence that there was an earlier lost civilisation.

The Rozwi State remained the main military power in this part of the world until the second half of the Eighteenth Century. However, through time their power, if not prestige, waned. The outward and continual expansion of the State resulted in its fragmentation as the centralised authority could no longer control all of its more distant provinces. Local leaders broke away forming their own entities, very often calling themselves Rozwi for reasons of prestige, but a minefield for an oral historian. The main Rozwi State was also weakened by innumerable succession disputes and a marked decline in trade. However, the State continued to exist based at Danangombe until it was over run and absorbed by the Nguni invasions of the 1830s. Zwangendaba's Ngoni attacked it as they passed through the area while going northward in 1835. Soon afterwards a related group under a female leader, Nyamazana, arrived in the area and killed Changamire Chirisamhuru, before they too moved northward. The much weakened State then struggled on until the Ndebele arrived in the late 1830s to settle in this area. Those Rozwi elite who were unwilling to be absorbed into the new structure, which was to replace them like they had replaced the Torwa before them, were pushed eastwards to the headwaters of Save River. The last Changamire, Tohwechipi, was captured in 1866. Most people, however, were either absorbed into the new State to form the Ndebele populous, or they remained tributary authorities. The main difference, however, is that the old Stone Capitals were finally abandoned.

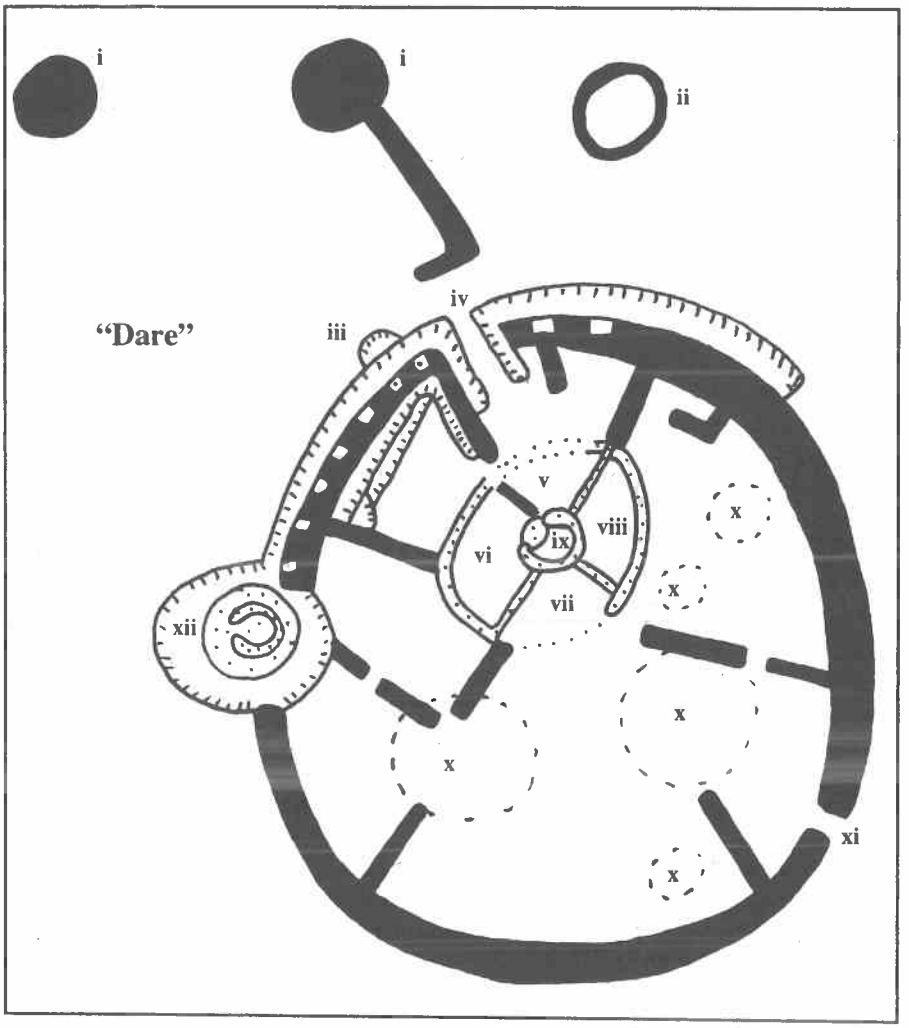
When the European Settlers arrived a little over half a century later, the ruins were deserted. The newcomers formulated their own interpretations of the structures, denying them their indigenous origin. A vast mythology arose which was stimulated by the pseudo-scientists of time. Unfortunately the ruins not only attracted academic speculation, but they were also seen as an economic asset. In the early years many of the Ruins were actively mined for the gold artefacts contained within them. In fact in 1895 a Company, the Rhodesia Ancient Ruins Limited, was formed with the specific aim of mining the ruins. This group did unaccountable damage to various sites

throughout Zimbabwe. They literally mined the sites, sifting out the gold – walls, burials and archaeological material were all destroyed in the process. The ruins in the Bulawayo and Gweru areas were especially damaged. Only after several years of public outcry was the British South Africa Company forced to intervene, dissolving the Mining Company and for the first time historical monuments in this country were afforded protection. However, the damage had been done and many sites had been gutted. The archaeological information has been lost and we are the poorer for it. Even today work on these monuments is very restricted – it remains a touchy point. Still we can see the ruins and take in their historical significance.

To focus now on Naletale. This ruin dates to about the mid Seventeenth Century and was begun after the construction of the Torwa capital of Danangombe. Is quite rightly described in the tourist literature as the most prettiest ruin of them all, not only in the physical structures themselves but also the wider setting being on a low granite hill surrounded by vast grassy plains dotted with granite or ironstone hills. Given its close proximity to the railway, Naletale soon became a centre of attraction, with many early visitors disembarking at the nearby Daisyfield Siding, before a 14 mile trek overland, either by foot, as was the case with the first real archaeologist who excavated there in 1905, or by cart. In 1997 the Prehistory Society of Zimbabwe visited the site and we came across the remains of an iron wheel rim which we would like to imagine was a relic of that time, although the former owner would not have been too happy about the accident which broke it this far out in the countryside! Given this early interest it was one of the first sites in the Country to be declared a protected National Monument, being listed in 1937. Naletale is Monument Number 3, preceded only by the Victoria Falls and Great Zimbabwe. Today access is much easier, but surprisingly few people visit it.

The name is said to be a corruption of the term *Nharetari*, meaning straight lines or courses. This would refer to the dominantly linear decoration on the front wall. The early literature refers to it as N'natali and its present form is said to be largely the result of a decision by the then Chief Native Commissioner for Matabeleland in the 1930s, who felt that the name was too Shona and did not reflect the Ndebele nature of the then residents in the area. Hence the changing of the r to l.

The ruin consists of one large elliptical structure made from carefully stacked, dressed stone blocks, largely granite. These blocks would have been quarried in the surrounding hills through the physical prying open of existing exfoliation and dilatation joints. This process may have been assisted by the use of fire and wetting, but if you look carefully at the blocks you really do not see evidence for these processes – the chemical alteration of the minerals which accompanies intense heating and rapid hydration. Once quarried the blocks were shaped and carried to the construction site. Slave labour is not a dominant feature in Shona society, so it was probably tributary labour that was involved. On the site skilled builders, undoubtedly an artisan class in the wider society, chose and shaped the better blocks to form the outer faces of the wall, with the rougher material stacked inside. It must be noted that these wall are not, in a sense, solid. They consist of two outer skins which have the minimum of bonding to the rough core which consisted of all manner of rock, domestic debris, bones, pottery etc. This is the reason why these walls are very prone to collapse. The inner or outer



Sketch of Nalatale showing possible uses

Terrace walling (stone)

Free standing wall (stone)

Dakha cement walls

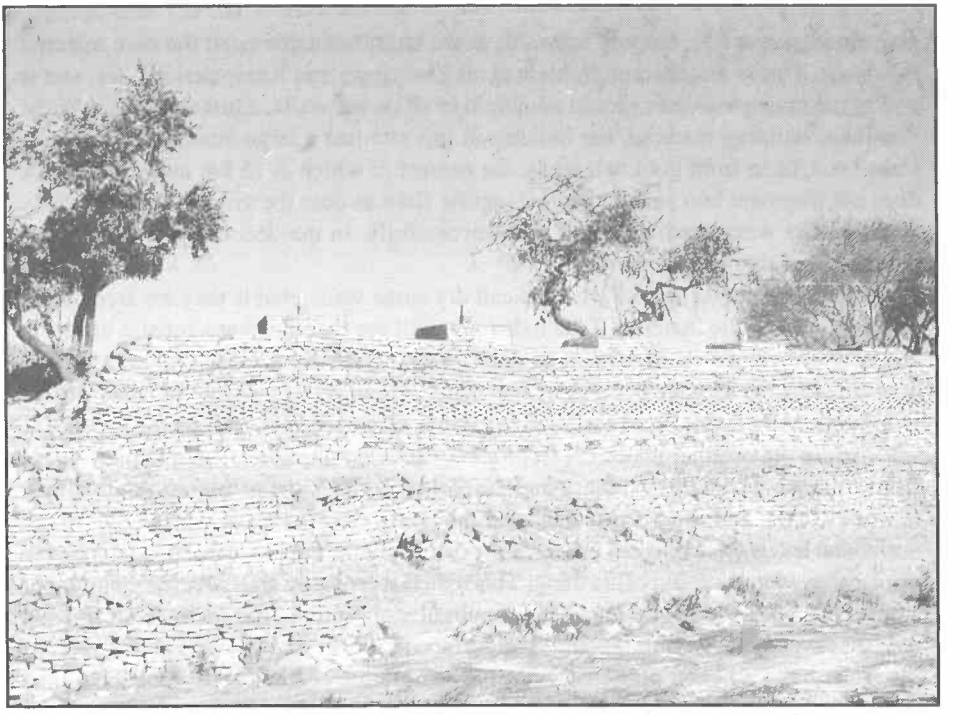
i – court officials
ii – holding kraal
iii – royal seat
iv – main entrance
v – spirit medium
vi – audience chamber
vii – domestic space
viii – private ritual area
ix King's residence, includes chamber
x – stone platforms for royal residences
xi – rear entrance
xii – Audience Chamber of Court

skin slowly separates, bulging outwards at the base it collapses and the core material flows out. This is an inherent problem at all Zimbabwe and Kame period sites, and is one of the reasons visitors should not climb or sit on the walls. Although granite is the dominant building material, the builders at this site had a large amount of ironstone slabs brought in from gold belt areas, the nearest of which is 15 km away. This rock does not fragment into such large, rectangular slabs as does the granite, therefore only small blocks were used, although very successfully, in the decoration motifs of the outer face of the front wall.

Originally the walls were what we call dry stone walls, that is they are free of any cement bonding the material. True today you will see that the characteristic turrets at Naletale are cemented in. This was done in the 1930s by a local farmer who was concerned by the damage being done by visitors. However, to a degree he was justified in his actions as traces of an earlier matrix were originally recorded on the top of this wall, while the original material can be seen on the damaged turrets to the left of the front entrance. From this evidence and the early records of the nearby Zinjanja Ruins, it would seem that the vertical faces of the walls were bare rock faces, while the horizontal levels were covered in a thick deposit of granite dakha – a mixture of crushed, semi-decayed granite and cattle dung. This material probably also covered the rougher stone walls of the outer structures and the circular platform in the south-west. In 1894 the "discovers" of Zinjanja wrote: "The surface of the terraces as well as the sides of the walls have all been plastered with fine red granite cement, when polished must looked in the sunlight like burnished copper (See Cooke)". It is unlikely that all the walls were covered in this manner, but very little trace remains of this material – the result of early colonial excavations and time.

The main enclosure is entered by two doors, the main entrance is in the north-west through the most decorated section of the wall, while there is a much plainer "backdoor" to the south-east. Internally there were 7 enclosed areas (separated by stone walls) radiating from a raised platform which is just north of centre. The northern enclosures are a little less obvious today since decay of the raised mound has filled them in, while they were also dumping sites for material excavated by early colonial miners as they concentrated their efforts on the large platform. If we go back to the earliest reliable writings we have an excellent record by J. L. Popham writing in 1904, although already much damage had been done. Popham says that the northern platform was circular in plan and at the same level as the top of the outer wall. On it there was a large, circular, cement (granite dakha) floor with traces of walling of the same robust material. This structure consisted of a central hut with an internal diameter of about 15 feet. It had rounded entrances and was sunk two feet below the outside level with well polished, rounded steps leading into it. At the entrance on the outside was moulded "pole base" on south side of the door (given later excavations by Randall-MacIver elsewhere it would seem very likely that this once held an upright elephant tusk rather than a mere pole). At the back of this hut was an underground, stone lined chamber – this is discussed below. From the outside wall of this hut there were 4 radiating walls forming additional, outside compartments.

Today, unfortunately very little of these structures remain, the area has been so thoroughly disturbed. The stone lined, circular chamber was said to be six feet deep



Photograph from "Dare" area in north-west towards main, "front", wall. Note "royal seat" in middle ground. Main door just to the left. (*Photograph: Dr. A. Johnson*)

and 4 feet at its widest width. It narrowed upwards to a small 15 inch opening which was originally covered over with a stone and cement. Many people have excavated in this structure, but there were no finds whatsoever. Hall and Neal speculate that this "cellar" as they called it, was a suitable hiding place for a man – they were still obsessed with the idea of an exotic people under threat from the local natives. The archaeologist Randall-MacIver accepted its Shona origins and thought it was for safeguarding the resident's valuables, all of which had been removed at the time of his departure. In actual fact the story is less romantic, but interesting. The pit is probably a latrine. Similar structures have been found at contemporary sites and relate to the sacred nature of the resident who had to safeguard all personal matter, even waste material least they were used for witchcraft against him. This will account for there being no material remains in the pit although it was fairly full of sediment. If only this material remained in situ we archaeologists would have a field day as it would tell us much of which we do not know about the diet and state of health of these people.

Popham also mentions that there were signs of a large hut on the rough circular platform which cuts through the main wall. This hut was some 12 feet in diameter, but with evidence for flooring at least 6 inches beyond the cement walls. At entrance there was another "post hole", but Randall-MacIver later found within it traces of an elephant tusk. There has been some debate if this platform is contemporary or a later addition, Popham (1904) stated that it was certainly contemporary. I tend to go with others and suggest that it may have been a later addition, built in a gap caused by the collapse of

the earlier wall. I hold a pet theory that these "rougher" additions are later Rozwi work while the better quality work is Torwa – but that is a hunch not a proven fact. In the southern and eastern enclosures there were traces of low stone platforms on which there were dakha hut foundations. However, unlike that on the main platform hut these others would have been hidden from view on the outside.

On the outside of the main structure there are three rough, circular platforms. These show signs of having once been plastered in dakha and were probably hut bases. Popham's map records that on the western there They have all been dug through, the western having been sliced through by Randall-MacIver's controlled excavations in 1905, the others have merely been mined. A rough wall links one of these huts to the main entrance. On the north side of the main enclosure there is a rough circular structure which has always been interpreted as a kraal. Further afield on the hill there are additional signs of hut bases, although very few in number compared to contemporary stone walled sites. There are also traces of gold reduction and iron smelting which may or may not be contemporary. On many of the neighbouring hills there are other small, poorly constructed stone walled enclosures, ten within a radius of as many kilometres. These have been interpreted as possibly defensive look-outs around the important persons occupying Naletale itself.

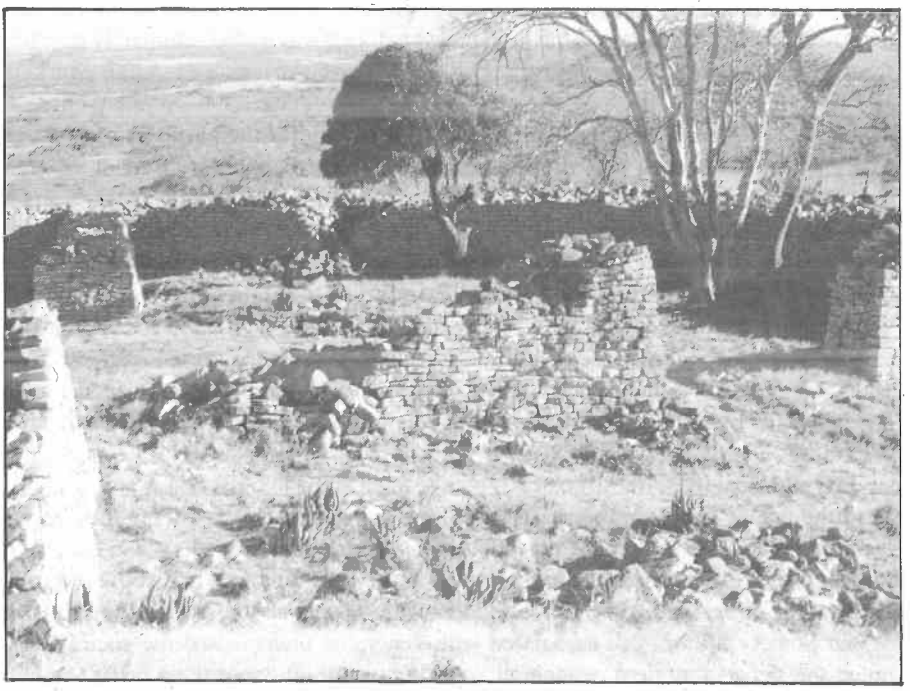
As to the finds recovered, unfortunately most of the early material was destroyed in the quest for gold. We know that in the main enclosure there was extensive evidence for gold smelting operations in the form of crucibles and pellets, as well as finished gold products such as beads, tacks, beaten foil and bangles. This gold would have been refined here at Naletale as the last process before it was traded, ultimately reaching the East Coast and thence onto the European, north African and Asian Markets. However, clearly not all the gold was traded and by this stage the local ruling elite had developed a taste for the metal and they used it widely for the purposes of prestige. Many of the items used by the elite such as beads and bangles were made of gold, rather than more "mundane" iron or, for the wealthier, copper. In addition many everyday artefacts and even public portions of the main huts were covered in gold foil to offset the rulers from the commoners in the State – what we call conspicuous consumption. This recovered gold was melted down by the Settler miners. Also located were highly decorated clay pottery fragments, several dagga pipes carved from soapstone, iron and copper beads and the usual array of domestic iron artefacts all of which are of local origin. Then there were imported commodities such as glass vessels and beads (of Egyptian, Persian and Indian origin), as well as Chinese blue and white ceramics.

Having considered the structural remains, as an archaeologist one is always asked as to the use of site. I think the first thing we can eliminate is its being a defensive location. True Naletale is on a hill top, but it is not a difficult one to scale, especially to the north-west. Nor is it the highest peak in the area. Rather what we have here is an element of aesthetics for the residents, while it was also a prestige location. In Shona Society hilltops are associated with venerated members of the society. It is much the same in modern residential areas in cities throughout the world. The elite always opt, where possible, for hilly areas and those that are fortunate to occupy these prime locations can see others literally below themselves and are seen by them. Some

authors have suggested that the settlement was the residence of a local sub-ruler in the State. While this is possible, the limited signs of domestic occupation outside of the elite structures tends to argue against it. Oral traditions suggest that it was a royal retreat for the rulers who were based at Danangombe. A place to which they could escape from the pressures of state. This may well be the case and would account for its airy location and the highly decorated walling. However, given that it was occupied for nearly two hundred years, its functions probably altered through time.

Notwithstanding this indecision it is possible to make some interpretations as to the features outlined above. The walls themselves are not a fortification, not even the castellated sections behind which no man could actually hid. These bastions are symbolic of the same theme as the circular cones on the outer wall of the Hill Complex at Great Zimbabwe – a somewhat controversial interpretation is given below. The stonewalls are statements of prestige – visual expressions of power of those who lived within them. Only the elite could muster the work force for their construction and they probably held a monopoly over the right to build them. The issue is very similar to the huge walls which owners in Harare are now throwing up around their homes. Yes, there is an element of protection and privacy, but the bigger and more elaborate the wall the greater is the statement being made by its occupants. Inside the main enclosure lived the ruling elite.

The hut on the raised platform would have been huge, probably of decorated dakha and it would have been clearly visible from outside – a further statement of presence.



Internal structures of Nalatale, looking south-west form raised "royal residence".
(Photograph: Dr. A. Johnson)

The ruler, king, sub chief, would have lived in this structure, probably in the central hut. The outer dakha enclosures around it would have functioned for several purposes. The rear chamber away from the main entrance was probably for domestic space, while those at the front would have functioned as an audience chamber for public visits (I suggest the south-western into which the ruler could approach from his central hut past an elephant tusk, a symbol of chieftainship and thus the ruler's right to rule), as well as a spirit medium's chamber (this I suspect faced directly towards the entrance and all visitors would have been "screened" by this person to see if they came in good intent). The other more private residences would have been hidden in the lower enclosures to the south and west. It is probable that musicians and praise singers sat on the low terrace on the inside of the western wall, thus providing a constant noise to the glorification of their leader.

The hut in the western wall may not have been residential, rather it is possible that it was an audience chamber, again with an embedded elephant tusk at the entrance. An alternative interpretation offered suggests it was the residence of the main intermediary of the court. All people wanting audience with the ruler would have to go through this person, who literally lived in an intermediate location. The other external hut platforms may have been occupied by senior people in some way involved with the court. The open flat land to the west of the main decorated wall was probably the court, or *dare* to use the Shona word. It was delineated in the north by the short section of stone walling extending out from the entrance. This *dare* area faces the most intensely decorated section of the wall and at the base of the lowest terrace there is a low rock platform which is probably the seat of the ruler when he came out to preside over the affairs being brought to him.

The northern circular enclosure, as I have already suggested was probably a cattle kraal. It would have only held a few animals for the immediate use of the residents, and more especially in matters of court held in the *dare*. This leader would have had huge cattle herds spread throughout the country and this was one of the ways that the state was held together – through cattle loan and marriage obligations. On the next hilltop to the east I have recently come across evidence for a much larger cattle kraal – the thick, ashy remains of their dung. One can imagine that the ruler at Naletale could have looked out from the eastern enclosures of his residence to see some of his bellowing bovine masses.

Currently, one of the leading archaeologists who has been trying to interpret the Zimbabwe and Kame Period Ruins Thomas Huffman of the University of the Witwatersrand, South Africa, has offered a complex, symbolic interpretation of the ruins. While there are certainly problems with the interpretations, and many leading academics reject many of his ideas as too speculative and based on Venda as opposed to Shona Society, they add great interest when interpreting the remains. We will confine our attention here to his interpretations of the wall decoration, the most evident feature at Naletale. Huffman believes that the decoration of the front wall was not simply a pretty feature, but it had deep meanings to the people who would have sat in the *dare* below it.

Huffman identifies four main personalities in Shona Society and believes that these fundamental building blocks would have been alluded to in the wall decoration. At the

pinnacle of society was the old man. A figure representing the collective wisdom of the people who was accorded senior status in the society. Huffman claims that this figure is often shown as a crocodile, and the chequered pattern is thought to be representative of this symbolism. Second in status is the old woman who is the figure of unity, bringing together different families in marriage and holding it together through her labours. This figure is thought to be represented by the herring-bone decoration. This may be derived from the overlapping scales of the belly of the crocodile, thus the old man and woman are linked as part of the same animal only being different sides (here I stand to be corrected, but that is how I have read it through Huffman's works). Young men are thought to be represented by the chevron decoration. These are said to represent the "snake of the mountain", a rain snake that gives life to the lands through rain. At the same time the chevron and this symbolism has sexual connotations and is associated with male virility. The alternating dark and light bands of rock are said to be representative of either zebra stripes or are said to represent a deep pool of ritual seclusion – a womb, protection, and a number of distinctly Freudian connotations. The corded decoration are also associated with female fertility and are called "snake of the water". These are certainly interesting ideas, and while I agree that they are not mere decorations, they are proposed interpretations and many academics are strongly against them. However, Huffman is an eloquent and persuasive writer and I can only but suggest that you look at some of his recent publications to understand these arguments further.

Another set of features which Huffman interprets as symbols, and possibly less controversially, are the turrets and monoliths (upright stone slabs) which are a feature of the main wall at Naletale. Popham's plan indicate the at that time there were only two monoliths in the turrets to the west of the main entrance. The others are more recent reconstructions at the time when these sections of the walls were cemented. However, they could well have originally been there and had fallen by the beginning of this Century. These monoliths Huffman interprets as the symbolic "horns of the mambo" – like the main bull in the herd, the leader was expected to use his "horns" to protect and unify the nation. These are additional visual statements of the importance of the leader who lived within and this would have been understood by all of those seated in the *dare* below. The turrets out of which these "horns" arise are also said symbolic. Rozwi traditions say tributary grain owing to the leader was left at these towers. The turrets are thus possibly symbolic grain bins. Huffman suggests that there are two levels of symbolism at play here. On the obvious level the leader was a grain bin, a provider of security to the nation, just as the individual grain bin is for the family. Certainly in Shona Society the leader was likened to, and expected to be, a provider of food for those incapable of producing for themselves such as albinos, imbeciles and destitute widows, as well as the nation as a whole in hard times. Huffman also has a more controversial suggestion that these are hidden fertility symbols with the grain bin likened to the scrotum containing the seeds (the grain within) and its association with the erectile monoliths. This would be a fertility statement of the fortunes of the nation. This idea, and much of his decoration symbolism, may be reading into them a little too much. In traditional Shona Society such overtly sexual statements are not approved of, so it could be that these symbols are not as deep as implied. However,

Herbert Aschwanden in a contemporary analysis of the symbols of life and death in the Zaka District has shown that with a little investigation, privately it is acknowledged that there are such deep implications. I leave it as it stands and readers can draw their own conclusions.

Certainly Naletale is a small ruin compared to many others in the country, but it is one of the loveliest and is reasonably assessable. It is unfortunate that with the modern hectic pace of life, people are always rushing between Bulawayo and Harare, they have no time to take a deviation to see this site. We miss much of the good things of this country. The whole Naletale area is aesthetically and historically interesting, but we take so little time to appreciate it in our headlong rush in pursuit of ideals of Mammon. Hopefully this short article will encourage further investigation of the rich pre-colonial history of this country.

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NOTES ON RECENT BOOKS

by Michael J. Kimberley

1. **Bush Horizons – The story of Aviation in Southern Rhodesia 1896–1940** published by the Air Forces Association, 1998.

The bulk of this book of some 200 pages consists of text researched and written by the Late Squadron Leader N. V. Phillips over 30 years ago. In his introduction, written at that time, the author states : "I am neither an author nor an historian. All I will try to do is lay down the ascertainable facts with their detail of human interest and set them in the world surround at the time . . ." He adds : "I believe that the Royal Rhodesian Air Force story is a special one, a very human story. The Force is well trained and efficient, the discipline is excellent, but the Force still resembles a large family, and for this reason we have a prevailing and strong sense of *esprit de corps*".

It is conceivable that the text would still be gathering dust on a shelf but for the fact that the History Society of Zimbabwe approached the Air Forces Association of Zimbabwe for a series of talks to be given under the Society's auspices on the history of aviation in this part of the world.

The original manuscript of 110 foolscap pages and four talks given to the Society over a period of one year by Group Captain Sykes, Wing Commander Cooke and Martin Madders, provide the material for eighteen chapters of the book while additional information gathered by Editor Bill Sykes and his Assistant Peter Cooke is included in the form of Appendices. The Appendices include articles on the Flying Map makers by Jack McAdam, The Rhodesian Air Training Group by Sir Charles Meredith and Bomber Harris by F. H. Shepherd, all of which are reprinted from publications of the History Society of Zimbabwe.

There is also a biographical note on Sir Quintin Brand, Co-pilot of the first aeroplane to land in this country in 1920. A final entry is by C. E. R. Payne who gives an account of his 17 day solo flight from London to Salisbury in July/August 1933 in VP-YAM a second-hand aircraft which he purchased in England.

The Editor has gone to a lot of trouble to locate photographs and some 150 appear in the book including some cartoons. Illustrations are always worthwhile though a number have reproduced rather poorly despite the book being printed on good quality paper.

Nowadays it is usual to have an index at the back of a book and its absence and the absence of a contents page is rather unusual.

The History Society is very pleased that it provided the motivation for this book to be published and it recommends that all readers invest in a copy – available from the Air Forces Association, P. O. Box A 86, Avondale, Zimbabwe. Inquiries may be E-mailed to <bill@sykes.icon.co.zw> or <pcooke@id.co.zw>.

The period covered by the book is, as stated above, 1896 to 1940. The story stops in 1940 because that is when the original manuscript stopped. There is, of course, an interesting story to be told from 1940 to the present time and perhaps the Air Forces Association flushed with the success of *Bush Horizons* will again put shoulder to the wheel.

2. **History of Western Medicine in Zimbabwe** by R. T. Mossop published by the Edwin Mellen Press Limited, 1997. Price US$130.

This is the ninth volume in a series of studies in African health and medicines; the other eight volumes deal with health in Africa generally and aspects of that subject in Tanzania, South Africa, Uganda, Nigeria and Botswana.

The text extends to some 800 pages which at first blush suggests it is a huge tome. However, the text is in double spacing with only 20 to 24 lines per page instead of the more usual 40 or 50 lines per page. Whilst this is perhaps extravagant and accounts for the price of US$130 per copy, (equivalent to about Z$4 550.00 per copy!!!) this reviewer found the generous spacing made the book quite easy to read.

The book is in five parts. The first is simply labelled The Early Days and deals with the pre pioneer period before 1890 and the pioneer period from that date to 1900.

Part 2 deals with health and medicine in this country as seen through the annual reports of the first nine medical Directors whose service covered the 90 year period from 1897 to 1987.

Part 3 gives a history of viral, bacterial and parasitic diseases from anthrax to typhoid, followed by the more common mainly non infective diseases such as cancer, diabetes, arteriosclerosis, etc.

Part 4 gives a short history of each of a miscellany of important institutions, services and health topics such as the medical school, mental illness and its care, mission medical services, laboratories, schools medical service, medical aid, local authority health services and so on.

In the final part a short history is given of the Health Professions Council, the Medical Association, the Nurses Association, and the College of Primary Care Physicians, as well as pharmacy and dental services.

Another publishing peculiarity of the book in addition to the spacing, is the illustrations, numbered in Roman Numerals, which one comes across suddenly in the middle of the book between pages 430 and 431. There is no list or index of illustrations nor a reference in the captions to the relevant part of the text.

There are two full pages of errata with 68 entries.

The author states in his introduction that "it is the purpose of this history to expand on the successes and failures of a unique medical service and to enlarge on the acquisition of understanding of common or interesting disease". He certainly achieves this purpose and in so doing makes mention of some of the personalities and organisations responsible for the growth and character of the medical service in this country.

The author acknowledges that "few people will ever wish to read the volume in its entirety, but might occasionally wish to dip into parts of interest".

In summary then, the book represents an enormous amount of research and a great deal of writing for which the author is to be commended. The book is not written in an appealing style and it will certainly not be a best seller but it should be on the shelves of those libraries that can afford it. Sadly, the several recent crashes of the Zimbabwe dollar mean that few libraries or individuals in this country will find the book affordable.

3. **The Great Betrayal – The memoirs of Ian Douglas Smith** published by Blake Publishing Limited, 1997. Price Z$695.

At the outset two things commend this book. First and foremost the author secured the assistance of Professor J. R. T. Wood, Professor of History in the University of Durban, Westville in editing and checking the facts of the work. Whilst one might not have heard of Professor Wood, securing the services of a Professor of History was very sensible.

The second point is that the book has been nicely printed in a comfortable type size on good quality paper. Whilst the printing is good, the binding, certainly of my review copy, is inferior and although this is not unexpected out of Africa it is not expected out of Great Britain.

In his Introduction J. R. T. Wood mentions that Smith "has had an almost universally hostile press (even at home) and that hostility has persisted because there has been nothing of substance to ameliorate it". He adds that none of the many books on Rhodesia explains how Smith "struck a chord with the public both at home and abroad even at the height of the confrontation with Britain and the world".

Wood also refers to what he calls "Rhodesianness" and its reality certainly for anyone who lived his life there – "Whatever the origin of the white Rhodesians, they were simply not South Africans nor were they the British abroad talking of home".

These two aspects are evident throughout this book.

A final point made is that the British Officials underestimated Smith, describing him at first simply as "a tough, somewhat difficult personality". In this regard, a biographical note to Prime Minister Home in September 1964 concluded: "He is a simple-minded, politically naive and uncomprehending character. His political approach has been described as 'schoolboy'. He possesses a strong vein of schoolboy obstinacy and there is a mixture of schoolboy stubbornness, cunning and imperception about his speeches. Likewise there is a 'Boy's Own Paper' ring about his patriotic utterances. Nevertheless his pedestrian and humourless manner often conceals a shrewder assessment of a particular situation that at first appears on the surface and he should not be under-rated".

In the first 30 pages of this 400 page book the author refers to his own origins and his schooling and reading for a B.Com degree at Rhodes University, Grahamstown. Then came the Second World War and he volunteered for service, became a pilot and saw action against the Nazi menace, flying Spitfires with some success until he had to bale out of his aircraft and parachuted down to Valescura in Northern Italy where he lived with the resistance movement for some time.

When the war ended with the defeat of the Nazis and their allies, Smith completed his B.Com at Rhodes and returned to Selukwe to commence farming.

He was persuaded to enter politics in 1948 and was elected to Parliament while still in his late 20s. He later became a Federal MP and Chief Whip of the United Federal Party. The collapse of the Federation in 1963 was preceded by the formation of the Rhodesia Front Party in 1962 which became the Government following the election on 14th December 1962, with Smith as Deputy Prime Minister and Minister of Finance.

Predictably, half of the book deals with the issue of independence and the need for

it, the steps leading to UDI, the consequences of that unilateral declaration, and the unsuccessful endeavours between 1966 and 1979 to achieve a settlement, culminating in the so-called internal settlement of March 1978 and the Lancaster House settlement agreement of November 1979.

In the last 70 pages the author deals with the Soames Administration, the elections of April 1980 and their aftermaths, life under Mugabe, and the elections of 1995.

The author is extremely critical of Walls, Macdonald and David Smith.

Statements attributed to Walls that "the anti-Mugabe parties would win a majority", "everything is under control", "we will not let Mugabe win", "in the final event we will not allow Mugabe to win", "under no circumstances would Mugabe be allowed even to get to the starting point", were, assuming that they were made, incapable of realisation at the time and somewhat removed from reality. However, Smith had relied on the fact that because of intimidation Walls would persuade Soames that Mugabe's party should be denied their election victory or at least disqualified in certain provinces. Walls apparently made no effort in this regard hence the criticism of him by Smith.

As to David Smith, his Deputy in the Party, Smith and numerous party hacks were convinced that David Smith had been working in collusion with Carrington and against the interests of the party and, in the party's view, against the interests of the country. He had also, according to Ian Smith, "for some time been scheming behind his back and this had culminated in a meeting to seek agreement to move me out and put David Smith in my chair".

While the Lancaster House Conference was in progress the then Chief Justice, Hector MacDonald, flew into London. He protested that the British Government were ignoring him and Carrington was unwilling to see him. MacDonald eventually secured a meeting by joining Carrington on a journey to the airport. Smith states that in the short space of time taken to reach Heathrow Carrington "not only had MacDonald eating out of his hand, he had converted him into becoming a disciple of the British cause". MacDonald resigned on 3rd April and "took the gap" to South Africa not long afterwards.

Smith also makes this point "the performance of Hector MacDonald at the conference was a significant factor which caucus found inexcusable. He had made a major contribution towards undermining Rhodesia's position in London".

The book has had a sequel in the sense of a letter written by Hector MacDonald from his home in Rondebosch, South Africa to all members of the Flame Lily Foundation in his capacity as the Foundation's Honorary President which states inter alia. "Those who have read the Great Betrayal might have noticed the absurd but nonetheless extremely damaging allegation that I was a traitor and deserved to be sentenced to death".

MacDonald's five page letter concludes "it is disgraceful that Ian Smith should attempt to place responsibility elsewhere and in doing so indulge in character assassination of persons who were not responsible, namely, David Smith, General Walls and myself".

The reader must make up his own mind as to where the truth lies and who did what to whom. Suffice it to say that each of those concerned appear to be putting over that message which is so common in Zimbabwe today, namely, "I was not the one!".

The books title is derived from the author's view that Rhodesia was betrayed principally by the British Government and to a lesser extent by the Afrikaner Government in South Africa.

4. **Wankie – The Story of a Great Game Reserve**, by Ted Davison; published in South Africa by Books of Africa, 1967 and re-published with additions in Zimbabwe by Thorntree Press, 1998. Price Z$490.

Ted Davison served the nation in its Wankie Game Reserve as Warden for 33 years from its proclamation in 1928 until his retirement in 1961.

The book, which is essentially the story of Wankie and of the author's long service there, first appeared in 1967. A soft cover reprint appeared ten years later but that, like the first edition, is out of print and has become a valuable piece of Zimbabweana.

One of the characteristics of an efficient, competent and well managed tourist industry is the availability of books, booklets, brochures and leaflets about the major tourist attractions of the country concerned, which can be purchased by the visitor at a reasonable price so that he can read about the major attractions either before or during his visit to it. If he is from America, perhaps he will simply want it as a memento of a place to which he made a fleeting visit, did a rain check and can now say, "yes, I was there".

Zimbabwe has neglected the need for literature on its tourist attractions and more often than not at such places one can only buy meaningless copper bric-a-bric and animals of all kinds carved from stone or wood which are usually too heavy or too bulky to entice the visitor to make a purchase.

The appearance once again of the story of Wankie – a great game reserve – is both timely and appropriate. This edition is an updated third impression but one with a difference because although it faithfully reproduces the original work of 1967, but it makes four significant additions, namely –

(a) a new Introduction by Dr John Hanks, a well known conservationist who has worked in Kafue National Park in Zambia, for the Department of National Parks and Wild Life Management in Zimbabwe and in several positions in South Africa;

(b) many new historical and natural history illustrations all in sepia-sepia is a great colour for historical illustrations but one must have clear and sharp pictures to start with. Unfortunately, a few of the sepia tones as printed are lacking in clarity, for example, the random page of the flying log book, the teak trees logged within the park and a few others;

(c) several annexures including Ted Davison's first Report on Wankie covering the period October 1928 to March 1930; a report by Davison and Condy on the importation in August 1962 from Umfolosi Game Reserve, Natal of eight square lipped (white) Rhinoceros which were placed at Kyle Game Reserve and Matopos National Park; a paper by Davison on the Bushman of Wankie National Park; and a copy of the Proclamation by His Excellency the then Governor, Sir Cecil Hunter Rodwell in the Government Gazette of Friday 28 March 1930, inter alia of Wankie as a Game Reserve;

(d) a new Afterword by Keith Meadows the driving force of Thorntree Press in

which he links the Wankie of Ted Davison's time with the Hwange of today and comments on some of the present problems there including the ever present water problem, and the Management Unit and its three divisions (culling and capture unit, fire management unit and conservation unit). The sensitive issue of culling is dealt with in some detail as is the matter of poaching.

Keith writes well and a significant message of his Afterword is contained in these words: "If Hwange National Park or any other wildlife refuge in Zimbabwe, is to go into the new millennium with any kind of hope, there has to be a major change in the attitude of the government and, in tandem, the Department of National Parks and Wild Life Management".

Zimbabwe is far too enthusiastic about workshops and seminars especially those held overseas, where millions in foreign currency have been mis-spent on what are commonly called these "jollies". However, a workshop was held at Hwange not so long ago and a Hwange National Park Management Plan 1999–2003 is now in place.

The Vision Statement in the Plan reads "make Hwange National Park acknowledged world wide as a leading place in a friendly Africa for a life-time experience of wildlife at any time of the year. A conservation and customer oriented management will, in co-operation with Park Stakeholders, offer a unique bio-diversity in flora and fauna".

This statement gives hope for the future but the mere words must be implemented through deeds and by actions. Of course, if "the stumbling blocks of the past are to remain as the cornerstones that will take the Park into the new century, Hwange will go down".

All in all, this book is highly recommended and hopefully it will be readily available from hotels, shops and the like to all who visit Hwange.

5. **Namibia under South African Rule 1915–1946**, edited by P. Hayes, J. Silvester, M. Wallace and W. Hartman. Published by James Currey and Ohio University Press, 1998. Price £16 (paper cover).

This book of some 300 pages is about the mobility of indigenous politics and communities in Namibia and the clashes and stresses which resulted from colonial efforts at containment during the first three decades of South African Colonial Rule following the end of German Colonial Rule in 1915.

The book consists of 12 chapters each by a different author arranged in four parts. There is an Introductory overview, a part dealing with the People and the State, a part dealing with the Native Reserves and resistance to containment, with the final part dealing with Ovamboland. The text is supported by six maps, twenty-five photographs, eight tables and two appendices as well as a good index and an impressive seventeen page bibliography.

The thirteen authors are all researchers who have either completed their doctoral degrees or are in the process of writing their dissertations and in most cases their doctoral work was or is centred on an aspect of Namibian history. This trend is welcome because hitherto very little research has been done on Namibian history especially on the period 1915 to 1946, and even less has been published.

This well researched book is a welcome addition to the existing publications on Namibian history.