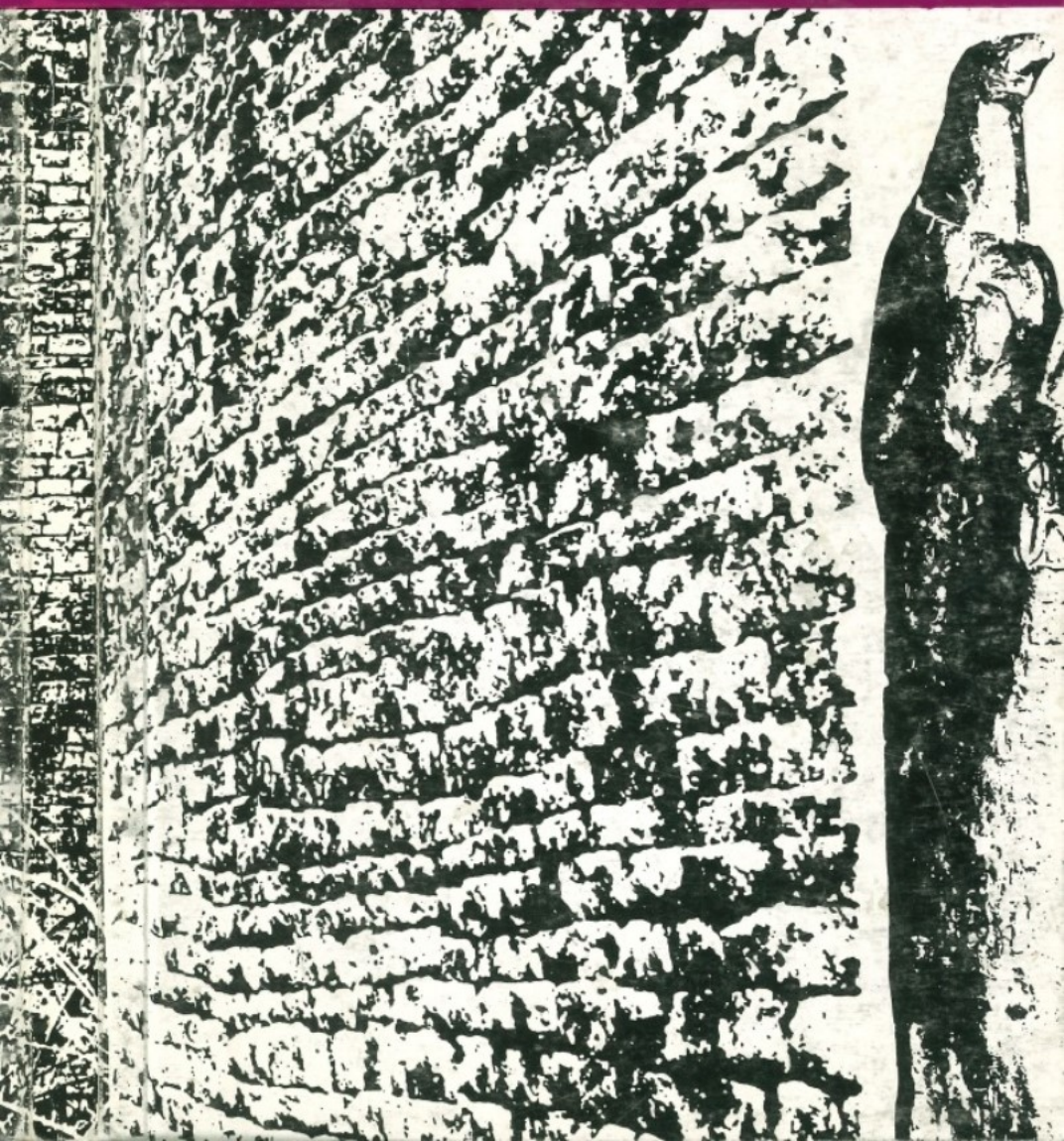
HERITAGE of ZIMBABWE

PUBLICATION No. 21 2002



HERITAGE of ZIMBABWE

Publication No. 21 — 2002

THE HISTORY SOCIETY OF ZIMBABWE
Harare
Zimbabwe
August 2002

MEMBERSHIP OF THE HISTORY SOCIETY OF ZIMBABWE

- ☆ The Society encourages all readers and their friends and colleagues to enrol as members.
- ☆ The Society aims to unite all who wish to foster a wider appreciation and knowledge of Zimbabwean history.
- ☆ Members of the Society are not, by any means, all historians. Among our members are collectors of Africana, libraries and learned institutions wishing to acquire background knowledge of one of Africa's key areas whilst the majority are Zimbabweans interested in the story of their own country.
- ☆ Outings to sites of interest with talks on related subjects and a national annual dinner are part of the organised activities offered to members.
- ☆ The society has a book scheme which buys and sells books on historical subjects for the benefit of members.
- ☆ The society encourages historical study and research; and endeavours to record in interesting form the story of Zimbabwe in *Heritage of Zimbabwe* the only publication devoted exclusively to this purpose.
- ☆ Membership is open to everyone. Paid-up members will receive *Heritage of Zimbabwe* published during the subscription year which begins on the 1st January.
- ☆ *Heritage of Zimbabwe* is published once a year. The articles will appeal to Zimbabweans as well as people beyond our borders who seek to understand our country.
- ☆ Each issue of *Heritage of Zimbabwe* contains a wide variety of articles on Zimbabwe's historic background: pioneering, military, transport, agricultural, political, biographical, literary, cultural and so on.
- ☆ History creates a sense of common purpose that develops into a healthy national consciousness. An active historical society can thus exert a tremendous influence for the good of our country.
- ☆ Your support would, therefore, be both welcome and worthwhile. Do join the Society now.

If you wish to become a member, please write for an application form to —

The National Honorary Secretary,
The History Society of Zimbabwe
P.O. Box CY 35,
Causeway,
Zimbabwe.

THE HISTORY SOCIETY OF ZIMBABWE

The Society exists to promote historical studies and to encourage research. It also aims to unite all who wish to foster a wider appreciation and knowledge of the history of Zimbabwe and neighbouring territories.

For further information particulars of membership please write to the National Honorary Secretary at P.O. Box CY 35, Causeway, Zimbabwe.

Address: **The History Society of Zimbabwe**
P.O. Box CY 35, Causeway, Zimbabwe.

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.
Origination by The Origination House, Harare, Zimbabwe.
Printed by Hunyani Paper and Packaging, Bulawayo, Zimbabwe.

BENEFACTORS AND SPONSORS

The Society is most grateful to the following Zimbabwean companies for their magnanimous support in committing themselves to the Society's publishing efforts for a five-year period. Without this assistance you would not be reading this journal.

Benefactors

African Banking Corporation Limited
African Distillers Limited
Central Africa Building Society
Colcom Holdings Limited
Deloitte & Touche
Delta Corporation Limited
Flora Marketing (Private) Limited
Johnson and Johnson (Private) Limited
Meikles Africa Limited
Sagit Stockbrokers (Private) Limited
Temple Asset Management (Private) Limited
The Edgars Group
T.S.L. Limited

Sponsors

Ariston Holdings Limited
Barclays Bank of Zimbabwe Limited
BICC CAFCA
Discount Company of Zimbabwe Limited
Fleming Martin Edwards Securities (Private) Limited
KPMG
C. Millar Investments
Merchant Bank of Central Africa Limited
Olivine Industries (Private) Limited
RM Insurance Company (Private) Limited
Seedco Limited
Stanbic Bank Zimbabwe Limited
Zimbabwe Spinners and Weavers Limited

THE HISTORY SOCIETY OF ZIMBABWE

FOUNDED: 1953 **P.O. Box CY 35, Causeway, Zimbabwe.**

AVAILABLE PUBLICATIONS

A. The journal **RHODESIANA**
(40 issues published from 1956–1980)

The following issues are available though some issues are in very short supply —

No. 19, 1968	No. 25, 1971	No. 31, 1974	No. 36, 1977
No. 21, 1969	No. 26, 1972	No. 32, 1975	No. 37, 1977
No. 22, 1970	No. 27, 1972	No. 33, 1975	No. 38, 1978
No. 23, 1970	No. 29, 1973	No. 34, 1976	No. 39, 1978
No. 24, 1971	No. 30, 1974	No. 35, 1976	No. 40, 1979

B. The Journal **NADA**
(Published annually from 1923–1980)

A limited number of the following issues are available —
1977, 1978, 1980.

C. The journal **HERITAGE OF ZIMBABWE**

(Published annually since 1981.) Nos. 3, 5, 6, 7 and 8 are out of print but the following issues are available though some issues are in short supply —

No. 1, 1981	No. 2, 1982	No. 4, 1984	No. 9, 1990	No. 10, 1991
No. 11, 1992	No. 12, 1993	No. 13, 1994	No. 14, 1995	No. 15, 1996
No. 16, 1997	No. 17, 1998	No. 18, 1999	No. 19, 2000	No. 20, 2001
No. 21, 2002				

For the latest price list and order form please write to —

The History Society of Zimbabwe,

P.O. Box CY 35, Causeway, Zimbabwe.

CONTENTS

Foreword

This is the twenty first volume of Heritage of Zimbabwe and it appears six months after volume twenty and about six months before our usual December publication date.

The reason for this bonus is simply because in June 2003 our Society will celebrate its 50th Anniversary and we plan to produce a special issue of the journal to coincide with that Golden Jubilee occasion.

This issue contains four biographical articles all of which are part of a continuing series as Colin Saunders contributes two further articles in his Great Characters of the Lowveld and your Editor provides two further articles on our early High Court Judges.

Railway articles continue to be popular and Robin Taylor offers one on the Harare to Bulawayo Railway and a second one on the history of the Blinkwater Railway Company.

We have included the first half of Colonel H. G. Seward's reminiscences as a serving member of the British South Africa Police in various parts of this country. His son, Richard Seward, provides a short introductory biography of his father.

That prolific writer Rob Burrett has produced a well researched article on the first Jesuits who arrived in what is now Zimbabwe some 120 years ago and served here during the ten year period from 1879.

The Scots made a great contribution to the development of our country and one of them was a well known builder in what is now Harare. He arrived here in 1893 and we publish an enjoyable account of his journey and early years here which he wrote for and sent to his relatives back in Scotland. His daughter, Margaret, who was born in the family house in Avondale and has lived there for 83 years contributes an introductory biography of her father.

The Society's Mashonaland Branch continues to organize interesting talks on historical subjects and the text of two are included in this volume, the first a talk given on the history of the main Presbyterian Church in Harare, and the second about Norton in the early days.

In conclusion we express our grateful thanks to our Benefactors and Sponsors who have generously committed themselves to financially supporting this journal. The galloping inflation which currently prevails in Zimbabwe has caused the material and labour costs of printing to double and almost redouble and without the assistance of those Benefactors and Sponsors (listed on page v) you would not be reading this journal.

Finally, a special word of thanks to my wife Rosemary Kimberley, for helping me with the editing.

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

'Great Characters of The Lowveld' George Style of Buffalo Range

by Colin Saunders

"What? Our new doctor? I thought you were a schoolboy!" giggled the big smiling man with an open welcoming face and a firm handshake. Shortly after my arrival at Triangle as the new Company Medical Officer in August 1963 I had gone across to Buffalo Range Store to look up Clive Style, my old classmate from Plumtree days. I was delighted when he said "I'd like to introduce you to the old man – let's go through to his office", as George Style was already a legendary figure in wildlife conservation circles. However, I was somewhat taken aback by the unexpected initial impression I had made on the pioneer of game ranching in the lowveld.

I soon came to know him very well, and I was privileged to have him as a friend and a patient.

It was in 1982 that he first asked me to write up the story of Buffalo Range, and handed me a large box of diaries, scrap books, photographs, and press cuttings. Regrettably I failed to find the time then to research the fascinating story of the development of the country's second and most successful game ranch, and I was more than a little embarrassed when, after many months of inactivity, I handed the collection of historic documents back to him.

I am very pleased now to be able to make good the unfulfilled promise; how fortunate it is that Clive has retained and cared for the suitcase of fascinating material from which I have been able to map out the story of a fine man, a fine family, and the massive contribution they have made to the development and consolidation of the lowveld, its people, and its wildlife.

THE EARLY YEARS

George's record of his ancestors goes back to the early 1700s, and it is interesting that the family name is recorded intermittently as "Style", "Styles", "Stile", and "Stiles" in the genealogical succession.

George Cecil Style was born on 22 September 1903 in the military cantonment at Kingwilliamstown, in the border area of the Eastern Cape in South Africa. His father, Colonel Sydney Richard Style, JP, MBE, of the famous Cape Mounted Rifles regiment, came from a long line of English Baronets and military officers, many of them decorated for gallantry or meritorious service in the various wars in which Great Britain was involved over the centuries. He had joined the British Army as a career soldier, and trained at Aldershot, from where, as Corporal Style, he had been sent to South Africa to fight in the Zulu War in 1879.

Colonel Style, who was later to become the longest serving Mayor of Kingwilliamstown, was a very stern disciplinarian. He ran the family with the proverbial iron fist. George once wrote "My father was a real martinet, quite unapproachable, though deeply religious". Sadly, he apparently demonstrated no affection to his children. George, in

one of his scrapbooks, ruefully records "the number of times my father conversed with me could, virtually, be recorded on the fingers of his two hands" – extraordinary. Elsewhere he notes:

> My father died at 3 a. m. on the morning of 18 February 1925. I visited him the evening before. He showed me, on that occasion, some rare affection, and actually insisted on shaking my hand when I stood up to say goodbye. According to Betty [George's sister] he was a very reserved man, and it could be for this reason that no affection was shown. I thought otherwise.

George's mother Jane, on the other hand, was a gentle and loving person, and he adored her. In his diary in later years he recorded:

> In the corner bedroom I shared with my brother Claude I told my first and only lie. One afternoon my mother unexpectedly walked into the room just after Claude and I had returned from smoking reed pipes up a tree. "You boys have been smoking!" exclaimed mother, with a broad smile on her face.
>
> No, no, mother exclaimed I".
>
> Well, what is this?" she said, picking up my pipe off a dressing table.

To those who knew George Style in his later life, it is entirely believable that he never again uttered an untruth. It was very obvious that he inherited from his mother her exceptional warmth and generosity. He was devastated when she died in 1935, ten years after her husband.

Of the gallant Colonel's five brothers, one made a success of his life. Of the others George has written:

> my four other uncles took to the bottle, and . . . died in inebriates' homes, as a result of which, when kneeling at my mother's knee each night to say my prayers, I had to promise that I would never touch alcohol. Sad to relate, my promise has been broken.

George was educated at Kingwilliamstown's prestigious high school for boys, Dale College, of which he was inordinately proud, as is the wont of so many who were fortunate to be taught at the leading high schools of the day in southern Africa.

His formative years were punctuated by bugle calls, as daily the trumpeters lined up immediately beneath the family home to sound the various calls from "Reveille" to "Lights Out". In addition, from his house every day he watched in awe as the recruits were trained to ride on the open veld. Not surprisingly, he was keen to follow a military career, possibly in the Royal Flying Corps. Rather than starting in the army on the bottom rung, as had his father when he enlisted as a boy of 17 in the famed regiment whose gallantry immortalised "The Charge of The Light Brigade" when they charged into the Russian guns at Balaclava in 1954, George's idea of pursuing a military career was that he would attend the officer training course at Sandhurst.

Somewhat surprisingly, his father was opposed to him pursuing a military career, notwithstanding the family tradition of service in the armed forces. This was for two reasons: firstly, the Cape Mounted Rifles, a famous cavalry regiment with a proud tradition, had been disbanded in 1910 after the Act of Union was signed in South

Africa, to be replaced by the South African Mounted Rifles, which lacked the tradition which Colonel Style thought indispensable to military discipline; secondly, and of more importance, the gallant Colonel had retired on a paltry pension, and there was no way in which he could afford the fees demanded for training at Sandhurst.

Instead, George was persuaded by his father that he would have better prospects in commerce; thus it came about that, despite his misgivings, the young Style found himself enrolled in 1921 as a clerk in the local branch of The Standard Bank. He endured the posting for four and a half long years, and was never happy. The pay was miserable – £10 per month, rising to £13. 13*s.* 4*d.* in the fifth year. He stated that he was a hopeless bank clerk, who hated being shut up within four walls all day long.

In desperation he applied, successfully, for the post of chauffeur for the bank's Model T Ford. This at least allowed him to escape on two fortnightly visits to the two small villages of Keiskamma Hoek and Macleantown, where the bank operated an agency, to which the chauffeur drove a senior clerk to operate the banking counter, while his driver busied himself in the rear. He was also required to ferry the branch manager daily between his home and the bank. Later, having established his trustworthiness, he was permitted to keep the car overnight at his home, which greatly impressed his girlfriend, past whose home he proudly drove each day.

GEORGE HEADS NORTH

Several years previously, George had heard from some of his old school chums who had ventured north and joined the British South African Police in what was then Southern Rhodesia, and he determined that he would follow them. Concerning this decision, his scrapbook records:

> I had first endeavoured to enlist in the BSAP in 1923, but my father had consulted his greatest friend, Major General Henry Timson Lukin, KCB, CMG, DSO, who commanded the South African troops in the Great War, and who had been O/C of the Cape Mounted Riflemen. The following was the text of a very brief letter passed to me by my father one day:
>
> "Dear———
>
> I would not advise you to put your son into the Rhodesian police. It is a small force, promotion is slow, and what is more you and I know what life in an outstation is.
>
> Yours sincerely
>
> H. T. Lukin".

Colonel Style died in February 1925, and having attained the age of twenty-one, George, now able to ignore his late father's instructions, immediately applied to join the BSAP. He fervently hoped to head north in search of a new career, and to start a new outdoor life in exactly the sort of situation which "an outstation" might provide; he had felt suffocated by his indoor job as a budding banker.

To support his application to join the BSAP, he had to attach a number of recommendations from prominent citizens. From the scrapbook again:

> When collecting recommendations from men of note in my home village of Kingwilliamstown the previous year in support of my application for the BSA Police, one of the leading lawyers in the town, R W Rose-Innes Esq, JP, had mentioned that "this young man is one of the best, if not the best, rugger forward in this town".

The BSAP hierarchy of that day endeavoured to ensure that their recruits possessed manly qualities, and would be physically capable of withstanding the rigours of outstation life – besides which, members of the police top brass were keen rugby enthusiasts, and strong supporters of the Police XV which participated in the first league. And so it was that George Style was accepted as a recruit in 1925, and entered the depot in what was then Salisbury. He soon established himself as a stalwart member of the rugby team.

He found himself sharing with one Charlie Rayner (also a Kingwilliamstown boy) a bare barrack-room, in which the furniture consisted of an iron bedstead furnished with three hard coir-filled palliasses (known for some reason, as "biscuits"), and an open locker each. Between the beds were two saddle racks, equestrian skills being a very important component of police training in those days. Style and Rayner were both enrolled in the Mounted Branch, considered to be the elite unit of the police corps. They were thrilled to be appointed to the mounted guard of honour which accompanied the Prince of Wales during his tour of the country in 1925.

Depot life was tough, but he and Charlie, who had become good friends, thrived on it, and George records "nightly we both knelt by our bedsides and thanked the Lord for small mercies."

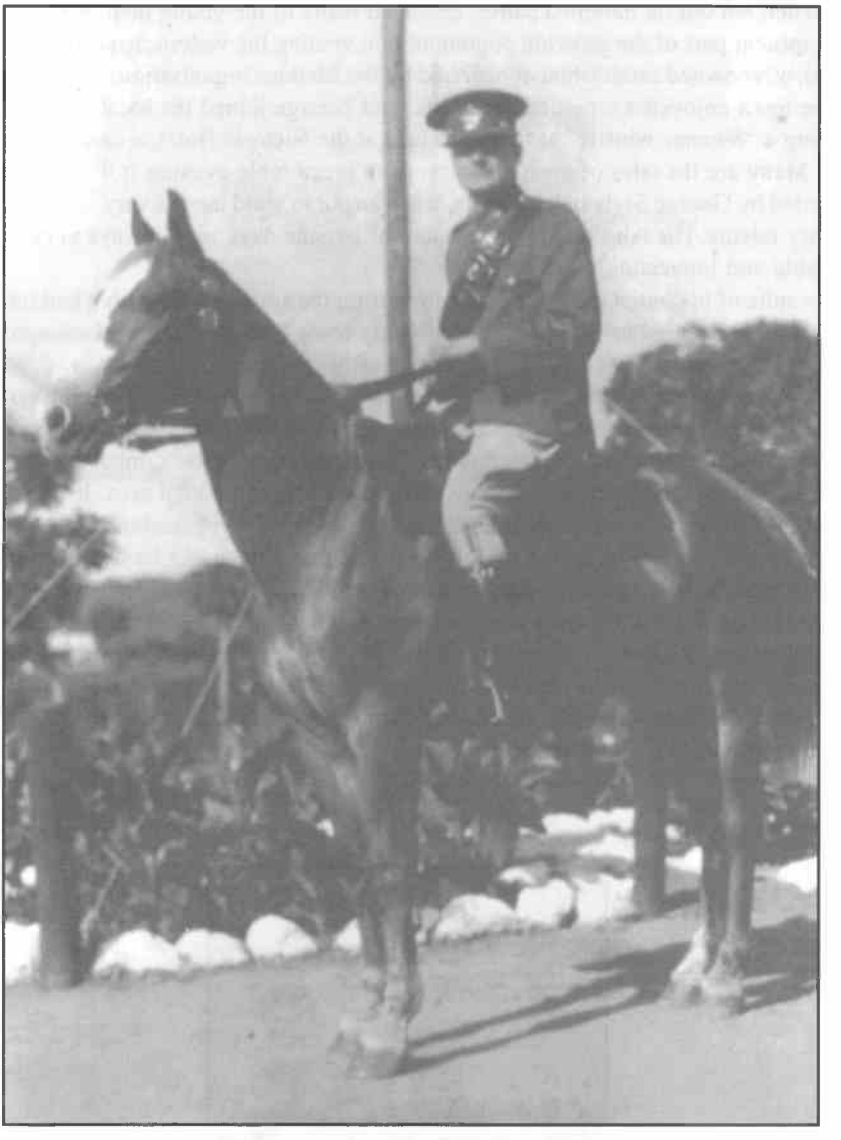
In September 1925, after completing his training, the young Style received orders for his first posting – to the town of Umtali (now Mutare), at that time perhaps the most sought-after post in the country. However, he was at the time afflicted by an attack of boils, which prevented him from taking up the appointment, to which another newly-trained young policeman was appointed.

George was bitterly disappointed. A short while later he was posted to Fort Victoria, now Masvingo, to which he was dispatched by train. Sharing the railway compartment coach with him was an experienced policeman, Sgt Major Cedric Gibbs, later to become George's lifelong friend, and ending his days as Managing Director of Triangle Limited. On reaching the town, Trooper Style was deeply depressed by the drab appearance of the place. However, his depression was short-lived, and he was soon welcomed into the police camp mess by a very friendly bunch of young policemen, many of whom became his friends for life. His kit was deposited in the barrack-room allocated to him, and he then joined his new colleagues at the bar.

After sharing a few welcoming drinks with the lively crew, George retired early. Next morning early he was allocated his first mount – Buster, a quiet bay with a white blaze. No time was wasted in permitting horse and new rider to become accustomed to each other, and he was immediately dispatched on his first patrol.

A POLICEMAN'S LIFE IN THE DISTRICTS

As a mounted trooper in the Victoria Rural branch of the BSAP, he was almost constantly on patrol in some area of the huge district which fell under the local



George Style on first mount, Buster

administration, investigating reported incidents, following up leads, or just visiting rural communities, farmers, and prospectors to "show the flag". His first tour of duty at Rural HQ was for a period of six months, during which he was assigned to the eastern part of the area, carrying out patrols as far as the Zaka and Bikita districts. He met and befriended many interesting folk, some of them strong characters, many of them decidedly eccentric. It was here that he commenced the compilation of a series of fascinating notes on many of the characters with whom he came in contact.

When not out on mounted patrol, he joined many of the young men, who formed a prominent part of the growing community, in visiting the waterhole at the Victoria Hotel, a renowned establishment operated by the Meikles organisation. The residents of the town enjoyed a crowded social life, and George joined the local dance band, playing a "Swanee whistle" at functions held at the Victoria Hotel, a much-favoured pub. Many are the tales of great characters and memorable evening frolics at the bar recorded by George Style in later years, when he put to good use his very considerable literary talents. His tales and reminiscences of bygone days were always very easily readable and interestingly presented.

In spite of his initial misgivings resulting from the appearance of what had on first impression appeared to George to be "a shanty town", his posting to Masvingo was the beginning of one of the happiest periods of his life.

After six months attending to the requirements of the upholding of the laws of the land in the eastern sector of the district, he was reassigned to duty in the huge area to the south, known as "Victoria No 3 Area", stretching from Great Zimbabwe down to Triangle Ranch, and bounded on the west by the Chivi communal area. It was again his good fortune to meet many interesting and enterprising characters, and to make many friends – a feature of the life of this friendliest of men. As he had been in the eastern area, he soon became very popular, his visits eagerly looked forward to by the hospitable rural folks. He thoroughly enjoyed the long patrols out in the bush, usually sleeping under the stars or in designated simple rest huts, it being a convention of the day that patrolling law enforcement officers should not accept overnight hospitality in the homes of those amongst whom they administered the law, lest they should be unduly influenced by their hosts.

Circa 1926. Travelling out to the Rifle Range, Fort Victoria to fire Annual Musketry Course. Tprs Stan Perkins, Frank Blake and George Style on mule-drawn buckboard. Cases of beer invisible behind the last

After an enjoyable six months, he was transferred in March 1926 to duty at the little administrative centre at Bikita, situated in attractive hilly country between Masvingo and Birchenough Bridge. He found himself in a two-man rural police station, his Member in Charge being a rugged character named "Busky" Knight, one of the oldest and most experienced troopers in the country's police corps.

Knight had "dug himself in" well and truly at Bikita, taking advantage of his isolation and independence to accumulate a large herd of cattle, and a considerable flock of pedigreed White Leghorn chickens. From this extramural agricultural enterprise the entrepreneurial local "top cop" made a good living, through sales of meat, milk, and eggs to the local inhabitants.

One of Knight's orders to his new subordinate (which George admits he did not unwillingly obey) was that he should share an evening drink with his superior officer, Commando Brandy being the prescribed nightly tipple.

BACK TO THE POLICE DEPOT IN TOWN

George was initially very happy at Bikita, but, having spent many months in the bundu in his previous two postings, he soon longed for other company, particularly of what was then described as "the gentler sex" – how times have changed! He had befriended a young lady in the capital city – the question was, how to get back there for a spell in civilisation? He recalled later that in those days young men outnumbered women of the same status by ten to one. As he described himself as being "one of the lucky ones, for there I had my own sweet and pure girlfriend", he thought he had better return to what was then Salisbury before his luck changed.

This he achieved through the simple measure of a written application to Police HQ to return to the city for the rugby season – obviously the XV representing the lawmen had need of his services, and he was soon sent back to the depot to commence training.

The rugby enthusiasts who returned from outstations to Depot each winter to play for the team seemed to present something of a problem for RSM Jock Douglas – a legendary tough character. From long experience he had been given cause to regret the threat posed by sportsmen with more time on their hands than was good for them, and with the connivance of the Camp Commandant he had introduced them to duties which would certainly tame most of them – breaking in "remounts", the name given to the wild horses received in depot each year from De Beers in Kimberley.

In George's inimitable words:

> There was more, it seemed, in the RSM's devilish plans than full employment for sportsmen. Perhaps it was an element of revenge for past wrongs committed by his charges. Jock's happiest moments were spent watching us perform in the riding school. He was generous in his help in assisting one or two of the luckier victims to hold a vicious horse. He was kindness itself as he patted the untamed horse and whispered in its ear before turning to the recipient of his vengeance. "There you are ——, a nice quiet animal, quiet as a mouse. Just jump up into the saddle, there's nothing to be afraid of".

Having given such kind advice, Jock would retreat a few yards to a position of safety. But when the unfortunate victim had inevitably hit the dust, The Old Man would be

facing the other way with his shoulders shaking, giggling to himself and trying unsuccessfully to restrain his laughter.

Then came George Style's turn. Having survived another morning of Jock's entertainment, he was instructed to return at two o'clock to "give Remount No 342 some exercise" This particular nag was known to all as a treacherous beast. The inevitable happened to the young rugby enthusiast from Bikita. Having cautiously walked the horse out past the golf course, it suddenly, and without warning, threw him. The heavy fall injured George's back, and he lay on the ground a mile from the depot, unable to move for an hour or more, while the horse galloped wildly back to the stables.

He was totally unable to stand or walk, and there was not another soul about. Eventually he realised that there was no other solution than to crawl all the way back to his barracks, which he managed to do in spite of the agony he felt. Once home, he was confined to bed in the camp hospital by the Medical Orderly in Charge, Sgt "Tommy" Blake-Thompson. He was visited next day by the Government Medical Director, Dr Andrew Paton Martin, and spent the next week being nursed by the institution's beautiful and much admired nursing sisters – Lilian Frith and Lorna du Preez, a reward which he considered to be almost worth the painful experience with the fiendish No 342.

In due course he was discharged from hospital and duly took his place in the rugby team for the next few months, before returning to Bikita.

NUANETSI

In 1928, after almost two years at Bikita, which he enjoyed very much, he was seconded to another small two-man outstation at Nuanetsi, (now Mwenezi). Here his member-in-charge was Corporal "Paddy" Richens, who had been the first person to welcome George to Victoria when he took up his first posting from Depot.

Nuanetsi was very remote and wild in those days. George Style revelled in the place, and it was here that he was attracted by the lowveld's wild magic and became firmly hooked by its natural attractions. Once again, there were numerous memorable characters with whom he became acquainted, and he enjoyed the many opportunities for sport hunting, and of course the delicious venison and biltong which resulted from such pursuits.

Two interesting tales stand out from his memoirs of this period: one to do with alcohol, and one concerning perhaps the most colourful poacher in the history of the lowveld. George's own words paint a better picture of the former than I could attempt:

Those Medical Comforts

I think that all outstations had them in the 1920s. They were kept locked up in the Exhibit Box, and officially were looked on as something sacred, but instead of being a blessing, we found them an absolute curse. At Nuanetsi in 1928, apart from a couple of tins of canned fruit and a bottle of Bovril, we had on charge the following: 1 bottle Commando brandy;
1 bottle Hunt's port;
2 small bottles champagne.

One would have thought that after a really bad go of malaria, with fever blisters all round one's mouth, and feeling ill and weak, one would have qualified for a glass of champagne, but the powers that be thought otherwise. They were not to be touched unless one was at death's door.

Nevertheless, during my five years in the police, although I do not remember the canned fruit or Bovril being broached, the bottles were certainly touched frequently, if not weekly, and the alcohol was never allowed to over-mature, or become stale, or whatever else happens to it after many years. There was a very good reason for this during my eight months at Nuanetsi with Corporal Paddy Richens – and the reason was that we virtually ran a hotel.

The Beit bridge across the Limpopo had not been built, and immigrants and tourists coming up from South Africa could not get accommodation between Messina and Fort Victoria, a distance of about 300 miles. They crossed the river about 90 miles downstream and as there were then no tarmac roads in the country, going was slow. Invariably they arrived at Nuanetsi about sundown. The Native Commissioner's Residence was close to the main road, so they would call there first to enquire about accommodation.

The Native Commissioner – no names, no pack drill – was always very charming, and a good ambassador for prospective settlers.

"That's easy" he would say, affably, pointing down the road, "just drive down there to the police camp, and they'll be only too pleased to accommodate you for the night".

Richie and I would be enjoying a relaxing sundowner on the gauzed-in verandah, when we'd hear a car pull up outside. There'd be a knock on the door, and the spokesman of the party of two, or three, or four, as the case might be, would greet us, closely followed by the others.

"Good evening gentlemen" he would say "we've just seen the Native Commissioner, and he has told us that we might get a shakedown here for the night".

After introductions had been made, two or more glasses would be called for. As time went on, Richie would begin to thaw, and we would both decide that our guests were very charming.

"Go and get another bottle George" Richie would say, while draining the one in hand. Off I would go to the booze cupboard, only to find that it was bare. There was only thing for it: the medical comforts. Out would come the bottle of brandy, and that would not last very long. The tourists had had a very tiring drive, and were really enjoying their drinks.

"Sorry, George, I'm afraid we'll have to have the port", and that would be fetched.

To cut a long story short, the two bottles of champagne usually followed the port, and were drunk as an appetiser before dinner. Next morning, after a hearty breakfast, and having complied with immigration regulations, our guests bade us farewell, and that was usually the last we ever saw or heard from them again!

Meanwhile our liquor bills were rising, for apart from our own increasing orders, a week seldom passed without the medical comforts having to be

replaced. Grocery bills, too, were high, thanks to the large numbers of visitors who called.

An unexpected complication of being a humble junior policeman in a remote part of the country!

Another notable anecdote of George Style's sojourn at Nuanetsi concerned the hunt for a notorious elephant poacher, "Bvekenya" Barnard.

"You will do your best to apprehend Barnard, the elephant poacher, known locally as Bvekenya". It was in 1927 that George was sent on patrol by Richens, with these instructions, among others, on his patrol sheet.

He left camp astride his faithful mount "Prince", small, stocky, black, and utterly reliable. He was accompanied by African Constable Tsamwisi, an excellent Shangaan hunter, together with their personal servant to care for them, the last-named leading a pack donkey.

Ten days later they arrived at the famous "Crooks Corner" where the Limpopo crosses into Mozambique. It was in this fabled place, where three countries meet, that many renegades and fugitives from the law had established their headquarters. When trouble in the shape of the law approached, they would simply skip across the relevant border, there immune from apprehension or prosecution – all except Barnard, the story goes; no skipping for him, he just moved the boundary beacon to suit his diplomatic requirements.

While they were making camp, Cst Tsamwisi informed Trooper Style that a short way across the border in South Africa resided an official of the WNLA labour recruitment organisation, to whom George decided to pay his respects. He was most hospitably received by this man, Eric Chapman by name, to whom he explained the purpose of his mission.

Chapman told him that Barnard had passed through the area two days previously on his way to Louis Trichardt, and that he himself was leaving for the same little Northern Transvaal town next morning, to collect a new vehicle and an Alsatian dog. He urged George to accompany him, which Style was at first unwilling to agree to; however, he was eventually persuaded to accompany Chapman, on the grounds that a) he was due some time off anyway, and b) he might pick up some useful intelligence on the poacher he sought to apprehend.

Next morning early they set off in Chapman's old "jalopy", driving through big game country which was later to become incorporated in the Kruger National Park, and arriving at their destination in late afternoon. At their hotel Chapman met an old friend, a lawyer named Kruger, who invited them out to a traditional braaivleis on his nearby farm.

In the course of conversation Kruger informed him that Barnard had recently returned from an illegal hunting trip to the north, and furthermore, that Barnard had endeavoured to persuade him to join him in a hunting trip in the near future. He told Chapman and Style that he was unwilling to accept the invitation, as he was "scared of those cantankerous Rhodesian policemen!", whereupon Eric Chapman could not resist introducing Kruger to one of the cantankerous breed in the form of George. They all had a good laugh about it.

Later in the evening, during a most enjoyable braai and impromptu dance amongst

George Style – Trooper-in-charge, Bikita, 1929

friendly folk, Chapman invited Trooper Style over to the bar, there to be introduced to Bvekenya himself. Fugitive and pursuer had a friendly chat about hunting, the law, and other related matters, and it was brought home to George how futile it would be to attempt to track the wily elephant hunter, who had an excellent network of informers, all of whom valued the supply of elephant meat that resulted from his pursuit of ivory in the southeast lowveld.

Next morning George returned with Eric Chapman in his new vehicle to Crooks Corner, there to resume his patrol. It was not until forty years later that George Style revealed the facts of his meeting with Bvekenya Barnard.

Shortly after this excursion George was smitten by severe malaria, verging on the dreaded complication "blackwater fever". On medical advice he was transferred from Nuanetsi back to Fort Victoria. Thereafter, being a young man and therefore liable to frequent transfer, he served successively at Chibi (Chivi), Mashaba (Mashava), and Gutu, before being sent back to Bikita, this time as Trooper-in-Charge.

Policemen stationed in the outposts of that era had responsibility for many extraneous duties, among which were those of immigration officer, prosecutor, gaoler, vermin control officer (meaning the person charged with responsibility for hunting carnivores which preyed on livestock in the district), and vaccination officer.

While no additional income was derived from the first three duties, a bounty was payable for each lion, leopard, or wild dog killed by the policeman, the last-named fetching top bounty of ten shillings each, and therefore much sought after and persecuted. He was also paid a fee for vaccinating local residents against smallpox – the medical staff of the district having no itinerant personnel who could perform this function. George's memoirs record that during a month-long patrol in 1927 he vaccinated 1909 tribespeople, for which he received the very welcome sum of nine pounds, four shillings, and one penny – the rate being threepence each for the first 100, twopence each for the second 100, and one penny each for the remainder.

Late in 1929 he went to the capital for a promotion examination, which he failed – a common experience for first time applicants in a service where maintenance of high standards was rigidly enforced.

He had by that time fallen in love with a young lady who he had met while on a previous visit to Salisbury, and George had located his desired partner for life in the form of Miss Ethne Pilkington. In those days there was an inviolate rule of service in the police, according to which marriage was forbidden to any policeman in his first ten years of service.

The couple desired to be married, and being unwilling to wait all those years, there was no option open to George other than to resign from the BSAP. He duly resigned on 30 April 1930, after more than five years of most enjoyable service, during which he made a host of friends.

AT HOME AT BIKITA

He had found life at Bikita much to his liking, and decided that he would stay on there in some other job. As soon as he heard that young Style was leaving the police force, the District Commissioner (then known as "Native Commissioner") at Bikita offered George the post of District Clerk. However, he had decided that his four years in the

George Style with the old "Chev" at Kufa Tank

bank in South Africa was more than enough time working in a space enclosed by four walls. So instead he accepted an offer to take over the post of Cattle Dip Superintendent from an incumbent who was also an ex-BSAP Trooper. A condition of appointment was that he had to purchase his predecessor's motor car – a very smart blue Chev tourer – without which he would not be able to carry out his duties in the district

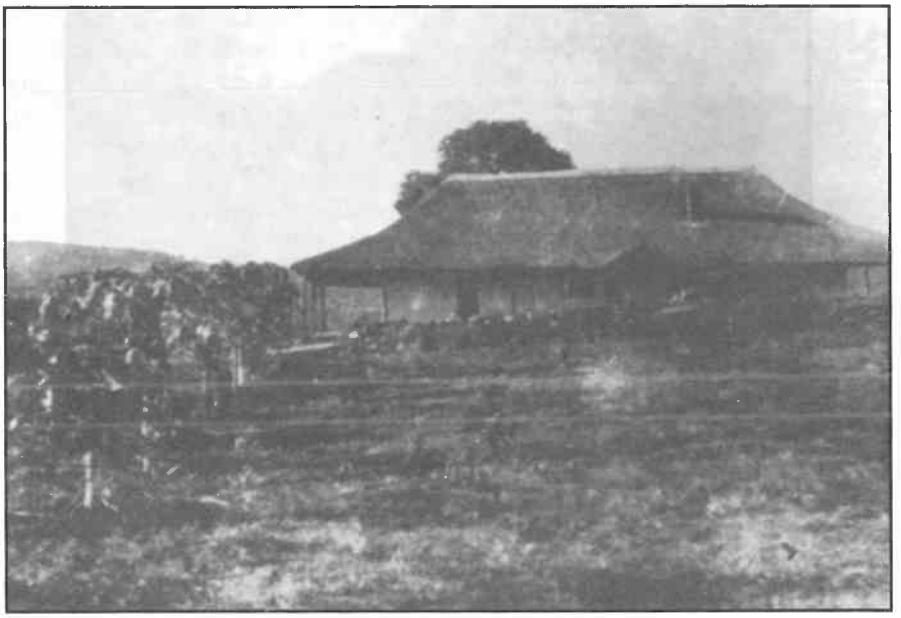
He and Ethne were duly married, and settled down to a very happy life together in the small community of civil servants who lived and worked at Bikita. Life was pleasant, but very necessarily rather humble in view of the meagre monthly salary paid; he records that his salary was £25 per month, of which payments for his car (instalments, repairs, and petrol) took £21, leaving the couple only £4 with which to pay all their household expenses.

They were fortunate in being able to augment their income through Ethne's skill in growing and selling vegetables, and also through selling fresh milk from the eleven Jersey cows which George had gradually acquired. In addition, he was the unofficial butcher and distributor of fresh meat, for which service he received no wage, but instead was entitled to a very welcome supply of fresh meat, free of charge.

Although Bikita was generally a very happy outstation, it was inevitable that there should occur from time to time the eccentricities and inter-personal feuds which characterised life in such small closed and isolated communities. George's opinion was that any such problems invariably arose because of actions and attitudes on the part of the wives. He records rather wryly the following conclusion:

> no women present, and everyone gets on like a house on fire; one wife on the station is adored by all – "the queen of the May"; with two wives the community lives in happy harmony; but when there are three or more wives, there is constant friction!

He recalled that on one occasion, when entering the office of the Native Commissioner, he was startled to be castigated because Ethne had befriended the wife of another



George Style's first home in Bikita

official! On another memorable occasion, the wives of two local luminaries fell out over a trivial issue, and the resulting rift resulted in the closure of the tennis court (the only recreational sports facility on station, patronised by most of the civil service community) for a period of three years.

The Bikita district was extraordinarily rich in wild life of all kinds, and opportunities for sport hunting abounded, with the added bonus of augmenting the meat supply. When the tennis court was closed for a prolonged period, hunting became an even more popular outdoor pastime at weekends. The most famous and popular area of all for hunting was down to the south on the Mkwasine River, a very sparely populated area holding amazing numbers of game animals of great diversity.

There were also great numbers of animals along the Save' in those days. George recorded 300 buffalo in Gudo's Pool on one occasion, while on another he watched spellbound during a drought when a massive herd of buffalo, crazed by thirst, stampeded down to the pool, resulting in 25 of them being drowned by the pressure from those in the rear, providing a huge feast for gargantuan crocodiles.

Leopards were particularly plentiful in the hills surrounding Bikita. On one occasion Jock Ferrie, a notable local store keeper, had 72 of his prized sheep killed in their kraal by a single marauding leopard in one night. George had plenty of opportunities to hone his "vermin" hunting skills. However, his first attempt had an embarrassing and tragic ending: hunting a problem leopard with the aid of a hunting lamp, he shot a creature whose eyes reflected the telltale green glow back at him, only to find that he had killed his friend's sheep dog "Jock". He later became a proficient hunter of leopards. It was at this time that he engaged the service of a renowned local hunter named Johnny Bandura,

On the surrounding large-scale cattle ranches lions were even more of a problem than the leopards in the hills. On Angus Ranch a wily lion known as *mangwana-mangwana* to the local people (because, unlike most of its kind, it never returned to its kill, striking elsewhere the next day) killed in excess of 400 cattle during its reign of terror. It survived all attempts to get rid of it, until it made its first and last error and returned one night to feed on the carcase it had left the previous day, which had in the meantime been poisoned with strychnine. On Devuli Ranch to the east of Bikita lived a renowned lion hunter named Ali Hamman, who had shot 66 stock-raiding lions, and poisoned in excess of three hundred others. From Hamman the young ex-policeman learnt many tricks of the trade in hunting lions.

Besides Jock Ferrie, two other interesting characters – Paddy Power and Gordon Hughes – made their living from trading in the district. Ethne from time to time assisted one or other of them during their absence or when they were particularly busy. She at once demonstrated a considerable flair for trading, an interest which was to be of great benefit to the family in later years.

It was while they were at Bikita that the couple's two sons, Rodney and Clive,

George Style and family at Bikita

were born to Ethne in 1931 and 1933 respectively. They enjoyed an idyllic close-knit family life in a warm and loving home, probably the more so because of George's determination that his children should not endure the austere fatherhood which had caused him so much unhappiness in his own childhood. They spent a great deal of time out in the open air, the little boys accompanying their father as often as possible on his trips around the district, where he was responsible for the health of thirty thousand cattle.

They often swam in the shallow waters of the broad Sabi (Save') River, watching with great interest the construction of the massive Birchenough Bridge, which was to provide a more comfortable and dependable method of crossing the river than being hauled through the great expanse of water and sand by Jimmy Whittall's trek oxen – the only method of crossing, prior to construction of the gracefully arched bridge.

In later years, when the boys were of school-going age, they were sent off to boarding school at REPS in the Matopos, and then on to the high school at Plumtree.

George was in his element in his bush life, building on his love of wild things and wide open spaces which had started during his spell at Nuanetsi. Creatures great and small fascinated him. Apart from the tales of lions and leopards which he wrote, and with which he regaled his little boys, he recorded such things as the fascinating phenomenon of the annual swarming of dense clouds of a green shield bug known as *Harurwa* (*Haplosterna delegorguei)* which gathered in dense swarms on Rumedzo hill in Chief Mazungunye's area of Bikita. Countless millions of these insects arrive in April each year; they are then collected in an orderly process under the jurisdiction of the local headman, and shared out amongst the tribesmen, to be dried and fried as a greatly relished delicacy.

He travelled widely in the district to carry out his allocated task of supervising the health of the cattle which were so valuable to rancher and tribesman alike. In 1931 he recorded the first ever case of foot and mouth disease ("FMD") in the country, a disease which was later to occupy much of his time as the eyes and ears of the Veterinary Department. The efficient control methods of regular close inspection, inoculation, and strictly enforced cattle cordons which the vets devised were the responsibility of himself and his subordinate cattle inspectors. Also in 1931 the country was hit by the devastating depression which affected the whole world. The value of cattle plummeted, fat oxen fetching only one pound at the periodic cattle sales, while quality heifers went for seven shillings and sixpence.

During the depression the popular local Chief Ziki became the first African gentleman in the country to own his own motor vehicle, presumably acquiring it from some unfortunate individual who had been hard hit by the depressed state of the economy. It was also about this time that George on patrol recorded that one David Masuka had started a new religious sect known as the Zionists. At first the authorities were concerned that the movement might be quasi-political and therefore troublesome, but their fears were unfounded, and the sect attracted great numbers of members of sincere religious conviction.

THE ARMY CALLS

While camping out with a colleague named "Brusher" Bond prior to a cattle sale at

Maziwa Dip Tank deep in the heart of the Matsai communal land on 3 September 1939, they switched on their radio to listen to the 8 p. m. news broadcast, and heard the grim news that war had been declared against Germany.

George now had the opportunity to follow the example of many of his ancestors who had joined the army and followed a military career.

On their return to base they both hurriedly made arrangements to enlist in the armed forces. After initial training in the capital, George was posted to the Infantry Training Centre at Zomba in Malawi, and enrolled in the King's African Rifles, where he was engaged in training army recruits. During his time in what was then Nyasaland, still a remote and comparatively sparsely populated country, he made something of a name for himself as a lion hunter of note, killing three man-eaters which had been terrorising the local peasant folks.

Demonstrating great leadership skills and excellent race relations, he was commissioned and sent with his men to fight in the East African campaign. They were posted to the Headquarters of 25th Brigade in the Northern Frontier District of Kenya, where they saw active service. Style survived the war without any mishaps, but his friend Bond was not so lucky – he was captured on the island of Crete, and spent three miserable years "behind the wire" as a prisoner of war.

While still in East Africa towards the end of the second world war, George heard that the government at home had formed a Land Settlement Board to enable suitable returning servicemen, many of them now without a job, to embark on a farming career. The authorities were convinced that expansion of the post-war economy of the country would be based on organised agriculture. In addition, there was obviously a need to expand food production after the hardships which had prevailed during the war, and besides, they wanted to reward those who had risked their lives in the interests of the country. Before returning to the country, George applied for a farm under the ex-serviceman's settlement scheme.

On cessation of hostilities in 1945, full of excited expectations, he hurried back to what was then Salisbury, only to be bitterly disappointed. His application had been rejected, the reason given being that the scheme was for men under the age of 40, and he had just turned 41. In vain did he appeal against the decision.

GEORGE STYLE, TOBACCO FARMER

There were then no prospects of meaningful employment at his old home of Bikita with good prospects for a wife and two growing boys, so he applied for employment as a farm assistant. In November 1945 he was engaged as a tobacco assistant to a farmer at Mvurwi, for a salary of £25 per month, and a bonus of 10% of nett profit. He did very well that year, and in the following season he agreed to join his brother-in-law on a half-share tobacco farming venture, also in the Mvurwi district. He borrowed from his previous employer the sum of £1000, being his half-share of the input expenses in his new partnership. Again he did very well, and grew an excellent tobacco crop. After the tobacco had been sold at auction, he set his mind on obtaining a farm of his own.

In July 1947 he heard that a neighbour called Page had subdivided his property at Umsengezi River Ranch, and two subdivisions were for sale. George was successful

in securing one of the properties, 2 500 acres in extent, which he named Chidziwa, after a waterhole of that name on the farm. He had saved £4000, from which he had to repay the loan of £1000 and pay a deposit of £1500 to Page for the farm, leaving him very little money for the many expenses of growing a crop. He borrowed £2000 from the Land Bank, and was favoured with a credit facility of a further £2000 from the local Farmers' Co-op.

Life was very tough that year, with two boys at boarding school at Plumtree, and he and Ethne could afford little for their own comfort. They built a small mud hut as their first home, with a slit trench as a latrine, and a bucket in which to perform their ablutions. A dilapidated borrowed tent served as their general storeroom for all the farm's requirements. As it had been a poor rainy season, there was a severe shortage of thatching grass, and they could see the stars through the roof of their hut at night.

Ethne was very keen to commence trading in order to provide an income. George started making bricks from ant-heap, and the first building that he constructed was a little trading store for her. The profits from Ethne's trading enterprise paid for the wages.

With Ethne demonstrating rare flair and commitment, the trading venture prospered and expanded, until within two years she had a chain of six local stores. The income thus generated was an absolutely vital factor in providing for their farming expenses.

George purchased an old ox-wagon for his transport requirements, and from the Cold Storage Commission he bought two spans of oxen to pull the wagon and his plough. Construction of tobacco barns and sheds soon followed, and as they were so far from the shops in Harare, they also had to buy an old "jalopy" for their periodic trips to town. His neighbours were generous in sharing their experience and providing advice on the intricacies of growing tobacco successfully, particularly H. J. Quinton. One of the country's most successful farmers, he was later to be appointed Chairman of The Sabi-Limpopo Authority, which was constituted in the early 1960s to co-ordinate the great development programme in the lowveld.

The Styles' first crop on their own farm was a record one for the district, fetching the highest price on the auction floors. They had engaged an excellent farm builder from Malawi, and they soon moved into a little three-roomed cottage which he built, to be followed by accommodation for their workers, and then, a year later, a farm clinic.

By this time George had established 140 acres of tobacco. Two more good productive years followed. They purchased a new car, and a new truck to transport their crop to the auction floors.

In January 1950 they proudly sent their elder son Rodney off to the University of Cape Town to study for his life-long wish to be a chemical engineer, and in the same year Clive, who had always wanted to be a farmer, was enrolled in the first year's intake at the new Gwebi College of Agriculture. In June of that year, during their younger son's half-year break from studies at Gwebi, George, Ethne, and Clive set off to Cape Town to join the budding engineer on the family's first seaside holiday. By this time Rod had decided that university life was not for him, and at the end of that month he returned to Chidziwa to help his father with the farming venture. He became a very enthusiastic and successful tobacco farmer.

At the end of 1951, having acquired his Diploma in Agriculture from Gwebi, Clive joined the family venture, George having in the meantime established a mixed farming operation, as his younger son had made it quite clear that he was **not** interested in tobacco. He took over and expanded an enterprise which included pigs, sheep, poultry, and 80 acres of maize. They built three dams, and established a fish farming project with the advice of Dr Maar, the government's fishery specialist.

The Style family thrived in the Mvurwi farming community, becoming very active members of the Umvukwes Country Club, where the three men, being competent horsemen, all played polo with great gusto on the ponies George had purchased for them. In time they established their own polo field on Chidziwa. All the while Ethne's trading business continued to prosper, paying the whole wage bill – a much appreciated contribution to the family's farming fortunes.

BACK TO THE LOWVELD

In June 1952 a Government Gazette arrived on George's desk, and he noted with a sense of excitement that applications were invited for the lease, with the option of purchase, of three proposed Crown Land Ranches in the District of Ndanga near the lower Chiredzi River, not far from the areas where he had spent many happy days while stationed some way to the north at Bikita. He had begun to feel "crowded out" by the feverish development of tobacco farms in northern Mashonaland, and the thought of the possibility of establishing a ranch in the Ndanga district re-kindled for him that old lowveld magic which he had first experienced when stationed at Nuanetsi.

He and Ethne at once travelled down to the area, where they were met by Jock Murray, the local Lands Inspector, who drove them around the three ranches. There were particularly large numbers of impala on Ranch No 2, as well as good populations of kudu, eland, sable, and zebra. To settle in this area was all that he could have desired at that stage, and even in those early days George dreamt of creating a private game reserve if he was successful in his quest to secure the land.

Immediately on his return to Mashonaland he submitted his application for Ranch No 2, a property of 54 448 acres. His application was accompanied by a strong recommendation by Stanley Morris, District Commissioner at Umvukwes station, who stressed the success that George had made of his farming venture.

Then followed several months of impatience and frustration while the Style family waited for a response. Eventually, in September of that year, George could bear the suspense no longer, and he decided that he and Ethne would go off on a long holiday. Accordingly, leaving the boys in charge of the farm at Chidziwa, the two of them went to Malawi in a brand-new Plymouth 2-seater sedan which he had purchased with part of the profits from the previous very successful season. In Blantyre he looked up an old friend from his army days, Bert Smith, who was now in charge of the charge office at the local police station. Recalling George's prowess as a lion hunter in days long before, Smith told him that he had just received a report of a lion killing livestock on a nearby farm, and asked him to go after it.

Leaving Ethne at Ryall's Hotel, George wasted no time in travelling out to the farm, to find that a lion had the previous night killed three cattle. He arranged for the construction of a platform in a tree overlooking one of the carcases, and that night sat

up for the lion, which he managed to shoot by the light of a hunting torch. This did his reputation as a mighty hunter no harm at all!

Continuing on their tour, they travelled throughout Malawi and on into Mozambique, down to the coast, and then to Gorongosa Game Reserve. From there they returned via Mutare to Chidziwa early in November, refreshed after a very enjoyable holiday. On going to fetch their mail bag at Concession next morning, George was thrilled to find a letter advising him that his application for a lease on Ndanga Crown Ranch No 2 had been successful, and instructing him to make arrangements to take up the land. In order to become eligible for the right of purchase, he was required to carry out certain improvements and to establish a herd of a minimum of 800 cattle.

The family wasted no time in making plans for the move. It was decided that Rodney would continue farming at Chidziwa to continue bringing in an income during the time that the new ranching venture was being developed, Clive would assist his father with the cattle ranching operation, and Ethne would accompany them to set up home and, inevitably, to start a trading enterprise. They held a very successful dispersal sale to get rid of their livestock and certain other items which they would no longer require.

George's memoirs record:

> I immediately made a few preliminary trips down to the ranch with furniture etc, and, on each visit, nailed notices made out of planks from paraffin-boxes on trees all over the ranch. I had burned on the planks with a hot poker "SHOOTING PROHIBITED", but all this seemed to do was increase the poaching!

Having settled their affairs on the farm at Chidziwa and enjoyed a number of farewell parties hosted by their friends in the district, George, Ethne and Clive set off in February 1953 in a brand new International 3/4 ton truck to take up occupation of the ranch, with Ethne doing most of the driving. She had loaded up the truck with chickens, ducks, and turkeys, as well as all their personal effects. It was a particularly wet rainy season, and when they reached the old low level bridge across the Tokwe River between Masvingo and Beit Bridge they found that the river was in high flood, and the bridge several metres under water.

They turned back and booked in to the hotel at Great Zimbabwe, where they had to stay for ten impatient days while they waited for reports that the flood was subsiding. Ethne turned all her poultry out into the hotel garden, where the management for a few days tolerated their noisy messy presence, before politely asking George to make alternative arrangements. Fortunately he was able to arrange accommodation for the flock of birds at the nearby Morgenster Mission.

Tiring of life at the hotel, they eventually decided to cross the Tokwe River on the road to Shabani (Zvishavane) and then to travel down through the Chivi communal area to rejoin the Beitbridge Road, and on through Ngundu and Triangle to their new home. They duly arrived at their new lowveld property after a long; wet, and very wearisome trip.

BUFFALO RANGE

The family were required to submit to the Registrar of Deeds three possible names for

the ranch, in order of preference. Their list was 1) Buffalo Range, 2) King Ranch, and 3) Horse-shoe Ranch (after two horse-shoe bends in the Chiredzi River on the ranch).

They first built a simple "pole and dagga" cottage on a chosen site near the Chiredzi River, and then the infrastructure such as dip tanks, fences, water supplies, and cattle kraals for the ranching business. Clive set about building up a herd of cattle, commencing a life-long passion as a rancher – "I'm not a sod-buster" he would say. The first permanent brick building they erected was a trading store for Ethne, in which she rapidly established a thriving business.

When later they moved the family headquarters to its present site eight kilometres east of Triangle, on the road to Chiredzi, the old store down by the river became George's store room for the game-ranching enterprise which he was in the process of establishing. It was agreed that a separate game section of 12 000 acres would be established along the Chiredzi River frontage, with cattle excluded from this section, and the majority of the ranch given over to cattle ranching under Clive's control (but game was free to move in and out of the cattle section).

George recorded his feelings very early on in the family's new lowveld enterprise: "It is really only the game, and the game section, which interests me". Ethne was responsible for the trading function, which grew rapidly, and she was later assisted by Clive, who had the same flair as his mother for this branch of commerce. George later referred thus to his wife's flair and passion as a merchandise trader:

> Ethne's old store was the first building on the ranch, where she worked so hard to establish the ranch, and with her flair for buying, and the "basella" system (10% in gifts, returned for each pound spent) attracted buyers from as far away as Zaka and Ngundu, over 60 miles away. I will always remember the cash given to me for paying the labour force, both on the ranch and on Chidziwa, and what she wrote at the bottom of the pay sheets: "NOT RETURNABLE!" At times the whole family served behind the counter.

Later on, in 1959, the family sold Chidziwa, and Rod moved down to the lowveld, there to assume an increasingly important role in the family's business interests. George was happy to confine his interests to the wildlife, though remaining as Chairman of the Board of Directors of Buffalo Range (Pty) Ltd.

THE BEGINNING OF GAME RANCHING IN THE LOWVELD

I think that it was Tommy Orford, a National Parks Ranger stationed on the Mkwasine, who first suggested that George should crop the impala as a source of revenue from sale of meat and hides. There was at the time an awakening interest in the sustained commercial exploitation of wildlife. Dr Reay Smithers, Director of National Museums, had arranged for two Fulbright Scholars from the USA, Drs Ray Dasman and Archie Mossman, to research the subject on Doddieburn Ranch, owned by Alan and Ian Henderson in the West Nicholson area. Smithers was interested in what his old friend Style was doing on Buffalo Range, and he arranged for Dr Archie Mossman to go there to advise George on latest developments and ideas in this field. The Henderson brothers had already commenced commercial game ranching on Doddieburn, and it took little persuasion for George Style to follow suit.

The legendary game ranger Rupert Fothergill ("Roop" to George) was a frequent and very welcome guest. On his first visit in the mid-1950s he said that one herd of impala, estimated to be more than 200 strong, was the largest he had ever seen.

At first it was the culling of impala, with the aid of a spotlight at night, which was the mainstay of the initiative, there being an almost insatiable market for fresh meat for employees of the burgeoning lowveld sugar estates. At this point I must recount an amusing incident which occurred in 1963, when George invited me to accompany him on a nocturnal outing to crop impala.

After a quick light supper, we set off in an open Land Rover, without windscreen or doors, to harvest the night's crop. Three of us sat in the front seat. George, armed with a 30.06 rifle with telescopic sight, sat in the middle, between me and the driver. My job was to hold the spotlight. We soon came upon a herd of impala, which stood, dazzled by the spotlight. George whispered to me to hold the beam steady on a large ram, while he took aim. "George!" I whispered urgently to him. "Shhh! I'm aiming" "George!" again, louder and more urgently, drew the same impatient response from my companion. "George, for goodness sake!", and I grabbed his arm. Shaking me off, he pulled the trigger, with (to him) a most unexpected result: the loud crack of the rifle was followed immediately by a louder bang, and the whining sound of the ricocheting bullet disappearing into the night, while the targeted ram cantered safely off into the distance.

Peering as he was, through the elevated telescopic sight, my mighty hunter companion could not see that the business end of the barrel of the rifle was firmly bedded against the spare wheel, which was in usual Land Rover style carried on the bonnet of the engine. Ignoring my attempts to warn him, George had demolished a brand new tyre and wheel rim. When he saw what he had done, George shook with laughter for several minutes. Our first night-shooting trip together was memorable for the wrong reason!

An adviser on policy in the early days was Allan Savory, who had a short time previously been appointed to head a Game Ranching Unit in the Department of national Parks and Wild Life Management. There were approximately 5000 impala on Buffalo Range, and the conventional wisdom of the day demanded that for sustainable cropping of this species, 20% (1000) should be taken off annually. As time went on, other species were utilised as well, particularly kudu, zebra, and eland. An interesting feature of those days was the arrival of a herd of wildebeest. When George told Murray MacDougall of this, Triangle's pioneer refused to believe it, stating categorically that no wildebeest had ever occurred in the lowveld north of the Lundi (Runde).

Salted hides became a valuable side-line, especially those of zebra and impala, and as time went by more and more wildlife products from the ranch were sold.

Successive National Parks Provincial Wardens in the Victoria Province, among whom Bruce Austen stood out, were keen spectators and strong supporters of the game-ranching experiment, and the Parks staff from Chipinda Pools were frequent visitors during their infrequent trips to town, always willing to give advice and assistance.

On the other hand, the ranchers on the boundaries of Buffalo Range, and beyond in the wider lowveld, were virtually unanimously not at all pleased with the game ranching business. Game animals were little valued by cattlemen; they competed for

grazing, broke fences (zebra were particularly culpable), were host to tsetse flies which carried Trypanosomiasis, and also to two other serious cattle diseases, (FMD and Theileriosis), and they were thought to attract predators.

At the same time as an increasing stream of wild life conservationists and interested National Parks staff were making tracks for Buffalo Range to see what George was doing, a vociferous body of members of the Chiredzi Cattleman's Association were setting up a powerful counter-current of opposition, strongly supported by more conservative vets, especially successive Directors of the Government Veterinary Service.

One of them, Dr T. Lees-May, uttered the much-quoted opinion "You can't farm in a zoo, man!" at a crowded meeting called to discuss this departure from conventional land use in the lowveld. Another Director, Dr McKinnon, visited Buffalo Range with the Government's Chief Conservation Officer, later Secretary for Agriculture, C. A. Murray. They added their voices to those of the doubters, though it was significant that Charles Murray, following a change of heart when he was later appointed a Director of the giant Nuanetsi Ranch, actually re-visited Buffalo Range to get some ideas on the introduction of game ranching on the extensive property for which he had assumed responsibility, and which harboured an immense population of game animals.

Interestingly enough, George Style was contracted to harvest game animals on this huge property.

The game section went from strength to strength, and kept George very busy. Not long after his arrival he was joined by Johnny Bandura, the skilled hunter who had been with him at Bikita, and from Chidziwa came Saizi Ndawana, who had served with George in the KAR during the war, and who was appointed Senior Game Scout on Buffalo Range.

George Style loved dogs, and his unquestionable favourite was an Alsatian called Rin-Tin-Tin, a most energetic and plucky animal. He averred that Rin, always his companion on hunts for dangerous game animals, had many times saved him from wounded lions and buffalo in thick bush on Buffalo Range. Rin was a battle-scarred warrior, always in the thick of things. Among other mishaps, he had been kicked by a zebra, and mauled by a crocodile which caught him in the Chiredzi River, and from which he was very fortunate to escape. He eventually died as the result of wounds inflicted by a sable bull, which gored him in the chest. George was heart-broken. He buried his friend near the game section homestead, and erected a statue in his memory with the legend:

> In memory of Rin-Tin-Tin, 1951–1957, who many times saved his master's life from wounded lion and buffalo. Gored by a sable, he has gone to happier hunting grounds.

There were great numbers of lions in the area, and they caused severe losses from the cattle herd in early days. George spent much of his time hunting them, and as they became more wary and difficult to hunt, he imported several bear traps from Canada, with which he trapped a fair number of lions which returned at night to feed on the cattle they had killed, only to be caught in the powerful jaws of the traps set around the kill, and to be dispatched by being shot next morning.

In later years George expressed his shame and regret for using this inhumane technique, and also for his ardent persecution of the nomadic packs of wild dogs which intermittently visited the property and preyed on the family's prize heifers. In my view this behaviour was at that time in no way reprehensible. Eliminating "vermin" was a mind-set of the day in an attempt to protect valuable livestock from stock-killers, and enlightened attitudes to the value and interests of wild animals were in the very early days of development.

George Style was a very keen observer of natural history, interested in everything going on around him. He corresponded regularly with his friend Dr Reay Smithers, who had got him started by sending Archie Mossman to see him. The Chiredzi game rancher recorded a number of aberrations amongst the animals he encountered, including a black impala, and albino bushbuck and porcupine.

As activity on the game section of the ranch intensified, it became obvious that George was in need of assistance. A number of competent young wildlife enthusiasts worked for him over the years that followed, each bringing new ideas or skills to the fledgling industry. Notable among them was Brian Marsh, whose wife Jill was a niece of the Style family. Marsh went on to establish his own game-cropping and safari business, and subsequently became a well-known author of wild life novels.

GUESTS AT HUNTER'S LODGE

In addition to the wildlife enthusiasts and vets, the family's visitors' book records a very large number of guests visiting George and Ethne in the attractive and comfortable "Hunter's Lodge" which they established down near the Chiredzi River on Buffalo Range Game Ranch. The Styles were very generous and welcoming hosts, and the numbers of guests increased dramatically once the enterprise had become established, the sugar estates developed apace, and the town of Chiredzi was established in the early 1960s. Many visitors came out to the ranch specifically to see the Carmine Bee-eater colony which bred annually in a cliff on the Chiredzi River. The site of between

Hunter's Lodge – Buffalo Range.

one and two thousand of these most beautiful of birds was an unforgettable spectacle, drawing visitors from far and wide in September, October and November each year.

George entertained politicians, policemen and priests; merchandise salesmen selling their wares to Ethne and taking time off for a game drive; school-children and fellow ranchers – even those who were opposed to this nonsense of running wild animals with domestic stock; and even waifs and strays. All were welcomed, fed hearty teas or drinks and snacks, even lunch, and proudly shown around by the lowveld's pioneer game rancher.

As the fame of the Buffalo Range wildlife enterprise spread, a number of very well known public figures were hosted at "Hunter's Lodge" which was filled with fascinating memorabilia and collectables with a wildlife theme. Hollywood star Stewart Granger and internationally renowned author Stuart Cloete were among the most interesting and appreciative guests hosted by George and Ethne.

A very generous host he was certainly, but it was Ethne who had to bear the brunt of the ceaseless entertaining. Her husband even brought in itinerant nobodies that he met, people who in truth were unemployed or of no fixed abode. They happily parasitised their generous host, often to the chagrin of poor Ethne, until they eventually responded to a gentle hint that they should move on.

My father and I became very friendly with George. When my parents visited us at Triangle, we were invited to come out to the ranch early in the morning over weekends to shoot game birds, which abounded on Buffalo Range, especially near the river. After an excellent morning of wing shooting, we would return ravenously to the homestead for breakfast, there to enjoy a memorable feast and to swap yarns. One morning we were shooting at the far southern end of the ranch near a large and famous pool called Chidlai. After bagging a few guineafowl, and driving a short way in George's Land Rover, we came across a sable bull which had broken its leg in a snare and was unable to walk. I dispatched the poor beast, and our accompanying game scouts loaded it onto the vehicle.

Just then we heard the noise of a vehicle racing through the bush, and around the corner came a police vehicle which skidded to a stop alongside. Out jumped a Patrol Officer, who at once stated triumphantly that we were under arrest for illegally hunting on Buffalo Range, and, even worse, hunting a sable without the necessary permit. He was a little nonplussed when we pointed out that we could not be poaching in a Buffalo Range vehicle, with ranch staff with us. When we stated that we were on our way to breakfast with the owner, he left to return to the police station at Chiredzi, after taking our names and personal details and stating that we would be hearing from his member-in-charge.

On our return to the homestead, we told George what had happened. He laughed, and apologised for the embarrassment we must have endured, stating that it was entirely his fault. What had happened was that a number of citizens of Chiredzi had taken to poaching on the southern section of the game ranch, far from headquarters, where gunshots could not be heard, and in a situation where they could quickly leave the ranch if anybody approached. George had offered a bounty of £100 to anybody who apprehended the culprits. He had also concluded an arrangement with the care-taker of a guest lodge across the river from Chidlai, through which he would notify her by

telephone if anybody was hunting or cropping in that area. If she heard gunshots in the absence of such notification, she was to phone the police in Chiredzi, who had promised a rapid response.

George had forgotten to call her concerning that morning's hunt – and what made the matter worse was that she had reported to the police that she was under fire, as apparently pellets from one of our shotguns had rattled on her roof, presumably when firing at a guineafowl winging across the river. We all had a good laugh about that incident.

In August 1971 the Chairman of Triangle Limited telephoned me and asked me at very short notice to arrange a hunting trip for two distinguished Americans who would be visiting the country within the next week. It was not possible at that late stage to secure a formal reservation at a hunting camp, nor in fact to hire the services of a professional hunter, so in desperation I contacted George and his son Clive. As always, they readily agreed to assist. The nett result was that we welcomed Harry Tennison, President of Game Conservation International, and Walter Schirra, hero of the Gemini space exploration venture and doyen of the US astronauts. With no other alternative available, I took time off from the hospital to accompany them on a most enjoyable hunting trip on Buffalo Range, with Clive acting as the guide/professional hunter for Harry, and myself doing the same for Walter.

Our friends from the USA enjoyed the experience immensely. Fortunately Walter did not have great expectations concerning record trophy sizes for "the book" (Rowland Ward's Records of Big Game), unlike many visiting hunters who judge the success of the hunt by the size of the trophy and its acceptance for publication in the said volume. This was extremely fortunate for me, as the trophy kudu bull which my client managed to bag had horns measuring a mere 26 inches (an acceptable trophy being in the region of 54 inches and upwards).

Neither George nor Clive allowed me to forget this episode. For some reason, after being probably the first hunter/guide for a foreign client on Buffalo Range, I was never again invited to assist.

The founder of Buffalo Range celebrated his 70th birthday with a party at Buffalo Range, attended by a large body of family, friends, and admirers, many of them from wildlife circles. George was a celebrity.

During the previous few years, with more time on his hands, he had written a large number of articles for the BSAP magazine "Outpost", recording with splendid literary talent a most readable series of very interesting experiences during his service in the BSAP and thereafter. Some of them were published under the pseudonym "Nimrod", others in a section of the magazine entitled "Bundu Jottings".

With the passing of time George Style began to do less and less of the actual work on the game section, relying instead more and more on his assistant of the day. Ever a man with a strong sense of community, he became increasingly involved in activities in the Chiredzi area. He was a committed member of the Rotary Club of Chiredzi, and was Chairman of the Lowveld Anglican Church Council.

He somewhat unwisely accepted the Chairmanship of Impala Ranching Company, the ill-fated private organisation which was set up by the government to spearhead the game-ranching industry – a disastrously planned and executed response to a national

call for an organisation to pioneer the necessary research and operational experimentation for what appeared to be a very promising industry. With the responsible Minister having made the choice of operator, there was no way that George or anybody else could make a success of this venture, which had been given perhaps the country's best tract of wild life land in the country (on the Mkwasine), but that is another story.

SADNESS IN THE TWILIGHT YEARS

With the way that things had been going for George Cecil Style, the success he had enjoyed, and the admiration he had earned, he should have been the happiest man on earth. I never did understand the basis for the deep depression and feeling of inadequacy and dejection which enveloped him at this stage. He and Ethne, having endured increasing friction between them, tragically fell out at that late stage in their lives, and he left her. His sons, who were by that time controlling the rapidly expanding Buffalo Range enterprise, agreed to purchase a house for him in Harare, and he moved to a beautiful home in Highlands. He was unable to settle, and was very miserable most of the time.

A very sympathetic and caring female companion moved in with him for a while, but he remained unsettled and uncertain. He moved back to the lowveld, and he and Ethne were apparently happily re-united for a while, but it did not last. Another house was purchased for him in Harare, and again he moved away from the lowveld which he loved.

His twilight years should have been blissful. He had everything, and had achieved everything, that ever he could have wished for. Instead, he was a somewhat tragic figure.

George Style, pioneer of Buffalo Range and of the game-ranching industry in Zimbabwe, died in Harare on 7 January 1987, another of the Great Characters of The Lowveld who had led an eventful life and shown the way for those who followed. George, we salute you.

Vernon Arthur Lewis (1886–1950) Our Ninth Judge (1936–1950)

by Michael J. Kimberley

Vernon Arthur Lewis was born in Cape Town on 24 March 1886. He was the fourth son of Dr C. F. Lewis, Professor of Classics in the University of South Africa and sometime Chairman of the Council of the South African College, Cape Town which eventually became the University of Cape Town.

EDUCATION

He was educated at the South African College School where he held a Queen Victoria Scholarship. He was a gold medallist for Classics in the Senior Bachelor of Arts class in 1905 and was awarded a Rhodes Scholarship that year. He proceeded to New College, Oxford where he read law from 1906 graduating in 1909. He was also called to the Bar at the Inner Temple on 20 April 1910.

LEGAL PRACTICE

He was admitted as an Advocate of the Supreme Court of South Africa in 1910, and as an Advocate of the High Court of Southern Rhodesia in 1911 and in that same year he commenced practice as an Advocate in Salisbury. He built up a leading practice at the Bar and was involved in almost all of the most important cases of the late 1920s and early 1930s.

The first reported case in which Lewis appeared as an Advocate was *Glanfield v The Asp Development Syndicate Limited* (1911 SR 47) in which he successfully represented the Defendants in an action brought by the Plaintiffs claiming compensation which should have been referred to the decision of an arbitrator.

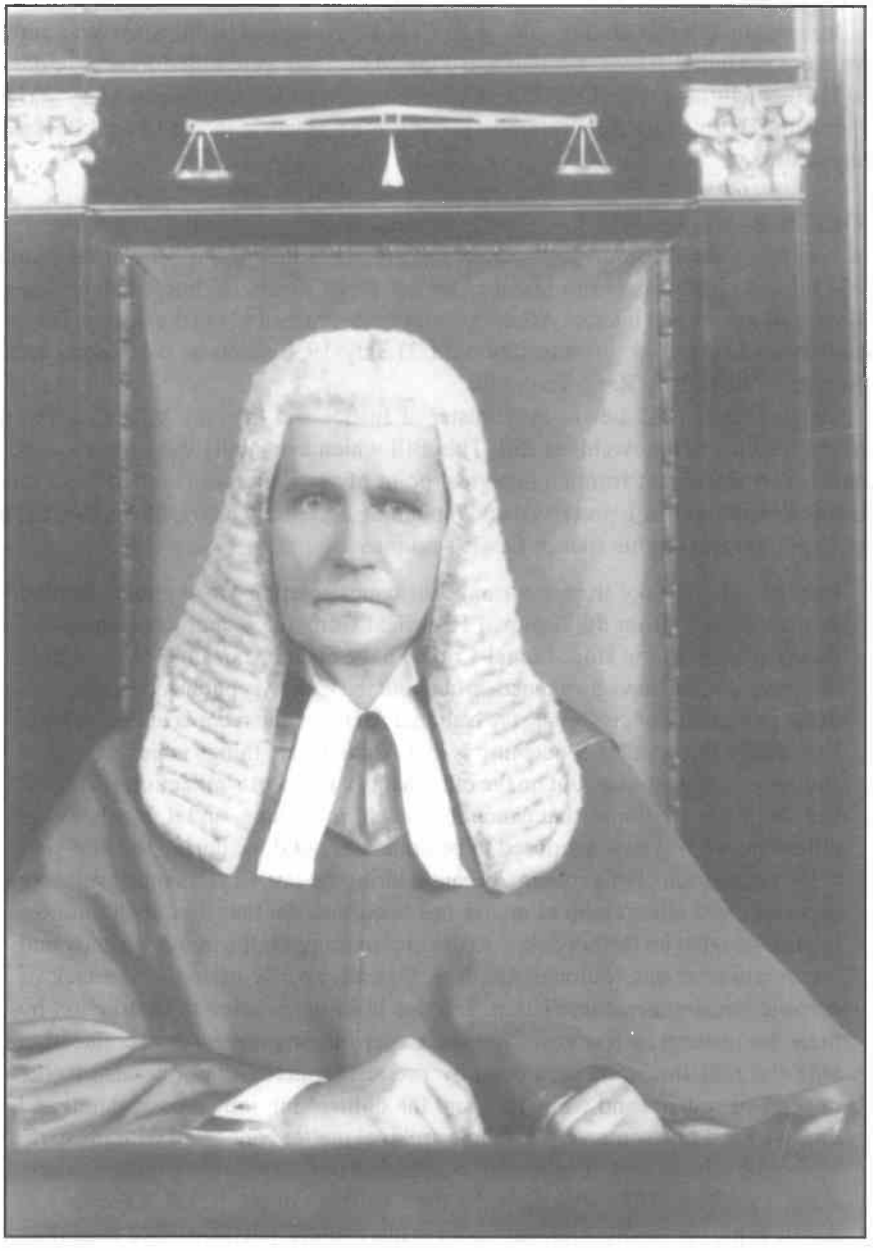
He took silk in 1925.

Apart from the years 1916 to 1919 he practised continuously from 1911 until he became a member of the Legislative Assembly and a Cabinet Minister on 7 November 1934.

MARRIAGE

Lewis married Ethel Amy Jameson in 1913. She was the youngest daughter of Julius Jameson, brother of Sir Leander Starr Jameson. There were two sons and one daughter of the marriage. Both sons, namely C. P. J. (Pat) Lewis and J. V. R. (John) Lewis practised law, the former as an Attorney becoming Senior Partner of Scanlen and Holderness and the latter as an Advocate in Harare, eventually becoming a Judge and subsequently Judge President of Rhodesia.

On 31 March 1950 and some years after Ethel's death he married Rosamund Edmunds, the ceremony taking place at Rumbavu Park, on the Enterprise Road leading to Shamva and Mutoko.



Mr Justice V. A. Lewis

WAR SERVICE

He served in the Artillery in France during the Great War, attaining the rank of Major and being awarded the M.C. for gallantry during the third battle of Ypres.

It is significant that all five sons of Dr C. F. Lewis served in the Great War and all five were wounded. Three were awarded the M.C. Two were killed in action, one in the Battle of Jutland whilst serving as Fleet Surgeon on H.M.S. Queen Mary and the other in the Battle of the Somme whilst serving as a Captain in the 2nd Royal Berkshire Regiment.

POLITICS

He was persuaded to stand for election to Parliament and in the general election of 1934 he was elected as senior member for Salisbury North. He immediately became Minister of Justice and Internal Affairs as from 7 November 1934 in the Second Huggins Ministry and served in that capacity until 31 July 1936 when he was succeeded as Minister of Justice by R. C. Tredgold.

On 19 March 1935 Lewis, as Minister of Justice and Internal Affairs moved the second reading of the Archives Bill. This Bill which eventually became law was, of course, very important from an historical point of view and has resulted in so much historical material being preserved and remaining accessible today, 68 years later, for research purposes. In his speech Lewis said *inter alia* :

> I should like to take this opportunity of congratulating those public-spirited gentlemen who from the National Historical Committee, and who, under the Chairmanship of the Hon. Lionel Cripps, have been responsible for initiating this measure, and have awakened throughout the Colony a public consciousness of the importance of preserving the National Archives and records of this Colony. I am afraid the popular conception is that Archives are things which savour of antiquity and mustiness, but on the other hand, a moment's reflection will show that Archives are things that cannot be caught too young, and it is a thousand pities that what is now proposed to be done was not done during the first year of the occupation of this country, because during the last 40 years much valuable historical and other archival matter has been lost. So that it is of the utmost importance that no further delay occurs in providing for the proper custody and preservation of our National Archives. Already, partly owing to the lack of suitable housing accommodation, and due in some measure to destruction by fire – for instance, a few years ago some very important records in connection with the rebellion were destroyed by fire at Plumtree – and due also to the ravages of rodents and white ants and the obliterating influence of damp and dirt, we have lost some very valuable archival matter connected with the early history of this country. The lesson was pointed out very forcibly quite recently when a generous offer was made by the Chairman of the B.S.A. Company to donate some very useful archival matter to this country, but there was a condition, and not an unnatural one, that we should institute a suitable archives department, and that there should be proper provision made for the accommodation and custody of these documents.

As Minister of Justice and Internal Affairs Lewis was also responsible for Education. On 25 April 1935 during the budget debate he made a major (16 *Hansard* columns!) and wide ranging speech on education. He began by applauding the proposed remission of school fees for 1936 and paid tribute to Mr Foggin, the Director of Education who was retiring "and who during the last 20 years has built up an educational system in this Colony of which it is justly proud". Foggin had hinted in his final report which reviewed progress during the past 20 years that

> he did not maintain that a perfect educational system has been evolved or that there is no present need for further improvement. There can be no such thing as finality in educational progress. There are at present needs which have not been met especially in connection with secondary education which has been somewhat overdeveloped on the academic side with hardly an adequate amount of experimental work on modern lines of adaptation.

Lewis developed the theme that the true object of education must be to bring out the best in everyone which could only be done by a system which can adapt itself and provide for the needs of every type of ability.

Lewis felt that the existing system did not go far enough in its provision for the great majority of our child population during the formative period of 11 to 16 years of age which were the critical years of adolescence. He said that "the education we give today to the majority of our children prepares them only for blind alley vocations and unskilled employment". He therefore praised the start that had been made in Bulawayo with technical education though it was very limited in its scope and presently only provided education for 136 children. He emphasised "the need to focus attention more on the future careers of our children". For this reason technical training and agricultural training should be available. He expressed the hope that all state education up to the age of 16 would be both free and compulsory. Lewis went on to examine the current examination system which basically presented pupils for two public examinations only, namely, the Junior Certificate and the South African Matriculation. The latter examination had received widespread condemnation as "an antiquated and unscientific technique of examination", and "an endurance rather than intelligence test". He strongly advocated the necessity of finding a satisfactory substitute for the South African Matriculation and recommended the School Certificate adopted by the Oxford and Cambridge School Examination Board taking after four years at age 16 followed two years later by the Higher Certificate.

JUDICIAL APPOINTMENT

He was appointed a Judge of the High Court of Southern Rhodesia with effect from 1 August 1936 and served in that capacity until his appointment as Chief Justice in May 1950. He acted as Chief Justice prior to 1950 for aggregate periods totalling three years and it is sad that death precluded him from holding the substantive appointment of Chief Justice for more than a few days.

The Southern Rhodesia law reports reveal that his first reported case as a Judge was *Rex v Matumbalila* (1936 SR 192) in which he reviewed fifteen cases involving convictions and sentences under the Native Tax Act and ruled that the punishment

should not exceed a fine of £1 per £1 tax due or one months' imprisonment in lieu of a fine of £1.

Walker v Rhodesia Railway Limited (1937 SR 62) was an action by Walker in his personal capacity as husband and guardian of his wife to whom he was married in community of property for damages of £994 caused as a result of a collision by a railway train owned by Defendant and operated and controlled by its servants, with a motor car owned by Plaintiff and driven by his wife. Plaintiff alleged negligence and Defendant denied negligence and in the alternative alleged that the proximate cause of the damage was Mrs Walker's contributory negligence.

Lewis found for the Plaintiff and the case is important in laying down the principles which govern the duty of those in charge of trains when approaching level crossings. These were summarised by Lewis as follows:

(a) It is the duty of the Railway Administration, when intending to exercise its preferent right at open level crossings at night, to advertise the approach of a train by an unmistakable appeal both to the sight and hearing of travellers on the road.
(b) This duty, in respect of the appeal to sight, can only be discharged at night by displaying on the forefront of the train a light or lights sufficiently distinguishing or powerful to give adequate and unmistakable warning of its approach.
(c) The driver's first duty, whether by day or night, is to see that the line ahead of him is clear.
(d) On approaching a crossing he must keep his eye on the crossing and its immediate neighbourhood.
(e) Having satisfied himself that the crossing is clear or likely to be clear, he must then look to the public road to his right and left to see whether there are any vehicles approaching the crossing.
(f) In an emergency he must be in a position to give a special warning and apply his brakes if necessary.

In *Salonika v Coleman* (1938 SR 46) an architect sued for his fees and disbursements and Defendant pleaded that he had employed the Plaintiff on the ordinary basis of remuneration and on the ordinary conditions that he had set a cost limit of £3 000 for the building exclusive of Plaintiff's fee of 6%, and that the plans, specifications and bills of quantities were wholly used to Defendant as the lowest tender had greatly exceeded the authorised cost (£4 995). Judge Lewis found that the Defendant had failed to prove that there was a specific agreement for a cost limit of £3 000 or that there was any agreement at all that Plaintiff should be bound by a cost limit and, therefore, that the rule that an architect forfeits his right to remuneration for work done when the tenders exceed the estimate, only applies when there is a clear, definite and explicit understanding between the parties that the architect is to design a building not to exceed a certain cost limit.

Section 128 of the Road and Road Traffic Act required the driver of a motor vehicle to stop and render assistance to a person injured as a result of driving the motor car. In *Rex v Maconochie* (1939 SR 23) Lewis held that under this section the driver of a motor car owes a duty to render assistance to the person whom he has injured whether the injuries are fatal or non fatal.

In *Olley v Minister of Internal Affairs* (1939 SR 67) Lewis held that Olley's nomination as a candidate for election at the 1939 Parliamentary election was rightly rejected because he had assigned his estate in July 1937 and as at nomination day he had not paid his debts in full as required by the Electoral Act.

York Estates Limited v Wareham (1949 SR 197) in which Lewis presided as Acting Chief Justice is still referred to today as authority for the proposition that as a general rule a contract or agreement which is expressly prohibited by statute is illegal and null and void even when no declaration of nullity has been added by the statute. In this case the statute prohibited any portion of a property being sold or leased or offered for sale or lease or a contract being entered into which might lead to the subsequent subdivision of a property unless the Minister's permission has been obtained for the subdivision.

Lockie v Wightman & Coy Limited (1949 SR 226) also dealt with important legal principles. The Defendant was proved to be a firm of merchants who made it their business to deal in produce including horse fodder and was held liable to make reparation in damages for the loss suffered by Mrs Lockie, a race horse trainer, who purchased from the merchant fodder containing arsenic and made use of the fodder for the purpose for which it was intended to be used and as a result Mrs Lockie's horse Warragul died after eating the fodder.

In *Rex v Patel and Another* (1944 AD 379) the High Court of Southern Rhodesia judgment of Lewis and Blakeway was reversed on appeal by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of South Africa. The case is interesting (and topical in relation to present price controls) in that it involved interpretation of the Southern Rhodesia Profiteering Regulations of 1941 which enabled the Minister of Finance to fix the maximum price at which goods of a particular kind or class could be sold in Southern Rhodesia during the time of the Second World War. It was a criminal offence to sell goods at a price greater than the maximum price. Patel and his partner sold 100 Taormina 70 × 90 inch blankets to an Indian businessman in Rusape for £75 being basically £6. 9*s.* 2*d.* more than the price at which the 100 blankets should have been sold. Patel and his partner were convicted on twelve counts by the Salisbury Magistrate and that conviction was confirmed by the High Court but reversed by the Appellate Division.

In *Rex v Mutimba* (1944 AD 23) the Appellate Division confirmed Lewis' judgment in the High Court setting aside a conviction imposed on an accused for extortion and attempted extortion, the facts being that Mutimba, a headman in the Bikita area, pretended that he had lawful authority to adjudicate upon a certain criminal case and that he had power to inflict fines and that by these means he extorted the sum of £2. 2*s.* 0*d.* as a fine from one Matiroza.

COMMISSION

In 1947 he chaired the Commission appointed to enquire into the matter of the Redivision of Electoral Districts in Southern Rhodesia.

CHIEF JUSTICE

He was appointed as Chief Justice as from 16 May 1950, succeeding Sir Robert Hudson who had retired on his 65th birthday on 15 May 1950, and, sadly, died in office six days later.

HONOURS

On the occasion of the official celebration of the birthday of His Majesty King George VI in 1946 Lewis was made a Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

SALISBURY CLUB

He was a long standing member of The Salisbury Club and held office as Chairman of the Club in 1927/1928 and 1928/1929 being succeeded by Mr Justice R McIlwaine who served for a record nine terms in the ten years from 1929 to 1939 with J. M. Sinclair serving for the single year 1933/1934.

The Club entertained The Right Honourable L. Amery, C.H., and Field Marshal Viscount Allenby, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O. to house dinners in 1927 and the retiring Governor Sir John Chancellor, K.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., R.E. and his successor Sir Cecil Hunter Rodwell, K.C.M.G. to house dinners in 1928, with Lewis in the Chair.

RHODES SCHOLARSHIP

As already stated Vernon Lewis was a Rhodes Scholar in 1905. He became the first Rhodes Scholar to have a son awarded a Rhodes Scholarship when his eldest son C. P. J. Lewis received the award.

He served for a number of years as a member of the Rhodesian Rhodes Scholarship Selection Committee.

OTHER INTERESTS

He served on many public committees and maintained an active interest in education and in the advancement of science.

In his tribute to Judge Lewis in the High Court on 23 May 1950 Mr Justice Tredgold said :

> He was a man of wide interests and he made a contribution to the life of the Colony in a number of directions outside his own work. He took a special interest in the cultural side of the life of the Colony, an interest which probably sprang from his early achievements in the classics. Not only had he fine taste, which was apparent in many directions, but he encouraged similar tastes in others. It was largely, I think, owing to his initiative, that the National Council of Arts was inaugurated in this Colony. Certainly he gave it his support. He worked for that and for the Archives and in other directions he assisted greatly in furthering the cultural interests of the Colony.

SPORTING INTERESTS

He was an enthusiastic rugby player and represented Mashonaland, and Salisbury against the South African College touring team in 1912 which the College won 13–3. Also in the Salisbury team was W E Thomas who was a Judge in this country from 1944 to 1954. Both Lewis and W E Thomas were Honorary Vice Presidents of the Rhodesia Rugby Football Union.

He also played water polo and was in the Rhodesian team in 1922 which beat Orange Free State 4–1 with Lewis scoring two goals. He captained Oxford at water polo and was awarded a half blue for swimming.

It was said of him that "he was a sportsman in the true sense of the word, and there are many people who look back today on the good fellowship that they enjoyed with him in his active participation in sport".

HOBBIES

His principal hobbies were gardening and forestry and his experiments and his successes in horticulture at Rumbavu Park where he lived were notable and his garden there was a tribute to his keenness, industry and imagination.

POETRY

Like his father, Lewis retained a lifelong interest in the classics. He was also a poet and his quite witty Random Rhymes from Rhodesia (70 pages – 30 poems) was published privately in 1934 and dedicated to his wife. In the front of the volume Lewis thanks Mrs M. E. Taylor, Sir Francis Newton and Colonel J. B. Brady "for their kind assistance and encouragement, without which I should not have ventured this publication." The poems are in four parts, firstly, Black and White, secondly, Infantasies, thirdly, Pot-Pourri, and fourthly, Alan Wilson's Last Stand.

I liked *The Painted Lady* in five verses:

Old Jan van Riebeck one fine day,
Came sailing into Table Bay;
With sweeping scan did he survey
A strange unpeopled land.
A painted lady from a krantz
On table mountain threw a glance;
Then, wind-tossed, tripped a floral dance,
And waved her petal hand.

How could the brazen hussy know
That Riebeck was beset met vrouw?
For maids were not yet trained to grow
Bilingual in those days.
In vain she plied her rouge and paint
Pink powder, too, and perfume faint:
Jan, with commendable restraint,
Regarded not her ways.

She watched him plant his gardens next,
His vines and orchards, corn and wheat,
That ships wayfaring East might meet
A "Tavern of the Sea".
She wondered what next year would bring,
What stranger flowers would burst in spring,
In what array and colouring
His promised blooms would be.

Then in the spring, behold her joy!
There blossomed forth a winsome boy
Sweet William! and, with glances coy,
Sweet Sultan she did spy.
Ah! how these twain would gaze aloft!
How gallantly their caps they doffed!
How eagerly they caught the soft,
Soft mischief in her eye!

Though distance leads enchantment to,
It does not bring to hand the view,
And she in time disgruntled grew:
She dubbed them "Silly-Billies" –
For how could she contain her ire,
As she beheld the ardent fire
With which her William wooed Sweet Briar,
Her Sultan Harem Lilies?

DEATH

He died very suddenly and at his home at Rumbavu Park on 22 May 1950 at the young age of 64.

TRIBUTES

Mr Justice Tredgold paid tribute to the memory of Judge Lewis in the High Court at Salisbury on 23 May. In so doing he said *inter alia* :

> He has made a great contribution to the life of this colony and his going has been a severe loss to us. We feel it individually, and we feel it from a national point of view. He was a man of attractive personality with a penchant for friendship, and he leaves behind a host of people who held him in affectionate regard. The colony is the poorer for his passing, and I propose adjourning the Court as a mark of respect and a mark of our sorrow.

REFERENCES

History of the Salisbury Club, 1893–1953 by Frank Rixon, 1953
A History of Sport in Southern Rhodesia, 1889–1935 by J. de L. Thompson, 1935
The Outpost, August 1936
East Africa and Rhodesia, 25 May 1950
The Rhodesia Herald various issues
Law Reports:
Southern Rhodesia 1911–1950
Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of South Africa 1936–1945
Random Rhymes from Rhodesia by V. A. Lewis, 1934

The Zambezi Mission: the First Steps. The Second Jesuit Attempt at Roman Catholic Evangelisation in South Central Africa

by Rob S. Burrett

The roots of the modern Catholic Church in Anglophone Central Africa date to the latter half of the Nineteenth Century. It is true that there had been earlier missionary work from the Portuguese territories on the East Coast since the Sixteenth Century, but their influence was not lasting in the contexts of the interior. In fact the earliest Christian martyr in this part of the world was a Jesuit, Father Goncalo da Silveira. Silveira was a fiery character who single-handedly entered the Mutapa's territory, which lay on the escarpment of the Zambezi River, in an attempt to persuade the young man and many of his royal household to accept the faith. He was apparently successful in his efforts, and baptised them. However, local traditionalist and Muslim elements in the court worked towards his demise. On the evening of 15 March 1561 Silveira was strangled, and his body cast into the Musengezi River somewhere north of the Escarpment before that tributary meets the Zambezi River in northern Zimbabwe (Mudenge 1986; Rea 1964).

In response to this action the Portuguese attempted to invade the Interior in 1570, but the Barreto Expedition was a complete disaster for the Portuguese with most of the young, inexperienced men dying of disease and fatigue even before they had reached the Kingdom of the Mutapa (Ellert 1993: 12-3). After this the Jesuits withdrew from active involvement and the Dominicans replaced them. This Order manned and built several churches at the various Portuguese trading centres or *feiras* in what is today Zimbabwe, while, through various traders, they also maintained a degree of influence at the court of the Mutapa, even to the extent of educating several of the sons of the king, some of whom were later ordained into the Church (cf. Mudenge 1986). However, their activities were largely confined to the ruling élite and Portuguese traders, there was not much in the way of missionary evangelisation (Rea 1976). However with the rise of anti-Portuguese sentiments and the Rozwi State under the Changamire Rulers, these settlements were either abandoned or ransacked so that by 1751 the Dominicans had to concede failure (Mudenge 1986: 29). Thereafter they kept to the main Portuguese settlements in what is today Mozambique, tending those already Catholic.

PAPISM AND LOST SOULS

Although there had been rumblings of missionary intent since the 1840s (Roberts 1979: xvii–xix), it was the travels and dramatic death in 1873 of the Protestant explorer and missionary, David Livingstone, which did much to rekindle the world's imagination as to the Christianisation of the Interior of the so-called 'Dark Continent'. It started off a literal religious scramble for Africa (Dachs and Rea 1979: 16; McLaughlin 1996: 6).

The Catholic Church was prompted into action by this fever of the times.

At this point it should be reiterated that the Church was, at the time, of minor importance in the southern African contexts. It was facing a fiercely anti-Catholic population dominated by fundamentalist Calvinistic views amongst the population that were to form the Afrikaner community. Many of the latter had themselves, or their ancestors, narrowly escaped Catholic persecution in the many religious wars in Europe. 'Papism' was the last thing that many were prepared to tolerate. Possibly because these southern doors were closed so tightly against them, the founding Fathers of the Catholic Church tended to look northwards to what they recognised as lost territory.

Of particular importance in the expansion of the Church was Dr James Ricards. He had arrived as a missionary in 1845 and he fought a constant battle against the prevailing prejudice (ZMR 2: 49). In 1871 he was appointed Vicar Apostolic of the Eastern District of the Cape Colony. At that time he had only five priests operating in an area which encompassed almost all of eastern South Africa (Dachs and Rea 1979: 16). Accordingly he set out to persuade the Jesuit Order to come to South Africa and urged them to push northwards where it seemed that the 'lost souls' of Livingstone's lands awaited evangelisation (Gelfand 1969: 30; ZMR 2: 49). He was concerned that the subcontinent would be lost to the Catholic Church if matters were not pursued. It must be remembered that at the time the religious missions were in fierce competition with each other. Each sought to 'convert a country to their own brand of the faith' – the idea being that the entire population is converted and the old order transformed to Christian ideals (Dachs and Rea 1979: 181). Other missions were viewed with suspicion, and in some cases were actively undermined (Gelfand 1969: 19). It should also be remembered that we are dealing with the Catholic Church very different from its present form – Latin Mass; the complete centrality of the priests and the effective marginalisation of the laity; and a strong degree of intolerance of other doctrines. It is little wonder that many of the indigenous leaders were a little confused by these newcomers.

On 1 July 1874 Richards broached the subject of expansion in a letter he wrote to Fr. Alfred Weld, the English Assistant to the Jesuit General in Rome. However, this was not the first time that the issue had been discussed. Sometime earlier Bishop Grimley of Cape Town had proposed a northerly mission after having discussed the conditions in the interior with a prominent Catholic hunter, Henry Edward Barry (McLaughlin 1996: 8). The Congregation of Propaganda Fide in Rome had as a result requested that the Jesuit General staff such a mission. However, he declined that initial invitation citing a lack of manpower. Ricards now persisted with his requests and, with the support of a prominent Catholic Eastern Cape resident, Alexander Wilmot, the Jesuits were gradually swayed.

In his reply of 3 December 1874 Fr. Weld showed the first signs of personal interest and thereafter he became a committed force behind this Mission, ultimately serving in its field (Dachs and Rea 1979: 16; Gelfand 1969: 29). In response to this faint glimmer of hope Ricards set off for Europe to persuade Fr. Peter Beckx, the then Father General of the Society of Jesus, or Jesuits as they are better known. Rather than frightening him with the prospect of a huge project, Ricards used tact and suggested that the Jesuits should come to the Eastern Cape to establish a school in Grahamstown. Clearly he hoped that advancement would come later once the Order was established and more

fully acquainted with the possibilities in this remote part of the world (Gelfand 1969: 30; ZMR 2: 49). Persistence paid off and as a result 8 Jesuits (5 Fathers and 3 Brothers); 2 Secular Priests and an unspecified number of Nuns set out in September 1875 for Algoa Bay (today Port Elizabeth). On arrival the group dispersed throughout the Eastern Cape, although 3 of the Fathers (John Bridge, Augustus Law and John Lea) went to Grahamstown (the then main settlement of the region) to found, in 1876, Saint Aidan's College (Gelfand 1969: 30; ZMR 2: 49). This was to be the heart of their future expansion.

OF THORNS, BRIARS AND MALEDICTION

With this step achieved, Ricards moved rapidly towards his higher aim. In 1877 he again wrote pleas to Fr. Weld and Cardinal Franchi, then Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, reiterating the urgency for a Catholic Mission to the Interior (Dachs and Rea 1979: 17; ZMR 2: 49). Through Weld's personal intervention, the Cardinal was persuaded. The area, to be called the Zambezi Mission, would be made a separate Apostolic Prefecture under the Jesuit Order if those interested were able to make the necessary arrangements (ZMR 2: 50). Initially Ricards and Weld considered Lake Nyasa (now Malawi), but they soon dropped the idea in the face of the likelihood of strong competition from the Protestant Free Church Mission that was already established on the ground. They then seriously considered the Lake Bangweulu area, with its strong Livingstonian connections, in present-day northern Zambia. Although shelved due to difficulties of access, it remained the ultimate destination at the back of most efforts in the early thrust northwards (Dachs and Rea 1979: 17–8).

In 1877 a Belgian Jesuit, Father Henri Depelchin [Figure 1], who had served the last 18 years in British India, including a stint as the Superior of the Calcutta Mission, was recalled to Rome and was appointed the First Superior of the new Zambezi Mission (Dachs and Rea 1979: 19). He was to be the man in charge of matters on the ground, while Father Alfred Weld of the English Province was to supervise the mission from Europe (Tabler 1966: 81). Depelchin spent 1878 criss-crossing Europe to seek the necessary Church permission and sourcing funds and manpower. He chose 11 men. In the end he was able to bring together a mixed group of men from a number of the European Provinces to be the founding members of the Zambezi Mission. The 11 chosen included 6 Fathers and 5 Brothers. For those unaccustomed to the differences on a simple level, the Fathers are senior religious men, usually academics, while the Jesuit Brothers are the real workhorses – most often they were the practical men who literally built the mission. Of these men three were Belgian (Fr. Charles Croonenberghs and Brs. Frans de Sadeleer and Louis de Vylder); three German (Frs. Karl Fuchs and Anton Terörde and Br. Theodore Nigg); two Italian (Fr. Salvatore Blanca and Br. Pietro Paravicini); and two English (Fr. Augustus Law who was already at Saint Aidan's College and Br. Joseph Hedley) (Gelfand 1969: 31). Financial assistance was forthcoming from various religious and lay organisations in Belgium, England, France, Germany, Holland (Tabler 1966: 81) and from Ireland where he received the greatest support (Roberts 1979: xxii).

On 18 December 1878 Depelchin, accompanied by Weld, had a private audience with Pope Leo XIII in Rome (Gelfand 1969: 31). The new Prefecture was accepted

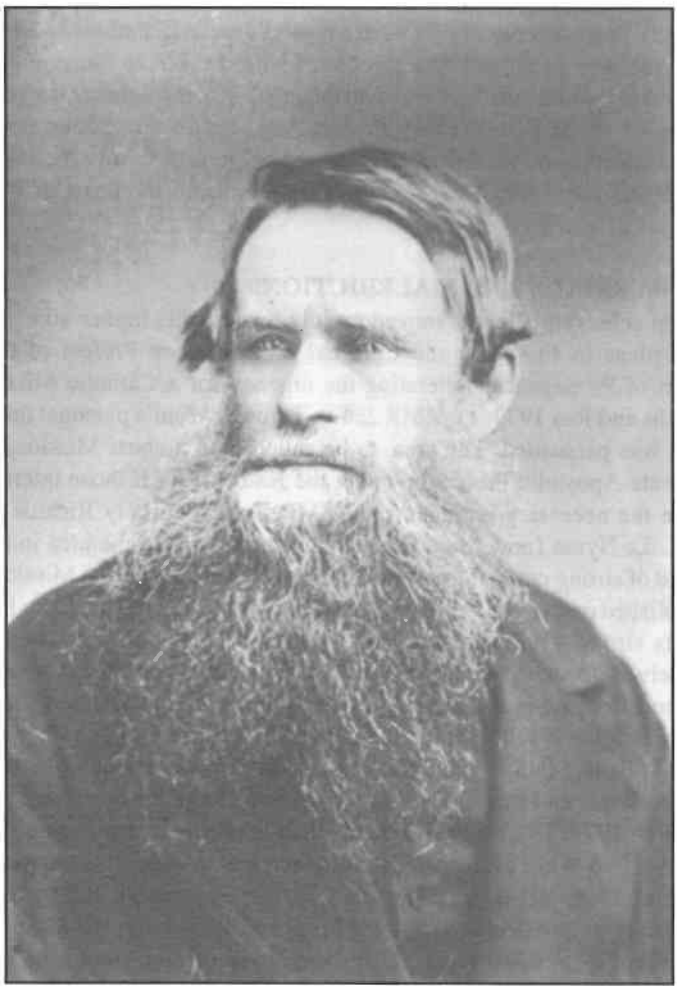


Figure 1: Father Henry Depelchin SJ. The first Superior of the Zambezi Mission.

and blessed. At this time His Holiness also blessed a special Banner of the Sacred Heart which had been presented to the Missionaries by the ladies of Bruges, Belgium. This banner was to be a leading symbol in the early mission and only recently it was rediscovered rolled up in a plastic bag and hidden in a cupboard. A fuller account of this precious relic will appear in a future edition of this journal. A couple of months later the administrative formalities were completed and the new territory was fixed by Rescript of the Congregation of Propaganda dated 7 February 1879. The Mission area was huge, about 750 000 square miles, and today it has been divided into a number of separate dioceses (cf. Dachs and Rea 1979). It was bounded by the Limpopo and Crocodile Rivers in the south; latitude 10°S in the north; longitude 22°E in the west, and Portuguese East Africa in the east (ZMR 2: 50).

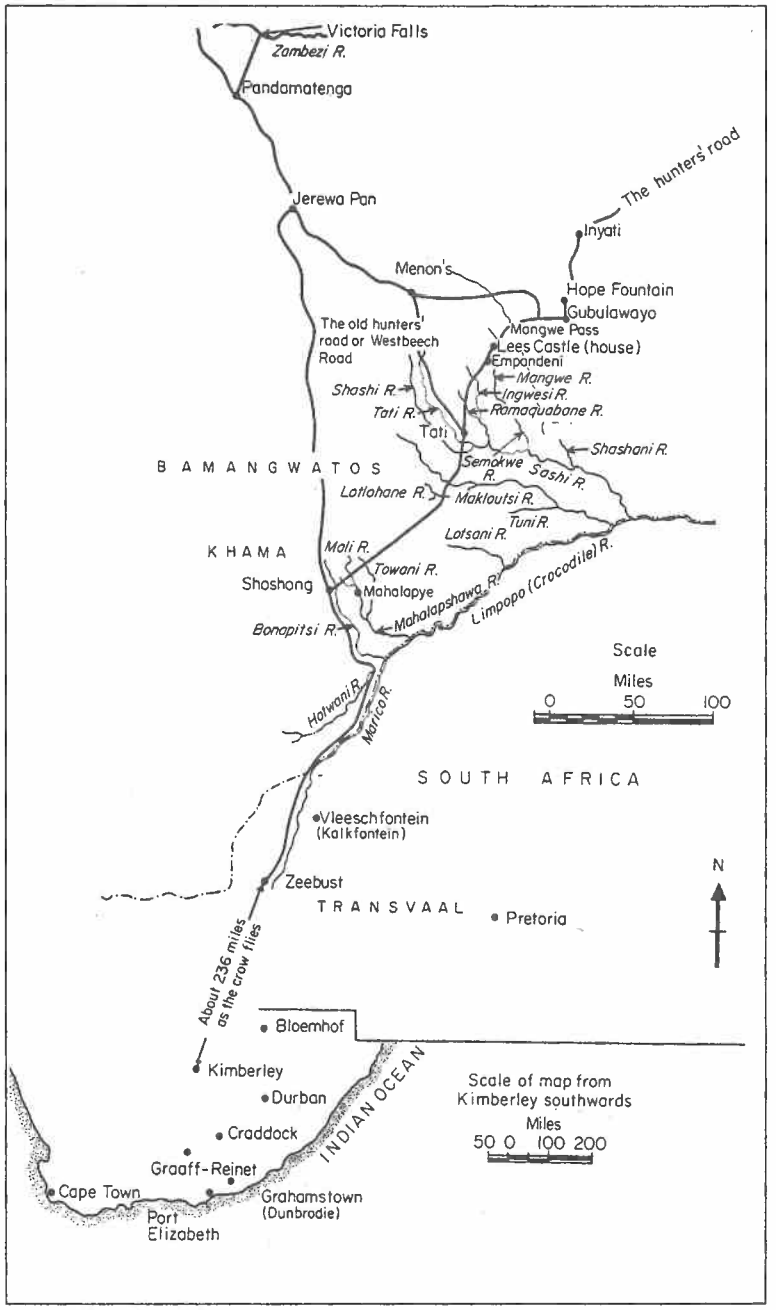
During 1879 the chosen men made their way to South Africa. Although departing after the first group, Frs. Depelchin and Terörde and Brs. Nigg and Paravicini were the first to arrive in Port Elizabeth in late February. The rest had departed Southampton on 31 January, but an accident along the way had delayed them *en route* so they only arrived in Cape Town on 5 March and then proceeded overland by coach to Grahamstown. At Saint Aidan's College the new group were welded together as a team by Fr. Law, while Fr. Depelchin saw to the general administrative matters (ZMR 2: 50). In this division, esteem for the leaders was divided and the seeds of the later dissension which damaged their efforts were first planted.

Depelchin's initial plans were to develop a series of linked stations throughout the huge territory allotted to him and he was determined to start almost at once. However, the Anglo-Zulu War had broken out and after the British military disaster at Isandlhwana it was felt that it would be unsafe for the party to proceed, especially as their stated initial destination was Matabeleland, whose rulers were blood relations of the Zulus. On the advice of the British Governor General of the Cape Colonies, Sir Bartle Frere, Depelchin decided on a compromise (Gelfand 1969: 31–2). They would proceed initially to Shoshong in the British sphere of influence of Mangwato (central Botswana). There they would reassess the situation. As the events progressed over the next few weeks, with an endless stream of Zulu successes, Depelchin increasingly came to the conclusion that his first and main station would have to be in Khama's territory to the south of the AmaNdebele, extending northwards as and when he could proceed (Gelfand 1969: 32).

Four wagons were purchased and equipped. These were named after the first four Jesuit Saints: Ignatius Loyola, Peter Claver, John de Britto, and Francis Xavier (Gelfand 1969: 65). Teams of oxen were obtained and a reliable guide, Mr Impey, was engaged. A highly emotive service was held in the Grahamstown Catholic Cathedral on 15 April for the good deliverance of the Mission. In his homily Fr. Ricards was moved to tears as he gave thanks for the fulfilment of his work and he prayed for the success of the venture. Towards evening the party was due to depart but final preparations were incomplete and departure was delayed until the next day – 16 April 1879 (Gelfand 1969: 71; ZMR 7: 229–230). Depelchin did not travel with the party, and instead he raced on towards Kimberley by commercial mail coach. The idea was that he should in the interim interview all the necessary Colonial Officials and obtain from them the necessary letters of introduction to facilitate the subsequent movement into the Interior (ZMR 7 231–2).

The journey by wagon was a novelty for the remaining men and they faced many trials, essentially because none of them were accustomed to wagon travel – see Map. Here Fr. Terörde records his impression of that first night, one of many to come:

> The jolting of the wagon as it rumbled over stock and stone rendered sleep an utter impossibility. The roof of each wagon was six feet from the floor, but the intervening space was considerably more than half filled with cases and sacks of grain and flour. On the top of these, the three occupants of the wagon lay, obtaining what rest they could. In the middle of the night a halt was called, and in the early morning hours the journey resumed (ZMR 7: 230).



Route taken from the Cape to Matabeleland by the Depelchin Expedition 1879

They record many near accidents *en route*, but at the same time tremendous hospitality from the local farmers they passed. On 11 May 1879 the wagons entered Kimberley, the capital of Griqualand-West and the then diamond capital of the world (L&N 73: 134). Depelchin rejoined them and they replenished stocks (L&N 63: 10–21). They camped four miles outside of the settlement and the small Catholic community amongst the miners did all they could for the Missionaries, contributing a substantial amount of money towards the enterprise (ZMR 7: 232). Here also Depelchin made two serious mistakes that would have serious consequences later. He dismissed the guide, citing costs, while he did not acquire any additional draught animals, so the existing teams were to be pushed to their limit and beyond.

The Party left Kimberley on the evening of the 21st but by the next day they were still in sight of the settlement as the roads were in a very bad state. Travel was monotonous but they had regular breaks for Mass, worked amongst the many isolated Catholic Settlers they came across and they were busy trying to learn the "Native Languages" which they hoped to use in their new work. Fr. Law had mastered Zulu since he first arrived in South Africa and he now taught it to the others. Fr. Terörde tried his hand at Bechuana but found it rather too difficult. Br. Nigg's concertina also did much to prop up flagging enthusiasm (ZMR 8: 281).

Depelchin records their encampments thus:

> fancy our four wagons drawn up side by side, with our two tents like outspread wings attached to the sides of one of them, making it in the dim light look like an antediluvian monster. Four dogs guard our bivouac. The largest and finest is Fr. Law's dog, Prince, almost a lion in size and colour. In front of our wagon the oxen are stationed, and behind the wagon to which the tents are attached is the campfire and kitchen. It is a curious sight to see the campfire light, and the evening meal cooked. Br. Hedley begins by laying a log of wood in the sand, and on this foundation Fr. Croonenberghs erects a pyramid of twigs and sticks, the rest of us piling on pieces of dried cow's dung for fuel. Br. Nigg then sets it alight, and we soon have a fire hot enough to roast all our oxen if necessary. Brs. de Sadeleer and de Vylder, our head cooks, are all activity, and in no time our meal is ready for eating. It is simple enough, but, thanks to the out-of-door life, and the bracing air of the veldt, appetite makes up for want of variety and lack of skill in culinary preparation. When we have finished, we sit or stand around the fire, talking over the day's adventures, and at about nine o'clock, after singing 'O Sanctissima', all but the sentinel on guard retire to rest (ZMR 8: 282).

They reached Zeerust on June 19 where they rested and took in stock a good quantity of dried fruit (L&N 63: 38; 73: 184; Tabler 1966: 82; ZMR 8: 282). The next stage of the trek down the Dwarsberg and into the Limpopo valley was very trying, what with steep slopes covered in large boulders alternating with sandy tracks into which the heavy vehicles sunk (ZMR 8: 283). On the route they passed a Bechuana village under Chief Tseni–Tseni where they were shown great assistance and a number of years later it was nearby that the Jesuits established Vleeshfontein Mission. They also passed the village of the exiled Chief Sekhome, father of Khama who had dethroned him

(ZMR 8: 283). On arrival at the Limpopo River on July 8 they were forced to remain for several days as the ox teams were exhausted. The Missionaries were rather disappointed with the River after all that they had heard about it. As one of their Order who travelled in their footsteps shortly after wrote:

> it is really no valley at all; the river merely cuts through the plateau of bush and grass some twenty feet below the level, feeding a very thin emerald margin along its tumbled banks (ZMR 8: 283).

After a while they resumed travelling along the eastern bank of the Limpopo. At a place then known as Harde-Kool-Boom, they left their mark. This point was so named after a particularly spectacular Harde-Kool Tree which was about 50 feet tall and 18 inches in circumference (ZMR 9: 305) (see Figure 2). From their description of it being white, hard and heavy (and knowing the trees of the area) I would suppose that it was a *Combretum imberbe* (Leadwood). By means of a rope over one of the higher branches Br. Hedley managed to get to its higher reaches where he carved a huge cross on a tree which had been marked by many previous travellers, including Livingstone (Gelfand 1969: 96; L&N 63: 34–5; ZMR 9: 305).

Later after crossing the Limpopo at Pallah Camp, they journeyed through desolate country, usually uncertain of their exact destination. To quote the official history:

> For six days they journeyed through a dreary waste of thorn bushes, dusty and

Figure 2: A totally romantic view of missionaries at Harde-Kool-Boom, Limpopo River

> dry, almost without water and without grass; a true thirsty land. . . . 'If thorns and briars are a sign of malediction', wrote Depelchin, 'no country is so accursed as Africa. In Europe we say no rose without a thorn, but here there is no thornless tree' (ZMR 9: 305).

For those acquainted with the dry lands of south and central Botswana today you will no doubt sympathise with this European Missionary who had just spent nearly two decades in the lush tropical conditions of coastal India. On July 6 they were overtaken by a Protestant Missionary, William Sykes, who took news of the Jesuits' approach to the Mangwato capital of Shoshong (Tabler 1966: 82). As an interesting sideline, and symptomatic of the interdenominational rivalry, when the two parties met a serious dog fight broke out between the Jesuit's dog Prince and Syke's dog Bismarck. The Jesuits smugly record that although the two dogs had to be forced apart the Catholic dog left his rival in a worse state of wear after the incident (ZMR 9: 305).

On 23 July 1879 they reached Shoshong with heavy hearts (L&N 63: 44; ZMR 9: 306). Here they met with Paramount Khama, the then 36 year old Christian Chief of the Mangwato, the dominant branch of the Bechuana. His was a huge capital of about 10 000 people, including a fairly sizeable trader and missionary settler community. Despite letters of introduction from various influential Colonial Residents in the Cape Colony Khama was very cool in his reception, not even opening the presents he had received from them. This was certainly the result of the influence of the London Missionary Society, and in particular the resident missionary James Hepburn and the visitor Sykes who was in fact based much further north in Matabeleland. Khama stated he had no need for additional teachers as the Jesuits urged. He argued that if they were both Christian groups why did they have two parties undertaking the same work. Clearly he appreciated that the Protestants and Catholics were very antagonistic towards each other, and he may have suspected that the presence of both would lead to conflict which would only undermine the growing Christianity of his people (L&N 64: 123; ZMR 9: 308). It must be remembered that Christianity was still a relatively new religion in his state, and there was still much resistance to it from the traditionalists. Initially Khama even refused permission for the Jesuits to stay in Shoshong, but he relented after being presented a Martini-Henry rifle by Depelchin. They were allowed to camp outside the town and were visited by Khama's brother, Khamani, as well as Khama on several occasions but permission for permanent residence and evangelisation was refused. Depelchin was very disappointed, and made plans to move on (ZMR 9: 308).

The Missionary's impressions of Shoshong and some of its people are probably in order at this point.

> The piled-up rocks that surround Shoshong, except on the south side, give a weird character to the scenery in its neighbourhood, and account for the name of "the Devil's Kloof". . . . They were met by two Bamangwatos approaching their camp, mounted on oxen advancing at full speed . . . their riders carried assegais, but their errand was peaceful; they came to exchange the milk of their goats for Transvaal tobacco. . . . The Missionaries were entering Shoshong from the south, and consequently passed close to the court of King Khama, situated at the foot of the mountains on the southern side of the town. It is square,

measuring a hundred yards or more on each side, and is surrounded by huts like those of the people (ZMR 9 307).

One good piece of news, from their point of view, which greeted the Jesuits at Shoshong was the British defeat of the Zulus at Ulundi on 4 July 1879, ultimately ending the Anglo–Zulu War. Depelchin thought that this might influence Lobengula to be more accommodating. Hence the dejected party headed northwards, departing Shoshong on 28 July (L&N 63: 45; 73: 185; Tabler 1966: 82). They faced many trials and tribulations during this section of their journey, and the snippets that one picks up here and there from their diaries are of a hard, thirsty journey (L&N 63: 4549; ZMR 10: 340–1). The wagons were often stuck in deep sand or dongas, the draught animals were fatigued, and many died, having to be replaced at substantial cost from other travellers and wayside traders. Their wagon drivers also deserted them, and for the first time in their lives they were forced to control these cumbersome vehicles. They were frequently short of water, dehydrated in the scorching sun, and there was the constant threat of wild animals. For several days they were forced to trek without water for man or beast (Gelfand 1969: 99–100; ZMR 10: 340). On 12 August 1879 they reached the Macloutsie River where they found adequate water (L&N 67: 21; ZMR 10: 341). At the time this formed the boundary between Khama's territory and the AmaNdebele sphere of influence to the north – the so-called Disputed Territory.

TATI: THE GATEWAY TO THE INTERIOR

They crossed the Macloutsie River and proceeded to Tati, where they arrived on 17 August 1879 (L&N 63: 49; L&N 73: 185). Tati was the last frontier European settlement to any real extent and today lies as a forgotten, debris strewn stretch of veld some 60km southeast of Francistown in Botswana. At the time, however, it was an important centre where the roads from the south converged and those northwards diverged. As a result it had become an important trading centre from which supplies from the south could more easily be obtained. In 1879 there were only 19 European and twenty non-white settlers occupying six houses, which were all that remained of a larger settlement a decade earlier – this included both Colonial traders and Boer hunters (L&N 63: 49; 68; 88). The Jesuits were kindly received by the traders, especially by Mr George 'Elephant' Phillips (L&N 68: 88) – an Englishman who was agent for George Westbeech, who had a trading centre at Pandamatenga, some distance to the north-west. Phillips had settled at Tati in 1878 and was agent for the London and Limpopo Mining Company and he also acted as magistrate and postmaster (Gelfand 1969: 33–4). The Boers were initially very antagonistic but they were slowly won over (ZMR 10; 342).

At this point it is useful to look a little at the history of Tati. In 1865 the hunter Henry Hartley noted a series of old gold workings while hunting in central Mashonaland. Enquiries from the local Shona inhabitants, together with subsequent investigations by an amateur geologist Karl Mauch, confirmed the presence of the mineral. In 1867 Mauch, again accompanying Hartley's hunting party, was able to verify the presence of gold bearing reefs along the Tati River. These discoveries were kept quiet until the party's return to the Transvaal in late 1867, when Mauch, with much publicity,

announced the discovery of gold and precolonial workings at what became the Tati Gold Fields (Gelfand 1969: 15: 262). A minor gold rush ensued. Although ownership of the area was disputed by the two main African powers in the region, Lobengula saw that this discovery could work to his advantage. In 1870 he granted the Tati Concession to the London and Limpopo Mining Company, as represented at Tati by Sir John Swinburne. This concession, for which the Company paid an annual amount of £20 to Lobengula (L&N 68: 84), granted only mining rights and not land rights, but it set a precedence later exploited by Rhodes for the occupation and colonisation of central Africa (Blake 1977: 25). The reason for this decision by Lobengula was that he hoped it would divert settler interest in the heartland of his state, while having an "English settlement" and interests on his southern boundary would protect him from northward incursions from both Khama's people and the Trek Boers.

Despite initial optimistic hopes, the gold fields were not a success. Limited investment capital and low yields meant that most settlers (possibly as many as 200 at one time – ZMR 10: 341) abandoned the area, preferring to seek their fortunes in the newly opened diamond mines of Kimberley. Initially the Jesuits camped on the southern bank of the river, and there one of their number, Br. de Vylder pronounced his last religious vows on 22 August 1879 (L&N 68: 86). Given its central location as a strategic supply base, Depelchin decided to found here at Tati the first mission of their Province (L&N 64: 86). From here he would extend northwards in two directions – northeast to the AmaNdebele and northwest to the Zambezi, Barotse and beyond (ZMR 10: 342).

Ever anxious to go forward Depelchin, accompanied by Fr. Law and Br. de Sadeleer, left on 23 August for Lobengula's capital at Gubulawayo (L&N 73: 186; ZMR 10: 342). The rest of the party was to set up the mission at Tati with Fr. Blanca as Superior (L&N 63: 88). By September they had built a large wooden, rectangular hut thatched in grass which they called the 'Residence of Good Hope' (ZMR 11: 387).

> In this little abode they followed the order of the day usual in houses of their Order, a little bell summoning them at fixed hours to the exercises of community life. The lay brothers made a small garden in which they planted several kinds of vegetables that thrive if watered plentifully (ZMR 11: 387).

Up to that time they had all been in good health, however the deprivations of the journey, inadequate food supplies, poor water and no real medical care began to take their toll (ZMR 11: 386). Two days after Depelchin's departure Fr. Croonenberghs fell ill from a previous ailment, rheumatic fever, that now reappeared at Tati (Gelfand 1969: 144). It was during this time that one of the Boers came over to ask if it was true that the Catholics worshipped a woman rather than God. This broke the ice and the Jesuits were able to put him, and the others, right. Soon some were receiving Catholic instruction, and on Sundays all the Boers in residence assisted at Mass and heard the sermon in their native Dutch (ZMR 10; 342). At other times many would come across from the main settlement to visit the sick priest who, despite his weak condition, did much to explain to them the intricacies of the Catholic Church (L&N 68: 89). So effective were his talks that one family, that of Jan Engelbrecht, later in 1880 converted to Catholicism (Gelfand 1969: 191; L&N 68: 90). The Boers also provided a good

quantity of meat from the hunt for the Missionaries who, since departing from Shoshong, had survived entirely on a meatless diet of rice and millet soup (ZMR 11: 387).

In October the Jesuits negotiated what they considered the 'purchase' for £3 of a small thatched house on the north bank of Tati River (Gelfand 1969: 244). This lay in the middle of the village, and was probably that of Tati mining pioneer Hugh Dobbie (cf. Gelfand 1969: 262). To here on 10 October 1879 (Lloyd 1979: 171) they removed the mission which then became known as the 'Residence of the Immaculate Heart of Mary (ZMR 11: 389). Later there were disagreements with Dobbie over actual ownership with the latter claiming it was merely a temporary arrangement but his claim failed to hold (L&N 66: 279). Actual permission to run this station was only obtained from Lobengula in November 1879. Lobengula at the time nominally held sway in the Disputed Territory (Tabler 1966: 82–3).

It was Depelchin's ultimate aim to convert this Tati mission station from a mere transit point to an orphanage, or, as he puts it, "asylum for children" (Gelfand 1969: 146). This, however, was never to be fulfilled and the station always fared poorly. Soon after the Jesuits achieved a more secure footing at Tati, many of the Boers left the area, either to hunt or to return to their homes in the Transvaal (L&N 68: 92). Particularly disappointing was the departure of their closest friend, Cornelius Engelbrecht and his family. Engelbrecht was partially lame and as such depended on his horse for mobility in the hunt. While hunting one day with his brother-in-law, Oosthuisen, a lion killed Engelbrecht's horse and that of Oosthuisen died four days later in similar circumstances. Without a means of livelihood the two families were obliged to leave for the Transvaal. This seriously deprived the Jesuits of a flock and an important source of food and medicine upon which they had come to rely (ZMR 11: 387–8). As a result there was considerable internal friction, and damning letters were written back to the authorities in Europe (largely by Terörde and Blanca), condemning the enterprise and the lack of leadership of Depelchin (Gelfand 1969: 41,171). After some of these found their way into the Press an official enquiry under Fr. Anthony de Wit was then sent to investigate (Gelfand 1969: 41).

GUBULAWAYO: THE HOME OF THE AMANDABELE MONARCH

While all of this was happening further to the south, Depelchin's group travelled northwards into Matabeleland. They were delighted by the well-watered and wooded country in which they now found themselves. On reaching the "Kivesi" (Ingwesi) River they were forced to remain at the kraal of the local Induna, "Kivesinyama" waiting for Lobengula's permission to enter the territory. This was not long in coming, thanks to the still unknown intervention on their behalf by the Gubulawayo trader James Fairbairn. Pushing on they passed through Mangwe on 30 August where they were entertained by John Lee who created great consternation amongst their AmaNdebele guides when he informed them of the final defeat of Cetewayo and the destruction of the Zulu Empire (ZMR 11: 388–9). They were now particularly taken by the beauty of the Matobo Hills through which they travelled reaching the AmaNdebele monarch's royal village of Ishoshani on 2 September 1879 (L&N 73: 185). After a brief meeting with Lobengula they were advised to head towards Gubulawayo. The King was at that time too busy with preparations for his forthcoming marriage. Initially they camped

at White Rocks (L&N 64: 93), now the Matsheumhlope suburb of modern Bulawayo. Founded in 1870 Gubulawayo, or more correctly KoBulawayo, lies south of the present city of that name and at that time had about 600 resident inhabitants, and there were several white trading settlements round about. Depelchin describes it thus:

> This town stood on a plateau about a mile square, raised some 600 feet above the surrounding valleys, and commanded a magnificent view . . . the traders established in the neighbourhood . . . (ZMR 13: 460).

On 18 October 1879, after a protracted series of interviews with Lobengula and the exchange of many gifts, the Jesuits were finally granted permission to stay in Matabeleland until April 1880 (L&N 64: 102; ZMR 12: 423–5; ZMR 13; 460).

This permission was largely through the efforts of the trader James Fairbairn, who emphasised to Lobengula the Jesuits' practical skills – carpentry and gun repairs (Tabler 1966: 82). Lobengula was not really interested in the prospect of education for his people, and he claimed that he already had enough missionaries in the form of the London Missionary Society and its offshoots (L&N 63: 52). These Protestant ministers had failed to have much of an impact over the two decades they had been in AmaNdebele territory, other than serving the settler community and acting as official scribes for the king. They had also split as a result of internal fighting, and this caused the king endless headaches as each faction vied with the other (L&N 70: 294; 73: 150; ZMR 12: 423–4). The last thing he wanted was another problem.

With this limited permission Depelchin, accompanied by de Sadeleer, set off for Tati to bring up the larger part of the missionary party (ZMR 14: 496). In the meantime those Jesuits remaining at Gubulawayo began to look about for a house. Finding that the trader, Augustus Greite, wanted to leave Gubulawayo they negotiated the purchase of his residence for £500 (L&N 65: 192; ZMR 14: 497; Gelfand 1969: 119). This became the Mission of the Sacred Heart (Tabler 1966: 83) and it lay a little way to the southeast of Lobengula's main royal kraal. The property consisted of a stone house, an iron store imported from London, a stable and an enclosed garden. The contract of sale was signed on 26 November 1879 (ZMR 14: 497) and it is here that the wagons from Tati halted on their arrival in Gubulawayo. However, Griete was not yet ready to move and the Jesuits were initially forced to remain in their wagons and under tent, although they were allowed to convert the stable into a temporary Chapel (ZMR 14: 497). They were also were granted permission by Lobengula to acquire from another trader, Harry Grant, another large tract of land some nine miles south towards the Matobo Hills. It was intended that this well watered valley would become a model farm offering skills in modern agriculture, blacksmithing, carpentry and wheelwrighting (ZMR 14: 497). By this means they hoped to evangelise the AmaNdebele.

With the arrival of Fr. Croonenberghs (Figure 3) the Jesuits decided to make themselves useful, if not indispensable to the King. Their major effort was the complete overhaul of the royal wagon.

> the royal waggon which was put into thorough repair and adorned with suitable devices, in particular with a coat of arms which did honour to the heraldry of South Africa. This consisted of an assegai and battle-axe surmounted by a royal

Figure 3: Fr. C. Croonenberghs SJ – Superior of the Mission of the Sacred Heart, Gubulawayo

> crown between the letters L. and M. the initials of the reigning sovereign and his father Mosilikazi . . . The waggon is now causing a great sensation in Gubulawayo. A week ago it appeared before the public in all its splendour. The sailcloth tent which covers it had been dextrously handled by Br. Hedley (an old sailor), and Fr. Croonenberghs had painted it. When Lo Bengula saw the device he uttered a cry of admiration and squeezed Fr. Croonenberghs hand so hard that he nearly fainted. All were in ecstasies (ZMR 14: 497).

Given his delight Lobengula decided to grant them permanent residence confirming their acquisitions of the two properties and granting them the right to travel in his territory towards the Zambezi (ZMR 14: 497). The Protestants in Matabeleland were not very happy with this development and they sought to prevent it (Tabler 1966: 66), but Lobengula was unswayed by their arguments. In time both Christian groups learnt to tolerate and assist each other.

Br. Nigg continued to make himself popular with the King and the Royal Household through his sawing machine, concertina and pistol that put paid to many a snake in the town. Similarly Croonenberghs' painting skills enabled him to get closer to the Monarch. He was granted permission to paint a portrait of Lobengula as well as a general group scene of the King presiding over the Great Dance. This latter painting is now housed

in the National Archives of Zimbabwe. It is not particularly skilled but it certainly impressed Lobengula who granted Croonenberghs unprecedented freedom to go almost anywhere in his kraal at Gubulawayo and even permission to visit Mzilikazi's grave at Entimbani. Croonenberghs' detailed record of the Great Dance and all the ceremony that accompanied it is one of the important ethnographic texts that we have today on the traditions of the AmaNdebele in the precolonial period.

Fuller details of the Jesuit mission at Gubulawayo will follow in a series of future articles detailing the history of the main Catholic Missions in Zimbabwe. However suffice it to say that the Mission of the Sacred Heart was never a real success. Yes, they developed a good relationship with Lobengula and many in his royal entourage, but there were never any AmaNdebele converts to the faith. Even attempts at education came to nought. Lobengula had in fact decreed that no one should take up the Christian religion (L&N 76: 103), as he knew that it would undermine the very basis of his state, his authority and AmaNdebele traditional values. Jesuit work remained one of medical care for the AmaNdebele, seeing to the religious requirements of the settler community and subsistence production for themselves. Their only converts were several non-AmaNdebele outcasts and a number of Coloured traders-hunters, of whom I have no additional information – unfortunately the colonial ethos of the era did not see fit to record such details (L&N 66: 267, 70: 40; ZMR. 20). Unlike some of the Protestant ministers, the Jesuits did not become involved in political matters or trade. The mission station took a severe blow with the destruction of Gubulawayo in 1881. Lobengula decided to relocate his capital to the site of the present State Residence in the northern suburbs of the modern City of Bulawayo and accordingly the old settlement was finally burnt down. This led to a substantial depopulation of the area but the mission struggled on until 1887.

THE FIRST DEATH

To return to the main thrust of this story by early 1880 most of the Jesuits were now resident in Gubulawayo. Frs. Blanca, Fuchs and Terörde, and Br. Paravicini stayed behind to man the Tati Mission, but the settlement was a fever trap, especially with the onset of the rains. Fr. Fuchs was particularly poorly although he continued with his efforts in studying the Zulu language, and translating the key Catholic texts. He was already a sickly man who had had a record of chest problems in Europe and it is surprising that it was ever conceived of that he should be sent to Africa, especially given his record as an extremely good academic. A letter from Fr. Blanca records Fuchs' last earthy hours:

> The good Father Fuchs who was here at Tati with me, fell sick of the fever of the country on 23rd January. After the 24th he could no longer say Mass nor leave his bed. The sickness increased rapidly. On the 27th I gave him the Viaticum. On the morning of that day he felt a little better, but after dinner the sickness grew seriously worse. We had agreed that I should give him Extreme Unction on the next day; but since in the evening he had a serious fainting attack, and as the sickness was making rapid progress, I thought that I ought not wait till the morrow. So with his consent I gave it to him that same evening.

> The good father was always conscious, and he himself answered the prayers. The illness in the meantime always kept growing worse. After midnight I began to cite the prayers for the agonising, and the good father answered still very distinctly, till at 1: 20 of that night he peacefully fell asleep in our Lord . . . On the morning of the 29th, in the presence of the recent convert (Jan Engelbrecht) I said the prayers for the burial, and about 12 o'clock, accompanied by this young man, and by another, a protestant, I proceeded to bury the dear deceased, after having blessed the ground that was to serve as the resting place for his body. His grave therefore is, so far, the only thing of which we have definitely taken possession in these parts (L&N 65: 189).

Fuchs' burial was one of extreme poverty, a reflection of the mission resources at the time. The grave was dug adjacent to the existing European cemetery in the deep alluvial soils of the Tati River not far from the settlement. It was marked by a tomb of burnt brick, probably collected from the decaying structures of the former town (Gelfand 1969: 262). This was initially marked by a large stone cross and the family made arrangements for a white marble slab to be sent out from Europe (Notes Jesuit Archives of Zimbabwe). Unfortunately this never seems to have arrived and the grave was soon lost in the wilds of Africa. It has only recently been rediscovered and is now suitably marked (Burrett 2000).

Depelchin's initial response was to relocate the station northwards to Mangwe Pass near the home of John Lee. This seemed a healthier option, at a higher altitude and away from large rivers. In addition Lee had a large family and desired to see his children educated, hence his interest in this proposal. Lee actually interviewed Lobengula gaining his consent for the plan, but nothing seems to have come of it (Gelfand 1969: 208; L&N 65: 202–3; 73: 100).

The Tati mission struggled on but several damning letters were written by several of the fathers to their previous houses in Europe. They openly attacked Depelchin's leadership, his grandiose plans of ever extending forward and they blamed him for inadequate provisions and medical care. These letters were subsequently published in Europe creating an uproar. The whole mission was placed in jeopardy and there were calls for its withdrawal. In response a 'visitor', an inspector to use the lay term, in the form of Fr. Anthony de Wit (formerly based at Graaf-Reinet in the Eastern Cape – Lloyd 1979: 284) set off from Grahamstown accompanied by additional men – Fr. Karl Wehl; Fr. Francois Berghegge; Fr. Jean Weisskopf; Br. Francois Simonis; Br. Henry Proest; and Br. Arnold Vervenne (Gelfand 1969: 108–9). They arrived at Tati on 6 May 1880 (L&N 73: 186; Tabler 1966: 83). De Wit found that the rumours of starvation and dysentery were exaggerated, exonerating Depelchin of any direct responsibility for wrongdoing. However, it is certain that the latter's confidence in his fellows was destroyed by this incident.

REACHING OUT – LAW'S SHANGAAN EXPEDITION

On receipt of temporary permission to stay in Matabeleland Depelchin, somewhat hastily, decided to continue pushing forward rather than consolidating his position. In October 1879 he had set in motion two additional expeditions. One eastwards to Mzila,

Figure 4: Fr. A. Law SJ – Founding member of St Aidan's College (Grahamstown). Died while trying to establish a mission in Shangaan Territory

the Shangaan leader who at the time occupied south-eastern Zimbabwe; and the other north-westward to Lewanika, who was the Barotse leader who controlled vast areas of western Zambia. In doing this Depelchin committed the Zambezi missionary enterprise to failure. He ostracised the Jesuits from Lobengula, as the latter could not understand why the Jesuits were attempting to coexist with his sworn enemies the Shangaans and the Barotse (Gelfand 1969: 21). Lobengula's initial response was to withdraw his permission for the Jesuits to stay in his territories, and Fr. Croonenberghs had the difficult job of trying to persuade the leader that the Jesuits were not colluding against the AmaNdebele Monarch (L&N 66: 265–6).

However, Depelchin decided to push on with his plans. After discussing the option with one of Lobengula's wives, Calinja daughter of the Shangaan leader Mzila (ZMR 12: 423; 14: 498), it was decided that Fr. Law (Figure 4) should make the journey. After getting permission from the increasingly suspicious Lobengula, who provided two 'guides' or more likely spies sent to watch on the activities of the 'white men' (L&N 69: 151), Frs. Law and the newly arrived Wehl accompanied by Brs. de Sadeleer and Hedley, set off from Gubulawayo towards Mzila's capital on 28 May 1880 (L&N 73: 144; Tabler 1966: 90).

Theirs was to be a disastrous expedition and details will appear in a future article that traces their actual route. However suffice it to say for the time being that they were abandoned in the Lowveld country by both guides and servants; Fr. Wehl got separated from the party and was lost for over a month (he was looked after by

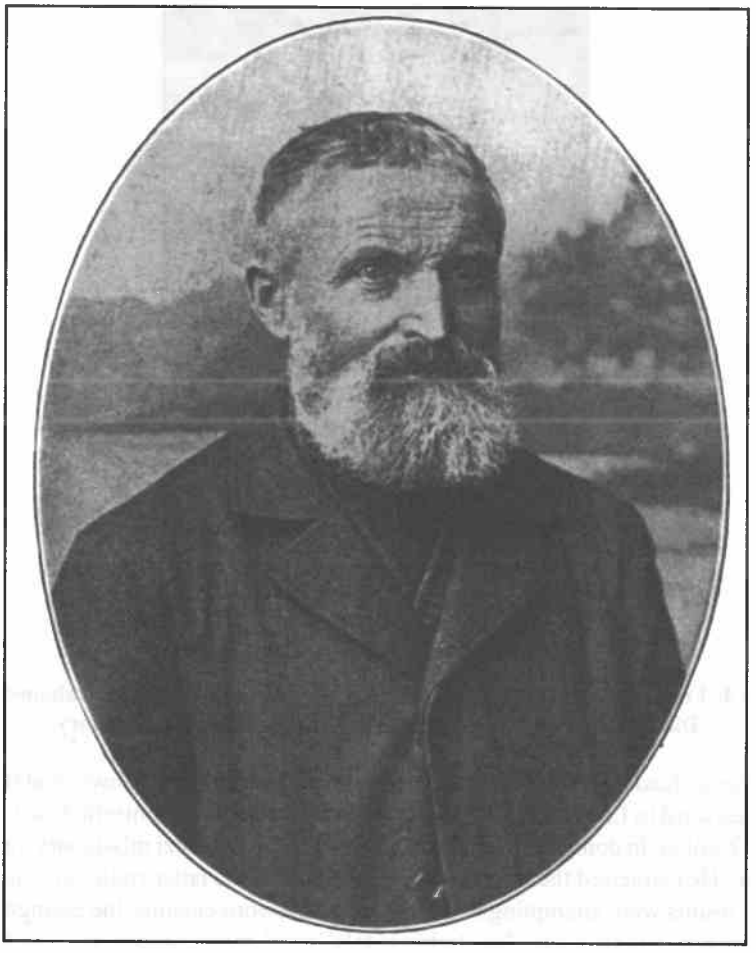


Figure 5: Br. F. de Sadeleer SJ – champion of many of the early expeditions of the early mission (Verwimp 1938:2)

Paramount Gutu (L&N 73: 142) who handed him over to a trader-prospector Robert Roxby who happened to be in the area); the rains set in and the wagons were grounded in the mud; they ran short of rations; and they were seriously ill with malaria. After abandoning the stranded wagons, the remaining three Jesuits continued on foot with few provisions and no guides, finally reaching Mzila's village on 31 August 1880 (Gelfand 1969: 298–339; L&N 73: 141–2; Tabler 1966: 90–1). Here they lived in appalling conditions and had little food as they had no trade goods (Tabler 1966: 91). While they looked to caring for each other in illness, they grew progressively worse, and Fr. Law died of blackwater fever, exacerbated by starvation and exhaustion, on the evening of 25 November, 1880 (L&N 73: 143). In the meantime Br. de Sadeleer had returned to the Lowveld to bring up the wagons and while doing so was reunited with Fr. Wehl. They finally managed to return with the wagons to Mzila's in January

1881. Living in squalor and starvation the three remaining Jesuits were forced to remain here until 19 April 1881 when the climate allowed them to resume their journey (Tabler 1966: 38). Br. de Sadeleer and Fr. Wehl then battled on through to Sofala on the central Mozambique coast. Here Fr. Wehl died from his suffering on 12 May 1881 (L&N 73: 147). The plucky survivor Br. de Sadeleer (Figure 5) then returned to Mzila's with wagons loaded with supplies and trade items. He and Br. Hedley were then able to leave Shangaan territory, struggling their way back to Gubulawayo which they reached on 1 October 1881 (L&N 69: 151–157; 73: 148; Tabler 1966: 38; ZMR 16: 74–79).

THE ROAD NORTH TO MWEMBA'S

At the same time that this ill-fated expedition was being pursued Depelchin decided on another thrust beyond AmaNdebele territory. On 17 May 1880 he, accompanied by Frs. Terörde and Weisskopf, Brs. Nigg, Vervenne, and Simonis, and the naturalist-trader Alexander Walsh as guide, set out from Tati for the Zambezi (Gelfand 1969: 340–1; L&N 73: 165, 186; Tabler 1966: 83). They travelled up the Pandamatenga or Westbeech Road that today forms the majority of the boundary between Zimbabwe and Botswana. That they left from Tati and not Gubulawayo is surely indicative that Depelchin was well aware that Lobengula was not pleased with these moves and would have openly forbidden the journey if he could. Yet he chose to ignore the Monarch.

The missionaries' somewhat romantic description of their surroundings is worth recording. It may apply to certain points along the route but certainly it is not quite that way today.

> . . . the party travelled northwards through tall grass that grew to a height of six feet or more on every side. There was no lack of water and the streams they crossed teemed with fish; but no game was to be seen. When about 90 miles from their starting point they came to the Guay (Gwai) River and soon afterwards beheld the ruins of what appeared to be a fortress. On the same day they passed a wonderful natural pyramid of granite reported to be from 600 to 700 feet in height. . . . The expedition next traversed a fine bit of country with grand mopani forests stretching far on every side. Further on the features of the route changed, the forests giving place to a more open district where short thorny bushes throve in a light sandy soil (ZMR 11: 115).

On 9 June a serious accident took place. Walsh had been sitting on the front of the wagon when a sudden jolt caused him to lose balance. He fell off and both wheels of the heavily laden wagon passed over him. Luckily it was a soft sandy patch and although he was seriously injured he was not killed outright (ZMR 11: 115).

Pandamatenga was a trading store some distance south of the Victoria Falls and was a month's journey from the Tati Station (L&N 69: 142). Here a trader and hunter, George Westbeech, had established a store in 1871 (Tabler 1966: 168). Sited in a depression at the headwaters of the Matetsi River, the area was low lying and marshy, and as time was to tell it was a malarial deathbed for many of the Jesuits and other residents. They reached it on 25 June 1880 and initially Westbeech treated them with great courtesy (L&N 73: 186). The Missionaries now built a small wooden house and began to till the land. This latter act soured relations with Westbeech, who had probably

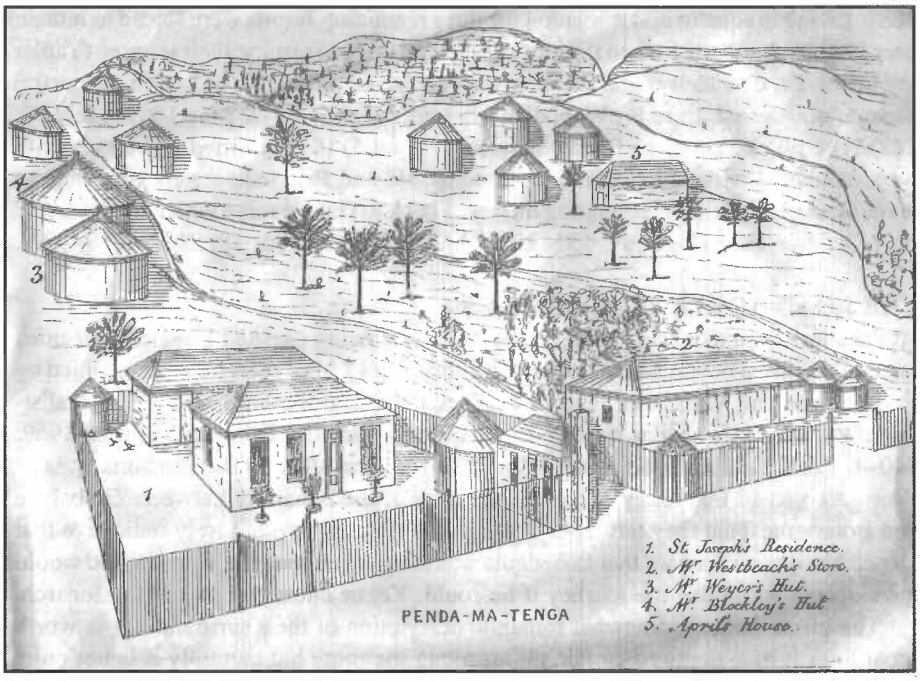


Figure 6: Idealised sketch of the Mission at Pandamatenga

thought that the Jesuits were merely passing through. He now resented their intrusion on what he judged to be his exclusive domains. Several disputes over fertile fields were not forgotten by Westbreech and the Jesuits lost the support of this key negotiator in that part of the interior at the time (Gelfand 1969: 408).

This mission, the third in the Zambezi Province, was named the 'Sacred Residence of Saint Joseph' and a somewhat romantic version is shown in Figure 6 (L&N 69: 142; ZMR 17: 115). It was now decided that they should visit the renowned Victoria Falls. This was reached on 12 July 1880. Again their description is worthy of mention.

> . . . on the following day (they) beheld the cloud of vapour which rises to a height of 700 feet above the level of the upper stream. This vapour cloud changes its colour marvellously under the sun's rays. It was violet when they first set their eyes upon it, then pale green, and as they drew nearer it appeared to be a leaden hue. When they finally reached the summit of the hill overlooking the Zambezi, the sun seemed to set in the midst of the vapour, making it shine with wonderful brilliancy, the river above the Falls looking like a strip of burnished silver in the distance (ZMR 11: 117).

The first Catholic Mass was celebrated somewhere within sight of the Falls near what we know today as Devil's Cataract and the Jesuits made much of the trilogy of rainbows which they saw at the time. After exploring the upper slopes Depelchin clambered down into the gorges and caught a breathtaking sight of the torrent from below (ZMR 11: 117).

However, tourism was not their motive and they returned to Panadamatenga to resume their missionary work. On the advice of the hunter Selous, Depelchin decided to begin work with the Tonga people in the Zambezi Valley (Dachs and Rea 1979: 22; L&N 69: 169). Accordingly a party consisting of Frs. Depelchin and Terörde, Br. Vervenne, sixty-three porters and Mr Blockley set off for the River on 28 July (ZMR 11: 118). Initially they headed for the settlement of Wankie (Hwange) where they hoped to get assistance to cross the Zambezi.

> The royal kraal of Wankie was composed of between thirty and forty huts, occupied principally by the old chief's wives and children. . . . The King's own hut, as also the others, was shaped like a beehive, and within its precincts Wankie and his friends were making dagga and drinking beer (ZMR 11: 119).

However, despite repeated pleas the Jesuits were refused permission to borrow boats with which to cross over to the north bank of the River. Likewise neighbouring villages also refused on the Chief's instructions.

The Jesuits now decided to try to reach the village of Mwemba (they spelt it as Moemba) whom they believed to be the most powerful of the numerous independent Tonga chiefs in the area. He lived on the north bank of the Zambezi River in the vicinity of the Chete area in modern Zimbabwe, a site now flooded under the waters of Kariba. The party was forced to walk along the southern banks from one unfriendly village to the next and each time they were refused permission to cross by boat.

Although they did not know it the Jesuits had now come up against, and were soon embroiled in local Shona–Tonga–AmaNdebele–Barotse political rivalry. Each community refused to do anything that they thought might offend the other and lead to some manner of military reprisal. The Tonga villagers were particularly suspicious of these foreigners who had come from their southern enemies the AmaNdebele. At the same time they were wary that co-operation might incur the wrath of their other enemies the Barotse who held considerable political sway in the area to the north (Gelfand 1969: 342).

Finally, after a considerable payment of trade goods, the Jesuits were ferried across to the north bank of the Zambezi at Sitcheraba's village (Gelfand 1969: 342; ZMR 18: 159). Several days later they reached the edge of Mwemba's territory and were informed that they were expected and that already the Chief's council had decided to grant them land on which to build a Mission. What they failed to appreciate was that the Chief did not so much want their religion as their presence to bolster his own authority in the area and to discourage future attacks by both the Barotse and slavers from the Portuguese settlements down stream. However, once they had arrived on 19 August negotiations were not so clear cut. Mwemba demanded increasingly more and more gifts on a daily basis so that Depelchin finally decided to abandon the plan. This threat seemed to work and land was finally granted.

Depelchin departed on 28 August leaving Fr. Terörde and Br. Vervenne to establish the Mission. They began positively, quickly putting up a building which they named the 'Residence of the Holy Cross' (L&N 70: 258; Tabler 1966: 83). However, their relations with the local people soon soured, especially once Chief Mwemba realised that he could not extort an endless supply of goods. Both missionaries went down with

fever and Fr. Terörde wrote an impassioned letter to Depelchin requesting assistance given that Vervenne seemed near death (ZMR19: 196). This reached the Superior at Wankie's village where he was struggling to throw off a very serious bout of malaria. He had collapsed on his way back from Mwemba and had had to be carried in a litter back to Wankie's.

Depelchin now sent for Fr. Weisskopf and Br. Nigg. They reached Wankie's on 14 September and found their leader in a terrible state. Br. Nigg then continued on to the others but his arrival on 20th was too late (Figure 7). He found Br. Vervenne lying in delirious state amongst the remains of their former mission building. After seeing to the immediate needs of this man Nigg enquired after Fr. Terörde and was told: "He is buried. He is dead; but he is happy, very happy" (ZMR 19:197) (Figure 8).

It seems that on 6 September Mwemba sent over some beer which some writers suggest may have been poisoned. Fr. Terörde consumed some of the brew and died after violent stomach pains accompanied by dysentery. This was about the 16 or 17 September 1880 (L&N 73: 155; Tabler 1966: 84). An alternative version is that a doctored fowl was sent over (L&N 66: 105). Br. Vervenne was himself in a very ill and confused state but he managed to bury the dead father, but was unable to prevent the subsequent looting of their goods by Mwemba (L&N 69: 187; Tabler 1966: 83). An angry Br. Nigg now approached the Chief demanding the return of all the looted goods. After a furious exchange some of the goods were returned and Nigg felt it very necessary that they leave as soon as possible, lest the Chief had them killed as was his threat.

A small group of porters was procured and on 22 September Br. Nigg deserted the 'Residence of the Holy Cross', carrying away the critically ill Br. Vervenne in a hammock (ZMR 19: 197–8). Most of their journey was by water, Nigg having procured the services of three small boats. Landing at Sicheraba's village they attempted the necessary overland trip but it was soon evident that neither was in an adequate state of health and Nigg was forced to write to Pandamatenga requesting a wagon to be sent to assist them. Depelchin, who had in the meantime recovered sufficiently to return to Pandamatenga, dispatched Mr Walsh who reached the stricken party on 13 October. Both Jesuits were on the point of death. Br. Nigg had in fact lost the use of his left leg so that he too had to be carried in a hammock. The party finally reached Pandamatenga on 23 October 1880 (ZMR 19: 198). Thus ended another attempt.

NORTHWARD STILL – INTO BAROTSELAND

Although ill himself from malaria, Depelchin's determination to press on was not to be stopped. He now decided to look to the Barotse, setting out from Pandamatenga on 5 November 1880. Accompanied by Mr Walsh and Pit and April, two Cape Servants, he made for the Zambezi River above the Victoria Falls where he hoped to make contact with some of the outlying Barotse Indunas who could forward his message to their leader, Lewanika. The response was very favourable and they were invited to return the next year, 1881 (Gelfand 1969: 343 and 403). Depelchin now returned to Tati, leaving Fr. Weisskopf and Brs. Vervenne and Simonis at Pandamatenga (ZMR 19: 198).

The northward quest resumed in early 1881. Originally Depelchin had hoped to

Figure 7: Br. T. Nigg SJ who brought relief to those suffering in the Zambezi valley

Figure 8: Fr. A. Terorder's grave about 1949 at Mwemba's settlement, Zambia (now below the waters of Kariba)

receive additional manpower from the Cape, but the First Anglo–Boer War had broken out in the Transvaal and this prevented the recruits from reaching him in time (Gelfand 1969: 343; ZMR 21: 277). Travelling with Fr. Berghegge and Br. de Vylder, he arrived at Pandamatenga on 22 May 1881 and found the residents in a shocking state of ill health. After rendering what assistance they could, and a short break again visiting the Victoria Falls (L&N 76: 99; Tabler 1966: 84), this party departed on 6 June for the Zambezi River where the Barotse King, Lewanika, had promised them boats to take them up stream to his capital at Lealui (Tabler 1966: 83).

Their first objective was an unhealthy spot called Leshuna where Westbeech had an outstation. Here they were forced to send back the wagon as it would be impossible

to get it across the Zambezi and tsetse fly were now a serious problem. Resuming the journey on foot they reached the River at "Kazongola" on the 9th. Depelchin found the scenery invigorating saying that it reminded him of his years in India, most especially the vegetation of the Ganges Valley. A message was now sent to the Baroste Induna Mparira requesting the promised boats which arrived on the 12th (ZMR 21: 278).

The party was conveyed across the Zambezi and from there they walked while their luggage was taken by water. After three hours stiff walking they reached Membova where they were informed that King Lewanika was most anxious to see them and that he had sent several of his own boats to speed them on their way.

> Five rowers in each boat dextrously handled the long oars, and they were borne swiftly and smoothly over the waters of the broad stream. On the banks of the river, gnus, zebras and gazelles were peacefully grazing, and overhead and round about flew innumerable birds (ZMR 21: 278).

On approaching Sesheke two gun shots announced their approach and numerous people came down to the river to witness their arrival. Now, however, came a period of anxious waiting and they were only able to resume their journey on 17 August once the local official had confirmed that they were permitted entry. The boats soon came up to the 'Katima Molelo cataract'.

> Before us the water descended as from step to step of a gigantic staircase, with the impetuosity of a torrent. It seemed impossible for any boat to ascend this rampart of rock, this moving hill of waves and foam (ZMR 21: 278).

However after two hours they were through and they camped on the banks enjoying a feast of freshly killed buffalo, shot by one of the Jesuits' travelling companions.

During the following days they were forced to ascend several more rapids (Nambwe, Looshoo being named) before reaching Nalolo on 1 September 1881. This was the residence of the king's influential senior sister and was sited on the bank of the Zambezi two days from the royal capital. Maibaba (at other times given as Matowka or Mtunka) received the Jesuits kindly and became a strong advocate for their cause (L&N 74: 74; ZMR 21: 278). The Jesuits were finally granted permission to proceed to the Barotse capital of Lealui (then spelt Laroe) on 6 September 1881 (L&N 79: 12). Just before arriving Depelchin was seriously taken with fever which was exacerbated by their having to walk another hour in the hot sun to get there (Gelfand 1969: 404). However he put on a brave face and they received a royal welcome the next day.

> The beating of the drums summoned the population at an early hour to the large square and announced the arrival of the King. At about 8 o'clock the missionaries, with their interpreters, joined the assembled group. Lebushi was seated on his throne – an American armchair. The Indunas and people formed a semicircle about him at some distance. Fr. Depelchin went up to his Majesty, and, having taken him warmly by the hand, took a seat by his side. This was the signal for the music to strike up, and a most inharmonious concert continued for a full hour, the King in the meantime conversing familiarly with the missionaries (ZMR 21: 279).

The King was pleased to see them, and promised them land to set up a mission station near his capital and a second area further away at Sesheke (Gelfand 1969: 404; L&N 74: 76; Tabler 1966: 84).

The Jesuit party remained at Lealui until 13 September finalising details for their mission that was to begin the following year. King Lewanika agreed to assist in constructing the Mission Stations as well as a road which would be opened between them. In return all he asked was for a plough to be brought back as a gift (Gelfand 1969: 404). Once these decisions had been ratified by the Assembly of Indunas the Jesuits took leave, arriving back at Pandamatenga on 6 October (ZMR 21: 279)

1882 – FURTHER TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS

On 11 October 1881 Depelchin, accompanied by Br. de Vylder and Mr Walsh again started from Pandamatenga for Mwemba's village to try to restore the missionary effort in that quarter. They arrived on 29 October and they had a very mixed reception. Depelchin finally extracted an apology for what had happened previously as well as a promise from the Chief that work could resume unhindered (ZMR 21: 279). This left Depelchin a little happier and he felt that Terörde's untimely loss would be compensated for by the creation of a new mission in his name (Gelfand 1969: 404). Unfortunately nothing subsequently materialised in this regards.

Depelchin thereafter returned via Tati to South Africa, bringing back up with him still more men for the field: Frs. Henry Booms, Ferdinand Engels, Bartholomew Kroot, Maurice Meyringer and Peter Prestage and five additional brothers. This party started north on 21 March 1882. However, disaster soon struck when one of the Brothers, Gerard Hooy, drowned while swimming in the Vaal River on 23 March 1882 (L&N 73: 161–2; 74: 214).

> He had been in the water but a few minutes when he suddenly disappeared, seized, no doubt, with cramp. His body reappeared a day or two afterwards and was buried by the river-side (ZMR 22: 316).

This was followed shortly by news of the death of Fr. de Wit at Tati. In early 1882 Depelchin had decided to close the Tati station (Gelfand 1969: 393). However, in 1881 there had been renewed attempts at working the Tati mines, more especially the nearby Blue Jacket Mine (L&N 73: 154). This resulted from the cancellation of Swinburne's earlier concession and its award by Lobengula to a long time trader and hunter Samuel Howard Edwards (Tabler 1966: 44). A number of new settlers arrived at Tati and De Wit, who had been left in charge of the whole northern Mission and was at Tati, decided to rescind the somewhat hasty decision (Gelfand 1969: 380; ZMR 22: 316). He made good friends with many of the newcomers, especially Samuel Edwards and his chief miner Hugh Dobbie, assisting their community medically when a serious bout of fever broke out. On 21 March 1882 de Wit was visited at the mission by Dobbie who had walked over from the miners' settlement at Blue Jacket Mine several kilometres away (Gelfand 1969: 412; L&N 74: 216). He had come to thank De Wit for his care during his recent illness. Since Dobbie was on foot, de Wit borrowed a horse from Engelbrecht, who lived near the mission and he accompanied Dobbie back to Blue Jacket Mine. Riding back to the village, De Wit held Engelbrecht's horse

on a lead while reading through his Daily Office. On reaching its meadow Engelbrecht's horse suddenly stopped, while de Wit's horse continued on, and the result was he was wrenched from the saddle breaking his neck as he hit the ground (L&N 73: 164). Death was mercifully instantaneous (Verwimp 1938: 88–9).

He was later buried in the Tati cemetery next to Fuchs (ZMR 22: 316–7). His grave was not as elaborate, and appears to have been a rectangular area of stones with a couple of larger slabs set at the head which probably bore his name. At one time there was talk of the Dutch Province marking the grave of this their illustrious son, but nothing ever came of it. The two graves were soon forgotten once the Tati Mission was finally abandoned. It was only in 1997 that this site was again identified (Burrett 2000) (Figure 9).

Meanwhile Depelchin was seriously injured in an accident that happened when his wagon overturned near the Marico River in the Transvaal. A large bag of salt landed on his leg breaking it below the knee (L&N 74: 215–6). Luckily Fr. Engels, who had served in the ambulance corps in the Franco-Prussian War, was able to reset it but the party was held up for nearly a fortnight while they allowed their leader rest and recuperation. They finally arrived back at Tati on 3 June 1882 (L&N 73: 162; 77: 178; ZMR 22: 317).

The long story of failures and deaths of the first two years could only have depressed Depelchin, but the Barotse Mission remained a beacon of hope. He would have liked to proceed at once, but his injuries, combined with the long-term effects of malaria, meant that he was laid up at Tati for some time. Accordingly he made arrangements

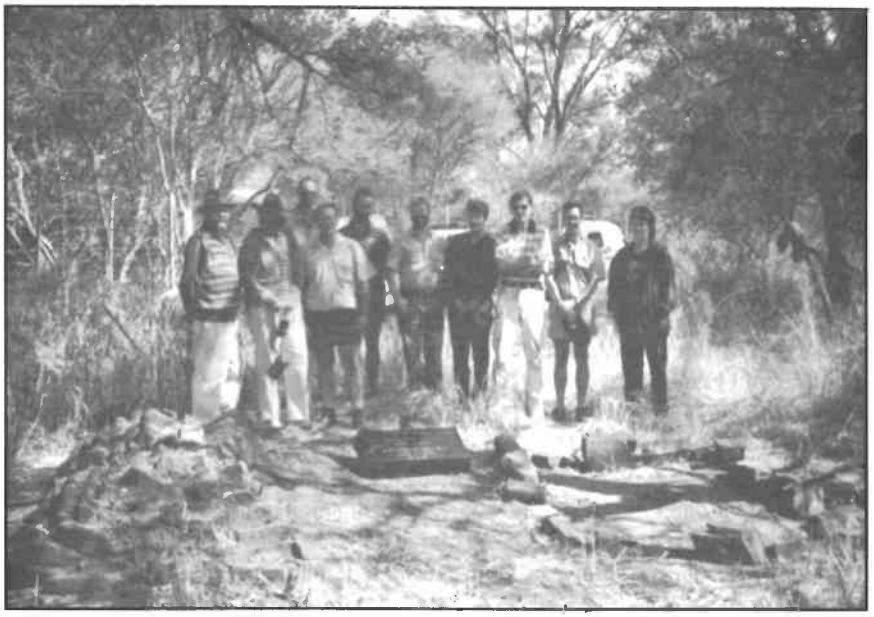


Figure 9: The 1999 remarking of the two Jesuit graves at Old Tati. The brick structure (left) is that of Fr. K. Fuchs and the stone-lined (right) one is of Fr. A. de Wit
(Photo G. Quick)

for the northward push, sending two wagons of provisions northward to Pandamatenga. These were to proceed to Mwemba's and Barotseland once the 1882/3 rainy season was over. Meanwhile fearing a rival Protestant push, Fr. Berghegge (Figure 10), accompanied by the recently arrived Br. Allen, set out, on 27 August 1882, for the Zambezi River to inform King Lewanika as to the reasons for the delay. However, they received no assistance from the local Barotse nor permission for them to proceed further to Lealui. Reluctantly they returned to Pandamatenga (L&N 76: 101). The problem was that the Barotse were at the time waging war against several of their neighbours, and Lewanika had little time for foreigners at this point (L&N 78: 254–5). General depression now descended on the Zambezi Mission; were all their "expectations . . . Doomed to disappoint" (ZMR 22: 317)?

The only bright point in 1882 was the establishment of a mission in the western Transvaal. The idea had always been at the back of Depelchin's mind (L&N 63: 55), and he now considered that it was necessary to have a station in a healthier area where his men could recuperate and where supplies could be more easily obtained. He arranged to acquire the farm Vleeschfontein (now called Kalkfontein) in the hilly country of the Dwarsberg near Zeerust in the Transvaal Republic (Gelfand 1969: 344). It was purchased for £800 from the same trader, Augustus Greite, who had earlier sold them their Gubulawayo residence (Gelfand 1969: 91, 396). Its purchase aroused considerable controversy amongst the missionaries, many openly questioning Depelchin's financial

Figure 10: Fr. F. Berghegge SJ – member and later leader of the abortive attempts to establish a mission in Barotse territory

sense and mental state. Ironically of all the early Missions this was the only reasonably successful one, although it too had its trials and deaths in the early years. However, as it was not in the area allotted to the Zambezi Mission it was later handed over to other Orders (Gelfand 1969: 396). Another story to appear elsewhere.

The combined effects of personal injury and illness, together with all these failures and now dissent amongst his own men, meant that Depelchin lost heart. In November 1882 he reluctantly returned south to Grahamstown leaving the Zambezi Mission. Initially he went on a lecture tour of Europe to raise additional manpower and finances for the Mission, later returning to India where he continued to work successfully for some years, before dying in May 1900 at Darjeeling aged 78 years (Tabler 1966: 38; ZMR 10). In his place Fr. Alfred Weld, who had done so much to promote the whole idea of the enterprise in the first place, was appointed Superior on 3 December 1883 (Dachs and Rea 1979: 24) (Figure 11).

1883 – DISASTER, SETBACKS AND DISINTEREST

The lack of northward progress and contact with the Barotse throughout 1882 was to prove disastrous. When two wagons loaded with provisions finally departed from Pandamatenga on 14 March 1883 in charge of Fr. Berghegge and Brs. Simonis and de Vylder, failure again stalked the enterprise (L&N 79: 22; ZMR 22: 317). Br. De Vylder was drowned on April 29 in the Zambezi River.

> The party were making their way through the Leesor (now Lusu) rapids, when a strong current forced the boat backwards, and there appeared to be imminent danger of its being dashed against the rocks. The crew immediately leapt into

Figure 11: Fr. A.. Weld SJ – second Superior of the Zambezi Mission

> the water. Br. de Vylder followed their example, but unfortunately jumped out on the side where the current was strongest. . . . Fr. Berghegge gave the last absolution as the drowning man was swept away by the current. A boat was at once dispatched to his assistance, but it was impossible to effect his rescue, nor were they able to recover his body (ZMR 22: 317) (Figures 12 and 13).

Meanwhile Lewanika had changed his mind about the missionaries and made life very difficult for them. The substantial delay without word from the Jesuits and their continued contacts with Mwemba, a sworn enemy, had turned Lewanika against them (Gelfand 1969: 407; ZMR 22: 317). It would also seem from later evidence that Westbeech was instrumental, through his good contacts in the Barotse court, in blocking the Jesuits in favour of the French Protestant Missionary Coillard, (Gelfand 1969: 406, L&N 79: 23; ZMR 39: 342). The situation seemed grim. The Jesuits received no help from any quarter, their goods were pilfered and they were effectively detained at the Barotse capital. When it was clear that no form of additional ransom could be obtained the Jesuit party was allowed to depart, arriving back at Pandamatenga on 2 October 1883 before continuing on to Tati (ZMR 22: 318). Another road to the north was blocked.

At Pandamatenga the Jesuits struggled on. Their effort was towards the conversion of the many Boer and Coloured Hunters who were operating in that region. Regular services were held and instructions were given in Dutch (L&N 70: 263; 75: 478). They had a few converts but for most attendance was irregular and they achieved little progress (L&N 77: 180; ZMR 22318). Their impact on the local African population was negligible, while their bad relations with their neighbour Westbeech continued unabated. Fr. Engels was relocated to Gubulawayo to allow him to regain his health, while on 1 July 1883, Fr. Weisskopf died of fever. His successor, Fr. Kroot, was then ordered to move the station to the banks of the Zambezi at a place called Tchabi. However, the missionaries were all too ill to comply with this request (ZMR 22: 318).

Meanwhile at the Tati mission Fr. Prestage (Figure 14) had taken charge after the death of Fr. de Wit (Gelfand 1969: 427), but there was very little for him to do. Initially he was assisted by Br. de Sadeleer and Fr. Meyeringer, but these companions both were soon to depart (Tabler 1966: 38; ZMR 39: 337), Prestage always maintained that the relative loneliness of this period was his greatest teacher and he soon turned his hand to all manner of tasks for which he was later famed – building, cultivation, cattle breeding etc. He learnt the Zulu language and expanded the Mission premises, digging a well some 52 feet deep using dynamite (L&N 75: 31; Vickery 1996: 16; ZMR 39: 337–9). He also constructed many new buildings including a chapel set a little apart from the residential quarters. Depelchin originally mooted this idea before his departure for Europe. To quote him,

> I conceived the idea of building a chapel in which should rest the bodies of our well-loved Fathers De Wit and Fuchs. We will build it a few paces from our house, on the very spot where Rev. Father De Wit gave up his beautiful soul to God. Perhaps some of the many friends of the dear departed, and his former parishioners of Amsterdam, will be desirous of contributing towards the erection of the modest monument which we are raising to the memory of our missionaries.

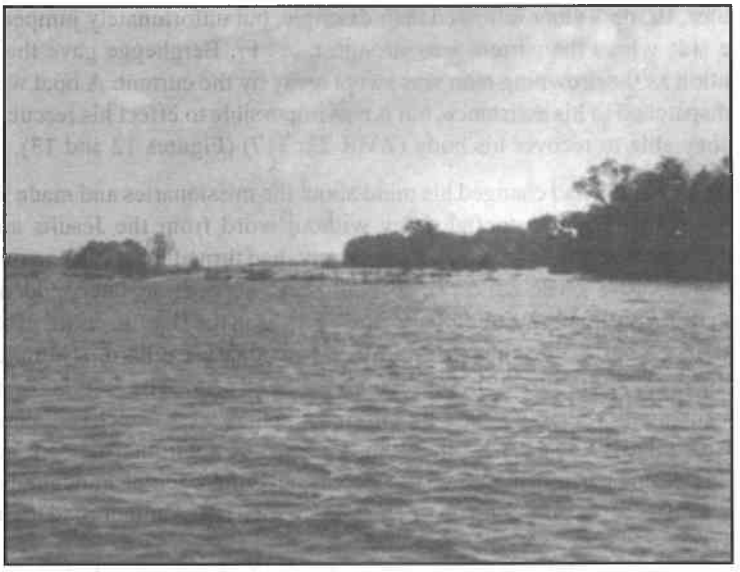


Figure 12: 1949 view of Lusu Rapids where Br. L. de Vylder drowned in 1883

Figure 13: Br. de Vylder's memorial put in place in 1956 by the Bishop of Livingstone

> A marble tablet will contain the names of all the apostles of Zambezi who have died (L&N 77: 179).

Like many of the plans of this early period the vision was never achieved for lack of money and manpower. What was erected was a modest pole and dakha structure of which nothing remains today.

Figure 14: Fr. P. Prestage SJ – Superior Tati and Gubuluwayo Missions. Founder of Empandeni Mission, Matabeleland

Although the only Jesuit permanently in residence, Prestage's frequent companions were Engelbrecht and Edwards, while he received many guests on their way northward to Matabeleland – administrators, military men, traders and many missionaries, both Catholic and Protestant. He did try to start a school – another idea originally conceived of by Depelchin in 1882 (L&N 76: 95). By March 1883 Prestage was able to record in his diary that he had 13 native and two white children, together with three native adults. However, attendance was variable and the enterprise was not considered much of a success by his Superiors (Gelfand 1969: 441 and 395). The basic problem he faced was a lack of people to evangelise. This area had for many years been a no-man's land between the AmaNdebele and their southern Bamangwato neighbours and, apart from a few passing travellers and a few Basarwa (Bushmen), the area was a deserted wilderness.

At the Gubulawayo Mission matters were no more productive than at the other two stations. The Superior Fr. Croonenberghs wrote:

> As long as Lo Bengula remained at Bulawayo (Old) we had much to do, but since he left the neighbourhood has been well-nigh deserted. However, we have kept our school open every day, and sick people are constantly having recourse to us. There has always been a certain amount of intercourse with Europeans, but no hope or prospect of conversions among the Matabele . . . We have been amongst them for five years: we have cured many of them; the people seem to like us; the Indunas receive and visit us; but not a single Matabele has dared to brave the displeasure of the King and the witch-doctors by declaring himself

on our side. Yet its central position has made it worthwhile to maintain the station (ZMR 22: 319).

Of particular importance was this station's relatively healthy environs and it acted as the main sanatorium, a place where the stricken missionaries of the other stations could be sent to recuperate (Gelfand 1969: 408). However in December 1883 Fr. Croonenberghs left Gubulawayo *en route* for Europe and rest.

THE FINAL YEARS 1884–9

In early 1884 Fr. Engels (Figure 15) became Superior at Gubulawayo (Gelfand 1969: 396). He was replaced in September of that year by Fr. Prestage when the former grew ill with fever (Gelfand 1969: 427 and 446–50; ZMR 22: 319). This meant that the Tati mission was now deserted for the first time since its foundation in 1879. Meanwhile matters at Pandamatenga were deteriorating. They had experienced a particularly dry and hot season that saw their previously successful vegetable gardens wilt to nothing (Gelfand 1969: 409). Then Br. Allen died after a short, but violent attack of fever on 2 February 1885 (Gelfand 1969: 427; Tabler 1966: 39). Fr. Kroot, who had been effectively debilitated for several years through repeated attacks of fever, now grew steadily worse. It was decided that he should leave Pandamatenga and transfer to Gubulawayo in the hope that the higher altitude and fresh air would assist to restore his health. However, it was too late, and he died at the Mission of the Sacred Heart on 21 June 1885 (ZMR 22: 318–9).

With this last death it was finally decided to close both the Pandamatenga and Tati stations (ZMR 42: 470). The Tati mission closed in March 1885 and the site was sold for £35 (Prestage 1894). The Pandamatenga mission on the other hand was simply abandoned on November 27 with Fr. Berghegge and Br. Proest returning to the Cape Colony. Only the Gubulawayo mission remained under guidance of Prestage, although its complement of Jesuits was severely reduced when on 25 November 1885 Fr. Booms and Br. de Sadeleer were recalled to Vleeschfontein. This left only Br. Hedley and Fr. Prestage (Gelfand 1969: 409 and 430).

An incident in 1885 then gave Prestage an idea of the way forward. During a visit to the King, Lobengula espied a book in Prestage's pocket.

> he pointed to it, saying: 'Do not teach that to my people, but teach them to work'. 'That is what we wish to do', I answered; 'we have come here to be useful to them' (ZMR 23: 353).

Initially nothing further came of it, but Prestage kept up a constant bantering of the Monarch to be allowed to set up a school for the AmaNdebele. While the prospect of religion was unacceptable to Lobengula, the promise to include practical skills like carpentry and smithing, was attractive. He jokingly mentioned the kraal of Umpanden in the extreme south of his state as being a good place for a school, it being the worst district, but again the matter was left to rest (ZMR 23: 353). However, external pressures soon came to weigh heavily on the ageing AmaNdebele leader. White settler encroachment was evident, and Lobengula became desirous of having someone of his own people to be his scribe, since with good reason he no longer trusted the traders and

missionaries. Thus by 1886 he consented to Prestage moving to what became Empandeni Mission near the village of Umpanden (Vickery 1996).

Prestage was delighted, but his initial hopes were soon dashed. The new Superior of the Zambezi Mission, Fr. Weld who was based in Grahamstown, decided that the Jesuits would abandon Matabeleland. He felt that work should first be consolidated in the healthier environs of the Cape Colony before attempting to extend northward (Gelfand 1969: 427; Vickery 1996). Accordingly on 7 May 1886 Fr. Prestage received

Figure 15: Fr. F. Engels SJ – second Superior of the Mission of the Sacred Heart, Gubuluwayo

instructions to give up the idea of Empandeni altogether. This was followed on 28 July by his recall to the Cape. Reluctantly Prestage left Gubulawayo on 2 December 1886, arriving in Grahamstown by mid February 1887. Here he begged Fr. Weld to be allowed to continue his work, which had only just begun to bear fruit. In the face of persistent requests Fr. Weld proved weaker than the AmaNdebele Monarch and he quickly gave in to Prestage. The Priest, accompanied by Fr. Booms and Br. Hedley, immediately retraced his steps to Gubulawayo, arriving on 19 May 1887 (Vickery 1997: 37–8).

By 18 June Prestage had chosen the actual site for his Empandeni Mission (ZMR 23: 354). This 'Old Empandeni" lies some distance south of the current mission of that name in southern Matabeleland. Thereafter he returned to Gubulawayo to organise for the closure of the Mission of the Sacred Heart. Meanwhile a newcomer, Fr. Andrew Hartmann (Figure 16), arrived at Empandeni in August 1887 and Fr. Prestage was pleasantly surprised to see the work Hartmann had undertaken in his absence (ZMR 23: 355). A community house had been built and lessons had begun. Fr. Booms later joined them in 1888 (Figure 17). Although there were several AmaNdebele attending

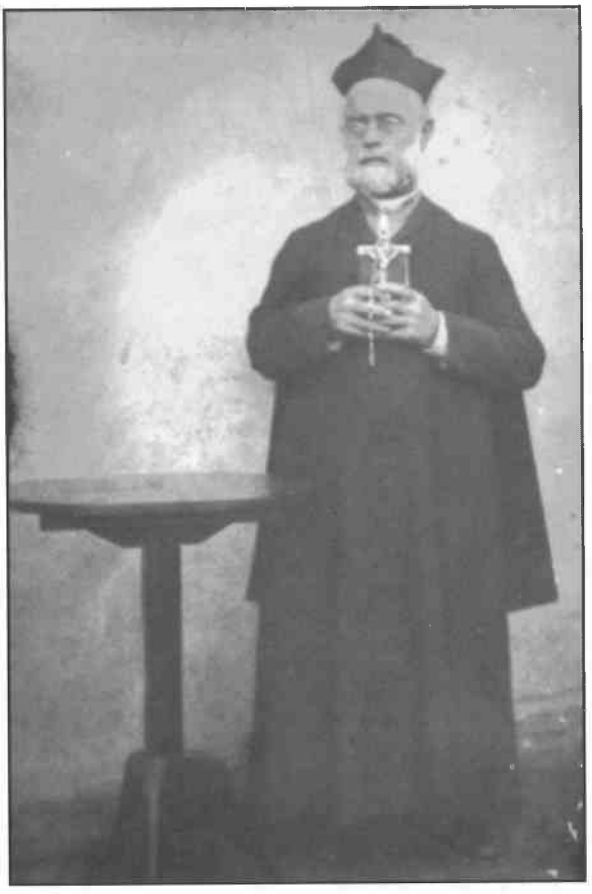


Figure 16: Fr. A. Hartmann SJ – founding member of the Empandeni Mission and later attached to the BSA Company Pioneer Column, 1890

Figure 17: Fr. H. Booms SJ – founding member of Empandeni Mission

the lessons, few where considered fully committed, especially when it came to religious studies. Most seemed afraid of retribution if they should renounce their traditional ways (ZMR 23 356).

With the signing of the Rudd Concession that allowed for the expansion of European settlement into Mashonaland, the attitudes of Lobengula and his Indunas soured towards the few remaining settlers in Matabeleland. Most of the traders in Bulawayo fled southward to Tati, and the Jesuits decided that they would leave Empandeni, appointing a caretaker to look after their property. Their departure on 13 November 1889 marks the end of the early phase of the Zambezi Mission (ZMR 24: 397) – a phase of undoubted failure. A year later a new thrust was made northwards with the Pioneer Column of Rhodes, but that is another story. Other than Empandeni, none of the earlier mission stations were reoccupied and most have been forgotten.

REFERENCES

Blake, R. 1977. *A History of Rhodesia*. London: Eyre Methuen.

Burrett, R. 2000. Grave matters in an African cemetery. *Jesuits and Friends. No.46*. pp.6.

Dachs, A. J., and Rea, W. F. 1979. *The Catholic Church and Zimbabwe*. Gwelo: Mambo Press.

Ellert, H. 1993. *Rivers of Gold*. Gweru: Mambo Press.

Gelfand 1969, M. (ed.) 1969. *Gubulawayo and Beyond: Letters and Journals of the Early Jesuit Missionaries to Zambesia 1879–1887*. London: Geoffrey Chapman.

Lloyd, M. (translator) 1979. *Journey to Gubulawayo*. Bulawayo: Books of Rhodesia.

McLaughlin, J. 1996. *On the Frontline*. Gweru: Mambo Press.

Mudenge S.I.G. 1986. *Christian Education at the Mutapa Court*. Harare: Zimbabwe Publishing House.

Letters and Notices (L&N) Jesuit Internal Publication – English Province. Manresa: Roehampton. Various issues consulted with volume and pages indicated

Prestage, P. 1894. *Letter to Fr. Baulh dated 24 January*. Jesuit Archives. Harare. Box 95/1

Roberts, R. S. (ed.) 1979. Editor's Introduction to the Reprint Edition. In Lloyd, M. *Journey to Gubulawayo*. Bulawayo: Books of Rhodesia.

Rea, W. F. 1964. Goncalo da Silveira. *Rhodesiana No. 6*.

Rea, W.F. 1976. *The Economics of the Zambezi Missions*. Rome: Institum Historicum S.J.

Tabler 1966, E. C. 1966. *Pioneers of Rhodesia*. Cape Town: Struik.

Verwimp 1938, E (1938) *Thirty Years in the African Wilds*. London: Catholic Book Club.

Vickery, P. 1996. The King and the Cleric: the Story of Empandeni Mission Part 1 *Southern African Encounter* Volume 3(3). pp.16–9)

Vickery, P. 1997. The King and Cleric: Part 2. *Southern African Encounter. Volume 3(4)*. pp.37–9)

Zambezi Mission Record (ZMR). A Missionary Publication for Readers Home and Abroad (Zambezi Mission) Various issues consulted with volume and pages indicated.

All photographs (other than Figures 5 and 6) are from the collections of the Jesuit Province of Zimbabwe Archives, Harare.

Harare to Bulawayo Railway

by R. D. Taylor

The first of December 1902 was a significant, but little celebrated date in the railway history of the new colony of Southern Rhodesia, for it was on this day that the two settlements of Salisbury and Bulawayo were finally linked by rail.

The railway from the Cape reached Bulawayo on the 4 November 1897. This event was soon followed in the east by the line from Beira, which was opened as far as Umtali on 4 February 1898. Umtali and Salisbury were linked up on 22 May 1899. It was imperative that the capitals of the two provinces of Mashonaland and Matabeleland be joined by rail if the colony was to progress. The journey between the two was time consuming and costly. Passengers travelled in Zeederberg coaches on a journey, which took, between 60 and 70 hours. Mail moved in open mule carts taking 80 hours. Other goods went by ox wagon with the going rate in May 1899 being 16 shillings for 100 lbs.

PREPARATIONS

When he opened the second session of the first Legislative Council on 21 March 1900 the Council President, Hon. W. H. Milton, said the Directors of the (British South Africa) Company and of the Railway Companies, realising the importance of completing communications with the South had decided that the extension of the line from Salisbury should proceed at all possible dispatch. The preliminary steps were accordingly being taken and large consignments of materials had been dispatched from England. Even before this official announcement the Council had approved on 15 June 1899 the Railway Ordinance of 1899 (Ordinance No 17), which provided for the making of surveys and other purposes connected with the construction and extension of certain railways. These included;

a. A railway from Bulawayo via Gwelo to any point on the Zambezi River.
b. A railway from Salisbury to any part of the Hartley District.

It was intended that the Bulawayo Gwelo line would become a section of Cecil Rhodes Cape to Cairo railway. From Gwelo the line was to go in a northerly direction to serve Globe and Phoenix Mine (now Kwe Kwe) then across the Mafungabusi Plateau allowing exploitation of the coal deposits in this area and thence to Kariba Gorge where a bridge was to be built over the Zambezi River. The line would continue across Northern Rhodesia to Abercorn on Lake Tanganyika.

Early in 1899 Mr Edward Roscher set out from Bulawayo to survey the route to Gwelo. On 20 May 1899 the Chronicle reported Mr Roscher was camped on the Umguza River and that another survey party working north of Gwelo had completed the survey to about 80 miles north of that township.

CONSTRUCTION BULAWAYO TO GWELO

On Tuesday 30 May 1899 a ceremony was held in Bulawayo to mark the start of the new line from Bulawayo to Gwelo. The honour of cutting the first sod was given to Mrs S. F. Townsend, wife of the Chief Resident Engineer. Speaking at the ceremony,

the Secretary to the Administrator, Mr H. Marshall Hole, said the previous Saturday's mail had brought details of Mr Rhodes plans for extensions and three days later they were already taking the first steps. At the lunch which followed toasts were made to Mr Rhodes, the Cape Government Railways, and the Contractors ending with the Queen. Such early optimism was not however to be fulfilled for some time.

The contract to complete construction of a 152 mile line plus 5 miles of sidings from Bulawayo to Gwelo and thence to Globe and Phoenix Mines was signed between Rhodesia Railways Limited and Pauling and Co. on 26 June 1899 and 29 November 1899 respectively. The agreed price was £3 200 per mile and the contract was to be completed by 1 June 1900. An amount of £20 was to be paid by the contractor for every day works remained uncompleted and undelivered beyond the fixed date.

In mid September 1899 eighty-five miles of the Bulawayo Gwelo section had been pegged and fifty-five miles of earthworks completed. By November 1899 masonry work on the Shangani Bridge was under way.

The outbreak of the Anglo-Boer war on 11 October 1899 had a profound effect on the construction of the railway and life in the colony as a whole. The railway from the Cape was cut on 12 October at Kraaipan, a siding 38 miles south west of Mafeking. The flow of construction materials soon ceased and track laying came to a halt at Umguza. However, it was possible to continue building earthworks and these reached Gwelo on 17 July 1901.

CONSTRUCTION SALISBURY TO GWELO

When George Pauling completed work on the Umtali – Salisbury line in May 1899 he established a construction camp on Lochinvar Farm some six miles west of Salisbury. This was in anticipation of being given the contract to extend the line towards Bulawayo. The outbreak of war in South Africa in October 1899 added urgency to the need to link Salisbury with the line being built to Globe and Phoenix. Construction material could still be imported through Beira although this route presented difficulties due to flooding and the need to give priority to the movement of large numbers of troops and stores for the war raging in South Africa. In mid November 1899 it was announced that it had been determined to extend the line from Salisbury through Hartley to Gwelo and Bulawayo. All railway construction at that time was to facilitate the exploitation of mineral deposits, hence the route via Hartley and Globe and Phoenix was chosen rather than the easier watershed route via Enkeldoorn and Umvuma. A contract was signed in March 1900 between Pauling and Co. and Rhodesia Railways limited for the completion of a 155-mile railway from Salisbury connecting at or near Globe and Phoenix by a junction with the line from Bulawayo. The contract price was £1 994 per mile and the line was due to be completed and open for traffic by 30 June 1901. Twenty pounds per day damages was to be paid for each day the line remained incomplete beyond the agreed date. Pauling and Co. made good progress initially and on 18 October 1900 the first engine and four trucks crossed the Hunyani River on a low-level deviation laid on the riverbed. This crossing is now under the waters of the present day Lake Chivero as the original route took the line to the east and south of the Hunyani Range. It was hoped that rails would be laid a good ten miles beyond the Hunyani River before the end of October 1900.

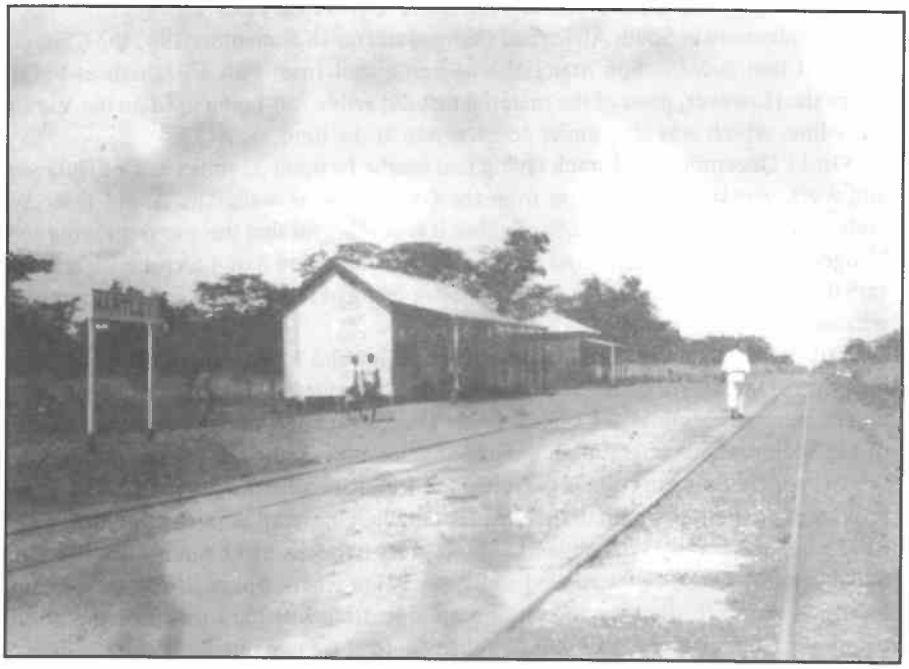
Salisbury Station 1899 *(National Archives of Zimbabwe)*

The rains of 1900/1901 had an adverse effect and it was only on 1 June 1901 that the Herald was able to report that Paulings had done their best and there was now a serviceable railway into Hartley. A bridge consisting of two spans each of 100 feet was at the Hunyani site ready for launching. Work on the erection of a three span bridge across the Umfuli River would soon commence and the telegraph line had reached the vicinity of Gadzima. In mid September 1901 rails had been laid as far as the Umniati River and the track formation finished to Globe and Phoenix.

The interim practice of crossing major rivers by means of a deviation laid on the river bed was not without risk, as on 9 October 1901 the engine of a material train crossing the Umniati River overturned when the temporary formation subsided. Three trucks were also badly damaged.

On 30 October 1901, the Engineer in Charge, Mr W. Tower, reported that trains now had an uninterrupted run as far as Umniati, a distance of 125 miles. The last of the low level crossings over rivers between Salisbury and Umniati had been abandoned with the last span on the Umfuli Bridge having been secured. This bridge consisted of three 100-foot spans. He expected a three by 100-foot span bridge over the Umniati River to be complete by the end of November. It was also reported that rails had been laid a little past Globe and Phoenix, and that sufficient rails had arrived in Beira to complete the line to Gwelo. At this time there existed a police post some six miles south of Globe and Phoenix, which was named of Kwe Kwe. Globe and Phoenix Township became Que Que in 1905 and then Kwe Kwe after Independence in 1980.

A temporary wooden structure carried traffic over the Sebakwe River as the river banks and bed were not suitable for a low level crossing. This temporary structure was



Hartley Station early 1900s *(National Archives of Zimbabwe)*

washed away during January 1902 and construction work on the new bridge was suspended as work on the masonry piers had not been completed. The Sebakwe Bridge had two sixty-foot spans and two one hundred-foot spans.

Once the rains eased, construction work continued and by 5 April 1902 rails had been laid over the Kwe Kwe River, finally reaching Gwelo on 17 May 1902. On Monday 19 May 1902 an inspection train left Gwelo at 10.30 a. m. It consisted of one saloon and twenty-three wagons and reached the Sebakwe River at 5.00 p. m. An overnight stop was made and on Tuesday morning the party had an opportunity of inspecting the bridge over the river. The run to Salisbury was made satisfactorily and the train arrived there at 1.00 a. m. on Wednesday 21 May.

FIRST PASSENGER TRAIN – SALISBURY – GWELO

The successful inspection led the Rhodesia Railways to take-over the line from the contractors on 23 May 1902 and announce that the Salisbury Gwelo extension would be open for traffic on 1 June 1902.

The first trains were scheduled to leave Salisbury at 6.30 p. m. on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday arriving in Hartley at 1.00 a. m., Gatooma 2.55 a. m., Globe and Phoenix 7.00 a. m. and Gwelo at 1.00 p. m.. The return service left Gwelo at 3.00 p. m. on Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays. Trains left Globe and Phoenix at 7.45 p. m., Gatooma 11.50 p. m., Hartley 1.45 p. m. to arrive in Salisbury at eight o'clock in the morning. Fares between Salisbury and Gwelo ranged from 70*s* 6*d* for first class to 23*s* 6*d* for third class.

BULAWAYO – GWELO LINE FINALLY COMPLETED

The war situation in South Africa had changed and on 18 September 1901 the Chronicle reported that construction material was being sent from Port Elizabeth at longish intervals. However, most of the material that did arrive was being used on the Victoria Falls line, which was also under construction at the time.

On 11 December 1901 track laying had reached a point 32 miles east of Bulawayo and work was being pushed on from the Gwelo side as well. The Anglo Boer War ended in May 1902 and by 22 September it was reported that the gap remaining to be bridged was under 18 miles and the line should link up on 3 or 4 October. It was also said that it was not proposed to celebrate the opening of the new line with any ceremony whatsoever.

Col. R. Beal the acting Manager of the Beira and Mashonaland Railway sent a telegram to the Mayor of Bulawayo, Mr J. E. Scott saying that the line had been linked up at 2 p. m. on Monday 6 October 1902. The Deputy Mayor Mr Haddon in absence of Mr Scott replied congratulating the contractors. Mr Haddon also sent a telegram to the Mayor of Salisbury saying the Council and inhabitants congratulate the two provinces on the linking up of the line. He concluded, we all hope that the future both of Mashonaland and Matabeleland will progress by leaps and bounds. The Mayor of Salisbury, Mr G. D. Bates replied saying, it is the wish of himself and citizens that facilities now afforded by railway communication will tend to make the social, commercial and political aspirations of the people of the two provinces mutual in order that they may all work for the advancement of Rhodesia.

The actual link up took place at a point 50 miles from Bulawayo in the vicinity of Insiza. This very significant event in railway history was given little coverage in the contemporary press and no celebrations appear to have taken place. I can only conclude that financial constraints and war weariness led to this decision.

EARLY BULAWAYO – SALISBURY SERVICES

The linking up of the line did not mean that regular train services could start immediately as much work on the track remained to be completed. However, some traffic did start to move. The first trucks to arrive in Salisbury over the new line from the South came to a standstill at Salisbury Station on Saturday 11 October 1902. They were old ZASM (Zuid Afrikaansche Spoorweg Maatschappij) wagons coming direct from Port Elizabeth.

Regular services started on 1 December 1902 with the timetable reading as follows:

	FRIDAY		SUNDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY	
	ARRIVE	DEPART	ARRIVE	DEPART
Salisbury		11.30 a.m.		7.00 a.m.
Norton		1.15 p.m.		8.50 a.m.
Hartley		5.20 p.m.		12.50 p.m.
Gatooma		7.00 p.m.		2.30 p.m.
Globe & Phoenix		10.40 p.m.	6.00 p.m.	6.10 p.m.
Gwelo	2.10 a.m.	2.40 a.m.	9.40 p.m.	10.10 p.m.
Bulawayo	1.00 p.m.		8.30 a.m.	

	SATURDAY		MONDAY, WEDNESDAY		FRIDAY	
	ARRIVE	DEPART	ARRIVE	DEPART	ARRIVE	DEPART
Bulawayo		4.00 p.m.		8.00 p.m.		11.00 a.m.
Gwelo	2.20 a.m.	2.50 a.m.	6.20 a.m.	6.50 a.m.	9.30 p.m.	6.50 a.m.
Globe & Phoenix	6.20 a.m.	6.30 a.m.	10.20 a.m.	10.30 a.m.	10.20 a.m.	10.30 a.m.
Gatooma		9.56 a.m.		2.25 p.m.		2.25 p.m.
Hartley	11.25 a.m.	11.35 a.m.	3.50 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	3.50 p.m.	4.00 p.m.
Norton		3.35 p.m.		7.35 p.m.		7.35 p.m.
Salisbury	5.30 p.m.		9.30 p.m.		9.30 p.m.	

The Herald in an editorial on 1 December 1902 "accepted the improvement of 22 days mail service to London with undisguised satisfaction without attempt to conceal the significance of the event. We are now wholly lifted out of the shade, which hitherto gloomed over the fairness of the land. Southern Rhodesia at least is wrestled from the dark continent."

In July 1904, the frequency of services was reduced by one per week and the time of a journey was also reduced by about 2 hours. Moving forward a decade to 7 September 1914 the new timetable provided for a mail train number 6Up leaving Salisbury on Sundays at 22.00 hrs arriving in Bulawayo at 16.30 hrs the following day. The return train also left Bulawayo at 22.00 hrs on a Sunday to reach Salisbury at 18.40 hrs on Monday. Mixed trains left Salisbury at 10.30 hrs on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, and arrived in Bulawayo at 07.00 hrs next morning. In the opposite direction a mixed left Bulawayo at 11.15 hrs on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Fridays and reached Salisbury at 07.00 hrs the following morning.

On 17 August 1918 train 11 Down was badly derailed at 252 miles in the vicinity

Gatooma Station 1920s *(National Archives of Zimbabwe)*

of Makwiro. The locomotive 9th Class No 81 was derailed and thrown on its side. Two coaches turned over and three coaches were badly smashed. Seven passengers were killed and eight injured. Of the injured, two died subsequently.

END OF THE GREAT WAR

With the ending of the First World War development became possible again and in March 1919 it was announced that new locomotive workshops would be built in Bulawayo. These would consist of a brick building divided into erecting, machine, blacksmith, boiler, coppersmith and electrician shops. Three tracks with pits were provided and provision made for two 60-ton electrically driven overhead travelling cranes. Accommodation in the engine repair shop was for nine engines with provision to increase this to twelve. The new workshop would undertake all repairs to locomotives based west of Gwelo and north to the Congo border. This development became possible because of the adequate water supply assured by the construction by the Railways of the 175 000 000 gallon Khami Dam, the first stage of which came into use in May 1917.

The 1921 General Manager's report stated that Carriage shops and a foundry had been completed in Bulawayo. The railways could now do their own castings. Work was in hand on improving African employees housing in Bulawayo, Gwelo, Globe and Phoenix and Salisbury. The Gwelo goods shed had been moved to a new site and given a concrete floor. In 1922 the Railway administration recognised that while ideal in theory to work as near as practicable eight or nine hours of duty for train crews there would be a loss of economy if the same principle were applied to engines. It was important to get best possible value out of an engine costing £20 000. The solutions were to reduce the length of the run from Salisbury to Gwelo by the establishment of a depot at Globe and Phoenix, and to shorten some of the longer trips between Bulawayo and Globe and Phoenix by having relief crews at Gwelo. This led to the building of rest rooms for relief crews at Gwelo.

FASTER PASSENGER TRAINS AND OTHER IMPROVEMENTS

The year 1922 saw demands for a speeded up 12-hour passenger service between Bulawayo and Salisbury. These came about after washaways near Gondola in Mocambique heavily delayed a mail train with passengers from Nyasaland. The passengers were due to catch the Arundel Castle mail ship in Cape Town. A special train was arranged for them, which left Salisbury at 08.15 hrs on 12 May 1922 arriving in Bulawayo at 19.20 hrs the same evening. A run of 299 miles in 11 hours 5 minutes. The train was worked Salisbury to Gwelo by 9th Class locomotive No 94 at an average speed of 32.4 miles per hour for $187^{1}/_{2}$ miles. Gwelo to Bulawayo the train was hauled by 10th Class No 101 at an average speed of 31.41 miles per hour for 111 miles. Forty-two miles per hour was achieved once between Shangani and Lochard. The maximum permitted speed for a 10th Class locomotive was 30 miles per hour. The load on this special train was 266 tons as against a maximum mixed trainload of 560 tons. The Railways administration responded by saying that as far as engines and rolling stock were concerned there would not be much difficulty in arranging better timing. The limiting factor was the strength of the track. This not only included rails and sleepers,

but also strength of bridges. They felt regularity and dependability were of more value to the average traveller than speed.

An examination of the timetable introduced on 13 April 1925 shows that times had speeded up, but the frequency of three trains in each direction per week remained unchanged. Mixed train number 6 Up left Salisbury at 18.50 hrs on a Monday and arrived in Bulawayo at 11.30 hrs on Tuesday. On Wednesdays and Fridays mixed train 10 Up left the capital at 12.45 hrs to arrive in Bulawayo at 07.00 hrs. Mixed train 7 Down was scheduled to leave Bulawayo on Sundays at 22.45 hrs and arrive in Salisbury at 16.36 hrs on Monday. On Tuesdays and Thursdays mixed train 11 Down departed Bulawayo at 12.30 hrs reaching Salisbury at 07.00 hrs the following day. Fares at the time were first class return Salisbury – Bulawayo £7 1*s* 0*d* and second class £5 5*s* 6*d*. Salisbury – Gwelo first class return cost £4 10*s* 0*d* and second class £3 7*s* 0*d*. A wide range of excursion fares was also offered including residents concession, scholars, ministers of religion, nurses, sporting teams, boy scouts and girl guides.

In October 1925 the Railways announced a five-year programme to stone ballast and improve drainage on 1400 miles of main line costing an estimated £800 000. At the time only a few short sections were stone ballasted. Regradings and deviations would also be carried out. The business of the Railways was expanding steadily and progress demanded a greater regularity of service and freedom from constant interruptions during wet weather. Five new ganger's cottages were being built between Salisbury and Gwelo to replace temporary huts.

The original Salisbury station was a wood and iron structure. Most of the structure was destroyed by fire on Christmas morning 1917, but was soon replaced with another wood and iron building. It was only on 17 November 1925 that the foundation stone for a two-storey brick structure was laid.

From 16 May 1926 a fourth passenger train per week between Salisbury and Bulawayo and return was introduced. The 1926/27 budget provided funds for the erection of new station buildings at Gatooma. A further acceleration of passenger services was implemented from 4 June 1928, no doubt as a result the ballast and track improvements mentioned in the previous paragraph. Five trains per week in each direction were run. They were limited to twelve coaches and the fastest train did the journey in 13½ hours. The new service was as follows:

DEPART SALISBURY	ARRIVE BULAWAYO
19.45 Sunday	12.30 Monday
18.50 Monday	11.30 Tuesday
12.20 Wednesday, Friday, Saturday	07.00 Thursday, Saturday, Sunday
DEPART BULAWAYO	**ARRIVE SALISBURY**
21.00 Monday	12.55 Tuesday
12.30 Tuesday, Thursday	07.00 Wednesday, Friday
08.30 Friday	22.00 Friday
22.45 Saturday	16.35 Sunday

The year 1929 saw a number of new works in Bulawayo with the construction of a

waiting room for lower class passengers, a loading bank for timber and 600 feet extension to the east end of the platform to cater for increased passenger services. Que Que was also to have a 700 x 35-foot gravel ballasted low level platform. Another new timetable was introduced from 25 November 1929. This provided for a Cape mail train to leave Bulawayo at 21.30 hours on a Wednesday arriving in the capital at 11.00 hours on a Thursday. There were now six trains a week between the two towns.

Que Que station was the scene of an accident when No 11 Down passenger ran into No 978 Up goods on the evening of 19 November 1929. The points had been incorrectly set for number 2 road instead of for the main line. The impact was severe and the fireman of the goods train was killed. Four passengers and two employees on the passenger train were injured. The engines suffered serious damage and considerable damage was done to three coaches and four goods wagons.

THE THIRTIES

A further attempt to speed up services was made with the introduction of a new timetable on 1 December 1930. The Rhodesia Express was scheduled to leave Bulawayo at 18.15 on a Wednesday and arrive in Salisbury at 06.45 the following morning. On Thursdays a train would leave at 09.00 and reach Salisbury at 22.00 hrs. In announcing these services the railways said a further experiment was being made with a daylight service between Bulawayo and Salisbury, and it was hoped it would receive better patronage than was the case previously. These experiments with daylight trains were to continue from time to time right up to the late 1990s, but it seems local passengers prefer to travel at night.

The economic depression sweeping the world in the early 1930s had its effect on passenger services with the withdrawal of the Friday Bulawayo – Salisbury and the Saturday Salisbury – Bulawayo trains from 3 February 1931. This was followed on 8 February 1932 by the withdrawal of the Monday evening service between Salisbury and Bulawayo, and the Tuesday Bulawayo – Salisbury run. A further service in each direction was withdrawn in April 1932 and fares increased by 10%. Despite the recession timings for the Rhodesia Express were improved from September 1932. It was due to arrive in Bulawayo at 10.55 hrs on a Wednesday from Cape Town and leave again at 11.45 hrs to arrive in Salisbury at 22.30 hrs the same day. Arrival in Beira was at 20.00 hrs on Thursdays.

Gado siding entered the news in March 1937 when it was recorded that the siding serving the Que Que limeworks some five miles from Gado was to be strengthened by using 60lb/yard track. This would enable main line locomotives to shunt the siding instead of 7th Class locomotives coming especially from Gwelo for this purpose. In later years Gado and the limeworks became a very important source of traffic for the railways with the establishment of a major steelworks in the area. The demand for better facilities to cater for increased traffic in the Salisbury area led to extensive improvements to the western approaches of the station. In October 1938 plans were announced for a new main line approach including a bridge over the Hatfield Road (now Seke Road). The station platform was tarred and widened to give a width of forty feet in front of the building. Roofing was also erected to give cover over the platform for a distance of 1068 feet. A new coaling depot was provided. No crossing

Salisbury Station 1930

(National Archives of Zimbabwe)

facilities existed between Salisbury and Marimba siding 10 miles out, and in order to accelerate trains, a crossing loop was provided at Lytton.

On a happy note the Rhodesia Bowling Association held its annual tournament in Bulawayo over Easter 1933. The railways provided a special train complete with dining car, which left Salisbury at 18.00 hrs on Thursday 13 April and arrived back at 07.45 hrs on Tuesday 18 April. Special trains for the general public were run at Easter during the whole 1930s Following representations from the Chamber of Commerce from 8 April 1935 the Monday train was rescheduled to leave Bulawayo at 18.30 hrs to arrive in Salisbury at 07.30 hrs on Tuesday. This would allow staff to travel outside of business time. First class accommodation would also be provided on Thursdays train from Bulawayo to Salisbury.

In March 1936 the railways announced an order for 20 366 tons of 80lb/yard rail and 795 tons of fishplates to relay 160 miles of rail from Salisbury to Hunters Road, to replace the existing 60lb rail. Stone ballast amounting to 64 000 cubic yards was also required. Work was to start in July 1936 from Hunters Road and Lydiate and proceed at 20 miles per month. The job was completed by August 1937. In January 1937 materials were ordered to relay the Hunters Road – Bulawayo section, and this work was completed on 24 March 1938. To improve passenger comfort in 1939 de luxe mattresses of local manufacture could be hired at a cost of 3 shillings for one journey. Mosquito nets could also be hired at a cost of 1 shilling each.

A major disruption took place as a result of heavy rains on 15 and 16 March 1939. The Hunyani River rose 5 feet over the rails and the track was under water 400 yards on the Salisbury side and 600 yards on the Norton side of the bridge. Two trains from Bulawayo were held at Norton and as the road was also impassable, passengers had to wait and only arrived in Salisbury on 17 March some 27 hours late. Two hundred

Hunyani River washaway 15–16 March 1939 *(National Archives of Zimbabwe)*

yards of the embankment had been washed out on the Salisbury side and after the breach had been filled normal working resumed on 19 March.

After a difficult start the decade of the thirties came to a close on a high note as far as the railways were concerned. The Second World War started in the closing months, but much development had taken place which was to stand the system in good stead during the coming conflict. As an era drew to a close at this time it is appropriate to show in some detail the passenger train service. The timetable dated 13 January 1939 reflects the following service:

	DAILY MIXED 14 Up		RHODESIA LIMITED Tuesday 6 Up MAIL Sunday, Friday 6 Up	
	ARRIVE	DEPART	ARRIVE	DEPART
Salisbury		19.20		18.30
Norton	20.37	20.42	19.28	19.31
Hartley	22.59	23.15	21.23	21.28
Gatooma	00.01	00.25	22.08	22.14
Que Que	02.50	03.07	00.15	00.30
Gwelo	05.15	06.00	02.15	02.36
Shangani	08.03	08.10	04.12	04.16
Bulawayo	11.40		07.00	

	MIXED 111 Down Daily (except Saturdays)		MIXED 113 Down Saturdays		RHODESIA EXPRESS Saturdays 9 Down MAIL, Mondays, Wednesdays 9 Down	
	ARRIVE	DEPART	ARRIVE	DEPART	ARRIVE	DEPART
Bulawayo		13.30		14.45		18.00
Shangani	16.54	17.03	18.09	18.13	20.42	20.46
Gwelo	19.05	19.45	20.15	20.40	22.30	23.00
Que Que	21.41	21.56	22.35	22.55	00.45	01.25
Gatooma	00.22	00.36	01.26	01.29	03.31	03.35
Hartley	01.24	01.34	02.16	02.21	04.16	04.22
Norton	04.11	04.14	04.51	04.55	06.18	06.21
Salisbury	06.00		06.30		07.30	

SECOND WORLD WAR

During the Second World War the Railways were required to move a great number of passengers, both military and civil. A total of 560 railway-men were released for war service, of whom fifty eight were killed in action or died on active service. The war years meant long hours of overtime for the remaining staff combined with the postponement of leave. Engines, coaching and goods stock was used to the utmost and by the end of the war passenger stock had become very shabby. Extensive maintenance was needed to return stock to the previous high standard. Despite the effects of the war the Railways introduced a new timetable on 6 May 1945, which shows a daily overnight train leaving at 18.15 hrs between Salisbury and Bulawayo. In addition a daily mixed train leaving at 18.45 hrs arriving in Bulawayo at 11.45 hrs the next day was run. This

pattern of twice daily services with some reduction in timing was to last for many years. The service from Bulawayo to Salisbury was not so straightforward with only two overnight trains on a Monday and Saturday. On a Wednesday the Rhodesia Express left Bulawayo with a maximum of 12 coaches at 10.15 hrs arriving in Salisbury at 21.00 hrs the same evening. On the other days Salisbury bound passengers had to be content with the daily mixed trains leaving Bulawayo early afternoon and arriving in Salisbury the following morning.

POST WAR EXPANSION

With the end of the war planning and development work could start again and as early as December 1945 a new private siding for the Rhodesian Iron and Steel Commission at Gado was under construction. The following year 1946 saw a number of projects being implemented including the expansion of Umniati Station to enable it to handle traffic generated from the building of the Umniati Power Station by the Electricity Supply Commission. An ex air force hanger was erected in Salisbury to serve as an additional goods shed.

In October 1946 the 1570 acre Lochinvar Farm outside Salisbury was purchased to cover likely expansion requirements for the next fifty years. Discussion had taken place earlier on the remodelling of Salisbury Station. It was felt that the yard was in danger of being hemmed in by commercial development and therefore a separate site was needed for building a new marshalling yard and staff housing. At the end of 1948 a new timetable effective from 12 December introduced daylight expresses with dining cars for 1st and 2nd class passengers only between Bulawayo and Salisbury. These left Bulawayo at 10.15 hrs on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday arriving in Salisbury at 20.00 hrs. In the reverse the service was still overnight, but scheduled to leave at 18.00 hrs Sundays, Tuesdays and Fridays to arrive the following morning at 06.15 hrs. Fast passenger trains without dining cars left Salisbury at 21.00 hrs on Sundays, Tuesdays and Fridays arriving at 07.45 hrs. On the other days overnight trains also ran on a slightly different timings. This meant that on Sundays, Tuesdays, and Fridays two trains per night ran between Salisbury and Bulawayo. A new feature was the provision of coaches, which were picked up and dropped off in Gwelo. Trains arrived in this town in the middle of the night and this facility avoided disturbance to Gwelo passengers who could occupy the coach until morning. Departing passengers could take up their compartment earlier in the evening.

December 1948 was very significant for railway signal development, when orders were placed for a Centralised Train Control system to be installed between Heany Junction and Gwelo. The daily number of trains on this section had increased from seven each way to thirteen or more and the existing telegraph order system could no longer cope leading to delays and staff overtime costs. The first section between Heany and Shangani came into operation in September 1951, and the whole section to Gwelo on 13 May 1953. The new system was an immediate success and it was decided to complete Centralised Train Control over the entire line from Gwelo to Umtali and Bulawayo to Ndola. This was a major undertaking and it was only in April 1962 that the work between Salisbury and Gwelo was completed. All signals and points on the line between Salisbury and Bulawayo were controlled from panels in the two cities

and Gwelo. This development gave the Rhodesia Railways the most modern signalling system in Africa at that time.

ROYAL VISIT

The highlight of 1947 was the visit to Rhodesia of their Majesties King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, accompanied by Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret. The South African Railways provided a luxurious newly built White Train. Four Rhodesia Railways 15th Class Beyer – Garratts Nos 271 to 274 were painted in a royal blue livery. On each journey two locomotives were used, separated by a blue bogie tank wagon. The whole train weighed 810 tons. A pilot train was double headed by two 12th Class locomotives in Rhodesia Railways black livery.

The Royal Train left Salisbury at 10.00 hrs on Thursday 10 April 1947. It reached Hartley at 12.30 hrs, Gatooma 13.36 hrs, Que Que 15.47 hrs and finally Gwelo at 17.43 hrs. Stops of about half an hour were made at each place. From Gwelo the train proceeded to Bulawayo, Victoria Falls, Livingstone, back to Bulawayo and finally via Plumtree to South Africa. The train was hauled by locomotives No 271 and No 272 between Salisbury and Bulawayo, and No 273 and No 274 between Bulawayo and Livingstone. Locomotive No 271 was in December 1983 preserved alongside the main road at Kadoma.

HUNYANI POORT CRISIS

The capital city was growing rapidly and it became necessary to provide a new source of water supply. The site chosen for the new dam was at Hunyani Poort, which meant that part of the main line between Salisbury and Norton would become underwater. Fourteen miles of new track starting one mile on the Salisbury side of Norton was constructed round the northern side of the Hunyani Hills joining the original line half a mile west of Marimba siding. This deviation also required building of a new bridge over the Hunyani River, heavy cuttings, banks and three crossing loops. The opening of the new deviation was advanced to 29 October 1951 due to heavy early rains. This was done to give the engineers adequate time to take up the old line and the bridge, before the waters of the dam covered them. Ballasting and drainage on the new section was far from complete at that stage. The almost incessant rain produced a serious situation for many weeks with trains passing at dead slow speeds through little else than squelching mud. Landslides at two deep cuttings added to the problems. Labour gangs, and earth moving equipment had to be kept in readiness day and night to deal with land falls in particular the large granite boulders, which had to be blasted when they fell foul of the track at Brooke–Mee summit.

At the beginning of February 1952 the position at Hunyani Poort looked serious with the likelihood that the spillway would be overlapped before concreting could possibly be completed. This would have meant the collapse of the dam wall and the washing away of the new bridge over the Hunyani River just below the wall. A number of precautions were taken including building up coal stocks at points east of the bridge. An adequate balance of essential wagons and locomotives on either side of the bridge had to be ensured. An investigation was also done into operating a road transport service from Norton and Hartley. When towards the middle of February the collapse of the

Hunyani dam wall appeared imminent, special signalling arrangements were put in place. Signalling officers were placed at both sides of the bridge and no train was allowed to cross the bridge without the express permission of these officers, who in turn were in direct telephone communication with other officers on the dam wall itself. It was even contemplated stopping trains altogether. By 14 February the emergency was over and the railways returned to normal working. The new 364-foot long bridge cost £60 000 comprising £49 000 for the concrete and £11 000 for steelwork. It consists of four spans and was built by the contractor who also built the earthworks for the whole deviation, John Howard.

BULAWAYO DEVELOPMENTS

The year 1952 was of major importance with the start of the implementation of the Greater Bulawayo development scheme. Approximately one million pounds was to be spent on three projects. A new running shed covering some 36 acres was built at a cost of almost £300 000. It included a 95 ft turntable, the first of its kind in the country and an automatic coaling plant, which would almost entirely eliminate the use of labour. New marshalling yards were built at Mpopoma to remove congestion in the main station and station yards. A deviation was also to be built bringing the Salisbury line into Bulawayo from the south west, making Bulawayo a terminal station thereby eliminating various road traffic bottlenecks in the form of dangerous level crossings on main roads to the east of the city. The new loco depot was opened by the Governor Sir John Kennedy on 18 April 1953 and the double track line from Mpopoma to Bulawayo brought into operation on 8 December 1954. On 9th May 1955, Sir Roy Welensky, Minister of Transport and Communications, opened the marshalling yards and the new Bulawayo Salisbury main line between Mpopoma and Cement. He drove Garratt locomotive Class 15A No 421 heading a special train through the ceremonial tape at Mpopoma east and on out to Cement. The last train to use the old main line through Suburbs ran on Sunday 1 May 1955.

SALISBURY DEVELOPMENTS

Salisbury was not left out of the developments. A five-year programme costing nearly two million pounds was prepared. By September 1952 at Lochinvar, 140 staff houses had been completed with another 170 under construction. In the Lochinvar railway yards covering 450 acres, "A" yard had been completed, "B" yard partially completed and work yet to start on "C" yard. A total of 41 tracks comprising 15 miles were to be laid. The ten-mile Mount Hampden deviation linking the Shamva and Sinoia branches with the new goods yard was also under construction. This eliminated several dangerous level crossings through the eastern and northern parts of the city. In Salisbury itself a new automatic coaling plant was built at the steam locomotive depot. A new goods yard covering 18 acres between the station and the Mukuvisi River was constructed together with a three storied parcels office on the west end of the main platform. This building was commissioned in January 1953. The fuel companies with their bulk tanks and sidings were also moved from the Eastlea area to Birmingham Road at this time. Another part of the overall programme was the provision of service lines between Salisbury and Lochinvar and intermediate sorting yards north and south of the main

line. These yards would facilitate serving the rail sidings in the rapidly developing industrial areas of Workington and Southerton.

GWELO

Gwelo also had its share of development, with ten sets of new lines in the marshalling yards and a new locomotive depot with a mechanical coaling plant being installed in 1953/54. A carriage and wagon repair yard was also provided at this time, prior to this, damaged stock had to be sent to Bulawayo or Salisbury for repair.

The early 1950s were unique in the annals of local railway history with rapid progress, and major developments, which were to serve the system and nation for many decades to come.

FLOODS AGAIN

Nature was also at work when heavy rains in January 1953 caused the Sebakwe, Umniati and Umsweswe Rivers to flood causing serious hold ups to passengers and goods. Two hundred and forty passengers were stranded in Que Que for several days. Special arrangements were made to feed them. Extra cinema performances and visits to places of interest were put on to entertain the stranded passengers. As a consequence of these floods a new five span bridge with increased waterway was built across the Umniati River, and opened to traffic at the end of April 1956.

FIFTIES: PASSENGER TRAINS AND SERVICE IMPROVEMENTS

In June 1951 for the convenience of 1st and 2nd class passengers travelling from Que Que a 1st/2nd class coach was attached to the goods train leaving Que Que at 19.10 hrs daily. It left Gwelo at 22.35 hrs and arrived in Bulawayo at 05.45 hrs next morning. However this facility doesn't appear to have lasted too long. An additional goods shed was provided at Que Que at this time.

On 23 November 1954 two passenger trains and two mixed trains in each direction between Bulawayo and Salisbury were withdrawn to enable the railways to move more coal and other essential commodities. These services were restored from 29 March 1955. On a lighter note, in April 1955 a correspondent complained at having to pay 1*s* 5*d* for a pint of beer on buffet and dining cars. He felt the 2*d* surcharge was daylight robbery. In reply Management said this was to cover the cost of excessive breakages. They continued that the facility of being able to obtain a drink on a long, dusty journey makes it cheap at the price. Still on the food theme in 1956 a de luxe restaurant seating 60 people in the dining room and 50 in the tea lounge was opened on Salisbury station. Breakfast cost 5 shillings, lunch 6 shillings, and dinner 7 shillings and sixpence. In order to provide for the business traveller, in April 1957 special facilities were introduced on the daily overnight trains between Salisbury and Bulawayo. On payment of a £9 return fare the traveller was entitled to coupe accommodation, de luxe bedding, a tray of early morning tea or coffee, hot shaving water and a shoe shine service. Hot water bottles would be provided in winter.

In October 1957 it was announced that a new seven storey administrative block would be built on Metcalfe Square Bulawayo. The building opened on 26 June 1959, and served as Railway Headquarters until April 1985.

A new timetable introduced on 2 December 1957 provided for the standardisation of arrival and departure times for Salisbury Bulawayo passenger trains. The timetable with minor changes remained in effect for many years and was to represent the peak of passenger services between the two cities. It is therefore reproduced in some detail.

	TRAIN 111 DOWN MIXED DAILY	TRAIN 3 DOWN EXPRESS PASSENGER DAILY	TRAIN 49 DOWN MIXED DAILY
Bulawayo	13.00 Depart	20.30 Depart	21.15 Depart
Shangani	16.43 Depart	23.01 Depart	01.15 Depart
Gwelo	18.48 Arrive	00.23 Arrive	04.05 Arrive
	20.05 Depart	00.38 Depart	06.30 Depart
Que Que	22.25 Depart	02.30 Depart	09.30 Depart
Gatooma	01.10 Depart	04.11 Depart	12.32 Depart
Hartley	02.11 Depart	04.57 Depart	13.45 Depart
Norton	04.39 Depart	06.33 Depart	16.46 Depart
Salisbury	06.10 Arrive	07.30 Arrive	18.30 Arrive

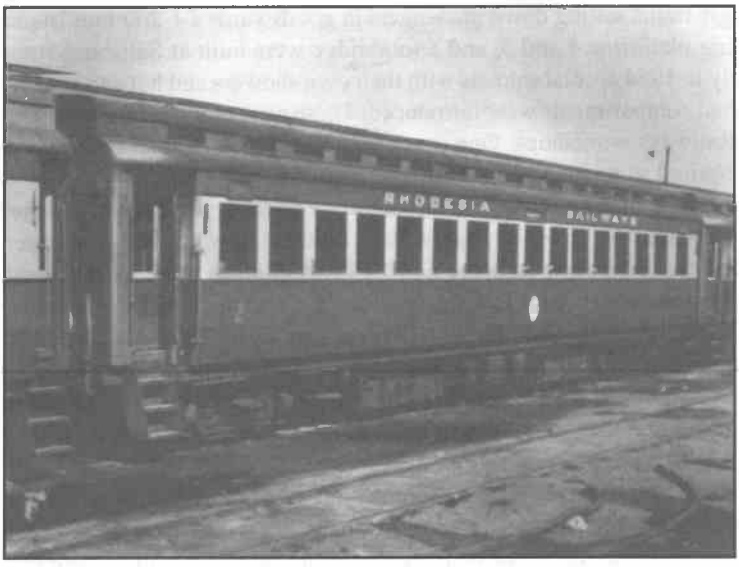
	TRAIN 14 UP MIXED DAILY	TRAIN 6 UP EXPRESS PASSENGER DAILY	TRAIN 8 UP MIXED DAILY
Salisbury	12.00 Depart	20.30 Depart	20.50 Depart
Norton	13.40 Depart	21.26 Depart	22.38 Depart
Hartley	16.00 Depart	23.09 Depart	00.52 Depart
Gatooma	16.59 Depart	23.53 Depart	01.59 Depart
Que Que	20.15 Depart	01.41 Depart	04.55 Depart
Gwelo	22.20 Arrive	03.15 Arrive	07.05 Arrive
	23.45 Depart	03.35 Depart	08.30 Depart
Shangani	02.15 Depart	05.02 Depart	10.45 Depart
Bulawayo	06.00 Arrive	07.30 Arrive	14.30 Arrive

These trains also stopped at other stations and sidings.

The first of sixty-four new first and second class steel-bodied coaches were placed in service in October 1958. They incorporated a new semi-elliptical roof instead of the traditional clerestory to improve headroom and used laminated plastics for all interior panelling. They remain in use in the year 2002. January 6, 1959 saw the inauguration of a new fast goods service between the two cities. The running time was 12 hours with a collection and delivery service of 17 to 20 hours. The first train out of Bulawayo was powered by 15 Class No 412. Pig iron traffic from RISCO steel works was also building up with an average of 500 tons per day being railed from Gado to Beira for shipment to the Far East.

DIESEL LOCOMOTIVES

Diesel electric locomotives first appeared on the Rhodesia Railways when six locomotives, which became Class DE1 were delivered from October 1952. These were



Second Class clerestory coach number 2060 entered service 1951. Made by Metro-Cammell Carriage and Wagon Co. England *(D. M. Rhind)*

used between Salisbury and Umtali. Twenty-three locomotives destined to become class DE2 were introduced from June 1955 and were used to fully dieselise the main line between Umtali and Salisbury. After initial teething problems these locomotives gave very satisfactory service and a follow up batch of twelve were supplied in 1957/58. They were also used from time to time mainly on passenger trains from Salisbury to Que Que. Following the success of diesels on the Umtali line it was decided in October 1961 to obtain a further thirty diesel electric locomotives for the conversion of the Salisbury – Gwelo section to diesel operation. These locomotives, the first of which came into service in December 1962 became Class DE3. The introduction of diesels allowed maximum train loads between Salisbury and Gwelo to be increased to 1 800 tons for a tandem worked diesel compared to 1 050 tons for 15th Class steam locomotives. A new Diesel Electric Motive Power Depot was opened at Lochinvar on 5 December 1962. Prior to that diesels had been serviced at the steam depot on the Hatfield Road. Steam locomotives remained in Salisbury for shunting duties and were used on pick up goods trains to Norton and Kadoma. The steam sheds finally closed on 31 May 1973. Steam remained in use between Gwelo and Bulawayo well into the 1980s, but passenger trains were normally diesel hauled over this section.

THE SIXTIES

The Paisley Road crossing in Salisbury was in the limelight in January 1961. After sixteen days of operation, road vehicles had smashed into the new automatic level crossing booms, on no fewer than five occasions. The crossing remains unchanged after forty-one years and it would be interesting to know what the tally comes to now. Another very dangerous level crossing was eliminated in 1961 with the building of the Beatrice Road flyover in Salisbury. In 1962 in order to avoid the practice of some

passenger trains setting down passengers in goods yards a 1 200 foot island platform becoming platforms 4 and 5, and a footbridge were built at Salisbury station.

Early in 1964 special saloons with their own showers and hot and cold water in the individual compartments were introduced. These were modified from existing coaches in the Railways workshops. One coach was added to each mail train and passengers were required to pay a small surcharge on the first class fare.

The decade of the 1960s was a turbulent one on the political front and the Railways did not escape the adverse effects. Development slowed, but passenger services remained much the same as in the mid 1950s. A glimpse at the 1965 timetable shows that trains left half an hour later in the evenings, and the lunchtime departures of the daily mixed train now took place at 13.00 hrs. In May 1966 work started on relaying the entire line from Bulawayo to Salisbury with 91 lb rail on concrete sleepers. The task was completed on 18 March 1971. Fifty-six miles were completed in the first year. Three quarters of a million sleepers were laid 28 inches apart and 46 824 tons of rail laid.

An unusual traffic carried in passenger train guards vans for many years was racing pigeons. Pigeon fanciers raced their birds in the dry winter months and each week as the season progressed, the races increased in distance. The birds were conveyed in special baskets and released by station staff at a pre-arranged time, normally at sun up. Just one of the many community services performed by railwaymen. Passenger fares were increased by 10 per cent from 1 March 1968 and some concessions withdrawn. The last increase had been in 1959 and before that in 1952. Inflation wasn't too much of a problem at that time! From 1 March 1969 first class accommodation was withdrawn from the daily evening mixed trains between Salisbury and Bulawayo, these two trains were then withdrawn due to a lack of passenger patronage from 8 September 1969. As a substitute on Fridays only, lower class accommodation was provided on a train departing from Salisbury at 21.40 hrs and arriving at Gwelo at 07.30 hrs on Saturdays. Also on Fridays lower class accommodation was provided on a train departing from Bulawayo at 21.30 hrs and arriving at Gwelo at 04.35 hrs next morning.

SEVENTIES

The first class de luxe accommodation and services introduced in 1957 were withdrawn from 18 January 1970. This was a sign of the growing popularity of air travel between the two cities for business people. Freight services continued to grow and a large new goods depot covering 250 000 square feet was built in Salisbury off the Hatfield road. The final cost of the project was $1.5 million. From 1 March 1971 the mixed overnight trains were reintroduced and run on a daily basis. They left Salisbury at 21.40 hrs and arrived in Bulawayo at 14.30 hrs the next day. In the reverse direction they departed Bulawayo at 21.30 hrs and arrived in Salisbury at 17.30 hrs next day. Rather slow running but the reintroduction was a response to the demand for greater facilities. Freight traffic in the early 1970s was increasing rapidly and the railways were required to move exceptionally large tonnages. A Modernisation Programme was therefore drawn up. One of the major items in this programme was construction of the Dabuka Hump Marshalling yard, 9 km west of Gwelo. The overall complex covers 202 ha and extends a distance of 5 km. More than 110 km of rail were used in its construction. It

consists of three component yards, reception, classification and departure. All trains enter the yards from the west or Bulawayo end and depart at the east end. This means the traffic flow through the actual yard is one way only. Passenger trains remain on the main line and do not enter the yards. The first phase of the project costing $7 million was completed in 1979. Containers were becoming the accepted way of moving goods by sea and rail. In order to cater for the upsurge in containerised traffic a container transfer terminal was also built at Dabuka and opened in December 1980. Another major development project was the Mpopoma Motive Power Depot in Bulawayo. It was initially designed for the servicing of about 70 diesel electric locomotives. The depot, which cost $3 million, was commissioned in January 1973. It covers an area of 50 ha and the servicing, repair and stores shed covers 5750 m^2 and the running shed 3050 m^2.

In mid 1954 press reports indicated that it was proposed to move Que Que station to a new site adjacent to the aerodrome. However, the proposal took 23 years to implement and it was only in 1977/78 that a new station was built in Que Que. The old station was holding up commercial development in the town centre. A number of nearby level crossings were dangerous with train movements leading to traffic hold-ups. A new modern station was built about 5 km to the south east of the town centre and came into operation in September 1978. The work also involved laying new main line tracks to the east and south of the town.

CONTRACTION OF PASSENGER SERVICES

A major change in the pattern of passenger train services took place from 26 October 1978. Citing national priorities and security considerations a Railway statement said the overnight passenger trains would be withdrawn and a revised daily service introduced. It was said the number of passengers of all classes travelling between Salisbury and Bulawayo had fallen to such an extent that they could be accommodated on one daily train in each direction. These trains were due to depart Bulawayo at 07.00 hrs and arrive in Salisbury at 18.30 hrs. The Bulawayo bound train left Salisbury at 07.00 hrs and was due to arrive at its destination at 19.15 hrs. A buffet car was attached to these trains. A few minor amendments were made to this timetable effective from 1 July 1979. These made the journey times even longer.

ELECTRIFICATION

In January 1976 the Chairman of the Rhodesia Railways Board, Mr W. N. Wells stated "that electrification was originally planned as an extension to dieselisation and as an alternative to the double tracking of sections of the main line reaching maximum traffic densities. Preliminary planning was practically complete and the Railways should be in a position to move rapidly when the country's financial position improves." This was followed by a decision in 1978 for a major change in motive power policy involving the virtual elimination of diesel traction in favour of electrification of the main line. After reaching a peak of almost 14 million tonnes in 1976, freight tonnages declined over the next two years. Following the political changes in 1980 the decision was taken to go ahead with a main line electrification programme commencing with the most heavily trafficked section, the 335 km between Harare and Dabuka.

A 22 km test track was constructed during 1979 between Shamwari and Gado near Que Que to enable the main programme to proceed with confidence and a South African Railways electric locomotive was used for trials. These trials were successful and 30 locomotives classified as the EL1 Class numbered 4101 to 4130 were purchased from the 50 Cycle Group a consortium of European manufacturers headed by Brown Boveri of Switzerland. The bodywork and assembly was carried out by Messrs RESCCO of Bulawayo. The locomotives were designed to haul trains of 1 700 tonnes and have a maximum speed of 100 km/h. The first three locomotives were handed over in Gweru on 7 September 1983. The first electric passenger train was commissioned in Gweru by the then Prime Minister, Hon. R. G. Mugabe on 22 October 1983. The train carrying the Prime Minister and approximately 500 passengers ran from Gweru to Harare at about 100 km/hr.

ZIMBABWE

Zimbabwe attained independence on 18 April 1980 and the name of the railways changed to National Railways of Zimbabwe on 1 May 1980. With the return to more normal conditions no time was lost in reintroducing overnight passenger train services between the two cities. The service commenced on Tuesday 15 April with trains leaving each city at 20.00 hrs and scheduled to arrive at 07.00 hrs. The single journey fares were, 1st class $19.80, 2nd class $ 13.80, 3rd class $7.20 and 4th class $4.20.

April 1982 was a significant date for locomotive development when the first of sixty-one diesel electric class DE10 locomotives entered service. These 2250 horsepower engines were soon at work hauling passenger and other trains between Gweru and Bulawayo. They are used throughout the railway system and in time replaced the older classes of diesel electric locomotives.

A new Railways Headquarters building in Fife Street Bulawayo was occupied in April/May 1985. The 23-floor building cost $8.4 million and accommodates a staff of 500. Also on 24 May 1985 the $6.5 million Lochinvar container terminal was opened. The terminal provides a road/rail interface in Harare and can handle up to 150 containers a day.

A glance at the 1992 timetable shows that the overnight passenger trains continued to operate except they now left Salisbury and Bulawayo at 21.00 hrs and arrived at their destinations at 07.00 hrs in the case of Harare and 06.40 hrs in Bulawayo. On Friday and Sunday nights additional passenger trains ran in both directions between the two cities one-hour earlier than the regular trains.

DAYLIGHT TRAVEL

March 1986 saw the inauguration of the popular daylight train between the two cities. In railway circles, the service was given the unofficial name The Sheraton after the newly opened hotel in Harare. The first train left Bulawayo at 08.15 hrs on 3 March carrying 152 passengers. Trains were scheduled to reach Harare at 16.00 hrs. The working in the opposite direction left Harare at 07.15 hrs and arrived in Bulawayo at 15.15 hrs. Initially trains ran on Monday to Friday only and stopped at Norton, Chegutu, Kadoma, Kwe Kwe and Gweru, thus providing a fast express service. Due to overwhelming patronage from 21 June 1986 trains on Saturday and Sunday and stops

at Somabhula, Shangani and Heany Junction were introduced. These additional stops added ten minutes to the overall running time. The trains were operated with dedicated sets of coaches allowed to travel at speeds of 100 km/h. A maximum of twelve vehicles could be hauled, but the train normally consisted of 5 economy class, 1 buffet, 2 upper class and passenger guards van. The service was well used by tourists as it provided good connections in Bulawayo with Bulawayo – Victoria Falls trains. This once popular service was withdrawn in mid 1993, due it was said to declining patronage.

GWERU EXPRESS

What must have been the fastest scheduled passenger trains in the railway history of this country ran between Harare and Gweru from 5 January 1998 to 6 February 1998. Trains on this short lived service left Harare daily at 07.00 hrs stopping at Norton, Makwiro, Chegutu, Kadoma, Munyati and Kwe Kwe arriving at Gweru at 11.18 hrs. The return service left Gweru at 13.20 hrs and was due in Harare at 17.30 hrs. A very tight schedule achieved by fast running and stops of only 2 or 3 minutes duration. Trains normally consisted of six economy class coaches, buffet car, staff coach and passenger guards van. Very little advertising of the service was done and as a result patronage was poor. Whatever the merits or otherwise of introducing the train it did demonstrate what was technically possible.

NEW COACHES

In 1997 National Railways of Zimbabwe operated a fleet of 265 coaches the majority of which were over 40 years old. An order valued at US$22.8 million was placed with Union Carriage and Wagon of South Africa, and More Wear Industries of Zimbabwe for 56 passenger coaches. The order was broken down into 24 Economy Class, 20 Standard Class, 8 Sleeper Class and 4 Baggage Vans. The coaches are designed for a safe speed of 120 km/h. Capacity of an economy coach is 98 passengers, standard class 68 and sleeper class 26 passengers. These new coaches represent a huge leap forward in the standard of comfort and on board facilities. The first rake crossed the Beit Bridge border on 17 October 1998. Each rake is made up of six economy, five standard, two sleeper class and a baggage van.

The official commissioning of the first batch of new coaches took place on Wednesday 4 November 1998, when a special train with the Guest of Honour, Hon. E. Chikawore, Minister of Transport and Energy on board left Bulawayo Station at 09.40 hrs. Ceremonies and appropriate speeches were made in Bulawayo, Gweru and Harare, where the train arrived at 19.00 hrs. The second rake arrived on 17 January 1998 with the other two rakes following at monthly intervals. Commissioning of the new coaches enabled National Railways of Zimbabwe to introduce a new overnight passenger timetable between the two major centres of Zimbabwe from 1 July 1999. Departure from both Harare and Bulawayo was scheduled for 20.00 hrs and arrived at 05.00 hrs. A new daylight train using the new coaches came into service on 18 June 1999. Trains left Harare at 08.00 hrs and arrived in Bulawayo at 16.05 hrs. In the reverse direction trains departed Bulawayo at 08.00 hrs and were due in Harare at 16.15 hrs. Two rakes of coaches were allocated to the Harare/Bulawayo route and these timetables meant a quick turnaround with each rake making two journeys in a

24-hour period. The economic downturn, which beset Zimbabwe with its adverse effects on the ability of people to travel and operational delays caused by theft and vandalism of infrastructure, telecommunications, and signalling equipment led the Railways to once again withdraw the day trains from 12 September 1999. Overnight passenger trains continue to operate between Harare and Bulawayo with departures nightly at 20.00 hrs and arrivals at 05.00 hrs. Operational delays remain with late arrivals being common. As we celebrate the centenary of the most important railway in the country, one can only hope that the current problems, which affect the nation, will be overcome, and the new coaches can be used to their fullest potential.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

In preparing this paper I have received help and encouragement from a number of persons and organisations to which I extend my sincere appreciation. In particular I would like to pay tribute to the late Mr David Rhind who was murdered in his home early in 2002. David Rhind had a vast amount of knowledge of Southern African railway history, and was a source of great inspiration.

The Director and Staff National Archives of Zimbabwe.

Eng. R. A. Bridgeford, Bulawayo.

Late Mr D. M. Rhind, Claremont Cape,

Passenger Services Manager National Railways of Zimbabwe, Harare.

REFERENCES

Croxton A. H. (1973) *Railways of Rhodesia,* David and Charles.

Durrant A. E. (1997) *The Smoke that Thunders,* Africa Publishing Group, Harare.

A Note on G. E. Fyfe

by his daughter, Margaret Fyfe

George-Eaton Fyfe, the author of the Journal reproduced in this issue of *Heritage*, was born on 25 June 1868 at Blair Road, Letham, in the Parish of Dunnichen in County Forfar, Scotland. His father was a Bleacher.

Enthralled by the reports reaching relatives and friends in Scotland from folk already settled in the town of Salisbury in Mashonaland, the urge to visit this Utopia became so strong in George's mind and imagination that he set in motion plans to make the dream become reality and before long he was ready to set sail for Africa.

On the morning of Monday 3 April 1893, George Fyfe, then 25 years of age, became one of a party of five young men eager to experience the adventures to be encountered on the long and arduous trek that would end when the sight of Salisbury would 'greet their longing eyes'. Following their arrival in Salisbury, George, a skilled carpenter and cabinet-maker, and other young men, rejoiced to find that in the rapidly expanding town, carpenters were in great demand in the erection of houses and shops. As a sideline, George developed a keen interest in prospecting, ever hopeful but without gainful reward.

Some years after his arrival in Salisbury, George returned to Scotland on holiday. While in Letham, the town of his birth, he met a Mr and Mrs Hird and their daughter Alice, a 'bonnie Scottish lassie'. Alice was born on 13 February 1881 at 'Somerville Park', the family home in Letham. Mr and Mrs Hird asked George if he would be willing to act as escort to Alice on her voyage to South Africa to spend a holiday with her brother. George readily agreed and the 'Board-ship Romance' culminated in the 'marriage of Mr George Eaton Fyfe to Miss Alice Mary Hird' on the 13th of September 1905. After the Reception the couple rode to the top of Salisbury Kopje in a horse-drawn carriage, apparently a momentous event in those days!

The Fyfes took up residence in one of the several houses in the then residential area of Pioneer Street. The rooms were small, water had to be collected in pails daily from the Market Square, cooking and laundry facilities were grim, but this was 'home'. Life was hard in those early days but the womenfolk coped wonderfully well and lived with courage and gaiety. The first of the Fyfe babies, a son, was born in the Pioneer Street home in November 1906. At that time George Fyfe was in the process of acquiring land in Avondale and on 13 May 1907 all the formalities regarding the purchase of a portion of 'Avondale Farm' from Mr Alfred Lagden Blackburn were finalised, preparations for the building of a homestead in Avondale commenced and the creation of a 'Somerville Park' in Rhodesia began.

All the bricks used in the building of the house were made from the rich red earth on the property, sunbaked and weathered under straw. Every day Mrs Fyfe would cycle from 'town' along the cycle-track that ran through the 'bundu' to Avondale, to supervise the turning of the bricks, and during building operations it was her responsibility to 'square the corners' of the rooms for the bricklayer. Much of the carpentry was done by George Fyfe himself. The only wood available in Salisbury in

those days was Oregon pine, shipped to Beira and transported to Salisbury so the strip floors and ceilings and all the doors and window-frames in the house were made of this fragrant and durable pinewood. It was the custom in those days to have high ceilings, wide verandahs, and corrugated iron roofs, and it is of interest to note that the iron on the roof of the old house today – 2002 – is the original iron-sheeting.

During the years from 1908 to 1923 five girls were born at Somerville Park. All the children attended the Avondale School up to Standard V; the eldest – George Jnr. – continued his education at the High School for Boys, later to be named 'Prince Edward School', the three older girls were pupils at the Girls' High School, and the two younger girls were educated at the Dominican Convent High School.

For the Fyfe family, and indeed for other early Rhodesian families, the 'early days' and the years that followed were action-packed, full of interest and learning, challenges and achievements, disappointments too perhaps – but that is another story. Only of interest now is the tale that follows.

The Society's Golden Jubilee will be celebrated from Sunday 8 June to Saturday 14 June 2003.
Please diarise that entire week so that you can participate fully in our programme of functions and events.

Eight Hundred Miles in a Bullock Wagon in 1893, from Johannesburg, the 'Golden City' of the Transvaal, to Salisbury, the 'Future London' of South Africa

Scenes and Incidents on the Way

by George E. Fyfe, South Africa (late of Letham)

This was written for private circulation among members of the Fyfe family in Scotland.

In writing to the friends at home an account of my three months' journey to Mashonaland, and of the many interesting events that happened on the road, I fear that I will only be able to convey to them a faint idea of what those scenes are like. On such a long journey, and with a small party, where each is thrown upon the other for society, and where the whole form a 'Little World' of their own, the most trivial incidents are of interest, but only to those concerned; and in relating these events to others I am sure they will lose much of the interest they had for us. But, if those who read this will remember that I only write the account of a very pleasant journey, and not the history of a 'great Hunting' expedition, they will probably enjoy this more, and not be disappointed when they finish.

As our party consisted of five, who are all, more or less, mixed up in my narrative, it will be necessary for me in writing this to include the whole under the Editorial 'We'; but as these are incidents which demand my coming before your notice, you will please know me as the great 'I'!

The names of the party are, Samuel Halford, Matthew Russell, Jack Van Riet, Jesse Cuthbert, and myself, or simply as we called each other – 'Sam, Matt, Jack, Jess, and Scotty'.

We had three black assistants – John, the driver, Tom, the Voerlooper or leader, and Sam, the cook. A span of eighteen bullocks, four horses and seven dogs, with enough guns and ammunition to exterminate every living animal that walked, crawled or flew in Mashonaland. You will please come with me then, on Monday morning, 3 April, to Doornfontein, one of the pretty suburbs of the 'Golden City' and there you will see great preparedness being made, for our half wild oxen are being inspanned, and we are about to make our first 'Trek' on the long journey before us. At last everything is ready, the driver with a loud 'Yek' and a crack of his long whip urges on the fresh and spirited oxen; so amid handshakings, hurrahs, and good wishes, we are off. We climb Hospital Hill and take our last look at Johannesburg, lying in the

hollow. We are now on very high ground, and from this point all through the journey it will be a gradual descent.

Our first Trek is not a long one – only six miles, and we stop at 'Orange Grove'. This is a very pretty place, lying in a deep hollow, and is a great resort for pleasure-seekers from Johannesburg. We were just outspanning when we had our first adventure. I took a sack and went to gather some cow-dung to make a fire (there are no trees in this part of the Transvaal) – when I came across a large Rinkals snake, the first of the kind I had seen. I ran and got the driver's long whip; but I was not expert enough in swinging it. However, I managed to stun the snake, and then despatched it with a

G. E. Fyfe

stick. It had a white stripe round the neck, and on its head were two horns or feathers. The Voerlooper said it was 'baie schelm' (very dangerous).

We remained at Orange Grove until Friday afternoon, as Sam and Jack were unable to get away before the end of the week, but would join us at Pretoria. We inspanned about two o'clock, and all went well till we got to 'Yokeskey River'. Here we stuck fast and all our efforts to extricate ourselves being useless, there was nothing for it but unloading the wagon. This occupies several hours, and darkness setting in, it was no easy job. I thought to myself, 'Well, here we are at the first river, and not a big one either, and if we stick here how shall we manage when we get to larger ones!' But I was now fairly in it, and no getting back, so I set to work with a will.

Saturday morning, we were up by daylight, all tired and sleepy, but anxious to inspan, as we wanted to reach Pretoria that night. We made three treks, and at 8 o'clock reached the capital of the Transvaal. After supper, we had a walk through the Town. It was beautifully lighted up with Electric Light, but everything was very quiet. On Sunday, we had time to take a walk about and admire the beautiful old-fashioned Dutch Town. It is nicely laid out with lovely gardens, and ornamental trees; but, as it lies low, the heat was very oppressive. Monday evening, Matt, Jess and I were invited to a Dutch dance by a Dutchman who travelled part of the way with us from Johannesburg. It was the strangest show ever I was in, and was held in a large room with tallow candles stuck round the walls. The ladies were large, fat and stupid. One old frau seemed to be 'Mistress of Ceremonies'; anyhow she bossed up the Gin and 'Brandy Punch'. She asked me, 'Could I Hollands Praat?' 'Nae', I said, 'But I can Hollands drink!' at which she laughed. I suppose she took me to her heart, for she brought her lump of a daughter up to dance with the 'Roynek' (Englishman). So she lugged me off. I was like a boy in her great arms, while Jess and Matt stood and roared, but I took it all in good part, thought I wished I could have spoken to her in Dutch as she might have had a thousand head of cattle or so; and had I won my way to her large heart, why, I might have settled down quietly in Pretoria, with a fortune ready made, but good things like this never come my way!

We were very unfortunate during our stay at Pretoria, through the carelessness of our Voerlooper. Five of the oxen strayed and all through the week we were over the hills looking for them. On Saturday morning, we went to the sale to buy others, as it was quite impossible to go on without them. When one of the boys turned up to tell us they were found, we were very glad, I can assure you, and as Jack and Sam had now joined us, we lost no time in getting inspanned and setting off in earnest. Besides the losing of the oxen two of the horses died from sickness in Pretoria. It is a fearful place for horse sickness. They were carting them outside the town every day by the dozen, where they are devoured by pigs. I don't think I shall eat pork in Africa again, after what I saw there. Saturday evening we outspanned at Wonderboom Poorte or Pass; and early on Sunday morning we set off again. We got through the Pass just as the sun was rising; it is a wild and solitary place. Once through the Poorte we got away on a winding road among the hills, and into the Bush Veldt. We made a long Trek and at midday outspanned by the side of a small river, where we all had a swim.

We had picked up three oxen on the road, two we inspanned and one we drove into the Veldt. We made a splendid day's Trek, and outspanned in a fine sheltered place,

where we kindled a large fire. We sat up late enjoying the novelty of our surroundings. There is a strange charm sitting round the Camp Fire after supper; at least I always found it so, and looked forward to it as the most pleasant part of the day. We used to tell each other stories, and if it was an unusually creepy one I have caught myself giving a frightened glance over my shoulder into the blackness of the Bush behind, as if I fancied something there about to pounce upon us. Many an interesting chat we had, and many a talk of home as well. Monday morning, long before sunrise we were up and away. It is nice travelling in the early morning, and the oxen pull much better, as the heat in the middle of the day makes them thin. We were now fairly into the Bush Veldt; and all round us, as far as the eye could reach, was one unbroken sea of Bush, with only the narrow wagon road cut through it. Birds of all sorts were very plentiful; some of lovely colours; whilst the chattering of parrots and occasionally a monkey kept us lively. Of pigeons we shot a great many; in fact we were never without pigeon pie.

In the afternoon we passed a roadside store, and half a mile further on some mealie fields, with several jolly fat pigs feeding amongst the mealies. Sam jumped off the wagon with his gun and gave one a charge of buck shot, which rolled him over. One of the boys ran with a sack and stuffed him in and we flung him on the wagon; and at our next outspan piggie became pork. He proved a tasty morsel eaten with boiled mealies. I remembered my vow at Pretoria; but this piggie had very likely never travelled to the Capital; at least I gave him the benefit of the doubt, and found him excellent. But there was no sleep for us that night, for the jackals had got scent of it and the howling they kept up all night long was fearful. Then the dogs joined in and barked defiance; but the jackals would not come close enough to allow of us having a pop at them, so the long night passed and we were all glad to be up and on the road again at the first peep of dawn.

Tuesday and Wednesday there was nothing of interest worth mentioning. The country was just the same thick, impenetrable bush. It was beginning to grow tiresome, and we longed for the open veldt, again. Thursday morning, we outspanned at a Dutchman's farm situated in a most lovely spot. We were invited to his house, owing to Jack being a Dutchman, and treated most kindly. We got a lot of oranges from him, and some fresh milk. He also allowed us to take a private road across his farm which cut off a good few miles. As I said before, the road was a gradual descent; but in some places the descent was most wonderful. You journey along a perfectly flat road, when all of a sudden you come to the brow of a hill, and you look down and see the country for miles spread out before you; and as you look along to your right and left you see a long range of mountains, and you are standing on the very brink of it. When you reach the low ground you generally find a small river running through. You travel on again for twenty miles or so, and the same thing is repeated. Thursday afternoon, we outspanned at the foot of the 'Klein Waterberg' Mountains (Hot springs), and after dinner we climbed to the summit and the view was simply grand. We had the whole country for miles lying at our feet, as it were, and the Bush-covered mountains and valleys looked very enticing, as it suggested an unlimited quantity of game. In making the descent Matt narrowly escaped being bit by a snake. He was almost on top of it; unfortunately it got away from us. I never care to tackle a snake, unless I am sure of

killing it without risk to myself; for if you get bit it is nearly always fatal! Friday morning, we arrived at Nylstroom, a small Dutch town which depends on trading with the blacks for existence. We all wrote letters from this place. Here John the driver felt sick, so we had to doctor him up a bit. Fortunately Tom, the Voerlooper, was a good driver, so we had no delay After leaving Nylstroom we crossed a sandy, dreary flat, where the heat was fearful. My head ached badly, and I thought I was in for fever, but a good dose of quinine before turning in made me feel all right in the morning. We made an early Trek and outspanned by a river and close to a Mission Station. Sam and Jess called on the Missionary and brought back a lot of oranges. Leaving the mission station we got into a more open country, the Bush only growing in clumps here and there.

I must now tell you of the first really wonderful sight I saw, viz:- a 'swarm of locusts'. I noticed as we went along a great many of them flying about, and as we got on we seemed to get into quite a cloud of them. Jack drew my attention to a dark looking cloud in the sky. This was the main body moving along. I could scarcely credit it. They were in countless millions, and all around us everything was black with them. When we outspanned they settled upon everything. We were close by some mealie fields, and the local blacks had fires lighted all round to scare them away. For over six hours that vast swarm passed over our heads, and I can now quite understand the ruin they cause to farmers. Such a swarm settling on a farm would in a couple of hours eat up every green blade. The staff gathered them in heaps and threw them on ashes, which singed their wings, and then ate them, just like shrimps, but I would be very hungry I think before I tackled them. However, with a little wild honey they might go down all right. We passed many swarms after this, and I soon ceased to wonder, but thought them a great nuisance. Continuing our journey from here we had nothing of importance to speak of only we had the misfortune to lose our road, and did not find out our mistake until we got to a lagoon or marshy place which it was impossible to cross. Then we had great difficulty in turning the wagon round again, and several trees being in the way we had to chop them down. It was late before we finished, so we thought it best to outspan where we were for the night. In the morning Sam rode back to find the track, returning to breakfast about 9 o'clock. He had found the road about three miles back, and had followed it up a long way, and then struck across the Veldt again to the wagon. He told us of two bucks he saw while coming across; so Jack and I went out with our rifles, while the others went back with the wagon. The grass was very high, almost up to our shoulders in some places. We had not gone far before a large koodoo bull jumped up about 100 yards from me (Jack was about 100 yards to my right). But I was so astonished that I stood staring at it making off, and didn't know I had a rifle in my hand, while my heart kept thumping against my ribs like to burst. Jack asked me why I didn't shoot, and wished he had been in my place. I was like to bite my fingers off with vexation, and thought if only I had the same chance again how differently I should act. We went on till we struck the wagon-road, and then followed up to the outspan. Our wagon had not come up, but there were two Dutchmen's wagons outspanned, so Jack and I went over to them and were soon on familiar terms.

Jack related my adventure with the Koodoo. I could only make out a word here

and there, but the loud 'Allamaghtag' and the glance of contempt filled my cup to the full. Monday amongst locusts again. We all went out shooting, and killed several beautiful birds. I had mine skinned, and soon had a good collection; but ants got into the box and destroyed most of them, so I gave it up. I was sorry that I came away without some arsenical soap for curing skins, as I am sure they would have been valued at home.

Monday afternoon, we passed 'Potgieters Rust' where the greatest general the Dutch ever had is buried, and the place is named after him. A little further on we got to 'Makapaans Poorte'. Makapaan the chief of this tribe, was at war lately with the Boers, but he is now defeated. It was this Makapaan's father who massacred forty Dutch families in the early days by this same Pass, and I suppose the Dutch will never forget it. However, when everything is considered, they have had to fight well for their country against terrible odds, but this massacre of men, women and children was horrible. The Dutch had been out on a hunting trip and were returning when Makapaan and some of his warriors came to their outspan and said they had goats which they wished to sell, and they enticed the men away from the wagons to look at them. The Boers, suspecting nothing, left their guns and went with them. The blacks had short stabbing assegais hid under their karosses, and on a given signal they suddenly turned and stabbed every man. Then they rushed to the wagon, killed the women and the children's brains they battered to pieces on the wagon wheels.

On Tuesday we arrived at Pietersburg, the last town in the Transvaal on our route. It is a place of considerable size, and does a large trading business with the blacks. We stopped for a day and had a good time. Several members of the fair sex visited us and used all their wiles to induce us to give them a passage to Mashonaland, offering to cook, wash and mend for us, and otherwise make themselves generally useful, but we gently but firmly declined. At Pietersburg we saw Zebras doing duty as horses. They belong to Zederberg, and run the coach between Pietersburg and Zoutspansburg. We left early on Wednesday morning, and so got rid of any unpleasantness at parting. We had a dreary trek for two days through bare open Veldt with nothing to be seen worth mentioning. Wednesday night Matt's horse died. It didn't seem at all ill, but suddenly stopped, and in a few minutes was dead. Saturday morning, outspanned at a wayside store kept by a Scotchman. His wife came from Aberdeen district. They were very kind. Mrs Watt and I had a long chat. She had had a lot of troubles; puir body; but aye a heart aboon them a'. She wondered if she would ever see home again. We left them in the afternoon with their best wishes. In the evening we passed a large Kraal. It was nicely laid out. The streets were long and wide, and the huts looked very nice. Had it been daylight we might have been able to go through it; but none of us cared to risk it in the dark.

Sunday morning, when I got up, I found we were once more entering a Bush country, and far as the eye could reach was thick bush, with the Zoutspanberg Mountains (Saltpan), looming in the distance. We outspanned, and found a river about 100 yards to our right. Of course we were all alive and on the lookout for what we could see. There seemed to be plenty of fish in the pools, which were almost salt, so Jack put in a charge of dynamite, which sent a great many splendid fish to the surface. Jess and I stripped and plunged in to swim them out. We had almost a sackful and a splendid

breakfast we made off them. On Monday night, we passed another roadside store, and going on for a mile or so the bush got so dense that we feared we had taken the wrong road; but as we were tired and hungry, we agreed to outspan where we were. We had a few pheasants, which I cooked for supper. There, for the first time we got a start from wolves. There were two of them about 20 yards off, and one gave such a horrible howl that it made us all jump, especially being so near. We had a shot at them; but it was too dark to take a good aim. However, we scared them. But all night they howled round about us. In the morning we were aroused by the cackling of Guinea fowl. Up we jumped and set off with our guns. We were very successful, and altogether shot 23. So our black assistants came in for a share. After breakfast, Sam rode back to the store to enquire about the road. We found we were not on the main road, but that this was an old hunting road, or the 'Middle Drift', as it is now commonly called, and that it again joined the main road at the other side of Tuli. So we had an 'Indaba' as to which road would be best. Sam wished to turn and go by Tuli, as he expected letters there, but he was over-ruled by the rest of us, preferring to go on as we were. And on we did go, which turned out satisfactory to all parties.

Our journey was now becoming interesting and a little exciting, as each one had something interesting to relate, as to what he had seen when out shooting. We generally went out in twos, and one remained by the wagon, as our assistants were not altogether to be trusted. Samuel, I took in hand, and thought to teach him to make bread, and so save myself a lot of bother, as none of the others cared to bake, but his first attempt was disastrous. It may amuse you to hear it. In the front of our wagon we had a large box like a chest, which formed an ice seat, and also held much of our provisions, being so easy to get at. Inside it, we had one box filled with Borwick's Baking Powder, and another beside it full of Epsom Salts. Now I told Tom when making the bread, to put in two packets of Powder; but, unfortunately, he went to the wrong box and put in the Epsom Salts. The result may be imagined.

As we went on we found the nature of the bush entirely altered. Instead of being thick, thorny and almost impenetrable, it gradually became like a great park with large trees, and now and then lovely open plains, and as the scenes were fresh every day, we never wearied. One morning I went out by myself and wandered on, keeping on a line with the wagon track. I saw a few buck, but they were always out of sight in a twinkling. I shot a bird resembling a turkey and was just making for the road when I heard two shots fired in rapid succession, close by, and in a second after, another two. I called out and was answered by Jack. When I got up I found he had shot an enormous python or Boa Constrictor, and he was in a great state of excitement. It was only about four yards from him when he first fired, so poor Jack had a narrow escape. It took us both to carry it on to the wagon, where it was skinned. The skin measured over 18 feet; Python fat is said to be an unfailing cure for Rheumatics, but we didn't care about boiling him down. Matt and Jess had both gone out together, but as there was no sign of them, we had breakfast. Then, as they did not turn up, we could not inspan so we stopped there until 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when they put in an appearance, looking hungry and miserable. They had lost themselves and had gone on a long way, when, fortunately, they came across the track, and had about 10 miles to walk back, and each blamed the other as the cause. Of course, we laughed at them for being such fools as

to get lost, but I was very soon to know myself what is meant by being lost in the Bush.

Wednesday afternoon, just as we were inspanning, McPaul, a transport rider, with two wagons, made up to us. We had passed him at the store, so we all went on together. Matt and I took our guns and struck into the Veldt. We followed the dried-up bed of a river, and got a few pheasants. We had gone on for a long way, and as it was almost dark we crossed the bed of the river again, and made for the wagon track. But, as we found out afterwards, it made a sudden turn, and, instead of running in a line with the river, cut away in another direction. Well, on we went, thinking every minute we would strike the track, but instead of that we were running in a line with it, but a mile or two away. It was now, almost quite dark, and we knew not where we were. Matt would have me go on for another mile, and then if we didn't find the road, I would not go a step further till the moon rose, and then I should make my way back to the river, and follow it up to where we entered the Bush. So we went on, and as we could not find the road, we sat down, and waited for over three hours till the moon rose. During this time we had shouted and fired, but no answer. I was now quite prepared to spend a night in the Bush, but as there was now a dim light we turned and walked back in the direction of the river. Occasionally, a wolf would howl quite near us, and often I got a start from a jackal, as they would stand until we were close on to them, then off they would rush. Well, we trudged wearily on, and when we ought to have been at the river, there was no river, so we were forced to admit that we were lost. Not a pleasant thought, I can assure you. But just as we were giving up in despair, I heard a faint shout. I immediately fired, and off we ran in the direction of the sound. I could not describe the joy we felt. For two miles or more, we ran on, and then we could make out Jack's voice. He had come on three miles in advance of the wagon on Sam's horse, while Sam and Jess, with the boys, were all out looking for us, and had almost given us up for the night, when by good luck we heard Jack's cry. It is a call used in Australia, and carries for miles, and is heard much further than a rifle. Needless to say, the sight of our camp fire was welcome. I was always careful in future not to go far from the road while we were trekking!

The following morning, we inspanned after breakfast, and made a long trek, and were surprised to find two wagons on the road in front of us. We outspanned beside them, and found they belonged to Mr. Buddo and John Smidt, Dutchman. They had five passengers with them, and all going to Salisbury. Two of them I knew in Durban; so we were all very much surprised to see each other, and as we were to be very good friends by the way I will introduce them to you. They were all young fellows, and their names are, Phillips, Fraser, Cherub (he was a cherub), Sykes, and Spry, also Buddo and John Smidt, who was a character and gave us no end of fun. Afterwards, to distinguish the two parties, we named them the 'Stoney-broke' while they in turn christened us 'the Great Unwashed'. We had some very good times and altogether it was much more cheerful travelling in their company.

This morning we found them in a great state over the roaring of two lions which they had heard the previous night, and some of Budd's oxen had broken away in fright. Of course there was much high talk as to what we would do, should we encounter His Majesty, but as none of us had a chance of proving ourselves a Nimrod, or even a

Modern Selous, all that high-talk goes for nothing. Still I think, amongst the crowd of us we could have managed to pot them had they put in an appearance. It was certainly vexing that not one of us should even see one, but I trust our bravery won't be called into question on account of that! Spry had discovered (he was always discovering) a lion's den down by the side of the river, so we were all taken down and shown the spot. There were a few bones about, certainly; but it didn't come up to our ideal of what a Lion's den ought to be, so Spry's discovery was voted a fraud. Afterwards, if any one wished to rile Spry, he had merely to mention a certain Lion's den, and he reacted in a minute. We trekked with Buddo the following day, after he had found his oxen. That same day our first buck was shot, and to Jack fell the honour. Sunday, we made two very long treks to get to water and at midday we reached 'Tartar Fontein' or Cream of Tartar Fountain, so named from the Tartar trees which grow in the locality. They are of enormous size, and were laden with fruit, the size of a cocoanut, full of cream of tartar. We gathered several of them and found them delicious for making a cooling drink. Buddo and John Smidt went out shooting in the afternoon, and brought back a large wild boar. It took seven shots to kill him, and his hide was half an inch thick.

That night Matt and Cherub got lost. We all set out in different directions to look for them. It was nine o'clock before they were found about five miles from Camp. They lighted a big fire to attract our attention and were prepared to stay by it all night. Cherub had been lost for five days in the Bush before. He had an awful experience, and told me all his pitiful story. Poor fellow, I sincerely pitied him.

Monday morning we inspanned early, leaving Buddo behind. He was a thorough Dutchman as far as laziness goes, and was continually in hot water with his passengers for not pushing on, but he had them under his thumb all the same, as they had spent all their money in Johannesburg, only leaving enough to buy a bag of flour and some beans. Had Buddo not been a good sort they would have fared badly. We helped them out of our stores too, so they managed somehow. Monday afternoon we passed through a wild bit of country and at night we were forced to outspan beside the water in a ghostly looking place. We kindled an enormous fire and kept it up all night. We heard lions roaring in the distance for the first time, but they did not come near us. Next morning, after a four hours trek, we reached the 'Limpopo' or Crocodile River. We saw it for about four miles before we reached the Banks, and I think it was one of the loveliest sights I ever remember seeing. Winding out and in amongst the Bush and dotted here and there with small islands, it looked a scene from Fairyland. We had agreed to wait here until Buddo and Paul came on, in fact it would have been impossible for us to cross the drift by ourselves.

We found the Limpopo a large river. I mean large for Africa, as most of the rivers here are merely big burns almost dried up in winter, but which in summer become roaring torrents. It looked decidedly African – large reeds growing along the banks and here and there black and dank pools, which gave me the creeps to look at. Altogether we remained four days here. The first day Jack shot a 'Klipspring bok' making his second. Matt and I went out in the afternoon, and got separated from each other, but with the river for a guide it was impossible to lose ourselves. I went down the bank of the river hoping I might see a crocodile, but was disappointed, although I knew they

must be in the water. It was a difficult matter to get near the water, as the reeds grew so thick on the banks, but as for snakes, I never saw so many all at once in my life. They were crawling about everywhere, of all sizes and colours. I felt a bit shivery, being by myself, so made tracks for the wagon. When coming along a hare jumped up and I shot it with my rifle at 100 yards distance. This we reckoned a good shot. At night four blacks crossed the drift from the other side. They had been out shooting in Khama's country. They said the game was plentiful on the other side; so the following morning we set off leaving Jack by the wagon.

We crossed the bridge in safety and went on for about five miles into the Bush. There was fresh spoor in abundance, but no sign of the game. On coming to an open part I stood for a moment, and I saw two Koodoo about 250 yards away. I took a steady aim, and shot one through the side. It jumped up in the air and then ran round for a hundred yards or so, then dropped. I cried out to the others, so between us we had it skinned, and each shouldering a piece we marched back to the wagon, and that night we had roast Koodoo, a grand eating it is, I can tell you. Next day, Paul's and Buddo's wagons came up, but as the drift was a long and heavy one, they decided to give the option a day's rest before attempting it.

During the time we were out shooting the previous day, Jack had gone exploring up the river, and had found a splendid place for fish. So next morning we all set out to blow them up. Three charges were thrown in, and a moment after the surface was covered with splendid big fish. The question now arose who was to go in for them, as we were all afraid for crocodiles. But after a bit Budds, Jess and I screwed up our courage and swam them out. But I had a horrible feeling on me all the time, as I thought of the crocodiles. Next afternoon the oxen were inspanned, three spans to each wagon, and we began to Trek across. It was dark before we had finished. Buddo's were safely over, but ours had stuck in the bank and we could not pull it out. Paul's two were behind, but as ours blocked the way and it was dark, and the oxen fagged out, we had to leave them all night in the water. So we carried our Blankets up on to the bank and away from the water.

On Paul's wagons were two pigs, and as we were having supper we heard such a squealing that we all ran down to the water, we could scarcely believe our eyes. The water was alive with crocodiles and some were trying to get at the pigs which were in a box fixed on the side of the wagon. And yet during the day there was no sign of a crocodile in the river. This made us more careful in future, as to the spots we chose for a swim. Next morning we got all the wagons safely towed through. And after another rest we inspanned early in the afternoon. We made two treks that night, and outspanned at the Umsinguasi River. Sam and Jess went out shooting together the following morning and lost themselves. Jess climbed a cream of tartar tree to try and make out their bearings.

Some of these trees are of enormous size and girth. This one had hard wood spikes driven in by the blacks to form a ladder. Halfway up there was a large hole in it, and Jess found himself confronted by a tiger cat. He could only make out its two eyes glaring. Of course he got down as quickly as possible, and the cat springing out on to a branch, was shot. They turned up at the wagon about 5 o'clock. We had a dispute about this time as to the date. Sam and I had all the others against us; but as we had

kept a note of each day we were sure of being right, which eventually proved the case on our arrival at Victoria. Next day we arrived at the Umshlam River, a beautiful place it was, the water beautifully clear. We went down the river after wild geese. Paul shot two. I shot a stork or flamingo; a large bird with long, red legs. We didn't eat it, as we were not sure what it was. There was an old Dutchman outspanned here, and unable to get on as the lions had carried off half his oxen, but he was quite contented. He said he had plenty of game and meant to stay and shoot lions, enough to pay for his lost oxen. I hope he was successful, but I have heard nothing of him since.

The following day we made two very long treks to reach water. The poor oxen were almost exhausted. Paul had gone on in front of us. We found him outspanned in a perfect 'Fairy Glen'. I don't know if it has any name, but it was the loveliest outspan on the whole road. I thought to myself, what a place for one to come and live in, surely no one could desire a better. I should have liked to stay on for a day or two; but Paul said it was a fearful place for lions, as there was no other water for miles; so we trekked on for another five or six miles. The grass was so long that the oxen were quite buried in it, and we had two blacks in front picking the way as the track was hardly distinguishable.

That night the lions roared all round us, and had we stayed on where we were I have no doubt we should have had an adventure. I really wish we had. I wish I could write you an account of an adventure with a lion. Had one of our party fired at one, or even seen one, I might have stretched a point, and given you something to set your hair on end, though it were only to make this prosy affair a little more palatable, but really I cannot. The roaring of lions in the distance while you yourself are safe under the blankets is hardly sufficient grounds to build a really thrilling lion story on.

Next morning we had a novelty of another kind. As we were having breakfast Buddo jumped up and cried to us to come on if we wanted to get some honey, and pointed to a small bird chattering on a tree beside us. This, he told us, was a honey bird and that if we followed it it would lead us to honey. He went away with a chopper and bucket, and nearly all the others with him. I thought to myself it was all nonsense; but in half an hour back they came with the bucket full of lovely honeycomb and each one with his hands filled, and all enjoying the treat. I was surprised and eager to hear all about it; but as I soon had an opportunity of watching for myself, I will describe it later on.

That day we passed the Nuanetzi and Booby Rivers. The following morning I went out shooting along with Buddo. We saw a herd of Zebras, but could not get near enough. We did fire at them, but at too long a range. That same afternoon we passed Gongs Loop (Lions den) and certainly it was a wild looking place, and just a likely spot for them. The following afternoon we passed through Gongs Poorte (Lions pass). This was a fine piece of scenery. For a week or more we had seen the range of hills in the distance and only this narrow opening visible amongst the dense bush on either side. It was just about sunset as we passed through. On one side were rocks and some enormous trees, while on the other was a long, deep water, like a loch, and the wagon road cut through mahogany trees which looked like some grand avenue. Sam, Jack and I, and several others were down by the water's edge, and wondering if there would be any fish in it, when we were astonished to see an enormous flock of guinea fowl

come flying over our heads, and settle on the trees beside us. And still on they came in hundreds. I might with truth say thousands. There were so many. Off we rushed for our guns and for the next half hour we had sport, I can tell you. And the following week we could all truly repeat the minister's grace. For, "of guinea fowl young and guinea fowl old, of guinea fowl hot and guinea fowl cold, of guinea fowl tender, and guinea fowl tough, there is no mistake we had enough".

This night we outspanned at Gongs Poorte which was made hideous with the roaring of lions, wolves and dogs, and none of us had much sleep. In the morning we went out to explore our new surroundings. We went down to the water and blew up a quantity of fish, but they were all small ones. However, we all had a treat for breakfast. In the forenoon Jack, Sam and I went out together. We saw an enormous boa constrictor hanging from a tree, but it disappeared like lightning, so we did not have a shot at it. During the next week we had no adventure worth mentioning, only one afternoon we all had a chase after wild pigs; young ones. It was great fun. Everyone joined in the chase. None of us had guns, we chased them for two miles, but the long grass was in our way. I rolled over a dozen times or more, and was within an inch of a tail more than once if only I had had a pinch of salt handy! John Smidt caught one, but was unable to hold it, and it got off, but the fun we had was worth our trouble.

We were visited by locals at times. They brought us goats, rice and milk, pumpkins and sweet potatoes, and we would exchange a little salt or a few beans or limbo. Their great demand was for powder, lead and caps. Many of them use these old blunderbusses or Tower muskets.

About this time the aspect of the country changed entirely, and we passed enormous Kopjes of granite. You cannot imagine the size some of these blocks are. They were scattered all over and worn into all sorts of shapes. Some were as high as five hundred or six hundred feet down to two hundred feet. And just one round boulder. We had many a guess as to their origin. Others again would be piled one on top of another in the most fantastic shapes. Sometimes in the moonlight you would imagine you were coming to some grand old castle they looked so fine then. One morning we outspanned by the largest of one of these, and at the bottom we found a sort of cave with delicious water in it, as cold as ice. The country round about us was in flames. We had the pleasure of seeing many a grand fire on the way, but we didn't like them as near as this one. We, however, burned the grass all round the wagons, and so protected ourselves. Matt, Jack, and I, also Sykes, climbed to the summit of this large Kopje. We had to go right round its base to the back, where it was overgrown with bush. After a long struggle we reached the top; but we were amply repaid with the magnificent view we obtained of the surrounding country, and the fire rolling on in the distance made a grand sight. On coming down again we were met by another honey-bird in a great state of excitement chattering away as much as to say 'Come along, I will show you some honey'. It flew off from bush to bush and led us round the Kopje almost to the wagon and lighted on a large tree growing out of the rock and began pecking at it. We soon got to the nest, but found we would have to blow up a portion of the tree and rock before we could get at it, and as it was now almost sunset we had to wait till the morning. After breakfast next morning we all started off to see the fun. We bored a hole in the tree close by the rock; lighted the fuse and got into shelter. In a minute

there was a crash, and we found the tree split up, while all the comb was laid bare to our eyes. Part of the rock was also blown away. It was hollow inside and formed a sort of well, which was full of honey. There were only a few bees about, but it must have been years old, as the comb was quite black. We filled our buckets with the freshest of it. I am sure there must have been over 100 lbs. of honey in it. We sent all our black assistants round and they were unable to polish it off. We found other nests after this in the same way; but I need not mention them here.

That afternoon we inspanned and followed the wrong track. It must have been a hunting party's wagon gone on before, and in a few hours we found ourselves without any track at all and amongst thick bush. So we had to outspan until morning, when we turned and again found the right track which was very indistinct. Here we passed through a very low marshy bit of country. At night we reached the Gondokwi River. The following morning Buddo and I went out with our rifles. We walked on for a long way, but Buddo was a splendid bushman, and I had no fear of getting lost. We saw any amount of game, but very wild; but on coming along the dried up bed of a river Buddo had a shot at a Springbok, and knocked him over. So we shouldered it and made for the wagons. I may say that at this place there was plenty of coal lying all about the surface of the ground. Perhaps it may in time be the Newcastle of Mashonaland. On getting back to our wagons we found two others outspanned there. They had come down from Victoria. There were four men who had gone up there with hopes of doing great things, two were carpenters. They only stayed two days, and came away back again disgusted, so they did not give the place much of a trial. Three of them were ill with fever, and one, a Scotchman, died a few days after at 'Gonga Poorte'. Their account of the place naturally discouraged us very much, but we soon got over it, and consoled ourselves with the thought that if the worst should happen, we had our wagon and could make our way out of the country again. Next day we reached 'Van Roy Kloof' named after Van Roy, the greatest lion-hunter alive, and who has killed more lions than Selous. At this place he killed altogether fifteen lions and so it gets its name. The following day we saw 8 Koodoo as we were trekking about 600 yards from the road, so we all set off after them. Sykes and John Smidt shot one between them, as they both hit it, so we were again stocked with splendid meat. That afternoon we smashed the dissellboom of our wagon against a tree and had to outspan to repair it. This being the Queen's birthday we drank her health. We also struck into the main road, and outspanned by the Nuanetzi River. The following day through the carelessness of the driver, our tent was all smashed against a tree, so we had to lay up for a day and make repairs. Buddo did the same, as his wagon wanted seeing to as well. In the afternoon John Smidt went out shooting and brought back the skin and horns of a lovely sable antelope, while Jess and two of the boys went back on Sam's horse to bring the meat.

We outspanned here by the Iwyesi the most beautiful river in the whole route, although a small one. Buddo, Sam and I went down it for a few miles, in the hope of seeing a hippo, but we were disappointed, although they are in this river, but at a greater distance from the main road, and we had no time to go so far after them. The following day we arrived at the Lundi River. Here we found two hunters outspanned. They had had good sport and were returning to Johannesburg. They told us things were very flat in Victoria, but the prospects were good. We went down the river with

them to look for hippopotamus. We saw plenty of spoor but could not follow it up. One crocodile was shot, not a large one, but I dare say a nasty customer if he got you in the water. Here we blew up some very fine fish, but none of us cared to venture in, the water looked too black and deep. We examined the ruins that are here. They are not of much account. We intended visiting those at Zeinbabe; but by that time our oxen were very much knocked up and the ruins are two days trek from the main road. We saw a great many graves by the river side. I think about 40 in all, and I am sure had we stayed there long we should have been sick too, or fancied we were; for everyone was complaining. But I think it must have been the graves which had a depressing effect upon us. We passed many a solitary grave by the roadside. Sometimes there would be a rude cross erected but in most cases only a heap of stones marked the spot where somebody's darling was buried.

Narka Pass was the next place of interest we came to. It was here that I shot a leopard. We were outspanned amongst the Kopjes, big rocks and bush. I went out with my rifle along with John Smidt, but we got separated amongst the rocks. I was climbing up the side of a Kopje looking more at the strange heaped up masses of rock than for game, when all at once I noticed something moving from side to side on a shelf of rock about 40 yards away. I could not make it out for a minute because of the long grass, but I soon saw two glaring eyes looking at me and made it out to be a leopard crouching and lashing its tail. I got a fright, I confess, but I lifted my carbine and took a steady aim right between its eyes and fired. It never moved, but stretched out stiff in an instant. The bullet entered at its nose and pierced right to the heart. I can tell you I felt proud. I got Buddo to skin it for me, and had it partly tanned by one of the assistants.

At our outspan the following day we discovered a 'Gold Reef'. The quartz was sticking out above ground. We broke pieces off with hammers and found plenty of visible gold. We traced the reef for a long way and could have pegged it off if we had liked, but then we would require to sink a shaft 30 feet deep, and have it registered at Victoria. But none of us cared to stop there and sink a shaft. Two prospectors were working not far off. We told them of it and they were to look it up. They told us they had found several good properties in the neighbourhood. On 1 June we reached Tokwie River. There we left two of our oxen as they were completely knocked up. Altogether we lost 9 on the road. The day following we came to 'Providence Pass', and once more were in a fine open country; clear of bush. The view at the end of the pass is simply grand. You look behind you and see the Pass gradually widening until it is lost in a sea of bush, and then you find yourself as it were, coming out of a cave into daylight. We were now very near Victoria, and were pushing on to get there by Saturday.

We passed Fern Sprint Hotel, a wattle and daub shanty fifteen miles from Victoria, and the following afternoon we arrived at that much-wished-for spot. Jess had rode in on Sam's horse in the morning to get our letters. We met him riding back about 6 miles from Town, looking very glum. He gave us his opinion of the place, and advised us to turn back, but that was not likely after coming so far and to settle there with hopes of a fortune. But when we actually did come in the sight of the place, I confess my spirits sank down to my very boots. And this was the much-puffed-up place that the down country papers were full of, with certain fortune for every man who set foot

in it. However, there was no use sitting down crying over it. We were in a fix, and must get out of it somehow. Monday morning, we went into the Town and had a chat with some of the settlers there. We found them all in high hopes of a good future. But it was a good present we required. However, it was something to find them in good spirits, and I think it cheered us a bit too. Nearly every one in town had been down with fever, and they certainly did look a sickly lot. Of course we saw it was no good hanging on in Victoria, so we decided to push on to Salisbury. Sam sold his horse for £20, and a good thing for him too, as it died the following day. Sam reckoned it a good omen, not because the horse died, but because he had sold it. On Wednesday afternoon, we all set off again, Buddo and 'The Stoney Broke'. Paul had pushed through without stopping, as he was riding against time. Our bullocks were by this time, very much done up, not on account of the heavy load, but owing to the grass being all burned up, and trekking with oxen in the hot sun completely ruins them.

The road between Victoria and Salisbury is very pretty, and the scenery in some places really grand, but I noticed in the moonlight nights how ghostly everything looked. We all remarked it, and it gave us all the shivers. I suppose it was owing to the awful stillness everywhere. The second day's trekking brought us to some Makalaka Kraals. I wish I could describe them to you as they looked. The Makalaka's don't build their huts on the ground, but on the top of these large Granite Kopjes. As they live in constant terror of the Matabeles, they must fortify themselves somehow. Their huts are very small and built of clay, which, by constant exposure to the sun, becomes in time almost as hard as the rock itself. We called them rock rabbits. They are, as a rule, miserable specimens of humanity, owing, I suppose, to there being no salt in the country. Several of the Kraals we visited, after trading with them at the wagons. They had in each of them a large cave where they drive their few oxen and goats every night for safety. At one of the Kraals we saw an old woman. We came upon her suddenly, sitting basking in the sun, and she was nearly frightened out of her wits. But what a sight! If it were possible for a woman to live 200 years, I should say she was that age. She was shrivelled up to nothing almost, and quite naked. She might have passed for a mummy if it were not for her wicked-looking little eyes, which glared at us. I was reminded when I looked at her of 'Rider Haggard's Gagool' in 'King Solomon's Mines'. Surely she must have been a sister! Many more of these Kraals we visited on the road up, and always saw something strange and interesting. I may say that they were almost entirely 'Wiped Out' about 3 weeks after by the Matabeles. Many were killed, their Kraals burned, and their women and oxen taken into Matabeleland. And this is what Lo Bengula terms a hunting trip for his braves. But I think he has been taught a lesson that he won't soon forget.

The first rivers we crossed after leaving Victoria were the Umsigashla and the Iwyatsitsi. Then we crossed a dreary cold flat of 50 miles, and arrived at Bazuidenhuits Farm, where we outspanned for a couple of days. Jack was at this time very ill with fever and we were anxious about him. He had the best attendance we could give, but he ought to have been in Hospital. Anyhow we pulled him through. Leaving Bazuidenhuits, we trekked on for another ten miles or so, by easy stages, and then we came to the heavy sand between that and Fort Charter, and here our oxen completely failed us. They were so reduced that they really could not pull the wagon through such

heavy sand. Buddo's were little better; but he could manage to go on. So we bade them good-bye till we should meet again in Salisbury.

We lay on this flat for a week, when a Dutchman farmer sent his oxen over and pulled us on to a store (Werrit and Young's), where at any rate we had company and were in a more sheltered situation. Here we stopped three days when Mr. Nee Kirques' wagons came on and they took in hand to pull us to Salisbury for £17. We were only too glad to accept their terms, and then we got on splendidly, making good treks each day. I may tell you that all our black assistants cleared when we got into difficulty. They were only engaged in Victoria, where we paid them; but we engaged them for Salisbury, and after all our goodness to them too. We had some good times along with the Nee Kirques. Three of them were young men who had travelled a good deal all over Africa. When boys, they had fought against the English at Amapuba and Bunkers Spruit. They were crack shots with the rifle, as they are brought up to use it from childhood. At the Sabi River one of them shot a Wilderbeeste, I think we call them Gnu; and the day following I shot a Silver Jackal, a very pretty animal. At the Umvoli, old Mr. Nee Kirque shot a Koodoo. It had the most magnificent pair of horns I ever saw. I should have liked to get hold of them, but Mr. Nell, a Dutch parson, travelling with them, got them. The scenery at the Umvoli is very pretty. It was once a noted place for lions but we neither saw nor heard them, although we kept up big fires between Charter and Salisbury. The drift at the Umvoli is also of interest as it is over an enormous rock which forms a natural bridge for about 100 yards, and you can hear the roar of the water under your feet, and when the river is in flood it must be a sight worth seeing. The last river on our route is the Iwyani, a clear pretty stream, with very steep banks, and famous for its crocodiles. Only a fortnight before a black person was seized by one when crossing the drift. But we had no such accident.

Six Mile Sprint Hotel and then Salisbury itself at last greeted our longing eyes. After many a weary days' trek we had reached the much wished-for Haven. We were favourably impressed with our first glimpse. At least, in comparison to Victoria, it looked a great 'City' and had a much more healthy appearance, many of the houses being built of brick and iron, and several in course of erection, which to us Carpenters, was a welcome sight. And now I have brought you on to Salisbury with me over so many miles of road, at times interesting and again very monotonous. There is a charm in wagon travelling which steamboat and railway do not possess. I trust you will find something of interest in it all, and form in your own mind an idea of some of these places I have tried to describe. But, as I have already told you, many little occurrences which were only of interest to ourselves, I have not written down here; but when I come home and we all gather together round the 'Dear Auld Fire-side' I shall have many a little story to tell you of the times we had on our journey to Mashonaland.

A Note on H. G. Seward, 1899–1999

by his son, Richard Seward

Henry George Seward (known by everyone as 'H. G.") was born in London on the 29th September, 1899. He was the second eldest of six children and the older of twins.

He left school at the age of 14, and worked in the Post Office, firstly as a postman and afterwards in the telegraph section. While with the Post Office he studied and passed local Oxford examinations.

He joined the armed forces in 1917, and was posted to the Royal Flying Corps (the forerunner to the R.A.F.), but was only there for a short time when it was revealed that he had had rheumatic fever as a small child, regarded in those days as an impediment to a flying career. Because of his experience in the telegraph section of the Post Office he was then enlisted into the Signals Branch of a Cavalry Division, and was posted to the Middle East where he served for the remainder of World War I, mainly in Syria.

His enlistment into the B.S.A.P. is covered in his memoirs, but unfortunately does not cover his entire service with the Force. His postings during his 28 years service covered the entire country, and he rose through the ranks to Lt. Colonel, retiring in 1948 (at the age of 48). At the time of his retirement, the B.S.A.P. hierarchy comprised the Commissioner, the Deputy Commissioner and two Assistant Commissioners, of which he was one. Some of the highlights of his career in the B.S.A.P. included perhaps the largest recruiting exercise undertaken by the Force, when in 1946, he spent several months in U.K. recruiting personnel who were being demobbed from the armed forces at the end of World War II. Many of these recruits subsequently rose to high rank within the Force, whose reputation extended beyond our borders. As Officer Commanding Matabeleland, he was responsible for all the security arrangements in the province during the Royal Visit to this country in 1947.

On his retirement from the B.S.A.P. he went farming in what was then known as Melsetter (now Chimanimani) before moving to Mutare in 1948 and later to the Vumba in 1960, where he and his wife spent the next 21 years of their lives. Notwithstanding the paucity of Police pensions, an issue he was to pursue over the years, he was both mentally and physically active, resulting in his being employed by the British Motor Corporation (B.M.C.) as Personnel Manager from 1960 to 1965 when the advent of U.D.I. made him redundant. He then took up part-time employment as Secretary to the Forestry and Wattle Growers Association, which later became the Timbers Growers Association, right up to 1981 (at the age of 81) when he and his wife moved to Bulawayo. The move to Bulawayo was largely necessitated by his wife's poor health, and the lack of specialist treatment in Mutare. His wife died in 1983, and he continued to live in his cottage at the Garden Park Trust until 1997 when he was moved to the Athol Evans Hospital in Harare.

He enjoyed exceptionally good health right up to the age of 95 when he was admitted into the Mater Dei Hospital in Bulawayo for a week with very low blood pressure and other minor problems. Shortly after this he started to become frail and began losing some of his mental faculties. He was, however, determined to retain his independence

and remain in his cottage at the Garden Park Trust, albeit with some nursing care, and it was not until 1997 that he was persuaded to move to the Athol Evans Hospital in Harare, where he passed away on the 12th March, 1999, aged 99 and a half.

Prior to his health problems in 1995, he retained all his mental faculties, and had an exceptionally good memory for names, places and events. He never kept a diary, and his memoirs which he started to write in 1974 and sadly never finished, were written entirely from memory.

He led a full and interesting life, which spanned the greatest changes in our times. Some of the first motor cars were just beginning to appear on the streets of London when he was a small boy, and he remembers seeing people running in front of them waving a red flag. His father was a journalist in Fleet Street, and as such was allocated seats in a press box from which he saw the Coronation of King George V. At the time of his death, computers, facsimiles, e-mail and internet were all part and parcel of modern day life.

H.G. was married in 1928 and had two children. Richard was born in an old house, since renovated and still standing, at the corner of 10th Street and Fife Avenue in the Police Depot, Harare, in 1932. June was born in Gwanda in 1934 at a time when all the water for the Police Camp houses was carried up from the river in buckets on the heads of convicts. Both still live in Zimbabwe. At the time of his death, H.G. was survived by his two children, five grandchildren and fourteen great grandchildren.

The Society's Golden Jubilee will be celebrated from Sunday 8 June to Saturday 14 June 2003.
Please diarise that entire week so that you can participate fully in our programme of functions and events.

Lieutenant H. G. Seward

Colonel H. G. Seward's Story (Part 1)

It all started with a chance meeting in London Wall on an overcast May morning in 1920 and hurrying along London Wall I caught sight of a figure I had last seen in Allepo some months before. It was my former troop leader and we were soon engrossed in swopping notes on all that had happened since the days when we had both served in the Fifth Cavalry Division. He told me he was thinking of going to a place which he called "Rhoadesia", which I gathered was somewhere in the middle of Africa.

Having been persuaded by my father on demobilisation to try my luck in Fleet Street where he had spent the greater part of his lifetime, I was finding the hectic world of advertising hardly my cup of tea. With my war gratuity rapidly disappearing, I was intrigued to hear more about Africa and, in particular, "Rhoadesia".

We thereupon adjourned to the nearest bar and, over a Bass, I heard for the first time, something about the British South Africa Police. Up to that time my knowledge of Africa – apart from short sessions in Alexandria and Cairo towards the end of World War I – was confined to browsing over old copies of a weekly illustrated paper called "Black & White", the predecessor of the now defunct "Sphere". My father had bound volumes of this paper covering the period of the South African (Boer) War, and I had become familiar with pictures of Generals Gatacre, Buller, Kitchener and Roberts as well as pictures of the battles of Colenso and Magersfontein, and, vivid accounts of the sieges of Ladysmith and Mafeking. South Africa appeared to be a land of vast open spaces peopled by various "Native" tribes, "Tommies" and some rather rough looking characters called "Boers", who I gathered had had the temerity to challenge the might of the British Empire.

But, with the thought of those wide open spaces, the idea of spending a life-time in Fleet Street soon became more and more unpleasant, and I decided it was not for me.

And, so it was, a couple of days later I went along to the offices of the British South Africa (B.S.A.) Company in London Wall looking for a General Bodle who, I was advised, was the recruiting officer for the B.S.A.P.

I eventually ran him to ground – underground in fact, as his office was in the basement of the building. Although I did not know it at the time, "Billy" Bodle had established a tremendous reputation in Rhodesia – a short squat figure of humorous eye and a somewhat staccato manner of speech. He told me at once that he was only interested in getting men for what he called the Town Police Branch. Would I like to be considered for that?

"Not on your life!" I thought – the idea of wandering around some small frontier town on foot was just what I didn't want. But after I had explained that I had served in a cavalry division during the war, he said he might be able to find a place for me in the mounted branch provided I passed the medical examination and could produce satisfactory references. The references presented no problem and, having emerged from the medical 100 percent fit, came the time for a final decision.

I would have to serve for three years, pay for a trooper was £185 a year plus a curious ration allowance of 6*d* a day. From the other conditions of service, I learnt that

if I ever rose to the dizzy heights of Corporal, the pay would rise to £225 a year, and away in the distance, a Sergeant Major's pay was £320 p.a. Uniform, saddlery and horses were on the house!

Later, browsing around a Smith's bookstall, I came across a book called 'The Rhodesian' by Gertrude Page. The hero was a Rhodesian police officer, and life in Rhodesia as portrayed by Gertrude Page resolved any doubts – Rhodesia was the place for me. I pictured myself riding on horseback through the African bush – a guardian and administrator of the law, free, untrammelled and far from the smelly, noisy streets of London. However blessed the uses of advertisements might be, they were OUT as far as I was concerned. A couple of weeks later with all my worldly goods in a cabin trunk, I found my way to the barrier of the boat train at Waterloo.

WATERLOO STATION

Waterloo looked much as usual, the suburban trains disgorging their thousands of office workers rushing to their offices – girls in summer frocks, men in straw boaters and grey suits, all hurrying, scurrying, jostling and chattering and anxious to get to the office before their masters. Time, which I was later to learn in Africa, is valueless and given to all men to enjoy, seemed all important to this bustling crowd. They had to get somewhere quickly; to the office where they would remain pouring over typewriters, ledgers, shipping documents and all the paraphernalia of business until five in the evening. This daily tedium relieved only by office scandal, whispering over tea, window shopping after a hurried lunch, plans for the coming week-end or, the annual few days holiday by the sea. Thank God that life was, for me, to become a thing of the past.

As I stood watching the crowd – trundling porters; passengers studying timetables; friends meeting friends and saying good byes to friends; sight-seers; idlers – in fact all the conglomeration of humanity inseparable from any large London terminus, a small gathering of youngsters about my own age near the boat train barrier, seemed to indicate they might be my fellow recruits.

They were indeed, and with the arrival of one of the Company's staff, we introduced ourselves. I remember Heriot-Hill, a gaunt, pallid ex-subaltern of the Machine Gun Corps, later to meet his death in Rhodesia in a petrol fire; Grimmett, young, fair-haired whose parents were there and who, at the last minute decided to accompany us to Southampton where they gave us a rousing lunch before sailing. Ruffel, ex R.A.F.; Catchpole, lately a gunner and Ward, soon to be known as "Fluffy" because of his huge mop of unruly hair were among others that I recall. There were twelve of us in this recruit draft, but with the exception of Killick, who later became responsible for the first Radio Communications Branch, I cannot remember the names of the remainder. Only Heriot-Hill, Grimmett and myself were destined for the Mounted Branch, and we soon realised that there was not much – shall we say, community of interest between the two Branches, and already we three started considering ourselves as "superior" to the "beat-pounders".

SOUTHAMPTON TO CAPE TOWN

Following lunch with Grimmett's parents at Southampton, we boarded the R.M.S. Armadale Castle, and found ourselves six to a cabin in the blunt end. By present day

standards the accommodation would be regarded as pretty austere, but to those of us who had experienced the "joys" of troopships, it represented a reasonable standard of comfort.

We had not been long on board when we discovered there was a B.S.A.P. Corporal among the passengers who was returning from leave – one Mark Cook who had joined in 1910, and in our eyes, a very old hand indeed. He regaled us with stories of shooting trips in the Sabi valley – wherever that might be and places with such romantic names as Msikavana, Mutema and Chimanimani, which left all of us to conjure up pictures in our own minds of exciting patrols in store. He told us of the idiosyncrasies of those 'powerful beings' – Native Commissioners, and of weird African customs. In spite of the tranquillity of the voyage, which in those days took seventeen days, we couldn't get to Africa quick enough.

Came Madeira – in a matter of moments the Armadale Castle was surrounded by small boats filled with gesticulating traders and small boys shouting, "Tickey I dive, tickey I dive", and it was not long before the water teemed with these lads diving for these coins. It was the first time we heard the word "tickey", soon to become so familiar in Southern Africa. At the same time, the decks were soon covered with lace work, the famous Madeira cane chairs, baskets and fruit of all descriptions.

Most of us decided to have a look-see at Funchal, and we went ashore in one of the many small boats and launches that had surrounded the boat. Surrounded by touts, we decided to do the usual trip up the mountains, returning by the ever popular sleighs over the cobbled streets.

Our first glimpse of Cape Town was in the early morning, with Table Mountain shrouded in cloud and mist – unbelievably beautiful. At that time there were none of the huge buildings in the dock and lower town area, which now seem to detract from the mountain panorama as we saw it then.

Going through customs, there was an amusing incident. Like most of us, Heriot-Hill reported "nothing to declare", and passing through the exit door of the customs shed, he dropped his British Warm and out of the pocket fell two .45 revolvers with a resounding plonk. Resourcefully, he quickly covered the guns with the coat and scooped them up without any further ado. And got away with it. It seemed to me to be a good start for an embryo law enforcement officer in a new country!

An official from the B.S.A. Company's Cape Town Office came to meet us with the information that we would have to wait over in Cape Town for a couple of days, as it was necessary for us to be attested there. We learnt later that a previous draft had refused to attest on arrival in Salisbury, alleging that conditions there were not as represented in London, so the powers that be were not taking any chances as far as we were concerned.

In my particular case, the attestation in Cape Town was a blessing in disguise. Before leaving London, I had accumulated £15, being the balance of my war gratuity and savings from my meagre Fleet Street earnings. My father had been at pains to warn me about how easily money could be stolen, particularly on board a ship, unless you had it with you all the time. To this end he had bought me a money belt, and shortly before we arrived in Cape Town, I had taken it off and inadvertently left it in a toilet – never to be seen again. I arrived in Cape Town penniless, but after being

attested, we were all given an allowance to see us through to Salisbury. Cape Town in 1920, apart from the dock area, seemed to be something of a sleepy hollow – Adderly Street almost devoid of traffic save for the trams, a few horse drawn drays and, wonder of wonders, handsome cabs of Victorian vintage.

Accommodation had been arranged for us at the Cardarga Hotel in the Gardens, afterwards known as the Hotel Edward. It may still be in existence under yet another name.

CAPE TOWN TO BULAWAYO

Two days later, we climbed aboard the mail train for Bulawayo – six in a second class compartment. We passed through the Hex River valley in the evening, and next morning, woke to find ourselves in the Karoo.

Reminders of the Boer War could be seen in the shape of derelict block-houses. For the remainder, isolated homesteads surrounded by the inevitable pepper trees; hungry looking donkeys; an occasional African huddled in a blanket; a few sheep grazing off the most unappetising dry scrub and, away in the distance, the odd dust cloud usually associated with ox-drawn wagons. What kind of country was this I wondered? But, with three meals a day for 7/6 (this was the price in those days when one bought meal tickets for the day from the Chief Steward in the morning), beer at 9*d* and a half bottle of South African red wine – Heritage I think it was called, for 1/-, there were compensations.

Came Mafeking, and looking out at the motley collection of corrugated iron buildings and dusty, untidy streets, one wondered where all the glamour of this name came about, and, why was it ever relieved?!

We arrived at Plumtree, the Rhodesian border village in the small hours on a Saturday morning, and on our way to the dining saloon, passed an imposing figure in uniform. Khaki drill breeches, polished leggings, spurs, and wearing on the right sleeve, the Royal Coat of Arms. The shoulder titles – B.A.S.P. Ah, we thought, this could be none other than the R.S.M. Later we discovered, this to be Inspector Tom Goddard, then in charge of the Bulalima-Mangwe sub-district, of whom I was to see a great deal more in the not too distant future.

Bulawayo came into view shortly after breakfast, and the station seemed to be one, tremendously long platform, as indeed it was in those days. We soon discovered that we would have to spend the whole day in town, as the mail train for Salisbury would not be leaving until eleven that evening. Bulawayo in those days looked rather like a bigger addition of Mafeking – the same corrugated iron buildings, the same dusty roads and the same stunted pepper trees. With the exception of the Grand and Palace Hotels, all buildings were single-storied ones. Africans were only allowed to walk in the roadway – apparently there was a bye-law which prohibited them from walking on the side-walks.

According to Corporal Cook, the "in thing" on a Saturday morning in Bulawayo, was to amble round the Market Square where almost everything one could think of was auctioned. In due course we arrived there – the auctioneer was quite a figure resplendent in immaculate white breeches, gleaming leggings, wearing a double terai hat, was tall slim and with a seeming wealth of anecdote. "Listen to Tottie" I heard

someone in the crowd say, and there was Tottie Hay the auctioneer in full splendour. One of Bulawayo's famous characters who had forsaken pub-keeping at the old Maxim Hotel on Market Square, and who was now in full cry auctioneering a bunch of rather scruffy looking horses. Apparently someone in the crowd had suggested the animal being sold had bog spavin. Off went Tottie, "Some of you buggers don't know the difference between bog spavin and bog seat". "Who'll offer me a fiver?"

I began to think there really is something about Rhodesia. To the best of my recollection, no one on the Market Square was wearing anything resembling a suit – most were in khaki slacks and shirt with a bag of "Boer" tobacco hanging from the belt. This seemed to be the accepted dress – everything free and easy. Someone else nearby said "Look, there's Tom Meikle – he's always around looking for a bargain". "Who is Tom Meikle" we asked. "You'll soon know" was the reply. "He and the white ants own just about everything in the country".

From the Market Square, we drifted to the Charter Bar, which stood at the corner of Eighth Avenue and Main Street. The Charter was presided over by a Mrs Williams, who's husband we were soon to find out, had been in the B.S.A.P. When she heard we were recruits on our way to Salisbury she said "You poor so and so's – you should have been here in Jimmy Blatherwick's days – he turned out real men I tell you". We gathered that Jimmy Blatherwick had been RSM in Depot, but now replaced, Mrs Williams informed us, by one Jock Douglas, also something of a legend in his time. In the afternoon, Cpl. Cook suggested we might like to have a look see at the Bulawayo Police Camp. It was not impressive. The troops lived in a rather drab, wood and iron barrack room, seemingly very crowded. There we met Trooper Bill Hakeman, lately a subaltern in the 10th Hussars, who seemed to be on first rate terms with "Snitch" Hutchings the farrier, lately of the 4th Hussars. The latter was a real character, and I shall have much to tell about him later.

Because the mail train to Salisbury did not leave Bulawayo until 11 p. m., we made our way in rickshaws to the Great Northern Hotel, situated conveniently close to the station, before finally boarding the train well before its departure.

We arrived at Gwelo at breakfast the next morning, where the station platform was crowded. It seemed as if the entire population of the town was there, and we wondered what it was all about, but soon learned that it was the thing to do. The arrival of the mail train on Sunday mornings was one of the events of the week. In the absence of anything resembling roads between the main centres, everyone travelled by train, and people took advantage of the opportunity of meeting friends and relations to hear what was going on in other parts of the country. Very much a social occasion. From then on, all the way to Salisbury, every station or siding where the train stopped, there were little gatherings of people exchanging gossip with those travelling.

SALISBURY

By the time we reached Salisbury, it had already started to get dark – the dimly lit station, a rambling wood and iron building, looked pretty unprepossessing for a Capital City. We were met by a mule wagon, which was to take us to Depot. We climbed aboard with our possessions, and started up a red, dusty track lined with dimly lit corrugated iron stores, when suddenly, we came upon a "modern", well lit, two storied

building. "That's Meikle's Hotel" Mark Cook told us, "it's the only place you'll get a hot bath in Salisbury".

It was a cold July evening, and quite dark by the time we arrived in Depot. We were ushered into a wood and iron barrack room, dimly lit by two, low powered naked electric light bulbs. The only furniture comprised twelve iron beds of Victorian barrack room pattern, each with three coir biscuit mattresses supplied for our creature comforts. A long, lean individual in mufti, whom we afterwards learned was Sgt. Hughes-Halls, suggested that we get over to "skoff", otherwise there might be nothing left. "The skoff kia is over there" he said, vaguely pointing away to the East, so off we went and had our first introduction to messing facilities as they existed at that time. A long, low, wood and iron building with a brick floor was crowded with youngsters, more or less our own age. Shouts of "futi" (which we were later to learn meant more) and "who the hell's got the salt" were the sounds we heard on entering. Being a Sunday, there was a variety of dress – uniform, tennis kit, football jerseys and khaki slacks, but one thing seemed clear, there was no shortage of "skoff", and "futi" seemed to be the order of the day. We did notice that one table in the corner appeared to be getting a lot more attention from the African waiters. "Ah yes" we were told, "that's the Corporals' table – they do themselves well." It certainly looked like it.

Our meal over, we went back to the barrack room to find a pile of blankets in the middle of the floor. A Corporal came along and told us to help ourselves to three each. Our bedding for the night. "Pillows" we asked. "Not on your bloody life" said the Corporal. "If you want a pillow, you'll have to get one at the Canteen". We wandered off in the dark to find the Canteen, which in those days consisted of a large bar on one side, and a small dry canteen known as "the rat pit" at the back. The bar was crowded and a piano on a platform in the corner was being thumped to some purpose churning out the popular songs of the day – "How you gonna keep em down on the farm after they've seen Paree" and "Where do all the flies go in the Winter time?" Shouts of "Chad, buck up with my beers", "Three dop and gingers Chad". Chad the barman we discovered later, had been the Battery Sgt. Major in the Police and what a battery! Guns brought to the country before the Boer War, 8-pounders, muzzle loaders – far more dangerous to those behind than those in front! The "rat pit" round at the back got its name from the surreptitious drinking that went on there after hours, which put most of its patrons well into the red by the end of the month. Anyway, into the rat pit we went in search of pillows.

It was presided over by Bill Over, who had a contract for running the canteens and messing in Depot. "Yes, of course, we could have pillows" said Bill, "but you can only pay in Canteen coupons." "Sign the book and I'll give you each a £1 book of tickets". Thus was our introduction to the incredible system of credit which existed in Rhodesia at that time, of which I'll have more to say later. A quick nightcap in the bar before making our way back to the barrack room just as the last post was sounding, which brought to an end our arrival in Depot.

Cavalry reveille the next morning woke us on a clear frosty morning. Shortly afterwards we heard a stentorian voice, with a distinctly Scottish accent, call out "File on Parade". This then, was none other than the voice of the RSM. Jock Douglas, a character if ever there was one, of whom more anon. It was over to the ablution block

to get ready for our first day as policemen. The temperature was well under 40°F – there were baths, cold forbidding cement tubs and the temperature of the water not much above freezing. Now we could appreciate Mark Cook's remarks about hot baths at Meikles.

Over to breakfast and, as the latest recruits, we were allocated the last table at the bottom end of the skoff kia. We were making progress however, having learnt that skoff meant food of any kind and kia a room or a house. Almost immediately, Heriot-Hill's prowess as a trenchman became apparent. He had four helpings of porridge and whatever else followed – eventually to become known as the human boa constrictor, but strangely enough, never seemed to put on any weight. "Futi" (more) was the first and most important local word he learned and he certainly made the most of it.

Breakfast over, we had time to look around us. The Depot buildings surrounded a grass square, to the North, the Officers' Mess, the Guard Room and Depot offices. Beyond the offices were a collection of rather ramshackle buildings which included the Sergeants' Mess, Canteen, tailors, saddlers and the armourers' shops.

African Police buglers sounded "Stables" almost immediately followed by the order once again, "File on Parade".

There for the first time, we saw Jock Douglas, the RSM, ruddy of countenance, of medium height, leggings and Sam Browne belt polished like glass, Boer War ribbons, together with Mutt & Jeff of our war, he was an imposing figure. "Now"' he said, "I want each and all to pay attention", and proceeded on a homily on the shortcomings of recruits in general.

There appeared to be between 70 and 80 recruits on parade, all in khaki shirts, slacks and felt stable hats, the hats being shaped rather after the fashion of those worn by Boy Scouts. The homily over, the parade was marched off to stables whilst we were instructed to report to the Deport office, where we were shortly joined by the RSM himself who then proceeded to give us the usual pep talk, given I presume, to all new recruits – we had responsibilities as policemen; we were not to spend all our money in the Canteen; not to get into debt (credit, he told us, was all too easy in Rhodesia and a policeman in debt was a liability); give the bars in town a wide berth and finally, he advised us against what he called "fishing in dirty water", which we took to mean "leave African women alone". Jock had a fatherly way of putting this over and impressed upon us that if we were ever in trouble, we should get in touch with him.

All of us having served in one or other of the services during the war, thought that this was quite a new brand of RSM; – in the event, Jock was a firm disciplinarian, but always tempered with understanding. "Jock" gave us our Regimental numbers and I found myself No 2324, Trooper Seward, then off to the Ordinance Store to collect kit, saddlery and equipment. Under this not inconsiderable burden, we staggered back to the barrack room to start sorting it all out. We, that is to say, Herriot-Hill, Grimmett and myself, had been placed in the same squad with those who had arrived in Depot a week before and the squad now consisted of Munn-Mace, lately a subaltern in the Scots Greys; Tufty Arnott M. C. of the Machine Gun Corps; Blake, an ex London Territorial Officer; Meridith, an Old Harrovian (too young to have served in the war); Turner-Dauncy, ex King Edwards Horse; and Fish and Barthorp, ex R.N.

The emphasis in those days seemed to concentrate on military training, much of it in our opinion rather antiquated. A routine of early morning rides, stables twice a day, foot drill, arms drill, lectures on animal and basic veterinary management, mounted rifleman training, musketry instruction – which included Vickers Lewis guns, Stokes Mortars – were the order of the day. However, one hour a day was devoted to what was called "Law and Police Instruction'. This under Sgt. King, consisted of each recruit reading out a passage in what was called the "Police Code Book'. This book contained a kind of precis of the Statute Law and definition of common law crimes. Little or no attempt was made to give any actual instruction in police duties as such and it was left to the individual to study the Code Book in his spare time – this being a rare commodity as most of one's "spare time" seemed to be spent on cleaning equipment and saddlery, although lets be honest, some did find not inconsiderable spare time to frequent the Canteen.

Depot Staff in 1920 consisted of: Major G. Stops, Commandant; Lieuts Culver and Parr; the RSM, Jock Douglas; Sgt. Major Hampton, Chief Equitation Instructor (late of the Dragoon Guards); Sgt. Simpson, DCM; Sgt. Page, the Provost Sgt.; Sub Insp. Walker and Cpl. Graham, Musketry Instructors; Sgt. Major Ashwin, the Farrier; Sgt. Major Shettle, i/c Pioneers; Sgts Hughes-Halls and Saville; and one or two Corporals who were in charge of the various recruit squads.

Morning rides were the event of the day – there was no enclosed riding school and recruits were taken out into what are now the sports grounds – at that time just bundu, where we trotted or cantered in circles. Our mounts in a number of cases were only recently broken remounts – not well broken at that and many were the involuntary dismountings and runaway horses!

Later we were initiated into the mysteries of what were called "Basi Bazooks" – charging towards Gun Kopje and, at a given signal, hastily dismounting and going through the motions of firing at distant targets – a manoeuvre developed during the Boer War.

To those of us who had had war service, it seemed a complete anachronism as it undoubtedly was, but training was based on the Manual of Mounted Riflemen – training which first saw the light of day during the South African War. It was amusing, but as we saw it, of little practical value.

After a couple of weeks in Depot, a few of us decided to "explore" Salisbury, to see what the town had to offer by way of entertainment. There was a fairly well beaten track running S.W. towards the town over more or less open veldt. Except for a few isolated houses, there was nothing between Depot and the present day intersection of Samora Machel Ave. and Fourth St. Manica Road was the main shopping centre – First Street was mainly vacant stands save for the Palace Theatre, presided over by Joe Wheeler. The Salisbury Beer Hall and Skittle Alley, the Commercial Hotel (later to become the Grand Hotel), Lennons and Henwoods chemist shops, completed the picture. In spite of the efforts of the municipal water carts, the place looked pretty dusty and we decided that the first thing we would do was to go for a hot bath at Meikles Hotel. I've forgotten what it cost – about two shillings I think, but the joy of being able to wallow in hot water was quite something and worth every penny of it. There were a few taxis in those days, all driven by Europeans and damned expensive. Rickshaws

were the alternative and most people patronised them in spite of the "odour d'Afrique" associated with those pulling them.

Our "recce" by rickshaws disclosed that, apart from the various bars, Salisbury had not much to offer by way of diversion or amusement. Many of these bars have disappeared over the years – the Empire, diagonally opposite Meikles Hotel where Kingstons now stands, was well patronised by the troops as was the old Posada Bar in Manica road, where Jeff Clinton was ever ready to entertain. The Langham, Masonic, Castle and Market Bars, were for the more adventurous. Each had its bevy of barmaids, whose repartee was of pretty high – or low – order, depending on the circumstances! There were no tot measures – if one ordered a whiskey, brandy or gin, the bottle was handed over and one helped oneself.

Moreover, if you were in good standing no cash was passed – one merely signed a card to be settled at the end of the month. Save by a few, this was rarely abused and in fact as the evening progressed, smaller and smaller tots became the order of the day. The Palace Theatre was dowdy, the red plush seats had certainly seen better days and the old silent films pretty ghastly. Except for Wednesday and Saturday nights, Fred Hooper provided the music, thumping away on what appeared to be a fairly ancient piano. But Wednesday and Saturday nights were gala nights, when Fred's efforts were augmented by Sgt. Major Shettle of the Police Pioneers on the double bass, a couple of fiddlers and a drummer. – Those were the days – or rather nights. What intrigued us as newcomers on the scene, were the large numbers of men in dinner jackets and women in long evening frocks on those nights – dressing up to go to the pictures was something quite new in our experience.

With so little in the way of entertainment in town, we created our own amusements in Depot and these mostly centred around the canteen where the usual sing-song went on night after night. On morning rides, we would occasionally be visited by the Commissioner, Major General A.H.M. Edwards, an ex Dragoon Guards Officer, resplendent in red and gold tabs and usually followed by his groom, Trooper Montague.

The arrival of a batch of remounts from Kimberley caused some excitement as they were only halter broken and pretty wild. Volunteers were called for to break in these shaggy looking brutes at an extra shilling a day. I volunteered but was not selected, but I did have one experience which I thought at the time was worth considerably more than a shilling a day. In those days, there were no electric lights in the stables and the night stable picquet had to feed the horses at 9 p. m. by the light of candle lamp. This presented no great difficulty as far as the troop horses were concerned, who were housed in stalls – apart from the usual kicking that went on when the food was being thrown into the mangers, but feeding the remounts which were in the open part of the stable, was quiet another kettle of fish. As soon as the wheelbarrow containing the feeds was brought into the stable, they started snorting and kicking and generally playing up. On this particular night, I went in with the candle lamp, pushed my way towards the manger, when the lamp was promptly kicked out of my hand and I landed in the straw. Apart from the danger of fire, I was now in complete darkness among a kicking, snorting collection of rather frightened horses who were obviously pulling back on their reins. There was only one thing for it. I climbed up on the manger and steadying myself by pushing my hands against the corrugated iron roof, I crept along

the manger until I could reach the nearest troop horse stall. Fortunately this particular animal was a docile one and I was able to get away with what could have been a pretty nasty experience. I found myself in complete agreement with a wit who had once observed of the horse, that it is "dangerous at both ends and uncomfortable in the middle".

This was not the opinion of one, S. M. Ashwin, the Farrier Sgt. Major who took us for lectures on Animal and Veterinary Management. He was constantly reminding us that the horse was a noble creature – our only means of getting around the country and should be given constant care and attention. Henry Ashwin treated his "h"s in a cavalier fashion and one day, when lecturing us on the ills we might encounter in the animal entrusted to us, said, "Now when this 'appens, you puts a little hoil of h'acifacitate on the wound". When one of the squad piped up "How do you spell hacifacitate Sgt. major?" Henry replied "H a c – aint you never been to school?" Needless to say, the squad collapsed. But Henry was a dear old man, kindly, extremely knowledgeable and beloved by all. Only a couple of months ago I received a copy of a photograph taken in Depot in 1920 of Henry sitting among a group of recruits – appropriately enough, I was at his feet.

Training went on, the only diversions, if they can be called that, being funerals. For some reason which we never fathomed, any ex-serviceman who died in Salisbury at this time, was considered worthy of a military funeral and we spent a lot of time marching down to the hospital or cemetery for this purpose. The only other departure from normal routine was a parade on what was called "Occupation Day", the first we had heard of the public holiday. Fifty of us in the so-called full dress – khaki drill tunics, breeches, leggings, spurs, bandoliers and helmets, marched from Depot to what is now called Cecil Square. In 1920, this was seemingly a piece of waste land with not a tree on it as far as I can remember. There, together with a small group of Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, we were inspected by the Administrator, Sir Drummond Chaplin, a handsome figure of sartorial excellence, in striped trousers, morning coat and grey pith helmet, the latter being much favoured by all the local V.I.Ps. The B.S.A. Company's flag, the Union Jack on which was superimposed the Company's crest of the Lion and Elephant Tusk ((known to us irreverently as the Lion and Toothpick), was hoisted on a temporary flagstaff in the middle of the Square while we stood at the "Present Arms" position. A group of what appeared to us to be old hands, in a queer variety of clothing, stood by – these we were told were some of the Pioneers. They certainly looked the part, which reminds me of a story I heard at a much later date of the late W. T. Smith, a well known magistrate. The story goes that an elderly gentleman once stormed into his office, labouring under some real or imagined grievance, shouting, "I'll have you know, Sir, I'm a pioneer of this country" to which W. T., with his caustic sense of humour, replied, "In that case, you have my sincere sympathy."

Came November (1920) and our "passing out" parade, when we paraded mounted, and under the eagle eye of Major Stops, were meticulously inspected – and, miraculously survived. It was customary then for each squad to arrange a "passing out" dinner at one of the local hotels, to which the various instructors were invited as guests. Our dinner was at the old Queens Hotel at the top of Manica Road and, on the night in question, we duly repaired there. Well fortified in the bar before dinner, the evening

developed into the usual hilarious occasion, when the opportunity was taken to indulge in insincere flattery of the instruction staff. In strange contrast to the qualities normally attributed to them on more formal occasions, suggestions were made that in some cases, it could have been possible that their fathers might not have married their mothers!

Someone proposed that we should have a rickshaw race down Manica Road to the Langham Hotel, the last arrivals there to pay for the drinks. After several false starts, mostly due to arguments over the respective merits, including the "horse power" capacities of the rickshaw boys – as everyone was out to get the strongest pullers, we were flagged away. The losers eventually turned out to be those, who finding themselves getting left behind, swopped over and putting the African in the rickshaw, took over the role of pulling and pushing themselves! And, so home, via the Posada and Empire bars, with "bonsellas" for the rickshaw boys after their long pull back to Depot. Most of us were asleep long before we got there. The next morning is best forgotten!

Given the opportunity of electing as to which district we would like to be posted, most of us opted for Gwanda (which seemed to be as far away from Salisbury as possible), or failing that, Bulawayo. In the event, Grimmet, Fish, Blake and myself, found ourselves destined for Gwanda. Before leaving Depot, most of us had stocked ourselves up from the Canteen – dry, not wet this time, with the result that when our cheques arrived at the end of the month, there was only a matter of a few shillings left. One, I've forgotten who, received a cheque for twopence, which he promptly had framed, only to be pursued for months afterwards by constant reminder, that it hadn't been presented for payment. On the way to Gwanda, we had to spend a couple of nights in Bulawayo Camp – sleeping on the floor; there were no spare beds in the antiquated old wood and iron barrack room.

On the 11th of November (Armistice Day), we climbed aboard the Gwanda Express, a mixed goods and passenger train which left Bulawayo at 8 a. m. and was scheduled to reach Gwanda, 90 miles away at 4 p. m. – an average speed of a little over 10 miles an hour – things were certainly moving!

Soon after the train started we were joined in our compartment by a rather diminutive figure, who introduced himself as Max Maisel – he had quite a lot to say for himself about his war service with the Rhodesian platoon in the 60th rifles in France. He then went into some detail about some of the various characters in the Gwanda district, where he himself was running a store near the Antenior mine. It was not long before he went off to his compartment and came back with a bottle of "dop", a water bag and a couple of mugs, suggesting that we should celebrate Armistice day in the proper way. The day was hot with a thunder storm in the offing, and we were soon down to the last dregs. Max became quite garrulous, full of reminiscences of his days in France. At one of the stops, he insisted on going along to the engine driver and instructed him that the train must stop at 11 o'clock, which the driver duly did. Max and ourselves disembarked and stood rigidly to attention on the side of the track somewhere near Balla Balla.

At about midday, the train stopped at Balla Balla where all the passengers alighted for lunch at Sanderson's Hotel; I don't remember much about the lunch, but the beer was cold, even before the days of refrigerators, being kept in wet sacks hanging at the back of the bar. In due course, the train conductor looked at his watch and shouted to

the driver, "Tom, it's time we were off", so we trooped back to the compartment and resumed our leisurely way towards Gwanda, arriving there, curiously enough, on time at 4 p. m. "Tufty" Arnott, who had passed out of Depot a week or two before us, was on the platform to meet us and give us some information on Gwanda and what we might expect.

GWANDA

Gwanda in 1920 certainly had all the appearance of a pioneer village; facing the station were a row of corrugated iron stores and a wood and iron hotel – dust everywhere. A collection of "buggies" of various types and a few saddled horses tied up to a hitching rail outside the pub.

A mule cart with a coloured driver, rejoicing in the name of Christian, collected our kit and saddlery – we followed on foot up the hill and at the crest, looked down on the Umshabezi Valley and the Police Camp. What did the Police Camp look like? Well, there was a wood and iron office on stilts at the entrance on the left, further to the left a stone barrack room enclosed on two sides with a dirt verandah and below that, another wood and iron building – the skoff kia, obviously sadly in need of a coat of paint. On the far side of the square, a long, low corrugated iron stable and, facing the barrack room, another rather tumble-down building which we were told, wonder of wonders, the billiard room. In the centre of the square were the cells. The square itself, hard schist and rock – not a blade of grass in sight.

The barrack room itself, with its immensely thick stone walls, was, we were told, built at the time of the Boer War. – Looking at it, it appeared more like a relic of the Crimea War! Already occupied by about a dozen men, we nevertheless crowded in and found ourselves beds. As yet we had no servants, but the troops already there each had a servant. These piled in and made our beds and fixed up the mosquito nets under which everyone had to sleep at this time. "Tufty" told us there was to be a dance in the Court Room that evening to celebrate Armistice Day. "What about going?" he asked, but added "There are only two unmarried girls in the place and you new blokes will have little chance of getting even a single dance." On this encouraging note, we decided to call it a day – candles, the only form of lighting provided were lit and the "old" hands gathered round to give us some insight as to what we might expect of Gwanda District. The stories lost nothing in the telling.

We were joined by a short stocky figure in shorts and singlet, who introduced himself as Corporal Giddings, the District Clerk and who was running the mess. He suggested that, if we wanted anything to eat, we should get cracking. We did. The skoff kia was generously provided with tables, soldiers, 4ft, and forms of the same pattern; candles stuck in bottles provided the illumination. The food, stews or roasts with potatoes and rice only – green vegetables were at a premium. Long after midnight we were woken up by the revellers returning from the Gwanda Armistice Ball! From the racket which went on, it was pretty obvious that, while there might have been a shortage of partners, there had certainly been no shortage of liquid "refreshments".

The following morning, roused by the clanging of a gong indicating reveille, we reported to the office whilst the rest of the troops were marched off to stable parade. Having had all our particulars entered into that mine of information, the General Record

Book, we adjourned to clean ourselves up – no bathroom in those days, only an old iron shed with a few galvanised basins on a bench and a water cart that stood outside, That was it. Water was brought up from the Umtshabezi river; it looked, and was, pretty foul. A bath? – yes if you were lucky enough to find any water left in the cart and were content to sit in two or three inches of water in the dilapidated, galvanised flat bath which stood in the corner. We found out later that most of the troops went down to the river in the evening and cleaned themselves up in the railway dam, a tiny affair shared with cattle, donkeys and umfazies washing clothes. Bilharzia? – no one had ever heard of it.

There was quite an impressive detachment in Gwanda at this time, headed by Major G. Thornton, a Boer War Veteran, as District Superintendent of Police (always referred to as DSP); Lieut. J. S. Bridger, Asst. Supt.; Sgt. Major Cima, a kind of Troop H.Q. general dogs-body; Cpl. Giddings, an ex-regular of the Black Watch as District Clerk; and Farrier Tpr Jacobs, Sgt. Carey and Cpl. Nyman, together with six Troopers constituted Gwanda Police Section.

The remainder of the troops formed a kind of District Reserve – these varied in numbers according to the exigencies of the moment. In due course we were allocated mounts and I was fortunate in getting a dun with black points – Troop Horse No 1242, Khaki, who was destined to carry me many hundreds of miles before I parted with him some six years later. I had always had a predilection for duns as being hardy and good-doers; Khaki certainly justified my faith in him and a couple of years later during a bad horse-sickness season, he was the sole survivor of four horses at Figtree Camp where I was stationed at the time.

In the early twenties, horse sickness was rife. Animals were inoculated against this disease before leaving Depot, but had to be temperatured every morning and evening and laid off work against any appreciable rise in temperature. Temperature charts were kept for every animal and these were sent to District H.Q. at the end of every month, together with a report on the animal showing the mileage covered each month. In spite of all the precautions taken, there were some years when mortality was extremely high.

There was not a great deal of crime in the Gwanda area; periodically a couple of troopers would leave on patrol, accompanied by African Police and pack animals. These would last two or three weeks, depending on the area and, on return to camp, the result of the patrol would be written up in what was known as the Patrol Area Book. To help newcomers on patrol, maps were provided showing details of paths and information regarding the few European homesteads. Experience was to show that such maps were often misleading and inaccurate, much depending on the ability of the individual compiling them.

Some of the pack animals, either donkeys or mules, were pretty long in the tooth and the story was told of one Trooper who was sent on patrol with an aged pack mule who, on return to camp, recorded something like this in the Patrol Area Book:

"5 p. m. Arrived at Mr X's homestead. Decided to await the arrival of my pack animal.

6 p. m. Still waiting.

7 p. m. Still waiting.

8 p. m. Still waiting.
9 p. m. Still waiting.
10 p. m. Still waiting.
11 p. m. Still waiting.
12 midnight. Still waiting. It may be for years or it may be forever."

The D.S.P. perusing through the reports, took a pretty dim view of this entry and recorded: "Trooper . . . is not to give vent to his warped sense of humour in the Patrol Area Book." The story has it that the Trooper's wit was in fact rewarded, as the ancient animal was boarded shortly thereafter.

Gwanda was a mining area and contained a large number of small mines working small stamping mills ranging from one stamp up to five stamps. Some that I remember were: Abercorn, Antenoir, Champion, Tuli, Sabiwa and Big Ben. Farming was confined to cattle ranching and few, if any, crops were grown on any scale. In any case, mealies were five bob a bag and there couldn't be much profit in that. I was struck by the optimism of the miners – always hoping there was a possibility that they'd strike it rich. Farmers on the other hand were generally pessimistic – cattle prices were poor to say nothing of droughts and disease.

After a few short patrols I was detailed to work in the Gwanda Section office and there, under the guidance of Sgt. Carey and Cpl. Nyman, I started to learn something of police work, taking statements from African complainants with the assistance of one Asangana, the interpreter. Asangana, who was from Nyasaland, had received his education at a Scottish Mission in Blantyre and his English was tinged with a strong Scots accent which I found most amusing – especially some of his Scottish colloquialisms. One day, while sorting out the mail, I found a letter addressed to Alexander Gibson-Hall, Esq. Not knowing anyone of this name in camp, I enquired of Asangana. "Oh" was his reply, "That's for me, Sah". It turned out that this was the name of the headmaster of the mission where he was educated and he had adopted it as his own.

Temperatures in the Charge Office during the months of October through to February were usually around 100°F; in order, as he thought, to cool things down a bit, Sgt. Carey conceived the idea of hanging sacks on the windows doused in water and, at the same time, have the wooden floor treated in the same manner. It turned the office into a veritable Turkish bath and only needed a little "odour d'Afrique" and copious Boer tobacco smoke to provide the ideal environment for tempers to occasionally flare up. At the end of the day there were two alternatives – one could either go down to the river or dam for a bath, or to the pub. On really hot days, the pub won every time, although there were those who managed both. The Gwanda Hotel was owned by Messrs Levine and Cohen, while the bar was presided over by one "Doughy" Sutton, so called because he was also the local baker.

One evening, there came into the bar one of the local farmers, a veteran of the '96 Rebellion. As frequently happened, the talk got round to experiences during the last war. Up got the farmer and said "What do you so-and-so's know about war?" "You should have been here in '96 – then you would have known what war was all about." This was a little too much for Jock Nicol, one of our party from Camp who had served four years in France. Turning to the '96 Rebellion "hero", he replied "Yes, you must

have had a terrible time. There were all these Africans with their spears and knobkerries and all you had were machine guns and rifles." – Point of view is everything.

Occasionally "Yank" Allen, the well known hunter who originally hailed from America and who was employed by Liebigs to shoot lions on their Mazungu ranch, would turn up at the pub and regale us with stories of the big "cats" as he called them. A dry, usually taciturn character who had a dry sense of humour, would sometimes keep us amused with his tales of adventures round the world.

At the beginning of December 1920, it was decided to hold a Christmas season dance in Camp and invitations were sent to all and sundry throughout the district. The only place where it would be possible to dance was the barrack room and two days before the dance was to take place, we had to move all our beds and kit out and sleep wherever we could – some on the open verandah, some in the old billiard room, some even in the old wagon shed. As usually happens on these occasions, it rained; beds got wet and tempers frayed, but it all worked out well in the end. The barrack room was festooned with paper chains, the floor dry scrubbed and liberally sprinkled with mealie meal, a bar set up in one corner of the verandah and all was set for the celebrations.

There were no motor cars in the district – for that matter there were no roads on which they could have been used. People trekked into camp in all kinds of utility carts, Cape carts, buggies, buckboards and one family, I remember them telling me, had been three days on the road in an ox wagon.

The dance itself was a tremendous success; Mrs Bridger, wife of the Ag. DSP played the piano and, having imprudently mentioned that I had some rudimentary knowledge of the violin, was loaned an ancient instrument and managed to keep up with Mrs Bridger for most of the evening. The "pièce-de-résistance" however, was provided by an old Afrikaans farmer who produced a concertina and played music which, I was told, was called "tickey drei". It certainly went with a swing, but recovering from this frolic was anything but a "dry" business.

About this time, a notice appeared in Regimental Orders inviting applications to sit for promotion exams for Trooper to Corporal and for Corporal to Sergeant, to be held in Depot in January 1921. Having less than six months service, I thought there would be little object in submitting such an application but, on the off-chance, I decided to apply for permission to sit. To my surprise, the application was approved and my good fortune held for, at the end of a week's grilling in Depot, I found myself the proud possessor of two gold stripes, the youngest Corporal in the Corps.

Returning to Gwanda, I found myself under orders for transfer to Bulawayo District by road. Perhaps the term "by road" was something of a misnomer, because at that time, there was no actual road from Gwanda to Bulawayo, besides a track running through the Matopo Hills. District transfers in those days also involved taking the mounts allocated to you as well.

Riding Khaki and accompanied by my African servant and an African constable leading a pack donkey, I set out for Bulawayo under a lowering sky – it was hot and humid even before we left. The Umtshabezi River was in flood and, arriving at the drift, the pack donkey was off-loaded. My servant, together with the pack bags and my small fox terrier, climbed into the "skip" (a small metal box-like affair slung on cables across the river, which, before the days of low-level bridges, provided the only

means of crossing rivers in flood), and were hauled across. Khaki didn't take kindly to the idea of plunging into the fast running water, but after a certain amount of persuasion, we managed to get over with the water well over my stirrups. Then the damned donkey wouldn't face the water, so eventually I had to return and lead it over – it was quite happy following Khaki. By this time, the African constable had crossed in the skip and we were on our way.

By midday, we reached the old Sabiwa Mine, where I decided to outspan for a couple of hours. To the North, I could see heavy clouds, accompanied by thunder, gathering over the Matopo Hills. With the promise of a storm, I decided to push on in the hope of getting somewhere under cover before darkness set in. My terrier had by this time decided she'd had enough, so I took her and put her on top of my cavalry cloak which was strapped on the pommel of my saddle. She settled down quickly and looked at me as much as to say "Why the heck didn't you think of this before?" A flash of lightning, followed almost simultaneously by a crack of thunder and the storm was on us and it came down in buckets. Raincoats were not an issue in those days, instead we were provided with what was called a cloak, cavalry. A long, heavy khaki serge affair, reaching down to the ankles, with a bright scarlet lining.

It rained and rained, my cloak was getting heavier every moment, with "Pups", the terrier, wriggling and whimpering beneath it. About five in the late afternoon, I arrived at an African village and decided to wait for the others with my pack whom I hadn't seen for the last couple of hours. The Kraal Head suggested that I should spend the night there and there seemed nothing else for it. Off-saddling Khaki, I tied him to a tree and waited. Half an hour later, the Constable, my servant and pack arrived, all thoroughly soaked – including my blankets, food, animal rations, the lot. This was "sunny Africa" with a vengeance. The language difficulties now overcome with the arrival of the African constable, I was kindly offered a vacant hut into which I moved all my kit and saddlery, by which time it was dark and still raining steadily. The only light was from flickering fires in some of the other huts. Presently, a young "umfaan" arrived at the hut with a lamp of sorts – a small bottle filled with paraffin, a metal top with a hole from which protruded a bit of "limbo" forming a wick. Tickey, my servant, came along with some tea and with supper off a tin of bully-beef, life began to look a little rosier. I had a final look at Khaki to see that he'd been fed and so to bed in wet blankets on a hard floor and odd "things" that fell from the thatch during the night.

As soon as it was light, I went to see how Khaki had fared. He was not to be seen. I thought at first the African constable might have moved him to a better spot, but was soon disillusioned on that score as he emerged from another hut, having only just woken up. Light rain was still falling, but we could see Khaki's spoor leading off on the path back to Gwanda – he evidently had quite enough of this caper, so there we were, stuck in the Matopo Hills with no mount. I was just about to send the African constable off to follow the spoor and try and find the animal, when along the path came an African leading the missing horse. The story had already got around that a "Majohnny" was spending the night in this village and Khaki was back before we even started to look for him.

The weather looked anything but propitious and, after a scratch meal and "bonsellas" to the Village Head for his hospitality and the horse retriever, we were once more on

our way. Down came the rain again and by the time we reached the Matopos Mission, our little cavalcade was completely waterlogged. When I took off my coat, I found that the red dye from the lining had run and my shirt and breeches were a bright scarlet, helmet more or less reduced to pulp and leggings which could be rolled up in a ball. The American missionaries were kindness itself, loaning me dry clothes while my own were put to dry. Cleaned and refreshed after being cared for by the missionaries and a good night's rest, we set off the next morning for Fort Usher. The rain had stopped, the sun shone, the going good and we reached Fort Usher by late afternoon to be accommodated and entertained by Cpl. Lea and Tpr Young. A couple of sundowners, a hot meal and so to bed. The last thirty miles to Bulawayo the next day was completed in good time and we arrived at Depot in the afternoon, where I reported to Sgt. Major Salt.

BULAWAYO

Bulawayo Camp in January 1921 seemed to be a collection of nondescript, ramshackle, ant-ridden buildings – the only attempt at improving the surroundings being windswept, stunted pepper trees which surrounded a sparsely grassed square.

In the days before centralisation in Salisbury, Bulawayo had been the headquarters of the Matabeleland Division and there remained an Ordinance Store, Tailors, Saddlers and Armoury shops, together with an African Police Training School. And, there were certainly characters in Camp. One who remains in my memory even to this day was Farrier Corporal Hutchings, known to everyone as "Snitch". A cockney who had served many years in one of the Hussar regiments in India, who had a tremendous sense of humour and a fund of stories which earned him many a free drink in Bulawayo bars.

He lived in a pokey little room next to the stables and farriers shop which he always referred to as "me virtuous bug-walk". Only the very privileged were permitted entry to that holy of holies to inspect the walls which were plastered with photographs of groups of his old comrades, superb in shell jackets and pill box hats worn at incredible angles.

Snitch was a regular attendant at the Bulawayo racecourse and one day, a rather supercilious young trooper who had taken his girl friend to the races, ignored – or pretended not to know – Snitch. Rather nonplussed at first, Snitch soon recovered and, turning back, went up to the young trooper and said "Hi, h'aint yer going to h'introduce me to your donah. I h'aint a bleeden burglar h'am I?" I believe the girl, daughter of a well known Bulawayo resident, was secretly delighted, for the story went the rounds for many a long day.

In matters of the turf, Snitch had a boon companion in the shape of Rodney Stone, the District Clerk. Together they were always devising schemes to beat the books, which usually ended in disaster. Rodney even had a brief career as an owner and put into practice all kinds of unorthodox training methods – even I suspect, a little doping. He and Snitch finally gave up the ghost after a meeting during which the well known local owner, Dan Vincent, won all six races on the card, following which Snitch sagely observed very little purpose could be served by "making rude noises" against thunder. Incidentally, I believe Dan Vincent's record of winning all the races at one meeting has never been equalled in Rhodesia or, for that matter, in South Africa.

The Troopers' Mess was run by one Jim Hannifan, an Irish ex-regular soldier – a light weight boxer of no mean skill. He was at one time, light weight champion of the Army in India. Somewhat irascible, he had an Irish liking for pigs and kept a little nondescript sow which used to run in and out of the mess room and woe betide anyone who dared criticise this creature's habit of pushing its way under the table during meals.

As for criticising the food – the dissatisfied one might well find himself lying on his back wondering what hit him. The poor standard of messing at this time was a frequent source of complaint. It was cheap, about three shillings a day and nasty. The culinary art was conspicuous only by its entire absence. In the case of the town police in Bulawayo, this led to an unfortunate contretemps. One night, the night shift on returning to the main station for their midnight meal, found themselves faced with food which they considered, not without cause, quite inedible. This was the culmination of dissatisfaction which had been brewing up for some time and to a man, the five constables refused to continue their duty that night.

This dereliction of duty severely jolted Headquarters and within hours, a Board of Officers was convened to try the offenders under the Police Ordinance, and Col Capell, the Assistant Commissioner came down from Salisbury to act as President. Notwithstanding an able defence put up by Advocate "Bob" Hudson (later to be a Minister in Sir Charles Coghlan's first cabinet), the five were sentenced to two months imprisonment with hard labour, Col Capel remarking that the conduct of those concerned was tantamount to mutiny.

The sentences were served in Depot, Salisbury, but immediately after the trial, the five were taken to Bulawayo prison pending their removal to Salisbury. I came into all this because the following day, I was ordered to take charge of the escort to Salisbury. On arrival at the prison, I was utterly confounded to find the five men had had their hair completely shaved and dressed in prison clothing. No transport was provided and I had, perforce, to march these unfortunates through the streets to the Police Station. To them, it must have been a most humiliating experience and, I must confess, all my sympathies were with them. But, other times, other manners – it would be difficult to imagine members of the Police Force being treated in this manner today. The interesting thing about this episode is that one of the men concerned later became General Manager of the Rhodesia Railways. Had he stayed in the Police, he might well have landed up as Commissioner for he was a man of many parts.

Shortly after this, I was transferred to take charge of Figtree, which was to be my first posting as N.C.O. i/c.

Cyril Tennant Blakeway (1882–1944) Our Tenth Judge (1938–1944)

by Michael J. Kimberley

Cyril Tennant Blakeway was born at Hanover in the Cape Colony of South Africa on 19 November 1882.

PARENTS

He was the eldest son of Mr. F. C. Blakeway, who was Manager of the Standard Bank of South Africa in Salisbury from 1896 to 1916. It is of some interest to note that the first printing of bank notes in Rhodesia occurred in 1896 with the printing being done in Salisbury by the Argus Company. These were three denominations, namely, £1, £5 and £10 and the latter notes of which 1000 were put into circulation bore the signatures of F. C. Blakeway and E. B. Ziervogel.

EDUCATION

He grew up in Salisbury where he received his primary education before proceeding to St. Andrews College in Grahamstown. He attended the University of Cape Town where he graduated with a Bachelor of Arts Honours degree in 1901, before proceeding to Oriel College, Oxford, where he studied law from 1903–1906. He obtained a BA Jurisprudence in 1905 and a Bachelor of Civil Law in 1906.

Following the death of Cecil John Rhodes on 12 March 1902, the Rhodes Scholarships began in October 1903 when six South Africans and five Germans came into residence at Oxford. A seventh South African postponed one term and went up in January 1904. Blakeway was awarded the first Rhodesian Rhodes Scholarship in 1903 and was one of the first contingent of Rhodes Scholars at Oxford.

LEGAL PRACTICE

After qualifying in law in England and being called to the Bar by the Inner Temple on 19 November 1906, he returned to his home country, South Africa. He began legal practice as an Advocate in Johannesburg on 5 April 1907 and practised there until 1938.

Whilst still in private practice in Johannesburg he also served as Crown Prosecutor for Swaziland (from 1915) and Basutoland (from 1928), and in 1935 he was appointed by the Imperial Government to the new post of Attorney General for the High Commission Territories, namely Basutoland, Bechuanaland and Swaziland, and Legal Adviser to the High Commissioner. He took silk on 30 April 1935.

The first reported case in which Blakeway appeared as an Advocate was *Molyneux v Molyneux* (1907 TH 585) a matrimonial matter in which he successfully represented the Plaintiff wife who was granted a decree of restitution of conjugal rights.

JUDICIAL APPOINTMENT

He was appointed King's Counsel in May 1935 and in April 1938 he accepted appointment as a Judge of the High Court of Southern Rhodesia and served in that capacity until his death in Salisbury in July 1944.

Blakeway had hoped to be appointed to the Bench soon after he took silk on 30 April 1935 and was disappointed when Philip Millin's appointment preceded his. Mr. Justice O. D. Schreiner in a letter to his wife on 1 September 1937 said:

> I was delighted to get your wire reporting Philip's appointment. Really, Smuts behaved excellently and the Bench will benefit greatly. . . . Blakeway will be disappointed but I have no doubt that Philip's is the right appointment. It makes me feel much better myself that he has not had to wait very long.

SOME OF HIS JUDGEMENTS

The Southern Rhodesia law reports reveal that the first reported cases presided over by Blakeway J. were three reviews in April 1938 of Magistrate's decisions relating to the sentence of whipping which may not be imposed where an accused pleads guilty to a petty offence and is convicted without evidence (*Rex v Makusha & Others*), and to a charge of criminal injuria where the Judge held that it is essential to prove that the act complained of was wilful and intentional (*Rex v Marume*).

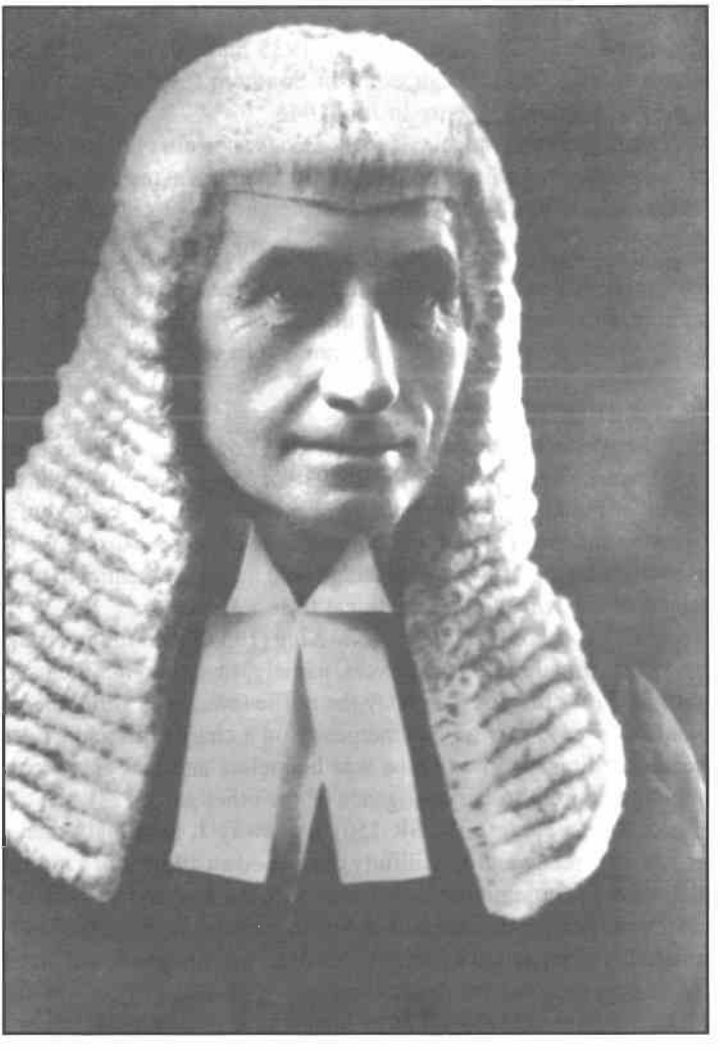
In the criminal appeal of *De Villiers v The King* (1938 SR 69) Judge Blakeway laid down an important principle for car drivers, namely, that although the user of a road has the right to expect other users to obey the traffic laws, he is still under the duty to take care, and in order to rely on an emergency on a charge of reckless or negligent driving, the accused must show that he was blameless and that any accident which occurred was due entirely to the negligence of the other party.

In *Ex Parte Rautenbach* (1938 SR 150) Blakeway J. held that when a medical practitioner has incorrectly and unskillfully diagnosed an ailment in a married woman as venereal disease and communicates his opinion to the husband who, in consequence ill-treats and deserts her, the damage suffered by the wife through the husband's conduct is too remote to found an action against the medical practitioner based on negligence. Her remedy, if any, is to sue for defamation.

In *Tomlinson v Barrett* (1939 SR 59) which related to a traffic accident Blakeway laid down an important rule that the driver who has, according to custom or law, the right of way, may in the first instance, assume that his right will be respected. He is not entitled, however, to disregard the movements of the other vehicle. It is his duty to be prepared to counteract, if he can, some act of negligence or disregard of duty on the part of the other person when it becomes apparent to him that such person is not regarding his duty. To fulfil this duty it is necessary to keep observation of the movements of other traffic.

Blakeway presided over a strange case in August 1940 not long after the commencement of the Second World War, namely, *Wantenaar v The King* (1940 SR 174) in which Wantenaar was charged with wrongfully and unlawfully uttering the following seditious words in May 1940 to John Marthinus Fourie:

> We are about 600 strong in Salisbury already. Will you join up with them? We



Mr. Justice C. T. Blakeway

have 600 strong in Salisbury and we are going to break through to the Union where there are more men. We are all Afrikaners and we will break through to the Union and fight the British. There are a number of men from Enkeldoorn who are going to break through to the Union with us. We are not going to fight for the British because of what they did in the Boer War, slaughtering the women and children. Do not stand for the British, some of your own relatives may have been slaughtered in the Boer War.

And to Charles Christopher Krause, a European there residing, in substance and to the effect following, that is to say,

Are you coming to the meeting. We are having a meeting of our own. We Afrikaners are 600 strong and we are trying to get another 400 to make up 1,000 men as quick as we can. We want to start a war on our own against the British. It is an old grouse since the Boer War. There is a man in Enkeldoorn who was a leader in the Boer War and will be the leader now.

The Sedition Act defined "seditious" as meaning "expressive of a seditious intention" and "seditious intention" was defined as an intention:

(a) to bring His Majesty or the Governor of the Colony in person into hatred or contempt; or
(b) to incite disaffection against His Majesty or the Governor in person or the Government or constitution of the Colony as by law established or the administration of justice therein; or
(c) to incite any persons to attempt to procure otherwise than by lawful means the alteration of any matter by law established in the Colony; or
(d) to incite any person to commit any crime in disturbance of the public peace; or
(e) to engender or promote feelings of hostility between the European inhabitants of the Colony on the one hand and any other section of the inhabitants of the Colony on the other hand or to engender or promote feelings of hostility to or contempt of any class of the inhabitants of the Colony on account of race or colour.

Wantenaar was found guilty by the Magistrate and sentenced to four months imprisonment with hard labour and Blakeway dismissed his appeal.

In the seven years that he was a High Court Judge in Southern Rhodesia eight appeals against his judgements are reported in the law reports of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of South Africa. In five cases his decisions were confirmed and in two his decisions were reversed.

In *Rex v Longone* (1938 AD 532) Longone supplied locust poison to Chikokonya who stated that he required it in order that he might poison his wife. Chikokonya placed the poison in the drinking water in a hut usually occupied by his wife. Later he discovered that his wife would not be occupying the hut but that Makachi and his wife Masasi would be doing so. Chikokonya had no desire to injure such persons, but he left the poisoned water in the hut and Makachi drank the water and died. Blakeway found Chikokonya guilty of murder and Longone was convicted of being an accessory before the fact to the crime of murder and also sentenced to death.

On appeal the Court held that Longone was not under the circumstances criminally responsible for the death of the deceased because Longone did not assent to or authorise Chikokonya's actions which resulted in the death of Makachi and what occurred was not a reasonable probability which should have been foreseen by Longone and, consequently, he was not criminally responsible for Makachi's death.

In *Rex v Morgan* (1940 AD 312) Morgan was convicted by the Magistrate of Salisbury of contravening a by-law of the Municipality of Salisbury by keeping certain cattle within the city boundaries without being the holder of the necessary licence. Morgan admitted that his property was within the boundaries but he maintained that the by-laws were *ultra vires*. The Magistrate's decision was unsuccessfully appealed

to the High Court with Blakeway presiding and the High Court's decision was confirmed by the Appellate Division.

In *Rex v Owen* (1942 AD 389) Owen had been charged in the Magistrates Court of Salisbury with the crime of procuring an abortion. She was found guilty and sentenced to nine months imprisonment with hard labour. An appeal by her to the High Court was allowed by Blakeway and the conviction and sentence were set aside. The Minister of Justice appealed to the Appellate Division against the decision of the High Court. The principal witness for the Crown was Miss C., the woman on whom the alleged illegal operation had been performed with her consent and she was therefore an accomplice of the accused. As such the law required Miss C.'s evidence to be corroborated. The High Court did determine that there was corroborative evidence but failed to consider the further question whether that corroborative evidence was sufficient in the circumstances of the case and therefore entitled the Court to conclude that the guilt of the accused was established beyond reasonable doubt.

The Appeal Court held that Miss C.'s evidence was corroborated in material respects and the corroboration was sufficient in the circumstances of the present case to justify the view that Miss C. was a truthful witness. The Court concluded the facts that her evidence stands uncontradicted and that it is corroborated in material respects are sufficient to leave no reasonable doubt that the accused performed the illegal operation. Accordingly the guilt of the accused was established and the appeal was allowed and the conviction and sentence restored.

In *Rex v Arsenis* (1943 AD 55) Arsenis was convicted by a Magistrate of contravening the Defence Regulations by printing and distributing a 50 page extract from a banned publication, namely the 1941 year book of Jehovah's Witness. The conviction was confirmed on appeal by the High Court and by the Appellate Division.

In Scriven Brothers v Rhodesian Hides and Produce and Others (1943 AD 393) the High Court with Blakeway presiding had stayed an action in which the Plaintiffs claimed a sum of money alleged to be due under a contract and rescission of the contract on the ground that the Defendants had repudiated the contract. The contract contained an arbitration clause for the settlement of all questions or differences whatsoever. On appeal it was contended by the Plaintiffs that the action had been wrongly stayed. The Appeal Court confirmed the stay, holding that the dispute fell within the arbitration clause which was still operative.

In Rex v Mutimba (1944 AD 23) Mutimba, a headman, pleaded guilty in a Magistrates Court to a charge of extortion and it appeared that he had represented that he had authority to fix and impose fines for the killing of certain game without a licence, when in fact he had no such authority. However, because the evidence did not establish beyond reasonable doubt that Mutimba knew he was acting improperly, Blakeway in the High Court rightly quashed Mutimba's conviction in the Magistrates Court and that decision was confirmed by the Appellate Division following an appeal by the Minister of Justice on behalf of the Crown.

In Rex v Patel and Another (1944 AD 379) involved the Profiteering Regulations 1941 of Southern Rhodesia and the conviction thereunder of a wholesaler for selling goods to retail dealers at prices other than prices calculated in terms of the Regulations. Blakeway's decision in the High Court refusing an appeal against the conviction was

reversed by the Appellate Division with the result that the convictions and sentences of Patel and his partner were set aside.

COMMISSION OF INQUIRY

On 24 January 1941 the Governor, Sir H. J. Stanley, appointed Blakeway as Chairman of a two man Commission, with Charles John MacNaughtan, to enquire into the Causes and Circumstances of the Present Dissensions within the Southern Rhodesia Central Council Branch of the British Red Cross Society. The Commission reported on 4 April 1941 making 7 Recommendations one of which included 14 Recommendations to control the finances of the Society. The other Recommendations included the termination of service of the General Secretary Mr. A. S. Robertson, who had been found *inter alia* to be dictatorial and overbearing.

DEATH

He died from a pulmonary embolism at St. Anne's hospital, Salisbury on Monday 24 July 1944 at the age of 61 following an operation on a perforated duodenal ulcer in that hospital on 14 July and was buried in the Salisbury Cemetery.

CHILDREN AND SISTERS

He was survived by his wife, by his three sisters, Miss Stella L. T. Blakeway who was for sixteen years from 1940 Headmistress of the Girls High School in Salisbury, Mrs D. McDonald of Salisbury, and Mrs S. Swire-Thompson of Salisbury, by a son who was practising as an Advocate in Johannesburg, and by two daughters one being a medical practitioner in South Africa and the other being a civil servant in Salisbury

TRIBUTES

In an editorial in The Rhodesia Herald of 25 July 1944 the Editor wrote :

> The death of Mr. Justice C. T. Blakeway . . . is not only a severe blow to his colleagues on the Bench and the legal fraternity, but means the loss of a citizen whose kindliness and culture won him the affectionate respect and esteem of all those privileged to know him. He was Rhodesia's first Rhodes Scholar, and his subsequent brilliant career and his sterling character and nobility showed how well he had earned that distinction and how worthily he upheld the good name of a family highly respected in the colony. His passing comes at a time when his notable work as a Judge can ill be spared. Rhodesia has always been fortunate in having a distinguished Bench of Justices, men of the highest standing in their profession, and Mr. Justice Blakeway kept up the tradition with marked zeal and success.

REFERENCES

The Rhodesia Herald, 25 July 1944
East Africa and Rhodesia, 27 July 1944
Law Reports -
Southern Rhodesia 1938 - 1944
Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of South Africa
1938 Transvaal High Court 1907

'Great Characters of The Lowveld' Stanley Stockil of Essanby

by Colin Saunders

Stanley Stockil was born in Ladysmith in northern Kwazulu-Natal on 9 February 1911. The reason for his arrival in this country was born of an awful family tragedy. His father, Francis ("Frank") Robert Stockil, had been a commissioned officer who saw service in the Anglo-Boer War of 1899–1902, at the conclusion of which he returned to tend the family farm near Winterton in the Ladysmith district.

One cold winter's morning, in preparing to polish the floors, the Zulu lady who served the family as a domestic worker found that the tin of wax floor polish had frozen overnight. She placed the tin on the kitchen stove in order to melt it, so that she could more easily carry out her appointed task.

Unfortunately, in continuing with other chores, she forgot about the polish on the stove. When she remembered, she dashed back into the kitchen, only to find to her horror that the wax had melted and caught alight, spilling all over the stove. She swiftly picked up an old blanket, into which she swept up the whole fiery mess, and then rushed to the external door, throwing out the burning polish. At that precise moment Stanley's eldest brother, six year old Max, came running up the steps leading to the kitchen, only to receive the full force of the deadly blazing load. It was a nightmare. Screaming in agony, he suffered full thickness burns of the whole of the front of his body. He suffered terribly, and died in agony three days later.

Frank Stockil and his wife were devastated. They never really recovered from the tragedy. Seeking solace, they turned more actively to religion, but experienced little comfort from the local Anglican Church padre, of whose flock they were members. Instead, Frank found great inspiration from the support and advice of a local preacher in the Seventh Day Adventist Church, whom he had befriended. He soon became a very committed member of the local SDA congregation.

His deep commitment inspired him to become a missionary, as a result of which he accepted the challenge of extending the church's mission work further north in Africa. His natural spirit of adventure, fortified by his faith, led him to spearhead a church initiative to bring the Word of God to rural people of the Congo. In consequence, he equipped and led an expedition which trekked north by ox-wagon.. After several weeks on the road, they reached the Zambezi, and managed to ford the mighty river with their wagon train, in itself, at that time, a major accomplishment.

The intrepid missionaries reached their destination many months after setting out on their epic journey, and in the remote area of Rusango they founded a mission, which apparently still continues its good work to this day.

Mission accomplished, some members of the pioneering party returned to South Africa, where Frank found that his closest relatives had decided that he should forfeit his right to inheritance of the family farm.

Undeterred, he accepted an invitation to move to Matabeleland in the full-time service of the church, there to administer the affairs of the Seventh Day Adventist

Mission in the province. Frank Stockil and his family arrived in Bulawayo in 1915, Stanley then being a lad four years old. After a spell of duty in the city, Frank moved to Solusi Mission in the Figtree district, where he spent many years as a dedicated servant of his faith. Young Stanley revelled in the open air life available to a small boy in that era in a country community, and he developed a lifelong love for the wild creatures and wide open spaces of rural Africa. Almost all of his playmates were Ndebele youngsters, and in consequence he became a fluent Sindebele linguist, often using that language in preference to his mother tongue of English.

As he grew into a young man, he developed a desire to be involved in farming. When he left school, he started a small wagon transport business, assisting farmers in carting supplies to their farms, and their products to market. He also assisted a number of farmers in their agricultural activities from time to time. He operated in several districts of Matabeleland, including the Fort Rixon area (a significant interlude in his life, as will emerge later in this narrative).

He was anxious to own his own farm, and after several years of increasing his experience and refining his skills in his chosen way of life, early in 1938 he was successful in his application to take up land on the government's new Mushandike irrigation scheme south of the then Fort Victoria – now Masvingo.

He entered into a partnership with a friend called Bill Baxter, and was the first farmer to receive benefit from the new dam, leading its promising waters onto the irrigated farm which he carved out of the dry bush in this arid area. He named the farm "Stanhope", for obvious reasons.

In October 1936 he married Hettie Hodgson from Marondera, in whom he found a life's partner to share his dreams. Eventually they were to raise a family of five children.

Stanley Stockil

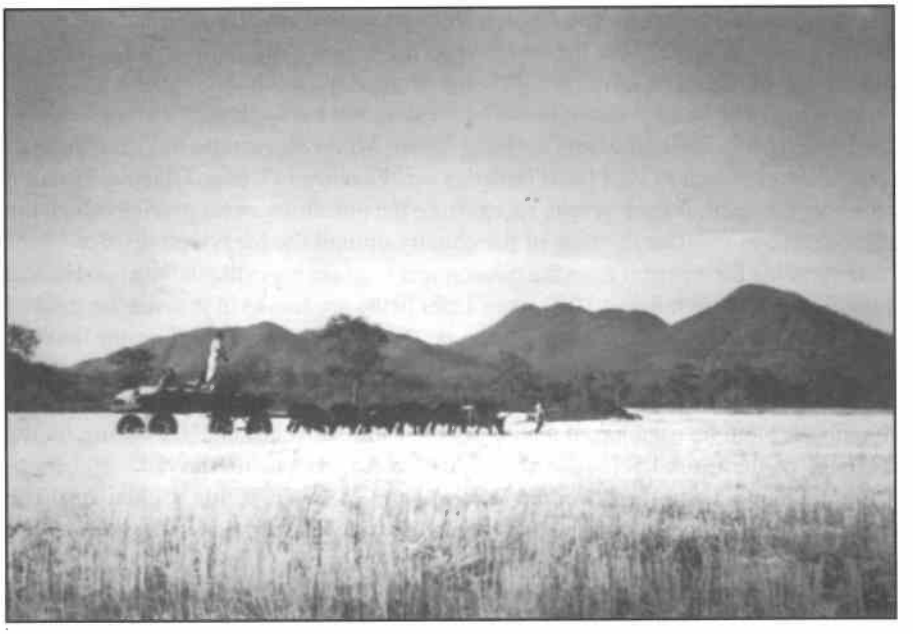
Hettie Stockil

He produced his first crops in 1939, and Stanley Stockil was to become a very successful wheat farmer on the new scheme, proud to be putting bread onto the nation's tables. His pre-eminence in this field resulted in him being forbidden to join the thousands of young men who were volunteering for active service in the armed forces to fight the Nazis in the Second World War.

Stanley Stockil's family at Essanby

The partnership continued to improve their wheat enterprise, producing the staple grain for fifteen years, but all the while Stan was developing and honing other interests as well. He had always been interested in rocks and minerals. Like his father before him, he was probably at heart a pioneer and adventurer. It was no surprise to his family and friends when his intermittent forays into prospecting resulted in him successfully locating a number of gold-bearing reefs. Some of them had probably been untouched since the people of Great Zimbabwe had exploited them hundreds of years previously, to finance their foreign trade via the east coast.

Stanley Stockil's first home on Stanhope



Stanley Stockil on "Stanhope", Mushandike.
The very first wheat crop, 1939

Stanley Stockil harvesting the first wheat crop in Mushandike, 1939

One mine in particular, The Golden Horseshoe, was happily profitable. With its proceeds and his profit from the wheat venture, he gradually built up a fine herd of cattle, another aspect of farming which had gripped his interest.

Early in 1944 he rode down to the lowveld on his horse "Bullet", a fine "salted" steed which he had acquired from the local doctor, Minto Strover. He travelled through Mukosi River Ranch to visit Basil Beverley on "Faversham", near Triangle. He soon fell under the spell of the lowveld, recognising the nutritious sweet grazing which the area offered, in contrast to much of the country around the Masvingo district.

He applied for a permit from the government to graze his cattle in the area. He was granted a grazing permit on 40 000 acres. Later in the dry season of that year he trekked the first of his herd, he trekked his cattle down to the lowveld, fording the Tokwe, Mutirikwi, and Chiredzi Rivers to enable his herd to graze on the extensive grasslands east of the last-named. In 1945 and 1946, he continued the process of transferring all of his cattle, and he established a comfortable camp at Chisekera Hot Spring on the east bank of the Chiredzi. *(See article on Chisekera).* His cattle thrived.

He then applied to the government for a grant of freehold title to this land. The application was refused on the basis of a number of factors, on which the Agriculture Department's officials were adamant:

- The lower Chiredzi area was too isolated and unhealthy for permanent occupation in the summer months;
- It was an arid area, prone to severe droughts;
- It was too far from markets for cattle or other agricultural products;
- It was infested with lions, wild dogs, crocodiles, and other predators;
- It was a hotbed of deadly livestock diseases.

Despite his initial rejection by officialdom, Stanley persisted in his applications for title to the 40 000 acres on which he was successfully raising cattle. He was also planning to establish whatever crops for which he could find supplementary water. Eventually his pleas were heeded, but he was amazed when the Lands Department ruled that in the arid area of Chiredzi, with its erratic rainfall, a minimum area of 70 000 acres was required to ensure the viability of an extensive commercial cattle ranching enterprise. Consequently he was eventually allocated a land grant of 73 000 acres on the Chiredzi's east bank. He had hoped that in the process of extending his property to the newly approved size, he would be able to incorporate a frontage on the Mkwasine River to the north, but in this he was unsuccessful.

In January of the year 1947 Stanley and Hettie moved down through Zaka and Ruware Ranch to the remote area where they had chosen to establish their new home. After calculating how to establish the boundaries of his new property, he drove his little post-war Jeep in the shape of a square for an hour in each direction, starting on the bank of the river. Later the government sent the local Land Inspector, an old character called Jock Murray, to survey the ranch and check the beacons. He also chose to base up at Chisekera, where he installed a metal bath in the hot waters of the spring. He found Stockil's beacons to be remarkably accurately sited, requiring only minor adjustment.

Stanley and Hettie soon got down to the task of carving out a new niche for themselves. Hettie kept a series of diaries which chronicled their daily lives. Life was

very tough for the new arrivals in the lowveld. The main problem was a water supply, and after many weeks of perseverance they finally succeeded in digging a well which was not dry – for a while. The rains failed almost totally in 1947, their first year on the ranch, which saw the worst drought year on record, surpassed eventually only by the catastrophic drought of 1991.

They established their new home in the vicinity of where their son Clive's home "Shiloh" now stands. As they had arrived in a season of poor rainfall, there was insufficient thatching grass to provide adequate cover for the roofs of their first huts; when sporadic rain eventually fell, they were drenched through the leaking roof of their bedroom hut, through which they could see the starlight.

They initially named their new ranch "Shotlea". There is no record of the derivation of this name, but it was not used for long, and when the first title deeds were registered it was named "Essanby" – from Stockil and Baxter. Bill Baxter retained his financial interest in the company which owned both Stanhope and Essanby, continuing to manage the farming operation on the Mushandike irrigation scheme, while Stan ran the ranching enterprise in the lowveld.

Hettie had to attend to the educational requirements of their children, of whom there were eventually five: Sheila, Brian, Max, Alan, and Clive. When they approached primary school age, she taught them through the government's excellent correspondence course system run by the Ministry of Education.

Supplies and post were collected once a week from Ian de la Rue's farm Ruware, a good distance away to the north. Ian was a very helpful friend and neighbour throughout the years that the Stockils lived on Essanby.

Stanley Stockil's family at Essanby

A handful of families of the Mutambandiro clan, subsistence farmers, were living on a portion of the ranch when they arrived. Visiting them, Stanley Stockil ruled that they must all co-exist. After a period of negotiation, it was agreed that they should stay, keep limited numbers of livestock, grow crops for themselves, and have first option for employment on the new enterprise. This scheme worked well, the tribal elders often consulting Stan concerning community problems and personal issues.

As mentioned earlier, Stanley was a very fluent Ndebele linguist, and he kept up a friendship with his old Matabeleland acquaintances of all races for many years. Hearing on the grapevine one day that a group of old Ndebele friends were scheduled to be evicted from their ancestral home in the Fort Rixon area to make way for a new settlement scheme for white farmers, he went to Fort Rixon in his truck to fetch four or five of the families who accepted his offer of a new home. He settled them along with the Mutambandiro people on Essanby, where they lived in harmony with the other residents on the ranch.

There were very few African people living in the vicinity of the ranch, but Hettie set to work to create a small shop, from which she sold basic necessities. She employed a man whom she trained as a tailor, teaching him how to make clothes. He worked in the mornings on her personal sewing machine, which she in turn used in the afternoons to make or repair family clothing and linen.

The Stockils had to produce most of their own fresh food, and they soon established banana, pawpaw, pineapple, and mulberry and other food plants, which they battled to keep alive in the dry conditions, and established a small crop of maize in the bed of the nearby Chipimbi stream.

When Stan's mother Ruth died of cancer in Masvingo, old man Frank, his missionary father, became very lonely. He had been living at Stanhope following his retirement from Solusi, and he had commenced an association with the Ministry of Education, utilising his energy and experience to establish a series of new schools in the Masvingo district. These included the well-known educational institutions at Mafua in Chief Charumbira's area near Great Zimbabwe, and Gwatimba near Chivi.

Not long after being widowered, he moved down to Essanby, where he constructed a simple home for himself. He soon resumed his voluntary missionary work in the educational field, establishing further schools in the lowveld at Chief Chivamba's in the Zaka foothills, and at Chief Chitsa's and Mpinga in Shangaan territory.

Always retaining his interest in irrigation, the techniques of which he had refined while growing wheat at Stanhope, Stanley was determined to establish an irrigation scheme on the east bank of the Chiredzi, just as his distant neighbour MacDougall had done at Triangle on the east bank of the Mutirikwi, away to the west across the watershed. With practical eye Stan identified an ideal dam site on the Chipimbi stream a short way from his pioneering homestead. In 1949 he applied to the government's Department of Irrigation for assistance. An engineer and a surveyor were duly dispatched from Fort Victoria to assess the site, to provide a survey for a dam if it was suitable – which it certainly was – and to design the required structure.

Armed with the necessary survey points, levels and plans with which he was subsequently provided, he set to work to construct a very large earth-walled farm dam, utilising his own single tractor trailing a small dam scoop. The earthen wall was

completed in 1950, and the dam filled the following year. It is to this day a substantial source of irrigation water, standing firm against the elements, even the mighty cyclones of recent years which have caused such damage to other dams and weirs in the vicinity.

Meanwhile Stanley's herd of cattle flourished on the lowveld's sweet grasses, despite the unwelcome attentions of a host of predators in the shape of lion, leopard, wild dog, hyena, and crocodile, on which he waged constant war – especially on the crocodiles which slaughtered his cattle as they watered in the Chiredzi River. In his first month his score in eliminating "vermin" (as predators on livestock were then classified) was one leopard, six wild dogs (which together realised a government bounty of £13!), and nineteen large crocodiles.

Large game animals abounded on the ranch and in the surrounding areas, particularly along the nearby Mkwasine River. Stanley and his sons shot antelope for the pot and for meat for the workers and tenants on the ranch. He developed an insatiable appetite for the thrilling and dangerous pastime of hunting buffalo, herds of which came onto the ranch intermittently as they followed their age-old nomadic habits in seeking the choicest grazing. His friends jocularly told him that he had developed the incurable affliction of "buffalo fever" which was a well-known hazard to the vigorous outdoorsmen of Africa. He could never resist going after buffalo when they came onto the ranch.

So numerous were the game animals when first the Stockils moved down to Essanby, that grazing was constantly in short supply near the Chiredzi River where their cattle watered. Great numbers of hippo, buffalo, zebra and antelope competed for the available grass, so Stanley's herdsmen had to herd his cattle in distant pastures away from the river, where grazing was not so sparse, driving the herd down to the river to drink every second day.

The family thrived in their new environment, all of them revelling in the open spaces and wide skies, and the wild creatures which surrounded them. Hettie's diaries tell of the numerous injured or orphaned animals and birds which they reared and rehabilitated, some of them inevitably becoming beloved pets of the household. From some of these experiences they learned valuable lessons, such as that the family's Ground Hornbill "Buzz" was an inveterate predator on their young chickens. Duiker and steenbok rams, which were apparently docile and cuddly as fawns, matured into aggressive creatures with sharp and dangerous horns, and some of the lovable young monkey and baboon orphans inflicted increasingly severe bites on their human foster families when they approached sexual maturity.

As soon as water from the dam was available, Stanley lost no time in establishing a variety of crops on a trial basis. These included maize, wheat, citrus, potatoes, and various vegetables, most of which thrived very satisfactorily (the citrus in particular).

Ever a dreamer and schemer, Stan was convinced that a new Eldorado would arise from the faith and sheer hard work which he and Hettie had bestowed on Essanby. He knew just how productive the rich soils of the lowveld could be when given the blessing of water, whether to grow nutritious grasses for livestock and wild animals, or to produce irrigated crops to feed the human population of the country.

He dreamed of an intensive massive integrated cattle ranching and mixed irrigation enterprise, convinced that the ancient baobab sentinels of Essanby would in the

foreseeable future witness spectacular growth and development, based on man's ingenuity in harnessing the rich natural resources with which the Chiredzi River's environs had been endowed.

In 1956 Brian established another enterprise to irrigate citrus from the Chiredzi. He created an impressive scheme to pump water from a large permanent pool near the old low level bridge. Once again he produced a great product, but he experienced the same severe marketing problems which had dogged MacDougall's fine grapefruit crop on the Jiri River many years previously – in fact the same apparently insurmountable hurdle frustrated all producers of horticultural produce in the lowveld until the establishment of the great Hippo Valley citrus scheme in the early 1960s, with its large-scale orderly grading, marketing and export programme.

Then came the fateful decision in late 1950s which was to change the Stockil family's life forever: after prolonged thought, agonising over their religious and philosophical principles, Stanley and Hettie decided no longer to eat meat, nor to raise cattle for the beef market. They therefore sold all their cattle, deciding to concentrate only on growing crops, confident in the expertise they had acquired in irrigated crops.

The family produced quality crops from the big dam on the Chipimbi and from Brian's citrus orchards, but soon a number of uncomfortable realities began to bite. However good the quality, however great the potential promise of their crops might be, the old lowveld bugbears were still at work in the background: distance from markets, intermittent droughts, and crop pests – quelea in their fields of grain, hosts of fruit-eating birds in their orchards, elephant, buffalo, hippo, and kudu in their maize. It was a really grim battle.

Just when it seemed that the position was hopeless, an overseas company approached Stanley with a proposition to grow a large acreage of irrigated maize for export as stockfeed, after being processed in a very sophisticated (and expensive) machine. It was designed to shred and compress the whole maize plant (cob, stalk, and all), using molasses as a binder, to produce a very compact and highly nutritious "pill" 12,5 cm in diameter. Stanley went into this scheme in good faith, but the promoters went bankrupt and the scheme failed, resulting once again in the Stockils losing both the expenses they had committed to the scheme, and the anticipated income.

The family's savings had by this time been severely depleted, their monthly income had shrunk, and they were forced to use the takings from their farm store trading business to pay for domestic supplies, groceries and other personal expenses, wages, and rations for their labour force. Stanley had not yet paid for the ranch (two shillings and sixpence per acre), and he gradually ran up large debts with the wholesalers who supplied Hettie with merchandise. This financial burden was in addition to their indebtedness to the Lands Department for the purchase of the ranch, and to the Land Bank, which had provided them with an overdraft facility for operational purposes.

They managed to keep their creditors at bay for quite a while, and then, when things appeared to become more and more hopeless, Stanley was approached by his brother Ray (later Sir Raymond), who had by then been largely responsible for the establishment of a major irrigation scheme to grow citrus and sugar cane on the new Hippo Valley Estates across the Chiredzi. Ray Stockil brought down to the lowveld a group of Israelis who had asked him to assist in locating a large tract of suitable land

with the appropriate soil types and water for irrigation, as they were interested in involvement in a major project for the production of citrus fruit.

They seemed to be impressed by the productive potential of Essanby, and they gave Stanley some orange seedlings of a variety called Premier. The fruit from these trees was very sweet, but it turned out to be a poor variety for the export market, because the mature oranges did not travel well. An orchard of this variety is still in production on Clive Stockil's citrus plantation on Shiloh, and these sweet oranges are locally much sought after.

The proposed scheme involving the Israelis fell through, for reasons unknown, and Stan Stockil's debt burden increased.

A short while later Ray Stockil approached his brother again with another scheme, which would require him to sell a major portion of his property, but would enable him to pay off all his debts and start a new agricultural enterprise on a diminished portion of land. Ray had become involved in interesting a group of Mauritians, headed by Major Guimbeau, who wanted to establish a new irrigated sugar cane estate in the lowveld. Hettie's diaries record that R. O. Stockil and Guimbeau had founded a new company called Bendezi Investments to develop a sugar estate, to be called Nandi, on the majority portion of Essanby.

The deal Stanley was offered was: sell 50 000 acres, and in return remain with 23 000, and be granted 6 cusecs (cubic feet per second – 1 cusec = 28 litres per second) of water to grow a sugar cane crop, plus a cane milling quota of 50 000 tons per annum. This was received very gratefully, as it would permit Stan and his sons to settle all their debts and start all over again.

The deal was struck, a deed of sale was negotiated, and development of the Nandi scheme commenced. The new owners closed the Essanby School which the Stockils had established, as it was in the area earmarked for massive development. Skilled personnel from Mauritius were recruited to initiate the project, and contracts were awarded for extensive bush clearing, construction of housing, and establishment of the massive foundations for the new mill – all in the area just east of the Chiredzi River, near the old low-level bridge. This was all in anticipation of the construction of the massive Manjerenji Dam on the Chiredzi River, some 50 kilometres upstream from Essanby*.

Development of the Nandi infrastructure proceeded apace, and then, rather belatedly, somebody pointed out that the canal from Manjerenji was going to deliver the water to the *North* of the Essanby estate, and it would be expensive to reticulate it further down to the banks of the Chiredzi River in the southerly portion of Essanby, where development had commenced. Consequently the development completed by that time was abandoned, and a new start was made on bush-clearing, foundations for the mill, and further staff housing nearer to the end of the proposed main feeder canal from the great dam.

* The background to construction of this major dam is interesting: upon the break-up of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland in 1963, the liquidators had a large amount of cash to disburse to the constituent territories, in addition to other assets of the ill-fated federal government. It had been decided as a matter of policy that the disbursement would not be in cash, but in the form of expenditure on agreed projects which could be financed from the funds available from the liquidation. The Government of Southern Rhodesia applied for, and was granted, finance to construct the dam, for which purpose the available finance was adequate.

Meanwhile, Stanley Stockil had still not been paid for the property acquired by the new owners, and his debts were still not settled. The details of what happened next in this ill-fated saga are a bit hazy, some might even say murky. It is said that the Unilateral Declaration of Independence ("UDI") by the Government of Southern Rhodesia on 11 November 1965 caused the financiers of the Nandi scheme to withdraw their support. It is also said that with the establishment of the Sabi Limpopo Authority under the Chairmanship of H. J. Quinton, an experienced farmer, politician, and businessman, Sir Ray was not empowered to make decisions or to allocate water rights from the new dam, even though he had the support of the Minister of Agriculture, G W Rudland. The Minister had allegedly been allocated 8 000 acres of the new estate, and had brought R. J. Pascall down from Turk Mine to manage it; after the collapse of the Nandi scheme Dick Pascall was compensated by being awarded a farm on the new Hippo Valley Estates settlement scheme.

Whatever the reason for this highly complicated mess, Nandi had spent all their money, their financial support had been withdrawn, and they were declared bankrupt, with creditors to be paid one shilling in the pound (5%).

Stanley Stockil had still not been paid for the large tract of land which had been purchased from him, and he was stuck with a huge debt (by this time £63 000 plus the purchase price of the ranch – £20 000). Meanwhile, as a result of the agreed sale, his ranch had been reduced in size to 23 000 acres.

Sir Raymond was still apparently interested in facilitating the financial rescue of his embattled brother through the implementation of a major development on Essanby. The diaries record that he approached Stanley again, and offered to settle his debts in exchange for a further 17 000 acres of land (which was to become the property "Mapanza"), leaving Stanley with 6 000 acres.

What then apparently emerged was that through some mysterious bureaucratic process the agreed water right of 6 cusecs (170 litres per second) had been transferred from Stan Stockil's remaining portion of his Essanby to the newly created subdivision on Mapanza (which until then had had no allocation of water from the new dam). This left Stanley with not much land, and now no water right. A furious row ensued, and regrettably the brothers became apparently irredeemably estranged. Tragically, they scarcely spoke to each other from then on.

It was now apparent to Stanley and his family that their cherished dream of initiation of a great centre of agricultural productivity on Essanby, and participation in the benefits which would flow from their faith and hard work in the lowveld, now lay in tatters.

At this stage Stanley, who was never a strong business character, was thoroughly dispirited, and had had enough. He withdrew from the whole affair, handing the reins over to his eldest son Brian. He too was by then disillusioned, and had sought refuge from the distressing troubles which had overtaken the family's ranch. He was attracted to the idea of establishing a small enterprise in the mountains and streams of the Chimanimani mountains, away from all the manipulation and financial manoeuvring.

Stanley's youngest son Clive was by that time a Section Manager on Hippo Valley Estates, and quite fortuitously he heard that his older brother Brian was negotiating to sell the homestead and most of the remaining land to a well-known local cane farmer for $100 000. He was aghast, as he had long cherished dreams of successfully farming

what remained of the family's ranch, for which there had been such high hopes.

On learning of Clive's interest, Brian offered to sell it to him for $80 000. This was far in excess of what Clive could raise at that time. However, he sold all his disposable personal property (including his precious guns, his most prized possessions) to augment his savings, and managed to accumulate sufficient funds to pay Brian's deposit on his new venture in the eastern highlands. The upshot of the whole contorted process was that Clive finally secured a farm of 140 hectares (300 acres of the 73 000 of his father Stanley's original Essanby Ranch), with 1 cusec of water and a cane milling quota of 12 000 tonnes per annum at the Chiredzi sugar mill.

Meanwhile Stan's beloved wife Hettie had died of cancer. She had always been the real strength of the family, remaining calm and retaining her deep religious faith throughout the whole prolonged and highly stressful debacle. Stanley was devastated. He was also terribly lonely. His youngest son Clive created a home for his father on his small farm, supporting him with an allowance to take care of all his needs, and endeavouring to keep him occupied around the house and fields and workshops.

Stan couldn't settle. His loneliness and urgent need for a companion induced him to go to Harare to seek such a companion, a new wife in fact. He met a lonely widow, and they seemed to hit it off so well that they rapidly decided to become husband and wife. Stanley brought his new bride down to join him at his home on his son's farm, and for a short time they appeared to be very happy together.

Regrettably this state of affairs did not last, and the marriage deteriorated into an unhappy union. This unfortunate situation was not helped by their advancing years and increasing infirmity. In common with so many of their age group, they found the lowveld's all-pervasive summer heat to be increasingly oppressive, and as time went by they inevitably began to require a level of frail care which was not available to them down on the ranch.

Accordingly they moved into the sheltered environment of a well-established old-age home in Masvingo, where Stanley Stockil's twilight years finally ended in November 1998 in his eighty-seventh year.

And so the story of Essanby and the dreams and efforts of Stanley Stockil ended. He was both a gentle man and a gentleman – truly an old-timer of the old school. He was a great and entertaining companion with a deep love of the lowveld and its people, and he was a wonderful fireside story-teller. Stan was another of the irreplaceable Great Characters of The Lowveld – perhaps he just wasn't tough enough in the hurly-burly of business negotiations during the years of frantic development in the lowveld.

The Society's Golden Jubilee will be celebrated from Sunday 8 June to Saturday 14 June 2003.
Please diarise that entire week so that you can participate fully in our programme of functions and events.

Kuhlekelela — The Place of Laughter

by Colin Saunders

A stone's throw east of the Chiredzi River, across the river from the headquarters of Buffalo Range Game Ranch, lies a tiny lowveld oasis of extraordinary fascination. It is of compelling botanical, hydrological, and cultural interest, and well worth a visit. In terms of the Parks and Wild Life Act of 1975 it was accorded statutory protection as a Botanic Reserve.

The extent of this green gem is not greater than ten metres square. A fringe of mopani trees perennially in leaf, and a sward of brilliant green *couch* grass, testify to the moisture of the soil surrounding this little jewel in an arid area. From its centre, a metre or two above ground level, there bubbles forth a stream of hot salty water, year in and year out, with no apparent reduction of flow in years of drought.

The spring rises from a point six or eight metres higher than the bed of the nearby river. Together with its constant flow, this suggests that this is very old water, independent of current rainfall, and forced up under pressure from its point of origin at great depth below the earth's crust.

In the centre of the spring, growing happily in the hot brackish water, is a small population of a most unusual plant, reaching one and a half metres in height. It is the Mangrove Fern, *Achrostichum aureum*. It has not been found anywhere else in Zimbabwe. In our sub-region it is said to be a common component of mangrove "swamps" in coastal estuaries in neighbouring Mozambique.

How did it get here? Could it have originated, like the lemon trees of northern Mashonaland, as a result of commercial trade of long-gone dynasties via the east coast? Why is it not present in the other hot salty springs of the Save' Valley?

We will probably never know the answers to these questions. What we do know, however, is that the spring has been known and used for generations by local residents of the southeast lowveld. Legend has it that this was the centre long ago of a much more extensive marsh called *Chitewetewe* by the Hlengwe or Machangana ("Shangaan") people who colonised the area some one hundred and sixty years ago.

The story goes that one day, about the turn of the last century, a young herdsman tending his flock came across a large elephant bull, with long tusks, apparently asleep in the marsh. On closer examination it was obviously dead. He ran back to report it to his elders, who organised teams of oxen to pull it out of its muddy grave. As it emerged, a fountain of steaming pent-up water sprang up underneath it, much to the amazement of the on-lookers. This fountain ran strongly for three days, and then the flow subsided back to ground level. There was great jubilation as the assembled throng cut up, distributed, and consumed the bonanza of fresh meat from the elephant.

Several years later, the headman was out hunting in the vicinity of the marsh, when he noticed a thick white deposit on the surrounding soil. He cautiously tasted it, and found that it was apparently pure salt. He quickly summoned the local residents, and excitedly they planned to harvest this most sought-after commodity, without which the meat so prized by these traditional hunting folk cannot be fully enjoyed.

Chisekera — the harvest of salt

They soon found that the soil itself was very salty, and with commendable innovation they rapidly evolved an appropriate technology of extraction. A nearby stream bed was densely populated with riverine wild date palms *(Phoenix reclinata, "chinzu"* to the *Machangana* and *"muchindwe"* in Shona), and from their leaves they wove a number of permeable baskets. These they mounted on simple stands about one metre in height, which they fashioned from wood from the abundant mopani groves.

They piled heaps of the salt-bearing earth into the baskets, and through the soil they poured fresh water collected from an adjacent pool in the Chiredzi. The solution emerging beneath was collected in large earthen pots. These were placed onto fires to boil, while a party of delegated women collected a constant supply of firewood. When the water in each pot had evaporated, a small pile of pure salt remained, and this was collected in containers, to be carted away to their homes. The soil in the baskets was discarded and replaced when it no longer yielded a significant quantity of the precious white powder.

The process continued day and night, with much happy chatter and excitement. On a visit to a party of women who were extracting salt from around the spring, the local Headman was so impressed by the laughter emanating from the joyful women that he decreed that the name *Chitewetewe* should be replaced by *Kuhlekalela* – "the place of laughter", and so it is to this day. In the course of time, as Shona-speaking people from the Zaka hills to the north gradually moved down to the lowveld in increasing numbers, the name was changed to the Karanga word of the same meaning,*Chisekera**,

*As there is no L in Shona, and likewise no R in the Changana language, this name change is a natural progression. This is not true of two other Shangaan names well known to lowveld wildlife enthusiasts:"Mabalauta" ("to smooth a bow"), being the name of the southern HQ in the Gonarezhou National Park, and "Chilojo" after the cliffs of that name on the Runde ("Lunzi" to the Shangaans) River in the northern section of the park. Shortly after Independence, the Surveyor

which gives its name to the Chisekera Botanic Reserve, under the protection of the Department of National Parks and Wild Life Management.

In years of good harvest of their favoured sorghum crops, the salt from Chisekera is normally used entirely for personal consumption. In the frequent years of low rainfall, which characterises the weather pattern of the lowveld, the salt from the spring is a valuable bank of tradeable commodity with which to barter for grain in short supply.

With George Style I several times visited the band of women processing their annual harvest of salt. George was a very popular visitor, always taking with him an impala or two which he had harvested for them from his game ranch across the river. During his visits the place lived up to its delightful name, as much joy and laughter emanated from the appreciative ladies. As far as I could gather, the process had not changed at all from its first invention, except that metal receptacles had largely taken the place of the clay pots which they formerly made.

I have often wondered whether the mopani groves still ring with contented laughter, whether the mysterious mangrove ferns are still there, and whether the responsible National Parks staff are honouring their custodial duties. I must make a return visit one day.

General's office announced that these two names would be changed to the Shona pronunciations "Muvarauta" and "Chirojo". It will be of interest to readers that the latter name is derived from the Changana name *Wulojo*, by which term is described the riffled pinkish-orange surface of an elephant's palate and gums - an extraordinary likeness when these imposing cliffs are viewed from afar in the golden glow of late afternoon. To his everlasting credit the S-G, on being told that the names were not an anglicism which required politically correct revision, immediately reverted to the status quo.

Chisekera is the subject of an excellent article published by George Style in *NADA*, Vol X No 4 in 1972)

Chisekera — boiling the brine

Blinkwater Railway Company

by R. D. Taylor

The Blinkwater Railway Company, a relatively unknown company made a significant contribution to the development of Zimbabwe's branch railway lines in the early decades of the last century.

The company owed its origins to the bequest of Mr Alfred Beit, the Southern African financier and mining magnate, who died in July 1906. Section 18 of Mr Beit's will dated 18th April 1905 provided one hundred and twenty thousand Rand Mines Limited five shilling shares and cash to a total value of £1 250 000 to his Trustees Otto Beit, Charles Werner, and Bourchier Francis Hawksley (known as the Railway Trustees). The money was to be held in trust for the purpose of "assisting the promotion, construction, and equipment or furtherance of such methods of transmission in South and North Rhodesia, Portuguese Africa, both east and west and such other parts of Africa as may be traversed in establishing the Cape to Cairo Railway, and the Cape to Cairo telegraph system." Trustees could give assistance out of the capital of the Railway Fund by subscribing for shares, debentures or giving advances to any company British or foreign. The Trustees could also accumulate income and if not applied for the railway or telegraph provisions they were required to apply it for educational, public and other charitable purpose in Rhodesia. In addition to this Section 14 of the will provided £200 000 for educational, charitable and other purposes.

It was considered that a Company would be a convenient means of carrying out the provisions of the Beit Railway Bequest in Rhodesia. Farming and mining interests at the time were applying pressure for the construction of a railway from Gwelo, to the developing mining centre of Umvuma now Mvuma. The building of this line therefore became the first project for the new company and no doubt influenced the choice of name. Blinkwater was the name of a residential area a few kilometres to the east of Umvuma and consisted as it still does of large residential stands alongside the Blinkwater river. The Afrikaans translation of the name is shining or glittering water. The area at the start of the last century would have been well wooded and even today in spite of nearby mining operations has a pleasant sylvan atmosphere.

The Company was incorporated in England on 3 September 1908 with its offices at 2 London Wall Buildings, London. On 11 November 1908 the first Directors were appointed as follows:

Chairman – Mr Otto Beit (Brother of Mr Alfred Beit)
– Mr Rochfort Maguire
– Mr Thomas John Milner

These appointments were reported at a Board meeting on 20 November 1908. The Board then appointed Mr R. J. Hackshaw as Secretary, and also appointed Bankers, Solicitors, Engineers, Auditors and the resident engineer on construction, Mr Townsend. They agreed to pay the British South Africa Company £331 18*s.* 9*d.* for preliminary expenses in connection with the incorporation of the Company. Progress reports on the construction of the railway between Gwelo and Umvuma were received together with certificates from the engineers, certifying work done and materials delivered to

13 November 1908. The Beit Trustees were to be asked for £10 000. Other items discussed included approval for the purchase of rails and sleepers by the contractors Messrs. Pauling and Company and consideration of a draft Working Agreement with the Beira and Mashonaland Railway. A lot of groundwork was accomplished at this early board meeting.

The Board met again on 26 April 1909 to authorise the signing of the £100 000 contract with Pauling & Co for the construction of the Umvuma branch. In July they agreed to charge fares 50% higher than those in force on the Gwelo – Selukwe branch and the same goods rates as those on the Salisbury – Gwelo line. A charge of £150 per annum would be made for the carriage of mails on the Blinkwater line.

At an Ordinary General Meeting held in the Company Offices, on 28 December 1909 the Directors submitted their Report and Balance Sheet from the incorporation of the Company to the 30 September 1909. The report recorded that, the construction of a line of 3-ft. 6-in. gauge from Lyndhurst Junction, a point on the Gwelo – Selukwe branch to Umvuma, a distance of approximately 50 miles, was commenced in August 1908, and was completed and opened for traffic on the 10 June 1909. It was being worked by the Mashonaland Railway Company, Limited, at cost, and the Rhodesian Railways Limited had an option to purchase the line at cost for a period of ten years from the 19 June 1909. In addition to the land required for railway purposes the Company had received a free grant of 12 000 acres of land from the Matabele Central Estates Company, Limited, and instructions had been given to select the land. The Directors also had in contemplation the construction of a line from a point (Mount Hampden) on the Ayrshire Branch of the Mashonaland Railways into the Mazoe district, which would serve a rich agricultural and mineral area, and they therefore proposed to increase the Capital of the Company to £200 000. For this purpose an extraordinary meeting was held directly after the ordinary general meeting.

In the following two years the Company continued to fulfil its objectives and build railways. I quote in some detail edited extracts from Otto Beit's Chairman's Report to the Fourth Annual General Meeting held on 24 June 1912. The Revenue Account for the year ended 30 September 1911 showed gross revenue of £5486 9*s.* 8*d.*, Working Expenditure, £4176 15*s.* 1*d.*, and Net Earnings of £1309 14*s.* 7*d.* After paying London Office Expenses of £550 19*s.* 7*d.*, a profit of £716 15*s.* was carried to the balance sheet. The balance sheet reflected an accumulated loss on the Working Account since the formation of the Company of £289 6*s.* 10*d.* He hoped that Members would agree that so small a loss during the first $2^1/_2$ years of a pioneer agricultural line was not unsatisfactory, especially when considering that they had already written off the whole of the preliminary expenses of the Company. Turning to the working results of the Umvuma line from September 1911 the Chairman noted that for the six months ended 31 March 1912 the net earnings amounted to £724. The line continued to slowly improve and he had no doubt that in the course of time members should see to a greater degree than was possible at the present, the beneficial results of the policy of granting main line rates. As regards the future prospects of the Umvuma line he said that the projected line to Victoria was likely to be commenced during the year, and Directors had informed the British South Africa Company that they are prepared at the least to extend the Umvuma Branch a further 15 miles. Whether the Company would be justified under

existing circumstances in making themselves responsible for the continuation of the line a further 57 miles into the Victoria District was a matter for further consideration. The Beit Railway Trustees had already declared their willingness to assist in the construction of this extension, and if they did so, it would doubtless be by arrangement with the Company.

At the present time, he continued, the Company was engaged in constructing an extension of the Mazoe line to the Kimberley and Shamva Mines. The line to the Jumbo Mine was completed and opened for traffic on the 15 December 1911. The approximate working results of this line to the 31 March 1912 showed working expenditure exceeded revenue by £756, but this was principally attributable to additional expenditure on ballasting. Directors followed the policy, which proved so successful in the case of the Rhodesia and Mashonaland Railway Companies, of building lines at the lowest possible cost. With the exception of the Umvuma line, which was laid with light rails, they were constructing "standard" lines of 3ft 6in gauge with 60lb rails, but banking, earthworks and ballasting was kept at a minimum during construction. In the first place this work could be done much more cheaply after the line was opened and moreover much of the additional work that would be necessary on banking and ballasting a new line would be lost during the first rainy season, as the banks invariably sink and the ballast disappeared. As soon as the extension to the Shamva Mines was completed traffic should improve and the guarantee of the Shamva Mines to make the net earnings of the whole line up to £7500 a year will then come into operation. Under arrangements with the Mashonaland Railway Company this loss of £756 is not at present recoverable from the Blinkwater Company, but if and when that Company exercises its option to purchase the line at cost, any balance of loss on Revenue Account would be deducted from the purchase price.

In conclusion the Chairman referred briefly to the two surveys upon which the company was engaged. They had just concluded the survey of the route of the Victoria Extension and were now proceeding with the survey of a line from Bultfontein (some 22 km north east of Umvuma) to Odzi. He reminded members that they were not in any way committed to the construction of these lines, and that if, they should eventually be built by the other railway companies the cost of these preliminary surveys would be refunded to Blinkwater Railway Company. This Company was formed by the Beit Railway trustees as a convenient means of carrying out the provisions and intentions of Mr Alfred Beit's railway bequest, and he considered that one of the most useful objects, to which its funds and activities may be directed was in the collection of valuable information in regard to various future railway extensions of the Rhodesian system.

Having read the Chairman's overview of developments during what turned out to be the most active year of the Company's existence, I think it desirable from a historical point of view, to look a little deeper into the construction of the two branch lines developed by the company and other aspects of its operations.

UMVUMA – FORT VICTORIA BRANCH LINE

On 24 January 1912 Pauling and Company were authorised to survey the route for a proposed railway from Umvuma to Victoria via Bultfontein and Felixburg. By October 1912 the Board was informed that all legal requirements in connection with the Umvuma

– Victoria line had been complied with and because prices of materials were likely to rise, orders had been placed in the July for sufficient permanent way material to lay 75 miles of line.

The Fifth Annual General meeting of the Company on 3 July 1913 was told that an extension to Victoria would cost in excess of £200 000. The Beit Railway Trustees had informed the Company that if they repaid the Trustees outlay on the Shamva line they would then provide the funds required by the Company for the Victoria extension. It was considered construction of this extension would improve results of the Umvuma line and the Companies interest would then be concentrated in one large district of Southern Rhodesia. Accordingly the Blinkwater Company was to approach the Mashonaland Railway Company who held an option to purchase the Shamva line at cost. This sale was agreed to but took some time to implement.

The choice of the route between Umvuma and Victoria was the subject of much debate outside the Company, but finally on 23 October 1913 the Board authorised the signing of a contract with Pauling and Company for the construction of a line following what had become known as Route A. This route was more direct than the alternative via Bultfontein, which would however have facilitated the Umvuma Odzi connection. Actual construction was started some six weeks before the contract was authorised and the line opened to traffic on 10 July 1914.

SHAMVA BRANCH LINE

The Mazoe valley with its mines and farms was opening up and in December 1909 the Blinkwater Board considered and approved a draft contract for the construction of a line from Mount Hampden to Jumbo. The contractor once again was Pauling and Company and the cost was £58 754 for a distance of 22 miles. It also agreed to spend £30 per mile on a survey, for an extension beyond Jumbo to the Mazoe River. Five months later the Board approved arrangements for Pauling and Company to survey a line from Jumbo up to or near Abercorn (later to become Shamva).

On 31 October 1911 it was reported that the Beit Railway Trustees had agreed to fund the extension of the line from Jumbo to Shamva and that an agreement with the Shamva Mines was under discussion. The route would be from Rockwood via Amandas and eastward through Glendale. In January 1912 the Board approved arrangements for the construction of a 3 mile 18 chain extension from Jumbo to Mazoe (now Marodzi siding) at a cost of £2599 15*s.* 0*d.*, and a draft contract with Paulings for the construction of a 49½ mile line from Mazoe to Shamva costing £147 263.

The line from Mount Hampden to Jumbo was taken over from the contractors on 14 December 1911. However, following numerous derailments an additional £1147 had to be spent on ballasting to put the track in a safer condition. Extra expenditure of £3525 was authorised to cover station buildings and water supplies between Mazoe and Shamva. Jumbo gold mine was contracted to supply up to 10 000 gallons of water per day at one shilling per 1 000 gallons. In October 1912 the Board approved a proposal from engineers to increase the number of sleepers from 1940 to 2080 per mile. Most significantly they also agreed to communicate the terms and conditions upon which they were prepared to sell the Mount Hampden – Shamva line to the British South Africa Company.

The Board met again on 22 May 1913 and was informed the extension to Shamva was opened for public traffic on 23 April 1913. The British South Africa Company was prepared to purchase the Mount Hampden – Shamva line at cost price as soon as the Blinkwater Company decided to proceed with construction of the Umvuma – Victoria line. The purpose of the sale was to release Blinkwater funds for new construction between Umvuma and Victoria. The final cost of the Jumbo – Shamva extension amounted to £234 275. It was suggested that the British South Africa Company make payment of the purchase price on 1 December 1913. In the event, the Blinkwater Company received an advance of £235 000 from the Mashonaland Railway Company in March 1914, and after a lengthy process the sale took effect from 1 October 1914. The final price was £238 672 3*s.* 2*d.*, and included all land, buildings, erections, rails and apparatus thereon plus fixtures and fittings at stations. Thus the 70 mile Mount Hampden – Shamva line passed into history as far as the Blinkwater Company was concerned.

LOCOMOTIVES AND ROLLING STOCK

The Blinkwater Railway Company did not own locomotives or rolling stock. It hired these in terms of the Working Agreement between itself and the two railway companies. However, on a number of occasions the Board did give consideration to the purchase of locomotives and rolling stock.

On 24 January 1912 it decided to purchase a 7th Class locomotive from Rhodesia or Mashonaland Railways for working the Mazoe branch subject to the price being satisfactory. In response the General Manager of Rhodesia Railways Limited offered to sell three second hand 7th Class engines at a price of £2484 3*s.* 1*d.* each for use on the Umvuma and Shamva branches. The Board considered the price excessive and instructed the Secretary to communicate with Rhodesia Railways. The question appears to have rested for some 18 months, until the 17 December 1914 when the Board decided not to purchase any engines from Rhodesia Railways Limited.

In October 1916 the Board was approached to purchase wagons for the Victoria line but resolved to continue hiring them from the Mashonaland Railway Company as provided for in the Working Agreement.

WORKING AGREEMENT

The Umvuma line was worked under an agreement dated 31 December 1910 between the Rhodesia Railways Limited, the Mashonaland Railway Company Limited and the Blinkwater Railway Company Limited. The provisions of the agreement were backdated to 19 June 1909, i.e. the date the Gwelo – Umvuma line opened to traffic.

The Mashonaland Company was required to maintain in good repair and working order and work the Blinkwater line, to fully and fairly develop traffic and provide a reasonable service of trains for passengers and goods. The Company would also employ engineers, superintendents, station masters, porters, workmen and other officers and servants and provide all materials for properly working the Blinkwater line. The Blinkwater Company would pay the Mashonaland Company the cost of performing these services plus £500 per annum for keeping proper books of accounts and general supervision of working and maintenance.

The Mashonaland Railway Company hired to the Blinkwater Railway Company rolling stock for working the line. The rates were set out in the general agreement and amended from time to time. Likewise passenger fares, traffic rates and other charges were set out in the agreement and amended as time went on with the consent of the parties to the agreement. Passenger fares in the initial agreement were 4½*d.*, 3*d.* and 1½*d.* per mile for first, second and third class respectively from Lyndhurst Junction, the starting point of the line to Indiva Siding, Iron Mine Hill Siding and the Umvuma Terminus.

The Mashonaland Company was required to credit the Blinkwater Company with all moneys received for the carriage of passengers and goods, and to keep proper books of accounts showing its expenditure and receipts. Each month the Mashonaland Company was required to submit a working account to the Blinkwater Company and each half year pay to the Blinkwater Company any excess of monies received over the cost. Provision was also made for the recovery of any excess costs, but only when the option to purchase had been exercised. However, interest of at the rate of five pounds ten shillings per centum per annum would be paid on such excess costs.

The agreement also contained an article which provided that for a period of ten years from 19 June 1909 the Rhodesia Railways had the option to purchase the Blinkwater line at the actual cash cost price.

RAILWAY BLOCK FARM

The writer recalls as a teenager visiting with members of his family Railway Block Farm in the Chivu district. While not interested in railways at the time it did puzzle me why a farm situated many miles from a railway line should be called Railway Block. It has taken me over 40 years to discover the answer.

The Matabele Central Estates Limited owned a very large area of ranching land, 365 000 acres, and the proposed line from Gwelo to Umvuma was to pass through the southwestern portion of this land. Matabele Central Estates agreed to grant the Blinkwater Company a strip of land 100 yards wide for the passage of the line through its property, plus the land required for stations and sidings. In addition a block of 12 000 acres was to be given to the Blinkwater Railway Company.

In March 1913 Central Estates agreed to transfer 12 000 acres on the extreme eastern and northeastern boundary of its property. A dispute then arose over trading and mineral rights, which Central Estates wished to retain. The matter was referred to lawyers. In early 1916 Central Estates withdrew its reservations and finally in June 1916 transfer of ownership took place. A Mr P. Van Tonder had been cutting firewood in the area for the nearby Cross Your Luck mine and, he was required to submit a monthly payment for the wood removed. In 1917 Central Estates wanted to repurchase the land, but this request was refused. However, they were permitted to continue using the grazing in return for erecting and maintaining boundary fences. At the end of 1925 the Board decided to sell the land at a price of £3400 for the whole or in two blocks, one of 4 000 acres for £1000 and the other 8 000 acres for £2400. If no purchaser could be found it was to be leased at five percent of valuation.

In 1955 or 1956 a Mr A. B. Botha purchased the 12 000 acre farm from Rhodesia Railways. He later subdivided 2 000 acres for his son in law. Mr C. Sprong, and this

subdivision became known as Hillview. In 1976, Mr Botha sold the remaining 10 000 acres to Mr Hannes Van Tonder, son of Mr P. Van Tonder, who in turn sold the property to the Government for resettlement in 1983.

THE MONITORING YEARS

With the completion of the line to Fort Victoria just a month before the outbreak of the First World War in August 1914 the company took on a less developmental role. During the war years a shortage of steel would have precluded any new railway construction, and after the war ended the evolution of road transport made railway branch line development less attractive. As a consequence the Board met at less frequent intervals and Annual General Meetings were mainly concerned with the financial and other statutory formalities common to all such meetings.

The more interesting matters considered by the Board during and after the First World War can be summarised as follows:

December 1914	Approval was given for Expenditure on a siding to the Falcon Mine Umvuma and of £406 on construction of station buildings at Lalapanzi.
October 1915	The option held by Rhodesia Railways Limited to purchase the Umvuma line was extended to 10 July 1924.
June 1916	Approval was given for the spending of £365 on a siding for the Cattle Show in Gwelo.
December 1920	A fare increase of 10% and goods rate increase of 25% was approved.
July 1921	Approval given for the charge for supervision of the general working of the company line to be increased from £750 to £1125 from 1 October 1920. A temporary reduction in rates for coal, coke and copper ingots for the Falcon Mine for a period of six months was agreed to.
May 1924	Rhodesia Railways asked for its purchase option to be extended for a further ten years. The Board said that in view of the close relations between the Blinkwater Company and the Rhodesia Railways and the terms of the Beit Railway Trust this was unnecessary and should not be given.
November 1925	The Board noted with regret that Mr Rochfort Maguire had passed away on 18 April 1925. It appointed Mr R. J. Hackshaw as Director and Mr W. Smalley as Secretary.
June 1926	Approval given for £458 to be spent on improving gangers' cottages and £120 on tree planting.
March 1927	Directors agreed to approach Rhodesia Railways about reducing the train service and increasing revenue allocated to the branch out of through traffic.
February 1928	Approval given for spending £80 on tree planting and £721 on two sidings plus a gantry for lifting heavy machinery in Fort Victoria.

February 1929	The construction of additional sidings costing £553 for handling of Chrome and Asbestos in Fort Victoria was approved.
May 1929	Approval given to spend £250 on construction of two wood and iron rest rooms in Fort Victoria. £570 could also be spent on construction of an additional room at each of the five gangers cottages on the line.
January 1930	Approval given for spending £300 on electric light at Umvuma and Fort Victoria stations and £235 for meal stores at each ganger's cottage. A new goods office costing £203 was to be built at Fort Victoria.
September 1930	the Board noted with regret the death of Mr R. J. Hackshaw on 20 July 1930 and appointed Mr R. E. Fitzgerald as a Director in his place.

WORKING RESULTS

An article of this nature would not be complete without a summary of the financial results of the Company. The Company generally managed to make a small surplus of revenue over expenditure as can be seen from the following table which shows the figures for 30 September each year. I believe this was a reasonable outcome bearing in mind the developmental nature of the line and the overall intention of Mr Beit's bequest.

	Gross		*Net*	*Engine*
	Revenue £	*Expenditure* £	*Earnings* £	*Miles*
1909	718	662	56	
1910	3 518	3 235	283	
1911	5 486	4 177	1 309	
1912	6 932	4 981	1 951	
1913	14 063	6 938	7 125	17 928
1914	16 997	13 646	3 351	27 224
1915	27 184	22 490	4 694	
1916	36 161	19 658	16 503	
1917	40 533	19 812	20 721	70 831
1918	37 870	20 964	16 906	69 482
1919	31 762	23 862	7 900	62 106
1920	41 300	31 005	10 295	68 389
1921	44 650	41 875	2 775	64 124
1922	41 260	38 830	2 430	52 881
1923	45 820	37 410	8 410	55 549
1924	41 056	38 733	2 323	56 637
1925	40 258	40 816	(558)	67 854
1926	42 099	41 194	905	61 075
1927	39 131	38 823	308	
1928	65 157	44 680	20 477	
1929	69 866	51 106	18 760	83 943
1930	62 105	51 739	10 366	

LIQUIDATION

The Chairman by now elevated to the peerage, Sir Otto Beit passed away on 7 December 1930. On the 3 February 1931 the Board appointed Mr T. J. Milner as Chairman. The Board also noted a letter dated 7 January 1931 from Rhodesia Railways Limited advising that arrangements had been made with the approval of the Railway Commission in Rhodesia for Rhodesia Railways to purchase the Beit Railway Trustees interest in the Blinkwater Railway Company on the following terms:

1. 178 263 ordinary shares of £1 each fully paid at a price of 10 shillings per share.
2. The balance of the open loan to the Blinkwater Railway Company at date of purchase at par plus accrued interest.
3. Subsequently the Blinkwater Railway Company was to be placed into voluntary liquidation.

The Board met again on the 26 June 1931 and each Director signed a solvency notice in the presence of a Commissioner of Oaths. They also approved a draft notice convening an Extraordinary General Meeting for the purpose of liquidating the Company. The secretary, Mr Smalley, was given a £50 bonus for his services in winding up the Company. On 15 July 1931 the Directors approved an agreement for the transfer of assets of the Company to Rhodesia Railways Limited.

The Extraordinary General Meeting took place on 11 August 1931, this time with Mr Smalley in the Chair. He proposed a resolution that the Company be wound up voluntarily and that Mr Frank Key also of 2 London Wall building be appointed liquidator. The meeting also ratified the sale agreement which provided for the Blinkwater Company to sell to Rhodesia Railways at close of business on 30 September 1930 the assets and undertaking of the Blinkwater Company. One pound sterling would satisfy all debts, liabilities and obligations of the Blinkwater Company at date of sale.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

1. The Railway Companies and the British South Africa Company administration in early Rhodesia enjoyed a close relationship at all levels. In some instances they shared Directors and had the same Company secretary. During the time scale of this paper they had the same address at 2 London Wall Buildings, London. This I believe, explains certain inconsistencies and why sometimes contracts were started and other actions taken before formal approval by the Board.
2. This paper started out as a short section in a paper on the Gweru Branch lines. London Wall Buildings suffered severe damage from bombing during the Second World War and this led to the assumption that Company records had been destroyed. However, the Secretary of the Beit Trust, Brigadier C. L. G. Henshaw, C.B.E. found an old file containing valuable information which he kindly copied and sent the copies to me. In addition the National Railways of Zimbabwe archives in Bulawayo were found to contain minute books, annual accounts and agreements covering the whole period of the Company's existence. Eng. R. A. Bridgeford arranged for me to have access to these papers. Without the help and interest shown by these two gentlemen it would not have been possible to produce this record of a company which in many ways was unique.
3. Mrs C. Van Tonder and Mr A. V. Schaller have provided information on Railway Block farm. My sincere thanks for the assistance they have given.

Melina Rorke: from Pioneer to Actress

by April Blakely

A few years ago, I began researching my Rorke roots. My grandfather immigrated to the United States in 1907 and the history of our family was vague at best. As a child I listened in fascination to stories of far off Africa. Adventures trekking in the bush, near death encounters during the Matabele War, and life in South Africa all seemed very exciting and mysterious. At the centre of our family legends was my great-grandmother, Melina da Fonseca Rorke. Melina had been a nurse during the Boer War where she earned the Royal Red Cross medal for her distinguished service. She later became a stage and silent-screen actress. At the age of seventy, Melina wrote a book about her early life, *The Story of Melina Rorke, R.R.C.*

When I began my research I never imagined that Melina's book, first published in 1938, would garner such interest. Talk of the book had circulated around my family for decades. Neither my mother nor my aunts could find a copy for me to read, but they were sure it was rubbish anyway. After all, as the story goes, my grandfather had read only the first chapter and thrown the book down in disgust.

Surprisingly, as I researched the Rorke family in South Africa people kept directing me to an "amazing" and "true" book written by Melina Rorke. "Was she my grandmother?" they would ask. I decided quickly that I'd better find a copy to read.

In my search, I discovered that although the first edition, printed in the United States by Greystone Press, had never sold well; the United Kingdom edition, released in 1939 by Harrap Publishing, had been widely circulated. Subsequently, a South African publisher also released the book in paperback in 1951 and a Rhodesian publisher released a reprint in 1971. *The Story of Melina Rorke, R.R.C.* fascinated me. Of course, I realized that some of the important details of the plot were fictionalized, but some of the events were true. It was easy to see why it has remained so popular for over sixty years. It is as they say, "a very good read."

To clear away some of the confusion created by her biography, I feel it is important to share a more accurate account of Melina's life. Also, as the novel ends without discussing her life after she leaves Rhodesia, it is important to record some details from after the book's close.

Melina was the daughter of Captain Sebastiao Tavares da Fonseca, Jr. and Emmeline Dorothy Pullen. Her parents met and married in South Africa in the early 1860s. Research indicated that Captain da Fonseca was Vice-Consul of Denmark at Tavira, Algarve Portugal from 21 March 1867 to 1869[1]. Melina was born in Portugal in 1868. Dorothy, Melina's mother, is the granddaughter of Thomas Pullen who, with his family, arrived in South Africa with the 1820 settlers.

Although it is not clear whether Melina spent her early childhood in Delagoa Bay, by 1871, Captain da Fonseca had settled his family in the new and exciting town of Kimberley as Melina describes. Captain da Fonseca's death notice in the *Diamond Fields Advertiser* on 17 December 1898 described him as "one of Kimberley's best known and respected citizens." He was a digger for many years, holding claims in

Melina Rorke

Schwabs Gully, a De Beers mine. For at least nine years, he was the Portuguese Consul in Kimberley. The da Fonsecas were famous for their Sunday parties and it is not hard to imagine some of the great personalities such as Cecil Rhodes, Alfred Beit, or Barney Barnato in attendance.

Contrary to the novel's account, Melina did not flee from a convent in the middle of the night at the age of fourteen to marry a dashing rugby player. Melina met Frederic

Rorke in Kimberley where he lived and worked as an accountant. He did have close ties to rugby, however, as the secretary of the Griqualand West Rugby Football Union when it formed in 1886.[2] Melina and Frederic were married in Kimberley on 5 February 1887 with her parents' permission. She was nineteen.

Frederic Rorke was born in South Africa. He was the son of John and Mary (née Niland) Rorke and the grandson of Captain Michael Rorke who came to South Africa in 1823 from Ireland and served a distinguished career in the Cape Mounted Rifles. Frederic was also a cousin to James Rorke, the namesake to Rorke's Drift, and Michael Rorke, founder of Crocodile Valley Farm in the Essexvale (now Esigodini) area.

Their son, Edgar Niland Rorke was born in Port Alfred, Natal on 22 October 1887. Two other children later died in infancy. The circumstances that place Melina in Port Alfred for Edgar's birth are a mystery. Frederic was certainly not killed in a tragic rugby accident as the novel describes. Melina and her sister Helena probably travelled to Port Alfred to escape the hot, dry climate of Kimberley for a holiday.

In 1893, Melina and Frederic, with Edgar in tow, began the trek to Rhodesia. Melina's brother was also in the trekking party. As the novel describes, they arrived at Fort Victoria just as the 1893 Anglo-Matabele War was beginning. Frederic and Bassy both joined the battle while Melina and Edgar camped at Fort Victoria for several months. They were established citizens of Bulawayo by April of 1894. Melina and Frederic were popular pioneers in the early days of Bulawayo. Frederic was an accountant with offices on Main Street. Melina is mentioned in letters written by Blance Burnham to her family in America. Mrs. Burnham was the wife of Major Frederick Burnham, the famous American scout. Melina and Frederic build a house in Bulawayo and Melina, at least for a brief time in 1894 and 95, took in boarders. Melina's brother, Alfred da Fonseca, established a farm about 20 miles from Bulawayo. Frederic and Alfred both served with Gifford's Horse during the Matabele Uprising of 1896.

The horrifying night spend hidden in the bush during the Matabele Uprising is at least partly based on fact and is a story that my grandfather described many times. Melina and Edgar left Rhodesia, as did many pioneer women and children, during the Matabele Uprising of 1896. Melina enrolled Edgar at a boarding school in Wynberg near Cape Town. Shortly after this, she left South Africa to complete her nursing training in London. In her absence, Frederic emigrated to Australia. Melina returned from London and settled again in Bulawayo in 1897. She nursed at the Memorial Hospital in Bulawayo and later established her own nursing home there. She filed for a divorce from Frederic in February of 1899. It was granted later that same year. Frederic never returned from Australia and died there in 1924.

With the outbreak of war in 1899, Melina left Bulawayo and served as a field hospital nurse with Lord Robert's forces. She was present at the Relief of Mafeking and took charge of the hospital there after Mafeking's relief. Later, Melina nursed wounded soldiers on two transport ships to England. Supporting Melina's own account of her war exploits, she was awarded the Royal Red Cross in 1902. Lord Roberts mentions Melina in a dispatch of 1 Mar 1902. King Edward VII presented her medal in a ceremony at Buckingham Palace on 26 October 1902. Since its institution only about 1,850 Royal Red Cross medals have been awarded, and of the 1,700 nurses in the Boer War only 105 were awarded the R.R.C.

As Melina describes in her novel, she aspired to be an actress. Thus, in 1903 with Edgar off to college in London, Melina decided to move there too. In London she met her second husband, Charles Wellesley O'Shaugnessy. Charles was an actor and used the stage name Charles Wellesley. He was a well-established leading man trained under the tutelage of Sir Henry Irving. Melina quickly followed her lifelong ambition and went to work as an actress. Both worked successfully in London and on tour for several years. Melina's devotion to Edgar was evident when about 1910, while touring in America with a theatre company, the couple decided to immigrate and settle there permanently. Edgar had immigrated in 1907 in the hope of finding employment.

The couple's acting careers prospered for many years in America with both Charles and Melina appearing in numerous stage and silent screen films. While Melina was more active on the stage, Charles appeared in over 57 silent films including *The Lost World, The Unholy Three,* and *Poor Little Rich Girl.* Melina's film credits include *When the Wife's Away, Woman's Place,* and *Madame Jealousy.* She also preformed on Broadway in such productions as *Victoria Regina* and *The Corn is Green.*

Melina and Charles, called Nan and Pop by my mother and aunts, never returned to Europe or Africa. They lived in both California and New York. In 1929, Pop suffered a stroke that ended his acting career. The novel that Melina authored was in part an attempt to provide income for the couple. In an interview after the release of the novel, Melina credits Ethel Barrymore, for encouraging her to tell her life story.

Edgar married and became a United States citizen. In the 1920s, he and his wife, Lanore, were blessed with three daughters. Melina died peacefully in 1944 and Charles followed two years later. Edgar and Lanore had long and prosperous lives, and their daughters are now the matriarchs of large families of their own. The entire American Rorke family will gather this summer for a family reunion.

One intriguing detail in Melina's novel involved the adoption of her young niece and nephew after her sister Helena's death. She describes her brother-in-law's desire for the children to be adopted by his sisters, one of whom was married to Henry Royce, the founder of Rolls Royce. Little Violet Punt was indeed adopted by Sir Henry Royce and Lady Royce. A. E. Claremont, Henry Royce's partner, adopted her brother Errol. I recently found Errol's children. Amazingly, Errol's daughter lives in the United States only a few hours drive from my home.

[1] Letter of verification from the Ministerio Dos Negocios Estrangeiros, Secretaria-Geral of Portugal which referenced the Books of Register of Concession of Licences to the Portuguese Consuls and Foreigners.

[2] Reported in *The History of South African Rugby Football, 1875-1932* by Ivor D. Difford, 1933 and *Kimberley Magazine* 1905-1907.

A Brief History of the City Presbyterian Church

by Louie Perold

This is the text of a talk given to members of the History Society of Zimbabwe at the City Presbyterian Church on 21 July 2001.

In 1894, a Committee was formed to take preliminary steps to form a Presbyterian congregation in Salisbury. Nothing came of the movement except in one important respect. Through the good offices of a Dr Stewart, stands for a Church were granted by the British South Africa Chartered Company. Later these were exchanged for the more central site on which the church, originally built in 1909, is where we are meeting now.

But the City Church is not the Mother Presbyterian Church of Zimbabwe. Plans for the first Presbyterian Church in Southern Rhodesia were begun in 1896, but the Matabele rising in that year delayed developments and it was not until 1898 that the first congregation of the church was established in Bulawayo. This was a purely European congregation, but work among the African people was begun almost immediately. Later the same conditions applied in Salisbury.

It was not until 1904 that the Revd. Henry Cochrane, direct from Scotland, was formally inducted as Minister of the Presbyterian congregation of Salisbury. His Session Clerk was Mr Clarkson H. Tredgold who was later knighted and served as senior judge for the colony from 1920-25. His younger son, Robert Clarkson Tredgold, served as Chief Justice of Southern Rhodesia from 1950-1955 and Chief Justice of the Federation of Rhodesian and Nyasaland from 1955-1960. His elder brother, John, was killed in Flanders in 1917 during World War I. There is a tablet to his memory on the wall of the church. Sir Robert was an active member of the congregation when stationed in the capital city.

For more than five years services were held in the original Caledonian Society Hall in Moffat Street. The Hall then consisted of four walls, a roof and the necessary doors and windows. Something in the nature of a rostrum had to be considered, a pulpit, pulpit Bible, and a chair obtained. These were supplied, in due course, chiefly as donations. Wood was obtained and the pews were made by members giving their labour free. An ante room was built, the materials for which were largely gifted by friends and firms in town. Thus a building to house the infant church was erected at minimum cost – and accepted by the Caledonian Society in lieu of two years' rent.

Membership of the congregation grew steadily under Henry Cochrane and consequently, under his ministry, the need for a proper Church building became pressing. A church building fund was successfully established before he left in July 1908, accepting a call to Durban. He was succeeded by Revd. John Simpson in October, 1908, under whom the church building project was promoted strongly, with the result that the memorial foundation stone was 'laid' by Lady Milton, wife of the Administrator,

in May 1909. The building was erected on the ground where we are meeting now and it was ready for services by 15 August, 1909. Like the Caledonian Hall, photographs show that it was a very basic structure, but, nevertheless, a church in appearance and function. A much needed Hall was added two years later here on the same site. The City congregation now had a home.

It is interesting to note that in 1909, the Chairman of the Board of Management was Dr Andrew Fleming, a name written large in the medical annals of this country.

Church-goers walked or travelled on Salisbury's 'dirt' roads by rickshaw, donkey cart or horse-drawn coaches – some of the more fastidious members taking dusters to wipe the dust or mud from their footwear before entering the Church. Because of lack of electricity, they used paraffin lamps. Records reveal that the first flowers in the church were wild cosmos which grew in vacant stands. Mrs Hartley provided the vase!

The Church was enlarged in 1928 when the northern and southern transepts were added and again in 1951 when the Memorial Tower and gallery were erected.

In the 1920s an astute business man from Northern Ireland, H. M. Barbour, established a firm (still carrying his name) on the corner of Jason Moyo and First Streets. He was a very active worker and generous benefactor to the Church and also served on the Board of Management.

Other personalities of the earlier days are commemorated by tablets within the Church. Notable among them is John Wallace Downie, a business man and member of the Legislative Assembly. He served as a Cabinet Minister under Sir Charles Coghlan and succeeded Sir Francis Newton in 1930 as the Colony's High Commissioner in London. He was a regular and generous supporter of the Church, donating an organ and two stained glass windows in the south transept. This organ was rebuilt and modernised by the Downie family between 1951 and 1952 and you may notice there is an inscription on the organ reading: 'To the Glory of God and in memory of John Wallace Downie and his son Robert Gordon Downie, killed in action 12th February 1944'.

The Church's original wood and iron Hall, erected in 1911, was replaced by a larger brick building in 1923, this was demolished in 1972, making way for a new complex of classrooms, offices and caretaker's flat, which is now being used as the Minister's Vestries. A new Hall had been built adjacent to this complex in 1956, and in 1957 was officially named 'The Kennedy Grant Hall' in recognition of the Revd. Kennedy Grant's 25th year as a Minister in Salisbury.

Dr Kennedy Grant is to date, the longest serving minister (1932-1968) and after his retirement a stained glass window was installed in the Memorial Tower in dedication to his long service. The inscription reads:

> To commemorate the life and dedicated services to Rhodesia of the Revd. James Kennedy Grant C.V.E, D.D., Ministration 1932-1968
> Presented by H.M. Barbour, O.B.E. 23.3.1975

In 1957, a tribute from Sir Robert Tredgold says:

> For nigh on a quarter of a century, Dr Kennedy Grant led and guided the congregation. More than to any other individual, it owes to him, the strength of

its own position and the prestige it enjoys, not only within the country, but far beyond our own Borders.

Here I quote KG's, as Dr Kennedy Grant was known, guiding principles as he expressed them after a total of forty years in the ministry covering his work in various countries. He wrote:

> Amidst all the changes I have seen, one thing stands – CHRIST HIMSELF. He is still at the centre of my thinking and my preaching and more than ever do I think of religion as a personal relationship to Christ of Love and Loyalty and Obedience. That is the core of Faith and that is what gives a man a sense of direction, an inner peace in the thick of the noise and bustle of life and a sense of strength to face life with all its vagaries.

Apart from the construction of the Church, associated hall and other buildings, the 97 years since 1904 has been one of endeavour and achievement in many fields. Harare has grown from a scattered Pioneer town to a fine modern city. A succession of ministers have played a notable role in the development of the Church's activities. It is the story of devoted work of many men and women over the years. It is impossible to refrain from mentioning some names. That of the Revd. Herbert Chikomo (our first black minister) ranks high. He was the Minister of the City Church 1983-1990 and the Moderator of the Presbyterian Church of Southern Africa in 1986.

Dr Kennedy Grant has already been mentioned. He was Moderator of the PCSA in 1943 and 1944. Others who became Moderators of the Presbyterian Church of Southern Africa were Reverends Henry Cochrane, William Sampson, P. Gordon, Horace Thomas, P. Montgomery and Alan Spence. Some members present may not know that Horace Thomas passed to Higher Service last year and that another long-standing minister of this congregation, Andrew Milne, has retired, but is in very poor health. The Moderator for 2001/2002 is our own present Minister, Reverend Max T. Chigwida, who has led us with distinction since 7 May 1999.

Owing to a union of the Presbyterian Church in Southern Africa and the Reformed Presbyterian Church, Revd. Chigwida will now head the Uniting Presbyterian Church of Southern Africa.

During this last year, congregational participation has been further encouraged, whereby, on the last Sunday of every month, members born in each of the twelve calendar months of the year have taken responsibility for the Order of Service by participating actively. This means that a week tomorrow those born in July will help to organise and participate in the service. This participation not only helps our hard-working Minister to attend to other calls on his time, but also enhances further the strong fellowship existing among all members of the congregation.

Because of the multi-cultural nature of our congregation, our Reverend Max Chigwida suggested we should meet at the Church for lunch a couple of weeks ago, each of us bringing our national dishes to share! This proved to be a most enjoyable and meaningful function.

The church, through its early extension work, has given birth to the Highlands, Hatfield, Greencroft and Chinhoyi sister churches and ministers to the Harare South

congregation on a regular basis. During the past century, there has also been ministry to Kadoma, Chegutu, Shamva and Macheke.

From the beginning, the Women's Association has always played a meaningful role in the life of the church. There used to be three flourishing Women's Association Branches, an evening and two afternoon branches, meeting twice or more often in the month. Regrettably, owing to changed circumstances, there is now a Women's Fellowship meeting once per month on a Wednesday and an Afternoon Branch of the Women's Association meeting once per month on a Saturday. Despite problems, however, the women members continue to support the Church as Elders and Members of the Board of Management; they help with fund-raising, provide care and succour to those in need, and assist at Church functions. In the Kennedy Grant Hall there is a plaque with the inscription: 'Presented to the Church by the Afternoon branch of the Women's Association for the Kennedy Grant Hall in commemoration of the Diamond Jubilee 1966'.

Members of that Branch included hard-working and prominent Church members like the late Mrs Brooking, Mrs Cowie, Mrs Martin and Mrs Garmany to mention but a few.

The Choir has always been of invaluable assistance on the musical side of the services. At present the Church is fortunate in having the devoted services of four excellent organists – Dr C. Auchterlonie, Anna Cato, Ann Thomson and Iris Hunter.

The Church has a dedicated force of young people belonging to the Youth Fellowship and Sunday School. There are also Bible Study and Alpha Groups. A recent feature of our morning services has been the beautiful, harmonious singing of a group of young people.

The Mission Statement of the Children's Club is to give a Christian education to disadvantaged children roaming the streets of Harare, to unite children with their parents and to integrate children into society as responsible citizens.

The Club was formed in April, 1996, by the Presbytery of Zimbabwe, under the inspired leadership of Mrs Alice Chikomo, wife of Revd. Herbert Chikomo, as Director, and assisted by a dedicated staff of volunteer teachers. Responsibility for the Club passed to the City Church in September, 1999, at Mrs Chikomo's request.

Using the Church premises, the children arrive about 8.00 am and, importantly, are given a breakfast of two slices of bread and peanut butter, an orange and a cup of tea. Later, after lessons, they have a lunch meal of sadza with cabbage and mince meat or sausages. Lessons begin at 8.30 am. Subjects taught are English, maths, Shona, environmental science, art and living together. A hundred children have been re-united with their parents. These are only some of the features of the Club which is achieving its mission successfully. Today, the average attendance is 45.

The Club which receives donations from well-wishers around the world is managed by a Committee, chaired by Anne Phillips, the Session Clerk. Mothers of children and other destitute women, some with impaired eyesight, are being taught various skills as well, in a Club which meets on certain afternoons during the week.

In the beginning, the City Church had a membership of 85. This number has grown steadily over the years, with some variations up and down, and today stands at 280.

But before the City Church saw the establishment of the suburban congregations

as separate entities, the Salisbury and district membership totalled something in the region of two thousand members and adherents. The ministerial staff included Revd. John Cowie who took Holy Orders on his retirement as Secretary for European Education of the Colony. Another educationalist, Professor Robert Craig, must also be mentioned. He was Vice Chancellor of the University of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, and on many occasions occupied the pulpit in this Church. Later, after his return to Scotland, he became Moderator of the Church of Scotland and on a visit to the then Salisbury, preached at mid-morning service in the vestments of his office. They could be reasonably comfortable in a Scottish climate, but here in October I think many of the congregation prayed that he would not suffocate.

As previously indicated, until 1980 membership comprised almost exclusively whites. From 1980 onwards, more and more African worshippers have joined, so that today they are in the majority. Gratifying is the sense of fellowship among members, and the church is regarded as God's beacon of light in the City in this respect. The banner that hangs from the rafters of the Church was designed by Revd. Alan Spence, and illuminates this feature, 'Light in the City'. Earlier, mention has been made that, although congregations were almost entirely white, work among the African people was begun from the very beginning, both in Bulawayo and Salisbury. African work began in Salisbury when some Nyasaland men were meeting for prayer in a house behind the old Post Office in Manica Road. One of the first whites to get in touch with these Nyasas was a Mr Bothwell. This was about 1905. They were invited to use the first small church in Sinoia Street. This outreach was further exemplified by approval of the establishment of an African School near the Salisbury African Location in 1913.

The Revd. Timothy Kanyowa was the first black Presbyterian Minister. He was ordained on 16th August, 1953.

According to the brochure 'Venture in Faith', in 1958, the City Church noted that the Church must also reach out to the people that all may share God's gracious gifts. In those days, this was done separately. 'Venture in Faith' noted that our European congregations were in urban centres. Our African congregations were mainly outside the urban areas.

This position changed radically after 1980, and is exemplified by the Presbyterian School in Mhondoro, officially opened by Sir Robert Tredgold on Sunday, 17 August 1969. The Vote of Thanks was offered by Dr Selby Ngcobo.

Many years prior to this development, prominent farmers who were members of this congregation established primary schools on their farms with a Christian basis. Notable among these were at Rainham Farm, owned by the Dawson family, Crowborough where Mr Pascoe farmed, and the Davies family farm, known as Churu. Dr Kennedy Grant paid those, and other venues, regular visits. Another project was the large Lytton Primary School established by the Lytton Tobacco Company, later handed over to the Church and supervised by Miss Monica Robinson.

Until the ministry of Revd. Alan Spence, the Communion was administered from the nave of the Church under the cross, but he believed that the Minister and Elders should be closer to, and part of the congregation. Since then, the Communion Service has been conducted from the portion of the Church just below the pulpit.

The well known Mrs Anne Milne who was married in the City Presbyterian Church

in 1932 and still attends regularly, will be 90 years old in three weeks' time. She is the daughter of the late Revd. Frank Oldreive, a Baptist Minister. Her late husband's father, Mr G. R. Milne – always a generous member of the Church – was the giver of a manse to the Church in 1918, as well as the two inside panels of the stained glass window above the altar. The plaque carries this inscription: 'To the Glory of God and in memory of men from Mashonaland who fell in the war of 1914–1918.'

Later, the side panels were presented by his sons Gordon Donald and Dr Ian Ross Milne in memory of their parents Mary Ann and Gordon Ross Milne.

The stained glass window to the right of the Choir stalls portrays the expansion of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland throughout the Empire and was presented to the congregation in gratitude to God and to commemorate the attainment of the Jubilee of the Colony of Southern Rhodesia 1890–1940.

The stained glass windows in the south transept, representing Service ('Learn of Me') and Dedication ('Witness unto Me') were gifted to the Church by the Hon. John Wallace Downie CMG in gratitude to God and to mark the Jubilee of the Colony. He died on 22 August, 1940.

It is miracle that the majority of the stained glass windows in the Church escaped damage and those that were damaged were beautifully restored after the mindless bomb which caused extensive damage to buildings, pews and furniture, this resulting in a tragic loss of a large section of the records of the congregation.

The wooden cross mounted beneath the stained glass windows above the altar was cut from a piece of timber found among the wreckage of the building.

There are various plaques to the memory of members of the Church who lost their lives during the Anglo Boer War, as well as World Wars I and II, namely, John Clarkson Tredgold, 2nd Lt. in the Royal Scots, Alexander Laing, and John W. H. Milne. There is an interesting tablet on the North Wall of the Church. This is a memorial to three young men who lost their lives in the Anglo Boer War in South Africa in 1900. An inscription at the base of the tablet states, designed in 1902, seven years before the original Church building existed. The relations or friends of the men concerned must have had this made and cherished it until they could have it incorporated in this building.

A plaque deserving of special mention is that on Monica Robinson for 'devoted and untiring service'. An academic scholar of some note, she was appointed assistant Lay Preacher, during Dr Kennedy Grant's ministry, as well as Church Secretary, a position she held for forty years.

Time does not permit to offer many more details of this Church's rich and varied history, but when mentioning plaques and windows, it is appropriate to draw attention to the Bell Tower and gallery at the west end of the Church. This comprises a war memorial tower and spike that rises to a height of 86 metres. In order to accommodate this tower, the Church building was extended a further 14 metres.

At the start of the 21st century, the Church looks for hope and inspiration to the logo of the Presbyterian Church. This is a bush alight, the burning bush, but although on fire, it is never reduced to ashes, it remains steadfast as a growing entity. As the Latin superscription puts it: 'Nec Tamen Consumebatur'.

Norton in the Early Days

by Ann Sinclair

This is the text of a talk given to members of the History Society of Zimbabwe at Lake Chivero, near Norton, on 23 September 2001.

The source of information about the early days in Norton comes from the autobiography of my father, Ralph Palmer. He was born in England in 1900 and came to Rhodesia in 1920 after he had spent two years in a sanatorium being cured of TB.

Ralph Palmer arrived in Norton in 1920 to work as an assistant on Idaho Farm for Mr Trevor Fletcher. Many of the farms in the district were occupied. The leading farmer must have been Mr South, with innovative ideas and foresight.

Trevor Fletcher was a successful farmer. He had been trained as an engineer and Ralph learned many things besides tobacco growing from him. He had bought Idaho farm in 1912.

The farmers were strong individuals, who could not have coped otherwise. The roads were non-existent and there were no telephones till 1925. Mr Cumming, Bill's grandfather, owned 26 000 acres round the Norton siding. He was a strong temperance man and would not allow the hotel at the siding to have a licence.

Life centred around the railway line. All provisions and farming inputs came by train and all produce went to market by train. In 1920 there were only two cars in the district and they could only be used in the dry season as the roads were impassable once the rains came.

A journey to Salisbury meant a cycle ride to Norton and a night at the Hotel so that you could catch the 4.30 a. m. passenger train. Alternatively passengers were permitted to ride in the guard's van of goods' trains.

When Ralph arrived, Mr Fletcher was the proud owner of a new Nash motor car. He had never driven before so some of the trips with him were hair raising, especially negotiating the precipitous approaches to the crossing over the Hunyani river. This was a ford full of rocks.

The road from Salisbury to Norton had eight gates in the first fifteen miles, then the road meandered from farm to farm through farm yards. On one journey home they ran out of fuel on du Toit's farm. Ralph was lent a bicycle and rode to the postal agent where someone had seen a whiskey bottle of petrol. On the way back to the car with the precious bottle, he lost his way and took a wrong turning, but did eventually find the car. The family managed to get to the railway line at the siding where the car sputtered and died on the line. They had to push it off. It was now dark, so they spent the night at the hotel. Early next morning Ralph cycled the five miles to the farm and organised for an African to return with a four-gallon tin of petrol so they could finally get home.

In about 1921, American cars – the Ford and Chevrolet – were imported into the country. They were much sturdier and better able to withstand the racket of what were apologies for roads than the English cars. Cars then cost £250.

Farming was primitive. There were no tractors. Mr South had imported the first

tractor, but this did not run for long as it was impossible to train anyone to drive it and it was abandoned for the humble ox.

The seedbeds were sterilised by burning piles of dried wood on the surface. They were planted in mid-September. Ralph was sent down to a shed to give the workers two bags of fertiliser for the beds. A week or two later, when Mr Fletcher asked where the cement was, he realised that he had fertilised the beds with cement.

During the curing season the assistant had to get up during the night to check the barn fires and temperatures. One night all the fires were out and the temperatures down and the man in charge was found sleeping under a blanket. Ralph thought he would surprise him by dousing him with a bucket of cold water. Imagine his surprise when a naked girl leapt shrieking from under the blanket and disappeared into the night!

Reaping the tobacco crop was very time-consuming. They often only finished filling barns late at night. When the crop was graded and baled these were sent to Salisbury by train. This was then sold under contract to the United Tobacco Co. of Cape Town. There was a lot of dissatisfaction among the growers with the prices offered by the Company.

Trevor Fletcher was a prominent figure in the district, chairing the farmers' meetings and being on the board of the Rhodesian Tobacco Warehouse Co-op. He was also active in politics, being very involved in the referendum which was to decide whether Rhodesia became independent or joined the Union of South Africa.

Entertainment was provided by the people themselves. The Fletchers organised a dance one evening to which the whole district was invited. The preparations went on for weeks beforehand. Everyone stayed the night, the women and children in the four bedrooms in the house and the men in a shed outside which had fresh cut hay and blankets laid down.

As the newcomer, Ralph spent the evening winding up the portable gramophone which provided the music for the dancing. When they finally dossed down in the early hours of the morning one of the characters asked, 'Is everyone abed?' 'Yes.' He then pulled out his pistol and shot out the candle.

When Dad turned 21, Mrs Fletcher had a little party for the occasion. She invited Rene Shone the daughter of a farmer who lived on Aberdeen, across the Hunyani river, to spend the weekend. She was a charming girl of seventeen and they had a very pleasant time. But the relationship came to naught. Some years later she married Dallas Kirkman, a promising young farmer who was just starting in the district. Dallas had a striking career and for many years has been one of the foremost farmers in the country.

In about 1926 the Norton Cricket Club got under way. Jock Cumming allowed them to use a piece of ground near Norton which remained the cricket ground for 26 years.

They first played in the summer but rain made play difficult and it was very difficult getting anywhere to play matches away. On one trip to Chegutu for a match the road turned into a quagmire at Lydiate so they caught the train and arrived thus in Chegutu.

They were invited to play in Umtali one weekend. The journey there took from 4 a. m. to 9 that night, along very rough tracks. They missed a sign and had to open many gates, but were royally entertained once they got to their destination.

Some farmers built clay tennis courts on the farms and the social round of tennis

began. Later, three courts were built near the cricket ground and Farmers' Hall in Norton.

One Sunday, when they had all gone to the Hall for lunch during a cricket match, there was an unseasonable storm of rain and, when they returned to the ground, the stumps had been struck by a bolt of lightning and were reduced to a pile of ashes.

There was far more game then and Mr South had a nasty encounter with a pack of wild dogs. He was returning from Kent on his horse when he was surrounded by wild dogs. He knew if he ran for it they could outrun him. Fortunately they saw a small duiker and ran after the smaller prey. Lions were in evidence on a couple of occasions. On Kent there were kudu and a herd of fifty sable. Every farmer had a rifle or shotgun so, not surprisingly, the herds diminished.

There were a number of colourful characters in the district. Roger Downes owned thousands of acres. He was an Irishman and delightful, if a little eccentric. At the rifle range he wore a green felt hat with a brim which reached halfway down his back, a monocle, a dress shirt, boiled not starched, normally open as far as his navel, then khaki shorts which reached below his knees. These were sustained by a massive belt made out of the inner tube of a motor tyre fastened by four or five 3/16th bolts fastened to which was a huge bunch of keys and a hunting knife. At the nether end were the normal boots and stockings.

In 1925, the first Post Office was built and the first Road Council was started. All the equipment they owned were two or three scotch carts.

The Government started constructing low-level bridges on the main roads which was a great improvement.

I hope this gives you some idea of what it was like in Norton in the early 1920s.

Letter to the Honorary Editor from Anne Gibson (née Morris)

9 Villa Bremaren
70 Oxford Road
Avondale, Harare
15 March 2001

Dear Mr Kimberley,

I saw with sorrow from the issue No 19, 2000, of *Heritage* that Louis Bolze had died in Bulawayo. I worked with him for some years and always remained on friendly terms for the next 40 years although, as he was in Bulawayo and I mainly in Harare, we didn't meet often. I thought your obituary was excellent, and the photograph a remarkably good likeness.

There is just one point, however. Louis was with the South African Railways Public Relations Department before he came to Rhodesia in 1952. He actually came to Salisbury in 1952 to join *The Rhodesian Recorder*, a Trade magazine published by Ramsay Parker Publications, as second in command to Ivor J. Beer, the managing editor. I know this because I myself joined the staff of the *Recorder* towards the end of that year, and Louis was already with them. We worked together until 1957 when I left to join the Federal Government Information Service, although Louis had been in charge of the Bulawayo Office of Ramsay Parker Publications for some time by then. I remember with particular pleasure the time we spent producing a special edition of *The Rhodesian Recorder* on the Rhodes Centenary exhibition in Bulawayo in 1953!

May I say how much I am enjoying *Heritage of Zimbabwe* – as a new member of the History Society!

Yours sincerely
Anne Gibson

Letter to the Honorary Editor from J. N. Clatworthy

P.O. Box 113
Marondera
Zimbabwe
6 May 2002

Dear Mr Kimberley,

As a long-term resident of Marondera/Marandellas, I wish to refute strongly a statement on page 4 of *Heritage of Zimbabwe* No. 20, in the article on John Archer by Colin Baker. It is not true that 'One of the first steps taken was the despatch of a relief patrol from Salisbury . . . down the Umtali road. This picked up on its way the settlers in Marandellas, Headlands and Lesapi districts and escorted them to Umtali . . .' We Marondera people are not in the habit of waiting for relief from Salisbury/Harare and in fact the patrol originated from Marandellas (actually from the Ruzawi outspan on the river of that name; Marondera was a local chief – qua page 17) and on its way rescued Lewis from his store and most of the residents of the Headlands area. It is also not true that Headlands was 'a store where everybody was killed at the beginning of the rising.' The three men buried in the cemetery at old Headlands were traders killed at Nedziwa's kraal. Most of the residents of Headlands were saved by the Marandellas party. Incidentally, has Ryk Fischer's 'A Race for Life' ever been published in *Rhodesiana/Heritage*?

On a more serious note, Colin Baker wonders why more advantage was not taken of game as a source of food by the soldiers who were 'half starved a few times'. I suggest that rinderpest had so severely depleted the game (see page 9 of that article) that little remained. I acknowledge Archer's diary entry 'so much game that we nearly rode over it' but believe that that would be an unusual reaction of healthy wildlife, and reckon that is just one more indication of the effects of the rinderpest.

Yours sincerely
J. N. Clatworthy.

Letter to Colin Saunders from June Johnston

32B Mt. Pleasant Drive,
Harare.
5 February 2001

Dear Doctor Saunders,

I received the *Heritage*, History Society Journal, this weekend and read with real interest your article on the wild horses of Devuli. I was fortunate enough some years back to have a weekend of very close contact with them and thought you might be interested to have a bit more to add to the legend of the Wild Horses of Devuli!

The years around 1964 and 1965 must have been bad drought years. Grazing for the Devuli Ranch cattle was scarce and being made more so by the increasing number of goats and wild horses; the latter had actually turned to browsing off the Mopani. As a result of this, the management decided to sell off the goats at 10 shillings each and the horses at 10 pounds each to anyone who was prepared to arrange the necessary transport for this incredible offer and reduce the unwanted livestock on the estate.

Friends of mine, Rodney and Pauline Gail, who ran a riding school in the Vumba, were interested to acquire some of the horses and made arrangements to go down to Devuli over the Rhodes and Founders weekend of 1965. Rodney, a recently retired policeman, made all the arrangements necessary for a smooth-running visit to the Ranch, to select a number of horses which would already have been coralled waiting for his selection, to be loaded on an animal truck and taken up the Vumba – all at quite considerable expense. These arrangements had been made with, I think, Bridges himself but it may have been Don Somerville at that time who was in charge. As my husband was chairman of the Inter-provincial hockey tournament being held in Umtali that Rhodes and Founders, I knew I would see nothing of him for the duration of the 4 days and so willingly accepted an invitation to join the Gails together with our two younger children who would be company for their two of similar ages, between 4 and 8 years old.

We arrived on Devuli after dark and set up camp on what seemed a pleasantly flat and clean sandy area, to find next morning in the daylight that we'd camped in a riverbed. Which explained why we had one of the coldest nights I've ever experienced in Rhodesia/Zimbabwe! We were also next to a very dilapidated, insecure but large corral – with not a horse in sight. Rodney set out to find out where the horses might have been kept only to discover that the best laid plans had gone awry and the manager had flown up to Salisbury for the weekend forgetting to pass on any message about bringing in the horses for Mr. Gail. However, a helpful section manager said he would send some labour out to collect the small herds from around the ranch and drive them in to the corral. All was not lost but, because they were spread so far afield, they would not be with us until sundown.

The lowveld in winter is a very special place, bird life was abundant and we found that time did not hang on our hands while we waited for the horses to arrive in the evening. We did our best with what material was available to make the fencing more secure.

Late afternoon the first of the small families started coming in: a stallion with about 4 or 5 mares and foals of different ages. They had been driven much of the day, were nervous and, as more families came in, became very agitated with stallions trying to keep their mares about them and chasing off opponents. To add to the mêlée of dozens of large healthy looking horses, flying hooves and dust, came the drovers who had nobly done their duty despite the fact that they had already started their weekend vacation and were well inebriated. Having delivered their small groups of horses they collapsed on the ground to sleep, heads on logs, with horses milling around them. How nobody had a hoof through their head I'll never know. Despite the drought, the horses were in beautiful condition, apart from the damage done to the ears of some by screw-worm, mention of which is in your article. I learnt later that the Mopani leaf is highly nutritious and this no doubt helped to keep the animals in their good condition. During all this activity which went on till after dark, we had put the children up the Mopani trees to keep them safe from flying hooves. It was the nearest thing to a rodeo show I'd ever seen!

As darkness came we tried to select about 20 or 30 mares with foals, install them in the corral and drive away the rest with their stallions. Humans and horses had a very disturbed night – those stallions whose mares were in the corral did not want to leave them there and kept coming back for them, some even breaking the inadequate fencing with their hooves to release the mares. We watched as some of the horses responding to the call of their stallions, actually cleared the fairly high fence and disappeared into the night.

The plan next morning was that selection would be made, reducing the number to about 15 mares and foals, putting them through a crush pen, injecting them with a tranquilliser guaranteed to reduce them to a suitably docile state with minimum delay, loading them onto the already waiting truck and then proceeding back to the Vumba. They accepted the crush pen, the injections went in and we waited . . . and waited . . . for the state of docility which should have followed. An hour later we were still trying to get just one mare up the ramp to the truck. Each time we managed it she would turn and leap off and scatter any others who might have been about to follow her. At last, patience ran out and one strong man picked up a foal in his arms, walked up onto the trailer bed and stood holding the foal and looking the mare squarely in the eyes. She trotted up to join her foal and the rest came on in a rush, still in fresh state with no apparent effect from the injection.

We arrived back at the stables in the Vumba some hours later, by which time the tranquilliser had taken effect and then we had to physically push the, by now, thoroughly dozy animals off the truck!

The end of that story had mixed results. The horses must have thought they had woken up in heaven with fetlock deep green grass around them – it proved too much for a few of them and 2 or 3 died of colic. The rest were schooled to become useful riding school horses, though a bit big and strong with their deep thick necks – the

American Quarterhorse genes, I guess, and one, with the delightful name of Devuli Dancer ended up as a Champion jumper at the Salisbury Show a few years later.

I hope I haven't bored you with all this – it was a truly unique and memorable weekend which I was fortunate enough to be part of.

Thank you for your other excellent article in this copy of *Heritage* about Dr. James Kennedy. I will be sending it on to our son, a doctor in British Colombia, who as chairman of the Rural Doctors' Association there has experience of government bureaucracy and would empathise with the late James Kennedy – unfortunately he does not own a goat to dispose of the unwanted paper work!

Yours sincerely,
June Johnston.

The History Society of Zimbabwe National Chairman's Report on the Proceedings of the Society during 2001/2002

Your committee has held four meetings since the last AGM. They have been well attended and at times lively. I have to tell you that, despite the fact that the occasional non-legal interloper like John Bousfield and myself has been allowed to sit in the Chairman's seat, members of the legal profession continued to dominate proceedings, both numerically (there were 6 full-blown lawyers), but also in terms of the volume of input (both quantitatively and decibel-wise) during meetings. As if that were not enough, two other members of the committee, who in the past had proudly proclaimed that they were from a different mould (one an undertaker and the other a quietly spoken headmaster), have also both climbed on board the legal bandwagon in the last year.

Seriously, while I will be making a few formal "thank-yous" later, I must offer my appreciation at the outset to all of my fellow committee colleagues for their input, their continued enthusiasm and their attendance through the year.

Activities undertaken have included the Annual Dinner which was held here at the Club in late July last year. Our special guests on that occasion were Adrian and Linda de Bourbon (another lawyer dare I say), though I like to think that a most pleasant evening was had by all. No dates have been set for the dinner this year, but that and possibly a change of format will be one subject for discussion at our May meeting.

Thanks to the expertise and dedication of our Honorary Editor, Mr Mike Kimberley, another primary activity – that of the publication of Heritage of Zimbabwe, has proceeded seemingly without a hitch. I use the word "seemingly" advisedly, because the recent appearance of Heritage No. 20 – another in a long line of successful Society journals to emerge under Mike's editorship, disguises all the cajoling that he has had to do, not only to get articles out of contributors, but also to chase up transcripts of talks given at the various Mashonaland Branch outings. This year, probably more than at any time in the past, he has also had to tout around the publishers to get the best printing deal possible under the current hyper-inflationary circumstances. His difficulties in this regard lead me naturally into what has been one of our most crucial activities this past year and that has been the marshalling of our financial resources.

In the more recent past, when there have been real interest rates available on the money market, our Honorary Treasurer, Ian Galletly has done wonders with the Society's funds by way of investment, but circumstances this past year have made his task much more difficult. The details I will leave to Ian when he reports later, but suffice it to say that in order to protect the financial resources of the Society and in particular to ensure continued publication of Heritage as a quality historical journal, we have very reluctantly had to increase the annual subscriptions of the Society. You will all have seen the new levels that have been set, so I won't repeat them here. Let me say, however, that in increasing the subscriptions levels so dramatically, we were

well aware, as a committee, that we risked losing some of our members, particularly pensioners, and this was a very real worry to us. Whilst we have always let it be known that it was possible for those members who might be having difficulty in paying their subscriptions to make a confidential approach to the Chairman, this seldom happens. Quite understandably, people are probably too proud and it was with that in mind that we agreed to set up a Membership Subscription Assistance Fund at this meeting. The idea is that those members who can afford to put in just a little extra when they pay their own subs, should do so, with the extra then going into the Assistance Fund. Hopefully, the existence of such a Fund would make those who might be inclined to just drop out to have second thoughts. .Since the new subscription letters were sent out we have had seven members (including two couples) indicating their intention not to renew, but we have also had six members making additional contributions to the tune of $7 655. We really are very grateful to the latter group for their generosity and their public spiritedness.

Further to this initiative, however, I am thrilled to announce that, through the good offices of Richard Wood and as a direct result of an appeal that he made to Mr John Bredenkamp of Scottlee Holdings, a donation of $100 000 has been made to help launch the Fund. Naturally I have written to Mr Bredenkamp to thank him for his outstanding generosity and, with the approval of the members present, I should like to be able to pass on a formal vote of thanks from the Society. (May I ask for a show of hands in support of such a motion). Now that we have over $100 000 specifically set aside to assist wavering members with their subscriptions, I really do appeal to those members that might be considering not renewing, or who have already resigned for reasons of the size of the subscriptions increase, to think again and to approach me on the quiet. It would be a great pity to lose members while there is all this money set aside just to keep them!

Staying with the subject of finances, another of our activities this past year, has been to renew our appeals for new sponsors and benefactors – companies that are prepared to commit for a five year period to a regular annual donation towards the publication of Heritage of Zimbabwe. You will all have seen the lists of such sponsors and benefactors listed in past copies of the journal, but this year I am pleased to report that there will be an additional ten or so names. My thanks again to the committee for their endeavours in this regard, and in particular to Dennis Stephens who must have had to call in a lot of business favours.

Another of the regular activities which goes on seemingly in the background, but is nevertheless important and in fact core to our existence, is the sale of *Africana* and other books. This is of course handled by John Ford, through whose hands an enormous volume of material passes each year. John has established a very sizeable network of buyers and sellers, the primary objective being not to earn revenue for the Society, but to facilitate the exchange of historical publications. We recently received a letter from Island Hospice acknowledging the tremendous assistance given to them financially through their share of book sales proceedings.

We continue to be represented on the Historic Buildings Advisory Committee that operates under the auspices of the National Monuments and Museums. I am pleased to report in this connection, however, that my place on that committee has been taken

by Keith Martin, a man at once more knowledgeable and passionate on the subject of preserving the historic buildings heritage of the country. Associated with the working of the committee is an ongoing drive to sell the Historic Buildings of Harare Town Walk Maps that were produced some four years ago, together with an initiative in association with the National Trust to have commemorative plaques put up on those buildings that are included in the Map.

Keith Martin has also been a key mover in a premises sub-committee. Formed initially to look at the possibility of investing some of our funds in an old house in the Avenues, perhaps in association with the National Trust, where a semi permanent exhibit of photographs depicting something of the history of Harare could be mounted, attention has turned instead to the possibility of such an exhibit being installed at The Bronte.

One final and important activity that we have on the go, and one which will assume increasing importance through the next 14 months or so, is that associated with plans to commemorate the 50th Anniversary of the founding of the Society in June 1953. Two sub-committees have been formed – a special Stamps Committee, aimed at bringing out a Commemorative Stamp issue in June/July next year in association with the Philatelic Bureau, and an Anniversary Sub-committee. The latter will look at the possibility of special events, a series of topical historical lectures by top class speakers, and a special edition of Heritage of Zimbabwe, all of this unfortunately against the backdrop of an election result which in the short to medium term at least is not likely to be that conducive to our kind of anniversary.

Before moving on to some thank yous, here are some membership statistics. I am told that we have some 530 members locally, plus another 30 odd external members. I am also happy to report that, at the last meeting, it was agreed to offer Honorary Life Membership to Mr Michael Spencer Cook.

For most of our members, the Mashonaland Branch of the Society represents its visible face. It is the Branch that arranges most of the events and it is the success of these outings that encourages new membership, or helps dissuade people from not renewing, despite the subscriptions hike. I should like to congratulate the Branch Committee on its varied and interesting programme in the past year, despite the political and other conditions prevailing.

On a more personal level, I would like to thank Ian Galletly for his efforts this past year. It goes without saying that he has done his usual very good job, but what I admired most was that he did it despite his late wife Pauline's deteriorating ill health. We mourn with him her passing.

My sincere thanks too to the Kimberleys, Rose and Mike. Individually they have each contributed tremendously to the success of the Society – as a team, they set a standard which it will be impossible to emulate. As of today, Rose will be stepping down as a member of this Committee and I am sure that I speak on every member's behalf when I try to thank her for all that she has done for the Society over a very long period of time. I trust she will now be able to sit back as an ordinary member and enjoy the benefits of membership for a long time to come. That said I hope Mike doesn't harbour any desires just yet of joining her on the retirement bench.

Another retiree is Richard Franks who has indicated his wish to step down from this Committee. I haven't been able yet to ascertain just how long Richard has been

associated with this committee, but I know that it is a very long time. In the comparatively short time that I have known him I have admired two things in particular – his wise counsel, and his preparedness to roll up his sleeves and muck in with any task that needed doing, no matter how mundane.

Finally, my thanks to Carol Cochrane who has taken over the Secretarial role from Rose Kimberley. I hope that working with me hasn't proved too painful an experience and that she will be agreeable to carrying on in the Secretarial capacity.

John McCarthy
National Chairman

History Society of Zimbabwe Instructions to Contributors of Articles for Inclusion in *Heritage of Zimbabwe*

1. *Heritage of Zimbabwe* is an annual journal which is published every December.
2. Suitable articles for inclusion in *Heritage of Zimbabwe* are always welcome.
3. The Honorary Editor of *Heritage of Zimbabwe* maintains a reservoir of articles which is examined on I July in every year with a view to publishing in December a journal of about 80 000 words in 160 pages.
4. The Honorary Editor's policy is for half of the text to consist of original researched articles and the other half to consist of the text of talks given to members of the Society at Branch and National outings and functions. This 50/50 balance is not always achievable and much depends on what is on hand in July each year.
5. The submission of an article does not constitute a guarantee that it will be published in the year in which it is submitted or at all. The selection of articles for inclusion is at the discretion of the Honorary Editor.
6. Every submission should consist of –
   (a) a typed version of the article (double spacing); and
   (b) a diskette containing the text; and
   (c) maps and line drawings in indian ink; and
   (d) suitable postcard size black and white photographs; and
   (e) a short biographical note (500 words) about the author.

   It is emphasised that both the typed version and the diskette must be submitted as the editing is done from the former and the diskette is amended accordingly for stage I of the printing process (formatting).
7. The diskette and the photographs will be returned to authors after publication and between I and 3 (depending on length of article) copies of the whole joumal will be given to each author.
8. There is no real restriction on the length of articles or on the number of illustrations except that each printed page costs the Society about Z$3 300.00 to produce and each copy of the journal costs the Society about Z$600.00.
9. Because of the variable standard of printing in Zimbabwe nowadays authors resident in Zimbabwe will normally be asked to check the page proofs of their article and will be given about three days to do so.
10. Authors are not at present paid for contributing articles, nor does the Society impose a charge for publishing articles as is the case with botanical and other papers in a number of South African journals.

M. J. Kimberley
Honorary Editor