HERITAGE of ZIMBABWE

Publication No. 25 2006

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THE HISTORY SOCIETY OF ZIMBABWE
Harare
Zimbabwe
2006

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- ☆ 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.
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- ☆ Your support would, therefore, be both welcome and worthwhile. Do join the Society now.

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P.O. Box CY 35,
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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 or e-mail her at <ianco@zol.co.zw>.

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

Edited by

MICHAEL J. KIMBERLEY

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

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

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B. The Journal **NADA**
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(Published annually since 1981.) Nos. 1 to 11 are out of print but the following issues are available though some issues are in short supply –

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No. 13, 1994	No. 20, 2001	No. 25, 2006
No. 16, 1997	No. 21, 2002	
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Foreword

This is the 25th annual issue of Heritage of Zimbabwe. Its appearance coincides with the alarming hyperinflation in Zimbabwe exceeding the horrific rate of 1000% and predicted by some economists to treble by Christmas 2006. This in itself underlines the enormous difficulty of printing publications of any kind in Zimbabwe today. As an example of this difficulty the price of bond paper increases by 10% per week. Inflation of this magnitude makes it very difficult for non profit organisations which depend on members' subscriptions and sponsorship from generous companies, partnerships and individuals for income to finance their publications and other activities.

All this notwithstanding, the Society is happy to produce in this issue a broad range of articles for your reading pleasure.

For over fifty years the Society has pursued two principal objectives, namely, the publication of an annual journal and the provision on a regular basis of lectures on historical subjects and outings to historical places, both objects being of equal importance though, whilst all members world wide can enjoy the journal, less than 30% of the members attend the lectures and outings.

Our editorial policy has always been to include in each issue of the journal the text of several of the lectures referred to above. This issue is no exception and we offer the text of several talks including one on David Livingstone, one by Professor Atkinson on the 50 year history of the University of Zimbabwe and one on the history of forestry in this country, all given to enthusiastic audiences of over 100.

Six major articles are included on a wide range of subjects. The story by Dusty Miller of Dornford Yates, a well known author of novels, is included because he lived in this country for some years, and, because Zimbabwe used to be a significant agricultural producer, we have appropriately included the story by Doug McClymont of tobacco cultivation here as well as an article by Colin Saunders on the contribution made to the development of agriculture in Zimbabwe by Emory Alvord. Additionally, outstanding talks given on Robert Moffat and David Livingstone by Tim Tanser and Rob Mackenzie are now the subject of major articles and are included.

Railways are a fascinating topic which we include whenever suitable material is forthcoming, often from Robin Taylor as in this issue, and social history is offered in articles on the Salisbury Kopje by Edone Ann Logan and on Cyrene Mission in Matabeleland by Wendy Lapham. We reproduce a short article on Lobengula's Impis and a note on Charles Winton Fraser, and the issue ends with some book reviews. Regular contributors Dr Ray Roberts and Rob Burrett write on postage stamps and Jesuit relics in Botswana.

As always the Society expresses its grateful appreciation to the sponsors all of whom are listed on page v. In particular, we greatly appreciate the sponsorship of TextPertise (Private) Limited and its Directors, Cheryll and Roger Stringer, who have done the formatting of this issue without charge. I express my personal thanks to my wife Rosemary who is an ideal Editor's sounding board having taught A level English for some years.

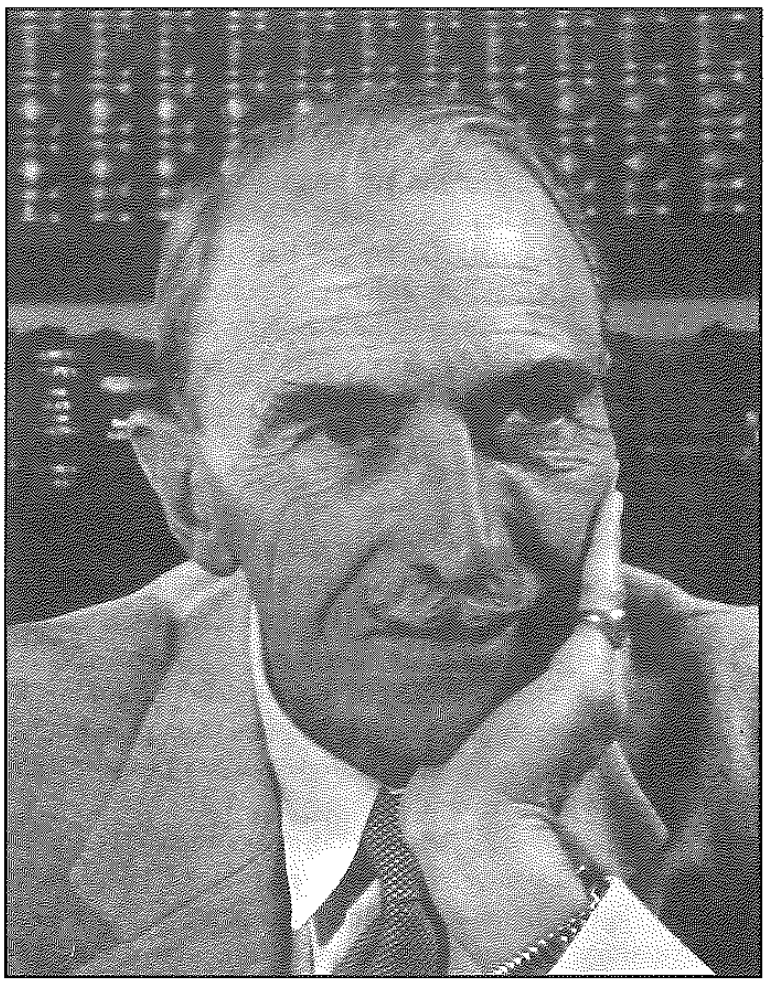
Michael J. Kimberley
Honorary Editor, *Heritage of Zimbabwe*

Dornford who...?
Zimbabwe's worst-known best-seller!

by Dusty Miller

A generation ago there was scarcely a home in this country without at least a few Dornford Yates novels in the parlour bookcase. Recent investigations into the real Yates suggest that may still, to a limited extent, be true among older readers and Yates' publishers have re-released a dozen of the Yates novels in paperback to possibly a new generation of fans.

In undertaking the research for this story, what surprised me was how few people (including me until a few months ago) knew Dornford Yates (real name Major Cecil William Mercer) lived and wrote in this country for almost two decades, mostly in a home he designed and supervised the building of in Murambi, Umtali (Mutare.)



Dornford Yates, the author whose real name was Major Cecil William Mercer. The photograph was taken circa 1955, about 5 years before his death

Having fairly recently read a spoof Yates thriller involving his heroes and heroines the Pleydells and Mansells, most of John Buchan's famous characters and those of Sapper, I was partially re-hooked on Yates. The colourful cast all came together in a rip-roaring historical spy yarn involving a far-fetched scheme to reinstate ex-King Zog to the throne of Albania.

Having thoroughly enjoyed that literary adventure: "Combined Forces", I picked up a biography of Yates by the same author: Major A. J. Smithers. Unfortunately it pre-supposed a working knowledge of all of Yates' characters and most of the plots, which candidly, 30-odd years on, I didn't have. I managed to get my hands on a few volumes through the kind auspices of the ladies of the Greendale Library who borrowed them from the rather dog-eared, age-spotted and flood water-damaged stocks of the Main Harare City Library, as I tried to fill sad gaps in my literary education.

I thought the writing beautifully crafted if dated, but characters now seemed cardboard cut-outs of perfect ladies, gentlemen who were gentle men but could look after themselves in a dust-up; baddies who were dreadful cads and bounders; honest, respectable and respectful policeman; publicans and family servants.

Some books are rather politically incorrect in the racial and religious stereo-typing of the time of writing. That won't give me sleepless nights, but many titles are soon to be re-released, so anticipate paroxysms of rage from the thought police and don't expect them on O- or A- level syllabi.

Yates' plots had dated far more so than the work of Buchan, with whom he is constantly compared, or Sapper. Plots are often hackneyed; dialogue forced and unnatural, much of it snobbish to the extreme.

Yates would have been unapologetic. He was born in Victorian days and regarded himself as a Victorian or, at worst, Edwardian gentleman to the end of his days in the Eastern Districts in what were known as the Swinging Sixties. He wrote about what he regarded as the best days, involving superior people in what he was convinced had been the world's finest country: Great Britain.

It was for mentions of or references to his adopted home, Mutare, or this country or neighbouring Mozambique or Africa generally that I kept looking in the later Yates works. Totally without luck. Cocooned apparently in a time and geographical warp in his eyrie-like study with breathtaking views of a less spoilt Africa than we enjoy now, Yates still wrote about languid toffs in Rolls-Royces and Bentleys in the Home Counties of England between the wars or chasing spies roughly along Mediterranean highways and by-ways between the Iberian and Balkan peninsulas. Much action is set in castles in a Ruritania-like Austria. Not a mention of his colourful local domicile, other than in some very early works where black sheep and members of heroes' families who had become embarrassments were often shipped off to farm in Rhodesia, if not conveniently bumped off in plane crashes.

Yates wrote 35 novels and books of short stories between 1914 and 1958 when the second of his autobiographical novels "B-Berry and I Look Back" came out. His work is basically cleverly, lightly, humorous with some romance, some adventure and at least one detective story. No book was ever out of print during his lifetime or immediately beyond. Although he refused to have them made into films, at least one work was dramatised and became a successful stage play.

"Berry and Co" (published 1920) was reprinted 17 times --almost an annual event-- between then and the outbreak of WWII and, despite the shortages of paper, board, machine capacity, printers and general restrictions on the book trade, four times during the war.

He sold at least two million hard-back copies of his works in Britain and the Empire, and also enjoyed critical acclaim and tremendous sales in America. Other than in book form, much of his work was profitably serialised in magazines.

He must have been rolling in the folding stuff as royalty cheques poured in, yet he lived the autumn of his days (and died) fairly frugally and almost totally unostentatiously in Mutare where, a generation later, few citizens we spoke to had ever heard of him and hardly anyone under 80 knew he had lived there!

We visited the home he designed and supervised the building of: 6, Oak Avenue, Murambi. It then belonged to architect Richard Baker and his wife, Hillcrest College English teacher, Gail, and their family.

Yates called his home Sacradown allegedly after a nursery rhyme which, again, no one we spoke to seems familiar with. Smithers' biography quotes Yates' second wife Elizabeth (whom he confusingly insisted on calling Jill, after his principal heroine):

"To and fro, up and down . . .

That's the way to Sacradown"

is reportedly the important line and the reason for the name of the house. If any reader can complete the couplet or let us have the rhyme in full we would be pleased to hear from them.

The house has no plaque or anything similar on wall or gates. If Mercer had lived anywhere in the UK or America for a dozen and more years, such a commemoration would be a prerequisite. At least one neighbouring street would be named or re-named in his honour; there would possibly be a Yates festival. I have seen those famous English sky-blue plates outside pubs where famous or infamous literary or artistic personalities sampled the odd light refreshment of a mildly intoxicating nature occasionally 200 years or more ago!

Yes, the Bakers did know something of the history of their home. Journalists from a British Army magazine had visited many years ago; the odd writer, researcher and Yates buff had also rocked up.

An unusual aspect, though, occurred when Richard Baker was chairman of the Manicaland Branch of the Wildlife Society. Author, naturalist, zoo-keeper and humorist Gerald Durrell visited Mutare on a speaking tour and fund-raising mission for the society. When Richard collected him from the station and asked what he would like to do, priorities were: One, a bitterly cold beer, "and then do you think we could try to find the house Dornford Yates built here?" Durrell was amazed and gratified he could do both on the stoep of his temporary host and would be purely coincidentally spending a few nights under the corrugated iron roof of what had been Sacradown.

We (*Tobacco News* photographer Alan Allen and I) kept finding similar coincidences and more than a few contradictions to Smithers' biography and the mythology of Yates as we pieced together this jig-saw-like story.

For a start, Yates and Smithers say Sacradown is a duplicate of the author's home in the French Pyrenees: Cockade, near the town of Pau, which he built just before

WWII and fled as Nazi tanks rolled across France and Vichy collaborators took over the area. From what we discovered Cockade cost around 16 000 pounds to build when a semi-detached suburban home in London could be had for about 600 pounds, one in a provincial city for half that.

Both Cockade and Sacradown were built into cliff faces, but Cockade stood proud of the ridge – like the hackle on a Highlander's bonnet, hence the name – and was at least a double storey substantial gentleman's residence, judging by a photograph in Country Life in 1961 when it was on sale. It had a cruel, gruelling 96 steps from gate to front door.

Sacradown, however, is fairly typical of an immediately post-war Colonial bungalow, but perhaps slightly larger than most. It enjoys stupendous views over the former coffee and Burley tobacco growing areas of the frontier district, which must have been far more spectacular before drab high-density "suburbs" were thrown up in the middle distance between the slopes of Murambi and the sheer, solid, dramatic brooding beauty of the Upper Vumba.

He had to move thousands of tonnes of Africa to terrace the dwelling in what must have been about a 1:6 slope. Originally the garden was around five acres, it has been sub-divided since Yates' day and is now about half that area. The property abuts Cecil Kop Nature Reserve.

Thankfully the Bakers had hardly changed the property other than to modernise the kitchen. They bought the house off Veronica Somerville of the Lowveld about 23 years ago for $30 000.

Apart from the views, the main architectural attraction is a spectacular staircase which takes visitors from the solid oak-and-frosted-glass front door DOWNSTAIRS to the main living area. But again the biography describes this as a flight of black marble. It is now fully carpeted, but we were assured it isn't black and it isn't marble: just ordinary slasto, but featuring very shallow risers down its 21 levels.

Elizabeth/Jill sometimes walked with sticks. The house is not the best design I have seen for someone physically disabled, but the gentle steps would not have presented too much difficulty – even for a wheelchair.

Another oddity is that Yates was described as a sun-worshipper: a salamander. When he went to Egypt as a young subaltern with the 2/3rd County of London Yeomanry during WWI he relished the heat which most of his fellow officers loathed. A sun-lover, even before he contracted the rheumatism in the trenches which is eased by gentle sun-bathing, one would have thought his African dream home would not be built south-facing, nor in such a rain-exposed position.

We found another contradiction in that Smithers states (apparently corroborating many stories) Yates was almost a recluse and lived in his own imaginary world, still between the wars and 10 000 km away: "Jill, who suffered from some disability and walked with a stick appeared in the (Umtali) shops, but Mercer (Yates) himself was rarely seen." This quotes Dick Hobson, an ex-Southern Rhodesian Artillery officer, at the time a 22-year-old reporter on the Umtali Advertiser.

Yet elsewhere in the book, Yates is described as visiting Woodward's Jewellers almost every day, to have his petrol cigarette lighter topped up. The two statements simply don't gel.

An interior shot of "Sacradown" the home thriller-author Dornford Yates designed and supervised the building of at 6, Oak Avenue, Murambi, Mutare. The gentle staircase with low risers runs UP from the Main living area to the front door

In our research we spoke to 80-year-old Mrs Becky Olsen, mother of Tina Meikle of Mountain Home Farm, Penhalonga. She told us Yates was a regular customer at Julienne's, her mother's hairdressing shop in Umtali. Judging by contemporary photographs of the author, his military style short-back-and-sides and neatly clipped cavalry moustache must have been trimmed at least weekly in the city- (town-, then) centre salon. Mrs Olsen's mother was Mrs Laura Corder and by another tremendous coincidence we learned the mother of Bunty Brider, who then ran the BMZ Tobacco Sales Floors in Mutare, was a regular client at a hair salon Mrs Corder formerly ran in Poona, India.

Mrs Olsen showed us part of a coffee set Yates presented to her mother to thank her for tonsorial services, again contradicting many tales he was notoriously aloof,

apart from being seldom seen, and rather "close to his siller". She also remembers his vehicle being spotted frequently in the streets of the border town.

All his literary heroes and heroines have the very best of British engineering: Rolls-Royces or Bentleys, often chauffeur-driven, but Yates shipped a Citroen from Lisbon as they escaped WWII, then bought a Chevrolet van in Durban on his arrival in southern Africa in late 1941.

Both vehicles were to last the couple the rest of their days: 19 and 23 years respectively, driven over some of the roughest roads in Africa.

Yates is usually described as a modest self-effacing man, a stickler for protocol and the proprieties, yet the all-black enclosed Chev had his monogram – his real initials: CWM – picked out in gold on the sides, not the most reserved and frightfully British of things.

Another contradiction to the "rarely seen" claim was that Yates routinely took Jill for lunch every Sunday at Peplow(s) Hotel on the Old Umtali/Odzi border. The area was jocularly known as Little Poona, because of the large number of ex-senior officers of the Indian Army, Royal Indian Marine and Indian Civil Service who settled there after Partition. Peplows reportedly served a wonderful curry, reminiscent of the best days of the Raj.

(I am currently seeking photographs of Peplows, which I understand was accidentally burnt down in the 1960s. These would be acknowledged, copied and returned, if any reader can help.)

Mrs Margie Buckley of Centenary, wrote to *Tobacco News* (July 2001) saying no one could visit the Yates without an invitation except for herself and her brother who as children lived next door, their father being area manager of ESC. (The house below on the steep hill still belongs to ESC successor Zesa). The youngsters could call for tea any time.

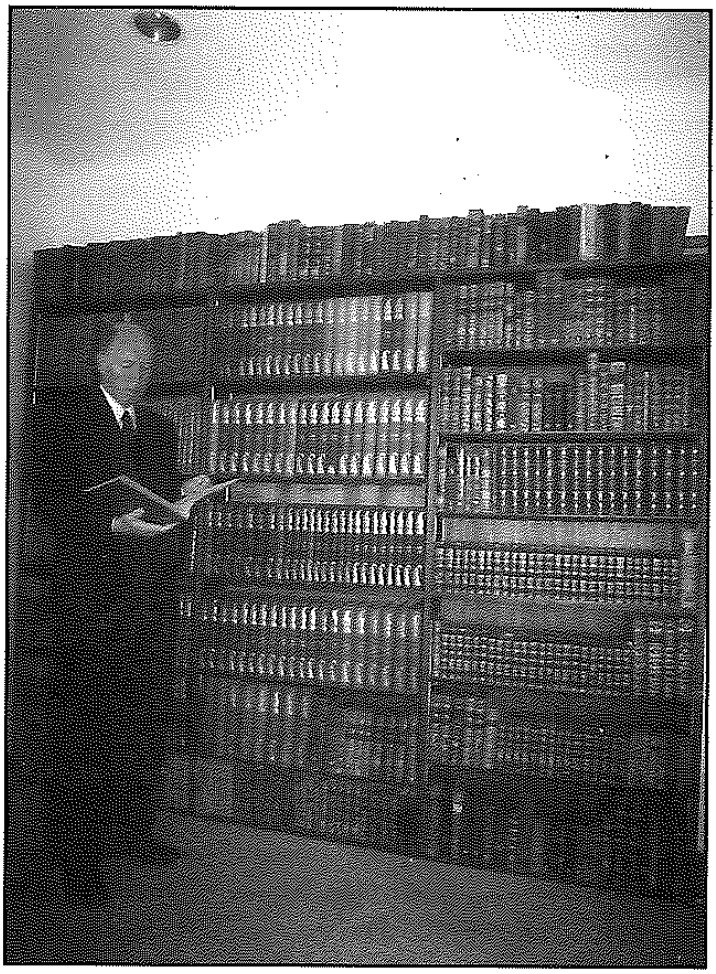
She says Yates was very generous towards the children at birthdays and Christmas. Jill gave her mother a ring and the Major promised her his first editions (which she then found boring) and a collection of Beatrix Potter china figures. She adds she did not live in Umtali when the Major died; the bequest was not reflected in his many times re-drafted will.

Semi-retired attorney Bill Chadder, of Mutare, had Yates as a client and declined to say much because of lawyer-client confidentiality. (The client having been dead 41 years!) He told us he was occasionally one of those few invited to tea. "The African servant pushed the trolley in exactly as the clock struck 4 o'clock. Never a minute to, or thirty seconds past. Right on the dot." He also added Yates was a precision writer: so many words before lunch, so many after, but if he got stuck for a phrase, the current book could be on hold up to three weeks until he thought of just the word needed. His publishers must have been long-suffering.

And he would, presumably, literally have to think of the right word. Yates' widow presented his complete library to Peterhouse School, Marandellas (Marondera). (Yates, himself was, like Winston Churchill, at Harrow School). The then Rector of Peterhouse, Mike Bawden, happened to be a great fan of the Clubland hero genre of English fiction writers, especially Buchan and Yates.

He rescued the magnificent collection of books from a store-room and put them on

proud display in the prestigious school's board-room. Most of Yates' own titles are there in both bespoke, hand-tooled leather bindings and also cheap cloth-bound editions, some without original dust jackets. But it is an odd library for a working writer, unless some volumes have gone missing since Yates died, or after the school received the bequest from his widow in 1964.



The then Rector of Peterhouse, Mike Bawden, salvaged Dornford Yates' library from a damp storeroom at the Marondera college. It is now proudly displayed in the boardroom

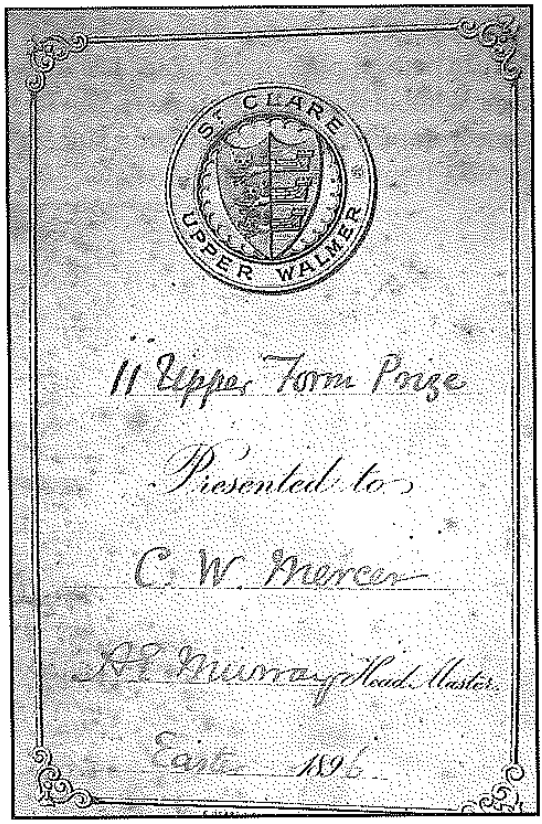
There is a complete set of bound Punch magazines up to 1963 (two years after the bibliophile's death), Boswell's Life of Johnson, the complete Waverley novels, classical philosophy, much Victorian poetry, some jurisprudence (he was the son of a solicitor and was a barrister before becoming an Hostilities Only soldier, subsequently a professional author) some, but not much, militaria. One volume is the Life of Wellington. Yates was born at Wellesley House – a former home of the Duke of Wellington – Walmer, Kent August 7, 1885. Another is the Memoirs of Colonel Hutchison, a pioneer machine-gun strategist.

Not much for someone so proud of his own military service in the Great War. He still styled himself Captain until WWII came along. Then he took himself, wife and

current pet dog – at considerable expense and danger – half way around the world to seek and earn a junior commission with the Rhodesians. He ended up with a majority and to his dying day and afterwards was known locally as "the Major" or Major Mercer rather than by his pen-name.

It's worth explaining here that Dornford was the surname of a branch of his family, one of whom became an Admiral in the Royal Navy; Yates was another family name from his mother's side.

Back to the library, and while there are school book prizes from his days at St. Clare Preparatory School, Walmer, awarded before the turn of the 20th century and 39 volumes of Ruskin, there is no atlas, no encyclopaedias, no standard English dictionary, nor one of synonyms and/or antonyms, no Writer' and Artists' Year Book. In fact, few reference works at all of the sort one might expect to find in the working library of a professional author prior to computers.



A book plate of a prize Mercer/Yates won in 1896 at St. Clare Preparatory School, Upper Walmer, Kent. It is in the Yates Collection at Peterhouse College, Marondera

Again coincidence manifested itself. As we turned away from the book collection, in the same room, in a glass exhibition case is the original silver trowel used by the chairman of the first board of governors of Peterhouse: Colonel Sir Ellis Robins DSO at the foundation stone laying ceremony in 1954 and one used by Archbishop Paget at the school's official opening a year later.

These were both found in a velvet-lined presentation display box in a London junk shop by a Petrean, bought by him and presented to the school.

Robins (later Lord Robins) was the reason Yates came to this country. The two had been exact contemporaries at Oxford. Yates went up to University College as a future British socialist prime minister, Clement Atlee, came down. Robins was an American, the first Rhodes Scholar from Pennsylvania. Journalists are taught to be wary of claims to be the first, last, biggest, best etc. . . . these are invariably disputed, more often than not wrong. But this was just a year or two after Rhodes' death, so we'll let it go.

Robins also served with Yates in the Yeomanry, long before the USA entered the Great War. The American won the DSO in the Holy Land with Allenby. He became a British citizen, came to this country, headed the British South Africa Company and was colonel-commanding the Royal Rhodesia Regiment. Ellis Robins School, Harare

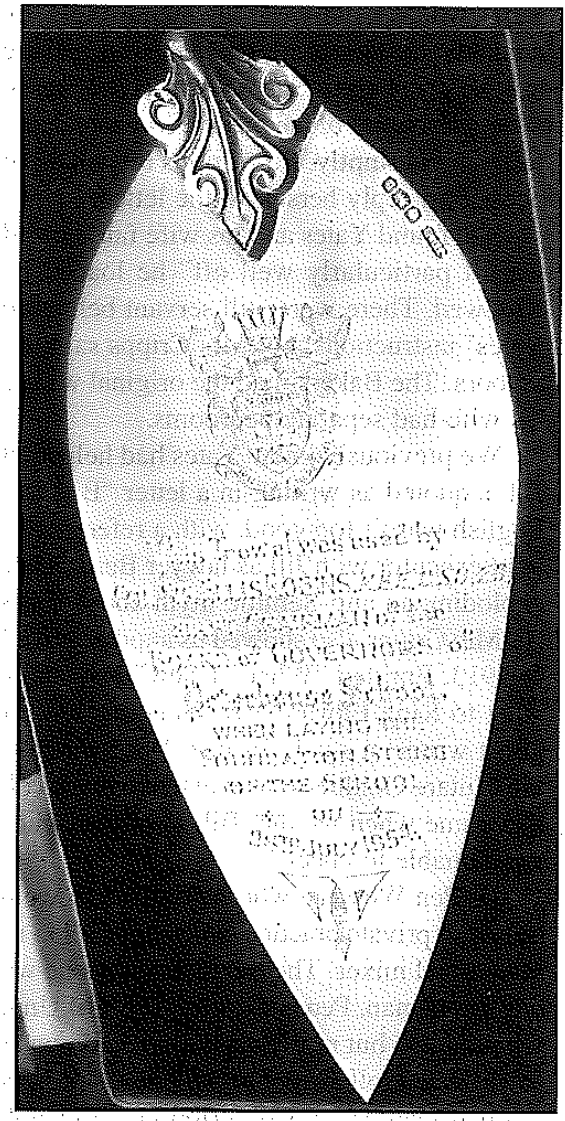
and Robins Camp, Wankie are named after him.

Yates was anxious to do his bit in Hitler's war. He volunteered to the British authorities who advised him to involve himself with Intelligence and liaison work in the south of France as he had a home there and spoke French reasonably well.

He had been declared unfit for duty after contracting rheumatism in the previous war at the age of 31. Returned to London, he was seconded to the Ministry of Labour in some quasi-military job which Britain's Ministry of Defence refused to detail to his biographer 65 years later! Still he was anxious not to dodge the column. Most expatriate British and American residents of Pau escaped to Spain, thence Portugal as France surrendered to the Nazis. So did Yates, Jill and their dog, Tumble, a wire-haired terrier. They took a neutral Portuguese liner to Lourenço Marques (now Maputo) in Portuguese East Africa (now Mozambique).

The authorities however would not allow the dog to disembark. The three had to take ship back to Durban to clear customs, immigration and quarantine formalities. Yates was always a "dog person", usually Sealyhams or Alsatians, they play prominent parts in his stories.

His secretary for 10 years was Barbara Cripps who admitted to being "over 80" and lived in Mutare's Eastern Highlands Trust cottage complex. She is the widow of Native Commissioner Hereward Cripps, they lived on the farm Cloudlands, The Vumba. When, having previously been widowed, she left Yates' employ to marry Cripps (a move which annoyed Yates) she helped him choose a successor. This was Phyllis Beeching, 97 when we researched this and then still living in Mutare. Mrs Cripps said she understood a fair part of her successor's duties was to wash Yates' dogs!



The original silver trowel used by the chairman of the first board of governors of Peterhouse, Colonel (later Lord Robins) Sir Ellis Robins at the foundation laying ceremony. Robins was the reason Dornford Yates came to this country. They served together in the Great War; Robins was CO of the Royal Rhodesia Regiment and Yates was determined to do his bit against Hitler

She herself had trained as a stenographer and private secretary in Johannesburg.

Yates would hand-write his manuscripts, then rough-type them using hunt-and-peck methods; she then clean-typed the mss making six copies. This work she was not allowed to take away from Sacradown. But Yates was a punctilious correspondent insisting the huge amount of fan mail he received daily from each corner of the globe be answered fully and promptly. Mrs Cripps revealed she could take this work home and even, on occasions, reply herself to the letters.

She found Yates and his wife fair, considerate employers. Despite "making out he wasn't particularly well off" he loaned her money to buy a home when initially widowed. There were still servant bells throughout the house, wired and installed to Yates' instructions, but Mrs Cripps said there was only one black servant employed indoors. The Bakers' had the original wiring diagram and labelling details. Yates and his wife had separate bedrooms.

We previously knew Yates had helped ghost-write a book in Mutare. In Smithers, Jill is quoted as writing in a letter "Bill has helped a very clever Jew doctor, whose English wasn't too good, with a reference work." (This along with the naming of his joint executor with Jill as lawyer Benjamin Disraeli Goldberg should go some way to exploding an anti-Semitic myth about Yates.)

Mrs Cripps also showed us another book Yates (as C. W. Mercer) had ghost-written in 1913. Entitled "What I Knew" it is the memoirs of C. W. Stemper who had been valet to King Edward VII. Its equivalent today would earn the putative author (and ghost writer) a small fortune. We assume the Goldberg lawyer/executor was one of the Mutare Goldbergs also extensively involved in farming in the area, but didn't have this name when we met Bill Chadder, who promptly went overseas, temporarily, so were unable to check.

Dr Pen Wessels, who was 84 when we poked about on this case in 2002, but had only quit private practice two years earlier, remembered Yates as a very private person, not a good mixer. The biography says he was a member of many clubs but not a very clubbable man. Pen, a former Mayor of Umtali, confirmed Yates was a member of the Umtali Club but rarely used it. Sacradown and a previous temporary home were close to Hillside Golf Club but we could not trace membership. Indeed one of his usually finely researched plot descriptions – of a golf match – is supposedly so full of howlers as to be embarrassing to anyone who remotely knows the game.

However, it is worth pointing out that this "unclubbable man" was a leading light in and, by 1906, secretary of the prestigious Oxford University Dramatic Society. He was also chairman of the Pau branch of the British Legion. He joined the Cavalry Club (now the Cavalry and Guards Club) in London's St. James' in WWI and although he never returned to England after 1934, left the club two fine silver entree dishes.

Doc Pen's partners mainly treated Yates and his wife. He did not recall the author attending mayoral or other civic functions.

Yates got his commission with the Royal Rhodesia Regiment thanks to the influence of Robins and having made a good impression on the Prime Minister, Sir Godfrey Huggins (later Lord Malvern.). It was at first suggested he join the RAF, but he pushed for the Army and became one of the world's oldest subalterns in 1942. Military duties were not exacting. Too old for active service, he spent afternoons lecturing on current affairs to men too tired and hot after morning drill and PE to listen.

He was ordered to co-write a script for a film outlining Rhodesia's part in the war effort. The film was shot here and in South Africa. It was acknowledged as a difficult subject to illustrate as most of the country's manpower was on active service almost anywhere but here. The film premiered at the Johannesburg Coliseum and a letter writer to the editor of the Bulawayo Chronicle said he hoped it would never be shown beyond the colony's borders; he had left the cinema depressed. However, Yates progressed as an officer, eventually ending up a Major; he used that rank for the rest of his life.

After the Nazi collapse, Yates was released from the forces. He and Elizabeth returned to Pau, via Beira, Cape Town, Luanda and Lisbon. But he was depressed with the communist influence on France and couldn't face the thought of settling in a grim, grey Labour-controlled UK, preferring to remember it as he knew it.

Unknown to Elizabeth, he had bought two stands in Umtali and decided to return there despite her pleading they should try, or at least look at, Kenya or Jamaica. They returned by steamer, the Citroen making its third ocean voyage. He soon settled down to building Sacradown and enjoyed it, being fond of construction work.

The couple were summoned to attend a soiree at Government House (now State House) for the 1947 Royal Visit. Yates said the King looked ill and claimed he had obviously been "made up" to look fit. He was very impressed, however, with his future Queen, the then Princess Elizabeth. However, he spent most of the reception talking to "a very dignified old Jugoslav" who had been responsible for building work at Government House. They swapped notes on bricklaying and Yates managed to scrounge a pair of gates which were eventually hung at Sacradown.

The garden also features two masonry architectural features salvaged – according to the book – from Waterloo Bridge, although everyone we spoke to in Mutare who knew anything about them claimed they were from London Bridge. These were first incorporated into the terrace at Cockade then shipped to Africa. They are still there. Yates was reportedly very keen on gardening and a stand of stately Natal mahoganies between the rear of the house and the game park, we assume by their apparent age, were probably planted by him.

The garden was in 2002 a riot of colour with white strelitzia, poinsettia, honeysuckle, jasmine, Lady Chancellor bushes, huge delicious monsters and some exotic orchids framing various views towards Mozambique.

Yates' last published work was clean-typed by Barbara Cripps and dispatched to Ward, Lock in 1958. Yates died less than two years later of pneumonia and lung cancer but there was a popular story that the estate agent who sold Sacradown after Elizabeth died in 1964 had some manuscripts intended for his son, Richard, by a first marriage. If true and they are in some pigeon hole somewhere in Mutare, these writings just might be worth a small fortune.

Yates had virtually disowned the boy in stages and appears to have been rather a rotter to his mother, Yates' first wife, American dancer Bettine Stokes Edwards. She died in Lugarno, Switzerland in 1973. Were he still alive Richard would be 84 now, he was last heard of living in Denmark.

Yates' most treasured possession was described as an antique picture clock made in 1754 bought in 1924 for 21 pounds. His will instructed the clock to be taken to

Woodwards Jewellers to be dismantled and the parts destroyed. Similarly he left instructions that on his death his pet budgie be painlessly put down by a local vet and buried in a specified place at a depth of not less than a foot. The bird is not named, but identified as having blue feet and legs, a bit of old fashioned pedantry from the lost lawyer . . . but what about Elizabeth's feelings for the poor thing?

Another prized possession we learned from the biography and several people interviewed, including Pen Wessels, was a large Canaletto painting brought from Pau, which must have looked out of place in Rhodesian suburbia. This was bequeathed to the Rhodes Memorial Gallery (now National Gallery of Zimbabwe) along with two great chairs of Spanish leather.

Yates was described many times as an unmitigated snob and would probably take pride in the label. He was at Oxford in Edwardian times when it was rife with snobbery. On being introduced to a new undergraduate – Prince Chichibu of Japan – it was explained to Dr Warren, warden of Magdalen, the name meant "Son of God". Warren responded: "You will find we have the sons of many distinguished men in this college."

Yates was prevailed upon to enter into the social life of Umtali on at least one recorded occasion. He spoke to the Umtali Rotary Club on: "Humour in the English Novel." However, he insisted his speech appear verbatim in the local rag, after he approved proofs and a copyright symbol be published at the end. Dick Hobson told

Two "great chairs of Spanish leather" were bequeathed by Dornford Yates to the National Gallery, along with a "Canaletto" painting whose provenance is now disputed

The plaque in the North Wall of St. John's Cathedral, Mutare, where his ashes lie. The date of birth seems to be a year out

Smithers "in view of the speaker's eminence, we did not hesitate to meet these unusual demands."

Yates was admitted to the Umtali Isolation Hospital in late February 1960, he died there on 6 March, 1960. Elizabeth and the parish priest of St. John's (now a cathedral), the Revd. Mark Wells were with him. His ashes were immured in the north porch of St. John's, where four years later, Elizabeth's ashes joined his. There is a simple brass plaque on the wall of the north porch:

Major Cecil William Mercer
(Dornford Yates)
1884–1960

Elizabeth lies unmentioned; his date of birth seems to be a year out!

The incumbent of St. John's when we researched this article, a beaming African, introduced to us as simply "the Revd. Eric" was delighted to know something about Yates.

The final contradiction and irony in this story came from Pip Curling, then public relations officer at the National Gallery. When we rang to make an appointment to photograph the Canaletto, she dropped the bomb-shell "It might not be genuine!" She explained the gallery's art historian was firmly convinced the painting was a copy!

Yates had dragged it around the world for half a century.

If true, his remains will be spinning in the North Wall at St. John's, Mutare!

Dusty Miller was editor of the now obsolete *Tobacco News* and *Zimbabwe Farmer* when this article was written, he is now Group Supplements Editor of *The Standard* and *Zimbabwe Independent*.

"The Gospel of The Plough" An Extraordinary Contribution to the Development of National Agriculture

by Colin Saunders

It is probable that, if told of his background, few people currently living in Manicaland could identify one of that province's most exemplary servants of the people. He was the holder of a Masters Degree in Agriculture and two Diplomas in Education, and also a heavyweight wrestler, professional footballer, cartoonist, composer, player of the trombone in a professional orchestra – a man of prodigious talent, who offered his life to service of the poor in Africa. He was later destined to exert probably a greater influence on the fortunes of agriculture in this country than any individual in history, until, that is, the arrival on the scene of Joseph Made (whose contribution to the record of agricultural productivity has been altogether different).

Hidden away in the National Archives, in an indistinctly type-written manuscript, is a fascinating story of this most talented and energetic individual, a story which should be told as we ponder the future of Zimbabwean agriculture in these troubled times. This is the story of E. D. Alvord OBE, MSc, of Mount Selinda. The full story of Alvord is laid out in his memoirs, The Gospel of the Plow (sic) – A Guided Destiny. *It makes compelling reading.*

Emory Alvord, an American agricultural extension worker, arrived in Zimbabwe at a crucial point in the country's agricultural history. This article is about his career and his initiatives in Zimbabwe. At the turn of the twentieth century, the Shona were using a soil fertility maintenance system based on five to seven years of cultivation followed by a bush fallow of up to thirty years. To cultivate one hectare, you needed at least four and if population increased, which it did, someone else cultivated the other three hectares and crop yields fell.

Twenty years later, when Alvord arrived here, the population had doubled for the first time[1]. The Shona had been confined by the arrival of the Chartered Company to a restricted area, crop yields were dropping and, in 1922, the country experienced its first nation-wide famine. To make matters worse, because it enabled the cultivation of larger areas, the plough had arrived. This resulted in the ratio between the rested areas and the cultivated areas going out of balance, and the rest period was insufficient to restore the fertility of the soil.

Alvord went first to the Mount Selinda Mission where he developed a new farming system and demonstrated its worth on trial plots. The new system depended on separation and rotation of crops and the use of manure; it provided higher yields and required less land. While there, he met Keigwin, a Native Commissioner who had

[1] It continued to double every twenty years right through the century.

E. D. Alvord

conceived the idea of district trade (skills) schools which was realised in the form of the new schools at Domboshawa and Tsholotsho.

Alvord's new farming system became the core of agricultural teaching at both schools. It also formed the foundation of agricultural extension itself, and of the training of agricultural extension workers. Its principles were the basis on which new small-scale commercial farming areas were established.

In 1926, Alvord became the Agriculturist for Natives and developed an extension service to spread the new farming system nation-wide. He retired in 1950 as Director of Native Agriculture and had, in the meantime, been a principal innovator in many related areas. In summary, he developed a system of agriculture that was suited to the traditional African methods and to small plots, a system that could easily be taught.[2]

[2] Philip Mason in Chapter II of *The Two Nations* by Richard Gray, 1960.

Emory Delmont Alvord was born on 25 March 1888 in Park City, Utah. His great grandfather took part in the epic migration of the Mormons (members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints) to Salt Lake Valley in Utah. His father was a builder and carpenter and small-scale farmer; his mother was an inherently kind lady, a devout Christian, and strong disciplinarian. Very early in his childhood his mother taught young Emory that God was no respecter of rank and station in life, and good people were all very acceptable to Him, regardless of colour, creed, or nationality.

His mother taught the family to read and write, and he only went to school for the first time aged eight and a half years, when the community built a school. The children were given one pair of shoes for Christmas each year, and these had to last until the following Christmas.

The whole family assisted the father in clearing land, establishing a farm, and building their home. The nearest exploitable timber was many miles away in the mountains; they had to cut the trees, bind them in a raft, and float them down the Snake River to a sandy beach near their home. From this timber they built a two-roomed log cabin with a sod roof and a lean-to kitchen. To provide their water supplies they established a communal canal for fifteen families.

In February 1898, when Emory was nine and a half years old, during a hard winter when their supplies were running dangerously low, his father set off in the snow to get emergency supplies of food from the nearest settlement, many miles away. There he heard that the US battleship "Maine" had been blown up in Havana harbour, and war had been declared against Spain; with patriotic fervour, but not, it seems, with any thought of his beleaguered family, he enlisted and went to war without ever coming home with the supplies. Mrs Alvord was a very proud lady, and she refused all help from the Mormon Church's fund for the poor. It was a time of great hardship and stress.

Young Emory had to assume the role of head of the family (at 9 years of age) and do all the ploughing, harrowing, and planting for 40 acres of wheat and 15 acres of oats. The family also had 5 acres under fruit trees in their orchard. They kept cows, horses, sheep, and chickens – all had to be tended by the family in the early morning and after school. At planting time in spring, the children stopped going to school, as they could not afford to be away from their crops. The community helped with harvesting and threshing. Alvord records in his memoirs "At age 10 I became a man, and hard work was my play".

His father returned from the war in September 1899, and decided that he did not want to be a farmer (the work was too hard), and wanted instead to resume his trade of carpentry and building. In 1901 he moved the family to a nearby town. He sold their farm, and went with the money to buy a bigger one, at his wife's insistence, and again he did not return. Three weeks later Mrs Alvord received a letter saying that her husband had again joined the military, this time enlisting in the US Army Engineers and going to the Philippines. The family was deserted once again; they had no money and no income, so Mrs Alvord sold off all the furniture to pay for food and for rail fares to return to her family in Salt Lake City. Here Emory again had to work on a farm – an even bigger one – in the early mornings and after school.

In 1903 he entered high school. Big and strong, he excelled in all aspects of school

life. He became a champion boxer, wrestler, athlete and baseball star, and did very well academically. He also played the trombone in a professional orchestra, with his sister as pianist, to earn additional income for the family.

His mother was divorced in 1904, and she married a relative of her husband. In 1906 Emory's father returned again, and offered to teach him the building trade. He stuck it out for four months, but had been turned against his father, and had naturally become very close to his mother. He got a job as a carpenter, building the new high school. He then enrolled as the first pupil, having acquired a full set of tools with his savings.

In 1907, though only nineteen years of age, he was ordained as a minister in the church. For all of his adult life he believed that "There is an unseen power which exists to rule our lives as part of an infinite plan". He conducted part-time pastoral work amongst Mormons in rural areas, and he later went to work for the Bishop as a carpenter and builder.

Then came a small incident that changed his life – the winning of several races on sports day on July 4th, Independence Day. He defeated a number of established track stars in 100, 200, and 400 yards races, and was persuaded to accept a post as a trainee professional footballer and athlete at a high school in Nebraska.

On arrival in Nebraska he found that the position had fallen through. He managed to obtain after-hours jobs as a church janitor, and as a part-time pin-boy in a bowling alley, to earn enough to pay for school. He then left the pin-boy job to work in an electrical firm on Saturdays. He excelled at athletics (sprinting and discus), baseball, and American football, and as a result of his success secured a place in a high school nearer his home. He took various part-time jobs to pay his way, and played the piano in the school orchestra to raise money for the school.

In 1911, while washing windows in the school gymnasium, he fell three storeys, and sustained severe fracture-dislocations and ruptured ligaments of the right foot and ankle. He was told that he would be crippled for life, but he restored functional

Alvord in centre with trombone

movement to his injured foot by continuing to play football, even though always in excruciating pain.

At the end of the academic year he was awarded an Educational Diploma in "Manual Training for Life", and he volunteered for a job as a relief Principal in a nearby school. While there he accepted appointment as referee to a county wrestling championship match, and was then persuaded to wrestle all challengers. He defeated all of them.

He was offered places at Utah and Idaho Universities, but declined to accept them. In 1913 he was offered a post at Washington State College, which he accepted, and he soon became the college cartoonist, composed the words and music for the college song, played in the orchestra, and taught part-time. He was appointed Captain of the football team. He dislocated his knee, and played in the championship final with his knee encased in a bent position in a Plaster Of Paris cast! He also became the WSC heavyweight wrestling champion, and taught Sunday School classes. In 1915 he was awarded his BSc (Agric) and a Diploma in Education.

Having qualified professionally, he accepted a job as "Instructor on Farm Crops"[3] in the college's Faculty of Agriculture. He was awarded his MSc in Agriculture in 1918, and thereafter worked with the United States Department of Agriculture Soil Survey Unit.

He had applied for admission to an Officer Training course in the US military, but he was turned down because of his crippled foot. Soon thereafter he was invited to apply for foreign mission service. When completing the application form, in a section entitled "Motive" he stated: "to teach the Gospel of The Plough". He was invited to choose between India and Africa. He chose the latter, and was accepted subject to him finding a wife!

This requirement was waived after the Commissioners of the American Board of Missionaries interviewed his Professor, and in spite of his unmarried status he was offered a post at Mount Selinda in what was then the Chipinga[4] District of Southern Rhodesia.

At a conference for the missionary candidates in Nebraska he met Berenice Mapeo, who had been posted to China to teach at a kindergarten. He went home with her. They became engaged eight days after meeting for the first time, and were married six months later.

They sailed for Cape Town on 6 May 1919. They then proceeded by sea to Durban, by train to Johannesburg and then Bulawayo, again by train to Salisbury, and then by yet another train to Umtali. On arrival they were loaded, along with their cases, on to a spring-less "Boer" wagon drawn by eighteen donkeys for the trip to their new home at Mt Selinda. The journey took fourteen days!

Immediately on arrival at the Mission, they were sent on foot to another isolated mission station at Gogoi, 35 miles East of Mount Selinda across the border in Mozambique, for a one year course in local languages. During their periods of leisure they collected butterflies, on which they became fairly expert. The Alvords spent nine

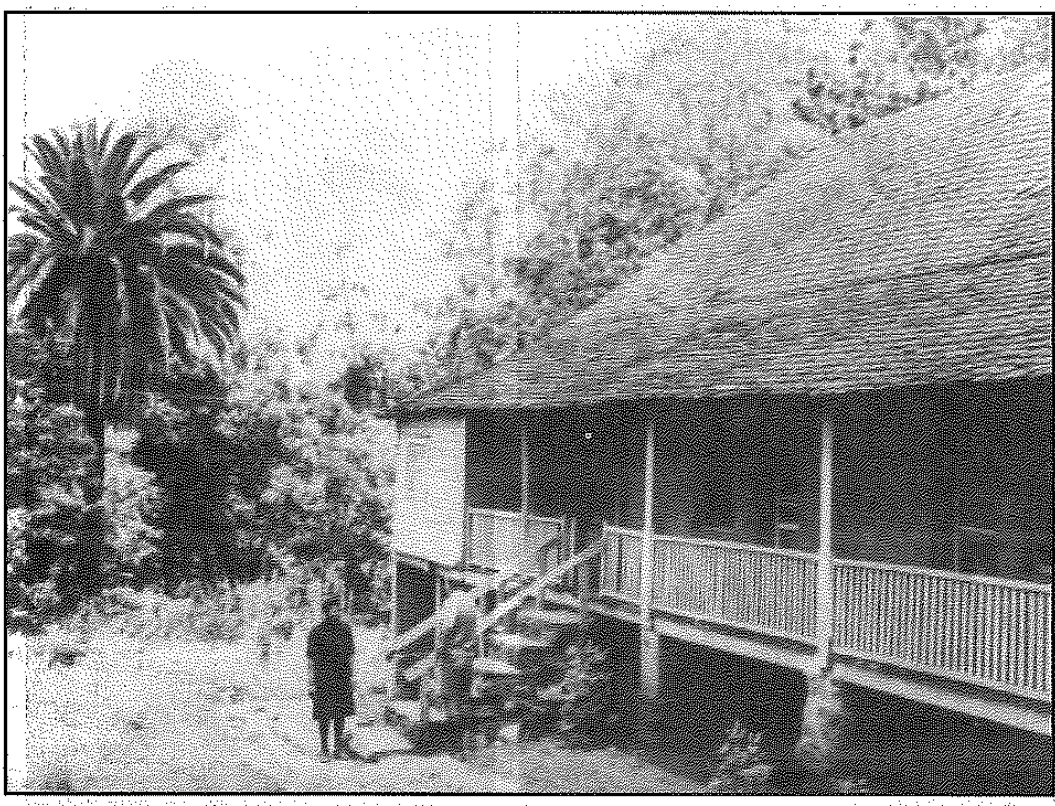
[3] The American State colleges of this period carried out basic agricultural research applicable to their states. To this programme was added the idea of "extension", extending the knowledge of the research results to farmers through demonstrations on their own farms.

[4] Place-names are spelt as in Alvord's time.

Mr and Mrs Alvord en route to Mt Selinda shortly after their arrival in Rhodesia

On arrival at Mt Selinda, July 1919. Much of distance travelled by ox wagon, Mrs Alvord on a donkey

Early missionary dwelling at Mt. Selinda. American Board Congregational Church



One of the early mission buildings built 1890s on pillars to avoid termite damage. Mt Selinda Mission was founded by American Board of Commissioners for foreign mission in 1893

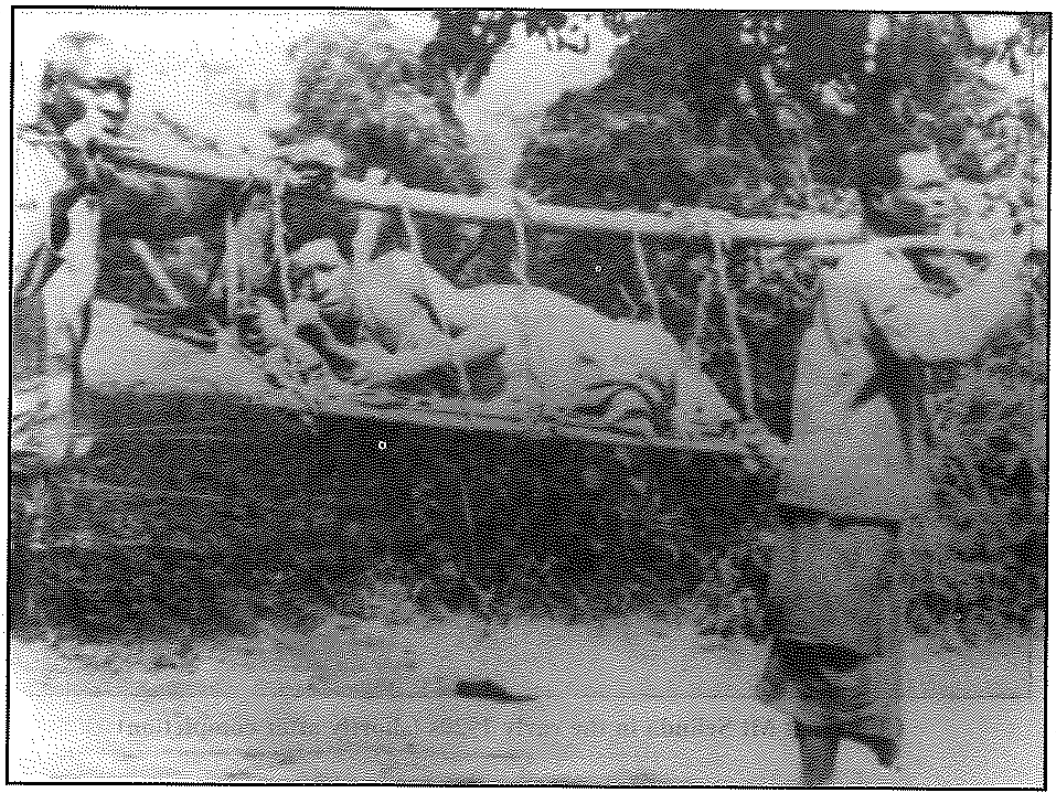
months at Gogoi learning the Ndau language, and their first child, a baby boy, was born there just before their return to start work at Mt Selinda Mission.

As Agricultural Missionary at Mt Selinda, Emory Alvord was given responsibility for two professional tasks:

1. Get agricultural instruction introduced into the school system, and
2. Develop agricultural education and improved tillage methods among thousands of adult blacks living on the mission's farms, which totalled 32 000 acres in extent.

The majority of people on the farms were almost naked, and very primitive. They practised inefficient shifting agriculture, realising scanty yields, as the mission farms were too densely populated for sustainable shifting agriculture.

Alvord's first decisions were to build a proper barn and cattle kraal, to accumulate as much manure and compost as possible before the next planting season, and to lay out six acres of demonstration and experimental plots. He was astounded to encounter much opposition from his Industrial Missionary colleague, who was teaching woodwork, carpentry and building, and who said that Alvord would drive pupils away if they were forced to study agriculture. However, in spite of his colleague's opposition, the Mission approved his scheme to introduce a full 5-year course in agriculture, and the school's enrolment and waiting list soared. Mt Selinda was the first mission in the country to introduce agricultural training.



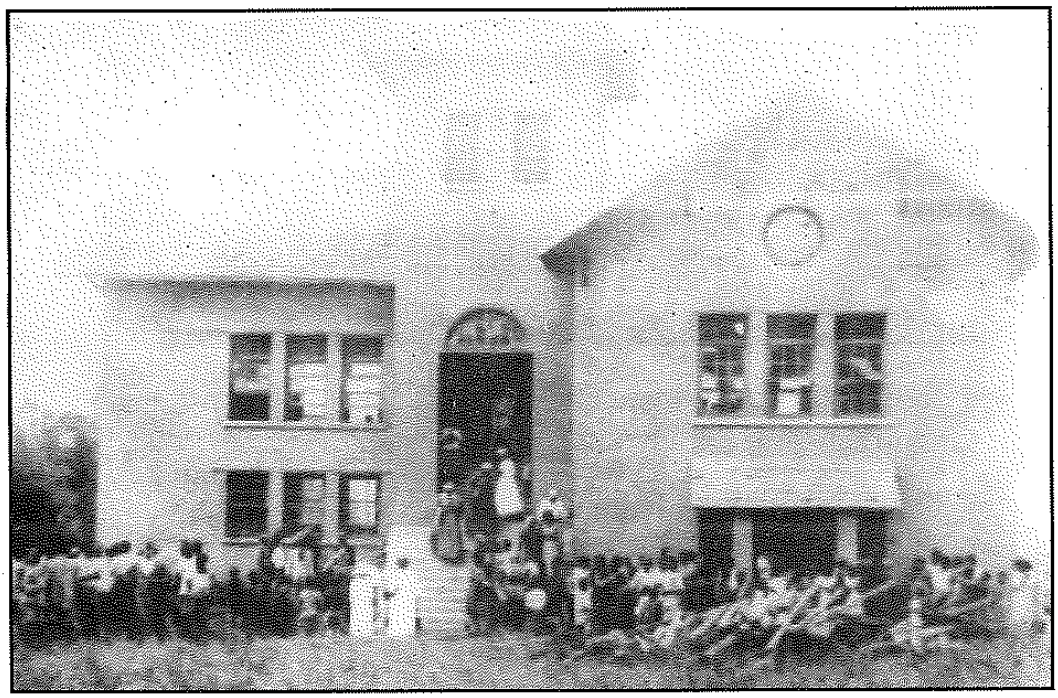
Ambulance used by the first missionaries of the Rhodesian mission of the American Board Congregational Church at Mt Selinda, 1893

The new season's maize crops on his plots were astonishingly good, superior seed packs having been sent out by his friends in the United States Department of Agriculture as arranged prior to his departure for Africa. On four of the six cultivated acres he had 87 different varieties of crops, with experimental rotations on the remaining two acres.[5]

His crops were a huge success. Emory was very proud of this, and organised a "before harvest" meeting, to which the whole community was invited. Most unexpectedly, his pride was severely dented by the hostile reaction of the community's leaders. They declared that the fine crops could only have resulted from witchcraft! When that was strenuously refuted, the crowd concluded that it must be "white man's magic", and not in any way achievable by themselves!

Alvord concluded that white men could not teach black Africans, and set about training teachers, which he called "Agricultural Demonstrators". His first pupil was an outstanding local man called Watch Muyambo, who was to become his right hand

[5] Eighty seven crop varieties seems an awful lot, but Father O'Neill's list of crop varieties in Bulalima Mangwe, published about ten years earlier, mentions 42 varieties. O'Neill's list includes fourteen varieties of sorghum and seventeen of gourds, marrows, melons, pumpkins and calabashes. More importantly, given the difference in climate between Empandeni in the semi-arid Bulalima-Mangwe District and Mount Selinda in the high rainfall area of the Eastern highlands, he only mentions one variety of finger millet and no other wet soil crops (he commented on this himself). In addition, he mentions only one variety each of maize, sweet potatoes, groundnuts and beans. Alvord's list contained many varieties of these latter crops. O'Neill's primary interest was in language, so his list is a catalogue of crop variety names. Even today, there is only one Sindebele word for at least two sweet potato varieties. *J O'Neill. Habits and Customs of the Natives of the Mangwe District, in Zambezi Mission Record V. January 1911.*



Church at Mt Selinda in the early 1920s (shortly after completion)

Mr Alvord with a lion presumably killed by him

man and most dedicated convert to the new farming methods and "The Gospel of the Plough". Alvord and Muyambo instituted a pilot scheme which they called "demonstration plots", which turned out to be an enormous success, achieving 10 times the yields of those of the neighbours.

In 1921–22 a severe drought struck the land, and there were widespread crop failures, but good yields were achieved on the demonstration plots. As Watch Muyambo had supervised the demonstration plots, the local peasant farmers now believed that good yields had nothing to do with witchcraft. The word spread, and methods devised and demonstrated by Alvord and Muyambo were to revolutionise grass-roots agriculture.

Alvord's efforts attracted the attention of H. S. Keigwin, then Director of Native Development, a new department of Government, who asked him to come to Domboshawa where a new agricultural school was to be established. Alvord's success at Mount Selinda had also attracted the attention of senior government officials, who came to the mission to see for themselves, As a result, Government decided to appoint an "Agriculturalist for instruction of natives throughout Southern Rhodesia". The post was offered to Alvord, and he accepted, as he believed that his destiny was to enlighten a whole nation on how to grow their food and other crops and to raise their standards of living.

Acceptance of the post resulted in a financial sacrifice, as he had to refund to the mission the costs of his travel to Africa.

Then started what Alvord regarded as a long history of discrimination and opposition: the local lady Member of Parliament asked the Prime Minister to block the appointment – because Alvord "made the natives cheeky!" Others were opposed to him because he was "a foreigner who did not understand locals". The Public Service refused to put him on the appropriate pay scale, because he was not a British Subject.[6]

On his way from Mount Selinda to Umtali *en route* to take up his new post near the capital, he took a new road through the Sabi Valley (the old road wound through the mountains around Cashel and Melsetter). In the hot dry valley he passed through an alluvial flood plain along the banks of the Nyanyadzi River. He immediately had a vision of the creation of irrigation schemes in this dry, unproductive, and sparsely populated area. This vision returned to him often throughout the ensuing years.

On arrival at Domboshawa, he again encountered intense opposition from his colleagues, who did not believe that Africans wanted to be taught modern agricultural methods.[7] "They can be trained only in building and carpentry" they said. Alvord was determined to prove them wrong, and he drew up and circulated a document outlining his proposals, which were based on the mandate he had originally been given at Mount Selinda:

[6] Until 1937, appointments in the Native Affairs Department were subject to approval by the British High Commissioner, (who also apparently objected to the appointment of Keigwin as Director of Native Development in 1926) (*Clair Palley. The Constitutional History and Law of Southern Rhodesia. OUP 1966*). Alvord's first appointment as Agriculturist for Instruction of Natives, in 1926, was in the Department of Agriculture - not in the Department of Native Affairs. He was appointed to the Department of Native Development in the following year when the first agricultural demonstrators were also appointed.

[7] Domboshawa at this time was a "trade" school intent on teaching skills. *BW Lloyd* in *Early History of Domboshawa School. Reprinted 1962,* makes the distinction between agricultural skills and academic agriculture and explains Keigwin's acceptance of the need for the latter rather than the former. See also *John Hammond's Sports Day Speech (1938)* in *Beloved African. Covos Day 2000. Jill Baker.*

1. Get agricultural instruction introduced into the school system, and
2. Develop agricultural education and improved tillage methods for the rural African population of the country.

The Chief Native Commissioner instructed Domboshawa's Principal to implement all of Alvord's recommendations. This was the beginning of a revolution in African agriculture. It was eventually taught as a major subject in all African schools, and the training of Agricultural Demonstrators commenced.

Alvord introduced pilot schemes involving demonstration plots at Domboshawa and the adjacent Chinamora Communal Land, and at Tsholotsho in Matabeleland and the adjacent Gwaai Communal Land.

Opposition and obstruction continued to plague him. The pilot schemes had to be personally supervised by Alvord, which required huge amounts of travel. However, all funds voted for his travel expenses were summarily transferred to a group of American tobacco advisers who had come out to the country to sell the idea of tobacco growing to white farmers.

In 1927 his department was transferred from the African Education Department to the Native Affairs Department. He received firm backing from the Chief Native Commissioner, though he continued to meet strong opposition from many Native Commissioners. This was probably because of two factors. Firstly, many of them resented Alvord's determination to do things **his** way, and they regarded his independent attitude as a threat to their established fiefdoms. Secondly, he apparently had a huge and hungry ego, and tended to be abrasive towards those who got in his way or appeared to doubt his credentials.

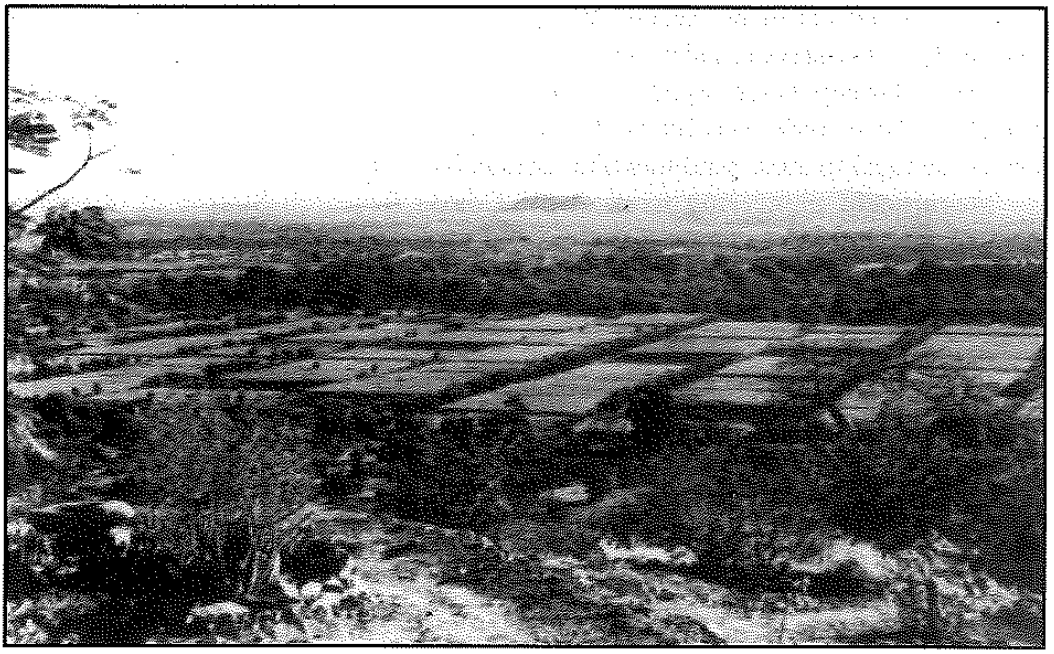
As Alvord later reminisced, he received "more rebuffs than encouragement". The Public Service continued to discriminate against him in respect of conditions of service, in spite of repeated representations from the head of his department.

Among the legacies Emory Alvord bequeathed to the nation, the Sabi Valley irrigation schemes stand out. In 1928 the Chief Native Commissioner accepted Alvord's proposal for irrigation development in the Sabi Valley. Alvord started it all by personally surveying and planning the irrigation scheme at Mutema, near Birchenough Bridge. During the next ten years, in fulfilment of the vision which had come to him during his journey from Mount Selinda to take up his government posting at Domboshawa, he oversaw the establishment of progressive and viable schemes at Nyanyadzi, Mutambara, Umvumvumvu (Chakowha), Devuli (Birchenough Bridge), Chibuwe[8], Maranke, and at Zimunya nearer to Umtali.

Alvord's account of the Nyanyadzi development, in an area that at that time was very poor and sparsely populated, is an interesting story of the founding of this wonderful irrigation scheme:

> "Only women and children were left in the kraals. All the men were away working for money to buy food. These women and children were in a state of semi-starvation, and eagerly agreed to dig the canal if we would feed them. I then got down food and tools, surveyed and pegged the canal, which was 600 yards long, and 26 women and 3 old men dug the canal with picks and shovels

[8] Owing to a furrow design fault, which was corrected by the Irrigation Department, plots at Chibuwe were not allocated until after Alvord had retired.



Nyanyadzi irrigation scheme

supplied by us, to a width of 3 feet and a depth of 18 inches. Then, while we put in the weir and head-gate, they cleared their lands for planting.

During 1935, the 26 women and 3 old men with irrigated plots on the small Nyanyadzi canal reaped a total of 1 392 bushels of grain, averaging 48 bushels to the acre. This consisted of a maize crop harvested in February, and a wheat crop harvested in August. The absent husbands returned from work to find that their abandoned wives and children were all well and healthy, with more food than the men could possibly buy with all the money they had earned".

It was this initial success that gave the green light for expanded irrigation development in the Sabi Valley, where previously government had intermittently introduced food-for-work programmes to alleviate starvation. As Mao said: "Give a man a fish and you feed him for a day; teach a man to fish and he feeds himself for life". Plot-holders on all these irrigation schemes were elated when the water arrived, and with advice from Alvord's Agricultural Demonstrators they grew a fine batch of crops.

However, an unexpected agro-political obstacle confronted Alvord, and threatened the viability of the irrigation schemes: maize could only be sold by white farmers, and black farmers had to accept salt or trade goods for any maize surplus to their own requirements. It took much lobbying and years of effort to correct this prejudicial regulation.[9]

[9]Maize marketing problems during the forties and fifties are well documented. They were largely related to the difficulty of consolidating small quantities for sale to the Maize Marketing Board. The Board wanted larger quantities than the individual peasant could produce, and appointed "trader-producers" (usually white) to collect the produce. The farmers believed that the trader-producers cheated them by enlarging the paraffin tins they used to measure the grain. In addition, these officials allegedly paid the price for the lowest grade and did not pass back any supplementary payments made by the Board. The problem was eventually solved by the establishment of the Native Development Fund and the Transport Equalisation Fund in the late 1950s.

With the advent of the Second World War, most young able-bodied white men enlisted for active service, and the nation faced a potential shortage of food. This resulted in African farmers being urged to grow more crops and to produce more cattle for slaughter. Their maize was for the first time admitted to the national maize pool, at prices identical to those paid to white farmers on a weight and grade basis.

Magnificent pioneering work at the Cotton Research Station at Gatooma, commencing in 1925 under the direction of Major Cameron, had established cotton as a potentially profitable crop. In 1934 Emory Alvord had introduced cotton as a crop to be included in the rotation in suitable areas in the tribal lands, with immediate success. In the following year, yields of 700 pounds of seed cotton per acre were achieved, and over the next 20 years the production of cotton in communal areas assisted in putting the country on the international map. When the call went out for increased cotton production for the textile industry during the Second World War, Alvord's disciples responded energetically to the call, with increased profits to themselves of course – the law of supply and demand at work.

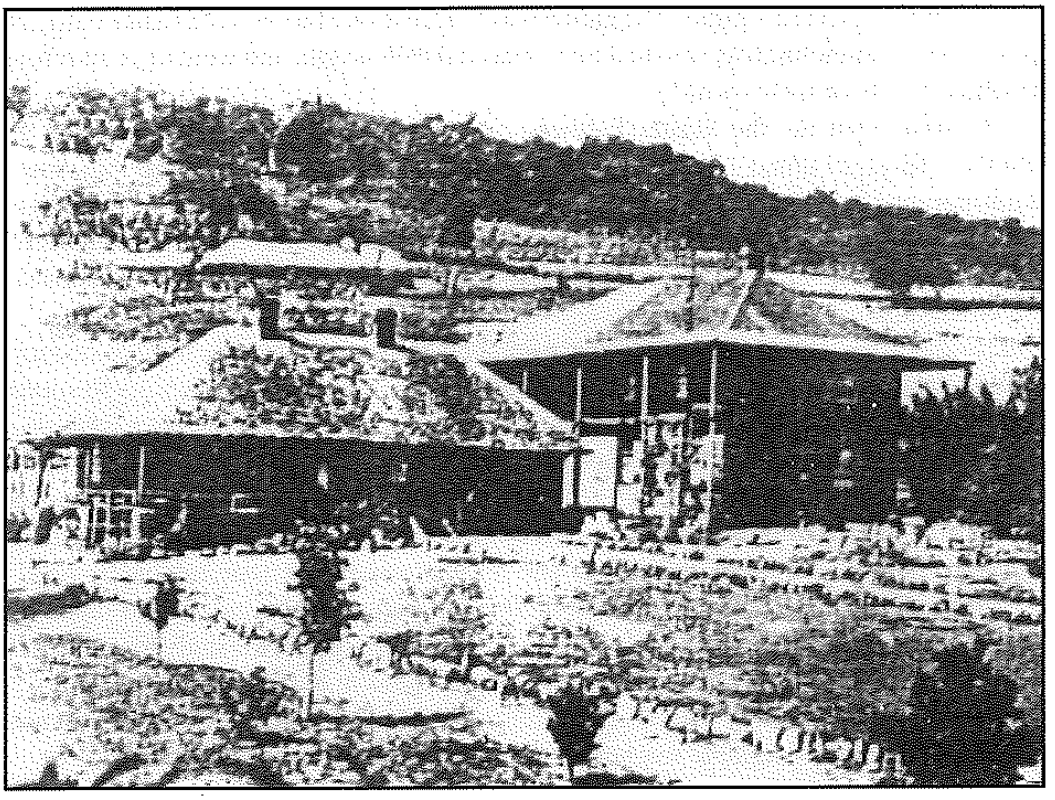
During 1943 Alvord astutely took advantage of the demand for agricultural products from the communal areas, by introducing a commercially viable orderly marketing scheme for the whole Sabi Valley.

Today these original irrigation schemes are still producing crops, feeding the people, creating employment, and generating wealth for industrious people. They stand as a monument to Emory Alvord's vision and commitment.

Making headway in improving the agricultural output of dry-land communal areas, in contrast to irrigation schemes, was initially a much more daunting task. In 1929 a breakthrough occurred: the Native Commissioner at Selukwe asked Alvord to come to the area to implement his proposal for improved agricultural output through crop rotation, application of manure, humus production, and restoration of soil fertility, which had enjoyed such phenomenal success at Mt Selinda. Alvord proceeded to this Midlands area at once, and camped on the Jobolinko River, where he immediately ran up against the powerful Chief Nhema (whom he labelled "an ultra-conservative old reprobate!"). The Chief was implacably opposed to any interference in his jurisdiction, particularly in respect of traditional shifting agriculture. However, by patient persuasion the missionary was able to convince a local Headman, one M'hlohlo, who was interested in any way of improving the livelihood of his subjects. He became a convert to the Alvord ideas, and stood up against Chief Nhema.

With the co-operation of the inspired Native Commissioner, Alvord introduced his principle of "centralisation". It brought about a social revolution. In accordance with this principle, village dwellings were constructed in lines, with well ordered and demarcated individual arable areas for families to till on one side of the line, and a communal grazing area on the other. It resulted in greatly improved crop yields and better quality cattle. (This system was named "*Ma-ryan-ee*" – (the lines) – by the local Shona.[10].

[10] Line centralisation was in a sense a tidying up exercise and was later copied by other African countries. Centralisation solved problems such as distance to school, distance to water supply and bus routes, cattle tracks to dip tanks, and cattle grazing neighbours' crops – while providing opportunities for grazing management and permanent houses. By the 1950s, centralisation had been applied in nearly all communal areas. Initial centralisation surveys involved a simple soil survey to identify land suitable for cultivation.



Teacher's residence (L) and hostel (R) at Mt Selinda Mission in the early 1920s, with Chirinda Forest in the background

President Nyerere of Tanzania many years later adopted elements of this scheme in his disastrous Ujamaa "villageisation" policy to which he subjected his people.

In 1930 Alvord was asked to organise a tour for top officials in the Ministry, and took them to Selukwe Native Reserve. The officials were very pleased to find that Chief Nhema awaited them, with all 44 of his Headmen and 2000 farmers. The men from the Ministry thought that this was a mark of respect.

However, Chief Nhema, in a dramatic manner and to acclamation of all his subjects, demanded that the whole Selukwe Communal Area should be centralised into orderly arable and grazing areas, and that Alvord's methods of improved crop production should be implemented. They had all witnessed the extraordinary transformation which had taken place in just one year in the area where Headman M'hlohlo had followed the lead of the Agricultural Demonstrator who had guided the tribes-people in implementing Alvord's "Gospel of the Plough".

This was the beginning of a revolution in peasant agriculture in the country, and the Selukwe Communal Area was the flagship of the new movement, a shining beacon of hope and productivity in what was previously a depressed and poverty-stricken area.

In time a deeply committed corps of Agricultural Demonstrators was deployed throughout the country, and the communal land farmers started not only to feed themselves, but also to export surplus crops and cattle in a cash economy.

Another of Alvord's gifts to the nation was the creation of a class of Master Farmers, progressive agriculturalists who had demonstrated their worth, and went on to purchase freehold farms of their own.[11]

As time went on, the Master Farmers gained recognition and privileges. By the 1940s, a Master Farmer Certificate allowed the holder to purchase a farm in a small-scale commercial area. By the late 1960s, Master Farmer Clubs and an Association of Master Farmer Clubs had been established. Members formed the country's first buffer against the effects of drought and famine, and were granted exemption from sales tax on essential agricultural inputs.

By this time, the larger population's demand for food had made the use of more sophisticated inputs essential. The Master Farmers demonstrated their ability to source and properly utilise these essential inputs.

Alvord considered that these Master Farmers were the commercial farmers of the future. Our nation might have been a very different place today if the ideas he germinated had not been eroded by successive governments, and had instead been nurtured and strongly supported both by politicians and by visionaries as committed as he was.

Always a deeply committed conservationist of natural resources, he was appalled by the soil erosion brought about by the use of primitive ox-drawn sleds for transport. He tried for five years to persuade commercial factories in Salisbury and Bulawayo to manufacture simple sturdy "scotch-carts" for the rural areas. When he failed to convince them that there was a viable market, he decided to do it himself.

He designed and built an aqueduct from the Nyanyadzi River, terminating in a 70-foot fall for a hydro-electric turbine to produce power for a factory to manufacture the carts he envisaged. He produced 95 vehicles in the first year and they sold like hot cakes. He added a grinding mill and a sawmill and carpentry shop to his little industrial enterprise.

He opened two breeding stations for hardy Sanga cattle. This indigenous pure African breed descended through thousands of years from the crossing of the ancient Hamitic longhorns of upper Egypt with the Semitic lateral-horned Zebu cattle which came along with the Children of Israel into Egypt. Other visionaries in the country's ranching fraternity had established small herds of these interesting and potentially valuable animals.

Within a few years of Alvord's retirement, the two Sanga stations he had established were joined by two more, and the formal establishment of the Tuli breed followed.

He pioneered the holding of agricultural shows where the assembled farmers could show off their products, compete for prizes, and propagate his "Gospel of the Plough", and he combined these gatherings with sports meetings to attract more people to participate. The "Nyanyadzi scotch-cart" became a regular feature at these shows.

[11] The Master Farmers were an integral part of the extension scheme. The Agricultural Demonstrators, (government employees) were trained at either Umzingwane (Tsholotsho) or Domboshawa.

The Demonstrators recruited a maximum of 5 Plot-holders to run demonstration plots under supervision. After successfully running a demonstration plot in efficient manner for two rotations, the Plot-holder became a Master Farmer, and was presented with a Certificate and a Badge. The Plot-holders were recruited from the Co-operators (farmers who attended meetings at the demonstration plots).

The standard plot record book was designed like a research record so that successes and failures could be recorded and analysed.

Master farmers at Dombashawa 1928

It was inevitable that his efforts should attract international acclaim. Agricultural experts from many African countries came to study his methods and see his results at first hand, and they all went home astounded. In 1948 he was awarded the OBE, and on his retirement in 1950 he returned briefly to the United States, where his *Alma Mater* in Washington State awarded him with a Certificate of Merit for Outstanding Foreign Service in Agricultural Science.

Emory Alvord never lost his love for Nyanyadzi, and he was inspirational in continuously dreaming up new ideas to raise the living standards of the people. He introduced mango, pawpaw (papaya), and avocado pear trees (what a bonus they have been in the communal areas, particularly the mangoes), and he imported Cavendish bananas from Mozambique and date palms (one of the very few failures?) from Mesopotamia.

He opened a limestone quarry on a forgotten deposit he located near Nyanyadzi, and introduced the practice of building brick homes for the first time in communal areas. In the forties, the Agricultural Demonstrators had been joined by Community Demonstrators, usually in the ratio of eight to one. More permanent buildings were a natural development from the centralisation policy, and the Community Demonstrators were skilled in carpentry, brick-laying and stonework. Their basic training was the building course started at Domboshawa in the 1920s. Each Community Demonstrator had a manual that included standard designs for brick-built houses, stores, and halls.[12]

Shortly before Emory Alvord's retirement, he fell through a roof on to a concrete floor 15 feet below, suffering serious fractures of his spine which left him paralysed

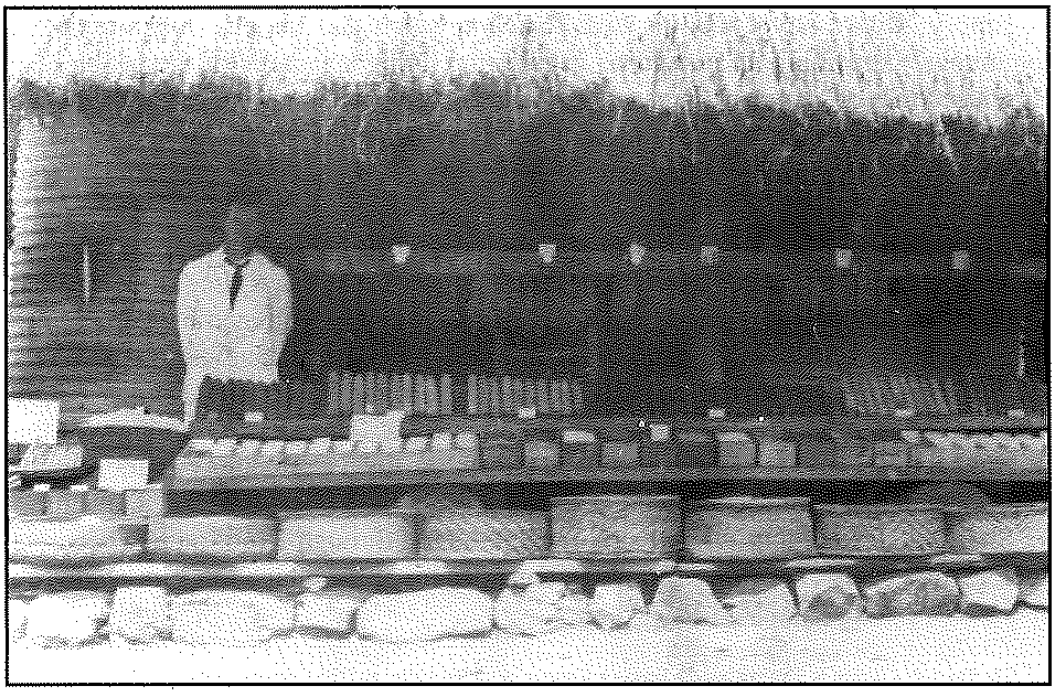
[12]The Queen's Cottage at Nyanyadzi, the Peacock Cottage at La Rochelle, and the Cottage on the hill at Makoholi all have the same basic design, which comes out of that manual.

from the waist down. It was thought that he would be condemned to a wheelchair for the rest of his life, but he was indomitable. In serious pain, he prayed to God for help. He records that suddenly his pain evaporated, never to return, and next day he got out of bed unaided, and a week later he walked out of hospital just 28 days after his accident.

When he retired, he said "I did so with a great deal of satisfaction and gratitude to the Government for enabling me to preach The Gospel of The Plough". He stated that the greatest tribute he received was from Chief Mangwende of Mrewa in a letter to the national press. The Chief was the country's most outstanding leader in land husbandry. He stated that "Mr Rhodes founded a country, but Mr Alvord founded a people".

Alvord accepted a call in his retirement to return to the Mount Selinda area to continue his work as an agricultural expert at Chikore Mission School. In the latter part of 2005 I met Mr Ethelbert Mlambo, a gentleman of the old school who had known and admired Emory Alvord and one Mtetwa, his right hand man at the time. He told me that the Principal of Chikore School, a man named William Disney, hoped to produce university graduates from Chikore, and he belittled Alvord's crusade to produce efficient grass-roots farmers to grow crops for the nation. When it was decided that a monument to Alvord's monumental work in agriculture should be erected, Disney apparently decided that an insignificant bus-stop shelter would be tribute enough to his colleague's contribution to society.

Emory Alvord later returned to his home in Salisbury, and worked at Waddilove Mission until his death. He passed away peacefully in May 1959 at a drive-in cinema while watching a film set in the mountains of the American West where he had been born and raised.



The first Agricultural Show at Mt Selinda. Produce grown by Mr Alvord's students

His memory was honoured by the naming of the agricultural research station at Makoholi, between Fort Victoria and Gutu, **The Alvord Institute**[13].

Have we ever seen a more inspired agriculturalist than Emory Delmont Alvord?

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I was fortunate in my younger days to share a delight in the natural world with several deeply committed agriculturalists, influential civil servants all, who admired Alvord's work. They adopted and adapted his principles in furtherance of the fortunes of our communal and small-scale farmers.

In the 1940s and 50s I spent considerable time with **Cyril T. H. Fisher**, a Land Development Officer (LDO) stationed in the Selukwe Native Reserve as it then was. Those were the days when there was still an abundance of wildlife, particularly birds, in that attractive tract of country of vlei, woodland, and abundant grass. The rivers ran perennially and were rich in fish for the table. A product of the University of Potchefstroom, Fisher was dynamic in the field. He took great pride in the orderly and productive communal farmland that Alvord had laid out and developed in accordance with the wishes of old Chief Nhema, and he spared no effort to improve and entrench the system. The Selukwe communal area was widely acknowledged to be one of the most progressive in the country, a show-place indeed.

In the 1960s and 70s I saw a lot of **H. F. (Fritz) Meyer**. Having taught agriculture at Domboshawa, where he became an admirer of Alvord's philosophy, he was entrusted with the task of establishing an agricultural school in the Midlands. Fritz Meyer's success in creating Mlezu, a marvellous self-sufficient oasis in the midst of a degraded waste-land in Chief Chiwundura's area, is to my mind one of the most outstanding feats in the history of agricultural development in this country.

Darrel C. H. Plowes, former Provincial Agriculturalist for Manicaland and one of the most knowledgeable and versatile naturalists produced in our land since the renowned C. F. M. Swynnerton, first brought Alvord's fascinating pioneering feats to my notice. He has shared his time and reminiscences with me generously, as I have attempted to reconcile the enlightened epic development fostered by Alvord, such a short time ago, with the scene of decline and decay which confronts us today.

I am particularly indebted to **Dave Jordan**, and to **Mike Kimberley** who introduced me to him. Dave worked with Alvord, admired his work, and knows his history very well. He has provided much information, and has gently corrected errors of fact. Perhaps more importantly, he has assisted me greatly in understanding better the context and perspective of the energetic American missionary at work in an often hostile and resentful political and bureaucratic environment.

[13] **Alvord Road** at Nyanyadzi commemorates his founding of that island of productive agriculture. Regrettably the road-sign has become yet another victim of the epidemic of lawlessness ushered in by disorderly implementation of the land reform programme.

Identity and the Nation: The Evidence of Postage Stamps

by R. S. Roberts

In a recent article on Lobengula's grave and treasure I postulated a growing sense of place and history among the White population of Southern Rhodesia from the late 1930s;[1] *and as so often happens, seeing an idea in print makes one realize how little we really know of the subject. So I have begun looking into the iconography of White Rhodesia – not so much the obvious heroes like Rhodes, Jameson and Allan Wilson on whom there is much conventional writing, or the novels of White Rhodesia which is the one aspect that has been well researched,*[2] *but rather the mundane: the naming of places, streets, and buildings, the stylistic features of architecture, statues, memorials and coinage, holidays, commemorations, anniversaries, and sports – indeed anything that goes to the mental map that people have of their past and their environment.*

In a later article I had cause to mention the request of the Mzilikazi Family Association in 1968 to have a stamp issued to mark the centenary of Mzilikazi's death.[3] *This unique request to commemorate African history was not met but it made me think of the numerous stamps commemorating events and personalities in the White history of this country – hence this amateur detour into postal history as another source of evidence of White identity.*

My initial thoughts on the subject were presented as a talk to the Mashonaland Philatelic Society in 2005 and they seemed not to be without interest; and members of that audience who are also members of the History Society then suggested that I put them to the test of the wider readership of Heritage. This I now do, still somewhat tentatively.[4]

INTRODUCTION

A country's stamps are, in effect, a text that can be read, but they appear not to have been used to any great extent by historians. Hobsbawm in 1983, however, did mention a dozen or so European historical stamps in the two decades before the First World War as evidence of the invention of tradition by which societies defined, or redefined, themselves in the midst of the rapid and often bewildering changes in economic and political organization of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.[5] The attraction

[1] R. S. Roberts, 'The treasure and grave of Lobengula: Yarns and reflections', *Heritage* (2004), XXIII, 48–9.

[2] The seminal work on this is the unpublished thesis by A. J. Chennells, 'Settler Myths and the Southern Rhodesian Novel' (Harare, Univ. of Zimbabwe, D.Phil., 1982); for published aspects, see his 'Imperial romances and narratives of White Rhodesian nationalism: Cynthia Stockley, Gertude Page and Doris Lessing', *Anglistica* (1999), III, ii, 77–90.

[3] R. S. Roberts, 'Traditional paramountcy and modern politics in Matabeleland: The end of the Lobengula royal family—and of Ndebele particularism?', *Heritage* (2005), XXIV, 27.

[4] I am grateful to Mike Amos and Ian Johnstone of the Mashonaland Philatelic Society for reading a draft, and to Sipiwe Mukono of the Philatelic Bureau and to the Harare Stamp Company for advice and showing me stamps. The opinions expressed and any errors that remain, however, are entirely my responsibility.

[5] E. J. Hobsbawm, 'Mass-producing traditions: Europe, 1870–1914', in E. J. Hobsbawm and T. O. Ranger (eds), *The Invention of Tradition* (Cambridge, Cambridge Univ. Press, 1983), 281.

of stamps for such a purpose was simply that, after money (both coins and notes), postage stamps were the most common public medium for displaying the identifying symbols of the state and its people. So a state that made a virtue of its separateness and newness such as the United States of America used national symbols like the founding fathers on its stamps from the very beginning of its modern postal system. Also in 1893 it issued a commemorative stamp to mark the Columbian Exhibition (usually referred to as Chicago's World Fair) that celebrated the discovery of the New World; this may not have been the very first commemorative stamp[6] but it appears to have been the one that popularized the genre. Most states, however, thought of themselves as old, established and traditional, and their stamps more staidly employed just the head of the sovereign (as in Britain), or heraldic devices associated with the ruling family (as in several continental countries), or classical, usually female, allegorical figures (that virtually monopolized French stamp illustration, for example, until the First World War); and these countries tended not to be forward in the issue of commemoratives.

It was states and/or dynasties less stable and assured that seem to have been quickly attracted to the idea of commemorative/historical stamps to assert their identity and bolster support. The first appears to have been Portugal; its empire in south-central Africa under threat from British expansion, it issued a stamp in 1894 to commemorate the 500th anniversary of the birth of Henry the Navigator who had set Portugal on its imperial destiny. Then Greece, a newish and decidedly fragile state, in 1896 commemorated the restoration of the Olympic Games – themselves a re-invented tradition. Commemorative stamps then took off, but almost entirely in states that were similar to Portugal or Greece in the way that I have described. The newish German Empire commemorated the unveiling of a new historical monument (for Wilhelm I) amongst other things (1899); newish Bulgaria – its founding revolt against the Turks (1901); newish Serbia – the centenary of its dynasty (1904); a declining Spain – the tercentary of Don Quixote (1905); and so on, with Rumania, the Netherlands, Switzerland, Austro-Hungary, Russia and Belgium following suite before 1914.[7]

Britain, on the other hand, with its firm and well established traditions felt no need for a commemorative until the Empire Exhibition of 1924 and although it thereafter marked various international postal anniversaries it did not commemorate its own history until the Castle series of 1955 and the Shakespeare Festival of 1964.

Set against this background Southern Rhodesia seems worthy of investigation: a new country, like many of the examples above, but also an appendage of the most stable and well established imperial power that was conservative in stamp design. Before looking into Southern Rhodesia in detail, however, the somewhat disparate nature of the commemoratives mentioned above suggests the need for an aside – to explain, and briefly analyse, the terminology and categorization of stamps that will

[6]Preceding it certainly was the New South Wales commemorative of its centenary in 1888 (a new state in the making); and claims can be made, according to the exact definition used, for stamps issued in Baden as early as 1851, in New Brunswick in 1860, in Peru in 1871, and in Canada in 1892. For the information on stamps I have not gone beyond the basic reference works of which there are the numerous editions; for Rhodesia/Zimbabwe: *The Rhodesia/Zimbabwe Stamp Catalogue* (Salisbury/Harare, Salisbury/Harare Stamp Co. (Pvt.) Ltd); and for the rest of the world: the *Stanley Gibbons Stamp Catalogue* (London, Stanley Gibbons Publications Ltd).

[7]Hobsbawm, 'Mass-producing traditions', 281, Table.

inform what follows, although it must be stressed that this is not philatelic or postal history as such, for that is beyond my competence and has in any case been well covered elsewhere.[8]

PHILATELIC TERMINOLOGY

The word 'definitives' is the philatelist's term for the basic range of stamps issued in all the denominations thought necessary for ordinary postal use. The illustration-content of the stamps usually conforms to a theme; and sets tend to remain unchanged and valid for several years, except in the unusual situation of today's Zimbabwe where the definitives have to change, or be added to, frequently to keep up with inflation, and then never fast enough.

The term 'commemoratives' on the other hand means stamps issued for special occasions, usually in only the most commonly used denominations and with short print-runs and validation. As such they can truly commemorate a past event, particularly on anniversaries of national significance (the celebration of anniversaries from the late nineteenth century was itself something new, outside the Churches and their Saints Days, but it is a moot point whether it was a form of politically invented tradition or a marketing gimmick of the jewellery/diamond trade – Rhodes's most lasting legacy to the world?). This was the original and most common form of the commemorative stamp. But such stamps can also mark a current event – such as the unveiling of the Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial in 1899 or the Empire Exhibition in 1924 – and this sort has greatly increased over the years and now often mark pseudo-events of numbing inconsequence for the country concerned (often in fact having an international rather than a national referent), so great is the pressure on state philatelic bureaux to make money, particularly in the form of first-day covers. And finally, for this last mentioned reason, some so-called commemoratives are issued that mark not something that has happened at all – but a theme with no chronological significance, chosen simply to make up the number of issues required to meet budgets. Thus, and not surprisingly, serious philatelists, I am told, are losing interest in commemoratives generally (and even of definitives of countries like ours). But these caveats relate more to the modern situation rather than to the earlier years, and so have not deterred me from trying to use the stamps of this country as historical evidence – albeit with due caution.[9]

BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA COMPANY – RHODESIA

The first stamps in this country were, as was often the case at that time, of a heraldic device signifying the ruler; but in our case of course it was not the name of a country (that was then both sides of the Zambezi) but that of the British South Africa Company that was printed on the stamp. These first definitives were from 1892 and it was not until 1909 that they were overprinted with 'Rhodesia' – indicating a growing sense of

[8]H. C. Dann, *The Romance of the Posts . . . and the Cancellations of the Rhodesias and Nyasaland* (Bulawayo, Books of Zimbabwe, [reprint combining the two originals (London, Frank Godden, 1940; and London, Robinson Lowe, 1950], 1981); R. C. Smith, *Rhodesia: A Postal History: Its Stamps, Posts and Telegraphs* (Salisbury, privately, 1967); J. A. Landau, I. J. Johnstone and C. M. Hoffman, *Philatelic and Postal History: Treasures of the National Archives of Zimbabwe* (Harare, National Archives and Shannon Services, 2004).

[9]There are also Postage Due stamps and sometimes Revenue stamps but these tended to be simpler, fewer and less interesting—and so are not considered here.

identity and place by the settlers in distinction to the Company: this of course coming not long after the granting of a majority in the Legislative Council of (Southern) Rhodesia to elected settler representatives, as against Company Official Members, and the emergence of (Sir) Charles Coghlan as their spokesman against Company interests. The next definitive series of 1910 (the double heads of the new King and Queen, George V and Mary) were intended only as a commemorative of the first visit by a member of the royal family, Prince Arthur Duke of Connaught, because presumably there was some doubt initially as to whether the sovereign should appear on the normal stamps of a territory not administered by the Imperial government. Such scruples, however, were soon set aside and the stamps were put into general use, as definitives, and incorporated both 'British South Africa Company' and 'Rhodesia', as did the next definitives, also of the King (as an Admiral), of 1913 – thus in a sense foreshadowing the Privy Council decision published in 1919 that Rhodesia could only have been acquired on behalf of the Crown to which, therefore, it had belonged in law since the war of 1893 at least.

Meanwhile the first commemorative had appeared and, as one would expect, was of a less formal nature; in fact it was focused on the best known feature that could identify or personify the country – the Victoria Falls. This was in 1905 (still with 'British South Africa Company' rather than the name of the country) and was to mark the visit of the British Association and the opening of the bridge there. There were no more commemoratives during Company rule, which shows that in those days there really had to be something to commemorate (and therein the evidential value of early commemorative stamps).

SOUTHERN RHODESIA

The first definitives after Responsible Government came quickly, in 1924; for economy and speed these retained the same Admiral head of the 1913 series but of course were separate for south of the Zambezi and so entitled 'Southern Rhodesia' (whilst Northern Rhodesia as a British protectorate got its own stamps in 1925).

The first truly new definitive of Southern Rhodesia did not appear until 1931, showing a different representation of the head of George V; and this was followed a year later by a supplementary issue of the two most common denominations showing the same view of the Victoria Falls (as in the 1905 commemorative) which is obviously becoming something of a national marker. The next full range of definitives came in 1937 but was simply of the 'British' type: just head and shoulders of the new king, George VI. This lasted until Elizabeth succeeded her father in 1953, when her first definitive appeared. Each of its fourteen denominations had a different illustration (in addition to the small, conventional head of the Queen) of something Southern Rhodesian: views of the old and the natural, flora and fauna (Great Zimbabwe, Rhodes's Grave, balancing rocks, Victoria Falls from a new angle; sable and lion, baobab and flame lily); and views of the new (Birchenough Bridge, African workers; a White tobacco farmer). Now Southern Rhodesia was being defined visually as never before.

Meanwhile the first Southern Rhodesia commemorative had appeared, thirty years after the first (under the British South Africa Company). This was in 1935 for the Silver Jubilee of George V, and again was of the Falls scene of 1905, with the king's

head, and with a giraffe, elephant and lion added – again an indication of a growing settler definition of, and identification with, place. A very similar commemorative two years later to mark the coronation of George VI had a locomotive replacing the animals – an indication of settler progress and, perhaps, a sense of growing power over the local environment. This sort of interpretation is, of course, impressionistic; but one does not get the same impression from a perusal of the stamps of other areas of White settlement in Africa – Northern Rhodesia, Kenya (combined as it was with Uganda and Tanganyika), or even South Africa, where, however, the stamps did display a veritable appeasement of Afrikaner nationalism and history long before 1948.

The next Southern Rhodesia commemorative was in 1940 on the fiftieth anniversary of the beginning of British South Africa Company rule, though not on 3 September as might have been expected but three months earlier, that is before the Pioneer Column had even set out. These commemoratives naturally emphasize events and personalities as well as place. For the first time Rhodes makes an appearance: his head and shoulders, and the 1896 indaba; others show the B.S.A. Company's coat of arms (which had dominated the earliest definitives), Pioneers raising the flag, Fort Victoria, Lobengula's Kraal and Government House, and, rather unchronologically, the bridge at Victoria Falls and Sir Charles Coghlan's statue. Whatever the inexactitudes, this local historical emphasis continued with the fiftieth anniversary of the occupation of Matabeleland in 1943, the diamond jubilee of the occupation of Mashonaland in 1950, and the centenary of Rhodes's birth (emphasizing the contrast between old and new) and also of the Rhodes Centenary Exhibition in 1953. This last it should be noted is just part of the wider emphasizing of historical identity: the Exhibition marks the centenary; the commemorative stamp marks the Exhibition. Out of loyalty to Britain, of course, there were other, less specific, commemoratives to mark royal events (such as the King's visit in 1947 and the coronation of Elizabeth in 1953). And in 1949 there was a stamp marking the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Universal Postal Union, the first example in Southern Rhodesia of the contrived (or the international-deferential) type of commemorative that means little to anyone except a few functionaries who decided on it – witness the plethora of such since Independence in 1980, like the United Nation Days stamps.

Nevertheless the main, and more interesting, significance of the stamps of Southern Rhodesia is that an ancient landscape and its history, both pre-and post-colonial, are being incorporated into a White identification of the country as a discourse of belonging. And, more subtly, there is already a twin assertion of virtual independence from Britain. Firstly there is usually no watermark to the stamps of Southern Rhodesia whereas all other colonies carried the watermark of the British Crown Agents. Secondly such a philatelic assertion of independence went further than even the Dominions in that, whereas they tended to follow the British 'Omnibus' standard-design issues for royal events, Southern Rhodesia usually did not follow suite but used its own design, as for example the 1935 Jubilee set, and the 1937 and the 1953 Coronation sets.[10]

[10]I owe these two 'subtle' points, which the eye would miss, to Ian Johnstone who also adduces the 1965 Churchill commemorative.

FEDERATION

The first Federal definitives, in 1954, reverted to the more traditional 'British' type of head and shoulders of the Queen, but the replacements of 1959 were like the illustrative ones of Southern Rhodesia of 1953, with the Queen's head in a small corner. About half of the illustrations displayed Southern Rhodesia but with a greater prominence than hitherto for Rhodes (both his statue in Jameson Avenue, Salisbury, and his grave in the Matopos). This is interesting, as Rhodes for a generation after his death did not figure as much as might be expected in the iconography of Southern Rhodesia and it seems that it was only the Federal emphasis on partnership that gave him a brief revival which the Rhodesian Front was soon to play down (only one stamp from 1964 onwards) – but the political reasons for that must await a later article.

As a new and contrived political arrangement the Federation would not have much to truly commemorate, and the 1955 centenary of Livingstone's first viewing of the Victoria Falls that separated two of its constituent parts was the only truly historical event it could boast. The other commemoratives marked current events, notably the Queen Mother's opening of Kariba Dam in 1960, which was illustrated in six different views emphasizing the modernity of it all. For the rest, there was only the Seventh Commonwealth Mining and Metallurgical Congress held in Kitwe in 1961, the thirtieth anniversary of London–Rhodesia airmail 1962, and the World Tobacco Congress held in Salisbury in 1963; and the last commemoratives, later in 1963, were the centenary of the Red Cross and the meeting of the World Council of Young Men's Service Clubs (Round Table), both of whose ministrations might not have come amiss as the Federation tottered to its demise, aborting a planned 10th anniversary commemorative.[11] As can be seen it was the somewhat contrived sort of commemorative that was gradually taking over, inevitable perhaps in an artificial state that had no history, little sense of place and not the wit to improvise either. This does stand in contrast to what we have seen in Southern Rhodesia; and certainly, as we will now see, the pattern of commemoratives after the collapse of Federation is strikingly different.

POST-FEDERATION (SOUTHERN) RHODESIA

The first post-federation definitives of 1964 were of similar nature to those of the last Southern Rhodesian issue of 1953 (and indeed to the last Federal issue of 1959) – fourteen illustrations, mainly flora and fauna. These were overprinted with 'Independence' in November 1965 and then with 'Rhodesia' in early 1966 (a surprisingly late date in so far as the Reserve Bank had been designated as 'of Rhodesia' in 1964 and coins soon minted in that name; and the first commemorative in May 1965 and the new Postage Due stamps to replace Federal ones in June 1965 both bore the name Rhodesia). These overprinted definitives were then quickly superseded by a not very different 'Rhodesia' set later in the year (1966). Then the introduction of decimalization and a republic in 1970 occasioned a new set; the pattern of illustrations of local scenes was similar, however, to what had gone before, but with something of

[11] I am grateful to Ian Johnstone for drawing my attention to this and other aborted/planned issues, not otherwise considered here. For this is a recondite subject, as are the texts and images used for First Day Covers and other special covers from the 1930s onwards. Ian Johnstone tells me that they tend to strengthen my general argument; and so I hope that he will use his specialist knowledge to deal with them in a later issue of *Heritage*.

a new emphasis on development (Kariba Dam, Lake McIlwaine, an Air Force helicopter, RISCO), and with Rhodes's only post-Federal appearance and the new Rhodesia Republic flag replacing the Southern Rhodesian coats of arms of former definitives. 1974 saw a new definitive of Rhodesian antelopes, butterflies and flowers, followed by the 1978 definitive of Rhodesian precious stones, wildlife and various waterfalls. Thus every single definitive stamp from 1964 onwards was visually evocative of the country.

The commemoratives meanwhile were naturally of a more historical character and even more specific to Rhodesia; and serendipity had it that, just at the time when the Rhodesian Front was trying to develop a non-British Rhodesian patriotism, numerous commemorative possibilities were to hand from the years a century before that had seen the defining events and personalities in the creation of Rhodesia.

Table of Rhodesian Commemoratives

Those not truly commemorative of the country or its history are italicised

1965	*International Telecommunication Union;* Water Conservation (Rhodesian dams, irrigation, sugar production); *Churchill's death;* Independence
1966	28th Congress of Southern Africa Philatelic Federation (RHOPEX) in Bulawayo; 20th anniversary of Central African Airways
1967	Dr L. S. Jameson; National Gallery; Local Flora and Fauna
1968	World Ploughing Contest (contrast old and new); Alfred Beit; 75th Anniversary Matabeleland (showing Allan Wilson)
1969	Sir Henry Milton; 70th Anniversary Beira–Salisbury rail (showing old and new); Bridges of Rhodesia
1970	Post and Telecommunications Corporation (old and new); Mother Patrick
1971	Selous; Rhodesian Birds; Granites of Rhodesia
1972	Robert Moffat; *Pollution; Christmas*
1973	Livingstone; *World Metereological Organization;* 50th Anniversary of Responsible Government and Coat of Arms
1974	George Pauling; *Universal Postal Union*
1975	Thomas Baines; Aloes of Rhodesia; *Occupational Safety*
1976	*Telephone Centenary;* Vulnerable Species in Rhodesia; Trees of Rhodesia
1977	Rhodesian Birds; Artists' Views of Rhodesia; *Christmas*
1978	Bulawayo Trade Fair; *75th Anniversary Powered Flight*

This Table shows 39 commemoratives in fourteen years which has to be compared to only 11 over the previous twenty years; and of that 39 only 8 or so are of a contrived nature. Rhodesian history and landscape was now being commemorated as never before. The definitives illustrating the country and Whites' identification with their environment, which I stressed earlier, can be challenged as to their uniqueness; for once states had given up on rulers' heads, heraldic devices and national symbolic/allegorical figures, the obvious, almost inevitable alternative, was to illustrate the natural and man-made attributes of the country – although some older countries like France were notably less inclined to do so than younger states. But commemoratives are different, for as far as my amateur perusal of the *Stanley Gibbons Stamp Catalogue* goes no other country appears to have had such a quick succession of true commemoratives of its history as Rhodesia did in that fourteen years.

EPILOGUE – ZIMBABWE

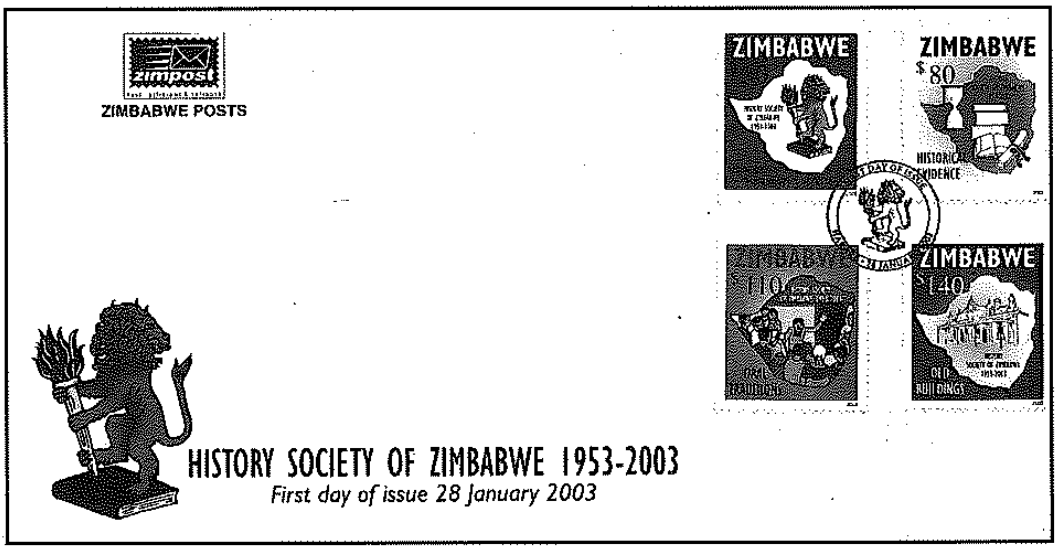
But such historical commemoration came easy: Pioneers galore but no recognition of the modern armed forces which were fighting a desperate bush war that would seal the fate of White Rhodesia. As the political changes of 1978–9 were made to stave off the inevitable, no more commemoratives appeared – no centenary of the birth of Mrs Tawse-Jollie, one of the earliest Rhodesian nationalists and first female parliamentarian in the British Empire; no fiftieth anniversary for the Beit Bridge, Rhodesia's lifeline since 1974 and increasingly the departure point for emigrants fleeing the war and a future Black government. The evanescent name 'Zimbabwe Rhodesia' never appeared on a stamp (much to the eternal regret of local collectors no doubt) – no time for a commemorative or even overprinting of the new name on definitives as had been done in 1909 and 1966 when change had been manageable. Philatelicly speaking White Rhodesia quietly passed away – and quickly so. Earlier changes of regime (British South Africa Company – Southern Rhodesia – Federation – (Southern) Rhodesia) had each provided for a decent interval before withdrawal of the former stamps, and even longer before their invalidation (nearly six years for the Federation to invalidate the stamps of the three constituent states[12]). But now all Rhodesian stamps were withdrawn the day before Independence in April 1980 (and had all been invalidated by late 1983[13]), although, admittedly, there was something of a Rhodesian carry-over in that the first Zimbabwean definitives of 18 April 1980 were those of 1978 with the name Rhodesia replaced by Zimbabwe (like the Southern Rhodesia Admiral definitives of 1924).

Since then our commemoratives have, as elsewhere, increasingly lost much of their original emphasis on place, identity and tradition – and are simply produced to budget: 107 in twenty-six years. A few anniversaries have been marked – of the National Archives (1985), the National Gallery (1988), the centenary of Harare (1990), of Bulawayo (1994) and of the Railways (1997). But they are submerged in a nondescript plethora of generalities, desperately short for ideas – being increasingly of what I called the international-deferential type and of flora and fauna, often not specific to Zimbabwe, that in former times appeared in definitives. That situation in a way made it easier for our Society to obtain approval for a commemorative for its 50th anniversary in 2003, somewhat to the pleasant surprise, I suspect, of many of those behind the request. But on the whole our commemoratives are no longer the marker that they were for a brief period, especially from 1965 to 1978.

What is more surprising in this is that a more African-Zimbabwean view of place and history has not developed – the five anniversaries mentioned above are all from the White inheritance, just as the Whites had incorporated African history, though to a lesser extent. There have been Waterfalls (including Victoria Falls thrice), Dams and Great Zimbabwe (among the definitives of 1980–3 and commemoratives in 1986, 1991 and 1996 – but the first two marking meetings of the Non-Aligned Movement and CHOGM rather than Zimbabwe itself); and there have also been views of the

[12]Until 1959 there was thus the unusual situation wherein one letter could validly bear the stamps of four different countries: Southern Rhodesia, Northern Rhodesia, Nyasaland, and Rhodesia and Nyasaland. A few such stamped envelopes exist and are not greatly valued; but if I were a collector I would prize one over any stamps with flaws that seem to obsess philatelists.

[13]As of 16 October 1983, Zimbabwe, *Government Gazette* (24 June 1983), General Notice 489. I am grateful to Mike Amos, Ian Johnstone and Sipiwe Mukono for help on withdrawals and invalidations.



History Society of Zimbabwe commemorative for the 50th anniversay in 2003

countryside (a commemorative of Scenic Views in 1996), of old colonial buildings (definitives of 1995), and of the five World Heritage Sites (commemorative 2005). But otherwise the emphasis now appears to be on a rather generalized African culture – commemoratives of Rock Paintings (1982), Stone Sculptures (1983), Musical Instruments (1991), Wood Carvings (1996), African Folklore (2001), Craftsmanship (2002), and African Dishes (2006) and other artefacts in the definitives (of 1990) – rather than the wide-ranging pictorial representation of the distinctiveness of Zimbabwe.

Even an African history of Zimbabwe fails to appear. In the first flush of Independence some nationalist heroes of the late nineteenth century were commemorated by the renaming of streets and buildings after them, and seven Heroes of the Second Chimurenga appeared on one stamp to mark Heroes Day (Chitepo, Mazorodze, J. Z. Moyo, M. Ndhlovu, Silundika, Takawira and Tongogara in 1984, but so small that they are hard to recognize). But there has been little more: Nothing to commemorate the First Chimurenga of 1896–7, no centenary of the deaths of Nehanda and Kaguvi in 1898 or of Mapondera in 1904; a Mutapa and Lobengula appeared only indirectly, commemorating the National Archives (1985) rather than themselves. No two-hundredth anniversary for Mzilikazi (his birth spurned by the powers that be in Harare as his death was by those in Salisbury thirty years earlier); and, of course, no centenary of Rhodes's death – not so surprising, in that his name has been erased and his statues, removed from the streets, now stand at the back of the Bulawayo Museum and the National Archives, Harare, an obscurity shared by the statue of Mzilikazi's son Lobengula (the only statue of him that there is and which has never been on public display) at the back of the National Gallery in Bulawayo. Surprising, however, is that there has been no commemorative stamp of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of Dr T. S. Parirenyatwa (1962), for example, as but one of many possible choices; no anniversaries of the founding of the Congress movement (1934) or other popular organizations that followed. Independence itself, of course has been commemorated (in 1990, with one of the stamp showing Mugabe and Nkomo in celebration of the

Unity Accord of 1987, and another in 2001) as have the deaths of Sally Mugabe (in 2002), Joshua Nkomo (in 2000) and Simon Muzenda (in 2004);[14] and four Heroes (Chidzero, Chitepo, Mahachi and Tongogara) were remembered, individually this time (in 2005).

The over-riding impression, consequently, is of a commemoration by a ruling nationalist elite of itself rather than of the nation, just as Heroes Acre has no room for the likes of Ndabaningi Sithole or James Chikerema. Whereas White nationalism used stamps to commemorate the distinctiveness of place and an inclusive, broad range of personalities and events (witness the even-handedness with Coghlan vis-à-vis what he loathed and opposed – the British South Africa Company and Rhodes), our present nationalists commemorate little but themselves – their 1960s hegemonic party-nationalism veiled somewhat by a putative African cultural unity à la Nkrumah rather than Zimbabwe as it is, or wants to be, half a century later. As befits the politics of exclusion, it is now commemoratives that do not appear that are the more significant.

Thus concludes this tentative interpretation of just over a century of stamps in this country; the results are impressionistic and personal as my preliminary attempts at statistical analysis could not overcome the complexities of definition and classification which simply introduced equally subjective assumptions at the very beginning. If, however, any reader has something to add, not only on stamps but on any other sorts of evidence useful for understanding White identity in this country, I will be grateful to correspond with them, but – as a sign of the times – we probably cannot afford the stamps to do so by post! So e-mail it is – <rsrob@mweb.co.zw> – a form of communication that leaves little evidence, or pleasure, for the historian of the future.

[14]The latter two were at the first anniversary of their deaths which, perhaps, has more traditional significance for Africans than the jubilees/centenaries conventional elsewhere; but to mark the tenth anniversary of a death (as in the case of the first) is novel.

The Salisbury Kopje Memories and History

by Edone Ann Logan

"A Land without Memories is a Land without History.
History and Memory will always travel in double harness."

MEMORIES

Large blue charaxes butterflies with iridescent wings, fluttering amongst the musasas and mahobohobo trees; rusty-coloured meercats, tails held high, darting across the paths; red-eyed doves cooing – "You too should be in the zoo"; gathering armfuls of flamelilies for Mum, and fronds of prickly asparagus fern to drape over pictures at Christmas time . . . such are my memories of the Kopje in the '40s.

For ten years my family lived in a government house in Belvedere Road. During those halcyon days my brother John, my sister Jill and I, grew to love the bush, and developed a lasting affection for the Kopje. My parents, Dick and Edone Petheram, were both civil servants and devoted their lives to the development of this country – not only in their work capacity but by their involvement in and dedication to many organisations connected with conservation and appreciation of our natural heritage. Madeline Heald wrote, "The true possessors of wealth are those who have gifts of doing and giving; of enjoying the enormous varieties of beauty and enduring love of the country they have helped to build". My parents were indeed wealthy.

We were familiar with 'our Kopje' from the Cutting on the east to the old quarry in the west. From the edge of the Cutting we watched the traffic travelling along Rotten Row to the Light Industrial Site, formerly the wagon outspan. The old quarry had been used as a rifle range and we spent many hours digging lead out of the slatey bank. Dad melted it down to make sinkers.

John and Jill had friends in some huts near the commonage and they often made rat traps together in the grass, selling the rats for a tickey and sharing the proceeds. The sanitary lane between the house and the Kopje was lined with leonotis and orange mexican sunshades, and the commonage was a field of cosmos in late summer. The vacant ground between our house and the Belvedere Racecourse burnt every year and white bells of St Mary's and tall, purple wild lupins came up in profusion.

One day my brother and his friends set the Kopje alight while experimenting with a magnifying glass: it was not long before the fire engine came clanging down the road. The picaninny kia (PK) was miles, it seemed, from the house, against the lane. The bucket system was in use then. We usually went there in twos!

Every race day we would hang over the rails surrounding the racecourse, watching the horses walk round and round at the starting points. When the starter considered they were ready, he brought them into line, lifted the wire and away they would go!

The Airport was not far to the west. Dad bought a wing from a wrecked Harvard, removed the rivets, straightened and cut the metal and constructed a railing round the

sides of our verandah roof. From there we watched many special events which took place on the Racecourse, including fireworks at Guy Fawkes and the Indaba held in 1947 when King George VI addressed 40 000 Africans during the Royal Visit. Every school child was given a commemorative medal to mark this special event.

The Show Grounds were within easy walking distance and we spent every day of Show Week there, returning laden with 'Free Samples'. We usually managed to watch international rugby games – free of charge.

As fuel was scarce, we rode to Selbourne School on our bikes, along a cycle path which ran under the fir trees in front of the racecourse. It passed Ranche House on the east of Rotten Row and the Rhodesia Children's Home on the west.

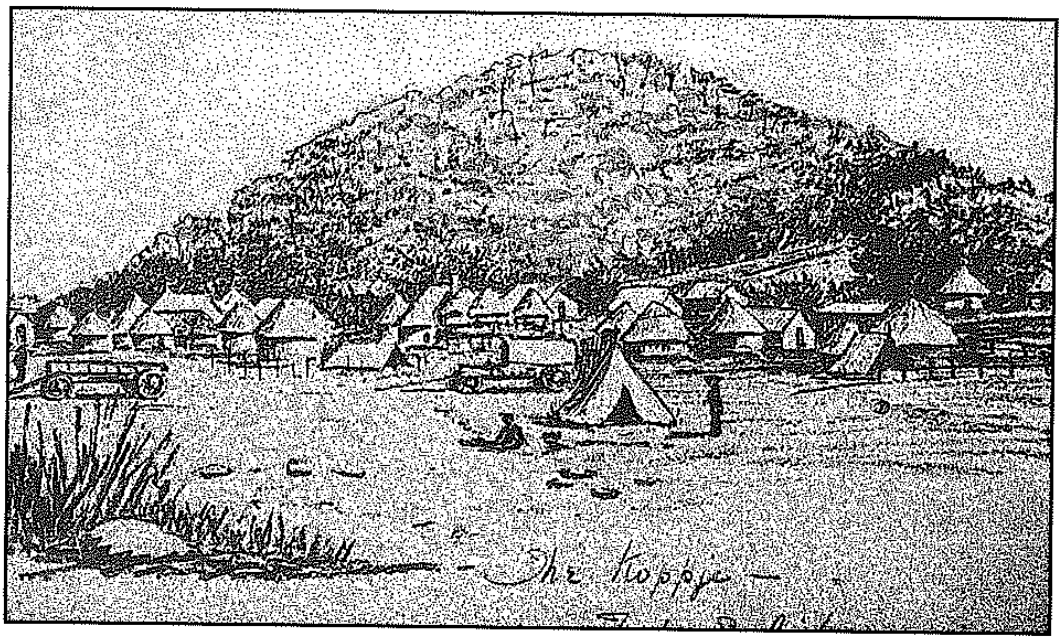
Later, the Kopje took on a new dimension in our lives as we struggled with hill-stops while taking driving lessons. This occurred on the road leading up the eastern section from Skipper Hoste Drive to the summit. Later still, after dancing at the Grand, we would run up the steep steps in the fort area, to the toposcope, and gaze at the twinkling lights below. The original bush had been pushed aside to make room for the City and suburbs, carefully planned fifty years before. One could follow the rows of street lights which demarcated the early grid plan – the wider streets north of Kingsway, to the magnetic north, and the narrower streets running parallel to the Kopje slopes. Charter Road, the old wagon track, cut through at an angle (the area affectionately known as the 'cow's guts'). The Queen's Hotel, draped with coloured lights, was a land mark at the base of the Kopje.

HISTORY

The Kopje, which rises only a little more than 60m above the countryside, has for centuries overlooked rich lands, laced by the Makabusi and Marimba Rivers. The area was originally known as 'Gova', meaning 'red soil'. It was from the lands which lay south of the Kopje that Chief Neharawa came with his kindred to occupy the hill. The area was called by the Zezuru 'Neharare Tshikomo' (the hillock of Neharare) and later became 'Harare', a mispronunciation of the Chief's name. Subsequently Chief Mbari and his people claimed the hill, killed Chief Neharawa and took over his lands. After a period, Chief Gutsa took possession of the Kopje and later moved to the vleis and lands near the source of the Marimba.

When the Pioneers arrived at the Kopje in 1890 it was unoccupied by humans. However, there was "every kind of game except lion, giraffe and elephant". The Pioneer Column consisted of approximately 220 civilians led by Dr Jameson, 200 police, led by Lt Col Pennefather, and was guided by the hunter and explorer, Selous. Their arrival at the Kopje marked the end of a long and perilous journey. They had travelled 400 miles in two months with 100 wagons and 250 African herdsmen and leaders. Included in the carefully selected Column were doctors, farmers, lawyers, builders, engineers, geologists, botanists, and priests. The Kopje symbolised the start of a new life to these adventurers. The Police extended the law and also acted as road builders, surveyors, veterinary inspectors, telegraph linesmen and 'bundu-bashers'.

The Union Jack was hoisted on September 13 1890 on the site of Cecil Square. The town was named after the British Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury, while Cecil was his family name.



The Kopje, Fort Salisbury, 1891 (*Drawn by H. Thomasett*)

We are indebted to our great historians for recording details of the development of this country, from which I have gleaned facts for this story. I have singled out the details which relate to the growth of the area around the Kopje, and have not dwelt on historical events: these are listed at the end of the article.

The first decade of our history – '*A Scantling of Time*', as Tony Tanser called that period – coincided with the dawn of modern communications in the old world, from horses and ox drawn wagons to the telegraph and telephone.

IN THE BEGINNING

No sooner had the Pioneer Column been disbanded than those who wished to find their Eldorado disappeared into the veld in search of gold, and those who dreamed of making a fortune through farming, began to clear the land. The other civilians stayed and set about making homes for themselves and constructing makeshift shops and businesses at the foot of the Kopje. Officials and Company employees established themselves near the Fort – the Causeway area. There were no facilities for health, no means of communication, no system of administration, no direction, few tools. As the rains set in, the plight of the Pioneers became desperate. No women were allowed into the country until later, so the men were on their own. They had to clear the bush and build homes, keeping some semblance of order in the area.

The wagons with supplies and equipment were moved to a site on the north shoulder of the Kopje and a store for the sale of tools was set up. This site became known as the "Ranche".

HOME SWEET HOME

The first homes were of canvas, while the men set about collecting material from the bush and vleis to make pole-and-dagga (mud) huts, which were thatched with grass.

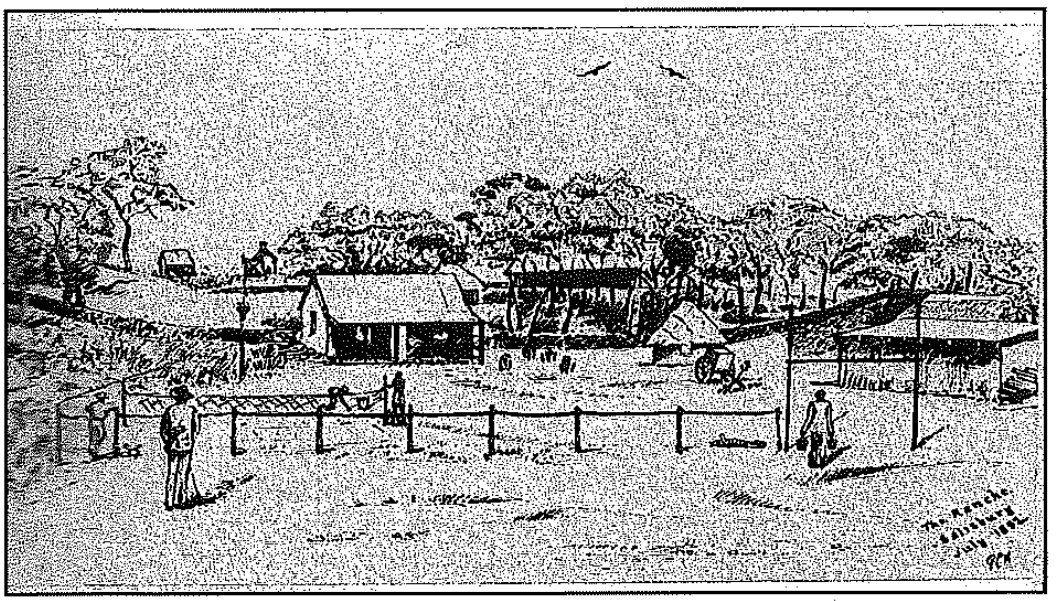
One of the first homes was built by 'Skipper' Hoste near the Ranche. He was the first to use hired labour.

Water had to be fetched from the Makabusi until an underground spring was found, which gave Kopje residents a good supply. At night the Pioneers would gather round fires, cooking a meal with what remained of the tinned food, or game they shot in the bush. Three-legged pots were used over open fires for stews . . . and stews . . . They baked bread using two prospecting pans in a Dutch oven.

PROBLEMS

The first rainy season was extremely heavy and on one occasion the rains did not abate for four days and five nights. Wagons were unable to move and it was almost impossible to bring up essential supplies. The grass grew to 'appalling lengths' and insects swarmed into the settlement. Fever – malaria – was the greatest enemy with which the Pioneers had to contend. Little was known about its cause, and no precautions were taken until 1894, when medical science associated malaria with the mosquito. Patients were treated in the first hospital – a few huts – by Dr Rand. Here they were given Rand's Kicker, a horrible but effective mixture of many drugs, or the Livingstone Rouser – a little quinine and a lot of purgative! In 1891 the Dominican Sisters, under the charge of Mother Patrick, arrived in Salisbury and a hospital was erected in the Fort area.

The first wagons to reach town after the rains sold their supplies at exorbitant prices from the wagons. Whiskey cost 42 pounds 10 shillings per case, butter 12 shillings per lb tin, sauce 10 shillings per bottle. The Posselt brothers brought up the first loads of flour which they sold for 12 pounds per sack (100 lbs). Condensed milk was 15 shillings a tin. Trek oxen were worth 15 pounds each.



Sketch of the Ranche, Salisbury by Percy Nunn.
Note the tennis court and rugby football posts

In Pioneer Street, Barkly and Suckling's picturesque pole and dagga 'villa' proclaimed on a strip of canvas – "BUTCHERY".

ENTERTAINMENT

Mrs Tawse-Jollie, who later became the first woman Member of Parliament in Rhodesia (and the Empire) wrote:

> Auction sales and political meetings were the only two forms of entertainment in pioneer Salisbury. The first were held whenever a transport wagon arrived, and frequently the wagon and oxen were sold as well as the load, but more exciting events were the sales of effects of distinguished travellers, whose equipment and food stores might really offer the chance of bargains.
>
> The ordinary trader knew he could not go wrong with whiskey, but to fill his wagon he also invested in any cheap and plentiful lines that were offering. Tinned lobster and caviare were sometimes included in the fare . . . As actual money was scarce, the auctioneer often had no change and the buyer had to be satisfied with goods to the required amount. Slater's Auction Mart in Pioneer Street sold jam tins full of animal fat, rendered down after shooting eland, lion and warthog.

(It was discovered that warthog was good eating, especially the head, cooked in a hole in the ground.) Mrs Tawse-Jollie continued:

> But auction sales were only of interest to the fortunate few who had anything to spend. Politics in those days cost nothing. A packing case at a street corner or the bar was all the aspiring politician needed – and he could be sure of a full house . . .

There were many issues between Pioneers and the BSA Chartered Company which were the cause of discontent.

The settlement spread rather haphazardly during the first months. Pioneer Street began to grow and buildings of every description sprung up on the slopes of the Kopje. Between the Kopje and the Fort was a large marshy area which drained into the Makabusi River and was declared unsuitable for building. During the rains this vlei became impassable for wagons, and two drifts were made – one became Manica Road and the other, the 'Causeway', became part of Jameson Avenue.

The vlei was a nesting place for wild fowl and a breeding ground for mosquitoes.

As the infant township began grew, progress was administered first by the Chartered Company and then by the Sanitary Board. Town plans were drawn up, and in February 1892 these were forwarded to London.

How to keep time? A gun was fired about noon each day by a volunteer – not always quite accurately on the hour however!

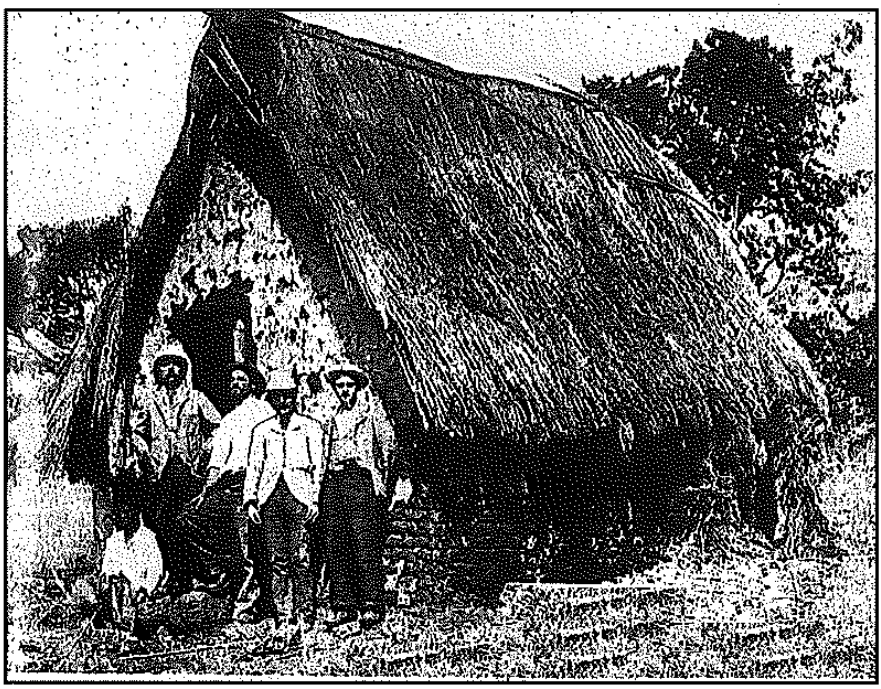
The first building to be erected on a stand below the Kopje was a hut built in 1891 by Rev Isaac Shimmin, a Wesleyan missionary, who delivered his first service to a congregation seated on whiskey boxes. Soon he began to make bricks to construct a permanent church.

HOME COMFORTS

Home designs were changing: wooden frames to which sheets of corrugated iron were fastened to form walls and a roof were erected – unbelievably hot in summer and bitterly cold in winter, and not popular!

At last the ban on women entering the country was lifted. There was soon a marked improvement in the homes as sun-dried 'Kimberley bricks', followed by rough burned bricks were made on the banks of the Makabusi. Sawn timber was used for door frames and lintels, and reed mats were placed on the mud floors. Roofs were of iron or thatch, and some homes had reed or calico ceilings.

A house usually began as a box-like construction with two rooms and a lean-to kitchen, with a toilet discreetly built amongst some shrubs. More rooms could easily be added and most had a verandah fitted with mosquito gauze. Our pioneer women had to adapt to extremely rough conditions. Initiative and inspiration were needed in every aspect of home-making. Packing cases, gelignite boxes, whiskey crates and broom handles were pressed into service to make shelves, chairs, tables. Cushions and mattresses were fashioned from gay chintz and stuffed with grass or maize husks. The open fire was replaced where possible by a Dover or Moffat stove and many homes had a meat safe. The legs of the latter stood in cans of paraffin to keep out ants and cockroaches. The houses had to be fumigated regularly with sulphur to prevent white ants from eating the timbers, and tin-lined boxes were necessary to keep flour, rice etc safe from insects.



This building is typical of Salisbury in 1891

LUXURIES AND NECESSITIES

An enterprising pioneer, Bert Thackery, set up the first 'public bath' in his hut and advertised: "Hot or Cold Water Bath and Coffee, 2/6*d*". This facility consisted of a mat on the floor and two paraffin tins. The water was heated in a drum outside. Towel and soap were provided.

Brewer's Tea and Cake shop was housed in one of the first brick buildings and became a favourite meeting place. One of the first businesses was the Bechuanaland Trading Association which had the contract to trade in farm machinery, tools and implements. It was housed in a wood and iron building with a thatched roof on the corner of Pioneer Street and Manica Road. This enterprise was greeted with much excitement by the equipment hungry settlers.

Next to the Bechuanaland Trading Association, van Praagh had a shop which sold tobacco, boots and, much to the ladies' delight, haberdashery! Next to van Praagh's was Strachan the Chemist, established in a hut in 1890. It advertised, "Chemist, Dentist and Druggist (by examination, London)".

In 1891 a wagon bringing Strachan's supplies to Salisbury was attacked by a lion, so when a new shop was opened it was called 'LION PHARMACY'.

The wives had to become familiar with local fruits and vegetables sold by African woman. Some brought fowls into town, and tiny eggs, which made a difference to the meals they had to prepare using tinned meat and fish. Salt was very scarce and fetched

Warner corset advert from the S. A. *Lady* magazine

12 pounds per sack. The women struggled to familiarise themselves with the language and customs of the locals.

There was a midwife in town in the early days but most women had their babies with only their husband in attendance. Later two nurses, Miss Wild and Miss Bertram, opened a small nursing home in Pioneer Street.

THE PRESS

In 1891 William Fairbridge arrived in Salisbury, representing The Argus Printing and Publishing Company. He agreed to produce a newspaper, and with waxed paper, a frame and a cyclostyle pen, and an inking roller made from a mixture of treacle and locally produced glue cast in a German sausage tin, he did just that. Fairbridge wrote the news and advertisements and delivered the *Mashonaland Herald* and *Zambesian Times* himself.

In 1892 machinery arrived to enable the paper to be printed, and the *Rhodesia Herald* was born. Fairbridge became Salisbury's first Mayor in 1897.

1892 also saw the completion of the telegraph line from Mafeking to Mashonaland and the first BSA Company postage stamps, forwarded from London, were issued for internal use. A Post Office was built at the foot of the Kopje.

It was quite normal at that time for dogs to chase hyenas through the village at night. Lions were sometimes reported. Rats became a menace until a couple called Cameron arrived with a pregnant cat. They sold each kitten for 5 pounds. Kittens became the most acceptable wedding gift.

The question of a cemetery was discussed and Surg-Capt Rand selected a piece of land behind the Kopje. After a few burials had taken place a mining engineer declared the area to be gold bearing, and the cemetery had to be shifted to the present site of the Pioneer Cemetery.

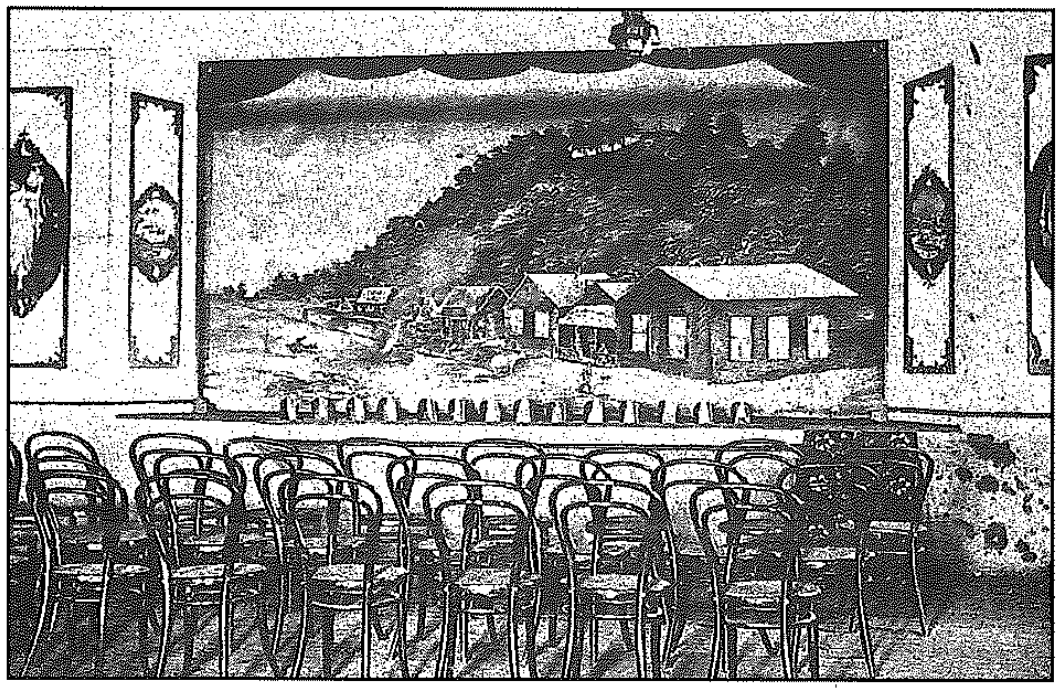
TRANSPORT

Initially mail was carried by BSA Police troopers who acted as dispatch riders between the relay huts along the pioneer route. This was slow and not always reliable. There was now need for conveyance between Salisbury and Bulawayo. Bezuidenhout, a transport rider, undertook to provide coach transport and complete the one way journey within 96 hours. As it passed the Kopje, a hunting horn was sounded to let residents know of the coach's arrival so they could meet travellers and await the sorting of mail. In 1893 Doel Zeederberg introduced his American spring coaches on the Bulawayo route. These were in operation throughout the country until they were replaced by railway in 1899.

"WE NEED CULTURE . . ."

Many of the pioneers had come from sophisticated environments and enjoyed, for relaxation, music, variety, the theatre. It is not surprising therefore that the first entertainment ever to take place in the country was staged a fortnight after the flag was hoisted. This was described as a 'Knock-out Farce, which included one female part" (taken by a trooper).

In October 1891 an Amateur Dramatic Society was formed and on Christmas Day



Interior of hall in Hatfield Hotel, Salisbury, 1892.
Backdrop depicts the Kopje and Pioneer Street

the "Salisbury Blackbirds" gave 'a minstrel entertainment to a crowded house'. A concert in aid of a hospital in March 1892 resulted in a collection of 44 pounds. Several ladies were present.

There followed an amazingly varied repertoire of performances.

". . . AND ACCOMMODATION"

The first hotel was The Mashonaland, a long, narrow, pole and dagga structure, "built for men by men".

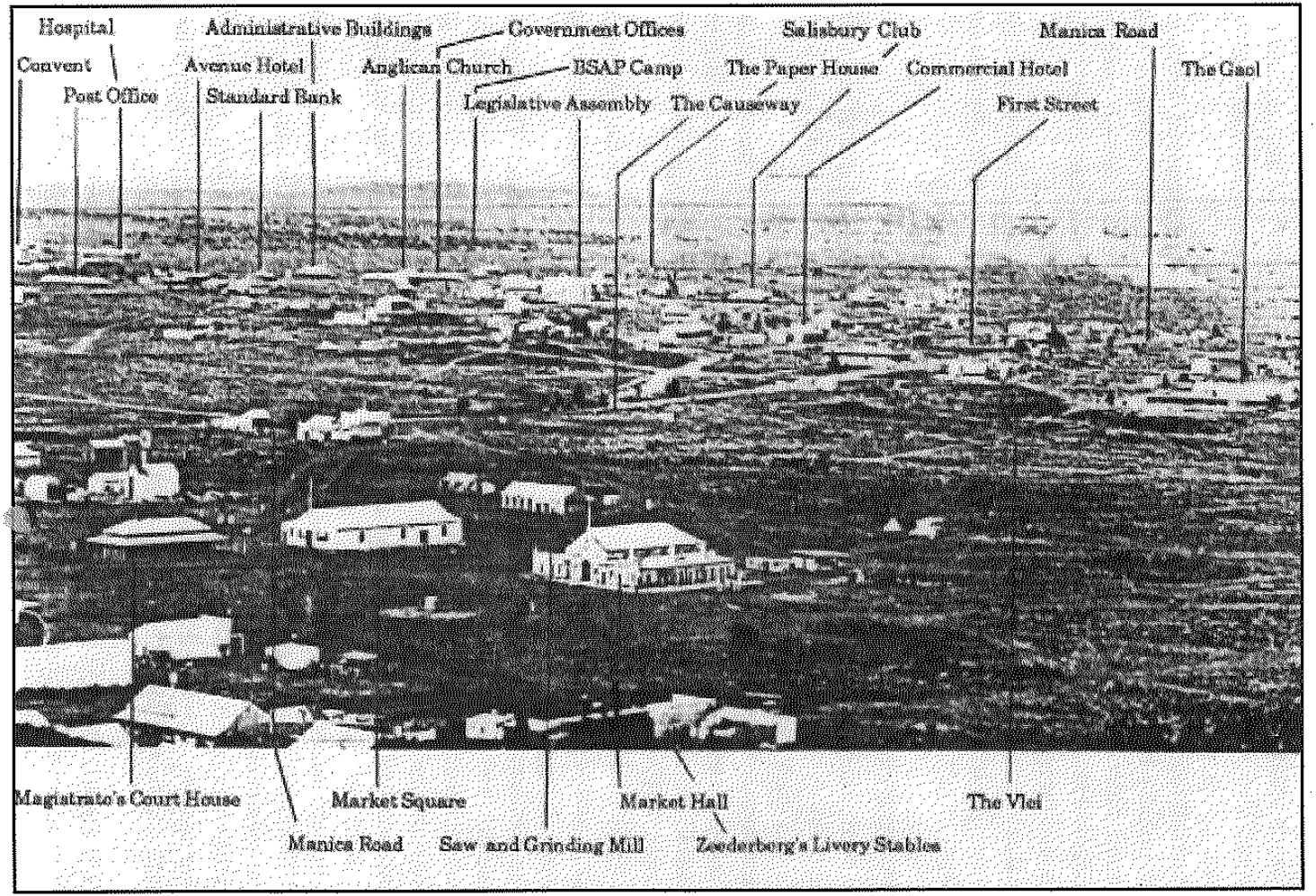
Bars and hotels began appearing along Pioneer Street. The Masonic was opened in 1892 by Jacobs and Susman. Susman's wife, who had been an actress, insisted on the hotel having a piano and a dance floor and the Masonic soon became the cultural centre of the pioneer community. In 1894 a large dining room, which doubled as a theatre was added.

Slowly it was accepted that entertainment was enjoyed not only by the men, but just as much by the women, and ladies were allowed to enter the hotels!

Two transport riders, Snodgrass, and Mitchell announced their intention of building another hotel in Pioneer Street which was to be called the Hatfield. On the evening of the opening a grand musical entertainment was held in the "Great Hall" which had a 10 ft stage with paraffin floodlights and a drop curtain. Smoking concerts, gymnastic displays and Indian club swinging were among the entertainments produced here. A piano was imported.

THE MARKET HALL

There was need of a meeting place and it was decided in 1892 to erect a building



Salisbury (southern section) 1898

which would embrace a market hall, bank, bar, offices, a telegraph office and a room where the Sanitary Board could meet. The Market Hall Company Limited was formed.

In August 1893 the foundation stone of the Market Hall was laid. This building still stands today. An illuminated clock was sent from Salisbury, Wiltshire, and on Christmas Eve 1894 its strong but tinny ring was heard throughout the Kopje sector of town.

The Hall faced the Market Square where the supply wagons outspanned. Produce, grown initially by Indians on small holdings along the banks of the Makabusi was auctioned. Later, farmers brought in fowls, eggs, milk and butter and cast-off clothing and equipment. Cattle, mules and donkeys changed hands. The auctioneer's bell summoned large crowds.

In that year, a ball was organised. The seven ladies present danced the Valse, Gay Gordons, Quadrilles and Lancers, one after another, changing partners throughout the evening.

"JOIN THE CLUB"

There were many enthusiastic sportsmen amongst the pioneers and it was not long before clubs were founded. It was rumoured that "in those days you couldn't get a job unless you were a sportsman"!

Merchants of the Kopje decided to build a club house in Sinoia Street. Initially their sports grounds were at the Ranche. Members of the Cricket, Tennis and Rugby Football Clubs also used the facilities at the Ranche. Matches were played between the Kopje, Police and Salisbury Clubs.

A Cycle Club proved very popular as many pioneers now owned bicycles, although they cost around 40 pounds each. Even the ladies rode bikes, pinning their dresses up and wearing leggings.

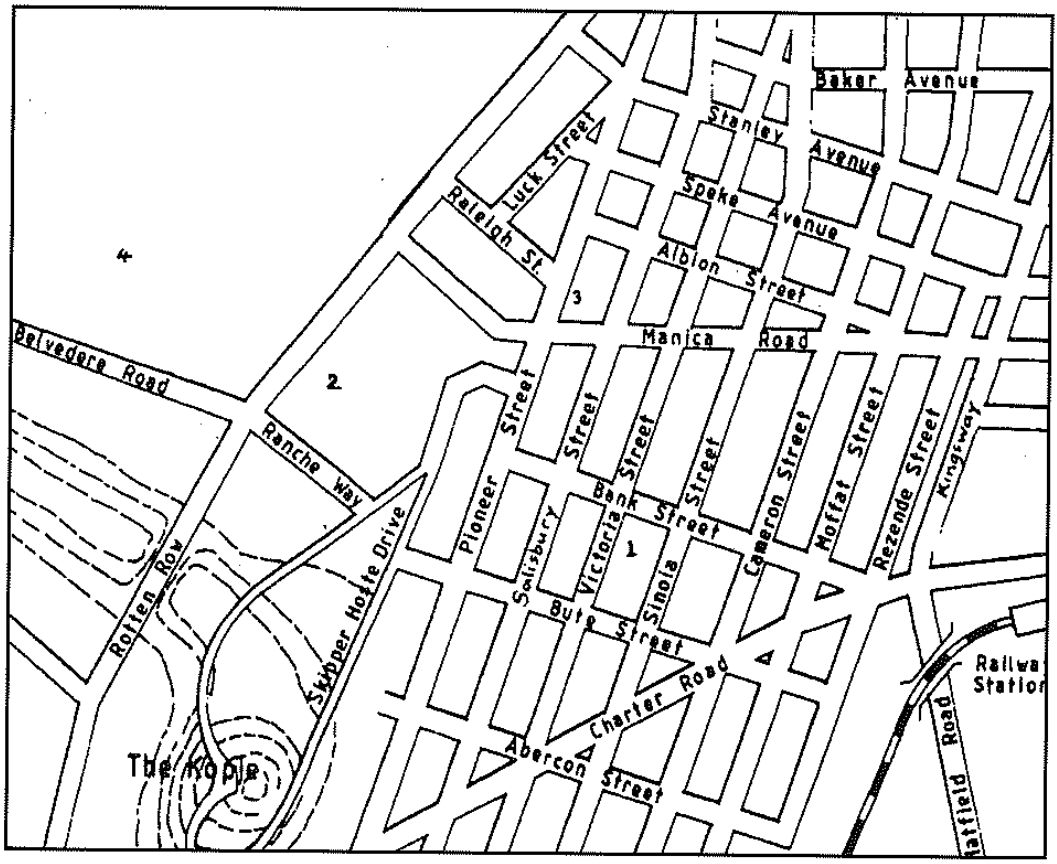
The first horse-racing event took place in 1891 along Manica Road. The winner, 'Recondite', had been walked up from Johannesburg. The second race was held in the area which became the Belvedere Racecourse. One of the competing horses belonged to Lord Randolph Churchill. In 1892 the Turf Club was founded and shortly afterwards a gymkhana was organised in the same area, and the Kopje Club established sports fields there too.

A billiard saloon was opened by Snodgrass, first in a hut and then at the Hatfield Hotel. Players were sometimes brought up from Johannesburg to compete against locals.

The men decided it was time beer was produced locally. The Mayor of Salisbury tasted the water in the well at the Market Square and stated that it was entirely suitable for beer making. Susman, Rosenthal and Meikle formed the Salisbury Lager Beer Brewery for the making of beer, ice – and, a first, ice-cream!

EARLY CHAUVINISM

Ladies were not normally admitted to the Clubs and so organised their own tea parties and musical evenings. For these meetings they could obtain a variety of drinks, – "phosphine – a brain and nerve tonic; Charter Ale and delicious Lemonade". The musical evenings were also attended by the men folk. The ladies were allowed to watch the sporting events and especially enjoyed the gymkhanas.



Map of the Kopje area – early 1900
1. The Market Hall 2. The Ranche 3. The Queen's Hotel
4. Belvedere Racecourse (Mashonaland Turf Club)

In 1892 Tom and Stewart Meikle left Durban with five loads of general merchandise and three loads of whiskey and set off on the 700 mile trek to Mashonaland. Their story is packed with adventure.

Their first store was in Fort Victoria, and early in 1893 Stewart arrived in Salisbury. There he built a pole and dagga shed in Pioneer Street which soon became a going concern. By that time Salisbury was linked with the south by telegraph line and residents felt this lessened their isolation.

SCHOOL DAYS

The only school at this time was Mother Patrick's, too far for the Kopje children to travel, and in 1894 the Anglican Church, under Archdeacon Upcher, opened a school in Sinoia Street with a teacher from Pretoria, Mr Rankillor, and eight pupils.

REBELLION AND DEPRESSION

In 1894 the political instability was reflected by the construction of three stone-walled forts on the Kopje. Fort Leander, on the summit, was provided with the electric searchlight brought up by the column.

In 1895 a severe epidemic of smallpox was followed by a plague of locusts and

then rinderpest, which caused the decimation of most of the cattle population, and created the conditions for the armed uprising by the Shona and Ndebele. The people in Salisbury went into laager in the District Gaol below the Kopje – remaining there for six weeks. Thankfully Tom Meikle had foreseen the consequences of rinderpest and had obtained donkeys for his transport work. But transport charges rose from 10 shillings per 100 lb in 1894 to 10 pounds.

A period of considerable economic depression followed the rebellions. Gold mining had failed to fulfil expectations, and farming was made untenable by a drought. Storekeepers had nothing to sell . . . eggs were 3 shillings each, beer 25 shillings a bottle, Glen Lorne grapes 1 pound a bunch. The outbreak of the Anglo-Boer War further exacerbated the problems.

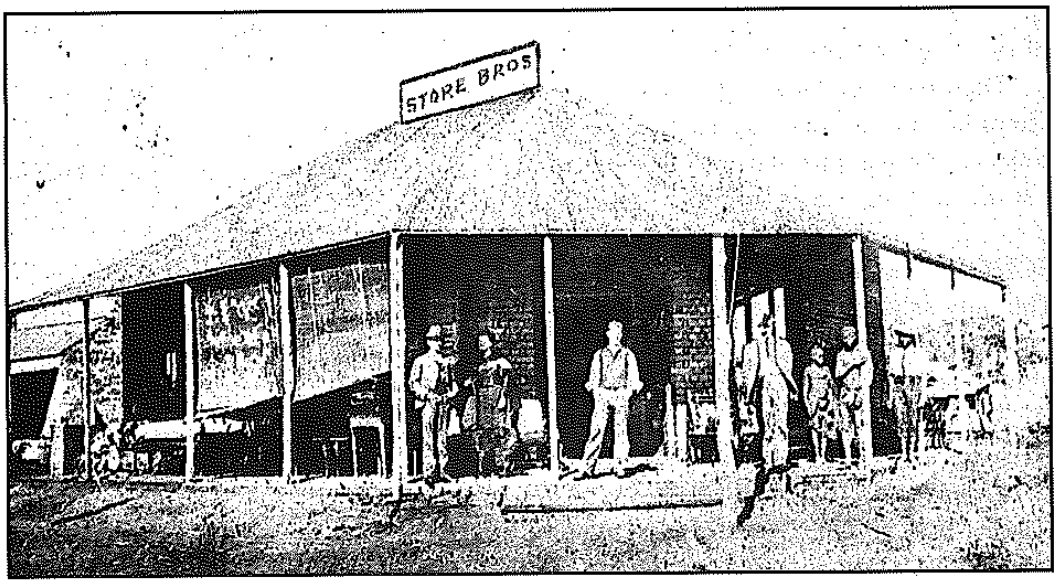
In an attempt to bring cheer to the depressed community a charity performance of a three act comedy, "Our Boys" was presented at the Masonic.

In February crowds watched fascinated, as a steam engine, drawn by oxen, was positioned in Sinoia Street. This was to drive timber-sawing equipment, and every day a crowd collected to enjoy the thrill given when the escaping steam caused a shrill whistle! The sawmill enabled proper roofing timbers to be made.

By 1897 there were 70 European children in town and parents pressed for an interdenominational school. A site in Moffat Street was chosen for easy access from both the Kopje and Causeway. The Salisbury Interdenominational Public School was opened in November 1898 with a male teacher for the boys and a female for the girls. Later this was to become Queen Elizabeth School.

Entertainment once again became popular. The Rhodesia Herald of May 25 1898 read, "The first in a series of promenade concerts was held in the Market Hall . . ." The Masonic staged the "World's Greatest Eccentric Dance". Arthur Nelstones and the Luscombe Searelle's Opera Company travelled from Beira in wagons and coaches to perform in Salisbury.

As the musasas changed colour on the Kopje in 1898 the first public phones were



Store Bros., Salisbury, 1896, corner Manica Road and Victoria Street

installed, with 37 subscribers. With the establishment of Municipal status, citizens of the town were able to take title of their stands.

FINERY AND FEATHERS

In 1898 four brothers named Store opened a branch of their South African shops in Salisbury, on the corner of Victoria Street and Manica Road. Ten wagons travelled from South Africa, loaded with building materials and goods to be traded in the Ladies' and Gents' Outfitters. The building had the first plate glass window in Salisbury. Their stock included French millinery, sun bonnets, costumes, blouses, feathers – finery to wear to garden parties, the races, gymkhanas and dances. My paternal Grandmother, a professional singer, worked for many years in Store Bros, beginning in 1916.

As the decade drew to a close, offices at the Market Square were made available for the Town Council and Staff, and a Post and Telegraph Office was erected. The first bioscope was shown at the Masonic in August 1899, "A Variable Journey of Living Pictures". It was proposed that Manica Road should be carried through the north end of the Ranche to meet up with the Racecourse.

A good rainy season lifted the depression and good crops were harvested.

RAILWAY

In May 1899 the railway line from Umtali reach Salisbury and a three day holiday was declared. Rhodes had shrewdly chosen central ground for the siting of the railway station – equidistant between the Causeway and the Kopje. As part of the celebrations the Agricultural Society organised its second Show near the Ranche. The BSAP Band played, and implements, animals, crops and produce were on display. Ladies were admitted free and came dressed in their best finery, no doubt purchased at Store Bros or Meikles.

A new hotel, the Queens, was planned – to be built on the corner of Pioneer Street and Manica Road. This hotel, like the Ranche, would be lit with acetylene gas, and boasted two baths.

However a definite drift from Kopje to Causeway was taking place. Old businesses were being moved to the east, and as Pioneer Street houses were vacated, many were occupied by women who opened 'tea rooms' with red lights glowing through the windows.

The threat of war to the south urged Rhodesians to volunteer for training. The parade ground was between Manica Road and the Market Square. However, during the week between Christmas and the New Year, there were sports at the Kopje and the new hall at the Queens was used for amateur productions. The Hotel was opened on Old Year's night and all were invited to a free dance. My memories and the early Kopje history end there – at the Queens, where, during the depression of the '30s, my maternal Grandmother, a teacher, held the post of bookkeeper and housekeeper. She remembered when a Steinway Grand piano was installed in the dining room, and an orchestra was formed.

The first ten years had been a testing time, and now a new order had begun. Salisbury had become civilized and suburban, but the sense of history which the Pioneers bestowed on the Kopje area lingers on to this day.

NOTE

In 2005 our son-in-law took over a business in Kaguvi Street (Pioneer Street), and I felt my life had come full circle.

HISTORICAL MILESTONES

1889	Envoys of Lobengula visit England
	Royal Charter granted to BSA Company – brainchild of Cecil John Rhodes – signed by Queen Victoria
1890	May 6: Pioneer Column leaves Kimberley
	June 28: BSA Company's Police and Pioneers, leave Macloutsie
	September 12: Arrive at destination (Fort Salisbury)
	September 13: Flag hoisted.
	October 1: Pioneer Column disbanded.
	Charter Company became responsible for Administration
1891	Dr L S. Livingstone appointed Chief Magistrate (Mashonaland)
1893	Matabele War begins
1894	Jameson became first Administrator of Southern Rhodesia
1895	BSA Company territories formally named Rhodesia
1896	Matabele Rebellion (March–October)
	Mashona Rebellion (June–October 1897)
	Indaba at Matopos (August)
1897	Municipalities of Salisbury and Bulawayo created
1899	First elections for Southern Rhodesia Legislative Council
	Beira–Salisbury railway line opened.
1900	Rhodesia enters Universal Postal Union
	Rhodesia celebrates the Relief of Mafeking

CHANGED NAMES

Rhodesia	Zimbabwe
Cecil Square	Africa Unity Square
Jameson Avenue	Samora Machel Avenue
Kingsway	Julius Nyerere Way
Makabusi	Mukuvisi
Manica Road	Robert Mugabe Road
Moffat Street	Leopold Takawira Street
Pioneer Street	Kaguvi Street
Salisbury	Harare
Salisbury Street	Harare Street
Sinoia Street	Chinhoyi Street
Victoria Street	Mbuya Nehanda Street

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Tobacco Cultivation in Rhodesia (1914–1945)

by Doug McClymont

The period from the Great War through to the end of the Second World War was a mixed one for tobacco cultivation in Rhodesia. It is interesting to reproduce the picture given by Clements and Harben[1] of the state of tobacco farms and farmers at the start of 1914 as this leads in to explain the development between the wars.

> Southern Rhodesia in 1914 was still a frugal, almost a poverty stricken country. Away from the urban settlements, the Europeans for the most part lived in conditions not greatly different from their African labourers. Their dwellings consisted of mud huts thatched with veld grass or roofed with corrugated iron, although the more prosperous had begun to build ugly little houses from farm-made bricks. . . . . Farmers in 1914 washed in river water brought to their huts in rusty tins; a bath was not only a luxury but a gymnastic exercise conducted in small galvanised containers; a trench or a pit sheltered by a grass structure at some distance from the dwelling comprised the sanitary arrangements. A town suit, a pair of breeches, several khaki shirts, a pair of boots and a wide felt hat would be a normal wardrobe . . . . the normal form of travel was by bicycle or cart.[2] The day had not come when manual labour was regarded as the exclusive prerogative of the African.[3]

When war was declared at least half the men of military age signed up. Out of a population of 25 000 Europeans, over 20% left the country to serve the King. Seven hundred and eighty-three or about one in six did not return. Most of the farms were left in the care of neighbours but many were just abandoned. Clemens and Harben report that the area of tobacco dropped to a mere 547 ha out of a total cultivated area of 82164 ha (0.67%).[4] The 1915 season was a very wet one and under 23 000 kg were produced.

The period between and during the Wars was characterised by the relative stagnation of development in tobacco field culture and the rise in the politicisation of the industry where organisational and marketing politics seem to occupy more time than actually growing the crop. During the period there was constant bickering between the Rhodesian Tobacco Planters' Co-operative Society, the BSA Company, the United Tobacco Company of South Africa, the Imperial Tobacco Company, the British America Tobacco Company (BAT), the Co-operative Tobacco Warehouse and other merchants. This period saw the formation of the Rhodesia Tobacco Association in 1928 upon the demise of the Co-operative Society and its Warehouse and the opening of the first

[1] Clements, F. & Harben, E. (1962) Leaf of Gold Methuen & Co p78
[2] Ibid. p79
[3] Ibid. p80
[4] Ibid. p81

auction floors on 11 April 1936. Two auction floors were opened, The Tobacco Auctions Ltd financed as a private company by Archie Henderson and Fred Cooksey, and the Tobacco Producers Floor, being an offshoot of the old Tobacco Warehouse still with a semi-co-operative character.

At this stage the continuing distrust between planters and the trade became entrenched and continues in the region until today. There were continual bickering, bad tempered meetings throughout the period related to prices. Planters considered they were producing the best tobacco in the world although marketing of specific Rhodesian tobacco had been a disaster in the UK. The merchants wanted American blend tobacco and the Rhodesian tobacco did not fit in with the blend characteristics. One must remember that this was the period before "filter tips" had been invented. The taste coming from the cigarette was therefore very closely related to the blend of the tobacco. It was only after the widespread use of filter tips that Rhodesian tobacco became acceptable worldwide as a cheap source of nicotine that could be blended with cheap filler tobaccos. As is the case today, growers would not accept any criticism of their leaf. During the period one must side with the buyers, as they had to market what the people wanted – and Rhodesian tobacco was not what the people wanted in their non-filtered cigarettes.

Perhaps the misconception of the planters was set in concrete for all time by the Wembley Empire Exhibition of 1924. The samples of tobacco were well received but, as one all knows, exhibitions are not the place to make marketing decisions on agricultural crops and samples are usually of the 'best' tobacco not of the average for a crop. The whole exercise was fuelled by the misguided and misdirected comments of Rhodesia's unofficial ambassador at Wembley, Sir Bouchier Wrey. Again, to give the import to his catastrophic statements, it is worth reproducing what Clemens and Harben record.

> "His speculations were given great publicity, even in such sober columns as those of the *Financial Times*. Typical of his statements is his claim that 'with luck and a modest reserve to tide over a bad season, there is a fortune in either cotton or tobacco growing in Southern Rhodesia. The soil is right, the climate is right, labour is plentiful, good and cheap, *and there is an unlimited market for all we can produce*.' (Author's italics) He 'felt' and no one was to suppose at the time that manufacturers did not share his feeling, 'that Rhodesian tobacco, judging by *the samples* (Author's italics) I have smoked, need fear no comparison with that of any other country'. Sir Bouchier when he spoke was wrong in almost every point he made...."[5] Until the advent of the filter tip!

The growers interpreted these comments as licence to produce as much tobacco as possible, which the world was just panting to buy. Add the complication of the general world trading slump of 1929 to the gross over production of tobacco and one can see that this period was an uncontrollable relationship of too much tobacco at inferior prices. This engendered a complete lack of confidence in the industry and lead to the topsy-turvy situation between the wars. Progress in agronomy in any crop must be

[5] Ibid. p90

founded on the back of stability of the markets and 'stable' was hardly the word to use for tobacco production from 1914–1945. From 1936 to 1945 statistics were relatively easy to record as the tobacco had to be sold over the auction floors.

Table 1: Flue-cured tobacco production 1936–1945

Year	*Growers*	*Area (ha)*	*Mass (kg)*	*Value ($)*	*Av c/kg*	*Yield/ha*
1936	400	13,519	8,278,200	$1,034,166	12.49	612
1937	419	14,949	8,989,560	$1,573,758	17.51	601
1938	493	18,477	11,388,526	$2,150,322	18.88	616
1939	638	24,156	9,801,630	$1,764,792	18.01	406
1940	638	24,264	15,615,876	$3,496,358	22.39	644
1941	639	25,686	15,711,449	$4,451,784	28.33	612
1942	756	31,000	20,850,189	$5,708,802	27.38	673
1943	741	25,179	13,737,045	$4,513,980	32.86	546
1944	713	24,502	13,880,689	$5,517,722	39.75	567
1945	796	28,753	21,192,959	$7,712,862	36.39	737

Table 1 shows the breakdown for these years. Prior to 1936 the collection of tobacco production information was a little speculative. Unless they were part of the Rhodesian Tobacco Planters' Co-operative Society they did not have to register other than with the merchants who were taking their tobacco. Side marketing, private exports and personal sales all took place. Often the reports of companies involved who were reluctant to provide statistics recording these sales and the Government reports were based on conjecture and estimates given by a number of people. Production was not a defined entity, because often tobacco was accepted by warehouses, the grower paid, and then this tobacco went unsold and was destroyed or disposed of. Clements and Harben record that in 1915

> 'Mr. E. H. South's offer to take twenty tonnes of mouldy scrap (from the Co-operative Society) for fertilizing purposes was accepted'[6]

Some tobacco was auctioned, some sold through the co-operatives and some exported directly to the UK from the earliest times up and until 1936. Generally the statistics recorded before the advent of the auction floors and the 1935 Tobacco Marketing Stabilization Act and the Tobacco Marketing Board formation are those emanating from the Co-operative, especially those relating to price per kg. Any statistics recorded before 1936 should therefore be used as a guide more than actual fact. As Andrew Lang said 'in many cases a number of authors used these statistics as a drunken man uses lampposts – for support rather than for illumination.'

The period is redolent of 'survival' rather than 'progress' and this is borne out with a look at the yields per ha. These were low – profit only increasing once Imperial Preference was established. The grower therefore had little option but to move cautiously when implementing change in the field.

Upon the retirement of G.M. Odlum, H.W. Taylor had taken over the reins to provide

[6] Ibid. p82

professional advice. He was not shy to hammer the growers where he thought they were slack.

> 'Shortage of transplants is due to faulty preparation of the seedbeds, to careless management and the selection of an unsuitable site.'[7]

But a great deal of his advice still came from the Planters Handbook. Beds should be sown late August or early September in four lots at 14-day intervals and twenty square yards per acre sown (41.3m^2/ha). Kraal manure was also recommended in seedbed preparation.[8]

It was at this time that Bordeaux Mixture, a copper based fungicide of dubiously unstable formulation, was recommended as the first agrochemical to be used on seedbeds. Up to late 1921 the experts had been relying on seedbed hygiene and the use of formalin[9].

L.S. Myring was a bit of an innovator and one of the earlier thinkers in the industry. In 1925 he made a number of practical suggestion still used today. He first recommended sowing the tobacco seed using water as a medium. He also advocated increasing the area sown per hectare up to 85.9 m^2/ha of bed area and was the first to recommend grass mulch, to be thinned out as growth progressed. He did admit that seedlings grown under the standard muslin did grow slightly quicker.

Pesticides were basically unknown so growers used whatever poisons that were to hand and the residues on some of these would be totally unacceptable today. A Mr. Andrews recommended routine sprays on the seedbeds of lead arsenate, then used for tick control.[10] His special mix that worked so well was

Bordeaux Mixture	2.7 kg
Lead Arsenate	1 kg
Water	227 l

These chemicals were recommended for some time as in 1938 Hopkins & Mossop were recommending a 5 day spray for pests and diseases of the following.

Lead Arsenate	0.68 kg
Nicotine Extract 40%	0.45 l (the first mention of an 'organic' chemical !!)
Bordeaux Mixture	3.6 kg
Liquid soap spreader	
Water	227 l[11]

The first photographs of knapsack sprayers being used on seedbeds was in the *Rhodesian Agricultural Journal* of January 1939.[12]

In 1926 G.C. Watson recommended the pre-soaking of seed before sowing.[13] Most early planters had trouble with the germination of their seed. Two reasons were put forward for the low inherent germination of the seed. The first of these was that the

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[7] Taylor, H.W. (1922) Common Mistakes in Growing & Handling Virginia Tobacco *Rhod. Agric. J.* 19,1: 37–44

[8] Ibid (1923) Tobacco Seedbeds *Rhod. Agric. J* 20, 1 23–32

[9] Fromme, F.D. (1921) Wildfire and Angular Spot *Rhod. Agric. J* 18, 4: 411–414

[10] Anonymous (1926) Correspondence (Mr. Anderson) *Rhod. Agric. J* 23, 1: 65–66

[11] Hopkins, J.C.F. & Mossop, M.C. (1938) The spraying of tobacco seedbeds and control of rosette disease *Rhod. Agric. J* 35, 10: 760–764

[12] Hopkins, J.C.F. (1939) Diseases of Tobacco in Southern Rhodesia *Rhod. Agric. J* 36, 1: 45–65

[13] Watson, G.C. (1926) Tobacco Seedbeds *Rhod. Agric. J* 23, 11: 1022–1026

seed obtained was from the Department of Agriculture and therefore beyond the control of the grower. The second, which was probably the root cause, was because the seed was treated with formaldehyde to kill seed and soil borne pathogens. This has been shown to affect seed germination and the change to silver nitrate after 1950 had an immediate positive effect on germination.

It is interesting to note as regards seed borne diseases that anthracnose, a major seed borne disease, was first reported in Brazil by Averna Sacca in 1922[14] and only reported on a farm in Nyabira in 1953.[15] Therefore anthracnose could not have been one of the early seedbed diseases.

There has been much discussion as to when 'hardening' seedlings was first recommended. This is the imposition of a moisture stress just before planting to strengthen the seedling for the transplanting shock. This advice did not come from the Tobacco Research Board but was first aired in 1926, a quarter of a century before the Tobacco Research Board came into being.[16]

The general fertilization of beds carried on much as recommended by the Planters Handbook and the general seedbed routines were followed with little change throughout the period.

After the initial fertilizer experiments of G. N. Blackshaw in 1919[17] where he recommended 224 kg/ha of compound fertilizer, the recommendations remained unchanged until 1946 when D.D. Brown was still recommending 168–224 kg/ha of compound fertilizer.[18]

There is little evidence to suggest that the types of fertilizer available changed much between the Wars. The Safco 8-20-10 mix appeared to be the major tobacco fertilizer. This meant that on average each crop received 18 kg N, 45 kg P_2O_5 and 22 kg K_2O per ha. Compare this with 2006 where an irrigated crop would receive 105 kg N, 120 kg P_2O_5 and 225 kg K_2O per ha. The yield of c. 650 kg/ha between the Wars has been raised to 3 500 kg/ha and this is reflected in the increased use of nutrient. During the period no attention was given to other nutrients except Magnesium, the deficiency of which lead to "sand drown" and which was countered by including dolomitic limestone in the rotation. Because most of the production was on virgin soil, many of these minor nutrients, especially boron, had not been mined out by the crops in the rotation. It is unfortunate that G. N. Blackshaw did not continue with his experiments of 1910–1911. His first results show that increased phosphate, even on virgin soil, was an advantage. Further experimentation on increased rates would have shown a dramatic increase in both yield and quality.

There were two main reasons, apart from money, that prevented any meaningful research at that time. The first was typically Rhodesian and is an early example of the Mashonaland vs. Matabeleland rivalry in the country at the time. Although the main tobacco areas were in Mashonaland, Bulawayo was the largest town up and until 1927/28 and therefore tended to have a louder voice in most things. It is often

[14] Lucas, G.B. (1965) *Diseases of Tobacco* The Scarecrow Press Inc. New York 2nd Ed. Pp 252–256

[15] *Tobacco Research Board of Rhodesia Interim Report* (1953) No 2. Delcrest and Hicks Lead Variety Trial. September.

[16] Anonymous (1926) Notes on Planting out of Tobacco *Rhod. Agric. J* 23, 11: 1014–1016

[17] Blackshaw, G.N. (1919) Fertilizers for Maize and Tobacco *Rhod. Agric. J* 16,5:452–459

[18] Brown, D.D. (1946) The Culture of Virginia Type Tobacco in Southern Rhodesia *Rhod. Agric. J* 38,9:436–451

conveniently forgotten by the Bulawayo "Matabeles" that Bulawayo only became the largest town in Rhodesia post 1908 when the gold mines around Selukwe ensured that it held the honour. Southern Rhodesia's first Experimental Station was opened at Hillside, Salisbury in 1924. However in 1925, in their wisdom, the Matabeles had the major tobacco staff members transferred to the Matopos Research Station. The Salisbury Station then concentrated on general agriculture and dairy instead of tobacco. In 1926–27 all the variety and fertilizer tests at the new tobacco section at Matopos Research Station failed. The reason was the second major one that affected tobacco research in general – the whole tobacco crop on the station succumbed to nematodes! Nematodes are always present on rotated soil and the foundation of the commercial crop between the Wars rested on the fact that more than 90% of tobacco lands were on virgin soil where the nematode challenge is minimal for the first year. On a Research Station, which is finite in area, one cannot open virgin every year for experimentation. At that time there were no nematicides that could be used.

This effectively put a severe break on any meaningful research firstly, because the experiments were being done far from the centre of tobacco marketing, and secondly, because nematodes hammered every attempt at experimentation. Attempts were made to try and overcome these problems by opening a Research Station at Marandellas (Grasslands) in 1930 and at Trelawney in 1934.[19] Trelawney provided a better venue as it was 1620 ha of good virgin sandy tobacco soil and had not been opened up. Thus virgin blocks could be used for experiments but money precluded anything really substantial being done. However it was far from Salisbury and getting suitable staff at low Government pay to man the station was difficult.

In 1924 H.W. Taylor was urging growers to split their fertilizer applications in relation to the curing space available. If they had sufficient space, fertilizer was recommended right after planting, this having to be applied by hand, and for insufficient curing space he recommended applying the full amount to half the crop and fertilizing the remainder two weeks later.[20] This was an extremely interesting if unconscious comment on the tobacco growing of that time. It implied that not all the early growers had sufficient curing space and that the experts of the day were prepared to try to retard development of a portion of the crop to obtain better use of existing barns. Unfortunately this muddled thinking has persisted until today and there are very few growers who have sufficient curing space or the crops they grow south of Cairo.

In 1940 a report appeared in the *Rhodesian Agricultural Journal* of some Canadian Research, which suggested that fertilizer is best applied 6 cm to each side of the plant, 2.5 cm below the root crown. This came out during the War period and was almost universally ignored by growers. However they were reminded forcibly of it when the Tobacco Research Board came into being and the Director forcibly pushed the practice, the Director being Ford Stinson, the co-author of the 1940 report.[21]

Tobacco tended to be very labour intensive, but there were machines available but

[19] Stinson, F.A. (1957) Tobacco Farming in Rhodesia and Nyasaland 1889–1956 Tobacco Research Board of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Rhod. Litho. Ltd., Salisbury pp 23–24

[20] Taylor, H.W. (1923) The growing of Virginia Tobacco in Southern Rhodesia *Rhod. Agric. J* 20,4: 393–403

[21] Haslam, R.J. & Stinson, F.A. (1940) Recent Observations on Fertilizer Placement for Tobacco *Rhod. Agric. J* 37,7: 397–399

not all growers considered them useful. In fact many could not afford them as they were all imported. In 1929 the Bickle Brothers described a ridger and fertilizer applicator that could be made up from material available on the farm.[22] They claimed their double ridger could make ridges and apply fertilizer at the rate of 2.4–2.8 ha per day using four oxen and four labourers.

As far as plant spacing went, the recommendations of the Planters Handbook of 1913 of 0.91–1.07 m between rows and 0.91–1.07 m within the row went unchanged until the 1950s. The date of planting also went unchanged for this period.

Until the advent of the Department of Conservation & Extension land layouts, contours and general mechanical conservation works were a matter of grower choice. Some of the erosion that took place was extensive and in many cases lands were abandoned or allowed to revert to bush, only being reclaimed after the Second World War when land was at a premium. H.W. Taylor advised in 1923 that no definite rotation could be laid down.[23] Many experiments had been conducted to determine suitable crop rotations. Various crops such as maize, munga, Rapoko, beans, sunflower, cotton, and certain types of grass were all tried. The overriding effect of nematodes ensured total failure for sustained tobacco production on the same land.

An interesting superstition crept into early tobacco culture when it was "deemed anathema" to bend the taproot of a seedling at planting. H.W. Taylor stressed this in 1922.[24] He also made the comment that would be good advice in 2006 "most tobacco growers transplant more tobacco than can be handled properly by their complement of labour and curing facilities." L.S. Myring perpetuated the bending of the taproot advice again in 1925 when he made the questionable observation that " curled taproot causes mosaic."[25] Some *Solanaceous* plants, such as paprika, do not survive well after transplanting if their taproots are bent. They get what is known as "J" root and this hampers yield. So perhaps some data had filtered through from elsewhere, but tobacco, with its very vigorous root system, did not suffer in the same way. At this time some growers did water plant in the mid-1920s as Myring gives a few tips on watering, recommending that paraffin tins cut across with sticks nailed in the tops made very good water containers. He also makes the first reference to using an implement for planting other than a stick, when he recommends a garden trowel that could be made on the farm from fire-hardened wood.

The importance of supervision at planting was also not lost at that time. In 1926 C.A. Kelsey Harvey gave a piece of sage advice for any farmer employing labour "Constant supervision of the labourers is essential, as a bad stand is often due to improper planting."[26]

There were several views on when a crop could be topped and how far up the plant the flower head should be removed. H.W. Taylor gave the following advice in 1922 "The time to top tobacco is when the requisite number of leaves have developed and while the stem is still soft and succulent."[27] However he must have been a bit of a

[22] Anonymous (1929) Ridger and Fertilizer *Rhod. Agric. J* 26,1: 38–39

[23] Taylor, H.W. (1923) The Growing of Virginia Tobacco in Southern Rhodesia *Rhod. Agric. J* 20,4:393–403

[24] Taylor, H.W. (1922) Common Mistakes in Growing and Handling Virginia Tobacco *Rhod. Agric. J* 19,1:37–44

[25] Myring, L.S. (1925) Tobacco Growing in Rhodesia *Rhod. Agric. J* 22,3

[26] Kelsey Harvey, C.A. (1926) Notes on Planting Out of Tobacco *Rhod. Agric. J* 23,11: 1014–1016

[27] Taylor, H.W. (1922) Common Mistakes in Growing and Handling Virginia Tobacco *Rhod. Agric. J* 19,1:37–44

politician, as he never noted what the "requisite number of leaves" was! In 1925 L.S. Myring gave advice that was not to be improved on for 55 years. He suggested topping at extended bud and clean suckering by removing the suckers as soon as possible.[28]

Priming of the bottom leaves just before reaping had been advised from before the Great War and this technique persisted right up until the end of the Second World War. D.D. Brown [29] and L.S. Myring[30] advocated the practice consistently during the period, with Myring insisting that the primed leaves be taken out of the land. This was de-recommended in 1952 by the Tobacco Research Board[31] and generally growers stopped doing it as it was considered unnecessary. However some persisted, particularly G. Langham on Forrester Estates from 1985 onwards. The argument was that the economic goal was to produce at least 18 reapable and highly saleable leaves per plant, with the bottom leaf of the 18 being a high priced and acceptable lug grade. The poorer quality leaves were primed off prior to topping and then the crop was topped to give 18 reapable leaves. On the basis of the 1952 results the subsequent Directors of the Tobacco Research Board, Dr. I. Mac Donald and Mr. L.T.V. Cousins and a number of senior TRB, staff pooh poohed the idea despite the obvious practical commercial advantages found by growers in the field. The early crops had been primed as a disease preventing operation while the later crops were primed for economic considerations, a primary concern not always important in the ivory towers of the TRB of the time. It is interesting to note that almost all the 2005–2006 Zambian flue-cured crop is now primed for economic considerations. This has been forced on the growers because the price paid for priming and low quality lug grades does not make it economical for the grower to produce them. The practice has been shown to improve the yield per ha by 250–300 kg and the average price by 7–8 US cents per kg. It is amazing how a practice long forgotten can be resurrected to the advantage of the grower by the growers themselves. The motives may have been different, but the growers perceived a benefit. Old timers are not necessarily stupid.

The reaping of ripe leaf received more attention than anything else between the Wars. H.W. Taylor advised as early as 1919 that the number of reaped leaves per bunch or hand should be three or four, with 32 bunches per stick or mtepi, 16 hanging on each side.[32] This recommendation has remained basically unchanged for 80 years. The reaping of ripe leaf only was stressed by just about everyone during the period and beyond.[33,34,35,36] Brown was the first person to christen the containers used for transporting the leaf as *machilas*. At that time all leaf was reaped into these containers and then tied onto sticks at the barns before loading.

As far as curing went H.W. Taylor was the first person to advocate the use of a wet and dry bulb thermometer during curing. He initially produced a curing guide in 1919

[28] Myring, L.S. (1925) Tobacco Growing in Rhodesia *Rhod. Agric. J* 22,3

[29] Brown, D.D. (1946) The Culture of Virginia Type Tobacco in Southern Rhodesia *Rhod. Agric. J* 43,5: 436–451

[30] Myring, L.S. (1925) Tobacco Growing in Rhodesia *Rhod. Agric. J* 22,3

[31] *Tobacco Research Board of Rhodesia Bulletin* (1952) No 1. Results of Experiments 1949–1951 June

[32] Taylor, H.W. (1923) Tobacco Culture *Rhod. Agric. J* 20,6: 663–673

[33] Taylor, H.W. (1923) Common Mistakes in Growing and Handling Virginia Tobacco *Rhod. Agric. J* 19,1:37–44

[34] Myring, L.S. (1925) Tobacco Growing in Rhodesia *Rhod. Agric. J* 22,3

[35] Brown, D.D. (1926) Tobacco Seedbeds *Rhod. Agric. J* 23,9: 798

[36] Brown, D.D. (1946) The Culture of Virginia Type Tobacco in Southern Rhodesia *Rhod. Agric. J* 43,5: 436–451

and then revised it in 1923. This advice did not change until 1949. He advocated the following:

> Colour at 32°C – vents closed. Raise to 35°C when the edges yellow, then to 38°C when yellowing proceeds, the wet bulb being 3°C below the dry bulb. At 43°C–46°C the wet bulb should be 4°C–5°C below. Vents are opened at 46°C and the temperature kept there until the leaf starts to dry, then raised to 57°C for 2 hours. Temperature is now raised to 60°C in one hour and held there for 4 hours. Vents are reduced and the temperature raised 3°C every hour until 71°C. This gave a cure in 4–6 days.[37]

In 1926 D.D. Brown suggested that each barn should be filled with the same day's reapings, to prevent separate day's reapings being cured in the same barn. He admitted his curing technique approximated that of Taylor.[38] There was no other curing advice until 1949.

Integral to the curing process was of course the curing facilities. Tobacco cannot be cured without proper curing facilities. In 1919 A.C. Jennings recommended that furnaces should be built outside the barns to reduce the chance of fire and that the bottom vents should be 36 cm × 30 cm with a top vent the length of the top of the barn.[39] This design continued and was basically only modified in 1971. In Jennings' design tiers had to be 61 cm apart vertically and 1.18 m wide with a total of 8 tiers per barn. Roof ventilators were to be 91 cm × 46 cm and four bottom vents of 36 cm × 30 cm. The chimney was of brick with a built in damper and under-floor ducts rather than flues were recommended. The measurements would be totally inadequate today because the size of the leaf has grown dramatically, the vertical distance between tiers now being recommended at 1 m.

The question of barn space calculations also taxed the minds of all at that time. Under some provocation, H.W. Taylor categorically stated that: "one 4.8 m × 4.8 m barn will not properly accommodate more than 4.1–4.9 ha and that 20 ha is equivalent to 4 barns of 800 sticks."[40] Today one would battle to handle 8 ha with 4 of these barns.

Right through the 1920s growers tried to improve curing facilities. Official experimentation was conspicuous by its absence so any innovation was basically left to the grower who could afford it. There were precious few. In 1925 A.C. (Archie) Henderson used steam through a steam curing unit[41] and in 1927 B.G. Gundry made various attempts to improve vent and furnace design, recommending top vents 30 cm wide along the entire length of the barn and 23 cm × 23 cm cross section brick chimneys.[42] These plans remained fairly standard until 1948 when he followed this up with a furnace design for the "Gundry" furnace.[43]

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[37] Taylor, H.W. (1923) Tobacco Culture *Rhod. Agric. J* 20,6: 663–673

[38] Brown, D.D. (1926) The Culture of Virginia Tobacco in Southern Rhodesia *Rhod. Agric. J* 23,11:972–986

[39] Jennings, A.C. (1919) Flue-Curing Tobacco Barns and Packing House *Rhod. Agric. J* 16,5: 409–413

[40] Taylor, H.W. (1923) Common Mistakes in Growing and Handling Virginia Tobacco *Rhod. Agric. J* 19,1:37–44

[41] Brown, D.D. (1953) Pioneers of Rhodesian Tobacco *Rhod. Agric. J* 5,10: 106

[42] Gundry, B.G. (1927) Flue-Curing Tobacco Barns *Rhod. Agric. J* 24,9: 986–988

[43] Gundry, B.G. & Brown, D.D. (1948) Buildings for Virginia Flue-Cured Tobacco *Rhod. Agric. J* 45,1:39–68

In preparing the cured leaf for sale, the first real advice on grading came from D.D. Brown in 1926.[44] He recommended a pit for the conditioning of tobacco and said that bulks should not be more than 2.13 m high. Tobacco put on the bulk was to be turned regularly to make sure it did not get too hot. Once curing was over, he urged growers to grade their leaf as soon as possible by size and colour, tie it into hands and bale it for sale. This tying of the graded leaf into hands persists in the sub region up to today. Growers spend an inordinate amount of time, effort and money tying the tobacco into hands that the processors then use machines to break down. In the US and other places where tobacco is a major crop, the crop is sold as loose leaf, saving money for both the producer and the processor. What price useless tradition?!

When bulking D.D. Brown also advocated placing the butts of the leaves outwards and then bending the leaves until the tips touched the butts. A most curious recommendation apropos of nothing.[45]

With regard to pests and diseases, nematodes were the number one problem. So large was the problem that in 1920 R.W. Jack advised abandoning lands that showed heavy infestations.[46] They were the subject of the first questionnaire ever sent to tobacco growers on a technical tobacco subject. In 1938 J.C. Collins sent one out to determine the exact state of the problem. The survey only confirmed that nematodes were ubiquitous on all soils except newly opened virgin ones.[47] However in 1944 an interesting speculation by R.W. Jack that one tobacco crop in rotation with 3 years of Giant Rhodes Grass might have possibilities for eelworm suppression was taken up after the War.[48] Until the advent of the soil applied nematicides it was basically virgin soil or bust for tobacco.

The major bacterial diseases of tobacco are angular leaf spot and wild fire in the lands and bacterial barn rot or hollow stalk in the land. F.D. Fromme first described wild fire and angular leaf spot in 1921, suggesting that using disease free seed, clean muslin covers in the seedbeds and using new plant beds every year could enhance prevention.[49] Throughout the period, Bordeaux mixture was the only copper based product that could be used.

Fungal diseases included *Alternaria* or brown spot, damping off or *Pythium*, frogeye, fungal barn rot and white mould or powdery mildew. *Alternaria* was first reported by J.C.F. Hopkins in 1931.[50] *Pythium* or damping off was with the growers from the outset. Frogeye was known from the start and Hopkins recommended priming the leaves to reduce the incidence.[51] In 1931 Hopkins also reported the incidence of fungal barn rot but only considered it a problem in heavy flue cured tobacco and tobacco bulks.[52] He suggested that low humidity in the barn and low curing temperature would help.

[44] Brown, D.D. (1926) The Culture of Virginia Tobacco in Southern Rhodesia *Rhod. Agric. J* 23,11:972–986

[45] Brown, D.D. (1927) The Handling, Grading and Baling of Cured Virginia Tobacco *Rhod. Agric. J* 24,5:507–519

[46] Jack, R.W. (1920) Tobacco Pests of Rhodesia *Rhod. Agric. J* 17,1:28–33

[47] Collins, J.C. (1938) Tobacco Eelworm *Rhod. Agric. J* 35,4:264–278

[48] Jack, R.W. (1944) Crop Rotation & Eelworm in Tobacco *Rhod. Agric. J* 41,5: 350–351

[49] Fromme, F.D. (1921) Wild Fire and Angular Spot *Rhod. Agric. J* 18,4: 411–414

[50] Hopkins, J.C.F. (1931) *Diseases of Tobacco in Southern Rhodesia* Ministry of Agriculture and Lands Salisbury

[51] Hopkins, J.C.F. (1929) Frog–eye Disease of Tobacco *Rhod. Agric. J* 26,8:817–822

[52] Hopkins, J.C.F. (1931) *Diseases of Tobacco in Southern Rhodesia* Ministry of Agriculture and Lands Salisbury

The most important disease for the grower at the time was white mould or powdery mildew. This had been with the grower from the start and was responsible for considerable losses. In 1928 Hopkins recommended vine sulphur at 45 kg/ha[53] and it was recorded that the Hickory Prior variety lost favour by 1939 because of its susceptibility to the disease.

Of the viral diseases Tobacco Mosaic Virus (TMV) seemed to be the most important. It was mentioned in the Planters Handbook and again by Hopkins in 1928[54] and 1931[55] and by Norval's summary of 1939.[56] His advice for washing, not smoking or taking snuff is relevant today. It was not until the disease resistant varieties were developed in the 1970s. that the disease no longer became a problem.

The control of insect borne viruses depends on the control of the insect vector. The first insect-borne virus disease reported in Rhodesia was leaf curl. This was reported in the Mtepatepa area in 1932[57] and the vector was identified by H.H. Storey as the whitefly.[58] The next virus disease reported was Kromnek, which was serious in South Africa, but incidences were sporadic and not important.[59]

In 1938 the most serious of the insect-borne diseases was first reported in Rhodesia. The first pictures and reports came from Umvukwes, aphids being suggested as the vectors.[60] G.M. Wickens named this disease "rosette" and recommended spraying and rogueing as control measures. This disease was associated with "bushy top" so much so that they are generally named together. The control of aphids reduces the incidence of these diseases.

Several other minor diseases were reported but were of no economic importance at the time. However Hopkins did describe a "disease" that exhibited strange distortions and cellular collapse of plants. This was" lightning" damage and he reported on all the symptoms in 1939.[61]

As regards insect control, Paris Green (copper acetoarsenate), nicotine extract and sodium and lead arsenate were the only chemicals really available and were of minimal use. After Storey recommended the control of white fly for leaf curl virus the grower was left with precious little he could do other than the removal and burning of tobacco stalks, volunteers and weeds as suggested by M.C. Mossop.[62] After G.M. Wickens announced that aphids were the vectors of rosette and bushy top, Hopkins and Mossop advised spraying with lead arsenate and nicotine extract for aphid control as well as planting as early as possible.[63] C.K. Brain produced a list of host plants for aphids in 1940.[64]

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[53] Hopkins, J.C.F. (1928) Preliminary Experiments in the control of white mould *Rhod. Agric. J* 25,12:1342–1348

[54] Hopkins, J.C.F. (1928) Mosaic Disease of Tobacco *Rhod. Agric. J* 25,2:188–194

[55] Hopkins, J.C.F. (1931) *Diseases of Tobacco in Southern Rhodesia* Ministry of Agriculture and Lands Salisbury

[56] Norval, I.P. (1939) Practical Methods for the Control of Mosaic *T.R.B. Bulletin 1* Trelawney July

[57] Anonymous (1932) Editorial *Rhod. Agric. J* 29,3:165

[58] Storey, H.H. (1932) Leaf Curl of Tobacco in Southern Rhodesia *Rhod. Agric. J* 29,3:186–192

[59] Anonymous (1934) Tobacco Growers – Important Notice *Rhod. Agric. J* 31,1:9

[60] Wickens, G.M. (1938) A new and serious disease of tobacco in Southern Rhodesia *Rhod. Agric. J* 35,3:181–182

[61] Hopkins, J.C.F. (1939) Diseases of Tobacco in Southern Rhodesia *Rhod. Agric. J* 36,2:97–119

[62] Mossop, M.C. (1932) Cultural Methods and tobacco white fly in Southern Rhodesia *Rhod. Agric. J* 29,11:869–872

[63] Hopkins, J.C.F. & Mossop, M.C. (1938) The spraying of tobacco seedbeds and the control of rosette disease *Rhod. Agric. J* 35,10:760–764

[64] Brain, C.K. (1940) Host Plants of the Tobacco Aphis *Rhod. Agric. J* 37,5:254–255

The destruction of stalks was viewed as being so important that it was legislated for, Rhodesia becoming one of the first countries in the world to do this. Government Notice No 367 of 1933, as amended by Notice No 742 of 1933 laid down the destruction date of all tobacco stalks to be the 1st of August every year.[65]

As regards the varieties grown, up and until the mid 1920s. South's Seed was still popular. This was basically a cross of Bonanza and Goldfinder. Weinmann reported that Hickory Pryor became popular about 1920 and was grown until its demise due to white mould in 1939.[66] Other varieties grown were Gold Finder, Hester, Conqueror and South's. Other than that, the breeding of new varieties was basically a non-event for the period. As the seeds were open pollinated, many growers grew their own seed, only purchasing more when problems occurred in the seedbeds from diseases. The great leap forward that came with new varieties had to wait another 15 years after the Second World War before the growers could benefit.

If one takes an over view of any research, the period between the Wars was one of stagnation more than anything else. The second half of the Twentieth Century marked the renaissance of the tobacco industry and with more money and some foresightedness by certain growers, the future was secure for a time. Between the Wars survival kept things going and it was on this countrywide base that tobacco became a major factor in Rhodesia's success.

[65] Jack, R.W. (1934) Tobacco Pests Suppression Act *Rhod. Agric. J* 31,3:177–179

[66] Weinmann, H. (1972) Agricultural Research & Development in Southern Rhodesia 1890–1923 *University of Rhodesia Department of Agriculture. Occasional Paper. No 4.* University of Rhodesia p43

Cyrene Mission, Matabeleland 1953–1958

by Wendy Herbst Lapham (née ffrangcon-Jones)

Years ago one of my father's young clergy colleagues confided to me that when he'd been a boy he had always thought that God had created three sexes – men, women and missionaries! I thought this hilariously funny at the time and not knowing too much about this worthy, but often misguided third sex, I accepted the comment for what it was worth, a joke. Ironically it wasn't long after this however that I learned first hand what missionary work was all about.

After the upheaval of World War II, my Welsh speaking clerical parents, William and Louisa ffrangcon-Jones, had settled down, or so it seemed, into a mundane but busy parochial churchy niche, enjoying the comfort of a modernised and well furnished Victorian vicarage in the heart of rural Cheshire, and cherishing the even tenure of peacetime Britain again. Little did my mother suspect that my adventurous father was anything but settled, and was getting itchy feet again, this time spurred on by a strong feeling of missionary zeal. His inspiration had come from seeing an advert in the Church Times. My mother thought that he was quite mad – he, and God together – and she prayed hard hoping that if she ignored this nasty idea it would go away. Well, after being married to him for twenty years she should have known better.

The cause of all this enthusiasm was that the Anglican Diocese of Matabeleland in Southern Rhodesia was looking for a successor to the founder and principal of the famous Cyrene Mission, who was the Revd Edward (Ned) Patterson. Blithely ignoring my mother's negative sentiments, my father applied for the post, took himself off to London for an interview – alone, for my mother stubbornly refused to have anything to do with it, and of course much to her dismay he was successful. I remember very well an interlude of rather un-christianlike *circumambiance* wafting around our house, the likes of which were incompatible with a vicarage and I kept well out of the way. If my mother thought that she knew my father well, she hadn't betted on him knowing her even better. He knew perfectly well that she suffered from feelings of inadequacy, having no confidence in herself at all. Indeed she was totally overwhelmed with apprehension, unable to believe that either of them could be capable of filling the shoes of Ned Patterson – for this very unusual and gifted clerical artist, who prayed with his hands, and had taught others to do the same, had become a legend in his time there.

In fact, here was a job tailor-made for the likes of my parents with their own artistic leanings, their passionate interest in woodwork, carvings, drawings and paintings of all sorts, quite apart from the fact that he was a priest with teaching qualifications, and she was a teacher and amateur artist.

Years earlier in 1941, the Revd. Edward Patterson had surveyed the surroundings of the bare African bushveld on which he then stood, 12,000 acres of it, just 20 miles out of Bulawayo on the Plumtree road and had a vision. It had been a longstanding dream of his, a compulsion, to make use of his own creative propensity as an instrument

for God's glory in the mission field. He had in fact been an artist before becoming a priest. These unremarkable arid brown acres of land now became his inspiration and the manifestation of that dream. The farm had been donated to the Anglican Church by Mr. and Mrs. Banks, and Bishop Edward Paget had wondered how best it could be used. A school for delinquent white boys had been opened in 1937 but had never had more than ten, and the project faded away two years later for lack of inmates. There had been many bright ideas but all came to nothing and it was then that Bishop Paget remembered Ned Patterson whose experience had made him different and who carried a vision in his heart. He offered him the land telling him "You must start from scratch. Plan a school and farm for Africans. Find a name for it and build it yourself as you want it."

And so Cyrene was born. . . . Why call it Cyrene? Well, Simon of Cyrene, as the Christian theologians know, was a black man, originating from Libya, and it was he who helped Jesus of Nazareth to carry the cross up to Calvary at the time of the crucifixion. Ned harmonised work and worship. Cyrene opened its doors to students in 1941 and all who have heard of Cyrene and its art and craft know the genius of the man who drew forth the hidden talents of the African pupils.

This then was to be the next challenge in my father's life, to succeed Ned Patterson; so along with my mother ever beside him, by now reconciled to her fate, and wearing a resigned air of " if you can't beat 'em, join 'em", our family, Mum, Dad and three daughters, set off for Southern Rhodesia, a landlocked country set almost into the belly of the African continent. Venturing out in neither the same fashion of David Livingstone, 130 years earlier, nor even in the old pioneering style of the turn of the century, but certainly sporting the same feelings of trepidation, excitement and noble spirit.

However, I must again digress for one must not forget to explain the very nature and reason for Cyrene's creation. It was an institute of education with the emphasis being on art and craft. But the real character and uniqueness of Cyrene was that it opened its doors to the too often unwanted cripples. Traditional belief held that cripples, like twins, were taboo, a blot on African society and a curse on the family or kraal. In those days they were turfed out of the fold to fend for themselves. In the case of twins one would usually be destroyed. There had been five cripples taken in when we arrived. They had no home but for the mission. Of these five Sam Songo was probably the most famous. He was a polio victim with withered legs, a right hand paralysed and two useless fingers on his left. He is the sort who would have been tied to a tree alongside a bleating goat which in the night would attract a leopard or hyena to finish him off . . . one less mouth for the kraal to feed. But Sam escaped and managed to reach the mission. Five years later Sam was responsible for most of the most striking and interesting of Cyrene's pictures and sculptures.

The new style of art introduced by Ned Patterson was the deliberate maintaining of a vacuum. It was to start from nothing. It was not only totally original and novel, it bore no resemblance whatever to any other technique at that time or since. It developed from a natural naivety or primitive instinct; an uninfluenced expression of what the artist saw. It came from never having had any preconceived ideas or training. There had been no real instruction, no explanation of perspective or shade and light . . .

nothing. Ned Patterson said, "They fought for what they ended up knowing". For instance the artist saw the trees and attempted to draw every single leaf. Painstakingly they began to use their eyes and see things in a different light – a style that began to please the eye. It was an exercise that required great perseverance, concentration and patience all of which the black man had in great abundance. My mother continued along the same vein. She discouraged, and prevented outside influences as much as possible and the Cyrene style remained undisturbed.

Cyrene's fame and distinction has diminished over the years. Not many people these days have even heard of the place. Some know they've heard the name before but for the life of themselves can't put it into context, but in the late 1940s right though the 1950s and into the early 60s Cyrene was not only on the local map but was internationally well known as well. It was a place where the tourist board advised their overseas visitors and celebrities to visit as a place of unique interest. It was the place where Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, still as Queen, visited in 1947, and undoubtedly brought it to the attention of the Commonwealth world, and over the years that it was my home many, many more famous people made their way along that Plumtree road out of curiosity to see for themselves what was going on there.

My own first impressions were of disappointment, but what would a child of twelve know of missions? It didn't take long to learn that missions are synonymous with poverty, and if the word 'famous' conjured up in my adolescent mind pictures of affluence or smartness, I could not have been more wrong. But the journey out there in the Revd. Charles Jenkins's old Chev, with running boards below the doors and a 'dicky' at the back to hold luggage had been far more entertaining and pretty lively. It had taken us absolutely ages to do the 20 miles out because of a bone-shaking speed wobble which kept developing at a cool 30 m.p.h bringing us to a virtual standstill every couple of miles. All this took place on and off the strips of tar as we literally swooped from side to side precariously. The Rev's language, like his driving, had been both suspect and hair-raising, as he muttered epithets under his breath each time his car misbehaved. As for the mission station itself – how could these sparse, roughly built, humble thatched buildings constitute the famous Cyrene Mission!

Cyrene looked, in short, the one thing it shouldn't have – 'God forsaken'! However to be fair it was October when the bush looks at its most unprepossessing. There were two buildings that passed muster. The former old farmhouse, which was to be our home, was a wonderful surprise as months earlier my mother had written to Lady Gibbs asking about what facilities to expect and what she should bring with her from England. Lady Gibbs had disregarded all the questions, and in her reply had only wanted to relate her own earlier experiences of having to use paraffin tins and open fires to cook on etc. The other building of interest was the small white washed elongated rondavel, which turned out to be the chapel, built by Father Baker before Cyrene was born, for the use of the delinquent inmates. This building only gained in interest when the students covered its walls, first within, and subsequently without, with wonderfully vivid religious murals. All characters were depicted as African, of course. The unique Cyrene Chapel has over the years been widely photographed and written about.

During those first hours at Cyrene my father remained unperturbed and cheerful as we were greeted and welcomed by students in the time honoured way with speeches,

dancing and singing. Back to the chapel fled my mother to pray yet again – for who knows what – divine intervention? A bomb to obliterate Rhodesia, or to be allowed to sink slowly into death and oblivion. I think if she'd known the way she would have walked back to Bulawayo and boarded the first train down south.

After his first inspection one of the first things my father did was to kit himself out painstakingly in skintight clothing, my swimming cap on his head and with only his eyeballs showing he marched off valiantly to the dormitories and classrooms with some kind of pumping machine to spray furiously, (D.D.T. I guess) into every nook and cranny, for the 'livestock' was only too evident. Fleas rose like a thick black cloud, suffocated and thankfully died; falling as quickly as they had risen.

There were no ablution facilities or latrines. Neither were there any carvings or paintings left – all had been sent to London for an exhibition. Taking a very deep breath they realised there was a great deal of work to be done, and no time should be lost in doing it. Work was also the anodyne for homesickness.

No time WAS lost. Once the new term started, brick-making and building began on new dormitories, classrooms and an ablution block. Fortunately industrial work was part of the school curriculum and included carpentry and agriculture. Dumiso Dabengwa's father was the Agricultural Teacher.

The first Sunday service loomed and my mother settled herself in front of the harmonium to do her duty as accompanying organist for the hymns. Students filed into church, the first hymn was announced and she started to thump away with alacrity, arms going and feet peddling and no one took a blind bit of notice. They sedulously and efficiently ignored her. The students sang with gusto but they sang to their tune and at their own pace, and looked with amazement at this mad woman performing in the background. What need had they for this white man's nonsense, when they could do better on their own. It was another lesson learned and one of the funniest moments we experienced.

Teaching was a pleasure, for everyone was keen to learn. Most of them were young men and could hardly be called boys. Fees came to sixpence per day per student for food and tuition. Hard to believe that only twenty years or so earlier black youngsters had distrusted the white man's teachings and had had to be persuaded into the classroom. It took even longer to get the girls interested in learning. There was only a sprinkling of them and those who came were soon seduced and became pregnant. There were plenty of occasions for punishment however and Ned Patterson had taken great delight in pointing out that the school cane happened to be made from the penis of a bull !! (Another shock to my mother's nervous system.) He had a reputation for dropping rather 'earthy' remarks.

While the school side grew and developed at an enormous pace the cripples kept coming. Some were born without arms and they became dexterous with their mouths, holding brushes and pencils between their teeth. Others possessed no arms and used their toes. Whatever fame Cyrene had was chiefly due to its cripples. Progress in some cases was remarkable. Even within three months of arriving which was encouraging for my mother who by this time was revelling in her new work and totally absorbed in mission life. The cripples all received a 25% commission for any of their 'pieces' which were subsequently sold.

Orders came in from far and wide and exhibitions were held over the world. Harry Oppenheimer ordered ten ornately carved panels in mahogany to be ultimately made into doors to grace the Anglo American Offices in Kitwe, Northern Rhodesia. Later a second order of eight panels was commissioned as well. These commissions earned praise in an architectural journal and as a result many orders followed. One painting for Cuddesden College in England sold for fifty pounds, an awful lot of money then – even now as it happens. Many orders, predominately ecclesiastical in nature, such as church pews, processional and altar crosses, altars, candlesticks and lecterns etc. poured in from seminaries, convents, and churches of other denominations all over Africa. Exhibitions were held in Britain, Germany, America, South Africa and in Jerusalem, Israel. One in particular closer to home was held in Livingstone, Northern Rhodesia in 1955 to commemorate the centenary of David Livingstone's first sighting of the Victoria Falls.

The taste for, and attraction of Cyrene art may be attributed to many things. It was certainly different and refreshing. It was naive without being crude and for many who appreciated the simple innocence of the work it manifested a kind of faith lost by artists of the West. To the world it was colourful, gratifying and enchanting. Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, in 1947 bought two Cyrene paintings and two carvings. Her mother-in-law, Queen Mary also purchased one (in Britain at one of the exhibitions). In all, the British Royal family owns six paintings. Rhodesia House in London was proud to display Cyrene works of art. For four years an exhibition of Cyrene work toured England creating a phenomenal demand for the art they produced.

Visitors from all over the world converged on Cyrene, many stayed in touch and became lifelong friends. It became necessary to send out annual newsletters to keep sponsors and friends up to date with new developments. At 16 I had became quite adept at taking groups around and acting as tour guide during the school hols. Lady Sybil Thorndyke and Sir Louis Casson the renowned husband and wife acting duo pitched up one afternoon intending to stay a couple of hours. Next morning they were still there having been enthralled by what they'd seen. They were prevailed upon to stay the night and had you been a fly on the wall would have seen Lady Sybil peeling potatoes in the kitchen alongside my mother. Other well known personalities of the time that I can remember were the welsh actor Emlyn Williams, and the very popular American actor/comedian Danny Kaye. Personalities came and went. Local V.I.Ps such as the one time Prime Minister Sir Garfield Todd, himself a missionary, took particular interest as did Sir William Powlett, then Governor of Rhodesia. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Geoffrey Fisher, understandably paid a visit. He had a soft spot for Rhodesia as his sister was the first Headmistress of Arundel School.

So it continued. . . ."We venture, we work hard and we have the joy of seeing a good job done," said my father in one of his newsletters.

An invitation arrived one day to meet Queen Elizabeth, by now the Queen Mother, at a dinner to be held at Government house. They felt that this was an honour not to be missed and my mother took to her sewing machine with renewed vigour to try and produce something suitable for a meeting with a Queen. My father didn't make many concessions to the occasion. Not being one for sartorial elegance he consented to wearing a clean shirt and had his one decent suit dry-cleaned. He may even have had

a haircut, but he did look more spruced up than usual. Actually I think we three girls had the greatest fun of all watching them transform themselves into a mystery couple whom we hardly recognised as our Mum and Dad.

In 1958 word came that they had been awarded Honorary Degrees from the University of London in recognition of their work at Cyrene. A Master of Philosophy Degree for my father and a Bachelor of Arts (Education) for my mother who hitherto had only had a Teaching Diploma. Never setting much store by Honorary Degrees they told no-one and as the conferring ceremony at London's University coincided with their first long leave to Britain it was possible to keep it quiet. However, now nearly fifty years on surely a daughter can boast a little.

What the Revd. Edward Patterson had long envisaged and finally been allowed to create my parents had nurtured, improved and expanded on.

Sadly, within a decade, its fame had begun to diminish. Events and changing circumstances had intervened, the greatest intervention being of course the Chimurenga war. The very character and spirit of Cyrene seemed to fade. It has now taken its very mundane place amongst all the institutes of learning with nothing to distinguish it from others. Whilst the missionaries and the mission stations were anathema to many they served their purpose admirably. In 1991 to mark Cyrene's Golden Anniversary it was decided to hold an exhibition of Cyrene works of art in Bulawayo. So few pictures could be found to put on display that my sister, Angela Hodges was asked if she would put hers on loan for the occasion. Most of what was produced in its 'hey day' has left the country.

I count myself privileged to have been a part of those lost and forgotten times.

Two early Jesuit Relics in Botswana

by Robert S. Burrett

In April 1879 the founding members of the Zambezi Mission, forerunners to the Catholic Church in Zimbabwe and Zambia, headed north from Grahamstown, South Africa towards the African Kingdoms of the Ndebele and Barotse. The missionary group consisted of six Fathers and five Brothers, headed by Fr. H. Depelchin. Their travels were covered in a previous article (Burrett 2002). The purpose of this short note is to highlight the rediscovery, one and a quarter centuries later, of one of their stopping points in central Botswana as well as a religious relic at the Mission of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Old Tati, Figure 1.

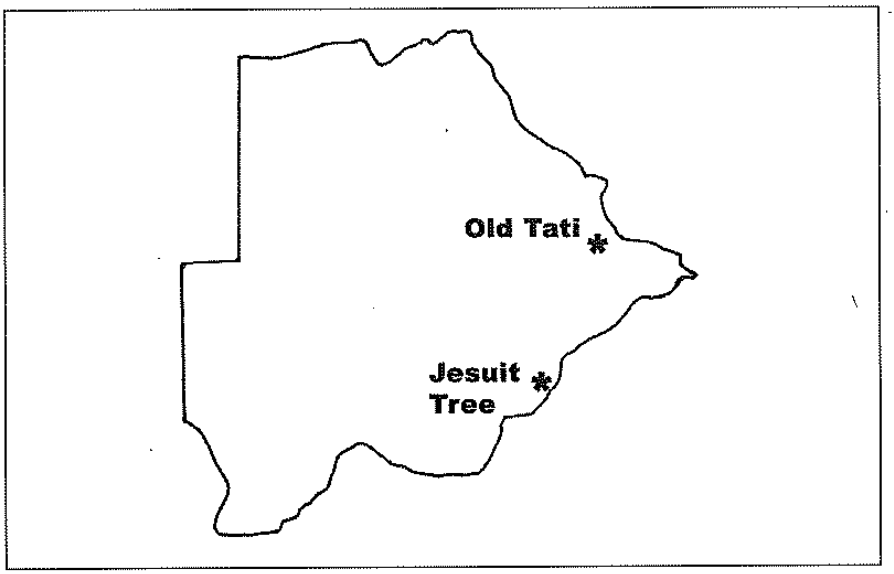

Figure 1. Map of Botswana showing the two sites mentioned

SACRED GRAFFITI

The Jesuit party travelled northward in four oxen-drawn wagons, passing through Kimberley and Zeerust in what is now northwest South Africa. Thereafter they kept to the banks of the Marico (now Madikwe) River making for its confluence with the Crocodile River from whence it becomes the Limpopo. On 8th July 1879, at a short distance north of this point the company was forced to a rest as their trek-oxen were thoroughly exhausted. This was a well known camping site called Groot Hardekool-boom after a particularly large *Combretum imberbe* (leadwood) which was growing at this place.[1] This splendid tree was about 50 feet tall and 18 inches wide (Lloyd 1979:112; Zambezi Mission Record 9: 305). The Jesuits halted here for several days and, while resting, one of their number, the sprightly Englishman Brother Joseph Hedley, climbed the tree and carved a huge cross into it to mark the advent of the

[1] The original Jesuit letters incorrectly spell it Aarde-Kool-Boom

Catholic Church in the area. In so doing the party was laying claim to this religious field. His efforts were not, however, the first as it is reported that many previous travelers, including David Livingstone, had already left their marks on this same tree (Gelfand 1969: 96; Letters & Notices. 63: 34–5; Zambezi Mission Record 9: 305).

Fr H. Depelchin's travel diary, written for home consumption records the event:

> Here is another memory of our stay at Aarde-Kool-Boom. Imagine a rope, weighted by a stone, and thrown up over the main branch of the famous kool-boom tree. This rope was looped on to the branch. Then, our former seaman, Bro. Hedley, with a hatchet in his belt, climbed up the rope with the agility of a squirrel, and seated himself on the branch below the crown of the tree. Having got himself settled in place, he began by tracing some lines with a pencil on the trunk of the gigantic tree. Then, taking his hatchet, he carved, and went on carving, until he had carved out a crucifix three feet in height. So, the sacred standard of salvation has been raised on the frontier of the territory which is to compose our Mission, and at a camping site which will form as it were its outpost. At this spot will be seen the glorious sign of our Redemption, which every Christian will salute as he passes on his way: **'O Crux ave, spes unica'** [Hail, O cross, one hope] (translated in Llyod 1979:113).

At the time one of the party, the Belgian Father Charles Croonenberghs, made a sketch of the campsite emphasizing the tree and its important symbolic "graffiti". This scene which was later used as the basis of an etching for a contemporary German book on the Zambezi Mission (Spillman 1882), Figure 2. This was essentially a promotional

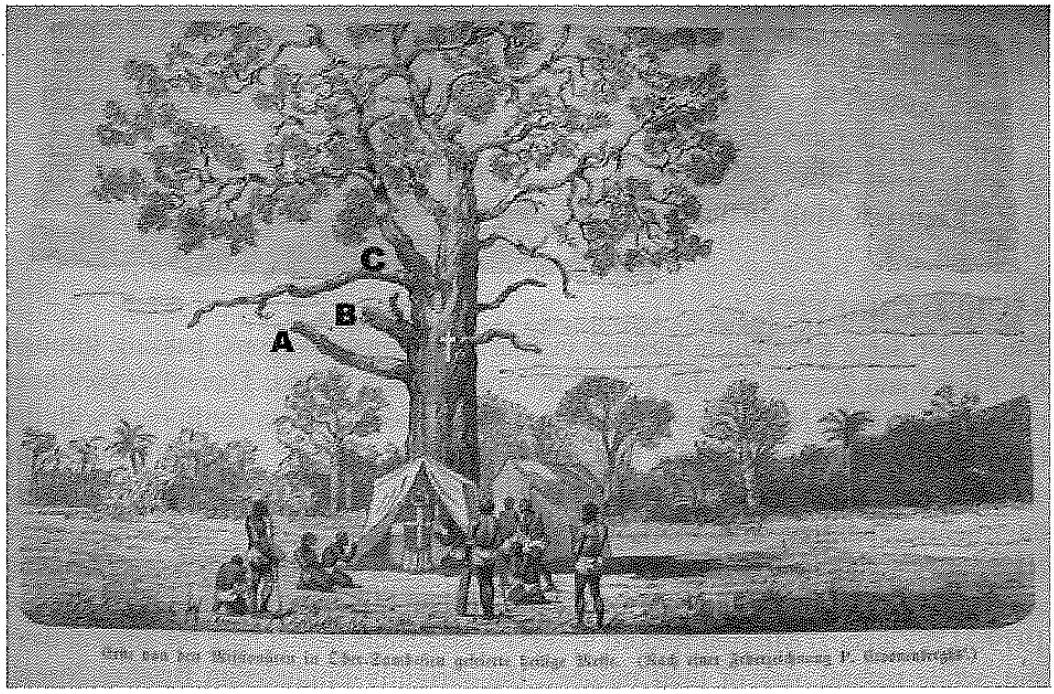

Figure 2. Contemporary sketch of the Hardekoolboom cross, 1879 (*Spillman 1882*)

publication aimed at securing further financial support for the fledgling mission. The content was somewhat sanitized, thereby avoiding many of the very real human problems that beset the party both within and outside their own ranks. This must be kept in mind when considering the etching of the camp scene at Groot Hardekolboom. It is very unlikely that there were any African converts gathering at the time before the Altar of our Lord. That reward was still to come after many years of grueling missionary endeavor. The addition of these representative Africans, in postures of overt piety, was a sure way of touching the hearts of potential sponsors and I suspect that their inclusion was a deliberate statement created by the engraver, probably at the behest of the publisher rather occurring in the original artwork.

Given this embellishment I must admit that I have previously tended to dismiss the picture as more imaginary than real (see Burrett 2002:44). It was with great joy that I was able to visit the actual site to which I was referred by Mr. Michael Main of Gaborone. It is just north of Olifant's Drift about 100km northeast of Gaborone on the Botswana–South African border. The tree has been dead for many years but the hardwood skeleton still stands and, given the very dense nature of this wood, it is very likely to continue to do so for many years still. However the outer bark and all other markings have long since gone yet Br. Hedley's cross is still plainly visible. His axe cut deeper than the soft outer flesh. The cross is about 10 by 80cm and is on the southeast side of the tree facing away from the Limpopo, Figure 3. What is particularly striking is that the original tree and general background of the early sketch can still be recognised, refuting my earlier scepticism. If you look at the branches of the existing tree (Figure 4) and compare these to the old etching it is clear that this is one and the same tree.

Figure 3. Close-up of Br Hedley's cross in 2003

When I visited the site I had little time to while-away in searching the area, however, I am sure that there are other traces from these early times; not necessarily the passing Jesuits but the many travellers who took this road when it was one of the main routes to the central and northern parts of the Bechuanaland Protectorate and the British South Africa territories beyond. Certainly there is clear evidence of an old road about 100m west of the tree and an associated drift across the next stream, Figure 5. But I need to return at some stage to investigate its likely age and to locate the inevitable early colonial rubbish that one usually finds on such sites.

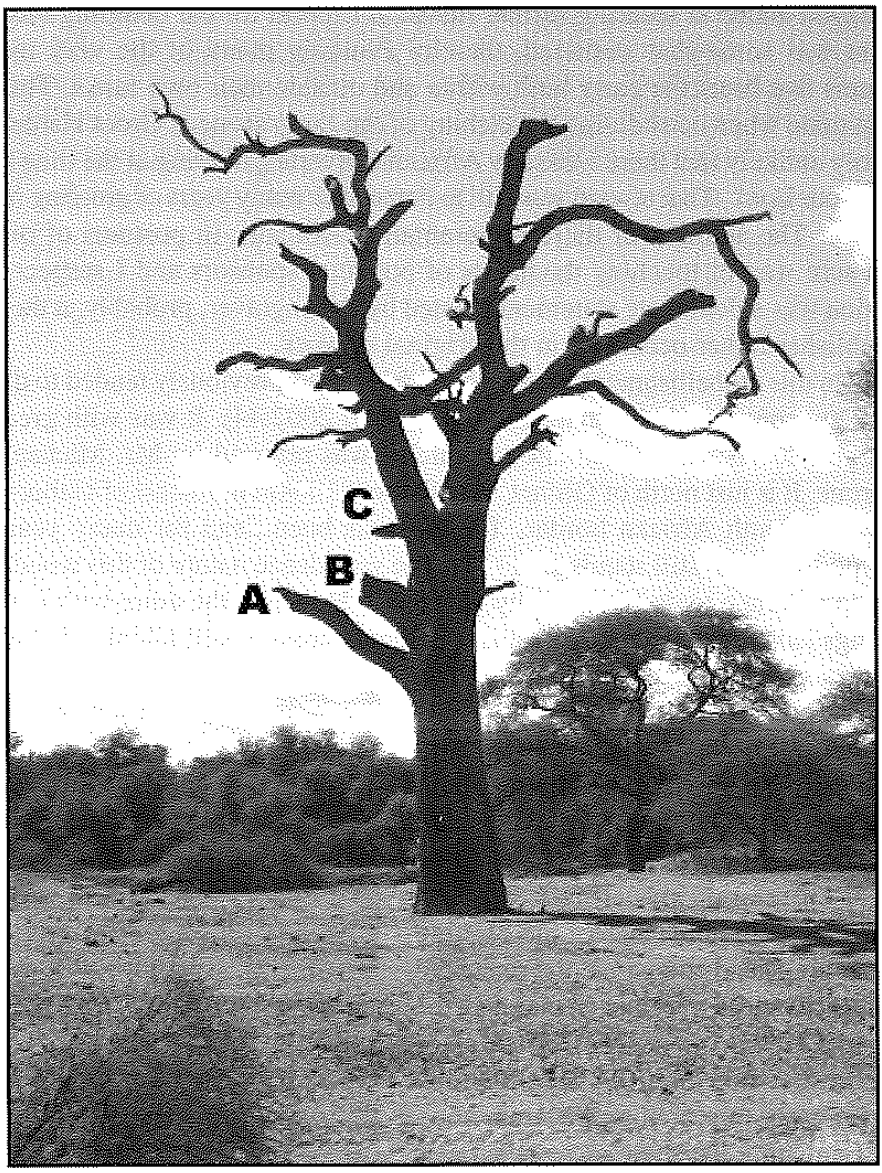

Figure 4. 2003 view of the Hardekoolboom from approximately same point as the earlier etching

OUR LADY'S GESTURE

If we now jump both in both time and space, there is another holy relic that is worthy of documenting. In June 2004 I was privileged to be asked to attend a Commemorative Service at Old Tati, 50km southeast of Francistown. This was the site of the first Mission Station of the Zambezi Province and from here the Jesuits fanned out in their early, if somewhat ill-fated efforts in the evangelisation of the Ndebele of what is today southern Zimbabwe, and the Barotse and Tonga of Zambia. The event was the 125th anniversary of the arrival of the Jesuits at Old Tati. It took the form of a celebratory Mass led by the Bishop of Francistown, Msgr. F. Nabuasah, followed by the blessing of the stone

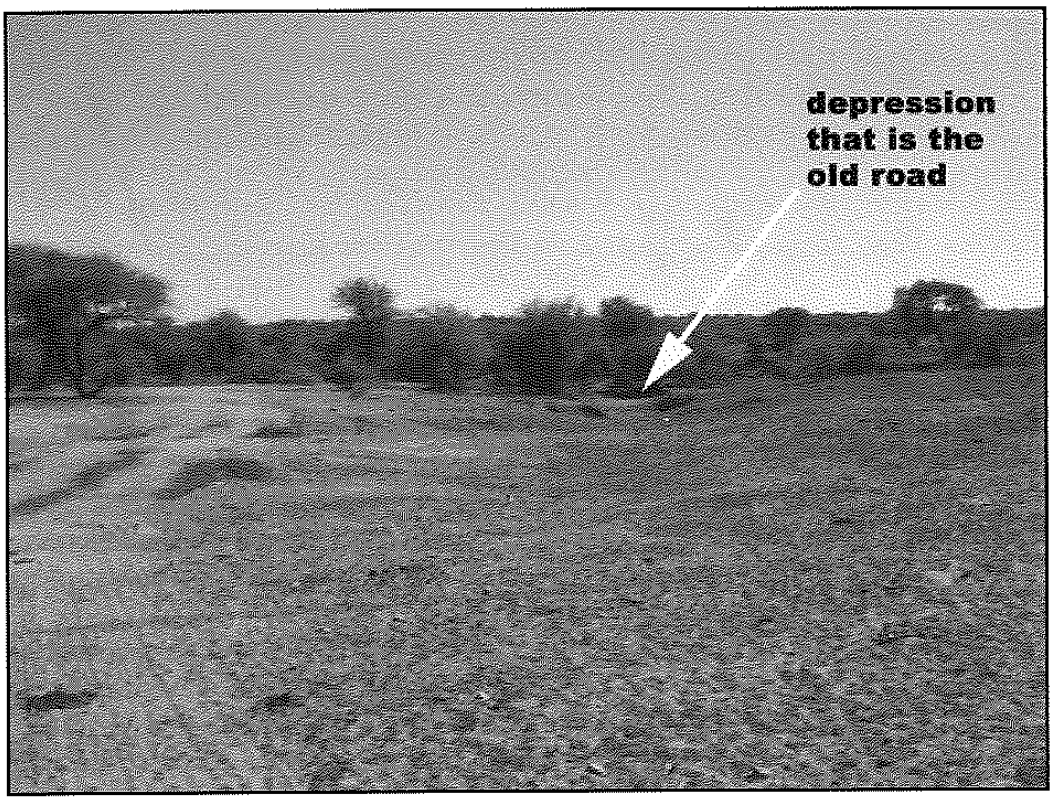

Figure 5. View of old road at Hardekoolboom looking north in 2003

that I had previously laid at the then unmarked graves of two Jesuits who had died and were buried there in the cemetery.[2]

After this the main body of the party had to return to Francistown but I took the opportunity of showing around the site Fr. D. Harold-Barry SJ who had organised the event from Harare. Having previously been there I have a good idea of the remains at Old Tati and, based on intuition and a rather rough sketchmap of Fr Peter Prestage SJ (1884 reproduced in Burrett 2000:36), I have always maintained that the Jesuit Mission, the Residence of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, was sited toward the base of the hill near the Tati River Drift. This set of buildings was originally erected by one of the first miners and the Jesuits occupied it in October 1879, paying the then "owner" Hugh Dobbie £3 for the right.[3] This is probably the one marked on Figure 6 which shows an earlier painting of the settlement by the explorer Frank Oates in 1873.

The mission was a failure. There were few indigenous people in the immediate neighbourhood and the transient miners and hunters proved largely indifferent. There were only a few successes, including the family of one Boer hunter, Jan Engelbrecht[4], and a few BaSarwa families. Plans to create a school or an "*asylum for children*"

[2] Frs Karl Fuchs (1880) and Anthony De Wit (1882). cf. Burrett 2000: 31 & 34.

[3] This the Jesuits believed was a purchase price but it was later contested by Dobbie when the settlement was later revived during a later period of gold-encouraged enthusiasm.

[4] He continued to play an important part in Catholic advancement in what is now Zimbabwe; selling to the Jesuits a farm near the centre of the country that was subsequently developed into the important Driefontein Mission (Roberts 1979: xxviii).

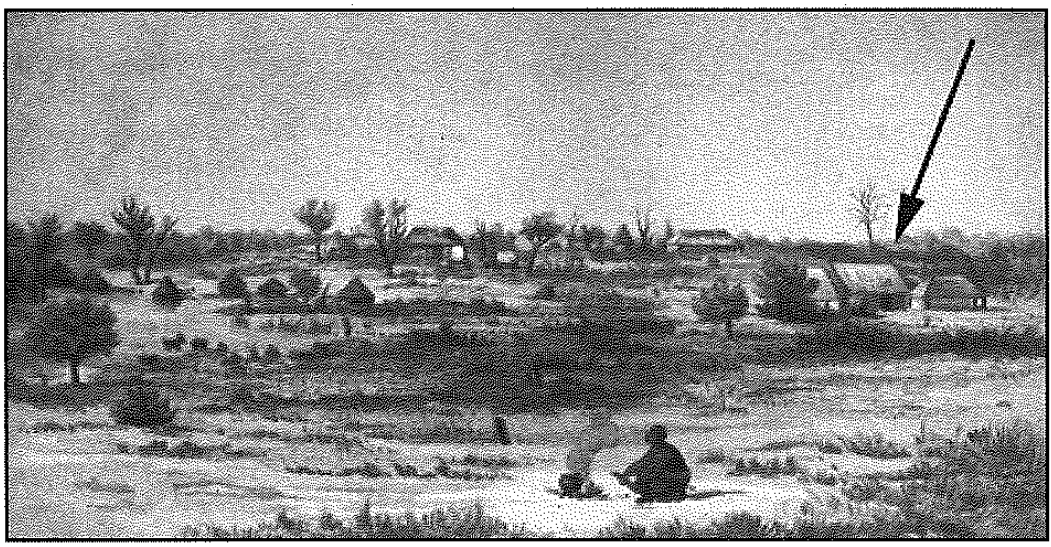

Figure 6. 1873 painting of the Tati settlement (modified after Oates 1881:opp. 30)

fleeing from the Ndebele or Barotse States (Gelfand 1969:146) were never fulfilled and most Jesuits were transferred elsewhere leaving this Mission as an effective forwarding station to others further into the Interior. In its final years it was run by Father Peter Prestage who extended the buildings, was visited by most of the important interior travellers of the period and who realised the importance of maintaining a hold in Matabeleland. When Tati was finally abandoned in March 1885 Prestage went north to the mission at koBulawayo.[5] Here he continued to press the Ndebele king for permission to teach the people "modern" Agriculture and other skills (with the anticipation of evangelical success); his wishes were finally granted in 1887 with the founding of Empandeni Mission in southern Matabeleland.

To return to our recent visit Fr Harold-Barry and I went across to the original settlement which lies near the cemetery. While showing him the square foundations that I have always believed to be at the centre of the old Mission, Figure 7, we came across a small holy relic; a pewter medallion to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. It was lying on the surface in a place that I have walked many times so it can only have been exposed that very season. It was truly a case of Our Lady showing herself to us, for how else could I have convinced the justifiably sceptical Jesuits of my identification of the site in the first instance. Now I had a Jesuit with me who saw the relic *in situ*, Figure 8.

The medallion is one of many that were mass-produced in France in the latter part of the Nineteenth Century when there was a revival in the Church in that country (Harold-Barry *pers comm.*). As Figure 8 shows it was hardly worn, with only a slight dent that is not surprising as it had lain in the rocky soil for a minimum of 120 years. That it was lying face up with Our Lady beckoning us is all the more remarkable when one remembers the very name of this mission: The Immaculate Heart of Mary.

This holy relic was surely lost by one of the Jesuit Fathers or it may have been

[5] The correct spelling of what has been given as Gubulawayo or Old Bulawayo, a site south of the modern city of Bulawayo in southern Zimbabwe.

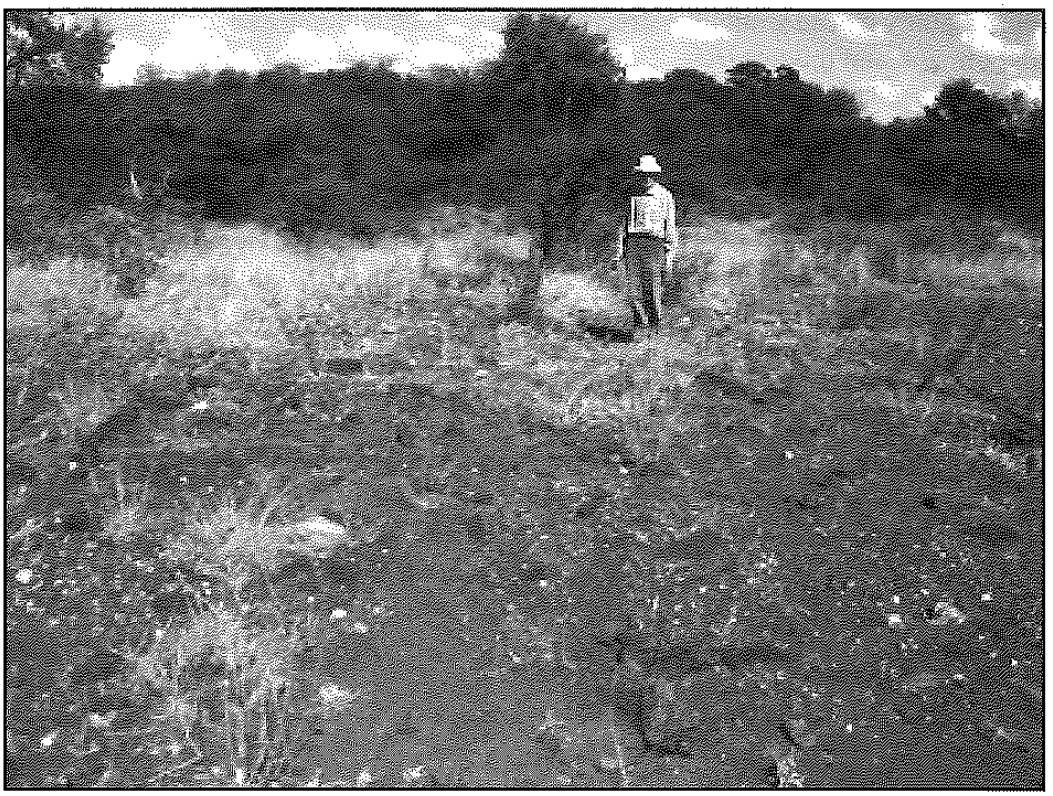

Figure 7. 2004 view of the site of Old Tati

Figure 8. The medallion just after it was discovered

purposefully placed within the structural fabric of the building as a token to safeguard the mission and missionaries. The latter may sound so very superstitious to us in the post-modernist world, but we are looking at a different era; a different way of thinking.[6] I see nothing wrong or surprising that these truly devoted men may have done this, in fact I would like to think that this was the case. This little item is now housed in the Catholic Cathedral in Francistown, a clear link between the Church then and now through the mediation of The Mother of the Church. It is the coming together of "brothers in faith" to quote the Bishop of Francistown as he blessed the graves in the nearby Old Tati cemetery earlier that day.

These are just two of the many Jesuit-associated sites that form part of my current historical-archaeological research that covers Botswana, Zimbabwe and Zambia. Who knows what else we may find: the missing Jesuit graves or Sacred Residence of Saint Joseph at Pandamatenga; the site of the Jesuit's stay at Lealui while they attempted to gain access to territories across the Zambezi, or maybe a more detailed understanding of how they lived and interacted with the people of the African communities into whose territories they intruded some 127 years ago. All are equally exciting in an attempt to understand this early missionary enterprise.

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Zambezi Mission Record 9. p. 305

[6] Look around you at the various trinkets that we may hold dear to us and have scattered around our homes or offices – often items of religious or family devotion.

The Bulawayo, Gwanda and Beit Bridge Railway

by R. D. Taylor

Gold the precious metal that influenced so many decisions in the early history of this country also provided the impetus for the building of the first 167 km of the 317km Bulawayo to Beit Bridge railway.

The railway from Cape Town to Bulawayo was opened in November 1897 and the miners in the Gwanda and other southern districts of Matabeleland soon started to demand the construction of a line to serve them. The British South African Company and the Rhodesia Railways Ltd. took note of the traffic potential and the Railways Board at it's meeting in London on 1 June, 1899 passed a resolution which authorised the engineers and secretary to negotiate with the contractors Pauling and Company for the construction of a railway from Bulawayo to Gwanda at a rate of 3700 pounds per mile. The Legislative Council provided a legal basis for building a railway when on 15 June 1899 it passed the Railway Ordinance 1899 (Ordinance No. 17 of 1899) which among others provided for the construction of a railway from Bulawayo to any point in the Tuli District. On 19 June 1899 the Board was informed that Pauling and Company had offered 3950 pounds per mile, this price to include the supply all permanent way materials. The Board resolved to accept the offer and instructed the solicitor to draw up a contract. The contract, signed by George Pauling on 2 November 1899 and by Lord Grey and Mr. Thomas Shiels on behalf of Rhodesia Railways Limited on 13 February 1900, provided for the construction of a complete line of rail 94½ miles

Gwanda Station 23 June 1992 *(Photo: R. D. Taylor)*

from Thabas Induna siding and terminating at Gwanda with about 3 ½ miles of sidings placed where the engineers shall direct. The contract price was 3950 pounds per mile and date of completion was given as 1 February 1901. Twenty pounds a day damages was to be paid if the works remained incomplete and undelivered beyond the fixed date.

The decision to proceed was announced in the Report of the Directors to the 4th Ordinary General Meeting of Rhodesia Railways Ltd. held in London on 7 July 1899. The report stated "that with a view to opening up the gold and coal districts south east of Bulawayo it has been decided to construct a branch line from Bulawayo to Gwanda. Funds for this section have been provided by the British South Africa Company who have agreed to take up at par 4% debentures in Rhodesia Railway Ltd. to the amount required. Permanent way material has been ordered and the route surveyed. Construction will shortly be commenced and it is expected that this branch line will be a valuable feeder to the main line as it will tap the important goldfields of Makakukupen, Balla Balla, Filabusi, Insiza and Gwanda".

Work was also being carried out at this time on the main line from Bulawayo to Gwelo. The Cape Times of 3 November 1899 was able to report that earthworks on the Gwanda branch had reached Balla Balla a distance of 35 miles. The report observed that work on the branch was much heavier in places than on the Gwelo line and that a mile accomplished on the new branch was equal to five miles or more on the main line.

The outbreak of the Anglo-Boer war on 11 October 1899 and the consequent cutting the following day of the main line between Bulawayo and the Cape at Kraaipan, 38 miles west of Mafeking led to the cessation of the flow of rail and other materials. Construction of earthworks for the branch and the main line between Bulawayo and Gwelo was however continued and the Ordinary General Meeting of Rhodesia Railways Ltd. held on 18 June 1901 was informed that 48 miles of masonry and earthworks on the branch had been completed. However the priority was construction of the main line between Bulawayo, Gwelo and Salisbury so as to give Bulawayo a greatly needed alternative link with the coast at Beira. *The Chronicle* reported on 30 October 1901 that no work was being done on the Gwanda line.

The Anglo-Boer war came to an end in May 1902 and Bulawayo and Gwelo were linked up on 6 October 1902. A month later on 6 November 1902 the Administrator, His Honour W. H. Milton opened the First Session of the Second Legislative Council and stated it was intended to proceed in the near future with a line of standard gauge from Bulawayo to Gwanda.

The branch line left the main line at Gwanda Junction, the name of which was changed to Heany Junction before the line was formally opened in 1904. On 22 August 1903 *The Chronicle* carried a report from its Gwanda correspondent stating "it was rumoured that the railway will be completed as far as here by the end of this month and with a view to showing appreciation there is a movement afoot by the inhabitants to inaugurate the event by holding a gymkhana meeting of the Gwanda Club and also other festivities should funds be forthcoming for this purpose. As the old racecourse has been appropriated by the railway which cost the Club considerable money in its construction it is to be hoped the Rhodesia Railways Company, Messrs Pauling and

Company and the managing directors of the different mining companies will all come forward in a generous spirit by making liberal monetary contributions to enable the limited few who are here in Gwanda to carry out these festivities in a manner worthy of Rhodesians". Later it was recorded that Pauling & Co. had made a substantial donation.

The rumoured date quoted above proved to be incorrect. *The Chronicle* Gwanda representative reported on 26 September 1903 "engine No. 19, a 7th class locomotive being used on construction work arrived in Gwanda on Monday morning, 14 September 1903. It was the first of it's kind ever to reach this corner of Rhodesia. All the white people of the village visited the construction gang from time to time". Pauling and Company announced that passengers for the Gwanda District could be conveyed on the construction train commencing Monday 14th September. The train would leave Bulawayo on a Monday at 8.00 p.m. and was due in Gwanda at 10.00 a.m. on Tuesday. The return would leave Gwanda at 6.00 p.m. on Thursdays and arrival in Bulâwayo was scheduled for 8.00 a.m. on Fridays. No mention was made of sleeping arrangements on these overnight trains. The trains would connect with coach services to Filabusi from Filabusi Road (later known as Balla Balla) and Tuli and Pietersburg in South Africa.

OPENING

Gwanda was not going to miss the opportunity for a celebration. The President of the Gwanda Gymkhana Club Capt. H. W. Chawner of the B.S.A.P. announced a special event to mark the opening. The programme was to consist of ten races with professional and coloured riders being debarred from riding. A special train was booked to leave Bulawayo at 10.00 a.m. on Thursday 17 September 1903 arriving in Gwanda the same afternoon and returning on Sunday 20 September. This would enable Bulawayo residents to participate in the festivities.

The Chronicle Gwanda reporter stated that "what may be considered the official opening of the railway from Bulawayo to Gwanda took place on Thursday 17 September 1903 by the arrival of a special train from Bulawayo at 5.30 p.m being 2½ hours before advertised time. Several committees were to have met the train and bid the Bulawayo visitors a hearty welcome to Gwanda and present an address to Pauling & Co. expressing appreciation for the successful completion of the railway line to this township. Fortunately the local magistrate happened to be in the vicinity and redeemed the situation by extending the new arrivals a cordial welcome. The report continued that a procession was formed at the station headed by the band of the Southern Rhodesia Volunteers to be met in town by the Committee of the Gymkhana Club. The entire party returned to the theatre where dinner was served to the visitors. The road from the station to the main street had been cleaned and a banner erected saying "Welcome to Gwanda" and twelve trumbol arches were built. Local businesses decorated their establishments and several bonfires were lit and numerous rockets enhanced the spectacle. Racing took place the following day with a temporary grandstand and totalisator being erected. However few bets were placed and the Gymkhana was not considered a success because of poor attendance. Twelve races went off with no untoward incidents. In the evening the Barry Miller Lyric Theatrical Company presented

the Private Secretary to a very full house. The Company staged Arabian Nights on the Saturday night to a large audience. An impromptu dance in the Court House followed which went on into the early hours.

Traffic on the new line which was still in the hands of the contractors was minimal understandably as the freight rate from Bulawayo to Gwanda was 65 shillings a ton. The return charge was 50 pounds per ton. Residents called on the Government to do something. The response was that no freight had yet been sent to Gwanda except for one small consignment. Cape Government Railway jurisdiction ended at Gwanda Junction and goods should be sent to C. H. Zeederberg who was the agent for Pauling and Company and will be sent through to Gwanda as soon as a truckload was made up.

The first consignment of bricks for the new station building arrived in Gwanda on 7 November 1903. It was only on 5 March 1904 that the Cape Government Railway was able to announce that the Heany Gwanda branch line would open to all descriptions of traffic from Tuesday 1 March 1904. The train service from Friday 4 March which operated on Fridays only was:-

Bulawayo depart	9.30 a.m.
Heany Junction depart	10.30 a.m.
Gwanda arrive	4.30 p.m.
Saturdays only	
Gwanda depart	4.30 a.m.
Heany Junction arrive	11.00 a.m.

This train connected with trains that had left Bulawayo and Gwelo earlier. It then returned to Gwanda leaving Heany Junction at 12.00 noon reaching Gwanda at 6 p.m. The train left Gwanda again on Sunday morning at 7.00 a.m. and was due to arrive in Bulawayo at 3.30 p.m.

GWANDA – WEST NICHOLSON

Mines were also developing in the West Nicholson area and it was decided to extend the branch a further 28 miles. The line reached West Nicholson in June 1904 and was opened to traffic on 1 March 1905.

EARLY TRAIN SERVICES

On 1 May 1904 the Cape Government Railway handed over operation of Bulawayo station and the lines north and east of Bulawayo to the Mashonaland Railway Company acting on behalf of Rhodesia Railways Ltd. A new timetable was introduced on 1 July 1904 and this provided for a mixed train (passengers and goods), which left Bulawayo at 7.00 a.m. on Sunday and Thursday arriving in Gwanda at 3.30 p.m. A 15 minute stop was made in Gwanda and the train arrived in West Nicholson at 6.45 p.m. The return train left West Nicholson next morning, Mondays and Fridays at 5.45 a.m. and reached Bulawayo at 5.30 in the afternoon. Ten years later just after start of the First World War, from 7 September 1914 trains ran to West Nicholson on Mondays and Friday leaving Bulawayo at 09.30 arriving in West Nicholson at 19.30. Trains left West Nicholson the following morning at 07.45 and reached Bulawayo at 18.25 hrs.

On 1 April 1916 an additional service was introduced on a Wednesday returning on Thursday with timing for all journeys being reduced by some 1½ hrs.

PASSENGER SERVICES

Passenger services on the branch have always been run as mixed trains, that is passenger coaches and goods wagons on the same train. Trains departed Bulawayo in the morning arriving at West Nicholson late afternoon. After the crew had rested overnight the train left fairly early next morning to arrive back in Bulawayo in the afternoon. Travel was popular as records show that in December 1937 623 tickets to various destinations were sold at Gwanda station. A glance at the timetable introduced on 13 January 1939 shows mixed train number 227 booked to leave Bulawayo at 08.45 on Mondays and Thursdays arriving at Gwanda at 14.05. The train left Gwanda at 14.26 and reached West Nicholson at 16.30. Departure of train 228 from West Nicholson next morning was at 06.30, Gwanda 08.53 and arrival in Bulawayo at 15.30. By November 1960 the frequency had increased to trains running on Monday, Wednesday and Friday leaving Bulawayo an hour earlier at 07.45 but still arriving in West Nicholson at 16.30. The return departed West Nicholson at 06.00 hrs and reach reached Bulawayo at 15.05 hrs. Not much of a change after 20 years service!

The upper class passenger services were withdrawn from 1 August 1968 and the final lower class passenger service departed from Bulawayo on Monday 29 June 1981 with the final return train leaving West Nicholson on Tuesday 30 June 1981. The reason given for the withdrawal was a decline in patronage and the need to utilize all available motive power to best advantage.

The timetable for the final year of service was as follows:-

Train 305

Monday, Wednesday, Friday	Arrive	Depart
Bulawayo	–	07.20
Heany Junction	08.21	08.30
Balla Balla	10.47	11.20
Gwanda	13.40	13.50
Colleen Bawn	14.48	15.07
West Nicholson	15.45	

Train 306

Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday	Arrive	Depart
West Nicholson	–	06.00
Colleen Bawn	06.43	07.05
Gwanda	08.04	08.14
Balla Balla	10.32	10.52
Heany Junction	13.25	13.35
Bulawayo	14.35	–

Many tales have been told about the relaxed nature of travel on this line. For example it is recorded that after the First World War at the eleventh hour on the 11 November each year trains stopped while passengers and crew stood beside the track to observe the silence in remembrance of the fallen. Gwanda at one time had two hotels, Hardys Inn and Mt. Cazalet, these proved irresistible to some thirsty passengers and the guard needed to round them up before the train continued its journey.

CEMENT

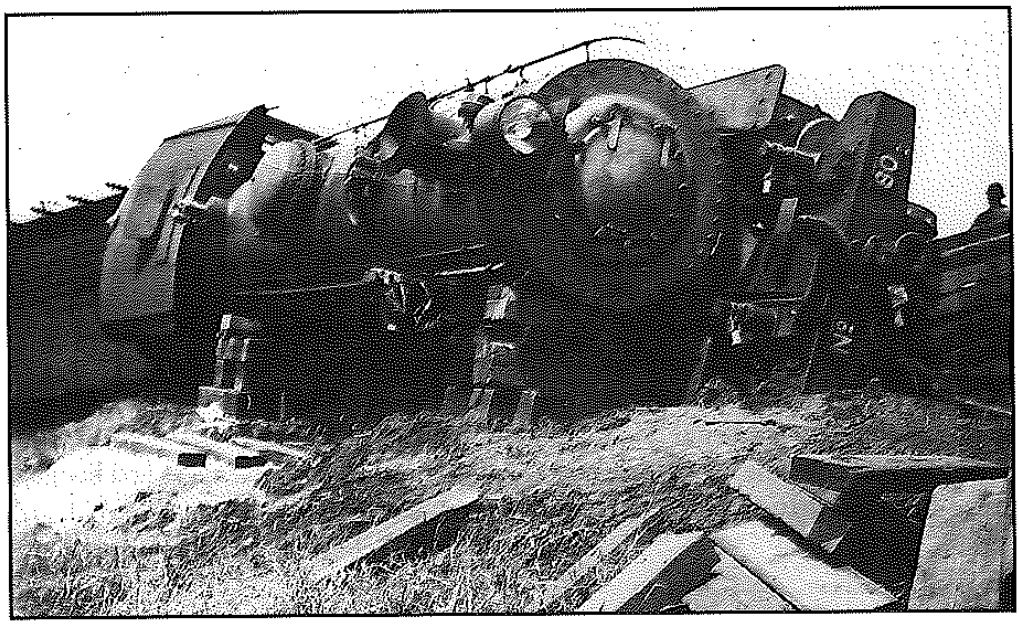
In 1913 Premier Portland Cement Company started construction of a cement factory nine miles from Bulawayo alongside the Bulawayo – Gwelo railway line. In July 1913 the railways opened a siding appropriately named Cement to serve the new works.

Cement sales commenced on 22 September 1914. The company had its own narrow gauge (2ft gauge) railway to move limestone from Claremont quarry, which was some fourteen miles south of Cement.

The Claremont limestone deposit started to run out in the late 1920s and to ensure continued supplies the company developed Paignton limestone quarry near Colleen Bawn 90 miles down the branch line. Paignton quarry commenced production in March 1930 at which time Claremont quarry and its associated narrow gauge railway were abandoned. The opening of Paignton quarry with its own private siding, again appropriately called Limestone Siding, provided a major boost to the volume of traffic carried on the branch line. In mid 1930 a triangle was laid out at Gwanda Station for turning locomotives so as to enhance train working from Limestone Siding to Cement Siding. Following the world wide depression railings of limestone were suspended between February 1932 and August 1932. Subsequently the volume of limestone traffic gradually recovered and by December 1934 the monthly tonnage had risen to 7000 tons and by mid 1937 fifty-five wagons per week were being moved. In March 1948 the tonnage was up to 11947 tons.

The country developed rapidly after the Second World War and as a consequence the demand for cement grew. To meet this demand a company, Rhodesia Cement Ltd, was formed to build a cement plant at Colleen Bawn. Limestone for the new factory was moved by a conveyor system from Cleveland quarry, which was close to the existing Paignton quarry. Railings of bagged cement from the new factory commenced towards the end of August 1949.

To handle the increased traffic Colleen Bawn was during 1952 upgraded from a siding to a station with the construction of new buildings, track work and road works. The main station building was however only constructed in September 1961.



Locomotive No. 80 Class 9B which ran into washaway Eagle Vulture Siding 1941/42
(Photo: Late Gordon Ashburner, fireman of the locomotive)

The expansion of the cement industry meant that bagged cement and limestone were moved up the branch and in the opposite direction coal from Hwange, slag from ZISCO and gypsum from Chemplex at Msasa were railed into Colleen Bawn. The balance of traffic has always been heavily in the up or northward direction and was handled by three trains per day six days a week.

In 1963 the economy took a downturn and little construction activity was taking place. The two Matabeleland cement producers, Rhodesia Cement Ltd. and Premier Portland Cement merged operations to become United Cement Ltd. Later in the 1960s the economy recovered and with it the demand for cement increased. In 1995 United Portland Cement carried out a Z$200 million expansion project at Colleen Bawn to boost production. This included the limestone plant, which initially was served by two railway lines accommodating 26 wagons. The siding capacity was increased to seven lines capable of handling as many as 300 wagons. Additional sidings were provided at Cement as well. Three trains per day continued to handle the traffic but were now hauled by more powerful diesel electric locomotives. Cement may not have been the gold envisaged by the lines early backers but certainly in tonnage terms and importance to the national economy cement alone amply justified the building of this interesting branch line.

CATTLE INDUSTRY

Southern Matabeleland has long been recognised as being suited for cattle ranching and the branch has played its part in serving this industry. Cattle traffic tended to be seasonal and the periodic droughts experienced in the area resulted in massive efforts to move animals to better grazing. In 1910 Liebigs Extract of Meat Company was granted by the B.S.A. Company 1 250 000 acres of land suitable for ranching. The Company established its headquarters at Mazunga some 35 miles from Beit Bridge and 60 miles from the railhead at West Nicholson. Hopes were expressed that the railway would be extended from West Nicholson to Beit Bridge to facilitate the export by rail of live cattle and subsequently meat products.

In 1933 the Company opened an extract of meat factory at West Nicholson. The meat canning operation followed in 1934/35. The factory had a throughput of up to 24 000 animals per year. These came from the company ranch, other local ranches and from as far away as Fort Victoria. For example in July 1937 2 210 head of cattle were moved to the factory by rail from Fort Victoria and a year later this figure had increased to 3 169 head. During the Second World War canned beef from the factory was exported and formed an important part of service rations. In September 1947 537 tons of corned beef were transported by rail from the Liebigs West Nicholson factory. Inputs would have included tin plate for the canning operation.

Drought relief movements added to regular cattle traffic and for example between February and June 1960, 14 775 head were loaded at West Nicholson and 12 318 head at Gwanda for transport to other districts less affected by drought. In January and February 1966, 201 railway wagon loads of cattle were consigned from Gwanda mainly to destinations in Mashonaland.

In the early 1990s the ranch was sold and the new owners converted it to wildlife production. On 1 January 1992 the factory was sold to Zimcan and in 1993 the private

siding agreement was also transferred to Zimcan. National Railways of Zimbabwe closed the siding in 1996 due to insufficient traffic and finally in 1999 the track was uplifted.

ROAD MOTOR SERVICE

The first railway road motor service (RMS) in the then Rhodesia was inaugurated between Sinoia and Miami Hotel on 15 June 1927. The network grew and on 1 April 1930 West Nicholson was upgraded to a station to cater for the twice a week RMS service to Beitbridge introduced on 15 April 1930 and for the limestone traffic from Limestone Spur. This upgrading involved the provision of a house for a Station Master and rest rooms. On 5 June 1951 the railways started the first passenger only bus service between Bulawayo and Beit Bridge. Passenger buses left Bulawayo at 08.30 on a Tuesday and Saturday arriving in Beitbridge at 5.30 p.m. The Albion buses carried nine upper and thirty five lower class passengers. The return journey took place the following day. The introduction of this service enabled the railways to reduce the number of passenger coaches on trains and thereby increase the tonnage of freight moved.

INFRASTRUCTURE

The very nature of the traffic on the line meant that the provision of improved facilities has been slow. The need to cater for limestone traffic from the early 1930s led to the laying in 1931 of a longer crossing loop at Bushtick for example. The bridges were of the earliest type and in 1935 in order to take account of prevailing higher axle loads and heavier engines a two year program of strengthening was started. The bridges were however still not brought up to main line standards. In 1938 an extra loop and other facilities were built at West Nicholson and similar improvements made at Essexvale. Adequate supplies of water for steam locomotives and the staff residing along the line has always been a problem and substantial investments in water supplies have been made. An interesting traffic was the water tankers attached to trains leaving Bulawayo twice a week. Time was allowed for the train to stop at staff cottages and stations along the route so that water tanks and other containers could be replenished.

A RAILWAY FOR PLEASURE

The fact that the branch was worked by steam locomotives until the early 1990s, its proximity to Bulawayo and the small number of regular trains meant that it was an ideal line for excursion traffic. Places such as Mulungwane Gorge provided steep gradients and sharp curves which attracted steam locomotive enthusiasts who came to sound record, photograph or just enjoy steam locomotives working really hard. It was possible for enthusiast specials to stop in section to allow passengers to disembark and savour a run past then re embark and continue the journey. Rail Safaris a Bulawayo based rail tour operator ran enthusiast specials on the branch as did other foreign tour operators. The branch became a mecca for overseas steam enthusiasts and was a tourist attraction in its own right.

The Railways Historical Committee also ran steam specials from Bulawayo to Balla Balla and return over long weekends such as Easter. Balla Balla, 89,6 km from

Bulawayo, was an ideal turning point for a day trip. An early run was Easter Sunday, 1975, when two specially prepared 12th class locomotives hauled a train of seven dining cars, two ordinary saloons and a guards' van to Balla Balla and return. The train departed at 09.00 hrs and returned at 16.45 hrs. Museum locomotives class 9B number 115 and class 12 number 190 hauled a rake of chocolate and cream coloured museum coaches to Mbalabala and return on Easter Sunday 1984. Passengers wore period dress to add to the atmosphere. Another run was on 10 August 1986 when 14th class locomotive number 507 and 12th class 190 hauled a train to Mbalabala and return, the writer and his family had the pleasure of travelling on this train. Other similar runs were undertaken including Easter Sunday 1992. Railway administrators and staff have always been most cooperative in running these steam specials. Sadly when the line was taken over by the Beit Bridge Bulawayo Railway Company Ltd. in 1998/9 all steam operation on the line ceased as provided for in the operating agreement.

A BOTTLENECK

Colleen Bawn is at an altitude of 943 metres and from this point the line climbs steadily up to Mbalabala 1098 metres above sea level. From Mbalabala the line winds through Mulungwane Gorge with its sharp curvature and 1 in 50 gradients to finally reach Heany Junction at 1351 metres. In the days of steam traction this restricted the load of goods trains. A class 16 A Garratt locomotive could haul 955 tones from Colleen Bawn to Mbalabala but the load then had to be reduced to 650 tones between Mbalabala and Heany Junction. Two 16 A locomotives double headed could move 1380 tones on this section. The consequence was traffic having to be left at Mbalabala and during the 1980s two daily goods trains ran from Mpopoma to Mbalabala to clear the loads left behind. The introduction of Class DE 10 diesel electric locomotives in 1992 enabled 1400 tones to be moved throughout by two locomotives working in tandem and led to the cessation of the extra trains to Mbalabala. Diesel locomotives were introduced onto Rhodesia Railways from 1955 but the first diesel locomotive was only seen in West Nicholson on 23 May 1979. Steam was to reign supreme on this branch line until the 1990s.

BEIT BRIDGE BULAWAYO RAILWAY

The linking of up of Bulawayo with Beit Bridge by rail has been a topic of much heated debate especially since the first road /rail bridge over the Limpopo river was opened by the Governor General of the Union of South Africa, the Earl of Athlone on 31 August, 1929. In 1966 the Rhodesian Government appointed a Commission of Enquiry to investigate and make recommendations on alternative routes starting either from Rutenga or West Nicholson. The Commission found in favour of the Rutenga link and this line was opened to traffic on 1 October 1974.

In November 1995 a new road bridge over the Limpopo River at Beitbridge financed through a private sector self-financing Build Operate and Transfer (BOT) scheme was opened. The responsible company was The New Limpopo Bridge Project Ltd. Given the changed political dispensation in South Africa and the rainbow nations growing economic thrust into countries to the north it became opportune that transport links should be strengthened.

In mid 1996 a tripartite contract was signed by the Zimbabwe Government, National Railways of Zimbabwe and the New Limpopo Bridge Project Ltd. to form the Beitbridge Bulawayo Railway Company (BBR). Investors in BBR were New Limpopo Bridge Project Limited, NEDCOR Investment Bank, SANLAM, Genbel Securities Limited, Old Mutual and Rand Merchant Bank. National Railways of Zimbabwe has a 15 % stake in BBR. A further agreement was signed on 12 December 1997 between the Zimbabwe Government, Beitbridge Bulawayo Rail (Pvt.) Limited and Transnet of South Africa. Under the 1997 agreement BBR was to build from Jessie, a siding some 6,5 km from West Nicholson a 160 km line to Beitbridge. The work required seven bridges and also involved upgrading the Jessie to Heany Junction branch line to main line standards. The new line was to be built on a build, operate and transfer basis. Transfer is to take place after 30 years. Spoornet the rail division of Transnet was to operate all train services including local cement related traffic. The rail distance from Bulawayo to Beitbridge was cut by 185 km compared to the alternate route via Somabula and Rutenga. Some commentators considered the new line would not in itself be economically viable.

Construction was undertaken by Murray and Roberts Ltd. and given the easy terrain and modern earthmoving equipment work moved forward rapidly. By September 1998 most bridges apart from the nine span bridge over the Umzingwane River near West Nicholson had been completed.

These included the bridges over the Mazunga and Masane rivers. Track was laid at the rate of 7 km a week and by early 1999 track laying was complete up to 95 km from Beitbridge going north and 20 km had been re laid between Colleen Bawn and West Nicholson.

The rehabilitated track between Heany Junction and West Nicholson opened to traffic on 1 June 1999. Work included laying longer crossing loops and easing curvature. The first through train ran on 15 July 1999 when a twenty five wagon goods train carrying 745 tonnes of diesel and petrol pulled out of Beitbridge onto the new line. It was followed on Friday 16 July by a train carrying copper concentrates back from South Africa to Zambia. Two dedicated unit trains serve the needs of the cement industry.

The project was commissioned by President Robert Mugabe of Zimbabwe on 1 September 1999 at the site of the Umzingwane River Bridge. The total cost of the project was US$85 million. Trains are operated by Spoornet diesel locomotives and crews based in Polokwane in the Northern Province of South Africa. These trains run through to Mpopoma marshalling yard in Bulawayo. National Railways of Zimbabwe no longer operate trains on the line and it seems strange to see foreign locomotives operating regularly so far from the border.

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When Lobengula's Impis Raided Mashonaland in 1893

Extracts from the Diary of S. J. Halford, Mayor of Kokstad, East Griqualand

"Lobengula's Impis on the war path". Such was the news flashed over the telegraph wires in July 1893.

The first news of the projected invasion by Lobengula's Impis was brought to the writer, who, with a party of young men, trekking to Mashonaland, was camped between the Naka Range and the Tokwe River. Mr. Matabele Thompson rode up to the camp and after the usual salutations he proffered the advice that we should move on to Fort Victoria with all speed. On being questioned concerning the need for such haste, he said: "I have just ridden over from Bulawayo. Lobengula has thrown his assegai in this direction."

Pressed for further information, he explained that every year Lo Ben stood up at his head place and threw his assegai. Whatever direction it took, that was the way his young impis were to go.

Knowing that the word of Thompson could be relied on, we trekked off and early on Sunday morning, 4 June 1893, we reached Fort Victoria. On the following day we made enquiries regarding the Matabele Impis and were told that there was trouble brewing, but nothing was expected to happen for some weeks.

We ascertained that only a few weeks earlier some Africans had cut and carried off five hundred yards of the Chartered Company's telegraph wires and damaged some of the poles. This was alleged to have been done by petty chiefs Setama and Gomalla, upon whom a fine of a large number of cattle was levied. The accused Chiefs appear to have been herding some of Lobengula's cattle, and when called upon by the police to pay the fine, promptly did so by handing over the cattle, which were the property of their King, Lobengula.

Runners started off post haste for Buluwayo, to acquaint the King with what had transpired. He was naturally furious, his indunas wanted permission to recapture them, but Lo Ben sent messengers to Dr. Jameson, and when the facts were made known Dr. Jameson ordered the cattle in question to be returned. Gomalla later declared that the cattle did not reach him. That they were sent back there is no doubt, but as events followed each other in quick succession it is difficult to say with certainty what became of them. I personally saw cattle being driven along the road and was informed by the people in charge that they were being returned to the Africans.

There did not appear to be any cause for alarm in Victoria and as Salisbury was our objective, on Wednesday, 7 June 1893, we moved off.

The following day we met Dr. Jameson, who was on his way to Victoria with a cheery, "Good-day," in his usual hasty impetuous way, "so long you fellows," his Cape-cart, drawn by six mules, dashed off.

There were many transport wagons on the road. Saturday night Mr. Pohl's wagons

turned up, on their return journey from Salisbury. Our African servants, driver and voorioper appeared to be very uneasy; they made enquiries re the Matabele and on Monday, 12 June 1893, we discovered that they had decamped, taking with them some of our equipment. We then had to face the situation and get along as best we could.

Late the following afternoon Dr. Jameson passed us on his way back to Salisbury. He camped two miles further on, where we also out-spanned. Dr. Jim was not in a very communicative mood. I reminded him of the only time I met him in Johannesburg in 1888 and tried to draw him by talking of Kimberley. He turned in early and was away before daybreak the following morning, and just as the sun rose we resumed our trek.

Scottie Fyfe, one of our party, was the only man who could jingle cash in his pocket; he had sold his rifle to an African for three golden sovereigns.

On Wednesday, 15 June 1893, while drinking our early morning coffee, the post cart pulled up alongside of our wagon. Mr. Pierce Vigne was a passenger and was very grateful for the meagre hospitality which we could offer him – coffee, bread and jam.

We moved on to Bezuidenhout's farm. While there, an African runner came along with a letter stuck into a split stick. I read the address and directed the runner to the District Commandant, a few miles ahead. The next day when we reached his quarters, that gentleman came up to me and said, "Are you in charge of this party?" "No," I replied, "I am just one of the party." He then enquired whether one of our number had sold a rifle to an African. I immediately scented trouble and hesitated before replying. "Well," said he, "the police patrol have caught an African carrying a rifle, who said that he had bought it from a white man, presumably one of your party. The instructions given me in the note brought by the runner are: 'Tell the man who sold the rifle that he must return immediately to Fort Victoria and report to the chief of police; if he does not do so he will be arrested and taken there under police escort.'" I saw that there was only one course open, so walked over to our wagon, where Scottie Fyfe was busy preparing our meal. "Here's a pretty kettle of fish," said I, and then in a few words explained the situation. My advice was, go and face the charge, plead that you are a new-chum, ignorant of the laws of the country, and express regrets for your lack of knowledge and for your indiscretion. Scottie at first showed that he was just a little bit worried, then exclaimed, "Allright, I'll go and face the music." Fortunately for him Major Heany had just arrived in a Cape-cart. He out-spanned his mules and said that he was leaving for Victoria the next day, and learning of the predicament, offered to let Scottie have a seat in his cart. This offer was gratefully accepted.

We very soon found out that the Africans were extremely eager to purchase fire-arms and gunpowder. We had further evidence of this a few days later when I was approached by one who wanted a tin of powder. We carried a quantity among our stores which we used when re-filling our shot cartridges. I asked the African what he would give me for a tin of powder. He produced a small quinine bottle full of alluvial gold, and when I declined the deal he picked up his battle axe and shield and bolted into the bush as if the devil possessed him, or he might have thought that I was stark staring mad for refusing to barter a tin of powder for such a quantity of raw gold.

We were permitted to trade or barter bars of lead, and during our trek disposed of

many. They were round bars about fifteen inches in length and of a convenient size so that when a small piece was cut off it could be rammed into the barrel of the old synder rifle. That the Africans did obtain powder was certain, for on one occasion I was stalking a koodoo, when nearby I heard a terrific report and heard a bullet singing through the air. It hit the koodoo with an awful thud, the buck dropped like a log, the African ran forward and I followed. There was no doubt about the killing power of a snyder-slug fired at comparatively close range.

On Tuesday, 20 June 1893, we reached a Ranch owned by McKenzie & Houghton. A few months previously McKenzie and a neighbour named Brady with the latter's wife and child were killed by Africans. Next day we arrived at the Inyati store, kept by a man named Short. The police camp was about a mile away. The conversation naturally drifted to the all-absorbing topic of a possible Matabele raid. Short did not hide his feelings in the matter and did not hesitate to state that if he heard that they were on the war-path, he would jump on his horse and clear out. His store was the nearest point to the border.

On Friday, 23 June 1893, we reached Fort Charter, and the following day we pulled up at Dunne's Store. We rested our oxen for a day and went out after a troop of Tsessebe. We were fortunate in dropping a young bull, and while on the way back to camp to get oxen and a sledge to bring in the game, I noticed, some distance away, a silver jackal busily engaged catching locusts. I disturbed his game by putting a martini bullet through his shoulders. He was a fine specimen and I asked an African to skin it for me; he was quite willing but wanted to know whether he could have the body. I said "Certainly you may have it," but my curiosity prompted me to watch what he did with the carcass after he had cleaned it. To my utter astonishment, he removed the embers from a large wood fire, and put the whole carcass in the center, with the legs uppermost, covered it with the glowing embers, then sat down to watch the roasting. The smell of roast meat was occasionally wafted towards me as I lay under the wagon, and I made up my mind to taste a bit of that jackal in the morning. I was early astir, the African was curled up under his blanket. I turned him out and asked where he had put the remains of the jackal. He grinned and rubbing his belly said, "Mena de'idhela iyonki," (I have eaten the lot.)

Our next halt was at Klip Spruit. There we met a party of men who were repairing the telegraph lines that had broken down a few weeks earlier. They were very hospitable chaps and invited us to have a "sundowner" which we very gladly accepted. As we left them one of our party lingered behind, and when later on he managed to reach our camp he bore evidence of having had a few night-caps as well.

On Thursday we crossed Rock Spruit, so named because the water runs under the rock, which formed a natural bridge. A trek of five hours brought us to the Hunyani River, twelve miles from Salisbury. We were informed that this river was dangerous in the rainy season, as many crocodiles come up from the lower reaches and during the last season an African had his leg nipped off.

A short trek brought us to six-mile spruit, and the next trek landed us on the outskirts of Salisbury. It was on Friday morning, 30 June 1893, that we had our first glimpse of Salisbury the capital of Mashonaland.

My first experience of the good fellowship of the Pioneers may be worth recording

here. It was about eleven o'clock in the forenoon when I strolled down Pioneer Road. A man walked up to me, and holding out his hand said, "Hello. How d'ye do." I replied, "I'm fine. How are you?" "Oh," said he, "same as you." Then I said, "I don't know you." He grabbed my hand again with the remark, "I know that. You are a johnnie-come-lately, a new chum, so come and have a drink." We had that drink and wishing to return the compliment I called for another. All the money I had on me was a five-pound note, which I laid on the counter. The proprietor promptly pushed it towards me and remarked, "Oh, no you don't." I was very astonished and expressed my surprise by saying, "Do you think that it is not genuine?" "Yes, it is genuine, just put it in your pocket and sign that card, we don't change fivers here. You are a new chum and we'll trust you." I returned to camp feeling very favourably impressed with the reception and the hand of friendship held out so readily to the new chums.

Turning to look back along the road over which we had travelled, I saw a solitary individual tramping along. As he neared the camp I recognized our Scottie Fyfe the wanderer, he was footsore and weary, having trudged the whole of the way from Victoria to Salisbury, a distance of 150 miles. He had removed his boots which were slung around his neck and the feet of his thick worsted stockings were completely worn away. After a rest and a refresher he was able to tell us how he fared before the magistrate. He said that he had pleaded guilty to the charge of unlawfully selling a rifle to an African and was sentenced to pay a fine of 3 pounds, the amount he had received from the African, and the rifle, found in possession of the African, was confiscated. Scottie was eager to get away from Victoria immediately the case was concluded. The rumour of the Matabele invasion appeared to have been forgotten or ignored, so he commenced his long tramp regardless of the risk, dangers and discomfort of the journey. He was unarmed, but fortunately met with the most friendly hospitality on the way.

We had scarcely settled down to take our share in laying the foundations of Salisbury, and were preparing to undertake any building contract, when the town was startled by the news that the Matabele Impis had arrived in the district of Victoria. On Sunday, 9 July 1893, they attacked the Makalangas burning their kraals, seizing their cattle, killing a number of men and women, capturing women and girls, and they chased some of the fugitives into Victoria.

Dr. Jameson left immediately, travelling by Cape-cart. When he met the mail-coaches he halted them, and exchanged mules and obtained relays at police posts.

The settler and prospectors were scattered over the country, some many mile away, and the presence of a huge body of armed Africans was a menace to the safety of those isolated parties. All able bodied men in Victoria were on the alert and riders were dispatched to warn the white people of the danger that threatened.

The kraals of the unfortunate Makalangas were covered by clouds of smoke. Capt Lendy, with 26 men, rode out to the Matabele. He fell in with an impi of several hundreds; the leader told him that Umgandine, the head induna, had gone into camp with a letter. When Capt. Lendy returned to Victoria he met the induna, who handed over a letter from Lobengula, addressed to the Resident Magistrate, calling upon him to give up the Makalangas who had stolen his cattle. Lendy said he would do so after a proper trial. The induna left, promising to send back the white-men's cattle. Still the

marauding and killing went on for several days, the blood lust of the young Matabele warriors ran unchecked, but they did not attack the town, which was patrolled day and night.

After what appeared a long wait, a Cape-cart, in a cloud of dust, was seen approaching. It clattered into the camp and amid the cheers of welcome Dr. Jameson and Lieut. Napier climbed down, dusty and travel stained. Dr. Jim did not lose any time in getting to grips with his job. He sent out Sergeant Chalk with an escort to inform the Matabele that their chief induna must come to an "indaba" at once.

The next act of the drama took place on Tuesday when the Matabele indunas arrived. Dr. Jameson made no play of words, conducted no argument, nor would he listen to any excuses for the acts committed by the impis, but bluntly and very plainly told the indunas, that they and their impis had no right to be in Mashonaland and must clear out. He gave them three hours to do so. One of the indunas was inclined to argue and to be impertinent. They were then plainly told to go, and to be quick about it.

Three hours later when mounted troopers under Capt. Lendy rode out of camp, they found a number of Matabele hanging about, and who seemed disinclined to move on and were in a menacing mood. The troopers opened fire and eventually the marauders were driven off and Victoria was safe for the time being.

The raid of the Matabele and other frequent minor raids, killings and cattle lifting, and the cutting of telegraph wires, caused a great amount of uneasiness, not only in Victoria, but throughout Mashonland. There could be no development of the mineral potentialities of the country, or settlement on farms until the safety of life and property were assured.

In Salisbury every precaution possible was taken to guard against a surprise attack. Guns were mounted on the Kopje over looking the town, and citizens were trained in their use. All able-bodied men joined the Town Guard. We had an old muzzle-loading seven-pounder, for canister shot, and a one-pound maxim, (the first gun of that kind to come to South Africa, known during the Boer war as a pom-pom). There were several other guns, Maxim, Nordenfeldt, Hotchkiss, some had been captured from the Portuguese. We also had a galloping Maxim, which had been built on Cape-cart wheels.

While military preparations were being made, the business of the country was practically at a standstill, and the people wanted to know what measures the government intended to take to put an end to similar unrest. Messages were sent to the government and to Dr. Jameson who was still in Victoria.

A public meeting was held in the dining room of the Hatfield Hotel, in Pioneer Road. People came in from near and far, and the room was crowded.

The Acting Administrator said that the gravity of the situation was well known to the government. Plans for future safety were maturing.

Then the Revd. Isaac Shimmon stood up and after making a very earnest and impressive speech said, "I have, here, a telegram from Dr. Jameson, the wording, I think you will agree, is characteristic of him". And then he read: "Please assure the good people of Salisbury that such steps will be taken to settle once and for all, those . . . devils".

As the weeks rolled by there was much activity. Salisbury became an armed camp; the guns were removed from the Kopje and were taken down to the new jail on

Broadway, which was converted into a suitable fort, where all the women and children were to assemble on the first sign of alarm.

Men were recruited for the Active Field Force, which was under the command of Major Forbes.

The conquest of Matableleland and the downfall of Lobengula is however, part of another story.

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Robert Moffat, Master Missionary: His Life and Times

by T. F. M. Tanser

In what state was the country we now know as South Africa in 1817, the year the young Robert Moffat first alighted at its shores? Whilst life in the vicinity of Cape Town was relatively without travail, a mighty, destructive surge was wreaking havoc in much of the rest of the country as a result of the depredations of Shaka, King of the Zulus.

Shaka himself, having risen from humble, illegitimate beginnings, took the leadership of a small clan of the Nguni people in Central Zululand in 1816. He set about changing their traditional weapons and military tactics. In place of the long, thin, throwing spears, he devised a short, broad-bladed, stabbing assegai. The raw-hide shields he elongated so that they were almost the same size as their carriers.

The men of fighting age were formed into regiments (impis) each with its own distinctive shield colour, and each with commanders (indunas) with absolute authority over their men. The warriors were drilled into fierce military discipline, and their tactics were built round the Mpondo (horns of the Buffalo) formation. In this manner, the chest of the buffalo would meet the opposing force head-on, whilst the horns of the buffalo would quickly encircle the enemy.

Motivated by Shaka's fierce and compelling leadership, the small clan fell upon neighbouring clans and built a tribe. With this powerful tribe Shaka devoured neighbouring tribes and built a nation. With this nation he engulfed neighbouring tribes and built an empire.

These massive upheavals were felt as far afield as the Southern shores of Lake Malawi, the whole of southern Mocambique, Transvaal, the Orange Free State, much of Kwazulu/Natal, North Western Cape and Botswana. In this upheaval, between 1 million and 2 million persons are thought to have died. Certain of the displaced tribes then banded together to mete out their own brand of devastation and violence under the leadership of a "black Bodicea" called Mantatisi. She, mounted on a charger, and naked from the waist up, led her "Mantatee hordes" in an orgy of death and destruction, a portion of which horde confronted Robert Moffat at Kuruman in June of 1823.

This was then the milieu into which the young missionary landed in January 1817.

* * * *

Robert Moffat had been born, the third child of his parents, on 21 December 1795, in Ormiston, Scotland. Following an extremely sparse schooling, at the age of 14 he was apprenticed as a gardener. At the age of 16 he left Scotland to take up a gardening post in Cheshire.

His mother, with tears rolling down her cheeks, made him promise to read a chapter of the Bible morning and evening, a promise which young Moffat never forgot, and

from which he never departed. He was taken in and given employment by a kindly family at High Leigh farm, Dukinfield, near Manchester. This family took a liking to Moffat, and allowed him use of their books.

At a Methodist Church meeting, he committed his life to serving God and shortly thereafter "resolved to go to sea again and get landed on some island or foreign shore where he might teach poor heathen to know the Saviour."[1]

The reference by Moffat to "going to sea again" referred to his having run off to sea and working for a period in the coasting trade, with many hairsbreadth escapes. "I got disgusted with the sailors' life, to no small joy of my parents," he wrote.

Having attended a Wesleyan Conference in Manchester, Moffat was much inspired by the preaching of a man named William Roby. Following the Conference he sought out Mr. Roby at his home and poured out his wish to serve God. Roby wrote to the directors of the London Missionary Society on Moffat's behalf, but his application was not accepted. Roby then obtained employment for Moffat at a garden near Manchester, which also enabled Moffat to be tutored by Roby. Such tutelage covered 80 lectures, each of which Moffat copied in full fair long-hand.

The system of the theological training was based upon "the divine authority of scripture," which meant that "reason must be exercised not as an haughty remonstrant but as a humble disciple" – an apt description of Moffat's adult attitude in Africa. One prime inference of Roby's system was "to learn to acknowledge the sovereignty and dominion of God in all events which occur, and to consider the duty of being willingly subject to His government." This recognition and submission sustained Moffat for 50 years in Africa during which his life was based upon three guiding principles in dealing with practical affairs. These principles were: acceptance, duty and obedience.

In October 1816, having started as a gardener at James Smith's nursery at Dukinfield, Moffat embarked on the ship Alacrity, bound for Cape Town. During this year he also attracted the affection of his employer's daughter, Mary.

Shortly after his arrival in Cape Town on 13 January 1817, full of enthusiasm and energy he and the four others who accompanied him, ran into Lord Somerset, Governor of the Cape. Lord Somerset had little time for missionaries about whose motives and behaviour he had grave doubts. Why, in some cases, they had even sought to teach Hottentots to read and write! Preposterous! Unimaginable! So, for 10 months, Lord Somerset prevented the movement of the hopeful missionaries into the hinterland. Finally he conceded to their setting off up the West Coast into Namaqualand which arid area had been disregarded by the Boers and which area was dominated by the feared ruffian of mixed race, Jager Afrikaner.

These 10 months had not been put to waste. Moffat learned rudimentary Dutch, studied more theology, these being the lectures which had been retained by his co-missionaries, and he also learned the use of scientific instruments which might be of value in the vast lands to the east and north of him.

When on 22 October, 1817, Moffat's wagons rolled out of Cape Town, the forechest contained carpenter's and gardener's tools, books on agriculture and botany, a thermometer, a microscope, a pocket compass, some kitchen utensils, a fowling piece, a Dutch grammar and a dictionary. With such did Moffat and others venture forth.

The steely commitment and resilience of Moffat cannot be more vividly illustrated

Robert and Mary Moffatt, aged 20

than to relate the story of an evening meal taken at the home of a Boer farmer and his family on Moffat's journey up the West Coast.

In the normal travel tradition of the times, the party usually outspanned at a farm-house for the night. On each such occasion, after a meal, the patriarch of the family would bring out the Bible and invite the visitors to join the family in evening prayer.

At one farm, having noticed the large number of Hottentot servants about the house, when the family and visitors gathered for prayers, Moffat enquired whether the servants might join the group and participate in the prayers. The farmer's response was immediate and very specific: "Hottentots! Do you mean that? Then, let me go to the mountain and call the baboons – if you want a congregation of that sort. Or, stop, I have it! My sons, call the dogs that lie in front of the door – they will do."[2]

Moffat desisted, but when he read the scriptures he chose the reading from Mark 7: 25–30 telling of the mother who approached Jesus to cast the evil spirit out of her daughter, which at verses 27 and 28 reads: "But Jesus said unto her, let the children first be filled, for it is not meet to take the children's bread and to cast it unto the dogs. And she answered and said unto him, "Yes, Lord: yet the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs."

Moffat had barely begun his exposition when the farmer interrupted him.

"Will mynheer sit down and wait a little? He shall have the Hottentots."

In trooped a crowd of coloured men and women, amazed at having been invited into the master's house. Once all were seated the farmer turned to Moffat and explained, "My friend you took a hard hammer and you have broken a hard head."

This is what is referred to as Moffat's "apprenticeship journey" and what a journey it was! Moffat's book, *Missionary Labour and Scenes in Africa*, published in 1843,

describes the incredible heat that he and others had to survive in an area, referred to by John Campbell in his *Travels in South Africa*: "Wherever the eye turned there was nothing but the perfection of sterility; the hills appeared a brown burnt colour, and the plain was deep sand, strewed with tufts of withered grass."

There Moffat made the acquaintance of the greatly feared renegade, Jager Afrikaner. This outlaw had a price on his head. Previously employed by a Mr. Pienaar, in retribution for harsh and unfair treatment, Afrikaner shot his erstwhile employer and fled into the baking inhospitable wastes into which Robert Moffat now enters. Afrikaner and his group established a bandit kingdom, raiding Cape Colony farms to the south and to the north.

Upon his arrival at Afrikaner's kraal, a hut was quickly built for Moffat, which he describes as follows: "When the sun shone it was unbearably hot; when the rain fell I came in for a share of it; when the wind blew I had frequently to decamp to escape the dust; and in addition to these little inconveniences, any hungry cur of a dog that wished a night's lodging would force itself through the frail wall . . . I have started up from a sound sleep to defend myself, and my dwelling from being crushed to pieces by the rage of two bulls which had met to fight a nocturnal duel." [3]

As was to become evident, Moffat had a God-ordained gift of eliciting love and friendship from those feared and despised by lesser mortals. Afrikaner and he would often talk over a wide range of matters and Moffat would help him with his Dutch Bible and they would discuss the wonders and the mysteries of creation.

Together they started a school for 120 children and Moffat amusingly describes his efforts to get the children to wash their dirty karosses. He writes of the older people and their infestation with lice: "Formerly most of their attention in Church," he writes, "was taken up in slaughtering these their fat companions, and I always got my store of these restless inhabitants while preaching."

Moffat then persuaded Afrikaner to seek a more habitable and profitable area in which to settle. Moffat set out roughly along the Northern bank of the Orange river, arriving eventually in Bechuana country where Moffat was eventually to live for 50 years. Moffat returned to Afrikaner to commence a move East to the area of Griqua Town. Whilst Afrikaner had absolute faith in Moffat's judgment, he found the thought of parting from Moffat too painful to bear. So after some discussion, it was agreed that Afrikaner would accompany Moffat back to the Cape. Here was an outlaw with a price on his head, a murderer in the eyes of many, venturing into the heart of the people who despised him. This took great courage, but was based solely on Moffat's good faith and protection.

The Boer farmers along the route back to the Cape had to be pacified so as not to do Afrikaner harm, and the pair reached their destination unscathed. There the Governor pardoned Afrikaner, gave him a wagon, and the price upon his head was handed to him to be utilized for the benefit of his people. Moffat had shown his mettle and displayed his rare gift of friendship with the chiefs of the frontier which he would use to great effect in the years ahead.

Moffat also learned that Mary Smith, the daughter of his erstwhile employer in England, was shortly to arrive in Cape Town by Christmas of 1819. Her father, who had been strongly opposed to his daughter's living in Africa, had finally relented and,

as Mary puts it: "My father had persisted in saying that I should never have his consent; my dear mother has uniformly asserted that it would break her heart . . . notwithstanding all this they both yesterday calmly resigned me into the hands of the Lord, declaring they durst no longer withhold me."

Three weeks after Mary's arrival, she and Robert were married in St. George's Church. Moffat was sensitive to the sadness with which Mary's parents had let her go, and he writes to them with great tenderness assuring them that "she is united to one who speaks as he feels when he promises to be father, mother and husband to Mary, and will never forget the sacrifice you have made in committing to his future care your only daughter."

Robert and Mary's honeymoon was a wagon trip to Beaufort West, via Stellenbosch, Paarl and Tulbagh, then through the Little and Great Karoo. Unusually for a honeymoon, they were accompanied by a colleague, John Campbell, a Director of the London Missionary Society, who wrote three volumes of his travels through Africa, which are now highly sought after by collectors.

Although Mary writes that they "have scarcely seen any grass for a fortnight" and that the timbers of the wagon were too hot to touch at midday when the thermometer ran to over a hundred, Mary and her husband revel in the trip. For 29 days they jolt and bounce before arriving at Fort Beaufort. Thereafter for 19 days they travel North to the Orange River, again through searing heat.

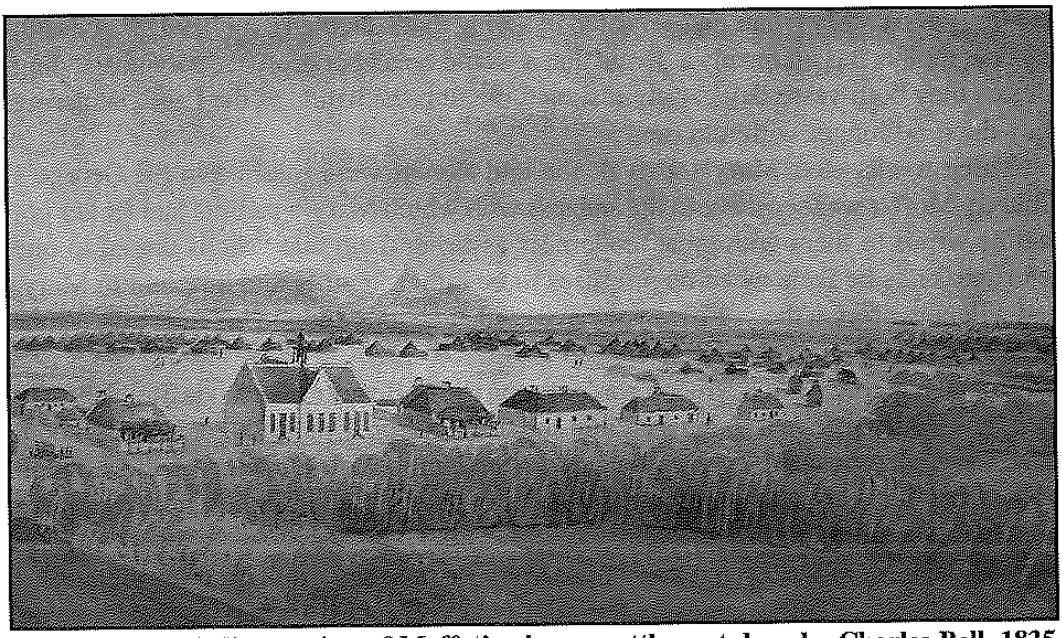
Once over the river, the wagon arrives at Griqua Town and four days later at Lattakoo. On the last stages to Lattakoo, they outspan near the source of the Kuruman river, where crystal clear waters bound from deep caves. Here the Moffats were to make their home, rear their family, build a community and glorify God in all they undertook.

Moffat is criticized in some quarters for his unyielding view on the hardness of heart of the Bechuana, that their hearts were "darkened" and that they were spiritually without knowledge, life or light. But, whilst Moffat was no ethnographer or social observer, his task was the simple yet wondrous message of salvation, and to this he dedicated his life.

Shortly after his arrival at Kuruman, who should appear but his old friend Afrikaner, bringing with him Moffat's books and furniture, as well as his cattle and sheep; it had been an eight weeks' trek. Sadly for Moffat, Afrikaner died two months later: "I feel as one deprived of a near relation," wrote Moffat, "especially when I call to mind the many happy hours I spent in his company."

Here Mary had her first introduction to domesticity and writes delightfully of her home – not the difficulties faced, which she accepted and overcame with remarkably good humour. Whilst to begin with, she looked askance at smearing the floor with fresh wet cow dung, within a short space of time she was doing this herself on a weekly basis, and speaks highly of its value in laying the dust and killing the fleas.

The Moffat's first child, Mary, destined to become the wife of David Livingstone, was born, and their first permanent home was built in May 1821. In addition to her acceptance of the benefits of cow dung, Mary succeeded valiantly in producing the symbols of civilization at Kuruman from white cloth on the table to grapes ripening in the garden.



Kuruman – a bird's eye view of Moffat's pioneer settlement done by Charles Bell, 1835

Moffat continually battled to communicate with the Bechuana, using Dutch with a smattering of Bechuana words. There were no grammar books or trained teachers to help him learn the language; but he set to and first translated Dr. Brown's catechism and then the Lord's Prayer. It took another five years before he isolated himself in the veld to perfect his mastery of the Bechuana language.

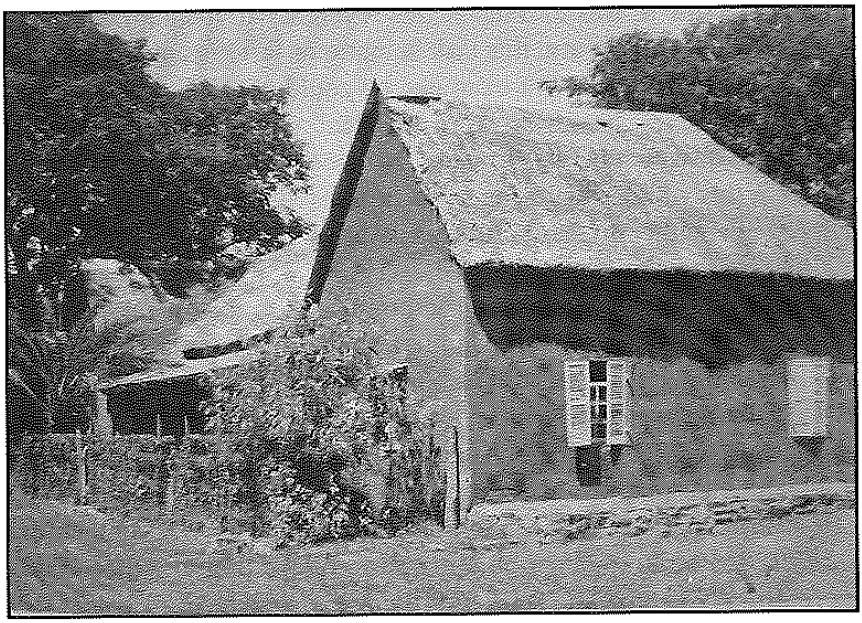
In the early days of the Mission at Kuruman, there were constant threats of raids. These were followed by a swarm of locusts, like dark clouds, consuming everything in their path. Yet in spite of all these challenges, Kuruman started to take root. Vegetables and fruit suddenly became available. At the same time as their second child, Robert was born, they adopted a little baby which had been abandoned by its mother on a stony hillside.

The year 1823 brought with it the circumstances which would elevate Moffat in the eyes of those people for whom he cared and which would secure his stature and authority on the frontier.

As set out in the introductory paragraphs, Shaka's depredations unleashed a wave of violent upheaval by those displaced by the Zulu advance.

Whilst undertaking a trip towards a town of Chief Makaba of the Bangwaketsi, 200 miles to the north-east of Kuruman, what had been vague and contradictory reports of the advance of the "Mantatee hordes" became a reality to Moffat as he received factual evidence that the feared foe was already in possession of Barolong towns a few hours to the east and that they were on their way to Lattakoo.

Moffat rushed back to his home, participated in a public meeting called by the local chief Matibe, and was asked to assist in the defence of Lattakoo. Judging that the Batlaping would be no match for the invaders, he hastened to Griqua Town to obtain the support of the Griqua chief, Waterboer. By the time Waterboer with about 100 mounted men arrived at Lattakoo, the Mantatees had occupied Letakong, a mere 36



Kuruman – The Moffat homestead

miles away. Efforts by Moffat to parley with the leaders of the advancing hordes met with no success and as the aggressive aspect of the Mantatees became more pronounced, Waterboer raised his rifle and laid low one of the boldest warriors. Following a 3 hour battle the hordes retreated, but, emboldened by the flight of the enemy, Moffat's Batlaping now "began to vent their warlike ardour on the wounded and the women and children who could not keep up in the flight." Moffat and his band now rushed hither and thither over the battleground, rescuing women and children who were being savaged for the love of killing, or for the brass rings and beads which they had been wearing.

The days following were particularly harrowing for Moffat and his missionaries as they sought from their own meagre resources to feed and provide medical care for the poor souls they had saved.

The invaders retreated never to return. The Batlaping saw that the missionaries had, by their advice and conduct, saved them from their enemies. Their position as saviours of the community was now established and was never again lost.

1828 brought yet another effort by marauders to attack the mission, this time comprising renegade Griquas led by a Namaqua chief, Paul. On this occasion Moffat built up entrenchments, specified a station for each man with a rifle, and then parleyed with the leader, who then, amazingly, removed his horde!

Moffat's continuing weakness was his inability to communicate effectively with his flock. He thus took the decision to move away from the Mission for a period of four months. Within this period he dedicated himself to keeping intimate contact with the Bechuana people and immersed himself in learning their language.

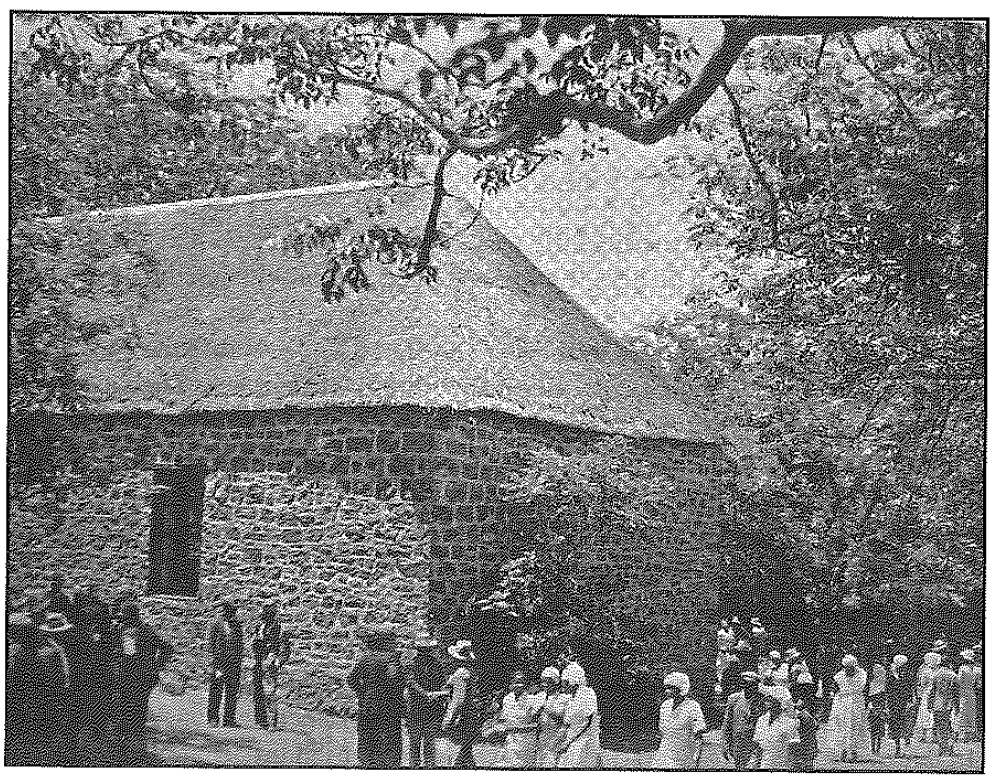
In that same year Moffat started a 29-year self-imposed task to translate the Bible into Sechwana. This task he carried out wherever he went. He endured relentless discipline to do this – based upon his own deep love and reverence for the Bible, and

the essential, as he saw it, was to transfer this reverence to his adopted people. With a restricted Bechuana vocabulary, this task sometimes left his congregation in a state of unease or of total confusion. For example, he could not find a Bechuana word for 'lilies'. He had, however, heard the word "dilelea" which he thought might be the appropriate word for which he was looking. No wonder his listeners were somewhat mystified to hear this wonderful passage of scripture (Matthew 6 vs. 28) "Consider the *lilies* which toil not neither do they spin" translated as: "Consider the *tarantulas* which toil not, neither do they spin"!

Undaunted, within two years he finished translating most of the New Testament and set off in June 1830 with his wife and four children to Grahamstown, Algoa Bay and Cape Town to find a printer for his labours. Rather than rely upon others to carry out the task of printing his works, Moffat learned to print himself and dedicated himself to his task, starting with the first 24 chapters of the Gospel of Luke. Appreciating the zeal with which he carried out his task, Moffat was offered an iron press for future printing. He exerted himself so much in mastering the art of printing that, exhausted, he had to be carried on to the boat on a mattress to take him to Algoa Bay.

On his return to Kuruman he speaks of the astonishment of locals to see a blank piece of paper go into the machine, and a page with letters on appear from the following side.

At the same time, the foundations of a great church were dug, which church with its sturdy stone walls and spacious span of timbered beams still stands as a monument to Moffat's great endeavours. It was opened in November 1838. From all these



The great stone church at Kuruman, now recognized as one of South Africa's historic buildings

developments, a spiritual awakening occurred which brought exceptionally great joy to Robert and Mary.

Mary meanwhile dedicated herself to making clothes for the local folk to improve their way of life and bring them some modicum of comfort. Boxes of cloth were delivered from Manchester and Mary and her fellow missionary wives sewed with gusto. The final flourish to these pioneer years came with the conversion of two chiefs – this was, for Moffat, a benediction on 20 years of toil.

Unlike David Livingstone who had an explorer's instincts and habits, Moffat's were those of the settler. In Moffat's view, duty had to be linked to discovery, and there had to be some lofty purpose to justify the time and energy needed and to compensate for his absence from Kuruman and Mary. Once in the line of duty, however, nothing would divert Moffat, and his five long journeys from 1829 to 1859 to Mzilikazi were the best evidence of this. These journeys and his relationship with Mzilikazi are of foremost interest and importance to us in this part of the world and place Moffat amongst the great travellers of Southern Africa.

In spite of strife between tribes and clans, Moffat, because of his friendship with Mzilikazi, moved across the land with an acknowledged supremacy. The affection and understanding between the two men provided a rare and touching personal chapter in the history of Southern Africa. This bond showed the "shrewd simplicity" of Moffat's character, and the utter devotion to him by Mzilikazi.

In 1829 five men, unannounced and all nearly naked, appeared at Kuruman and upset the sensibilities of the now demure and fully clad Bechuanas. These were a group of Matabele under two headmen sent by Mzilikazi to find out if the reality of Kuruman reflected the stories he had heard about it. Nothing was hidden from the gaze of these Matabele warriors. Everything was shown to them: the houses, gardens, water ditch, forge – all eliciting much astonishment and admiration.

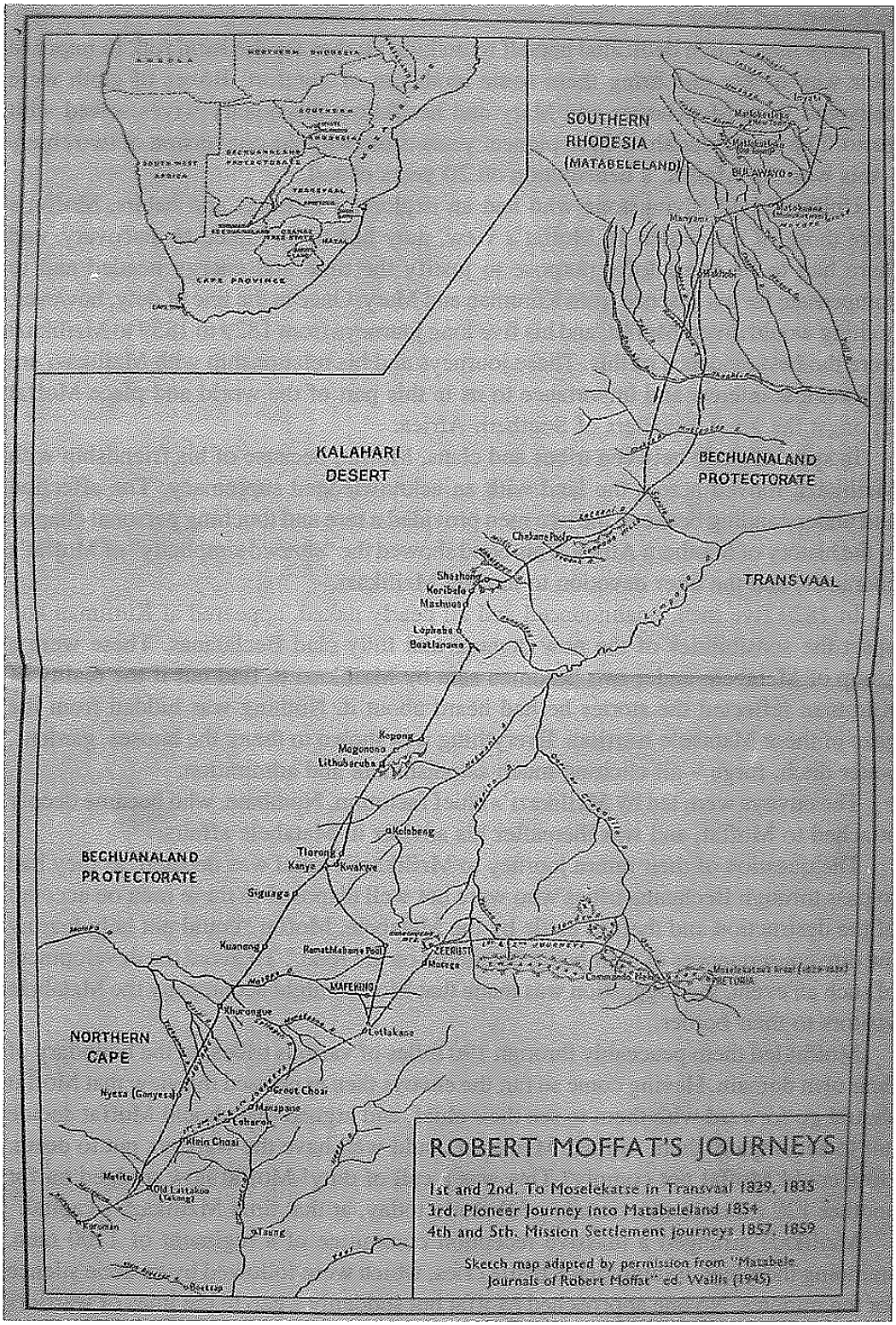
The envoys were led by Mzilikazi's chief factotum, Nombate, who became deeply attached to Moffat, and was thereafter his adviser in Matabele affairs.

The question of their return journey to Mzilikazi's kraal was debated, as they had to pass through Bechuana tribes who were not well disposed to these men on account of the destruction and theft of cattle by the Matabele. Moffat "could not help fearing the dire consequences of their being butchered on the road." To avoid the development of such an event, the suggestion was made that Moffat might accompany the Matabele visitors to their border.

Moffat led them peaceably through 190 miles of various tribes, to the boundary of their own domain. Having come so far, the envoys then expressed the view that Moffat should go forward with them to see their chief, and argued that should Moffat decide not to accompany them further, Mzilikazi could well have the warriors put to death. How could Moffat not comply? This was a call of duty! Moffat now trudged on for another 120 miles to the vicinity of Pretoria today, at that time Mzilikazi's capital.

Mzilikazi arranged a massive reception committee of a regiment of 1100 men, stamping their feet, issuing fierce battle cries, which were followed by an eerie silence for ten minutes. No one approached Moffat but suddenly a gap in the lines of warriors opened up and Mzilikazi appeared with attendants carrying food and beer.

To use a modern idiom, it is clear that the two "connected" at once, and for the first



Sketchmap showing Robert Moffat's journeys

of many times, Mzilikazi used the words "My heart is as white as milk," when referring to Moffat. This he followed up with an amazingly Biblical statement to the effect that Moffat had loved him, fed him, protected him and carried him in his arms. When Moffat demurred, Mzilikazi stated that what Moffat had done for his envoys, he had also done for him.

Mzilikazi was particularly surprised and amazed at seeing a wagon. This was the first time he had allowed a "moving house" to come into his kraal.

Mzilikazi's regard for Moffat was so overwhelming that it affected even his dispensing of justice. A culprit had been caught with one of Mzilikazi's wives. Death by drowning in a pool full of crocodiles was a foregone conclusion.

The feared Matabele chief said that for the sake of Moffat, whose heart wept at the shedding of blood, he sentenced the man not to death, but only to be degraded and exiled. The sentenced man stated however, that he could not bear such a punishment, and pleaded for death in preference, which Mzilikazi then granted.

Moffat (Moshete as he was called by Mzilikazi) remained at the kraal for eight days. During this time the extraordinary friendship that was to last a lifetime was forged.

Mzilikazi wanted a reliable relationship with a white man, and in Moffat he saw the finest specimen available, and Moffat recognised in the Matabele a people worth knowing, and in Mzilikazi a chief worth converting.

Moffat's rallying cry was "Bible and Plough." Having obtained the trust of the Matabele King, traders, explorers, hunters and travellers, missionaries, all used this extraordinary association between Moffat and the Matabele monarch to implement their plans.

Meanwhile Moffat's vision and industry at Kuruman was paying huge dividends. The farm lands they tended now expanded to more than 500 acres, irrigated by the water of the Kuruman river. In 1834 the improvements produced 14 bushels of potatoes, 4 of peas and beans, 45 of native corn, 14 of barley, 160 of maize and 131 of wheat. The livestock was 466 goats, 230 sheep, 764 cows and calves, 752 oxen and 13 horses. There were 828 fruit trees, 236 houses and the population of the Mission station was 727. However notable this achievement was, Moffat always regarded the condition of souls more important than the condition of crops, and the fact that his congregation on a particular Sunday rose to 340 gave him great joy.

In 1835, in order to smooth the way for an American Mission from Boston to establish itself in territory beyond the Matabele, Moffat undertook his second expedition to his friend Mzilikazi. As the expedition neared the Matabele capital, Mzilikazi sent a message for Moffat to ride ahead to meet him. On seeing Moffat, he called out his name several times then added, "Now my eyes see you again, and my heart is as white as milk."

This visit was an extended one. For seven weeks Moffat remained with Mzilikazi, within which time he was given timber for Kuruman. So abundant was the gift that the wagons were overloaded and could not bear the full generous load.

Moffat also took the opportunity to talk to Mzilikazi about his relationship with the Griquas, seeking a reconciliation which took a further 10 years to achieve. The main issue was to prepare the ground for the coming of American missionaries to Mosega, within Mzilikazi's domain.

These same American missionaries were in October 1836 to witness a battle royal between Boers and Matabele causing the missionaries to decide to abandon the area. The battle of Vegkop is important for several reasons: firstly, that a group of 40 Boers and 13 children could defeat the Matabele war machine consisting of several impis and many thousands of warriors, would make a deep impression on the Matabele. Secondly, amongst the children loading and re-loading weapons for their father, was one Paulus Stephanus Kruger, destined to become the President of the South African Republic; and thirdly, this battle was a factor which resulted in the Matabele deciding to move northwards, towards the end of 1837, culminating in their eventual arrival north of the Limpopo.

In 1838 Moffat completed the first draft of the New Testament in Sechuana – a major achievement. To print this was too big a task for Moffat, so at the end of that year he and his family set off for Cape Town with the precious manuscript in the wagon forechest. There the decision was made there for the family to travel back to England. They sailed a few days after a baby girl, their fourth child, was born to Mary. Three days later, sadly, her six-year-old son James died in a ship's outbreak of measles.

Moffat's arrival in England was his first touch of English soil for 23 years. Their stay was a long one, lasting for three-and-a-half years – until 1843. Moffat set out on a round of speech-making, where the story of his 20 years in Africa opened a world of wonder, risk and romance. His word pictures, such as those that follow, had a dramatic effect on his audiences: "I admit I have suffered in Africa; I have hungered in Africa, I have experienced extreme thirst in Africa; I have been in perils in the desert among savage hearts; in peril among men more savage than beasts."

So sought-after as a speaker was Moffat, that he had to make the conscious decision to desist from his speech-making in 1841 in order to organize the printing of his New Testament, and to write his book – published in 1843 *Missionary Labours and Scenes in Southern Africa.*

Having met his lofty goals, he returned to speech-making, where his words reverberated through the length and breadth of England, and the lives of his listeners "were lifted into realms of wonder by his presence and speeches."

At this same time Moffat met a taciturn yet eager young David Livingstone, nearly 20 years his junior, who asked him "whether he (Moffat) thought he would do for Africa."

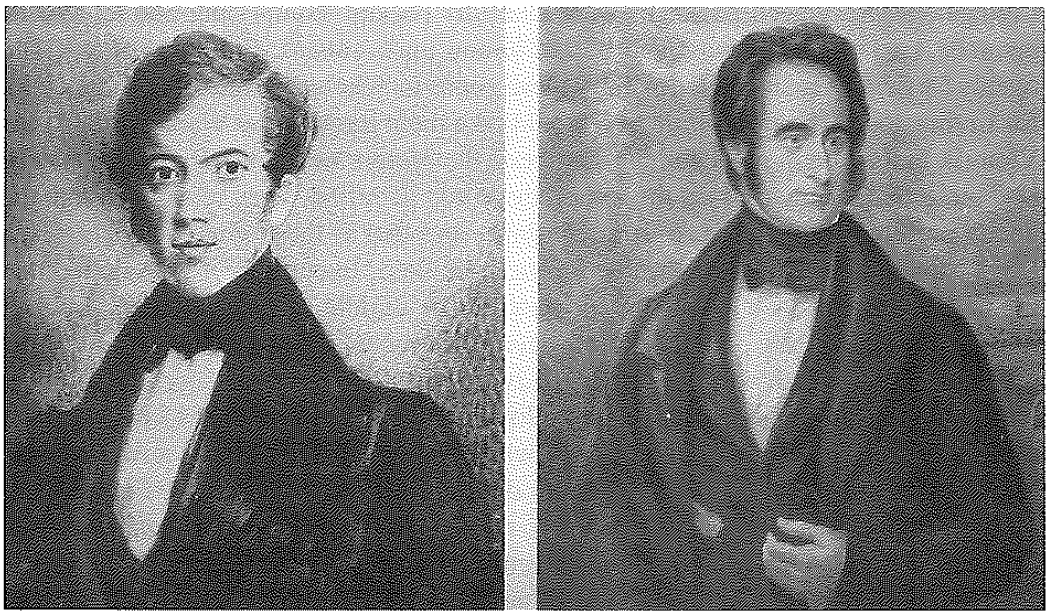
Moffat's response to the effect that "I believed he would (do for Africa). If he would not go to an old station, but would advance to unoccupied ground specifying the vast plain to the north, where I have sometimes seen, in the morning sun, the smoke of a thousand villages, where no missionary had ever been," was the spark to the fire that ever after burned in Livingstone, to dedicate his life to glorify God and to giving to Africa the saving knowledge of his Lord and Saviour.

In 1840 Livingstone sailed for Africa, and in January 1845 he married Mary Moffat.

* * * *

Nineteen years had passed since Moffat had last met Mzilikazi in the Transvaal and he now received messages sent by Mzilikazi that he wished to see Moffat again.

By May 1854, Livingstone had disappeared into the hinterland and there had been no word of him or his whereabouts for 17 months. Letters from Robert and Mary



David Livingstone, aged 27, and Robert Moffat, aged 45, at the time of their first meeting in London in 1840. The Livingstone miniature was made by the London Missionary Society for its records, and the Moffat portrait by George Baxter, the colour printer, for popular sale and published in 1843

Moffat tell of their concern for their son-in-law and so it was decided that Moffat should go and visit his old friend, now established in Matabeleland, to try and find out the whereabouts of Livingstone, and of their daughter Mary.

This was an epic journey, and had Moffat had Livingstone's flair for descriptive exploration, he could have turned it into one as celebrated as those of Livingstone.

He was now 60 years old, but still hardy, fit and dedicated to his vision.

Like admiring visitors today, Moffat wrote eloquent descriptions of the Matopo hills, and he writes most movingly of the death of his little kitten Netty, by a stray dog.

On this, their third meeting, Moffat was distressed to find Mzilikazi suffering from dropsy and with an inflamed knee that prevented him from standing or walking unaided.

As a result of poulticing the knee and allowing the Monarch to drink only water instead of beer, within three days Mzilikazi was on his feet once again.

Moshete or Machobane, (The Father of Mzilikazi) as he was also called was able to sit with the king day by day and to see the inner workings of his rule and lifestyle; but whilst Moffat was desperate to move off to find his son-in-law, Mzilikazi used every possible ploy to keep his friend Moshete with him. After a month, with even Moffat's patience wearing thin, Mzilikazi took the decision to accompany Moffat on his journey, and installed himself in Moffat's wagon.

The two had always been able to communicate through William, the Griqua interpreter. He was off on other business this first day of travel, so the two men sat in companionable silence, smiling at one another and expressing, by their countenance, their intense enjoyment at being together.

They set off in a north-westerly direction, eventually reaching the Nata river, and also the tsetse fly belt. The decision was made to organize an expedition to find

Livingstone. Seventeen packages were carefully packed, comprising coffee, apples, potatoes, two bottles of wine and two of lemon juice, raisins, flour and books. The twenty carriers were instructed to carry these goods to Sekelutu, Chief of the Makololo, for Livingstone. Their 150-mile trek would take them through the Wankie area to the Victoria Falls. Having reached the Zambezi, the porters were clearly advised by the Makololo that if they crossed the river they would be killed. They responded that the goods portered by them were from Moshete, and that if these goods did not reach Livingstone, there would be trouble for the Makololo. Eventually it was agreed that the porters deposit their goods on an island in the middle of the Zambezi, and then return to their country. The Makololo then constructed a hut around and over the precious cargo, which was collected by Livingstone, about a year later.

On their return to his capital Matlokotloko, Mzilikazi authorized Moffat to preach to his warriors, which Moffat did over a whole week. Whilst this was a ruse to keep Moffat with him, it was a source of great delight to Moffat. One of the outcomes of such preaching was Mzilikazi's consent to release Truey, a Griqua girl who had been captured 20 years earlier, and who now returned home with Moffat.

Their parting was most touching, and "never in African history had a royal farewell had so much depth of genuine personal feeling," wrote Moffat. "On nothing, however," he added, "do I look with so much pleasure as having been permitted to preach to him (Mzilikazi) and his people, the words of eternal life."

A guard of honour accompanied Moffat to the Matabele frontier. "I leave," wrote Moffat, "with astonishment at the kindness of a savage tyrant of great power to a plain Christian missionary, which perhaps has never been surpassed."

Moffat's relationship with Mzilikazi and the regard in which he was held by the Matabele, was not established by any subtle skill, but by sheer devotion to his cause: a stubborn "duty to supply him, and his people with the knowledge of Divine things," which never slackened in spite of Matabele unresponsiveness.

Although Moffat was so highly regarded and loved by Mzilikazi, he (Moffat) had no illusions about the degree of faith and perseverance required to effect a change on inbred attitudes. Furthermore he had no illusions about the capacity of Mzilikazi to lie, as he wrote, "lies with him are as lawful as eating food."

Fired with the glory and passion aroused in England by Livingstone's triumphal return to England, and the publication of his book *Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa* in 1857, the London Missionary Society now instructed Moffat to set up a mission station in Matabeleland.

Who other than Moshete could obtain the required approval from the Matabele Monarch for such a purpose? In July 1857 Moffat was on the road once again, within 21 days of receiving his instructions.

His decision to make the 1400 mile round trip was made easier by virtue of the fact that in January of the same year, Moffat had completed the translation of the Bible into Sechwana. By July, the completed and carefully checked sheets were coming off the Kuruman Press. Moffat's labour of love, faith and devotion to God had been fulfilled. With no grammar or dictionary on which to build his vocabulary, Moffat had persevered, and his Sechwana Bible was to stand the test of time, and was still in common use 50 years later.

This fourth journey was a lonely one for Moffat. He had one nasty experience of being caught in a stampede of his oxen who had sniffed the scent of lion near the Shashi river. In spite of being mown down in the rush, and bumping his head so hard as to stun him, Moffat shook off the effects of the accident by washing his head in cold water, and his only comment was to consider how fortunate it was that the wagon had not crashed.

Mzilikazi was now crippled by gout, but nevertheless delighted to see his old friend. For 10 weeks Moffat remained at the new site of Matlokotloko but on this occasion the contact between Moshete and Mzilikazi was less intense than three years previously, as Moffat was coming as an official ambassador to secure a footing for missionaries within the King's domain, and furthermore, he had come to release Macheng, the rightful king for the Bamangwato, from Matabele incarceration.

Moffat had success in effecting the release of Macheng, but whilst Mzilikazi professed satisfaction in missionaries entering and residing in Matabeleland, he was vague about directing the missionaries to a specific site, and that same situation persisted as Moffat took his leave of the Matabele King.

In mid-1858 a group of missionaries assembled in Cape Town, all commissioned for the far interior of Africa. Livingstone and his contingent were to set off by sea up the East Coast to the Zambezi Delta, whilst the Moffat group was to travel overland.

When Moffat had arrived in Africa, in 1817, Kuruman had been the northern rim of civilization – now the horizon was lifted to Zambezia and Makolololand, which only the veterans Moffat and Livingstone had so far visited.

This was the last time Moffat and Livingstone were to meet. Moffat's opinion of Livingstone was recorded after Livingstone's burial in Westminster Abbey in 1874: "He (Livingstone) was characteristically humble," Moffat wrote. "When I came to Cape Town in 1858 to meet him, laden with honours and honorary degrees, he seemed more humble than ever . . . he sacrificed everything for one grand object, to carry the gospel of the Son of God to the heart of Africa."

In August 1858, Moffat and his group set off from Cape Town. Once again their trek took them over the Cape flats, through Paarl and Wellington, up Bain's pass in the Drakenstein Mountains, then through the desolate Karoo to Beaufort West. It had been a tortuous trip and of the 42 oxen which had set out, only 23 survived.

Their arrival at Kuruman coincided with dire threats of attacks on Kuruman by a Boer Commando from Potchefstroom, but as a result of letters written by Moffat and with the timely intervention of Sir George Grey, the Governor of the Cape, the conflict was averted.

After a few months at Kuruman in July 1859 three groups of missionaries set out, two, John Smith Moffat and his bride Emily, and separately Robert Moffat and William Sykes, destined for Matabeleland, whilst a third party departed bound for Makololo. This latter party was to be decimated by fever and only one adult and two children were to survive.

The two Moffat families joined up before entering Matabeleland where a dramatic event occurred. As lung sickness had affected the oxen, a message was sent to Mzilikazi warning him about the danger of introducing the epidemic to his cattle. Mzilikazi acted expeditiously and dramatically. He ordered 160 of his warriors to meet Moffat

and for 18 days these warriors dragged the wagons towards their king. Only when the pace of the "human oxen" was deemed too tardy for their impatient Monarch, Mzilikazi sent 40 ill-trained oxen to hasten the wagon train.

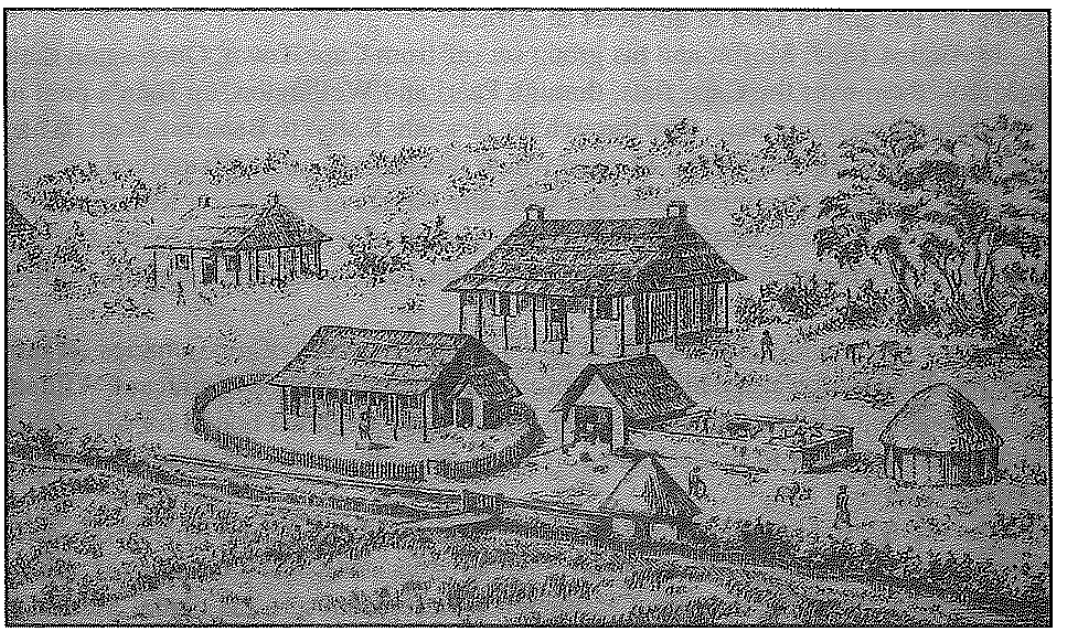
Through the hot and humid November of 1859 and for the first half of December, Mzilikazi failed to authorise the missionaries a place at which to establish a permanent presence. Tempers became frayed and food became scarce. Moffat's patience however, was ever constant, and finally on 16th December word was sent that the missionaries could advance to the royal town of Inyati, there to create a settlement. Beneath the hill called Ndumba was a watered valley into which they moved the day after Christmas 1859.

The king's permission was granted with the words, "If the valley pleases you, it is, with the fountain, at your service. Choose where you wish to build and occupy as much land as you please. If you are satisfied the king will be glad."

This was the first concession of the Matabele to whites, and the forerunner of a series of grants that opened up the land to hunters, traders, explorers and prospectors. It was essentially a personal concession, from one man to the other, for without Robert Moffat's links with Mzilikazi it would probably not have happened in the way it did. As a personal achievement it put the crown on all Moffat's dealings with him, and as a social and economic factor it introduced revolutionary changes into Matabele life.

The triumphs and vicissitudes of the Inyati Mission Station and the courage, hardship, fortitude and resilience of the Missionaries there, can be the subject of another paper. For Robert Moffat, the settlement was a triumphant conclusion to his 30 years relationship with the King of the Matabele. For him, it was Kuruman all over again, where his patience and fortitude won the love and respect of Mzilikazi as no other had ever or would ever do.

Their final farewell was an emotional one. The two men held hands for a long



The mission station at Inyati

time, Mzilikazi looking intently into Moffat's face. "Hamba gahle," (go in peace) he said, "why should I continue to look on you? I shall take care of the teachers. I love them." It was the word of a king and of a gentleman that was never broken.

Shortly after Moffat's return to Kuruman from Inyati, he heard of the disaster which had befallen the missionaries who had set out to start the Makololo Mission. Six of their number had died of fever and only one adult, Roger Price, and two of the Helmore children were still alive. On hearing this terrible news Moffat left Kuruman on 5th January 1861 to meet up with the pathetic survivors of this disastrous mission, and to return with them to Kuruman. Much argument and many strong views are expressed on this tragic episode which again would require deeper analysis in another article.

Whilst ever continuing revision and improvement on his Bible translation, Moffat continued to preach in Kuruman and in villages and communities all around. All the while his beloved Mary served endlessly and both of them developed their garden, orchards and fields.

Great sadness they had to deal with when, within a few months in 1862, their eldest son Robert, who was establishing himself as a trader, died suddenly in the veldt, within a few miles of home. A month later, came news of the death of their daughter, Mary Livingstone, who died at Shupanga on the Zambezi 50 miles upstream of that great river's delta. Whilst Mary had been afflicted by several attacks of malaria, she did not appear to have been too badly affected. This final attack failed to respond to treatment, and Mary's condition worsened over a period of three days until she fell into a coma, and breathed her last. James Stewart, a member of Livingstone's expedition, wrote movingly of Livingstone at this tragic moment: " The man who had faced so many deaths, and braved so many dangers, was now truly broken down and weeping like a child."[4]

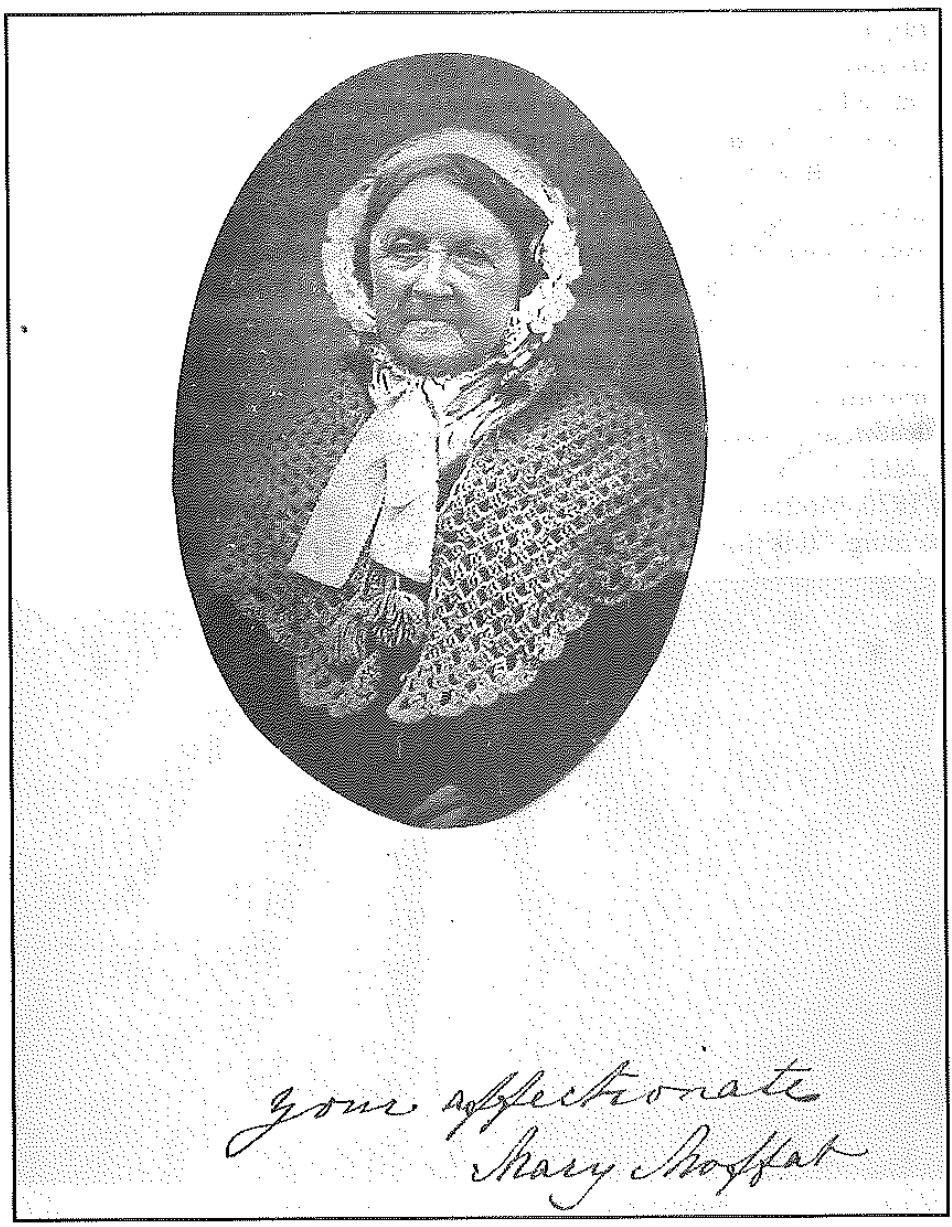
By 1870, Moffat was 74 and he had notified the London Missionary Society of his wish to retire. "It is time for me and my partner of so many years labour, aye and toil

Robert and Mary Moffat in 1870, age 75

of no ordinary description, to retire and give place to youth and energy – I wish I were young again."

His last sermon was delivered from the Kuruman pulpit on 25 March 1870. The following day he and Mary stood in the doorway of their home, watching the wagon being packed for their last journey to the Cape. As the old couple walked down the path towards their wagon, a wail arose from members of their flock. Having bade farewell to their son John they set off along the road for the last time. For many miles they were accompanied by scores of their Sechwana Africans. Finally Moffat stood up, gave them his blessing, after which he and Mary advanced alone.

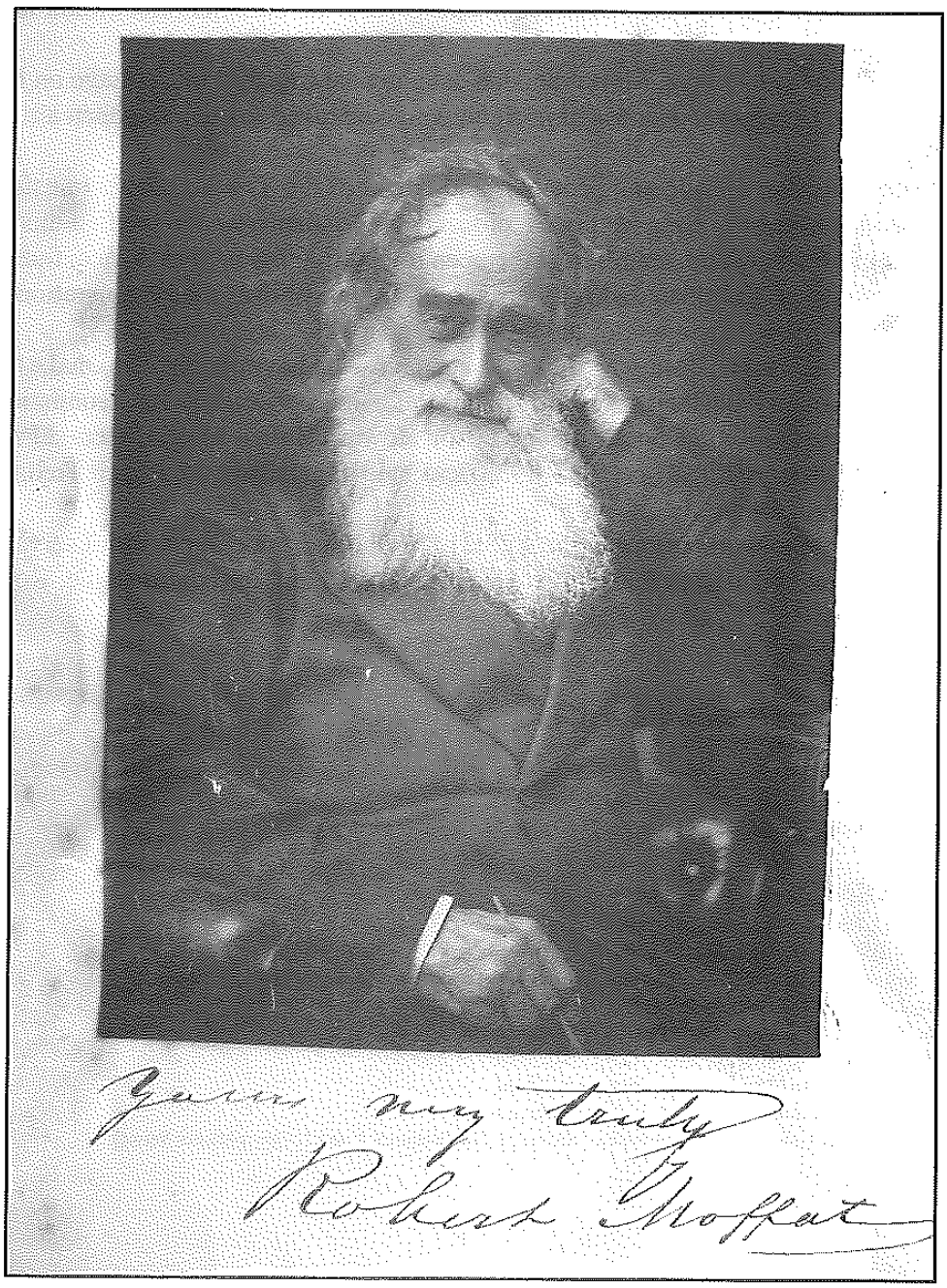
For many hundreds of miles along the route to Port Elizabeth Boer friends gave them little parting gifts.



The ship was boarded and following a public farewell breakfast in Cape Town in honour of the Moffats, the S.S. Norseman bore them back to Plymouth in England.

Six months after their arrival Mary caught a cold which developed into bronchitis. A few days later gallant Mary Moffat, then aged 75, died and was buried in Howard Cemetery.

For the next ten years Robert Moffat delivered speeches throughout England and particularly in the Midlands and Northern cities. He was honoured wherever he went, received an honorary Doctorate from St. Andrew's University, and also the Freedom of the City of London.



He was referred to as "the venerable father of the missionary world" by Archbishop Tait, breakfasted with Gladstone, dined with the Archbishop of Canterbury and was twice introduced to Queen Victoria.

Whenever he spoke, "audiences rose in reverential homage". His heroic statement on the occasion of the celebration of his 80th birthday that "had he a thousand lives he would live them all over again in the same good and holy cause" reverberated throughout the land.

But still his passion and purpose in translating the Sechwana language was not complete. He revised *Pilgrims Progress*; corrected a new edition of the Kuruman hymn book; compiled a Sechwana vocabulary; and guided the complete Sechwana Bible through the press.

In 1878 in his 84th year, Moffat and his daughter Jane moved to a cottage on Park Hall estate at Leigh near Tonbridge in Kent, where he loved to be in the open air, and work his garden.

Robert Moffat, apostle and protector and friend of the Tswana, Bible translator, friend and confidant of King Mzilikazi, pioneer of Christianity and of the first mission Stations in Matabeleland, guardian of the open road through Southern Africa, founder and developer of Kuruman and the Patriach of a dynasty over many generations of leaders in this part of the world, died on 9th August 1883, at the age of 88.

Amongst Robert and Mary Moffat's descendants who have continued to make their mark in our country are: their son, John Smith Moffat, missionary, Native Commissioner and witness to the Rudd Concession; grandson Howard Unwin Moffat, second Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia (1927–1933) and another grandson, Sir Robert Tredgold, Chief Justice of Rhodesia.

Surely God's words from Matthew 25:21 "Well done, good and faithful servant!" must have reverberated in heaven for God's dedicated and intrepid disciple, Robert Moffat.

NOTES

[1] Moffat J. S. 1885. *The Lives of Robert and Mary Moffat.* p. 3.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 40.

[3] Northcott, Cecil. 1961. *Robert Moffat: Pioneer in Africa.* (Letter from Robert Moffat to his parents 8/4/1818 – National Archives) p. 46.

[4] Mackenzie, Rob. 1993. *David Livingstone, The Truth Behind the Legend.* p. 263.

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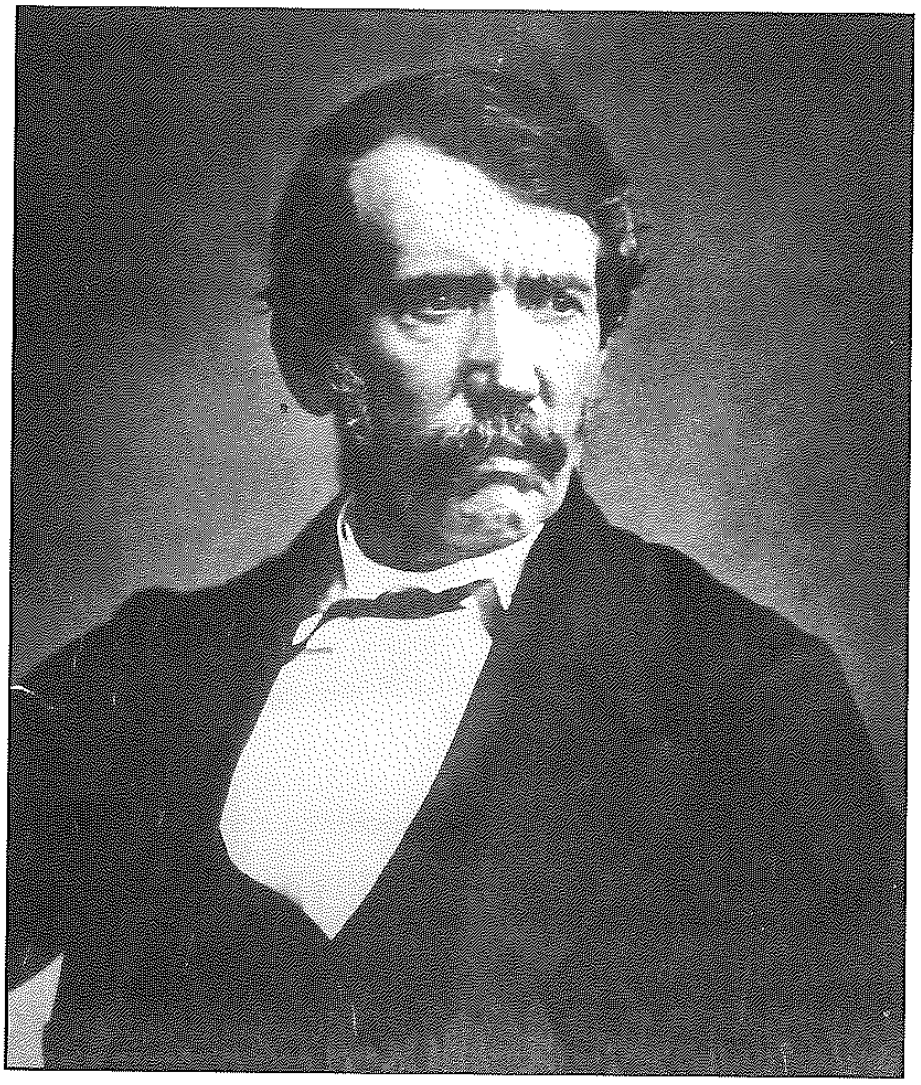
David Livingstone
Exploring the Many Myths and Truths Behind the Doctor

by Rob Mackenzie

David Livingstone is perhaps the best known missionary of them all. His attempts to find the source of the Nile and his meeting with Henry Morton Stanley are legendary but *what is the truth behind the man?*

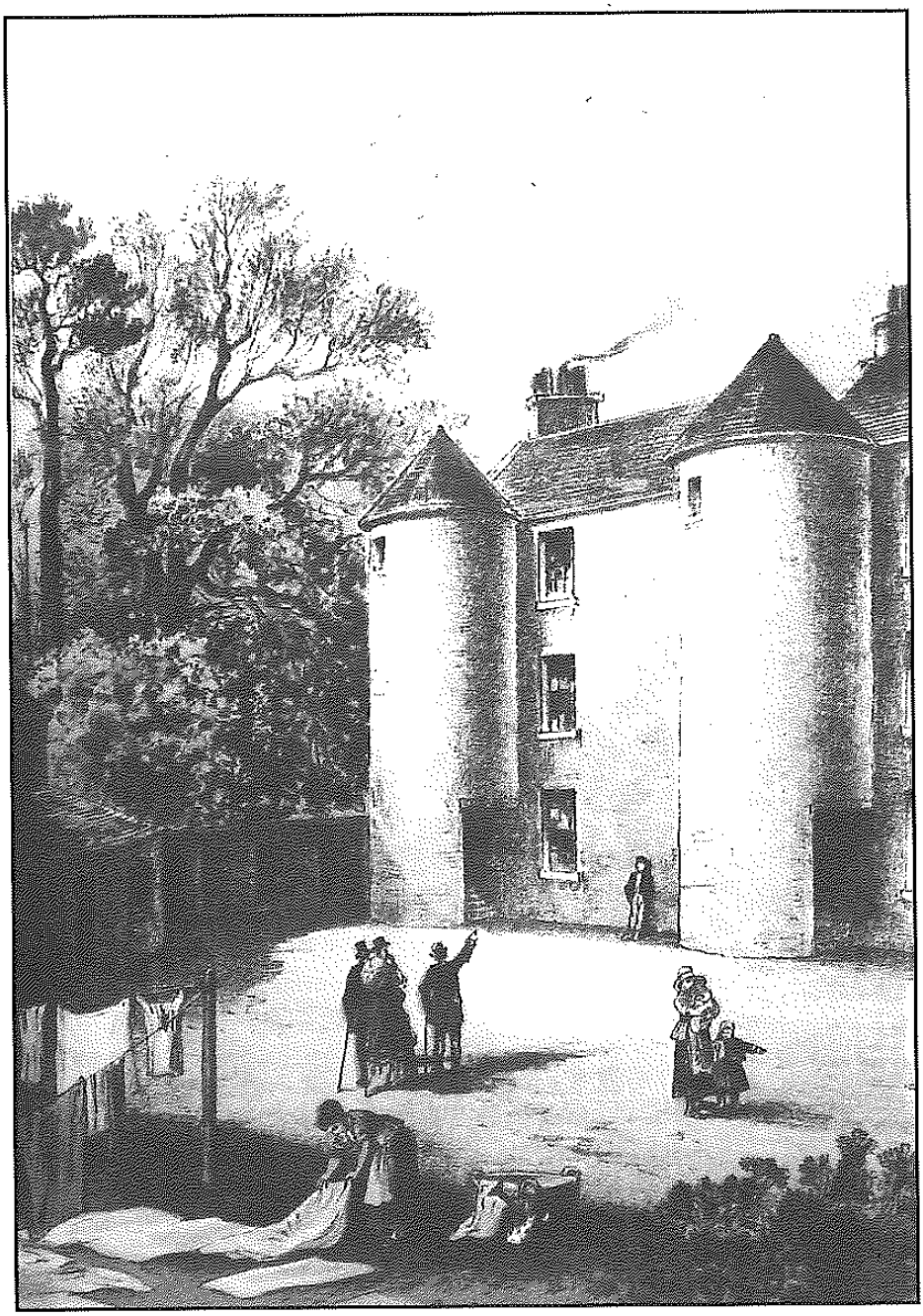
I had formulated several misconceptions regarding Livingstone. To me he was a nebulous colonial explorer who pottered around the countryside with little or no purpose in life.



Dr. David Livingstone

This fallacy was corrected in my mind when I noticed the *high regard the African people have for David Livingstone.* In many countries where independence from Colonisation has occurred, the names previously given to streets, buildings and even towns bearing the names of early pioneers have been withdrawn and replaced.

This has not been the case with Livingstone. In Zambia, the town near the Victoria Falls bears his name, and Blantyre, the capital of Malawi, was named after Livingstone's home town in Scotland. Countless streets and buildings throughout Africa still bear



Blantyre, Scotland. A 14 ft. × 10 ft. room housed the Livingstone family

his name. In Zimbabwe his statue still stands at the Victoria Falls and another outside the President's official office in Harare.

One-hundred-and-fifty years after Livingstone explored and renamed the Victoria Falls, in 2005, Zambia honoured his work in unveiling two statues and two memorial plaques in his honour. At the unveiling it was joyfully told to me that Britain "can have Livingstone's bones but his heart is buried in Africa". Such is the respect that many have for him and his work.

As I had been proven so wrong, I therefore looked into other theories regarding Livingstone.

Secondly, other misconceptions troubled me *in that recent years there has been a tendency by diverse writers to produce works that condemn or at best criticise many great pathfinders,* be they Livingstone or even the likes of Scott of the Antarctica.

Though this was done to correct several of the hagiographies which were the fashion in Victorian and even post First and Second World War times, many have swung the pendulum too far.

For example one writer stated that Livingstone had a huge fall out with William Cotton Oswell, just so as to add further weight to the argument that Livingstone fell into disagreements with virtually every white man he met. Though Livingstone was a difficult man to work with in Mabotsa and on the Zambesi Expedition he never fell out with William Cotton Oswell.

In addressing the Scottish Royal Geographical Society's annual convention in 1993, I pointed this out stating in evidence that why would a man name his son after someone he has had a problem with. Indeed Oswell generously supported the Livingstones when they were in Cape Town in 1852.

At the same conference Claire Footit, a journalist, came forward and introduced herself as one of Oswell's relatives in possession of correspondence between the two men well into their latter lives, confirming that there was no problematic relationship.

Another book "The rise triumph and fall of Livingstone" ascertains that Livingstone stole the maps of Senor Porto, a Portuguese trader, explorer and slave dealer to open up the region today known as Malawi.

Senor Porto produced sketches not maps as would have been drawn up by Livingstone, with longitude and latitude and acceptable to the Royal Geographical Society.

Let us look at the fact or is it a misconception that ***he was a failed Evangelist*** which is one comment attributed to Livingstone . . . after all isn't that the job of a Missionary?

Many say he only converted one person to the Christian faith – Sechele, who after several years in the Christian faith suffered a lapse when he took back one of his former wives.

However it is interesting to note that this man was the Paramount Chief and was basically the forefather of the local Christian believers in Botswana, remaining a Christian and encouraging Christianity until his death. Because he was a leader, many people took on his persuasion and joined the Christian faith.

Interestingly Botswana is perhaps the country with the longest record of peace for

any nation in Africa. Chief Sechele was also not the only one of Livingstone's converts for on the same day (October 1st 1848) a man Setefano was also baptised.

It is highly likely that several of Livingstone's porters were also converted by him, these would have included Wakitani and Chuma, slaves who were set free by Livingstone and Bishop Mackenzie. Although they were under the Universities Mission they retained a close affiliation to the Dr with whom they travelled to India and went back on the final expedition with Livingstone.

Wakitani was still practising his Christian Faith when Gunner Young found him whilst searching for the truth regarding whether Livingstone was alive or dead Susi a Mohammedan who joined the Zambesi Expedition and later travelled to India, converted to the Christian faith; dropped the name Abdullah and took the name of James Susi.

Both Susi and Chumah remained faithful followers of the Dr and even led the funeral procession after his death. They were obviously strong believers as they then went on to work for the Universities Mission.

Interestingly it is possibly Livingstone himself who would have seen himself as the failed Missionary for his vision changed from being that of a missionary to opening up Africa to commerce and thus ending the Slave Trade. For it was whilst looking for a new site for a mission station that Livingstone spotted the Slave Trade for the first time on 12th August 1853. He wrote "shame on us if we are to be outdone by slave-traders"

In a letter to his father he wrote that "the conversion of a few, however valuable their souls may be, cannot be put in the scale against the knowledge of the truth spread over the whole country . . . we are like voices crying in the wilderness. We prepare the way for a glorious future in which missionaries telling the same tale of love will convert by every sermon . . . Fever seems to forbid, but I shall work for the glory of Christ's Kingdom, fever or no fever".

Another misconception I have researched is that ***Livingstone married for convenience not love***. Certainly he in writing to a friend explained that " I am it seems after all to be hooked to Miss Moffat!" he wrote in his letters to her such comments as "And now I must again my dear, dear Mary, bid you goodbye. Accept my expressions as literally true when I say,I am your most affectionate and still confiding lover."

Though unmistakably Victorian in style there is a warm love expressed in many a letter such as the above.

They married and Mary bore him several children. Robert was born whilst living a harsh existence in Chonuane. Indeed their second child, Agnes, was also born into very trying times so much so they moved to the banks of the Kolobeng River. Thomas and William were born into no less trying times.

Mary yet again chose to travel with her husband and family returning to the area they had explored of Lake Ingami and the Zouga, even being the first Europeans to cross the Kalahari desert. Their fifth child, Elizabeth Pyne was born back in Kolobeng but succumbed to a disease prevailing amongst the Bakwains and after a fortnight died.

Mary contracted a facial paralysis known as Bells Palsy and the decision was made to return 270 miles to Kuruman and then onto Cape Town. Both David and Mary agreed that for the sake of their calling her husband would search for higher ground

Mary Livingstone

(believed to be free from malaria) and he understood that the schooling in Britain would stand their children in good stead.

Despite a terribly tearful goodbye in Cape Town they both remained committed to their decision. Mary and the children living an almost nomadic wretched existence staying with relatives and friends whilst her husband faced and nearly succumbed to death on countless occasions.

Livingstone arrived back in Britain on 9th December 1856, a hero for being the only known man to enter the interior of Africa, emerge on the West Coast nearly dead, recover and re-enter the dark interior only to appear on the east Coast of Africa with a steely determination to open up the interior to commercialisation.

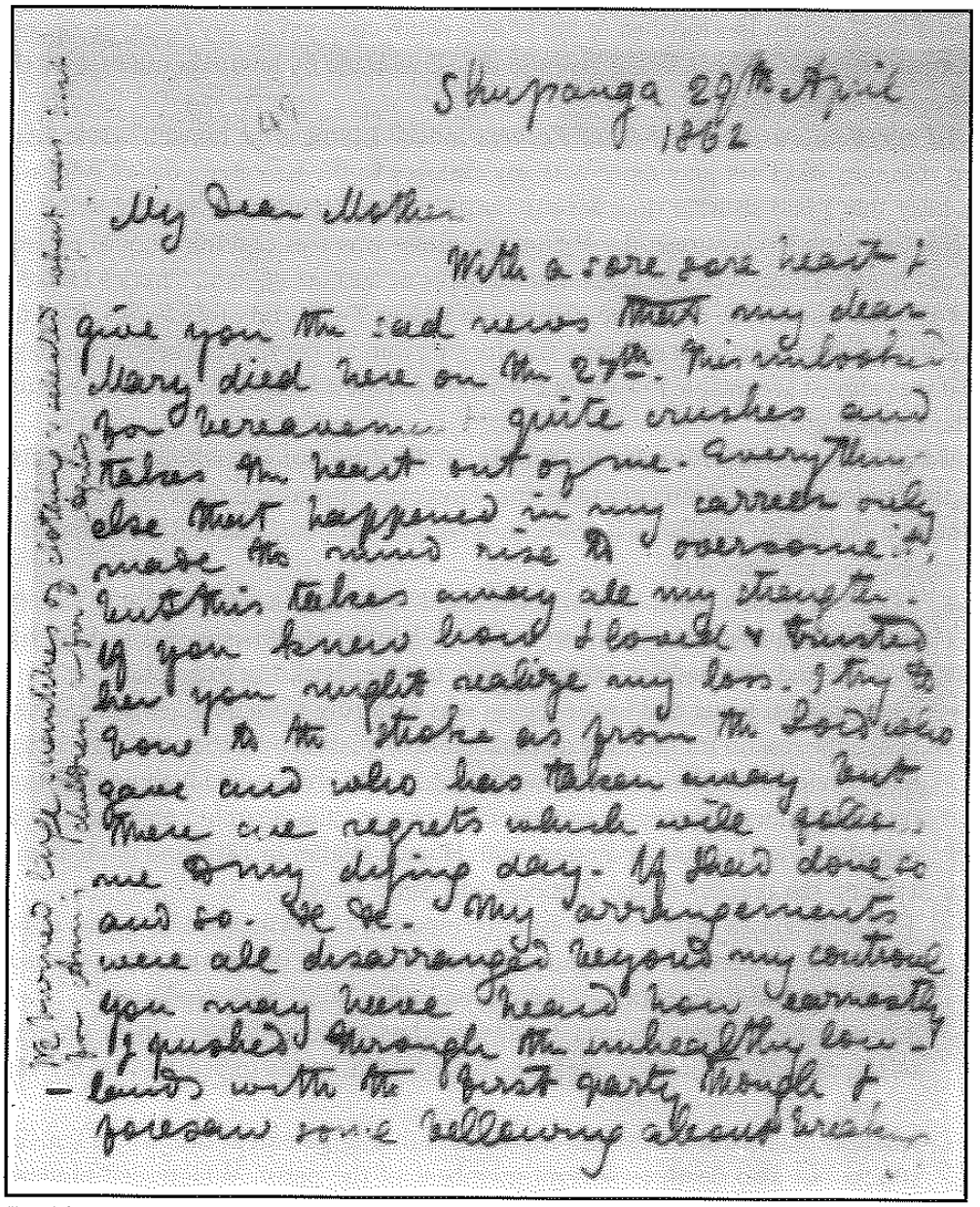
In England quietly Mary gave him her own prophetic poem which to me verifies their love for one another in that she stated:

A hundred thousand welcomes! How my heart is gushing o'er
With the love and joy and wonder thus to see your face once more.
How did I live without you these long long years of woe?
It seems as if 'twould kill me to be parted from you now.
You'll never part me, darling, there's a promise in your eye;
I may tend you while I'm living, you will watch me when I die;
And if death but kindly lead me to the blessed home on high,
What a hundred thousand welcomes will await you in the sky!

David Livingstone and his daughter, Anna Mary, 1864

Mary did indeed travel with her husband on the expedition, leaving the children with Livingstone's mother to be schooled. It was on this journey she caught the 'nine month illness', in that she fell pregnant and had to leave the expedition party in Cape Town.

Anna-Mary was born on 16th November 1855 in Kuruman. Mary rejoined the expedition 7 years later only to succumb to Malaria on the banks of the Zambesi in Quellimaine. Just as her poem suggests, she died in Livingstone's arms. . . . 'The man who had faced so many deaths, and braved so many dangers was now utterly broken



In this moving letter tohis mother, Livingstone reports the death of his wife Mary. "Everything else that happened in my career", he writes, "only made the mind rise to overcome it, but this takes away all my strength."

down and weeping like a child'. Livingstone wrote in his journal . . . 'for the first time in my life I feel willing to die.'

Following her death he became even more introverted and singular minded in his desires to see the end of the slave trade. He wrote that finding the 'Nile sources are valuable only as a means of enabling me to open my mouth with power among men. It is this power which I hope to apply to remedy an enormous evil (the slave-trade). Men may think I covet fame, but I make it a rule not to read aught written in my praise.'

In 1866, fourteen years after her death he wrote in his diary 'Far down on the right bank of the Zambesi lies the dust of her whose death changed all my future prospects; and now instead of a check being given to the slave-trade by lawful commerce on the Lake, slave-dhows prosper.

All agree he was not the best of Fathers indeed Livingstone himself wrote years later, 'Oh why did I not play more with my children in the Kolobeng days? Why was I so busy that I had so little time for my bairns? Now I have none to play with.'

Not excusing Livingstone, the Victorian culture was that children should be seen and not heard. Those were the days that the likes of authors such as Charles Dickens tried to make known the cruelty to children in Oliver Twist and other books. Plus the great Victorian expansionist machine was forging into all the four corners of the earth and it was almost acceptable to have one's parent or parents leave for extended periods as the Empire grew.

Many blame Livingstone for the failure of the Zambesi Expedition as, since he was the leader, he was ultimately to blame. However, just as the likes of Scott of the Antarctica had many 'tables as it were, turn against him' so, too, did this happen in Livingstone's case. Notably:

- "The Ma Robert" was indeed a wretched sham of a vessel in that it was the product of a British experiment in alloys. Within months she was leaking like a sieve, and was nothing but a liability holding back the expedition.
- The Zambesi River and lower region was suffering from an extended drought, hence the reason for the slow advancement of vessels over the now higher sand bars. Livingstone designed his own boat the Lady Nyassa which though battling on the Zambesi its design was later copied, in "the Search", and used on an expedition led by gunner Young, with Horace Waller in 1867 and made it with ease up the reaches of the Zambesi and Shire River.
- The Kebrabassa rapids were initially reported to Livingsone as being minor rapids rather than being a significant waterfall, had Livingstone known that he said he would have explored the region on his west- east expedition.
- The warring factions amongst the slave traders also did little to help the progress of the expedition; indeed the tribes were hostile to the expedition on account of their suspicion of them.
- Malaria plagued the expedition members to a huge extent not just in causing illness but also death to several members of the party. Which also hindered progress.

Livingstone was a man who had literally come from very poor circumstances and accomplished all that he had through dogged determination. He was extremely hard

Livingstone's invention to combat malaria. "The most constipating drug I ever took."

on himself and, for that matter, on any other whites with whom he worked. His brother, Charles, took advantage of that fact and that he was also the brother to the Consul. The Dr should have seen though his brother's manipulative spirit but did not hence the increased tensions.

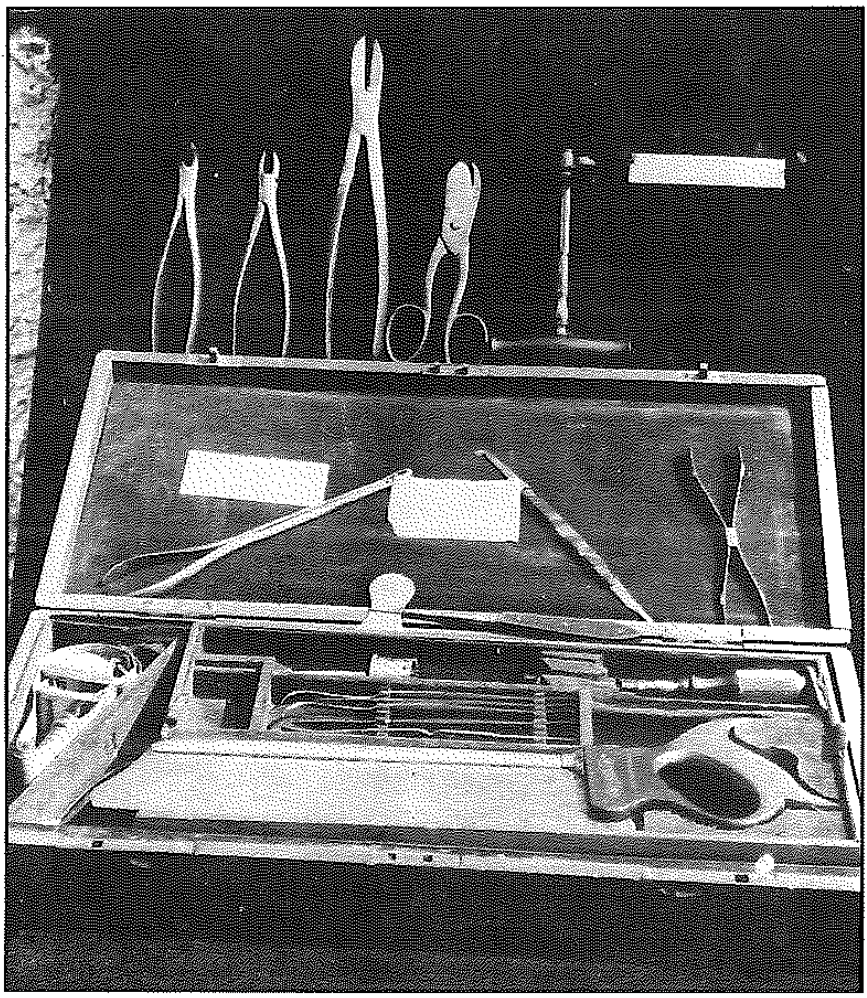
Livingstone treated Baines very harshly and should have taken both the sickness Baines had been suffering, and his artistic phlegmatic temperament into consideration. He did not and, sadly, Baines was dismissed.

Furthermore to assess the impact of this man on Civilisation one needs not only to examine his life but also his legacy. It was only after his death that his greatest desires were granted- the cessation of the slave-trade and the opening up of Africa to Christianity and lawful commerce.

He had the grace to see that his vision was part of a divine plan to set many souls free from slavery, both physical and spiritual.

Although he was also considered a failure for not locating the source of the Nile, as mentioned earlier, his motives in searching for it were to gain a platform from which to denounce the slave-trade.

His methods too, of exploration, were rather unorthodox in that rather than trying to start off with the Nile and follow it back to find its source; he searched for the headwaters, the tributaries that would become the fountains of the Nile. If the Congo



Livingstone's medical box

had in fact flowed to the east and not west, could it not be that Livingstone would have been a further geographical hero?

It also did not help that once in the interior he was literally 'out of sight, out of mind' in the likes of Dr Kirk who was responsible for sending in supplies yet did an abysmal job of it.

Thus in summary, let us lay aside our theories be they misconceptions or not; let us view Livingstone's impact on Africa and indeed the abolition of the Slave Trade.

Livingstone was not the first to hate slavery, but few when he was a child had done anything about it prior to the philanthropists of Britain. It was endemic, or simply not one's business. Then political considerations produced a Levite reaction-at least in Africa-when one complex eccentric's extraordinary career finally snapped the threads of self –interest and apathy.

Livingstone's ultimate goal to bring to the world's attention the plight of the African slave-trade was achieved, and this largely due to the work of Henry Morton Stanley who, after their extraordinary meeting took up the baton of alerting the outside world to the horrors of the Slave Trade. The British and international press took up

Livingstone's cause. The Queen's speech drew the attention of Parliament to the Slave Trade, while Livingstone's description of the Massacre in Manyuema horrified many.

In 1873, an agreement was reached between the British and the Sultan and affected the cessation of the Slave Trade once Britain enforced its treaty.

It may be true that Livingstone did not endear himself to many whites, however his death amongst the people of Africa, and the subsequent actions of his porters will go down as the longest funeral march in the annals of history. Susi and Chumah led the cortège of carrying Livingstone's dried out corpse (minus heart and entrails), a journey of over 1500 miles over unbearable terrain and through touchy tribes. Ten men died before Livingstone's body was handed over to the British Consul in Bagamoyo – which when translated means *lay down the burden of your heart.*

Perhaps the very fact that so many still debate Livingstone's legacy is proof enough of his great impact.

Rob Mackenzie is also the author of " David Livingstone, the truth behind the legend". The book contains extensive footnotes and references thus further enlightening the above précis.

The University of Zimbabwe, 1955–2005

by Professor N. D. Atkinson

This is the text of a talk given to members of the History Society of Zimbabwe on 17 January 2006

Few English-speaking universities have begun their history in such auspicious circumstances as the University College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, founded by Royal Charter in February 1955 to serve the three countries of the newly inaugurated Central African Federation. Yet, within three years, the prospects of the College had been dramatically changed. The main cause was the Suez Crisis of 1958, substantially reducing the importance of the Central African region for Britain. The institution had to operate henceforth in the face of national and international political pressures of an unusually difficult kind.

Already, in the period between the two World Wars, the training of leaders for independent countries in the British Colonial Empire had been planned by the Colonial Office Advisory Committee on Education, established after the Imperial Education Conference of 1923 (Cf. N.D.Atkinson. Commonwealth Education. UR, 1974, pp.26–27). Subsequent investigations during the 1930s, including perhaps most notably the Report of the De La Warr Commission for East Africa in 1937, led to the appointment of a Commission under Mr Justice Asquith in 1943 to consider the establishment of universities in appropriate parts of the Colonial Empire. The Asquith Commission's Report recommended that the Colonies should be given institutions which could develop into centres of scholarship and learning:

> It is not enough that a professional man should attain competence in his own subject; association with the life of a university will give him a larger range of interest and enhance his value, both in pursuit of his profession and as a member of society (Cmd. 6647 /1944 /5, 1945, p. 5)

To ensure that colonial universities would achieve the necessary standards of academic reputation and social influence, the Asquith Commissioners recommended that certain steps should be followed in establishing the new institutions. They should be established at first, not as full universities, but as university colleges, under the supervision of an academic body in the United Kingdom, responsible for moderating their standards and awarding their degrees. It was proposed that the University of London, because of its long experience in distance education, should undertake this task. To co-ordinate the work of university institutions at home and overseas, there was to be an Inter-University Council for Higher Education in the Colonies, and a Colonial Universities Grants Committee to supervise the administration of financial support (*Ibid.*, pp. 38–41).

Quite apart from these constitutional arrangements, the Asquith Commission outlined what it saw as the most desirable features of a university community overseas. It should have autonomy "in the sense in which the universities of Great Britain are autonomous". Academic freedom must be safeguarded against encroachment by the

state, whether represented by the imperial power, or by any local power which might succeed it. Colonial universities should receive charters, vesting in them the traditional freedoms of academic life. These freedoms involved reciprocal responsibilities, including the responsibility if ensuring that positions on the staff and as students should be open to all, without distinction of race, religion or creed. Finally, the Asquith Commissioners recommended that the largest possible proportion of undergraduates should be resident, partly to encourage understanding between members of different groups, and partly to maintain close relationships between individual students and their own communities (*Ibid.*, pp. 10–34).

The Asquith Commissioners pointed to five specific areas of the British Colonial Empire as particularly suitable for the establishment of universities. The Rhodesias and Nyasaland were not included. It seems that the special problems of a relatively well-developed but multi-cultural and multicultural region, persuaded them to move more cautiously. Clearly, however, the rapid development of secondary schooling in the Rhodesias, particularly after the Fox Report of 1936 had recommended closer identification with the curriculum of England and Wales, and the growing numbers of Africans available for specialist training, indicated that the establishment of university facilities could not be much longer delayed.

The inclusion of central Africa in arrangements for university education was subsequently recommended in two Reports by Sir Harold Cartmel-Robinson's Commission to the Central African Council in 1949, at a time when the British Government was actively engaged in pressing forward the scheme for a Federation. A decision became more urgent after the South African authorities announced that they would shortly close entry to universities in their country to African students from outside their borders (Cartmel-Robinson Commission Second Report, 1951, paras 7 and 25).

In 1952 a further Commission was appointed under Sir Alexander Carr-Saunders to make a detailed investigation of the possibilities of establishing a university in central Africa. The Carr-Saunders Report, submitted a year later, can be looked upon as the foundation document of the University. Its most remarkable feature was its high degree of optimism. The Commissioners had no doubt that a need existed for higher educational facilities in the area. Indeed, they suggested that lack of such facilities was providing the main limitation on the employment of local Africans. Concerning the character of the proposed University, the Commissioners gave their enthusiastic support to the principles laid down by the Asquith Report; the new institution should be autonomous, with the power to manage its own affairs, and free from domination by any outside interest; it should accordingly be founded, not by legislation, but by means of a Royal Charter, a procedure already adopted for the University College of the West Indies, and originally used in the foundation of the first British colonial university institution, Trinity College, Dublin, in 1992. The powers and privileges conferred by the Charter could be withdrawn only by the Sovereign-in-Council (Carr-Saunders Report, 1953, pp. 30–33).

The Carr-Saunders Commissioners stipulated that both staff and students should be recruited without consideration of race, religion or social class. High academic standards should be encouraged through acceptance of the Asquith proposal of a special relationship with the University of London. To boost the development of a university

with high academic standards, "one entitled to rank alongside other British Universities in the quality of its intellectual life," well qualified teaching staff were to be attracted, partly by good research facilities and partly by the University's guaranteed academic autonomy. This implied the establishment of the first university courses in southern Africa on the UK model, with high entrance qualifications and specialist undergraduate teaching (*Ibid.*, p. 28). Questions could naturally be asked as to whether central African communities had greater need of highly qualified graduates in relatively small numbers or of larger numbers of graduates with more general qualifications; if our graduates were more likely to seek their postgraduate experience elsewhere in Africa or in Europe and North America; and if our schools would be able to meet the challenge of providing the teachers and facilities required for intensive Sixth Form training. The proposals did, nevertheless, provide the country with the means of achieving intellectual and professional standards comparable with those of Europe and North America.

Meanwhile, in the Southern Rhodesian Parliament, an attempt to establish a local university through legislation was being pioneered by a group led by a barrister, Manfred Hodson. Among other achievements, Hodson's group had established an Inaugural Board, with authority derived from Parliament, had been offered an excellent site for a campus at Mount Pleasant, on the outskirts of the capital, and had been promised substantial financial support, including a gift of twenty thousand pounds from a philanthropic businessman, J.P. Kapnek. Yet, through Hodson's personal commitment the multiracial ideal was never in any doubt, it seemed likely that limits would be set by Parliament on the involvement of non-white students and staff (S. Rhodesia, Legis. Assembly Debs, xxvi (2), 2030 and 2055).

At length, and apparently as the result of skilful diplomacy by the Colonial Office, a compromise arrangement succeeded in bringing together the essence of both British and local schemes. The University College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland was created by Royal Charter in February 1955, constituted to serve the educational needs of all the peoples of the Federation, and also empowered to make use of the property and endowments of the Inaugural Board.

As a means of further strengthening the influence of the new institution, HM Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother agreed to become its President.

The first Principal, Dr Rollo, a former Professor of Classics in the University of Cape Town, had already been appointed during 1954. Rollo's poor health forced him to resign during the following year, however, and he was replaced by Dr Walter Adams, who had served for the previous eleven years as Secretary of the Inter-University Council in London.

Hardly had these arrangements begun to take effect, however, than further events cast doubts on the future role and purpose of the University College. The Suez crisis of 1958, making it no longer possible for Great Britain to continue her imperial role in Asia, naturally reduced the strategic importance of her African colonies. From then on, at least from a British point of view, there were clear arguments for abandonment of the experiment in central African federation and the drawing up of a faster timescale for the independence of the constituent territories.

EARLY DEPARTMENTAL STRUCTURES

Meanwhile, the Carr-Saunders' aim of achieving an institution with high intellectual standards, "one entitled to rank alongside other British Universities in the quality of its intellectual life," was being actively pursued by the College Council. A programme, inaugurated during 1955, organized tuition in Advanced Level subjects, still beyond the reach of many African students because of the limited number of African Sixth Forms in the colonial school system. During its five years of operation, eight-two African students were enabled to achieve the entrance requirements.

Before the establishment of the College, the only facilities for training primary school teachers were provided by the various missionary organizations. These facilities varied in quality and were greatly hampered by the absence of any central organization to coordinate policies and standards.

The first step to improvement came with the establishment towards the end of 1957 of an Institute of Education (now known as the Department of Teacher Education), the first academic department in the College. The College authorities were, in fact, giving effect to a suggestion by the Inter-University Council in London that such an institution should be established as soon as possible to develop helpful relationships among different groups in a multi-cultural society.

The Institute's first Director was Professor Basil Fletcher, previously founder Director of the Bristol University Institute of Education (and notable as the author of a Philosophy for the Teacher, published by OUP in 1961, while he was serving in the University College).

Fletcher's main task was to implement a scheme, originally planned for teacher education in England and Wales by the McNair Report of 1944, and adapted for use in east and southern Africa by the Binns Committee (of which Fletcher himself was a member) in 1951. As the result of discussions with representatives of the teachers' colleges, Fletcher produced in 1958 the original scheme for special relationship between the Institute and the larger colleges, whose students were to be examined and certificated by the University College. The main principles behind these arrangements were to remain the basis of teacher education in Zimbabwe until the present day [Cf. B.A. Fletcher (1958). Work of an Institute of Education in Central Africa. UZ MSS].

The scheme of special relationship was used by the second Director, Professor Alan Milton, to ensure important improvements in the quality of primary education. Milton was the guiding influence in the establishment during 1964 of the National Council of Teacher Education, an organization which developed collaboration between individual colleges. The Council also pioneered specialist training for infant teachers and a three-year course of training for students recruited at Junior Certificate level. It made a considerable contribution to the planning of the United College of Education, Bulawayo, a scheme for a training institution, sponsored by the main Protestant missionary organizations. Milton himself was a member of the Judges Commission which recommended a reform of Education in Southern Rhodesia during 1961–2.

Facililities for the professional education of secondary school teachers were provided by a Department of Education, organized after 1957 by Professor H.J. "Jac" Rousseau, who had previously served in Fort Hare College, South Africa. Rousseau was one of the ablest and most stimulating figures to move within the academic community during

its earliest days. A convinced pragmatist and utilitarian, he had little time for mere theory which might not be carried into practical effect. Successive classes for the Graduate Certificate in Education were photographed with a bicycle held overhead to illustrate Jac's well-known dictum: "you learn to do by doing; if you want to learn to ride a bicycle . . ."

Jac Rousseau's Grad CE course contained many innovations which he considered to be essential in a multi-racial society. Among these were three gradated periods of teaching practice; visits for each class to explore socio-economic reality outside the campus; a wide range of specialized options; a course in health education and first aid, organized in co-operation with the St John Ambulance Association; and a five-week course of microteaching involving all staff and students (apparently only one United Kingdom institution, the University of Sterling, had introduced micro-teaching at the time).

In 1964 Rousseau won approval from the London University Senate to offer the GradCE on a part-time basis, providing professional training for graduates already engaged in teaching. Students on this course received instruction during two-week sessions in the school vacations, while lecturers visited them in their schools for teaching practice. This course proved an outstanding success, encouraging the University College to provide other part-time courses, notably in Arts and Commerce.

Meanwhile, circumstances made it of crucial importance to support adult education. On the one hand there was a lack of continuation activities for black students who had completed primary school and were not allowed to use the secondary schools for Europeans. On the other hand there were educational differences between those with full primary school education and those with lesser qualifications. There was also a special need to educate women both for careers in the economy and for meeting their responsibilities to raise educated families in the home.

When the College Council considered these needs during 1956 it was agreed that there would be little advantage in establishing a department of extra-mural studies of the kind traditionally maintained by United Kingdom Universities. Instead, it was hoped to make a much greater impact by adopting a suggestion by Basil Fletcher for the establishment of an institute, responsible for training specialists to organize agencies in various aspects of adult education.

The Institute (later the Department) of Adult Education was based on principles agreed at a conference organized by Fletcher at the University College during 1958 and bringing together a wide spectrum of experts both from within Africa and overseas. The first Director, Edwin Townsend Coles (later organizer of adult education in the University of Oxford), who arrived in 1961, was called upon to select crucial areas in which adult educators needed to be trained, and to initiate research in the application of teaching techniques to adult learners (Institute of Adult Education Report by D. Russell, Aug. 1967. UZ MSS).

Another recommendation by the conference in 1958 was that the University College should become involved in the establishment of a college of citizenship, in which adults of different social and cultural groups could come together for study and problem solving. This was the origin of the Ranche House College, Harare, in which many individual members of the University were to be involved during subsequent years.

During the 1960s the College Council established Faculties of Arts, Law, Science and Agriculture, all teaching syllabuses, adapted to local conditions but approved by the London University Senate as appropriate to its qualifications.

Mindful of the recommendation by the Carr-Saunders Commission, the Council went to considerable lengths to recruit distinguished academics from abroad. Among those who held office in the College during the early days were Professors Stokes (later Smuts Professor of Commonwealth History in Cambridge), Harper (Chemistry), Bursell (Zoology), Blackstone and Mackenzie (English), Wild (Botany), etc.

A medical school, opened in 1963, was affiliated to the University of Birmingham, through arrangements very similar to those made with London. Few educational developments in central Africa have carried more hope of raising the living standards of people of every racial group.

Difficulties could be anticipated, however, from the increasingly acrimonous political relationships which characterized the dissolution of the Central African Federation in 1963, leading to the establishment of separate universities in Malawi (formerly Nyasaland) and Zambia (formerly Northern Rhodesia), and by the Southern Rhodesian Unilateral Declaration of Independence two years later. On the one hand there were increasingly hostile expressions against the multi-racial character of the College by white Members of Parliament. On the other hand there were demands from most black and some white students for the College to dissociate itself from the policies of the Rhodesian Government.

Led by Principal Adams, the policy of the College Council was to avoid any open break, concentrating instead on keeping the institution open for the service of its students. This policy became more difficult to maintain after 1967 when student demonstrations occurred for the first time on campus, supported by the withdrawal of teaching by a number of lecturers. Support came, however, from an independent investigator appointed by the College, Sir Robert Birley, who believed that the most important consideration must be the preservation of the College's autonomy: it was "an institution of the very greatest significance, one which can make possible – and perhaps can alone make possible – a harmonious society . . . in which men and women of different races will be able to live and work together" (Birley Report, 1666, para. 14. UZ MSS).

During 1969 hostility to the College erupted in Britain, on political grounds, when students broke into the offices of the Vice-Chancellor of Warwick University, Professor Butterworth, who was Chairman of the Inter-University Council, and discovered that negotiations were in progress between the College Council and the Rhodesian authorities, to arrange a basis for the establishment of a multi-racial teaching hospital in the capital. The outcome was a series of student demonstrations in Birmingham University, leading to demands for the withdrawal of the special relationship with UCRN. Similar demands were made by students of London University.

Decisions by the Senates of both Universities to end the special relationship with the University College followed towards the end of 1969. The College was forced to begin negotiations for a phrased withdrawal, beginning at the end of 1970. From then on, degrees were to be granted by a new University of Rhodesia, still operating, however, under the provisions of the Royal Charter.

THE UNIVERSITY OF RHODESIA, 1970–1979

The position of the new University became that of an increasingly isolated academic community, shunned by almost every important section of outside opinion, and heavily dependent on the loyalty and determination of its staff.

As seen by the black majority (they constituted a majority of the student body from 1970 onwards) the University appeared to be no different from the oppressive colonial system which they opposed, and which had never specifically condemned by the colonial authorities. To most white Rhodesians, it seemed an unwelcome multi-racial enclave in a white community (four out of five students still continued to opt for university education outside the country). And to the Rhodesian authorities it was an embarrassment, to which they were obliged to give financial support, under the terms of an agreement made at the end of Federation, but with which they maintained minimal official contact.

To Professor Ray Roberts we are indebted for further enlightenment on the state of opinion within the ruling white Rhodesian Front. From a confidential reading of the minutes of the RF central committee during the early 1970s, Roberts learned of a scheme (already advocated by a letter in the Sunday Mail of 5 July 1970) to expel black members of the University to a separate institution in Gweru. This idea was quashed by the leader of the party, Mr Ian Smith, who argued that black and white students must learn to co-operate in the operation of a university if they were to learn to co-operate in the running of a country.

Leadership of the institution fell mainly on Sir Robert McDowell as Chancellor, and Professor Robert Craig, Professor of Divinity, as Principal and Vice-Chancellor. Craig was both highly distinguished in his academic field and a man of warm humanitarian feelings. Speaking during his first Presentation Day Address in 1970, he insisted that the only way in which the University could hope to survive its problems was by achieving a reputation for academic excellence:

> There is no such thing as automatic international recognition of university degrees; a University degree is not like an international certificate of vaccination against smallpox . . . . Some universities are better than others; some they recognize, some they don't. Their standard of judgment is academic merit (Presentation Day Addresses, 1970, p, l0. UZ MSS).

To achieve the aim of academic excellence, set by Principal Craig, the University was not without some important advantages. Its difficult situation at least ensured small classes, well-qualified students, good library and laboratory facilities and teachers who were determined to justify their continued presence in the institution. Notable leaders of academic opinion included, amongst many others, Professors Geoffrey Bond (Geology), Gordon Chavunduka (Sociology), Richard Christie (Law), Michael Gelfand (Medicine), George Fortune and George Kahari (African Languages), Peter Gilbert (Science Education), Elizabeth Hendrikz (Education), Laurence Levy and John Thompson (Surgery), Marshall Murphree (Centre for Inter-Racial Studies), Ronald McKechnie (Engineering), Roger Bone and Sidney Orbell (Institute of Education), Ray Roberts (History), Fraser Ross (Community Medicine), Denzil Russell (Adult Education), Denis Saddington (Classics), Alistair Stewart (Mathemetics)..

Even more significant was the fact that the ranks of distinguished staff were now being joined by younger academics educated within the institution itself. Among them were George Kahari (African Languages), Christopher Magadza (Lake Kariba Research Station), Edward Zengeni (Physics), Gordon Chavanduka (Sociology), Anthony Hawkins (Business Studies), the present Vice-Chancellor, Levi Nyagura and many others.

Probably the most important academic development during this period was the establishment of a Faculty of Engineering in 1974, with Professor Ronald McKechnie as its first Dean.

The Librarian, Albert Harrison (afterwards successively Librarian of Maynooth and Sterling Universities), kept his holdings at a high level, aiming to achieve standards comparable with those in the majority of UK Universities.

Two outside groups also played an unobtrusive yet vital role in maintaining standards, sometimes taking considerable risks with their own careers to do so. One of these were our external examiners, drawn mainly from mainstream UK universities, who continued to visit the University of Rhodesia on a regular basis to provide guidance and support. The second group consisted of senior officials of the Rhodesian Treasury who saw to it that the University always received adequate resources for its work to continue on a suitable scale.

THE UNIVERSITY OF ZIMBABWE, 1980 ONWARDS

The success of Mr Robert Mugabe's party in pre-independence elections, held early in 1980, and the inauguration of an independent state of Zimbabwe on 18 April 1980, brought an end to UN sanctions and the University's position as a target for international political pressures. It did, however, mark the onset of a new range of stresses between Zimbabwean political groups..

Ministerial statements, during the early months of independence, indicated that government policy towards the University would have three main facets: direct government control, exercised through the Education Ministries, and the co-ordination of university education with other aspects of national policy; a substantial increase in the proportion of black Zimbabweans on the academic staff and the re-organization of university administration to ensure that the majority of leadership positions were held by black Zimbabweans; and the re-orientation of teaching and research to meet national manpower needs.

The three aims were accomplished by the Improvement of University Education Act of 1982 and by associated Ordinances of the College Council. In contrast to the somewhat different approach taken in two other Commonwealth Universities, Trinity College, Dublin and the University of the West Indies, the Royal Charter was to be surrendered and the wide degree of autonomy which it guaranteed was replaced by government control of appointments, income, staffing and discipline. Control of departments was to be exercised by rotating chairmen, appointed by the Vice-Chancellor after consultation with all members of the department, free from undue political influence. To re-orientate the University towards national development needs, curriculum reform was to be undertaken in all departments. A major development was

the foundation of a Faculty of Veterinary Science, with generous support from the European Union.

It remained to be seen how far these arrangements would be compatible with the University's original aim, laid down by the Carr-Saunders Report, of maintaining an internationally reputable centre of academic excellence or indeed how relevant such an aim would be to the Zimbabwean community of the future.

David Livingstone

by Russell Gammon

This is the text of a talk given to members of the History Society of Zimbabwe on 4 December 2005

The story of David Livingstone is a compelling one. During a glittering career as an African Explorer spanning over 30 years, he traversed more than 28 000 miles of uncharted territory in spite of the fact that this line of work had a life expectancy of just 6 months. He and his peers, Speke and Burton, Stanley and Baker, were members of an élite group but even in such distinguished company Livingstone stands head and shoulders above the rest. I believe this to be a function of his sweeping vision for the future of Africa and it may interest you to know that this vision of Commerce as a liberating force is today echoed by African Leaders across the continent, not only testament to his perceptiveness but also a fitting tribute to his love of this troubled continent. Who would have thought that one man from such humble origins could single-handedly convince the greatest Empire the world had ever seen to involve itself in direct military action to finally put an end to the terrible scourge of the slave trade in Africa? Who would have thought that one man's idea of Commerce and Christianity would shape British policy for decades after his death? Moreover the greater impact of his life was that his vision and passion for Africa captured the imagination of a generation of young Britons and convinced them to come out to Africa – people like my Great Grandfather, John Meikle, who first entered this country in 1898 – but that is another long story.

His story begins like many of the wonderful tales told by his friend and contemporary Charles Dickens – in poverty and obscurity. He was born in 1813 in Blantyre, Scotland where the 7 members of the Livingstone family lived in a room 10 feet × 14 feet. The Livingstone family was a deeply religious one and the branch of the Scottish Kirk actively encouraged its members to better themselves through education, indeed the modern Sunday School has its origins in this doctrine.

From an early age the young boy David exhibited an unusual tenacity and dogged determination which more that made up for the fact that he was not a particularly gifted student. The best illustration of this is that from the age of 10, David was required to assist with the upkeep of the family and sent to work in the Mills. With his first pay packet he detoured via the book store on his way home to make a purchase. Monday morning saw him back in the factory at the beginning of a gruelling ten-hour shift.

Picture the scene in that factory. This Mill is driven by a massive steam engine and the drive delivered by a complex system of pulleys and belts – the noise is deafening. Live steam is vented into the factory to keep up the temperature and humidity and many of the workers are stripped to the waist in the stifling heat. And in amongst this scene there is one young, slightly built boy who has a book propped up on the frame of the spinning jenny on which he is working. In amongst this bedlam Livingstone is teaching himself Latin. Anyone here today who has had the dubious pleasure of being schooled in Latin, indeed anyone here today who is acquainted with a ten year old,

will be able to attest to the fact that this is highly unusual behaviour and yet it paid a spectacular dividend. By the time he was 20 years old he had defied all odds by qualifying to read medicine at Anderson College. I say this because we know from a government report of the day that for children from Livingstone's demographic background, statistically only 10% would attain basic literacy. He was further educated by his employer the London Missionary Society (LMS) and after one night at home with his family in November 1841 he and his father walked down to Glasgow to catch the Liverpool steamer. This was a poignant moment as it would be the last time father and son would meet.

Arriving at Algoa Bay, modern day Port Elizabeth, after the years of hard labour of his youth and the strict routine of study, the freedom of travel in Africa on his journey to Kuruman was intoxicating. He described the journey as "so pleasant that I never got tired of it." The Kuruman to which David Livingstone arrived was, at that time, the most remote outpost beyond which lay "the smoke of a thousand fires". David Livingstone was 28 years old, a qualified doctor and clergyman whose youthful ambition was "to preach beyond other men's lines".

Within two months of arriving at Kuruman he departed again heading north in the company of two drivers and two converts. His objective was to cut himself off from European company for 6 months to learn the local language and customs and to search for the site of his own station. After travelling 1000 miles, his drivers refused to go any further North and Livingstone was faced with a decision to continue riding on one of the oxen or turn back. Characteristically Livingstone chose to go on and travelled the next 400 miles sitting bolt upright to avoid the horns of his sometimes recalcitrant steed. It was an uncomfortable trip and the party was forced to exist on locusts and wild honey staving off thirst by sucking water from under the burning desert sand through a hollowed out reed. Livingstone found his site at Mabotsa, 220 miles North of Kuruman, and soon moved there in the company of Roger Edwards, a fellow missionary.

When they arrived Livingstone agreed to assist the local people hunting a lion which was preying on their livestock. He was not at that time an accomplished hunter and while he was reloading the lion leaped on him mauling him savagely breaking his arm. Livingstone was typically dismissive of the affair but Edwards who had the unpleasant task of setting the bone with the benefit of anaesthetic records that "his suffering was dreadful to behold". Forced to retire to Kuruman to recuperate Livingstone was nursed by Robert Moffat's oldest daughter Mary and the pair soon fell in love and were married.

The next 10 years of Livingstone's life would see him settling into the traditional role of the African missionary, raising a family, living with one tribe and working over time to evangelize them. Progress was slow and increasingly Livingstone was convinced that missions would make more progress if preceded by trade. At that time, 1850, virtually nothing was known about the interior of Africa. Jonathan Swift wrote a poem about this dearth of information and one stanza that sticks in my mind is "So makers in Africa map, with savage pictures fill their gaps", and "or uninhabitable downs, draw elephants in place of towns". Livingstone's self-appointed task was to fill in these blanks on the way to opening the interior to legitimate trade. This became

his gospel of Commerce and Christianity and he set about his task with a determination that in the words of his closest friend "in an Englishman would be called obstinacy but in Livingstone was just Scottishness".

It was with a heavy heart that David Livingstone saw off his family at Cape Town and set off on a journey of discovery that would literally redraw the map of Africa. He trekked North across the Kalahari Desert to arrive in the area of modern-day Caprivi Strip between the Chobe and Zambezi Rivers. There he discovered that West Coast slave caravans had made inroads since his last visit and the stage was set for a race between the slavers and Livingstone for the hinterland of Africa. Livingstone was determined to open up a route for legitimate trade so the African people could gain access to western goods without having to resort to dealing with the slavers. He was not a man given to melodrama but as he set out for the West Coast, he wrote to his father-in-law saying, "If I am cut off in the interior be a husband to the widow and a father to the orphans". He signed off simply stating, "I will open a path to the interior or perish".

He began this journey under the impression from the Portuguese maps in his possession that from the upper reached of the Zambezi the settlement of Luanda was 120 miles West. In point of fact it was over 10 times that distance and the scantily provisioned party was to endure tremendous suffering as a result of this miscalculation. Almost immediately the journey began, Livingstone was stricken with severe fever but he continued westward making detailed observations of plants and animals and drawing sketch maps with an accuracy which was to astonish geographers of the outside world. The rains set in and soon the party was struggling to find food, their gunpowder sodden, instruments rusted and tents and clothing mildewed and rotten. Continual fever had reduced Livingstone to a "ruckle of bones" and his skin, softened by incessant rain, was chafed raw through constant friction with the hide of his riding ox. Eventually arriving on the banks of the Cuango River Livingstone was so weak he could not stand unassisted. The chief there demanded payment to ferry the party across the river and angrily refused the offer of Livingstone's old blanket which was all the party had left. At this point surrounded by a hostile tribe without the means to go either forward or backward, only the chance arrival of the Portuguese militia saved the party and escorted them to safety. Approaching Luanda Livingstone collapsed and was carried the last 200 miles into the town by his faithful companions. Nursed back to health by the British Consul and desperately disappointed to have no news of his family after two years, Livingstone was faced with a difficult decision which I believe gives us a great insight into the character of this man. The last 500 miles of this journey had been through territory thrown into uproar by the slave trade and he knew full well that these 28 volunteers who had accompanied him to the coast had little or no chance of making it home without him to escort them and so he resolved to retrace his footsteps back to Linyanti. The journey down to the coast had nearly killed him but he was prepared to march straight back into the teeth of hell to see these men reunited with their families. The triumphant arrival of all 28 in Linyanti was testament not only to Livingstone's faithfulness but also to his skill as a doctor for many in the party had been as ill as he had on the journey.

Having established that the route to the west was impractical, Livingstone had his

hopes pinned on the Zambezi as "God's highway to the interior". At the head of 114 porters on 3 November 1855, Livingstone set off downstream to the East Coast. Barely 100 kms downstream he would encounter the greatest waterfall in the world which he described as "the most wonderful sights I have witnessed in Africa". I recently was part of an Expedition with the British Explorer Sir Ranulf Fiennes which retraced this portion of his journey in celebration of the anniversary and I can tell you this from personal experience – this man must have been extremely tough. We tried to recreate his journey exactly and ended up covering 178 kilometres in 5 days by dugout canoe and on foot an average of 30 kms a day and bear in mind Livingstone had kept up this rate for 3 years and had another one to go. I must confess that I finished this journey with a renewed sense of respect for what this man had done.

The Victoria Falls as he named them would form the glittering centrepiece of a 4-year odyssey from coast to coast and would capture the imagination of the British public back home. Arriving in Quelemane in 1856 after 4 years, Livingstone returned to England and a hero's welcome. The adulation he received as a public figure was more difficult to cope with than many of the hardships he had encountered in Africa and Livingstone applied himself diligently to the distasteful task of editing his journals for publication. The highlight of this time was that the family was reunited and in between writing and public engagements Livingstone relished the time spent playing with his children.

All too soon Livingstone found himself back in Africa at the head of the ambitious, well supported and ill-fated Zambezi Expedition. Tasked with charting the Zambezi River and opening up the interior to trade, the expedition was to flounder on the rocks of the Cabora Bassa Gorge barely 40 kms upstream from Tett. Entering the gorge on foot they found an awe-inspiring place filled with great contorted rocks towering eighty to a hundred feet above the River which was broken into a whole series of cataracts. Two days were spent clambering over rocks so hot as to blister the skin until they returned to Tett exhausted and bitterly disappointed. Livingstone then turned his attention to the Shiri River, a tributary of the Zambezi from the North and when he found his way again blocked he continued on foot to map Lake Nyasa for the first time.

Discouraged by their setbacks there were serious rifts developing among the members of the expedition. In contrast to his patience and tact in dealings with the local people, Livingstone was uncompromising in his expectations of his fellow Europeans. During this unhappy time there was a mission dispatched by the HMS to the Makololo at Linyanti. This was something Livingstone had advocated while still in England but he, together with Moffat, had laid down some recommendations at the same time which were to be ignored with disastrous consequences.

Two men were selected, Hellmore and Price. Neither had medical training. Hellmore was accompanied by his wife and four daughters and Price was accompanied by his pregnant wife. They had a difficult crossing of the desert during which Eliza Price was born, so that when they arrived at Linyanti they decided to ignore Livingstone's advice and rest there instead of continuing on to higher, healthier ground. Camped on the edge of a malarial swamp with no medical training, the stage was set and, within 16 days, the disaster began to unfold. The first to die was Malatsi, one of the wagon drivers. Five days later the Hellmore's youngest child was dead followed two days

later by the baby Eliza Price. In quick succession fell Thabe, another Hellmore child, then a deacon of the church then Mrs Hellmore herself. Setlhoke the other driver was next to go and he was followed shortly by Mr Hellmore. In 35 days the party had been decimated, leaving only Mr and Mrs Price and the two Hellmore orphans. With no one capable of driving the wagons they were forced to set off on foot with their oxen to attempt to recross the desert to the safety of Kuruman. Soon Mrs Price also succumbed and was buried in the featureless wastes of the Mababe Depression and the desperate survivors struggled on. When they finally made it back, the news of this incredible tragedy reached Britain and there was an outcry and the blame was laid unfairly at Livingstone's doorstep.

Back on the Zambezi, in spite of this sad news the future held promise. A new steamer was on its way to the expedition along with another party of missionaries who were to settle in the Shiri highlands in what is modern-day Malawi. Livingstone's spirits were lifted as news reached him that his wife, Mary, was also soon to join him but soon things started to go wrong again, slowly at first and then in an avalanche of disaster ending in death for some and disaster for all.

The new steamer with a 5-foot draught was not suitable for the river and spent more time aground than floating. In addition, famine and slave-raiding Angoni would shortly sweep through the Shiri highlands and malaria would claim the lives of five of the missionaries forcing them abandon the station. As if this were not enough Mary went down with the fever. Livingstone and Kirk applied their remedies to no avail and she sank into a coma and died on 27 April 1862. Livingstone recorded in his journal "for the first time in my life I feel willing to die". That he loved her deeply despite the anguish he caused her, there can be no doubt. Mercifully the British government recalled the Zambezi Expedition. After 6 disastrous years, and little to show for it Livingstone returned to England, his reputation severely tarnished.

Settling down once again to the unwelcome task of transcribing his journals and the more pleasant one of spending time with his family, Livingstone was uncertain of what the future held. He was offered an expedition by the Royal Geographical Society (RGS) to go in search of the source of the Nile and although simple geographic exploration had never interested him he accepted because it would give him a platform to preach the evils of slavery to the British public. 1866 then sees our hero in a familiar role, setting out from Zanzibar at the head of a poorly provisioned caravan against impossible odds, destination unknown.

His sojourn in England had restored Livingstone's health and he was happy to be back in Africa in the familiar role of the lone explorer but the next six years would see the gradual erosion of an ageing body by sickness, hunger and despair.

Soon the party found themselves travelling in the wake of the slave raiders with the all too familiar difficulties. With no food, gradually his porters deserted him, one group taking with them his vital medicine box and, with a party of just 9, Livingstone struggled valiantly on. Passing through Bengwelo to Lake Tanganyika, stricken with rheumatic fever, he collapsed into unconsciousness only recovering a month later. He was assisted in his recovery by the kindness of passing Arab slavers but the rains had started and a weary note crept into his journal: "I am so tired of exploration; I must go to Ujiji for letters". So back he splashed and squelched often waist deep in water,

shivering with cold and delayed by frequent bouts of fever and dysentery. On New Year's Day 1869, he wrote "I have been wet times without number, but the wetting of yesterday was once too often". He had contracted acute pneumonia and was coughing blood. Once again he was nursed by the Arabs and placed in a canoe – 16 days later, emaciated, still coughing blood and blistered by the sun he arrived at Ujiji expecting to find the provision that he had sent for and instead he found – nothing. His stores sent from Zanzibar had been sitting unprotected for 6 months and had gradually been pilfered until virtually nothing was left.

Unperturbed Livingstone set about making himself comfortable and, incredibly, began to mend. Having sent for more supplies and written 42 letters during his convalescence, soon he felt well enough to travel and set out for the west once again, travelling in the company of the slave caravans. His intention had been to acquire a canoe to travel down the Lubulala River which he was convinced was the upper reaches of the Nile. Once again thwarted in his endeavour, he painfully retraced his steps to Ujiji where, once again, he was disappointed. His stores had been raided and he was destitute, forced to rely on the charity of the Arabs once again. In his despair what Livingstone could not know is that the most publicized meeting in African history was about to take place.

On the morning of 10 November 1871, Henry Morton Stanley greeted the aged, weary traveller with the famous line, "Dr Livingstone I presume". Soon Stanley was seated on the small verandah of Livingstone's hut pouring out news of all that had been happening in the outside world, while the worn grey bearded Doctor in his faded blue cap, a bag of his long-awaited family letters on his knee, listened in wonder and began to speak of unknown places – Manyema, Casambe's and Bengwero in his quiet tones.

Livingstone's reaction to being found was one of simple gratitude that Stanley's employer James Gordon Bennet should have gone to such trouble and expense on his account. It did not occur to him that the motive might not be simple altruism and understandably Stanley did not enlighten him. Stanley nursed Livingstone back to health but this was to be the last of his trademark miraculous recoveries. It was not only food and medicine but companionship after 6 years of loneliness that proved therapeutic and soon after Stanley departed so did Livingstone on what was to be his final journey in one Herculean effort to unravel the mystery of the source of the Nile.

When Stanley returned from Africa he set about writing a series of articles outlining what Livingstone had witnessed in East Africa. As far as the British Government were concerned this was a public relations disaster but it led to a tremendous resurgence of Livingstone's popularity and it is one of the great tragedies of this story that Livingstone never became aware of this.

On 25August 1872 the caravan set out from Ujiji, porters carrying 50-pound loads and the two stalwarts, Sussi and Chuma, who had been with Livingstone through thick and thin since 1864. By November the rain had set in and the party was slithering along muddy paths and going hungry in country pillaged by slavers. At the start of 1873 they were struggling through the Bengwelo marsh and from his cheerless camps he wrote many letters. There was no hope of ever sending them but they would serve to dull the ache of his loneliness and give us an insight into those terrible last days. So

weak was he that his men had to carry him across the deeper channels on their shoulders, the water often up to their chins. For the first time on all his journeys he was lost and had developed a serious internal haemorrhage from constant bouts of dysentery. Hiring some canoes in the hope of finding the main lake in order to escape the swamp the party continued. It was wetter, if possible, than ever; everything was soaked. Livingstone's bed was put into the bilge; it was bitterly cold and they camped on windswept, sodden islands. The health of a robust young man might well have broken under such appalling conditions; no man with chronic intestinal bleeding, not even Livingstone could survive this treatment.

On 13 April he noted that the sky was clearing, and the wind dropping. Extraordinarily even in such dire circumstances he is still taking meticulous notes and measuring rainfall with his portable gauge. The respite was only temporary and on the 17th his journal records "another storm burst our now rotten tents to shreds" and on the 19th he records one of the understatements of all time "it is not all pleasure, this exploration". On the 20th "I am excessively weak." On the 21st he collapses and Sussi and Chuma constructed a litter so the desperate party could struggle on. The last words he writes are on the 27th "Knocked up quite, and remain – recover – sent to buy milch goats. We are on the banks of the Molilamo." On 29th he is carried in great pain into the village of Chitambo in Ilala, Northern Zambia, where he lapses into unconsciousness. The following morning Sussi and Chuma discover their leader kneeling beside his cot with his grey head buried in his hands. At the age of 60, after a career spanning 29 years and covering over 30 000 miles of uncharted Africa the greatest of the Victorian Explorers had reached the end of his final journey.

And so enter into our story two of the great unsung heroes of African Exploration – Sussi and Chuma – Livingstone's stalwart companions of many adventures. These men had been by his side since the Zambezi Expedition, through thick and thin, and this was to be their finest hour. We do not know exactly what transpired in that far off village on the shore of that remote Lake but, if we know a little bit about African culture, we can perhaps speculate. They would have called a meeting of the whole caravan and discussed what to do next. Traditionally, the youngest, and lest influential members of the party would speak first and their elders last. It is the African belief that it is fate worse than death to be buried far from home, your spirit will surely wander for eternity, the equivalent in our culture would be purgatory. On the other hand anyone caught transporting a corpse across Africa ran the very real risk of being accused of witchcraft, a crime that carried the mandatory sentence of death by impalement – this is not a decision they would have made lightly.

Think of these men next time you think of Livingstone for they are brave men and deserve to be remembered. Cut off, as they are, from the coast by 1500 miles of hostile territory these men make an extraordinary decision to preserve his body and return it to the Consulate of Zanzibar. They said" He is a great man and should be buried among great men." In order to do this they had to remove his internal organs, heart and lungs and buried them at Chitambos'. They then salt and sun dried the rest of his remains and disguised them as a bale of trade goods and began what is to become the longest funeral march in African History. The journey will last nine months and cost the lives of 6 men but never once will they falter.

Finally they reached Bagamoyo, which in Swahili means, "Lay down the burden of your Heart", and here they surrendered Livingstone's remains to the Jesuits with the simple statement: " Mwlile we Dowdy" – the body of David. Livingstone's remains were shipped back to England and interred with great pomp and ceremony in Westminster Abbey.

There is an irony to this tale that, when his final journal was opened and read by the R.G.S., it was discovered that Livingstone had never wished for his remains to be returned home but had preferred instead an unmarked grave in Africa where "no man's hand may disturb my bones". I find it comforting to think that although this dying wish was not fulfilled and his body lies in Britain his heart has remained in Africa – a continent whose people he had come to loved so passionately. If there is a tragedy to Livingstone's story, and I don't believe that is a tragic tale, it is this.

Picture, if you will, that scene in Bagemoyo but imagine that Livingstone had survived that final journey and walked into Bagemoyo on that day. As a direct result of the unflinching witness Livingstone had borne regarding the slave trade in East Africa and related by Stanley, the British Government had, just two weeks after he died, passed legislation outlawing the slave trade on the East Coast of Africa once and for all time. What a joy it would have been on that day for Livingstone to witness that the slave markets of Bagamoyo had finally been closed. I believe he would have considered all that he had suffered, all that he had sacrificed and all that he had endured and weighed in the balance and would have considered his trade a bargain!

If you are a member of the History Society of Zimbabwe, please ensure that the Society headquarters – <ianco@zol.co.zw> – has your email address, as communications by post are no longer affordable.

A Brief History of Forestry in Zimbabwe

by Lyn Mullin

Text of a talk given to members of the History Society of Zimbabwe at the Forestry Research Centre, Highlands, Harare on 27 July 2003

PRIOR TO 1920

The Forestry Service in Zimbabwe was established in January 1920 with the appointment of the first Forest Officer, Mr. (later Dr.) John Spurgeon Henkel, and records of the development of the service are available in the National Archives. But the history of the period prior to 1920 is somewhat obscure, and these notes are an attempt to put together some sort of record of forestry matters in those earlier days.

The first reference to a qualified forester in this country was made by Frederick Courteney Selous in his book *Sunshine and Storm in Rhodesia,* published in 1896. The man was a young German, Herr H. H. Blocker, who had obtained his diploma from a German forestry school and had become assistant to Selous in the management of Maurice Heany's Land & Gold Mining Company estate at Essexvale near Bulawayo. Selous recorded that they planted some 5000 gum trees on a strip of 8 acres (about 3.25 ha) near his recently erected homestead on the west bank of the Ncema River in the wet season of 1895/96, but there is no record of the outcome of their efforts.

Soon after this Cecil John Rhodes began acquiring his Matopos and Inyanga estates, and one of his urgent instructions was that experimental forestry plantations should be established in both areas. Some of those early plantings still stand in the Matopos National Park, although they served finally to demonstrate that exotic plantations were not a viable proposition in that area. The experimental plantations of pines at Nyanga were the forerunners of today's timber industry in the Eastern Highlands.

The following information, with a few additions, was extracted from the official year books of Southern Rhodesia for the periods 1890–1923 and 1924–1928.

STATE FORESTS AND THEIR DEVELOPMENT

Period up to 1920

The indigenous forests have played an important role in the development of the colony. From the earliest days of European occupation the forests have supplied not only fuel, mine props, and timber to the mines, and fuel to the villages and townships, but also fuel for the railways until coal was discovered. For fuel alone large areas were denuded. In the vicinity of the larger towns and mines available supplies of fuelwood were becoming depleted. In some localities the distances fuelwood has to be transported renders the cost so prohibitive that it is more economical to use coal, even though this, too, has to be transported over long distances by rail.

On the mines, the introduction of the suction-gas engine as a source of power caused the destruction of many square miles of indigenous forest. Before the Lonely Mine north of Bulawayo closed down in 1936 it was necessary to cart timber 20 miles (32 km) for its suction-gas plant, since all the timber had been cleared back to that distance from the mine.

Since gold mining was the prime industry of the country in the early days, and timber suitable for general mine work was abundant, the free cutting of wood was permitted to prospectors and miners on land on which wood rights were reserved under what was known as "gold-belt titles". Elsewhere wood had to be paid for.

Periodically some measures of control were instituted, prescribing the manner of felling trees and their subsequent use, and prohibiting the cutting of specified trees in certain districts. The felling of trees for mining purposes on the banks of all streams, to a distance of 200 ft (61m) on either bank was also prohibited as a precaution against erosion.

On unalienated land where no mining operations were taking place the BSA Company granted concessions for the felling and export of timber, the revenue from these concessions accruing to the Administration. Concessions were granted to 6 companies in the Zambezi teak areas of northwestern Matabeleland. One of these companies was Hepker Bros, which subsequently became Rhodesia Native Timber Concessions (RNTC), and operated almost entirely in the areas that eventually became State Forests.

It is of interest that when the railway was developed between Bulawayo and Victoria Falls metal railway sleepers were used for laying the track. But the line went right through some of the finest Zambezi teak forests in the country, and the excellent qualities of Zambezi teak were soon realized. From then on the demand was for teak sleepers, and immense exploitation of the forests was the inevitable consequence. This prevailed until 1925 when a forest officer was stationed near Victoria Falls and strict controls were enforced. But the damage had already been done. The main species sought by all the concessionaires were Zambezi teak (*Baikiaea plurijuga*), mukwa (*Pterocarpus angolensis*), umtshibi (*Guibourtia coleosperma*), and pod mahongany (*Afzelia quanzensis*). Mukwa became established as a prime cabinet wood, but all the other species were cut primarily for railway sleepers.

To return to the earlier days, reports were prepared periodically on the forests of the country, the first of these being by H. H. Blocker, who described certain forest types in Matabeleland, and recommended the planting of certain exotics. In 1902, Mr. D. E. Hutchings (later Sir David Hutchins), one of the great figures in South African forestry, visited the then Rhodesia and submitted a report to the Rhodes Trustees. In this he prepared a list of exotic trees that he had examined in the Rhodes Matopos and Inyanga Estates (and elsewhere) and noted those that he considered suitable for further experimental planting. He also suggested that steps be taken to demarcate forest reserves without delay, apply silvicultural management to them, including protection from fire, and begin making experimental plantations of coniferous species.

Other active participants in tree planting in those days were (1) Wiliam Harvey Brown, an American zoologist and member of the Pioneer Column, who had acquired the farm Arlington Heights, on which he planted a number of species of eucalypts; and (2) John (Jack) Meikle, who had opted out of the transporting and trading business (operated in partnership with his two brothers), so that he could take up the farm Mountain Home, which is still owned and managed by his family today. John Meikle was a pioneer tree planter in the Eastern Highlands, and the farm Mountain Home is still almost entirely a forestry enterprise.

The first steps in the adoption of a forest policy by Government was taken in 1903,

when the Forest Nursery was established near the then Salisbury. Experiments were made with a large variety of trees, and transplants were distributed to suitable districts. In 1905 it was decided to establish a forest station in the Gwebi Forest reserve, comprising 4000 acres (1618 ha), of which 600 acres (243 ha) were covered with native timber – doubtless musasa (*Brachystegia spiciformis)* forest. Plantations of eucalypts and wattles were laid down on a portion of arable land outside the timber area. Forestry work was carried out at Gwebi for several years, but was eventually abandoned in favour of agricultural experiments.

In 1907 the original trees of a number of species still in existence were planted at the Forest Nursery. Possibly there are still some dating back to 1903, but it is now impossible to differentiate between them. In 1909 the Forest Nursery was abandoned in favour of a new site near the Agricultural Laboratories adjacent to Government House.

In 1910 a South African forest officer spent 4 months touring the country. He described the various types of forest, giving details of the principal trees and their commercial value. He recommended the creation of forest reserves, the control of timber cutting by miners, and afforestation. He also suggested the establishment of plantations by mining companies to meet their future requirements of timber and fuel.

In 1912 the Forest Nursery, which had been abandoned in 1909, was reopened, and some attention was given to the trees planted during the years 1903–1909. In 1913 a forester, F. B. Willoughby, was appointed as officer in charge of the nursery.

A Forestry Advisor was appointed during the year 1914, but he remained in the country for only 6 months, and because of the outbreak of World War I no steps were taken to fill the post.

By the end of World War I the Chartered Company Administration realized the necessity for obtaining the services of a fully qualified and experienced forest officer. The post was advertised and Mr. (later Dr.) John Spurgeon Henkel, at the time Conservator of Forests, Natal, was selected. Subsequent events were to prove the wisdom of the choice.

A Forest Service is Born

Henkel took up his appointment as the first Forest Officer in the Southern Rhodesia Department of Agriculture on 8 January 1920. He was a man of immense enthusiasm and energy, and set about his duties with a vigour that the general public does not normally associate with civil servants. He travelled extensively by train, by mule cart, and on foot, visiting as much of the country as possible to map the indigenous vegetation, to gather data on exotic trees that had already been introduced, and to give advice on forestry matters to farmers and local authorities. The forest estate in that first year amounted to no more than the 40 ha (100 acres) of the Forest Nursery, which today contains the Forestry Commission Headquarters, Harare Forest Nursery, and the Forest Research Centre.

In 1920 the Forest Nursery was managed by F. B. Willoughby who, with Henkel, comprised the entire staff of the fledgeling Forest Service in that first year. In that year the first introduction of the cottonwood, or matchwood poplar (*Populus deltoides*) was made in the form of cuttings, and some of the original trees raised from them at the Forest Nursery are still there, now aged 83 years.

In 1921 the Administration provided £5000 for the acquisition of two properties for plantation development, one at Marondera and one at Gweru. A farm selected at Marondera was not authorized because of the "excessive price" of £2 per acre, and no suitable land was found near Gweru, but Henkel inspected a possible property at Fairfield Siding, near Mvuma, and began negotiations for its purchase.

After a thorough inspection of the Rhodes Inyanga Estate in 1921, Henkel made detailed recommendations for the extension of the plantations, which, at that time, were managed by J. W. (Jack) Barnes. In 1920–21 Barnes had planted the first stand of *Pinus patula* in the country. This stand is still in existence, and a plaque commemorates its planting. The species now comprises about 70 percent of all pine plantations in Zimbabwe, contributing immensely to our forest industry.

Also in 1921 Henkel inspected the teak forest of northwestern Matabeleland, and strongly condemned the concession agreement between the BSA Company Administration and Hepker Bros (subsequently RNTC, who cut and milled teak in practically every forest area in Matabeleland). The disquiet that arose from this inspection undoubtedly determined Henkel to bring the teak forests and the concessionaires under firm control.

The Forest Service Expands

In 1922, Government purchased from the British South Africa Company for £ 3362.17.0 the property at Fairfield Siding known as Mtao Forest. This forest covered an area of 5316.33 ha, and preparations for development started immediately, the first plantings (some 28 ha) being established in the rainy season of 1922–23.

The year 1925 saw the appointment of a Rhodesian born and educated Oxford graduate to the staff of the Forest Service, one Ernest James Kelly-Edwards who was to serve for more than 33 years, of which 27 years and 9 months were spent as Chief Executive of the Service under various titles. It was Kelly-Edwards who was tasked with bringing the exploitation of the teak forests under the direct supervision and control of the Forest Service, and he did this with considerable efficiency from his station near Victoria Falls.

An important event in 1925 was the establishment of the European Labour Afforestation Operations (ELAO) at Mtao Forest where a camp was established for about a dozen unemployed whites who had lost their jobs due to the countrywide (and worldwide) economic depression of the mid 1920s into the early 1930s. This camp was closed in 1934. A second ELAO camp was established at Stapleford in 1931 and closed down towards the end of 1940.

In 1926 the British South Africa Company began the development of coniferous plantations on their estate, between Mutare and Penhalonga, and this was followed by Government's acquisition of Stapleford Forest in the Penhalonga district, an area totalling 7477.4 ha, for £6620.18.10. Softwood afforestation started at Stapleford in 1928–29 when 236 ha were planted. Around this time an area of 955.64 ha was added to Mtao Forest to bring the total area of that estate to 6271.97 ha. Shortly afterwards the area of Stapleford was increased by 24 405 ha by the purchase of Ranch Minniglen from the deceased estate of A. N. W. Strickland, who had married the sister of the three Meikle brothers.

In 1929 the Forest Service took over responsibility for the administration of the Rhodes Matopos Estate, and in 1930 the Victoria Falls Game Reserve and Wankie Game Reserve were added to the responsibility, and in 1935 control of the Rhodes Inyanga Estate passed from the Veterinary Department to the Forest Service.

Henkel's Provisional Vegetation Map of Southern Rhodesia was published in 1930, a map that stood the test of time and close scrutiny until finally superseded by the vegetation map of the Flora Zambesiaca region, which was produced in the 1960s. Henkel's map was an outstanding one-man effort, compiled during a period of extremely limited accessibility to the remote regions of the country – and very little transport other than Henkel's own feet.

Henkel retired at the end of June 1931 after 11½ years of indefatigable service, during which the Forest Service that he had started had become firmly established. He was succeeded by Kelly-Edwards, then aged 31, with only 6 years of service behind him, but he went on to serve with distinction until his retirement at the end of March 1959.

Shortly after Henkel's retirement the Forest Service came under severe and prolonged bureaucratic attack from two Government officials, one of whom produced a report strongly condemning Stapleford as unsuitable for afforestation, but Kelly-Edwards, for all his youth and inexperience, was able to reply to each criticism to such good effect that the matter was dropped. An independent external report in 1935 completely vindicated the Forest Service's afforestation programme, and thereafter there were no further problems from Government.

A notable development took place in 1933 when a forest officer was recruited specifically to investigate the forest resources of the Communal Lands, where depletion of the woodlands was already giving cause for concern. From then on Forest Service advisory involvement with the Communal Lands became firmly established.

The remaining years until the outbreak of World War II saw steady progress of the Forest Service's expansion without a significant increase in the size of its staff. The war years were difficult ones for the Service, with 9 members of its staff on active service, and no prospect of recruiting replacements. But the war years did provide a period of consolidation ahead of the "golden era" of expansion that was to follow.

Post-War Expansion

The experience of timber shortages during World War II determined the Government to expand the coniferous-plantation estate to the greatest possible extent, and considerable land holdings were taken up in the Nyanga and Chimanimani districts. This generated a need for more trained staff, and while successful recruitment from Britain was initiated, it was realized that local training of young men would also be required. To this end two forestry School diploma courses were run successfully at Mtao Forest in 1947–48 and 1950–52, the first of these being for ex-servicemen.

The private sector also expanded into softwood forestry at this time, notable investors being the British South Africa Company, Border Timbers, Imperial Tobacco Company, and The Wattle Company. The first two of those were eventually to merge. The Wattle Company was initially concerned only with wattle plantations for tannin extract, but eventually converted a sizeable proportion of its holdings from wattle to

pine plantations. Currently Zimbabwe has 108 704 ha of commercial plantations, of which 74 114 ha are under coniferous species, 22 788 ha under eucalypts, 10 527 ha under wattle, and 276 ha under poplar. The current area of farm and Communal Lands plantations are not known, but possibly amount to 10 000 ha.

The area of indigenous forest currently reserved as demarcated forest amounts to some 800 000 ha, but the precise figure is not known.

In April 1954 the Forest Service became an autonomous body known as the Forestry Commission, and more recently the Commercial Division of the Commission has become privatized as the wholly Government-owned Forestry Company of Zimbabwe.

Forestry Research

It was not until 1948 that a forest officer was appointed specifically to undertake research work.

If any member of the History Society of Zimbabwe or any other reader of this journal would like to assist the Society in its efforts to continue to publish this journal despite the galloping inflation, please consider sourcing, ideally in South Africa, the paper requirements for one issue of the journal and donating that paper to us.

The requirements are:

a) 8000 sheets 80gsm or 90gsm or 100gsm white bond size 1024 × 765mm, short grain (for text)

b) 250 sheets 250gsm gloss art board, size 640 × 915, long grain (for cover).

If you are a member of the History Society of Zimbabwe, please ensure that the Society headquarters – <ianco@zol.co.zw> – has your email address, as communications by post are no longer affordable.

Book Reviews

by Michael J. and Rosemary Kimberley

GONAREZHOU: A PLACE FOR ELEPHANTS, by Colin Saunders published by Lowveld Lodge Enterprises, Mutare, Zimbabwe, 2006

Colin Saunders qualified in medicine at the University of Cape Town in 1958 and has spent most of his working life in rural general practice. During thirty three years in the Lowveld at Triangle hospital he spent much of his spare time exploring Gonarezhou and growing to love this remote and vast wildlife area.

He has written an engrossing and amazingly comprehensive account of the Gonarezhou, its history, folklore and the principal characters whose toil and dedication built, with the most basic of tools, the camps and roads for viewing game. Also, too, we meet the many men and women who built thriving ranches, vast sugar estates, and small rural communities whose enthusiasm and knowledge came to the aid of the Park in times of need.

The area is one of varied and dramatic landscapes, home to large herds of elephant, and a wide range of wildlife and birds. The physical features and lesser known sections of the Park are dealt with in detail, as are the vivid accounts of the wardens and Parks staff, the development, infrastructure, security issues and the guerrilla war. A chapter recounts the successful environmental co-operation between the park and Mahenya, an adjoining rural community. A sombre section describes the disastrous drought of the early 1990s which killed thousands of animals, disgraceful political interference as the senior Parks staff, helped by massive back-up by private individuals, attempted to save and in some cases temporarily re-locate the starving animals. (There are many black and white illustrations and a careful and beautiful selection of colour plates. The text is scattered with small drawings of birds and animals by Colin's daughter, Gill. There are also detailed maps of the Park.)

A chapter on the habitat damage caused by steadily growing herds of elephant, proves that the problem can only be solved by large scale humane culling by experienced hunters.

Gonarezhou is soon to join South Africa's Kruger National Park and the huge Limpopo National Park in Mozambique to form the enormous Great Limpopo Transfrontier Conservation Area, Africa's largest reservoir of wild life. As Colin says, this could be "the greatest guarantee of the future of Gonarezhou", which should over-ride the "unchecked and unsustainable invasions fostered by some of our leaders, during the chaotic land-grab in contravention of law and logic, which has besmirched the new millenium".

This is a book that deserves every success, a most valuable addition to the shelves of those who love the wild places of Zimbabwe.

For information on purchasing the book, please contact Mark Saunders at 20 Tower Close, Helensvale, Harare – (04) 861152 (home), (011) 416 983 (mobile), or e-mail <mark@farmarama.co.zw>.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE – THE TRUTH BEHIND THE LEGEND
by Rob Mackenzie, published by Figtree Publications, Chinhoyi, Zimbabwe, 2005

This is the 8th Edition – a commemorative special edition – of this book which first appeared in 1993. It is commemorative in that it celebrates 150 years of exploration and discovery. Discovery is used in the sense of "revealed, exposed to the greater world" and the discoveries which are commemorated are the discovery, exploration and naming of the Victoria Falls, the discovery and exploration of the Kebrabasa Rapids, the discovery and naming of the cataracts on the Shire River, the unveiling of Lake Shuwa, and the discovery of Lake Nyasa.

This edition appears in soft cover and hardcover with text and indexes of just over 400 pages, illustrated by 4 maps, 6 pages of colour illustrations and 30 pages of monochrome illustrations.

All in all there are 22 chapters which begin with Livingstone's birth on 19 March 1813 in Scotland and end with his death on 1 May 1873 at Chitambo's Village, with substantial coverage of his amazing journeys in Africa in between.

The author emphasises Livingstone's life as a Christian, using extensive quotations from his personal notes and letters, and traversing not only his accomplishments and strengths but also his failings and weaknesses.

Livingstone's hatred and denunciation of slavery is a theme which is conspicuous throughout the book and his goal of bringing the slave trade in Africa to the attention of the world was certainly an accomplishment of this great man.

Though many comprehensive biographies have been published about Livingstone, most are out of print or very difficult to find. This readily available work, therefore, fills an existing gap in the available literature and the author believes it may also "fuel a revived interest in early explorers and missionaries".

The author expresses himself very lucidly and I found the book easy to read and difficult to put down until I had read it from cover to cover.

This highly recommended book is available from bookshops but if you have difficulty in sourcing it contact the author directly by Email to:

mackenzie@utande.co.zw

DARWIN DAYS – STORIES FROM MOUNT DARWIN AND CENTENARY EAST, 1889 TO 1980, published by Rhodesians Worldwide, Mesa, Arizona, U.S.A., 2005

This book of 100 pages has been put together by two former residents of the area, namely Chris Whitehead, son of Daphne and David Whitehead, formerly of Shambuki Farm, Mount Darwin, who now lives in Arizona, USA, and Nick Russell who served in the BSAP at Mount Darwin from June 1976 and now lives in Victoria, Australia.

Basically, the content comprises the recollections and reminiscences of some 60 commercial farmers, civilians, civil servants and members of the security forces who lived or served in Mount Darwin and Centenary East.

In a preface to the book the publishers acknowledge that the publication "is the sum of information, stories and documents gathered on four continents" but is "in no

way a comprehensive history, nor does it claim to be strictly accurate". "It is simply a compilation of what people remember from so long ago".

All in all, in the words of the publishers "this modest book is the story of some extraordinary people. It is a story that needed to be told".

Hopefully, king pins from other former farming areas will follow suit and produce similar publications containing stories that still need to be told.

The book can be ordered from the Flame Lily Foundation, Box 95474, Waterkloof 0145, RSA for 205 Rand, or from C. Whitehead, P. O. Box 22034 Mesa, Arizona 85277-20334, USA for US$ 29.50. Both prices include surface mail postage.

A Restoration: Charles Winton Fraser

by Marguerite Poland

History has a strange way of unfolding. It is not always linear. A story starts and comes full circle. Such is the story of Private Charles Winton Fraser, born 14 September 1896, attested No 1457 Second Rhodesia Regiment 10 October 1915, killed in German East Africa 11 March 1916.

The African campaign waged against the forces of the German Commander, the wily Von Lettow Vorbeck, was a difficult, thankless and little-celebrated affair. More died from diseases such as dysentery, malaria, black water fever than from action in the field. It was a campaign which was not considered 'the real war', being far from the Front in Flanders and in France. But the consequences for those who fought in the devastating heat were as dire. In a wilderness which had been razed by the Germans, food was very hard to come by. The enemy was the mosquito rather than the unseen snipers or the forces manning the naval gun salvaged from the gun-ship, *Konigsberg.*

> 'In terms of human hardship the GEA campaign was every bit as desperate as the 1st Brigade's fighting in France. The casualties speak for themselves. By 1917 over 3 000 Imperial troops had been killed in action; more than 6 000 had died of wounds and diseases'[1]

Even the toughest colonial sons, born to the saddle and acclimatised to the tropics were unable to sustain either health or morale in this punishing climate. Moving through a landscape of supreme beauty, Kilimanjaro crowned with snow, floating immutably above the plains of singing thorns, the soldiers encountered not only the enemy, hunger and thirst, but also the depredations of wild animals. Life for these colonial troops was precarious.

Of these soldiers, Charles Winton Fraser was one.

Nineteen years old, an employee in the Land Settlement Department in Salisbury and nephew of the well-known 'Native Affairs Commissioner' Sonny Taberer, he had come up from South Africa in 1914 fresh out of school at St Andrews College in Grahamstown. There he had been a prefect in Upper House and a much-admired fullback in the First XV. Brought up on the mission station of St Matthew's at Keiskammahoek by his widowed mother and missionary grandparents, Charles Fraser and his school-fellow, Arthur Graham Green, set out to seek their fortunes in a new country.

When war broke out both joined up.

The battle of Latema-Reata in Northern Tanganyika (now Tanzania) was one of the definitive battles of the East African campaign. On the afternoon of 11 March 1916, the Second Rhodesians had to advance towards the enemy across a plain in blazing sunlight, unprotected by any cover. The German troops were hidden at the base of Latema Hill, a naval gun from the ship, *Konigberg*, trained on the advancing troops.

1 Brown, James Ambrose, 1991. *They Fought for King and Kaiser: South Africans in German East Africa 1916.* Johannesburg: Ashanti Publishing (Pty) Limited. p. viii.

Early in the battle, while priming the guns, Fraser was hit by a shell. His legs were shattered. His closest friend Arthur Graham Green was with him when he died. As if he'd simply missed a kick at goal with his usual reliable boot, Charles Fraser's last words were:

"Oh, dammed rotten luck."

Charles Fraser was buried with his comrades in Taveta cemetery on he Kenyan side of the border on 12 March 1916. A simple wooden cross marked his grave. His mother, unable to visit that distant resting place or bring him home, had her own memorial erected in the Salisbury Cathedral. The inscription read:

To the Greater Glory of God
And in loving Memory of
No 1457
Charles Winton Fraser
Killed at the Battle of Latema Hill
German East Africa
11th March 1916
Aged 19
Splendid he Passed

Some years ago, long after the death of Charles Fraser's mother, a relative sent me a photograph album which had once belonged to Charlie in his last year at school. There were dozens of photographs. All were of St Andrew's – of boys, teams, Houses, rugby and cricket matches – and a faint secretive picture of the girls from the sister school, the Diocesan School for Girls, going down the road. In the last space was a picture of handsome Charlie, going off to war.

So, for me, began a long journey to restore Charles Fraser to memory – and with him, the boys who had been part of his generation. I wrote a fictional biography of Charles Fraser called *Iron Love*. In writing this story I wished to recall a forgotten generation, reflecting on the close sense of belonging within the school community that is such a particular feature of St Andrew's still. It was a story of the companionship of boys, the triumphs and the ultimate tragedy of their young lives.

In November 2005, Grahame Wilson, a Zimbabwean and a member of the St Andrew's College Council who had heard the story of Charles Fraser from Ingrid Wylde, was able to arrange for his plaque to be brought to St Andrew's 'on loan' to be installed in the school chapel on the occasion of the 150th Jubilee St Andrew's Tide Service.

On Saturday 26th November Charlie Fraser's plaque was unveiled. It had been placed among the other memorials which commemorated the boys who lost their lives in the Great War of 1914–1918. Among them are members of his family, his friends, his team-mates and his companions at this well-loved school.

Both the Headmaster of St Andrew's College and the members of Charles Fraser's family deeply appreciate the act of superb generosity and commitment on the part of those in Harare who agreed to allow Grahame Wilson to fulfil this unique commission.

A soldier brings a soldier home.

National Chairman's Annual Report 2005

by T. F. M. Tanser

Ladies and Gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to present my report on activities of our Society over the past year.

The most significant draw cards in obtaining or maintaining membership of our Society are the annual publication it produces called *Heritage of Zimbabwe* together with the numerous events organized by the Mashonaland Branch.

I congratulate the Branch on the continued excellent talks, films and outings it organizes, which are so well supported by you, our members.

The production of our journal is the responsibility and preserve of the National Committee, and in particular, the honorary editor, Mr. Mike Kimberley. Mr. Kimberley's name always comes up for a particular accolade at this occasion, and no wonder! His tenacity, dedication, expertise and experience are the backbone of each and every publication of *Heritage*, this year to see its 25th volume. In addition, he, together with Mr. Mike Whiley and Mrs. Wendy Lapham are in the process of putting together an Index of Authors, a Subject Index, and an Index of Illustrations, which will cover the entire scope of "Heritages" published to date. This is an enormous undertaking, but one which will yield significant benefits to all members and researchers, and we are deeply indebted and grateful to Mrs. Lapham and the two Mikes.

In setting the subscription level each year, the Committee seeks to recover sufficient revenue to meet the costs of publication of *Heritage*. This is no minor task in these hyper inflationary times, but with Mr. Dennis Stephens as our treasurer and excellent financial guide, we have so far managed to meet our target. This also brings to mind the superb efforts by Mr. Stephens to obtain sponsorship from Corporate entities.

Acknowledgment of the contributions by Corporates is always given at the front of each journal, and I would wish to reiterate our extreme gratitude to those sponsors, and in particular to one individual sponsor, Mr. Jonathan Waters of AFN who most generously sponsored the Society to the tune of $15 million.

Reports over the past many years have referred to the Society's overall membership. That currently stands at 481. Now that the Mashonaland Branch meetings are held at a venue with a substantial seating capacity, i.e. the Baptist Bible Church at Chisipite, we can comfortably accommodate an increased number of members at our talks.

This is the appropriate time, therefore, to undertake a strong membership drive, and I would encourage the incoming Committee to implement such a drive as soon as possible. Clearly the more members we have, the better we are able to manage subscription levels.

This last year Mr. John Ford, who has most valiantly, expertly and personally run the book sales on behalf of the Society for the past decade, finally hung up his catalogues. Mr. Ford's contribution to the Society in this area has been immense. John, on behalf of all our members, I salute you for your exceptional and devoted service over these past 10 years. We are delighted that you will now have room in your home

to sit on a sofa or have a meal at your dining room table, which hitherto were inundated under avalanches of books.

The Society is extremely grateful to Mr. Jon Brand and his wife Sue for stepping into the breach to take over from John Ford. Their bookroom at their property at Hillside has been constructed, and once further cataloguing and pricing have been effected, they will be "open for business", hopefully by the beginning of May. The Society, thanks to Mr. Dennis Stephens, has supplied Mr. & Mrs. Brand with a computer fitted with specifically designed software. The Brands will be operating through e-mail and members will be advised as soon as their cyber space lines are up and running.

My gratitude has already been expressed to Mr. Dennis Stephens for his excellent work on our financial matters. I should also like to express my deep appreciation to the National Honorary Secretary, Mrs. Carol Cochrane, for her quiet, capable and effective administration of the Society's affairs.

To the members of the National Committee I extend my thanks for your steadfast commitment, support and advice over the year. Several of these Committee members, such as Messrs. Kimberley, Rosettenstein and Woods have been on the Committee for 30 years, and more. Their knowledge, wisdom and experience is invaluable, but we seek also the infusion of younger members to balance the scales.

I should like to pay special tribute to my good friend Mr. John McCarthy. John, who was the previous National Chairman, is an ever thoughtful and helpful colleague. In particular I thank him for the excellent but humble service he provides as he sets up the public address system, records and projects photographs to support each talk, and is generally a great supporter and servant of our Society. I might add that John has offered and enabled us to hold our Committee Meetings at the Board Room of Anglo American, for which we are most appreciative.

During this past year, our tape recorder mysteriously disappeared. That outstanding friend of the Society, Mr. Keith Martin, having heard of our plight, blew in from Cape Town with a replacement machine. Keith, you have often taken our breath away with the depth of your knowledge of all our members, whether above or below ground! We thank you so much for your thoughtfulness and generosity.

I have been extremely honoured and privileged to have been the Society's Chairman these past years, and I thank you, the members, for your unwavering and enthusiastic encouragement , support and friendship over this period, and I wish the incoming Chairman and National Committee all the very best for the year ahead.