HERITAGE of ZIMBABWE

PUBLICATION No. 16 1997

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THE HISTORY SOCIETY OF ZIMBABWE
Harare
Zimbabwe
December 1997

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Edited by

MICHAEL J. KIMBERLEY

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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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Foreword

The History Society of Zimbabwe once again presents to its members the annual volume of its journal and in doing so apologizes for the slight delay in the appearance of this particular issue.

Our policy is to endeavour to post each issue to paid up members so as to reach them by Christmas in every year. This target is usually achieved and when it is not the fault has hitherto been attributable to printing delays beyond the control of the Society as publisher.

On this occasion, however, the delay has been caused by a shortage of suitable articles for publication until recently when the first two articles in this volume became available.

The continued publication of *Heritage of Zimbabwe* both timeously and regularly depends on a steady supply of articles being submitted for publication and an earnest appeal is made to all our members and to other readers to put pen to paper so as to ensure a sufficiency of suitable material for publication.

The major contribution, introduced by Professor D. N. Beach, is the fascinating daily journal of J. B. Don, a prospector who with Brownlee, another prospector, set out from Fort Victoria in November 1891 on a six month journey to survey the eastern highlands south of Umtali.

Regular contributor Rob Burrett provides a fascinating history of the Eldorado Mine which was once the premier gold producer in this country, and R.H. Wood has written an extremely interesting article on L. C. Meredith sourced from Meredith's memoirs. Meredith led Theodore Bent, the archaeologist, to the Zimbabwe Ruins in 1891 and thereafter became a farmer and then a Native Commissioner, serving in the Makoni, Melsetter, Rusape, Selukwe, Hartley and Chipinga districts.

New contributor Mirleen Atkinson, wife of a former manager of the Globe and Phoenix Mine, offers a short history of the Mine, and George Stewart, now of New Zealand, writes about the Empire Contingent at the 1937 Coronation of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth. The final part of Eric Thomson's medical patrol with Dr Blair in 1935 is followed by a biography of ecology pioneer T. J. Mossop.

The policy of the Society is that its annual journal should ideally consist in equal proportions of original articles and of the text of talks given to members in Harare or elsewhere on expeditions arranged by the Society to places of historical interest. This issue contains the text of two excellent talks given to members during 1997, the first by Tim Tanser on The First Indaba in the Matopos in August 1896, and the second on The Pioneer Cemetery in Harare by Mashonaland Branch committee member Keith Martin who has a particular interest in local monuments and cemeteries in Zimbabwe and their preservation.

Finally, on behalf of the History Society of Zimbabwe, grateful thanks are again expressed to our Benefactors and Sponsors, all of whom have so generously committed themselves to assisting us financially in meeting the high costs of publishing in these inflationary times.

Michael Kimberley
Honorary Editor, *Heritage of Zimbabwe.*

Zimbabwe's South-eastern Highlands in 1891–92: the Journal of J. B. Don

edited by D. N. Beach

INTRODUCTION

In late 1891 two prospectors, Brownlee and Don, set out from Fort Victoria to survey the country in Buhera and the eastern highlands south of Umtali. It is not clear just how far they realised the dangers that they faced, for the summer rainy season was known to be the worst period of the year for malaria, but they seemed to connect the disease more with low altitude than with mosquitoes, against which they had virtually no protection. They had three donkeys to carry very limited supplies, and only occasional chances to hunt or trade for food. They were lucky not to encounter mosquitoes until 7 February, though Don at least had already suffered from malaria before they started. As it was, Brownlee died nearly nine weèks later, and Don only survived because the Portuguese officials from Mussurize rescued him. Moreover, as is now known, there is no workable gold in the region that they covered except for the Odzi gold belt, which was already being worked. In that sense, the journey was a total failure.

Nevertheless, it did produce one treasure: Don's daily journal, with later additions, is of considerable value to anyone concerned with Zimbabwe's past. As a prospector, Don was naturally interested in recording the geography and geology of the areas he saw, but he also took notes on the vegetation. Thus, it is possible to discover how the environment has changed over 105 years. His observations included stone structures of many kinds: not only the conventional *zimbabwe* of Buhera, or even the very odd Chikwanda *zimbabwe* with its iron-clamped plank palisade, but also agricultural terraces, boundary cairns and plain field walls. Given the relative accuracy of his journal in its geographical details, archaeologists should be able to reach the reported sites of these structures. If they are still there, they will add much to the rather neglected prehistory of the south-east.

For the historian, Don's journal provides a valuable picture of a part of the country that was relatively little known to Europeans, at a particularly interesting time. Even so, more literate travellers had visited the area than Don realised. Apart from Karl Mauch, whose trail in 1872 was crossed early on,[1] there had been Transvaal prospectors in Buhera in 1880, in which year the Jesuit party covered much of the same ground as Brownlee and Don.[2] J. T. Bent's party had been in Buhera only a few months earlier in 1891,[3] while, east of the Save, foreign travellers had become ever more common since the 1870s, especially around the Gaza capitals of Mzila and Ngungunyane. From the coast, St. V. Erskine made his first visit in 1872, seeking labourers for the Natal colony, and returned in 1873 and 1875 in connection with ivory hunting and trading.[4] R. Beningfield came to Mzila several times before 1879, also in search of ivory.[5] The years 1880–1 saw the Jesuits A. Law, K. Wehl, J. Hedley and F. De Sadeleer straggle in from Bulawayo and Buhera, only two of whom survived the malaria.[6] The American

missionary E. H. Richards was more fortunate in his dealings with Mzila in 1881, for it was then that the negotiations that were to lead to the Mount Selinda mission began.[7] To labour, ivory and religion were added politics and gold as reasons for Europeans to visit the Gaza capitals in the 1880s. António Maria Cardoso's mission for the Portuguese government came in 1882, and the 1885 Gaza-Portuguese treaty led to the Portuguese Residency and school being established in 1886.[8] In 1885 Joaquim Carlos Paiva de Andrada had begun his negotiations with Ngungunyane, concerning the Manyika goldfields. In the next year he checked on a mine in the Save-Runde confluence area that had been reported by N. G. W. Mayes, with no success.[9] By the late 1880s, visits of Europeans to the Gaza capital had become commonplace, but the mass exodus of the Gaza to the lower Limpopo valley in June 1889 meant that the old capital area in the Buzi-Mussurize valleys received less attention from then on.

So far, all but the Jesuits had arrived from the coast, which is why only they, Paiva de Andrada and Erskine — whose 1872 visit had touched the lower Haruni valley west of the Chimanimani range — have left us first-hand accounts of the areas north and west of the Gaza capitals. However, from 1886 travellers from the Transvaal and the Ndebele state began to arrive in the Gaza state centre across the hills and lowveld of southern Zimbabwe, which had previously only attracted Afrikaner and African elephant hunters and catechists.[10] For example, in 1888 G. Wise and T. Madden went up the middle Save and Odzi valleys to seek a concession in Manyika, while in 1890 A. Vaughan-Williams's prospecting party sought refuge at the Portuguese Residency after a difficult summer on the Runde.[11] All of these were significant markers of the growing commercial and political struggle of the 'Scramble for Africa.'

The first expedition of the British South Africa Company into the south-eastern highlands of Zimbabwe was a bizarre near-fiasco. On 19 November 1890 a mounted patrol of 14 policemen under Captain Keith-Falconer set out from Fort Victoria. The Company was making treaties with Shona rulers east of the mountains in Mozambique, and Keith-Falconer had been ordered to make a treaty with Chimanimani, which for some reason the Company thought was a ruler and not a mountain. They crossed the Save just south of the Devure confluence and reached Chikwanda near Chipinge and then Mafusi's village on the Rusitu. Failing to get any treaty, they went west of Chimanimani in such heavy rain that they never saw the mountain, and then — probably through the Musapa gap — into the Revue valley to Macequece, being lucky to suffer no losses to malaria.[12] In late January and February 1891, L. S. Jameson, D. Doyle and G. B. D. Moodie passed rapidly west of the mountains from Manyika towards the new Gaza capital in the south. Their mission was part of a last-ditch attempt to extend BSAC rule into the whole Gaza tributary area, but in effect the question of the border was being decided in London and Lisbon. It was fixed on paper on 28 May 1891,[13] and from July to September 1892, only a few months after Don left Mussurize for the coast, the Anglo-Portuguese boundary commission was covering the line from the Limpopo to Manyika.[14] Both the local Rhodesians and the Portuguese tried to extend their effective occupation at the expense of the other, but by 1897 the final border had been fixed.

Turning to the African societies among whom Don and Brownlee were moving, it is important to assess Don's abilities as an observer and recorder of the spoken word.

Nothing is so far known of his or of Brownlee's origins, but it is clear that he and Brownlee spoke some Zulu, which at that time was the nearest equivalent to a *lingua franca* in southern and south-eastern Zimbabwe, as a result of the presence of the Ndebele and Gaza, and of migrant labour to the south dating back to the 1870s. As they had no permanent African servants, they had to converse directly with the people they met. In addition, Don had probably travelled in southern Mozambique, as he thought that he could recognise Chopi people and as he spells Portuguese names correctly. His attitude to the people seems to have been relatively tolerant, compared with that of some other travellers of his day. He took the desertion of the Njanja guides on 2 December philosophically, and did not make much fuss about the man who tried to cheat him and extort money for moving Brownlee's body on 8 April. He only used the offensive word 'kafir' three times, preferring the then acceptable term 'native', or 'boy' for men in employment. If his main interest was in the present situation, he did occasionally ask questions about the past, as when he collected the tradition that Musikavanhu's people came from the west. This is better than nothing, from the historian's viewpoint.

The Shona people regarded Don and Brownlee with relative indifference. Except at Makumbe's not far from where Bent's more prosperous party had been in August 1891, not many gathered to meet them. This was almost certainly because Don and Brownlee were so obviously poor and unlikely to offer much in either trade or employment. On the other hand, Brownlee was valued for his hunting skills, which did much to keep the expedition going by making it possible to trade meat for other foods. It is worth noting, however, that Don and Brownlee never suffered from robbery or violence by the local people.

It is interesting to compare the Don journal with that of J. H. A. Burton, published in *Heritage of Zimbabwe*, 15, 1996: granted that Burton was working close to Salisbury and on the main road, his picture of colonial rule in 1894–6 shows how firmly entrenched white settlement had become by then, and how the police and Native Department were affecting the Shona people. In 1891–2, matters were different. Prospectors and traders had not yet penetrated very far from Fort Victoria and Umtali, and there was no effective government influence on the people on Don and Brownlee's route. In effect, the Shona in this region were enjoying a respite from state control that had begun with the last of the Gaza raids in 1888. In the area of the old Gaza state proper, in the south-eastern highlands, people were adjusting to the situation after the departure of the Gaza in mid-1889. It is interesting that, already, Ndau who had been forced to accompany the Gaza on the migration to the south were beginning to come home, although Gaza forces continued to visit the eastern side of the highlands until the fall of Ngungunyane in 1895. Don recorded the very mixed feelings of the Ndau about the Gaza: there had been quite a lot of acculturation, with people north of the Tanganda-Rusitu calling themselves 'Shangaans', but the compulsory nature of this was resented. As it was, people were able to farm as they liked, in this last period before the Moodie trekkers arrived in 1893. Those that wanted to work in Umtali as opposed to South Africa could do so without any state compulsion. As Don noted, the people were well aware of the value of money as a result of migrant labour.

Where Don's journal is especially valuable is in its careful noting of the areas of

cultivation, both old and current, and with its help it should be easy to deduce old and current settlement patterns. In particular, the area between Zimunya and the Mvumvumvu is not very well covered by either documents or oral traditions. Don's coverage of the main watershed south of the Chitora headwaters reveals old and new settlements very high up in the mountains that are new to historians.

Perhaps in the end Don's journal is outstanding not just for its importance as a document on the spread of colonial influence or on the history of the African people, which are in any case aspects of the same history. What is striking is the picture it gives of two people — and three donkeys — struggling to cross a huge, beautiful and often dangerous environment, and it is immaterial whether they were African or European. Malaria was a menace to everybody, but so were the mountains. It is with good reason that many Shona are firmly convinced that mountain rivers and waterfalls harbour *njuzu* spirits who can drag people below the water, often forever. Don and Brownlee were facing exactly the same conditions as the mountain villagers, and it is clear that they were being remarkably foolhardy in travelling *alone* in rugged mountain country in the rain and mist. As the journal makes clear, both of them were very lucky to survive at times, when one left the other to explore the country. Even now, the highlands can be perilous, and Zimbabweans who wish to retrace the trail of Don and Brownlee should bear this in mind.

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The Don journal was located in 1970. It is in the National Archives, Zimbabwe, LO 5/2/23 Volume 3, and is published here by kind permission of the National Archives of Zimbabwe.

THE JOURNAL

This is a typed copy of Don's manuscript journal. Notes explain points not obvious in the text. Don's inconsistencies in rendering Shona names have been left as they are, as well as his occasional mis-spellings of English words, such as 'kraal' for 'crawl'.

Journal Messrs Brownlee & Don

16 Nov. 1891. Left Fort Victoria

18 Nov. Arrived at Makori.[1] Understood from Natives that Guties through which we thought of going lay about East.

19 Nov. Left Makori taking a footpath to the East. We had heard of some regular path to Gutus about here but the only ones we could find were small ones which we followed as long as they continued more or less in our direction, or till, as often was the case, they died out, when we went on till we came on to another. This was our mode of travel all through our Journey. We always tried to get on the paths going from kraal to kraal in our general direction.

Travelled for four hours this day in a N. E. direction doing about 10 miles but track very winding and did not get more than about 5 miles E of the road. Near the kraal of a man whose hands had been cut off by the Matabele we crossed a wagon spoor going North which we understood the man to say lead to Gutus. He put us on an E. N. E. path to the same place. This day we crossed the Matiruikana and Manyambi. Camped at a Kraal on one of a row of 3 koppies.

20 Nov. Went on for 4 hours covering say 10 miles equal to say 8 miles E. N. E. Ground more undulating than yesterday but not so marshy. Had great difficulty in crossing the Popoteki the drift being as slippery as ice. Crossed another stream further E. Camped at Mount Dorobengwe. Several large Koppies and many fields.

21 Nov. Travelled four hours or ten miles along a more winding path than yesterday and equal to say 7 miles E or a little N. of E. Country comparatively free from stones and consisting of grassy ridges sparsely wooded. Camped at Chakodza, the town of Gutus son.[2] This son had died the day before and a great wailing and gun firing was going on when we got there. Another son of Gutu's was present superintending the ceremonies. Had a herd of cattle.

This is the prettiest place I have yet seen in Mashonaland the ground sloping down in wood and glade to the Devuli about 2 or 3 miles away and the rocky Koppie of the town standing out in the foreground. Along the flat bottom of the valley there is much cultivation.

22. Nov. Donkeys lost. Found too late to start. Rain.

23 Nov. One donkey got lost and delayed start till 11 a. m. Crossed Devuli and another stream adjoining it. Both flow in trenches about 20 feet deep in the wide alluvium bottom. Beyond this the country rises steeply in a very rugged and almost impassable (to donkeys) stony hillside till a very considerable height above the valley is reached. All about here almost every yard of country not too stony is either being cultivated or has once been. This day we travelled four hours or say 8 miles East and camped a couple of miles East of a number of very high and fantastic koppies with towns on them. Good deal of red soil about here and natives keep cattle, grass and sugar bushes.

24 Nov. Crossed grassy and sugar-bush ridges and several marshy vleis descending

rapidly. Towards end of day's journey went down steep descent and across a marshy stream near which saw some cattle. Kept on across long grass marshy flats skirting the S. base of a long high mountain (highest yet). In places this mountain was, near the bottom covered with dense luxuriant forest. In one place a group of huts was perched up on a pinnacle rising out of impenetrable bush. To the S & S. E. stretched flat marshy country and in places dense beds of long grass and reeds ran up to the foot of the mountain. The surface water was to be had for a long way however. We camped in a stony wooded Kloof near the E end of the mountain where we found a tiny trickle of water. A few natives came about. Seemed singularly poor and timid and had no information. Went for 5 or 6 hours or say 12 miles E this day.

25 Nov. Went over a long uninhabited stretch full of old Fields. Saw large buck tracks for first time since leaving road. Crossed a river whose course further N. was among a great number of great rocky koppies and bosses of granite. Crossed well wooded ridges and marshy glades and there the low lying Inyatsitsi Went on through much ancient cultivated land again skirting the Southern base of a mountain, till we came out on fields full of natives who spoke a dialect more akin to Zulu than those hitherto we had met.[3] For two miles more we went over continuously cultivated ground and crossing the Inyamashenga camped near a lot of koppies full of villages. Travelled 5 hours and more or say 10 miles due East. Mountain called Gumbe, table topped and inhabited by some sable Antelope. Numerous villages with cattle here. Immense crowds of Natives at camp. Most seemed never to have seen a looking glass before or a white man. Mr Brownlee when out shooting was speaking to some natives when one of them rushed out, and shouting and dancing to a chorus from the rest gradually came nearer and nearer till the tassel on his head touched Mr Brownlee whereupon the Native fell at his feet. Here we hired two boys as guides and servants.

26 Nov. Crossed a low marshy neck between the Koppies and began to descend passing much old cultivation of the old fields being so steep and stony as to be almost precipitous. Soil rich I suppose may have been igneous dyke. Got into a sort of gorge or valley running E on the N. side of Mount Gumbe. Followed a well beaten path down it. Well wooded and a great depth of soil. This valley gradually descends to country of a much lower level. Crossed a stream at the end of the valley and went over a low ridge camping on a sparsely wooded slope. To the South of us is the Eastern end of the mountain where it breaks away in great precipices. Gumbe's kraal is near to there.[4] About here we first came upon kraals in the open at the foot of koppies but not on them. The mountain range here is certainly the finest since Zoutpansberg. Travelled 5 hours to-day, say 12 miles due East.

27 Nov. 2 or 3 miles on crossed a river flowing N. Went over some red soil ridges owing to greenstone dykes. Crossed the Miverabi and camped about 4 miles beyond it passing 10 little koppie villages in that space. Plenty of trees about and whole country either modern or ancient fields. Cattle here. (These were the last native cattle we saw in Africa, barring a single cow a man at Isamunia

owned).[5] Travelled 5 hours, say 10 miles, E. N. E. One of the donkeys has shoulder so swollen almost broke down.

28 Nov. Rain last night and this morning. Donkeys have packs knocked to pieces by trees so Mr Brownlee went out shooting with 2 donkeys and a boy to try and get hides to mend them with.

29 Nov. Crowds of people many guns brought to be mended.

30 Nov. Mr Brownlee returned having been a long way but unsuccessful. Had seen plenty of spoor and a few Hartebeest and Eland. He also heard from the natives that 3 white men on horse back had been there a day before asking about old gold workings, some of which were said to exist thereabouts. Mr Brownlee saw the spoor of the horses and heard that somewhere to the East there were white men with a waggon.

1 Dec. 1891. Had to tinker up the packs the best way we could, wrapping some of them up in bark.

2 Dec. Went N. E. for 3 hours or say 7 miles. Crossed several reedy vleis and a small river and camped just beyond a very strong stream gushing out of a great bed of reeds at the foot of a schistose mountain to the N. Fine magnetic ore but no trace of gold. Country here very level to S and with black saline pools much frequented by game. Slight descent since yesterday. No people since last camp where the inhabited country seems to end abruptly though we passed a few ruined huts and ancient fields since. Heavy thunderstorm in afternoon.

3 Dec. 1891. Boys deserted last night. We rather expected they would. Went on 5 miles across plain coming to small river. Then began to ascend a North and South Mountain ridge through a well wooded country full of game tracks among which I saw what looked like a giraffe track but may have been a buffallo slipping. Near the top passed the sites of old kraals. Crossed a neck and descended a waterless valley on the Eastern side to the edge of the plain which stretches away to the East. Near here when out shooting a few days ago Mr Brownlee found two ruins among the mountains. One was circular with a radial wall bisecting it equally . . . . and the other semi-circular with a radial wall bisecting it equally. They were similar to the Lundi Ruin in structure I believe.[6] Here also it was that the white men were and on the top most pinnacle of the mountain is a kraal. The people have been driven out of this part by the Gaza and Matabili, the natives say. This region is very badly watered by a few small and dirty wells. The mountains are the Mabanque. Travelled over 6 hours or say 12 miles E. N. E.

4 Dec. Set out across plain which is very sandy with marshy watercourses running through it and with many surface pools of water as there appears to have been tremendous rains here lately. Covered with Mopani but grass very scanty. I saw some pallas and much game spoor of all kinds including lions. Plain seems to be dead level to N & S as far as eye can reach except that beyond the N. Horizon as it were, lofty mountains are visible. The plain seems to run parallel to the Sabi.

We soon got off the path and the rest of the way cut across country reaching and camping on the top of a rugged schistoic ridge bounding the plain to East.

Here had a thunder shower. To the East there is a steep descent to another flat plain also parallel to the Sabi. This plain gives way to Mountains half a dozen miles to the North but Southwards stretches away indefinitely, joining the main Sabi plain (from which it was separated by a low granite range about 2 miles E of us but which died out a few miles to the South as did also the range we were camped upon) and forming one boundless expanse of flat veiled in mist and here and there broken by an isolated koppi and forming a level horizon to the S though bounded on the E by distant mountains. The valley is flat to the East of us and was well wooded with Mopani Boobale and well covered with short green grass and full of game spoor including Elephants. In fact there was more game here than we saw anywhere else. On the E side of the plain at the foot of the ridge there was a river consisting of disconnected pools. This was our nearest water. The ridge we were on had once very long ago been a kraal and there was something that might have been an artificial working of some kind but no where was there the faintest trace of gold. Travelled 3 hours or more say 6 miles E. S. E.

5 Dec. Rain last night and drizzle this morning. Went out to look for a path and to find where Sabi actually was. Crossed a neck on the ridge and after going 3 miles S. E. struck the Muverahari, here a fine rapid river about as big as the Wanetsi[7] where the road crosses it. All along the courses of the river through the flats there are at more or less distant intervals isolated granite koppies. One such Koppie and a large one marks the junction of the Muverahari and the Sabi which place I reached by following down the former river 2 or 3 miles.

The banks of both rivers are very sandy and thinly covered with grass and Mopani. The Sabi flows S. E. both of them with clear water and rapid, over granite beds choked with accumulations of sand. About 6 miles farther up the Sabi comes through a gorge in the granite ridge I had crossed that morning. In fact this seems to be the place where it leaves the mountainous country and enters the flats. Some native hunters camped near turned up at the camp. They belong to Gimbesa and during the 5 days they have been here have killed a dozen large and small bucks.[8] Rain again in evening.

6 Dec. Moved camp to the low neck in the before mentioned granite coming about 2½ miles E of last camp. Mr Brownlee went out shooting with the hunters all day but saw nothing. Couple Koodoos investigated Camp. Climbed to top of ridge to the N of camp and found there the ruins of an old kraal. Found a gap in the rock built up with a rough stone wall 6 ft high. Found also recently chopped trees. Several showers during day.

7 Dec. Very heavy thunder shower last night and still raining this morning. Donkeys lost all night and after searching all day found by 4 o'clock in afternoon, saw two zebras and a dozen sable antelope. Mr Brownlee saw some local natives whose kraal is on the top of the ridge and to the N of here, near where the Sabi comes through.

8 Dec. Mr Brownlee went to look for a drift and coming across 3 natives returning to Maranka (who had ben buying salt from the saltmakers of the marshes to the West) engaged them as guides.[9] In the afternoon started and striking the Sabi

2 or 3 miles E of the camp crossed it and went on 4 miles more, camping near the base of a ridge running Eastward from the Sabi gorge and forming a continuation of the ridge our last camp was on, though running rather E & W here than N & S. Where we crossed was not a regular drift, judging from the ill defined path on either side and was very awkward. The river about the size of the Lundi was in two branches having in the W branch a place about 6 ft wide by 3 or 4 deep where we could barely keep ones feet for a moment, the current being so strong and the stony bottom being so uneven. Drizzle morning and night. Travelled 6 miles E. N. E. to-day.

9 Dec. Went on across flats and then over a ridge (continuation same ridge I fancy) and got into a valley with a high mountain to our right or S and another to the left and several more all round. Valley was a low marshy neck in reality, the W part of it draining to the Sabi and the East part to the E & J, I think the Odzi. Crossing this watershed and passing signs of former cultivation, we camped at the N. E. end of the Mountain, at Maranka. Found a white man, Maby, here who had tried to go to Victoria from Umtali with another man, but who had had to turn back at Gutus on account of sickness. Gutus he reckoned 60 miles from here. Country all fields for a couple of miles down valley. Tremendous thunder shower followed by a drizzle in the afternoon. Travelled about 8 miles E to day.

10 Dec. Maby going to Prospectors near here and thence to Odzi and offers his aid in crossing (has 4 boys) if we care to go with him. This we did and following him across country first across dried up marsh plains with a ridge on our left and then over several wooded ridges and marshy glades showing signs of former cultivation, till we came on a waggon spoor and soon after on a hut at the top of a neck uniting two parallel, East and West trending schist ridges. This place is about 10 miles N of Maranka and two Danes, Johnson and Nelson have a shaft 20 or 50 feet deep from which they got very good samples. Just alongside are some old workings in the shape of trenches about 6 feet wide and deep though no doubt deeper originally. A lot of very pure iron ore haematite or magnetic, crops out with the schist here. While here one day they found a sort of chisel in the old working all eaten up with rust. Several dome shaped mountains to the East of this. Tremendous thunder shower.

11 Dec. Heard wolves in night for the first time, I think, since Victoria. Two lions killed near here lately. Heavy rain all night and day.

12 Dec. Rain all day. Mr Brownlee heard a lion in night.

13 Dec. Rain with fine intervals.

14 Dec. Rain with fine intervals. A party of Willoughby's said to be 12 miles West of here. This region drains to Sabi I think.

15 Dec. Rain off but dull and cloudy.

16 Dec. Fine but Maby not ready to go so went alone. Got into waggon spoor which traversed a marshy valley draining at first West and then east to the Odzi. Granite mountains to S and continuation of Schist ridge to N. Passed 3 or 4 prospecting camps on latter ridge and the spoor developed into a slightly beaten track. Travelled 5 hours or about 12 miles E and camped by a fine strong

stream coming out of the Northern or schist ridge.

17 Dec. Went on passed some prospectors camps and passed a high granite mountain to our left and then over a schist ridge (outcrop of white stuff, may have been metamorphic lime stone) also on our left and then descended to the Odzi at sandy waggon drift. River was swollen and about breast high with a rapid current. 5 hours and about 8 miles E. N. E. to-day.

18 Dec. Took 2 or 3 hours to cross Odzi having to make about 8 journeys each besides driving the donkeys across. Followed spoor of a waggon that crossed yesterday. Waggon spoors spread out on the other side, so that there is no beaten track and soon we had only the one spoor to guide us (we had been told by the prospectors to keep the Umtali road till we came to a kraal where we should hear from the natives as to the path). Followed it for about 9 miles across undulating, thinly wooded country, full of oozing streams till camped to the N of a row of granite Koppies forming a E & W ridge.

Have not come much more than 3 miles N. E. of drift. Sometimes went N. W. then N, N. E. & E., track making a circuit round a Koppie with a cubical mass of rock crowning it. Found proper track again a few hundred yards South of our camp.

19 Dec. Struck track and followed N. E. till struck good waggon road which ran East along Northern base of a granite ridge. Asked way to Isumunu[10] from some natives in field and they said there was a path to the South behind the ridge. Retraced steps a couple of miles along base ridge till got a low neck and then turned South across country and descended a steep strong and thickly wooded valley to the Umtali,[11] here flowing in a deep trench in red earth at the Northern side of an alluvial plain. Saw a few dwarf palms about here. Great difficulty in getting donkeys across the river on account of mud fringed banks. Crossed plain and struck a very well beaten path leading S. W. then turning S and crossing a N. E. and S. W. schist ridge where we saw a prospector's camp. Camped Southern slope of this ridge having travelled 4 or 5 hours, or say 7 miles E. Near our path where the path crosses the neck there seems once to have been a wall barring it. Couple small stone cairns here 6 or 8 ft high.

20 Dec. Path followed back of the ridge at first going S. W. Then turned more South leaving the Schist and following a granite ridge slightly above the level of a marshy plain which forms the E. horizon almost. Then turned S. E. going through a well wooded country (where every 50 yards or so trees had been chopped down across the path apparently to block it) which seemed to have once been cultivated and past several small koppies then through a lot of fields (crops very much ahead of those on the other side of the Sabi) and across a river. When in middle river donkeys stuck and one got his pack over his head. Just then terrific thunder shower came on through which we advanced ½ a mile up bare of a mountain ridge and then camped. Went 4 or 5 hours or say 8 miles S of last camp. Immediately to the South there is a good sized dome shaped granite mountain and on this is Isumumyn's town. To the W of this mountain and connected with it by a neck is another similar one. To the West of it flows the river we crossed and beyond that there is another great and precipitous

mass of granite on the further side of which flows the Odzi, not more than 3 miles from here I believe.

21 Dec. Remained to spy out way. Country excessively rugged ahead.

There are three branches to the path one goes back to the River again and down it. The middle one goes to the town and in two places is continued by means of large wooden ladders. The third and most Easterly path runs East along a flat terrace skirting the mountain range and sends a branch S over the low neck. This terrace appears to have once been cultivated and is densely covered with jingle. Nearly all the large trees here have bee hives in them and the natives offer immense quantities of honey for sale cheap. For all other things they are very ridiculously dear and do not seem to fancy us much. Due to vicinity of Umtali, I fancy. In this valley and in the valley on the S side of the mountains (into which the river runs) there is an immense amount of cultivation, fields stretching for miles down the valleys and up subsidiary valleys. The valley on the other side of the mountains is bounded on the South by a similar E & W granite ridge and in places the fields go right over the peaks of this range. Two of its peaks almost due S of this are close together separated by a neck of land and rather similar both being almost vertical towers of granite near the top. They form a land mark visible far and wide. Rain to-day. The above twin peak mountain is Inyarari.

22 Dec. More rain. Donkey lost. At last found a man who seemed to know a little about the country to the South. He said that Gungunhana's old kraal was 8 days journey, or for loaded men 13 days South. The path he said followed the course of the Odzi and Sabi till opposite the place and then came out over the mountains to it. There was also some path about the mountains about which he did not appear to know much or how to reach it.

We determined to go S. E. till we came to the watershed in hopes of coming on the open, healthy grassy plateau of the maps and to go South along it, thus avoiding the unhealthy river valley and the numerous streams we should have had to cross there and also the difficulty of driving pack donkeys through wooded country where they are perpetually knocking their packs against the trees and mashing them.

23 Dec. Found lost donkey and set off along path over neck of ridge. Thick impenetrable bush almost all way. Ascent dreadfully steep and rugged. Descent other side so bad that we had partly to make a new path through the jungle and to lead and drive the donkeys down one at a time. Nearly all the donkeys fell several times though in places we carried the packs ourselves. Packs were almost torn to pieces. Had a little rain. Camped at base (southern) of mountains. From here to the river a mile away and for a greater distance the other side of it, is one continuous stretch of new or old fields. This also stretches for miles up the river and for some distance down it though in that direction it soon has to stop as the valley narrows into a precipitous gorge to the East.

Travelled 4 hours to-day or say 3 miles S. E. Last camp.

24 Dec. Crossed River Gorogungaruhe at a difficult drift. It flows west and is as big as the Umtali.

Went on over the ridge just E of the Nmyarari peaks and down a well wooded valley ahead. Path goes S at first and then turns E. up a valley which this one joins. Crossing several streams including that in the main valley we camped at the foot of a steep escarpment walling it in to the South. Country very mountainous. Just across the valley is a high and very precipitous mountain. Travelled 4 hours say 7 miles S. E. today.

25 Dec. Christmas Day. Ascended to top ridge which is a small plateau, a square mile or so in extent, open and grassy where not cultivated. Crossed several fair sized streams including Mpudzi. One of them flowed at the bottom of a trench in deep red earth like the Umtali. On its bank was the highest tree I ever saw up country. It looked like a Mopani but I do not think that it could have been one as we saw none after leaving the Sabi valley. Country very up and down and getting worse. Had many delays with the donkeys at the rivers this day. Travelled for 6 hours and more crossing say 12 miles equal to say 9 miles S. E. Decidedly cold at camp and mist kept rolling down this valley from the neighbouring mountains.

26 Dec. Went up a valley gradually ascending till crossed a really high neck with high mountains further East. Came down a marshy glade to the S. into another valley running W and similar to the others in being wooded (barring open marshy glades) but not so steep and not so deep. Travelled three or four hours equal to about 6 miles S. E. To the N. E. three or four miles away the rounded peaks of the ridge we have just crossed appear grass covered at the summit. To the west is an isolated pillar like peak from the top of which Nmyarari bears 47 degrees W of N. Maranka bears N of W. Signs of old kraal on this pinnacle. Immense amount of Zebra spoor here. By B. P. thermometer altitude above sea of camp is 3650 feet.

27 Dec. Mr Brownlee went ahead to investigate road. From this place there is visible away S. E. a triangular peak which appears open on top.

28 Dec. Crossed River at bottom valleys with great difficulty because of donkeys. Near here saw a small vertical outcrop of schist striking N & S. Only outcrops for about 6 feet and quite surrounded by granite. Went on ascending again and crossing another E & W ridge by a low marshy neck, near the top of which several of the donkeys sank into a regular quagmire and rolled over unable to move until cut loose. About here some dense wood. Descended again and camped on the rocky bank of the very rapid Shitora river. Say 8 miles south of last camp. Beyond this river are some fields but the natives seemed rather afraid of us. Thickly wooded country and this valley is very rugged and narrow.

29 Dec. Ascended high mountain to N. E. of camp and got about the finest view I ever had. This valley runs up quite straight like a huge trench to the base of the triangular open topped mountains which lies about E and appears to be part of the Sabi watershed. Odzi appears to be 20 or 30 miles away and flowing S. E. To the S. E. there is a very high mountain, the flattish top of which appears to be grass covered and open. Natives sold some stuff. Slight shower in afternoon.

30 Dec. I started up the valley to ascend it to its source and find what the open was

like. Took food and india rubber sheet and gun. Side of valley excessively steep. Precipitous near top. Bed is a marsh in places and has had rice fields long ago. Now overgrown with rank grass 6 to 10 feet long. Ascended N. ridge and came out on top near head of valley. Open with a few Mimosas. Got on to watershed and ascended a high mountain on it. Got fine view over low country to E but found that I had gone up to wrong mountain, all view to S. E. being shut out by the triangular topped peak. Descended skirted an intermediate peak and ascended high triangular peak. Spent three quarters of an hours at top but was enveloped in mist whole time and saw nothing. Mist came shooting up from the S. E. as if some great chasm was there. One side (S. W.) of top clothed in dense impenetrable forest. The open about here is merely the actual knife edge of the watershed and the tops of some of the ridges forming its Western spurs. It varies from 1/2 mile to 3 miles wide and is very steep and in several places altogether broken by deep densely wooded ravines. On watershed saw a well beaten path. Heavy thunder shower and drizzle. Started back along S bank and kept near water to avoid steepness, but got into dense grass in marshy bottom instead. At last about 8 o'clock forced to camp as could not make any way over the rugged koppies and huge bolders. Though everything wet managed to make a gigantic fire. Did about 30 miles in 12 hours walking mostly steep. Had many falls including one into the river.

31 Dec. Found myself within mile of camp and soon got back. Bought more stuff.

1 Jan.1892. Heavy rain last night. Mr Brownlee away all day looking for a practical path up to the open. The path we came by becomes quite impracticable for animals just ahead.

2 Jan. Mr Brownlee out all day and fell into a long narrow game pit 9 feet deep coming down right between the stakes quite unhurt. Got out by pulling out the stakes and sticking them across the pit to form a ladder. Slight rain in evening.

3 Jan. Mr Brownlee on again investigating the path he had found on the 1st came to the conclusion that it was no good.

4 Jan. Heavy rain towards evening. Have had to do all the packs up in bark sacking torn to rags.

5 Jan. Went back to investigate schist, no gold. Donkeys lost. Rain all day.

6 Jan. Tremendous shower all night (thunder). Found all donkeys by afternoon.

7 Jan. Finished preparations for fresh start. Animal apparently tiger took meat from tree by tent. More rain.

8 Jan. Found packs required more fixing.

9 Jan. Started up the river to reach the watershed. Followed more or less the line of what had apparently been once a path but often had to make an entirely new course on account of impassable nature of country. Travelled for 4 hours with incessant delays from bark lashings breaking, packs coming off, donkeys refusing streams &c Rain coming on we camped after an excessively hard day's work. Distance about 3 miles E.

10 Jan. One of donkeys foaled last night and then got lost.

11 Jan. Found donkey and started. Crossed river just above its main branch which enters this valley from the S. Just as we were in the difficulties of getting the

donkeys over came on rain and we camped. Did about 2 miles E.

12 Jan. Heavy rain all day. Are signs of ancient fields about here and also of a large encampment of natives about 2 years old. Matabiles or Gazas I suppose.

13 Jan. Raining all day. While in this valley just about sunset we heard sounds like guns going off at the top of the valley or down other side of watershed. Think they were thunderstorm on E. side mountains in low country.

14 Jan. Started again. Path gives out at foot of escarpment that everywhere separates the open ridge tops from the valleys. Followed a course which Mr Brownlee had surveyed before and though excessively steep yet without any positively impracticable obstacle. It obliquely ascends the ridge, or spurs of the watershed range, which jutted westward separating the two branches of this river. Got out on to open top and camped having gone about 3 miles E in 3 hours. In evening Mr Brownlee shot a Zebra.

15 Jan. Saw 3 Eland. Mr Brownlee went back to kraal to get natives to trade food for the meat.

16 Jan. Lot of natives came with meat. Want to pay in red meal only, have been told to bring all varieties of produce within 3 days. When encamped at this kraal some natives had brought rice from a distance and that was the last rice we had in the country.

Went out to inspect path along watershed. Goes over rough country and over a marshy river flowing in a great flat valley forming one of the sources of the stream that join this valley near our last camp. The high peak I ascended in the mist some days ago rises right up from the East side of this marshy hollow but the watershed path had to turn aside and cross the valley instead of going round it on account of the steepness of the mountains. Though comparatively low this valley forms part of the plateau and flows into a low trench like valley about 3 miles W of the watershed at the point where it cuts the escarpment. S. of this valley (treeless and with many ancient rice fields in the marshes shown by the parallel lines of the long grass) the path ascends for several miles through low jungle, stones and grass and rounding several deep densely forested ravines crosses a very rugged neck on a lofty spur of the main mountains running out W and descends to a low neck separating a broad open Western valley from an enormously deep chasm running East. This last neck is of course on the main watershed and from it the path keeps along the watershed to the top of the high flat topped mountain we have seen to the Southward for some time. Down to the bottom of the Chasm to the E there are fields. The valley to the W after going W 3 miles or so, turns N and flowing between two high rounded isolated mountains which form part of the above mentioned high spur is joined by the marshy valley and flows into the river we ascended at our last camp.

Northward from the head of the valley we were near the watershed path skirts the Eastern slope which descends like a wall. Out of this wall about E of our Camp there stands a great tower like mass of granite going right along to the plain to the East and ascending about 1000 feet above the necks on either side of it. The top appears inaccessible. To the Northward for many miles the watershed is gently undulating and about the level of our present camp, i. e.

much lower than it becomes to the S. Some miles to the N a valley running E runs far into the watershed carrying it many miles W of its general run. Beyond this valley and due N are 3 conical peaks. Mt. Mynarari bears about N. W. from our camp.

18 Jan. Boy turned up who had worked at Umtali. Said 6 white men at Massappa and Lusiti. Said they had come this way. Other information he gave us was false and never heard of these men when nearer where they were said to be so imagine story a concoction.

19 Jan. Rain all day and last night after a spell of fine weather for a week. While here clouded up to the S. W. every afternoon. In the evenings mist came down from the mountains but cleared up by mid-night as a rule. Cold at night.

20 Jan. Raining all day. Finished 3 bags and a lot of reims of Zebra skin.

21 Jan. Finished preparations for a fresh start.

22 Jan. Heavy rain all night. Started and followed path S.

Just as we had cut a path through dense kloof old path being impracticable, heavy rain came on and we camped on ground so sloping that we had to dig out a terrace on which to pitch tent. Say 2 miles, S. E. of last camp. All about here Mr Brownlee considers it the best stock veldt he has seen out of the old Colony. Says it might even do for sheep. In the flat marshy valley all sorts of crops could be got. Of course the country is very steep everywhere (except in the marshy hollow) and no where are you more than a mile from some point of the rocky escarpment where the trees begin and the level fall away. Still where there is grass, the grass is mostly very thick green and good and about a foot high. The red soil is exposed in many places by deep cuttings and landslips in it due to its steepness and the rain. Many old grindstones about and at one place a straight bit of rough stone wall about 50 yards long by 3 or 4 feet high.

23 Jan. Crossed the marshy river how I don't know as it was swollen and in 3 branches and the path a narrow alley through reeds. By a miracle the donkeys (though some of them turned somersaults) did not come to grief for good. Passed a party of 20 natives going to Umtali to work. Camped just to the N. of the high ridge I had been to before. Rain came on before tent up. Say 4 miles S.

24 Jan. Terrific rail all night. Rained almost all day.

Numerous ravines full of bush with streams in them. Often there will be a break in the dense bush and a patch of grass across and no sign of a water course in the grass. In such cases the water runs into a well at the end of upper ravine and comes up another at the top of the lower ravine passing underground between. Often the path takes advantage of these natural bridges and so cross ravines. Sometimes there will be no ravine or water course at all but here and there at wide intervals along the hollows, there will be circular patches of the ferns and wild bananas and on investigation they will be found to be shafts going down to the underground watercourses.

The vegetation up here generally consists of regular impenetrable forest clothing ravines and sometimes spreading over the mountain sides, especially on the Western slope. Very many tree ferns about. Also regular forests of large heaths, some so large one might climb 15 feet above the ground into them.

25 Jan. Rain most of day. Some Kaffirs came from kraals in deep valley to east. Bought lot of very fine honey. From the other side of the Sabi to here they have many hives and much honey. Beyond this little honey and that bad as a rule. Also very few ground nuts since Odzi and those very small. From the top of the mountains here one can see a long way to the Eastward a lowish range whose S. end is about E. of here. Also beyond this and very far away and about E is a great angular isolated peak.

26 Jan. More rain. Heath and bracken everywhere. Many ferns in bush.

27 Jan. More rain.

28 Jan. Poured with rain most of day.

29 Jan. Heavy rain.

30 Jan. Crossed neck having the usual hard labour business with the donkeys. One of them rolled over at a critical place. Miracle he did not go to the bottom. Descended path along low watershed neck and ascended long ridge of watershed other side. Path very old as on each side of the present path, almost from top to bottom of ridge or almost a mile, are dongas 30 or 40 feet deep worn out of the deep red soil by rain running down the old paths. Came on to rain near top and continued all night. Camped in a small valley on top. Distance 3 miles S. Went back to last camp to bring on two calabashes of honey which we had left as we knew it would have been smashed on donkeys. Found natives had taken it but fortunately recovered some things we had lost on the way.

31 Jan. Rain. Everything so wet could hardly cook. Stone here appears to be a flinty quartzite lying flat. Fancy that the Eastern Chasm, low neck and Western valley mark the line of junction with the granite. Soil hides exact line. This mountain is called Toba and is flat topped and grassy. Top about 5 miles from N to S and about as much or perhaps more Westward along spur. Sort of terrace right round top. Level of camp 7 000 ft. Highest point say 7 500 or 8 000 ft. The mountain on the watershed near here and to the N and also those two isolated mountains on the last spur ridge are all about 7 000 ft high. The other mountains of this range Southward are also about the same level, so this is the highest mountain (in Africa) we have seen since we came up country.

1 Feb. 1892. Crossed top in mist. Passed several boggy streams. Camped on brink of wide open valley to S. of this. Very steep descent through a forest before getting to open part. Camped in rain, 4 miles S. S. E.

2 Feb. Several showers to-day. Mr Brownlee away with natives all day after Buffaloes. Saw none but found hot spoor through the forest kloofs in the terrace. They went almost round Toba the game dodging them. Neck of watershed is very low, the valley running E & W being almost at its level. These valleys especially that of the river Nymbeya to the W are for 3 or 4 miles open, flat and with very little fall. Bought some white and brown beans like European ones and this year's crop. Ahead of this most produce was of the new season.

3 Feb. Hired a lot of boys to carry packs down the staircases ahead. Repacked donkeys at bottom and on along neck with rank grass 8 ft high all along it. Path having two branches took right hand one as a boy said it was the main one though the left hand one seemed the right one. Camped on very sloping ground

and rain came on. Travelled 6 hours or say 6 miles S. Camped at foot of steep ascent to next flat topped ridge. Here for the first time we saw groups of huts in little patches of forest on flat grounds. At last camp most natives very well-marked Machope features and some called themselves Machopes.[12] Never saw any more before or after and how they got here I cannot make out. A little way back white beads (small) were in request. Here and rest of way powder and caps are in great demand.

4 Feb. Last night very heavy rain and foal died. More rain to-day. Went to investigate road. We are camped on small stream whose valley further up is a regular gorge with precipices several hundred feet high. Many waterfalls all about lately. Some must be a hundred feet and more of a fall. More like sandstone here and less like quartzite, and below sandstone a bed of red decomposed shale. Few natives here and of a different tribe to those last camp. They have vague rumours of old gold workings. They said that six months ago three white men on horse back had passed Northwards about 8 miles West of this. Also that many years ago three white men with a waggon were in the valley of the Odzi about opposite here and one of them dying the others took his body away with them to Massikessi.[13]

5 Feb. Several showers. Mr Brownlee away all day prospecting down Eastern valley. Not a trace of gold. Boots having given out he went barefoot and almost broke his toe on a stone besides tearing all skin off shins with tremendous long grass. Had a very rough time of it. No habitations down valley, but in a field on a ridge near here he saw cabbages.

6 Feb. Crossed a small stream and ascended on to flat top mountain and camped. Distance 2 miles S. S. W. Terrible work getting donkeys across stream and up steep place. One donkey dislodged a large stone which bounding down hill nearly did for another of them. One good thing is that sandstone and quartzite does not form huge boulders like granite so we seldom come to places absolutely impassable to donkeys. More rain.

7 Feb. Followed path over mountain. In one place two of the donkeys almost came to their end. The path was a rather slippery ledge 8" wide in an almost vertical bank going down far below and at the most critical point they slipped but recovered themselves. Watershed seems to have made a bend to the S. E. and we seem on a spur of it running due S into a wide valley, partly open and partly bush and running W and which the valley to our left and between us and the watershed runs into. On we went and descended the S end of the spur till brought up by path becoming blocked by mealie field. Kafir guided us round and into path through dense bush between us and next lot fields. This path was for a long way about an angle of 45 degrees and slippery. Donkeys slid down each section and then stuck in bush at turn of path till pushed over next slope and so on. One donkey lay stunned for 15 minutes after one fall. At bottom incline pretty brook runs through forest with well beaten wide path along its banks and every few yards a group of huts in a clearing. Some large trees about. Went on through several miles of old and new fields till came to marshy plain a mile or two wide and full spare long grass with clumps of reeds here and there. Camped

on S. side this on high bank above drift of the river Boumbrumiri. Here had mosquitoes for first time and clouds of midges which were far worse, their bites itching for days after. Did not sleep a wink. Came 9 hours at one stretch to-day, say 10 miles S. Below here valley narrows and gets rugged and wooded. Above it is wide, the river forming a great bed of reeds. Drift here though full of reeds has a sand and stone bottom. Watershed about 3 miles E and a mere low undulation. Heard two Scotch carts passed here yesterday and camped on watershed. 4 whites and 4 natives and are bound across watershed to Msikessi. Chief here is Tyibauya.[14] Shower to-day. Camp 4000 ft above s.l.

8 Feb. Paid some natives to carry our packs and help to drive the donkeys over. Stream must be swollen as waist deep with very rapid current. Just as we got repacked drenching rain came on. Could not camp as marshy plain extend half a mile beyond river before rising ground began and already was getting an inch or so deep in water. Also we were determined to get out of the range of the gnats. To make matters worse no wood on nearest rising ground. Went on for four hours ascending a long almost level ridge to the foot of the range bounding this basin on the S and which is itself a Western spur of the main watershed. Some wood here and camped having got into the spoor of the carts. Terrific rain nearly whole way and everything soiled. Distance about 5 miles S. E. In afternoon cleared for a short time allowing us to slightly dry our least wet blanket over fire and then came on to rain again. There are lots of fields just E of here but not so many as other side. To west are the high flat topped mountains into which the ridge on which we are encamped rises. To the S. W. there seems to be a sort of wooden plateau almost as high as the general run of the watershed (which it is lower here than it is further N) and much higher than the low necks at which the rivers take their rise. Through this plateau the rivers cut in narrow rocky defiles and here they enter the bush country, the portions of their courses between here and their source on the main watershed being comparatively speaking, wide open grassy basins. Till now we have been on the watershed and seen the river on both sides. Now it has run out much further E and we are some miles W of it not far from where the Valleys running W enter the rugged part of their course. Hitherto the nature of the country has been a high range running N. & S forming the main watershed, with western spurs almost as high as itself running W. towards the Odzi. Eastwards the spurs have been as unimportant that it is practically formed a wall.

9 Feb. During fine hot morning dried blankets and then rain came on again. Good deal specular iron about in the shale below. Mr Brownlee unwell and very footsore. No gold.

10 Feb. Some rain. Mr Brownlee unwell and very footsore. Path ahead goes over a neck between the sandstone Koppies evidently once inhabited. Reddish sandstone with top protected by quartzite on which saw ripple marks. I saw a donga not unlike an old working but certainly nothing but a donga. Not a trace of gold in the area decomposed shale out of which it was cut.

11 Feb. Fine all day first time for a month or so. Dried things. Hear Massapa is a day or two away.

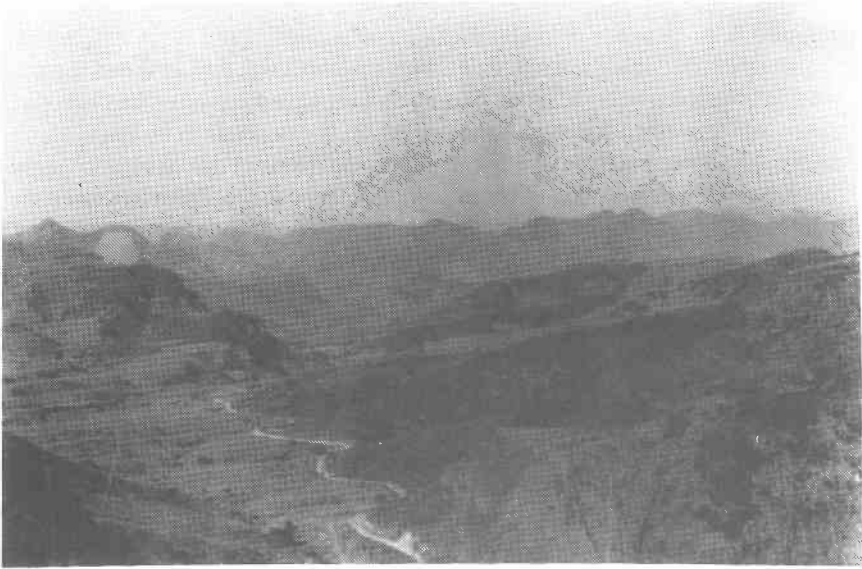
12 Feb. Went on S. across neck and wide valley crossing 3 streams separated by low ridges. The basin of the first of these valleys had up near its source to the left green fields, but where we crossed old fields with 20 or more deserted huts about. Lower down no cultivation old or recent but wide stretches of gently sloping ground covered with rich grass brown with seed. Beyond that the three streams join and enter the rugged part of their valley. Camped on neck in next East and west ridge having gone say 7 miles a little W of S. Waggon spoor stuck to path most of the way.

13 Feb. A few drops of rain. Lost prospecting pan and tin basin while coming along yesterday and Mr Brownlee went back and found them. Also had lost and found matches and bag of beads. Have a high mountain to E. on watershed. Called Mount Gudza. The river is called Umtanda and runs into the Boumbunbu.

14 Feb. Over neck and down very steep deep wooded valley running into a larger valley with a fair stream of water in it. Path turns to left across stream in the subsidiary valley and this drift being bad we stuck to the cart spoor. They must have had hard work coming up having to cut a road through trees and bank up steep places &c. The bottom of the main valley from where we crossed it to where it enters a narrow gauge about a mile long is open and marshy and full of fields. Up the ridge beyond is a long steep ascent made far worse by being terraced by low stone walls. Every few yards showing that it must have been all cultivated once by some building tribe. Wonder the evils did not come to grief coming down this staircase. Camped on top of ridge which runs away E and W at about an even level. Say 7 miles S.

15 Feb. On across another deep rugged valley is a couple of branches separated by a long ridge. Nearly lost donkey in mud hole carts made in crossing stream. The first part of slope down to the N. Branch of this valley is terraced in places and steep. Near the bottom is a level open stretch and here we saw several round stone walls 6 or 8 ft high and 10 or 20 ft across. Very rough work and appear to be cattle kraal or garden walls. Some seem to have inside floor much above level outside floor. On the S. slope of the ridge dividing the branches we went down a road cut straight up hill by the cart men through the thick bush and at an angle of almost 45 degrees with the level. This is where the valley just begins to enter on its rugged gorge stage and further up are some open almost level bottom. Crossing a good sized stream the spoor ascended a very stoney slope, past some more stone walls and on to a neck where we camped.[15] Distance 5 miles S. Judging by outspans men in carts took 5 days to do it. This valley uninhabited and more bushy than last. The ridge we are camped on is much lower than the former ones and is the N. edge of an open plateau. Passed some young grass to-day and saw smoke of burning grass for first time this season yesterday. River called Nyamyazwi.

16 Feb. Going S. 2 miles across plateau came to a small but deep and strong stream flowing W. Beyond this path descended a long way into an open valley bounded on S by high mountain and W end of which the valley turned flowing S. Crossed two good streams in valley and went over N. W. shoulder or spur of the mountains and then again descended to narrow flat bottom of the valley now



15 Feb.. . . . On the S. slope of the ridge dividing the branches we went down a road cut straight up hill by the cart men through the thick bush and at an angle of almost 45 degrees with the level. . . . **Early photographs of the south-eastern highlands are rare, and this one of the 1930s appears to be the oldest one taken near the Musapa Gap**

(*National Archives of Zimbabwe*)

18 Feb. . . . Far to the East and appearing above this ridge is the very remarkable Chimanimani range . . . **This picture of Chimanimani (Melsetter) village in 1898 shows just how far modern forestry has affected the landscape in a century: many of the views seen by Don and Brownlee are now obscured**

(*National Archives of Zimbabwe*)

running E. S. Between the big mountain and another to the W of it. Went on along a path through grass 8 ft long till we saw the River flowed E and formed a wide marsh to the S. E. of us. Seeing that on wrong path (we had lost cart spoor which we had followed since we got off the watershed) and finding we had passed a turning to the right and re-crossing the river we camped for night having come 6 miles S. Level of camp 4000 feet above sea. From last camp we could see very rugged country to the W. about 10 or 20 miles away and about the junction of the Sabi and Odzi I believe.

17 Feb. Went back to branch path to right and taking it crossed river and other side came on cart spoor going down river. Crossed spoor and followed path, crossed a wide open valley with stream and quaking bog in middle which runs E from watershed to join the river. Camped at E end of a spur of the watershed which divides this valley from a deep wooded one, also joining the river, but further S. Did about 5 miles West of south. River is called Myahode.

18 Feb. Went up Spur to investigate path and find out if a path existed along the watershed. At junction of spur and watershed and surrounded by a patch of dense forest were a few fields and a group of good huts. This was the kraal of Mooska, the Chief of this part.[16] All about the kraal were large flat stones placed on others and forming tables. Just near, in the forest, was a circular stone wall 6 ft high and 20 ft in diameter and filled up to the level of the top of the wall. On one side was a sort of buttress. The work was very rough. Getting on watershed path and flowing it S passed an ancient beacon and a monolith stuck up. Country up here very pleasant. Thick short grass with very ornamental trees of dense foliage here and there.

To the W green park like (though hilly) country falling away to the Sabi. To E. steep forest clad descent to the valley of the Nyahode beyond which is a high ridge mostly open through which the river runs S. E. in a deep gorge. Just South of this Gorge and connecting this E ridge with the watershed ridge, runs a spur, mostly open and cultivated which reaches the watershed a few miles South of Moshei's Kraal. This ridge and the steep forest clad valley to the N of it and between it and the ridge up which I had come were full of huts and fields. To the S. and beyond a low neck between this valley and the one opposite it running to the Sabi was a high open flat topped mountain. To the N the watershed turned W. round the Nyahode basin and then East again past where we camped the night before we reached the Nyahode and a spur running S from there forms the Eastern ridge through which the Nyahode flows in the gorge.

Far to the East and appearing above this ridge is the very remarkable Chimanimani range, quite isolated and apparently almost vertical in its Western face. Beyond this again and visible through indentations in its top is a horizontal line exactly like the sea and which we took to be the sea till I calculated that at that height (6000 ft) the sea could not be visible. Suppose was low country. Natives say Chimanimani 4 days away.

19 Feb. Engaged man to go with us to Seguanda's (Umzilla's).[17] Went way I had gone yesterday and S along top of plateau. Path very good, though forms a

tunnel through a patch of forest which running over the watershed connects the forest in two kloofs one running E and other W. Also very steep at one place. When we were able to see to the S and S. W. saw wide expanse open country seamed with deep valleys. Country falls away gradually from level of watershed and then 20 miles or so E rises gradually to a ridge running parallel to the watershed and quite as high. Country continues of this nature all way to Sekwandas. Camped having gone 7 hours say 7 miles S. W. Altitude 6500. From here saw two peaks of Mnyarari N. N. W. for last time.

20 Feb. On Southward. Came to neck connecting the watershed with a flat-topped slightly wooded spur running S. W. into basin of Sabi. Had it not been for guide should have taken it for main watershed as much higher than S of this main watershed is. W of here are two singular looking narrow vertical gaps in one of the ridges about 15 miles away. Near these runs the Sabi according to the guide. Over the top of this ridge about 30 miles S. W. of us we saw the Sabi flowing S. E. and apparently about 1/2 mile wide being in flood no doubt. Our guide says that Tongas come up to the river to the drifts when it is in flood to ferry people across. The country to the W is Initmema's, Umtema being the father of Moosha and Sekwanda.[18]

From this point can see far to the S. E., our goal, the Gomani Hill near Umzila's old kraal in Sekwanda's territory.

Just at this point (i. e. where neck runs out West) there is a dense timbered ravine. In following an old path forming a short cut through it, I came on an old stone wall and also what looked like a pile of the red decomposed shale. The old path was quite dissipated soon and I had to kraal along buffaloe paths. Soon I got so stuck that I thought I should never get out. However I gradually smashed my way through, always keeping up hill as I knew it must end somewhere. In this patch of bush I took an hour to go a couple of hundred yards. All along the watershed about here there are patches of large timber but I never saw anything so tangled and choked with undergrowth as this and rather think it must have been the site of habitations of which the stone wall was a relic. Eventually we rounded this bush which marks a great fall in the level of the watershed and went on till we camped having gone say 7 hours and 10 miles S. W.

21 Feb. On along watershed ground rising a little.

Rounded source of Lusiti. Lot of large timber dense forest about here on both sides watershed. Had some Blackberries. In Kloof to W saw 6 Zebras and 3 Hartebeests. Saw cart spoor again to-day. Came to a steep rocky forest clad descent where the high ground of the watershed abruptly ceases and there is a descent of one or two thousand feet to a low flat valley really a neck though any slope either E or W of it is quite imperceptible. On the slope is another ancient beacon. Beyond this valley which leads to a very rugged wooded country both in the Sabi and in the Lusita direction the ground rises a few hundred feet to the general level of Setwanda's plains which are formed by a number of rolling ridges and hollows running out 20 or 30 miles to the Eastward. These ridges are about the same level as the watershed till near their Eastern ends

where they rise considerably higher than it. The hollows between the ridges are usually the beds of marshy streams. To the W the country is wooded and rugged right up to the watershed. After ascending from the valley we turned S. E. off the watershed towards the isolated table topped Gomani Hill and camped on a ridge having gone S. S. E.

22 Feb. Went on past several marshy streams and past huts and fields and camped on flank of Gomani Hill, our destination.[19] Came 5 miles S. E. Gomani is a Southern outlet from one of the E and W ridges with a flat greasy top 1½ miles from E to W and ½ a mile wide from N to S Some large timber on S. flank and scattered trees on N. Open to W and a few tree ferns on E. A thing at E end of top that may be a beacon. Intended to camp on top but no water there. Base surrounded with huts and fields. To S and S. W. is a wide open basin along Southern margin of which flows the Buzi 10 miles away. Near the Buzi and due S is an isolated wooded hill, Umzilla's old kraal, the base of which is surrounded with huts and fields.[20] Beyond the Buzi the Country gradually rises and is bush covered, a high ridge 20 or 30 miles away bounding the view Southwards. The main watershed is about 6 miles West of here and trends W. S. W. The Buzi rises about 12 miles S. W. in wooded country and flows winding about in a general N. E. direction till East of Gomani it turns East, flowing through the Southern intimation of the high open ridge to which the plateau rises Eastward. Besides those mentioned there are kraals on the watershed Sekwandas own kraal lying on its highest point 12 miles S. W. and visible all round by 4 gigantic trees growing over his huts.

23 Feb. Investigated neighbourhood for more suitable camp.

24 Feb. Shifted camp three miles to W along ridge. About here ridge forms a plateau to N. and camp is on Southern brink of it where it begins to descend to basin of Buzi. Hardly any wood about and country so level that not easy to see Donkeys in long grass. Still ought to be healthy.

25 Feb. Rain.

26 Feb. Investigated watershed.

27 Feb. Mr Brownlee shot a hartebeest.

28 Feb. I turned sick. Began same way as my attack at Victoria did i. e. intense throbbing frontal headache. Began at night and acuteness greatly diminished during first day but left great nausea and loss of appetite. Could swallow nothing but chicken broth or thin porridge and very little of anything.

29 Feb. Still sick.

1 Mar. Still sick. Mr Brownlee bought a lot fine lemons which grow near Buzi above Umzillas.

2 Mar. Still sick. Mr Brownlee prospected for gold unsuccessfully.

3 Mar. Still sick. Rain.

4 Mar. Still sick. Mr Brownlee again prospected unsuccessfully.

5 Mar. Still sick.

6 Mar. Good deal better. Man from S sold us Banannas.

7 Mar. Mr Brownlee went with natives after sea-cows to the Buzi below Umzillas Hill. Got a bushbuck. He camped in the open ten miles down Buzi.

8 Mar. Mr Brownlee saw two crocodiles, one immense one. Got back to camp.

9 Mar. Hartebeests seen and wounded.

10 Mar. Rain.

11 Mar. Hartebeests again. Martini makes too small hole to disable at once, unless killed outright.

12 Mar. Rain. Mosquitoes very bad all time we were here. Till we got here on this side of the great desert the ground makes 10 miles W of this we never had any except the night we camped on the Bvumbumbvu.

13 Mar. Two men came saying sea cows destroying their fields E. of Gormani. Mr Brownlee went and killed one which he got and probably another which he did not get. They were in a small pool 30 yards long in a small stream. He had to sit all day in broiling sun to get shot. Slept at kraal. Man brought Banannas from a day E. which I bought.

14 Mar. Mr Brownlee stunned a seacow but it escaped after rolling feet up.

15 Mar. Mr Brownlee returned. Heard a lion E of Gomani while there.

16 Mar. While here and before we came here we heard a great deal about a white man "Manyanya" living to the S. E. Seemed to be man with great influence among natives and especially with Gungunhana before the latter left. They said that three years ago Gungunhana had gathered all the cattle together and the army had driven them away S. E. Then the army came back and drove all the people the same way. Some people ran away and took refuge among Umtemas mountains to the N. W. others escaped on the journey and ever since the people had been gradually trickling back. Long ago the Gazas had come and conquered them and forced them to adopt Gaza dress and customs, they say, but they are Tongas by race and came originally from across the Sabi, having had to fly from some enemy.[21] The natives further N at Moosha's and Northwards called themselves Shangaans. Nearly all the men about here have been to Johannesburg or Kimberley and they all know the value of money and will take it, going down to Chiloane to buy things. They prefer now to work at Massikessi and Umtali as in returning from the S. they are frequently robbed and even murdered by Gazas and other natives across the Sabi. They value powder, caps, and cloth but will hardly look at beads or cartridge cases. They showed us some coarse powder which they said they had made, though I very much doubt that. The stone buildings they say were built by their ancestors. They build very good huts and grow mealies, Kaffir Corn, red meal, sugar, cane ginger, turmeric, tomatoes, sweet potatoes, chilis, cucumbers, pumpkins, banannas, pig lilies and one or two other plants. They kill game sometimes, even elephants they say and we saw a fresh rhinoceros hide sjambok off an animal killed while we were there. They have sheep, goats, dogs and fowls.

We heard of holes in the ground and I believe there are iron workings about, but not a trace of gold did we ever get. There is hardly any quartz about, the strata being the same flat sandstone overlying decomposed shale as further West.

17 Mar. Rain.

18 Mar. Rain.

19 Mar. Rain.

20 Mar. Boys came to go with me to Manyanya's.

21 Mar. Started for Manyanya's. From Umzila's Hill to Buzi is a flat raised 50 feet above river and covered with bog ironstone. Buzi very strong stream 3 ft deep by 30 ft wide. Good sized trees and bush here. All about near Buzi and beyond are gigantic ant hills covered with bush. Here also come on stunted palms again for the first time since Nyahode River. Through bush country and across 3 small marshy rivers flowing into Busi and out into a plain or marshy glade running E & W as far as we can see and about $^{1}/_{2}$ mile wide from N to S. Traversed it 3 miles Westward, wet all way and then crossed to S. This glade is so flat that till I saw the water in the stream in it, I did not know which way it flowed. The river in it flows W. S. W. into the Missurige. Saw an old rice swamp. Camped at Kraal in low wooded country beyond marsh. 30 miles by path say 20 . S.

22 Mar. On past a good sized river flowing W to Mussurize and along a marsh (where I saw dwarf palms for last time) to foot of ridge bounding view from Gomani Southwards. Very steep ascent and get on to a plateau on top. The plateau is formed by a main ridge running N. & S and descending to the E in steep forest clad slopes while to the West it keep sit level almost, throwing out undulating spurs with slight hollows between in which flow small almost impassable boggy streams. On the part West of me I saw a dense Mimosa forest and all over are many mimosa and other trees. The moment I surmounted the ridge I got into Tambookie grass 8 ft long. This gradually gives place to a green bladed grass 10 to 12 ft high and often matted by creepers and thence onwards the whole country except dense forest or damp marshes is entirely covered by this grass. No game can push its way through and even on the foot paths travelling at this season it is almost impossible. Always surrounded by a ten foot wall of grass you can never get a view of the country round you. This grass is longest from here to Missuriza often over 12 feet but extends N. E. almost to the sea and hardly ever less than 8 ft high. Travelling is done after August when it is burnt off. In this grass country the trees are often very large either standing separately at longish intervals or forming patches of dense forest all tangled with creepers. Went on going off main ridge into Western valleys. Crossed three streams one of them having a tree trunk 5 feet in diameter across it as a bridge. This tree had been chopped down and about here they use small American axes. Camped at a Kraal. Level 2500 ft. Distance 20 miles S. S. E.

23 Mar. Passed 10 kraals, across a lot of overgrown fields and across 2 rivers in narrow valleys and up a steep ridge where I found we were into another formation apparently igneous rock full of quartz in vein and vesicular cavities. Down other side of ridge is a considerable descent partly forest clad to a wide plain the valley of the Mussurize. At the foot of descent was a very large thatched house, the old Portuguese Gaza Residency and here I was most kindly received by the Resident, Senhor Mario Barreto and his colleague Falcao. Distance 10 miles S. E.[22]

24 Mar. Rain all day and terrific thunderstorm in evening.

25 Mar. Started home to camp with cloth and beads for which Barreto refused to

take payment. Found level of his house to be 800 ft above sea.

26 Mar. On to Umzilla's Hill. Level at Buzi 3000 ft.

27 Mar. Got back. Mr Brownlee slightly unwell. Bilious attack he says. Rain here all day and wolf prowling round stole sea cows jaw from just behind the tent. Two boys said they know of old gold workings, away to W but were afraid to show them lest they should be killed for it.

28 Mar. Mr Brownlee had bad night, thinks he is a little better to-day. Seems to be fever though quinine seems to be of no use.

29 Mar. Mr Brownlee no better.

30 Mar. Ditto.

31 Mar.. Ditto.

1 Apr. Ditto. Weaker.

2 Apr. Mr Brownlee much weaker. Rain.

3 Apr. Ditto. Worse. Has had excruciating pain in knee joint. Rain and regular hurricane.

4 Apr. Mr Brownlee getting steadily worse. Rain all day.

5 Apr. Ditto Worse and Weaker. Appear to have fever myself.

6 Apr. Mr Brownlee so weak cannot raise his head hardly. I very weak but not so bad as yesterday. Got boys at kraal to come to morrow to take note to Barreto.

7 Apr. Sent note asking assistance to Barreto. I am worse. Mr Brownlee managed to eat some chicken and drink a little broth and 3 eggs beaten up. Did not seem in much pain but wandered in his mind all day. Kaffir was here with honey but when he saw how ill Mr Brownlee was he would not go near tent, though an old "ring head".

8 Apr. Between 2 and 3 this morning Mr Brownlee died. Had been lying quietly in a semi unconscious state all night which gradually changed to death. Tried everything. No good quite dead though kept warm till 9 or 10. Coldness setting in I gave it up. Went to kraal to get man to bury him. No inducement any use and having been kept there all day I returned almost fainting on way as very ill all day. Man brought some so-called gold from an old working. Turned out to be a bit of crystalline haematile. Offered him 10/- to help me to move body. Wanted £10, knowing I did not have it. After a rest I tackled body and in about 2 hours dragged it 100 yards on my own as I was almost too weak to stand.

9 Apr. Better a little. Dug grave and buried Mr Brownlee.

10 Apr. Worse.

11 Apr. Ditto. Can hardly bring water. Nothing but green wood and matches almost done and will light only after drying all morning to get rid moisture of night. Can hardly take anything to eat.

12 Apr. Worse and weaker.

13 Apr. Ditto. At sunset Barreto Falcao and a dozen carriers with all sorts of comforts and medicines turned up.

14 Apr. Set out for Mussurize via Sekwandas Kraal on Watershed travelling S. W. and across Buzi near its source and where it is only about 6" deep and 10 ft wide ascending through woods to Sekwandas. Within 2 miles latter place I got off donkey had been riding and lay down very ill. This was my crisis. After 1/

2 hour or more I remounted and getting a drink of water felt better. Spent night at Sekwandas. Distance 15 miles by path say 8 miles S. W.

15 Apr. Much better. Rested all day. Number of giant trees round huts, including a strange kind of banana. Among huts and near them, any amount of flat slates of stone and upright monoliths. Also a ruin consisting of a great pile of large stones, almost 50 ft in diameter and 15 feet high. On the top of this surrounding a space 10 ft in diameter are the remains of a palisade. Some of its planks are still in good preservation. They are upright about 6 ft long by 8″ broad and 2″ thick are quite smooth and regular and are clamped together at the edges by iron clamps. No stones about so stones of ruin must have been brought some distance.[23]

16 Apr. Not so well. On 7 miles S. E. Slept at kraal in flat country with patches of large trees about. Lot of men here with Zulu head rings.

17 Apr. Better. On to my old track now and slept at first kraal in long grass region. Travelled 10 miles.

18 Apr. Not so well. Remained here because of rain.

19 Apr. Better. On 25 miles to last kraal on plateau.

20 Apr. Not quite so well. Barreto has slight fever. On 15 miles and arrived at Mussurize at Midday.

20 Apr. Fever gone and no return till just before I left Beira. Excessively weak and digestion hopelessly upset for months after though. I am inclined to think that this place is more healthy than the plateau as here and in fact ever since entering the long grass region the ground has been much harder and the streams in hard well defined stony beds. Also very few mosquitoes here. Much hotter here however. Up at Sekwandas mostly cool during day, and nights very cold always with a drenching dew. This place is about 70 miles by path or say 40 miles South East of Sekwandas. The Sabi must take a bend to the West about here being 3 days away to the W or rather more to the S.

The men with the carts were here at Christmas before the grass grew. They came down from Umzillas to which place they had come from Gutus. One was called Logan and another Barbour.

While here I was treated with the greatest kindness. A lot of boys in the service of the Portuguese Government brought up some loads from Sofala arriving the day we did and 9 of these who knew how to carry the Machela Barreto kept, till I was well enough to start in one and then sent me down in one of them to Joho on the Buzi.

28 Apr. Left Mussurize. Crossed Mussurize plain and river (Larger than Buzi up at Umzillas) and ascended to Isanyumbu. E. S. E.

29 Apr. Descended all day. Passed a baobab. Skirted a large river on our left. Entered a low plain with tall (50 or 60 ft) palm tree in it. Camped at kraal. N. E.

30 Apr. Men sick. About here igneous rock gives place to Schist.

1 May. Went on across some wide low plains, apparently some time flooded. From here onward to Buzi crossed no running water.

2 to 7 May. On N. E. across low flat country with plenty of large timber about. Slept at Kraals except twice when had to camp out away from either kraals or

15 Apr. . . . Also a ruin consisting of a great pile of large stones, almost 50 ft in diameter and 15 ft high. On the top of this surrounding a space 10 ft in diameter are the remains of a palisade. . . . **Don was the first writer to describe the Chikwanda or Webster *zimbabwe*, excavated by Andrews in 1906**

(National Archives of Zimbabwe)

water.

7 May. Came to Seboko. All limestone here apparently. Many baobabs.

8 May. On through a thick but low forest to Buzi and Gaza.
Groves of Bananas for first time since Mussurize. Met a half cast here from Sofala. Treated me very well.

9 May. Along Buzi and across it to Beckers store.

10 May. Parted with boys. On down Buzi in canoe all day.

11 May. Reached Beira at 11.

31 May. Left Beira at Dawn for Dealgoa Bay per Tungwe.

11 June. Arrived at East London.

In conclusion I would suggest that the mountain range we traversed be called the "Brownlee" range. They have no name assigned to them at present either native or European so far as I know, and even if any white man has traversed them at all before no one I think has done so to the same extent that we did. Following them from their highest point between the Odzi and Revue to where they died out between the Sabi and the Buzi.

As far as gold was concerned we were entirely unsuccessful and as none of the schistose rock in which it is generally found was met with South of within a few miles Of Umtali I do not think it probable that any appreciable quantity exists unless down in the Portuguese territory towards the sea.

In going to the coast I passed a schist region probably a continuation of Chimanimani which appears to be schist lying 60 or 80 miles East of the line of watershed.

From Makori to the Shetoro the formation is entirely granite with the exception of the Umtali schists and their continuation for 30 miles S. W. across the Sabi. From the Shetoro to beyond the Buzi it is all level stratified rocks, flinty quartzite on the highest horizon below that hard sandstone generally light coloured and below this again thin bed of grey or green shale separating the sandstone from a bed of red earthy stuff apparently decomposed shale and forming the lowest horizon.

The top of the quartzite is about 800 ft above the sea the bottom of the sandstone 4000 ft or less. This flat sandstone forms the so-called open plateau. It is in reality an elevated undulating region often cut into by deep river valleys, but with a general level of from 3000 to 4000 ft, 3000 say in the river beds and 4000 on the ridges. It is open and well watered by a marshy stream in every hollow and would no doubt make an excellent farming country both for stock and agriculture. The climate is never excessively hot and there is nearly always a wind blowing. This region is not a large one, extending from the Hyhode on the N to the Buzi on the S and from the watershed on the W to another ridge 20 or 30 miles away to the East. Except several flat-topped mountains 6000 to 7000 ft high and one or two open valleys the western slope of the watershed is wooded and very rugged at one point (just about the junction of the Odzi and Sabi) the valleys cutting through what appears to be a sort of wooded plateau say 4000 ft high.

About 20 miles N of the Buzi there is a great drop the level of the watershed mountains falling to the general level of the plateau and in fact lower than some of the Eastern ridges. The vegetation in the wooded region is just the same as that in the Mashona plateau. On the watershed there are patches of dense forest here and there containing some trees that might do for timber. Also about here tree ferns are a great feature.

South of the Buzi the sandstone gives place to igneous rock near the end of the plateau and this extends to beyond the Mussurize. In this latter region that of the long grass grows some good timber in clumps here and there or singly. All the timber in Barreto's house, the best of African timber I have seen, was cut in its immediate vicinity.

Finally I do not think the plateau a bit more healthy as regards malarial disease, than the general run of African country N of the tropics and where plenty of water is found. We took every precaution and most of the time we were camped 6000 ft above the sea and during the last month 4000 ft above it, and Mr Brownlee was never below 2500 feet yet he died of fever most undoubtedly caught on the plateau. Till the end of March our health was excellent due possibly to our being on the mountain tops but more probably owing to it not being the fever season then.

I shall be much obliged to receive as soon as may be convenient the money due to myself minus the value of three donkeys and the money due to Mrs Brownlee Mr Brownlee's mother. I do not know whether we should be entitled to any rebate but instead of drawing 6 months rations at Fort Victoria we took only 150 lbs flour, 15, 2lbs tins beef, 4 lb tin vegetables, 2 bottles brandy and 6 months tea coffee and sugar. Also 2 pieces unbleached and 1 coloured limbo and 12 lbs assorted beads.

Rifle, compass and B. P. Thermometer were returned to Captain Andrews at Beira.

Yours sincerely

(Sgd) J. B. D O N .

E. Rutherfoord Harris Esqre M. D.,

Secretary,

British South Africa Company

NOTES

1. The 'Makori' post station, south of modern Chatsworth, was named after the Duma dynasty of Makore, the north-westernmost outpost of the Duma confederacy, but it was often spelt 'Makowrie', possibly because there was a more senior Duma dynasty under Makaure farther to the south-east.
2. Chakaodza, whose father Gutu Denhere was to die in 1892, does not appear in Gutu genealogies.
3. In fact, these people were Njanja, speaking what would now be called southern Zezuru.
4. The Makumbe dynasty of Njanja, close to Gombe mountain in Buhera. The similarity of names is coincidental.
5. Zimunya, visited on 20 December.
6. The small *zimbabwe* close to the Pioneer Road crossing of the Runde was a well-known sight to travellers, and usually the first example of the Great Zimbabwe culture's stone structures that they noted.
7. The Mwenezi river.
8. Almost certainly Gambiza Svinurayi, senior ruler of the Njanja, based at Dengedza mountain some 60 kilometres up the Save. Whether his men had the permission of the Nyashanu ruler of Buhera or of any of the local Rozvi refugee houses to hunt here is an open question. In any case, this area was still in a state of some confusion following the defeat of the Changamire Rozvi in the Mavangwe hills in 1866, and it was not until 1896 that the Chingombe muRozvi house established itself here.
9. Just why men of Marange Nyachitu (d. 1929) would have been buying salt west of the Save, when there were perfectly good saline springs on the east bank of the Save in his own territory of Bocha, is unclear.
10. Zimunya, ruler of the Jindwi territory.
11. Obviously not the Mutare river, probably the Sukubva, which flowed from the general direction of Umtali.
12. The Chopi live south of Inhambane, and it is possible that these were former captives of the Gaza who had escaped from Ngungunyane when he moved the centre of his state from the Buzi valley to that of the lower Limpopo in mid-1889.
13. The latter incident could have been the visit of G. Wise and T. Madden to Mutasa in Manyika in 1888, and the death of E. Ross at their wagon camp, though not all details agree. The group of mid-1891 is not so easily identified.
14. Possibly Chibuwe, a sub-ruler of Mutambara.
15. The terracing observed on 14–15 February was on or very close to Hendricksdal, Weltevreden and Glacier farms, and is one of the few terraced areas noted outside the Nyanga region.
16. The Muusha dynasty, rulers of the lands south of the Nyanyadzi.
17. The Chikwanda dynasty ruled south of the Tanganda, but the various capitals of the Gaza ruler Mzila (1862–84) had been considerably farther to the south-east.
18. Mutema of Sanga was the most senior of the rulers of the *moyo* or *ngombe* clan to which Muusha and Chikwanda belonged, so, figuratively, this claim was correct
19. Gomani hill is obviously the feature some 7 kilometres ENE of Chipinge.
20. The houses would have been those of Mapungwana, just south of one of Mzila's capitals and next to Mt. Selinda.
21. This is another example of Shona-speakers using the term 'Tonga' of themselves and each other in certain circumstances. These would have been Musikavanhu's people.
22. The Portuguese residency at Mussurize had been founded in 1886, 1500 metres from the then capital of Ngungunyane. *Manhanga-manhanga* was the Gaza name for José Casaleiro d'Alegria Rodrigues, Resident from 1886 to 1888 and in 1889, when he accompanied Ngungunyane in his mass migration to the south. After this, Portugal continued to maintain the Residency and its attached school, in a considerably depopulated countryside, for the same reason that the British South Africa Company encouraged the Moodie trekkers to move into the area in 1893: to maintain a presence on the ground, pending the final delimitation of the frontier. Mario Silvio de Queiroz Barreto and Boldão Catão de Sousa e Falcão served at Mussurize for most of the period 1890–94. Their welcome of Don, in spite of the

tensions caused by the Anglo-Portuguese crisis of 1890–1, was typical of that extended to white travellers from the interior by the Portuguese.

23. The Chikwanda or Webster *zimbabwe* was excavated by E. M. Andrews in 1906: 'The Webster ruins,' *Proceedings of the Rhodesian Scientific Association*, vii, 1, 1907, 62–71. They are on Glendalough farm, about 5 kilometres south-west of Chipinge.

APPENDIX: THE ROUTE OF BROWNLEE AND DON

This can be followed on the Zimbabwean 1:250 000 maps 'Shurugwi', 'Chimanimani' and 'Chipinge', and reference can also be made to the Mozambican maps of the same scale, 'Rotanda', 'Espungabera', 'Chimoio' and 'Chibabava. ' Don's diary covers at least 470 kilometres from Makore to Mussurize, not counting detours and his first visit to the latter point. Usually his identifications of rivers and mountains are accurate, but it is not always possible to plot his route exactly. This is because his estimates of distance are not certain, and because much depends on the appearance of hills from ground level. In mid-1996 I tried to locate some of his landmarks between Zimunya and Chipinge, but low cloud and modern forests made this difficult. His bearings seem to be based on magnetic and not true North.

19–25 Nov. 1891: Starting from Makore, which must have been at least 6 kilometres south of Chatsworth if they crossed the Matiringandi before the Munyambi, Brownlee and Don move steadily to the north-east across Gutu's land. 'Dorobengwe' is probably Zivingwe, while Chakodza's village was probably near Edgar Ridge farm, as the steep hillsides described on the north bank of the Devure are probably those west of Sonoma Valley. The river crossed early on 25 November may have been the Nyamaturi, in which case they crossed from Gutu into Buhera, over the Nyazvidzi, just to the south-west of Buhera town. Don's 'Inyamashenga' cannot be the Nyamashanga, which rises farther east at Bedza.

26 Nov.–8 Dec.: Skirting Gombe mountain's southern side, they reach Makumbe's close to Makumbe mission. Crossing the Mwerihari, they travel ENE to the Mavangwe hills, then ESE to the Bepe hills, beyond which they camp. Don visits the Save-Mwerihari confluence on 5 December, and on 8 December they cross the Save near the Dicks Mine.

9–17 Dec.: They travel nearly due E to Marange's capital, between Nyaruhwe and Makomwe mountains. The prospector Maby takes them NNW to the gold belt along the Mutanda range, and then they go ENE to reach the Odzi at Riverside farm.

18 Dec.–8 Jan. 1892: They move SE through the hills, over the 'Umtali' (Dora and Sukubva) to Zimunya's capital, not far from Zimunya township. They then move S through the Rowa communal land (Don's 'Inyarari' is probably a collective term for Mandindi and Ziruvi mountains) and over the 'Gorogungaruhe' (the Murowa?) to the Mupudzi. They then cross the range between the Mupudzi and the Murare, then the next range to reach the Chitora river on 28 December, where they remain until 8 January. Don's journey on 29 December may have been to Ngoya mountain. On 30–31 December he may have reached Binga, with Tsetseira in modern Mozambique blocking his view to the SE.

9 Jan.–22 Feb.: They move up the Chitora to the watershed in the Banti Forest Land area, looking down into the Bonde valley in modern Mozambique. They then move S along the watershed to Nyamatumba ('Toba') and then to Maritz Nek. Brownlee prospects in the Munhinga valley in Mozambique. They continue S, reaching the Mvumvumvu above Cashel on 7 February. They then proceed

THE ROUTE OF DON AND BROWNLEE November 1891 to April 1892

0 Km 50

N

UMTALI

JINDWI

BOCHA

NYASHANU

GUTU

MUTAMBARA

MUUSHA

MUTEMA

MAFUSI

MAPUNGWANA

MUSIKAVANHU

MUSSURIZE

CASHEL

CHIMANIMANI

CHIPINGE

MT SELINDA

ESPUNGABERA

BUHERA

FORT VICTORIA

MAKORI POST STATION

PIONEER ROAD

Save

Odzi

Mutirikwe

Devure

Nyazvidzi

Nyamaturi

Mwerihari

Mutanda

Bonde

Munhinga

Tsetseira

Musapa

Haroni

Nyahode

Rusitu

Buzi

Musirizwi

Chimanimani

Nyanyadzi

Mvumvumvu

Tandai

Gomani

Chikwanda

Muusha

Nyamatumba

Chitora

Ngoya

Binga

Murare

Mupudzi

Rowa

Zimunya

Nyaruhwe

Marange

Bepe

Mavangwe

Makumbe

Gombe

Gutu

Zivingwe

Pokoteke

Munyambi

up the Tandai valley to Moodies Nek and over the upper Nyanyadzi to the upper Nyahode, passing Muusha's capital near Mhanza. Moving along the secondary watershed west of the Nyahode, past the modern Skyline Junction to the Rusitu source, they come down into lower country close to Waterfall, between the Tanganda and Rusitu valleys. They then move to 'Gomani', just E of Chipinge.

22 Feb.–20 Mar.: Don is sick and convalescent and stays at Gomani, while Brownlee prospects and hunts.

21–27 Mar.: Don travels around the upper Buzi and Musirizwi (Mussurize) to reach the Portuguese Residency, which is in a lower loop of the latter river, about 25 kilometres S of modern Espungabera, and then returns. The route was probably close to the straight-line distance of 55 kilometres.

28 Mar.–13 Apr.: At Gomani. Death of Brownlee and illness of Don.

14–20 Apr.: Barreto and Falcão take Don out by way of Chikwanda, SW of Chipinge, skirting the upper Buzi, and then go direct to the Residency.

Eldorado Mine: a faded "Premier Producer"

by Robert S. Burrett

Eldorado Mine, just outside of Chinhoyi on the Harare side of the Manyame River, is another of the country's major mines which flourished and fell in the early colonial era. At one time it was the country's "Premier Producer" returning as much as 250% on its shareholders investments.[14] However, gold mines do not last forever, and in this country the deposits are notoriously unreliable. Soon exceedingly wealthy lodes are exhausted, the mine closes and the ever drifting mining communities move elsewhere, their once thriving settlement abandoned to the wilderness except that which they can dismantle to take with them to the next "Big Time Strike". Such was the case of Eldorado Mine.

The mine was worked extensively in the pre-colonial era resulting in a huge opencast pit 850 feet long, 10 to 30 feet wide and up to 25 feet deep where further mining was effectively prevented by the high water-table.[14] It was probably being worked well into the late 1800s for many perishable artefacts such as wooden bowls and iron adzes were found lying about on the surface near to the mine when it was first "discovered" by the early European settlers.[1] These miners would have been the local Shona peoples and they would have traded the gold locally with the wandering, islamised, Shona traders, the *vashambadzi*, or they themselves would have travelled to the Swahili or Portuguese trading centres, the nearest of which in the late Portuguese era was directly northwards on the Zambezi river at Zumbo.[8] Given the exhaustion of the surface deposits these miners seem to have effectively abandoned their mines in this area just before the onset of the colonial era.

These pre-colonial workings were located in late 1892 or early 1893 by Arthur Eyre, one of the prominent early settlers in the Lomagundi, now Makonde, District.[4] The story goes that whilst on a hunting expedition Eyre was following a wounded elephant which had stumbled into the Workings,[1] while other versions say it was a wounded antelope.[12/13] Personally I have doubts as to the truth of these stories as they are all hearsay accounts which appear long after the event, while they smack too much of the Edwardian romanticised versions of Mauch's earlier discovery of the Hartley Gold Fields as portrayed in Baines' famous, if somewhat imaginative, painting of the scene. Certainly Eyre was actively involved in prospecting for gold and silver in the vicinity and he, in fact, pegged several claims at this time.[4/6] Like many of these early prospectors he would have relied on the local Shona people to reveal the earlier workings on the payment of trade merchandise — so called Blanket Prospecting.

Eyre does not seem to have believed that the remaining deposit was viable, for he did not peg the claim at the time. The problem was that there were no quartz reefs studded with visible gold, a geology thought necessary by the early prospectors.[14] Since Eyre could not distinguish the gold from the enclosing rock he probably dismissed the deposit as exhausted. The fact that there were two highly mineralised shear zones stretching a considerable distance was not understood.[14] The first registered claim in

the name Eldorado was taken out covering these "Ancient Workings" and was filed on 28 November 1893[17] by a close friend of Eyre, Jack Spreckley, who happened also to be the Mining Commissioner and Claims Inspector for the District.[7] Spreckley's excellent knowledge of gold deposits and mining was such that his sudden interest in these workings initiated a minor gold rush to the area by the many prospectors in the District who had been trying their luck, unsuccessfully, at the Northern Gold Fields (near modern Banket) or the Maphuna Fields (near Lions Den).[7] A second substantial block was pegged just west of the "main workings" by Malcolm Frazer on 21 May 1894 (he was in fact Assistant Claims Inspector[7]), together with a second claim by Spreckley.[1/17] Eyre then seems to have realised his error and was granted the fourth claim which was retrospectively backdated to 9 April 1894.[1/17]

In July 1894 these four main blocks were combined into one significant unit with Spreckley buying out both Eyre and Frazer.[1/17] This area controlled the main deposits, although alongside it there were some 2000 small claims held by various prospectors.[1/12/13] These claims covered the entire presumed length of the "Reef", being 40 m by 30 km. Incorrectly the geology was interpreted as a conglomerate reef like that of the Johannesburg goldfields, hence it became known as the Eldorado Banket after the auriferous rock type of the Witwatersrand. This comparative similarity seemed to confirm in the minds of some that here there was another Rand waiting to be tapped, and in the early years there was considerable debate as to the exact nature of these deposits.[2/14]

What followed this initial pegging was a heated period of speculative consolidation, sale and resale. This situation is not specific to these deposits, but was a feature throughout the country at the time.[3] Speculative Companies played on the false hopes of the British investor who was effectively tricked into investing huge sums of money into undeveloped, speculative script. At this time the romantic bubble concerning the huge wealth of the territory in terms of its mineral resources, a perception actively fostered by the British South Africa Company, Rhodes and other early investors, had as yet to burst. Accordingly completely undeveloped properties, often in fact worthless claims, were snapped up at ever increasing prices.[3] Here at Eldorado, Spreckley sold his consolidated block to the Paullet Mashonaland Syndicate,[17] which then went on a buying spree to obtain many of the neighbouring smaller claims which were often not viable. No actual ground work of any note had been carried out. The next buyer, the Glasgow Mashonaland Syndicate,[17] did try to develop the claim, sinking two shafts but their efforts were soon halted by the high water table and the exorbitant costs that pumping would entail.[11] Accordingly, the "mine" was sold to H. Hirsh and Company,[17] who, in 1895, in turn sold it to the Mashonaland Agency and R. W. Swan.[17]

By 1896 and the outbreak of the First Chimurenga (Mashona Uprising), Eldorado was still effectively undeveloped — speculative script only. There was no settlement and thus it saw no fighting, as happened at other localities in the district. In 1897/8 with the crushing of Shona resistance the Settlers renewed their mining activities, but most efforts were focused on the apparently richer gold deposits at Ayrshire Mine, not far to the north.[5] Eldorado was overshadowed. It was only at the turn of the century, when the "mine" was purchased by the Scottish Mashonaland Syndicate[2] that any ground work was carried out. They began to open up the deposits, clearing the "Ancient

Workings" and sinking several small shafts. It was a very slow development, and their capital was limited. They could not actually afford to process the ore which was accordingly sent up to Ayrshire Mine by cart via a route which became known, and still is, The Street.

The results of this work were very positive and investment grew. In 1904 Eldorado was again sold, this time to the Eldorado Banket Company, a subsidiary of the Rhodesian Exploration and Development Company[2] which also owned the Ayrshire Mine. This Company was extremely wealthy and included several notable South African Gold Magnates, including Dr H. Sauer and Abbe Bailey.[5] A speculative Company *par excellence*, its dealings and hidden company structures milked the British investors and its later collapse did much to blacken the financial name of this country early in the century.[3] However, Eldorado was one of its more successful ventures.

In 1899 the Rhodesian Exploration and Development Company had initiated substantial works at Ayrshire Mine, believing it to be "a second Rand". Their confidence was such that in 1901 it financed, privately, the building of a narrow gauge railway from Salisbury (now Harare) to Ayrshire Mine,[9] while a huge gold processing plant and a sizeable settlement were built at the Mine.[5] At this time the workings at Eldorado were still comparatively small scale and the ore was still sent up by cart to Ayrshire.

Despite initial hopes the gold deposits at Ayrshire began to decline, thus the importance of Eldorado grew. The deposits now appeared richer, and the ore was both easier and cheaper to crack so as to release its riches. The Rhodesian Exploration and Development Company thus began to switch emphasis towards Eldorado and developments at the mine proceeded rapidly in 1905. A new main shaft was sunk, reaching a fifth level by the end of that year.[2] Also a small settlement soon appeared, but it was only with the final demise of Ayrshire in 1908 that developments in this regard really blossomed.

In 1905 it was decided that on account of the growing output from Eldorado Mine a side branch to its existing narrow-gauge railway should be built to the new mine so as to carry the ore by train to Ayrshire. This was paid for by the Mashonaland Railway Company, which although it did not own the main line, was effectively operating it on

Eldorado Mine and associated settlement about 1905 at the time it was purchased by the Rhodesian Exploration and Development Company

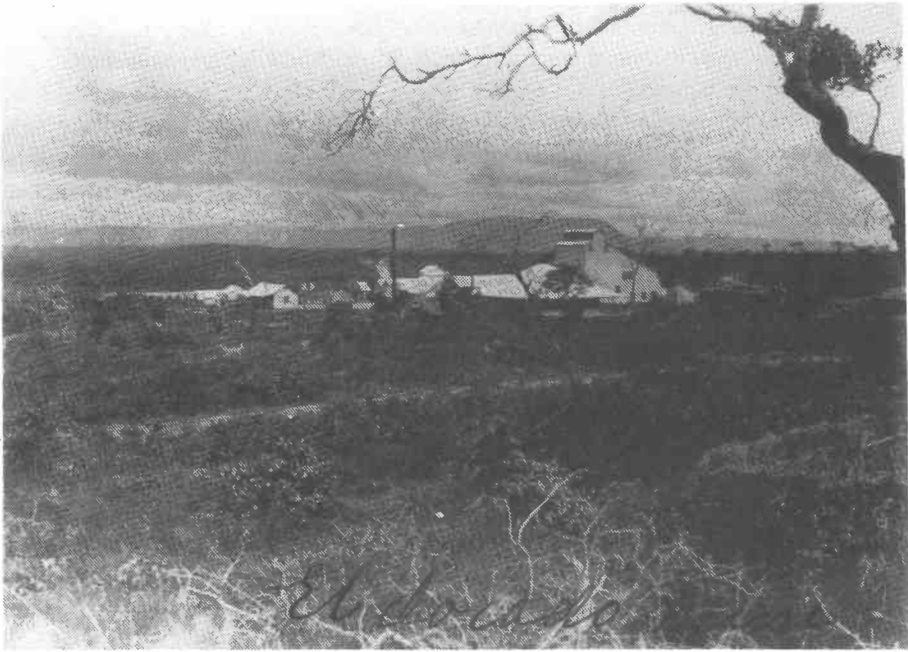
(*National Archives of Zimbabwe*)

behalf of the Ayrshire Gold Mine and Lomagundi Railway Company.[9] The work was contracted on 14 February 1905 and was undertaken by Messrs Pauling and Company. The 14 mile branch line, as it was then, cost £36 500 with the Mashonaland Railway Company providing all the necessary materials.[16] It was still at this stage to be narrow gauge, but all constructions (cuttings, embankments, culverts and bridges) had to be set for eventual upgrading to a wider, more standard gauge. Thus a previously minor siding at the 67 mile post took on a new importance as the rail junction.[16] At this place, which was now named Banket after the supposed geology of Eldorado, several traders set up stores and, unlike the Mine, the town still exists having been able to change its economic focus to service the very successful farming activities of the region.

Later in 1906 the Rhodesian Exploration and Development Company opted to weave one of its intricate networks of interlocking ownership which fooled British Shareholders into multiple purchases of the same property. Effectively fraudulent, a hidden hierarchy of companies was created, each of which listed the Eldorado property as part of their script. Thus the Rhodesian Exploration and Development Company, behind the scenes, set up a new company the Rhodesian Banket Company. This "purchased" from the Eldorado Banket Company the rights to the mine. The fact that there was a hidden linkage between the companies was not divulged. In 1907 the new Rhodesian Banket Company set up a subsidiary company (but which was floated separately on the stock markets), the Eldorado-Banket Gold Mining Company Limited.[2] Its registration involved £350 000 in £1 shares, £36 000 of which, by law, had to pass to the British South Africa Company.[2] If the reader is a little lost at this point you can well imagine the difficulty both I, and the London investor of the period, faced in trying to fathom out just what was going on.

To return to the situation on the ground, the Rhodesian Exploration and Development Company was beginning to realise that it had overcapitalised on its investments at Ayrshire, while its mining techniques were extremely costly, wasteful and dangerous as they constantly tried to cut costs. After flooding of the shafts, numerous instances of labour unrest, several deaths in mining accidents, as well as a serious decline in yields, the Rhodesian Exploration and Development Company decided to abandon Ayrshire in favour of Eldorado.[5] Accordingly, it allowed its holding company, the Ayrshire Gold Mine and Lomagundi Railway Company, to go into liquidation. Ayrshire Mine was closed on 1 October 1908. All the remaining African labour was transferred to the Eldorado Mine, as were a number of the European miners. However, not all of the European Miners were retained with a good number given short notice of their retrenchment.[5] It was yet another financial ploy by the Company, and undoubtedly it probably fuelled the growing resentment amongst White Labour towards their Black counterparts with all its subsequent results in racial legislation, etc.

At this time most of the town infrastructure at Ayrshire was moved. Many of the mine houses, the hospital and the hotel were dismantled, as much as was possible, and reassembled at Eldorado. For a while the processing plant remained at Ayrshire, but this proved unviable and by the end of 1909 all the remaining machinery had been transferred to Eldorado. Here a somewhat smaller processing plant was erected, there was not going to be an unnecessary overcapitalisation this time around, but even so the multiple stampmills had a capacity of 8 000 tonnes per month.[14] Expensive pumps



Eldorado Mine probably about 1908/1909. Taken from the south east of the European residential area

(National Archives of Zimbabwe)

and electricity plants were purchased and installed, and at one stage to keep the production plant operating some 3 million gallons of water were being pumped from the Manyame River each month.[2]

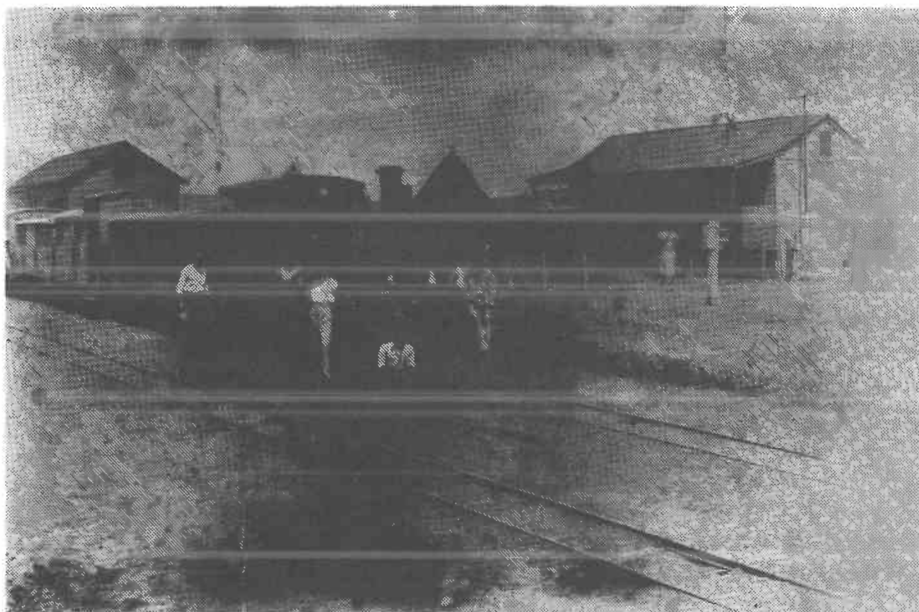
The new settlement rapidly boomed as the mine extracted huge amounts of gold. In the meantime in 1907 the British South Africa Company had purchased from the cash strapped Ayrshire Gold Mine and Lomagundi Railway Company the Salisbury/ Ayrshire/Eldorado railway. The main railway was now extended through Eldorado to nearby Sinoia (now Chinhoyi) on the opposite bank of the Manyame River.[9] Sinoia was the administrative centre of the District, and was at the time of Eldorado's boom period very much a poor neighbour.[7] By 1910 the old line to Ayrshire was lifted and in 1911 the rail gauge was widened to the standard 3"6'.[9] Eldorado was now the main node on this line, which even today really has not gone much further (Lions Den just beyond Chinhoyi).

But to get back to matters at the Mine. Suddenly in 1909 the reef seemed to peter out, while there was serious flooding in the lower levels. This was a constant problem at the mine throughout its history, with small truncated ore bodies being completely mined out, before exploration for the next offset deposit. At this early stage this was not understood as they assumed there would be a continuous "reef".[2] Thus, there were serious concerns as to the future of the mine and for some time development came to a halt. I am told, but cannot verify, that the deposits were reassessed by an early lady geologist who proved the existence of further deeper, "reefs" thus saving the mine

from premature closure. Work was accordingly resumed at a faster pace and the settlement boomed (personal communication, Mr P. Nicholle, a prominent resident and historian in the area).

By 1910 there were 80 European and about 1000 African miners, while there were many others operating important services in the settlement.[1] There was a substantial Hotel owned by George Peake, together with his French Chef Marcel Mitton. This establishment had originally been opened in 1902 at Ayrshire Mine, but was physically moved with the decline of that settlement.[5] There was also the first Standard Bank in that part of the world which was staffed by Selby Larter, later a prominent farmer nearby. Eldorado had its own golf course, tennis courts and racetrack, a small corrugated iron hall was constructed as the first Masonic Lodge in the region, while a small school operated for the European children under the auspices of Ms Helm (of the pre-colonial missionary family) and Ms von Bronsen (Mrs M. Steele, nee Pratt, pers. comm.).

European housing was along the high ground close to the railway on the south side of the mine and west of The Street, while just to the east a small commercial centre developed around the Eldorado Siding. The Europeans tended to occupy this higher ground because of concerns about the ever prevalent Blackwater Fever which was at the time still thought to be associated with low-lying damp areas and marsh gases. Evidence for mosquito transmission was only just being proven in India and Britain.[10] By living on high ground it was believed that ones chances of contracting the killer disease were less. Still several of these miners and their relatives died of the dreaded disease.[2] Of these settlement structures very little remains today, although at the



The Eldorado Station before 1910 and the widening of the rail track from the narrow guage shown — the building on the extreme left is still standing

(National Archives of Zimbabwe)

Eldorado Siding there is a long rectangular building which, on the north side, housed a general store and, on the south, the smaller room functioned as a butchery (Mr P. Nicholle, pers. comm.). This operation is said to have been run by a Greek family who are still prominent in the District.

As for the conditions of the African staff, I have not been able to establish much, but it probably took the form of male migrant labour who were contracted at low wages and housed in Compounds — the so called Chibaro system which has been analysed nationally by van Onselen.[15] These miners were largely contract workers from the Zambezi Valley and beyond. They were probably recruited by the Rhodesian Native Labour Bureau, R.N.L.B., which had a screening camp on the east bank of the Manyame River opposite the modern High Density Suburbs of Chinhoyi (see 1:50 000 map Chinhoyi 1730 A3, TR 0476). The Mine favoured these northern migrants rather than local Shona labour, because the former were further from home, more easy to manipulate, and tended to take long term contracts.[15] They would have been housed in strictly regimented Compounds which would have been built with some distance between them and the European section of the settlement. Given the layout at other mines of this period, it would seem likely that these compounds would have been built on the low rise to the north-east of the Mine, with a small stream and associated vlei and the mine itself separating the African and European sections, but this is purely conjecture at this time. As to the quality of the Compound, it would have never been particularly good. Given the poor labour relations of the related Ayrshire Mine, which was called Chimpadzi (meaning small portion) by the labour force and the series of strikes which dogged that Mine,[15] it is probable that the same company employed similar tactics here at Eldorado.

Under the management of an elderly Frenchman, V. F. Stephen and consulting Engineers H. E. Jones and T. T. Britten, Eldorado Mine seemed to flourish and its shareholders profited immensely.[2] I might add at this point that it was this same Stephen who in fact imported the first motorcar to the District in 1910 — a Gladiator[1] which was, initially, only used around town having been damaged by the rough roads on its maiden journey up along the cart tracks from Salisbury (Mrs M. Steele, née Pratt, pers. comm.). Production levels grew and the mine was quite rightly classed as the premier producer in the country at that time.[14] At its zenith until 1915, average production levels ranged from 2 000 to 4 000 ounces of gold per month,[14] and in 1909 alone the Company paid out a 45% dividend.[2] However, at depth, the ore body began to be pinched out, and costs of production rose sharply.[2]

By 1915 it was clear that the Mine was on the decline. Cost cutting measures relating to both the European and African labour force were implemented, but to no avail, the gold was running out. Investors soon began to hear unsettling reports which hitherto had always been so rosy. Yields where falling, there was often insufficient ore at the mills, several senior employees had resigned to take up positions in the expanding Copperbelt in Northern Rhodesia (now Zambia), several shafts and levels were dangerous and had to be revamped with no direct return on this investment, the mining engineers had miscalculated the ore body and several levels missed their mark, requiring additional cutting at substantial cost.[2] As a result investor confidence collapsed. In one year the Company's shares declined from 41/3 to 17/6 and they continued to slide.[2]

In response the management decided to boost production by taking out the rich pillars of rock which had been left as supports in the upper levels. This worked for a while, but shear safety inhibited the amount of ore that they could remove by this means.[2] They also reduced the milling capacity of the mill hoping to reduce costs in so doing. " ... the aim is to treat a smaller tonnage of higher grade ore for greater profit." But this was a retrogressive step, as in truth there was no richer ore left, while treating smaller quantities of ever decreasing grades resulted in even less profit.[2]

In the face of an uncertain future many of the auxiliary services at Eldorado now decided to relocate to the nearby town of Sinoia which, because of its administrative and farming basis, was perceived to be a more stable market. Probably the most significant closure and relocation was the Standard Bank. In 1917 the Eldorado Mine Office was closed and the safe was physically manhandled onto a train to be sent to the new Sinoia Office (Mr P. Nicholle, pers. comm.). Many stores followed suit.

By 1919 the mine had become unviable. The last underground mining took place in June, milling continued until August, and everything was silent by September.[2] Even a last minute intensive exploration in the basal Levels 20 and 21 failed to find evidence that the ore body continued any deeper.[2] It had all gone. Desperately the Company looked around for other nearby deposits so as to maintain the operations of its top class processing plant. However, nothing reasonable could be found within a viable distance.[2] Accordingly the Eldorado-Banket Gold Mining Company Limited went into liquidation.[14] The mine was closed and the plant was sold off to various small mines in the area, most notably Golden Kopje to the south-west of Chinhoyi which, until recently, was still producing. But the Company had not done all that badly. From 1906 it had extracted some 442 840 ounces of gold.[14]

With its sole economic basis defunct, the associated settlement died rapidly. The houses and most buildings were dismantled and taken to Sinoia. Even the corrugated iron Masonic Lodge was relocated, and I am given to believe that parts of it are still incorporated in the present Lodge structure (Mrs M. Steele, née Pratt, pers. comm). Given the close proximity to Sinoia, allowing for effective scavenging of materials and the very intensive farming which has been practised in the area, nearly all traces of this old town have gone, only the building alluded to above remains. The rest is the past, a memory which is fading rapidly.

There is also a small, fenced off, and now sadly neglected cemetery where a few of the white inhabitants lie buried. It is to be found to the north-west of the mine in a low lying area near a stream. Some of the graves are marked, but many are simply unnamed piles of stone. Outside of the entrance there is one large engraved headstone which had obviously been delivered from Salisbury, but with the demise of the settlement it seems merely to have been dumped at the gate leaving the grave unmarked. This is not to say that the rest of the tombstones are in a good state of repair.

After the formal liquidation in 1920 the claims were taken over by two small workers, Messrs Austen and Murdock Eaton.[2/14] Austin soon had second thoughts and sold out to Eaton, who proved more than capable at scrounging even the smallest traces of gold from the remaining deposit throughout the mine, often working under extremely dangerous conditions. In fact he was so successful that he could employ 6 European and 200 African staff.[2] He continued to operate the mine until 1927 when

it truly had been thoroughly picked through. In 1928 Eaton decided to repeat this scavenging technique at the abandoned Giant Mine near Gadzema, thus he abandoned Eldorado, auctioning off all his equipment.[2]

In 1930 Eldorado was taken over by the Beattie Brothers[2/14] who believed that there just might be some gold which had been missed by their predecessors. True, both the Eldorado-Banket Gold Mining Company and Eaton had cleared up the main "reefs" , but they suggested that there was still a possibility that there were small, diverging, stringer deposits which may have been missed and which could support a small time operation.[2] They were proved correct when, during their explorations, they came across an unexpected bonanza — three large underground caverns, "Ancient Workings", were located. These were filled with small quartz chips as well as copper ingots[2] and, undoubtedly, other remains such as skeletal material and ceramics, although this is not mentioned. Forming a successful partnership with J. McMurdon, Alex and Andrew Beattie ran a viable small outfit based on the mining and processing of stringer and surface material from Eldorado and many of the neighbouring small mines. After a while, Andrew Beattie left the partnership to return to Scotland, but the remaining partners continued their work until 1944 when McMurdon enlisted to fight in Europe.[2]

From 1930 to 1939 the Eldorado dumps were reworked separately from the Beattie Partnership by Messrs Owen and De Beer under the name of the Kiwi Claims.[14] From 1944 onwards various other small workers took over the Eldorado claims, but with little success.[14] In 1957 it was finally abandoned until the 1970s when it was again looked at by several groups, but it was dismissed as unviable. In the 1980s, and more especially 1990s, several small scale African workers have tried their luck, often outside the structure of the law. Certainly when I last visited the site in 1992 there was a rickety pole and bark structure descending into one of the pits — clearly unsafe and not within the mining standards, while several panners were also seen reworking the dumps. I am given to believe that the Mine was reassessed by Delta Gold in its Nation-wide investigation of deposits in the early 1990s (Mr P. Nicholle, pers. comm.), but obviously they found nothing of interest. Clearly this Mine is finally exhausted.

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The Railway that Moved a Town: Centenary of the Beira Railway

by J. M. Batwell

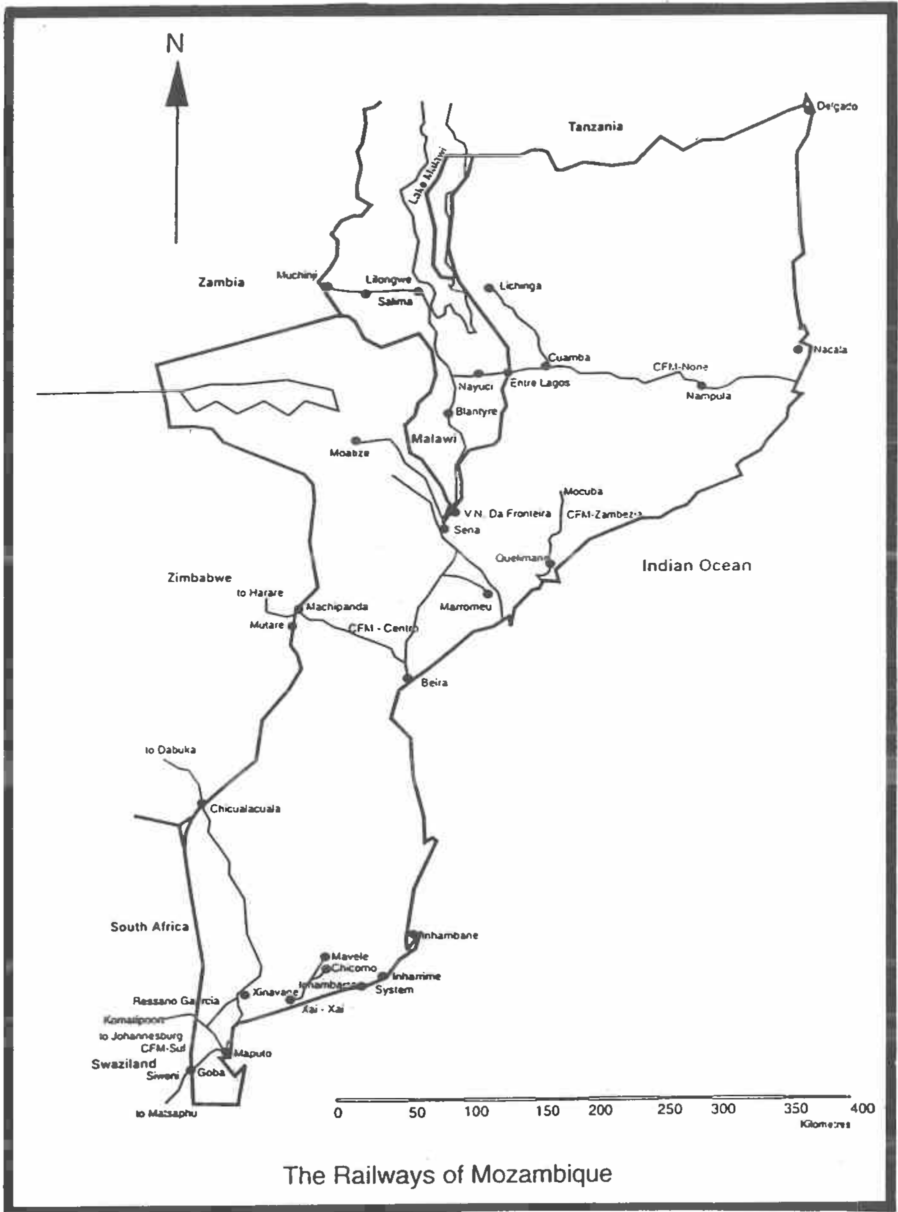
The whole town of Umtali was moved all those years back in the late 1890s to accommodate the new line from the coast. Cecil Rhodes decided that as the railway could not come to Umtali, Umtali should come to the railway! The location of the line therefore continued along an easier route from the Portuguese township of Macequece (later Vila de Manica) up the Menini river valley to the present Umtali (Mutare). The old town and the land on which it stood was given to the Methodist Episcopal Church for use as an industrial mission. The new town was well established by the time the narrow gauge railway from Beira reached it in 1898.

Early settlers are reputed to have had only two things to say about the high expenses in former Rhodesia at the time — the cost of getting there and the expense of staying alive! It was in September 1890 that the Pioneer Column organised by Cecil John Rhodes reached Salisbury and so added Mashonaland to the British Empire.

It was Jameson's exploratory and epic journey to the East African coast in 1890 that brought home the realization of a perfect port for the future at the mouth of the Pungwe. A number of steamships plied up and down the East Coast, calling at Lourenço Marques (now Maputo) and three days later at Beira. Beira was originally known as Aruangua but when the Mozambique Company started to develop the country its name was changed to Beira in honour of the Prince of Beira whose patronage, it was no doubt hoped, would assist the Company. Beira at the time was a collection of corrugated iron shanties. Jameson reported to Rhodes on the favourability of a rail route in from the coast although he had at the time misjudged the potential disease factor. Frederick Courtney Selous, the renowned hunter, provided Rhodes with a good idea of the terrain involved.

The Anglo-Portuguese Treaty of 1891 gave the green light for a railway and the Portuguese Government granted a concession in September to Henry Theodore van Laun. These rights were acquired by the Charter Company by which name the British South Africa Co. was generally known. During September-October 1891 Rhodes gained personal knowledge of the country through which a railway could be constructed and this was to serve him well when the actual route was being decided. The railway was only to be started at Fontesvilla, another 'mean collection of corrugated iron shanties', sixty kilometres from Beira since the Pungwe River was navigable up to this settlement. The story goes that vessels were frequently grounded and when this happened passengers had to disembark but the Captain of the tug had a plentiful supply of alcoholic drinks for sale at exorbitant prices so regular grounding of the vessel promoted sales! Cecil Rhodes, on the only occasion he travelled on this tug, took the precaution of buying up the Captain's whole stock of liquor for £25 at the outset to ensure a trouble-free passage in record time!

On 23 July 1892 the Charter Company promoted the *Beira Railway Company*. The directors in London decided that 'a firm with good experience of railway building'



The Railways of Mozambique

should handle the exercise and needless to say the personality approached was none other than George Pauling! The latter was fresh from his work on the costly (in terms of human life) Eastern Line connecting Lourenço Marques with Pretoria. Pauling & Co. got the contract from Alfred Beit and at Fontesvilla a construction camp was erected. In September 1892 work began, the contract then being for 125 km of railway.

Fontesvilla was intensely hot and being on a river bank was most unhealthy with malaria and blackwater fever the major health hazard. Marine transportation conveyed the building materials from Beira, with the contract for this transportation awarded to Donald Currie of the Castle Line.

For the first eighty kilometres the work comprised mainly banking the line above the level of the Pungwe River flats to prevent it from being washed away. With the heat and disease in the region this section of the 600 mm-gauge railway exacted the heaviest toll of human life. This section teemed with game and was sprinkled with tall coconut and rafia palm trees. H. F. Varian, an engineer engaged in railway construction in those days, comments

> . . . wild-fowl shooting was at its best and sport was good especially when there were others to join in, as for example when a shooting party passed through my camp. . . . Those evenings still live in my memory — the glorious sunset colouring, the scent of the lagoon flowers, the chattering of the wild fowl, the troops of buck, large and small, stepping daintily down to drink at the water's edge, the squelching sound of warthogs and pig wallowing in the cool mud after the heat of the day. It seemed a crime to disturb nature in such a peaceful mood.

It was not until the line reached beyond Bamboo Creek (later called Vila Machado) that the ground began to rise much above sea level. Once the Siluvu hills were reached the base camp was relocated to a somewhat better locality for living, but it had been a hard slog for the men putting down a railway across such unhealthy country. According to one old-timer a selection of gravestones was kept at Fontesvilla to enable any railway employee to choose his own memorial and the inscription he desired. Pauling, who was noted for his 'elbow-bending', argued that the teetotallers on the construction exercise did not stand up to the fever country as well as the heavy drinkers — it was a convenient excuse for the excessive intake of alcohol! Engineer Varian comments that

> wine was cheap in those Portuguese colonies. An anchorette of red Collares wine, containing 56 bottles, cost about 24/- including the barrel. Whisky was 5/- to 6/- a bottle . . . and living was comparatively good. Camp hospitality always seemed to be greatly appreciated by all parties who stayed with me . . .

The mortality figures on the rail construction were certainly notable — some 400 Europeans and 500 labourers from India are documented. Nevertheless by 1895 there was a total force of 1200 employed by the company, most of whom were paid a shilling a day and fed on rice imported from India. The tsetse fly caused havoc among

the animals — five hundred donkeys were imported in the belief that they could withstand 'the fly' but they all died.

The first rainy season revealed that seventeen kilometres of line outside Fontesvilla was submerged for about a month and it was discovered that burials which were not deep enough on this part of the railway either floated up or were disturbed by animals. The Pungwe Floods were to prove a recurrent problem for the railway company. H. F. Varian recounts cyclonic weather in the Mozambique Channel, the southern sweep of which would strike Beira. Everything would be under water. There were washaways in the sandy stretches and derailments. From Fontesvilla to Bamboo Creek, across the coastal plain, the railway line was practically straight and, when flooded, an African was sent to splash along in front testing the line with his toes! When it was dry the train could reach 33 kph downhill but, after Bamboo Creek, on the steeper gradients, passengers would often walk alongside the train giving it a playful push to help it on its way. The initial rail construction was conducted in a very austere manner due to the shortage of funds. It was of light track, the rail first being in 24 ft lengths of 20 lb and later 28 lb per yard.

The first contract of those 125 kilometres was completed in October 1893 and it was a remarkable feat for, after crossing the swampy plains during the wet season, the engineers and workers faced a severe climb over the range of hills covered by the dense Amatongas Forest. The climb through the forest was a succession of curves and in one part the rise could only be surmounted by a series of zigzags into dead-end spurs, with the train having to reverse direction at each halt. The altitude rose from 650 ft above sea level to 2029 ft in forty kilometres. This brought the line to Gondola in October 1893.

Beyond Gondola came Mandegos, now Vila Pery, where the station staff were much harassed by lions which prowled around. David Rhind in his co-authored book *Historical Railway Postcard Journeys in Southern Africa* comments that

> it was a wise precaution for the station foreman, when setting the points for the twice-weekly mail train which came through the station in the middle of the night, to be accompanied by a colleague armed with a rifle, as on more than one occasion the lions had chased them back to their quarters and then settled down on the verandah to wait for them to come out again. Travel on the trains could be just as hazardous as one man found when he went to sleep in one of the narrow carriages with his feet sticking out of the window and woke to find that a lion had snatched one of his boots and taken part of his heel with it.

In November 1894, the line reached Chimoio and within two months trains were running regularly to this railhead two or three times a day. This was destined to be the terminus for a couple of years until the narrow gauge track was finally extended to Umtali. Passengers were charged 6*d* a mile First Class and 3*d* a mile Third Class. Corpses however were charged 1*s* a mile! The overall tariff for goods from Beira–Umtali totalled about £13 a ton. By May 1894 the railway was reportedly carrying 500 tons of freight, apart from construction material. In September that year passenger train services were advertised as of 9¼ hours endurance on the '*Pauling Railway*' —

the Beira Railway was in fact run by the contractors for the entire life of the narrow gauge and only came under railway management in 1900 when the gauge had been changed to 1 067 mm and the line linked with the Mashonaland Railway between Umtali and Salisbury (Harare).

Chimoio was quite an important place with a Portuguese Commandant and railway headquarters. It was hot by day and cold by night. It comprised a small collection of mud huts, one or two galvanized iron stores and Lawson's Hotel — a series of African-style rondavels with calico-covered windows and a door made of old packing cases secured by a nail and string. The furniture — two packing cases, japanned washstand ware, two wooden stretchers and a piece of sacking on the floor — was considered relatively luxurious!

David Rhind writes that travelling by mule cart onward to Old Umtali was not easy. The countryside was hilly and progress slow. Stopping points would embrace Vendusi where the store was run by a Frenchman whose servant spoke French, English and Portuguese. Hawe's Store on the Revue River provided a reasonable overnight stopping place with a warm fire, blankets and mud huts in which to put one's head down. Macequece had a Customs Post and hospital and by the border there was a choice of four trading stores at which travellers could have a meal — Botley's and Fisher's on the Mozambique side or Brown's and Leslie's on the Mashonaland side.

Meanwhile, at the other end of the line, difficulties of navigation along the Pungwe River coupled with extra handling of cargo into lighters in the roadstead at Beira and then transhipping at Fontesvilla made it more and more essential to connect the two settlements by rail.

In 1895 the Beira Junction Railway Company was formed. Once more the contract was placed in the hands of Pauling who commenced work in the July. The first job was the erection of a bridge across the Pungwe from the Fontesvilla side. This was built of timber, as were all the bridges on the line in those days. The frequent bridges and culverts required to traverse the flats took 15 months. Trying climatic conditions and fever remained a menace as ever. Late in 1895 the surveyor Mansergh reported that because of the difficulties and expense of taking the railway over Christmas Pass in Rhodesia it would proceed west of Macequece along the valley of the Sakubva River and over the Nyamashiri Range to the Odzi River. Cecil Rhodes held a meeting with the residents of Old Umtali on 26 March 1896 at which the issues were clarified. As mentioned at the beginning either the town moved to the planned site of the railway or it remained where it was and became an isolated backwater connected to the railhead by a branch line. The outcome of the meeting was that the town would move and that the new settlement would be built on exactly the same lines as the old one.

The whole town was literally pulled to pieces and all worthwhile items carried over the Pass and reassembled on the new site. Every day wagons, loaded with goods and wood and iron, toiled up the old Pass road. Gradually the new township took shape. Compensation paid out by the British South Africa Co. amounted to over £300 000. The first train steamed into New Umtali on 4 February 1898, completing some 370 km of railway construction which had embraced plenty of hard work, numerous fatalities and also hard play as the anecdotal stories reveal. (*The first train arrived in fledgling Rhodesia, in Bulawayo, four months previously — see* Heritage

No. 15, 1996.) With the arrival of the railway at Umtali no time was lost in transferring workshops, housing and other buildings from the Portuguese territory in order to concentrate activities in the new Rhodesian town. To this day Mutare still has workshops for the maintenance of some of the diesel motive power used on the National Railways of Zimbabwe although the principal shops and Headquarters are now at Bulawayo.

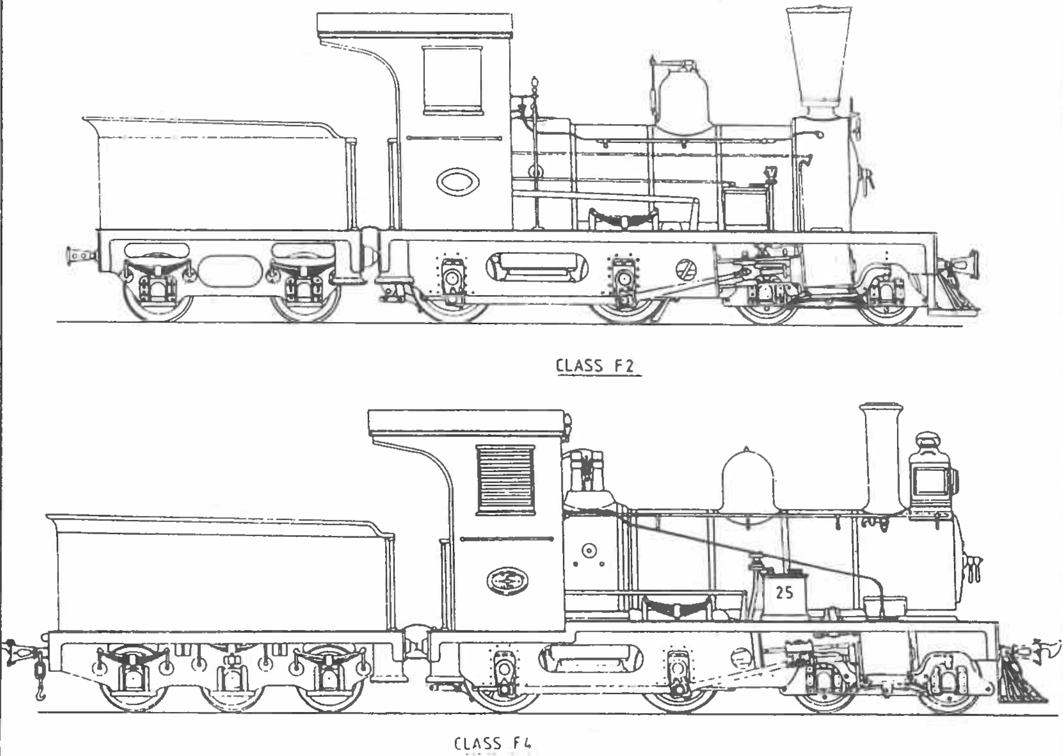
The initial, principal motive power on the Beira line comprised three 0-6-0s and many 4-4-0s. Builders were Falcon, now the Brush Electrical Engineering Company of Loughborough, and the Glasgow Railway Engineering Company, as a subcontractor. There were two distinct types — the F2s and F4s. The specific locomotive details are tabled in Fig. 1. The F4s were more powerful and there were various detail differences. For example, the spark arrester chimneys gave the early 0-6-0s and F2s a rather fearsome appearance, but the F4s bore handsome tall affairs of more conventional design. In the latter part of 1899 the Beira Railway had 40 locomotives at work with six trains a day leaving Beira for Bamboo Creek where loads were split in two for the heavily graded climb to Umtali. In the meantime, 22 May 1899 witnessed the opening of the standard gauge (3′6″) railway to Salisbury and all energies were devoted to the widening of the line between Beira and Umtali to the same gauge. In that same year, however, soon after widening operations had got underway the Boer War broke out. The siege of Mafeking (now Mafikeng) meant the diversion of all rail traffic through Beira with transhipping necessary *en route*. Varian writes,

> The siege of Mafeking, however, by cutting the main line south of Bulawayo, diverted all traffic, both passenger and goods, through Beira; so all Rhodesia and the country south of Bulawayo were then dependent on our port and railway.

Soldiers, horses, stores, equipment and forage were moving inland from Beira placing an extra burden on the railway. There was no provision either for camps for the men or fencing for the animals and the rains were on and it was the worst time for malaria. Despite its heavy traffic in a time of war the conversion continued and by August 1900 the whole line was of 3′6″ gauge (Cape gauge) and 45 kilometres shorter. One of the notable little engines involved in the track widening exercise was *Jack Tar*, a small saddle tank loco which can also lay claim to fame in the construction of the Victoria Falls bridge over the Zambesi. H. F. Varian recounts the linking up of the new-gauge railway:

> Hundreds of natives who had been working day and night towards this great achievement, tired as they were, still had the energy to dance and yell in wild excitement. The first train consisted of an open truck propelled by the famous little tank shunting engine *Jack Tar*, and behind it one of the only passenger carriages on the line at that time. In the carriage were masses of food and drink and we, who had eaten next to nothing in the last few days, went for it all out.

This locomotive is on display at the National Railways of Zimbabwe's Museum in Raylton, Bulawayo. One of the early Falcon 2′0″ gauge locos is also housed at this museum. Another is at Centenary Park in the city centre. There was obviously plenty of life left in most of these diminutive engines when the gauge was altered to 3′6″ in 1900. Some locomotives and much of the Beira Railway equipment were used for the



Technical Data

	Class F.2	Class F.4
Driving Wheels	2ft 8in	3ft 0in
Bogie and tender wheels	2ft 0in	2ft 0in
Cylinders (2)	8 × 15	9 × 15
Boiler Pressure	140 psi	140 psi
Tubes	200 sq/ft	246 sq/ft
Firebox	25 sq/ft	30 sq/ft
Total heating surface	225 sq/ft	276 sq/ft
Valve gear	Stephenson	Stephenson
TE at 85% bp	3570 lb	4016 lb
Grate area	4¼ sq/ft	5¼ sq ft
Loco rigid wheelbase	5 ft 5 in	5ft 6 in
Total loco wheelbase	13ft 9 in	14ft 0in
Tender wheelbase	4ft 6in	4ft 9in
Water capacity	500 gals	600 gals
Fuel capacity	45 cu/ft	30 cu/ft
Nett loco weight	10t 10cwt	12t 0cwt
Gross loco weight	11t 10cwt	13t 0cwt
Net tender weight	3t 5cwt	4t 0cwt
Gross tender weight	6t 10cwt	7t 10cwt
Minimum rail section	23lb/yd	25lb/yd
Minimum curve radius	173ft	175ft
Gross load (level)	158t 10cwt	177t 10cwt
Gross load (1 in 20)	5t 10cwt	6t 10 cwt
Cost	£985	£1145

Fig. 1: Locomotive details of the F2 and F4

Ayrshire Railway in 1902 — a 2 ft gauge line later to become Rhodesia Railways' Sinoia (Chinhoyi) branch line. Other locos went to the Busi Sugar Estates in Mozambique; a couple to Lupane Forest Estates in Rhodesia; Cam and Motor gold mine near Gatooma (Kadoma) and Arcturus mine gave locos further use. During World War I there was an acute shortage of locomotive power in South Africa and South West Africa which saw a number of former Beira engines purchased by the fledgling South African Railways (SAR).

A series of name changes occurred with the Beira line. From the Beira Railway Co. there was the Beira & Mashonaland Railway (BMR) and in later years emerged the Rhodesia Railways (RR). Today our national system is called the National Railways of Zimbabwe, NRZ. It was from Rhodesia Railways, established as a statutory body on 1 November 1949, that the Portuguese government exercised its right to expropriate the Beira Railway between the port of Beira and the border near Umtali. The purchase of the line was completed on 6 April 1949 and included the port operations. To assist with the change, Rhodesia Railways continued to control the railway and port workings until 1 October 1949. The RR sold off various steam locomotives to the Mozambique Railways at the time and other locos at a much later stage.

During the Rhodesian conflict of the seventies, Mozambique, itself then recently independent of Portugal, closed its borders with this country. In the process many railway wagons together with Rhodesia Railways' steam locos and a diesel locomotive across the border at the time were impounded and only released with the independence of Rhodesia as the new Zimbabwe. Post independence, the National Railways of Zimbabwe assisted Mozambique's railway administration with the rehabilitation of the Beira line besides loaning steam and diesel locomotives to operate a railway route which had been hammered by the civil war raging in the former Portuguese colony. Zimbabwean industry refurbished motive power. Well into the eighties NRZ diesel locos and crews worked into Mozambique but with the cessation of the war in that country its own Railway Administration has now assumed the infrastructure and independence to operate the Beira Corridor. As the majority of Southern Africa emerged from the historical instabilities the Beira Corridor took on a greater importance as an arterial route to the Indian Ocean for landlocked countries in the region. Large traffic movements remain frustrated on this line owing to the still poor facilities at Beira, making the well-developed South African ports traditionally far more attractive to exporters and importers. Close to one million tonnes of Zimbabwe's exports, representing 14% of annual traffic, move through Beira annually.

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Llewellyn Cambria Meredith, 1866–1942

by R. H. Wood

With names like that it would be obvious even to a Plumtree boy that the subject of this article was not an Irishman, but in fact, although Welsh by descent, he was born in Grahamstown, the son of a farmer cum butcher and his early life was spent in the Eastern Cape. Meredith's father died and his family were left in impoverished circumstances and Meredith had to leave school and seek employment, which he found on the diamond mines in Kimberley. He worked there for several years and, judging from his stories of numerous mining accidents caused by earth falls into the open cast mines, he was lucky to survive this period of his life. After his retirement he wrote his memoirs and it is from these memoirs that the following information is obtained.

Llewellyn Cambria Meredith
(*National Archives of Zimbabwe*)

In February, 1891 Dr Rutherfoord Harris, Secretary of the British South Africa Company, offered him the job of conductor for the expedition of Mr Theodore Bent, the archaeologist, to the Zimbabwe Ruins and he took up this offer. His first impression of Mr Bent was not favourable. He describes him thus:

> The following day Mr Bent the archaeologist and his wife and companion, a Scotchman named Swan, who was a land surveyor, arrived by train from Capetown and I met them at the railway station and was introduced to them. I was disappointed in Mr Bent who seemed to be stand-offish and at the same time he did not impress me as being by any means a clever man. He had no presence and I was so disappointed that for two pins I would have declined to go with him. However, after a little thought I decided to carry on as I had given up my situation with the Orion D. M. Company and would not perhaps be able to get another job in Kimberley. Mrs Bent was a middle aged lady, she wore a man's helmet and a monocle and a short skirt and knee breeches and leather leggings. Swan was a big Scotchman, rather quiet and not a bad kind of chap.

Meredith describes the long and difficult route up from Kimberley. They travelled by rail to Vryburg which was then the railway terminus and from there started their wagon trek up country. February, 1891, was obviously a very wet month and Meredith describes the difficulties of pulling the wagons through flooded land. They trekked to Mafeking and from there to Silirva Pan. From there they travelled to Sochong which had been Chief Khama's old town but had been abandoned when he moved his people to Palapye. They then moved on to Palapye and from there to Macloutsie and Tuli where a large number of British South Africa Police had assembled to face a threatened Boer invasion led by Colonel Ferreira. It was here that they were to collect stores for the expedition, including a bale containing a thousand blankets to be used as payment for the labourers that they intended to engage. It was quite clear to Meredith that the bale which was alleged to contain a thousand blankets contained no more than about a hundred and when Meredith protested to the quartermaster that he was being short-changed, the quartermaster became angry and placed him under arrest. Captain Leonard, who was in charge of the police garrison, secured his early release but Meredith was upset that he had not received the support that he could have expected from Theodore Bent and told him that he was no longer prepared to carry on as the conductor of the expedition. Captain Leonard again interceded and persuaded Meredith to withdraw his resignation after obtaining from Bent an assurance that there would be no further interference with the wagon drivers and leaders under Meredith's control.

The rivers were running high after the heavy rains but the party was able to cross the Bubi and the Nuanetsi without too much difficulty. The Lundi was however a problem and it was only quick thinking by Meredith which prevented several of the trek oxen from drowning during the crossing. The remainder of the trip between the Lundi and Fort Victoria passed without mishap but the expedition had great difficulty in travelling from Fort Victoria to the Zimbabwe Ruins as the route was very swampy and it was necessary to lay down wooden poles to prevent the heavy wagons sinking into the mud. They arrived at the Ruins on 20 June, 1891, just over four months after

Thodoro Bent, 1891
(National Archives of Zimbabwe)

they had started off from Kimberley. Mr Meredith's impressions of the ruins are interesting. He says that they were "filled with forest and such thick undergrowth that one could only get about with difficulty within the walls". By this time Bent and Meredith seemed to have developed a modicum of faith in each other and Bent appointed Meredith as manager in charge of excavations on double pay. Meredith describes his duties as follows:

> The first job we had was to clear the doorways of loose stone which lay in heaps two feet high; they were caused by the walls over the doorways having fallen. The walls over the doorways had been supported by lintels made of round poles of very hard and durable wood alternately laid with long slabs of slate and on top of the lintels the walls were built to the full height of the building. The weight of the stone above the lintels must have been immense but the

lintels were strong enough to support it as long as the wooden poles remained intact. During the occupation of the Ruins the lintels held as they were under constant observation but they were abandoned and in the course of time they became overgrown with forest and long grass and each season when the grass and other vegetation was dry and inflammable fires occurred and burning through the open doorways eventually burnt the wooden beams through and then without them the slate beams were not strong enough to support the great weight of the overhead walls which crashed down and filled the doorways. I have no doubt of this because I found the burnt ends of the wooden beams and of the broken slate beams protruding from the walls on either side of the doorways about seven feet from the floor. I sawed off several specimens of the remains of the wooden beams intending to keep them as souvenirs of the only perishable parts of the Ruins but unfortunately lost them during the Mashona rebellion in 1896. They were of extremely hard yellowish wood and did not show any signs of rot. I should say that wood being built into dry walls would last for centuries. The present walling at Zimbabwe flanking the doorways, is misleading, as repairs were done since I left there and instead of lintels being put in at about seven feet from the floors, the walling was built up on each side leaving an opening clear to the top of the walls whereas the original openings were only seven feet high and from them to the top was solid walling. The Ruins were built for protection and evidently were built by gold seekers from some other country, probably India or some other part of Asia and finding themselves in hostile country they had to have protection from attack especially against people using arrows. Everything about the Ruins points to it especially in the case of the Ruins on the hill where every crevice through which an arrow could have been shot, was carefully walled up. I do not think there was anything of a religious nature about the Ruins, they were forts.

One item of interest about the Ruins is that the ornamental work is on the East side which causes me to think that the builders came from the East. I cannot agree with some writers who contend that the Ruins were built at different periods. I worked there for two months and at no time did I find anything to support that idea. The walls from the base to the top are the same workmanship. From Zimbabwe travelling eastward there are ruins of the same workmanship, notably the Matendera and Chipundza, the former in the Nyashau or Buhera District and the latter in Makoni District and in the latter District there are small patches of similar buildings through towards Inyanga and in the low country there are terraced hills such as are seen at Inyanga. All these ruins and terraces are in a rough line from Zimbabwe to the Zambezi which would be the way by which the gold seekers came into the country. That they were gold seekers I have no doubt because in addition to furnaces at Zimbabwe we found many crucibles in some of which we found specks of gold.

The interpreters we had at Zimbabwe were good Xhosa and Zulu speakers but they could not speak or understand Chishona and they had to depend on shouting and gesticulations to make a native half understand.

I know what I am writing about as I could speak Xosa and could understand all

the interpreters said to the natives. Well, under such circumstances it was impossible for Mr Bent to get any reliable information. He, in giving his interpretation of the word Zimbabwe, says it means a great place. It is quite true that the kraal or village of the paramount Chief is called *zimbabwe* and his henchmen are called *razimbabwe* but I think the correct interpretation is "Dsimba Ra Mabge" which means "Houses of Stone".

We did not begin any digging until we had cleared the Ruins of bush and then we began digging in each compartment separately to a depth of about a foot. As we worked from day to day we made small finds of crucibles, assegai blades, double iron bells, that is two bells connected with a U shaped handle of iron, the points of the U being welded to the top of each bell.

There were no visible tongues to the bells so I expect they made sound by striking them on the outside with a rod as is done with a bands triangle. We also found carvings in soap stone, some were shaped like a Dutch cheese and were about nine inches in diameter by about three inches deep, a hole through the middle which made them look like block wheels, and they were ornamented on the outside by carvings. We also found long poles of soap stone with a large bird carved on one, probably the top end, with roundish carvings below the bird evidently representing eggs. The bird would appear to represent a vulture by its shape and head.

We also found two dishes carved out of soap stone, both had been broken, one was plain but the other had a hunting scene carved round the sides showing men armed with bows and arrows accompanied by dogs in pursuit of game. One find I made which gave Mr Bent a lot of satisfaction was the blade of a spear made of copper and it had been gilded with gold.

It was really a Chief's bauble and though it could have been used as a weapon it would have been extremely awkward to remove after stabbing because it was heavily barbed for more than half its length and there was a diamond shaped piece and then reverse barbs which would prevent it being pushed through a body and the forward barbs would prevent it being drawn out. It was about twenty inches in length. Mr Bent had various moods about the origin of the Ruins, some days he thought they were Phoenician and at other times he thought they might be Egyptian as we had not found anything in the nature of an inscription which would have been a guide. One day we found a piece of white glass with some ornamentation in gold and he thought it was Chinese glass.

One day he came to me looking rather depressed and said "I have not much faith in the antiquity of these Ruins, I think they are native". I asked why. He said "everything we have so far found is native". I did not agree with him and said so. I did admit that natives had occupied the place after the evacuation by the original builders but I would not agree that African natives had built them. A day or two later he had changed back to Phoenicians and stuck to that idea.

The Tower in the big circular ruin was a subject of some conjecture, some thought it might contain some information as to the origin of the Ruins so I opened one side and tunnelled into the middle of it but found only stone packing right to the centre. As the Tower is a little higher than the surrounding walls,

> I guessed it to be a stand for a sentry who from the top would have a fair view all round and I am still of that opinion.

After working at the Zimbabwe Ruins for over two months the whole party left for Salisbury but by taking a circuitous route to Salisbury they were able to inspect the Matendera Ruins in the Buhera District. Meredith describes them as follows:

> The Ruins were of the same nature as those of Zimbabwe. They are not so well built or extensive. The walls were not more than seven feet high and in one place a baobab tree had grown up through the walls, the tree being about six feet in diameter and about thirty five feet high. The Ruins were in a partly circular form and about forty yards wide with a few dividing walls. In fact after seeing and working at Zimbabwe they were not very interesting.

When the party arrived in Salisbury, Meredith's engagement officially came to an end but he was persuaded to accompany the Bents to inspect the Yellow Jacket Ruins some miles out of Salisbury in the Mazoe area. Thereafter he was asked by Dr Rutherfoord Harris, who at that time was Acting Administrator, to accompany the Bents back to Beira. Meredith was unwilling to do so but was persuaded by a written offer of employment with the British South Africa Company when he returned from his trip.

The journey east was an interesting one. The party left Salisbury and camped six miles out near a hill occupied by a native kraal. This would have been near the site of the present Cleveland Dam. The following day they camped at Chief Kunzi's kraal which at that time was to the east of the Nora River and thereafter proceeded to Mrewa's kraal and from there to Mtoko's kraal. At Mtoko, Mr Bent presented Chief Gurapira with a full dress uniform. Mr Bent was put out by the fact that the following morning instead of appearing in all his finery he came to the camp wearing only the tunic of the uniform while one of his henchmen wore the trousers and another the helmet. From Mtoko's kraal they travelled in a southerly direction into the Mangwende District and arrived at the village of Chief Mangwende. Meredith describes it as follows:

> The kraal of Chief Mangwende was situated on top of a high hill. At the foot of the hill was a mission station of the Church of England run by a Delagoa Bay native named Bernard Mizika Maniyele, a man I was to see a lot of later. There was also a trading station belonging to the British South Africa Company and being run by a British South Africa policeman named James Bennett, a big and rather rough chap who I was also to see a lot of later. The mission station was only two huts of pole and dagga. The trading station was a rectangular building of pole and dagga. It had belonged to the notorious Portuguese trader Goveya who had fled on the advent of the British South Africa Company's forces.

Meredith goes on as follows:

> We left Mangwende and travelled eastward and the same day we crossed the upper reaches of the Macheke River and then were in the Makoni District. On the afternoon of the second day's trek we came to a small flat topped hill and camped for the night. On the one side of the hill was an arched cliff and on the sheltered side the rock was smooth and on it was a rather fine Bushman painting of a hunting scene, a rather fine piece of work and much the best that I have so far seen. I have often thought of going to the place to try to get a photo of the painting and though I have had many opportunities I have never taken advantage of them. I think the name of the hill is "Nyanira" though I am not certain of it as when I heard it I could not speak the native language so could not be certain of the pronunciation. The following day we arrived at the kraal of Chief Makoni. After leaving the Makoni Kraal which we called Gwindingwi, we took a path towards the then Umtali and on the morning of the third day we got to the kraal of Chief Mutasa, the head of the "Manyika" District. We camped within three hundred yards of the kraal and remained there for two days and on the second day I walked up to the kraal which was situated at the foot of a high cliff. The kraal was on three sides fenced with strong palisade and the entrance was a narrow passage through the wood work of the fence and about four feet through. As a wall of defence it would have been rather difficult to attack without cannon but the weak spot was the cliff because an attacking party could have climbed the hill on its opposite side and so gone on to the top of the cliff and by rolling big stones down on the kraal they would have smashed the place in a few minutes as the stones would have had a sheer drop of about two hundred feet on to the huts.

Thereafter the party arrived in Umtali and, after a very rough and tedious journey through Portuguese East Africa, Meredith was pleased to deposit his charges at Mapondas where Mr and Mrs Bent caught a tug which took them to the Port of Beira.

Meredith returned to Salisbury where instead of taking up his right to be employed by the British South Africa Company, negotiated to be granted a farm. Meredith was given a farm in the Marandellas North area and thereafter commenced trading near the Nyakambire River. Some time later he was appointed Native Commissioner for the Makoni area, taking over from a man who had upset the Chief by his brutal methods. He established a good relationship with Chief Makoni and was very disappointed when he received an instruction from the Chief Native Commissioner to transfer himself to the District of Charter. He did this and remained there for several months. He was then transferred to the Melsetter District. He objected to this transfer but was persuaded to take up the appointment by the Acting Administrator, Judge Vincent, who justified the decision to move him by saying that he was the only Native Commissioner able to speak Dutch and was needed there to liaise with the Dutch trekkers who had been settled in the area. After several days trekking from Umtali he reached the Cashel Valley and met Mr Hendrik Steyn of Steynstroom. After leaving Steynstroom he passed over Poko Nek and arrived at the farm Johannes Rust which belonged to and was occupied by old Johannes Steyn, the principal leader of the Steyns trek. He then had to cross over Moodies Nek and after a hair raising descent arrived at the farm

Hendriksdaal, belonging to young Hendrik Steyn. His journey continued over Paulings Nek and Schilpads Nek where he came across the homestead of the farm Weltevreden which belonged to young Johannes Steyn. He then travelled on to the farm Jameson, belonging to a widow settler named du Preez and thereafter ascended to the top of Msapa Nek where he had his first view of the Chimanimani Mountains. Thereafter he reached the farm Rocklands, owned by Martinus Jacobus Martin, the leader of the Martin trek and late that evening reached Melsetter, the township established by Mr Longden the Magistrate, chosen as being high and healthy and commanding a good view of the Chimanimani Mountains. He arrived in Melsetter on 1 January, 1896, just as the news of the failed Jameson Raid was breaking. After he had arrived at Melsetter he ascertained that, although quarters were being built for the Magistrate and the Police in Melsetter, it was not Government's intention to set up a Native Department Office in Melsetter and he was to move on to Chipinga and to establish himself on the farm Kenilworth, occupied by Dunbar Moodie, one of the leaders of the Moodie trek. When he arrived at Kenilworth he met Mr Longden, the Magistrate, and Captain Randolph Nesbit who was in charge of the British South Africa Police. They were on the point of relocating themselves in their new quarters at Melsetter.

After settling in, he started his first patrol which took him to Mount Selinda where he met the supervisor, Dr Thompson and his assistant, Mr Wilder. On this patrol, which was essentially a tax patrol, he noticed that most of the tax tendered to him was in Portuguese or Transvaal coins. (Time stands still in this area of the country because my father who was Native Commissioner of Chipinga in the early 50s had the same problem. It was traditional that the young men of the Shangaan and Vandau tribes in the area would travel down to the gold mines in Johannesburg and earn South African wages there for a year or two, returning with their wages to the Chipinga area. In fact, I remember as a boy that the common currency of Chipinga was more South African than Rhodesian). From Mount Selinda Meredith made his way down into the Sabi Valley through to Chibuwe and the kraal of Chief Musikavanu. The incumbent was famous as a rainmaker and this tradition also survived well into this century. At the time of his visit the old Chief had just died and a son of the Chief who was in the kraal appeared to be possessed by spirits. Meredith explains it thus:

> The eldest son, Neseni, was acting Chief when I first arrived at the kraal but he was not a rainmaker and it was not intended by the natives that he should be made Chief unless he could develop a propensity for making rain. In a hut about thirty yards away in a part of the kraal was a native man making an awful noise much like the howling of a jackal, but instead of the cries being made by exhalations they were made by inhalations, a most difficult and choking exertion. At the time the natives were coming from all directions to pay their tax and I was very busy taking census and tax and the unearthly cries were such that I ordered my messengers to put a stop to it. The messengers looked awestruck and begged to be excused from such a job. They said "the noise is made by a younger son of the late Chief and that he is now possessed by the rainmaking spirit of his dead father". They further informed me that the possessed one, whose name was Munotswa would one day be made Chief and would be called

Musikavanu as he would have the rainmaking power. I soon saw that it would be very imprudent to try to stop the howling so carried on with my work and at about midday I saw Munotswa come out of the hut and walk away to the forest still howling and not taking notice of anyone. He had a fearful look on his face as if he were in great pain or in great fear. His howling could be heard as he moved about in the forest and eventually he came back and entered the hut still howling which lasted till about four o'clock in the afternoon when to my great relief it stopped suddenly and a minute later Munotswa came out of the hut and walked over to us with a pleasant look on his face and began greeting my messengers and other natives and then he came to me and saluting, bid me good afternoon. After acknowledging his greeting I asked him why he had been making such a noise. He looked at me and then at my messengers and at the other natives with an enquiring expression as if to say "what is he referring to?". I must say I was sceptical as I thought his howling was a superb piece of acting but when I saw the frightened expression on his face at midday and the pleasant look at four o'clock in the afternoon I felt puzzled and when I realised that no man in his sane senses could have done the howling all day long by inhalation, I came to the conclusion that he was under some influence.*

The rainmaking powers of Chief Musikavanu are firmly established and Meredith tells the story that when the Shangaan King Gungunyana moved to Musurizui in Portuguese Territory he sent for the ruling Musikavanu and accused him of being a fraud in pretending to be a rainmaker and pointing to two large ponds which were quite empty and dry and said "If you are not a fraud and imposing on the people you can cause these two ponds to be filled during the night and if they are not filled you shall die". The tale is that rain fell in torrents all through the night and in the morning the ponds were overflowing. Gungunyana released the Chief but some time later when he returned to Gazaland he was still not satisfied of the Chief's rainmaking abilities. He sent for him and thereafter ordered him to be shot the following day. In the morning he was made to stand with his back to a tree and in the presence of the King and his Counsellors the executioner stepped forward and with a gun aimed at the Chief and fired. To the great consternation of the King there was no report but a great splash of water from the gun was sent over the Chief. The King was so impressed that he liberated Musikavanu and sent him back to his home.

As mentioned above, at this time Meredith was occupying premises on Dunbar Moodie's farm, Kenilworth, in the Chipinge area and his memoirs make it clear that his relationship with Dunbar Moodie was not a happy one. This is what he says:

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* This tendency to trances or fits appears to be prevalent in the Chipinge area. When I was a youngster there a young gardener employed by us suddenly fell to the ground and for about 15 minutes shouted in a language that I did not know. I called my father who was a linguist and he listened to this outpouring. When the youth came round my father said to him "you have been speaking in Shangaan". The youth who was an Ndau (a Shona tribe) looked puzzled and said to my father that he did not know how to speak Shangaan. This episode made me wonder and this wonderment increased recently when I was reading Peter Godwin's book "Mukiwa". Godwin was also brought up in Gazaland and he relates an almost exactly similar experience when his father's servant behaved in the same way.

During my short stay in camp I made the acquaintance of Dunbar Moodie, the owner of the farm Kenilworth, and Mr Joseph Orpen and his son Claude and the latter's wife. The Orpens were surveyors and were surveying the farms in the district. They were very nice people and we soon became friendly. One day a native came running to my office and complained of having been beaten by Dunbar Moodie because he had declined to climb to the roof of a building for fear of falling as he was subject to become giddy if he climbed trees or any height above ground. Old Mr Orpen was in my office at the time speaking to me and while I was questioning the native Dunbar Moodie came in armed with a big sjambok. He bid me and Mr Orpen good morning and without further parley, he grabbed hold of the native, dragged him out of my office and began to flog him with his sjambok. I jumped up and called to one of my messengers to fetch my sjambok as in the moment's excitement and anger at the affront I

Dunbar Moodie
(National Archives of Zimbabwe)

wanted to attack Moodie but as the messenger came running with the sjambok I realized that such an action would be wrong so I ordered the messenger to go back to my room with the sjambok and then I called on Moodie to desist from flogging the native, which he did a few minutes later. He came into my office and I told him what I thought of him and declined to discuss the matter with him except to say I intended to report the matter to Salisbury. He said I hope you do as it is just what I want because our rights are being infringed by the Government officials and the natives are being spoilt. I must mention that Dunbar Moodie came into the District with the first trek. He and his uncle Tom Moodie were the leaders of the trek and he was made a special Justice of the Peace and put in charge of the District either before or after the death of Tom Moodie. His administration was so unsatisfactory to the settlers that a deputation went to Salisbury and complained to the Administrator who at first declined to hear them and said that if they had any complaints to make they were to do so through the Government representative in Melsetter who was Dunbar Moodie.† When the deputation returned to the District and reported to the settlers it caused great anger and dissatisfaction so that eventually the Government was compelled to deprive Moodie of the job and appoint a full Magistrate and Civil Commissioner in charge of the District. Moodie was extremely angry and made it his business to throw any obstacle he could find in the way of the officials and so he began on me. However, I wrote a full report to the Chief Native Commissioner who in due course replied that Moodie was to be prosecuted and I at once informed him. He said "that is just what I want so that our grievances can be heard and redressed". He really had no grievances except chagrin at being deprived of the powers he used as a freebooter. I reported to the Police and Moodie appeared before the Magistrate in Melsetter and he was fined ten pounds or three months in jail. After Court he was mad with rage and told me he would have me hounded from the District.

Dunbar Moodie was not successful in doing this and in fact Meredith again reported him for maliciously killing some cattle. Moodie was again summoned to appear in the Melsetter Court where he was ordered to pay the owners of the cattle ten pounds as compensation. Thereafter Meredith had no further trouble from Moodie but this may be because only a few months later Moodie was taken ill with blackwater fever and died.

The 1896 uprisings did not impact upon Melsetter and Chipinge and although the Dutch settlers feared an uprising their fears were created by a report from two settlers wives who had overheard a conversation between some young Africans from which they gathered that plans were being made to rise up and attack the settlers. Meredith investigated the story by examining the Africans involved and ascertained that they

† The Administrator referred to was probably Leander Star Jameson who would have been friendly with Dunbar Moodie as three or four years earlier they had together undertaken an exciting and dangerous trip to King Gungunyana with a view to obtaining some form of concession from him. On this trip they were hounded by the Portuguese Authorities and were lucky to avoid being incarcerated by them.

were in fact discussing a story that one night a man with long hair and armed with a sword would come and kill all people found outside their houses but that all people inside their houses would be safe. Meredith recognised this tale as relating to the Jewish Passover and makes the comment, "these biblical stories were evidently taught to the natives by Portuguese Missionaries many years before the advent of the settlers, perhaps centuries before". This theory ignores the influence of the American Methodist Missionaries who had been in the area for several years before 1896.

Following his unpleasant experiences with Dunbar Moodie, Mr Meredith moved the Native Department Station from Kenilworth farm to Gwindingwi which was on the highlands between Chipinge and Melsetter and must have been named by Meredith in memory of Makoni's kraal in the Rusape/Inyanga area. Shortly afterwards and subsequent to his marriage, the Native Department Station was again moved in to Melsetter village and he supervised the construction of a permanent home. This house still stands as part of the local school in Melsetter and is used as the headmaster's residence.

Thereafter three children were born to Mr and Mrs Meredith. Clive was born in 1899, Daphne who subsequently married Vincent Ferreira was born in 1904 and Cyril, who himself subsequently became a well known Native Commissioner, was born in 1907.

In 1908 Mr Meredith was transferred from Melsetter to Rusape and from there he was sent to Selukwe in 1913. He remained in Selukwe for only a year before moving to Hartley in 1914. His final posting before his retirement in 1925 was back to Chipinge and on his retirement he went fruit farming in the Melsetter District, back to the mountains and Gwindingwi which he developed from its virgin state and built a beautiful home there. This farm is a beautiful place built near skyline on the junction of the Melsetter Chipinge/Melsetter Mutare road. After the death of his second wife he retired and lived with his daughter in Salisbury where he died in 1942.

Mr Meredith typified the early Native Commissioners. He was practical and energetic. He became expert in the Shona language and eventually became an examiner for candidates taking the Government language examinations. He found practical ways of assisting the Africans under his administration, for example when he saw the suffering created by toothache and the inability of the people to deal with the condition, he sent away for a complete field outfit of dentistry equipment, read up about dentistry and was then able to relieve the pain of toothache sufferers. Several members of his family are still living in the country.

History of the Globe and Phoenix Mine

by Mirleen Atkinson

Like so many of Zimbabwe's Gold Mines, the Globe and Phoenix was first exploited long before Great Zimbabwe was built. No one knows for certain who these earliest gold diggers were, and if you'd like to think that the gold was for the Queen of Sheba, there's nothing to prove you wrong.

These gold miners usually dug narrow tunnels into the rich outcrops of gold ore they discovered at the surface, and appear often to have broken up the hard rock by lighting fires in the tunnels. The extracted rock was crushed in stone crucibles — known as "dolly holes" — and washed over animal skins which caught the gold in their fibre and hairs.

Centuries later, gold prospectors washed gold ore on corduroy fabric to catch gold particles on its horizontal ribs — in mining, scienic gold has a specific gravity of 19 and is therefore six times heavier than its surrounding rock, which has a specific gravity of under 3 on the scientific scale. The same principle of washing away rock on sand to leave the heavier gold was used in ancient methods and panning for gold in alluvial deposits and river sands. It is still being used now and destroying our river systems.

There is scarcely a rich gold deposit in this country which has not been worked at some time or another by the ancients. These workers dug down to the water table, perhaps as deep as 25 metres. The narrow vertical tunnels with horizontal offshoots into wider gold reefs suggest the excavators were of pygmy-like stature, or that youths and children may have dug the tunnels.

In the tenth century, the Arab chronicle Ma'Sudi referred to a thriving trade in gold, ivory and copper in the ancient port of Sofala. There is little doubt that vast quantities of the noble metal were mined in this country. From known extraction records, it has been calculated that at least 30 000 ounces of gold were taken from the Globe and Phoenix long before the Europeans arrived. But the Arabs did not mine gold — they traded it. It is probable that the early miners were nomadic tribesmen but not Bantu.

By the 1500s Portuguese were wandering round this part of Africa, looking for gold, and a temporary increase in the export of gold took place, but malaria and other hardships prevented any great development, and a hundred and fifty years later no permanent settlement or established mine had developed.

Livingstone encountered the riches reported by the Portuguese, and is reported to have said 'I saw gold as large as grains of wheat' and 'the inhabitants are not unfavourable to washings, but at present they only wash when they are in want of a little calico. They know the value of gold perfectly well, for they bring it for sale in goose quills and demand 24 yards for one penfull.'

These reports brought men famous in the eyes of historians to the Dark Continent — hunters, explorers, prospectors, traders, missionaries.

Gold was discovered in the Transvaal in the 1850s, and three figures — Karl Mauch, Henry Hartley and Thomas Baines — came further north and revealed to the outside world the possible mineral wealth to be found here.

'The question of the ancient Ophir is at last settled' wrote the *Natal Mercury* on 17 December 1867. This stimulated a considerable interest from South Africa and overseas.

The London and Limpopo Mining Company was formed in 1868. The South African Goldfields and Exploration Company sent an expedition under Thomas Baines, in the same year, but it was Cecil Rhodes who really saw the possibilities of the future, in terms of Empire, and secured the Charter of the British South Africa Company. Prospectors poured into the country on the heels of the Pioneer Column.

Thomas Baines reported finding many rich quartz reefs eight or ten miles north of the junction of the 'BemBeSwana' (BemBesi) and Sebaque rivers.

In 1894 two prospectors, equipped with donkeys, blankets, prospecting pans, water, flour, tea, sugar, salt and little else, arrived in this district. They were Messrs E. T. Pearson and J. Schakala. Pearson offered a local resident a blanket, in return the African showed him the ancient workings, marked by a fig tree, in the area between the Kwekwe and Sebakwe rivers. These indigenous fig trees were usually planted by the earlier Portuguese prospectors to mark a possible site for further exploration. The workings were narrow slits in the ground, uneven and dark, that showed reef as they disappeared downwards.

The wealth of the workings was obvious, so after a thorough examination, the men pegged their claims. Pearson pegged what is called the Phoenix Reef in April 1894 upon a double line of ancient workings running approximately north and south, which extended for a length of about 400 feet in each case. The greatest depth of the main Phoenix reef on the incline was 126 feet, and on the parallel reef it was 36 feet.

At the same time his colleague Schakala claimed the Globe outcrop of reef where the ancient workings extended 665 feet on the main reef and 340 feet on the parallel. The greatest ancient depth here was 88 feet.

On 3 May 1894, the two men set out for Bulawayo to register their claims. Each certificate of registration had to bear a stamp to the value of half-a-crown. Pearson had to register two claims, as his area of claims exceeded that allowed for one claim. His numbers were B479 and B492. Schakala got away with one claim B493.

These two men had no intention of working their claims — they did not have the necessary capital. They planned to sell to the highest offer. Legend states that Schakala even tried to exchange his claim for a case of whisky without success.

In September 1894, Mr L. C. Phillips of the Phillips Exploration Syndicate bought these three claims. Lionel Phillips was indeed an influential man in the gold mining world. He was the first chairman of Rano Mines, and a director of twenty or thirty other gold mines. He was said to be hard headed, intensely ambitious and to have 'a nose for gold'.

In Phillips' own words:

> I met a prospector named Pearson who told me of very large old workings he had pegged. This country was very little known. We travelled on horseback with pack donkeys. We examined the old workings and were able to go down over 100 feet in one part and found the reef as it had been left by the ancients. In many parts you could see the reef at from 30 to 50 feet in depth. This was

> the Phoenix Reef. About 500 yards distant was the Globe Reef which had been pegged by Schalaka. No work had been done on either of the properties by the prospectors.
> I returned to my camp at Gwelo with Pearson and Schalaka and eventually bought both the Globe and Phoenix reefs for the Phillips Exploration Syndicate.

The actual business transaction took place in Shepherds Beer Hall, Gwelo, where many such deals were enacted.

The Phoenix was bought for £600. Pop Shirley, an old inhabitant of Gwelo, recalled 'I was in Shepherd's Beer Hall and I actually saw six hundred gold sovereigns change hands over the counter that night'!

The Globe was sold for £300 cash and £500 in one pound shares. And so, for a total of £900 and £500 pounds in shares, the prospectors parted with riches beyond their wildest dreams. By 1935, the mine had yielded an ounce of fine gold for every ton milled, had been described as 'the highest grade mine in the world', and had directors on its board such as the Governor of the Bank of England.

In July 1895, Mr Jefferson Clarke, consulting engineer to the Charter Company, reported on the Globe and Phoenix reefs, and so favourable was the report that Lionel Phillips left immediately for England to make arrangements for floating the Globe and Phoenix Company which was incorporated in England on 18 October 1896. The capital was £175 000 in shares of £1 each.

Early in 1896 Mr Phillips (not Lionel) and Mr Attwood came to South Africa to arrange the development of the mine, but due to the Matabele rising in this year, as well as an outbreak of rinderpest (cattle disease) no oxen were available for transport, and plant sent to South Africa had to be stored in Port Elizabeth. The long delay in opening up the mine was also partly caused by the Boer war.

Water was another problem, and a five and a quarter mile pipe line from the Sebakwe river had to be constructed, which crossed the Rennie Taillyour Concession, so special permission had to be obtained from the Mines and Minerals Draft (1895) to allow the pipeline. This resulted in a permanent supply of water.

The whole of 1898 was devoted to establishing the mine and justifying the erection of the 40 stamp (pause) mill which was ordered by cable on 25 February 1899. The personnel of the mine now comprised twelve men, with Mr Allwright as manager. On 5 August 1900, the first gold was produced. This must have been heard by the whole township. A 40 stamp battery makes a tremendous noise, speech is impossible, and workers remain deaf for a while after stopping work. Some became permanently deaf.

The Boer war and the siege of Mafeking prevented the cyanide plant from being built. Construction plates were actually seized and used by the British army to armour trains. After the relief of Mafeking, these plates were recovered, albeit having bullet holes in some, and the cyanide plant was started up in November 1901. (While Bill and I were living in Phoenix house we entertained the curator of the Mafeking Museum who wanted some of these plates. However, she had to be satisfied with photographs, as the plates were still operational.)

Although it seemed to take a while to produce gold, the establishment of the mine went on. The first manager's house was a prefabricated building made of panels of

paper (papier maché) on wire netting. It was built on stilts for protection against white ants and damp, and was brought by ox wagon. You may still see it today, as it is a national monument and known as the Paper House.

In 1896 separate Native and European hospitals were built. The African hospital caused much trouble, for the Africans were amazed that doctors and medical orderlies would treat them, and tribal rites and custom prevented two tribes from sharing the same ward.

The Globe and Phoenix directors realised that, to feed their growing number of employees, food would have to be grown by the Company. So three farms were purchased. The price paid for each of these farms — roughly three thousand hectares each in extent — was in the region of £1000. The Company experienced difficulty in buying these farms, as owners felt they might be selling future gold mines.

By 1895, a settlement, known as Sebakwe, began to spring up. There was another settlement, a small police fort, named KweKwe, about nine miles south of the present site of the city. It was staffed by an officer, a sergeant, six troopers and fifteen native black watch. Their work was patrolling from farm to farm and mine to mine, enquiring if there were any complaints. After the establishment of the township of Sebakwe, the few inhabitants of Fort KweKwe began drifting to Sebakwe, where in 1895 a post office was established. The postmaster was Mr F. W. Dennison, assisted by a learner, sixteen years of age, who was so short in stature he had to stand on a box to see over the counter. This did not prevent him becoming postmaster of Bulawayo in due course. The first Sebakwe post office was a wood and iron building ten foot square in extent.

On 5 November 1901, the railway line between Globe and Phoenix and Salisbury was completed, and the line to Bulawayo was completed a year later. Before this, transport had been by donkey cart. Journeys to Gwelo took three days and were most uncomfortable.

The railway journey took about four hours and was often filled with excitement. Not only did the train driver stop to collect more fuel by chopping down a tree or two, but if he spotted a herd of buck or a flock of guinea fowl, he would go after them on foot and shoot 'for the pot'.

Mrs Malehan recalls that on one occasion the train was stopped to allow men to settle a violent argument in the only way in vogue at the time.

The railway station in those days was known as the Globe and Phoenix station, and made a great difference to the mine, as coal was now available to fire the mine boilers, and a steady source of power was available for bigger, permanent installations.

By 1903 there were 18 women resident in this area.

The first telephone line was brought through to the mine from Gwelo in 1898.

From 1900 onwards, when the mine became productive, permanent buildings began to appear, but no plan was followed. These structures were simply dotted about the veld.

The first butchery and general dealer's store appeared in 1902, under the ownership of John Austen; but in 1903 the mine opened its own general dealer's store, with Mr H. W. Boby as manager. This was a much more ambitious venture, and proved an important asset to the developing town as competition brought down the often exorbitant prices charged previously.

Fire was a great hazard to these early folk of Que Que. Pike's Hotel burnt down in 1901. Stankey's Hotel and the bakery next door were burnt down in 1904.

A mine club was established in 1902, providing a bar and a billiards room, and a recreational hall was built in 1915, which became the centre of entertainment for the town. Sport was not neglected — by 1902 two enthusiastic cricket teams played on a concrete wicket! Rugby was also very popular and competitive games played in Bulawayo entailed a week's leave — depending on the train service.

By 1902 some form of control and discipline was urgently needed if stable living conditions were to develop. After much negotiation, the township of Sebakwe became Que Que on 20 August 1902, and a village management board took over as the local government. Needless to say the general manager of the Globe and Phoenix became the first chairman.

The mine continued to prosper and develop despite various troubles. Labour was difficult for many years and workers were imported from neighbouring countries, especially Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia.

On the night of 3/4 February 1905, the surface magazine containing approximately seven tons of explosive blew up, making a hole in the ground 12 feet deep and 30 feet long. Damage was estimated at £2 383, not including that to Mr and Mrs J. Mitchell's hotel, where all the bottles of liquor were blown off the shelves, which were on the side of the hotel adjacent to the mine on the north side. When renovating, the shelves and bar counter were rebuilt on the south side, just in case.

By 1909, the mine had reached an amazing height of productivity. Other claims had been registered as close to the Globe and Phoenix as was permitted by law. One of these was later to involve the mine in one of the longest litigation cases in British legal history. It was known as the 'John Bull' case and was based on the opinion that the Globe and Phoenix had not honoured an agreement between the two mines, about sharing the profits of reefs that were not part of the main reefs of the two mines, but spread into the two mines.

1914 saw the first action against the Globe and Phoenix started. It went to the Court of Appeal in Britain in 1917 and occupied that court for 13 days between 6th and 29 June. The court found in favour of the Globe and Phoenix.

However, it was further contested in the House of Lords, who upheld the Appeal. This case made the Globe and Phoenix world famous. Mr Justice Eve listened to Mr Upjohn's appeal speech, and wrote a piece of doggerel the last verse of which reads:

> Tell me the same old story
> Of fissure veins from hell,
> Of Phoenix and its Glory
> The Main and Parallel.

In 1919 Spanish influenza hit the whole area. Out of four hundred underground workers, nineteen turned up to work. The whole of the nursing staff of the two hospitals took ill, and Dr Davey himself administered help and advice from his bed. The Globe and Phoenix helped with burying the dead, as no police were available, all had been

stricken. White men were digging graves, and African convalescents closing them. The whole sanitary organization collapsed, and Africans deserted by the hundred. The Club hall was turned into a temporary hospital, with the help of a military doctor, who was on leave. Ten of the Company's European employees died, and about 300 Africans.

The mine was becoming deeper, and spreading out underground as the years went on. More modern, more powerful machinery was installed, and it became very much what you can see today.

The Empire Contingents at the 1937 Coronation

by George Stewart

It is well known that empire, and latterly commonwealth, troops have since 1902 taken part in Royal occasions in Great Britain, particularly coronations. After the Boer War a fund was established, at the instigation of the Duke of Abercorn and Lord Grey, to enable Empire Troops to visit the 'Mother Country' and 'enjoy themselves as largely and widely as possible'. This fund was administered by the British Empire Service League (B.E.S.L.).

After providing for the Coronation Contingents for the 1902 and 1911 Coronations of King Edward VII and King George V, the Army Council requested the B.E.S.L. to administer the balance of the funds for the same purpose, in regard to the Empire Contingents attending the Coronation of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth.

The Overseas Troops Entertainment Fund of 1937 was established with Field-Marshal Lord Milne, GCB, GCMG, DSO, (Grand President of the British Empire Service League) as Chairman. Amongst the Managing Trustees was B. F. Wright, Esq. representing the High Commissioner for Southern Rhodesia.

The intention of the Fund was that the stay of the Coronation Contingents in the '. . . Homeland should be as happy and enjoyable as possible and that they should be enabled to take the fullest advantage of the most generous hospitality extended to them on all sides during this great Family Union of the British Empire.' Continuing in the forward to the report of the Fund, Lord Milne describes the participating contingents as follows:

> Almost twenty years after the close of the Great War, the Homeland warmly welcomed back the Australians, in their wide picturesque hats; New Zealanders with flat brimmed, colour banded Stetsons; Canadians with their maple leaf badges, and their compatriots, the scarlet-coated 'Mounties'; South Africans, including a special Contingent of old soldiers; Rhodesians in their knee length shorts; and Newfoundlanders in the uniform of their Police . . .

He goes on to describe the men from India and the Colonial troops of West and East Africa; Malaya and Hong Kong; Somaliland, Aden, Fiji, Mauritius and from the Trans-Jordan Frontier. These were the Officers and men from the Dominions and Empire who were in the United Kingdom between 28 March and 28 May 1937 to take part in the Coronation parade on 12 May. It was the activities in which the personnel participated that were not strictly connected with the parade that the Funds' efforts were directed towards.

SOUTHERN RHODESIA CORONATION CONTINGENT

The Southern Rhodesian Contingent consisted of 50 personnel, being 4 officers and 46 men made up from the Army and BSAP, listed in the Nominal Roll as follows:

Lieut-Colonel E. Lucas Guest, MP, 1st Batt. Rhodesia Regiment (Commanding Officer)
Captain J. de L. Thompson, 2nd Batt. Rhodesia Regiment (Adjutant)

1st Batt. Rhodesia Regt.
Captain P. J. Power
RSM L. A. Kaye Eddie
Pipe Major A. MacBean
CSM J. C. M. Brown
CQM S. W. D. Cook
Sgt R. J. Desfountain
Sgt F. Littleton
Sgt C. T. King
Sgt J. Wilson
Cpt J. K. Pinches
Cpl A. B. Tait
Cpl M. M. Ellenbogen
Rfn M. E. Keightly
Rfn R. D. Hyde
Rfn R. A. James
Rfn W. F. Ferreira

2nd Batt. Rhodesia Regt.
RSM W. W. Acutt
CSM M. W. Clarke
Sgt J. J. S. Rodger
C/Sgt C. Langmead
Sgt H. N. Kalshoven
Cpl N. G. Macfarlane
Cpl L. B. A. Codd
Cpl G. Mumford
Rfn C. H. Harvey
Rfn C. H. Sletcher
Rfn E. Scott
Rfn G. O. Ross
Rfn J. H. Fuller
Rfn D. R. Baker
Rfn E. A. Gower

B. S. A. Police
Major J. S. Bridger
R. S. M. Tantum
Sgt Major Richens
Sgt Hawdon M. M
Cpl Nagle
Cpl van Niekerk
Tpr Reed
Tpr Simpson
Tpr Winter
Tpr Edwards
Tpr Robinson
Tpr Rail
Tpr Harries
Tpr Baxter
Tpr Warton

Permanent Staff Corps
S/S/M H. Crossland
S/Sgt P. G. Gilmour

PIONEERS FROM RHODESIA

(An unofficial but welcome contingent which attended the Coronation Celebrations as guests of Mr H. C. Latilla, a well-known Rhodesian and mining magnate.)

1890 Pioneers
Major J. C. Jesser Coope
Messers
C. E. Bertram
J. L. Crawford
M. E. Weale
A. Tulloch
J. A. Palmer

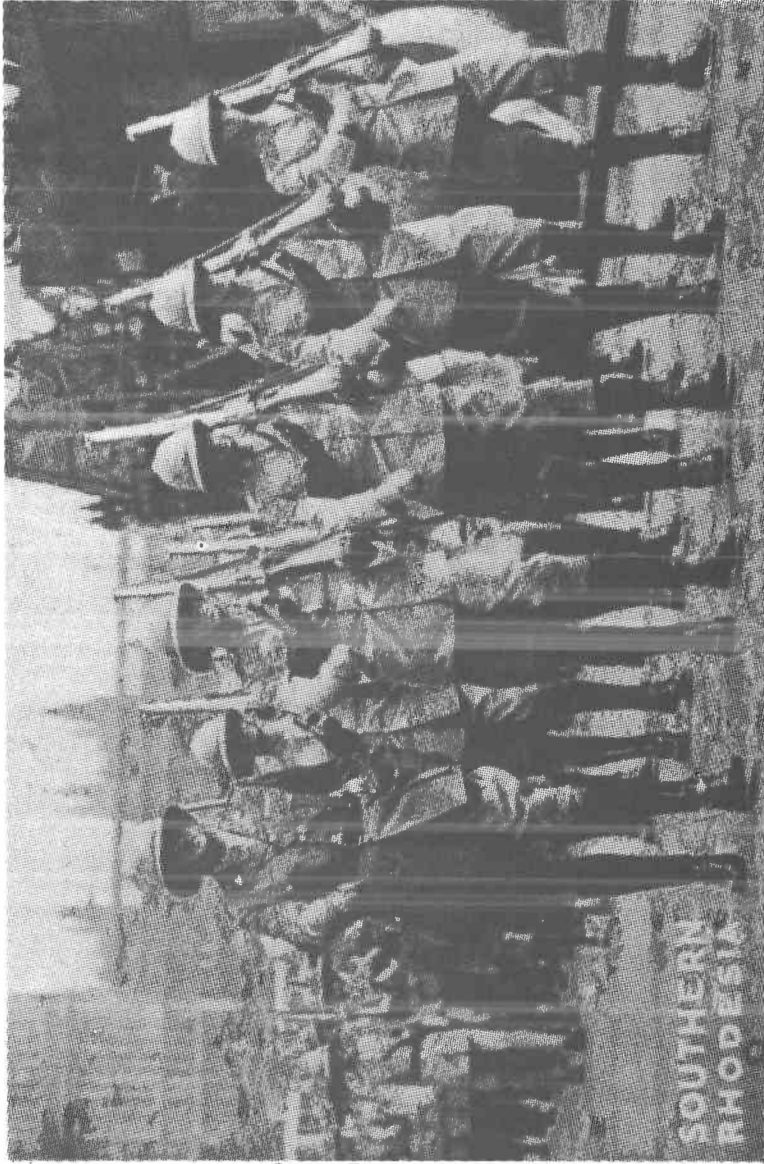
1893 Pioneers
Major W. Howard, DSO
Messers
Jack Curruthers
A. G. Hay ('Tottie')
G. F. Hunt
I. Fry

The contingent arrived on March 29th March 1937 at Southampton Docks, then Waterloo Station. They were the second contingent to reach the UK after the Australians who arrived four days earlier. Until April 19th, when the New Zealanders docked, the Australians and Rhodesians had the country to themselves. What a time they had. Initially these two contingents were quartered at Wellington Barracks, the Southern Rhodesians from March 29th to April 15th, then at Pirbright Camp in Surrey. Here they were joined by the Canadian Army, Australians, South Africans and New Zealanders. Other units used Wellington and Chelsea Barracks and Hampton Court Palace. During the actual Coronation all these units were billeted at Olympia, the great exhibition hall, from the 10th to 12th May. From the time the Southern Rhodesians arrived off their ship from Capetown until they left, the troops were kept busy in not what may be called a military fashion. They, no doubt, had the obligatory PT, kit inspections and drill, but the rest of the tour was a hectic round of social engagements, initially with their Australian compatriots much of the time.

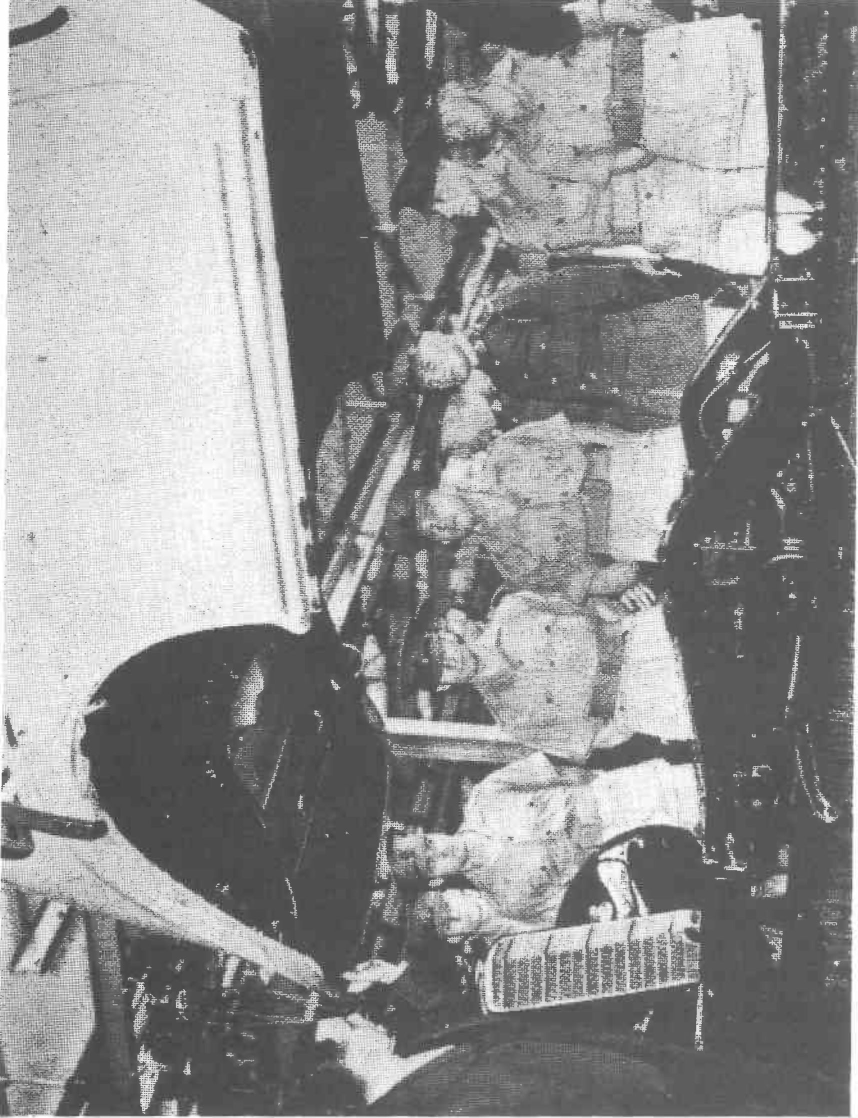
The first week's activities were indicative of their two months' sojourn. They arrived off the ship, took the train to Waterloo and were at the Northolt Park race meeting, all on the same day. March 30th, the next day, they attended a reception at Rhodesia House and on to an O. T. E. F. Cocktail Party with the Australians at the Empire Services Club.

The programme is silent on the next two days activities but it is suspected that military pursuits prevailed. On Friday, April 2nd, there was a visit to the Adelphi Theatre. Saturday saw a rugby match at Twickenham, Army *v.* R. A. F. Sunday, a motor tour of London and in the evening a tour of the *Daily Express* in production. Monday, April 5th, they were at the National Sporting Club, for dinner and boxing then horse racing again. Next day to the Trocadero Restaurant for dinner and the Palladium followed by the Countess of Airlie's party. The following morning, as if to clear out any cobwebs, the Guards Depot at Caterham was visited, followed by the British Industries Club reception. Then a drive to Coventry to see the Humber-Hillman motor works and Warwick Castle, returning via Rugby. This trip was without the Australians. On the following day they enjoyed a Guildhall luncheon, a Mansion House Tea with the Lord Mayor of London and Aldermen and, in the evening, a reception at the Royal Overseas League.

Tragedy occurred when a member of the Australian Contingent, Gunner A. P. Sullivan VC, was accidentally killed. He was awarded the Victoria Cross in 1919 after pulling four persons out of a river in Northern Russia. While being mobbed by autograph seekers in Bird Cage Walk London he was knocked down by a pedal cyclist and died. All hospitality arrangements for that Contingent were cancelled until April 13th. The subsequent activities were attended by the Rhodesians alone. After a round of garden parties, horse racing, tea at Rhodes House, Oxford, including a reception by Rhodes Scholars and an ice hockey final, the Australians rejoined the hospitality. The Rhodesians took a rest from the 14th April to the 17th. On Monday 19th April the New Zealand Contingent arrived in the UK and the festivities carried on. The India and Burma Contingent arrived on May 3rd, South Africans May 4th, Canadians May 7th and Newfoundlanders May 10th just two days before the Coronation. With the 630-strong Indian Contingent the Empire contingents had swelled to over 1 600.



A few hours after arriving in the UK the Southern Rhodesia contingents marched from Waterloo Station through London *en route* to their quarters



The Southern Rhodesia party at the Humber-Hillman Works at Coventry, as guest of Messers W. E. and R. C. Rootes

Under the heading 'Representative types among the Contingents' this Rhodesia Regiment soldier is an example

On Coronation day itself, two Southern Rhodesian officers were in the mounted procession from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey as part of the King's Dominion Escort. Four other ranks provided from Rhodesia made up the mounted escort for their Prime Minister. The rest of the Contingent, comprising 2 officers and 42 men, were third in the Order of March after the Colonials and Burma. Two days after the Coronation Parade the Contingents formed up at Buckingham Palace to receive their Coronation medals, followed by lunch in Green Park. This was the first real opportunity for all the members of the various units to mix freely at a single function. Marquees had been erected in Green Park adjacent to the Palace for the buffet lunch. That night the South Africans were invited to a dance at Tower Hill Toc H.

Friday 15th the Rhodesians were at the Royal Empire Society for a buffet and smoker. Next day they attended a party hosted by Capt. Simpson, the Hon Secretary of the B.E.S.L. A round of activities continued into the next week. However on Wednesday 19th May all Contingents departed for the Naval Review at Spithead — guests of the Royal Navy. This must have been a new experience for many of the Rhodesians, several of whom were spread amongst some of the Fleet. On HMS *Royal Sovereign*, there was 1 Officer and 24 men; HMS *Acheron*, 4 men; HMS *Wrestler*, 4 men and HMS *Whitshed*, 1 Officer and 4 men. Representatives from other countries were on ships that became household names a few years later — HMS *Hood*, *Rodney*, *Nelson* and *Repluse*. The men on the ships must have had an unforgettable view at close quarters of their Majesties on the Royal Yacht as they lined up on the decks. They experienced the thrilling fly past of the Fleet Air Arm and the exquisite searchlight and firework display.

REPRESENTATIVE TYPES AMONG THE CONTINGENTS

The caption originally read 'A LINE UP OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE'

A representative group of British troops past and present taken at Pirbright camp where most of the Overseas Coronation Contingents were stationed during their stay in the Homeland. From left to right these soldiers are: Chelsea Pensioner, Gurkha, Southern Rhodesian, Canadian (Toronto Scottish), South African (Infantry), Australian (R.A.N.) South African (Engineer) South African (Infantry), Canadian (Air Force), Australian (Infantry), Australian (R.A.N.), Indian (Governor-General's Bodyguard), and Welsh Guards, with a member of the Corps of Commissionaires and another Canadian 'Scotty' in the background

The Monday following was the 24th May 1937, Empire Day. Contingents took part in the Church Service in St Paul's Cathedral attended by the King and Queen. This was one of the concluding events of the tour. The High Commissioner for Southern Rhodesia, the Hon Lanigan O'Keefe CMG, in a letter to Lord Milne wrote:

> Will you allow me to express on behalf of the Rhodesian Military Contingent which came over here for the Coronation, how very much the Government of Southern Rhodesia and they appreciate all the generous help which they received at the hands of yourself and your committee, and I am particularly asked to refer to the very wonderful arrangements made for them by the British Empire Service League.

On May 28th the Southern Rhodesian Contingent returned home. They had two years to enjoy the memories before the Second World War broke out.

Postscript

In *Sir Lucas Guest A Tribute* by The Rt. Hon. Sir Hugh Beadle, published in *Rhodesiana* No 30 at page 77, The Chief Justice in an address to both Divisions of the High Court stated:

> Ernest Lucas Guest never lost touch with the Army. As I have said, he was a great soldier. He was at one time commander of the territorial regiments and at the end was an Honorary Colonel of the Rhodesia Regiment. At the time of the coronation of King George VI he commanded and took over 100 (*sic*) Rhodesians who formed what is known as a Rhodesian coronation contingent. In all that glittering parade, it was widely recognised that there was no better drilled or behaved unit than the Rhodesian contingent, and be it remembered that that parade included such famous regiments as the Brigade of Guards. The behaviour of that contingent was also commented on by many who came in contact with them. . . . Ernest Guest as the leader of that contingent, I would be so bold as to say, was responsible for the fine reputation that contingent built up.

(Editor's Note: This text is based on the official report of the Activities of the Overseas Troops Entertainment Fund issued in 1937 by the Managing Trustees of that fund. The photographs are also from that report.)

Medical Survey Patrol: 1935

by E. R. Thompson

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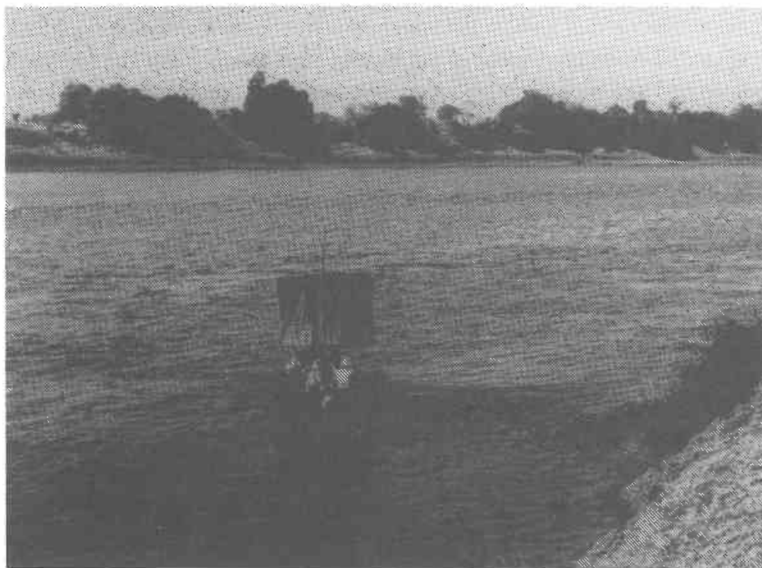
This is the final part of the medical survey for the suppression of infectious contagious and obnoxious diseases carried out by Dr D. M. Blair and the author and others in 1934 and 1935. The first two parts were published in Heritage of Zimbabwe *No. 14, 1995 and No. 15, 1996.*

On the 26th of August 1935, we arrived at the kraal of Sinemsanga and prepared to settle down here for a few days. There were numerous cases of yaws to be treated in the vicinity.

For some time past Dr. Blair had been toying with the idea of fitting a sail to our boat, and on this afternoon he decided to try it out and test the possibilities of his idea. I must say that we others of the party did not think the idea a practical one, but we soon had to change our minds.

Under the Doctor's instructions we erected a mast — consisting of a sapling cut from the bush — and to this we attached a cross-piece. To this rough frame we fastened three ordinary groundsheets which had been lashed together, and with this improved sail we set off together before the faintest of breezes. With only this light breeze to aid



'Our useful craft in full sail'

us we were just able to hold our own against the strong current, but the experiment served to prove that there were possibilities in the idea, for, with a strong breeze, we could hope to make good progress.

The following morning early, Sweetman and I left camp to hunt for small buck in order to secure meat for the pot. During our absence Dr. Blair found himself unable to resist the temptation of a strong breeze, and had embarked and gone for a sail up river, unaccompanied by even a boat boy. To the amazement of the natives he had bowled merrily up stream at about six knots, and this was the scene which I beheld on my return. Manned only by the Doctor, the boat was making fine progress up stream to the accompaniment of cheers and shouts from the assembled natives. Having sailed up stream for some distance, the sail was then lowered by the adventurous navigator and the boat allowed to drift downstream with the current to the landing stage on the northern bank of the river. On the bank there were assembled numbers of men, women and children, full of eager curiosity. Dr. Blair learned that they were all would-be patients, and by sheer personality he managed to induce a number of them to enter the boat; then, with a cargo of 25 souls on board, he turned to commence the return journey.

Unaided, he hoisted the sail and took charge of the tiller. The boat glided smoothly from the shore and breasted the current in fine style. The native passengers crouched on the bottom of the boat and only talked in hushed whispers. This was very strange to all of them and their amazement knew no bounds, as they found themselves propelled over the surface of the water without the aid of paddle or pole. Without any fuss, the amateur sailor brought his boat safely to land, and all passengers were disembarked within ten minutes of leaving the Northern shore. This was indeed a record, for, with the old method, it would have taken anything from thirty to forty-five minutes to make this one-way trip. First the boat would have to be laboriously poled up stream under cover of the bank and then allowed to sweep down stream towards the landing stage; it would have been carried a good distance below by the strong current, and this would have necessitated more hard work in poling the craft along under the southern bank. Never before had sail been seen by our passengers, and it took them some time to get used to this new idea in river travel.

For the rest of the morning I accompanied the Doctor on repeated trips across the river and we were able to transport in this manner over one hundred natives. All were eager to receive treatment, and the saving in time to us by this new method of transportation was of considerable importance.

During the morning Mr. Marr arrived on his tax-collecting patrol and was much impressed by our sailing craft. His native messengers were also very much impressed, and one of them was heard to remark that the Doctor could do anything except bring the dead to life.

When all the patients had been treated, we returned them to their own shore in the same manner as they had come; the strong breeze held and we made good crossings. The boat boys found that we were able to dispense with their services, and this must have been rather a blow to their self-esteem, for up to now they had regarded themselves as indispensable. By 4 p.m. our work was completed — two days' work had been accomplished in the space of about eight hours — and we were able to relax once again in the shade of the huge trees.

While we had worked, Mr. Marr had not been idle by any means. He had been in wireless communication with Salisbury and had given the Medical Director a brief resumé of the activities and future movements of the patrol. It was decided that we should commence the return journey towards Sinekoma's on the following morning.

The day dawned cloudless and dead calm. Not a breath of wind stirred the tree-tops and the water was smooth as glass. We had visions of being laboriously rowed up stream at a monotonously slow pace, the while we reclined in the heat of the sun without shade or shelter. There was no awning to our boat, and sometimes the heat was so terrific that one felt like plunging over the side, into the comparative coolness of the river.

Bidding good-bye to Mr. Marr, who was to continue down to Kariba Gorge, we left our camp and headed up stream. The current proved to be rather strong, and our speed could not have reached more than one knot: this was particularly aggravating after our speedy little trips of the previous afternoon. It was pleasant to hear the rippling of the water against the bows, but far more pleasant we found it when, at about 8.30 a.m., a light breeze sprang up and gladdened the hearts of all. We continued in fine style, leaving a clear wake behind us. The boat boys were able to rest from their exertions and our pace increased to something like four knots. The natives, however, were not too sure of themselves under sail, and whenever a rather stiff gust shook the craft they would cling to the bulwarks in fear and trembling. One boy in particular, named Makookis, was scared for his life, and constantly demanded to be put ashore, but, as we could not afford the delay, we turned a deaf ear to his entreaties and he finally subsided on to the bottom of the boat.

At about 11 a.m. Siamupa's kraal hove in sight, so we landed and prepared to treat any natives who might present themselves for inspection. About half an hour after our arrival the carriers made their appearance, having travelled by footpath through the bush. They were astounded to find that we had arrived ahead of them, for as a rule our progress in the boat had been much slower than their own; now we were able to move much faster than they, thanks to the sail.

We abandoned our original intention of camping at this kraal, as, having made such good sailing time, we found we could easily make the next kraal, six miles up river, in quite reasonable time.

Unfortunately, when we re-embarked, the wind had fallen, and we had to call upon the boat boys to wield their oars. Occasionally Dr. Blair and myself would take a turn at the oars and we took great pride in making the boat skim along much faster than did the natives. They were content to move leisurely along, while we, purely for exercise, put every ounce of strength behind the paddles. Our hands soon became hardened to this manual labour, although at first we collected several blisters: these had now turned to hard corns and we each felt far more comfortable in consequence.

At about 4.30 p.m. we arrived in a little backwater half a mile below Sinambezi's kraal and camp was pitched on a high bank. Being once again short of meat, I took a couple of natives and sallied forth in search of impala, of which there were several herds in the vicinity. Spoor of every kind of game was seen and several herds of koodoo and water-buck were seen. These I left unmolested, as we were not in need of a large quantity of meat; the elephant meat was still standing us in good stead for native rations.

On my return to camp a pleasant evening was spent listening to the wireless. Reception was good and it was very soothing after the heat of the day to recline in our chairs and enjoy a little bit of the outer world for a change.

During the night we heard hyenas calling. Sometimes they seemed to be laughing and at others they would appear to be quarrelling. Perhaps they had made a kill and were arguing about the division of the spoils. Their voices are very weird indeed, but the sounds fitted well into our surrounding, giving that outlandish touch to the atmosphere, which is one of the attractions that the bush holds for men. This pack seemed to be very near and caused us to debate on the many gruesome stories we had heard about them. Sweetman gave us some very interesting experiences of his own with these beasts, and told us that they would, when driven by hunger, often attack a lion or drive him from his kill. It was known that hyenas had actually killed a lion after driving him to the point of exhaustion. Many are the tales told by natives of the swift, noiseless attack on some pòor unfortunate sleeper; the beast takes a great bite, usually from the face of the victim, and then retreats into the bush. For this reason these animals are held in great awe by the travelling native.

The following morning we were off again, sailing before a pleasant breeze, bound for Sinchembu's kraal. Once again our strange craft caused a great stir amongst the inhabitants, and the banks were crowded with curious spectators. Here we prepared for a fairly long stay, as we were informed that a great number of natives were about to present themselves for treatment. To while away the time pending the arrival of the first batches of patients, we went for a sail up the river before a strong wind. In addition to the Doctor, Sweetman and myself, we took with us a number of native piccanins. They were particularly thrilled with the trip and called excitedly to their friends on either bank as we glided along. On our return we immediately got busy amongst the sufferers and spent the remainder of the day ministering to their various ailments.

That evening we were again able to enjoy the programme provided through the Doctor's Lafayette. What a boon this proved to be to our harassed nerves. We had been in the veld too long: our nerves were on edge and we were beginning to miss the amenities of civilisation. It was only natural that we were beginning to feel the strain of those long, hot days. To listen to the news every night was like a tonic to us all, to say nothing of the concerts and other entertainments broadcasted from Daventry and elsewhere. The evenings were, therefore, looked forward to and seldom were we disappointed.

On this particular night we were all abed by 9 o'clock, and at about 10 p.m. I was awakened from my just repose by our cook boy. He told me in a whisper that there was some sort of animal prowling around our camp. With as little noise as possible I grabbed the ancient and decrepit shot-gun, and donning my night lamp, sallied forth in an endeavour to locate the intruder.

I heard the sound of some animal retreating into the bush, and, followed by the cook boy, I commenced to stalk in that direction. The bush was very dense and it was impossible to see more than a few yards in any direction; still the noise of movement came to our ears and we followed. My legs were well and truly pricked by the thorns which easily found their way through my thin pyjamas, and I uttered a few soft curses as we proceeded.

After a little while I decided to return to camp and put on some trousers, and, having done so, we went forth again to try and find this mysterious prowler. Not an eye did we see! Never for one moment did our quarry face the lamp, and I was at a loss to know what we were following. Should it be a leopard, then we were in a fix, for the old shot-gun required a ramrod to eject the spent cartridge. I sincerely hoped it would not turn out to be a leopard.

Suddenly, coming to an open space, I perceived a pair of eyes and let drive. Walking up I found that I had killed an innocent duiker. This was not the animal we had been following, however, and now, with the sound of the shot, there was little use in continuing the hunt. Returning to camp, I found that the sound of my shot had aroused no one. I lost no time in turning into my blankets for a good six hours' sleep before the dawn.

Next morning I recounted the adventure to Sweetman, and we set off to find the spoor of the intruder. When we found the spoor it proved to have been made by an ant-bear, and as they never show their eyes in the light of a lamp, there was small wonder that I had been unable to find out his identity.

On this day, 30th of August, 65 cases of yaws were treated, and of these the majority came from the Northern Rhodesia side of the river.

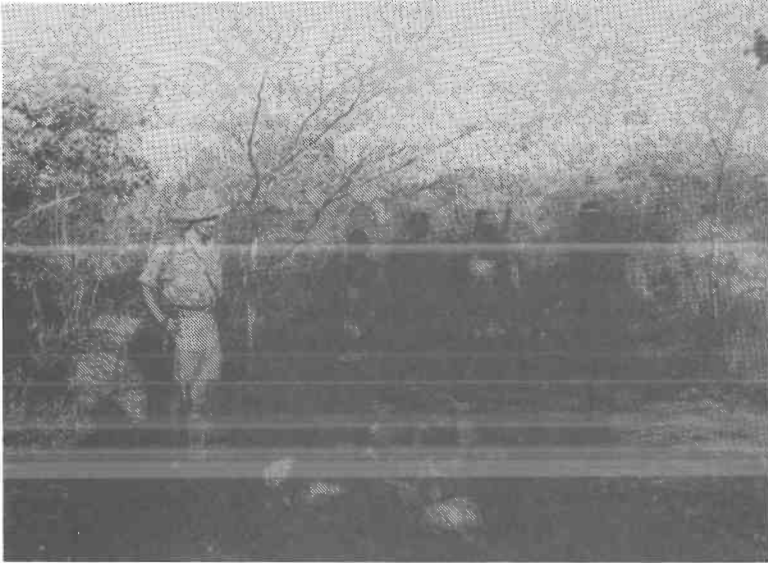
On the wireless this evening we heard of the engagement of the Duke of Gloucester to Lady Alice Scott. This was rather a coincidence, because it was during a similar trip in the year previous that we had received the news of Prince George's engagement to Princess Marina, also through the medium of the wireless, though at that time we happened to be camped at Sinekoma's kraal.

The following morning we made an early start for Sinamapande's kraal; we wished to continue to the Tshete Gorge if the conditions were favourable, so we were all very pleased to find that we had a nice steady breeze behind us. This enabled us to make Sinamapande's by about 10.30 a.m. — a very good run indeed. Our good fortune continued, and we were informed that there were no cases for treatment, and after a good breakfast we continued our journey to the Chief's sub-kraal at the mouth of the gorge, where we arrived at 4.30 p.m.

Having partaken of a refreshing cup of tea and seen the preparation for the pitching of camp well under way, I accompanied the Doctor up the hill which overlooks the gorge. Our objective was the old camp once occupied by the Native Commissioner of the district, and used as a Police base camp in years gone by. Sweetman, having often climbed the steep path up the hillside, did not accompany us.

After a long and very hot climb we at last came to the summit, where we found the remains of the old camp without much difficulty. The remains of the stone walls are still visible in spite of the fact that this camp was abandoned more than a quarter of a century ago. While the walls testified to the one-time habitation of man, many old bottles testified to the numerous sundowners which had been consumed there. As we stood, we allowed our thoughts to wander back to those times when, with a welcome sundowner by their side, those old-timers must have sat in the cool of the evening and gazed on the scene now before our eyes. A wonderful panorama of beauty stretched before us; far away to the north-east the silver thread of the Zambesi River went twisting and turning through the valley far below.

A local native, who had accompanied us, pointed out the grave of a Policeman who had died at this camp many years ago. The usual pile of rough stones marked the spot, but there was nothing which would give us a clue to his identity or to the time of his death. So we questioned the oldest inhabitant, who had accompanied us. As far as we could gather, this man had died at the time when a Mr. Farrar was Native Commissioner of Sebungwe District. We tidied up the grave and removed the surplus vegetation from the vicinity, after which we replaced a few of the stones which had been moved — probably by warthogs — and, having stood awhile with bared heads, turned again to contemplate the view.



'. . . the grave of a Policeman — Rautenbach, killed by a rhino in 1910

As we looked upon the river below we observed a crocodile lying on a bank. Having my service rifle with me, I decided to try a shot. The distance was about 1,700 yards, and putting my sights to the required elevation and assuming the prone position, I took aim and fired.

A few moments after the report of the discharge we saw the crocodile make a run for the water, obviously in a great hurry. Though we could see no strike, it was apparent that the bullet had gone fairly close, and our natives were duly impressed.

After taking numerous photographs, we commenced the descent and arrived at our camp somewhere about 6 p.m. That evening the conversation naturally seemed to turn to the old days, and Sweetman was able to regale us with tales of the Native Commissioners of a bygone day. Among these was the story of a man named Gielgud, who followed an absconding chief and his people into Northern Rhodesia in order that he might collect the taxes that were due. After a short skirmish, Mr. Gielgud returned to the southern side with the chief and all his people. Many and varied were the tales with which we were entertained, and they alone would fill a book.

The following morning — the 1st of September — having sent our carriers off by the footpath round the gorge, we re-embarked and commenced to navigate the waters of the gorge. We had expected to have to call upon the boat boys for assistance, but, with the aid of a strong breeze, we found ourselves moving steadily along without the assistance of their puny efforts. In fact, the wind was so strong that we went on at a good rate, bumping over large boulders which caused many an anxious glance to pass from one to another of our native passengers. It was necessary to keep the boat dead before the wind, for, had we been struck broadside on by one of the many strong gusts, we might soon have found ourselves floundering in the crocodile-infested water. Perhaps more by good luck than good seamanship, we managed to make the passage without mishap.

Leaving the southern end of the gorge, we glided into the open river at a truly remarkable speed. Dr. Blair then disembarked and took several photographs of our useful craft in full sail. His re-entry into the boat was most undignified and unusual. One of the boat boys chose the wrong moment to raise his oar, and, catching the Doctor on the leg, precipitated him into the bottom of the boat. The result was not serious and the Doctor escaped with a slight injury to the hand which he caught on a protruding nail. This injury was, however, sufficient to prevent his taking a hand with the oars, and he made no further attempt at rowing during the remainder of the trip.

Sinesenkwe's kraal was our next stop, and camp was pitched for the remainder of the day. At 11 a.m. our carriers arrived, being exactly half an hour behind us. This proved beyond doubt what good time we had made through the gorge. For the rest of the day we occupied ourselves in writing reports and letters which we hoped to post at Kancindu Mission in a few days' time.

That evening the local natives gathered round and listened to the excellent wireless programme being received from Daventry (or Berlin — I forget which). In any case, it was thoroughly enjoyable and proved an unique entertainment for our native visitors.

The following morning dawned clear and still. As we got under way, the surface of the water was like a mill pond, and once again we had to call upon our natives to wield the cumbersome oars. Fortunately, at about 9 a.m., a stiff breeze came along, and with a sigh of relief the boat boys lay back and hoped it would continue. The wind turned rather gusty and there were many whirlwinds and dust-devils scudding across the water. Just as we were congratulating ourselves on our immunity from harm there came a particularly vicious whirlwind, and, with a loud crash, our mast was carried away as we hurtled through the turgid waters.

Hastily we recovered our sail from the water and set to work to effect a repair. This was soon accomplished and, undismayed, we continued gaily on our way. Eleven a.m. found us once again at Sinekoma's kraal, our boat journey thus ended for a year at least.

At Sinekoma's we paid off the carriers and sent the boat-boys on to the Kanchindu Mission, which we hoped to reach on the following day. We then got aboard the V8 truck and left on the next part of our journey, the party consisting of Dr. Blair, Sweetman and myself.

We reached Binga's kraal on the 4th of September at about 12.15 p.m., and, having parked the truck, we entered one of the local dug-outs and proceeded across the river

to the mission. We left word with young Binga that we would return the following morning.

As we climbed the steep path up to the mission we were interested to note that the path was covered with elephant spoor. This looked quite fresh, and we were later informed that the great beasts had approached to within twenty-five yards of the house. It was fortunate that they had passed on without doing any damage.

The mission folk gave us a warm welcome, and we had also the pleasure of meeting Dr. MacDonald, who had arrived earlier that same day on a similar trip to ours. He was working his way down river on the northern bank, and had been employed by the Northern Rhodesia Government to make investigations on their behalf similar to those with which we ourselves had been concerned. It was a very happy coincidence that we should meet here, for it gave the two doctors a chance to exchange views and retail some of the knowledge already gained, to the benefit of both.

Dr. MacDonald was highly interested and amused by our mode of travel on the river, and he then and there decided to avail himself of the generous offer of the missionary to make use of their boat. We subsequently learned that he had a most successful journey. No doubt Dr. MacDonald would find that a great number of the natives on the northern side had already been treated by Dr. Blair, but there would also be numerous others who, having been unable to meet our party, would now come down for treatment when they heard of Dr. MacDonald's presence in the vicinity.

The following day we bade good-bye to our host and hostess and thanked them for their many kindnesses, which they had so unstintingly given. Dr. MacDonald accompanied us across the river, and as we landed, bade us farewell and sailed off down-stream. As we watched him depart, we each felt rather thankful that it was not ourselves who were making the trip, for at this time of the year the Valley begins to get unbearable, and there is little pleasure to be derived from the journey. The

Dr Blair and Eric Thompson at Binga

temperature in the shade for the last two days had been 108 deg. F., and far too warm for comfort or work.

By mid-day we had finished our medical work at Binga's kraal, and with a last look at the wonderful park-like scenery, we climbed back into our truck and set off once again for Sinekoma's kraal.

The following day we left Sinekoma's for the last time and headed for Siabuwa's kraal, which was to be the first stop on the homeward trip. Each member of the party felt grateful, now that the heat of the Valley was to be left behind, and we looked forward with anticipation to our forthcoming re-union with civilisation.

We found lots of work to do at Siabuwa's, which kept us busy until after sundown, and was not completed until fairly late on the following day. Prior to leaving, however, we managed to pay a visit to the grave of the late Walter Butler, B.S.A.P. We found his grave had been well cared for, and there was a stone cross at the head inscribed with the particulars of his death. It appears that he passed away in the year 1919 after a bout of dysentery. Sweetman informed us that Butler had been following a party of elephant poachers, and during the trip had contracted dysentery and passed away before assistance could be obtained.

The Sweswe River was to be our stopping place for the night, and as we travelled along, I was surprised to see a huge leopard standing amongst the bushes by the roadside. Bringing the car to a standstill as silently as possible, I stepped out, adopted the kneeling position, and fired at the animal. My bullet undoubtedly struck home, but the animal did not drop. Instead, he galloped off into the trees towards a dry river bed. I again hit him before he vanished from sight. The second car had now come up, and, assisted by Sweetman, I followed the spoor. There was blood to be seen, which gave ample proof that my shots had gone true, but unfortunately the spoor turned on to stony ground and was soon lost.

By this time it was almost 4.30 p.m., and as we could not spare the time, the chase had to be abandoned. Very reluctantly I turned back towards the car and resumed the journey to the Sweswe, where we occupied the Native Commissioner's rest huts.

As we were very anxious to take some fresh meat back to Gokwe with us (fresh meat is a very valuable commodity on this sort of station), we decided to try our luck at night. Accordingly we set off in different directions, each accompanied by a couple of boys. The night was still and dark, though rather warm, and although we hunted for about three hours, we had no luck. Once or twice I caught the gleam of eyes in the lamp light, but never got the opportunity of a shot. The grass, which was long and dry, precluded the possibility either of clear vision or silent progress, and it would not be of any use hunting in such country for small game until after the grass had been burnt off. As I returned to camp we startled a flock of guinea fowl from the branches of a large tree, but I did not attempt to shoot any of these, as I hoped to see bigger game.

On Sunday, the 8th of September, we arrived at Gokwe, and were once again very hospitably received by Mrs. Marr, Cramer and Burne, to say nothing of our old friend Ginger Jackson. Our experiences were soon recounted, and the utmost interest was shown in our adventures by our audience. We enjoyed a pleasant meal and slept in a civilised bed, which was a wonderful change from the past few weeks.

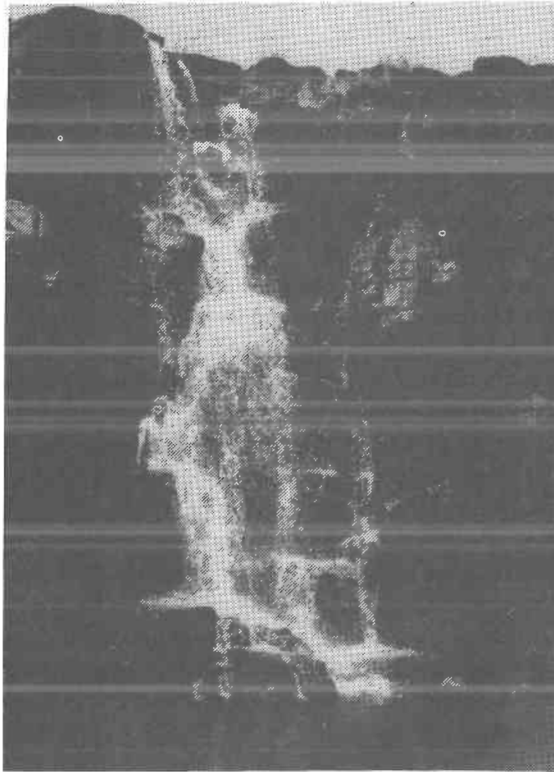
Arrangements had now to be made for the concluding chapter of our trip. We were

to go down to the south-west portion of the district to make investigations into the possibility of human trypanosomiasis, and the day was spent in making the necessary preparations.

The morning of the 9th of September found us once more on the move, making for Sai's country at the lower end of the Sengwa River. We travelled in the trucks and soon reached Bopoma, which is a waterfall on the Mbumbuzi River. This beautiful flow of water is almost constant all the year round, having a very rocky bed and precipitous sides. It eventually empties itself into the Sengwa River on the border of Sai's country.

The waterfall itself is about 25 or 30 feet in height, and consists of two beautiful cascades of clear water, which terminate in a shady pool about 6 feet deep at the foot, and forming a natural swimming pool. Only 12 miles from Gokwe, this place forms an attractive picnic spot for the dwellers at the station. At one time it was thought that the camp should be shifted to this delectable spot, but for one reason and another the project was abandoned. Having no time to spare, we did not stay, merely contenting ourselves with the promise of a swim on the return journey.

That night we arrived near Sweetman's camp, which is half-way between the Lutope and Sengwa Rivers, and prepared to camp for the night. We made camp by the roadside a few hundred yards away from Sweetman.



'. . . beautiful cascades of clear water.'

Being badly in need of meat, I set off to hunt for the pot, accompanied by a native piccanin. We had not gone very far when we arrived at a big green vlei which had been burnt some time ago. In the centre of this vlei I observed some animal which resembled a wart-hog. The piccanin also confirmed my judgment, and so I proceeded on a good and careful stalk, as we were yet some 300 yards from the object. Creeping through the burnt grass, I was soon in a most filthy mess. When I came within about two hundred yards of the still unsuspecting animal, I lay down and commenced to aim. The first shot rang out, and the animal merely raised his head. Sighting again most carefully, I fired again. Still the beast would not move, and it was apparent that I had missed. Hoping against hope that I had scored a hit, I resumed an upright position and peered intently at the animal. It was still there, and, what is more, there was a second animal by the side of it; in spite of the firing, neither of these animals had taken fright, and I was at a loss to understand why.

Turning to the piccanin, I beckoned him to my side and asked him to have a look at these animals and tell me what they were. He calmly replied that they were donkeys — and so they turned out to be — the little blighter had been quite content to let me pot away at Sweetman's donkeys. As we walked towards the donkeys, I carefully counted my paces, and found that the distance was at least 240 paces from where I had fired; I had evidently under-estimated the distance by about 60 yards; a good thing both for me and the donkeys. When I returned to camp I recounted the story against myself, and Sweetman said that on a previous occasion another person had fired at them without hitting them, in spite of the five rounds which he had released in their direction. They must indeed bear charmed lives. My relief at the ending to the episode was great, for I had no wish to be the laughing stock of the party for having shot an innocent donkey. Such a *faux pas* would naturally take a lot of living down.

Continuing our journey the next day, we came to the Sempunzi River. Dr. Blair's car was in the lead, and no sooner had he run on to the logs which formed the bridge than his wheels sank right through and buried themselves up to the axles in the sandy river bed. As is usual, the logs had been covered with dry grass, but a veld fire, taking the bridge in its sweep, had destroyed the resistance of the logs without altering their form, and as a result we all received a very literal lesson from the incident. We had our work cut out to repair the bridge, and progress was very slow indeed; the truck had to be off-loaded in order to lighten the load.

Our predicament looked very serious indeed when who should come along in a Ford truck but our friend Tpr. Hunt, of Gwelo district. He had been making investigations into the shooting of Royal game by poachers. With him were four natives, and with their and our combined efforts we managed at last to get the car out of the hole into which it had fallen. The car once more on *terra firma*, we sat down to a well-earned cup of tea and a chat with our rescuer.

He told us of the myriads of tsetse flies which he had encountered, and the hundreds of head of all kinds of game which he had seen grazing in the Busi River section.

Tea over, we watched Tpr. Hunt make his way safely across the river, and as he disappeared from view we got back into our cars and resumed our way. The Doctor had taken the opportunity of collecting blood slides from each of Hunt's party, and when these were later examined, all were found to be negative.

After crossing the Sengwa River, which we reached some time later, we had to take a path through the mopani bush — and what a track it was! We were just able to drive slowly along, missing trees and holes by inches. Our mudguards narrowly escaped damage, and over and over again I thought we would hit a tree or break a spring. After 10 very trying miles of this description, we came again to the Sengwa River, where we rested our aching bodies and blew on our much chafed hands; the effort of pulling the steering wheel from one side to another would have resulted in blisters had it not been for our training with the oars on the Zambesi.

Dr Blair and boatman on the Zambesi 1935

At about 1.30 p.m. we arrived at the Ronga Ronga River, and here we prepared to leave our cars as the rest of the journey must be performed on foot. We settled down to our first meal of the day and enjoyed a fine repast, which included buttered scones, which had been kindly provided by Mrs. Marr before our departure.

In the afternoon we took our towels and wended our way to the river in search of a pool in which to bathe. The river here flows between high walls of rock and we found a suitable pool nestling beneath the beetling crags, the tops of which almost met together in an endeavour to shut out the sun. Naturally this made the water very cool, and to our hot and tired bodies it seemed almost icy cold. The bathe was enjoyed immensely, and we returned to camp feeling very much refreshed.

On the next morning we left camp with 18 carriers who had been collected by a couple of native messengers, and journeyed down the Sengwa River. Our objective

was Rice's kraal, as we had been informed that at this place there had in the past been several deaths from Sleepy Sickness amongst the inhabitants.

Soon after leaving, we found ourselves once more among the dreaded tsetse fly, and the pests began to make life unbearable. They swarmed around us like bees round a honey pot, and we were compelled to keep up a constant movement with our hands and arms to prevent the flies from settling on our necks and faces.

Up to the moment, our efforts to obtain something for the pot had proved fruitless, and we were faced with the prospect of falling back on the good old bully beef if something did not turn up soon. All around us there were signs of the presence of game, chiefly water-buck and impala.

Luck changed, for as we were approaching a small vlei, a herd of water-buck was sighted. I was able to drop a couple of small ones, and these provided meat for all.

At about 1 p.m. we arrived at Rice's kraal, and here we found that about six persons constituted the entire population. Blood slides were taken, and the people were interrogated as to the manner of illness which preceded the death of their relatives. The symptoms enumerated were very interesting, but it was soon apparent to the Doctor that none of the deaths was attributable to the dreaded sleepy sickness. Further, all the slides which we examined that afternoon proved to be negative in so far as sleepy sickness was concerned.

In the evening Sweetman returned from a hunt, bringing with him a pig which he had shot. This was a very welcome addition to our larder, as we preferred this kind of meat to any other. The evening came in cool, after a rather hot and trying day, and we were able to rest content from our labours, secure in the knowledge of a full larder.

Whilst in the vicinity of this kraal, we observed that there seemed to be no lands or gardens, and on making enquiries as to how the people managed to exist, we were informed that their staple food was obtained from a root which was found growing in the bush. An example of the root was produced for our inspection, and in shape and size it proved to be very similar to a sweet potato. It was explained to us that great care had to be observed when preparing this root for food, as it contained properties which could cause disastrous results if not properly treated before consumption. It appears that the root, after being dug up, must be placed in a running stream or soaked in several changes of water, and left for about 24 hours. It is then removed and thoroughly dried, after which it is placed in a *duri* (Mortar) and pounded up into meal. Should the root not receive this treatment before being eaten, then the result will be that the person who eats it will drop into a profound sleep. The root apparently contains a strong drug, for, we were informed, a person eating the unprepared root may sleep for 12 hours or more, and it is impossible to awaken such a person before the effect of the drug has worn off. This root is known to the Agricultural Department, and a scientific explanation of its properties would be of interest.

On Thursday, the 12th of September, we commenced the return journey to the camp at Ronga Ronga. Our trip was fast drawing to a close, and in the minds of each one of us there was a vision of Salisbury with its civilised amenities looming large upon our horizon. The trip had been most interesting and a glorious experience, but, with the coming of the really hot weather, we were bound to admit that a far cooler clime held the greater attraction for us now.

By mid-day we had arrived at our camp, and after a meal, the Doctor, accompanied by Sweetman, set off for a nearby kraal to examine some more people. I stayed behind to examine blood slides.

On their arrival at the above-mentioned kraal, they found that the place was occupied by two old and decrepit females. They were so crippled by sores and lack of nourishment that they were unable to walk, and had to rely on the doubtful generosity of their neighbours for food. Sometimes a neighbour or a relative would bring them a root, but for the most part they lived in a state of starvation.

Having paid off most of our carriers, we now found ourselves in possession of about half a bag of meal for which we had no immediate use. This was given to the females to tide them over the famine and until we were able to acquaint Mr. Marr with the circumstances; no doubt he would soon see that they had relief. Some dried meat and salt were added to the gift, and the poor old souls no doubt began to think that they were in Paradise. We learned that these two women had lately been inherited by the brother of their late husband, but he had not as yet put in an appearance to claim them.

The following day, the 13th of September, found us once again headed for Gokwe, but this time was to be the last, and it was with mixed feelings of joy and regret that I once more took the road towards the Mbumbuzi River. At the latter spot we intended to stay for a day or so in order to put everything shipshape and to prepare our reports, etc., as well as to examine the accumulated slides.

Once more the narrow track through the trees was successfully negotiated, except for a very slight mishap to the Doctor's truck. He was unfortunate enough to buckle a wing on one of the numerous trees which jutted across the track.

Owing to a very early start, we were able to arrive at Bopoma at 2 p.m.; the waterfall and pool looked particularly inviting, and after we had broken our fast, we lost no time in taking a dip in the cooling waters of the pool. Here we disported ourselves to our heart's content, splashing childishly in the cold water or standing beneath the cascading waters of the falls. It was a very welcome change after our dry and parched existence to find ourselves with unlimited quantities of excellent drinking water, to say nothing of the novelty of a real honest-to-goodness bathe.

The river is rather unique in the district of Sebungwe, for it has never been known to stop running. It hardly ever appears to be muddy, and reminds one forcibly of a real mountain stream in the Old Country, with its grey, rocky boulders and green patches of bank and high rushes. The pleasant sound of the falling water was as balm to our veld-ridden nerves, and these last two days of a glorious trip left little to be desired. The sun went down that night in a glorious riot of colour; accentuated as it was by the numerous veld fires in the vicinity, the result was beyond description.

The following day was spent in examining slides, and the writing of reports, until the heat became oppressive, when we made a short break and disported once again in the cooling waters of the falls.

On Sunday we packed our traps, loaded the trucks, and after one last bathe in the pleasant waters, we jumped aboard for Gokwe. We arrived at about mid-day and once again we were made more than welcome by the people there.

Monday morning came, and we said good-bye to Sweetman, who was going to spend a few days with a friend prior to proceeding to Northern Rhodesia to start

operations on a road up there. We also took our farewells of the good people at Gokwe, who had shown us such wonderful hospitality and whom we were sorry to leave.

At 8 p.m. we arrived in Salisbury, our travels completed and civilisation once more at our beck and call. There were yet a few days of work to be done, and these were spent in the examination of slides and the finishing of reports. Dr. Blair spent hours at his desk recording the data which had come to light through the investigations of the Medical Survey patrol, 1935.

Date palms, Sebungwe

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Thomas James Mossop — Ecology Pioneer

by R. T. Mossop and G. J. Mossop

EARLY YEARS

Thomas James Mossop was born in the Cape in 1884, the first-born of seven children, to Thomas and Mary Jane (née Tregidga). He received his secondary school education at Kingswood College in Grahamstown at a time when Mr Gane was headmaster. One of Gane's sons, Noel, became a surgeon, famous in the annals of Rhodesian medical history.

Young Tommy was a good student. I have inherited some of the book prizes he won for English and mathematics.

Thomas James Mossop, 1884–1965

He at some time earned the nickname of 0.001 because of a tendency to reject the word 'approximately' and insist on 'exactly'.

Although he played rugby for his school his reminiscences were more concerned with hunting trips with his cousin Harold. One story related to shots which nearly hit him, emanating from Harold's direction. Later Harold claimed he had seen and shot at a buck which 'just sort of sank down in the bush, instead of running or dropping'.

His school days encompassed the South African War. At one stage the Boers were approaching Grahamstown and the school cadets were required to guard some of the outposts for a few days, but had not fired a shot when they were eventually stood down.

All seven Mossop children were given the opportunity of a tertiary education in England, though their father, born in Zululand where there was little educational facility at that time, had little beyond the first stages of a secondary education. Nevertheless he became one of Cape Town's more outstanding philanthropic businessmen.

There was little in the way of a professional qualification to be obtained at that time in the Cape, and most of those who could afford it went to Britain or elsewhere in Europe. Thomas, doubtless fired by the exciting mineral finds of the era, decided to become a mining engineer. At the time many other less fortunate young men went directly to the diamond or gold fields to seek their fortune, achieved by very few.

He was sent to the Camborne School of Mines in Cornwall, where he proved a very apt student, obtaining a first class three year diploma, which later, without serious change of content, became a degree course. At that stage he was tempted to go to many places in the world, particularly to North America where there was considerable mining in progress. He also explored parts of Tanganyika and Kenya.

EARLY PROFESSIONAL LIFE

A call from the Cape, due to correspondence between his teachers and like-minded friends who had found jobs in the colonies, led to his first postgraduate job, which was to collate and classify the total geological collection of the South African Museum.

He then went to the Witwatersrand, first as a surveyor and later as the youngest qualified underground manager that had been known on the Reef. As a surveyor he was extremely proud of one achievement in which he managed to guide two underground tunnels starting a mile and a half apart to meet with no more than an inch of discrepancy. This feat, using survey instruments with a candle as the aiming mark, was quite extraordinary. Good old 0.001!

Mining has always been a fairly dangerous occupation, but life above ground was not without danger in the first decade of this century any more than towards its end. He lived in digs not far from his work, and his bicycle journeys to the library, to a meeting or to work were often at night. One of his escapes from danger was when he spotted a wire drawn across the path at handlebar height, and was able to brake, turn and escape hitting the wire with possible lethal force. Still alive and conscious, he was able to remount and escape the brigands.

MINER'S PHTHISIS

Pneumoconiosis was at that time beginning to be perceived as a real threat to

underground miners, though the condition had been known for centuries. The newfangled X-ray machines pioneered by Roentgen a few years previously were being used with increasing frequency in preventive as well as clinical medicine. Accordingly he underwent a routine X-ray of his chest and was pronounced as suffering from 'miner's phthisis'. The distinction between tuberculosis and silicosis was not very clear at that time, and occasionally there is an overlap today.

He never defined his illness to us any more closely, but, since he left mining in 1911 and spent a year on the Karroo to recuperate, I suspect that his problem was more likely to have been tuberculosis rather than pneumoconiosis. Later X-rays of the chest showed some evidence of tuberculous scarring but little characteristic of silicosis.

In 1912 he went to England, found that his old girl friend had married. He looked upon her little sister who had been ten years old at his last visit, found her most attractive at 18, and promptly married her.

FARMING ON PROTEA

Thomas and his wife Edith, together with younger brother Leslie Mossop, a graduate of Elsenberg Agricultural College, settled on the virgin 3000 acres of Protea Farm in Glendale in 1913. Tom Meikle rented it to him for £500 a year until 1941. I expect Tom Meikle felt that the improvements being made to the farm far outweighed any rental increase.

There was no evidence of any form of habitation on its red soil, very hard to work without heavy implements. There was, however, a pathway running through the farm which was said to have been one of Selous' major routes in earlier years. In later years silver artifacts, such as a case for a single cigarette, were unearthed in alluvial diggings on the Murodzi river.

To the north a little way, there were many people living in Chief Chiweshe's area, consisting largely of more easily workable granite sands. A brick homestead was very soon erected, of simple design but very strongly constructed of very good brick, and typically of Thomas, but not of brother Leslie, with more bricks in the foundation than in the walls themselves. Much of the flooring was of Swedish timber, found to be in excellent condition when the house was demolished and a new one built on the foundations 70 years later.

A good deal of land was cleared in the first two years and draught and milk cattle acquired through the financial help of their father. The foundation was set for the development of a wonderful farm in a wonderful country. This was interrupted by the 1914–18 world war.

Leslie went north with the Rhodesia Regiment under Colonel Capell and was later captured with many others by von Lettow Vorbeck's troops. Tom, as he was known by all at this time, travelled to the Cape in order to join the Royal Engineers in England, but was turned down medically because of his phthisis and his need to wear spectacles. He was sent back by the military authorities in Cape Town and told to grow food.

When Leslie returned in 1918, they decided he should develop another farm that their father had bought in the Mtepatepa area, Dundry. The Mossop Brothers partnership, started with such hope and anticipation in 1913, came to an amicable end.

By 1922 Protea was doing extremely well. In that year it was the first farm in the

country to produce over ten thousand bags of maize in a year, at a time when all tillage and transport was done by oxen.

Tom imported sunn hemp seed, purely for the purpose of restoring nitrogen to the soil. He was able to sell some seed, and very likely the sunn hemp used today is descended from the early crops he grew.

He was a keen researcher, keeping his records with his 0.001 characteristic, and so coming up with accurate results. He was early in appreciating the value of artificial fertiliser and green cropping, and as a very small boy in 1925 I heard him lecturing a distinguished gathering of the Rhodesia Agricultural Union at the Salisbury showgrounds. Aged four or five I sat through what seemed an interminable and doubtless boring talk about which I knew nothing. In later years I discovered the subject concerned the use of fertiliser.

At this time his engineering orientation had already led to his concern about the progressive and unduly rapid loss of soil. The methods of farming adopted by the earlier white farmers he termed 'mining' the soil, while the methods used in the tribal areas were no better, saved perhaps, at that time, by the ability to move to new land after depleting an area. Population growth soon put an end to such mobility.

Between 1922 and 1929 he spent all the resources he could on experimenting and devising ways of preventing the loss of soil. There were some quite large and expensive drainage canals built on Protea which can still be seen near Glendale today.

While he spoke of maintaining the hilltop and hillside natural vegetation, the construction of grass leys, and the dangers of stream bank cultivation, the most acceptable of his lore was the construction of contour ridges in the actual cultivated fields. These could be seen and their objective was obvious to any onlooker.

He had also become an acknowledged expert on maize, and at about this time spent a fair amount of his time judging maize at various agricultural shows as far apart as towns in Zambia and South Africa, and at the British Empire Exhibition in London in 1924.

In 1929 he thought he might get a pound a bag for his maize, and grew a large crop, with sunn hemp the preceding year and a deal of fertiliser making the cost to grow about 10/- per 200 pound bag. He expected to get twice this amount and consequently spent a great deal on his conservation works. In the event he received only 5/ 3*d*, and that in dribs and drabs. He immediately became a penurious farmer instead of a rich one. He had spent a fortune on protecting a farm which was not his own.

Nevertheless he struggled on with the farm, employing managers while he was away on Government conservation business, until 1941, when he sold up without going insolvent, which would have hurt him terribly. Had either of his two children shown any interest in farming he might well have continued, and eventually bought the farm.

He left what must have been a valuable collection of aloes — a hobby which had occupied some of his time in the preceding twenty years, leading to a close friendship with Basil Christian. He also bred hybrid Barberton daisies which he had crossed, but failed to cross wild lapyrousia flowers.

THEODOLITE YEARS

Because of his known deep interest and expertise in conservation and extension matters

he had been asked to join the Agricultural Department in the early thirties. This was in a supernumerary and rather informal position, to set out and supervise the ploughing of contour ridges in Mashonaland. The Department had a second man doing the same sort of thing, Douglas Aylen, previously employed by Walter Sole of Bauhinia farm.

He and Tommy, or T. J. as he was now more commonly known, were the first field men of what was to become the Department of Conservation and Extension. They had similar ideas on ecological matters but had minor differences of detail about which they argued loudly and publicly, giving the unfortunate impression that they disagreed about everything.

Some of their disagreements were in the correspondence columns of *The Herald* and it may be they had quietly agreed to try to arouse interest in this way. Certainly T. J. was not beyond writing to the Editor of *The Herald* under his own name, and then arguing back under a pen name.

T. J. was sure his own point of view was important, largely because it was supported by scientific observation and by experiment, but he felt that his own attempts to influence thinking were rather ineffectual. He therefore managed to get Judge McIlwaine interested in ecological matters. McIlwaine was superb, conveying much of T. J.'s thinking to influential people who could change the course of history, and therefore of incalculable benefit.

McIlwaine's developing interest in these matters eventually resulted in Harare's largest water supply being named after him.

T. J. was apparently not overly interested in money. He had been employed by the Government on a casual basis almost until his retiring age on Government understanding that he was a gifted amateur with conservation interests. The service he gave both Government and the farming community in terms of hours of very exacting and accurate work could not be bettered by anyone in full time employment, for he was fulfilling his own mission.

When it was discovered by accident that he had academic qualifications which warranted a much higher salary, it was too late to give any back pay, but he was employed by Government on much better terms until he was about 70, but there was no pension.

After his death a significant number of uncashed cheques were found amongst his papers. Many of these had been issued by Government on behalf of the writer who was on active service, hoping to have some savings after the war. When found, accountants claimed that they were out of date and therefore nothing could be done.

T. J. would have felt very bad about this, but in any case he found money to help his son through a six year University course.

The nature of his employment for the years before and after official retirement age was variable, ranging from designing and supervising the construction of small to medium dams, mainly in Matabeleland, to being sent to South Africa to observe the fantastic degrees of erosion possible after two or three generations of commercial farming, and to help, where possible, the nascent South African attempts at dealing with erosion. From these visits and from observing various similar but lesser problems in this country, he was asked to experiment with ways to prevent and cure gully formation. His fairly voluminous minutes and reports together with photographs were

submitted to the Department of Conservation and its successors, but regrettably are hidden in the Archives under headings other than his name, so they are difficult to retrieve. However, some of his earlier photographs and some of what he was trying to preach can be found in CSR 40 of 1939, the report of the Commission to Enquire into the Preservation, etc., of the Natural Resources of the Colony. A very large part of this report is based on his work and ideas.

It is impossible to estimate all the good that may have come out of this, but the small example of attempts in the Concession area with very simple and inexpensive means has resulted in some formerly hideous gullies being no longer visible. Travelling through the country the sight of fertile fields protected by intact and grassed contour ridges and surrounding intact woodland and grass leys all testify to the work he and his colleagues initiated in the late twenties of the century. It is now regarded by almost all as natural agricultural wisdom.

DUNKIRK AND HIS LATER YEARS

Although he spent most of his time camping in various parts of the country with his helper Malilo Mkandawire, he had bought 70 acres of Protea farm from the Meikles. On this, which he later named Dunkirk, he constructed a cheaply built but deep foundationed half house and outbuildings. On its land he was one of the early local pioneers in minimal tillage, a great change from the days thirty years before, when he thought, with other farmers, that land should be ploughed to a depth of at least 10, and preferably 14, inches.

He also grew several acres of Kudzu vine which he aimed to sell to people who wished to plant it in their gullies in order to stop the rush of storm water.

He had obtained the roots from an American, one of many who had heard of his activities in combating soil erosion, and had come to have a look. It seems strange that Americans should come to the middle of Africa to observe the technology which had in many cases led the world, and which was badly needed in their own country.

The kudzu was a most useful plant and, though cattle did not really like it, they would eat it and thrive if there was little else. Unfortunately it gives a most unpleasant tang to cow's milk and cannot be used to feed dairy cows.

In reminiscing about his activities, T. J. had very good things to say about the intelligence and receptivity of the Rhodesian white farmer, who was not nearly as conservative and unbelieving as either the bulk of South African or local Shona and Matabele cultivators.

He had tried to convince communal farmers of the great need for soil conservation measures, but since they did not personally own the land, it was far too great an effort for a converted individual to change the ways of the rest of the community as well as his own.

It was not until government made it compulsory that contour ridges were built and ploughing took place in line with the ridges and not up and down the hillsides. Whether there was any political resistance at that time it is difficult to say.

He often had to take part in the training of young conservationists. This involved considerable walking in the bush and on ploughed land. Some of the youngsters said they were amazed that an old man such as T. J. could finish the day quite fresh, whereas

the youngsters were completely exhausted. With a quiet smile T. J. would point out that the journeying was at his own pace, with rests as and when he wanted. Had he been forced to keep up with a pace set by the younger men, he would never have lasted.

Briefly, it is possible to summarise T. J.'s contribution by saying that his acute ecological observations as an engineer translated into action, and the intelligent acceptance of his findings by Government and the majority of commercial farmers were of the greatest importance.

Without these complementary factors, the country would presently, sixty years later, be a gullied desert.

PERSONAL LIFE

T. J.'s personal life was less impressive. He was a shy person, interpreted by most, including his children when they were young, as excessive sternness. He had been persuaded to 'sign the pledge' in his late teens.

Edith, whom he married in 1912, was an outgoing, fun-loving girl, good at sport and generally good at most things she turned her hand to, as can be seen by the numerous prizes she won at shows for her sewing, embroidery and cooking. She had known virtually nothing of these when she married him, being proficient only at skating.

In retrospect the only thing they really failed at was in understanding each other's life ambitions — his for 0.001 discovery, and hers for fun and jollity.

They divorced after 22 years, more or less by agreement.

T. J., with his Victorian upbringing and sense of shame, retired deeper into a shell for a couple of years, and dissuaded his two children from weekends at Glendale tennis club, and from mixing with their adolescent peers. Divorce was a terrible disgrace which must affect all members of a family! This almost certainly created a dent in their life education deeper than he ever imagined.

Under the influence of his sisters and then several of the Glendale population he later began to thaw, resigned from his non-alcohol pledge and enjoyed a sundowner or two, never more, and developed a reputation for convivial banter.

He also led his brothers and occasional privileged outsiders in the 'Many Inventions Society' in which mad ideas flew. One of the ideas which he brought forth when preadolescent children were present was his automatic spanking machine which, at the touch of a button, would deliver a sound beating to whatever part of the anatomy was considered appropriate. Considerable discussion could be evoked on the propriety of using such a machine, and for various alterations which might lead to greater efficiency.

His garden at Dunkirk was usually a picture, with very fine dahlias and sometimes his special cross-bred Barberton daisies which he enjoyed very much giving to ladies of all ages who visited him with considerable frequency.

He died at 81, just before the unilateral declaration of independence in 1965; which would have deeply distressed him. He had ensured that Malilo, who had been with him for 50 years, would have a home and sustenance until he too departed this earth.

For the last twenty or twenty-five years of his life he enjoyed a reputation as a thoroughly pleasant and knowledgeable conversationalist. He was visited frequently

by all sorts of people from near and far who were content to sit on the rather spartan chairs on his verandah and soak up his wisdom. Very many of these felt strongly that he deserved well of his country and that his contribution should have been better recognised.

The First Indaba in the Matopos

by T. F. M. Tanser

This is the text of a talk given to members of the History Society of Zimbabwe by the author in the Matopos on 28 September 1996.

Since the shock of the first murders signalling the start of the Rebellion, the Whites had fought with fury smouldering in their hearts for the callous murder of many of their friends, families and acquaintances. The Matabele, meanwhile, had fought with the assurance of the success of their cause as deigned by the Mlimo.

Terence Ranger, in his book *Revolt in Southern Rhodesia 1896-97*, records an interview with a Matabele elder, Nganganyoni Mhlope, who had been tried and imprisoned for murders he had committed during the rebellion. The interview was conducted in 1938 and helps to show why the whites 'were filled with genuine honour and hope' about the murders committed by the Matabele whilst also showing the rationality of their actions from the Matabele point of view.

Early in March 1896 a messenger came from the Matopos telling the people of Inyati: 'You had better fight because you are badly treated.'

Mhlope and his friends thereupon divided off in groups to go off and kill the white people that we know . . . we had no grievance against those people.'

He then speaks of their cold-blooded murders of three whites called by their Ndebele nicknames, Mandevu, Wani and Mandisi. Mandevu was killed in his hut whilst Wani was killed whilst showing the Matabele 'limbo' in his store and asking which piece they wanted.

Mandisi they found in the lands. 'When they got to him,' Mhlope recounted, 'he greeted them and told them that as they had come they had better help him with the reaping. They walked near him and then they hit him with a knobkerrie . . . They hit him once and Ngonye then chopped his neck with an axe . . .' 'These white people were our friends' concluded Mhlope, 'and so they did not expect that we were coming

Bulawayo Laager

to kill them. They were our friends but since we were starting to fight they might have killed us too. It is also true that we had decided to get rid of all the white men in the country.'

Against a background such as this, the events which shall be described hereafter are all the more remarkable.

Rhodes, who had arrived in Bulawayo in June, would have seen clearly what lay ahead:

1. The long war of attrition which would be fought in the Matopos, the nature of which favoured the Matabele, and the guerilla warfare which would be long drawn out and take a heavy toll of the white forces. Military deadlock had been reached.
2. The cost in financial terms, and the consequent effect upon the shares of the Chartered Company.
3. No development would occur so long as peace was not restored.

Unlike at most other times during Rhodes' life, at this stage he could focus solely upon the problems in Matabeleland. Following the debacle of the Jameson Raid, he had been forced to resign his positions both as Prime Minister of the Cape Colony and from the Board of the British South Africa Company. He held no military or civil rank. In legal terms, he held no more authority than any other private citizen in the country.

The battle of Intaba Zika-Mambo in the Inyati area, in which 18 lives of the security forces were lost, may well have been the catalyst to set in motion the events which followed.

General Carrington, the commander of the Matabeleland Relief Force, was adamant that only by military force could the Matabele truly be brought to heel. This view was shared by Sir Richard Martin, the British Government's representative and by General Goodenough, the British High Commissioner.

Matabeleland Relief Force

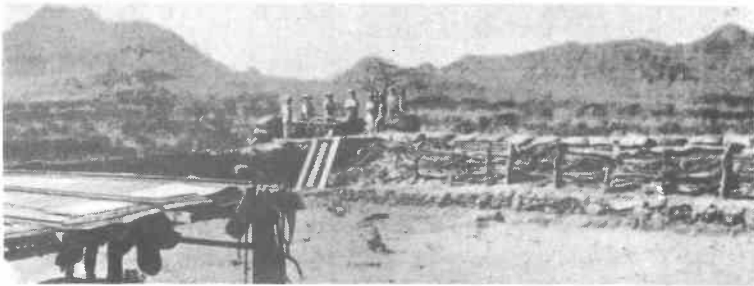
However, due largely to some excellent work by J. P. Richardson, a young Native Commissioner, indications arose in which the first intimations of the wish for peace were whispered.

Rhodes' first overture towards peace was to send his trusted friend Hans Sauer, who had just returned from imprisonment following the abortive Jameson raid, to make contact with Likuni, one of Lobengula's brothers, and to ask him to send some of his men to make contact with the rebels. He refused.

Sauer then approached Johan Colenbrander who sent two of his 'Cape boys' into the hills who were never heard of again.

The battle at Sikobo's, only two or three kilometres from the indaba site, occurred on 5 August 1896. Again, the losses to Carrington's troops were severe, seven Imperial troops losing their lives and eleven others being wounded.

At or about this same time, a patrol was sent out from Fort Umlugulu to collect some grain. Whilst on this mission, a report was made of some chickens clucking around at a deserted compound at the northern part of Sikombo's mountain. Diverting to claim the chickens, the patrol met up with John Grootboom and ten of his 'Cape boys' on the same errand. Together they entered the kraal and collected the chickens. Whilst thus involved, an old African lady emerged from a hut. She proved to be one of Mzilikazi's widows and the mother of Nyanda, one of the rebel leaders. She was Royal game indeed and was taken back to camp in a fury.



Umlugulu Fort interior

Negotiating with her took time, patience and quick reactions. For the first two days, she would not say anything, but took joy in spitting every time one of her captors went near her! Hence the need for quick reactions!

Finally, she consented to listen and agreed to go back into the hills with a large piece of white calico. If the Matabele wished to meet and speak about peace, the calico was to be draped over a tree at a specified area. For a week after the old lady disappeared back into the Matopos, no word was heard or sign seen of her message.

During that week, two emissaries, Jan Grootboom and James Makunga, went into the hills for twenty-four hours at a time. They started by communicating with the rebels, initially by shouted conversations from hill top to hill top and finally face to face.

The two brave men eventually returned with the news that the white flag would shortly be seen which, a few days later, proved to be the case.

As so often in the history of those years, the older indunas were anxious for peace, whilst the younger warriors wished to continue to blood their assegais and for the war to continue. However, young and old were becoming aware that the supply of food was diminishing. More and more of the Matabele were taking refuge within the Matopos, whilst patrols of the security forces sought out and destroyed supplies of grain.

As soon as the white flag was seen, Grootboom and Makunga set out and returned shortly with the news that the Chiefs were ready to meet Rhodes that very afternoon at a spot designated by them. At the most, he could bring three other white men with him. The date was 21 August 1896.

Rhodes immediately ordered horses, but Carrington demanded to speak with him. For a quarter of an hour, Rhodes and Carrington paced up and down. No record exists of what was said between the two men, but whatever Carrington's objections were, they must have been overcome by Rhodes who then prepared to move to the indaba site. The time was early afternoon.

Rhodes had already invited Sauer and Colenbrander to accompany him. He had been keen to include the Native Commissioner, Richardson, who had played a significant part in communicating with the Matabele and in preparing the way for the moment now at hand. Both Richardson and Colenbrander were fluent in Ndebele, but as Colenbrander had been an envoy of Lobengula's and was not seen as a Company man, to the grave disappointment of Richardson, Colenbrander was preferred.

As they were riding out, Sauer suggested adding Vere Stent to their number, he being a correspondent of the *Cape Times*.

Several Imperial officers, in a manner reminiscent of the volunteers flocking to join Allan Wilson on his fateful patrol, also sought to join the party. Jan Grootboom then dismounted and advised that if more than four whites went, treachery would be suspected and thus he, Jan Grootboom, would not go.

One can only imagine the tension as the small group of four whites with Grootboom set off from their camp towards the indaba site. Possibly in an effort to reduce the tension, Rhodes asked if the others thought the undertaking dangerous. Both Stent and Sauer referred to the fate of Piet Retief and his band in 1838, at the hands of the Dingaan and the Zulus in somewhat similar circumstances, where they, as now, had been instructed to come unarmed to the meeting, and were slaughtered to a man.

Whilst Sauer and Stent had surreptitiously slipped pistols into their jackets, Rhodes, Colenbrander and Grootboom were unarmed.

The picture of the little party's advance is prettily painted by Stent: 'It was a lovely winter's day, the sun just beginning to Western; comfortably hot; the grasses, bronze and golden, swaying in the slight wind; the hills ahead of us blurred in the quivering mirage of early afternoon. We talked very little. Must I confess it? — we were all a little nervous.

We had entered the hills and were nearing a narrow canyon, where a rough track, commanded by a towering bluff upon one side, was bordered by a deep wooded valley upon the other. The track debouched into a tiny basin, skimmed by kopjes and floored by fallow. In the centre of the fallow lay some tree stumps and the remnants of a big antheap.'

As the party rounded a kopje to enter the area, at the centre of which was the

prearranged site, they became aware of the fact that many Matabele had appeared out of the bush behind them, whilst many warriors on top of the surrounding mountains watched their progress with interest.

Having reached the antheap, there was discussion as to whether or not the party should dismount. Rhodes settled the matter: 'Dismount,' he said, 'dismount of course. It will give them confidence. They are nervous, too. How do they know that we do not have an ambush ready for them behind the hill?'

Rhodes immediately dismounted, flung the reins over the horse's head, strode towards the large antheap, upon which he sat down. The others followed.

Shortly, the party saw a white flag emerge, carried by James Makunga at the head of a procession of some 46 Matabele, 'from some thick bush at the point of a small kopje on our right front'.

The procession advanced slowly and in dead silence. Stent records that 'the wonderful smile broke out over Rhodes' face as he said 'Yes, yes, here they are. This is one of those moments in life that make it worth living! Here they come!'

The sapling bearing the white flag was then thrust into the fallow ground of an old mealie field and there was silence as the Matabele gathered round in a semi-circle, the chiefs in the centre.

Prompted by Colenbrander, Rhodes broke the silence with the traditional peace greeting: 'Mahle mhlopi' ('the eyes are white'). The chiefs responded in concert, 'Mehle mholopi, nkoos, nyamazane' ('the eyes are white, oh chief, oh great hunter').

Again Rhodes spoke, his words interpreted by Colenbrander, 'Is it peace?'

'It is peace, my father,' responded Somabulane, 'but we would speak with you.'

'Speak then,' Rhodes invited.

There followed for the next two and a half hours the orations of four chiefs, starting with Somabulane, followed by Sikombo. They recounted the early history of the Matabele from the time Mzilikazi had been sent out by Chaka, through the years of marching, fighting and conquering; through the mountains of the Basutos; the battles

Group of important Matabele Chiefs

with the Boers; the contact with the desert tribes of the Mangwato; and finally to their new home in Matabeleland.

They spoke of their disdain for the Mashona and Maholi; of the establishment of old Bulawayo; and their hope that they had now reached a place where they 'might grow fat and prosperous and live in peace amongst their herds, their women and their children'.

Then due to the cattle thieving by the Mashona and the revolt of the Maholi, the young Matabele had had to be called into military kraals and taught the art of war.

Following this, the white man came and cast his covetous eyes on the gold of their land.

King Lobengula who 'knew the power and strength of the white man, honoured the white queen, and desired no quarrel' extended hospitality to the white emissaries and 'gave them half his kingdom' (this statement enhanced with a magnificent sweep of the arm).

The white men came with their rifles and remained in that half of the kingdom given to them to mine, in the Matabele belief that when the gold was finished, the white man would leave the country with the gold.

Then, three years later, the Mashona once again caused trouble. The Mashonas were Lobengula's subjects so what right did the white man have to protect them? Impis were sent to punish the Mashonas so then the whites sent their weapons against the Matabele. They came with 'guns that spat bullets as the heavens sometimes spit hail', and who were the naked Matabele to stand against these guns and rifles?

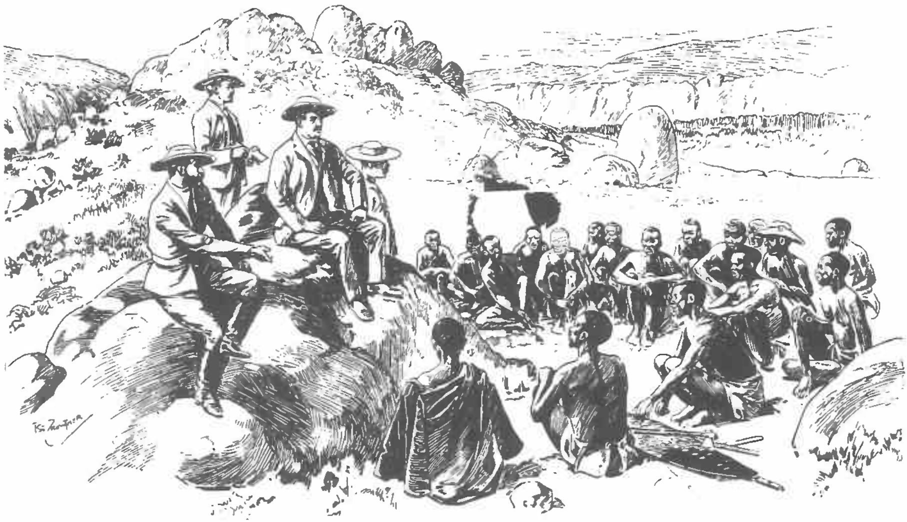
So the white man took the land from the Matabele, just as the Matabele had taken it from the Mashona and Maholi.

Their great king Lobengula was driven into exile. He had sent presents of gold as a peace offering. The presents were taken but peace was refused. (This Tryst was a reference to the gift of golden sovereigns sent back by Lobengula to Patrick Forbes, as Forbes' column pursued the Matabele King towards the Shangani. Afraid to approach the head of the column, the indunas bearing the gift handed it to two troopers of the Bechuanaland Border Police, Wilson and Daniel, who purloined the offering and made no mention of it or the accompanying message of peace to their commander.) The chiefs spoke of the great fight in the Shangani where Allan Wilson and his men fell; of the last days of the hunted king; of the resettlement of the land and of the appointment of Native Commissioners and magistrates; of the confiscation of cattle and the humiliation at the hands of the Native Police.

The tension had now risen, Somabulane spat in disgust: 'We are no dogs' he exclaimed, 'the Amandabele, the sons of Kumalo, the Isulu, children of the stars; we are no dogs. You came, you conquered. The strongest takes the land. We accepted your rule. We lived under you. But not as dogs! If we are to be dogs it is better to be dead. You can never make the Amandabele dogs. You may wipe them out, but the children of the stars can never be dogs.'

There followed a profound silence. The chiefs and their attendants stirred restlessly followed by a deep-throated approval: 'Yavuma Baba'.

It was a moment of high drama, so inflammable that a wrong word or even a wrong gesture interpreted as hostile would have awful repercussions.



The Peace Indaba in the Matopos

As though even to break the tension in his book, Stent writes: 'The least indiscretion might precipitate a massacre.

I realised this perhaps more clearly than anybody else. To my right, about two yards away, was a gentleman with an exceedingly useful looking battle-axe. He had no business to bring it . . . As however the excitement waxed I became apprehensive and made up my mind that if a rush took place I would try and settle with the owner of the battle-axe first.'

'Let them speak', Rhodes spoke soothingly to Colenbrander, 'By whom and how were they made dogs?'

Somabulane spoke again. He drew a tragic picture of a happy wedding procession, lovely bride and a young man of standing. Enter the local Native Commissioner who offers to entertain the wedding party at his station which he does. But that night, he sends for the maiden and exercises the right of 'prima-noce' and sends the weeping woman, maiden no longer, to her husband in the morning.

'Remember', the chief emphasized dramatically, 'thirty cattle had passed; she was a Chief's daughter'.

He drew a further vivid picture describing how he went to pay his respects to the Chief Magistrate (Colonel Heyman) in Bulawayo. Politely, he sent a message that as he and his attendants had waited all day, and as the custom of chiefs was to send food to their guests, might not the magistrate send him food and drink?

'The answer from the Chief Magistrate, my father, was that the town was full of stray dogs; dog to dog; we might kill those and eat them if we could catch them. So I left Bulawayo that night, my father; and when next I tried to visit the Chief Magistrate it was with my impis behind me; no soft words in their mouths; but the assegai in their hands.' Then with a magnificent flourish: 'Who blames me?'

He spoke of the brutality of the Native Police, their lack of respect for their customs and traditions and who oppressed them, collecting taxes at the point of their assegais.

Rhodes' response was swift. 'Tell them,' he said, 'that the native police shall go. I will promise them that. There will be no more native police.' This was followed by a chorus of applause.

The Chiefs then asked specifically for the removal of a Colonel Heyman from his position of authority. The evidence was piling up to show that gross mismanagement and excessive force *had* been practised by members of the Chartered Company.

Rhodes now drew the discussion back to the matter of peace. 'Tell them,' he said, 'I have listened to all that; that is past and done with. Such things will not happen again. What I want to know now is, "Is it peace? Are the eyes white?"'

Somabulane flung down a reed he had carried with him 'with a gesture of complete submission and surrender.'

'There,' he said, 'is my assegai. There is my rifle.'

'Rhodes sighed with relief,' wrote Stent, 'and a smile broke over his face. "That is good," he said. "Tell the Chief I accept his word. He will send in his arms?"'

Somabulane nodded but broke new ground telling of the anxiety of the Matabele that once Rhodes left, things would return to their old ways. Rhodes gave his personal assurance that he would not go away without meeting their requests and healing the wounds.

Rhodes now turned from defendant to prosecutor and told Colenbrander to ask the chiefs why they had murdered women and children. Colenbrander at first refused to put the question, but did so upon the insistence of Rhodes.

An excited chatter broke out, calmed only by a word of command from the chiefs.

Somabulane replied, 'I will answer you. Who commenced the killing of women? Did not your tax collectors collecting the Company's cattle, shoot four women in cold blood when there was peace, because the women would not tell them where the cattle were hidden?'

'Dead silence. It was getting on towards evening. The winter wind rustled through the scant scrub, and a dust devil whistled across the fallow. It was another tense moment. The natives, especially the younger men, upon the outside of the demi-lune, cast ugly and malignant glances at us,' wrote Stent, who added that again he carefully located the ancient with the battle-axe!

In response to Rhodes' questioning look, Colenbrander, in a low undertone whispered, 'I shouldn't go on with the subject if I were you. It's quite true. Some women were shot by cattle-collectors.'

Rhodes hesitated. Should he respond to the charge? Should he seek to justify the excesses of the past? Would the Matabele perceive Rhodes as sympathizing with the cattle collectors and not with them, the children of the stars?

As Rhodes was about to speak, Colenbrander interrupted him again, 'They are getting excited,' he intoned and then repeated his original advice, 'I should drop the subject.'

'Well,' said Rhodes, somewhat reluctantly, 'all that is over. And now you have come to make peace.' The tension subsided.

'The sun was setting now — long shades fell from granite kopjes.

Deep among the hills the shadows grew purple as the winter haze crept up between the Lichen-covered boulders. Where the kopjes faced the setting sun they were blazoned

in deep crimson light, the winter hues, the brown and russets of the yellow fluttering leaves of the Mpanieis; the contrast grew between the shadow and the shine.

Somabulane stood to his feet. The Indaba was over.'

'It is peace then?' said Rhodes once more just to make certain, 'How do we know that it is peace?'

'You have the word of Somabulane — of Babiaan — of Dhliso, Chiefs of the House of Kumalo'.

Peace reigned over the Matopos.

As though the day still had its last bit of excitement to add to the momentous events already described, there was suddenly a mad rush by the Matabele towards the Whites. Visions of the massacre of Piet Retief and his party must have once again filled the minds of Rhodes' party. Rhodes, fearing one of the others might draw his revolver, quickly called out, 'It's all right, they only want tobacco.'

Tobacco had been unobtainable for many months. Sauer had offered tobacco to Babiaan which had caused the rush towards him. Hearts fluttered back to normal and the small party remounted. According to Sauer, Rhodes repeated that 'This is one of those moments in life that make it worth living!'

Indeed, in a life which was abundant in high points in politics, financial dealings and fulfilment of grandiose schemes, the indaba was *the* high point of Rhodes' life. That day 'He risked his life to save the work to which he had devoted it.'

Three further indabas followed; two near Fort Usher on 28 August and 9 September and the final one on 13 October at the camp to which Rhodes had moved at the junction of the Maleme and Manzambomvu streams to which the principal chiefs who had remained loyal to the Company, Gampu, Faku and Mjaan, joined with the rebel chiefs.

The first indaba had acutely embarrassed Sir Richard Martin, the Imperial deputy Commissioner, and General Carrington, who still maintained opposition to the peace process, firstly on the basis that Rhodes was only a private citizen with no official authority to negotiate and secondly because most of the whites demanded that justice be meted out to those who had been responsible for the murders committed at the outset of the rebellion, and, particularly, that 'none of the principal chiefs in the Matopos should be allowed to escape trial.'

Whilst in principle, peace had been declared at the first indaba, no details had been discussed. That the peace held good was in large part due to the fact that in the period of nearly two months between the first and fourth indaba, Rhodes encouraged the chiefs to visit him in his camp where he fed them and accommodated them and spent many hours discussing aspects of the peace with them.

It was finally agreed that all those Matabele who could be proved personally to have committed murder would stand trial, but none of the chiefs was tried.

Two other aspects affected the wish of the Matabele to accept terms for peace. One was the knowledge that with the imminent arrival of the railway line, weapons and reinforcements could quickly and easily be added to the exiting troops whilst Babiaan was pleased that they did not have to negotiate with General Carrington for the simple reason that he looked too fierce. 'Yes Babiaan,' Dhliso answered, 'He'll kill us all, I assure you, if we give him the opportunity.'

Thus it was that Earl Grey, the administrator, telegraphed Martin on 12 October,

the day before the last indaba, that the Imperial troops should be removed from Matabeleland and the horses sold.

Whilst Rhodes was in his camp, discussing affairs of state with the many chiefs who came to visit him, he would often go out on long rides with members of his party. It was on one of these rides with Sauer as his companion that from the valley floor he espied a great granite dome with large boulders placed in circular form at the top. Having climbed to the top he referred to it as 'one of the world's views,' and decided to be buried there and to have the remains of Allan Wilson and the Shangani patrol buried there too.

And what of the two brave emissaries, Jan Grootboom and James Makanga? Some books refer to the gift of twenty-five pounds given to each man. However, J. G. Macdonald who accompanied Rhodes on the subsequent indabas states that Rhodes asked Grootboom what reward he would like. A horse, saddle and bridle was the modest request. 'You shall have much more than that,' said Rhodes and instructed Macdonald to make a note to give Grootboom a hundred acres of land, a wagon, a span of oxen, 12 cows, a horse and a hundred pounds. Grootboom thanked Rhodes and said that when he required the gifts he would go and see Mr Macdonald. Two days later, Grootboom set off for Barotseland where he said he had undertaken to help the Missionaries. In spite of many efforts to track him down or even to find out about his death, the end of his story has never been told.

James Makanga and his helper John Sail were each given a span of oxen and a waggon. Several years later, when Rhodes was desperately ill, he scribbled a note thus: 'Dear Macdonald, don't forget about Grootboom. He did a fine bit of work for me. See he gets his reward. Yrs. C. J. Rhodes'.

Hans Sauer's book, written in 1936, in which he writes of the first indaba, is called *Ex Africa*. The title is taken from Pliny's 'ex Africa semper aliquid novi' ('There is always something new out of Africa'). Was not the peace consecrated here something new out of Africa?

To be worthy of the epithet, 'Blessed are the peacemakers' (Matthew 5:9) requires enormous humility, patience, compassion, commitment and courage, all attributes which were shown here one hundred years ago.

I would like to think that on that day, 21 August 1896, at this place, the site of the first indaba, God must have smiled down on His people and that truly, this *was* one of those occasions which made life worth living.

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The Pioneer Cemetery, Harare

by Keith Martin

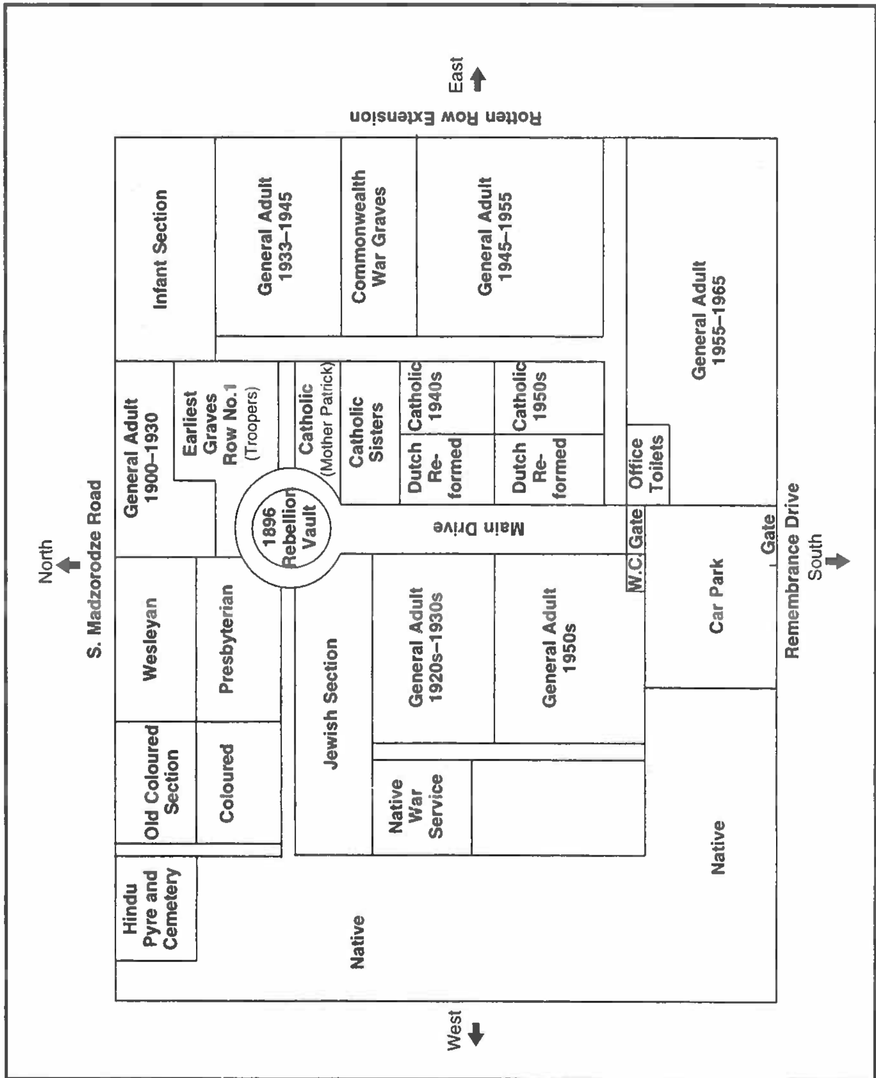
This is the text of a talk given to members of the History Society of Zimbabwe by the author in the Pioneer Cemetery on Sunday 27 July, 1997.

You might have thought, when you read that you were going to spend Sunday morning in a cemetery with an undertaker, that the whole prospect was slightly daunting, but as an undertaker, I know very well that there are people who are just dying to see me!

I have a great fondness for this cemetery and the enormous number of different groups, different religions and different people who are buried here. It is a very important cemetery because it was the first municipal burial ground for this city and, consequently, there are an enormous number of people buried here who were involved in the development of this city and this country, and worked very hard for it. Obviously there are many noteworthy people who either lived to be extremely old and later on were cremated, or who, in the very early days of settlers and administration, came on contract and, once they had finished these contracts, went back to their country of origin. In fact, one of my great-grandfathers who should be buried here, is not, because in those days you had long service leave, and in the 1920s, while visiting some friends in England, he died of peritonitis and is buried at Bournemouth where he didn't know anybody! So things like that happened.

But my aim, today, is to give you an outline and an indication of as wide a variety as I can, of the people who all lie here together. The cemetery covers just over 80 acres of land, so it is very, very large, and it was given out by the British South Africa Company in the latter part of 1892. It was considered as being a very safe distance from the newly formed town centre which, of course, you have to think of as being Africa Unity Square in the middle, and also far enough from the Makabusi (Mukuvisi) River to ensure that the water table wasn't going to rise and cause further decomposition. It opened at the beginning of 1893 and the first recorded burial in the cemetery is on the 2 January, 1893 — a trooper named Alexander Stanford, who died of enteric fever in Mother Patrick's newly formed hospital. The second person to be buried here was an African woman who is just recorded as 'Native Constance'. What is interesting about her is that she was clearly an employee of the Dominican Sisters because they arranged for her burial, and her place of residence is given as the Convent — perhaps she was a cleaner or something there, newly converted to Christianity.

When I said that I needed to give you as broad an outline as I can, you will forgive me if it seems very little when I tell you that there are twenty thousand, two hundred and fifty graves in this cemetery. I am obviously not able to talk about them all. There are thirteen different denominations and sections buried here and those of you who are looking at the little map that I have done will see big tracts that are called 'General Adults'. A lot of the denominations are perforce included under 'General Adults'. The sections are Church of England, Catholic, Dutch Reformed, Jewish, Methodist, Presbyterian, Moslem, Salvation Army, Seventh Day Adventist, Coloured, Chinese, Hindu and Native. And you see to the west of the cemetery an enormous tract of what



PLAN OF PIONEER CEMETERY

appears to be fallow land. It is in fact a completely full area of unmarked African graves. And two of the Africans buried in that unmarked section, their graves unrecorded, have caused the Government a great deal of difficulty because those graves are of Ambuya Nehanda and Sekuru Kaguvi of the first chimurenga. And the chief gaoler, Patrick Hayden, who arranged for their hanging, is in a marked grave on that side. I rather like the feeling that they were on opposite sides but willy nilly they ended up in the same cemetery. So Ambuya Nehanda and Sekuru Kaguvi, having been hanged for their treason at the time, are in a grave that's unmarked and the Ministry of State has not been able to arrange for an exhumation to put their remains at Heroes' Acre, because they do not know exactly where they were buried. But they and the man that executed them are all here together.

The cemetery is officially closed, but a certain amount of burial does still take place here. It was possible, in the early years, for a family, if they had sufficient funds, to buy a whole row of graves and have them there in perpetuity for the burial of the family members. And, of course, frequently, when one partner of a marriage died, the surviving spouse would reserve the grave next door. And so, a lot of those graves remain empty because people have left the country or don't know or have forgotten that they own graves here. The future of those empty graves remains undecided. I suppose when a certain number of years has elapsed they may be able to be used again, but they remain empty. A common practice at the moment, in order to ensure that families are together, is to bury cremated remains, ashes, in a grave, and this happens very frequently. I am here at least three or four times a month burying ashes. There is no municipal restriction as to how many ashes are put into a grave, so you might have a set of grandparents, their children and even some of their grandchildren all together. Later as you walk around you will see how little additional plaques have been added here and there with the names of subsequent people and they tend to refer to people who have been cremated.

The first person to do anything about a mortuary was Mother Patrick, who had a little brick structure built in the grounds of her Convent. Many of you will know that it is still there and nowadays houses a photographic exhibition and record of the early Dominican Sisters and their activities in this country. Included, in a glass case, is a very fine habit of the time, and if you look at it, the weight of it just to look at would almost bring you down — and the thought that they walked about in the October sun with those clothes on! And that is in her little mortuary there on Livingstone Avenue. Those of you who haven't seen it at all, do please go there — it is open normal working hours.

Obviously from 1892 onwards all burials were done, if possible, on the day of death — or certainly the following day. There was no means of keeping a body for any length of time. And the first people to do the burials were literally one's friends and colleagues and work people, or, if you were a destitute or a vagrant, the BSA Company would do that for you, just knocking up a coffin where you died. At that time there wasn't anybody special to do it. Somebody would line a cart with straw and bring the body down here, where there would be a couple of graves always kept open in readiness, covered with corrugated iron and rocks so the graves did not fill up with water during the rainy season. The burial would take place then and there. But just after the turn of

the century, there arrived, via South Africa, a properly trained undertaker to start up the first funeral home. This was D. J. Morgan, who continued with his sons for the next fifty odd years. And that Company is still in existence, having been bought out by the South African conglomerate, Doves, and remains known as Doves Morgan. A couple of years later, a gentleman by the name of C. H. Edmundson came to do the same thing. C. H. Edmundson, we'll hear more about him later, was actually a builder and a joiner and a very, very fine cabinet maker. But he made coffins and had a funeral business and later on, his son showing no interest in joining him there, he was able to hand over the funeral part of his business to a newly arrived young man called Walter Mashford. He had arrived from Kimberley, where he had found too much competition, in 1917 to help out with the Spanish 'flu' epidemic, when there was a huge use of this cemetery. You can see what an epidemic it was — it filled it right up very quickly at that time. Walter Mashford then took over Edmondson's practice, which then became Mashfords, giving rise to what was then known as the 'Two M Club', Mashfords and Morgans, and for the next fifty or sixty years the businesses remained in family hands.

As we look around you will see iron crosses — there are two in front of us here — as markers of the graves. The iron crosses were put largely on the graves that had remained unmarked of early troopers or pioneers or just people who died very early on in the country to ensure that they had a marked grave. One must remember and bear in mind, as one goes around the cemetery, that a lot of the early arrivals in the country were seeking fortune and new life and great excitement. Very often, all too soon, they died and these crosses were put up after the first World War with funds donated by subscription to the Loyal Womens' Guild. And a lot of them have in fact not lasted very well. There is very bad rust and other problems and plaques have fallen off, but I expect their hope was that the graves would be marked as an interim measure and perhaps someday someone would put a tombstone for them there. Of course, you have to remember that many of the families of these generally very young men and women never saw their graves and were not to hear of them again.

Later arrivals in the country included Messrs Abbot, Grey and Gripper who became variously the monumental masons and as you go about the cemetery you will see, quite frequently, rocks that have literally come from a farm or somebody's garden that have an inscription on them. This was a particular predilection of Abbot who had the firm of Abbot Stone later on. He often encouraged a farmer or somebody who had land out of town, if they had a nice rock, to give it to him. He would shear off one face and put an inscription on it. And, in fact, a couple of those rocks have been turned into maize grinders for traditional maize and are now tombstone-cum-birdbaths, which you will see as you go round the cemetery. I think that's rather nice.

About the people who are buried here — it is very important to note that out of the first sixty burials here, thirty eight died of enteric and blackwater. Reading through the very good ledgers that they have here in the cemetery office, all written in beautiful period copper-plate, the average age of death was twenty five and the causes of death with today's medical facilities seem so unnecessary. But of course, we have to understand how far science has come. Enteric, blackwater, childbirth, peritoneal bleeding, and there is one metal cross over there in the pioneer section that refers to one, Reginald Evans, who died, it says, of sunstroke.

The cemetery did not have an official curator or administrator until 1899. Alexander Stanford, the first burial, is actually in a grave that is now number forty three. He's not in grave number one as you would expect. But there is, starting with that obelisk there behind you, what is known as Pioneer Row and that is, in fact, grave number one. That whole row there is known as Pioneer Row because the criterion was you must be a pioneer to be buried there. In fact a lot of the burials in that row and the row behind it took place in much, much later years. Arnold Edmunds, who I will talk about, is in the third row, a pioneer who didn't get buried there until the late 1940s.

We are surrounding a vault here which contains, and this is what it says in the ledger, very blankly, 'seventy galvanised iron drums of unidentified human remains of the '96 Rebellion'. Other notable people of the '96 Rebellion were generally buried where they fell. The famous members of the Mazoe Patrol who were killed on it are largely out at Mazoe. The Norton family are buried on Porter farm where they were massacred. But these unidentified remains were buried here. And in front of them here there is a mass grave which contains the bodies of Troopers Collenden, Finucane, Bray, Botha and Powell who were able to be identified, but had been so badly mutilated that their remains all had to be put together. It is an important memorial and I am glad that we are here today, just literally after the centenary of this happening.

On Pioneer Row, I am going to talk about thirteen people who are buried in it, all at different times. The big obelisk there is for Robert Beale who was the manager of the Railways. Next to him, Harry Saunderson the proprietor of the Commercial Hotel when it began — it later became the Grand Hotel. His wife is buried with him; she was affectionately known as 'Mrs Sandy'. They had a very famous bar which was slightly subterranean and had an earth floor which was known as 'The Rat Pit'. Next to them is Harvey Brown. His occupation at his death in 1918 is referred to solely as a Wood Merchant. After his public and other activities, he spent the rest of his time farming wood, largely for mining, commercial and domestic purposes, and was one of the first people to see the facility for importing coal from the newly opened Wankie Collieries to be used in domestic fires. Down from him, Mad Jack Flint who was of the police. There is a very famous picture of him with an African askari holding up a handkerchief and he's slicing it through with a sword to show his prowess. He had worked in India before coming to this country and had, of course, had much to do with riding on camels. Because of the continuous and difficult problems with horse sickness, he suggested to the BSA Company that they might like to try camels and set about bringing them in. It was a complete and utter disaster in the end and they just recorded in the Town Council, 'It is evident that Rhodesia is not a desert,' because the camels did not survive. Along from him is Sidney Arnott, who was a farmer farming out towards the Stapleford District. When the Government, prior to 1923, promulgated an Ordinance which levied a tax on farm labour, he contested it with two friends — a very public case. Along from Sidney Arnott is James Kennedy who became the Master of the High Court. Then there is H. F. Biller, who was a pioneer, a jeweller and a very, very artistic gentleman. When the Relief of Mafeking came, he was commissioned by Lady Milton, wife of the Administrator of that time, to paint large canvasses with pictures of Queen Victoria on, to be put up, almost like a billboard, in Cecil Square as part of the celebrations. A little way along from them, Skipper Host; many of you will know his

association with the kopje here, and there is also a Skipper Host Drive which takes you to it. And at the very end of the row, a pioneer who died later on, who was called A. C. Pyke, with a 'Y', who became the first curator of the Mazoe Dam.

Beyond that row and up toward Mazorodze Road is what is known as the Pioneer Section, but it is just in fact the earliest section of burial in the cemetery. And as I said, apart from the seemingly easily treatable illnesses that so many of these people died from, I was greatly saddened, on reading the records, by the vast number of very young people who took their lives, or who died as destitutes and vagrants. Their participation in the gold rush to the north from South Africa and the hope of great things often ended in terrible disappointment, and there were a large number who were just written down: Cause of death — destitute or vagrant, and they would have in fact died of malnutrition.

Mother Patrick, with considerable foresight, had a room built in her hospital that was effectively a padded cell; it didn't have padded walls, but it was closed, where a lot of the rough and ready characters of the day could be put until they had recovered from their alcoholic delirium. And, one such man who she treated regularly was a character known as Rory of the Hills. His real name was Michael McAdam, an Irishman and a prospector, always trying to get sponsorship to go into the countryside and grubstake another claim, and he never really made it. But he would come back to town with a little bit of gold he had found or hope of another sponsorship, and if he got a little bit of money he would spend it largely on drink and get roaring drunk and then go to Mother Patrick's hospital. They allegedly became very familiar with one another and she would expect him to return after he went out on a grubstake, 'Ah, it would be three weeks until the poor young man comes back again.' She knew he'd be there. He is buried in an unmarked grave here and he did die of vagrancy in the end. On Wednesday, this coming week, the 31 July, it will be the 97th anniversary of the death of Mother Patrick, and Rory of the Hills is recorded as having attended her funeral and tramped through the dust with other friends and colleagues, including a little man who was as tall as he was broad, known as the Irish Giant. Surprisingly, although Rory looked like a ruffian, he had produced a pair of spats — nobody quite knew where he had got them from — to look smart for Mother Patrick's funeral.

It is very important for us to remember that Mother Patrick did tremendous work in the foundation of health care and services in this country, and that when she died, also of combined influenza and enteric, she was actually only in her thirty sixth year! And she had done all of this. She was also, in the things that she did, tremendously worldly wise. She came from a very large Irish family and I conclude that her worldly wise knowledge came from having so many brothers and sisters who perhaps weren't quite as good as she was. Her padded cell, her ability to deal with drunks, her ability to deal with families, her ability to deal with pregnancies — there isn't anything prudish about her, just kindliness, and her death was a very great loss. Apart from Rory of the Hills, the whole town is recorded as having attended her funeral that day. I'd like you to think about what the weather would have been like. There are innumerable references in the notes to the dust and the untarred roads and, as you can see how dry it was, if it was like this, at least they wouldn't have needed umbrellas or anything, but they did tramp through the dust all the way from town and you must also think about the great

distance. You are thinking about walking behind Mother Patrick's coffin from where the Catholic Cathedral is now to here. It is a long way and on days when colleagues complain to me that it is very hot and they have had a lot to do, I remind them that Walter Mashford and D. J. Morgan knew how many steps it was from any church in the town to the Pioneer Cemetery because they walked in front of their carts and hearses. I am always reminding them that driving in an automatic, air-conditioned Mercedes-Benz hearse can't be so bad.

Mother Patrick shares her section there with ninety eight Dominican Sisters. And only a scattering of priests, a very small scattering of priests because once Chishawasha was founded and the cemetery, a lot of priests who died in the country were buried out there. Try as I could, I can find very little reference to burial of clergy in this cemetery and I think that that reflects the fact that so many of the clergy of whatever denomination, came to the country to represent their church and then, having done their work, went back to their countries again, and, unless they died in an accident or of a sudden illness, they weren't here when they died. In the very early period they would have been buried where they fell. Famous people like Archdeacon Utch and Bishop Bevan, the later people, Paget, Chichester, Kennedy-Grant were either variously cremated or buried elsewhere. But not far from Mother Patrick is a very formidable teaching nun, Mother Bertranda and there are some here who I know were taught by her in the Salisbury Convent between the 1920s and the 1940s A very, very formidable woman who really knew how to drum knowledge into kids. She's buried there and not far from that is a little memorial to Father le Boeuf, who was a Catholic priest who had, prior to taking his Orders, trained as an architect and is responsible for a lot of architecture in the town that involved the Catholic Church, including the Catholic cathedral as we know it on Fourth Street today. And not far from them, a pioneer farmer called De Noon. He was more of the early settler period. The Sisters in the convent bugged him for the finest piece of his farm which was out towards Avondale and that, you know, he would be granted a place in heaven for all time by giving the pinnacle of his hill which he was coerced into doing. That is the land where the Emerald Hill Childrens' Orphanage is now and De Noon Road in his memory goes by. But there aren't any other major clerics. Some of you will know the Anglican Cathedral cloisters where there is something known as the Priests' Chapel where a lot of priests in this country have memorials or their cremated remains were buried.

Now I'm going to take you through a series of sections where I am going to talk about people associated with a variety of aspects of the development of this town and I have chosen those who I think are the most interesting. With twenty thousand, two hundred and fifty graves here, I just had to keep it condensed.

There are five of the earliest mayors of Salisbury buried here and they are Messrs Bates, Cleveland, van Praagh, Ross and Deary. They are all buried here, and they were all friends, and like so many early people nearly all of them had a commercial interest. Deary owned a shop, van Praagh, despite his Dutch sounding name was, in fact, Jewish, and was the secretary of the Manicaland Trading Company. He was also the first secretary of the Jewish Burial Society, and over here to my left, is the large early Jewish cemetery, where everybody has a stone and where the Jewish people always include, and I think it is a tremendous touch, 'Mourned by his sorrowing wife,

children, family AND his or her circle of friends.' Friends are always included, and it is amazing how friends are not included on other people's tombstones, and we often say we choose our friends and not our families — is that why? Buried with them was one of the first J. P's, J. J. Rosen, father of Kit Rosen, who many of you will remember as the surgeon who is buried at Warren Hills, not here. Sir Thomas Scanlan is buried here with his wife — they share a grave. He acted as administrator on a couple of occasions for the Company when Sir William Milton and his wife had to keep coming and going from England. They were involved, the Miltons, in a very early car accident which damaged both of them, probably giving injuries that would be easily repairable today, but they left their post periodically to go to England for treatment, particularly Lady Milton and so Sir Thomas Scanlan acted as administrator in his absence, and he is buried with his wife. She was an excellent shot and chairlady of the Mashonaland Rifle Club at an early stage and encouraged women to be good with guns.

In the legal area, buried in the cemetery are Messrs Holderness, W. S. Honey, the Blankenburg brothers, Winterton and Judge Watermeyer. The Blankenburg brothers became better known for their prowess on the cricket pitch, and they were the joint winners of the first cricket match played at the Alexandra Sports Club in 1903.

The country could not have been developed and opened up without the help of what was known as The Native Department and the Native Commissioners, and there are nine in this cemetery who became Native Commissioners who were also members of the 1890 Pioneer Column. And they are Messrs Armstrong, Brabant, Campbell, Drew, Furnstall, Gielgud, Linguard, Nesbitt and Wheal. And there are other Native Commissioners who were buried very much later, the brothers S. N. G. and H. M. G. Jackson who carried on for many, many years and their friend H. J. Morris, E. G. Howman, A. W. Redfern and the Chief Native Commissioner, Charles Bullock, who had the street named after him. Not far away from them is a Mr Nevit who, I feel, deserves mention. He was born on the day that Cecil Rhodes died, so his christian names are Cecil John Nevit and he was Government chauffeur for many, many years, right up to the end of the Federal times and drove the Governors around, and if you think about it, given the security that is attached to top Government people today, he certainly had an important job. What I don't think he learned when he was driving his car was the speed of his successors.

In the Police Force the first Commissioner, William Bodle, is buried here, and also Colonel Chester Master who became the resident Commissioner and was very musical. He was in charge of the band for a time and, with his wife, gave tremendous musical entertainment at home in the evenings and were well known for that. And there are two other police Commissioners buried here, Dakin and Capell, from a later period. Capell had a daughter called Joan who many of you will remember as Joan Evans, the artist, whose landscapes of this country were often reproduced as Christmas cards and stamps.

In the health sector, apart from Mother Patrick and her Sisters, there are the ashes of Doctor Andrew Fleming, put into his wife's grave — Fleming and Hick being Mother Patrick's advisors and Andrew Fleming being the Medical Director. Fleming returned to Britain where he later died and they sent his ashes back to be buried here. And his matron, Georgina Ronaldson, is buried not far from them along with a later, very

fearsome lady, called Matron Adlam. Two graves not far from Andrew Fleming refer to a Miss Dolby and a Miss Stokes, who he arranged to come to this country basically to supervise the very early instruction in health care and welfare. Miss Stokes did very well at this, particularly in child care and welfare and it was a great sadness and loss that, by grinding herself to a halt, her resistance became so low that she succumbed to the Spanish 'flu` epidemic and died in 1918. Doctors Ross and Manson who were the early pioneers of malaria treatment are both buried here. They wrote lots of early articles and got their store-keeping associates and later the mayors, Deary and van Praagh & Co., to start stocking mosquito nets which they thought would be a help. There were also two doctors, remembered perhaps by some of you who have been here for a long time, who took care of the school children in the boarding schools, Doctors Howorth and Appleyard. And Appleyard became quite a dash because he bought one of the first newly imported Rex motorcycles on which to go about his rounds, and I think he spent a lot of time being late for where he was going or hitching rides and parking the bike on the corner of the road. And there is also the early Blair of the Blair Research Laboratory. After Mother Patrick had died, Fleming set about finding land for a new hospital — the site in Fourth Street by the Convent being deemed too small. He had tremendous assistance from a bright new young spark who had come to join him, called Godfrey Huggins, who made the Council give up a bit of what was the commonage land to the north of North Avenue, which is now the Parirenyatwa complex and where the Salisbury Central Hospital was built, with a lot of advice from Doctors Fleming and Huggins in 1914. It is still there exactly as it was, now being used as a convalescent centre for the Parirenyatwa Hospital and kept in very good condition. The Blair Research Laboratory was known as the Pasteur Institute. They were very worried about moving the hospital there in case the microbes were able to walk, because, prior to that, the Pasteur Institute and the microbes were far enough away from where anybody lived. Huggins was to die very much later, after his illustrious political career as well, and he was cremated. There is also Doctor Martin who was in charge of the medical directorate in the 1930s and he was instrumental in the setting up of African welfare clinics in the rural areas. Not far from him is C. E. Grey, who was the chief veterinary surgeon and he set out about the first requirements, and got the first legislation about cattle dipping passed. Not far from him is a lady called Catherine Grey and I include her in health, because I think that she rendered a tremendous service to the city for years and years. She was a qualified nursing sister who found that government pay and all the rest of it wasn't any good. She was widowed early and had to keep supporting herself and so she set herself up as a private abortionist. And in the days of unavailability of good or secure contraceptive measures, she was greatly in demand and generally buried the foetus in the garden where she had delivered it. And, of course, I think the fear that someone may yet need her meant that no-one ever actually split on her and she eventually retired to a very wealthy old age having done terribly well. I don't know whether the Pro-Life Society would like to burn a stake over her grave or not, but she is there. She travelled around the town by bicycle and was very, very discreet and I suppose, if an abortion was to be done she knew how to do it properly and cleanly and avoid septicaemia and other attendant problems.

In education there are surprisingly few who are buried here. Again this reflects the

system, that of people on contract who came and went. Mother Bertranda is here, but also Dougal Blue, who became the Headmaster of the non-denominational school, and everything I have read about him confirms my fear that I would not have liked to have been taught by him. He was a pugnacious Scottish man, very much into corporal punishment, but he did well. And there are also the three Boditch sisters who are here. They set up in a house together — there were three of them, two as teachers, one who kept house for them, and gave it the very grand name, in Fife Avenue, of Cherwell College. It was the first independent school outside of Government administration.

In early agriculture, over there in the Pioneer Row, is Arnold Edmunds who had his farm at Glen Lorne, which he left temporarily at one point to go and develop a big cattle ranch at the Umvukwes called the Lone Cow. He later on became the chairman of the Agricultural Society, which is now The Show Society. His grave and his wife's, which I can see, to the right of the obelisk, is made out of rocks from his farm at Glen Lorne where his descendants still reside in his house, and where there is still the tree where he undid his horse to ride into town upon hearing about the '96 Rebellion. His friend Cecil Shaw, who was also farming and had the farm Helensvale, named after his wife Helen, is buried there, but he is alone. His wife Helen became the tennis champion of the town in 1911 and won prize after prize, and she was very beautiful and very much fancied by men all over the place. But she had been away and she came back and discovered, as have so many ladies, a note in one of his pockets from a lady that had come in a dance troupe here, thanking him basically for taking her out for an evening. And divorce proceedings ensued and that led to the end of Helensvale, but it was a very public early divorce in the country.

Joseph Orpen is here. He was the first Surveyor General and wore two hats because he became the head of Agriculture for the country and set up the first cattle census in 1903. His daughter was to be engaged to one of the Holland family and at their home at the corner of Montagu Avenue and Blakiston Street the young gentleman brought a jacaranda tree which was planted there in 1900. It is a great sadness to me that it fell down from erosion and other problems about eighteen months ago. But that original jacaranda tree was still there until then. Dr. Skitchley, who was a doctor of Agronomy is buried here. He arrived from Fiji, where he had grown up with a colonial childhood. The original pioneer of tobacco in this country, he brought with him the design for tobacco-curing barns.

Later on, by the time we get to the 1950s, there is a character buried there. She was a lady who had arrived with a dance troupe before the turn of the century and was known about the place as 'French Marie'. She liked the country and she became one of the most formidable cattle dealers, mostly in the Chinhoyi District, and some of you will have met her. A tremendous character whose past was always a little bit in dispute, but she certainly knew about cattle.

In, Architecture and Building, I have already mentioned C. H. Edmondson who was doing some undertaking, but was also doing all his joinery and building. He is mentioned in Peter Jackson's book about historic buildings of Harare. But another mayor, who is here, was John Pascoe, who deserves an important mention. He had been saved by the Salvation Army in England and had come to do work for them first in the Cape and then here, following the column in 1891. He was already a trained

bricklayer before he came, his arrival coinciding with the lifting of the ban on women into the country and, of course, realising that women didn't want to put up with pole and daga accommodation for too long, he saw that his abilities as a bricklayer and a builder would be in good demand so he set about starting a building business. In the year that he became mayor, there was the visit of Lord and Lady Selbourne to the country and, because the place was still very new, there was always a bit of worry about what to do with dignitaries when they came. So they decided they would bring Lady Selbourne here to this vault and, as she approached it, two children solemnly walked backwards in front of her strewing petals all over the ground. She planted a fig tree here which unfortunately didn't survive and was replaced by these ones.

Posselt and Coull, two members of the building and contracting company, are buried here. A large number of the buildings put up in the post First World War period and pre Second World War period were built by them. On the far side of this cemetery is a woman who I think is probably one of my favourite people buried in this cemetery, Elizabeth Stotter. She came to this country just before the First World War, an illiterate, vegetable barrow vendor from the east end of London with a very strong accent to match. She came here with her husband who clearly was a less strong character than she and set up a brickworks at Hillside. And still today, in buildings around the town, you can see her trade mark, 'E. S.', her initials in bricks on the base of buildings. She did tremendously well, had tremendous business acumen, and at the time of her death, which was in the 1940s, she was involved in the exploitation of the newly discovered asbestos reefs at Shabani. She made a vast sum of money, but never learned to read. A biography was published some years ago by a woman called Daphne Anderson about growing up as a very poor European child in this country after the First World War, and she and her sisters end up boarding with their Aunty Betty, who really sort of boots them around. The biography is called 'The Toe Rags', which was Aunty Betty's name for them, and Aunty Betty is Elizabeth Stotter. You can read a lot about her in that book.

In Mining and Industry there is the grave of Sir Ernest Montagu who was the Secretary of Mines. Montagu Avenue was named after him at a later date, having originally been Cape Avenue. He is buried there with his wife and he died, in the early 1950s. His home is now part of the accommodation for the nuns of St Michael's Preparatory School. Not far from him are two engineers, the one well known to many of you, Walter Craster, who set up Craster's Engineering Company and had the enviable ability to make something out of nothing every time somebody brought in a piece of equipment, whether it be light or heavy engineering. Walter Craster is buried here, but he deserves extra mention because as a sideline, when walking became difficult, he set up Salisbury Rickshaw Company which carried on for a long time. There must be some of you who remember going in a rickshaw. I have a very ancient great-aunt who is nearly ninety seven and is apt, sometimes, to get a little confused. One night I was hurrying her along and it was delightful that in her confusion she said to me, 'Well, if you're in such a hurry, why don't you send for a rickshaw?' Which shows that she would have used such transportation frequently at that time. Walter Craster was also a very fine marksman who regularly, towards the end of his life, went to England annually to take part in Bisley. And not far from him is Bertram Collings who was an

early mining engineer here, who also managed to make a lot of money, built a very fine villa still standing at the corner of what was North Avenue and Moffat Street, now Tongogara and Takawira Avenue, incorporated into a block of flats. And in retirement with his wife and daughter, they pursued their interest in amateur theatricals and plays. The Society of REPS Theatre began in their drawing room there in North Avenue. And not far from them, is a very important person, the Gunsmith, Leslie Faraday. His shop of camping equipment and guns is still there on what was Manica Road.

And now, I am just going to finish off with some of the people of commerce, and entertainment who were around. First the shopkeepers — so many of the City Dads started off having a shop and then moved on to greater things. At the end of this row here are two very fine, big, black marble obelisks, and they are for Stewart Meikle and his wife. He was the only Meikle brother to be buried in this town as his brothers were buried in Bulawayo. He, of course, was here, supervising the Mashonaland part of the Meikle Empire and when he died rather suddenly in 1912, the blueprints of his great project of the time were on the table — the Meikles Hotel. Sadly he did not see it constructed, but he saw the plans. Some of the Bain Brothers are here. They were the first cycle merchants, who moved on to greater things in the form of the Sports Equipment Store. W. H. Adam and Store Brothers are all here and there is an enormous white marble family plot for all the Maltas Brothers. Although I am young, I am just old enough to remember Maltas Brothers' home delivery on Fridays, which included fish if you were a Catholic family.

I said at the beginning that the three rows there were reserved for pioneers and they were filled up in the course of time, and other people who were pioneers didn't get the chance to be buried in those rows. Somebody who is a long way away is John Strachan, the pioneer Dentist and Chemist who lived until he was in his ninety fourth year. He didn't die until the early 1950s so he ended up being a long way away from his pioneer colleagues. The Brothers Pichanick — and some can still remember the foul smell of their castor oil plant, grinding down the beans for oil — are buried here, as is Charles Samuels, who became the Chairman and administrator of the Castle Breweries. Just think about his development of beer in this country, and what it has led to. H. M. Barbour is here with his wife, as are the two early jewellers, Kirshbaum and Marsten, who followed Frank Biller, the one I talked about who could paint. Kirshbaum ended up having a shop in N.E.M. House on First Street with a very fine clock that hangs over First Street there, which still works from time to time.

The Irvine Brothers started the Irvine Brother's Grocery, home delivery from their shop in Second Street where The Herald is now, and gave us the Irvine's Day Old Chicks Company. Irvine was able to interpret Salisbury housewives' shopping lists — 'A nice piece of cheese; four firm tomatoes and a good bit of soup meat. On account!' The houseworker would be standing there to hand that order in and take it back and they saw to it. Adler Hope Carson is here. She was known in the early period as 'The Nightingale of Rhodesia', because she reckoned she had a mighty fine voice, and loved to sing at charity concerts and things like that, which were often put on in the Drill Hall. Of course, later on, as the Press developed, people started to do reviews and crits, and after a time, shock and horror, she got a bad review. She was so incensed about it, that she put a letter in The Herald saying that in future she forbade any reviews

of her singing. And it didn't stop her carrying on and singing — that's what I consider pampering your confidence.

And now finally, someone who I think also has great appeal for me because he didn't do everything by the book, is Pat Finerin, who was the landlord of the Ardbennie Hotel and who spent a great deal of his time being very, very nice. Being Irish, he was also a Catholic. He went to the Convent with gifts of fruit and flowers for the nuns, and cakes for the children — anything to keep himself above board in the public eye, while back at Ardbennie, it was always alleged, you could get a lady of any colour and any shape at any time of the day and night, and he made sure that that was provided. If he lived in this day and age, he would have discovered that the consequences of that would be the much bigger cemeteries we have today.

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Two Letters Concerning the Gazaland Treks

When re-arranging his Rhodesiana book collection recently, Tim Tanser came upon the originals of the following two letters which were within the pages of S. P. Olivier's 1943 book *Die Pioniertrekke na Gazaland* which was subsequently translated into English and republished in 1957 as *Many Treks Made Rhodesia.*

The author of the first letter was Mrs M. M. Moolman, whose granddaughter, Marie de Bruijn, wrote the introduction to the letter which follows.

The author of the second letter is not known, although he tells us that his nickname was 'Englesman' whom we know was a member of the Martin trek which left Fouriesburg in the Orange Free State on 19 April 1894 and arrived in Gazaland on 10 October 1894. Although the author is not known, the second letter gives a fascinating insight into the daily activities of the trekkers and their families. It tells of the simple games and toys that brought joy to the children; the pranks and punishments; their faith in God; the hardships and the joys and the construction of a simple memorial on their arrival at 'the promised land'.

If any reader is able to shed light on the identity of 'Englesman' we would publish such information in a subsequent volume.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE FIRST LETTER

Maria Magdalena Moolman was the third child of Thomas Ignatius Ferreira. She was born on 6 June 1880 in the Cradock District of the Cape Colony and came to Gazaland with her parents and the Henry-Steyn Trek in 1895.

J. G. F. Steyn, co-leader of the Trek, was her uncle. In 1896 she married Jurie Johannes Moolman, a member of the 1893 Moolman-Webster Trek.

Maria and her husband farmed in the Melsetter area for a while and later in Chipinge. Her husband did transport riding from Chipinge to Chimoio and back to earn money for the necessary groceries and clothing. At these times Maria and her small children were often left alone on the farm for a month. She did a lot of sewing for others in these early days and assisted with the sick. Maria kept her eight children clothed with the help of the old Jones hand machine. She made hats from the leaves of the wild 'Lala' palm and, in a joint effort with her husband, shoes were crafted from duiker and oribi skins. Maria stitched patterns on the different pieces and Jurie would then place them on the lasts.

When her husband's health deteriorated they gave up the farm and moved to Chipinge. Jurie died in 1940 and Maria stayed on at her home until she was 85. She then lived with her eldest daughter and her husband in Marondera for a number of years. When her daughter died, Maria moved to Harare where her second youngest daughter and husband looked after her until she died peacefully on 2 June 1981 — four days prior to her 101st birthday. At her request she was buried in Chipinge.

LETTER DATED 25 JUNE 1947
FROM MRS MARIA MAGADALENA MOOLMAN TO MRS SMITH

I received your letter in which you asked about the 'trek'. Mr Hans Heyns will be able to tell you about the Martin Trek.

I cannot tell you much about the Moodie trek as he (Mr Moodie) was dead when we arrived here.

My father was Thomas Ferreira and he came with the Henry Steyn trek. He went from Tarkastad and met Mr Steyn at Palmietfontein, Kronstad, O.F.S. and the trek started from there with 105 people. Small and large.

There was no marriage during the trek but we had one death namely that of Willem Steyn who contracted malaria and died at the Crocodile River.

Two babies were born, one at Moodies Pass.

We did not travel on Sundays as that was the day to work for the Lord. Each man took it in turn to hold service on the different Sunday at 11 o'clock. In the afternoons my father held Sunday School. We sang Psalms, Gesange, and 'Hallelujah' songs.

We played many different kinds of games and when we were spending a few days in one place, the young men hoed the ground level and spread a buck sail open. On either side of the sail a wagon was placed and the musicians sat on the wagon. Organ, violin, concertina, mouth organ, trumpet and then we danced that the 'sweat rolled off us'.

On the other side of Fort Victoria some young men, working on a mine met us with a cart and 6 horses and we spent the day there. We did 'Tiekie draai' and sang all kinds of worldly songs. And then we got the opportunity to 'court' (op sit). We used to sit near (against) the wagon wheel on a box, for hours and talk.

I, myself, had a lot of pleasures. The young men used to take me out riding with them as I was the only one of the 5 big girls who could ride.

Where there young crowd gathered, all kinds of sport took place. Tortoise pulling — jumping — five stones.

Oh! something we used to speak about a lot! We were afraid that our girls would never be able to marry in the wilderness, but it proved to be otherwise. Before I arrived at my destination I met a handsome young man and it was not long before we were married. We had some very hard times because we had to do all our own work, clean pots, make fire, stamp mealies, wash and iron and make all my husband's clothes by machine. Our bread and cake was baked in a flat pot.

My father was a very happy jolly man and was always very willing to tell jokes to the young people.

When we reached Fort Tuli we wept bitterly as the world looked so dreary and we begged to return. We were far from our relatives but when daylight appeared we felt better.

I hope you will find something that will be of use. I can tell you lots more.

M. M. Moolman

Oh I have just remembered the youths had to milk the cows every morning and then tie the calves to the spokes of the wagon wheel. One morning there was one young girl present and when the youth wanted to tie the calf fast she gave him her leg and the

youth tied the calf to her leg. The calf jumped about from fright and pulled her off the wagon and ran away with her. You should have seen the boys running to loosen her before the older people could see the performance, otherwise there would have been trouble.

Well I think that is enough.

M.M.

LETTER WRITTEN BY AN UNKNOWN MEMBER OF THE MARTIN'S TREK FROM NEAR BASUTULAND TO GAZALAND

A few happenings which I remember as a child

It was a lot to do to get ready for the Trek with ox wagon. I remember more than one partings with friends and relations, tears was seen in mothers and aunts eyes, fathers and uncles faces where strain warnings from those who stayed (they would say) 'You are going to a very wild land full of lions and other wild animals you may not know, and Wild K . . . but may the Lord of all things be with you'.

An appointed date was given to every family trekker to be at a central, ready with loaded wagons, spans (teams) of 14 or 16 oxen to each wagon. Room was left in the half tent on the back of the wagon for bedding, mother and children, the men was driving the teams, the bigger sons was leaders or had to drive the loose cattle, and horses. Some men had no family and was helping as drivers, or with driving loose stock. Well provided of all wants the Trekkers set forth, soon after a 'Been Komote' (counsel) with prayer and song. (gesang)

But oh! my little grey kitten was left and what a disappointment it was to me, for days after, however, father told me that my kitten was left with Aunt Zenia, and that I am now a big man because I still have Bessie my horse — father had 8 horses, 20 loose cattle besides the Team of 14 and a crate of fowls was under the wagon, and one dog (...bart). Oom Hans had a dog (Rubie) Oom George (Soree) had a dog (Tobie) Oom Matthews had a dog named Rover, oom Pieter had a dog named Wisper, Oom Edward had a dog named Wagter.

These are the dogs I remember best because there was dog fights and the youngsters would almost help his family dog to get the best of the fight.

Oom Edward use to make boots for the children and should one of the youngsters get a new pair, the others will look at him with long eyes, longing also to have a pair, but that died away as after a while there was no tanned leather for shoes till we got home to Gazaland then had to make them ourselves. I was 10 years when I made my first pair, and had 5 months of bare foot in thorns after stock.

The start of the trek went well. I remember that I saw the first train in Pretoria when we passed through, there was only a small number of buildings. However, the train came in and went out, and it was something great to see.

Oom Frikkis Van Eeden was appointed to give the signal for in-span. Mr M. J. Martin (leader of the trek) would go ahead of the wagons on horseback, with one or two of the other men to select the next place to outspan, so as to be near water. Should the distance be long, the Trek have to move extra, to get a suitable standing place the

next day. No wagons was inspanned on Sundays, they had service and prayers on Sundays, which was had by Mr Martin. I loved Mr Martin (Oom Martins) and I think every child of the trek love him with great respect. He was willing to speak to every child and so kind and beloved was Tante Betta, later called 'Ooma Martin'. As far as I can remember all the mothers of the Trek was kind; on my remembrance or memento, I can still see every one of them, although they are long at rest.

Sports and games in the Trek

Yes they did have some, but very near Bakkies draai, Zam-ban-ba, swart-skaap, Jan piriwiet, Wolfen skaap, Blen spring, Branddoet, en Blinddoek, and other young men will sometimes go in for heavier events, should they not be too tired, Gewag-gooi, Paal gooi, Jaksei gooi, Hotnot slaam, Sweep slaam, and so on. (Please do not ask me to do any now). But it must be remembered that there was very little time for sports, as there was no native labour, and there was lots to do for everyone, even the very young had to do their part. Just think of a youngster 6 or 7 years to be the leader of a team of big oxen or to herd them in the veld so that they do not stray, each one or two span had to be lured apart from the other.

Men's work

Wagons had to be greased, men's work, straps and riems be repaired, transliemo replaced, Buka blocks replaced, as the old ones are worn out, for this a suitable kind of tree that are not too hard in grain, must be hunted for in Bush or where to be found, whips and whip sticks has to be in order. Sometimes a Desselboom, or Pangwa will be broken which has to be replaced. Yokskeys and yokes to be made, wood gathered for fire as oven made, and lots more.

Mothers and big sisters, have to see to the cooking of food, bake bread, wash the babies, feed them, and nurse them. My elder sister had to nurse my baby brother, and many times he was tied with a cloth on her back, to free her hands to do other work, the same with other elder sisters. (No there was not, or very little spare time for sports or games, except the very important game, called Duty, which performance was sportingly.)

Now the following will be about an elderly man and a boy of about 7 years — Oom Jan Roos (the elderly man) Soppie (the youngster). Oom Jan Roos had no family with the Trek, he was helping Oom Pieter (Mr P. S. Martins), thus he had to drive, and herd the oxen where outspanned, also other work. Oom Jan liked children, therefore was a great help to Soppie. When in the bush veld after the oxen, Oom Jan will rest and smoke his pipe. Soppie had to herd fathers oxen. Now Oom Jan, for company made a reed pipe for Soppie. When Oom Jan smoke tobacco, Soppie will take dry leaves to smoke, and think himself as important as Oom Jan. But they had no matches, how did they light their pipes?

I will tell you, many a one does not know. They did it with what was called a 'Tonteldoos en vuuslag' I will try to explain. It is a brass tube 6" long and 1¼" in diameter, this was filled with old bits of dry rotten wood or . . . It has a loose cover on both ends, thats the 'Tonteldoos', then an oval shaped iron or steel ring big enough to put four fingers through, with a sharp outer edge, and a piece of white stone (vuur

Klip) that is the 'vuurslag'. Now to make fire, you hold the tube one open end, with the white stone in one hand very firmly, so that the white stone is just about the open end of the tube near in contact with the dry old wood (like sawdust) then you hit across the stone with the iron ring it bring sparks out of the stone which lights the old wood. Then they soon have fire to light their pipes.

Yes — the Trekkers did have matches when they started, but after a few months on the Trek their supply was finished, and they had to fall back to the old Tonteldoos en Vuurslag for fire.

One day Soppie and Oom Jan smoked and rested too long, so the two span of oxen got lost and they had to walk many miles before they found the oxen. The sun was down and it turned dark. Only with star lights they had to find their way to the wagons. Although Oom Jan had his Martin Henry over his shoulders, Soppie had no weapon, except his little whip and reed pipe. The two wanderers, with the oxen came to a halt, to make sure of their surrounding. Oom Jan started off in a direction which Soppie told him was wrong, (ag je is n'kind wat weet je) said Oom Jan (nee, Oom Jan, ons gaan verkeerd) from Soppie. After going for miles, quietly, (ons is now verdwaal) from oom Jan, (ja ek het mos vir oom gese) from Soppie and, with great struggle and trouble to turn all the oxen, Soppie pointed the direction to go. It was towards the morning hours when they heard a cock-crow, which brought them to the wagons. Oom Jan and Soppie had many other occurrences.

I forgot to state that Oom Frikkie gave signal for inspan with a Bugle. It was kept in the 'voorkis' the front wagon box. I often got it out and tried to blow it. The Bugle was also used should any one get lost, and I think it has helped in many cases, unless one is too far, which did happen to Mr Hardy who was lost for three days. Only by the smoke of the fire that Oom Frikkie made on a koppie, was seen by Mr Hardy late the afternoon of the third day since his disappearance and he kept walking in that direction. About 3 o'clock in the morning of the fourth day, he said he heard a cock crow. When about daybreak Oom Frikkie and my father saw him struggle up to the wagons, he was without food or water all the time, and was totally gone in. When it was heard that Mr Hardy has arrived many mothers brought food and want him just to eat and drink, but my father stopped them and just gave him little bits at a time. I think it was near this side of the 'Lampop' (Krokedal rivier).

Another man got astray on our trek, for two days, but he did not suffer through hunger. It was a young man who was driving one of Oom Martinus's wagons. I do not remember the cause, but Jubert was accuse of something very wrong, of which he was innocent and Oom Martinus was to give him a thrashing. Jubert has a good friend who gave him the advice to disappear, which he did till it was found out that he was innocent, his good friend gave him water and food every night. The guilty person received a double thrashing with the strap.

Lastly a child got lost one evening. I think he was about 4 or 5 years old. Oh! it was a real palarvalaba or lawaai, when little Freddie got lost and could not be found. His poor mother could only think that a lion or something had taken him. I think they found him late that evening after he awoke from his sleep in the sand where the children had been playing that afternoon.

I could tell quite a few scandals about myself, but it may not fit in properly. In the

wagon tent on the side was a strong linen bag made with small divisions for bottles of medicine. One day all was very quiet. Mother and sister gone to the river to do some washing. The only one near our wagon was Oom Frikkie who was making a whip. When I thought I had a sore in my hand to doctor, and getting a small bottle out of the wagon tents bag, took out the cork and pour most of the contents into my hand, pretended to be sore, it stained my hand all red like blood it smelled very strong, I think it was 'Rooi Laavendel' a Dutch medicine. Oom Frikkie caught me in the act and I can assure you that his old hat was full of quasi, but I had to stand all the blows of it. My, it knocked me to the ground and all over the place. Never had I another pretended sore to doctor.

The Vaal river we crossed over by pontoon, half of the team of oxen will be taken over first, then the wagon with the remaining oxen. I remember I was standing at the rear wheel of our wagon, and watching 'Slabut' our dog swimming along side of the pontoon as it drifted across. The Crocodile river was close by a drift through the waters, and many mistakes were made, as the water was deep and strong, but the trek got through, after across the Sabi river at the old drift, later called Moodies drift, the trekkers began to think that they are in Gazaland and near their destination. They crossed the Tanganda river and meet with the 'Drie-Spansberg' it took three span of oxen to take one wagon up that hill. Late in the evening, nearly midnight all the wagons arrive at the first level place where they could outspan and halt for the rest of the night. From then, the trek had to go through the 'Tol' the following day, after arriving on top of Drie-spansberg, it was a rough trek and coming to a down hill turn with a very narrow passage between rocks this was called 'die Tol'. All did not go too well, great care and hard struggle it took to get all the wagons through safely. I remember something did happen to one of the wagons, I am not quite clear but it was a break down.

The next small river was Buffels Drift. Sunday was spent there with prayers of thanks for the arrival so far.

The next trek was to Neuwjaars Drift, now called Newyears Gift. A little distance this side of the drift, near the range of Hills Mr Martin (Oom Marthinus) stopped the wagons, or rather ordered a halt, to erect a 'gedenkteken' memorial.

Gedenkteken — Memorial

All wagons had to halt, and all the people, big and small, old and young, had to gather near a tree on the side of the road, or not a road, just the way the wagons opened. When all had gathered, Oom Martinus spoke to the people of the trek, and prayed thanked God for all his graces, then all sang 'gesang 20 v 9' then every member of the trekkers had to bring a stone and place it near the tree, till it formed the memorial. Now this is to be remembered, that Oom Martinus, did a great thing which I since very young have never forgotten. He took every baby in his arms, and laid a small stone in the babys hand and placed it on the Memorial. As much as to say the child has joined in this memorial, the child will have to build up Gazaland.

I had a nick-name given to me by Oom Martinus he called me 'Engelsman' Englishman, I remember he turned to me and said 'Engelsman het je al n' klip op die gedinkteken ge le?' 'Ja Oom', was my answer. I feel it a really great honour to state this in my very simple way.

At waterfall the Trek came to where Mr Tom Moodie was camped. Others of the Moodies Trek people, had already moved to what parts they thought to be their farms. If I remember correctly the people of Moodies and other trekkers was hard up when we arrived except for meat, and what little food stuff they could trade from the scared natives.

I will rather not say much of this. From below Waterfall Hill the Martins Trek had to battle up mountains and down kloof. At the Rusitu river on the place the farm now is call 'Uitkyk', Mrs Scholtz, one of the mothers of the Trek died, leaving her husband with six children, the two youngest Wynand and Frikkie, was taken care of by Oom Martinus and Tante Beta Martin, and until they were quite grown up young men they was still looked upon as Oom Martinus children. When the Trekker arrived at the 'Leuwkoppies', a report came from somewhere, that the Portuguese want to proclaim the country as far as the Sabi river, all capable men with rifles had to go to the south to drive the Portuguese away. Only mothers and children remained with the wagons, for about 8 days. When the men returned, they found that the Trek had moved on to above 'Buffels Neck'. Yes, mothers with their sons and daughters respanned the wagons and moved on. I remember the next morning after sunrise we saw two K . . . coming to the wagons half scared they came nearer and nearer. I heard mother say to Tante Louisa, 'Dis sekker spione' that is surely spies. These K . . . came up to the one wagon, and one of them climbed up the steps at the back of the wagon, and was looking into the wagon tent, where Tante Louisa Martinus disabled child was. Then my mother shouted to the K . . . he jumped off the steps like a monkey, and the two of them cleared off as hard as they could, down the Kloof. Later years I knew the two boys 'Fennary' and 'Jacob' both worked for Oom Edward Steyn.

The Trekkers, moved then to the now called 'Lindley Farm' from whence every family moved to their own farm.

Horses of the Trekkers

They had many horses, almost every man had his riding horse. My father had quite a number, amongst them was a Basutu pony with the name 'Arm-moed'. Horses were the first animals to die on the trek, as soon as lowveld was at hand, the horse just died, I remember after the trek had crossed the Crocodile rivers very few horses was left over. 'Arm-moed' was one of the few, and the only one out of my fathers horses, my brother and sometimes my father was riding him on many errand also other men of the trek often took 'Arm-moed' for urgent matters.

A more sad and heartbreaking happening. The cattle started to die of lung sickness. Far in the bushveld the Trekkers lost some of their oxen. My father lost heavily, leaving but 4 oxen, not enough to draw the wagon. Although the Trekkers helped one another, the trek went very slow, till one day they met a man with a wagon and full team of oxen, who came from a shooting trip going back to Pretoria. This gentleman, had no horse, he also lost his horses, but his oxen were all salted oxen. The said gentleman had received a message that his wife was very ill in Pretoria, and he was willing to take a horse for oxen. Naturally there was still a few horses left amongst the Trekkers, and they were keen to get salted oxen. The gentleman wanted a horse that he can count on, that will take him to his ill wife many miles away without trouble. Of course

everyone who had a horse said that his horse was the best, but it so happened that the gentleman quietly asked an elderly man who had no horse to give him advice, which horse to trade, the elderly man told him that the best horse amongst the Trekkers horses was 'Arm-moed'. Father really did not want to part with 'Arm-moed' but was offered 8 salted oxen, which would able him to have a full team to draw the wagon. Word was received long after that 'Arm-moed' served the gentleman very well, and was having a time and good stable in Pretoria. The 8 oxen did their work. They brought the wagon to Gazaland, and did lots afterwards.

Contemplations on the Harare Club's Centennial

by R. H. Wood

Colin Black in his book *Sable — The Story of the Salisbury Club* quotes Addison as saying "Man is said to be a social animal . . . we take all occasions and pretences of forming ourselves into those little nocturnal assemblies which are commonly known by the name of clubs — our modern celebrated clubs are founded upon eating and drinking which are points wherein most men agree; in which the learned and the illiterate, the dull and the airy, the philosopher and the buffoon can all bear a part". And so it was at the Police Officers Mess on the 20th February 1893 eighteen men of substance met under the chairmanship of the Hon. Charles James White and decided to form the Salisbury Club. Among the 30 foundation members were Alfred Beit, Leander Starr Jameson, Cecil John Rhodes, the Viscount de la Panouse and Sir John C. Willoughby Bart. Also Frank Johnson, the leader of the Pioneer Column and James Hutchinson Kennedy, Master of the High Court and the first of the mug shots decorating the Club staircase.

I thought it might be of some interest to trace the families who have over the century continued their connection with the Club and the Chairman very kindly agreed to circulate a request among members to contact me if they had knowledge of long-serving connections.

It would be an exaggeration to say that the response was overwhelming, but I did receive some very interesting letters which helped me trace the genealogies. Without these letters I would have been lost because the Club's records of membership are woefully deficient. History is like cheese. It only makes its presence felt when it is mature and, over the years, successive Club secretaries in tidying up moods must have despatched to the waste paper baskets membership lists which they felt were of no further use. Fortunately, there were exceptions. Frank Rixom, who was Chairman on three occasions between 1939 and 1955 and was secretary in 1918/1919, wrote a book entitled *The Salisbury Club 1893–1955* and Colin Black, that raconteur extraordinaire, shortly before his death, penned the work already referred to. These two books together with a list of members printed in 1952 and saved by Mr Joe Adams who incredibly was employed by the Club from 1945 (aged 16) up to 1994. "The youngest barman in the town", he assures me, has helped me put this article together. The Liquor Act has for years made it an offence for those under eighteen to be present in a bar. It is ironical that the Chairman of the Club in 1945 was Mr Justice W. E. Thomas and he was succeeded in 1946 by ex-Magistrate W. T. Smith OBE. What a *cause célèbre* it would have been had some diligent policeman decided to prosecute Adams and the Chairman.

Back to the family trees — it has already been observed that Frank Johnson and James Kennedy were both founder members of the Club. Frank Johnson's son, F. B. 'Budge' Johnson, became a member in 1927 and was President of the Good Companions Poker School (still alive and kicking) between 1958–1967. His member-

ship overlapped that of his father, a life member, who was active in business and politics in this city through to the 1930s. Budge Johnson married James Kennedy's daughter and one of their children was Lilian, who, in 1961, married Thomas Dumont de Chassart, who became a member of this Club in 1962, his father having been a member since 1951. Tom is an active member and served on the committee for several years. This is, I think, the family most closely connected with the Harare Club and hopefully, when it is meet and proper so to do, Tom's son Philip will become a member and so on and so on to the fortieth generation.

Another family with very close Club connections is the Lewis family. Dr Jameson was a founder member of the Club and its first and only Vice President (Rhodes being the President). In 1893 Dr Jim was administrator of the colony and he arranged for the chartered company to give to the Club, stands 2482 and 2485 upon which the present Club is built. A happy choice because the stands originally suggested were at the bottom end of Victoria Street. Being a bachelor, he had no children to speak of but his younger brother Julius had children, and a daughter married Vernon Lewis, who started practice as a barrister in this city in 1910 and became a member of the Club soon thereafter. As Dr Jameson was a life member and died only in 1917, their membership must have overlapped. Between 1927 and 1929 Vernon Lewis was Chairman of the Club. Two of his children, C. P. J. (Pat) Lewis and J. V. R. (John) Lewis became members in 1947 and 1954 respectively. John's son J. C. J. (Jeremy) Lewis became a member in 1978. V. A. Lewis died in 1950, Pat died in 1975 and John a year or two ago, but Jeremy is still with us. A family steeped in the law with militant tendencies. Dr Jameson, leader of the Jameson Raid into the Transvaal; Vernon a gunner who won the Military Cross in the Great War and later Chief Justice, Pat, also a gunner captured in the Western Desert and later a senior partner in Scanlen & Holderness; John, also a gunner and later Judge President of the Appellate Division of the High Court and Jeremy, a Territorial Officer in our conflict and founder of the firm Lewis & Lock in Mutare.

There must be several examples of three generation families in the Club but with the poor state of the membership records these are difficult to discover. H. M. Taberer, an all-round sportsman, was an early member. His son, the late Charles Blair Taberer, became a member in 1940 and his grandson Anthony (Tony) Charles Blair Taberer became a member in 1973. J. E. Holderness, co-founder of Scanlen & Holderness, became a member in 1906 and his sons Hardwicke and John became members in 1946 and 1958. I should imagine that the founder of Honey & Blanckenberg, W. S. Honey, was an early member, his sons, W. G. R. Honey and R. M. Honey, became members in 1925 and 1935 respectively. R. M. Honey's son, G. S. R. (Scot) Honey, became a member in 1977.

W. J. Atherstone became a member in 1903. He was Surveyor General and was still alive in 1960. His daughter, Molly, married A. R. W. (Rubidge) Stumbles, late Cabinet Minister and Speaker of the House, who joined in 1937. Their son, Robert Atherstone (Bob) Stumbles, became a member in 1979.

A recent Chairman, Chris Peech, has been a member since 1978. His father, P. P. W. (Pips) Peech, joined in 1956 and it is probable that his grandfather Percy Peech, builder of Rumbavu Park, residence of Chris Peech (and of a previous Chairman, Judge V. A. Lewis) was also a member at some stage.

The eighth Chairman in 1897/1898 was Thomas Berry, Chief Accountant of the BSA Company 1896–1903. His obituary in *The Herald*, 14 April 1903, refers to him as an "Irishman of a type that is unfortunately becoming rarer". His daughter married R. H. Wood, a Mrewa farmer and one-time left-arm slow bowler for Yorkshire Gentlemen. R. H. Wood's daughter married N. S. (Noel) Wingfield who was a member from 1945 until his death in 1992. Thomas Berry's great-grandsons, P. N. (Patrick) Wingfield (since 1960) and R. H. (Richard) Wood (since 1975) are both members of the Club. Thomas Berry's great-granddaughter, Jenepher, was married to the late G. C. (Guy) Hensman, a member since 1960, son of Colin Hensman who joined the Club in 1938.

There are numerous father/son or son-in-law relationships. One of the more remarkable is the Frank Rixom/Bob de Quehen relationship. Frank Rixom became a member in 1919 having previously been secretary for a year. Thereafter he was Treasurer for 23 years, Chairman for three two-year spells, Vice Chairman for four years and Trustee from 1948 to 1973. He retired to the Channel Islands in 1971 and died in 1973. He had been a member for over 53 years. At the time of death he was living with his daughter and son-in-law Bob de Quehen who became a member in 1946 and continues to be so. Between them they have been members for 99 years. In the words of the Liar Dice School operated by Rixom, de Quehen, Lindsay Oliver and Captain A. M. Bowker every Sunday evening for many years, "Beat that you B......."

Rixom's successor as Trustee was T. P. Cochran CBE who was Chairman of Tanganyika Concessions Limited and a member since 1932. His son, T. M. Cochran, who joined in 1959 has made available some correspondence relating to the removal of a palm tree in mid 1959 from the grounds of the old club house to Plot 156, Woodgate, Northwood. From the photograph of it appearing in Colin Black's book at page 95 it was a massive tree then. Thornton's "The Name That Carries Weight" Transport wrote to Commander Cochran on the 20th June, 1959, advising him that the charge for relocating the tree to Northwood would be £105.0.0. Cochran's reply was crusty and to the point: "Your charge is far in excess of what I am prepared to pay and I regret that I cannot accept it. Yours faithfully etc". The tree reached Northwood where it grows today. I wonder how it got there?

Looking at the records that are available, one can see the dynasties developing: L. T. Tracey MC (1938), C. G. Tracey ICD (1954): J. J. Smit (1963), J. L. (Led) Smit (1982): father and son — both men of finance and the accounting for it. W. D'Arcy Cathcart (1914), R. D. A. Cathcart (1953), both architects. The father designed the Supreme Court Building and the President's Office, the son the Club's new building. The daughter married Geoff Betts who was a recent past President. The farmers — the Kemples, the Chances, the Millars, the Kirkmans, the Browns and the Blacks; the lawyers, Sir Victor Robinson (1944), Mr Justice Denis Robinson (1979) and the drapers H. M. Barbour (1933) and D. M. Barbour (1961).

Some members do not need local progeny to maintain this connection. The late I. R. (Kipps) Rosin FRCS had children overseas who were not members but was himself a member from 1929 — sixty-three years before his recent death. A great friend of Sir Godfrey Huggins (1911), he saw a lot of water pass under the bridge of the Club.

What have I missed? John Duffy — what a memory for names. Thirty-eight years

behind the bar and knows more and says less than most Irishmen of my acquaintance. Masiwa, employed as a waiter in the same year as Joe Adams was, and 'Tiger', an honorary member elected by ballot in the early years of the century, photographed and hung behind the bar where he still reposes. The lightest ever member of the Club, he weighed ten pounds and when a new member, unaware of his status, threw him out of a chair where he was napping, said new member was hauled before the committee and reprimanded for assaulting a fellow member.

I am sure that someone will come up to me to say that I have missed a four-generation straight flush. For this I apologise in advance. What I am waiting for is someone to tell me that he is a direct descendant of Cecil Rhodes. That really would make history.

A Note on the Murray MacDougall Drive

by Christine Potts

"I will never forget the colours and views along the Murray MacDougall Drive. It was truly magnificent in September, 1995." So said a recent visitor.

The Murray MacDougall Drive commences at Kyle Dam Wall, continues through communal lands to the junction with a farm road which leads to Chamavara Cave, a distance of 18 kilometres. This road has a narrow tarred surface — any gravel road is not the Murray MacDougall Drive.

In 1960 there was no road beyond the dam wall. Government refused to consider such a road, it being too expensive to construct. The dam closed the road from Glenlivet to Great Zimbabwe when the bridges over the two big rivers were submerged. This raised an outcry but it was not until 1965 that permission was given to search for a 'pilot road' to give access to Great Zimbabwe again. Finance had to be provided by local people. After a public meeting a committee was formed for this purpose.

In early 1933, when Murray MacDougall was giving the country a new crop, sugar cane, and two new industries — sugar milling (and later ethanol) — he and Alfred Gifford were flown up the Mtilikwe River from Triangle. When the plane reached open grassland, after passing through a narrow gorge, Mac said that this would be a perfect site for a dam, and he would like to build a house overlooking the lake. Mr Gifford said he owned a farm there and that Mac could have his house there.

Some years later, in 1960, the dam was built and Mac had his house, 'Dunollie'. By 1965 Marjorie MacDougall was a widow and living in the house with the picture window which overlooked the lake. The committee approached Marjorie and asked if the new road could be called the Murray MacDougall Drive. She gave her consent and work was started on the fund-raising needed. The first meeting of the committee was on 1 April 1965.

The chairman was A. J. Carver and other members were —

S. Fitzpatrick	Internal Affairs
S. C. Rogers	Press
K. Blake	Commerce
D. Hill	Publicity
M. C. Potts (Mrs)	General public
E. I. Brown (Mrs)	Secretary/treasurer
H. Durand	(Supervisor who would be doing all the hard work on the road)

The committee was extremely fortunate in its chairman, Tony Carver, who surveyed the whole of the road which has subsequently stood the test of time.

Now the committee had to work hard to raise the five thousand pounds required by Government. The local newspaper, the *Fort Victoria Advertiser*, published each week a list of donations. These increased as the project got under way.

The Eastern Farmers' Association unanimously decided to donate one hundred pounds to the Drive Fund — a particularly generous offer in a drought year, 1965.

Another way of raising funds was to ask for fifteen pounds for building a culvert. The name of the donor was on a strip of copper on the side of the culvert.

In August 1965, at the Agricultural Show, two stands were allotted to the Drive Fund. One stand, which had a cement floor, was used for a hundred yards of half-crowns with spot prizes to be won. This was ably run by Ronnie Carruthers and Robin Hughes and brought in fourteen pounds.

On the open stand a jumble sale was organised by Mrs Potts. The jumble was sold by Mrs Margaret Elvy and her daughter, Susan. Later they were joined by Mrs Tim Munro and Nan Brown — both from Bikita. The result was one hundred and three pounds as a lot of items were donated to the stall.

This brought contributions up to £1 559, a long way from the target.

To complete the project, Mrs Eileen Brown arranged a monster fête in May 1966. It was opened by the deputy mayor, Mr D. G. Hill, who asked everyone to spend freely and to enjoy the side shows. The whole town was in holiday mood and it was more like a celebration of success than a mere fund-raising drive.

Mr Hill described the Murray MacDougall Drive as the most ambitious community project ever undertaken in the district. Nearly four thousand pounds had been collected which was a magnificent effort in such a short time. He paid tribute to Tony Carver saying that without him there would have been no road. He went on to say that the untiring efforts of the secretary, Eileen Brown, and the whole committee had contributed to the success of the project.

The total cost of the road was £10 517, this being over the estimate as the road was now to be 24 foot, as a rural council road.

At an earlier stage the Commissioner of Roads, Mr A. D. Harris, spent an afternoon going over the route of the Murray MacDougall road by landrover. Mr Anthony Carver conducted the party who displayed the greatest interest and were profoundly impressed by the magnificent views and variety of scenery which the new road would provide. "It has been a real eye-opener", said Mr Harris on his return to the town. He met Mr Durand, the supervisor, and inspected a bridge being constructed.

It is interesting to compare Mr Harris' views with those at the commencement of this history.

By August 1965 the road was complete and interested donors had been driven over it. One comment was that it was ". . . one of the most fantastic community efforts ever known". It has opened up the eastern shore of the lake to visitors and residents who were deprived of a direct road to Great Zimbabwe when the two bridges went under water.

The road was opened to traffic at the end of May 1966, and the official opening was held on 19 June when it was declared open by Clifford Dupont and his wife; and Marjorie MacDougall was beside him. The ceremony was attended by committee members and some chiefs in their scarlet capes which made a splash of colour on a cloudy day.

Retirement of Robert Turner from the Society's National Executive Committee

by Michael J. Kimberley

Robert William Sherriff Turner recently retired from the Society's National Executive Committee to which he was first elected at the Annual General Meeting of members in 1961, having served for 36 continuous years.

Robert Turner was born in India. He was at Aberdeen University studying engineering when he volunteered for the army at the outbreak of World War II. He served in the Black Watch (Royal Highland Regiment) and the 1st Punjab Regiment, leaving the army with the rank of major.

He joined the staff of the National Archives of Rhodesia in 1947, and was one of the two officers who set up what is now the National Archives of Malawi in Zomba. In 1956 he visited the main archival institutions in the USA under a State Department Fellowship. On his return from America he installed the present system of records management in the National Archives which has remained virtually unchanged over the years and became the Director.

The 1978 Gold Medal Presentation. Left to right — The national Chairman, Mr M. J. Kimberley: Sir Humphrey Gibbs PC, GCVO, KCMG, OBE: Mr R. W. S. Turner, the recipient

He conceived the idea that the permanent home for the Archives should be built by private rather than public funds. This resulted in the setting up of the National Archives Building Board in terms of a specially passed Act by the Federal Parliament. As the board's first secretary he played an important part in the fund raising campaign that resulted in the present building on the Borrowdale Road.

He is a former national Chairman of the Aloe, Cactus and Succulent Society of Rhodesia. One of his ideas was the staging of an aloe congress and he was convener of Aloe 75, the highly successful First World Aloe Congress which attracted visitors from many countries. In recognition of his work during the congress he was awarded the Meritorious Service Medal. He was a member of the Board of the National Trust of Zimbabwe and Vice-President of the Public Services Association.

Apart from numerous articles in various journals he was co-author of the best-seller *Rhodesian Epic*.

He is a former Chairman of the Mashonaland Branch as well as a former National Chairman of the Society, and was the longest serving member of the Society's National Executive Committee having held office until his retirement in 1997. During this period he saw the Society's membership grow from 187, and as Chairman of the Membership sub-committee he played a leading part in the phenomenal growth of the society. For over ten years he personally sold all the advertisements that appeared in the Society's journal. His ideas and enthusiasm over a period of 36 years contributed much to the development and success of the Society of which he is a life member.

In 1978 the Society awarded its Gold Medal to Robert Turner for his outstanding contribution towards furthering the aims and objects of the Society and a photograph of that occasion is reproduced here.

Chairman's Report, 1996

by R. H. Wood

Good evening to you all and thank you for attending this Annual General Meeting in weather conditions which are not particularly conducive to venturing out. I would like to start this report by thanking all Members of the Society for the cheerful and enthusiastic support that they have given to the various functions organized by the National Committee and the Mashonaland Branch Committee over the past year. The Annual Dinner was held just over a year ago at the Harare Club when Jim and Anne Sinclair were our official guests and Jim entertained us with a very good talk. This year consideration has been given to changing the venue and we anticipate that the dinner will take place within the next two or three months possibly at a restaurant in the Race Course premises.

The Mashonaland Branch is to be congratulated on arranging several outstanding outings and talks and I commend the spirit and bravery of those members who ventured down that deep forbidding cave at Theydon early last year. I will also remember the Esigodini outing in September with great pleasure. We were treated to several excellent addresses both at Falcon School and at the Indaba Site.

In regard to the business of the National Committee, I have several thank-yous to make. The first is to the Editor of our annual journal *Heritage of Zimbabwe*, Michael Kimberley. The latest edition of *Heritage* was circulated to members a month or two ago and it was again full of most interesting articles. Next I would like to thank our very efficient Treasurer, Ian Galletly, for looking after the finances of the Society. I would also like to thank our benefactors and sponsors whose donations have enabled us to maintain the high quality of the *Heritage* journal which costs more and more to produce each year.

I would also like to thank the Chairman of the Mashonaland Branch, John McCarthy, who has carried out his duties in an exemplary fashion and has himself worked hard to organize several of the functions that have taken place over the last year.

John Ford, our agent for the purchase and sale of books of historical interest, has also continued to work tirelessly in making this facility available to members and by so doing benefitting the finances of this Society. I would like to thank all members of the National Committee for giving their time and effort in running the Society, in particular I thank Caroline Boswell who has been secretary of the National Society over the past year and who is resigning from this post to venture into motherhood. Rosemary Kimberley who has for years worked tirelessly for the Society has agreed to take over as secretary of the Society and I thank her for this.

The membership of the Society continues to increase and we now have 913 members. I hope that during the course of the coming year we will break the thousand barrier. I would like to pay tribute to two of our members who have given valuable service to the Society for many years. Mary Everard White who was a member of the Mashonaland Branch Committee for a long time has advised us that she is calling it a day as she is no longer able to attend our functions and I thank her for her valuable

and willing service over many years. I have today heard that Mr Robert Turner has decided to stand down from the National Committee. Robert is a past Chairman of the Society, has been editor of the Society's journal and he has served on the National Committee for 35 years. It is sad that ill health precludes him from continuing his contribution to the Society which has been immense.

Regarding the coming year, I am standing down as Chairman of the National Committee and I will take great delight in nominating John Bousfield as my successor later in the meeting. We have an interesting year ahead of us and I believe that the annual outing will take place in the Nyanga area. We have done some research in regard to an outing to the mining town of Shurugwi, a lovely town with a fascinating history, but unfortunately this will have to be deferred until 1998.

I am sure that my successor will enjoy the full support of his Committee and I wish him well. Thank you!

Book Notes

by Michael J. Kimberley and Rosemary Kimberley

Men for Others: St George's College, 1896–1996 by Terence McCarthy
Published iby the Old Georgians Association, Private Bag 7727, Causeway, Zimbabwe, 1996.

This book commemorates the centenary of the establishment of St George's College, the oldest and one of the few private schools in this country.

The school, then called St George's Public School, was opened in Bulawayo in 1896 by a French Jesuit priest, Father Marc Barthelemy, who had arrived in Bulawayo on 2nd December 1895 having taught for some years before at St Aidan's College, a well-known Jesuit school in Grahamstown.

The school expanded considerably during the next 25 years, so much so that its existing site became completely unsuitable and a move to one of three possible larger sites became essential.

For various reasons it was decided to locate the new school on Hartmann Hill, a 50 acre site already owned by the Society of Jesus, and the staff moved to what is now Harare in the 1926 December vacation ready for the opening of the new school on 27th January 1927, with Father Whiteside as Rector.

In a volume of 240 pages it is not possible to deal comprehensively with 100 years of development and achievement; consequently, the author deals in Part I of this book with the major highlights, which include: the first inroad into the Jesuit domain that had been the teaching staff until then, by the appointment of a lay teacher to the staff; the first appearance of the school magazine called the *St George's College Chronicle*; the granting of the coat of arms by the College of Heralds; the laying of the foundation stone of the Beit Hall; the completion of the chapel building; the establishment of the preparatory school known as Hartmann House in 1956; the admission of the first black pupil to the college in 1964; the building developments under the umbrella of the Trident Fund from 1968 onwards; the inauguration of the Parent Teachers Association in 1978; the establishment of the first Board of Governors in 1987; and so on.

Part II of this book is a selective account of the history of sport at St George's College in the context of its centenary, with the highlights of achievement in each sport being mentioned, followed by a chapter on the main features of college cultural activities.

Short concluding parts contain reminiscences by several old boys who were at the school in different decades and lists of former and present staff, war casualties and Rhodes scholars.

This well-illustrated book with hard covers is a very worthwhile addition to any collection of Rhodesiana and Zimbabweana and is available from the College Centenary office for the very reasonable price of $250.

Sand in the Wind by Keith Meadows

Published by the Thorntree Press (Private) Limited, P. O. Box 9243, Hillside, Bulawayo, Zimbabwe, 1996

This is a compelling tale set in this country in the years between the building of Kariba dam and the present day. The main characters are Harry Kenyon, a young crocodile hunter, and his friend and mentor Kashili, a Shangaan tracker. Their hunting ground is the area along the Zambezi river, wild and almost entirely empty of human settlement. After impulsively joining the army and being wounded in the Malayan campaign, Harry takes part in Operation Noah and later becomes a game ranger and eventually warden in the Nemema National Park.

The action moves smoothly through the internal politics of the Department of National Parks, darting and translocating lion, protecting enormous tuskers from poachers, meeting and marrying Peta, and the years of the bush war.

The accounts of the wild areas have an immediacy and freshness that are completely captivating; the narrative is gripping, the characters credible, and the villains sinister, vicious and unexpected.

This moving, worthwhile and very readable novel, priced at only Z$190, would be a most acceptable gift for family and friends now living in far-off lands.