HERITAGE

PUBLICATION No. 5 1985

The History Society of Zimbabwe

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

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Manuscripts are welcomed by the Editor. They should preferably be typed in double spacing and should be accompanied by any available illustrations. Copies of published works for review will also be welcomed.

Heritage is the journal of the History Society of Zimbabwe. It replaces *Rhodesiana* which was the journal of the Rhodesiana Society which, together with the National Historical Association and Heritage of the Nation, has now become the History Society of Zimbabwe.

HERITAGE

Publication No. 5 — 1985

THE HISTORY SOCIETY OF ZIMBABWE
Harare
Zimbabwe

Edited by
R.C. SMITH

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

ISSN 0556—9605

Photoset by **Bookset** (Pvt.) Ltd., Bulawayo, Zimbabwe.
Printed by **Bookprint** (Pvt.) Ltd., Bulawayo, Zimbabwe.

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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.

Sugar cane awaiting haulage to the mill.

Photo — National Archives.

The Society Visits The Lowveld

The Mashonaland Branch of the Society organised a very successful visit to the Lowveld on the 7th and 8th July 1984. A Viscount was chartered from Air Zimbabwe and some 58 members, and friends filled the plane.

After arrival at Buffalo Range airport the party was conveyed by bus to the Murray MacDougall Museum at Triangle where Dr Colin Saunders, who is the author of the book "Murray MacDougall and the story of Triangle" (reviewed in this issue of Heritage) outlined the story of the large scale irrigation scheme on Triangle Sugar Estate. The estate which produces a large quantity of sugar, operates its own sugar mill, power station, and ethanol plant was born out of the vision and determination of Thomas Murray MacDougall.

Much of the history of the area is recorded in the museum, built on the site of Murray MacDougall's original homestead situated on a rocky hill from which vantage point one is able to have a panoramic view of the vast estate of cane fields.

This residence, completed in 1926, was constructed of brick burnt on the estate and the brickwork pointing was derived from local lime deposits. One of the features of the homestead is the beautifully worked timber used for the roof and lintels of the house. Panels and doorframes were also constructed from the same timber Pod Mahogany (Afzelia cuanzensis) and Knoppie Thorn (Acacia ingrescens). The trees were felled and cut by pit-saw, a formidable task, as any one who has ever done it will know, particularly with hardwoods such as those found in the area.

Most of the original furniture made by MacDougall, and other household effects bequeathed by his widow, are included in the furnishings of the homestead and reveal part of this remarkable man's character.

Whilst visiting the site the party was addressed by Ian Rule, Regional Superintendent of the Regional Water Authority. His address appears on page 7.

After listening to him the party proceeded to the north-western corner of the estate to view the historic relics of MacDougall's remarkable irrigation scheme, and in particular the Musiswidzi Siphon and Jatala Weir and tunnels. Even by modern standards these engineering works are impressive, but when one considers the remote area in which MacDougall operated and the primitive tools and equipment at his disposal the magnitude of his work and the concept of his vision are all the more remarkable. Not only had he to contend with the natural hazards, and wild animals in an untamed country of some 360 000 acres which he bought for four pence an acre, but the post war depression of the 1920s made cattle ranching an unrewarding financial proposition.

After a picnic lunch at the weir, the party returned to Triangle visiting the cane fields. Then they were taken over the sugar mill and ethanol plant, prior to inspecting the cotton gin which was working at full capacity to cope with the season's bumper crop of cotton. After an excellent meal that evening at the Tumbuti Lodge Motel, which included Impala stew and warthog steaks, the party was entertained to some anecdotes by Mr Ian de la Rue of Ruware Ranch (see page 13).

The following day the party visited the ranch of Tommy Warth, where they were shown the nucleus herd of Nyala which he is breeding. From hence the party proceeded as guests of Mr Ray Sparrow, to Lone Star Ranch.

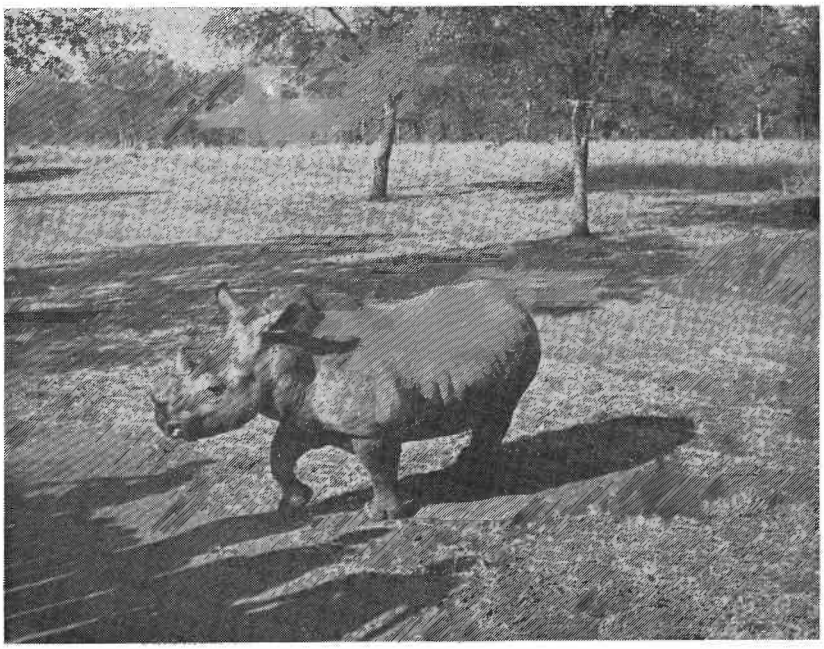
Here the magnitude of the pioneering effort of these "Lowvelders" could be appreciated. Ray Sparrow compared his stone walled Malilangwe dam of 60 feet (he is not metricated) to the pyramids, and indeed it was an apt comparison. Water stretched out for many miles among the surrounding hills into a beautiful lake, which has become a favourite haunt of the local angling society.

From the lawn of the homestead of Lone Star Ranch, vast vistas of the lowveld stretching to the Gona re Zhou mountains some thirty to forty kilometres away in the east could be seen, whilst hippopotumus surfaced in the lake below.

The problems of ranching in the lowveld with Tsetse fly, foot and mouth disease, and drought all presented the rancher with almost insuperable difficulties, but the measure with which these sturdy characters have overcome such obstacles is an elequent testimony to the determination, which perhaps comes only from truly dedicated men.

One of the highlights of the visit to the Lone Star Ranch was the release of a pregnant white rhino which, among a number of others, was captured and penned for a year in order to survive the drought. Whilst its previously released mates returned to the wild with alacrity, our reluctant mother-to-be preferred her pen to the open bush, and despite much coaxing only emerged from her captivity to survey the outside world for a few moments before returning to her cell, where she decided to lie down.

Laden with pockets of grapefruit the weary party returned to the airport, fully satisfied with their odyssey into this historic part of the Lowveld.



A Rhino being released on Lone Star Ranch after being penned during the drought for survival.

Outline of Raw Sugar Manufacture

INTRODUCTION

Sugar cane is a giant tropical to sub-tropical member of the grass family. It contains approximately 14% fibre, (or insoluble matter), 13% sucrose (commercial white sugar is practically 100% sucrose), 2% other soluble substances and the rest is water. The manufacture of raw sugar containing approximately 99% sucrose consists of milling (extracting the juice), clarification, evaporation, crystallisation and curing. These steps are briefly outlined below.

DELIVERY

The cane is brought to the mill in bulk in hilos (approximately 25 tonnes cane) or in bundles (approximately 5 tonnes cane) by tractors and trailers. The bundled cane is off-loaded under an overhead gantry crane where it is either fed directly into the process or stacked in the yard for processing later. The hilos off-load directly onto feeder tables which then feed into carriers for processing.

MILLING — (two methods)

The processing for juice extraction at Triangle is done on two production lines and the cane on both lines is firstly chopped up by knives and then shredded to open up the cells in the fibre.

1ST METHOD — THE CONVENTIONAL MILLING PROCESS The juice is squeezed out of the cane fibre in a tandem series of six by three roller mills. Hot water is added to the fibre prior to the final squeeze on the sixth mill at which point the fibre is fairly dry. The dilute juice extracted from the final mill is pumped successively to each of the other mills in reverse order such that a concentrated juice is gathered from the first mill. The juice is then pumped to the sugar processing factory.

2ND METHOD — THE DIFFUSER PROCESS The prepared cane from the shredder is conveyed to the diffuser. The diffuser is a tank 60 metres long and 6 metres wide with a perforated screen base on which there is a travelling chain carrier. The cane is dropped onto the carrier to a depth of up to 1,5 metres and conveyed through the diffuser at a speed of up to, 1 metre per minute. Hot water is introduced into the process at the discharge end of the diffuser. This water is used to leach the sucrose out of the cane fibre. The dilute juice is allowed to percolate through the moving bed of the cane and pumped in the reverse direction so that the concentrated juice is collected at the feed end of the diffuser. The juice is again pumped to the sugar processing factory as in the first method.

From both these methods the wet fibre is conveyed to two sets of mills where the fibre is dried by squeezing the moisture out. The dried fibre is called bagasse and is used as the primary fuel in the boilers which generate steam. The steam is used firstly to generate electricity which is used to run the machinery and the irrigation pumps and then the low pressure steam is used to process the juice in its conversion to sugar.

CLARIFICATION

After the juice from the mill has been weighed, it is heated. Lime is then added to neutralise the acid juice and also to form a sediment. The sediment (called mud) settles

from the clear juice in a clarifier. The mud is filtered and the residue (filter cake or milo) is used as a fertiliser in the fields.

EVAPORATION

The concentration of the clear juice is approximately 14%. This is brought up to a 65% syrup by the evaporation of most of the water in the multiple effect evaporators. Steam is used to boil the juice in the first vessel then the vapour from the juice, at a slightly lower pressure, is used to boil the juice in the second vessel and so on down the set. The last vessel is boiling under high vacuum.

CRYSTALLISATION

The formation and growth of the sugar crystals is achieved by further evaporation of water from the syrup under controlled conditions in the vacuum pans. Once the crystals are of the proper size further crystallisation takes place by cooling in crystallisers.

CURING

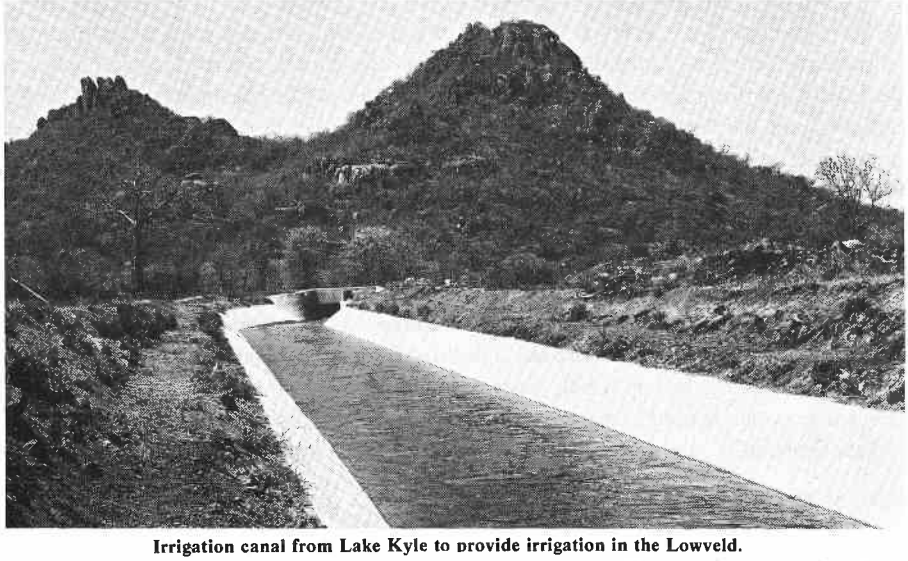
The sugar crystals are separated from the mother liquid (molasses) by spinning in centrifiguls. The sugar is dried and despatched. The molasses (referred to as B molasses) still has considerable sucrose in it and is used for the production of Ethanol.

DESPATCH

Raw sugar is despatched in bulk rail trucks either to Bulawayo or Harare refineries or exported. The refineries convert the raw sugar to white sugar for consumption.

Sunsweet sugar, which is raw sugar of a uniform quality, is bagged in 100 kg bags to keep it clean. This is then despatched to either Bulawayo or Harare refineries where it is packed into small packages for consumption.

Both types of sugar are stored in bulk stores at Triangle for despatch in the off-crop.



Irrigation canal from Lake Kyle to provide irrigation in the Lowveld.
Photo — Ministry of Information.

TRIANGLE COTTON GIN

Triangle Cotton Gin has the capacity to gin 32 million kgs of seed cotton in a season. At present the gin processes only about 170 000 kgs of seed cotton per day owing to the fact that more land is being planted to sugar cane.

Triangle's Gin handles any cotton grown below the altitude of 610 metres. The gin is merely an agent for the Cotton Marketing Board and receives a ginning fee for every kg of cotton ginned.

To produce lint and cotton seed from seed cotton, the seed cotton goes through the following steps:-

1. Grading and weighing
2. Stacking according to grade
3. Decanting
4. Drying
5. Ginning or separation of lint from seed
6. Gleaning in lint cleaners (not necessary for top grade)
7. Compressing into bales

1. *Grading*

Packs come in mainly by road. At the road offloading ramp the clerk checks that each bale coming in has the grower's registered number on it. Each cotton grower has a registered number which must be marked on each pack. Packs which are not numbered are rejected.

The packs go to a grading room on a roller conveyor. The seed cotton is graded into grades A, B, C and D for payment purposes, and into grades 1–36 for purposes of lint control. (The lint in each run should be as uniform as possible.) Each bale is weighed and the weight, the grower's number and the grade given by the grader are recorded by a clerk. The grade is chalked on the pack. The clerk makes out the grower's receipt. The Cotton Marketing Board pay the grower direct on the basis of these receipts.

Each grader has a set of standardised samples to use as a guideline when grading. Each depot in the country has an identical set of samples. The cotton graders are employees of the Zimbabwe Cotton Corporation. Triangle Limited has no jurisdiction over them. This provides an independent grading system. Packs are tested for moisture content using a moisture meter.

2. *Stacking*

After grading the packs are stacked in grades 1–36. The Cotton Marketing Board issue a ginning programme. They instruct the gin as to which grades to gin depending on what the buyers want. The stacking area can hold 30 000 packs.

3. *Decanting*

The packs are opened on a decanting floor. The seed cotton is blended to obtain a uniform lint run. Rocks and other undesirable objects are removed. The seed cotton is then sucked from the decanting floor through a rock catcher which removes stones and heavy objects such as money, and through an autofeed control into a drier.

4. *Drying*

It may seem odd that seed cotton is rejected for high moisture content when it is passed through driers in the gin, but the packs are sometimes stacked for long periods, and seed cotton containing more than 12% moisture will rot.

5. *Ginning*

Should there be any machine picked cotton this would pass through two cleaners known as "Stick and Green leaf" machines. Machine picked cotton contains far more trash than hand picked cotton, and this trash has to be removed.

The hand picked cotton goes into a by-pass separator and then along the conveyor distributor to one of three gin stands.

In the gin stands the lint is separated from the seed. Approximately ⅓ of the seed cotton is lint, ⅔ is seed. The seed goes to the seed room where it is weighed, bagged and stacked for dispatch. The lint goes into the lint cleaners. Three packs of seed cotton make one bale of lint and nine bags of seed each weighing 46 kgs.

6. *Lint Cleaning*

The lint passes through the back of the gin stands into lint cleaners. The lint cleaners remove dust and immature seed. This improves the appearance but not the quality of the lint. Good grades by pass the lint cleaners.

7. *Compressing into Lint Bales*

The cleaned lint passes into a battery condenser where it is rolled into a flat layer. The flattened lint goes down a slide into a tramper box. When the box is full, the lint is compressed into a bale by a ram. The ram applies a pressure of 1 600 pounds per square inch. A small metal box with sharp sides cuts out a sample.

The bale is weighed together with its sample. A clerk records the bale weight and number and the lot number. He numbers both the sample and the bale. The samples go first to the grader for a basic classification, and then to the Zimbabwe Cotton Corporation in Harare for further classification.

The lint is regraded according to staple and colour. The Zimbabwe Cotton Corporation are the brokers and they sell the lint. The buyer chooses the quality of the lint he requires from the samples. The cotton is ginned in lots of a hundred and the lint is stacked in these lots in the bulk shed. It is dispatched as per instructions of the Cotton Marketing Board.

Triangle gin produces 17–19 bales of lint per hour.

Water — Life Blood of the Lowveld

by Ian Rule, Regional Superintendent

I can think of no finer place to see evidence of one man's dream coming true than here. We can see the whole cycle of the cane saga from one point — the irrigated cane, a very modern mill and an addition that flows from Mac's concept, although then unforeseen, the ethanol plant.

There is no need for me to document the early days as this has been already very ably done by one of your hosts, Colin Saunders. I would rather like to concentrate on the modern development as it pertains to the area today and only from a water aspect.

Once the Government of then Rhodesia had been persuaded to accept the viability of large scale irrigation cropping in the Lowveld, Kyle was built and completed in 1960, Bangala in 1963–64 and Manjirenji, Lake MacDougall in 1965.

In 1965 the Sabi Limpopo Authority was established to promote the whole of the South Eastern Lowveld and to this end opened up three farming estates. These were Mkwasine, Middle Sabi and Chisumbanje. The original intention was for these estates to be proved viable at State expense and thereafter to place these lands under settlement. Following UDI it was decided to grow wheat on these estates despite low yields, because no improved seed had yet been developed for Lowveld conditions. This was to save foreign currency. The settlement later took place between 1970 and 1972.

Although provided for in the original Act the Authority only took over the dams and canals from the Ministry of Water Development late in 1969. The acquisition and control of these assets was to enable the Authority to fulfill part of tasks laid out in the original enactment.

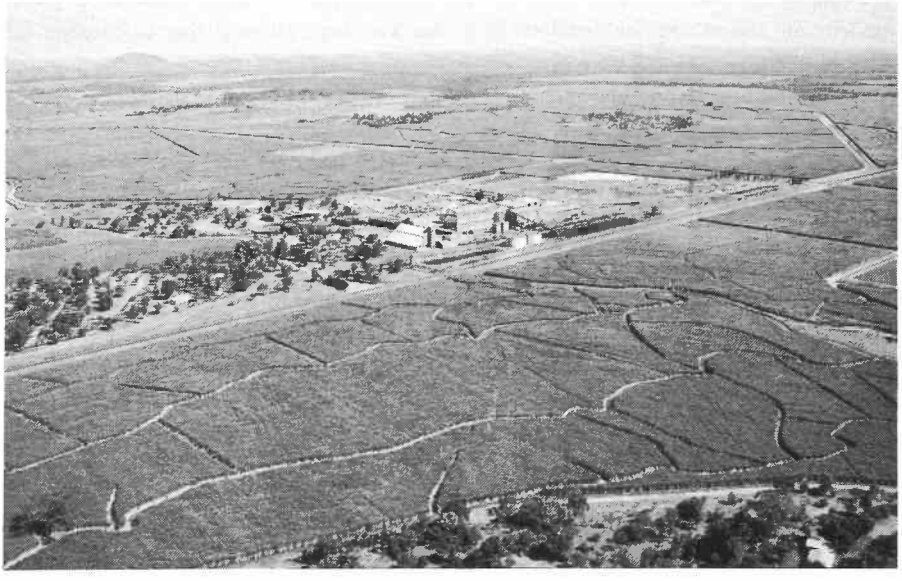
That is, and I quote in part, "To exploit and conserve the water resources of the area with the object of (1) Securing their proper use and effective development. (2) Providing in both the short and long term adequate water supplies on the most economic basis and (3) Ensuring the efficient distribution of water supplies."

Following the drought years of the late sixties/early seventies the yield of Kyle was reduced and in order that the shortfall in water be replaced a two stage remedy was put in train. Firstly a weir was constructed in the Chiredzi River together with a seventeen kilometre canal and two pump stations to transfer water from that river into Hippo Valley. This scheme was constructed in 10 months and was commissioned in December 1972.

This canal had a certain historic claim to fame in that for the first time water from one catchment area, the Chiredzi, was able to be used on land in another catchment area, the Mtilikwe. Of further significance the water had been moved westward which is beneficial as Zimbabwe becomes drier as one moves from the east.

The second stage of the water replacement exercise was the construction of the Turgwe-Siya Dam on the Turgwe River. A 14 kilometre canal discharges the water from the dam into the Mureresi River, a tributary of the Chiredzi. As the Turgwe is a major tributary of the Sabi River again a catchment had been crossed and in the final analysis water which originally ran to the Indian Ocean via the Sabi is now being utilised, in part, on Hippo Valley Estates in the Mtilikwe catchment.

In 1981 shortly after the advent of Indpendence the farming activities of the Sabi Limpopo Authority were amalgamated with those of Tilcor and brought under the control of the Agricultural and Rural Development Authority more simply known as ARDA. The water Division of SLA was elevated to a new Statutory Body in its own right, The Regional Water Authority.



An aerial view of sugar production in the Lowveld.

The RWA controls the five major storage works on the Mtilikwe and Chiredzi Rivers with hydrological controls of Lesapi and Ruti Dams (on the Lesapi and Nyazwidzi Rivers) which are relatively small back up storage dams for augmenting supply to the Sabi River. We supply about 100 consumers ranging from local settler to estates the size of Triangle and Hippo Valley via to total 148 kilometres of lined canal varying in capacity from 2,83 cumec (100 cusecs) to 20 cumecs (710 cusecs) and serve some 48 000 hectares.

One of the less obvious benefits of our general operation is that water is transmitted along over 850 kilometres of rivers and canals during the dry winter months providing primary water for both human and animal requirements in areas devoid of natural surface supplies.

As historians you are also interested in the future. What of expansion here in the Lowveld? We are currently harnessing approximately 20% of the water yield potential and more than sufficient suitable land exists. The bugbear is simply cost. Kyle cost under $3 million to build in 1960 but today would cost between $35 million and $40 million and this is rising. Similar increases affect land development costs but regrettably crop prices have not matched these increases — ask any farmer.

At this moment in time we could well do with a fairy god-mother in the shape of a generous donor country.

An alternative route is towards a more efficient application and use of irrigation water. This is however a slow but steady process and over the years significant improvements have come about particularly in the cane fields as a result of work done at the Zimbabwe Sugar Research Station.

After nearly 16 years here in the Lowveld I am convinced that this must be one of the most positive and forward looking communities in the country and this exists because one man had a dream and had the courage and determination to prove it.

Sugar cane under irrigation in the Lowveld.
Photo — Ministry of Information.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The following companies have contributed towards the cost of producing Heritage 5:

Johnson & Fletcher
Knight Frank & Rutley.

The Society gratefully acknowledges their contribution.

THE NATIONAL MUSEUMS AND MONUMENTS OF ZIMBABWE

Whether your interest lies in the Natural or Human Sciences, the museums of Zimbabwe cater to the enquiring mind in surroundings conducive to enjoyment and study.

The four national museums are open to the public every day of the year from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., with the exception of Christmas Day and Good Friday.

THE QUEEN VICTORIA MUSEUM
HARARE
(The Zimbabwe Museum of Human Science)

THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM OF ZIMBABWE
BULAWAYO
(The National Museum)

THE MUTARE MUSEUM
MUTARE
(Antiquities and History of Road Transport)

THE MIDLANDS MUSEUM
GWERU
(The Army and Air Force Museum)

THE GREAT ZIMBABWE NATIONAL MONUMENT
MASVINGO

By supporting your local museum, you are supporting the preservation, investigation and interpretation of the natural and human history of your country. For further details on monuments and historical sites within your region, please consult the Director of your local museum.

INTERNATIONAL MUSEUM DAY IS ON 18 MAY 1985

— WATCH PRESS FOR DETAILS —

Book Reviews

(*Murray MacDougall and the story of Triangle* by Colin Saunders Published by Triangle Limited 68p.)

This is a delightful little book written with great feeling by a man who has lived close enough to his subject to appreciate the vision, and its subsequent fulfilment in the great development of the lowveld through irrigation.

"The story of MacDougall's pioneering feats in establishing the possibilities of large-scale irrigation in the South-Eastern lowveld" the author says in his introductory note "is one of the great epics of human endeavour of our time, and his single-minded faith and determination provided a solid foundation on which were built the fortunes of a great company, whose example has already been followed, with success by its neighbours, and by other organisations which one can only hope will increase vastly, in the interest of our country".

The author sets out as his main objective the portrayal and character and work of this remarkable man, who not only saw the possibilities of the area, but set out, almost single handed in an era in which the main tools were pick and shovel. There were no bulldozers, aircraft and other modern gadgets to facilitate living in the wilderness. MacDougall was a rugged Scott brought up in true Highland fashion, and like so many of his kind found work on the shipyards. It was here that he acquired the mediaeval skills that were to stand him in such good stead in the years ahead. He travelled much before he came to Africa in 1902 and after serving in the Boer War he worked in various parts of South Africa becoming a transport contractor in the Eastern Transvaal. It was during breaks in his contracting work that he crossed the Limpopo and fell in love with our Lowveld.

In 1908 he came to Mashonaland and after working in Salisbury (Harare) for a few years negotiated the purchase of a vast area of 300 000 acres of land between the Mtilikwe, Chiredzi and Lundi Rivers at four pence an acre.

The story continues with MacDougall's activities after the war in which he served with distinction being awarded the military cross. After building his home he worked on his irrigation project, which consisted of a weir across the Mtilikwe river, and miles of canals which in two places were cut by hand through mountains over a period of seven years.

The epic story of this herculean task, undertaken against all odds, and contrary to professional opinion, by a single white man and a handful of Shangaans, highlights the sheer pluck and determination of Murray MacDougall.

Not only does the book give a warm account of "Mac's" achievements but it takes us into the modern era when Mac's dreams have found fulfilment in the vast agricultural development that has taken place, and following in the wake of the agricultural production has come the cotton gin, the sugar mills and ethanol plant.

The book is highly recommended to anyone who seeks to inform himself of the history of the lowveld and it is available from the Murray MacDougall Museum, at Triangle, Zimbabwe at a price of $1,25 per copy.

(*Laboratory for Peace* by Rowland Fothergill published by Louis Bolze p.p 284 Hardback $19,75 Limp Binding $14,75).

Since the cessation of publishing by the Books of Zimbabwe there has been a dearth of locally produced books on the country's history.

This book published by Louis Bolze, formerly Managing Director of Books of Zimbabwe, is therefore to be welcomed.

The book is the story of Ken and Lilian Mew and of Ranche House College, as told by Rowland Fothergill, who as a member of the Board of Governors, is well qualified to give an authoritative account of the Mews and their work at Ranche House College.

The first part of the book deals with Ken Mew's early life, his war record and his involvement with the Capricorn Society founded by Col. David Stirling, and his eventual appointment as Principal of Ranche House College.

Ranche House has its roots deep in the country's history. The land first belonged to the pioneering partners of Johnson, Heany and Borrow and the house was built by Colonel Raleigh Grey, who was the B.S.A. Company's local Secretary. It was subsequently used to house Ministers and Senior Civil Servants and lastly, before it became the College, it was the home of the Chief Justice, Sir Robert Tredgold.

The work at the College is described in detail and the Mew's dedication to a multiracial society is encountered throughout the book. The College came into being shortly before the UDI period and the problems of a liberal approach to the country's problems were not always welcomed by the authorities and there was always a danger of serious confrontation.

However the Mews survived it all and their endeavours were rewarded when Ken was awarded the World Methodist Peace prize in 1982 — he was only the fifth recipient of the prize.

The book is a worthy tribute to a man and his wife whose labours for peace and racial reconciliation through contact and learning were their main objectives. The book also provides an insight to the political climate of the times.

Address to the History Society of Zimbabwe

by Ian de la Rue

Before dealing with the lowveld specifically I would like to give an account of conditions prevailing in Rhodesia when I came here in 1933.

The railways and towns were very much in being, and goods and services were of a very high standard. We had a sound infrastructure. But when one came to the roads and travel, problems arose. The main roads were graded, but very corrugated, potholed and dusty, and during the 4–5 months of the wet season were virtually impassable. One got stuck in the mud and held up for days or weeks by flooded rivers. A few low level bridges were being experimented with, and they were built very low, for fear of being washed away. But their construction was most excellent and I don't know of one that was washed away. Syd Rogers, divisional road engineer, at Gwelo was experimenting with about 1 mile of strip road on each of three sides of the town despite international advice about their failure. They were proved right in that conditions in this country were clearly different from that of others, and in the course of a number of years, these strips were constructed on all the main roads of the country. This was a revolution in vehicle travel, both in the dry season and wet, but it did not solve flooded river periods.

So much for the main roads, but when it came to the country roads, these were mostly wagon tracks, and virtually all heavy traffic consisted of 5 ton wagons and a span of 16 Shona oxen, which made about 10 to 12 miles per day. Shona oxen were almost exclusively used as they were hardy and tough, and could stand the work. Afrikander oxen could also be used, but not the exotic breeds.

I worked on Devuli Ranch for three years as a learner from 1933 to 1935. It was a large ranch of 750 000 acres that the Bridges family started in 1919 after the first world war. In those days we were often cut off for long periods by mud and flood from Ft. Victoria 100 miles away, so at the end of November we would stock up with the four things that would keep through the wet season . . . namely tea, sugar, flour and rice. The rest we either had to grow, shoot, produce (milk) or do without. If we made a trip to Ft. Victoria, we never knew when we might get back. We had to take tarpaulins and food, in case of hold-ups, and the spare wheel acted as a wonderful table, as it floated on top of the mud.

I took up Ruware Ranch in 1936. It was crown land, and situated about 60 miles from Devuli and have been here ever since. We have the Chiredzi river (about 200 yards wide at the house) that we had to cross to get onto the wagon track on the other side, and a boat was needed in the wet season to cross to get mail and messages to Zaka 45 miles away by an African on a bicycle. The first boat was made by Mr. Bridges (my father in law), as I married Violet Bridges in 1936, and he built it to cross the flooded Sabi, which the year before had had the benefit of the Birchenough Bridge being built by Dorman Long . . . an incredible structure right in mid bundu. They came here after constructing the Sydney Harbour bridge, which I had seen being constructed, when I was in Australia in 1932.

I tied the boat up with a buffalo reim, and one flood found the boat had been washed down the nearby gorge and smashed to smithereens . . . a crocodile having eaten the reim.

So I had to fell another mahogany, and pit saw it to make another boat, as we were now completely stranded. A year or two later the same thing happened, but an African not knowing the problem of controlling a boat in flooded waters decided to take someone across and got hopelessly out of control, and abandoned the boat which again was smashed beyond repair in the gorge. He was lucky not to have drowned. So a third boat had to be made.

As a matter of passing interest the wagon track on the other side of the Chiredzi has a large baobab tree nearby, and inscribed on it is:-

W.H. Owen. 14.7.03.

This wagon track, I think, was cut at that time, as a serious drought had hit this area, and an African on the place who was born about 1900 said a trader brought down maize on a wagon to exchange for African cattle.

From about 1934 to 1936 three cattle diseases hit this area, right from Nuanetsi to Devuli, and they caused serious losses of stock. First of all foot and mouth disease appeared, and though it has little effect on the animals that contract it, nevertheless it has international implications which are disastrous. The Veterinary Department had no idea of how to control it, and they imposed calamitous orders on the stockmen. They bunched cattle into herds often as many as a thousand or more, so that the disease could swiftly spread itself amongst the cattle, and a year's immunity would result. Often the cattle ran short of grazing and water, and Devuli had 2 000 cows with calves at one time on the Devuli river when the grazing and water ran out. When they were finally told they could move the cattle, they were too weak to trek and all 2 000 cows and calves died on the banks.

All calves born for six months after an outbreak were slaughtered by the Veterinary Department so that the disease would not re-develop . . . at terrible blow to cattle production. Percy Huston, the District Veterinary Officer for the Province, told the ranchers if we could not stand his treatment, we must get out . . . Devuli had 20 000 cattle at the time and Nuanetsi vastly more. No one wanted our cattle and we were expendable. John Adamson, who took over, from Mr. Huston as D.V.O. experimented by leaving the calves, and when the next outbreak occurred, injected (which he had now devised) with live virus and they had no reaction, having got their immunity from their mothers. To make a long story short, foot and mouth has plagued the lowveld ever since, right up to the present time.

Another disease that occurred at that time was Theileriasis that appeared first on Nuanetsi Ranch and spread right through the area. It was isolated by Dr. Theiler, and is found to be carried by the brown ear tick. It is a deadly disease, for which there was no cure. I have had it on a number of occasions on this ranch, and found it was associated with buffalo . . . hence it is also known as "buffalo disease". it was also known as Chisa disease, as that is the section on Nuanetsi Ranch that carried most buffalo, and where it was originally isolated. It spread with the movement of cattle in drought years right through the lowveld.

It might be mentioned here that buffalo are in fact the carriers of both diseases and hence the present policy of destruction of buffalo by the Government in the ranching areas.

The third disease that occurred was heartwater, which is carried by the bont leg tick . . . also a deadly disease, but as time goes on, the cattle of the area get an immunity and its

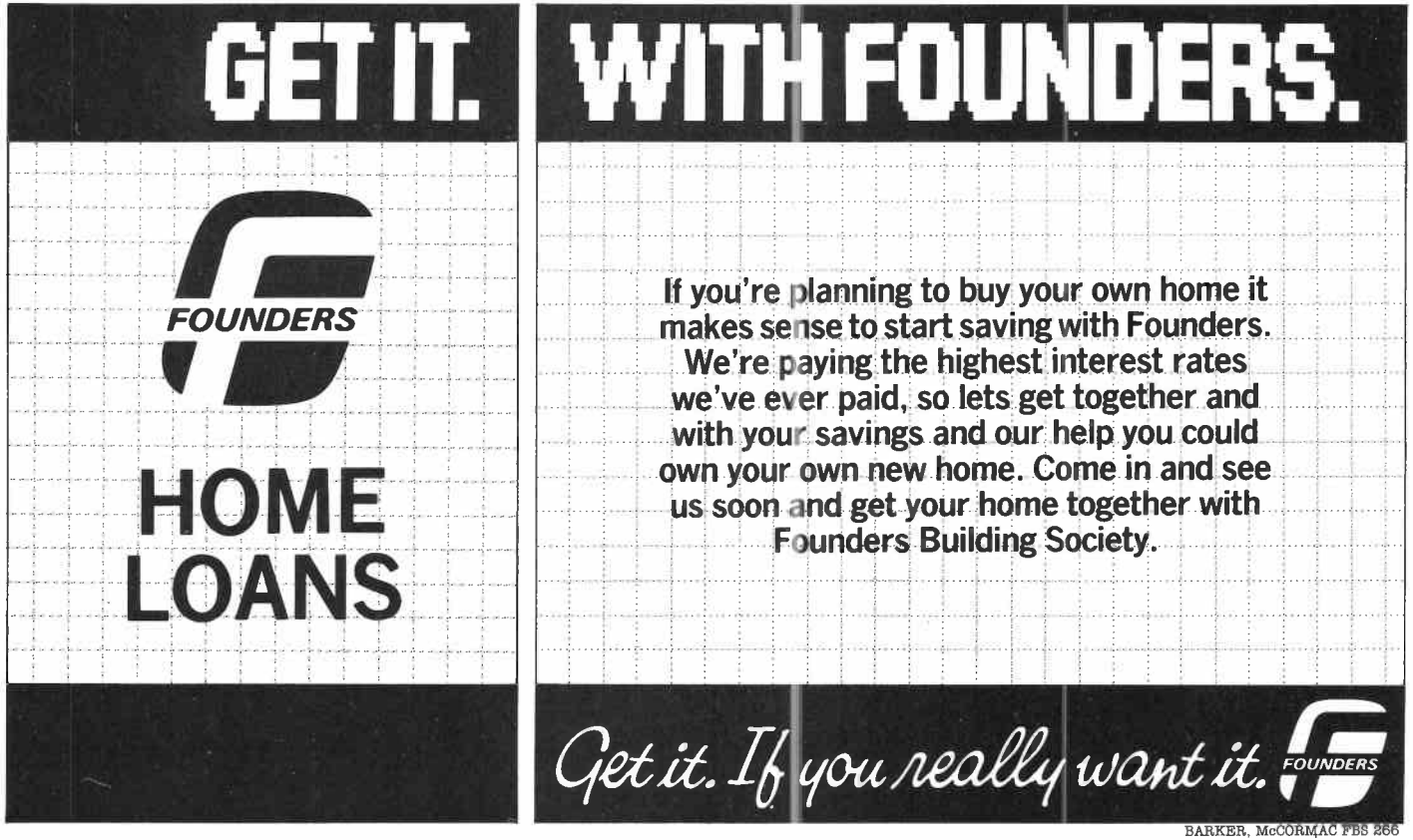
ill effects are reduced. But these diseases took a heavy toll of the lowveld and most ranchers that were here had to pack up. This included Nuanetsi Ranch who had 110 000 cattle at the time (1936) and they closed down except for a caretaker. I was wanting a wagon and a span of oxen as I had just come to Ruware, and went to Nuanetsi. They had an incredible 60 wagons and 60 spans of oxen (about 1 000 head). They said they needed these of which 40 were scheduled to go to Ft. Victoria during the dry season. As they employed possibly 3 000 Africans, they needed 1 000 tons of maize for the year. A 5 ton wagon will only do about 7 trips a year (the wet season being not practical) each wagon will bring in only 35 tons. So 30 wagons were allocated to maize transport and 10 to other items, such as dip, cement, wire etc. The other 20 were needed for local transport on this 3m acres and a few for spares. They were staggering figures.

The white population of that time of the lowveld from the Sabi River to the Limpopo was 7 families . . . Devuli (Bridges), Humani (Whittalls), Angus Ranch (Dotts), Ruware (de la Rues), Faversham (Beverleys), Triangle (McDougall), Nuanetsi (Caretaker Deadman). To witness the population now with the vast irrigation schemes, Triangle, Hippo Valley, Mkwasine, Chisumbanje and Middle Sabi is unbelievable.

Ranching in those days was a matter of survival. Apart from the hazards already described we were plagued with lions, leopards and other wild animals. The cattle could not be paddocked as the carnivora killed the cattle and the zebra broke the fences. Until we got rid of some of these tribulations in the mid fifties paddocking was impossible. On this ranch we have killed 135 lions and many hundreds of leopards and at times they decimated our herds. When lions are plentiful their smell terrifies domestic stock, and they neither sleep by night nor graze by day, and in the dry season they die of poverty. Until the Cold Storage Commission opened up a slaughter works in Ft. Victoria in 1951, we had almost no outlet for our cattle, (when we were allowed to send them to market).

I consider there is much more game now (until the diastrous drought last year) due chiefly to our getting rid of the lions, leopards, wild dogs, and hyenas that seemed to balance their numbers. Buffalo and elephant were more numerous then, but due to Government policy they were severely cropped.

If I were asked what main benefits we now have that did not exist in the early thirties, I would enumerate three things. Firstly P.V.C. piping which has solved many problems of getting water to the cattle economically . . . we have good open water from the rivers and earth dams, but in many instances no underground water. Secondly I would list Road Motor Transport. This has to a large extent overcome getting animals to slaughter and at the same time controlling disease. Lastly the construction of earth dams. Before coming to Rhodesia I travelled extensively in a number of countries, but never saw such a dam before. I have an idea that they were developed in South Africa and I learnt my dam making from an Afrikaner here in Rhodesia.



BARKER, McCORMAC FBS 266

The Shamva Story

by E.A. Logan

(Reproduction of a talk delivered by Mrs Edone Ann Logan to the members of the History Society of Zimbabwe at Shamva, on Sunday, 30th September, 1984.

At one time — about 70 years ago, Shamva was the third largest town in Rhodesia. Life was then, as it is now, interesting, exciting and full. Challenges which were met in those days were however, very different from those we meet today, and our Old Timers probably consider our lives 'cushy' by comparison.

To set the scene, we have a picture of Courtney Selous, depicted on one of his many hunting trips in this area in the 1870s. This picture was worked in tapestry by Shamva women, and is part of the national tapestry which hung for some years in the House of Parliament. As late as 1914, the Year Book of the time reported that . . . "game of all kinds abounds in the area, from elephant and rhino, which generally frequent the northern bank of the Mazoe River, down to all kinds of buck. Lions are common and hippo are seen in the large pools".

The area now known as Shamva was once called Abercorn, in honour of the Duke of Abercorn who was then President of the B.S.A. Company. The name was changed sometime between 1909 and 1913 to avoid confusion of postal addresses with the town of the same name in the then Northern Rhodesia.

The word "Shamva" is a Shona term indicating "wetness". One old man told us that the area was so named from the fact that if you climb the hill during the rains, you cannot avoid a drenching. This is a little puzzling because it is not a high rainfall area. Another translation is "Place of Washing".

The history of the local tribesmen and the geneology of their chiefs and headmen is a long and involved story, of which there is a detailed account in Anthony Blick's "History of Shamva". It is of great interest and deserves greater attention than I can devote to it in a general review. To the south and east of Shamva are the Mangwende and Uzumba Communal Lands, and to the north lie Bushu and Madziwa.

Soon after the occupation of Mashonaland in 1890, the Mazoe Valley became the scene of great activity, with prospectors spreading in all directions and small workings springing up on ancient gold mining sites.

The original European settlement was situated near the juntion of the Mazoe and Pote Rivers. By 1896 there was a small European community, especially on and in the vicinity of Tafuna Hill, at the foot of which Messrs. Deary and Company had established their trading store. A visit will be made to the site of this store later today. Most of the inhabitants were involved in mining.

In June 1896, although the Matabele rising had begun nearly three months before, and was in full fury, the settlers of Abercorn were peacefully occupied with their daily tasks, confident that "it can't happen to us". Up to that time no one had suspected that

some of the Mashona people were planning to rise. The first sign of local trouble blew up in the adjoining Mtoko district, where the acting Native Commissioner, H.H. Ruping went to collect hut tax and met with a hostile reception. Ruping was subsequently murdered.

There were about twenty prospectors and traders on the Abercorn goldfields at the time. The Europeans had been alarmed by the Mtoko incident and by reports from Mazoe, and on 20th June 1896 they fortified Deary and Company's store. Eighteen people, under the charge of E.C. Broadbent, remained there in a state of seige until relieved on the 13th July by a patrol led by A.H. Duncan.

During the terrifying 23 days and nights the garrison had defied the surrounding hordes with great gallantry, repelled several attacks, stoically suffered battle wounds, illness, the serious lack of water and other privations. A full account of the seige, written by Col. Hickman, is recorded in Mr. Blick's "History of Shamva", and in Col. Hickman's words . . . "The human side of the story is dramatic in the extreme . . . Without doubt this is one of the most heroic episodes in our pioneer history. By their grim determination to hold out at all costs . . . they displayed a wonderful example of human will, the triumph of mind over matter. . ." (See also Rhodesiana No 9 — Editor)

The only memorial to this event in our history is the grave of Fletcher, who advanced to the edge of the bush outside the laager in the hope of negotiating with the rebels, but was shot dead. He was buried where he fell. Altogether some sixteen people were murdered in the area.

Among the relatively minor, yet dangerous exploits of the period, is one related by Mr. Ivan Willis of two prospectors, Denis Morgan and Davy Evans, who were mining at Cadogan at the beginning of the rebellion. They walked barefoot to Salisbury to escape, and returned later to open up the Red Dragon mine.

POLICE

The first police post was opened on 2nd May 1898 near the junction of the Inyagui and Mazoe Rivers. At one stage the station was manned by twelve troopers, two of whom died of black-water fever. The rest were so ill that the station had to close down for a time.

In those days, one of the jobs of the troopers was to erect and maintain the telephone link from Abercorn via Enterprise to Salisbury. This link was completed in October 1898. The link between Abercorn and Darwin was completed in 1900. The police station established in 1909 consisted of five Europeans, four Africans and two riding mules.

About 1912 the police post was moved to a place opposite the present Chibuku Breweries, on the New Brixton road, on Tipparary Farm. There it remained until 1928, when it was moved to its present site. It then included a charge office, living quarters, stables and a farrier's shop.

Mr. Zepatus who, much later, returned to Shamva to help run Shamva Stores, was in those days, the cobbler. A story is told of how 'Mr. Zep' transported Mr. Dunlop on his bicycle from Avilin Siding to The Carse on his arrival in the district! Mr. M.D. Claxton was a cabinet maker and built the house on Richlands where *Mrs. Kelly Edwards* lives. Mr. Seymore-White was the Transport Rider; Mr. Gard was the plumber.

The cemetary site was carefully chosen, lying as near the hospital as the Public Health Act of the day allowed. Stories of cases of fever in Shamva spread far and wide and people were advised *not* to go to the district. The stories were grossly exaggerated but were

encouraged by several occurrences. At one stage there was no wood to use for coffins, so the government loaded a waggon full of black 'body boxes' and trundled them out to the district. This did nothing to dispel the rumours. Dr. Jackson recalled how a sorrowing widow, visiting Shamva to see her husband's grave, persumed the rows of 200-odd newly whitewashed huts, that formed the mine compound, and could be seen from the train, were gravestones of all the reported deaths in the area.

Piet Bezuidenhout soon set up a smithy, and also held the position of undertaker, making "very well-fitting coffins". He was in addition, pound-master (a post he held until 1969), and with his wife, ran a butchery. Lettie, the Bezuidenhout's daughter, became one of Shamva's most attractive telephone operators, and married Cornie Southie Jnr. Cornie's father came to Shamva early in the century as a labour contractor, and was responsible for building Inyagui Hill Road. This was constructed when the Mine pumped the Mazoe dry and the pipes had to be moved to the Inyagui River. Mr. Jones looked after the pump station there. He had "a wooden leg and grew strawberries and ran Hereford cattle". When the pipe line was moved back to the Mazoe the old pipes were sold and some are still in use as verandah pillars at the present Shamva Club.

Mr. Day, father of our *Mrs. Laing*, who in turn is mother of Dot Spain, ran the butchery which was situated next to the old Stores. Mrs. Laing remembers being envious of her sisters who went to the dances at the Club when she was too young to go.

The four Matsukis brothers, Don, Paul, Costa and John, arrived at intervals between 1914 and 1924, and set up stores on Rutherdale and Maxton, before buying the Shamva Stores and Hotel in 1933. They also set up stores in the Village, and later a butchery and bakery. Our locally-made bread still bears the imprint JMFB — 'John Matsukis Family Bakery'.

Jacob Benatar owned a store between Shamva and the Inyagui.

RAILWAY

The Shamva Railway was opened on April 24th 1913 by the Blinkwater Co. Ltd. The station building was erected in 1914. The rail from Salisbury to Shamva was 87 miles long.

The first station master, Mr. Simson, 'never spoke to a woman if he could help it', but was loved by all the local children. Mr. Rijno de Beer relates; "The journey to Salisbury

Shamva Railway — Railhead June 1912 — Jumbo Siding.
Photo — National Archives.

involved three to four days travelling, however the Shamva train was equipped with a dining car and steward named "Paddy" — an Irishman. Paddy knew everybody in the district, what they did, how many children they had and so on, and he took pride in serving very good meals. Roy Welensky drove the Shamva train for many years.

The whole Shamva Station building has been dismantled and re-erected in its original form in the Bulawayo Railway Museum. The rain-gauge, telegraph and station name-board, showing the height above sea-level are all there.

Once, when the train was being loaded, the mine output of gold bars was overlooked. It was found next morning on the platform. One consignment vanished on route to Salisbury — the container being full of rubbish on arrival. *That* gold was never found.

SHAMVA MINE

The history of the Shamva Mine is a fascinating one. The mine was originally pegged in 1895 by the Glasgow Mashonaland Syndicate on the hill that was called Lone Star Hill. The original claims were abandoned and repegged in 1906 by Douglas Macandrew. The claims changed hands to the Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa, who in turn formed the Shamva Mines Ltd. in April 1910.

The story is told of how both the Goldfields and the B.S.A. Co. competed for the claims. Both sent their registration papers into Salisbury on the same day — the Goldfields with an African runner and the B.S.A. Co. on the Zeederberg Coach. The runner reached the Mining Commissioner's office first!

"Prospecting for Gold."

Photo — National Archives.

The reduction plant was finally completed in 1914 and was considered one of the finest in Southern Africa. When completed the plant consisted of three gate crushers, 64 Nissan Stamps and 12 tube mills.

A power station was built consisting of 6 steam boilers. The labour complement amounted to some 135 white and 1 700 locals. Shamva was the largest open-cast gold mine in the world.

At one time Mr. R. de Beer and Mr. Graham-Owen tributed the Shamva Mine from the Goldfields and worked it as a company. Mr. Owen's son 'Chips' still farms in the Poorte Valley.

TOWNSHIP

As the mine expanded, so did the provision of certain services. A township site was set aside for later development, and a Post Office was built.

The picture of life in the early days and up to the start of the Second World War is enriched by the stories told by Old Timers.

A district surgeon, Dr. O.E. Jackson, was appointed in 1909, and was paid the princely salary of £200 per annum. A small, eight bed cottage hospital was constructed the following year. We have Dr. Jackson to thank for many of the interesting stories recorded, as he was able to visit us in 1969, at the age of 93.

Shamva was thought to be one of the unhealthiest spots in Rhodesia at that time, and malaria and black-water fever were rampant. In 1919 the cottage hospital had more admissions than any other hospital in the country outside the four main centres. Micky Edgar's late wife, Mabel Thomson, was the first girl to be born in the hospital, and Theoff Hastings the first boy.

Old Timers who were small children at the time, have reason to remember Dr. Jackson's belief in the prophylactic efficiency of a course of quinine, followed by calomel and a large dose of epsom salts, to "clean you out". The treatment was effective, though drastic!

Dr. Jackson remained in Shamva until 1923. He had to build his own house eventually as his family grew, and when he left this was rented from him for use as a Magistrate's Court for three pounds a month.

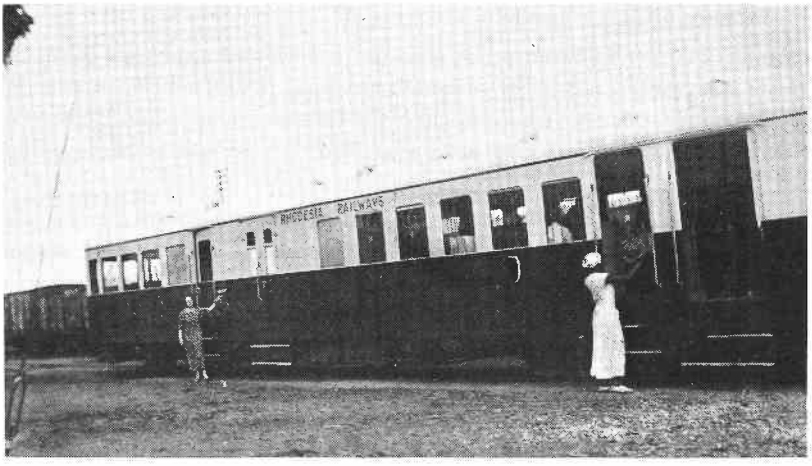
During his stay in Shamva, Dr. Jackson was elected a member of the Shamva Farmers' Association, a member of the District Road Board, a member of the Dipping Tank Committee and was Vice-President of the Shamva Poultry Club! He also bought a prospector's licence for one pound, and was granted a piece of land adjoining the hospital, which he called "Tipparary".

Mr. Micky Edgar has told us that the first hotel was the "Good Hotel", built on Shamva Farm. This was the first terminus of the Zeederberg Coach. All mail was collected from the hotel, which consisted of a group of corrugated iron huts. The Zeederberg Coach was drawn by four mules, and was the only mode of public transport to Shamva until 1914.

The Edgar family came out to Shamva in 1910 by ox wagon. Mr. Edgar Snr. had worked on the Rand, and was a qualified miner.

Trading rights and a hotel site were granted on 1st September 1909 to the B. and S. Syndicate owned by Blackwell and Singer. This was ratified in 1911 by the B.S.A. Company, and the Syndicate formed a company, Shamva Stores Ltd. The papers to this

Ladies' Day on Shamva golf course.



Shamva — Railcar.

Post Office, Shamva.

Shamva Mine School.

effect make most interesting reading. At one stage the stores were run by two brothers, Percy and Joe Graham. When the brothers reached roof height on a house they were building, they ran out of money and pegged the "Roof Mine" in the hope of gaining the required finances from the gold.

There was a mineral water factory on the banks of the Pote, which produced 3 000 bottles of mineral water a day!

HOTELS

There were now four hotels in the area during that period; the 'Good', the one on New Brixton, the 'Abercorn', built before the Shamva Hotel at the foot of Tafuna Hill, and the Shamva Hotel near the Mine. All that remains of these are the foundations. Mrs. Nora Steele from The Vale, Poorte Valley, and mother of Clive Liddle, told us how she and her sister, Gladys used to ride to The Abercorn on bicycles for the dances, spending the night after the dance in one of two dormitories of which one was for girls and one for boys. They were "patrolled" all night by the proprietor and his wife. Roy (later Sir Roy) Welensky, uncle of Ivan and Alan Willis, worked as barman at this hotel at one time.

ENTERTAINMENT

The Shamva Mine built a club house with a large hall, and the band used to be on a stage in the middle of the floor. Mr. Edgar relates that waltzes were definitely the order of the day, alternating with the lancers and the odd polka! One memorable dance at the Mine club was marred by a fracas over a girl. The contestants, an amateur boxer and a tall dandy fellow who was a late hospital convalescent, arranged to fight behind the Post Office hut the next day. Thankfully the G.M.O. heard of the proposed contest and was able to persuade the young men to "postpone it till another day".

Four tennis courts were built at the Club and two billiard tables installed. A golf course was laid out on both sides of the Shamvanyama River, from the station up-stream. Four holes out of the nine had to be played over the stream and there is a (possibly apocryphal) story that floating balls had to be used, as the number of balls otherwise lost made the game very expensive!

The football field was situated behind the station and Micky Edgar was a member of the team which won the Elcombe Cup later — in 1928.

A Shamva Mine Rifle Platoon and Lewis Gun Section was formed, with Corney Southey Snr. the commanding officer.

A cinema show was screened weekly at the Mine club hall or the Hotel dining room with a voluntary pianist always on hand to emphasise with appropriate chords the excitement or drama of the silent movies and to 'fill in' during the frequent break-downs.

ESSENTIAL COMMODITIES

Initially the only milk available came from a kraal miles away, but later the Reiners, who owned a few cows, delivered milk daily. George Hockley opened the first butchery. Near the Station, on the banks of the Shamvanyama, (which means "wash the meat"), Soloman Hussan owned an excellent vegetable garden and sold his produce locally. The hair-dresser, an Indian, did his rounds on a bicycle and cut one's hair on the front stoep.

EDUCATION

The Mine built a school in 1914 just behind the site of the old Standard Bank. This consisted of one building and two huts for staff. The first teacher was Mr. Farquhar. An inspectress visited the school that year and suggested that a woman teacher be appointed to teach the lower classes and instruct the older girls in home-crafts. She wrote: "Shamva is a most difficult place for a woman to teach. She should not be young, as the mine men are rough, and a young teacher could certainly not live at the Hotel. She cannot live in either of the huts, as Mr. Farquhar is too young and too boyish to understand how difficult it would be for a lady if she did as *he* wants, live in one hut and he in the other, and mess together! I told him this, but he seemed to think that being Principal made it possible for him to disregard some of the conventions of life!" Mrs. Blair was appointed and lived in the huts, while Mr. Farquhar went to the Hotel! School Fees in 1928 were twenty shillings per term for infants, and thirty shillings for juniors.

We have four ex-pupils of that first school with us today — *Micky, Mrs. Pat Willis* (then Pat Hopkins), her husband *Mr. Ivan Willis* and *Mrs. Mureen Davenport.*

The Edgar children walked three miles through the bush to school and Maureen went on the Mine skip each day. Mrs. Davenport, who was born on the Mine in 1915 is the daughter of Mr. Trotman, a mining engineer, who bought Maenzi Farm where he and his family lived later.

FIRST CARS

The first car to arrive on the Mine was a two-seater Argyl, owned by Capt. Kennedy. This car had a wind-screen, no hood and a long body behind the front seat, in which there was a folding "dickey-seat". It could accommodate three people in the front and about six in and around the dickey, and could travel downhill at 30 m.p.h. Soon after its arrival Capt. Kennedy was taking a party to Bindura and ran sideways up the embankment of the Shamvanyama Drift. Fortunately no one was hurt. He sold the car 'in situ' — upside down!

Stories are told of . . . 'Old Ambler', who ran the first taxi service to Darwin, and who later, due to bad eye-sight, had an African co-driver always by his side, as he couldn't see traffic approaching! He became caretaker of the Pote River Halt water tanks, and was always in demand at a party, as he played the banjo so well.

Many other characters are still remembered: 'Ma' Strickland, who chased her husband off Lions Den; Jimmy Coull, the builder, whose bricks, marked with his initials, still form part of many buildings in the area; Morgan, the stone-mason, who built his home of solid granite on Cadogan and Claude Smith, who owned the first garage. The Standard Bank manager was Mr. Rennie. D'Arcy Bean Snr., had a cart which collected the night-soil from the Village and the Mine, and he became Maize King of the Valley!

ROADS

As time went on, motoring became more general and the government was obliged to pay a little more attention to the roads. A few stones were put in the drifts, razor-backs were trimmed down and *some* of the stumps were removed. The only road to Salisbury was via Bindura, and if in the dry season you did the journey in eight hours, you had something to brag about.

The short road through Ceres was conceived and put through by one of the most public-minded men of the time, Mr. Arthur Morkel, who came to Shamva in 1905. The road went from Ceres, via Lions Head to Stauntons. Mr. Morkel's two grandsons, John and Rex are still farming in Shamva, and to this day use the irrigation tunnel built by their grandfather — a fantastic feat of engineering for those days.

V.M.B.

A Village Management Board was constituted in 1918. By 1924 Shamva had a Road Council, one of the first in the country. At one stage, Captain Moubray wrote, complaining to the Secretary of Mines and Roads, that "... the man in charge of our roads has just left a *circus*, and the experience he has gained in laying the tarred rings for the performances seems to have been thought sufficient to qualify him for Rhodesian road-making . . ."!

NATIVE DEPT.

Until 1916 there is no record of the old Native Department in Shamva. The area came within the orbit of the Native Commissioner, Mazoe. It continued to do so for years, even after 1916, but in January of that year it had its first resident *Assistant* Native Commissioner, Mr. J.B. Henry.

Shamva appeared to be regarded as one of the stations where men of promise were posted, many of whom were almost certainly already marked out for promotion. The list of ANC's included L. Powys-Jones, who later became Chief Native Commissioner, H.

Simkins who attained the rank of Assistant Chief Native Commissioner, and Dick Powell and Bernard Masterson whose careers carried them to the positions of Secretary for Internal Affairs and Deputy Secretary, respectively. *Mrs. Gill Masterson* has remained a staunch friend and supporter of the district ever since her arrival in Shamva as a bride. Among her amusing recollections is the occasion on which she ordered "a leg of an ox" from Piet Bezuidenhout, for dinner for her new husband. Tactfully, Piet contacted Bernard before delivering the order!

SPANISH 'FLU'

In 1918, Spanish 'Flu' invaded the community and lasted for fourteen anxious days. The epidemic put a stop to work, and everyone with cars took it in turns to transport the doctors hither and thither. The mine doctor was Dr. Hawker.

There is a cave on Richlands North near the Lower Chipoli Road, which faces east and where 'Bushman Paintings' can be seen. This cave was used by Mr. Edgar Snr. during the 'flu' epidemic as a quarantine hospital for his African labourers. Each man was given, daily, one tot lamp paraffin and one tot 'dop' (brandy) and was fed on good soup. This treatment proved extremely successful.

FARMERS

If there were time I would like to relate more stories of old times in Shamva — stories of men whose names will live on; men such as Henry Churchill Hastings who left a ranch in Texas to join his cousin, Skipper Hoste. He joined the Shamva Mine and then bought Robin Hood, and worked on the Iles and Joking Mines while clearing the farm. Theoff, his son, was born in 1909, whose son *David*, is still on Robin Hood.

In June 1924, Mr. Hastings died and was buried in the Shamva cemetery. Mrs. Hastings left Robin Hood for a number of years, but when she returned to Shamva she worked tirelessly, with Mrs. Ethel Hayman, to collect money to erect the Church in Shamva. Mr. Morkel made the pews out of wood he had cut on the Fungwe. The altar cross, candle sticks and vases and the lovely altar linen were sent out from England by Mr. Hastings' sisters, in memory of their brother.

The Shamva Farmers' Association came into being in 1912. Among the founder members were men who were destined to play leading roles in the development of this area — and of Rhodesia. One such person was Captain John Mitchell Moubray, who died on Chipoli in 1951 at the age of seventy. In 1903, while working as a mining engineer, he wrote in his book "In South Central Africa" that "... the Mazoe District ... will probably become one of the most important in Rhodesia".

He settled on Chipoli in 1911. During the '14–'18 War he helped invent what was a forerunner of Radar. He was a great conservationist and built many dams and weirs, and installed the first hydro-electric plant on the Mazoe River in 1938. He instigated the Lower Mazoe Irrigation Scheme (Coloured Settlement) which was first surveyed in 1921, built the first suspension bridge over the Mazoe, and established a dehydration factory on Chipoli during the Second World War. We have *Clare Moubray*, the wife of one of his grandsons — Robert — with us today.

The activities of Sam Hayman and Billy ("Pop") Ludgater included that of Charcoal burning on Bythorn Farm before going into agriculture. ("Pop", in fact, had been with the

Native Department.) Sam bought Ilton and will always be remembered for his services on the Road Council. "Pop" bought the farm Nyamambara in the Poorte Valley.

Ted Bulter worked for Arthur Morkel, Major Cochran and then Cornie Southey before buying five farms in the district. We are fortunate to have his sons and grandchildren still in the district. Ted Stoker, later of Usaramo, also came to the country originally to work for Mr. Morkel. Ted's daughter, *Betty* and her husband still farm in this area.

Another farmer who 'imported' assistants was John MacIntyre, who became President of the RNFU. He gave valuable training to both Will Cook and Geordie Robertson who in turn became valued members of the community. John MacIntyre now lives in the Cape. Captain Wing, another prominent farmer, made the earliest attempts at soil conservation on Rustington. (John MacIntyre died at the Cape 1985 — Editor)

During the 30's, the population dropped drastically due to the closure of the mine, and the Government withdrew the G.M.O. However, Sister Sivemoner, the district nurse, and Miss Katy Cartwright — a midwife — coped amazingly well with the needs of the district, and are remembered with great affection.

It is always pleasing when children of members of the district 'join together in matrimony'. This has been happening here for years, celebrated examples being Ivan and Alan Willis who married two sisters, Pat and Rene Hopkins, and later their widowed parents who followed suit! Ivan and Pat have been most helpful in the compiling of these notes.

POORTE VALLEY

So far, I have made little mention of that very important section of the area — the Poorte Valley. In 1923, the Poorte Valley Farmers' Association was formed. A meeting was held at Hereford on 11th November, and to celebrate the occasion Mrs. Hagelthorne provided lunch.

Among the first members were the Wilson brothers, Doug, Ken and Eric, and their sister Irene. Doug Wilson came to be known as the much loved patriarch of the Valley. He sadly passed away last month. His wonderful reminiscences have been of great value in compiling this history. Ken also recorded some most interesting stories, Eric bought Tipparary Farm in 1938. His wife, *May* relates the story of how Eric's life was saved many years before by Dr. Jackson who, at great peril, had to cross the flooded Poorte River to reach him. His sister-in-law, *Daphne Snook* and her daughter, still run the farm. Irene is at the Mazoe Valley Trust.

The farms acquired by the Wilsons were both on virgin soil — Eaglescliffe and Burnside. Douglas wrote: "There were no roads and we wandered through the heavy timber, with my sister riding a mule. We built a pole and dagga house and settled in. On October 1st we had a heavy rain storm and the water came in at the back of the house and out through the front. Later we built a proper house . . . Adam Liddle was our nearest neighbour until the Ludgaters came on to the next farm. Some seven miles away were Mr. and Mrs. Norval and their children on Arcadia, where we had church services now and then."

Doug Wilson used to take most of the childrens' services, riding to Shamva to do so on many occasions, and stopping for the night with the Whaleys on Trio Mine. Sometimes visiting ministers would come. The Rev. Sampson (Presbyterian) came on his bicycle —

hard work indeed on the rough roads, inches deep in dust. Rev. Green (Anglican) used several means of transport. He started his journey by train, then moved through the countryside by mule cart, donkey cart or sometimes motor car. "Coming to us he usually got a lift as far as Ceres", wrote Doug Wilson, "and there I picked him up with our mule cart. Next day I would take him to Avilin Siding — a very slow, rough journey. After a trip or two he had an idea. 'You drive the mules and I'll *wallop* them', he suggested. After twenty minutes of this, the Rev. Father said, 'I give up'. So I *drove* the mules *and* walloped them."

Doug was called to baptise a sick baby on one occasion. Amongst his many attributes he was a qualified horticulturist and an expert on fruit and flower hybridization. Doug's son Frank and wife are still on Burnside.

Mr. and Mrs. Norval arrived in 1909 and settled on Arcadia. Mrs. Norval started a school, as she had to teach her own six children anyway! Her pupils sat on mealie sacks for their lessons. Some boarded with her. These pupils included Barbara and Hughie Taylor who farm on Hopedale, Ian Rae who is on Woodlands and his brothers and sisters, Rollo Hayman who became M.P. for the area, the Willises, Clive Liddle, and the Whaleys. Malcolm and Doug, two of the Norval sons, tributed the Trio Mine from the Whaleys for over thirty years, and also ran the farm most successfully.

In 1910 McLellan Taylor came to join his brother, Hugh, who was learning to be a mine captain in Shamva. After managing Ilton, Woodlands and Avilion, he moved on to Hopedale in 1929. Before this however, in 1916, two attractive young girls, Gladys and Nora Bonson, arrived from Croydon. They joined their parents on Bonny creating quite a stir in the district. The girls brought with them their bicycles, on which they rode to dances as mentioned earlier. One day, the bikes developed punctures and the girls went for help to Avilion, where Mr. Taylor went to their rescue and took them on their journey in his horse and cart. This was the start of a romance, and the following year McLellan Taylor married Gladys. Nora married Adam Liddle from The Vale.

Mr. Taylor had the first tractor in the area — a John Deer D, with iron wheels. Barbara and Hughie remember hearing the wagons delivering maize to Avilin siding, passing their home through the night. They also remember the year their father was instructed to grow cotton. It rained incessantly. Some farmers just framed their cheques; they were worth so little.

During that very wet year of 1926, the Poorte Valley Association minutes recorded the death of seven Africans who were drowned while crossing the Pote River suspension bridge.

An interesting item on a lighter note from the Association's minutes a little later, records that at a demonstration on Burnside farm, a cow was slaughtered and pickled. A year later, at a holiday camp at Bythorn, the cow was eaten in two weeks by the Norval boys, the Whaley boys and a few others from Mrs. Norval's school.

PESTS

In 1930 the army worm appeared, and in such vast numbers that they stopped at nothing. Small streams were crossed by these pests over the dead bodies of the advance guard.

Worse still were the locusts which came in clouds over the hills, breaking trees by

sheer weight of numbers, covering such fruit as pawpaws until they looked like black umbrellas. Their droppings made it impossible to have tea in the garden!

W.I.

In 1927 the women of the district were invited to a meeting at which it was proposed to form a Women's Institute. We are most fortunate to have with us today, the daughter of the lady who, having been one of the founders of the W.I. of Rhodesia in Essexvale, came to Shamva to form our Institute. *Mrs. Stella Coulson's* mother was Mrs. Beatrice Richardson, and her father organised the first Indaba at the Matopos.

The W.I. organised most of the social events of the district at the time — dances, bridge evenings etc. Many well-known names appear in the old minutes, amongst whom are Mesdames Moubray, Morkel, Hastings, Hayman, Dunlop, Wallis, Jackson, Flaxman, Masterson, Trotman, Wing and Abrahamson.

In 1935 the farmers built their own hall for £121 and the W.I. was given the use of this for their meetings. Shortly afterwards, with the help of the Farmers' Association, which granted them a piece of land, the W.I. was able to build its own premises which consisted of a hall, kitchenette and dressing room. The dressing room later became the first library. The hall is still in use today.

MISCELLANY

In 1932 the Shamva Stores and hotel burnt down and the composite unit was sold, with Singer's home and farm, to Don and Paul Matsukis. We have with us Paul's son *George Matsukis*, and his family, who own Shamva Farms. George guided you around the old hotel which his father and uncle rebuilt. He still possesses the interesting letters and documents on the transfer of the hotel and stores.

In 1938 my husband's parents, Hamish and *Iris Logan* came up from Matabeleland to farm Golden Star. A year later Hamish's cousin, Kin Ross, bought the adjoining farm Kudu Kloof. (Kin was the father of Peggy Moore, still on Annandale, whose two daughters and son have married into the Shamva community.) Neither family had electricity, telephones or in-door sanitation. They planned that Hamish, who had a radio, would fire a shot at the outbreak of war, and this he did, to convey to them the news of the end of an era.

I wish to thank all those whom we affectionately call "Old Timers", for contributing stories and snippets of reminiscence which went into the compilation of this talk, and also, especially Mrs. Kelly Edwards and a "Young Timer" if I may call him that — Anthony Blick, whose thesis, written while at the Bulawayo Teachers' Training College in 1969, formed the basis of my research. We would welcome any further information of the early days of this district, and photographs or documents which would help to complete the fascinating story of the Old Days.

Early Days In Mashonaland

by A. R. Morkel (1871–1933)

(This article forms part of the memoirs of the late A.R. Morkel — the first of which is devoted to the early history of the family and their experiences in South Africa before coming to what was then Rhodesia. Mr. Morkel tells of his experiences of the journey to the North and of his activities in Mashonaland before he settled down to farming in the Shamva district where he became a very well known farmer. — Editor.)

Towards the end of 1886 there were many rumours of fortunes to be made by mining gold on the Witwatersrand Gold Fields. I had already been drawn towards the fascinating life led by such men as F.C. Selous, H.M. Stanley & others in their explorations in the mysterious "Interior" — as we always spoke of it in those days. I think the vast distances one tries to grasp and which seem intangible in the Karroo, where I was born, have something to do with the intense longing to get elsewhere — to get to the top of yonder blue range of mighty mountains — to reach the edge of this "illimitable" veld where the horizon and the blue sky seem one and almost indistinguishable — to wander on over treeless tracts to some place in the far interior where there are shady trees and running streams of clear water — to go away from this biting cold wind to sun warmed stretches of sandy veld and above all the desire to become a hunter of the numerous wild game of Africa. Whatever longings I had seemed intense and overwhelming and I took the first step in September 1887 boarding a train for Kimberley (the Railway terminus of those days) to satisfy my ambitions to become an explorer and a hunter.

Kimberley struck me as a busy place, generally very dirty (only a few of the principal streets were clean) and the last part of the Interior I wished to remain in. I spent a few days there and during that time I was asked to take a billet at £100 per annum in a Forwarding Agency business. This sum seemed a magnificent salary to me but as I still had some money and the Far Interior still called incessantly, I declined the post and arranging with a transport rider to give me a lift to Johannesburg I spent another two weeks with him on the road. This trip I thoroughly enjoyed. I had a severe attack of dysentry and was cured by a bushman's concoction, the bark of a tree made into a strong tea, which prescription I am sorry I have never been able to find. Many drugs to cure diseases are known to the wandering bushmen and natives of Africa but few of them have become of use to the Europeans. I think it is high time our Government established a laboratory of research to examine these reputed drugs for the benefit of settlers in the outskirts of civilisation, and humanity generally. (NOTE Cancer bush in Karroo). I used often to bathe in the Vaal River. The traveller Anderson mentioned buffalo as plentiful on the banks of this river some 20 or 30 years before and I used to explore the patches of bush and the stony kopjies in the hope of seeing some game. I had no rifle but the sight of game of any kind caused me intense joy and excitement and I spent many pleasant hours stalking hares, steenbok, springbok and duiker and with a stick pointing at them in imitation of my hero and favourite

author — F.C. Selous. There were fish in the river, duck and wild geese flew over-head, guinea fowl and partridge swarmed in the kopjes or on the bush covered banks of the great Vaal. Though I shot nothing having no gun, it was all very interesting to me.

Our wagons reached Klerksdorp about 14 days after we left Kimberley and here we had copious down-pours of rain. The wagons, laden with heavy machinery for a mine at Roodepoort, sank to their bed planks in the mud and disselbooms, chains, yokes and skeys were constantly being broken. Although I was a passenger who had paid for his fare, yet I worked as hard as any in getting out of difficulties and I was very proud when the Boer transport rider complimented me and thanked me for the help I had given him. On our arrival at Roodepoort, not wishing to remain with the wagons while the machinery was being off loaded (a tedious and slow process) I arranged for my box to be delivered in Johannesburg and set out on foot for the famous centre of gold mining. I was tired at two o'clock in the afternoon when I came in sight of the town and putting my back to an antheap in the veld, where Fordsburg now stands, I intended to view the place whilst I rested. I however fell asleep and woke late just near sunset. I jumped to my feet and hurrying the remaining mile or two to the town, I at last found a carpenter, Mr. S. le Roux now of Salisbury, from our village who gave me a doss down on his bench, and I wish to place on record my gratitude to him for his generous hospitality. The next day I searched the town for a job of some kind without success. Business was bad, swarms of men of all nationalities and of all occupations were wandering about in search of work and matters were looking serious. Only qualified fitters and miners were wanted. The ordinary overseer on surface works was glad to get £15 per month, Engine drivers got £16 per month, Miners £5 per week, Fitters £1 per shift, Amalgamators 10/- per shift. A youngster like myself was not wanted at all, the offices were over-staffed with clerks and besides required experienced men. Bank clerks to start with received £8 per month. Board and lodging cost anything from £5 per month up to £10 per month. The food was very inferior and the lodging worse. Tents, tented wagons, galvanised iron sheets and huts made of wood covered with tin from oil drums or cement barrels could be seen all over the veld towards Natal Spruit, Langelaagte and Booysens. Some of the most important merchants had large warehouses and shops in the Market Square and Commissioner Street and some of the companies offices and offices of financiers were very creditable buildings and the Stock Exchange had already assumed quite sizeable proportions. A couple of chains fastened on iron standards across the entrance of the street in front of the Stock Exchange to the Market Square and Commissioner Street, separated the space in which a crowd of brokers, clerks and speculators held a daily Share-market. I could not make out why these people were there and why they did not sell their shares inside the Stock Exchange building. I was told afterwards that the majority of their business was in the nature of pure gambling and not always honest, and that was why they were not allowed inside, where only brokers, speculators, financiers and their clerks who had paid certain heavy subscriptions were allowed to do business on the share market. However I know that a tremendous volume of business was done "Between the Chains" as the place was called, and I often heard of men making fortunes. When they made fortunes they were able to buy their places inside the Stock Exchange and even if they had been dishonest between the chains, they were, as monied men, admitted to the hidden mysterious interior of that august body of dealers in shares.

There was therefore no room for a lad of my age and abilities. On application at one of

the many offices where I called I was told that "The City and Suburban G.M. Co. required some "boys". I was fairly desperate by this time. I had only £2 in my pocket and it was absolutely necessary for me to get some work or starve. I therefore walked out of the town for a mile or two and asked the manager of the City and Suburban G.M. Co. to give me a job. Mr. Wright said he wanted miners and not a boy like me. He said he wanted "Boys", but they must be natives — Shangaans, Basutos or Zulus. He asked me if I would do the work of a native. I said "Yes, certainly even in the mine". His eyes took a kindlier shade and then after thinking for a moment or two he gave me a job as groom at £3 per month (native wages) and my food, which mercifully was not natives' food, but food from his own table.

Mr. Wright told me to be careful about keeping the yard clean, to sweep out the office and to look after the three horses. My duties were to drive Mrs. Wright to the town and many a time I saw quite a lot of behaviour on the part of the members of Johannesburg society which was new to me. My mistress was a fascinating woman and much in demand at balls, parties and the theatre. I would often have to wait till late at night holding the reins in the carriage while she was enjoying herself inside some ballroom, private house or theatre. Some nights I would be sent home with orders to fetch Mrs. Wright at one or two in the morning. Mr. Wright generally accompanied me on such occasions and there was a row going on all the way back. My impression gathered from these bickerings was that Mr. Wright though considered a bit of a bully, by the men on the mine, was the meekest of the two. He was quite quiet by the time we reached home but she was not.

Mrs. Wright called me about 10 a.m. and asked me to go to her house. I said I would be there as soon as I had finished sweeping up the yard which was soon done. She gave me some trivial order which I carried out. At lunch time whilst eating my food in the office I was called to the house by the boss. He asked me how dare I be impertinent to his wife. I replied that I had not been impudent. He said "yes you have, you did not come at once when Mrs. Wright called you — you are sacked. I'll give you your cheque and you must clear out at once." He handed me a cheque for £3 shortly afterwards in the ofice. I attended to feeding the horses of which I was now very fond and waited until sunset to take my things away. Just as I was moving off, however, he met me and asked me where I was going. I said I did not know. "Stay here until the end of the month," he said. So I went on with my work in the usual way. He was keeping me, he had intimated, until the forthcoming racemeeting was over. The day of the racemeeting I drove the whole family up to the Race Course. There was no grandstand then. Coaches, carriages and ox-wagons were drawn up facing the straight and on these were chairs where needed. There all the well-to-do were sitting. The carriage, a four wheeler four-seater spider was drawn up near a coach. My boss and his lady went on to the coach, three young ladies were shifted on to our spider and the two children remained with me. You can now imagine my discomfiture when I tell you that two of these young ladies were my cousins — the Reids from Potchefstroom and the other a girl I used to know quite well as I had got to know her, when I was much younger, collecting accounts for her uncle Mr. Allen. However, none of them recognised me and I got a scolding from them years afterwards, when I told them I could not disgrace them, by making myself known to them and their hosts. It would have done them harm, I had thought, to be related to a groom.

It was at this race meeting that George Farrar won the Johannesburg Handicap with a horse called "Wanderer" and with the money he made, founded the now famous

"Wanderers" club, whose Sports grounds are in the centre of the town and on which athletic and other games have been held ever since.

Mr. Wright swore at me for nearly colliding with another cart driven by some excitable half drunk gentleman of means, and I then decided I would leave his employ at the earliest opportunity. My Uncle Harry, of incubator fame, had established a dairy at Reitfontein and wished me to drive the donkey cart with milk to Johannesburg early every morning and he would pay me the same wage I was receiving from Mr. Wright. I went up to Mr. Wright, and said that as the race meeting was over, I now wanted to go. He seemed sorry to part with me and tried to persuade me to stay longer, but eventually he let me go, giving me a cheque for £3. This made my wage up to £6 for the month and when I pointed this out to him and offered to return the cheque he gruffly told me to keep it. Years afterwards I passed him on the road walking into Johannesburg. I was well dressed and riding a new penny-farthing bicycle. He looking up at me when I said "Good morning! Mr. Wright". "Good morning! Arthur, getting up in the world eh! in more senses than one". I cannot say much about the few months I worked in the milk delivery business. Uncle Harry was as lazy as ever and bought his milk from owners of cows, and these men did not scruple to water the milk for which I got the brunt of the blame from my Johannesburg customers. I hated this dishonesty and after spending many afternoons selling peaches to natives until late in the evening, at a nearby mine, having been up since 3 a.m., I made up my mind to quit. Uncle Harry then left for Klerksdorp and handed the farm, a leased one, over to Wallie Murray. The George Southeys whose very name I revere, had come up to the Rand and asked me to stay with them and help with a genuine dairy business, carried on at Rietfontein, only three miles north from Driefontein.

I took a trip with my cousin, Mr. Claude Southey, beyond the Magaliesburg to trade grain and fowls from farmers and natives. We had a spring wagon and 8 donkeys and trekked away for about 100 miles north of the Rand into the bushveld. This venture yielded little profit but was most enjoyable. We would outspan near some shady creek and Claude would wander up to the nearby homesteads of the Boers, with a box of apothecary medicines under his arm and sometimes did good business with "huisvrouw" buying butter, eggs and fowls. On one occasion he arrived at a farm and was told that a child had a fishbone stuck in its throat and was expected to die soon. Claude rushed up to the child and taking it by its feet bumped its head on the ground. The child started crying and out came the fishbone. He was considered to be a wonderful "Dokter" by these people, who were naturally grateful to him for saving the kiddie.

We returned to Rietfontein in good health after getting quite a lot of bird and small buck shooting within a month and were pleased with our trip. The profits being small we decided not to go out the same way again, but to try Natal and Zululand. Mr. Walter Murray, another cousin, financed me and supplied a wagon and 8 oxen. Claude got the donkey wagon and off we went along the road to Natal. We had cash to buy potatoes, grain, fowls, salted butter and eggs. We reached Laingsnek and Majuba Mountain and very soon filled our wagons with produce. Fowls were 6d. each, potatoes 2/6 bag (variety Engelschmantjes, so named because, when once planted on a bit of land, they could never be got rid of again), mealies 5/ per bag, butter 6d. per lb. and eggs (they were all bad by the time we returned and were able to sell our produce on the Rand). The eggs were the failure of the venture, but we got up to 5/ for some of the fowls, 10/- for the potatoes and 10/- for the mealies per bag and 2/- for each lb. of butter. This was not an enjoyable trip on the

whole. It was bitterly cold on the flats beyond Heidelberg and Standerton and often rained. Claude and I climbed Majuba and saw the graves of General Colleys men. We marvelled at the courage the Boers had in tackling a well armed force, holding the peak and small plateau just below. They had to climb up a steep mountain to reach the position held by Colley, and not only succeeded in dislodging him but actually sent the British troops flying down the other side of the mountain to join their main column. This battle of Majuba was the decisive engagement which ended the Anglo-Boer War of 1880–1881. After this defeat of the British troops the Transvaal was handed back to the Boers and the South African Republic was established under the suzerainity of the British Government, President Kruger being made President. On our return we had rainy weather and my heavily loaded wagon was constantly sinking into the mud. It was hard work too and the oxen felt it more than my tow-loader and I did. We got to the Vaal River at Standerton late one afternoon and I decided to get through. However, my tired bullocks could not pull their load more than half-way up the steep bank, so getting a few stones, we put them behind the wheels to prevent the wagon going down into the river, the water in which was rising fast. I put my bed under the wagon, between the hind wheels and was soon fast asleep. About 2 a.m. I woke up with my feet in ice-cold water so scrambled up and was quickly into my bed again, made up this time, right on top of the bank. The water had risen in the river during the night a good 15 feet.

We reached the Rand at last and set to, disposing of our loads of produce. I then worked for a month or two for Walter Murray until I got a job as a clerk in Geo Heys and Company's coach office in Johannesburg at £5 per month out of which I had to pay some dear friends of mine — the John Judd family — £4 per month for board and lodging. We slept — the 2 boys and I — in a half tent belonging to a wagon, but which was placed on the ground. Mrs. Judd was always most kind to me, and I have cherished her memory most affectionately all the rest of my life. The women who came to the Rand in those early days were a plucky, faithful, sympathetic and enduring sample of womankind. Their influence on the men's characters was only for the good and uplifting of thought and habits. One can pay this tribute to those early women pioneers, that though they had nearly all left comfortable homes in the Cape, Natal and Orange Free State and even in Europe, yet they never shirked the hardships encountered, nobly endured the many deprivations of the amenities of civilization, and working strenuously to make their menfolk comfortable and happy in this rough mining camp. All honour to them!

When I applied for the office boy's job at the coach office the agent had another application to consider besides mine. This necessitated an examination and a young chap and I were given a few sums to do and write a few bits of composition. I won the contest and the agent then gave some money to the loser, who went off.

I was getting on nicely here when the agent asked me one Saturday to come and see the coach off on Sunday morning at 3 a.m. I came, made up the waybills, inspected the tickets of the passengers and saw the coach off. On Monday morning I came to the office as usual but my boss, the agent, had not returned. On Tuesday I telegraphed to the headquarters in Pretoria that the agent was still absent. Mr. R.R. Hollins the managing partner and Mr. John Jolly came down post haste to find that my boss, the agent, had cleared out with £1 200 in cash and left me in charge of the office. The man got clean away but I was glad many years afterwards to hear that he refunded all the money he had stolen. It was a case of an actress getting a man into her alluring clutches (she was engaged at the Empire Theatre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Michael Hogg 40494/C

just round the corner) and ruining him and his career. I often wonder what became of my boss and how he managed to make enough money in Australia to enable him to send back the stolen amount, and whether after all his career was spoilt or not. He must have got on in the world and perhaps his conscience made a better man of him.

I was transferred, after receiving a much higher pay, to one of Mr. Hollins' mining companies — The Jumpers G.M. Co. I worked here in the office saving up money for my expedition to the "Far Interior" for three years. Hard times at home drew some of my savings out but in February 1891 I was able with my partner Mr. Gilmour Southey and with the financial assistance of my very dear friend Mr. J. Hubert Davies, the great electrician, to fit out a wagon and donkeys and with plenty of provisions and ammunition and two guns to set out for my long cherished expedition to Mashonaland.

Some description of the life led on the Rand from 1887 to 1891 may be of interest. White women-folk were revered by the males in those days. This does not mean that there were no loose women preying on the vices of the men — I think there many — and yet I did not come into contact with them. My relations — the Southeys and other kind friends always made me welcome at their homes and it is to their influence that I attribute my having escaped any contamination with the so-called vicious element of the mining camps. I was too innocent of real vice to recognise it even had I met it. I did hear that the morals of the men who were making fortunes were deplorable. Drink, women and gambling were the vices spoken of as existing in Johannesburg, but somehow they had no attraction for me. Working hard all day, walking from the Commissioner Street business quarters to Doornfontein (the Judd's home was there) and reading and writing a lot for practice at night, took up all my spare time. On Saturday afternoons I would go out to the Southey's farm and return to my office early on Monday. Those weekends were some of the happiest days of my life, notwithstanding that I had to walk 8 miles there and back.

When the native criminal was caught and tried for raping a white woman, there was a wave of stormy indignation that swept the white population off its mental equilibrium and demands for the lynching of the miscreant were insistent. We all joined the seething angry crowd at the gates of the big stone-built gaol at Doornfontein asking for the prisoner to be handed to us or we would break down the strong iron doors. This native was punished but whether by the capital sentence or not I can't remember. At any rate the whites were satisfied after a while that he had received his due reward and there were no further demands for lynching law breakers. I must mention that in my opinion the authorities acted in the correct and recognised way in opposing so courageously any attempt at violence on the part of the mob.

At the Jumpers Mine as store keeper, compound manager, and office clerk I led a new but very interesting life. I had to rise early, give out the stores to the miners and other workmen, then make up lists, inspect the compound to see that no breaches of the sanitary laws were made, and help the resident Secretary with his books, copy letters and make myself generally useful in the office. In the evening I had to issue stores to the night shift. Once a week I had to go with the mine captain and write down the measurements of shafts, winzes, drives and rises, also stopes. This mine captain was a most illiterate individual, who could hardly sign his name, but had a marvellous instinct for following a reef and managing miners. Most of the miners were Cornishmen and required discreet handling. Dripps, a Queensland miner, and our mine captain never let himself get done down in

measuring up the work. Stoping was paid for by the ton and all development work by the foot. I gathered a good deal of information from Dripps which came in particularly useful when I possessed a mine of my own or had to manage mines, many years later in Southern Rhodesia.

Mr. Zachariah Williams was manager of the Jumpers Mine when I first went there. He was often consulted about other mines. He also could not do much more than sign his own name. I know of a fee of £1 000 paid to him for reporting on some gold proposition. Another time he was consulted about some claims near the village of Heidelberg (30 miles away) and as I had picked up some knowledge of how to sample a mine, he sent me on horseback early one Sunday morning to get samples. I did the ride there and back and carefully sampled a 30 ft incline shaft in one day. I afterwards heard he got £100 for his report on these claims and I am sure he never went near them, yet he gave me no fee for my arduous ride and work. He treated me very badly in many ways, but I bear him a special grudge for making me drive him to Johannesburg on some Saturday nights, going from bar to bar where he would imbibe to his full content, leaving me sitting holding the reins in the spider outside in the cold. He relented always at the small hours of the morning, by offering me a rum-and-milk "to keep the cold out", but which generosity I steadfastly refused. I was now drawing £15 per month and my quarters being free, I had only £5 per month to pay for board. I was saving money at last for my cherished expedition to the "Far Interior".

I bought a bicycle — second hand — and one of the first to reach the Rand. Other riders of these "Penny-Farthings" or "boneshakers" gradually increased in numbers and the first Cycling Club was formed with Mr. Dowling as our Captain. We had many interesting rides along the Reef and elsewhere, nearly always riding single file. I must however admit it took a lot of practice before I could ride properly on those awful roads. It must be remembered that meeting a stone only two inches in diameter, especially when going down hill, would cause the hind wheel to come up and throw the rider from the 52" front wheel an awful cropper in the dust, or in wet weather a slippery or clayey road would be absolutely dangerous to attempt. We wore special cycling tunics, knickerbockers, stockings and cycle shoes, and many a time have I arrived home covered with either (or both) dust or mud. But these meets of the cycling club introduced me to a different set of men to those I had been accustomed to fraternise with, and I believe had a good influence on my general character. Drink was quite an impossible vice for the riders of these quaint and picturesque machines.

Lord Loch paid a visit to Johannesburg and I was very pleased when I was one of the cyclists asked to perform cycle drill before his Excellency, along with about 50 others. Our captain Mr. Dowling was complimented on this exhibition, by the Governor personally.

We had cycle races too in those days and one of our most famous cyclists was H.B. Papenfus, who could perform wonderful tricks with his ordinary bicycle.

I had for some time been reading in the newspapers of the great Cecil Rhodes or "The Great Amalgamator" as he was often called, and his idea of sending an expedition to occupy that country. I had applied by letter to him to join his band of "Pioneers" or force of "Police". I got one of the biggest disappointments of my life in a letter from the Secretary of the B.S.A. Company refusing my application on the grounds that I was too young. I was 18 years old then and thought myself quite able to lead the strenuous and adventurous life of a pioneer. The papers used to be full of the doings of this band of pioneers — long accounts used to appear of the treks made, the country traversed, the game seen, the dangers

anticipated from a conflict with the great Matabele Chief, Lobengula and even the claims of Portugal to that country. All these I used to read and digest and the more I read the more did my longings to go there burn within me. It was sometime however before I was able to get away but I can never forget the feeling of exultation which possessed me when we at last set off for Klerksdorp and via Litchenburg-Zeerust we joined the Pioneer Road at Ramoutsa. Our outfit consisted of 8 donkeys, harness and wagon (a little four wheeler, usually known as a "horse wagon" and the sort which Boer families rode in when attending their Nacht Maal celebrations). For provisions we had Boer meal, rice, tea and coffee, sugar, tinned meats, a bag of salt, a large lump of lead etc., not a very great assortment but enough for the two of us to last a year. We packed most of these under the seats of our wagon and then had our beds made up on top of the lot. We were very comfortable and found afterwards that we were much more so than many of those who were trekking to the new Eldorado. One party of four set out before we did from Johannesburg with four pack donkeys. We passed them later on between Fort Tuli and Fort Victoria. They had a lot of fever and ill as they were had to pack their donkeys every time they travelled and walked driving them to the next stage. I pitied them and they envied us our comfortable conveyance. At Ramoutsa we had our first adventure. February is in the middle of the rainy season of these parts. I had met a friend, Mr. Jack Wightman and we stayed sometime at a store and hotel talking. It was near midnight when we left for the wagon and his store across the river. My friend told me he could not swim and as the river had risen considerably during the evening, I took off my clothes and tried to wade across but was swept off my feet and had to swim to the farther bank. This I reached safely and putting my own things down turned to help my friend through. What was my horror to find that he was in midstream, washing down and giving gasps between gulps of water and saying "Save me". I jumped into the water and swimming out into the dark managed to get him to bring him to the bank. He and I had received a nasty shaking and only after a few minutes rest were we able to go on our way to the wagon. The Motwani River in the dry season had hardly any water but in this time of the year and this particular year was a source of long delays to us. We camped one evening on the south bank and we went out shooting duck. There were great numbers of these and they were fairly easy to shoot. We could have crossed the river easily in the evening but we were sorry for our donkeys and thought if we trekked through the next morning it would do. Gilmour Southey and I very late that evening just as it was getting dark both fired at the same time at a flight of duck and as one came down I jumped in and fetched it out of the swollen waters without knowing he had fired. He had not known that I had fired and politely thanked me for retrieving his duck! The duck was eaten that night and just as we had finished our meal a large lot of wagons about 10 I think, came to the drift, and commenced crossing to the other side of the river. These wagons were loaded with heavy iron telegraph poles for the Transcontinental Telegraph Line. As we were tired we went off to bed. About 9 o'clock I heard a great deal of shouting and swearing at the drift, and went down to see what was the matter. It was a bright starlight night but yet fairly dark as there was no moon. I could see a mass of oxen struggling in the water. The river had risen and was now at least 10 feet deep. I rushed back for my knife and jumped in cutting the strops and reins wherever I could. I could only see the horns of the animals against the starlight and as we were being washed down the river at a pretty rapid rate I could not always manage to get at an ox to cut it loose from the chains and yokes which towards the latter part of the time became an absolute drag on the necks of

the rest of the teams. However after being in the water for about an hour only seven oxen drowned out of 32. I was pretty tired after having been in the water swimming, climbing over oxen and cutting them loose but I slept well for the rest of that night. There were heaps of drivers, leaders and some white men about but I was the only one who could swim. The next morning Bezuidenhout the transport rider thanked us for our help and trekked on. We waited for a day or two as the river remained too swollen for us to attempt to take our donkeys and wagon through by the road, we decided to float the wagon and swim the donkeys across. We got empty barrels from a man at Linchwe's and tying these firmly inside and alongside the wagon we fixed a long rope to the disselboom. The end of this rope I took and swam across the river and there gave it to about a hundred interested natives. They gave a delighted whoop and pulled the wagon over. I then had to get the donkeys across so we tied one end of the rope to their necks and the other I took to the watchers on the other side. As each donkey was thus pulled across, arriving half dead on the other side, great shouts of glee rent the air. I was so tired at the end of this performance having swum about 20 times across the river, that the last time I crossed I nearly got drowned.

A native gave me a helping hand by grasping me as I passed near the bank. The next day, beyond a bit of neuralgia in the head, I was as fit as ever. We trekked on then alongside the meandering bank of the Notwani. Game was scarce, the pioneers and police and transport riders had scared it all away from the vicinity of the road. We however shot many duck and pheasant and did not lack fresh meat. One day we walked many miles after kudu but failed to find any though we saw plenty of spoor. I was away hunting one day and my partner, Gilmour, was lying down in the wagon as the donkeys were pulling it along through heavy sand, when he saw a fine impala ram stand and look at our turn out, a few yards in front of the leading donkeys. He had his rifle handy but either he was in too much of a hurry to take steady aim or his aim was bad (he told me afterwards it was the fault of his rifle). He pulled the trigger and broke a horn of the beautiful antelope, and away it went. I now commenced to spoil the tenor of our trip by getting fever, and our boy Jim was the next one to develop it. I am always sorry for the new chum who has his first dose of malaria. It always gave me a turn of nausea when I think of my first attack which I imagine was the worst I had during all the years I have been here. We did not dose ourselves properly. For some reason or another we had been led to understand that quinine was a dangerous drug and to be used only with the greatest of care. We therefore took minute doses, with my present knowledge I judge them to have contained only one grain each of quinine — at intervals of four hours. I know now that we could not have been cured of fever with such medicines.

On our arrival at Macloutsie which we were made aware of by hearing the refrain "The Campbells are Coming" played by a small drum and pipe band belonging to the police stationed there, our boy Jim (or Jim Ngamiland, to give him his full name) deserted us. Poor devil! he had been suffering repeated doses of fever and during a bad attack wandered off to the native quarters of the camp. He was well looked after, we afterwards heard and came on to Mashonaland where he became quite a rich man — as natives are reputed to be rich.

Gilmour came across a strange couple here. One was Jan Weyers mentioned in Selous book "A Hunter's Wanderings" and the other was a Swiss named "Donal". They were travelling with pack oxen to carry their impedimenta and Weyers had a young half bred son and a pikanin to help drive the oxen. Weyers had done something wrong in George

(Cape Colony) and was living in the wilds in exile. He was a good shot and had been one of Selous' hunters. Donal had been trading rifles for oxen in Damaraland and had just come across the desert with 1 000 head of cattle which were sold by his boss — a German — to the Chartered Company. He had started from Walvis Bay and, after helping trade the cattle, had assisted in driving them across the desert to Ngamiland and thence to Khama's town Palapye. It must have been an interesting journey and full of adventure. They took over two years to complete the trip. He told me they got 10 head of cattle for a rifle and 50 rounds of ammunition. Game was abundant, elephant, rhinocerous, giraffe, buffalo and all kinds of rarer game were plentiful. He saw droves of that beautiful antelope of the desert, the Gemsbok. Gilmour suggested that this couple attach themselves to our trek and that we proceed on our way to Mashonaland in each other's company. Gilmour and I therefore kept to our wagon but we always trekked the same time and halted for outspans at the same places, and in the evenings round the fire many a hunting experience was recited by old Weyers. We took a great fancy to him and we found Donal very useful once when the spokes of our wagon wheel broke. He could do almost anything and was in many ways of great value to us. On our part we were able to give them a few delicacies in the tinned meat line and salt for their food. At Fort Tuli we got some of Major Tire's brimstone Dop brandy and a tot of this now and then was very acceptable to our fellow travellers.

Fort Tuli was situated on a Kopje overlooking the Shashi River. There was a zeriba of thorn bush round the edge of the Kopje and a couple of Maxims or Gatlings were always kept in readiness for use against any foe. At this time the Matabele were expected to send an impi to turn the white men out of the country. I believe Lobengula had trouble to prevent this and should have high praise for restraining his ardent young bloods from breaking the leash of his influence.

"Crossing the Shashi River" *Photo — National Archives.*

The Shashi River was a bed of coarse sand about 1 000 yards in width with a narrow stream of water flowing now near one bank and then near the other. One could find water anywhere by digging a foot or two into the sand. I saw one of the largest crocodiles — at least 18 feet long — in one of these little running streams near a huge pool of water alongside the bank of the Shashi. So close was he to me that I threw a handful of sand into his eyes. He made a rush trying to hit me with his tail and then plunged into the pool, after wetting me with the water.

After leaving Tuli we seemed to get into game country. We were too ill to do much hunting ourselves but Weyers brought us an occasional buck. At the Umzingwani we first heard the mournful howl of the hyaena, the roar of the lion and many other weird sounds at night on either side of us. We had to take great care of our donkeys then and keep them close to the wagon and have big fires lit every night to scare lions away. I don't know any sound that is so terrifying or awe inspiring as a roar of a lion within 100 yards of the listener. It seems to carry me back to the days when our ancestors crept into the branches of trees and sat there shivering with fright until the mighty one moved off after his mate to pursue game. There also seems to me to be something sad about it — as if the lion were like Alexander the Great and weeping because there is nothing more he can conquer. It is the defiance at the beginning of the roar and the sobs with which he ends that give one this impression.

At the Nuanetsi or just before we got there I was very ill with a bad attack of fever. Old Weyers told Gilmour that I should be roused and not allowed to give in. I remember asking Gilmour to give my last message to my people as I thought I was dying. He spoke crossly to me and tried to make me angry but nothing helped. In sheer desperation and with a stroke of genius he thought of giving me a tune on his accordion. The wagon was only just moving in the heavy sand and was just like a hearse. Gilmour took his accordion out and walking in slow measured step played the "Dead March in Saul". I woke up to this tune, pinching myself to see if I were really dead, found out what was going on and calling on Gilmour to cease his doleful music, I got really angry and only when I had thrown my boots at him did he stop and laughingly chide me for giving in. Gilmour has told me since that he was most anxious about me and that after my losing my temper I commenced recovering fast. Whilst I was very weak still he and old Weyers got me to lie down on a blanket in the shade of a tree some 50 yards from the road. I went to sleep after a dose of croton oil brandy and quinine and must have slept a couple of hours. I woke up with a loud cawing and looking up saw a crow about a yard away squawking into my face with his ugly croaking noise — asking as plainly as possible "Are you dead yet! because if so I want your eyes". I was too weak to wish to do much but I managed to let out a yell and sit up and give that crow the fright of his life.

We got through the Nuanetsi River with some difficulty as there was still a great deal of water in it. A transport rider had crossed earlier in the day and had got an ox drowned which drifted into a big pool a little way below the road, and got stranded on a bit of sand near the other side of the river. Some hippopotami had been walking on the banks of the river and Southey and Donal decided to lay in wait that night to try and shoot one. They were the more inclined for this as Weyers, who was too ill to take part in this adventure, had told us that we ought to have fat to eat and that it was lack of fat that caused us to go down repeatedly with attacks of fever. The hippo is noted for his fat and his meat is supposed to be very appetising. I know now that this is not so but we had a lot to learn in those

days. I went to sleep but woke up hearing shot after shot and excited shouts from Donal "Het es n'zeekoe, Mr. Soudee". Gilmour turned up later and told me that as no hippo came along they decided to return to the wagon. On their way they saw something moving in the pool and Gilmour fired. The animal struggling in the water looked large and several shots were put into it before it ceased struggling. They waded into the water and found that a hyaena had been shot. The brute was feeding on the drowned ox when Gilmour fired and its dying struggles on the ox made it appear an enormous thing. I was too ill after this to remember very much but after a couple of days I smelt some awful stench in the wagon. I told Gilmour about it and after searching found an oatmeal tinful of fat, which was in an awful state. It transpired that Donal had melted the fat of the hyaena and had been using it to spread on his bread and enjoyed eating the putrid grease. After this I am afraid I did not have much time for Donal.

At the Lundi River he got a bad dose of fever and as there were quite a number of graves near our outspan place, he became really frightened. To dose him we had to mix brandy and quinine and with a large axe open his mouth by levering his jaws apart and pouring the medicine down his throat. He soon got well and as Weyers and I could not agree very well we parted company. We left them a few medicines etc. and trekked on leaving them to come on as best they could. We met them afterwards in Salisbury. Weyers had pegged the farm "Selous Farm" on the east of Salisbury. He was killed during the rising in 1896 out towards Goromonzi. His body was found behind a tree, the base of which was shattered with native bullets and by his side was a heap of empty cartridge cases. As old Weyers was a good and careful shot one can imagine that the rebels lost heavily before some lucky shot finished him.

Donal commenced well with a vegetable garden down on the banks of the Makabusi. The last time I saw him he was carrying a long self-made basket on his back. This contraption was full of vegetables he was hawking round for sale in Salisbury. I believe he left the country shortly afterwards.

After some delay waiting for the Lundi River to become fordable we trekked on to Fort Victoria. Near there we picked up a nice new mattress. This we handed over to the police and were sorry we had done so getting barely thanks for our trouble.

There came now for us a very dreary bit of travelling. The only bright days of this journey were when the ox cart containing the mail passed us on its way to Salisbury. By some stroke of great hearted generosity and thoughtfulness the postal service was instructed to hand any travellers on the road their letters from home. Thus Gilmour and I often heard from our people and got papers and news of the outside world. I can hardly describe what happiness it was for us to have these letters handed to us when we were feeling lonely and far from home. As soon as travellers were met by the post-cart a halt was made, a short sorting of mail took place and letters handed out and the cart went hurriedly on its way.

There was a curious piece of luck that attended us between Victoria and Salisbury. When I was ill and could not help with the trekking then Gilmour recovered from his bout of fever, and vice versa. Once when Gilmour could hardly move out of the wagon and I had just recovered from a severe illness of fever and dysentry I had to fetch some water for him to drink and to cook our porridge with. I had to walk a mile or so down the vlei before I reached a pool of nice clean water. I had a drink and filled the small bucket with water, and then returned towards the wagon. It was a slow and painful walk. I was afraid of falling and

spilling the water and I am afraid I cannot get you to realise the awful state of suspense I was in before I got close to the wagon. I suppose it was excitement or over-eagerness; anyway I tripped just as I was setting the water down near the fire and all the water was spilled! I waited an hour or so for a rest and then fetched some more and this time managed to get it safely down though nearly fainted with fatigue.

Lord Randolph Churchill passed us here somewhere but I did not see him. At Charter we met a friend who was in charge of the Fort. He gave us some bully beef (a rare dish to us) and reading matter and treated us so hospitably that we were loathe to leave him.

After leaving Charter for a few miles we outspanned one evening, and as usual let our donkeys loose to graze. I woke up in the night with a start to hear the donkeys screaming and a peculiar howl which hitherto I had not heard amongst the other night noises of the veld. In the morning Gilmour with some trouble got the donkeys together and found that old "Bob" was missing. We found his carcass later on. He had been chased as had some others, by some animal and his entrails were torn out. The hocks of several of the other donkeys had also been severely barked and we jumped to the conclusion that wild dogs or hyaenas had caused his death.

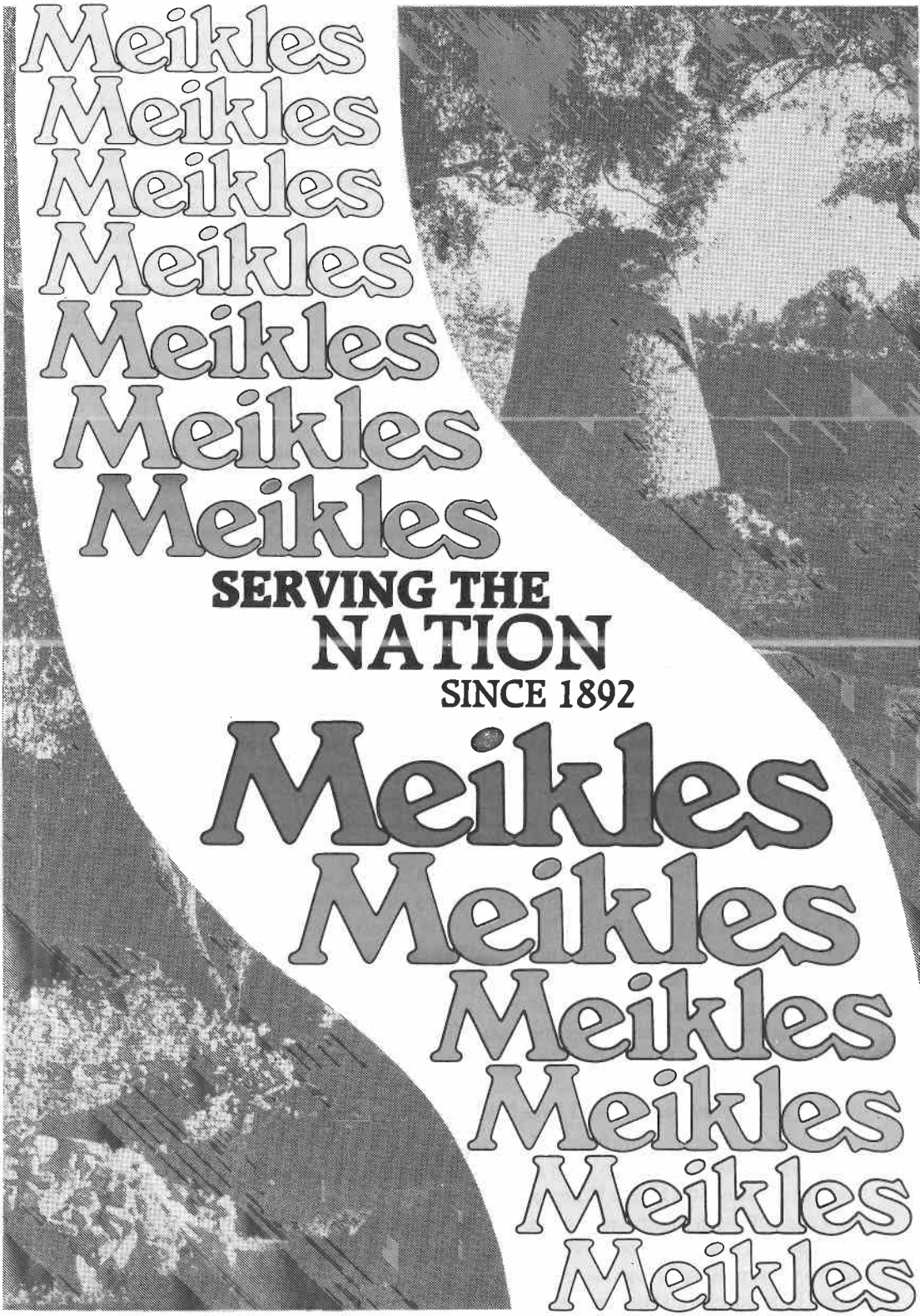
We trekked on with seven donkeys, Billy our best pulling donkey being in the lead. At the Hunyani Drift we stuck badly. Gilmour was having his turn at a bad bout of fever so I had to do the driving. It was no use thrashing the poor animals so I had to offload the heaviest articles in the wagon. Gilmour was first of all assisted to a place in the shade. I then commenced carrying the provisions out of the wagon and up the steep bank of sand. All went well until I carried the 200 lbs of Boer meal on my back. I was nearly on top of the bank when my strength gave out and I fell face downward into the sand and the meal on top of me. For a second I felt like giving in but when I did struggle to prevent myself from being smothered in the sand I found I could not free myself. An awful moment or two passed and then as I rolled over the meal slid from my back and left my face free. I could do no more and waited patiently until a native or two helped me put the goods back in the wagon when the donkeys had pulled it to the top of the drift. We reached Salisbury on the 29th July, nearly six months after we left Johannesburg. We were fond of our donkeys and did not like selling them, but had to, to get money for medicines and better food and to pay hospital expenses. We parted with two at a time and the price as far as I can remember was £15 each. My friend Mr. J. Hubert Davies also sent us £50 which was most welcome.

Salisbury in those days was mostly a collection of huts. Pioneer Street was the principal thoroughfare. The township was already laid out and was divided into two parts "The Kopje" and "Causeway". All the commercial men, hotels, bars etc. were on the Kopje side. There were only tracks for streets, the vlei dividing the two sections of the township was a mass of mud for the greater part of the year. Messrs. Borrow, Johnson and Heany owned a piece of land called "The Ranche", where the United Rhodesia offices etc. now stand. The earthen wall and zeriba called "The Fort" where the flag was hoisted is now marked with a permanent flag staff only. No sign of the Fort remains today. The Hospital was a collection of badly built huts near where the Convent now stands. We were badly dressed, our boots were nearly worn through, our blankets were not clean, soap was almost unprocurable and the population generally in those early days was as rough as you could find in any outlying post of civilisation. The only women then in the town that I knew of were "The Countess" and Mrs. Johan Colenbrander. I thought the latter one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen. Shortly after our arrival the advance force of the

Salvation Army arrived, and then, I think, Mother Patrick and her nurses. After that several families came in and the coming of more women gradually made the men take more care of their persons and habitations. My first impression of Salisbury leads me to remember the incessant braying of donkeys and the cawing and croaking of innumerable crows. Not very soothing music at any time, so that when the band of the Salvation Army played through the Town for the first time we all jumped up, even some of the highest officials in the land, and followed it to hear the strains of what really seemed to us heavenly music. "The Mashonaland Herald", printed rather badly on cyclo-style had been edited and published by Mr. Fairbridge. I enjoyed reading this but had to depend on odd copies picked up when a week or two old, as I could not afford the shilling per copy asked for it. I advertised in one of the first issues for mining claims as Mr. Davies had asked me to try and get some for him to float and work. There were amongst the replies, an offer to sell me what is now the Jumbo Mine but the price asked even then was in the neighbourhood of £10 000!

On our arrival in Salisbury Gilmour decided to put me in the Hospital under Dr. Rand. I was put into a hut with a man called Jones who had been severely mauled by a lion near the south end of the Kopje. I did not know it at the time but we were outspanned within a couple of hundred yards of the dagga hole where Jones was bitten. The wagon containing the stock in trade of the first chemist shop to open in Salisbury was just completing its last trek of the long journey from Johannesburg when Jones and a youngster 16 years old sitting on the front box, saw an animal disappear into some long grass growing in an ancient dagga hole. Jones jumped off and looking down could see nothing and turning round to return to the wagon was knocked over by a lioness jumping on to his back and clawing and biting his shoulder. The youngster having his rifle handy fired quickly and luckily hit the brute through its kidneys. This caused it to relax its hold but it came again for Jones who having his hat in his hand put it into the lioness's mouth. He got severely bitten before another shot gave the animal its quietus. This incident led to the naming of the famous dispensary in the Market Square, Johannesburg. It was called "The Lion Dispensary". Mother Patrick and her staff of nurses paid their first visit to the Hospital just before I was discharged. It was a great day for the patients when these noble women came there. The change from the former conditions of filth, flies and bad food to cleanliness of bedding, tasty beef tea, and calmness was one I shall remember and feel grateful for all my life. One evening a man was brought in from the veld with a bad dose of fever. There was no room for him so he was put on the floor in the same hut Jones and I occupied. The next morning he was found dead, life having been extinct for hours. He was a great big strapping chap, at least 6 feet 3 inches, with a finely chiselled face and one of the handsomest men I had ever seen. It came as a great tragedy to me to see this fine specimen of manhood lying stiff and stark. No friends came to see him that I knew of and I never heard his name. What was such a life made for and why should it have come to such a lonely end? Some people say there is an immutable reason for such happenings but I have failed to fathom them.

After a fortnight or so in hospital I was anxious to commence prospecting so took two donkeys, put pack saddles on them and these I filled up with provisions for a month. I walked out then to the Mazoe Valley, panning every creek and rivulet. I found gold in some and after following a likely lead I came upon the Yellow Jacket claims which had recently been pegged. They were soon sold to Messrs. Borrow, Johnson and Heaney for £3 000. I went on and passing through the Iron Mask Range came upon the Mazoe River where the creek I was on joins that stream. Here on the banks of the Mazoe I found a huge lemon tree



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yellow with fruit. After some wanderings in the Valley I had to give up prospecting and went back to Salisbury not very enamoured with the lonely life. I think I disliked it because I saw plenty of game but with my old Snider-12 bore combination weapon I could hit nothing. I do not think it was my fault as, when I got back to Salisbury it had been decided to issue new Martini-Henry rifles and 50 rounds of ammunition to all the European inhabitants of the country. With the weapon thus handed to me I became a fair shot and at last managed to bag a few of the large antelopes which in those days were fairly plentiful all over the Gwebi Flats but specially so in the hilly country to the east of Salisbury.

On my return from the Mazoe, Gilmour had found a piece of land to the east of the town and this he and I decided to peg as two farms for ourselves to live and work. I pegged what is now "Glenlorne" and he pegged "Gletwyn" naming it after my grandfather's farm near Grahamstown in the Cape Colony. Mr. Selous gave me a span of young untrained oxen and Dr. Jameson gave us six months provisions and a 75 plough. We made yokes and skeys from native wood and reims and strops from the hides of the game we shot. We did not plough any land that was difficult to stump. We rather chose the easy open spaces and of course got no crops. The vegetable garden however was a great success, and we sold quite a lot of green beans, lettuces and cabbages, which were eagerly bought by the Company's officials — especially Dr. Jameson's mess.

There was hardly any money in the country and the currency consisted mostly of cheques on the Standard Bank in Kimberley which were usually accepted by most people. Of course the few crooks in our cosmopolitan crowd soon spotted that there was a chance of turning a few dishonest pennies out of this system. It was only after some months of this unscrupulous practice that the worthless cheques were returned to the honest store keepers in Salisbury marked "No account", and then there was a wailing and gnashing of teeth. Dr. Jameson and Major Forbes put a stop to this little game and some of the forgers got severe sentences. Others got clean away and were not heard of again.

As the new settlers took up farms which were given away on occupation title, there were conflicts with the natives of Mashonaland. One day Mr. Marriott came in and complained of the impudence of some Mashonas. A force of about 10 police and 20 burghers, as we were then called, was collected and we set out one afternoon late for the purpose of surrounding the kraal in the early morning, arresting the occupants and burning the kraal down. There was a well known hard case named Wiggill and this was considered a good opportunity to get him on the water wagon. He was on the verge of delirium tremens and as I was the youngster of the force he was put in my charge. Everything went well until it became dark and we were yet 6 or 8 miles from the rendezvous. Then Wiggill would get off and lie down beside his horse. I would coax him up and help him into the saddle. By this time the force was well ahead and seemed to have forgotten about Wiggill and his escort. He repeated this performance several times and the last time I lifted him into the saddle he promptly fell off the other side. His horse leaped forward and trotted into the dark after the column. I ran forward and managed to catch it but alas! I could not find Wiggill. I was close to the enemy's kraal and had been strictly enjoined not to make a noise and let the Mashonas know we were in the neighbourhood. I disregarded these instructions and shouted out for Wiggill. He gave me no answer so I was forced to follow up the other men who were by now at least 4 miles away. I reached Mr. Marriott's farm at about 1 a.m. and all I got for telling my story was a severe reprimand for leaving a poor chap in the lurch and deserting him. I had with great reluctance left the man and carried his rifle and my own and

led his horse for four miles through rice pits and wet country on a pitch dark night, and then got a choking off. The injustice of this made me disinclined for any more military raids on Mashonas.

At 3 a.m. we all rose from our beds of grass and returning a bit of the way we had come, made a detour and surrounded two Mashona kraals before daylight. The poor natives scampered hither and thither like frightened rabbits and we were given the order to fire over their heads to further instil our might and majesty into them. We searched their huts and clearing out the women and children and collecting all the arms and ammunition we could find set alight to the whole kraal, driving off all the cattle, sheep and goats. We managed to arrest the chief and some of his headmen and with these duly handcuffed took our triumphant march back to Dr. Jameson in Salisbury. I cannot recall thinking ourselves heroes but the natives deserved punishment for their impudence and threats of violence; but nevertheless I still look on this episode with some degree of a feeling of shame for the part we took in it. Wiggill was found a fortnight later stark naked, having bartered every stitch of his clothing for Kaffir beer, at a Mashona Kraal quite some 10 miles away from where I had last seen him. When found he was begging the women to give him some food and beer and this they were not going to do as he had nothing more with which to pay them.

Pegging a farm in the early days was quite an interesting job. You knew that 640 acres went to the square mile and the great thing was to measure off 2½ miles by 2 miles by pacing it off. This gave you a bit more than the 3 000 acres to which you were entitled but perhaps your pacing was a bit short and it is rather surprising how close to 3 000 acres we got when it came to surveying the land between the beacons we had erected.

I met lions when I first came out to peg my farm. They were cooly squatting on a small rise about 200 yards away, looking at the donkeys, which were feeding in a vlei quite close to my camp. I was lying down resting in the horsewagon when I first saw the lions and by the time I reached my rifle they saw me and cleared off into the grass. I foolishly searched high and low, this way and that way for these lions and luckily for my skin perhaps I did not find them. There were a huge lioness and four almost full grown cubs. To me the mere sight of these huge beasts was an adventure of the most exciting kind and I wrote long accounts to my people about my feelings and the narrow escapes I must have had when searching through the long dense grass. That night I made big fires round the camp. I had only two reims and as there were three donkeys, I tied up two and left the third to lie down loose near its companions. I woke up in the middle of the night with the terrific growling of a lion and the deafening bray of the donkeys. The loose donkey cleared off and my other two were straining at their reims to do the same but luckily they could not break the reims. The runaway however, when it was 60 yards off gave its death cries and I knew the lions had got it. I fired a shot or two in the direction of the sounds but the lions coolly continued their meal and in the morning when I went at dawn to see the spot found only the well picked bones of the donkey.

A trading trip to Mtokos, which though very interesting, was not a financial success, a little more farming and a great deal of malaria fever, and I was in such a state of bad health that Dr. Jameson and Dr. Rand thought it best for me to get out of the country. I had no money to pay my passage out and it was useless for me to think of walking out with the two donkeys we owned. I met my old friend of Ramoutsa and he suggested the selling of the donkeys and with the money paying a transport rider to take me to Pretoria. Jack Wightman could not buy them himself so he and I tried all day to find a buyer. That night

we met, both having been unsuccessful in making a sale. Jack was a good billiard player and the recent instalment at an Hotel, in Pioneer Street, of a new billiard table was a novel and great attraction to the gambling spirits. Jack told me he was going to try and win enough money to help me get away and that I was to come and see him the next morning. I went to bed early feeling very weak and disconsolate. Jack was up early the next morning and came round to my hut.

"Here's the money old boy!" he shouted and sure enough there were a cheque or two, a couple of notes and some coins making in all about £15 which Jack handed to me. He told me how he had played the hardest games of his life and how determined he was to win. Every stroke he made he bore in mind that it was up to him to play his best for the sake of a sick pal. And he did, though winning some games by very narrow margins. I gave him the donkeys which he afterwards sold and my financial debt was paid, but I still feel I owe a debt of gratitude to dear old Jack, that will take lifelong service to repay and anything I could do for him I would be only too glad to undertake. If ever he reads these lines I hope he won't scruple to let me know if I can do anything for him.

The transport rider I arranged to go with was named Terblanche. We left Salisbury on the 26th March 1892 and reached Pretoria 48 days afterwards. I need mention only one matter of interest on this journey. Near Fort Victoria some of our drivers paid a visit to a Mashona kraal near the outspan. A beer drink was in full swing — several inhabitants of other kraals having congregated for convivial purposes. In playing the fool with an assegai one of the drivers stabbed a young Mashona just above the collar bone, resulting in death in 10 minutes. Of course this was a crime and our drivers were warned that two or three of them would have to stand their trial for murder. We reached Fort Victoria and informed the police about the matter. A policeman and a native constable came walking towards the wagons and they were plainly in sight for a mile up the road. Our drivers not having been sober at the time of the crime and therefore not knowing for certain who was the actual perpetrator of the deed, cleared into the bush. The policeman looked rather foolish when we told him where the drivers had gone to. He hurried back to the Fort and getting other mounted police and with native guides scoured the whole country within a radius of six miles without coming on the fugitives. With the other white men and our Voorloopers we inspanned and trekked on. In the evening after we had left Victoria about two days, the runaway drivers stole up to us and begged for food. We gave them some and every night after they came for food until as no one seemed to be taking much interest in the escaping criminals they became careless. We were sitting round the fire after the evening trek, waiting for a cup of coffee before turning into our blankets when a policeman arrived and enquired whether the murderers had been seen or heard of. All those implicated were sitting round the fire, having come up a few minutes before. Old Terblanche looked the representative of the law straight in the face and with feigned surprise asked "Have they not been caught yet? Surely the police, such smart men and on horseback, would not let a few stupid blacks outwit them! It was very wrong for criminals of this kind to be free and the sooner they were in gaol the better". The policeman had coffee with us and then left for his own camp across the spruit. After that we had no more trouble. Terblanche bought some Dop' brandy when we crossed over the Limpopo into the Transvaal and there was great rejoicing that the drivers were now safe from arrest.

We arrived at Pretoria safely and after having a good feed at a bakers in the early morning I left for Johannesburg on foot. I spent my last half-a-crown at the Half Way

House Hotel on a good meal and arrived at the Golden City at about 9 p.m. nearly dead-beat having covered some 36 miles since sunrise that morning. I found the house in which some friends — the Judes — were living about 15 months before and knocked at the door. Imagine my feeling of utter despair when a stranger came to answer the knock and informed me that my friends had left some months ago. I think the woman saw my disappointment written in my face. She hurriedly said "Oh! but they are living over there" pointing to a house, the gables of which showed against the skyline about 200 yards away. My relief was tremendous and I walked over in still a very weary state but full of hope. My friends were at home, gave me a hot bath, a good meal and a bed with clean white sheets, a luxury I had not seen for many months. My only complaint at the hearty welcome I received was that they kept me talking about Mashonaland and the journeys I had until the early hours of the morning. The next day I was given some clothes and I was able to discard the old things I had been wearing. I got a billet on electric light works with Mr. J. Hubert Davies but owing to continued ill health, I had to leave this much to my regret, and get easier work in an office.

I was transferred from the Town office to the Mine office of The Geldenhuis Est & G.M. Co. about 5 miles east of Johannesburg and got on very well with my work. I saved up a good bit of money and then as a change of management occurred on the mine I left and became confidential clerk to Mr. L.E.B. Homan, a well known sportsman and speculator on the Rand. My chief treated me well and I think I can say he was very well pleased with my work for him. He came in for a lot of money in 1895 and leaving all his correspondence and bookwork to me and the management of his contracts and other business to my brother-in-law, Mr. F.A. Alexander, he went for a long cherished trip to the old country. Towards the end of 1895 there were rumours of an invasion of the Transvaal Government at the head of which was oom Paul Kruger. My own personal inclinations and views of the matters under dispute were that the new population occupying the Gold Fields were entitled to some representation, considering that they were paying the bulk of the taxes. I was therefore on the side of the Reform Committee and was prepared to do all I could to further their claims, even to the extent of taking up arms for our rights. I however could not believe in the invasion of the Transvaal by an armed force from a neighbouring and friendly territory but if such did come it seemed to me we must be glad to receive their help. We were drilled constantly on Marshall Square and as I had horses and a bicycle I was trained and employed as a scout. Then came the certain news of Dr. Jameson's force coming to help us from Bechuanaland. This caused great excitement. When it was definitely known that he was at Doornkop I was instructed to scout in that direction.

I may here mention that just before the revolution was decided on, I had married the sister of my old partner Mr. Gilmour Southey. We were living at the Geldenhuis Estate then but owing to some likelihood of the natives becoming restless and perhaps plundering the outside districts, it was thought safer to get into Johannesburg. We therefore took such valuables as we possessed and went into the town. We met Mr. George Southey and his family, and Mr. Richard Southey (my father-in-law) and his family. We had no place to camp in excepting a wagon or two so we took possession of an empty house and made ourselves very comfortable. I was thus about to leave my bride of only two weeks in the care of her people while I did my duty training and acting as a scout for the Reform Committee.

The miners and workers on the mines were mobilised in the main, but many

Cornishmen were not inclined to stay and fight. It was noteworthy that these men cleared by train out of the country as fast as they could many even condescending to dress themselves in women's clothing to disguise their cowardice. The streets were placarded with notices "Wanted, A Cromwell". Who put these up I do not know but there were so many that some one with a good deal of money must have done so, as every place used for posting bills was conspicuous with this advertisement. Alas! no Cromwell came in answer!

Mr. George Southey, who was farming out at Doornkop, brought in his fine large herd of Jersey cattle. These were running on the empty stands in the town and the veld down Bezuidenhouts Valley where they picked up enough grass to fill themselves easily. Mr. Southey continued milking the cows and selling the milk at enhanced prices and did quite well out of it. The young men were enlisted and the older ones were formed into a police force to patrol the streets and keep the natives in order.

My orders to scout in the direction of the invading force, took me along the road to Krugersdorp. I had gone some 15 miles out when I met a party of Boers who told me that I need not go any further as Dr. Jameson had surrendered and they pointed in the distance to a long line of troops, with loose odd riders cantering backwards and forwards and pulling off shots occasionally in sheer exuberance of joy. I took a good long look. I could see that the long line of troops were being escorted by a loose rabble on either side at the front and in the rear. I could see the glint of large guns in the afternoon sun and I then knew my informants were correct, and our rescuers or rescuing force had been captured. I have since wondered why my informants did not capture me as well, as I had my Lee Metford slung on my shoulders. However I mounted my bicycle and rode post haste for Johannesburg to report what I had seen. I told Captain Gilfillan my news and he took me to Colonel Rhodes and Mr. Geo. Farrar. Both disbelieved my news until it was confirmed a few minutes later by others.

I am afraid I am a poor hand at describing the state of despondency into which our population then sank. Everywhere we seemed to be liked whipped curs. Sir Sidney Sheppard addressed us from the balcony of the Rand Club and implored us not to do anything to help Jameson and to lay down our arms and leave our own British Government to right our wrongs, in the best way it could. Our leaders were arrested, George Farrar, Colonel Rhodes, John Hays-Hammond and Lionel Phillips were tried and sentenced to death. The other members of the Reform Committee were fined £2 000 each. The four above mentioned had their sentence commuted to a fine of £25 000 each. Dr. Jameson was handed over to the British Government for trial. All the arms held by us were then surrendered. When all was safe the Transvaal Government gave orders for their own Burghers to parade through the streets. This was my first view of the troops which had vanquished Jameson. They were all mounted for the most part on shaggy ponies, though here and there one could see a well groomed and good conditioned horse. They were in their ordinary farm clothes, wore mostly veldschoens, without socks, a bandolier full of ammunition round their shoulders, and their trusty rifles resting on their thighs. A considerable portion of bare leg showed between the veldschoens and the trousers which being badly made lifted up, and it appeared to me that few of them had washed for a very long time. Their beards were shaggy, there was not a smile on their faces and they appeared to have sullen, vengeful looks. I was glad when they left, as it seemed to me as if they were gloating over our failure, and no man likes that. On the other hand I believe this parade did a lot of good in overawing the native population of the Rand, which had become restless at

the continued idleness. So ended my share in the Rand revolution. We went home and so far as I could see had gained nothing but sadder and I hope wiser men.

Many of us now wished to leave the Transvaal, where racialism having become rampant, we felt far from comfortable. Most of us Colonials had Dutch blood in us, and this fact alone made us resent the idea of being treated as aliens in any part of South Africa. We therefore decided to trek up to Rhodesia as soon as possible.

About six months after the Raid my chief returned from England. I persuaded him to buy a number of horses, wagons and mules, load these with provisions and sell them to the troops in Rhodesia which were engaged in quelling the native rebellions in Matabeleland and Mashonaland, which had broken out in April 1896 owing to causes attributable to the failure of the Jameson Raid and the want of police in the country, all available men having been used for the raiding force. This Mr. Homan agreed to do, so in June 1896 I left Johannesburg with 100 picked horses, 10 wagons and 140 mules loaded with fodder for the animals and bully beef and other provisions. These we handed over to the 7th Hussars as they passed through Tuli. Mr. Gilmour Southey was then engaged by Colonel Paget as chief conductor of transport, Mr. Jakata Williams as his second in command and billets found for Messrs. Venning and Goddard whom we brought up with us. I then returned after a delightful trip to the Rand. When we got to the Limpopo, the wheel of our cart gave way and as I had received news of my wife's illness, I left Messrs. Adcock and Torbett to come on later and walked the remaining distance of 110 miles to Pietersburg with only a boy to carry my blankets. I did this distance in 3 days and was very sore and tired when I climbed into the coach. The greater portion of this walk was through heavy sand.

The financial success of this trip was such as to induce Mr. Homan to undertake to deliver 1 000 bags mealies from Pretoria to Bulawayo. We paid 20/- per bag for the grain in Pretoria and received £10 per bag in Bulawayo for it. It took 30 wagons, 280 mules, 160 donkeys and some spans of oxen to complete this contract. I was placed in charge of the expedition and was given a new bicycle to enable me to ride backwards and forwards to keep in touch with the three or four sections into which the expedition was divided. I had chosen a bicycle as being quicker and less costly to get about with, but Mr. Homan thought I ought to have had a cart and four mules. I'm sorry I did not take his advice. I worked myself to a standstill and by the time I got to Bulawayo I was so ill I had to go to hospital for a fortnight. The expedition was a success and Bulwayo much relieved when I arrived with the mealies. Some of the mules and wagons were sold at great profit and others returned to Pietersburg where the Transvaal Government bought them. Rinderpest had broken out all over Rhodesia and soon came to the Transvaal. I saw several dead kudu and duiker which had died of this disease. The oxen we had hired to convey mealies all died. The road often was strewn with carcasses in all stages of decay. The great scavenger, the aasvogel or vulture of South Africa was gorged to repletion and could not cope properly with his duties. The wolves or hyaenas, the jackals and other scavengers seemed to be sleeping off their unusually large meals and were content to retire to shady krantzs or leafy thickets, there to await the revival of the pangs of hunger, which in turn were easily assuaged. It was a terrible time for the owner of transport wagons. Donkeys at one time worth about 20/- each fetched up to £20 a head and one has to live in days like those to realise how useful a donkey can be and what an indispensible animal of transport and burden he is. He afterwards proved his worth when East Coast fever decimated for a second time the recovered and re-established herds of cattle in Rhodesia. Let us hope however that the

ubiquitious donkey may now rest more or less from his labours and that no more cattle diseases will make it necessary for us to call on him to help us out of difficulties of transport. He is sure but oh! so terribly slow.

I got back to my home on the Rand in November 1896. I had experienced the awful coach journey from Bulawayo to Mochudi where the rails from the South had reached. The coach proprietor, Mr. Doel Zeederberg, did all he could to make things comfortable, but underfed, mules, tired drivers and leaders, wretched provisions, travelling night and day, cooped up in a coach full of passengers of various states of cleanliness, manners and habits, all conduced to one of the worst journeys I had ever undertaken and after six days and nights of this torment it was a great relief to board, what would today be considered a most uncomfortable railway carriage, and get to Mafeking where we at last came in contact with more or less the conditions of civilisation.

After a few months enjoying a well earned rest and the amenities of life in a well ordered house, I again became restless. In April 1897 my wife and I left with all our worldly possessions for Rhodesia. I had bought two wagons 36 mules and 3 horses, 30 bicycles, 30 bags flour and some cycle spares and with our furniture and a little four wheeled cart we set out for what I now decided would be our permanent home. We had a most enjoyable trip, not a financial success, however, owing to 23 of our mules and all our horses dying of horse sickness before we reached Salisbury. At Cream of Tartar Fontein we picked up a man walking hatless and bottless in a blazing hot sun. He was on his way to Bulawayo when he quarrelled with the rest of his party and decided to walk on alone. He went to sleep under a tree by the roadside and on waking up found his boots and hat had been stolen by passing natives. We brought Davis on as far as Salisbury. He was very grateful for what had been done and was specially useful to my wife on the journey up. He joined the Police later on and went up to Nyasaland thus accomplishing part of his ambition to make his way right through to Cairo. How far he reached and what ultimately became of him we have often wondered.

My partner Gilmour Southey and his wife occupied one wagon and my wife and I the other. My wife's younger brother Jack Southey and Mr. Claude Southey a cousin also formed part of our contingent. We had glorious weather, no illness and no serious trouble excepting horse sickness. We were three months on the journey. We had to leave a wagon at Enkeldoorn and this I sent for later on. The sale of the cycles was not successful due mostly to my having bought a make of bicycle that was distinctly inferior and this got me a bad name. I was too inexperienced to judge the various makes correctly and was fearfully disgusted to find a purchaser come to me after a month or two with his cycle frame bent and out of shape and demand his money back. However I have lived to prove that I was the one taken in and that I did not willingly sell bad cycles! I opened a cycle shop in Salisbury and did fairly well with repairing work and selling spares. But farm life appealed strongly to me and I used often to spend along with other sportsmen the Saturday afternoons and Sundays out on the veld. On one occasion, I did not want to go out very far, so with a shotgun and cycle I went on the Enterprise road and within 3 hours was back cycling down Manica Road with a brace of guinea fowl slung on the handlebars. I met Mr. Morris the auctioneer and he stopped me, saying that he had a dinner for some friends coming off the next night and persuaded me to sell the birds to him. This I did for 30/- for the brace!!!

On Christmas eve 1897 my wife and I spent the day and night at Mr. Gilmour Southey's farm Gletwyn. My old farm adjoining this had been sold by Mr. Southey in 1892

to Mr. J.A. Edmonds for 4 blankets! He and several neighbours had been invited to spend the evening and the Southeys and Peacockes all being present, there were quite a number of ladies. This led to dancing and games until the early hours of the morning. Mr. Edmonds then left for his own farm. He had not gone 50 yards when he heard something following him. As it was a pitch dark night and very little could be seen, he came back and told us a lion was following him. All the men of the party then turned out and went some distance away with Mr. Edmonds. Mr. Claude Southey caught sight of an animal against the skyline and he and Mr. Edmonds fired at it. We heard it skurry away and forming line as well as we could followed in the direction it had gone. We heard a scream in the distance and made towards it. We were walking fast trying to keep in touch with each other, when it was my luck to put my foot on some large animal. Its jaws full of large white teeth came quickly up towards my leg but I jumped away and striking a light I held it while Mr. Gilmour Southey was able to put a bullet in the head of a large hyaena. Had this thing got my leg I believe it would have crunched the bones to pieces and I consider I had a very narrow escape. It had been badly wounded with a charge of buckshot and was in its dying throes when I chanced to step on it.

Through the good offices of Mr. E.E. Homan, a loved friend of mine, I got the management from Colonel Grey of the Borrowdale Estate. The Mashona rising had only just been quelled and it was still considered unsafe for Europeans to occupy any land far away from centres like Salisbury. I was given a wagon and 16 oxen and all the necessary implements. We went to the farm 9 miles from Town and with a baby only 2 months old, we commenced building huts, ploughing and general farming. To go into the details of our life here might bore my readers so I will refrain. At the same time I would like to, record a little of the troubles, inconveniences and rough time a settler on virgin veld had to put up with in the early days, if only to give the new settlers now coming into the country some idea of our conditions at that time and to show how much better times the present day settler has as compared with our pioneer days.

Provisions were awfully expensive. Fresh meat, beef, mutton or goat flesh was 4/- per lb. Condensed milk 4/- per tin, Sugar 4/- per lb. Boer meal £12.0.0. per bag. Flour £7.10/- per bag. Tea 10/- per lb. Coffee 7/6 per lb. All these provisions although so expensive were not of the best quality. Oofoo (meal of rapoko) was £4 per bag and this we had to buy to feed our native labourers on. Seed potatoes and vegetables and other seeds were also very dear. Oxen were worth £20 each. The old style of "seventy five" plough cost about £10 and was difficult to get. Boys had to be trained as drivers, leaders, plough boys, cooks and general servants. Our knowledge of the Rand was the only dialect partially understood by the Mashona. It seems to me quite wonderful to remember our struggles against all manner of adverse circumstances and how we in the end overcame them all.

In 1897 the first Agricultural Show was held. There was of course nothing much to show. A few cattle of all descriptions, mostly of nondescript breeds, a few Mashona goats and sheep and last but not least about 6 barrels of rotten potatoes which had to be kept in a far corner of the show yard (The present walled in space opposite the Queens Hotel). These potatoes had been imported by a genius ruling at our Agricultural Department, all the way from Ireland and must have cost £20 a barrel and did not contain more than a dozen healthy sets per barrel. The odour was such that it was a bold farmer who went near enough to inspect this expensive exhibit. The most attractive part of the Show was the section where the horses were kept. The 7th Hussars were here then and had some fine

animals, which won all the jump events in fine style. The race meeting too was a marvellous success. A horse which had won the Johannesburg handicap "Recondite" won most of the races. Mr. Gordon Forbes owned another very fine horse and rode it himself winning some events. All honour to those brave men who brought horses from great distances and at great risks to come and compete in an eminently sportsmanlike manner, at so small a race meeing!

After about 3 years of life at Borrowdale I fell out with my employers. The period from 1900 to 1904 was one of several ups and downs mostly the latter. My brave little wife put up in most heroic spirit with these vicissitudes. Farming just then was in a most deplorable state. Prices for produce were indeed low. Mealies were 5/- per bag and other produce in proportion. Land near Salisbury was dear, the Company did not see fit to give out any land and it is strange to look back to the same arguments against free land being given to settlers, being used now against giving out cheap land. Those who held land then close to townships were very much against land being given away for nothing even 20 or 30 miles away. We were offered land at 9d per acre on the distant portions of the Gwebi Flats and though we did not like the soil, were very much inclined to take it up. There were several farms surveyed but not occupied. Then just as we had almost decided to take this land we commenced a campaign in the "Rhodesia Herald" and were ably assisted by the then editor, Mr. T. Shillington. Thousands of acres of land were unoccupied. Settlers coming into the country were asked anything from £300 to £3 000 for farms, yet land was almost everywhere lying idle. This anomaly in 1901 was severely commented on by "The Rhodesia Herald" and the news spread to the South at last reaching Mr. Rhodes' ears. He was furious and Mr. J.M. Orpen evidently got it hot from him. The latter gentleman called a meeting of the disaffected settlers and then offered them the Gwebi Farms on very easy terms. In the meanwhile Major Johnson representing the owners of Moore's Concessions got hold of the leaders of the agitation and offered them alternate farms of 2 000 acres each in one of the richest valleys in the very well known district of Mazoe. Messrs. C. Southey, G. Southey, E.R. Southey, A.R. Morkel, R.C. Frith, H.H. Marriott and the Biggs Bros accepted Major Johnson's offer and we all trekked down about May 1901 to occupy our farms. The land had been surveyed by Mr. Theal into farms of 2 000 acres each. These were numbered from one upwards. We then tossed up to see who would take the even numbers and the settlers got the farms most of them are on today. Major Johnson's company gradually sold out the farms with the odd numbers and today all are occupied and some of this land has changed hands at £5 per acre since then. The price we had to pay was 4/- per acre at the rate of £20 per annum without interest for 20 years. Unluckily not long after the settlement was made the prices of produce fell considerably owing to lack of markets. Transport was a great difficulty. The road from Salisbury was not bad but East Coast Fever broke out soon afterwards and most of us lost our trek oxen. Spans of mules and donkeys had to be purchased to take our mealies to Salisbury. On one occasion the Government bought our mealie crop and sent Col. Flint out with about 40 camels to fetch the grain in. From 4 to 5 bags (800 to 1 000 lbs) was a camel's load. This novel means of transport did not prove successful. The camels did not thrive in this country and gradually died out. They were always a source of curiosity and were the cause of a good many cart accidents in Salisbury. For some reason or other the smell of a camel was enough to make the steadiest horse go raving mad with fright and the sight of one made the horse tear for his life anywhere away from the camel.

Life on a farm 45 miles away from Salisbury with only cycles to get about on and trek bullocks and wagons to fetch our provisions and take our produce to market was anything but rosy and a few of us had to eke out a living by cutting wood for the Jumbo and other mines and even take up mining contracts to help us over the uphill struggles of early settlement. Even in this way we were lucky, as people who took up land in districts where there was no gold mining had no means of earning money to keep them going — that is with a few exceptions such as those who added trading of grain and cattle to their ordinary farming operations. For meat we lived principally on game. We all shot sable, roan, waterbuck, reibok etc. and when a big buck was bagged we sent the meat round to our neighbours. It sometimes happened that two or more of us would shoot a buck on the same day and our gifts of meat to each other would cross on the way. A great deal of biltong was made and stored up for use when game was scarce. I have put up rhinoceros between Glendale and Concession stations, so you will know that game was fairly plentiful around those parts in 1901.

After gradually going downhill, so far as my condition financially was concerned I decided to return to Johannesburg. I left my wife and children on the Concession, took a train from Salisbury to Mafeking and cycled from there on.

I put the state of the country, its prospects, drawbacks and advantages before several of my friends with the ultimate result that I was sent back with £50 in my pocket to try and find a gold mine.

Up to 1904 the B.S.A. Company had insisted on a royalty of 30% on all money made out of the mineral wealth of the country, sometimes taking its tribute out of the vendors shares of a gold mining company and at others collecting from the actual gold won the 30% royalty. A Mr. von Wagener, an eminent consulting mining engineer from America had been employed to give a report on the mining resources of the country and the gist of it was contained in his advice to the Chartered Company to allow the working by individuals of the large number of small mines, on a percentage of the actual gold won. The mining industry throughout was in a deplorable condition. Mining companies had been floated to develop properties in every gold-belt in the country and very few payable propositions had been discovered. But the development of many claims had been so far disappointing in that, though they contained a certain amount of payable ore in sight, yet the total quantity did not justify the erection of expensive plants for crushing the ore and recovering the gold. However there were small plants in the market, notably the Tremain Stream Stamp mill and it was at once seen that if the Chartered Company would forego its high royalty that many small mining propositions might be brought to a paying stage by individual workers, who being miners and reduction men with a small capital, could do all the work themselves. The many development companies had come to the end of their resources of capital and were only too anxious to get some of the money they had spent returned to them in the shape of tribute on the gold to be won from the partially developed claims. All these matters were thoroughly discussed and eventually Dr. Jameson and his Directors agreed to a 2½% royalty on all gold won. This concession was afterwards displaced by a royalty imposed on a sliding scale. If a certain value of gold was recovered from a certain number of tons treated then the royalty would be 2½ per cent, but if the value of the ore treated was higher then a higher royalty had to be paid. The companies owning the claims also charged a royalty or tribute and the rate ranged from 5% to as much as 25% of the gold recovered, but the individual workers (or "small workers" as they afterwards became known and by

which they are spoken of to this day) did not mind paying this and the other tributes so long as they could see some chance of making good.

All this I had to put before my Johannesburg friends and the upshot was my immediate return after only about a month's absence. A syndicate consisting of Messrs. F.A. Alexander, Robert Bell and myself was formed and called "The A. & B. Syndicate".

I travelled to every small mine that was offering in the near neighbourhood of Salisbury and ultimately decided on asking my two partners to come up and inspect for themselves the Wiltshire Mine about 15 miles northeast of Salisbury. The assay plans showed a development of about 10,000 tons of ore of a value of 10dwts. We went into the whole concern very carefully and at last decided to tribute the mine at 12½% royalty. We put up two Tremain Mills and a cyanide works, engaged miners, battery men and a cyanider. We got a fitter to help us with the erection of the plant and Mr. Robert Bell and I were working whenever we could give a helping hand to get everything done well and quickly. I have never worked harder in my life and I look back with the greatest of satisfaction, to a most disappointing proposition in mining and the recovery of gold, for the simple reason that of the 10 years of my life spent in gold mining, it was this hard work and the keen interest shown by all concerned which enabled me to make a success of the mining ventures in which I became afterwards engaged. It was a hard struggle and the disappointment to me was most severe as it was my fault that my two plucky partners had been induced to put a large amount of capital into these particular claims. Suffice it to say that "Bobby" and I worked on an average 18 hours a day each for nine months and then had to admit failure and a net loss of over £3000. Our staff had gradually been reduced so that "Bobby" and I did all the work, mining, milling and cyaniding and yet we could not make things pay. The largest owner of our already limited capital, Mr. F.A. Alexander now played the game with us. "Bobby" was to take a Tremain and work another mine "The Cathedra" nearby. I was to take the other Tremain and get a mine elsewhere. For the time we were looking round our works would be shut down. I went to Town and interviewed several Secretaries and Managers of mine owning companies. At last I got the chance of tributing several mines in the Abercorn district (now the Shamva district). On the 15th August I mounted my bicycle and rode off to inspect the mines. I had my rifle on the cycle, a blanket and some food. In the evening I reached the Asp Mine at Bindura but as the white man in charge was not at home I proceeded to make myself comfortable. I was sitting on a dump looking at some of the ore at a shaft mouth when my attention was attracted to something moving in the valley below. I saw a small herd of kudu and went out and shot one. The natives living at the mine were delighted and then fetched the meat up and could not do enough for me. In the morning I went a mile or two on to Mr. Morgan's house. He was then caretaker of the "Kimberley Reefs". He kindly gave me breakfast and pointed out some hills 20 miles away, as my destination. I thought I had followed his directions correctly but late in the afternoon found myself at a Kaffir Kraal quite 10 miles away from my destination. I got a boy to put me on the right road and after passing recent tracks of a big herd of elephants, I reached the huts of Mr. J. Harvey, the caretaker of "The Alliance Mine". The region near my guides kraal was being prospected by Mr. Goerge Howe. He was on to something good he told me and I was being offered any number of splendid undeveloped gold mines. I kept my head however and the next day I inspected in a rough way, "The Alliance", "The Reliance", "The Defiance", "The Glasgow" and "The Joker" Mines. The following day I panned samples and of the lot decided that "The Joker"

was by far and away the best of the lot. Pannings from the dump showed that the unsorted rock and fines gave from 10 dwts to the ton and selected rich samples were worth anything up to 50 ounces to the ton. The shaft had fallen in and I could not get down into the mine. The next day I panned samples from "The Abercorn Mine" and "The Left Bower" and "The Right Bower". The Abercorn and Left Bower were both promising. Laden with duplicate samples on my cycle (which was now a fairly heavy load) I returned to the Wiltshire meeting George Howe on the road. He then told me of all his finds and talked them up so well that I was sure I was talking to a prospective millionaire. Mr. John Harvey had been most kind to me at the Alliance Mine and I have many grateful and pleasing memories of him. A Captain Pocock was living with him. This ex military officer had fallen on bad times, but it was pathetic to see him get up early every morning, don his very best riding togs and with shining boots, spick and span, mount his pony and go for a ride. His saddle was beautifully cleaned and stirrup irons bridle bit etc. all shining bright. A rough night out in Salisbury ended him. Pneumonia after a chill and he was dead in a few days. This man must have been a great cricketer at one time. he used to talk of the best English cricketers as if he knew them all and could tell you how this one bowled, that one fielded and about the batting of others and the scores made in certain classical matches.

I was very tired when I arrived back at the Wiltshire. I had cycled about 120 miles, climbed the Tafuna Hill several times, went in and out of mines, waded through rivers and pushed a heavily loaded cycle over footpaths that wound up and down rocky hills. The joy of it all was when "Bobby" and I panned my samples and we decided that I was to go with a Tremain mill and see if we could recoup some of our losses by crushing the rich ore from the Joker Mine. Our plans were accordingly made and I returned with 32 boys and a young friend of mine, Mr. Neville Peacocke, to the Joker Mine. "Bobby" said he would not take his wife and family to so unhealthy a spot. A snake might bite one of his children and all the gold in the world would not compensate him for the loss. To me it did not seem much more risky so far as snakes and lions etc. were concerned but I must say I felt the risk I was undergoing in taking my wife and family to an unhealthy district, 60 miles away from the nearest doctor. Bobby therefore tackled "The Cathedra". It was a failure and mine after mine was tried by him but he was nearly always unlucky. At last he struck "The Rouge" near the Golden Valley at Gatooma, cleared £10,000 over it by selling it within a year and left the country to buy a sugar estate in Natal. He died in Johannesburg a few years ago. I have always had the greatest respect for him and although we had our differences of opinion, yet on the whole we hit it off very well. It was one of those cases where any amount of rough life and adversity made us but the faster friends, but when prosperity came to us both we did not get on quite so well.

On the 15th September 1905 I landed at the Alliance Mine and immediately commenced preparing the foundations for the machinery and opening up the Alliance and Joker Mines. This work though tremendously interesting was exceedingly hard. The time of the year, the end of the dry season and the near approach of the rains, made the heat unbearable but young Peacocke and I kept hard at it and had everything ready when the Tremain mill arrived. We had the foundations dug, huts made and the Joker Mine opened up again and a compound for our native labourers completed. We had 32 natives with us. We had no money to spend and to pay for the transport of the machinery from the Wiltshire to the Alliance Mine I had arranged with the carrier, Mr. van der Spuy to ride the quartz from the Joker to the mill on the Poti River, while I erected the machinery. I had received

this on the 15th October and on the 22nd October 1905 I commenced crushing the ore from the dump at the Joker Mine. On the 31st October I rode in 78 miles to Salisbury with about £450 worth of gold. This I had extracted with a little over a week's crushing. I had spent about six weeks getting the plant ready and crushing operations and the return was therefore highly satisfactory. The cost of winning this gold was somewhere in the neighbourhood of £100 and my net profit pleased us all. I need not say more about the Joker than to record that our output went up gradually for nearly five years. We recovered over £105,000 worth of gold and our expenses including 12½% tribute to the proprietors of the mine and 2½% royalty to the British South Africa Company came to about £60,000 and we, the three partners, made a clear £45,000 out of our venture. We then lost the payable values though the reef was there as large but longer than ever. I think it would be a fair gamble for a rich man or a development syndicate to take up the mine and prospect for the lost values. I feel they can be found and though the extension, "The Joking Mine" has given Mr. Harrison very much the same yield of gold and also appears to have lost its values at great depth — 800 ft — it yet appears to me worthwhile putting in some drives and winzes to see if the old rich veins have not in some way come in and joined up to the reef at a lower depth, or perhaps are running parallel with the reef. Some prospecting would cost a lot of money but it may yield one of the romances of the future.

I now became a capitalist in a small way. I had the backing still of my friend Mr. F.A. Alexander and we crushed ore and made money out of the Left Bower, the Abercorn and the Chin Mine. Others such as "The Dawn" we developed and lost money on, but on the whole so long as we were in partnership we did well. We sold the Chin Mine to Mr. R.R. Hollins and made a profit of about £4000 on the deal.

About this time 1910 I had a great longing to see my grand parents country and in March of that year my wife and I went to England. I do not know if the impressions of a colonial born Britisher visiting the land of his ancestors would interest you, but to me the six months I spent out of South Africa are teeming with interesting experiences, and my recollections of that time have furnished me with many hours of enjoyable meditation. It cost me well over £1000 for the trip but it was money well invested and an investment that creditors can never touch.

Near the Joker Mine was a piece of land which I was hoping to get as a farm. I had quite a lot of trouble to become the owner but in the end the issue of the Gold Belt Title enabled me to peg the two farms Woodlands and Ceres — Woodlands was the property of my friend and partner Mr. F.A. Alexander and I retired afterwards to Ceres and took up a farmers life. Here I am today and there are few men to whom fortune has been so kind. Not that I have a fortune in money. No! I own Ceres Farm, have a fine herd of cattle, farm implements, about 1500 acres of land under cultivation, a motor car and I make a good living. But besides these material advantages I have my wife and daughter and five sons and a host of friends — what more does any man want?

TA HOLDINGS LTD

—YEARS—

Reminiscences of an Early Settler in Rhodesia

by C. W. R. Southey (1872–1966)
After 45 Years on the land in Rhodesia

SECTION ONE

The rinderpest of 1896–97, having swept the country, and brought my dairy business in Johannesburg to an end, I decided with others to try my luck in Rhodesia. Therefore in the November of 1897, a party of nineteen, comprising men, women and children set out for the wild north. My elder brother Gilmour had written to tell me that he thought there was an opening for farmers in Rhodesia, especially as just then, the Chartered Company, had advertised for settlers.

Gilmour had been in that country for some years, having gone up there in 1891 together with Mr. Arthur Morkel, on the heels of the Pioneers, and having interested himself in mining and farming.

As things turned out however, it was a great mistake our embarking upon our trek north in the month of November, and just before the rainy season. We found this out to our cost on our way, and it led to many hardships and much loss.

In ignorance, therefore, of what lay ahead of us, we set out from Johannesburg with four wagons and spans of oxen, and provisions to last us for three months. In addition, we also took with us two salted horses and a herd of well-bred dairy cattle; being the remnants of my own which were saved from the rinderpest, together with others bought, and which were commonly known as salted cattle. This herd was composed of Jerseys, Shorthorns and Frieslands.

Our party was made up of two families, namely the Peacockes and the Southeys, all being descendants of the 1820 settlers of the Eastern Province. A young man from England by the name of Rodwell also asked to be allowed to join us, and in addition to the abovementioned white people, we had with us two Indians, a Swazi and a Basuto boy.

The writer might remark here, that he felt the responsibility of this expedition, as to him fell the lot of organizing it; the rest of the company being mostly women, children and elderly people. So therefore any subsequent success or failure must be put down to his good or bad judgement.

However, it was a goodly cavalcade, and we were all light of heart and full of hope, making for the "Land of Canaan".

At first things went very well for us, until we passed Rustenburg, when we met a Mr. George Rex. This gentleman, by the way, was a descendant of royalty, and had been farming in that district for very many years. He rather put the wind up us by painting a very gloomy picture of what we were in for, telling us that before we got out of the low country, the snakes would have most of the party, and what they left the fever would polish off. After this disquieting news, we held a council of the clans around the camp fire that night, and discussed the matter. We felt however, that we were committed to the expedition, and

decided to carry on. In the meantime the Basuto boy had been listening, and taking it all in. Much to our amusement he gave us some cheering advice, for, turning to the ladies, he remarked: "Don't be frightened of the snakes Missus, the Baas's pipe will keep them away."

That settled the question and from then on it became the Baas's duty to keep the pipe well lit. Thus was the habit acquired and even though the danger of snakes may not be so apparent in these days, he still carries on the good work.

After this we journeyed on and as we neared the Eland's River in the low country, our first real disaster overtook us. My father had a gun accident. His gun burst while he was out shooting and blew off his thumb and one finger. We had to send back to Rustenburg for a doctor, and eventually the injury was fixed up satisfactorily. But apart from the distress this accident had caused, it meant we were delayed for some time in low and unhealthy country. In consequence of this, our cattle contracted red-water and gall-sickness and we lost so many of our oxen that we had to inspan some of our dairy cows to carry on the trek.

Soon after this came Christmas Day, which found us in black vlei with the heavy rains upon us, weakened teams, and the wagon wheels embedded in mud up to their axles. In crossing the Eland's River one of our wagons capsized, though luckily no one was hurt.

All through that period, misfortune seemed to dog our footsteps and sickness took our cattle. The two Indians who were with us, were so upset at the sight of the cattle dying, the cow being a sacred animal to them, that they eventually left us.

At last, as we dragged on our weary way, now on the north bank of the Limpopo, and heading towards Khama's country, we fell in with some friendly transport riders. This was very fortunate for us, as they were able to take some of our goods on to their wagons, thus enabling us to abandon one wagon and use the oxen from that to strengthen the other teams. From now on, our new-found friends remained with us and things went better.

From the Limpopo we took the road leading through Khama's country and while passing through this region, many adventures befell us, which served to remind us that we were of a surety in the wilds.

One night, travelling by moon-light, our five dogs startled us by barking and making a huge commotion. We could hear that they had tackled something and rushed out to investigate the cause. We could see nothing but what appeared to be a rolling mass of snake and dogs. It proved to be a python and with our help added to that of the dogs, we managed to kill it, or so we thought; though not before it had constricted some of the dogs, for three of them out of the five, died within a few days. I then took the python, presumably dead, and flung it at the back of the wagon beneath the bed. The latter was slung from the frame of the tent, and swung free, thus leaving a two foot space from beneath the bed to the floor of the wagon. It was my intention to have the reptile skinned the next morning and to preserve the skin. When morning came, I told the Swazi boy 'Jim' to get the snake out and to skin it. Prompty he set about pulling it out by the tail, when, to our horror, we discovered it was very much alive. Jim nearly collapsed with fright. The snake started to try and get away but this time there was no mistake about it being killed. The job was properly done and the skin preserved, while we had the unique experience of sleeping within a foot or so of a live snake.

As we progressed on our journey north, we ran out of many of our provisions and the mealie meal, which we had brought for the servants, had to become part of our own diet.

The ladies and young girls of the party displayed much disgust at the idea of eating mealie meal, which they considered only suitable for the native boys, especially as what we had, had turned slightly mouldy, by reason of the damp heat through which we had been passing.

This was certainly unfortunate, though in some ways the rainy weather was a blessing to us. We were never short of water either to drink or to bathe in and were thus able to indulge in our daily bath in some quiet spruit or any clear running water. Of course, mixed bathing was not the fashion in those days and it was quite amusing to note how the men-folk would file off to a picked place up-stream, while the feminine element would choose one down-stream, or vice versa. Our cooking had to be done out in the open when fine, but when it rained, an awning made of tarpaulin from the wagon was erected over our culinary efforts. For fresh meat we had to depend on the gun and of milk and eggs we had plenty; our dairy cows providing the former and the poultry we had brought with us the latter. The fowls soon got used to our mode of travel, after the first day or so. When we stopped, they were let out of their crate, which was slung under the wagon and gave no trouble in returning there when called and we were once more on the move.

One time which may be of interest, was that while passing along the banks of the Limpopo River, we came across scores of wagons which had been abandoned by transport riders and others owing to having lost all their cattle through riderpest.

I am also reminded at this point, of an incident which occurred on the banks of the Limpopo. One of our oxen fell into the river where the banks were very steep and it could not get out. To save it from drowning, two of us, the writer and one of the transport riders, had to get ropes and reins and plunge into the river to his rescue. After some fight we managed to attach the ropes to him and he was hauled up bodily by the party who had been watching events from the top of the bank. After saving the ox, the ropes were lowered again for us and we were dragged up likewise. Had we known as much about crocodiles as we do now, I do not think we would have ventured into that pool, as we were told afterwards that it was infested with them.

Finally we reached Bulawayo, having taken over three months to get there, owing to the heavy going. Some days we only covered two or three miles a day, with long delays at swollen rivers and getting stuck in the mud, for the roads were nothing more than muddy tracks. Sometimes we could even see the camp we had occupied the day before, lying only a very short distance behind us.

In Bulawayo we found there was a very keen demand for any produce we could provide them with, for Rhodesia seemed to us to be mainly subsisting on tinned foods. Our surplus of eggs fetched £1 a dozen and everything else was proportionately dear. Subsequently we found that similar conditions prevailed at Gwelo and Salisbury. Of course, Bulawayo was merely at the beginning of things, being only four or five years old. It was not at all the fine town it is today. We were very pleased however, to have reached a place where our provisions could be partially replenished, even if at a tremendous price. I might add that boermeal was £5 per bag, and even bully beef 5/- per tin. At last we were able to get fresh mealie meal and I was very amused to hear our young folk exclaim how delicious the mealie meal porridge was, after their previous objections to eating mealie meal at all, which, as mentioned before, had become of the sour variety, as our journey had progressed.

In those days the railway had not reached Bulawayo and as so many oxen had died of rinderpest, transport became a great difficulty and the poor old donkey could not be expected to cope entirely with Rhodesia's requirements. Even as regards local produce, the 1896 Rebellion had dislocated all trade with natives, and the country was not in a normal condition. This will explain the prevailing high prices of everything at that time.

From Bulawayo we continued to battle on our way towards Salisbury, albeit still in the rainy season. We were perpetually hung up by flooded rivers and generally bad going, and I might mention that this last part of our journey was not without incidents both amusing and otherwise.

On one occasion we were very worried at an occurrence which might have been a serious matter. A young fellow of our party went out shooting and got lost. We searched for him for three days and eventually, with the help of the Police, we found him in a quite exhausted condition. However, all was well that ended well. And now to turn to another side of the picture, something rather amusing happened in connection with old Mr. Glyn Peacocke. He had insisted on walking all the way from Johannesburg, instead of riding in the wagon. He did not trust either his son or anyone else driving it, and declared that they were bound to capsize the wagon, or telescope the tent under a tree. One day however, possibly feeling tired, he actually did go into the tent of the wagon. As bad luck would have it, while his son was driving, the wagon went through under the low branch of a mopani tree. It caught the tent and started to telescope it before the bullocks could be stopped. I saw old Mr. Peacocke coming out on all fours as hard as he could, and the language that caught my ear does not bear repeating. But I think he was really quite pleased that what he had been predicting all these months had actually come to pass.

From about this point, which was the concluding stage of our journey, conditions improved for us. My brother, Gilmour, and Claud Southey, my cousin, who were farming near Salisbury, came to meet us at Sebakwe. They brought with them fresh oxen which were most welcome and in consequence of this, our journeying became easier.

SECTION TWO

We arrived in Salisbury on April 10, 1898, and on the next day we all went out to "Gletwyn". This farm was on the way to the Enterprise district and situated about nine miles from Salisbury. It had been my brother Gilmour's pioneer farm which he had sold to Mr. Homan.

From here some of the party started farming operations on the Borrowdale Estate, at Enterprise, and on certain properties owned by other people in this same locality. From all we could see and ascertain, this seemed to be the only district which showed any sign or made any pretence of farming. Under this heading, the following farmers may be named:- Rymer, Edmonds, Bill Colling, Hope, Green, and the Chishawasha Mission. To illustrate the backward state of farming technique in the country at that time, one might quote that Mr. Rymer held the record for maize production with 150 bags.

Of course, owing to the Rebellion and the rinderpest, those who had started up farming were ruined and had lost their all. When at last, they were able to get back on to their farms, after all this upheaval, it meant them starting all over again, which particular time was just before we arrived.

Meanwhile, my brother Gilmour and I went into partnership together, and with our

respective families were able to settle, partly on a section of the aforementioned farm, 'Gletwyn' and partly on a small portion of 'Glenlorne'. This was the arrangement with their owners, Mr. Homan of the former property and Mr. Edmonds of 'Glenlorne'.

Thus we began our first farming operations in Rhodesia, though with a view to ultimately obtaining our own land, for we had not travelled all this long way to become merely tenant farmers. Therefore our particular party, and some of our clan who had preceded us, applied to the Chartered Company for land that we might acquire for our own, and thus become settlers, which we had understood was what the Company required. Here we were faced by a serious difficulty, for the reply we received from the official for lands, then Mr. Orpen, was to the effect that the said Company was neither giving, letting or selling land. We were informed too, that there had been too much encroachment on the gold belt already. From this we gathered that there had been friction between the miners and the farmers of the community. It seemed that the policy of the Chartered Company in those days was to encourage the mining of the country, and not to worry about the farming, in spite of the fact that they were paying over £2 per bag to traders for native maize and ropoka. Butter was 5/- per pound, eggs £1 per dozen, bully beef 5/- per tin and potatoes, when procurable at all, costing 2/- per pound, with all food-stuffs proportionately exorbitant in price. This was partly accounted for by the railways not having been completed yet from the south to the east, which made transport facilities very difficult, and at a high price. One would imagine though, that these high prices alone would prove what a short-sighted policy the Company was then adopting, and that farming and all food production should be the basic industry of any country, seeing that one must eat to live.

As before stated however, individual farming enterprise was not encouraged, and the Administration appeared to be company-minded to the exclusion of all else. Large blocks of land were given to companies who were making no development on them whatsoever, with the exception of that belonging to the United Rhodesia Company, under which some of our clan worked and grew crops etc. Money was spent very freely and even wasted on the floating of mining companies which came to naught. According to the figures given by Major Johnson at that time, twenty million pounds had been spent in Rhodesia, having been raised for the opening up of mining in the country. But meanwhile, the shareholders in England were becoming tired of never getting any return for their money and in this way Rhodesia earned a bad name. In consequence of this it was very difficult to get any further money subscribed for really genuine enterprise and development. As a certain Bank Manager once said to me during that period: "Rhodesia stank in the nostrils of the investing public in England. They had had enough of wild cat schemes."

Meanwhile, two years elapsed with no satisfaction being afforded us by the Chartered Company regarding us getting land. All that time, our clan were trying to make a living on other people's land, but the controversy still continued on the subject of us acquiring our own. Our cause was being written up in the local paper by various people, among whom were Mr. A. Morkel, Mr. H.H. Marriott and others, and to them we are indebted for bringing the matter before the public eye. All this however, did not concern the Chartered Company in the least, till the Argus Co. took up our case and published it in the Cape papers.

Towards the end of those two years of struggle and hardship, I got in touch with Major Johnson and he told me then that we were the very people he favoured as settlers in the

Mazoe Valley. He said he would try and persuade his directors in England to sell some of their land on Moore's Concession on good terms to us, which would enhance the value of all their property by reason of us opening up the district for farming enterprise. It would advertise the balance of their property. In due course sanction was given for certain farms to be sold, which some of our party then decided to take up, others suiting themselves elsewhere.

Strangely enough, on the very day on which I heard from Major Johnson that a favourable reply had been received from his directors, I met Mr. Orpen in the street in Salisbury. He seemed very agitated and upset, and immediately called me into his office.

"For God's sake," he said, "stop writing letters in the papers. You are doing the country a lot of harm, for your people are well known in South Africa. I will give your party land anywhere in Rhodesia."

At this point I lost the chance of my life through hasty temper and the impetuosity of youth. I told him that I could do without his land because I had fixed up independently of his assistance. What I should have done, was to have applied at once for one hundred thousand acres in the Mazoe Valley, and I believe I should have got them, for it seemed to me so apparent, that through the Press down south, Mr. Rhodes had learnt all about our dilemma, and had quickly administered a raspberry to those concerned at this end. This was the only way which I could account for the sudden change of front, for I am quite sure that Mr. Rhodes did not agree with the short-sighted policy adopted in Rhodesia which had led to the unfair treatment of farming enterprises as described heretofore. Indeed, I cannot blame Mr. Rhodes for any of our difficulties in this direction, for he was very busy and worried at the time, over the Jameson Raid down south, the Boer War, and other political matters, so had not the time to give his attention to Rhodesia's domestic troubles.

But it is a well known fact that Mr. Rhodes was greatly in favour of getting farmers to settle on the land in Rhodesia, and would have done anything to induce them to do so, rather than to put obstacles in the way. This fact was borne out when Mr. Rhodes did eventually come up to Rhodesia on his last brief visit.

Then he mentioned the matter to my father, Richard Southey, when the latter met him at lunch at Borrowdale, as the guest of Colonel Grey. On hearing that we were intending to settle in the Mazoe Valley, Mr. Rhodes said that he thought we were making a big mistake, as this was not a healthy district, being low-lying, and having a bad reputation for malaria fever. He evinced a great amount of interest on the subject of our settlement, and went on to suggest a higher locality and mentioned Inyanga. But by this time we had made our plans and were committed to go to Mazoe. This district, by the way, in spite of being considered unhealthy, had many advantages to recommend it, for it was a fertile and well watered land.

During those early days at 'Gletwyn' I would like to point out that farming was by no means an easy matter. Instead it was fraught with many difficulties. It was hard to get seed for our sowing, and as for implements etc., it would have amused the present day farmers to have seen the primitive methods we were forced to adopt to work the land at all. The writer managed to get a plough from Mr. Edmonds, but harrows had to be made out of thorn trees cut to some shape and triangles made of hard wood, and with wooden teeth.

For the first few months, being just after the Rebellion, we were unable to get any labour at all, so the feminine element of our party had a pretty thin time. They had to do all

the rough work of the house, even to the carrying of wood and water, apart from their ordinary duties. The men-folk naturally gave them what assistance they could between their own arduous tasks of milking and ploughing etc.

With reference to lions and other wild animals in those days, I am reminded of a happening in this connection which might have been disastrous to the writer.

One night, hearing some sort of commotion among the cattle in the kraal, which was only a short distance from the homestead, I walked across from the house to see what was the matter there. My wife and her sister held a light at the window so that I could see my way in the dark and watched me as I went. When I was about half way across the open space towards the kraal, to their horror they beheld a lion moving between me and the homestead. Happily I was in blissful ignorance of the danger I was in, and when I was told about it on my return, I was a doubting Thomas. To prove that they had not been wrong, however, the herd boy asserted the next morning that he had seen a lion quite near at hand that night and had bolted up a tree. This experience made me unpleasantly aware that tours of inspection over the veld after dark could not exactly be highly recommended.

Another adventure which happened at Borrowdale might bear recording. A young man by the name of Pallister, had just arrived from England, having brought out some pedigree bulls for the United Rhodesia Co. One evening he happened to be at my father's place, and saw a boy going off with a gun. He enquired about this and was told that the boy was going to scare the wild pigs away. Thereupon he asked permission to accompany the boy, and my father having granted him this, furnished him with a gun. About midnight, he came back very excited and said they had seen a pig in the dark, a big pig. He and the boy had fired and he was sure they had hit him, because he had jumped about 15 feet in the air.

My father remarked with a chuckle: "Some pig."

The next morning they all went down to find the dead pig, but to their astonishment, when reaching the spot, they discovered that it was a dead lion.

Again, on a trip down to Hartley, transporting goods to Secombe's Store, Gadzema, we had an adventure with a lioness. About 9 o'clock one morning, while my brother Gilmour, Mr. Gilby and I were having our breakfast by the wagon, I glanced up and saw an animal on the road about one hundred yards away from us. It was sitting on its haunches looking at us. At once I exclaimed to my brother:

"Look, there's a hyena."

With these words, I made for my gun, and brother hurriedly grabbed his and took aim. At the second the animal turned, and I got a better view and found it was a lioness.

"Look out," I cried, "it's a lion".

This exclamation must have put my brother off his aim, usually so good, for he fired and missed.

The lioness made off into a patch of long grass, and as it went, Gilmour got in another shot and wounded it. I got in one too, but missed. I must have been unduly excited, as this was my first experience with a lion.

The three of us, including Mr. Gilby, all armed with guns, followed up the wounded lioness in the long grass, keyed up to danger, and expecting it any minute. Stalking along with nerves at snapping point with excitement, we suddenly got a terrible fright. Instead of a charge from a wounded lioness which we expected at any moment, a covey of partridges

must needs rise up all around us with the startling flurry of wings and the big commotion with which all sportsmen are acquainted. It gave us all a shake up, I can assure you, but we laughed at our Irish friend who exclaimed:

"Bejabers, I didn't know whether I was dead or alive for a second."

I think I caused some amusement too, for I brought down one of the partridges on the wing, and also shot a hare who rose in front of us at the identical moment. To make a long story short, the lioness got away, but was found a few days later lying dead from the shot my brother had given her.

As the months went by I must admit that conditions began to show signs of improvement and by the time our first year's crops were ready to reap, we were lucky in getting some labour to assist us.

Boys began to drift into the country from Blantyre and the north. This of course made it better for our women-folk, as well as for us men, and in general, things looked brighter.

People now started to turn their attention to the idea of holding an agricultural show in Salisbury, and accordingly our first show was held there in the year 1900. Being our first attempt at anything of the sort, there was a good sprinkling of humour caused through lack of farming knowledge when this event actually took place. For instance, In the Jersey class for milking cows, the writer, who owned pure bred Jerseys, and should have been the only competitor, received rather a shock when the following incident occurred. Mr. Marriott, who was not going to allow him to have a walk-over, entered a brindled cow with a big fleshy udder, though not having a drop of Jersey blood in her. This animal caught the

eye of the judge and marched off with the first prize, to the huge amusement of Mr. Marriott and many others. In the case of butter, we actually did obtain the first prize, but not before comments had been made by the judge as to its high colouring, which, he said, had been overdone. Needless to say no colouring had been used, as Jersey butter requires none. It is naturally a rich enough colour in itself.

Then again, one who was at that time a high official in what is now known as the Agricultural Department, was very struck by some red maize which was put on the show. He gave a special prize for this. Evidently he thought it was a rare species of the mealie, instead of being what it really is, an undesirable product, for as everyone now knows, the white and yellow maize grown in close proximity to each other, is a bad combination and will produce any freak colouring in the maize line.

And thus time passed. We sowed and reaped our crops and became acquainted with hard conditions, and the vagaries of climate consistent with a land situated inside the tropics. But there was much we remained in ignorance of, much that brought grief and sorrow into our family.

We were attacked by quite a bit of fever, and although we all took plenty of quinine as a cure, reinfection was constantly taking place, for nobody knew in those days that fever was caused through the bite of a mosquito. My cousin, Claude Southey and my mother, the latter still a comparatively young woman, fell victims of that dreaded disease, blackwater, and nothing could save their lives. My mother's death, which occurred some time later than my cousin's, and in the year 1900, was the greatest sorrow that had yet befallen me and it cast a gloom over us all. She is buried in a lonely grave beneath a tree she loved so well, near her home at Borrowdale.

And so we had to pay the price of ignorance in an unknown land.

I have not yet mentioned the distance we were from Salisbury, but it was about eleven miles and in those days, too far away to make frequent journeys to town. On the rare occasions when we had to go, we used a light wagon and bullocks. What a contrast from our present day mode of travel!

Speaking personally, very fair crops of maize were grown during that period, and my first year's yield was close on 500 bags. Potatoes and oats we grew under irrigation. Incidentally, Mr. A. Morkel, who was working for the United Rhodesia Company on Borrowdale, grew the first 1 000 bags of maize in the country.

Just about this time there began to be quite a movement in the farming world. Among other things, the British South Africa Co. brought a lot of cattle down from the north, and let the farmers have them on easy terms. We procured some, and were able to sell some bulls at a fair price, so things were looking up. Farms were being sold in the Salisbury and Enterprise districts and the United Rhodesia Co. sold land on the Borrowdale Estate. Mr. Marriott bought one of these farms, which was called 'Greystone', and he became the potato and oat king of the community. Oats were very greatly in demand, as most of the transport was done by mules.

While we were at Gletwyn, the Boer War broke out. This was in 1899, and some of our clan joined Plumer's Column and went south. They had a touch of De La Rey's shells at Elands River. The rest of us who were left here were being drilled and trained at the week-ends, and while touching on this matter, I would like to relate the story of our manoeuvres and sham fight at Hartmann's Hill, near Salisbury, under Colonel Flint.

(The same site was chosen during World War II by the Rhodesia Light Horse to do their manoeuvres — Editor).

The enemy, (being the Police) were holding Hartmann Hill in some force and our Commando, made up of all and sundry, were told to attack same. We proceeded in skirmishing order from the Police Camp. When we got about three quarter's of a mile from our objective, we were told to storm the place at the double. I may mention that the uniforms we were forced to wear, were so heavy that they must have been imported for the arctic, and not meant for the hot climate of Rhodesia. One can imagine what this meant, to charge at the double up-hill, under a blazing hot sun, and clad in heavy apparel with full armoured equipment.

Before reaching the summit of the hill most of us were badly out of breath. So well the writer remembers Sonny Taberer, his half-section in this great charge, handing over his flask of spirits with the words:

"Have a nip, Southey, have a nip."

This, while we strained forward at the double. But it was certainly fortunate that this small incident did not catch the eye of the sergeant major.

However we took the hill, and it was described in the papers as 'a glorious victory'. But as one of the Commando said, on reaching the top, if the enemy had really shown fight, they could have killed us all with knob-kerries; we were so winded.

By this time it was nearly lunch hour and cossack posts etc. were placed around the camp. Now, the writer and his half-section were able to get even with the Officers who had inflicted all this strain upon us. We were given instructions not to allow anyone to pass through the lines into the camp. But in giving this order, the Officers had evidently forgotten that their own boys from their respective homes, would be bringing them their lunches.

When the boys appeared, we, with fixed bayonets took them prisoners lunch and all, and kept them there till the Officer in Command, when inspecting the lines saw what had happened. He said we were quite right in what we had done, so no one was court marshalled, but the Officers had a late lunch.

In 1901, after reaping our third year's crop our party prepared for the trek down to the farms which we had bought from the Mashonaland Consolidated through Major Johnson (now Colonel Johnson), and which block of land was known as Moore's Concession. This was the Mazoe Valley, and was the spot where our particular clan settled down and made it their home.

Major Johnson had already arranged with Mr. Theil to survey the whole of Moore's Concession. It had been cut up into twenty-two farms, numbering from one to twenty-two. When it came to the allotment of the farms, we were not allowed to pick from both the odd and even numbers, but only from one or the other. We chose the even numbers for our picking. This arrangement had been made in order to scatter the farms, and thus enhance the value of the whole block, for each settler had the first option over the odd-numbered farm adjoining his own, though no price had been fixed for these, as the Company expected to get a higher price for them. Prior to this, some of us had already been down to inspect the land. We had thought it suitable, but the actual picking of the farms took place at a later date. The method then used for the drawing of the farms was as follows:

Eleven pieces of paper were put into a hat, numbered from one to eleven inclusive. Each one drew his piece of paper and whatever was the number written thereon, his was that order of choice. As, for instance, No. 1 had the first choice and No. 11 had the last.

The writer was lucky enough to draw No. 1 and chose 'Sunnyside', his present home.

At that time, however, only eight people took up farms, though others did so later.

The following were the names of those eight people who participated in this draw:-

Gilmour Southey, A.R. Morkel, Edgar Marriott, Noel Marriott, E.R. Southey, Messrs. Biggs Bros, R.C. Frith and myself (C.W.R. Southey).

Within a week or so later, the Messrs. Waddell Bros (John, James and Charles) bought farms on the Bedford Estate, and settled there.

This group of men therefore, formed the first farming settlement in the Mazoe District.

There had not been a clod of earth ploughed north of the Iron Mask Range, and only a couple of small plots between that and the Gwebi. On one of these, the farm belonging to Dr. Stewart, I noticed about twenty acres of arable land, and again another twenty acres situated near the Golden Stairs Road, and known as the Great Bee. (now Henderson Research Station — Ed)

As far as roads, or more correctly speaking, mud-tracks were concerned, there were only two of these running from Salisbury to Mazoe, very much as they are today, namely:- The Tatagura and Golden Stairs. From Mazoe three roads branched off, one to the Jumbo, one to Bindura and another to Concession. The last named branch continued through Concession to the Kimberley-Marodzi Mine, which was situated at the northern end of Moore's Concession, on the Garamapudzi River.

This part of Rhodesia then was to be our future home, and as in our first big trek northwards, we travelled by ox-wagon, with all our goods and chattels, our flocks and herds, but this time it only took us two days to reach our destination.

SECTION THREE

It was the spring of 1901 that we arrived on Moore's Concession in the Mazoe Valley, and all dispersed to our various farms.

We had to get a move on to erect our homes before the rains were upon us, and to make strong stockades for our cattle. These homes for ourselves were merely erections of wattle and daub, with occasional huts to supplement the whole. The stockades for the cattle had to be made very secure, as the whole place was teeming with game and wild animals of every description. We had been occasionally troubled by these animals at Gletwyn, but here, we were literally surrounded by lions, hyenas, leopards, wild dogs, and all kind of antelope. This was truly a wild and uninhabited part of the world. Grass was growing as high as 14 feet and all vegetation was prolific; this last I might add, leading to much fever and other illnesses, my father, unhappily, being the first victim.

We brought many of our own boys with us, and local boys from the adjacent kraals were easy to get. This was fortunate, with so much to do before the rains came.

In the last three years while at Gletwyn, we had built up a very fine herd of cattle, so, for the time being we were well off for working oxen and dairy cows. Being late in making a start with our farming, though, only a limited amount of land was prepared and planted that first year. The ground was very fertile however, and we got very big returns; up to twenty-five bags of maize per acre.

We were now forty miles out of Salisbury, and our provisions had to be sent for by wagon either from Salisbury, or from Mr. Thurlow's Store at Mazoe. We men-folk had to

suffice ourselves with one trip a month into the town, either by bicycle or, as in the case of a few fortunate ones, on an old salted horse.

Referring to horses, it may be said that it was no country for them. They became victims of horse-sickness, and in those days inoculation against the disease was unknown, so the only horses to be considered immune from this sickness, were those who had suffered from it and had happened to recover. Horses of this description were very hard to obtain and fetched high prices, even up to £60 for any kind of old thing.

This goes to prove that getting about the country was no easy matter, and our women-folk during that early period had to more or less stay put, though at a later date they were able to go to town in a trap drawn by two horses, or a utility cart, i.e. a lowish cart drawn by one horse or mule.

Local markets were very limited. They were mostly confined to selling our produce to the various mining enterprises going on round about the Jumbo, the Bernheim, and the Kimberley-Marodsi areas. There was also the Native Commissioner, the Doctor, Police Camp, Post Office official and Mr. Thurlow with his store at Mazoe; which place was then the official centre of the district.

Even in those days, there was a system of co-operation among the farmers. One of our group usually sent in tenders for all the local market, and when successful, divided it up equally between our group of farmers. In this way each one got his share of the local market in proportion to his crop; and it was the means of stopping cut-throat competition. Any surplus products grown, had to be arranged for by each one individually and either sent to Salisbury, or as far afield as to what is now known as the Bindura and Shamva districts.

There was lots to do for all of us in those days, but it was interesting work and our hearts were in the job.

As regards relaxation, we had to make our own pleasures among ourselves. This was not a difficult matter, as our clan were situated not far from each other, and the party was often supplemented by visitors who came out to us from Salisbury. An occasional dance with a few impromptu musical evenings thrown in, constituted our modest dissipations; at least from the feminine point of view. We men-folk were able to indulge in a rather wider sphere of action, for shooting parties and lion hunts came our way, and the abundance of wild game provided any amount of excitement for the sportsman.

Within the first few years of our residence in the Concession area, over 40 lions were shot there, and in the vicinity. This number does not include the quantities of leopards, hyenas, and other wild animals which constantly fell to the gun, this being a real necessity in order to make it safe for ourselves and our stock.

To make an illustration, I was one evening sitting quietly inside the entrance of my house, when I heard a scuffling noise on the verandah within a few feet of the doorway which stood open. Here a turkey was sitting on some eggs, and being in such close proximity to the house, we thought she would be safe. But when I got up to see what the commotion was about on the verandah, I saw a leopard bounding off into the shadows with the turkey.

This was an unfortunate event, but during those first few years, worse was to befall us, to which I might perhaps refer. The first great misfortune, since the death of my father, was when young Noel Marriott died of blackwater fever. After that his brother Edgar was killed in a lion hunt a year or so later.

Mr. Mariott had in the meantime sold his farm 'Greystone' and joined his sons in the Concession district. (Purchased by R.B. Wood — Ed)

There was also a good deal of sickness, mostly fever, among the rest of us, and with only one doctor for the whole area, we often had to go to each other's assistance over flooded rivers, and where there were no bridges, such things being unheard of in Rhodesia till a much later date. On very many occasions the doctor was totally unable to reach his patients by reason of the flooded rivers, or possibly, by being far away on a case at the other end of the district. This was so when Edgar Marriott was mauled by a lion. It took three days to get the doctor to him, and then he had to be sent to the Salisbury Hospital, but it was too late to save his life.

Another sad incident occurred when a young Englishman named Rolfe, was burnt to death in a lion hunt. After having killed two oxen, the lion took cover in some long grass on a hilltop, from which hiding place, the hunting party decided to burn him out. We lit a circle of fire right round him and stationed ourselves at different points around the outside of this circle.

It was a hugh flare-up, until, at one point where the flames died down somewhat, young Rolfe, with the keeness of a lad fresh from home, stepped across the smouldering line of fire. No sooner had he done so, than the flames leapt up afresh behind him, and he was entrapped in the burning circles. He made a frantic rush to the unburnt centre and climbed a tree. This was about the worst thing he could have done, for had he faced the fire and retraced his steps, apart from possibly getting badly scorched, it would have given us a chance to save his life. Instead of which, his action courted disaster, and the fire closed in upon him. It was his undoing. It had all only taken a few minutes, during which the writer was in complete ignorance of the terrible disaster that was happening. At that particular moment, he had been lucky enough — from a hunter's point of view — to have been placed at the exact position where the lion broke cover, so he was intently engaged in getting in two shots at the animal. The lion was wounded, and rushed off into some long grass and it was then that the writer heard of the terrible thing that had happened to young Rolfe. The hunt was abandoned and everyone rushed to the assistance of the poor young fellow. He was lifted up and taken to Mr. Marriott's house, while a doctor was sent for, but he died before anything more could be done.

Two days later, the lion was found dead not very far away.

I now wish to speak about the seasons 1903–4 which were the most disastrous ones for the whole of Rhodesia. It was then that East Coast Fever swept the country and carried off ninety per cent of the cattle. Here in Concession we were hit very hard. From the writer's one herd of 120 well-bred and graded cattle, there were only 6 solitary animals left alive. We were indeed up against it, and things looked pretty black. So discouraged were some of the younger members of our party, that they threw up farming, and took to mining work instead, mostly in the Shamva district.

On hearing of our disaster, Mr. Stewart Meikle came down to Concession to see the writer and offered him a span of salted mules at £60 per head. They were accepted and we were very glad of them at the time, for as will be understood, we were totally without means of transport of any kind and had lost our all. With the help these mules gave us, we were able to carry on for a couple of years. But by this time, we had found out that these animals were not too useful in the rainy season and in the meantime, the lions had killed one of

them. We were therefore glad to exchange them for some salted oxen, which transaction was also completed through Mr. Meikle.

By this time, the writer found himself in debt to Messrs. Meikle Bros. to the amount of one thousand pounds.

This was the beginning of most of the farms being so heavily bonded as they are today, and which is a direct result of those two years of disaster caused by the East Coast Fever, which proved the ruination of so many farmers all over the country.

This terrible state of affairs might have been avoided, had the Veterinary Department diagnosed the disease rightly, and not been so confoundedly obstinate. They declared it to be Red Water in a virulent form, and absolutely rejected the opinion of all cattle men, who had repudiated such an idea. They would not take any suggestions made by the farmers to quarantine the affected animals and stuck to their opinion of it being Red Water. Consequently the disease spread like wild-fire.

To illustrate the arbitrary attitude adopted by the Government on the above subject, Mr. Orpen made a statement at a public meeting in Salisbury, to the affect that it was presumptuous of the farmers to give their opinion against professional knowledge. He said:

"I tell you that this disease is neither infectious or contagious."

Thereupon Mr. Homan jumped up and said:

"I don't know about it being infectious or contagious, but I do know it is bloody catching."

Ultimately it was proved by scientists not to be Red Water at all, but the very dangerous disease of East Coast Fever, which should never have been allowed to spread through the country. This should be a warning to professional men that even they can make mistakes, and through these mistakes, the farmer becomes the sufferer.

Not to belabour the point, it was up-hill work for them. They had to live on credit, and pay very high interest for any facilities received from banks and merchants, while at the same time paying exorbitant charges for the transport of their produce.

What made it more difficult for them to carry on was, that there was a mistaken idea that the price of maize must be kept low, and this in itself made it impossible for the farmers to liquidate their liabilities, and at the same time to keep up the fertility of the soil. With all their own oxen dead, and the district now at last in quarantine, transport was again one of the greatest difficulties.

In 1904, by way of relieving this serious situation, the Chartered Company imported camels, and these were principally used to carry our grain to Salisbury and other markets. A slice of good luck now happened to come our way, for the price of maize in that particular year was unexpectedly high, owing to a shortage of same, through drought. It fetched up to 23/- per bag, and the Jumbo Mine even bought some at 25/-. So this was a ray of sunshine in our zero hour.

For some time we carried on in the manner described above, which brings us to the year 1905. By then a few other settlers had taken up land in these parts. Transport still being the difficulty, we asked the Chartered Company to bring the railway into our district. This worthy company, however, were hard-hearted Hannahs, and our request was not granted for some years.

About this time Mr. Odlum from America came round to the Concession district. He

was a government agricultural expert. He talked tobacco to us, and worked up our enthusiasm on the subject, asking us to give it a trial. This, many of us did, but after testing it for three years, we found out that flue-cured tobacco could not be grown on the heavy soil predominating on these Concession farms, and that it required a light and sandy soil.

As well as tobacco, Mr. Odlum suggested we might go in for different varieties of maize, and other crops, such as soya beans etc. Eight kinds of maize were tried out, though five of these proved to be failures. Those varieties which did well, were Hickory King, Boon County and Golden Eagle. The latter had to be discarded however, as it was a yellow maize and would therefore have contaminated the other varieties grown.

By growing the Hickory King and Boon County together, we developed what is now known as the Salisbury White. I believe there was also a blend of Salisbury White grown west of Salisbury, which was a mixture of Hickory King and Horse Tooth.

Reverting to the subject of tobacco, the first to be grown in this district, was by my brother and myself. Mr. Marriott took it up in the following year, as did also Mr. Garvin, in the locality known as Garvin's Spur. The latter grew an excellent crop of flue-cured tobacco, as also did Mr. S. Biggs, on a portion of sandy soil in the Concession area, namely the farm, 'Belle Vue'.

The heavier type of tobacco which we had grown the previous year, and continued growing the following year, was sold, with the assistance of Mr. Odlum at Cape Town. There was no demand in Rhodesia for this, the only type of tobacco which we were able to grow, so we had to give up its production.

This, I would like to point out, was an example of the many difficulties of pioneering. We had to find out by dearly bought experience what was suitable for the country, and what must be avoided. But those who followed us were able to benefit by our mistakes.

Our young families were now growing up and education became our problem. I decided to procure a governess from the south and by this means my home became the centre, where, together with my own, a limited number of other children were able to come for their daily school. Unfortunately however, as the writer had an eye for beauty, the first governess was snapped up in matrimony by one of his young brothers before the year was out. He obtained another one, but she too did not last a year, for another young brother fell a victim. So the school was in trouble again. After yet a third and fourth had gone the same way, though not to any of my brothers, I decided that some different arrangement must be made. I had become definitely tired of carrying on a matrimonial agency, and considered it would be more in the interests of the children's education, if they were sent as boarders to the school in Salisbury. This was at the beginning of the Government boarding establishment of the Girl's High School there, and it was carried on in Mr. Browning's old house in one of the avenues. Twelve boarders were accommodated and among them were the Southeys, Dunlops, Munches, and of course others. It is therefore of note, that from the very beginning, until the present day, there have always been some of our clan receiving their education both at the Girl's and Boy's High Schools in Salisbury.

As regards the opportunities we had for attending Divine Worship, there were small services held at my home, by the Church of England clergy, for us and for all the surrounding families. In this connection I would like to pay tribute to the Rev. Parker, who very often cycled out from Salisbury at periodical intervals and in all weathers to give us this opportunity for Worship.

When he was not able to come, others took his place.

On one of these visits, rain was badly needed and special prayers were offered on this score. The service was in the morning and that afternoon we had a very heavy downpour, the Reverend gentleman being caught in the storm on his way back to Salisbury, and getting thoroughly drenched.

It is hoped that the following touch of humour will not be out of place, but it was particularly noticable that when the same gentleman came down to us the next year, and rain was again badly needed, that in his prayer for same, he this time asked for moderate showers. He was taking no more risks.

Nevertheless, I take my hat off to those early clergy, to whom in their cause, nothing was too much trouble. Irrespective of the different creeds of their flock, they were unsparing of themselves, if by so doing they were able to bring help and succour to any one of us.

I well remember on one occasion, that Mr. Roxborough walked for twelve miles through long grass in the wet season, with the object of bringing comfort to a fever-stricken family, where the mother had just died of malaria.

In about the year 1906, farms were being taken up all over the Mazoe district, even as far afield as Shamva and beyond. Darwin was booming as a mining area, and prospecting all around was going on apace. The Jumbo had become a producing mine, and so had the Kimberley Marodzi, the Bernheim and the Oceola.

In addition to this, farming in this same district was developing amazingly, and we were faced with the very serious problem of getting our produce to Salisbury, for the local market could only take a small portion of what was being produced. The need of the railway therefore, became a burning question. But apparently the Chartered Company were unable to make the necessary financial arrangements, and so it went on from year to year.

Meanwhile the farmers were not finding it too easy to carry on at all, on account of the cost of transport now being so prohibitive. The camels were only in this district for one year, and therefore, donkeys and mules were now the only means of transport available. This was owing to the fact that the few oxen remaining to us were still in quarantine on account of the East Coast Fever.

Farmers were still having to borrow money at exorbitant interest, thus continually adding to their liabilities.

Eventually the Chartered Company got some donkeys up from the south through the Veterinary Department with the idea of helping us, but unfortunately these were diseased and consequently of no use at all.

This all goes to prove what hardships the early settlers were faced with. We had no railway facilities until the year 1912, when I believe Beit's Trust put up the money to build the railway. When completed, this railway was considered by most people to be a paying concern from the very word 'go'. Thus, it is pretty obvious that had it been granted earlier, it would have made a big difference to the development of the district and the railways would have lost nothing by it. It is generally considered that railways are built to open up a country, the settlers following. Here things were the other way about.

The difficulties narrated in the foregoing can be very largely attributed to the passing away of Rhodesia's great founder at such an early date in the country's progress. The death

of Mr. Rhodes was a great loss and those who followed him seemed to lack the vision which had been one of his great characteristics. His idea of many happy homes springing up in Rhodesia, was much retarded by those who were attempting to follow in his steps.

I must now revert to a period prior to the inauguration of the Mazoe Farmer's Association, when, on the advice of Dr. Jameson, a meeting was called to discuss the subject of the farmers of the district combining together to form an association. This meeting was held on October 16th, 1904 and a Farmer's Association was then formed. In passing, I might mention that Mr. Odlum was one of those present and he gave us some very sound advice on the subjects which have already been mentioned, i.e. tobacco and other crops.

The following names are those belonging to the foundation members of this Association:- A.R. Morkel, J.W. Palmer, Flanagan, V.W. Fynn, N. Peacocke, E.R. Southey, J.W. Biggs, Gilmour Southey, A.C. Southey, Cornie Southey, C. Van Niekerk, G.T. Arnold, H.H. Marriott, W.E. Thurlow and Charles Southey.

The forming of the Association was proposed by Mr. A.R. Morkel and seconded by Mr. Charles Southey. Mr. G.T. Arnold was elected chairman for the coming year, Mr. W.E. Thurlow being honorary secretary.

This then, was the inauguration of our Mazoe Farmer's Association, according to Dr. Jameson's advice, though I do not know if we always carried out his advice to the letter, when dealing with government matters. For, at a public meeting held at a previous date, he told us, that when dealing with governments, one must keep knocking at the door, and if they won't open it, then hammer it till they do.

Among other things discussed at the meetings we held in those early days around about the year 1905, was the question of water rights as affecting farmers. The matter was referred to the Rhodesia Agricultural Union, but out of this humble beginning emerged the excellent water laws we enjoy today. The writer takes some credit for having brought this matter up for public discussion, and thereby, for the satisfactory result.

It was a subject of keen interest to him, for, from personal experience among members of his own family down south, when thousands of pounds were involved in a lawsuit, he saw how vital it was that the water laws of this country should be justly made and administered.

I will now pass on to the year 1908, when, at a meeting of the Farmers' Association on the 7th March, it was suggested by me that the secretary should be asked to write to all maize growers in the district and get them to attend a meeting on the 21st of that same month, to discuss the desirability of forming a Farmers' Co-operative Society for the purpose of selling our maize. This meeting was a very successful event, and I think what helped to make it so, was that one of the principal buyers of maize in the district said that he thought 6/- per bag was as much as he was prepared to pay for maize, as he said, it would cost the maize grower 4/- per bag to send his maize out of the district — this was not the Jumbo who always paid a fair price. Naturally this low offer was absurd, and it carried the day for us, and the Mazoe Farmers' Co-operative Society was established with 100% support.

The meetings were held at Mr. Thurlow's hotel at Mazoe, which was then the centre of the district; Mr. Thurlow by the way, being one of those who were most helpful. The Society was very efficiently run under a board of directors, of which I was one. Our

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bankers were the Standard Bank of South Africa, guaranteed by Maurice Singer who financed us, and we were able to pay our members out 11/- a bag.

The following year, we amalgamated with the Farmer's Co-operative Society in Salisbury, which society had come into being a few months after ours. So it is worthy of note that Mazoe led the way in co-operation.

The chairman of the Salisbury Farmers' Co-operative Society was then Mr. A.J. Maclauren, and the secretary, Mr. E.A. von Hirschberg.

Our first annual meeting after the amalgamation, was held on the 16th July, 1910.

Mr. Stewart Meikle was of great assistance to the Salisbury Farmers' Co-operative Society by giving them his support. He it was who was in the chair when the final agreement of amalgamation between our society and their's took place; though this was only achieved after a good deal of discussion as to the advisability of doing so.

Meanwhile, I might mention that we had already been thinking out some plan by which we might help ourselves in respect of the burning question, i.e. transport. The scheme which suggested itself would have cost £3 000 to buy wagons and mules with which to ease the situation. The writer put this scheme before the manager of the Standard Bank in Salisbury, then Mr. Blakeway and he expressed himself quite willing to finance same. The whole thing was abandoned however, on the advice of Mr. Stewart Meikle, who thought it unnecessary, seeing that there were plenty of wagons coming back empty from Shamva, Darwin and other mining centres, and those, he suggested, could have picked up our grain and carted same to Salisbury at some reasonable figure.

Unfortunately though, these transport riders got together and decided that they would not accommodate us at any reasonable price whatsoever, so we had to agree to their terms. The rainy season was then upon us, and in consequence we incurred great losses through the grain being damaged in transit. After heavy overhead expenses had been paid, all our members got out of it was 3/6 per beg.

At this point in the narrative I might mention that during those years intervening between 1905 and 1908, quite a number of farms had been taken up in these parts, so much so that the local market was unable to cope with the supply.

Of course, when the railway arrived here in the year 1912, there was a still bigger influx of farmers. Also, the Shamva Mine had just been improved and that too, all helped things along.

I will now close and leave it to others to bring the history of this district up to date from the advent of the railway in 1912. There will be many well able to do this, and to record the many booms and slumps which have beset us in connection with tobacco, cotton and cattle disease, during these subsequent years. All these conditions have not contributed to the farmer's financial stability and have certainly not permitted them to keep the soil in as fertile a state as they found it.

I agree with Captain Moubray, that the land has been robbed and therefore the whole community of Rhodesia owes it to the land to rehabilitate same. I feel sure that now at last when they have realised that something must be done, they will not stint the necessary means to do so. Now, in this year 1943, when the farming community seem to be organising, with the government behind them, I sincerely trust that a brighter future will be in store for this country, for which so many have given their all.

PERSONAL REMARKS

In these pages I have tried to give an accurate account of the early days in Rhodesia and particularly of conditions prevailing in the Mazoe Valley at that time. I have been asked to do this by friends and those interested, but I wish it to be understood that all comments I have made herein, have sprung from what are my own opinions, while others may think differently. Also, should the reader find that certain details and important events have been left out, he must blame the writer's memory and the white ants, the latter having destroyed all notes and diaries of that date.

I would like to say, that where I have seemed to criticise the powers that be, it is just possible that their difficulties were not sufficiently well known to me. I have no doubt that they could put up a good defence for what in my opinion was sheer lack of enterprise and vision. It may even be that they were unable to raise capital for development, because we do know that the Chartered Company's shareholders did not receive any dividends on their shares.

On the whole however, we must admit that the Chartered Company deserves a great deal of credit for adding this fine country of Rhodesia to the British Commonwealth.

At the same time, I trust that what has been written here will illustrate to our critics that the present poor plight of the farmers cannot be entirely due to extravagance or inefficiency on their part. They have been up against it from the very start, and to culminate matters, the low price which for years has been paid for maize has not allowed the farmer to keep his land built up to fertility, but has thrown him on the mercy of the government for assistance and has landed him if not in the bankruptcy court, then next door to it.

With these facts before them, I hope those who wish to criticise the agriculturalist will be more tolerant in their judgement of those early settlers whom these pages have faithfully depicted. It is understood that I am primarily speaking of my own district, namely Mazoe, but what I have said applies more or less to the whole of Rhodesia.

I have been asked to say something on the Native Policy. This is a very difficult question, and I must admit that I feel disappointed at the results of this Policy to date. Forty-five years ago, when I first came in touch with the local natives, I found them very undersized, but honest and virtuous. They were not afraid of work, either the men or the women and at that time supplied the country with all its requirements in the way of grain, etc. Today, admittedly, their physique has greatly improved and is a striking contrast from the miserable and oppressed creatures we found here. Morally, however, a great deterioration has taken place in both sexes, thieving is much on the increase, and as for work, they have cunningly acquired the knowledge of how *not* to work.

In dealing with the natives, it is my opinion that one should be just with them, but at the same time bring in more discipline. We have taken away the authority of the Chiefs and according to my view, have replaced it with nothing adequate. For all time, they have been used to discipline, crude as it was, and I think if we gave their Chieftains more power, making them responsible to the Government for the good conduct of their tribes, we would be working in the right direction, because so many of our laws they do not understand.

Personally, I have much sympathy and liking for the natives, among whom I have worked all my life, but I do maintain that laws suitable for us, are quite unsuitable for them. To the native mind, they must often appear very harsh. To quote a case in point:-

If a white man is severely punished for perjury, he deserves all he gets, because he has

had a Christian and civilised up-bringing, whereas from the native's point of view, to be a good liar is rather a distinction and worthy of promotion. Therefore, a fine as high as £7-10-0, which is known to have been given to a native, could easily have been replaced by slight corporal punishment for his good, which he would the better understand.

We should remember that we are dealing with a primitive people, who are thousands of years behind us in their outlook on life. Why not, while retaining the good in their own laws, which they understand, guide them to something better, and as simple as we can make it, for in most respects, they are merely children.

In other words, let us try and make them clean-living Bantus, and help them to govern themselves by educating them in their own language. There is no doubt that the raw native is a better production than the artificial one who is trying to imitate our civilisation. I would advise those who may be interested in the Native question to procure a book entitled, "Kaffir Socialism" by Kidd. To my mind he has got nearer to the mentality of the native than any writer I have read.

In passing on to another subject, I wish to say that I have never lost my confidence in the future of Rhodesia. This narrative will have exhausted the periods of Moses and Job, and I hope that I shall not now be accused of attempting to assume the mantle of Elisha, but I would like to do a little prophesying on my own account, of what I think the future holds for our country and our people.

A lot has been said these days about intensive cultivation and closer settlement.

I think this can only be brought about by making use and developing our natural resources, through irrigation, etc., I visualize the banks of our rivers being green with wheat, lucerne and many other crops from their sources, for a distance of one hundred miles or more down stream. If this comes to pass, I can see thousands of settlers making a good living out of a small acreage.

Intensive settlement can never be done in a country which has only four to five months of rainfall. But with irrigation from a well watered district, and fertile soil, one may even be so ambitious as to predict factories and cold storages, the whole providing markets for the above settlers and making a success of our cattle industry.

There are signs that I am possibly writing to the converted, as we have such an efficient irrigation department, who must be longing to put all the above suggestions into practice.

The question will naturally arise as to where we shall be able to get labour for all the foregoing development. My answer to this is, that a lot of this difficulty can be overcome by a system of mechanical farming. I think all our young farmers should have a training in mechanics and there is no doubt that electricity, crude oil and gas, could be made to play a big part in the future development of this country.

With these few words, I will bring my remarks to a conclusion and as I have before said, leave it to one of the younger members of our community to fill in the gaps I may have omitted, and to carry on the history of the development of our district since the advent of the railway in the year 1912.

Signed, *SON OF THE SOIL*

C.W.R. SOUTHEY
JANUARY, 1943

A Visit to Mazowe

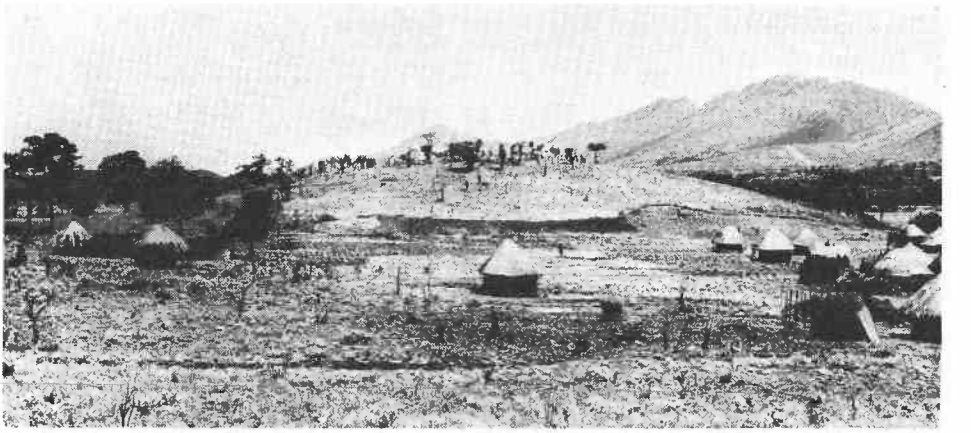
by R. H. Wood

As Chairman of the History Society of Zimbabwe Mashonaland Branch it was my function about a month ago to give a talk at a meeting held by the Society in the Mazoe area. This required me to research the history of the Mazoe Patrol and the personalities living in the Mazoe Area at the time of the Rebellion or as it is now commonly called the First Chimurenga which took place in 1896.

What I love about the history of this country is its intimacy and in reading about the Mazoe Patrol and the Rebellion this point again came home to me. Frank Johnson who at the age of 24 organised for Cecil Rhodes the Pioneer Column was a prime mover in the mining development of the Mazoe Valley and many readers will know Lillian de Chassart who happens to be his granddaughter. I have actually met two people who were on the Mazoe Patrol. When I was a youngster and on holiday in the Cape my parents took me to meet Randolph Nesbitt who was leader of the Patrol and who received the Victoria Cross for his courage on that occasion. When I met him he was an old man living with his wife in Muizenberg. I also met O.C. Rawson who at the time of the Patrol was called Zimmerman and who presumably changed his name to Rawson at about the time of the First World War when anti-German sentiment was rampant in this country. At the time I met him he was an old farmer farming in the Trelawney Darwendale Area. But there are numerous other people living in Harare who are descended from people involved in the Mazoe Patrol. I think of Norman Pascoe an accountant with Arthur Young & Company who is the grandson of John Pascoe one of the leading characters in the Mazoe Patrol saga, the late Boy Honey whose father was also a trooper in the Patrol and Scott Honey a grandson of the same man. Also living here are the Arnotts, descendants of another trooper on the Patrol and the scores of people who indirectly descend from Randolph Nesbitt and here I am thinking of the Jack family, the Southey family, the Lancaster family, the Den family the Marchussen family and many others of that enormous clan. Most readers will also know the grandson of Chief Mapondera a famous resistance leader. He is Hosea Mapondera a prominent businessman in this city. Most of us also know George Nyandoro the grandson of Chief Nyandoro another great figure in Rebellion history. George Nyandoro the Chairman of Art Printers took after his grandfather as being one of the leading lights in the Second Chimurenga which ended in Independence in 1980.

Lets turn now to the Patrol. The Patrol was sent out from Salisbury to relieve people besieged at the Alice Mine. Have you ever wondered why the Alice Mine is called the Alice Mine? I must say that I had assumed that Alice was probably the current girlfriend of the prospector who found the claim but I have recently discovered that Alice Mine is named after an elephant. The first Mine to be pegged in the Mazoe District was the Jumbo Mine which was named after an elephant of that name residing in London Zoo at the time. A mate had been found for Jumbo by the name of Alice and when Jumbo was bought by Barnham Circus and taken to America a popular song of the Music Halls ran I quote

> "Jumbo said to Alice, "I Love You", Alice said to Jumbo "I don't think you do, for if you only loved me as you say you do you wouldn't go to America and leave me at the Zoo."



The site of the graves of the heroes of the Alice Mine rescue during the 1896 rebellion. Site re-located by the Deputy Director of the National Archives, Mr. E.E. Burke, 1968.

Photo — National Archives.

With this little song being top of the Hit Parade in the early 1890s it is not surprising that having called the one Mine the Jumbo Mine when the Alice Mine claims were pegged the prospectors should deem it appropriate to call that Mine the Alice Mine. The Alice Mine is close to the present Mazoe Village and a mile or two from the present Mazoe Dam and in June 1896 there were several Mines established in the Area as well as the Salvation Army farm and various trading stores. In the middle of June the Rebellion broke out with amazing ferocity and co-ordination. White people were killed at Hartley, at Norton, in the Bromley Area, at Bindura and Shamva, and at Marandellas. A laager was quickly established around the Salisbury Prison and arrangements were made to send out relief parties from Salisbury to collect and bring in the scattered white population around Mashonaland. And so it was that on the night of the 17th June, 1896, Blakiston accompanied by Zimmerman and a coloured driver called Hendrick was deputed to take a wagonette for the purpose of collecting the women who had assembled at the Alice Mine and to bring them back to safety. These women were Mrs. Salthouse, Mrs. Dickinson and Mrs. Cass. Mrs. Salthouse was the wife of the manager of the Alice Mine, Mrs. Dickinson was the wife of the Mining Commissioner and Justice of the Peace, Mazoe and Mrs. Cass was the wife of a Salvationist at the Salvation Army Farm. Blakiston arrived at the Alice Mine early in the morning of the 18th June having had no difficulty in his outward trip. At the Mine he found great confusion and a lot of discussion as to whether to laager at the Mine or at a trading store nearby; whether to return to Salisbury or to stick it out at Mazoe, whether to collect the women and leave the men or whether to go as one party. It seemed that every man there had a different opinion and in true Rhodesian fashion no one was prepared to accept anyone else as being in charge. Blakiston went off from the laager to the telegraph office some two miles away to wire Salisbury that he had arrived safely and when he returned to the laager he found a very angry Mr. Salthouse, the Mine Manager, complaining bitterly that six men had taken it upon themselves to push back to Salisbury leaving him with insufficient men to guard the womenfolk. Oliver Ransford in his book "The Rulers of Rhodesia" says this

> "By this time an unreasoning panic seems to have gripped six of the men left in the laager and they had come to an extraordinary decision.

> Without waiting until word had come from the telegraph office, Messrs. Dickinson, Cass, Faull, Pascoe, Fairburn and Stoddard started for Salisbury taking a donkey cart with them to carry their provisions. No one has ever given a really satisfactory explanation as to why Cass and the other five men suddenly decided to clear off on their own. Perhaps they simply lost their nerve and made a bolt for safety."

I believe that construction to be untenable when one bears in mind that two of the six left their wives in laager, Cass, the Salvation Army Preacher and Dickinson the Mining Commissioner. Another of the group, John Pascoe, showed incredible bravery in subsequent events and I do believe that the true explanation is that these six men regarded themselves as an advance party going off to clear the road and soon to be caught up by the much faster wagonette, and indeed Ransford himself has put this forward as a more plausible explanation for their conduct. In the event their early departure probably saved the lives of at least some of the women because they had not gone far when they were ambushed and three of the six were killed including Mr. Dickinson and Mr. Cass. The three survivors beat a hasty retreat back to the Alice Mine meeting the wagonette which had just started its journey with the other besieged. It was now early afternoon and although the survivors all made it back to the laager the position was becoming desperate. The rebels could be seen approaching the Alice Mine Hill from three sides in open order and although the Cape coloured driver Hendrick had for £5 rushed down to the telegraph office to request that a wire be sent, Routledge and Salthouse who had been there had deemed it wise to evacuate the office before sending the wire and had just made it back to the Hill as the rebels firing became heavy. Mr. Darling one of the besieged at the Mine in a letter to his father takes up the story.

> "We told Routledge that he must take the horse and go back with the message (i.e. to the telegraph office some two miles away); but he said he could not ride, and would not go without an escort. We told him that it was ridiculous to take an escort when there were only seven men to look after the women, and that if he hurried he could get along alright as there were still no niggers on that side. After some delay Blakiston said to Routledge "Will you go if I go with you?" He said he would; so off they started."

Then followed approximately an hour of heavy long range fighting. Let Darling's letter continue the story.

> "I was guarding on my right, and was too busy to look around when Mrs. Cass said, "Here they come from the telegraph office, one on horseback and one on foot." In the meantime some niggers had gone over to the store which lay in the path of the telegraph office and presently Mrs. Cass said; "Oh, they are firing on them — the horse is shot — he is down — No, he's not, he's up again — the man is shot, they're down — No, the man is up, he's running, he's running hard. Oh, he's down, he's dead!" All this time I could not turn my head but was firing away on my right. I asked about the other man. "He's running towards the bush" she replied "and they're firing at him." He disappeared and some more shots were fired and we knew that he was killed. We were awfully sorry for them, especially Blakiston who had willingly risked his life to save the rest of us."

Reading Darling's letter one gets the clear impression that while he had the utmost admiration for Blakiston he regarded Routledge as a timorous man. This is clearly a superficial and incorrect assessment of Routledge's character. The only photograph that I have seen of Routledge shows him to have been a slight pale man with a nervous expression, whereas photographs of Blakiston display a typical sunburnt young hero. In her book "False Dawn" Hylda Richards summarises the pressures that bore down on Routledge. When he was asked to go back to the telegraph office he had only just come back from there and had faced a fierce fusillade of fire before making it to the laager.

> "With the enemy covering the road between the laager and the telegraph office and likely to cut it off at any moment, Routledge had been expected to walk the one and a half miles, the last part of which was thick bush, re-open the office which he had closed down, re-assemble the instrument which he had dismantled, and then attempt to contact Salisbury who would not be expecting any more calls from Mazoe — all this, with no one to keep watch while he made the attempt. He would then have to walk back again. Because he initially refused to do this, Darling has suggested he was a coward."

When one also bears in mind that Routledge on the day of his death was due for leave and had been bubbling over with excitement with the thought of going to the Cape to join his wife and two young children, the younger of whom he had not yet seen, is it surprising that he at first declined to go back to the telegraph office? His subsequent decision to go back with Blakiston in my view shows the greatest courage and there is no reason to suggest, as Darling, did, that Blakiston merited greater praise.

The position of the little garrison was now desperate. The number of able bodied men had been reduced in a matter of hours from 12 to 7 and of course no one in the laager knew whether Blakiston and Routledge had been able to get through to Salisbury with the S.O.S. wire. The rest of the day was a nightmare with the laager coming under heavy and sustained fire for most of the afternoon, which fire only slackened off as darkness came. Throughout the night the besieged lay expecting a final rush at any time. Their spirits rose with the rising of the sun on Friday, 19th June, and that morning the firing from the rebels was only desultory. The reason for this was that many of them had moved up the valley to lay in ambush for the relief party which they anticipated coming from Salisbury.

Meanwhile in response to Routledge's last telegram a small relief party had left Salisbury under Dan Judson. At dusk he set off with four troopers and after travelling for several miles he decided that his party was not strong enough. He therefore sent back a Trooper King for reinforcements arranging that the party would meet up at the Gwebi River. King was able to round up another three volunteers and returned to Judson's group at about 3.30 in the morning.

The party continued on their way past Mount Hamden and when dawn broke on the morning of the 19th June they found to their dismay that they had missed the road to Mazoe and were now well on their way to Lomagundi near the farm Tavydale. The party cut back across the veld and struck the Mazoe Road at about 10 that morning. They came to the Salvation Army Farm and rested for two hours in Cass' house and then descended into the Tatagura Valley on their way to the Alice Mine. They had not gone far when they were ambushed but although two horses were killed only one of the party was wounded and they arrived at the Alice Mine laager in the early afternoon some 24 hours after Routledge

had sent his telegram. Their arrival at the laager is described by Salthouse who saw quite seven men and five horses who appeared to be making for the telegraph office.

> "We jumped to our feet men and women and joined in one tremendous shout. The shout was heard. We saw our friends amidst a hail of lead, turn their horses and, while firing volley after volley, gallop for the laager which they reached safely."

The size of the first relief party was too small to enable the Alice Mine defenders to break out and make for Salisbury although the addition of seven new guns did re-assure them. Their arrival caused the rebels to increase their fusillade and the whole party was kept pretty busy for the rest of the afternoon beating off the attack. Again that night the firing died down and again lengthy discussion took place as to how to get more assistance from Salisbury. It was decided to offer Hendrick the coloured driver £100 if he would take a despatch through to Salisbury. He agreed and as soon as the moon went down that night he started off leading a black horse whose hooves were wrapped in rags so that they would make no noise. The despatch he caried asked the Administrator in Salisbury to send out a further relief party of at least forty men with a maxim and twelve spare horses. Hendrick also was a very brave man and the fact that his bravery was of a professional nature, remember the £5 he received for taking the message to Routledge the previous day, does not in my view render his courage less praiseworthy. Hendrick had been in the action ever since it commenced having come out to Mazoe with Blakiston on the night of the 17th June. He therefore knew the dangers that he was facing in moving through the night through country which he knew was heavily infested with rebels. Because he was a coloured man his courage has not been given due recognition. Mr. Darling in the letter to his father quoted above deals with the episode as follows

> "The man in charge of the Patrol wrote a despatch for more men, and offered a totie boy £100 to ride through with it. He was a light little chap who had a good horse so there was not much danger for him."

A group of Mashonas who fought against the Mazoe Patrol in June 1896, present at the unveiling of the memorial at Mazoe 40 years later. *Photo — National Archives.*

Note the condescension and the attempt to play down his courage. Hendrick didn't make it to Salisbury. On his way back and near the Gwebi River he met up with the Mazoe Patrol under Captain Nesbitt which had set out from Salisbury the previous evening. The meeting was a lucky one because Nesbitt's Patrol was not following the road and they could quite easily have passed each other in the darkness. Nesbitt persuaded Hendrick to return with them to the Valley of Death and to guide them to the Alice Mine. Until fairly recently it was assumed that Nesbitt's party traversed the same road as the previous relief party to the North of the Tatugura Ranga. More recently it has been assumed that Nesbitt's Patrol travelled to the Alice Mine along the South side of the Tatugura Range entering the Mazoe Valley through the Poort now blocked by the Mazoe Dam Wall. This makes sense as Hendrick knew of the dangers awaiting in the Tatugura Valley and would very likely have preferred the safer route to town. Nesbitt's Patrol arrived at the Alice Mine on the morning of the 20th June and as this arrival increased the size of the party to approximately 25 abled bodied men it was decided that a return should be made without delay to Salisbury. The wagonette was bullet proofed and the party set off back along the only road through the Tatugura Valley. The trip was a nightmare. The group was fired upon almost continuously right up to the Gwebi River crossing. Three men were killed and three seriously wounded. Several horses and mules were shot as were two dogs that accompanied the party. It is amazing that John Pascoe avoided death. About two miles from the Alice Mine he took it upon himself to climb on to the top of the wagonette and he stayed there for many miles through the danger zone acting as lookout and guard for the three women in the wagonette. Throughout the trip the three women, two recently widowed, showed the utmost bravery acting as ammunition distributors for the rest of the party. They eventually reached Salisbury in the late evening of the 20th having taken just under 12 hours to traverse the 30 miles of the route. Despite all the courage shown by so many people, Blakiston, Routledge, Pascoe, Hendrick and others no one received a medal save for Captain Nesbitt who was awarded the Victoria Cross.

Let us now consider the other site of the War. Living in the Hills around Mazoe were various sub-chiefs including Wata and Chidamba. In Chidamba Village lived the famous spirit medium Ambuya Nehanda. She must have had great authority even before the Rebellion and it is interesting that no greater authority than the Anglican Church in a map drawn up showing missionary work by the Church afer 1888 there is a village in the area called Nehandas.

The historical Nehanda according to research by D.P. Abraham was the daughter of Mutota the first Monomatapa who was living in the escarpment North of Sipolilo in about 1430. This was about the time of the Battle of Agincourt and some 70 odd years before Columbus discovered America and Bartholemew Dias reached the Cape. Nehanda had a half brother who became the second Monomatapa named Matope and Matope in order to strengthen his rule and his empire committed ritual incest with Nehanda. Incest was not uncommon amongst the ruling classes in Africa and there are reports of it occurring in Uganda and in Egypt during the time of the Pharoahs. Matope handed over a portion of his empire to Nehanda who became so powerful and well known that her spirit lived on in the human bodies of various spirit mediums over the years until almost 500 years later when we find it occupying the body of the Mazoe Nehanda.

According to authorities she initially welcomed the occupation by the Pioneers and counselled her followers to be friendly towards them

MBUYA NEHANDA (c. 1862-1898)

A powerful woman spirit medium who was committed to upholding traditional Shona culture, Mbuya Nehanda helped to organise nationwide resistance to colonial rule during the Chimurenga of 1896-7. This inspired leader was captured and after trial was sentenced to death in Salisbury.

"Don't be afraid of them" she said "as they are only traders, but take a black cow to them and say this is the meat with which we greet you."

Regrettably the favourable relationship between the settlers and the Africans rapidly dispelled particularly when the whites sought to impose taxation and forced labour upon the Shona people. Nehanda could not bear to see her people suffering and together with Kagubi incited the Rebellion. Following the evacuation of the Alice Mine party there was a quiet period of some three months but after the arrival of Imperial Forces to reinforce the local police, parties were sent out to the Mazoe Area to break down the resistance. The Hills around Mazoe were stormed, caves were dynamited and Nehanda and her people were driven Northwards. Nehanda was able to avoid arrest for over a year but she was eventually captured at the end of 1897 and brought to trial in 1898 for her part in the killing of Native Commissioner Pollard. Pollard had created great resentment among her people by thrashing Chief Chiweshe for failing to report an outbreak of Rinderpest among his herds. He was captured at the outbreak of the Rebellion and an eye witness reports as follows —

"So they took him to Nehanda." She said "Bring him here." Then she came and knelt down and spoke with Pollard. I then heard Nehanda say to Watta "Kill Pollard but take him some way off to the river or he will stink."

They took an axe and they chopped off his head. For this she was hanged. Even at the scaffold there was drama. Two unsuccessful attempts were made to hang her. An African prisoner present at her hanging then suggested that the hangman should remove from her belt a tobacco pouch. This was done and on the third attempt she was successfully hanged.

Nehanda is rightfully honoured by the Shona people as a resistance heroine. Her fortitude both before and after her arrest is remarkable. Despite strenuous attempts by a Catholic Priest to convert her to Christianity she remained defiant to the end. The Nehanda Spirit continues to live in the body of a woman under the protection of Chief Chiweshe in the Communal Area just North of Bindura and during the last war a spirit medium of the same name was taken by guerillas across the Zambezi where she lived in a guerilla camp and there she died. During her life she gave advice and inspiration to the guerillas and after her death they buried her in a shallow grave with her head and shoulders protruding from the ground. Parties leaving the camp to fight in Zimbabwe would file past her and touch her for good luck.

The bitterness of War has made it difficult for both sides to recognise the heroes of the other side. Certainly during the time of white rule in this country no attempt was made to honour black heroes and there was little or nothing for the black men when the whites celebrated for example Rhodes and Founders. Now the boot is on the other foot and we have Heroes and Ancestors Day in place of Rhodes and Founders. Would it not help national reconciliation if Government were prepared to honour the brave and the fallen of both sides?

Alan Wilson's last stand is in many respects similar to what is called "The Chinhoyi Massacre." In both cases a group of men cut off from help decided to fight to the end. It may be as difficult for the whites to honour the men who were killed at Chinhoyi as it is for the blacks to honour the Shangani Patrol, but when the day comes when blacks and whites honour and respect the same heroes whatever their colour, there may at last be true national reconciliation in this country.

The Disappearance of Another Harare Land Mark

by R. Cherer Smith

On the *20th June 1984* the Prime Minister, the Hon. Cde R G Mugabe officially opened Kurima House, a large 8-storey Building which accommodates the Agricultural Finance Corporation, the Cotton and Grain Marketing Boards.

The former home of the AFC was known as the Land Bank Building which was erected in 1934. Immediately after the move was completed this lovely old building was demolished to make way for a new large complex which is being developed by the Old Mutual. The developers' interest in preserving parts of this historic building which falls outside the terms of present preservation legislation, is perhaps a tribute to the work of our society in promoting the need to maintain the nation's heritage of historic buildings. It was agreed to incorporate certain features from the building in new development projects. For example the interior light fittings which are of unusual design are destined to feature in an environment where they would be appreciated.

It is appropriate therefore that the history of the AFC be documented to co-incide with this change in its headquarters.

History of The Agricultural Finance Corporation Formerly The Land Bank

Prior to the granting of responsible government to Southern Rhodesia in 1923, the B.S.A. Company operated a Land Bank with headquarters in Bulawayo which provided credit to farmers. The new government decided to introduce a Bill to authorise the government to raise $1 000 000 to take over this bank and establish its own with a capital provision of $6 000 000.

The Land Bank Bill, was therefore introduced into the Legislative Assembly by the Minister of Agriculture and Lands on the 2nd June 1924. This was in fulfilment of an undertaking made by the Rhodesia Party during the general election campaign. The Bill was welcomed by the House since in the post war era there was a need to provide financial assistance to farmers, a need that had manifested itself not only in this country, but throughout the British Empire where similar legislation had been introduced in Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. In Britain similar arrangements were also under consideration. The local legislation was drafted on the South African model where conditions were similar to our own, although South Africa based its legislation very largely on that enacted by the Australian and New Zealand governments.

It was contended that the Land Bank would not only benefit the farming community but that every benefit they derived would be passed on to the commercial and mining sectors.

Old Land Bank Building demolished in 1984.

The first Board consisted of a general manager and four other members, two of whom had to retire annually in rotation in order to secure continuity of policy as well as to get fresh blood when required. It was a function of the Board to fix the rate of interest charged by the Bank. This was at variance with the South African Bank, where the rate was fixed by parliament. The Bank was never intended as a philanthropic institution, but was to operate on strict business lines. It was to finance itself and be beyond any political influences. Contrary to some expectations it was not intended to put farmers on their feet who were at the time of the Bank's establishment in an unsound financial position owing to previous borrowing which was not warranted. Loans were to be advanced to farmers strictly on their earning capacity and on the earning capacity of their land.

The Bank was established to help in the development of agriculture by providing new money for fresh schemes of enterprise. It was also designed to help reduce the rate of interest, especially in the case of the small men who were only able to borrow at a high rate of interest or who were unable to borrow at all. Farmers who were well-to-do and were able to obtain their credit requirements elsewhere were not expected to use the facilities of the Bank.

A very important feature of the legislation was to encourage co-operative societies, which were at the time labouring under great difficulties in holding crops for their members and not being able to turn those crops into immediate cash. The Bank was also empowered to guarantee bank overdraft facilities to the co-ops. Farmers outside the co-operative societies were able to sell their crops for cash and obtain benefit prior to the co-operative members, who were still seeking suitable overseas markets for their crops. Advances to co-operative societies had to be repaid within ten years.

The Land Bank was enabled to provide cash credits for 60% of the crops the societies had on hand until they were marketed. It could also raise money by discounting with other

banks bills of co-operative agricultural societies or companies. The Land Bank was authorised to raise overdrafts and issue Land Bank bills.

In granting loans for the purchase of farms, the Bank was authorised to grant up to 60% of the value of the land, plus any improvements thereon. The credit made available was to be secured by mortgage bonds. This figure was stipulated due to the violent fluctuations in the price of land that had occurred in this country and was considered sufficiently safe for the Bank. The Land Bank fixed the ceiling of its aggregate lending to any farmer to a maximum of $6 000 which was $2 000 higher than what the Land Bank in the Union of South Africa was lending at the time. This limit was fixed to emphasise that the bank was being established to help the small man. Where a farmer owned a very large farm or a very valuable farm, it was thought more fitting that it should deal with a money lender or private people who could advance the money on mortgage. An exception for granting more than $6 000 was in respect of irrigation works, but this needed the sanction of the government.

In granting loans the Board had to have the courage to say "no". It also had to have the courage to say "yes". But the matter could be simply resolved into a question of the Board knowing the proper time to say "when".

The First Board consisted of 4 members two of whom came from Bulawayo and the other two from the capital. The manager was to be seconded from the civil service where there was a sufficient reservoir of experience to run a Land Bank.

The Board at first operated under a narrow margin of 1% between interest payable to

the Treasury and that received from mortgagers. This was totally inadequate and since the Bank was obliged to charge a rate of interest sufficient to cover all interest dues to the Treasury, the costs of administration and provision for losses it got into arrears with interest payments to the Treasury. Pressure to increase the lending rate, or reduce the interest charges to the Bank was mounted by the Board. Whilst it had the authority to raise interest charges, it was nevertheless sensitive to the political dictates of the time.

The Land Bank was reconstituted in 1971 and became the Agricultural Finance Corporation. The Corporation makes long term medium term and seasonal loans available to Commercial, Communal and Resettlement farmers. Since 1980 it has expanded its activities considerably and grants over $150 million in loans annually to something like 100 000 farmers, most of whom reside in the communal and resettlement areas.

Historical Preservation; Two Canadian Sites

by H. C. Hummel

Historical preservation — the conservation of any country's richly diverse past — is a cause which unites the professional and amateur historian in a shared bond of enthusiasm and endeavour. Your society has managed remarkably successfully to do just that — to blend the efforts of the amateur and the professional. Moreover — and particularly in Africa where there is so much poverty — the historian marries his instinctive wish to preserve with a sense of acute social awareness. He needs to preserve for the sake of turning the past to profit and thereby promote tourism and its associated economic benefits.

The countries of Africa, Zimbabwe included, can draw on a wealth of "preservation" experience from North America, especially Canada. As visiting lecturer in the Department of History at the University of Western Ontario, London, Ontario in the summer of 1982, I had the opportunity of visiting several of Canada's "living" museums. But I also draw on the experience of my colleague Professor Raymond Tunmer, Professor of Education at Rhodes University who had been on a visit to Canada two years earlier. Herewith the pick of our respective experiences. Professor Tunmer's is certainly the more arresting.

His "find" is Louisbourg which was to French Canada something of what Great Zimbabwe was to the Mbire empire until 1500. Situated on the eastern tip of Cape Breton Island on one of the best harbour sites in North America, Louisbourg was a French fortress and commercial port. It was established in 1713 to guard the scattered French communities in maritime Canada and to keep watch over the St Lawrence estuary — the entrance to their main possession of Quebec. Its growth alarmed their rivals, the British, and it was captured by an expedition of New England colonists in 1745 but was traded back to the French over the bargaining table at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748. In 1758 a force of 15 000 British soldiers led by General Wolfe secured the fort in preparation for his epic capture of Quebec in 1759. The victorious British razed the fortress to the ground, leaving only the foundations. Louisbourg — to use Professor Tunmer's phrase — "became a sheep pasture". But like Great Zimbabwe — the legend and the fascination of the fortress never died. There were always a few "faithfull" who made the site their special trust.

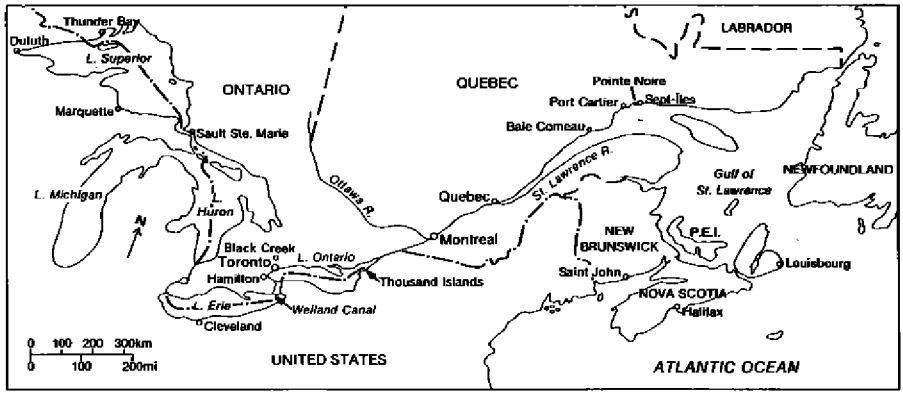
In 1961 the Canadians started a project the principles of which have universal application. To foster employment in a province which had fallen on hard times and to diversify its economy, it was decided to rebuild Louisbourg exactly as it was in 1744, a year before its first capture.

Like many visitors to modern Louisbourg Professor Tunmer and his wife were frankly sceptical as to the real authenticity of the project but they were converted and captivated by it the moment "its first roofs appeared above the rock and sand-dunes of the peninsula on which it is built".

Exact reconstruction was possible because — firstly — remember that the foundations were intact. Secondly — and that is where Canada enjoyed an unrivalled

advantage — Louisbourg had been the creation of the most highly centralised monarchy of its day. So everything about Louisbourg was recorded. About historic Louisbourg — unlike other similar sities — there is a great abundance rather than a lack of evidence available. So much so that some of it is contradictory (as I imagine some of the evidence of Great Zimbabwe would be!). Hence what was required was an enormous amount of scholarly effort to restore the fortress with so much accuracy. That task entailed alone the sifting of 750 000 pages of documentation.

On the site itself workmen had to be taught the skills of a bygone age — stone-cutting and dressing; wrought-iron work; brick-laying; half-timbering. In some of the buildings, walls, ceilings, floors and roofing were deliberately left incomplete until such time that the proper construction methods could be followed. The same authenticity applies to the last detail — the clothing styles and even the personalities of the local staff manning the reconstructed fortress match those of the people who were known to be living in Louisbourg in 1744.



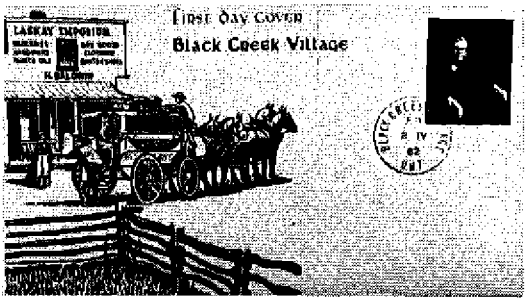
MAP showing Louisbourg in relation to the Gulf of St. Lawrence and its position protecting the river route to Quebec. Black Creek in relation to Toronto. This map was prepared by Mr. O. West of the cartographic unit of the department of Geography, Rhodes University.

As a tourist "trap", "modern" Louisbourg is highly organised. There are five car parks though no cars are allowed anywhere near the fortress. Even the bus which takes visitors to the outskirts of the eighteenth century town stops in sand-dunes some quarter a mile from the fortress gates. To enter each visitor is issued with an exact replica of an eighteenth century "passport". The reception centre which visitors pass through before exploring the fortress on foot is very well served with slide-tape presentation facilities which assist visitors in understanding the background to the fortress and its reconstruction programme.

More common in North America is the "pioneer village" type of outdoor museum which I visited. It reminds me a little of the craft villages of Bulawayo and Victoria Falls that I remember from my "Rhodesian" adolescence. Such villages often consist of buildings installed in an artificially created setting, but this is only partially true of this particular village — called after its stream — Black Creek — situated on the northern

THE DOCTOR'S HOME AND HOUSE, BLACK CREEK PIONEER VILLAGE, built in the 1830's, standing in a carefully laid out garden which includes some of the herbs that go into traditional herbal remedies still available from the dispensary in the house.

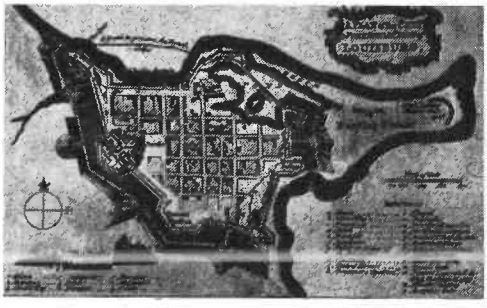
A CONESTOGA WAGON



A BLACK CREEK SOUVENIR POSTAL COVER AND DATE STAMP. The stamped envelope came into use in Canada in 1860. Until then postage was usually paid in advance and a postmaster would note the amount on the letter which was folded, sealed with wax and addressed.

QUEEN STREET which runs through the centre of Black Creek Pioneer Village as it would have looked in 1850: a black and white print from the village Press.

An air photograph of the MODERN RECONSTRUCTION of the fortress of Louisbourg. Reconstruction when completed will cover about one quarter of the original size of the town.



AN 18th CENTURY PLAN OF LOUISBOURG following the same viewpoint as the photograph.

CONGE N°140

D'UN AN

POUR LA PESCHE DU POISSON VERT AUX ISLES.

LOUIS-JEAN-MARIE DE BOURBON, DUC DE PENTHIEVRE, DE CHATEAU-VILAIN, ET DE RAMBOUILLET, Amiral de France, Gouverneur & Lieutenant-General pour le Roy en la Province de Bretagne. A TOUS ceux qui ces présentes Lettres verront, SALUT. Sçavoir faisons, que Nous avons donné Congé & Permission à [illegible] Maître du Bâtiment François nommé [illegible] du port de [illegible] tonneaux ou environ, de pescher pendant la présente année mil sept cent [illegible] à la charge qu'il ne pourra se servir de son Bâtiment à d'autre usage sans prendre un nouveau Congé, & après avoir fait la soûmission au Greffe de l'Amirauté de ne faire aucun commerce avec les Etrangers, ni d'aborder dans ce dessein aux Côtes & Isles de leur établissement sous les peines portées par les Reglemens des 14. Janvier & Avril 1717. & ne servira le présent Congé pendant l'année que pour le même Bâtiment & pour le même Maître; & en cas de changement il sera pris un nouveau Congé. EN TEMOIN dequoy Nous avons signé ces Presentes, & à icelles fait appuser le Sceau de nos Armes, & contresigner par le Secretaire general de la Marine.

L.J.M. de Bourbon

PAR SON ALTESSE SERENISSIME.

The 18th Century "PASSPORT" which gains modern visitors admittance through the gates of Louisbourg.

outskirts of Ontario's capital, Toronto. Many of the buildings are imported but the site itself and five of the buildings made of hand-hewn timber (two homes, the grain barn, the piggery and smoke barn) are survivors from the original one-hundred acre farm which belonged to a young man of German Pensylvanian settler origin whose family had moved to Canada in 1800.

Black Creek has been assembled so carefully that it creates the atmosphere of a charmingly unspoilt time-encapsulated mid-nineteenth century North American village. Much of its success is due to the care with which the imported buildings were chosen. They were selected for their own authenticity — being either historic structures in their own right which were then restored and furnished with meticulous attention to authentic detail or else they are a replica or reproduction of an historical building previously destroyed. One can liken them to transplants or grafts which have "taken" so well because no detail of their "transplantation" has been overlooked.

Black Creek is a humming, self-contained and partially self-sufficient community. Each building is functional. It is a going concern. What you have to imagine are the sounds and smells attached to this recreated farm settlement bearing a character that was very typical of rural communities in southern Ontario prior to the confederation of the North American colonies into the self-governing Dominion of Canada in 1867.

I cannot go into all the details here. But whatever belonged to such a community in the mid-nineteenth century is there at Black Creek in perfectly good running order, including the type of wagon — a Conestoga wagon — named after its place of origin in Pennsylvania — and not unlike the covered wagon of the Boer trekkers — which had brought the Pennsylvanians to the original site. An apple orchard and a cider press. A sheep run, pen and shearing shed. Grainfields, bar, mill and bakery. Stables, blacksmith, carriage works and cabinet maker. Gunsmith. Clockmaker. Broommaker. Weaver, spinning wheel and hand-made quilts. A fully operational steam-driven printing works. The village inn, trading store and post office. The doctor's house with its own herb garden. Other domestic dwellings from the original cramped log cabin to the family's later two-storyed house of hewn timbers covered with clapboard siding. Not forgetting the village church and Mennonite meeting house; the one-room school house, and the court house cum town council cum museum.

One final thought. We in Southern Africa are in many respects more fortunate than the North Americans. Where they have to simulate much of their historic past we sometimes still have parts of a whole historic street (and more) intact or have preserved to us the basic lay-out (or again more) of a whole village. Matjiesfontein, Pilgrim's Rest and the 1820 Settler hamlet of Salem near Grahamstown are South African survivors. Penhalonga — as I remember it — ought to be preserved as a Zimbabwean heirloom.

Legislative Oddities

by Colin Loades

Many people are frankly disbelieving when told of some of the items which are still on the Statute book or which have graced this country's legislation in the past. To confound those doubters, a number of examples are given.

CURRENT LEGISLATION

(i) *Frederick Clayton Trust (Chapter 331)* requires the trustees, if so required by the City Council of Harare, to make available to the Mayor $200 for a picnic, or other form of entertainment, for European children and their parents on certain public holidays (which are now obsolete). Goodness knows when this provision was last invoked. This Act has another unusual feature — it gives the nominal rolls of the Pioneer Column, the B.S.A. Company Police and the 1893 Column.

(ii) *Art Unions Act (Chapter 329)*, a relic from the laws of the Cape Province which was incorporated into local legislation on 10 June, 1981. The Act legalizes the holding of lotteries by associations formed for encouraging the "Arts", the proceeds of which are devoted solely to the purchase of works of "Art".

(iii) *Toll Roads (Chapter 264)* This legislation was introduced as a result of public demand for a short access road to the Lake MacIlwaine Park. The road was built, the toll gate with attendants installed but these facilities were withdrawn after a short period as they proved to be uneconomic.

(iv) *Dog Racing Prohibition (Chapter 69)* This Act was introduced in 1950 as the Dog Racing and Sports Pools Prohibition Act, when it was feared that the wave of immigrants from Britain would bring to this country some of the less desirable customs of that socialist state. Sports Pools betting was regularized in 1960 and enjoyed considerable popularity, but has now disappeared from the local scene. However, Zimbabweans still cannot "go to the dogs".

LEGISLATION NOW REPEALED

(a) *Rabbits Act* (repealed 1953) This was another law inherited from the Cape Province where it was, no doubt, introduced on taking note of the devastation caused by rabbits in Australia. The unusual feature of this law was that a person giving information leading to the conviction of anyone permitting a rabbit to run loose was entitled to receive half the fine imposed!

(b) *The Civil Disabilities Act* was introduced in 1942 to enable the High Court to impose disabilities on persons who refused to undertake military service or who deserted or were discharged with ignominy from the Forces. Such disabilities included disenfranchisement, prohibition on the holding of any public office or business licence or holding or managing any mining claim and the carrying of firearms. The Act was repealed in 1953.

(c) *The Native Adultery Act* was introduced in 1916 making adultery between blacks a criminal offence. It was allegedly introduced to protect local married ladies from the

advances of the hot blooded migrant labourers from the North. Both parties guilty of adultery were liable to prosecution and to a fine of £100 or, in default, to one year's imprisonment. In addition, the outraged husband could claim damages from the adulterer. The Act was most unpopular with the Police as it often involved a husband demanding, in the middle of the night, the presence of a policeman to witness the unsociable conduct! The Act was repealed in 1961.

(d) *Prohibition of Treating Regulations G.N. 540/1940* This prohibited the consumption or supply on licenced premises of alcoholic drink except by or to a person who had himself paid for that drink. However, this did not apply to drinks purchased for ladies!

Finally, the item the truth of which elicits universal disbelief.

The Control of Egg Supplies Order, G.N. 239/1944 prohibited the serving or consuming of an egg dish for example, poached, fried or scrambled egg between 4 p.m. and 5 a.m. This measure was introduced to ensure that the general population received adequate nourishment and to divert the egg supply from town hot dog stalls which served the daily influx by RAF personnel who patronized those facilities.

Second Zimbabwe International Book Fair and Exhibition August 28–September 1, 1984 Harare

The first Zimbabwe International Book Fair was held in Harare in August 1983, and was so successful that the organisers decided to make it an annual event.

The Society was invited to participate in the second fair at which nearly all major European publishers exporting books to Africa were represented as well as those from China, France, the German Democratic Republic, Romania, the Soviet Union, and Yugoslavia, who had national stands. Many books normally not seen in this country were on display.

The Society entered its journal 'Heritage' in the section for journals and similar publications. The fair attracted wide interest and the Prime Minister visited the exhibition.

Prior to the opening of the Fair, the International Federation of Library Associations held their annual conference in the Kenyan Capital, Nairobi, and over 1 000 delegates from around the world were in attendance, many of whom travelled on to Harare for the Fair.

Bringing It All Back Home

Botswana plans take-over of railway line

(Reprinted with permission from the "Trade Link Zimbabwe")

Botswana's intention to take over the railway line which runs through the eastern part of the country was announced by the late President Sir Seretse Khama in 1974. The line stretches from Bakaranga, a small siding near the Zimbabwean border, to Ramatlhabama, at the border with South Africa.

In tracing the problems and the course of this intended rail take-over, factors of history and the ever changing interplay of politics in Africa need to be borne in mind.

It was Cecil John Rhodes' dream to build a Cape to Cairo railway. Railroad construction in the late 1890's and early 20th century from the Cape and reaching Ndola in 1909, was in essence the persuance of that dream. It is the irony of history that even in the recent building of the controversial Tazara rail-link between Zambia and Tanzania, that dream, repugnant though it might be to post-colonial Southern Africa, was in a way being furthered if not fulfilled.

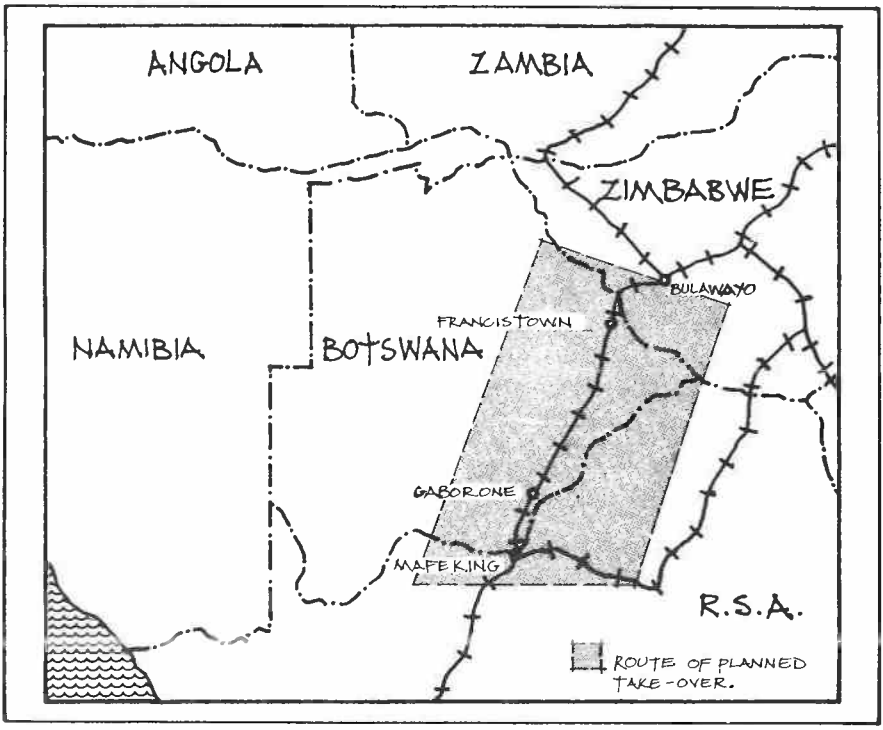
The economic thrust into what is now Zimbabwe has come about mainly through the railway line from the south. Botswana, in the main, has been a through route and as long as white rule dominated its neighbours to the north-east, she was content to let things go on as before.

When we look at the National Railways of Zimbabwe now, we tend to forget that this railway authority grew out of a number of different companies. Most of these companies were originally formed by the British South Africa Company in terms of the Royal Charter granted to it on October 29, 1898. As years went by these companies underwent amalgamations, change of name and change of ownership.

It is outside the scope of the point under discussion to explain how the Cape Government Railways took over the operation of the Bulawayo-Gwelo (now Gweru) section of the Rhodesia Railways Limited in 1903, but it is pertinent to observe that in 1899 Bechuanaland Railway Company was re-named Rhodesia Railways Limited. This company became a statutory body in November, 1949.

What then, the reader might ask, has all this to do with Botswana planning to take over the running of the railway line running through it. The truth is, unless one bears in mind that change of ownership of certain lines of rail has been happening all the time catalysed by change in political situation, one will be tempted to view or even to judge the Botswana case in isolation.

For example, when the Central African Federation broke up in 1963 and Zambia became independent in 1964, ownership of the Rhodesia Railways unitary system passed to the governments of Rhodesia and Zambia on a fifty-fifty basis. Three years later, the unitary system divided into two separate railway systems — Zambia Railways and Rhodesia Railways. The latter owned and operated the lines in Rhodesia and Botswana. That was the situation by the end of 1967, a year after Botswana gained its independence.



When Sir Seretse Khama made known his country's intention of taking over the running of the railway line in 1974, Botswana had been independent for some eight years. The years following the publicising of that intention saw white rule in Rhodesia or Zimbabwe-Rhodesia as it later became, becoming more and more hostile to Botswana as the armed struggle gained in intensity.

And yet Botswana's life-line continued to be in the hands of Rhodesia Railways. Mr. James Haskins, Botswana Minister of Works and Communications in 1979, in paying tribute to Zimbabwe-Rhodesia Railways' goodwill, mentioned that "whatever their (the two countries) differences, these have never surfaced to dislocate the railway network which is so vital to Botswana." In that word "vital" lies the key, not only to Botswana's wish to have more hold on its life line but to the consolidation of the other national railways systems discussed earlier.

Enter SADCC — The Southern African Development Co-ordinating Conference, whose secretariat is based in Botswana. SADCC's avowed intention is to make it possible for its member countries to reduce their dependence on South African transport and communications. Control of its railway line makes it easier for Botswana to be a defined partner with a definite role to assist and to be assisted by its sister SADCC countries. It is in this light and in the light of genuine national pride that we should view Botswana's intention — neither sinister nor unfriendly but a gradual attainment of nationhood.

An article in the Chronicle of March 13, 1984 confirms this opinion: "Official opinion in Botswana is that the take-over of the north-south railway line and the

construction of more internal railways does not detract from the SADCC goal of economic integration, but is based on sound economy considerations." The article concludes, "The feeling is that it is vital for Botswana to control its own transport system and develop it to its best advantage."

NRZ must be applauded for putting at the disposal of Botswana its trained manpower, facilities and expertise to wean a SADCC member off the breast of semi-dependence even though that breast is a friendly one.

As far back as April 1978, the rail system in Botswana was manned by 805 resident staff of whom 646 were Botswana nationals. A recruiting drive for locomotive drivers, clerical staff and other railways trained grades was underway. Potential locomotive drivers were undergoing training with Malawi Railways while potential artisans were sent for induction to Kenya Railways. By 1982 most of these had returned and were doing on-the-job training with the NRZ. The seeds for the take-over had been sown.

The job of training more Botswana personnel in all fields necessary for maintaining and running a railways system has surged ahead since the late 1970's. An estimate given by a high ranking NRZ official to the Herald of November 9, 1982 states that at that time 35 enginemen were due to complete their training and once that was done they would be fitted into main-line driving duties.

The report also mentioned that four carriage and wagon examiners who had been part of a group of 28 sent to the NRZ for additional training, had completed their course. An additional 42 artisans who were at that time training in Kenya were then, goes this report, about to come to Bulawayo.

Mr. Colin Blackbeard, Botswana's Minister of Works and Communications is quoted in the Chronicle of June 23, as saying there were 447 Botswans technicians and artisans. Although this figure was queried by the NRZ at the time, it does not give an indication of the progress of Botswana's rail take-over training programme.

Since the establishment of a district office in Francistown early in 1983, the NRZ has assisted the government of Botswana with training programmes to the maximum extent possible. Mr. Satish Sankar, a RITES (Rail India Technical and Economical Services) expatriate who is railway projects co-ordinator in Botswana, was quoted in an interview with the Chronicle of March 13, 1984, as estimating that 71 Botswana technicians who had trained in Kenya, were now finishing their training with the NRZ. The training centre, recently opened in Francistown, is according to the official, training 40 people as train drivers, station masters, station foremen, railway guards and commercial clerks.

Other countries have contributed both financially and materially to help Botswana. West Germany has given Botswana P20 million towards projects including buying locomotives and wagons, building staff houses and a railway training school. Through this help 12 locomotives have been acquired from the German industrial giant, the Krupp company. Transmark, the British Rail's consultancy company, is involved with implementing the rail take over.

Recently the Chinese have come in to help in the planned re-laying of the 642 km north-south track, a job which will take some 10 years to complete.

Through the help from Europe, SADCC countries, Kenya and organisations like the NRZ, this $55 million national effort is slowly reaching fruition.

In April, 1984, Botswana localised the section Mahalapye to Mafeking of the north-

south railway line. Localisation, as understood by the joint committee of Zimbabwe and Botswana handling the plans for the intended take over, means that Botswana takes over the manning of goods train service on this stretch of line. The date of the final take-over, in early 1987, is still a few years away. Much ground work has been laid but a lot still remains to be finalised before Botswana can truly boast its own railway system.

When one looks at the difficulties facing Botswana and how other countries and railway systems have rallied to her cause, one cannot but be left with the hope that one day "Botswana Railways" will be more than just a name painted on the blue and white diesel electric locomotives. It will be reality.

Correspondence

Dear Sir,

The article by Mr. R. Cherer Smith about the Cam & Motor Mine in Publication No. 4, 1984 was of much interest to me.

I was Inspector of Mines in Gatooma, now Kadoma, for 15 years. One of my proudest possessions is a clock presented by "Friends at the Cam and Motor Mine". These were the workmen and not just the Staff.

In the second paragraph, "During its life it produced 4½ million ounces of gold, worth £36 million."

I think it should be mentioned that until after the Second Great War, that gold was only £8.10 per ounce, and before that £4.00 per ounce.

Any Member of your Society who calls at St. Helena will be most welcome.

The St. Helena Heritage Society run the Museum, have visits to places of interest, lectures and film or video shows.

Yours sincerely,

Arthur H. Mawson, J.P., M.L.C.,
Chairman St. Helena Heritage Society.

FINNAUGHTY'S CANNON

Dear Sir,

In volume 33 of September 1975 an article by me on the cannon was published in Rhodesiana. Recently whilst searching the Annual Report of the Bulawayo Museum I came across the following in the 1910 report.

Information given to Mr. F.P. Mennel by Finnaughty — "The cannon were probably from the signal ship Lady MacDonnell, he purchased them in Port Elizabeth in 1875, they were taken to Rhodesia by Mr. J. Dean in 1876 who traded them for ivory with Lobengula",

This information does not coincide with the report also given during 1910 by Mr. Alfred Blaney, in which he states that the cannon were purchased by Finnaughty in Grahamstown and that he (Finnaughty) had delivered them to Old Bulawayo.

It is quite probable even as late as 1910 Finnaughty was still wary of having his name associated with gun running and therefore put the entire operation in the hands of Jack Deans who had a store in Bulawayo in 1875.

Finnaughty was a permanent resident in Bulawayo during 1910 up to the time of his death.

Yours faithfully,

C.K. Cooke
Hon. Curator: Antiquities

THE HISTORY SOCIETY OF ZIMBABWE

Acting National Chairman's Report

(presented to the Annual General Meeting of the History Society of Zimbabwe held in the Somerville Lounge, Old Hararians Club, Harare on Monday, 26th March 1984, at 5.30 p.m.

Ladies & Gentlemen,

In my capacity as the Acting National Chairman of the Society, it gives me pleasure to present the Chairman's Report for the year 1983/1984.

At the last Annual General Meeting of the Society, Mr. Michael Spencer-Cook was elected National Chairman, I was elected National Deputy Chairman, Mr. D. Whaley was elected Honorary Secretary, and Mr. J.A. Ogilvie was elected Honorary Treasurer. Messrs. W. Arnold, E. Burke, M. Kimberley, E.A.C. Mills, R.C. Smith, T.F.M. Tanser, R. Turner, R. Wood and R. Zeederberg, were elected Committee Members. Messrs. A. Bent and his alternate, Mr. H. Went, were co-opted to represent Manicaland. The Committee met on five occasions since the last Annual General Meeting. At the first meeting of the Committee, Mr. Arnold kindly agreed to continue to serve as Editor of the Society's journal, "Heritage". It is with regret that I have to report that owing to ill health Mr. Spencer-Cook felt obliged to resign as National Chairman during August 1983 and I then became Acting National Chairman of the Society. It is also with regret that I have to report that at the end of 1983, Mr. Arnold resigned as Editor of the journal and from the Committee as he was then emigrating from this country. I wish to pay tribute to the tremendous service both Mr. Spencer-Cook and Mr. Arnold have given to the Society. If it had not been for the efforts of Mr. Spencer-Cook, I very much doubt whether the S.S.A.D. building in Samora Machel Avenue would have been preserved and for some years Mr. Arnold undertook the arduous office of Editor of our journal. I wish them both well and I sincerely hope that Mr. Spencer-Cook's health improves.

At the last Annual General Meeting the then Chairman, Mr. R.C. Smith, announced that the third publication in the "Heritage" series was then about to be published and despatched to members and indeed the journal was received by members shortly afterwards. I am most pleased to be able to inform you that Mr. R.C. Smith has agreed to succeed Mr. Arnold as Editor of the journal and under his guidance Heritage No. IV is about to be published and should be in your hands shortly. On your behalf I wish to express the Society's thanks to Mr. Smith for undertaking this arduous task. It is becoming increasingly difficult to find sponsors who are prepared to advertise in the Society's journal. If anyone present has any suggestions as to who may be prepared to advertise in the journal and thereby assist in the sponsorship of its publication, please let me or any other of the Committee have any such suggestion.

During the meetings of the Committee, there was discussion as to whether the Annual Dinner of the Society and the Annual General Meeting should be held on the same day and possibly at the same venue, or on different occasions. The matter was also discussed with the Mashonaland Branch Committee. For a variety of reasons notwithstanding that it is appreciated that it would be convenient for out-of-town members to attend both functions

on the same day, it was decided that it would be in the interests of the Society if the two functions were held on different dates. The Annual Dinner was duly held at the Royal Harare Golf Club on the 2nd March, 1984. The Guest of Honour was Professor Roberts, the Professor of History at the University of Zimbabwe. Thanks to the splendid arrangements made by Mr. Zeederberg, I think all who attended will agree that the dinner was a great success. It is unfortunate that such functions are these days rather expensive and we had no alternative but to charge $16,00 per head. 50 persons were present at the dinner. It is unfortunate there was not a greater turn-out of members at the dinner.

After discussion extending over a number of years, it was decided that the Society would continue to use the same emblem as previously except that the bandolier encircling the lion will in the future be ommitted. The logo in this form appeared for the first time on the menus at the Annual Dinner.

Regrettably, owing to prevailing conditions in Matabeleland, a Matabeleland Branch Committee has not been re-formed and it is felt by the National Committee that it would not be in the interests of the Society for an attempt to be made to re-form the Matabeleland Committee at this stage. The Society's activities are kept alive by a small but active band of members in Manicaland under the leadership of Messrs. Bent and Went and there is usually a reference to the Society and its activities in Manicaland in the publication of the museum at Mutare, "Muscan". The Mashonaland Branch has continued to be the most active Branch in the country and three fullscale field outings were held during the year. In addition, members of the Branch Committee made exploratory excursions to various sites to prepare for further full-scale Branch outings. The Chairman of the Mashonaland Branch will deal with the activities of the Branch during the year in greater detail in his report.

The National Committee is particularly anxious that the membership of the Society should be expanded and various steps have already been taken to attempt to recruit new members. If anyone present knows of any person who may be interested in becoming a member, please let me or any other member of the Committee know the name and address of the person concerned so that an invitation can be sent to that person to become a member. Members of the Committee have already sent out a large number of such invitations but it remains to be seen how many of the invitees respond. The Committee is particularly anxious that more black members of our community should participate fully in the activities of the Society. Mr. Chigwedere who contributed to the last journal and who is a Schoolmaster at Goromonzi High School was invited to participate and bring pupils with him at the Mashonaland Branch's outing in the Goromonzi area but regrettably he did not attend the outing. Last year Mr. Moyo of the National Museum was invited to participate and talk at the Society's outing in the Chegutu area but at the last minute he withdrew and the Mashonaland Branch was obliged to obtain an alternative speaker at very short notice. I am sure further efforts will be made by the National and Mashonaland Branch Committees during the coming year to interest and recruit black members of our community to become members of the Society.

In order to facilitate the despatch of circulars and other information to members, the Society has purchased a second-hand addressograph machine which is capable of processing several addressograph plates at a time at a cost of $1 000. This expense was incurred since the end of the last financial year and will appear in the accounts for this year. At this point I would like to pay tribute to Mrs. Kimberley and to thank her for keeping the Society's membership lists up to date and for overseeing the addressing of circulars to members.

I understand that the membership of the pre-history Society and also of the History Society at our University has declined over the last two or three years. I also understand that both the other Societies are finding it increasingly difficult to raise sufficient funds to enable them to publish their respective journals. I believe it will be in the interests of all three Societies for there to be closer liaison and co-operation in order that all three Societies may benefit from the scarce resources available. I have reason to believe that this co-operation will be forthcoming.

Since the resignation as Chairman of Mr. Spencer-Cook, no steps have been taken by the Society with regard to the preservation of old buildings. During the coming year, the Committee intends to appoint an advisor to advise it's succession to Mr. Spencer-Cook. Now that the Society's logo has been agreed, it is to be hoped that the "Tony Tanser Walk" can be established. It is to be hoped that the establishment of the "walk" will alert residents of Harare and visitors alike to the Historical heritage of the City.

In conclusion I would like to thank the National Committee of the Society for their support and more particularly, Mr. Whaley, the Secretary, and Mr. Ogilvie, our Treasurer.

Notes on Some New Contributors

DR. H.C. HUMMEL

Dr. Hummell is a senior lecturer in the Department of History Rhodes University and formerly a tutor in the Departments of Education and History, and warden of Carr-Saunders Hall University of Zimbabwe 1962–1971. He was born in Zimbabwe and educated at Prince Edward School, Harare.

R.H. WOOD

Richard Wood is Chairman of the History Society of Zimbabwe, Mashonaland Branch. He is an attorney by profession and comes from early settler stock.

COLIN LOADES

Colin Loades is a committee member of the Society. He served for many years with the Department of Internal Affairs (Southern Rhodesia) and after his retirement took a law degree with the University of Zimbabwe, where he is now employed.

A.R. MORKEL

The late A.R. Morkel came from a well-known South African and Zimbabwean family, who are perhaps best known for their rugby football achievements. He was born in 1871 at Kimberley. After spending his early years with his parents in the Cape he came to Mashonaland and farmed near what was then Salisbury and later bought a farm near Shamva. He died in 1933.

C.W.R. SOUTHEY

The late C.W.R. Southey came to this country from South Africa soon after its settlement and Lilie Morkel eventually settled in the Mazoe Valley. He died in 1966.

MRS. EDONE ANN LOGAN

Mrs. Edone Ann Logan is the wife of one of Shamva's leading farmers, Mr. Aubrey H. Logan, whose parents moved into the district onto Golden Star Farm from Nyamandhlovu in 1938.

Mrs. Logan is a member of the Shamva Rural Council, past Chairman and current Vice Chairman of the Shamva W.I. and Chairman of the Bindura School Management Committee.

Office Bearers in The Rhodesiana Society/The History Society of Zimbabwe 1953 to 1985

compiled by Michael J. Kimberley

National Chairmen

1953–1970	H.A. Cripwell	1979	G.H. Tanser
1970–1973	A.S. Hickman	1979–1981	M.J. Kimberley
1973–1975	G.H. Tanser	1981–1983	R.C. Smith
1975–1977	R.W.S. Turner	1983	M. Spencer Cook
1977–1979	M.J. Kimberley	1983–1985	A.M. Rosettenstein

National Deputy Chairman

1969–1970	A.S. Hickman	1979	M.J. Kimberley
1970–1973	G.H. Tanser	1980–1981	R.C. Smith
1973–1975	R.W.S. Turner	1981–1983	M. Spencer Cook
1975–1977	M.J. Kimberley	1984–1985	T.F.M. Tanser
1977–1979	R.W.S. Turner		

National Honorary Secretaries

1953–1955	B.W. Lloyd	1962–1972	M.J. Kimberley
1955–1956	J.M. van Heerden	1972–1976	C.W.H. Loades
1957–1958	G.B. da Graca	1976–1979	J.G. Storry
1959–1960	H.J. Mason	1979–1981	Miss P.I. Burton
1960	J.L.P. Garrett	1982–1985	D.H. Whaley
1961–1962	Mrs. P. Haddon		

National Honorary Treasurers

1953–1955	B.W. Lloyd	1968–1969	F.A. Staunton
1955–1956	J.M. van Heerden		Miss C. von Memerty
1957–1958	G.B. da Graca		M.J. Kimberley
1959–1960	H.J. Mason	1970–1978	S.A. Rowe and Partners
1960–1961	J.L.P. Garrett		Dove Cowper and Lefevre
1961–1962	W. Mills		Moss. Dove and Company
1962–1967	M.J. Kimberley	1979–1985	J.A. Ogilvie

Editors of Rhodesiana (1956 to 1979)

No. 1	J.M. van Heerden	No. 6	W.F. Rea
No. 2	G.H. Tanser	No. 7	H.A. Cripwell
No. 3	G.H. Tanser	No. 8	J. Drew
No. 4	B.W. Lloyd	Nos. 9 to 17	E.E. Burke
No. 5	H.A. Cripwell	Nos. 18 to 40	W.V. Brelsford

Editors of Heritage (1981–1984), Zimbabwe Heritage (1985–)

No. 1 1981 to No. 3, 1983	W.E. Arnold
No. 4, 1984	R.C. Smith
No. 5, 1985	R.C. Smith