HERITAGE of ZIMBABWE

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THE HISTORY SOCIETY OF ZIMBABWE
Harare
Zimbabwe

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- ☆ The Society aims to unite all who wish to foster a wider appreciation and knowledge of Zimbabwean history.
- ☆ The Society encourages all readers and their friends and colleagues to enrol as members.
- ☆ Members of the Society are not, by any means, all historians. Among our members worldwide are collectors of Africana, libraries and learned institutions wishing to acquire background knowledge of one of Africa's key areas whilst the majority are ordinary Zimbabweans interested in the story of their own country.
- ☆ Outings to sites of interest with talks on related subjects and a national annual luncheon are part of the organised activities offered to members.
- ☆ The Society encourages historical study and research; and endeavours to record in interesting form the story of Zimbabwe in *Heritage of Zimbabwe,* the only publication devoted exclusively to this purpose.
- ☆ Membership is open to everyone and there is no joining fee.
- ☆ *Heritage of Zimbabwe* is published once a year and copies may be purchased by members from the Society. The articles will appeal to Zimbabweans as well as people beyond our borders who seek to understand our country.
- ☆ Each issue of *Heritage of Zimbabwe* contains a wide variety of articles on Zimbabwe's historic background: pioneering, military, transport, agricultural, political, biographical, literary, cultural and so on.
- ☆ History creates a sense of common purpose that develops into a healthy national consciousness. An active historical society can thus exert a tremendous influence for the good of our country.
- ☆ Your support would, therefore, be both welcome and worthwhile. Do join the Society now by sending your email address to mashchairman@historysocietyzimbabwe.org. You will then receive notices by email of the Society's monthly activities.

For further information please mail mashchairman@historysocietyzimbabwe.org for the attention of Robin Taylor.

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HERITAGE OF ZIMBABWE is the journal of The History Society of Zimbabwe since 1980. It replaces *RHODESIANA* which from 1953 was the journal of The Rhodesiana Society which Society absorbed the National Historical Association and Heritage of the Nation, and later became the History Society of Zimbabwe.

Edited by

FRASER EDKINS

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

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

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THE HISTORY SOCIETY OF ZIMBABWE

FOUNDED: 1953

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Every single edition of *Rhodesiana* and *Heritage of Zimbabwe* and an updated index of *Heritage* will be available online when the Society website goes into operation.

The index is also available to buy in hard copy.

Editor's Foreword

This is the 38th (2019) edition of Heritage of Zimbabwe and the 78th volume produced since publication commenced in 1956 (following the formation of the History Society of Zimbabwe in 1953).

It opens with an article by regular contributor Mike Tucker on the Mambo Rebellion Memorial. This account includes three oral histories gathered by Foster Windram in the 1930's (concerning events at West's Store on the outbreak of the 1896 Umvukela) and made available to Mike by Alan Windram, whom many will know as the owner of Willowmead in Ballantyne Park. Allowing for errors in memory by the interviewees (selective or otherwise) the oral accounts add to, and give food for thought on, the current perceived principal causes of the rebellion (and the considerable major influence on its course in Matabeleland and Mashonaland by Mukwati alone, who one of the interviewees insisted "... was the man who organised the rebellion").

The first gold mining blocks in the Masvingo area were pegged in 1891, a little over a year after the passage of the Pioneer Corps, over a reef up to 7 feet thick in places (yielding a total of 1836 ounces of gold over the following half century). Peter Fey gives us a detailed history, prompted by his examination of an 1891 beacon plate shown to him at a gathering of geologists in 2017 in Perth, WA.

The work of J. C. Ferguson, fourth Director of the Geological Survey, is covered in detail by Peter in the following article (a reminder, among many other things, of the high calibre of well-educated men staffing our civil service in the past). In 30 years with the Survey Ferguson took only 4 days of sick leave and endeared himself to the mining community through his frequent on-site visits.

The piece is the fourth in Peter's ongoing series on past Survey directors, deeply researched and well-written, as one has come to expect from Peter.

Ken Rogers was another example of "the right stuff" gracing the development of Zimbabwe in bygone years and Peter Munday, with the aid of Ken's children, records memories of the career of this remarkable man (principally his years as a WW2 fighter pilot and later in civil aviation and crop spraying in Zimbabwe). Ken, born in Mutare, and an ex-Prince Edward student raised in the Harare suburb of Hatfield, was a pilot with 266 (Rhodesia Squadron) of the RAF. His logbook entry for 26 November 1944 reads "Typhoon, D, Gestapo HQ Amsterdam 1.2 hours (flying time) – torture chamber and Mess attacked at lunchtime".

Railway fundi Robin Taylor weighs in next with a substantial and most interesting paper on the development of the Mutare-Beira railway (an entity which was actually locally-owned until 1949).

The line from Beira to Umtali climbed from sea-level to an altitude of 1 120 metres over a number of formidable natural barriers. A large number of persons employed in the construction of the railway died not only from malaria but also from attacks by wild animals. During the Second World War years drivers worked the line down to neutral Portuguese territory where a number of Germans were farming along the railway line and many were the fist shakes and insults as the trains passed their farms. The drivers were under strict orders not to provoke any incidents.

Edward Pennefather's letters to his mother Ann during the BSACo Police march to Fort Salisbury in 1890 are reproduced for the first time, courtesy of eminent historian Mike Tucker, giving an intimate account of the strong bonds between a fighting soldier in Africa

with his mother (widow of the Rector of Kilkenny back in Ireland). Some of Pennefather's sketches and watercolours, made en route, are also reproduced and the article includes a short history of his military career.

Son of the Rector of Callan, County Kilkenny, Pennefather was described as a leader who is "noisy, discourteous and loses the little head he has on every possible occasion". Said Lobengula, via Colenbrander, "whither are you leading your young men like sheep? Go back or I will not be responsible for the consequences. White blood can flow as well as black"; to which Pennefather replied "we do not want to fight, we only want to dig for gold and are taking this road to avoid your young men, but if they attack us we know how to defend ourselves".

Godfrey King, whose edited diaries are reproduced next, (courtesy of Robin Taylor who came by them via Tim Tanser) was the first Registrar of Deeds of Zimbabwe. He was the son of an Oxford clergyman. They reflect an unusual personality, (snobbish, sometimes aggrieved and feeling unappreciated and sometimes love-sick, but never mundane) and constitute a fascinating insight into life in the early white settlement of Zimbabwe.

Globe-trotter Jono Waters (a long-time supporter of our Society) maintains his valuable archive of the graves of significant personalities in Zimbabwe's history, this contribution being the fourth in his series and including Canon Balfour and Surgeon Captain Richard Frank Rand (perhaps best-known for his early malaria cure called "Rand's Kicker").

The prodigious Mike Tucker returns with a very full and excellent history of Henry ("Harry") Borrow, yet another clergyman's son and the head of "B" Troop all of whom died at Shangani with Allan Wilson, (and after whom, inter alia, the suburb of Borrowdale is named).

Benny Leon provides an entertaining look at the life and times of the late David Burke, man of many parts and one of Zimbabwe's real "characters" of the past, for which your editor can vouch by virtue of the great friendship of David's son Hilton (now living in Israel) with your editor's son.

These days not widely-known or discussed, as far as Zimbabwe's part in WW2 is concerned, is the East African campaign against Italian forces in Somaliland and Ethiopia (then still called Abyssinia). Geoff Brakespear's article about his grandfather's service in that campaign describes the ferocity of some of the fighting, gives insights into the characters of the indigenous local tribes and combatants from disparate parts of African, and also dispels the notion that the Italian forces were loath to put up a fight.

We conclude our articles with the text of Llew Hughes highly-entertaining talk to the Society on 17th June 2018, and wind up this edition with an obituary of Colin Saunders, a note on the achievements of Professor Frank Tanser and a number of book reviews by well-known historian Paul Hubbard and the annual reports of your National and Mashonaland Branch Chairmen.

As always, it is hoped that members will enjoy the content and applaud the considerable efforts that went into producing this volume on the part of the very talented authors (not forgetting the tireless input of my secretary Felicity Naidoo, those of type-setter Rhona Sargeant and John McCarthy for additional proof reading, all of whom make the life of your editor so much easier).

F. A. EDKINS
EDITOR, HERITAGE OF ZIMBABWE

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Mambo Rebellion Memorial
- with three oral history accounts collected by Foster Windram in 1936 and 1938 concerning the killings at West's Store

by Michael R. Tucker

National Monument No 57 GPS location: 19°30´41"S 29°01´12"E
West's Store GPS location: 19°31´34"S 29°01´56"E

How to get there

For directions to the area see the article on Manyanga (formerly Ntaba zika Mambo) Monument ruins.

I am advised by a prominent local historian that any potential visitors need to be VERY aware of local sensitivities when visiting the area which is a highly politicised place with competing groups fighting for control with even a visiting NMMZ inspection team being stoned by local people.

Note the Mambo Memorial was moved from its original site at West's Store on the old Hunter's road to its current site in the 1960's when the new road was constructed. I have not personally visited the site to take an exact GPS location.

To reach West's store, where the original Mambo Rebellion Memorial was situated, from the carpark site described under Manyanga Monument ruins, follow the track, formerly the old Hunter's road, south-west along the line of hills immediately on your left for 4.8km until you almost reach the western end of the hills just before Vreis Farm. See Col Plumer's map section below. In the kopje to the east overlooking the store is where most of the victim's property was found by Plumer's forces

Photo of the Mambo Memorial taken in 2014 courtesy of Rob Burrett

For the associated articles on the battle of Ntaba zika Mambo and the Manyanga Monument ruins and general directions to the area, see the website www.zimfieldguide.com

The four Matabele Rebellion, or *Umvukela* Memorials are all National Monuments; Pongo Memorial (No 33) near Shangani on the A5 Gweru – Bulawayo national road, Fort Rixon Memorial (No 58) at Claremont Mine, Filabusi Memorial (No 56) at the old hotel and store and the Mambo Memorial (No 57) originally at the site of West's store on the old hunter's road, but subsequently moved in the 1960's when the road was re-aligned. All except the Filabusi memorial are sited in the old Insiza district and are described on the website www.zimfieldguide.com The memorials followed the creation of a Rhodesia Memorial fund in 1896; meetings were held in Bulawayo and Salisbury (now Harare) with the aim of setting up memorials to those killed or wounded and for those that suffered financial loss and to erect hospitals, libraries and museums with many of the most prominent citizens on the committees. All four have Rhodesia Memorial Fund inscribed on their bases.

List of 1896 Victims named on the Mambo Memorial		
Names	**Date of Death**	**Details**
Military		
Hill John H, Tpr	5 July 1896	A Squadron MRF, died of wounds, buried at West's Store
Langton Thomas Courtney, Tpr	5 July 1896	E Squadron MRF, KIA, buried where killed
O'Reilly John, Tpr	5 July 1896	C Troop BFF, KIA, buried where killed
Pringle James F, Cpl	5 July 1896	A Squadron MRF, KIA, buried at West's Store
Civilian		
West, Walter Henry Grimes	end March 1896	Farming & storekeeping, killed at West's Store
West, William Edward Milnes	end March 1896	Farming & storekeeping, killed at West's Store
Oosthuisen or Ansterhauzen	end March 1896	Farming & storekeeping, killed at West's Store

A number of other civilian victims were killed in the Inyati area and listed in the '96 Rebellions:

List of other 1896 Inyati Victims		
Barnard, Harry Edgar	25 March 1896	Partner of West brothers at Umvunga Store
Bolton, R.W	end March 1896	Killed with Cyril West (Williams Exploration Co)
Case, George	26 March 1896	Killed with Handley, Asst NC Graham, Hurford & Corke, ex MMP
Colas, Dionysius	end March 1896	Greek trader
Corke, Leighton Huntley	26 March 1896	Killed with Handley, Asst NC Graham, Hurford & Case, ex MMP
Dixon, W.C.B.		not listed in the '96 Rebellions
Donovan, Timothy	25 March 1896	
Dufva, Wilhelm	30 March 1896	Shangani, listed in '96 Rebellions as Dupua
Durden, Charles John	25 March 1896	Ingwenya, killed with surveyor Fitzpatrick
Edwards, Norman	25 March 1896	Surveyor of Fletcher & Espin
Farrar	end March 1896	Lower Gwelo, prospecting with companion, name unknown
Fitzpatrick, T	25 March 1896	Ingwenya, killed with Durden, surveyor
Graham A.N. Asst Native Commissioner	26 March 1896	Killed with Handley, Hurford, Case & Corke
Grenfell, Pascoe St. Leger	end March 1896	Ingwenya, Manager Murray-Gourlay Co.
Handley, Mark Sub-Inspector MMP	26 March 1896	Killed with Graham, Hurford, Case & Corke
Harbord, Horace M.	end March 1896	Ingwenya Store, old Hunters Road to Hartley Hills
Hartley, Joseph	end March 1896	Mavin, killed with J. Stobie, both working for G.R. Lennock
Hurford, George	26 March 1896	Killed with Graham, Handley, Case & Corke, ex MMP
Ireland	end March 1896	Ingwenya, body found with Harbord's.
West, Cyril	end March 1896	killed with Bolton (Williams Exploration Co)
White, Robert	end March 1896	

Also killed in action at Ntaba zika Mambo were six members of Robertson's Cape Volunteers; they are not commemorated, and their place of burial is not noted in the

literature, but possibly they are buried near Troopers Langton and O'Reilly in the vicinity of Robertson's kopje.

The resident missionary in the turbulent times of 1893 and 1896 was Reverend Bowen Rees, *isitsha senkosi*, who served at Inyati Mission from 1888 to 1918 and was spared certain death because he had left Inyati Mission with his wife and children on the 26 March for Bulawayo; their two houses and the Church were all burnt down.

Selous reports in *Sunshine and Storm in Rhodesia* that the bodies of A. N. C. Graham and his companions Case, Corke, Handley and Hurford were found about a mile from the Inyati police camp on the road to Bulawayo with two servants; they had clearly put up a fight as eighty-five cartridge cases were picked up.

West brother's store

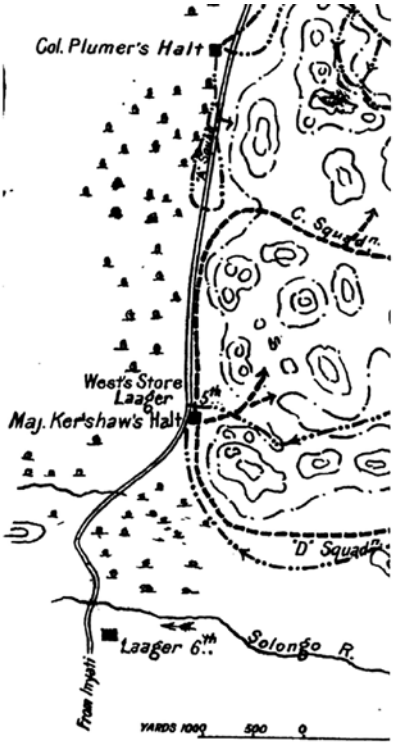
Col Plumer writes that a skull was found near the laager when the MRF camped on the Longwe River on the night of 6 July 1896 after the battle of Ntaba zika Mambo, but no other traces of brothers William or Walter West, or their colleague Oosthuizen were recovered. Their partner, Harry Edgar Barnard, was killed further east at another store where the old Hunter's Road crossed the Vungu River. Both West brothers were former members of the Bechuanaland Border Police and had taken up farming and storekeeping on the old Hunter's road. The brothers do not appear to be related to Cyril West whose name appears on the Pongo Memorial along with other casualties of the uprising.

The importance of collecting Oral history

Contemporary accounts say the West brothers fought a splendid but hopeless, defence of their store at the southwest corner of the Mambo Hills and kept the amaNdebele at bay for ten long hours before being killed about 26 March 1896.

The 1936 Rhodesia Annual contained a request from the Rev. A. J. B. West, the priest at St. Dunstan's in East London, for information on the deaths of his relatives. In response Ivor Lane, the Asst. Native Commissioner at Que Que, sent a letter on 29 Oct 1938 containing the two statements quoted below from Tjugulu and Bobo to Foster Windram at the Bulawayo Chronicle office detailing the killing of the West Brothers.

These statements and the oral evidence collected by Foster Windram in 1936–1938 when, as a reporter at the Bulawayo



Plan from Plumer showing location of the West's store and where the MRF laagered after the Ntaba zika Mambo battle on the 6 July 1896

Photos of the Mambo Memorial taken in 2014 courtesy of Rob Burrett

Chronicle, he interviewed the only amaNdebele participant in the West killings who was not executed, Nganganyoni, confirmed that the West brothers were in fact, like most victims in Matabeleland, surprised and killed without resistance.

Tjugulu interviewed at Shangani Reserve on 13 October 1936 stated:
When the Mlimo (high priest or mouth piece of the Deity) sent out word from Ntabazamambo (hills of the King) that all the white people in the country were to be killed I proceeded with my regiment to Bulawayo. When I passed the white men's store at the foot of the hills it was still standing, but there was no one about. I asked what had happened and was told that as soon as Mlimo's word had been received by the native employees of the two white men, they murdered them. This is how it happened.

One of the natives employed as a store boy whose name was Tjontjelani (why does he steal) went to his hut and got his assegai which he hid under his coat and entered the store. He walked up to Wani the taller of the two brothers and drawing his assegai from under his coat, stabbed Wani in the chest killing him at once. The other brother, a well-built man with a beard, was also in the store and started forward to help his brother, but was caught around the waist by another native, an Mlozwi, employed to sew up grain bags, whose name I cannot remember. This native held Mandevu (beard) the shorter brother while Tjontjelani stabbed him in the chest. Death in the case of both brothers was instantaneous.

Tjontjelani and the Mlozwi then went out to the lands where the other white man, a farm assistant [Mandisi] was working. These two and other natives working in the lands rushed on the white man and stabbed him to death.

All the natives then returned to the store which they looted; the stocks of which were chiefly printed limbo [cloth] and vests were taken to the Mlimo and handed over

to him. The bodies were all left lying where they fell.

I went on towards Bulawayo with my regiment. At the Umgusa River near Bulawayo we were met by the white troops and in the battle that followed we were badly defeated and fled all the night. When we got back to Ntabazamambo the store was still standing and we passed it and hid in the hills. The Mlimo (a Mlozwi native called Mkwati) had already heard of our defeat and fled to the north. I heard he was afterwards captured and taken to Salisbury. I don't know what happened to him there.

All this happened in the month when harvesting commenced (about May) [late March 1896] Several months later we left the hills and when we passed the store again we found it was burned to the ground. I don't know who did this. I do not know what ultimately happened to the bodies of the three white men. All the murderers were subsequently caught and taken to Bulawayo where they were executed. [except Nganganyoni, whose statement is below]

The two storekeepers were popular amongst all natives. Whenever I passed the store a hut was prepared for me to sleep in. I was given blankets and food. I liked Wani especially, but I would have killed him had I not been forestalled. The Mlimo told us to kill all white men and I would have obeyed him.

The store stood a few hundred yards from the white monument [original site of the Mambo Rebellion Memorial] subsequently erected which I thought was where the storekeepers were murdered. I did not know it was erected to the memory of soldiers who had fallen in battle.

There was no shaft near the store. I am certain of this. I often visited the store. We bought with maize, pumpkins and wild squash—we had no money in those days. Mlimo betrayed us.

[A note at the bottom states Tjugulu was a Zwangendaba Chief in Shangani Reserve]

Bobo interviewed at Shangani Reserve on 13 October 1936 stated:

I used to work for the West brothers Mandevu and Wani. When we heard that the cattle sickness (rinderpest) had broken out, Mandevu, Jimu and I went to Bulawayo for medicine for the cattle although the West brothers' cattle had not yet become infected with the disease. We stayed a few days in Bulawayo and when we reached Inyati on our return to the store Mandevu fell ill (probably malaria fever) We tried to get on but Mandevu got much worse and so had to lie up. He sent me onto the store for the scotch cart to carry him as he could not walk. I got the cart as soon as I could and took Mandevu, who was then very ill, home. He went to bed in the hut which was beside Wani's on the far side of the store from the mountains.

The West brothers had a Zulu native Jimu working for them. Jimu had married a Ndebele woman who had a child by her former husband. The day that Mandevu returned from Bulawayo this child died. Jimu did not know the Ndebele rites necessary for burial of the child, so sent me to the local headman who lived about a mile away to ask how the child should be buried. I did so, and the headman said "Tell Jimu to bring the child to me and I will bury her." He also said that I was to tell the white men that their mealie crop was being destroyed by locusts. That evening Jimu took the child to the headman's kraal. He did not return; he was murdered there. I knew nothing of this, nor did I know that a rising was imminent until next day.

Next morning I saw seven natives approaching the store. They came up to Wani who was with me at the wagon near the store and said that they wished to buy some goods. Wani went to the store with them, opened the door and entered, followed by Tjontjelani and the others. Then there came a cry of "Bulala amakiwa" (kill the white men) Mandevu came out of the hut where he was lying ill and Tjontjelani stabbed him in the chest with a short assegai and killed him. The seven natives then killed a "Holi" (Maholi) man and woman and two children. I don't know their tribe. (NB Maholi is a term of contempt used by the Matabele to designate the members of any tribe which was not Ndebele) The murderers then came to kill me. I ran away but was captured and was about to be stabbed, but I was spared to gather and herd the white men's cattle. The seven natives then went to the lands where the other white man [Mandisi] was trying to save the crops from the locusts. I was told that they murdered him there.

When the seven men returned from the lands they dragged the white men's bodies a little distance from the store. (Bobo indicates a spot a few paces to the right of the original site of the Mambo Rebellion Memorial) They then entered the store which they were looting when the headman who had murdered the Zulu [Jimu] came up. He accused Tjontjelani of having stolen a singlet (vest) Tjontjelani denied the theft but the headman was very angry and had him tied up to the wagon by a *riem* (hide thong) round his neck. When all the white men's goods had been gathered up they were made into bundles to be taken to the Mlimo. Before the goods were taken away, Tjontjelani had his ankle tied to his thigh. He was then given a bundle and told to follow the others who were leaving for the mountains. He could not hop fast enough on one leg, so he was thrashed to death with *sjamboks* after his eyes had been beaten out [not correct, Tjontjelani was charged with murder at Bulawayo and after being found guilty at his trial was hanged].

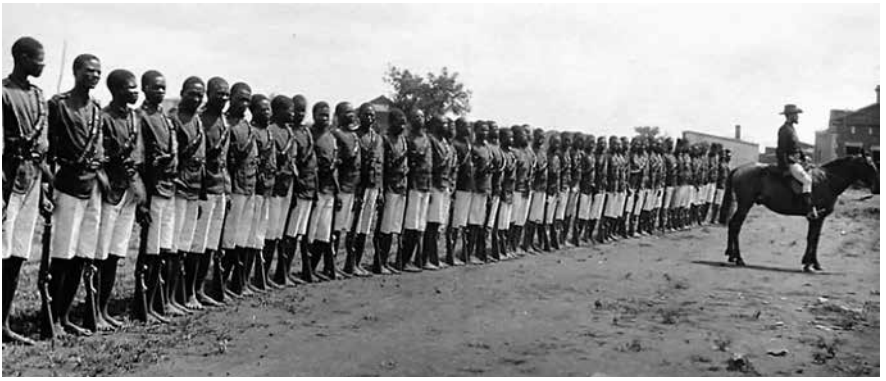
The white soldiers who came some months afterwards found the bodies of Mandevu and Wani [There is no evidence of this] They laagered their wagons right round the spot where they were. The bodies were not mutilated in any way. The only wounds they received were the ones that killed them.

After the surrender of the Matabele, the murderers of the West brothers were taken to Bulawayo. Five were convicted and hanged. Nganganyoni, the other, was acquitted and released – I don't know why. He is an old man now and lives in the Fort Rixon district.

Statement of Nganganyoni, made to R. Foster Windram, at his kraal near Kombo siding on 20 November 1938. Interpreter: Peter Kumalo.

Note by interviewer: The statement was only obtained from Nganganyoni after the interpreter and myself had pledged our faith to him that it would never be shown to anyone who might be likely to do him any harm whatsoever as a result. We explained to him that the events concerned were now finished and forgotten and done with and that our interest in them was purely historical. If therefore this statement should come to the notice of any other white man I must rely on him to keep faith. RFW

The cause of the rebellion was labour recruiting—*isibalwa*. When the white people started the place which they call Selukwe the police used to come to our kraals—the *Amagqokani* we called the police then, because they had clothes on and a bandolier, and when they recruited us, they used to beat us. They were our own sons and they beat us. That was the cause of the rebellion. When we were recruited we were taken to Selukwe. At that time I had my kraal at Inyati.



Native Police in Matabeleland

Another reason for the rebellion was they left no one at the kraal. They took everybody—that is all the males. If you had a goat at your kraal they would kill it and make you cook it for them. When the news spread all over the land that we were being badly treated everybody who was working in the mines returned to his kraal. The first place where we started to fight was at Inyati. I can't remember who started it, it simply happened.

(In reply to a question about the Mlimo) Yes, you are right, because the news did come from the direction of the Matopos and the Mlimo said you had better fight because you are badly treated, and I will help you.

There was a man at Inyati who was a Native Commissioner there, by name *Mehlweindugu* (knobkerrie eyes) [This is ANC Graham]. There was a police camp there. He was the man who was troubling us, and we started with him first. He is the man who used to beat us, and we killed him first. We met him early in the morning as he was leaving his place to run away. He had heard that there was going to be trouble because he had heard of the killing of the three white men at the store; Mandevu, Wani and Mandisi. Those three people were killed, and he heard about it and ran away. He heard the news at night and he got as far as the Bembesi River having left Inyati early in the morning by scotch cart and mules. Some waited for him at the Bembesi and some went to Inyati to see if he was there. I was with those that went to Inyati. We found he had left, and when we got back to the Bembesi we found the others had killed him. They shot him. They first shot the mules and then they shot him. They caught him unawares. He only knew of those in pursuit behind. He did not know that there were some waiting for him in front.

Mandevu, Wani and Mandisi were killed early in the morning three days before this. My kraal at Inyati was far away from the store. We left early in the morning and we arrived at about 9 o'clock. We were only six of us when we killed those people. We left our kraal to kill them. There was Tjontjelani, [sometimes called Tjontjonlani] myself, Mkumbi, Kafuli, Matekenya and Ngonye.

We divided off in groups to go off and kill the white people that we knew. Our kraal was separate, and we decided to go off and kill those white people. No one came around to tell us that the fighting had started. We had the news from the Matopos that Mlimo was going to help us, so we just decided amongst ourselves that there were white people

Matabeleland Relief Force Officers examine the bodies of ANC Graham, Case, Corke, Handley and Hurford

over there and we had better go there. We had no grievance against these people. We killed them merely because they were white people. We were going to kill all the white people because we had the news that the Mlimo was going to help us.

These white people had a store built of brick with a thatched roof. The store was this side and the dwelling huts, which were just like our huts, were on the other side. The three white men lived in the three huts and all three had native wives.

I think it was about this time (9am) that we arrived at the store, six of us. We had knobkerries and axes. We did not show them that we were coming to fight. We found Mandevu in his hut, Wani was in the store and Mandisi was in the lands reaping mealies. (Questioned) No, he was not killing locusts, he was reaping mealies. We divided up. Some of us went to Mandevu and some of us went into the store. Mandevu was ill, he was lying in bed. I didn't go there, I went into the store. Tjontjelani went to Mandevu with Mkumbi and Ngonye.

When we got to the store we asked for limbo. We told Wani that we wanted to buy limbo. We were waiting to hear those people who had gone to Mandevu because we had arranged that as soon as they started on that side we would start on this side. While we were still talking to Wani and he was looking at the limbo hanging up and pointing to different pieces and asking us which piece we wanted we heard a noise of something hitting boxes. (He makes a sound as of a rapid succession of dull thuds) we caught hold of Wani. I caught hold of Wani and we both fell down, and while we were on the floor Kafuli struck him with an axe behind the head as we were struggling on the floor. The one blow killed him.

Then when we were finished with him those who had killed Mandevu came into the store and then we left the store together and went to the lands to look for the other one. [Mandisi] We divided up again. Two went for Mandisi—Matekenya and Ngonye, and four of us stayed at the store. The white men had three guns. I was able to shoot with a gun, so they said I had better take one gun and stay there in case anybody else came along.

When Matekenya and Ngonye reached Mandisi he did not know they were coming

to kill him, because he knew them. They told us they hit him with a knobkerrie. When they got to him, he greeted them and told them as they had come, they had better help him with the reaping. They walked near him and then they hit him with a knobkerrie. Matekenya hit him, they hit him once and Ngonye then chopped his neck with an axe.

We heard from the others that they found Mandevu lying on his bed. He was very, very ill; he did not get up. These white people were our friends, and so they did not expect that we were coming to kill them. They were our friends, but since we were starting to fight they might have killed us too. It is also true that we had decided to get rid of all the white men in the country.

They did not hit Mandevu with a knobkerrie. Tjontjelani stabbed him with an assegai as he lay in bed. They only stabbed him once because he was sick, and he died at once.

We did not touch anything in the store, because we had been told that we were not to touch anything belonging to the white people. We were told that the Mlimo would come and take them. There was a man who was delivering the message. His name was Mkwati and he came around collecting all these things. He had others with to carry them. Mkwati was the messenger of the Mlimo. Mkwati's kraal was really at Gobabambeni. When the white people came he ran away and stayed Ntaba zika Mambo. He was the man who went around giving the message to the people.

When we killed the three white people it took some time and Mkwati came and stayed at the store and told us all to bring everything there. If we killed any white man we had to bring the things to him. He was just like a *Nkosi*. [*Nkosi* is a respectful term of address to a master or chief] He was not a *Nkosi*, but we took him as a *Nkosi* because he was sent by the Mlimo. The store was just near the hills Ntaba zika Mambo and Mkwati lived on the hill.

We did not remove anything from the store. Mkwati did not touch it either. He just told them that they were to bring anything else to that store. We killed some people in the Insiza district the same day and we brought the wagons to that store and the horses too [Fitzpatrick, Durden, Grenfell, Harbord and Barnard—whose possessions were found in Mkwati's cave after the Battle of Ntaba zika Mambo on 5 July 1896] The things remained in the store all the time we were fighting until the white people came. I cannot tell whether the things were taken by the white people, or by the Matabele. Some people came and lived on the hill near Mkwati and they were told that they were not to touch the things in the store and the store remained untouched until the white people came and then it was destroyed. When the white people came they burned all the kraals. I don't know whether the white people looted the store when they came or whether it was looted by the Matabele before they came. There were many kraals there. I think the stuff stayed in the store about a month that I know of. The people could not touch anything because Mkwati's orders were that anybody who was found in there was to be killed. Mvimbi and Mzogo were two men who were found in the store and killed by Mkwati's order. We left the store untouched when we left, we were afraid to touch anything.

Tjontjelani was killed by the white people when he was convicted for his part in this affair. The reason that I got off was that there were three native women—the wives of the three white men; the people I was with killed one—the one belonging to Mandisi and when they wanted to kill the other two. I refused; I said: "why should we kill the women?"

Then I took those two women and kept them in my kraal. Then, as the fighting continued, I ran away with these two women when the white people advanced and afterwards when the *impi* was finished I took those two women to report that they were the women of the white people we killed. At that time we had no food. I took the women to Inyati because I was afraid that if the white people knew I had them with me they would kill me. So I took them to Inyati and left them there and ran away. I did not run very far. I went a little distance and sat down to watch what was going to happen to those women.

Then the police were sent to look for me. I ran away and went back to my kraal at Ntaba zika Mambo where I had left my wives. I had two at the time. I did not go back to Inyati and the police could not find me. I think it was about two years afterwards that I was arrested. We had reaped twice when we were all arrested. The other five were killed, they were hanged in Bulawayo. The reason I was let off was because of those two women I helped.

The statement of Bobo concerning Tjontjelani is read over to Nganganyoni and he replies that it is untrue. When I was arrested afterwards I found Tjontjelani in gaol. We were in gaol together. It was Mvimbi that was killed; Mvimbi and Mzogo. They were the people that were killed for taking things from the store. It was some time after the killing of the white men that this took place. All that time the things remained alone in the store. Nobody was on guard over them, but people were living all around. When the fighting started all the people moved from their kraals to this part. Mvimbi and Mzogo were arrested by Mkwati and tied up. They were asked where they had put the things they had taken from the store and they denied the theft. Afterwards the things were discovered in their places—we were living in the hills at the time and they had no huts. Then they were ordered to be killed. According to our custom a man was not killed with an assegai for theft. The theft was *ntakati*—it was a bad thing. They were killed with knobkerries.

Mkwati was of the Mleya tribe of the Zambesi. He came to this country in the time of Lobengula and he lived at Babambeni near the Gokwe River. Afterwards, when the white people were in the country he went to the Matopos and brought back the message from the Mlimo.

When the white people came to Ntaba zika Mambo, where Mkwati was staying, he ran away and went to Salisbury. He went to the part of the Salisbury district that the Matabele call Matshiyamgombe [Chief Mashayamombe on the Umfuli River] and there he stirred up the Mashonas. Then the white people destroyed the Mashonas and Mkwati went to the place called Umvukwes and again he stirred up the people, Mashonas only and the Mashonas killed him. The reason why they killed him was that they had already had the news that he was causing trouble and when he came there the indunas ordered the people to kill him. The white people then said they should not have killed him because they wanted to see him. He is the man who organised the rebellion. He was the man who caused the whole trouble and he died at Umvukwes. They killed him in a curious way. They cut him up into pieces while he was alive with axes. They said if he was the man who was sent by the Mlimo they had better make sure he could not come to life again and make more trouble.

Mkwati used to stay at Babambeni. It was only after the white people came that he went to the Matopos. But even before the white people came he used to go to Njelele

[the most well-known rain making shrine in the Matobo] with a woman—a tall women with a light complexion. Her name was Tenkela and he told the people that she was the *Inkosikazi* [wife] of the Mlimo. Tenkela stayed with Mkwati all the time until he was killed at Umvukwes. Tenkela was arrested and brought to Inyati, but they did nothing to her. They took her to Magola, a chief in the district and he was told to keep her, I think she is dead.

Mkwati brought Tenkela out just before the Rebellion. I don't know where she came from, but Mkwati said he brought her from Njelele. There were always people in charge of Njelele, even now their descendants are still there. There was a man who was in charge; Mkwati was only a visitor. Mkwati was not a priest of Mlimo, he was an *iwosana*; he used to visit there, he only brought a message.

The *iwosana* were rain bringers, they used to come in a group and say they were sent by the Mlimo to make rain. They would dance at the kraal and the people would give them presents. They would choose a spot some distance from the kraal and announce that they were going to dance, and the people would bring them presents. In the time of Lobengula they were not allowed to go around the kraals and dance. Lobengula used to send a few men to Njelele with black oxen and they would find *iwosana* there and the *iwosana* would dance to make rain.

When the white men came to the country then the *iwosana* started to go from kraal to kraal. During the time Mkwati stationed himself at Ntaba zika Mambo he lived in a cave just near by the store, but up the hill.

(Questioned) Yes, there was a man at the store, a Zulu servant, but we killed him first before we got to the store. I forget his name. [Jimu] That Zulu native was staying at Umzungu's kraal, with his wife, because Umzungu was his friend. We went to the kraal and we killed him at the kraal. Umzungu could not protect him, because he would have been killed too. We killed him because he was as good as a white man. Umzungu's kraal was only a few hundred yards from the store and we killed the Zulu there before we got to the store. We did not kill any other people there.

Conclusions to be drawn from the above witness statements

1. Nganganyoni's statement to Foster Windram appears the most reliable. He was the only remaining amaNdebele participant in the West's killings and forty-two years after the event had little reason to distort his knowledge of events. Tjugulu, the Zwangendaba Chief, was a witness after the event and mistakenly states Tjontjelani was a servant of the West brothers. Bobo was actually one of the West's servants and his statement appears creditable. However, he confuses Tjontjelani, with that of Mvimbi and Mzogo, local amaNdebele, who were killed on the orders of Mkwati for stealing goods from the West's store.
2. All three statements give the moral justification for the killing of the white people as coming from the Mlimo through his messenger Mkwati at Ntaba zika Mambo.
3. All three statements agree the West brothers were taken by surprise and were on friendly terms with the local amaNdebele. The ten-hour battle at the West's store has no basis in fact.
4. All three agree that the contents of the West's store, and property from the other

killings at Ingwenya, were taken to Mkwati's cave close to the West's store.

5. Only Nganganyoni gives a reason for the outbreak of the Matabele rebellion, or Umvukela, which he attributes to forced labour recruiting. Local AmaNdebele people had been generally reluctant to enter the labour market. In Mozambique the Portuguese had established a system of forced labour called *chibaro* in 1899; a system that continued until the early 1960's which decreed that all Africans of the Portuguese provinces were subject to a legal obligation to work on private estates and public enterprises. If they did not comply, the public authorities, the *sipai* (police) could force them to do so. In Matabeleland also, the native Commissioners sometimes used harsh methods through the native police in enforcing labour recruitment for the mines in Matabeleland. The assistant Native Commissioner at Inyati A. N. Graham is mentioned specifically.
6. Nganganyoni states that the West brothers and Oosthuizen were killed three days before ANC Graham was killed at the Bembesi River on 26 March, making their deaths on 23 March 1896, amongst the earliest.

Native Commissioners in 1896: Front: H. M. G. Jackson, W. E. Thomas, H. J. Taylor, Capt. The Hon. A. Lawley, J. W. Colenbrander. Middle: E. Armstrong, B. Armstrong, C. B. Cooke, V. Gielgud, T. Fynn. Top: T. Hepburn, D. H. Moodie, C. G. Fynn

Thanks

Alan Windram, the son of Foster Windram, kindly loaned me the statements in his possession. Copies are available in the National Archives of Zimbabwe. Rob Burrett and Rodney Tourle made useful corrections to my earlier drafts and provided photographs and helpfully marked locations as I have not yet visited the battle site and Mambo Hills.

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A note on Dickens, the first mining blocks pegged in the Victoria District, Southern Rhodesia

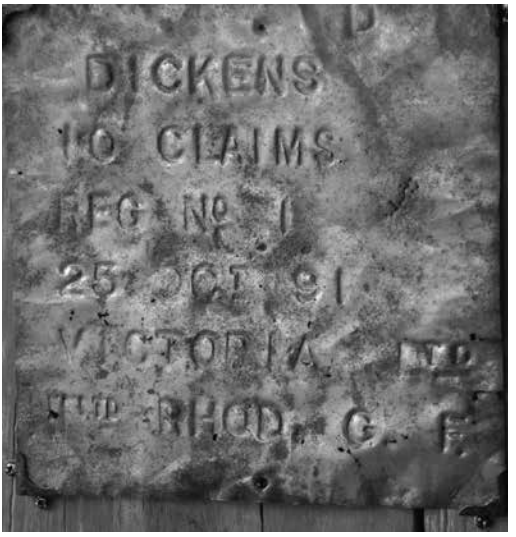
by Peter Fey

At a January 2017 gathering of expatriate former members of the Rhodesia Geological Survey on the banks of the Swan River in Perth, Western Australia, a colleague, Mrs S. M. Stocklmayer, asked the writer if he could provide any details about an old claim beacon plate, dated 25 October 1891, which has been in her possession since the late 1970s. Results of the writer's research are given below.

Introduction

Under regulations in force from 1890 when the Pioneer Corps entered what was to become Southern Rhodesia the corners of mining blocks were required to be marked by beacons, initially stone cairns, which on registration of the block had to be replaced by concrete or masonry. Each beacon was to have at its centre a steel peg to which was attached a metal plate not less than 200 millimetres square on which details of the ground pegged were either stencilled or painted.

The plate in question (see photograph) was given to Mrs S. M. Stocklmayer, then Mrs Anderson and employed by the Rhodesia Geological Survey as Mineralogist, by the Director, Dr J. G. Stagman who, on his retirement in 1978, was clearing out his office. Stagman had been stationed in Gwelo (Gweru) between 1962 and 1966 as Regional Geologist and as such was responsible for monitoring and advising on the activities of prospectors and smallworkers in the area. The Victoria Mining District was then administered from Gwelo and it is highly likely that Stagman had acquired the claims plate on one of his visits there.



Dickens claim plate, dated 25 October 1891

Gold mining in the Victoria District

A lucid first account of the Victoria gold field was provided by A. R. Sawyer who visited the region in 1893 and remarked on the notable absence of ancient workings (Sawyer,

op. cit., p 95). At the time gold potential of the field appeared to be more promising than in later periods, with development taking place on numerous properties. Some 400 prospectors were reputed to have been in the district, but they left in a body once Matabeleland was opened up. During his visits to the field in 1926 and 1933 Major Ben Lightfoot (1933) observed that the mines fell into three groups which he named, from west to east, the Mashaba, Victoria South and Victoria East groups. This three-fold subdivision was later revised and expanded to four by Wilson (1964). The district produced a small amount of gold between 1892 and 1895, activity then waning until the discovery in 1904 of a rich alluvial deposit at Fern Spruit. In the periods 1905-1910 and 1913-1920 important gold producers were the Cambrian, Empress and Texas mines, all in the Mashaba group, which together accounted for 76% of the field's total output to 1932 (Lightfoot, *op. cit.*, p 2). Another period of mining began in November 1930 when gold was found in conglomerate bands of the Shamvaian Group (Wilson, *op. cit.*, p 55) south of Fort Victoria (now Masvingo). This discovery was short-lived but many abandoned properties were pegged and reopened, and a very few on the field continued in production until after World War II.

Dickens claims and mine

The Dickens mine was located 15.25 kilometres southwest of Fort Victoria and the claims, dating from 25 October 1891, were the first gold peggings in the Victoria District (Lightfoot 1933, p 1). The Department of Mines Schedule of Gold Outputs (1934) shows that blocks Dickens and Dickens 1W were registered by M. Haenert and A. J. Dickens, the latter a storekeeper from Barberton (Bulpin 1968, p 309). With the date of pegging postdating, by a mere 14 months, the passage of the Pioneer Corps up Providential Pass (Carey, 1975), it is conceivable that these two men, whilst not members of the Corps, might well have been amongst the numerous civilians attached to it, and had remained in the Victoria District in order to prospect.

The Dickens claims had a chequered history. At the time of Sawyer's visit the property was one of several being developed by the Northumberland Mining Syndicate (Lightfoot, *op. cit.*, p 2), but it is not known if Dickens and Haenert were part of this body. In August 1894 the blocks were acquired by the Zambezi Exploration Co Ltd, in October 1895 by United Rhodesia Gold Fields Ltd and in July 1920 by Mayo (Rhodesia) Development Co (1908) Ltd.

It is worth noting that, besides bearing the name and number of claims, registration number, date of pegging and mining district, the plate also carries the name United Rhodesia Gold Fields Ltd. This may be because the original plate was replaced once that company acquired the claims in 1895. However, a more likely explanation is that, soon after pegging, Messrs Haenert and Dickens had found a buyer for their prospect. The British South Africa Company (BSAC) regulations at the time required mining properties to be exploited by companies rather than prospectors. The latter were required to sell their claims to companies who were then obliged to pay for their concessions by transferring fifty per cent of their share issue to the BSAC. This proportion was later reduced to thirty per cent, and in 1907 a royalty system was introduced. Acquisition of claims, especially those with "extensive ancient workings", was often a good advertisement for companies competing for private capital on the world's financial markets (Summers 1969, pp 4-5).

There is no information about the mine workings, which occur in altered basaltic pillow lavas of Bulawayan age (Wilson 1964, p 12). The gold was derived from a

quartz vein striking northeast, dipping southeast at 45 to 70 degrees. The reef was said to be traceable for 1000 feet along strike, and was up to 7 feet thick (Sawyer 1894, p 73). Mining took place over the periods 1892-1893, 1916-1917 and 1919-1920 when 1 532 ounces were produced from 1680 tons milled. Dump retreatment in 1917 yielded a further 159 ounces, so that by 1920 the blocks had yielded 1 691 ounces of gold at an average recovery of one ounce per ton.

Thereafter the property lay dormant until 1935 when it was reopened as the Helpis. Work concentrated on the western extension of the reef, and the old sands dump was repegged as the Disaster claims. In 1935-1936 production was solely from sand retreatment and yielded 47 ounces (Dept of Mines, 1939). During 1938-1939 a further 735 tons of ore were milled for 88 ounces, whilst another 6 ounces were obtained from sands (Department of Mines 1948, p 145). Total output was thus 1836 ounces of gold from 2415 tons milled, giving a very respectable average recovery of 15 pennyweights (¾ ounce) per ton.

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When making your Will you may wish to consider a bequest of Africana books and journals (or even a modest cash donation) to the History Society of Zimbabwe.

James Crighton Ferguson BSc. The Geological Survey's Fourth Director 1948-1960

by Peter Fey

After four years spent on geophysical surveys in the two Rhodesias as well as in Australia J. C. Ferguson joined the Geological Survey of Southern Rhodesia in 1930 and remained with that organisation for close on 30 years. With a break for military service during the war his fieldwork spanned 11 years and was documented in two Short Reports as well as three Bulletins, of which he co-authored two. He possessed a flair for mining work and undertook innumerable visits to mining properties throughout the country, recording his work in reports housed in the department's unpublished Technical Files. Major economic projects undertaken by the Geological Survey during his 12 years as Director comprised coal exploration in the Lower Sabi Valley as well as around Wankie, and supervision of resource drilling on the iron ore and limestone deposits near Que Que.

This text is one of an ongoing series on the Directors of the Geological Survey. As before, historical place names have been used.

Introduction

James Crighton Ferguson was born on 22 June 1903 in the small village of Rowlands Castle, immediately north of Havant in eastern Hampshire, England. His father was a Paymaster Captain in the Royal Navy. Ferguson initially attended Plymouth College, transferring to Tonbridge School, Kent in September 1917. Although neither institution taught geology the richly fossiliferous country of his native Hampshire stimulated his interest in the topic, and when he entered University College, London in 1921 he decided to make it his major subject. As a student he had a brilliant and distinguished career, being awarded the Junior Geology Prize (1922), the Morris Geology Prize as well as a University Scholarship (1923), and the Higher Geology Prize (1924). During this period he played rugby and obtained his Colours in athletics for cross-country running (Phaup, 1966).

After qualifying in 1924 with an Honours degree (First Class) he embarked on fieldwork around Horsham in Sussex, and lost no time in publishing the results (Ferguson, 1926).

Geophysical surveys 1926-1930

In 1926 Ferguson joined the Imperial Geophysical Experimental Survey under its director, A. B. Broughton Edge, and for the first two years worked with the latter. He initially undertook geological and geophysical investigations on the Copperbelt in Northern Rhodesia for Rhodesia Congo Border Concessions Limited, then over the Copper King and Copper Queen base metal occurrences west of Sinoia for Southern

James Crighton Ferguson 1903-1965

Rhodesia Base Metals Limited. In 1928 he was transferred to Australia where, for the greater part of two years, he led one of the geo-electrical field parties operating at various times in Queensland, New South Wales, Tasmania and Western Australia. This geophysical experience, in particular his proficiency in using the "Megger", an instrument for measuring resistivity and, conversely, conductivity of materials including soils, was to stand him in good stead in his next job. Broughton Edge thought highly of Ferguson, who contributed to the final report on the survey (Broughton Edge and Laby, 1931).

Field geologist 1930-1939

Supported by references from school, university and his first employer Ferguson successfully applied for a position with the Southern Rhodesia Geological Survey.

Under an agreement signed by the Colony's High Commissioner in London on 21 April 1930 he was offered a position as geologist on a three-year contract under which his starting salary of £630 *per annum* was to rise, subject to satisfactory performance, by £30 in each of the following two years. This remuneration was very generous for its time. Also provided were first class tickets for the voyage to Cape Town and the subsequent train journey to Salisbury, together with a subsistence allowance of 15 shillings *per diem* should there be delays either in Cape Town or on the train trip.

With Director Maufe (Fey, 2015a) away between 6 February and 3 November on serious indisposition leave Ferguson reported for duty to Acting Director B. Lightfoot (Fey, 2015b) in Salisbury on 18 September 1930. Because the Geological Survey was short of field geologists following the resignations during 1929 of Dr F. E. Keep and S. C. Morgan he was immediately dispatched to the Insiza District where, during the short remainder of the field season, he topographically and geologically mapped 40 square miles (104 km^2) near the Mayfair Mine. In the following year he continued fieldwork at Insiza, and also spent a week visiting all working mines as well as abandoned properties, where accessible, on the Felixburg gold field, Chilimanzi District (Ferguson, 1931). A further week was spent examining the "banket" mines and several other properties in the Victoria District.

In addition to completing the mapping of his project area in 1933, Ferguson reconnoitred the topography and geology of some 100 square miles (259 km^2) of the Nata Native Reserve in the Bulalima-Mangwe District, documenting this work in Short Report 29 (Ferguson, 1934a).While investigating this semi-arid region he began to instruct officials of the Irrigation Department in the application of geophysical methods to the search for groundwater. As a result the success rate for boreholes intersecting water in this area increased from 20% to 80%.

With effect from 18 September he was promoted to Group A, Grade 1 of Government Notice 117 of 1933, with a salary of £720 *per annum*, and on 1 November was appointed to the Fixed Establishment.

During January of 1934 Ferguson advised on proposed geophysical investigations at Selukwe, then undertook a reconnaissance of the country lying between Mtoko and the Mozambique border. Between June and the end of the year he was on vacation leave which, at the Director's request, included a fortnight's special leave on full pay and out of pocket expenses. This was to allow Ferguson to familiarise himself with developments in geophysical prospecting being undertaken by his former chief Broughton Edge on metalliferous deposits in Ireland. The mapping in the Insiza District was documented in Bulletin 27 (Ferguson, 1934b), then revised during the early 1980s and incorporated in a considerably larger mapping project undertaken by Baglow (1998).

Over a period of four weeks at the beginning of 1935 he instructed two staff members of the Irrigation Department in the use of the "Megger", by means of which successful bore sites were selected in the Belingwe Reserve, where previous attempts to find water had failed. He made shorter visits to Marandellas as well as Trelawney, and was accompanied by the Boring Superintendent on a trip to the northern portion of the Mtoko Reserve. During the field season the Geological Survey embarked on

a revision of as yet unpublished mapping undertaken earlier in the country around the Queen's Mine north of Bulawayo. Joining colleagues F. L. Amm and A. M. Macgregor (Fey, in press) there Ferguson investigated all of the approximately 300 mines and prospects in the project area, then compiled the economic section of the ensuing Bulletin 30 (Macgregor *et. al*., 1937).

His geophysical expertise was again in demand during 1936, when he spent two days selecting suitable water boring sites in the Chibi Reserve. He also observed experimental work being undertaken for the Irrigation Department by the Swedish Electrical Prospecting Company, thereafter commenting that it had no advantages over the methods already in use. Furthermore, he investigated a possible water supply for the Sequel Mine at Tshontanda. There his task was greatly expedited by having available to him a geological map of the Wankie coalfield, produced earlier by Lightfoot, who had succeeded Maufe as Director in 1934. In the course of the year Ferguson undertook 39 mine visits, and in November unsuccessfully searched the lower portions of the Sanyati and Nyaodza river valleys for occurrences of coal. He deputised for the Director between 1st April and 9th November, and in September was promoted to the Senior Grade, Group A, Section 5 of Government Notice No 631, with a commensurate increase in salary.

In 1937 Ferguson spent two months at Mazoe, taking on work left unfinished by the untimely death of geologist T. H. Wilson. With map and manuscript completed (Ferguson and Wilson, 1937) in August he began fieldwork in the Belingwe District, using air photographs and topographical maps produced during 1936 for this and the adjacent Gwanda District by the Aircraft Operating Company Limited of Johannesburg. By the end of the season he had mapped 250 square miles (648 km^2).

The following year was noteworthy for the number and variety of traverses made by staff of the Geological Survey on foot, in boats and aeroplanes. Before commencing routine mapping each member of the six field parties carried out a reconnaissance of hitherto unexplored regions. For his part in this programme Ferguson spent three weeks in June investigating an area of 1390 square miles (3603 km^2) in the north of the Wankie Game Reserve. During the exercise, which included one flight, all the known mineral occurrences were examined and a report with sketch map was produced, followed by recommendations on which portions of the reserve should be opened for prospecting. Because of this diversion Ferguson was able to devote only five weeks between May and August to mapping at Belingwe, where he covered 75 square miles (194 km^2). During the year his visits to gold mines totalled 42, with some examinations extending beyond the usual one day. He departed on leave at the beginning of October.

The period 1939-1947

In spite of unfavourable conditions resulting from heavy rains during the previous season the Geological Survey continued its reconnaissance of outlying areas during 1939. This, coupled with staff losses due principally to call-ups at the outbreak of war, reduced regional mapping coverage to only 296 square miles (767 km^2), barely one-fifth of that achieved in 1938. Having returned from leave on 5th April Ferguson began mapping in the Gwanda-Belingwe region on 16 May, then resumed reconnaissance

between 18th June and 19th July in the Wankie district. There he investigated all producing mines in the Tshontanda-Gwaai tin belt, the Lubimbi coal area as well as Karoo strata between Halfway Hotel and the Gwaai River bridge on the main road linking Bulawayo with Victoria Falls. From October onwards he undertook mine examinations only.

At the beginning of 1940 Ferguson was attached to the Mines Office in Bulawayo, and until February made 29 mine visits, most of which involved examinations of faults affecting the reefs. Together with cartographer B. B. Napier he reported for military duty at No. 1 Training Camp on 2 March. Thereafter he served in East Africa with the Southern Rhodesia Survey Unit and later with the East African Engineers, attaining the rank of first lieutenant.

In a letter dated 30 December 1943 to Macgregor, then Acting Director, Ferguson expressed some dissatisfaction with his role in the Army and observed that he had attracted considerable attention by turning down a promotion to captain. Referring to an earlier letter from Macgregor he requested him to defer acting on his proposal. The latter evidently referred to an application for early demobilisation which, unbeknown to Ferguson, Macgregor had already submitted on 29 November 1943 to the Secretary, Department of Works on behalf of Amm and Ferguson. Both men were needed by the Geological Survey to share the rapidly increasing workload resulting from the requirement to encourage mining development.

Because he was serving in Salisbury Amm's release from the Army was easier to negotiate and he rejoined the Geological Survey on 18 December 1944, whereas Ferguson was discharged only on 1 June 1945. He resumed fieldwork in the Belingwe District early in July and by mid-November had mapped 220 square miles (570 km^2), the remainder of the year being taken up with mine visits.

Director B. Lightfoot went on leave pending retirement in 1 April 1946 and Macgregor (Fey, in press) acted for him until he was confirmed as Director on 7 July. Meanwhile Ferguson began fieldwork at the end of April and initially spent four days reconnoitring the southern portion of the Chibi Reserve for the fourth edition of the 1:1 million scale Provisional Geological Map, published in 1947. He then resumed work at Belingwe in what was to be his last field season, by the end of which he had covered the western half of the project area. Mapping was completed several years later by Worst (1956). In July Ferguson was promoted to Senior Geologist, and from September replaced Macgregor on the Mining Settlement Committee. Mine visits connected with the Mining Settlement Scheme (Fey 2014, p 41) took up the remainder of the year and totalled 42, while visits before September amounted to 25.

During 1947 Ferguson devoted his entire time to mining work, most of which related to the Mining Settlement Scheme. For this he made 75 visits to 56 mines and another 36 visits relating to a further 25 mines not on the scheme. He went on vacation between 4 June and 18 September. In his leave application to MacGregor dated 16 February 1947 he said he would be travelling overland through the Belgian Congo in order to avoid having to wait for passage on a steamer. His destination remains speculative, but may well have been Europe.

Directorship 1948-1960

At the end of January 1948 Macgregor went on leave pending retirement, and Ferguson acted for him until he was appointed Director on 29 July, with a salary of £1 485 *per annum*. With the post came the requirement to sit on some 10 boards and committees which included, *inter alia*, the Natural Resources Board, Mining Affairs Board, Trypanosomiasis Committee, Kariba Gorge Working Sub-Committee and the Board of Trustees of the National Museum. Nevertheless, throughout his directorship Ferguson continued his involvement with the mining industry and visited approximately one dozen properties each year.

In 1949 he took vacation leave from 26 May to 8 November, and in July attended the 4th Empire Mining and Metallurgical Congress in England, at which he presented a paper. During his absence R. Tyndale-Biscoe (Fey, in press) deputised for him. In the course of the following year he undertook a brief examination of the Rhodesian Iron and Steel Commission's iron deposits near Que Que and in the Mwanesi Range.

Ferguson represented Southern Rhodesia at the centenary celebrations of the Geological Survey of India in January 1951, and in the middle of the year spent over a week on the coal areas then being explored north of Gokwe and at Lubimbi. He again visited the Que Que iron deposits, where exploration previously recommended by A. E. Phaup (Fey, 2013) was being supervised by the Geological Survey's B. G. Worst. Whilst on leave in Tanganyika during October he spent two days inspecting exploratory work being undertaken by the Colonial Development Corporation on the Ngaka coalfields of Tanganyika.

In May 1952, at the invitation of the East Africa High Commission, Ferguson attended the Fifth Inter-Territorial Geological Conference of Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika, held in the latter country at Dodoma. In the course of the following year he visited 14 mines and claims, including the Copper King and Copper Queen base metal occurrences then being explored by the option holders. At the beginning of his career he had undertaken geophysical surveys over these two prospects, which almost immediately thereafter were mapped by the Geological Survey's officers Lightfoot and Tyndale-Biscoe in 1929.

The future organisation of the Geological Surveys in the Rhodesias and Nyasaland was discussed in April 1954 at the 1st Inter-territorial Geological Conference. This was held in Salisbury and chaired by Ferguson, who was appointed Director-Designate of the proposed Federal Geological Survey. In December he met the Director of the Northern Rhodesia Geological Survey in Lusaka for further discussions. However, by the end of the year the Southern Rhodesia Geological Survey, although paid for by the Federal Government, was still functioning as a territorial department. In April 1955 there was another meeting of directors from the three Geological Surveys in Salisbury, but transfer of the Southern Rhodesia Geological Survey to the Federal Government, scheduled for July 1956, was postponed indefinitely. This notwithstanding, contact and technical co-operation between the three organisations was maintained.

In September 1955 Ferguson chaired the inaugural meeting, held in Salisbury, of the Southern Regional Committee for Geology (of the Commission for Technical Co-operation in Africa south of the Sahara, or C.C.T.A.). Official delegates represented several surrounding countries, and mining companies sent some of their geological

staff as observers. Of the technical papers read four were by members of the Southern Rhodesia Geological Survey.

Continuing his interest in the mining industry Ferguson visited 11 mines and prospects in the course of 1956. Among these was Mount Buhwa, which he examined in connection with impending privatisation during the year of the Rhodesian Iron and Steel Commission. The deposit, located some 50 kilometres southeast of Shabani, had been pegged only in 1952, was explored soon thereafter and was considered to be the most important iron ore discovery in the Colony. Together with the surrounding country it was geologically mapped in 1959 by Worst (1962).

At a joint conference of the three territorial Geological Surveys, held at Zomba during May 1957, it was decided to publish a mineral map of the Federation. Subsequently, effective from 1 July, Ferguson's post was upgraded to Senior Professional Officer, Special Grade II with annual salary fixed at £2 850. During the year the Director visited 13 mines and prospects, also spending a day at Redcliff in order to discuss ore reserve computation undertaken by the Rhodesian Iron and Steel Company Limited. Significantly, as a means of accelerating regional mapping, a contract for a photo-geological survey of country with mineralisation potential, was awarded in the second half of the year to Hunting Technical Services (Wilson and Martin 1964, p 4), a firm specialising in this type of work.

The survey, undertaken during 1958, covered 1 100 square miles (2 850 km^2) of country lying between the Bikita Tinfield, northeast of Fort Victoria and the southwestern extremity of the Umtali Schist Belt. After being checked on the ground by the Geological Survey the resulting map was found to be satisfactory, and was to be utilised in the compilation of a proposed series of geological maps at 1: 250 000 scale. However, although the contract was completed in less time than would have been taken by normal mapping methods the cost was higher, leading Ferguson(1959, p 1) to conclude that regional mapping would best be accelerated by increasing the Geological Survey's field staff. This was initiated with the appointments of geologists C. W. Stowe (July 1958), N. W. Bliss and N. M. Harrison (both during 1959), the expansion of staff continuing during the following decade.

In 1959 the department's economic activities were extended with the formation of an Exploration Division. This was led by former company geologist Dr I. Goldberg and was based at the Geological Survey's branch office, opened in Bulawayo during November.

It is on record that late in 1957 Ferguson had been thinking about retiring, and he finally wrote to the Secretary for Mines on 3 March 1959, requesting early retirement on pension at the end of March 1960. In the letter he advised that when he joined the Geological Survey in 1930 the retirement age was 55, but had been raised to 60 whilst he was serving his three-year probation. Since this occurred during the Depression, when jobs were scarce, it would have been rash to resign from Government service simply because the retirement age had been raised. He enjoyed fieldwork and had never aspired to the post of Director, which he had been pressured to accept. It had meant sacrificing a mode of life which he very much enjoyed, and the demands of the position were such that he was unable to find time to keep abreast of modern developments. Furthermore, coupled with the retirement of Senior Geologist Tyndale-Biscoe in the

preceeding month his own intended departure would considerably improve promotion prospects for certain of the field staff in the Geological Survey.

The request was accepted by the Governor and Ferguson took early retirement, effective 31 March 1960. On the occasion the Minister for Mines, C. J. Hatty, presented him with a desk from the Geological Survey as well as an Encyclopedia Britannica from the Institute of Mining and Metallurgy. The year marked the 50th anniversary of the Southern Rhodesia Geological Survey.

Ferguson was succeeded as Director by Dr F. L. Amm (Fey, in prep.), who remained in office for only two years.

Epilogue

During his almost 30 years with the Geological Survey Ferguson took sick leave for only 4 days, establishing a record in the department. His fieldwork over 11 years is documented in two Short Reports as well as three Bulletins, of which he co-authored two. In addition he mapped the western half of the Belingwe sheet area, which was subsequently completed by Worst (1956). He, is perhaps best remembered for his services to the mining industry, and his many mine visits are recorded in the department's unpublished Technical Files. In the course of his 12 years as Director the portion of the Colony covered by detailed geological mapping increased from 14% to 31%. On the economic front the Geological Survey undertook exploration for coal and iron ore in the Lower Sabi Valley (1947-1950), and for coal at Wankie (1950-1954). It also assisted with and supervised ore reserve drilling (1950-1952) on the iron and limestone deposits near Que Que. Several of its members were periodically engaged in geotechnical studies at the Kariba dam site, and an Exploration Division was established in 1959, becoming operational in the following year.

Ferguson was much liked and admired by his many friends, with the more scattered of whom he kept in touch by means of long and interesting letters. His numerous visits to mines and prospects throughout the country endeared him to the mining community, which developed a great respect for his professional ability and also welcomed him socially, his pleasant company and conversation being a great asset at any gathering.

Notes compiled on the occasion of his retirement by Amm (unpubl.) testify to Ferguson's reputation. During 1934 H. B. Maufe (Fey, 2015a), soon after having retired as the first Director of the Geological Survey, undertook an expedition up the Amazon River. Near the headwaters he encountered a fellow Rhodesian who refused to believe that two individuals from as remote a country as Southern Rhodesia could possibly meet in the interior of Brazil. He accordingly tested Maufe's credentials as follows: "If you come from Southern Rhodesia you must know 'Fergie' (J. C. Ferguson)".

Ferguson had wide-ranging interests and hobbies, from the fossils of his native Hampshire to railway engines. He studied the latter at length during his leisure time at university and built up a small library of books on old locomotives. At the same time he became interested in the former copper, lead and tin mines of southwestern England. With the intention, never realised, of writing a book on base metal mining in Britain at the time when it was one of the major mining countries in the world he began collecting manuscripts and old volumes on geology, mining and metallurgy, building up a large, extremely valuable collection. Soon after arriving in Southern

Rhodesia he developed an interest in photography, built his own camera fitted with a telephoto lens, experimented with infra-red photography and later specialised in underground mine photographs, some of which were utilised in Bulletin 30.

He retired to the quiet of a house on the banks of the Hunyani River, some 20 kilometres south of Salisbury, but continued to take an active part in the affairs of the Institute of Mining and Metallurgy, which he had joined as Associate Member in 1937. A member of the Geological Society of South Africa since 1949, he was a foundation member of the Southern Rhodesia Branch of that society, which he chaired for a period. He helped to organise the extremely successful 7th Annual Congress of the parent body, held in Salisbury during July 1964 with the theme "The Later Precambrian Formations of Rhodesia". At the end of the proceedings the President, Dr J. de Villiers, presented him with the Society's highest distinction, the Draper Medal, for his services to geology in southern Africa.

In retirement Ferguson continued to visit mines and had only recently returned from a trip to the Killarney Mine near Filabusi when he died from a heart attack on the evening of Monday 23 August 1965, aged 63 years (Phaup, 1966).It appears that he never married.

The contents of Ferguson's extensive technical library were catalogued by the Geological Survey's N. W. Bliss and P. R. Leyshon, then auctioned by Polwarths Auctioneers in January 1966.

Acknowledgements
In addition to the material referenced below the author has drawn extensively on the Annual Reports of the Director, as well as on other historical data in his possession. The photograph was sourced from the National Archives of Zimbabwe.

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Kenneth Matthew Rogers 12/07/1922–21/02/2001

by Peter B. Munday (A.I.S.T. Rtd)

Compiled from personal recollections and the assistance of his family (son Ian and daughter Cathy)

Preface

In the late 1960's I was employed as an Experimental Officer by the Tobacco Research Board of Rhodesia on the Kutsaga Station. At that time I was working in the Entomology Department developing pesticide application techniques and screening insecticides against a number of insect pests in the soil and on the tobacco leaf. Because of the outbreak of the voracious leaf eating caterpillar, commonly called 'lace worm'(*Spodoptera littoralis*) in the Centenary farming area north of the then capital city of Salisbury (now Harare, Zimbabwe) we were requested to evaluate the efficiency of an insecticide formulation based on monocrotophos[1].

The tobacco field to be sprayed by aircraft was on Phillip de la Fargue's farm in the Centenary area. The spray company contracted was Agric Air Ltd. The pilot to whom we were introduced was Ken Rogers. Ken was very keen to co-operate and even assisted me and Dr Mike Shaw when collecting leaf samples from the tobacco plants. After we had taken leaf discs from unsprayed and sprayed plants at three levels the discs were taken back to the Kutsaga laboratory for a bioassay.

The trial was to lead to my professional association and collaboration with Agric Air Ltd. The introduction to Ken Rogers resulted in a friendship which was to last for

[1] subsequently de registered and withdrawn from the market

over 30 years. Shortly afterwards I resigned from the TRB and joined the newly merged Ciba-Geigy Ltd. The company sponsored a 7 week long Pesticide Application Course held specifically for selected technical personnel. I was privileged to attend the course held in Switzerland and participate thereafter in many follow-up seminars.

War time experiences recalled.

In the late 1980's when I started collecting military medals and researching the recipients, Ken showed interest and contributed some of his own Second World War stories. He had flown Hurricanes, Spitfires and later the larger Hawker Typhoon and participated in numerous air and ground attack actions. He allegedly had never been issued nor claimed his medal entitlement from the British Ministry of Defence. Such was his modest nature and character.

Ian Rogers, Ken's son, applied for his father's medals and informed the family and me by e-mail (May 19th 2001) that he had received the following medals from the British Ministry of Defence:-

The 1939–45 Star; the Air Crew Europe Star, with bar 'France and Germany'; The Defence Medal and The 1939–45 War Medal, with an Oak Leaf[2]. (signifies Mentioned in Despatches)

One example of his collaborated war stories and researches is that I had in my collection a Second World War "Air Crew Europe Star" that had been hand engraved with a name "A. McIntyre". Upon discussing this medal with Ken he said "Oh yes that was 'Sandy' McIntyre, I remember the day he and two other RAF pilots were 'jumped' (slang for shot down) over the English Channel". Apparently the three losses were attributed to a squadron of German ME 109's, according to Ken in July or August 1943. One of the others was Johnny Biddulph.

Up until that time our research books included the two volumes of McDonald's "*War History of Rhodesia*", which listed the Roll of Honour (casualties) alphabetically but did not give whether the deceased was Army, Airforce or Navy. So Ken and I sat down and went through the 'Roll of Honour' and marked those names which Ken knew served in the RAF. I mentioned this to Peter D. Cooke, Wng Com. Rtd Ex Rhodesian Air Force and Chairman of the Zimbabwe Medal Society. I believe that assisted Peter and his wife Anne in their research project which culminated in the production of the definitive history of the Rhodesian Airforce —"*Pride of Eagles*".

One of Ken's war stories was subsequently reported in the Hunting Group News Letter, *The Fielder*, Page 11, November 1991. The article was titled, "What a co-incidence" and appeared in three parts which are summarised here.

Part One

Ken, an ex-Prince Edward school student raised in the Salisbury Suburb of Hatfield, was a pilot with 266 (Rhodesia Squadron) of the RAF, flying Typhoons, a rocket firing fighter bomber based in Belgium in 1944.

The Dutch Resistance had requested a rocket attack on the SS and Gestapo Headquarters in a built up area of Amsterdam. As there was a school nearby, the operation would have to be timed during lunch hour or on a Sunday to minimise the risk to the local children. The death of any prisoners in the Gestapo HQ would be preferable to the torture they were undergoing or about to receive.

[2] To date our research has failed to produce the London Gazette which substantiated the 'Mention in Despatches' denoted by the issued Oak Leaf emblem.

The Dutch Resistance had made a detailed scale model of the multi-story building with a single story Mess attached. It was located in the south western part of Amsterdam. The model when used with detailed aerial photographs showing surrounding road and water ways assisted the pilots to memorise the layout and countryside features in order to access the Headquarters to best advantage with accuracy. The approach was carried out flying on a northerly course just to the west of the city. After passing abreast of the target zone the squadron turned right over Amsterdam so that the target would appear on the right hand side. It was comparatively easy for the pilots to pick out the Gestapo and SS Headquarters. The aircraft flew in single file and released their rockets in turn directly into the target. After engaging the target the squadron reformed, headed towards Antwerp and safely returned to base with no losses.

Aerial photographs taken a while later confirmed that the HQ and the mess had been destroyed.

Part Two

It is now November 1944 in Amsterdam, Holland. A young boy called Dolf, who has lived there all his life, knows the area well and in particular the fact that the German SS and Gestapo have occupied the boys and girls school buildings. The trigger-happy German army guards were not much older than Dolf himself and were naturally feared by the local people.

Dolf's birthday was on Monday 27 November and in 1944 he celebrated his 14th birthday. Dolf's parents had invited a few of his friends around to their home for Sunday lunch to celebrate. The party was on the fourth floor and they clearly saw the Typhoons making a turn into the attack run towards the German Headquarters located in a predominantly Jewish area a mere three hundred metres away. The boys rushed downstairs and were in time to see the last two aircraft launch their rockets which struck with accuracy and precision. The noise of the aircraft combined with the explosions of the rockets was sufficient to have a lasting impression on the lads. A short time later, as the lads investigated the scene, it was clearly evident that the HQ had been well and truly bombarded.

Part Three

One Saturday morning many years later, two couples were sitting at adjoining tables in a very crowded and popular Harare tea room. One couple was speaking English whilst the other couple were speaking in Dutch. This prompted dialogue between the couples as follows:-

English – "Excuse me, can't help over hearing you. Are you from Belgium"?

Dutch – "No we are from Holland".

English – "Oh, whereabouts in Holland?"

Dutch – "My wife is from the east and I'm from Amsterdam. Do you know it? "

English – "I knew it during the Second World War. I bombed Amsterdam!"

Dutch – "I grew up there during the War. Were you with the RAF?"

English – "Yes I was, we flew out of an airfield in Belgium during 1944"
Dutch – "And you attacked the Gestapo Head Quarters in Amsterdam at 1.30 p.m. on Sunday 26th November 1944?
English – "How can you possibly be so sure of the details after all this time?"
Dutch – now introduced himself as Dolf. "I had some friends round for a birthday celebration and we were interrupted."
English – "I'm Ken Rogers and I certainly was in that attack and it could well have been on that date. I'll check in my Log Book!"

As it turned out Ken and Dolf lived with their families in the suburb of Hatfield in Salisbury, Rhodesia. With the passage of time they became good friends and shared many hours discussing their War experiences.

The Introduction to an 'above average' Flying Career

Ken's family kindly loaned me his Flying Log Books and also recently acquired RAF archival records from the Ministry of Defence. From these documents I have extracted some data which makes interesting reading.

Ken was born in Umtali in July 1922 where he completed his primary schooling. The family transferred to Salisbury and Ken attended Prince Edward Boys High School from January 1935 until December 1938. After leaving school he apprenticed to an electrical firm with the aim of becoming an electrical engineer and gave his home address as 97 Baker Avenue where he lived with his father Stanley Rogers. The family later moved to 30 Edmonds Avenue in Belvedere.

At the age of 18 he attested into the Rhodesian forces at Belvedere, Salisbury (Harare) on 22 November 1940. His Rhodesian Regimental Number was SR 160110. A week later he transferred to the RAF on 29 November 1940 at the No 26 EFTS (Elementary Flying Training School) based at Guinea Fowl Airfield on the outskirts of Gwelo (now Gweru), the Midlands administrative town in Southern Rhodesia.

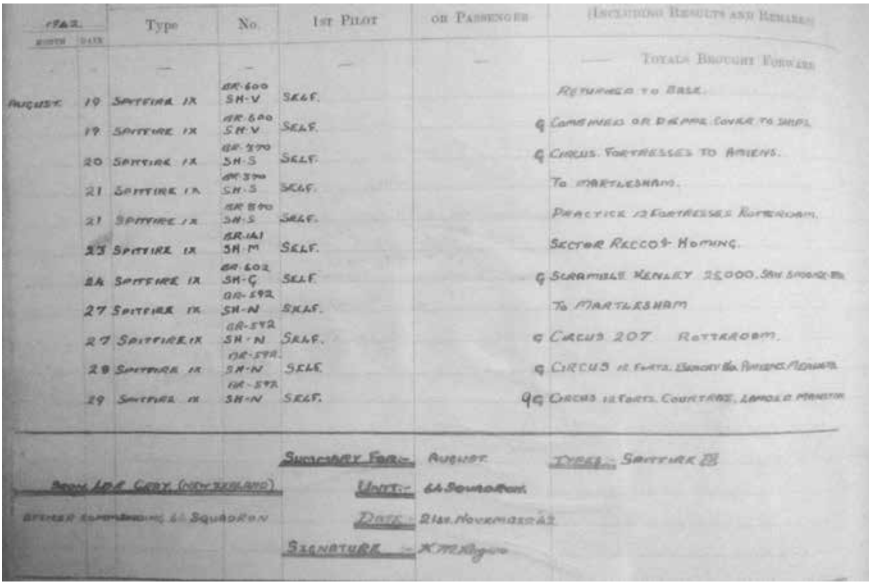
Flying Log Book 1.

This opens 30 November 1940 and closes February 1950 with Pilot 998.3 hours and 136.45 hours Dual.

He entered the first flight in his RAF Pilots Flying Log Book on 30 November 1940 and went solo in a Tiger Moth on 13 December 1940, with 12 hours training/flying time. The course culminated in a passing out ceremony on the 28 January 1941, at which he would have been presented with his 'Wings' or Flying Badge.

Ken then transferred to Cranborne Air Field just south of the capital Salisbury where No 20 SFTS (Special Flying Training School) was based. Here he flew both Tiger Moths and Harvard Trainers. He graduated and passed out on 21 July 1941.

One of his course members was Arthur Wilson who eventually became Air Vice-Marshal 'Archie' Wilson the commander of the Rhodesian Airforce. In later years, long after the Second World War was over the Rhodesian Army 2 Brigade was based at the Cranborne Barracks. I was serving my 5RR call-ups at Cranborne and Ken told me to look for the old Air Force billet huts all of which still had corrugated iron sheet roofing with the exception of one hut which had an Asbestos Sheet roof. The reason for this



1942 Month	Date	Type	No.	1st Pilot	or Passenger	(Including Results and Remarks)
		—	—	—	—	Totals Brought Forward
August	19	Spitfire IX	BR 600 SH-V	Self.		Returned to Base.
	19	Spitfire IX	BR 600 SH-V	Self.		G Combined op. Dieppe cover to ships
	20	Spitfire IX	BR 370 SH-S	Self.		G Circus. Fortresses to Amiens.
	21	Spitfire IX	BR 370 SH-S	Self.		To Martlesham.
	21	Spitfire IX	BR 370 SH-S	Self.		Practice 12 Fortresses Rotterdam.
	23	Spitfire IX	BR 141 SH-M	Self.		Sector Recco + Homing.
	24	Spitfire IX	BR 602 SH-G	Self.		G Scramble Kenley 25000.
	27	Spitfire IX	BR 592 SH-N	Self.		To Martlesham
	27	Spitfire IX	BR 592 SH-N	Self.		G Circus 207 Rotterdam.
	28	Spitfire IX	BR 592 SH-N	Self.		G Circus
	29	Spitfire IX	BR 592 SH-N	Self.		9G Circus 12 Forts. Courtrai

Summary for:- August Types:- Spitfire IX
Unit:- 64 Squadron.
Date:- 21st November 1942
Signature:- K.M. Rogers
Officer Commanding 64 Squadron

was that on a training flight 'Archie' Wilson crashed his Tiger Moth Bi-plane trainer onto that hut. Fortunately he only sustained minor injuries to himself but smashed the roof which was replaced with Asbestos sheeting!

Ken was transferred to the UK, first to Portsmouth and then to Grangemouth, 5 OTU (Operational Training Unit) Falkirk, in Scotland for two months (28/10/41 to 23/12/41) where he converted to flying the Master Trainer, the Hurricane and then the famous Spitfire. He served in 611 Squadron for 3 months ending in March 1942 and flew operational for the first time on 15 of February 1942 on a convoy patrol. Then in April he joined 64 Squadron flying operationally the Spitfire VB, and the Spitfire IX until 29 August 1942.

Whilst stationed in Grangemouth, a motherly lady by the name of Mrs Gill, invited some of the young lads based at the RAF field to her home for a "home cooked meal". It was there that Ken met and subsequently fell for the host's daughter, Gertrude.

In 1942 Ken was part of the RAF 64 Squadron flying Spitfire MkIX, (previously reported in a website article as being a Spitfire MkV) escorting American Air Force Flying Fortress bombers into German held Europe. On 17 August 1943, as the fighters were returning to the UK on a daylight flight over France they were intercepted by Messerschimdt 109's. It says much of Ken's flying ability to have survived attacks by what was then rated as a superior German fighter aircraft[3].

On one other such mission Ken carried out an emergency landing at Tangmere, an RAF field near the coast line in West Sussex, with only 4 gallons of fuel left in the fuel tank. After refuelling he flew back to base at Hornchurch (North East of London) not far from Romford.

Many years later an artist was selling postcard prints of a Spitfire. As Ken casually happened to pass by, he could hardly believe his eyes as the planes registration SH-M was the same as he had flown during the war years.

[3] Corrected from Log Book entry which states the actual aircraft to be registered code 'SH – M' (photo located in Log Book)

Ken is mentioned in the book "*Spitfire into Battle*" (ref Diary entry)

Ken was attached to Squadron HQ Hornchurch for 4 months before being transferred to 50 OTU Milfield, Northumberland, where he checked out other pilots.

Regrettably we can't substantiate another story in which Ken was shot up and wounded in the cockpit. He certainly had scars on his arm which he played down. We think it was possible that he renewed his acquaintance with Gertrude (always called Gill) who was a trained nurse whilst he was being treated in hospital. A related story to this was that when Ken was wounded there was blood all over the inside of the canopy and he couldn't see to bring his fighter safely in to land. One of his fellow pilots flew alongside of him, called him up on the radio and talked him all the way back to base and finally a safe landing.

The MoD (Personal Details file) documents show that "Discharge" 16.8.43 Cause; "On appointment" from Flight Sergeant to Commission. Total Service (to date) 2 years

268 days"

In 1943 as a Pilot Sergeant in the Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve, his force number was still SR. 160110. With effect from 17 August he was "Appointed to Commission as Pilot Officer on probation" as announced in the *Gazette* dated November 1943. Six months later, the *Gazette* dated 10 March 1943, announced the confirmation and promotion of probationary Pilot Officers to be Flying Officers. Ken's promotion was from 17 February 1944. Whilst serving latterly with the RAF his force number was 778479 but still retained his (Southern Rhodesian Forces) SR 160110 Regimental Identification.

On 28 August 1943, Ken was transferred to Exeter, in Devon. Exeter was the base for 266 Squadron (Rhodesia Squadron) where he converted to the Hawker Typhoon which was still in its development phase. The Typhoon was larger and faster than the Spitfire fighter and designed to be used as an Air to Ground Attack aircraft.

Much time was given to aircraft familiarisation flying exercises and Ken flew his first operational sortie in the Typhoon on 15 November 1943.

Of immediate interest was the entry to which Ken himself referred after meeting Dolf.

The Log book, line entry reads;-

"November 26 (1944), Typhoon, D, Gestapo HQ Amsterdam. 1.2 hrs (flying time) ….Torture chamber and Mess attacked at Lunch time".

Oh what a surprise it must have been for the Gestapo Officers as they were sitting down to their Sunday lunch or sipping a schnapps or downing a beer, in the Officers Mess!

That November of 1944, was a very busy month for Ken, who flew from various fields in liberated Belgium on fourteen Attack Sorties, plus another two, one of which was to test a repaired aircraft and the other a short ferry flight during which he observed a V2 Rocket being launched (log entry). He participated in rocket and strafing attacks on railways, bridges, fortifications and installations being used by the retreating enemy. He recorded his last active sortie on 10 December 1944.

Ken told me that there was a structural problem in the early models of the Typhoon fuselage near the tail, which cost the lives of a number of his fellow pilots. When put under strain as in pulling out of a steep dive, the tail section of the fuselage broke off rendering the aircraft uncontrollable. He also thought, and was of the opinion, that some of the engine problems, for example, when a 'conrod' broke and seized the engine, were due to sabotage in the production factory!

In January 1945, Ken was transferred to 560 OTU (Operations Training Unit) Milfield doing 'Formation Flying' in the Typhoon.

In the *Gazette* dated 9 April 1946, Ken's name appears with the insertion dated 8th October, having been reverted "to Southern Rhodesia Forces".

The Flying Log Book 1, records that Ken must have been repatriated to Rhodesia because in April 1945 he was an instructor flying Harvards and attached to "31 Course, F.I.S. Norton" (Flying Instructors School) and part of the CFS Southern Rhodesia.

The war ended on 2 September 1945. Ken's name appears again in the *Gazette* dated 21 September 1945 under an insertion date 17 August 1945, possibly his transfer to a reserve holding unit pending transfer to Colonial/Original Forces.

His service culminated at the end of August 1945 by which time he had accumulated "829 hours as Pilot and 134 hours of Dual Flying time".

During his training and war time flying (57 months) he averaged 14.5 hours per month flying time.

Log Book 1 resumes with entries dated from September 1948. There is a gap of 3 years and one month where no flights were recorded.

Ken joined the "Southern Rhodesia Government's Communication Squadron" where he converted to single and twin engine passenger aircraft like the Anson and Rapide. He meticulously listed the names of his passengers. They were mainly Government Officers whom he ferried around the colony and regional destinations. Familiar names listed include Major Taute (Ken Taute, DFC), 'O.C., S.R. Staff Corps Air Unit, Captain H. Hawkins *(see below), S/m Chisnall and (Mr) Beadle (Hugh Beadle—who became Sir Hugh, Chief Justice.)

In June 1949 Ken had transferred to "The Southern Rhodesia Air Unit", the embryonic stage of the Southern Rhodesia Air Force. The Air Unit was also responsible for flying VIP's to regional destinations like South Africa, Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. I noted that his month's flying records were countersigned by Doug Whyte F/Lt O. C. Transport Wing.

In the 5 months of flying he logged 119 hours giving an average of just short of 24 hours flying per month.

Log Book 1 ends with the analysis for February 1950, with 998.3 hrs as Pilot and 136.45 Dual hrs, with his Link Trainer Hours and his Record of Service and a listing of 15 different models or versions of the 11 Aircraft types, to which he had converted. He flew five Spitfire models; the MarkI, II, VB, IX and the XI.

Flying Log Book 2

Resumes with the Total Accumulated Flying Hours in March 1950 under the "Southern Rhodesia Air Unit". By April 1950 the Unit becomes The "Southern Rhodesia Air Force" and Ken signs in under 'Training Squadron' and signs out of the Southern Rhodesia Air Force on the 31st August 1950, with 1'117.35 hours as Pilot and 151 hours Dual Time. It must be noted that he had been actively flying for only seven years—1940 to 1945—and then 1948 to 1950. In the war years his average flying hours per month was 14.5 hours and after the war the average per month increased to almost 24 hours per month.

A farmer growing maize and tobacco.

This was when Ken gave up flying for a period and went farming for over 15 years. Ken flew only a few hours with Mashonaland Flying Club in August and September 1965. During this time he farmed Ilsham Farm in the Trelawney ICA (Intensive Conservation Area). His experience as a farmer gave him a good insight into the practical problems faced by farmers and an understanding of agronomic needs of major crops.

He obtained a Record of Service from HQ "Royal Rhodesian Air Force" dated 22 July 1965. The document confirmed Ken's (i) Flying Instructor's Category B II on the Tiger Moth on 21 April 1950 and (ii) Transport Pilot Category B with VIP endorsement on 15 April 1949.

Lending much weight to any Curriculum Vitae is the Testimonial issued on 27 July 1965 and signed by Air Vice-Marshal Harold Hawkins*, Chief of Air Staff, Royal Rhodesian Air Force. The essence of the comment made was that Ken's 'Instructor's

Test result' rating was a category above that which was awarded.

In July 1967 he obviously made an effort to resume his love of being in the air and joined the Rhodesian Commercial Flying School. He sat the examination which granted his Commercial Pilot Licence. His Licence Certificate is dated 25 July 1967. He continued to build up his hours flying the Cessna 172 through the months of August and September, whilst living at 126 A, St Patricks Road in Hatfield, Salisbury, Rhodesia.

A Career switch

Joining the 'Pilot Cowboys' or 'Dare Devil Aviators'.

In November 1967 Ken, now aged 45 and a 'Licenced Commercial Pilot', joined Agric Air Ltd.

In 13 days of flying the Piper Pawnee PA 18 he logged 30 hours of flying, all low level spraying in the Lowveld. By December, Ken was attuned to the demands of the crop spraying of the day and was proficient at applying mainly insecticides to cotton, tobacco, maize and other crops.

Agricultural aerial spraying is undoubtedly the most demanding discipline of all types of "fixed wing flying". In a day's work a Spray Pilot executes many take offs and landings from rough landing strips on farms. He also does multiple steep stall turns at the end of each spray run over a field crop. His working day starts early and often he could only get back to base in the late evening. All these conditions require his utmost concentration and physical fitness. By comparison, an Airline Pilot has a huge responsibility but in a month performs a fraction of the actual 'hands on flying' that a Spray Pilot does in a morning of spraying.

Ken filled the remainder of the Log Book (Book 2) by the end of February 1969 and carried forward 1'829.3 hours with 170 hours of Dual Flying.

Flying Log Book 3.
This opens in March 1969 and closes in July 1975, Ken having accumulated 5 302 hours flying time and 170.17 hours Dual time. The statistics indicate that in the period of 77 months Ken averaged just over 45 hours flying per month.

The whole of the agricultural and supportive agro-industrial sectors was poised to develop in a manner not witnessed in other former British colonial territories. Research in Rhodesia was making advances because of the earlier recruitment of qualified and motivated personnel whom had trained and qualified at top quality Universities or Technical Institutes.

The results of this research, its extension to an educated farmer base and the implementation of revised methods, are well documented in the various annals of agricultural publications. It is note-worthy here to mention that in the years of political isolation (post 1965–1980) that the research thrust in the fields of "Pesticide Rotation", "Crop Production Techniques" and the concept of "Integrated Pest Control", was perceived by many to be twenty years ahead of most developed countries.

Ken Rogers' valuable contribution to the advancement in Agricultural Aviation technology was noticed but largely taken for granted. Many people in the industry thought that his innovative developments were unique. His many eminent farmer customers always spoke very highly of his ability and services to agriculture.

In the early years there were a number of spray companies vying for business. There were two companies operating Helicopters (Ken Air and Autair) and two main companies operating Fixed-wing aeroplanes one of which was Agric Air and the other Tor Figenschow's company (Spray Quip) . It seemed that South African companies also operated in the country on an ad hoc basis.

The mainstay of the aerial spraying business was in large scale commercial cotton growing areas. Cotton was sprayed on scouting records and could be sprayed between 8 or more rounds per season. The total cotton insecticide business was quoted to be over a million acres sprayed per season.

In the 1973/4 era Ciba-Geigy sent a Swiss specialist to evaluate the efficacy of current pesticide application practices and to demonstrate the effect of improved recovery as it was felt that pre-emergence herbicide in maize application business represented an untapped potential.

Recoveries and distribution of herbicide spraying was improved measurably by adapting the droplet size, from a fine droplet spectrum (mist) to what was a coarse spray (fine rain) simply by changing the nozzles from 'hollow cone' to 'flat fan' type. The recoveries improved from 40% to 60% for mist to 80-90% for the fine rain. Ken participated in the demonstration trials and it wasn't until he and the Agric Air manager, Scott Riddell, saw the biological results, that the changes in equipment were effected.

Ken, on his part was most co-operative and conducted trials for the agro-chemical trade for registration purposes. These trials were conducted in the Enterprise, Arcturus, Shamva, Mazoe, Mount Hampden and Norton areas on farms managed or owned by his satisfied customers.

Ken also experimented with existing solid distribution equipment fitted to the aircraft. He then modified the equipment to produce optimal distribution of the solid materials on the target area. His modified spreaders benefitted farmers wanting wheat seeding, top dressing of fertiliser and granular trace element applications.

Other trials conducted were in sugar in Malawi and in Rhodesian grown wheat,

soya beans and ground nut crops.

His selective "Application Rate (Lt/Ha) spray booms" on the aircraft were incorporated in a "*Hand Book for Spray Pilots*" which was eagerly sought by local and migrant pilots.

During the period covered by Log Book 3, Ken's average flying time per month increased to 45 hours per month. He had celebrated his 50th Birthday in 1972 and at that time was at least twenty years senior to his spray pilot colleagues.

Flying Log Book 4.

This opens in August 1975 with 5'302 hours and closes in August 1984 with 10'763 hours!

In this period Ken and Agric Air consolidated and became proficient in the Vector Control Projects in Botswana, Tanzania and North African countries (Mali) and wherever there was funding available for tsetse fly and locust control projects. The tsetse spraying was done under low light conditions using Satellite-tracking navigational aids, over hundreds of square miles and at marginally above tree top altitudes. Both twin engine and single engined Turbo Thrush aircraft were used.

There was a report that Agric Air, who at one time operated some 26 aircraft, was the largest privately owned aerial spraying company in the world. Russia had larger fleets but were state owned.

Much of Ken's time was spent training pilots from both local and expatriate' sources.

Ken also made detailed technical notes in his log books relevant to the climatic conditions prevailing which would have a bearing on the performance of the chemical applied.

In June 1978 he recorded a "Trial spray at Remari Farm in wheat for Pete Munday". Here I can add that Ken's flying ability always astounded onlookers because his judgement was fantastic. He would maintain a constant 3 metre flying (spray boom) height above the crop and even fly under power lines to achieve optimal spray recovery and distribution.

It is interesting to note that Ken also recorded some historical flights like that on the 26 March 1984, "Demo' for Prince Charles".

Ken's productivity seemed to increase with his age. The average flying time per month was 48 hours over the period of 9 years and six months.

Flying Log Book 5.

This opens in June 1984 with 10'816 hours and closes in October 1989 with the total accumulated flying time of 13'158.14 Hours. The last phase analysis was that he was still flying over 37 hours a month and training other pilots at the same time. Amongst those who learned much from Ken were young pilots like Richard France, Mike Dewar and Ian Ashby.

The significance of the last entry in this Flying Log Book on 3 of October 1989 is that it marked the end of a 'Record Flying Career' and three months after his Sixty Seventh Birthday.

After leaving Agric Air he helped other people by doing what he could for them. He assisted a friend who had a contract to erect a steel picket fence around the perimeter

boundary of the University of Zimbabwe, by supervising the labour and keeping an eye on steel stocks on site. He was always there to help someone.

Ken and his wife, Gill, grieved the passing of their eldest daughter Anne in 1992.

Ken Rogers and I collaborated in doing spray trials aimed at optimising recovery and distribution of the active ingredient in the target area thereby minimising 'out of treated area drift' which could be also described as minimising pollution of the environment. We worked mainly with herbicides in Rhodesia and plant growth regulators in Malawi. We were successful in increasing on target recoveries from the 40% level to well into 85% to even over 90% with even distribution of less than CV 30% levels which obviated striping. The work Ken and I did in Malawi on sugar cane ripening compounds, presented by Dr Gerry Gosnell at the World Sugar Congress in Hawaii, received accolades from several delegates who saw fit to comment very favourably in writing and open communication channels with us in the then Post UDI period.

In the late 1970's Ken and I met on the campus of The College of Aeronautics based at RAF Cranfield not far from Bedford, England. There were representatives from a number of countries assembled to attend a two week Application (Revision) Course. Of immediate interest was the presence of the whole of the Ciba-Geigy, International Application Advisory Group which included 'Boffins' or Spray Application Specialists, like Leslie Hewitt, Hans Felber and others who now got to know Ken too. Ken and I bonded with many of the participants and lecturers. In the latter group was Professor John Spillman who was working on and developing 'Wingtip Vortex-spoilers'. Today, 50 years later, all modern commercial aircraft have the 'wing tip' adaptions of John Spillman's research work.

Innovation and engineering.

Whilst working for Agric Air, Ken applied his engineering knowledge and innovation to modifying the spraying systems on the aircraft which at the time were the Piper Pawnee, Thrush Commander (The Iron Thrush powered by the Pratt and Whitney engine) and later on the Turbo Thrush. His selective application rate booms for insecticide (15 & 20 litres per hectare) and for herbicides (20 & 40 litres per hectare) and the blade and flow rate settings for the Micronairs (ULV, Spinning cage or Disc Atomisers) used in vector space spraying (Mosquito, Tsetse fly and Locust) were diagrammatically portrayed with notes in the "*Agric' Air—Pilot Hand Book*" which was distributed well before his retirement date from flying in October 1989.

Ken also modified the "Solids Application" equipment for fertiliser, seeding and granulated termite bait. His explanatory notes on the equipment was also incorporated in the handbook.

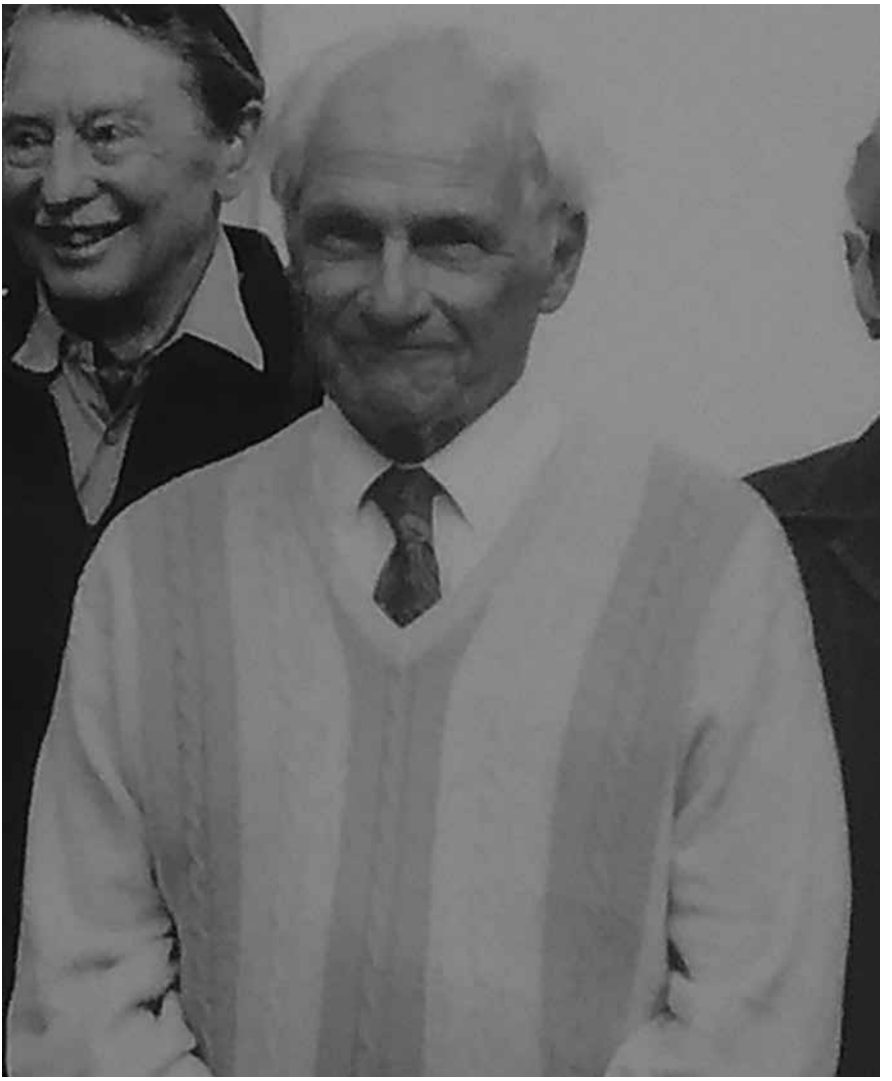
Ken filed several patent applications with a patents lawyer in Salisbury, Rhodesia—a Mr Galloway. At the time of his application—apparently because of Rhodesia's political isolation and sanctions applied to the country no international recognition was given.

At one time we joked with Ken that he should develop a soil tilling mechanism and a crop reaping adaption for aircraft, after all he had helped to develop aerial seeding, herbicide application, insecticide application, basic and top dressing fertiliser application, and the application of crop ripening accelerators.

After locking up the house for the night at his home, 16 Broadlands Road, Avondale, Harare, Ken passed away quietly in his chair on 21 February 2001. He was in his 79th year.

He was mourned by his wife Gill, their sons Stanley and Kenneth Ian McDonald (Ian) and daughter Kathy and their families and many friends and ex-colleagues.

"Rest in Peace" dear friend and the best pilot we ever had the pleasure and privilege to work with.



YOU ALWAYS GAVE US YOUR BEST, IN A QUIET AND UNASSUMING WAY, FOR WHICH WE ARE THANKFUL.

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Peter B Munday 25/02/2018

The Mutare-Beira Railway 1900-1949

by R. D. Taylor

This paper examines the development and operation of the Mutare-Beira railway from 1900 until 1949 when ownership and operation of the line passed from Rhodesia Railways to Caminhos de Ferro da Colonia de Mocambique (CFM) a Portuguese Government-owned entity.

Readers interested in the detailed history of the line prior to 1900 are referred to the excellent book "The Two Foot Enigma" Beira Railway 1890–1900 by Anthony Baxter published by Plateway Press, 1998, ISBN 1 871 980 34 8.

In brief Pauling and Company started building, in September 1892, a two foot narrow gauge railway inland from Fontesvilla (Ponte do Pungwe) situated about thirty five miles up the Pungwe River from Beira. Fontesvilla was connected by rail to Beira in October 1896. Prior to the building of the 1896 connection passengers and goods moved between Beira and Fontesvilla by boat. The two foot line reached its destination, Umtali (now Mutare) on 4 February 1898. A large number of persons employed in the construction of the railway died not only from malaria but also from attacks by wild animals. The line from Umtali to Salisbury (now Harare) in 1898/9 was also being constructed by Pauling and Company to the Cape gauge of three foot six inches and it was realised that delays and expense would be incurred in transferring goods between wagons of different gauges in Umtali. The Beira to Umtali line was therefore widened by Pauling and Company to three foot six inch gauge over the period 1899 to 1August 1900. The opportunity was also taken to realign some sections.

Developments along the Line of Rail

The original track was laid straight onto earth, with dust and an uneven formation making for slow and uncomfortable travel. The formation and track were gradually strengthened so that they could carry heavier and faster trains. In addition facilities for locomotive servicing and better working and living conditions for staff were slowly provided. It was a difficult environment for staff to live and work especially in the lower altitudes nearer the coast.

Some of the major improvements include the following:-

1. A recrewing depot was established at Gondola in 1920. Quarters and rest rooms were provided so that train crews from Umtali, having travelled 150km, could book off duty and hand over trains to a Vila Machado-based crew who took the train on to Vila Machado from which point they had already worked another train to Gondola giving a return distance for the Vila Machado crew of 164km in one shift. Other crews worked trains between Vila Machado and Beira, a

distance of 98km. This new depot was advantageous to staff from the point of view of health and less tiring working conditions.

2. In 1924 a Railway Institute was erected near Beira Station. This provided a social and sporting centre for railway staff who soon fielded soccer and tennis teams.
3. In 1924 a section of the track between Vila Machado and Umtali between 111 km and 193 km was relayed and strengthened with two extra sleepers per track length.
4. In 1925 deviations were opened between Almoda and Gondola allowing train loads to increase from 360 to 600 tons while further on near the Siluvu Hills deviations made it possible to avoid splitting loads in half which had previously been necessary to surmount the bank.
5. In 1930 a start was made on stone-ballasting the Beira–Vila Machado section. By 1931 only one mile remained to be stone-ballasted at which time the whole length of line from Bulawayo to Vila Machado was on stone ballast.
6. During 1936 all curve-worn rails and defective sleepers between Umtali and Beira were replaced.
7. In 1938 42 km of track was relayed with new 60lb. rails.

Floods and Washaways

The line from Beira to Umtali is notable for a number of natural barriers as it climbs from sea level to Umtali which lies at an altitude of 1 120 metres. Chief of these is the Pungwe River which drains into the Indian Ocean near Beira. The area is prone to heavy rainfall especially when a cyclone in the Mozambique Channel moves inland or passes down the channel close to the coast, normally during the months of January to March.

The second obstacle is the climb over the range of hills covered by the Amatongas Forest with its summit at 618 metres, which was originally surmounted by a series of zigzags into dead end spurs. The third barrier is the ascent from Macequece (Vila da Manica) with a rise in altitude of some 365 metres in the last 35 kilometres into Umtali achieved by devious curves among the towering mountain range which forms the border between the two countries.

The Pungwe River is prone to serious flooding and in its lower reaches comprises some 56 km of flat marshy flood plain. The crossing of this obstacle was to give trouble for many years and lead to the eventual expenditure of considerable sums of money on remedial work. In the 1900–01 wet season traffic over the line was disrupted for ten weeks and in the following wet season the stoppage of traffic lasted six weeks.

To counter flooding in 1901–03 the main line was raised between mileposts 28 and 42 to such a height that the rails were placed above the highest recorded flood levels. Eighty four additional girder and masonry culverts and 147 pipe culverts were installed while the Pungwe Bridge was lengthened by three spans totalling 45 metres in length. In August 1907 this bridge was named the Dom Luiz Philippe Bridge after the Crown Prince of Portugal who was visiting Mozambique at the time. He and his father, the King of Portugal, were soon afterwards to die by assassination in Portugal.

A series of lighter rainy seasons was to lull the railway administration into a false sense of security and for sixteen years apart from minor events the railway functioned normally.

In January 1918 very heavy rainfall was experienced over Rhodesia (Zimbabwe)

and Mozambique. On 26 January 1918 three 30,4 metre spans of the Odzi Bridge on the line between Salisbury and Umtali collapsed. Two days later, as the floodwaters from the Eastern Highlands reached the lower Pungwe Flats embankments fell in and culverts were washed out. The bridge itself was threatened by the river scouring the banks. A gale occurred as the floodwater built up and the consequent pressure washed away sections of embankment on each side of the bridge. The train service between Umtali and Beira was cut from 28 January to 4 April 1918 while repairs were carried out in this swampy malarial area. The disruption came at a time when the line was carrying a much greater volume of traffic due to the demand for minerals needed for armament production for the First World War.

More trouble was to come when in March 1923 the area again received record rainfall. In the Amatongas Forest 2 200mm of rain was recorded for the season. The first disruption was when the Munene River 16km from Umtali flooded and cut the line for five days from 21 January. Pungwe floodwaters once again collapsed embankments and washed away bridge abutments closing the line from 15 March until 12 April 1923.

In 1925 heavy rains resulted in the line being closed at the Muda River from 9 to 13 January and at the Pungwe from 4 February to 2 March. The General Manager of the Beira and Mashonaland Railway in his 1925 Annual Report concluded "very heavy work is needed to render communication with Beira safe against prolonged interruptions to traffic in future. Likely to take two years to complete."

The following year was to be even worse and resulted in the death of a railwayman. On 14 January 1926 an UP goods train ran into a washaway 9 metres deep at 150km from Beira in the Amatongas area. The thirty-eight year old driver, Mr James Fryer, Head Driver at Gondola depot was killed and the fireman Mr Hagio Poulos was seriously injured by scalding. It took nearly a month to recover Mr Fryer's body. In two days Beira received 228mm of rain and Gondola 406mm. Gondola recorded 875mm in the fourteen days from 3 January.

The telegraph line to Beira was also down and a temporary telegraph service via Blantyre (in Malawi) was used. Full telegraph service was restored on 27 January. Two Canadian canoes were brought down by train from Victoria Falls to enable railway engineers to carry out exploratory expeditions in areas which could not otherwise be reached. The damage was more serious than anticipated and importers were officially advised by the Railway Administration to divert cargo to Delagoa Bay (Maputo) or Durban. Special reduced rates were granted for goods from South African ports to points east of Bulawayo. A labour force of 1 800 worked on the repairs and four trains a day were run from Umtali to the railhead picking up boulders from along the line to fill in scour holes. About 18km of line was badly washed out. Rail communication with Beira was finally restored on 2 April 1926.

In 1926 Mr J. McKenzie a newly retired South African Railways Bridge Engineer was appointed as consultant for the problem of the Pungwe Flats. His report formed the basis of additional protection works which included:-

1. a new bridge over the Pungwe River which necessitated a deviation of the line to the site of the new bridge.
2. the replacement of the existing embankment with 2,3km of concrete viaducts in

a series of eight, five on the Beira side of the bridge and three on the Umtali side.

3. raising of the embankment for 24km to 1 metre above the flood level.
4. raising of the 30m span bridge at 54km.

On 31 August 1927 Dorman Long and Company Limited started work on the sinking of the first pillars of the new bridge. The company representative on this work was a Mr W. Storey-Wilson. On 14 October 1927 engineers drove the first of 1 458 piles for the eight viaducts. The Resident Engineer on site who was responsible to the Railways Chief Engineer was a Mr Mansel who was seconded from the South African Railways for this project.

The work took more than three years to complete and cost over 400 000 pounds sterling.

In 1924 Brigadier-General F. D. Hammond CBE. DSO was commissioned by the Government to report on the Railway System of Southern Rhodesia. His report was presented to the Legislative Assembly in 1926.

The second recommendation of his report concerned the Beira line. It reads "Second in order of urgency is safeguarding the railway where it crosses the Pungwe. However this should not be allowed to take precedence over other urgent needs such as strengthening the track. When the Pungwe overflowed last wet season (1925) line was breached in several places between kilometres 51–60 and traffic suspended 4 February to 28 February. Not only flow of river which at maximum was 22, 5 km wide and several metres deep coincides with high tides".

The General Manager of the Beira, Mashonaland and Rhodesia Railways, Col C. F. Birney, DSO is quoted in the Hammond report as stating "Experience soon began to show that more was necessary. From 1900 to 1903 large sections of the bank between Vila Machado and Beira were raised, many culverts were put in and fresh spans added successively to the Pungwe bridge up to 1909. In 1911, 12, 13 nearly £12 000 spent on groynes and protection work on the Pungwe Bridge. In 1914 over £3 700 was spent on checkrailing to reduce risk of derailment on sharp curves.

Record rains in 1918–19 tested the line severely but war prevented additional work being carried out. End of 1923 wet season extra 30 metre span and bank strengthened at weak point.

Expenditure on the line was:-

1900–1903	£60 249
1904–1924	£121 906"

While work was in progress on the Pungwe improvements nature was to test the line once again. On the afternoon of 6 February 1929 five km from Umtali, a goods train plunged through sodden track at a point where drain-pipes passed under the track. The locomotive overturned and Driver de Beer and Fireman W. J. Wadsworth were killed. Beira was hit by a cyclone which demolished the wireless and telegraph apparatus. The Revue River flooded and the bridge over this river was in a dangerous condition. Beira was once again completely cut off. A temporary reduction in rates on goods from the South was introduced and the line only re-opened to traffic on 6 March 1929.

The next major flood was in March 1939 when a landslide 13 kilometres east of Umtali blocked the line. Arrangements were made to transfer passengers who had to walk some 183 metres past the landslide. It is recorded they arrived in Umtali only three

quarters of an hour late. Portions of the track across the Pungwe were under water and trains ran in daylight only. Traffic was only held up for a few days and when the line opened two special trains were run to cope with the accumulation of cargo.

The investments made as a result of the McKenzie Report were to have the desired effect and major interruptions to the train service became a thing of the past. In very heavy floods the precaution of running trains only in daylight was sometimes implemented but this practice did not result in serious delays.

Train service

The timetable introduced from 1 March 1901 provided for a passenger train leaving Beira at 9.30pm on a Friday and arriving in Umtali at 6.02pm on Saturdays. The train to Salisbury left Umtali at 4am on a Sunday and arrived in the capital at 6.22pm, a long and tiring 602 kilometre journey over rough and dusty track. However it was a vast improvement over ox wagon or mule-drawn stage coach. Refreshment rooms were opened at Bamboo Creek, Mandegos, Umtali, Rusape and Marandellas. Passengers requiring refreshments had to inform the Guard at the previous telegraph station. First class fares Beira/Salisbury were seven pounds nine shillings, second class four pounds thirteen shillings and nine pence and third class two pounds seven shillings. Goods trains left Beira daily except Friday, also at 9.30pm, and ran to the same timing. Another goods train was scheduled to run when required departing Beira at 2.00pm daily. In the reverse direction passenger trains left Salisbury at 8.00am on a Friday arriving in Umtali at 9.34pm and Beira at 8.57pm on Saturday. It is interesting to note that all goods consignments carried down towards the coast were charged at half the ordinary freight rates. Maybe an early form of export incentive! The Railway timetable also served as the British South Africa Company's Customs Ordinance, with the rates of duty for various imports contained therein.

Moving forward to 1 September 1913 the passenger service had increased to three trains per week. On Wednesdays and Saturdays trains departed Beira at 7.30am arriving in Umtali at 10.35pm. The train left Umtali at 11.05pm arriving in Salisbury at 10.45am. On Mondays the mail train left Beira at 4.20pm and arrived in Salisbury at 7.50pm on Tuesday. Going down to the coast passenger trains left Salisbury at 7.00pm Wednesdays and Fridays and 8.45am on Mondays and arrived in Beira at 7.15pm on Thursdays and Saturdays and 9.15am Tuesdays, a considerable improvement in timings compared to the turn of the century. At least nine goods trains were scheduled weekly in each direction.

In 1922, some ten years later the passenger service had speeded up slightly but departure and arrival times at each end were changed. Departure from Salisbury was at 8.30, Wednesday and Friday and 20.30 on Sunday. Arrival in Beira was due at 07.20 Thursday and Saturday and 19.45 on Mondays. In the reverse or UP direction the Mail trains left Beira at 09.15 on Tuesday and Thursday and 18.00 on Sunday arriving in Salisbury at 08.00 Wednesday and Friday and 17.05 on Monday. The twenty four hour clock was introduced by the railways at the end of World War 1.

Twenty four goods trains were scheduled in each direction per week. The line had become busier during World War 1.

World War Two broke out in September 1939 and the volume of traffic on the Beira railway and through the port intensified. On 1 May 1941 a special new Working

Timetable was issued for the Salisbury–Beira train service. The passenger service changed with three mail trains per week in each direction. Mail trains left Salisbury at 08.30 Sundays and Tuesday and at 21.45 on a Wednesday. They arrived in Beira at 07.00 on Mondays and Wednesdays and at 17.30 on Thursdays. In reverse they left Beira at 19.15 on Monday, Thursday and Saturday arriving in Salisbury at 17.30 the following day. Twenty five goods trains were scheduled per week.

Train 14 UP

This train which was introduced before the First World War became something of a legend in the railway service. It was intended to provide a fast transit for goods off-loaded from ships in Beira port and consigned to inland destinations in particular those in Northern Rhodesia right up to Ndola a distance of some 2 334 kilometres by rail. The train normally ran daily and was given priority in crossings with trains running in the opposite direction. At various periods it ran as a mixed train, that is with passenger accommodation as well as freight. In this format the train was said to provide a means of escape for those wishing to avoid debts accumulated in bars and other places in Beira in the days of easy credit. These passengers didn't board the train in Beira but moved up the line by other means before boarding so that their intentions wouldn't be too obvious.

Mr T. Beach-Smith held the senior position of Chief Superintendent of Transportation on the railways from 1916 to 1927 and it is claimed he sited his office so that he had a view of 14 UP coming in and woe betide if the train was late.

The reverse service 111 DOWN somehow never achieved the glamour that surrounded 14 UP. Both trains were withdrawn on 16 June 1963, unheralded and unsung as a consequence of one of the many economy drives implemented over the years.

Beira Port Traffic

To give an idea of the vital importance of the railway and port of Beira to the trade of the region which included Southern Rhodesia, Northern Rhodesia and the Katanga province of the Belgium Congo I quote the following tonnages for some of the major commodities exported through the port:-

Year ended	Tons		
30th September	Chrome Ore	Copper	Asbestos
1917	74459	29551	7131
1918	35662	33837	8915
1919	11032	16211	6940
1920	80178	33249	14567
1926	166423	29026	29911
1927	226881	51313	31103
1928	198818	88862	33712
1929	267024	71418	36545
1930	248091	92819	37258
1931	119993	78632	28918
1932	51215	95433	20469
1933	38961	130144	29889
1939	109003	279896	57798
1941	338658	279216	42373
1942	380197	322729	63588
1943	349576	297199	51625
1944	285556	294068	57402
1945	273053	274077	43699
1946	150602	263915	61003
1947	150905	237992	58414

Lead, Zinc, Vanadium, tobacco and maize comprised other major export traffic on the line. The tonnage of maize moved for export varied considerably from year to year depending on the success or otherwise of the agricultural season.

In 1943 in order to meet British Ministry of Supply urgent requirements for ships' bunker coal at Beira it became necessary to curtail railings of chrome ore. Consequently railings of coal originating from Wankie were 80 529 tons in 1943, 122 428 tons in 1944 and 140 936 tons in 1945. Clearly during the Second World War the railway and port were worked very hard to meet the raw material requirements of the Allies.

Fuel

The Beira–Umtali line was to become the main route for the importation of fuel into both Southern and Northern Rhodesia.

In 1930 the oil companies completed bulk petrol and fuel oil (diesel) storage depots in Bulawayo close to the then Raylton golf course and these were soon followed by the establishment of depots in Salisbury at Eastlea on sites to the west of the present day Vehicle Inspection Depot. Also in 1930 the railways placed in service ten tank wagons to move fuel in bulk from Durban to the new depots. They were the first fuel tankers on our railways.

In 1936/37 the oil companies erected bulk storage facilities at Beira. The first tanker "The British Energy" arrived in the port on 24 January 1937 with a cargo of 2 699 tons of fuel oil to discharge. In April 1937 petrol and diesel supplies began to be carried

inland from Beira wholly over Rhodesia Railways lines. This development had the advantage of a shorter journey to the distribution points and all the revenue accrued to the local railway. At this time, to cope with the growing demand and the diversion from Durban, eighteen petrol tank wagons and nine fuel oil (diesel) tank wagons each with a capacity of 31 822 litres and 27 276 litres respectively were ordered from Hurst Nelson and Company of the UK. These were placed in service in 1938. In 1939 a further five petrol tank wagons were ordered from Hurst Nelson and these entered service in 1940. All the 1938/40 vintage wagons were still in service in 1977, with five of the 1938 batch having been converted to tallow tankers in 1958 and 1960.

The Second World War broke out on 3 September 1939 at which time the railways had a fleet of 28 petrol tankers and 15 fuel oil tankers. Fuel for civilian purposes was soon rationed. However the establishment of air stations for the RAF Empire Training Scheme led to a large increase in the demand for fuel. It was not possible to order more tankers and arrangements were made to hire five tankers from South African Railways. These gave Rhodesia Railways a fleet of 33 petrol and 15 fuel oil (diesel) tankers to serve the needs of Southern and Northern Rhodesia for the duration of the war. By way of comparison Rhodesia Railways had a fleet of 583 tank wagons in the mid 1970's just to serve the needs of Rhodesia.

Petrol rationing ceased in May 1946 and a rapid rise in consumption led to a further five tankers being hired from SAR. An order was also placed for 25 new tankers but these were only delivered in June 1948.

In 1947 the fuel supply position became critical and the oil companies agreed to fill and decant at destinations on Sundays and public holidays. The turnaround time for a tanker between Beira and Bulawayo was seven days and Beira/ Ndola fifteen days. It was arranged to send supplies to Northern Rhodesia from Bulawayo in drums to maximise use of the tanker fleet. Fuel movements were given priority and this difficult situation was to remain until more tank wagons could be placed in service.

Tankers loaded at Beira each year were as follows:-

1938	858
1939	1093
1940	1261
1941	2096
1942	2527
1943	2431
1944	2890
1945	2138

Locomotives

The line between Beira and Umtali has always presented challenges not only due to the climb from the coast but the tight curvature imposed by the terrain. From an altitude of 37 metres at Vila Machado the line climbed over two escarpments on gradients of 1 in 40 uncompensated to 1082 metres at Umtali, 230 kilometres later.The first locomotives to haul trains on this route after it was widened to 3ft. 6in. gauge were the 7th Class supplied by Neilson Reid and Company. The first of a class which eventually totalled 52 were delivered in 1900 and were shipped to Beira for use on the newly widened line. The class were in time to serve throughout the system. These locomotives had a light axel load of 9 tons and weighed in full working order a total of 83 tons. They were

7th Class locomotive at Umtali

an ideal locomotive for their time. In 1913 they could haul a load of 420 tons at mail train speed over the 100km from Beira to Vila Machado. However after that the load was reduced to 210 tons up to Umtali. The goods load over this section was 225 tons.

The next class of locomotive to operate on the line was the 8th Class, ten of which were supplied by the North British Locomotive Company in 1904 at a cost of 4473 pounds each. A further ten entered service in 1911. The last example of this class was disposed of in 1956. Over the Beira Umtali line they could haul a goods load of 300 tons from Vila Machado to Umtali and 320 tons in the Down direction. This locomotive and its tender in full working order weighed 96 tons.

The 9th Class, which eventually totalled thirty examples, were introduced in 1912 and were scattered far and wide over the system as they displaced the older 7th and 8th Classes. Beira is recorded as having three in January 1932 and six in January 1938 at which time they could haul a goods load of 350 tons from Vila Machado and a much improved load of 600 tons in the Down direction.

In 1924 Mr. E. H. Gray was appointed Chief Mechanical Engineer of Rhodesia Railways. He came from the South African Railways where he had experience of the first Beyer-Garratts, a British built articulated engine which were giving very good results on the Natal main line from Durban inland. He sent specifications to the builders and in 1925 an order was placed for twelve Garratt locomotives. This was the largest single order for Garratts placed by any railway at that time. These entered service the following year and were allocated the class number 13. They became the forerunners of an eventual fleet of 250 Garratts of several classes on our railways. The locomotives of this class could haul a goods load of 450 tons from Vila Machado to Umtali and 800 tons in the reverse direction. However the plate frames proved unsatisfactory for conditions of continuous hard work. These locomotives weighed in at 122 tons in full working order.

Gray made some changes to the design specifications of the 13th Class and placed a new order for six locomotives the first of which arrived in Umtali in April 1929. These were to become the 14th Class and when a further ten were placed in service in March

1930 they displaced all the 13th Class locomotives on the Beira Umtali line. The 13th Class went on to serve on branch lines and shunting duties but were all withdrawn and scrapped in 1957/58. They did serve to convince Railways management of the versatility and usefulness of the Garratt type of locomotive.

The 14th Class served the Beira Umtali line until the Portuguese Government took over the line in 1949. At this point six of the 14th Class were sold to CFM which was to operate the line.

One further class of Garratt was to work the line before the Portuguese takeover. World War II imposed a heavy strain on the railways of British Colonial Africa as they endeavoured to meet the demand for strategic minerals required for the manufacture of war materials.The British War Department placed an order on Beyer Peacock for 69 Garratts of different types. Rhodesia Railways were allocated nine of these paying 25 750 pounds each for them. They were delivered in 1943/44 and were initially used on the Wankie-Dett and Kafue-Broken Hill sections. In 1948 all nine were shedded in Umtali and were used on the difficult run through Mozambique to Vila Machado. Numbered the 18th Class these locomotives could haul a 50% greater load on this line. Enginemen and engineers called them the "Austerities" and they were not particularly popular with the staff. They were not designed for local conditions and with small diameter wheels were not suitable for Rhodesian conditions. When the Portuguese administration CFM took over the actual running of trains in October 1949 they were all sold to CFM. They were known to be still working in Mocambique 25 years after their acquisition from Rhodesia Railways.

Changes of Ownership, Title and Operation

Rhodesia Railways grew out of a number of different companies most of which were originally formed by the British South Africa Company in terms of the Royal Charter granted to it on October 29, 1889. Over the years these companies underwent amalgamations, changes of name and changes of ownership. The following changes are relevant to this particular line:-

1892	July	Beira Railway Company formed (Fontesvilla-Umtali)
1895	April	Beira Junction Railway Company Limited formed. (Beira-Fontesvilla)
1897	April	Formation of the Mashonaland Railway Company Limited. (Umtali-inland)
1899		Bechuanaland Railway Company re-named Rhodesia Railways Limited.
1900		Beira-Umtali- Salisbury sections of the Beira Railway Company and the Mashonaland Railway Company combined under one management at Umtali and became known as the "B.M.R.".
1905		The Cape Government Railways handed over the operation of the Bulawayo Station and the lines north thereof to the "B.M.R. & R.R." Administration at Umtali.
1911	March	The Headquarters of the "B. & M.R. & R.R." transferred from Umtali to Bulawayo.

1927	October	Title of the Beira and Mashonaland and Rhodesia Railways system changed to Rhodesia Railways Limited. The title "B. & M. & R.R." however continued to appear on the Annual Reports until 1936.
1936/7		The Mashonaland Railway Company absorbed by Rhodesia Railways Limited. Until 1947 the Annual Reports bore the title "Beira and Rhodesia Railways".
1947	April 1st	Southern Rhodesia Government purchased Rhodesia Railways Limited for 23 642 266 Pounds.
1949	April 6th	Port of Beira transferred to Mozambique Government.
	April 6th	Beira Umtali railway transferred to Mozambique Government.
	October 1st	Mocambique Railways (CFM) took over the working of Beira Umtali line.
1960		Operation of Machipanda-Umtali Section (six miles) taken over by Rhodesia Railways.

Trans-Zambesia Railway

It wasn't only Southern and Northern Rhodesia which had an interest in the Beira railway and port. They also served the British Colony of Nyasaland (now Malawi).

In 1920 Pauling and Company were given the contract to build the Trans-Zambesia Railway (TZR) from Dondo, a station on the Beira Railway 29 km from Beira. This new line was to run to Sena on the south bank of the Zambesi River and gave rail connection to the existing railways in Nyasaland.

By arrangement between Beira and Mashonaland Railways and Trans-Zambesia Railways, TZR operated its own trains over the 29 km section between Dondo and Beira. The two railways shared Beira Station and TZR locomotives were serviced at the Beira loco shed. Dondo station was manned by B.M.R. staff who undertook the issue of train orders for TZR trains en route to Murraca on the TZR line. There was friendly collaboration between the two railways linking the port of Beira with the inland territories.

Personal Memories

Mr. Owen Fred Tozer Melvill (16th January 1903- 27th June 1990) was a main line driver on Rhodesia Railways who worked trains between Umtali and Beira during the Second World War. He joined the railways in 1925 and retired on pension in January 1953. In his retirement he wrote notes detailing events in his lifetime. After he passed away his daughter, Ruth Sanderson, found the notes and used them to compile his life's story which she published privately. I was fortunate to be given a copy of the book by his son Ginty Melvill. Mrs. Sanderson has agreed that I may publish the following extract which gives a personal account of what it was like working trains in Mocambique during World War Two.

A job is a job

Years went by and I found that I could not collect enough money to afford to throw up my job. So I decided to stick it out until I got a pension – and that was looking forward

a long, long time. I passed my examinations just after our strike in 1929 and became a driver. But the 1930 depression set in, so we all had to go back to firing again.

Those who did not want to go back were retrenched, but most of our 1925 lot found we had to stay just to have a job of work. Most of the chaps were married and had families. And I had my people to keep.

I was transferred to Ndola. Being single, I was shoved all over the show, wherever they wanted a fireman. Eventually I never even unpacked my kit, as I was sent on temporary transfer wherever they wanted me.

I was only a young boy during the 1st World War but was employed by Rhodesia Railways as a locomotive driver at the start of the 2nd World War. A policeman friend, by the name of Watson, and I both applied to go to the war and were told that we were of more use doing our current jobs, and that if we joined up, we would be put back to our jobs on army pay. Not thinking too much of the "King's Shilling", we declined with thanks.

2nd World War

During the war years, we were both stationed in Umtali, a border town in Rhodesia. I was working down to Portuguese territory, where many Germans were farming along the railway line and we were all warned about starting any trouble in neutral Portuguese territory. Many were the fist-shakes as we passed their farms. We were informed by the Germans that one German was worth ten Englishmen and many were the taunts we suffered. In the small town of Gondola, the Jerries' came and tried to make the "verdomde" Englishmen fight, but it would have meant the loss of our jobs. We had been warned!

While Germany was scoring victory after victory and overrunning France, they made big bonfires along the railway line and we could see them jumping through the fire and shaking their fists at us. We were afraid that the bridges would be blown up or the line sabotaged, destroying equipment and of course, our lives! The Germans there did not fear the Portuguese—although they had to conform with the neutral state of a neutral country, Mozambique being a colony of Portugal. When things began to turn our way in the war, our biggest fear was that it would be natural for the Germans to help their countrymen with as much sabotage as they could.

Many of us nearly had nervous breakdowns through all the long period of constant nervous tension. I was one of them who suffered a terrific breakdown because of the long hours at work and the tension caused by working in Mozambique under those conditions".

Portuguese Government Takeover

On 11 June 1891 the Anglo-Portuguese Treaty was signed in Lisbon. This was after much political turmoil in Portugal over the original treaty which had been signed in August 1890. In terms of the treaty the Portuguese Government issued a Royal Decree which nominated the Mozambique Company to carry out the work of building a railway and telegraph line inland. They in turn appointed H. T. van Laun to be their Concessionaire. He however not being an engineer could not organise construction and, under pressure from Cecil John Rhodes, van Laun signed an agreement with the British South Africa Company to make the necessary arrangements. As part of this deal van Laun and two other Portuguese nationals were to be appointed Directors of the Beira Railway Company.

The treaty also stipulated that the Portuguese Government would retain the right to acquire all public works and that the railway was to revert to the state in ninety-nine years. Further the provisions of the treaty were to be reviewed after fifty years and every twenty years after that. A review took place in 1941 but because of the war situation it was agreed to review again in fifteen years.

The special Charter granted to the Mocambique Company on 11 February 1891 for the administration of the Territories of Manica and Sofala for a period of 50 years expired on 18 July 1942 on which date the Colony of Mocambique was officially handed over to the Portuguese Government. The handover ceremony was attended by Mr W. J. K. Skillicorn, General Manager and Sir Henry Chapman Resident Director of the Beira and Rhodesia Railways. The Portuguese Minister of Colonies, Dr Francisco Vieira Machado emphasised in a speech at the ceremony that the policy of the Portuguese Government would be especially directed at maintaining good relations with Southern and Northern Rhodesia.

On 1 April 1947 the Southern Rhodesia Government purchased Rhodesia Railways Ltd effectively nationalising the railway system. This change in Rhodesia and the fact that the Beira concession was due for review on 31 December 1956 meant that the Beira Railway Company was in the difficult position of not being able to raise funds for much needed development with such a short time for the concession to run. The first review attempted to extend the concession for 25 years. However after protracted negotiations the Portuguese Government decided to exercise its right to purchase the Company.

The Portuguese Government formally purchased the Beira Railway and Port effective from 6 April 1949. A large handover celebration was held in Beira on 30 September 1949 which was attended by the Acting Governor of Mocambique Captain Gabriel Teixeira, Rhodesian Minister of Transport Mr G. A. Davenport and Sir Arthur Griffin, General Manager Rhodesia Railways. Major F. Pinto Tiexeira Director General of Railways

and Harbours of Mozambique and Sr Julio Leite Pinheiro Governor of the Province of Manica and Sofala also attended.

Rhodesia Railways continued to operate the line for six months from April 1949 to give the new administration, Caminhos de Ferro da Colonia de Mozambique (CFM) time to provide rolling stock and other material. CFM offered to take over those members of staff of the Beira railway company who wished to join them and most took advantage of the offer. Rhodesia Railways retained a representative in Beira with a small staff of ex-Beira Railway employees. This representative arrangement continues to the present time.

The Southern Rhodesia Government also created the position of Consul in Beira and Mr J. G. W. Baggot was posted to Beira as Rhodesia's first Consul.

On 17 June 1950 a Convention between the Government of the United Kingdom on behalf of Southern Rhodesia and the Government of Portugal relative to the Port of Beira and connected Railways was signed in Lisbon.

The Convention covered:-

- Railway rates: Continue to afford the railway rates preferences in favour of the Port of Beira over ports in the Union of South Africa.
- Maintain Rhodesia Railways in a state of efficiency adequate to the requirements of the traffic proceeding to or from Beira.
- Portuguese to maintain the Port of Beira and Beira Railways in a state of efficiency adequate to the requirements of traffic proceeding to or from Southern Rhodesia, Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland.
- Passage of passengers and goods not to be liable to any interference except as required by police, customs, health or statistical regulations.
- The Portuguese Government undertook to make harbour improvements and purchase specified numbers of locomotives and wagons. (These were listed in detail in the Convention).
- The Convention also provided that Rhodesia Railways could purchase the six miles (10 km) of Portuguese-owned line which ran through Rhodesian territory from Umtali to the international frontier near Machipanda. This change of ownership took place on 1 July 1960 at a cost of £154 000 including the cost of relaying the section with 80 lb. per yard rail and other improvements carried out in 1959.
- Trains between Umtali and Machipanda were worked by Rhodesia Railways locomotives and crews.

The Rhodesia Railways and its successor National Railways of Zimbabwe ceased to be directly involved in the running of the railway between Umtali and Beira after the takeover by CFM. However, very close working relations between the two railway administrations have remained in place ever since. This has ensured that the railway has continued to meet the needs of the region.

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Pennefather Letters

by Michael R. Tucker

Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Graham Pennefather (1850–1828) first commander of what became known as the British South Africa Company Police wrote a series of letters to his mother—summaries of those written between April to October 1890 are reproduced below for the first time along with some of Pennefather's watercolours and sketches drawn on the march.

Pennefather's early military career

The best source of biographical detail on Edward Pennefather is from Col A.S. Hickman's *Men who made Rhodesia*, but I have augmented these notes with information from other sources.

He was the son of the Reverend William Pennefather, Rector of Callan, Co. Kilkenny, and his wife Ann, a daughter of General the Hon. John Broderick. Born in 1850, Pennefather received a commission as a Sub-Lieutenant in 1873 in the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons. In 1881 the Regiment, en route to India, was diverted to Natal, but arrived too late to take part in the first Boer War; instead, the Regiment went into camp at Pinetown, Natal, and this remained its station for many years. He was promoted to Captain on 18 June 1881 and, with the rest of his Regiment, gained experience of African conditions through service in Zululand in 1883 and 1884.

Dinuzulu kaCetshwayo, Undabuko and Chingwao, Zulu leaders, leaving Eshowe Gaol enroute to exile at St. Helena. Engraving from *The Graphic*

Pennefather was with the Warren expedition in Bechuanaland in 1885 when the body of Commander Bethell, R. N., was exhumed at Rooigrond, where it had been buried after he had been killed by the Boers. The body was taken to Mafeking, and there re-buried with great ceremony, Pennefather, then a captain, being in charge of the firing party of 20 men of the Inniskilling's. He was back in Zululand in 1888 where he distinguished himself in operations in support of the arrest of Dinuzulu kaCetshwayo and Undabuko. As Commander of a small force of three troops of Dragoons and some eighty mounted infantry, he broke Zulu resistance at a critical moment by a spirited charge with the Dragoons. On 25 July 1888 he was promoted to Major and a brevet as Lieutenant-Colonel followed in the same year. A brevet was usually a promotion to a higher rank for outstanding service, but without the corresponding pay!

Plans for the occupation of Mashonaland were maturing during 1888–1889

The first recruits of the Pioneer Column arrived at Camp Cecil, on the Crocodile River, between Palapye and Macloutsie in modern-day Botswana, on 29 April 1889 under the command of Maurice Heany. Soon news of Frank Johnson's recruiting efforts resulted in newspaper articles in the local press. Sir Henry Loch, the British High Commissioner for Southern Africa, knew that Rhodes' prospectors would be allowed firearms, but asked for an explanation of the reported military force being recruited. Rhodes tried to bluff his way out: but in the end he and Johnson were forced to explain that their prospectors might be attacked by Lobengula's amaNdebele fighting forces and would need to protect themselves.

Sir Henry Loch, British High Commissioner at Cape Town

In response, Loch ruled that the Pioneer Expedition to Mashonaland should be accompanied by an armed escort and recruiting began for a force, later known as the British South Africa (BSA) Company Police to protect the Pioneers from attack by the amaNdebele, or by armed trekkers from the Transvaal (now Limpopo). Originally estimated at 250, the strength was raised to 500 early in 1890 and to 650 in 1891, both increases being due to threatened Boer incursions.

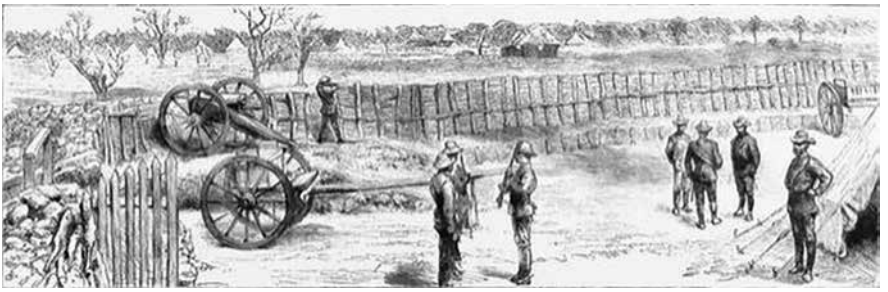
A further condition of Sir Henry Loch was that command of the whole expedition, including the 180 men of the Pioneer Corps under Major Frank Johnson, should be given to an

experienced regular soldier and Lieut Col Edward Pennefather was appointed as overall commander, taking up his appointment on 1 March 1890. Frank Johnson was not happy with this arrangement but had to swallow his pride.

Rhodes had hoped that the Bechuanaland Border Police (BPP) would protect the Pioneer Corps, but Sir Henry Loch insisted that the BSA Company should carry the cost of protecting the Pioneer Corps and hence a separate force, the BSA Company Police was formed. However, they were trained by BBP and many members of the BBP applied for their discharge and joined the new force. Indeed Johnson, Heany and Borrow were all ex-members of the BBP and many of the military traditions of the BBP were woven into the newly-formed BSA Company Police.

The main group of recruits only left Mafeking on 17 May and on 25 May Frank Johnson and Edward Pennefather arrived at Camp Cecil, with Johnson taking over command from Heany. By 1 June Camp Cecil had been abandoned and all the Pioneers were at Grobelar's Drift camp by the 15 June. Here they were inspected by Pennefather on the 20–21 June, just prior to the arrival of General Methuen.

The Pioneer Corps at Grobelars Drift Camp were about forty kilometres to the east of the main BSA Company training camp at Macloutsie, a kilometre from the Matlaputla stream. In May 1890, when Capt. A. G. Leonard (E Troop) arrived, training was at maximum intensity and the camp soon grew significantly and served as a training ground, supply and communications centre. On the left of the road were the Bechuanaland Border Police (BBP) Troops under Major Raleigh Grey; between the two camps was Fort Matlaputla capable of holding 200 men.



Engraving from *The Graphic* showing the interior of Matlaputla Fort on the Macloutsie River, Bechuanaland, where Pennefather's British South Africa Company Police carried out their training

The force moves out following training

This period of intensive organization and training was followed by an inspection by General Paul Methuen, commanding the Imperial Forces in South Africa, to determine the general efficiency of the combined force of the Pioneer Corps now teamed up with the BSA Company Police at Grobelar's Drift Camp , again a requirement of Sir Henry Loch who feared the disastrous political consequences of the force being crushed by the amaNdebele.

General Methuen's inspection on 23–24 June 1890 began with a march-past, then

Map from Robert Cary of the route taken—Camp Cecil was only occupied for one month with most of the Pioneer Corps training taking place at Grobelar's Drift Camp and that of the BSA Company Police at Macloutsie.

30 ox-wagons were driven two miles out of the camp and a laager formed and an imaginary amaNdebele attack mounted. William Harvey Brown wrote: "*The roaring of the cannon, the barking and rattling of the machine-guns and rifles, and the general din and clamour were enough to excite even the veterans.*" Methuen gave his approval of the force and permission for the march to take place.

A Troop under Capt. Heyman left Fort Matlaputla first, followed by B and C Troops with D and E Troops being temporarily left behind, Fort Tuli being reached on 1 July. Pennefather had previously written to Frank Johnson criticising his proposed layout of Fort Tuli and advising him to use the BSA Company Police in its construction; an earlier letter had been critical of Johnson's preparations for Lord Methuen's' inspection.

This criticism won Pennefather few friends. Capt. Leonard compared Lord Methuen very unfavourably with Pennefather: "*A leader for whom one would sacrifice anything, and such a contrast to Pennefather, who is noisy, discourteous, and loses the little head he has on every possible occasion, and when he has lost it, it takes him all his time to find it again.*"

Leaving Fort Tuli for Mount Hampden

On 11 July 1890 the Pioneer Column with its BSA Company Police escort, with Pennefather in command, left Fort Tuli and crossed the Shashe River. The journey to Mashonaland was completed without being attacked by the amaNdebele, although there were plenty of sightings of small bands of warriors and no casualties were suffered and Pennefather must be given the greatest credit for leading the column safely to its destination at Fort Salisbury.

Johan Colenbrander brought messages from King Lobengula demanding that they travel through Bulawayo and saying: "*Who are you and where are you going? What do you want and by whose orders are you here? Whither are you leading your young men like so many sheep? Do you think they will ever return? Go back or I will not be responsible for the consequences. White blood can flow as well as black.*" To which Pennefather replied: "*I am an officer of the Queen of England and my orders are to go to Mashonaland, and there I am going. We do not want to fight, we only want to dig for gold, and are taking this road to avoid your young men; but if they attack us we know how to defend ourselves.*"

The column reached the top of Providential Pass on 13 August 1890 where they

were comparatively safe from amaNdebele attack and Pennefather left C Troop under Capt. C. Keith-Falconer in charge to establish the first Fort Victoria: "*you will put the fort, which has been traced out, in defensible condition without delay.*"

Finally Fort Salisbury was reached, where on 13 September 1890 a ceremonial parade was held with B Troop of the BSA Company Police under Capt. P.W. Forbes, and the Headquarters Staff, along with the Pioneer Corps and the flag raised at what became Cecil Square (now Unity Square) to mark the successful occupation of Mashonaland.

Some contemporary opinions of Pennefather

On 30 October 1890 Pennefather arrived back at Macloutsie, where he met Rhodes and next morning travelled with him in his Cape-cart to Fort Tuli before taking leave. He returned to Fort Tuli on 29 December 1890 and Major Leonard in his book *How we made Rhodesia* comments on a rumour that he and A. R. Colquhoun, the Administrator of Mashonaland, did not hit it off, remarking that to a certain extent it was not surprising as Pennefather had been away for so long. According to Leonard Pennefather was quite free in his criticism of Colquhoun in the mess at Fort Tuli, considered he tried to assume too much power, and had tried to command the Corps.

Leonard goes on to say: "*whatever Colquhoun's faults, it is excessively bad form of the Commandant of the force to openly criticise the Administrator, but I am not surprised at this, as a man who will speak to his officers as I have heard him, and publicly censure them before their own men, is not fit to command a regiment, no matter what his other qualifications may be. The less said about Pennefather, the better. Of course, Colquhoun has no business to interfere in the interior working of the police, but as Administrator he has every right to move the troops about where he considers necessary… Certainly a comparison between the two would be incontestably in favour of Colquhoun, who has brains and tact, while the most noticeable features in the other are entire absence of tact and a furious temper.*"

Pennefather remained at Fort Tuli for a period to supervise the training of the BSA Company Police recruits in equitation. Rhodes was so inundated with letters of introduction on behalf of men seeking enlistment that he sent them onto Dr Rutherford Harris, the Company's Cape secretary, to take them on—regardless of their qualifications and apparently no less than half of the last batch had absolutely no idea of how to ride. According to Leonard: "*they were all sorts and conditions of men.*"

Pennefather went down with dysentery at Fort Tuli and was treated by Dr E. Goody and nursed by Mother Patrick and her Dominican Sisters. He left Fort Tuli on his way to Salisbury on 14 February 1891, but was reported to have died at Fort Tuli, and I relate the circumstances from Hugh Marshall Hole's *Old Rhodesian Days*.

"*During that wet season communication with the south was only maintained by relays of mounted dispatch-riders, and even this method was unavailing in January and February when the rivers became impassable. The result was that all sorts of baseless rumours gained credence as to events in the newly occupied territory. Monty Bowden, who before joining the pioneer force had been a well-known and popular member of an English County cricket team, was one of several whose death was reported and cabled to his relatives at home. But he was by no means dead and afterwards took morbid pleasure in reading his obituary notices, and especially the accounts of a memorial service in*

his native county. [See the article on Monty Bowden on the website www.zimfieldguide.com under Manicaland] An even stranger experience befell Colonel Pennefather, the Commander of the Police. He had gone down the line on some duty or other and was cut off by flooded rivers from returning. At one of the largest rivers, the Lundi, two dispatch-riders, unable to cross, hailed each other from opposite banks. "Any news from the south?" shouted the one from the Salisbury side. "Yes" was the answer: "Colonel Pennefather is delayed at Fort Tuli." But the roar of the torrent caused this item to be misunderstood, and in a few days word reached Salisbury that the Colonel had died at Tuli. The flag was lowered to half-mast, and, after a decent interval, the colonel's kit and camp furniture, in accordance with time honoured custom, was put up to auction, and eagerly snapped up by the junior officers. A few days later when the floods subsided the colonel started on his return journey, but before reaching Salisbury encountered one of his subalterns proceeding southward on leave. This young gentleman was so staggered at beholding what at first he thought must be a ghost that he forgot for the moment that he was wearing an excellent pair of field-boots bought at the above-mentioned auction. He partially pulled himself together and attempted a salute. But the Colonel's eyes were sharp: "What the devil do you mean, sir," he thundered out. "You've got my boots on!" Nor would he listen to explanations until his trembling junior had taken them off and restored them humbly to their lawful owner."

There are sources other than Leonard that indicate that Pennefather could be unreasonable. Lieut. E. E. Dunne, the transport officer, was put under arrest on an allegation of neglect following the death of Sgt H Hackwell on 16 April 1891 when their wagons were held up by the flooded Lundi River. Towards the end of July, he was released by Dr Jameson and compensated as there was nothing to show that any proper enquiry was undertaken by Pennefather.

When Pennefather met Cpl C. H. F. Divine and Tpr R. C. Smith looking for lost horses he made no enquiry as to whether they were themselves responsible but according to Divine:" *at this he let himself go, and I got such a telling-off—it was no good telling him that I had not lost the horses, so I suffered in silence. He said we were not to be trusted with goats, let alone such valuable animals as horses. When the Colonel had completely exhausted his vocabulary, he rode off."*

At its conclusion and after the disbandment of the Pioneer Corps, the BSA Company's Police were largely engaged in maintaining the administration of the company and in keeping up communications with Bechuanaland. During 1891 in establishing the Company's authority in Manicaland, the Police clashed with the Portuguese who had interests in the same area and there was a sharp fight at Chua Hill near Macequece.

However, there were other opinions other than Leonard which are far more benevolent of Pennefather. In July 1891 he was at Fort Hill in Penhalonga soon after Sisters Rose Blennerhassett, Lucy Sleeman and Welby had arrived on foot from Beira, but had no hospital facilities. Blennerhassett and Sleeman writing in Adventures in Mashonaland wrote: "*just at that time Col. Pennefather of the Inniskilling's, who was commanding the Chartered Company's Police, came from Salisbury to Umtali, and made a pilgrimage to our camp on Sabi Ophir hill. We found him a delightful to deal with. With the prompt decision of a soldier he had the vexed question settled in a day, and it was resolved that we should occupy a small encampment close to the police lines. Hospital huts would be built near it and in two or three weeks we should be able to receive patients*."

Winding down the BSA Company Police

During 1891 agreement was reached by the Foreign Offices in London and Lisbon on the respective territories of Britain and Portugal and with this, coupled with a gradual extinction of Boer ambitions across the Limpopo River as the administration of Mashonaland grew firmer, there no longer seemed a need for a strong Police force. At this time, to secure a population of 1 500 Europeans, there was a force of 650 military Police costing the BSA Company £250 000 a year to maintain.

Marshall Hole writes that Rhodes and Jameson put their heads together to devise some means of ridding themselves of this white elephant. Jameson could not understand why the police would not carry out civil duties such as driving post-carts, assisting in surveying farms, or doing clerical work for the administration. On one occasion he said to Pennefather: "*when your men are doing nothing you show them in your returns as 'available for duty' but the moment I ask a man to do something, I am told he must get extra duty pay.*"

In the months August 1891 to January 1892 Hickman records that 3 new recruits were added and 477 were discharged, reducing the Police force to 40 and the onus for defence was transferred to a newly formed body of volunteer settlers and prospectors, the Mashonaland Horse. Pennefather's own discharge should not have been a great surprise to him.

Indeed, Frank Johnson wrote on 29 September : "*My dear Colonel, the officers of the Pioneer Corps have unanimously requested me to ask you to accept a piece of plate as a souvenir of the Expedition which it has been our good fortune to participate under your command, and particularly to mark our appreciation of the constant courtesy and consideration which we—the Officers of a 'very irregular' Corps have at all times received from you.*

Knowing that you dislike anything approaching a formal ceremonial we have thought it best to write you a simple note tendering you our most hearty congratulations on the peaceful and satisfactory termination of the Pioneer Expedition to Mashonaland which you have so efficiently led. With kind regards from us all, Believe me, my dear Colonel, yours sincerely, F. Johnson."

The nursing sisters wrote in *Adventures in Mashonaland*: "*on the 2nd January 1892, Col Pennefather rode into the camp* [at Old Umtali] *Everyone rejoiced to see him. He told us he projected spending the rainy season in Manica and set to work to make his hut comfortable. Great therefore was the general surprise when, on the 4th of January, a runner brought him a despatch informing him that the Military Police were to be disbanded and a Civil police created. The Colonel's services would therefore be no longer required. He could re-join his regiment when he pleased…The announcement was too sudden not to be unpleasant, but the Colonel took the affair very calmly: "I've received the Order of the Sack, Sister." That was all he said about it. We were very sorry indeed to say goodbye to him.*"

With this reduction, Pennefather left the Company's service and returned to his regiment. He retired from the army in 1895 to become Inspector General of Police in the Straits Settlements and died on 29 April 1928 aged 78 years. He is buried at Wyke Regis New Burial Ground in Dorset, England.

Photo by Lieut. W. Ellerton-Fry
L-R, back row; Lieut. CWP Slade (B Troop), Surgeon-Capt. RF Rand (HQ)
Middle row; Sub-Lieut. MHG Mundell (B Troop), Capt. PW Forbes (B Troop), Lieut-Col EG Pennefather (OC the Pioneer Column), Lieut. D Graham (Adjutant HQ), Canon F. Balfour (Chaplain HQ)
Front row; Sub-Lieut. the Hon EW Fiennes (A Troop), Capt. HM Heyman (A Troop)

He married Mary Crompton and they had three children: Edward Mathew Pennefather, Commander William Pennefather, born 1887, John Broderick Pennefather, born 1892

The men who fell under Lt.-Col. Pennefather's command

Photo from Col. A.S. Hickman
Men who made Rhodesia

Once Rhodes had out-manoeuvred all the concession hunters at Lobengula's kraal, he asked Sir Frederick Carrington, officer commanding the Bechuanaland Border Police, how many men would be required to ensure a safe passage to Mount Hampden in Mashonaland; '*a minimum force of 2 500 armed men'* was the reply.

The actual numbers under Pennefather who crossed the Shashe River is given in *Occupation of Mashonaland*. The Pioneer Column had 223 men, including 37 civilians attached. The British South Africa Company Police, including D and E Troops stationed at Fort Tuli and Macloutsie camp was about 459, and Khama's force under Rhadicladi, but responsible to Pennefather, was 300 making a combined total of 982.

LETTERS FROM LT.-COL. E.G. PENNEFATHER TO HIS MOTHER IN 1890 TO 1891 (NAZ PE 1/3/2)

28 April written from Kimberley Club—waiting for the Governor, objects of the expedition, Pioneer Column and BSAC Police organisation, preliminary route plan
My dearest Mother, you will get two letters from me by this mail, I suppose, which will be rather a puzzle to you until you have grappled with the rapidity of my movements. Now that I am here I shall have to wait and see the Governor, who will pass through here on his way back from Barotseland, mainly I believe to see me!!! He has taken up this Chartered Company's scheme very warmly, but he insists the expedition be under military control, until the forts and line of communication are thoroughly established. The real object of the expedition is to be beforehand with the Portuguese on the south of the Zambesi, and if possible to get an outlet to the sea on the east coast and to that the expedition ought to start not later than the middle of June. I shall probably have no concern with the coast part of the business, and when the company is thoroughly established in Mashonaland I shall probably leave their service. I cannot be on the frontier, the Macloutsie River where my force is to assemble until the latter end of May, as I must wait for the Governor. That will not give me much time to see the efficiency of my command. I am to have 500 mounted rifles, 250 pioneers, 2 7-pounder guns, 2 Gatling's, a Gardner gun and a Maxim. Why this vast assortment I don't know? This is all in case the Matabele should cut up rusty, but there does not seem to be much chance of that, as we shall not march through the inhabited part of their country at all, and after the first 100 miles or so, shall not be strictly speaking in Matabele territory. I will send you by next mail a rough sketch of the country, and the proposed route of my force. I have not any time to write more now, as I have been busy all day looking into details of equipment. I only arrived here at 6 this morning, goodbye dearest mother, give my love to all. Ever yr. affect. Son, Edward G. Pennefather

11 June written from Macloutsie Camp—state of training and equipment
My dearest Mother, [EGP discusses some family matters, including the fact that Canon Balfour, who is acting Chaplain, went to Harrow with him, but he does not remember him] Our horses have not arrived yet, and consequently we are not yet ready to move. I hope that the first batch will be here on Friday, and that the others will move more rapidly than they have done. As far as the men's drill goes, dismounted, they do it capitally and I don't think they are far behind very good regulars. Probably in many ways they are as good as the best; they are a very handy lot too, and we are able to do everything for ourselves; just now I am making a lot of charcoal for forge purposes; I find that two or three kinds of trees about here are excellent for it.

The weather is capital, cloudy and cool. You would even think you were well within the tropics here a thousand feet or so above sea level which is very little for a place so far inland. I have no time to go after big game, although there is some not very far off. Last Saturday I went out shooting birds with 3 or 4 of my Officers, and we pot 4 or 5 brace; we had no pointers or might have got more; down on the Macloutsie game is much more plentiful.

We are expecting an occasion of strength on Friday, the Pioneer Corps is coming

in then; they are only about 200 strong, but they have a lot of horses. They have a scientific attachment too. General Methuen ought to be here on Tuesday or so. I don't know whether he will inspect us before the horses come. I have had no time to do sketches or maps, but I hope to do more at leisure on Saturday and Sunday, but my official correspondence has assumed enormous proportions; there are so many different branches of ordinary military service all combined in our one corps, and a lot of official civil work besides. So, I must shut up now with best love to all. Ever yr. affect. Son, Edward G. Pennefather

Photo by W. Ellerton Fry of Macloutsie Camp

17 June Macloutsie Camp—road has been cut to Tuli

My Dearest Mother [EDG discusses some points in his mother's letter of 24 April which reached him the previous week] I am always wondering how you will take my having come up here; my letters to you when it was first offered to me will not have given you a true idea of what the business really is, but my later ones from Kimberley will have put things in their true light. It is a great jump from being a troop officer (even in the Inniskilling Dragoons) to running a show like this, both as to military and a great extent political detail; for we are so far from Cape Town that I have to take a great deal of independent action. I am glad to think the Governor believes me to be quite capable of carrying the whole thing through myself, as in a telegram to General Methuen he says I am not to be interfered with in any way; please God I shan't fail.

There is still plenty of work to do, but I have my good assistants. Malcolm Graham is a first-rate Officer; he is my adjutant now. My Staff officer has enough to do with supplies, transport, and intelligence branch, without doing regimental work; but when Sir John Willoughby leaves me; I shall get Graham made Staff Officer if I can.

I don't know whether I told you what a collection of Inniskilling's there are up here. Captain Forbes is one of my Captains, Captain Grey is commanding the BBP, and Captain Iye, who retired from the force about a year ago has an appointment at Kimberley and came up at my request to help in getting the corps equipped, and he has been of the utmost service to me.

I wish I had had the raising and equipping of the corps; I think I would have got

some suitable equipment at a smaller cost to the company and I certainly would have done better in the matter of horses. I went out shooting to the Macloutsie on Saturday afternoon with Willoughby. He wounded a koodoo bull, which I pursued for about 8 miles as his pony was too slow. I had only a shotgun and tried to get a long ride and kill him with buckshot, but although I was never more than 60 yards behind him and often only 20 yards, I could not get up to him and had to leave him as my horse got done—however we took up the spoor next morning and found the koodoo dead.

We have had the country surveyed and a road cut to the Tuli River; 67 miles east of this; we get out of Khama's country when we get there.

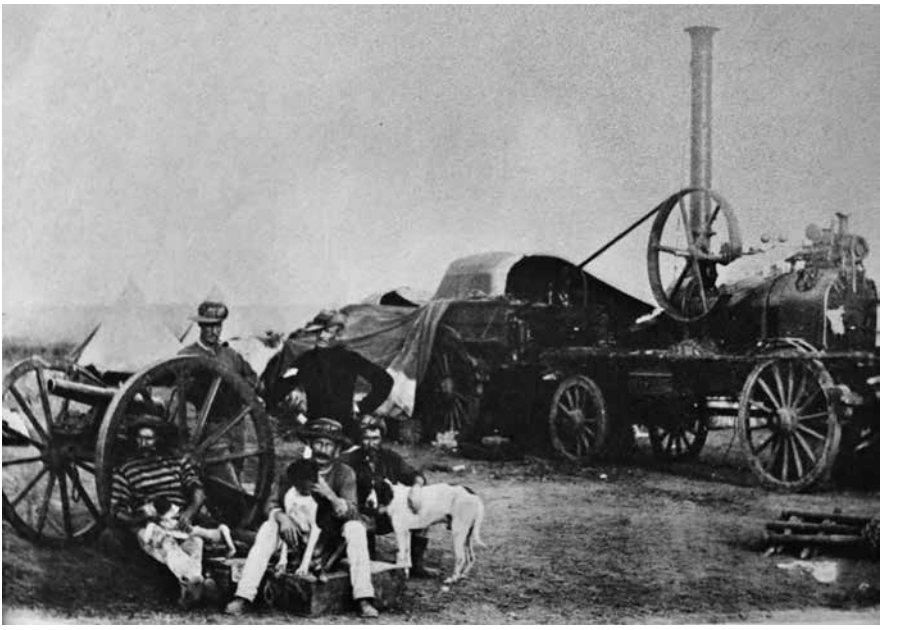
18th. I have been very busy with the General all day and have had no time to write you a decent letter. Goodbye my dearest mother; best love to you all. Ever yr. affect Son, Edward G. Pennefather

24 June, Macloutsie Camp – inspection by General Methuen, shortage of horses, electric searchlight.

My Dearest Mother, I got your letters of May 1st last Sunday and am very glad to find that you are pleased at my new job; perhaps you will be more pleased in some ways when you get my letters from Kimberley, but I know you will be sorry when you realize that my being here means another separation from Mary; however, I hope to get away on leave at the end of the year and see her again. Of course, you will have later news of her then any that I can give you. My present address is: Commanding BSAC Police, Macloutsie, Mashonaland. What my real address will be in a month hence, goodness knows, but my letters will be forwarded from here.

General Methuen has been here all last week inspecting my corps. I am glad to say he was very much pleased. I was not here for all the inspection, as he wished me to go and see how the Pioneer Corps were getting on. Their camp is 20 miles from here. I left before daybreak on Friday and spent Friday and Saturday in inspecting them. I returned here on Sunday and met the General on his way down to inspect them; he returns tonight. I am very much handicapped by the want of horses, of which I have only about 150 as yet, and many of them are dying, or ill of horse sickness. I have to be my own vet; my treatment so far has been more successful than any other. If the General is satisfied with the Pioneers they will move 60 miles further east, to the Tuli river, and one of my troops will go with them; the remainder I will take on as soon as my other horses arrive. I shall go the Tuli myself this week and select the site for what will eventually be my base camp, returning here as soon as possible. The envoys from Lobengula have not come in yet, and I don't know what has become of them. The pioneers have an electric searchlight, to be used in case of a night attack, which works splendidly. You can see everything within 400 yards as clearly as by daylight, and the light can revolve so as to throw the light on any place you like. We can easily see the light from this camp, it would also be a splendid guide for any man who lost his way. They have an artillery troop with two seven pounder guns, a Gardner and a Maxim (these last are machine guns) This troop is very smart. The other two Troops are not very good, but they have capital horses.

Photo by W. Ellerton Fry of a seven-pounder gun and the searchlight's boiler on an ox-wagon – Pennefather in the foreground holding one of his pointers.



The General has just come back and says the Pioneers will do, so one Troop starts for the Tuli tomorrow morning.

You will of course know by this time that all parcels for Mary are still to be sent to Natal—perhaps you might send books for me here; if so, address them Lt. Col Pennefather, BSAC Police, Mashonaland care of BSA Company's Agents, Cape Town. Please have my papers addressed to Macloutsie, as on the front page of this letter. I suppose Mary is getting mine now, but she does not send any on to me.

…the most important things concerning myself which have happened of late, are the arrival of my dogs and my kit. My correspondence is dwindling down now (official correspondence, I mean) which is a good thing for me, especially as I haven't time for much. I must send off this, or rather shut it up; I shall be too busy tomorrow to do any private writing. Please give my love to all at Clifton and such relations as you may be writing to. Ever yr. affect. Son, Edward G. Pennefather.

Saturday 28 June, Semelale River, 40 miles east of Macloutsie camp—Pioneers and one Police Troop arrived. F. C. Selous, Dr Jamieson, A. R. Colquhoun, General Methuen already there. "I am having some trouble with Rhodes and others, but as all his representatives up here agree thoroughly with my plans, I shall have my own way;" horse sickness

My Dearest Mother, this place is about 40 miles west of our Macloutsie Camp, which I left on the evening of the 26th hoping that the Pioneers and one Troop of my police would have been here yesterday. However, owing to difficulties of trekking they didn't turn up until this afternoon. I got here late yesterday evening, having left the troop of police in the morning. Selous, Dr Jameson and Mr Colquhoun have been here for some days, and General Methuen joined them on Tuesday last. This morning I meant to have been on the Tuli, 28 miles further on, but it was no use going on whilst the troops were so far behind; so, the general, Selous and I went out to hunt giraffes. We saw one—but

it saw us and got a long start, the bush was very thick, and after a gallop of about 2 miles we lost it. I got a fine spill and left several pieces of my face in a thorn bush; the General also lost a good part of his nose, and there seems to be about a pound and a half of flesh missing off Selous' arms, so we had rather a good day altogether. I am going on to the Tuli tomorrow with Selous to choose a site for a fort.

I got this morning your letters of 8th May by a post-rider from the Matlaputla, they had not been sent to Mary somehow. I also got one from her dated 1st June. She says she has taken to rink skating and is much the better for it. [there follows family news]

I shall return to Macloutsie camp about Tuesday, but I hope only to be there for a week, and then to bring the rest of my force onto the Tuli. I am having some trouble with Rhodes and others, but as all his representatives up here agree thoroughly with my plans, I shall have my own way and my position will probably be much stronger afterwards.

I am very curious to know what all our friends and relations think of my new turn; I suppose they hardly realise, any more than you seem to do, that within a couple of months I shall be on the Zambezi, or not 100 miles from it. I told General Methuen the other day that if this goes through all right, I shall apply to have my name noted as qualified for staff appointment; he said that I certainly ought to do so and that I should have a very good claim.

My poor horses have been dying fast, now that I've got them, but I think that the Matlaputla is a particularly bad place for them, so I'm going to move the others on from here as fast they arrive. I must shut up now, for its late, and I have to make an early start tomorrow. Best love to all, my dearest Mother, Ever yr. affect. Son, Edward G. Pennefather.

5 July Macloutsie Camp—start tomorrow with two Police Troops for Tuli ; go on from there with the Pioneers; road now being cut for 40 miles beyond Tuli; describes Tuli; failure of contractor to deliver supplies; supply convoy to follow under Sir John Willoughby.

My Dearest Mother, this will be the last letter which you will get from me for some time from this place, I start tomorrow with two troops enroute for the Tuli, where I expect to be for a few days, and then to go on with two of my troops and the Pioneers. I am having the road cut now for 40 miles beyond the Tuli, so as to have a good start when we do get off; and then we shall have to keep cutting our way ahead. I have done a good deal since I last wrote to you. I rode on with Selous to the Tuli to select a site for the fort. The wagons followed us to within 7 miles of the Tuli, and we returned to them and slept there. On the way we saw 2 giraffes and a troop of quagga but did not go after them.

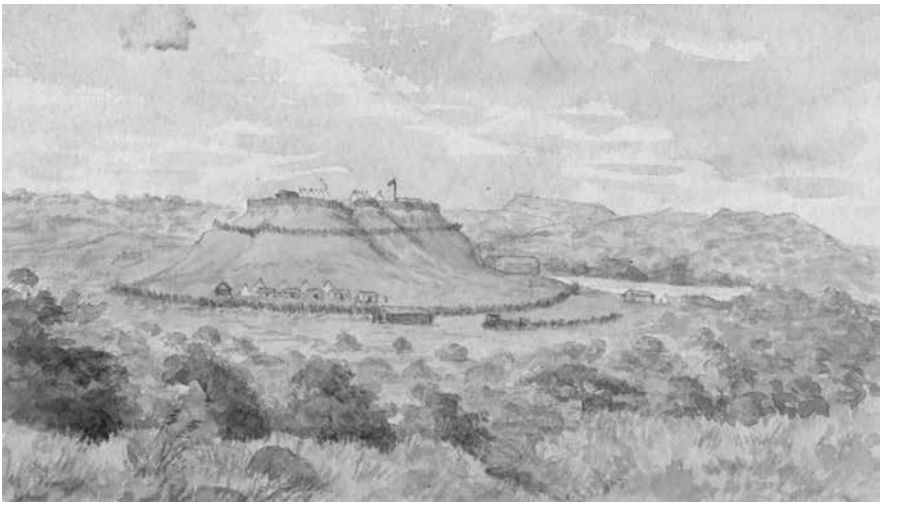
Next day I started at 7am and rode 50 miles back here, getting in at 7pm. I shot a zebra within 10 miles of camp. The Matabele envoys that I expected here turned up on the Tuli, and General Methuen sent back a message to Lobengula by them I hear now that there are another lot on their way here. Please thank everybody for their congratulations, if all goes well, as please God it will, there will be something indeed to congratulate me about.

Mary writes the word that the foreman told her the other day that he wished I was back, as he wanted me to take the Zululand Police whilst their commandant is on leave;

that would have been a good job as I could have had Mary at Eshowe—but this ought to lead to more. If I were a bachelor and a bit younger, this would be a splendid thing, for I think I could go all over Africa. My ambition at the present moment is to get home to England and have a few quiet years there and then go to India—the height of my ambition is the command of a cavalry brigade.

I haven't described to you the country between this and the Tuli; it isn't quite so flat as this and is covered with bush; the Tuli [actually the Shashe River] at our Fort is a broad bed of sand about 400 yards wide, with low banks fringed with enormous reeds. It must have been a fine game country a year or two ago. Beyond the Tuli as far as one can see the country is flat and bushy, with a few low kopjes about it. There is a stream about 50 yards wide in the bed of the Tuli. You may divide the rivers in this part of Africa into three classes (1) those in which the water always runs (2) those in which there is always water to be found in pools, or by digging in the sand (3) those in which there is never any water, except just after rain.

Pennefather original watercolour of Fort Tuli – as Rob Burrett has pointed out the vertical scale is exaggerated



Sunday 6th. I really don't think my mind is in fit state to write letters with this move coming off; I can think of nothing but supplies, transport, and lines of communication. The contractor here has failed altogether to keep up a supply for our requirements in the way of meal and other articles of consumption, and there are only two other small stores within 300 miles. My horses have not arrived, though I expected them on June 28th and I cannot hear anything of them. I have to leave my staff officer [Sir John Willoughby] behind to see to horses and supplies and to bring up a convoy as soon as possible. He will probably catch us up 200 miles from here; halfway to our destination. No time for more. I am enclosing a letter to Charlie for his birthday. This will go next week. Best love to all. Ever yr. aff. Son, Ed. G. Pennefather

17 July, Umzingwane River—evidence of game, almost certain the Matabele will not attack, 27 miles further will come to Banyai country and can get guides for next 100 miles.

My Dearest Mother, here we are journeying on as fast as the oxen will allow us but owing to have to make our own roads our progress is slow. We are only 35 miles from the Tuli, but I hope by this time tomorrow to be 20 miles further on. We shall be badly off if we aren't, for there is no water for that distance. We are in a great game country, thick bush with a good many rivers. There have been elephants here in the last 24 hours, and waterbuck, koodoo etc., are plentiful—but alas! I can't allow any shooting, for fear of the pickets getting to think that a shot means nothing. I don't believe that the Matabele are going to attack us; in fact, it is almost certain that they won't, as the King has sent an envoy to Cape Town, but it's as well to be on the safe side. We are not interfering with them in any way as we are nearly 100 miles from their nearest kraals, and never shall be any nearer. I had a letter, written at Lobengula's bidding by a white man at Buluwayo, sent to me whilst I was at Macloutsie, and I sent him an answer which has been very highly approved by all the people who are carrying on negotiations with him. I think he is fully persuaded that we meant to attack him, or at least to go through the country where his people live; he claims all this part where we are, and no one lives here, but his people come down to hunt game.

About 27 miles further on we come to the Banyai country which is thickly populated, but the people are awfully afraid of the Matabele. However, we can get guides there who know all the country for the next 100 miles or more, and we may perhaps get them to run the post for us. I hope that the Matabele won't interfere with our line (I can't call it a line of communication, for one can hardly say that there is any)

We shall soon get out of this thick bush country, and I hope then to be able to travel a little faster, but there will be a great many rivers there, and sometimes crossing a river 100 yards wide takes longer than marching 10 miles—as the sand is heavy and drifts have to be made.

I am very sorry that you don't think Weymouth [a small town on the Dorset coast] will be possible this year, but I hope you won't allow the time to drift by without getting somewhere for the summer—any change would be better for some of you. I seem to have lost the art of writing letters when I'm on the march. I suppose it is that the novelty of the whole thing has worn off, and I take no notice of what used to surprise me. Even here, when I am making a road through a country untravelled except at rare intervals by some Boer hunter, there seems to be nothing to chronicle. This place only differs from our other halting places in that the river is much bigger, and that there are some very fine trees and splendid grazing along its banks. There must be plenty of lions about, although we never hear them, for every stray animal gets killed within a few hours. There is very little game in the Banyai country, which is thickly inhabited. I did a sketch at the drift here yesterday, but as it had to include several figures, it was no good. There is an energetic photographer with us however [Ellerton-Fry] who takes photos on every possible opportunity and who took several of the drift and others of the scenery. I hope his plates may not get broken, he is sending them to the Cape to be developed. I must shut up now, as it is nearly time to march. Best love to all. Ever yr. affect. Son, Edward G. Pennefather.

22 July, Bubye River Camp—three rivers in next five miles, column halted for day while drifts made, method of road making, Chief Setoutse of the Banyai paying respects, contact with small scouting party of Matabele, accounts of expedition in English papers.

My Dearest Mother, I only hope that you are enjoying glorious weather and the best of health, as we are, and I flatter myself by thinking of you all at Minehead or some other salubrious and comparatively rural place. If only communication were rapid, I should be glad to see you at afternoon tea (which is now in full swing) in the laager. If anybody is writing to Francis O'Brien. Please tell him that I am carting about a 6 month's supply of tea and coffee—I shall never forget his solicitude for my creature comforts when I was at Rorke's Drift; I am now more than 1 000 miles from there by the nearest available road.

I am taking advantage of a difficult piece of road making to write my letters. We have three fair sized rivers to cross in the next five miles—so the column has halted for the day whilst the drifts are being made. There is no road through all this country except the one which we are making; but the "making" is simple. It consists in cutting a path through the bush wide enough for a waggon to go along—then you drive your waggons along and the road is made. But at these rivers we have at first to find a suitable place and then to cut the banks down, and where the bed is sandy, we put down branches of trees and long reeds to prevent the waggons from sinking deeply in the sand.

Pennefather letter – the crocodile says to the boatman: ***"well! Of all the beastly mean tricks I ever saw! Come out of that."***

I got a cheery letter from Mary yesterday enclosing your letters of 29 May, as you will see by my reference to Minehead. I hope you will have got Jon away for a change.

I have been travelling through quite a different country for the last two days. The trees are much larger and more diversified, and there is a range of granite hills which we have been skirting, some of them over 1 000 feet above the plain; many of them are huge domes of bald granite, apparently quite inaccessible. Away to the north these granite hills rise range upon range in all sorts of curious shapes. I have had no time to sketch today, but yesterday I did one from the corner of the laager. There are a few natives living in the hills, the Chief Setoutse came to pay his respects today. His people

are Banyai—they are a miserable lot, living in abject fear of the Matabele. We found a small scouting party of the latter the other day; they said they were sent down to see what road we were going. I sent them back to Lobengula, assuring him that I was not going to interfere with his people and I think they will accept the situation quietly; they were very much impressed when told there was a Queen's Induna (myself) in command. They asked me if I had ever been in the country before, and when I said no, they said you English are wonderful people—you come into a country that you have never seen, and you go straight through it to the point you want to reach.

Pennefather original watercolour of Pioneer Column ox-wagons in laager near Setoutse's Hill

I've had no papers for a long while, as they are too heavy for the post-riders to bring up. I suppose we shall get some when Willoughby catches us up with the convoy. He was to leave Macloutsie about Saturday last. You will probably see several letters in the English papers giving accounts of the expedition. They are duly written with authority and passed by our own "press censor." I don't write myself as I do not think it would do. As we are getting so much further away, you will probably not get a letter by next mail—not because I don't write, every week, but because it will take the post so much longer to get to Palapye; and after about every three letters you must expect an interval, until I have the postal service thoroughly organised. I daresay when we get to Mount Hampden we shall send the correspondence via Massikessi [Massi-Kessi or Macequece] and the Pungwe bay, in Portuguese territory; it is only 150 miles from Mount Hampden to Massikessi on the Buzi river, and there is a Portuguese fort there, and steam launches

running to Pungwe Bay. Massikessi is in the Manika country.

One of our picquets vow that they saw an elephant the night before last and challenged him! I suppose he didn't know the countersign! We are beginning to count the weeks we must pass before we reach Mount Hampden now. We hope to be there before the end of next month. You were asking about Malcolm Graham; he is a capital fellow, very keen and quick and quite one of the best officers I have; he is acting staff officer for the now, in the absence of Sir John Willoughby, whom I have had to leave behind to bring a convoy up.

I must shut up now, though I feel more in a letter-writing humour than usual—but I have lots of correspondence to get through.

Best love to all, Ever yr. affect. Son, Edward G. Pennefather

28 July Wanesti [Mwenezi formerly the Nuanetsi] River—description of the granite kopjes and the Banyai; their Chiefs ask that their country be taken over to protect them from the amaNdebele

My Dearest Mother, you must put up with a very shabby line this week; I haven't time to write any more. We are getting on very well and are marching through the Banyai country. The last few days it has been lovely, but rather difficult to pioneer a road through: the whole country is thickly studded with granite hills from 50 to 400 or 500 feet high, the base of them has masses of boulders with thick bush growing in them, the upper parts huge bald domes, weather stained and overgrown with various coloured lichens. Some of the trees too in the lower parts of them have bright coloured flowers or seed jewels, and the leaves of others are autumnal tints, others bright green; the day before yesterday's march was through the loveliest country of the kind which I have seen.

Pennefather original watercolour of the Runde River (formerly the Lundi)

There is a large population of Banyai who are very friendly; I have interviewed the Chiefs who have begged me to take over their country and settle it. They live in the greatest fear and detestation of the Matabele, but as they acknowledge Lobengula as their supreme Chief I think it is better not to take over the country until we can assure them of protection—but that will come shortly. They place their huts up in the most inaccessible crags and you see women with children on their backs running up a smooth and all

but perpendicular dome or boulder, where you can hardly follow on hands and feet.

No time for more. We are all very well. Best love to all. Ever yr. affect. Son, Edward G. Pennefather

2 August, Lunde River – distance still to go unknown, making of drift across the river, using native runners to take the mail, Willoughby still not caught up with the Pioneer Column

My Dearest Mother, having got this far on our journey, I hope I may say that we have got over half of it, but the country is so little known that we cannot say whether we have still 250 miles to go, or only 180. At any rate we have marched 201 [miles] since we left the Macloutsie, and I think we have done what they call now a "record" time considering the country we have gone through. We have had literally to "axe" our way, though for the best half of the distance there were no inhabitants of the country.

The column arrived at this river last night the advance party 24 hours before, and they have been hard at work making a drift; the river bed is 200 yards wide, but there is only about 80 yards of water and the stream is from 3 to 4 feet deep, and swift beautifully clean waters. There has been a great deal of work. The west bank is high and steep, the sand of the river bed very heavy and the waters too deep to let the waggons come over without the loads getting wet, so the bank has been cut down, a roadway of trunks of trees overlaid with reeds and sand, made over the dry sand, and a number of sacks filled with sand laid at the bottom of the water channel so as to reduce the depth to 3 feet at most. The waggons had to be lowered down the bank by ropes tied to the back, and when the oxen got into the water, another rope was made fast to the end of the trek tow, and the oxen, waggon and all pulled bodily through by a lot of men. My waggons got through early this morning and the pioneers are coming now. The noise and yelling which seems indispensable to getting the waggons across are indescribable. I often think what fun it would be to have a phonograph at a drift and bottle up the row for reproduction in London. Say at an Exeter Hall meeting! What a sensation it would create. You will very likely see photographs of objects of interest in the expedition and along the line of march reproduced in the Graphic. There is a most energetic photographer [Ellerton-Fry] attached to the Pioneers. I wonder if you will recognize me in any of them. I have done one or two sketches and if I could only draw figures and draw them quickly, I could get some splendid objects at the crossing of these rivers. This is the first river which we have crossed which does not run into the Limpopo; it joins another river called the Sabie which runs into the Indian ocean somewhere about Inhambane. If you have a map of these countries, as you probably will have, you can fix our present position approximately on the Lunde. We are about 12 miles SE [south east] of a large mountain marked as "Wochua" on most maps, but which the Banyai call Bufua. It rises apparently about 1,800 feet above the plain. I am rather doubtful whether some of my later letters will reach you. They have been sent back by Bamangwato runners and there are several small parties of the Matabele roving about the vicinity of our road, they may have robbed the mail—or what is quite as likely, the Bamangwato boys may have chucked the mail bags down and run away. One of Lobengula's titles which are shouted before him by those who work and honour him is "Interceptor of letters." I am sending a patrol back on the road tomorrow to find

Sir J. Willoughby who is bringing a convoy up and shall send the mail back by them; if Willoughby is not very far off they will bring back the up mail—we have at least 3 week's letters to come. Next week I hope to have a photo of my tent and the corners of this laager to send you.

Pennefather original sketch of the Pioneer Column crossing the Runde River (formerly the Lundi)

W. Ellerton Fry—photo of Pennefather's tent

I rode some miles up the river yesterday afternoon and found a pool where there must be hippos, to judge by the quantity of spoor about, but I did not see any. All today

except at service and meal times I have been writing hard to get off my official reports and letters; the charm of being "boss" of the expedition has not worn off yet.

Goodbye my dearest mother, best love to all. Ever yr. affect. Son, Edward G. Pennefather

15 August, head of Inyaguzwe [Providential Pass]—postal arrangements likely to be cut in rains, urged Kimberley office to open route via Zambesi, now in open country, fortunate in finding a pass to it; Portuguese recently in neighbourhood trying to make treaties, waiting for supply convoy, building a fort, party gone to Great Zimbabwe

My Dearest Mother, the day before yesterday brought us a most welcome mail, including your letters of 18 June. What do you think of our getting letters from Mafeking in 14 days? The distance is nearly 600 miles, all of which has to be covered by post cart (drawn by oxen, in many cases) and post-riders. I have a detachment of post-riders out along 250 miles of road. But what on earth we shall do when the rainy season sets in and the many large rivers which we have crossed are impassable, goodness knows. I am urging the Kimberley office to open a route via the Zambesi, and hope that may be accomplished in time. It would be a great saving both of distance and time, and there is water carriage for the greater part of the way.

I have now about 180 miles of our journey to do, and I believe it is the easiest part. We are out of the low bush country and on a large open plateau, with an elevation of 3,600 feet; this plateau goes as far as Bulawayo in one direction and nearly to the Zambesi in another, whilst to the N.E. [north east] it is broken by the Sabi River but rises again in the highlands of Manika. It is a great relief to be out of the bush and broken country, and we were most fortunate in finding this pass without having to make a long delay searching for an available one.

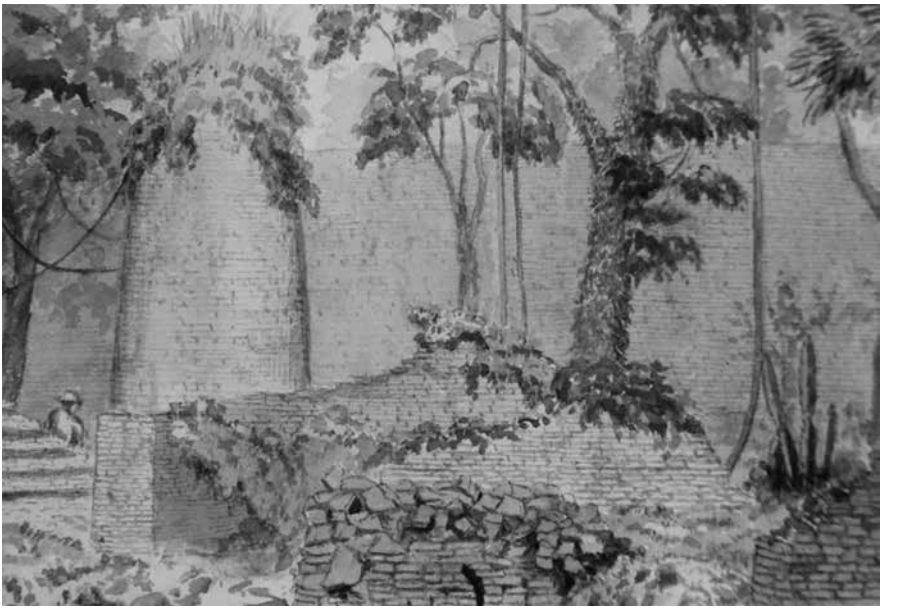
I find as I anticipated that some Portuguese are here (or have been within a few days) trying to make treaties with the native Chiefs. However according to Lord Salisbury's declaration, they have no right to be here, and as only two of them have been going about in palanquins, it is probable that the natives won't have anything to say to them when they see our own expedition. I have sent messengers to the different Chiefs to announce my arrival and the size of my expedition will lose nothing in the telling.

I am waiting here for Willoughby who ought to join us in a day or two. Meanwhile I am building a fort here in which I shall put a troop of police [the first of three forts situated at Fort Victoria, now Masvingo] Another troop will remain near Mt Wedza [Fort Charter] 60 miles from here and one will go on to Mt Hampden with me.

I am so sorry that you could not manage Minehead; it is odd that hunting should make a place an expensive summer resort, but perhaps it is in the Devon and Somerset country? I hope the house at Weymouth will be a success, as also I hope will be your endeavours to augment your income. How kind of the old ladies of Bath to help you so handsomely.

I wish I could write you a decent letter; there are lots of objects of interest in this country if only I could get at them, but I have not time. There are some ruins called Zimbabye described by Carl Mauch in the hills to the south of this; I believe only one white man besides Mauch has seen them, but a party has gone from here; they will have

to sleep out one night. However, I dare say I shall see them some day.



Pennefather original sketch of Great Zimbabwe in 1891

There is a good deal of game about here—hippo, buck of various kinds, and the advanced guard came on a lion yesterday; the first seen by our column, although there are plenty about. I have no time for shooting. I must shut up now and get on to my official letters. Goodbye my dearest mother—best love to all. Ever yr. affect Son, Edward G. Pennefather

21 August, 14 miles north of Fort Victoria—travelling along the watershed, shortage of game, welcomed by local Mashona as relief against the Matabele

My Dearest Mother, we are once more on the march again, and in another eight days I hope to have completed the last stage but one of our journey by arriving at Mount Wedza near the head of the Sabi River.

I have made a fort (called Fort Victoria) at the head of the Inyaguzwe [Providential] Pass, from which I last wrote to you. We marched on Tuesday afternoon, our first day's march was shortened by our having to cross two rivers, the Imtohege and the Imshagashi, the last of which gave us some little trouble. We are now traveling along a watershed, not quite the watershed between the Zambesi and the Sabi; but a secondary watershed between the latter river and the Inkwe, which we have already crossed. The Imshagashi here runs from north to south and we are marching up the southern bank of it. It is not a large river here, but there are heavy pools in it, some of which are inhabited by sea-cows [hippos] There is not much game. We see a few reed-buck and smaller buck, but the natives here sometimes have big hunts and drive the game into nets which they make from the bark of trees and hang from tree to tree. In default of big game however they aren't proud; at this time of year they burn the grass all over the country on a large scale in order to indulge in rat hunting; rats are a delicacy among the Banyai apparently.

I wanted very much to visit the ruins of Zimbabye, which are only 12 miles from Fort Victoria, but I was very busy whilst I was there and could not find time for the ride. Several parties went, and they describe the ruins as most interesting—you will no doubt see a full account of them and indeed of our general doings, in the Times and other papers. Of course, the military character of our expedition has not been dwelt on, in order not to raise the Aborigines Protection Society and other individuals who oppose the Chartered Company from interested motives. Though if the A.P.S. knew what they were about they would press for the extinction or subjection of the Matabele, who although they don't live nearer than 150 miles from this country, keep all the wretched Banyai and Mashonas in a constant state of alarm; armies from the King [Lobengula] and unofficial raiding parties come into the country, kill all the men and women they can, raid all the cattle and take the young children as slaves. All the natives whom we have met have welcomed us eagerly, of course from motives of self-interest.

We are still marching over rather open plains, dotted with trees and clumps of bush at a height of about 3,600 feet or more. We have passed out of the (probably) gold bearing belt about the Inyaguzwe [Providential] Pass and are getting into a granite country again, but further on we get again into the slate and sandstone.

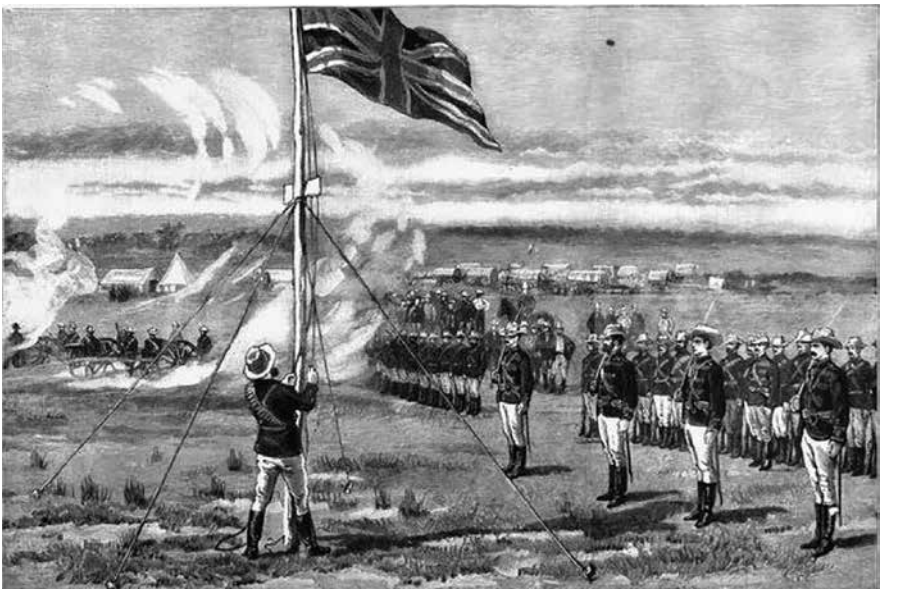
23 August. This morning the post-riders brought a mail with your letters of 10th, you may imagine what the news about Alice was to me, but what I most fear is the effect on poor Jon. You must see what you can do about getting him away for the winter. I don't quite know what money I have, but I think I can let you have £50 by December at latest. I will write Mary about it, I must tell her the state of things. Best love to all ever my dearest Mother, Yr. aff. Son, Edward G. Pennefather

15 September, Fort Salisbury, Mount Hampden—destination reached, enthusiastic comments on Selous, parade and hoisting of Union Jack, construction of fort by Pioneers and of huts and stables by Police. Patrols sent out to induce the Portuguese to retire east of 33°East in terms of Anglo-Portuguese agreement; their representatives mainly natives, Goanese or Mozambique men who have adopted Portuguese names; mostly slave traders; describes neighbourhood and Mount Hampden.

My dearest Mother, it is a great satisfaction to hear, as I did this morning of your arrival at Weymouth and from pleasant surroundings. It is also pleasant to have to announce our safe arrival at the end of our journey, and that all circumstances seem most favourable to the fortunes of the Chartered Company. You will have seen of course in the English papers the bare announcement of the arrival of the expedition here; I felt pretty tempted to send a telegram to you amongst the batch which I had to send off on our arrival here, by special despatch, but although £.s.d. are more plentiful with me than they were, the channels for employment of it seem to multiply. I wonder what will be the outcome for one of the success of our march—the responsibility for everything of course has been mine, but I had not much to do with the organisation of the greater part of it, and it would have been folly on my part to have interfered with Selous, the intelligence officer and chief guide of the expedition up to Fort Charter. He is a man with a wonderful knowledge of the country and of great tact in dealing with natives, and any information given by him is absolutely reliable, and as to the way in which he

carried out his work, I never knew a man more conscientious in the discharge of his duty.

We had a great parade on the morning after our arrival here for hoisting the Union Jack, which was done with all the honours including a Royal salute of 21 guns, which the two 7-pounders got through very creditably. I am now busy with the fort, which will be a very strong earthwork—it is already beginning to assume defensible proportions, although only 2½ day's work have been done on it. The Pioneers are doing that under my direction: the one troop of police here are busy building their huts and stables. We have just heard the outline of the Anglo-Portuguese convention which seems much more favourable to the Chartered Company than could have been expected. The Portuguese have not yet quite retired from Mashonaland, but they have been going back before our advance, and I have now patrols out, which will probably induce them to retire east of 33° east longitude. Their representatives in this part of the world are mainly black men, Goanese or Mocambique men, who have taken Portuguese names, and have been dubbed Colonels and Generals, so that their names may look well in newspapers and despatches, but most of them are nothing but slave traders.



Engraving from *The Graphic*. Raising the flag at Fort Salisbury

The country about here is flat, as most of the Mashona table land is: but as this place is 4,900 feet above the sea, it ought to be healthy all the year around: it certainly is now: the sun is hot sometimes, as one would expect in this latitude, but not hotter than in Natal, I think. There is abundance of bush and a few hills, but the latter are not much to speak of. Mount Hampden stands alone in the big open plain and is about 700 feet above the level of the surrounding country, which seems to be very fertile, as well as rich in minerals, and well suited in every way for European occupation.

The native population, owing to the raids of the Matabele, is very small now, though at one time the country must have been thickly inhabited by an agricultural population. I should like to take the Aboriginal Protection Society around this country and show them the traces of fire and sword (or rather assegai) left by successive Matabele impis.

The wretched Mashonas have nothing to lose but their lives, and the Matabele come 200 miles for the sole pleasure of taking those! The Mashonas are rather a wretched looking crowd—particularly the women, who are more hideous than even the Bechuana women: oddly enough many of the children are not bad-looking. I must shut up now—as usual I have heaps of writing to do and I have not now the excuse that I cannot answer all correspondence at once, on account of being on the march. Still, I am busy enough and have only once been out of camp since we arrived here: the fort takes up most of my attention: there is hardly anyone here who knows anything about fortification at all.

My attention will next have to turn to getting some of the rivers bridged: I shall only attempt bridges for light traffic. Good-bye my dearest Mother, best love to all. Ever yr. affect. Son, Edward G. Pennefather

14 October, Fort Salisbury—return of Colquhoun from Manica, expresses disgust that results of his journey upset by Anglo-Portuguese agreement, as Manika outside British sphere. Portuguese methods of recruiting natives for labour.

My Dearest Mother, it was very pleasant to hear how thoroughly you had enjoyed your stay at Weymouth this year, and how Uncle Edward enjoyed his visit to you; he is a wonderfully young man yet. I hope that your return journey to Clifton was successfully accomplished and that you found everything all right on your return. Has Jon gone back there yet?

Mary writes that she has given up our house and sold our belongings: a very bad sale I am sorry to say. We did not get more than half of what the things were worth. I am sorry to think that we have done with that place; it was a fairly good house, and the flowers were exquisite, particularly the roses.

Mr Colquhoun has come back from the Manika country: he accomplished the object of his journey most successfully, but to our great disgust, it seems that it has been all upset by the Anglo-Portuguese agreement, the text of which we have just received. Manika is just out of the British sphere of influence. It is perfectly ridiculous to see what the Portuguese are allowed to control, knowing as we do here how they occupy a country and what their methods and objects are. They simply kidnap the natives and send them from the east coast to work in the Portuguese possessions on the west coast and vice-versa. There was a case in Cape Town only the other day where a Portuguese steamer from Mocambique put into Table Bay with a lot of these slaves (for so they are in fact) on board. Some of them escaped and there was a row, but the weak-backed Government refused to detain the ship, although they would not permit the runaways to be recaptured.

Goodbye my dearest mother, best love to all. Ever yr. affect. Son, Edward G. Pennefather

References

Thanks to Rob Burrett for reading an early draft and his useful suggestions.
There are two deposits of papers at the National Archives of Zimbabwe
Personal papers of E. G. Pennefather relating largely to the period of his service with the BSA Company Police. These were presented by W. Pennefather in 1948 and 1956 (accession no's 387 and 701) NAZ PE 1/2/1
Letters from E. G. Pennefather to his mother 1890–1891, with copies of some letters to his sister, presented by Commander W. Pennefather in Sept. 1950 (accession no 495) NAZ PE 1/3/2
F. Johnson. *Great Days*. Books of Rhodesia No 24. Bulawayo 1972.
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Major A. G. Leonard. *How we made Rhodesia*. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co, London 1896
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R. Cary. *The Pioneer Corps*. Galaxie Press 1975.

The Diary of Godfrey James King

by Robin Taylor

Before she died the late Mrs June Searson, granddaughter of Godfrey James King, handed King's diaries to Tim Tanser with the suggestion that these should be published as they contained a comprehensive record of life in the early settler community in the then Salisbury. The diaries run to many pages and Tim asked me to extract those entries which in my opinion best convey the life and times of Godfrey King in his first four years in this country in the late 19th Century. He was recruited in 1895 and served in the very early days of the British South Africa Company's administration and his observations provide a valuable insight into not only the man himself but also life in the early white settlement and its administration. He went on to become a senior Civil Servant and served both the BSA Company and Responsible Government administrations.

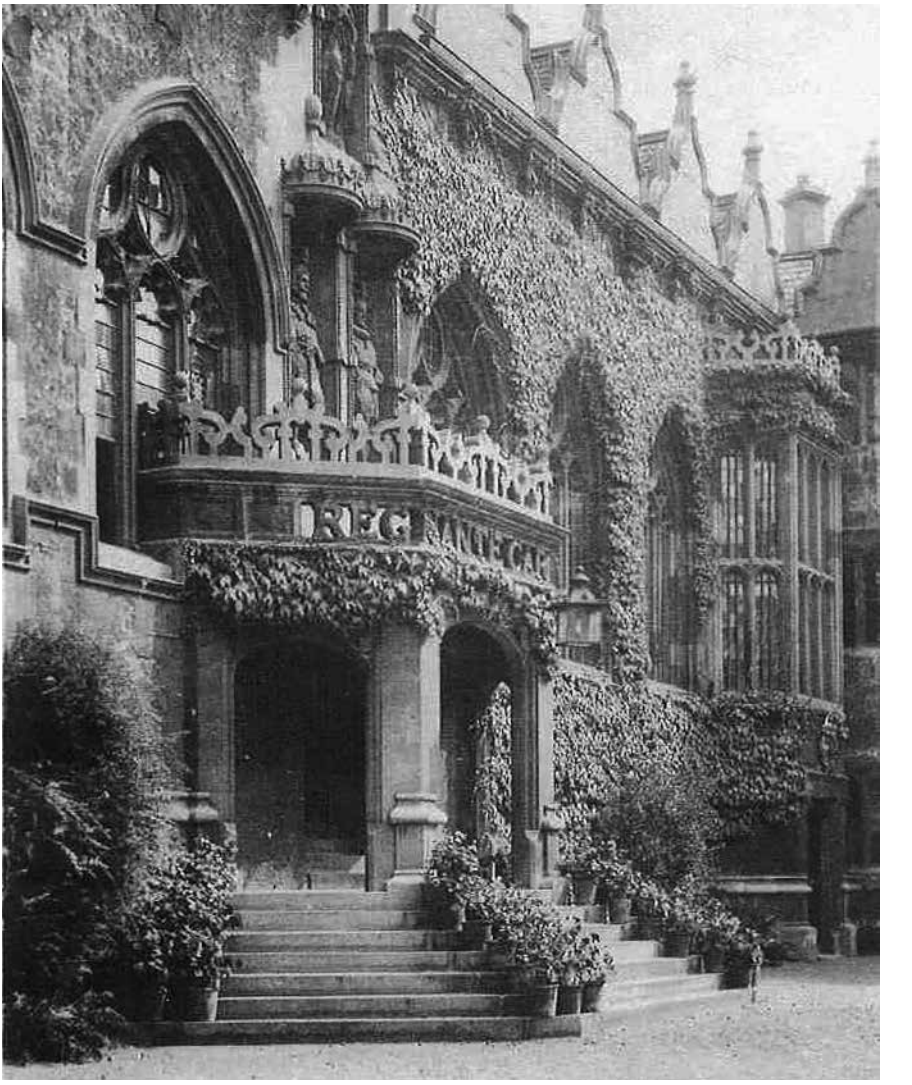
Godfrey King was born on 29 October 1870 in Oxford, England and was the second son of the Rev. J. R. King of St. Peter's in the East, Oxford. He was educated at Hailebury College in Hertfordshire and obtained his degree at Oriel College Oxford.

The diary starts with packing and preparation for a sea journey and a long time away from family and friends. It was an emotional time for all concerned. The adventure commenced on 30 January l895 with the morning spent writing letters, a practice that was to take up much time while in Africa. Lunch and dinner were taken with friends.

Finally on 1 February he gave his time to his family and recounts the farewell from his mother "Poor mother fearfully upset. Please God I shall see her again." The servants were said to be rather overcome which indicates his family were upper class and had the means to employ servants. Further farewells took place on arrival in London, including a visit to the City and dinner at his Club.

February 2nd was his last day in England and a number of friends gathered to see him off at Waterloo station. His travelling companion on the train to Southampton was Alfred Haggard, brother of author H. Rider Haggard. At Southampton he was met by May Capper, (later to become his wife). Her full name was Mary Francis Harcourt Capper but is called May throughout the diary. Lunch was taken on board ship with May and another lady, no doubt a chaperone for May.

At 4pm Cecil Rhodes appeared and his arrival is described thus: "About four Rhodes arrived from Osborne. I have seldom seen a finer sight than this great man coming on deck alone in all his glory. It reminded me of Napoleon. May looked like tears but kissed her hand encouragingly God bless her." In his diary he wrote, "Farewell May for ever I suppose, but though I want you so badly, I feel you will be happier with someone else". The final mails came on board at 4.15 and the Union Line mail steamer, Athenian, 3 877 tons, set sail at 4.25pm.

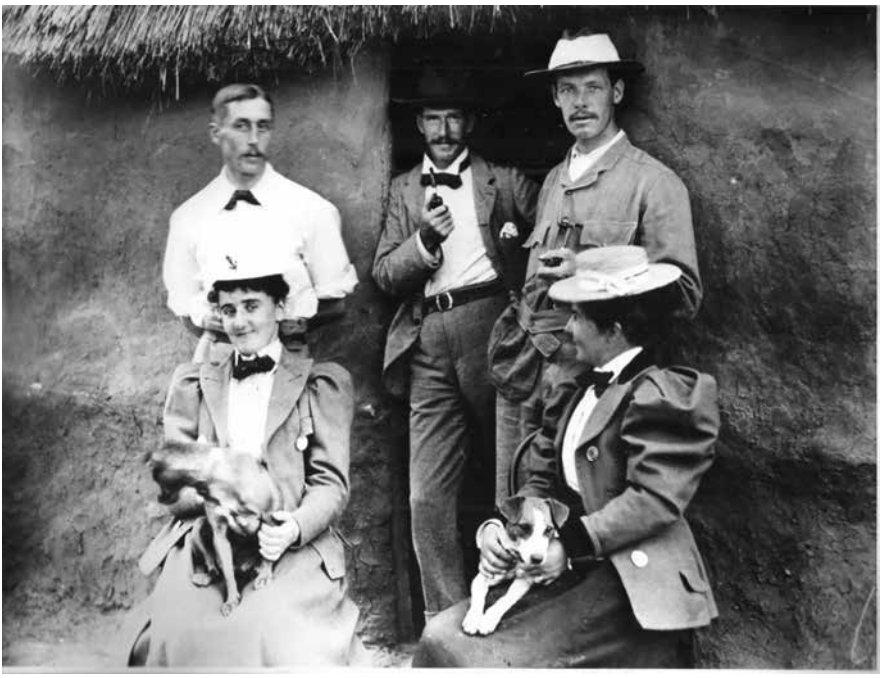


Oriel College: Godfrey King and Cecil Rhodes both attended Oriel College which led to Mr King going out to Rhodesia and working as a civil servant in Mr Rhodes government and becoming the civil commissioner

A very emotional farewell but one which will have been repeated many thousands of times down the years as people left Britain to seek a better life in the Colonies.

King reports that Rhodes and Dr Leander Starr Jameson rushed up and down the deck talking hard but kept aloof from other passengers. He soon settled into shipboard routine but in common with other passengers suffered sea sickness on the first couple of days of the journey. However this didn't prevent him from commenting on the paucity of female passengers and on one, a Miss Littlejohn, who he described as "honey" to all the older men.

The ship rolled in heavy seas and time was spent in playing card games and writing letters home in anticipation of arrival in Madeira. At Madeira locals came on board to sell fruit, lace-work, blouses, petticoats, etc. Accompanied by two other male passengers,



Godfrey King standing on left with Mr and Mrs Briggs at Glen Lorne

Godfrey went ashore. He describes the town in some detail and claims the people are one of the most immoral in the world. This didn't stop him and his companions drinking the local wine in a guest house before returning to the ship. The ship took on a huge supply of fruit and vegetables to last for the long leg to Cape Town.

The following day they sighted Las Palmas and this brought on a fit of homesickness and the diary entry "I realise fully now that by going out to live I must give up all hopes of marriage unless I make my pile."

Rhodes for the first time said "Good Morning" which merited a diary entry. Deck cricket according to Godfrey seemed a dangerous and fatiguing game. More appealing was a sweep and card games. Female company was not totally lacking as an attractive German lady, Miss Dahlman, "who danced the polka very well, but couldn't waltz", started to feature in the narrative.

The tropics were reached and the heat and tropical rain became a feature of the voyage. A concert was held at which Godfrey sang Swanee River which he states went down well. "The repulsive Miss Littlejohn continues to make up to Rhodes"

Later in the voyage Godfrey had a talk with Jameson which included the options of being sent to Bulawayo or Salisbury. The friendship with Miss Dahlman continued and while Godfrey claimed his German improved, her dancing didn't. Various sports were played and, as South Africa approached, Godfrey started to practice his shorthand.

Towards the end of the voyage he had a conversation with Cecil Rhodes who asked Godfrey about what he used to do in town (London). Rhodes told him he would like Bulawayo far better than town which Godfrey didn't venture to dispute though he knew

perfectly well there would be no comparison between the two.

On the last day out from Cape Town the luggage was got up from the hold and with a strong South-Easter blowing a heavy seatime was passed playing cards.

The following morning, 21 February 1895 at 6.00am Godfrey sighted land after an l8 day voyage. Cape Town looked lovely while Table Mountain and the Lion looked "fearfully bleak, bare and awfully hot". After clearing Customs Haggard, Green and Godfrey booked into Poole's Hotel. Godfrey was disappointed with Cape Town and wrote "No very fine buildings with the Standard Bank being perhaps the finest. The town wasn't clean."

After visiting his bank and sending a wire home by *Reuters* he visited the Chartered Company offices to find they knew nothing at all about him. He more or less expected this. After dinner he and his friends took a walk around the town and he comments how lovely the stars are and that they stood out more than they do in England by a long way. The following day Godfrey and Haggard took the train to Wynberg. At Claremont they went to the Rectory only to find Bishop Gibson, to whom he had an introduction, was away. A Mr Fogarty gave them tea and Godfrey reveals his snobbish attitude by commenting that Fogarty was a nice chap but needed a University education.

On returning to Cape Town he was greeted with the news of the resignation of Sir Henry Loch, Governor of the Cape Colony and High Commissioner for South Africa, an event Godfrey regarded as a victory for Rhodes. Dinner that evening cost twenty-three shillings which he considered exorbitant. Later he called on a Mrs Bathgate who is described as a very handsome Creole "but the other daughters are not up to much".

Next day he called on a Mr Ogilvie who was very kind to give them tea. "He was a queer looking old cuss and his wife was a Cape girl and might have been pretty once but is now a bit long in the tooth". The next call was on Cecil Rhodes to say goodbye. Rhodes was with Sir Charles Metcalfe and Jameson. Godfrey was told by Rhodes to go up the garden and look at the view but not to go away. Rhodes later told them to look around the house and finally over whisky and soda they discussed the various passengers who had been on board ship. The evening ended at Mrs Bathgate's where Kitty was described as a rather nice girl, but with a lot of Dutch blood in her. She gave him his first lesson in Dutch.

Sunday was spent writing letters and in the evening he went to the Cathedral which he described as somewhat bare, rather like the Clarendon Assembly Rooms. The sermon on the evils of gambling was preached by an old Oxford man.

More time was spent visiting and included a visit to the opera to see Faust which was described as being much better than expected.

February 27 was the start of the journey to the interior when after farewells to earlier travelling companions including Haggard, Godfrey boarded the train for the north at 9.30pm. He described the charge of one pound nine shillings and ten pence for his luggage as not looking like encouraging colonization. Breakfast next day was taken at Matjiesfontein (195 miles from Cape Town) and lunch at Fraserburg Road. There were no dining cars on the trains at that time. At this point Godfrey developed a very painful abscess in a tooth and this and the country he was passing through induced the thought of suicide. Dinner was at Victoria West, some 419 miles since leaving Cape Town.

Kimberley, 648 miles from Cape Town was reached at 8.30am after two nights and

a day on the train. He walked to the de Beers offices to meet an old friend Ward. Ward gave Godfrey lunch at his home which Godfrey considered "a feeble place considering his father is a millionaire but then rich people out here don't seem to care for good houses." Ward showed him diamonds worth five thousand pounds.

The following day he caught the train north at 1.00pm and commented on the "feeble" meal served at Vryburg. Next morning he was in Mafeking and met the BSA Company Agent, Powley. He was given a tour of the town which chiefly consisted of a huge market square. A wagon was arranged to take him north at a cost of twenty pounds. Time was spent writing letters and attending church.

Mail from home arrived the following day and a bird shooting trip was arranged. After dinner he called on Major Raleigh Grey who is described as being very conceited and fearfully dull. Not like his sister Sybil!

Next day 5 March the wagon for Bulawayo departed at 4pm. Godfrey and friends later rode out to catch up with the wagon and have final drinks together. It was a perfect night with brilliant stars.

Godfrey had two other travelling companions, Green and Koch and it was clear he wasn't going to get along with them as they settled into trek routine. He reserved strong language for Green who had travelled all the way from London with him. It appears Green had reserved a more favourable sleeping position in the wagon. On the trek each passenger had to take his turn in cooking, washing up, collecting firewood, fetching water and tidying the interior of the wagon. In between times shooting for the pot was the main occupation when out-spanned and also in daylight while moving. They travelled mainly between 4.30pm and 8.30pm and then again from 3am until just after sunrise.

Relationships between the three passengers were tense and he finally lost his temper over a piece of venison which he was accused of leaving out in the sun. His defence – "I didn't know it was our venison." They had a reconciliation and he read *A Council of Perfection*. Later that day he found himself lost in the bush while out hunting. He finally found the road and caught up with the wagon. A lesson learned.

Godfrey was missing England and on the way came across places which he described as "like an English moor" and "bit of Yorkshiremoor" and "like a Devonshire lane". *En route* they met up with other travellers and members of the Bechuanaland Border Police. He obviously enjoyed talking to these people. He also commented on the numerous ants one finds in the bush and complained that one always seems to sit down on an ant heap! On 11 March he observed an eclipse of the moon which commenced at 3.45am and was complete at 4.20am.

The following day they crossed into the Transvaal at Ramoutsa, some 80 miles from Mafeking. He had a refreshing bath and did his washing in a dirty river. A local Dutch farmer refused to give them milk because he claimed they were British. On March 13th the travellers outspanned at Gaborone. Godfrey went up to the store and was jeered at by his companions because he wouldn't drink and observed the local women looked more or less worn out as they do all the menial work and wondered what the men do. His fellow travellers returned very drunk. At this point they joined up with other wagons and he described these new friends as gentlemen.

The journey was enlivened with long yarns from the (first) Anglo/Boer war. According to Godfrey "the Boers appear to be great cowards especially at Bronkhorstspruit where

they went up in the hills and potted our men as they stood".

St Patrick's Day was a Sunday, and Godfrey read from the Psalms, but did not give the lesson he intended. The party were still travelling along the Crocodile River and heavy showers of rain started to make the journey uncomfortable, and the road a mess.

The wagon journey came to an end on 22 March at Pala Store on the south side of the Notwani River. Godfrey received a telegram from Powley instructing him to proceed directly to Salisbury by road. This instruction was just as well as he had yet another altercation with his companions this time about being prepared to die.

Time was spent writing letters while he waited for the mail coach. He agonised over writing to May as she had told him to, but did she mean it or was it kindness of heart? The Post Office was a hut and the Bechuanaland Border Police ran the postal service and the BSA Police the telegram service.

The afternoon of March 26th saw Godfrey finally catch the coach which contained three other passengers—R. A. Harbord going to meet Jameson, Taylor of Taylors Mashonaland Company, and a German. He had a most uncomfortable seat where it was quite impossible to stretch his legs owing to the mails piled up under and in front of him. Much time was lost getting stuck and fording flooded rivers. At Palapye they changed into a Scotch cart drawn by eight oxen. He comments favourably on Khama who wouldn't allow any liquor in his place and turned out white men for drinking.

The spans of oxen were changed six times during the day. The passengers either walked or rode on top of the mail and baggage in the cart.

On 28 March they crossed the Shashi River and then the Tati River where he noted a certain amount of mines in various stages of development. During the night the cart tipped over in the mud and Godfrey asks whether this was how his Majesty's mails were rushed about the country? Later that day they stuck again at the foot of Mangwe Pass. Here they met a Dutchman who gave them fresh bread and butter. They noted Mangwe Fort and stopped at the store for a cup of tea. Later after supper, they met the Down coach whose driver took them on to Bulawayo. They had a first-class breakfast at Figtree, with porridge, two kinds of hot dish, jam etc. The road was rough but the countryside was picturesque.

On 31 March, l895 Godfrey King arrived in Bulawayo, a place he describes as having residences which are very quaint and pretty. The main street is a good broad one, filled with stores and hotels and a huge market place with quiet and respectable market buildings.

The following morning Godfrey went to the Chartered Office building and saw Captain Heyman whom he described as curt and almost uncivil. He received a huge mail, no doubt from the mail bags he had been sitting/sleeping on in the mail cart! He was concerned however at no mail from May Capper who he felt sure would have written unless she was ill.

Godfrey met up with Edward Grey who he described as very different from his brother Raleigh and very like his sister Sybil. Edward Grey was farming six miles out of Bulawayo and he gave Godfrey advice which could be applicable at this present time –

"Believe nothing that you hear and half of what you see."

More letters were written and he attended a dinner party at the Chartered Company at which a bottle of beer cost six shillings.

At 8.45am on 2 April the coach left Bulawayo with eight passengers. At 11 o'clock that night they reached Shangani where one passenger left the coach. At noon the following day, after getting stuck on the road, they reached Gwelo. They found a piano and had excellent food. Godfrey stood liqueurs all round. Later that night the coach got stuck again and the passengers walked on to Iron Mine Hill. At this point passengers for Fort Victoria left the coach which was then drawn by oxen. A broken spring on the coach cost them two hours. At the Sebakwe River they stopped for a meal in a place the walls of which were covered by pictures of actresses.

At mid-day on 5 April they reached Fort Charter and just after they passed the Police Station, one Sergeant Brooks shot himself. According to Godfrey he had had fever but didn't drink and was very quiet. A little further on they came to a farm where the woman had just heard of her husband's death and was left badly off with three children. Godfrey was starting to experience real life in the Colony and stated in his diary "In the midst of life we are in death, especially in this country."

On the morning of 6 April Godfrey awoke to find the mules going at a good pace through lovely country. They drove into Salisbury past "a sweet looking cemetery" where he supposed that one day he would be, far from his beloved home. The journey from Bulawayo had taken five days and that from London just over two months. A century later London was ten hours flying time from Salisbury.

Godfrey King booked himself into the Avenue Hotel in Jameson Avenue and after breakfast and a bath reported to the BSA Company office. Here he met Colonel Frank Rhodes, Acting Administrator, who he described "as jolly as his brother is surly".

He also met P. J. (Percy) Innskipp, Jameson's secretary and in whose office he was to work. He decided to stay in the hotel until at least his furniture arrived by ox-wagon. It was a Saturday, and after a stroll down town he records that the "utter loneliness" of his position was awful and Salisbury was a deadly dull place. However he decided not to go home until he could afford to do so comfortably.

Being the son of a parson the church was to play a large part in Godfrey's life in his new country. Archdeacon Upcher was in Bulawayo so no service was held on that Sunday morning and Godfrey observed that Easter would be mournful without one. However in the evening Major Forbes read the service then psalms were chanted. The church was a red brick building with a brick floor and somewhat shaky wooden seats. Five ladies attended the service.

Godfrey's new career commenced with writing letters home. He started to meet fellow civil servants and observed that Brabant, the Chief Native Commissioner, was "not a gentleman". Inskipp was kind to the newcomer and invited him to join in his social activities which included billiards and after dinner music.

Godfrey read a number of books on the content of which he comments in his diary. Diary entries were long, possibly as a way of filling in the evenings.

Good Friday was celebrated with sardines for breakfast. Inskipp later took Godfrey to the Club which he described as a jolly little place with a brilliant smoking and dining room. After dinner he went to church to "an apology of a service". Major Forbes read the lesson and at one time only he and a lady were present. Later about six people came in.

Godfrey clearly had an eye for the ladies and comments in his diary that a Miss Webb had fine eyes and was rather a nice little thing to look upon. Mrs Duncan, wife

of the Surveyor-General was a fine woman too. A whole day was spent typing copy letters which was not very successful because the machine was new to him but he had to practice as he foresaw a lot of work on it. Godfrey was settling into some sort of routine with work followed by social activities such as billiards, whist and drinking. He was getting to know people as well. He resolved not for the first or last time to give up drink and noted several people had been sacked from the Company chiefly owing to drink.

One afternoon he and a friend crossed the Mukuvisi River through a small plantation to some big rocks piled up and balanced in a most queer way. He comments on the rock art representing four cows in red paint which appear to be very old. This must have been in the vicinity of the present day Municipal Quarry as they looked at brickfields on the way home and the glories of a gorgeous sunset.

Finally on 27 April he received seventeen letters, including three from May. This was the major topic of his writings in his diary as he recorded "I am beginning to wonder what she finds in me and from a pencilled note I almost think her love is not quite platonic. Do I wish it were so? I believe I love her and certainly I think more of her than anyone else, anyway she has been a good friend and it would be strange after what has happened to me to marry her. Wrote to May in terms which may be described as very warm and made six sheets of it before I had done."

The following day he had his first experience of the way of life of the African community. He and four companions walked out to Chiremba's kraal set among large rocks. The inhabitants fled into their huts on the approach of the party. He describes in non-flattering terms what would have been a typical Shona village of the time.

April 30th was a somewhat significant day. After a busy day in his office, filing letters—the bane of any Civil Servant—he and Shieldhorn, a friend from the Standard Bank went across to the Kopje side of town to buy items for the mess they proposed to establish. Here he met Mrs Vigne who he described as "really a widow, her real name being Mrs Hasell, who is said to be the lady who was so pally with Jameson in Kimberley". She was to play a large part in Godfrey King's social life henceforward.

Early in May Godfrey's boat voyage friend Alfred Haggard arrived in Salisbury from Johannesburg. Haggard wasn't impressed with the country and the telegraph system came in for a lot of criticism. By this time Godfrey had joined the club and entertained Haggard to dinner. A well-dressed Mrs Savile caught his eye at the club. She is recorded as being a rather smart girl who had been in the second row chorus at the Gaiety Theatre.

Godfrey moved into a room and comments that his landlady, Mrs Roberts had put sheets on his bed and toilet covers on the packing case tables. A sign of civilisation!

Whist was a popular game, being played most evenings with relatively small sums of money changing hands. When not playing whist talk was of public schools and London society. In spite of these social standards Godfrey took lunch one day with two brick-layers who he described as lovely people. A long spell of diarrhoea followed, and "cures" such as brandy and port/chocolate didn't have any lasting effect.

Haggard had been granted a large area of land and Godfrey hosted a farewell dinner at the Commercial Hotel at which they described the morality of life and also the pain of avoiding women of necessity. Haggard said he used to hear voices on the veldt, and gave Godfrey various hints to keeping up his spirits. Clearly after two months in Salisbury Godfrey was feeling low and no doubt homesick.

His career took a small step forward as he became practically Inskipp's secretary, sitting outside his office. He also hoped to be made Secretary of the Council which

would bring an increase in income.

May 24th was celebrated as the Queen's Birthday with a Gymkhana meeting. Godfrey decided not to go and he and his friend Short went for a walk out to the Government Farm which he describes as "very pretty and really got up".

On 29th May Godfrey walked then ran (as it was very cold) over to the Kopje to attend what he describes as a rowdy and badly organised meeting under Major White to elect Volunteer officers. He signed on as a Volunteer and the meeting elected Beale as Captain A Troop, Hoste as Captain B Troop, Tennant Captain Artillery, and Hill as his Lieutenant. No one was any the wiser what the Volunteers were for but he fancied it must be for the Transvaal.

On 1st June Godfrey was cold, feeling very miserable, and couldn't sleep until 3am due to the roaring of lions.

His luggage finally arrived on 5th June and he made a rough shelf out of board for his books. Packing case furniture was usual at that time.

Godfrey's future career was discussed early in June. He had hoped to become Private Secretary to Col Frank Rhodes, but was told that Jameson had ordered that he take the post of Registrar of Deeds which he did on 11th June.

He visited the Jesuit Rectory which had a "pretty situation on a kopje" (Hartmann Hill, site of the present day St Georges College).

Life became settled, with Church on Sundays and work in the Deeds Office during the week. Most evenings were spent writing letters, reading and playing whist and ecarte and he generally managed to lose money at cards. Some evenings were also spent in the office and Harvey the Magistrate later rebuked him for this.

He attended a Volunteer drill parade under Sergeant Major Montgomery. The officers were described as a feeble lot. Overtime seems to have been necessary to get the office books up to date. The arrival of mail always produced a fit of the blues.

Mid-July brought the seasonal cold winds and dust, but also the arrival of Hugh Marshall Hole, the Civil Commissioner. Godfrey writes "He looks a very young chap and seems a bit of a lawyer. I think he thinks a lot of himself and doesn't seem inclined to over-work himself." Chadwick Cooper also arrived and was "believed to be a road maker and a bit of an idiot. However as he is a friend of Rhodes it is wise to be polite."

At this time he was asked to take on the duties of clerk to the State and Intelligence Department for an extra five pounds a month. The work had to be done after 4pm however.

Godfrey was also a stamp collector and spent time working on his collection and buying up BSA Company stamps which he felt would be valuable in time. A hanging took place of an African who had burned eleven people to death. A convict performed the ceremony and was released forthwith as a reward on condition he left the country. Another convict by the name of Spencer took advantage of the distraction and escaped on Deary's horse.

A "perfect" letter from May arrived. Without rebuking him for his affectionate letter "she gently showed me by reference to her refusal of Willie, that I must not expect to be more to her than a friend". Godfrey commented it couldn't have been better put.

In mid-August mail from the Cape started to arrive twice a week, but only once a week from England. Life in the office and at home revolved around the arrival and

departure of the mails. Early September the English mail arrived in 30 days and Godfrey commented that civilisation was getting nearer.

At the end of August news came through that a sale of 66 stands in Bulawayo had raised fifty-seven thousand pounds, one stand fetching three thousand pounds. At the same time a new company to carry the Beira railway through to Salisbury was floated. These events created a lot of excitement and Godfrey cabled home to Purdy to buy Chartered Company shares at seven pounds and a few days later a rumour went around that they had reached fourteen pounds. However this was later proved to be untrue as they had only risen to eight pounds.

For once the church was full for evening service and Godfrey had to sit on the vestry steps and listen to the service while thinking of home.

Occupation Day 12 September was celebrated with a gymkhana meeting at which Godfrey more or less covered his expenses. The day was piping hot.

His initial views of Marshall Hole seem to have changed as he comments that "he is really very kind and takes a lot of trouble for his clerks".

September 23rd was a significant day as rumours spread that a column would at once be ordered to Khama's country. Frank Inskipp confirmed that this was so and one hundred men were to go from Salisbury. Two drills per day were ordered for the Artillery Troop. Rumours soon died down, as did the talk of war.

On 30 September Godfrey was appointed by Dr Jameson as Acting Registrar of Deeds. He was disappointed that it was an acting position but felt it was still a good position. It was far more satisfactory to be one's own boss. In the middle of the month a clerk was appointed at fifteen pounds per month to assist in the office.

The first rains broke on 3rd October with a heavy thunderstorm followed by biting cold for a few days. At the end of October a letter arrived from May which gave Godfrey yet another fit of the blues. She told him they could never be more than friends. Godfrey bought a second-hand camera and started to take and develop photographs.

On 1st November a report came in of a white man being killed by lions four miles out. At this time his board was increased to nine pounds per month. Losses at cards continued and he recorded that he shouldn't play much more, an idle threat as it turned out.

Judge Vintcent the Acting Administrator decided they should keep the Bechuanaland system in the Deeds Office. Discussion also took place on his pay, and George Pauling, Commissioner of Public Works, Minister of Mines and Postmaster General, considered he should be better paid, advising him to apply for thirty-five pounds, and that he would probably get thirty pounds. Later, his pay was increased to thirty pounds per month.

Time was spent on writing Christmas mail and on 22 November Godfrey posted 22 letters and l8 post cards.

At this stage Godfrey called on the Vigne home. This was to be the first of many such visits so his diary entry is worth recording: "Mrs Vigne looked very nice in the form of serpentine muslin sort of stuff, black with a little salmon coloured insertion at the bodice. A pleat falling from the back. Her hair very neatly done and she was faintly painted. She gave me a smile on arriving which had a piquant touch of enquiry in it. Her voice is rather a jar, being very cockney, but I didn't notice it after a time. Altogether I was most agreeably surprised and enjoyed my evening very much." (Edward Vigne was a solicitor in practice with Mallett and Honey. They lived at 110 Livingstone Avenue, premises now occupied by Gallery Delta and possibly the oldest remaining house in

Harare. See *Heritage* No.11 Pages 131 to 137)

On 1 December Godfrey set up his own mess and Shorty Shieldborn of the Standard Bank joined the mess shortly after and diary talk turned to gardening and plants. Mrs Vigne came in sight but he did not speak to her, "worse luck".

Godfrey became a member of the Tatagura Syndicate. Results showed they had 10 acres with an average of 3ft lime all over. They decided to apply for an extension and in the dry season work the claim themselves.

Heavy rains in mid-December delayed the mails with the coach being held up at the Hunyani River. Godfrey again visited the Vigne's and observed they had been together for a year and wondered how much longer it would last.

Christmas Eve was spent doing a round of the heavily decorated bars, an outing which Godfrey did not enjoy and which left him with a bad fit of the blues. Christmas Day started with church and he comments about the bad behaviour of Judge Vintcent's party. The evening was spent at the Vigne's home with others. Mrs Vigne played the autoharp. Godfrey recorded it was the best evening since he had arrived in Salisbury.

On 30 December l895 there was great excitement owing to war having broken out in the Transvaal. Johannesburg was said to be in a state of siege but the telegraph line was down. This was the infamous Jameson Raid which was to have wide and long term consequences. The following day the news was that a thousand men in Bulawayo had been called out.

New Year's Day 1896 started with church followed by a race meeting and dinner at the Vigne's. Mrs Vigne was nicely dressed in black satin with amethyst and diamond studs down her bodice and was reported in the diary to be very bitter about the other women in town whose behaviour she said was very small minded.

The following day the fuller extent of the Jameson Raid became apparent. Rumours spread and the town was in a state of great excitement. Interestingly Godfrey did not attend a mass meeting sympathising with Jameson, but chose to play cards instead.

Next morning he decided to make what was to become the first of many visits to Arnold Edmonds farm, Glen Lorne. "Could not resist the temptation of stopping at Mrs Vigne who was engaged with Mrs Pauling. Still I saw her and rejoiced." Glen Lorne was described as "awfully pretty". The house consisted of an oblong hut (bed and drawing room) and two round huts, dining and spare room. Powley the farm manager living in a separate hut. Godfrey found his borrowed horse had set off on its own for town so he ended up spending the night and rode home on one of Edmond's horses early in the morning, the ride taking an hour and a half.

Rumours about the situation in the Transvaal continued, and Chartered Company shares fell by two pounds. Germany was expected to interfere. It was also expected that the Charter would be cancelled but Godfrey didn't think it would make much difference to the Civil Servants.

Heavy rains delayed the arrival of the mails and time was spent after work walking, shooting and playing cards. Reading was also a pastime and Godfrey comments in his diary on the many books he has read. At this stage Godfrey had dinner with Mrs Vigne who told him about her past and her first husband. He left with an invitation to come again soon. He observed "poor woman, she has had a rotten life and people don't seem to make it better for her."

At another dinner Godfrey commented that he sat next to Mrs Vigne who groped him a great deal. His diary entry concluded "I suppose I am in love with Mrs Vigne but anyway I go there too often at present and must cool off a bit".

Time passed in a routine fashion broken by news such as his friend Gould being run in for embezzlement "All the result of fast women and slow horses", he concluded.

One evening Godfrey was involved in a domestic scene at the Vigne's. Mrs Vigne was in a bad mood and later fainted. After recovering Mrs Vigne said to her husband. "You have your men friends and have lots to talk about. I have absolutely nothing to do. I sit here sometimes 9 to 6 and don't see a single soul." Godfrey in his diary observed "It was very tragic and a great wave of pity washed into me."

Suicide was not uncommon and a Mr Twentyman went missing. He had taken a revolver but no horse or bicycle. Godfrey joined in the search. The body was found the following day at Avondale, shot through the mouth. A full military funeral followed.

In late March the Vigne's were due to leave Salisbury and Godfrey observed in the diary "It is a good thing as Mrs Vigne is becoming too important a factor in my life up here. Just as I always said, a woman dwarfs a man's ambition and one's work is rather apt to suffer."

Malaria started to have an impact on the community with seven civil servants down with fever.

25 March was a significant day for Godfrey. Not only did he say farewell to the Vigne's but the Civil Commissioner said they only had a two month supply of provisions in camp. The cattle plague (Rinderpest) would prevent supplies coming through. Late that night news came of a rising at Gwelo. Immediately two Maxim guns, eleven men and rifles were sent by special coach to help. The following day it was reported that Gwelo and Bulawayo were in a state of defence.

After the departure of the Vigne's via Umtali, Godfrey and his mess rented the house for ten pounds a month and moved in.

At month end a column under Beale left for Gwelo. The Administrator wouldn't let many Civil Servants go.

Early in April, after being ill for several days he was committed to hospital and commented that Mother Patrick and the nurses were most kind. After a spell in hospital Godfrey went out to Arnold Edmonds' farm to recuperate.

Events in Matabeleland seem to have been neglected for several weeks as Godfrey, having little to do in his office, spent his time reading and generally being social including time at Glen Lorne. No female company is reported in this time and May has faded into the background as far as diary entries are concerned.

In mid-May Edmond's cattle started to die of Rinderpest and he proposed to sue the Administrator. One day Godfrey went out hunting round the back of Hartmann Hill—today's Alexandra Park—and across to Count de la Panouse's farm, Avondale. The Countess is described as "not pretty but with a neat figure, who speaks well". She and other farmers blamed the Company for making Taberer Cattle Inspector. No reason was given as to why this should be so.

The new school mistress, Miss Allen arrived, but was reported as ugly.

The High Court commenced sitting on 12 June with one murder case which occurred four years previously. The defence tried to argue that it might have happened before the Company took over. The prisoner was condemned to death but strongly recommended to mercy.

On 15 June Godfrey, who was still officially Acting Registrar of Deeds, interviewed Judge Vintcent and urged him to give him the position. Vintcent was of the view that it should go to a man with longer service. In the afternoon Godfrey wired to Earl Grey pleadings his case. A meeting of Civil Servants was held to discuss their position and a committee formed to draw up rules for a Pension Fund.

All this routine administrative business and social activity can now be seen as the lull before a storm which, when finally over, ensured that life in the new colony would change forever.

On the morning of l6 June Godfrey went to his office as usual. He met Joseph Norton who seemed confident he was in no danger. Later news came of two men murdered on the Charter Road, fifteen miles from town. Later came news of Stewart's and another white man's murder at the Umfuli. Business was slack but all seemed confident there was no danger. He dined at home and spent the evening reading.

Next day news of further murders on the Umfuli and 15 miles out on the Hartley road was received. A Burgher Force was formed during the day. Godfrey returned to his house after work, fearing nothing. That night the Burghers put a piquet round the Kopje and the accidental firing of a gun was the most serious event.

18 June l896 was a day of extreme bad news for the small white community in Mashonaland and also for Godfrey King personally. Judge Vintcent wrote him a letter saying Earl Grey wouldn't appoint Godfrey as Registrar of Deeds. Before breakfast news came in that Norton, and his wife and child had been killed. He had only met Norton two days before when he told him he had no fear. Business became impossible during the morning with people in his office discussing the situation which looked very serious indeed. He was very unsettled all morning.

Godfrey volunteered for piquet duty that night. A small patrol under Christian left for Hartley and a spring wagon left for Mazoe to bring in Salthouse and his people. A public meeting was called at which Judge Vintcent got badly treated.

Godfrey and one other volunteered to join Dan Judson on his patrol to Mazoe. By the time he had obtained leave from Vintcent and changed he found Judson had already left. They caught up with the patrol two miles beyond Avondale. Shortly afterwards they met cyclists who had been out ten miles and seen nothing. In consequence Judson sent Godfrey back with a despatch. He exchanged his horse with Judson whose horse was completely played out. He returned to town at 8pm. Such is fate as, given the subsequent casualties on the now well-known Mazoe Patrol, Godfrey's diary could have ended at this point.

After delivering his despatch and partaken of a scrap meal, he and five others set out at 10pm on inferior horses to find Judson. The moon went down at 1.30am and it became dark and cold. The small patrol was rather rowdy and it was impossible to control them. His horse fell twice before it reached the Gwebi River at about 3am. They moved on to Mount Hampden at which point a dog barked and they found Judson's patrol ensconced in some bushes. He reported the condition of the horses but was told to be ready to move in 45 minutes. Godfrey was put as Sergeant to bring up the rear. They moved on in silence and as dawn broke had a lovely view as a valley crossed the road and was covered in mist. To the right was a lofty sugar-loaf hill. Unfortunately the patrol had taken the wrong road and had to cross country to rectify the mistake. At this

stage Godfrey's horse fell and refused to get up. Shortly after another horse fell and a general halt was called. It was decided to send Godfrey and two others home.

They waited a bit and then set off. Mount Hampden was in sight about six miles away but seemed further. At the Gwebi they met two cyclists, Stanlake and White. They got some water but were so tired they could not eat anything.

Walking along the Gwebi flats they took turns to ride the remaining horse and reached the stage of not caring what happened. At the Count's Avondale farm the small group stopped and foraged for food which comprised a little seed cake, granadillas and water. They did not take any eggs or whisky!

He arrived home at 4pm and found his house locked up so lay down on the veranda and went to sleep until woken by a policeman and told to go into laager. Walking through the town he found it deserted. The gaol had been made into the laager with the women and children packed into cells. It was a scene of chaos. At 10.30pm a patrol under Inspector Nesbitt, including his friend Edmonds, left for Mazoe. Godfrey thanked God for his most marvellous escape.

The following day, 20 June Godfrey went to his house, had a bath and treated a badly blistered heel. At 4pm Arnott came in from the Mazoe patrol bringing in Hendricks who was badly wounded in the face. At that stage all hope for the safety of the rest of the patrol was given up. Godfrey was on guard that night and Campbell came in reporting the death of his brother and Dr And Mrs Orton. Great was the depression that fell over the laager.

At about 10pm the Mazoe Patrol came in to great cheers. Later Mrs. Orton arrived having ridden all the way "man-wise". The entry for the day concludes that the officers in laager know nothing of military organisation.

On 21 June Dr Orton arrived having eluded the rebels in the bush. Bell and Gavin Jones came in from Lomagundi, knowing nothing of the rising. Later in the evening the Natal Troop arrived and everybody felt relieved. Godfrey was put on guard about which he complained bitterly.

Godfrey said the meals were badly managed with no accommodation for cooking. "Officers don't seem to take the slightest interest in us, but then they know nothing of military matters." A mounted patrol went out to Edmonds farm and Chishawasha, but was repulsed. The retirement of Captain St. Hill was wrongly criticised as "we had no reason to think the Fathers could not defend themselves. It was reported the Hartley Patrol had also been repulsed and gloom fell over the camp".

On 23 June he was required to put a troop through a firing exercise which he felt was an admission the NCO's knew nothing about it. That afternoon a fire was seen at Graham's farm which was caused by the rebels burning his stable. Later the Count de la Panouse's wagon arrived and the Hartley patrol returned bringing in three wounded including the doctor of the Natal Troop.

It is interesting that despite all the happenings and supposed shortages, Godfrey continued to take meals at his club and the Commercial Hotel. He observed that the women were behaving very selfishly. The nurses were "worked off their legs and no one helps them and also they could have made themselves very useful arranging meals for the men". He found time to take a photograph of the Mazoe Patrol and manned the walls of the laager that night.

On 25 June at 1am a patrol went out and returned at about 10 having rescued eighteen people, including the Jesuit Fathers from Chishawasha. He observed the Fathers resented

their rescue as they felt certain they could hold out for any length of time. The patrol lost one man, C. T. Stevens and another man in the laager was put in irons for being drunk.

The pace seems to have slowed and a morning was spent developing photos. Godfrey hoped to make some money out of these. Later he was put on a firing party to despatch five rebels. His feelings were not pleasant."The poor creatures were rather bullied and the ladies were especially harsh. They were just marching them off when Judge Vintcent rushed in to stop them. Finally the prisoners were reprieved and this action caused immense dissatisfaction."

Life continued for Godfrey with guard duties and attendance at military funerals which made him and many others wonder who would be next. Patrols went out and settlers from remote parts came into the laager. Church services were held and Godfrey managed to spend time in the office with little to do.

At the end of June the telegraph line to Bulawayo was cut. The Umtali line had been cut earlier and the little community was completely cut off. One day Godfrey was made a corporal and the next a sergeant. Military matters improved, with NCO'S beginning to know their work and officers coming around and asking for complaints. Perhaps because Godfrey now held rank and was one of them he held a different view of the military!

On 7 July the telegraph was repaired and Godfrey sent a cable home. Otherwise it was a round of guard duty, drill, talking and even doing the official accounts.

The 9 July was new moon and an attack on the laager was anticipated as the witch doctors had said that night the white man's guns would fire nothing but water. It was bitterly cold night but no attack developed.

Duncan arrived from Charter and Godfrey once again discussed his substantive appointment as Registrar of Deeds.

He took part in a four mile patrol to Webb's farm in charge of the footmen. They did not see the enemy and brought back a cargo of firewood and looted hens. (The official report states this patrol was mounted)

On 11 July at 8.30am a sixty-man patrol with a Maxim left for Abercorn (Shamva). None of the men had "any hope of returning". Nesbitt, Campbell and Edmonds declined to volunteer for the patrol and were against going. The patrol returned on l7 July without losing a man. The six men they saved had been living on gin instead of water!

At this time Godfrey started moving some of his effects, especially books, from his house to his office as he felt that he would not be able to live in his house for some time. He found time to play billiards and have a champagne lunch with an Oxford man he knew.

On 23 July Martial Law was repealed and Godfrey found himself a Sergeant in the new Garrison force. All patients were sent up to the hospital with a guard of twenty-seven to look after them. Townsfolk also left the laager which was very quiet. Godfrey was spending more and more time on military administration and comments that "the whole thing is in such a hopeless muddle". The officers in the laager seemed to be permanently the worse for liquor. However, judging by other diary entries Godfrey was also consuming a fair amount of liquor himself. The laager and piquet were maintained by Godfrey who was sleeping at his house and resuming a more normal life.

On 1 August Godfrey resigned from the new force saying he had enough of incompetent officers. By August he even had a few Deeds to register at the office.

Communications with Bulawayo resumed and they heard of Dr Jameson's 15 month jail sentence as a consequence of the Jameson Raid. Mail services resumed with a huge backlog and some sad family news. Godfrey found comfort in gardening; he was back at his house, playing cards and enjoying drinks with friends. One gets the feeling from the diary that the strain of the past months was telling.

A meeting was called to form a Building Society and because he asked questions he was put on the Committee investigating the proposal. Godfrey felt it was too early for such a Society.

The security situation had improved so that a walk out to Avondale and around Hartmann Hill revealed a number of buck, but none were shot. Military wounded continued to come in to the hospital and the rebellion was far from over. However life in Salisbury had, to some extent, resumed the pre- rebellion pattern.

Judge Vintcent offered Godfrey the position of Secretary of the Compensation Board. Godfrey asked what salary was attached whereupon the Judge said he was "always after money" and after an "indaba" withdrew his offer.

Gardening features more and more in the list of daytime activities. A picnic was being planned and it was decided to ask the Fraser girls who were considered "awfully second rate but it didn't matter for once. Countess de la Panouse kept the party well in hand considering there were ten men to one lady."

Those in authority said it was impossible to get up enough food at the present rate of progress. They also decided no convoy would leave that week as the wagons were required for military purposes.

Godfrey had another meeting with Judge Vintcent who increased his salary to thirty-five pounds a month but refused to make any promises with regard to Registrarship.

The first reference in the diary to letters from his mother and father appears on 3 October l896 when he "received two of the most beautiful letters" he had ever received. He admits to a good cry and felt better afterwards.

October was, as usual, very hot and Godfrey had a touch of fever. A vast amount of mail arrived, some dating back to June.

On 4 November Cecil Rhodes arrived in Salisbury. Godfrey observed that despite his escort he looked lonely and had aged very much with his hair white.

The rains came on 12 November and everybody looked better. Cecil Rhodes was still in town and Godfrey made several attempts to see him, having been told Rhodes would do anything for an Oriel man. Godfrey, to his pleasure, found himself on the library committee and records that Earl Grey had given about 700 volumes to the library which was to be started at once as a lending library.

Fourth of December, the anniversary of the death of Alan Wilson was a public holiday.

On 10 December the new police force arrived and according to the diary entry looked a serviceable lot in their uniform of old pepper and salt with ungainly brown field boots. The last of the Imperial troops left a couple of days later.

Godfrey registered a substantial property transfer for Willoughby's Company about which he wrote "as usual passed without Transfer Duty or Stamp Duty." The task took a whole day.

He received a letter from Mrs Vigne advising Godfrey of her new daughter. He commented in his diary that this would complicate matters.

Christmas Eve was spent at the Kopje Club and then dining at the Inskipp's. He

walked home in the pouring rain, rather the worse for wear. Christmas Day he attended church and then home with no visitors. It was very flat. On Boxing Day Godfrey went to the races and made thirty shillings.

On New Year's Eve Godfrey visited the theatre and records some very uncomplimentary remarks about the ladies. He ended the evening at the midnight service after which he had drinks with various friends arriving home at 5am.

New Year's Day 1987 was spent calling on friends and nursing a hangover!

Another lady seems to have entered his life as he records he has made up his differences with Mrs Eustace (wife of the Secretary of the Board of Executors) and would now call on her.

On 5 January he had what he considered a most unsatisfactory interview with Earl Grey about his position. The whole system, he was told, was under review. He records "it is really disheartening to work against the caprices of a Government like this. Came home very blue with a terrible longing for home."

A few days later Godfrey called on Mrs Eustace who seemed pleased to see him. "Took her for a drive to pick mushrooms. Mrs Eustace seems to think I hate women but of course this is not true, but I find it difficult to express myself."

At the office William Milton, at the time Chief Secretary for Native Affairs, asked Godfrey to prepare the Annual Report.

Further afternoon drives with Mrs Eustace were becoming part of the routine.

On 25 January Earl Grey gave a Ball at which all the town seemed to attend, Sir R. Martin, Resident Commissioner and Commandant General of Rhodesia and Count de la Panouse looked resplendent with orders. However none of the dresses were very startling, according to Godfrey. The men "smoking all over the place irrespective of the ladies" was noticeable and commented on.

The following afternoon he had tea with Mrs Eustace and they took a drive along the Umtali road which looked pretty.

On 26 January 1897 the dynamite magazine blew up with a terrific explosion. This caused townspeople to arm themselves, fearing an attack. Pioneer Street was littered with glass.

On another occasion Godfrey records that Mr Eustace is "a terrible bore and uses beastly language in front of his wife".

Early in February Godfrey went down with a bout of malaria and Dr Andrew Fleming sent him to hospital in a cart. He comments very favourably on the kindness of Mother Patrick and Sister Amica.

He was in hospital for five days but was then well enough to go to a gymkhana with Mrs Eustace. Godfrey complained they now separated members and non-members and as the ladies sat with members it became necessary to join. William Milton had a discussion with Godfrey and was going to build a proper strongroom. "He was very kind about things." Another afternoon and evening was spent with Mrs Eustace discussing religion. When he left at 12.30 he met Eustace coming in drunk.

More dinners with Mrs Eustace followed and she gave him a picture of herself. Godfrey wasn't sure if he should reciprocate.

On another occasion they went for a picnic to Brown's Drift. Mr Eustace left early and afterwards Godfrey says he had "a very frivolous time with Mrs Eustace getting

quite excited". It seems a married lady in an unhappy relationship in Salisbury could have a good time with many single males for company.

In March Mr and Mrs Eustace departed Salisbury and Godfrey records, after a jolly good talk, Mrs Eustace was very upset.

Godfrey was given the task of winding up J. L. Blakiston's estate. He sent his effects to Blakiston's brother and later heard that a woman in Cape Town was claiming to be Blakiston's wife.

Godfrey had an aversion to children as he records that an evening at the Rowbothams was spoiled by a squalling baby and talkative husband. Later on a ride out to the Nursery Farm, Rowbotham "nagged his wife the whole time and the baby was a nuisance".

A further attack of fever occurred in late March resulting in eight days in hospital. While in hospital Godfrey was told by Milton he had been appointed Registrar of Deeds at five hundred pounds per year, which he regarded as a relief after so long a wait.

A month later Godfrey was back in hospital with yet another attack of malaria. This disease was a real problem for the settlers.

On 29 April Stamford Brown shot himself, due, it was believed, to excessive insomnia. The whole town attended the funeral.

In May Godfrey records making some furniture for his house and an altar, later writing how pleased he was at getting the legs right.

He was also elected Secretary of the Church Council, which was to keep him busy.

The Queen's birthday, a holiday, was celebrated with a 21 gun salute fired off in four and a half minutes.

June l897 was recorded as being very cold. Godfrey acquired a bicycle, but seems to have been plagued with punctures. May Clapper, back in England, also had a bicycle accident at this time.

The Church Council was giving him a lot of work and one meeting at which he said they talked "a lot of piffle", ended at 10pm.

14 June was very cold with snow reported on Mount Hampden.

Queen Victoria's Jubilee was approaching and Godfrey became very involved in preparing for the Salisbury celebrations. On the day, 20 June, after early service, Godfrey fixed up the Union Jack. The police arrived at the church at 10.30am and as Marshall Hole was sick Godfrey had with some difficulty to arrange the procession. The church was fairly full, the service very hearty and the choir excellent.

On the evening of 22 June a public holiday, Milton gave a dinner at the Salisbury Club for Heads of Departments and various local bigwigs. A great deal of liquor was drunk during the evening.

At the end of June Godfrey and his Mess had to move as the Vigne's were due to return. The rebellion was not yet over as on the night of 1 July, shots were fired at persons attacking cattle.

Later Godfrey was told he was also to be appointed Registrar of Patents without additional remuneration. He was also elected a member of the Club.

Prices of vegetables were very high with a cauliflower fetching seven shillings and six pence. Despite this Godfrey bought two stands in Greenwood, one for three hundred and fifteen pounds and one for four hundred pounds.

A fair amount of time after office hours was spent getting the Vigne's house ready for their arrival on 25 July. When they arrived Godfrey observed that Mrs Vigne was looking very fit and he was very fat. She showed Godfrey a lovely photo of herself but

did not give Godfrey one as he had hoped. She seemed resigned about the baby and according to the diary it was like old times talking to her. "Mr Vigne and she are awfully devoted, in fact quite pretty in their devotion." Godfrey was spending a lot of his spare time at the Vigne's house and on 12 August took Mrs Vigne to the presentation of the Victoria Cross to Captain R. C. Nesbitt of the Mashonaland Mounted Police, and the DSO to Captain Eveleigh-de-Moleyns, 4th Hussars. He was particularly struck that the DSO was beautifully packed in a satin lined case and yet the VC was just in a cardboard box. The BSA Police and 7th Hussars were drawn up in review order and duly inspected.

In August Godfrey accepted the appointment of High Sheriff. He was immediately instructed to hang a man in Gwelo, but was pleased when a deputy undertook the task.

The following month Cecil Rhodes was in Salisbury. The hospital bazaar raised over six hundred pounds. Miss Williams got engaged to Ross of Beira. Godfrey commented "We all have a chance now"

On 5 September Godfrey had a good dinner at Government House and commented that Rhodes talked a lot about Oxford and was generally very genial, and Godfrey believed he made a good impression on Rhodes.

A badly managed Turf Club meeting followed the next day. Water and soda ran out and tea was difficult to obtain. He lost money on all the races except the hurdles and split the winnings of three pounds three shillings with Mrs Vigne. At the next meeting he won seven pounds and described the women as an uninteresting sort of lot. Maybe the comment was prompted by Mrs Vigne who did not accompany him!

Godfrey attended the wedding of Ross and Miss Williams. Ross was in uniform and she wore what he described as a rotten kind of dress. "Nothing very startling about the service."

Godfrey was investing in more property when he bought five stands for one thousand five hundred pounds with Tucker as a partner.

The Vigne's suffered a robbery, but the jewellery was found the following day and an accused arrested. Their furniture arrived and Godfrey helped arrange it. Another member of the community Schuman, shot himself, no reason given.

Mid-October was, as always, hot, relieved by some rain mid-month. Mrs Milton had an "at home" and Godfrey comments that she made a good hostess. Time continued to be spent at the Vigne's and whist became popular.

On 28 October Kukitu (Kaguvi) the "witchdoctor" was brought in.

Godfrey celebrated his 27th birthday on 29 October with dinner and afterwards went to the Kopje where he "went on a bust", returning home at 2am.

The arrival of the railway in Bulawayo was celebrated as a public holiday on 4 November, and in Godfrey's case he and friends drove out to Edmonds farm for a picnic and then to Vigne's in the evening.

Once again the Church Council met and "talked a lot of twaddle." Godfrey was also a member of the Church choir so had become very involved in church activities.

Alfred Milner, the Governor and High Commissioner in Cape Town visited Salisbury and Godfrey was introduced to him at a Government House dinner. He comments he wasn't much to look at. He hardly saw Mrs Vigne at Mrs Milton's reception afterwards.

One day, in his capacity as Sheriff, Godfrey served a writ on one Nicholson who then shot himself two days later.

Christmas Eve was wet and Godfrey went to a dance at Government House. It rained on Christmas Day, and he had an excellent lunch at the Avenue Hotel. The evening as usual was at the Vigne's with a sing-song, but he went home with a baddish feeling that the dinner had not been a success.

The following evening he dined with Cecil Rhodes but said too many people were there for individual conversations. The general backbiting that went on was very disgusting, according to Godfrey.

New Year's Eve, after doing usual end-of-year office business was spent quietly with the Cornwalls.

"Next year go home to England" was the headline entry in the diary for the first day of l898. He was becoming homesick again.

The circus was in town, which was described as "average piffle and not enjoyable as we had a lot of undesirable people squashed into our box."

A party given by Mrs Vigne was said to be "vulgar without being funny". The food was good and people said they enjoyed it.

Arnold Edmonds had returned to Salisbury and Godfrey drove friends out to the farm for picnics.

Godfrey was in the habit of calling on Mr & Mrs Briggs and taking her out for drives. Mr Briggs was Municipal Town Engineer. His diary records this was perhaps not a wise thing to do "as people talk so".

On 16 February his diary records that he visited the gaol in the morning and in the afternoon they tested the gallows with success. Four days later at Church the lesson read "Who sheddeth man's blood etc." which he considered singularly appropriate. Later went to the gaol for a final rehearsal of the hangings. The next morning, 21 February Godfrey was up at 4am and walked to the gaol with Flanagan who was in charge of the guard. The diary records "Hung first man at 6.15. Great success. The sudden cessation of screams was rather creepy and I couldn't go up onto the scaffold. Dr.Stewart annoyed me rather because he took such a long time to examine them. The last man had to be hung on a chair. Was very glad when all was over. It really is a most simple matter. Rode home and had a good breakfast."

In March Godfrey was not visiting the Vigne's home as often as before. He must have had a tiff as he records: "Mrs.Vigne wrote to me and then explained that she would not go to the Kopje Dance because she had not been asked to be on the Committee. She was very nice and we made friends again." Dinners at Vigne's resumed and she remarked she was sorry she would not be going to the Kopje dance as she wished to have another waltz with him.

The Kopje Club was prettily got up. A tremendous amount of men there and about forty women most of whom Godfrey didn't know. Mrs Briggs was in good form and very chummy.

The new organ for the Anglican Church arrived and Godfrey supervised the offloading.

The time was approaching for his leave and on 25 March the leave was confirmed. He was very relieved when the High Commissioner in Cape Town wired to say he would not send warrants for executions by wire. Mrs Eustace comes into the picture again as he went to visit and found her alone and very jolly. He also called on Mrs Vigne who was very bitter and somewhat annoyed he would not dine with her every night. That evening he dined with the Briggs and had a jolly evening. "She got quite serious and I

Godfrey King seated left

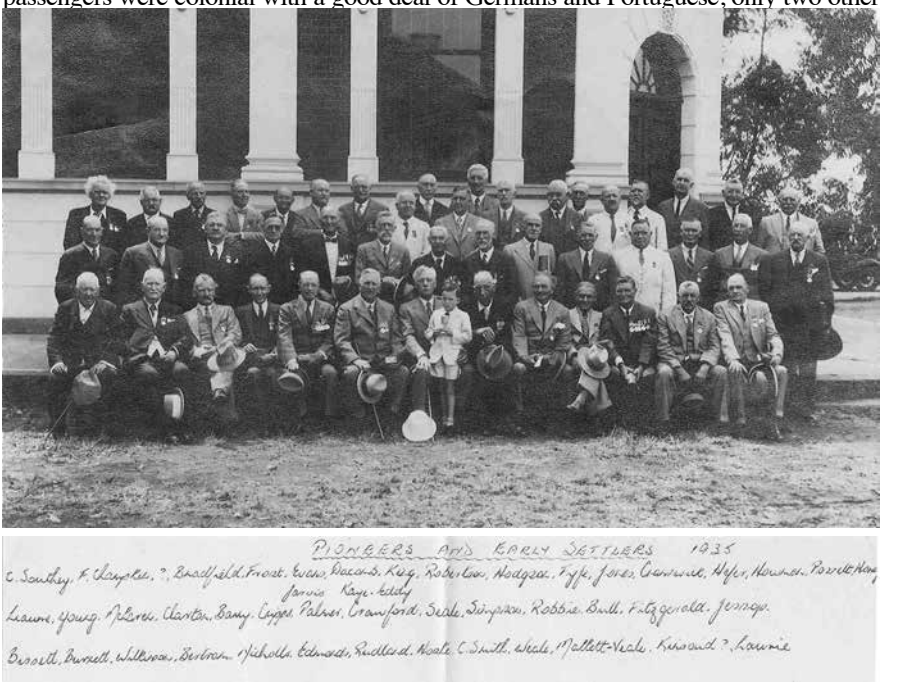
believe there is a lot beneath the frivolous polish."

A round of farewells to the Civil Service and friends followed and after supper at the club on 4 April 1898 he slept a while at the coach office until 2.30am when he was awakened by the Briggs. Several friends came to the coach to say farewell. The coach departed on 5 April. Breakfast was taken at Robbie's Store which had a fine view across the Enterprise District. At 1.15pm Graham and Whites was reached, which is described as an interesting collection of huts. At 5.15pm they stopped for an excellent meal at Marandellas. The magnificent scenery reminded him of Devonshire. At 10pm the coach reached Macheke and at 1.15 arrived at Headlands where they had a poorish meal. He couldn't imagine a much more unhealthy place, surrounded as it is by water. Dawn greeted them on arrival at Rusape. It took all day to reach Old Umtali and after dinner he persuaded the driver to go on to the New Town where he slept in a most uncomfortable room made entirely of tin.

The following day 7 April, Godfrey visited friends in Umtali and at mid-day on 8 April caught the train to Beira. At that time the line was two feet narrow gauge. The passenger coach is described as a miniature third class English carriage. The first carriage contained "natives and Portuguese". They travelled all the following day—9 April—and at six that evening arrived at Fontesvilla where he was astonished to see the results of living in such an unhealthy place. "Sallow dead/alive beings were the substitute for men". Beira was reached at ten that night and his belongings were carried to the Hotel Moulines. The mosquitoes were pretty bad. The following day was Easter Sunday and he only managed to attend church in a store at eight in the evening. The congregation was very small. The next day he and two others walked to the lighthouse where he

was pleased to see the sea again. He called on the English Consul and Mr & Mrs Ross.

After several days of waiting for a ship he felt a great inclination to return to Salisbury. Godfrey wasn't impressed with Beira. Finally the ship Koezler came in and the following day 16 April, Godfrey boarded her at 7.30 and sailed at 9. Most of the passengers were colonial with a good deal of Germans and Portuguese, only two other



King is in the back row eight from the left in the white suit

English passengers. The ship sailed northwards, calling at Mozambique, Dar es Salaam, Zanzibar, Tanga, Aden and Suez and at most of these places he went on shore. At Suez Godfrey had an abscess under a tooth which the doctor wanted to extract. However the abscess burst, and all was well. The weather turned very cold as they sighted Italy and landed at Naples.

Godfrey travelled by train to Rome and after a day's sight-seeing, carried on also by train to Modena and Paris. He had a good journey to Calais but the sea crossing to Dover was very rough and everyone was sick. He was met at Dover and as London approached he got quite excited.

Finally on 13 May he was back in Oxford which he found rather cramped and didn't feel at home crossing the streets.

On 4 June he met Mrs Capper, May's mother, at one of the many social functions he had been attending since his arrival home. He met up with May in London at the Royal Academy on 8 June. She looked "as great as ever" and travelled back to Oxford with him that evening.

On 20 June May returned to Oxford for the Oriel dance and that evening Godfrey proposed to her. She replied that it was impossible but was so kind Godfrey felt he had another chance. He wrote to May's mother and days later "at a meeting with Mother found her cold".

In mid-July Godfrey bought an engagement ring and was spending more time with May. He describes the relationship between May and her mother as one of "armed neutrality".

On 25 August May and Godfrey were married and on l October the couple sailed from Southampton to start a new married life in Rhodesia. May had become pregnant and spent time in hospital when they reached Cape Town. In March May's health was such that Godfrey decided to send her home to the UK. On 26 September she gave birth to a daughter and subsequently Godfrey learned she very nearly died.

Godfrey continued his Civil Service career and by 1911 was Registrar of Deeds, Companies, Patents, Registrar of Births and Deaths in addition to being Civil Commissioner Salisbury.

A number of facets of his life stand out from reading the diary. When Godfrey was living on his own he doesn't mention the employment of any domestic help or how he dealt with domestic matters such as cooking, washing, ironing, house-cleaning, gardening etc. Maybe he did have domestic help, but didn't consider it worthy of a diary entry. He does mention doing some gardening from time to time. Relationships with Africans don't feature, apart from two visits, before the Rebellion, to villages in the vicinity of Salisbury. His conduct and that of his friends during these visits do not appear to have positively contributed to pre-rebellion race relations.

Godfrey must have had access to private funds to sustain his lifestyle. He invested in property, frequently dined out and gambled on horses and at various card games. It is doubtful that, on his Civil Service salary he could have lived so well.

As is to be expected from the son of a clergyman he became very involved in the Anglican Church. However he is generally scathing in his comments about the clergy and fellow church-goers in Salisbury. Possibly he expected to find the intellectual atmosphere of Oxford in a Pioneer settlement.

I found only one reference to the arrival of letters from his mother and father. This event had a profound effect on him when they did arrive. I find it hard to understand that he only received one letter from his parents. I can only speculate that it reflected the Victorian Colonial attitude that one went to the Colonies to do your duty for Queen, Country and Empire and all personal and family considerations were over-ridden by this sense of duty. Plenty of letters were exchanged with other family members and friends and the mail service while slow did work. Godfrey clearly did not have a high opinion of the military or police officers with whom he came into contact. Maybe it was because they were not from the "right" regiments.

Many of the diary entries are devoted to his relationships with women in the community. He appears not to have had any close relations with single women and dismisses all those he meets in derogatory terms such as ugly, common, and so on. However he was clearly enamoured with a number of married women and agonised when his subtle approaches were rebuffed. For example he longed for a photograph of Mrs Vigne who didn't oblige and yet she was annoyed with him when he didn't dine with her every night. How the husbands of these women reacted to the attention a twenty something year old bachelor was paying to their wives is not recorded in his diary. If the diary is to be believed these relationships were platonic but equally he had plenty

of opportunities for them not to be. I think it is reasonable to conclude that a married woman in Salisbury in the 1890's, if she was so inclined, had ample opportunity to enjoy the company of willing young men.

Above all, the diary portrays Godfrey as a snob. He was a product of his background, a son of an Oxford clergyman who went on to attend an Oxford College. Any meetings with important people such as Cecil Rhodes, Jameson, Milner and so on are faithfully recorded and he expresses the hope that he was favourably noticed by these personages. Yet a lunch with two builders also led him to comment favourably on them. After all he normally would have considered them to be socially inferior. It would be interesting to access a diary of say 10—15 years later to see if time in Salisbury and early Rhodesia had mellowed his attitudes.

Final Resting Places of Significant Personalities in our History (Part IV)

by Jonathan Waters

As with my previous writings in this morbid series (*Heritage* 30, 31, and 33), I aim to provide a general historical outline of the lives of the four personalities in this instalment, using new information when I've come across it, and refer those interested to widely available books and previous articles for further reading.

Frank Rand

Covered by Mike Kimberley in *Heritage* No 8, we have much for which to thank BSAP Surgeon Captain Dr Richard Frank Rand. He may be best known for the early anti-malarial cure "Rand's Kicker", but certainly his most enduring legacy was fighting the BSA Company's attempt to sell plots on the Kopje, arguing it should be a public space. His other suggestion, which was adopted by the early administration, was to name some of the roads after famous British explorers as opposed to the proposed unimaginative mixture of numerical streets and avenues put forward by Thomas A. Ross, the American who laid out the first grid.

"Very liberal in his opinions, but with a strong leaning towards socialism, and in spite of this calm exterior and quiet demeanour, a man of sterling character and of strong passions who, if the occasion demanded it, or the emergency arose, might possibly develop into a red hot firebrand" —Arthur Leonard, ***How We Made Rhodesia*** **(capaar.org).**

Frank Rand was also Salisbury's first meteorologist. The December 18, 1913 edition of the *Rhodesia Herald* has a 20 year "looking back" feature and states the temperature and rainfall figures for the week ending December 14, 1893 ("kept by Dr Rand"). It is apparent that in the year after the first rain drenching season many of those drafted into the Pioneer Column became less than enamoured with the Chartered Company, but unlike those that fell out with Rhodes in what I

perceive as personal greed (e.g. Frank Johnson), Rand seems to be have been a principled man—previous articles on Rand have noted Major Arthur Leonard's glowing comments in *How We Made Rhodesia*.

Had Rand not riled the administration, he may have beaten Andrew Fleming (left) to the honour of having the capital's main public hospital named after him. Rand was, after all, with the Pioneer Column from the start and as far as I know, has nothing named after him. The other surgeon, James Lichfield, is equally as anonymous—I am not sure if Lichfield Close in Helensvale is named after him or not. That said, Fleming lost the honour after Independence anyway, and by 2017, all we have left in terms of roads is Baines, Livingstone, Selous, Speke and Cameron, sometimes pronounced "Cameroon", which may provide some insight into what the general populace think it may be named after.

Plarr's Life of the Fellows, was put online by Royal College of Surgeons in 2013. "Rand was appointed medical officer to the Chartered Company's police and in 1895-99 was surgeon to the Fort Salisbury Hospital. In this position he did such good work that he was offered a knighthood, which he declined on the grounds that he could not afford it. The hospital was a wattle-and-daub building, to which drugs and supplies had to be brought by bullock wagons over a thousand miles of rough track rendered almost impassable for many weeks during the rainy season. His duties took him on horseback to the outlying camps of prospectors and traders ill of malaria and dysentery aggravated by an absence of the elementary necessities of existence. He served with distinction during the South African War, when he was put in charge of the military hospital on Roberts' Heights (renamed Voortrekker Hoogte), and on its conclusion he returned to England, giving as his address, during 1900-09, 30 Bury Street, St James's, SW. From 1910 to 1935 he was again in Rhodesia, but took part in the war of 1914-18 in the campaigns in South-West Africa and in East Africa." According to the *Herald* on Pioneer Day 1911, Rand was in the country.

Hugh Marshall Hole writes to *The Times* following Rand's death in 1937 and it is apparent this is where Plarr's gets much of its information. Marshall Hole differs on just when the knighthood was offered: "During the South African War he again served with distinction, and was for some time in charge of a large military hospital at Roberts Heights. He was offered a knighthood, but refused it on the ground of limited means."

In the decades that followed occupation, there was an attempt to get early reminiscences from the first settlers. Here are some comments by Rand contained in a file in the National Archives of Zimbabwe relating to early life in Salisbury, which are of general interest since all the personalities are well known and these details will

probably not see the light anywhere else: "Mr Alfred Beit, together with Dr Jameson, stayed in my hut for a time. When I see, sitting in bronze the figure of Rhodesia's great benefactor, the friend of the children, he was childless himself, Mr Alfred Beit I recall the fact that not only was a he a great benefactor but he was an admirable raconteur, and like Yorick, could 'Keep the table in a roar'.

"The Vicomte de la Panouse and his lady lived out at the farm Avondale. I think they made the first bacon which was made in Mashonaland. The Count had injured his shoulder by a fall from his horse, if I remember rightly. He was a personal friend of Dr Jameson and the Doctor and I rode out to Avondale and held a consultation over his case. I think this was the last medical consultation the Doctor ever attended, his duties of course, being solely administrative.

"The first vegetables offered for sale up the Salisbury market were grown by an old soldier named O'Toole. He was a VC. It always seemed to me that 'an unknown Indian Gardener' might be commemorated in Salisbury for Salisbury has owed much of its record of good health to his efforts and diligence." That man was almost certainly "Chengawa Naicku", who is shown in the Index of Rhodesian Farms (IRF) as paying rent on "Garden Plot No. 1", on which he had been granted a certificate on March 27, 1892.

The IRF shows the farm Trelawney Estate having been granted to R. F. Rand in October 1893 and sold to W. Cornwall Gold in November 1896. I have been unable to find the origin of the name "Trelawney" and I would like to speculate that it may come from Rand's time in Jamaica, where he suffered a severe attack of Yellow Fever, which left him with impaired health and chronic deafness. The spelling of Trelawney in Zimbabwe is unique—but the only other "Trelawnys" in the world are in Jamaica, where Trelawny is a parish of Cornwall county and the UK where Trelawny is in the parish of Pelynt in Cornwall. Rand came from Essex.

In 1895, Rand was involved with Salisbury Central Estate Co, which had, among other objectives, plans to "build shops in Jameson Avenue, down the Broadway, leased at moderate rentals". Hot money headed north after the boom in mining shares on the Witwatersrand in 1894, and Salisbury became a good place to speculate the following year. S. Hyman, the first stockbroker in the city, was the MD of the Salisbury Central Estate Co., while the other directors were Major The Hon. Charles White, lawyer R. H. Bosanquet and W. E. Fairbridge, Salisbury's first Mayor and the editor of the *Rhodesia Herald*.

Rand's grave in the grounds of All Saints, Brightlingsea (capaar.org).

Retiring back to Essex (he was born in Plaistow) in 1935, Rand settled

at Brightlingsea, where he died on January 3, 1937. Rand's Probate shows he left a modest £1 629 18s to his wife Margaret and—fittingly given his involvement in the Boer War—was residing at 39 Ladysmith Avenue, Brightlingsea Essex. He is buried in the graveyard at All Saints, Brightlingsea his wife having passed away after him on November 5, 1945. His epitaph reads "Blessed Are The Merciful", while Margaret was "Beloved By All".

Canon Balfour

Tony Tanser wrote that while Canon Balfour was of "very considerable learning", he proved "a poor choice for an army chaplain" as he had "little in common with either officers or men of the Police, and did not take kindly to the rougher elements among the pioneers". On the march north, he took an interest in Frank Rand's botanical collection, but by his own admission, had "no powers of improvisation or overcoming difficulties".

Within two years of the flag being raised at Fort Salisbury, he was recalled to Basutoland, commenting at the time: "I have rarely obeyed a command with more alacrity". Given his education (Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge), Francis Richard Townley Balfour was probably a little too posh for pioneers (although a fair number of them were also privately educated).

In *Old Rhodesian Days*, Hugh Marshall-Hole relates: "Canon Balfour was a rather pathetic figure during his two years' sojourn in Salisbury. A devout, but retiring and somewhat austere man, he never seemed quite at home among the mixed crowd of miners, traders and speculators who formed the bulk of the community."

Tony Tanser described Balfour as a "small, heavily bearded man of very considerable learning"

But as a purely historical figure in the occupation of Mashonaland, Canon Balfour ranks quite highly, having been one of the leading figures at the flag raising on September 13, 1890 and the subsequent construction of the first church in Salisbury. In *Gold Fever*, Skipper Hoste says: "[Edward Tyndale] Biscoe, with the rolled flag under his arm, stood smartly to attention at one side of them as Canon Balfour, his cassock billowing the breeze, stepped forward to give a short address and an ex tempore prayer."

Encyclopaedia Rhodesia claims that Balfour was born in Ireland on June 21, 1846, but in fact he was born in Sorrento, Italy where his parents had moved. Canon Balfour's father Blayney Townley Balfour had been Lieutenant-Governor of the Bahamas (1833-1835). I found the

The services which he held in the little mud church—built by himself with the assistance of two or three friends—were always well attended ... the altar was a large packing case covered with blue trade calico; the lectern a smaller case, on one side of which the stencilled words 'Milkmaid Brand' were still visible, and betrayed its original purpose"— ***Old Rhodesian Days*****, Hugh Marshall Hole**

information on his birth on a blog by Patrick Comerford, entitled "Remembering an Irish missionary bishop born in Sorrento" and it also appears in the *South African Biographical Dictionary*.

Balfour became the Archdeacon of Bloemfontein (1901-1906) and then Archdeacon of Basutoland (1908-1922). When he was consecrated in Cape Town as an Assistant Bishop for the Diocese of Bloemfontein in 1911, he was effectively the first Anglican Bishop of Lesotho. He financed the tower of the Bloemfontein Cathedral and was the model for the image of Saint Francis in his memorial window in the Bloemfontein Cathedral.

There is a fair amount of information on the Townley Balfour family in Comerford's blog and how they arrived in Ireland, which is not really important in this account. What is of interest is that the family home Townley Hall, built in 1799 is "a masterpiece in the classical style of Francis Johnston, the foremost Irish architect of his day". Sir John Betjeman, in a survey of the works of Francis Johnston wrote: "I have seen many Irish houses, but I know none at once so dignified, so restrained and so original as Francis Johnston's Townley Hall." The house is close to the site of the Battle of the Boyne.

Comerford said in his blog that when Balfour retired in 1923, he returned to Ireland, but died shortly afterwards in Shankill, County Dublin, on February 3, 1924. "He is buried in the grounds of Mellifont Abbey, County Louth—the ruins of Mellifont had been owned by his family for generations." Initially I travelled to Mellifont Abbey (about 50km north of Dublin) to see if I could find the grave there, and when that appeared unlikely, I went to Townley Hall and made further inquiries.

I was told there was a graveyard close to a deconsecrated Church of Ireland chapel (built 1814), now in private hands. I found the said chapel just off Townley Hall road (Route L5604). There among some overgrown conifers were the graves of the Townley Balfours.

The ruins of Mellifont Abbey, County Louth

The Townley Hall chapel, built in what is known as "the Board of the First Fruits" style. The Board of First Fruits was an institution of the Church of Ireland that was established in 1711 by Queen Anne, to build and improve churches and glebe houses in Ireland.

Canon Balfour's grave has his birth and death dates at the front of the grave marker. Running along the edge of the left marker is "Francis Richard Townley Balfour Bishop" and "The Love of Christ Constraineth Us" is on the right.

Theodore Bent

James Theodore Bent, discoverer of more than half of the stone Zimbabwe birds, provided the first in depth account in English of Great Zimbabwe. Together with his wife Mabel, he undertook the first and most extensive investigation of Great Zimbabwe (I do not use the word excavation since he was not an archaeologist) since Karl Mauch's observations two decades previous.

In Bent's well known account, The Ruined Cities of Mashonaland, he managed to embed Mauch's earlier theories about *King Solomon and the Ophir of the Ancients*. This was, of course, useful propaganda for the Chartered Company, which needed young settlers to populate the country, coming in the hope of fortune. It no doubt sustained the BSA Co share price too. Unfortunately the "Phoenicianist" legacy is sadly still with us today in that absurd rhetorical statement: "So who built Great Zimbabwe?"

Born in Liverpool on March 30, 1852, Theodore Bent came from a wealthy family, and he more than met his equal in his wife Mabel, who he married in 1877. Mabel was five years his senior, and while born in the Victorian era, belonged to another period as she was a quintessential Renaissance woman. Well educated, and independent, she took the photographs during the 1891 expedition at Great Zimbabwe and after Theodore died in 1897, Mabel went on many more adventures, living another 32 years. In Theodore's obituary in *The Times*, Mabel is described as "energetic and accomplished".

Bent did not get a long innings, dying aged only 45, from complications associated with malaria contracted in Yemen. The Times reported: "Unfortunately on their return to Aden they were both prostrated with malarial fever and had a narrow escape. On becoming convalescent they returned home, stopping in Marseilles for a few days to recuperate. On the way home Mr Bent seems to have caught a chill, which brought on a relapse of the fever, complicated with pneumonia, from which he was unable to rally."

I would suggest those interested in the Bents visit tambent.com, where there is a mass of information. The website is maintained by Gerald Brisch, a director of Archaeopress, which has republished most of the Bents works. In addition to their private journals, Brisch has intertwined various sources in his blogs and campaigned for greater recognition on what would have been a very modern couple at the time. There can be no greater tribute to the Bents than this free information source, which is continually updated and I can't recommend it highly enough.

After the visit to Great Zimbabwe, the Bents headed towards Fort Salisbury, visiting the rarely seen Matendere ruins on the way. The Bents arrived in the capital on September 8, 1891, within a few days of the first anniversary of the arrival of the Pioneer Column. The new settlement does get a mention in the The Ruined Cities of Mashonaland, but it is a carefully edited version that avoids mentioning names. Much has been written about the dissatisfaction of the pioneers in that first year, over multiple issues, where the BSA Company fell short. There were particularly concerns over supply lines and the cost of goods, and Chartered Company officials were treated with contempt.

Mabel spells out the ill feeling in her journal:

"Besides our own affairs, there has been on last Saturday the First Annual Dinner on Occupation Day. Theodore was invited. The Pioneers hate Dr [Rutherfoord] Harris and Major Tye (who Tanser described as "grossly incompetent as both a transport officer and as a store man"). The Chairman, Mr Bird, made the rudest of speeches, which Dr Harris ably responded to and most pluckily. The Pioneers had many grievances but some must have been trivial indeed. One of them was that a notice was put up at Zimbabwe

forbidding anyone to remove antiquities. No such notice was put up, yet more than once it was complained of and one man said he had seen it. They managed to make Dr Harris tell a lie for the pleasure of confounding him. When he said he had had official news from Cape Town that Mr Rhodes was coming to Tuli, they told him it was a lie for he was coming by the Pungwe, they having concealed the news from Tuesday to Saturday on purpose …"

The Bents head north to the Mazoe first, then north east to visit Chief Mutoko and then south to Mangwendi's, east on to Chipunza's and visit the unknown ruins nearby at Chipadzi, a site I stumbled across in 2016 with Rob Burrett. We both queried why more had never been made of this set of ruins, made unique as its straddles both banks of a riverlet just up from the Rusape river. The Bents travelled on to Makoni's ("Maunga"), then Mtasa's and old Umtali—this they completed within a month of leaving Salisbury—they must have been moving at a cracking pace. In The Ruined Cities of Mashonaland, Bent sums up what he had seen, accurately forecasting where the real potential is: "That the country is a magnificent one, apart from gold, I have no hesitation in saying. Any country in such a latitude and at such an elevation, well watered, with prolific soil, healthy and bracing, if ordinary comforts are attainable, could not fail to be. The scenery is in many parts, as I have previously described, very fine; there is an abundance of timber, excellent prospects for cereals, and many kinds of ore exist, which will come in for future development; and gold is there too."

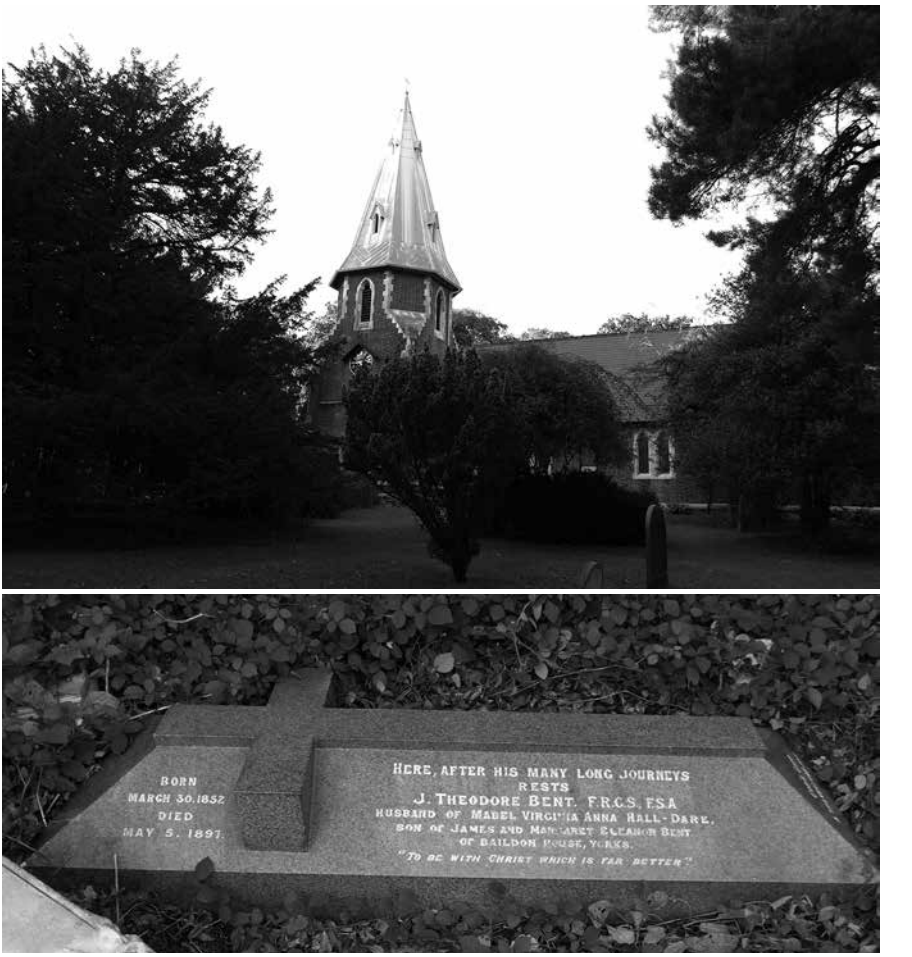
To get an understanding of the Bents' characters, it is probably worthwhile including a few paragraphs from Adventures in Mashonaland by the nursing sisters Rosanna Blennerhassett and Lucy Sleeman, who were operating the hospital at the time: "One Sunday afternoon some interesting visitors appeared at the door of our hut. They were Mr and Mrs Bent accompanied by a Mr Swan. We had hardly shaken hands when Mrs Bent asked us what we thought of her dress. This was a difficult question to answer. Mrs Bent's costume consisted of an ordinary print blouse, worn over obvious stays; a woollen kilt, reaching to just below her knees; knickerbockers; top boots; and a pith helmet, which gave its wearer something of the air of a Britannia who had exchanged the rest of her garments with a scarecrow! We gently suggested that if a fair explorer had consulted Redfern, or better still, Martin of Dublin, either would have built her something much more workmanlike and beguiling.

"After this Mrs Bent made herself very pleasant, showed us photographs which she had taken with much skill, a talent which was no doubt of great use to her husband. Mr Bent might have been the 'Silent Member' himself, he spoke so little; but, the next day, when we went to his encampment, he showed us his sketchbooks, and was much less mute. He was fresh from those strange Mashonaland ruins which have given rise to so much conjecture. Mr. Bent supposed them to be extremely ancient. He told us that, without consulting the archives at Lisbon, he could not give a decided opinion on their origin. At that time he seemed to believe them to be the ruins of a temple and fortress. There, he thought, weird rites had been solemnised and fierce battles fought.

"Mr Selous differed entirely from this view. He believes the ruins to be comparatively modern, and the remains of native work. There is a tradition that a great Shona chief is buried under them, and Mashonas still go and worship there. Mr Selous is probably the best authority on the subject, knowing Africa as thoroughly as he does, and being able to

On the trail of the Bents—some of the lesser known ruins they visited: This page top to bottom - Matendere, Chipunza's, and graves of chiefs at Chipunza's.

On right - Chipadzi, Makoni's historic base Maungwe also known as Harleigh Farm ruins.



converse with the native as easily as with an Englishman, whilst Mr Bent could neither speak nor understand the language. But Mr Bent appeared certain that the Portuguese only could throw light on the problem. He said that the Portuguese had certainly been all over the country, and that a Portuguese archaeologist who would devote himself to the subject would find the archives, of Lisbon, and very likely of other old cities, rich in most interesting materials.

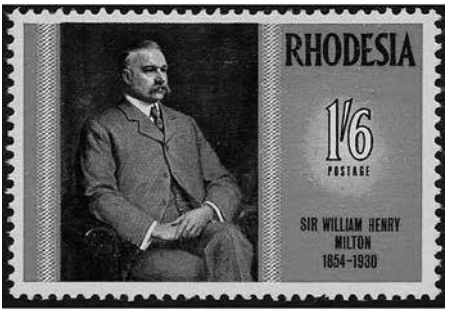
"A few days later the Bents rode away to Masse-Kesse en route for the coast. We saw them go with something of a pang. They would probably be our last visitors. When the rainy season sets in thoroughly, Umtali would be like a besieged city, and its inhabitants cut off from all communication with the outside world." After their 1891 Southern Africa expedition, the Bents focused on the Horn of Africa, travelling next to what is now Ethiopia and Eritrea, the Sudan and finally Yemen and Oman as mentioned previously. There is an allusion to their adventures as the epitaph on their grave reads: "God's Gift—A Traveller's Joy".

After his death, Mabel Bent continues to travel and write extensively. I take you back to the tambent.com website again and Brisch's description of her: "Five feet eight inches tall, a green-eyed, sturdy redhead—striking in her photographs—her flaming, plaited hair was often the subject of native wonder. Outgoing and confident, she was as

happy taking fences at full gallop in her native Wexford as she was dining with British ambassadors in Cairo or Constantinople." Mabel died aged 83 on July 3, 1929 and was interred with Theodore at St Mary the Virgin, Theydon Bois, Essex.

As to their grave, Brisch writes: "Theodore's family are buried in the north of England, Baildon outside Bradford, and Sutton Hall, near Macclesfield, but he had very few living relatives at his death, which is why Mabel opted for the Hall-Dare plot in at St Mary the Virgin, Theydon Bois, Essex, which was the nearest to their London home, near Marble Arch at the end of Oxford Street in London."

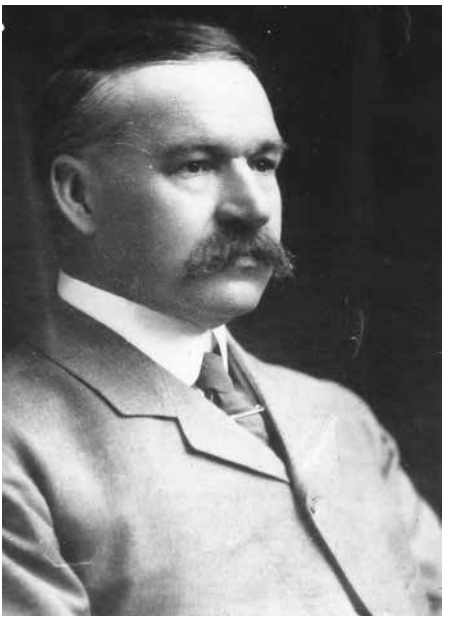
"At Theydon Bois, the memorial stone has sadly been moved from its original location when some renovations were made to the churchyard. But still in the general area of the Hall-Dare graves—Theodore's wife Mabel was a Hall-Dare, and St Marys was the Hall-Dare church in England. The other main Hall-Dare church is in Bunclody, County Wexford, Ireland."



Milton was the subject of a commemorative stamp issued on January 15, 1969, based on a portrait of Sir William by Sidney Kendrick. The portrait had been painted from this photograph of Milton and used to hang in Parliament.

Sir William Milton

In the words of Tony Tanser, the "very popular and much loved" Administrator William Henry Milton presided over the period when the country moved from rebellion to prosperity, with the last six years of his administration seeing the most rapid progress in the country. During this period, Salisbury saw its first spurt of rapid growth (1908-1914) when the trading area became centred on Manica Road. Milton presided over the first Royal Visit (the Duke of Connaught in 1910), and in 1913, Lady Milton laid the Foundation Stone for the Cathedral on St George's Day (April 23). Perhaps the two most important events came into being 18 months before he left the country—the supply of electricity and piped water—and his lasting legacy is without a doubt the beautiful grounds and setting of Harare Sports Club.



Oddly, from what I have seen, there is not much written about him, nor have I come across his papers anywhere, nor any memoirs on his part. The *Rhodesiana/Heritage* series has very little too—the Miltons are described as "delightful people" in the letters of Mary

"[Government House] is a bungalow surrounded by a huge verandah. It stands in what will some day be a very nice garden; the only feature just now is Marechal Neil rose which climbs all around the verandah and bears hundreds of lovely roses" – Letters of Mary Blackwood Lewis, February 1, 1898

Blackwood Lewis (*Rhodesiana* No 8). Given his interest in the game, Milton appears in Cricket's Rich Heritage by Jonty Winch, who later develops his thoughts into his doctorate, which Paul Hubbard kindly sent me a copy of: "Sir William Milton: a leading figure in Public School Games, Colonial Politics and Imperial Expansion, 1877-1914".

Winch tells us A LOT about Milton's cricketing prowess and refers to Lord Robert Blake's *A History of Rhodesia* a good deal, but I'm afraid while Milton was a good functionary for BSA Co, who used sport to build up spirit, you still get no sense of the man, beyond his dedication to Rhodes and cricket. Winch quotes this observation from the *Cape Times*: "It was observed that cricket was the principal qualification of his civil service appointees, a development that stemmed from Milton's belief that 'employers and heads of department would find that if they have a good player in their employ he will be a good worker as well.'"

Milton was born on December 3, 1854 in Little Marlow (something which appears on his gravestone). Like Cecil Rhodes, his father was a clergyman and he was educated at Marlborough. Milton emigrated to South Africa, where he joined the Cape Civil Service in 1878 and played a good deal of cricket. He was appointed private secretary to Cecil Rhodes in 1891 and it is at this point where he apparently enjoyed Rhodes' "complete confidence". He had been called the "Father of Rhodesia's Civil Service" and was knighted in 1910. In the coded BSA Co. telegrams between London and Salisbury, "Youthful" was his code name. Winch tells us his nickname was "Joey".

I happened to read that Milton retired as a result of ill health, but was unsure about just what this was until I came across an article about an accident he and his wife Eveline were involved in on August 5, 1913 while on home leave. On the Buxton-Ashborne road (near Derby), the car the two were travelling in was "thrown over and wrecked" after

a suspected tyre burst. The *Reuters* report at the time said: "Sir William Milton was cut and shaken, but his wife escaped with a few bruises. Their son, who was accompanying them, was also injured, the chauffeur being most seriously hurt." *Reuter* later reports that month that "while the two are recovering well, Lady Milton's injuries are more serious than was first thought". It took many months of convalescing with the pair only setting sail back to Rhodesia on December 13, 1913.

Milton turned 60 in 1914 and one must assume that the car accident spurred their decision to retire to the south of France. Given he was a "popular" Administrator, he must have had divided loyalties between the BSA Co. and the white settlers, who on the expiry of the Royal Charter in 1914, approached the Privy Council over the question of who owned the unalienated land in the country.

The Rhodesia Herald reported the events of the Civil Luncheon on Saturday October 24, 1914, his last engagement in the capital.

"I had a great honour paid to me when in a time of stress and trouble, 18 years ago, Mr Rhodes asked me to come and assist in the administration of this country, and a year or more later, a still greater honour when he asked me to assume the post of Administrator. I deem it, an equal, if not greater honour, when, after 17 years of that administration, the people of this town have bid me to come to say to me 'Well done'. Sir [addressing the Mayor Herbert Lezard), I appreciate it very highly, and I think that no greater honour could fall to any man (Cheers). Mr Rhodes once said in a notable speech about that time that the greatest award that any man could wish or earn was the approbation and esteem of his fellow citizens (Applause)."

"Our lives here have been from the first to the last extremely happy. We cannot look for any greater happiness in the future. Wherever we go, whatever our lot may be, Salisbury will always be first in our feelings, our hopes and our affections. I have on another occasion stated why we were retiring. I, personally, because I think my work is done. My wife's health, as you know, is not very good, and we feel the time has come when we should give way to others. This country requires and deserves to have at the head of its administration a man in the enjoyment of his full powers. I have felt for some years past that the time must shortly come when that would not be the case with myself. Everyone will know without my referring to it—I hope they will know—what a wrench such a decision must have been and is to us, but for all that, as I have said before, I have no official regrets at leaving. I have tried to do my duty and you my fellow citizens have said that I have. Mr Mayor, I wish for no more. The time has now come to say farewell, a word that I like to use because, our earnest and most sincere wish is that you, this town, this country and the people in this country in the future will fare well (Loud and prolonged cheering)."

And this: "The progress and prosperity of a country depend upon the character and energy of its citizens. It is the duty of the Administration to assist their energy as far as they may do, but no effort of administrations can do what is the work of the people themselves (Cheers)." Prior to leaving the Drill Hall, his Honour and Lady Milton said goodbye to their many friends, and just before they left Colonel Grey called for three cheers, "For the man who has done more than any other living man for Rhodesia." Certainly these were not hollow words. The Miltons were then escorted to the railway station where he inspected a special guard of honour. The townspeople then thronged

the railway station where "hearty cheers" were raised when the special train steamed out of the station.

At his speech in Bulawayo, he tells the audience that he arrived in Rhodesia when Rhodes was having his second Indaba in the Matopos in August 1896. His comments in Bulawayo perhaps gave an indication of where his sympathies lay: "You have passed twenty five years under the administration of the Chartered Company. Another ten years has been given to the Charter, but with the distinct promise which will be formally registered that if during that time you feel able to do the work yourselves, the Charter will stand aside. Gentleman, we all hope, we who are connected with the Charter, that this country may be able to do it—to take the burden on itself—because that will be the true test of the efficiency of the Chartered administration, that it will bring you in a short space of time to a position in which you are able to govern yourselves. It is a true test of the Charter administration and the sooner that time comes the better record it will make for the Chartered Company. Mr Rhodes realised that fully. He said more than once: 'Our object is to bring you up to a state in which you can stand alone, and when that time comes it will be a time for the Charter to hoist two flags instead of one' (Applause)."

As the war was on, they only arrived back in Plymouth on April 14, 1915 and it seems from the shipping records I have accessed, that they never returned to Africa. He retired with Eveline to Cannes on the French Riviera. Milton died on March 6, 1930 and is buried in section 20 of the Cimetière Le Grand Jas in Cannes, along with Eveline, nee Borcherds, of the well established Cape family.

In his Probate, he left £7 517 to his widow and Frances Emily MacLeod. While most of his legacy has been removed since Independence, notably Milton Building (now Munhumutapa) and the tunnel of jacarandas on Milton Avenue (now Leopold Takawira), the suburb Milton Park retains its name as do what were the two top government schools


Cimetière Grand Jas

in Bulawayo, Milton and Eveline. Winch points out he would have "no doubt approved of Milton School's Greek motto which was loosely translated into 'Playing the Game'."

My thanks to Gerry Brisch, Sarah Ryan, Paula and Tom Worsley-Worswick

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Henry James Borrow (1865-1893) after whom Borrowdale is named

by Michael R. Tucker

Editor's Note

This article is based on Borrow's letters in the National Archives of Zimbabwe (>1 200 pages) but in addition to putting his letters into the context of his time, it also details the correspondence prior to the Pioneer Column when Lobengula was being pestered by concessionaires seeking gold rights; the British South Africa Company won with its Rudd Concession because their local representatives were awarded shares and backed Rhodes. The letters also cover the time when Johnson was given the contract for the Pioneer Column and this is covered in detail, as is Selous' treaty-making in the Mazowe Valley to keep out the Portuguese who claimed area.

Henry Borrow courtesy of National Archives of Zimbabwe

Acknowledgements

A number of authors have used Henry Borrow's letters in the past with good reason; they are well-written and almost in diary style recording events through the prism of Borrow's eyes and they are comprehensive, over 1 200 pages. At least two accounts were sent to *The Times of London*, but were not published. Robert Cary used them extensively, particularly in his excellent book *Charter Royal* and there are good and more comprehensive articles by D. Hartridge on Borrow in *Rhodesiana* No 18 of July 1968, (P22–36) with a repeat of the same article in *Heritage* No. 22 of July 1970 (P157–171) Finally the valuable efforts of the staff of the National Archives of Zimbabwe, both in the past and present, as the custodians of these historical records, need to be recognised and appreciated.

The origins of Borrowdale

Henry Borrow (he signed himself Harry in his family letters) was one of the partners of Messrs Johnson, Heany and Borrow who went into business in 1891 at Fort Salisbury. At that time they were one of the few business entities with any capital in the country following their payment by Rhodes for successfully guiding the Pioneer Column to Mount Hampden, although Fort Salisbury was chosen as the better location. They also kept the oxen and wagons which had conveyed the Column upcountry, and had

an immense start over everyone else with extensive interests in mining, transport and trading.

Their company concentrated mostly on buying farming land and mining claims; their Borrowdale Estates extended to over 22 275 hectares (55 043 acres) and was the original Pioneer land grant and named after Henry Borrow. Vegetables, including potatoes, were planted and watered from the first man-made dam in the country. Although the first season's vegetables were badly damaged by insects, the experts said this was an event that would disappear by the second year.[1] Later the original farm was divided up into smaller farms, residential plots and commercial stands until it became the affluent suburb that Borrowdale is today.

Henry Borrow's early life

Born in Lanivet in Cornwall, England on 17 March 1865, he was the eldest son of Reverend Henry John Borrow, the Rector of Lanivet and Mrs Anne Borrow, née Kendall. He was educated at Tavistock School, although he finished his schooling at Sherborne School in 1881. As Robert Cary states, by then a young man of good character, but without sufficient means to go into business, he took the road to the Colonies, a route then being taken by many like him. In 1882 he was in South Africa and working on an ostrich farm near Cradock in the Cape Colony; by 1884 he was farming in partnership with Charlie Wallis at Waterford in the Grahamstown district, but found he was being imposed upon: *"how galling to be corrected by a fellow one's own age…I'm heartily sick of him and as there is a new police force to be raised I have sent my name in"*[2] and so in January 1886 he joined the 2nd Mounted Rifles (Carrington's Horse) and traveled to Bechuanaland (now Botswana) on the Warren Expedition under the command of Colonel Sir Frederick Carrington.

The Bechuanaland Protectorate was established by Britain in March 1885 following the Warren Expedition to protect the local tribes from Boer incursions and foreign powers, principally Germany, and was administered from Mafeking. The Bechuanaland Border Police (BBP) the forerunner of the British South Africa Company Police was formed in August 1885 and Henry Borrow was recruited to A Troop as a Lance-Corporal along with his friend, Frank Johnson. Although Johnson was only eighteen at the time, he was quickly promoted to Quartermaster-Sergeant, and his strong personality and self-confidence ensured from the start that he was the leader and Borrow the supporter. Another new friend was an American, Maurice Heany.

In 1886 gold was discovered on the Witwatersrand, and reminded everyone of the legendary goldfields to the north discovered by Karl Mauch and Henry Hartley in May 1866 at Hartley Hills on the Umfuli (Mupfure) River. Borrow wrote to his father: *"that the country [Matabeleland] must be fabulously rich, as the natives can obtain gold by putting skins in the river with the hair upstream, then taking the skins out and drying them in the sun (and then shaking) the gold out*."[3] This tale may have come from a Danish prospector, Eriksson, who showed Johnson and Borrow quills of gold he brought back from the Mazowe Valley.

Tales of fortunes to be earned made everyone restless: *"not that I have the fever or anything of that sort, but it appears to me a shame to throw away golden opportunities*

[1] Borrow letters National Archives of Zimbabwe BO11/1/1 p 865
[2] Ibid. p 182
[3] Ibid. p 253

for the sake of £7 per month."[4] Borrow, already promoted to corporal, and Maurice Heany, then an Orderly, and Edward "Ted" Burnett and Corporal John Anthony "Jack" Spreckley were prompted to resign from the BBP in February 1887 to accompany Frank Johnson to Matabeleland and try to win a mineral concession from King Lobengula of the amaNdebele. The entrepreneurial Johnson managed to find backers in Cape Town prepared to put up £900 in return for the four partners taking up one £25 share each and half of the final profits, the syndicate having the grand sounding name of The Great Northern Trade and Exploration Company; "rather a majestic title is it not?"[5] Borrow wrote that Matabeleland was healthy, but Mashonaland less so. Bishop G. W. H. Knight-Bruce asked them to report on the prospects for establishing a church.

The youthful five left Mafeking on 21 March 1887 with all they could carry on their horses and visited Khama, the Paramount Chief of the Bamangwato at Shoshong and were rewarded with a mineral concession that covered the country, before continuing onto Gubuluwayo. *"That there's gold there is a well authenticated fact."*[6] *"We have just had a most satisfactory interview with Khama who has given us all that our hearts desired…i.e. the prospecting rights to the whole of his country and the right to pick out one or more blocks of 100 miles square to dig for gold, minerals and precious stones."*[7]

In Matabeleland

Lobengula however, was in no hurry: *"time is made for slaves"*[8] and it took two months of talks before the party was given permission to prospect between the Hunyani (Manyame) and Mazoe (Mazowe) Rivers, though Borrow and Heany stayed behind in Gubuluwayo; *"Bug Villa"*[9] Borrow describes *"the wonderfully productive country"* and how the local traders (James Fairbairn, James Dawson, George Phillips, and Johannes van Rooyen) lived on African food and beer. *"The natives grow excellent rice in Mashonaland, sent down in neatly woven bags, any amount of local corn and mealies, tobacco, potatoes, sweet potatoes, ground nuts, etc. All the white people on the station eschew altogether bread and coffee and simply live on the things aforementioned, meat being very cheap, they have two meals a day one at 10am and another just before dusk, the interim being filled up with local beer, of which they drink enormous quantities."*[10]

They left Gubuluwayo for a spell in Mangwato, Bechuanaland to clear up a misunderstanding over the concession with Khama; Borrow suspected the missionary James Hepburn of having misrepresented them: *"it appears to me that it [the agreement] has been purposely misrepresented by the missionary there"*[11] Khama now regretted giving them sole prospecting rights and wanted to limit their monopoly to a few years. Heany and Borrow presented Khama with a barrel-organ [12] and their concession with Khama was drafted and signed on 17 December; they were permitted to prospect for five shillings a month, and to select up to 400 square miles for an annual payment of

4 Ibid. p 238
5 Ibid. p 276
6 Ibid. p 284
7 Ibid. p 291
8 Ibid. p 300
9 Ibid. p 372
10 Ibid. p 307
11 Ibid. p 326
12 Ibid. p 354

£1 per square mile and royalty of 2.5%.

They left for Gubuluwayo, but Lobengula was furious because Wood, Francis and Chapman had defied him and been prospecting. Lobengula sent out an amaNdebele impi to: *"find out what they were doing, kill any messenger coming out from them and tear up all letters"*[13] Despite this dispute, Wood, Francis and Chapman received a concession from Lobengula for the region between the Shashe and Macloutsie Rivers "the disputed territory" on 11 November 1887; but Johnson's syndicate believed this same area belonged to Khama and was covered by their agreement.

The high hopes with which Johnson, Burnett and Spreckley started were dashed by one of the amaNdebele guides dying of malaria despite treatment and their supplies running short, although they did find gold in their alluvial pannings of the Mazowe River. By 12 November Johnson and his party were back at Gubuluwayo where they were accused of (1) poisoning the headman (2) being spies (3) writing a letter saying Lobengula had two tongues (4) kicking an amaNdebele (5) exceeding the King's permission and using a spade to look for gold. After a 'trial' by twelve Indunas, Lobengula let them off with a fine of £100 in gold sovereigns, ten blankets and ten tins of gunpowder and they *"were allowed to keep their wagon and equipment, though at first it was said they could only go with their boots in order to walk out of the country!"*[14]

They concluded that Mashonaland was rich in gold and the labour very plentiful and cheap: *"if Lobengula does not throw open the country in another twelve months, it will be rushed as owing to the influx of diggers in the Transvaal, the country is getting quite a different class of man to that which it has had heretofore."*[15] Robert Cary states the one abiding impression they left with was that Lobengula was not to be trusted; that he would take whatever they brought him in the way of gifts of guns and trading goods, but his promises meant nothing, and he would repudiate any past deals if it suited him. This character smear was unfair to Lobengula, but formed the basis of all of Johnson's future dealings with him.

Bechuanaland Exploration Company

Now Johnson's attention shifted to the region between the Macloutsie and Shashe Rivers; "the disputed territory" between Khama and Lobengula, which was also believed to have gold. They would use the mineral concession from Khama to float a company in "which we shall take part cash and part shares as our payment."[16] So the Bechuanaland Exploration Company was formed with Lord Gifford and George Cawston as directors, Johnson as managing director, Heany as general manager and Borrow as local superintendent.

This was a full and eventful time for Borrow and Heany as they learnt the language and local geology and organised the transport and supplies for teams of prospectors and set up trading posts; Borrow acting as local blacksmith, carpenter and barber.*"We are off early tomorrow for another month or so down the Limpopo river."*[17] Meanwhile in Lisbon, Johnson managed to secure a concession from the Portuguese Companhia de

[13] Ibid. p 359

[14] Hickman, A.S. Colonel John Anthony Spreckley, C. M. G. A Short Biography. *Heritage of Zimbabwe* No 22, 2003. p 89

[15] Borrow letters National Archives of Zimbabwe BO11/1/1 p 372

[16] Ibid. p 388

[17] Ibid. p 409

Mocambique which gave him the right to prospect twenty miles on each side of the Mazowe River, with the right to mark off 500 claims upon a royalty payment of 20% of all profits and 1% of output. This was in Johnson's own name and not in the name of the Bechuanaland Exploration Company, another example of his self-regard. Here Borrow first met Allan Wilson, who was in charge of the prospecting team.

Bechuanaland Exploration Company wagons and staff; Allan Wilson in the foreground with the dog. Photo by Ellerton-Fry

On 8 July 1887, P. D. C. J. Grobler who alleged he had negotiated a treaty between the Transvaal Government and Lobengula was passing through the "disputed territory" with his party when he was attacked by Khama's men under Mokhuchwane and suffered wounds from which he died. Borrow in Shoshong missed the "affair" but states: *"the whole business cannot but do us good with the Chief [Khama] as Heany and I both offered to go out with his people against the Boers."*[18]

However, Lord Gifford and Cawston, despite being Directors of the Bechuanaland Exploration Company, had sent Edward Maund to negotiate their own new mineral concession with Lobengula. Gifford knew the Bechuanaland Exploration Company could never compete with Rhodes' British South Africa Company, but hoped a concession would be a useful bargaining chip. Rhodes learnt of this manoeuver and hurriedly sent off his own party which arrived in Gubuluwayo before Maund. Harassed by concession hunters, on 13 October 1888 Lobengula put his "mark" to a mineral concession granted to Charles Rudd, James Rochfort Maguire and Francis Thompson, in terms of which he surrendered all mining rights in his territories "the Rudd Concession" and promised not to grant land rights to anyone without the consent of the beneficiaries of the agreement.

In September 1888, Borrow told his mother that BBP police were stationed on the Limpopo River and he had prospectors on the Crocodile, Macloutsie and Limpopo Rivers; they had been using 'Grobelaar's road' but *"that they have cut their own road and I met C.D. Rudd and his party on their way to Matabeleland*."[19]

The Rudd Concession

In early January 1888 Borrow wrote to his father: *"Rudd has offered Lo Ben a present*

[18] Ibid. p 436
[19] Ibid. p 455

of 1 000 Martini-Henry rifles and 100 000 rounds of ammunition…also a bridge across the Zambezi [actually as recorded below it is a steamboat] *this practically means the slaughter of the neighbouring tribes."*[20]

The actual text of the Rudd concession reads as follows:

> Know all men by these presents that whereas Charles Dunnell Rudd of Kimberley, Rochfort Maguire of London, and Francis Robert Thompson of Kimberley, hereinafter called the grantees, have covenanted and agreed, and do hereby covenant and agree, to pay to me, my heirs and successors, the sum of one hundred pounds sterling British currency, on the first day of every lunar month, and further to deliver at my Royal Kraal, one thousand Martini-Henry breech loading rifles, together with one hundred thousand rounds of suitable ball cartridge, five hundred of the said rifles, and fifty thousand of the said cartridges to be ordered from England forthwith, and delivered with reasonable despatch, and the remainder of the said rifles and cartridges to be delivered so soon as the said grantees shall have commenced to work mining machinery within my territory, and further to deliver on the Zambesi River a steamboat with guns suitable for defensive purposes upon the said river, or in lieu of the said steamboat, should I so elect, to pay to me the sum of five hundred pounds sterling British currency, on the execution of these presents, I, LoBengula, King of Matabeleland, Mashonaland, and other adjoining territories, in the exercise of my sovereign powers, and in the presence and with the consent of my Council of Indunas, do hereby grant and assign unto the said grantees, their heirs, representatives, and assigns, jointly and severally, the complete and exclusive charge over all metals and minerals situated and contained in my kingdoms, principalities, and dominions, together with full power to do all things that they may deem necessary to win and procure the same, and to hold, collect, and enjoy the profits and revenues, if any, derivable from the said metals and minerals subject to the aforesaid payment, and whereas I have been much molested of late by divers persons seeking and desiring to obtain grants and concessions of land and mining rights in my territories, I do hereby authorise the said grantees, their heirs, representatives, and assigns, to take all necessary and lawful steps to exclude from my kingdoms, principalities, and dominions all persons seeking land, metals, minerals, or mining rights therein, and I do hereby undertake to render them such needful assistance as they may from time to time require for the exclusion of such persons and to grant no concessions of land or mining rights from and after this date without their consent and concurrence, provided that if at any time the said monthly payment of one hundred pounds shall be in arrear for a period of three months then this grant shall cease and determine from the date of the last made payment, and further provided that nothing contained in these presents shall extend to or affect a grant made by me of certain mining rights in a portion of my territory south

[20] Ibid. p 471

> of the Ramakoban River, which grant is commonly known as the Tati Concession.
> This given under my hand this thirtieth day of October in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and eighty-eight at my Royal Kraal.
>
> Signed: LoBengula (mark), C. D. Rudd, Rochfort Maguire, F. R. Thompson. Witnesses, Chas. D. Helm, J. D. Dreyer

This period of intense negotiating for influence is reflected in Borrow's letter from Shoshong on 17 March 1889 when he describes Jameson and Rutherfoord Harris who had been sent to make the first payments in terms of the Rudd Concession on behalf of the British South Africa Company (BSAC). Johnson learned from Borrow and Heany that the British favoured Lobengula's rights over Khama to "the disputed territory" and that Lobengula "true to character" in Johnson and Borrow's view: *"says he does not understand the agreement and is reported to be trying the missionary (Helm) who interpreted it. This is all in our hands as we want to try and be paramount power in this part of the world and of course if a powerful company like this [BSAC] went ahead it would prove a formidable opponent…The more time we get the better for us, as it allows of the Portuguese making more complete arrangements to support their claim to the country ceded to us; of course the Matabele themselves are nothing…but if an influential company gets control it puts a very different complexion on the state of affairs, as then, I take it, the boundary question would be a matter for arbitration, which no doubt will eventually come when England gets possession of Matabeleland as she doubtless will, but the longer it is delayed the better for us as it gives us more time to get full possession…the Portuguese have undoubtedly a very good claim to the country; at any rate better than anyone else, for Lobengula does not allow hunting north of the Hunyani River, saying that he cannot protect anyone there."*[21]

Disputes with rival concession seekers and letters to and from Queen Victoria

It does not appear that Edward Maund received any mineral concession from Lobengula, although he said he did, but he did manage to persuade Lobengula in April 1889 to send two of his Indunas, Mshete and Babayane to London to appeal to Queen Victoria to repudiate the Rudd Concession, or to declare a protectorate over Matabeleland and Mashonaland. Part of the letter reads: *"Some time ago a party of men came into my country, the principal one appearing to be a man named Rudd. They asked me for a place to dig for gold, and said they would give me certain things for the right to do so. I told them to bring what they would give and I would then show them what I would give. A document was written and presented to me for signature. I asked what it contained and was told that in it were my words and the words of those men. I put my hand to it. About three months afterwards I heard from other sources that I had given by that document the right to all the minerals in my country. I called a meeting of my Indunas and also of the white men, and demanded a copy of the document. It was proved to me that I had signed away the mineral rights of my whole country to Rudd and his friends. I have since had a meeting of my Indunas, and they will not recognise the paper, as*

[21] Ibid. p 492

it contains neither my words nor the words of those who got it. After the meeting I demanded that the original document be returned to me. It has not come yet, although it is two months since, and they promised to bring it back soon."

The Queen's reply, written by Lord Knutsford, who presented each of the Indunas with a rams-horn snuffbox mounted in silver and a portrait of the Queen for Lobengula, was to the effect that Lobengula should not give away his property to one man: "the Queen has heard the words of LoBengula. She was glad to receive these messengers and to learn the message which they have brought. They say that LoBengula is much troubled by the white men, who come into his country and ask to dig gold, and that he begs for advice and help. LoBengula is the ruler of his country, and the Queen does not interfere in the government of that country, but as LoBengula desires her advice, Her Majesty is ready to give it, and having therefore consulted Her Principal Secretary Of State holding the Seals of the Colonial Department, now replies as follows: -In the first place, the Queen wishes LoBengula to understand distinctly that Englishmen who have gone out to Matabeleland to ask leave to dig for stones, have not gone with the Queen's authority, and that he should not believe any statements made by them or any of them to that effect. The Queen advises LoBengula not to grant hastily concessions of land, or leave to dig, but to consider all applications very carefully. It is not wise to put too much power into the hands of the men who come first, and to exclude other deserving men. A King gives a stranger an ox, not his whole herd of cattle; otherwise what would other strangers arriving have to eat?"

Babayane, Edward Maund, Mshete and Johan Colenbrander
- the two Indunaswere sent as Lobengula's emissaries to Queen Victoria

There was also a letter from the Aborigines Protection Society urging the King to be "wary and firm" in his dealings with concession hunters: "We think you acted very wisely as a great chief when you dispatched messengers to our Queen on the present occasion. The digging of gold is a new industry among your people. It is not new among white men, hence your wisdom in sending to our Queen and her advisers on this matter. You already know the value of gold, and are aware that it buys cattle, and everything else that is for sale, and that some men set their hearts on it, and dispute about it as other tribes fight for cattle. As you are now being asked by many for permission to seek for gold, and to dig it up in your country, we would have you be wary and firm in resisting proposals that will not bring good to you and your people."

In another letter[22] Borrow says Lo Ben is unlikely to allow any permanent camps between Gubuluwayo and the Zambezi River, that he expects the British Government

[22] Ibid. p 492

will take over Matabeleland eventually, but that the longer their company [Johnson and Company] can entrench themselves in Mashonaland the better. He believes the Portuguese have a better claim to the country than anyone else and welcomes the news that Sir Henry Loch is replacing Sir Hercules Robinson as Governor of Cape Colony and High Commissioner for Southern Africa and adds: *"Sir F. Carrington is coming up here, he says he will get us into the Shashe and Macloutsie territory; needless to remark we have made it worth his while."*[23]

At this time Edward Maund met Rhodes in Cape Town and afterwards Rhodes cabled Gifford and Cawston saying they would all be better off in an amalgamated company. Maund assumed that Rhodes' actions were brought about because his mission to England posed a threat; but in fact, the Colonial office had already informed Gifford and Cawston that their chances of receiving a royal charter would be greatly enhanced if they combined under the one entity of the BSA Company. Borrow wrote: *"the London people are very sweet on that double distilled liar Maund."*[24]

In May Borrow told his mother that Maund and Johnson have nearly come to blows[25] and that: *"the annihilation of the whites is being openly canvassed"* in Matabeleland; he would welcome it if they were to: *"try conclusions with the whites…what a chance for the Metford…I think the Maxim gun and the Police quite equal to the Matabele nation."*[26] Edward Maund was unpopular and: *"the concession he pretended to have secured for Lord Gifford is clearly a myth."*[27]

The Colonial Office wished to fill the territorial void in Matabeleland and Mashonaland and prevent their occupation by the Portuguese and Transvaal, but without incurring any financial liability. The Bechuanaland Exploration Company lacked any real financial resources to fulfill their obligations including building a railway; Rhodes on the other hand, had the resources. He contacted Gifford and Cawston, who in exchange for a million shares and Directorships in the BSA Company, agreed to support Rhodes application for a royal charter.

When Borrow heard of this he was outraged: *"my own private opinion is that Gifford and Cawston should be prosecuted for fraudulent breach of trust"*[28] and called their actions: *"the most bare-faced piece of swindling I ever heard of"* [29]and *"if they were a little younger I for one should have the greatest pleasure in obliging them for a few minutes."* [30]

The British South Africa Company and the Royal Charter

The BSA Company had been formed in October 1888 and Rhodes spent much of his time in London discussing with the Colonial Office how its operations would be carried out. The Colonial Office demanded that the Governor of Cape Colony and High Commissioner for southern Africa, Sir Hercules Robinson, and then from June 1889, Sir Henry Loch, must approve and accept all BSA Company treaty negotiations with

[23] Ibid. p 500
[24] Ibid. p 506
[25] Ibid. p 541
[26] Ibid. p 567
[27] Ibid. p 570
[28] Ibid. p 596
[29] Ibid. p 597
[30] Ibid. p 600

local Chiefs. In effect, any powers given by these treaties were being exercised by the BSA Company on the British Government's behalf.

Matters speeded up in July 1889; Lord Gifford and George Cawston had applied for a royal charter on behalf of the Bechuanaland Exploration Company to develop mineral concessions in the Bechuanaland Protectorate and Matabeleland; instead a royal charter was granted on the 15 October 1889 to the BSA Company and came into effect on 20 December for an initial period of 25 years.

Leander Starr Jameson was the single most influential individual in breaking down Maund's influence on King Lobengula. As noted above, Gifford and Cawston were enticed into jumping onto the BSA Company bandwagon and Lobengula was convinced by Jameson of the potential threat of the Portuguese and Boers. This had a basis of truth as the Rev Helm's letter of 20 December 1889 states: *"There have been some Portuguese on the Umfuli River, three European officers and about 400 native soldiers. They built a stockade. The Chief, through Mr Moffat, sent a letter to ask them what they wanted in his country. The messenger returned saying the Portuguese had left. If so they will probably return after the rains are over. Both Chief and people seemed to think that there was collusion between the English and Portuguese. But he was reassured when Mr Moffat told him if he found any English among the Portuguese, he (Mr Moffat) would leave them to him."*

In addition, Jameson persuaded Lobengula that the BSA Company's plans were quite modest…would Lobengula give permission for some prospecting in a small region west of the Tati Road? Lobengula agreed, and a small party of prospectors began searching. By January no minerals had been found and Jameson asked Lobengula if the prospectors could enter Mashonaland on the road that Selous had planned for the Pioneer Column? Lobengula, not knowing about the Pioneer Column, took the bait; and even volunteered 100 labourers to assist in cutting the road.

Frank Johnson met with Rhodes in Kimberley on 12 – 14 October 1889 and tried to bring an amalgamation between the Bechuanaland Exploration Company and the BSA Company on a 2 for 1 basis for: *"nearly one-quarter of that gigantic concern is infinitely better than our old concession."*[31] The current working capital of the BSA Company was £222 000 but Rhodes expected to spend £1 million and this will: *"necessitate calls on the shareholders to the tune of three times the number of shares they hold."*[32] *Rhodes was prepared to lend Johnson, Heany and Borrow the necessary extra capital, but they would have to stay with the [BSA] company for at least 12 months working Mangwato, the Shashe, the Macloutsie and Barotseland."* [33]

In October 1889 'a down on his luck' Selous had met with Borrow and Heany at Shoshong to renew a friendship that began at Lobengula's kraal in November 1887 on their return from the Mazowe River and the idea came to Johnson that Selous was the best man to lead a prospecting expedition through Portuguese territory back to the Mazowe valley. Described by Borrow: "*as the finest and pluckiest man I have ever met"* the five men – Selous, Johnson, Heany, Burnett and Borrow agreed to form a new syndicate called the Selous Exploration Syndicate with Selous having 1 000 shares, the others having 800 each and the project funded through a cash injection of £10 000 from influential Cape businessmen headed by Edouard Lippert.

As it was impossible to travel in the rainy season, Selous took a trip back to England

[31] Ibid. p 610
[32] Ibid. p 613
[33] Ibid. p 614

where he met Rhodes for the first time. Rhodes was engaged in negotiating a Royal Charter for the BSA Company and outlined his plans to enter Mashonaland through Gubuluwayo. Selous was unenthusiastic about this approach, not only because he believed it would be opposed by the amaNdebele, but because he believed Mashonaland was not Lobengula's to give away. He wrote a frank letter to the Fortnightly Review on the subject: *"I have gathered that it is believed by the majority of the few men who have any ideas on the subject that the Mashonas are a people conquered by the Matabele, and are now living peaceably under their protection, and paying tribute to their King, Lobengula. This is altogether a mistake."*[34] This statement put Rhodes in great difficulty because the Rudd Concession assumed that Lobengula could grant mineral rights to Mashona territory.

Selous the concession seeker

On his return to Cape Town, Selous who was: *"entirely new to the mysteries of company-mongering"*[35] received an agreeable surprise when he was paid £1 300 for his shares in the syndicate which had been issued to him free. Johnson and Selous in Cape Town had a new strategy which went far beyond their complying with the terms of their concession with the Companhia de Mocambique; they would sign separate mineral concessions with the Chiefs that Selous already knew in Mashonaland and then sell them to Rhodes and his BSA Company.

Selous' expedition was a great success as he obtained mineral concessions from the Makorikori Chiefs Mapondera and Temaringa which gave the Selous Exploration Syndicate (SES) sole mining rights in the Mazowe valley, and in the document they state their complete independence of Lobengula. Selous wrote: *"here you have a concession embracing probably the richest little piece of country in all Africa…This concession is perfectly square, fair and genuine and nothing can upset it…The Matabele claim to this country is preposterous"*[36] and at the same time he was advocating the route from Palapye though the future site of Fort Tuli and striking across country over the Nuanetsi (Wanetse) and Lundi (Runde) Rivers, crossing the headwaters of the Sabi (Save) River to the source of the Mazowe River at Mount Hampden.[37]

Selous had found obvious signs of Portuguese influence, flags and uniformed natives, as far west as the Umniati (Munyati) Rivers [38]and wrote urgently to Rhodes; *"It (is) absolutely necessary for the British to take possession of the country during the coming year. It (is) an intolerable thought that we should lose it and the Portuguese get possession of it."*

In the meantime Frank Johnson learnt that Maund's concession with Lobengula which had been backed by Gifford and Cawston, both directors of his Bechuanaland Exploration Company had been in the name of a nominee company and that he, Borrow, Heany, Burnett and Spreckley were not included in the amalgamation deal with the BSA Company. To add insult to injury, Gifford and Cawston now publically stated that any mineral rights in "the disputed territory" were included in the Rudd Concession.

[34] Selous, F. C., *Travel and Adventure in South East Africa*
[35] Borrow letters National Archives of Zimbabwe BO11/1/1 p 547
[36] SES letter 2 August 1889
[37] Selous, F. C., Travel and Adventure in South East Africa. p 310
[38] Ibid. p 309

Borrow and colleagues join Cecil Rhodes

Borrow was still a local Superintendent of the Bechuanaland Exploration Company and was writing to his father that: *"Rhodes is anxious to get Johnson, Heany and I to work with him or come under his flag."*[39] Rhodes offered Johnson, Heany and Borrow three thousand shares each in the BSA Company and when he heard of Selous' concessions with Chiefs' Mapondera and Temaringa he offered to buy out their shares in the Selous Exploration Syndicate. Borrow was elated writing: *"Heany and I have decided to stick to Rhodes all through and to work for him and the Chartered Company in every way we can"*[40] However much more experienced he was in the intricacies of forming companies, Rhodes understood how valuable to him were the connections and combined knowledge of Johnson, Heany, Selous and Borrow.

Johnson and Heany met with Rhodes in Kimberley to discuss the situation and to form a plan for getting to Mashonaland. Out of their discussions emerged a Memorandum of Agreement between Cecil John Rhodes, Maurice Heany and Frank Johnson. This hare-brained scheme involved raising 500 European men with military experience and concentrating them on the Shashe River; then 400 mounted men supported by the remainder, with the wagons carrying reserve ammunition and supplies, would make a dash on Gubuluwayo with the aim of killing Lobengula and destroying his military kraals, or capturing him and making him hostage. Johnson and his colleagues would earn £150 000 and 50 000 morgen (105 847 acres) of land and all captured horses and cattle, but this plan was to be treated as confidential: *"as there is sure to be a certain amount of false sympathy in England about any savages."*[41]

According to Johnson this scheme was betrayed by the Revd. Hepburn in Shoshong becoming suspicious at the arrival of early recruits and when questioned, Maurice Heany "spilled the beans" so that Hepburn informed Sir Sidney Shepherd, the then Administrator of Bechuanaland about the plot and he informed Sir Henry Loch and finally Rhodes was forced to deny the whole affair.

According to Johnson, whose inaccuracies and blatant exaggerations of his own role are recorded in his book Great Days, the document was signed on 7 December 1889, but only a draft contract drawn up by Johnson has ever come to light.

Selous, back from his trip to Mashonaland, was in Kimberley on the 6 December and met Rhodes with Johnson and Heany the next day. Rhodes was persuaded by Selous that the direct attack on Lobengula was madness; it was far less risky to build a road along the edge of Matabeleland and make for Mount Hampden. Johnson was enraged at the disruption to his plan and never forgave Selous who is constantly criticised and derided in Great Days.

Planning to occupy Mashonaland

For another two days the four men discussed various options before coming up with the final scheme to peacefully occupy Mashonaland with the Pioneer Column. Selous argued that the legality underlying the minerals rights to Mashonaland given by the Rudd Concession were suspect; this was proven through the concessions with Mashona Chiefs in the Mazowe valley and their declarations of self-rule rather than their amaNdebele domination, but Rhodes argued this reason only helped the Portuguese cause.

Johnson, Borrow and Heany agreed to give up their rights in the Selous Exploration

[39] Borrow letters National Archives of Zimbabwe BO11/1/1 p 600
[40] Ibid. p 634
[41] Ibid. p 660

Syndicate and Selous accepted £2 000 from Rhodes for his efforts in obtaining the Mapondera / Temaringa concessions. Johnson, Heany and Selous tried to persuade the remaining syndicate members to give up their rights in return for a 20 by 5 mile land concession in Mashonaland, but they bargained on obtaining better returns from the BSA Company and paid Chiefs Mapondera and Temaringa £100 on 13 December 1890, the day after the occupation of Fort Salisbury. They then offered Rhodes their concession for £10 000 in cash and 10 000 BSA Company shares, but Rhodes would not be intimidated, and in the end, they received nothing.

On 15 December 1889 the first £15 000 payment was made for the contract between Johnson, Heany, Borrow and the BSA Company to set up the Pioneer Corps. Selous having played such a prominent part in the plan was however excluded from the contract, probably due to Frank Johnson's influence, and taken on as the Intelligence Officer at 30 shillings per day.

Borrow's letter written on Bechuanaland Exploration Company Limited notepaper from Palapye on January 15th, 1890 to his father very neatly summarises the contract:[42]

> *"NB: the whole of this letter is really a trade secret and I should be sorry if any of it got abroad. H.B.*
>
> *We have a very good scheme on now which I think might be worth a great deal of money to us. Mr Rhodes has fully recognized that he must occupy Mashonaland next winter as if he does not he feels quite sure that the Portuguese will have made good their foothold and will endeavour to get the question settled by arbitration which Rhodes fully recognizes would be fatal to his interests; so the question then cropped up as to the best and most expeditious manner of doing this. Selous has pretty well disproved the Zambesi route, and on that account Rhodes has stopped the building of the gunboats that were already commenced.*
>
> *When Heany was in Kimberley, he and Johnson put their heads together and at Rhodes' request submitted to him the following scheme.*
>
> *We/Johnson, Heany and Borrow/undertake for £87 500 to take an expedition into the Mashona country and to hold the country for a period of three months i.e. 15 July to 15 October, then Rhodes takes over the country with his regular Police and establishes civil Government, but he reserves to himself the right to call upon us to hold the country for a further period of six months at a rate to be subsequently agreed upon. We further agree to make a good wagon road from this place to Mt Hampden, via the Lundi River, a distance of about 600 miles and Rhodes further promises to lend us the following stores;*
>
> *Two 7 pounders, 100 rounds shrapnel and 100 conical*
> *Four Maxims and 125 000 rounds ammunition*
> *Two hundred Martini Henri rifles and 250 000 rounds Martini Henri ammunition*
> *Two hundred sets saddlery*
>
> *The total expedition will consist of 126 Europeans, 50 mounted*

[42] Ibid. p 768

Bamangwato and 150 natives for road making comprising:
100 Europeans mounted
50 Bamangwato mounted
3 Troop leaders
6 Section Leaders
2 Geographers (Selous and Fry)
1 Conductor Transport
2 Asst. Conductors Transport
1 Artillery Superintendent
1 Quarter Master
2 Clerks
2 Farriers
1 Saddler
1 P. Medical Officer
1 Assistant Surgeon
3 Army dressers from Medical Staff Corps
150 native labourers
326 To this must be added the drivers and leaders of 80 wagons.

Johnson reckons the total cost of the expedition as follows:

Camp and Field Equipment	10 840
Equipment for men, clothing	1 300
Transport service	13 230
Salaries and wages	14 270
Bonuses	9 000
Rations - men and horses	10 815
	£59 455

As the contract price is £87 500 we three should have some £28 000 to divide between us to which can safely be added another £5 000 saved on rations, horses and transport and at the end the end we should have £10 000 worth of horses, oxen and other plant.

In addition to this, we three are to receive 120 000 acres of agricultural land in 12 farms of 5 000 morgen at our own selection and the right to 60 reef claims for halves with Charter [BSAC] besides the 15 claims per man to which every member of our force is entitled on half with Charter.

No licence to be charged us on claims which are on halves with Charter, but we also have [the] right to select and mark out all alluvial claims we can work on payment of £1 per claim.

This is the gist of the preamble told in pretty well Johnson's own words. Selous is on the road up now and will make the road to the Shashe at once and as soon as I return from Bulawayo I will go down to help to raise the men as we must leave here in April. It is certainly a glorious scheme [if] it will go through and it will make our fortunes, not much doubt of that.

I think we are really on the right track now and cannot help making a good thing out of it. It will be splendid sport too, we shall go up in the winter when there will be very little horse sickness and we shall have plenty of time -before Rhodes comes up - to

select the very best farms in the country. These farms should be of immense value as we shall get them in the best mineral part of the country."

The main political delay to Rhodes' plans at this time was Edward Maund who, as we already know, had delivered a letter from Lobengula and the reply from Queen Victoria. In October 1889, the Colonial Office became concerned that a mineral concessionaire might leave the British government to pick up expenditure and commitments in preserving the peace, so was again forced to write to Lobengula, making it clear that they now approved: "a grant to one man to avoid disputes" but in Gubuluwayo Maund was still briefing Lobengula against dealing with the BSA Company and Rhodes. Borrow refers to Maund in his letters as "a scoundrel," "a cur" and "a forger."

To give grandeur to the Queen's reply, Rhodes requested that officers of the Royal Horse Guards deliver the message and this was approved. By 17 December, Captain Victor Ferguson, Surgeon Major H.F. Melladew, Major Gascoigne and Corporal-Major Whitehad left Kimberley in their special coach laden with their uniforms and gifts. They were accompanied by Henry Borrow who was given the task of escorting Queen Victoria's delegation to see King Lobengula. After delays in visiting Khama and other Chiefs they arrived in Gubuluwayo and met the King on 29 January 1890 where they remained for ten days. According to Robert Cary, Captain Ferguson presented his uniform, complete with metal breastplate, to Lobengula as a grand parting gesture, but was probably pleased to get rid of it in the sweltering summer heat!

The officers of the Royal Horse Guards Regiment at Gubuluwayo in January 1890

The letter they presented to Lobengula, again written by Lord Knutsford stated: *"The Queen has kept in her mind the letter sent by LoBengula, and the message brought by Umshete and Babjaan in the beginning of this year, and she has now desired Mr Moffat, whom she trusts, and whom LoBengula knows to be his true friend, to tell him what she has done for him and what she advises him to do.*

2. Since the visit of LoBengula's envoys, the Queen has made the fullest inquiries into the particular circumstances of Matabeleland, and understands the trouble caused to LoBengula by different parties of white men coming to his country to look for gold; but wherever gold is, or wherever it is reported to be, there it is impossible for him to exclude white men, and, therefore, the wisest and safest course for him to adopt, and that which will give least trouble to himself and his tribe is to agree, not with one or two white men separately, but with one approved body of white men, who will consult LoBengula's wishes and arrange where white people are to dig, and who will be responsible to the Chief for any annoyance or trouble caused to himself or his people. If he does not agree with one set of men there will be endless disputes among the white men, and he will have all his time taken up in deciding their quarrels.

3. The Queen, therefore, approves of the concessions made by LoBengula to some white men who were represented in his country by Messrs Rudd, Maguire, and Thompson. The Queen has caused inquiry to be made respecting these persons, and is satisfied that they are men who will fulfil their undertakings, and who may be trusted to carry out the working for gold in the Chief's country without molesting his people, or in any way interfering with their kraals, gardens, or cattle. And, as some of the Queen's highest and most trusted subjects have joined themselves with those to whom LoBengula gave his concessions, the Queen now thinks LoBengula is acting wisely in carrying out his agreement with these persons, and hopes that he will allow them to conduct their mining operations without interference or molestation from his subjects.

4. The Queen understands that LoBengula does not like deciding disputes among white men or assuming jurisdiction over them. This is very wise, as these disputes would take up much time, and LoBengula cannot understand the laws and customs of white people; but it is not well to have people in his country who are subject to no law, therefore the Queen thinks LoBengula would be wise to entrust to that body of white men, of whom Mr. Jameson is now the principal representative in Matabeleland, the duty of deciding disputes and keeping the peace among white persons in his country.

5. In order to enable them to act lawfully and with full authority, the Queen has, by her Royal Charter, given to that body of men leave to undertake this duty, and will hold them responsible for their proper performances of such duty. Of course this must be as LoBengula likes, as he is King of the country, and no one can exercise jurisdiction in it without his permission; but it is believed that this will be very convenient for the Chief, and the Queen is informed that he has already made such an arrangement in the Tati district, by which he is there saved all trouble."

Borrow's role in the Pioneer Column

Rhodes wanted to occupy Mashonaland before the Portuguese gained a further foothold; Selous had "pretty well disproved" the Zambezi route so Rhodes stopped building the steamboat; the wet weather would give them a twelve month start to consolidate their position in Mashonaland.

Henry Borrow was appointed the adjutant-to-be with the rank of lieutenant of the Pioneer Column; potential recruits were told to make their way by train, horseback, ox-wagon and foot to the Central Hotel in Kimberley where each man was required to attest that he: "faithfully declared, undertook, promised and agreed" to serve the BSA Company for a period of 6 to 15 months. At the end of their service they would be given free passage back to Kimberley, or could stay on in Mashonaland. Borrow found time to play some sport including two cricket matches between the "Colonials" and "home-born," run a 7 mile paper chase, and play a tennis tournament against the Mafeking farmers which the recruits won easily. Adrian Darter in A Troop wrote: *"he took an interest in all of us and joined in our sport."*[43]

From the Marico River on 26 May 1890, Borrow wrote that Johnson had gone on ahead with Pennefather. Sir John Willoughby had been tipped to lead the British South Africa Police (BSAP) but Sir Henry Loch had appointed a man he already knew, Edward Pennefather. Sir Henry Loch feared the Boers might mount a rival expedition and Rhodes promised to compensate Johnson and his partners if any delays were caused

[43] Darter, A. *Pioneers of Mashonaland*. Books of Rhodesia, Bulawayo 1977. p 33

Pioneer Corps Officers: In the chairs are Burnett, Heany, Johnson and Selous. Ellerton-Fry is sitting far left, Tyndale-Biscoe in front of him and Borrow is standing fourth from right. Burnett was killed on 23 October 1893 the day before the Battle of Shangani (Bonko)

by this factor.[44]

Major General P. S. Methuen inspected the force and approved their departure. From Baines Drift Borrow wrote to his mother that Selous thought the amaNdebele would fight, but in the meantime: *"they are sending a commission of headmen to the Colonel [Pennefather] to tell him with Lo Ben's compliments that he does not see why the white and black men cannot live in the same country."*[45]

Two parallel roads are being built by 100 Europeans and 300 natives in advance parties at the rate of ten kilometres a day; Borrow acted as interpreter and preferred being with the road-building party: *"as I find the discipline very irksome"*[46] but was very proud of being a part in the great adventure: *"this Company will yet be the biggest thing the world has ever seen"*[47] and later *"we are certainly one of the greatest and finest expeditions that has ever been raised."*[48]

There were thirty-six of their own wagons, fifteen belonging to the BSA Police and ten belonging to the prospecting party. They came across the Banyai tribe hiding in the kopjes who stated that they were glad the white men had come and were building a road as now they would be able to work on the Rand.[49]

On 17 August at Fort Victoria Borrow wrote that the origins of Great Zimbabwe were obscure: *"and most of the theories are absurd"*[50] and that they expected to be at their destination, Mount Hampden, in twenty days.

On 30 August at Umtigesa's kraal he wrote to his father that he expected the eleven

[44] Borrow letters National Archives of Zimbabwe BO11/1/1 p 725
[45] Ibid. p 736
[46] Ibid. p 745
[47] Ibid. p 643
[48] Ibid. p 732
[49] Ibid. p 744
[50] Ibid. p 761

hundred oxen and eighty-four wagons should make them £18 620.[51]

On 7 September on the Umfuli River he wrote that: *"this will really be a fine and glorious place to settle down and make one's home. Heany and myself fully intend to have a nice place and make ourselves comfortable."*[52] and *"we are all very much pleased with the country, the climate is superb…there are splendid long valleys here that one could plough to any extent…every little hollow has a small stream running down it."*[53]

The flag was raised at Fort Salisbury on 13 September, but before the discharge of the Pioneer Column on 30 September 1890, Johnson, Burnett and Borrow had already left and were prospecting at Hartley Hills from where Borrow wrote: *"Here we are on the great Mashonaland Gold Fields and the fields on which Mauch stood as one stupefied by their immensity and beauty, this is the place that has been talked about, written about and thought about by all South Africa, we have pegged off ground for half a dozen companies."*[54]

Messrs. Johnson, Heany and Borrow

Borrow was made a partner in the firm of Messrs. Johnson, Heany and Borrow. The company engaged in land and mining speculation, hired out the oxen and wagons that were used by the Pioneer Column and attempted to open a route from Salisbury to the East Coast at Beira. Johnson was managing director, Heany the local manager in Manicaland and Borrow the local manager in Mashonaland. Commerce was what drove Borrow and is reflected in his letters: *"None of us propose taking any billet under the Charter as it would not allow of us having that free action which we must have if we want to carry out all our projects and they are many."*[55]

"We hope to clear out of this contract £33 000, or at any rate, £10 000 each, and I have no doubt we shall make a great deal more out of the land."[56]

"We have offered Selous £5 000 for his 20 000 acres and I fancy he will sell; he

A photo believed to be the first permanent house in Salisbury at "The Ranche"

[51] Ibid. p 767
[52] Ibid. p 774
[53] Ibid. p 775
[54] Ibid. p 784-5
[55] Ibid. p 731
[56] Ibid. p 753

does not seem inclined to settle down in the country."[57]

"We ought to be the principal men in Mashonaland, with our claims, lands, shares, transport plant, salted horses, etc."[58]

Their headquarters was a large stand of over five hectares on the western side of the kopje which gave rise to its name "The Ranche" and is where Ranche House College now stands. On 5 October 1890, it consisted of *"an enormous store made entirely of wagon sails and a few marquee tents for an office, mess tents and tents to sleep in."*[59] but this was soon replaced with permanent buildings.

By 13 October they had: *"30 feet of work done at Beatrice Mine"*[60] and two days later: *"hope to bring in more supplies before the rains…the company are sending ponts and boats for the big rivers in the east coast."*[61]

Borrow toured Mashonaland with Heany and A. R. Colquhoun, the Administrator; *"we may claim to have had a pretty fair finger in every pie; of course we have the whip hand of everyone in the country as we are the only people who have supplies, cash and other little odds and ends that the soul of the unregenerate loveth."*[62]

From the Ranche he wrote to his mother on 4 November 1890, that: *"many Colonials decided to wait a bit and consequently a great many of the late Pioneer Corps are young fellows not long out from home…I have been busy getting men away to Manica country."*[63]

On 10 November he was going to the junction of the Sebakwe and Bembesi Rivers to look for a rumoured goldfield.[64] William Harvey"Curio" Brown describes their meeting: *"One evening Messrs Borrow and Stevenson came along with a party of natives who were taking them out to show them some old workings. They were much astonished at finding me there with no white partner[Brown had been sent by Johnson and loaned an ox-wagon to take supplies to Hartley Hill] having flattered themselves that they were further afield than any prospector had yet been. They assumed a mysterious air concerning their destination, as gold-seekers usually do when they think they have a rich find; hence I asked them no leading questions. They camped just across the river from me and the next morning took their course towards the Umsweswe River."*[65]

He told his mother that James Dawson had come as Lobengula's accredited agent: *"asking for a place to dig…seems funny to take a man's country and then give him forty claims out of it."*[66]

However he had to write to his mother who had addressed him as Captain Borrow on the cover of the envelope: *"let me beg of you not to address me as Captain, a title to which I have no right whatsoever, and even supposing I had the best in the world, should be very sorry to make use of. I aspire to neither the title, nor sword. I am not a soldier…"*[67] He mentioned that they found no gold reefs worth pegging on the Sebakwe

[57] Ibid. p 753
[58] Ibid. p 767
[59] Ibid. p 794
[60] Ibid. p 796
[61] Ibid. p 799
[62] Ibid. p 804
[63] Ibid. p 811
[64] Ibid. p 817
[65] Brown, W. H.. *On the South African Frontier*. Books of Rhodesia, Bulawayo 1970. p 146
[66] Borrow letters National Archives of Zimbabwe BO11/1/1 p 817
[67] Ibid. p 823

River.

In his book *Travel and Adventure in South-East Africa*, Selous says Johnson, Heany and Borrow were household names in Mashonaland *"and all three were brimming over with enthusiasm and energy, are possessed of that dogged perseverance and untiring patience which has already won half the world for the Anglo-Saxon race." "Ever since the occupation of Mashonaland they have been the life and soul of the country." "During the hard times experienced by the Pioneers, during the first rainy season after the occupation of Mashonaland, Heany and Borrow (Johnson had gone down to Cape Town to prepare for the opening of the east coast route from Beira) endeared themselves to all classes of the community by their kindness to all who were in distress…"*[68]

Borrow recounts the arrest of P. d'Andred and Gubu [Paiva de Andrade and M. A. Gouveia] by Patrick Forbes and the BSA Company Police at Mutasa's kraal near Penhalonga[69] but seemed to fail to understand the longer-term repercussions for Anglo-Portuguese relations.

Commercially things became tough as the firm experienced the classic problem of overtrading…in buying as many gold claims as they could and purchasing substantial areas of land for 8d. per acre. Borrow states he has a 48 000 acre block near Salisbury, the future Borrowdale.[70] From the Ranche on 28 December 1890 he wrote that Maurice Heany was delirious with fever and that Jameson was replacing Colquhoun as Administrator, after Colquhoun had written to Rhodes saying the firm of Johnson, Heany and Borrow was becoming too powerful and that the BSA Company should take steps to curb its commercial interests. This led to Colquhoun's downfall; Rhodes described him as *"a miserably weak man."*[71]

The firm of Johnson, Heany and Borrow began selling ox-wagons to purchase mining equipment and the BSA Company Police were used to improve the Selous' road to Umtali and beyond Chimoio to Fontesvilla, the highest navigable point on the Pungwe River with Johnson, Heany and Borrow supplying river transport.[72]

From Hartley Hills on 12 February 1891 Borrow wrote that flooded rivers had cut off the post and supply routes; that the police rations are: *"reduced to meal, no coffee, tea, sugar or salt."* [73]

Difficult conditions in Mashonaland in 1891/1892

Johnson went with Jameson to find a cheaper transport route to Beira followed by Heany who worked on making an improved road. These projects cost money and took time and there were constant delays due to flooded rivers. Johnson did not blame anyone saying only: "Heany was drawing fast on our small capital."

Rhodes proposed a scheme to reconstruct their firm and Borrow quoted Johnson's letter to Heany of 11 February 1891 from Fort Tuli: *"we are in a very weak state financially."*[74] as additional capital would be needed if they were to retain their leading position when the big Rand mining firms came up to Mashonaland.

This was the perfect opportunity for Rhodes who needed a hustler on the spot in Mashonaland. He had already decided that the Portuguese occupation of Manicaland

[68] Selous, F. C., *Travel and Adventure in South East Africa*. *p*.362
[69] Borrow letters National Archives of Zimbabwe BO11/1/1. p 830
[70] Ibid. p 849
[71] Ibid. p 844
[72] Ibid. p 847
[73] Ibid. p 857
[74] Ibid. p 868

and a route to the sea were too important to be left in the hands of Archibald Ross Colquhoun, the Administrator of Mashonaland. Johnson and Jameson were much better equipped to serve the interests of the BSA Company than an ex-civil servant, who was also a personal friend of Sir Henry Loch.

A. R. Colquhoun
https://commons.wikimedia.org

Colquhoun believed he was the key figure in Mashonaland; but in fact, Jameson was the authentic representative of the BSA Company. It was a deceitful arrangement which placed Colquhoun in an impossible situation and naturally the reality could not be explained to him. The first sign of trouble came when a letter from Rutherfoord Harris reached Colquhoun as the Pioneer Column left Fort Victoria in August and informed him that Jameson and Selous were to accompany him in his negotiations with Chief Mutasa in Manicaland. Things went downhill from there on and in September Colquhoun was writing to Harris: "I have written to Rhodes regarding a certain amount of friction which has occurred in connection with the conduct of the Manica mission between myself and Jameson. Your writing to Jameson suggestions and quasi-instructions direct was very irregular and unfortunate, and I have been compelled to tell Rhodes so. It has undermined my authority and Jameson has not cooperated with me as I hoped he would."

On 4 October a telegram from Harris to Colonel Pennefather said: "I have to urge upon you that…you should at once proceed yourself with HQ staff and occupy the whole of the Manica country" and ended ominously: "It is not necessary to repeat all this to Colquhoun."

Jameson deliberately stood aloof from all the administration detail of running Mashonaland, and with no trained staff and surveyors and a lack of supplies due to the heavy rains, Colquhoun had to battle on trying to set up some sort of administration of the mining law and to sort out the Pioneer claims and boundary surveys. No wonder that Colquhoun found himself condemned as a petty bureaucrat, "obsessed with rules and regulations."

By January 1891, the firm of Johnson, Heany and Borrow had serious cash flow problems; with only £4,480 in the bank, they had commitments of £4 500 for a shallow draught sternwheeler to be named the Crocodile, £700 for equipment, £8 000 to replace the oxen lost in the rinderpest and an estimated £4 000 for stores and wharfs at Fontesvilla on the Pungwe River.

However, Frank Johnson, always the great showman had a different take on the situation. "He [Rhodes] knew, of course, that our firm of Johnson, Heany and Borrow was the only firm, company, or individual in Mashonaland which had any capital worth mentioning. We were practically alone in carrying out any serious mining developments, and I think I am not far out in saying that we were, as far as liquid cash was concerned,

about ninety-five per cent of the country. At one time we held no less than one-fourth of the total number of registered gold claims in Mashonaland, besides a large area of farming land and a number of town stands. At one time, the whole future of the Chartered Company, which by now had become a favourite gambling counter on the London Stock Exchange, depended on what was found as a result of developing the gold lodes in Mashonaland."[75]

With uncanny foresight Rhodes called on Johnson in his office in Cape Town wanting to know the state of the firm's financial situation and as Johnson wrote: "he was afraid our ideas were bigger than our bank balance"[76] and suggested that Goldfields of South Africa, of which he and Rudd were joint managing directors, make a cash injection of £50 000 and take one third of the equity in Messrs. Johnson, Heany and Borrow.

F. Johnson and Co. Ltd

But the lawyers suggested a better solution would be to form a new company, F. Johnson and Co. Ltd with Rhodes subscribing £100 000 and being appointed Chairman and another £100 000 to be taken up by Johnson, Heany and Borrow in fully paid-up shares. However, when Rhodes produced an agreement for the sale of the assets of Messrs. Johnson, Heany and Borrow to the new company, Johnson said he could not sign without the consent of his partners. Johnson had a power of attorney in his safe, but procrastinated until 7 April when Jameson told him that if there were any more delays *'the deal would be off'* and Rudd told Johnson: *"don't play the humbug anymore Johnson, trot out that power as long as my arm that Heany and Borrow gave you."*[77] The new company had plant to the value of £30 000 mainly in the form of oxen and wagons, 1 000 of the most valuable gold claims in Mashonaland and about 100 000 acres of the best farmland,

In Salisbury Borrow was finding Colquhoun equally difficult on the question of land rights as Colquhoun had written to Harris: *"Johnson also proposes to take up the best situated farm lands round the township or townships, and he seemingly has led his men to believe they can do what they like in the matter…I shall not permit anything of this character, unless I get definite instructions."*[78]

The Rudd Concession had not given the BSA Company the power to grant land rights, although the Pioneers had been promised farms. Therefore Colquhoun had to accept that farms would be assigned initially without title, on the belief that ownership would be ratified once a political settlement was reached, but despite conceding the legal point, Colquhoun was now set on a collision course with Messrs Johnson, Heany and Borrow.

The fact that Jameson, 'Rhodes' man in Mashonaland' did not overrule Colquhoun was because Jameson did not enjoy 'administrative detail' and so Colquhoun's exit was being merely delayed. Johnson wrote: *"Let Colquhoun do his best and be dammed to him, I have thoroughly arranged the whole land question with Rhodes and Jameson with the result that Jameson immediately on his return to Mashonaland will give us provisional titles for the whole of the land to which we were entitled under the contract as well as those farms which we have acquired by subsequent purchase. They have decided not to press Lobengula at present in regard to the settlement, but will issue provisional*

[75] Johnson, F. *Great Days*. Books of Rhodesia, Bulawayo. 1972. p 195
[76] Borrow letters National Archives of Zimbabwe BO11/1/1. p 868
[77] National Archives of Zimbabwe JO 4/2/1
[78] National Archives of Zimbabwe CT 1/1/1

titles which for the time being are all that could possibly be required or expected."[79]

Lobengula who had been reassured by the Rev Charles Helm that: *"the grantees… promised that they would not bring more than ten white men to work in this country"*[80] tried to divide the Europeans by granting E. R. Renny-Tailyour the right to issue titles to land throughout his country. However, £30 000 and a block of BSA Company shares enabled Rhodes to circumvent this problem.

However, as Robert Cary puts it, *"Mashonaland in 1891 and 1892 was not a viable proposition."*[81] Gold mining returns were minimal as there was little processing plant, agriculture was in early stages and all supplies had to be hauled hundreds of kilometres making them exceptionally expensive. The BSA Company was in a poor financial situation through debt and its cheques required a De Beers guarantee; F. Johnson and Co. Ltd was also experiencing serious cash flow problems.

In addition, investors had been tricked and were in no mood to invest further. Many initial investors believed the BSA Company owned the Rudd Concession, but in fact it was owned by the Central Search Organisation; which in 1890 changed to the United Concessions Company, and assigned its rights in the Rudd Concession to the BSA Company in return for half the net profits. In 1891 the United Concessions Company was bought by the BSA Company for one million newly issued shares and the existing shareholders were furious, regarding these transactions as a barefaced swindle.

Life in Mashonaland in 1891

The first post for three months arrived at the Ranche on 6 April 1891.[82]

In the same month Rinderpest and East Coast Fever meant horses were dying and oxen were scarce[83] and the Portuguese affair seemed likely to sabotage plans for an east coast route.[84] By 6 May 1891 Frank Johnson and his party had been turned back from travelling up the Pungwe River.[85] In a letter dated 26 May 1891 Borrow wrote of Captain Heyman's skirmish with the Portuguese at Macequece and how he rode down to Manicaland to: *"have a fling-in"* but arrived too late.[86]

By June: *"wagons are rolling in like mad"*[87] and there was considerable new development work in the field and McWilliams, the mining expert, was cautiously impressed with prospects at Hartley Hills; Heany's road down to the Pungwe would soon be in use, but only suitable for the dry season, and there were many passengers waiting to enter Manicaland at M'pandas, but the tsetse fly were a problem.[88]

Borrow calculated his worth at £46 300 and in September 1891 he wrote from the Ranche that he has asked Johnson to sell his shares in Frank Johnson and Co; but as this was not done, he asked Langerman (his representative on the Board) to do so: *"Rhodes and Rudd will be annoyed."*[89]

79 Borrow letters National Archives of Zimbabwe BO11/1/1. p 794
80 Ibid. p 238
81 Cary, R. *Charter Royal*. Howard Timmins, Cape Town 1970. p 168
82 Borrow letters National Archives of Zimbabwe BO11/1/1. p 904
83 Ibid. p 909
84 Ibid. p 914
85 Ibid. p 921
86 Ibid. p 927
87 Ibid. p 935
88 Ibid. p 945
89 Ibid. p 964

Lord Randolph's visit to Mashonaland

A number of mining experts came up to assess Mashonaland's gold prospects. They included McWilliams, John Hays Hammond, H. C. Perkins and Rolker. McWilliams in 1891 and then Hammond were both cautious about future mining prospects, but Perkins, Churchill's mining expert, declared only small workers could make a profit from the gold reefs he had observed.

Borrow tried to be a good host to the Churchill party, by providing transport and accompanying them on their trips to Mazowe and Hartley Hills, where they commented on the shafts in the old gold workings and dated them from twenty to one hundred years old.[90] At the Yellow Jacket mine, samples at the surface gave 60 oz. per ton, but were poor at the bottom of the shaft. This claim, together with the Jumbo and Golden Quarry all belonged to Messrs Johnson, Heany and Borrow. Perkins' conclusion was all the reefs were of the same character; extending along the surface for considerable distances, but pinching out and losing their gold at depth. Churchill wrote to his Graphic readers: *"here the actual crushing, by a small three-stamp battery, of twenty tons of ore, gave the excellent result of ninety-five ounces of gold. The "Golden Quarry" however, was soon found to be no reef at all, but only a "blow out" or, in other words, a large bunch of quartz which would be rapidly worked out. I should doubt whether, in the history of gold-mining, two more attractive, more deceiving; more disappointing reefs have ever been found than these two which I have written about."*[91]

Perkins and Rolker examining Mazowe gold reefs, illustration from R. S. Churchill

Perkins and Rolker panning for gold at Henry Borrow's hut at Hartley Hills, illustration from R. S. Churchill

Borrow observed: "the experts have been rather rough on the country after having…only seen a very small portion of it."[92] He wrote: *"We have kept Lord Randy quiet by putting him into a syndicate up here of which he has given me full charge."*[93] But Perkins advice to Borrow was to get out of mining in Mashonaland.

Lord Randolph Churchill was extremely complimentary about Messrs Johnson, Heany and Borrow's "Ranche" describing it as

[90] Churchill, R. S. *Men, Mines and Animals in South Africa*. Books of Rhodesia, Bulawayo 1969. p 240
[91] Ibid. p 297
[92] Borrow letters National Archives of Zimbabwe BO11/1/1. [BO P.970]
[93] Ibid. p 971

"the most important and conspicuous in the settlement…the whole place is maintained in a condition of extreme cleanliness and order, and may truthfully be described as a homestead which would be respectable in England and princely in Ireland."[94] and

Johnson, Heany and Borrow's "Ranche" at the kopje, illustration from R.S. Churchill

later: "The settlement in this country of the three acute and enterprising partners who compose the firm alluded to above has been a fortunate circumstance for the Chartered Company… I cannot refrain from the observation that in a new country such as this, where one is compelled at times to notice overmuch apathy, sluggishness, unreasonable discontent, and scandalous waste of money, this firm has set a bright example of active perseverance, of intelligent and economical outlay, which encourages the formation of hopeful views of Mashonaland."

Much of the praise was due to Borrow. As Darter states: *"we were wont to say… that Heany [sic] did the thinking, Johnson the talking and Borrow the work."*[95]

Mashonaland in 1892

On 26 November 1891 from Fort Victoria Borrow wrote to his father saying the BSA Company was cutting expenses and had reduced the Police force, and that amaNdebele raids on the Mashona had increased.[96]

To his mother he wrote he had an enjoyable Christmas week in which he won a horse race[97] that the Alice reef looked profitable; and that the mining engineer McWilliams wrote a satisfactory report on Mashonaland's prospects, but that Rolker was less enthusiastic.[98]

On 11 December C. D. Rudd wrote to Borrow that everyone was depressed by Lord Churchill's less than bright reports on Mashonaland, the BSA Company would probably not be able to afford a railway to Beira and that it would probably take three or four years, rather than one year, to get the country on its feet.[99]

On 5 February Rudd wrote again to Borrow saying: "*it is a matter of keeping expenses at an actual minimum until something turns up"* and that Dutch farmers, hunters and people returning to the country should give Mashonaland a boost during the year; but little capital would flow in and negotiations with the Portuguese and other

[94] Churchill, R. S. *Men, Mines and Animals in South Africa*. Books of Rhodesia, Bulawayo 1969. p282-3
[95] Darter, A. *Pioneers of Mashonaland*. Books of Rhodesia, Bulawayo 1977. p 33
[96] Borrow letters National Archives of Zimbabwe BO11/1/1. p 1007
[97] Ibid. p 1025
[98] Ibid. p 1028
[99] Ibid. p 1034

technical difficulties were holding up the railway to Beira.[100]

On 27 May to his father he said he had visited various mines at Hartley with Jameson, Tyndale-Biscoe and Hoste, the graves of those who died at Salisbury in 1890 had been dug up and buried in a new cemetery, and enclosed a programme from the Mashonaland Turf Club on 24 May 1892.[101]

From Hartley Hills he told his father he had lost £600 because of delays in selling his BSA Company shares,[102] and to his mother that they were shooting lions using donkeys as live bait; that Rudd was more interested in the BSA Company than Rhodes who: *"is such a peculiar man one never knows what he really thinks."*[103]

Borrow continued to work hard: *"Today is Sunday, but it makes very little difference – we cannot afford to stop the mill."*[104] He was building the dam at Borrowdale, serving on the city sanitary board as a nominee of the BSA Company, and as an officer in the local volunteer force, the Mashonaland Horse. To his father he wrote: *"We are all gamblers here…We (three)..have played a bit higher than anyone else for we have played not for competency, but for a big fortune. Well! The ace turned up at the wrong time and beat us..I suppose I ought to feel sorry for myself, but really I can't, the game was quite worth the candle."*[105]

In a letter to his mother dated 4 September he told her during race week his horses won £499; they were imported only in July at a cost of £523 and that he was crushing five tons of quartz at the Umfuli River; he and O. G. Williams were to be joint managers of the Churchill Prospecting Syndicate and hoped this interest would not clash with his interests in Frank Johnson and Co.[106]

On 24 October he wrote that the Beatrice Mine was down to 60 feet and looked very promising; the *Rhodesia Herald* would be published soon, but: *"the poor Editor seems quite weighed down by all his responsibilities"* and that he [Borrow] can always get what he wants put in the newspaper.[107]

Mashonaland in 1893

In January 1893 Borrow travelled on leave to England for six months with Jack Spreckley and assisted in the flotation of the Mashonaland Gold Mining Company, in which he became a Director. Spreckley who had resigned as Mining Commissioner at Sinoia (Chinhoyi) no doubt met Beatrice Borrow at this time and on 31 August 1895, Spreckley married Beatrice at St John the Baptist church in Bulawayo when he was general manager of Willoughby's Consolidated.

In June 1893 he wrote from Johannesburg en route that: *"Mashonaland seems to be pretty well thought of here now."*

On his return Borrow became engaged to Lucy Drake, whose sister Ella was the wife of the public prosecutor, Alfred Caldecott, and was appointed managing director of Frank Johnson and Co. Ltd in July 1893 and built a brick house overlooking the dam at Borrowdale.

By now, even Borrow no longer hero-worshipped his partners and wrote about one

[100] Ibid. p 1044
[101] Ibid. p 1081
[102] Ibid. p 1088
[103] Ibid. p 1093
[104] Ibid. p 1110
[105] Ibid. p 1009-10
[106] Ibid. p 1133
[107] Ibid. p 1138

of Johnson's projects: *"Johnson is a wonderful man, I wired him that I expected…to spend my wet season in prison at Salisbury for fraudulent insolvency."*[108]

The 1893 Matabele War Campaign

From the Ranche on 27 August he wrote to his mother that they would leave for Matabeleland on 5 September: "I think we shall come through pretty well, of course we do not expect a walkover."[109]

Borrow's letter of 4 September says: "Tomorrow we leave for what I look upon as a somewhat risky enterprise, viz the subjection of the Matabele. I think as we probably all do that we shall be entirely successful, still I cannot help thinking that a great number of us will in all probability never return, I have not made a will but I have left a note leaving, with a few exceptions, all my personal effects to father. I estimate my estate as being worth about £17,000…"[110]

Borrow commanded a troop of the local volunteer force (the Mashonaland Horse) and in August 1893, he was appointed in command of "B" Troop of the Salisbury Horse; Maurice Heany commanded "A" troop and Jack Spreckley commanded "C" Troop.

Borrow wrote to the The Times of London on 4 October reporting they had a tedious and annoying wait at Fort Charter with much drilling, the horses came late with little time to break them in, although they were better than expected having been said to cost £50 each. Four amaNdebele Maholi who escaped reported that Matabeleland was in a state of alarm, that the young warriors wanted war, but their elders hoped for peace. They said Lobengula was at his cattle post at Umvutcha; cattle were being removed from koBulawayo, three regiments had been sent to Fort Victoria and there was an outbreak of smallpox in Matabeleland. On 30 September Jameson arrived at Fort Charter with Sir John Willoughby; the men paraded, and then demonstrated their methods of skirmishing and pursuing the enemy before Jameson made a speech to the men. Borrow added details on the strength of the Salisbury, Victoria and Tuli Columns and the possible role of the Bechuanaland Border Police, described the fortifications at Salisbury, Victoria and Tuli and stated the affair had cost the BSA Company £50 000 to date.[111]

Borrow fought at the battles of Shangani and Bembesi (called Bonko and Egodade by the amaNdebele) taking a prominent part in all the engagements. He was lucky not to be ambushed at Shangani when he returned after dark after burning kraals and capturing cattle and he took a patrol in search of Capt. Williams after the battle.[112] In the Memoirs of D. G. Gisborne: Occupation of Matabeleland 1893 in *Rhodesiana* No 18, Gisborne records in his diary on 31 October 1893 that Henry Borrow was the 'hero of the day' at the battle of Bembesi.

The horses were being brought in from the south after watering when the amaNdebele attacked in strength after midday, concentrating on the northern end of the laager which housed the Salisbury volunteers. Frightened by gunfire and by their grooms rushing forward to turn them in, the horses bolted towards the west and some of the amaNdebele. Borrow ran to the centre of the laager and mounted one of the few horses within the

[108] Ibid. p 1106
[109] Ibid. p 1164
[110] Ibid. p 1166
[111] Ibid. p 1181
[112] Wills, W.A. and Collingridge, L.T. *The Downfall of Lobengula*. Books of Rhodesia, Bulawayo 1971. p 244

lines and together with Sir John Willoughby by *"galloping out of the laager pluckily turned the horses in the direction of safety which lay in the valley stretching out toward the Victorian laager."*[113] Major Forbes states: "the stampeding horses were only turned when within a hundred yards of the enemy, but not before both they and the relief party were exposed to a very heavy fire which, however, only killed one horse."[114]

Forty miles from Bulawayo, Borrow wrote to his mother saying he had sent the above report to *The Times* [it was not published] and: *"if we can bring on a general engagement we shall soon flatten the Matabele, but if they break up in small parties it will of course be a matter of time"* and that he expected to return to Salisbury after a few weeks.[115]

On the morning of 3 November, near Ntabazinduna, Troopers Carey and Sibert, who had been wounded at the battle of Bembesi and subsequently died, were buried before the trek commenced. About midday, the trader James Fairbairn met the Columns and told them that Lobengula's kraal was on fire and that Lobengula and his entourage had fled northwards. Later in the evening Borrow and twenty men of B Troop rode into the royal kraal at Bulawayo, and according to Oliver Ransford in his article White Man's Camp, Bulawayo in *Rhodesiana* No 18 Fairbairn and Usher had decided to spend the night on the roof of Dawson's store with their rifles and a pack of cards, as they considered this building the strongest and most fire-proof in white man's camp. They felt a great sense of relief about 8pm when Borrow and his patrol rode in to scout the royal kraal. A contemporary account says: "they found them playing poker on the roof" and the two men and Borrow's patrol spent the night in Dawson's store.

Although the King's royal kraal had been completely destroyed, Forbes writes that: "the Matabele had not interfered in any way with the houses belonging to the white men." These were at "white man's camp" which was 400 metres from Lobengula's royal kraal and across the Amajoda stream.

Death of Henry Borrow

Borrow expected to remain in Bulawayo when Forbes and his force left in pursuit of Lobengula. *"I think the Matabele business is nearly finished…we shall very soon be able to return to Salisbury…I shall probably be here for at least two weeks after the disbandment of the corps as I want to arrange for the purchase of farms, claims, etc. on behalf of Hirsch & Co. I expect to make some money from them."*[116]

Borrow wrote a further report to *The Times of London* describing the monotonous life in their dusty camp at koBulawayo. Jameson had written to Lobengula requesting he return and surrender and received a guarded reply. There was a rumour the amaNdebele were massing at Shiloh Mission and that Lobengula felt he could beat Forbes' force in the thickly wooded country. Borrow writes of J. Jacobs, Lobengula's secretary, coming into the camp to report that Lobengula was fleeing to the Zambesi River, also the death of Capt. O. G. Williams and a justification of the campaign. How the cruelty of the amaNdebele made war inevitable. There was praise for Dr Jameson and how now the BSA Company could claim Matabeleland both by concession and by conquest. Major Forbes and Capt. Allan Wilson had been sent in pursuit of Lobengula with 200 men and three Maxim guns; Lobengula was said by prisoners to be at the junction of the Bubye

[113] Gisborne, G. D. *Memoirs of G. D. Gisborne: Occupation of Matabeleland 1893*. Rhodesiana No 18, 1968. p 1–12
[114] Wills, W.A. and Collingridge, L.T. *The Downfall of Lobengula*. Books of Rhodesia, Bulawayo 1971. p 121
[115] Borrow letters National Archives of Zimbabwe BO11/1/1. p 1192
[116] Ibid. p 1194

and Shangani Rivers on 15 November and that his wagons were being pulled by his men. Both Inyati and Shiloh Missions were reported burnt and destroyed.[117]

Forbes was forced to turn back to Inyati Mission as his forces had been sent with insufficient food, medical support and camping gear in the rainy season and men became thoroughly disgruntled and jumpy at the prospect of ambush in the thick bush. Meantime spies had reported that King Lobengula was trekking north from Shiloh Mission; Jameson decided that the column must follow the same route and so Borrow and his crack "B" Troop with 'Matabele' Wilson were sent to Shiloh Mission to pick up the King's tracks and liaise with Forbes and his men before taking up the chase again. 'Matabele' Wilson wrote in his diary: "we could plainly see the road he had taken by the spoor of his wagons and of thousands of people and by the bones of the cattle that had been killed on the way."

Borrow was killed in action at Shangani River on 4 December 1893 with twenty NCO's and men of his troop when he was sent to assist Allan Wilson's patrol which had been sent out to locate the King, believed to be just across the river. Probably Borrow did not realise just how dangerous their mission would be. Forbes says: *"Just before Captain Borrow started he asked me if it was necessary for his men to take their full 100 rounds of ammunition, as it was heavy for the horses, and I told him to."*[118]

Burnham, the American scout, one of only three survivors of thirty-seven, said that once Borrow's patrol had caught up with Wilson and his men, he overheard Borrow telling Wilson he had no idea that: "affairs were in such a state, proving plainly that Forbes had not informed him of the true state of affairs before sending him with his twenty men to certain death…all were agreed that our position was hopeless." Burnham, Ingram and Gooding were told to ride back to the main force and to urge Forbes to bring reinforcements as quickly as possible. Gooding reported that Borrow rode across to him and gave his orders. *"He spoke as though sorry to have to ask a fellow to go, though I was proud enough that he selected me. He was a thoroughly good, brave man, who though rich and the Captain of our Troop, always took his share of any work. He knew all the men and we all knew and loved him. This was the last time he spoke to me."*[119]

Many of Borrow's men from B Troop died with him at Shangani including Troopers William Abbott, William Bath, William H. Britton, Edward Brock, L. Dewis, Harry G. Kinloch, George S. Mackenzie, Matthew Meiklejohn, Harold D. W. M. Money, Percy C. Nunn, William A. Thomson, Henry St. J. Tuck, Frank L. Vogel, Philip W. de Vos, Henry G. Watson, Thomas C. Watson and Sgt. William H. Birkley. Gisborne, whose diary is often quoted in this article, only survived because he was sent back to Bulawayo with dispatches.

Frank Johnson states that Henry Borrow was the last to be killed, but this is pure supposition. He also states that the death of Henry Borrow deprived the country of a man: "who would undoubtedly have played a great and leading part in its development."[120] Robert Cary in *A Time to Die* provides little information on the final fight of Wilson, Borrow and the other thirty-three men because the statements provided by the officer's in Forbes' column, approximately 6.5 kilometres away; "*are surprisingly vague and*

[117] Ibid. p 1207
[118] Wills, W.A. and Collingridge, L.T. *The Downfall of Lobengula*. Books of Rhodesia, Bulawayo 1971. p 162
[119] Cary, R. *A time to Die*. Howard Timmins, Cape Town 1969. p 101
[120] Johnson, F. *Great Days*. Books of Rhodesia, Bulawayo. 1972.p 18

contradictory."[121] The most reliable witnesses were the amaNdebele themselves. Mhlalo, who served in the Nsukamini regiment under Manondwane, and whose reporting is confirmed in other respects, said: "*we started the fight at break of day, and it was all over by the time the sun was there' (indicating about 10 o'clock)*"[122]

Henry Borrow, together with his thirty-three comrades, was laid to rest at the Shangani Memorial in the Matobo on 5 July 1904.

The Shangani Memorial, which was erected at World's View in the Matobo Hills in 1904. Photo courtesy of Darrell Plowes

Borrow, only twenty-eight years old at the time of his death, is described as a good all-round athlete and shot and thoroughly kind-hearted with many friends who respected and admired his straight-forward, manly and energetic character.[123] Robert Cary says he was the most popular man in the entire force.[124]

Frank Johnson and Jack Spreckley subscribed to a very fine pulpit in the Victorian style at the Harare Anglican Cathedral of St Mary's and All Saints on which was written in a brass strip: *"To the Glory of God and in memory of Henry John Borrow. Killed at Shangani December 4th, 1893. Tu quoque litoribus nostris aeternam moriens famam dedisti."* Arthur Hickman translates this as; "You also by your death have given to our shores eternal fame" and says he was only able to read the last panel when alterations were made at the Cathedral and the pulpit moved: "Erected by his friends F. J. and J." [125]

Beatrice Borrow

His sister, Beatrice married his friend John "Jack" Spreckley, later killed in the Boer war, and the Beatrice Mine and village are named after her.

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[121] Cary, R. *A time to Die*. Howard Timmins, Cape Town 1969. p 106
[122] Ibid. p 107
[123] Wills, W.A. and Collingridge, L.T. *The Downfall of Lobengula*. Books of Rhodesia, Bulawayo 1971. p 244]
[124] Cary, R. *A time to Die*. Howard Timmins, Cape Town 1969. p 77
[125] Hickman, A.S. Colonel John Anthony Spreckley, C. M. G. A Short Biography. *Heritage of Zimbabwe* No 22, 2003. p 89 – 98

David Barnett Burke - (1939-2002)

by Benjamin Leon

David Barnett Burke was the most lovable character I ever knew. He was born on 12th June 1939. He was mayor of Gatooma –Kadoma- for two terms, the publisher and printer of the *Gatooma Mail*, owner of the Royalty Theatre cinema, an auctioneer, a hypnotist, an entrepreneur and a leading member of the Samaritans. David also loved to play poker.

David Burke was married three times due to tragic circumstances.

His father Joe Burke arrived in the mining town of Gatooma in 1925 when he acquired the *Gatooma Mail and Mining Gazette* and the cinema called the Royalty Theatre. David's mother was Hilda Pichanick a sister to the Jewish Pichanick brothers who resided in Salisbury. Harry Pichanick was mayor of Salisbury in the 1950's.

He had an elder brother Roland who was drowned in January 1953 after trying to swim across the flooded Mazowe River.

David was three years my junior and we were childhood friends. He played around with chaps of his own age such as Victor Cohen, Maurice Fleishman, Alwyn Hyman, Jacky Leon and Elliot Galante. Together, on their bicycles, they would roam the streets of Gatooma. Many is the time the police would return to his father the bicycle David had left abandoned in some part of the town. They found a bicycle and concluded that it must belong to David – who else?

Gatooma Habonim 1953. L to R Standing, Peter Sternberg, Jacky and Benny Leon, Victor Cohen, David Burke and Maurice Fleishman.
Sitting: Lina Amato, Sheila Scemaria and Lucia Amato.
Front Row: Jacky Cohen, Lucy Scemaria and Victor Benatar

In his boyhood years he was in the care of a young teenager who was in effect his nanny and was the only black person allowed into the cinema and sat next to David when attending Saturday afternoon matinees.

David's mother, Hilda Burke doted on him and "Davey" could do no wrong.

At his home on a Saturday morning he would greet his pals with the call "Last!" meaning he was challenging one to a game of marbles – very popular at school.

At Jameson Primary School (later in 1952 to become Jameson High School) David was ahead of his class by a couple of years. David did not apply himself diligently to his studies and was held back until he was in class with pupils of his own age. Being a descendant of the Pichanick family David was very intelligent.

He had a personality that exuded confidence. At school he was picked for a sports team. I remember the headmaster John Simpson, having David accommodated at one of the Jameson school hostels. In his autobiography, David writes:

"I was fifteen years of age and I happened to spend a night at a boarding school at Jameson High School in Gatooma. It was my first and only night that I had ever spent away from home and the reason was that I was playing in the school sports team and we were travelling early the next morning so the whole team spent the night at the hostel. I looked forward to spending my first night out as I had led a particularly sheltered life at home and was not allowed to travel out of town unless in special circumstances and the school had persuaded my parents that it was necessary for me to spend the night with the rest of the team.

At 12:30 am two close friends and I heard one of our team mates in the room snoring away blissfully and we approached his bedside and sat next to him. We were highly amused at the noises that were emanating from his mouth and nose. It was then that I decided to experiment on him and I boasted to my friends that I was capable of having a full scale conversation with a person who was fast asleep. I had heard that this was possible but I didn't really believe that it would work. By this time I had convinced my friends that I knew what I was doing and I confidently set about trying to sell the person, who was in a deep sleep, a battleship.

In a very confident manner I set about a practical joke that was to determine the path of life that my future was to hold. Within minutes of my talking to our sound asleep friend, he responded by asking for more details of the battleship. He queried the age, price and size of the ship and a lengthy conversation followed. Amidst a lot of laughter and excitement came the realisation that we were having a very intelligent conversation with a person who was fast asleep."

This was the beginning of David's career as a hypnotist

In 1955, after writing his "O" Level exams, David entered into his father's business, the printing works of the *Gatooma Mail and Mining Gazette*. Shortly after that David entered into an apprenticeship with the printing firm of Bardwells in Salisbury. His father bought him a car so that he could commute between Gatooma and Salisbury. Unfortunately on one of his trips he fell asleep at the wheel and overturned the car. He escaped with a few bruises. He never fell asleep at the wheel again. This was one of the first of three motor accidents.

In 1958, Joe Burke died of kidney failure and David left his apprenticeship position to take over the running of the newly formed company of Burke Enterprises (Pvt) Ltd. It was at this stage David invited me to contribute to the *Gatooma Mail* as a photographer and reporter, which I did until 1978. I had no qualifications, only the enthusiasm and

enjoyment of the job. I also worked my way into the projection box of the old Royalty Theatre and happily projected films until it closed down in 1971.

It was at this stage that David engaged a young South African printer, one of the three Smeda brothers – Neville, who was employed as works manager. He was a linotype operator and compositor and largely responsible for the type setting on the linotype machine for the weekly *Gatooma Mail*. In early 1970s Neville left the *Gatooma Mail* to take over a printing works in Marandellas. Shortly after that David engaged another brother Vernon Smeda to manage the printing works.

Looking at the first edition of the *Gatooma Mail* 1912 on the 60th anniversary are L to R: Arthur Ullyett, David Burke and Vernon Smeda. Arthur Ullyett's birth notice appeared in this edition. *Photo: B Leon.*

David was also an entrepreneur and sponsored visiting celebrities in the Campbell Theatre. He engaged South African musician Nico Carstens and comedian Al Debbo in a brief tour around Rhodesia, and on another occasion sponsored the famous trumpet player Eddie Calvert who played to very poor house in the Campbell Theatre. His visit was not promoted adequately.

David the Hypnotist

For a time the Mail flourished and things went smoothly. David was ever enterprising. In the 1950s a South African hypnotist Max Collie, visited Gatooma and staged a show in the old Grand Hotel. Collie made a big impression by making subjects taken from the audience perform crazy antics on the stage under hypnosis. David was taken by

this and after his experience at the school hostel, started to do hypnosis on his own. He had a deep voice and easily put subjects under his spell and soon had his own show which he staged in the Gatooma Grand Hotel. On a number of occasions he donated the proceeds towards the building of the Campbell Theatre. David became famous in the 1960s when he appeared on RTV and did a hypnotist show. He was not permitted to look at the camera for fear that he would hypnotise viewers at home. This I think was a load of nonsense because no one may be hypnotized against their will.

In one show David hypnotised a subject into becoming stiff as a ram rod. He placed him in a horizontal position between two chairs and had a young lady stand on his stomach. He supported the girl's weight without bending.

In his biography David wrote;

> "There is no end to the humorous situations that can be created with people while they are under your spell but there are some instances which will remain in my memory for the rest of my life and they are worthy of recording in this book.
>
> The most outstanding and memorable incidence was at one of my shows in Salisbury when I had a very heavy well-built Afrikaaner farmer and a very intelligent thin young English student on the stage together and the suggestion that I gave was that when they awoke they would be living in Shakespearean times and they would speak in Shakespearean language. When they opened their eyes, the Englishman immediately rose to his feet and quoted "Romeo – Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo" – to which the farmer spontaneously responded "Hey – dids't thou callest me."

On the same occasion the Englishman who was obviously well versed on the topic went on to speak for two minutes in perfect Shakespearean language; the farmer whose expressions were hilarious sat patiently listening and as soon as there was a timely break he rose to his feet, tapped the Englishman on his shoulder and said "Ag man, what bull thou speakest". The laughter that came from the audience was overwhelming."

I used to operate the projectors in the Royalty Theatre cinema, and after the show, at about ten o'clock, would call round to see David sitting at the linotype machine, typesetting the news for the *Gatooma Mail* which was due to be printed and on the street the following morning. He had been playing poker one evening and had the printing staff working overtime to print the newspaper.

The Royalty Theatre

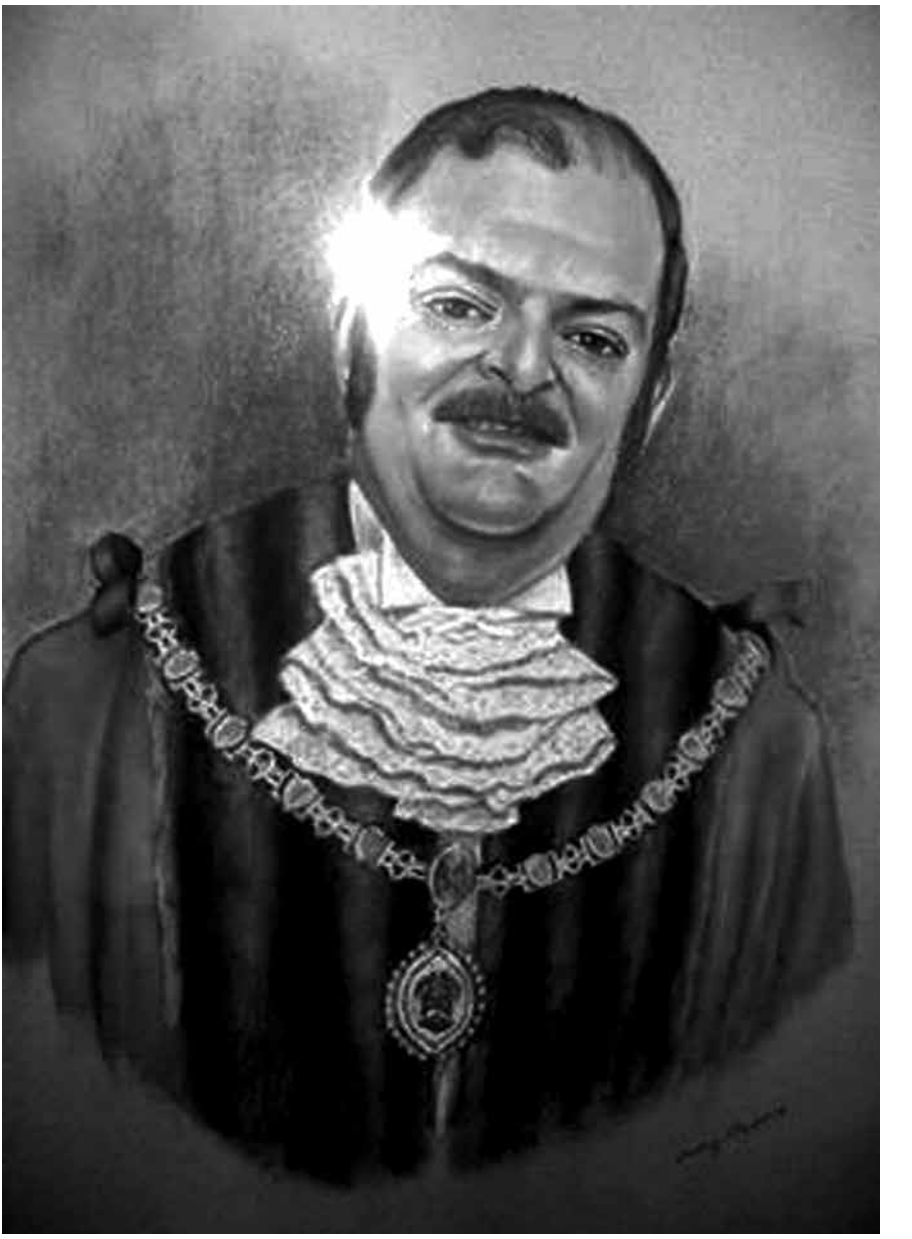
In 1969 the Gatooma Municipality advised David that the licence for the old Royalty would not be renewed unless he modernized the façade of the building. The building had first opened it doors in 1919 and was known as "the bioscope hall" when slides and movies were projected. The building was like an oblong barn, with no frills. The foyer was on the pavement adjacent to the street.

Unfortunately, the Burke family did not have the money for renovations and it was sold to an Indian gentleman, a Mr. Esat of Que Que. David's sister Shirley was most upset. As an usherette she had been showing seats to patrons for decades. I too was upset because I enjoyed working in the projection box.

At considerable expense the old projection box was demolished and a new frontage

Vernon Smeda, Nico Carstens, David Burke and Al Debbo

containing a spacious foyer and projection room was built. At the opening ceremony, the Rhodesian Front Member of Parliament for Gatooma, Mr. A. G. Mells read a history of the building, which was written by myself. The cinema had reopened exactly 50 years to the day. With the opening of the Starlite Drive-in Cinema, by the Kidia family in 1971, the Royalty faced considerable competition, and the cinema closed down. The projectors are still there in both cinemas, but now heavily vandalised.



In 1965, David married Leslie Nathan the daughter of Dave Nathan owner of the company Lock and Key Services still in existence in Harare. They had two boys Joey and Ronnie. Leslie was a music teacher and an accomplished pianist. In 1972, David who was born and bred in Gatooma became Mayor. Three weeks later David and friends drove to Salisbury to see the comedian and musical prodigy Victor Borge. He appeared at the Rhodes Cinema in Union Avenue and in his concluding address advised patrons to drive home safely.

Half way between Selous and Hartley (Chegutu) Monty Sparks the driver collided head on with another vehicle. This was David's second motor accident.

The following Sunday morning my family and I were travelling to Salisbury and came across the scene of the accident. I slowed down the car, and remarked to my wife that the white Chevrolet was vaguely familiar. It had the front radiator smashed in. A constable was guarding the wreckage and I asked him who was involved in the accident. He said that the mayor of Gatooma had died. We were shocked.

I had my Roleiflex camera and flashlight and took a few photographs. In Salisbury, I called in at the Rhodesia Herald newsroom to find Marion Duncan on duty and I told her what had happened. She phoned the Gatooma Hospital and found out that David was alive and that Monty and Mrs. Spark were dead. Malcolm and Beth Renders of the Eiffel Flats primary school were alive. Leslie had died of a ruptured aorta.

I took the 120 roll spool out of the camera and gave it to Marion. It was sent to the dark room for development. The following Monday morning the story and my photograph made headlines on the front page. For this I was paid $15.00.

David and Leslie had been mayor and mayoress for three weeks. His first duty after the accident was to welcome the Minister of Finance John Wrathall, when he performed the opening ceremony of the new post office in Gatooma in 1972.

It was not long after that David met a widow, Merle Leon. (No relative.) She was a tall slim blue-eyed beautiful woman with black hair. Soon afterwards they married and had daughter named Mandy.

Regrettably the *Gatooma Mail* or Burke Enterprises (Pvt) Ltd went bankrupt and closed down. The seats in the old Royalty were removed and David moved in to run an auctioneering business. This carried on for a short while before it too closed and David moved to Durban to try his luck as a hypnotist. Throughout this turbulent period his wife Merle supported him.

Circa 1976, after his Durban venture, David and Merle moved to Salisbury where he opened an auctioneering business in Strathaven. Here David flourished for a while. He also became known as a hypnotherapist. Members of the medical profession used to send patients to him. Most of them wanted to give up smoking or lose weight. The irony of it all was David was a smoker and rather overweight himself.

Whilst in Durban, Merle became ill with leukaemia, and was also pregnant. The doctors were concerned for the child because of Merle's low blood condition. She gave birth to a normal baby boy Hilton. She died soon afterwards.

In his biography David writes:

> In my deepest state of depression when I suffered the loss of my two wives, I could not have had the strength to continue with my daily activities were it not for the help of self-hypnosis. I kept on repeating to myself that it was not for me to query why I should at the age of 40 have lost two wives in tragic circumstances and I assured myself that my purpose on this earth had not yet been fulfilled and that there were better and happier times ahead of me.

It was this theory of positive thinking that kept me going and saw me through a period of sadness and depression and I am grateful for my knowledge of hypnosis for this.

The power of positive thinking and hypnosis are very similar and my advice to people who wish to attempt any form of self-hypnosis is to think positively first. It is possible for people to hypnotise themselves but they must believe in the theory behind it and any attempts that are made halfheartedly will not be successful.

Self-hypnosis and positive thinking works particularly well with people who are ambitious but lack the self-confidence to fulfill their ambitions."

The one characteristic that impressed me most about David was that, no matter what problem he had, or what state of mind he was in, he always exuded confidence. David was always full of money-making ideas, but unfortunately he never saw them all through to finality, or lost interest halfway through his venture.

In 1971, the nationwide chain of credit stores Zimbabwe Furnishers opened a branch in Gatooma. David was impressed with the idea and across the road from the Gatooma Mail opened a shop and sold clothing on credit. David did not progress very much, and often David was seen at the gates of factories collecting money from debtors. He went bankrupt and his pals in Salisbury had to bail him out.

In Salisbury, David became involved with the Samaritans, an organization that offered support to people who were contemplating suicide. David explained that whilst on duty he would answer the telephone and speak to the unfortunate person who was about to take his or her life. The golden rule said David, was never to terminate the call on a person. One would spend hours talking to the patient.

In Salisbury, Rose and I invited David to dinner one night and introduced him to Ruth Ballard. During the course of the evening David asked her for her phone number and soon started dating her.

David's Strathaven Auctions flourished for a while and then he sold it, but continued to work there. By this time he was having a weight problem and because of his smoking habits acquired a heart condition that required a pacemaker. He also had a back problem and had Mr. Auchterlonie, the neurosurgeon to operate on it. He also stopped smoking cigarettes.

On the 6th of October 2002, David was a passenger in a pickup truck travelling to Marondera to work on a big auction sale. Here I am told that the truck hit a tree and the collision damaged his pacemaker and David died instantly – this was his third and final motor accident.

With all his faults David, my old friend of many years, was a very likeable fellow. He was the best man at our wedding. I don't think he had a mean bone in his body; his main failing was his indulgence in excesses. His parents were not practicing Jews, but he always attended synagogue services. Ronnie and Hilton live in Israel and Joey the eldest lives in Cape Town and takes care of David's sister Shirley Burke. Mandy lives in Auckland New Zealand.

WWII Letters from the East African Campaign

by Geoff Brakspear

Within my possession are about 20 letters from my grandfather, Don Brakspear, to his wife which gives insight into the hardships that troops fighting in Somaliland and Abyssinia (now Ethiopia) had to endure. The East African Campaign against Italian forces is little documented, and it is hoped that this article will give better understanding of this largely neglected part of World War II. I suppose that as the conflict was against the Italians, rather than the German or Japanese forces, it does not get the attention that it may deserve.

Background to Don Brakspear

Donald Nicholas Brakspear was born on 22 April 1903 near Henley-on-Thames, Oxfordshire, the second son of the owner of a local brewery. He attended Sherborne College from 1916 to 1920, and was a member of the first rugby fifteen in his final year. Apparently, he did not get on too well with his father, and it is said that he was given the choice of running the brewery's wine shop or going out to the colonies. In February 1924 he boarded the Breton (a ship of the Union Castle line) and headed out to Southern Rhodesia to join the colony's police force (the British South Africa Police). On board he met my grandmother, Molly Sanderson, daughter of Harry and Georgiana Sanderson, whose stories have been related before in *Heritage* No. 35.

Don did not stay in the Police for very long and, after buying himself out, he became a farm manager in the Makwiro area. In 1927 Don married Molly and, after running a succession of farms, ended up having to take on the Hatcliffe Estate after the death of his brother-in-law. In 1939, with the likelihood of war breaking out in Europe, he joined the newly-formed Special Reserve.

Preparations for the outbreak of war

Matters in Europe suggested war with Germany was inevitable despite Chamberlain's efforts, and there was the likelihood that Mussolini's Italy would join Germany in the Axis Alliance. What was of concern to the British Government was the security of its East African colonies, particularly Kenya. Italy had its colony of Somaliland, which bordered Kenya, and had in 1938/39 invaded and occupied Eritrea and Abyssinia in the second Italo-Abyssinia War. This was part of Mussolini's dream of creating an Italian East African Empire. If war was to break out against the Axis powers then Britain had the security of not only British Somaliland and Kenya to consider, but also the security of the Suez Canal, an important sea route for the transportation of troops and materials.

With the prospect of another war in Europe, Southern Rhodesia, under its Prime Minister Godfrey Huggins, reviewed its defence policy. After the horrors of World

War One, where an infantry battalion could be wiped out in half an hour and a brigade decimated in an afternoon, it was not attractive to send a Rhodesian battalion into such a conflict. With the country having a white population of about 65 000, of whom possibly 10 000 were fit for active service, the prospect of a battalion being wiped out in an afternoon was too horrifying to contemplate. It therefore became policy to disperse manpower as much as possible, rather than keep it concentrated.

In December 1938, a conference was held in Nairobi with military representatives of the various African colonies, and final decisions were reached regarding the co-ordination of defence schemes. Southern Rhodesia was to send an air unit to Kenya; troops to British Somaliland; contingents of officers and NCO's to West Africa; and to East Africa one battalion of the Rhodesia Regiment with a base hospital. It is interesting that the Southern Rhodesian Government was prepared to attest its white officers and men to other colonial African regiments, but there appeared to be no thought about using its own black African population in the upcoming war. Indeed the Rhodesian African Rifles was not reformed until 1940.

Although not mentioned in the discussions, the Government formed the Special Reserve, consisting of volunteers between the ages of 22 and 45, to be trained as commissioned and non-commissioned officers. In volunteering the men committed themselves to being trained by sacrificing most of their spare time in order to make themselves fit for the responsibilities of leadership. One of those volunteers was Don Brakspear, then aged 36.

Outbreak of War and deployment

On 1 September 1939, Germany invaded Poland. After an ultimatum to withdraw both Great Britain and France declared war on 3 September. Southern Rhodesia was to declare war on Germany two days later. Italy, however, did not join its partner Germany in declaring war, preferring to wait for the initial engagements before committing itself. Despite Italian procrastination, the Secretary of State in London requested Southern Rhodesia to commence the agreed deployment, including "personnel for both 1st and 2nd Contingents for Royal West African Field Force to be ready to move to West Africa via Simonstown as soon as shipping available ... Presume earliest date for departure both contingents for RWAFF would be about October 4th".

Eight days after the declaration of war, Rhodesians mobilised at drill halls in Salisbury, Bulawayo, Gwelo and Umtali, with No. 1 Training Camp being established at Salisbury Showgrounds. With the mobilisation, the Special Reserve was called up and Don Brakspear was commissioned as a temporary Lieutenant in the Southern Rhodesia Defence Forces on 14 September 1939. On 5 October, 388 Rhodesians—151 officers and 237 other ranks—under Major N. S. Reid DSO MC entrained for Cape Town to embark for West Africa. As Portugal remained neutral there was not the option of moving these troops through Beira. As the South African Government had entered the war with considerable opposition from the National Party, it was felt that any movement of Rhodesian troops through the country needed to be as quiet as possible. On arrival at Cape Town the troops were confined to the dock area. The troops were quickly embarked in the troopship Strathaird and departed for West Africa.

On 18 October, the Strathaird reached Lagos, where the first contingent of 78 officers and 145 other ranks disembarked to joint three battalions of the Nigeria Regiment. The next day the ship arrived at Takoradi, Gold Coast (now Ghana), where a group of 65

officers and 77 other ranks disembarked for the Gold Coast Regiment. The ship was to take the remaining Rhodesian troops to Sierra Leone and the Gambia.

Those designated for the Gold Coast Regiment were assigned to the 1st Battalion at Tesha Camp, near Accra, the 2nd Battalion stationed some 300 miles inland at Tamale, and the 3rd Battalion at the seaport of Winneba. Don Brakspear was assigned to the 2nd Battalion.

The next eight-odd months was taken up by training, getting to know the troops and preparing for the likely battles ahead in East Africa. There was an obvious need to use a common language so that orders could be dispensed, particularly with the need to set up sections with more modern equipment—radio operators, vehicles and the like. For those in the 1st and 3rd Battalions the conditions were very poor in the clammy pestilent coastal areas of the Gold Coast. The 2nd Battalion was situated well inland in similar conditions to those found in Rhodesia. Reports suggested that their quarters were "bush huts" offering no resistance to heavy rainstorms. Although there were problems in language the Rhodesians had an advantage in the Gold Coast as there were similarities with the *lingua franca* they used at home. Those with the Nigeria Regiment battled more on this front. The West African Regiments also had to contend with the officers sent out from the UK, who maintained their class structures, with those from the colonies being definitely "sub-class".

The three Gold Coast Battalions were brought together within the 4th (Gold Coast) Infantry Brigade, which in October 1940 was re-designated the 24th (Gold Coast) Infantry Brigade, the later Brigade consisting of the three Battalions, the 51st (Gold Coast) Light Battery West African Artillery and the 52nd Gold Coast Field Company and West African Engineers. The Commander for the Brigade was Brigadier C. E. M. Richards from September 1939 to October 1942, the period of time this article covers.

Brigade exercises were held in February 1940 in the Accra area, which unfortunately coincided with the opening of the rainy season. "Small streams growing in hurrying volume became dank, turbid and deep. Vicious insect life was stimulated to bite and sting even more relentlessly than before, and, in spite of daily dose of quinine for all Europeans, victims of fever increased in number. Then in the aftermath to the exertion of intensive training, Rhodesians were assailed by that gloom and depression so frequently experienced in West Africa".

In late May 1940, the troops began to assemble to board troopships; off-shore lay the drab and dingy great liners that once formed the Orient Line. For the African troops the experience of embarking on these floating cities was bewildering, not only being afloat on the ocean but the facilities on offer. On 1 June 1940, the convoys set off, to join up with those from Nigeria, heading for Cape Town and then on to East Africa. The voyage was no means pleasant and as the convoy approached the Cape of Good Hope the weather deteriorated and a gale sprang up, which lasted for two days. A few of the African troops, reduced by seasickness and pneumonia, lost interest in life and died. 1

The troops first landing was at Durban where they were to stay a few days in the vast Imperial Forces Trans-shipment Camp; they then carried on to Mombasa where they disembarked on 1 July.

Europe

While the West African Regiments were going through their training before embarking for East Africa, the war in Europe took a turn for the worse. British forces had been deployed in Norway to try and remove Germany's access to essential war material. Germany took the offensive on 9 April 1940, and by the end of the month British troops were withdrawing. The Norway debacle brought to an end the Prime Ministership of Neville Chamberlain and Winston Churchill took over on 10th May. This was the same day that Germany attacked Belgium, France, Luxembourg and the Netherlands and by the end of May the British Expeditionary Force was being evacuated from the beaches of Dunkirk.

With the war going Germany's way, Mussolini declared on 10 June that Italy was at war with the United Kingdom and France. He thereupon made an unsuccessful attack on France. But France was to capitulate to Germany on 25 June 1940.

Italian Forces in East Africa

In June 1940, the Italians, under Amedeo, Duke of Aosta, comprised between 250 000 and 280 000 troops, split into four sectors, including the Southern Sector (Jimma, Ethiopia) under General Pietro Gazzera; and the Giuba Sector (Kismayo, Italian Somaliland) under Lieut. General Carlo De Simone. The forces included two infantry divisions, a battalion of elite mountain troops (Alpini), a battalion of highly mobile infantry and numerous Fascist paramilitary Blackshirts. But 70% of Italian East African forces were local Askaris. Those in Somaliland were trained for no more than maintaining order in the colony and consisted of Somali Dubats and irregular bande. In addition, the Italians had between 200 and 300 aircraft, which in 1940 were the best aircraft available on either side.

In June 1940 the Italians had far greater forces than those of the British, in terms of troop numbers and aircraft. But they faced problems due to the isolation of East Africa from their Mediterranean supply lines, and thus had very little opportunity of reinforcements of troops and supplies. This situation was to increase as the Royal Navy kept the seas around clear of enemy shipping.

Finally, the Italians formed a small naval force referred to as the Red Sea Flotilla consisting of seven destroyers, five motor torpedo boats and eight submarines, based at Massawa, Eritrea. The Italians were to lose four of the submarines by the end of June 1940

British Forces in East Africa

The British by contrast only had 30 000 men in Sudan, British Somaliland and Kenya, the latter of which were commanded by Major-General Douglas Dickinson. In Kenya the Kings African Rifles (KAR) was composed of two brigade strength units of about 3,000 men initially, which increased to about 22 000 by March 1940. The task of these troops was to defend the coastline and the vast northern interior of the country. In June 1940 the first South African forces started arriving, and by the end of 1940 had built up to about 27 000 troops. In July two brigades were provided on rotation for service in Kenya by the Royal West African Frontier Force (RWAFF), which comprised the Gold Coast and Nigerian Regiments. The ground forces were by the end of 1940 commanded by Lieut. General Alan Cunningham, and comprised the South African 1st Division, 11th African Division (with KAR, Nigeria Regiment and South Africans) and 12th African

Division (with KAR, Gold Coast Regiment and also some South Africans).

The British Forces in June 1940 comprised about 100 aircraft for the whole of East Africa, with a small number in Kenya that included the No 237 (Southern Rhodesian) Squadron with Hawker Hardys.

Italian First Moves

Soon after Italy declared war on Britain and France, Italy began with some minor moves by bombing the Rhodesian air base at Wajir in Kenya on 13 June. Two Rhodesian aircraft were damaged and a large dump of fuel set on fire and the KAR suffered its first casualties with four dead and eleven wounded. The Rhodesians and the KAR struck back with a successful raid on El Wak in Italian Somaliland on 17 June. After heavy fighting the Italians took the Kenyan border town of Moyale, and by the end of July went on to take the villages of Dabel and Buna, about 100 miles south of Moyale. This was the furthest south the Italians reached. Kenya was at that time ripe for the taking, being only occupied by recently trained KAR troops. But the northern provinces of Kenya was a huge unpopulated and underdeveloped area with few roads, which would have proved a huge logistical exercise that may have been outside the invaders' capabilities.

On 4 July, the Italians crossed the Sudanese border and captured the towns of Kassala and Gallabat, in Sudan, which were under a joint British and Egyptian administration, and held very few troops. Having taken these towns the Italians proceeded no further, due to lack of fuel, and fortified Kassala.

On 3 August Italian forces then, with 25 000 troops, invaded British Somaliland. They were opposed by about 4 000 men of the Somaliland Camel Corps (one of whose number was the late Senator W. R. "Sam" Whaley) Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesian battalions and Indian troops. Following numerous battles, Major-General R. Godwin-Austen concluded that further resistance was futile and withdrew. Most of the British troops were evacuated from Berbera to Aden by 17 August. The conquest of British Somaliland represented the only campaign in which Italy achieved victory without German assistance.

The Gold Coast Regiment arrives in Kenya

Immediately on disembarking from their ships in Mombasa, the Gold Coast and Nigerian Regiments were entrained to Nairobi, travelling from the steaming coastal belt to the cool heights of Nairobi. From there the Nigerians went north to Thika and the Gold Coasters to Nanyuki, a village which stood on the equator under the shadow of Mt Kenya. The arrival of the West African regiments increased the British forces by 9 000 men.

Don Brakspear, my grandfather, was attached to the 2nd Battalion Gold Coast Regiment, D company and it was with them that he arrived in Kenya. What has survived are a batch of letters that he wrote to my grandmother during the war. However the first of these letters is dated 4 December 1940, which begs the question what happened to his letters from the time he left Southern Rhodesia in October 1939, through his time in the Gold Coast until December 1940. The first of these letters possibly gives the answer as it talks about the fire that destroyed his home on the Hatcliffe Estate and many of his loved possessions.

In trying to get a picture of what Don went through in the East Africa Campaign

I will be relying heavily on the experiences of Eric S. Pakeham, who was in the 3rd Battalion Gold Coast Regiment written of in his book *Africa in War & Peace*. Although Don and Pakeham may not have been in all the same actions, some of the descriptions of conditions in the book will give insight into Don's experiences. Eric Pakeham was brought up in Hove, and went to the Gold Coast as a cadet in the Colonial Administrative Service. Shortly after his arrival at the outset of the War, he joined the Gold Coast Regiment. Due to his experience as a member of the Supplementary Reserve of Officers, attached to the Royal Sussex Regiment, he was commissioned as a First Lieutenant in the 3rd Battalion. I will in advance give credit to him for many of the descriptions in this tale, which has been combined with the contents of the other references I list below. In addition I will be using Volume 1 of *The War History of Southern Rhodesia 1939-1945*, written by J. F. MacDonald, and *The Rhodesia Regiment* by Alexandre Binda. I will not cross reference with these books as they tend to blend into each other as the story goes on.

In so far as Don's letters go I will include as much of the text as is possible in bringing to light his own particular experiences. Most of the letters were written with a not too sharp pencil and as a consequence are not easy to read, nor is his handwriting the clearest. Don does not appear to have developed a style where punctuation is much in evidence. I have attempted to read and duplicate most of what is in the correspondence, and, where possible, broken it down into sentences.

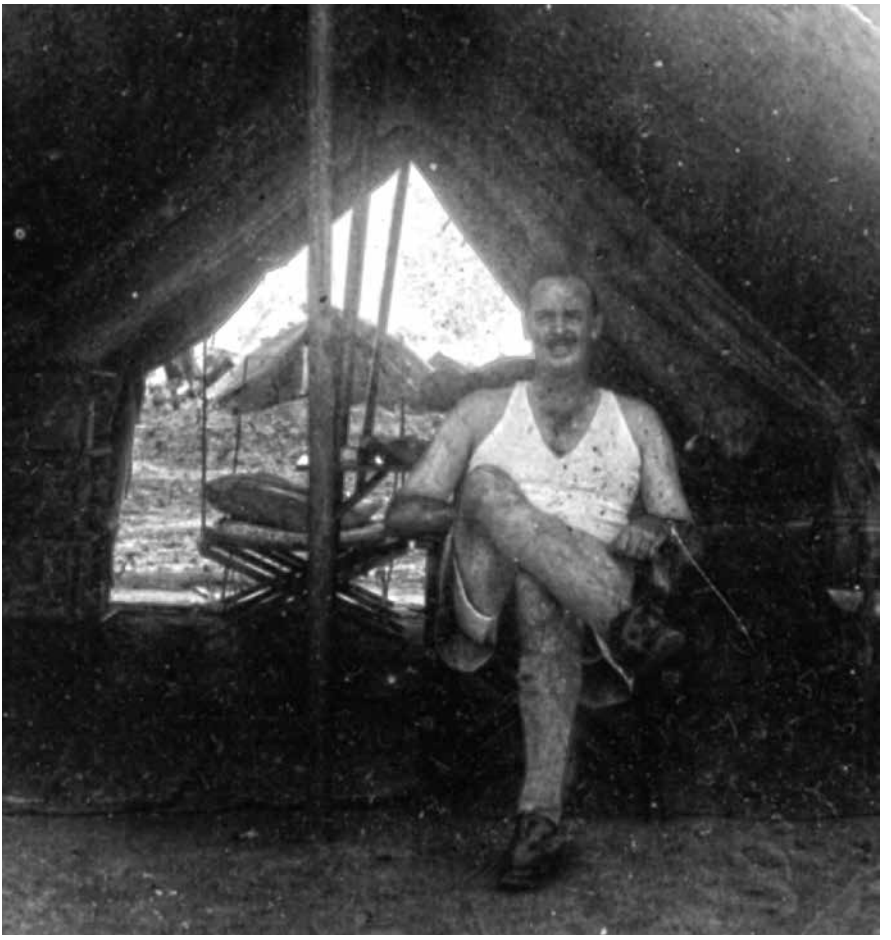
So now back to the story. The Gold Coasters arrived at the railhead on Nanyuki in early July 1940; reveille was at 0400 hours the next morning and by 0700 they moved off on foot heading to Isiolo some 60 miles north east. The Northern Frontier District (NFD) that they were about to enter is a huge area of scrub desert over which ran a number of tracks marked by dotted lines on their maps, which also showed a number of widely dispersed waterholes.

It took three days to reach Isiolo. Pakeham describes a very painful journey, especially on the first day. The lack of any exercise during the past five or six weeks, the rapid change of altitude and the scorching heat of the NFD soon had its effect on the troops. They set off from Nanyuki in driving rain which stayed with them most of the day, and by the end of that day fifty or more African other ranks had fallen out and struggled to catch up. They did eventually at the end of the third day reach Isiolo. Isiolo was a small settlement of grass huts and a few Indian stores known as *dukas*. From Isiolo ran a road north to Moyale on the Abyssinian border, and eastwards to Garissa and Wajir.

During the few days the Gold Coasters stayed in Isiolo three-ton Bedford trucks arrived on which the battalions were to spend most of their future travelling. The trucks had travelled up from South Africa, through Northern Rhodesia, Nyasaland, Tanganyika and to Nairobi, a journey of some 1 500 miles. Isiolo had little to recommend it. The troops were crowded tightly together and with the bustle of troops gathering and guns and transport of all kinds passing close by they were soon covered in dust and sand.

In early July, the Italians once again attacked Moyale. After a stout resistance the KAR withdrew. Buna then became the last remaining outpost protecting Wajir. From Isiolo the Gold Coasters were dispatched to protect other small settlements and watering holes. The 3rd Battalion was sent to Wajir, with A and D company garrisoning the fort and the rest of the battalion at Shelati Wells, a few miles to the west. One of the Gold Coast Battalions was left at Isiolo, with a detached company garrisoning the oasis of Marsabit to the north. In the arid waste of burning red sand, strategy demanded that

sources of water supply should be denied the enemy. The Gold Coast Brigadier in his operational orders made it clear that "Wajir Fort will be held to the last man and the last round. This form of defence will be a mobile defence."



Don Brakspear in camp somewhere, probably in Kenya

Throughout this period the North African regiments and the KAR continued to patrol the whole of the Northern Frontier, an area 300 miles and 200 miles north of the nearest railhead, with long lines of communication over "the worst roads in the world". Patrols sent out usually consisted of a company of infantry in fifteen troop carriers, a wireless tender and three armoured cars, or *Reccies*, from the East African Reconnaissance Squadron. Patrols could cover up to a hundred miles in whatever direction was considered necessary to find, locate and, if appropriate, engage Italian forces. Most of the patrols were at night, so as not to attract Italian air observation. If moving along the roads was bad during the day, it was even more perilous at night

The Italian air force continued to harass the troops on the ground as far south as

Garizza which was being manned by the Nigerians. The Nigerians, with KAR, were sent to Korondil Hill near Dobel to attack a group of Banda irregulars. After walking into an ambush and various fire fights, the Nigerians and KAR withdrew. In September, when nearly surrounded by Banda, the British withdrew from Buna. With the loss of Buna, the road was open to Wajir, but Wajir was a totally different matter. Preparations were well advanced, and if the Italians showed up, they required far greater resolution than they had shown to date. The Italians failed to appear, but what did arrive were South African troops and more equipment and material. This had a decisive effect on the Italians, and they failed to press home the advantage they held.

Pakeham reported that in December he had to attend the 2nd Field Works Course in Nairobi which lasted for three weeks. Pakeham recalls that this course largely consisted of instructing him on the proper way of digging slit trenches and putting up Dannert barbed wire fences. Instructors had obviously not been to NFD and seen that the ground was too solid to manually dig trenches, let alone having to prepare graves. After the course he was attached to the RWAFF Base Depot in Nairobi. In the service notes of Don Brakspear, he too was posted at the Base Depot from the 1 September until 15 October 1940, a period that appears to be about the same as that Pakeham spent there on the course. Don was also given local leave from the 23 October to 11 November and no doubt this was spent in Nairobi. He was posted again with the 2nd Battalion from 15 October which had now taken over from the 3rd Battalion at Wajir and would remain with 2nd Battalion for the rest of his stay in East Africa.

On 1st November, 1940, General Alan Cunningham took over command in Kenya from General Dickinson. When Cunningham took over the British forces in Kenya had increased to about 77 000, including 27 000 South Africans, 33 000 East Africans and 9 000 West Africans. The Nigerian and Gold Coast Regiments had effectively carried out their first mission of protecting Kenya from Italian invasion while the British forces built up.

British Counter-Offensive

During November the troops underwent a series of training exercises with South African and Gold Coasters working together to establish a good working relationship and ensure their command structure and equipment would stand up to what was to come. Many of the exercises were carried out at night when there was little chance of detection by Italian aircraft. During this period it would have become apparent to the Italians that the British forces were building up and something would have to break shortly.

The first significant challenge was to attack the town of El Wak, which lay on both sides of the border between Kenya and Somaliland. “Though simple, the plan had its inherent difficulties. To achieve success surprise was essential. The only means of reaching El Wak from Wajir Fort where lay our forward troops, the 2nd Gold Coast, was along a hundred-mile track of treacherous sand and boulder. The dust raised by a small group of vehicles proceeding along this way would cause keen interest among observers of the Regio Aeronautica. One could only surmise what their reaction would be to the vast cloud churned up by the passage of eight hundred troop carriers, armoured cars, tank-transporters and artillery wagons.”

Don Brakspear’s letter of 10 December, whilst not going into any detail stated that “the Italians seem to be getting it in the neck all round, so they may pack up”, and he went on to lament that “it will be dreadful spending Xmas in a place like this”.

From 14 to 16 December, the South Africans and the Gold Coasters attacked and overcame Italian resistance at El Wak, on both sides of the border. Most of the Gold Coasters activity appears to have come from the 1st and 3rd Battalions, who would have passed through the forward bases manned by the 2nd Battalion. The Italians were cleared out of the settlements and fortifications and the area made safe for British forces. On 17 December, the British forces withdrew, and had great delight in watching "an accurate and spirited bombing attack by a large force of Capronis and Savoias on the landing ground completely vacated by our forces some hours before". El Wak represented the Italians forward base, strongly fortified and well-supplied with munitions and stores and these had all been destroyed by the British attack. The Italian Staff admitted that they had never anticipated the possibility of tanks being brought up against them. The defeat at El Wak represented a significant blow to the Italians and they were never to return.

After the battle for El Wak, the 24th (Gold Coast) Brigade which included the three battalions were withdrawn from the Wajir area for a rest on the slopes of Mount Kenya. In early January the Brigade moved from the mountain slopes to Yatta in the south, where they underwent a few weeks' training. From there they proceeded eastward over the dusty, pot-holed road that led through thorns and baobabs to the forward areas at Garissa and the Tana River. In the meantime, the British forces built up their forces, supplies and equipment.

Into Somaliland

On the 6 February, the 1st and 2nd Battalions moved to Liboi on the Italian Somaliland border. After crossing the border they moved forward for the next five days, travelling by night, and halting by day under such cover as the thorn bushes would allow.

> 8th February, 1941—"We have moved suddenly and quickly and there is no stopping now until we reach the sea and the Italians are finished up in this part of the world. Our General has told us we have weeks of fighting ahead of us and hard living, and then a better time. I am writing in Italian Somaliland which shows we are getting on. Tomorrow my company has been given the honour (?) of leading the whole army. In fact we use the lorries leading the army of this part of the world and tomorrow we have to clear the enemy outposts so that the column is not held up which means some hefty fighting. Let's hope we all come through. The men are keen as mustard after weeks of waiting. It is rather like the old fashioned way of fighting as soon as the lorry is stopped—jump straight out and use the bayonet, let's hope they run quick. There can be no turning back and we have to go, our kit is scattered all over Kenya and we are now down to a water bottle of water a day and a blanket. I can't tell you what the heat and dust is like in the lorries, they say the column stretches over 10 miles behind us. So hold thumbs, with luck I shall be alright as I have a queer dog still with me and will keep him all the time. We have a looming battle arranged a few days on when we are going to cross the Juba River and ..."

Before any preparations could be made for crossing the Juba River, the strong outpost of Bulo Erillo had to be seized, a task that was to be assigned to the 1st and

2nd Gold Coast Battalions. By moonlight of the night of 12 February the battalions moved to their assembly points. The 1st Battalion was assigned to the task cutting the Bulo Erillo-Alessandra road.

"At first light the guns of the Gold Coast Battery opened up on the defenders of Bulo Erillo and sometime later the companies of the 2nd Gold Coast began to advance steadily up the slope on the enemy position across open country swept by machine-gun and artillery fire. In front of them lay three tank traps, disguised under hessian and earth, and belts of barbed wire among the tall grass and thorn scrub. The forward companies, moving through heavy enfilade fire of machine-guns, reached the wire. Here they remained until gaps were blown with Bangalore torpedoes, they rushed through the narrow lanes, losing heavily as they went. Owing to casualties among European personnel, the front platoons were by this time led by African non-commissioned officers. On the southern flank of the enemy position, among thorn trees and scrub, fierce close-quarter fighting developed, the Italian troops defending themselves with hand-grenades. Then, without warning, came the crackle of burning grass. Flames and smoke, carried by a light wind, swept across a section of the battlefield, several of the more severely wounded on both sides perishing miserably in the burning grass before they could be rescued. By this time Italian resolution was giving way. The defenders began to desert their trenches and emplacements as the men of the Gold Coast drew rapidly nearer. A few minutes later the Italian position was cleared at the point of a bayonet after what had been, up to that time, the bitterest action of the campaign. In killed and wounded the 2nd Gold Coast lost ten Europeans and thirty-eight Africans".

> 14th February 1940—"Only three days since writing to you but a life time of experience and thankful to be alive. We have had an enormous battle the first day in which our battalion covered itself with so called glory but at a dreadful cost. I have (lost) some good friends and all rather depressing, but the position was taken with the bayonet under a very heavy fire and our men behaved heroically. We have captured a strong position and lots of guns and stores, far more than ever before.

Following the capture of Bulo Erillo, further actions took place on the east side of Juba River.

14 February 1940 (continued)—Next day a quick battle by myself took a village and burnt it and beat up a lot of Italians. Next day a real pukka show in thick forest where no one can see each other but the air is thick with ... rather alarming, but we are getting them on the run all round now and there will be no stopping until they are beaten. ... We are living under the most filthy conditions, no shaving, just sleeping on the ground where we stop. Clothes filthy, everything foul ... sleeping in the battlefield, which is all burnt grass which doesn't help. We are having quite a bit of bombing at night but nothing to what the Italians are getting. Don't believe it when they say they are running away, all the time he is fighting alright here."

By day the South African bombers roared overhead to attack Gelib, Alessrandra and the defences along the banks of the Juba River. By night the Italians retaliated with their artillery with the lines of the 2nd Battalion suffering a direct hit on a trench with three killed.

On 18 February the 1st and 3rd Battalions prepared to cross the Juba River, while the 2nd Battalion "was to stage a noisy demonstration and make a feint attack to distract enemy attention from those quiet stretches of the river farther north". On the 19th the 1st

and 3rd Battalions crossed the Juba with astonishing ease, and then proceeded through thick scrub to cut the main road from Berbera to Gelib. The next day the Sappers got a pontoon bridge over the Juba, enabling their transport to cross over.

Orders were then received for the 1st and 3rd Battalions to turn south and attack Gelib from the north, while the 2nd Battalion was to attack from the south with the South African Brigade. On the morning of the 22 February the South Africans entered in Gelib.

> 25 February, 1941—"At last I have got a day's rest by some water and have taken off my clothes for the first time for nearly a week, and am shaved, bathed and clean. It really a lovely feeling and also have had a night's sleep. Lately have just been sleeping exactly where we stop, just lie down on the ground. Find I cannot do it as well now as the younger ones in their twenties but still have some amazing experiences. You will have learnt by now of the capture three different places in Juba land, which has been our work, and we have had some tough fighting for them and the poor old battalion has lost of a lot of white people as well as blacks, but have done very well. I captured in the last action with the platoon 11 Italian officers and forty other ranks, with two machine guns who had run for safety in a house. Got a very nice revolver off one of them, much lighter than mine. Every ounce you carry in this country weighs a ton when you are scraping. One place we captured was a big fruit growing centre under irrigation with palms (coconuts), orange trees, bananas, but unfortunately all green. We are down to our old bully beef and biscuits again, how I loathe them and am covered like most of the others with sores. We move on to take the next place after the rest. The Gold Coast are always made the spearhead of the attack, now they really are streets above the other native regiments. Although it is a frightening game for us all, as you can see, very little ... the Italian is pretty good with his machine gun, but they are well on the run now, but isolated parties can always ... and doing a bit of damage. One place or rather a fortification in the bush we took by surprise, they bolted just before ... with their breakfast on the table uneaten and coffee hot. They fight like demons for a time and suddenly panic. (Carries on with various matters very difficult to read)—PS at end "since writing we have just heard the Italians are putting up white flags everywhere."

In the meantime the South Africans and Nigerians had gone up the coast and pursued the Italians, taking the capital Mogadishu on 25 February.

> 14 March 1941—"a few more busy days have passed mostly spent rounding up Italian prisoners who are knocking around the bush with camels and rifles and menacing the local inhabitants, it is quite exciting work. Am really rather sympathetic with the Italians as these native half Arabs are a vile and treacherous lot. At present I am sitting in a funny little wooden hut guarding European prisoners for 24 hours. They keep on jabber jabber jabber at me when they want anything with a mixture of French, Swahili and fanagalo with enormous sighs I get at what they want. Our priest, who was left here, has just been along to take all their

addresses so that relations can be informed they are still alive. A lot of blessings went on I stopped one for allowing him to talk to them but don't feel much better for it. I am hoping much of the heavy fighting in this part of the world is over now and then what? It seems wishful thinking to hope for leave as we are .... miles away now but am always hoping to get back to Nairobi to pick up kit. Captured a Government building the other day and managed to get some stamps for Ar which I have sent him. Just finished a letter to Ar and Baba, a badge of rank which I took of an Italian sergeant-major he might like. Also sent some Italian money for them to see, a lira is only worth about a ½d. Now that we have taken the country putting some in for you to see, all taken off prisoners ... (a lot of chatter for a while) I have been down to the sea with prisoners. Mogadishu must have been a wonderful place for Africa in peace time. All the Italians are still walking about, all very short of food nothing in the shops as no boats have been in for 9 months. A hell of a long journey by lorry, 260 miles from here and then back all in 3 days so I am bit weary."

20 March 1941—"... I spent a couple of days on Mogadishu as I had to catch the lorry taking it (last letter) down ... Mogadishu was a fine place, very modern Italian buildings and most of the inhabitants still walking about as happy as kings. Conquering heroes such as ourselves sleeping in the sand dunes outside town. The town is very short of food and no drink except very sweet fig drink, perfectly foul, but with ice, which was lovely. The Aerodrome was an enormous place with lovely barrack rooms with ... showers fans the lot. Certainly know how to live in these hot places. But no boat has been in for 9 months thanks to the British Navy. Have shortages of everything. Shops all shut as nothing in them. There were 23 Italian aeroplanes left on the ground when we took the place.

Had rather an exciting patrol the other day, heard that 300 colonial infantry, Italians of course, had attacked a Somali village, killed nine men, stolen their camels, raped all their women and generally played havoc. So off we went after them, spent all day hunting on different villagers' advice and found nothing. We were tired out and fed up and were resting in the shade when suddenly a sentry said he saw camels coming towards us. So we made an ambush and they walked straight into us. There were only 40 men and 2 Bren guns. So we let drive what with stampeding camels and shrieking men it was a party. They let their camels run in every direction. 94 fine army camels with all their water, ammunition and machine gun parts. They made a feeble attempt to recapture them with grenades but soon cleared off again. So we came back with lorries piled high with useful stuff and the rest in enormous bonfire. I must say I am not in the least sorry for the Somali villagers as they are absolute swine and will give away anyone and say anything...

We have not had a single comfort given or a canteen to get anything since the beginning of the war at Salisbury. ... butter has not been seen for many months, a few eggs every now and again. Scrounged from the villagers for the rest. Biscuits and bully and sometimes fresh meat and

twice a week tinned vegetables. Hence we are full of sores ... with the soldiers behind the lines we would look funny—with patched clothes, no boots have been cleaned having no polish but we got rid of our beards for the time being which makes us feel very well groomed. I have retained a long moustache which will tickle you when I come back ...
I feel that after the war I will know most of Africa up to the Gold Coast, Kenya, British & Italian Somaliland, Abyssinia now. What a lot of travelling and all by lorry which is not comfortable. No rains have come here yet and it is baking hot, but at night *siroccos*, which are funny little winds that lift your bedclothes off and make the night cool ..."

Into Abyssinia (Ethiopia)

The 1st and 3rd Battalions Gold Coast Regiment then turned north and headed for Abyssinia (now Ethiopia), though Berberiso and Bardera (taken 27 February), Iscia Baidoa and Lugh Ferrandi (taken 1 March). At all these town and fortifications the Battalion found that they had been abandoned by the Italians and looted by local Somalis. On 9 March the Battalion moved to Dolo on the Abyssinian border.

On 17 March, they set off heading into Abyssinia and to Neghelli some 250 miles from Dolo, and five days later the town was taken without opposition. Pakeham then records that he returned to Dolo and was later joined by the rest of the 3rd Battalion. On 30 March they moved off again towards Neghelli, and the next day they were attacked by Abyssinians Patriots (troops of the Emperor Haile Salassi) thinking they were Italians. 60 miles to the north was a mountainous feature rising to 11 000 feet. This was Uaddara (otherwise known as Wadara) which had been the place that held out for over three months when Abyssinia was invaded by the Italians back in 1938.

The 2nd Battalion stayed around the Gelib area doing various mopping up operations, and, as we have seen from the last letters, Don Brakspear had a couple of trips to Mogadishu. On an Italian Touring Club map that appears to have belonged to Don, there are pencil markings of the area in Somaliland that he appeared to have travelled through. These I have shown in this campaign map.

But the Battalion must have moved into Abyssinia as the next letter written on 3 April 1941 was from within the country.

> 3 April, 1941—"... I might as well be back on the farm growing food as soldiering in this campaign is over and not much more use to this country, and am thoroughly fed up with it as it is becoming farcical and police work. Do get the people moving if you can am so disappointed. (He is moaning about not getting any leave at this point) There are only two of us here of the lot who have not been. Little Simpson who you met with his wife in Nairobi and myself. Our Colonel W. C. Irivine ... will not help the Rhodesians ...
>
> I have just come back from a patrol and found perched right up on a mountain in Abyssinia called Murtahill (?) a fort built like a modern house. When I walked into the courtyard there were bedrooms & bath & lav. attached all round in a circle inside. The round tower part a beautiful room with beehive fireplace yuletide logs placed across. Huge electric chandeliers, oak tables, oak ceilings and floors. Just like an old fashioned place, over this a suite of rooms, beautifully done ... (this goes on for some time—hard to read)... I found out that it was built for the King of Italy when he came to see the Kingdom of Abyssinia and the great Italian African Empire. It certainly was inspiring as you could see for hundreds of miles. It was first like walking into a fairy story. I spent the night in the royal suite on a camp bed and ate bully beef and biscuits and thought what they must have had. I saw the Sultan next morning about all the troubles round here and where the Italians were hiding. He presented me with a lovely sword as a sign of peace with the British. I am trying to persuade the SO called Anthony Lee to change places and stay here. Rain is coming any day and at Caleap (?) we shall not be able to move and no supplies can come. We are 200 miles from the rest of the troops if we move to Mustohill (?) we will have an all weather road

to Mogadishu, heaven knows when I shall get any mail. ...”

Meanwhile various British forces were attacking Italian positions in Abyssinia, with attacks from the south though the Kenyan border town of Moyale, from the east by the South Africans and Nigerians following the taking of Mogadishu, and the west from Sudan. The capital Addis Ababa was liberated on 6 April by Cunningham’s forces who had advanced in 53 days from the Kenyan border. Meanwhile the Gold Coasters were still trudging their way up from Dolo though Neghelli and heading to Uaddara.

Uaddara was in rough country of mountain and thick forest where aircraft, tanks and armoured cars would be of little assistance to an attacker. “Further reconnaissance revealed more about the enemy’s dispositions. His forces appeared to consist of the better part of two colonial infantry brigades, chiefly Eritrean, well-supported by light artillery. On his right flank, buttressed by a long, steep ridge running south-west, rose a dominating double peak, the Twin Pimples, from which there was direct observation of the surrounding hills, cliffs and gorges, and of the Neghelli road and all movement thereon. His centre and right were concealed by dense forest of giant *podocarpus* the forward tank-trap, covered by machine-gun post, to the strongly entrenched lines immediately behind the forest the depth of defences measured four miles. The position was indeed a formidable one. Patrolling in the thick, wooded country was exhausting; and to add to the difficulties of the Gold Coast troops, indeed to increase them a hundredfold, the heavens opened and the rain descended day after day drenching and soaking.”1

The battle for Uaddara was to last three miserable weeks. It began with the 3rd Battalion Gold Coast Regiment and Abyssinian Irregulars advancing on the 19 April and during three days they advanced “resolutely across the forward tank-traps, penetrated the enemy defences for more than a mile and seized the ridge which gave observation of the main Italian position.” On the 22 April an attempt was made to extend the gains, but the attackers were driven off with heavy causalities. Pakeham records that he returned to Neghelli for few days rest. Over the course of the next few days the Italians were constantly pounded by the British batteries and, when weather permitted, by frequent bombing by the South African Air Force. In the meantime the 1st and 2nd Battalions Gold Coast Regiment “were hurriedly concentrated at Neghelli and despatched with what speed they could make through washaways and quagmires to the scene of action”

“On 1st May preparations were made for the Brigade to attack. Briefly the plan was to send the 2nd Gold Coast with Abyssinian Irregulars on a long outflanking march which would bring them to the rear of the enemy forward posts in the forest. The 1st Battalion would maintain strong pressure on the Italian main position, while the 3rd Battalion was held in reserve to exploit success. After a night of almost continuous harassing fire from British batteries the plan was put into operation and when day broke, the cliffs, gorges and thickets echoed to the noise of battle. During the earlier part of the day it was impossible to assess success or failure for little support could be given by the gunners as the location of friend or foe could not be determined. The afternoon however brought signs of an enemy withdrawal and soon there came heartening news that a company of the 2nd Battalion, working round on the left, had surprised the Italians far back on the skirts of the forest and compelled a precipitate retreat. Little more opposition was experienced by the Gold Coast, although for a day or two the enemy continued to hold a strong line of fortifications on the northern fringes of the forest and to maintain an

unpleasantly accurate fire from guns and mortars on our men. But his stomach for the fight was gone. Within a few days none but stragglers and deserters remained, who showed every sign of anxiety to be taken prisoner by the British rather than be murdered and mutilated by the Abyssinian brigands, the Shifta. The Battle of Wadera had ended in victory. Italian resistance in Southern Abyssinia was over."

> Letter probably written after 10th April (only part of the letter in my possession)—"with Blackshirt troops mostly have got to a position six miles up and are fighting like hell again so we will be lucky to get our two days rest. We have first captured an ambulance post of theirs full of wounded Italians, our stretcher bearers are streaming back with them now. Our prisoners have been found wounded and stripped tied to trees , of course it was the Africans who do that. On the first day we were given the big attack to find the right flank which was in a glade and attack it. We had to cut our way through the forest and suddenly we came right out on it a marvellous position bristling with machine guns. And we were all bunched getting through these paths and they plastered us, a ghastly few minutes. I then had to work round on the right flank and get through the undergrowth to within a few yards of them but lost so many men and was pinned down under such a terrible fire. Could not make the next bit, so settled down to plastering their trenches. By this time another company had worked round and were firing in front and a good deal over me. And right away on top of the rise to our joy two armoured cars of ours appeared but it didn't last long as we as we hear the report of 3 shots from an Italian guns direct hits on both cars that burst into flames they crumbled up. I saw them afterwards the crews blown into pieces. We kept on firing at the trenches for hours when suddenly saw some of our own men round behind another company of ours had crept up round and behind the enemy as they were slipping away through the forest and dealt with them pretty severely as in desperation they came at them with the bayonet and they first shot them up. So the position was ours at awful cost. We are down fifty per cent with 3 officers and 3 white sergeants only in the company. We then trudged on through the forest and kept on clearing small opposition as we went until we came to our objective, the Abyssinian road. It was now dark, we formed a tight perimeter and were miserably wet through no food and cold and all through the night they kept on attacking in small parties doing very little damage but making it dreadful. When the light came they were lying within 10 yards of us, as you can't see anything in the dark and thickness of the foliage. Well ... that is how it has been going on for a week in small battles going on everywhere with the awful smell of bodies all over the forest and now they broken. We have got a lot of prisoners and their native troops are deserting pretty fast. They have gone backwards 10 miles to a crossroads or rather 3 roads converge. We are advancing on all sides, after that the road to Addis from Nairobi is clear and our job practically completed of course. There is Germany to be dealt with yet. This place is called Uaddara and the battle will be known by that name. I believe I have been given a mention in dispatches but don't tell anyone as it has not been

published yet. Anyhow I don't want anything just to get through with a whole skin is my one dream."

Indeed he was mentioned in dispatches which was recorded in a Supplement to *The London Gazette* on 26 June 1942, which stated "The King has been graciously pleased to approve the following Mentioned in recognition of gallant and distinguished services in the Middle East during the period July 1941 to October 1941". Also included in the notice was Lt K. A. Sinclair of the Southern Rhodesia Regiment, attached to the Gold Coast Regiment, as well as one European officer (Capt. Temp. Maj. H. P. Fowler) and ten African non-commissioned men from the Gold Coast Regiment.

After Uaddara

Following the Battle of Uaddara, the 2nd Battalion were to pursue the enemy northwards through the high mountain ranges of Abyssinia. There is not much written about this pursuit, but the letters of Don give a flavour of the problems encountered.

19 May 1941—"Daily it is so damp and cold and wet here when it's not raining it is dripping and of course the thick forest never dries and is getting right into our bones. With all our campaigning I suppose we are about the toughest crowd of mortals going, food is very short owing to the state of the roads which are slippery and the Italians blowing it up. You might not believe it but the other night it literally frozen solid all night and with only a shirt and shorts on. I lay down on the ground and slept like a top till 4 am when the cold set and got up like a sponge thoroughly refreshed. I expect you wonder why we do all this but after the last battle of Uaddara, which I told you about, the Italian is really on the run. He thought he was impregnable there and now he is in full flight. We are chasing him up these tremendous mountain sides, we are at 9 000 feet. ... he put the most tremendous road blocks down, these enormous trees across and huge holes blown in the road. We cut our way in the forest along the side of the road very very slowly with our eyes straining out of our head as he leaves light machine gun points on the side with which he lets fly with as soon as he sees you and then runs and the one who fires first wins, usually us thank heavens as the officers do it with a tommy gun. We are all quiet as mice and have learnt what he does now and generally get round his back. It is a bit too exciting for me and leave one rather overstrained ...

22 May 1941—"Am feeling absolutely foul today with my finger which is in a hell of a mess with a frightful kind of hard thing in it and it is all swollen, and burst with flesh standing up all round and when the African dresser probes about it I nearly pass out.

It still rains and rains and we are still in the forests going up the roads, getting stuck and progressing slowly. Lots of prisoners coming in, also guns etc. and now the road from Addis to Nairobi is open ... No further news about leave. I won't be able to make the convoy from Nairobi at the end of the month as there are not sufficient days left to get there but it is bound to come soon as I am first on the list. New officers are slowly

catching us up. I expect we shall be garrisoning these captured places for a bit of course. There is still Gimma and Gonda to go but hope not much longer. It is silly of the Italians not to pack up altogether and save life as he knows he's got to go in the end, as he is completely cut off from all communications. But some Italians are brave men and what they have been through in their campaign is dreadful. At times I feel very sorry for them. They all seem to be loathing Hitler and won't say much about Mussolini. Had such a nice prisoner in the other day, just a boy a few years older than Anthony filled with the horrors of war, and, although he might be shot, taking it like a man and past caring. When we gave him some hot tea and I split my ration with him, he was nearly in tears with gratitude and so was I. He spoke most perfect English and knew nothing of what was happening outside his own little sphere of war. They have wirelesses but have been fed with such preposterous lies that they won't listen now. Of course wondering what has happened to all his relatives. ...
31 May 1941, letter to his sons—"We are getting heaps and heaps of Italian prisoners and a scruffy looking lot they are but they have had a very rough time, no shelter and always on the march through these heavy rains. We have been chasing them all the time. They mostly have enormous beards and their hair is as long as a woman's. We go out chasing them and when they see us they generally surrender. But there is a tremendous amount to be taken yet and expect they will make another stand yet. Their one great fear is the Gold Coast soldier who they think cut everyone's throats—a great mistake. It rains all the time here, now we make little tents out of ground sheets and you creep under them like a rabbit. I have to leave my legs outside as they are too long..."
9 June 1941—"Am starting a letter to you but don't know when it will get posted as the Army Post Office is nowhere near us. I am sitting in my greatcoat and a mackintosh underneath there is a jersey, shirt and vest and simply shivering although it is 11am. The cold here is colossal, we are up at 10 500 ft and covered with cloud and mist most of the day. It is always raining and our so called tents made from Italian ground sheets leak like sieves. The change from Somaliland is colossal. So altogether am not enjoying life. Prisoners and armaments are being collected without much worry. We are across the river now but the *wops* remain a quite considerable force are returning to the hills and will not surrender and just keeping us employed. Although the rank and file are only too ready to surrender according to the prisoners, but the old commander won't—curse him No further news about leave, don't know when it will come off now as we are such a long way from anywhere. Roads are pretty appalling, forced us to march a lot. 20 miles a day is no joke in this altitude and rain. It's such a contrast in a short time where we used to prey for water, we now curse it. What a life! ..."

"During June, 1941, it was the melancholy task of the Gold Coast Brigade to locate and round up those scattered bands of disorganised Italian units. With the 1st Battalion Gold Coast stationed in the Uando-Dalle area and the 2nd and 3rd at Soddu, the work of patrolling and securing the prisoners went ahead as quickly as weather conditions

would allow. There was little resistance on the part of the enemy. Completely exhausted after weeks of trudging over an inhospitable countryside with bands of pitiless Shufta swooping like vultures on their flanks, the Italians were only too glad for the opportunity to surrender. Their plight was desparate".

> 12 July, 1941—"Another nauseating week passed with nothing to do except gawp at prisoners, it really is a ghastly existence. The only news about my leave is that the Brigadier is on his and I have to wait until he gets back from his before he can grant it. Heaven knows when he will come back. I just want to get away from the awful *****, they drive us all crazy. Sick to death of them, you know how I love them anyhow, but getting on for 2 years cheek by jowl with them, I could murder easily. We are still sitting in the same filthy *kia* and it still rains every day, damp and beastly, it really is ghastly. They are recruiting prisoners taken by us to serve with Abyssinian Army. So it shows how much the old **** really cares. ... I have a big flea bite, the flea taken out badly and all turning septic of course. Ones blood is in terrible condition with all the bad food. So everything goes wrong. I have now trained 30 natives to ride mules and as a flying troop if any trouble come quickly. They ride the most enormous mules and I a pony, but there is not much for us to do now, so sit and wait in boredom.
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> 29 July 1941—"I got two letters from you and was pleased to get them after six weeks of nothing, put a new complexion on life. There is no further news on leave, it is maddening. At present I am in charge of a big prisoner camp which is much larger than any under anyone else. Just enough to do to keep me busy, and nice to have other officers with me. Have a very big hut as a mess, another each for our bedrooms. So am more comfortable than I have been all the war. So no doubt we shall move from here as we always do as soon as things look better!"

On 3 August 1941—Don assumed command and payment of D company 2nd Battalion Gold Coast Regiment, and for the period 10–22 August he was granted powers of a detachment commander. On 23 August he was transferred back to the 2nd Battalion.

> 15 August, 1941—"Have changed places a bit since last writing and have not spent much time practising this typing. In the course of wandering spent the night in Addis and was not impressed, filthy dirty place, narrow native streets and pokey little shops. In the little time I had I hunted for stamps for Ar but no luck, as most of them had been already bought but will look again when I go through on my leave, which must come off soon. All the rest are staying there except my crowd, bad luck as food and accommodation is good.
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> Since writing this last word (good) a lot has happened as at the moment the local political officer rushed in and said there was rioting in the village between the irregular troops and the newly raised Abyssinian police and would I turn out my soldiers to try and stop it. I have never seen such cold blooded murdering as these chaps go in for. Poor harmless villagers are just shot down as they tried to get out of the way of these drunk,

fanatically mad irregulars. They drink a locally made spirit called *tej* which make them worse. But anyhow they live for killing anyone and anything: a foul crowd. We took position in a square with fixed bayonets and my chaps behaved themselves as I didn't dare start a three side battle unless we were attacked ourselves. Anyhow the show of force did it and they slowly quietened down. We spent a restless night with odd shots and bombs going off and then picked up 11 dead and don't know how many wounded. I have seen lots of men killed in battle but nothing so horrible as defenceless men, women and children shot down for blood lust & shall always hate the Abyssinians now.

... Heavens knows when I shall get my next mail from you being detached from the rest of the battalion & miles apart, haven't had any since the last big batch.... Have motored round a lot of this country lately & still think it is grand in always except the towns and vile inhabitants."

24 August 1941—"Another terribly dull week dragged on, only thing that has happened is that I am now in an old Italian house instead of a tent, which is just as well as it has started to rain again but no further riots. We have a doctor, a Rhodesian policeman, a political officer & ourselves all under one roof, all bored to tears. I'm sleeping out on the veranda part as I loathe these small bedrooms. I am used to the open air now. Have had no further mail from you for three weeks now but we are so far from anything in this hole. Had the most extraordinary robbery two days ago, I woke up in the morning & went to get some clean clothes from my box and found the whole thing gone. Called over the sergeant-major to send search parties out, about 20 yards away in the bush they found it, everything had been turned upside down. The only thing missing was my blue photo frame of the two children and yourself, and razor blades and great coat. Everything else intact. I am furious at losing the photos especially as I had just arranged to have them sent to Addis where there is an Italian prisoner who does portraits from photos in chalk very well, all the others are back with the rest of my heavy luggage. What an extraordinary thing to take, I think it must have been one of our own soldiers selling things one by one, as an Abyssinian would have taken the lot right away. For what I did get back I am truly thankful, as everything I possessed was there, including the green dog which I should have been very frightened if I had lost, the big coat is a serious affair as it is very cold at night in this country. Also one of my pistols was taken.

I have been presented with an old Italian Fiat one ton lorry, it doesn't look very grand as the seats have bust & the lights hang out in front and only one floorboard. Tyres like paper but still I am very proud of it and offer people lifts which are generally refused as it involved a lot of pushing. They are getting to know it. I went out to a deserted farm near here to try and find some vegetables. To my surprise found a large house, nearly all the furniture had been taken by the natives. But the gardens were full of flowers and got some lettuces, beetroots, celery and joy of all things—potatoes. It really must have been lovely before the war as thousands of flowers of all kinds & nicely laid out with a perfect view of

the mountains. In the farm there were about a dozen pigs all very thin, some native cattle with an imported bull. A brand new mealie sheller just like ours, never been used. Extraordinary for an Italian place as they are usually badly done and filthy, he must have run for his life from the natives who of coarse up and killed everyone as soon as they knew the Italians were beaten. Let's hope he got away as he was a decent kind of chap I am sure. It seems such a pity for all that work to be put into a place and then left to the locals to destroy. But it was quite an adventure for me. ... There is no further news about the leave yet they really are swine as some of the regular soldiers have been twice since we wretched Rhodesians have been, The hatred is very acute again and they deserve it ... two years is an awfully long time to be away which it will be by the time my leave comes through, if I had known I should never have come but really am lucky to be alive & out of the fighting at the moment, long may it remain so ... Main grouse at the moment is having no cigarettes but have bought some Italian brandy made of wood alcohol, poison but something to drink. We can eat no fresh meat here as all the cattle are diseased & thin as rakes, but managing to get a few eggs which is nice. Everything else out of a tin, the main conversation at meals is what we would like to eat but my tummy can stand anything these days but am beginning to feel and break is essential and as others get tired very easily and can't do long marches we used to—lack of vitamins I am told.
What a lovely long letter I have written all about nothing. I have nothing to do here which makes the days seem terribly long just waiting for this leave to come through."
2 September, 1941—"Another week slowly passing, mostly spent in beautifying our house which really looks very nice. It is a big building that used to belong to the Italian commandant of this place. An enormous living room, five big bedrooms & two bathrooms, a very nice kitchen & a really lovely garden which I am slowly unearthing from the weeds of months. There are tons of flowers both English and tropical and I have prisoners clearing it. All flowers seem to do wonderfully well here as it rains most afternoons in a decent way. Also I put up a *teniquoit* of wire and made a rope *quoit*. In fact our surroundings are better than I have been in all the war, although there is nothing to do in this place. I am thankful to have a roof and civilised house to be in, and clean. The last lots of stamps I put in the last letter I picked up on the floor of an Italian mission church, where I had gone to look for vegetables. An amazing place, made of pole and *dagga* still full of plaster figures, and brass lamps and a small wooden house where this missionary used to live. He must have been very poor as there was just the roughest necessities of life. Got a few old beans and some stewing peaches, but what a life to live, miles away from anywhere and at any moment might be murdered by natives. So some odd reason they had left this place alone.
(next day) ... Yesterday for some unknown reason my small photo case

was returned, I was pleased as I really valued it. I have sent it off to Addis so that prisoner of war I was telling you about in my last letter can do them. Yesterday I went out to try and find an American that was reputed to be in the district, got stuck in a river, bogged twice and never found anything—a beastly day ... We were presented with a young bull yesterday, first fresh meat we have had in a month—hard as a devil but the boy lambasts it with a stone, also no mincer which is a pity. It is a terrific ordeal getting up in the morning, pinning ones clothes together literally going about in rags, long since given up pyjamas. ... The Ahmeric people up here have other tribes as their slaves who are the most dejected lot I have ever seen, wear only an old bit of hide. When you pass them they throw their hands in the air and bow about ten times and look thoroughly frightened. You can imagine what being a slave is like, they are simply bumped off and killed when ever their master has a row with someone else. The women when they see a lorry coming run away into the bushes just like animals and have to carry enormous loads to the native market. Look much worse than the lot I saw in Kenya, far more down trodden, while their lords and masters are dressed up to kill. Also their women have their hair done up in a coiffure on top of their heads with the front shaved. Really looks rather nice for the natives, and wear long white robes always spotlessly clean, but all have a sickly smell attached to them. So when I go down to the market place I am nearly sick, and thousands of flies buzz around the whole time"

23 September 1941—"I haven't been able to get a letter off to you last week as I have been moving up and down the country until I am sick and tired and fed up with it. Now I am sitting at a filthy little station waiting for a lorry convoy which picks me up to go on leave at last. So in about 6–8 weeks time dearest I shall be home if I survive the journey. When we start I don't know as the rain keeps on washing away the roads. It will take 24 days from Addis to Nairobi if we are lucky, and then down to Rhodesia and you. An awful journey but well worth it. ... this morning all my company left by en route to the Gold Coast, and mighty glad I was to see the last of them. So I really am coming home, if slowly..."

1 October 1941—"I have started out on leave to come back to you once, but now I am back with the battalion again. The party was coming through Kenya from Addis Ababa but the night before we started a cloud burst over some part of the road, and it could take a month to get it repaired again. So we have had to go back and catch up with the regiment again who had left for British Somaliland prior to embarkation. So we shall sail round to Durban, where all Rhodesians are getting 28 days leave. So darling you can expect me sometime November, of course I can't give you exact dates. ... I had the most amazing train journey on the Abyssinia fire railway. The engine runs on wood, which we ran out of and everyone had to go for miles over very desert country picking up what odd sticks there were. Pulling up hills it goes in a series of small jerks, first stops gets up a bit of steam then gives a tremendous jerk and stops again. We were 35 hours late to our destination Dire Dawa. We

> then went on to Harar on a most amazing bit of road, beautifully built up an enormous escapement. A tremendous feat of work. Spent a couple of nights in Harer, a small place with quite a decent hotel taken over as a mess by us of course. Then chased on up over the Monda Pass, another wonderful bit of engineering and grand country to come through. Finally caught up in this present spot, where we are all congregating to finally move off. So as you can imagine I have had a strenuous week of travelling and full of *veldt* sores and disappointment as, if things had gone well should be have been back by now. Although would not have got such a long leave and that tremendous journey from Addis to Salisbury sitting in the back of a lorry would most probably killed me especially as the lorries had no hoods and the sun in the NFD tremendously hot..."

Don eventually embarked on HMT Hellas for the first part of his journey home on 1 November 1941, and the following day he was promoted to Acting-Captain. On arriving at Durban, he was granted the 28 days leave that he had been waiting for. It had been just over two years since he had left Salisbury on the train that took him down to Simonstown, and from there to West and East Africa.

"The Nigerians will not readily forget the tough struggles at Marda and the Omo River nor the Gold Coast the stern fight at Bulo Erillo and dismal days at Wadera."

After East Africa

Don Brakspear, now an Acting-Captain, returned to the Gold Coast in January 1942, and was immediately sent on a training course in Nigeria. The training course lasted for two months; one letter indicates how he detested it, mainly because of being treated like school children. He returned to the Gold Coast in April, presumably to the 2nd Battalion. But on 14 May he was admitted to hospital and there a series of letters from the Defence Headquarters of the Southern Rhodesian from 30 May to 7 November, informed my grandmother that following an operation for appendicitis he was on the "seriously ill" list, moving to "dangerously ill" for the whole of June. There are no letters for the period from 26 June to 4 September, when she was advised that Don had moved from the "dangerously ill and seriously ill" lists and was progressing satisfactorily. The last letter was in November when Molly was informed that Don was much improved. According to his military records he had an appendectomy followed amoebiasis of the abdomen wall following gangrene of the lower ilium. With a medical description such as this, no wonder he was in such critical condition.

Don did write one letter home dated 3 September in which he says "heavens knows how long it is since I have written to you but at present can't get things quite straight but no doubt they will come ... I expect you know it is an appendix I have had. What a stupid thing to go and get in war time, anyhow this is a topping hospital ... I simply cannot remember what has happened or where I have been in this war at all, but expect it will all come back with a bang."

In November 1942 he was admitted to the Baragwanath Medical Hospital, Johannesburg, a facility set up in 1941 for convalescing British and Commonwealth soldiers. He was discharged from there on 10 June 1943. What happened to him following his discharge is not easy to disseminate, but he was not to rejoin the Gold

Captain Don Brakspear (Gold Coast Regiment insignia)

Coast Regiment and took no further part in the war.

The Gold Coast Regiment was to move to Ceylon in 1944 and took part in the third Arakan Campaign in Burma in December that year.

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A trip down Zimbabwe's Gourmet Lane

by Llewellyn Hughes

This is the transcript of Llew Hughes' talk to the HSZ on 17 June 2018.
During the 1970's our country was engaged in an independence struggle and most of the males were involved in some form of compulsory military service. I noticed the norm was that, once we had finished a tour of duty, most of us initially got drunk with the same mates we had spent a long time together with and then took our girlfriends / wives and families out for a meal. The four most popular restaurants in 1978 were run by an Italian (Da Guido) a Greek (Akropolis), a Portuguese (Pinors) and an Irishman (the Hunting Lodge). None of whom were involved in the struggle. Along with a friend, Dave Haslehurst, we embarked on opening a restaurant owned by locals. We bought the Cossack Steakhouse in Fife Avenue and reopened it as the Clovagalix Restaurant in February 1979. The name Clovagalix was derived from the Asterix comics and was a play on the words : "a clove of garlic".

The first restaurant in the then-named Salisbury was opened up in (Robert Mugabe) Manica Road and was called POCKET'S GRILL – this restaurant subsequently moved to (Jason Moyo) Stanley Avenue next to the department store Haddon and Sly. Manica Road was quite a dangerous place to own a restaurant. Over the years the PINK PANTHER had a petrol bomb thrown in it, Mr Kee of the BAMBOO INN was found hanging in his cold room and THE KANGAROO TEA ROOM at 82 Manica Road suffered from a bomb placed in the Zanu-PF headquarters. The MANDARIN Chinese Restaurant, being on the Mezzanine floor, survived all the action. If I use Manica Road as my starting point and go up towards the then (now Samora Machel) Jameson Avenue the first restaurant one would come to had chairs placed on the pavement with patrons sitting almost in the car park. This was the WISE DONKEY (and this of course has become the norm in coffee shops around the world). You then came to H. M. BARBOUR which had a wonderful restaurant on the 3rd floor, where in my younger days my Granny took us for a treat – scones and hot cross buns being our favourite tea. This was in the early 60's and this restaurant was the first business establishment to initiate eco-cash; if you remember, one put the money for the bill in an air capsule and sent it to the accounts department, in today's language "air" becoming "eco". Across the road from BARBOUR'S was another departmental store called SANDER'S which housed the BIRDCAGE. I remember going there with mates to watch the ladies model their range of clothes. Names I remember were Ashley Crichton, Sue Friend and Lynn Hulley. Further up First Street a WIMPY was situated and other restaurants were the LOUNGE, the RHODIAN and NATIE'S GRILL which was owned by body-builder Bert Nathan. At the end of First Street was the BOMBAY DUCK owned by Tug Wilson. He later sold it

to Tom Swift whose granddaughter Chantal Boshi now owns the SPICE TRADER with her husband Hamish.

There were various steak houses around the city centre, the ones I remember best being the ARIZONA, the RENDEZVOUS, the GEORGIAN GRILL and SIZZLERS. There were also several ethnic restaurants in the area. LA PIZZERIA was owned by Sherrol who later moved into the City Park. DA GUIDO was famous for its pasta and T-bone and a free orange for dessert – one never received a bill, with patrons paying the owner an estimated amount as they exited the restaurant. Next to the State Lotteries hall was situated DEMI'S RESTAURANT and across (Leopard Takawira) Moffat Street was an arcade where the GREEK TAVERNA, COVERED WAGON and the popular HOMEGROWN restaurant each had a turn plying their trade. Janice Roberts of the HOMEGROWN to this day is still in the restaurant trade. Further into the 'cows' guts' as it was called, was the COPACABANA Portuguese restaurant specialising in peri-peri chicken and prawns. The owner of this establishment got divorced and his wife and daughter became the first owners of COIMBRA restaurant then opened CASCAIS and now the daughter is the owner of the popular PAULA'S restaurant in Greendale. On (Julius Nyerere) Kingsway were the ever-popular SANDRO'S and EROS TAVERNA. Behind the Holiday Inn was the TAVERN ATHENA owned by Mano Babiolakis who now owns a restaurant in Bahrain.

We have all at some time visited the Linquenda Arcade, (business-wise for passport related matters) in the basement of which was the CIVIL SERVICE CLUB which became CLUB TOMORROW and then ARCHIPELAGO and, on the first floor was the MOKADOR TEA ROOM a favoured late-night spot. There were several restaurants in the Avenues including CLOVAGALIX which I have already mentioned. CLOVAGALIX became famous for its Wednesday night sing-along type entertainment. Entertainers included the likes of Tim & Pat Sherry, Fraser Mackay, Paul Edwards, Robbie Kroeger, Bud Cockcroft and the long standing, ever-popular Graham Hall amongst others. Also, in Fife Avenue was the CARVERY restaurant and OLD DUBLIN Bar which was initially owned by Brian Horgan and then Brian Da Quino. This venue had a terrible incident in the early 1980's when a deranged soldier positioned himself at the top of the stairs on Christmas Day and shot at passers-by killing two people. ALEXANDERS (Bill & Irene Beckett), COIMBRA (Tony Simoes), VILLA PERI / POINTE, SPAGOS / MAMMA MIA / FAT MAMMAS (Nick & Annette Kalamatis) were all popular outlets. COIMBRA still exists and remains as popular as ever.

Suburban restaurants were DELHI PALACE (Bob & Nikki), THE SITAR (Kieran), BEEFEATER (John Lashbrook), THE CELLAR, NICKS/HIGH CHAPPERAL, AKROPOLIS (Spiro Vlismis, Ian Robertson, Terry Rossiter), LE FRANCAIS (Rodger Seegmuller), TAVERN BACCHUS (Joan Botha), ADRIENNE's (Barrett Family), CASA MIA, THE LIGHTHOUSE, ALO ALO (Adrienne and Lesley), APHRODITE (Jimmy), KEG & SABLE (Ian Miller), BISTRO, The HOWFF (Peter Morrison & Jerome Van Niekerk), LEONARDOS (Daniel Marini) and EL CASTILLIAN to name but a few. Mention must be made of WOMBLES restaurant – it began as the Borrowdale Tea Cosy in Foley Court and became known as a place where elderly police reservists on nightwatch would pop in for an Irish coffee or two. They became

known as The Wombles and the name passed to the restaurant. It then moved behind the Village into a suburban house which was subsequently knocked down and initially turned into a bowling alley and is now the Spar. Wombles moved to Ballantyne Park where it became MILLERS GRILL and is now CORKIE'S pub & restaurant. Borrowdale Tea Cosy became Café Med until 2010 when Millers Café was built, and it now houses Garfunkel's Grill. DV8 in Groombridge was initiated by the manager of DEMI's restaurant which, as mentioned before, was near the State Lotteries building. He wanted Northern suburb residents to 'deviate' to Groombridge instead.

Over the years there were many fine restaurants that were located in hotels around the city. MEIKLES HOTEL still houses the longest standing restaurant which is LA FONTAINE which began in 1958. In December 2018 it celebrates its 60th anniversary and the hotel will commemorate this with a re-incarnation of the 1958 menu. I urge all to try attend this wonderful occasion.

The Ambassador (BIRD & BOTTLE), the Courtney (L'ESCARGOT), Windsor (The COLONY and LINCOLN ROOM), Monomatapa (12 000 HORSEMAN and BALI HAI), Jameson (TIFFANY'S). Other hotels were the Oasis, Beverly Rocks, George, Kamfinsa Park, Highlands Park, Parklane, Red Fox, Kentucky and the Quorn.

There were of course late-night joints the GREMLIN, BLUE GARDENIA, YELLOW ORCHID and MADEIRA / MAPLE LEAF and ROSE BOWL. We had fun at The Gremlin with the sign in the carpark which read Flick your lights for service. A nominated scoundrel would run out and join two of the letters together and we would drive away roaring with laughter.

During my 40 years in the trade I have had several partners, including Dave Haslehurst and Patrick Murphy, Danie & Irma Reitz, David Lake & Roy Wentzel, Kevin O'Brien, Sue Ziehl, Ant Berens & Peta Evans, Ian Miller and presently Rob Davenport and his Garfunkel's Team.

I have survived 4 Presidents, 3 fires, 2 marriages and 1 highly flammable plastic chip fryer!

Finally, I would like to acknowledge my fellow restaurateurs Attilio Viggoretti, Sherrol Hickey, Keith Boshi, Mrs & Mrs Kilinkoss, Daniel Marini, The Bray Family, Tim Wilson and Amanda Wessels to name but a few.

As it is Father's Day I leave you with a bit of advice. If your children want to go into my trade I suggest you say to them "if you want to see your face – look in the mirror. But if you want to see your arse buy a restaurant!"

Llewellyn Hughes

P.S. : A special thanks to John Dawson and Stan Higgins who helped me compile this trip down gourmet lane.

A little bit about Llew

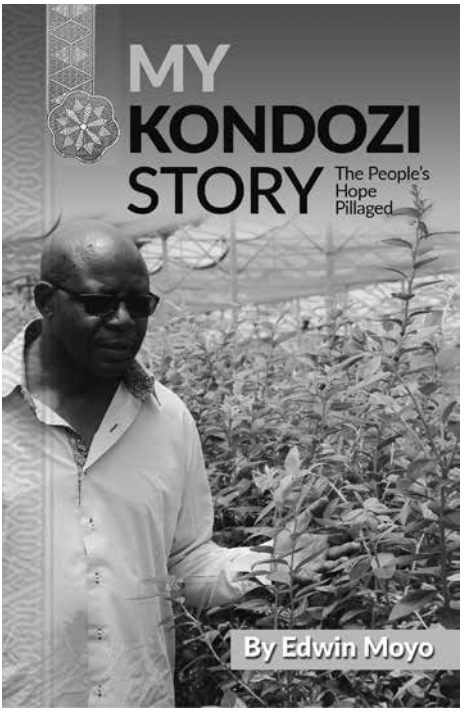
Whilst Llew's great reputation as a restaurateur goes back to 1978, he's also a celebratory raconteur, earning him the nickname "BBC" (Borrowdale Broadcasting Corporation). He guarantees that there is 'an element of truth' in all his stories. Besides his encyclopaedic knowledge of cricket, he was previously the owner of Clovagalix Restaurant, in the Fife Avenue shopping centre and contributed to the National GDP by keeping several generations of firemen gainfully employed!

Book Review: My Kondozi Story - Edwin Moyo

by Paul Hubbard

Moyo, Edwin. 2016.
My Kondozi Story. The people's hope pillaged.
Harare:
Edwin Moyo.
xvii+174 pages.
ISBN: 978-0-7974-6945-7.
Price: US$10.

This a wonderfully angry polemic. Edwin Moyo, a former journalist and now successful businessman and investor in the agricultural sector has put pen to paper to record his version of events regarding one of the most devastating farm takeovers in a country inundated with such stories. In contemporary Zimbabwe it is easy to allow such tales to devolve into racial stereotypes but I would like to state - without prejudice - that it is refreshing to have perspective from a black commercial farmer whose experience is all at once familiar and yet so different.



After a foreword and preface, the book begins with an account of Moyo's first career as a journalist where he relates his experiences reporting on certain Zimbabwean and Frontline State matters with a devilish relish. As is standard with such biographical anecdotes, meetings with presidents, politicians and famous people dominate discussion with a chance for a few moments of "told you so!" or "I was right all along!" scattered throughout. Personal favourites are the stories of working for Coca Cola in the late 1980s (p.40-41) and the story of "the wrath of the gods" (p.94-96).

The book really only begins on page 50 and the next ten chapters deal with the invasion, takeover and degradation of Kondozi Estate and its

operations. Moyo does not shy away from naming and implicating senior politicians and civic leaders in the looting and chaos that accompanied the destruction of a once-profitable enterprise. There are gaps in the story, such as how the partnership with the De Klerk family was actually founded and where the capital for the various projects discussed throughout was sourced - important details to ensure the transparency Moyo so obviously craves. The stories of poverty, loss of assets, employment destruction, and lack of continued development on the farm are all too familiar and need not be discussed further.

Irritating is the fact that Moyo will occasionally quote other reports or articles without ever providing the necessary bibliographic details for cross-checking. There is no escaping the fact that the text could have benefitted from an editor and reviewer before it was printed. The shifting chronology and geography are confusing to follow in the narration. The book, when it appeared, was panned in the local press, most of whom chose to focus on the production quality of the book without really engaging with the content in any meaningful manner. While there are minor errors throughout, these can perhaps be excused by the virtue of the fact that this self-published book is an intensely personal account, written in the heat of the moment. As such, it will form a valuable first-hand account of the land re-distribution exercise for future historians, especially in capturing the emotion, anger, confusion, and despair of the time.

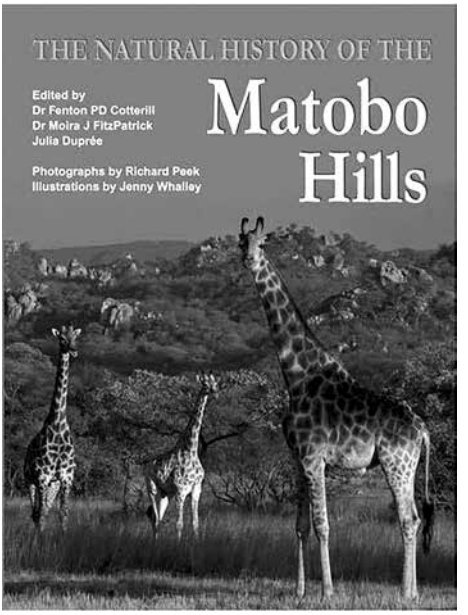
I knew very little about the Kondozi saga before reading this book, and now I almost wish that I did not. One of the greatest tragedies in Zimbabwe is the theft of the future from so many people through ill-conceived plans and greedy power-grabs. There is hope and, as the book ends, Moyo proves that in his renewed business efforts in Rollex Zimbabwe and the growth of his business efforts in the region. Vilified and derided, Zimbabweans such as Moyo keep moving forward despite the best efforts of certain of our leaders.

The Natural History of the Matobo Hills - Cotterill, Fitzpatrick and Dupree

by Paul Hubbard

Cotterill, F.P.D., Fitzpatrick, M.J. & Duprée, J. (eds) 2018.
The Natural History of the Matobo Hills.
Bulawayo: The Matobo Conservation Society & The Biodiversity Foundation for Africa.
SBN: 978-0-7974-9815-0.
Price: US$30.

The Matobo Hills are the spiritual heart of Matabeleland, and arguably the nation of Zimbabwe. Home to humans for millennia, the archaeological and historical aspects of this rugged area have been well studied, with at least 20 books detailing aspects from the Stone Age to modern politics. It is the human history that holds an intense, personal fascination for me, albeit within the setting of one of the most incredible environmental backdrops in the world. Until now, if one wanted to know about the plants, wildlife, lichens, arachnid and insect world, one had to consult a plethora of journal articles or own a substantial library of identification guides, none specific to the area. The appearance of this book, over a decade in production limbo, is to be warmly welcomed by all who know and love the magic of the Matobo Hills. The sponsors of the production of this book, the Matobo Conservation Society, need to be lauded for bringing the information within to light.



After a brief introduction, the book begins with a chapter on the physical extent of the Matobo Hills area, making a case for a more generous definition than most people would appreciate. Rejecting man-made boundaries, Cotterill uses the extent of the drainage system to show the Matobo Hills "unit" covers a massive area, one ably covered by the generous boundaries of the World Heritage Site definition in 2003. The two chapters on the geology and geomorphology of the Matobo area, one by Cotterill, the other by Cotterill & Hartley, give useful background to the evolution of this outstanding landscape while aiding the amateur geologist to locate and

appreciate many features within the granite.

In 10 chapters, most penned (or revised) by leaders in their fields, the book introduces us to the wonders of the natural world, so often taken for granted by visitors: lichens, fungi, plants, flowers, birds, insects, arachnids, mammals, fish, butterflies, and herpetofauna. As a specialist guide in the area, this is all very useful to me simply because the area lacks the large mammals so beloved of visitors; one has to learn to focus on the smaller creatures and plants to entertain and educate our guests and this book will be a wonderful tool in this regard. Each of the chapters on a particular category includes a handy species checklist that will prove invaluable to researchers as a measure of biodiversity; I am convinced that more remains to be discovered. The coverage is variable, partially due to uneven research activities in the past, and perhaps also to the author's personal proclivities and space limitations. Parts of some chapters read like run of the mill identification guides, reproducible anywhere in southern Africa, and as such should have been made more specific to the Matobo Hills area.

The chapter covering lichens by Becker & Sharp is to be warmly welcomed as one of the only pieces of literature on the topic in English; this is one of the strongest contributions in the book. There is much to be leant about lichens and their role in the Matobo ecosystem, only hinted at in this fine contribution. McCausland & Timberlake's review of the flora of the Matobo Hills area is easily among the best in the book, not least because they repeatedly refer to specific locations or general biomes where the plants they discuss can be found. This makes for a much more relatable read. The only flaw in this chapter is the repetition of the myth relating to the pines planted near the MOTH shrine: these were merely another experimental plantation, not in any way related to the memorialisation of dead soldiers from WWI.

Minshull's chapter on the fish was a favourite to read, largely because his words capture some passion for the hills, while his research into aspects of piscine ecology shines through in fascinating ways, from notes on the water temperatures at certain dams to the erratic distribution of various species in local rivers. The same can be said of the late Ron Hartley's poetic take on the avifauna of the Matobo Hills, updated by Marshall and Mundy. Being immersed in the landscape as a researcher helps to expose the nuances in the behaviour and occurrence of the subject at hand, which can throw up anomalies or peculiarities unique to the area. This is certainly true for the brief sections on the Ground Hornbill, Verreaux Eagle, Oxpeckers and the Black Stork.

As an archaeologist, I personally would have liked to see the inclusion of a chapter tying together the natural and human worlds. The use of many plants, birds, animals, insects, etc, by humans throughout the history of the Matobo Hills is remarkable and diverse yet is barely mentioned in any of the chapters within this fine book. In addition the deleterious impact of an increasing human and domestic animal population on the fragile ecosystems within the hills is of serious concern. While the editors note that "this book has deliberately skirted the rich details of human history and archaeology" (p.1) as a sop to this sort of criticism, it is unavoidable that treating each in isolation is limiting in any attempt to create productive discussions around the conservation and appreciation of our natural heritage. Walker's (1995) groundbreaking thesis, apparently never mentioned in this book, is an excellent example of the interpretive, educative power of integrating ecological approaches to human history. The last chapter, "Ecology, Biodiversity and

Conservation" by Cotterill does discuss the impact and role of human stakeholders in the "Greater Matobo Ecosystem" but briefly and without much reference to current concerns and practices for the preservation of the hills.

As is common practice in books of this kind, it would have been helpful to include notes on the contributors; sadly, several have passed away between submitting their chapters and the appearance of the book, hinting at the difficult production process. The tone of the book is difficult to assess since it alternates between dense, dry scientific writing to that aimed at a non-specialist. A glossary of some of the more technical terms would have been a welcome addition. There are a few typos throughout the book while a few of the colour plates are unclear. Overall, the production quality is very good.

What is superbly revealed by this book is that the Matobo Hills are one of the most important biodiversity regions in southern Africa. A recent bibliography of publications about all aspects of the Matobo Hills, which I compiled in 2015, but which has not yet been published, had over 1,400 entries — only about 40% were to do with natural history.

What I hope is that this book will inspire is more research. More research into the natural history by people within Zimbabwe and from abroad. The legacy of previous researchers is a magnificent one, and future generations have an amazing foundation on which to build. This book provides a fine map to what has been achieved and hints at all that remains to be discovered.

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Kingdom, Power, Glory - Stuart Doran

by Paul Hubbard

Doran, Stuart. 2017.
Kingdom, Power, Glory: Mugabe, ZANU and the Quest for Supremacy 1960-1987.
Halfway House: Sithatha Press.
ISBN: 978-0-620-75293-0.
Price: US$25

Magisterial is not a word that I use lightly to describe a book, but Stuart Doran's seminal work on the period between 1960 to 1987 deserves this accolade and many more. Simply put there is not a single book to equal this wonderful tome, and, in the foreseeable future, there is unlikely to be anything to match it for insider knowledge.

The 1980s were the pivotal decade for setting the conditions for Zimbabwe's descent into darkness and turmoil. Rather than repeating the tired myth that the 1980s were a golden era for Zimbabwe after the successful conclusion of the liberation war, Doran ably shows, almost from the outset, how Zanu and its leadership set about entrenching themselves in power for personal gain. As presented here, there never was any loyalty to the democratic ideals of the liberation struggle and neither was there ever any compunction in deploying the most heinous of means to achieve total control. From nearly the moment of the party's founding, maintaining power and wealth were the key goals for Zanu's upper echelons, and nothing could stand in their way, not even the lives of tens of thousands of their citizens who had already sacrificed so much for the dream of freedom, from constant oppression and violence that has never come.

In the last days of Robert Mugabe's rule, civil society had begun to question much of the mythology of the man and his rise to power. As the factions in Zanu-PF became ever wider, spaces emerged for journalists, academics, researchers and citizens to revisit Zimbabwe's founding decade to explore the possible origins of the decay and destruction that have blighted the country from the late 1990s. Doran's book fits neatly into this contestation, providing crucial information for others to build upon. Starting in the 1960s, when the political elite of the 1980s began their careers, Doran explores the brutalities of the Rhodesian era and their possible effects on the thinking and strategies of the Zanu leadership as a method of retaining power and control. Such atrocities are perhaps the source of Mugabe's boast of leading a party with "degrees in violence" — in a warning to trade unionists before the countrywide strikes of 1998. It was not all Zanu in these early days either because Zapu, then ascendant, tried to crush their rivals several times before an uneasy detente was attained. Violence in thought, word and deed, was, and remains, an effective tool for control in this country.

Other than limited (but rigorous) studies on aspects of the labour movement,

education and resistance to apartheid, I feel that much of the production of the history of the 1980s has been glossed over in Zimbabwe. The subject of Gukurahundi has also been widely investigated but rarely from a professional historian's analytical view. This alone makes this book of exceptional value. When one delves into the politics and events of the 1980s, it perhaps becomes apparent why this period is relatively neglected. The chapter headings give an indication of the worsening situation in the country under Robert Mugabe's rule immediately after Independence. Subtitles such as "creating the machinery of a totalitarian state," "prelude to slaughter," "mass murder in Matabeleland North," "More of animals than human beings," "post-election vengeance" and "the Zapu surrender" tell the full story better than I can in this review. Doran names those involved in much of the planning of the violence and provides documentation of their involvement, almost good enough to justify opening a criminal docket in most parts of the world.

Deftly weaving his many sources together, Doran sets the story of the extreme violence in Matabeleland within its rightful context of the blighted endeavour for a one-party state by Zanu after 1980. What is shocking — but perhaps shouldn't be, given their usual and craven desire for expediency — is the implication of just how aware the British and other foreign governments were about the murders, torture, kidnappings and other gross human rights violations. Perhaps they were too focused on the (superficial) peaceful overtures to the white minority and were content to reap the rewards of "stability" after 15 years of discomfort caused by the same minority during the UDI era. Additionally, there was the fact of mollifying apartheid South Africa's transition to democracy to consider; confirmation of a brutal war just across the border would likely have hardened attitudes even more than they already were! The fact that Robert Mugabe was knighted in 1994 by John Major's government when the fact that he had initiated such savagery was well known to the UK authorities is a disturbing indicator of their lack of backbone: it was only rescinded in 2008 after the deaths of 12 white farmers under Mugabe's rule.

When discussing this book with people in Zimbabwe, many said they are shocked at how little they knew about what was happening in the country in the 1980s. One colleague said outright that he refused to accept that the government murdered at least 20,000 civilians during the "best years of his lifetime." If there are doubts about the sources of much of the disturbing information, there are 146 pages of densely referenced notes, with a further 12 pages of bibliography. Doran has made use of a plethora of primary documents in archives in South Africa, the UK, Canada, Australia and Zimbabwe, also conducting several interviews with key figures in the dark times described. I would suggest that he is also the first to make full use of access to key files from the Central Intelligence Organisation (CIO), to create his chilling narrative.

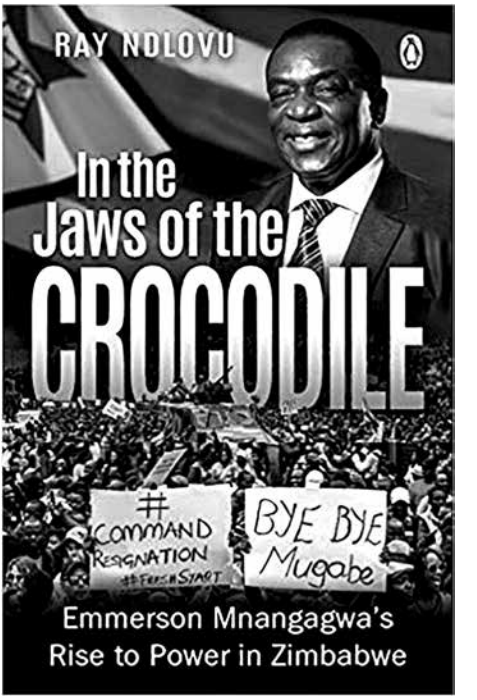
In a book of this size and scope, it is difficult to review it in appreciable brevity. I hope it will be widely read and widely used by academics, students and citizens. It is as fine a piece of investigative research as has ever been written and will stand as a monument to the power of history for providing understanding of the present. What Doran has unlocked here, as he says (p.x), "is in many ways, little more than a start— or more accurately an attempt to build on the work commenced by others" that will hopefully act as a stimulus to more study, debate and, in the end, healing for Zimbabwe's beleaguered citizens.

In the Jaws of the Crocodile - Ray Ndlovu

by Paul Hubbard

Ndlovu, Ray. 2018.
I*n the Jaws of the Crocodile: Emmerson Mnangagwa's Rise to Power in Zimbabwe*.
Cape Town: Penguin Books.
ISBN: 978-1-77609-348-9.
Price: US$20.

It is very difficult to be objective about a book written in the heat of the moment, with emotion so fresh and the story still underway. The current environment in which this review is being written in Zimbabwe is hardly conducive to a fair assessment of the events of November, 2017, which caused a sea-change in Zimbabwean politics. As I write in December, 2018, there are severe country-wide fuel shortages which have lasted months while the inflation rate is estimated at 160% year-on-year, accompanied by the disgustingly familiar shortages of basic necessities. All of this is a nauseating re-run of the previous two decades, minus the figure of Robert Mugabe at the helm. It brings into question the actual value of the events of a year ago and whether anything has changed other than launching many of the same old faces into new positions, exploiting a system they helped to build under the former president and now, seemingly set to continue under the incumbent.



For a book advertising the supply of the raw details of the ascension of Emmerson Dambudzo (ED) Mnangagwa to Zimbabwe's Presidency, it is surprising that we seldom get a real glimpse of the man himself in the pages. Like his moniker, "The Crocodile," the new leader of Zimbabwe emerges only sporadically from the depths of the story while family, acolytes and political players carry the brunt of the narrative of November 2017, which, in less than a year, has already been told and retold,

shaped to fit the already-familiar and narrow outlook of the "New Dispensation." There is good reason to doubt some aspects of the stories presented in the 20 chapters of the book, not least because of the constant reinvention of the past by the current winners. For example, the story of a convoy of 30 expensive SUVs and other vehicles awaiting to collect ED from Lanseria Airport may be true, but a more critical look would have also raised the spectre of over-enthusiasm in the retelling, in light of the conviction of tax fraudster, Justice Maphosa, the leader of the Big Time Strategic Group South Africa (see *The Sunday Mail* 11/02/2018) who is the subject of Chapters 5 and 6.

There are many useful sections in this book for future researchers, not least the verbatim reproduction of several key speeches and press releases in those heady days, such as S.B. Moyo's speech in the early hours of 15 November, 2017 (p.89), Simon Khaya-Moyo's dismissal of Mnangagwa (p.115) or the new President's statements in exile (p.130-133 and p.22-26). Such are invaluable for capturing the mood of the moment. The timeline (p. xv-xvii) was a fun trip down memory lane although curiously there is no mention of Mnangagwa's historic journey over the border into Mozambique on 7 November, 2017.

The book, in a way, is desperate to show itself as a definitive account, which it could have been, had the author gathered more from interviews with the President and perhaps asked harder questions. Mnangagwa is the subject of Chapter 18 but there are no direct quotes from the man himself to corroborate some of the more outlandish stories in the book or to provide any new details of the planning of the coup and its execution. Neither is there any decent effort by the author to explore the cruel past of the man who now rules Zimbabwe, showing a slavish adherence to the "let bygones be bygones" mantra, which is of no use to anyone who has experienced 40 years of Zanu-PF's government-backed violence and neglect. The civilian killings of 1 August, 2018, are mentioned but then brushed aside in favour of ED's hagiography.

Chapters 3 and 4 are the most thrilling of the book, covering as they do, the dramatic events from ED's firing to his epic walk across the border into the comparative safety of Mozambique. It is a disjointed narrative in some ways as the author allows the different participants to tell their own story without attempting to marry discrepancies. Some details have the air of the fantastical, such as the payment of US$4,000 to border guards in Mozambique (p.46) while the fugitives were supposedly also receiving cooperation from security officials? As an aside, the varied details of large cash payments in foreign currencies (e.g. p.46, p.95) to certain actors in the drama, are interesting because of the light they shine on the unequal access to forex by the Zimbabwean elite when compared to that of the average citizen living with shortages of real currencies from mid-2016.

Most jarring is the presentation of the success of the coup as inevitable. I do not agree with the implied assertion throughout that Mnangagwa was pre-ordained to lead the country. Neither do I agree with Ndlovu's acceptance of the new political narrative that Robert Mugabe was never a worthwhile leader during the liberation struggle (p.111-112). The overall narrative naively presents Mnangagwa's victory as assured while failing to acknowledge the perfect storm of external and internal factors mixed with luck and a bold grab for power built on a strong relationship with the real kingmakers, the military generals. As Robert Mugabe also exploited from 1974 and later!

Inadvertently perhaps, in Chapter 10, Ndlovu highlights one of the greatest tragedies

of November, 2017: the conflation in the minds of the leadership of the support and celebration over the removal of Robert Mugabe as President with support for the military's illegitimate and direct interference in political processes. That the two are not synonymous is revealed when Farai Mlotshwa states: "The mood was ripe and everybody wanted Mugabe to go. If there is anything that united Zimbabweans, it was just that one fact that all of us wanted him gone, including the rest of the world. So even if it had been a military coup in the sense that it is defined conventionally, I don't think that the world would have condemned it… they would have found a way to normalise the situation" (p.103). The massive marches countrywide on 18 November gave the military a welcome veneer of legality in their unconstitutional actions as did the manner in which they handled the [ostensible] transfer of power back into civilian hands, but it is a hugely worrying precedent. The military leadership may now continue to feel emboldened to act if they do not approve of the political direction of the country. This is the lurking worry that Ndlovu chooses to ignore in his account of the events of that time: the military chimera has been released and may never be controlled again.

It is perhaps unfair to expect an "immediate history", such as that presented in this book, to be able to answer any of these criticisms. From the outset it is clear that Ndlovu is determined to avoid many difficult questions, instead being content to seek out those involved in different aspects of the coup-that-was-never-a-coup and almost uncritically present their stories, as contradictory and unbelievable as they occasionally are. This use of multiple voices is exemplary but could have been compelling with better nuanced questions to those involved on all sides.

While reading, it was tempting to dismiss this book as a cash-grab by the author and publisher, but there is meat to this tale, even if one often feels like one is fishing for fact. I do not believe that the author intended this book to be an account to be evaluated as one would a historical memoir compiled from many sources over several years of study. But I have done so because I believe that *In the Jaws of the Crocodile* will probably become a definitive text on the events of November, 2017. This is partially due to his access to key players in the drama, accompanied by a massive public thirst for knowledge about the same, and a dearth of other publications for the foreseeable future. Ndlovu's book will remain influential for years to come but there is the question of whether it deserves to be.

The final snap of the Crocodile may have ended one dictatorship in Zimbabwe, but it has also perhaps muddied the waters sufficiently to allow other predators to make their move. Another generation is probably lost to the whims of the new, old men, still fighting a war that ended 40 years ago, but determined to now have their cake… and everyone else's too.

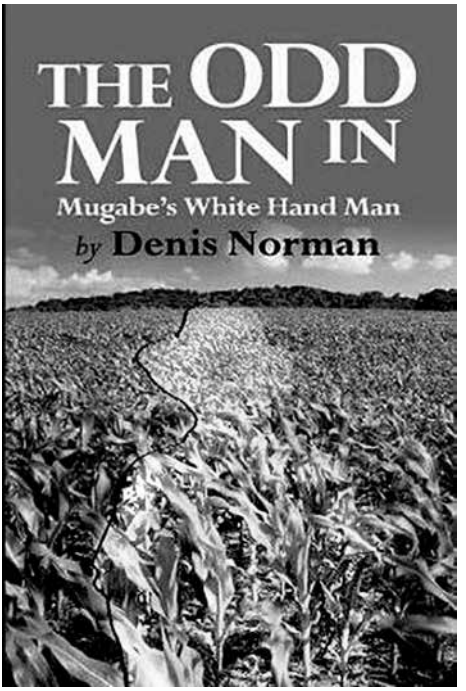
The Odd Man In - Dennis Norman

by Paul Hubbard

Norman, Denis. 2018.
The Odd Man In: Mugabe's White Hand Man.
Harare: Weaver Press.
ISBN:978-1-77922-335-7.
Price: US$30.

It is remarkable how few government officials in Zimbabwe have published accounts of their time in office covering their service in the Post-Independence period. The cynic in me can see a few possible reasons why, but this dearth is noticeable when compared to the embarrassment of riches in memoirs about the struggle. Few seem to wish to discuss their role in "building" the Zimbabwe of today while even the interest of local newspapers in their hagiographic interviews with stalwarts of the liberation struggle and later government service seems to end with April 1980. After such elated, unassailable democratic accomplishments, who really wants to discuss the subsequent troubles?

Thus this book is a welcome counter to this trend. Denis Norman has an easy and relatable writing style in the six chapters and epilogue that make up his fascinating autobiography. Telling the story of how he came to live in Southern Rhodesia of the 1950s, the book explores his rise to the pinnacle of its agricultural politics followed by a remarkable tenure as a recurring government minister in Zimbabwe. But the book is much more than that because it provides an insider's insight into many of the policies, achievements and failures of the Zimbabwean government as it grappled with achieving the unrealistic aims of the liberation struggle before the self-inflicted and dramatic political and economic collapses of the late 1990s. Several "mega-projects" being touted in 2018, in Zimbabwe, were often mooted during his tenure in government, including the Batoka Hydroelectric Dam (p.164-170), the extension of the Feruka pipeline to



Gweru and Bulawayo (p.141-142), reducing the size of the bloated civil service (p.197) and even the dualising of certain roads (p.155-159). His suggested privatisation of entities such as Air Zimbabwe and National Railways of Zimbabwe (p.149-154) was well ahead of its time and if done then, would have better preserved much of the capability and assets of these critical national institutions.

The story of Zimbabwean agricultural development and its undermining by petty politics has been dominated by ivory-tower academics, so a participant's voice is a refreshing counterpoint. What sets Norman's book apart is the apparent lack of bitterness and anger relating to the demolition of white farming interests and the complete rupture of white culture and society in Zimbabwe. In this, the book is also a useful contrast to many of the biographies published since the post-2000 events (such as *Jambanja* by Eric Harrison [2006] or *African Tears* by Catherine Buckle [2001]). *The Odd Man In* complements C.G. Tracey's *All for Nothing* (2009) as a discussion of the development of commercial farming, merged with a political and business career over the UDI and Independence periods. Chapters 3 and 4, provide a valuable riposte to Ian Smith's *Bitter Harvest* (2001) as a "white political perspective" on Zimbabwean government agro-politics in the 1990s and beyond. That said, Norman allows himself the rueful observation that those who took the land in the early 2000s, were "delighting in destroying what existed in preference to using what they had obtained" (p.213).

Surprisingly small decisions can jumpstart a political career. In Norman's case, it was his election onto the committee of a local Intensive Conservation Area in 1960 which translated into a seat on the Rhodesian National Farmer's Union, later the Commercial Farmer's Union in the 1970s and finally as the personal choice of Robert Mugabe to be the first Minister of Agriculture in 1980. Norman's narrative downplays the incredible amount of hard, difficult work that he and his many supporting teams did during his career. One moral of Norman's book is the encouraging power of employing public-private partnerships for the development of Zimbabwe. The many examples he provides where commercial interests were linked to government programmes to the mutual benefit of country and people are an inspirational example of true leadership for real growth.

Of great value in the book is Norman's authentic voice when discussing the personalities of the politicians with whom he served for his career as a Zimbabwean government minister. Some of the details such as the late Roger Boka's attempt to bribe him with a car battery filled with gold to support his attempt to control the tobacco industry (p.183-184) or shenanigans in Cabinet as various Ministers jostled for personal power at the expense of their portfolios and constituents (e.g. p.178-186) are frankly, shocking, but not unexpected. Norman's acute eye for detail leaves little doubt that there could be more to be told. As an aside, and not that he himself states, research indicates Norman is one of the few Ministers who served in Zimbabwe's government in the last 40 years to leave only as wealthy as when he first took office.

Norman's role in the agricultural history of the country for more than 40 pivotal years (1950s-1990s), gives him an enviable perspective on events which have been discussed in great detail by many historians and political scientists for the last 20 years. This book brings a fresh insight to the question that bedevils the politics of southern Africa: that of access to agricultural land and the uneasy dichotomy between commercial and communal farmers. As the first Minister to be in charge of both rural and commercial agriculture (but not Land), Norman explains an early primary aim was to increase the viability of the communal land farmers but while also having to juggle the desire "to

raise the prices paid to all producers, through the single channel marketing system to a viable sustainable level."

The early vision and progress he describes in the 1980s was undermined by the Zimbabwean Government's Fast Track Land Reform Programme of the 2000s. The manner in which Norman discusses the question: "can the present unauthorised occupation of farmland be reversed leading again to a position of food self-sufficiency?" is a thoughtful analysis of a thorny, emotional problem. His experience in the commercial sector and in government means his voice should be heard. The solution he proposes to resolve the "land question," whereby government nationalises all land, compensates former title holders over a period of time and offering long-term bankable leases with intensive training and backup to the lessees may well be the one the government eventually stumbles into, once the grime of politics is removed from the process.

As we have come to expect from Weaver Press, the book is meticulously produced. An index of names, places and events would have been useful. I personally dislike the title of the book but it is eye-catching and hints at the relationship between Mugabe and his most-accomplished white minister. From the tone of the book, it is clear that while Norman had the ear of the President, he was never fully in an inner circle. Which is, as I feel, how both parties preferred it.

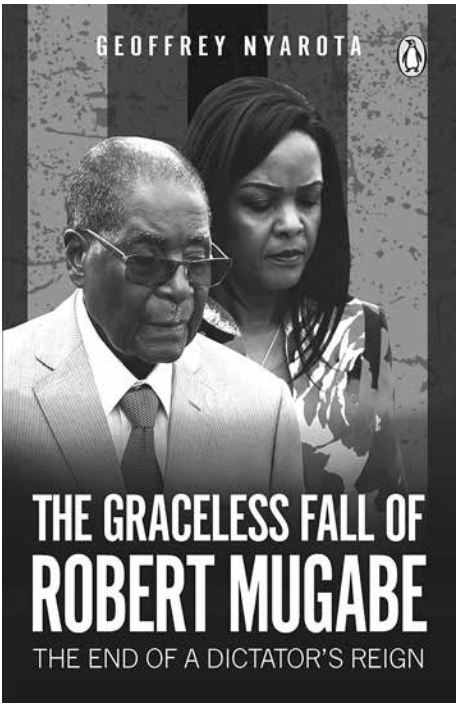
There is a sincere need in Zimbabwe for the production of more political autobiographies that share the honesty, humour and hope of *The Odd Man In*. I personally ache for the fulfilment of the dream that his final sentence (p.234) conveys: "I wish Zimbabwe well and remain confident that the country will not only regain its political and economic stability, but will develop and exploit its abundant natural resources, whether they be mineral, agricultural or human, to the benefit of all its citizens, and the central African region as a whole."

The Graceless Fall of Mugabe - Geoffrey Nyarota

by Paul Hubbard

Nyarota, Geoffrey. 2018.
The Graceless Fall of Robert Mugabe: The End of a Dictator's Reign.
Cape Town: Penguin Books.
ISBN: 978-1-77609-359-5.
Price: US$25.

The title for this book is an attempt at a clever link between Robert Mugabe's dramatic and rapid fall from power in November 2017 and the political activities of his second wife, Grace, whose actions contributed immensely to this sea-change in Zimbabwe. This title is a misnomer because Grace is very much present throughout the book, whether or not she was mentioned by name. Historians are going to deconstruct the events recounted in the book for generations, and I personally feel that the verdict will show that during the coup, the military leadership cleverly exploited the public hatred for the President's wife and her abusive nature in order to retain their hold on power. As I have said elsewhere, one of the great recent tragedies in Zimbabwe is the conflation of public support for the removal of the Mugabes from power with endorsement of the military takeover of the country.



In many ways Nyarota's take on the career of Robert Mugabe covers much familiar ground but it is entertainingly told, as we would expect from an experienced journalist. The first three chapters recount Mugabe's rise to power. Like other recent biographies, Nyarota takes the path of chronologically following Mugabe's career, denying him agency by creating the impression that his rise to power was due more to other people's choices, not Mugabe's deliberate actions. While discussing the rumours surrounding the sudden death of Josiah Tongogara, Zanu's military commander at the time

of Independence, Nyarota refreshingly challenges the accepted mythos of Mugabe's role in this tragedy, claiming it was merely an accident. The jubilation of February 1980, when Robert Mugabe came home to campaign in Zimbabwe's first democratic elections is ably contrasted with the ignominy of 2017.

Chapters 3 and 4 cover the abuses of office by the former president and his closest supporters from the 1980s. Listing the events creates an uneasy poetry: Gukurahundi, Willowgate, Chimurenga III, Hyperinflation, Murambatsvina, and the various "Operations" for the benefit of the ruling party. The imposition of the one party state and the challenges to it. There is welcome mention of a forgotten hero in Zimbabwean politics, Dzikamai Mavhaire, a former Zanu-PF MP, who in 1997 called for the resignation of the party's leader and was thus permanently cast into the political wilderness.

It was surprising to me just how little we Zimbabweans knew of the life of Grace Mugabe before her marriage to Robert Mugabe, as unremarkable as it was. This book does provide some of that background in a convenient package in Chapter 5, albeit with a gleefully salacious edge. There is an uncomfortable question for those who claimed the Grace's ultimate goal was the presidency: how quickly would they have been able to change the constitution to allow a South African-born person into the office specifically restricted to those of Zimbabwean birth? Her abandonment of her first husband, Stanley Goreraza, is an incredible role reversal in patriarchal society, although the lure of wealth and the limelight provides a clear motivation; the lust for power would come later. I do not agree with Nyarota that she wished to succeed Robert Mugabe from as early as 2000; her increasing involvement in the country's politics only really begins in 2008, unquestioningly supporting her husband during the worst year in Zimbabwe's history.

Usefully the book spends some time covering Emmerson Mnangagwa's political career in some detail, something Ray Ndlovu's *In the Jaws of the Crocodile* (2018), completely fails to do. The Tsholotsho debacle of 2004, where Mnangagwa was endorsed by six provinces to become vice-president, brought to light the rivalry for power in Zanu-PF, especially as this was fostered by Robert Mugabe to tighten his own grip. This is all recent history but is already forgotten by the majority of analysts and commentators in their appreciation of the "New Dispensation," brought to power by the barrel of the gun in 2017. The G40-Lacoste rivalry is old, not just from his Vice-Presidential appointment in 2014 as many claim! What most seem to have forgotten is that Jonathan Moyo, now in fearful exile, was one of Mnangagwa's earliest and most ardent supporters for the Presidency before giving his full loyalty to the Mugabes and initiating the vitriol. In his discussion, Nyarota reminds us of Moyo's ability for the complete volte-face in national politics. As I write in December 2018, Moyo is already attempting to rehabilitate his terrible image (well-earned, I hasten to say), using social media and newspaper articles, to once again situate himself on the side that will be to his best advantage. We need to be reminded of such underhanded tactics; this book will serve as a permanent memento.

Untangling the web of power in Zimbabwe is not for the faint-hearted or casual observer but Nyarota provides a good attempt to do so in the lead up to the coup. The unholy alliances created between the factions in politics, civil society and business sector remain murky and sometimes contradictory. The biggest player for the last two decades, since Zimbabwe's involvement in the civil war in the Democratic Republic

of the Congo (DRC), is the military. "The general attitude on the part of the military leadership was that they were ZANU-PF stockholders; therefore, they felt legitimately entitled to be involved in party politics" (p.156). Thus the G40 faction was seen as a threat to their interests and investments, while Mnangagwa was seen as their man with the right plan. And the tides turned accordingly as tensions grew.

In the last chapters of the book, Nyarota discusses the week that felled Robert Mugabe in quick order. Much of the chapter is based on speculation or observation of events and thus cannot be held to be definitive. What is captured well is the mood of the moment and the hubris of the main actors on the political stage. The book ends with a positive attitude towards Emmerson Mnangagwa as the country prepared for elections, now known to have been compromised from the start.

Zanu-PF's complete turnaround in its slavish adherence to the new leadership installed after the November, 2017 coup is extraordinary but not unexpected. Almost since its founding, there has been a significant lack of permanent alliances in the party, as the leadership and contenders in the wings greedily jostle for advantage and power. It is now tempting to dismiss the change in politics and government as mere window dressing since many of the same old problems in the economy, mainly caused by the corruption and mismanagement of the regime, have resurfaced since those heady days while the respect for the constitution, law and building a greater future have fallen to the wayside. Robert Mugabe may have fallen but his poisonous legacy remains regrettably alive and well.

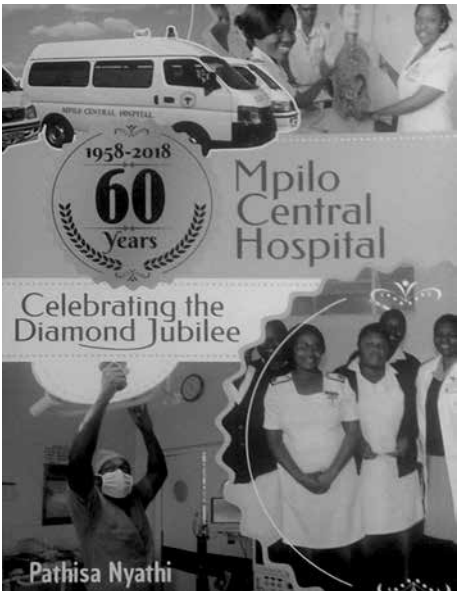
Mpilo Central Hospital - Pathisa Nyathi

by Paul Hubbard

Nyathi, Pathisa. 2018.
Mpilo Central Hospital @ 60 (1958-2018): Celebrating the Diamond Jubilee.
Bulawayo: Amagugu Publishers.
ISBN: 978-0-7974-9297-4.
Price: US$15.

On the day that I write this book review in mid-December, 2018, the Mpilo Hospital Doctors' Association staged a short but vocal demonstration at the hospital complaining about poor infrastructure and shortages of all medications and supplies, while at the same time demanding that their salaries be paid in hard currency. In November, 2018, an awful fire destroyed a large section of the doctor's residence. Indeed a simple internet search shows that the last three decades of news stories focusing on the hospital relate largely to its overall decline, interspersed with glimmers of light in the form of new or revamped facilities such as the cancer wards opened in October, 2018.

It is perhaps surprising how recent the development of western-style medical care has been in Zimbabwe, especially for the majority population. For at least the first four decades after colonisation, the majority of people received their health care from committed individuals or small institutions funded by well-wishers from the missionary or social welfare spheres. The sea change in Rhodesian government policy after WWII saw a larger investment and care in healthcare for the non-white population, something accelerated during the heady days of the Federation (1953-1963).



Mpilo Hospital is certainly a child of this liberal interlude in Rhodesian politics, and for years was heralded as merely one shining example of what cooperation between the races would mean for the development of critical infrastructure in Central Africa. That the story is a lot more complex is without doubt, which makes it a shame that it is barely captured in this book. Partially, this is because it often takes

much effort to separate the factual history from the author's opinion in this slim volume. While appreciating the "limited time available to carry out intensive research in terms of developmental milestones" (p.38) in order to meet the anniversary deadline, much more could have been gleaned from many different sources to flesh out the fantastic story of Mpilo's growth and importance. To this point, one wonders if the hospital's administrative records are archived and available to researchers.

The first chapter gives some historical background to health services and provision in Matabeleland. However I do not agree with the suggestion that, immediately after the colonial conquest, people abandoned their traditional medical practices and migrated en masse to that offered by the whites (p.16). Later on in the book, the author himself goes on to counter this argument (p.17-18). Usefully touching on various developments in African health services in Bulawayo, Nyathi nevertheless shows the need for a far more thorough investigation into this entire sector of Bulawayo's history.

There is a contradiction throughout Chapter 2: the author states that "captioned pictures tell history which is not the case with uncaptioned images which do not even tell when they were made" (p.38), but the next 45 pages are almost all pictures lacking captions. There are titles above some of the photographs indicating the subject at hand, but most lack contextualising information. In addition some of the pictures are poorly cropped, reducing their usefulness.

I feel that the best section of the book is the one dealing with the career of Dr Costin Dhlamini, who became the first black Medical Superintendent of Mpilo in late 1980 — not 1981 as the book claims (p.91-94). Set against the backdrop of Gukurahundi, his efforts to upgrade and modernise the hospital are inspiring, more so when you consider that he was also defending himself from false charges involving the theft of building supplies from the hospital. His career, effectively recounted by Nyathi here, also points towards an explanation for the hospital's long decline due to petty politics personalised at a national level. The fact that so much (welcome) private investment has been necessary to keep essential services at the hospital operating into the present day (see p.105-112) can be interpreted as an example of the callousness of the Zimbabwean government towards the wellbeing of its people.

The book ends with a chapter best described as a useful mix of material relating to early and long-serving staff at the hospital. The lists and mentions of people points to an immediate need to interview those members of staff still surviving, while at the same time attempting to track down family and friends of the deceased to build up the institutional archive of Mpilo Hospital. Several staff have also gone on to achieve greater heights in the medical profession, both in Zimbabwe and abroad, and mention of such would have ably complemented those stalwarts included here.

Personally, I feel that a chapter reviewing Mpilo's crucial place in the national health infrastructure and an examination of its contribution to Bulawayo's economy and development, would have been exceptionally useful. For example, the world's first free Workman's Compensation Rehabilitation Centre was opened at the hospital in 1970, to retrain those injured in accidents at their workplace. Mpilo was one of the first hospitals in Africa to offer free cancer treatment to those who could not afford it. These and many other milestones reveal that the hospital needs a much deeper dive into its past to better situate it within southern Africa's medical historiography.

It is also regrettable that there are numerous typos throughout the book ("martenity" on p.51, for example) as well as many erroneous word substitutions like "where" for

"were" and "if" for "of". There are also strange text insertions here and there, such as that asking for an image of the existing remnants of Memorial Hospital on page 19. This shows that due care was not taken in removing comments from the proof reader, disappointing for such a prolific author and publishing house. In addition several dates are rendered incorrectly, such as "39 November" (p.90) and 1917 for 2017 (p.24).

The story of the development of Zimbabwe's health infrastructure is a convoluted one, but what remains indisputable is its critical role in fostering national wellbeing, and here, Mpilo has had a pivotal place. After initial "back of house" works were completed, Mpilo opened first as a maternity hospital, which was soon followed by the development of several ancillary facilities such as the mortuary, pathology lab, nursing school and so on. At the official opening of the hospital on 14 August, 1958, the Governor General of the Federation, Lord Dalhousie, commented on how appropriate the name Mpilo was, as it meant not only health but also security; two attributes which were essential to the well-being of any people. Mpilo has provided both to countless patients and family members over its lifetime. The hospital has survived 60 years — I truly hope that it thrives for the next 100!

A Cradle of the Revoution - Pathisa Nyathi and Marieke Clarke (eds)

by Paul Hubbard

Nyathi, Pathisa. & Clarke, Marieke (eds). 2018.
A Cradle of the Revolution: Voices from Inyathi School, Matabeleland, Zimbabwe 1914-1980.
Bulawayo: Amagugu Publishers.
ISBN: 978-0-7974-9250-9.
Price: US$20.

Inyathi is a deeply evocative name in Matabeleland's history. The story of its founding and subsequent development is thrilling, while the role of the school in the fostering of many political activists and politicians was widely known but badly recorded. Thus the publication of A Cradle of the Revolution is a welcome attempt to address this lack, although it too, is not without its problems.

I enjoyed reading this book because of the multiple voices present. Starting with a brief history of Inyathi school, there are 22 former students included in the book, along with two former teachers and an appendix highlighting the life of Peter Mackay. The list of alumni in this book is startling and impressive. Walter Mthimkulu, Aleke Banda, Welshman Mabhena, Jack Nhliziyo, and Roger Muhlwa were all names I was familiar with before reading this book, but delighted in new details discovered. The chapter which made the most impression on me was that by Moffat Ndlovu (p.104-114), whose callous and brutal treatment as a prisoner in Rhodesia is relayed in the chillingly calm manner of a man who has experienced the worst of a system gone wrong but has moved on with his life, bent but unbroken.

The book does not only focus on the big names in politics and history, which is a great strength. One of the most touching stories is that by Sibongile Moyo who relates life as a new pupil at a boarding school, highlighting the common, casual brutalities by older students on the new, often only because it was always seen as a normal occurrence (p.160-161). Several other accounts bring forth mundane details of family life, shopping trips, observations on life in the 1960s and 1970s, as well as the hopes and dreams and experiences of the students in and outside of the school. Most are relatable and touching.

I feel that a chapter on the life and accomplishments of Reverend Kenneth Maltus Smith should have been included. He was a teacher there between 1954 and 1957 and became the Principal from 1957 to 1968. A liberal authoritarian, he had a fulfilling time building Inyathi into a reputable educational institution while also raising his family and students alike. Thanks to his leadership, almost half the students in the book mention his pivotal role in their political awakening. For example, Joshua Mpofu (p.73), says, "I was delighted to be at a school where the political issues of the African continent

were so hotly debated fearlessly and openly by students." Musa Dungeni backs this up, saying, "Inyathi Mission was an iconic site for student activism" (p.154). In the repressive atmosphere of Rhodesia in the 1960s, Rev. Smith's tolerance for dissent and discussion was of incalculable value to the ferment of the struggle. It may be no coincidence that several participants in the March 11 Movement in ZAPU, which challenged the leadership crisis in the party and army in 1971, came from Inyathi School!

As is regrettably common with almost all publications by Amagugu Publishers, errors in punctuation abound while there are often misspellings of simple words accompanied by numerous mistakes in the typesetting. Such definitely detract from the reader's perception of the book as the professionally-produced piece of history that it aims to be. At Amagugu, there is a crying need for the utilisation of a competent proof-reader and copy-editor in the production process. A fact checker would also come in useful, as several statements by the interviewees are simply not correct. As an example, the claim by Jeremiah Khabo to have been the focus of Ian Smith's "not in 1,000 years" utterance in parliament (p.17) is negated by the fact that Smith actually made this foolish statement on television on 20 March 1976. Of course one can make the argument that this book is sharing personal accounts — memories of those who lived the history I read — but there remains a need for correction and corroboration of certain stories, which by virtue of appearing in print can be confused with fact.

The contents page would have been made more useful by actually including page numbers to each of the interviews. Page numbers should also have been included in the footnote references to other chapters of the book as flipping backwards and forwards looking for the correct page is inconvenient. In addition, the list of important dates (p.11-12), should have been shortened and merged with the outline of education at Inyathi (p.230). The latter could also have been expanded to the 21st Century to show post-colonial developments.

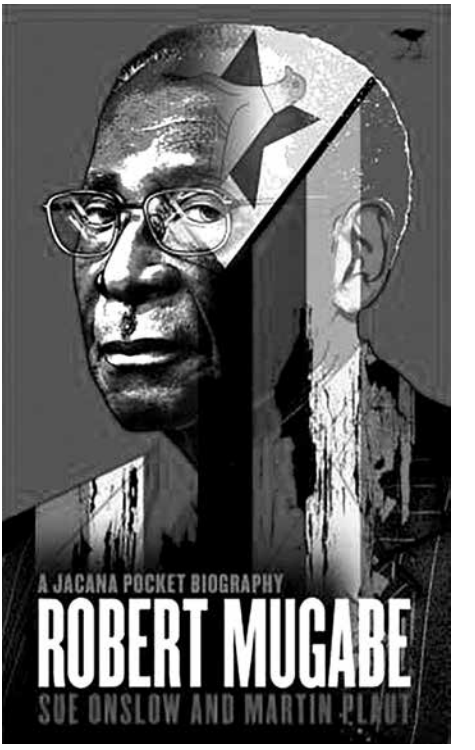
Criticisms aside, this book makes an important effort to move the historiography of the liberation struggle from the "grand struggle" narrative created in the country by several politicians, journalists and historians in the last decade. By drawing us into grassroots narratives, the book ably shows the complexities of joining the liberation struggle and also, for many, of remaining committed to it in the light of the leadership and other difficulties. It was not all a simple matter of dedication to the cause and unswerving loyalty to those whose names grace so much of our infrastructure in Zimbabwe today.

Robert Mugabe - Sue Onslow and Martin Plaut

by Paul Hubbard

Onslow, Sue & Plaut, Martin. 2018.
Robert Mugabe: A Jacana Pocket Biography.
Johannesburg: Jacana Media (Pty) Ltd.
ISBN: 978-1-4314-2668-3.
Price: US$15.

The dramatic fall of Robert Mugabe will long be regarded as a pivotal moment in Zimbabwe's history, perhaps equal to 18 April, 1980, our Independence Day. There are remarkably few biographies about the complex man who ruled Zimbabwe for 37 years, while the modern histories of the country often choose to follow the enticing narrative of "a good man corrupted by absolute power." This is not an approach I have ever favoured when trying to analyse Robert Mugabe, the man, the leader, the autocrat and the contradiction. There is more to his life than simply power.



Onslow and Plaut have produced a brief biography that is simultaneously well-written and frustratingly simplistic. My impression of their book is that it was already in preparation before the coup, and was rushed to completion with an eye to perhaps cashing in on the immense global interest surrounding the extraordinary events of November 2017. Taking the approach that "Robert Mugabe's personal history is woven through that of his country" (p.18), the authors alternate between describing events in Mugabe's career, with the generally recognised significant political and economic upheavals of the mid-colonial period. The opening chapter usefully highlights Mugabe's youthful, intellectual coldness and general lack of empathy with a ruthless intolerance for dissent.

A narrative that is becoming increasingly common after Mugabe's

removal from office is that his role in Zimbabwe's liberation struggle was initiated by accident and then owed more to the failings of his opponents rather than any particular set of skills in his possession. Onslow and Plaut do not overtly subscribe to this mantra, although they wryly note that Mugabe's "appointment as political leader of ZANU in August 1974 was the product of prison politics and profound disillusionment with the party leadership… But no one outside Que Que prison knew him" (p.52). I feel that there is an argument to be made for the idea that Mugabe's rise to power until this point is thus often due to other's perception of his abilities rather than his innate desires and actions.

Something the book brings out in good fashion is the brutal rivalry between Zanu and Zapu in the 1970s in all spheres, as well as the bloody intra-party conflicts. This is an aspect of the liberation struggle that has remained repressed, until quite recently. Robert Mugabe fully comes to power from 1977 when he begins to reorganise Zanu to focus all authority on him which exacerbated the already uneasy relationship with the military leaders, despite Mugabe's repeated insistence that the liberation war would only be won on the battlefield (p.65). It is a fallacy to assume that he was not in control of the party later on in the war. This partially explains his defiant attitude during the fraught constitutional negotiations at Lancaster House in 1979, that laid the groundwork for a peaceful transition of power.

This biography ably reveals the contagion of Zanu under Mugabe, who, post-Independence, encouraged the infiltration of the civil service with party loyalists who were directly administered by party members, thus bypassing the impartial oversight mechanisms inherited from the colonial era. This is most clear in the sections discussing the land question in Zimbabwe, where the authors make the usual cardinal sin of repeating the myths about the extent of white ownership of land in Zimbabwe, followed by an excellent analysis of the bastardisation of the entire process by Mugabe for his own narrow political ends and to also reward loyalists. The map on page 11, showing land apportionment pre-1979 is error strewn, not least because it fails to account for State Land and National Parks, which would significantly reduce the perception of the amount of agricultural land actually owned by whites at that time.

In discussing South African President Thabo Mbeki's role in propping up Robert Mugabe's regime, the authors of this book, highlight the need for a deeper dive into this aspect of Zimbabwe's recent past. Mbeki must be held liable for fostering much of Zimbabwe's national injury through his ineffectual "soft-diplomacy" approach, which ultimately led to massive death and destruction in the country as those in office refused to let go and used every brutality at their disposal in the pursuit of power. Mugabe's capriciousness in supporting his allies in the country, from sections of the business elite to the rural peasantry and then liberation war veterans and impoverished youths, shines through in several sections of this book. All of the "operations" were perhaps only ever about maintaining control.

Ultimately it would be the party Mugabe re-created in his image that would remove him from office. "ZANU-PF has never formed a homogenous elite, and rival groups fought a bitter campaign in the corridors of power" (p.141) while "for Mugabe party unity consistently trumped principle" (p.142). The network of co-dependency he had spent decades building was undone by the vicious personal politics favoured by the upper echelons, coming to a head in the months before the coup. In a good summary

of the events of the military intervention, the authors bring forth the complexities of this turbulent time that, in less than 12 months, has already been reinvented in many ways by the victors. Theirs is certainly a better summary and analysis of events than recent accounts published by journalists. The use of the phrase "democratising coup" (p.164) is perhaps unfortunate given that an open democracy remains a pipe dream for the foreseeable future as the military continue to tighten its grip on all aspects of society in Zimbabwe.

There are a few extraordinary claims in the book where the source of the information is not adequately referenced by the authors. This includes their allegation that Mugabe allowed Libyan-sponsored terrorist training camps on Zimbabwean soil (p.172) as well as the repeated references to so-called "Shona tribal allegiances" influencing state policy (e.g. p.12, p.155). The former is perhaps based on local rumour when Libya was a close ally of Zimbabwe in the 2000s and a vigorous internet search failed to provide context. While the latter is certainly played up by the foreign press and certain local publications with an agenda, to my mind its relevance to modern politics remains to be adequately demonstrated. The map on page 12 is iniquitous in this regard because it plays to such prejudices while ignoring changing voter mores, especially the rural-urban divide, and consistent massive voter intimidation by Zanu.

I did not like this book when I first read it. In part, that was because of my need to find something to explain the life of the man who had ruled Zimbabwe for my entire life. On a second, deeper reading, I grew to appreciate the insight and analysis offered here and will now heartily endorse this as a useful summary of the life of Robert Mugabe, offering a glimpse into the events and processes that created the modern nation of Zimbabwe. It has certainly superseded another recent biography, *Life and Times of Robert Mugabe 1980-2017: Dream Betrayed* by Ken Mufuka and Cyril Zenda (2018), as well as other books on the former President mentioned in the book's references.

As mentioned on page 22 of the book, Robert Mugabe did not change, "it is the rest of the world which has moved on." Despite his exit from the political stage, Zimbabwe still waits for its chance to reform and grow with the rest of the world, while the corrupt political culture of self-interest created by the former president will take decades to reverse.

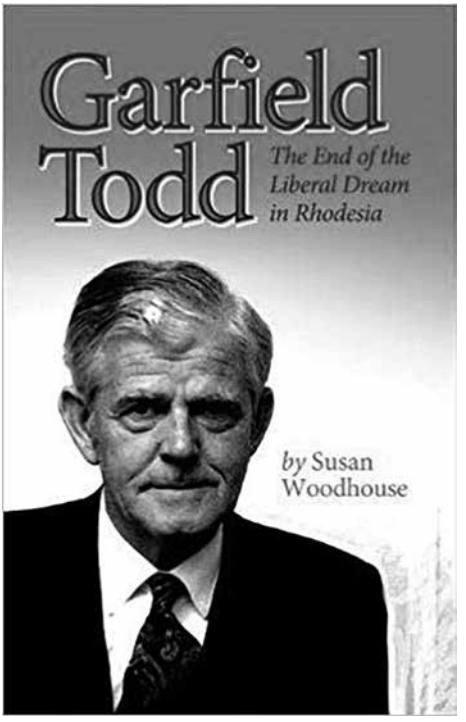
Garfield Todd - Susan Woodhouse

by Paul Hubbard

Woodhouse, Susan. 2018.
Garfield Todd: The End of the Liberal Dream in Rhodesia.
Harare: Weaver Press.
ISBN: 978-1-77922-323-4.
Price: US$40.

In light of the current academic focus on the liberation struggle post-1963 as a way of exploring Zimbabwe's current predicaments, it is not surprising that except for the marvellous book by Holderness (1985), the "liberal interlude" of the Federation, mostly headed by Garfield Todd has remained quite unremarked by many scholars. This book is thus a welcome addition to the literature on the Federal period as well as one of the best biographies on a significant political figure in Zimbabwe's history.

The tale of how a New Zealander came to occupy the highest political office in Southern Rhodesia is a fascinating one, especially considering that it happened less than 20 years after his arrival in the country and less than a decade after he entered political office for the first time. The ideas and ideals of the Todds were to find difficult purchase in Southern Rhodesia of the 1930s, in particular their notions of equality and industry alongside the people to whom they ministered. Their vision of what life could become here is intoxicating, even 80 years later, showing what hard work, respect for others and compassion for all can achieve when melded with leadership that is focused on a vision for a better, more equitable future.



The story of the continued expansion of Dadaya Mission is inspirational. Rather bland sentences mentioning the opening of new classrooms, housing, wells, fencing and other developments disguise the

vast amount of labour and effort required to achieve such improvements, while also dealing with the massive minutiae of administering a mission station. There remains a need to write a history of the mission as a whole, from its founding to the present day, in order to better appreciate its impact and significance in the country, especially given the many political luminaries who are linked with the school and mission, both as teachers or students. In these pages, Garfield and his wife, Grace, appear as a solidly unified team, in love with their career, country and congregation.

The Dadaya Strike of 1947, one of the major blemishes on Todd's career and character, is covered in fair detail but in a mere five pages (p.73-77). In defence of her protagonist, Woodhouse is perhaps understandably dismissive of West's (1992) more nuanced article on the strike and the resulting fallout. But there is a great deal more to the story than that presented in these pages, including Todd's attempts to have Ndabaningi Sithole barred from ever teaching again in a deeply personal vendetta. That they healed their relationship later is an important revelation but the acrimony left a bitter taste.

Astonishingly, it was a stand against the removal of a black laboratory assistant at Wits University that launched Todd's career in politics. Voted in as head of his student body, Todd found new confidence as a leader which may have prompted his heckling of the Prime Minister, Godfrey Huggins, at a meeting in Zvishavane in 1945, in defence of the socialist policies of the New Zealand government of the time. Impressed, Huggins invited the young missionary to join the United Party as their parliamentary candidate; to his eternal surprise, Todd won the election by a wide majority which gave him confidence in the growing liberalism in the country. Or at least he thought so: "They put me in. So then I believed they were much more liberal than I had taken them for — a belief I had to change later on" (p.66).

"Garfield was not and never would be wedded to any particular political principle, except democracy" (p.133). This generous assessment of his career and principles can perhaps be challenged on several fronts but there is little doubt that Todd saw the changing future of Southern Rhodesia much more clearly than his contemporaries. Dealing with land, housing and the financial sector took priority as Prime Minister, followed by efforts in 1956 to fix the franchise and create a common voter's roll for all races, qualified by income and education. This was a deeply emotional proposal and Todd gravely underestimated the antipathy of the white electorate to a long-term and peaceful integration of the races. Todd's fall was immediately owing to his proposal to enfranchise black teachers and nurses who met certain educational criteria, but it was also symptomatic of a hardening of attitudes and prejudices. His eviction from the leadership was underhanded and acrimonious but, given later events, arguably sanitised his image for the future. Much rightful and necessary criticism of Todd's career and accomplishments has likely been averted in favour of his more positive role and suffering during Zimbabwe's liberation struggle. This is not to tear him down, but is necessary to bring forth the full story and better appreciate him as a man and not just an icon. Todd's identification with the moderates won him few friends, but did usefully serve as a prick to the conscience of the electorate and their disastrous leadership of the 1960s and 1970s.

Todd's years after his stint as Prime Minister were little known to me beyond the fact of his astonishing restriction and then imprisonment. Woodhouse follows his trials and tribulations at this time in good detail, deftly intertwining personal events such as

serious illnesses and farm developments at Dadaya with national events such as UDI, the Pearce Commission and the effects of the escalating war.

The euphoria of Independence was welcomed by Todd, who accepted a five-year appointment by Prime Minster Robert Mugabe as a Senator in the Zimbabwean Parliament. In that role he contributed significantly to professionalising the behaviour and activities of the Upper House. While being "careful not to criticise the Prime Minister," (p.455), after the 1984 ZANU Congress resolution to create a one-party state, he would presciently state "I would hope ZANU could be thrown out by means other than the army" (p.464). Thanks to his principled stance on human rights and later endorsement of the opposition MDC party, Todd would, by the late 1990s, become an enemy of the man whom he had once respected and assisted, recognising that most here were "living with evil" and that "this is not just incompetence or even greed but the intelligence and determination of the Government are a manifestation of evil and it is frightening" (p.507).

There are a couple of minor errors in the book, such as identifying Mzilikazi's Memorial as his Grave in the pictures, but overall, the entire book is a wonderful example of the exceptional standards adhered to by Weaver Press.

In this sympathetic but mostly honest hagiography, Woodhouse has done an exceptional job in bringing forth the man behind the headlines while also reviewing the political and socio-economic convulsions within the country and region to create a dense and fascinating narrative. I hope this book will sell well; the life of the man and his family within deserves to be known across the nation and beyond. Zimbabwe aches for a leader of his calibre once again.

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Prestigious Award for Zimbabwean

University of KwaZulu-Natal (UKZN) research professor and senior faculty member of the Africa Health Research Institute (AHRI) Frank Tanser has been awarded a prestigious Royal Geographical Society Back Award for conducting seminal research that has shaped health policies in poor countries.

The Royal Geographical Society prestigious medals and awards recognise excellence in geographical research work. Recipients include David Livingstone, Sir Alexander Burnes, Alfred Russel Wallace, Captain R Scott and Sir David Attenborough.

The Back Award is named after Arctic explorer Admiral Sir George Back. It was first given by the Royal Geographical Society in 1892 and is awarded for applied or scientific geographical studies which make an outstanding contribution to the development of national or international public policy.

Frank Tanser is a medical geographer and infectious disease epidemiologist who has pioneered the use of geographical information systems in the field of HIV epidemiology.

For the past 20 years, he has worked in northern KZN. His research into the population-level impacts of the antiretroviral therapy (ART) roll-out has led to wide-reaching and rapid changes to government policy on how ART programmes in South Africa are designed and implemented.

Tanser said he was delighted and deeply honoured to receive the award. “It has been a huge privilege to study the HIV epidemic in one of the world’s most severely affected rural communities and to witness first-hand the turning of the tide against this terrible disease”, he said.

He credits his team of researchers and collaborators for the achievement and thanks his family for their support.

Tanser’s work includes a seminal study published in Science in 2013 that showed nurse-led and decentralised HIV antiretroviral treatment programmes in rural areas could be successful in reducing HIV transmission.

Obituary:
Colin Saunders
23 August 1934 – 13 August 2019

by Mark Saunders

Colin Saunders passed away on 13th August, 2019, after a few years of ill health, following a triple by-pass and subsequent strokes. He fought bravely, kept his sense of humour, and was loved by all around him. Jenny, his wife of 58 years, and their children Gill, Margie, Sue and Mark were by his side when he passed, in Harare.

Born in 1934 and raised in Selukwe, attending Selukwe Primary School, then going on to Plumtree from 1946 to 1951, Colin's ultimate career was shaped by those early days, being the son of a doctor and grasping opportunities to be in the bush. He became an accomplished fisherman and wing shooter of game birds, and developed an outstanding knowledge of birds and trees, particularly those in the lowveld of Zimbabwe. He often identified each bird species he saw by the number ascribed to it in Robert's bird book.

Qualifying in medicine from UCT in 1958 (M.B, Ch.B), Colin worked as a Government medical officer in Bulawayo, Filabusi, Kwekwe, Gokwe, Kezi and Masvingo. His medical appointments include:

JRMO Ministry of Health, 1959

GMO Ministry of Health, 1960-1963

Medical Officer, Triangle Limited, 1963-1970

Chief Medical Officer, Triangle Hospital, 1970-1994

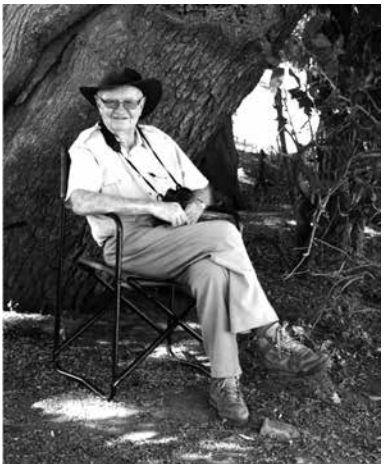
Founder Member of Council of College of Primary Care Physicians in Zimbabwe

Elected Fellow of Council of College of Primary Care Physicians in Zimbabwe

Volunteer Reserve Medical Officer Air Force of Zimbabwe, 1970-1984

External Examiner University of Zimbabwe M. Gen. Med. Degree, 1977-1984

Examiner for candidates for membership of college of Primary Care Physicians, 1985-1994



Colin was awarded the Warrington-Yorke Medal for International Community Health, and in 1980 he gained a Diploma in Occupational Health from WITS university. In 1985, he represented Africa at the first World Health Organisation conference on AIDS, held in Geneva.

"Doc" Saunders had many extramural interests which kept him busy, among them:

Director, Triangle Limited; Chairman, Malilangwe Conservation Trust; Founder

Chairman, Lowveld Round Table; Chairman, Parks and Wildlife Board of Zimbabwe, 1975-1987; Trustee, Zimbabwe National Conservation Trust; Chairman, Lowveld Island Hospice; Director, High Syringa Game Park; Director, Murray MacDougall Museum; Trustee, National Museums and Monuments of Zimbabwe; Long standing member of Wildlife Society, Tree society, Aloe, Cactus and Succulent Society, and Ornithological Association of Zimbabwe.

Coin wrote several biological sketches of characters of the lowveld, and these publications include: "Dennis Townley, Lowveld Naturalist Extraordinaire" and "Jimmy Whittall of Humani" in the 1999 edition of the annual journal *Heritage of Zimbabwe* (formerly *Rhodesiana*), with "Dr James Kennedy of Ndanga'; "Triangle's Sugar production down the years", and "The Legend of the Wild Horses of Devuli"; "George Style of Buffalo Range"; "Ian de la Rue of Ruware" all to follow.

Treating a number of patients in the south east lowveld, among them Tom MacDougall and Clive Stockil, and hearing of their adventures in this remote corner of the country, precipitated his love affair with the lowveld, and after 33 years of service as Triangle's Chief Medical Officer and as a Board member of Triangle Limited, we reflect on an outstanding career, which celebrated a diversity of custodianships. As a general practitioner, Colin oversaw a plethora of surgeries, births, and treatments, but there are other lasting investments he made in the medical world in the lowveld, being his insistence on education about, and prevention/treatment of, malaria and bilharzia. These interests led him also, to a degree in Tropical Medicine from the University of Liverpool. He was also instrumental in the development of a sunscreen called Raystop. The family was delighted when the Triangle Board honoured Colin by naming the Triangle Hospital, the Colin Saunders Hospital.

Sport and culture in the lowveld were the better for Colin's participation, and he shared many a cricket field, tennis court, golf course and hockey pitch with fellow players over the years. He and Jenny added huge value to theatre productions at the Triangle Country Club during their time in the lowveld, and the Murray MacDougall Museum was moulded and developed around their combined efforts.

Colin's election to Chair the Parks Board in 1975 prompted him to write the following: "in accepting chairmanship of the Parks and Wildlife Board I assumed an obligation to offer advice to the Minister on conservation of a great natural resource. I was conscious of my own great limitations in knowledge and experience in this field. As I understand it, conservation means wise use, not protection, and a natural resource is something both valuable and not of man's making.

The task of obtaining sufficient insight and knowledge of the issues involved in natural resource conservation to justify the status of advisor to a Minister is formidable, and doubly so when one has to earn a livelihood from an unrelated profession, demanding much time, thought and attention to duty"

The Natural Resources Board bestowed on him the Conservationist of the Year award in 1988, and in 1992, Colin was awarded the National Wildlife Oscar.

Colin, or "Chiremba", displayed such amazing energy in all his pursuits, and for his family, his most endearing trait was that of love and respect for family, and the values he instilled, consistently. His wisdom, humour and considerable knowledge touched so many of those lucky enough to know him. His respect for all human beings, and celebration of the diversity of life, ensured him a very special place among his peers.

The National Chairman's Annual Report for 2018-2019

Good morning ladies and gentlemen, loyal members of the History Society.

2018 was the 65th year of the Society's existence. 65 is often seen (not in Zimbabwe!) as the year when retirement looms.

I am very happy to tell you that far from being in the throes of retirement, the Society is in the bloom of good health, looking forward with renewed vigour to the years ahead. Our membership is well over 800 and rising.

The National Committee's prime responsibilities are the preparation and publication of the annual magazine, Heritage of Zimbabwe, the annual luncheon, publicity, and caring for the financial affairs of the Society.

Insofar as our journal is concerned, the man who takes responsibility for this is our editor, currently Fraser Edkins. To Fraser must go our most grateful thanks. The time and effort he puts into the reading, assessment of publications values, editing, communicating with authors, typesetters and printers and final checking of the magazine prior to publications are all massive. Fraser has now been responsible for the past six of our journals. As you all know, we have just produced numbers 36 and 37 which bring us up to 2018.

All of you, having gone through the financial travails of the last several months will understand the need to carefully monitor the costs at which we sell our journals. Above all, we have to maintain sufficient financial resources to meet the costs of publication of each issue. I have no doubt that we all recognise the inestimable benefit that the accumulations of journals over the past 77 editions have been to the recordal of many aspects of the fabric of our country over these many years.

The annual luncheon is always a function to which we all look forward. That this event fell on 11th November, being the Centenary of the signing of the WW1 Armistice, was nothing short of miraculous. This gave us the opportunity to be moved by the solemnity of the occasion by recalling to mind the poetry, the music, the emotion and the joy of that long-past event. John McCarthy's excellent talk focussing on several St George's old boys and their personal stories uplifted the luncheon significantly to add to its pathos and passion. Many a tear was shed at the haunting sound of The Last Post. I was gratified indeed by the overwhelming response we had, several very generous donations and the many positive comments by members thereafter.

Apart from the annual luncheon, the real engine room of the Society is the Mashonaland Branch. The planning and effort that goes into preparation for each talk and event is massive. I thank and congratulate the Chairman and members of this body on your behalf for their unstinting endeavours.

This past year has seen significant progress and success in creating a website for the

Society. This issue has been driven largely by Charles Castelin and I commend him for his efforts in getting this up and running. Much discussion has taken place over many years as to the extent to which earlier copies of Heritage will be made available online and on which terms and conditions. This aspect is still to be finalised.

Shortly after I had taken office as National Chairman, we were greatly saddened by the loss of Bob Challis, a valued member of our committee. A touching obituary of Bob is published in Heritage No. 37 which tells of Bob's life and characteristics and records the great value which will always be attributed to his researches and writings.

I am greatly indebted to my predecessor as Chairman, John McCarthy who, having stood down as National Chairman, bravely undertook duties as Chairman of the Mashonaland Branch. I have called upon John's wisdom and experience many-a-time over the past year.

My grateful thanks also go to my deputy, Kevin Atkinson and committee members John McCarthy, Robin Taylor, Ray Roberts, Fraser Edkins and Charles Castelin. Our meetings are always constructive and uplifting.

I am also most grateful to Adele Hamilton Ritchie for her maintaining all our financial records.

I am enormously indebted to all of you, our members who so loyally support our Society. We are proud of our Society and will continue to do all that we can to make it of interest and variety to all of you.

Thank you

Tim Tanser
31 March 2019

Mashonaland Branch Chairman's Annual Report presented to the 48th AGM

Good morning Ladies and Gentlemen,

Welcome to this, the 48th Annual General Meeting of the Mashonaland Branch of the History Society. Before I launch into a brief description of our past activities, however, I should like to remember a former member of our Committee, Dr Bob Challiss, who passed away last June. Those of you who are long standing members of the Society will have heard Bob speak at some of our meetings, and will have read some of the articles he contributed to the Society's journal. The Society was well represented at his memorial service and I should like, once again on this formal occasion, to express the condolences of the Branch to his family.

Turning to our activities programme since the last AGM, I'm not going to read through them one by one, since most present will have attended the majority of these talks, but for record purposes a listing is shown below.

Topic	Speaker	Date	No. Att.
"Sporting quirks, quiddities & fascinating anecdotes"	Glen Byrom	20/5/18	97
"A trip down Zimbabwe's Gourmet Lane"	Llew Hughes	17/6/18	106
"The History of Cinema in Zimbabwe"	Benny Leon	22/7/18	74
"Point of no return: The path to December, 1962" Discusses key factors relating to the break-up of the Federation.	Brooks Marmon	9/9/18	85
"Climate Change – the facts"	Dr. Tony Martin	30/9/18	141
"The 60th Anniversary of the Damming of Kariba"	Jono Waters	25/11/18	147
"The History of Veterinary Science in Zimbabwe"	Dr Charles Waghorn	27/1/19	180
"Shongwe: through the mists of time". A review of the early history of the Victoria Falls.	Rob Burrett	17/2/19	145
"Lines and lies: The evolution of Zimbabwe's Borders"	Paul Hubbard	17/3/19	147

As may be seen there were 9 talks which covered a very diverse range of topics, all of them held at St. George's College, and generally well attended. In fact, one of them – that relating to the History of Veterinary Science in Zimbabwe by Dr. Charles Waghorn, set a new attendance record (at least in recent times) of 180. After each of our talks, as you know, we make a small presentation to our speakers of a collection of past journals, but I should also like to take this opportunity of thanking each of them

once again for the time and effort they put into preparing their presentations.

Not only were the talks generally well supported by you the members, but, as you will hear from our Treasurer shortly, you were also generous in your donations towards our administration costs. I can assure you that the funds donated are closely watched and precisely accounted for by our Treasurer, Stan Fynes-Clinton, and I would like to thank him most sincerely for his accounting and other efforts on behalf of the Mashonaland Branch. Always one of the first to arrive at the venue when we have talks, Stan is also gracious, but persuasive, when it comes to making the collection boxes available to our members when they depart the venues. Another committee member to whom I must extend special thanks is our Membership and Communications specialist, Charles Castelin. He has had, and continues to have, operational challenges with our service provider in getting our notices circulated to our email members, but, despite that, the notices have always gone out on time. Since the last AGM also our email membership has increased from 754 to 829 and Charles' control over the membership listing has been precise and up to date. Always an advocate of reaching out to those of our members unable to attend our talks for varying reasons, Charles has also done sterling work in arranging what we have termed outreach talks. Continuing on from when he was chairman he has facilitated the repetition of two of our more successful talks at Pleasantways in Mount Pleasant.

Another early arrival at our functions is Robin Taylor. One of the elders on the Committee, not in terms of age, but instead his length of service, his sage advice, and his readiness always to lend a hand, I have really appreciated his support this last year. Now, having sung the particular praises of three of our committee members, let me hasten to add that I have also valued the input and support of all the other members of the committee. They are an invaluable link between the committee and you the members in terms of how our talks are perceived, and we have also had some frank discussions in committee, not only about the content of our talks, as well as possible future talks, but also how to foster a younger and more ethnically diverse membership. Sorting through the jumble of our discussions at our meetings has been our Minutes Secretary, Julia Russell, and I thank her most sincerely for her sterling efforts.

Ladies and Gentlemen, looking forward, we have the makings of a fairly solid programme of activities, the details of which will be announced as the year progresses. However, to remain relevant and viable we need more input from you the membership, both in terms of ideas on topics of possible historical interest and potential speakers, but also volunteers to join our committee. All of the current committee members have expressed a willingness to continue, if elected, but some have also expressed a willingness to step aside were we to have new people coming forward, willing to join the committee.

Finally, I will myself be standing down as chairman, as of the conclusion of this AGM and I would like, once again, to thank the members of the committee for their support. Unlike the National Committee, the members of the Mashonaland Branch committee that you will elect shortly will choose a chairperson at the next meeting scheduled for early May.

I thank you for your ongoing support of our activities and for your attention. I also thank St. George's College for allowing us to use their venues and their equipment at what, it must be said, is a nominal charge.

Thank you,

John McCarthy

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