



ILLUSTRATED LIFE RHODESIA

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER
FORTNIGHT ENDING 4TH JUNE 1969

RHODESIA

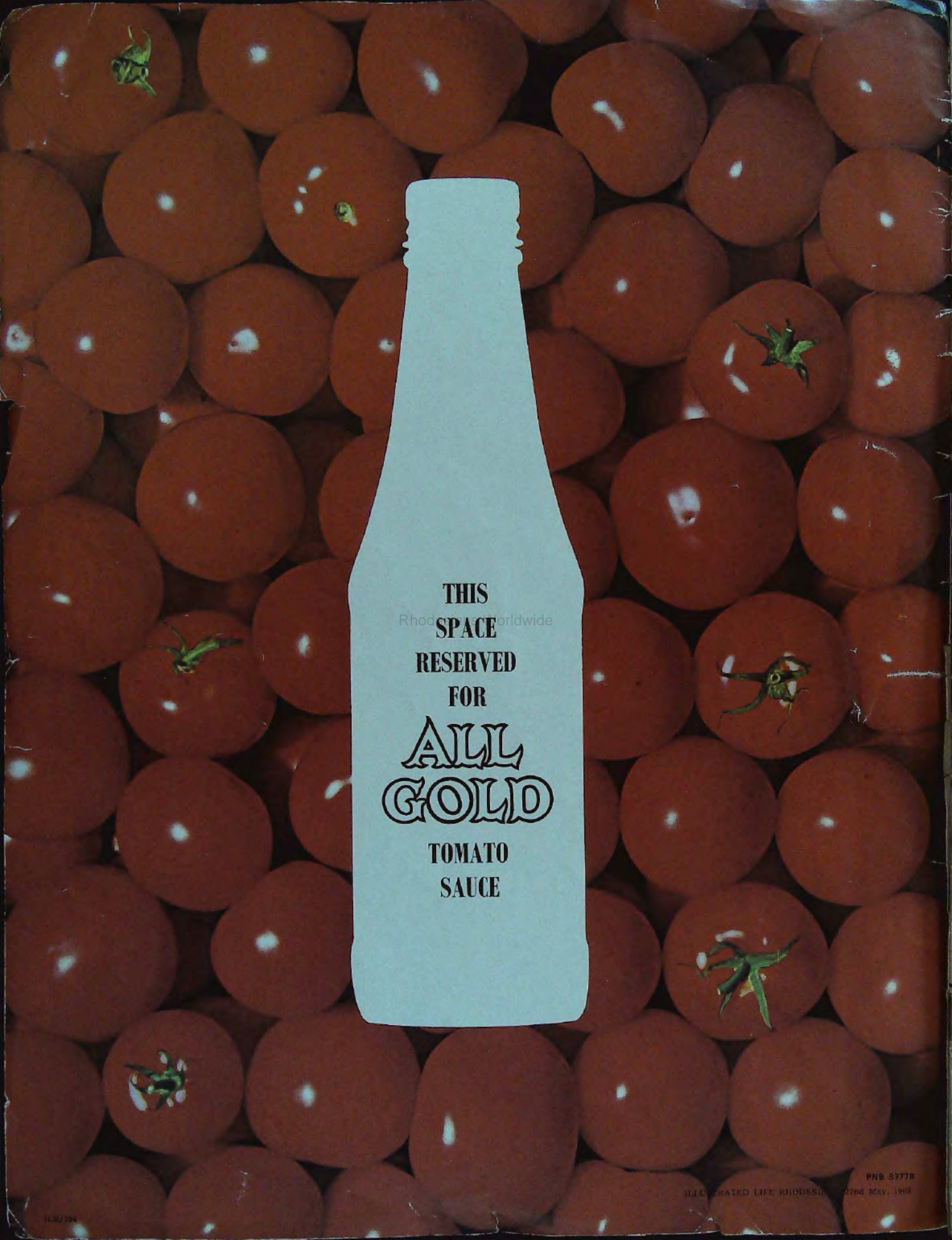
14

SEVENTY-NINE TURBULENT YEARS

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RHODESIA'S PAST



Part Two of our **BIG PRIZE** Competition



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ILLUSTRATED LIFE RHODESIA



CONTENTS

for 22nd May, 1969
Vol. 2. No. 4.

Law for the Layman ...	2	Die a Dry Death—	
Finance for Families ...	2	Episode Ten ...	26
Book Reviews ...	4	Was Christ Buried In	
Points of View ...	7	Kashmir? ...	28
Social Round-up ...	9	Crosswords ...	31
News in Pictures ...	10	Sounds of Music ...	32
79 TURBULENT YEARS	13	Urania Looks Ahead ...	35
£350 Competition ...	20	Rhodesian Homes—	
RUGBY'S GENTLE GIANT	22	A Well-travelled Home	36
Ireland's Joan of Arc ...	24	All British Ape ...	39
		Medicine: Child Care ...	40

FRONT COVER: NATIONAL ARCHIVES AND MIKE McCANN



Tanya Binning may well stop any traffic, but Bernadette, on page 24, caused an even greater riot.



Part Two of our BIG PRIZE Competition

Has Rhodesia learnt anything from history? 79 TURBULENT YEARS, on page 13, takes a dispassionate view of the past.

The pregnant gorilla on page 39 will provide Britain with its own home-bred ape family.



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DIVIDING LINE

There's a difference between the Stock Exchange and the New Issue Market, says Malcolm Johnson.

IT IS OFTEN wrongly believed that the Stock Exchange and the so-called New Issue market are one and the same thing. The reason for this, I suppose, is that in a small community the two markets are very closely linked, and the same individuals and organisations are involved. But even here in Rhodesia, the distinction between the two should not be overlooked.

The New Issue market is concerned with raising new capital for companies. In other words, the companies themselves who want extra capital are directly involved. They issue new blocks of shares—or indeed other securities like debenture or loan stock—shares that previously were not available to the ordinary investor.

What this means is that the company whose shares are being traded on the Stock Exchange is only involved in the sense that it has to register the transfer of a block of shares from one owner to another. When you or I buy already existing shares on the Stock Exchange we are not helping to finance industry, we are simply buying ourselves an investment. However, if we subscribe to a new share issue then we are supplying new capital which the issuing company can, and does, use to develop a mine or build a new factory.

The significance of the Stock Exchange is that it makes new share issues so much more attractive—provided, of course, that the shares concerned are given a public quotation by the Exchange. Where this happens an investment in a New Issue becomes much more "liquid" in the sense that there is a ready market place where we can sell our shares at very short notice if we need the cash in a hurry to buy a new car or to send our children to University. Where newly issued shares are not publicly quoted they become much less "liquid" because it is often extremely difficult to find someone who is prepared to buy them.

It's clear then, that the Stock Exchange widens the potential New Issue market by drawing in many investors who would not be the slightest bit interested in a New Issue, unless they knew that it was going to be quoted on the Exchange.

The Stock Exchange—rightly—lays down rigorous rules about new issues of shares which are seeking a Stock Exchange quotation, and this brings the two markets close together. The Exchange can therefore control the manner in which new issues are carried out.

Finally, the two markets are inter-related because a new issue of shares may mean that existing shareholders in other companies want to sell their shares, so that they have the cash to subscribe to a new issue. Consequently, its announcement can, and often does, affect price levels on the Stock Exchange. ●

THE UNWANTED

Rhodesian abortion laws are stricter than British statutes, says Percy Manning.



THE STORY recently published about the Rhodesian girl who went to England for an abortion undoubtedly set some folk thinking. I have heard a lot of people say that Britain's new law is most enlightened. It now enables abortions, for the most part, to be performed by qualified doctors under surgically approved conditions in hospital. The new Act, however, will not allow a woman to have her pregnancy terminated on a mere whim: she must fall within one of the categories (which admittedly are fairly comprehensive), listed in the Act.

Compared to the new English system, our own abortion laws are certainly conservative. In Rhodesia anyone who treats a pregnant woman in order to end gestation commits a criminal offence. It would probably be a defence to plead that in the considered opinion of the medical practitioner the abortion was necessary to save the mother's life. But even this isn't absolutely certain, because no court in this part of the world has yet ruled on the matter.

Another aspect is that the crime may be committed by the mother herself. If she agrees to an unlawful abortion, both she and the "doctor" who performs the operation may be prosecuted, and anybody else giving assistance would also be guilty of an offence. For instance, the person who supplies instruments in the knowledge that they will be used for an abortion is guilty. The criminal charge will be far more serious if the mother dies as a result of the abortion. The "doctor" even runs the risk of being condemned as a murderer if he realised this might happen and decided to risk her death. Otherwise—if risk was considered minimal—he would probably be convicted of culpable homicide.

But perhaps the strictest thing about our law is that a person may be deemed to have committed a crime even though the operation is unsuccessful and the child is born. This is reasonable because somebody who interferes with the normal cause of pregnancy may achieve something far worse than abortion: he may injure the unborn child.

In one case, a woman, firmly believing she was pregnant when in fact she wasn't, requested and was given a series of injections by a doctor. The doctor was convicted of attempted abortion. It seems therefore that the law is as much concerned with the intent to terminate pregnancy as with the actual performance of an illegal abortion. ●

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Contempt for Britain Inspires Book

BY JOE LIDDY.

IN A RECENT issue of TIME magazine, England, following on her Gilbertian invasion of Anguilla, was cast in the role of the Keystone Cops of the sixties, a bumbling figure of fun. A report like this in one of the most influential publications of a friendly nation will, I am sure, have Palmerston and Wellington turning in their graves. Are things really as bad as they appear? Is Britain a has-been, an ex-champion living on the memories of past victories? There are certainly a large number of people in this country who, relying on our limited communication with the outside world and influenced by the presently strained relations, would answer with an unequivocal "yes". If they read **GOODBYE ENGLAND** (Hamish Hamilton) by James Barlow, they will, no doubt, be confirmed in their views. A novelist of note—(*The Patriots*, *Burden of Proof*, etc.)—the author has just left England to settle in Australia, and this book is rather in the nature of a 'Dear John' explaining in trenchant terms why he felt bound to desert the country of his birth.

The trouble started when Barlow went to Africa in search of material for one of his books. His wide-ranging travels through Angola, Rhodesia, Mozambique and South Africa convinced him that this part of the world was being judged unfairly, that the situation was being viewed with blinkers on. It was when he arrived back in England and tried to do something to rectify the situation by writing to newspapers and periodicals that he really became disillusioned. There seemed to be a conspiracy of silence; nobody, it appeared, was willing to publish pro-Southern Africa views, not even in their correspondence columns. It seems to have been this 'black-out' that made the author take stock of present-day Britain and its government. He certainly didn't like what he found. The 'permissive society', inept government and lack of backbone in foreign policy all helped to convince him that Britain just wasn't the place for him.

More than half of the book is devoted to Africa and its problem countries—South Africa, Rhodesia and the Portuguese territories. His support for Rhodesia would appear to be unqualified, but he maintains that eighty per cent of the people in Britain, despite the adverse propaganda, "... want Ian Smith's Rhodesia to win outright". He has some very complimentary things to say about Dr. Nogueira, whom he considers to be one of the few statesmen in the world today. There's no doubt that this section of the book will get fine reception in our part of the world.

Unbalanced View

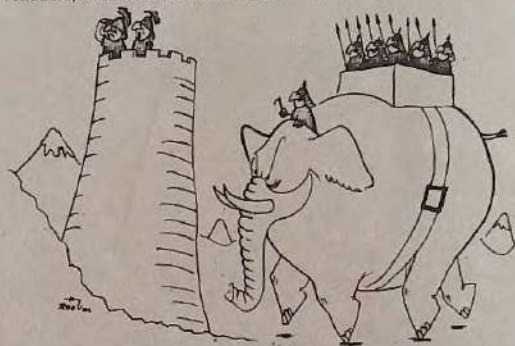
But just how good a book is it? Let me say at the outset that I am glad I read the book, that I enjoyed the reading of it and that I agreed with a fair percentage of what he says. For my money, though, there are too many generalisations and not a few inconsistencies. His picture of Britain's

permissive society may be true of London but how true is it of, say, Chester or Durham? What is the percentage of hashish smokers there, and how many of the youth are New Leftists? Far fewer than Mr. Barlow would have us believe. His criticism of the form of the British government, its unqualified M.P.s and the limitations of economics-based democracy, would carry more weight had he not emigrated to a country in which exactly the same conditions obtain.

That the author is upset is indisputable; that he may have reasons for his discontent is more than likely; that he would have written a more cogent and balanced book if he had taken a cooler approach is certain. He has many pertinent things to say but it would be a pity if we in Rhodesia were to swallow the book whole just because he has some nice things to say about us. We would then be no better than our own armchair critics with their pre-packed opinions.

Comprehensive Cookbook

Our second, and final, book this week would seem to indicate that some things at least are improving in Britain. Cookery is on the up and up. **SOCIABLE COOK'S BOOK** by Fanny and Johnnie Craddock is a Fontana paperback designed to appeal to people who take a real pride in what they put on the table. It assumes a knowledge of the basics of cooking and also suggests dishes for those people who have to watch the housekeeping money; it has a selection of recipes for the gourmets who can afford to buy the occasional trout or tin of escargots. In addition to the recipes there are sections dealing with the art of eating the difficult—snails, oysters, asparagus and so forth, "Do's" and "Don't's" in the kitchen, and hoarding. Eminently readable, even for the men in the family. ●



"There's some silly rumour going round about Hannibal's army crossing the Alps on elephants."

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CAUSE FOR CONCERN

• Jill Mills' article "Lonely and Lost" (your issue for the fortnight ending May 7) made horrifying reading.

Obviously aimed at arousing an apathetic public, it should make any thinking person demand a reform of existing punishment.

I sympathise with magistrates reluctant to interfere; I myself despise meddling in other peoples' affairs. But no one can condone the instances quoted of incestuous attacks and burning. The abandonment of children to a lonely existence is, I feel, thoughtless, not cruel. It would be interesting to know how many parents concerned are young. Many in this category are unwilling to undertake the problems and responsibilities of marriage and parenthood.

No doubt parents carefully lock up the valuables while their house servant is in charge, yet leave to his care what should be the most cherished of all their possessions—their children.

(Mrs.) Anne McBeath,
Causeway.

FICTION, NOT FACT

• I am an avid reader of your magazine, and for this reason I would like to correct an item in your article headed 'Reflections of Rhodesia', starting on page 18 of your issue for the week ending April 9.

A picture captioned 'Blue Gums Inyanga' carries an explanation of how Inyanga got its name. Your definition is completely incorrect.

The picturesque Eastern Districts village derives its name from two hills in the District which lie side by side and resemble the horns of a duiker. The word 'horn' in the Cinmanyika dialect is in fact 'inyanga'. The word for witchdoctor is in fact 'Mganga' which really means a person who deals in medicine.

G. D. K. Barlow,
P.O. Bikita.

OUT OF PLACE

• While your Beira supplement (issue for the fortnight ending May 7) contained useful information which was well presented, the method of superimposing photographs over text made it almost illegible in places.

Surely this kind of "artwork" is out of place in a supplement?

Critical,
Salisbury.

RIGHT APPROACH

• I think you have the right attitude with your film page, which, in the main, gives a general run down on films well supported by pictures.

After going to see a film recently on the strength of a newspaper criticism loud in its praises, and discovering that I had let myself in for a couple of hours of sheer boredom (and I was the only person to remain in the cinema after the first half), I am somewhat anti film critics as such.

Film fan,
Salisbury.

LIMITED INTEREST

• This is, unfortunately, a letter of complaint.

While I appreciated your supplement on Beira, I do not think it should have been inserted at the expense of the main body of the magazine. I assume this was done for technical reasons, but surely the answer would have been to offer it as a separate entity (as you did your first supplement).

For anyone who knows Beira there can be little of interest in this particular issue (fortnight ending May 7).

Secondly, Illustrated Life is supposed to be a magazine featuring all aspects of life here and overseas, but it is a long time since the magazine has featured an article on sport.

I am also disappointed in the standard of your colour photographs. Could you not print the colour pages of the magazine on a better quality paper, as some of the South African magazines do?

In spite of these complaints I would like to thank you for some very interesting articles. As you published an article on the back-room boys of radio and television, what about one describing the people involved in magazine production?

Bernard Rayner,
Gatooma.

SAVING HISTORY

• You published a letter recently from 'Salisbury Teenager' asking for an article on old buildings, as many are being demolished.

I wonder how many of the 'developers' realise what they are doing as they recklessly destroy old landmarks. A country's history is told in bricks and mortar, and we should save this for future generations.

The Castle in Cape Town is built on a valuable site, and so is the Tower of London, but fortunately no one in either city has decided that these buildings, associated with Jan van Riebeck and William the Conqueror, are expendable.

In Salisbury, the Lonrho building stands opposite the Salisbury Club. Historically it has little significance (compared with the Cape Town Castle or the Tower), but it has a carriage arch and cobbled drive leading into what was probably a stable yard. A building like this could be preserved, not as a museum, but as a useful building, perhaps converted into flats.

Town planners all over the world are trying to restore the central city areas, as the suburbs become the focus of attention. Surely we should try and do this before the problem becomes insoluble.

(Mrs.) R. A. Fry,
Salisbury.

A GUINEA PRIZE

will be presented each week for the best letter received (by the best, we mean the wittiest, or the most sensible, or the most interesting). Generally speaking, letters should be short and to the point, and can be on any subject.

This week's prize letter:

Mrs. Daphne Seymour's.

USEFUL ADDITION

• Your Beira Supplement (issue for the fortnight ending May 7) arrived just in time for our annual holiday.

This seems one of the most comprehensive lists of Where's Why's and When's to be published in a supplement, and we will certainly pack it in the holiday luggage along with the road maps when we go to the Coast.

We'll let you know how useful it was, on our return.

Holidaymaker,
Bulawayo.

FOSTER HOME

• It was with great personal interest that I read your long overdue article entitled "Lonely and Lost" (issue for the fortnight ending May 7th).

I was asked by the Child Fostering Society if I would be interested in looking after a baby boy aged 15 months, with the possibility of future adoption. The Children's Home were very keen to find a solution in this case, for two good reasons. His natural mother used to visit the home in a drunken state, and his only emotional attachment was to the nurse who had been looking after him, and who was leaving the Home to get married.

My initial pleasure at the thought of having him was dampened by the officer's next words "It is thought that the child may be retarded".

I learned that Jamie, as we had named him, had been frequently fed on alcohol by his mother and had been near death when taken in by the authorities.

I had sincere doubts about my ability to cope with the real psychological problems I might have to face with this baby.

We still have Jamie, and he is now over two years old, but despite everything we have done he is still not legally adopted.

(Mrs.) Daphne Seymour,
Mount Pleasant Park.

TRAFFIC HAZARD

• One of the worst aspects of driving in Salisbury is double parking. People who create long queues in the middle of busy streets make it impossible for other drivers to keep moving in the face of oncoming traffic, thus causing jams and accidents.

When are the traffic police going to make this a culpable offence?

Frustrated,
Salisbury.

DO-IT-YOURSELF KIT

• Could you give us housebound farmers' wives some down-to-earth ideas on how to jazz up our wardrobes with accessories and renovations? This would keep loyal readers like myself from straying to the women's magazines.

We love turning the pages and seeing the svelte and haughty overseas models in their chic, expensive outfits but sanctions and budgets often make it difficult to acquire these.

What about some ideas on how to make the most of what we have got, in fact how to be clever with clothes?

Fashion Conscious,
Salisbury.

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TOWN and COUNTRY



Mr. and Mrs. Anthony John Webster after their wedding at the Catholic Chapel, Arcturus Road, Salisbury. The bride, formerly Miss Jayne Catherine Duckenfield is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Duckenfield of Goromonzi and her groom the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Webster of Chiredzi.

Photo: Ito the Pirate



Mr. Greg McClune, winner of the 1969 Caltex Play of the Year Competition, receives his £100 cheque from the General Manager of Caltex, Mr. D. J. van den Heever.

Photo: Noel Wesson



Delegates to the Bilharzia Seminar held at the Blair Institute were entertained at a cocktail party by the Marketing Manager of Sterling Products International, Mr. Michael Power. Pictured (left to right) are the Director of the Institute of Medical Research L.M., Dr. Luis T. de Almeida Franco, a representative of the Wellcome Research Foundation, London, Dr. G. Burke, Mr. Power, the Provincial Medical Officer of Health Mashonaland Dr. L. Westwater and Mr. G. T. J. Emslie from Winthrop Laboratories.

Photo: C. G. S. Macpherson



Throwing the bride's garter to a future lucky groom at the reception following their wedding at the Catholic Cathedral is Mr. Sylvano Davanzo, who married Miss Patrizia Papa, of Salisbury.

Photo: Ito the Pirate



Rhodesia's Megan Timothy, one of the five actresses promoting the latest Prestley film "Charro" on a tour of 23 American cities. She is pictured (centre) with two "Charro" girls and actors James Sikking (left) and Solomon Sturges (right), after the signing of their Texas citizenship proclamations witnessed by Governor Preston E. Smith (foreground), at the State Capitol, Austin.

Photo: Bill Malone

PHOTO REVIEW



JUNGLE AMBASSADOR

IN A LEAFY jungle clearing 'somewhere in the liberated area of South Vietnam', Raul Valdes Vivo, Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of the Cuban Republic to the Central Committee of the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam, presented his diplomatic credentials in a solemn ceremony to Dr. Nguyen Huu Tho, President of the National Liberation Front, who are better known as the Vietcong.

This extraordinary and unprecedented ceremony, with its mixture of comedy and pathos, took place at precisely 9.30 a.m. on March 4th, 1968. These exclusive photographs had to be returned by jungle trails to Hanoi, before they could be released to the world.

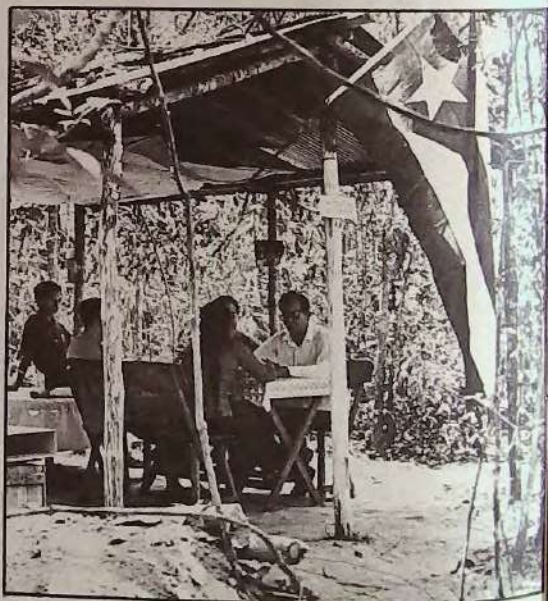
Cuba is the first country in the world to send an Ambassador to the National Liberation Front, though all Communist countries recognise the organisation as the rightful government of South Vietnam. But it is completely unknown for a full Ambassador to be sent to an organisation which is only in partial control of a country, and is desperately fighting to gain control—by military or political means—of the rest.

Even stranger is the fact that the solemn presentation of diplomatic credentials, which is usually accompanied by pomp and ceremony in a magnificent Presidential palace, was a relatively informal affair, though with strict observance of protocol, in a jungle clearing which is obviously no more than a temporary headquarters for the N.L.F.

But in spite of the decided oddities in the situation it all took place with due propriety. The Cuban Ambassador was received by a guard of honour formed from Vietcong guerilla soldiers. ●



In a jungle clearing the Vietcong stage an evening of "cultural festivities". Above top: Cuban Ambassador Vivo, sweats it out as guest of honour. Above: "Revolutionary singers" entertain the diplomat.



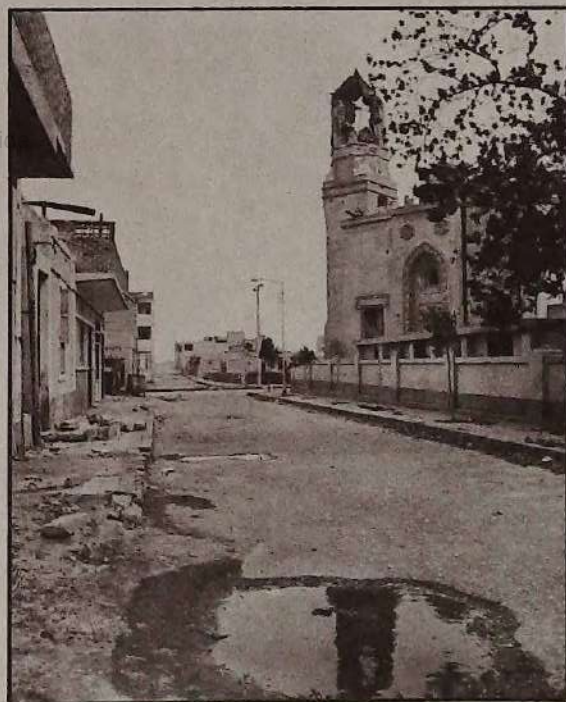
The Cuban Embassy in N.L.F. territory—an open-sided hut with a corrugated iron roof, an "ambassadorial table" and a Cuban flag. Nearby is the entrance to an underground bomb shelter—protection against American air strikes.



▲ **DEAF-MUTE CHILDREN**, or those who are deaf and blind, can now learn to "hear" with their hands—with the aid of a new German invention. On the principle that a deaf person is more sensitive than normal to vibrations, the apparatus consists of a "vibration trainer" which is fixed to the wrist and which transmits acoustic impulses. With the help of the "trainer", a deaf child can "feel" the language and learn it more easily.



▲ **WHEN MODEL** Gay Lee, 21, got married in London recently, she didn't look a day older than her mother. And that's quite a compliment. Gay's mother, Mrs. Ruth Lee, makes a speciality of looking decades younger than her real age—which is 41. She often models teenagers' fashions—and pretty well any clothes look well on her 34-22-34 figure.



▲ **ACROSS THE CANAL.** Tension between Israeli and Arab has been at flash-point along the Suez Canal ever since the June '67 conflict. It is a "warm" war, blowing up to white heat during the frequent (average twice-weekly) and massive artillery duels which periodically shatter the silence of the desert. Although villages on both sides of the Canal have been evacuated, the Egyptians risk a great deal of damage both to their assets and their prestige. The towns of Ismailia and Suez, and the oil installations, are virtually sitting ducks. The Four Powers have got together to try to hammer out a solution to the dispute, but have met with very little success.—the Israelis are unlikely to accept any imposed arrangements. Another full-scale war seems inevitable. The question now being asked is not "whether" but "when". Pictures show, top: An Israeli army officer chats to two U.N. observers, an Austrian and a Burmese. Above: The ghost town of Icantara, once a thriving Arab community.



▲ **"CRIPPLE" IS TOP RECRUIT.** The marching boots of airman Michael Harlow spell out an impressive story of courage and determination. Michael, 21, was once told by doctors that he would never walk unaided. But he has proved them wrong in a remarkable way—by winning the award for the top Royal Air Force recruit. Michael was born with an ankle deformity, and even after several operations he could only limp along with the help of a leg-iron. Said Michael: "I told the air force I could do anything—games, square-bashing, physical training and obstacle courses. I knew I was being optimistic but they finally accepted me. The day I entered camp I decided to put the leg-iron aside, and to my amazement it worked."



Sweet success with every baking

Gold Star Icing Sugar. That's the teatime topping that draws all the applause. And using Gold Star Icing Sugar you're certain of sweet, melt-in-the-mouth success with every baking. Try this simple yet delicious Butter Icing, for example. It can be made in a variety of colours, adds rich enjoyment to every type of cake, and can be used for either fillings, covering or decoration. Quantities given here are sufficient to top and fill a 9-inch cake.

Ingredients: 6 oz. fresh butter, 9 oz. Gold Star Icing Sugar, flavouring and colouring.

Method: Work the butter till soft, then



gradually beat in sifted icing sugar. Beat until white and soft. Flavour and colour as desired.

VARIATIONS:

Chocolate. Add either 1-2 oz. melted chocolate or 1 oz. cocoa blended with 2-3 tablespoons water and boil for a few minutes. Allow to cool before use. **Coffee.** Add 1-2 teaspoons coffee essence. **Orange or Lemon.** Add 1 teaspoon of very finely grated orange or lemon rind and 1 teaspoonful of the juice. If icing is required for piping do not add rind. **Liqueur.** Add 1 teaspoonful of your favourite liqueur.

Gold Star Icing Sugar

79 TURBULENT YEARS

Since the flag was first raised at Fort Salisbury a short 79 years ago the young Rhodesia has experienced a turmoil of allegiances, constitutions, war and depression. Yet again Rhodesians have reached a time for decision—a time when clear signposts to their future will have to be erected.

PICTURES: NATIONAL ARCHIVES.

What is the foundation of that independence which the country took in 1965 and which it may confirm within the next few weeks? What are the origins of that self-confidence which prompted UDI?

Colin Black talks about Rhodesia, the way it began and about some of the people who made the Rhodesian Story.



This is how it began . . .





THE YOUNG IMPERIALIST. Rhodes as an Oxford student, dreamily determined on extending the power and glory of the British Empire throughout Africa. Reality fell far short of his dreams, but he did achieve more than any other expansionist in his era. He created a brand new country.

79 TURBULENT YEARS

Eighty-minus years is a short time in which to survey a country's greatness.

History may be the chart and compass of national endeavour, but it is also (said Edward Gibbon) only a register of the crimes, follies and misfortunes of mankind. In 1884 Augustine Birrell called history "that great dust heap." Ralph Waldo Emerson thought differently. "The use of history," he wrote, "is to give value to the present hour and its duty."

The problem in 1969 for the historian, the analyst or the reader of the Rhodesian story is to distinguish between the dust of time, the winds of change in Africa and the current fog which obscures the future.

areas), and the pioneer visitors from Europe soon withdrew their remnants to the coast.

There was no white settlement for many years. The African tribes were on the move, however, closing in on the lands north of the Limpopo River from the south and the north. The activities of the Arab slave raiders north of the Zambezi kept the land in ferment, and from the middle of the 19th century the Matabele impis held themselves in fine fettle by raiding the docile Mashonas and viewing with increasing hostility the handful of missionaries who were trying to establish themselves in Matabeleland.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S Charter gave the British South Africa Company formidable authority. The Company needed it, for it was about to occupy and develop a vast area, almost blank on the map, in which savagery ruled unchecked and survival was the lesser breeds' first requisite.

The composition of the Pioneer

A COUNTRY BETW

A QUESTION OF LOYALTIES. The period of time between the raising of the Union Jack at Fort Salisbury on 13th September, 1890, and the adoption of Rhodesia's new green and white standard on 11th November, 1968 (far right, opposite page) has seen the painful growth of a nation. The embattled Union Jack at Fort Charter (left) symbolises Rhodesia's allegiances during the first seven decades of her life. Is a scene that was repeated whenever an Imperial call to arms was made.

One of the young country's major tests of loyalty was the Union issue of the early 'twenties. Winston Churchill insisted in 1923 that the people of Rhodesia themselves had to decide their own future. The choice: Responsible Government, or absorption by South Africa. General Jan Smuts stumped the country, offering the colonists some very attractive terms.

Picture (right) shows Sir Charles Coghlan with Smuts during the former's visit to Cape Town in 1922 to discuss the terms of Union with South Africa.



ON A SUNNY Saturday—it was September 13, 1890—the 860 men of Cecil Rhodes's Pioneer Column pulled up the Union Jack in what is now Cecil Square in Salisbury. They had arrived on a bare patch of veld the previous day and had needed time in which to wash and brush-up after the 1,000-mile journey.

On a gusty, clouded Monday—it was November 11, 1968—the Rhodesian Government pulled down the Union Jack and hoisted an Independence flag of controversial design.

The Rhodesians had waited 78 years in which to decide that Britain's policy in South-Central Africa was no basement bargain and that the standards she had laid down were unacceptable.

THE STORY of Rhodesia is a disjointed compound of exploration, occupation, exploitation, sound development and—in 1969—a certain preoccupation with what the future holds for the white man in a world apparently entranced, spellbound and

hypnotised by catch-phrases such as "anti-imperialism" and "Black Power."

It started in 1888, when Cecil Rhodes, having obtained from the Matabele king, Lobengula, a concession to seek minerals and open mines in what was to become Rhodesia, sought from Queen Victoria a charter to administer and develop the country. He got the charter in October, 1889.

SUITS OF ARMOUR AND THE SEARCH FOR GOLD

Hunters, prospectors and missionaries had, in general, been the only explorers from the south, although the adventurous Portuguese, striking north-west from the Indian Ocean shore, had reached the fabled land of Monomotapa in search of gold and other treasures which have always helped to finance the spreading of religion. Suits of armour are slight protection against mosquitoes (they make scratching difficult in vulnerable

Column is worth noting for, unwittingly at the time, it set a pattern which subsequent Governments in Rhodesia and then the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland adapted to their policies of selective immigration.

The Pioneer Corps was the civilian section of the occupation force. Every man was chosen for his special skill or unusual ability. There was, naturally, an emphasis on farming and mining, but medicine, surveying, geology and other sciences were represented.

It was an elite corps, far removed from the rabbles which swarmed into the Yukon, the South African diamond fields and the Australian goldfields.

For protection, the civilians had 500 men of the newly-formed BSA Company Police. In overall command was Lieutenant-Colonel E. G. Pennefather, a Regular Army officer. The equipping and supplying of the Column was brilliantly done by a young man, Major Frank Johnson (he commanded the Corps), who in 1944 was to die in Norfolk after living through the

German occupation of the Channel Islands in World War Two. (His son, "Budge," died in Salisbury in 1967; his granddaughter, Maureen, is a news reporter in the same city).

In the 33 years during which it administered Rhodesia, the BSA Company never paid a penny dividend to its shareholders. And the British Government never put a penny's investment into the young country, although it offered much advice on how the Company should run it.

ROGUES AND MISFITS MORE COMIC THAN EVIL

Self-reliance was no new characteristic in any pioneer country, but it explains how the Rhodesian outlook was fashioned, developed and hardened.

The quota of rogues and misfits was small in the early Salisbury and Bulawayo, and the influx of undesirable

tobacco growing was hardly a worthwhile pastime, but its supporters persisted in careful planning and soon had laid a strong foundation on which was built an industry envied throughout the world — until hammered by sanctions in 1966.

"Responsible government" was a phrase linked with the renewal of the Company's charter in 1914, and after the war Rhodesia sought such a government, only to be told by the Colonial Secretary, Winston Churchill, that incorporation with the Union of South Africa had to be an alternative choice in an essential referendum.

In spite of the fact that General Smuts stumped Rhodesia, offering very attractive terms should it join South Africa, the country voted for responsible government in 1922, and on September 12, 1923, Southern Rhodesia was formally annexed to the British Crown.

The British Government reserved the right to "oversee" certain legislation • affecting the indigenous peoples where it might discriminate

his skill in the hardest theatre of all — the theatre of war.

Non-stop surgery on the battlefields of France, after medical work in Malta and Gallipoli, meant quick decisions and even faster work. It was a training which shaped his outlook for the political years which were to follow.

CIVIL SERVICE SALARIES AND A GOVERNMENT TOPPLES

Back in Rhodesia, Huggins entered politics in the country's second general election since the grant of responsible government and became a vociferous back-bencher.

In 1932 the Government, lacking funds in the world depression, tried to chop expenses by cutting the salaries of, among others, Civil Servants. Mr. Huggins, whose constituency of Salisbury North was predominantly Civil

The problem is to distinguish between the dust of time, the winds of change, and the fog which obscures the future.

EEN TWO FLAGS



MOMENTS OF DECISION. The Federation dissolved, the two northern territories were automatically given their freedom, Rhodesia remained a colony. Negotiations between the colonial office and a succession of Rhodesian delegations proved abortive. Then on 11th November, 1965, Prime Minister Ian Smith did what his predecessor, the late Winston Field, felt unable or unwilling to do. He declared his country's independence unilaterally.

Picture (left) shows the Prime Minister signing the proclamation of sovereignty prior to each cabinet minister placing his signature to the document. Sitting next to Mr. Smith is Mr. Clifford Dupont, then Deputy Prime Minister and Minister of External Affairs and of Defence, afterwards appointed Officer Administering the Government. Standing left to right: Mr. J. H. Howman, Mr. A. P. Smith, Mr. P. van Heerden, Mr. I. B. Dillon, Mr. B. H. Mussett, Mr. Lance Smith, Mr. I. F. McLean, Mr. J. J. Wrathall and, partially hidden, Mr. P. K. F. van der Byl.

Picture right: The country's new flag is hoisted three years after UDI.

ables hardly noticeable. Many of the "characters" were comic rather than evil, and the hard living and working conditions soon sorted the men from the boys, frightening away the weaklings and deterring the indolent newcomers.

THE TURN of the century marked a testing time for Rhodesia. After the Matabele and Mashona rebellions in 1893 and 1896 came the rinderpest to decimate the cattle herds.

The Anglo-Boer War took its toll of the volunteer soldiers who had left their farms and mines and businesses to fight alongside the British in South Africa.

They went to war again in 1914 to soldier in East Africa, South-West Africa and in France.

Undermanned on the home front, the country battled to develop its natural resources and its growing (and invaluable) mineral industry. Gold, coal, asbestos and chrome were to be found in abundance. Copper and many "specialised" minerals came later.

In the eyes of many farmers,

between white and black, • external affairs and • one or two other matters. In defence, the Governor, appointed by Britain and approved by Rhodesia, was the Commander-in-Chief.

ENDLESS HARDSHIPS AND THE PERKY HUGGINS

THE DEPRESSION which struck in 1929 and infected most of the world by the early 1930s did not bypass Rhodesia. Commerce and agriculture languished. Farmers went bust. White men worked on the roads for five bob a day. The Rhodesians were beginning to think that their lot was only a little, and that endless hardship was more than a bad joke.

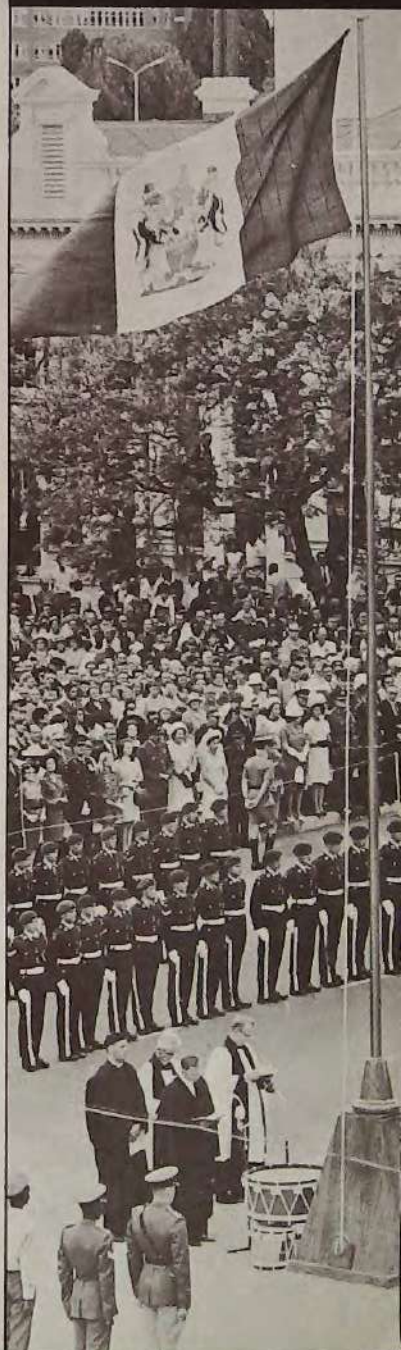
On to the political stage strode a perky surgeon from Kent, Godfrey Martin Huggins, who had practised medicine in Salisbury from 1911 and had then returned to England for World War One, where he sharpened

Service, exploded.

To save the Rhodesian Party Government from defeat in the confidence vote (which would have meant a general election, and one was due the next year, anyway), he voted for his party, then crossed the floor the next day—and became Leader of the Reform Party Opposition.

It was the first step that was to take him to the office of Prime Minister for 20 years, until on September 7, 1953, he became the First Prime Minister of the Federation. He retired on October 31, 1956, after setting a record for the longest continuous service of any Prime Minister in the history of the British Commonwealth. His nearest rivals had been William Pitt and Mackenzie King of Canada.

A former politician-farmer, the late Luke Green, once asked: "What would have happened had Huggins not steered the country for 20 years? Coghlan died suddenly in 1927. H. U. Moffat was a man of much integrity but a little mild as Premier of a young and vigorous country. He grew





DEPRESSION. Real hardship hit the Rhodesian settlers in the 'thirties. Farms went bust, white men worked for five bob a day building strip roads. Onto the political stage pranced a perky young surgeon called Godfrey Martin Huggins (above). He became Prime Minister of the colony.

MORE BRITISH THAN THE BRITISH was how Rhodesians thought of themselves after World War II. Immigrants flooded in from the United Kingdom, and pride in Empire ran high. A succession of Royal Visits confirmed that mutual affection between Britain and her colony. King George and his Queen, Elizabeth, toured the country in 1947.

SOCIALIST INTEREST. British Opposition Leader, Clement Attlee visited Northern Rhodesia in 1951 "purely as an observer". His observations remained his own but could well have guided young Harold Wilson in his later dealings with Central Africa. Seen with Attlee (right), are a very young Mr. Roy Welensky, Chairman of the Unofficial Members; and, forefront right, Sir Gilbert Rennie, Northern Rhodesia Governor.



79 TURBULENT YEARS

weary and he probably knew that he wasn't a popular Premier. When he resigned in 1933, his Minister of Mines, George Mitchell, became Prime Minister, for a few months before the general election.

"And this was Huggins's chance.

"He didn't want to go into politics, but once he had been talked round he became a vigorous campaigner, and his Reform Party won with a small majority. After a spell of party dissensions Huggins combined his right wing elements with the Opposition Rhodesian Party to form the United Party—and he won the next election hands down.

"Huggins was the best man Rhodesia could have had in her developing stages. He made mistakes but he was man enough to admit them and to adjust his thinking to changing circumstances.

"Had we lost Huggins to a succession of Prime Ministers with differing outlooks, history might well have been changed."

(It was about this time that Luke Green said: "I broke my neck in a car crash before an election and I never returned to politics. It's a pastime I

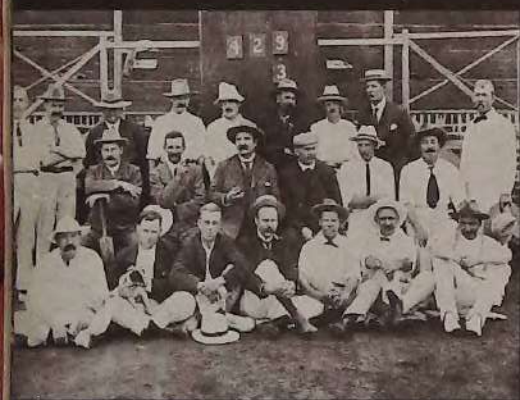
would recommend for some British politicians to-day").

This is not the place for evaluation of the merits and demerits of Mr. G. M. Huggins (later Sir Godfrey and now Lord Malvern), as surgeon or Prime Minister, but he undoubtedly gave Rhodesia a shot in the arm and set a breezy example of confidence in the country which inspired many people. If his critics jeered, "Rhodesia is run by Huggie and the omnipotent African nannies," at least it was run successfully.

Then came World War Two.

CONSCRIPTION TO KEEP RHODESIANS FROM VOLUNTEERING

FOR THE third time in 40 years Rhodesia in 1939 mobilised her men and women of all races. So great was the rush of volunteers that the Government had to introduce conscription—to keep key people on the land and in industry. This had probably never happened before in the history of modern warfare. Despite these restrictions, Rhodesia, on a pro



THE SPORTING BREED

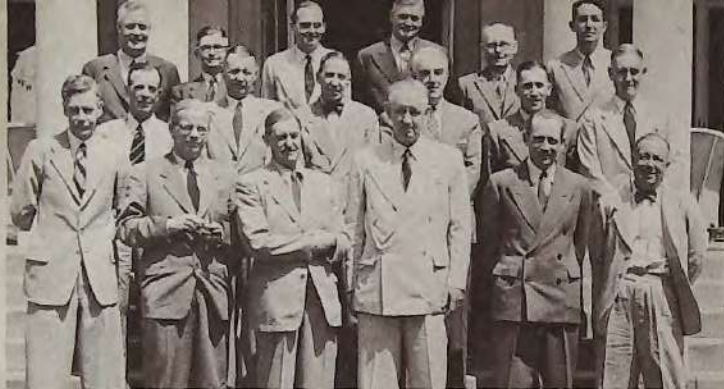
Rhodesians are a sport-loving people, perhaps excessively so. Above left: Cricket in 1901, dress informal, good bowlers welcome. The game in Rhodesia has produced many international players, some of them truly brilliant.

Rugby (above centre) has been enthusiastically played, although not consistently well (except, perhaps, in the 'fifties) from the very early days.

Pictured is Bulawayo's Queens Club team of 1897.

Tennis (above right) has always suited the leisurely, drinks-on-Sunday existence of Rhodesians and the Rhodesian climate—possibly not when played in the fashions of 1912.

Motor-cycling (left) has thrown up local racers of world class. This picture shows the start of the very first race from Mazoe to Salisbury in 1908.



rata population basis, contributed more fighting men than any other Commonwealth country.

Nearly 15 per cent of the small white population went to war. Nearly a tenth of her 10,000 service personnel were killed or died on active service.

The setback to the economy was not as severe as it had been after World War One, but it meant that the country had to take a deep breath and start again from a long way back.

What might be called the "military aspect" of the Rhodesian scene in 1969, including the respect with which the BSA Police are regarded by all sectors of the community, undoubtedly stems from the discipline and traditions which were imported in 1890 and toughened during the testing times of the Matabele and Mashona rebellions.

SEVERAL PLANS for a consolidation of the natural and economic resources in the British territories of South-Central Africa had been formulated, examined and discarded long before the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland was created after many years of preparatory work on the spot and in Britain.

The failure of the Federation after 10 years is now so much water under the bridge, but at the time its creation was hailed as a magnificent experi-

ment in multi-racialism and a possible blueprint for co-operation between white and non-white beyond the borders of the two Rhodesias and Nyasaland.

In 1960 a London publisher wrote: "... The Federation is one of the most important countries in Africa south of the Sahara... Its economic potential is unlimited, while the social development of its seven million African people, many of whom are only now emerging from the primitive outlook and living conditions, is being watched with considerable interest in most civilised countries in the world".

The whole had been greater than the sum of its parts; the fragments meant very little.

It is too soon to forecast accurately the evils—or the possible benefits?—which the Federation's dissolution could still bring to Zambia and Nyasaland—two countries of widely different economic structure, being led along divergent paths by dictators.

They worked hard to break the Federation and they succeeded. They forgot however, the African saying that "a three-legged pot cannot stand on two legs," and they may one day regret the destruction of that unit, which brought economic stability and a better life to many people.

THE DAWN of January 1, 1964, found Rhodesia a somewhat be-

THE GREAT IDEAL. Creation of the Federation was hailed as a magnificent experiment in multi-racialism and a possible blueprint for co-operation between white and black beyond the borders of the two Rhodesias and Nyasaland. But it failed after ten years—the whole had proved greater than the sum of its many parts.

HOPE-FILLED Southern Rhodesia delegates (above left) to the Victoria Falls Conference, which had been convened to discuss "closer association in Central Africa." Second and third from left in the front row can be seen Sir Edgar Whitehead and, the then, Sir Godfrey Huggins, now Lord Malvern.

A TIME FOR SMILES AND CIRCUMSTANCE. First Governor General of the Federation was Lord Llewellyn. Pictured (above) at Downing House, Salisbury, shortly after he had been sworn in are: (l. to r.) Sir John Noble Kennedy, S.R. Governor; Lord Llewellyn; Sir Gilbert Rennie, N.R. Governor; and A. C. Talbot Edwards, representing the Nyasaland Governor.

POLITICAL SHELTER. The Monckton Commission in 1960 threw a number of politicians into a huddle, no less Lord Malvern and Sir Roy Welensky (left, at the University College just after the Commission). As subsequent events showed, the umbrella was not without its holes.



Picture by: Sunday Mail



THE NEW ELDORADO beckoned the very early settlers, but most of their dreams turned to dust. Prospectors roamed the bush, and found a little gold, but Rhodesia proved a hard home for most of those who came. Farming became the rock on which survival was sustained, and economic progress in the sixty-odd years up to Federation was slow.

Above left: The country was vast, communications couldn't be anything but rudimentary for decades to come. This coach crossing a drift at the turn of the century was typical of the mode of transport—a far cry from the net-

work of sophisticated road, rail and air services we all take for granted today.

Above right: A land-based economy just begins to develop, as is amply illustrated by this picture of the Salisbury Agricultural Show in 1910. More than any other sector, agriculture has taken one knock after another, only to bounce back again and again to keep the country on an economic even keel. Right: Tobacco was scorned by many of the first farmers, but a dedicated few continued to produce leaf. Their confidence was justified. Picture shows tobacco bales arriving at Salisbury's Pioneer Street auction floors in 1910.





FEDERAL MAL-CONTENT. Dr. Banda was prime mover in the break-up of the Federation, roundly condemned white rule in Central Africa. Now cannot abide double standards of his fellow African leaders, seeks closer co-operation with Rhodesia and South Africa.

SHATTERED HOPES. Many Rhodesians felt embittered, betrayed—sentiments which led directly to U.D.I., here feelingly caught by the camera through Welensky at the final prorogation of the Federal Assembly in 1963.



79 TURBULENT YEARS



FAREWELL TO AN ERA. An historic picture as the departing ex-Governor General of the Federation, Lord Dalhousie, gives a final hand-shake to the Governor of Southern Rhodesia, Sir Humphrey Gibbs, in May 1963.



TOO MANY CARES. Tory Prime Minister Harold Macmillan launched his now oft-quoted "Winds of Change" philosophy on his first and only visit to Rhodesia, left a trail of confusion, ill feeling.

wildered country. The Federation had died at midnight. There was a sense of frustration, a feeling that Rhodesia might find itself back in Square One, after the long heartbreak years when progress had been slow and costly. There was more than a sense of anger, inevitable when a country feels it has been slapped in the face by those whom it was trying to help (not entirely without a measure of self-interest, admittedly).

Time and again Britain bowed to the noisy, often pointless, exclamations of her non-white protégés, gave way to threats, always spurned the protests of her white family of nations.

For Sir Edgar Whitehead, leaning to the Left to hasten African advancement, the end was in sight as Prime Minister of Rhodesia. The public, the people who had paid for much of it, was tired of that phrase, "African advancement." And there were riots in the townships and widespread sabotage and . . . Whitehead was trounced by the late Winston Field and vanished from the political arena.

Then Field, too, went, keeping secret

to his dying day the reasons for his defeat. Ian Smith stepped to the front.

ON NOVEMBER 11, 1965 (the former Armistice Day, a factor for unity among the older members of the Commonwealth), Ian Douglas Smith made his Unilateral Declaration of Independence. It startled the world, shocked some countries, mightily angered Britain—and gave the eager United Nations a chance to put a spoke in a wheel, which until then, had been rolling fairly smoothly along the economic trail.

Sanctions started with a clap of thunder—the closing of the new oil pipeline from Beira to Umtali. The fact that this affected Mozambique as well as Rhodesia did not seem to worry Britain. Her oldest ally was not among the world's stronger nations.

In the 41 months that have passed since UDI the Rhodesian economy has taken a severe battering, especially in the agricultural sector, but it has survived, has drawn second wind and has surprised even itself by the scope of diversification which it has achieved in order to offset sanctions.

THE WARRIORS

Soldiers have figured prominently in Rhodesia's history. Three times the young men of Rhodesia marched in support of Britain's cause. Each time the country found itself seriously undermanned on the home economic front.

Left: Rebellion and bloodshed when the Mashona rose against their new overlords in 1896. Here the survivors of the Mazoe Patrol pose with the women they rescued.

Below left: The first of Britain's wars in which Rhodesians fought. Southern Rhodesian volunteers pass through Salisbury in 1900 on their way to do battle with the Boers.

Below: War again, in 1914, against Germany and particularly against the German African colonies. Picture shows a 12½-pounder of Col. Murray's column in action in German East Africa in 1916.





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Mr. John Wrathall, Minister of Finance, was able to say in his economic survey for 1968: "Despite the problems presented by sanctions and the weather, the value of domestic exports was sustained at £87.4m., compared with the previous year's level of £85.4m. . . . Although total exports declined, imports were permitted to increase significantly by £10m. to £103.5m. to satisfy increased demands for producer goods and investments in plant and equipment." And he added: "A substantial improvement in the balance of payments position is expected for 1969."

SOPHISTICATED DEVELOPMENT HELD UP BY SANCTIONS

THE OVERALL picture of Rhodesia in 1969 must be looked at closely and carefully.

In 79 years—a good lifespan—it has changed from bundu to a sophisticated area able to compete in appearance, output and the provision of most amenities with countries five times its size and many times its population (now touching 4,750,000).

Its mineral wealth is immense, a treasure-house for the future, envied by many big countries whose base

minerals are running dangerously low. Its agricultural potential has been tested but never fully developed.

Its social services are well ahead of those in all countries in Africa except South Africa.

With a few exceptions since the rebellions, when subversive elements rampaged among the ignorant and submissive masses, the country has had social and industrial peace. Few lands can claim that to-day.

But the picture has its grey tones. Even if sanctions are not biting, they are pin-pricking the man-in-the-street and especially the small trader who has no "fat" to live on. (The farmer would phrase that opinion in much harsher words—and rightly so). Some farmers, like their urban counterparts, will make money this year; others, if sanctions continue, will go to the wall.

In times of trouble the people want one thing: enlightenment. The private soldier always fights much better when he knows what it is all about.

THE POSTSCRIPT to this brief outline of the Rhodesian story might well be the inscription which was on the unmilld edge of the crown piece issued to commemorate the Rhodes centenary:

"1853—Out of Vision Came Reality
—1953."



MAN BETWEEN. Winston Field defeated Sir Edgar Whitehead to become Rhodesian Front's first Prime Minister. Seen here (above left) with one of his cabinet ministers, Lord Graham, when the former returned from yet another round of London talks in February, 1964.

RHODESIA REJECTS. An anxious population waited for the outcome of the Rhodesian cabinet's consideration of the Tiger talks. Many hopes were crushed, feelings outraged at the proposals eventually disclosed as Prime Minister Ian Smith (above) read his Government's rejection in December 1966.

THE LION'S DEN. In a bold bid to get Rhodesia to return to the fold, British Prime Minister Harold Wilson paid a sudden visit to Salisbury. He found feelings high.



Below: The Second World War—and for the third time Rhodesia mobilises her men and women—of both races. Nearly 15 per cent of the country's small white population joined up, nearly a tenth of her 10,000 service personnel were killed or died on active service. Pictured are Rhodesians from Salisbury and District taking a breather during their combat training course somewhere in Britain.

Right: Modern terrorism has created a different type of Rhodesian soldier, called for the waging of a different kind of warfare. The country's small but highly efficient security forces patrol 600 miles of Zambesi border, and have evolved impressive new military techniques against the growing menace.

Their's is a watching game. Long months of silent waiting in the hot, tough bush terrain are punctuated by the occasional short, violent confrontation between guerrilla band and security patrol. Invariably, the terrorists are defeated.

But there is no quick end in sight to the struggle. Infiltrators, trained in communist and fellow-travelling countries, will continue to wash over the Zambezi. The foundation for a bitter war of attrition is being laid.



ILLUSTRATED LIFE RHODESIA 22nd May, 1969



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HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES:

Brand's Soup is an attractive dish, tasty and satisfying especially so on a chilly Winter's evening. It deserves to be served up attractively, too. One way to do so is to invest in a set of soup bowls—there are very acceptable ranges of pottery available in Rhodesia today (Norbal and Nzilikazi, for example). Brand's Soup looks even nicer if served in special lidded pots (perhaps a different coloured one for each member of the family; this would appeal to the children) rather than in ordinary, every-day bowls.

THESE ARE THE RULES

1. This competition will be published in four parts. The first in our edition of 8th May, 1969; second in 22nd May, 1969; third in 5th June, 1969; fourth in 19th June, 1969. Each part asks five questions. Each question has three possible answers, but only one of them is correct.
2. All you have to do is read the questions, fill in the ANSWERS COUPON below by placing a tick against the correct answer, cut the coupon out and keep it in a safe place until you have the solutions to all twenty questions asked.
3. The five questions published in the June 19th issue of ILLUSTRATED LIFE RHODESIA will complete the quiz. When you have all four coupons correctly filled in, send them in to us (Brand's Soups Competition, ILLUSTRATED LIFE RHODESIA, P.O. Box 2931, Salisbury) TOGETHER WITH ANY ONE OF BRAND'S SOUP LABELS OR A ROUGH FACSIMILE THEREOF.
4. The competition closes at noon on Thursday, July 3rd, at which time judging will take place. The first correct solution opened—that is to say, the correct answers to all twenty questions asked—enclosing one Brand's Soup label or a rough facsimile thereof, will win the entrant £200. The second correct solution opened will win the entrant £100, and the third will win the entrant £50. In addition, the next 25 correct entries opened will each merit a Consolation Prize of a Brand's Soup Gift Pack.
5. The names of the winners will be published on the Letters Page of the July 31st issue of ILLUSTRATED LIFE RHODESIA.
6. The answers must be submitted on the relevant coupons provided. Facsimiles will not be accepted.
7. The judges' decision will be final.
8. This competition is open to Rhodesian residents only. Employees of D. A. Blumberg (Pvt.) Limited and Associate Companies and of The Graham Publishing Company (Pvt.) Limited are not eligible to enter.

QUESTIONS: PART TWO: MAY 22nd

6. PENANG is:
 - a. Fish Curry.
 - b. Curried pork.
 - c. A kind of Boerewors.
7. After whom or what was PECHE MELBA named?
 - a. The city of Melbourne, Australia.
 - b. A great opera singer.
 - c. The Island of Elba in the Mediterranean.
8. To MARINATE is:
 - a. To soak a piece of meat or fish in a liquid coating of herbs and oil.
 - b. To stroll before dinner.
 - c. To shell prawns or shrimps.
9. A TOURNADOS is:
 - a. A heavy metal skillet for cooking meat.
 - b. A beef fillet.
 - c. A bull-fighter's victory feast.
10. How do you "Pass the Port"?
 - a. Clockwise.
 - b. Anti-clockwise.
 - c. Under the table.

ANSWERS COUPON - PART TWO

(Place a tick against the correct answer. Not to be submitted until all four coupons have been completed)

QUESTION 6	_____ A	_____ B	_____ C
QUESTION 7	_____ A	_____ B	_____ C
QUESTION 8	_____ A	_____ B	_____ C
QUESTION 9	_____ A	_____ B	_____ C
QUESTION 10	_____ A	_____ B	_____ C

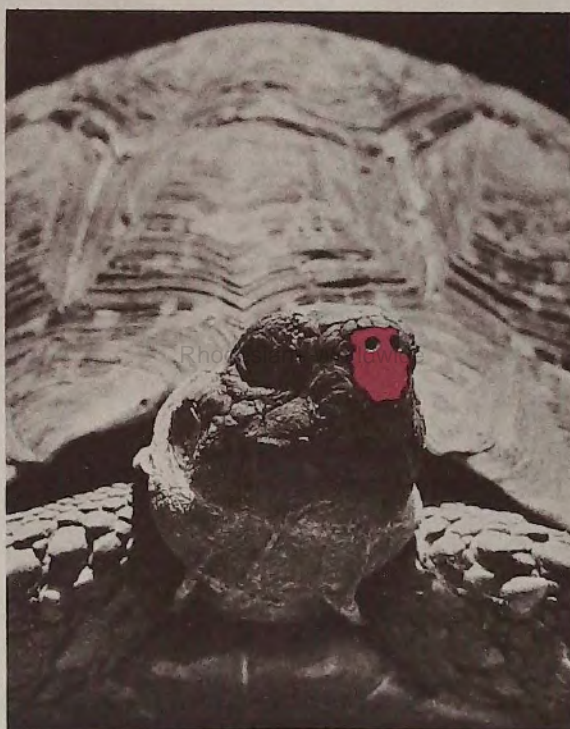
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EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

RUGBY'S GENTLE GIANT



Colin Meads, one of the greatest-ever rugby forwards, talks to Rhodesian Michael Morpeth.

I WAS ALMOST past before I saw it: Pukenui Road. Turning off the main Wellington-Auckland highway I nosed the car down a narrow pitted lane which seemed to disappear into the bush-clad hills of the King Country in the central farmlands of New Zealand's North Island.

But only half a mile down this dirt road there stands a large wooden house, its paint stripped off by several seasons of the abrasive Kiwi climate.

I stopped the car, stepped gingerly through a wriggling mass of puppies, and walked up to the house. On the verandah stood a pair of farm boots that looked about size 14 with their caking of mud. When I saw them, I knew for sure that I had come to the right place—the home of the world's greatest-ever lock forward, All Black Colin Meads.

It so happened that I had arrived at a bad time. Colin was over at his brother Stan's place sorting out the financial problems that seem to plague most farmers these days. . . . "Another one of those journalist chaps to see you Colin," I heard after I'd introduced myself. "Bang goes my interview!" I thought.

But I needn't have worried.

Seconds later, the doorway was blocked by the bulk of the great man himself, and I nearly fell over backwards looking up, up, up at his hugely smiling face. "Nice to meet yer, mate," he said. "Let's go over to my place for a bite to eat and a cup of tea." He shook my hand and we strolled back to his house.

Colin talked of cabbages and kings; I counted my fingers surreptitiously. I'd always known that Colin Meads was a mountain of a man. You don't really need to know that he stands 6 ft. 4 in. and weighs over 220 lb. to appreciate this. But somehow that day he looked even bigger than he does in the hallowed No. 5 All Black jersey. Suddenly, I felt very small. . . .

Colin ushered me into the warmth of an immense farm kitchen and there I met his wife,

Verna—tall, vivacious but as natural and as homely as they come. We sat down to mountains of freshly-baked scones and cakes, lashings of home-made jam, all the cream in the King Country and steaming cups of tea. And all my feelings of intrusion evaporated finally. If this was only a snack, I should hate to experience their 5-course meals!

I began to understand, too, where Colin Meads gets his size and tremendous strength. It was in this relaxed atmosphere that he answered my questions. . . .

★ Which of the overseas tours do you think is the toughest?

"In my book, the most gruelling trip is the South African one. The Springboks are the hardest team to beat in the world, especially on their home grounds. If you've ever been to Ellis Park in Johannesburg, with 85,000 South Africans howling for a Springbok victory, you'll know what I mean. It's very difficult to crush the home side in conditions like that."

★ How did you enjoy your South African and Rhodesian tour?

"I could say quite a lot on this one—for a man of few words. I always enjoy sightseeing on tour, and I can say in all honesty that your Rhodesian and South African scenery is terrific. The hospitality, too, was overwhelming. Everyone was embarrassingly kind and friendly to the whole team. I think Kel Tremain spoke for the lot of us when he said that he had the greatest time of his life in Rhodesia. The South African matches were tough, but the Rhodesian sides were no pushover."

★ Who is the greatest Springbok you've lined up against?

"Without a doubt, Johan Claassen, the Springbok lock of 1956 (in New Zealand) and 1960 (in South Africa). But I'd go further than that. I'd say that Claassen is the greatest player I've ever marked. Put it this way: he was very hard to upset. I was just a baby when he was over here in 1956. He was magnificent then, and I very quickly found out that he knew



everything there was to know about line-out play. Even in 1960, when Claassen was possibly over the hill, he was still the greatest line-out forward in South Africa. . . Mind you, there are other Springboks that I shall never forget. John Gainsford, for instance. As well as having all the physical attributes, John also had tremendous rugby skill. Then there was Martin Pelsner. I'll remember him for a lot of reasons, but particularly for his aggressive brand of rugby. Great players!"

★ Who do you rate as the best of the current All Blacks?

"First and foremost, I'd put **Brian Lochore**. Not only is he a great captain and tactician on and off the field, but he is also a great player. He's the man who ties up the back of the line-outs. He's the man who starts so many forward rushes which destroy the opposition with their momentum. Then there is **Fergie McCormick**, our secret weapon on the 1967 Tour. His selection came as a surprise to many people in New Zealand, but his all-round skill, his speed, tigerish tenacity and tank-like build were worth their weight in gold. He's quite a character into the bargain, and Mick Williment will find it hard to edge him out now. . . .

"There's the 'old brigade', of course. Kel Tremain, one of the best back row players New Zealand has ever had, and **Ken Gray**, one of the strongest and most awesome props I've ever known, stronger even than your own **Andy MacDonald** was. But don't let us forget new players like **Earl Kirton** and **Ian Kirkpatrick**. People saw Earl Kirton for the first time on the '67 Tour. He was nothing short of brilliant in difficult conditions and his handling was second to none. You don't get many fly-halves like him. Ian Kirkpatrick I'd rate as the most promising forward in New Zealand today. He is super-fit, tremendously strong, and fantastically fast for a big back row forward. Look at his three tries against the Wallabies in the first Test this year! He also has the personality and leadership qualities that captains are made of—although I'm not making any predictions in that direction."

★ What made the All Black sides of 1967/68 so all-conquering?

"Well, if I can put it this way, New Zealand is lucky to have such an inspiring team handler as Mr. Fred Allen. He's largely responsible for the Kiwi rugby revival—the brains behind the brawn, so to speak. But I think that we have also been fortunate in having a team of players dedicated to the same ideals as Fred Allen. Good, hard, open, running rugby is their aim."

"Couple this with a superb team spirit and you have the magic formula. Great individual players are useless without team spirit."

★ Have you ever had any offers from Rugby League clubs?

"They would have been wasting

their time, because I'd have turned them down. I like Union too much, and the guys that play it. . . . Now, of course, I'm far too long in the tooth for them to show any interest."

★ If you weren't a farmer, what would you like to be?

"I've never really given that much thought. I've always been too happy farming. But now that you put it to me, I think I'd have to do something connected with farming—farm sales, supervising, or something like that. You see, I don't think I could survive without my daily dose of good country air. Bit of a fresh air fiend."

FOR OVER ten years, "Pinetree" Meads has been a tower of strength, an automatic selection for the mighty All Blacks.

But such a glorious record has not gone to his head. One of the passions of this modest man-mountain is the fostering of local talent, and thanks to the leadership, coaching and encouragement of Colin Meads the little Waitete Rugby Club presently heads the table in the Te Kuiti championship. Waitete's pack is probably the biggest and hardest in New Zealand. All of the front row are over six feet; locking with Colin is a midget of a man called Graham Pohlen—a mere 6 ft. 7 in. and

well as guts!

Then there's a tough workout twice a week at the local club "just to keep the old muscles toned up". The strenuous demands of heavy farm work add more than a little to the man-mountain's fantastic pitch of physical fitness.

The Meads farm takes in 1,400 acres of the King Country. The 6,000 sheep, 700 beef cattle and miles of fencing—not to mention all the other usual farm chores—take some management. Stan and Colin Meads handle it all themselves with only a little casual labour. And the sun is their time-piece—no 9 to 5 job for these men!

Colin had to laugh when I mentioned the story that he is supposed to carry two full milk cans down the half-mile stretch to the main road each day. "That began as one empty cream can," he said in an embarrassed voice. "I think the best one, though, is the English journalist who reckoned I used to run around the hills with a couple of sheep tucked under my arms!" Nevertheless, I thought, there's always a grain of truth in most rumours. . . .

When you work and train as hard as the gentle giant, your body needs plenty of fuel to burn, so I asked Colin's wife, Verna, if "Pinetree" had any particular fads about food. "Not really, Colin is

definitely taboo in his book.

FEW PEOPLE outside Te Kuiti know that Colin and Verna Meads were childhood sweethearts. They were married in 1958 and are now the very proud parents of four bonny, super-healthy children—Karen (10), Kelvin (9), Rhonda (6), and Glynn (5). I ventured to suggest that Colin would want his boys to follow in their father's size 12 footsteps. "Not at all," said Colin firmly. "They can play what they like. It might be soccer or marbles. We don't mind, as long as they are happy doing it. Verna and I won't force them; we'll take a back seat in this respect."

I asked what the children thought about having such a famous father. Colin hesitated, but Verna didn't. "They think he's marvellous!" she said with understandable pride. "They've only just started to realise what rugby is all about. It's quite amusing when I think back a bit. A few years ago, Colin could be on TV, galloping around in his All Black kit in some test or other, but the kids would far rather sit around in the lounge playing cards."

Naturally, Verna is quite a rugby fan. She goes to most of the club games, but the only Tests she has seen have been in New Zealand.

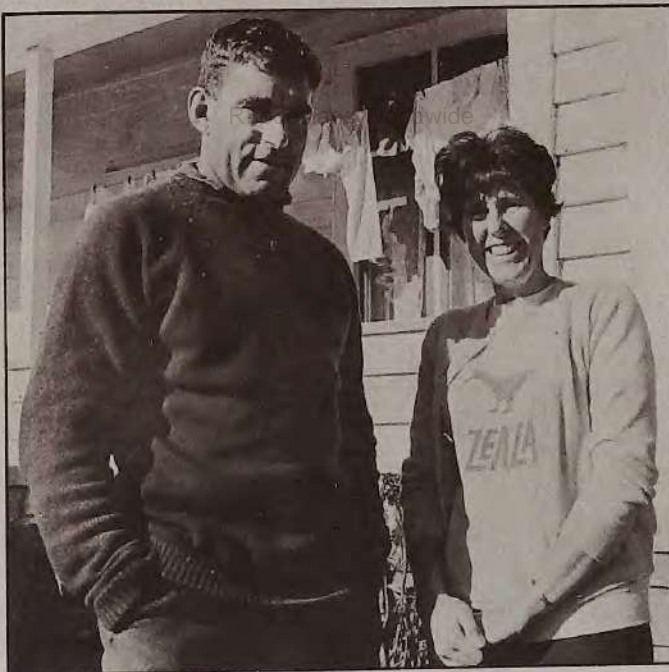
But rugby fame can have its problems. Colin finds that he cannot cope with his fan mail, which streams in daily from all over the world. Strangely enough, he bought Verna a typewriter for her last birthday!

But replying to schoolboy letters is not all. Colin has to contend with such simple requests as: "Could I please have the badge of your old All Black blazer," and "I should be grateful if you could post me your left boot—autographed of course."

THE TEACUPS had just about lost their warmth when I fired the 64,000 dollar question: "Have you had any thoughts on when you'll retire, Colin." He looked into his cup as though trying to read the tea leaves, far more serious than he'd been at any time during our chat. "Now that's a difficult one," he said. "I know that I cannot go on playing rugby for ever, but I plan to play on just as long as New Zealand and my club require my services. I'm not looking forward to the day when I have to hang up my boots. For one thing, I'd give my left arm to make the 1970 All Black Tour to South Africa. But with increasing farm commitments and the family growing up so quickly, I'm not so sure that I'll be able to make it. I'll be in there trying, though."

We walked out to the car and shook hands. With a cheerful wave and a dental broadside, Colin Meads turned away and set off with seven-league strides towards Stan's place to continue the meeting he had abandoned almost two hours previously.

I watched him until he was lost in the pine trees he almost dwarfs. . . .



17 st. 6 lb.; and if you throw in young brother Stan Meads—not an inch smaller nor an ounce lighter than Colin—at No. 8, you'll have a fair idea of the muscled might that Waitete has at its disposal.

RUGBY IN the land of the All Blacks is the survival of the fittest—that's how Colin Meads sees it. And to keep fit, he runs the farm roads at least twice a week. That means slogging over ten miles up hill and down dale in rugged King Country terrain, come rain or shine. It takes dedication as

marvellous to cook for. He'll eat anything. He's not too keen on sweets, but he likes his meat—and plenty of it. I sometimes wonder where he puts it all! As you can imagine, we eat tons of mutton down on the farm here."

Apart from social cricket, Colin Meads has no other sporting interests. What with his rugby, the farm and his family, he hasn't that much spare time on his hands. Like a lot of Kiwis (and their Rhodesian counterparts) Colin confesses that he does enjoy a quiet beer or two at the club, but smoking is most

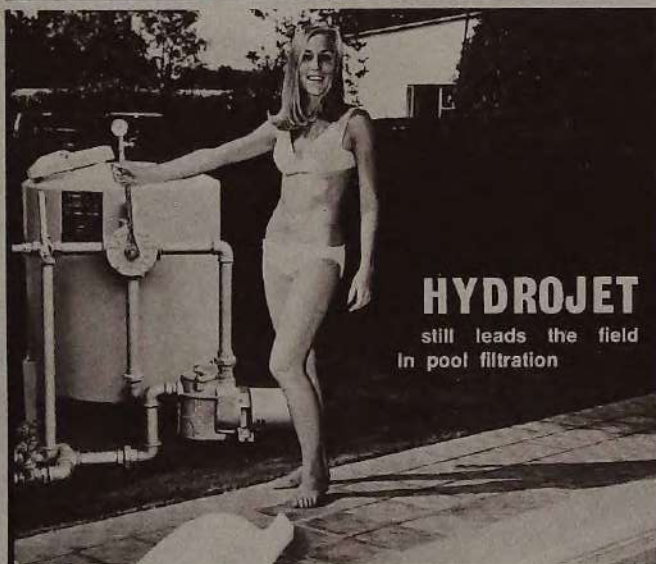
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"I was building barricades to keep the police out of Bogside, because I knew it was not safe for them to come in." Now police clear a path for Bernadette outside the Commons.

NORTHERN IRELAND'S JOAN OF ARC

A pretty 22-year-old girl who prefers wearing a sweater and jeans to a blouse and skirt is being hailed as the saviour of Northern Ireland.

MISS BERNADETTE DEVLIN, a psychology student at the University of Belfast, won the by-election in the Mid-Ulster constituency of April 18th, becoming the youngest woman ever to be a British Member of Parliament—five days before her 22nd birthday.

Miss Devlin, who was elected on the issue of full civil rights for the Catholic minority in Northern Ireland, took her seat in the House of Commons on April 22nd, and in defiance of an unwritten tradition which rules that new members may not speak on the first day they take their seat, nor on a controversial subject, she promptly gave a 25 minute harangue during an emergency debate on the crisis in Northern Ireland.

She told the Commons that she represented the common Irish people, while the Unionist government in Northern Ireland were merely a group of landlords who had com-

pletely lost touch with reality in the slums and backstreets in one of the best maiden speeches the House had ever heard.

Diminutive but redoubtable, Bernadette Devlin has taken Britain by storm. A crusader in an era full of young student demonstrators, Bernadette has stood out above all because she has been dealing with the reality in the Northern Irish situation, where the Protestant majority discriminate constantly and heavily against the Catholic minority.

Born on April 23rd, 1947, Miss Devlin is an orphan—the third child in a family of six. Her father, a carpenter, died when she was nine years old. Throughout her teens, Bernadette had to survive on the minimal widow's pension her mother received, and the charity of neighbours. She has no political ambitions, she says, and hopes to return to her psychology studies within a year or so. She says she wants only to become a good psychologist. ●

What impressed the House of Commons was the total despair of this young woman's speech. She seemed to have no hope that anything could be done, because it was too late.



ILLUSTRATED LIFF RHODSIA 22nd May, 1969

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Die a Dry Death

by Wilson MacArthur

EPISODE TEN

The Story so far:

Peter Pengelly, involved in a mystery in a forbidden zone near Kotala on the Moçambique coast, and Jenny Lang, holidaying at the beach camp, find a dead African on the shore. Axel Jensen, whose movements have aroused Pengelly's suspicions, is keenly interested. At the hospital Pengelly, guessing that an African guard accompanying the Security Officer from the zone recognizes the dead man, persuades him to talk, and the Security Officer admits to the Portuguese Administrator and to his friend Roy Cameron, a retired BSAP officer, that the body was that of his personal servant.

THE SECURITY OFFICER spread the blanket over the corpse and turned away, puzzled.

"But I took him away myself, the next morning", he protested, speaking in Portuguese. "He said he wanted to find work at the sugar estate and I set him on the road early in the morning. I only brought him in case I had a puncture, or got stuck and needed somebody to help."

Costa shrugged his shoulders, turned and translated for Cameron's benefit.

"Oh, well," he added. "He probably quarrelled with somebody he met. We'll make enquiries at the sugar estate, to find out whether he got there and what happened afterwards."

It was no longer any affair of Pengelly's and he was suddenly irritated by the whole unpleasant business. As they filed out he spoke to Cameron.

"I'm getting a bit tired of all this. It wasn't anything to do with me that I got dragged into it and now I want out."

Cameron looked at him with one eyebrow cocked.

"Thought you were doing nicely," he grunted. "Any complaints?"

"Just that it looks as if I'm stuck here indefinitely. Can't they be satisfied with an undertaking to keep my mouth shut?"

"They'll have to be, in the end," Cameron nodded. "Things take time. This is Moçambique, not Salisbury. Here there's always tomorrow. But I've been in touch; I'm doing what I can, and so is Costa. In the meantime, as you said a while ago, nobody's any nearer finding out what the hell it was all about. Don't you want to?"

Pengelly grinned sourly. "I want to find that character that held me up. And the English-speaking one with him."

"And Miss Lang?"

Pengelly frowned.

"What's she got to do with it?"

Cameron gave him a curious look. "Nothing," he said, "nothing at all."

Or everything. In you get. I'll run you back to the beach."

Pengelly was hungry. It was after three o'clock and he had had no lunch. When Cameron dropped him at the camp he went to his rondavel to see what he could find and, standing, munched some biscuits and ate some bananas and drank a bottle of cerveja. The tray of fruit on his table was, he supposed, a present from Mrs. Administrator. He must remember to thank her.

Now what? There were really only two things to do on the beach—bathe, and sun-bathe. Fishing, except at high tide, was an unrewarding occupation and best left, he considered, to the natives. He took off his shirt, kicked off his tackies and padded out. He'd find Jenny and go bathing.

She was not in her hut. He walked out on to the top of the ridge and looked over the vast expanse of beach. The tide was coming in now, but the channel from the southern estuary was still a winding narrow ditch among the sand flats and the black clumsy shape of a dugout was stranded on the edge of it, half a mile away. A fisherman was squatting on the sand, busy with something.

Pengelly's eyes swept the whole beach. Far out, the ocean rollers were breaking in great sprays of surf over the distant sandbar, which was rarely visible even at extreme low spring tide.

He caught sight of two dark objects among the creaming breakers, saw an arm up-flung and frowned with annoyance. Jenny, of course—with the Dane.

He started walking towards the distant water, over the dry firm sand, and for once the Indian Ocean looked almost blue. In the far distance, away out where the old fort had stood, where the tumbled ruins of the great granite blocks Vasco da Gama had brought out from Portugal were partially exposed by the low tide, some women were collecting oysters, and a cart hauled by a single ox was trundling slowly along, having forded the southern estuary, towards the group of native huts where the dried fish was stored awaiting collection by lorry.

★

JENNY, restless and impatient, had seen Axel going down to the beach. The sea was the sea, whether a dead man had been found in it or not. She made a sudden decision. It was senseless to feel as she did about the beach; she was here, she'd have to make the best of it. She tied back her hair and went out and down.

Axel was wading through the ankle-deep water, heading out and in no hurry. He glanced over his shoulder, saw her and waited, and when she came up he smiled pleasantly.

"This is nice of you. I was hoping you'd come."

"You speak very good English," she commented, as they waded out together.

"My mother was English. We lived in København—Copenhagen. But I do not speak so good. I have this accent—we speak only Danish at home, and of course at school."

The accent, she thought, and his blondness, made him attractive. She was glad that he was still prepared to be friendly.

They reached waist depth, and began swimming, out towards where the rollers curled and broke. He was a powerful swimmer, with his masculine strength he could outpace her;

under water, she could outclass him. They swam into the smother of broken water and let a roller lift them back. Most times they were carried so far in that they touched bottom and could stand up, only to be lifted off their feet by the next wave. The sea was warm but the air was a good deal hotter and it was exhilarating to be rolled over and under. She forgot the horror of the morning and enjoyed herself.

★

PENGELLY, watching from a distance changed direction and headed for the dugout. Even on so wide a beach three could be a crowd. He walked over to the fisherman, who was busy with bait and lines.

"Got a rod?" he asked. The fisherman pointed. He had two bamboo rods, with fixed lengths of fishing line. What he caught he did not waste time playing—he simply hauled it in. If he hooked something too big he would simply cut the line; but the chances of anything really big were slight.

"Take me out with you?" Pengelly suggested and the fisherman grinned delightedly. Visitors to the beach always paid well for their whims.

They hauled the heavy canoe into the water and, holding it, climbed in and picked up the paddles. The wind was southerly, and the fisherman stepped his little mast and his rag of sail and it helped.

The tide was on the make but it had not yet gathered momentum and they stemmed it easily. The channel twisted among the sandflats and several times they went aground and had to get out and push. They were protected from the thrust of the great breakers by a wide sand flat and presently the fisherman altered course and drove up on to this. He had a large stone with a length of heavy rope and he heaved this up, intending to anchor the canoe. Pengelly, realising that it would be an hour at least before the tide was in far enough to make fishing possible, protested.

"Can't we go farther out?" he asked. "We don't want to sit and wait a long time before we start fishing."

For the fisherman, this was something new. Hadn't they the whole evening ahead of them? The tide would be running in for nearly five hours yet, and they could come in with it when they had fished enough. But visitors were to be humoured, because they paid, and he shrugged his shoulders and said: "If you like."

He picked up the stone and heaved it back into the canoe and straightened up, glancing seaward. As he did so his thin, grey-black body tensed and he pointed suddenly. Pengelly, scrambling to his feet, followed the pointing finger and felt a sudden shock. A small triangular shape was visible briefly on the smooth top of a wave, well inside the sand barrier and the surf. It disappeared, reappeared as a thin black line headed now towards the surf.

Towards Jenny. Pengelly shouted, at the full pitch of his lungs, as he began running across the sand flat.

The fisherman came after him. They waved and screamed and Jensen, lifting himself in the water, happened to turn his head towards them.

Jensen looked where Pengelly pointed. Instantly he was tearing through the water towards Jenny. Once he raised himself and shouted. Pengelly, still running, could hear the words clearly.

"Look out! Jenny, you fool! Get back!"

She lifted her head, saw the dorsal

fin and rolled over and began swimming hard for the shallows. Pengelly, wading now, stopped in his tracks, staring. Then he threw himself forward and started out to meet her.

The fin reappeared, cutting the water, making a line for Jenny. Jensen, too, was heading towards her and it looked as if in a few moments they would all converge, the three of them—and the shark.

But at the last moment, the fin submerged, and when it reappeared it was some distance away. Jenny, slowing down, swam on for a dozen yards or so, found bottom and stood up in little more than waist deep water. Jensen reached her. Even water as shallow as this was no protection from sharks, which had been known to take people—further down on the Natal coast—in little more than a foot of water. But Jenny was smiling.

"It's all right," she called. "Only a sand shark. It won't attack."

Pengelly stopped. After all, it had been Jensen, really, who reached her first.

"You all right?" he called.

"Of course. Just got a bit of a fright," Jenny replied. "But it came near enough for me to see it. Quite small—can't have been much over six feet. And harmless. Come on, Axel, are you going out again?"

"We swim round and into the channel and see how far up we can get before we're stranded," he suggested, and plunged. Jenny went after him and Pengelly headed back to the canoe.

The African had already returned to the dug-out.

"I've changed my mind," Pengelly told him. "I'll see you when you come ashore. Come up to my rondavel. And if you catch anything worth while—a Cape salmon, or a good sized bream—I want it, eh?"

The fisherman paddled away. Pengelly strode for the shore, suddenly angry.

★

IT was an infuriating waste of time. Damn and blast the Portuguese bureaucracy.

But there was nothing else for it. He couldn't go up to the Administration improperly dressed. He went into his rondavel, stripped off the wet trunks, pulled on a pair of briefs. No time for a vest—he opened his suitcase and took out the first shirt he found, grabbed a tie. As he stood in front of the little mirror an angry face with angry eyes glared back at him.

He'd been a damned fool. He'd let himself be completely misled. He ought to have realised there was some explanation and that he could find it.

His suit—the only one he possessed. It had been cleaned and pressed for him and was quite presentable. He dragged on trousers and jacket, sat down to put on socks and shoes, snatched up his cigarettes and matches and a clean white handkerchief, which he stuffed in his breast pocket, and ran out, still combing his wet hair. Luckily Ramon was in his store, weighing out sugar in small packets.

"Can I borrow the Landrover?" Pengelly demanded, without preliminaries.

"Help yourself. Key is in," Ramon imperturbable, replied and went on weighing and scooping. Pengelly ran.

★

HE DROVE fast. As he passed the little hospital there was no sign of life; all was quiet. Doubtless the dead man had already been buried—there were, he reflected grimly, occasions when the Portuguese could bestir themselves because they had to.

He slowed down as he reached the Administrarao but the doors were shut. He went on, made a U turn at a gap in the flower border dividing the dual carriageway, and pulled up outside the Administrator's house. He used the knocker peremptorily.

A servant opened after a brief interval and, holding the door wide, admitted him without question.

"Mr. Cameron, please," Pengelly said.

"Yes, sir. Please wait, I will call him."

Cameron appeared, in a few moments. He did not look pleased.

"Well?" he demanded abruptly.

"I want to visit the sugar estate."

"What? Now-now?"

"As soon as I can, sir."

"Why?"

"A hunch."

"Don't believe in 'em. All right. You can't go tonight. It takes time to arrange. What do you want to do?"

"Talk to a few people."

Cameron looked at him reflectively.

"Not much chance of talking to anybody. There's one Rhodesian there. He's the mill manager. Probably far too busy to spend time on you. There's only one other chap who speaks English—one of the chemists. He's a Hollander, from Indonesia. Better go tomorrow."

"Whatever you say, sir," Pengelly replied. He had himself under control now, no trace of anger or bewilderment. He had to play along with Cameron.

"Why come to me?" Cameron asked, after a pause.

"Not much point in just going there," Pengelly explained. "They'd only pass me on to some guide who'd show me around, talk a lot of technicalities I wouldn't understand. I thought if the Administrator made the arrangements . . ."

Cameron's eyes widened.

"The Administrator," he began, "is a very . . . oh, well, I see your point. Since it's all that important, this hunch of yours. All right. Wait."

He turned on his heel and disappeared. Pengelly could hear the murmur of voices and Cameron came back.

"All right. He'll arrange it. But you'll need an interpreter."

"I suppose I shall," Pengelly agreed.

"Well, then, what about this girl—Jenny Lang? Didn't you say she spoke Portuguese?"

"Yes, she does, sir."

"Then take her with you. I'll get her included."

Pengelly thought hard.

"Okay, sir," he said. "Thanks. I'll ask her."

"Fine. The Administrator says you can borrow the Secretary's car. Know where to go?"

"I'll find it. It's signposted?"

"Yes."

Cameron nodded and left him to find his own way out. Pengelly drove back to the beach at a comfortable pace. He wanted to think. But thinking did not seem to do much good.

★

JENNY was back. She had changed into a frock, washed out her swimsuit and was hanging it on a line strung between coconut palms behind her hut when he arrived.

He was glad that it was nearly dusk, and shadowed under the palms.

"Ever seen the sugar estate?" he asked. She looked round, surprised.

"Only driving through the cane," she replied. "Why?"

"The Administrator thought I'd like to see it," he said. "So he's arranged for me to go tomorrow

morning. He's lending me a car. Would you like to come?"

"Why, yes, I suppose I would."

"Good. Then we'll leave after breakfast."

She was puzzled a little at his serious tone. Still, it was something to do. A change from the beach, and no doubt some time during the morning she'd find the chance to say what she had to say. That delayed confession worried her.

He made an effort.

"See you at dinner?"

"I promised Axel. But there's no earthly reason why we shouldn't all have it together."

He nodded and made for his own rondavel. The fisherman was waiting, squatting on the ground. He rose as Pengelly appeared, and gave him a beaming smile and produced from his basket a magnificent Cape salmon. Pengelly duly admired it, felt in his pocket and brought out a fistful of small change. Without bothering to count it, he dropped it into the cupped palms, held together in anticipation of great bounty, and the fisherman, sketching a salute, departed, a happy man.

Pengelly took the fish along to the restaurant and poked his head into the kitchen.

"Dinner," he grunted and the cook, who had evidently known this was coming, grinned and received it thankfully.

★

AS IT HAPPENED, there was no need to go through the embarrassment of a threesome dinner.

A message arrived from Ramon Alvares. It was delivered, very formally by word of mouth, by one of the servants: the senhor was invited to dine with Sr. and Sra. Alvares.

Pengelly smiled. Nothing that happened on the beach escaped Ramon. Cape salmon on the menu.

"Say thank you very much, yes." He felt relief.

Two minutes later he heard a car start up—the Landrover. He glanced out. Ramon was off, at speed. Something he needed for the dinner, probably. Fifteen minutes later he had his answer. The Landrover drove back, through the camp, and ploughed through the deep sand to the steps of the restaurant veranda.

Three people got out—Ramon on one side, the Secretary and his wife on the other. A moment later Senhora Alvares emerged.

Pengelly glanced towards Jenny's rondavel. Two chairs had been placed outside, and Jenny and Axel Jensen were sitting there, relaxed and comfortable, having a sundowner. He'd have to pass them to get to the restaurant.

As he approached, Axel sipped his drink then said over the rim of the glass, to Jenny:

"Have you any plans for tomorrow?"

"Peter's taking me to look at the sugar estate in the morning," she said and both looked round.

"Hullo, there," Axel shouted. "A drink for the castaway?"

"No, thanks," Pengelly said. "I'm invited to dinner. Can't keep my host waiting."

Jenny looked away. It seemed to him, as she turned her face from him directly into the glare of one of the big flood lights, that her colour heightened.

"They'll probably want you to join us," he said. "See you later."

He walked on, and felt the anger coming back. ●

TO BE CONTINUED

CHRIST BURIED IN KASHMIR?

IS a dusty neglected tomb in a dilapidated building in Srinagar, Vale of Kashmir, the burial place of Jesus Christ?

Sir Muhammad Zafrulla Khan, Islamic scholar and a judge of the International Court of Justice in the Hague, says there is convincing evidence that Jesus was buried, not in the Holy Land, but in this Indian city.

Zafrulla Khan told an interviewer in Toronto, Canada, recently that he accepts the teaching in the Koran, the Moslem Holy book, regarding Christ's fate. The Koran's version, Zafrulla Khan said, is that Jesus swooned on the cross and was removed alive by Joseph of Arimathea. He later showed himself to the disciples to prove he was mortal, then went to India to preach to "the other sheep not of this fold."

"These other sheep were the inhabitants of Kashmir, who trace their decent from the lost tribes of Israel, who did not return to Palestine after their captivity in Babylon, as is generally accepted."

He said Jesus' burial place in Srinagar was called the tomb of Yuzassif The Prophet. "I have visited it. The evidence is convincing that this is, indeed, the tomb of Jesus".

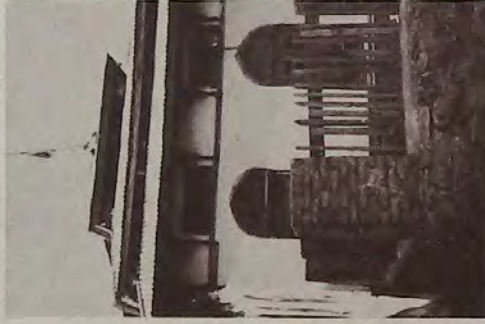
Zafrulla Khan is a member of the Ahmadiyyah movement, a liberal missionary branch of Islam with missions in some western countries.

In Srinagar, a caretaker at the tomb said the local spelling of the

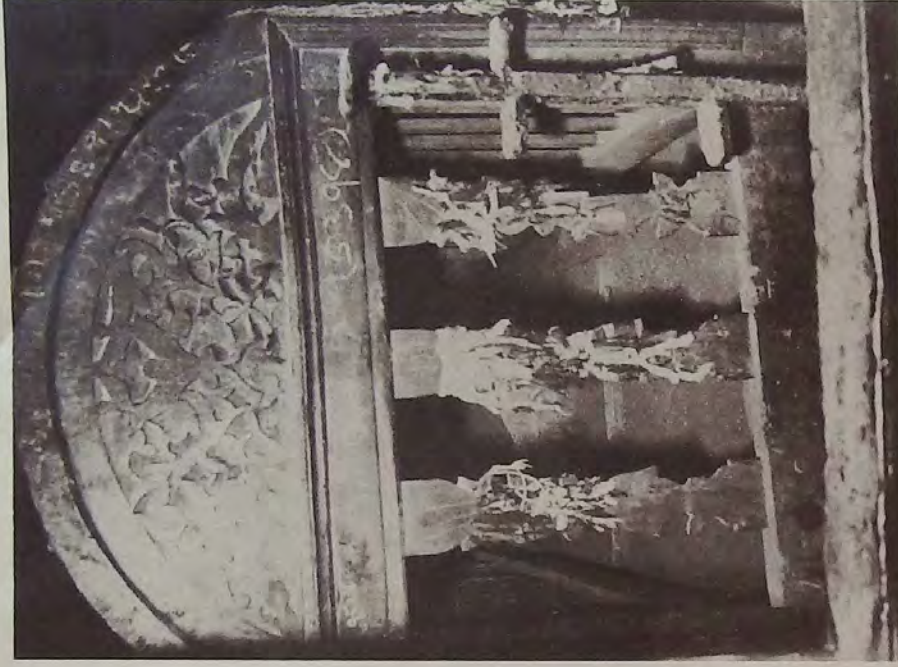
prophet's name is "Yus Asaf". He agreed to let a photographer take pictures, the first time he had permitted this during the many years he had watched over the ancient grave.

The crypt was in a small, dark room inside the stucco-walled building. It was covered with a wooden grill-like structure, from which hung small clusters of long-dead floral offerings.

According to the caretaker the place is seldom visited, and is closed most of the time. Most of its visitors are Moslems and Christians. ♦



The exterior of the building which houses the tomb of Yus Asaf, the Prophet in Srinagar, Vale of Kashmir, whom many believe is the real Jesus Christ. The interior of the tomb (right) has seldom been photographed.



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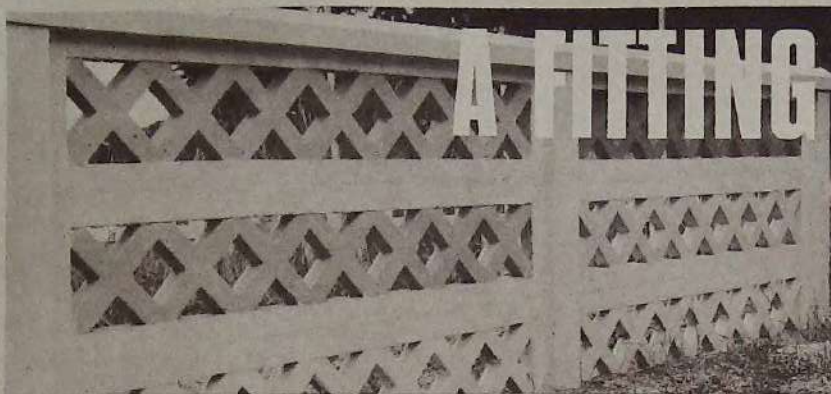


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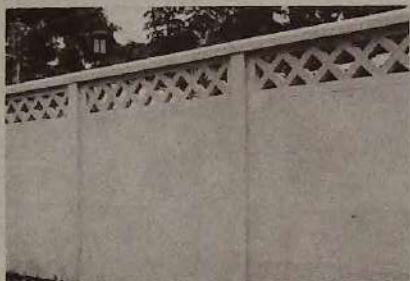


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POSTERIOR FOR POSTERITY. Antwerp Zoo is compiling a personal biography of all the rare animals in captivity throughout the world. With ears like a donkey, face like a dog and neck like a giraffe, the only way of identifying one okapi from another okapi is the pattern of stripes on its rump. So a cameraman was sent to the okapi enclosure at Bristol Zoo to take pictures of okapi posteriors... for posterity.

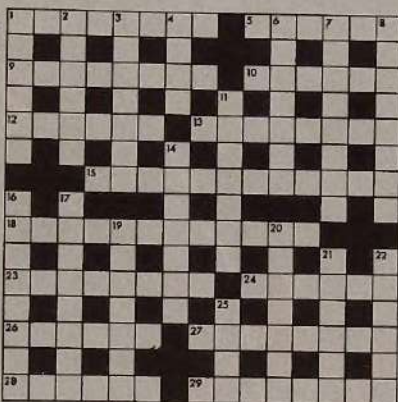
PUZZLE FOR EXPERTS

ACROSS

1. But the All Blacks weren't (8).
5. Mother comes back to be employed and kept happy (6).
9. Wed when is inside with a number, and be unsuccessful (8).
10. Go to mend (6).
12. To have a disguised dig at the Navy is certainly courageous (6).
13. One way of getting an answer (8).
15. Where the Greeks got off to a flaming good start (7, 5).
18. Hits bear hard but by the smallest margin (5, 7).
23. Estimated the worth of the particle inside, apparently in short supply (8).
24. Just a word to open with (6).
26. I command me to return in the same book or chapter (6).
27. Good news came from here in the long run (8).
28. Smells the money I hear (6).
29. He evolved a process with drink outside the upturned mess (8).

DOWN

1. A drama that was foiled by a male duck (6).
2. A garden of beads (6).
3. No doubt this house has a family skeleton (7).
4. One Roman fiddled inside (4).



6. The 15 ac. is certainly one of many races (7).
7. Scenes of the 15 ac. (8).
8. "With ----- and the death hour rounding it" (E. B. Browning) (8).
11. Likely to be found at the bridge table in a supervisory capacity (7).
14. Rankled when Des came up round the market (7).
16. They were singularly ripe in song (8).
17. Give back-handed assistance to the clan in the form of a criticism (8).
19. Put money on the least exalted but it's unlikely to win (7).
20. The embargoes of ancient Greece (7).
21. Foam is scattered outside but not this deep, surely (6).
22. Starts to sing a funeral song and ends up sharper (6).
25. A wise herb (4).

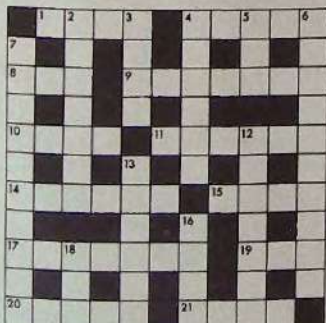
LAST ISSUE'S SOLUTION

Across: 1. Parish magazines; 9. Camel; 10. Curiosity; 11. Innings; 13. Griddle; 14. Good evening; 15. Gas; 16. Wee; 17. Betting slip; 20. Salate; 22. Galters; 23. Reimburse; 25. Dogma; 26. Letters of credit.

Down: 1. Pecking; 2. Roman nose; 3. Silence; 4. Mac; 5. Girl guiding; 6. Zooming; 7. Naiad; 8. Shyness; 12. Sweethearts; 15. Gilt edged; 16. Wastrel; 17. Bramble; 18. Guilder; 19. Passant; 21. Taint; 24. Elf.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

QUICK CROSSWORD



Across

1. You might find a crew or gravy in this (4); 4. A type of shrub (5); 8. Make a choice (3); 9. A model of excellence (7); 10. A wise herb (4); 11. E and me (anag.) (6); 14. You will probably find him guarding a harem (6); 15. An extinct bird (4); 17. Copy (7); 19. Not well (3); 20. Touch is one (5); 21. An indication of an engagement (4).

Down

2. An eight-sided figure (7); 3. What you'll run into at the end of the race (4); 4. Where the food is kept (6); 5. His wife turned into a pillar of salt (3); 6. The creator of Sherlock Holmes (5, 5); 7. They engineered the October revolution in Russia (10); 12. A feeling (7); 13. Pacers (anag.) (6); 16. A drink (4); 18. Where you could buy 16 dn. (3).

Last Issue's Solution

Across: 1. Carmen; 6. Steed; 7. Inter; 8. Daisy; 9. Eft; 10. Ejected; 13. Amm; 15. Brown; 17. Igloo; 18. Plane; 19. Sedate.

Down: 1. Clive; 2. Rotate; 3. European; 4. Etna; 5. Last; 8. Eye-line; 11. Dahlin; 12. Drill; 14. Moose; 16. Wine.

THINGS TO FORGET WHEN CAMPING

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BY NIKI

Star Choice

★★★★ **THE NOW OF THEN:** She can pull out all the stops, she can whisper in contrast and she knows what to do with a lyric. It's LANA CANTRELL, with yet another excellent LP with no repeats, which maintains her unique standard. This is a collection of old-type songs together with hits by other artists, like *Those Were The Days*, *Didn't We* and *Mr. Bojangles*. A veteran amongst the night club and TV stand artists, LANA has never had a smash hit, but ten years from now the world will still talk about her, as they do now about ELLA, BARBRA, JULIE LONDON and JUDY GARLAND. This LP is probably her best yet, with a fabulous backing and beautifully recorded. Others amongst those already mentioned are *When The World Was Young*, *The Man I Love*, *Don't Tell Mama*, *Falling In Love*.

★★★★ **A SWINGING PARTY—**A talented arranger/composer—GARRY BLAKE is making his name with some very good arrangements of hits and musicals. Particularly good, and apparent on this album is the brass section, particularly in his renderings of *Soul Coasting*, *Dock Of The Bay*, *Two Note Samba* (Follow up of *One Note Samba*, by the same composer, BONFA). Then there are other big hits like, *Do It Again*, *Help Yourself*, and *Son Of Hickory Hollers Tramp*. This is a first class stereo recording on a Columbia Studio 11 LP (2 237J) and fits the bill for sophisticated parties.

★★★★ **OLIVER!**—The original soundtrack recording of the tremendously popular musical by LIONEL

BART. The film captures more of the atmosphere, casting and setting than the play, and Dickens himself might well have approved. However, we cannot visualise the scene without having seen the film (which is unlikely to be in Salisbury before the end of the year), but this is beautifully orchestrated and presented. Here's a delightful record of tunes that have now become old favourites.

★★★★ You'll remember a delightful instrumental single that was released a few months ago called *Classical Gas*, by MASON WILLIAMS, who is a very talented singer, composer, arranger, writer, poet, song writer, pianist and musician, who has just released an LP called *THE MASON WILLIAMS EAR SHOW*. It is unusual, very pleasant and almost brilliant, and includes numbers that he and NANCY AMES cooked up in Nancy's kitchen, like *Cinderella Rockefeller*, which ESTHER and ABE OFARIM

recorded and sent to the top of every chart, the world over, except Lapland. The *Last Great Waltz* is a fabulous, beautifully written number played by a full orchestra. Then there's the dreamy and musically unco-ordinated, *Love Are Wine*, *Road Song* and *Mason's Baroque A Nova*, a guitar instrumental which makes the record worth having for that alone.

★★★★ One classic only this week and it's *The Peer Gynt Suite Nos. 1 & 2* and *Symphonic Dances*, Nos. 1-4, by EDVARD GRIEG, played by the PHILHARMONIA ORCHESTRA, conducted by WALTER SUSSKIND. (HMV—SXLPI 30105). To quote W. A. Chislett from the record sleeve, GRIEG was "essentially a miniaturist, but that does not mean he was not a great composer." His music has been over-popularised and hackneyed and he himself wrote, "It is no fault of mine that my music is heard in third rate restaurants and from school girls." Musical snobs should listen carefully to the essential music before condemning the superficial "pretty" tune.

BRIEFLY POP. COLUMBIA SMASH HITS VOL. 1 includes a variety of 16 great artists and songs, such as FRANK IFIELD singing *I Remember You*, TOM JONES (*I Was A Fool*), NINA AND FREDERICK (*Listen To The Ocean*), THE SEEKERS (*A World Of Our Own*) and many others. There's a real weirdie from the BONZO DOG BAND, called *THE DOUGHNUT IN GRANNY'S GREENHOUSE*, with totally abnormal titles like *We Are Normal*, *Kama-Sutra*, *Rhinocratic Oaths*, and *Eleven Mustachioed Daughters*. It does however, include the more comprehensible hit, *I'm The Urban Spaceman* which is very clever. *BALL*, by the IRON BUTTERFLY includes *Soul Experience*, *Her Favourite Style*, *Filled With Fear*, and *Belda Beast*. *The Best of Buffalo Springfield* in *RETROSPECTIVE* provides some fabulous soul, with numbers like *For What It's Worth*, *Mr. Soul*, *Bluebird*, *Kind Woman*, *Rock and Roll Woman* and *I Am A Child*—really excellent. More soul from WILSON PICKETT with *HEY JUDE*, including this, and other numbers like, *A Man And A Half*, *Search your Heart*, *Born To Be Wild* and *People Make The World*.—Good Soul.●



ONE MORE TRY. Singer Judy Garland (46) secretly married New York discotheque owner Mickey Deans in London recently. This is her fifth marriage. The civil ceremony had to be postponed because Miss Garland's divorce papers, from her fourth marriage, hadn't arrived from America.

Rhodesians Worldwide

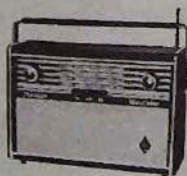
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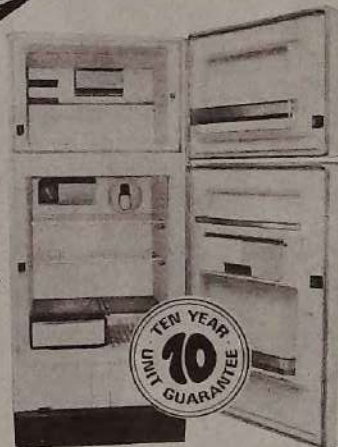
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RULED by the planet Mercury, Gemini's are noted for their lively and mobile facial expressions. The first of the "dual" signs of the Zodiac, Gemini's are two-sided in character. Adaptability, versatility and a love of novelty are three outstanding traits. There is also a very powerful urge to communicate with others. Although seldom ardent in Romance, Those born under this sign tend to marry early and often marry twice. On the career front, they prefer to work with others than go it alone.

Stars This Fortnight

22nd MAY-
4th June

GEMINI (May 21-June 21). From start to finish, this should be a fortnight when you will feel that you are really getting somewhere. Try to circulate socially if the opportunity arises for surprises await you away from home. You will make a small sacrifice at the weekend, but this will give you pleasure. **CANCER** (June 22-July 20). The stars will single you out for special favours during the next fourteen days. This is a propitious period for driving a bargain. Affairs of the heart should be given an airing, even if someone is hurt in the process.

LEO (July 21-August 22). Forces are gathering in your favour and key matters will come to a head. Wait until next week before making any decisive moves, however. Choose companionship from those in your intimate circle.

VIRGO (August 23-September 22). Things that are carried out on the spur of the moment should turn out very profitably this fortnight. Friends of the opposite sex are very much to the fore in your affairs, and may ask you to join in important discussions. Be ready to act quickly.

LIBRA (Sept. 23-Oct. 22). Put your foot down if you feel you are being imposed on. You will be admired all the more for it. The next fortnight is a good time to make travel plans and deal with those who live at a distance. Be discreet with another's private life.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23-Nov. 21). This is the right time for getting down to heavy work and reviewing problems. The answers should come easily to you. A favourable trend in finance does not include gambling. Keep sentimental impulses under control.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22-Dec. 21). Put plans you have been considering into operation. A slight impediment may arise but, once it has been overcome, all should be plain sailing. Keep a grip on your emotions. Close relatives could be the source of minor disappointments around the 30th.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22-Jan. 19). An arrangement should work out extremely well and produce long-term benefits. Working activities will run to schedule. Take care not to over-exert yourself. A peaceful atmosphere will prevail in the home provided you are prepared to give a little.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20-Feb. 18). Less strain than of late will beset you during the next fortnight. A slight snag may crop up on the domestic front, but it will most likely be laughed off. Someone close to you will reveal a talent you didn't know they possessed.

PISCES (Feb. 19-March 20). Beware of letting your heart rule your head. Balance everything up very carefully before coming to any emotional decisions. A new friendship should develop around the 29th. Married Pisceans will come up against circumstances beyond their control.

ARIES (March 21-April 20). An introverted mood may prevail at the beginning of this fortnight, but later on you will feel the need of companionship and an old acquaintanceship could be renewed. Be very tactful when dealing with the opposite sex.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20). If you are single, and eligible, the beginning of June will see the start of a favourable romantic trend. Married Taureans are in for a more settled time. A telephone call could have a disturbing effect on a close partner.

STAR READER

ANDREW THOMAS PARKINSON, born in Blantyre, Malawi, receives the "key of the door" this year, so 1969 is an important year for him. The personal horoscope chart that I cast for him shows that before the year is out he will be confronted with a momentous decision, possibly connected with someone of the opposite sex.



Born on the 11th of May, Andrew is far from being a typical Taurean, however. Usually the life pattern of those born under the sign of the Bull is one of slow but steady progress, but his career shows an amazing leap about the middle of 1975. He should then be earning a high income. Taurus is usually strong, and Andrew's chart depicts a stable nervous system, but if deeply upset emotionally this will have an adverse effect on his health, so he should try to keep calm.

Later in life he may find that one of his failings is a tendency to "fly off the handle". He should avoid this for he will only upset himself far more than others. His horoscope indicates that he will have children in the future, and a son of whom he will be very proud.

Each fortnight Urania reads the week's stars for one of her readers. If you would like to be her **READER OF THE FORTNIGHT**, write to **ILLUSTRATED LIFE RHODESIA**, P.O. Box 2931, Salisbury, giving your name, birth date, birth place, address, whether male or female, whether married or single or widowed. Passport-size portrait photograph should also be enclosed. Urania cannot answer your questions privately.

SEE PAGE 37

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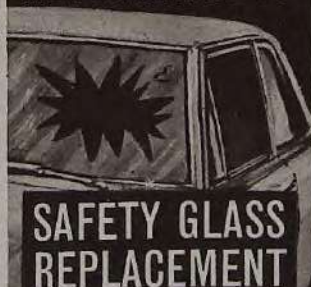
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THE gracious Cape-style home of Mr. and Mrs. I. R. Lind reflects the cosmopolitan taste of these inveterate travellers. Virtually all the interior furnishings and accessories were purchased on trips abroad during their 10 years "off and on" residence at Monk's Meadow, Highlands.

Although this couple are both Scandinavians, the interior decor of their home reflects a broad continental style.

The dining room is elegantly appointed with a Regency suite, but the colour scheme reflects contemporary taste with its bright splashes of magenta and pink. Mrs. Lind prefers a white or neutral background for this room with vivid colours in small splashes predominating. In this way, she says, the entire colour scheme can be changed easily and frequently by altering the colours of accessories and chair covers. In her current scheme, Mrs. Lind successfully combines the pink tones of handwoven Norwegian rugs with a Mercia Desmond batik, deep magenta chair cover and elegant Spanish silver candelabra.

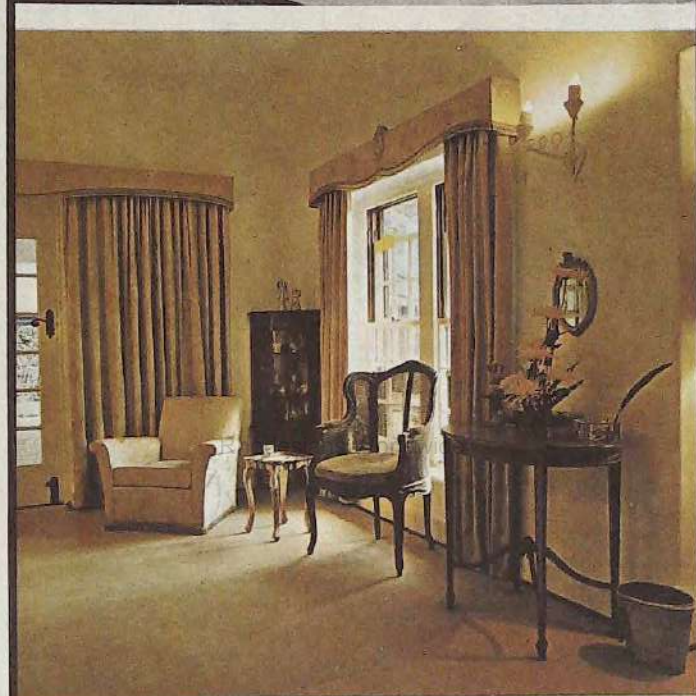
The lounge presents a formal, somewhat rococo atmosphere, with its many curved lines in furnishings and accessories. Rich gold brocade curtains fall from elegant pelmets, featuring hand-embroidered Italian emblems. This provides a fitting background for such pieces as an elegant Louis chair, Italian provincial tables and other distinctive accessories.

A walk through the Lind's home is like reading a personal diary, it so aptly reflects the very un-parochial character of this interesting, well-travelled couple.

Dining Room. A neutral background is brightened with vivid touches of magenta in the upholstery of the dining room chairs. Softer pink tones in the handwoven Norwegian rugs and the Mercia Desmond batik carry out the complementary colour scheme in this formal setting. The handsome silver candelabra are a tangible reminder of a trip to Spain.



Exterior. The double-storey Lind residence shows a definite Cape influence, with its dormer windows, white walls, wooden shutters and shingle roof. Surrounded by a terraced lawn, it provides a perfect backdrop for outdoor poolside entertaining.



Lounge (Left). An elegant Louis chair is highlighted by a background of Italian brocade curtains, while the beautiful inlaid table is enhanced by an ink well and quill from Portugal. An artistic arrangement of golden spider chrysanthemums harmonises with the monochromatic colour scheme.

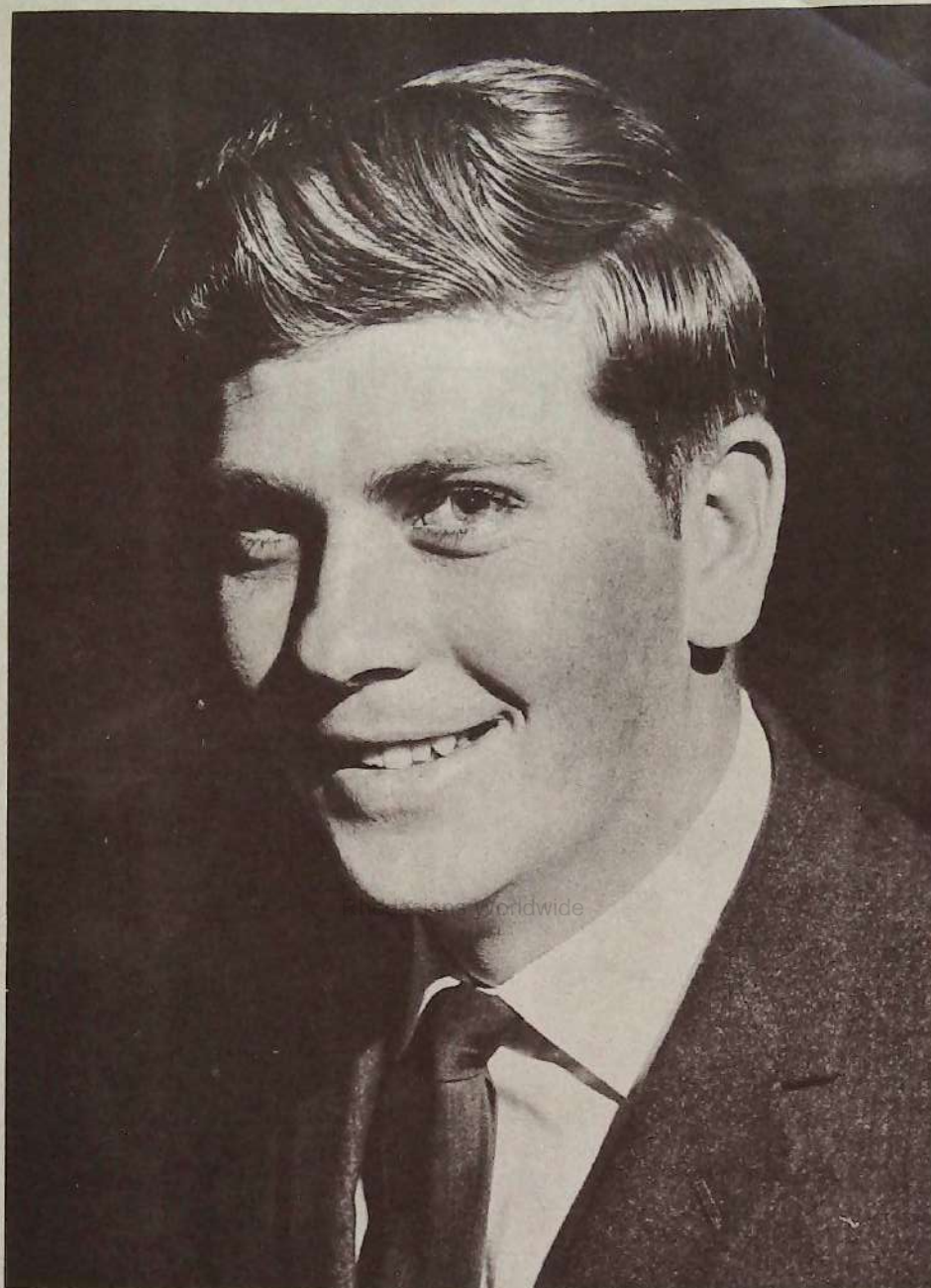
A Well-Travelled Home

By NORMA WIGHTMAN



Pictures MIKE McCANN

Verandah. The patio adjoining the lounge makes it possible for the Linds to entertain large groups of people with ease. Tub plants create a garden aspect in close-up.



222 customers later our tellers are still smiling

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First All-British Ape

WHEN NOELLE, THE 11-YEAR-OLD MOUNTAIN GORILLA AT CHESTER ZOO GIVES BIRTH, SHE WILL MAKE HISTORY: THIS IS THE FIRST OF THE SPECIES TO BE BORN IN BRITAIN.



HUNCHED against the wall of a long, aseptic corridor, young Michael Colbourne sinks into an uneasy doze. Mugs of tea help him pass the weary hours as he nervously waits to witness a unique birth.

But Michael, 24, is no expectant dad.

The mother-to-be he watches so lovingly is an 11-year-old mountain gorilla named Noelle. Soon she will be nursing the first mountain gorilla to be born in Britain—and only the second in the world to be born in captivity. A unique event indeed.

And that's just the trouble. For no one can tell exactly when the baby is due. Michael, who has been the gorilla's keeper at Chester Zoo, Chester, for the past five years, has been keeping his vigil outside

Noelle's pen for the past three months. "She seems to be enjoying the wait, even if it is a bit tense for me," Michael said recently. "She's loving all the fuss, and I suspect she is playing up a bit. Sometimes she lies down and groans. Then she gets up and gives a look as if to say, 'That fooled you'."

But Michael is happy to pander to his giant charge's whims. He brings her titbits—grapes or pineapples—and rubs her head when it aches. "If I take my hand away, she grabs it and puts it back," he said. "It seems to help her headache. She is about twenty stone but very gentle."

So Michael gives up his day off to watch and wait. The official zoo bulletin is: "Any day now." But Noelle is giving no hints.



EXPECTANT MOTHER. Noelle has the usual fads and fancies and prefers grapes and pineapples while playing the waiting game.

LONELY VIGIL. Zoo Keeper Michael Colbourne waits for a unique event—the birth of a Mountain Gorilla in captivity.

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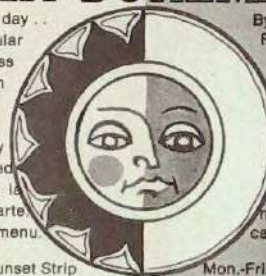
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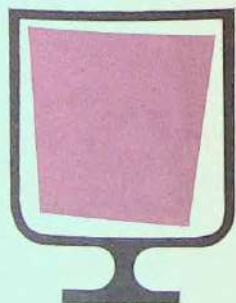
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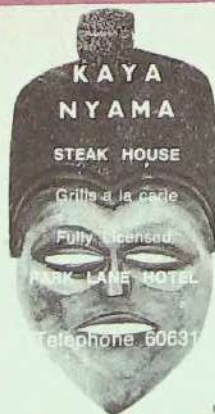
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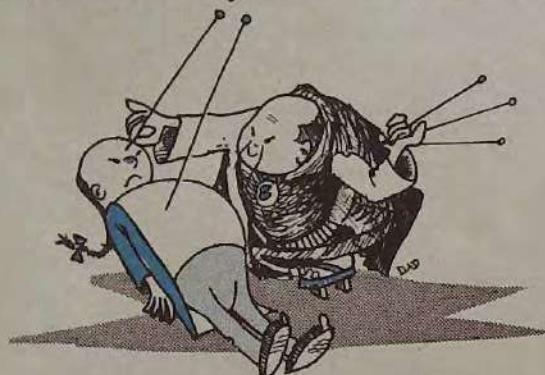
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MINOR INFECTIONS

Childish ailments are rarely serious, but can produce after-effects, says Dorothy Warren, in the ninth article of her series on child care.

ALTHOUGH immunisation against the lesser infectious diseases is available, not everyone takes advantage of this service, so epidemics still occur. While the following diseases are rarely serious, they can produce harmful after-effects, and care should be taken to prevent this.

MEASLES. The incubation period is 7 to 10 days, which means that symptoms may develop during this time after contact with an infected person. Although measles may occur at any age, it is most common up to the age of ten.

The child will probably feel vaguely unwell for a few days before any definite symptoms appear. He may wish to sleep more than usual, be irritable and lose his appetite. The glands in his neck may be slightly enlarged and tender. Then he will suddenly develop what appears to be a heavy cold, with a watery, nasal discharge, and red eyes, which are inclined to water. He may object to strong light, and his temperature may be above normal. Coughing and sneezing are also symptoms.

It is the presence of Koplik's spots that confirm the diagnosis. These are tiny, bluish-white spots that form in the mouth, particularly inside the lower lip, opposite the molars. They vanish shortly after the rash appears, and only occur in measles.

The rash is first seen on the forehead and behind the ears, quickly spreading over the face, trunk and limbs. If mild, and the child is deeply tanned, it will be most noticeable behind the ears, and on the inside of the elbows.

Starting as small, raised, dusky red areas, these may later run together, forming blotches. After a few days, the temperature will return to normal, the rash fade, and other symptoms disappear. The child should be kept warm and his eyes protected from strong light, which can be harmful.

Do not worry if he refuses food, but give plenty of fluids, such as fruit juice, milk, weak tea, or any mild beverage that he fancies. The addition of glucose is recommended, and ice cream may be given. If there are no complications, recovery is rapid, and by the time he is free from infection, which is seven days after the appearance of the rash, he should be back to normal.

Complications, however, can occur, and it is these, rather than the disease itself, that may prove serious. Some bronchitis is always present, and if this worsens, it may lead to pneumonia. If, instead of maintaining steady improvement as the rash fades, the temperature persists, the cough becomes worse, and the child's breathing is rapid, a doctor must be called.

Other possible complications are a sore throat with loss of voice, earache, and infection of the mouth. If any of these are present, the child should see a doctor.

Other Ailments

GERMAN MEASLES is a much milder disease, and may occur at any age. The incubation period is from 14 to 21 days. The rash starts on the face, spreading rapidly to the rest of the body. The spots are smaller and pink rather than red, tend to be more blotchy, and fade more quickly. There will be no cold symptoms and no Koplik's spots.

Glands in the neck may be slightly swollen, but not painful. The patient will not feel ill, unless running a temperature, which is unusual. He ceases to be infectious seven days after the appearance of the rash.

Complications do not occur in children. But if the patient is a woman in her first three months of pregnancy, she should see her doctor without delay.

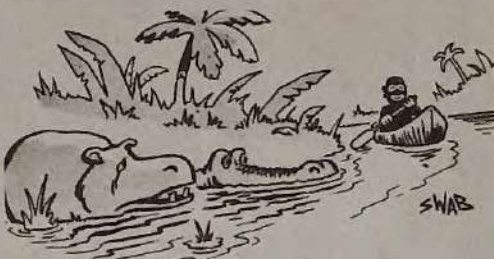
MUMPS is a disease of the salivary glands, causing swelling in the neck. The glands on one or both sides may be affected. It is most common between the ages of 5 and 15, and the incubation period is 21 days.

The first symptoms will be a rise in temperature, and the patient will feel vaguely unwell, and may complain of a stiff neck. As the swelling appears, there will be difficulty in swallowing, and pain in the region of the angle of the jaw. The duration of the illness is normally a few days, and recovery should be complete by the end of a week.

Treatment consists of rest and four-hourly mouth washes. Diet should be of semi-solids as these are taken more easily than fluids, and the patient will be unable to eat normally until the swelling subsides.

Complications are rare in girls, but if there is abdominal pain or tenderness of the breasts, or failure to regain normal good health after a week, the patient should see a doctor.

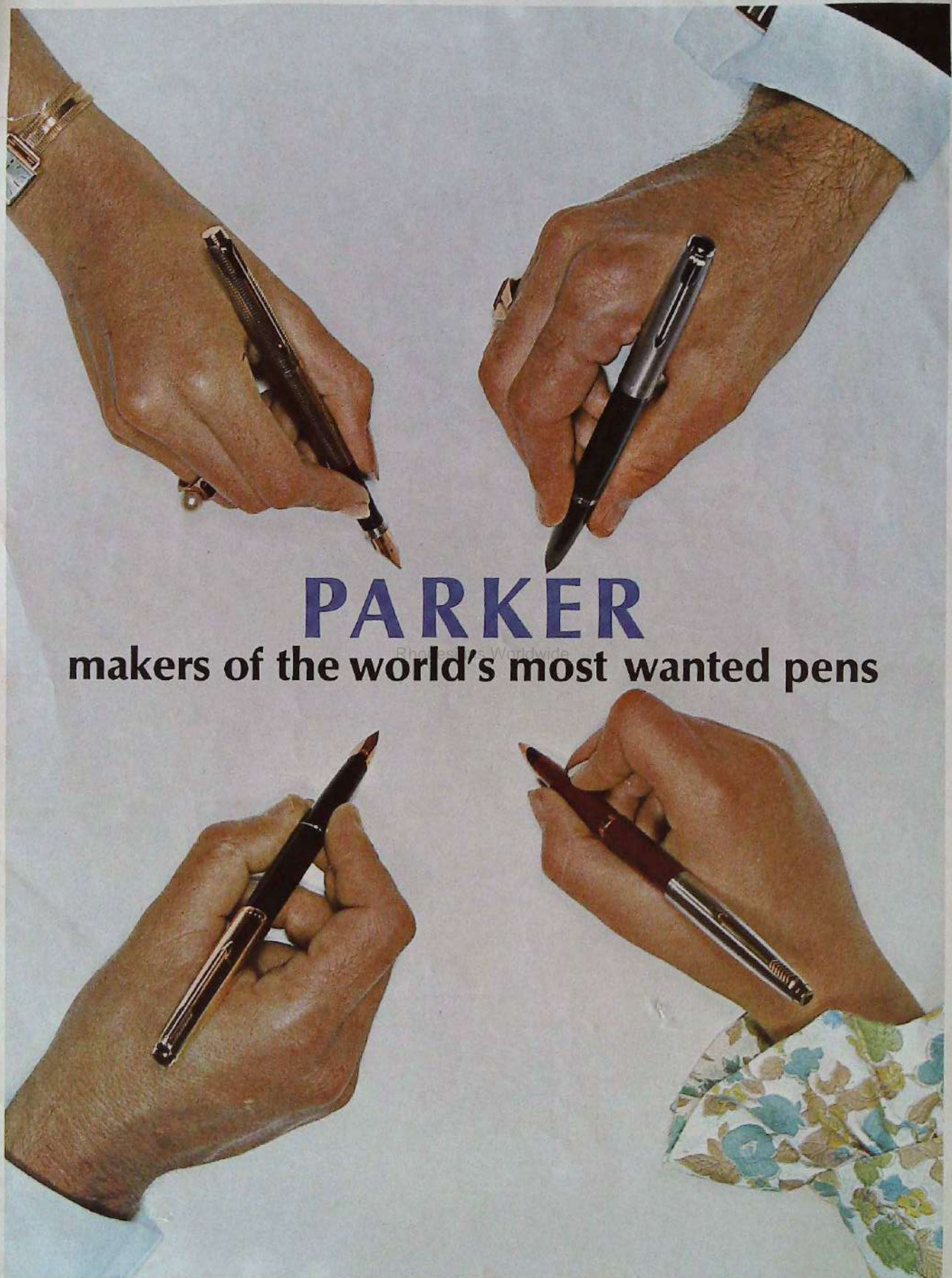
In boys, the testicles may become swollen and painful, in which case the doctor should be called immediately, and the patient confined to bed.



"It's all right for you, I suppose—but I'd have to consult my calorie chart."

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