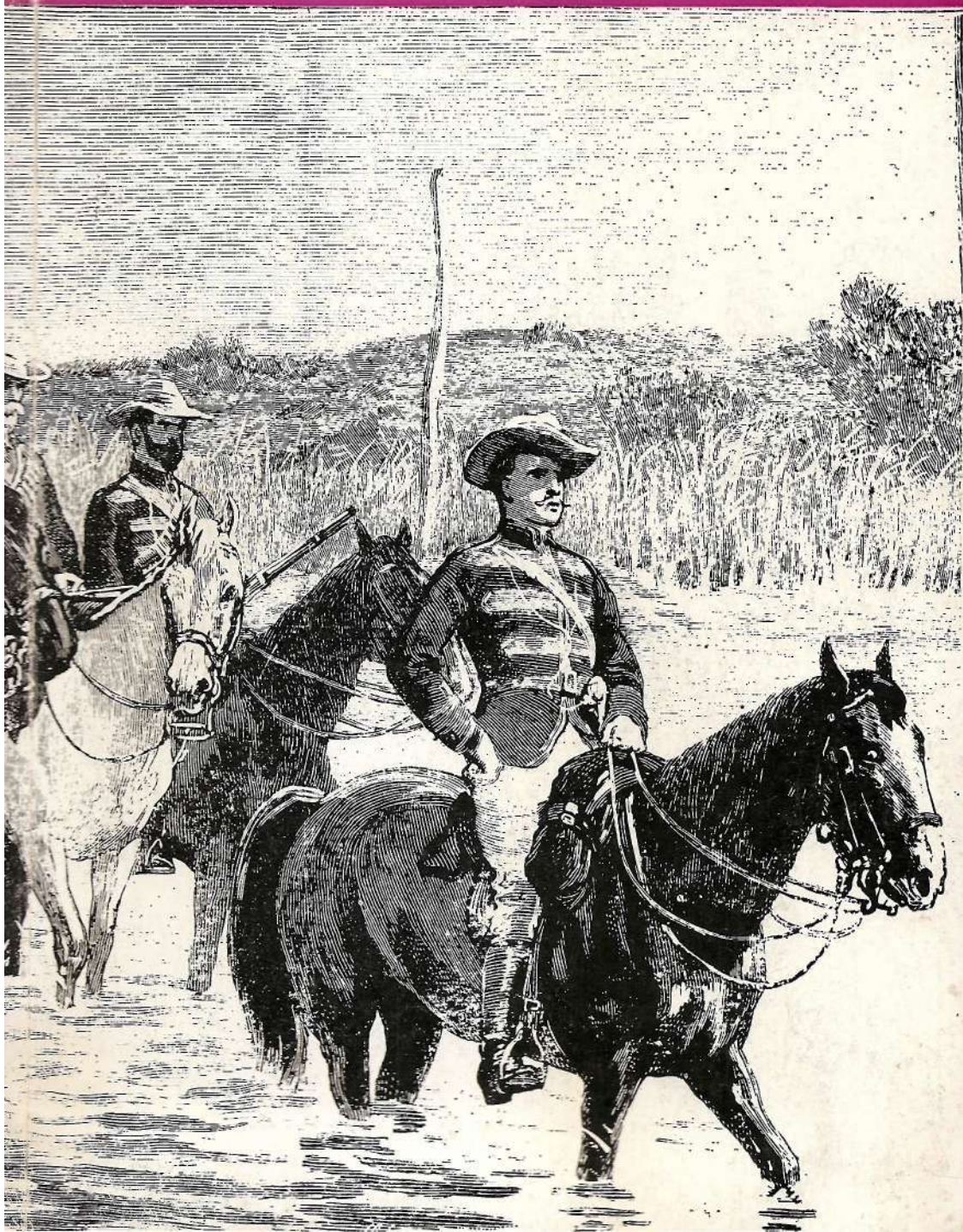


RHODESIANA

PUBLICATION No. 13

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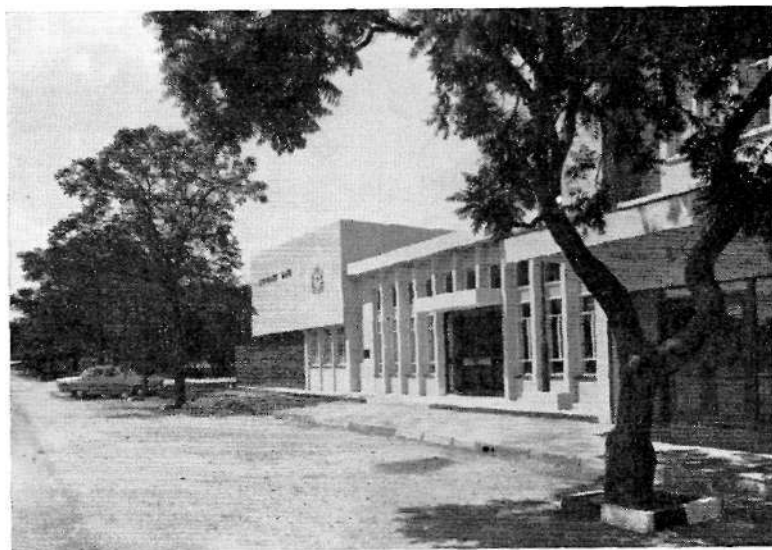


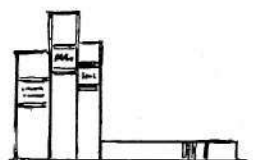
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The Standard Bank, Sinoia

1966



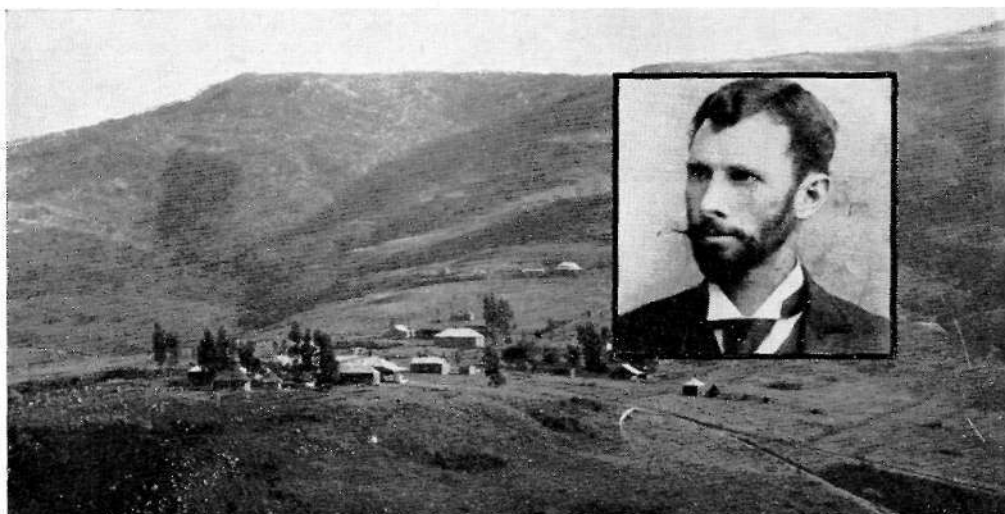


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GAZALAND 1898—1965



Melsetter in 1898 about five years after it was founded by Dunbar Moodie (*inset*) who led a trek to the area from Bethlehem in the Orange Free State. The settlement is named after the Moodie home in the Orkneys.

(National Archives)



The area surrounding Melsetter today where more than 30,000 acres of trees have been planted at Charter Forest Estates, the principal timber-growing company. This estate, which is administered by Anglo American Corporation, was established 14 years ago.

(Anglo American Corporation)

RHODESIANA

Publication No. 13—December, 1965

THE RHODESIANA SOCIETY

Salisbury

Rhodesia

Edited by
E. E. BURKE

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*The cover picture is from a drawing of the Pioneer Column crossing
the Shashi River into Mashonaland at Fort Tuli, 11 July, 1890.*

{National Archives}



Victor Morier in the uniform of a sub-lieutenant in the British South Africa Company's Police; this photograph was taken in London in 1891, before the return voyage to South Africa during which he died. He was of unusual build, 6 ft. 4 in. in height and over 17 stone; the Company had difficulty in finding horses to mount him and he had to provide his own.

(The Hon. Mrs. Alice Cunnack)

Extracts from the South African Letters and Diaries of Victor Morier, 1890-1891

With an Introduction and Notes by
P. R. WARHURST

The letters home written by young Victor Albert Louis Morier from one of the 'outposts of Empire' present a vivid picture of the occupation of Rhodesia and of the life of the Pioneers. But the letters were to have a significance unsuspected by the author, for his father, Sir Robert Morier, British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, sent some of them on to his old friend, Lord Salisbury. The British Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary did not accept them at their face value but they may well have coloured his views on the clashes with the Portuguese in Manicaland.

Victor is revealed in his correspondence as an active young man with a preference for life in the 'great outdoors'. He was born at Darmstadt in 1867 into a travel-minded family. His great uncle was a celebrated traveller in the East who called himself Hadji Baba of Ispahan, and Victor himself accompanied the family to the various posts that his father held at Stuttgart, Munich, Lisbon and Madrid. Exciting as this must have been for a youngster, the frequent changes were unsettling. He was afflicted by illness and lacked stability. At the age of seventeen Victor enrolled at Balliol College, Oxford, but did not succeed in passing the entrance examination, Responsions, until over a year later. He went down in 1887 without taking a degree and lived in London where he found the life very boring.

It must, therefore, have been a great relief when in 1888 he was given his first opportunity for adventure. Sir Robert Morier was now Ambassador at St. Petersburg and had initiated a project to open trade between Britain and Russia. The project enjoyed very limited success but it provided Victor with his first taste of excitement. On July 16th, 1888, he embarked at Newcastle-upon-Tyne on the *Labrador* bound for the Yenessi River in Siberia. The *Labrador* did not reach its destination and, having penetrated the Arctic, was forced to turn back. Victor, not to be deprived of his adventure, left the ship and induced a family of nomad Samoyedes, with one tent and a small herd of reindeer, to take him in mid-winter a thousand versts across the frozen steppe and over the Urals to the mouth of the Obi. The resourcefulness and endurance he displayed on the enterprise were to stand him in good stead in Mashonaland. One of the backers of the Siberian venture was Albert Grey, a director of the British South Africa Company, and through him Victor joined the Company's service as a police trooper in 1890.

As he had attested rather late, Victor did not accompany the Pioneer

Column, to his great disappointment. Indeed, he was still in Bechuanaland when the Column arrived at Fort Salisbury. His observations on the Police and Pioneers show up a different aspect of this versatile young man. For Victor was an intelligent and critical observer and was capable of setting down his impressions with clarity. He had already contributed articles to *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1889, dealing with his trip through Siberia. As an attested policeman, he could not of course have published a candid account of his Rhodesian experiences. In his letters home, however, he could be as frank as he liked and it is this very frankness that makes the letters so valuable.

Many a Pioneer was critical of the Company but Morier, with his wider background and education, was more restrained in his comments and more balanced in his judgments. He considers that on the whole the Pioneers and Police were "an excellent body of men" but adds that "neither the Police nor the Pioneers are quite all we heard from the enthusiasts in London . . . the [Pioneer] privates are exactly the same class of men as our troopers, i.e. chiefly miners, etc., thrown out of employment by the smash of the Johannesburg gold fields, a sprinkling of army and navy deserters, clerks, etc., come out from home, and men drafted from the Cape Mounted Rifles and the Bechuanaland Border Police." But Victor's strictures did not apply to every one; after all he himself had started as a trooper though he was soon promoted to corporal.

While the Pioneer Column was still on the march, Administrator Colquhoun, Dr. Jameson and the famous scout, Selous, branched off to the Eastern Highlands of Manicaland. Rhodes had heard that the gold reef which he confidently expected to find in Mashonaland did not run north-south but west-east into Manica (Rhodes Papers C3a/114). No such reef was ever found but Rhodes was determined to ensure that the area through which it was reported to run should be secured. Furthermore the Portuguese were actively reviving their historical claims to Manica and Rhodes wished to forestall them. Accordingly, Colquhoun signed a treaty with Mutasa (not "Umtasa" which is a Zulu way of spelling the name), a Shona chief in northern Manicaland. The date of the treaty was September 14th, 1890. The Portuguese reacted to the challenge. The explorer Paiva de Andrada and the Goanese Manuel Antonio de Sousa (Gouveia) made preparations to visit Mutasa and recall him to what they considered to be his duty to Portugal. Andrada was an enthusiastic explorer in Mashonaland and Manica and Manuel Antonio had built up a powerful domain centred on Gorongosa.

Meanwhile, Victor was at last on the move again. From the camp at Macloutsie in Bechuanaland, he proceeded to Fort Tuli in the south-western corner of Rhodesia, from whence the Pioneer Road cut eastwards through the Low Veld skirting Matabeleland. Victor noticed that the "Kalakas" (Kalanga) and other Shona-speaking peoples lived in villages perched high on kopjes inaccessible to the Matabele raiders who had left them "poor as church mice". The road emerged on to the High Veld at Fort Victoria from where it ran northwards via Fort Charter to Fort Salisbury. Victor was destined not to see Fort Salisbury for some time. Instead he received a totally unexpected summons to the troubled border region of the Eastern Highlands. News had been received in Fort Salisbury of the arrival of Andrada and Gouveia at Mutasa's kraal and

Administrator Colquhoun forthwith sent Captain P. W. Forbes to Mutasa's. "If force is directly used against Umtasa," ran his instructions, "you are empowered to occupy Macequece [a Portuguese settlement later to be called Vila de Manica] . . . Mr. Victor Morier will proceed via Fort Charter, to join you at Manica for political duty." (Enclosure 22 in F.O. Confidential Print 6086/18.)

Victor was chosen because of his knowledge of Portuguese but he had other qualifications for his new position. His father had been British Minister in Lisbon at a crucial period in Britain's relations with her oldest ally. His diplomacy was of a high order and he was deeply disappointed when the "Lourenco Marques Treaty" of 1879 was rejected by Britain:

"When it came to the ratification of the Lourenco Marques Treaty, which would have made us Masters of the Transvaal by giving us a railway in our hands for commercial and military purposes from Delagoa Bay across the tsetse belt into the heart of the Dutch Province, it was HMG and not the Portuguese Government who dropped the Treaty, after I had by superhuman efforts secured its ratification by Portugal!" (Salisbury Papers 74/20.)

The next treaty that Sir Robert negotiated, the Congo Treaty of 1884, was also doomed to failure. It was this Treaty that led to the Berlin West Africa Conference at which Portugal successfully restricted the new doctrine of "effective occupation" to the coasts of Africa. Victor's own life in Lisbon as a boy was one of the happiest times of his life and he became proficient at the language. This personal and family background made him well qualified to record events in the disputed Anglo-Portuguese border region of Manica.

Victor travelled to his new assignment in the company of Lieutenant Shepstone (for Shepstone and Victor's other Police colleagues, see A. S. Hickman, *Men who made Rhodesia*, 1960), and they reached Mutasa's just in time to take part in what has been called the 'Forbes Coup'. When Captain Forbes arrived at Mutasa's, he decided to await reinforcements, then arrest Andrada and Gouveia. Victor gives a graphic description of the Forbes Coup and this was one of the letters that Sir Robert sent on to Lord Salisbury. Salisbury replied:

"Dear Sir Robert,

I am very much obliged to you for allowing me to see the enclosed letter from your son. It is most interesting—and it gives a very vivid picture of the adventure and of all its surroundings. Whatever judgments jurists or international moralists may have to form of the enterprise, it was both a striking and amusing illustration of the different national characteristics of the English and the Portuguese..." (Salisbury Papers 74/91.)

Victor's services as an interpreter were invaluable. Colonel Andrada and Gouveia much appreciated his courtesy towards them.

Forbes now had the bit between the teeth and was determined to make sure of all the land from Mutasa's to the sea. On November 22nd he wrote to Colquhoun:

"By carrying out the programme we have now decided on, we shall

secure the North Bank of the Pungue, all the Country between the Pungue and Busi, and all the necessary seaboard. If I get the treaty with Sencombe (on whose land Beira is) I shall leave Morier with 3 or 4 men at his kraal to occupy under the treaty and write to the Governor of Beira, leaving the forcible ejection, if carried out at all, to be done later." (National Archives A1/6/1.)

Almost as an afterthought, Forbes added: "If you do not wish me to do this, please write . . .". He then set off on a rapid march towards the sea. Exactly one week later we find him writing again to the Administrator: "Your despatch caught me up here [Tica's] and only just in time to stop me going down the Pungue. I hoped to get boats this afternoon and should have got to Sencombe's tomorrow . . . it is a great disappointment to the men being stopped just at the last moment." (National Archives A1/6/1.) When Dr. Jameson heard of the Administrator's action, he growled: "Damn the fellow; I got him his job." But Colquhoun was right. A *modus vivendi* had been signed between Britain and Portugal to secure them in their temporary positions pending a final settlement. (For further details of the events in Manica and the diplomatic background, see P. R. Warhurst: *Anglo-Portuguese Relations in South-Central Africa*, 1962.)

The Portuguese took advantage of the breathing-space to send out an army to Mozambique. Feelings ran high in Portugal and university students enrolled in hundreds to avenge the insult to the flag in Africa. In Lourenco Marques there was unprecedented excitement and volunteers flocked to the colours. Victor himself was in no doubt as to the validity of the Portuguese claims but distasteful as he found the political side of his work, Victor's loyalty to the Company was unquestioned and Captain Heyman, Officer Commanding in Manica, singled him out, with only four others, for special mention (Pennefather's Report, 13 May 1891: National Archives CT 1/12/7). Morier was promoted Sub-Lieutenant in 1891 and his first task that year was to supervise the store at Macequece which had been occupied by the Police. The storekeeper, Trooper Black, had died "from excessive indulgence in the spirits of wine in the store." (Macglashan to Colquhoun, 22 Jan. 1891: National Archives A 1/6/3). After this episode, he was employed in treaty making and on this subject too he has no illusions: "Treaties are easy enough got in these parts with a pair of old breeches." It was while travelling in Mafonga's and Gomani's country due west of Beira that Victor gave the alarm that the Portuguese were fortifying Sarmento and the Pungwe route. Indeed a force of 100 volunteers and 300 askari under the command of Major Caldas Xavier soon arrived and began to march on Macequece. The British South Africa Company's Police fell back to the Chua Hills behind Macequece. Victor was once again employed as an interpreter in the preliminary fencing between Heyman and Ferreira, the Governor of Manica (who was actually stationed at Gorongosa). The sequel, sometimes rather grandiosely called the Battle of Macequece, is described by Victor. After the battle, there was yet another dash for Beira that was turned back this time by the Private Secretary to the High Commissioner, Major Sapte. Rhodes was said to have remarked: "But why didn't you put Sapte in irons and say he was drunk?"

The tension on the Frontier was ended by the Anglo-Portuguese Treaty of June 11th, 1891. Throughout the negotiations, Salisbury had upheld the Portuguese claim to the coast but he dismissed their claims in the interior as based on "archaeological evidence". In the Treaty, Mozambique extended as far as Macequece (Vila de Manica). The Pioneers spread out over Manicaland searching for gold which became an obsession with them. Acting Mining Commissioner Macglashan wrote: "Pioneers and others are troublesome and grasping and there is no end to their applications" (20 Jan. 1891: National Archives A 1/6/3). In making a similar comment, Victor used his critical faculty to explain this. He pointed out that the Pioneers had been disbanded with only three months' provisions and no capital for farming: ". . . the consequence is that all the men do is to prospect for gold." He might have added that the 1890-91 rainy season was one of the worst on record; not a very encouraging start for the Pioneers.

The constructive attitude that Victor had to the new country marked him out for a promising future if he chose to settle in Rhodesia. But this was not to be. Since January he had been continually struck down by the worst killer the world has ever known—malaria. He returned to Britain on leave preparatory to taking up the post of Assistant Commissioner of the Anglo-Portuguese Boundary Commission to establish the Manicaland-Mocambique Border. He never saw Rhodesia again for he died at sea on the return voyage on May 27th, 1892. The cause of death was given as cerebral meningitis but, in the absence of a cerebro-spinal fluid test, Professor M. Gelfand has suggested that it was probably cerebral malaria as a consequence of his severe bouts of the disease. Sir Robert Morier was broken-hearted at the death of his only son.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I am indebted to Miss Agatha Ramm of Somerville College, Oxford, for many details of Victor Morier's life. I am also grateful to Professor M. Gelfand for his views on the probable cause of death and to Mr. R. W. S. Turner for drawing my attention to the slim volume of privately printed Morier letters in the National Archives all of which are now reproduced here. P.R.W.

SS. "Grantully Castle," *Thursday, 12th June, 1890.*
Arrived this morning at 5 a.m. at Cape Town.

Monday, 16th June, 1890.
Arrived this minute at Kimberley, and must send this off at once, in order to catch the mail.

Kimberley Club, Kimberley, *Tuesday, 17th June, 1890.*
Here am I—a-policeman! I just had time to shut up the letter I had begun on the ship and post it by yesterday's mail before I had seen *the* factotum of the Company, Dr. Harris.¹ I have had a long conversation with him to-day, and found out all the details of my future career. I will say We, instead of I in future, as my fortunes seem to be absolutely chained to those of Cardew² (whom I told

you about in my first letter) and who, I am proud to say, has been put into my charge by his father. We leave on Sunday morning by mail cart (expenses paid by the S.A.C.C.) for Palapswie³, where we arrive in a fortnight. This means travelling day and night, with only one break of twelve hours at Mafeking, in an overgrown kind of dogcart. Arrived there we mount horses, provided by the Company, and ride to headquarters, about 150 miles, on the Macloutsie⁴ River, the rest *εστὶ ἐν γωνυεσι*, etc. *Entre nous* I hope to be selected as one of the hundred men with whom Pennefather⁵ is going bang into Mashonaland. Harris said he would try and work this for me.

Of course the main obstacle has been the horse. T . . . as a horse buyer has been absolutely jeered at ever since I left England, so I have given him up. I have been spending the whole day in trying horses, and have found two which might possibly answer. No. 1, a cart-horse, at present in the employ of the Railway Company. No. 2, a horse ridden by one of the local police. Trying a horse here is quite a genuine business. I got on the police horse, and galloped him for two hours on end, up hill and down dale, as hard as I could go this afternoon; I will do the same to-morrow, and the day after, and if he is not sick or sorry by Sunday I will probably buy him. Mr. Michaelis is strongly in favour of him. The cart-horse is certainly up to my weight, but he has never been ridden before I mounted him this afternoon when I created some excitement in the market-place of Kimberley. If I can get the two horses for £80 I am strongly advised here to buy them, and to take my chance of loss on the road up, and death at the front. Everybody agrees, Harris included, that unless I send up a horse or two by next week, I will be rejected as impossible to mount. All the police are mounted on Basuto ponies, standing about fourteen hands. Oh! for Bobby or Orlando. Of course neither of the horses I talk about are "salted." This is by the advice of Harris. He says a salted horse now is useless for the next ten months, and if I am up there, and am worth keeping in that time, the Company will find some beast for me.

Beyond the horse business I have little to say. Kimberley is a town in a desert, consisting of tin houses and German Jews. I have got used perfectly to both already. This Club is excellent, every bit as good as the St. James's.

Macloutsi Camp, *Wednesday, 9th July, 1890.*

I have only ten minutes to write to you in. I arrived here in camp yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock, after seventeen days' incessant travelling from Kimberley. The Tundra travelling was a joke to it: seven of us in an open, springless cart, perched on the top of mail bags, &c. We stopped six hours at Mafeking, where I presented all my letters to Carrington, and where I was regularly enlisted. From Mafeking on by post cart to Palapswie from where we came on in an ox-cart, seven days' journey. We shot guinea fowl and partridges on the way up for food, and I was lucky enough to get a springbok. Unfortunately I have come just a week too late. Colonel Pennefather and Captain Keith Falconer⁶, to whom I had letters from Loch⁷ and Carrington, moved over the river four days ago with three troops of our Police, to join the Pioneers who are encamped on the Shashi River. I may say here that you will find on Juta's map the position of this camp, where a little river runs into the Macloutsi (which runs into the

Limpopo), a little to the left of the Jakolo Hills. Well, to return to my doings. As soon as I arrived I was marched up to Sir John Willoughby⁸, who is the staff officer, and he has stuck me in E Troop. E and D Troops are left behind here, as they have not a single horse yet. As soon as we get horses I suppose we will move on to the Shashi. All the way up from Kimberley there were very alarmist rumours, the Matabeles massing on the Shashi, &c. Here however the rumours are more specific. Of course the crisis comes when the Pioneers, &c, move on from Shashi. *Entre nous* things seem frightfully at sixes and sevens. Up here we depend absolutely on supplies, food for horses, everything, down to the least thing, upon what is sent up in ox waggons from Kimberley, a line of road over 700 miles long. On this road there is not a single experienced transport officer; everything at the mercy of twopenny-halfpenny waggon drivers. The result is the supplies here are most erratic, not a glass, knife, or fork to be got for love or money. Ten American cigarettes fetch as much as 5s., and you are lucky if you get a filthy pint of beer for 2s. 6d. I expect my horse in six weeks, if he gets up alive. The whole route however from Kimberley is strewn with dead and dying horses: want of food, water, and the awful hurry with which they are being sent up to the front. We are seven in a tent. I seem to have got into rather a rough one. The men complain of the fearful amount of fatigue duty now the other three troops have left. Besides our two troops there are four troops of the Bechuanaland Border Police in camp. These stay here to form our reserve when we move on. The weather extraordinary: 1 degree below freezing point at night, and 95 degrees of heat in the sun at midday. Our little tent is so crowded however that we don't feel the cold much at night. I have done a drill at 6.30 this morning, and am told off to a fatigue party for making new latrines this afternoon.

I am in splendid health and spirits. What I am in awful want of is a deer-hound and top boots. More about this next week. Awful hurry.

Macloutsi Camp, 15th July, 1890.

I would have written to you long ago, but really, without any exaggeration, since the day I left Kimberley for this place I have not had fifteen consecutive minutes to myself. The work up here just now is tremendous. This is my day: At 6.30, an hour's drill; breakfast, and then "stables" till 10 o'clock; then a mile tramp with three horses down to the water; then half an hour's mealie chopping. Fatigues of one kind or another till dinner-time, and another drill till 3 o'clock; till 5 cleaning saddles, clothes and accoutrements; at 5 either piquet or guard mounting; at 7 o'clock feeding and cleaning horses again; ditto at 9. Lights out at 9.30, when one is glad to throw oneself anywhere down on the ground and sleep till morning. Then every third night we sleep booted and spurred on guard, with ten hours' "sentry go" out of the twenty-four. This is roughly our existence just now. As I told Papchens by last mail, I unfortunately missed Colonel Pennefather, who has gone on with three troops, and I have consequently been placed in E troop, which will be the last to move up, as we have no horses yet. We expect them in another ten days, and I hope the horse I bought at Kimberley will be amongst the lot coming up. Just now we are in charge of all the sick horses of the troops which have gone on. Colonel Pennefather's not being

here is a great blow to me, as all my chance of getting on depends on him. The officer in command here is Sir John Willoughby.

The food is not bad, but very short sometimes; no tobacco, and no vegetables. I am the only one with ink in the place, and there is only one plate and "couvert" for two men. I feel very well indeed, though very tired in the evening. I am very unhappy at not having a dog. They thrive wonderfully, but are very hard to get. I would give anything for a deerhound, or good trained setter. The best thing is to have a lady dog in an interesting condition, so that the puppies are born here; they then get acclimatized. One can sell thoroughbred puppies at enormous prices in the colony. Excuse the awful writing. I have to write on my knee, holding a candle in one hand. I am on guard in the fort, and in charge of two prisoners; one of them, oddly enough, a man who was at Oxford with me, and who has been a private in the Pioneers, and is now on his way down to be tried in Capetown for forgery. Yesterday I was on duty at the hospital. There are five Roman Catholic Sisters of Mercy in charge of it⁹. One of them comes from the convent at Konigsberg, the same place Schwester Gorgona (who nursed Papchens at Munich) came from. She gave me some milk and an egg, the first I have had since Kimberley. For a mercy there *is hardly* any alcohol *of* any kind served out, so things are quiet. With the rough lot of men here it would be dreadful if there was any drinking. We hear little news about the Matabeles, but everybody seems to agree that there will be fighting soon. We are in readiness always to start up to the front. I trust it will not be before the horses come up, as marching with heavy accoutrements in this blazing African sun proves too much even for old campaigners up here. I believe we would hold our own in the fighting line, but our weak point is supplies. Even now, with everything peaceful, we run down to almost starvation rations. What will happen with a war on, Heaven knows. I must now go on sentry go for two hours.

E Troop, B.S.A.C.'s Police, Macloutsie Camp, *Friday, 25th July, 1890.*

Unfortunately, I was away on the river with a drove of horses, and missed yesterday's post, a thing I hoped to avoid as long as we are here. As a condign punishment to-day's mail has brought me neither letters nor papers. Henningham and Hollis are beasts. Papers are in tremendous request up here: like everything, they are very scarce. There was great jubilation in camp the day before yesterday; a waggon with cigarettes and a few tinned meats and vegetables arrived. The day before as much as 7s. 6d. was given for a packet of ten small Virginia cigarettes! The waggon sold 80,000 cigarettes in four hours! Anyone fitting out two or three waggons at Mafeking with these sort of things (alcohol, of course, would pay best, but the sale is strictly prohibited), cigarettes, tinned meats, paper, ink, &c, would make a fortune up here. Supplies are rather better just now; we get tea, sugar, flour, meat, and potatoes all at once. Till now, one or two of these things have always been running out. E Troop is now alone here in all its glory (this is of the Company's forces—there are three troops of the Bechuanaland Border Police, who are building their permanent camp here, as they are, of course, not supposed to cross the Tuli, which is out of their jurisdiction). Our other Troop D left on Saturday. It was heartbreaking for us to see them march off, and we left to strike their tents and clear up their

lines. I see no prospect of getting into Matabeleland, unless I can exchange into another troop, and all the letters I have brought don't seem to have effected this. In fact they pay devilish little attention to recommendations.

I fancy I am doing all right in my work. I was the first recruit dismissed drill of my batch, *i.e.*, after only ten days' work. The work since D Troop left is simply appalling—I have had four 24-hour guards in the last week, which means two nights in bed in the week. I have no time for reading, writing, or anything; the moment I am off duty I lie down and sleep. To-day I am garrison orderly, so I have a few minutes to myself between running messages and doing other little jobs for the garrison adjutant.

I have volunteered for the signalling department, and have been placed in the instruction class (this is plus all my other work). The advantage of being a signaller is that when competent one is sent off for a month at a time to a heliograph post (there is a regular heliograph line between this and Mafeking), where one is more or less one's own master, and gets plenty of shooting. Last night whilst on sentry-go I heard a lion roaring quite close to camp. This is rather an unusual occurrence. I have not yet had an hour to go out and shoot; there are plenty of pheasants and partridges within reach. The big game of course has been frightened away from the immediate vicinity, though within twenty or twenty-five miles one can get plenty of "wildebeest", "springbok", and zebras. By judiciously lending my rifle and gun to good shots in the B.B.P. I keep our mess supplied with game. There are marvellous shots amongst them. "Mexican Joe", a quondam performer in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show in London, is rough riding-sergeant here. He shoots guinea fowls on the wing with my little rifle. Five nights ago we had a great excitement in camp. I was on mainguard, and peacefully sleeping booted and spurred, rifle by my side in the guard tent, when the sentry shouted, "Guard, turn out" so fiercely that we thought the Matabeles were at least in the middle of the camp. It however turned out that a prisoner (a very desperate character) in the guard tent in the fort had escaped, had made his way into the Commanding Officer, Sir John Willoughby's tent and holding a loaded revolver at his head, had cleaned him out of all sorts of things, made him get up and dress, and was on the point of lugging him out into the veldt, when he managed to raise an alarm and turn us out. We surrounded the tent with loaded rifles, but found the bird had flown, and only managed to secure him yesterday fifty miles from here. We have him bound hand and foot now.

P.S.—I expect my gee-gee the middle of next week. Alas! the sickness has already begun.

Macloutsie Camp, 5th August, 1890.

I have only time to tell you by this mail that I am "alive and kicking". I am very busy just now, as I have been permanently put on the signalling staff, and I am up here in the fort eight hours a day heliographing furiously. There seems to be great commotion up at the front (as all the messages come through us, we signallers are well posted). We hear this morning on good authority that all the Matabele regiments are leaving *Buluwayo* (Lobengulo's kraal) and making south. Matters are evidently coming rapidly to a head. Our forces are roughly

distributed as follows (I assume you have a good map): Colonel Pennefather with two Troops (A and B of Police), and the Pioneers are about 150 miles across the Shashi River, advancing towards Mount Hampden in Mashonaland¹⁰. C Troop of Police is following him, trying to catch him up. D Troop is strongly fortifying itself in a fort (Fort Tuli) at the meeting of the Shashi and Tuli Rivers. We, the remainder of the C.'s Forces, are here at Macloutsie Camp, where there is also a garrison of three troops of the Bechuanaland Border Police. With the exception of K Troop of the B.B.P., who are at Mafeking, these are all the armed men north of Kimberley. As soon as we get our horses and stores, we, E Troop, are to move probably straight through to Mount Hampden. If there is a row, of course, we move on at once, horses or no. I am under orders to go on at the end of the week to an outlying signal station on the line between this and Fort Rubrian, I will be about nine miles from it, and about fifty-five from here. I trust my horse will have come up by then, and I will be able to take it on with me. As soon as our troop moves on I will join it again, and then move on ahead of it to the next station, &c. Of course if there is fighting we signallers fall back on the main body. The station I am going to is, I believe, a very good one for game, and I believe my one companion a good sort, so I will be in clover. The only disadvantage, I am told, is the awful dearth of water. I am very glad to leave camp, as it is getting very uncomfortable, the men are grumbling dreadfully. The guard tents are full every night, desertions, &c.

P.S.—In default of a dog, I have got a most charming baboon, Jinny. She is one of the nicest animals extant. The day before yesterday I shot a "quaga",¹¹ *alias* a zebra, quite close to camp.

P.P.S.—Since writing our circumstances, viz., my going away as a signaller are changed, as I have been promoted to Lance-Corporal, and have reverted to regimental duty.

First step on the ladder! ! !

8th August

P.S.—We are ordered to leave for the front at once, I will write as soon as ever possible.

E Troop, B.S.A.C.'s Police, Macloutsie Camp, *12th August, 1890.*

I thought at the time I wrote my last letter that this week's mail would find us well on the way to the Tuli. Fortune, however, in the shape of old King Khama, who has not been able to provide sufficient transport waggons, still keeps us here. I suppose the next ten days or so will see us on the move. I added, as a hurried postscript, that I had been advanced to the proud position of lance-corporal, which onerous function I am now fulfilling. It entails a good deal more work, if that is possible, than as a trooper, but of a pleasanter kind. One superintends fatigues instead of doing them, and is in charge of the guards instead of doing sentry-go. Of course there is a certain amount of responsibility. Just now, for instance, I am corporal of the fort-guard. We have in our guard-tent, as close prisoner, Grant, a very desperate character, the same man who broke out of the fort before (I believe I told you the story), and broke into Sir John Willoughby's tent with a loaded revolver. We know he means to break out again, but dare not handcuff him till he uses violence, which he is too

'cute to do. Besides watching this sportsman, the one sentry has to look after another tent with two more prisoners, besides patrolling the whole fort. The consequence is that, instead of rolling myself up in my cloak and snoozing, and waking just every two hours to relieve my sentries, I have to be on the *qui vive* all night, watching my old friend, and a deuced cold amusement it is. The worst is, the nights are as dark as pitch and as cold as Siberia. Besides all this, there is work "galore".

Yesterday afternoon I and another man branded 92 horses, taking it in turns to hold and brand. We had some nasty vicious brutes amongst them. The generality, however, are too weak from their journey up country to do much. We are now fully provided with horses, such as they are. My beast has not yet come, but I am expecting him every day. Summer is coming on fast, and the days are getting unpleasantly warm. The nights, however, remain as cold as ever. One advantage is, one can sell any mortal thing up here at fabulous profits. I sold two pairs of second hand flannel trousers for 35s. apiece. On the other hand, necessities, when procurable, are equally expensive: the only soap to be got is Pear's, 2s. 6d. per small cake. Last week the only candles procurable in camp were red pure wax ones, at 1s. 8d. a piece, and so on with everything. Our men being mostly miners, and used to the gold fields, take all this as a matter of course. And now let me give you a tip, and, strange to say, a gastronomic one, which is odd from this starvation camp. Lay in a stock of J. T. Morton's (Leadenhall Street, London) tins of Oxford sausages. If fried in the original tin till they are quite brown, they are perfectly delicious "for the breakfast table".

Macloutsie Camp, Br. Bechuanaland, E Troop, B.S.A.C.'s Police, 28th August, 1890

The horses arrived yesterday. The grey I bought myself is in shocking condition, having been used for driving the other horses. I am going, if he recovers, to sell him to one of the officers. The other is a splendid horse, a chestnut, but has been also maltreated on the way up, and has an awful sore back. This horse must be my troop horse. He will be passed into the troop, and so, if he dies, as is almost certain to be the case, I will recover about £25 for him. The sickness is already beginning. We had orders to leave this camp a fortnight ago, but were only packed and ready yesterday. Half an hour before leaving a despatch came ordering the troop to stay here, and send on the horses (we had 108) to the column, as they had lost half theirs. The consequence is that we are condemned to stay here all the summer, and have now to set about building permanent huts, stables, &c. Besides the mortification of not getting into Matabeleland, we have the prospects of passing an awful summer in one of the worst situations in these regions.

Since last writing I have gone up another step, and am now a full corporal. Becoming a sergeant is now only a matter of time. If there was any chance of good sport in the vicinity I would not mind so much, but the game has been thoroughly frightened. I will not write any more to-day, I am too much down on my luck. As a fact, so is the whole troop; a sulkier, more grumbling and cursing lot of men you could not imagine. This I trust will wear off when the first edge of the disappointment has been taken off. There is no news from the

front, things seem quieter there. Pennefather however is not yet at Mount Hampden.

Tuli Fort, Matabeleland, S. Africa, 21st(?) September, 1890.

You will see a query after the date. This turning night into day by "treking" at all hours has absolutely bewildered me. All I know is that we arrived here two nights ago, and start again at 2 a.m. to-morrow *en route* for Fort Victoria, our next stage on to Mount Hampden. We reckon that six weeks will see us at M.H., the goal of all our aspirations. We will have to hurry up as much as we can as the rainy season is upon us, and the moment this sets in travelling becomes impossible: the numberless dry river beds become roaring torrents, impracticable for waggons, and only to be crossed with danger and difficulty by swimming. We will be absolute prisoners once at Mount Hampden till March or thereabouts; lucky to get the post through now and then. *On ne sait a quel saint se vouer!* Rumours are so extraordinarily contradictory; three weeks ago we were expecting to fight every hour, standing to arms at night, and other warlike preparations. Now we hear the pioneers are to be disbanded on the first of next month and turned adrift in the country, and the police to be reduced to a small standing army, of which my artillery troop will be the nucleus. Each troop is sending up five troop-elected gold prospectors, who are to make our fortunes in no time. So everything seems *couleur de rose*. I am very thankful though I am not a pioneer. To be set adrift now when Lobengula's death or overthrow would let loose all his amiable nation on us in a minute does not seem inviting. The disbanding, if true, seems very premature. But of course it is the only way the Company can get any return for their enormous outlay. Till now it has been nothing but spending, and till digging, &c, begins there can be no return.

I have no time to finish this; more by next mail. In excellent health, self and horse.

Lundi River, the Boundary of Mashonaland and Matabeleland, South Africa,
9th October, 1890.

My last letter I broke off suddenly at Tuli Fort, as we marched off quite unexpectedly, two days sooner than was originally intended. The transport arrangements are certainly better than when I first joined, but far from perfect. I have passed two post stations on my way up here where the men were absolutely barefoot, and not a boot to be got, though there are thousands *somewhere*. I am riding bare-"behinded", the seats of both my regulation breeches being through, and no stuff, needles, or thread to mend.

I have been unlucky since leaving Tuli. From the first "outspan", about twenty miles out of camp, I had to ride back with a prisoner; and on my way back to rejoin the convoy I was taken with fever. I went on in the waggons for a day, but had eventually to be left behind at a post-station. I was pretty bad (temp. 104-6) for five days, but was restored by Warburg's Tincture. This is the great remedy now-a-days out here, and its effects are certainly wonderful. Quinine had no influence at all upon me, but Warburg brought me down in a day. Please the pigs, I am now "salted", though it's an awful fever to pull one down. *Apropos*, I was weighed at Tuli, and my correct weight now is 17st. 3 lbs.,

a loss of nearly two stone since St. Petersburg. The fever must have taken off another seven or eight pounds, so I will be a feather-weight soon. Whilst I was down one of my horses was bitten by a snake and died. Luckily it was the grey, the first horse I bought, and who has never properly recovered from the journey up to Macloutsie. The second horse, "Dick" (exactly the same colour, and much of the same "morale" as old Dick), has turned out a splendid success, and has brought me the 210 miles from Macloutsie here, often forty miles a day in heavy marching order, as if it was nothing. Of course, he will die, *all* horses, salted and otherwise, die here; but if I get him safely to Fort Victoria he will stand a better chance. From here to Tuli is *the* most deadly stretch, both for man and horse; Victoria being in the "high veldt", is considered much healthier. The distance from Tuli to Mount Hampden is 400 miles. Fort Victoria, where C Troop of the B.S.A.C.P. are stationed, is exactly half-way. I am here at the Lundi Post Station, fifty miles from Victoria. I got in here last night, leave again at day-break to-morrow, and hope to be in Victoria at eleven or twelve to-morrow night. After recovering from the fever I rode on after the convoy, but as they are only coming on at the rate of eight to ten miles a day I passed them, with Captain Lundy's¹² permission, and am pushing on alone, so as to get out of this deadly stretch and thus try to avoid a relapse and the sickness of my horse. There are post-stations every fifty miles or so, so that if my horse dies on the road I have always somewhere to make for. The country from Tuli is lovely: plenty of streams, several fine and large rivers, thick patches of greenwood, and numberless ranges of steep granite hills or "coppies"¹³ as they are called here. The road cut by Selous and the Pioneers is fairly good, but hard to trace at night, as it is not much worn and there are many stumps. There are plenty of natives, Makalakas¹⁴, about, but one never sees them. They are awfully shy. They live in huts perched on the top of the most inaccessible coppies, places where hardly a monkey could climb to. This is to escape the Matabele raids as much as possible. The night before last I had an African experience which had too much local colouring to be pleasant. I had "off saddled" at about 11 p.m.; it was pitch dark and drizzling with rain. I tied my horse up, luckily very securely, and was vainly endeavouring to light a fire so as to cook my evening tea, which with "hard tack", *alias* sea biscuit, is my humble fare on the road. Suddenly "Dick" gave two or three frightful plunges, and at the same time I heard a roar which made my heart leap into my mouth; Mr. Seth's lions at the circus were a farce to it. Luckily the fire just then burnt up and I took a brand in one hand, my rifle in the other and took a turn round my kraal (we always make a kraal, *i.e.*, zareba of thorn-brakes when we off-saddle. Jolly work too, I can tell you, when you are dead tired and famished). I can assure you I did not sleep much that night, what with keeping up a roaring fire and preventing Dick breaking his head-stall, which he was trying to do all night. I had to hobble him, besides tying him with two halters. At daybreak I traced a lion's spoor within twenty yards of the tree to which the horse was tied. I am not by nature timid, but it does make one rather "jumpy" riding and camping alone at nights. The hyaenas are the brutes who follow one and howl all night. They will not tackle one however. I had a shot this morning at a crocodile, but I don't think I hit him. Three hippopotami have been killed not far from here.

I have had to break off this letter for a very melancholy duty. A waggon came in with one of the post-riders from the last station, Setoutsie. The poor fellow was very bad with fever when I passed there three days ago. I gave him all the quinine I had left. He was put by his companions into a passing waggon, hoping to get him to Victoria, but he died just as he got here. We have just buried him. We made as deep a grave as we could by the roadside and buried him. I read the funeral service. There were only three of us and five niggers. The poor fellow's name was Bigge¹⁵; he belonged to C Troop. I have carved a cross on a tree over the grave, and put a little fence. It looks quite decent, and the spot is very pretty. I will write again from Victoria Fort.

Fort Victoria, Mashonaland, South Africa, *18th October, 1890.*

I trust that you got my letter from Lundi River, though I feel doubtful about all these letters—the post is awfully erratic and irregular. There is a *soi-disant* post system *i.e.*, there are post stations at intervals of fifty miles along the road from Tub to Mount Hampden, at which four to six men are stationed as post-riders. The horse sickness, however, plays the d——l with the weekly mail; the horses die suddenly half-way, and the men have to walk twenty or thirty miles, carrying the bags or abandoning them, according to their various constitutions. All this could be easily avoided, but there is mismanagement in many of these things. The Pioneers, who did hardly any mounted duty, and were disbanded after seven months, were provided with valuable salted horses, as much as £95 being paid for a horse. Fifty of these horses along the road would avoid all this delay and misery to the men who have to ride the post, and save the Company enormous expense, as new sets of horses have to be found for the stations every fortnight almost. But it is the same way with everything; the Pioneers and the Police always were conducted as if absolutely different, if not hostile, bodies, and not as bodies working for the same object. This seems a great mistake. Now the Pioneers have been disbanded, of course matters will be different. You will have seen from all my letters that neither the Police nor the Pioneers are quite all we heard from the enthusiasts in London. Mind you, I don't for one minute want to run down either. I think the Police are an excellent body of men, but the "bull's-eye" and splendid riders is rather an optimistic view to take of them. A large percentage of them had never been upon a horse in their lives, and the shooting is nothing very wonderful, scores having never held a rifle. As to the Pioneers being all men with capital, who will form syndicates to work farms, &c, that is absolutely imaginary. The privates are exactly the same class of men as our troopers, *i.e.*, chiefly miners, &c, thrown out of employment by the smash of the Johannesburg gold fields, a sprinkling of army and navy deserters, clerks, &c, come out from home, and men drafted from the Cape Mounted Rifles and Bechuanaland Border Police. Of course these men depend absolutely on their pay, which, in the case of the Pioneers, was very handsome, 8s. 6d. per diem. The Police get 4s. per diem. This is the great present difficulty of the Pioneers. Here they are, adrift with three months' provisions, and no capital to start farming with. Of course all the Pioneer officers are men with capital, and will do well. The consequence is that all the men do is to prospect for gold, which costs nothing, and is *the* craze of all. If

gold is found in payable quantities, of course all is well. If however reefs are not soon struck, there is a very fair risk of a *fiasco*, if not a terrible disaster in the shape of a famine. There are few natives about, and these few, thanks to the Matabeles, as poor as church mice. Altogether, the general feeling is that we are in much better shoes than the much envied Pioneers. The Company are bound to find us in rations whilst our prospectors (five from each troop) are trying to make our fortunes. The transport question is still the main *crux*, though why it should be heaven only knows. With a first-rate road, a large supply of waggons and oxen down in the Colony, and a perfect knowledge of the number of men to be supplied and their requirements, there must be a serious screw loose somewhere, that with the rainy season imminent (when all transport is at an end) the troops up at the front should be on half rations, and a place like this have only eleven days' food in store; all this after seven months' preparation. The possibilities of Matabeles turning nasty seem to have been absolutely left out of consideration. Where are we if a thousand of them, on one of their raiding expeditions, take it into their heads to lie on the road between this and Tuli? People say, "Oh, there is the road to the sea." But this is only practicable now for bearers and donkeys, and the use of it depends entirely on the good graces of the Portuguese. This is my view of the state of affairs. It seems to me serious. Personally I am in the best of trims, though I could do with a little more food.

Our rations are 1 1/2 lb. of meat, either fresh or tinned, 1 lb. of flour, and a little salt, tea, sugar, and coffee. It sounds all right, but the hardship is the absence of all vegetables. We can occasionally buy beans and sweet potatoes from the natives, but the supply is very uncertain. I have been on trading excursions to the neighbouring kraals since my arrival here to buy mealies for my horse, as the horses here are literally starving, there being no food except what they can pick up on the veldt. At this rate mine would have been dead in a week, as he requires tremendous feeds, especially after his long journey up and the 200 miles before him. Luckily I bought up a few beads and calico for dealing purposes. It is a tedious amusement. The niggers squat all round one and haggle over single beads. Rifle cartridges are another great article of barter, though they will only have empty ones. They use them as snuff boxes. You would have laughed at my return to camp this morning, leading my horse, on whose back was slung a sack of mealies, a cock under each arm, and driving before me two obstreperous goats. Price of the whole, an old pair of pyjama trousers, some beads, and a piece of salt. This after three hours' haggling.

Just after finishing my letter to you at Lundi, I took a turn down the river bank and had a shot at the nose of a hippopotamus; of course without result. He was afterwards fired at again by two of the post riders, but got off. They are pretty numerous in the Lundi, and several were killed by the Pioneers on their way up. I had a very agreeable ride from Lundi here. The scenery very fine; high granite mountains on each side, with fine green bush veldt, and plenty of rivers and streams. About a mile from here one suddenly comes out of a thickly-wooded pass, and debouches on to an enormous grassy plain, which spreads as far as the eye can reach to the north. Fort Victoria is built on this plain. It is a well-built little square fort, surrounded by a mimosa zareba, protected by wire entanglements, the huts and tents being within the zareba, in the open space

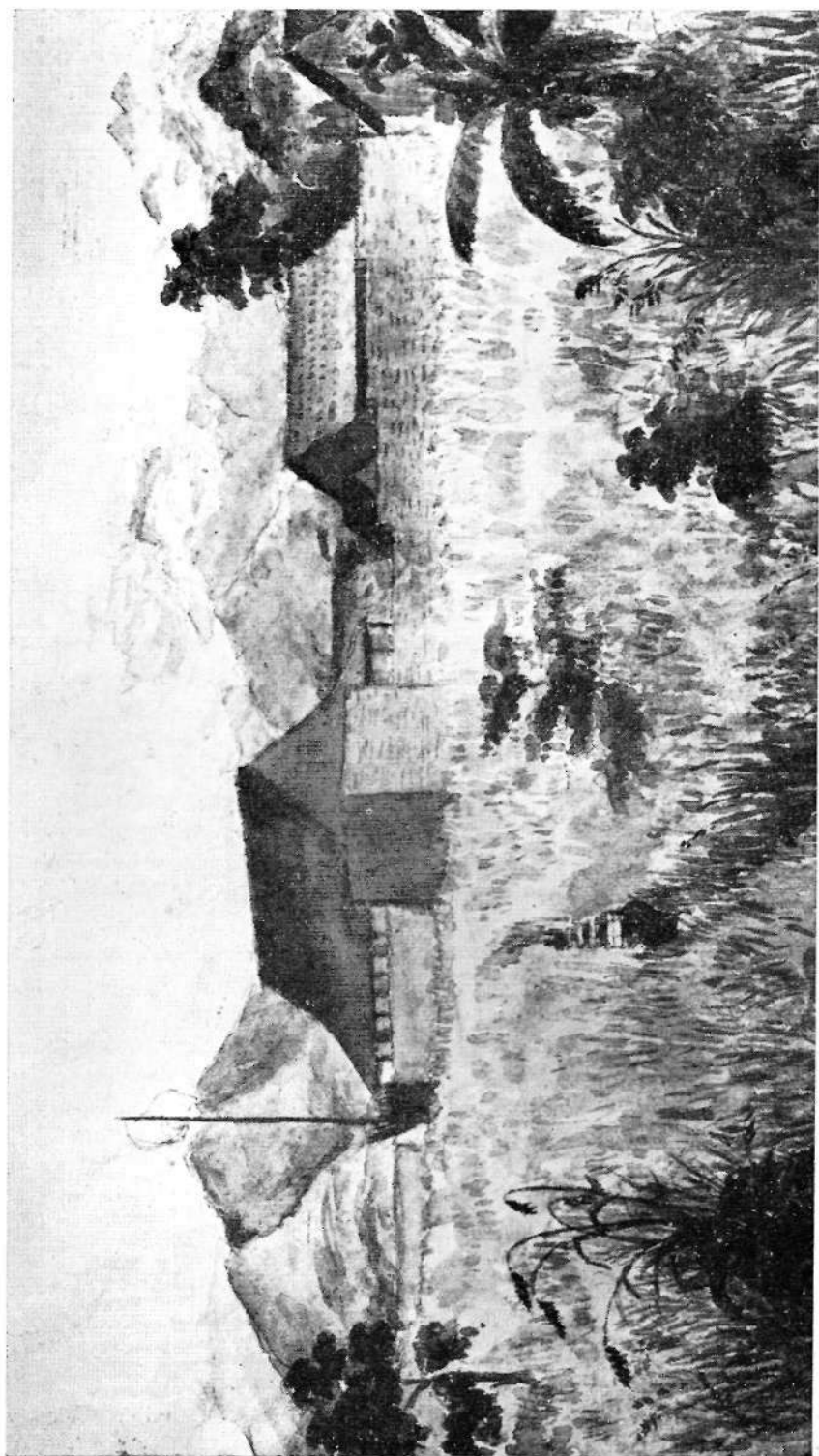
outside the fort. The garrison, C Troop of the Police, is commanded by Captain Keith-Falconer, *ci-devant* A.D.C. to Sir Henry Loch, a very pleasant man. The Sergeant-Major of the troop is a man called Stuart¹⁶, formerly a lieutenant in the 14th Hussars, whom I remember staying at the Hotel de France in Petersburg, and who was a "case" at the Embassy, as a man broke into his room at night and collared his cheque book, or some such story, about two years ago. My convoy came in the night before last, and we will probably move on again to-morrow. I will have to stick to it now, as the other corporal is down with fever, and I am again N.C.O. in charge.

Umtassa's¹⁷ Kraal, Manica, South Africa, *13th March*,¹⁸ 1890.

Since writing to you the other day from close to Fort Charter, things have taken a very sudden and strange turn, and instead of being at Salisbury (*alias* Mount Hampden) as I had expected, here I am engaged in an expedition which, I have not the least doubt, will cause some excitement when news of it reaches Europe. I will try and describe the situation to the best of my ability. *Primo* about myself. Just after sending off my last letter to you, I got by special despatch an order from Mr. Colquhoun¹⁹, ordering me to turn off here as fast as I can on special duty. All he said was, get to Umtassa's Kraal as fast as you can. This was rather an order, as nobody at Fort Charter exactly knew where the place was, and road there is none. Nevertheless I saddled up Dick (who, poor beast, is beginning to show signs of the tremendous work he is doing), and accompanied by one trooper, I started off east. By working from kraal to kraal we found ourselves eventually here, after doing the 157 miles from Fort Charter in five-and-a-half days. We lived on monkey nuts and boiled rice, having started with only two days' rations. This place lies due east of Fort Charter, and is well inside Manica, which the Portuguese claim as their territory, of which I think there cannot be the slightest doubt. Here it is where the fun begins. Manica is undoubtedly Portuguese, but the Company on the strength of a treaty made by Mr. Colquhoun on the 15th September, with Umtassa, the Native Chief, under the nose of the Portuguese (whose head it never entered that there was any doubt about the country), have determined to annex the place, make a rush to the coast, and gain possession of a seaport. When I got my orders to push on here I was ahead of the waggons. Consequently I am here with nothing but one horse blanket and a toothbrush, besides a dirty white shirt, bottomless breeches and soleless boots, and a patrol cap, and have not the least hope of getting anything, as no supplies can reach the coast this way. I hope my next letter will be from the coast, and come round somehow by Lorenzo Marques, which is only thirty-six hours from the mouth of the Pungue. Should everything go well, and we should really reach the coast, you may soon hear from me from Durban or some other civilized place.

Massakesse,²⁰ Manica, South Africa, *13th December*, 1890.

We have just this minute got back from our extraordinary march down to the coast, to find the despatch riders starting in an hour, so I can't write fully till next post. I only send you this scrap, fearing you may be anxious after my last letter from Umtassa.



The Portuguese fort at Maceque (Massikessi) in 1891, from a water colour by Lieut.-Col. E. G. Pennefather.

(National Archives)

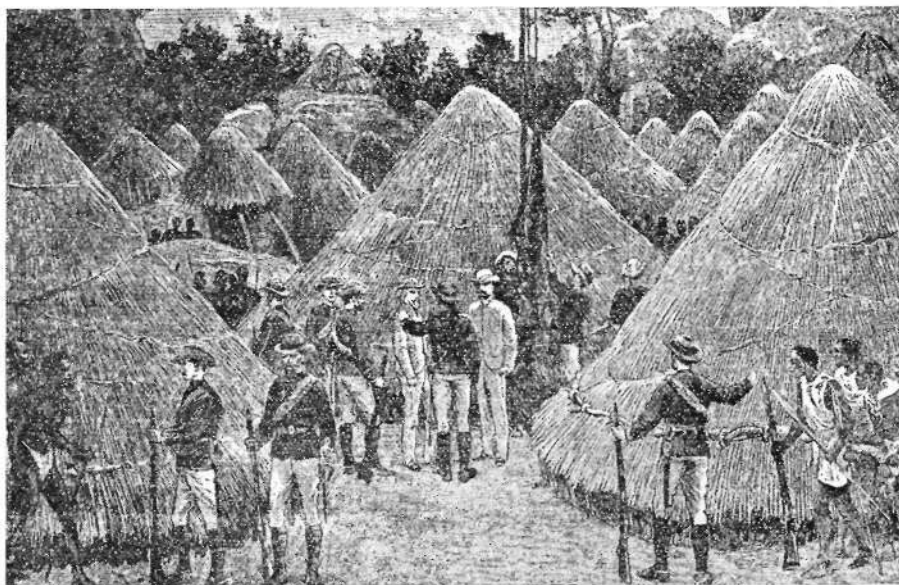
We have had an awful forced march, eighty miles on horseback; we then left our horses owing to the Tsetse fly (too late I am afraid), then 110 miles foot march, twenty-five to thirty miles a day in the tropical sun; I almost barefoot, my back raw from the sun owing to the holes in my shirt. Nothing to eat most of the way till we got into the game region but Kaffir corn. The scenery on the Pungue river magnificent. Hippopotami and crocodiles in hundreds. Herds of buffaloes, hartebeests, antelopes, zebras, &c, positively blocking the road. I got seven varieties of horns, and I hope the niggers will fulfil their promise of bringing them up here next season. Splendid specimens. We saw several lions, and, unfortunately, lost one of our party, Mr. Banman,²¹ the *Times* correspondent, through them. When we were within fifty miles of the coast we were stopped by a despatch from the Administrator, and had to tramp back. Unfortunately, I have not got off scot free, and am down with an attack of ague; not bad, luckily, and the doctor tells me it will leave me as soon as I get a change of air. I may be sent away on sick leave at the end of the rainy season; of course travelling is impossible now, and I fear we may be isolated altogether here soon. Hurrah for the sea route. Just got your letter.

Massakesse, Manica, East Africa, *15th December, 1890.*

I hope my last hasty scrap which I sent just after I arrived didn't frighten you. The fact is I have got a dose of ague, which comes on every third day. Whilst it lasts the fever is high, with shivering and hot fits, and leaves one weak and feeling like ten million dogs; but the attacks have got less strong since the beginning, and I am assured that with change of air into the high veldt it leaves one, though liable to return at any time. If very obstinate, only a sea voyage will cure it. *Mais nous verrons.* Nine out of ten of the miners down here have it, the Englishmen less than the Portuguese, Spaniards, and Frenchmen, who are all absolutely rotten with it. It is still uncertain what is to become of me, whether I am to stay here permanently or not. In one way I would like it very much. I am in, what to me now appears the most luxurious quarters, a large house, lent me by one of the Syndicate Directors. This house is on a rise opposite to the Portuguese factory and fort, in which the officers and men are stationed. I live here with my nigger like a little lord. I send you a rough sketch of the abode, with Dick feeding in the veldt, and Bembo, my nigger, catching the chicken for the inevitable "gallina com arroz".²² All this after a tent and bully beef and biscuit seems Paradise, not to mention six bottles of Collares, which was my share of the loot of the Baron's kitchen.

I must give you a rough account of what happened since my last letter from Umtassa's kraal. The very day the letters started, Captain Forbes proceeded to arrest Colonel d'Andrade, Baron de Rezende, and Manuel Antonio, the official filibuster. They were comfortably installed up in Umtassa's inner kraal, holding "indabas" (talkytalkies) with him, and threatening him with extermination for having made treaties with us. Their band of armed bearers, 200, luckily for us, were encamped at the bottom of the hill. As it afterwards turned out, they had ordered Umtassa to attack us if we made any move against them, and this he had promised to do. But we were too smart and sudden for them. Ten of us made a sudden raid up into the kraal, whilst the remainder disarmed the bearers at the

bottom of the hill. We had an awful climb. It was two o'clock, with a blazing sun, and the kraal about 300 feet up, perched on perpendicular rocks. Of course it was "*aupas de charge*" with loaded rifles. The niggers couldn't make out what we were after, and were luckily too surprised to barricade the narrow little gates in the stockade, through which one has to creep on all fours. We seized the Portuguese, pulled down their flag, which was gaily floating in the middle of the kraal, and proceeded to clear out as fast as we could go. But things looked monstrous bad. The niggers had all flown to arms the moment they had recovered from their astonishment, and were dancing round us, shouting furiously and waving their assegais and brandishing their guns. There must have been over a thousand. I will never forget it. It was one of the most extraordinary and distinctly unpleasant sights I ever wish to see. I am convinced had we not got out straight away, in another two minutes we would have been massacred. We were only saved by Doyle,²³ who has an extraordinary power over natives, and who cowed the "Induna" who was hounding the natives. I can assure you I was considerably relieved when I had crept through the narrow hole and was outside the d—d kraal. We took our prisoners down to our camp, and despatched Andrade and Manuel Antonio off to Fort Salisbury next day. We then moved on here, a 25-mile march. Sergeant-Major Montgomery and myself were sent ahead to spy out the nakedness of the land, and boldly rode into the place, informing the Portuguese corporal and one private, who formed the garrison, that we occupied it. They were most humble, and brought us food and drink. Montgomery went back to inform Forbes, and I was left for twenty-four hours commandant and army of occupation. All the *employes* of the Mozambique Company, of which this is the headquarters, came in in the course of the



Major Forbes arresting Colonel Andrade at Umtasa's kraal, November, 1890; a contemporary drawing.

(National Archives)

day to do homage. There were seven Spaniards, several Frenchmen, all of course delighted to find somebody who talked their native tongues. Next day all the English prospectors of the district turned up, so we had a great meeting of white men. This is a fine large factory, with large stores of all kinds, gardens, &c. But there was no rest for the wicked. After two days here, Captain Forbes (who, by-the-by, is the brother of the Petersburg curate), Montgomery, self and seven troopers started off to the coast to make treaties with all the native chiefs. As I told you, we had an awful time. We had to leave our horses fifty miles from here owing to the tsetse, and do the remaining 150 on foot. Everything of course depended on the quickness, so we pounded along all day. I hope never to make such another trip. And to crown all, when we were fifty miles from the coast a despatch caught us up, ordering us back at once, as negotiations were going on to establish the *status quo ante* at Lisbon. Well, Forbes has gone back to Fort Salisbury, and Lieutenant Bruce, with ten men, is left in charge here, and I am staying as interpreter and clerk, &c. Baron Resende was let loose and cleared off to the coast with all his *employes*. He is going to Lisbon to raise the devil there. The French Engineer,²⁴ whom we also collared for a day, also swears vengeance. In the meanwhile I have pegged out ten "claims" on a very good reef, and aim in negotiation for selling the same for £150 cash down, and ten per cent of the shares if the property is floated, very advantageous terms. We have just heard that we are to get a farm of 3,000 acres in Mashonaland at the end of our two years, or before if we leave with consent of the O.C.; so I may be a large landed proprietor yet. If one could get out of the Police now, get one's farm, and start cattle breeding before the rush into the country, so as to secure a market first, one would make a fortune in six months.

Umtali Valley, Manica, 27th December, 1890.

But I tell you I don't feel facetious. Being done at euchre in a closed vazok, with the thermometer 40 deg. below zero, is high jinks compared to being the corporal of a fever-haunted crowd of sans-culottes filibusters in an inundated bugbreeding, lousey nigger kraal.

I have derived the greatest satisfaction from observing my comrades. Assuredly never on the face of the earth has there been a more extraordinary conglomeration of characters of all kinds than in this wonderful corps. There is the gentleman who has been a "*jeune premier*", and delighted every colonial audience with his exquisite rendering of "Don Giovanni", "Lohengrin", &c. In the interval he has been a barber's assistant, a ship's cook, a gold-digger, and a clown in a fifth-rate circus. For the nonce, he is a most relentless and exacting corporal, and a most useful member of that important institution of the corporal's mess. He can cut one's hair, cook the dinner, draw tears from the sternest warriors with his "Italian Love Song", and make an after-dinner sitting go off with the greatest success by balancing the dinner-table on his great toe.

There is the gentleman "who has taken up the gloves a bit in his day", and who turns out to be a most notorious and dangerous pugilist. On the slightest provocation he invites you "to come outside and have your darned brains bashed in", an invitation which, if you are wise, you abstain from accepting. It is wonderful how this member's views are agreed to promptly and without

discussion. Then there is a large class with whose constitution the English "climate" does not agree; another who have already served Her Majesty in various uniforms, and left prematurely of their own accord; and then there is by far the pleasantest class—the better kind of cavalry non-commissioned officer, who has been in every fight since the year one, and has left some good billet, purely and simply on the chance of getting his scalp cracked by a passing Matabele. One of my pleasantest comrades belongs to this class, one of the most amusing Irishmen you can imagine. He has been fourteen years Sergeant-Major in the "Inniskillings", after that Sergeant, Sergeant-Major, &c, in every colonial corps under the sun. He amasses a certain sum of money, and retires to fulfil *the* one dream of his life—to become an actor. At first he has much success as a music hall comediam, but his aspiration is the drama. At last at Cape Town he is entrusted with a mute *role* for which he is considered eminently suited, *i.e.*, to march on some supers, who form a military escort. But, alas, so overjoyed with his *role* is my friend that, when the exciting moment comes, he is found to have celebrated his first theatrical engagement with copious libations of whiskey. However, he marches on his escort. Huge applause from the pit, where a large body of old comrades is assembled. But when the moment comes to march his troops off again, Mr. K. . . finds to his rage that No. 3 has lost his proper dressing in the ranks. Whilst a most pathetic dialogue is going on at the footlights, the incensed Sergeant in tones of thunder and with his old drill instructions vocabulary admonished the guilty super. Notwithstanding furious signs from the manager and prompter, he refused to take his men away till they have properly dressed, and at last addressed the manager in the wings in no measured terms, and asks him whether *he* was going to teach him his business.

His *facetiae* nearly got me into a row once. We were riding on a patrol near Macloutsie in a, to us, quite strange country, when at a sudden turn I saw lying below a most lovely valley filled with every palm and other tropical vegetation. I say to K. . ., "There's a lovely sight:" upon which my friend turns sharp round, rides up to the Lieutenant in command, and gravely says, "Corporal Morier reports a canteen a-head, Sir." Tableau.

I have now left my troop, and am once more a civilian, and, though I don't think I'd care to go back as a trooper, I don't regret the experience at all.

Umtali Valley, Manica, 2nd January, 1891.

You must now learn what "pegging out a claim" means.

Supposing you are an experienced gold-pro prospector, you wander through Mashonaland till you find a reef of gold quartz running through the country. In my case (and that of the Police and other non-technical people) this finding is done for me by somebody else, who gets some share of the eventual profits. In my case C . . . will probably do it for nothing. Having found your reef, you proceed to mark out "ten claims" of 150 feet long by 400 feet broad each. You mark these claims by pegs stuck in the ground, each peg bearing your name. Within ten days of this you proceed to the nearest Gold Commissioner and register your claims, which protects you. Nobody after this can come and trouble you. In return for this protection you guarantee within four months to do a certain amount of work on your claims, *i.e.*, sink a shaft of thirty feet into

the reef, so as to prove it and explore it. Then an Official Surveyor of the Company comes and examines. The Company then have the option of taking the working of the reef out of your hands, working it, and handing over to you half the profits; or you may float your reef yourself as a company or syndicate, and pay 50 per cent to the Chartered Company. What I would do would be to peg out under C . . .'s directions, do the necessary amount of work, and then sell the claims at whatever price. The average price is about £150-£200. I am not keen to have more than this to do with the gold part of our concession. Plus this we get a farm of 3,000 acres. This is much more my line. The working of this will of course require time and much reflection. Supposing in two or three months time I have sunk my shaft and sold my claims for, say, £150, I would then go down to Kimberley and buy a couple of waggon loads of goods. Of course I know exactly what to bring up, from my police experience, besides orders which I get before starting. I would bring these through as soon as ever the rainy season had ceased, and about 100 per cent profit is the very lowest estimate. About 200-250 per cent have been the average profits made by the traders who have come up, and they had not the practical experience of the requirements of the country. By the time I have got up again things will be more settled, and then I can begin to think of farming. This practically means trading with the niggers for cattle, driving them on to your farm, *keeping them* (the most difficult item), and selling them to the police and miners. You see there is not much experience required for all this. However, for all this I am strongly advised to try and get some friend as partner. My idea would be, after I have finished the work on my claims (say, the end of April, *i.e.*, the end of the summer or rainy season), to come home and find some friend or other good man to come out as partner. I don't believe in the system in vogue here of "chumming" *i.e.*, going partner with the "*premier venu*". Of course there are good men, but I don't believe in the system. If I could get a good young Englishman, and then find a good Afrikaner as third wheel to the coach, that would be the thing. As J . . . and all the people on the spot say: You need have *no* capital, no experience; the only way to prevent yourself making money up here *now* is to take to drink. This is the only way. Of course the thing to do is to be up here and settled before the rush to the goldfields begins. This rush is what will make my fortune. *Everyone* now goes for the gold, nobody thinks of the trading part of the arrangement. If you speak to anyone about it, they say: "Don't be a fool, and go in for 100 per cent profits on a paltry three or four waggon loads of trading goods. Go in for gold." This is what I don't want to do. It ought to be easy enough to get a good partner, for the life is ideal. You have your three or four waggons (of course eventually you are the owner of a waggon, the summit of my ambition, but for the present they are hired at so much a month. You have lots of stores and comforts, and a horse or two. As you travel along, you get as much sport as you can possibly desire; you pass through lovely country, and when you reach your destination you sell in one or two days your loads, or deliver them if they are orders, and you pay your expenses and pocket a handsome profit.

I met poor young P . . . struggling up the road with a waggon load of "stuff", which I believe he has sold with enormous profit. However, he was

working for a company, and so he had not the pleasant feeling of being independent. Besides he isn't a bit suited to the life, rather coddled, and has a most drunken, disreputable Afrikander companion.

Besides this means of making money there is another, which is entering the service of one of the numberless companies and syndicates which are forming expeditions up to Mashonaland. They generally get hold of some Afrikander to manage their expeditions, and the way they get done is something perfectly awful to see. I have been having a fine insight into this sort of thing here. In this valley there are about five English syndicates interested. They have all sent out expeditions, and set up camps. Their people live like fighting cocks, and work for themselves. Where the companies come in I fail to see; in fact, "Oh, the company pays," is a regular expression. One of these companies have sent a man from home to see what is going on, but they have not given him sufficient powers to save them much. He has a very nice little camp, and has quite a farm. His milk and eggs are rapidly setting me up again. Of course this superintending of an expedition is quite distinct, and ought to be so, from the actual part of the work. For this there ought to be good technical men having nothing to do with the expedition part of the work. There will be lots of these billets going, and I ought to have a very good chance of getting one, knowing the country, &c. I would undertake to bring up an "outfit", as it is called, either way, either from the coast or up through Matabeleland, at a very reasonable rate. Besides this I will buy up claims in the Police for a company or syndicate at reduced prices. You could easily get me a fine billet of this kind from your friend Samuel, who is bound to have a finger in this mining pie of Mashonaland. Just show him this letter, it is never bad to have some strings ready for one's bow.

Now I have shown you all these fine chances of money making; but of course practically I have got my commission, and will stick to that till something absolutely exceptional turns up.

There is little news; we are so much cut off from the outer world in this little valley that you must know much more about us than we know about ourselves. The fever has got such a regular hold of me at Masekesse, that the doctor insisted upon my being moved here, and now that I live with C . . . high up on a hill overlooking the Police Camp, I am improving. The fever returns regularly every other day at five o'clock, but I am getting quite used to it, and go about. I have a spleen as big as my head, and am as thin as a pin, but otherwise there are few inconveniences. One never really shakes it off, I believe, when it gets such firm hold of you till one gets to sea. If it does not leave me when I get into the high veldt at Salisbury, it will probably come to my going on sick leave. The whole of our party of the march down to the coast have got it. One poor fellow died; there were three bad cases, the rest light. I am of course still on special duty, which consists of my translating the numberless protests which come in from the various Portuguese governors and officials. This, and conversing with the coast niggers, who all talk Portuguese, is my work. Of course I am on the sick list, and never show in camp.

The Portuguese are doing all they can to raise the natives against us, and the report is, that they are massing their forces at Beira. We might be attacked, but I doubt the natives doing much. We have got a seven-pounder down here,

and muster about 100 all told. Our horses too are in fairly good condition, so we could make a fair show. The great question which agitates us of course is, what will the Home Government do? Will they back us up, or will they make us give back the country. If they do, you may expect to see some strange doings. My prophecy in this case is, that the country will be seized by a band consisting of all the discharged Pioneers, the independent prospectors, &c, now in the country, and a free Republic will be declared. That this is the intention of the men here is an open secret. Of course it will be absolutely the game of the B.S.A.C. to back up such a proceeding in every way. They must have a sea route, and right of way through Manica, and if the Portuguese come back they will never get it. They would always have a check on the Free State of Manica, as in the beginning it would always be dependent for its supplies on Mashonaland, *i.e.*, till it had got a firm footing on the coast. The rainy season has regularly set in, and we have the most blood curdling thunder storms every day; you have to come here to see what lightning is.

Dick is improving under the fostering care of Mr. C. . . . We can trade plenty of mealies here, and the grass is good. The worst are the flies, which drive the horses into the huts all day. Horse sickness has set in very severely, the troop horses are dying fast. Our supplies so far are still fair. The want of salt and sugar, however, is making itself felt. I am rather unhappy, having nothing to smoke. Of course I have not seen a paper since I left Fort Charter.

Massakesse, Manica, S.E. Africa, *6th February*, 1891.

Nearly five weeks have gone without news from the outer world, and without means of sending away a mail, and such an opportunity may not come for twice this time again. However, I must write you a few lines, and leave them here on the chance of their being sent off some day, as I am starting on a long and uncertain journey. Rumours have reached us that the Portuguese have landed a large force at Sofala, and are marching up the Busi against us. One of the chiefs on the Busi, Maforga, with whom we have made a treaty, has sent one of his "indunas" to tell us of this, and ask for our protection. So I have been done the great honour of being entrusted with the important duty of going to reconnoitre the Portuguese. It's rather a hazardous and adventurous expedition. I start to-night alone, with three guides, my own body nigger, and five bearers. Of course I have to do the 170 miles to Maforgas on foot, as all the rivers are up, and it would be impossible, owing to the crocodiles, to swim a horse across, even if there was not the tsetse fly. I believe the country is magnificent, and the best sport in South Africa—lions by the peck, rhinos, hippos, buffaloes, all kinds of buck. Then all the chiefs are friendly, and then there is the excitement of being chased by the Portuguese. I trust if you hear of my being made prisoner by them you will exercise all your diplomatic skill in getting me released, as I don't fancy dragging a chain about in Lisbon, Lourenco Marques, or Mocambique, and they have sworn if they catch any of the Chartered Company's men to make them pay for all our doings in Manica. However, if my boys don't run away I will manage to keep clear of them, I hope. It would be odd to see in the "Diario das Noticias" that "hontem tiverao na Africa dois sujeitos e um ofico preso."

Since I last wrote nothing very exciting has happened in general. I have been appointed Acting Inspector of Mining Claims. I like the appointment well enough. I of course mess with the Civil Department, *i.e.*, the Mining Commissioners, and am once again treated as a gentleman, which I own is a relief greater than I expected. My chief, Maylayshan,²⁵ is a very good sort of man, and the officers of course treat me as a civilian. My duty is to ride about the country and see that the gold claims are pegged out according to the Company's laws.

P.S.—The news has just come in that the two post-riders who tried to get the last mail through the Lundi River were attacked by crocodiles; one man was killed, and the other's leg frightfully crushed. As there was no doctor or appliances for about 250 miles, somebody tried to amputate his leg with a carpenter's saw, and of course he died too. Is a B.S.A.C.'s Police life a happy one?

Friday, 6th March, 1891.

... I am at present acting as a kind of pro Chief in Maforga's country, the chief having misbehaved. It is very amusing: I sit in the market place and distribute justice of an elementary kind. The niggers with their childish quarrels and disputes are very entertaining, and they are very sharp in their ways. Unfortunately I am quite alone, so it is dull at times, and of late I have been suffering terribly from fever. The country though lovely is deadly unhealthy, and as soon as a man comes to relieve me I am to go back to Mashonaland, and from there will probably be sent home on sick leave.

The sport is magnificent: few white men have ever disturbed the country, so buffaloes, elephants, buck of all kinds simply swarm, whilst the rivers are alive with hippopotami and crocodiles.

Unfortunately I can take little advantage of all this as, as soon as I turn my back the neighbouring tribes are sure to come and raid in Maforga's kraals. They always carry off the women, not to make graduates of them, but to make them work in the mealie fields. Now as a woman costs 121 yards of printed calico at 9d. per yard, she is a loss to the community. A pleasant state of society to live in, isn't it? I have constantly to decide whether a woman ought really to be paid for by twelve hoes or, whether fifty yards of calico and some fish-hooks are a sufficient and an equitable price.

Umbluwan's Kraal, Buzi River, Manica, East Africa, *Thursday, 12th March,*
1891.

It is the most hopeless work writing, as it is more than a hundred to one against your ever getting the letter. We hear no posts have been getting down country since January, and certainly nothing has reached us for two months. We are absolutely in the dark as to what is going on in the outer world, and we are besides in a most hopeless state of want, almost famine. No supplies reach us, owing to the swollen rivers; we have no trading goods, so our supply of food from the natives (who are very poor) is almost *nil*. To make things worse, we hear the Colonel has died of fever at Tuli (the news was shouted across the River Lundi), and so the state of chaos will be worse than ever. I am just returning from my journey to Maforga's kraal to reconnoitre the country. I had to

carefully keep out of the reach of the Portuguese. I have had a rough trip of it; food very scarce and difficult to get, and the fever almost continuous. I could occasionally get a shot at a buffalo, but the grass at this time of year is about ten feet high, and game very difficult to hunt in consequence, especially if one is weak. However, my list of game shot is plus a hippopotamus killed by me in the Rivue River. I am now making my way back to Umtali, and from there mean to get up to Fort Salisbury as fast as possible, to interview the Administrator personally. I must get something definitely settled about my position, and if they have nothing satisfactory to offer, and only propose making me a sub-lieutenant, and employing me "civilly" on the East Coast for 7s. a day, I won't take it. It is not good enough to bind myself for two years for such pay, when there are a thousand chances all round one of making money. In this case I will go down country, and you will probably hear from me in Kimberley somewhere about June or July.

Since writing page 1, the Kaffir runner, whom I meant to send on ahead to Umtali with letters, has refused, on account of the rivers, to go, so I must take my letter along with me (I have been carrying about ten letters about with me the last two months, hoping to get a chance of posting them), and as I want you to get a good letter when you get one at all, I will write a diary day by day, and send it off the first *safe* opportunity I can get. But before I start I will give you a sort of "*resume*" of "*ou nous en sommes*", as my last letters have more than probably never reached you.

Well, to start my narrative properly, you must know that the authorities decided when we occupied Manica that their route to the sea should be down the Buzi, and not down the Pungue. What made them come to this extraordinary conclusion Heaven only knows. Granted that the Portuguese mean us to have a route at all, in my humble opinion, the only sensible one is the Pungue road. However, there was a belief that the tsetse fly existed somewhere near Sarmento; on the other hand nobody knew that it did *not* exist on the road to the Buzi. Again, we *knew* that the Pungue is navigable to steam launches always as far as Novas (in the rainy season to Sarmento), whereas there is the gravest doubt as to the Buzi being navigable at all. Besides, from Bruce's experience lately we are led to believe fly does exist on this road. Well, at the beginning of January, Lieutenant Bruce, with a detachment of twenty men and two waggons, was sent off to cut and make a road down to Umbluwan's,²⁶ and from there on to the Buzi. On the 4th of February he got news from an induna (chief), sent by the Chief Maforga, that the Portuguese were collecting large forces at an old trading station of theirs on the Buzi Jugan; that the chiefs thereabouts were all in great fright (as they have all made treaties with us), and asking for protection. Treaties are easy enough got in these parts with a pair of old breeches. This was the drift of his news, but having nobody who could properly talk with the Kaffirs, it was all very vague. (Let me say *en parenthese* that *Kaffir* is a South African expression for everything that is native; of course the natives here are as little Kaffirs as I am; in the same way every nigger, if he be a thousand, is called "Boy"). This of course Bruce reported to Captain Heyman,²⁷ who is in command of Manica (Umtali being the headquarters), and he decided somebody must go and reconnoitre. I, as you know, have been employed at Umtali since New Year

civilly as Inspector of Mining Claims, but glad for a change, I volunteered to go. As a matter of fact I was really the only person who could go, as we have nobody who can talk the coast Kaffir properly, and I, with my Portuguese talking boy, am about the only one who can get reliable information. Most of the niggers from the coast can talk Portuguese; some of them can even read and write it (a pretty good proof that the Portuguese have got a pretty good footing in this part of Africa, which we firmly deny). So off I started on Friday, 6th February, with Cordoso, my interpreter, five boys as bearers of my kit, and my valet, Marufo, carrying my rifle and other small possessions. I caught up Bruce, but as he was going very slowly, having to cut a road for his waggons, I passed him, and reached Umbluwen's on Wednesday, 18th. I had three days to wait at the Zonoy River, which was much swollen, and when I did cross I lost one of my loads, naturally the most precious one, containing my small stock of limbo (*i.e.* calico, the sole covering here almost; beads also buy, but are not so universally required). At Umbluwen's I found the natives in the wildest state of excitement. News had just reached them that a large force of Portuguese had reached Sarmento, the force from Jugan had joined them, and that when they had finished fortifying Sarmento and mounting the guns they had brought with them, they meant to attack Maforga and Umbluwan, and then attack Umtali. Off I sent a messenger to Bruce and got back answer that he would abandon his hampering waggons and would push on to Umbluwan's on foot. I was now laid up with a very bad return of fever (it always hangs on and bursts out now and then), and laid on my back for a week. As soon as I could move I pushed on to Maforga's to see how things stood there. Though Maforga was in a dreadful state of fright, I saw there was no immediate danger of an attack. Maforga wouldn't hear of my leaving; he said he had called me to make me chief of his country, and if I went all his people would come with me. He went through the usual performance of handing over his country, *i.e.*, presenting a tusk containing earth, and tried to propitiate me in every way. At length I discovered that the reason of all this tremendous display of friendship was caused not so much by his fright of the Portuguese as his fear of his neighbour, Mrs. Gomani, a powerful chieftainess with whom he has got into a row about some ivory stolen by his men or some such bother. This truculent lady had already sent one or two bands, and taken two of Maforga's women (the usual form of reprisal in these parts), but Maforga knew she wouldn't dare to repeat this if a white man were at his kraal. Hence his anxiety. To settle this I sent to Bruce for one of his men, and patiently waited at Maforga's for his arrival. Unfortunately the fever attacked me again whilst there, else I would certainly have got an elephant, which are plentiful. As a *dedonagement*, however, I shot a hippo as I crossed the Rivue on my way back to Umbluwen's. Unfortunately the river was too rapid for us to get properly at it, so as to cut out the teeth, but I brought away a fine piece of hide to make whips (sjeambucks) of. I shot the large brute bang in the eye, and he died instantaneously, turning over, and floating on his back, which they do for about three hours after death, when they sink. Unfortunately my interpreter, Cardoso, left me at Maforga's, being only three days from his home, and so I am left in rather a pickle.

I reached Umbluwen's on my return journey on Tuesday, 10th March, and

found Bruce's party established there. Having left Massakesse about eight weeks ago with twenty days' provisions, they are badly off for food, and look thin and haggard. They have all had fever, and are altogether in a bad way. I left Bruce on my return journey to Umtali on Saturday, 14th, and have to-day reached Tchichichi's kraal, about twenty-four miles from Umbluwen's, and will now begin my writing day by day.

Manginga River, Sunday, 15th.

Woke up to find it pouring with rain. As there is no food to buy, and if there was, as I have practically nothing to buy it with, I had to move on, though it is with the very greatest difficulty that I can get the natives to stir in rain. I have to drive them out of the huts with a stick. Though very fond of bathing, and all of them good swimmers, they cannot stand the continuous drip, drip of cold rain drops on their naked bodies.

Everything comes to a standstill during rain, and both men and women will go hungry for days rather than stir out and look for food in the fields. It cleared a bit in the middle of the day, but as we got into Tchichichi's kraal there was a regular water-spout. Everything is of course drenched: blankets, my few remaining rags of clothes, and the water is rapidly destroying my boots, my last and only pair, and no more nearer than Tuli. What I will do when they go, God knows. Tchichichi had luckily just finished a large hut which he intends using as a granary; in this I and all the boys took refuge, as I could not wait to have a hut built (which I do as a rule), having the greatest objection to the rats and fleas of the native huts, as well as to the proximity (very odorous) of their proprietors. We are quite a large party. Besides my own five boys, I have eleven boys for Selous' roadmaking party, which is working between the Odzi and Umtali. I have had to leave my boy, Marufo, at the last stage, owing to his having cut his foot in the river.

Monday, 16th.

Yesterday's drenching had (as I feared) the usual result of bringing on a dose of fever, so I was reluctantly forced to stay at Tchichichi's. The continuous downpour would probably have forced me to do so anyhow. The sky has a beastly, dogged, determined looking appearance, as if it meant to rain for weeks. The question of the Mangweny and Zoney Rivers ahead is getting very serious; I may be stopped by them for days, even weeks, and no food for self or boys. Cursed country!

Tuesday, 17th.

Notwithstanding the rain, I started off to Umbro's so as to be at least one stage nearer home, when the rain chooses to stop. On the top of the pass to Umbro's I passed the two waggons Bruce left making the road. They are in charge of Troopers Orpen and Simons (A Troop). The oxen are dying fast, eighteen only being left out of thirty-two. Some local sickness, a kind of inflammation of the bowels. My boys took away half a dead ox. It does for trading with, and the niggers like it. "Bon appetit", I got two tins of "bully" and a few beads. Reached Umbro's at dark. Distance about twelve miles.

Umbro's Kraal, *Wednesday, 18th.*

As I had feared, the boys whom I sent out to reconnoitre brought back the news that the Mangweny River ahead is fuller than it has yet been this season; so as it is a very rapid stream and full of crocodiles, it will be useless trying to cross for at least a couple of days. There is nothing for it but to stop here kicking my heels and swearing at old Umbro, who, now that I have no limbo, is barely civil. So I have got a bit nasty, and have told him he must feed my boys whilst I am here, and bring me a chicken and some "oofoo" gratis. The weather cleared this afternoon, and I trust the rain is played out. I'll go for a hunt to-morrow.

Thursday, 19th.

When I woke I found to my unspeakable disgust that it was pouring again, so it was no use starting. I am living in one of Umbro's huts, as the ground is too soaked to have a hut built. The rats are awful, they run over me all night in bands, and I have to sleep with my head under the blanket to keep them off my face. Having had no meat since leaving Umbluwan's (nothing but pumpkins and mealie meal mixed), I broached one of my two tins of "bully". It was excellent, though three months ago I couldn't look at it. Oh for a little salt, sugar, and flour. I hate the very sight of the loathely red pumpkins, but there is nothing else. The boys won't hunt on account of the rain. They sit all day in the huts gorging rotten beef, and are as happy as the day is long.

Umbro's, *Friday, 20th.*

The inhabitants of this kraal seem peculiarly musical and fond of dancing, as notwithstanding the pouring rain they assemble every night, and make it hideous till the small hours with the "Batuce". My boys are also great dancers, and never miss a chance of joining in this sport. It is a very elementary form of dance. The performers stand in two rows facing each other, and to the accompaniment of a "tum-tum" sing in a kind of chorus, and with bodies well bent forward they clasp their hands and stamp as violently as they can on the ground with alternate feet. They keep the rhythm very well. When about twenty men are dancing the whole ground shakes. The chorus is a kind of "jodle" of about two bars, started at the pitch of their voices, and is repeated over and over again to the same words. These generally convey something which is of interest at the time, and is a plain statement of a fact. My boys usually sing, "Gungunhan" (the paramount chief of these parts) "sides with the English", or "We carry loads for the Englishman", and generally on the line of march, "The Englishman's loads are heavy", and so on. They certainly enter into the spirit of the thing with all their might. In about ten minutes you see them streaming with perspiration, but they will go on with the same rhythm, and repeating the same words, for an hour without a single stop. Then after about ten minutes' rest they will go on again for half the night. And this after a long day's tramp, carrying 50 or 60 lbs. apiece in the naming sun. They are wonderfully enduring. This at first astonished me, as they never look in condition. Though generally well built with good arms and legs, they have as a rule very prominent stomachs, the result of eating huge quantities of half cooked meal. This, with pumpkins,

is their only food. These enormous stomachs are particularly striking in the young children who, some of them, are quite disgusting to look at in consequence. My boys are very quick at picking up things, and seldom forget what they have been once told. I have got them into very good order, barring "Induna", whom I have to periodically flog for insubordination, and each man has his own duties, which he does with very little looking after. "Pondo" carries my bedding and blankets. As soon as we halt he unpacks his load, airs the blankets, and when the time comes makes up the bed. He also is tobacco-cutter-in-chief, and takes care to keep up a good supply of finely-cut tobacco. "Paiana" carries the clothes (such as they are), washes them, and tries to keep them together with needle and thread. "Bafman" carries the food and cooking utensils, collects wood, and cooks, if there is "*de quoi*"; and "Piccanini" looks after my rifle, cleans it, and is the "drawer of water". As soon as we halt, the joint band starts by building me a grass hut, and then disperse to their various labours. By this division of labour I get settled in camp in about an hour, without giving a single order, a pleasant contrast to the state of chaos Bruce is reduced to when camping. "Induna" carries the other boys' kit, food, and blankets, and having nothing in particular to do, gives a lot of bother and spoils the other boys. I don't like to get rid of him however as he is very strong, and the best at crossing deep water.

To-morrow I mean to start, whether it rains or not, and swim the Mangweny, leaving the boys to follow when the rivers go down. I can't stop here all my life, and prefer risking the crocodiles.

Saturday, 21st.

Favoured by real fine weather, for a change, we started off early from Umbro's, and the boys being in good form after their rest, and I walking my best, out of sheer desperation, we did a long day's march, thirty-one miles, reaching the banks of the Zonoy at four o'clock, all pretty well tired out, I fairly "cooked", the fever having taken it out of me tremendously. The Mangweny was still very full, but by unpacking all the loads, the boys swam across, the contents singly tied on their heads. It has been an ideal day for walking; clouded but bright, and not at all hot. This has been the best part of the road too, nice firm "veldt", with short, coarse grass, and very few "shuts", which always hinder one. The veldt is very thickly wooded with low trees: here and there large clearings with high grass, containing lots of game spoor. I shot a splendid "Lichtenstein Hartebeest", the only buck we sighted. We didn't stop to cut the horns, as I already have a fine specimen; we just took the tongue and a haunch. I mean to cross the Zonoy first thing, and hope to get to Chirara's. We now (in the plain) follow the waggon spoor, which I much prefer to the Kaffir paths; it looks more civilized and sociable for one, and is *here* much straighter. From the habit of the natives of always walking in Indian file, their paths are only just broad enough for one's feet; and from continual use and stamping down in wet weather they become regular "troughs", which it is difficult to walk in in boots. Also, owing to their carefully avoiding stones, shags, and other obstacles, on account of their naked feet, those paths wind about in a maddening way.

Sunday, 22nd.

An awful day, which I will remember to the end of my life. When I woke it was raining again, and the Zonoy rapidly rising; having no food, I *had* to cross. The boys wouldn't start, so I swam over first (the river was about 130 yards wide), and my boy "Pungete" closely followed me. Just as I was nearing the bank I heard an awful shriek, and turning round saw the poor boy throw up his hands and then sink, a huge red wave telling us a crocodile had seized him. Though we ran down the bank for a quarter of a mile, we never saw a vestige of him again. The brutes drag their victims under the banks to devour them. Bowman and another boy pluckily had rushed in and swam across, but I could persuade none of the others to follow, naturally enough. Having nothing with me, I had to start for Massakesse, thirty-two miles. After an awful walk, I reached it at dark, having at last to swim the swollen "Rivue". As I came into the fort I found everything deserted, and my shouts to the two troopers who had been left in charge were not answered. I then went into the large store-room, and struck a match. The most horrible sight greeted me. On the floor lay the decomposed corpse of one of the men (Trooper Mathews). Coming on me so suddenly, and in my tired and weakened state, it made me faint dead away. I was found by the boys and taken off to a hut 500 yards off, where I found a detachment from Umtali, who had just reached there, but who could not start on their ghastly work till next day. It appeared both the wretched men were attacked with fever at the same time; their niggers ran away, so they could get no information through to Umtali; and after lying side by side delirious for twelve days, one of them died. All the other man could do was to drag himself out of the place, and eventually he got news through, after being left alone with the corpse for five days in tropical heat! The Company has much to answer for.

Monday, 23rd.

Stopped at Massakesse, being knocked up by yesterday's experience.

Tuesday, 24th.

Reached Umtali, to find a mail leaving.

Umtali, Manica, East Africa, *Wednesday, 25th March, 1891.*

I reached here late last night, to find a mail just leaving. The last part of my diary is the record of awful experience, but I must tell you the bright (very few) and the dark sides of our life.

Matters here are getting *very serious*. Sickness, no supplies, no news from the outer world. Very soon a most desperate state of affairs will ensue. I hope the Company at home realise this. I have heard nothing from you or anybody since the beginning of January. *Don't* be afraid about me. The fever is thoroughly in me, but this constitutes a great safeguard, as the attacks get slighter and slighter. As soon as I have seen my companions through the worst of this, I will try and get down country for a change, the doctor recommends it. I will just post the continuation of my diary by the next opportunity.

B.S.A.C.'s Police, Umtali Camp, Manica, *Saturday, 11th May, 1891.*

I am so bewildered by the extraordinary events of the last week that I hardly know where to begin, and as I have barely an hour before the mail starts, I must just give you a brief account of our doings. After my return from my Busi expedition we all settled down to the most quiet humdrum camp existence, with only occasional attacks of fever to vary the monotony of the scene. On April 28th, Colonel Pennefather turned up from Salisbury, and the Doctor recommended my being sent home on sick leave to try and get the fever out of me. I was making all my preparations for my journey when, on Sunday, 3rd May, a perfect bombshell bursts in camp by the arrival of a special messenger from Rhodes, saying the Portuguese were advancing in a large force on Massakesse, calmly adding, "You must turn them out". All very well, but to tell seventy wretched fever-stricken men (*of whom only thirty-eight were fit for duty, owing to the others having no boots!*) to drive a large well fitted expedition, having its base of operations close by, and a perfect commissariat along a good road, out of the country, was a big order.

But this was not all: the same despatch brought the grave information that a large body of Boers were preparing to "trek" into Mashonaland, and thus attack us in the rear and south. The Colonel deeming this last the most serious news, posted back again to Fort Salisbury, leaving Captain Heyman of A Troop to cope with the Portuguese. His instructions were to go over with all available men (about forty) to Massakesse, occupy the range of hills behind and overlooking the Fort and await events. Massakesse we had abandoned some time ago, only one man, and that a civilian, being left in charge.

Massakesse is about twenty-two miles from here as the crow flies, and the path is very steep and difficult. We had, however, cut a sort of waggon road which makes a large detour. All preparations were made for our little column to leave on Wednesday, 6th. On Tuesday we started off our old seven-pounder field gun by the waggon road, with a span of ten oxen, and the six men who work the gun, instructing them to get within three miles of Massakesse, and lay hidden there till we joined them. On Tuesday night the men from Massakesse turned up with the startling news that the Portuguese had arrived, and occupied Massakesse with seventy white men, between 600-700 black troops (regulars, *i.e.*, uniformed West Coast natives, and armed East Coast bearers), and several machine guns; that they had hoisted the Portuguese flag with much ceremony, and were fortifying themselves strongly. Here was a nice kettle of fish! All civilians were at once called out, a laager of waggons formed here, and the place put as best we could in a state of defence. On Wednesday morning Heyman, with thirty men of A Troop, myself, the doctor, and ten armed pioneers, started for Massakesse. Luckily we had six horses, which came in very useful. We spent a night on the road, sending off the ten pioneers in the morning to join the gun on the road, and Heyman and I started off for Massakesse at daybreak, with a flag of truce, to interview the Portuguese. We were stopped half way between Chua and Massakesse by a large piquet of Angola troops till Major Bettencourt (a very nice man, whom I had met when we first came into Manica) came out to meet us. Blindfolded we were led into Massakesse, and then ushered into Senor Ferreira, the Governor of Manica. Heyman at once

asked him (through me, as Ferreira only talks Portuguese) whether he had any recent news of a settlement, to which the answer was, "No". Heyman then asked whether he would not consider it better to refrain from any movement of troops till after the 15th, the date of the expiration of the "*modus vivandi*", at the same time pointing out that we had retired voluntarily from Massakesse. The Governor simply replied, "that martial law was proclaimed in Manica, and he would drive us out whenever he thought fit". Heyman then told him he had men at Chua, and if the Portuguese troops advanced a fight could not be avoided, this probably meaning war between England and Portugal. The Governor curtly replied "he knew that perfectly". After this we retired, and returned to Chua, where by then the police had arrived. Then came three days and nights of killing work, climbing hill after hill to secure an advantageous position. At last, on Sunday morning at 3 a.m., we got on to the highest "kopye" above Chua, and began to entrench ourselves and get the seven-pounder, which by the most herculean labours had been dragged across country from the road into position. What with outlying piquets, guards, and entrenching fatigues we worked like slaves, soaked to the skin at night by the heavy dews, which in these latitudes wet one like a heavy shower of rain. At night we just lay in our overcoats in the trench, standing to our arms from an hour before daylight. With glasses we could plainly see into Massakesse, which was about half-a-mile below us in the plain. Early on Sunday an "impi" of about 300 of Umtassa's fighting men in full war paint turned up under the chief Matica, but they seemed very sulky, flatly refusing to do anything they were told, and finally going up the steepest hills on our left, where they lay hid on the path to Umtassa's kraal. There they stayed till all was over. I firmly believe, had we been beaten, Matica, who has always hankered after the Portuguese, would have turned on us. On Sunday afternoon a Portuguese officer with a flag of truce came in, ostensibly to bring us a summons to quit, but really to examine our position. This was pretty apparent, as he had hardly returned when the Portuguese sent a large force out of Massakesse on to the hill above it, where they entrenched themselves. This effectively put a stop to our intended plan of seizing the hill above them by night and shelling Massakesse. From my rough map you will see that we were each on a "kopye" at each end of a range of hills about half a mile apart, a good path leading along the crest of the hills. On our right below us, the Revue valley; to the left, precipitous, wooded hills. Our little entrenchment was on the top of a kopye which sloped down with good bush lower into a deep ravine, the opposite bank of which was also well wooded, being about 400 yards in range. On Monday, whilst at dinner at noon, our outlying piquet reported by signal that large bodies of men were leaving Massakesse and marching up to the fort on the hill; here they stopped and massed. We paid little attention, not dreaming of an attack, and quietly finished our dinners. At about one o'clock, however, the enemy began moving out of the fort in two bodies, advancing along each side of the hills about halfway down. The force consisted of about sixty white men, and between 400 and 500 black troops. They advanced steadily, and at about two o'clock punctually we heard a volley fired by them at our piquet, which was posted on a rise about 700 yards ahead of us. The piquet, after returning the fire, quietly fell back on us. Though hostilities had been thus opened by the

Portuguese, Captain Heyman fired a blank shot from the seven-pounder as a warning; but almost simultaneously the Snider bullets of the black troops began whistling round our ears. Then the fire began. Our good old gun opened on them at 700 yards with shrapnel, and our Martini-Henri's began to make it warm for them. However, they came on in splendid cover, and it was not till they almost reached the actual bank of the ravine that we could see their white jackets to fire at. Their fire was tremendously hot, the repeating rifles of their European troops making us think at one time that they had brought a machine-gun into action. Luckily they fired very high, and, marvellous as it appears, not a single man on our side was touched. Our fire (the majority of our men are splendid shots), and more especially the shrapnel, told on them heavily, and though their officers behaved really splendidly, exposing themselves freely to a heavy fire, they could not get their men to face the open. Our men were divided into two bodies. One body was acting as sharpshooters in the bush below our trenches, the other body firing from the trenches. During the first half of the engagement I took up my position in a corner of the trench, but not being able to get a good view, I afterwards went down and joined the sharpshooters. I used my sporting Martini-Henri, and, knowing the range exactly, I fancy I must have done some execution. Though the bulk of their firing was very high they had some good shots, and some of us had marvellous escapes. One man was evidently firing solely at the gun squad, and he succeeded in putting a shot clean through the axletree box, most of his other shots being very close. I had a narrow squeak, a Snider bullet hitting the trunk of a tree against which I was pressing my cheek taking aim, one of the splinters flying into my eye, which it blackened. After two hours and ten minutes sharp firing the enemy retired, followed by such cheers that the drums of our ears suffered severely. Of course we were too weak in numbers to pursue, and the Portuguese fell back on Massakesse after a short halt at their position on the hill. We are unable to accurately estimate their loss. It must have been considerable, as the blood spoor (excuse the hunting phraseology) was very heavy. They evidently carried off dead and wounded. Towards the end of the flight one of our men succeeded in making a prisoner, a white trooper, from which we learnt that Major Bettencourt was badly hit, shot through the neck, quite at the beginning. We only found one dead body, and one native badly hit. (Strange to say, though half his forehead is clean blown away, and his brain protruding, he is still alive and apparently quite cheery to-day). The tremendous length of the grass makes it quite impossible to effectively search for the dead, but from the appalling stench now prevailing I fear there must be lots of bodies lying about. Our last native report is that the Portuguese lost between forty and sixty killed and wounded. By the time we had recovered our usual frame of mind it was dark, and we sat down to our suppers in a most cheerful and enthusiastic mood. The moment the first shot was fired all our native servants and bearers fled, the only one remaining behind being my Manica boy, Marufo, who behaved splendidly, driving our horses and cattle into a place of safety under heavy fire. He also had a narrow squeak, a shot striking the butt of his rifle (a present from me after seven months' service) just below his hand. He is consequently now the hero of the camp boys, and every night has a vast audience listening to his adventures.

Early on Tuesday morning a mounted patrol which we sent out returned and reported *the Portuguese had evacuated Massakesse in the night*. Fancy our delight. We immediately moved on, and Heyman occupied the Portuguese fort on the hill, whilst he sent me in charge of ten men to destroy Massakesse, which we were of course not strong enough to hold. An extraordinary sight Massakesse was. It had evidently been abandoned in a desperate hurry in the dead of night. All stores were left, and *nine machine-guns*, seven Hotchkiss, and two Nordenfeldts, with thousands of rounds of ammunition. The guns of course had been disabled, and having absolutely destroyed the Hotchkiss, having dragged the Nordenfeldts up the hill into our position, I blew up the bastions with dynamite, and burnt all the buildings. Should our friends return, I doubt if they will recognize their cocky fort in the smouldering heaps of ruins. My most valued share of loot is a very nice retriever dog called Diana, who was mournfully sitting in the middle of the abandoned fort. We only got back to our position late, and Heyman then sent me off here with dispatches to Colonel Pennefather, who had returned post haste from Salisbury. Heyman and his men have not yet returned, but they will fall back on Umtali as soon as they can bring in all their stuff. Though our first engagement has been a splendid success, owing chiefly to the behaviour of our men, which is universally admitted was magnificent all through, our position is still serious. We know the Portuguese have landed a large expedition, and mean to drive us out if they can. However, they will next time have to meet us on our own ground here at Umtali, where we have a splendid position, and are building a strong fort. Besides this, we are getting our reinforcements, and nearly 200 men are already collected here. It will take more than 700 Portuguese to shift us from here. Besides, the tremendous prestige we have gained amongst the natives, will make it almost impossible for them to get native carriers for their supplies.

The most serious thing is the threatened "trek" of the Boers into Matabeleland across the Limpopo, and the Company will have to strain every nerve to resist the invasion of 500 picked Boers.

I have now given you as accurate an account of our first fight as possible, and whatever subsequent stories you may see, you may confide that mine is pretty well near to the mark, as I was through the whole thing from beginning to end. I must now close.

NOTES

1. Dr. Rutherford T. Harris was the Secretary of the British South Africa Company in South Africa. Like Dr. Jameson, he was a Kimberley doctor who was attracted to Rhodes. As South African Secretary for the Chartered Company, he adopted a very forward policy which sometimes embarrassed Rhodes and he played a part in precipitating the Jameson Raid.
2. C. A. Cardew (later C.M.G.) attested in the Police at the same time as Victor. He later

became a District Officer in the British Central Africa Protectorate (Malawi), settled in that country and became a well-known figure. For further details of Cardew and for information concerning the British South Africa Company's Police at this time, see Colonel A. S. Hickman's *Men who made Rhodesia* 1960, to which I am indebted for much information.

3. For *Palapswie*, read *Palapye*.
4. Victor uses several variations of this word. The version given here was the standardised spelling until recently. The modern spelling is Maklautsi.
5. Lieut.-Col. E. G. Pennefather, 6th (Inniskilling) Dragoons, was the Officer Commanding the Police. His services were dispensed with by the Company in 1892 and he rejoined his regiment.
6. The Police were divided into six troops: A Troop under Captain H. M. Heyman (cf. note 27); B Troop under Captain P. W. Forbes, C Troop under Captain C. Keith-Falconer, D Troop under Captain E. C. Chamley-Turner, E Troop under Captain A. G. Leonard, and F Troop (Artillery) under Captain C. T. Lendy.
7. Sir Henry Loch, Governor of the Cape and High Commissioner.
8. Sir John Willoughby, Bart., Eton and the Royal Horse Guards, was Chief Staff Officer to Pennefather who was in supreme command of the Pioneer Column. He was to be involved in several incidents during the Pioneer days. Later he made considerable territorial acquisitions in Matabeleland and came in for heavy criticism for being an absentee landlord. His part in the Jameson Raid is well known.
9. For details of these Dominican Sisters, see Professor M. Gelfand's *Mother Patrick and her Nursing Sisters*, 1964.
10. The original destination of the Pioneer Column was Mount Hampden. When the advance party made a reconnaissance from the Hunyani River towards Mount Hampden, they decided that the present site of Salisbury was better watered.
11. The quagga is now extinct with the exception of a few mountain quagga in the Cape. Only its head and neck had the zebra stripes.
12. For *Lundy*, read *Lendy*.
13. For *coppies*, read *kopjes*.
14. A Shona-speaking people who came under the influence of the Matabele.
15. Trooper J. W. Bigg.
16. Troop Sergeant-Major J. C. Stewart, scion of a distinguished Scottish family, had arrived in Cape Town after an enterprising journey from Norway to Batum on the Black Sea, reminiscent of Victor's adventurous journey. He had then joined the Police.
17. This should read Mutasa as there is no *um-* concord in Shona.
18. For *March*, read *November*.
19. A. R. Colquhoun, the first Administrator of Mashonaland. He was later to incur the wrath of the Company for refusing to countenance the advance towards Beira, ordering Forbes to desist. See "Colquhoun in Mashonaland" by J. A. Edwards in *Rhodesiana* No. 9.
20. Macequece, now Vila de Manica.
21. For *Banman*, read *Baumann*.
22. Chicken with rice.
23. Dennis Doyle had been a compound manager with De Beers. He accompanied Jameson on his epic journey from Salisbury to Manhlagazi, near the Limpopo, the capital of Gungunyana the Shangaan chief. Later Doyle was to escort the two indunas sent by Gungunyana to London in a vain attempt to secure British protection over Gazaland instead of the Portuguese.
24. M. de Llamby.
25. For *Maylayshan*, read *Macglashan*.
26. For *Umbluwan*, read *Umlewan*.
27. Captain H. M. Heyman (later Col. Sir Melville), Cape Mounted Rifles, was in command of the B.S.A.C.P. Force that clashed with the Portuguese at the Battle of Macequece. He settled in Rhodesia and was the Midlands Member of the Legislative Council (1901-4 and 1907-20).

Early Birds in Central Africa

An account of flying activities in the Rhodesias during the
years 1920 to 1922

by J. McADAM

The British aircraft industry received such stimulus during World War I that before the end of that conflict aircraft were available which were capable of carrying a fair load in addition to their crew.

Towards the end of 1918, upon the termination of the war with Turkey, personnel of the Royal Air Force in the Middle East became available for other duties, and the Air Ministry decided to make several long-distance flights to pave the way for the civil aviation which, it was confidently believed, would follow when peace returned to the world. A Handley-Page bomber had already, in July, 1918, flown from Cranwell to Cairo via Paris and Rome, and in November the same aircraft made the first flight from Egypt to India.

In pursuance of this policy it was decided to open up the air route from Cairo to the Cape, and in December, 1918, three survey and construction parties were appointed to establish landing grounds at convenient intervals along the route. No. 1 Party was responsible for the sector from Cairo to Nimule (Sudan), No. 2 Party for that from Nimule to Abercorn, and No. 3 Party commanded by Major Chaplin Court Treatt¹, for the sector from Abercorn to Broken Hill and thence down the line of rail to Cape Town. Second-in-command of No. 3 Survey Party was Captain Shortridge, who was made responsible for the northern part of the sector, while Major Court Treatt devoted his attention to the southern area.

Some of the difficulties encountered are illustrated in the following contemporary press report: "In many places it was necessary to cut aerodromes out of dense jungle; to fell and dig up the roots of thousands of trees. The soil of innumerable anthills had to be removed by hand and carried away in native baskets, as practically no barrows or other equipment were available. Many of these anthills were 25 feet in height and anything up to 45 feet in diameter, and as one cubic yard of anthill weighs about 2,670 lbs. some idea may be gathered of the amount of work involved, in view of the lack of mechanical equipment. At Ndola, for instance, 700 Africans worked from April to August, 1919, moving 25,000 tons of soil and filling in a gully 600 yards in width. Blasting was tried but was found to be ineffective."

Despite these obstacles, and numerous other hardships and hazards including communications and transport difficulties, mosquitoes and tsetse flies, lions and other animals, and reptiles, the task of the three survey parties was completed within twelve months, and at the end of December, 1919, the Air Ministry declared the Cairo-Cape air route to be open.

Soon after this announcement several expeditions declared their intention to set out for the Cape. First away, on Saturday, January 24th, 1920, was a

converted Vickers Vimy bomber, sponsored by *The Times* of London and within the next ten days three more aircraft left England—a Handley-Page sponsored by the *Daily Telegraph*, a D.H.I4 of Airco Ltd. (neither of which got very far), and a second Vickers Vimy named the "Silver Queen".

"Silver Queen" was sponsored by the Government of South Africa and was flown by two South African pilots, Lieut.-Col. Pierre van Ryneveld, D.S.O., M.C., and Flight-Lieut. C. J. Quinton Brand, D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C. With them, to attend to aircraft and engine maintenance, were Mr. Burton, an air-frame engineer, and Mr. F. W. Sherratt, of Rolls Royce.

The Times Vimy, after a relatively trouble-free flight across Europe arrived at Heliopolis, near Cairo, on Tuesday, February 3rd., and departed for Luxor and points south on Friday, the 6th. From then on the expedition was plagued with mechanical trouble as their water-cooled engines overheated and developed serious leaks. Time and time again during the following three weeks they were forced to land to rectify the defects, but they pressed resolutely on; the crew must have been possessed of iron determination to have kept going under such strenuous circumstances. The party arrived at Tabora in central Tanganyika on Thursday, February 26th, and more will be heard of them later.

"Silver Queen" took off from Brooklands on Wednesday, February 4th, the day after the arrival of *The Times* Vimy at Heliopolis. Before leaving Van Ryneveld declared that they intended to reach Cape Town in "the shortest time that circumstances would permit" and that they would do their best to overtake *The Times* expedition.

Their flight across Europe to Gioja del Colli in southern Italy was more or less incident-free, and after refuelling there they took off at 9.30 p.m. for Derna in Cyrenaica.

This flight, made in atrocious weather, was the first non-stop air crossing of the Mediterranean from Italy to North Africa. Later one of the pilots remarked that it had been "an unforgettable nightmare . . . an ugly impression which they would like to obliterate from their minds." The *Rhodesia Herald*, in an editorial on February 18th, 1920, wrote: "their grit and stamina were put to the severest test in that terrible voyage across the Mediterranean . . . their eleven-hour struggle against adverse atmospheric conditions will live in aviation history . . . as one of the most noteworthy achievements."

Despite this ordeal they spent only one hour at Derna and then took off for Solium where, upon landing, the aircraft's tail was damaged by a boulder. Ford car parts were adapted and after a two-day delay they left for Heliopolis, which was reached on the evening of February 9th.

At 11.30 p.m. the following day, February 10th, "Silver Queen" took off from Heliopolis and flew into the night, heading south. All went well for the first few hours, but at about 5 a.m. a draining tap on the radiator of the star-board engine vibrated to the open position, allowing all the cooling water to escape and the engine seriously to overheat. They were committed to an immediate forced landing in pitch darkness near Kurusku, about 80 miles north of Wadi Haifa. Upon landing, the aircraft ran into a pile of large boulders and the fuselage was irreparably damaged, but the crew miraculously escaped serious injury.²

The engines were apparently undamaged, so the crew removed them and transported them back to Cairo by boat and train.³ After tests the engines were fitted into a second Vimy, provided by the Royal Air Force, Middle East, at the request of the South African Government. Mechanic Burton now stood down and was replaced by Flight-Sgt. E. F. Newman of the Royal Air Force.

"Silver Queen II" left Heliopolis early on Sunday, February 22nd, and reached Wadi Haifa that afternoon. Here a delay was caused by a careless mistake in which a fuel tank was inadvertently filled with water, and it became necessary to drain the entire fuel system; (the remarks of the crew do not appear to be on record.)

Some slight engine trouble was encountered on the next sector of the flight, but this was rectified at Khartoum⁴; thereafter the journey was uneventful for the next few hundred miles and at 1.45 p.m. on Thursday, the 26th, they landed at Kisumu on Lake Victoria, from which *The Times* Vimy had taken off at 7.30 that very morning.

"Silver Queen II" left Kisumu at 7 a.m. next day with the intention of flying non-stop to Abercorn, but engine trouble forced them to divert to Shirati on the eastern shore of Lake Victoria (near the Kenya/Tanganyika border), and they spent the rest of the day working on the engine.

That same morning, February 27th, *The Times* Vimy took off from Tabora at 6.50 and within minutes was obliged to return due to engine trouble. The distance between Shirati and Tabora being about 300 statute miles, the position at mid-morning was that little more than three hours of Vimy flying time separated the two expeditions.

After working on the engines all morning *The Times* party boarded their aircraft at 2 p.m. to depart for Abercorn, but this time the starboard engine failed completely upon take-off. The aircraft swerved into the bush, being wrecked beyond repair, and the flight had to be abandoned. According to reports "some regrettable language was used."

"Silver Queen II", her engine defects rectified, left Shirati early on the 28th and, overflying Tabora, landed at Abercorn at 2.45 p.m. The crew later reported having sighted the aerodrome at Tabora but "no sign of *The Times* machine".

Abercorn being 5,400 feet above sea level and the airfield none too large,⁵ the pilots made the prudent decision to lighten the aircraft's burden by offloading what they described as "an enormous quantity of spares and . . . much of our own kit, flying boots, etc." They also revised their plan to fly direct to Broken Hill and decided instead to make for the intermediate landing ground at Ndola which, being nearer, would of course require less fuel and so further lighten the machine for its take-off from Abercorn.

Having thus re-organised the loading of the aircraft, they took off for Ndola at 6.55 a.m. on Sunday, February 29th. The sector Abercorn-Ndola is singularly devoid of geographical features, and must have proved a severe test of their navigational skill. Their aids to navigation consisted of a magnetic compass and a map (almost certainly small of scale and devoid of detail). Added to this, serious trouble developed in the starboard engine, and they began to contemplate the possibility of landing in the bush, but then, as the *Livingstone*

Mail put it, "happily the engine recovered sufficiently to bring the machine to Ndola," where they landed, probably with considerable relief, at five minutes after noon.

Heavy rain fell the following day, and this delayed their departure until Tuesday, March 2nd, when they managed to stagger off the waterlogged field at 6.10 a.m. en route for Broken Hill, where they landed at 7.40.

After breaking their fast and refuelling the aircraft, the party took off at 10.15 a.m. for Livingstone⁶; considering the navigational headaches which they must have experienced in the remote areas to the north, it was no doubt a relief to follow the "iron compass"⁷ without much regard to their instrument panel.

Excited railway officials at isolated stations and sidings kept the station-master at Livingstone informed of the aircraft's progress by means of the railway telegraph . . . Lusaka 11.00, . . . Kafue 11.38, . . . Mazabuka 12.05, . . . Kalomo 1.40, . . . Zimba 2.20 and then, after circling the Victoria Falls, "Silver Queen II" touched down at Livingstone at 2.42 p.m.

The *Bulawayo Chronicle* of March 12th, 1920, described the scene in the following terms: "Arrangements had previously been made for the town to receive a warning of the aircraft's approach by means of gun signals and at 10.20 a.m. these signals sounded at the police camp.⁸ Cars and cycles immediately hurried to the aerodrome . . . excitement mounted . . . work practically ceased throughout the town as almost the whole population, black and white, assembled at the landing ground."

"After landing, the aviators were received by the Administrator, Sir Lawrence Wallace, and Col. Stephenson, spokesman for the 'Aviators Welcome Committee'."

Heavy rain fell on Tuesday night and the aerodrome became so sodden that the airmen decided to postpone their departure until Thursday. However engine trouble again manifested itself and they did not finally leave for Bulawayo until 8.40 a.m. on Friday, March 5th.

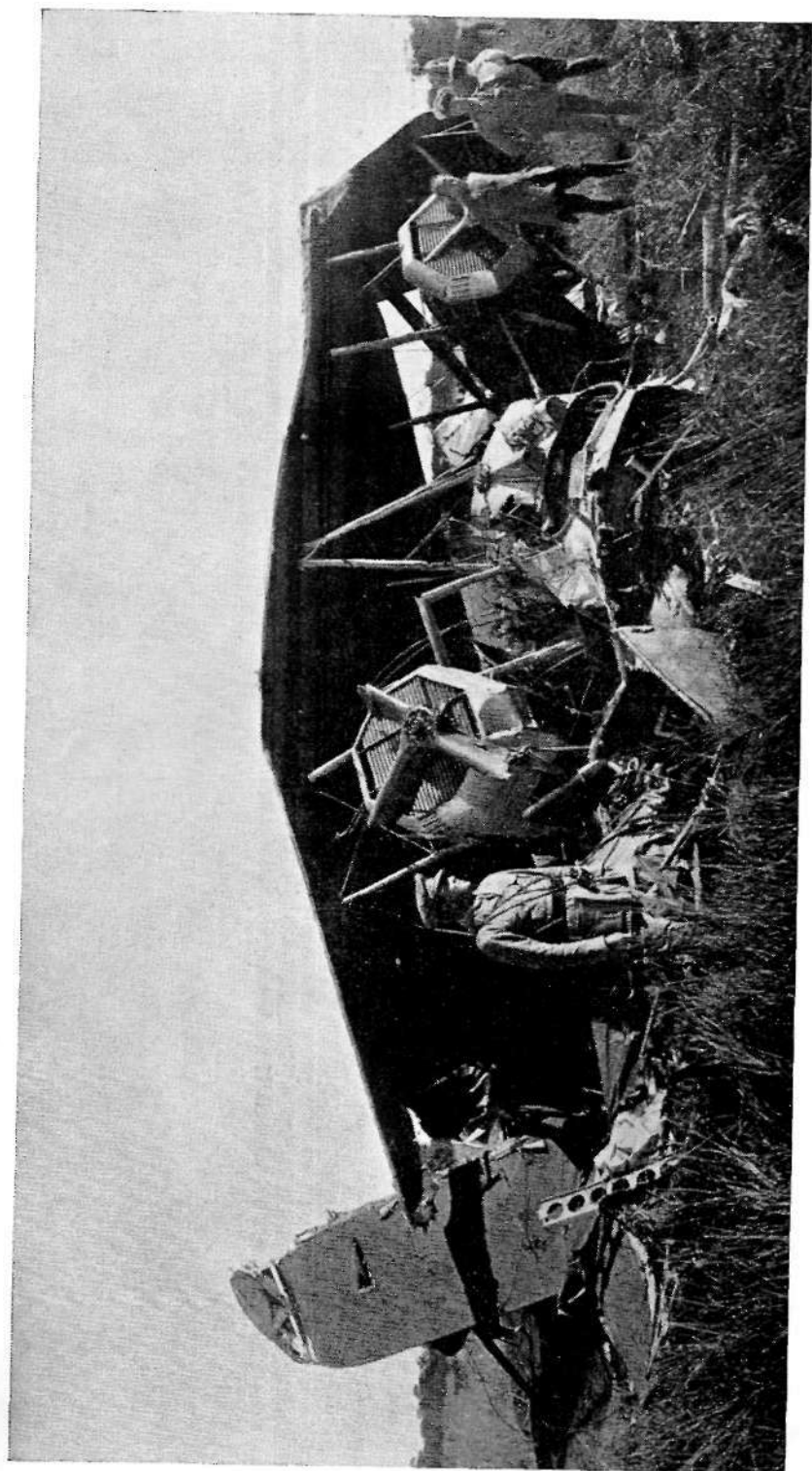
A stiff south-easterly wind was blowing and progress was slow; at times their ground speed was less than 60 m.p.h. Wankie 9.40, . . . Dett 10.20, . . . Ngamo 11.10, . . . Sawmills 12.00, . . . Nyamandhlovu 12.29.

In Bulawayo excited crowds thronged the race course which was to be used as a landing ground; in anticipation of the need to control the crowds Major A. J. Tomlinson and Lieut. D. McLean of the British South Africa Police took charge of policing arrangements. Earlier, as at Livingstone, the authorities had given warning by gun and hooter that the aircraft was on its way.

At 12.40 a speck in the sky to the north-west heralded the approach of "Silver Queen II" and a few minutes later she touched down smoothly on the grass—the first aeroplane to land on the soil of Southern Rhodesia.

Formal addresses of welcome were then read by Mayor James Cowden and Acting Town Clerk F. Fitch, after which the party proceeded to the Grand Hotel for a Civic luncheon.

Next morning, after the engines had been warmed up, "Silver Queen II" taxied to the down-wind end of the field, turned into the wind and, at about 7.55, commenced to take off for South Africa. The *Bulawayo Chronicle* of



Half an hour after the crash of "Silver Queen" at Bulawayo, March 6th, 1920; in the foreground, Lieut.-Col. A. J. Tomlinson, then District Superintendent of the British South Africa Police, Bulawayo.
(Mrs. V. Tomlinson)

Monday, March 8th gave the following account of subsequent events: "The aircraft ran right across the cleared space and . . . lifted into the air only a few yards from the tangled bush beyond the field. There were gasps of relief from the watchers and then a delighted cheer. But it soon became evident that . . . all was not well. Heading towards Hillside . . . only a few yards above the bush . . . she disappeared from view. Apprehensions grew when the engines became silent."

"Some [of the crowd] started running towards the Matsheumhlope River . . . others rushed to cars and cycles . . . motors scurried along tracks on the commonage between South Suburbs and Hillside. Then [the first to reach the scene] saw the wreck of the aircraft in the bush beyond the river."

"Both officers were dishevelled and severely shaken but not seriously injured, while the mechanics sustained minor bruises."

The dejected crew returned to their hotel, where they soon began to receive messages of sympathy from far and wide. The most welcome of these would have been the telegram from General J. C. Smuts advising them that another aircraft would soon be on its way from Pretoria to enable them to complete their journey.

During their enforced delay in Bulawayo the aviators enjoyed much entertainment and hospitality. The pilots were driven out to the Matopos by Mr. A. G. Hay and were guests of honour at a Civic Luncheon on the 11th, while Messrs. Newman and Sherratt were entertained at the Palace Hotel on the 9th by the Mechanics of Bulawayo, and on the 12th by the Bulawayo Comrades at the Carlton.

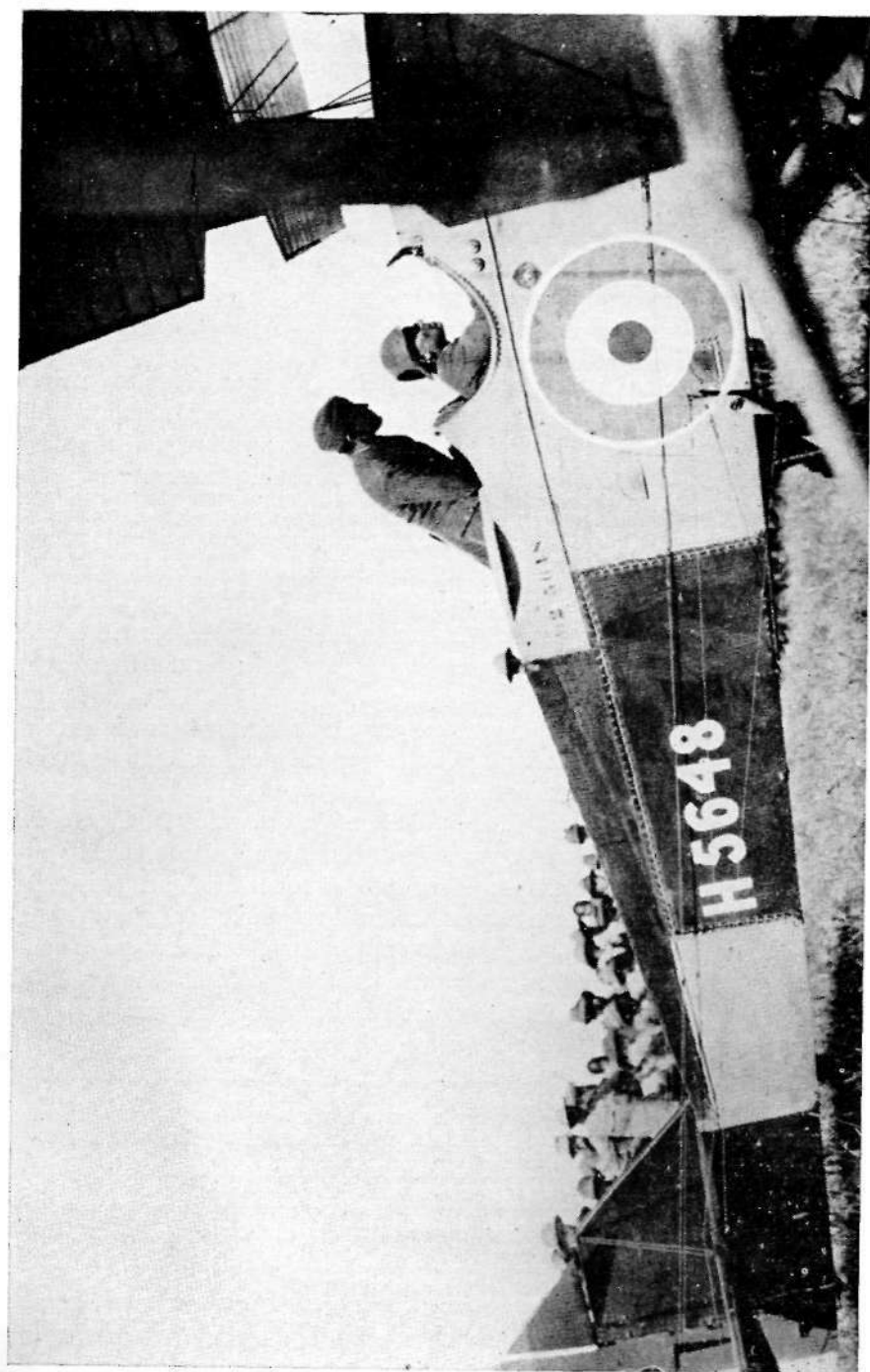
Later Flight-Lieut. Brand delivered a lecture on their flight down Africa to the cadets of Milton School, after which the Headmaster, Mr. E. B. de Beer, proposed a hearty vote of thanks to him.

The replacement aircraft provided by General Smuts was a D.H.9 of the the South African Defence Force,⁹ which was flown from Roberts Heights to Bulawayo via Palapye by Lieut. John Holthouse, with Major Court Treatt as navigator, and which arrived at 2.20 p.m. on Tuesday, March 16th.

At 6.30 next morning the two pilots¹⁰ took off on the final stage of the journey. A strike of rail and postal workers was in progress at the time and it is on record that Mr. R. Lanning, Native Commissioner at Plumtree, managed to get a message to Col. van Ryneveld asking him to drop a few copies of the *Bulawayo Chronicle* as he passed over the village. This was agreed to and as the aircraft swooped low over Plumtree School the papers were duly dropped to Mr. Lanning. It is reported that one of them was endorsed by him and is now preserved in the National Archives at Salisbury.¹¹

The flight of van Ryneveld and Brand from Bulawayo to Cape Town in "Voortrekker" was relatively uneventful, apart from the tremendous acclaim accorded them by their fellow countrymen at each landing place. They landed triumphantly at Cape Town at 4 p.m. on Saturday March 20th, 1920, the first men to fly from England to the Cape, and for which magnificent achievement both were later knighted.¹²

Before concluding this chapter let us spare a thought for poor Newman and Sherratt, who without doubt played a vital role in maintaining the aircraft



The "Voortrekker" just before take off for the Cape on March 17th, 1920, with Lieut.-Col. P. van Rynveld and Flight-Lieut. C. J. Quinton Brand.
(National Archives)

in serviceable condition during its epic flight down Africa and whose names nowadays are all but forgotten when the saga of "Silver Queen" is discussed.

Less than three weeks later, on April 8th, a company known as Airoad Motors was registered in Bulawayo, the first enterprise in Central Africa to concern itself with aeronautics. The directors appear to have had grandiose plans to branch out in all forms of transport, for they advertised their intention to "carry on the business of importing, buying, selling, exchanging, manufacturing in whole or in part, equipping, repairing, altering, taking or letting on hire and generally dealing in cars, coaches, carriages, traps, cabs, carts, omnibuses, cycles, ships, boats, aeroplanes, airships and conveyances of every description propelled or worked . . . by steam, electricity, petrol, oil, gas or any other motive powers . . . or drawn by horses or other animals." All of which seems somewhat ambitious in view of the fact that the company never owned or operated any aircraft, boats or vehicles of any description, and went into liquidation later in the year.

Be that as it may, the following advertisement appeared in the *Bulawayo Chronicle* of May 15th, 1920: "Airoad Motors have pleasure in announcing that they are booking flights per 'The Rhodesian Queen' during Show Week. Apply Aviation Manager, corner of Main St. and 5th Ave."

The aircraft referred to was an Avro 504K, a converted military machine owned by the South African Aerial Transport Co., based at Baragwanath Aerodrome, Johannesburg, and managed by Major A. M. Miller, D.S.O., the pioneer South African airman. Airoad Motors was appointed agent for that company during a proposed tour of Rhodesia by this aircraft.

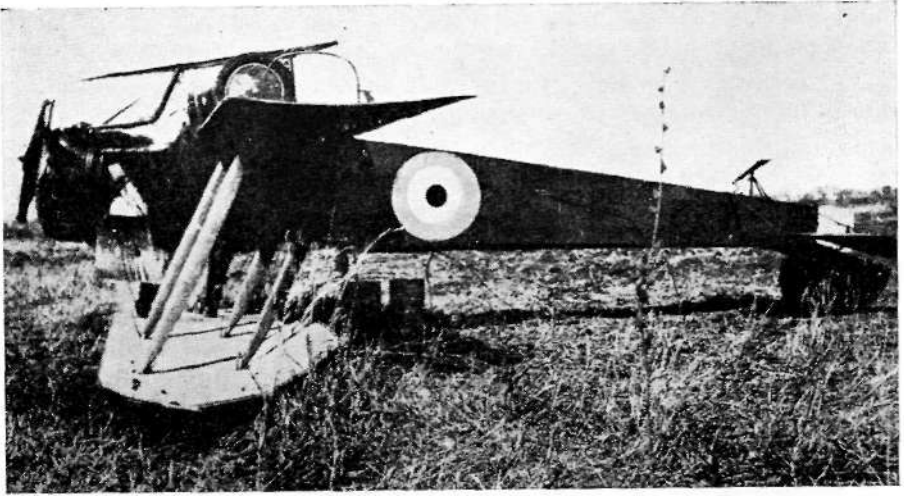
On May 22nd readers of the *Bulawayo Chronicle* were informed: "AERIAL JOYRIDES . . . Mr. C. R. Thompson of the South African Aerial Transport Co. has visited Bulawayo to check the aerodrome in preparation for the visit of the Avro to be christened 'Rhodesian Queen', which is coming from Baragwanath."¹³

The air route from Johannesburg to Bulawayo in those days more or less followed the line of rail and the Avro, flown by Mr. Earl Rutherford accompanied by an engineer, Mr. A. English, landed at Mafeking and Palapye, where some trouble was experienced due to holes in the aerodrome surface, caused by field rats.

The aircraft arrived at Bulawayo on Sunday, May 23rd, and was immediately grounded due to punctured tyres caused by thorns on the landing ground. Upon examination a total of 84 holes were discovered in the tubes and Mr. Thompson relates that "upon the advice of one of the locals we lined the tyres by inserting strips of raw kudu hide between the tyres and the tubes, and this proved satisfactory."

Mr. Thompson was not satisfied with the length of the ground which was available for take-off and tried to persuade the authorities to extend it; however he was informed that a certain Air Force major had pronounced it to be perfectly suitable, and they declined to do so.

On Monday, the 24th, the aircraft was christened "Rhodesia" by the Deputy Mayor, Mr. Clement Dixon. The reason for the change of name is not revealed but, bearing in mind that the "Silver Queen II" had come to grief here



The "Rhodesia" after her accident at Mazabuka, 1920.

(Mrs. A. Werner)



Messrs. C. R. Thompson and Earl Rutherford waiting for passengers at Salisbury, June 11th, 1920.

(C. R. Thompson)

only six weeks earlier, it is possible that the "Queen" part was felt not to be propitious.

After the christening ceremony Mr. Thompson asked Deputy Mayor Dixon to honour him by accepting the opening flight. As the Avro could carry two passengers, Mr. Martin, a director of Airoad Motors, accompanied him on this trip, and these were the first air passengers ever to be carried in Central African skies.

On this initial flight Mr. Thompson decided to demonstrate his theory that the field was too small and he reports: "When taking off I held the old Avro down to the last minute until we were very close to the trees at the far end of the runway, then I "zoomed", which gave the [Deputy] Mayor a real fright, and on landing I told him that we had just 'made it'. He was now convinced that the ground was too small and next morning a gang of convicts cleared another 50 yards of trees, making the take-off much easier."

On Friday the 28th, Mrs. Edwards and Mrs. Pitman were taken up, to become Central Africa's first lady air passengers. Whilst on the subject of ladies, it was reported that Mr. English, the engineer (whose nickname was 'Anglais'), did not relish their presence while repair work was being carried out on the aircraft because "the vocal oil with which mechanics lubricate their feelings when a particularly hard nut has to be tackled is necessarily absent when ladies are around."

Temporarily recruited to assist English with the more menial aspects of aircraft maintenance was an African youth who was given the soubriquet of "Flight Sergeant-Major Ned", and he was surely the first African to be employed in the local aviation industry.

Mr. Thompson recalls that during twelve days of successful flying at Bulawayo their gross takings amount to about £950, and that amongst their many passengers were Mrs. Tom Meikle and her niece and "a Mr. and Mrs. Landau".

On Saturday, June 6th the team left Bulawayo for a tour of the Midlands, Mashonaland and Manicaland during which the towns of Gwelo, Que Que, Gatooma, Salisbury, Rusape and Umtali saw their first flying machine. First port of call was Gwelo; Thompson, as before, went in advance by rail to select a landing area and the aircraft, flown by Rutherford, with English, followed. Rutherford carried a letter from the Editor of the *Bulawayo Chronicle* to the Mayor of Gwelo; also a copy of that morning's paper.

As usual, the aircraft engendered considerable excitement and it was reported that "there was a great demand for flights at £3 3s. 0d. per time".

On the morning of Tuesday the 8th the team moved from Gwelo to Gatooma. Press reports indicate that the aircraft "provided the town with plenty of excitement and it was very well patronised".

Mr. Thompson confirms that flying was brisk at Gatooma, and mentions that "during the tea interval I was touched on the shoulder and found none other than Dr. A. J. MacKenzie, whom I had met when flying at the Kowie near Grahamstown".¹⁴

Mr. Thompson continues: "As English and I were preparing to peg the machine down at the end of the day's flying, a dear old man with a beard

appeared most interested in the aircraft, stating that he was one of the early prospectors and had never seen a flying machine before. I decided there and then to take him for a 'flip'. The old boy was thrilled but when we landed, before I could turn round, he had wandered off into the 'blue', and I never established his name."

From Gatooma a telegram was sent to the Mayor of Salisbury requesting that he arrange a landing area "which should be not less than 300 yards each way, and would be good enough to place a smoke fire in the centre to furnish the wind direction."

"Salisbury race course", reported the *Rhodesia Herald* of June 10th, "has been prepared as a landing ground.¹⁵ The local depot of Airoad Motors is Messrs. Kimpton's, where flights can be booked."

Mr. Thompson had travelled from Gatooma to Salisbury by rail to examine the landing ground, and Rutherford flew the machine up on the morning of Friday, June 11th. The scene is described in the *Rhodesia Herald* of Saturday, the 12th: "Large crowds assembled at the race course yesterday to view the aircraft. . . which was expected at 11 a.m., but was late. Suddenly the hooter at the brewery sent its voice abroad in short spasms, and the aeroplane came into sight. It flew over town first, then approached the race course, and the symbols 'HD 96' stood out prominently in bold type beneath the machine."

"Cheers were raised by the assembled spectators as it came to a halt opposite the grandstand.¹⁶ After landing, Pilot Rutherford and two passengers, Messrs. Ulyett and Thornton of Gatooma, stepped out."

"The Mayor, Mr. George Elcombe, welcomed Mr. Rutherford on behalf of the town, and congratulated him as being the pilot of the first aeroplane to come to Salisbury; and expressed the hope that the day was not far off when aeroplanes would be in daily use in Rhodesia."

The *Herald* continued: "Police had a busy time keeping the crowds away from the aircraft... It was soon announced that a short flight would be made. First passengers in the capital were Mayor Elcombe and his daughter, Miss Margaret Elcombe . . . The pilot this time was Mr. Thompson . . . After the flight the Mayor remarked that he was struck by the beauty of all the gardens."

Numerous flights took place during Friday afternoon and Saturday morning, but flying was suspended on Saturday afternoon due to the races. The oldest passenger to be carried was 74-year-old Mr. William "Mazoe" Smith, who went up on Friday the 11th, accompanied by the Mayoress, Mrs. Elcombe.

Mr. Thompson relates: "We were quartered at Meikle's Hotel—I must mention here that the owner of a large garage, almost opposite the hotel was a tower of strength to us a -ranging petrol, oil, etc. I cannot remember his name."¹⁷

After spending ten days in the capital, the barnstormers visited Rusape and Umtali where they conducted more aerial joyrides. Their visit to these centres was well-timed as in each case the annual show was in progress and the town crowded with visitors.

Upon their arrival at Umtali all offices and stores were closed in celebration and a large crowd gathered at the race course. Having welcomed "the aviators in the first aeroplane to visit Umtali" the Mayor, accompanied by the Town Clerk, was taken for a short flight. Many residents then followed their example.

Mr. Thompson writes: "I have since visited Umtali and, looking at the surrounding country from the top of the hill near the Hotel, I shudder to think of the risk of flying our old string and wire machine over this terrible country. A safe forced landing was absolutely out of the question."

"Rhodesia" returned to Rusape on Monday, the 28th, and there the team spent a few days "resting and visiting the Annual Show" as well as making a number of flights.

On July 3rd they took leave of their friends in Rusape and made a leisurely journey back to Bulawayo, arriving in time for the Rhodes and Founders weekend (Saturday the 10th, to Tuesday, the 13th, 1920).

Next on their itinerary was a visit to Northern Rhodesia; Messrs. Rutherford and English left Bulawayo on the morning of Tuesday, July 20th, carrying "a specially-printed edition of the *Bulawayo Chronicle*". They stopped at Ngamo to refuel, then flew low over Wankie, where some of the papers were dropped, and landed at Livingstone shortly after 2 p.m. Here the remainder of the papers were "circulated gratis".

Mr. Thompson, as was his custom, had gone ahead by rail to arrange a landing ground at Wankie where, it was thought, a landing would have to be made to refuel. He writes: "I spent a miserable trip sitting in the van of a goods train and finally arrived at Wankie at 2 a.m., and was directed to the only hotel there. After much banging on doors I eventually raised the hotel proprietor, who informed me very curtly that the hotel was full, and brushed me off by closing the door. I returned to the station and found a light in a small goods shed, where the foreman-in-charge allowed me to sleep on the hard cement until dawn."

"After a clean-up and a cup of tea I made my way to the Mine and met the Manager, a Mr. Thomson;¹⁸ I explained the reason for my call and enquired if he could fix a landing spot for Rutherford to land and 'fill up', suggesting that he might do a few 'flips' for the staff. He got going immediately and between us we decided that the 5th hole on their golf course would be big enough, provided a few bunkers were filled in. A gang of labourers worked on this and hacked down a large anthill, one of their natural bunkers, and a landing 'T' was arranged."¹⁹

"This accomplished, I proceeded to Livingstone by that evening's goods train, and imagine my surprise when Rutherford arrived there a day early; he did not fancy the landing ground at Wankie, and carried on to Livingstone. I was most annoyed and to this day I am afraid to meet the Manager face-to-face after all he had done."

On the afternoon of their arrival at Livingstone, Tuesday, the 20th, the airmen received a message from the Administrator, Sir Lawrence Wallace, requesting them "to call in for a drink on their way back to the Hotel". His Excellency then expressed a wish to be flown over the Victoria Falls "as low as possible, as he wished to photograph the rock formation."

Next morning, after Mr. Thompson had granted His Excellency's wish, the usual aerial joyrides took place, the first fare-paying air passengers in Northern Rhodesia being "Miss Ely and Mr. Brooker, followed by Mr. and Mrs. Selby, then Mr. Hartley and Miss Fisher."

On Tuesday, 27th July, "Rhodesia", flown by Mr. Thompson, left Living-

stone for Broken Hill, via Kalomo, carrying Mr. and Mrs. Werner. Mr. Werner, says Thompson, "was associated with Mr. King in a large mealie farm at Mazabuka, and he had crossed the Kafue in the first ox-wagon, also had been in the first train to cross the Kafue Bridge, and now wished to be the first to fly across it."

"Just before leaving" continues Mr. Thompson, "Mr. Werner objected to the price we were charging to fly him to Broken Hill, and mentioned that as we were going there anyway 20 guineas would be sufficient and not 60 guineas as quoted. I suggested that he make a similar proposition to the Station Master—that as his train was going to Broken Hill £1 per head would be ample. Mr. Werner chuckled and said, 'Thompson, you win'."

The aircraft landed at Kalomo to refuel and took off for Broken Hill rather later than was intended; thus, as there was some doubt that they would reach their destination before dark, Mr. Werner suggested that they spend the night on his farm near Mazabuka. Thompson agreed, and they landed on a small ploughed field near the farm-house.

After landing, it was suggested that Werner's two nieces be taken up for a 'flip',²⁰ which was done, but upon landing the rough surface caused the aircraft's undercarriage to collapse and she nosed over on to her back. Spare parts had to be ordered from South Africa and it was almost exactly a month before the tour could be resumed.

In the meantime Mr. Thompson was called back to Johannesburg, and after the damage had been made good, Messrs. Rutherford and English, on Sunday, August 1st, flew the Avro from the Mazabuka farm to Broken Hill.

On their way back to Bulawayo a few days later the engine developed a defect soon after leaving Livingstone, and Rutherford landed at Wankie to investigate.²¹ The plugs were found to be faulty and a delay of several days was incurred awaiting replacements from South Africa.

On September 17th "Rhodesia" paid another visit to Livingstone, this time carrying a representative of African Films Ltd., who wished to secure some aerial cine pictures of Victoria Falls.

On the return flight to Bulawayo on the 24th Rutherford was dismayed to find, upon landing at Ngamo to refuel, that the expected petrol stocks had not arrived. He took off again, hoping that there was sufficient in his tanks to reach Bulawayo. But progress was retarded by a brisk headwind, and with tanks almost dry, he was forced to land in a maize field near Nyamandhlovu. A small quantity of petrol was obtained from a local farmer, a path was cleared through the maize and the machine made a successful take-off, completing the journey without further incident.

Before leaving the country the Avro made a final trip to Umvuma, where "large numbers of local residents took to the air" during the week-end October 1st to 4th.

"Rhodesia" left Bulawayo at 10.30 a.m. on Friday, October 8th, 1920, on her return flight to South Africa after a successful 4-1/2-month visit during which many thousands had their first sight of an aeroplane, and hundreds enjoyed their first flight.

South Africa was evidently not yet ready for commercial aviation, for the

South African Aerial Transport Co. ceased operations about a month after the Avro's return from its Rhodesian tour, and went into liquidation early in 1921. Major Miller, its manager, was forced to seek employment in the field of commerce, and in December, 1921, he came to Bulawayo "to take charge of the Union National and General Assurance Co."

There can be little doubt, however, that the Major's heart was still in aviation, and a few months later, on May 10th, 1922, a notice appeared in the *Bulawayo Chronicle* informing the public that "a project is on foot to establish a commercial aviation company in Bulawayo with the idea of developing aerial transport;... Major Miller is to take a leading part in the enterprise. Many local people . . . have offered to help with capital. A meeting is to be held in the Manager's office, Palace Theatre, on Thursday, 11th May to discuss the project."

On May 16th the *Chronicle* reported: "Commercial aviation is to have a real chance in Rhodesia—a limited liability company is to be formed, known as Rhodesian Aerial Tours, Ltd. . . . two-thirds of the necessary capital was found within three hours yesterday."

"The first aeroplane is to be an Avro which will be flown up from the Transvaal.²² It is hoped to have this first locally-owned aeroplane here in a week to ten days . . . perhaps it will be flying over Bulawayo on Empire Day."²³

This was not to be, for Major Miller left Bulawayo for South Africa by rail on May 23rd. He was further delayed in Johannesburg because, as the *Chronicle* put it: "all available mechanics are busy helping to mobilise the Union Air Force, as aeroplanes are being used to quell the Hottentot uprising in South West Africa."²⁴ The Avro requires an overhaul as it has been lying in a hangar for several months."

On Thursday, June 1st, the *Chronicle* reported that: "Major Miller is still delayed due to lack of mechanics. If news of his departure is received today, information on his progress will be posted on a board at Messrs. Wells and Co.'s Motor depot in Main St.—near the Charter Bar."

Major Miller, accompanied by mechanic A. C. Walker, eventually left Johannesburg on June 6th and, flying via Zwartkops, Zeerust, Artesia, Palapye Road and Francistown, reached Bulawayo at 10 a.m. on Sunday, June 11th.

On Tuesday, the 13th, the *Chronicle* stated: "Rhodesian Aerial Tours start regular flying today. Pamphlets advertising tonight's film at the Palace Theatre, 'The Battle of Jutland', were dropped from the aeroplane over Bulawayo yesterday afternoon. Flying hours are from 7.30-11 a.m. and from 2.30 p.m. to dusk. Seats may be booked at the Motor Cycle Supply Stores in 8th Ave., and at the Aerodrome."

The Major then decided to display the aircraft at other centres in Rhodesia; thus on June 23rd and 24th the public were urged to book their local flights without delay as "a lengthy tour of Rhodesia is contemplated."

Additional attractions were now being laid on at the aerodrome: "Teas, light refreshments and chairs will be provided on Saturday afternoon and Sunday by the Cecil Cafe Co., while on Sunday afternoon the Cecil Cafe Orchestra will give musical selections."

On July 1st came the announcement that Major Miller would commence

a tour of the Midlands on Wednesday, the 5th, and that "Mr. M. J. O'Donnell of 'Peter Dawson' Whiskey fame is to be a passenger—the first commercial engagement of an aeroplane in Rhodesia."²⁶ Mr. Monte Wolffe is business manager for the tour."

Major Miller, with passenger O'Donnell and mechanic Walker left Bulawayo for Gwelo at mid-afternoon on Thursday, July 6th, but, encountering a strong headwind, was forced by failing light to land and spend the night at Shangani. Next morning the journey was resumed and the party landed at Gwelo at about mid-day, to be welcomed by a large crowd. Mr. O'Donnell broached a case of Peter Dawson whiskey and "free sundowners were liberally distributed."

The aeroplane remained at Gwelo for a few days, then, on July 12th, flew Mr. C. E. Gilfillan, a "well-known land surveyor, who had never seen an aeroplane before" to Umvuma. The following day the Major flew back to Bulawayo, returning to Umvuma on the 22nd. He must have found the atmosphere of this little town to be either agreeable or profitable, or both, for this time he stayed there for a fortnight.

Next there appeared a report in the *Rhodesia Herald* of Saturday, August 5th: "Major Miller is expected in the capital tomorrow . . . he has permission to land on the race course; he is expected to return immediately to Umvuma, but intends coming up in Show Week (8th and 9th August) when the aeroplane will be available for local flights. Bookings may be made at Messrs. Kimptons."

Next morning, as planned, the Major flew from Umvuma to Salisbury and back, then, after lunch he went to Que Que, where he carried out aerial joyrides. On Monday, the 7th, he flew from Que Que to Gatooma, then on to Salisbury; and this time he was able to use the new landing ground which had been prepared "on the commonage adjoining the Showgrounds."²⁶

The Major's visit to the capital coincided with the annual Agricultural Show, opened that year by General Smuts, and the city being crowded, he was kept busy satisfying the demand for aerial joyrides.

On the morning of Sunday, August 13th, Major Miller left Salisbury bound for Rusape and Umtali, accompanied by mechanic Walker and Mr. A. R. Morkel of Ceres Farm, Shamva, who was to attend a sitting of the Water Court at Umtali.

It was reported that "after a pleasant flight an excellent landing was made at Rusape at 8.45 a.m. After breakfast the flight was resumed; however, while taking off a changeable wind caused the aircraft to swerve into small trees, which "broke the impetus, but the right wing caught a large tree, and was badly damaged."

Later Major Miller stated: "It has been decided to repair the aircraft at Rusape; it will, however, be some weeks before it will be available for further flights."

The machine never flew again; Major Miller remained at Rusape for a few weeks, presumably awaiting the agreement of his co-directors in Bulawayo to foot the repair bill. It seems reasonable to suppose that they, however, preferred to cut their losses and to wash their hands of the whole affair, for Rhodesian Aerial Tours went into liquidation on November 22nd, 1922.

Major Miller returned to South Africa,²⁷ where he later founded Union Airways (forerunner of South African Airways), and aviation in Rhodesia lay dormant for the next five years.

NOTES

1. Major Court Treatt, an able and adventurous man, had made a hazardous journey from the U.K. to Timbuctoo shortly before World War I, and was later to achieve fame for his leadership of a Cape to Cairo motor expedition (September, 1924, to January, 1926).
2. The author has seen a photograph of the wreckage, and the term "miraculous escape" seems to be no understatement.
3. By Nile steamer to Aswan, thence by rail to Cairo.
4. Spare engine components were taken aboard at Khartoum, including, very sportingly, some cylinders for *The Times* Vimy, in case they should overtake it.
5. The tenuous atmosphere at this altitude would adversely affect the performance of a low-powered aircraft of this type.
6. Then capital of Northern Rhodesia.
7. A term denoting "railway" used 15 years later by pilots of Rhodesian and Nyasaland Airways.
8. i.e., five minutes after the aircraft's departure from Broken Hill.
9. The aircraft was No. H 5648, named "Voortrekker" (Pioneer).
10. The D.H.9, being a two-place aircraft, no accommodation was available for Newman and Sherratt, who therefore followed by rail.
11. "Early events in history of flying in S. Rhodesia", by N. H. D. Spicer (in *New Rhodesia*, v. 14, 12 Sept., 1947, p. 22).
12. Sir Pierre, who rose to become Chief of the General Staff, Union Defence Forces, retired to his farm near Pretoria in 1949.
Sir Quinton, after a distinguished career in the R.A.F. and the British Air Ministry, came to Rhodesia, where he now lives quietly on his farm near Umtali.
13. The author is indebted to Mr. C. R. Thompson, who lives in Johannesburg, for some of the information included in this article.
14. Those who remember the Kowie (Port Alfred) in the 1920's may recall that aviators used to land on the flats near the Lagoon. The author operated an aircraft from those flats in 1934.
15. The old race course, west of Rotten Row, now the site of the Civic Centre.
16. Near the present position of the Rhodesian College of Music.
17. Kimpton's Garage, which stood on the south-west corner of Stanley Avenue/Second Street.
18. Mr. A. R. ("Wankie") Thomson.
19. A "T"-shaped wind-indicator, so placed as to denote the correct landing direction, used in the absence of a "wind-sock" or smoke-fire.
20. Press reports quoted the names of the ladies concerned as "Mrs. Richards and Miss McDonald".
21. Presumably Rutherford then made his peace with Mr. "Wankie" Thomson for having "boycotted" the town on the earlier flight.
22. This machine was one of five Avro 504K's owned by the now-defunct S.A. Aerial Transport Co.; there thus exists a 20 per cent chance that it was the "Rhodesia", which toured the country 18 months earlier.
23. May 24th.
24. The "Bondelswart" rebellion of May, 1922.
25. This report was erroneous—as has been seen, pilot Rutherford was commissioned to fly a representative of African Films from Bulawayo to Livingstone in September, 1920.
26. This aerodrome remained in use until 1956. In 1940, upon the establishment of an Air Force Training School there, it became known as "Belvedere". The road leading to it was called Belvedere Road many years before the aerodrome was so named.
27. He died at his home in Port Elizabeth in October, 1951.

... of women who left their mark

by PHILIPPA BERLYN

September 12th will come again and with it the nostalgic, sometimes sentimental, memories of the people who played a part in building the foundations of our country. The pioneers were for the most part men. The women came afterwards, Mother Patrick and her nurses, the wives and fiancées of the men, and those others who had the brashness and initiative to come up on their own.

Whatever the reasons for their coming, it was these women, many of them unobtrusive, their names often unrecorded, who provided the climate in which their men could build and develop Rhodesia, from wild bush into civilisation. A woman has many functions in a pioneering country. The maintaining of standards is one of these.

Apart from attending to the more practical side of life, there were women in the early days of Rhodesia who supplied a stimulus to the beginnings of a culture which would be specifically Rhodesian. While they did not necessarily produce great literature, or great contributions to the other arts, they did nevertheless produce some contributions. What they wrote about or painted was often published outside Africa. Their efforts helped to put another, gentler side of Rhodesia before the world.

In the front rank of these women is Gertrude Page, Mrs. Alec Dobbin in private life, who made an established name for herself as the writer of best selling novels in the early part of the century. Miss Page, who was the daughter of a British M.P., married Captain Dobbin, and early in their married life they came to live in Rhodesia, on the Home Farm, which is better known today as Borrowdale Brook. From there they moved to the Umvukwes, to Omeath Ranch. It was in the beautiful surroundings of the Umvukwes that Miss Page produced some of her best work.

She was a prolific writer. Her books were usually set in Rhodesia, her heroes of the sun-burned English public school type, her heroines maidenly though sometimes flirtatious, and the whole added up to a remarkably clear picture of her adopted country and the people who lived in Rhodesia at that time. Occasionally a glimpse of Gertrude Page herself was seen in the presentation of an aspect of philosophy, or in the description of the countryside as it was seen through her eyes.

"I think ... of the toll they have exacted from the white man ere they yielded to him—of the bitter price of Empire, written in a land like this, not upon fair white pages in neat black type telling of prowess and splendid endurance, but in white, bleached bones lying out on the hill-tops and in the valleys, where the forerunners fell unnoticed and unsung, making the pathways for those who should follow."

A fore-runner herself, Gertrude Page often gave her readers something to think about.

Her writing career, which began with the *Girl's Own Paper*, soon graduated to best selling novels and several of these were dramatised and even filmed.

Best known of her works is the book turned play, *Paddy the next Best Thing*, which had a good run on the London stage.

While she was probably better known than the other women who wrote or painted in Rhodesia, not only for her novels and plays, but for her leader page and feature articles, Miss Page had plenty of competition.

The woman who, to my mind, produced work of the highest standard but who is comparatively little known, is Miss Alice Balfour. Published in December 1895, her book, *Twelve Hundred Miles in a Waggon*, is a factual history of her own journey to Rhodesia. However, *Twelve Hundred Miles* was almost more significant for the magnificent sketches which were also drawn by the author. These sketches provide an accurate picture of the country through Alice Balfour's eyes, and incidentally provide also a record of some of the African customs, material culture and musical instruments before the turn of the century. There is a sketch book of Miss Balfour's in the Rhodesian Archives, which shows that this lady was not only a good author, but a competent artist. She painted with delicacy and cleanness of line, capturing the individual colouring of the Rhodesian countryside. It is a matter for conjecture as to why her beautiful water colours have not been ranked among the best produced in Rhodesia. Her work compares favourably with that of Thomas Baines.

Another novelist, of a lighter vein than Gertrude Page, was Cynthia Stockley, a relation of Captain Greenfield who was killed with Wilson at Shangani. Stockley was her married name, but after the death of her first husband she married again, in 1916, E. Pelham Browne, better known as 'Bunco' Browne. Cynthia Stockley was born in Bloemfontein, and her own life was colourful. She travelled over to England and to the United States and she not only acted on the stage, but was a journalist as well, not a usual career for a woman of her era. She wrote a number of novels, the film rights of one being sold for £500, and earned some dubious comment over her 'racy' style. The titles of her books lend some clue as to their type, and also of course to their setting ... *Blue Aloes*... *Virginia of the Rhodesians*... *Ponjola* (this incidentally being one of the books criticised for its uninhibited writing). . . *Wild Honey* . . . *Kraal Baby* . . . *Tagati*. . . However she used her subjects it is obvious that Miss Stockley was as much dedicated to Rhodesia as was Gertrude Page.

She was an extremely good-looking woman, but her life was not a particularly happy one. Her son Pat died in 1923; she came in for some heavy criticism from Lord Buxton who said that women novelists had besmirched Southern Rhodesia. She eventually committed suicide while living in Bayswater, London.

There was also Mrs. Sheila MacDonald, a writer in a different category altogether, who left behind in a series of books—*Sally in Rhodesia*—the simple and charming catalogue of her own life in her Rhodesian home in Avondale.

These women were essentially writers, people with the need to express their thoughts and ideas and what they saw on paper, to be recorded for a later generation. However, there were others, who though they were not necessarily

writers in this sense, also felt the need to record their lives and experiences in the exciting new country of Rhodesia.

There was, for instance, the splendid Sister Blennerhassett, who was employed by Bishop Knight Bruce to start a hospital at Umtali, and who walked from Beira to Umtali to fulfil her contract. She recorded her experiences in a book entitled *Adventures in Mashonaland*. With us today, and a living legend is Mrs. Jeannie Boggie, who wrote *Experiences of Rhodesia's Pioneer Women*, and who is one of the great characters of Rhodesia.

There was Melina Rorke, who gained the Royal Red Cross for her work in the Boer War, and who wrote colourfully of her adventures; the quiet Mrs. Nancy Rouillard, daughter of Matabele Thompson, who edited her father's autobiography and who visited Salisbury as recently as 1962 to see if her father's promises to the Africans were being carried out. She said then :

"From what I can see the policy of this Government here does offer Africans a fair place in this country."

She lives in Natal at the present time.

The women who never receive mention are those who operated unobtrusively in the background, helping their husbands. One of these was the wife of J. T. Bent, who worked and wrote about the archaeology of Rhodesia. Still quoted today as one of the authorities on Zimbabwe is Miss Caton-Thomson, who conducted research and wrote of her findings.

The debt Rhodesia owes to these women is considerable. It was Gertrude Page who saw . . .

"her beloved country dictating to The Transvaal and heading the Nations of South Africa."

There is one common factor shared by these authors—their beloved country.

Rhodesia's Light Railways

by A. H. CROXTON

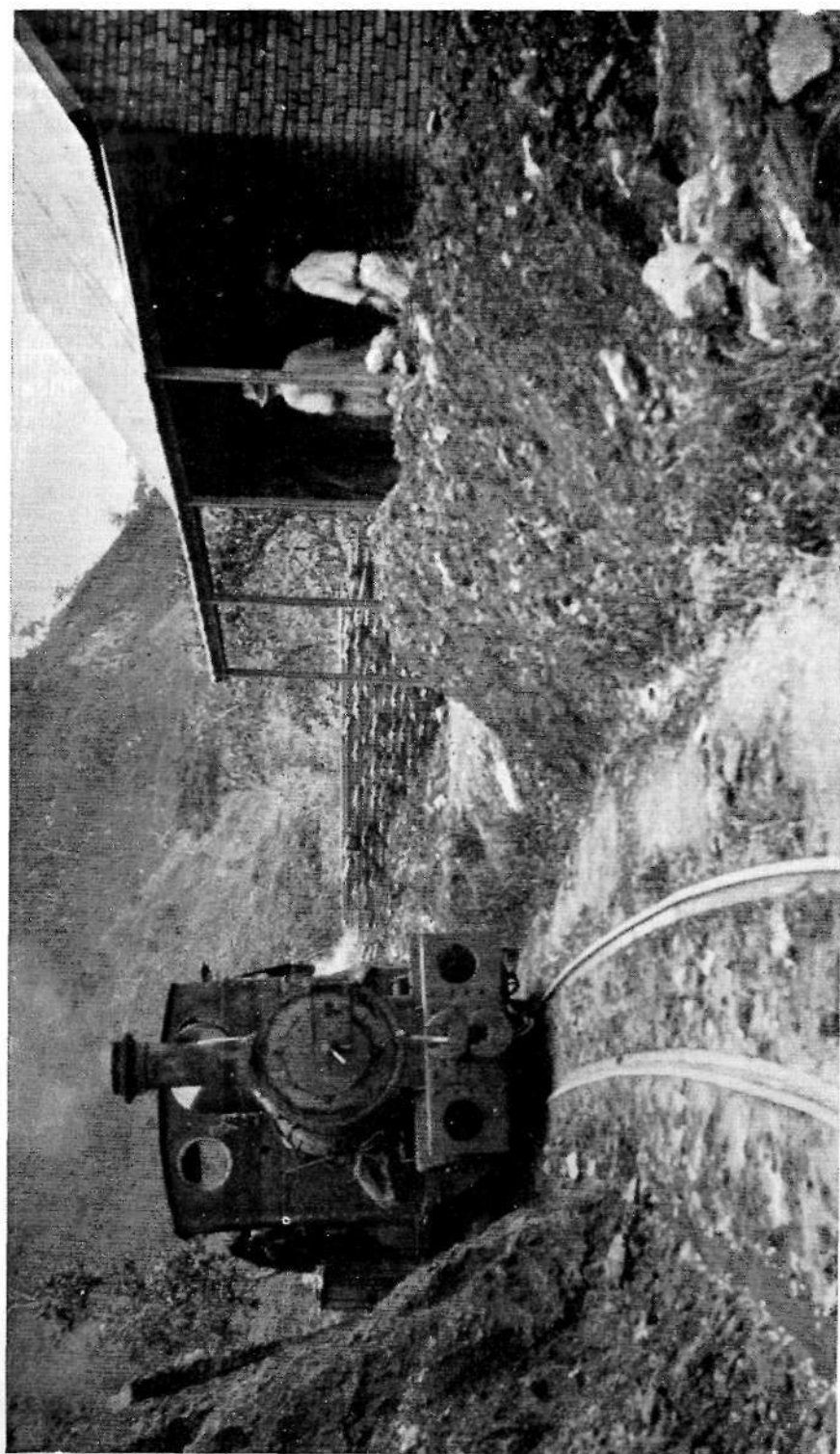
In these days of tarred roads and heavy diesel lorries which meet the transport needs of the outlying districts away from the Rhodesia Railways system it is often forgotten that narrow-gauge light railways were constructed by various Rhodesian concerns to meet their private requirements. It has been felt worthwhile to try to put together as much as possible before all the oldtimers' memories have faded and the incomplete records have disappeared. Even now it is difficult to trace some of these fascinating early railways, which were mostly constructed to the 2-ft. gauge in the period between 1914 and 1930, mainly in connection with mining and timber cutting. However, several such railways have been recorded and they give an insight into the ingenuity of those early engineers pioneering in the bush, often with very little help.

The most outstanding is the *Selukwe Peak Light Railway* as this is the only 2-ft. gauge railway still in operation in Rhodesia. It shows no signs of falling into disuse; indeed, it is more active than ever and is very near to its 50th anniversary, while an extension—a branch line—was opened as recently as November, 1964. So it is deserving of first place in any account of the Rhodesian industrial light railways.

Owned and operated by Rhodesia Chrome Mines, Ltd., it connects their chrome mines with the Rhodesia Railways branch line terminus at Selukwe, where the chrome company has private sidings for loading the ore into main line trucks. Originally the narrow-gauge line was laid with 20-lb. rails for about 1 1/2 miles by the Rhodesian Metal Syndicate in 1916-17 from near Selukwe station to Magazine Hill, but in 1918-19 the line was extended by Mr. G. Musgrave, then consulting engineer to Rhodesia Chrome Mines, for the remaining 4 1/2 miles to Selukwe Peak in order to serve the extensive chrome deposits in the hills there. All earthwork was done by contractors with hand labour and those who know the district will appreciate the heavy work involved in the hilly country. At that time the line included a reversing station at about 1 1/2 miles from Selukwe, where the engine ran round its train before setting off again to the Peak, crossing its original path by a girdered overbridge. In 1959 this reversing station was eliminated by the addition of about half a mile of new track, involving considerable earthwork only made possible by the use of modern earthmoving plant. The original 20-lb. track was soon replaced by 40 and 45-lb. rails and in 1961 a start was made on putting down 60-lb. rail in place of the lighter track. The maximum gradient on the line is 1 in 45 and the maximum radius of curves 220 ft. so that the engine power has to work hard in hauling the chrome from the Peak across the hills into Selukwe.

This little railway has had quite a fleet of engines, one of the first being, it is believed, the 0-6-0* tender locomotive named "Hans Sauer" which had been

* This notation indicates the wheel arrangement of the locomotive. The number of leading wheels is given first, followed by the number of coupled wheels and then the number of trailing wheels. Thus 4-4-0 indicates two leading wheels on each side, followed by two wheels on each side coupled together, and no trailing wheels. (*Ed.*)



"Hans Sauer" on the Selukwe Peak Light Railway, about 1924.

(A. H. Croxton)

working on the Salisbury-Ayrshire narrow-gauge line, which was converted by the old Mashonaland Railway to the standard 3-ft. 6-in. gauge in 1913; (see "Lomagundi", by C. T. C. Taylor, in *Rhodesiana*, no. 10, July 1964).

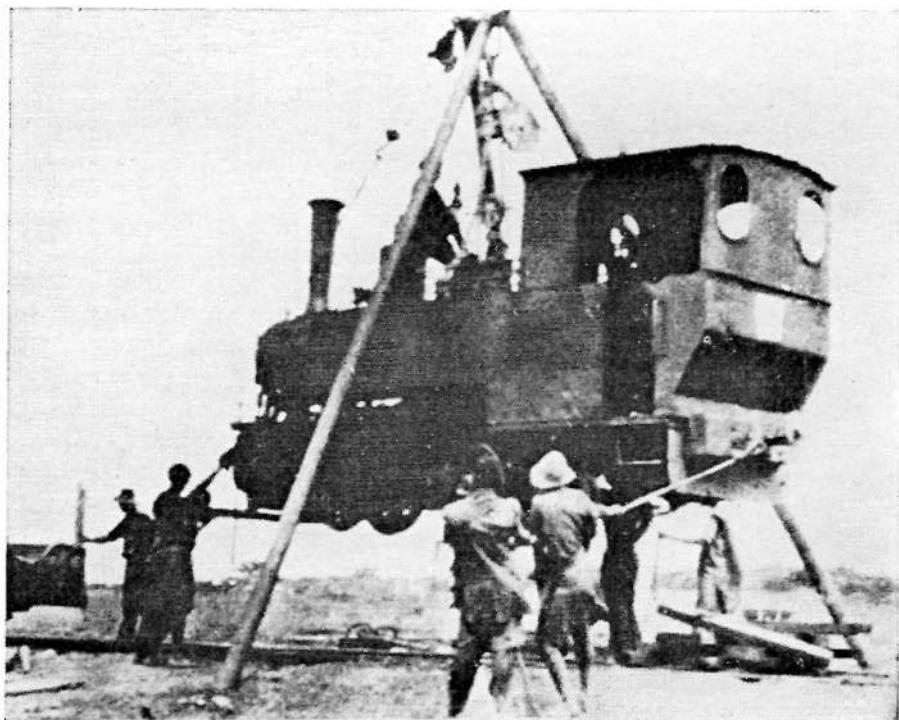
This famous little engine had been left at Banket and was used to recover the old disused track to the Ayrshire Mine and was then stabled. It had been built in 1905 by the Hunslet Engine Co. of Leeds to the order of the Ayrshire Gold Mine and Lomagunda Railway Co. and was originally a side-tank engine but had been converted to a tender locomotive and the side tanks removed during its service on the Ayrshire line. In 1920 "Hans Sauer" was joined by one of the original narrow-gauge Beira Railway engines of the 4-4-0 type built by the Falcon Engine and Car Works, of Loughborough, in 1896. This engine had stood idle with many others at Vila Machado, then known as Bamboo Creek, after the widening of the Beira Railway in 1900 to standard gauge, until in 1915, with twelve others, it was bought by the South African Railways to supplement their engine power on narrow-gauge lines during the war years. It then became S.A.R. N.G. No. 104 and was used for several years in Natal until it was bought by Mr. Musgrave for Selukwe. Eleven years later, still bearing its S.A.R. numberplate, this engine, now S.P.L.R. No. 2, was sold again, this time to the R.N.T.C. for a logging line at Umgusa.

Gradually, as the chrome production increased, the need for shunting engines at the Peak and Selukwe terminus led to further locomotive purchases and two small Orenstein and Koppel 0-6-0 and 0-4-0 tank engines were obtained from the Lonely Mine for £100 each. These needed expensive reconditioning as they had been built in 1910-12 but they served their purpose. One was later named "Margaret". The rolling stock on the line had also grown and the steel bogie wagons carrying 6 tons of ore rose to 130, while two carriages were in service for employees travelling to and from the Peak.

In 1926 the first of the side-tank locomotives built by Peckett and Sons, of Bristol, for the Selukwe Peak Light Railway came into use. These builders specialised in engines for industrial railways and supplied three 0-4-2 type engines, each weighing 21 1/2 tons. They were named "Ivy", "Mary", and "Karen". Two more Orenstein and Koppel 0-4-0 tanks were bought in 1935 for shunting, these being only 7 1/2 ton engines; they soon rejoiced in the names "Popeye" and "Buckeye" and were conspicuous with their high chimneys and large spark arresters on the top. In very recent years these two have been donated to the Wankie Railway Recreation Club and the Gwelo and District Light Railway Society for the amusement of children, young and old, and to earn funds for local charities.

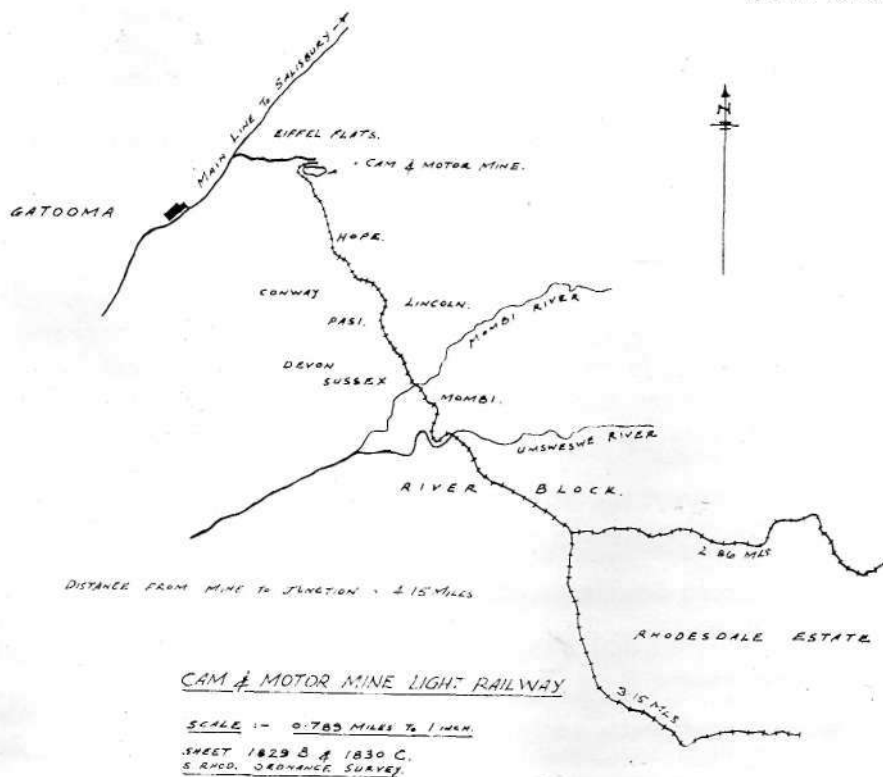
In recent years the change from steam to diesel locomotives commenced and a 30-ton Hudswell Clarke 188 h.p. diesel came into use in 1959, this being capable of hauling 16 trucks of ore compared with nine trucks by the steam Pecketts. A second diesel, a 12-tonner of 94 h.p. built by the Drewry Car Co., followed and most of the trains are now operated by these diesel engines, with the steam locomotives as stand-by. Two small diesels have also been purchased for shunting.

In busy times as many as eleven trains a day in each direction were run with the well-kept green liveried Peckett steam engines and for this the track



0-4-0 Tank Engine loaned by the Cam and Motor Mine to Premier Portland Cement Company being off-loaded by shear legs at Cement, about 1925.

(H. W. Collins)

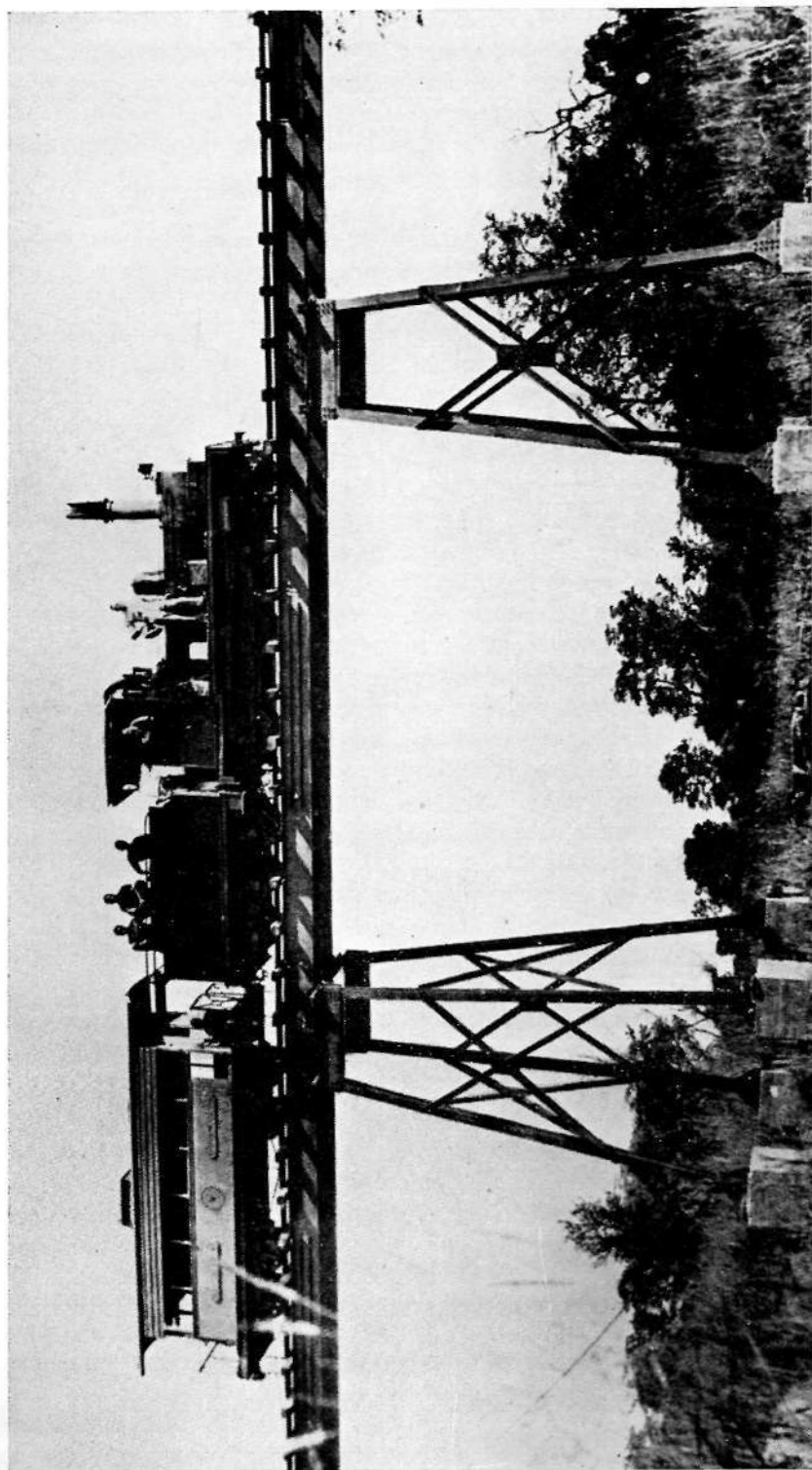


had to be well maintained. It is stone-ballasted and a platelayer with a gang of labourers is continually employed. About half way from Selukwe the line goes over the ridge of hills and drops in a series of curves through cuttings and along ledges on the southern side of the range with magnificent views towards Somabula and beyond, until it runs into the Peak terminus. The journey takes about 45 minutes from Selukwe.

In November, 1964, a new branch line, 2 1/2 miles long, was opened from Selukwe to the Railway Block Mine and at the opening ceremony Mr. G. H. Parkinson, General Manager of Rhodesia Chrome Mines, stated that 8,300,000 tons of chrome ore had been moved out of Selukwe by Rhodesia Railways since the mine had started operations. A goodly proportion of this tonnage had been carried over the narrow gauge Selukwe Peak Light Railway, whose future seems well assured. As the Peak is one of the beauty spots of the Midlands a visit is repaid by the views with the added attraction of being able to see the unusual little trains snaking along below the road.

From Selukwe we move to Cement siding and to the *Premier Portland Cement Company's Railway*. Old residents of Bulawayo will recall the shrill whistle and clatter-clatter of a train crossing the original Bulawayo-Essexvale road near the present turn-off to the Weizmann Club. A small locomotive hauling a string of little wooden trucks piled high with lumps of limestone would hurry across the gravel road on its way from the quarry on Claremont estates to the factory of the Premier Portland Cement Company at Cement, then a siding on the Rhodesia Railways main line. This factory which celebrated its jubilee in 1963, drew its supplies of limestone first from deposits on the Tuli Reserve and later from J. L. Mitchell's farm, some 16 miles away. To bring in the limestone the Company built a 2-ft. gauge light railway in 1916 and this line wended its way southwards over the undulating country from Cement past the Tuli hill and along the watershed of the hills beyond the Weizmann Club—not then in existence—to a crushing plant and loading-bank in the Tuli Reserve. Traces of the railway formation and of the loading-bank, where primary drilling and breaking of stone took place, can still be seen by the observant user of the wandering roads in the area.

To haul the trains of limestone to Cement locomotives were, of course, required and in wartime new narrow-gauge engines were most difficult to obtain. Eventually one was bought second-hand from a firm at Sinoia for £450 and this had quite a history as it was another of the original Beira Railway locomotives built by the Falcon Engine and Car Works in 1896. It had worked on the Beira-Umtali line until 1900 and had then been moved to the Salisbury-Ayrshire line which, as mentioned before, was converted to the wider gauge in 1913. A second engine of the same type, also used on the Ayrshire line, was bought and later on, in 1919, when the cement demand increased after the end of the war, a third ex-Beira Railway locomotive was purchased. This last one came from the South African Railways and was similar to that which had gone to the Selukwe Peak Railway. It is a tribute to British steam locomotive builders that, after standing some 15 years in the tropical climate of the Pungwe Flats, one of these little engines had been capable of repair and, after a further life of usefulness on the S.A.R., could still return north for active work in Rhodesia.



The bridge over the Umsweswe river on the Cam and Motor Mine's light railway, with an ex-Beira Railway locomotive of 1897. The carriage came from the Ayrshire line of 1902-13.

(A. H. Croxton)

These products of the Falcon Works had burned firewood in the old days, but at Cement they went on to Wankie coal. They acquired the names "Cement 1", "Cement 2", and "Cement 3" and cast nameplates were fixed on the cab sides. Weighing only 12 tons, with a 6-ton tender holding two tons of coal and 780 gallons of water, these engines hauled on each trip six trucks carrying in all 30 tons of limestone, the load being limited by a 1 in 26 grade. At its peak this 16-mile railway was running four to five trains daily in each direction, with occasional trains at night. On one occasion in the wet season the line gave way and a trainload overturned, causing the death of one African and injury to several more who were riding on top of the limestone.

When the demand for stone rose still further another deposit on Mitchell's farm in the Claremont area was opened up and a 2-mile branch line built to the site. So that the 'main line' could be continued at full capacity with the three old Beira locomotives, a small German-built four-coupled tank engine was hired from the Cam and Motor Mine where it had been hauling sand for stope filling. This little tank engine was brought to Cement in a Rhodesia Railways truck and offloaded by block and tackle on shear-legs. Later it was returned to the Cam.

By 1928, however, the limestone supply was inadequate for the rising cement demand and the Premier Portland Cement Co. looked around for a better supply. This was found in the hill at Colleen Bawn, from whence present-day supplies are obtained over the West Nicholson branch line. So ended an interesting Rhodesian light railway, but the gallant little Beira Railway locomotives still had many years of steaming ahead of them and two were sold to Susman Brothers (Rhodesian Timbers) who operated a light railway into the forests on the south bank of the Zambezi above the Victoria Falls.

Next is the *Cam and Motor Mine Light Railway* of which there was mention above. The famous Cam and Motor gold mine operated for many years a 2-ft. gauge railway from their plant at Eiffel Flats, near Gatooma. This line was slightly older than the Cement Company's railway as it was started in 1915 to bring in supplies of firewood for the Mine's roasting plant. In those days the bush was dense and firewood-cutting contracts were quite a lucrative business for the bush-loving old Rhodesians. The Cam and Motor needed about three thousand cords of wood a month and originally the Mine light railway ran about 25 miles in a northerly direction towards Chigwell, crossing the then Beira and Mashonaland Railways main line to Salisbury on the level some six miles from Gatooma. As a protection against collisions a cottage was provided by the Railway Company for a level-crossing keeper. Messrs. Wiggins and Konser were the wood-cutting contractors at this time, and were followed by Konser and Wotherspoon.

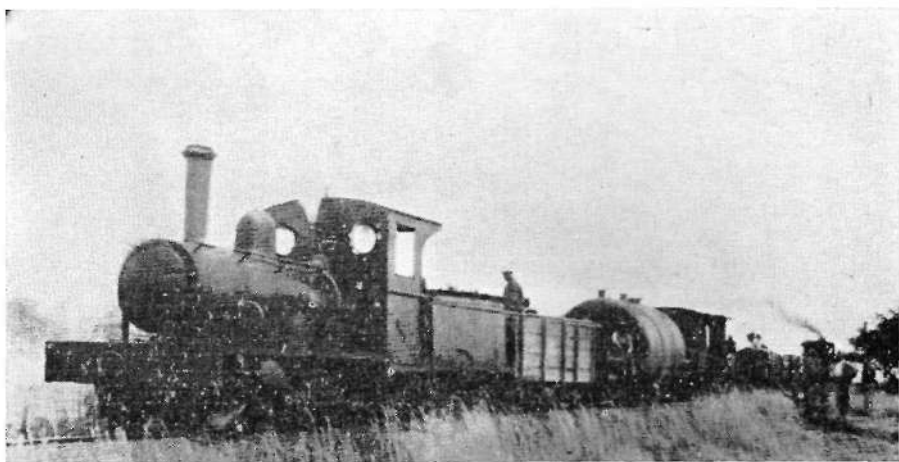
Later on this line was pulled up and relaid from the Mine for some 15 to 20 miles in a southerly direction, crossing the Mombi and Umsweswe rivers. Both these rivers were regularly in flood in the wet season and their original mopani trestle bridges were washed away occasionally in storms. Later well-constructed high-level bridges, with a combination of timber and steel girdering, were erected for the railway. The line eventually reached a total length of 32 miles. About 4 1/2 miles out from the Mine the line divided into two branches on

to the Rhodesdale Estates and here, from 1922, Mr. James J. Conway and his family took over the firewood cutting and rail transport to the Mine. After Mr. J. J. Conway's death in 1935 the family continued to operate the business.

Three ex-Beira Railway 4-4-0 locomotives (Nos. 40, 42 and 44), similar to those at Cement, had been obtained from the old Ayrshire branch line by the Cam and Motor for their railway system and these gave good service. No. 40 was scrapped on the mine about 1930, but the other two, after re-boiling, survived in use until the railway was abandoned in 1946, when the mine roasting plant was converted from wood to Wankie coal. Fifteen bogie wagons were obtained from the Ayrshire line and most of these were stripped down to their frames and used to carry firewood cut on the estates. A little passenger carriage used on the Ayrshire was bought for the use of the timber surveyors to measure up the country cut for firewood, for inspection of the line and bridges in the rainy season, and best of all, for occasional picnic parties for the families living on the mine at Eiffel Flats. One can imagine the thrill such an excursion gave to the children in 1915 when a motor car was still a comparative rarity in the country districts.

Two unusual incidents which occurred on the Cam and Motor railway have been recalled by Mr. H. W. Collins, who was resident engineer at the mine. On one occasion a rhino charged one of the old Beira locomotives, bending the coupling rod and entangling its horn in the engine frame. The coupling rod had to be dismantled to extricate the dead rhino and so get the engine in for repairs. On another day, as a train was passing by a vlei near the Umsweswe river, a baby elephant was seen by the driver to be stuck in the mud. A herd of elephants had trampled around, but the ground was too soft to enable them to get the baby out and they had left it. The engine driver, with some help and by using some planks, hitched the little elephant to his locomotive with a long rope and the pull of his engine succeeded in releasing the baby from an untimely end.

In the 1920's the Cam and Motor needed extra engine power and enquiries



Trains crossing on the Premier Portland Cement Company's line, 1920-30. The locomotive is an ex Beira Railway 4-4-0.

were made for another locomotive. An unusual eight-coupled 12-ton tank engine, built by Henschel of Berlin, was located at the Golden Kopje Mine outside Sinoia and this was purchased. It bore a brass name-plate "Giant", and proved to have been imported by a Mr. Knutsford, firewood contractor to the Giant Mine at Gadzema in pre-war days. This gold mine, after operating for some ten years, had closed in 1917 and eventually the little "Giant" engine was sold to the Golden Kopje mine. But how to get it to Sinoia cheaply? Nothing daunted the Rhodesian mining old-timers. The available light rails and sleepers were laid down into the bush and the "Giant" set off with its little wagons towards Sinoia, the sections of track being picked up on to the wagons behind the little engine and laid down ahead again as progress was made across country. The locomotive was kept watered by a team of oxen hauling a water cart filled from the nearest stream. So the little train made its journey through the bush from the Giant Mine at Gadzema to the Golden Kopje near Sinoia, but history does not relate the time the trip took. Later on, the same method was used to take the "Giant" engine to the railway station at Sinoia for conveyance by rail to the Cam and Motor, where this adventurous locomotive ended its days.

What is probably an almost unknown railway is the *Susman Brothers Logging Line*. This good example of a forest logging light railway was operated by Susman Bros, from a point on the south (Rhodesian) bank of the Zambezi above the Victoria Falls. It was connected with the Zambesi Saw Mills Ltd.'s standard gauge (3 ft. 6 in.) line on the north (Zambian) bank of the river. The Zambesi Saw Mills Railway had been built from Livingstone to Malanda, via Katombora, to tap their own forest concessions and at a point about 30 miles from Livingstone a branch line to the Zambezi was constructed to handle logs cut by Susmans, who held concessions extending into the forests on the Rhodesian side of the river. This project was commenced in 1930 with the Zambesi Saw Mills building a pontoon out of local mahogany on site and so providing a ferry service for the timber cut in the Susman forests. Near the pontoon the Z.S.M.R. had their terminus with two sidings, one on each side of a narrow gauge (2 ft.) siding which led from the pontoon to ramps over which the logs were rolled from the narrow-gauge trucks, which had come over the river, into the Z.S.M.R. trucks for haulage to their sawmills at Livingstone.

On the south bank of the river there was a small camp for the staff, while sidings formed a terminus of the Susman railway which ran many miles into the forests. The fitter-driver of the locomotives had a large thatch shack as workshop with bench, vice and drilling machine. One 1,000-gallon overhead tank served by a well supplied the engines, which first comprised the two ex-Beira Railway Falcon-built 4-4-0's bought in 1931 by Susmans from the Premier Portland Cement Co. near Bulawayo. These little engines had six-wheeled tenders but the centre pair of wheels had been removed to reduce derailments on sharp bends and rough points and crossings; they still carried their nameplates "Cement 1" and "Cement 2".

From the Zambezi pontoon the light railway ran across undulating sand vlei tapping the forest into which branch lines of 18-lb. rail were laid and over these oxen hauled the loaded trucks of logs to the 'main line'. The main line

crossed many dambos and valleys between the wooded areas of the Malatwe forests, passing Westwood farm en route. This farm was owned by Mr. Evelyn Wood, a wealthy bachelor, who enjoyed life at the end of a 20-mile sand road from Victoria Falls village. As the Malatwe forests were worked out the line was extended to Leseima on the border of Bechuanaland and eventually crossed into the Protectorate itself to a point near the Kasane motor road.

Apart from the two locomotives bought from the Cement Co., one of which was scrapped in 1932, two other engines with interesting histories came to the Susman railway. One was a side-tank engine built by Kerr, Stuart and Co., of Stoke-on-Trent, in 1921 for the Arcturus Mine. This had been offered for sale at a derelict zinc mine near Lusaka where it had recently worked, and it was purchased in 1933. This 0-6-2 tank was found to be too heavy for the forest track which was mainly 25-lb. rail, and Mr. R. T. Cook, the fitter-driver, removed the side tanks and attached the spare tender from the scrapped Cement engine. By this means engine derailments were no longer a frequent cause of trouble and though the appearance of the locomotive was unusual it did a good job of work by hauling nine bogie trucks of logs with a gross load of about 120 tons, with grades of 1 in 66 against it.

The other locomotive was another ex-Beira Railway Falcon 4-4-0 which had been working in Natal and the Eastern Cape on narrow-gauge lines since 1915. This was S.A.R. No. NG 105 and it had acquired an eight-wheeled tender in the Cape, so gaining greater water and wood fuel capacity. This much-travelled little engine was brought to the Zambezi in 1935 and after the Susman project closed down No. 105 and the Kerr, Stuart tank were sold to Rhodesian Native Timber Concessions and Igusi Sawmills respectively.

Gradually the lines extended farther into the forests and the cut areas grew and lengthened the rail trips. As each trainload of logs arrived at the river terminus five narrow-gauge 'flats' of logs were carefully let down the sloping bank to the slipway, controlled by a hand winch, and so ran on to the pontoon which was then pulled across the Zambezi. On one occasion the trucks were let down too fast and were only stopped by the winch brake when the leading truck had gone over the pontoon and into the river; this pulled the end down and the pontoon flooded. First the logs had to be shifted, and then the trucks, before the pontoon could be refloated. Then in 1934 heavy floods rooted the pontoon cable out of the river bank when the ferry was about 70 yards out from the slipway; a snatch-block gave way at the same time, causing the pontoon's nose to dip, and the five trucks of timber moved forward and down went the pont into a deep part of the Zambezi with the bottom at about 15 ft. below surface. It was three months or so before the river level dropped enough to start salvage work and this disaster put the pontoon out of commission for a year. Such were the vicissitudes of operating a combined rail and river service!

Gradually the forests were cleared, and by the time the light railway had extended 30 miles from the pontoon crossing, the long haul, coupled with the heavy Bechuanaland timber royalties, resulted in the project closing down in 1937; the quaint little locomotives were sold to pastures new in other Rhodesian timber cutting concerns.

Another of the timber logging lines was the *Igusi Sawmills Light Railway*.

This little railway was constructed by the late Mr. Ian Forbes, who operated sawmills at Igusi siding to deal with timber cut in the bush country to the west of the Rhodesia Railways main line running from Bulawayo to Wankie. In this area there are large stretches of forest with Rhodesian teak and mukwa, suitable respectively for railway and mine sleepers and for furniture making. During World War II the demand increased so Mr. Forbes decided to lay down a light railway system into his cutting area and in late 1940 he obtained a second-hand Kerr, Stuart 0-6-2 tender locomotive and a quantity of rails from the Susman Brothers Logging line described above.

The country was mainly level and sandy so that laying the line did not provide much difficulty in construction, though two small bridges over streams were built using the teak from the forest, the timbers being bolted together.

Initially the line was some 8 miles long and 25-lb. rail was used but as the cutting proceeded deeper into the forest area the line eventually ran for 22 miles. The track was strengthened with 8 miles of 60-lb. rail in place of the 25-lb. while a further 14 miles of 45-lb. were put down. Locally-cut timber naturally provided the sleepers and wood fuel was used by the locomotives. Water for the engines was drawn from deep boreholes and hand-pumped into overhead round galvanised iron tanks fitted with hose-pipes to fill the engine tenders.

A small 0-4-0 tank engine built by Orenstein and Koppell of Berlin had been obtained to supplement the original locomotive, but by 1948 it was necessary to find more reliable power and two engines were purchased from the Cam and Motor Mine. These were ex-Beira Railway 4-4-0 tender locomotives Nos. 42 and 44 which, with ten flat bogie wagons, cost £750 at the time of sale. This rolling stock had become disused at the Cam and Motor, who were now largely using coal for fuel. These two engines, built at Loughborough in 1897, had worked on the Ayrshire Railway before their last job. For several years the Igusi line was operated with one engine in steam running on an average two round trips into the forest every day, the second engine being a stand-by or under repair. About 14 trucks of rough construction were used for the logs which were offloaded at the sawmills at the Igusi main line siding. Mr. J. E. Marzorati took over the sawmills from the late Mr. Ian Forbes in 1948 and carried it on until 1956. He has kindly assisted with information on this typical logging light railway.

This does not claim to cover all the light railways of Rhodesia but research is not easy at a distance of 40 to 50 years. Readers will have noted reference to the Giant and Golden Kopje gold mines, operating in the pre-1914 days, and it is believed that their light railways were for firewood cut in the nearby bush for mine purposes. The Lonely Mine was another to use a light railway, probably also for firewood.

The Planet Arcturus gold mine in its rather isolated position endeavoured to persuade the Mashonaland Railway to construct a branch line from Ruwa siding, on the main line near Melfort, to provide transport to and from the

mine. A survey was actually undertaken in 1914-15 but the Railway Company did not pursue the matter. Nevertheless it is recalled by old-timers that a narrow gauge light railway was built and that an "Arcturus Express" provided some sort of service. It will have been for this that the Kerr, Stuart side-tank engine supplied in 1921 was utilised.

The Rhodesian Native Timber Concessions (R.N.T.C.) were the operators of several logging lines into the forests along the Bulawayo-Dett section of Rhodesia Railways' main line in the years between about 1925 and 1950, and timber was brought in to a number of loading points, such as Gwaai, Grants, Umgusa and Mpindo sidings where in some cases sawmills were erected. These lines were worked by a variety of small steam locomotives, including some of those mentioned above, and it is on these temporary logging lines that several of these worn-out heroes ended their working lives.

While some prominence may have been given to the locomotive angle in the history of these light railways it was so largely upon the reliability of these quaint little steam engines that the success of these 'industrial' lines depended. That these locomotives gave such good service for so long shows very great credit to the few fitters and drivers who looked after their machines, usually in the most primitive conditions with little plant and seldom any spare parts. It must have been a case of constant improvisation and ingenuity and to these men must be paid special tribute.

Much of my research has been by correspondence with old-timers, some of whom I have been fortunate enough to meet and question while examining their interesting old photographs. To these gentlemen, and other friends who have assisted, my grateful thanks are due. My hope is that this article will bring to light news of other light railways.

Notes

"RHODESIANA" No. 13

The Editor regrets that this issue which is dated December, 1965, and should have been in members' hands during January, 1966, has been delayed. Together with the special issue in September, 1965, this completes the return for their subscriptions for 1965. The next issue is due in June, 1966, and there is every reason to believe that it will be ready in good time.

E. E. B.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The Rhodesiana Society held its Annual General Meeting at the National Archives on November 18th, 1965.

The Chairman's report on the activities of the Society during the past year was read and adopted. The Chairman's proposal that in view of the fact that two issues of *Rhodesiana* are now published each year, and also because of greatly increased printing and postage charges, that the annual subscription be increased to £1 10s. (or \$5.00) per year from 1st January, 1966, was adopted.

Mr. H. A. Cripwell was unanimously re-elected Chairman for 1966 and Mr. M. J. Kimberley was likewise re-elected Honorary Secretary. The following members were elected to the Committee:

Mr. E. E. Burke	Mr. R. Isaacson
Mr. V. F. Ellenberger, C.B.E., I.S.O.	Mr. B. W. Lloyd
Colonel A. S. Hickman, M.B.E.	Rev. Fr. W. F. Rea, S.J.
Dr. R. C. Howland	Mr. G. H. Tanser
Mr. H. R. G. Howman, M.B.E.	Mr. R. W. S. Turner

A vote of congratulations to the Editor, Mr. E. E. Burke, on the excellence of *Rhodesiana* No. 12, was carried unanimously.

Immediately after the meeting Dr. R. C. Howland presented a colour film which he had recently made, entitled *The Changing Face of Salisbury*, which was followed by a talk by Mr. G. H. Tanser on the *History of Highlands*. Both the film and the talk were received with acclamation.

R. W. S. T.

MEMBERSHIP

The total of paid-up Members of the Rhodesiana Society as at 31st December, 1965, was 547.

This figure derives as follows:

Members as listed in <i>Rhodesiana</i> No. 12	551
Add new Members from 1st August to 31st December, 1965 +	38
Less resignations from 1st August to 31st December, 1965 ..	- 4
Less Members removed from the Roll for non-payment of subscriptions due on 1st January, 1965.	38

M. J. K.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES "OCCASIONAL PAPERS No. 1"

A series of *Occasional Papers* was initiated by the National Archives of

Rhodesia and Nyasaland in 1963 and one issue was published before that organisation ceased to exist on the dissolution of the Federal Government at the end of that year.

The National Archives of Rhodesia has now issued the first of a similar series, deliberately called "Occasional" as there is no fixed interval of publication. They provide opportunity for publishing the results of research by members of the staff and also a vehicle for the reproduction of original documents of historical interest in the Archives collections.

This issue, illustrated, of 82 pages, is obtainable at 7s. 6d. either from the Government Printer or from the National Archives. Requests by post should be sent to the former at P.O. Box 8062, Causeway, Salisbury. The National Archives has copies for cash sales on the premises only.

The contents of this first issue are:

"Two kinds of Central African history", by J. A. Edwards, (an examination of the historiography of Rhodesia).

"Twenty-eight days in 1890", by E. E. Burke, (edited reports by Lieut.-Col. E. G. Pennefather on the selection of the site of Salisbury and the commencement of administration).

"A dam on the Zambezi", by J. W. H. Moore, (the history of the concept of a dam at Kariba).

"The development of Southern Rhodesia's military system, 1890-1953", by L. H. Gann.

E. E. B.

WHERE WAS IT?—No. 1, ORTONS DRIFT

Mr. G. D. B. Williams, of Johannesburg, has contributed a series of topographical conundrums, of which this is the first:

Ortons Drift! Somehow the name attracted me, what was it, where, who was Orton, why? I never quite knew where it was until I met "Copper" Edygar-Jones at a party in Johannesburg. During a conversation about Rhodesia, the name Ortons Drift cropped up, "Copper" suggested that if I would care to see it, why not drop in at Central Estates (just north of Umvuma) on one of my trips to Rhodesia, it was on the property. The next trip I did was organised by aeroplane. "Copper" met me at Umvuma airstrip and I spent the night with him at Central Estates.

He showed me the old transport road from Gwelo to Salisbury via Fort Charter, that is the section of it which ran from Gobo through Central Estates to Ortons Drift, which incidentally can easily be followed both by car and plane.

He showed me what he thought was an old staging post, which he likes to call Victoria Post Station, surrounded by granite outcrops except on the north. The old road came in through a small break in the hills on the west side. On the south one could see where a passage had been made through another break; all the stones had been removed so that access to a stream, for water, was made possible.

Some seven or eight miles to the E.S.E. was Ortons Drift, which lies some

400 yards to the south of the present main Umvuma-Enkeldoorn road bridge over the Sebakwe River (Greater).

The drift was first opened, as far as I can make out, in about 1894, and possibly earlier. I have no idea who Orton was, and the Archives have found no record of him, as yet; there was an Orton at Ballyhooley, E.S.E. of Salisbury in 1896, who was apparently a chemist, but there seems to be no link between the two people.

Ortons Drift was made of stones, which appear to have been laid on edge right across the Sebakwe from normal flood height on both banks. In 1961 the drift could still be negotiated by Volkswagen, and jeeps, Landrovers, etc., use it on occasions, which says a great deal for the workmanship put into its construction. The wheel marks of the various conveyances which used the drift can still be seen on the stones.

There was an hotel on the north bank of the river, stables, which are still in use, and a post office agency, which was close to a gigantic thorn tree to the north of the hotel. The new house, built in 1953, was erected on the site of the old hotel; between the stables and the river is an open space in the bush which, no doubt, was the outspan, much used during flood periods when the vehicles could not cross. An open space on the south bank, some 300 yards away, could have been the outspan for that side of the drift.

There are no visible marks of ropes or cables having been stretched across the drift to help transport to cross during the floods, such as is seen at Fort Tuli.

Since Umvuma was non-existent in those days, the roads—there were two of them—tended to follow the watershed which ran to the N.W. of Enkeldoorn, to Fort Charter.

The southern road is the one on which Ortons Drift is sited, and is the later of the two. There were two drifts over the Sebakwe, the northern drift most likely was used by early transport, and the southern most likely by the coach service to Salisbury. Some twenty to thirty miles to the north west, there was another drift over this river, but this was on the Ingwenia-Concession Hill road.

On taking off from Umvuma, the next day, I tried to search for these roads from the air. They can be seen, but like many of the old coach and transport roads of Rhodesia, they get mixed up with cattle tracks, and roads which have been more recently made and used, and abandoned—nevertheless, they can be seen in places.

The Postal Agency at Ortons Drift was established in 1894, and abandoned in 1908; probably due to the opening of Enkeldoorn in 1897, and the completion of the railway from Salisbury to Bulawayo in 1902.

Should anyone know who Orton was, I would like to know about him.

The occupiers of Ortons Drift in 1962 said they would tap local knowledge on the history of the place, but apparently they have had about as much success as I have had.

OLD TATI AND PANDAMATENGA

Mr. E. C. Tabler writes, from America:

On July 11th. 1965. I was privileged to accompany Mr. S. J. Rosenfels's

expedition for the purpose of rediscovering Old Tati, the historic settlement in north-eastern Bechuanaland that was the outgrowth of the first gold rush in Southern Africa, 1868-70. Able assistance was rendered by Messrs. T. Murgatroyd, Albert Greef, Desmond Fleet and John Rosenfels, and Mrs. S. J. Rosenfels was a most efficient commissariat officer.

From Stokestown Farm near Mangwe we motored south to Brunapeg, Mr. Greef's homestead, and then crossed the Ingwesi River on a new concrete bridge to M'phoengs Police Post, where Signal Hill came into view. The Umpakwe River was crossed about four miles below the old drift on the Hunters' Road, which was thereafter followed for several miles. That historic trail, once found, is easy to follow; there are many long straight stretches between thorn or mopane, the earth bare and packed hard, with here and there eroded wheel ruts. After getting over the wide sandy Ramaquabane River at the old drift we passed into the Tati Concession area of Bechuanaland and had to do some bundu bashing to keep on the Hunters' Road. The country contains many gold workings, ancient and modern, and some prospecting holes look quite new. We lunched at the abandoned Vermaak Mine, where the two old stamp mills are marked:

F. Issels & Son, Bulawayo.

Fraser & Chalmers Ltd., Erith, England. No. 2195

The group of comparatively modern holes and shafts there surrounds an indubitable ancient working.

Beyond the Vermaak all our guides were rather at a loss, so we followed farm roads leading in the general direction of the Tati River. At that stream bed we stumbled onto the farmhouse of Mr. Greyling, who led us four miles downstream to show us "the drift that Rhodes made", which, however, did not answer the description of the site; this old drift leads onto the north bank in a narrow space between kopjes and was probably that of the coach road. Mr. Greyling's son guided us round the downstream kopje to a group of graves, one of which is fenced with wrought iron and is covered by a slab reading: IN MEMORY OF / JAMES TAYLOR / OF KLERKSDORP / TRANSVAAL / BORN IN ABERDEEN, / SCOTLAND / DIED 23RD MARCH / 1878 / AGED 40 YEARS. Taylor was the partner of Thomas Leask in the latter's famous store at Klerksdorp, and he died at Old Tati, the location of which was proved by the presence of his grave. There are five unmarked graves nearby, one a child's, probably that of the McMaster infant who died in 1870, and three others may be those of Harley of the Glasgow Company (died 1870), Father Fuchs (died 1880) and Father de Wit (killed 1882).

Old Tati was in a large level area ringed by kopjes on east and west, while the ground slopes upwards to a low ridge on the north, where a ruined house called "the hotel" can be seen. The drift of the Hunters' Road is visible and old diggings are everywhere. We saw the top of a mysterious tower behind some kopjes downstream, perhaps an abandoned headgear or stamp mill.

It was then late afternoon and there was unfortunately no time to search for the traces of the first houses and stores or to make other investigations. We returned to Stokestown via Warmley Police Camp on the Ramaquabane, the

Ingwezi-Ramaquabane junction (an impressively wide bed of sand), M'phoengs and Brunapeg.

During a stay in Wankie National Park I visited the site of Pandamatenga, George Westbeech's trading station, on July 19th. Sir Hugh Beadle kindly put me in the way of obtaining the necessary information and help in the Park, and Mr. Max de Villiers was good enough to accompany my wife and me as guide and interpreter. One goes north on the Falls Road from Robins Camp for about fifteen miles to a well-marked intersection and then turns left for above seventeen miles on a good road and past farms with names such as Venter and Van Rooyen on their signboards. Pandamatenga Spruit is crossed to the low hill on which Westbeech's station stood.

Mr. de Villiers states that the place name is derived from a verb *tenga*, to buy, and *mpanda*, the name of a tree, so that it means "the *mpanda* tree where trade was done".

There is a new police camp on the hill, and the buildings would prevent much archaeological investigation. The old Zambezi Road, still well-marked, runs parallel to and just beyond the Bechuanaland-Rhodesia boundary fence at the western foot of the hill. Numerous old rock-covered graves are located on the south side in a vlei or flat that is said to have been cultivated by the Jesuits. An older group at the foot of the hill contains eleven graves near a grove of small trees. Six of these that look to be the oldest are in a row, with five in a row behind them. Farther south are twelve others in a group.

Mr. Scott-Rodger of the British South Africa Police took us into Bechuanaland, to beyond the Matetsi River, to interview Banika, the headman of a "Bushman" settlement, a collection of widely spaced groups of huts. The people seem much mixed. Banika told us in Afrikaans that his father was Martins (Martens?), a gunbearer for Westbeech, and he identified the six oldest graves as those of Agos, one of Afrika's hunters; an African; Henry's wife; Henry, a European; Klaas Afrika's daughter; and Klaas Afrika's first wife, Sigolo, a Matabele. However, he doubtless was thinking of another lot of graves, for the six oldest and the trees behind them resemble the sketch in Serpa Pinto's *How I Crossed Africa* (London, 1881), v. 2, pp. 171-2, where five graves, which were then marked, are identified as those of Jolly (died 1875), Frank Cowley (died 1875), Robert Bairn (died 1875), Baldwin, and Walter Carey Lowe (died 1876). The sixth might be that of Father Weisskopf (died 1883), or of Brother Allen (died 1885), of the Jesuit mission.

Mr. H. A. Cripwell, in a letter to Mr. Tabler, commented on the suggested derivation of the name Pandamatenga. His views, quoted from his letter, are:

A tree bearing the Shona name of *Mupanda* and the Ndebele one of *acita-muzi* is described in the Official Bulletin (No. 1663) issued by the Ministry of Agriculture and Lands here; it is *Lonchocarpus capassa* Rolfe. A characteristic of this tree is the way in which certain insects at one period of the year congregate on it and cause a flow of liquid to fall to the ground; there is a full description on pages 325 and 328 of *Trees of Central Africa* by the Coates-Palgrave family (National Publications Trust. Rhodesia and Nyasaland, 1956); the latter work indicates it is widely distributed, being recorded from the Victoria Falls and

Wankie, and many other places in Rhodesia. In the Wankie area the Palgraves give the name as from the Lozi; I know it myself. While we are on trees there is a very similar name, *mupondo* and *mupondoondo* in Lozi, for another tree in the same area of Wankie, the *Bauhinia petersiana* Bolle.

So we have *mupanda(ma)tenga*; I am not sure what "ma" means; following de Villiers's idea it may be "where there is" so "the mupanda tree (or trees) where there are things to buy". It is interesting to find in a booklet *Lore and Legend of Southern Rhodesia*, published by the Chief Information Officer, Information Services Branch, Division of Native Affairs, Salisbury, in September, 1960, the rendering *mpandamatenka* and this explanation of the name: "It is of Mnanzwa origin and means 'inviting trade'. It is often pronounced mpandamatenga which suggests Ndebele origin: the verb root *panda* means 'to scratch around, to seek out' and *tenga*, 'to buy'. This confirms the 'inviting trade' theory . . ." I will return to this suggestion later.

All this is particularly interesting to me as I was stationed in the Wankie District for two terms, amounting to several years in time, when I met certain old-timers such as Albert Giese, H. G. Robins, F. E. O. Dixon, Edward Annesley Gibson and J. W. Soper, since they usually camped for the night in my quarters when they came to civilisation; P. M. Clark I met once; they always used the rendering *pandamatenka* in their regular rambles into past local history. Unfortunately I never visited the place as there was then, nearly forty years ago, no track beyond Robins's place, Tom's Farm (now Wankie National Park Main Camp, I believe). A friend of mine, now pensioned from Bechuanaland Government service, agrees with the spelling with a "k"; he was stationed at some time or other at all the posts along the common boundary with Rhodesia, Zambia and South-West Africa (the Caprivi Zipvel).

On receiving *Africana Notes and News*, Vol. II, No. 6 (March, 1955), I noticed the accompanying map to your article used the spelling with the "k"; who drew this? But in a later number of the same volume, No. 8 (September the same year) you used the "g" version, drawing attention to the alternative spelling in section (22) of the account and putting (?) after the name Pandamatenga you drew on your map. I wonder if you will tell me how you arrived at your decision? I suppose the writing of *The Far Interior* went on alongside the articles which appeared in *Africana Notes and News*. In that work Map No. I has the "g" in the name while the left portion of No. II-A has the "k"; the notes to this particular chapter (1)—Nos. 36 to 40—use the name only once, with the "g".

Of course, I have not all the references you have set out but this is what I have found in support of the two renderings. Pandamatenka:—Holub, at page 99, vol. 2, calls the place Panda me Tenka and indicates "traffic with natives". On pages 42 and 381 of *The Far Interior* you refer to Westbeech's founding of his station at Pandamatenga, at the headwaters of the Matetsi river, but do not say who named it; it is unlikely that it was in any area inhabited by human beings, other than wandering Bushmen, being infested with wild animals—you say "beyond as far as the Zambezi were the scattered remnants of the Makalanga and the Banambiya". Oates, at page 243, uses the rendering Pantamatenka, "a comparatively healthy spot". Williams, at page 95 of *How I became a Governor*,

refers to Pandamatenka; by that time there must have been people living about as he says he got "together about thirty natives as carriers". Selous, at page 277 of *A Hunter's Wanderings ...*, mentions Pandamatenka, recounting how he had met Westbeeck and other hunters and traders there. I have already indicated the Chief Information Officer's booklet. Depelchin and Croonenberghs in *Trois Ans dans l'Afrique Australe*, vol. 2, at page 252, seem to prefer Pantamatenga but have this note: "On trouve d'autres manieres d'ecrire ce nom, telles que: Patamatenga, Pontamatenga, Pandamatenka, Panda ma Tenga, Pata mateng, etc."; the map in this volume uses the spelling Panda-ma-Tenka. Gibbons in *Exploration and Hunting in Central Africa*, at page 201, also uses Pandamatenka; while Mathers, at page 442 of *Zambesia, England's El Dorado in Africa*, has Pandamatenka "established there for many years with the sanction of Khama, and of his predecessors". And finally you have not altered Richard Frewen's use of the name in his "Journal" in *Zambesia and Matabeleland in the Seventies*, recording three renderings by him on pages 142 and 143—Panda Matenka, Pandamatenka and Pandamatinka—while sticking to the "g" in your introduction.

Those using Pandamatenga in addition to what I have just said are Coillard, at page 139 of *Sur le haut Zambeze*, so naming the place he wrote from on 17th July, 1884, and saying the establishment is "flanque de quelques buttes indigenes"; his rendering at page 60 of *The Kingdom of the Barotse* is Panda-Matenga and a note is made that "the territory formerly re-taken (sic) by Lobengula, the king of the Matabele, an unspeakably cruel race of robbers, showing no mercy to their prisoners, and the terror of the surrounding tribes". Schulz and Mannar, so far as I am able to say of those times, of those set out by you on page 47 of *The Far Interior*, are the only ones who attempted an interpretation of the name; on page 31 of *The New Africa* they say "Panda Matenga, so named after a native chief, called Panda, who first traded there, and 'tenga' to buy, is a little village composed of some thirty huts". Depelchin and Croonenberghs I have already quoted and they make the same comment about the number of huts. It is singular that Lobengula enlisted an impi from these parts and southward which was given the name Empandeni and described as "from the grass roots" or "scratched together"; it is recorded by Maund in Blue Book C. 4643 (1886). I have been unable to trace any chief in these parts with the name Panda which in Ndebele is "root (like a pig)" as a verb and *impanda*, "a root", a noun. I wish I could work out a translation which would be more appropriate than those we have; I incline to the view that something in Sechuana or the allied dialects will solve the puzzle. As, no doubt swayed by your representations, we have the Federal Atlas map No. 18—"Map showing routes of the early European travellers in the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland" (1964)—using the spelling with the "g": the decision has been taken.

Reviews

W. V. Brelsford. *Generation of Men*. Stuart Manning (Pty.) Ltd., P.O. Box 1736, Salisbury, for the Northern Rhodesia Society, 1965. 154 pages, 12 illus., index. 21s.

Recently, in a school history lesson, a student who had listened to a talk on the Pioneer Column which entered Mashonaland in 1890 remarked, "I had never thought of the Column as being made up of different men to whom different things happened." His remark indicates the tendency to forget that history is made up of the cumulative efforts of a great number of individuals, some of whom achieve great importance while others become forgotten.

Mr. Brelsford's book *Generation of Men* is a landmark in the account of the way in which the area of Central Africa, now called Zambia, was converted from a wild, undeveloped country in which there were tribal wars and slavery to a state in which law and order prevailed and where violence was no longer permitted.

The book has appeared at an opportune time when so much is being said and written about colonial rule and the terrible effects its paternalism had on those who were subjected to it. *Generation of Men* proves that under such a system the indigenous peoples of Northern Rhodesia were, in a comparatively short time, and with very little help from them, brought from the bondage of many small but cruel and brutal tyrants to the control of an administration which respected justice and gave fair treatment to black and white.

It was inevitable that among these first pioneers were those whose actions and behaviour would not be tolerated now, but they needed to be tough since they were dealing with, and living, often singly, among primitive tribes who had little respect for human life. Yet, as Mr. Brelsford asserts, these first officials were respected, for the African always respects a strong man, whether black or white, who knows what he wants and is determined to get it.

The amount of research, reading and interviewing that Mr. Brelsford carried out before such a book could have been written must have been prodigious. But all researchers are not good writers and frequently the results of their work, when written, become dull and prosaic. The writing in *Generation of Men* is clear and concise and the anecdotes, stories and legends bring out the differing characteristics of each of the individuals so that the reader is able to visualise the sort of man he was and the manner in which he could be expected to behave.

It is very pleasing that the stories of some of the lesser known persons, the farmers and hunters, the missionaries, all of whom played their part in the development of the country, have been included.

It is a pity that a map was not provided; this, apart from giving information to the ignorant, for whom the country of Northern Rhodesia is, as likely as not, looked for in a continent other than Africa, would have added much to the pleasure of readers in learning the location of the places where the incidents, some grave, some amusing, but all interesting, happened.

Generation of Men is a book which should have a wide reading public and should have an impact on those who are only too ready to condemn the European

pioneers without whom the self-governing country of Zambia would not have reached, in so short a time, its present prosperous condition.

G. H. TANSER

L. H. Gann. *A history of Southern Rhodesia: early days to 1934*. Chatto and Windus, for the National Archives, 1965. 354 pages, map, index. 55s.

The *Concise Oxford Dictionary* (Third Edition, 1938) defines "History" as "Continuous methodical record of public events, study of growth of nations, whole train of events connected with nation, person, thing, etc." After reading what Dr. Gann has written I feel that much in it is outside that definition. The Director of the National Archives of Rhodesia says in the preface "Rhodesians have therefore stood in need of a general history that would meet the cations of scholarship whilst throwing some new light on the creation of our plural society". The Director is satisfied that what Gann set out to do he has done. I agree with him; the top half of page 278 and the last page (335) set out that attainment better than I can; but I will quote a sentence from the former: "The intellectual climate of opinion differed from the accepted thought of the following generation". At times I was worried by expressions such as "As far as one can tell", or "As far as one can judge", which somehow seemed to imply that the facts may not support the conclusion arrived at, or that there should have been some other conclusion.

Much hard work has been put in, particularly from the documents in the National Archives, in setting before the reader the mind of the individual who is being quoted or described; much of this material is unknown to anyone but the student and must provide food for thought since much of it seems different to what is usually understood to be the case. What Gann calls "secondary literature" is all that is usually available to the public. I found it a disappointment that such stand-bys as *On the South African Frontier* by William Harvey ("Curio") Brown, *With Rhodes in Mashonaland* by D. C. de Waal, *A Nobody in Mashonaland* by C. E. Finlason, and *Zambesia, England's El Dorado in Africa* by E. P. Mathers were not included in the select bibliography. Is it because they are by men of no particular academic attainment, concern the events of the day, some still accepted as accurate, some rejected as figments of the imagination, by men of the quality usually expressed by the Press as of "lay-historians"?

I am afraid the space given to the doings of the "Mocaranga, the proto-Karanga", much of it outside the boundaries of what is now (Southern) Rhodesia, and of the Matabele prior to their occupation of the southern and western half of it, seems to me to be inappropriate. The former seem to have left the scene to let in the VaRozwi who may have been in occupation and control a hundred and more years ago until dispersed or reduced by the Swazi or some other tribe emanating from the south and in front of the Matabele. It is a fact that there is still considerable Rozwi influence in both Ndebele and Shona thinking today and it is hoped a trained anthropologist will sometime tackle the subject—it would appear that J. V. C. Rukara has begun the groundwork.

So far as a sequence of events is concerned Gann may have satisfied a wider circle of readers had he not felt he must be selective, sometimes making

no reference to some matter which some folk have well in mind; this particularly is the case with regard to contacts with Lobengula. Who headed the possible Matabele opposition to Mr. Rhodes's scheme, referred to on page 76? It is significant that the Moffat Treaty of February 11th, 1888, bears only the paramount's mark; this was also the case for the Rudd Concession of October 30th that year. All previous treaties by both Umziligazi (Dr. Gann's spelling) and Lobengula, bear the names of participating *indunas*; so that Lippert's certificate that Umhlaba (the regent), Umtagela, Gambo, Umjana and Lutuli, were present at the discussion with Lobengula seems to indicate that the customs of the earlier treaties had been reverted to. Who was left to lead any opposition? The telegrams between Mr. Rhodes and Doctor Jameson with Biblical references before the advance into Matabeleland in 1893 are, surely, worth mentioning?

The reference to Mr. Rhodes having a small, private army, on page 83, seems an extravagant view of the Chartered Company's forces and of the intention with which those forces had been got together. Incidentally, there is a remark in the *Directors' Report and Accounts as at 31st March, 1891*, which I had hoped to see explained; it is: ". . . political troubles, which necessitated the Administration calling in the prospectors for military service, it was not until July last" that regular workings were commenced. By page 127 the small, private army had become "weak", "unwieldy" and "ill-organised". Generally Dr. Gann is critical of anything military. The Matabele the Pioneer Column might have to face and those who attacked at Shangani and Bembesi in 1893 were only "Maholi"; nevertheless it was bullets that prevailed over spears when it came to a show-down. It is explained, on page 38, that the Maholi were the lowest class in the Matabele military formation, consisting of the boys captured from the various tribes attacked about and after crossing the Limpopo river and of the males born to the women so captured, whether born in wedlock or not by a man of this lowest class—it is likely that children born to a Zansi or Enhla father took his status. Within ten years with all the training they received, it has been said, they were as good fighting material as was produced by the other two classes of society. As can be understood the fact of being a Liholi was not something to be proud of; once the power of the Matabele was broken in 1896, and ever since, the use of the term is objected to and, most usually, the claim is to be Lozi or Kalanga; that was my experience when I joined the Native (Affairs) Department at Fort Usher in the Matopos fifty years ago.

In 1914 the white volunteers, it is said, were too poorly trained to fight as an organised regiment and were ill-equipped, a verdict unlikely to be accepted by those concerned when scores of them were sent to German South-West Africa or to France on their own representations as to what they could do; and the average period spent in training those who joined one of the two Rhodesia Regiments or the B.S.A. Police Service Column before leaving for the front was very small. If the winning of one Victoria Cross in Mashonaland in 1896 is worthy of note, what was the reason for saying nothing of the award of two Crosses at the other end of the country about the same time?

Criticism is made of much that was done or not done by officials in the Company's time; at one place (again on page 127) it is stated "the Charter's [horrible contraction of 'Chartered Company'] administrative machine

remained small and weak", in discussing the outbreak of the Matabele Rebellion in 1896. Included in the paragraph is a slur on F. C. Selous—"who should have known better"—on the lack of information that a rising was contemplated; he had been out of the country from December, 1892, till the end of August, 1895, when he took over occupation at Essexvale and, no doubt, was too busy getting on with his job to spare time for intelligence work.

However, on page 147 we have the remark that the Native Department quickly succeeded in attracting numerous recruits of high quality, many of these coming from Natal. The day-to-day running of the Department was laid down by the Company from the start through the Administrator and his Chief Secretary and Secretary for Native Affairs. From that same quarter came the decision to leave only limited powers to the chiefs; apparently none of those who did take advantage of having a chief, or chiefs, capable of and prepared to work with the Government left any record for Dr. Gann to peruse and make note of; not all chiefs were hopeless and useless. When the Native Commissioners did their job (I emphasise "their") the General Manager of the Company attacked them; later, when the proposal for amalgamation with the North was put forward, it was considered that the older type of Southern Rhodesia official would be gradually eliminated by their better educated brethren from across the Zambezi; now I know why Mr. Drummond Chaplin, on assuming the office of Administrator, did so much travelling to meet and size up the quality of his Native Commissioners and their staffs; he even called on me, then a mere Pass Officer, for a talk on my work.

One Native Commissioner who ventured outside his job was H. S. Keigwin—he is not mentioned by Dr. Gann but could have been given a biographical note similar to that given for Alvord, beginning "An Englishman, excellent athlete, etc., etc." Perhaps he will appear in a further volume of Southern Rhodesian history as having put in an early report on the possibilities of the Zambezi Valley below the present Kariba Dam. He was appointed to open a Department of Native Development at the end of World War I; Dr. Gann has nothing to say about him but much of his successor, Jowitt. With all the goodwill in the world Jowitt, Alvord and the rest of a most enthusiastic staff could not have got as far as they did without the interest and help they received from district officials, from the very beginning in the Selukwe Reserve. This point is made in Charles Bullock's Report, as Acting Chief Native Commissioner, for 1932. Much was being done but the line taken in these pages is that it was not enough; I suppose writing thirty years after the events does entitle criticism to be made of the way things had worked out.

I think Dr. Gann is wrong when he states that in the beginning the Courts of British Bechuanaland assumed civil and criminal jurisdiction as if there was nobody else until "the initial machinery employed in the country's administration" was "adapted from material ready to hand". The two instances of miscarriage of justice given by Dr. Gann are not unique in any new country's history.

Without any doubt Dr. Gann's assessment of the country's progress in the political field to responsible government is the best feature in the book. Little enough is known today of the struggles from Mr. Rhodes's meeting with the

inhabitants of Fort Salisbury in November, 1891, (actually not mentioned in these pages), right up to the payment of two million pounds for the public works and unalienated land in 1923, thus as Dr. Gann says "the Southern Rhodesia settlers becoming the only community in Imperial history which has ever had to pay for the privilege of self-government" (page 248). Another outstanding conclusion is on page 275 where it is stated "The Imperial Government vetted and re-vetted the land legislation to the last comma and colon". This is something the compilers of "Insight" for the *Sunday Times* of London did not know, or rejected, when this was written: "One crucial piece of legislation which the British Government might well have vetoed—since it had declared in 1923 that in colonial situations the native interest must be paramount—was the Land Apportionment Act of 1930." The Land Commission which preceded the Act had reported that both Europeans and Africans preferred a form of territorial *apartheid* (page 268); Dr. Gann, on page 275, has prefixed my earlier quotation with the words "Segregation still remained an accepted part of Imperial orthodoxy—the concept of territorial separation not yet having been relegated to Satan and the sinners of Stellenbosch!"

I agree Charles Mzingeli is an outstanding African but see no need for a whole page to be devoted to his doings; actually he was only beginning his career shortly before the period covered in this book. Unfortunately very few Africans came into prominence in those days.

One of the first things I do when I get hold of a new book is to sample the index; there are too many missing references in the few names I have looked up to say that this one is adequate. I have commented on some popular accounts which have been left out; the many works on Mr. Rhodes have only been indicated when they support something that is being submitted, like the coming of the Jews to Fort Salisbury (page 107). Great stress has been given to the works of current students concerned in some degree or other, works which can only be consulted in the National Archives or a library of high standing; at least an abstract should have been supplied, an excellent example being the account of the action between the Company's force and the Portuguese at Massikessi on May 11th, 1891, given on pages 100-101. The use of expressions such as the following are not helpful: "for a discussion of such-and-such" (page 104), "for a detailed discussion" (page 27), "for a more detailed examination of this problem" (page 53) or "see M.A. thesis submitted" (page 110) and so on. Not all those so concerned bear any greater authority in my mind than their own opinions; others before them, such as F. W. T. Posselt, A. J. B. Hughes, and J. van Velsen, base their own conclusions on field work.

H. A. CRIPWELL

Notes on Contributors

Philippa Berlyn is the wife of Professor R. H. Christie of the University College of Rhodesia. She has written widely, specializing in short stories, political commentaries and Shona studies, including the composition of Shona poetry.

Mr. A. H. Croxton, who was born at Blackheath, Kent, in 1902, was educated at St. Paul's School, and after service with the London and North Western Railway joined the Beira, Mashonaland and Rhodesia Railways in 1927 in the Transportation Department. After serving at Bulawayo, Broken Hill, Salisbury and Lusaka he became Chief Superintendent of Transportation at Railway Headquarters in 1956 and Principal Executive Officer (Movement) in 1959. When he retired in January, 1962, he was acting as Assistant General Manager (Operations). He is now living at Fish Hoek, Cape, and is spending much time in research into the history of railways in Central Africa.

Mr. J. McAdam, an Associate of the Royal Aeronautical Society, was born in South Africa and educated at St. Andrew's College, Grahamstown. He commenced flying training at Johannesburg Light Plane Club in 1933 and after qualifying as a commercial pilot he joined the newly formed Spencer's Air Services at the Victoria Falls and then subsequently the Aircraft Operating Company and Rhodesian and Nyasaland Airways, which in 1940 became the Communications Squadron. He is now an Operations Officer with Central African Airways and for the last few years has been engaged on the compilation of a history of civil aviation in Central Africa.

Mr. P. R. Warhurst, B.Litt., was born in Derbyshire and educated at Jeppe High School and the University of the Witwatersrand. After a period of teaching in Johannesburg he went to Trinity College, Oxford, for purposes of historical research and his thesis for the degree of B.Litt., *Anglo-Portuguese relations in South-Central Africa, 1890-1900*, was published by the Royal Commonwealth Society, as No. 23 in its Imperial Studies Series. He is now lecturer in history at the University College of Rhodesia.

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