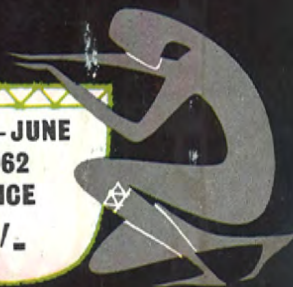


# AFRICA CALLS

FROM RHODESIA AND NYASALAND



MAY—JUNE  
1962  
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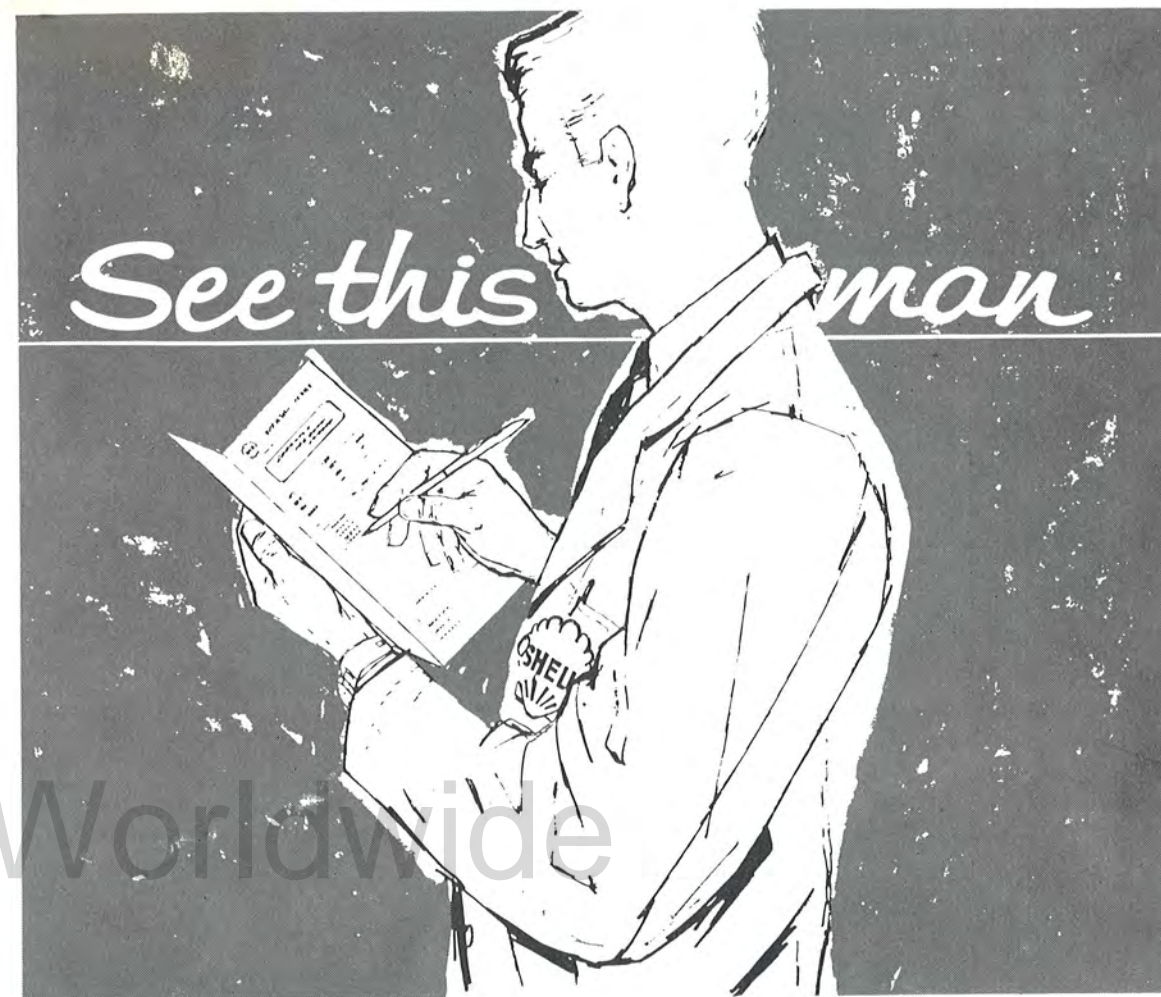
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# AFRICA CALLS

FROM RHODESIA AND NYASALAND

No. 13

## Contents

May/June  
1962

page

KASABA AND SUMBU: Unique game-watching and fishing in the wilds of N. Rhodesia . . . . by *Vernon Brelsford* 6

RHODESIA AND NYASALAND: A 16-page supplement in full colour on Federation's tourist attractions *insert*

MUCH SOUGHT AFTER SOUVENIRS: Rhodesia's lovely copperware for home and tourists . . . . by *M. de Soissons* 20

THE DRAGON WOMAN: A story founded on a Matabele legend . . by *Greta Bloomhill* 29

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#### COVER PICTURE

A striking photograph of the Flame Lily, or *Gloriosa superba*, the floral emblem of the Federation of Rhodesia & Nyasaland. A member of the great lily family, it supports itself by means of tendrils, which are a prolongation of the leaves. Several species of the flower are listed and there is a great variation in the colour of the flower.





## Wild Life

The game reserves of the Federation are among the finest in Africa. Their very size ensures variety of both wild life and scenic splendour. In these retreats, safe from the poacher and the press of man's agriculture and commerce, nature keeps its cruel but splendid balance — lion against buffalo; leopard against baboon; crocodile against antelope; the elephant towering over all.

Three vast areas of wild life conservation are the special goal of visitors: the Kafue National Park and the Luangwa Valley Game Reserve in Northern Rhodesia, and the Wankie National Park in Southern Rhodesia. Here the unique richness of African wild life can be experienced in safety and in rustic comfort.

The Kafue National Park covers more than 8,650 square miles in the basin of the great Kafue River. In this area — three-quarters the size of Belgium — there is a wide variety of game, birds, and river life, and all the contrasting beauties of bush, forest and plain. Through it runs the broad river flowing south to join the great Zambezi.

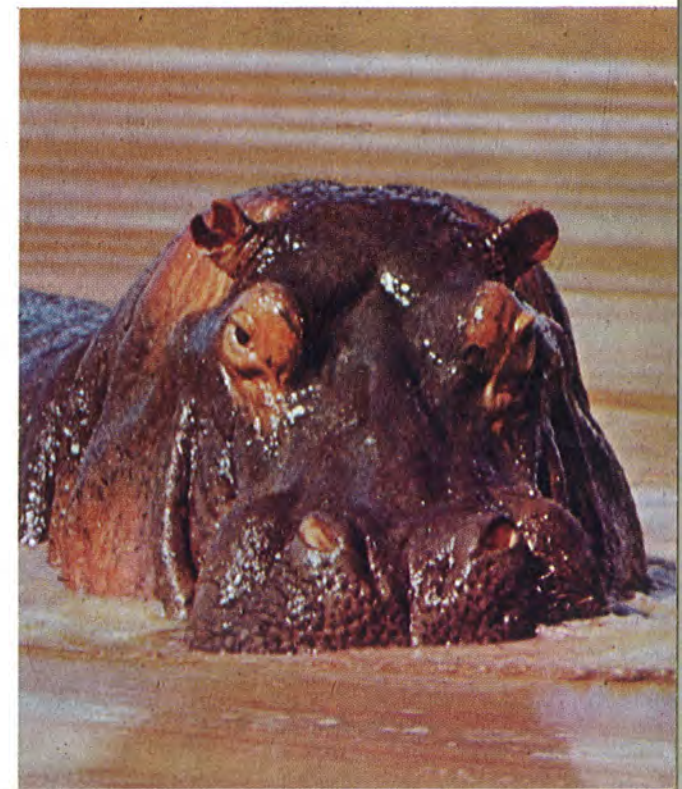
Away to the east, near the Nyasaland border, is the beautiful, almost uninhabited valley of the Luangwa River. In the dry season, this steep-banked river attracts a myriad of animals from many miles across the parched woodland — one of the densest and most varied concentrations of wild life in Africa. Here, safely guarded by armed rangers, you may follow game on foot through the gaunt mopane trees. And no one who goes there can forget cool evenings in the river-bank camps watching the game come down to drink, listening to hippo grunting and the wild birds call.

South-westward by many miles, near the Victoria Falls, lies the Wankie National Park,



a huge sanctuary boasting more than 4,000 elephant. Visitors are often held up in the Park by herds of elephant up to 250 strong, and buffalo herds of 400 or more. Altogether over fifty species of game inhabit the reserve. Overlooking certain waterholes, observation platforms have been built as vantage points for seeing and photographing the game. During periods of full moon night visits to these platforms can be arranged.

The ideal season for game-viewing in Rhodesia is during the months of the southern winter, July-October. Rain at this time is extremely rare, and the weather is sunny and





## Wild Life



warm by day and cool by night. Then, because the trees are bare and the grass dried out, the game is much more easily seen. As the season progresses many of the drinking-places dry up, and the animals are forced to show themselves in large numbers near the surer sources of water — the large rivers and water-holes.

During the rest of the year, November-June, the Kafue National Park and the Luangwa Valley Game Reserve are closed, but in the Wankie National Park the area around Main Camp remains open all the year round, offering the visitor opportunities for seeing a variety of animals even in the green midsummer months.

There are also many smaller areas of wild life conservation. Sumbu, to take one example, lies on the shore of Lake Tanganyika, in the far north of Northern Rhodesia. The excellent fishing is the main attraction, but anglers in search of giant Nile perch often see game: hippo, buffalo, leopard, lion and especially elephant at play in the shallows.

Even near the towns and cities, wild life can now be seen. The Matopos National Park, close to Bulawayo, and the Robert McIlwaine National Park, near Salisbury, have steadily growing game populations in beautiful natural surroundings. The Livingstone Game Park and the Victoria Falls National Park offer game-watching within a few miles of Livingstone and the Falls.

The protection and conservation of nature is country-wide; indeed, journeys down any of the Federation's roads can bring a sudden flash of untamed Africa.



Kariba, it is said, means "The Trap", and at this place, the hills which guard the deep Zambezi Valley suddenly constrict and form a narrow neck where once the whole great river boiled and forced its passage through.

Today, at the narrowest neck, there rears up four hundred dizzying feet the vast curving concrete symmetry of Kariba Dam — one of the great engineering feats of this century — creating behind it the largest man-made lake in the world, covering 2,000 square miles.

As the newly-forming lake crept over the sun-cracked earth, a hundred islands formed,

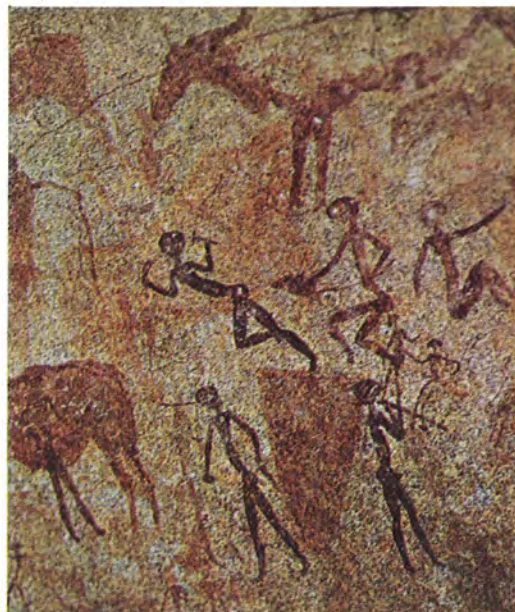
trapping a thousand forest creatures — and Operation Noah was born, a courageous campaign of rescue that turned the eyes of the world upon Kariba.

Great pylons stride across the veld, carrying Kariba power to the Federation's cities from the giant turbines in the deep-set powerhouse hollowed from the solid rock. And on the horizon-wide waters of the new lake, white-sailed yachts and drifting anglers' boats proclaim this as one of the country's newest pleasure and fishing resorts, as well as one of its greatest sights.





## AGE & MYSTERY



Not far short of a hundred years ago, an ivory hunter cut his way through dense undergrowth, and found himself amid towering walls of hewn granite blocks—a vast, roofless building that might have been the temple of a forgotten god or the palace of a long-lost king.

These are the ruins of Great Zimbabwe, which inspired for 80 years the speculations both of science and romance. Solomon's mines—the Arabs—Phoenicians—all these were named. But it seems at last that the truth is stranger than fiction, and that Zimbabwe

## Age & Mystery

may represent the high point of a Bantu civilization—the centre of an empire now beyond the reach of legend.

Here the simple culture of an Iron Age folk rose under the influence of some guiding dynasty to create a valley full of buildings and a hilltop fortress that contain between them something like the weight of stone that Kariba bears in concrete.

But Great Zimbabwe is not the only mystery that Rhodesia boasts: in the high green hills of Inyanga are the thousand pits and walls, forts and furrows of a long-dead people: and strange ruins are scattered over tens of thousands of square miles of our rolling grasslands . . . Khami, Dhlo-Dhlo, Naletale, Matendera . . . old names like ancient music.

Music lies close to the heart of Africa. Ceremonies and social occasions would be unthinkable without the drums. To the drumming rhythms the people sing and clap, and the dancers whirl and thud—garbed perhaps as spirit figures, with painted bodies and masks grotesque, enormous. The daily round is set to music, paddling a canoe, pounding the grain. The fisherman sings as he mends his nets; the passer-by with simple flute or carven humming bow plays only to himself.

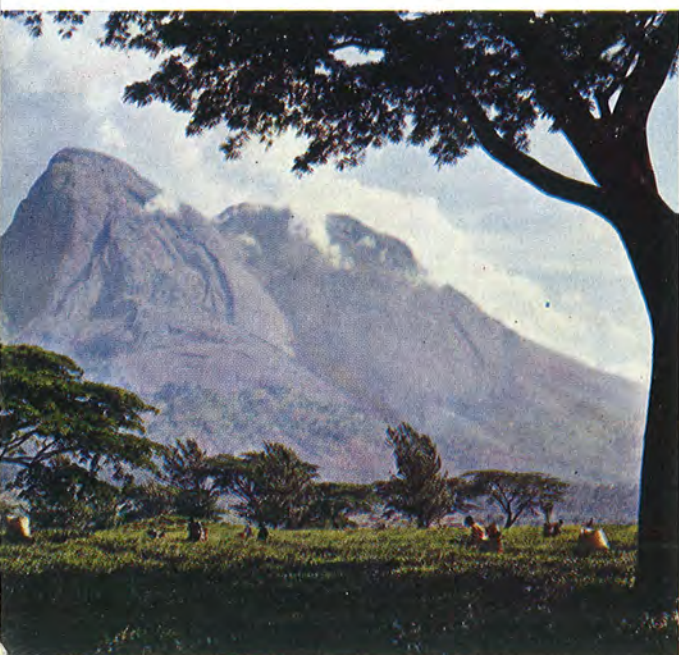
Far before the first Bantu sweeping warlike from the north, there crept and hunted through the vast and silent woodlands the little bush people, Stone Age folk unfitted for the struggle of tribal war, who have perished but for a pocket or two in the wildest places. But they have left behind them one of Africa's strangest heritages—the spiky, graceful figures that they painted where they lived, and which remain to haunt a thousand rocky hills and caves and shelters.

The dark past of this sunny land abounds with mystery, for wherever there is age there is mystery among a people who have only the tales and songs handed down from generation to generation to tell of the past.





# SUNSHINE & SCENERY



In Rhodesia and Nyasaland the average of bright sunshine ranges from four to ten hours a day all the year round. Much of the country is on a high plateau from 3,000 to 5,000 feet above sea level, and the climate is therefore temperate and congenial.

To the visitor who has imagined a harsh and dusty terrain, the gentle, well-wooded nature of the countryside comes as a surprise. Particularly evident during the period November-March, when most of the rain falls, is the green and park-like quality of the landscape.

Throughout the country stretches of water, strange rock formations and colourful trees and shrubs add variety to the scene.

## Sunshine & Scenery

Probably the most beautiful of the three territories is Nyasaland, the land of the lake, once the haunt of Arab slave-traders. The lake itself is a brilliant blue, dotted with the three-cornered sails of dhows. In the far north the mountains sweep sheer into the water, but in the south there are soft inviting beaches fringed with lush palm trees.

In splendid contrast is stark, grey Mlanje Mountain, towering above the emerald green tea estates on its southern slopes. Across the plain from Mlanje are the tree-clad heights of the Zomba Plateau. In contrast again, away on the Northern Rhodesia border are the rolling grasslands, the patches of primeval forest, and the spectacular views of the cool Nyika Plateau.

Another area renowned for its scenic beauty is the mountainous country along the Southern Rhodesia-Mozambique border — the Eastern Highlands. It is a region of peaks, forests, downlands, streams, waterfalls and wonderful views.

Main gateway to the Highlands is the garden town of Umtali, lying cupped within the hills. Close above Umtali, range the resorts of the Vumba, "The Mountains of the Mist"; a cloudland of ancient forest, sub-tropical plants and arrays of ferns and flowers.

North of Umtali lies Inyanga, amongst whose rolling downs the visitor will find beauty, peace and good fishing, and air like champagne.

South of Umtali, against the Chimanimani Mountains, is another resort — Melsetter, named by Scottish trekkers after their Orkney Island home.

The climate and beauty of Rhodesia and Nyasaland specially favour the open-air life. Golfers will find the courses interesting, attractive and very friendly; while anglers will delight in the Inyanga trout streams and in hunting the sporting tiger fish in the Zambezi and Lake Kariba.





## TOWNS & CITIES

In town after touring and sightseeing, most visitors go shopping — perhaps for souvenirs like copperware (at very reasonable prices), African handicrafts, or wild life curios. And they enjoy the food and wine of the attractive restaurants — fresh trout from Inyanga, good Rhodesian beef, giant Indian Ocean prawns, Mozambique chicken piri-piri, Indian curries, and the usual European dishes. Wine lists offer excellent choice, and there is often music, dancing and a cabaret.

### SOME OF THE LARGER CENTRES:—

**Salisbury**, capital of Federation and Southern Rhodesia. Local sightseeing includes world's biggest tobacco auctions (March-October), Robert Mcllwaine and Ewanrigg National Parks, Mazoe Citrus Estate, Balancing Rocks.

**Lusaka**, Northern Rhodesian capital; jumping-off place for Luangwa Valley Game Reserve, Kafue National Park and other tourist resorts.

**Blantyre-Limbe**, Nyasaland's commercial and travel centre, 40 miles from capital, Zomba; interesting mission church in Blantyre.

**Bulawayo**, in Southern Rhodesia; railway and industrial centre. Local sightseeing includes Lobengula's indaba tree, Rhodes' grave, Matopo National Park, Khami Ruins.

**The Copperbelt**, in Northern Rhodesia; one of the world's largest copper-producing regions. Clustered round the great mines are towns like Ndola, Kitwe, Mufulira.



## ACCOMMODATION

The visitor to the Federation will find that his accommodation is in keeping with the surroundings.

In the cities hotels range from modest family establishments to first-class hotels of international standard — among the best in Africa.

Away from the cities at the principal tourist resorts, there are hotels of good standard, built to conform with their surroundings and with an almost indefinable Rhodesian atmosphere. Many have swimming pools, bowling greens and similar facilities, and are situated near good golf courses.

Along the tourist routes and in the country towns there are comfortable hotels and motels, whose tariffs are very reasonable.

In the rest camps of the National Parks and game reserves, and along the wayside in the more remote areas of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, visitors are accommodated in charming thatched bungalows, simple, but with all the essential amenities.



## TRAVELWAYS

**Air:** Daily air services link Rhodesia and Nyasaland with the rest of the world, entering at Salisbury, the main international airport, and also at Livingstone, Bulawayo, Ndola and Blantyre.

Within the Federation, Central African Airways, the national airline, operate a comprehensive network of regular flights, with frequent services on the principal routes.

**Road:** Inter-city and inter-territorial trunk roads are of high standard construction. A wide range of tours by motor cars and "safari" coaches is operated. Self-drive cars are available at all main centres.

**Rail:** Rhodesia Railways link the main centres of the two Rhodesias with comfortable, fully-serviced passenger coaches, and connect with the rail systems of South Africa, Mozambique, and other neighbouring countries. Nyasaland Railways are connected to Beira on the Mozambique coast.

For further information and publications about the tourist attractions and travel facilities of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, please consult your travel agent or the:

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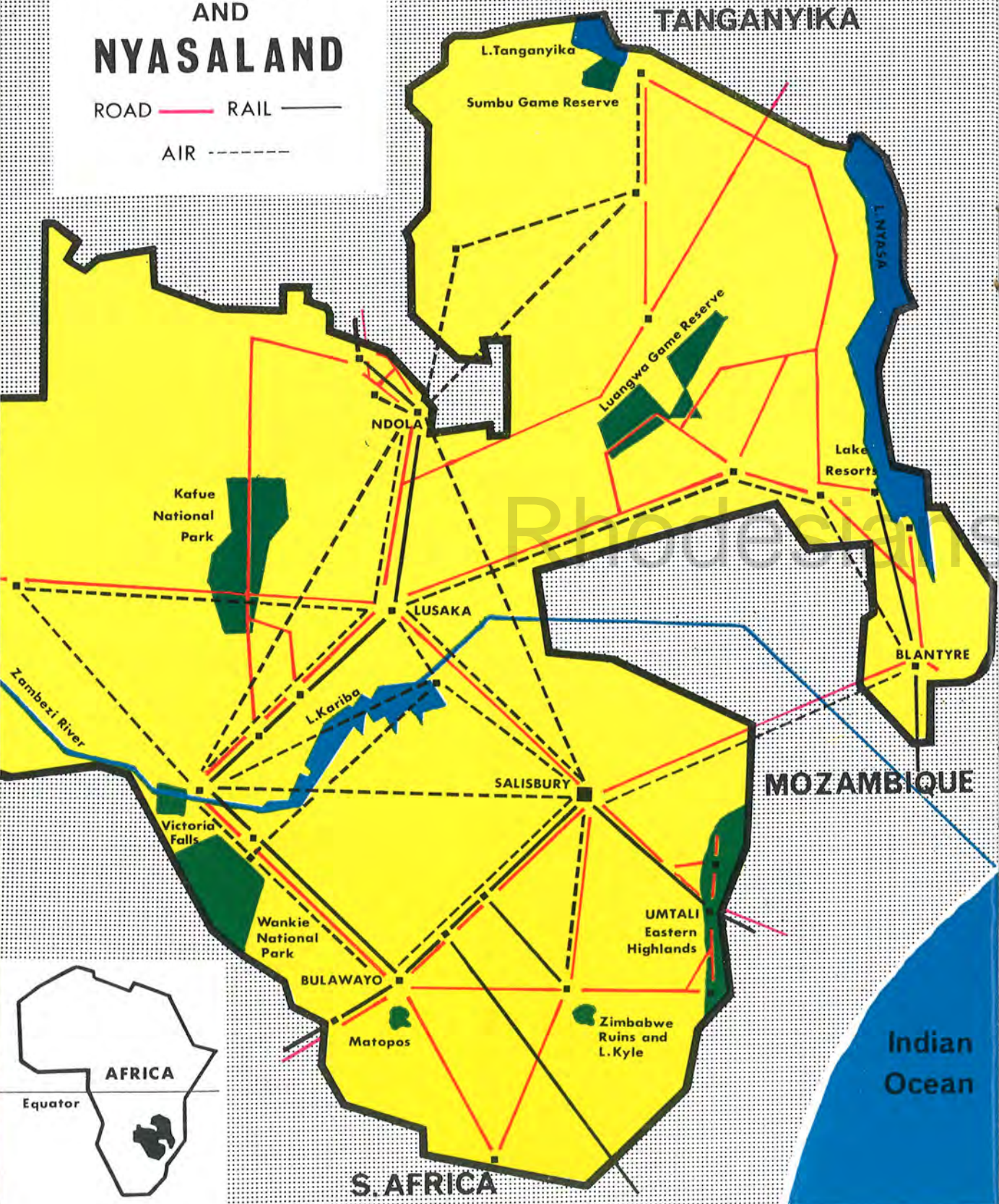


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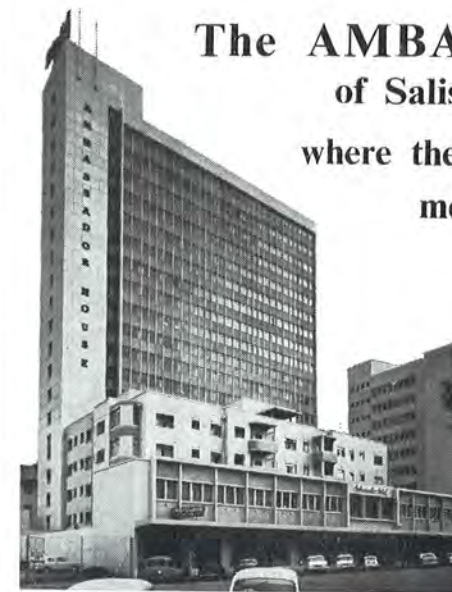
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**UJ/2 and 2X.** To Livingstone (4 free days to explore Victoria Falls), Kariba (1 day with conducted tour and lake cruise), Salisbury (1 day), Lourenco Marques (7 days). Departing Sundays. De Luxe from £82 10s. (R165), Standard from £66 15s. (R133.50) for 14 days.

**UJ/13.** To Victoria Falls (2 days with conducted tours), Saturday/Sunday, or Thursday/Friday, from £30 (R60).

**UJ/11, 14, 15.** To Victoria Falls (3 days with conducted tours). Depart Saturday, Monday, or Wednesday, from £30 5s. (R60.50).

**UJ/12, 17.** To Victoria Falls (4 days with conducted tours). Depart Thursday and Wednesday, from £33 15s. (R67.50).

**UJ/40 and 40X.** To Victoria Falls (5 days with conducted tours). £43 (R86) with De Luxe accommodation Victoria Falls Hotel, or with accommodation in Livingstone, from £35 15s. (R71.50).

★ **UJ/6 and 6X.** To Victoria Falls (2 days conducted sightseeing), Wankie Game Reserve (1 night), Kariba (1 day with coach tour and launch trip), Salisbury (1 night), Beira (week-end), Lourenco Marques (4 days). De Luxe from £95 (R190), Standard from £82 10s. (R165) for 13 days.

**UJ/28 and 28X.** To Salisbury (3 days), Salima, Lake Nyasa (7 days), and Salisbury (4 more days), with optional side-trips. De Luxe from £69 10s. (R139), Standard from £60 15s. (R121.50) for 15 days.

★ **UJ/3 and 3X.** To Victoria Falls (sightseeing) and by road to Wankie Game Reserve. 1 night at Rest Camp. Aerial views of Lake Kariba en route to Salisbury. De Luxe from £66 (R132), Standard from £57 10s. (R115) for 8 days.

★ **UJ/26.** Via Victoria Falls and Lusaka to Luangwa Valley Game Reserve (7 days escorted game-viewing). Optional extension in Salisbury at own expense. From £84.10s. (R169) for 10 days.

**UJ/31 and 31X.** To Bulawayo (Drive to Matopos), Victoria Falls (4 days conducted sightseeing), Kariba (1 day with tour and launch trip), Salisbury (3 days at leisure for optional side-trips). De Luxe from £72 (R144), Standard from £61 5s. (R122.50) for 10 days.

**UJ/7 and 7X.** To Durban (1 week), Lourenco Marques (5 days), Beira (2 days), Salisbury (2 days), Kariba (1 day), Victoria Falls (4 days). De Luxe from £118 (R236), Standard from £94 10s. (R189) for 21 days.

**UJ/39 and 39X.** To Lourenco Marques (5 days), Beira (2 days), Salisbury (3 days), Kariba (1 day), Victoria Falls (4 days). De Luxe from £101 10s. (R203), Standard from £81 10s. (R163) for 16 days.

★ **UJ/36 and 36X.** To Victoria Falls (sightseeing) and by road to Wankie Game Reserve, Kariba (visit to Power Station and launch trip), Salisbury and Lourenco Marques. De Luxe from £90 (R180), Standard from £76 (R152) for 13 days.

## FROM DURBAN

**UD/11, 14 and 15.** To Victoria Falls (3 days), Departing Saturday, Monday, and Wednesday. Conducted sightseeing tours and launch trip on Zambezi River. From £47 (R94).

**UD/3 and 3X.** To Salisbury (3 nights), Kariba (1 night), Victoria Falls (5 nights), De Luxe from £79 (R158), Standard from £70 (R140).

**UD/6 and 6X.** To Lourenco Marques, Salisbury, Kariba (tour of Dam, Power Station and Lake), Victoria Falls (sightseeing tour and launch trip), Salisbury, Bulawayo (drive to Matopos), Johannesburg. De Luxe from £104 (R208), Standard from £92 (R184).

★ **UD/7 and 7X.** To Victoria Falls (4 nights), Wankie Game Reserve (1 night), Kariba (1 night), Salisbury (2 nights), Lourenco Marques (1 week). De Luxe from £104 (R208), Standard from £91 (R182).

## FROM CAPE TOWN

**UC/15 and 17.** To Victoria Falls (4 days). Departing Wednesday and Sunday. Conducted sightseeing and launch cruise. From £69 (R138).

**UC/1 and 1X.** By Union Castle mailship to Durban (4 days), by air to Victoria Falls (3 days sightseeing), Bulawayo, Matopos, Salisbury (3 days), Durban (2 days), Mailship to Cape Town. De Luxe from £119 (R238), Standard from £89 10s. (R179) for 18 days. Other rates available from Port Elizabeth and East London.

**UC/4 and 4X.** To Victoria Falls (3 full days conducted sightseeing), Kariba (tour of Dam and Power Station and launch trip), Zimbabwe and Kyle Dam (tour of ruins and lake cruise), Bulawayo (drive to Matopos). De Luxe from £118 10s. (R239), Standard from £107 10s. (R215) for 12 days.

**UC/7 and 7X.** To Lourenco Marques, Salisbury, Kariba (Dam, Power Station and Lake), Victoria Falls (3 days conducted sightseeing). De Luxe from £120 10s. (R241), Standard from £102 (R204) for 15 days.

## FROM PORT ELIZABETH

**UP/3 and 3X.** To Victoria Falls (3 days conducted sightseeing), Kariba (tour of Dam, Power Station and launch cruise), Salisbury (1 free day), Johannesburg. De Luxe from £90 10s. (R181), Standard from £79 (R158) for 10 days.

## FROM EAST LONDON

**UE/4 and 4X.** To Johannesburg (1 night), Bulawayo (drive to Matopos), Victoria Falls (3 days sightseeing), Kariba (tour and launch cruise), Salisbury (2 nights), Johannesburg. De Luxe from £96 10s. (R193), Standard from £84 10s. (R169) for 11 days.

## FROM EAST AFRICA

**EN/1 and 1X.** To Salisbury, Kariba (with conducted tour of dam site and lake cruise), Victoria Falls (conducted sightseeing and launch trips). From Nairobi. De Luxe from EA.Shs.1600, Standard from Shs.1510 for 5 days. Also from Mombasa (EM/1 and 1X), De Luxe from Shs.1730, Standard from Shs.1610.

**EN/3 and 3X.** To Salisbury (at leisure—optional side trips available), Bulawayo (drive to Matopos), Victoria Falls (conducted sightseeing and launch cruise). From Nairobi. De Luxe from EA.Shs.1990, Standard from Shs.1800 for 10 days. Other rates available from: Mombasa (EM/3 and 3X), Dar-es-Salaam (ED/3 and 3X), Tanga (ET/3 and 3X), Zanzibar (EZ/3 and 3X), including extra days in Nairobi.

**EN/7 and 7X.** To Mombasa, Zanzibar, Dar-es-Salaam, Salisbury, Kariba, Victoria Falls, including conducted tours. From Nairobi. De Luxe from EA.Shs.2080, Standard from Shs.1870, for 14 days. Other rates available from Kampala (EK/7 and 7X), Mombasa (EM/7 and 7X), with stop-overs in Nairobi.

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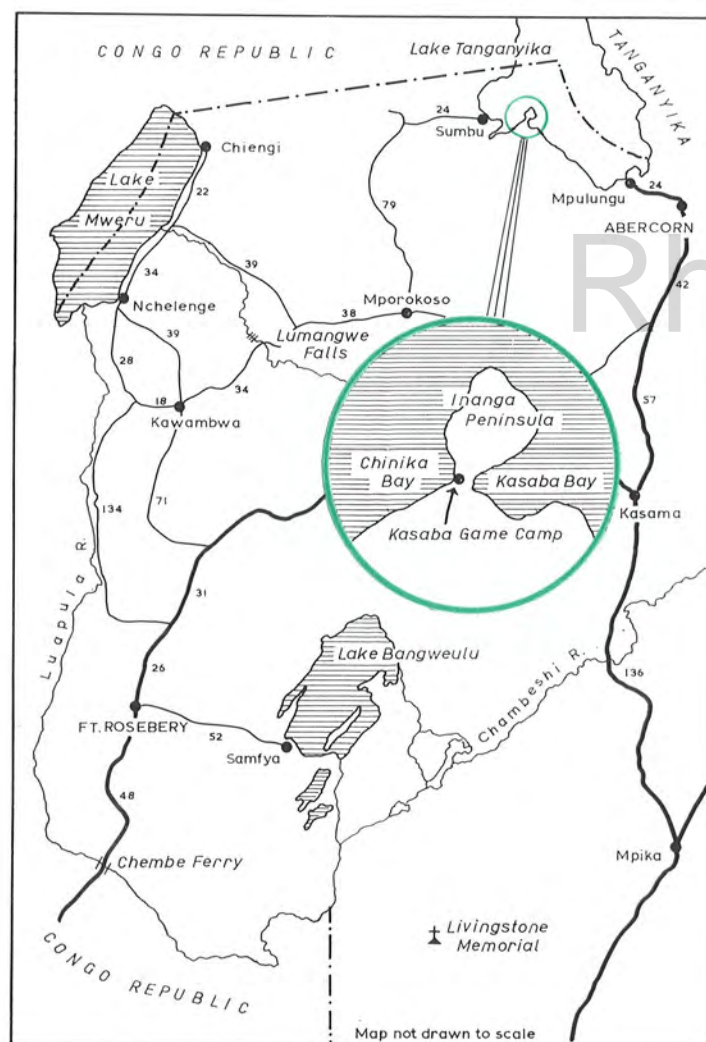
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## KASABA & SUMBU

by VERNON BRELSFORD



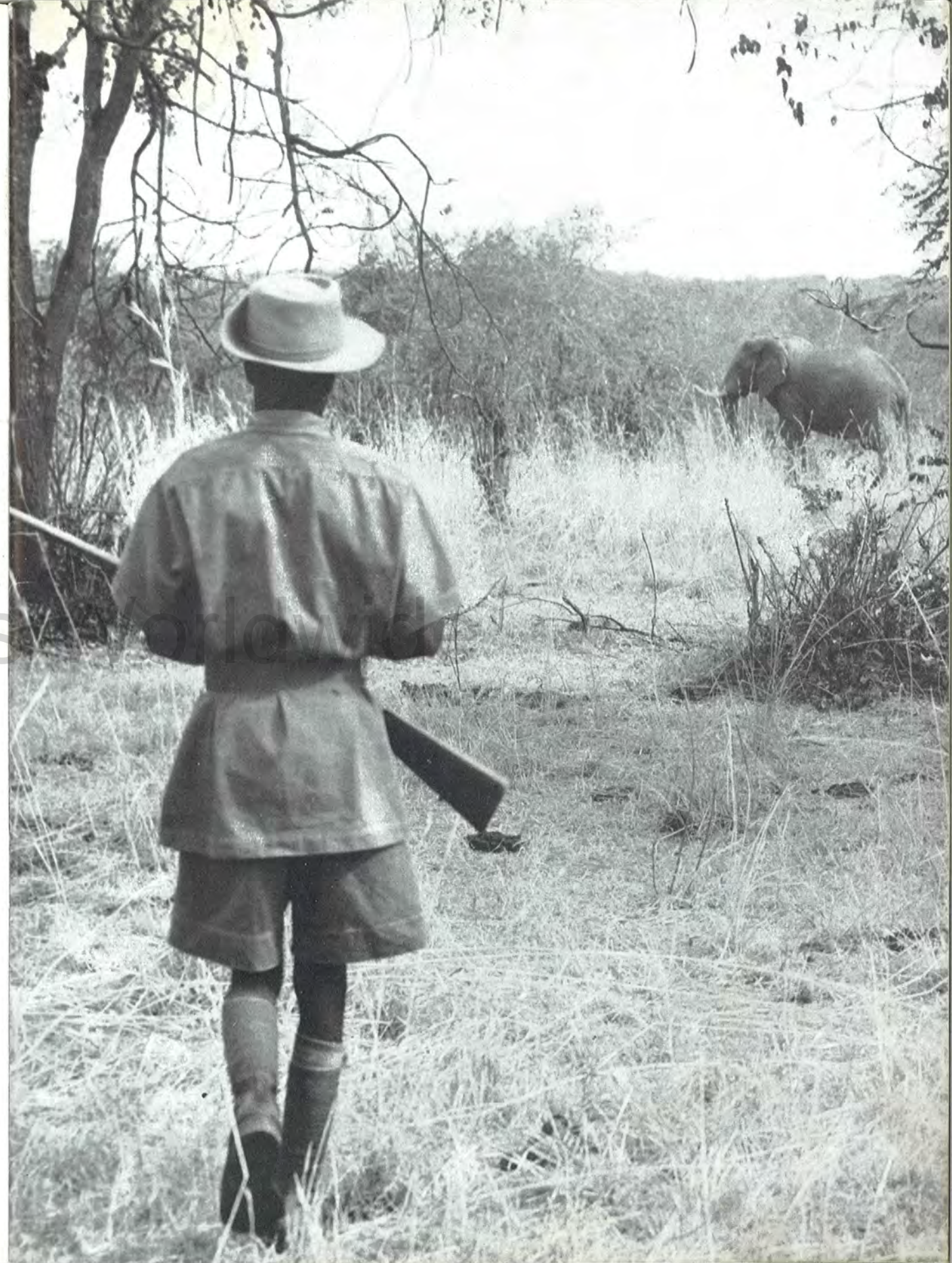
A GAME-WATCHING and fishing camp that is open all the year round and, moreover, one that can be reached only by boat, is some thing unique in the Federation. But that is Kasaba.

Kasaba is not an island but is set in a lovely bay on the western shores of Lake Tanganyika in Northern Rhodesia and is approached by boat either from Sumbu to the north or from Abercorn/Mpulungu to the south. There is nothing like it in the Federation.

It is true that the hotels of Lake Nyasa also look out over a vast expanse of blue water; but, there, elephant do not come wandering past your chalet on their way for a drink, and you cannot sit at breakfast and watch a herd of buffalo or waterbuck grazing peacefully on the shore just below. Nor at Lake Nyasa is there the greatest game fish of all Central Africa—the Nile Perch which, in Tanganyika waters, can reach high on 100 lb.

Kasaba is run as an hotel under European management. It has its own electric-light plant; each double chalet is fully furnished with all con-

An African Game Guard of the Northern Rhodesian Government at Kasaba Game Camp, leading a party of game-viewers on foot.





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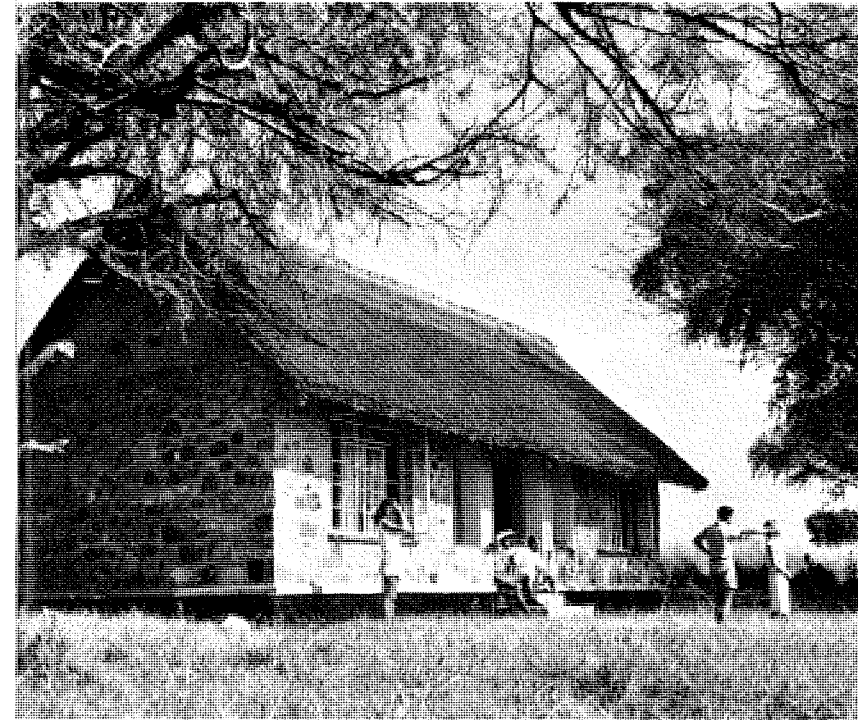


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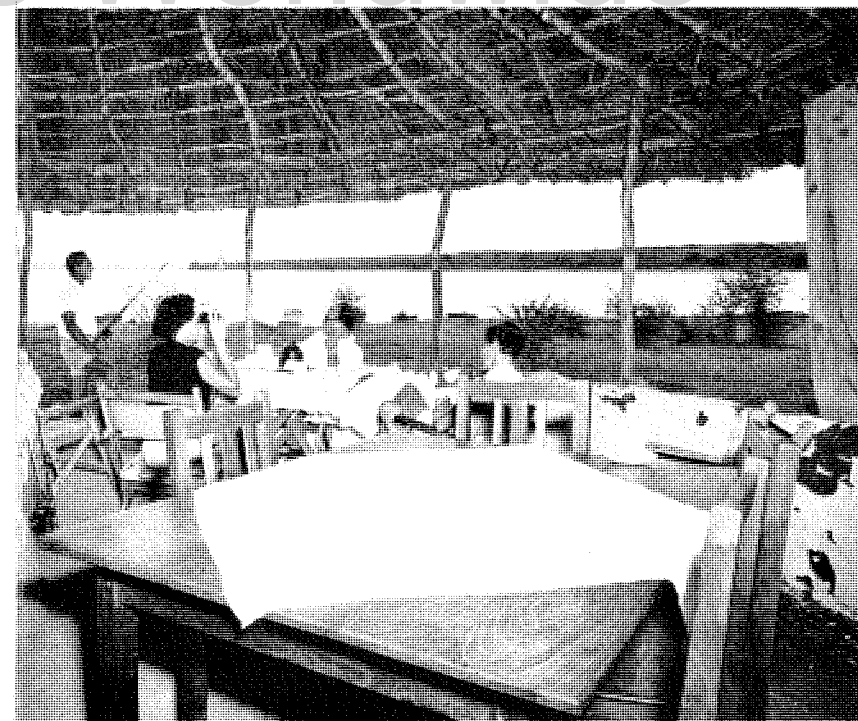
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PNB 1948



A typical rest hut at Kasaba, on the shores of Lake Tanganyika.

Watching game from the open-air dining-room at Kasaba.



veniences; boats, engines and fishing tackle can be hired, and tackle spares can be bought. The lounge bar is built, very imaginatively, around a giant winterthorn tree, and, both from there and from the chalets, there are open views towards the lake and the grazing grounds of game.

The camp is situated in the sheltered bay of Chinika, but, only a hundred yards away, over the crest of the isthmus, is Kasaba Bay (from which the camp takes its official name). Here, looking straight out into the open lake with no horizon except where deep-blue water meets light-blue sky, is a long expanse of sandy beach, a mile or more long, on which the waves roll gently and ceaselessly. There is no bilharzia, and, because the beach is open and shallow, and the waves in constant motion, there are no crocodiles.

Although such a combination of scenic beauty, boating and bathing facilities, game-watching and fishing that the experts call fabulous, is unparalleled, it certainly takes some getting to.

The biggest number of visitors comes from the Copperbelt as there is a good gravel road of 429 miles from Mufulira to Sumbu. This route crosses the Congo Pedicle, a distance of 53 miles.

The first day's car run, through Fort Rosebery and Kawambwa, is to the beautiful Lumangwe Falls, where there are government rest-houses. The Falls, only six miles off the main road, are on the Kalungwishi River, and are often regarded as a smaller edition of the Victoria Falls: they certainly rank second in size, volume of water, and impressiveness, and they have few other competitors even in this far northern area renowned for the number and variety of its waterfalls.

The Lumangwe Falls are about 300 feet wide and 100 feet high. Like most rivers in the Northern Province, the Kalungwishi is always full, and the miniature rain-forest is moist and cool. The local natives make periodic offerings to the nature spirit, *ngulu*, of the Falls.

Sumbu, through Mporokoso, is



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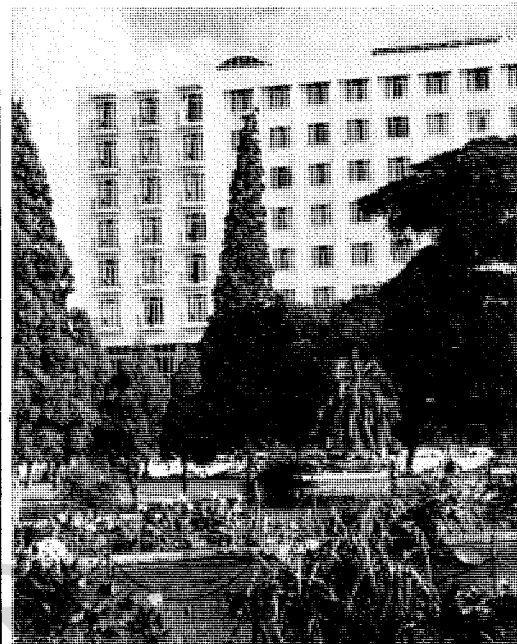
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pushed down, although the headstones have never been molested. Perhaps Livingston and Stevens shot only slavers, not elephants: as everyone knows, elephants will always trample the grave of an elephant hunter.

The Boma was closed in 1908 because slavery had stopped and sleeping sickness had been diagnosed there. (It may be that the two officials died of it: no one knows.) The African population was moved away from the shoreline, but by 1912, the disease had died out in the area, and the Africans moved back. In 1914 Belgian troops moved in from the Congo to stem the advance of German troops, and the trenches and gun-emplacements can still be seen. Old Africans will still show the visitor the shell-holes made when a German gun-boat fired on the allied troops.

All these events are now history, and today Sumbu's greatest excitement is the arrival of lorries from the Copperbelt with traders to buy the catch of dried fish — the small sardine-like *ndegaa*.

There is now only one European at Sumbu. He is a Swiss trader from whom boats can be hired and tinned food bought. A mile away is the village of Teleka, a descendant of one of the most cruel of the slave traders, a man who was subject to the infamous Tippoo Tib and who organised the dhow traffic across the lake. The principal building in the village, which is worth a visit, is the dried-brick mosque, which has a special room for women worshippers and at which there are still five services every Friday.

Teleka himself is a Moslem priest, and, the colourfulness of East Africa beginning here, he and his followers wear the long, ankle-length white *kanzu* and the embroidered white cap. But Moslem or not, Teleka still offers the annual pagan oblations at the beginning of the fishing season at Nundu point, a rock that looks like a woman's head at the mouth of Kamba bay. He is no longer a slaver, but, since the Boma closed, smuggling has become much safer, and canoes and dhows from the Congo or



An elephant photographed at night near the rest huts at Kasaba Game Camp.

Tanganyika still hug the shores and mighty cliffs to slip into Sumbu bay at night. Who cares? Certainly not the distant Customs, because there is little worth worrying about except the odd diamond from the Williamson mines in Tanganyika.

From Sumbu to Kasaba is about an hour's run by launch unless you slow down for some trolling on the way. Good fishing is always found opposite the huge rounded rock that stands out of the water about half way there. Marking the entrance of Sumbu bay, the rock is always gleaming white from the constant droppings of water birds and is a landmark that can be seen scintillating from many miles away. Here Teleka, the high priest of fishing — a heathen role that, conveniently, does not seem to conflict with his Moslem faith — makes yet another annual offering to the gods of the lake.

Just beyond is the only African settlement allowed in the Sumbu Game Reserve. It is a large encampment of hundreds of fishermen and their families who are allowed to spend the dry season in temporary grass huts whilst they fish for *ndegaa*. Thousands upon thousands of the tiny fish can be seen drying on the

beach before being taken to Sumbu. From here, as from Mpulungu, the canoes go out at night, with pressure lamps or brightly burning wood fires in pots to attract the shoals, which are scooped out with nets made of mosquito guaze. The fairy lights of the fishing fleets flickering away out on the dark waters are one of the memorable sights of Lake Tanganyika.

The alternative water-route to Kasaba from Mpulungu at the end of the road from Broken Hill, Kasama and Abercorn, used to take a dreary, uncomfortable six hours, but at the time when this issue of *Africa Calls* went to press a new, swifter boat, with every modern convenience was expected to come into operation.

During the trip, there are places of interest. Soon after leaving Mpulungu the Izi Falls can be glimpsed up in the mountains to the west. They are higher than the famous Kalambo Falls on the other side of the lake, but a break in them at about 430 feet in the total drop of 880 feet, prevents their claiming the record.

Kapembwa, the goddess of the lake, is passed about 25 miles from



# On the Copperbelt...



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Mpulungu. No beauty she, but a huge, rugged, double cliff towering hundreds of feet sheer out of the water. If you know she is a goddess, you can see the outline of her head, neck and breasts: otherwise, it is just another great cliff.

Every year fishermen make offerings of food to the goddess, for if they did not there would be no fish. (It is said that the European manager of the commercial fisheries at Mpulungu plays safe by doing the same.) In the olden days a virgin was "offered"; but she merely had to remain a virgin for a year. If she failed, her head was chopped off.

Kapembwa must not be pointed at with a finger; a jerk of the head or arm or fist is allowed, but not a finger.

There are other places of interest in African lore, on the long journey northwards to Kasaba, but the only other one of general interest is the mouth of the Lufubu river about half way to Kasaba. If you can spare another hour or so on an already long journey, a trip of about eight miles up the estuary leads to the slipway and monument marking the site of the launching of the steamboat *Good News* in 1884.

The Lufubu marks the southern boundary of the Sumbu Game Reserve, and, on the journey to the monument, game can be seen on the north bank. There is, too, the excitement produced by schools of hippo.

From the Lufubu the route sweeps wide across the broad Kasaba bay on the last lap to Kasaba Game Camp. And then for the fishing.

When I was at Kasaba the record Nile Perch caught from the camp was 63 lb. From Mpulungu the record is 70 lb., so the really big chaps are still waiting to be caught.

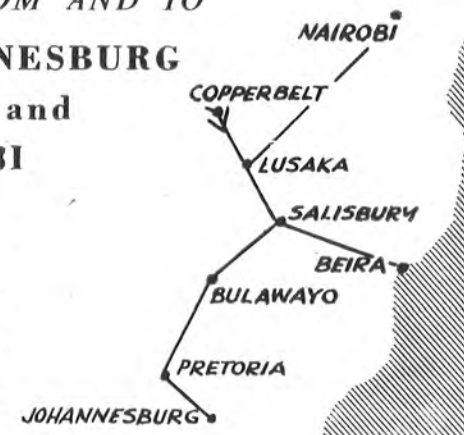
There are other prizes too. The Goliath Tiger Fish goes up to 70 lb. in these waters but is very rarely caught at that size. He is a challenge indeed to the expert. Another strong fighter is the Sampa (a giant cat-fish known as Vundu in Southern Rhodesia) which also goes up to over 100 lb. Then there are plenty of smaller, edible species, but Lake Tanganyika is essentially a challenge to the strong, skilful angler who likes the big stuff.

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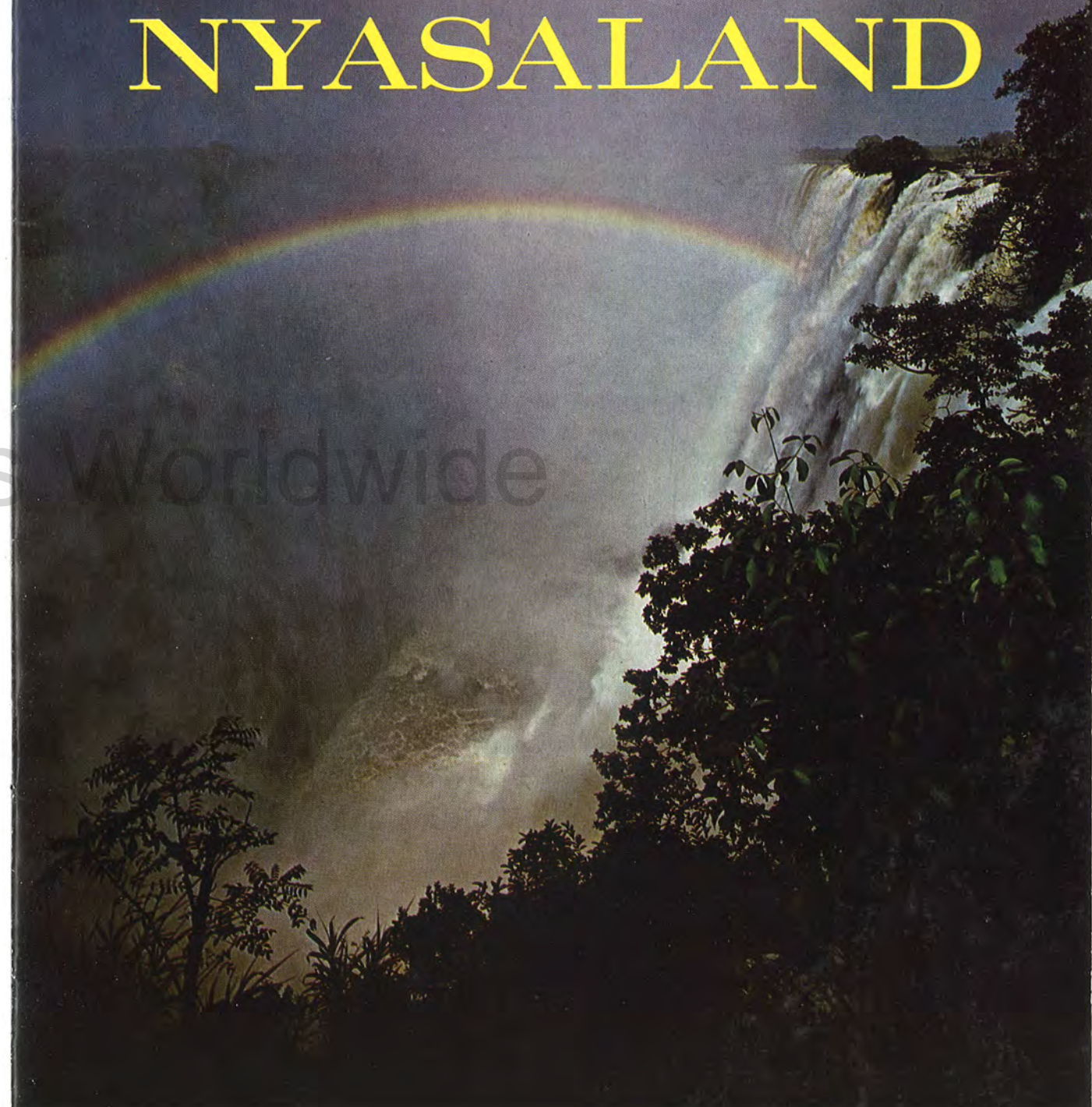
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the mystery of the vanished empire which built the Great  
Zimbabwe Ruins . . . . the slender soar and curve  
of Kariba's wall containing in a giant lake the whole  
surge and flow of the Zambezi River . . . . an elephant  
effortlessly tearing off half a tree for fodder in the  
savage glades of the Luangwa Valley . . . .  
a moment's silence at the simple grave of Cecil Rhodes  
among the great sun-warmed boulders  
of the View of the World in the fateful Matopo Hills . . . .  
These are the memories you will take away  
from Rhodesia and Nyasaland—the country where only  
seventy years divide the skyscrapered, neon-lit  
night-life of the capital city of Salisbury  
from the bare and lonely veld from which it sprang.  
Here is the sharp and startling contrast between  
the emerald downs of a tenderly watered golf course and  
the parched brown bushveld where lion still seek  
their daily prey. Here is a land of lake and mountain,  
of comfortable hotels and friendly folk—a camera-conscious  
land with a picture round every bend in the road  
and that matchless African warmth and sunlight which  
makes the picture—and the visit—perfect.



Half-hidden by stooped trees and leafy undergrowth, the Zambezi River begins as a tiny trickle in the far north-west of Northern Rhodesia. Then, gathering strength from a thousand tributary streams, it broadens on its long and winding journey of 750 miles to the south and then the east, until as a mile-wide torrent it pours thunderously over the 350-foot high edge of the Victoria Falls.

This is the greatest spectacle in the continent of Africa.

In the African autumn of April and May, when the Zambezi is filled with the floods of summer's rains, 75 million gallons of water, the largest curtain of falling water in the world, roar over the black basalt brink each minute, then boil through the seven great eroded gorges below the Falls.



## Victoria Falls

This matchless natural phenomenon has made the town of Livingstone, named after the discoverer of the Falls, one of the world's great tourist centres. From hospitable hotels, thousands of visitors each year set out to see the Falls in surroundings preserved as nearly as possible as David Livingstone saw them a century ago.

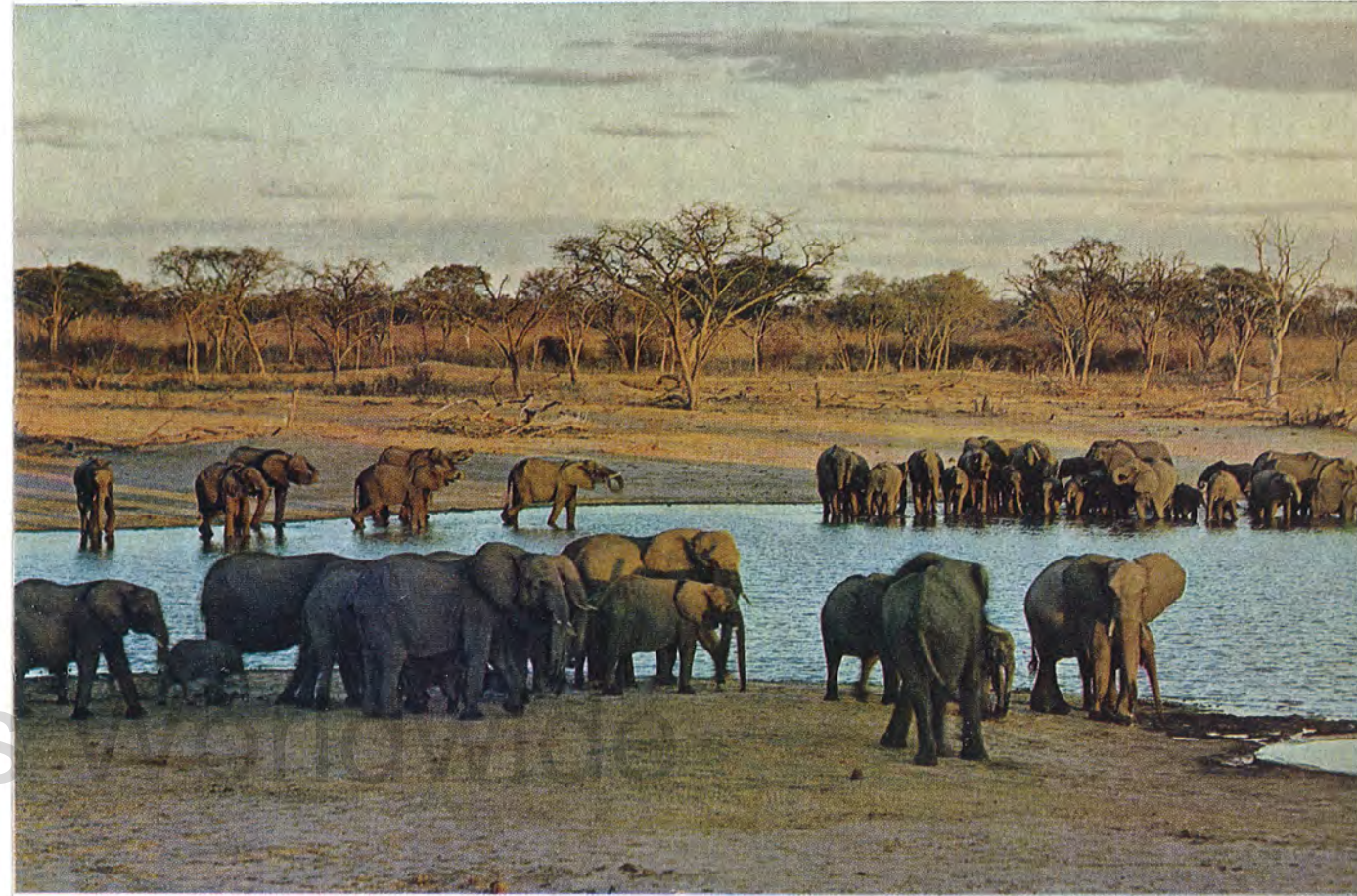
Here unchanged is the great river, the hippo and the crocodile; the flashing birds and the fighting tiger fish. In the game-rich countryside nearby elephant, zebra, eland, sable, wildebeest, buffalo and many other animals are to be seen — from the safety of a car or a low-flying game-viewing aircraft.

At the Craft Village maintained by the world-famous Rhodes-Livingstone Museum, the curious crafts of the old Africa remain unforgotten — Iron Age relics in the Space Age.

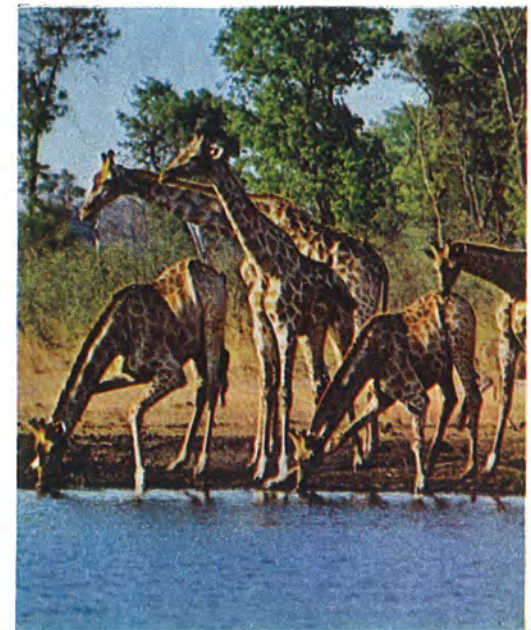
Here at the Victoria Falls, along miles of scenic drives and splendid views dominated by the white and towering cloud of spray, you will share with David Livingstone the thought that "scenes so lovely must have been gazed upon by angels in their flight".



## WILD LIFE



There are few experiences more thrilling and stirring than the sight of big game roaming freely on the African veld: a pride of lions deployed for the hunt; graceful impala with soft eyes and glistening coats; a thousand or more buffalo dustily and heavily crossing your path; comical warthogs trotting with their tails preposterously vertical; sable antelope in heraldic poses; an elephant shaking the curly pods down from a winter thorn tree; a family of giraffe see-sawing along in a canter. And it is only in Africa south of the Sahara, in the great wild life sanctuaries of the sub-continent, that scenes such as these can be enjoyed.





Much-sought-after souvenirs

## RHODESIA'S LOVELY COPPERWARE

by M. DE SOISSONS

**R**HODESIA is now world-famous as a major producer of copper. Copper used in many branches of industry, in architecture, in engineering, and in scientific work. Without it, electricity would today be a puny rather than a powerful servant of mankind.

Copper has always played an important role in the lives of people. In prehistoric and historic times, the metal was used for ornaments and household utensils and—in the very earliest years of evolution—for weapons. And it is to the ancient uses of copper that modern Rhodesian craftsmen have now turned once more, employing all the old skills of working the metal that have been known to the world for three or four thousand years, but adding certain important processes that up-to-date metallurgical science has discovered.

The results of this revival—using copper from the great Northern Rhodesian Copperbelt—is a gleaming, richly coloured, vibrantly warm array of ornaments and decorative but utilitarian household equipment which would greatly surprise a copper worker from ancient Ur of the Chaldees or an African miner at one of the historic workings in Northern Rhodesia. These articles are much in demand by Rhodesian and tourist alike, for they are essentially of the country in material and workmanship, and many of them have Rhodesian motifs.

Archaeologists believe that copper was widely worked some 7,000 years

ago. Some areas were more advanced than others: the cradle of copper-working was thought to be in the Near East, and another and quite unconnected civilisation where copper was worked at craftsman level occurred in China.

At first the coppersmiths worked "native" copper—the raw metal—by beating it with wooden hammers into the required shapes. Later they learned to melt this native copper and cast it. Later still—about 3,500 B.C.—the ancients discovered the connection between the raw metal they knew well and the beads of metal that appeared in certain rocks when subjected to fire. Then they smelted ore (where copper was in association with other minerals) in order to obtain the copper, and later used copper in alloy with tin to produce bronze, and with zinc to produce brass.

Here in the centre of Africa it is thought that knowledge of copper came late. Copper ingots of various kinds have been cast by native peoples in what is now the Federation since the 15th century. The metal was obtained in the main from the great African source of copper in the Katanga and Copperbelt areas, and also from small primitive workings just south of the Limpopo River.

Ingots were used as currency for many centuries, and those shaped like the cross of St. Andrew and produced in the Katanga area were the most highly prized. These cross-shaped ingots are occasionally found

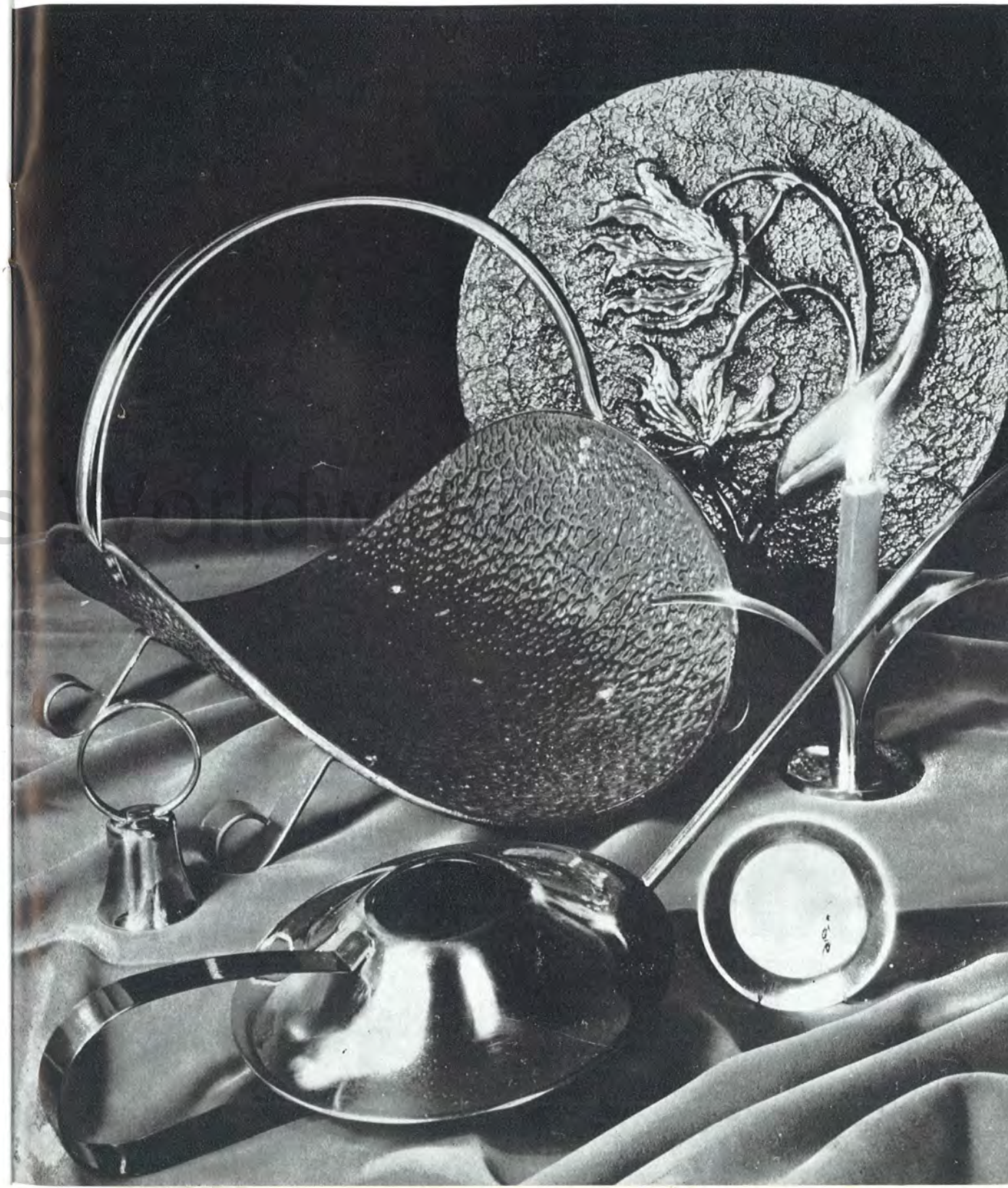
in Southern Rhodesia and have been dug up during excavations in stone-walled sites of ancient habitation.

The African coppersmiths also made bracelets and armrings out of copper strips, beat out flat round ornaments presumably used to hang round the neck, and made copper beads in profusion and such tools as hammers. Excavations at Great Zimbabwe have brought to light copper spear-heads and tiny copper bells among the more usual artifacts of the metal. No eating or household utensils have been discovered, and this argues a lack of copper-working knowledge other than of beating.

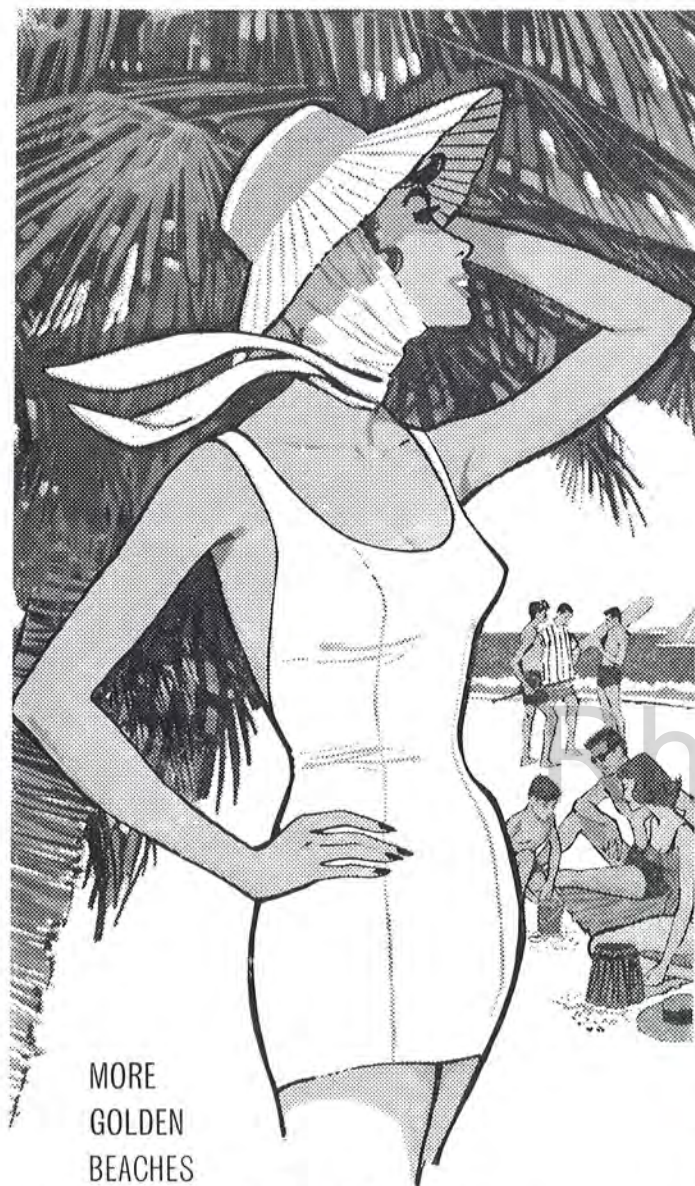
Copper, like gold, is easy to work and remarkably resistant to corrosion but, unlike the previous metal, it has the useful property of hardening as it is worked and is therefore very durable. The Rhodesian craftsmen who are responsible for the revival of copperware believe that copper does not lend itself to mass production in the forms which they are at present turning out; that the best finish to the metal is achieved by hand spinning; and that, to gain the finest results from copper, meticulous hand working is essential.

The craftsman's material is unpolished copper sheet usually 1/16th inch thick, but for some jobs this is rolled down to 1/32nd inch. The metal is first softened to allow it to be worked. This is known as annealing and consists of heating the copper to a red glow and then dipping it in water. The sheet is next cut into required shapes—discs and rect-

Some of the lovely and useful copperware being made in the Federation. The plaque at the back is embossed with the Flame Lily, Rhodesia's national flower. Articles from Mitchelrose & Co., Salisbury, and the Rhodesian Copper Development Association.







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angles — for working into the various articles.

Depending on the article, the copper is drawn, pressed, stamped, beaten or spun into shape. Embossing and engraving come later when required. Hand spinning is perhaps most often used, since the greater part of Rhodesian copperware today is in the form of jugs, vases, pots and other rounded articles.

Spinning machinery merely turns the article to be shaped, and the craftsman must shape it by hand himself, taking care that temperatures caused by friction of shaping do not become too high, otherwise the benefits of treatment during rolling are lost and the copper grain expands with a consequent loss of quality. The metal also tends to harden too fast.

The articles are next buffed and polished until the copper shines lustroously, and the surface is sealed with a synthetic lacquer which precludes the need for polishing for up to a year; thereafter, it is necessary to clean off the lacquer, polish it with metal polish, and either re-seal with lacquer or polish it regularly. If copper is not in daily use but placed about the house as an ornament, a thin layer of clear wax laid on carefully after polishing will last for up to a year.

The variety of articles that are being made by Rhodesian copper craftsmen is enormous. For the housewife who believes that her kitchen is important enough to equip really well, there are nickel-lined copper saucepans, poaching-pans and frying-pans. For the dining-room she can buy casserole dishes, finger bowls, a coffee set, napkin rings, egg cups, coasters, candlesticks, bells, and a whole range of bowls in which to arrange table decorations of flowers and to serve fruit, nuts and sweets.

For the living-room there are trays and salvers, tables, lamps, ash-trays, cigarette boxes, and a large number of vases and jardinières for



Copper craftsmen and women are not only working in factories in Rhodesia to-day but also at home. This is Mrs. Mackie, of Avondale, Salisbury, polishing some completed work in copper.

flower arrangements — from big Ali Baba "jars" to an African Lily vase made in the natural shape of a common wild flower. And to ensure that flowers in the house have enough water, there is an elegant watering-can with a long spout.

Even in Rhodesia's equable climate the fireplace is most often the focal point of a living-room, and copper is utilised to provide coal scuttles, log baskets, poker, firescreens — often finely embossed with Rhodesian animals, flowers and other indigenous themes — and occasionally a great copper canopy above the

fireplace that provides a bright sheet of colour in the room.

And at sundowner time one may drink beer from a copper tankard lined with local silver, and take ice from a copper ice-bucket.

The modern craftsmen have not neglected one of the most ancient of copper uses — human adornment. There is a wonderful selection of bracelets, armbands, necklets, chokers, necklaces, bangles, earrings and belts, and the realm of hand-made costume jewellery of copper with semi-precious Rhodesian stones and African themes is being



## RHODESIA'S COPPERWARE *continued*

investigated. A few sets of this jewellery — not yet available — have been made up for young Rhodesian mannequins to wear overseas with locally-made clothes.

One of these pieces is entitled "Flame Lily in Moonlight" — the national flower with milky quartz, called Rhodesian moonstone, as the stone. Another, using an indigenous theme, is called "Nganga", or African doctor. Others use or will

use malachite, gem beryl, amethysts, a dark green and very hard jade recently found in Southern Rhodesia, and any semi-precious stone that tones well with tawny copper.

From this wealth of shapes and uses into which copper is beaten, pressed, stamped and spun, what do our visitors choose? One would suppose that they would buy first the small things that slip easily into a bag already reaching out for over-

weight on the airport's scales. Of course they do, but they also order larger pieces to be wrapped and dispatched to them.

Rhodesian copper now graces an ever-increasing number of homes all over the world, where its quality is acknowledged, its African themes admired, and where, perhaps, its rich living colour recalls something of Rhodesia's sun and warm hospitality. ■

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## A STORY FOUNDED ON A MATABELE LEGEND



## The Dragon Woman

by GRETA BLOOMHILL

Author of the *Sacred Drum*

"COME, Nkabi," called Nondweli, "we have a long journey to make today."

Nkabi came to her call. Since he had been a calf nuzzling his wiry dam, he had belonged to the Princess; he was one of the royal breed, a pure black ox with not a single white hair on his body. On Nkabi's

straight back the little Princess had learnt to ride. Many a toss she took when, in the exuberance of youth, he bucked her off. But riding lessons were held in the cattle kraal; the deep bed of pulverised dung made falling a game of fun.

Now that Nkabi was a fully-trained riding ox, both of them

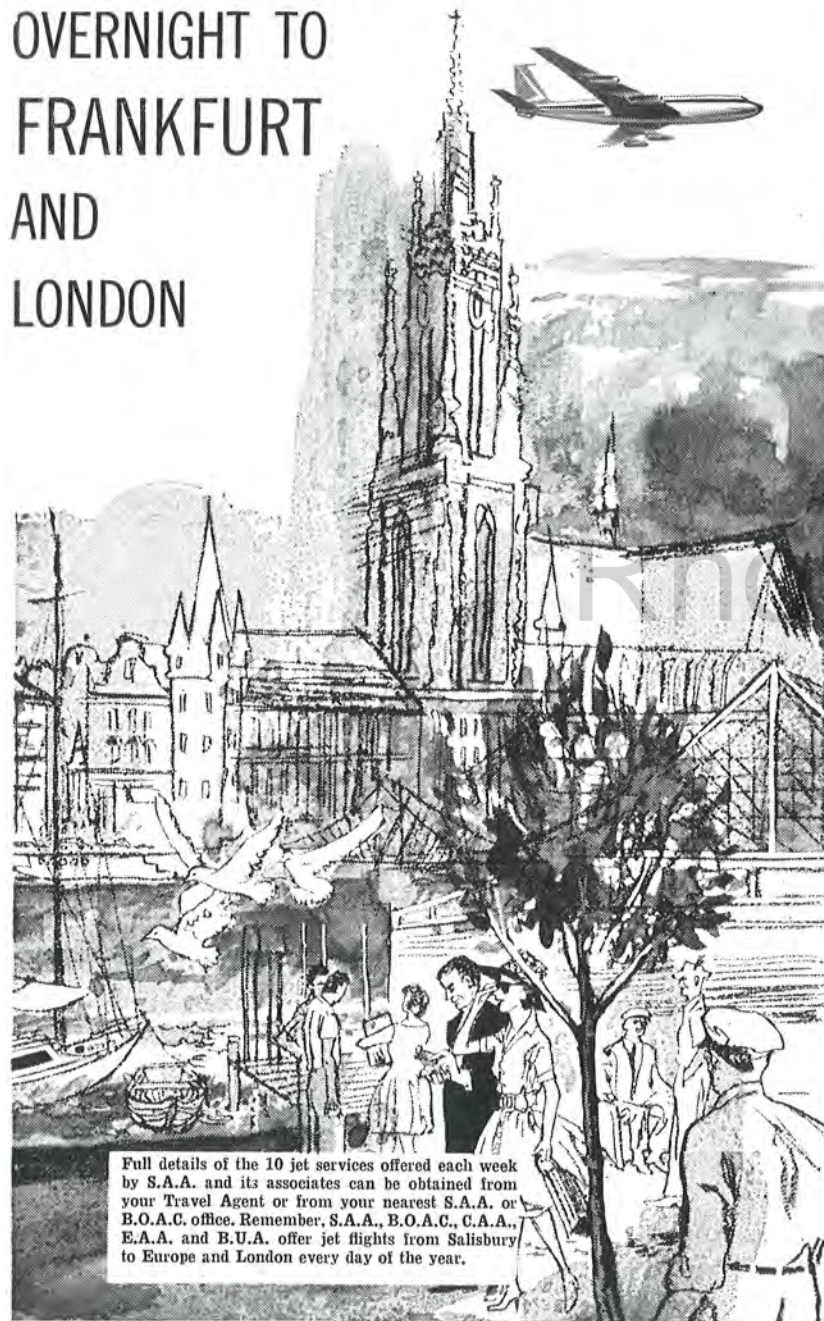
looked forward to their outings. Yet this time the brightness of Nondweli's eyes was not due to pleasure, but to tears.

"Chief Ndokwane wa kwa Bembesi, my adopted father, and Xonxegu, his head wife, are on their deathmat," she confided to the ox as she passed the rawhide bridle



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through the hole between his nostrils. "As I am too young to marry, they have bidden me travel to the Matobo Hills, to the village of my uncle, Chief Xibegu, for there is now none other to care for me."

Nkabi's large eyes were liquid with sympathy. He knelt for the Princess to mount. Sedately he followed one of the numerous well-trodden veld paths: except when danger threatened, a Princess's riding-ox must never run.

After a few miles, the Princess turned on the leopard-kaross which served her as saddle, and looked back. There was a smoke-plume rising in the direction of her father's village. "The mountain has fallen," she sighed, using the metaphor that denoted the death of a chief. "Behold the death-signal, Nkabi! My father's followers are now offering sacrifice to his departed spirit."

They were riding along the bank of a stream. Nondweli dismounted, and, while Nkabi swilled great mouthfuls, she unfastened her brightly-coloured little drinking-gourd from her girdle and dipped it into the water. She drank the water and emptied the last drops on an anthill.

A tiny voice chirped upon her sorrow. "Who spilt water on this anthill?" it asked.

The Princess looked down and saw a caterpillar rearing against her sandal. "Was it you who spoke?" she asked in amazement.

"Yes. I am not an ordinary caterpillar. I am Isibuna, the Mbula-Makasana's slave."

"Who is the Mbula-Makasana? I have never heard of her."

"She is the Queen of the anthill. She has the body of a lizard and the head of a woman, and her ambition is to become altogether a woman."

Before Isibuna could explain any more, an angry rumble came from inside the anthill. "Ho, slave!" it called. "What is happening? Come in at once, and I shall see for myself."

Trembling with dread, the caterpillar crawled back into the anthill, and there emerged a frightful shape. The scaly body, hung with a moth-eaten goatskin, was that of a gigantic lizard, but the face that peered out of the opening was a woman's.

The Princess stood rooted with horror. When she regained sufficient self-control to try to mount Nkabi and gallop away, she was unable to do so, for terror had made the ox restive.



"Stay, pretty maid," the dragon-woman pleaded. "I will not harm you. Ah!" — a windy sigh heaved the goatskin — "why is everyone afraid of me? I cannot help having been born ugly! Do stay and talk to me." The dragon-woman made her voice low and mournful. "It is so lovely to see you and your fine riding-ox. I live such a lonely life in the anthill." Tears large as wild grapes rolled from her eyes.

The Princess began to feel sorry for the monster. "Indeed," she said, "an anthill must be a dreary place to live in."

"It is also very cold." The Mbula-Makasana shivered. "I have no fine clothes like you have. Won't you lend me your clothes for a little while?"



Nondweli was very vain. She was flattered that her clothes should be admired. She drew off from her plump shoulders her cloak of *impofu*, royal eland-hide, well-greased, perfumed with *amaka* herb ointment and applied with contrasting skins; from her hips she took the kirtle of richly-pleated oxhide, and put them on the dragon-woman's scaly body.

Nondweli did not give any ornaments, because, in mourning for her

parents, she was not wearing them: they were all tied inside a skin pouch on Nkabi's back — the necklace of magic leopard-claws, which her mother had given her as a talisman to ward off evil, together with heavily-woven necklaces of beads of the royal red; a bright bead-and-feather red-parrot headdress; white oxhair anklets and wristlets, and numerous bracelets of copper, brass and woven wire.

Carefully packed with the ornaments was also the royal *inkata* in which dwelt the guardian spirit of their clan. The *inkata* was a twisted pad of magic fibre bound around with python-skin. By it, Nondweli was to make known her royal lineage to Chief Xibegu, her uncle, who had never seen her.

After the Princess had given the dragon-woman her own clothes, she was ashamed to be naked, so she put on the woman's discarded goatskin.

"Ah, my heart warms in these clothes!" The dragon-woman prinked about. Then her voice sank again to a sigh. "If only I could get on to your beautiful riding-ox! Aie, aie," she wailed. "I have never had a riding-ox!"

"Come," Nondweli good-naturedly held out her arms, "I will help you up. Stand still, Nkabi!" The ox was snorting and backing



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## DRAGON WOMAN *continued*

away. "You must give my new friend a ride."

Thus they left the anthill, with Nondweli leading her ox and the dragon-woman sitting on his back. But suddenly the dragon-woman struck the ox with her claws, till his sleek hide ran with blood. Mad with pain, he crashed through trees and undergrowth with the dragon-woman's laughter echoing wildly back to Nondweli.

Heedless of the thorns that tore her tender flesh, weeping to see her ox ill-used, Nondweli panted after, limping as the stones cut through her soft duiker-skin sandals.

But in a few minutes Nkabi and the dragon-woman were out of sight.



Chief Xibegu *wa kwa Matobo* was at his midday food-pots when a herald announced the coming of his sister's child. "Hail, *Nkosi!*" the herald clashed his *assegai*. "The Princess Nondweli had a servant with her, O Chief! But this slave beat the Princess's riding-ox, which took fright and bolted. The Princess begs you not to send anyone to seek her slave."

"*Hau!*" exclaimed the chief. "I shall not seek her. It is fitting that such a slave should be eaten by the leopards that roam these hills. Lead the royal maid to the best hut next to my own daughter's. Place her riding-ox in a *kraal* with water and fodder, by itself. The beast is strange here, and tired; my oxen may injure him if you place him in the herd."

"Your order shall be carried out, *Nkosi!*"

Chief Xibegu was anxious to meet his sister's child, adopted after her own parents' death. Nondweli's mother had been one of the comeliest of the many comely girls for which the aristocracy of *abazansi* Matabele, those of pure Zulu blood, were famed. But it is unseemly for a chief to show haste. Therefore, after his repast he rested in his sleeping-hut and, when the heat of midday abated, rose and attended his *indaba*, or court of judgment, at which there were always scores of petitioners seeking justice.

By the time he was ready to meet

the Princess, evening shadows were splashing across the valley.

"Let my councillors be summoned," he commanded, "with all the elders. I would receive the maid with the ceremony due to a royal child."

Solemnly the councillors and elders wearing the *isidhlo* rings on their heads, that were the insignia of their rank, filed into the royal enclosure. Presently there sounded the *ivenge* and the *umtshingo*, the short and long reed-pipes of musicians, together with the hollow thud of *assegai*-butts and knobkerries against oxhide shields — the only drum-beats befitting to usher a Princess of a martial people into the presence of her kinsman.

When the dragon-woman appeared there were whispers of consternation. Chief Xibegu was taken aback most of all. How could a comely royal Matabele woman have given birth to this monstrosity?

However, no one guessed that the dragon-woman was other than what she pretended to be, for, besides carrying before her the *inkata* bound in python-skin, symbol of the royal clan, she was enabled through contact with human clothes to assume a human shape. Thus her claws were now hands; her tail had shrunk and was hidden by her skirt, and her scales had turned to coarse skin. Therefore, since it would have been impolite to show disappointment, Chief Xibegu greeted her hospitably:

"*Sakubona!* I see you, adopted child of my brother. Sore grieved am I to hear of your adopted parents' death."

"*Aie! Aie! A most grievous death!*" The dragon-woman hid her face in her cloak, pretending to weep, but in reality she was muffling her laughter at the ease with which she could deceive human beings.

As the maidens came in bearing great gourds of beer on their heads, a warrior dragged in a half-naked, weeping girl. "This girl, *Nkosi!*" he said to the chief, "claims to be your brother's adopted child."

"That is my slave," declared the dragon-woman, "she who beat my ox."

Therefore, despite her bitter tears, Nondweli was led to the slaves' quarters.

Before daybreak one of Chief Xibegu's minor wives shook her. "Wake up, Princess!" she taunted. "Here is a handsome Prince awaiting you!" She pointed to a blear-eyed old man. "Kakwiso the scarecrow. He is too lame to chase the birds by himself, so you can help him keep them away from the chief's corn."

Nondweli, bewildered at her misfortunes, had spent the night weeping. She had been unable to fall asleep without her luxurious karosses and sleeping-mats. Her limbs ached as she walked beside Kakwiso through the dewy grass. The old man was carrying an *isigodo*, a pole with which to frighten the birds. He stopped near a thicket to cut another pole for Nondweli.

Unbeknown to them, Prince Matambo, the chief's son, was out hunting and lay hidden in the thicket in wait for game. At sight of Nondweli's budding beauty, desire entered his heart. "I will ask my father for this slave-maid," he said to himself, "though she is not yet old enough to take a man."

When Nondweli and Kakwiso reached the field of *mabele* or corn, Kakwiso bade her work at the other end of the rows. "Beat your *isigodo* on the ground like this," he showed her, and cry "Hee-ah! Hee-ah!" to frighten the birds.

Nondweli went to the far end of the field. The tall ranks of corn hid her from Kakwiso. She neither beat her stick on the ground nor cried "Hee-ah!" Instead she raised her arms to the flocks of birds against the dawn-flushed sky and called them down. The dawn-breeze soured in the corn and, in Kakwiso's deaf old ears, drowned Nondweli's calling of the birds. By their names she called them, every one:

"Come down, *inVanana!*" she called. "You grey babblers who chitter like a crowd of scandal-mongering women! Come down! My uncle disowns me, but his corn is full in ear! And you, *inConyane*, carmine-throated bee-eater, who, with your little belly blue as the far horizon, are the loveliest bird Africa's sun shines upon! Fly down on your crimson-and-black wings and dip your rosy crop deep in the corn! There is none here to say you nay."

"And you, bold-voiced *isiKuru-kuru*, barbet you, leave the edge of the woodland where I see you bowing and calling and answering yourself

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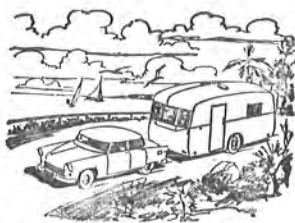
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## DRAGON WOMAN *continued*

around to make sure there were no crocodiles, she poised against the tranquil reaches of the river and dived.

Hidden in grass, Matambo watched the beautiful body glide about the pool. "Surely this is no slave-maid!" he murmured.

When the Princess emerged, she sat on a rock, arms encircling knees. Her eyes lit on the discarded goat-skin; they filmed with tears. "I do not want to put on that ugly old goatskin again," she said. Never had she been denied beautiful clothes. Her loneliness, the lazy hum of dragon-flies in the stillness of noon, brought an intense longing for all she had lost. "Ah!" she cried passionately. "How I long for my old home!"

There was a ripple in the pool. She sprang to her feet — was it a crocodile? No . . . Slowly, misted by memory as if the curtains of sleep had not yet been drawn apart, there rose in mid-stream the hut-roofs, the palisades and thorn-fences of her dead father's village.

With a joyful cry Nondweli ran

toward the huts which the Dream God had built for her in the river. There was her own hut. There had she slept as a babe beside the mother who had adopted her before she was able to speak. Laid out on the floor were magnificent karosses, a pile of clothes. All — all were there! The *isiDwaba*, the kirtle of finely-dressed hide; the velvety eland-cloak; the beaded ornaments — even the magic necklace of tiger-claws!

In amazement Matambo watched from amid the reeds, while Nondweli ran out of her hut clad in her royal garb.

The young man could no longer contain himself. He swam toward Nondweli and cried, "Tell me who you are, sweet maid — you who are dressed like a Princess and dancing on the Waters of Dreams!"

Shyly Nondweli told her story. And as she and the young man walked away together, the dream-village sank once more beneath the river.

When they arrived at the village, Chief Xibegu exclaimed, "Who is this you bring here, my son? — This winsome child? Did I not see the love for her in your face, I myself would send her the four beads which are the love-token of the Matabele!"

"This is the real Nondweli," replied the Prince. "The other who claims to be Nondweli is a Mbula-Makasana, Queen of an anthill, whose desire it is to become a woman. She has imposed on us all by preying on this poor girl's kindness."

"Summon my witch-doctor, my *isanuzi*," bade the chief. "He will instruct us what to do."

"Let your slaves dig a pit, O Chief!" the witch-doctor advised. "At the bottom place a gourd of milk. No dragon-woman can resist milk. Make her jump over the pit, and as she sees the milk she will dive down to get it."

The *isanuzi*'s instructions were carried out. By jabbing the dragon-woman with *assegais*, the chief's warriors made her jump over the pit. With a scream she leapt, but as she saw the milk, dived down to get it and broke her neck.

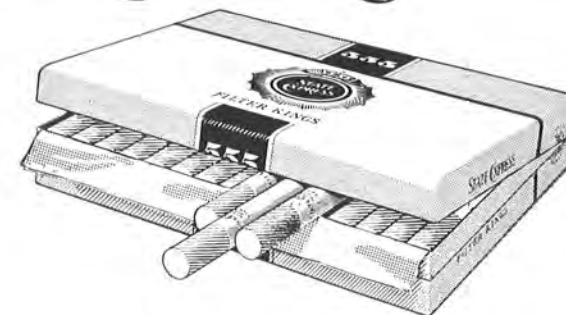
Then the people shovelled stones and earth on to her dead body so that never again would the Mbula-Makasana arise to trouble Nondweli — Nondweli their Princess, beloved of Matambo their Prince. ■

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