

RHODESIANA

Publication No. 2

of

The Rhodesia Africana Society

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FOREWORD

BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-
GENERAL OF THE FEDERATION OF
RHODESIA & NYASALAND, THE RT. HON.
THE EARL OF DALHOUSIE, G.B.E., M.C.

By its intention to further the collection and preservation of historical and other documents of importance the Rhodesia Africana Society merits widespread approval.

All who love their country will realise the value of presenting its story to the modern generation. This the Society seeks to do and in a way that can scarcely fail to arouse interest, and anyone reading this publication will inevitably look forward to reading the next one.

It is much to be hoped that in the future Rhodesiana receives the ever increasing distribution it deserves.

The Effects of History on the African

by R. Howman

*"History without culture bears no fruits,
Culture without History has no roots."*

Many of you will have noted recent headlines in the Press—"Africans plan to restore ancient empire"—"Mambo explains history of Zimbabwe". What was ancient historical gleanings from early Portuguese records, and speculative theories by Europeans, has suddenly become a lively administrative problem of the present day. It is a most interesting development in African ideas which reflects the importance of history as an influence in contemporary life.

Twenty odd years ago and more no Shona traditions made any reference to Munumutapa. There was an historical vacuum and had it not been for Portuguese sources the oldest indigenous traditions would have stopped at a Murozwi "Mambo" named Nechasike (the creator).

In the last few years, however, Africans have started to tack additional names and glories on to the chieftainship trees compiled by the Native Affairs Department, and although it was always a problem to distinguish fact from fiction it is now also a problem of separating indigenous legend from imported legend of European origin.

For instance a Buhera family tree now adds the two names of Munumutapa and Kasarinate, his son, as the ancestors of Nechasike and makes them the first two holders of the Mambo title. This name Kasarinate seems to be their version of Quesarynugo whom a Portuguese writer referred to as the Munumutapa. Von Sicard gave the name as Kesarinugo (Nada 1946).

Again, in the 1957 Nada, Robinson gives an account of Warazwi history in Bikita which brings in a Mambo Chinango Munumutapa.

Both of these are Warazwi groups which have been quick to assert that Mambo and Munumutapa were one and the same person. But the Waduma people have now lodged a claim to Munumutapa as their direct ancestor, a Makaranga, whose dynasty was overthrown by the Mambo.

We have the Samuriwo clan claiming before the Federal Supreme Court to be Warazwi, although a few years ago their antecedents were subject to much doubt. It is their leading business man in Salisbury who made contact with the Press.

It is not only the names of Portuguese origin, but the glories attributed to those names, that are being incorporated. Indigenous legends now speak of "great and powerful kings", of "empires stretching from the Zambesi to the Limpopo", of the "builders of Zimbabwe"—and make these ideas their own; stating them as facts. You may remember the newspaper quoted Samuriwo as saying, "The re-creation of the Warazwi empire would take in all the Africans in the Colony with the exception of the Matabele."

How did this reconstruction and adaptation of the past take place and why?

I think the clue is to be found in school history books. The Waduma tribal history, when written out, followed almost word for word in some paragraphs, a Standard IV reader of the Morgenster Press and I think if anyone would care to investigate all school readers he would uncover the base upon which new tribal legends are being formulated.

These history books are written in a very simple direct style without much regard to historical arguments, nor to the many 'perhaps' and 'it is possible-s' of serious historians, and without any allowances for the Portuguese practice of magnificent description. So what is largely conjecture becomes fact in school and is suitably adorned for tribal legend.

It is worth directing special attention to school readers for they will probably provide the material which the nationalistic spirit, as it grows, will turn to for nourishment and support. We must expect the African, no matter how much he may appear to be taking over Western ways, some time or other, to seek a return in some degree to his past and in doing so glorify it, distort it, and, without regard to historical accuracy or doubts, mould it into something emotionally satisfying.

For the historian this process will be viewed with dismay as he sees his 'history' taking on some very odd forms. For the student of society it offers him a fascinating opportunity to watch just how a people appropriate history for the emotional and political satisfaction it can give them. For the administrator—well his task becomes even more confusing than before.

At present we see the tribal consciousness beginning to appropriate remote history. Claims and counter-claims appear. But if, for instance, enough of what we call the Mashona people were to be convinced that they were Warozwi then I think one interpretation of history, like a dialect, would tend to become dominant and be vehemently asserted as the truth.

Some Notes on Police Pioneer Doctors and Others

by Colonel A. S. Hickman, M.B.E.

(With acknowledgement to the Central African Journal of Medicine)

"Tropical Victory", an account of the influence of medicine on the history of Southern Rhodesia for the period 1890 to the close of The Chartered Company's regime in 1923, although only published in 1953, is now a collector's piece. Even the author, Dr. Michael Gelfand, O.B.E., M.D., F.R.C.P., has no copy.

It is a book which should be read widely, not only by medical practitioners, but by every layman who can borrow a copy, and I hope there will be so great a demand for it that its reprinting will result.

It is obvious that Dr. Gelfand has done a great volume of research in order to assemble his facts in such readable form, and the community owes a debt of gratitude to him for recording the work of the early doctors and nurses, and others who assisted them, before their deeds are forgotten in the press of modern development. They should never be forgotten; "the successful struggle of the European pioneer and settler against fever and disease" would never have been successful except for their devoted work, and this country, of which we are so proud, would have made no progress. It would have remained as one of the backward areas of Africa. Medical and nursing aid was also brought to the primitive African, "gradually overcoming his superstitions and prejudices". As an illustration of how he has thrived I note that there were not more than 100,000 people living in Mashonaland when the Pioneer Column arrived, and these miserable tribesmen existed from day to day, decimated by internecine warfare, raids by the Matabele, famine and disease. Now throughout Southern Rhodesia there dwell over 2,000,000 Africans, and as year by year their health and mode of living improves, their numbers are increasing rapidly and their physique is better.

These results, both for the Europeans and other races who live here, were only achieved through much devoted work and at the cost of many lives.

Although it is true that the Pioneer Column reached its destination without a single fatal casualty it moved from Fort Tuli to Salisbury in the dry season of 1890, from July to September; further, there was excellent march discipline, and no attack by the Matabele.

But the rainy season of 1890/91 was a different story. There were exceptionally heavy rains and many of The British South Africa Company's Police fell sick or died of malaria or dysentery, which also took a severe toll from those who were on the expedition to Manicaland, and those who carried out despatch riding between Fort Salisbury, Fort Charter, Fort Victoria and Fort Tuli. These men suffered from short or unsuitable rations and inadequate clothing, and flooded rivers added to their misery. Similar conditions applied to those who had gone prospecting after the disbandment of the Pioneer Corps, and to new arrivals entering the country. It must be remembered that in those days the

cause of malaria was unknown. It was thought to emanate from unhealthy vapours and it was not until 1898 that the true facts began to be known, and in the meantime the anopheline mosquito held sway.

Dr. Gelfand's book is very fittingly dedicated to the Right Honourable Sir Godfrey Huggins, C.H., K.C.M.G., F.R.C.S., M.P. (now Lord Malvern) as Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia "who has devoted his life to the well-being of this country ..."

The object of these notes is to pay tribute to the Southern Rhodesia Medical Service in particular, and to its Federal successor. I am at present, sponsored by The British South Africa Company, engaged on research into the early records of The British South Africa Company's Police, and the Forces which stemmed from it, and during the course of my work have come upon numerous references to medical men associated with the police in the early days. I feel that some of this information will be of interest to those who practise today in different conditions, but with the same tradition of service to the community. This is by no means medical or surgical services only, but starting with Dr. Leander Starr Jameson, Administrator of Mashonaland, and continuing to Lord Malvern, medical men have played an outstanding part in the general development and advance of this Federation.

The present Medical Director, Dr. R. M. Morris, O.B.E., is closely connected with the early days, being a son-in-law of the late Lt.-Colonel C. H. Divine, D.S.O., V.D. Charles Divine, a descendant of 1820 Settlers, joined The British South Africa Company's Police from Cape Town on 27th February, 1890, served as a trooper in E Troop (Fort Tuli) under Captain A. G. Leonard, was later promoted to corporal in D Troop, and took his discharge on 9th November, 1891. As a young man he earned the commendation of his commanding officer who described him as "fiery, impulsive, yet full of initiative". He was one of those unfortunates employed on despatch riding on the Pioneer Road between Fort Charter and Fort Victoria in 1891, but survived these rigours to live to a ripe and distinguished old age.

Divine on one occasion shared a tent with Trooper J. W. Eksteen at Fort Victoria. He found his companion suffering great pain from a bad attack of lumbago. He went to the doctor (not named), asking him for something to relieve Eksteen. In his words he says, "The only thing he could give me was a mustard leaf. I half filled a pannikin with whisky, made Billy drink it, clapped on the leaf and covered him up well, and soon he dropped off to sleep. Next morning he was still asleep and about 9 a.m. I began to get anxious and had an idea that as he had not had any liquor for so long he might be suffering from alcoholic poisoning. However, at about 10 a.m. he stirred. I asked him how the lumbago was. He said the pain of the lumbago had quite gone, but he felt a burning sensation where I put the leaf. I took it off and it certainly *did* look as if that part had been burned. I had not known at the time that a mustard leaf should not be left on for more than 20 minutes. However, I cured Billy Eksteen of his lumbago!"

It is through the kindness of Mrs. R. M. Morris that I am gleaning much of my information about our early police, since she has lent me her father's copy

of Captain A. G. Leonard's very frank book, written almost in diary form, "How we made Rhodesia".

Accompanying the Pioneer Corps on the march to Mashonaland were Surgeon Captain A. J. Tabuteau, Surgeon Lieut. J. Brett and Surgeon Lieut. J. W. Lichfield, all of whom are referred to in "Tropical Victory".

With the Pioneer Police were Surgeon Captain Richard Frank Rand and Surgeon Lieut. E. Goody. Dr. Rand, who was highly qualified—F.R.C.S. (Eng.) 1883 and M.D. (Edin.) 1889—had practised for a short time in Jamaica and had experience of malaria. He was "the best known doctor in Rhodesia in the early days."

His date of appointment to the Company's Police is not known, but on the Pioneer Column he is shown as posted to the Headquarters Staff which travelled with B Troop. He was sent with Major P. W. Forbes to Manicaland, where members of A Troop under Captain (later Sir) H. M. Heyman were employed in the occupation of that area, and involved in skirmishes with the Portuguese.

During this period there occurred a ghastly yet heroic episode which illustrates the hazards to which the Pioneer police were exposed. Troopers Thomas William Glover and T. Matthews, of A Troop, were stationed at a detached post near Macequece, when both went down with malaria and were deserted by their native servants. Matthews died on 17th March, 1891, and for over a week Glover lay helpless with the corpse in the same hut. He was at his last gasp when rescued by Lieut. the Hon. Eustace Fiennes. His note reporting sickness had been brought to (Old) Umtali, where a rescue party was organised, consisting of the officer, Sgt. Thomas Paxton and Trooper B. O'Hara, all of them good swimmers.

They set out in torrential rain with a small bottle of quinine (in powdered form) and brandy, and successfully crossed several rivers, travelling along slippery mountain paths. They found the Revue River 'raging like a miniature sea', but in spite of this Lieut. Fiennes attempted the crossing alone; he was carried down stream for half a mile and was once entangled in reeds. Nevertheless, he managed to gain the far bank and at Macequece took care of Glover, removing him to a new hut. He was joined next day by the two police, reinforced by two prospectors and a doctor (who could only have been Rand). They had crossed the rivers with the aid of a stout rope; to say the least, a most unconventional way to visit patients.

Then came the problem of the return journey with the sick man. For a couple of days the party remained at Macequece to allow the rivers to subside, and in the meantime built a small raft. Lieut. Fiennes and another man swam with a leading rope, the others swimming beside the raft in order to steady it. In this way Glover came back to (Old) Umtali, being carried in a rough litter over the mountain tracks. He recovered, leaving the Police in January, 1892. At the time of his ordeal he was 32 years of age, but lived to be nearly 92, a great tribute to the attention he received and his own magnificent constitution.

Dr. Rand returned to Salisbury after the Portuguese dispute had been settled, continuing to serve as police surgeon until he resigned in 1892 to become Salisbury's first private practitioner. He was famous for his fever cure known as

"Rand's Kicker", apparently an effective but most unpleasant mixture. He was regarded with great affection by his patients, but "Tropical Victory" provides many other details of his career. He lived at Hartley for some time in the 1920's, but the place and date of his death I have yet to trace.

Surgeon Lieut. E. Goody, (his Christian name is not on record, nor have I yet found any particulars of his early career) was also obviously a man of character and determination. The first reference I have found to him is in May, 1890, when he was at Elebe in Bechuanaland, treating men with fever. In September of the same year, when the Pioneer Column was reaching Salisbury, he moved to Fort Tuli, where he was with Captain A. G. Leonard, commanding E Troop of the Company's Police.

The Shashi River at Tuli is about half a mile wide, but on 4th March, 1891, Dr. Goody, travelling in a punt with Trooper Glasson, a former Thames waterman, crossed the flood waters in 25 minutes, starting three quarters of a mile above the drift, and landing a quarter of a mile below it. Either his horse swam behind the boat or he was given a horse on the left bank, because as soon as he was across he rode on to Umzingwane Post Station on the Pioneer Road, a distance of 34-35 miles from Fort Tuli, on a report that a traveller had broken his leg. He found that the injured man was a Cape boy, attended to him and then rode onwards to other post stations to inspect them on account of the prevalence of fever patients and the unsuitability of 'bouilli' beef and biscuit rations for such cases. At this time Captain Leonard notes that there were a lot of men suffering from malaria in hospital at Fort Tuli but that they could not receive proper attention for "a man down with fever . . . requires beef-tea, sago and such slops besides wine and spirits to nourish him".

The plight of the despatch riders had been noted previously by Lt.-Col. E. G. Pennefather, Officer Commanding The British South Africa Company's Police, and in late February, 1891, Captain Leonard had received orders from him that the mails were no longer to be carried by men and horses but by a Scotch cart and oxen. This, of course, would slow down the whole system and it was not long before Dr. Rutherford Harris, Rhodes' secretary, sent orders to return to the old method, and 8 Company's Police were sent across the Shashi river on 12th March to re-establish the post stations between Fort Tuli and Fort Victoria.

On 14th March came instructions to countermand this order, and on the 22nd a telegram with Rhodes' instructions reading as follows, "I re-affirm orders to re-establish post stations with salted horses only however to be used for special despatches when so marked. This is final instruction."

Captain Leonard's natural comment was that he wished Rhodes would make up his mind once and for all, but the stations were re-established and thus Dr. Goody's responsibilities were increased, especially to the end of the rainy season.

In April, 1891, rumours reached Fort Tuli of a threatened expedition by Boers from the Transvaal who intended to cross the Crocodile (or Limpopo) river and enter the new territory of the Chartered Company. Captain Leonard then received orders from Rhodes to have 25 men in readiness to occupy a position in Chibis' country, probably near the Nuanetsi river, where they would

be controlling one of the main tracks made by Boer hunters in former times.

This project was shortly afterwards abandoned, and the new plan was obviously to deny the 'filibusters' any crossing of the Limpopo. With this end in view, and with the co-operation of the Bechuanaland Border Police, measures were undertaken to fortify and garrison the approaches to the drifts.

Captain Leonard therefore sent 20 men under Lieut. W. Hicks-Beach to erect a small earthwork to command Rhodes Drift and to man it. He also sent a party of 25 men under Lieut. W. A. Barnett to cut a road to a place about 30 miles downstream from Pont Drift.

During this period, on the 21st April, Mother Patrick, her Sisters and Father Prestage arrived at Fort Tuli, to remain until the weather became more settled and then to continue their journey to Salisbury. Their presence was a godsend to the Police who were sick. On the 5th of May the up-country mail came in by Scotch cart, and with it Lieut. William Bruce, who had been in Manicaland, Lieut. R. H. Ord-Capper and Trooper E. E. Riley, all down with fever. The two officers soon recovered, but Riley, who had only joined the Police in December, 1890 and was described by Leonard as a smart dapper-looking fellow, formerly an officer of the Bays, died on 8th May, "in spite of every attention on the part of Goody, and of devotion on the part of the sisters". He was in a bad way when he arrived, and fell into a state of coma from which he never rallied. His death is ascribed to exposure and "want of system", and the fact that he had not an iron constitution.

In the same week there was another death, a prospector named Craven, who with a companion had been living in a rude shelter near the fort. Dr. Goody examined the corpse and ascribed the death as being due to "natural failure of the heart's action, brought on by weakness from exposure and undue (*sic*) nourishment".

About this time Captain Cecil Keith-Falconer, formerly Aide-de-Camp to Lady Loch at Cape Town and commanding C Troop (Fort Victoria) of the Company's Police, came down to Fort Tuli suffering from what appears to have been a nervous breakdown. He brought vivid stories of the privations suffered by the pioneers, and I note subsequently resigned on 30th August, 1891.

Captain Leonard in his comments on the situation records that after nearly 15 months out of a total of 700 men only 15 had died. He was in a position to know because he received all up-country reports and consolidated them into one regimental state, which he forwarded to Rhodes' secretary. He adds "a large percentage of men have been down with fever—at Tuli 34 per hundred alone—but the death rate has been absurdly low and not even to be compared with the mortality in many parts of Great Britain!"

In June, 1891 it was estimated that 100-130 Boers, with nearly 100 native servants had congregated on the right bank of the Limpopo. As far as my research has gone I gather that five of the following six drifts were guarded by The British South Africa Company's Police, namely Rhodes, Pont, Massibis, Main, Middle and Lower (near Tuli) and that the Bechuanaland Protectorate Police, commanded by Goold-Adams, were in support.

In defence of three drifts had been 70 men with two Maxims, but on the 3rd June they were reinforced by 64 more men under command of

Lieut. S. Flower, and two more drifts were protected.

Now we come to Surgeon Lieut. E. Goody's great day—the 24th of June, 1891. On that day he was at Main Drift. The officer in command, Lieut. Ord-Capper, was away on the higher veld with another bout of fever. Goold-Adams was at a lower drift and Dr. Jameson had left only that morning for Matibis' kraal. So Dr. Goody was the only officer present when the Boer trekkers in full force arrived at the far bank of the drift. Immediately he sent mounted men to call in Dr. Jameson and Goold-Adams, and when Colonel Ferreira, C.M.G., the leader of the trek, his secretary Jerome, and in all a group of 4-5 armed men, crossed the drift in advance, he made them prisoners. Leonard remarks ". . . the doctor had his head screwed on the right way and did the right thing."

There is another report, however, that Trooper H. W. Chawner in charge of the Commissariat, who had nine years previous service in the Cape Mounted Rifles, was consulted by the duty sergeant in charge of the camp and advised him to disarm the Boers, make them prisoners and "send for the Doctor" (Jameson).

This does not detract from Dr. Goody's initiative because his was the ultimate responsibility.

On Dr. Jameson's return negotiations took place which resulted in the Boer expedition turning back, whilst Colonel Ferreira and Jerome went as prisoners on parole to Fort Tuli and then on to Salisbury to establish a commercial enterprise in which British South Africa Company officers and officials had a share!

Very little more is known of Dr. Goody; in August, 1891 he rode in to Fort Tuli from Middle Drift and was replaced by Dr. Sieveking. There is the possibility that he travelled up the Pioneer road towards Salisbury and died at Narka Pass in the Victoria district later the same year. I would very much like to know something more about Dr. Goody. Perhaps one of my readers may be able to trace his early record through the British Medical Association.

There is no record of how Dr. Sieveking reached Fort Tuli, whether from the north or south, but before his first month was out he had been down to Rhodes Drift to see a Commandant Meyers and had "done all he could for him." I have no other record of Commandant Meyers or the disability from which he was suffering, though it looks as if he might well have been a Transvaal official.

The next trouble was nearer home—still within the first month of his service in August, 1891. One of the most promising troopers, who had only joined on the 27th of April and come to Fort Tuli with a batch of recruits under Captain the Hon. Charles White (later Chief Commissioner of Police), was afflicted with delirium tremens. This youth of 19 who served on the provost staff under the constant observation of officers and N.C.O.'s had shown no signs of his heavy drinking until he ran amuck along the road with a drawn sword! He had been patronising Homan's canteen, on the left bank of the Shashi river near the drift, opened only a month before. He was put under the observation of Sieveking who diagnosed D.T. He was discharged from the Police towards the end of September.

Dr. Sieveking was eulogised by Captain Leonard in the following words. "Sieveking . . . I find is a kindred spirit, and most charming companion. Most amusing and full of humour, he keeps me alive with his genuine fun and true wit. I tell him he has mistaken his profession, or rather is a good actor lost to the world of art, but not to his friends. For, as a doctor, he is very clever, earnest and painstaking, full of energy and always at work. There was no hospital to speak of before he came, but he has lost no time in having an excellent one built, while all his arrangements are as perfect as possible. It is great fun to see him take off people . . ." This is indeed a tribute from one who was most critical about many of his fellow men; his book is full of pungent comments.

On one occasion Dr. Sieveking rode with Captain Leonard to search certain local kraals for missing rifles, and finally when Leonard left Fort Tuli on the 21st of September to ride to Salisbury pending his resignation from the Police, Sieveking, with two other officers accompanied him on the first stage—14 miles to Ipagee, where they put up at Campbell's wayside hotel for the night. After that I have no further information.

Now for the medical orderlies. It is stated in "Tropical Victory" that Spun and Reynolds performed duty for A Troop of the Company's Police and Farmaner for B Troop. Of Spun I can find no trace in any of the Troops, the nearest approach to his name being Trooper H. S. Spring, who attested in March, 1890, but served only in C Troop (Fort Victoria) until his discharge on the 16th of September, 1891 on the grounds of ill-health.

Trooper W. C. H. Reynolds, however, is recorded as having joined in April, 1890 and to have served in B Troop of the Police in the Pioneer Column. It is not known when he transferred to A Troop from which he took his discharge on the 30th September, 1891. I can find no other details about him.

On the other hand Trooper George William Farmaner has left his mark. Apparently in civil life he was a haberdasher; he was one of the early recruits for the Police, having attested on the 2nd December, 1889 and being posted to B Troop (Fort Salisbury) until he was discharged on the 15th of September, 1891. He then joined the Survey Department as a clerk. In the same year, probably before he left the Police, he acted as medical orderly to Dr. Rand. The late Hon. Lionel Cripps, first Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of Southern Rhodesia, writes favourably of him as follows, "I had a spell in hospital, then managed by Rand, with Farmaner as orderly, and very nice and clean did he keep himself and the huts where the patients were put up."

In 1893 he joined the staff of the Civil Commissioner in Salisbury and on the 1st June, 1894 was appointed Civil Commissioner, Umtali, where later he was Acting Magistrate.

On 1st December, 1898 he became Civil Commissioner, Salisbury, and there we must leave him; he was obviously a man of versatility.

There were two former medical students serving in D Troop of the Company's Police who deserve special mention, Sgt. Charles Edward Judge and Trooper Carte. Sgt. Judge belonged to Kimberley where his father was Mining Commissioner, and joined the Company's Police on 24th February, 1890; he was promoted to Troop Sgt. Major on 15th September, 1891 and took his discharge on 15th December of the same year. He was educated at Bishops,

Cape Town and was an ex-medical student though where he trained I do not know. He was a good rugby player and is described as a very fine character. He served as a sergeant in the Victoria Column in the Matabele War of 1893, and as a trooper in Gifford's Horse in the 1896 Rebellion. Sad to say he gave way to drink and is said to have met his end by falling down a mine shaft near Bulawayo before 1903.

Not even the initials of Trooper Carte are recorded, but he is described as Irish and an ex-medical student. He served in D Troop of the Company's Police from 6th July, 1890 to 31st January, 1892.

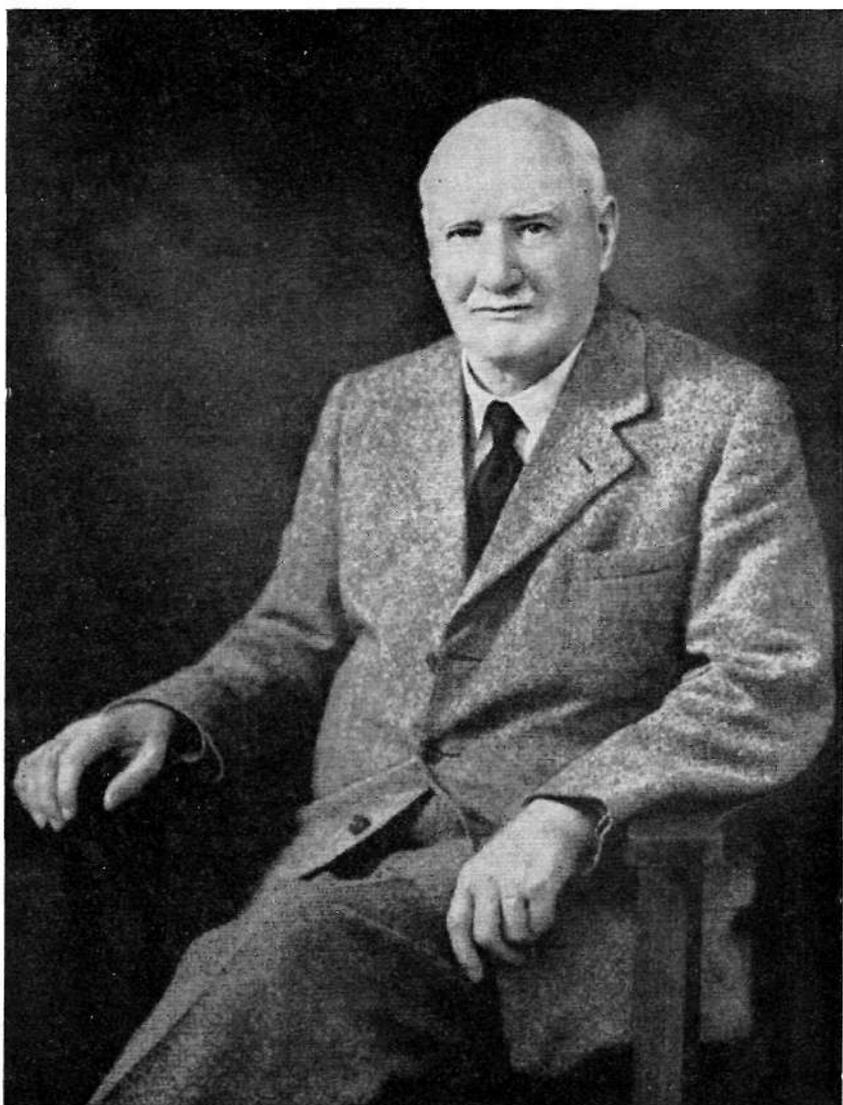
Both these men were stationed at Fort Charter during the rainy season of 1891, where they earned the gratitude of the other men for doing their best to tend the sick and injured. The sick were mostly fever cases but there was one man, Trooper R. H. Barber, who had been shot through the knee in a revolver accident. On the night of 6th February, 1891, he lay on a bunk in a hut where, on the opposite bunk Trooper H. Rayner was dying of fever. During the night a donkey put its head in where the door should have been and started to bray. It sounded like the last judgement and poor Barber was most upset, to say the least of it, until Trooper Carruthers-Smith, the grand old pioneer who only died on 3rd June, 1957 in his 86th year, came in to comfort him. Barber was discharged as medically unfit on 15th July, 1891 and I have no record of his subsequent history.

Now for some notes at random. Surgeon Captain Edward Charles Frederick Garraway served in K Troop of The British South Africa Company's Forces in the Jameson Raid of December, 1895, was taken prisoner at Doornkop in the Transvaal, and with other members of that ill-fated expedition was repatriated from Durban in the 'Harlech Castle' in February, 1896 to Rockshire, Ferrybank, Waterford, Ireland. I have certain particulars, incomplete, of those who were killed and wounded at Doornkop, but that is another story. Suffice it to say that the Boers behaved in a most humane way to their sick and wounded prisoners. Dr. Garraway in later years became Resident Commissioner in Basutoland; I should like to learn more about him.

Surgeon Major F. H. Holmden of the British South Africa Police was one of five medical men who went through the siege of Mafeking from the 13th October, 1899 to the 17th May, 1900. Of these Major R. S. S. Baden-Powell (later Lord Baden-Powell of Gilwell) reports "all worked with conspicuous zeal and skill under a never-ending strain of work; all of them very frequently under fire in carrying out their duties, even in their own hospital."

At the Victoria Hospital at Mafeking there were 70 beds. Of the combatants a total of 316 was reported as killed, died, wounded or missing, but in addition there were 41 casualties amongst the white and 487 amongst the native non-combatants. For his devoted services Surgeon Major Holmden was awarded the D.S.O. I wish I knew more about him too.

I have no doubt that with further research many more incidents about our early doctors will come to light, but in the meantime I pass over several decades and come to the time when I joined the British South Africa Police in August, 1924. I had applied from the Transvaal and was told that I would be accepted if I passed the official medical examination in Salisbury. I was advised



Dr. Andrew Milroy Fleming, C.M.G., C.B.E.

to undergo a private examination before setting out in order to guard against a fruitless journey. In those days recruits had to pay all expenses to their place of attestation, and there was no lack of candidates.

On arrival in Salisbury I was passed by that grand old doyen of the medical profession in Southern Rhodesia, Dr. Andrew Milroy Fleming, C.M.G., C.B.E., (later Fleming-Bernard and Laird of Dunsinane).

He had been working at the Kimberley Hospital as resident surgeon and was there personally engaged by Rhodes for service in the Company's territory in 1894, assuming his duties as Medical Director and Principal Medical Officer to the Police at the age of 23.

On the outbreak of the Mashona Rebellion in June, 1896, he became a member of the local Defence Committee in Salisbury and was in charge of the laager hospital, which was established in the gaol and occupied two cells facing the prison yard, with a native hospital near the stables. He was assisted by his young wife, the Dominican sisters and several volunteer nurses. He also accompanied several of the patrols sent out to engage the rebels. He was with the Hartley patrol under command of Captain the Hon. Charles White, which was out for 10 days in July, 1896, and after several skirmishes in which casualties were suffered, relieved the garrison of 10 who had been invested at Hartley Hill by Matshayangombi's men. For his services in the Rebellion he was later awarded the C.M.G.

Dr. Fleming had a most distinguished career both as a medical practitioner and as an administrator. He could be very peppery but had the kindest heart.

When I was a young officer in 1929 I went down with a bad dose of fever which I had collected at Mtoko. I was laid up in my room at the mess where there could be little attention. When Dr. Fleming heard of it he came personally to see me, rolled me in blankets, and himself drove me to hospital. I shall never forget his consideration, and was especially impressed on account of his seniority and standing. He had dealt with many fever cases in his time.

He and his wife and daughter were very keen and accomplished horsemen and were great supporters of the Salisbury Hunt Club, of which the late Captain V. A. New, ex British South Africa Police, was Master. When the Hunt Club ceased to exist the Officers Mess of the British South Africa Police used to organise a mounted paper chase every Boxing Day. On one occasion there had been heavy rain the night before and the going was somewhat sticky, with pools of water to be avoided. I was riding through the bush with Lieut. H. W. Clemow, later chief of the C.I.D., when somewhere beyond where the new Racecourse is being laid out, we came on Dr. Fleming lying on his back in a pool of water, in fact, up to his chest in it, with his horse standing nearby. He was no chicken, and to us a very senior officer of the Force, so we rode up and asked if we could help. We were told in no uncertain terms to leave him to look after himself and to ride on and join the hunt. That was his attitude to the sport, and he was mighty tough.

I have vivid memories of one further episode. In 1930 a serious outbreak of smallpox was reported in the Chiweshe Reserve, which lies between the farming areas of Concession, Bindura and the Umvukwes. Chief Chiweshe had

failed to notify the epidemic and there had been many deaths with the strong possibility of the disease spreading far and wide. I was detailed to accompany Dr. Fleming and render him all the assistance possible. We drove to the Chief's kraal in the southern part of the Reserve, and here an extraordinary sight met our eyes. There had been an orgy of beer drinking the night before and the participants were lying about in all attitudes sleeping it off, amongst them was the Chief, and everywhere there were empty pots which had contained the beer. Dr. Fleming saw red and, moved with righteous indignation, rushed about the area kicking to pieces all the pots which came in his path and seeking others to shatter. Little by little the bleary-eyed drinkers came to their senses and the Chief was given a most fearful dressing-down for concealing the smallpox cases and allowing his people to die.

At the end of Dr. Fleming's inspection he instructed me to remain, organise a complete cordon around the boundaries of the Reserve, prevent movement between kraals, and inoculate all within the cordon. It was a formidable task but was accomplished with the aid of the Native Affairs Department under Major F. J. Wane at Amandas, and extra police sent from Salisbury. I am glad to say that the disease did not spread beyond the Reserve.

I cannot quote chapter and verse, but after Dr. Fleming retired from the post of Medical Director in about 1931 having, I think, 37 years service with the Chartered Company and the Southern Rhodesia Government, he went to Mazoe as medical officer to The British South Africa Company's Citrus Estate and later to Wankie to serve the Colliery in the same capacity.

He died only recently, full of years and honour.

The doctors about whom the following incidents relate were not actual pioneers of Rhodesia, but they inherited the pioneer tradition. Dr. M. H. K. Kane was G.M.O. at Gwanda in the 1920's and was very fond of hunting, in fact, on one occasion he was rather indiscreet in his distribution of game meat to the police at West Nicholson.

In October, 1926 a murder was reported in the Legion Mine compound which necessitated a very long journey over bad roads. I was detailed to investigate and to accompany Dr. Kane who would perform the post mortem examination. We set out in the doctor's car travelling a long way round via Kezi and the Antelope Mine, and dealt with the case, which proved to be a simple one. For the return journey Dr. Kane decided to take an old road, almost a disused track, running eastwards from Antelope in the direction of Gwanda. This route was certainly shorter, but the main consideration was the game we might see. All went well for some distance and until we were miles from anywhere. Then the sump of the car struck a rock concealed by a tuft of grass and was fractured. There we were for the night, but the weather was warm and we slept in comparative comfort on a sandy patch beside the road. Next day there came disaster. The doctor went off and shot a koodoo. I was sitting on the running board of the car writing up notes, and on the other side was the medical orderly preparing some koodoo steak for breakfast. Suddenly there was a burst of flame and the grass beside the road was on fire. Frantically the three of us pushed the car out of danger, but only just in time. Then for hours we strove to beat out the grass fire; we were black with ash and the sweat was running down our faces in

rivulets; we were by no means a becoming sight. Finally we had to give up and return to the car. We had no water except what was in the radiator, and in desperation sucked out this rusty water through a length of thin rubber tubing that Dr. Kane had in his case.

Later I walked some distance to a kraal, bringing back eggs and monkey nuts and encountering a pack of wild dogs on the way. I had also arranged for a span of eight oxen to drag us on our way the next morning. We started early and made good progress, but timed our entry into Gwanda and the long ascent of the hill from the railway station to the hospital, to coincide with the lunch hour. There is nothing more ignominious than to sit in a motor car behind a span of oxen!

Then there was Dr. J. H. Kennedy. His father was an old Rhodesian who had been Quartermaster in the Jameson Raid of 1895, and Master of the High Court; a famous character of whom many stories were told.

Dr. "Jim" Kennedy, now of Ndanga, was in 1928 G.M.O. at Gwanda. Once again a murder was reported, this time at Southill Ranch, which was then managed by Jock Carruthers-Smith, the 1890 police pioneer. On our way we called at the homestead and were invited to lunch if we could manage it. We had an unpleasant morning as the corpse of the murdered woman had to be exhumed 12 days after death. She had been killed by her husband, a sub-Chief, and a fine looking specimen of the old time Matabele. Whilst I dealt with the witnesses Dr. Jim completed the post mortem examination. Then we set out for the homestead and were welcomed to lunch. Dr. Kennedy and I sat beside each other and during the meal a most terrible smell wafted up from the floor. I knew what it was and so did Dr. Jim and I wonder whether he still remembers his acute embarrassment which his hostess did nothing to alleviate. We did not enjoy that meal! Mrs. Carruthers-Smith, the kindest of women, had been a nursing sister at St. Bartholomew's Hospital and thoroughly understood the position, but told me some time later that she was so amused at our confusion that she decided to say nothing.

I began these notes by indicating that they are a tribute from a "grateful patient" to the Southern Rhodesia Medical Service and its Federal successor. I am very proud to display a neat scar on my left knee resulting from the removal of the internal semi-lunar cartilage by Lord Malvern. At the time of the operation I was more than a little worried that the knee might become stiff and that I would have to be boarded out of the British South Africa Police, but the fact that Mr. G. M. Huggins was to perform the operation gave me confidence, and I have had every cause to thank him. This was in 1937 when he was Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, but every week or so he entered the operating theatre to deal with a batch of surgical cases as a form of relaxation, in the way that some of us might play a round of golf or a set of tennis.

Lord Malvern was appointed as a surgeon major in the British South Africa Police in 1918 and is still an honorary member of our mess. I first met him in 1924 when riding back with the Salisbury Hunt Club across the commonage from Warren Hills. I was then a junior recruit but was most impressed by his unassuming ease of manner with everyone he met. He certainly did not give any indication that police recruits might be the lowest form of life!

Shortly after I was first asked to write these notes I had a nasty accident to my left knee on the tennis court, wrenching it badly and suffering from considerable haematoma. The medical officer who first attended me is the son of a policeman who joined shortly after the First World War, and the surgeon who performed the operation and supervised the subsequent massage is a son of the secretary to the Administrator at the time of the 1896 Rebellion. He it was who lent me his copy of "Tropical Victory" when I was unable to raise one from the author.

In conclusion I am sure it will be realised that there is still a large field of information to explore and that I have only dug into it here and there. "Tropical Victory" is recommended for further details and I shall be most grateful to any of my readers who can supply fresh material.

I hope I shall not suffer from any further accidents or illnesses, but if I do I shall have every confidence in the medical service of the Federation.

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Personal Narratives of Pioneer Police.

Frank William Baxter, V.C.

by 'Regulus'

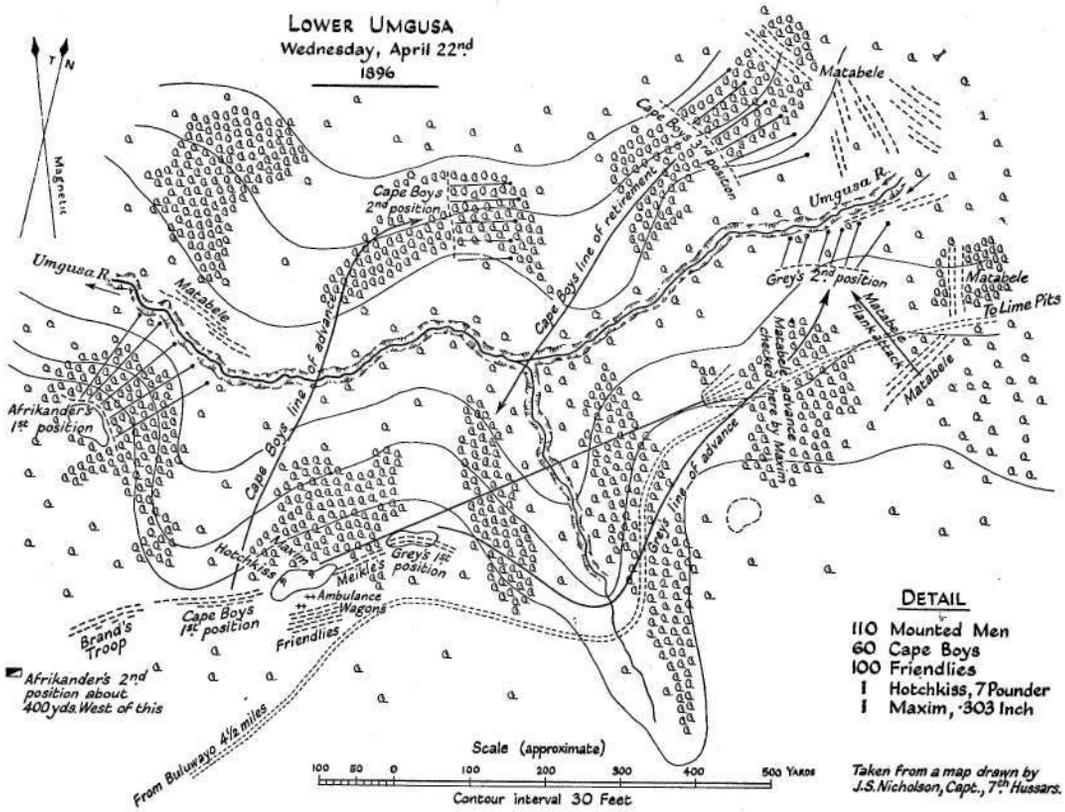
"On you at home in Britain with friends on Afric's veld,
Should lie a debt of Honour; and obligation felt
To guard your distant kinsmen from slander's coward blows:
The cruel fabrications and vapourings of those
Who prate of what they know not; the burden of whose song
Is—The Native wears a halo and the Settler's always wrong.
When you hear them ranting libels will you bid them heed their ways,
And listen to the story of Baxter, late of 'Greys'."

Those lines are the opening ones in the first of the poems by Lynn Lyster in his *Ballads of the Veld Land* in the section headed "The Umgusa Patrol"; he prefaced them in his Note with the words "The name of Baxter, of Grey's Scouts, will ever stand as a synonym for Frontier Chivalry". These poems were published in 1913 and seem to have been the last reference in print to an outstanding deed of bravery which brought the Victoria Cross, at long last, to a local hero.

The interest in recipients of the Victoria Cross resulting from the celebration of the centenary of its institution last year has been kept up by the various items in the Press, such as where was the first Cross awarded for operations in Southern Africa or whose was the Cross found recently in a medal collection? It was in consequence of the preparations for the centenary that Doctor H. H. Curson, of Pretoria, drew my attention to the information on page 141, of volume I, of *The V.C. and D.S.O.*, by O'Moore Creagh (V.C.) and E. M. Humphris that "Trooper Baxter was awarded the Victoria Cross by King Edward" and asked for local information. On my next visit to Bulawayo I verified the statement by reference to the book at the Public Library and began to make investigations. I then heard that an old resident of Bulawayo—Frank (Cocky) Standing—had asked Mr. Ralph Summers, of the National Museum, if he knew how the initials "V.C." had come to be engraved after a name on the Matabeleland Rebellion Memorial at the corner of Main Street and Selborne Avenue, Bulawayo, as the letters were clearly of a later date than the original work. An examination showed that the distinguished initials did indeed follow the name of Baxter.

According to a photograph this memorial had been completed in 1900 when Mr. J. Sheriff is shown standing by it. There was nothing on the pedestal at that time but enquiry has failed to trace when and by whom the additional details were inserted. No such addition has been made to the cross at the head of the grave, No. 114 in the No. 1 General Section of the Bulawayo Cemetery on which the rank, name and unit only are recorded, nor to the name on the Memorial Gates at the main entrance to the Bulawayo Memorial Hospital from Fort Street.

LOWER UMGUSA
 Wednesday, April 22nd
 1896



DETAIL

- 110 Mounted Men
- 60 Cape Boys
- 100 Friendlies
- 1 Hotchkiss, 7 Pounder
- 1 Maxim, .303 Inch

Taken from a map drawn by
 J.S. Nicholson, Capt., 7th Hussars.

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In the *Bulawayo Chronicle* of Thursday, 17th January, 1907, the following item appeared:

"The Last Tribute".

Posthumous Honours : The V.C. for dead heroes.

Reuter's Special Service.

London, 15th January. The Gazette tonight announces that His Majesty has approved of the Victoria Cross being delivered to the representatives of six officers and men who would have been decorated, had they survived, namely:— Lieuts. Melville and Coghill, for saving the colours at Isandhlwana; Trooper Baxter of the Bulawayo Field Force for helping a wounded comrade on 22nd April, 1896; Private Spence and Ensign Phillips for valour during the Indian Mutiny; Lieut. MacLean who distinguished himself on the Indian Frontier during 1897.

Baxter's award was made therefore more than ten years after the events and the citation set out in the earlier Gazette of 7th May, 1897, was repeated. These were the last awards prior to the Great War of 1914/18. It is assumed that the additions on the Memorial were made following this announcement.

At the time of Baxter's death and of the others there was no provision in the Royal Warrant for posthumous awards. In fact the first formal indication that the provision had been authorised seems to be in the amendment dated 22nd May, 1920, over the signature of no less a person than the present Sir Winston Churchill; this seemed to be a belated sign of approval since there had been many posthumous awards during the, then recent, war. It has been stated in the Press that such awards dated back to 1902 and the instance was likely to be that of Lieutenant Roberts, who died of his wounds before the notice of the award, for bravery at Colenso on 15th December, 1899. That posthumous award was not repeated in the cases of Captain D. R. Younger for bravery on 11th June, 1900, nor of Lieutenant R. J. T. Digby-Jones and Trooper H. Albrecht on 6th January, 1900, until 8th August, 1902, when His Majesty King Edward VII approved of the decoration being delivered to their representatives; at the same time three others who had met their death in performing acts of conspicuous bravery were similarly honoured. The next time posthumous awards were made Baxter's name was included. It is very plain that King Edward felt that bravery resulting in death should be recognised by the award of the Cross while his mother, Queen Victoria, felt it sufficient to acknowledge a recommendation in the Gazette.

The citation for Baxter's award, in the Gazette of 7th May, 1897, is very brief; it reads:—"The late Frank William Baxter, Trooper, Bulawayo Field Force. Trooper. Frank William Baxter, one of the Bulawayo Field Force, on account of his gallant conduct in having, on the 22nd April, 1896, dismounted and given up his horse to a wounded comrade, Trooper Wise, who was being closely pursued by an overwhelming force of the enemy, would have been recommended to Her Majesty for the Victoria Cross had he survived." In Creagh it is preceded by an extract from "Sunshine and Storm in Rhodesia" by F. C. Selous which gives a more graphic account of the particular incident but carefully avoids saying anything about the writer's participation in the affairs of that day. That account is in a book which has a preface dated at Bulawayo on

21st August, 1896, and is one at first hand, unlikely to be bettered.

In contrast, the meagre report of Captain Bisset, who was officer commanding the force that went out that morning, to Colonel Napier which ends "I regret to have to report the death of Trooper Baxter (Grey's Scouts) and four men wounded", or the news items in the *Bulawayo Chronicle* of Saturday, 25th April, 1896, or in the *Rhodesia Herald* of Wednesday, the 29th *idem*, tells us little about what Baxter or any particular person did although between the two many names are given. Through the help of the Chief Librarian of the County Borough of Croydon, to whom grateful appreciation is given, it was found that two newspapers circulating in Croydon carried much more of an account of Baxter's death than anything from where it took place. The *Croydon Advertiser* of 2nd May, 1896, had this:—

"A Thornton Heath Man's Splendid Heroism.

The fierce fighting at Bulawayo a few days since has brought to light a deed of devoted heroism of which every Englishman will read with pride. Corpl. Wise having been severely wounded, and having had his horse shot under him, Trooper Frank William Baxter gave up his own horse to his hurt comrade, who was thus able to escape; but Baxter himself was assailed by the Matabele. Captain Napier, the commander of the expeditionary force, paraded his men on the following day, and spoke feelingly of Baxter's heroism, as well he might; for, as the *Daily Telegraph* says, 'no finer deed of comradely devotion than his has ever been recorded'. Trooper Baxter is a son of Mrs. Baxter of 119 Bensham Manor-road, Thornton Heath, and had many friends in the neighbourhood. We offer to the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy upon the death of one whom we are proud to call a local man. We understand that Mrs. Baxter has another son in the expedition."

The *Croydon Times* of 6th May, 1896, reported:—

"The account of the gallant deed of Trooper Baxter, who lost his life, under very distressing circumstances, in South Africa, during the fighting with the Matabele last week, caused a thrill to run through every English heart. Baxter, seeing a comrade desperately wounded, and with his horse shot under him, dismounted from his own steed, lifted the wounded man upon it, started it off for the British camp, and then turned at bay, a single man, to face the savage horde. The rescued man escaped, but poor Baxter was assailed, and immediately took rank with the heroes of all ages—to the glory of poor humanity a mighty band—who have entered into the dark valley as a result of the noblest self-devotion. 'Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend', and the fact that Frank William Baxter was Croydon born gives a reflected glory to the place of his birth. Mrs. Baxter, the mother of this noble man, is a resident of Bensham Manor-road, Thornton Heath, and I am sure she has the sincere sympathy of every man, woman and child in Croydon upon having lost so gallant a son."

As already stated, we can read, in the Bulawayo paper, Captain Grey's recommendations about the conduct of Baxter, Lieutenant Crewe and Trooper Lester together with the letter of commendation to Lieutenant Windley from Colonel Napier. So that when Major-General Sir Frederick Carrington, K.C.M.G., sent in his Despatch from Umtali on 13th December, 1896, reporting on the operations in connection with the "late" Rebellion in Matabeleland and

Mashonaland he was able to submit recommendations in chronological order for awards for Conspicuous Gallantry in Action for Windley, Crewe, Lester, Baxter and Grey, in respect of the action on 22nd April; shortly afterwards Lester was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal and we can assume that it was gazetted at the same time as the award of Victoria Crosses to Captain R. C Nesbitt and Trooper H. S. Henderson—7th May, 1897. It would be safe to assume, further, that the General had read what Selous and others had written since he had not then got to Bulawayo. The *Croydon Advertiser* took due note of the memorandum in the London Gazette but did not repeat the earlier fact that a local man was concerned.

Apart from a few lines in the *Rhodesia Herald* of the day that the six posthumous awards had been made there was no particular mention of the names of those honoured; nothing more was found in *The Times* than was in the Gazette and not a mention, so far as I can trace, in the papers circulating in Thornton Heath. One would have thought the presentation of the Victoria Cross to a relation would have excited some interest, whether or not the fact had been recorded in the Court Circular. Yet the truth seems to be no publicity was made of the award until the Cross was sold to a private person on 17th March, 1909, for £45; it has since gone into another enthusiast's collection where it is treasured most highly. How appropriate it would be to have it in this Colony! I am indebted to Messrs. Spink and Son, the well-known medallists, of St. James', London, for this information.

There have been several accounts of the Umuza fight of 22nd April, 1896; clearly the most trustworthy are those of participants, one of whom was Selous, another the *Bulawayo Chronicle* reporter, and those responsible for drawing up the despatch submitted by the General. From time to time there have been references to Baxter's deed in subsequent accounts. Apart from Lyster already quoted, an interesting version by Hugh MacKenzie appears in the *Bulawayo Chronicle* Christmas Number, 1902. He dated the action 25th April and refers to that "big, wiry-haired black dog" of the original reporter which, quite uninvited, had attached itself to the Afrikaner party and had set off the action, first with its pointing and later with its baying. So impressed was the paper by that dog that, in a column adjoining the official matter, there had appeared this:—

"GOOD DOG."

The town is full of badgeless dogs just now, but it is to be hoped that the badgeless and collarless dog which drew first blood at Wednesday's fight will not be classed with the rest. He was seen returning with the column into town at the finish."

On 31st May, 1911, the *Bulawayo Chronicle* published an account by Mr. Val Gielgud descriptive of the particular action in which Baxter fell but there is no mention of him other than to say "we had two men badly wounded and one killed"; the dog was also forgotten. The part taken by Grey, Crewe and Lester is a well written description of the activities that day of Grey's Scouts "some 20 strong". That article was recently reprinted in Number 2, Volume III (1956) of "The Northern Rhodesia Journal", under the title "Some Reminiscences of George Grey". The "wounded man called Hook" in that

account was Godfrey Blair, a son of Major D. B. Hook, who as a Captain in the Southern Rhodesia Volunteers was created a Companion of the Distinguished Service Order for his share in Colonel Plumer's advance to the Relief of Mafeking, when he performed the duties of D.A.A.G. The father wrote an account of his experiences under the title "With sword and statute (on the Cape of Good Hope Frontier)", and dedicated it to the Memory of the late Lieut. Fred Crewe, of Rhodesia, and to his children. One of these, a daughter Blanche, married Mr. W. S. Taberer, a prominent member of the Southern Rhodesia Department of Native Affairs. The frontispiece is a reproduction of Frank Dodd's painting in the Durban Town Hall, which was presented to the citizens by Mr. Rhodes. There is a copy in the Bulawayo Town Hall and it was one of the illustrations to the selection of stories of the British South Africa Police, gathered together under the title of "Blue and Old Gold". This painting goes by the name of "A gallant deed" and bears the inscription "Lieut. Fred Crewe rescues Lieut. Godfrey Hook, wounded, in Matabeleland", in the frontispiece; it has frequently been treated as the scene of Baxter and Wise's separation. Major Hook's work bears the date 31st December, 1906, for his preface; his frontispiece has also been reproduced in *Kommando* (the magazine of the Defence Force of the Union of South Africa) in the article on certain South African winners of the Victoria Cross of May, 1956.

Lieut.-Colonel R. S. Godley whose book "Khaki and Blue" did not come out until 1932/33—there were excerpts about that time in the *Rhodesia Herald*—reached Bulawayo less than a month after the day of Baxter's death. He records: "We heard first-hand accounts of the Umgusa fight, where many gallant deeds had been done by members of the Rhodesian Forces. Grey's Scouts, under Captain Grey (a brother of the late Lord Grey of Fallodon), and other volunteers under Meikle, Van Niekerk, and Brand, with some native levies under Johann Colenbrander (Old "catch-'em-and-brand-'em"!) were engaged in this affair. Trooper Wise was badly wounded when mounting to retire, his horse breaking away, leaving him at the mercy of the oncoming Matabele. Trooper Baxter immediately turned back to his assistance, helped by Grey and Lieut. Hook of Grey's Scouts. Trooper Baxter put Wise on his own horse, and sent him off to safety, himself remaining on foot to cover the retreat. Then Grey and Hook endeavoured to get Baxter out, but were themselves wounded, Hook's horse was killed, also the gallant Baxter, whilst holding on to his stirrup leather. Lieut. Crewe, of the Natal Mounted Rifles, then gave up his horse in turn to Hook, who by this time was helpless, and with Grey managed to bring him back in safety—truly heroic actions which should never be forgotten."

Selous' account of this action in "Sunshine and Storm in Rhodesia" is not readily available to most folk; it was undoubtedly due to it that the recommendation made by Captain Grey for some public mark of sympathy being shown to the memory of Trooper Baxter won the success that it did. It is on record that Grey's recommendation was read out to "a grand parade" after the action and that Colonel Napier, in his address to the 426 white men and 126 Colonial boys within the laager, intimated his intention of bringing to the notice of "Colonel" Carrington, on his arrival, the bravery of the men whose names have been mentioned. The following account of the activities in regard to the laager and the Umgusa fight has been collected from all available sources.

Some months before the first murders the Bulawayo members of the Rhodesia Horse Volunteers, Matabeleland Division, accompanied by machine-guns and followed by the Native Police in all the glory of their new uniforms had been marched to the rifle range to show the flag and to hold a field-day. It is clear that the smallness of the numbers made an unfortunate impression as the exercise did not have the hoped for effect in preventing unrest in those who came from, to quote a newspaper item, "kraals from the Zambesi to the Cape, from Manicaland to the Kalahari".

For a whole month Bulawayo had been in laager; during the day patrols were out and about seeking for news of the prospectors or storekeepers scattered about the country, burying the dead and holding off any Matabele they might run into whilst escorting back any Europeans they were fortunate to find alive.

As yet they had not been persuaded they could take any offensive part and were awaiting the reinforcements from the south. It had not taken long to turn Bulawayo into a fortified camp; at the centre round the Market Building, on the Market Square, ox wagons were interlaced in an unbroken ring; women and children were housed in the building itself whilst their guardians took what repose they could in the wagons. Outside the line of wagons was laid an ingenious tangle of barbed wire; apart from that wire the laager was of the pattern typical ever since there had been clashes between Boer and Bantu though "roers" had been replaced by Martini-Henry rifles and a couple of supposedly deadly guns had been added. Yet optimism did not prevail to the extent of imagining that this laager was impregnable. There is a reproduction of a photograph showing the Market Building in "Sunshine and Storm in Rhodesia" with the interlaced wagons and a portion of the wire entanglement; in the recent Bulawayo Diamond Jubilee Supplement of *The Chronicle*—Friday, 1st November, 1957—two illustrations have been given to convey the same view almost identically except that a gun is seen in the foreground of the one.

The Market Building, which has now been replaced by the Town Hall, was down a slope to the east of the commanding point four to five hundred yards higher up. On the highest point stood the half-completed Williams' Buildings with a view towards the Police Camp; it was manned by Gifford's Horse. They had considerably improved the two storeys by inserting loop-holes in mathematical precision in case of probable attack. There was another such outpost at the Gaol, while at two other points to the south and south-east smaller laagers had been brought into being as outposts, the one manned by Captain Brand's troop and the other by the Afrikander Corps under Captain van Niekerk.

On the morning of Wednesday, 22nd April, 1896, the noise of Matabele gathering in the valley between the Police Camp and the town had roused the laager before dawn. By the time the sun was up a force had been paraded to throw out the intruders. From the garrison of over four hundred white men and something over a hundred Coloureds that force of 120 mounted whites, all the Coloureds, about 100 friendly Natives and two guns was as strong as was possible but was more demonstrative than punitive. It should be explained that the terms "Coloureds" of the daily press and "Colonial boys" of Selous were members of the Zulu, Xosa, Fingo and other Native tribes who had come into

the country from the south and not "Cape boys" as Gielgud, who follows General Carrington's Despatch, styles them. The Medal Roll for 1896/97 has two sections for "Cape boys"—Colenbrander's Corps, clearly all Natives from the names, and Robertson's, similarly all Coloured folk as we know them. However, how elastic the differences were between white and white, white and black, black and black, is shown by the fact that Jan Grootboom, who was a Xosa according to Selous and the Reverend David Carnegie who employed him at one time, has his name in the Grey's Scouts portion of the Medal Roll.

Selous has described this force as a "patrol" and the fourth attempt to remove the worrying presence of rebels, who on the Umgusa River, were too close to the laager. In the outcome the affair was far from a glorious victory; had someone been sent in in support of the Colonial boys and Grey's Scouts, Selous says, the already badly handled Matabele might have been taught a salutary lesson.

It must have been with the rising of the sun that the rebels drifted away from where they had been, now Lobengula Street, and were reported to have moved to the Brickfields. So the force, under the command of Captain Cecil Bissett, an experienced frontier fighting man, followed them and deployed into skirmishing order. Captain van Niekerk with his 40 men of the Afrikaner Corps was given the left flank. In the centre was a Hotchkiss gun and a Maxim gun under Captain Llewellyn and Lieutenant Walsh. These were escorted by the Coloured detachment and the friendlies, armed with anything from a breech-loading rifle to a knobkerry, with Captains Selous, Colenbrander and H. J. Taylor and Lieutenant Windley as officers. With them too were many notabilities and Dr. Vigne's ambulance. Following these came detachments of Brand's and Gifford's Horse, each some 20 strong, with Grey's Scouts, also some 20 strong, on the right flank. The suggestion of a demonstration was emphasised by the presence of Mr. A. J. F. Duncan, the Acting Administrator of Matabeleland, Colonel Napier, the Commandant of the Bulawayo Field Force, and the dog.

The advance was held up for some while in the Brickfields trying to make contact with the vanished foe; some accounts say the force was two or three miles away from the laager before it turned northwards and so round Government House. There was some idea that such a movement might lure the rebels into attack but neither the hold-up for the cutting of the fence round Government House, when the force divided to pass round it; nor the delay when the shaft of the limber to the Hotchkiss was broken delaying things for over an hour induced the Matabele to show themselves. It was clear that fighting in that particular type of country, being so open, was not favoured; on swinging towards the Umgusa, however, there was soon seen to be change in what was going to happen. The low ridges running along the river banks, all covered with scrubby bush, made ideal ambush points and fire from across a shallow valley at once became heavy, particularly on the Afrikaners away on the left flank.

Actually it was the "big wiry-haired black dog" that must have belonged to one of the Afrikaners and had insisted on ranging ahead, despite all the whistling and shouting, that drew the first shot. It flushed a "hapless, feather-crowned warrior" behind a bush, who loosed off his pot-leg gun without much

delay and so opened the conflict. This was in the vicinity of Sinclair's house—a point now as hard to determine as that of the old execution tree near where Miss Miller had her hospital at the corner of First Avenue and Abercorn Street. Mr. Duncan by this time had joined Captain van Niekerk and suggested that his men should charge across the valley and take the opposite ridge; this they did at a hard-gallop to find themselves still in the thick of it and hard pressed to hold off their assailants. It was noted that Mr. Duncan was giving a fine example of how one should conduct oneself on occasions such as this.

Many glances were made towards the guns but the Hotchkiss remained silent. The pole had been mended by placing a chain round it but the fact was that the mechanism was still jammed. This failure was the subject of comment later, and argument arose as to whether it was due to a lack of gunsmiths and the handling of repairs by a blacksmith, or through lack of tools and spares. Probably to cover the sinister silence of the gun and partly to help the Afrikaners, the armed Natives and the friendlies were ordered forward. They forced the enemy back across the river over a mile when they found themselves under fire from three sides; like the Afrikaners they had got too far forward from the skirmishing line. Then it was that Selous, who had wanted to get in a shot or two at the rebels who were away from his section of the battle, had his horse killed under him and only with the help of Windley was he able to get back to safety. In the excitement of the action there is no doubt that many wild dashes were made against the Matabele by impatient but enthusiastic individuals; Grootboom, although one of Grey's Scouts, and so mounted, was attached to the armed natives under Selous and had a narrow escape when trying to club a rebel armed with shield and assegais; it was a silly thing to do from a horse and he was thrown as he swung his reversed rifle; he was lucky and managed to rejoin—lucky also for his officer as he helped to cover Selous getting away and finally handed over his horse for his Captain to ride off. Selous has given us a very full account of his participation in the day's events; what he did not see himself he has described from what he heard from others.

In their turn Grey's Scouts had advanced from the right flank and had got right out in front. It would seem that Bisset's attack developed into a three-pronged action upon the rebels lining the river banks with no link-up between each prong so that each in turn, if not at almost the one time, became an isolated point of battle, surrounded on three sides by enemy. As a consequence Captain Bisset had to issue orders in the end for a complete return to Bulawayo, an order which was most unpopular with all ranks but clearly the only thing to be done. While Captains van Niekerk and Selous and their men were busy with the activities related above, the Scouts were in the thick of it on the right flank, trying to turn or roll up the enemy force from their end. Luckily they had not crossed the river when the recall came but then it was that casualties were inflicted upon them. Some of the armed, friendly Natives had been wounded by assegais and axes but no European had been hurt up till then. Groups of Matabele had managed to infiltrate or had been bypassed in the forward dashes so that they were able to inflict heavy fire and considerable damage on the retiring troops as they went past clumps of bushes and scrub which afforded cover to skulking warriors.



**GREY'S SCOUTS
MEMORIAL
GATES**



**BULAWAYO
MEMORIAL
HOSPITAL**

It was in these circumstances that Grey's men suffered so heavily despite the manner of their withdrawal—some of them stopping in turn to allow others to go on, dismounting and turning to fire a shot or two, when those others would open fire in turn, and so on in the involved practice of retirement in mutual support. Presumably Troopers Baxter and Wise were with Captain Grey's own group in this exercise while others came under Lieutenants Crewe and Hook, though no great distance separated one group from another. So while the most of the troop of Scouts would be hastening back, the few would hold off the advancing Matabele; when it came to Grey's lot to mount and retire Wise was shot—whether or not his horse was also hit we do not know but it stumbled, threw its rider to the ground and made off. All the rest of them were then in the saddle. Baxter, seeing the plight of his comrade, turned and dismounted, put Wise in the saddle and gave the horse a smack to hasten its going. Grey and Hook fell in on each side of Baxter so that he might take hold of a stirrup leather but were almost immediately hit themselves, Grey across the forehead rendering him momentarily out-of-his-senses and Hook in the back. At the same time Hook's horse was shot and, falling dead, threw him off. At that "Texas" Long ranged himself alongside Baxter who took hold of a stirrup leather with his free hand—he still carried his rifle—and they made for the supporting line. As soon as Grey had pulled himself together he went to Hook's rescue, got off his own mount and put up the wounded man who was hardly able to hang on as he turned the horse's head for safety.

All found themselves practically surrounded owing to the delays. The enemy fire was now concentrated on where the Europeans had somehow come together. In the forefront, however, the mob was armed only with assegais and axes and Grey was able to hold them off with his revolver while Hook got away before hot-footing after him. Long and Baxter were not so lucky for there was a burst of heavy fire out of which a fluky, perhaps an accurate, shot hit the latter who fell to the ground; Long's horse, freed from the extra weight, lunged forward and could not be stopped until the other riders were reached so that nothing further could be done for Baxter whose body, dying or dead, was straight-away overrun by the pursuing rebels.

There must have been hundreds tackling Grey's small following by this time; when there came some obvious disentangling of black and white the forces at the centre were able to pour some enfilading fire on the still rapidly advancing Natives with great effect, the Maxim introducing something somewhat heavier than mere ranging shots, and the whole line was able to retire on the guns without further interference and back into Bulawayo.

It was not until Saturday, 4th July, 1896, that Baxter's remains were recovered when they were interred with full military honours in the graveyard in the immediate vicinity of where he fell. The band which lead the procession down Main Street played the Dead March in "Saul"; many of the men of Grey's Scouts and Gilford's Horse were present together with Colonel the Hon. Maurice Gifford, C.M.G., Colonel Napier and Commandant van Rensburg. Grey's Scouts were so proud of their dead that they provided the Memorial Gates already referred to; it is not amiss to record what is said on the two shields with intercrossed assegais and knobkerries which adorn each half of the gate.

The left one:—"These gates were erected by Grey's Scouts in memory of their comrades"; the right one:—"Frank William Baxter, born December 29th, 1869, killed in action on the Umguza River, April 22nd, 1896, and Rowland J. Venables Lovett, born April 2nd, 1872, mortally wounded in the engagement with the rebel Matabele at Umguza River, April 25th, 1896, died at Bulawayo Memorial Hospital, April 29th, 1896.

Quite a number of Grey's men have had their names recorded as sharing in the testing time of that day's retreat, amongst them, in addition to those already mentioned, S. E. Button, F. C. Farley, Johan Rademeyer, J. Stewart, J. Clinton, W. D. W. Fynn and H. O. Thackwray; some confusion has arisen from time to time by Lester being turned into Lister, Button into Batton, Farley into Varley, Rademeyer into Radermayer, Stewart into Stuart and, in the Despatch of all places, Wise into Wiseman. Amongst those of Grey's Scouts who made names for themselves in Rhodesia's history but who were not noticed on 22nd April, 1896, are M. W. Barnard, J. R. Grimmer, P. D. Crewe, A. Giese, H. G. M. Huntley and W. B. Ramsay; there are only 40 odd on the Medal Roll for Grey's Scouts. They proved themselves of the highest merit and it is fitting that one of them should have been awarded the Victoria Cross.

The papers in Baxter's estate were completed by C. L. Norris Newman who had previously written "Matabeleland and how we got it" and who seems to have been Reuter's Special Commissioner in Bulawayo during the early part of the Rebellion; he left for the United Kingdom a day or two after Baxter's funeral. For all we know his may have been the accounts which were published in the Croydon papers. It has not been possible to trace the brother referred to by them. It seems that not everybody came under burgher law and became entitled to a medal. Certainly, one man who was in the laager at the time did not get one since, he admits, he worked at his job during the day and was not called upon at night. It is possible that there may have been others, among them Baxter's brother.

EXTRACT FROM B.S.A. COMPANY'S REPORT ON NATIVE DISTURBANCES IN RHODESIA 1896/97.

A reconnaissance in force, having been determined on to ascertain the strength and positions of the rebels on the Lower Umguza, a force consisting of 110 mounted men and 60 Cape boys, under Capts. Selous and Cardigan, 100 friendlies under Capt. Taylor, one Hotchkiss one-pounder and one Maxim .303-inch; the whole under command of Capt. Bisset, moved out on 22nd April, at 6.30 a.m., in a westerly direction, till over the ridge one-and-a-half miles west of Bulawayo. Direction was then changed to the north, when the disselboom of the Hotchkiss gun broke, allowing the breech of the gun to come violently into contact with the limber box. This delayed the advance three-quarters of an hour, while a tree was cut and fitted. The advance was continued past the west side of Government House and down the slope towards the Umguza. Order of march: Grey's scouts covering the front, the Afrikander troop on left flank, Brand's troop forming the rearguard and Meikle's troop on the right.

On reaching the high ground south of the river, the rebels were seen in small parties along the rising ground the other (north) side of the Umguza. Fire was opened by Grey's troop at 500 yards and the advance continued. The fire was returned. The Afrikanders then pushed on to the rising ground shown on map, and their fire became brisk. They took up a position there commanding the river bed which is hollow, and held a good number of the rebels, who returned the fire. On reaching the crest line, the column took up its position as shown on map, the Cape boys under Capt. Cardigan being pushed down the slope and across the river clearing the natives out of the river bed. This advance was very boldly and well made. On reaching the other slope they continued their advance parallel to the river, driving the rebels who then showed in force in front of them. Grey's scouts, were eventually sent in support along the right bank, as report was made of large numbers of rebels being seen higher up the river. By this time the Cape boys had got considerably ahead, and Grey had to gallop quite 700 yards before they could come into action, which they did very smartly, bringing a flank fire to bear on the rebels retreating before the Cape boys, and a strong attack on the rebels who were then thick in the nullah, at a nice range of from 150 to 200 yards. No further support was sent to Grey and the remainder of the force kept its original position. The Hotchkiss was then found to be unable to open fire owing to the accident earlier in the day having put the firing gear out of order. Before Grey had been in action three minutes, shouts were heard on our right, and a large body of Matabele were seen not 150 yards off, running down on our right rear through the bush which was pretty thick just there. If they had come on quietly we should certainly have been cut up. We had to mount and retire, the natives were then quite close and pistols were being used.

Unfortunately several horses were shot and several had very narrow escapes, Trooper Crewe being struck in the back by a knobkerry, and Trooper Frank Baxter being killed, Capt. G. Grey slight bullet wound on the head, his hat being shot through, and Corpl. Wise being shot through the shoulder. The Cape boys on the other side of the river were forced to retire, being almost surrounded. Capt. Selous was here almost cut off, his horse being killed. The advance of the rebels was checked by the fire of the Maxim at 900 yards. It being then 12 mid-day, it was decided to return to Bulawayo. Sufficient use does not appear to have been made of the force at command, and if the firing line had been supported by the main body moving parallel with it on the high and open ground, a great success would undoubtedly have resulted. The friendlies, armed with assegais, were not engaged; this was the first time they had come into action with us, and were not absolutely relied on. The Cape boys fought very well under European leaders but are very wasteful with ammunition. They are armed mostly with Martini-Henry rifles and carbines; they carried side arms. Casualties: One killed, four wounded, and two horses killed.

The march into Bulawayo was not interfered with, all proper precautions being taken to safeguard the flanks and rear.

The Mazoe Patrol

by Hugh Pollett

Although several months have now elapsed since the public was thrilled and horrified by the accounts of the late Matabele and Mashona rising—accounts so horrible and disgusting of murders and mutilations of men and women whom many of us knew and whom some of us held in friendship—I feel bold enough to think that the following narrative, in which I can now say I was lucky enough to play a part, may be of some interest to my friends.

I left England for Mashonaland in August, 1894, and therefore had had some little experience of the country previous to this Kaffir rebellion.

Before beginning my story I propose to mention just a few events that led up to it.

Sometime in March, 1896, information reached Salisbury (Capital of Rhodesia) that the natives in Matabeleland had revolted, that several murders had already taken place and grave doubts were expressed as to the safety of the people residing in the outlying districts, doubts which unfortunately too soon proved to be well founded.

By April things had assumed such serious aspects that it was decided by the Chartered Company to send at once a detachment of the Rhodesia Horse Volunteers from Salisbury to Bulawayo and under command of Col. (then Captain) Beal, 140 men left on April 12th.

The distance between these two towns is about 300 miles and as nearly half the men, through the scarcity of horses, were "footsloggers" it may easily be understood it took some time to accomplish this journey, more especially as rinderpest was raging in the country in such a way that no less than 150 out of 200 trek oxen were lost en route.

Col. Beal and his Column had not been long away when grave signs of discontent were visible among our own Kaffirs, the Mashonas, but it was not until Sunday 31st May that anything like revolt occurred. News was brought into town that day that a man named Dougherty had been murdered in the Lomagundi District by being thrown down a shaft, and large pieces of rock and stone had been found piled on top of his body.

At the same time natives in the employ of a white man had been found murdered, but no further act of hostility was encountered until a fortnight later and, in the meantime, the Government (B.S.A. Co.) was reposing in complacent confidence.

On 15th June, news reached town that two miners named Tait and Koeford had been murdered at the Beatrice Mine by a body of natives supposed then to be Matabeles; the weapons used were knobkerries and four of the "boys" employed by these white men had also fallen victims.

On 17th June, (a memorable day for Salisbury) the town was again startled by the news of the murder of a man named Stunt, a prospector, who was killed on his way out to the Hartley District and later on came the news of two

more men falling victims, Van Rooyen and Fourie, traders, whose murders took place only 12 miles from Salisbury.

At this point grave fears were felt for the safety of Mr. and Mrs. Norton and their household who were residing at a farm some 18 miles from town on the Hunyani River and close to where these last two murders had taken place.

These fears were somewhat allayed by the appearance during the day of Mr. Talbot, one of the gentlemen living there with them, and who, as will be presently shown, was destined to be the only survivor of that ill-fated party.

He had ridden in to report to the Native Department that all their boys employed on the farm had run away and assistance was required to bring them back, otherwise all was well. When Mr. Talbot returned that night he found no trace of Mr. Norton, his wife, child, nurse or assistants but there were evidences of a fearful struggle in one of the huts and the floor was literally covered with blood.

He immediately returned to Salisbury and brought in the news just as the whole community was at fever heat with excitement.

On 18th June, a mass meeting was held in the Market Hall and by 12 o'clock every man in the place was there to meet the representatives of the Government (B.S.A. Co.) and see what steps were going to be taken to provide for the safety of the inhabitants in the town. I need hardly say the meeting was one of the most extraordinary and exciting that it has ever been my lot to witness. Anxiety and responsibility together with indignation were visible in every face.

Invectives were freely thrown out on all sides against the Government on account of the stolid indifference they had displayed whilst all these murders were happening.

A Defence Committee was ultimately organised which undertook to protect the town and the women and children.

It was further agreed that every man should turn up that night at the Barracks to do picket duty round the town if required and two small patrols were arranged to go to the outlying districts and bring in or give notice to the people living there.

The first one consisting of five men was sent to the Matokos District to give warning to the Native Commissioner out there but they never reached their destination and after one or two narrow escapes ultimately took refuge at the Jesuit Fathers' farm situated some nine miles from Salisbury.

The second one was sent to the Mazoe District where it was known some 14 men and three women were in laager. A van had already been sent out in charge of Mr. Blakiston accompanied by Mr. Zimmerman to bring in the women, but, as it had not returned, great anxiety was felt for the safety of that party.

Before proceeding with the adventures of the Mazoe Patrol I think it would be as well to give a few details as to what was going on out there before it started.

The van arrived safely and met with no opposition on the road but it was considered by all advisable to start back at once as rumours had reached there that a large "impi" was on its way to that district; therefore a start was made as soon as possible.

The first detachment consisted of Messrs. Dickenson, Cass, Faull,

Pascoe, Fairbairn and Stoddart and they took with them two donkeys, a cart and 14 Mashona carriers, being followed later by a second party with the van. All went well until they got about three miles from the Mazoe Camp, here the natives started firing at them, and to quote Mr. Fairbairn's report on seeing some boys striking something on the ground with their knobkerries one of their carriers was sent to see what it was and he returned saying—"Fundissi is felie" meaning "Missionary Cass is dead".

Immediately after this Dickenson was shot dead.

Several more rebels appeared on the ridge a short distance off and on the remaining four men opening fire the 14 carriers threw down their loads and disappeared.

The party then decided to go back to the Camp but scarcely had they turned their cart than Faull who was driving was shot through the heart by a native concealed in the grass, he, however, bit the dust three seconds after, being shot almost instantly by Fairbairn.

The Kaffirs still kept following them up and succeeded in shooting one of the donkeys which compelled them to leave the cart and make the rest of their way on foot.

They soon met the van containing three women and accompanied by the rest of the men who on hearing the news decided to return at once to the laager at the Mazoe Camp.

Before reaching their destination they were fired at from all sides and no less than 50 natives came out of the grass quite close to their rear and seemed for the moment intent on rushing them. However, by constantly firing and urging on the mules, they were able to reach the rough laager on the Kopje at the Camp having lost three men killed in their attempt to come in.

A desultory fire was still kept up by the natives on the laager and the women were obliged to crouch behind the rocks for shelter.

Shortly after this Blakiston, who was a telegraph mechanic but not an operator, offered to go to the Telegraph Office (a hut situated about 500 yards from the laager) if Routledge, the telegraphist, would go also and send a message to Salisbury asking for relief and describing the situation.

This was undoubtedly one of the most heroic deeds done in the whole war, both these men knew they were going to almost certain death, yet they were content to do this rather than let their comrades die unrelieved.

They took a horse with them and reached the Office safely and the message flashed through to us in Salisbury was, "We are surrounded, send us help, this is our only chance, goodbye".

Two minutes after sending this, both men and horse lay dead about half way between the Telegraph Office and the laager.

They had given their lives for their fellow comrades and once more had made Englishmen swell with pride to know that such men existed and belonged to that nation which knows none better. The whole of this long desultory war is marked by brave and noble deeds but none braver or nobler than this.

All through that day and night the enemy kept up a hot fire. A Matabele boy who was evidently their leader posted himself behind a rock about 400 yards off and by the way he splintered the rocks in the laager each time he fired was

undoubtedly the best shot of the party.

He never exposed himself and all that was left for the besieged to fire at was the barrel of his rifle.

He evidently had a great idea of his personality as during the evening he was heard to yell in his native tongue—"I am a Matabele, why do you leave me without tobacco?"

During the night the rebels got within 150 yards of the laager and although some of them were shot, things looked terribly serious for the inmates. Nothing, however, occurred and day at last dawned when the previous days tactics of the enemy were resorted to.

At 2 o'clock a stir was visible amongst them all, and the Matabele boy was heard to call out to his followers to rush the laager. The besieged knew this meant one of two things, either it was immediate death to them, or that relief was near. Happily, it turned out to be the latter, as, to use their own words, under terrific fire Lieut. Judson and his men galloped up to the laager.

Now I must go back to the start of this patrol and give as near as possible a detailed account of our adventures.

In company with many more I turned up on the evening of the 18th June at the Volunteer Barracks to do picket duty if required, but finding a patrol was being got up for the Mazoe relief and having a thorough knowledge of that District through owning some mining property out there, I volunteered to go and my services were accepted.

We started at 12 o'clock that night, rather indifferently mounted, though personally I could not complain as being a light weight I was given a racing pony that had been successful the week before in carrying off no less than three prizes.

Altogether, there were seven of us—Lieut. Judson in command, Capt. (Honorary) Brown, Troopers Hendrikz, Carton-Coward, Honey, Neibuhr and myself, not a very formidable band but all that could be spared and horsed at the time.

Nothing much of note occurred until we got to within a mile of the Salvation Army farm, where Mr. and Mrs. Cass had lived.

From here we could see one of the ridges covered with natives but as soon as they saw us they bolted into their huts and caves like a lot of scared rabbits.

We kept a keen look out, however, and proceeded in skirmishing order until we reached the farm house; here we found evidence of kaffirs having recently been there, by the still hot embers of a fire.

We had lost our way during the night and it was now 10 o'clock in the morning and we were only 20 miles from Salisbury.

There were seven miles more to do before we got to our destination but as men and horses were tired and hungry we decided to off-saddle here for an hour or so to give the horses a rest and feed, and get something to eat ourselves.

We found plenty of mealies for the horses and some eggs, flour and sour milk on which we made a very fair repast.

We entered the house by the window and found it quite deserted but it gave us the impression of having been left hurriedly as everything was lying

about in confusion and the food was only partly consumed.

There was a skinned goat hanging up under a tree which had not long been killed but we decided not to touch it for fear the natives had poisoned it and left it as a bait.

During this stoppage three of us were posted as vedettes in order to guard against surprise, but with the exception of my seeing what looked like a handkerchief being waved at us, and which afterwards was found to be the corner beacon flag of a farm, nothing further occurred.

Feeling completely revived by the rest and food we started about 12 o'clock to enter the Mazoe Valley, which Judson who addressed us before starting, pointed out might prove to be a veritable valley of death, one could but be struck by the strange quietness pervading everywhere.

It was a most imposing sight to see those grand old granite kopjes dotted here and there, resting in the shade of the still larger and more imposing chain of mountains that run several thousand feet high and extend both sides of the valley.

The sun was pouring down, the wind gently rustling in the grass and all seemed wrapt in peace and quietness.

Now and then the hum of insects would be borne on the wind or a frog could be heard croaking and splashing in the river close by—it hardly seemed possible that at any moment we might be brought face to face with an enemy of illimitable numbers and perhaps fighting for our lives. I had journeyed down the valley a good many times but never without seeing the natives at work in their mealie fields or other abundant signs of life around me.

We had not much time left to indulge in thought, for after going about a mile we had to enter a long stretch of very tall grass terminating in a perfect jungle in low lying ground. It was a nasty looking place and Judson gave the order to gallop. He passed through first with Brown, Neibuhr and myself following, riding in half sections, just as we were passing the thickest clump I saw the grass and bushes move and knew in an instant what was up.

A dozen shots rang out in quick succession from within six yards of the road; before I had time to do anything my horse gave a terrible plunge and came down on his side, pitching me a good ten yards over his head. I still retained my rifle, having taken it with me out of the gun bucket in my fall.

I tried three times to get up but for the moment was unable to do so as all the breath had been knocked out of my body. At last regaining my feet I saw Neibuhr lying in the road bleeding profusely and both his and my horse in their last agonies of death lying within ten yards of one another.

In the meantime the rest of our party had not been idle and three of the enemy lay dead in the bush, Judson, who had a double-barrelled gun loaded with buck shot accounting for two of them. We had now no time to waste as the natives in front attracted by the firing were coming down from the hills trying to stop our advance, so after helping Neibuhr, who had been shot through the hand, on to Judson's horse and getting myself up behind Trooper Hendrikz we pushed on as quickly as possible. We still had six miles to go and firing was opened at us now from both sides.

Frequently, when coming to thick patches of grass or bush, we stopped

to fire a volley into them and then galloped by at a smart pace, but in spite of these precautions shot after shot would come from the enemy concealed in the grass and we had little or no chance to retaliate.

We were now all impressed with the gravity of the situation and felt that our chances of reaching the Mazoe Camp were momentarily becoming less. Judson again addressed us and decided in case any more of us should get wounded we would stop and endeavour to take up a position on one of the kopjes where we could hold our own so long as our ammunition lasted.

Fortunately, no further mishap occurred, but after we had gone about four miles we came upon the donkey cart and the three dead bodies of the men who had striven to come in as I have before told.

The body of Cass had been carefully covered with grass and bushes, this respect probably being shown to him because he had acted as Missionary in that District and had a thorough knowledge of their language.

We now believed it possible that all the inhabitants of the Mazoe laager had been murdered and that we were riding to our certain doom, but there was no turning back and we decided in case we found no trace of them in the laager we should force our way to the Telegraph Office, send a message to Salisbury and wait for relief, want of ammunition and food being our main difficulties.

Our feelings can better be imagined than described when, on reaching the last kopje that screened us from the Mazoe laager, we heard sharp firing going on and could very soon see it proceeded from the Camp and was replied to from the hills surrounding it.

With a cheer such as men only give under such circumstances we galloped up to their little fort and were greeted if possible by still louder cheers from the inmates.

The enemy poured a raking fire at us on our way up, but happily, with no result although the twigs were torn from the trees around and the road in places was literally cut up by the bullets.

After our arrival the firing slackened off greatly, but a strict watch had to be kept and that night we were all posted at various places in the laager and ordered on seeing anything to "first fire then enquire".

That night the Kaffirs made their fires all around us and some were as near as 300 yards, at one time we thought they were approaching the side of our laager under cover of a large rock. Salthouse dropped a few grenades of dynamite and detonators over the side which when exploding sounded like heavy guns going off and completely scared whatever natives may have been hanging round there.

At 12 o'clock that night we held a counsel and decided to offer a Hottentot boy we had with us £100 and the best horse we had if he would ride into Salisbury with a note to Judge Vintcent (Administrator) asking for assistance.

The boy consented to go as soon as the moon had gone down and started off at 2 o'clock in the morning by which time it was quite dark and cold.

He led his horse as far as the road and just as we supposed he had reached it we heard a shot, but were unable to form any idea as to whether it had been fired by the enemy or the Hottentot. Naturally, our suspense was increased for the safety of the note as well as the boy.

He afterwards told us that on mounting in the road he accidentally discharged one chamber of his revolver; this, of course, gave warning to the enemy and several shots were fired at him on his way in, although none, happily, took effect, and he was able to get within 12 miles of Salisbury where he met Capt. Nesbitt and 13 more men who had been sent out to look for us. Nesbitt after reading the note decided to come on (in spite of our having asked for 40 men and a Maxim) and brought the Hottentot back with him. It was about 5 o'clock in the morning we heard heavy firing going on down the valley and shortly afterwards that gallant little band of 13 men came riding round the corner having encountered no opposition until within a mile of us and, luckily, had met with no casualties.

After Nesbitt's arrival a consultation was held and it was resolved to return to Salisbury as soon as the horses had been fed and rested.

The van, in the meantime, was made safer by two sheets of iron being placed along each side of it and this certainly saved the lives of the women as a glance afterwards at the vehicle testified.

The mules, which had brought the van out, having strayed, six men were dismounted and their horses harnessed to the van.

The following is the order in which we started—advance guard five mounted men and eight on foot; van drawn by six horses, containing three women, one wounded man, a driver and a whip. Rearguard men eight on foot and seven mounted men.

I was one of the latter having been given a fresh horse.

We had scarcely gone half a mile when the enemy opened a brisk fire on us from both sides and it was quite evident that they had foreseen our departure and had taken up their positions accordingly.

Behind every tree and rock seemed to be posted a native and although smoke was seen proceeding from the hills and kopjes yet seldom could we get a glimpse of the enemy.

A peculiar coincidence happened in the early stages of our ride in. I was riding next to Lieut. McGeer and asked him if he would mind changing places with me, i.e. let me ride on his left instead of his right, as I could shoot better mounted that way. The poor fellow declined as he had his hands full with a very restive horse, and strange to say, five minutes after, he was shot dead, being my half section and therefore riding close to me at the time he nearly swept me out of the saddle when throwing his arms back with his last gasp.

When we got opposite the Vesuvius Mine the firing became terrific and Capt. Nesbitt and Trooper Edmonds were the first to have their horses shot under them.

At this point Pascoe got on top of the coach and did much good work by showing us the movements of the enemy and putting many a telling shot. The kopjes and grass seemed to be alive with kaffirs several of whom were mounted and these were undoubtedly directing the movements of the others.

A large number of the enemy now began harassing our rear and the further we went the more we had to contend with from this quarter until at last they got so near that we were ordered to dismount and fire three or four volleys into them, this kept them off for a bit, but they never ceased to harass the rear.

All this time the sun was pouring down and men and horses were getting thoroughly done up, several of the former were scarce able to lift their rifles to their shoulders, in fact the whole party was getting into a pitiable plight.

Volley after volley was fired into us from the grass at the road side and only the erratic and bad firing of the natives can account for the miraculous escape we had had.

The kaffirs were armed with all sorts of rifles including Lee-Metfords and Martini Henry but a great many had muzzle loaders into which they crammed almost anything that came handy, potlegs and even stones, as some of the missiles that were afterwards taken out of the wounded horses testify.

The "footsloggers" when too tired, held on to the stirrup leathers of the mounted man and were thus able to gain a little help and the women in the van were kept busy handing ammunition out to the men whose bandoliers were exhausted. The worst had however yet to come, and at the very place where we lost our horses coming out.

Before getting there the advance guard were ordered to fire into the bush and grass where last time the enemy had hidden, but strange to say, whether they anticipated this action on our part or whether it was by accident, they had removed themselves just about 50 yards higher up the hill and here such a fusillade met our advance guard as to completely disorganise it. Two of the men Van Staaden and Jacobs were killed together with their horses, Burton and Hendrikz were both shot through the face, three of the horses in the van fell mortally wounded and two more horses were killed in the rear guard..

Truly it seemed to us now the Valley of Death.

The grass was simply swarming with blacks and it seemed for a moment that here we must take our last stand, but the stubborn resistance offered by our men proved too uninviting for the enemy to rush us and in less time than it takes to tell, the dead horses had been cut free and the others gallantly pulled the van up the hill.

Again I had another narrow escape as in trying to remount my horse I saw a Kaffir only a few yards off placing a cartridge in his rifle which I knew was meant for me—however, as my rifle was loaded I succeeded in placing him 'hors de combat'.

In the meantime, Arnott and Hendrikz, two of the Advance Guard who had got cut off from us, rode into Salisbury as fast as they could but both horses were badly wounded and eventually died. They reached the town about 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

The gloom that fell upon the laager in Salisbury on receipt of their news can hardly be described. Hendrikz's face was covered with blood and that combined with Arnott's account of our position contributed to the gloom.

Arnott asked for 100 men and a Maxim as he considered our party could not be rescued with less, and without this help they could never hope to see us again.

After a long debate the Defence Committee decided that it would be worse than folly to send so many men and rifles at a time when their position in Salisbury, where there were 180 women and children was getting desperate.

This decision was strongly criticised at the time, but it was a far more defensible decision than appeared at first glance, more defensible too than many other decisions arrived at by the same committee.

All this time we were plodding slowly onwards and nearing the exit from the valley. A slight cessation of firing caused us to be suspicious of the enemy's movements and soon we found out that they had altered their tactics and were making for the kopje commanding the entrance of the valley.

Lieut. Ogilvie, Lieut. Judson and myself having the only three horses that were not wounded galloped on to try and reach the top of this kopje before the enemy.

We succeeded by getting up the opposite side and rather surprised some 60 or 70 natives who were coming up at the foot by letting them have two or three volleys in quick succession.

Then, for some reason I can never quite account for, I proposed we should cheer which might perhaps make the enemy think reinforcements were at hand, anyway our own fellows with the van were so misled and took up our cheers most lustily.

This had the desired effect and the natives immediately began to withdraw and thus afforded us time to get into the open country.

The enemy, however, soon found their mistake and immediately pursued us again with raking fire, but finding they had to expose themselves much more now in order to get a shot at us they very soon decided this was not the kind of warfare they liked.

A few of the more reckless spirits still kept up a desultory fire until we got to the Gwebi River, about 12 miles from Salisbury. Here we off-saddled for a time but a false alarm caused by a troop of sesabi buck coming through the grass induced us to push on to Salisbury where we ultimately arrived at 10.30 that night. We had had 12 1/2 hours incessant fighting and lost three men killed, five wounded and 11 horses besides a foal that had followed its mother out there and two dogs.

When we arrived the whole town was in laager and of course the first sign of life we stumbled against was one of the pickets, on hearing who we were his excitement was so great that he rushed towards the laager with the news.

The main guard seeing him run in gave the alarm and in a moment everyone knew the pickets were coming in. As we drew near the whole wall of the laager presented one long line of rifles, but fortunately the picket soon made himself understood and such was the excitement at the moment that I do not think he was even censured for his conduct.

By the time we arrived at the laager gates every man, woman and child in the place had turned out to do us honour and we were greeted to use Mr. Salthouse's words "as men and women might be who returned from the dead". Cheer after cheer went up and I think we deserved them.

The following is an Extract from the "Rhodesian Times" of that date: "And well they deserved the cheers that were showered upon them. They had done a deed that will be remembered as long as Mashonaland lasts and had proved that a body of Mashonalanders chosen practically at random is just as plucky a set of men as the world can show".

On 24th June, Mr. Justice Vintcent received two telegrams, one from the High Commissioner at Cape Town expressing his deepest sympathy, and hearty congratulations to the Mazoe Patrol for the valour they displayed in bringing the women in from that district, and the other was from the Secretary of State, London, as follows:—

"Her Majesty's Government highly commends the gallantry of the Patrol in bringing in women from Mazoe and deeply regrets the loss of valuable lives."

Capt. Nesbitt has since been mentioned and recommended by Major General Sir F. Carrington for services in this Patrol and eventually was granted the V.C.

Notes on Contributors

R. HOWMAN was a Native Commissioner and is now Local Government and Research Officer in the Department of Native Affairs. He has a B.A. degree (South Africa) in Social Anthropology, and was awarded the Beit Fellowship for post-graduate study in Sociology and Race Relations at London University 1935-39, with six months in the United States. In 1951 he visited British East and Central African Territories on an official study of African Local Government and Courts. He is the author of "African Local Government for Southern Rhodesia" and numerous articles in NADA.

COL. A. S. HICKMAN, M.B.E., was for 31 years in the service of the British South Africa Police. He rose from the rank of Trooper to Commissioner retiring in November, 1955. He has been a constant contributor to the Police Force Magazines, the *Outpost* and *Mapolisa*. He has always shown a great interest in the tradition and history of the B.S.A.P. and probably no one in Southern Rhodesia has a greater knowledge of present and past personnel. At present Colonel Hickman is engaged on compilation of Register of those who served in the British South Africa Company's Police. It is hoped that this work will be completed this year. His address is St. Keyne, 4 York Avenue, Highlands, and he will welcome any items of interest either on B.S.A.P. or Rhodesian history.

"REGULUS" is the nom-de-plume of one who "has got together a fairly comprehensive collection of what has been written about the Colony. Has a deep interest in local history sharpened by many years in most of the distant parts where civilisation has not made much change so that there is always something to enquire about and time to do it. No specialist, but one happy to be engaged on a variety of enquiries ranging from the doings of yesterday right back to the first ones recorded."

HUGH POLLETT was a young man at the time of the Mazoe Patrol. He is shown in the photograph as a fair, slim man of about 20 years. He came out from England in 1894 and engaged in mining operations. Later he became a stockbroker in Salisbury.

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THE RHODESIA AFRICANA SOCIETY

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1. The Rhodesia Africana Society has been founded to further the interests of collectors of Rhodesiana, and to assist in the preservation of books and documents relating to the Rhodesias and Nyasaland in particular.
2. The subscription payable on January 1st each year, shall be £1 . 1 . 0d. per annum.
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