

SOUTH AFRICA

A PLANNED TOUR OF
THE COUNTRY TO-DAY
describing its towns, its scenic
beauties, its wild and its historic
places, and telling of the men
who made or discovered them

By

A. W. WELLS

With

32 *pages of Coloured Maps*
30 *Photogravure Illustrations*
and Reference Sections

LONDON

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PREFACE

THIS is a book of various aims.

It is written both for the South African and for the man who has never seen South Africa, or is just about to land there.

It is an attempt to combine both the readability of a travel book and the usefulness of a guide-book: a book which may be read in the home, the ship, or the train, completely and without break, and yet be found valuable for reference in whatever centre the South African may decide to holiday, or at whatever place the ship or train of the overseas visitor may stop.

It is designedly arranged in small sub-chapters, each of them complete in itself, so that the book may be put down or taken up at any time—or dived into at will.

It is hoped that these small sub-chapters, with the aid of the headline on each page and the index at the back of the book, will also tend to a quick and easy tracing of information; and in order to help the traveller still further, there is an additional 'Things to See' index in which practically all the towns in the area covered by this book are listed alphabetically, and the chief sights of the town stated under each of them.

It has also been the aim of the author to talk not merely about places but about people: to give glimpses (no more than that is claimed) that may stimulate the reader to read more of that strangely varied and vivid procession of men who have strolled so oddly, and yet with such abiding effect, across the South African scene. Men like da Gama, van Riebeeck, Kruger, Rhodes, Retief, Farewell, Chaka, Beit, Trichardt, Livingstone, Khama. . . . A whole sub-chapter might be devoted to their names alone.

The various chapters are based on the main cities and towns of the Union and Rhodesia; and from these largest centres of population are outlined tours of from one to four

days, that, in the end embrace nearly every small town and sight of note in southern Africa.

The route our tourist has taken is from Cape Town to Kimberley; Salisbury and Bulawayo to the Falls; Johannesburg to the Reef towns, Pretoria, and the Game Reserve; Bloemfontein to the towns of the Free State and Basutoland; Durban to Pietermaritzburg, the towns of Natal, the Drakensberg, and Zululand; East London to the towns of the Border and the Transkei; Port Elizabeth to the towns of the Eastern Province; and the garden route to Cape Town.

Our tourist also pays a short visit to South-West Africa and goes to England by the east coast route.

I am informed that the route outlined is one which the tourist, with ample time on his hands, often does take; it is not only a convenient route but one that has variety, and does not pall with too much of one thing at a time.

At the end of the book will be found some special Reference Sections. These are: the alphabetical list of places and things to see, to which I have already referred; a chronological table of events in the history of South Africa from the fifteenth century to the present day; a short compilation of everyday Afrikaans words and phrases; a bibliography of works mentioned in the text; and the index, which gives references to both the text and the maps.

The maps immediately precede the Reference Sections, and give Bartholomew's coloured contour atlas of the relevant parts of Africa, with enlarged scale-maps of Cape Province, the environs of Pretoria and Johannesburg, and southern Natal.

Full acknowledgment is made in the course of the book to the great assistance I have received from South African writers and their diligent research. The Table of Events is mainly from the *Official Year Book of the Union of South Africa* and is published under Government Printer's authority of 8th October 1938; the springbok design on the binding is reproduced under the same authority.

The production of this book has also involved correspondence with nearly every town clerk in the Union and Rhodesia,

and I can only thank these gentlemen in the mass for the great forbearance and courtesy they have shown me. I would also pay tribute to the patience and practical assistance rendered me by my wife.

A. W. W.

BLOEMFONTEIN,

January 1939.

In this third edition, revised and reset, I have made additions and corrections throughout the book to bring it up to date, dealing, for instance, with the newly discovered Free State goldfields. The brief postscript, 'South Africa at War,' first included in the second edition, is also revised, and a further note included on post-war South Africa and Southern Rhodesia and their call for immigrants.

A. W. W.

BLOEMFONTEIN,

October 1946.

In this reprint of the 1946 edition it has not been possible to make any large-scale alterations, such as may later become more necessary as a result of the recent election of the Nationalist Party Government under Dr. D. F. Malan. On the appropriate page I have made reference to Dr. Malan becoming Prime Minister of the Union, and the bare facts of the change have been recorded in the Chronological Table of Events. I have also had to leave pages devoted to such subjects as the Indian question and immigration as they were, but these pages, particularly those on the Indian question, give a picture of the shape of these problems as they existed, and were being tackled, up to a few months ago. Intending immigrants would be well advised to write to 'Immigration,' South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2, or to Mr. Brendon

Quin, London Secretary of the 1820 Memorial Settlers' Association, Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2, for the latest information of the immigration position. It has also been impossible in this reprinted edition to carry further the narrative of the new goldfields in the Orange Free State, but it can be said that, in spite of one or two minor set-backs, steady and assuring progress is being made.

A. W. W.

August 1948.

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PROLOGUE TO LANDING

I

THERE is no voyage like your first voyage, and you are fortunate if your first voyage is to South Africa.

This book, as has already been said, is written as much for the South African as for the visitor to South Africa, yet no South African is likely to object very much if it begins on the sea. For even though he himself may never have made that journey from Europe to Africa, his ancestors all did—no matter whether they came from Holland, England, Germany, France, or half a dozen smaller countries—and it is almost certain that he hopes some day to do it in reverse. He longs and aspires to visit Europe as young provincial Englishmen (and Scotsmen) longed to go and see London before the cheap excursions and the motor coaches came: and it is surprising how many get there in the end.

Most people come to South Africa by what is known as the west coast route, and the voyage in peace years takes anything from fourteen days to a month, according to the ship and route taken, and the number of calls at ports. Those voyagers who like to find themselves one of a company of half a dozen or a dozen passengers on what is more or less a cargo boat will find, at least in normal times, that it is possible to sail on such a ship which dips in at a dozen or so ports, places like Dakar and Accra and Lagos and Loanda and Lüderitz, before she reaches Cape Town, but very few people come to South Africa that way. The majority come by a much quicker route and before September 1939 sailed on either the British, Dutch, German, or Italian liners that called variously at Madeira, Teneriffe, Dakar, St. Helena, and Ascension. At the time this edition goes to press the British and Dutch lines are a long way from resuming their regular services, and it remains to be seen whether the German or Italian lines will ever resume theirs.

Air service may revolutionize the whole relationship of Great Britain to South Africa and vice versa. People who have never been able to spare three or four months from their work to visit either country may soon find it possible to encompass the trip in their annual three or four weeks' holiday. At the moment, a man leaving the Johannesburg aerodrome on a Skymaster, carrying forty passengers, on a Sunday night, reaches London on the Tuesday morning; and the time taken to reach South Africa from London, of course, is just the same. But even if the planes were available the present cost of the air passage is too high for most of the scores of thousands of people who want to make the journey to or from South Africa.

It seems probable that a good sixty per cent of travellers are likely to continue to declare—no matter if a score of huge passenger planes fly between the two countries every day—that the sea voyage remains one of the most memorable, certainly one of the most restful and recuperative, features of the holiday.

II

Most people will sail to South Africa from the English winter; and although it is quite possible, and not infrequent, to find the sea in the Channel and the Bay of Biscay calm and limpid as on any day in June, the fog and wind and rain from which the voyager is seeking to escape may follow tenaciously for two or three days, and there may come an hour or two, even a day or two, of disinclination and distaste, for which no sovereign remedy has yet been discovered, but for which an old voyager might recommend the sucking of a few grapes and the nibbling of a dry biscuit as being as good as anything.

And then on that third or fourth morning, you find on waking and peering through your porthole that the sea all about you is very blue—a bright, deep blue you have never seen before in England, and that you imagined existed only on the palettes of poster artists; there are strange cries on the deck overhead and, apparently, on the water outside; you

realize that the quiet heart of the engines is no longer throbbing and the ship is at a standstill.

III

You are at Madeira; and as you rush on deck you find this island, on which the Portuguese have lived for the last five hundred years, lying there startlingly near and clear, almost towering on top of you, it seems, in the fine, pure air of dawn, when all things stand out so strangely sharp and intimate, its hundreds of foreign-looking white houses (foreign-looking if only because they are white) streaming in rows from the seashore, through the lush, green foliage of the suburbs, and speckling far up the peaks that rise as high as six thousand feet. And all about you on deck are the market gardeners of Madeira pushing on to you their baskets of gorgeously coloured bananas, figs, guavas, strawberries, and grapes, that might have slipped out of oil paintings, and the lacemakers of the island urging you to buy their embroidered handkerchiefs and bedspreads and every conceivable article of textile decoration that comes within that range.

And meeting every ship that comes, morning, noon, and evening, summer and winter—or such winter as Madeira knows—are a dozen or more tiny rowing-boats, each containing one or more men, or very small boys in bathing costume, clamouring for you to throw into the water any sort of coin you care, and at once they will dive from their boats and retrieve it. Sometimes it seems a matter of a mere grab and they have it; at other times they remain under the water what seems quite a long and hazardous time. But rarely is a coin lost—even though it be the tiniest of them all, a three-penny piece, or, as you will very soon learn in South Africa to call it, a ‘tickey.’

It is not a very long stay in Madeira—the fastest, fourteen-day ships, indeed, arrive on Monday at noon and leave at four or five on the same afternoon—but Funchal, which is the name of the port at which you land, and the capital of the

island, is a fairly compact sort of place, and most points of interest are little more than a stone's throw from the dockside.

Funchal, moreover, is a place with a fairly strong general as well as detailed interest, and it is with this general interest that most people are satisfied on their first visit to the town. In spite of the cobbled streets (most people find a pair of rubber-soled shoes the most comfortable for walking about them), it is certainly very pleasant to stroll leisurely past, or through, the bazaar-like shops, to look in at the cathedral, the flower and fruit market, the little public gardens, or to sit in one of the continental-style cafés, drinking a glass of wine that bears the name of the island, is made of a mixture of black and white grapes, and has been actively produced and cultivated here since the beginning of the sixteenth century.

At one time—in 1820 to be exact—Britain drank over half a million gallons of Madeira wine, but the consumption has fallen off very much since those days. Some say the decrease was caused by the blight of the vineyards in the middle of the last century, and that this was a blow from which the trade never recovered. Others that all the old 'one bottle' and 'two bottle a day men,' as they delighted to have themselves called, have died off since the eighteen-twenties, and none—or practically none—have risen to take their place.

IV

You can, of course, if you are not a voyager of the sauntering type, spend quite a good organized half-day, day, week, or even month in Madeira. What many people do is to take the mountain railway to one of the hotels, have a meal there, and return by what is called native toboggan, a quite safe but exciting form of locomotion that is a sort of sledge, sliding easily over the smooth, age-worn cobble-stones and guided by a couple of boys. To one hotel that is 3,285 feet above the sea—the height of Skiddaw, or Table Mountain, according to your interest and association—the whole journey, with

meal included, from ship back to quay, could be done at one time for twenty-five shillings, and to another hotel, 1,926 feet above the sea, for nineteen shillings.

Las Palmas, in Grand Canary, and Santa Cruz, in Teneriffe, alternative stops to Madeira, are very similar places, and one may spend half a day, or a day, in them in a similarly pleasant sort of way.

But Dakar, which is the halting place of one line, is a very different place. It is on the mainland, and a definite part, therefore, of Africa; yet an Africa of which even the South African knows little. He is likely to be surprised at the fine buildings and animation of the place, but what will interest him more is to see and contrast the French ideas of colonization, as compared with the British, the Portuguese, and the German, with which he may be familiar.

In another eleven days or so you are in South Africa. Occasionally, on the horizon, there is a ship, a school of porpoise, a shoal of flying fish darting past your porthole, an odd shark or two nosing about the ship's side, but you will see no more land. There are a couple of days near the equator when the sky may be dull, the air sticky, the sea thick and lifeless as oil, and for these two days it is a wise man (and a wiser woman) who carries a pair of very old shoes, or shoes a size or two too big, for most people's feet become a little (and often a good deal) too big for the shoes they normally wear. But for the rest the days pass in a kind of lazy, yet virile, well-being.

Two or three days outside Cape Town you may begin to notice the long Cape rollers, as they are called—a wave that is not so much a wave, as most people acknowledge a wave, as a huge, miles-long ripple—but by that time you have had your sea legs so long that they are not likely to worry or interest you at all. Except to make you realize that land is near, that South Africa is near.

V

It is a calm statement of fact that there is no other country in the world quite like South Africa. For where else, on what other continent, may one see cities possessing streets, public buildings, luxurious shops, theatres, and newspapers that not many cities below the half-million mark in Europe or America can surpass, and also primitive kraals of straw and mud huts, huge stretches of open and forest country in which the lion, the elephant, and the buffalo wander in their thousands, killing and preying on one another—and on any man or animal who happens to get in their way—as they have done since man himself was created?

Where else may one meet two million white people who look the same as yourselves, have very much the same interests, wear just the same fashions, read the same books, see the same films, catch the same sort of suburban trains, and also some eight million natives, a good many of whom live what may be called semi-civilized lives, but a large proportion very much the same tribal life as they lived long before a white face was ever seen in Africa, satisfied with the most meagre variety of food and quantity of clothes, possessing quite a remarkable code of honour, honesty, and even courtesy, and yet still under the thralldom of black magic and the witch-doctor?

But it is not only this combination of a new, modern world springing into being, cheek by jowl with a world, in many places, still dark and primitive and hazardous, that makes South Africa so unique a country both for the tourist and the student. Few, if any, other countries have its sharp, almost alien physical and climatic differences.

The Cape, the Transvaal, and Natal have not only totally different sorts of weather, but entirely different contours and vegetations. There are places in the low veld where, in summer, the temperature may be as hot as in some of the hottest places in India, while on the wind-swept heights of East Griqualand there have been occasions when whole flocks

of sheep have perished, during particularly severe winters, in snowstorms.

And while there may be more cosmopolitan compositions of people than in South Africa—in places like the United States, the Argentine, and Brazil—there are few countries, if any, that are being developed by two overwhelmingly preponderating strains, the Dutch strain and the English strain, each with its own language and culture, and each gradually, imperceptibly, producing a type of being, thought, outlook, and ambition that is neither Dutch nor British, but just plain South African.

And perhaps during this last day or two of the voyage, and before you land, it is better that you should get this composition of population quite clear.

There are now over eleven million people in the Union of South Africa, and of that number 2,400,000 are Europeans. The exact figures of racial descent among Europeans are not easily ascertainable, but on the former census of 2,000,000 Europeans, they were generally assumed as being something like 1,200,000 Dutch descent, 750,000 British descent, 80,000 Jewish descent, and 70,000 German, Portuguese, Norwegian, and descent of other nationalities.

There are two official languages of the country, English, and Afrikaans, which is a young language derived from the Dutch and already possessing a literature of which South Africans are proud. More than half a dozen daily papers throughout the country, and a greater number of magazines, are already published in this language, and Afrikaans is the language most generally used in the House of Assembly, which is the South African House of Parliament. Most South Africans of Dutch descent speak both English and Afrikaans fluently—the English used by some of the older people, untrammelled and unpolluted by accent or dialect, is remarkably good—while every year more and more South Africans of British descent are acquiring Afrikaans. It has been officially computed that nearly two-thirds of the European population can now speak both English and Afrikaans.

Then there are the seven and a half million native peoples; the 280,000 Asiatics, such as Indians, Malays, and a few Chinese; and 900,000 people who are described as coloured, which means that they have both white and native, or white and Asiatic, blood in them.

VI

Obviously in such a community there are many problems; and already on the ship—for South Africans, as a race, are very politically minded—you may have had odd passengers who have told you how these problems, which have puzzled the best brains in South Africa for a century or more (and many of which only time itself can probably solve), could be settled quite simply.

Do not listen too much to these people. Determine that you will first of all spend some weeks in the country, remembering something of its history, marking its tremendous variety of social condition, listening to all points of view (and particularly of quiet, tolerant, still rather puzzled people, who have lived in South Africa a lifetime) before forming too speedy opinions, let alone ventilating them.

And if you hate putting your foot into things—not merely because of your own embarrassment, but because of the hurt and misunderstanding it may cause—do not talk too much about a war that once took place in South Africa. Of course, you wouldn't do such a thing wilfully. But that is just the trouble. The alert, fashionable, young woman to whom you are talking, who seems to know London better than you do, and to have seen all last year's best plays, or the tall, athletic fellow who talks so shrewdly about the English team he would choose to play against Australia, may have had people who suffered quite a lot in that war on one side or the other. And you won't be able to tell which side. A South African himself could not tell, the two races are merging so.

You will not need to be told much about South Africa's last mark of the unique: the mark that has been kept to the

last, but that is really the first. You will see it massively, unmistakably for yourself. It is Table Mountain, glorious and fitting gateway to a continent if ever God made one.

Some voyagers sight it first of all a mere speck, far out at sea, but the mail ships invariably approach it in the darkness, lie outside Cape Town for the night, and move into harbour at dawn. It is better so.

Looming up above you, for all the world like a huge stage backcloth to some tremendous drama, its rocks and trees and grasses gleaming a score of different colours like some fine old opal, is the square, clean-cut outline, familiar to every child who has ever opened an illustrated geography book the whole world over. Sydney, Rio de Janeiro, Wellington, Hong Kong, and Vancouver you may have known, but is it not in the approach, and not in the mere expanse or picturesque windings of their harbours, that ports are either memorable or not memorable to the ordinary lay mind? And judged purely from this angle of approach, may not the two most memorable ports in the world be Cape Town and New York—Cape Town in the natural sense, New York in the artificial? The gaunt, lovely old hulk of Table Mountain, and the great, fairytale-like skyscrapers of Manhattan, loom so suddenly and concentratedly on the mind that it is almost impossible to escape a catching of the breath that such sights can possibly be.

It is a gasp, moreover, that never fails to come as the years go on. Often you will find South Africans who have lived in the country fifty years or more stealing out of their cabins at three or four in the morning, and pacing about the deck because they want the speediest glimpse of 'the mountain,' as they call it (as though there were no other mountain in the world), that the coming of daylight can give them. The mountain is like a trade-mark of home to them, and one that no other nation may ever hope to copy.

THE CAPE POINT DRIVE

I

THE holiday season in Cape Town is from October to March, exactly the reverse, of course, of what it is in the northern hemisphere, and during those months the average number of days on which rain falls is six.

Since the war, hotel tariffs have of necessity fluctuated so much that it is of little use quoting a current tariff. But some relative idea of charges can probably be gathered from the statement that before the war hotels and boarding-houses charged anything from 6s. 6d. to 27s. 6d. a day. Luxurious, first-class hotel accommodation could be had at from £7 7s. to £8 8s. a week, and good average boarding-house accommodation at from £3 3s. to £5 5s. a week, or £10 10s. to £12 12s. a month. If you are coming entirely new to the place, and are staying for some length of time, it might be quite a good idea to pick out a place, more or less at random, and suitable to your pocket, and stay there a day or two and look round before deciding on the place where you would like to spend the great proportion of your stay.

For this is where Cape Town differs from so many other cities: maybe altogether unlike any city you have known before. Because of that great, solid old mountain that can never be shifted (and no South African could be found to raise a pick on it if it could), Cape Town is not, and never can be, a compact, solid, square-like city on the European model. It is a long, straggling series of suburbs, stretching for nearly thirty miles, clinging mainly to the seashore and dipping inland a little only when the mountain will allow it. The actual city, which lies in the centre, is a busy cluster of streets where very few people live, but to which everybody comes to work: a sort of huge office and warehouse to which people stream in every morning by bus and tram and a very fine suburban electric railway (which many cities twice the size of

Cape Town might envy), do their jobs, and stream out at night again to one of the score of little minor towns that make up the Cape Town whole.

It is because these little minor towns vary so decidedly and delightfully that you may care to hesitate a little before settling down too solidly. Even in the marine suburbs there is contrast. Sea Point might be California, St. James the south of France, Muizenberg Australia, Kalk Bay and Simonstown little fishing ports tumbled out of Cornwall or Devon.

II

Then there are the more inland suburbs (if you can count being inland half a dozen miles from the sea and the wind from the sea blowing right into them) like Rosebank and Rondebosch and Newlands and Kenilworth and Wynberg, shaded by fine oaks and pine- and gum-trees—the oaks so straight and tall and stately at Newlands as to turn the main road, at one point, almost into the long aisle of a cathedral.

Between these trees gleam the white walls, the red-tiled roofs of some of the finest modern houses in the Cape Peninsula, houses probably more diversified in style and origin than any other collection of houses to be found anywhere in the countries of the British Commonwealth. Many of these houses have fine, old Dutch gables, that are now generally accepted, in any sort of illustration of South Africa, as typifying the Union's national domestic architecture, but there are also houses built on three or four old English models, houses in the Spanish mission style, houses so sleek and streamlined and modern that they might have been exported from Hollywood. South Africa has a very open and cosmopolitan mind about houses.

South Africa has always been cosmopolitan. The Portuguese, the English, the Dutch, the Germans, the French, all of them had landed in that same Table Bay in which your twenty-thousand-ton liner was so smoothly docked the other morning, and gone ashore before a single building stood there.

The Portuguese, discoverers of two-thirds of the civilized world, were there first. The first known European to set foot in Table Bay was Antonio de Saldanha; and it is testimony to the effect which the great rock gateway, looming up three thousand feet high above him, had on a daring and roving navigator of that time, that he actually climbed to the top of it and named it Table Mountain one fine day in the year 1503.

Ninety years later three English ships, one of them commanded by Captain James Lancaster, on their way to India, put into Table Bay to revive their scurvy-stricken crews with fresh food and water. And when the English East India Company was formed and put under the command of Captain Lancaster, he at once directed, and for several years it so happened, that all ships of the fleet should call there for refreshment and barter cattle from the natives who, except for one rather sharp brush with the Portuguese, seem to have been a fairly reasonable and amenable lot.

Then the Dutch began to think of India, formed a company of their own that was very solidly and wisely directed, and were soon making huge profits.

There was some sort of proposal that the two companies, the English and the Dutch, should jointly build a proper sort of refreshment port, and have it fortified, at Table Bay, but somehow the idea fell through. The English ships called at Cape Town less frequently, and concentrated more on St. Helena, while the Dutch became much more intimate with and enamoured of the place.

Indeed, one Dutch ship was wrecked there, and the crew actually stayed on the shores of Table Bay for six months. They made themselves huts, found a fine stream, sowed and gathered a huge crop of vegetables from seed which they happened to have with them, and came to the general conclusion that this was a very rich and pleasant land in which to live.

That wreck of the *Haarlem*, indeed, was almost like the spilling and sowing of a seed in itself, for no sooner had the wrecked officers returned to Amsterdam than they began to harass the directors of their company to establish the sort of

refreshment station that the English and Dutch had failed to agree on establishing years before. And this time the directors agreed to establish such a station, and sent a ship's surgeon, Jan van Riebeeck, in command of it. His chief job was to be the growing of vegetables for the company's vessels, lurching over the waters, and straining their canvas after the wealth and gold and precious stones of India.

Nobody ever guessed at that time that there might come a day when ships from the whole world—even from India itself—might come for the gold and precious stones that lay far beyond and behind the huge rock of Table Mountain that stood out at sea now merely as a hope and symbol for the keeping of scurvy out of sailors' blood.

That winter of van Riebeeck's landing was a winter of exceptional rains, and he and his wife, Marie, must often have thought Cape Town a very different place to what the sailors of the *Haarlem* had painted it. Often the little party of settlers found themselves washed out of their homes, and forced to eat tough sea birds, hippopotami, and baboons to keep alive. But van Riebeeck was a good, steady, God-fearing man—or perhaps God-trusting man might be a more accurate expression, for it is this trust in a sustenance from a Higher Power that stares out of almost every line of his faded old diary that has been preserved to this day, and may still be seen in the archives in Parliament Street. Not only did his vegetables grow apace, but he built a hospital, and established a general sort of health resort that gave relief and renewed health to hundreds of officials after their trying work in the Indies.

And yet that was always how van Riebeeck himself seems to have regarded Cape Town: as a sort of rest camp behind the line. He appears to have been overjoyed when, after a stay of ten years and one month, he was promoted to sail to Batavia and later became the President of Malacca, now a little town of probably less than a thousand white people, a hundred and thirty miles to the north-west of Singapore, that nobody ever hears about unless, perchance, they stumble across it in a short story by Mr. Somerset Maugham.

CAPE TOWN

But that is the way with pioneers, as you will find, over and over again, as you continue to read this book: they rarely gain a glimpse, not even so much as an intuitive gleam, of the fruits of their labours. Jan van Riebeeck could never have imagined as he poured out to his wife his distresses that the company were doing nothing but making a silly little market gardener out of him, that there would one day be erected to him, and on the place where he first landed, a monument presented by an Englishman named Cecil Rhodes; that on every 6th April people would come to his monument and lay there wreaths of tribute; and that stretching about his feet there should be a single city containing half as many white people as can be found in the whole of the Dutch Indies.

III

Probably the best way to get to know Cape Town—to get to know any city—is to spend the first day quietly ambling about the streets with no great sense of direction and certainly in no great spirit of inquiry.

Most people praise the cafés as being particularly good. Café life, indeed, is a distinct feature of the South African social system, and nowhere more so than in Cape Town. The South African is a great drinker of tea. He has tea served to him every morning at six or seven o'clock before he gets up; he has tea served to him in his office, warehouse, or workshop at eleven o'clock in the middle of the morning; it is served to him again at four o'clock; and when he comes out of the bioscopes at night (he called cinemas 'bioscopes' in the early silent days, and 'bioscopes' they still largely remain to him), he feels he cannot go to bed without first of all going to some café and having a cup of tea or coffee. If he has any business deal to transact, or a housewife wants to meet another housewife from a distant part of the city, then they will arrange to have tea at Cartwright's, Cleghorn's, Markham's, Stuttaford's, or the Waldorf—to mention what are probably the five chief cafés and which have been stated in alphabetical order.

And these appointments are not only made by business men and housewives. They are made by the thousand every day by what are called young people of the opposite sexes. A young man in Cape Town invites a young woman to have morning or afternoon tea with him—and this applies right throughout South Africa, and to little towns of two or three thousand white population, as well as to the big cities—as he would to a theatre or a dance, and nearly always he will take her to a café for coffee and a long talk after the show at the picture theatre.

IV

Perhaps after that first day or two's sauntering, it is better to do the bold, decisive thing and go to the great Marine Drive, or the Chapman's Peak Drive, as it is perhaps more familiarly called in Cape Town: the drive that has more than once been declared to be the finest marine drive in the world.

Many people are inclined to leave this whole day's tour until last, but that is a mistake. The visitor is likely to appreciate his stay in Cape Town far more if he quickly realizes the setting in which the city is enshrined.

Three hundred and fifty years ago, Sir Francis Drake declared: 'This Cape is a most stately thing, and the fairest Cape we saw in the whole circumference of the earth'; while Froude wrote: 'In all the world, there is perhaps no city so beautifully situated as Cape Town.'

And the Duke of Windsor, when Prince of Wales, publicly stated: 'It is indeed a happy circumstance that this city, so rich in historical associations, should be set in such beautiful surroundings, and the impression made on the traveller when the full majesty of Table Bay is revealed to him for the first time is one that must remain with him all his life.'

The value of this marine drive to Cape Point (and of doing it early) is that it not only displays the beauty of the Cape, but introduces you to a score or more of places to which you may care to return and devote a whole day's picnic. Starting from Adderley Street, the main street of the city (and named

after Mr. Adderley, M.P., who raised such commotion against the proposal of England to land her convicts in South Africa that it was eventually agreed to carry them on), the touring buses strike out for Three Anchor Bay, and then on to Sea Point, Camp's Bay, Hout Bay, Kommetje, Cape Point, Simonstown, Fish Hoek, Kalk Bay, Muizenberg, Retreat, Plumstead, Wynberg, Rondebosch . . . and so back to Cape Town. The names in themselves allure; and nowhere do you retrace your steps.

V

Sea Point, you will notice, has become so built up, right from the slopes of Signal Hill and Lion's Head to the very fringe of the sea, as to become almost part of Cape Town itself. And for that reason it is a very convenient suburb in which to stay—either permanently or while you are deciding which part of the peninsula most conforms with your individual taste. Not only is there an almost continuous service of buses, taking little more than ten minutes to reach Adderley Street, but there is a fine promenade refreshingly laid out with huge patches of plain green lawn, and stretching in less ornate style past Three Anchor Bay and Green Point, once Cape Town's racecourse, but now given up to football and cricket pitches, almost right into the city. Opened in 1940, here is Cape Town's £32,000 Aquarium which has been described as certainly the most modern of its kind in the southern hemisphere. Only four—possibly five—aquaria in the world possess more tanks. Specimens, of course, are changed and added from time to time. Among the fish exhibited at the opening were a shark 4 feet 6 inches long, catfish, octopus, and crawfish. But the institution is something more than a fish zoo. Incorporated as the institution is with the Division of Fisheries, research work is done here of the greatest significance to the South African fishing industry. There are also at Sea Point hotels and boarding-houses of every possible type and range of tariff.

Yet Sea Point is no tame little seaside suburb of the bath-

chair type. It has virility. It was called Sea Point because at this point the sea seemed to collect all its force and sweep down on the rocks. And on days of heavy seas, it does so still: the waves come rushing in, with great, long manes of spray flying, like chariots charging. You will see no other waves in the peninsula like the waves of Sea Point.

Since the last edition of this book was published Sea Point's open sea-water baths are being extended and have been installed with warming apparatus. This has been done because the sea-water on the Sea Point side of the peninsula is notoriously cold, and while some bathers liked it, a lot did not. Moreover before the baths were warm they led to a lot of illusions. Just because some day you popped your head over the wall of the Sea Point pavilion and saw a lot of women bathing in the baths there, and a larger number of men basking on the walls outside, that did not mean that the pool was particularly warm that day. The very reverse. It meant that on that day the current was particularly cold, and the women were bathing because even the slimmest of them are more bolstered up with fat than men are, and can stand the cold better.

Nearly half a dozen women must by now have swum the seven miles between Cape Town pier and Robben Island—the Channel swim of South Africa—but only one man has done it: Mr. Charteris Hooper, nearly forty years ago. It hasn't been the current that has beaten the men, for at least their physical strength has been equal to that of the women. They have had to be dragged out because of the cold—and the women have gone on.

But if its bathing is on the cool side, Sea Point has a compensating advantage. It has over twenty inches of rain a year less than the majority of other suburbs.

Sea Point is the birthplace of Mr. Gideon Brand van Zyl, the present Governor-General of South Africa, the first holder of the office born in the Union. An attorney by profession, he was formerly member of Parliament for Sea Point and then became Administrator of the Cape Province. Seventy-three

years of age, white-haired, and thick-set, he is fond of corn-cob pipes and a carnation for his buttonhole. The first triple blue of the South African College for football, cricket, and tennis, he still takes a great interest in sport, farming, and gardening: subjects on which all South Africans are ready to talk. Mr. van Zyl first met his wife, who is a daughter of the late Sir John Fraser, of Bloemfontein, at the South African College, where they were fellow students. Mrs. van Zyl has held office as National President of the Presbyterian Church Women's Association.

Like all parts of Cape Town, Sea Point is to have its new buildings and amenities, and work on the Sea Point Lido, which was held up during the war, will be resumed by the city council as soon as building permits and funds are available. The original estimate of the cost was £200,000, and in addition to the present sea-water baths, the lido will contain a large concert hall, gymnasium, dance hall, and a fan-shaped amphitheatre which can be used for orchestral concerts, variety entertainments, or cinemas in the open air. Cape Town, it should be stated, has had a municipal orchestra—with a great tradition of conductors in Mr. Theo Wendt, the late Mr. Leslie Heward (who later became one of the best-known conductors in Britain), Dr. W. J. Pickerill, and Enrique Jorda—for the past quarter of a century; and similar orchestras have since been started by the municipalities of Durban and Johannesburg. One of the long-awaited anticipations of many up-country visitors to Cape Town is to 'hear the orchestra,' and there can be no doubt that the Sea Point amphitheatre will provide a perfect setting for all but its most ambitious and serious efforts.

At night-time, and a mere stone's throw from the modern hotels and blocks of flats of Sea Point, the Green Point lighthouse sends one of the most powerful lights in Africa flashing over the water—over the old nearby wreck of the *Athens*, a victim of the great storm of May 1865, when sixteen vessels were thrown on to the shores of Table Bay. People rushing from their beds to the shores could hear the cries of drowning

sailors in the darkness, but were powerless to help them. Only a pig escaped.

Out of the darkness flashes back the intermittent light of Robben Island.

And since, in Sea Point, either day or night it is impossible to become unconscious of Robben Island, perhaps it is better that what has to be said about it should be said now.

It has always been difficult to visit Robben Island, and probably not one per cent of people in Cape Town have been on it. It is more difficult than ever to visit to-day. Now and again bright people have come forward with the idea of what a wonderful pleasure island it might make (and as though the mainland hadn't enough pleasure to offer), but nothing has ever come of such proposals.

Far from being an island of pleasure, Robben Island has always been an island of sorrow, and the Island of Sorrow it has often been called.

Van Riebeeck himself used it as a penal settlement—and incidentally found there hundreds of sheep which, it is thought, must have been left originally by some old British shipmaster. And then, as the years went on, it became an island for lepers, as well as for convicts. And after the lepers, the lunatics. The Island of Sorrow, you will see, was no misnomer.

Many years ago these lepers became half wild: so wild and so dissatisfied with their lot that one night they set fire to all their huts. On another night, and when a huge cask of rum somehow drifted ashore, they broke out of control, took their pannikins with them, and indulged in wild carousal on the beach. Some stark and bizarre pictures have been painted on this old island.

The lepers were removed from the island in 1931, and for long years before then their lot had been made as happy as lepers' lot can be. They were taken to Pretoria because chest complaints are often an accompaniment of leprosy, and it was thought that they would fare better in the clear, dry air of the north. The lunatics left, too, and with them the attendants of both.

Only the keepers of the light, that has burned since van Riebeeck ordered a fire to be lit on an iron grating whenever ships approached, remained behind. The homes of numbers of people on this island—people who were there to look after the lepers and the lunatics—now lie deserted, their doors and windows swinging in the wind. A sports ground and golf course are in decay; the doors of the old church are locked; and swarming about the power station that once supplied light and life to the island are thousands of rabbits of the English variety—and that are nowhere found on the mainland—chased by hundreds of wild cats.

Recently the island served another sorrowful, though necessary, purpose. In the days of war, it guarded the approaches to Cape Town.

VI

Beyond Sea Point are the pretty little bungalow village of Clifton and the white beaches of Camp's Bay, a corruption of 'De Baai von Kamptz,' von Kamptz being a sailor discharged from a Dutch vessel as being too sick to take home, but living long enough to have a place on the map, and now one of Cape Town's prettiest suburbs, latterly taking on a new lease of life, named after him.

Behind Camp's Bay stretch the twelve peaks of the Table Mountain range that are known as the Twelve Apostles, forming in their soft mauve shades, deepening to rich purple at sunset, a perfect background for the gleaming sands and blue waters that curve about their base. It has been said that no scene in the peninsula has been more frequently painted.

Steadily the road winds and climbs, and with a little dip inland comes Hout Bay, remarkable because not only is the bay, with its Sentinel Rock, just the idyllic sort of bay that might have fallen out of a pirate tale, but almost running down to the sands are grasslands, and in the ravines a quarter of a mile away oaks and pines so thick that only about ten years ago farmers hunted for the leopard that was thought to

have strayed there, killing their poultry and scaring their dogs. The leopard was never found, but left definite traces of its presence.

Hout Bay is one of those rare places that seem to have every sort of attraction in a small space, and its sea- and mountain-girt golf course must be pretty well unique even in a country of unusually picturesque courses.

There comes the magnificent climb along Chapman's Peak—and you are a fortunate and much-travelled man if you know a more awesome stretch of marine road in any other country—and there is a point where the road is cut through sheer rock, and nearly every motorist feels himself compelled to get out and look at the sea dashing itself on the rocks at a distance of five hundred and forty feet below.

Almost with a sense of relief you find yourself winding down to the flatlands of Noordhoek and Kommetje, where not so very long ago a huge school of what are known as false killer whales threw themselves ashore, and so committed suicide.

Some of them remained alive for as much as a week—in one or two cases they actually gave birth to young—and efforts were even made to tow their huge carcasses into the water. The stronger the efforts to save them, the stronger their efforts to get back to land again and die there. Why? Photographs of the Kommetje beach, littered with these huge carcasses, were displayed in papers all over the world, but no scientist could be found anywhere who could give any sort of explanation.

All that the old fishermen in the neighbourhood could say was that probably a storm was brewing (there was one soon after the whales landed) and somehow they got panicky about it, and because one whale scooted in the direction of land, the rest made off after it. Whales are just like sheep, they say, the way they follow after one another—and so the matter dropped like some half-forgotten murder mystery.

And then; three or four years later, no fewer than two hundred and fifty of these creatures came ashore, thirty or

forty miles away, at a point on the coast-line lying before the inland village of Mamre. A coloured fisherman who saw the amazing sight of them lashing themselves frenziedly out of the water, declared that there was a strong wind blowing, and it seemed as though their blow-holes were choked with sand.

Yet when a similar occurrence took place in far-away Tasmania not long after, it was particularly noted that the night was calm and there was but a light wind. The whales showed not the slightest sign of sickness, yet thrashed the water into heavy foam in their efforts to leave it.

Why do whales, and not a casual, truant specimen, but hundreds of them at a time, sometimes flee in terror from their natural element and gasp themselves slowly to death on land, even preferring that death to being helped back into the water again?

That was the mystery which Kommetje first thrust upon the scientists of the world. The theory was even advanced that the whale was once a land animal, and perhaps these were strange, instinctive attempts to revert to its original element.

VII

Cape Point is not merely more or less the Land's End of Africa (the exact point is Cape Agulhas), but it is a cape which the Phoenicians are said to have circumnavigated six hundred years before Christ. It has two lighthouses—popularly called the old and the new. The old stands before you on the topmost cliffs; and although it is a pretty good climb, there is a good path all the way, and most people go there for the wonderful view that is to be seen—and far too many, perhaps, to inscribe their signatures on the lighthouse walls, until it seems that by now the signatures of half the white people in the Union, and a very representative selection from most countries in Europe and the British Commonwealth, are written there.

The new lighthouse, which is built much lower down the cliff and is rarely visited by the tourist, was erected because

the light of the old was often shrouded in the land mists; and a Portuguese ship, bearing the name of *Lusitania*, was wrecked more or less under the nose of the old lighthouse one particularly misty day not so many years ago, when the light was completely hidden. Fortunately her eight hundred souls were all rescued.

But other ships have not been so fortunate. Not so very far from here the ill-fated *Birkenhead* struck a sunken reef on the night of 25th February 1852—on board five hundred soldiers, with their wives and children, and a crew of one hundred and thirty-four.

The behaviour of the soldiers after the ship struck has become an immortal story. While the women and children were put into boats, bugles blared, the men fell into ranks, orderly as if they were on the parade ground, and remained so until the ship went down under them. Had they jumped and made for the boats, it is said, they would almost certainly have involved the women and children in disaster. Nearly four hundred soldiers perished.

This sea that stretches before you from the old lighthouse at Cape Point, most probably soft and gleaming and orange-tinted in the late afternoon sun, is also the home of the most famous legend of the sea—the legend of the *Flying Dutchman*.

There are variants of the legend—a German story and a story by Sir Walter Scott—but the most popular and generally accepted version is that the captain of the mysterious vessel was named Vanderdecken, and, for his blasphemies, was condemned to sail round the Cape for ever and for ever, unable to find his way to port. Disaster, swift and certain, is said to follow in his wake, and doom to him who sights his craft. The legend has been used in Wagner's opera *Der fliegende Holländer*; and to this day there are to be found sailormen willing enough to lend as respectful an ear to this ghost story of the sea, as millions of people are ready to express their whole-hearted belief in ghost stories of the land.

What few people are aware of (the disclosure was made by Mr. Eric Rosenthal in a South African magazine) is that the

late King George V, when sailing round South Africa as a midshipman, actually chronicled in his diary—afterwards published under the title of *The Cruise of H.M.S. Bacchante*, and copies of which are still in existence—that the *Flying Dutchman* had been seen by personnel of his squadron. Under the date of 11th July 1881, the late king, then aged sixteen, set down in his diary, short, straightforward, and sailorlike as you could wish:

At four a.m. the *Flying Dutchman* crossed our bows. The look-out man on the forecastle reported her as close to the port bow, where also the officer of the watch clearly saw her. . . . A strange red light as of a phantom ship all aglow, in the midst of which light the mast, spars, and sails of a brig two hundred yards distant stood out in strong relief as she came up.

The remarkable thing was that, simultaneously with these happenings on the *Bacchante*, there came the flash of a Morse signal from H.M.S. *Cleopatra* and H.M.S. *Tourmaline* who were steaming by the *Bacchante's* starboard bow: 'Have you seen the strange red light?' And yet when the ships sailed in the direction of the light (to quote the royal diary again) 'no vestige whatever of any material ship was to be seen, either near or right away to the horizon, the night being clear and the sea calm.'

But the strangest feature of the whole incident had still to be chronicled:

At 10.45 a.m. the ordinary seaman who had this morning reported the *Flying Dutchman* fell from the foretopmast cross-trees and was smashed to atoms.

Which meant that twelve hours after the sailor had reported sighting the *Flying Dutchman*, the cruisers had hove to 'with the headyards aback' and his body was committed to the waves.

He was a smart royal yardman and one of the most promising young hands in the ship and every one feels sad at his loss.

So wrote the royal midshipman in a final note.

VIII

Simonstown is a place in which you might well linger a whole day. It is the Gibraltar, the Portsmouth of South Africa, and although the great majority of the shops and houses and churches and public buildings are of a South African design, the atmosphere of an English seaport—authentic as any port from which one of Marryat's heroes might have sailed—hangs curiously, persistently over the place.

Here, in Admiralty House, which lies at the foot of Red Hill, lives the admiral, who is commander-in-chief of the Africa Station, with a squadron carrying a floating population of 1,500 officers and men, and a dockyard employing about 540 men, 400 of whom may be counted South African. The admiral is responsible for the patrolling of the west and east coasts of Africa, and for guarding the Cape route of the British Commonwealth. The nearest naval yards to Simonstown—and it is really useless having modern warships unless you have naval yards, which are manufacturing towns in miniature, to repair them—are Gibraltar and Bombay, both five thousand miles away.

It was at Simonstown that the South African Training Ship, *General Botha*, trained South African youths for a career on the sea—and, as it sometimes turned out, for the air. The late Squadron Leader John Dering Nettleton, V.C., the R.A.F. hero of the Augsburg raid, and Group Captain A. G. Malan, D.F.C. and Bar, one of the greatest R.A.F. air aces of the war, spent their fourteenth birthdays in this ship.

You have only to drive through Simonstown, and note its churches and weather-beaten graveyards that stand oddly above the level of the road, to know that Simonstown is old. Move among the old tombstones there, and you will find the graves of men who died fighting pirates.

The oldest house in Simonstown is near Admiralty House, and is used as part residency and part police court and

magistrate's office. It is almost certain that Nelson visited it when eighteen years of age and returning to England as an invalid from Bombay on H.M.S. *Dolphin*, on 21st May 1776.

A famous figure of a different type—a man whose name, a few years ago, was on everybody's lips—lived here in this sun-splashed, rather somnolent-seeming old naval port for quite a considerable time. You would never guess his name. It was Edgar Wallace—one-time newsboy, milk deliverer, bricklayer's assistant, member of the Royal Army Medical Corps, reporter, editor, world-famous writer of thrillers and dramas, whose prodigious output of fiction became not only one of the marvels but one of the jokes of his day.

Edgar Wallace was a member of His Majesty's Forces in Simonstown. He called himself 'a lousy linseed lancer,' which meant that he was a hospital orderly.

Edgar Wallace married his first wife in Simonstown. She was a Miss Caldecott, daughter of the Wesleyan minister here, and those who remember him in those days say that her family were his mentors, and he went frequently with them to the services.

Mr. James Tyrrell Wallace, now a well-known sporting journalist in South Africa, was then a member of the police force in Simonstown, and he can recall the many hours he and Edgar used to spend together discussing literature on quiet nights at the police station. He remembers Edgar diffidently showing him his first poem, which was later published in *The Owl*, a Cape Town magazine.

At Simonstown—or to be exact at Seaforth, which is a not too well-known but fine little bathing resort just before you arrive in Simonstown—you come to what may be called Cape Town's warm-water suburbs.

Seaforth, Simonstown, Glencairn, Fish Hoek, Kalk Bay, St. James, Muizenberg, are all on the Indian Ocean, and the water is, therefore, warm. Cape Town itself, Sea Point, Clifton, Camp's Bay, Hout Bay, and Kommetje are all on the Atlantic Ocean, and the water is cold—or, at any rate, not so warm by ten to twelve degrees.

It is perhaps the fact that the majority of people prefer their bathing warm that has made Fish Hoek, for instance, spring into such great popularity these last few years, in spite of the fact that it is eighteen miles from Cape Town.

To-day, Fish Hoek has between 700 and 800 houses and flats, ten or more hotels and boarding-houses, and a population of nearly 3,000. Yet it is only a little over twenty years ago since the first plots were sold here—with a clause in the deed of sale that no public wine houses should ever be established, so that Fish Hoek is virtually 'dry.' In 1940 Fish Hoek was proclaimed a Municipality; and Mr. A. J. Wright, Secretary of the first local board in 1921, became Town Clerk.

For its age—and for its general setting and amenities—there are few finer small-town coast resorts in South Africa than Fish Hoek, but it has sprung into prominence because of another reason. It is the home of the now famous Peers Cave where was discovered the skull of the 'Fish Hoek Man,' now to be seen at the South African Museum in Cape Town and regarding which Sir Arthur Keith, the distinguished anthropologist, has written, 'we cannot greatly err if we regard the Fish Hoek Man as a representative of the people who inhabited South Africa some 15,000 years ago. It is the largest brained type of humanity so far discovered.' In his book *New Discoveries Relating to the Antiquity of Man*, Sir Arthur Keith says:

The credit of having proved that the Peers Cave had provided a home for Stone Age man throughout a long period of prehistoric time rests with Mr. V. Peers and his son Mr. B. Peers.

Mr. Peers and his son lived in Fish Hoek. For many years they spent their week-ends and holidays in searching geological deposits for fossil remains of the fauna of South Africa, but in later years they gave such time as their occupations permitted to the examination of sites whereon prehistoric man had made his camps.

If you would read more of the Peers discovery, get hold of the handbook on the subject that has been arranged by Councillor H. S. Jagar, first Mayor of Fish Hoek, which

not only contains the full comments of Sir Arthur Keith, but has tributes and references by General Smuts, Prof. M. R. Drennan of the University of Cape Town, Abbé Henri Breuil, described as the world's leading prehistorian, and others.

Mr. Victor Stanley Peers, the discoverer of the cave, was born in New South Wales, Australia, and later joined the South African Railways. He died in 1940—a year after his son, Bertie, had predeceased him in tragic circumstances. Bertie Peers was not only interested in anthropology and archaeology, but concerned himself greatly with snakes, selling snakes, as well as exhibiting them, from his Snake Park at the foot of Adderley Street, to zoos all over the world. The snakes in Peers' Snake Park were usually demonstrated to visitors by a native named Christian, but on 29th October 1939 the native was away sick, and Bertie Peers took over the job. He was bitten in the leg by a small cobra and died the following day. Peers had been bitten many times previously without ill effect; and on this occasion anti-snake-bite injections were given him under his own directions. But nothing could keep him alive. Undaunted by her husband's early death—and the melancholy manner of it—Mrs. Peers decided to carry on the Snake Park, and has continued to do so, and, among her other activities, regularly sends supplies of venom to the Pasteur Institute in Durban and the South African Medical Institute of Research, for the preparation of anti-snake-bite serum, much of which is now used by the army.

Kalk Bay, which lies next to Fish Hoek, doesn't seem to worry much about holiday-makers (although it gets its share all right), but just goes on being a plain, simple little fishing town—many of whose fishermen, strangely enough, are descendants from Filipinos, wrecked there many years ago.

St. James is a place of fine, solid hotels and boarding-houses that are every bit as solid as hotels. Skegness, St. Ives, and Torquay, all in two or three miles, as it were.

But at the far end of St. James—it is actually the place where St. James and Muizenberg meet—this solidity of hotels

and boarding-houses suddenly comes to an end, and gives place to a plain, thatched-roof cottage that is one of the most famous cottages in all Africa. It is the cottage in which Cecil John Rhodes died.

Near by is the lovely house owned up to a year or two ago by the late Sir Abe Bailey, who used it, as he used his house in London, as a place where interesting and eminent people might meet one another—apologizing with a smile, in his last year or two, that he could not rise to greet them, or for not taking too prominent a part in the discussion because he felt he hadn't a single leg to stand on. At his death, Sir Abe left a Trust Fund of no less than £250,000 and his will was marked not only by a strong sense of public generosity, but an eagerness that English-speaking and Afrikaans-speaking South Africans should get to know one another better, through the medium of a greater knowledge of each other's language and wider facilities for travel.

Rhodes and Bailey would certainly have made great neighbours.

But Rhodes died—in his forties—forty-four years ago; and all that last, strangely breathless summer, as Mrs. Sarah Gertrude Millin, South Africa's foremost novelist and writer, has pointed out in her *Rhodes*, this man who had given his name to a whole country, pined and fought desperately for nothing more than a little air.

It was because he thought he might find more air in this cottage by the sea that he left his house at Groote Schuur; and in the cottage a hole was made in the wall, blocks of ice placed between the ceiling and the roof, and punkahs installed and waved—all to make a little air.

In the waiting mail-boat that was to take him to an England where the air was cold and strong, a special cabin had been fitted with electric fans and oxygen tubes, but Rhodes died on the day he should have sailed.

Eight men and no women were with him when he died. They say his last words were: 'So much to do, so little done'—and they have been accounted among the most tragic,

pregnant words a great man ever uttered. Mrs. Millin says that his last words were more simply human, more poignant than these. He said to one of his secretaries: 'Turn me over, Jack.'

The subject is still discussed. Even in the year just before the war (1938), long letters were written in the South African press debating just what were those last words. Somebody has said that Jameson, seeing him going, and seeking to arouse him, ordered a general conversation in the room and Rhodes's last words were a rebuke: 'Stop talking, you fellows!' to the eight men in the room, but that some little time before that, he did actually say those words: 'So much to do, so little done.' There has even been controversy as to where the words originated. It appeared to be settled when someone pointed out the verse in Tennyson's *In Memoriam*:

So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be,
How know I what had need of thee,
For thou wert strong as thou wert true?

IX

Muizenberg! It is popular among a certain number of South Africans to say the word a little disparagingly. They say it is 'always so crowded,' although there are never a fraction of the people—and ten times more beach for them to sport on—that there are at any of the popular English resorts on any English Bank Holiday.

They are mainly untravelled South Africans who talk this way about Muizenberg. They do not appreciate that Muizenberg beach is undoubtedly one of the finest in the world (and you can include the famous beaches of Sydney and Rio de Janeiro), a beach of which Kipling sang:

White as the sand of Muizenberg,
Spun before the gale.

And the setting of it! The high, green hill in the background; the lovely curve of False Bay, studded, on one side, with white-gleaming, red-roofed suburbs; and on the other,

the faint, blue shapes of the Hottentot's Hollands, 'hills that in the noon of summer' (as a war poet once wrote of hills far away from these) 'seem a kind of blueness like the soul itself.'

If you stay in Cape Town long you are likely to return again and again to Muizenberg, not only to bathe, but to learn to surf, for which the beach is famous. Go slowly with your surfing and get someone to show how to hold your board. Otherwise you may give yourself a nasty knock.

A mile or so from Muizenberg is Lakeside, and at the moment a plan is afoot to make this shallow, rush-bordered stretch of water the real additional asset to Muizenberg which so many people have said it might be with very little imagination and expense. What worries other people is the disturbance and probably ejection of the birds there—for among bird-lovers Lakeside has long been known as one of the most fascinating bird haunts of the Cape.

And then the road turns suddenly from the sea, you begin to get into what are called the southern suburbs of Cape Town, you see names like Retreat, Heathfield, Diep River, and Plumstead slipping by, and quickly you are in Wynberg, which is probably a more self-contained town than any other suburb of Cape Town, has quite a fine park of its own (that does not err in being too park-like), and the largest Anglican church in the Western Province.

You are on the last stage of the Cape Point drive. The sun will most probably be near sinking, tingeing with redness the lovely avenues of old oaks as you make your way through Kenilworth, Newlands, and Rondebosch, silhouetting and throwing into trim, stately relief some of the loveliest houses to be found in all Cape Town.

Occasionally, and far below you, there gleams between the trees the broad sweep of the distant sea. There is thrill and inspiration and majesty in that view.

It was the view that Rhodes loved.

The spirit of the man broods along this whole avenue.

You see the house in which he lived, the university he dreamed of building and which is now built, the zoo he began,

the Doric temple which is the Rhodes Memorial, and at the foot of which rears the bronze horseman of G. F. Watts, that is called 'Physical Energy,' and is a replica of the well-known work in Kensington Gardens.

Taken as a whole, and not without reason, universities throughout the world have probably the most favoured sites of any type of public building, but there can be few universities anywhere with a finer site than this. And that plain statement must suffice. You must see it and judge for yourself.

Groote Schuur is the name of Rhodes's old home, which he bequeathed to the successive Prime Ministers of South Africa, as Chequers in England was later bequeathed to British Premiers. South Africans picture it at its best when the great masses of the blue hydrangeas, of Christmas flowers as they are called at the Cape, swarm and flood about it almost as a sea (those same hydrangeas that Mrs. Millin has described as 'lying pallid in their tracks' during that summer of dreadful heat in which Rhodes died), but this big barn (*groote schuur*) of Jan van Riebeck, which Rhodes had restored and replanned as you see it to-day by a young architect known as Herbert Baker, has beauty at any time.

Here at Groote Schuur, and as Prime Minister of the Union, General Smuts now lives while Parliament is in session, which is for about six months of the year—usually from late January to mid July. At seventy-six, General Smuts not only stands out as a world statesman, but must be one of its most active septuagenarians. By seven in the morning he is bathed, shaved, and fully dressed and listening to the London news; on the stroke of eight (he is said to have a passion for punctuality at meals) he is sitting down to a breakfast, often with Jannie the Third, his grandson, of porridge and fish, sometimes an egg; after breakfast, he may write (he never dictates) some of his personal correspondence until it is time to go down to the House; he likes to be back in time for the six o'clock radio news and to take his one glass of beer (he never smokes) as he looks through the evening paper; at 9.20 he goes to bed. On Sunday morning he may bathe, or

climb Table Mountain. Such, according to a recent article written by John O. Hulse, is General Smuts's routine.

Only when the Prime Minister is not in residence, of course, and then only by the securing of a permit from the Public Works Department, are visitors allowed to go over it. Do not omit to note in the centre gable the bronze panel portraying the landing of van Riebeeck, and inside the house the soap-stone birds from the Zimbabwe ruins and the silver elephant of Lobengula, and the staircase that reveals the strange passion—or would the psychologists call it an obsession?—that Rhodes had for collecting clocks. All the clocks he collected over twenty years are here.

All his life, and right up to that last hour in the little cottage at Muizenberg, Rhodes was concerned about time. He knew that his heart—his own mainspring—was faulty, had such a limited time to run.

Sometimes when Groote Schuur grew a little too crowded to be comfortable, Rhodes would steal away to his little rest house that he had Baker make for him near by: Baker, the rising young architect, who not only restored and replanned Groote Schuur, and this rest house, but, with J. M. Swan, built the Rhodes Memorial; and then, as Sir Herbert Baker, became one of the leading figures of his profession.

Kipling stayed more than once in this rest house that was named later The Woolsack, and in Rhodes's will was a clause giving Kipling the tenancy of the house for his lifetime. The two men had a natural and instinctive appreciation of one another. They are Kipling's lines that you will read engraved on Swan's bust of Rhodes in the temple of the memorial:

His immense and brooding spirit still
Shall quicken and control.
Living he was the land, and dead
His soul shall be her soul.

All along this avenue, within a mile or two's range of Groote Schuur, there are places of interest: Westbrooke (named after Judge William Westbrooke Burton, one of the first judges of the Cape Supreme Court), the Wernher and Beit Medical

School (Wernher and Beit were colleagues of Rhodes, and you are to hear a good deal about Beit, as also more about Rhodes himself, later in this book), and the great modern hospital opened only a year or two ago at Mowbray, that serves the whole of the Western Province and is said to be the largest hospital south of the equator.

Not far away from Groote Schuur is the famous Newlands Ground, probably one of the most beautifully situated cricket grounds in the world, but more famous still as the home of South African Rugby. There are still a few men living who remember its opening on 31st May 1890, with a match between the Villagers (still one of Cape Town's most famous clubs) and Stellenbosch. Special trains were run from the suburbs and Stellenbosch and a crowd of between 2,000 and 2,500, considered a very big gate then, gathered to see the late Nils Theunissen kick off for Stellenbosch and later score a magnificent drop goal that won the match for his side. Nowadays 10,000 to 20,000 people gather at Newlands every winter Saturday and see some of the best club Rugby in the world, for it is generally conceded even in Britain that the Springboks of South Africa and the All Blacks of New Zealand are the world's Rugby champions.

And that industrial-looking area that stretches below you, brown and hazy, and stabbed here and there by the varied coloured funnels of ships in harbour, just before entering Cape Town, is Salt River and Woodstock; scene in the year 1773 of one of the most epic pages in South African history.

On this beach a farmer of German birth named Wolraad Woltemade, mounted on horseback, made no less than six journeys out to a wreck and brought back fourteen men from certain death. A seventh time he tried to reach the ship, and he himself was engulfed by the waters.

Apart from the fact that Woltemade is ever likely to remain one of the greatest heroes—if not the greatest—of South African boyhood, his name is kept intimately and rather grimly green for another reason. Woltemade is the place where all Cape Town's cemeteries have been assembled.

GETTING TO KNOW CAPE TOWN

I

THE best way to see Cape Town itself—and this is a plan that can be commended to South Africans as well as to overseas visitors—is to make up your mind that on all those mornings or afternoons when you drift into town for tea or coffee you will see one place of interest.

Go first of all to the public gardens that lie at the head of Adderley Street, and in the very heart of the city (where all public gardens should be, but so often are not), and make these gardens, with their lovely trees gathered from all over the world, and under which scores of business girls and youths eat their lunch during the heat of summer, and the squirrels come out to pick up their scraps, your headquarters.

These are the gardens of long ago in which possibly van Riebeeck, and certainly Adriaan van der Stel, a later governor, grew their vegetables for the scurvy-stricken sailors; and even before van Riebeeck's time, John Davis, the Englishman who was chief pilot to the Dutch mariner Houtman, wrote in his log in the year 1598: 'This land is a good soile and an wholesome Aire full of good herbes as Mint, Catmint, Plantine, Ribwort, Trifolium, Scabious, and such like.'

Here now are trees from Japan and Brazil and the Cocos Islands; statues of Rhodes and Sir George Grey, a former governor who did much for the furtherance of education in the country; the replica of an old bell tower that used to call the slaves to work; an old sun-dial and relic of the East India Company dating from 1781; the first blue gum that was ever planted in South Africa, and an old oak-tree (it lies up the main path from the statue of Sir George Grey) that has lifted up into its trunk an old pump that once stood beside it.

Here, too, you may have tea in the open air, and all within a stone's-throw stroll to the House of Assembly (the Union House of Parliament), the South African Museum, the Cape

Archives, the South African Public Library, the Groote Kerk (which has been described as the Westminster Abbey of South Africa), the Cape Town Cathedral, and the Synagogue. These gardens are a remarkable focal point.

The House of Assembly sits normally from January to July, but the buildings may be inspected at any time if the necessary permission be obtained from the sergeant-at-arms.

The museum not only possesses a portion of a cross erected by Diaz in South Africa in the fifteenth century, and the old stones under which the earliest mariners to the Cape left their letters, but an unusually thrilling collection of stuffed animals (such as only Africa could produce), skeletons and the like, and the lifelike casts of Bushmen and Hottentots.

It is likely to surprise both South African and overseas visitors that in the South African Public Library, which stands at the bottom of the Avenue, there are not only the diaries of van Riebeeck and Adam Tas (a famous leader of the dissatisfied burghers at the Cape) and manuscripts of Olive Schreiner, but copies of the first and second folios of Shakespeare; about a hundred fifteenth-century printed books, including one early German work of which no copy exists in Europe; about seventy-five volumes of illuminated manuscripts, some of them dating back to the tenth and eleventh centuries, and including a fine specimen on uterine vellum; a Greek psalter printed in Milan in 1481, which is said to be the third book ever printed in Greek; and a manuscript of Dante.

And in Victoria Street, immediately behind the gardens, are the Archives, where rare old documents establish, among other things, that, at one time and another, Clive of India, Captain Kidd, the pirate, and Alexander Selkirk, who is generally supposed to have been Robinson Crusoe, all visited Cape Town. You may also see here the passionate love letters of a young man of two hundred years ago—all complete with signature penned in his own blood.

II

Five minutes' walk, or less, will bring you from books and documents to pictures.

In the South African Art Gallery are works by famous overseas artists such as: 'After Fifty Years' by Frank Bramley, A.R.A., 'Montreuil' by P. Wilson Steer, O.M., 'Miss Pettigrew' by Augustus John, and 'The Countess of Lytton' by Ambrose McEvoy, R.A.

There is also a collection of works by South African artists that should be of particular value in helping the overseas visitor to attune his mind to the light and colour and general atmosphere of the country. 'Cogman's Kloof' by Edward Rowarth, 'The Lodge' by Pieter Wenning, 'Near Koelenhof' by J. H. Pierneef, 'The Hex River' by R. Gwelo Goodman, and 'The Garden of Promise' by J. S. Morland are excellent examples of South African work.

This is not the only fine collection of paintings in Cape Town. Ten minutes' walk from the Gallery will bring you to the Michaelis Gallery in Greenmarket Square, and there you may see paintings by the great Flemish and Dutch masters.

See that you do not miss 'A Taxidermist' by Rembrandt (attributed until nine years ago to de Gelder), 'Portrait of a Woman' by Frans Hals, 'The Dancing Dog' by Jan Steen, 'Mountainous Landscape' by Jacob van Ruisdaël, and 'A Breezy Day' by Jan van Goyen.

Almost alongside the Art Gallery in the Avenue is the Synagogue; at the foot, and behind the Library, is the Anglican Cathedral, to which extensive alterations have been made within the last few years; and a couple of hundred yards half-right down Adderley Street stands the Groote Kerk, mother church of the Dutch Reformed Church in South Africa, the foundation stone of which was laid in the year 1700 and under whose floors sleep eight of the old Dutch governors.

The clock in the Groote Kerk tower is the oldest in South Africa. A portion of this clock mysteriously disappeared in

Cape Town one hundred and nineteen years ago, but there are still parts of the original mechanism which have functioned for two hundred and thirty-nine years.

Here is a fact that scores of thousands of people passing the old Groote Kerk day after day do not know about. Not only can it seat three thousand people, but there are only three—or maybe four—buildings in the world which have a bigger unsupported ceiling span.

III

Any day between 10 a.m. and 6 p.m., and at the mere cost of a sixpence, you may be escorted by a guide round the castle, which stands not far from the Cape Town railway station, and is the oldest building in South Africa—all the more interesting because not long ago a sum of £20,000 was spent on its restoration, and thus enabled it again to resume something of its old prestige and importance in the civic life of the country.

For that, it is pleasant to record, appears to have been the main mission of the castle since the earliest days of its existence. The guide will show you the moat, which was constructed by every one passing being compelled to carry away so many basketfuls of earth; the amazingly thick wall that took eight years to build; the well and grain chambers that were included in case of siege; the dividing wall which van der Stel had built through the centre of the place so that if one half of the castle were captured he might still hold out with the other. But he will also tell you that so far as can be traced, not a single hostile shot has ever been fired from it, or ever pierced its walls.

With its soft, green lawns, its old weather-scarred sundials, its simple, austere buildings—and the great walls of Table Mountain towering broodingly, comfortingly, above it—this earliest fort of White Africa might well seem a monastery, but for one or two disturbing and anomalous details.

There is, for instance, this constant mention of Lady Anne Barnard.

'And this beautiful old balcony, designed by a French architect, which you see here,' the guide is saying, 'was where Lady Anne Barnard received her guests. And this building was used as the governor's council chamber, as a church, and as a ballroom by Lady Anne Barnard.'

Who was this Lady Anne Barnard?

The name of Lady Anne Barnard slips easily from the tongues of most people at the Cape, but it is not quite so simple to define her. In the later seventeenth hundreds and early eighteen hundreds she was accounted one of the most brilliant women of her time, and even the Prince Regent wrote to her as 'your ever and most affectionate friend, George P.' Much to everybody's surprise, when she was forty-three, Lady Anne married Mr. Barnard, the son of a bishop, who was twelve years her junior—not at all the sort of marriage everybody had expected her to make, either in social importance or as an alliance in intelligence, but there is every reason to believe that the union was quite successful.

One of Lady Anne's first jobs as a wife was to get her husband one, and through the influence of Henry Dundas, a minister of the Government of the time, she succeeded in getting him appointed as secretary to the Cape Colony. It is Lady Anne's letters, written from Cape Town home to Dundas, found at his death carefully tied and among his most cherished papers, and later published under the title of *South Africa a Century Ago* (Maskew Miller, Cape Town), that have added so richly and piquantly to the South African scene of this particular period.

The surprising thing about Lady Anne Barnard—as she reveals herself in these letters—is that she appears so much a woman of the twentieth century and of the atmosphere in which we now live. She has, indeed, all the supreme qualifications of the heroine of the modern novel and even of the talkie.

She was not only fond of pleasure, but of doing unconventional things. Having heard that no woman had been to the top of Table Mountain, then she must go up with Mr. Barrow (not with Mr. Barnard, mark you) and found that

'the best way to get down was to sit down and slip from rock to rock the best way one could.' She liked or disliked people decisively, and not at all according to convention: she liked the Landdrost of Stellenbosch, but thought a certain new governor was a 'very, very weak old soul.' She uses slang (actually such modern-seeming expressions as 'telling fibs,' 'poor me,' and 'a hop,' meaning a dance), says airily in one passage that 'things ran rather more than was agreeable in the flirting line at one time out here.' Yet she is supremely practical: at one festivity she lights lamps 'with the tails of sheep whose saddles we were eating,' and she is glad that she carried to Africa 'a map of an ox and a sheep, fearing that the Dutch butchers might cut up their meat awkwardly, nor was she mistaken.'

Behind all her gaiety and balls and supper parties and receptions was a serious purpose. Not once through the whole book—not even in the passage that is about to be quoted—does she permit herself any prim, pre-Victorian, or Victorian moralizing, but there was just one day when, taking up her quill, she also took off her mask and wrote hot and burning passages which light up the character and whole fibre of the woman:

We had not long established ourselves before we found that great expectations had been formed of us. I was supposed to be a sort of binding cement, such, I presume, as the castles of antiquity were formerly made with, light, strong, and powerful, towards the associating together of the scattered atoms of society—and had they stopped there, they would have been right. But they hoped further—balls, card parties, races, a theatre, an opera, and the introduction of many London amusements such as they supposed I must be a promoter of, and must tire without having lived all my life in the midst of them. They 'knew but little of Calista' if they supposed I reckon a small society improved by public amusements introduced that belong to a much farther advanced period. . . . No, what I wished chiefly to effect was, if possible, to bring the nations together on terms from good will, and, by having public days pretty often at the castle, to reconcile the Dutch by the attraction of fiddles and French horns.

Does Cape Town remember too much the daring Lady

Anne Barnard of the reception and the dance hall? Might not this woman, who 'so liked the Cape' and was always pouring scorn on those who sought to belittle it (sometimes tricking such people into proclaiming they were drinking the finest European wines when they were but drinking the very Cape wine that they were always declaring gave them the bowel-ache), be revered a little more as one of our first social ameliorators, if not our very first?

Dark, cruel things were done in this old castle, with its soft lawns and sun-dials, where Lady Anne Barnard held her balls—the dark, cruel things of the age, as this age has its darknesses and cruelties. No beast would be allowed to-day to live in the dark, ill-ventilated holes into which prisoners were cast then. Observe particularly the solitary confinement cells and the particularly diabolical arrangement of bars by which the prisoner was not even given the doubtful privilege of seeing his jailer. His food was put through the bar on a prong, and he was left to snatch it through a slit in the wall. Nor was there the slightest provision for any sort of sanitation.

You step still further down the passage. 'Let us put out the light,' says the guide, switching off the solitary electric bulb.

In the hot, heavy, pitch-black darkness, his voice rises: 'And now we are in the dungeons where the rack and the thumbscrews and other tortures were used—some of them involving fire—and where the prisoners were often left to suffocate in the smoke and lack of air and the darkness.'

The guide takes you to a different balcony from the one on which Lady Anne received her guests—the balcony on which were read proclamations and sentences of death. Immediately somebody in the party wants to know whether this is where the men were sentenced to death by proclamation of Governor van Noot. The guide says it most probably is: although he is a little guarded as to whether the old dramatic story about van Noot, known to every South African school child, is true.

Van Noot, one of the most unjust and brutal of governors who ever came to the Cape, is said to have so starved his soldiers that a number attempted to desert. At first they

were condemned to run the gauntlet ten times and then be sent as slaves to Batavia, but this was not strong enough for van Noot. He wanted them hanged.

It is said that everybody was in tears when they were led to the scaffold; and it was then that one of them turned towards the room in which he knew van Noot to be sitting, and declared: 'I summon thee, Governor van Noot, before the judgment seat of the Omniscient God that thou may answer for my soul and the souls of my companions.'

All the men having been executed, members of the council went to van Noot's house to report the fact. Van Noot was sitting at the far end of the audience chamber when they entered, but strangely did not respond in any way to their bowings. In horror they saw that he was dead. . . .

'That is the story that is told,' says the guide, 'and if you care to go along to Koopman de Wet's Museum in Strand Street, you will see there the chair in which van Noot is said to have been stricken. . . . But you should also go to Koopman de Wet's to see the lovely furniture there: old furniture such as probably existed in some of these rooms you have seen.'

IV

The Koopman de Wet Museum¹ in Strand Street is not so much a museum—in fact, in the accepted sense of the term it is not a museum at all—as an old Dutch house, dating from the eighteenth century, full of fine old Dutch furniture. It is a type of furniture which has become accepted, one might almost say beloved, by South Africans of all descent, as representing all that is best and finest in the household life and art of the country.

Here, in this house of Koopman de Wet, one may see some of the finest specimens to be found in the Union; and it is for the visitor, and particularly the travelled visitor, to judge whether (especially in this gaunt, steel era) it is not as fine furniture as can be found anywhere: really noble, sweeping, full-bellied stuff, that has in it not only the calm, the solidity,

¹See note on p. 53.

and serenity of old Europe, but, here and there, an odd twist and decorative effect from the east.

Skilled slaves from Batavia and Ceylon worked on some of these lovely, mellow stinkwood and satinwood pieces, as well as the early European settlers. Why such an unlovely name as stinkwood for such a lovely wood is not quite clear. A closed drawer, opened after a long time, may smell a little, but it is quite a good wood smell and never offensive.

Something of a sensation was caused a year or two ago by the Government banning the cutting of stinkwood-trees in all Government-owned forests for the next 100 years. In this manner, it is hoped to save the wood from the complete disappearance with which it was being swiftly threatened. Stinkwood-trees in private forests can still be sold, of course, but the effect of the ban has been to increase the value of stinkwood by four and five times. Every year, therefore, there is keener and more excited competition to secure old stinkwood pieces at the sales in Long Street, which is the street where all Cape Town's antique and curio shops are clustered, and a fine place to browse about on one of the rare wet days of summer.

V

Long Street, and the streets that run parallel above it, are not the show streets of Cape Town, but they are the streets, to which you will find both your feet and imagination turning the longer you stay here. They are, in a way, Cape Town as no other streets are—old Cape Town, cosmopolitan Cape Town.

In Long Street are the German Lutheran church and the Indian Mohammedan mosque; in Loop Street, immediately above, there are the Salvation Army citadel and the Malay mosque of the Strength of Islam. Here, on a certain morning each year, Malays may be seen gathered in their praying-gowns giving thanks, as Christians might be seen giving thanks on Easter morning, that the end has come to the

thirty-day fast of Ramadán, during which they rise and eat their first meal of the day before dawn (before a white thread may be distinguished from a dark thread), and touch neither food nor drink, nor are they permitted the stimulant of perfume, until sunset.

There are many thousands of Malays living in Cape Town. They have been there ever since their ancestors were brought over as slaves by the East India Company, and Cape Town is as much home to them as London to a cockney.

Some of their women still wear the veil, dress in filmy, billowing gowns of what Cape Town people call Malay pink, or Malay blue, and the city will be a duller, drabber place—almost like a van Gogh painting with the colour drained out of it—when the last of them takes to a more European mode of dressing.

The men make a lot of furniture, do work as tailors, act as warehousemen, read the daily papers, and nearly all wear European clothes, except that they still keep to the fez as headgear. They are a very moral and orderly community, and what is particularly noticeable among them is their decided love of sport.

Not only is a special stand erected for them at the famous Rugby ground at Newlands, where they will go into ecstasies over the sudden breaks and drop kickings of their favourite Springboks, but for long hours hundreds of them will stand in St. George's Street, which is the Fleet Street of Cape Town, waiting anxiously for the fall of every wicket to be posted outside the newspaper offices of some test match in which South Africa is engaged six thousand miles away.

Yet they remain, in the bulk, strictly Mohammedan, keeping themselves to themselves, observing their customs and revering their saints.

Occasionally—and it is counted an honour and much besought by women—there may come an invitation to a European to attend a Malay wedding. Not that any women see much of the actual wedding ceremony, for not even the bride attends that. Only men go to the mosque, the father

deputizing for the bride and coming home and telling her that she is now married.

But the bride certainly has her hour, or hours, of glory at home. There, on a sort of throne, she sits, attended by her three bridesmaids and surrounded by all her friends, eating sweetmeats and singing songs in her honour. And instead of having only one bridal dress, she has four—and her bridesmaids have four dresses as well. First, they may appear in gold, sit in majesty for half an hour, bow, and return in pale blue. Then another bow and a return in pink; still another bow and a final return in white.

VI

When you have a complete morning or afternoon to spare and want to see something interesting, go to one of these three places: Groot Constantia, Kirstenbosch, or the Round House at the Glen. You should go to all. Groot Constantia, which is easily reached from Wynberg, or via the De Waal Drive, was where Governor Simon van der Stel lived for twenty-six years, putting the final touch to the thatched roof and shapely gables of this best known and probably loveliest of all Dutch homesteads one fine day in 1685. In the large flagged rooms in which van der Stel lived, may be seen some of the fine, massive furniture of his period, and in the cellars below (with air-holes smaller than the width of a man's body) he locked up at night the slaves who worked in his vineyards.

At Kirstenbosch, which may be reached by the same De Waal Drive, are the National Botanical Gardens, which are among the finest—and certainly as regards situation, or for what a royal visitor termed the garden wall—in the world.

The Round House lies in a pretty little valley known as the Glen between Camp's Bay and the Kloof Nek, and was once the shooting box of Lord Charles Somerset, an old Cape governor. And there was certainly good shooting to be had there. It is officially recorded that a lion killed eight sheep almost on the spot where you may now sip tea.

VII

Riding along the De Waal Drive above Rondebosch, or the Rhodes Road that joins the Drive from Constantia Nek, you will see down below you a long, wide, flat stretch of country that reaches lingeringly out to the sea. That is the Cape Flats.

There is probably no more unknown, less explored country on the fringe of any city than the Cape Flats of Cape Town. And it is difficult to say why it should be so. In any city less favoured by physical beauty than Cape Town, the Cape Flats might be its pride and playground. Apart from Zeekoe Vlei, which is the largest permanent stretch of water on the Flats, and has become so popular with yachting men that a handsome club house was recently opened, the place is unknown—and when people think of Zeekoe Vlei they are apt to think only of yachting. They know little of the wonderful bird life of the place: that not only are there nearly always wild duck, geese, plover, and a score or more of different species of water-fowl to be seen, but occasionally pelicans and flocks of flamingos.

Because for years they have only seen the Cape Flats from a blurred distance, most people are amazed, when they get down there, at the extent of the place. As a matter of fact, the area of the Cape Flats is, approximately, four hundred square miles: more than one-half of the Cape Division, which is about seven hundred and twenty-five square miles in extent.

Sixty years ago there was neither road nor track through the whole of this great tract, and neither tree nor shrub grew there; nothing but heath and bush. In the heat of summer the Flats were a wilderness of sand and dust; in winter they were either under water or in a state of morass. Hardly enough fuel could be found to boil water for coffee.

Then the Hon. J. X. Merriman, Prime Minister of the Cape, brought out batches of German peasant labourers. Some of them were so appalled by the land on which they were expected to settle that they forthwith sought employment elsewhere, but others stuck to their task and somehow houses

were built of twigs and clay, a living was wrested from the ground by the men, while the women secured a few hens and themselves walked all the way to Cape Town to sell the eggs.

All during the week the men slaved from daylight to darkness, and on Sundays walked to church at Wynberg, slinging their black coats over their arms and carrying their boots and socks in their hands until the roads became passable enough to wear them.

To-day they have not only a church at Philippi—which is the central village of the colony—but a school and an orphanage; and when, ten or twelve years ago, the settlers celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their arrival, over one thousand people gathered in the orphanage grounds to pay tribute to their triumph over adversity. A choir of over a hundred voices sang a group of six songs tracing the history of their colony: their farewell to Germany, their homesickness, their thanksgiving for the school erected in 1884, and for their church erected in 1897.

VIII

One day you should either climb Table Mountain, or go up by the Table Aerial Railway, running since 1929, which transports the visitor from Adderley Street to the top in little over twenty minutes.

Table Mountain is 3,582 feet high (Devil's Peak, which is to the left, 3,300 feet, and Lion's Head to the right, about 1,800 feet), and there are half a dozen routes by which the mountain may be climbed by the ordinary, fairly athletic walker—chief among them being the Platteklip Gorge, which overlooks the centre of the town and may be approached through the gardens.

But Table Mountain is not a mountain with which liberties can be taken. Once the route has been decided on it should be stuck to rigidly and no attempt made at short-cutting or circumventing. And if mists come over the mountain (which may happen at any time) it is not merely wise but imperative

that the party should stay where it is and wait until the mist rises.

No one should be deterred from climbing Table Mountain because of its rather tragic history, but it is no good ignoring that history—beginning, as it did, in the earliest days of settlement, when more than one party found itself attacked by wild beasts, or by escaped slaves, who used to inhabit the caves and roll down boulders at any person seen climbing towards their sanctuary.

The only wild animal seen there now—and he is hardly likely to cause any trouble—is the baboon, and an occasional poisonous snake may be seen.

About ten years ago, Mr. Sidney Jarman, of Nigel, Johannesburg, celebrated his seventy-second birthday by riding his eight-year-old bicycle to Maclear's Beacon, the highest point on the mountain. Setting off by the footpath route from Constantia Nek, he rode quite a lot of the way and then wheeled and pushed and finally hauled his bicycle up the rest. Which seems to make the climbing of Table Mountain a very safe and simple business.

Yet hardly a year seems to pass but some fatality happens, and the mountain looms so closely over the town, becomes so much an intimate part of everybody's daily existence, that news of a mountain tragedy rings through the city like a funeral bell.

Even on the smaller, less precipitous, Lion's Head, disaster may happen. Years ago a fourteen-year-old Sea Point boy disappeared there, and hundreds of Sea Point residents and members of the Mountain Club went in search of him, and at length found him dead in a krantz. He had apparently left the usual route to pick flowers and fallen over a ledge.

Cape Town people still quote this tragedy as a remarkable case of premonition. The boy's mother declared that all the time she knew her son was dead. She told newspaper reporters that at half-past one that Sunday she was going into the dining-room when her son seemed to come to meet her, catch her by the arms, and draw her to him, as he often did playfully.

Turning away shudderingly, she said to her daughter, the boy's sister: 'Something has happened to Jimmy.' The boy had gone out wearing a watch, and when the body was discovered it was found that the watch had stopped and been broken by the fall with the hands resting at half-past one.

Climbing the lower slopes of Table Mountain, one gets a fine bird's-eye view of this mother city of South Africa, second in age only to Quebec outside Britain, among the cities of the Commonwealth, that is now embarked on one of the most dramatic and certainly busiest chapters of its career.

Even before the beginning of the second world war, one result of the Abyssinian and Spanish wars, and their attendant unrest among shipping in Mediterranean, Suez, and Red Sea waters, had been to bring back Cape Town's old prestige as the tavern of the seas as it existed in the days before the opening of the Suez and when Cape Town was the main port on the route to India, the East, Australia, and New Zealand. And a good deal of this enhancement may well be consolidated in the peace years.

In the year 1938, moreover, South Africa was one of the most prosperous countries in the world, bought thirty-seven million pounds' worth of goods from Britain alone, and, notwithstanding that she had a white population of only two millions, against Australia's six and Canada's nine, was actually Britain's best customer. Of these imports 34·3 per cent (by value) came into the country through the port of Durban, 21·37 per cent through Cape Town, 21·28 per cent through Port Elizabeth, and 8·68 per cent through East London. But of the exports, Cape Town handled no less than 69·34 per cent and Durban followed with only 11·14 per cent.

It became obvious during the war years that if Cape Town was to become more prosperous she must leap ahead in the next decade. Indeed, just before the war began it was planned that within the following ten years she should undergo such a facial transformation as few cities in the world have undergone, and probably only Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires can parallel in recent times.

You have learned how Cape Town's great enemy of expansion was Table Mountain. Streets of houses and shops had already crept up its sides at almost preposterous angles, but that fight was now to be declared at an end. The attack was to be concentrated at the opposite end of the city.

If Mahomet could not move the mountain, then it was to be proved that at least Canute could sweep back the sea.

IX

It was declared that the foreshore, and that portion of the bay extending for about two miles from the South Arm to Woodstock Baths, was to be reclaimed from the sea that then covered it, and this would mean that an area as large as that of the present city would be available for the building of shops and offices and warehouses.

The new Adderley Street would extend twice its present length towards the sea. It would, moreover, be two hundred feet wide—twice the width of the existing thoroughfare—permitting of two forty-foot one-way thoroughfares on either side of a central garden and pedestrian way which would be sixty feet wide. Palms would line the pavements, which would be thirty feet wide on each side.

Not only would huge shops and offices, all carefully designed to preserve a harmonious whole, spring up all along this new and greater Adderley Street, but there would be new public buildings. The present railway station was to be replaced by a vast modern one, grouped with the tower of new Railway Administration Offices, and the proposed new Van Riebeeck Hotel, to be run under railway auspices. There was also to be a new city hall and civic centre.

As the various planning authorities got down to business, there ensued such a pitched battle of change, and counter-change, in regard to sites, and so on, that it is a little doubtful whether the average Capetonian could say just how the Fore-shore Scheme, as it has come to be called, stands to-day. Perhaps the interim report on the subject, issued in June

1946, sums up the position most succinctly when it says that 'it has been the aim and object of the planning authorities to give tangible form to the wish of the Prime Minister, General Smuts, that the Foreshore Plan should provide a dignified gateway not only to Cape Town, but to the whole of South Africa.' The report then proceeds:

In fulfilling this aim, a balance has had to be struck so that the Foreshore should not be planned in such a grandiose manner that it would be out of harmony with existing Cape Town and the great mountain amphitheatre setting. Nor would there be any value in proposals beyond the financial resources of the people of South Africa.

The final outcome shows that the plan has dignity in its great places, squares, and noble buildings, tempered by a park-like informality.

The Foreshore area should be capable of developing logically and sympathetically from the old central area so that in time South Africa will have a new centre to its beautiful Mother City, conceived both in the garden spirit of the plans of the early Dutch Settlers, and in keeping with the highest demands of modern practical requirements.

It may be asked how much of all this has been done up to date. Quite a lot of it—including what most people regard as being the miraculous part of it—has been done. The sea has, in fact, been pushed back and a huge area of dry land now awaits the day when it has become thoroughly 'set,' and there are builders, and building material, enough to begin putting up what will almost amount to a new city—or at least approach to a city. Vast changes and improvements have also taken place at the harbour; and in September 1945 there was opened the new graving dock at Cape Town, built over a period of sixteen months, at an approximate cost of £3,500,000. No dock in the world exceeds the new Cape Town graving dock in all its dimensions, i.e. length, breadth, and depth. Moreover, with the completion of the Duncan dock (named after the late Sir Patrick Duncan, the first South African to be appointed governor-general), Table Bay harbour is now able to accommodate the largest ships afloat.

In the city itself, as Mr. Conrad Lighton, a Cape Town journalist, has recently pointed out, the raucous song of building seems never silent. Buildings of eleven storeys in height, and one of them having a cinema thirty feet below ground, are being erected in Adderley Street. A vast stone pit has been blasted out of the ground where once stood the old post office and where, going further back still, van Riebeeck built the first Goede Hoop fort soon after landing on the shore of Table Bay. There can be little doubt that this site was then close to the sea, that is now a full mile away; and all Cape Town was recently excited on reading that on the lately uncovered rocks there had been found inscriptions carved by sailors who had put into Table Bay a hundred years before van Riebeeck. One inscription recorded the visit of Jan Jansoon in the *Patacken* in 1550, another of 'Nicholas Crispe, purser of the *Londo[n]*, arrived 17th July 1600,' and another of 'B. Davis 1603.'

It is to its credit that just before the war, and now, in a more limited degree, since the war, Cape Town has been trying to do something about her slums. And not without reason. Her District Six, and notorious Wells Square, had become a byword in the land. Hundreds of coloured families lived in single rooms and disease and crime grew apace. The death-rate in Cape Town among non-Europeans was 25·6 per 1,000, and among Europeans 10·5.

When Cape Town journalists wished to visit the worst parts of District Six to write of the things that existed there, they had to have a guide—so little did they know of this district, and such odd sequels might have attended their visit. Their guide was usually Bishop Lavis, Coadjutor Bishop of Cape Town, who has spent the greater part of his life among the people living in these areas, and is revered by all of them.

But the practical man behind the scheme to wipe away this blot on the city was the late Councillor M. J. Adams, Chairman of the Citizens' Housing League Utility Company, who, when the company's first houses were being built, spent his leave working on the job.

At the time when the war began, six million pounds were being spent in banishing the old and putting up twelve thousand new houses in twelve years—which meant that a new city of fifty thousand to sixty thousand people was to arise in Cape Town in this manner alone.

Add to this new city the reclaiming of another city from the sea, and you will realize that it is doubtful whether any other city in the world is likely to become more changed than Cape Town at the end of the next ten years.

The Koopman de Wet Museum (see p. 42). Since the first edition of this book was published, Mr. Justinus de Wet, now residing in Kensington, London, has written to say that there is no person or family named 'Koopman de Wet'; and it is his contention that the Koopman de Wet House Museum should be called simply the De Wet House Museum. The house, he says, was notable as the home of Advocate Johannes de Wet, D.C.L., LL.D., institutor and founder member of the South African Parliament. It was in this house that he drew up the first proposals for the creation of the Constitution of South Africa, and evidence of the role he played is the displaying of his portrait in oils alone beside the large painting of the first Union Parliament in the banquet hall of Parliament House, Cape Town. Mr. Justinus de Wet thinks that this famous house became known as Koopman de Wet House because Johannes de Wet's elder daughter, Maria Margaretha de Wet, married Major J. C. Koopmans, and when she became a widow she indicated this fact according to old continental custom by adding her maiden name to her signature thus: 'Marie Koopmans-De Wet.'

'This custom,' writes Mr. Justinus de Wet, 'is little known and not understood in South Africa, so that her old home was misnamed "Koopmans de Wet House," and, once the blunder was committed, protests were without avail. The popular mind, unable to decide who, or what, this was supposed to mean, soon found a solution in "Koopman de Wet," which would signify merchant De Wet, and this is the incorrect name which we have heard being used in Cape Town for so many years.'

SEEING STELLENBOSCH AND PLACES

I

FAR too many visitors to Cape Town (and perhaps South Africans themselves are the biggest sinners) make the mistake of trying to see the surrounding towns and country piecemeal—snatching half a day at Stellenbosch, a day at Ceres, and so on—instead of planning a systematic day or two's tour which not only enables one to see far more, but is very much less expensive. Here is a two days' motor tour which can be recommended:

First Day:

Cape Town—Stellenbosch—Helshoogte Pass—Paarl—Wellington—Bain's Kloof—Michell's Pass—Ceres—return from Ceres same route to Worcester (spend night).

Second Day:

Worcester—Brandvlei Lake—Villiersdorp—Caledon—Shawe's Mountain Pass—Hermanus—Houwhoek Pass—Sir Lowry Pass—Somerset West—Strand—Cape Town.

The first day's run is about one hundred and twelve miles and the second about one hundred and fifty miles—very easy motoring, for the Cape is essentially a district to saunter in and not to dash through.

II

It is quite true, as Mr. Henry Hope observes in his fascinating little pen sketches of these old Western Province towns in *With your Car at the Cape*, that once you have walked—and he is right in insisting that you must walk—through the streets of Stellenbosch (all a-buzz with the bells of bicycling university students), you will always remember the blending of oak-trees and Dutch Colonial architecture, as the special and distinctive heritage which the early settlers left to the Western Cape.

In Stellenbosch you see this combination of stately, century-old trees, their leaves a cool, shrill green, dappling the streets

with their shadows, and white-gleaming gables, their dark, thatched roofs, soft and mellow under blue sky, and hot, still sunlight, as you will see it nowhere else in South Africa. And it is a picture which, once etched on your memory, you are never likely to forget—and nowhere in the wide world are you likely to come across quite its like again.

The man who did more than any other to paint this picture for you was Simon van der Stel, one of the earliest and most progressive governors of the Cape. It was he who planted the oaks (he earned the title—and what nobler could man have?—of the 'Tree Planter'), and he it was who selected this valley in which Stellenbosch is situated for the new 'Kolonie' which it seemed desirable should be established some thirty or forty miles from the city.

All over the Cape you come across reminders of this Simon van der Stel—in the castle, at Simonstown, at Constantia, and in places much further afield—but Stellenbosch he seems to have loved above all, and so much so that he spent his birthdays there. The two weeks before Simon's birthday, indeed, became such a season of holiday and merry-making that everybody who could flocked out of Cape Town, while on the actual day the children marched in procession under Dominic Mankandan, the first schoolmaster, and in the afternoon the militia fired three cannon in the governor's honour.

This second oldest town in South Africa—for that is the indisputable claim of Stellenbosch—is one of those rare old towns, so complete and satisfying as a whole that they are perhaps better absorbed by a general, leisurely ambling round than by a programme of detailed sight-seeing. Some towns are like that, and Stellenbosch is one of them.

Certainly you should look in at the picturesque Rhenish church that stands on the Brak, which is the village square, note the fine pulpit carved there by the sculptor, Anton Anreith (it is only equalled in South Africa by the pulpits of the Groote Kerk and the Lutheran church in Cape Town); and, if you would single out one particular homestead for more inspection than another, ask to be directed to 'La Gratitude,' where the

Rev. Meant Borchers lived and served the Stellenbosch congregation for forty years, on a stipend of £70 5s. a year, growing his own fruit and vegetables. Which is a reminder that if you would select the best day of the whole year to visit Stellenbosch, take the day of the fruit show. The show is held under the oak-trees; and the sight of some of the most richly coloured—as well as richly tasting—fruit to be found anywhere in the world, displayed in all its prime and splendour, in these great, leafy avenues that are like the aisles of cathedrals, is unforgettable.

Amid these oaks of Stellenbosch there has been unveiled, since this volume was last published, a rose granite memorial to Professor Johannes du Plessis, son of an Afrikaans father and an English mother, who as mission secretary of the Dutch Reformed Church, made three expeditions across the heart of Central Africa, penetrating where no white man had ever been before. A man of great scholarship, he was eventually appointed a professor at the Theological Seminary at Stellenbosch, where his interpretation of the scriptures was held to be too liberal by a powerful section of the Church and in 1929 he became the central figure in a 'heresy trial' which lasted thirteen days and attracted almost world-wide attention. A number of battles in the law courts ensued, all of which the Church lost. To avoid further friction he ceased to lecture at the seminary and devoted his remaining years to writing and to editing his magazine, *Die Soeklig*.

At Stellenbosch is also the university; and here were educated the late James Barry Hertzog and Jan Christian Smuts, two of South Africa's most notable Prime Ministers. Both fell in love with Stellenbosch girls and married them.

People remember Barry Hertzog for his immense capacity for hard work, his keen study of English literature, his lack of interest in organized games, his love of swimming and tennis. One day, amid all his hard work, and rare hours off for swimming and tennis, he met Miss Neethling, became engaged to her before going to read for his law degree at Leyden in Holland, and returned in 1894 to marry her.

Few people imagined at that time that General Hertzog, as he was to become, would later occupy the position of Prime Minister of South Africa for more than fifteen years, thus setting up a record never equalled in any democratic country. Even though dark clouds lowered over his political horizon during the last year or two of his long life, his death on 21st November 1942 was mourned throughout the whole country. Looking back over his career, even his opponents saw that all General Hertzog's aims had been achieved. To him the Afrikaner people undoubtedly owe a tremendous debt. And just as he was stubborn and implacable in politics, in private life he ever remained the embodiment of gentleness.

Jan Christian Smuts, old Stellenbosch folk will tell you, stood out among his fellow students, as he emerged a world figure in later life. He was always a book lover. Indeed, it is said that as a boy at Riebeeck West he liked few things better than to read Carlyle, his favourite author, to his mother when she was ill—and until his father would declare: 'I am tired of this fellow Carlyle. I wish he were dead.'

A rather slight, pale youth, Smuts was in those days; and his friends say that it was the rigours and open-air life of war that made him the healthy, bronzed figure he is to-day. Playing no games, he immediately won a reputation in the debating society; and it was at Stellenbosch that he was first introduced to botany and was so initiated into his life's hobby of studying and collecting grasses.

Young Smuts took his B.A. in both science and literature, an unheard-of academic feat in those days. When the lists were posted he was second on the honours list for the Union, for both groups of subjects, and so won the Ebdon Scholarship that took him to Cambridge and a double first in the Law Tripos.

In Dorp Street, Stellenbosch, and not far from the small house where Smuts boarded, lived the Kriges; and in the mornings Smuts would stand outside the house waiting for the daughter Ise to come out, and together, with their books under their arms, they would walk up to the college buildings. They came back together in the afternoons, and often in the evening

he would call at her home. They both wrote verse and talked much, and recited much, of Shelley and Whitman. At one time it seemed Smuts might become a 'predikant' (as the clergymen in the Dutch Reformed Church are called), and then a farmer. But always Ise Krige seems to have sensed that he would become a politician. The time came when they had to part: he to go to Cambridge, she to become a pupil teacher; but by that time they had plighted their troth and their minds seemed very much with each other. She watched with pride his scholastic triumphs; and in the recently published book on Mrs. Smuts, entitled *Ouma Smuts*, Tom Macdonald tells us how there appeared in one of the Stellenbosch students' annuals a poem: *Love and Life* (a fragment), signed J. C. S. It began:

Long are the coming years
Counted by lovers' tears,
When having lived together
Their parted days begin. . .

It is said to have been a reply to some poems by the girl he had left in Stellenbosch.

Smuts had not returned from Cambridge long before they were married. The ceremony took place in Ise Krige's own house, while her younger brothers and sisters were at school.

Miss Krige was not only the phenomenon of that day, a young woman who wanted knowledge and a real education when these things were not for women, but she was a woman who disliked fuss. All South Africa knows that she hasn't altered much.

III

Paarl, of course, means pearl, and once they have you on top of Paarl Mountain, which can be comfortably ascended by the new Mountain Drive, and get you looking down at its old Dutch houses, its vineyards, and orchards, the people of Paarl are not slow in asking whether you do not think it is indeed a pearl of beauty.

Its undoubted beauty apart, perhaps the first thing that

strikes the visitor about the place is its remarkable length. Indeed, for those who like delving into this kind of thing, it might be interesting to discover whether anywhere there can be found another town of seven thousand white inhabitants which stretches seven miles from end to end and has, in that seven-mile stretch, three main-line stations.

Yet there is such quiet, homely variety in the houses, the gardens, the intriguing sprinkling of shops, instead of having them clustered in a solid block, about this seven-mile-long main street of a South African small town that it never becomes monotonous.

And the oaks and old houses are only a shade less memorable than those of Stellenbosch. The old thatched church at Paarl, opened in 1805, is perhaps one of the most frequently painted buildings in South Africa. 'The etiquette of the pews' once observed in this old church may seem strange to a less formal generation. It was customary for a young girl to be placed at the back of the church when she joined the congregation. As she grew older and her elders died, she moved forward, until in old age she would find herself in the front row under the pulpit. The men of the congregation always sat on benches down the side of the church.

There is perhaps danger in the lack of monotony in this long main street at Paarl. Motorists so very rarely think of exploring the country a little behind and about it: of driving up the Mountain Drive (which is a source of wonder in itself and only made possible by the voluntary contributions of certain public-spirited men), and going so far as Meulwater (Millstream), which is one of the favourite picnic places of Paarl people and where they have built a tea kiosk and provided accommodation for parking.

And it is worth while going a little further and following the branch road that dives more directly into the heart of the mountain, and leads eventually to the cottage of the mountain ranger, where a glorious view is obtainable of Huguenot Kop (6,000 feet), Sneeuwkop (5,211), and peaks in the Klein Drakenstein range and the Fransch Hoek mountains.

Within easy walking distance of this point are the three immense rocks which give the Paarl Mountain its distinctive appearance and make it probably the next best-known landmark in the Western Province to Table Mountain. They are named Gordon's Rock, Britannia Rock, and Paarl Rock, and, as one comes nearer to them, they appear not so much rocks as good-sized hills.

It is said that Gordon's Rock is named after a young man of that name who fell, mortally injured, into a cleft of rock from which it was absolutely impossible to rescue him. And so, in the end, it was decided that the only help that could be given him was to release him from his misery by the shot of a gun. His father fired the shot.

IV

It is a melancholy thought to reflect on how much blood has been shed in the world because at one time and another men have not been able to worship as they pleased. It is an inspiring thought to reflect on the quite considerable tracts of country that have been opened up in the world, and civilizations extended, simply because men have left the countries in which they have been persecuted and gone to live in new lands where they might worship without fear and hindrance as the heart dictated.

Four hundred thousand of the most steadfast, skilled, and industrious citizens of France left the land of their birth in the late seventeenth century rather than be massacred, or have their minds coerced, through a torturing of bodies (which just about that time was probably at the peak of its elaboration), into acknowledging and accepting ways of religion that their consciences could not accept and their souls abhorred. In their scores of thousands they turned to Holland and England for refuge, and by way of Holland three hundred of them came to South Africa.

Just three hundred.

And yet they had an immense influence on the development of South Africa at that particular stage of its history.

Not only did they bring all their steadfastness and skill and industry with them, but they brought knowledge of how to grow things which up to that time had never been grown in South Africa, and particularly the vine. They were called Huguenots, and quite a number of them settled in the valley that is now Wellington, and where their influence and memory linger in the old homesteads with their French names, that are still to be found in the valley: are, indeed, likely to be perpetuated by the famous Huguenot College, which has made Wellington known all over South Africa.

At one time, years before the valley was named Wellington, it was known as the 'Valley of the Wagonmakers' because of the peculiar skill of the wheelwrights who congregated there, and there are still descendants of these men who ply their old trade, in spite of the conquest of the motor car.

Then Wellington was once the most northern terminus of the Cape Colony's railway, and it was here that men set off on their long trek for the diamond fields at Kimberley, where the biggest diamonds then known in the world were being found. Wellington knew, and did, brave things, and dreamed brave dreams, in the days of the Huguenots, the wagonmakers, and the diamond seekers.

It wears now rather the air of a man of a virile past, and still of virile middle age, turned to the quieter, but still vigorously pursued, industries of wine- and jam-making, milling flour, and curing bacon.

V

Bain's Kloof keeps green, and is a monument to the name of Andrew Geddes Bain, a young road engineer who worked in the Cape nearly ninety years ago, and who seemed able to divine where a road might be made to go through mountains as other men may divine the presence of water.

He had worked so hard on the Mostertshoek Pass, now known as Michell's Pass, that one day he decided to take a

holiday, and went shooting with John Montagu and Charles Bell (the Colonial Secretary and Surveyor-General of those days). But work would never really go out of Bain's head, and suddenly—as some men may exclaim at a fine flower, or become conscious of a rare sunset—Bain pointed to a gap in the mountains and began speculating whether a road might not be made through there that would result in the eventual linking of Wellington and Worcester and save many weary miles journeying by ox-wagon.

It took three to four hundred convicts four and a half years to build the road, and the cost was £50,000 (a big figure for those days), for the pass is ten miles long; it passes through two cuttings, the Bell Rocks and the Montagu Rocks, and under an overhanging slab like the sounding-board above an old-fashioned pulpit.

And still to be seen are the ruined buildings of mountain stone in which the convicts were housed, and the iron rings in the rocks (one near the hotel at the top of the pass and one near the Old Toll) to which the more troublesome of them were sometimes chained.

Through Michell's Pass, once direct route to the diamond fields and along which the diggers frenziedly hastened their oxen in fear that every diamond might have been found before they arrived there, you come to Ceres, fruit garden of over a million and a quarter trees, where some of the most luscious pears to be found anywhere in the world are grown.

Ceres has snow-capped mountains, a Mirror Pool, a Dwaars River, a Lovers' Bridge, and, incidentally, as it transpired when a new town hall was opened two or three years ago, a councillor, Mr. E. W. Krige, who held the office of Mayor for many years.

And from Ceres to Worcester, one of the old towns of the Cape—old, that is, for South Africa—but which is not content with just being old. From a far distance you may see its fine church tower, which is surrounded by a war memorial Garden of Remembrance, and lily pond: a grouping highly popular among amateur photographers, and held to be, in open

competition, the second 'most charming view' among the smaller towns of South Africa.

Fifty years ago the people in Worcester actually cherished the ambition that if ever a union of South African colonies and states came about, their town, lying there beneath the Hex River Mountains, and under the shadow of the Brandwacht and Keeromberg, might be chosen as administrative capital.

The union came, but the administrative capital was somehow established a thousand miles away in a place called Pretoria.

Worcester can still show you the home of Captain Trappes, its first magistrate (it is now an industrial school for boys), and, under the shade of trees, the massive old stone under which old Trappes lies sleeping.

It can also show you the old barred cellars at the Drostdy, where the slaves slept and rested, and even a reed-thatched house near by which is said to be haunted by the ghost of its founder, eternally vigilant in the protection of some fabled hoard of wealth that can never be found.

But Worcester is also anxious to inform you about, and show you, other things than those which are merely old.

That old trait of push and adventure, that old spirit of if-you-don't-ask-for-things-you-are-never-likely-to-get-them that revealed itself fifty years ago when the old folk boldly laid themselves out to net the administrative capital, has never died in the place. Only the other year the annual conference of the Chambers of Commerce of South Africa was held there: not such bad fishing for a place of nine thousand people, and less than a hundred miles away from a big and attractive centre like Cape Town. And as this volume is going to press, it has been announced that Worcester is to be the key point of an enterprise, costing £3,500,000, and one of the biggest ever undertaken by the South African Railways and Harbours, to shorten the Cape Town-Rand railway journey by some hours. One of the tasks involved is the tunnelling of the Hex River mountains. Moreover, no sooner had this news been published, than headlines told us that a century-old French firm had provisionally decided to establish a wool factory on

100 acres of the Worcester commonage. The industry requires an uninterrupted daily supply of 500,000 gallons of water and Worcester is one of the few towns in South Africa able to supply this quantity and keep other services going at the same time.

There are few, if any, finer centres for growing fruit anywhere in South Africa than Worcester, but long ago the people there ceased being content with merely picking it off the trees and putting it into boxes to send to Cape Town, Johannesburg, and Europe. They began to dry it, to clean and grade and pack it, and put it into trucks drawn directly outside their factory doors, until no less than ninety per cent of the dried fruit produced in South Africa is sent away from this one Western Province town.

Every type of red and white wine and sherry and port and brandy is produced here, but one year it was found that there was such a tremendous surplus in the vineyards that it simply couldn't be absorbed. And so the wine growers hit on the idea of making a sort of concentrated grape juice that is called in Afrikaans 'moskonfyf,' and is rapidly gaining a big market overseas—and at very favourable tariffs because it is free from alcohol—for the sweetening of wines and a dozen or more odd things.

There is also in Worcester—in this fertile valley in which there seems every single thing but the sea to delight the eyes of man—the only printing works in South Africa equipped to print Braille for the blind.

Nor has Worcester neglected the making known of its scenic and holiday possibilities—and making known in a distinctly novel way. In both the Hex and the Breede—and in their respective tributaries, the Amandel and the Sanddrift and the Witte Smalblaar and the Holsloot—there are fine trout of anything up to seven pounds to be found, and not long ago ten thousand trout fry were put into the Brandvlei Lake, a fine stretch of water which is only four miles from town.

There are also at Goudini, only fourteen miles away by road, the mineral springs that are said to be highly beneficial to people

affected by rheumatism and the like: mountains to climb like the Matroosberg (7,381 feet), the Keeromberg (6,814), and the Brandwacht (6,350)—in fact, over eighty peaks over which the more enterprising members of the Mountain Club of South Africa have triumphed, and for which they have mapped out some two hundred routes of ascent.

But having all these things, Worcester was not content to let it rest at that. During the winter months the mountains are covered with snow for quite long spells, and somebody in Worcester conceived the notion that at the top of the mountains it might be possible for one to enjoy ski-ing and all the delights of snow sports. The Ski Club of South Africa was formed, a bridle path was constructed up the Fonteintjiesberg, a hut was built at Disa Dell, which is four thousand five hundred feet up, where shelter might be obtained for the night and supplies of skis kept, and suddenly there appeared in South African newspapers and magazines pictures of whole parties of young South Africans ski-ing and tobogganing and prancing about in snow boots and snow caps and jerseys, and there was talk of 'Switzerland in South Africa'; and the sort of base for striking off into this area, it appeared, was Worcester, where the greater portion of the grapes and the figs and the peaches of South Africa sucked their bloom and fullness from the full, white heat of summer!

South Africa just sat up and gaped.

And then suddenly—almost as suddenly as the snowfields were discovered—there were fears of the Worcester water supply being defiled and the whole area was closed. But once it had tasted winter sports, the Ski Club felt it could not dissolve. It set out in search of new snowfields and at last found them on the Matroosberg, near Ceres, where there is now a hut capable of sheltering sixty or seventy people and where it is hoped soon to have a highway where one may park one's car within fifty minutes' walk from the fields.

One last fact about Worcester. The town lies in the Breede Valley, which is formed by an oblique split between the Hex River and the Drakenstein Mountains, that has been established as the largest geological fault in the world.

The same soil formation is to be found at Worcester as exists on the Karroo—four thousand feet above sea-level.

VI

If you start off from Worcester fairly early, it is probable that you will reach Villiersdorp at the time the children are going to school, and at once you will be confronted with what is the most remarkable feature of the place. Never, it may seem, in so small a place as this village, isolated from the other villages of the Western Cape, and lying in a valley remote from all signs of railway, have you seen so many children going to school. And when you are told that the population of Villiersdorp is round about a thousand, and yet five hundred, and sometimes more, children go to school, the mystery darkens rather than clears.

For more than sixty years, Villiersdorp has boasted a public school that, fostered by the generosity of the de Villiers-Graaff family, and its generous endowment of bursaries, has attracted students from hundreds of miles around. It is said that ninety-three students out of every hundred pass the matriculation examination each year, and ninety-one out of every hundred the junior certificate.

While the children and youths go on studying for their examinations, the adults of Villiersdorp mainly concentrate on growing apples—twelve and a half millions of them every year.

And onions. Once upon a time Villiersdorp folk grew thirty thousand bags of onions a year, and got £1 a bag for them, but somehow the onion market isn't what it was—at any rate, so far as Villiersdorp is concerned.

Dutchmen and Englishmen visited Caledon two hundred years ago because of the mineral springs found there, and the relief they obtained from such complaints as malaria, rheumatism, and even asthma.

It was in search of a cure for asthma that Commissary Governor Knoll journeyed all the way from Java; and on the day he stepped into the waters of Caledon it is recorded that 'it was amazing to see how strongly was his honour's body affected. He was barely in as long as it takes to count a

hundred when a noise was heard in his chest like a pot of stew boiling on a fire.'

It is said that the Hottentots knew of the remarkable curative qualities of this spring long before the first white settler, Ferdinand Appel, obtained permission from the East India Company, through the Landdrost of Stellenbosch, to start farming on the Zwartberg in 1715.

Now a fine sanatorium stands on the spot; scientists have declared the springs (for there are really seven of them in all) to be strongly radio-active, and the amount of ferrous carbonate held in solution to be four times as great as that of any other spring known; and where the old East India officials used to come all the way from Java, bringing mainly their malarias, their gout, and their rheumatisms, people from all over South Africa, and particularly the Cape, now bring their nervous and kidney diseases—and still their rheumatism: here, among the heaths and the proteas and the gladioli that are said to grow in greater variety than anywhere else in the world, where the Caledon bluebells and the orange chinchinchee light up the hillsides with masses of their colour, and the blue water-lilies speckle the vleis on the river Zonder End.

September and October are the best months in which to see Caledon, to go out to the wild-flower sanctuary that has now been built at Venster Rock, and to dawdle among the stone and thatched summer-houses that have been built round the miniature lake there—looking over the quaint little thatched-roof town, clustering about the tall tower of the Dutch Reformed church, across the rich farm lands to where the heights of Shawe's Mountain and Babylon's Tower rear their heads in the distance. And beyond them the sea.

VII

When you get to the sea, there is Hermanus, perhaps the best-known seaside village in South Africa, which cannot yet be described, in a seaside sense, as being 'popular.'

Thirty-five years ago, indeed, those South Africans who pride themselves on knowing every stick and stone of the

country, and declare that there is no other place like it in the Union, might have passed it by unnoticed. They would not even then have recognized its name—Hermanuspietrusfontein, probably at that time the longest place name in the Union.

Mr. Carel Birkby has written that Hermanuspietrusfontein really came into existence as a result of five British sailors deserting their ship and wandering about until they came across a farm where the farmer had five daughters, and each deciding there and then to marry one. Descendants of those five families are still stated to live in Hermanus.

Yet, as everybody knows, the real founder of Hermanus, as it is now called, was the late Sir William Hoy, general manager of railways in South Africa, who is said to have loved it not merely because he was an ardent fisherman, but because it resembled the Scots hamlet that was his birthplace. He it was who somehow softly, and subtly, made its appeal known throughout South Africa—and who was also careful to see that its nearest railway station should still be Bot River.

He it was who, when he died in 1930, was carried, at his wish, by the fishermen of the village to his last resting place, a hillock overlooking the town and the sea, which has become, in its way, to Hermanus very like what the Matopos are to Rhodesia.

Hermanus can still claim its notable personality—although she is probably the last person in the world who would allow that she was in any way notable. She is Miss A. M. Smuts, General Smuts's only sister, and Mayor of Hermanus; and she is proud of the fact that Hermanus was second only to a village named Veldrift in the men it sent to the second world war, while in the first world war, Hermanus (including Gans Bay) came first.

They say that Hermanus—more even than the Bay of Islands in New Zealand, or Avalon, in Santa Catalina Island, off the coast of California—is the answer to the angler's prayer:

Lord, suffer me to catch a fish
So large, that even I,
In talking of it afterwards,
Shall have no need to lie.

Living there is Mr. W. R. Selkirk—Bill Selkirk, as everybody knows him—who must surely be (by whatever standards such prowess is assessed) one of the finest fishermen in the world. Not only has Mr. Selkirk caught fifty or so sharks, but half of them have weighed over 1,000 lb. He once caught a fish which weighed 2,191 lb., and is claimed as being easily the rod-and-line record of the world. Hooked at 2.30 in the afternoon, it was not landed until 7.30 in the evening.

Once it is known that 'Bill' has hooked a shark, the bankers, the butchers, the bakers, and candlestick makers of Hermanus all shut up shop and rush down to see him. And the sort of fish 'Bill' catches has been known to put him to bed for two days, and four weeks afterwards he has hardly been able to use his right arm, while his left arm has hardly been supple enough to support a teacup for six weeks.

You turn towards Cape Town, and return over Houw Hoek Pass and Sir Lowry Pass, this latter the oldest mountain highway in South Africa, and not an inspirational choice of Bain, or any other engineer. When the Hottentots came to the Cape, four hundred years before the white man, it is said that they found the herds of eland using this pass on their seasonal migrations. A sort of rough mountain road was made up it in the early days of white occupation, but, according to a writer of the seventeenth century: 'The wagons had to be unloaded and dragged up empty, jarring over boulders. The goods were carried by slaves, or on the backs of pack oxen. The beasts had their hoofs torn by the rocks, which made them bleed.'

Halt as you reach the summit and you will see Table Mountain thirty-five miles away, and Cape Point, Simonstown, and Muizenberg in the angle of False Bay. You will also notice a peculiar rock formation about which a traveller, van Putten, wrote in 1709: 'We seated ourselves on top of the pass for a rest, and amused ourselves by admiring the weird figures which were as if carved in the huge rocks that stood upright. One rock resembles a quarrelsome old woman. . . .'

The quarrelsome old woman is still there.

VIII

Thirty miles from Cape Town is Somerset West, and three miles from Somerset West, Strand.

At Somerset West is the explosive and fertilizer factory in which £1,500,000 is invested; and at Strand are the smart boarding-houses and bathing pavilions that replace the tents and wagons, which the old wine farmers used to bring down to the beach when they wanted to swim in the calm, warm waters, long years ago before Muizenberg was a recognized resort for this sort of thing.

In this district is probably the oldest bridge in South Africa—one can read the date 1845 on the stone—three miles up the Lourens River, which makes a freshwater lagoon at one end of the Strand beach.

Here, also on this river, is Lourensford, a famous old Dutch Colonial farm; and in this district are the fine old homesteads of the van der Stel period, Vergelegen and Parel Vallei.

When Parel Vallei was partially destroyed by fire, Mr. C. T. J. Henriksen sought with great determination to make the restoration as complete as possible—even obtaining the period tiles from Holland, by offering the owner of a Dutch home a modern floor for his old one.

IX

Of course, this drive does not take in all of what is known as the Cape. For the traveller with a little more time to spend, and with certain minor deviations, it might be made to take in much more.

Twenty miles or so from Ceres, for instance, lies Tulbagh, whose flower show Cape Town people love somehow above all others, and which is only forty-seven years younger than the first settlement on the shores of Table Bay; that had the first place of worship in the Cape; and whose old Drostdy is perhaps second only to Groot Constantia of all its period buildings. Once during excavation work skeletons of chained and manacled men were dug up from the Landdrost's dungeons.

Then there is, from Stellenbosch, that loveliest of all short drives in the Cape, the seven-mile run to Jonkhershoeek with the Government Trout Hatcheries at the end of it—although neither the valley nor the hatcheries are at all easy to enter. The valley is almost all private property, and the owners of the farms that lie in all this loveliness (and that even people who live in the lovely Cape sometimes call Paradise), have been forced, for their own protection, to discourage trippers. Over week-ends, indeed, a watch is kept over the gate to the valley, and you are asked to say whom you wish to see before you go through. And only on Tuesdays and Thursdays between 1st September and 30th April, and armed with a permit signed by the provincial secretary, or the magistrate of Stellenbosch, can you enter the hatcheries. Strangers, romping about among the twenty-seven ponds that are supervised by Mr. F. G. Chaplin, perhaps the greatest authority on fish in the southern hemisphere, once caused £60 worth of trout to die in one day.

X

Fifteen or twenty miles from either Paarl or Villiersdorp is Fransch Hoek, and under the ageing oaks of La Motte, three miles from the village itself, you may find the ruined church and graveyard in which the old Huguenots lie buried, and on the crumbling stones you may read names now deep-rooted and honoured in South African national and family life: Z. Delpont, R. G. du Toit, J. P. R. van der Merwe, H. G. Roux, I. W. J. Roussauw, C. Voeljoen, A. B. de Villiers. . . . And at Fransch Hoek itself is the exquisite Huguenot Monument, the work of Coert Steynberg of Pretoria, which is likely to be unveiled soon after this volume is published, and symbolizes in its various features the Huguenot desire for freedom of worship and the contribution the refugees made to South African life.

Then, if you want to be a little adventurous, there is, 65 miles from Hermanus, an almost unknown place called Gans Bay that yet lands one fish of every ten caught in the Union, and has an extraordinary underground swimming pool with

reputed remarkable curative qualities, and further inland there is the village of Elim that can hardly find its place on any map, and yet during the last forty years or so has sent 2,160,000,000 everlasting flowers into all corners of the world for funeral wreaths.

And only twenty-one miles from Caledon is Genadendal. You really should not miss Genadendal.

Under its forest of oaks and pines, sheltered and cut off almost as if by a wall from the rest of the world by the Zonder End Mountains that tower five thousand feet above it, lies Genadendal, 'The Vale of Grace,' where live three or four thousand coloured people in mud-and-thatch houses that are like old Irish cabins.

Arrive there on a Sunday morning, and you will find the men in severe black of old-fashioned cut, the women in gowns of white, or black, and shawls on their heads, streaming up the hill to the green square where stands the great white church. The women go in by one door, the men by another, and are separated from each other by a wooden partition, where ordinarily an aisle might be. All day on Sunday the church bell rings, and five times you may see that long procession up the hill.

The church is the heart, the soul, the dynamo of Genadendal—if dynamo there be in a town probably unapproached for quietude and dignity anywhere in South Africa. It hardly seems real. It is easy to imagine at times (and the great wall of the Zonder End Mountains and the concentrated, almost unreal beauty of the setting does much to help the illusion) that some lovely, tranquil old story of the early eighteenth century is being staged and filmed here.

XI

From Caledon or Hermanus you may care to take the forty-mile run to Bredasdorp, most southern of all the small towns of the Cape.

It is said that Bredasdorp grew up in this fashion. Two

stubborn old farmers, both rich and exercising a patriarchal sway over these parts, decided nearly a hundred years ago to build a church in which they and their families might worship. Michiel van Breda was the one farmer, and the other was the van der Byl of the day. But each wanted it nearest his own farm, and, stubborn old men as they were, there was nothing for them to do in the end but to build a church each and rival one another in their care and industry to see that a village grew up about it.

One village Sir George Napier, the governor of that day, named Bredasdorp, and the other village van der Byl himself named Napier. And not only do the two villages still stand and prosper, but descendants of the two stubborn farmers are still among the acknowledged leaders of the district—Major. Piet van der Byl and Mr. Michiel van Breda.

The Bredasdorp district is the second richest district in the Cape—largely due to wool and wheat—and only Caledon disputes its claim to top place.

The farmers are of a very solid, 'money-in-the-bank' type. It is said that they have nearly £500,000 on fixed deposit, and their farms alone have a valuation of nearly £1,500,000.

Twenty miles from Bredasdorp is Cape Agulhas, the most southerly point in all Africa, where, in the early days, ship after ship foundered, and where occurred, sixty years ago, the greatest tragedy in the history of South African shipping—the loss of the *Teuton* and five hundred and forty-six lives.

Two days before the light of the Agulhas lighthouse was turned on in 1839 a ship called the *Claudine* was wrecked, but now the Agulhas throws out its light eighteen miles—the fourth longest range in the Union, the three with the greatest range being Cape Point, Durban Bluff, the Green Point, Natal, all of which are visible twenty-three miles out at sea.

'But that doesn't mean,' the lighthouse keeper will tell you, 'that they are necessarily the most powerful lights.' Height and position matter with lighthouses as well as power.

There are fifty-nine lighthouses on the coast of the Union and South-West Africa, and the Agulhas is counted by lighthouse

men—and their wives—one of the best because of its comparative nearness to civilization.

To the islands like Bird Island and Dassen Island, a tug takes mails and provisions only once in five or six weeks, and it is almost impossible to grow anything on them.

XII

One day you may care to embark on a different route altogether, determining to see something of Saldanha Bay—which not so very many Cape Town people have seen—and taking in *en route*, and with one or two little deviations, places like Blaauwberg, Durbanville, Malmesbury, Mamre, and Darling.

Blaauwberg is (although it may rapidly cease to be now that new roads are being built out there) the sort of simple, rustic fishing village that used to exist in north Yorkshire, and from there it is possible to obtain what many people regard as the finest view of Table Mountain. You see it with the whole city stretched about its foot, and the view by night—when all the city, suburban, and promenade lights are lit—is particularly fine.

Nor has Blaauwberg always been as sedate and placid as it is to-day. One hot, misty summer's evening in 1806, sixty ships of the British line, under Sir Home Popham, stood off in the dark blue waters, landed men on the firm, white sands (on which motor-cars are now parked as bathing-boxes during the week-end), and after a short, swift fight against an inferior force, took possession of the Cape, regarded solely, if rather grandiloquently, at that time as 'the key to India.'

XIII

If South Africans want to refer to some small place as English people speak jokingly of Muddleton-on-the-Mud, they will generally speak of Pampoenfontein—or, at least, some sort of combination of Pampoen. Few people know that the pretty township of Durbanville, with its picturesque little English

church, was known, nearly a hundred and forty years ago, as Pampoenskraal. Then, for another fifty years, it was known as D'Urban, but its constant confusion with its more famous and lustily growing brother in Natal made it necessary for still another change to be made.

Malmesbury is well known as the granary of South Africa, and its rolling wheatlands, gleaming warm and golden against their background of the Paardenberg and Riebeek Kasteel Mountains, have an almost foreign—an almost European, American, or Canadian—air about them, particularly when seen on a dull and sombre day.

What is not nearly so well known is that Malmesbury has fine mineral springs, and it was after visiting these springs more than a century ago that Sir Henry Cole bestowed on the place the name of Malmesbury in honour of his father-in-law—up to which time the whole of the district had been known as 'Het Swarte Land' or 'Groenekloof,' names set down by van Riebeek himself as far back as 1652.

Malmesbury also produces famous politicians. In this district were born both General Smuts and Dr. D. F. Malan, both Prime Ministers of South Africa. It is said that their fathers were life-long friends, owning neighbouring farms. Smuts is said to have grown up on his father's farm here without any education until he was eleven years of age. Then his elder brother, who was to have been trained for the Church, died, and eyes were turned on 'Jannie.'

Like General Smuts and the late General Hertzog, Dr. Malan was educated at Stellenbosch, and later left to pursue theological studies in Holland. For six years he ministered at Montagu, and was then called to Graaff Reinet, where he left the pulpit for the press, becoming editor of the Nationalist paper *Die Burger*. And from the press he took to politics, working with such steady, solemn force and purpose from the year 1919 onwards as resulted in his becoming Prime Minister in May 1948 after an election which aroused world-wide interest.

Turn aside to look at Mamre and you will find there almost such another mission village as you found at Genadendal.

Mamre, indeed, is older—for the oldest group of houses in Mamre dates back to 1697.

Under the care of Moravian missionaries, the two thousand people who live here, and their ancestors long years before them, have known peace and plenty: growing their simple crops and beating out the rye from the chaff, and winnowing the grain as it was done two thousand years ago. Year by year the Easter services at Mamre are becoming more and more a Cape event; for then it is, in the first light of Easter dawn, that the people walk in procession, singing hymns as they go, to the burial ground, and there are read the names of those who were there last Easter and now lie buried. In the full light of sunrise, the procession and the singing are resumed to the church at Groene Kloof.

XIV

Saldanha Bay has three islands at its entrance—Jutten, Marcus, and Malagas—but between them are deep passages through which ships of pretty well any size may enter. In the north corner of the bay are the crayfish factory, the tin huts of the Hoedje's Bay fishermen, and the Saldanha railway station, end of the line from Cape Town.

On the south-eastern shore lies Langebaan, showing signs of growing pains and developing from a fishing village to a holiday town, and opposite Langebaan are two whaling factories—at one of which a ball of ambergris was once cut from a whale and sold for £2,000.

At Langebaan Weg, there was built during the war the largest, costliest, and most modern military aerodrome in Africa. It was built to accommodate over 2,000 personnel and to handle the largest aircraft yet built. It is now coming to life again under the name of The Bombing, Gunnery, and Air Navigation School.

Gold, ambergris, and musk were the things van Riebeeck expected to find when first he sent the little ship *Goede Hoop*

on a voyage of discovery to Saldanha Bay. They probably found nothing but fish, guano, and penguin eggs.

Right from the beginning, it seems, men have led a hard, fighting, strenuous life at Saldanha—they do so even to-day—and the marks of striving, shipwreck, and disaster are in almost every nook and cranny of the place. Indeed, it is said that the first white settlement at Saldanha was built of the ribs of whales covered with sealskins.

To the north of the bay lies Paternoster, so called because when a ship of long ago struck there a Catholic priest was saved and gave thanks for his deliverance; and it was near Paternoster that the Portuguese passenger liner *Lisboa* struck Soldier's Reef with a valuable cargo of prize bulls and wine on board. 'The whole bay was red with wine that day,' there are still people in the district who will tell you.

They will also tell you that, although the customs officers did their best to guard the casks that came ashore when the ship broke up, many of these casks were dragged into and buried in the sandhills—one man was actually killed by a cask running back on him—and there a number of them must have been forgotten, and remain to this day.

Strange things have happened along that south-west coast that stretches along to Port Nolloth and on to South-West Africá. But you are to hear of these things in another part of this book.

UP-COUNTRY—AND SOME PROBLEMS

I

WHEN your train leaves Cape Town for 'up-country,' as it is called in South Africa, you should try to travel through the Hex River valley mountains by day.

Not only is the scenery good and the railway a superb piece of engineering, but you will have a clearer idea of what is happening to you than if you go up in the darkness. You will see that you are steadily mounting a hill that rises to a height of nearly six thousand feet, and some of South Africa's largest cities are situated on that hill at varying heights between four and six thousand feet. The height of Johannesburg above the sea is five thousand seven hundred and forty feet, which means that when you are living in Johannesburg you are living more than two thousand feet higher than if you were living on the top of Sca Fell or Skiddaw in England.

You will be living at what people call an altitude: an altitude that is blamed for a good many things—nerves, quick tempers, hasty decisions—but less and less each year, it seems, as more people live permanently in it.

The great thing—and these rules are observed by South Africans themselves—is not to exercise too much, think too much, or worry too much on the day you either arrive at an altitude or descend from one. And if you go up-country in winter be sure to take plenty of warm clothing with you. You may find the cold in Johannesburg worse than any you have known in England. During the day it may be hot as an English summer; at night as piercing as the east wind blowing across Lincolnshire. And there is often the disparity of an English summer and winter between being in the sun and in the shade.

Brigadier-General Seely, in his book *Fear and be Slain*, tells how, one winter day, when he was somewhere between

Basutoland and Bloemfontein, he actually saw British infantrymen laid out in a dead faint through the heat on the side of the track, while his own pony was trying to beat a hole through the thick ice in the spruit alongside the road in a vain endeavour to get a drink of water. That is an extreme case, but it can happen.

You will hear varying theories of how to avoid catching cold or chills in such an atmosphere. Most people are coming round to the theory of one or two South African doctors who have made a special study of these conditions, and who believe that it is wrong to wear tightly fitting underclothing in which the wearer perspires heavily during the heat of the day and is left with a chill dampness about him when the cold night comes on.

Wear your clothing loosely and have your extra clothing so that you can put it on or take it off as the temperature changes.

II

Most of the towns you see for the first hundred miles out of Cape Town you will recognize as places that you have already visited by road: Paarl, Wellington, Worcester, and Tulbagh . . . and then at Beaufort West you are well into what is called the Karroo. It means that you have climbed out of the beautiful scenery of the Cape and are now on the plateau of South Africa that stretches fifteen hundred miles, just as the prairie stretches in Canada.

It must seem as you approach De Aar, one of South Africa's biggest junctions, and for some two or three hundred miles beyond, that there can be few more lonely places in the world than these country stations through which you are passing.

But there are much more lonely places in South Africa. Look out of your window at Laingsburg, peer across to the distant mountains that are fifty or sixty miles away, and try to imagine the life that is led there by a little band of people who have been described as the loneliest community in South Africa.

Even Boer soldiers, in the Anglo-Boer War, finding themselves marooned in these mountains, were amazed to find a long, narrow canyon, with straight perpendicular sides, and, a thousand feet below, at the bottom of this chasm, a small community of people living. And twenty-two families of these people still live there to-day in this Ghamka Valley that is sometimes called 'The Hell'—although for what precise reason no one appears to know except that the chasm through which it is approached is so awesome, so gloomy, and the hills and crags thereabouts are twisted into such odd, nightmarish shapes that Dante himself might have designed them. Not even the smallest donkey cart can be taken into 'The Hell' without first being dismantled and carried piece by piece by hand.

Yet once the very few people who have ever been to 'The Hell' have got through the chasm they have come across a lovely, well-wooded little valley that might as justly have been called 'The Heaven.'

Here, in absolute contentment, live these virile mountain dwellers, no family possessing a servant of any sort (which is a very rare thing to be said about any white family in South Africa), no man earning more than twenty-five pounds a year and often as little as four pounds, and no family having any debt.

But they live well. From their goats they get their milk and meat and shoes and the veld hats that are worn by everybody in the valley. They grow (and grind) their own corn, their peaches, figs, and grapes (that are dried into raisins for winter), wild honey is plentiful, and with this they sweeten their coffee made from dried figs and make a delicious beer called 'krie.'

There is a teacher to educate the children, but the district is so remote that only once a year—and not always that—is the valley visited by a clergyman of the Dutch Reformed Church. Yet it is the unwritten law of the valley that young men must seek their brides outside 'The Hell,' and the girls must wait there until the young men come into the mountains to woo them.

And the men somehow get to know about them and come. One evening,' wrote the late Mr. D. J. Hamman, perhaps the

only South African journalist who has ever visited 'The Hell,' 'we met a young man named du Toit from the Ghoup [a bushman name for a waterless section of the Karroo] on his way to pay court to the only girl of marriageable age in the valley at that time. He had been walking and threading his way through the mountains since dark that morning.'

One thing you should remember on this journey. At sunset put your book or knitting away and give yourself up completely to staring out of the window until darkness comes. The sunsets in this dry, barren Karroo are as lovely as you will see anywhere, and produce all sorts of fantastic colours you may never have known a sunset to produce before. All those exotic tints you see in cheap pictures of the Pyramids and the Nile, that seem so false and tawdry in the print, glow and fade and change before you now like the subtlest and most cunning of nature's stagecraft.

III

For the rest of the time, before you reach Kimberley, you might do worse than think a little more fully than you have done up to now, perhaps, about what are called South Africa's problems—and some little glimmering of which you must have got in Cape Town.

There are broadly three: (1) what is called our racial problem; (2) the questions as to what will happen when there are no more gold mines on the Witwatersrand (for by these mines South Africa largely exists); and (3) the colour or native problem.

In regard to the first problem, party politics can have no place in this book, and you must be left to pick up what you can about that elsewhere. Listen to both sides, and reflect that thirty or forty years in the life of a nation—and it is barely that since the various colonies became joined together to make the Union—is very small. It is but a beginning; and thirty, forty, or a hundred years hence, when the children of to-day, and of the two great races, have married and intermarried to such an extent that it seems only natural that their children speak both languages, and never remember doing

other than speak both languages, there may seem to exist no such problem at all. A man is apt to exaggerate the tardiness of progress in his own lifetime. ('What is life but four days at the seaside?' they say Rhodes once said.)

About the second problem, it is either the instinctive, or very fond, idea of most people in South Africa that the gold mines on the Witwatersrand will go on for a long time yet, and when they are finished others will be found. Or such other minerals will be found and exploited to give the country ample livelihood. In any case, during the years of plenty, millions of money are being spent on irrigation schemes with the idea of leaving the country a legacy of good farmable land if, and when, the gold should ever fail.

In Cape Town you saw something of the third problem, that known as the colour or native problem. You will notice this problem much more acutely when you come to the towns up-country. Coloured and black people do not mix with white people. Coloured and black people are only allowed to do a certain class of work: the lower class of work, which means that they are only allowed to earn up to a certain level of wages. You may say that this is unfair. The average South African says it may be unfortunate, but it is not unfair. He will point out to you that there are two million white people in South Africa; there are eight million who are black. If those eight million natives are educated as the white man is educated, if they are admitted to the same professions as the white man, allowed to purchase land in the same manner and in the same areas as the white man may purchase it, then it is pretty certain that the white races will be swamped. And in that swamping may go most of what is best in western civilization, and for the establishing of which much good Dutch and British blood has been expended, not necessarily in a warlike sense.

There is also the marriage and racial aspect. It is possible that, if the black man becomes equal to the white, then there will be frequent intermarriage, and will that be for the good of either—or for mankind in general?

That, in brief, is one side of the story. The other side

is that the white peoples have no right, no just or moral right, to restrict the freedom of the black man, either in his choice of a livelihood or in the manner of his living. Some people go so far, indeed, as to say that the white people, who are the higher people, should do all in their power to foster the unrestricted growth of the black people, who are the lower people: that that is the moral law of civilization, as it is the inescapable duty of all people calling themselves Christians. There are also those people who declare that a man, irrespective of the colour of his skin, should be paid the same wages for doing a job of work—and the argument will seem incontrovertible to anybody who has not lived where a higher and a lower race (the term is used purely as a rating of civilization) live together.

But the average South African will tell you that the wage will *not* be the same, for the simple reason that the black man, living with his family more or less primitively, will not feel, either as a desire or as a duty, the necessity of providing himself, his wife, or his children with the same amenities, the same education, the same moral and social sustenance as the white man. He will quickly be able to undercut or outbid the white man and so drag the white man down, and the white man's standards with him.

IV

What is the problem of the native is, to a lesser extent, the problem of the mixture of white and black people that are called the coloured people in the Cape, and of the Indians in Natal.

Although there are no accurate census figures available at the moment, there is little doubt in authoritative quarters that to-day the Indians exceed the Europeans in Natal and that there are almost as many Indians as Europeans in Durban. In a recent five years, the Indians have increased at the rate of 45·2 per thousand (death rate 19·3) against a European birth rate of 19·9 (death rate 10·0). A Durban newspaper

recently estimated that if increased hygiene and hospitalization resulted in a much lower death rate among Indians—and this could be expected with improved national health measures—then the number of Indians in Durban in 50 years' time would be somewhere in the region of 800,000 as against 300,000 Europeans. In the Greater Durban area, it is estimated that of the approximately 30,000 acres of privately owned land, the Indians own one-third, with a value of slightly over one-sixth, the respective figures being: European, £38,400,170; Indian, £6,913,910.

Well, you say, and why shouldn't the Indians own nearly £7,000,000 worth of property in Durban, and go on owning more so long as they can pay for it?

But it is not so simple as that. Listen, for a moment, to quite a simple little speech that was made, not by General Smuts, or Dr. Malan, but by a Natal Labour member in the South African House of Assembly. It was delivered some years ago, but perhaps summarizes as humanly and graphically—particularly for the non-South African—the problem as any speech well could.

The trouble with the Indian shopkeeper in Natal (and what applies to the shopkeeper may apply to Indians in other walks of life) is that he locks the door from the inside. . . . Yes, Mr. Speaker, that is what I said. He locks the door from the inside and the European shopkeeper cannot lock his door from the inside, and it will be a sad day for this country and for our white civilization on this continent if he does. Let me explain, sir. We will say there are two shopkeepers in one of our Natal towns, more or less on opposite sides of the street, and both selling very much the same class of goods. The Indian shopkeeper lives on the premises and his wife and children are quite content to live there, too. His wife has not the same tastes, the same standards of living as the white woman; they live on entirely different planes; and neither has she the same ambitions for the education and upbringing of her children. She and her children can also stand the climate better. And so when the end of the day comes, the Indian locks his door from the inside. But the white shopkeeper cannot very well do that. His wife aspires to live in a house apart from the shop; somewhere in the cooler suburbs where she can bring up her children in healthful and congenial surroundings and where she

herself can lead something of the normal social and educated life of the white woman in this country. And so the white shopkeeper must lock his door at the end of the day from the outside. He must keep two establishments going—a home as well as a shop—and the same thing applies to his assistant, if he happens to have one. And what does that mean? It means that the Indian can sell the same goods as the white man at a cheaper price. He makes money—so much money that he decides at length to stop locking his door from the inside and to take a house in the suburbs where, it may so happen, the white merchant has bought a house. And what happens then? Because the suburb is ceasing to be a white suburb, the price of the white merchant's house goes down by hundreds of pounds so that he is not only being undersold at his business but also being virtually compelled to undersell his home.

And what had the Government of that day, you ask, to reply to the Labour member? The Government of that day had very little to reply.

Don't let us be drawn [urged the Minister of the Interior] into a false paradise by the word segregation. A great deal of our troubles will remain under any schemes of segregation . . . and I personally regard it as impossible for this Government, or any other Government that comes after it, to set up a sort of Indian state in Natal where Indians may live solely according to their ideals. Even supposing a state was established, is that going to free us from the industrial and commercial competition? . . . What occurs to me at the present time is that where an urban authority desires to set apart areas where Europeans and Asiatics can live separately, they should be empowered to bring their proposals before the Government—and if the Government is satisfied that the scheme is satisfactory, empowered to put into operation some system of segregation which will make it unlawful for people of other races to occupy land set apart for a particular race. . . . But personally I may say that I do not think we shall ever find a cut-and-dried solution to a question like this. This is one of those problems, I think, which have to be considered by just living through them—and I, at any rate, am not one of those who are wanting in faith that those qualities which have distinguished the European nation up to now will bring us through this crisis.

A quiet and fervent 'Hear, hear' comes from General Smuts, the Prime Minister of that day, who has sat listening to the debate with the keenest concentration.

V

But now, these twenty years later, the 'penetration' of the Indian, as it is called, has reached such a pitch, and created such contention and bitterness, that in March 1946 General Smuts finds himself moving in the same House of Assembly ('with standing room only in the public galleries') the second reading of the Asiatic Land Tenure and Indian Representation Bill. The odd thing is that while many speeches are being made and debates taking place on the subject very few people (including many speakers and debaters) could probably set down in, say, twenty lines, what this Act really involves. Here are the main points of the Act boiled down into simple language:

Indians in Natal and the Transvaal will be represented by two European senators and three European members in the House of Assembly, and in the Provincial Council of Natal by two members who may be Indian or European. Only Indian males will be eligible for the vote; they will have to be Union Nationals of twenty-one years of age or over.

In addition to making provision for Indian representation, the Act simultaneously imposes restrictions, in Natal and the Transvaal, on the acquisition and occupation of fixed property. Broadly speaking, the Act divides Natal into three areas—one in which transactions between Asiatics and Europeans can take place freely (known as the exempted area), and two others which are recognized as Indian and European respectively.

It should be noted that the 'Pegging' Act, which first imposed restrictions in Natal, dealt only with transactions between Europeans and Asiatics. It did not, for example, forbid coloured persons to sell fixed property to Asiatics or vice versa. The new Act regulates dealing in fixed property between persons who are not Asiatics and Asiatics. The Act further provides that any person who is not an Asiatic cannot, except under permit, enter into any agreement with an Asiatic to acquire any fixed property in Natal. Similarly no Asiatic can, except under permit, enter into such an agreement with a person who is not an Asiatic. Permits have to be obtained from a Board known as the Land Tenure Advisory Board, consisting of five members, of which two may be Asiatics. The Board may inquire into and advise the minister of the desirability or otherwise of declaring an area Indian, European, or 'exempted.'

It is not an easy day this for General Smuts. It is a day which he knows is likely to bring him no small criticism from many of his admirers overseas. But he knows also that it is a day when he must speak his mind as a South African, with a long lifetime's knowledge and intuitions of South Africa's peculiar problems. Quietly, and with his rather typical opening hesitancy, he begins to speak, sketching how the introduction of the indentured labour in 1860, to solve the labour problem of the sugar planters in Natal, had 'given rise to difficulties which no one had foreseen.' And then quickly he gets into his full sweep, talking with that sense of quiet, knowledgeable authority which makes him so effective a Parliamentary speaker, if not a platform one. He says he is the last person to minimize the importance of the Bill from the international point of view, but essentially it is an internal measure—'an attempt to provide social peace and the good ordering of our society in South Africa.' The Bill had been represented as an insult to India, a challenge to Asia, almost a challenge to world opinion—but if this problem, which had been dragging on for many years, were allowed to drift any further, South Africa might drift on the rocks. The problem might become a first-class international issue. The intention was to prevent this. Similar problems had been allowed to drift and eventually it had been possible to settle them only through force and great suffering. There was the case of the Germans in Sudetenland and the Germans in Hungary and Russia.

We want to establish an order in South Africa in which the various communities in our society can live peacefully and quietly together and this can only be done in some such way as we are attempting in this Bill. . . . We want to see fair play and justice for the Indian, but we are determined that we must preserve the European orientation of our society and not switch over to Asiatic culture. That is the fundamental issue of this Bill and that is what we intend.

The great majority of members of the House of Assembly agree with General Smuts—except that the Nationalist members are inclined to think that in the matter of representation he yields too much.

The only speakers who really oppose General Smuts are the European representatives of the natives led by Mrs. Margaret Ballinger (educated at Rhodes University, South Africa, and Oxford University, England), who is probably the best speaker, as such, in the House and to whom the Nationalists will even listen when she speaks on native topics—and for more reasons than a certain innate Afrikaan courtesy. It is the contention of Mrs. Ballinger and her colleagues, that legislation of this type solves nothing, but results in an increasing deterioration between the white and the coloured races.

We have a variety of problems in South Africa [says Mrs. Ballinger] with which nobody has a precedent to help us. We have to think these out for ourselves and we have applied all too little thought and far too much emotion to them in the past. I suggest now that we make up our minds to use our brains in South Africa instead of our feelings, and that we do our best to discover some formula under which we can safeguard the rights of our minorities and in doing so save our souls. If we can do that, I know that no one will be happier than the Rt. Hon. the Prime Minister. I realize that he feels deeply the passing of any legislation which is, in effect, going to curb and restrict the fundamental human spirit.

‘But what do you propose?’ an honourable member bluntly breaks in.

Mrs. Ballinger answers that although she is not moving an amendment in that direction, what she proposes is that the Bill go to a select committee, or a joint committee of both Houses.

Much has happened since that debate and the passing of the Bill. There have been bitter complaints, and even threats, from India itself. There has been a banning of exports from India to South Africa (seriously affecting South Africa’s supply of bags for her mealies) and the placing of notices in Indian hotels that no South Africans are wanted there. There has been the imprisonment of numerous Indian passive resisters in Durban. At least one women’s organization in America has passed a resolution condemning South Africa for its ‘ghetto-like’ legislation.

The vast majority of South African opinion—even of the

country's most liberal opinion — remains unaltered. The Indians say, Pandit Nehru himself says, that the struggle of the Indians in South Africa is 'one against the Nazi and Fascist doctrines of racialism and suppression.' In return, the South Africans ask whether India (and particularly India in her present mood) would allow Bombay to be Europeanized as Durban is threatened with Indianization to-day. They also remind India of the centuries-old caste system within her own borders; and America of her dreadful lynchings in the southern states such as are unknown in South Africa.

In the meantime South Africa awaits, as no small portion of the world awaits, India's bringing up of the South African Government's Asiatic Land Tenure and Indian Representation Bill before the United Nations Conference and General Smuts's reply thereto. By the time this book is published, the speeches at that Conference will be old news, perhaps almost forgotten. But it is very unlikely that the problem will have died down much in South Africa. To quote again the Minister of the Interior mentioned in this chapter: 'This is one of those problems which must be considered by just living through them.'

In previous editions of this book that minister has been kept anonymous—for obvious reasons. But since Sir Patrick Duncan has since died and is no longer Governor-General of South Africa there is no reason why it should not be said that he was that minister. For his fairness, his probity, and his justice, Patrick Duncan is still remembered among South Africans of all races as a prince among men.

VI

This Indian problem has been set out fairly fully because it has not only reached the dimensions of a problem of international discussion, but because it probably illustrates to the stranger most forcibly the general trend of such problems in South Africa. At one time, of course, a good deal was heard, and sometimes still is, about a plan entirely to segregate all

native and coloured peoples from the Europeans and to leave both sections to lead their own individual lives. But nobody in Parliament has ever got down to a real scheme, picking out certain sections of the country, saying that such-and-such a party of a thousand natives should leave on such-and-such a day, that they would be provided with so many houses or huts, and seed or cattle. And when a few members got up (like the late John X. Merriman, the Father of the House, for instance) and asked who was to build the railways, work the gold mines, make the roads, and bring the coffee to the bedrooms in the morning, advocates of segregation could not help but twitch and shuffle a little uncomfortably.

Perhaps the one slight change in the situation is a gradually growing group of opinion that, since South Africa is admittedly short of population and markets, it might pay to regard South Africa's eight million natives more as population than they are regarded to-day, pay them better wages, increase their standard of living, so that they—people actually living in the country, and not entailing heavy freight rates to reach them—may be regarded as markets.

But you must get hold of other books and read more about these problems, if they interest you. Read Sarah Gertrude Millin's *God's Stepchildren* (there is the tragedy of a whole book in the title alone) if you want to read about South Africa's problem in the form of a novel.

Regard what has been said here as a mere introduction. And if the average South African point of view has been put a little strongly it is because that is the view with which you are likely to be unacquainted, and with which, in all fairness, you should become acquainted.

And if you want the colour point of view by a coloured man, read the little book recently published in Cape Town, *Brown South Africa* (Maskew Miller), by C. Ziervogel. . . . And by now you are at Kimberley.

SOME KIMBERLEY CHARACTERS

I

A LITTLE quiet, independent investigation in Vienna, in Rio de Janeiro, in Chicago, in Shanghai, in Tokio, as well as in the far-flung cities of the British Commonwealth, might surprisingly reveal to most South Africans that Kimberley is the best-known town in South Africa.

Even in childhood (perhaps in childhood most of all) one is awed and made a little aghast by the mere mention of that one word diamond—a word like snake, lion, thunder, or lightning that drops into the mind of a child and remains planted there, without nurture or revival, while life lasts. The home of that word, the place from which more diamonds have been marketed than from anywhere else in the world, is Kimberley.

The story is told, and has been printed many times, that diamonds were first discovered at the place which is now Kimberley by a man noticing some children playing with a number of strange stones that flashed in the sun, and one of these he was given and had it sent away to be examined by an expert. From that incident sprang industrial Africa.

The detailed truth of the discovery appears to be that the first diamond was picked up by Erasmus Stephanus Jacobs on his father's farm, De Kalk, near Hopetown, in 1866, that the stone was given by Jacobs' mother to Mr. Schalk van Niekerk, who had previously owned the farm, and from van Niekerk the stone was passed on to a trader called O'Reilly. And here is the letter which O'Reilly addressed to the then governor of the Cape, Sir Henry Barkly:

While on my way to Colesberg, from the junction of the Vaal and the Orange rivers, I outspanned at Mr. van Niekerk's farm, near Hopetown, where I saw a lot of beautiful Orange River stones on his table and which I examined. I told van Niekerk they were pretty. He showed me another lot out of which I at once picked

out the first diamond. I took it at once to Hopetown and made Mr. W. B. Chalmers, C.C., aware of the discovery. I then took it on to Colesberg and gave it to the Acting Civil Commissioner (Mr. Lorenzo Boyes) there for transmission to the High Commissioner.

The stone was eventually sold for £500, and displayed at the Paris Exhibition which was being held at the time.

Two years later a stone, which later became known as the Star of South Africa, weighing eighty-three and a quarter carats, and purchased by the Earl of Dudley for £25,000, was found on the banks of the same Orange River where Erasmus Jacobs had picked up the pretty pebble, and from that date onwards South Africa became the centre of the world's diamond market.

II

The first thing you must see in Kimberley is what is called the Big Hole, which is the biggest man-made hole in the world. It lies just off one of the main streets of the town and is very easily found.

There was a time when from ten to twelve thousand diggers worked in this hole, when the whole place was alive with the roar of machinery and the shouts of men feverishly searching for the little, bright-coloured stones in the blue-grey soil that might make them, in one chance minute, rich and idle for the rest of their lives.

Old photographs of the mine as it was about that time are still to be seen about Kimberley (there are, as a matter of fact, three or four to be seen in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*), and there can be few more strange and fantastic pictures of man's industrial endeavour in existence. Not only did the hole finally sink to a depth of four hundred and fifty feet (which is more or less its depth to-day), but it was almost covered by a network of wires by which soil was brought from the bottom of the mine and conveyed in huge buckets to where the detailed sifting and searching was done. According to Anthony Trollope, the most interesting sight at the mine was the escaping of the men from their labour at six o'clock:

Then, at the sound of some welcome gong, they begin to swarm

up the sides close at each other's heels, apparently altogether indifferent whether there be a path or no. They come up as flies come up a wall, only capering as flies never caper—and shouting as they come. In endless strings, as ants follow each other, they move, passing along ways which seem to offer no hold to a human foot.

Trollope had a very nice sense of the wistful and the dramatic. He strongly urged the visitor to Kimberley of 1878 to take an opportunity of looking down the mine by moonlight. 'It is a weird and wonderful sight and may be almost called sublime in its peculiar strangeness.' One might do worse than take Trollope's advice these seventy years later.

For nearly sixty years now the mine has been empty of men, and all the wires and machinery have been taken away. The Kimberley Mine, as it was once called, has become just what Kimberley itself has christened it: the Big Hole. And standing there in the moonlight it can become some mystic, dark, deep lake, the inverted temple of ten thousand spirits that once drew treasure and substance from it, or the gateway to your childhood's bottomless pit and hell, very much according to your mood of the moment, and what your imagination cares to make it.

The reason why the Big Hole was abandoned was because the deeper it grew the more untidy, dangerous, and generally unworkable it became. Water appeared at the bottom of the hole, and parts of the side began to fall away and cover up valuable parts of the mine where operations were being conducted. It became evident that the days of digging holes—no matter how big one might make them—were at an end. Men would have to go underground for diamonds just as they did for coal. They went underground beneath the Big Hole and sank workings to a depth of three thousand six hundred feet.

And that going underground meant a tightening up of control, the submerging of the individual, and a formation of companies. In this mass submerging of individuality two or three individuals began to stand out. They were Cecil John Rhodes, son of an English vicar, who had come out to South

Africa mainly because he had a bad lung; Alfred Beit, son of Jewish parents at Hamburg, in Germany, who had been transferred to South Africa from a diamond firm to whom he had been apprenticed in Amsterdam; and Barney Barnato, son of a Jewish shopkeeper in Whitechapel.

III

Rhodes came to Kimberley at eighteen, Beit was also eighteen, and Barnato twenty-two. They belonged to an age when men took themselves to be men before they had reached the age of twenty and acted, decided, and aspired as such. In the first month or two of his arrival Rhodes was writing home to his mother (he always signed himself 'Yrs., C. Rhodes' to her) that he was averaging a hundred a week; Beit, after a very poor career at school, was proving himself to be a far-sighted, knowledgeable, and generous buyer on the fields (for the convenience of diggers he always kept a bag of silver on his table and whenever they wanted change he used to tell them to drop in at any time and help themselves); Barnato was taking rather a long time to get a start, but started to some tune once he got going.

It grew to be the joint aspiration of Rhodes and Beit—and later that of Barnato—to control the whole diamond output of Kimberley, and there is quite a considerable and entertaining literature to be read of the fight between them before Rhodes and Beit eventually got their way and De Beers Consolidated Mines Ltd. became established. Most people outside South Africa know something about the life of Rhodes, but even in South Africa a surprisingly large number of people know little of Beit.

It must have been with this fact in mind that General Smuts, long a political opponent of Beit, a few years ago agreed to write a foreword to a biography of Beit (*Alfred Beit: a Study*, by G. Seymour Fort) published in fear that all knowledge of the life of the man might be lost, and everything be forgotten of the part he played in those early days of Kimberley

when he would go off riding round the mines at 6 a.m., return to breakfast, and then put in a full day at the office in the centre of the diamond market, dine at the club, and carry on with broker's work, buying and selling shares until midnight.

Beit will remain immortal in South Africa and Rhodesia not only for what he accomplished in his lifetime, but for what is still being accomplished through his generosity forty years after his death. That bag of change of his earliest diamond-buying days is still on the counter, and all sorts of funds and institutions go on helping themselves out of it, and look as though they may continue doing so in perpetuity, and now without making any sort of equivalent return to it—universities, schools, maternity homes, aviation centres, funds for supporting Wesleyan missions, for building Anglican churches, as well as Jewish guildhalls, for extending railways and building bridges.

He left a single item of £1,200,000 with instructions that it should be employed primarily 'in establishing what is known as the Cape to Cairo railway and the Cape to Cairo telegraph system, including telephones,' and by judicious management and investment the trustees have increased that sum to well over £2,700,000.

Rhodes must have been right when he said that 'all Beit wanted was to be rich enough to let his mother have £1,000 a year,' and probably the happiest deal in his life took place on that day when, on a short trip to Hamburg, he asked his mother whether she liked the horses, the coachman, and the coach in which she was driving (the old lady knew no greater pleasure on earth than to ride in a coach), and when she said that she did, bought up the coach and horses and the services of the coachman, then and there on the spot for her.

IV

But easily the most picturesque man of the three was Barney Barnato.

His real name was Isaacs, and he took the name of Barnato when he was a mere youth because he went in for juggling and

a bit of boxing in the music-halls round Whitechapel way, and he thought that the name Barnato looked better on the bill. At twenty he got very restless because first his cousin David Harris (the late Sir David Harris who died, at the age of ninety, five years or so ago) and then his brother Harry had gone diamond-hunting at a place called Dutoitspan in South Africa, and Harry in particular wrote very glowing descriptions of what a diamond-hunter's life was like.

When Barney finally rolled up at Dutoitspan—he arrived with twenty or thirty pounds and forty or fifty boxes of cigars which he thought he might be able to sell to the diggers—he found Harry washing dishes, doing an occasional turn as an acrobat, or any odd job that came along that would enable him to keep his hunger down. David was the handyman in a store and the only money Barney found himself able to earn for some days was when he turned in at a booth one night, knocked out the champion of Angola (whoever he may have been), went on to give a juggling performance with his bowler hat, and finished off by reciting Hamlet's 'To be or not to be.'

The theatre proprietor promised to take the new champion of Angola on the staff at five shillings a day and his keep, and Barney went to bed satisfied that life in Africa had really begun and it wouldn't be at all a bad life if it went on like that to the end.

It was a very good job for Barney (or was it?) that the audience soon tired of seeing the same performer every night, so that the time soon came when he was going among the diggers trying to sell writing-pads, and, when he couldn't get rid of his pads for money, asking them whether they wouldn't take one and give him in return the right to search through the soil they had already sifted for any stray stone that might be left there.

In that manner began one of the biggest financiers of his day, who undoubtedly did, at critical periods of Kimberley and Johannesburg history, keep both cities on their feet and set them on a course anew by his sheer, mad, driving optimism . . . who in the end jumped overboard four days before

reaching Southampton, was brought aboard again by a ship's officer who jumped after him but not before he was drowned. Read *Barney Barnato*, by Richard Lewinsohn, if you would know more of him.

There is a story—probably apocryphal—that when De Beers Company built their sports stadium they found enough diamonds in the ground that was excavated to pay for the great undertaking.

Certainly, a few years ago, a house-owner who laid a strip of concrete from his house to his garage recovered from the forty-foot strip of ground that was levelled three diamonds that more than paid for the building. Diamonds have been found in all sorts of places in Kimberley—in old mine-dumps, in backyards, and even in the streets at times—but there are no diamonds in the world to compare with those which De Beers are able to show to the visitor to the city. Just what is the value of stones at the head office and at the syndicate offices no one accurately knows. It must be more than £1,000,000, for on simple occasions and at half an hour's notice collections worth £50,000 are exhibited for the tourist.

A yellow ticket, to be had on application to the secretary's office, may be obtained to see the washing plant, the mine compound, and the pulsator on Monday or Friday mornings. You will see there the enormous amount of work that is entailed in the production of even one diamond. Treatment of 100,000 tons of blue ground yields only 11½ lb. by weight of diamonds. Of 12,000 trucks of ground hauled from the mines of Dutoitspan and Bultfontein daily less than 2,000 are eventually treated for recovery of diamonds. The loaded, sealed trucks are drawn by two mules in a long train before being hauled to the pulsator.

There is something peculiar about those mules. Working almost as mechanically as the endless belts, crushers, screens, washing plants, and pulsator tables, they yet know immediately when six trucks are hitched on their harness instead of five and will refuse to move until the extra truck has been uncoupled. How do they know there is an extra truck before

they have started to pull? They count the clicks as the trucks are run together for coupling. Nor are they the only remarkable animals to be seen at De Beers. There are the 'diamond dogs,' as South Africans call them, the ninety Alsatians and bull mastiffs, trained by Mr. Arthur Marsberg, one of the most famous Rugby full-backs the game has known, to guard the mines and machinery at night time.

v

The Kimberley of to-day is not the Kimberley of yesterday. Between the two wars, the city experienced such ups and downs that many of its younger men, including a good number of its finest sportsmen (in its heyday it could probably have challenged any similar-sized town for the world title of Victor Ludorum), have deserted diamonds for gold and gone up to the Rand.

Since the second world war, it is true, there has been a greatly increased demand for diamonds: how great can be judged from the fact that sales rose from £7,000,000 in 1939 to £24,500,000 in 1945. Although diamonds have been sold industrially for many years, it was not until the second world war that their value in industry was fully realized and exploited. About 85 per cent of the world's diamond production by weight, and 20 per cent by value, is used industrially.

But still Kimberley does not feel itself established and progressive as it ought to be. Remembering that the Diamond City can claim to be the Mother City of South African Industry (for without the pioneering zest and hazard engendered at Kimberley there might well have been no Rand), Kimberley people claim that more sympathy should be given to the city's various projects; and in various parts of South Africa it is not difficult to find sympathy with this view. During these last two or three years, there has sprung up a determined band of public men in the city—most of them members or officials of the local council—who have determined not only to put Kimberley, but the whole of the Northern Cape, on the

map, and have formed a Northern Cape association with that end in view. The Northern Cape, it is pointed out, is not only rich in diamonds, but in manganese, asbestos, gypsum, lime, salt, and above all, iron ore. Nor are its assets purely mineral. Already the Northern Cape has the biggest cattle ranches and the biggest creamery.

But its optimism, that certain glow and warmth it has had about it since the earliest days, is there still. Kimberley may be one of the hottest, driest, dustiest towns in the Union. No matter. No one denies that it is also the most sociable town in the Union. Kimberley women, even when they are transferred to the beauties of Cape Town, cannot forget the place and write angry, caustic letters to the papers about the lessons the Diamond City might teach other cities in the simple art of friendliness.

But there are other things to see in Kimberley besides diamond mines. Go out to Alexandersfontein and see the remarkably fine, park-like grounds there (no one would ever imagine such a place existing in Kimberley), call in at the MacGregor Museum where there are fine models of famous diamonds, visit the memorial cairns and crosses that recall the fierce fighting that took place about Kimberley in the Anglo-Boer War (the monument at Magersfontein is the objective of an annual Scottish pilgrimage), and do not omit to visit the Honoured Dead Memorial erected in memory of those who fell in the defence of Kimberley during the siege. Note in front of the memorial one of the most famous guns in British military history, 'Long Cecil,' which was made of odd material in the De Beers workshops by a man named Labram, who was later killed.

And see also the remarkable Duggan-Cronin Bantu Gallery, as it is called, in which are housed rare photographs of all the native tribes of South Africa, gathered by Mr. A. M. Duggan-Cronin, who is still actively pursuing his work. Natives do not normally like being photographed, and it is amazing to South Africans how Mr. Duggan-Cronin has succeeded in getting them to allow him not only to take an odd snap or two,

but to stay days with them and photograph their most intimate forms of social life and ceremonies.

Duggan-Cronin, who first began the work as a hobby, has become known to scientists and students all over the world; and though the Carnegie Trust funds are being carefully husbanded at present, and some grants are being withdrawn, that which takes the Kimberley photographer still further afield in search of material is being renewed in full.

SALISBURY, THE YOUNG CAPITAL

I

YOU may go to Rhodesia by two routes: either from Kimberley or from Johannesburg. For the purposes of this book it will be assumed that, having seen and learned something about diamond mines, you may welcome the break of a new country, and the thrill of seeing the Victoria Falls, one of the seven great sights of the world, before going to the gold mines of Johannesburg.

To reach Rhodesia from Kimberley you pass through the Bechuanaland Protectorate, which is now administered by a resident commissioner, under the direction of His Majesty's High Commissioner for South Africa, and which was once the country of Khama, herd-boy who became king, and who died in 1923, still firmly grasping the baton of his authority when ninety-five years of age, the last of the great Kaffir kings. Two years later, in 1925, the Duke of Windsor, then Prince of Wales, unveiled a monument to him in Serowe, which lies thirty-five miles from the station Palapye Road, and which is probably the largest native town in South Africa.

Unlike the terrible Chaka, the black Napoleon, whom you are to meet later, Khama (as Mr. Julian Mockford points out in his full-sized life portrait entitled *Khama*) ruled with his brain and did not resort to armed force until reason had failed. Not only did he experiment in State trading in an effort to abolish privately owned stores, and compel his whole tribe to turn Christian, but he brought in a prohibition law in the eighties, and thus anticipated America's Volstead Act by a generation.

'Pray greatly,' he once told a crowded congregation in Cape Town on his way to see the Great White Queen, 'that all the liquor may be spilled into the sea, for it is the enemy of the world.' The only place where even a European could get a

drink in Bechuanaland (a country as big as half a dozen Englands) in Khama's time was at the railway refreshment rooms.

From Vryburg, capital of Bechuanaland and a rising stock-breeding centre, railway buses make the ninety-five-mile journey to Kuruman, where there is a monument of buildings costing £20,000, erected, not to Khama, but to Robert Moffat, Scottish gardener turned missionary, who married the daughter of a former employer, and spent long years here teaching savage natives farming, building, carpentering, smithy work, and translating the Bible and *Pilgrim's Progress* into Sechuana in his spare time.

Here you may see the almond-tree under which David Livingstone proposed to Moffat's daughter Mary. He was apparently too occupied with his work to take much notice of her on his first visit, but later he was attacked by a lion and nearly killed, and came to the Moffats' for nursing.

Under another tree, a giant baobab in lonely Shuhanga, on the banks of the Zambesi, where she had come to join her husband, after leaving her children in England, Mary Livingstone lies buried.

At Kuruman there is also, oddly enough in this drab, desert-like country, what is probably the largest spring in South Africa, called the 'Eye of Kuruman,' bursting out from a number of passages on the side of a hill and forming a huge limestone cave. Beyond Vryburg and Kuruman is the town that led to the coining of a new word in the English language, the town of Mafeking.

From its earliest years—the town was laid out by Sir Charles Warren in 1885—Mafeking seemed doomed to be associated with war and strife. Not only was it the starting-place of the Jameson Raid, but during the Matabele War and Rebellions (about which you are to hear more later) the town was used as a base of operations.

Then during the Anglo-Boer War of 1899-1902 came the seven months' siege from which Lieutenant-General (then Colonel) Sir Robert Baden-Powell emerged world-famous, and because of the uproarious celebrations that took place in

England at that time, the word 'mafficking' (as the *British Encyclopaedia* has it) is now 'used to describe the behaviour of crowds on occasions of extravagant demonstrations of a national kind.'

Mafeking has now quite overthrown and outgrown its old war hoodoo, and owes a good deal of its present development to its importance as a railway centre. Even during the siege it had cause to be grateful that, when the railway to Mafeking was completed in 1895, it was decided to erect railway workshops there. A look-out tower, ammunition, and a searchlight were all manufactured at the railway workshops during the siege, and when the defenders fell short of effective guns, the workmen set to work, and made a gun out of drain-piping strengthened with iron bands. It was called 'The Wolf,' and is now housed in the United Service Museum in London.

II

Rhodesia is named after its founder, Cecil John Rhodes, the boy with the tubercular lung, born at the vicarage of Bishop's Stortford, whom you have already met in Cape Town and Kimberley.

Perhaps the fundamental and distinguishing greatness of Rhodes lay in the fact that, while in every age there have always been men willing to sacrifice their lives for their countries, or in the acquisition of a new country, there have been very few men willing to sacrifice their money for such purpose, and not only to sacrifice it, but to acquire it with no other end in view. At the early age of nineteen Rhodes had made himself financially independent, and at twenty-two he had made a will declaring service to the British Empire to be his highest ideal of practical achievement, and laying down that at his death all his money should be devoted to the practical furtherance of his ideal.

To a very great extent that is just what happened twenty-five years later—years during which Rhodes was for ever giving and yet going about with hardly enough money in his pockets

to pay his barber. Even at the time when his income amounted to very nearly a quarter of a million per annum, his banking account was overdrawn for about nine months every year, and he had to pay sometimes as much as £5,000 a year as interest on his overdrafts.

In less than fifteen years Rhodes somehow managed to add 800,000 square miles to the British Commonwealth of Nations; and during his lifetime of forty-nine years he also saved the diamond fields at Kimberley from utter collapse, helped to open up the great gold mines of the Rand, and established a prosperous fruit industry at the Cape.

Rhodes entered the Cape Parliament at the age of twenty-eight, and he kept steadily urging not only the desirability, but the practicability of creating a route on all-British territory from the Cape to Cairo.

The bottle-neck of Bechuanaland, he used to declare, over and over again, in his rather high-pitched voice, until the reiteration of it became a rasping saw to the nerves of some of the old Cape members, was the key road to the interior, 'the Suez Canal to the trade of Africa.'

One May day, less than fifty years ago, one hundred and seventy-nine men, accompanied by some hundred and fifty natives, left Mafeking as a pioneer force for an unknown destination in the north, and, a month later, were joined by two troops of the South African Police. For four long months this force cut a road through the low veld and the forest, well knowing that if the native chief Lobengula, the 'Old Lion of the North,' gave the order for a general attack, it was very unlikely that a single member of the party would escape death.

On 11th September, in the year 1890, the force emerged from the tough, densely wooded country in which they had been obscured for weeks to find a place of easy, gentle vlei-land, and there the tired oxen outspanned for the night. At sunrise there was a raising of the flag, the firing of twenty-one guns, cheers for the queen, and so the occupation of Mashonaland was complete—and Salisbury born.

It is well to let the mind go back to that morning during one's first stroll in Salisbury—to realize that little more than fifty years ago this bright young city, with its shops and banks and cathedral and Government offices and fine Government House that lies to the north-east of the city, was not only 'bare veld,' to use the South African term, but bare veld in a state of barbarism.

Indeed these reflections on Rhodesia's progress may well begin as the copy of the *Rhodesia Herald*—Salisbury's daily paper—slides at dawn under the door of your hotel bedroom. Reflect as you glance over its pages that you are probably holding a paper that had as curious and dauntless an initiation as any in the adventurous history of English-speaking journalism. When Mr. W. E. Fairbridge, the first editor and publisher, brought out in his own handwriting the first issue of the *Herald* on 27th June 1891 he had as his implements (1) a duplicating cyclostyle; (2) an inking roll, made out of treacle and locally produced glue; and (3) ink obtained first by burning rags soaked in turpentine and catching the soot on a sheet of metal, and then by mixing the deposit of lamp-black with linseed oil.

For more than a year *The Mashonaland Herald and Zambesi Times*, as the paper was then called, continued to be written in Mr. Fairbridge's own hand; and it is a tribute to his calligraphy that preserved cyclostyle copies of the paper are still easily legible.

Among such extraordinary activities, Mr. Fairbridge somehow found time to become Salisbury's first mayor and later became, for ten years, general manager of The Argus Printing and Publishing Company in Johannesburg, the largest newspaper publishing firm on the continent. His concluding years, before his death in Switzerland in 1943, he spent in collecting Africana, on which he became a foremost authority.

III

Walk along First Street and Stanley Avenue, and you come to the public gardens, which are but a few minutes' walk from the centre of the city and yet embrace no less than fifty acres of all varieties of the loveliest flowers and trees. It is hard to realize that you are in a place of just over twenty thousand white people.

But then Salisbury is but the skeleton of the place it is some day meant to be. Every town in Rhodesia, the whole of the country, is that. Even the suburbs are here already—Avondale, Ardvennie, Parktown, Hatfield, and Hillside: all of them reached by smoothly metalled roads and for the most part tree-bordered.

Salisbury is by no means satisfied with one public garden. It has also Greenwood Park; Alexandra Park, which stretches over a large area of commonage to the north-east of the city, and has as its underlying ideal the preservation of a little Rhodesia in miniature, as it were, all complete with trees, wild flowers, and plants as before the coming of civilization; and in almost the precise centre of the city, Cecil Square, a small park of four acres with lawns and flowers and shading trees.

It was on the site of Cecil Square that those first pioneers hoisted the flag, fired guns, and gave cheers for the queen at sunrise on that morning of 11th September in the year 1890. Now it is a favourite rendezvous of the nursemaids and the young Rhodesians who lisp and gambol or squall imperiously across its historic turf.

Salisbury is not only fortunate in itself. It is fortunate in its surroundings—more fortunate than most inland cities in southern Africa, where the perpetual dryness, and the absence of running rivers, do not facilitate the creation of much picturesque environment.

Salisbury has a river called the Hunyani, which finally flows to swell the bosom of the mighty Zambesi, and the Hunyani really flows and tumbles about as a river should (but as so many rivers in southern Africa do not), and goes through rocky

canyons and has little sandy beaches and pools about which the children can romp and play or search for water-lilies in the upper reaches, with the help of old-fashioned punts that may be had for the asking.

Or there is the Makabusi River that lies in the same direction, a more sluggish stream, but none the less delightful with its long patches of bulrushes and water-lilies and the possibility of taking a well-laden basket of fish from its deeper pools.

Further afield there is the Mazoe Valley (you take a road that is called the Golden Stairs), where there are waving fields of tobacco and maize, and the Mazoe Dam, a magnificent piece of engineering work, which holds back 6,000,000,000 gallons of water; and, a little to the south, the Umvukwe mountains, a range of towering hills, stretching for some hundreds of miles, and of such infinite variety and subtlety that one writer has said that it might well be 'an earth sculpture of human life with its alternations of joy and sorrow, its beginnings and unseen end.' And for miles at a stretch its face is scarred with workings for the rich deposits of chrome that lie hidden there.

Chrome: the thing that has made stainless steel possible and has banished from modern life the Saturday morning knife-cleanings that were the blight and pestilence of Victorian childhood.

Only seventy-five miles away (and you have not been in Africa long before you realize that seventy-five miles is of no more account than a ride round the suburbs in Europe), over an excellent motor road which gives a fine idea of the general countryside and the type of farm to be found in the district, are the Sinoia Caves. All sorts of tales are told of the fabulous monsters that used to live in these caves and snatch people who ventured too near the treacherous edge.

Even though a wire fence has been erected for the sole purpose of keeping them out, still the baboons lodge there at night, and there is a Baboons' Vestibule with the rock polished to a sheen by the constant passing of generation after generation of baboon feet. And still the bats swoop and flutter in the darkness, and their droppings through years beyond imagining

are said to have raised the floor many feet above the rock surface.

Yet it is the two pools—the Sleeping Pool and the Wonderhole—that remain the most startling and alluring memory of the Sinoia Caves, and particularly the amazingly sapphire-blue water of the Sleeping Pool: flashing suddenly and unexpectedly on the vision like a strange light held before a dark curtain.

They say that the pool at the Wonderhole is unfathomable—as they have said about pools and lakes the world over. The actual depth of the pool is two hundred and eighty feet; of the Wonderhole, from surface to bottom of pool, four hundred and thirty feet. The water is so clear that stones dropped into it can be seen for seconds before they disappear into the depths.

BULAWAYO AND THE PIONEERS

I

LET Rhodes himself tell you how Bulawayo was born, and you hear him speaking at what may be accounted the date of its birth, 18th December 1893. In front of him stands a body of men to whom he later referred as 'bakers and butchers and men in stores and connected with business': men who had rushed to arms in Salisbury, and that part of Rhodesia already occupied, and marched off to crush the might of the Matabele and their chief Lobengula. Lobengula is still alive, but his might has been broken, and in the background lie the blackened ruins of his royal kraal and capital.

Dr. Jameson, officers, and men [he begins in that same high-pitched flute-like voice of his—which has been the curious characteristic of many men of marked masculinity both in physique and mental force], I have to thank you for the excellent work you have done, and I assure you I fully appreciate the great task you have accomplished. I know how difficult the task has been, for, as you are probably aware, one great military authority, at all events, gave it as his opinion that ten thousand men would be required to do the work which you, people of Mashonaland, have done with somewhere about nine hundred. . . . As you well know, we had no desire to interfere, but interference was forced on us. You remember at Victoria how the Mashonas in your employ were murdered on our ground when we were quietly carrying on our mining operations. It is true, of course, that the Matabele said that they would kill none of the white masters, but human beings could not stand by and see their servants slaughtered under their eyes, while appealing to them for protection, even if the savages did actually say that they would not kill the white masters. Therefore we took measures to ensure the safety of our people, though, of course, no offensive operations could be undertaken without the direct sanction of the Home Government. When at length this sanction was given, we proceeded to punish those responsible for the savage onslaught on the inhabitants of Victoria, and the fact remains that what was put down as work for ten thousand men has been done by less than a thousand. This must be the greatest satisfaction to you all as well as to myself.

But his satisfaction was not quite complete. His voice took on a still higher pitch:

You would have thought that the people of England would have been satisfied. On the contrary, you have been called freebooting marauders, bloodthirsty murderers, and so on; but I know that it has not been by the people of England as a whole, but only by a section of them. I am as loyal an Englishman as any one can be, but I cannot help saying that it is such conduct that alienates colonists from the mother country. . . . I am prepared to submit the conduct of the men who went from Victoria and Salisbury to a committee of the Aborigines' Protection Society.

The actual 'opening of Bulawayo'—whatever that may mean—took place on 1st June 1894.

This 'very informal affair,' it is related, was held outside the Maxim Hotel, then in the course of construction. Dr. Jameson strolled out to meet the settlers and got down to brass tacks right away. 'It is my job, gentlemen,' he is recorded as saying, 'to declare this town open. I don't think we want any talk about it. I make the declaration now. There is plenty of whisky and soda inside, so come in.'

II

It seemed that Jameson had set the pace. Three months later the *Bulawayo Chronicle* had made its bow (as the *Chronicle* itself styled it), declaring in its first leading article that 'Bulawayo, long the centre of unspeakable crimes against humanity, has already taken its place as one of the brightest spots in a civilized State.' Food seemed to be rather a problem. In December of that year, a 'small lot of potatoes was sold at £20 a bag'—which does not seem a very great improvement on the selling, in the previous April, and only two months before the town was officially opened, of 'three salted horses at £56, £41, and £40.'

But it is doubtful whether anywhere in the continent—a continent of quick-growing towns—a town has grown so quickly as Bulawayo did in its beginning. In less than a year from that day when Rhodes had delivered his address in the

smoke-blackened kraal, the Scots had got together, formed a Caledonian Society, and held their first St. Andrew's Banquet at the Charter Hotel; the first ordinary meeting of the Bulawayo Chamber of Commerce had been minuted; the wife of M. Temposky had presented him with a daughter; and the Bulawayo Athletic Club's first sports meeting had been staged in very hot weather, which, according to the *Bulawayo Chronicle*, 'necessitated frequent visits to the refreshment department.' ('The demand for long drinks was prodigious, and the supply was not equal to it.')

And only a year later the first Wesleyan church had been opened, the first golf club formed, the first Rugby match played, five hundred and sixty 'stands' (sites) sold for £154,387 ('Mr. C. J. Clack gave the top price of £3,000 for Stand 1,100 on which the Opera House is to be built'), and the first Jewish wedding solemnized.

'Grand old Highland whisky' was being advertised at 3s. 6d. a bottle, cats sold on the morning market for 2s. and 3s. each, two cauliflowers sold on Saturday, 19th October 1895, realized £1 12s. each, and eggs on 31st December rose to 30s. a dozen.

Two more years, and at about three o'clock on the afternoon of Tuesday, 22nd October 1897, the railway reached Bulawayo.

III

In the year 1933 Bulawayo held what was called a Pioneer Week and invited all the men it could find, and their wives with them, who had been members of that party of butchers and bakers and men in offices who had marched over from Victoria and Salisbury to punish the Matabele, to come and stay a full week and be entertained and see the city.

They came from all over the sub-continent. One old pioneer, Tex Long, aged seventy-five, trekked fifteen hundred miles round the southern border of the Kalahari Desert mainly in his little donkey-cart in order that he might see his old comrades again, doing, of course, 'a little prospecting on the

way.' Before ever seeing Rhodesia that morning forty-five years ago, Tex had punched cattle in Texas, mined silver in Mexico, and travelled up to the north of Canada, but he was amazed by what he saw in Bulawayo that morning of his arrival. It was the number of motor cars that surprised him most—parked almost the whole length of the main streets that by Rhodes's decree were made wide enough for a team of oxen to be turned round in them.

To-day Bulawayo is the chief railway and industrial centre of the country and means to maintain that position. It has formed a Bulawayo and Matabeleland Development Council, adopted a slogan, 'Forward, Bulawayo!' and in the year or two before the war a steelworks industry, a sugar refinery, a motor-car assembling works, and an oil and soap works had been established. There was talk of textile mills, a cotton factory, and a jam and fruit canning industry being set up. On the strength of all these things, this town, which is now estimated to have a population of over 17,000 white people, built itself a fine town hall and municipal offices, costing over £100,000.

Still living in Bulawayo—she was deputy mayor of the town during the years 1931-1932—is Mrs. G. F. Redrup, who remembers dancing with the founder of Rhodesia. 'Cecil Rhodes did not dance very well, I may tell you,' she says. 'He was not a dancing man.'

IV

Twenty-seven miles from Bulawayo is the World's View, Matoppos, known to the natives as Malindizimu, or the Dwelling Place of the Spirits, where Rhodes lies buried.

He wrote in his will:

I admire the grandeur and the loneliness of the Matoppos, and therefore I desire to be buried in the Matoppos on the hill which I used to visit and which I called the 'View of the World,' in a square to be cut in the rock on the top of the hill, covered with a plain brass plate with these words thereon: 'Here lie the remains of Cecil John Rhodes.'

All the way from the Cape, in a train draped in black and purple, they brought his body here, and the Matabele who had regarded him as their greatest enemy, but in his later years, and now, called him 'our father,' gave him the royal salute of 'Bayete!'—the first and only time a white man had been so honoured.

Jameson, who died in London fifteen years later, and Charles Patrick John Coghlan, first Prime Minister of Rhodesia, who died ten years later still, have joined him since.

Facing Rhodes's grave is the Shangani Memorial, and interred in its centre are Major Allan Wilson and the thirty-three men who were killed with him at Shangani.

On that morning when Lobengula fled from the blackened kraal that is now Bulawayo, Major Allan Wilson and a patrol of thirty-three men were sent after him. Quickly there was a premonition in the camp that they had met with disaster.

It is unfortunate [said Rhodes in the course of that speech to the men gathered about him after the taking of the kraal], that our pleasure in a successful undertaking has been marred by—I will not call it a disaster—but by a state of uncertainty. But there is still much ground for hope for those we miss. . . . We have sent our native scouts to scour the country and obtain information.

They came across them at length, dead to a man, in a space no more than twenty yards by five, where they had fought until not a single hand could be lifted longer.

Natives who tell the story of the fight say that Wilson's men kept calling on Lobengula's men who had trapped them to come closer and fight, and crying something like: 'Hip, hip, hooray!'

Within three months came the news that Lobengula, too, was dead, and his impis had given up their arms.

The old Rhodesian pioneers speak kindly of Lobengula. Some people have painted him as a drunken sot. The pioneers say they never saw him, nor any man in his kraal, under the influence of liquor. 'He was a wise and strong ruler who always kept his head,' Mr. Matabele Wilson has

stated, 'and I only once saw him lose his temper. I do not pose as a champion of Lobengula. I must say that no man could condone all the terrible things that happened in the country then—witchcraft, bloodshed, and the massacre of thousands of people—but I shall always have a kindly feeling towards one man who deserved a better fate.'

ADVENTURE AT THE FALLS

I

DAVID LIVINGSTONE, who, at the age of ten, was working in a cotton mill and studying at an evening school, was the first known white man to see the Victoria Falls, that lie two hundred and ninety-nine miles away from Bulawayo by road and two hundred and eighty miles by rail.

Because Livingstone was 'just a missionary,' as the phrase sometimes runs, people are apt to overlook his record as an explorer. Before that first day of May in 1873 at Ilala, when his native servants found him kneeling by his bedside dead, it is estimated that in thirty-three years he travelled over thirty thousand miles of country hitherto unknown to the white man, and for the greater part of the time accompanied only by a native servant or two.

What was there about this son of a tea agent, and deacon in the Independent Church at Hamilton, that enabled him to go for thirty years wandering about the darkest and most dangerous continent on earth unharmed, as he was often unarmed, and discovering as he went half a dozen huge lakes and penetrating right into the Nile basin? It is said that even the notorious slave-dealer Tippoo Tib paid him deference and suspended his operations whenever Livingstone was in his neighbourhood.

For nine years Livingstone had laboured in Bechuanaland, teaching and administering to the natives, and now he was seized with a sudden desire to link up the interior with the sea, and trace the course of the Zambesi to the Indian Ocean.

One of the questions which men of the Makalolo tribe kept asking him was: 'Have you smoke that sounds in your country?' Then they would tell him of that part of the Zambesi where, from a distance of five or six miles (they never went nearer than that), they could see something happening that filled the air with vapour, made a strange noise that chilled them with

fright and awe, and caused their tongues to utter: 'Mosi oa tunya' ('Smoke does sound there').

One day Livingstone determined to solve the mystery and made a diversion during one of his journeys. He saw 'columns of vapour, appropriately called "smoke," arising at a distance of five or six miles, exactly as when large tracts of grass are burned in Africa.' Getting nearer, there came into view 'scenes so lovely as must have been gazed upon by angels in their flight.'

Creeping with awe to the verge, I peered down into a large rent that has been made from bank to bank of the broad Zambesi and saw that a stream of a thousand yards broad leaped down a hundred feet and then became suddenly compressed into a space of fifteen or twenty yards. The entire falls are simply a crack made in a hard basaltic rock from the right to the left bank of the Zambesi and then prolonged from the left bank away through thirty or forty miles of hills. In looking down into the fissure on the right of the island, one sees nothing but a dense white cloud which, at the time we visited the spot, had two bright rainbows on it. From this cloud rushed up a great jet of vapour, exactly like steam, and it mounted two hundred or three hundred feet high; there condensing, it changed its hue to that of dark smoke and came back in a constant shower which soon wetted us to the skin. . . . On the left side of the island we had a good view of the mass of water which causes one of the columns of vapour to ascend, as it leaps quite clear of the rock and forms a thick unbroken fleece all the way to the bottom. Its whiteness gave the idea of snow—a sight I had not seen for many a day.

Stern and devout Christian as he was, rigid hater and condemner of all barbaric practice, even Livingstone does not seem to wonder greatly that he should find at three spots near the falls certain Batoka chiefs offering prayers and sacrifices to the Barimo (God), as though 'the play of colours of the double iris on the cloud, seen by them elsewhere only as a rainbow, may have led them to the idea that this was the abode of Deity.'

II

Perhaps one of the best descriptions of the falls ever written was that of the third known white man who saw them (a hunter named William Charles Baldwin, from Natal, was the

second), named James Chapman. Chapman might very well have seen the falls before Livingstone but for what was more or less a whim of circumstance. He had actually bartered with natives to show him the place when they returned him his brass and wire and called off the journey because of their fear of meeting a hostile tribe known to be frequenting the vicinity of the falls.

Chapman's account is not very well known because his *Travels*, in which it occurs, is a very rare book, but his account of how 'we approached the brink with trembling, and, carefully parting the bushes with our hands, looked at once on the first grand view' is a fine example of descriptive writing of the period.

We stood for some time lost in thought, contemplating the wonderful works of that Providence which could bring into combination at one view such a variety of the most stupendous effects, inspiring at once terror, devotion, and delight, and bowing the feeble and oft unwilling mind to acknowledge and believe in the superior power of Him who rules the heaven and earth and created all their wonders.

What impressed Chapman, as it seems to have impressed none other of these early visitors to the falls, was the numerous 'spoors of elephant, rhinoceros, buffalo, and hippopotami, besides other animals, all over the very brink of the precipice.'

It makes one's hair stand on end to see the numerous indications of their midnight rambles at the very verge of eternity. Here they come at the dead, dark midnight hours to drink the spray and wallow in the mire; and on asking a native how it was they were not afraid, he asked me in return: 'Didn't they grow up together?'

Writers of later years, in accordance with the literary and social usage of the era, have ceased to use such words as 'eternity,' 'hell,' 'terror,' and 'paradise' (even Selous, perhaps the best known of all the great African hunters, described the falls as 'one of, if not the, most transcendently beautiful natural phenomena on this side of paradise'), and concentrated more on the amazing ease and facility with which the falls may be seen from nearly every point. The late Lord Curzon (as revealed in his *Tales of Travel*, published by Hodder & Stoughton) was particularly struck by this aspect of the falls

which, as a whole, seemed to him 'to excel in grandeur any spectacle of the same kind in the world'—and not only had his lordship travelled widely, but it had been his delight, when president of the Royal Geographical Society, to collect and present to the Society a series of large-scale photographs of the great waterfalls of the world, which were hung in one of the Society's rooms. Lord Curzon wrote:

The majority of falls can be seen only at an angle from the banks of the river below, or from a considerable distance, should the river make a bend, or from some convenient artificial standpoint, like the Suspension Bridge at Niagara. But here, at the Zambesi, Nature herself has supplied the most wonderful platform which it is possible to conceive, with belvederes or outlook towers built out at convenient points for the spectator to take his view. . . . And here comes Nature's unique gift. From left to right, or right to left, we can walk along the near side of the chasm from end to end, save at the point of exit, and gaze at the falls immediately opposite, as though we were standing in some showman's panorama and were looking across an intervening hollow, devised to assist the illusion, at the canvas beyond.

III

The Victoria Falls are worth seeing at any time of the year, but the man who has lived beside them half a lifetime, and knows them in all their moods and seasons, will tell you that the best time of the year to visit them is from May until August inclusive.

At that time of the year the falls are neither at the height of their flood nor at their lowest ebb, while the climate is ideal: the days just pleasantly warm, the nights chilly, and no rain falling at all during this period.

A special camping area is provided for motorists near the Big Tree, under the control of the curator, but the great majority of visitors—even though they may be making a quick, economical motor trip from South Africa—are only too glad of having the opportunity of staying at the Victoria Falls Hotel, probably the world's best hotel in the wilds.

Light clothing should be brought for wearing during the day, and warmer clothing for after sunset—and really warm clothing,

say, between mid-June and mid-August. A wide-brimmed felt hat is the most convenient all-weather headgear for men, while women will find sunshades an advantage.

But the great thing to remember is to bring a good stout mackintosh for wearing in the rain forest and what may be called the spray areas. And sometimes the spray is so thick and quietly penetrating that it is a good idea to wear nothing but a bathing costume under the mackintosh.

IV

At the falls you are on the brink of Northern Rhodesia, and Livingstone which was its former capital, but which was superseded in 1935 by Lusaka, a place more central to the towns and settlements of the growing copper-mining areas.

And there are still one or two towns in Southern Rhodesia you should see: Gwelo, for instance, that lies more or less midway between Salisbury and Bulawayo, standing on the ridge of a plateau with the rivers Gwelo, 'Ngamo, and Lundi having their sources on the commonage, and a fine place not only for mixed farming, but with increasing prominence as a producer of gold and chrome.

You should not miss Umtali, third town of Rhodesia, and one of the most picturesque towns in all Africa. Umtali lies in a hollow of the hills and between two streams, and the sight of its flamboyant trees, lining its streets and breaking into their bright, warm summer scarlet, is one of the acknowledged sights of Rhodesia, and excuse and reward enough in itself for quite a long journey.

It is as a centre of some of the finest motor drives in the interior that Umtali is becoming more and more widely known. It is doubtful whether there is any district either in the Union or the Rhodesias where the contrasts in climate and scenery can be so vivid and in such compressed space. There is the long, winding road up the Vumba Mountain, through gorges almost tropical in their plants and flowers, to uplands where the feel in the air, the sweep of the trees, the general glow of

the landscape is like that of another country. There is the ninety-mile drive to Melsetter (largely inhabited by settlers of Dutch descent who trekked there years ago from the Union), where tropical fruits like paw-paws and avocado pears grow in the valleys, and strawberries, apples, and plums in the mountains.

Or drive seventy miles in the opposite direction and come to Inyanga, where there is heather and bracken and the sweet, short grass of Scottish meadows, and masses of gladioli and red-hot poker and maidenhair fern, and always in the background the pale mauve peak of Inhangeni thrusting itself nine thousand feet into the sky.

Stretching all about you are thousands of irrigation terraces and irrigation furrows, the link with a race that flourished here no man knows how many years ago—making it imperative that if you have not been there already you must go and see the ruins of Zimbabwe (the ‘Riddle of Zimbabwe,’ as the papers have so often called it) that lie seventeen miles from Victoria, or a hundred and seventy-one miles from Bulawayo.

V

What is this ‘Riddle of Zimbabwe’? It is briefly this: At Zimbabwe are some remarkable ruins: an elliptical temple surrounded by walls from twenty to thirty feet in height; two conical towers, symbolical of the generation of life, and evidence of an ancient nature-worship; an acropolis that is evidently an ancient treasure-house and fortress, artificially strengthened by massive ramparts and tortuous passages and which provided Sir Henry Rider Haggard with material for some of his most exciting romances.

People with a wide knowledge of India—Sir Kurma Reddi, for instance—have declared that the ruins are undoubtedly of Indian origin, and gold beads that have been found there are most certainly of ancient Indian manufacture.

Perhaps the most prominent scientist favouring what may be called the ancient Indian theory is Professor Frobenius,

who has even gone so far as to make researches in India, and returned declaring that all these researches confirmed his previous opinion that the Zimbabwe ruins were built by a people who settled there before 2000 B.C., and came from southern Arabia. In southern India he had found ruins not only identical in outline with those at Zimbabwe, but in which the stones showed the same peculiar method of chiselling and joining.

The greatest and most momentous hour that Zimbabwe has known for heaven knows how many years was undoubtedly during the year 1929, when the meetings of the British Association were held at Johannesburg and a number of the greatest scientists in the world personally awaited—apart from the scientists spread all over the globe—the delivery of the report of Miss G. Caton-Thompson, a trained and experienced excavator who had been sent specially to Zimbabwe to investigate the ruins and report to the association in session in Johannesburg.

Papers all over the world—and particularly in South Africa—treated the investigation like a high-class detective tale, and people who had never been known to take the slightest interest in archaeology before awaited tensely the publication of Miss Caton-Thompson's speech.

Miss Caton-Thompson rather dropped a brick among them. She said she did not think Zimbabwe belonged to any romantic pre-Christian era, as some people think, but was of Bantu origin—representing the full flower of the medieval culture of the Bantu people. And as a parallel achievement to what the Bantu people have accomplished, she instanced the genius of Chaka in creating an army of an efficiency that would have been a credit to a European power. (You are to hear a lot about Chaka in a later chapter: cruellest genius, if he was a genius, the world has ever known.)

And as a scientist Miss Caton-Thompson could see—and demanded that other people should see—no dimming of Zimbabwe's glory in her finding:

The interest in Zimbabwe and the allied ruins should, on this account, to all educated people be enhanced a hundredfold; it

enriches, not impoverishes, our wonderment at their remarkable achievement: it cannot detract from their inherent majesty: for the mystery of Zimbabwe is the mystery which lies in the still pulsating heart of native Africa.

VI

The intending immigrant may say there is little information in this chapter on how to earn a living or on the prospects of Rhodesia becoming a developed country. There exist, of course, all types of farming, including tobacco farming which, at present, is booming as rarely, if ever, before in its history. There is also gold mining. Primitive though their methods were, it is anticipated that the 'Ancients' (as the colony's earliest inhabitants are called for want of more certain definition) took some £60,000,000 worth of gold out of the country; where to is not certain, though legend has it that Solomon got his gold from here and that Mashonaland is the biblical land of Ophir. But there is no continuous goldfield in Rhodesia as on the Witwatersrand, or as is almost certain to exist in the Free State. Gold in Rhodesia is widely distributed and most of the reefs are spasmodic, often abruptly pinching out and resuming elsewhere. The 'small-worker,' therefore, plays an important part in Southern Rhodesia's gold-mining industry and much of his equipment is improvised and shows great ingenuity. The first small-worker is said to have swung his pick in 1903, when a ban imposed by the British South Africa Company on private individuals working reefs, except on a company basis, was lifted, and since then the prospecting of the small-workers has led to the establishment of a number of large-scale mines. Principal among the large producing mines (over 10,000 ounces of gold per year) are the Cam and Motor near Gatooma, the Globe and Phoenix at Que Que, the B and B (Wanderer) near Selukwe, the Rezende at Penhalonga near Umtali, and the Prince of Wales near Bindura.

But gold is not Southern Rhodesia's only mineral asset. In coal, iron ore, asbestos, chrome, tungsten, mica, and several

other minerals, Rhodesia is richly endowed. For generations the smelting and working of iron ore has been a traditional craft with the natives in certain parts of Mashonaland and Matabeleland, where they have made assagais, and spears, and hoes, not only for themselves, but for neighbouring tribes. To-day, however, this primitive skill is confined to a few old men.

The most important iron ore deposits are in the Que Que district, where the Rhodesian Iron and Steel Commission is erecting works to exploit them. State cotton mills have been established at Gatooma, the main centre of the cotton-growing region and sugar production and dehydration factories are also being developed by the State.

Coalfields are known to exist in several parts of the colony, but the only one that has been tapped so far is the wonderful Wankie coalfield, where the coal seam is said to be a world's wonder. It lies only 150 feet from the surface and is over 40 feet thick.

Visitors can drive their motor-cars down an incline shaft into the workings and a short walk brings them to the coal face.

JOHANNESBURG

I

REALIZE as you step out of Johannesburg's £750,000 railway station—this railway station that seems a compromise between the British and American models and that is decorated by some particularly fine paintings by the South African artist Pierneef—that less than fifty years ago there wasn't a single railway line to be seen within three hundred miles.

Pause a moment at the station exit, glance along Eloff Street, with its stores and flats ten stories high, and land so valuable that it is now being sold at £7 per square foot, and remind yourself that nothing but the tall grass, growing almost head-high, and shrill green in the rains of summer, shrivelling and bleaching a brown that became almost yellow beneath the harsh, incessant frosts of winter, stood here only sixty-one years ago.

'There were only about fifteen people living about here at that time,' wrote Mr. George Honeyball, one of Johannesburg's best-known pioneers, when he was invited to write an article describing his first Christmas on the Rand in the year 1885, which was the year before gold was discovered.

I remember my first Christmas day well. It was a bright and sunny day, but cool, and we gathered near my smithy to hold a service. Every one put on his or her best clothes, and we did none but essential work that day. Hendrik Bezuidenhout, the son of Tante Nellie, with whom I stayed, and who was so very good to me, read the Bible to us, and we all sang hymns and psalms as if we were in church. Then we had our Christmas dinner. I remember that too. We were all poor, but there were Tante Nellie's pancakes, and every one enjoyed them. Then in the afternoon we sat and talked and the children played outside. There were two or three young girls there that day, and I was much younger then, so I joined in the fun. But it was a quiet sober Christmas, and the next day was carried on as usual on the farm. And then next year gold was discovered, and our Christmases were different after that.

The question as to who really discovered that gold which made all the Witwatersrand Christmases 'different after that,' is still keenly debated. It is a point that is to be discussed more fully a little later, but perhaps it may be said here that the writer is of the opinion that nothing has happened to disturb the documented conclusions put forward in the books entitled *Payable Gold* and *The History of the Discovery of the Witwatersrand Gold Fields* (Central News) by Mr. James Gray, F.I.C., assisted by his wife Ethel L. Gray.

The beginning of it all appears to have been an invitation by Gert C. Oosthuizen to George Harrison and George Walker to examine the portion of a farm he owned at Langlaagte.

Why Mr. Oosthuizen asked these men to examine his particular farm does not appear to be quite clear, except that quite a number of men about that period seem to have imagined that gold might be found in the Transvaal, and the Government of the republic had gone so far as to engage an Australian gold-digger named Alfred Watson Armfield, who had actually gone across the Witwatersrand (the very ground from which £80,000,000 is now taken every year) and reported definitely that 'it was not a field for the prospector.' Outside disasters of death and battle, his mistake must stand as one of the most remarkable in history.

But now, in 1886, eight years later, George Harrison went along to Oosthuizen's farm and placed in writing the affidavit that is still in existence: 'I have had a long experience as an Australian gold-digger, and I think it is a payable goldfield': all very short and modest; payable, you will notice, just payable.

What eventually happened to Harrison is unknown, and because that is so, it is almost certain that he died poor: for there is no lack of literature and biographical record about some of the men who followed after him and made their millions.

It may be (or it may be that the wish is father to the thought) that he lies asleep in some old, forgotten camp graveyard that has now been lost and covered up by the city, and one of the city's tallest and noblest skyscrapers stands as monument on his chest.

II

Once it became known that there was gold to be found on the Witwatersrand (which means the 'Ridge of the White Waters'), half that mobile, restless population of Kimberley, of Barberton, of Grahamstown, of Cape Town, and Durban set off hurriedly roving there.

They came not only to find gold, but to live and prosper on the men who found the gold; to build them cafés and bars and huts, and sell them food and clothes, and provide all sorts of distraction and amusement.

Nearly a thousand miles away, at quiet, secluded Grahams-town, Thomas Sheffield, proprietor of the local paper that was called the *Eastern Star*, felt the fever overcome him, and sat down one September evening in the mellow shadow of the cathedral and wrote that 'with this issue, the *Eastern Star* will cease to shine in the firmament in which its first rays were shed, and to move in the orbit which has been its daily round for the last sixteen years. But it will rise again in another quarter of this South Africa of ours away to the north where

There is gold to lay by, and gold to spend,
Gold to give and gold to lend.'

And the following morning he put the 'whole plant and establishment of the paper' on the train for Kimberley, and then at Kimberley it had to be put into an ox-wagon and dragged by oxen, steadily, slowly, day after day for the next month or so, to Johannesburg, until on Monday, 17th October 1889, the 2,043rd issue of the *Eastern Star* appeared, nearly seven weeks after the 2,042nd had been printed in Grahamstown.

It was not long before the 'Eastern' vanished, and the 'Star' remained—as it remains to this day.

Johannesburg's morning paper, *The Rand Daily Mail*, you may care to know, was once edited by Edgar Wallace.

It is just because you may still meet, walking about Johannesburg to-day, men who lived in the sheds, tents, and mud huts hastily thrown together at that time, that Johannesburg 'grows' on one, that one is filled with a queer kind of affection for the place.

Even if one never met the oldest of these pioneers personally, one remembers reading about them in the papers: old George Honeyball going off gallantly to be photographed with the year's beauty queen, and showing her where he had his first smithy; Mr. Auret Pritchard, who (up to his death in 1947) daily walked along the main street that was named after him, writing an article for some pioneer supplement or anniversary number, and recalling, perhaps, that in the first year of the Rand there was a plague of mice, and kittens went up to £5 a pair; and before his death four or five years ago, the Rev. James Gray, the first Presbyterian minister, recalling, at the opening of some church or other, how he used to go round begging planks and paraffin cases for his pews, and a packing-case for his pulpit. It is Mrs. Gray, his widow, who, at the age of ninety-two, is now the Rand's oldest surviving pioneer.

And it all seems so very recent and familiar that you yourself seem part of it: you, too, are in at the beginning, or almost: a sort of pioneer yourself, only once removed.

To-day Johannesburg is a city of three hundred and fifty thousand European people and as many more native, and its land and buildings—the land could almost have been bought for a team of oxen sixty years ago—are valued at eighty million pounds.

It has now over five hundred miles of sewers, one hundred and fifteen parks and open spaces, ten swimming baths, and buildings that run up to twenty stories.

It is still the fashion among most people in South Africa who have never lived in Johannesburg to speak of it as a fast, gay, improvident sort of place. The truth is that it is normally the most middle-class, working city—as such cities are counted in Europe—in the Union. It is physically most like a normal English city, and its people talk and go about their work and wear the same air as people going about a normal English city, or an American city.

Of course, in the days of gold booms, nearly everybody—office boys, girls in the drapery stores, housewives, church- and chapel-goers, as well as hard-headed business men—dabbled in shares, and there were days that were remembered later as Black

Tuesday and Black Friday, when millions of pounds were lost, thousands of people finding themselves bereft of every penny of their savings.

Somehow they are forgotten. Somehow the thousands who were ruined struggle to their feet again, breathe hard, and tell themselves that this is the sort of thing one must expect if one goes in for a thing like gold shares, and start rushing eagerly for the evening paper again to read about 'the market,' as the man in Manchester and Melbourne turns the paper over hurriedly to read the cricket scores.

In the course of a newspaper correspondence, in which the various correspondents were trying to hit off the main characteristics of South Africa's cities in a phrase, an anonymous writer once christened Johannesburg as the 'City of the Second Chance,' and all South Africa chuckled.

III

Far too little has been written and permanently preserved of the part played by women in the founding of Johannesburg. When the first women arrived in the camp the whole place turned out to greet them, and for weeks later men would drop their tools, or rush out of their huts, to stare at them as they passed.

But if they were worshipped like film stars, they had to work like washerwomen. When the time came for them to set up housekeeping, they found they had somehow to make their own ovens, even manufacture their own yeast from potatoes; somehow pay sixpence a bucket for water; somehow gather their children together in somebody's kitchen, and find a teacher for them; somehow take it in turn to go out nursing sick men absolutely unknown to them; somehow try to arrange some little picnic, concert, or dance and build up some sort of semblance of social life as an offset to the more dubious forms of masculine recreation. Often their mud houses—quite literally—fell down on them.

Of course the life had its compensations. When a dance was held, men schemed for days thinking how they might

manage to get them flowers, fresh and brilliant, for the occasion, from Natal three hundred miles away, and on the eventful night itself they kept the women (outnumbered even on such occasions by twenty or thirty to one) on their feet until they could hardly stand.

Even six years after gold had been discovered, and St. Mary's Hall, which was the English church, had been built, this vast preponderance of males still existed. Sunday after Sunday a thousand men would crowd into the hall, and quite a feature of the service was the entry of the half-dozen young women who were teachers at St. Mary's College, to take their seats on on the special form reserved for them. With very occasional exceptions they would be the only women there.

Sunday was the only day on which a great number of men ever saw a woman.

IV

To get the atmosphere, the immediate 'feel' of Cape Town, you may remember, you were advised first of all to make a long tour of the places about it.

That is not the way to get the atmosphere, the immediate feel, of Johannesburg. You make directly for the heart of the city. It is necessary for you to tour only a single room.

In the centre of the city lies Market Square. At one end of Market Square is the city hall. At the other is the public library. At the top of the public library is a room that is called the Johannesburg Room, and that is the room which every visitor to Johannesburg—no matter whether he is a South African or a guest from overseas—should make his first place of call.

It is said that not one in a dozen people who have lived in Johannesburg all their lives has been in that room, and quite a number of such people may learn for the first time of its existence when they read this book. But of that no matter.

All the history of Johannesburg—the complete history, as it was in the beginning and unfolding steadily, sonorously like a chapter of Genesis—is in that room.

And in photographs. That is the point. Cities and towns all over the world may be able to trace their beginnings by a series of old drawings and coloured prints of men and women, perfectly attired according to their period, strolling past the old church or the first town hall, as though in those days that was all there was to be done in life, and nobody doing a hand's turn of work, or nobody's house or workshop deemed proper to appear anywhere in the picture.

But in the beginning of Johannesburg there were already cameras in fairly frequent use, and there is actually a full panoramic picture of the city as it was in that year of 1886 when gold was discovered, and the only name by which it was known was Ferreira's Camp.

A queer, bleak, windswept little collection of about fifty tents and huts, it seems: bearing not even the aspect of a settled village, or hamlet, but rather the appearance of a tiny native location standing far aloof from, and half forgotten by, some village not in the picture.

In the panoramic picture taken the following year the huts and tents are still there, but now they are much more numerous, and already seem to cluster with the stolidity and defiance of some permanency; in the picture taken in 1889 there are one or two quite fine stone buildings, and Mr. Alcock, the iron-monger, displays the fact that he has wallpaper to sell; in the picture taken still ten years later there are not so very many wooden huts to be seen, and one or two of the houses seem almost swallowed up in trees.

If there is one thing more than another that starts off a new train of thought in these pictures, it is the fact that always in the foreground there are the oxen and the ox-wagons. Much has been made of the manner in which the ox helped the early voortrekkers and pioneers to explore vast stretches of South Africa, but very little said or written about the way in which the ox may have contributed to the building up of settled communities in South Africa, and even to its industrial expansion.

In this Johannesburg Room, there is a photograph, for instance, showing three strings of oxen pulling a two-hundred

horse-power boiler, weighing thirty-six thousand pounds, all the three hundred miles from Pietermaritzburg, so that it might assist in the service and expansion of the Ferreira Gold Mining Company.

V

These early Johannesburg photographers had fortunately a very good eye for a picture. As early as 1888—two years after the camp came into being—you find them photographing the men of the camp 'waiting for the European mail': all heavily bowler-hatted and dark-suited, more as if they were attending some church service than a distribution of letters, and not a bit like the traditional mining-camp crowd of the mining-camp film or novel.

Here is a photograph of Mrs. Tandy's School, opened as early as a year after gold was discovered, and as many as fifty children attending; here are photographs of the first fire-brigade, the first sanitary committee, the first churches and their Sunday-school picnics, the first cricket team, formed in the year gold was found, captained by O. J. J. van Wyk, and containing as many Dutch-speaking men as English, all of them wearing ties and the sort of collars men now wear with tail suits, and only one of them wearing any sort of a cricket cap.

Then there were the dinners. They liked their dinners and their suppers in those days. Dinners and suppers took their place beside the concert and the drama as a definite form of social recreation, and over nothing in this whole room does there seem to linger a more wistful melancholy than about these old, faded, elaborately designed menu cards ('AN OLD IRISH STEW SUPPER AT MIDNIGHT. TO A DEAR OLD PAL, LEONARD RAYNE').

The great dinner of the year, it is easy to see, was the anniversary dinner, and it is interesting to note how, as the years crept on, the dinner-jacket came creeping in with them, and finally the white waistcoat.

They are fine examples of the photographer's art, these anniversary dinner pictures, and even in this age of bulb flashes and exposure meters and range-finders it is doubtful

whether modern photographers could produce much better. But the great value of these pictures is that they show—and will remain to show—just what type of men they were who fathered this city that fifty years later was to have a quarter of a million white people within its immediate boundary, and where dinners and dinner-parties with men in dress-clothes, and women in soft fineries (they evidently kept them out of such things in their day), are of nightly occurrence.

You see them here in bulk, in their best bibs and tuckers, as they themselves would probably have expressed it, and feeling good.

They look good: a fine, purposeful, lusty lot of men, drawn from all the odd corners of a whole sub-continent, by the fever of hazard, adventure, and, if you like, acquisitiveness burning in their blood; and it seems as you look into their big, solid-moustached faces that, while they were in the place, Johannesburg could hardly help but get on.

VI

Johannesburg is not one of those cities with which you are likely to fall in love immediately. It is no Cape Town, has no fine serenities of sea and sky and shining sands, no wistfulness of old oak avenues and white Dutch gables, no mothering old mountain in the background to seize at first sight, and hold fast, the heart of the stranger.

But it has atmosphere. It has a very definite atmosphere. It is an atmosphere which very few people assimilate immediately, and quite a number of people declare they will never capture.

'This is not the only city in South Africa or the world I have lived in,' they say, 'and I know that if a city does not appeal to me within three months then it never will.'

'Try nine months and then see,' urges the staunch yet sympathetic Johannesburger, who has been through all this before.

'At the end of nine months I shall feel just the same,' says the newcomer.

In six months it has got him. He cannot quite explain it, but there it is. He knows that Cape Town and Durban and Port Elizabeth and East London are all more beautiful and,

on the face of things, should be better places to live in, but he doesn't want to live in any of them.

He is quite satisfied to live for the remainder of his days in Johannesburg. He has found there something that no other place has yet given him.

VII

You may learn not only the story of Johannesburg in those upper rooms of the Johannesburg Public Library, but the story of all South Africa.

Through the initiative, the patience, and the persistence of the late Dr. J. G. Gubbins, there was formed in the year 1915 the Africana Museum, which has as its object the telling of the whole story of South Africa's history, pictorially and by means of manuscripts, autograph letters, coins, medals, and relics.

This Africana Museum is now housed, this story is now told to you, in these rooms—beginning with pictures of Diaz and the rare first edition of dos Barros's *L'Asie* (1552), with the first mention in print of the Cape of Good Hope, and working on to such things as an early Cape Town printed woodcut portrait of van Riebeeck; the scrapbook of Lady D'Urban, and a programme on silk of a performance at Cape Town of *The Merchant of Venice* attended by Sir Harry Smith; a section of the tree under which Livingstone was buried, and of another tree under which he met Stanley; a baby's bonnet made by Piet Uys's mother and worn by him; letters written by Paul Kruger, Anglo-Boer War relics, including programmes of prisoner-of-war concerts in St. Helena and Ceylon; and so down to the present day.

Dr. Gubbins and his colleagues worked with both thoroughness and foresight. All the way from Batavia they had brought a fragment of van Riebeeck's tomb, which is one of the first things you may see on entering the museum. And in Island Case No. 22 there is the death mask of Tielman Roos, whose intervention in South African politics fourteen or fifteen years ago may, or may not, be regarded as an event of much greater historical importance in years to come than it is to-day.

GOLD—AND TREES

I

As you set out to see modern Johannesburg, take away one abiding memory of that Johannesburg Room in the public library. Keep in mind those earliest photographs of the mining camp of the eighties, and remember that, as far as the eye could reach and the camera could focus, there was not a single tree to be seen.

Walk about the city, go out into the suburbs, and you will not only find trees everywhere, but whole hillsides and valleys covered with them. Indeed, it does not seem too fantastic, but a thing of literal truth, to say that the second wonder of Johannesburg (its gold being its first) is its trees. Without those trees Johannesburg could never have been the beautiful city it is to-day.

Most travelled people will agree that, as industrial cities go, Johannesburg is beautiful. Few industrial cities anywhere can be more clean, have brighter suburbs, or more charming gardens.

Yet of all the builders of modern Johannesburg the tree-planters, perhaps, have been given least credit.

Who were they?

With the assistance of Mr. J. D. M. Keet, the Director of Forestry, the names of some of the men who rendered outstanding service in the planting of trees around Johannesburg are here, perhaps, set down in print for the first time.

There was a Mr. Nelmapius, who began the Irene Estates and planted the present municipal plantation at Groenkloof, Pretoria, on behalf of the Government under the Kruger regime; a Mr. Nelson, who maintained a large nursery at Booyens and did a good deal of contract planting; a Mr. Hume, who planted an arboretum near the Johannesburg Zoo; a Mr. Stirret, curator of Joubert Park. Up to 1903 the Cape Forest Department, under Mr. D. E. Hutchins, helped a good

deal by arranging supplies of tree seeds and transplants from the Cape nurseries, and since that date officials of the old Transvaal Forest Division, under the Crown Government, and notably Mr. C. E. Legat, have carried on the tradition.

The mining houses have also done their share. Alfred Beit, who was the owner of the Saxonwald, actually went so far as to import German foresters to carry out his planting schemes.

To-day the Johannesburg Council plants eight thousand trees every year.

People talk a lot about the materially minded Reef and its very materially minded people. It would be interesting to know if there is any other industrial area in the world where so many men have been imbued with a desire to plant trees and make lakes (you are to hear more about the lake-making later) than in Johannesburg.

II

Like London, Johannesburg is one of those cities that can be very well seen from a tram-top or a bus—better, perhaps, even than from a private car, if only for the reason that the extra height of the tram, and its slower movement, enable one to get a more leisurely and far-reaching view of what may be called its suburban vistas.

It is the suburbs of Johannesburg, the easy access to them, their bright, varied concentration, the way they will spring up from nothing and look like cheerful, long-settled places within four or five years, that are the main attraction of the city.

There are three tram rides you should certainly take: to Forest Hill, Norwood, and Rosebank. The Forest Hill route is particularly interesting because it takes one past the active mining area, where operations have been pushed to a depth of 8,500 feet in the Robinson Deep Mine, and brings one fairly close to those wide flat-topped hills of grey waste matter that have been thrown up in mining and are commonly known as dumps.

It was the fashion a few years ago to decry these dumps, to refer to them only in tones of shame, and make bold, if airy

suggestions, that some sort of tree or grass covering should be discovered for them. But there has been a marked change of late in the attitude of Johannesburg people to their dumps. They tell you of their white, tomb-like ghostliness in the moonlight; of the lovely colours they will sometimes be tinged with by the sunset; and it is a fact that as soon as your genuine Johannesburger sights the dumps from either car, aeroplane, or train, he will welcome them with the same quiet purr of satisfaction as that with which the Cape Town man welcomes the sight of Table Mountain.

There are neither mines nor dumps to be seen on the tram routes to Norwood and Rosebank, but both give an excellent general idea of the development of varying types of suburbs, and the Rosebank route passes the Zoo and the Zoo Lake, where there are some fine old willows—as age must be counted in Johannesburg.

The zoo in Johannesburg is very much more than the zoo. It is the sand and the seashore, the place for both a picnic and a quiet sauntering, the place where thousands of people flock every holiday, if only with the desire of doing something that is a little different from what is done on an ordinary day. Not only a Rosebank car, but a car marked 'Zoo' or 'Zoo Lake' will get you there, and the visit is well worth making.

Africa, more than any continent in the world, is the home of wild life, and if the second largest city in that continent (Cairo is the largest) cannot somehow contrive to assemble a good zoo, it would seem a very bad job—particularly as there is a tremendous amount of bartering among the great zoos of the world, and a zoo in Africa should be in a supreme position to barter.

Moreover, South Africa is in a more or less central position for the gathering of zoo specimens from the other great wild animal producing countries in the world—India and Malaya, South America and the Antarctic, Java and, to some extent, Australia. Walk an hour or two round the Johannesburg Zoo, and there cannot be very many types of animals in the world you will not see.

But it is naturally the African section of the zoo that is outstanding, and, as there should be, there are always some very fine specimens of lion to be seen. Some of the finest lions are descended from 'Old Mac,' one of the largest lions ever in captivity, and a playful, good-tempered fellow, in spite of the fact that when he was captured as a cub one of his front paws was broken and had to be amputated.

Up to his death three or four years ago, the most notable lion specimen in the zoo was Samson, and round Samson there once circulated a world-wide tale—still circulates, for that matter. And it is a tale that Johannesburg people still love to tell.

Samson belonged as a cub to the late Mr. E. F. Wells, and used to romp about Mr. Wells's garden with a number of Alsatian puppies, one of which was named Delilah. Samson actually used to kennel with Delilah, and when the time came for Samson to leave the garden and go to the zoo, Delilah went along with him, and occupied the same cage, to keep him from fretting.

The only time they were ever apart was when Delilah was taken for a run, and then Samson would pace restlessly about the cage until Delilah returned, and in the joy of their reunion they would sit licking and pawing each other.

The strange companionship attracted attention not only in South Africa but in Europe and America, and all Johannesburg flocked week after week to see them. Some people spoke of the association not only as unnatural, but cruel, and there were those who did not hesitate to predict that one morning the keeper would go along with two lots of food and find only one mouth to feed.

The curator of the zoo, Mr. T. Bayne, knew better. He had more opportunity of studying the association of the animals than any one, and was satisfied that their affection for each other was both genuine and deep-seated.

But, of course, it could not go on for ever. Came the fine, handsome young lioness, Queenie the Second—and Delilah had to go. She went to live with Mr. Bayne, and

day was frisking harmlessly about a horse's heels when horse suddenly kicked out and killed her.

It is almost certain that Delilah, the dog, would have lived many years longer if she had stayed in the cage with Samson, the lion.

III

Like Cape Town, Johannesburg is fortunate in having a park, Joubert Park, that is right in the centre of the city and but three or four minutes' walk from the main railway station. And it, too, like the public gardens at Cape Town, is an excellent focal point for places like the art gallery, the cathedral, and the university.

The art gallery is actually in the park, and one of the most remarkable pictures to be seen there is Théodore Géricault's 'Passage du Ravin.' It seems strange to find such an important work, by such an important painter, who died so young, in a South African gallery.

See also Sir Henry Raeburn's 'Portrait of Mrs. Robinson-Reid' (a really exquisite portrait, in a bewitching technique); Courbet's 'Falaises, Étretat' (called 'Seascape' in the catalogue); Sisley's 'Riverside at Veneux' (an outstanding picture by this fine impressionist); Walter H. Deverell's 'Harvesters on the Roadside' (one of the last works by this to-day most acceptable Pre-Raphaelite, who died when only twenty-six years old); John S. Sargent's 'Santa Maria delle Salute' (a masterpiece of clever painting); and Rodin's 'Portrait of Miss Fairfax.' And as a specimen of South African sculpture, you are directed to Moses Kottler's 'Meidjie,' which is being increasingly recognized as an important piece of work.

Alfred Beit bequeathed, in the early years of Johannesburg's history, an estate called the Frankenwald for the purposes of a university.

The Witwatersrand University in Milner Park may not have quite the view that the Cape Town University has stretching before it, but its site is fine and commanding. Tragedy befell it in 1931, when fire destroyed thirty-five thousand volumes in

its library, but donations of books and money flowed in from all over South Africa and the world, so that three years later H.R.H. Prince George was able to open a new library costing £45,000, and accommodating seven hundred and fifty thousand volumes. Some idea of the capacity of the university, as a whole, may be gained from the fact that its main hall in the library seats three hundred students. It was of this university that Mr. J. H. Hofmeyer, former Acting Prime Minister of South Africa when General Smuts was away, was principal. Passing his Matric at twelve, graduating B.A. with first-class honours at fifteen, gaining his M.A. at seventeen, winning a first-class in moderations, and a first-class in 'greats' at Oxford, he was principal of the Witwatersrand University for five years before becoming Administrator of the Transvaal at the age of twenty-nine. At fifty-two, he can carry, with ease, if necessity arises, three or four portfolios, is South Africa's best after-dinner speaker, and, in spite of his own academic success, a severe critic of academic snobbery and a warm advocate of technical education.

The South African Institute of Medical Research; the hospital, which has one thousand two hundred and fifty beds and is the largest in the British Commonwealth (Vancouver had twelve hundred beds); and the Wanderers' ground, on which cricket and soccer test matches are played, and dog races run, are all more or less in this area.

Not far distant is the Observatory of the Union of South Africa, where, on Wednesday evenings by previous application to the Union Astronomer, Gill Street Observatory, Johannesburg, visitors may see the stars

IV

You should also try and arrange a visit—ask the Publicity Association people how to go about it—to the Stock Exchange, which has been the scene of so much activity, of individual triumph and disaster, during the last few years.

Fourteen or fifteen years ago, when the gold boom of that era was in full swing, one stockbroker alone bought for his

clients no less than £58,000 worth of scrip one day before noon. People who hadn't the slightest idea of what a broker's job in life really was began to write them letters: 'I have £25 in savings, and I would like you to take this and make it into £100 for me. I would be so grateful if you would' (an actual quotation).

Other people came forward with sums ranging from £50 to several thousands, and asked brokers to deal with them on the basis of sharing half of the profits. They were always certain of the profits.

Needless to say, such proposals were not entertained.

Everybody caught the fever.

When women met one another they asked: 'Are you doing anything on the market?' And no one imagined for a moment they were speaking about the vegetable market. 'We're doing very well, thank you,' they would reply. Or perhaps: 'No. Charlie's a bit slow, you know.'

Office-boys, messenger-boys, and lift-boys working near the Stock Exchange formed themselves into a group and somehow managed to scrape together £75, which they put into one of the cheapest stocks they could find. The stock was quite worthless, but even the poorest stock responds to an upward movement, and when those not in the know saw this small stock moving, they at once began to buy. The boys knew what they were doing and 'got out' at £250.

People sold their houses, their insurance policies, anything they could lay hands on, to buy gold shares—until April 1937. And then came Black Friday, when quite a lot of shares sank forty-five shillings in a day, and Black Tuesday, when they sank still further, and days that people ceased to call black because for a week or two one day seemed to be just as black as another.

Just as they clamoured to buy, now people clamoured to sell, and the more people sold, the greater became the panic and the lower sank the shares. Thousands of people had to alter their whole basis of living as a result of that crash, and some of them are probably still paying their debts.

And then, of course, in the early months of 1946 came the great boom of the new Free State goldfields, about which you are to hear much more later. The announcement of the 23,037 inch-dwt. strike by Western Holdings and Blinkpoort resulted, as the newspapers of the day stated, in 'chaos' on the Johannesburg Stock Exchange. When Blinkpoorts were dealt in after High 'Change, shares changed hands from 42s. to 80s. in a few seconds. An ex-volunteer broker was reported as saying: 'I took part in the retreat from Tobruk, but that was "kid stakes" to this.' It was said that the floor was so packed that dealers were powerless to move about and prices fluctuated between 78s. and 97s. within the radius of a yard.

All over the Union, and particularly in the Free State itself, which is a province normally aloof from the gold fever, thousands of people bought shares who had never held a mining share in their lives before. The position began to get serious. Because withdrawals exceeded deposits, some building societies restricted loans. The Postmaster-General, in giving figures showing that withdrawals were exceeding deposits in the Post Office Savings Bank, and Union Loan Certificates, remarked: 'You can draw your own conclusions.'

Mr. C. J. Sibbett, founder and chairman of the National Thrift Organization, one of the Union's most successful efforts in social work, took the opportunity of saying a few words on the subject when presenting the 90,000,000th Union Loan Certificate to the Governor-General at Durban. 'It is true,' said Mr. Sibbett, 'that for the last two years one could hardly make a mistake—practically every share, irrespective of its real worth, has been appreciating in price. This has happened before, and in every case it has been followed by a crash—a Black Friday. One should remember the disaster which befell many homes when the market boom burst in Johannesburg on 9th April 1937. Millions of savings of the small man went down the drain.'

Dr. M. H. de Kock, Governor of the Reserve Bank, 'while realizing that it was a delicate and unpopular matter to discuss at this stage, felt that he could not evade the responsibility of

sounding a note of caution.' A mass speculative fever, he said, had developed 'which had caused too large a proportion of the public to neglect discretion and discrimination.'

All this, of course, does not mean that there is anything in the slightest way inherently unsound about the new Free State goldfields—as will be made quite clear later. It merely means that scores of thousands of people have bought shares and do not either know anything about the standing of their shares, or have the necessary temperament for holding shares. There may come labour troubles, an international deadlock, or some odd, almost inexplicable, lull in the market, when all shares may drop a few shillings. The experienced holder does not worry, but the inexperienced little holders begin to sell. When that begins to happen there is always the danger of others selling, of a panic setting in, and of panic leading to a Black Friday.

v

There is romance not only in the history of Johannesburg's Stock Exchange, but in the rise of its property market.

There was Mr. Auret Pritchard, of Pritchard Street, already mentioned, who would tell you that in the early days of Johannesburg he had so little faith in the future of the place that, though the Government offered to pay him his survey fees in stands, he declined the offer and took cash. At that time stands on which Eloff Street, the main street of the city, now exists, were being sold for from £7 10s. to £20—and the site value of Eloff Street to-day must run into millions of pounds. That was in December 1886.

Mr. Hunter McLea, another of the city's pioneers, who died in 1941, could point to a site which he actually bought for another man in the following year for £45, that sold in 1934 with a municipal land valuation of £31,500. In 1888 Mr. J. Schoen bought for £40 the entire block opposite the Magistrate's Court Buildings in Rissik Street on which Escom, Geneva, and Locarno Houses are now situated—buildings which to-day must be worth well over a million pounds.

The stand on which the Carlton Hotel is situated, and which is now estimated to be worth at least £250,000, was once sold for £50.

Some idea of the extraordinary rise in property values since South Africa went off the gold standard in 1932 may be gathered from the fact that when Quinn's Corner, at the corner of Market and Eloff Streets, and generally regarded as the hub of the city, was sold in 1937, the price paid, £155,000, was almost double the municipal value at the time.

And the residential sites in the suburbs have also shown a remarkable rise, and a large number of what are called 'small men'—men who have been content to ride on the back of the boom with their feet well out of the whirlpool—have benefited accordingly: more handsomely, and certainly with a greater degree of safety, than anybody. Sites in a suburban district like Lower Houghton, for instance, rose from £500 to £1,500 in five years, and it is nothing new to come across a man who may have paid £400 for an acre refusing £1,000 for it in a few months.

And not only Johannesburg has benefited by the boom. The rise of the neighbouring towns has been just as sensational. In 1936 land known as Meyer's Farm at Germiston was sold to a Johannesburg syndicate for development purposes for £67,000. Meyer's Farm was but a portion of the farm which Messrs. John Jack and August Simmer (and after whom the Simmer and Jack Mine is called) leased as a general farm in the year 1885 at a rental of ten bags of wheat and twenty rolls of tobacco.

In Johannesburg are the highest buildings in Africa. Go out to Northcliffe, where fine tea-rooms and an open-air dance hall have been built on the site to which people used to climb to get the finest view of Johannesburg, if you want to see them at the best.

Escom House rises to a height of two hundred and thirty-six feet six inches, and is the highest building in Johannesburg, although Anstey's Buildings at the corner of Jeppe and Joubert Streets are only eighteen inches shorter.

Only twenty-four years ago, as Mr. Theo E. G. Cutten has

pointed out, Johannesburg was proudly known as the city of four-story buildings, but to-day there are two with more than twenty stories, and quite a number with ten to twelve.

In the first ten months of 1934 the total value of plans passed by the municipality reached £4,909,319, and the figure for 1935 was actually £6,500,000—three times as great as in 1925, which wasn't reckoned such a bad year either.

Here and there an old building of the pioneer days may be seen—Goodman's Buildings in Commissioner Street, for instance, which was built in 1888 and was one of the first double-story buildings erected, and the 'Golden Mortar,' also in Commissioner Street, which was built in the same year.

The Council and the Government are spending money as well as private people.

A year before the war started, it was anticipated that nearly £10,000,000 of public money—for housing schemes for Europeans and also for natives, for more electrical plants, and for the making of new main arteries in the city—was to be spent in Johannesburg during the next five years.

While the war has held back some of these schemes, there can be no doubt that as soon as material gets more plentiful, the tide of building will flow as strongly as ever in Johannesburg's history. People may be fully justified in talking about the recently discovered Free State goldfields as the 'new Rand,' but that does not mean that the old Rand appears to be weakening in any way. Rather the reverse. With its population of 750,000 (of whom 325,000 are Europeans) Johannesburg is developing so rapidly that consideration is now being given by the Johannesburg Traffic Department to a plan for traffic tunnels, and parking space for 10,000 vehicles, submitted by Mr. D. M. Sheridan, a mining engineer. Mr. Sheridan has estimated the cost roughly at £6,000,000 to £7,000,000, and he says that if work was started at once the scheme could be completed in less than four years.

Already there is in progress a vast plan to extend railway facilities in the region of the Johannesburg railway station, which has meant the absorption of the famous cricket and soccer

ground known as The Wanderers', scene of many an exciting international test match and, in its way, one of the best-known sports grounds in the world. South Africans remember that it was on this ground, as far back as 1888, that the first English cricket team, including three such immortals as Bobby Abel, Johnny Briggs, and Frank Hearne, took the field—led by none other than Sir Aubrey Smith, as we know that fine old film actor to-day, but known in those days by South Africans as 'Round-the-corner Smith,' because he had a very slick, neat way of turning even the fastest ball off his pads round the corner to leg.

Of course, South African sportsmen all over the Union rose in their fear, then in their anguish, and finally in their wrath against the Railway Administration for wanting to absorb The Wanderers'. They suggested, and got technicians to suggest, half a dozen different schemes. They signed petitions at the rate of scores of thousands, they finally appealed to the Supreme Court. But throughout it all Mr. Claude Sturrock, then Minister of Transport, a minister not without vision, and who was never frightened by a scheme because of its bigness, sat tight with all the stubbornness and pertinacity of his Scottish ancestry. His expert advisers had said that it was necessary in the everyday, bread-and-butter national interest for The Wanderers' to be absorbed—and so must it be.

But when at last it was decided that the next cricket tests against England and Australia should be played at Ellis Park, the Transvaal Rugby headquarters, and solace and comfort was offered in the fact that 60,000 spectators would now be able to see the games, Mr. H. B. Keartland, a doyen of South Africa's sports commentators and critics, wrote of the departure from The Wanderers' as 'tearing at the very heartstrings.'

VI

There are two things which no visitor to Johannesburg should leave Johannesburg without seeing and doing. He must see a mine-dance, and he must go down a gold mine—both of which

privileges may be arranged for him through the local Publicity Association.

What the stranger must realize is that there come to work on the gold mines scores of thousands of natives from the kraals, and these natives have to be kept amused, and to be given recreational outlet such as they find in their tribal homes. Natives love nothing better than dressing up and dancing, and so dance teams are formed, as football teams might be formed, each with its distinctive costume and style of dancing, and these teams give occasional public performances—generally on a Sunday morning.

They perform under the leadership of a native, chosen for his fine physique, wearing a more fantastic costume even than the members of his team, and conducting them by means of shrill whistles and grotesque, lightning-like gestures. For music, there is quite a large orchestra of drums and men playing on a sort of native-made xylophone.

The natives stand in great long lines, and chant and gesticulate and throw about their arms and twist their bodies and stamp their feet all in amazing unison and rhythm.

It is that perpetual stamping that is so terrifying. They stamp until the earth seems to tremble.

The authentic note of Africa—Darkest Africa, as some people still love to call it—is in that stamping.

You will find when you receive from the Transvaal Chamber of Mines your card of permission to go down a gold mine, these words printed in red type: 'WARNING: Persons who are not in robust health should on no account go underground. Rubber soles should not be worn.'

That first warning is certainly apt, whatever the second may be. There is nothing to be frightened about in going down a gold mine, but it can be, and generally is, a fairly strenuous experience. It is good that it should be so. Everybody, at some time of life, should at least spend three or four hours down some sort of mine in order that they may have the right respect for a miner (which is generally, but shouldn't be, several stages below the respect people normally have for sailors), and

an understanding of the temperament he must inevitably develop in a lesser or greater degree.

Three or four hours down any mine will convince you that, putting all question of work on one side, it is something of a physical and mental feat to stay down a mine all day, and day after day. And when you reach the surface and the daylight again, a little reflection may equally convince you that it is quite natural that miners the world over should be the freest-spending members of the community, which does not necessarily mean prodigal spenders.

Every time a miner comes on top to greet the daylight again he must experience that feeling of release, that desire to expand, to mildly celebrate.

VII

See that you are there on time to go down your mine at Johannesburg. There are lots of mines on the Reef, and each mine has its different visiting day, and your taxi-driver may not find it as easy to locate your mine as he may at first think.

Men are supplied with shorts or khaki slacks, khaki shirts, white dust coats, and oilskin hats. Even if you have come in old clothes, you will find it more comfortable to change. You are going where it is very hot and humid, and you will perspire even in your shorts and shirt. The dust coat is a handy thing to clutch round you when you are in the cooler, more draughty sections of the mine.

Women cannot very well be supplied with anything but dust coats and oilskin hats, and they should come, therefore, in old clothes and in the most workmanlike shoes and stockings they possess.

'If your ears feel blocked, they will come all right when you are underground. Or hold your nose and blow!' the miner who is conducting the party will probably tell you as you huddle together in the cage and drop down at the rate of three thousand feet a minute.

It may take you an hour or two, walking along corridors

sometimes so low that you are forced to bend double, before you come to the spot where the actual drilling is taking place, and the further you get into the mine the hotter it grows.

You are not kept long at the place where the drilling is going on; where a native, at the instruction of a white miner, both stripped to the buff and yet perspiring heavily, is thrusting into the side of the rock one of those compressed air drills you have seen men using in turning up metallised roads.

You see, of course, no vein, or chunk or nugget of gold, or anything of that sort. The drilling is to dislodge pieces of speckled rock, and these pieces of rock are loaded as coal might be loaded into wagons that go clanking their way along the levels, warning bells tolling, and red and green headlights gleaming, on their way to the skips or cages that take the stuff up to the surface.

You spend about two hours below, and an hour watching the various processes by which the gold is extracted from the nougat-like rock on the surface, and which you are likely to follow and appreciate according to your chemical and mechanical bent, or lack of it.

The climax of the whole visit is when you arrive at a huge safe at which two men, each with a separate and essential key, are always watching, and the safe is opened and a brick of purest gleaming gold is brought out for your inspection.

You are allowed to lift it up and smooth your hands about it, and ask how much gold you may, for once in your lifetime, be handling. 'Oh, I should say that that is valued at about £6,300,' you are told.

If you want to read the full and detailed story of gold-mining on the Reef, read Mr. Jacobsson's *Fifty Golden Years of the Rand*, which has the merit of being accurate and comprehensive enough to satisfy the expert, and yet is written in easy and non-technical language so that all who read may follow.

But here are one or two facts about the industry which everybody should know.

In an average year immediately preceding the war, the Rand produced gold valued at over £80,000,000. It paid

out about £26,000,000 for the year on salaries and wages and approximately £29,000,000 on stores. The number of Europeans employed was approaching 40,000, while the native labour force was over 313,000.

Since the Reef was first discovered gold to the value of £1,200,000,000 has been extracted in a little over half a century.

This gold has not merely represented wealth in itself, but it has been the blood stream that has stimulated the production of further wealth in every corner of the sub-continent.

THOSE REEF TOWNS

I

SOME day you must motor out and see the towns that lie outside Johannesburg—the Reef towns, as they are called, that lie on the East Rand and the West Rand. Until a few years ago very little notice was taken of them. They were snubbed as mere suburbs—and not the most picturesque suburbs—of Johannesburg. They cannot be treated that way now. They have become fine flourishing towns—four of them, Germiston, Benoni, Springs, and Krugersdorp, among the first twelve towns of the Union.

Nine miles from Johannesburg, on the East Rand, is Germiston, third city in the Transvaal, and sixth in the Union, with its white population of over 51,000.

Up to 1932 all the unrefined gold bullion produced on the mines of the Rand was sent to England, and the refining done there. But sixteen years ago the mines decided to do their own refining, the Rand Gold Refinery was established, and Germiston selected as the most central site in relation to the gold mines for its erection.

Now from this bright, bustling, but unostentatious town on the outskirts of Johannesburg approximately eleven million ounces of gold a year are refined and sent away, representing no less than fifty-five per cent of the gold production of the whole world, and saving the mining industry itself, it is said, £2,000,000 in the last six years.

Little more than sixty years ago the entire population of the place lived in a one-story hotel, or under canvas, and built open fires at night to frighten the wild animals that came in search of food.

In the year 1887 a well-known gold prospector, Mr. Charles Knox, who had had much previous experience of gold-bearing formations on the Ballarat goldfields of Australia, was engaged

by Mr. John Jack to report on the gold-bearing possibilities of Elandsfontein, as it was then called.

The report was of such promise that the place was very quickly surveyed as a township. Mr. Jack, associated, as already said, with Mr. Simmer, set up in a general mercantile business and was so successful that both men were able to retire within five years.

Lord Buxton, a former Governor-General of the Union, prophesied in the year 1915 that there would come a day when Germiston would be known as 'the Clapham Junction of South Africa.' It is that to-day. Germiston is the largest railway junction in the Union. There is a greater service of goods trains operating to and from Germiston than at any centre.

And where there are junctions there come—if people are enterprising enough to bring them—factories. The difficulty is often to get just one industry to lead the way: to act as a sort of bell-wether for the others.

Thirty-four years ago the late Morris Kalmek and his brother David opened the first clothing factory in the Transvaal, in Knox Street, Germiston, with four sewing-machines. To-day in the Transvaal there are no less than fifty clothing and shirt factories, and the capital invested in plant, buildings, and materials amounts to £1,250,000.

Here also at Germiston is the great power station of the Victoria Falls and Transvaal Power Company. The Electricity Supply Commission is the largest power supply organization, generating from coal, outside the British Empire. It is one of the first landmarks of Germiston that loom up as one approaches it on the main line from the Cape in the early hours of the morning.

But easily the outstanding feature of that approach, as one stretches in one's pyjamas, and peers sleepily through the carriage window, is to find the train running alongside—a quite considerable lake!

This is Lake Victoria, which has not only boasted of boating and yachting clubs for the past twenty-eight years, but is now the home of the speed boat.

There is, indeed, quite a miniature lake district on the Witwatersrand.

II

Boksburg, which is fifteen miles from Germiston, also has its lake—and there is quite a good story to be told about it.

Not very many people know that, after Johannesburg, Boksburg, named after the state secretary of the Transvaal Republic, Dr. Bok, is the oldest township on the Witwatersrand. It is also a town that, quite apart from the gold found in its own area, has played a prominent, an essential, part in the development of the gold industry as a whole.

No sooner has industry of any sort been established anywhere than there comes the cry for coal, and the power coal brings with it. Gold mining had been in progress for two years on the Rand, and still coal was being carted from the Natal collieries and sold at very high prices. The situation was all the more desperate, since nowhere were there trees that could be used for fuel. And then suddenly in 1888, men who were prospecting for gold east of Boksburg found traces of coal there; in a very short time coal was being mined for the first time in the Transvaal; and at one time there were some dozen collieries in and around Boksburg, and the gold industry had all the coal for power that it needed.

Boksburg not only gave the Reef its first power. It may claim to have been the first pioneer of beauty of the Reef—the most difficult and unpopular pioneer rôle of all, perhaps, in those early days when practically everybody had their eyes glued to the dull, scarred earth for the wealth it might bring them, and so enable them to flee away to places where beauty might be.

When Mr. Montagu White took over the position of Mining Commissioner in charge of the Boksburg Goldfields in 1888, there existed there a very puny and miserable vlei—a small, stagnant stretch of water that in England would hardly be called a pond. And every time Mr. White looked at this vlei he saw a lake, surrounded by beautiful gardens, that should

not only be like an oasis amid a barrenness that was abhorrent to him, but gleam like a lamp and a torch to the builders of the future cities of the Reef. And he not only dreamed of this thing, but spoke about it and fought for it. Obstacle after obstacle was placed in his way, but in the end the Republican Government asked him to mark out the boundaries of his proposed lake, and President Kruger himself came over to see it.

'You asked for a lake, and now you have gone and marked out an inland sea,' said the old president—as was his way. But having said that, he said no more, gave his consent to Mr. White going on with his scheme, and left him to it.

It was perhaps fortunate for Mr. White that just about that time the jail in Johannesburg should be overcrowded, and when an appeal was made to him to accommodate convicts in Boksburg he at once insisted that they should be coloured and long-term—good, hefty labouring material and available long enough to see the job through.

The tragedy was that two years later when the job was finished, that year of 1890 was one of the worst drought years ever known on the Rand, and there was no water to fill it!

There it stood, week after week, and month after month, its embankments reared above the surrounding ground, and looking more like some sort of fortress than a lake, while people talked about the Mining Commissioner who amused himself by making mud mounds and mud pools when he might have been doing other things, and jeered at his handiwork as White's Folly, or the Isle of White.

And then one night there came a cloudburst; and in the morning there, as large as life, was Boksburg's lake: from that very morning Boksburg's proudest possession, and growing more soft and sylvan and lake-like year by year.

Nor did Mr. White's work stop there. He planted forty thousand trees about the lake, and his example spread until to-day Boksburg is probably the best-wooded town in the whole Rand area.

Not so much has been written about the early days of Boksburg as about the early days of Johannesburg, but both

Mr. George Constable and Mr. William Hills have written enough to show that the place lacked nothing of the atmosphere of the pioneer town, and it certainly had its characters.

One of its most noted characters was Mr. E. B. Henery, better known as 'Nobby,' who established 'Nobby's Bar,' and allowed the Baptists to begin the first religious work in the town by holding services in the billiard room directly adjoining the bar.

Then there was another hotel keeper, 'Daddy' Carpenter, landlord of the 'Cricketer's Arms,' who actually acted as a sort of lay preacher for the township and conducted the rites at funerals. He was also an enthusiastic organizer of concerts, which seem mainly to have been held during those days to pay for the establishment of a cemetery; and it is on record that at one of these early entertainments a couple dared to arrive in evening dress. The incident seemed such a deliberate affront and challenge to the free-and-easiness of life during those days that at every opportunity the couple were subjected to a general chorus of catcalls, until the gentleman in evening dress at last rose and invited any one who had any further criticisms to make on his dress to come outside, and make a little closer personal acquaintance with the man inside it.

But that, of course, was long, long ago, as long ago is counted on the Witwatersrand. To-day new mines are opening both to the south and south-east of the town, and already new townships have been opened up to meet the new influx of young people from all over the Union. And Boksburg, like all the other Reef towns, is endeavouring to attract all the industries it can so that it may have good stout props on which to lean when its gold mines are no more. At present, it can claim to be the centre of the biggest wheelbarrow factory in the Union—established by two brothers in the short space of seven years.

News has just been published of a first-class capture which any city or town in the Union would have welcomed. Messrs. Lever Bros. (S.A.) (Pty.), Ltd., have purchased from the Boksburg Town Council fifty-five erven on which they will erect buildings and plant costing £1,500,000 for the manu-

facture of margarine, other edible products, soaps, perfumes, and oils, etc. This latest development means that Boksburg has now sold land on which plant and buildings are to be erected to a value of £2,050,000 and employing over 4,500 workers.

III

Five miles beyond Boksburg is Benoni.

‘Benoni? Now why do they call it Benoni?’

Most people want to know that. Benoni takes its name from a farm, but why was the farm called Benoni—by a Hebrew word from the Bible that means ‘Son of my Sorrow’? No one, it seems, has ever satisfactorily answered that question.

There was one dark period of the town’s history when a few people began to mutter and agitate for a change in the name—arguing that no town with such a name could ever know peace and prosper. Names like ‘London’ and ‘Pax’ were suggested.

But the old Benonians would have none of it. And they were right. No town could look less a ‘Son of Sorrow’ than Benoni looks to-day—or act less like one. Without a five-mile radius of the town are mines that produce nearly half the Rand’s gold output and contribute to the national revenue well over £5,000,000.

Where else in the world will one find a town of the youth and size of Benoni contributing £5,000,000 to the national revenue?

And it is neither a smug nor a blatant prosperity that Benoni enjoys. There is something bland and smiling about it: more bland and smiling than you have probably ever known about a mining town before. Its gardens, its avenues, its parks, its trees and flowers, planted in public places wherever it is possible for trees and flowers to exist, make Benoni the garden town of the Reef.

It has to thank Sir George Farrar, the mine magnate, who was really responsible for the beginning of the town, for this. Farrar was a natural town-planner in days when town-planners,

as such, were unknown. He tried to look a long way ahead, and make Benoni a town which people would some day applaud and admire; and so near was the place to his heart that it is said he would have called it Bedford, after his own home town, and the town in which he went to school, had there not already been a Bedford in the Cape Colony. And so Benoni it was left.

Yet the air of Bedford, if not quite the atmosphere, lingers over the place. There is a Bedford Avenue and a Bedford Street, and Cranbourne, Woburn, Ampthill, Mowbray, Elstow, and Kempston Avenues — all names commemorating the beautiful villages round the stately old English county town. There is, too, a Bunyan Street. And there, oddly enough, nearly all the churches are.

IV

Even in Johannesburg, and on the Reef itself, few people realize how rapidly Brakpan, three miles beyond Benoni, has grown. It grew at a time when people were not interested in expansion as they are to-day.

Less than forty years ago Brakpan was what South Africans call 'just bare veld.' To-day it has a population of seventeen thousand Europeans and a rateable value of nearly five million pounds. Brakpan was first laid out as a township in the year 1912 as part of Benoni, and so apparent were the possibilities of the place that before ever a stand was sold a large and well-appointed railway station was nearly completed.

'It was a strange sight,' Mr. Francis G. Drummond has written, 'to see this station rearing itself in the midst of virgin veld, untenanted save for a small wood and iron building some five hundred yards away, bearing the proud designation: "Township Office."'

But when the sale of stands took place crowds flocked from all parts of the Reef to the auction mart in Johannesburg, and bid excitedly for the stands about the railway station and where it had been decided to establish the post office. One hundred stands were sold on the first day for £20,000, and the succeeding days showed no abatement in demand.

The strange thing is that since those days—and nobody seems to quite know why—Brakpan has steadily and persistently refused to form itself about the railway station and the post office. The town has drifted directly away from the railway line, and sites almost unwanted at the original sale have risen to remarkable values.

That is always the gamble that must be undertaken in regard to new towns—a gamble, for it is little else, on which way the town will grow. And nowhere may one find better examples than in the short history of the Reef. The only thing that the people who have gambled the wrong way can do about it is to wait until the town grows to such an extent that the right way becomes overgrown, and there is a revulsion of feeling in favour of the wrong way again.

And that is what is happening in Brakpan—and what quite a number of people would like to see happening in Johannesburg.

V

In the years just before the second world war, there was no name in South Africa with more lure and magic about it than the name of Springs, which lies half a dozen miles beyond Brakpan.

It was not only the miners who rushed to the place. All over South Africa young men—attorneys, drapers, architects, grocers, accountants, and bricklayers—had it whispered into their ears by their knowing elders: 'It's no good trying to set up a business in a dead-and-alive hole like this, my boy. You may make a living, but you'll never get anywhere. Now what you want to do is to take the next train to Springs and start on your own. If only I were a young man . . .'

It is possibly talk like this—quite legitimate talk, by the way—that has caused so many people in South Africa, and even on the Rand, to think that no such place as Springs existed before 1934. But as the Rev. W. Menzies, M.A., has pointed out in Allister Macmillan's *Environs of the Golden City* (possibly the most complete account of the Reef towns yet

assembled), its history goes back as far as 1883, and Mr. Menzies has gone to considerable pains to find out how its name—strangely symbolic, in a way, of its future—may have arisen.

There was only a bare patch of land without a single habitation when, at the request of the Government of the period, James Brooks first surveyed the place, yet even at that time Brooks was so impressed by the quite prodigal supplies of water that it seemed that, if a name had to be found for the place, then it must have something to do with water.

Mr. Menzies thinks he must have played about with the idea of his own name—Brooks, or possibly Brooklands, and only dropped it when he realized that brook in Dutch meant trousers (*broek*), and such a name might be a severe handicap. It was then that he hit on the name of Springs.

German settlers played quite a big part in the earliest history of Springs.

The first inhabitant appears to have been a Mr. Neubauer ('meaning new builder,' points out Mr. Menzies, 'and what a fascinatingly appropriate name'), who set up as a storekeeper and hotel keeper, assisted by a Mr. Hammerschlag. Then, in 1886, the store was taken over by Mr. Elias Lorge, who, at the time this book is being written, is still hale and hearty, and it is the delight of everybody to greet and know him as Springs' oldest citizen. Not long after Mr. Lorge arrived Springs knew a boom—a minor boom, of course, to what it has known lately, but still a boom. Coal was discovered, the directors of the Republican Railways decided to launch the Springs Colliery and establish their railway workshops here; and it is worthy of note that it was a German, Herr Munscheid, who was placed in charge of the colliery, and that a second colliery was shortly opened in Springs through the initiative of two other Germans, Hermann Michaelis and Fritz Eysel.

Their decision to sell out was responsible for bringing to the town an outstanding figure in its early progress and social life: Mr. E. J. Jones. He was one of the first, if not the first, says Mr. Menzies, to advocate deep-level mining, and thus

may lay claim to a place as one of the makers of modern Johannesburg.

VI

Did Sir Walter Scott ever imagine for a moment, when he wrote his novel *The Fortunes of Nigel*, that a town might be named after it in distant South Africa, and by a man whose own name was neither Scottish nor English?

Nigel, last and newest town on the East Rand, was once named Varkensfontein—the Spring of the Wild Hogs—and was owned by Lang Piet Marais. In Scott's novel there is much scheming and planning by several interested busybodies to get hold of a certain estate, and at the time Marais was reading Sir Walter Scott that was what several people were trying to do about Varkensfontein, since it had been suspected that the reef in its richest vein ran through it.

Marais determined to stand fast as Nigel himself stood fast, and when at last it was decided to establish a mine there and that he should have half share, then there was only one name that could possibly be given the company.

He wanted it christened, and he had his way, the Nigel Gold Mining Company. And now a town is called Nigel in honour of the company.

THE PLACE OF DISCOVERY

I

THOSE, then, are the towns of the East Rand. Some day you must visit the towns of the West Rand: Langlaagte, Florida, Roodépoort, Randfontein, and Krugersdorp.

Here we enter what may be called the Place of Discovery. Langlaagte, it is claimed by a number of people, is the place where George Walker found what is called the main reef, and a few pioneers have had erected here a monument to his memory. Walker has already been mentioned as accompanying Harrison to Oosthuizen's farm when Harrison gave his certificate that he was of opinion that payable gold existed there. For some time, it appears, Walker was employed by a pioneer named Fred Struben, to whom a diligent student of Reef history like Mr. Hedley Chilvers, author of *Out of the Crucible*, the most complete and readable history of early Johannesburg yet written, gives the credit of doing the 'spade work in establishing the gold industry on the Rand.'

Struben found the parallel subsidiary reefs and followed up his belief in the existence of a great reef of gold to the point of personal sacrifice, sleeping in the shelter of rocks, often ill-nourished and not always well clad. It was his epic spirit that prepared the way.

Walker had finished the task of building a shack assigned him by Struben, and had turned to doing a little house-building a few miles away. The farmer for whom Walker was building had a quarry, and one day Walker went down to see it, and noticed that the stone was of conglomerate type, and that the doorway of an adjoining stable was of conglomerate stone. In it he saw visible gold, and not long after, while out walking, he accidentally kicked against an outcrop of gold-bearing rock. 'I have found the Main Reef!' he cried as he ran back excitedly to the farm. . . .

Mr. Chilvers chooses to tell us little more about 'poor Walker,' as he calls him, than that there was a Homeric note of tragedy about his end:

He was not of the type that accumulates a fortune. His little frailties were all too human for the inhumanities of wealth; and so he, who strolling about in the sunlight was destined to find the reef worth £2,000,000,000—as its content has been roughly assessed—worked on and died in poverty.

At Langlaagte you may see, if you inquire, the homestead formerly occupied by the Oosthuizen on which gold and subsequently the Reef were first discovered. You may have to make quite a number of inquiries, for people about Langlaagte, and Johannesburg generally, are still too close to the event in which the homestead, now much modernized, figured so sensationally, to see the immense significance and glamour of it.

Riding in hot haste from Kimberley, where he had heard rumours of the discovery, came J. B. Robinson, later Sir J. B. Robinson, and known in his last years as 'old J. B.,' who had already shown considerable financial daring and acumen on the diamond fields, and was now to show more daring and acumen than ever when it came to staking his whole future on a discovery of gold that was still being ridiculed as idle chatter.

Sleeping the night at the Oosthuizen's, he got them to allow him a year's option to purchase at £6,000, and, not stopping at that, went on to trace the Reef for many miles to the west of Randfontein, bought up areas to the extent of another £20,000, and so invested £26,000 that eventually became £18,000,000.

After Robinson came Rhodes, Beit, and Barnato, and still there were immense fortunes to be made.

It is said that Rhodes himself was personally receiving between £300,000 and £400,000 a year from the goldfields after they had been in existence only ten years.

II

Ask to see also at Langlaagte the place on the high road where stood the tiny tavern at which George Harrison, George Walker, and George Honeyball (the Three Georges, as they are now known in pioneer lore) forgathered.

George Harrison, you have been told, just vanished and no one knows what his end was. George Walker died in poverty. What became, then, of George Honeyball, working a smithy on his Aunt Oosthuizen's farm, friend and confidant of the other two, who, while rarely quoted as the discoverer of gold or the Main Reef, certainly seemed to be in at the birth of both?

He, too, seemed to have gone the way of George Harrison and completely vanished until the late Mr. Hedley Chilvers's *Out of the Crucible* was published, and a storekeeper at Pienaar's River, some forty miles from Pretoria, reading the book, reflected that in a small mud cottage close to his store lived an old man of that name.

He was, indeed, George Honeyball, and when he was taken to Langlaagte he had no difficulty in pointing out the place where George Walker found the outcrop, and even the prospecting hole he had made close by.

It was Mr. Hedley Chilvers who took him there.

His gaze travelled along the grey-blue line of gold dumps, to the spreading hamlets and townships, and anon, some miles off to the skyscrapers of the gold city—Johannesburg. 'To think that all this should have happened since,' he exclaimed, 'and I living in poverty. I shall not sleep to-night. I cannot believe it.'

To-day old George Honeyball, in receipt of a pension from the Chamber of Mines, lives modestly but comfortably in a cottage on the western suburbs of Johannesburg. He is, with his long, snow-white beard, a lovely figure of an old man—although still the sort of fellow who would give you a prod in the stomach with his stick if he heard you say that.

He is the old George Honeyball to whom you were introduced in the first chapter on Johannesburg, who, in face of a

full battery of cameras, quite enjoys taking the beauty queens and distinguished visitors to show them where Johannesburg was born, or recalls in Christmas numbers of the magazines the Christmases he spent in old Tante Nellie's farm before the gold came.

The stories that have been told here in regard to the discovery of the Reef have grown, these late years, to be the more or less accepted stories, and as such they have been printed. When the Rand celebrated its fiftieth anniversary a large souvenir book entitled *The Golden City* (Alistair Macmillan) was published with photographs of the old pioneers pointing out the places where Struben worked and Walker struck the Reef.

But some mention should also be made, perhaps, of John G. Bantjes who formed a syndicate to prospect a farm in Potchefstroom in 1882, was prospecting on the Rand late in 1884, and claimed to have been working on the main reef before Walker made his discovery and at a point further west. Students of the subject should also read the book by Dr. Gustav Preller entitled *The Argonauts of the Rand* in which he describes how Peter Jacob Marais, a man who had lived the life of a prospector in California and Australia, exhibited in the Parliament Chamber at Potchefstroom in 1853 samples of gold-bearing quartz he had found and is commonly supposed to have been sworn under pain of death not to make his discovery known to the outside world for fear that it might lead to an influx of foreigners in the country. Dr. Preller says this 'stupid half-truth' has been quoted as evidence of how the 'backward Boer' thought of keeping secret, on pain of death, treasures such as the development of the Rand revealed. The truth is that Marais was threatened with death only if he were to divulge a discovery of gold to foreigners—'to any foreign power, government, or particular person'—but within the state itself prospecting for gold was encouraged by very liberal rewards.

It is Dr. Preller's contention that Marais should be honoured as the earliest discoverer of gold in the Transvaal and Joseph

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Robinson (the man who rushed up from Kimberley and slept on the Oosthuizens' farm) as the undoubted prover of the value and of the persistence of the Main Reef.

For many years there existed a demand that some sort of committee of enquiry should be set up to sort out these various stories. Since the first edition of this book was printed, a committee was appointed by the Commission for the Preservation of Natural and Historical Monuments, Relics and Antiques, to enquire into the discovery of gold on the Witwatersrand. Its final findings, published in 1940, were prominently and lengthily featured by the press all over South Africa. Summarized very briefly, its more important findings were:

That Peter Jacob Marais was the first person to find gold near the Witwatersrand. This was on 8th October 1853 in the Jukskei River; that the two brothers H. W. and F. P. T. Struben by their extensive and persistent prospecting and mining activities on the Witwatersrand, both north and south of the Main Reef Group of Conglomerates from 1884 to early in 1886, attracted so much attention to this area, that the subsequent discovery of the Main Reef Group of Conglomerates became inevitable . . . so that, in the opinion of the Committee, the Strubens made the greatest individual contribution to the discovery of the Witwatersrand Gold-fields; that two sets of prospectors, led respectively by J. G. Bantjes and F. P. T. Struben, knew—before the beginning of 1886—that conglomerates of the Witwatersrand system were auriferous and excavated, panned and milled conglomerates from the lower part of the system and, later, from the Bird Reef; that the Main Reef Group of Conglomerates was first found on G. C. Oosthuizen's part (Portion C) of the farm Langlaagte, shortly before the end of March, 1886. This led directly to the prospecting contract of 12th April 1886; and that this find was accidental. It was made by George Walker, probably in association with George Harrison, but there is no record of either of these men having had assays made or milling done on the conglomerate on which they subsequently pegged contract discoverer's claims.

There can be no doubt that the Committee unearthed much interesting and valuable information, but it cannot be said that all of their findings have been accepted as the last and authentic word on the subject. This particularly applies to the 'accidental discovery' of the main reef of Conglomerates

by George Walker—about which there has been almost as much controversy as before the Committee sat.

As recently as June 1942, Mr. Justice F. E. T. Krause, who first came to the Rand in 1888, has felt himself compelled to issue a 40-page 'Review of the Discovery of the Main Reef Group of Conglomerates on the Witwatersrand,' in which he emphasises that the proper rules of evidence must be applied to this, as to any other, subject of enquiry.

At the end of a keenly analytical and judicially explicit document, Mr. Justice Krause finally states:

It is my considered opinion that the official documentary and other evidence fully justified the conclusion to which the Grays have arrived—namely that George Harrison received Claim No. 19 as a reward for his discovery of the Witwatersrand Goldfields in terms of Article 9 of the Gold Law. The evidence further shows that he had the permission of the owner to prospect for gold, that he was in possession of a prospecting licence, that he had reported his discovery to the owner and the Government, that the Government on his report had the payability investigated, and at his request and that of others proclaimed the farm Langlaagte as a public digging. . . .

George Walker's claim to be considered the Discoverer rests on his sole word. There is no title of documentary or other evidence (except hearsay) to support it. . . .

Official documents, which record current events in the ordinary course of administration, are indisputable evidence of the happenings recorded and must be accepted as such, unless and until it can be proved that they are false or mistaken. The official and other documents on which Harrison's claim is based, fully comply with this principle—and it is for those who dispute his claim to prove, by evidence of unimpeachable value, not by hearsay or gossip, that the facts recorded are untrue.

And there at that time—overshadowed by the greater problems of the war—the matter rested.

III

A lot of people claim that the lake at Florida, with its twelve snow-white royal swans, is the prettiest lake on the Reef.

What very few people know, even though they may have

been picnicking at Florida for years, is that it is one of the most remarkable stretches of water in South Africa—even in the world. Mr. J. Spranger Harrison has pointed out that more really big carp have been caught in this little sylvan retreat among the mine dumps of South Africa than in any known piece of water on the globe, and despite the fact that *Cyprinus carpio* was introduced into the Transvaal less than forty years ago.

As far back as twenty years ago, a carp was caught at Florida weighing $32\frac{1}{2}$ lb., and this was followed by fish of 33 lb. 5 oz., $36\frac{1}{2}$ lb., and 40 lb., until in 1929, Mr. F. C. Nuttley, of Johannesburg, caught a fish scaling 41 lb. 10 oz.—only 6 oz. short of the world's record rod-and-line-caught carp.

At the time of his catch, Mr. Nuttley expressed his belief that there were much bigger carp in Florida than the one he had caught, and declared that he had actually played a fish for quite a considerable time which he estimated at not less than 60 lb. Other anglers came forward to say that they had also seen this carp, and it appeared that it was quite widely known as 'Adolphus.'

In 1934, the Rand Piscatorial Association held a competition, devoting the proceeds to charity, in which £100 was offered for the capture of Adolphus, and over three hundred fishermen competed.

But Adolphus proved himself a very wise old fish as well as a heavy one. Not only did he keep completely out of sight himself, but he must have gone round warning off all his less notorious brethren, for not one of the three hundred anglers succeeded in landing a single fish that day.

IV

Riding on from Florida, you will see that the gold boom has brought prosperity and new life to the West Rand as well as to the East. The same stories of expansion may be told of Roodepoort, Maraisburg, Krugersdorp, and Randfontein as about the towns of the East Rand.

Notice the name of the railway station between Maraisburg and Florida, which now serves the Roodepoort native location. Struben it is called, after the man whose spadework, with its shelterless nights and ill-nourished days, did so much to make the discovery of the Reef possible.

Try to get one of the old pioneers to go out to Roodepoort with you one day, and point out Wilgespruit Gorge, just outside the town, where Fred Struben worked, assisted by Godfrey Lys, who came up to join him from Natal, and financially aided and stimulated in his work by his brother Harry Struben, who frequently came over from Pretoria to see how he was getting on.

The old cuttings made by Struben still exist, and the stream is still there in which Fred Struben and Godfrey Lys did their 'washing.'

The Strubens were among the few pioneer discoverers—perhaps the only two—who profited by their discoveries. They were the original owners of what became the largest gold mine in the world—the Crown Mines.

Forty years after those days of toiling in the Wilgespruit Gorge, and shortly before his death, Mr. Fred Struben, a frail old man, in a black skull-cap now, was visited by Mr. Hedley Chilvers at the beautiful old residence to which he had retired at Spitchwick Manor, near Ashburton, in England's Devon. Surrounded by fine pictures, and in an atmosphere of opulent refinement, he spoke to Mr. Chilvers of the hardships and trials he had endured in the early eighties.

He spoke of more. He said that he still believed that the whole of Africa was undershot with gold, and that the mines we knew of now were only the beginning of what yet will be.

V

Gold, too, played its part in the establishment of Krugersdorp, but more than any other town on the Reef, Krugersdorp is a town with a history. Named after President Kruger in 1887, and in the fourth year of his presidency of the Transvaal,

the old president often referred to it as 'mij dorp' (my village).

Its history goes back still further. Then years before that date the South African Republic was annexed to the British Crown, and at a place called Paardekraal six thousand armed men solemnly swore to stand together, and to the death, if necessary, until their independence was restored. As proof of his adherence to this national movement, each burgher placed a stone on a cairn which was to be a lasting monument to their pledge.

The cairn at Paardekraal assumed such sacred significance that in 1890 the sixty-foot-high monument, as it exists to-day, was erected, and when it was unveiled by President Kruger in the following year, it was held to mark not only the regaining of independence but the victory of the Dutch pioneers over Dingaan fifty years earlier.

And to this day huge crowds gather about it on what is called Dingaan's Day.

There was a week in its early history—in 1896, nine years after it had been born—when Krugersdorp became what is known as world news.

It was towards the west of the town that Dr. Jameson made his raid on New Year's Eve of 1895, and it was to Krugersdorp that he and his men were brought as prisoners after their surrender to General Cronje at Doornkop.

There are three melancholy reminders of that raid to be seen in Krugersdorp. They are the graves in the Krugersdorp cemetery of the five burghers who fell in battle and over whom a memorial was erected; the graves of Jameson's men still to be seen along the railway line to Randfontein; the monument on the outskirts of the town, erected on the spot where Jameson surrendered.

Eleven years ago Krugersdorp celebrated its golden jubilee, and it was a joy to everybody in this town of seventeen thousand white people, which is now the twelfth town of the Union, that its very first pioneer, Mr. Abner Cohen, was able to join quite vigorously in the celebrations.

Mr. Cohen had a remarkable story to tell of how he came to settle there. It appears that he was trekking variously between Pretoria and Kimberley with a Mr. Jacobs when they suddenly made up their minds to return either to Ferreira's Camp or to Johannesburg—which in those days were two separate communities. On their journey they came across a great cairn of stones, and without knowing why—for all around was bare veld and not a solitary tree to be seen—Mr. Cohen decided to pitch his tent there. His partner thought him mad and tried to heal his madness by argument. In the end the partnership was amicably dissolved, Mr. Jacobs took his share of cash and stores, and left Mr. Cohen sitting beside the cairn of stones.

With not the slightest knowledge as to where his customers were to come from, Mr. Cohen built a daub-and-wattle shanty beside his tent, and named his settlement 'The Monument Hotel and Store'—actually walking to Pretoria, a distance of nearly fifty miles, to state his case before President Kruger when somebody sought to banish him.

In six years—from 1931 to 1937—the population of Krugersdorp increased by no less than thirty-one per cent. And there is every reason to believe that it may go on growing. But whatever may be its future size and prosperity, Krugersdorp is taking steps to see that they shall not swamp and obliterate the cultural life of the place. It has had for some years now, for instance, a Municipal Dramatic Society, and the council has offered national prizes of £100 for the best plays in English and Afrikaans. And no less than sixty miles of streets have been planted with trees.

VI

Five miles on foot, and eight by car from Krugersdorp, are the well-known Witpoortje Falls, which are also easily reached from Johannesburg by train to Witpoortje station and taking the three or four miles' walk down the kloof.

In the kloof is a stream that at length takes a leap of two hundred and fifty feet over the sheer face of the hill down to lower country, where it forms the beginning of the Crocodile

River. This place is one of the oldest, and still one of the best, places on the whole Reef for a quiet day's outing.

But Witpoortje is only one of half a dozen beauty spots about Krugersdorp to which it is a joy to retreat.

There is King's Kloof (sometimes called Dassie Krans) about six miles by road north of the town, where there are opportunities for swimming, hill-climbing, and tree-shaded walks; the Sterkfontein Caves a few miles beyond the road deviating to King's Kloof, which played an important part as a food depot during the Anglo-Boer war; Gladysvale, further along the Sterkfontein Road and twenty miles from town, a place of clear-running waters which rise from an underground river and where it is often possible to see the baboons playing in the huge, thickly wooded krantzies; Maloney's Eye, sixteen miles out of town and about a mile and a half off the road from Krugersdorp to Rustenburg, which is really a spring flashing from sheltering trees and throwing up ten million gallons of water a day, and winter and summer at 68° F.; and last, but not least, Swartkop, twelve miles from Krugersdorp, via Muldersdrift, where there are small mountains, small rivers, and small lakes, and even a river-washed sand beach for the children.

It is this countryside, more than any other on the Reef, that gives the answer to that question so frequently voiced by the man from other provinces in South Africa when he comes to live in Johannesburg: 'But where do you go when you *do* go out of town? What have you to see?'

The pity of it is that there are comparatively so few people in Johannesburg really capable of giving the answer in any sort of detail—if, indeed, any answer at all.

VEREENIGING AND THE VAAL RIVER

I

THERE are the towns beyond the Reef to which you may care to drive out for a day, or you may embrace a number of them in a day or two days' tour.

Over the thirty-six-mile stretch of road to Vereeniging scores of business men motor every week-end to play golf at Maccauvlei, one of the finest and best-known golf courses in South Africa.

Vereeniging, too, has history. Here it was in May 1892 that President Kruger and President Reitz, of the old-time Transvaal and Orange Free State Republics, met amid the rejoicing of their peoples at the opening of the line which carried the railway from Cape Town to Vereeniging. Here it was, ten years later, that an event took place which the whole world watched with interest: the negotiations and the acceptance of the terms of peace in the Anglo-Boer war of 1899-1902. Ask to be shown the spot on the outskirts of the town where the negotiations took place.

At Vereeniging there is one of the finest stretches of river scenery in South Africa—river scenery is hardly South Africa's strong point, but this stretch of the Vaal is really river-like. The water is less that dirty brown colour that is the bane of so many South African rivers.

The Vaal at Vereeniging, indeed, is so much a river that in the early eighties, after coal had been discovered there by George William Stow (an honoured figure among South Africa's earlier geologists), there was actually a plan to float coal down in barges and flat-bottomed boats to Kimberley. Part of one of these boats—a craft named the *Cecil Rhodes*—was subsequently utilized in the construction of a native dwelling, and this remnant of a brave project was to be seen for many years near the central mine at Vereeniging.

To what extent this plan was ever adopted, and how many

voyages—if any at all—the *Cecil Rhodes* made from Vereeniging to Kimberley, is unknown.

There has been no need to take the coal a long journey to industry. Industry has come to the coal. Vereeniging established the first steel industry in South Africa—and the town that first makes steel for a country does much to give it national stability and respect.

As far back as 1900, the partners of the firm of Messrs. Lewis & Marks devoted a good deal of attention to the establishment of such an industry, but it was not until 1912 that they really got a start—and the start then came in a strange and rather unexpected sort of way.

So much scrap and junk had accumulated on the railways of South Africa and in the railway workshops, that the Government got out an expert from Europe to tell them what to do with it.

The expert told them that the only thing to do was to get someone to melt down all the scrap steel; and a tender from Messrs. Lewis & Marks was eventually accepted, agreeing to buy all railway scrap metal for £1 per ton for sixteen years. In 1917—and it might have been much sooner had not the war delayed necessary machinery—the industry had become so far established as to enter into contract with the Transvaal Chamber of Mines for the supply of shoes and dies.

Then later Messrs. Stewart & Lloyd, the world-renowned engineering firm, built a huge tube works at Vereeniging; and in 1942 came the announcement by Dr. Hendrik H. J. van der Bijl, that huge new State steelworks were to be established here and that 'the day would come when railway tracks would rotate from the town in all directions.' In June 1946 we were given much more specific details of this great new city that is to arise at Van der Bijl Park on the banks of the Vaal at Vereeniging: details which rather put in the shade, at least for the time being, the prospective towns of the new goldfields about which you are to learn in a later chapter. The details were to the effect that 'at least £30,000,000 will be spent in the next three or four years on the great steel manufacturing

city at Van der Bijl Park'; and that on an area of 24,000 acres (half the area of the jurisdiction of Johannesburg), a city was being laid out to house an eventual population of 250,000 people. Dr. van der Bijl anticipated that the huge engineering works to be built on this spot 'would, in a few years, be bigger than any other engineering works in the British Empire.' Moreover, care and planning is being exercised not only to make the works themselves unsurpassed in quality of production, but also to ensure that the city that grows up there shall in itself be a model accomplishment. It is to Dr. van der Bijl's credit that he is lavishing as much of his imagination on the rising city as on the works. In an article in *Iscor News*, the house organ of the steel industry, he gave an outline of his plans for the city. The site for the city, he pointed out, extended for

five miles along the Vaal River. A strip, the whole length of the river fringe, and about half a mile wide, was being made into a tree park, with facilities for picnicking, boating, tennis, etc., which would be a playground not only for the inhabitants of the new city but for the whole Reef. . . . An expert had already been employed for selecting and growing as great a variety of trees as can possibly grow in that area; and the number of trees that would have to be planted in the park, in the green belts of the city, and in the streets, would run into millions.

Dr. van der Bijl went on to describe how the streets at Van der Bijl Park were being planned so that high speed traffic would pass between suburbs, and not through them; and how it was also hoped to place schools, as far as was possible, so that there was no need for children to cross over main roads.

From all of which it can be gathered that Dr. van der Bijl is no ordinary fellow. As a matter of fact, as this chapter is being written, he has just been paid the compliment of being asked to visit Britain to advise the Labour Government on the future of the British steel industry. It is said that the Government even offered Dr. van der Bijl the job of running it—but there is far too much that he wants to do in South Africa.

Vereeniging is not only famous for its coal and steel, but for

its electric power. Since 1912 there has existed on the banks of the Vaal River one of the main generating stations of the Victoria Falls and Transvaal Power Company Ltd.

It will surprise even many Transvaalers to learn that the output of electricity at the Vereeniging power station is larger than that of any single generating station in Great Britain, and to attain this output over a million tons of coal are burned from the Cornelia Colliery that is a mile distant, and over 150,000,000 gallons of water are pumped and circulated every day for condensing the steam used by turbines. The gold mining industry relies on electricity as do very few industries, and consumes an amazing amount each day.

Here is an astounding fact. The power consumption of the Crown Mines alone for a year considerably exceeds that of the city of Glasgow, with all its remarkable range of diverse industries and population of well over a million.

II

Forty miles from Vereeniging, or thirty miles from Potchefstroom, is Parys, where the Vaal becomes even more attractive and river-like than at Vereeniging.

Here it suddenly becomes a hundred yards wide, there are bush-covered islands and one of them so large that a golf course has been laid out on it, and cricket and football matches are played. A sort of lake, four or five miles long, has also been created, and there is boating and bathing on the lake as well as in the river.

Municipal bungalows have been built on the banks of the river, there are good camping sites among the mimosa bushes, and this old town that was one of the first to be established by the voortrekkers across the Orange River, and that is said to have been named by a German land surveyor who had not long before taken part in the siege of Paris, has probably as large and regular a clientele of holiday-makers from Johannesburg as any inland holiday resort in South Africa.

Latterly it has been casting its eye toward industry a little,

and jam and fruit factories and spinning and weaving schools have been established there.

If you have never seen tobacco growing, ask to see it at Parys, where the soil is so rich that it will grow pretty well anything.

It is well, perhaps, that Parys and the other river resorts should neglect no opportunity of securing industries and developing their soil, for in the background they have a rival, and a very formidable one.

Fifty-six miles from Johannesburg, and twenty miles from Vereeniging, there is being developed the largest artificial lake in the southern hemisphere: the Vaalbank Dam, which is the storage unit of the Vaal River development scheme, and is to cost £4,000,000 before it is finished.

The scheme is primarily, of course, to bring much-needed succour and safeguard from drought for the farmer, but it will incidentally provide Johannesburg with an inland resort on a scale which it is yet too early to realize.

This lake will be ninety miles long and thirteen miles wide, and it will be deep enough to float the *Queen Mary*. A jetty is already being built and parking terraces to accommodate a thousand motor-cars, townships are being formed, and black bass bred in a special hatchery on the spot.

Certainly, at the moment, there are few facilities for visitors. The area near the jetty is barren, with few nooks and corners for picnickers or campers. But the Government has already planted thirty thousand eucalyptus, pines, and oaks, and are likely to continue this policy along the banks of the lake where shade is scanty.

No man knows what Vaalbank may be in ten, twenty, or fifty years' time. A huge inland watering resort may spring up; many Johannesburg people may choose to live, or build week-end residences, here; quite large steamers may, in the years to come, sail from township to township (or from town to town) about its banks, that extend for no less than four hundred and fifty miles.

There is even talk of its becoming a base for seaplanes.

III

From Parys you may motor thirty miles across to Potchefstroom, oldest town in the Transvaal and its first capital, founded by old voortrekkers crossing the Vaal in 1838, and named after their leader, Hendrik Potgieter. Some indication of the wildness of the country at that time may be gathered from the fact that the principal source of income to the people who lived here came from hunting, and a good deal of ivory was secured from what is now the Marico district.

Potchefstroom has known brave and troublous days. From Potchefstroom parties of burghers left to settle further inland, and wanted to set up their own government. Civil war seemed certain, and it was only with difficulty that, in the end, Pretorius succeeded in subjecting all the districts in the Transvaal to one Government without loss of life. Four years later his son, M. W. Pretorius, who had succeeded him as leader, tried to go one further, and marched with a commando to bring the Free State under his rule, but in this he did not succeed, and at the Vaal River, we are told, matters were settled amicably. It was also at Potchefstroom that the first shots were fired against British troops in 1881, and during the Anglo-Boer War of 1899-1902 the town was occupied and evacuated on several occasions by each of the opposing forces.

Walk about the old cemetery that is near the station, and you may learn something of Potchefstroom's story. Here will be found not only the grave of ex-President M. W. Pretorius, but under the tall pines the well-kept graves of many British soldiers. In the old Gereformeerde church, which was erected in 1864, still stands in the Market Square, President Kruger was

IV

long before at your map at Potchefstroom, and you will see that large and go on to Klerksdorp, perhaps to Wolmaranstad and burg as a burg, and so home to Johannesburg, if you care, by Latterly up and Krugersdorp.

Klerksdorp, settlement established by the voortrekkers over a hundred years ago, a peaceful spot of mimosa and kameeldoorn-trees, where the hippopotami used to lumber down to the vleis, and that was later named after its first landdrost, Barend le Clercq, has been caught up in the gold boom and is likely to become one of the most rapidly rising towns in South Africa.

And involved in its rise—largely responsible for it, indeed—is the remarkable story of the rise of Jack Scott, one of the most discussed young men in South Africa. The story really begins (and Mr. Scott would be the first to have it so) with his father, the late Mr. Charles Scott, owner of the farm 'Strathmore,' who was so convinced of the possibilities of gold existing in the Klerksdorp district that he laid out a township, and called it after his farm, 'Strathmore.' But with sons to educate and a farm to run, Scott felt he could spare neither the time nor the money to develop his ideas, and it was not until the Union left the gold standard in 1932 and the great gold boom began that he could see the possibility of his dreams being realized.

Up to that time he had never known a day's illness in his life. The year of the boom had barely been ushered in when, on 29th February, he died suddenly of heart failure.

Fortunately, Jack Scott, his son, who had been an engineer on the railway in Natal, but had decided to return home to help his father, three or four years before the latter's death, had been infected by his father's enthusiasm.

As soon as gold mining began to show the returns of 1933 he knew that the time had come to act. Other people were already prospecting in the neighbourhood, but young Scott had his own ideas as to where the best values were to be obtained, the best farms on which to secure options. From all sorts of people immediately wanted him to sell those options, but he chose deliberately—and in spite of more attractive offers—to deal with the Western Reefs Company, which the State already spent a good deal of time and money prospecting in the district. The company has made such progress, and is so satisfied with their venture, that they have now taken it as one

relinquished all their old holdings and have concentrated on the ground bought at Klerksdorp.

Jack Scott did not stop there. He acquired a large interest in the Babrosc Mine, and was responsible for its development from a small unpaying mine to the prosperous concern it is to-day; some of the ground he had pegged in the earlier days was acquired by the New Klerksdorp Gold Estates Ltd., and of that company he became a director and a large shareholder; he was one of the prime movers for obtaining options in the Free State, and was largely responsible for the amalgamations of the various interests in that area that led to the promotion of Western Holdings Ltd.; he became chairman of the United Brick and Tile Company, and director of half a dozen other concerns.

Jack Scott is the answer to that section of South African youth which maintains that men cannot spring up and rise in South Africa to-day as they did in the old days.

V

Diverge, if you please, to Wolmaranstad and see there the two cairns, which have been erected to the memory of the first two Wesleyan missionaries, who were the first missionaries to cross the Vaal River; and where the first European child was born so long ago as 1823.

One of these missionaries was Samuel Broadbent, who wrote one of the most remarkable stories of real life adventure in the English language. The pity is that no one ever published it as a book of adventure; that the few copies in existence to-day bear only the modest and rather prosaic title of *Christianity and the Baralongs*.

One of Broadbent's main worries in existence appears to have been as to who should dig his grave when he died—as long he was likely to do a dozen times or more from ill-health large and quite apart from wild animals and cannibals that burg as did him, as graphically recounted in his book.

Latterly Broadbent's 'heart was in the work,' as he says; and he

counted not his life dear to him, so long as he might go on pushing ever further into the interior, ever conscious of the wonder of 'the fact, however mysterious, that this was the first time that the voice of praise, and prayer, or the name of the Eternal God had been heard in these regions.'

VI

At Lichtenburg—or a few miles to the north of it on that pock-marked surface which some writers have compared to the war-scarred fields of France—have taken place the biggest diamond rushes in the history of South Africa.

When a new diamond field is proclaimed in South Africa the question as to where diggers shall be allowed to dig is settled by the diggers racing to and pegging the particular claim they desire in the presence of responsible officials.

No less than twenty-five thousand Europeans are said to have taken part in the race for claims at Ellandspuute, fifteen miles out of Lichtenburg, in 1927, and for the first time in history that year the alluvial stones (as stones picked from the ground are called) exceeded those from the mines and forced the largest mines to reduce their production to a third lest the market be glutted and lowered.

Once diamond digging gets into the blood, and the rather wild, rough, camp life that is inseparable from it, the fever dies slowly, and it is hard for a man to settle down to normal life again. And that is why, on the whole, the great mass of people in South Africa rarely enthuse about diggings. Children reared in such conditions know much of squalor and little of the finer virtues of life, and may soon develop the nomadic tendencies of their parents.

Sometimes, of course, diggers have luck. In the year 1911, at it on the Elandsfontein diggings outside Pretoria, a digger named Jonker came across a stone the size of a hen's egg. South State

He sold it for £70,000.

PRETORIA, 'CITY OF ROSES'

I

PRETORIA, which is thirty-six miles from Johannesburg, was once known—and very much liked to be known—as the 'City of Roses,' and according to Mr. Carl Jeppe, who has written so gracefully and informatively of its early days, the whole town was drowned and smothered in those fragrant flowers.

Founded in the 1850s by M. W. Pretorius, first President of the South African Republic, it had a rather chequered and rebellious sort of childhood, and a good deal of arguing and quarrelling seems to have gone on, but besmeared, fortunately, by very little bloodshed.

It was, says Mr. Jeppe, largely due to Paul Kruger, then commandant-general, that at last some sort of peace descended on the place, and then Arcadia—the name to-day of a favourite Pretoria suburb—might fitly have been applied to the whole village as it existed at that time.

Pretoria's two or three hundred one-storied houses (mostly built of unburnt brick and subject to frequent collapses in the rainy season), each veranda, each wall clothed in roses, stood in their own large grounds, which bore an abundance of all fruits of the temperate and semi-tropical zones, and yielded rich crops of all kinds of vegetables.

No market gardener [says Mr. Jeppe in his now rare book *The Kaleidoscopic Transvaal*] could hope to make an honest living in those days, when every inhabitant of Arcady sat under the shade of his own fig-tree. A magnificent water supply sent its rippling and ruses down the length of each street, if street it could be called, and it consisted of a strip of rank green grass, some eighty feet in the width, through which the narrow road meandered. An impressive avenue of broad-crowned blue gums—now alas cut down—marked long before entrance to the town. And a deep peace dwelt over it large and modest and unpretentious as was the setting, so were the people who lived in it. There were no racial acerbities, no cliques, no struggle for wealth, or social distinction in those halcyon days. Latterly at all Pretorians be described as one large family. In the

absence of theatres or other public amusements, they were thrown on their own resources for entertainments. The commonest form which gaiety adopted was that of picnics to the 'Fountain' or the 'Wonderboom,' to which all and sundry were invited and to which all contributed. The town was deserted whenever one of these frequent festivals took place. They commenced with a general exodus soon after sunrise, and ended with a dance late at night.

And, to crown all, 'excellent bags of snipe could be obtained in bogs quite near the centre of the village, the commonage around the town teemed with partridge and guinea-fowl, while hares could be shot by moonlight in almost any garden.'

And for quite a number of years this sort of atmosphere, this Arcadian style of living seems to have gone on. The late Mr. Vere Stent, South Africa's veteran journalist, than whom no one has written with more affection of the city, recalls it well. Time didn't seem to matter in those days (he tells us in Macmillan's *Environs of the Golden City and Pretoria*). There was plenty of it in Pretoria.

It was said of Pretoria that no one ever died there except of drink or hurts on the hunting field. Disease was unknown, even less known than it is to-day, and that is saying a good deal. Modern horrors such as indigestion, appendicitis or 'flu' were not heard of. No one had an appendix; and the women would have laughed at the idea of sending for a doctor because they were going to have a baby. I am a lazy man. The elysium of utter idleness appeals to me. Pretoria was then the happy valley of the loafer. To-day it is still a happy valley; but it is a different happiness, a strenuous happiness, a get rich quick happiness, a swift sweeping in search of work and work's reward, and pleasure and life.

And the change seemed to come, says Mr. Stent, all in a year or two. For Pretoria there was no intermediate stage, no half-way house, between paraffin and incandescent lamps and electricity.

The city jumped from the ox-wagon to the motor-car. from the native runner to the telephone.

II

It was the discovery of gold at Barberton, and later at Witwatersrand, that brought about the change. Missibly there had been before then—as when, in the early days, it was one

four regiments of British infantry and several batteries of artillery had been permanently quartered in the town—but it was not until the nineties that the place really began to go ahead. It began to go ahead so much as to attract all sorts of floating adventurers to the place, most of them clamouring for concessions to undertake this or that manufacture, or public service, and not caring too much how they came about these things. Mr. Stent had just come to Pretoria as a boy at that time ('behind changing teams of smoking greys that gave a joy to life and an exhilaration quite unobtainable in these days'), but he remembers well how the people of Pretoria were two communities.

The elder and more staid inhabitants, together with the officials imported from the Netherlands to fill posts of pride and profit under the Republic, and a number of professional men, composed, with their wives, a small aristocracy. For the rest a crew of cosmopolitan concessionaires, 'wanglers,' 'workers of snaps,' whatever they may be, 'fixers-up' of things, Artful Dodgers, and Slick Sams, pervaded the town. They haunted the Raadzaal and even thrust themselves on to the sacred stoep of the presidency. They bribed, they lied, they swindled. They lived at the best hotels and drank champagne at eleven o'clock in the morning. When not involved in some sordid financial intrigue, they spent their time making open and indecent love to the maids behind the bars set up at almost every corner. Little wonder that the simple-living, God-fearing Calvinist from the veld got a wrong impression of the Uitlanders. The off-scourings of Europe, the derelicts of civilization, the outcast, the adventurer, the crook, trekked into the Transvaal, a predatory, plundering, hungry mob.

Pretoria began to know more than prosperity. It began to acquire a history—and not merely a Transvaal, or a South African, but a wider history. It became a place where things happened. There is that air about the place still: that air of vigour, of moulding and formation, of decisions and things made and done that cannot be undone, of decisions and things made and done, and the sooner made and done

urg as at in Church Square, which is the main square of the
 Latterly cross which seventy-five per cent of working Pretoria

must pass each day, and you feel the same atmosphere of the melting-pot, of resting one's feet on recently momentous and fateful earth, as one may find in the plazas of some of the greater cities of South America. And there is about the square, in its spaciousness, its focusing and radiating of the life of the city, a touch of the South American cities (the work of ruthless pioneers in the art of town-planning) at their best—only handled with a quieter, more sombre, and Nordic restraint.

There, on the right of the modern building of the Standard Bank, is the old Raadzaal of the South African Republic, where President Kruger sat in his frock-coat and sash of office, and cried 'Stilte' ('Silence') as he explained his reason for affirming that the Uitlanders should have no vote in the affairs of the South African Republic—or, on the other side of the picture, insisted that the Jameson raiders should be treated with leniency, and not executed, as a huge force of burghers, gathered in the square outside, demanded they should be.

Here, too, sat Lord Milner—the president's great political opponent—and here, back again, came the Afrikaners, as represented by Smuts and Botha, and stayed until Union and the House of Assembly was established in Cape Town, and the Raadzaal was given up to the meetings of the Transvaal Provincial Council.

The building with the twin towers that was once the Palace of Justice, and is now the Supreme Court of the Transvaal, was where such distinguished judges as Innes and de Villiers and Wessels began their careers.

III

Nor is the glory of Pretoria dead. It may be argued that it flourishes and bourgeons more than ever it did. But it very nearly died in that year 1910 when the Union of South Africa, combining Cape Colony, Natal, the Orange Free State, and the Transvaal, came into being. To everybody it seemed obvious that, when Union came, there could only possibly be one capital, and even in Pretoria, try and talk round it as one,

might, there could be no doubt that Cape Town had very strong claims. The strange thing is that no living journalist or politician seems to be certain as to who thought of the compromise: that while Cape Town was to be the parliamentary capital of the Union, Pretoria was to be the administrative office of the Union—the place where all the public offices would be, and the great majority of civil servants live—as well as still being capital of the Transvaal.

The city had always been famous for its public buildings, but now they grew apace and in such dignified magnificence that, somewhere in the early nineteen-twenties, Cape Town got frightened by all this expansion. It began to wonder, and whisper, whether soon a fine new House of Parliament might not be erected up there, and Cape Town no longer remain the parliamentary capital.

The city—the Mother City—became so nervous that one day it gathered its most illustrious array of citizens and sent them to wait on the Prime Minister, and ask him to state that all these whisperings were groundless.

He assured them very definitely that such whisperings were quite groundless, and these later years little or nothing further has been heard of the matter.

The greatest gift that Union gave to Pretoria—it was one of the gifts it gave to South Africa—was the Union Buildings. Not everybody confirmed, and a good few people actually derided, the choosing of Meintjies Kop for the building of the great new offices in which now all the main civil service of the whole country was to be conducted.

Perhaps they could not get their minds off, or visualize more than, that one word 'offices,' and Meintjies Kop seemed so far away from all other offices and foreign to the normal setting of such places.

More and more as the years have passed on—and particularly as residential Pretoria has spread out towards the east and industrial Pretoria to the west—the city has had reason to congratulate itself on the stubborn and unyielding imagination of those planners of twenty-five years ago. A building set upon

a hill cannot be hid, and it would have been a tragedy if there had been any hiding of South Africa's Union Buildings.

There were not only people with bold and imaginative ideas about sites, but, more luckily still, a man who saw no reason why, because he had been asked to design a huge block of offices, such offices should not be moulded and made to give beauty and inspiration and strength and serenity as a cathedral might give—even though in actual shape they might not be a bit like a cathedral.

That man was the young architect whom Rhodes had discovered to design Groote Schuur for him in Cape Town ('I like that young man, he doesn't talk too much'), now Sir Herbert Baker, R.A.

The Union Buildings cost £1,180,000, and were finally opened in the latter part of 1913. Since that date the National War Memorial has been erected in the centre of the main terrace: crowned by a replica of the Delville Wood memorial, with its two figures guiding a horse, and symbolical of the two white races in South Africa. On the terrace below stands the Pretoria War Memorial.

Anthony Trollope, you may remember, said that the best way to view the Big Hole at Kimberley was by moonlight, and, if you take the advice of an old Pretorian like Mr. Stent, that is the way you will see Union Buildings.

The way *not* to see this great monument to Union is to drive up the asphalt ramp in a hermetically sealed limousine, halting for a moment on the highway terrace, while the ladies say 'How pretty!' But there is, in all South Africa, no more beautiful sight than Pretoria's Acropolis—under the mellow light of a summer moon—a waxing, not a waning moon. . . . Step softly into the sweeping amphitheatre as the clock chimes midnight, and stand in the 'great white silence' of the empty auditorium, backed by the curving colonnade, with its cloistered walk behind: splendour of silver stone, space, dignity, breadth, all softly amorphous in the flooding light.

In a country in which the moon is radiantly mellow and unfailing, it is perhaps remarkable how little sightseeing is done by it.

IV

Since the last edition of this book was published there has been erected below the Union Buildings a statue of a commandant-general of the republican forces, astride his horse on the summit of a koppie. It is a memorial of General Louis Botha, the Union's first Prime Minister, whose magnetic simplicity seems to have impressed all who ever met him. In the South African war, he rose in a matter of months from a very junior staff position to Commander-in-Chief in the field. He had no great advantage of education, or scholarship, but was said to possess marked intuitive insight and faultless judgment. In the lovely, noble tribute General Smuts paid his old colleague and comrade-in-arms at the unveiling ceremony, he said:

You could not meet Botha without being deeply struck by him at first sight. I had opportunity to see the deep impression he made not only on simple men of the veld (who are often very shrewd judges of men), but also on those very distinguished statesmen whom he met at the end of the Great War in London and in Paris at the Peace Conference, men of wide experience who were able to recognize a great man when they saw him. Many of them have recorded their impression of him and placed him very high among the world leaders of their time. . . . He was a man of deep religious faith, although we did not often discuss religious questions. . . . Great men are often disagreeable characters; but here was a man whose beautiful character matched his other brilliant qualities. Not only in his far-sighted leadership, but also in his life and character he remains a shining light for the generations to come.

And after you have paid tribute to Botha's statue, and taken a last look at Pretoria's (and the Union's) finest building, walk down to Church Street West to the modest, unimposing, single-storied house that once was—and in a historical sense still is—the most important building in the Transvaal.

This was where President Paul Kruger used to live, and that has now become the Paul Kruger Museum; and in this house, in which efforts are being made gradually to restore the rooms as they existed when Kruger lived in them, you may learn something of every stage of the life of the man whose

top-hatted statue greets you as soon as you come out of Pretoria station: whose spirit, indeed, broods over this whole city as the spirit of Rhodes broods over Rhodesia and along all that oak-wooded De Waal Drive at Cape Town.

Here, for instance, is the very knife with which Kruger amputated his own thumb when his gun exploded and his hand turned septic in the hunting field.

I had no means by me of deadening the pain [he wrote long afterwards in his memoirs] so I tried to persuade myself that the hand on which I was performing this surgical operation belonged to somebody else. The wound healed very slowly. The women sprinkled finely powdered sugar on it, and, from time to time, I had to remove the dead flesh with my pocket knife; but gangrene set in after all. Different remedies were employed, but all seemed useless, for the black marks rose as far as the shoulder. Then they killed a goat, took out the stomach, and cut it open. I put my hand into it while it was still warm. This Boer remedy succeeded, for, when it came to the turn of the second goat, my hand was already easier and the danger much less. The wound took over six months to heal, and before it was quite cured I was out hunting again. I account for the healing power of this remedy by the fact that the goats usually graze near the Spekboom River, where all sorts of herbs grow in abundance.

This is the side of Kruger little known to a great number of South Africans, altogether unknown to people overseas. He shot his first lion when he was fourteen, and 'thinking no harm, jumped on the lion's stomach.'

As I did so, the air shook with a tremendous roar. . . . The others shook with laughter, for every hunter knows that if you tread upon a lion's body within a short time of his death, he will give a short last roar, as though he were still alive.

He shot more lions, buffalo, and was once pinned to the ground by the nose of a rhino: the horn had just missed ripping up his back. Somehow he managed to turn under her and get the contents of the second barrel right into her heart.

But he was never so near losing his life as one day during an elephant hunt, when an elephant, trumpeting and screaming, and hitting at him fiercely with his trunk, came screaming after him.

Now came a race for life or death. However, I gradually increased the distance between us, but that was a race I am never likely to forget.

Here, too, are his favourite pipes (Kruger looked as little at home without a pipe as Churchill without a cigar) and his Bibles: the Bibles from which he not only drew an unfailing solace and inspiration, but from which he must have gained much of the gift for terse expression that made him famous. Read those old speeches of his delivered to the Volksraad, and the letters and dispatches he sent to his forces in the field, and it is sometimes difficult to tell which is the Bible, and which is Kruger, so impregnated and familiar had he become with Biblical diction.

Let none point with his finger to the other, but be upright; let each place his hand in his own breast and he will find that it comes out leprous. . . . The war will last until the Lord says, 'Hither and no further.' Keep to that and fight with me. I place myself in the hands of the Lord. Whatever he may have decided for me, I shall kiss the rod with which he strikes me, for I, too, am guilty.

And something of the wisdom of the Bible had descended on him also. Mr. Napier Devitt, former Chief Magistrate of Johannesburg, author of *Memoirs of a Magistrate* and other books, tells a story of how two young farmers, who had recently lost their father and who were unable to agree to the equitable division of the farm, came to the president to settle their difficulties. They sat together on the stoep of his old house in which you are now standing, sipping coffee at the hour of 6 a.m., which was a favourite hour for the president to hold his audiences. And suddenly Kruger asked which brother was the elder. Piet said he was.

'Good,' said the president to Piet. 'Go now both back to your farm. And you, Piet, as the elder, make the division, and give your brother first choice of the portion he will take.'

He could also be very caustic. There is the story of the rich farmer who wanted to try and get his son a good job in the Government. 'All the higher posts are filled,' said the president, 'and your son is not clever enough to be a clerk.'

You see his razors, his tobacco-pouches, even his spittoon,

and an old dress-shirt of his that somehow strayed into, and was returned from, Portugal. There is his old State coach, made by Turrill & Sons, of London, and his lovely stinkwood trek wagon, made in Robertson, presented by Kitchener to the City of London, and later returned by the City of London to where it stands now. Both of them are in such condition that they might take to the road or the trek to-day.

When you come to look at the paintings and busts of him, do not overlook the little sculpture by van Wouw that shows him seated in an arm-chair and that is a different picture of Kruger to any sculpture, painting, or photograph you ever saw before. It is different because van Wouw has portrayed him with the hand of death hanging over him, looking wan and tired, and all that old, full, four-square sturdiness dropped from his figure.

He must have looked very like that as he sat on that June day in the year 1904 at Clarens, in Switzerland, when, for the last time, as he loved to do, he called for pen to address his people, and there suddenly leapt into his tired brain a finer more Biblically beautiful thought than even he had ever thought or uttered before:

Take the best from the past and build your future on it.

V

Kruger would not know Pretoria to-day.

No man who returned to Pretoria after being away only ten years would know Pretoria to-day.

There is a different atmosphere about the place. The old, serene atmosphere of the capital is still there, but there is something else. Industry has come, speeding up the pace of life, giving a different animation to the streets, dotting the landscape with works and factories towards which the city is slowly creeping and filling in the blank places.

Even people 'in the know' in regard to Pretoria's development were surprised to find its European population increased to 124,000—less than 300 behind the European population of South Africa's third city of Durban.

It seems to have been the opening of the iron and steel works that made all the difference. The success of the undertaking may be judged by the fact that, whereas the Iscor Works, as they are called, were designed to produce one-third of the Union's requirements and it was thought that an output capacity of 170,000 short tons would meet the case, almost 250,000 tons of steel were dispatched in 1937 by the Iscor Works alone, which figure was considerably less than one-third of the Union's needs.

Iscor steel conforms to British standard specifications—the highest specifications in the world—and is equal to the very best that can be made anywhere. And not only is it claimed that the establishment of an iron and steel industry has enabled all sorts of subsidiary industries to start, but it has also introduced the factor of stability into South African iron and steel prices. But for the fact that there exists this large local producer, the recent world shortage in iron and steel, coupled with the acute demand existing in South Africa, would have made it very difficult, if not impossible, for local merchants to acquire, except at an exorbitant cost, the extra iron and steel from overseas.

Parliament, at least, seems to have been satisfied with its venture. Having spent £6,000,000 on establishing the works, they authorized, in the year before the war, the expenditure of another £1,000,000 for extensions.

The part which Iscor played during the war is, of course, another story. Sufficient for the moment is to say that South Africa could never have started her 'amazing new war industries' without Iscor and the experience Iscor gave her.

Not only, in 1942, had the steel industry at Pretoria doubled its ingot capacity, but over 500,000 spare parts had been fabricated and sent to the North to put guns and tanks back in action; armoured vehicles were being supplied to the British as well as to the South African Army; 2,000,000 army blankets a year were being made at a remarkably low cost; millions of articles of clothing were being produced, including pith helmets at the rate of 10,000 a month.

The delivery of 6,000,000 lb. weight of army biscuit was reported 'under way.'

VI

Pretoria has a dozen or more picnic spots within twenty or thirty miles' range—places like Hennop River, Pelindaba, and Wonderboom (where you must see the wonderful tree), and at Fountains Valley there is a particularly fine municipal kiosk and ground laid out for children.

Further afield is Hartbeestpoort Dam, twenty-three miles from Pretoria, one of the finest stretches of water in the Union, where the Transvaal Yachting Club, which has a membership of eighty, has its headquarters and club-house on the northern shore.

In the city itself there is the National Zoo, that is not surpassed in the Union and where Dr. R. Bigalke, the director, is feeling particularly elated at this moment in 1946 because a little white rhino has just been brought there. The white rhino is one of the rarest animals in the world. Nobody knows the reason for the name white rhino, for its colour is not even grey. Where a white rhino differs from an ordinary rhino is that its upper lip is decidedly square (very much like a bulldog's lower lips) instead of triangular. Beside the zoo is the Old Museum that possesses, among other things, a Louis Botha room; the New Museum, that houses one of the largest specimens of African elephant in the world; and a new city hall which Pretoria people were said not to like at first because it was a little too far out of town, but are likely to treasure highly as time goes on. It is a strange trait about South Africa—a land of trekkers—that a sports ground, a club, or a public building that is not in the dead centre of a city must always begin its career in the shadow of disaster.

There is a university, and a royal mint that can be seen by arrangement; the Premier Diamond Mine, now closed, where the world's largest white diamond, the 'Cullinan,' was found; there will be the great Voortrekker Monument, designed by Gerard Moerdyk; and there are odd places, like Jess's Cottage,

described by Rider Haggard in his novel *Jess*, to be seen near the Railway Reserve, and miles and miles of jacaranda-trees that, in the weeks of bloom, and if you look down on them from the Union Buildings, cast a warm mauve haze that is like a mist from fairyland fallen over the city.

VII

You should take particular note of the Voortrekker Monument. It will be without doubt one of the two or three most important monuments in the country and there are surrounding features to it that probably make it unique among the monuments of the world.

A massive stone structure, a hundred and thirty feet high, occupying an area a hundred and forty feet square, it was designed by Mr. Gerard Moerdyk, the South African architect, and shows some traces of the Zimbabwe style. It would be a commanding monument if it were the memorial to a single individual. It is very much more than that: it is the memorial to all those settlers who in 1838, a hundred years ago, trekked away from the settled areas about the coast, taking their all with them in their ox-wagons, and went searching for promised lands in an unknown and hazardous interior. Voortrekkers they were called, and you are to read much of them and their adventures in a subsequent chapter.

The unveiling ceremony took place on 16th December 1938, but weeks before six ox-wagons set off from the coast, their wheels rumbling over the same routes as the voortrekkers trod, timed to reach Pretoria, or Blood River in Natal, where a smaller memorial was also being erected, on 16th December. At each village, small town, or city on the way, the wagon was met by scores, hundreds, sometimes thousands of men on horseback and escorted into the town, where religious services were held, civic welcomes given, streets named or renamed, monster camp fires lit, and thousands of sausages and pancakes fried and consumed amid the merriment and fervency of old Afrikaner songs. In the morning, and according to true

voortrekker custom, there was a solemn, simple reading from the Bible, and the wagons went on their way again.

And, in order that they might pay full honour to their ancestors on these occasions, thousands of young men grew beards (at a meeting of the Free State Teachers' Association held about that time, only four men out of fifty were beardless) and the young women went about in long frocks and kappies.

VIII

Seven miles north of Pretoria on the main road to Pietersburg is Onderstepoort Laboratory that engages in research work in all branches of veterinary science and where Sir Arnold Theiler laboured. Theiler was a Swiss who sailed to South Africa as a young man, and on the spur of the moment, solely because he heard there were animal diseases there baffling the scientists—and animal diseases at that time were intriguing to him as detective tales.

Three months after landing he had the misfortune to lose his left arm, but he was not entirely out of love with the country. One good thing about it, from his point of view, was that dead animals of those days were often dragged out of the cities and left strewn about the veld, and this gave him the chance to get up before the sun had fairly risen, and examine their bodies, and try to find out just why they died.

His great chance came in that year when a terrible cattle plague swept down Africa from Somaliland, killing over ninety per cent of the cattle and decimating the wild animals.

By the time it reached Bulawayo, the Transvaal farmers were in a ferment.

At the request of President Kruger, Theiler went to Bulawayo, convinced himself that the disease was rinderpest, dashed back to the Transvaal and straightway urged on the president the necessity for quarantine and some form of preventive inoculation. So impressed was 'Oom Paul' by Theiler's work that he built for him a small laboratory, and from that laboratory has sprung Onderstepoort.

Before he died, Sir Arnold Theiler, the young one-armed Swiss of the early morning post-mortems on the veld, had become one of the greatest authorities on cattle diseases living, bringing fame and respect for the name of South Africa all over the world.

IX

Perhaps the most interesting—and, in some ways, most picturesque—of the suburbs and villages now clustering around Pretoria is Irene. You can go out there by rail past Fountains Valley, already mentioned, which is regarded as the 'Fairy Dell' of Pretoria. This well-wooded valley between Schanskop and Klapperkop has a soft, verdant air, not frequently found on the high veld—and Irene itself has this air. Indeed one of the distinctions on which Irene can pride itself is that Mr. A. J. Gons, the stationmaster at Irene, recently won the Lady Duncan Cup, for the prettiest station gardens in the Union. But the chief distinction of Irene is that it is the home—the real home—of General and Mrs. Smuts. While General Smuts is Prime Minister they must sometimes live at Groote Schuur in Capetown, or at Libertas, the official residence at Pretoria. But it is at Doornkloof, Irene, the rambling old farm that has been the Smuts' home for forty years, that they know real content. It is here (as Mrs. Smuts herself has put it) that the Oubaas 'likes to see the veld coming up to the house' and Ouma herself can sit back (when she permits herself to sit) and think of the days when the children were young.

RAIN-MAKING AND INITIATION

I

SOME day you may care to motor from Johannesburg to the towns that lie beyond the East Rand, which ends in Springs and Nigel. Quite near to either of these places—in fact it is thought that the Reef may actually extend there—is Heidelberg, an old town in which the treaty of the first Anglo-Boer war was signed in 1880 and which has a picturesque kloof and swimming-pool. And beyond Heidelberg is Standerton, a neat little town in the Eastern Transvaal which breeds cattle.

But most people in Johannesburg who think of motoring east think of only one place and that is the Game Reserve.

There are really five routes from Johannesburg to the Kruger National Park, and your selection must largely depend on whether you want to enter by the southern or northern gate of the Park.

For the southern gate—and we will deal with this route first—the most recommended route is from Johannesburg to Pretoria, Witbank, Middelburg, Belfast, Machadadorp, Nelspruit, White River to Pretorius Kop: a route which has the advantage of avoiding the congested main-reef road to Springs.

No less than six million tons of coal—almost half the entire output of the Union—are raised each year at Witbank. It is said that there are only one or two stations in the Union which bring in more revenue to the Government than this bustling town that many men still living can remember as a tiny high-veld hamlet.

Long before there was a single mine there, farmers used to pick up coals where the wheels of their wagons had bitten into the veld, or where the cleaving waters of a stream had exposed layers of coal along its banks. The experts say that it is because these outcrops exist—because the coal strata have an outlet to the open air and the carbon monoxide gas has a chance of leaking out into the atmosphere—that the Witbank mines have

such a remarkable record for safety and immunity from those terrible disasters of coal-mining areas in other countries.

That is not the only advantage which the South African coal-mining industry claims over similar industries overseas. It claims that by the establishment of the Transvaal Coal Owners' Association it has achieved just that unification of control, that pooling of assets which has been the aim of the British coalfield reformers for years.

Nor has the public suffered from monopoly prices as a consequence. Indeed, it is the claim of the association that the reverse has happened—that because of the stabilization of prices consumers have been able confidently to reckon up their costs beforehand without the uneasy suspicion that all their calculations might be sent astray by the fluctuation of fuel prices.

Coal-mining never exists alone. It is always the magnet for something else. Because of its coal and its nearness to the eastern sector of the Rand Goldfields, the Electricity Supply Commission erected a large power station at Witbank some twenty years ago; it now has a capacity of 100,000 kw.; its tariff is said to be as low as anywhere in the southern hemisphere, and for large-scale consumers the rate goes as low as one-fifth of a penny per unit.

II

Then there is Middelburg, a bright country town with a population of about three thousand white people, which also has coalfields and large iron-ore deposits and is keen to attract industries. And the grotesque thing about Middelburg is—as Mr. H. H. Joubert, the town's historian, has pointed out—that there was a time when the Volksraad of Lydenburg decided that a village might only be established on this spot on condition that certain trees along the spruit from the Olifants River should be reserved for the supply of firewood for the village. The people of that day knew nothing about the vast sources of fuel that lay under the ground.

There is often a good deal of confusion caused through

there being two Middelburgs—a Middelburg in the Cape, as well as this Middelburg in the Transvaal. And that confusion might all have been saved if Middelburg had preserved the name with which it was originally christened. It was first called Nazareth, but somehow that name was never popular, and soon after its origin and by the efforts of Isaac Holthausen, first member of the Volksraad for Nazareth, the name was changed to Middelburg.

Note as you pass through the town the great amount of tree-planting that is taking place. Every year the town council is planting a quarter of a million trees—mostly gums—and from the large forests that will arise in the years to come Middelburg hopes to pay the whole cost of its administration.

Thirty-two miles from Middelburg and a hundred and forty miles from Johannesburg is the Loskop Irrigation Scheme: Loskop Lake, as it is called, fifteen miles long and the only man-made stretch of water in South Africa known to be the home of the hippo and the crocodile.

III

Climbing steadily you come to Belfast, which has the highest railway station in South Africa, six thousand eight hundred and one feet up, and is a summer health resort, and to Machadadorp, which is named after the Portuguese engineer who assisted in the planning of the Delagoa Bay–Pretoria railway, and which was President Kruger's headquarters during the later stages of the Anglo-Boer war.

If you care to make a slight deviation (or you can take it as your definite route if you like) you come to historic Lydenburg. There are early maps of the Transvaal on which only three towns are marked: Potchefstroom, Pretoria, and Lydenburg.

To a place called Ohrigstad, thirty miles beyond Lydenburg, trekked a number of voortrekkers from Potchefstroom, but so stricken with fever were they, and so many of their number perished, that they moved thirty miles south and called their next settlement Lydenburg, 'the place of suffering.'

Near Lydenburg, which was for some years an independent republic until it became amalgamated with the South African Republic in the sixties, the first gold-mining areas of any size in the Transvaal was discovered and prospered well until the Barberton fields proved richer. Gold mines still exist here to-day.

At Lydenburg are two of the highest mountains in the Transvaal, Mount Anderson and Mauchberg; it is probably richer in rivers than any other district in the province: clear, cold streams from the mountains in which there is fine trout fishing.

Note as you pass through the town a sight you are unlikely to see in any other town in South Africa. Three churches of the Dutch Reformed Church stand side by side as one has superseded the other.

The first, built in 1864, is now a museum of voortrekker relics; the second, built in the eighties, is now a church hall; the third, built in the nineties, still does service as a church proper.

Through the river country of Waterval Boven and Nelspruit (with falls to be seen between Waterval Boven and Waterval Onder and also on the Crocodile River three miles from Nelspruit) lies Barberton, first gold town of South Africa.

IV

Bret Harte should have lived in Barberton in those early days. He would have found all the atmosphere he discovered in California—there are still places in Barberton known as Revolver Creek, Joe's Luck, and the Sheba Hills—and perhaps the lions and the wild life of Africa might have helped him to discover a little more.

It is said that eight thousand people from all over the world descended on Barberton so quickly when the rush started that the lions had hardly been cleared out of the district, and the town only just christened after the two brothers named Barber who had found the gold while out hunting.

The fever spread to Swaziland and miners went to Umbandine, King of the Swazis, and offered him bags of thousands of sovereigns if he would let them have concessions there. Umbandine would first have one of his men count the money and then, growing tired, would pour the gold over his legs, call for his favourite wives, thrust handfuls of money into their hands, and have them cry: 'Bayette! The Great King of Gold!'

Financiers in London were interested in the Barberton mines, but hesitated to commit themselves. They sent out Gardner Williams, an expert who reported that Barberton had no permanent prospects, and on this occasion the expert proved to be right.

But the gold is still produced there (so, too, are asbestos and cotton) and Barberton people think there is much more gold about the place than has generally been supposed. They point out that the period of production on the Witwatersrand has only been prolonged by a very close and expert study of local conditions—and wonder a little wistfully sometimes whether a little of that study could not be devoted to the town which first attracted the attention of the world to the fact that gold had been found in South Africa in a big way.

v

Add a day or two to your trip to the Game Reserve and you may see Swaziland, motoring from Barberton to Pigg's Peak and then to the capital of Swaziland, Mbabane.

The Swazis are a different people to the Basutos and the Zulus: less virile, perhaps, and more indolent, but a happy and well-meaning people who move through life gracefully and as though they are well satisfied with the life they are living. They show that satisfaction by sticking to native dress probably more strictly than any other tribe. An odd one here and there may wear a European jacket, but it is very rare to see a Swazi wearing trousers.

It is true that Sobhuza, the forty-three-year-old paramount chief of this country, which is as big as Wales, often wears a

lounge suit, but he also not infrequently dons a bright red cloak such as any of his ancestors might have worn; and in this cloak, African and native to the last degree, he will sit and join in the conversation with his European guests on the latest crisis in Europe.

Always near to Sobhuza's kraal there used to stand the kraal of the queen mother, one of the most interesting figures in native life in South Africa. She could be very very kind—to a young journalist, for instance, who had gained permission to crawl into her hut, with no more excuse than to say that he had seen her. She would offer him Kaffir beer, ask him if he was married, and if he said he was not, would want to know what his mother thought about him not being married.

But she could also be very caustic. It is said that once the mayor of a large South African city called on her and told her how busy he was getting recruits to go off to the war.

'But why don't you go yourself?' asked the queen mother, 'you are a big fat man.'

The mayor was silenced for some time, and when he spoke again he did not improve matters. He introduced the man who was with him as his surveyor: a man who brings water in the pipes to the town.

'When I want water I make rain myself,' said the queen mother.

It is true that at that time the queen mother was the rain-maker of the Swazis; she was thought to be getting too old for the job in her later years, and had passed the great secret to somebody else.

But in her day she was indeed a very famous rain-maker, and the Right Rev. C. C. Watts, Bishop of Damaraland until 1939, and formerly archdeacon in Swaziland, tells in *Dawn in Swaziland* a delightful story of her rain-making activities during the terrible drought that visited Swaziland some thirty years ago.

When the Swazis came to implore the queen mother to make rain, she said she was tired and not inclined to make it. She would not even trouble to send for the necessary herbs to put into the rain-making concoction.

The wiles and pleas of the députation turned to threats. 'You are old and useless and cannot make rain. We must see to it that you die and your daughter-in-law is put in your place.'

And when she heard that, the old queen knew that she must act. 'You must bring me black cattle,' she said, 'from a place six days' journey off.' And when they arrived she looked at them and declared: 'These cattle have white marks upon them and I asked for black. Take them back again and bring me black.' In the double journey another twelve days passed; and she knew then that the rain could not hold off much longer.

'Take them back to where they come from and as they reach home I will make you rain.'

Surely enough in six days' time the rain began. It came in such force that it washed away gardens and crops and the députation came to the old queen once more.

'*Indhlovu Kazi*, you are more cruel than ever. You starved us before and now you kill us.'

'It is a punishment,' she answered. 'I did not want to make rain and you forced me to do it. Now I shall not stop it and it will teach you not to trouble me again at inconvenient times.'

VI

In some parts of Swaziland the ceremony of circumcision is practised as it is in many parts of native Africa.

At one time no European was said to have ever witnessed one of these initiation ceremonies—as the ceremonies of circumcision are sometimes called—and a photograph of boys in their fantastic garbs, and smeared in white clay, taking part in such a ceremony was looked on as a very rare thing.

But now such photographs are becoming commonplace and Europeans are getting to know so much about these ceremonies that in some quarters they are protesting against their being held.

What happens appears to be this. Boys of the same age are taken to a separate hut apart from the kraal, and after the operation of circumcision has been performed with an assagai

and healing plants and charms have been applied, they are subjected to a process of hardening for the life of manhood on which they are to embark.

They sleep without blankets, swim in ice-cold rivers, and hunt all day without being allowed to quench their thirst.

There is also a more or less similar initiation school for girls, and once a girl has passed through this school, she is regarded as marriageable.

When the male candidates have been acclaimed men by a tribal gathering they have the further right to choose their own partners from the marriageable girls, and to indulge with them in 'sexual play'—although this is not practised by all South African tribes.

These couples, it is stated, build their own miniature huts, and live together as husband and wife. No child must be born out of such a union, which might not become permanent, otherwise the results might be fatal to both parties. As a matter of fact, a girl is not allowed to lose her virginity in the ensuing sexual play, because every girl of all the tribes in the Union is examined before or at the wedding ceremony in order to satisfy the bridegroom, his people, and his prospective wife's people that she has not lost her virginity in pre-nuptial associations.

On the face of things this looks pretty bad, and it seems that the opponents of initiation ceremonies may have a good case.

'Danie' Craven, the famous Sprinkbok rugby player, who is an M.A. Ph.D., has, however, jumped in to defend them—or rather to plead that, instead of banishing such ceremonies, there should be a drastic and helpful revision.

He pleads that a lot of the admitted vulgarity of the ceremonies should be done away with and, in its place, there should be given sober and proper tuition on sexual matters. He declares, moreover, that circumcision is not an essential part of the ceremony; it is by no means now universal; and among a number of tribes the rite has only been recently introduced.

Dr. Craven wants these initiation schools to be used not

only for tuition in sexual matters but as a means of instructing men and women in their daily tasks and occupations, to make them obedient to discipline and appreciative of co-operative effort.

'I hope,' he says, 'that our missionaries and ministers will realize that their vocation is not to break down but to build up, not to force their way of thinking and mode of living on to the native, but to lift the native to a higher level of culture and civilization which will enable him to understand and not to grope in the dark.'

BUSH MAGIC AND TIKOLOSHE

I

THE most recommended route for the northern gate to the Kruger National Park is from Johannesburg to Pretoria, Pienaar's River, Warmbaths, Nylstroom, Potgietersrust, Pietersburg, Haenertsberg, Tzaneen, and Leydsdorp.

Sixty years ago a small detachment of Transvaal republican burghers, on their way to Pretoria from the far northern Transvaal, saw spirals of smoke issuing from a patch of green bush and grass at the roadside.

Suspecting the presence of native armed forces, the burghers hurried to Pretoria, where the president at once dispatched a strong commando to deal with the trouble.

If anything the position seemed to be worse—the smoke rising in denser clouds—when the troop returned.

Were the natives worshipping before a fire erected in honour of some unknown god? The burghers sent a volley of shot into the bush, but the enemy made no sign of retaliation.

Throwing caution to the winds, one bold spirit at last dashed into the wood and found—clear water bubbling from several springs! The water was at boiling temperature and the smoke proved to be the steam thrown into striking relief in the cold morning air against the background of trees.

In such way was Warmbaths discovered, this inland spa whose waters are compared to those of Ems in Germany and Royat in France, and which sometimes attracts as many as five thousand bathers a day.

Warmbaths is also famous for its flowers. A great number of carnations sold in Johannesburg's streets come from Warmbaths and the carnation fields are one of the sights of the Transvaal.

At Nylstroom, the old voortrekkers thought they had come across the Nile, of which they had read so much in the Bible, and, it is said, built themselves a boat in which they hoped to sail to the land of Moses.

Not far from Nylstroom is a cave into which the native chief

Makapaan and his marauders were driven by Commandants Pretorius and Potgieter and Field-Cornet Kruger, made desperate by the fact that Makapaan had murdered Boer women and children while their men were on a hunting trip.

Piling stones and brushwood at the mouth of the cave, they set the brushwood on fire—but not before Commandant Potgieter had been killed standing before the cave and Paul Kruger had bravely rushed in to carry away the body. Twenty-five days later the cave was opened and the burghers could hardly enter for the stench that greeted them. Nearly all Makapaan's men were dead.

Naboomspruit, the place where mules were changed and refreshments taken in the days of Zeederberg's Pretoria-Pietersburg mail coach, is now the diviating point of a branch line to Zebedelia, said to be the largest single orange estate in the world.

Here is another sight—surpassing even the carnations of Warmbaths—for the floral enthusiast: Zebedelia in orange-blossom time. The scent of miles and miles of orange-trees is said to be so strong at times as to be almost a mild narcotic. It impregnates the clothes, and almost the food, of the people who live there.

II.

Potgietersrust, named after Potgieter who was killed before Makapaan's cave, has an unusual sort of factory which extracts oil from peanuts and makes peanut butter, while Pietersburg—called after another general, General Piet Joubert of Majuba fame—is becoming quite an important town, centre of a big mining and agricultural district, and stopping-place of the big London to Cape Town air-liners.

Yet not far out of the town, and away from the Great North Road that strikes from Pietersburg into the very heart of Africa, wild animals, including leopard, may still be hunted. Native chiefs rule hundreds of thousands of natives pretty much as they have ruled them for thousands of years, and no corner of South Africa seems to be more full of the mystical and the unknown than this.

But if you would know more about this area bordering the Game Reserve, read *The Bushveld Doctor* by Louis C. Leipoldt, a book written in vivid and graceful English by a South African, who is also a foremost contributor to the considerable literature that is being built up in Afrikaans.

Dr. Leipoldt tells of the doctor's constant battle against malaria and the bilharzia that is so often contracted by people who live all their lives in the bushveld; of the wonder of the birds there and why their plumage should be so brilliant—for it is not, he contends, merely a matter of sex attraction; of the mystery of bush magic, and not only of bush magic of the natives but of certain white people who seem to be 'born with the caul' in the bushveld. Some of these white people used to come to him and ask him to give them medicine to cure them from foreseeing things—deaths in the family, and the like.

Yet the most thrilling incident Dr. Leipoldt has to relate—and it is probably one of the most eerie, mystifying chapters in South African literature—is how one night he went out into the bushveld with a wizened, little, ochreous coloured fellow who had the reputation of being able to speak to the dead. The old man did not want to speak to the dead. He was tired and getting old and it was only when Leipoldt told him that he was a doctor that he showed any interest. At last he agreed to the doctor's suggestion that they should speak to Baas Theophrastus von Hohenheim.

The little old fellow went into a trance ('I touched his eyeball but he had lost his conjunctival reflex') and soon began to speak in a queer sing-song voice in German—'sentences which, although I could not recollect them from my reading of Paracelsus, were astonishingly similar in style and construction to what that empiric might have written.'

And when, the trance over, he asked the old man questions in German, he could not answer.

III

You will be told a lot of queer stories about black magic, witchcraft, and the like, in South Africa. You will be told

quite a lot about witch-doctors who have made all sorts of remarkable prophecies that have come true, and very little about their prophecies that have not come true. You will hear strange tales about natives who declare they have the power to change themselves into animals or birds. They are altogether too fantastic to set down here.

Perhaps the most interesting and typical South African character in the world of black magic is a supposed tiny dwarf, who is always playing pranks and creating consternation by his mischievous doings. He is called Tikoloshe.

Tikoloshe usually creates consternation—and often on the outskirts of big cities—by causing stones and clods of mud to descend mysteriously into houses or through windows. Sometimes it is found that the stones and clods of mud are being very cleverly thrown and manipulated by some native lurking in hiding, but there are cases on record which have genuinely puzzled South Africans of high reputation and wide experience.

The late Rev. J. W. Houseman, for instance, who was quite an authority on witch-doctors and their ways (and thought very little of them), once described in a South African paper how he was called to investigate a visit of Tikoloshe to one of his native evangelists in a kraal.

Stones and clods of mud, he found, came hurtling through the doors and windows, and immediately he rushed to find where they had come from; there was neither sign nor sound of any living creature.

The women and children were in a state of collapse and I am bound to say I was far from comfortable. I lay there racking my brain for a solution of the mystery, when an amazing thing happened—one of the smaller calabashes shot up suddenly from the floor and striking the nearest child on the head, fell among the pots, and then rebounded to the spot where I was lying. This was the last straw! If my agitation had been great before, it was indescribable now.

To the end of a long life of both service and knowledge of the natives, he never succeeded in getting at the bottom of that mystery.

IN THE GAME RESERVE

I

THE Kruger National Park (or, as it is popularly called, 'The Game Reserve') is something that exists only in Africa—that only could exist in Africa. In brief, it is a stretch of land in the Eastern Transvaal over two hundred miles long, and nearly forty miles broad, in which there live nearly one million wild animals, including lions, buffalo, elephant, giraffe, hippo, zebra, and all varieties of buck.

These animals roam about in a perfectly natural state: living just as they would—and as they indeed are—in the wilds. The only difference between their state of being before the Kruger Park was proclaimed and what it is now, is that although they may, and do, still prey on one another, no human being can prey on them. And whereas thirty-five years ago they lived in a country devoid of tracks and very rarely saw a human being, now thousands of human beings come and see them from all over South Africa and the world every year, motoring about among them over six or seven hundred miles of good motoring road.

To any one outside Africa the thing seems almost incredible; and it is said that the staff of the South African pavilion at the Empire Exhibition in Glasgow had the utmost difficulty in getting some people to believe that such a place could exist. They did not doubt that one million wild animals lived in the Kruger National Park and lived in every way as nature intended them to live. But they found it very difficult to believe that one could get into a motor-car, and motor in among them, and live within a few hundred yards of them for days and weeks on end without serious risk of losing one's life.

South Africans themselves had their doubts when the Game Reserve was first opened. In the year 1927 only three motor-cars dared to enter the park and they went with their cars more full of fire-arms than of food. Even when regulations were

imposed limiting each car to one fire-arm, the occupants of the car still stuck to the one fire-arm and kept it constantly at the cock in fear of imminent tragedy and death.

Then, all in a year or so, people seemed to drop their fire-arms, rub their eyes, and have a good laugh at themselves. Yes, it was really true: you *could* motor about among these hundreds of thousands of wild animals and no harm would come to you. No less than three thousand nine hundred and seventy-one cars visited the park in 1930 (only three years after there had only been three), and about ten thousand cars passed through during the winter of 1938—for only during the winter months from 31st May to 31st October, when there is no danger of malaria, is the park open.

The danger now is that people are inclined to treat the animals too casually. In spite of the repeated warnings of the warden, stupid people get out of their cars and go within a few yards of lions in order to get a better point of vantage for taking photographs.

Once or twice of late years this casualness turned even into contempt. Some complaints were made that tourists actually amused themselves by throwing oranges at lions and roared at them mockingly and chased them with their cars.

These complaints came from people who live near the reserve, storekeepers, hotel proprietors, and others who indirectly get their living from it. They could foresee the day when there might be big headlines in the paper: SHOCKING TRAGEDY IN THE RESERVE—PARTY OF SIX DEVoured BY LIONS. And then for some months, even years perhaps, business at Kruger National Park would not be so good.

Here are the Seven Commandments of the Game Reserve drawn up by the warden, Colonel J. Stevenson-Hamilton, and they should be obeyed implicitly:

1. Don't fire at any animal in the park; although it may be considered vermin outside, there is no vermin within these boundaries. Remember your weapon is for self-protection only.
2. Don't molest or frighten the animals you see along the roads by chasing them with your motor-car, or alarm them in other ways.

You will make them afraid to stay near the road; and they will run off when they hear a motor-car coming. Moreover, it is a most unsportsmanlike thing to do, because it is very unfair towards others who might be following you by the same road. The animals are now confident only because they have not yet learned to be afraid of cars.

3. Don't leave your car to take photos of animals near the roads; they will run away as soon as they see you get out of the car.

4. Don't bathe; there are often crocodiles in the smallest pools.

5. Don't become alarmed if lions stand and stare at your car. They mean no harm and, in fact, are looking at your car and not at you. The lion's nose tells him at once that a car is not good to eat and only smells of petrol. If you find lions standing or lying in the middle of the road in front of you, it is not necessary to do more than slow down; when you get close they will get up and move to the side out of your way, but

6. Don't imagine because the lions are passive that they are therefore tame, and that you can go up and pat them. If you get out of your car in close proximity to lions you are courting trouble. Remember that a startled or frightened lion is just as dangerous as an angry one. A lioness with cubs, though she may take little notice of cars, is almost certain to attack a human being walking towards her cubs.

7. Don't forget that if you fire and wound a lion or lioness you are making unnecessary trouble and creating a danger to yourself and other visitors. The animal, probably merely curious before, will become indignant and may attack you and others.

II

The two best places to see lions are undoubtedly along the lower Sabie Road near Skukuza and at Pretorius Kop. Indeed, unless you go to these places it is improbable that you will see lions.

All sorts of wild theories have been formed and are still being formed as to the number of lions in Kruger Park. Certain correspondents have written to the South African press declaring that there must be at least ten thousand lions in the park—'playing great havoc with the rest of the animals there.'

A close student of animal life like Mr. Arthur Markowitz, writing just before the present war, thought it improbable that there were more than fifteen hundred lions in the park—

which surely is enough to delight the hearts of even those people who say they see nothing unless they see lions.

The ratio of one lion to a thousand other animals that form its hereditary prey, says Mr. Markowitz, would appear to be the normal proportion required by nature, and this has been established in the Kruger National Park.

But while the number of lions remains, and has remained, stationary, other animals have shown marked increases. It is now estimated that there are two thousand giraffes in the park where only two hundred existed twenty-five years ago—and the giraffe is easily the next most popular animal to the lion. People like to gasp at his height and ungainliness, and he is a nice, quiet beast and easy to photograph.

The number of buffalo is thought to have increased from two hundred to two thousand.

While, at one time, it was a very rare thing to see elephants, they can now be seen quite frequently. The warden thinks there are fully three hundred in the park to-day. Thirty years ago there were only twenty-five and these have bred to about two hundred and fifty, while a further one hundred and fifty are thought to have fled into the reserve as a result of the extensive shooting in Portuguese East Africa.

It is interesting to hear Colonel Stevenson-Hamilton discuss the difference between the newcomers and the old park elephants. Because of their recent acquaintance with man in Portuguese East Africa, the slightest whiff of human scent is enough to send the newcomers off into a panic, but the old park elephants who have never known what it is to be hunted seem quite pleasantly disposed towards human beings.

Throughout the winter of 1937 four bulls remained close to the rest camp on the Olifants Pontoon and even spent a whole day feeding unconcernedly within fifty or sixty yards of a mason and a gang of natives who were engaged in completing a causeway. On several occasions a herd of about fifty cows, young bulls, and calves also appeared and fed up to within a hundred and fifty yards of the gang in spite of the wind carrying the scent in their direction.

III

Of all the tales told by men who have escaped death from lion, perhaps the adventure of Mr. Wolhuter, a warden of the Sabie Game Reserve, still remains the most amazing. Seized by a lion on the right shoulder, Mr. Wolhuter was dragged a distance of sixty yards and then laid down under a tree for (as the papers put it at the time) 'a rather obvious purpose.' During the time he was being dragged, however, Mr. Wolhuter somehow managed to keep his nerve, pulled out his knife, and prepared himself to make a last desperate fight.

Selecting what he regarded as the vital spot in the lion's body, he struck home with his left hand two or three times in rapid succession. Then springing to his feet, he roared at the top of his voice in a mad effort to cow the animal. The lion turned tail, walked about twenty yards, and then fell dead.

But Wolhuter's troubles were not over. At the time the lion had attacked him, a second lion had gone off after other kill—and he reckoned that lion number two would be certain to return. With his arm and shoulder badly mauled, he thought the best thing to do was to climb a tree and strap himself there for fear he might faint.

He did faint—and recovered consciousness to find lion number two jumping up at him and once or twice just succeeding in touching his feet. Only the constant snapping and snarling of his dog, distracting and irritating the lion, saved Wolhuter from being pulled down before some natives came to rescue him.

As a result of a donation of £250 from Mr. Vernon Robertson of Amersfoort, the tree into which Wolhuter climbed is to be fenced in and commemorative plaques erected.

IV

It is almost inevitable, perhaps, that the world's wildest game reserve should have its 'Tarzan' story. As a matter of fact, it is a perfectly authenticated story and achieved the distinction of being told in the annual report of the National Park Board of Trustees, which was tabled in the Senate. The 'Tarzan'

in question was a native who appears to have become partially deranged as a result of domestic trouble. He went 'wild' and for five years lived in a rather remote and inaccessible strip of the Kruger Park, along the south bank of the Olifants River.

He went about quite naked and had a number of hide-outs all over the area. Sometimes these were hollowed-out ant-heaps and sometimes enlarged ant-bear holes. For a long time he was little heard of and seemed innocuous, but afterwards he began to raid the native ranger pickets. Many attempts were made to catch him, but native rangers described him as being able to run as fast as a buck, leaping over bushes like an impala.

At last a patrol surprised the wild man on his way to drink at the Olifants River. He at once took flight and was rapidly outdistancing his pursuers when he tripped over a rock, fell, and injured his right leg, so that he was not able to do more than hobble. He was then easily caught.

The remains of a buffalo and a lion were found in his cave, and he admitted having killed them by snaring. Ultimately tried and convicted of having killed a lion and buffalo in the park, he was committed to jail and the authorities were recommended to have him examined by a medical officer.

V

If you want to know more about the animals of Kruger Park, read that impressive work *Sanctuary*, by C. S. Stokes, a book which has produced thousands of pounds for war and other funds. Not only does the writer tell, with a rare grace and insight, scores of most entertaining animal stories, but the photographs assembled in this book—from the cameras of men who are among the best big-game photographers in the world—probably constitute the finest collection of its kind in one volume.

A particularly interesting and intriguing South African animal, of course, is the baboon. He is not exactly a game reserve specimen, but in all sorts of odd spots in South Africa you may come across him. It is because they are so nearly human that they are so interesting—and that is also why

many farmers, who are by no means sentimentalists, dislike shooting them, in spite of the serious depredations they can and do inflict on crops.

It is said that baboons never raid crops without appointing one baboon as sentinel. The duty of this baboon is to bark immediately on the approach of human beings and the bark is such, it is said, that a troop has never been known yet to flee in the direction of the enemy. Baboons punish and even kill sentinels who betray them through negligence.

There are men who have lived in baboon areas all their lives, who state it as a definite fact that baboons are never afraid of women, even if they are armed. And they will not be deceived even if a woman dons male attire and endeavours to scare them. Let, however, even a small boy appear on the scene and they will make off instantly.

When they attack a beast more powerful than themselves they attack according to plan, and men who have seen them surround a leopard, declare that while the leopard has done damage, he has never from the first stood a chance of escape.

Pet baboons have been kept on South African farms with varying results. On one occasion such a baboon seized hold of the few-weeks-old baby of a farmer's wife and fled with it up a tree. It was not until all sorts of coaxings had been resorted to that the animal could be got down. It just sat there nursing the child, which suffered no harm beyond a few scratches, inflicted when the baboon tore off all the long clothes worn by babies at that period.

Efforts have been made to train them as leaders of oxen and it has been published in South Africa that one farmer definitely succeeded in training three baboons to weed. Taking them down to the lands, he would start picking up weeds and the baboons would immediately imitate him and work with such frenzy as to accomplish the work of two or three humans.

The baboon is such a pest and enemy to South African farmers that various divisional councils pay half a crown to ten shillings a head for his capture, the highest rewards being paid in those districts where baboons are present in greatest numbers.

Not only do baboons raid orchards and steal mealies, but they mutilate lambs and young goats and kill off chickens.

The difficulty is to find an effective way of trapping them. Farmers say that they are so cunning that they avoid all traps and somehow manage to keep aloof from all poison.

Greatest of all baboon areas is Graaff Reinet, where no less than three thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight were officially killed in 1937. The position was so bad in that area that one farmer suggested that the Government should make war on baboons as it might against any other enemy, using machine-guns and poison gas.

Indeed, in the present year of 1946, it is reported that a suddenly developed appetite for raw meat among baboons in this area is costing farmers about £50,000 a year. Mr. François Theron, a farmer of Eensaamheid, who built a special pack-killing trap, reported himself in despair. 'The baboon leaders,' he said, 'are so wary that instead of catching twenty or more baboons in my monster trap, I am lucky to get one. The other day, I wiped out a pack of thirty with poisoned sweet potatoes and now raiders won't touch them.'

Mr. Theron added that he was using pentoxide inserted into potatoes, 'but only young baboons who would not listen to their elders fell victims to this bait.' Packs of baboons, he said, were pulling down full-grown sheep 'and picking the bones as clean as any jackal.'

Bushmen and baboons were once the sole inhabitants of the mountainous regions between Cape Town and Cape Point. To-day the bushmen have disappeared, but a 'lost tribe' of baboons remain. They have earned the name of the 'lost tribe' because the gradual spread of civilization across the Cape Flats—from Table Bay to False Bay—has completely cut them off from escaping further up country and they are doomed for ever to roam the mountain solitude of the peninsula. One among them—a three-legged animal—had been banished from the tribe, and there are few people in the peninsula who have not heard of the escapades of 'Ou Jan.'

BLOEMFONTEIN: THE CENTRE CITY

I

SOME day you must get from some South African library (it is unlikely you will get it anywhere else, and the librarian may not want you to take the book from the premises) a copy of Anthony Trollope's *South Africa*, which was written in the eighteen-seventies, and a sentence or two of which has already been quoted in the chapter on Kimberley.

Read Trollope in Bloemfontein, for somehow the atmosphere of the place seemed to sink very deep in him:

I heard of no special industry of Bloemfontein; as far as I am aware nothing special is there manufactured. It is needful for a country to have a capital, and therefore the Orange Free State has Bloemfontein. But the little town has thriven with a success peculiarly its own. Though it would seem to have no *raison d'être* for its existence, enriched with no special gifts of water or metals, and even though the population has not grown beyond that of a suburb of an important European town, still it carries its metropolitan honours with a good air. . . . There is a hill to the west which I used to mount when the sun was setting because from the top I could look down upon the place and see the whole of it. The town is so quiet and seems to be so happy and contented, removed so far away from strife and want and disorder, that the beholder as he looks down upon it is tempted to think that the peace of such an abode is better than the excitement of Paris, London, or New York. I will not say that the peace and quiet are to be observed from the hilltop, but he who stands there knowing that the peace and quiet are lying beneath him will think that he sees it. Nor will I say that Bloemfontein itself is particularly beautiful. It has no pretty rivers like the Tyrol, no hills to make it lovely as Edinburgh, no glory of buildings such as belongs to Florence. It is not quiet as Nuremberg, romantic as Prague, but it has a completeness and neatness which make it pleasant to the eye. There is an atmosphere of general prosperity about Bloemfontein which is apt to make the dweller in busy cities think that though it may not quite suit himself it would be very good for everybody else. And thus there comes upon him a question of conscience as he asks himself whether it should not be very good for him also.

BLOEMFONTEIN

On that note Trollope finishes not only his reflection Bloemfontein, but the book that he calls *South Africa*.

And Trollope was not alone in his tribute to Bloemfontein in the days of the Model Republic, as it has been called.

Viscount Bryce, ambassador of Britain at Washington, and sometime President of the British Board of Trade, author of *The Holy Roman Empire* and *The American Commonwealth*, looked on things with a more analytical eye. But he, too, was quite enthusiastic about the place when he visited it in the nineties.

In the Orange Free State I discovered in 1895 the kind of commonwealth which the fancy of philosophers of the last century painted. It is the ideal commonwealth not in respect of any special excellencies in its constitution but because the economic and social conditions which have made democracy so far an unmixed success in the American states and in the larger colonies of Britain, not to say all the countries of Europe, whether ancient or modern, have not come into existence here, while the external dangers which for a time threatened the state a few years ago have vanished away like clouds into the blue.

Small as is the white population of the Orange Free State, its geographical position and the high average quality of its citizens secure for it a position of great significance in South African politics.

II

But it is over Trollope's remarks that the man who knows the Bloemfontein of to-day will ponder longest—and be struck by their aptitude to the town as it exists these sixty years later.

If it is no longer the capital of the republic Bloemfontein is still the capital of the province: still carries its metropolitan honours with a good air; and nearly every visitor remarks on its neatness, its order, its lack of dirt and meanness.

And if they do not always let their minds run to Florence, Nuremberg, Edinburgh, or Prague, as Trollope so oddly did at a time when Bloemfontein had only three thousand white people living in it, and when every deal plank, bar of iron, and ton of sugar had to be dragged four hundred miles by oxen

An average cost of £15 per ton, nearly every visitor, South African or overseas, exclaims at the unexpected 'bigness' of the Bloemfontein of to-day.

It is very doubtful indeed whether there is a single city in South Africa that has more fine or impressive buildings than President Brand Street: the new town hall that was opened six years ago at a cost of a quarter of a million; the Appeal Court of South Africa (for Bloemfontein is the judicial capital for the whole of the Union), that is a little masterpiece of architecture; the Government offices, the old Raadzaal, and the Supreme Court. Even the fire station and the Koffiehuis are buildings of taste and distinction and give dignity to the street as a whole.

Bloemfontein calls itself, and is, the centre city of the Union. By reason of this central position, it is a city of conferences. Indeed, its main street, Maitland Street, may very fairly be considered to be something of a Piccadilly in South Africa. If you walk down Maitland Street often enough you will eventually meet every man you want to meet in South Africa. Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, he will some day come along for a conference.

But for years now Bloemfontein has been waking up to the fact that this has not been enough. It has wanted its centrality to bring it something else—some industry or other. Up to now its four main means of livelihood are probably the railway workshops, its university and schools (you will find the same distinctive note of architecture about the University of the Free State and the Grey College as you found about the buildings in President Brand Street), its civil service, and its newspaper and printing industries.

Even Trollope seemed conscious of something missing when he wrote: 'I heard of no special industry of the place.' Bloemfontein has long been trying to fill that gap—without success. Then came the sensational discovery at Odendaalsrust which set the whole world talking about the Free State goldfields. How would this news, Bloemfontein people asked themselves, affect their city? They did swift calculations.

Odendaalsrust was about a hundred miles away, a two and a half hours' car ride (which is nothing in a country of big distances); perhaps, when things got going, twenty minutes' or half an hour's air ride. At first, there was a disposition to take a cautious, perhaps an ultra-cautious view. Perhaps the city was just a little too far away to count itself really in the swim of things, but it could at least reckon on an increased prosperity as the capital city of a province, no longer the Cinderella province of the Union, but the one destined, it seemed, to wear the golden slipper over a very long, and certain, period of years.

Then suddenly Bloemfontein began to be regarded as the one really considerable city near the new goldfields: a city of 82,000 people (32,000 of them Europeans), with all the amenities of fine buildings, hotels, communications, parks, shops, Government offices, and so on. The Bloemfontein Consolidated Investment Corporation (B.C.I.) was formed, with Mr. Norbert Erleigh, chairman of New Union Goldfields, as its chairman, and declaring:

The creation of B.C.I. was brought about by a relatively simple thought. Johannesburg and Bloemfontein, as a result of air travel, have to-day become interchangeable with many advantages to both cities.

Since the discovery of the Rand goldfields in the last century Johannesburg has been the centre of concentrated development. In this century Bloemfontein, together with other centres in the Free State, such as Kroonstad—not to mention the 'fairy god-mother' of Odendaalsrust—offer vast virgin fields for mining and economic consideration.

With the opening up of the Odendaalsrust goldfields, the creation of the B.C.I. with an authorised capital of £3,000,000 might be described as the modern counterpart of the J.C.I. and other big companies which were initiated when the Rand goldfields were discovered.

The object of the B.C.I., in addition to mining interests in the Odendaalsrust goldfields, will also be to develop the industrial outlook of the Free State—particularly at Bloemfontein—the capital of the Province.

At the time of writing—which is just after this announcement

was made—there are various stories abroad of factories starting in the city, but definite announcements as yet are limited to a match factory and a tannery. Land sales, however, are already booming. Residential stands are fetching anything from two to five times their normal value and one or two business premises have attracted proportionate offers.

In November 1943 a local company bought the site and buildings of the old Town Hall in Maitland Street for £62,000. The company has just been offered for the site substantially double the price it paid for the whole property. But the company's board of directors has decided to hold on to the site and build a seven-story building on it. Rightly or wrongly, Bloemfontein, these days, has become a city of big expectations.

III

Bloemfontein has not always been the peaceful spot it is to-day. Even its name is deceptive.

For a long time the name of Bloemfontein was taken to mean 'fountain of flowers,' but closer investigation shows that it is more likely to have been called after Jan Bloem, the Koranna head of a party of nomads who for some time, at any rate, made the fountain—Bloem's Fountain, as it came to be called—their headquarters for cattle stealing and the practising of general rascality. Moreover, one of the reasons why Major Warden is said to have selected the site for establishing the town and moved rather hurriedly from Philippolis was because of its strategic advantages: very essential advantages in the hectic times in which he was at the moment living.

And even when the Europeans did shake down to some sort of settled living the bushmen—yes, the bushmen—would not let them live quietly. Unlike the other natives in South Africa the bushmen simply could not be tamed. In all their history they had never been ruled or controlled by chiefs, but had strayed about in little groups as wild animals might, killing white men and preying on their cattle, until the white men simply had to exterminate them as wild beasts might have to

be exterminated. Here is a report taken from the *Friend*, the daily paper in Bloemfontein, dated 28th January 1854:

Last week a party of burghers attacked a crowd of bushmen on top of Thaba Patchoa mountain. Mr. Sefton and Mr. Strachan led the way. The commando was on the mountain at break of day, and just as the party was making its final arrangements the dogs began to bark, upon which a bushman came out to see what was the matter. He was shot dead. Immediately the fire of the attacking party became heavy, and the bushmen replied with showers of poisoned arrows. At the end, it was found that nineteen persons, men, women, and children, had been killed. This sanguinary scene, dreadful though it may seem to some people at a distance, appears to us to have been a terrible necessity. Eight of Mr. Sefton's horses and nineteen of Mr. van Tonder's oxen were found at the bushmen's kraal.

And when a vehement attack on Messrs. Sefton and Strachan was launched by a Cape paper, the *Friend* took up the cudgels:

Let us suppose that men, each armed with a dozen poisoned arrows, had robbed a farmer in England of his cattle. Would not such creatures be shot down like wild beasts? Would they be suffered to roam about England for one week?

Rudyard Kipling was once associate editor of the *Friend*. During the days of the Anglo-Boer war the press correspondents of the British forces took over the *Friend* by arrangement with the party.

In a rather rare book entitled *War's Brighter Side*, Julian Ralph describes how, when Kipling came to Bloemfontein, he said to him: 'We have put you down as an editor of the *Friend*, and we have announced it,' and then held his breath and waited—for at that time Kipling was already a famous man.

Kipling replied: 'I should have been mortally offended had you not done so. Where is the office?'

Kipling got to work right away.

As he entered the editorial dustbin he sniffed the mingled odours of ink, wet paper, and dust, and said: 'It is quite like old times in India.' With pen in hand, and pipe in mouth, he sat down at the larger of the two tables, and beginning with: 'Now what shall I do? Write a poem, fill out cables, or correct proofs?' got down to work.

There were lots of Tommy poets in those days, it appears,

and Kipling insisted that all soldier poets should be read religiously and the best of their efforts printed. When one of the associate editors had spent half a day in putting a Tommy's poem into the Queen's English, Kipling was righteously indignant and spent half a day in putting it back in the Tommy's vernacular.

It was an odd sort of *Friend* that was published in those days with its controversies on 'Should Beards be worn in War,' and 'Koppie-book Maxims' that said among other things that 'Abandoned women and abandoned koppies are best left alone.'

But sometimes the real authentic Kipling came to light. That night, for instance, when the news came through that General Joubert, head of the Boer forces, had died, he sat down and wrote:

Later shall rise a People, sane and great,
Forged in strong fires, by equal war made one,
Telling old battles over without hate.
Not least his name shall pass from sire to son.

That was the only bit of all the work published in the *Friend* by the British war correspondents which the compositors thought worth keeping. They had it stuck up on their composing-room walls.

IV

One thing Kipling, with his love of animal lore and his particular interest and knowledge of the tiger, would have been interested in in Bloemfontein to-day are the ligers, as they are called, in the Bloemfontein Zoo.

They are half lion, half tiger, bred from a tiger mother and a lion father, and up to four or five years ago were thought to be the only ligers in the world. Now New York has two or three and calls them tigelons. In the Bloemfontein Zoo there are now three.

Tragedy has twice befallen the liger family. Three or four years ago one of the first two ligers escaped from its cage and had to be shot. Then, early in the year 1942, the lion father of these animals killed the mother, a Bengal tigress.

Now the Zoo authorities want to try a new experiment. They are appealing for a Bengal tiger to cross with a lioness—in which case, it is assumed, the offspring will show predominantly tiger characteristics, just as the present ligers show more characteristics of their father lion than of their mother tigress.

There is also a remarkably fine rose garden to be seen near the zoo, and on the day you are devoting to seeing the accepted sights of the town, you should look in at the museum in Aliwal Street, which has not only a fine collection of animals and birds, but also examples of Voortrekker costumes and some interesting photographs of Presidents Brand, Reitz, and Steyn—the three great presidents of the Orange Free State.

The names of Reitz and Steyn are still familiar in South African public life. Colonel Deneys Reitz, who died while occupying the office of Union High Commissioner in London, was the third son of the late President Reitz; and he was a lad not yet seventeen years of age when he joined the Burgher forces in the South African war, and fought through that war to the bitter end. When peace was declared, he exiled himself at Madagascar, suffering there great hardships and privations; and it was only a special appeal by Mrs. Smuts that ultimately prevailed upon him to come back to his fatherland. But the years wrought a big change on Deneys Reitz—as they have wrought on so many men in South Africa. On the outbreak of the first great war, he quickly joined up and, after serving in South Africa, went overseas, ultimately becoming the Colonel of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, and being twice severely wounded. Both the M.C. and D.S.O. were offered to him, but he refused all decorations. His books *Commando* and *Trekking On* have gained worldwide repute—both for matter and style.

Dr. Colin Steyn, only son of the late President Steyn, is now the Minister of Justice and one of the chief political figures in the Union. Indeed, there are those who predict that he may one day become the Union's chief political figure.

Having seen the Museum, you should also pay a special visit to the Women's Monument, erected to commemorate

the women and children who died in the concentration camps, and to the Anglo-Boer War Museum which has been established in the monument grounds.

You will see there a long table and the chairs on which President Kruger, Sir Alfred Milner, and Mr. Abraham Fischer sat at the Railway Bureau, Bloemfontein, from 31st May to 5th June 1899, 'in connection with the troubles that arose amongst the foreigners on the Rand and in connections with the naturalization and franchise problems. The conference failed, and the Anglo-Boer war followed shortly afterwards.'

There are little silver plates on the chairs and tables showing how President Kruger sat opposite Sir Alfred Milner, with Mr. Abraham Fischer, of the Free State, at the head of the table, presiding.

V

There is one other thing you can be advised to do in Bloemfontein and that is to visit the location, which is one of the model locations in the Union.

A location is that part of a South African town where natives live, going to and from their work each morning and evening, and the twenty-eight thousand natives who live in the Bloemfontein location are said to live under as good conditions as in any in the Union.

They have a large hall where they have cinema shows, concerts, and meetings; there is a Y.M.C.A., a native dispensary, and an undenominational high school. There are also several well-laid-out football, cricket, tennis, and other recreation grounds.

It has been found that by establishing an Advisory Board, elected by the natives, and to which all matters concerning the location are first referred, they have been brought to take a pride in the progress and orderliness of their native town.

You may see native men and women in flannels and white gingham entertaining one another at tea on the tennis courts at Bloemfontein. They also hold dances in the large hall, wearing full evening dress (many of the men turning out in

tails), and on the night of their dance championships they invariably ask European dance teachers from the town to judge their competitions and one or two Europeans as guests.

If such an invitation comes your way, accept at once. Not only will you be entertained with ease and charm, but the dancing—particularly in the waltzing competitions—is superb. Bloemfontein boasts, or used to boast, the best native waltzer in South Africa, which probably means that he is incomparably the best waltzer in South Africa. The dance teachers, whose awards are accepted without question, will probably whisper under their breath to you that they simply dare not go on the floor and dance themselves before these people.

The tunes to which the dancers dance are the very latest, the sort of tunes you will be hearing in all the cafés at the time. And perhaps you will think—or is it just imagination?—that there is a certain rhythm, a certain note and throb of old Africa, about the way they are played that no European orchestra could hope to imitate.

VI

The zoo is not the only place where animals may be seen.

On Naval Hill, so called because during the Anglo-Boer war a naval gun was used there, buck of various species, a zebra, and a dromedary roam at will in what is called the Franklin Game Reserve.

Quite apart from the animals, Naval Hill is well worth the short climb or motor journey involved. Much-travelled visitors who have climbed Naval Hill by moonlight have gone so far as to declare it one of the most impressive sights in South Africa; so far is it possible to see across the white, shining veld, stretching to the horizon, so clear and intimate and peaceful appear the glimmering streets of the town below. Yet it is little more than sixty years since, at a point that is known as Hangman's Kloof, men were publicly hanged, and sometimes hanged very badly.

There were about three hundred people present [says the *Friend* in describing a public hanging one morning in March 1883].

Having adjusted the ropes on the culprits' necks and withdrawn the bolt, one of the murderers, Hoffman, a rather heavy man, fell to the ground, the hangman's knot of the smaller rope having slipped and the drop being so long that the rope snapped near the gallows. Another rope was procured and the unfortunate culprit was once more placed on the gallows, the bolt withdrawn and death was instantaneous. Then the rope round the neck of Fire, the other murderer, snapped, but the thick one caught him so that he was strangled rather than having his neck dislocated.

The *Friend* hoped that the next execution would be conducted in private, 'for it is a revolting sight to see a human being strung up, and brutalizing to the beholders.'

Every visitor to Bloemfontein—or even passer-by in the train—wants to know the reason for the huge white horse that has been plastered or white-washed on the side of Naval Hill.

The White Horse is said by some people to have been made by the British troops because the famous Free State leader, General de Wet, rode a white horse. Others have suggested that it was made by the Wiltshire Regiment when it was stationed in Bloemfontein in the likeness of the White Horse in Wiltshire.

The White Horse was built by Mr. William Lynch, and his relative, Mr. J. D. M. Lynch, has declared that it was built for no other reason than as a landmark for the hospital for sick horses and remount camp that existed there during the Anglo-Boer war. The conductors of these remounts and sick horses had to travel many miles over a country that was strange to them, and they were always told simply to 'make for the White Horse.'

There is another feature of Naval Hill that serves as a landmark—a landmark now for airmen—and that is the dome of the Michigan Observatory, gleaming white and fantastic in the warm South African sunlight. Not only the observatory of Michigan University is here, for some years ago the observatory of Harvard University was removed from Peru to Bloemfontein, for the reason that Bloemfontein has probably as many nights of clear and brilliant starlight throughout the year as any place in the world.

Late in 1945, the news was published that there was to be erected at the Harvard Observatory, a telescope as good as any in the world and costing probably something in the region of £2,000,000.

Asked as to the main problems which it was hoped to elucidate—or at least clarify—by the use of these gigantic instruments, Dr. J. S. Paraskevopoulos, who established the Harvard Observatory in 1927, summarized them as follows: (1) The distribution of matter in space. (2) The checking of the relativity theory as regards the expansion of the universe. (3) The time scale—the laws of space and time. There would be no astronomical station anywhere, concluded Dr. Paraskevopoulos, charged with more important tasks, or better equipped for those tasks.

Spend a few hours in one of these observatories—it can be done on certain nights by making inquiries—and it is an experience you will always remember.

VII

The observatory of Harvard University is not situated on the top of Naval Hill but at Mazelspoort, some fifteen miles away from Bloemfontein, and that is a place which you must visit not only by night but also by day.

It is Bloemfontein's river resort.

The dried-up water-course, surmounted by half a dozen bridges or so, which you see in the middle of the town and which is called the Bloemspruit, is not a river at all and never has been. Here in Bloemfontein, in one of the driest areas of South Africa, there occurred about fifty years ago a storm of such intensity that a great uncontrolled river rushed suddenly through the town, drowned a score or more people who lived in the centre of it, and carried shops and houses away.

Bloemfontein's sense of shock and tragedy were such that it swore that such a thing should never happen again. And so Bloemspruit was built at a cost of nearly two hundred thousand pounds—a tremendous sum of money for a small town,

as Bloemfontein was then—to provide as insurance against an accident that might happen only once in a hundred years.

Bloemfontein's Mazelspoort is a creditable example of how a town, whom Nature herself may not have blessed unduly with picnic and pleasure resorts, may make a very excellent attempt to provide such a place for herself.

Sixteen years ago Mazelspoort was just a stretch of more or less isolated river water and unknown to the great mass of people in Bloemfontein.

To-day it is a place of boats and launches, green lawns and flower beds, tennis courts and a golf course, and a swimming-bath that is one of the largest in the Union.

And among the pine-trees that stretch along the river are a number of bungalows in which the townsman and the farmer in the district, unable to find the time (or sometimes the money) to go to the sea, may spend a very pleasant holiday.

But overseas visitors will also remember Mazelspoort. It will thrill and surprise them after motoring across such dry and unvaried country that even here such a place as Mazelspoort can exist.

But what is likely to interest the overseas visitor still more is that at Bloemfontein he is at the gateway to Basutoland, whose capital of Maseru is only seventy or eighty miles away.

IN UNKNOWN BASUTOLAND

I

BASUTOLAND is called (as you have already learnt the district of Worcester in the Cape is called) the Switzerland of South Africa, but the title hardly does it justice. Switzerland may be far lovelier than Basutoland—it has great blue lakes and snow-capped mountains to make it so—but it is not so majestic, so mysterious, so haunting a country as Basutoland. Awesome is the word.

There is no other part of South Africa that can be likened to this British territory of high mountains and deep valleys that is the size of Belgium and has the densest native population in South Africa: dense because the mountains are so high and numerous as to drive the six hundred thousand native and the fifteen hundred white people to living largely in the valleys.

It is not only unlike the rest of South Africa, but there are few South Africans who know anything about it. Ask even a well-travelled South African if he knows the name of the falls in Basutoland that are nearly twice as high as the Victoria Falls, and probably he will tell you that he never knew there were any falls in Basutoland at all.

They are the 'Maletsunyane Falls, six hundred and sixty feet high, that are shunned by the Basutos because of the huge evil serpents that their legends tell them lurk at the foot, and so very few white people have seen them, for the reason that it takes two days' pony ride and hard trekking to get there.

The Basutos may not be as tall as the Zulus (whom you are to meet in a later chapter), but they are a brave and intelligent people and they are very proud of the fact that they have never been conquered.

Thaba Bosigo, their famous natural fortress, which nobody who goes into Basutoland must come away without seeing, has never been taken. Thaba Bosigo is a hill on the top of which are cliffs, pierced only by very narrow paths which a

child could almost guard. The hill itself is a great flat plateau on which there is grass and water in abundance, and a whole army might be quartered there.

A peculiarity of the hill—and it is a peculiarity which men who had any experience in attacking hills in the Great War will readily understand—is that it seems to be very much bigger when you come near to it and under it than it looks some distance away. The Zulus discovered that when they attacked it and that is why they called it the Hill of Night—because when they approached it in the dawn it seemed to have grown considerably higher and more formidable in the night.

Eugène Casalis, one of the little band of French missionaries who worked with such extraordinary courage and patience in Basutoland in the early eighteen-hundreds, describes how from the top of Thaba Bosigo the Basutos gazed down on the Zulus under Moselkatse, arranging their military ornaments, sharpening their weapons, and towards evening executing their war dances.

The Basutos did not remain idle. They carefully blocked the breaches that time had made in their gigantic citadel. The assault was made simultaneously at two opposite points and was at first terrific. Nothing seemed able to withstand the rush of the enemy. Accustomed to victory, the Zulus advanced in serried ranks, not troubling to notice the masses of basalt which came leaping down on them with a tremendous noise from the top of the mountain. But soon there was a general crash—an irresistible avalanche of stones, accompanied by a shower of assagais, sent back the Zulus with more rapidity than they had advanced. The chiefs were seen snatching away the plumes off their warriors' heads and trampling them down in a rage. But when they were seen leading them in one more attack against the formidable rampart their desperate attempt succeeded no better than the former ones. Next day the Zulus resumed their march, and returned home to their sovereign. At the moment of their departure a Mosuto drove some cattle before their ranks and gave this message: 'Moshesh salutes you. Supposing that hunger brought you into this country he sends these cattle so that you may eat them on your way home.'

II

What manner of man was this Moshesh, chief of the Basutos, who was not only in the forefront of every battle fought by his men and displayed before them a magnificent courage, but also could find it in the charity of his native heart to send cattle after his defeated and departing foes?

Casalis, when he first saw him, declared that he at once felt that he had to do with a superior man, trained to think and command others, 'and he bestowed on me a look at once majestic and benevolent.'

It was the tragedy of Moshesh that all his lifetime his one desire was to rule and live in peace, and always he seems to have been at war. He not only fought against the natives, but in some way or other became involved with both Boer and British. In his late seventies he could stand the strain and worry of war no longer, and pleaded that he and his people might come under Britain for protection.

I am glad that my people have been allowed to rest and live in the large folds of the blanket of England [he wrote]. My country is your blanket, O Queen, and my people are the lice in it.

It is a melancholy reflection that in his last days, as Major E. A. T. Dutton tells us in his *The Basuto of Basutoland* (Cape), the old chief was almost forgotten and suffered even hunger.

And yet no sooner was he dead than the Basuto began to regard him with a superstitious veneration—as he does to this day.

It is a pity that so little is known of Mohlomi, who was really Moshesh's mentor and who was perhaps one of the first natives to say and to realize: 'It is better to thresh corn than to sharpen a spear.'

Pilgrims came from all over inland Africa to see Mohlomi, who was the foe of the witch-doctors and had denounced cannibalism, and from out of a batch of them one day Mohlomi is said to have singled out Moshesh, taken one of his own earrings, and fastened it into his ear, telling him: 'It is a sign of power. One day thou wilt rule men. Learn then to know them. And when thou judgest let thy judgment be just.'

III

You need no sort of passport or permit to visit Basutoland, and most people do it either by Maseru or Ficksburg. There are only two restrictions: you can carry neither liquor nor firearms over the border, and a white man must stop when requested to do so by a Basutoland policeman.

It is said that there is great wealth in Basutoland—gold and diamonds—and some men talk most mysteriously about oil. The story is told that in the time of the chief Molapo native women found some pretty stones which they gave to their children as playthings. Recognizing them as diamonds, Europeans tried to buy the stones, but Molapo at once forbade any such thing, took the stones, and had them buried where they were found. And so that such an occurrence might never happen again he had a village built there and sentries posted to see that no man, black or white, ever went near the place where the stones were found.

Only white men who are granted trading licences can carry on business in Basutoland, and that is why the white population is so small. The lives of some of the traders managing trading stores in the mountains are lonely as white men live in South Africa, and yet for the most part they seem happy.

One of the greatest forms of social contact between the white men in Basutoland is the playing of cricket. Before the war (and no doubt the practice will be resumed) men rode for long distances and over very difficult country to take part in the games that were held on Sundays for the reason that it took many of the players the best part of a day to get there, and the best part of another to get back.

But at the morning tea interval a religious service is sometimes held—and has been known to be conducted by the Anglican bishop. The twenty-two players, spectators, and those providing tea, gather in the shade of a tree, have prayer, a short address, sing a hymn, and then the game goes on again.

THE PRAIRIE PROVINCE

I

THOSE visitors who have come to Bloemfontein to see something, not only of Basutoland but of the Free State, may take either the long three- or four-day tour embracing:

Brandfort, Theunissen, Winburg, Odendaalsrust, Kroonstad, Bethlehem, Harrismith, Fouriesburg, Ficksburg, Ladybrand, Wepener, Zastron, Rouxville, Aliwal North, Dewetsdorp, and Thaba 'Nchu.

Or a two-day tour seeing:

Ladybrand, Wepener, Zastron, Rouxville, Aliwal North, Dewetsdorp, and Thaba 'Nchu.

You will not wonder why the Free State has been called the 'prairie province' of South Africa. It must rank as one of the flattest stretches of country in the world. Mile after mile the roads stretch without interruption to the horizon, disturbed only here and there by a dim, blue, flat-shaped koppie which is the hall-mark of the interior of South Africa and which, when you come near it, is a rather ugly hill of green and brown bush sandstone.

Yet a Free Stater, having spent all his life in this spacious atmosphere, admires it beyond all other. Particularly he likes it in the winter months when the grass has been dried a tawny grey, and over the great grey landscape the early winter sun sinks in a splendour of orange, red, and mauve, and sometimes in a mysterious mixture of all these colours.

Perhaps South Africans of the present generation remember President Brand, head of the Free State Republic for more than a quarter of a century, best by his saying 'Alles sal reg kom' ('All shall come right'), a saying about as famous in the Union as 'More is nog'n dag' ('To-morrow is another day'). But South Africans do the old president a great injustice when they stop the saying at 'Alles sal reg kom.' They should add 'mits ons ons plig doen,' making the full saying 'All shall come right, provided we do our duty.'

II

In the last edition of this book, it was mentioned how a year or two before the war, Theunissen was one of the most discussed places in the Free State. Gold had been found there and derricks pointed skywards on the lonely Free State veld. Throughout this whole district, indeed, there was a sort of simmering in the air that gold might be found in such quantities as would make mining operations at least payable on a modest scale. As the months and years passed on, the main focal point of attention became a little town of three hundred European inhabitants known as Odendaalsrust—which means in English, Odendaal's rest: a place where a party of trekkers, led by a man named Odendaal, must have camped for some time.

On Wednesday, 17th April 1946, Odendaalsrust became, literally, 'world news.' The astounding assay result of 23,037 inch-dwt. was given in a joint announcement by the Blinkpoort Gold Syndicate and Western Holdings on a borehole five miles south-east of Odendaalsrust. Nothing approaching this borehole assay result had ever been recorded in gold-mining exploration in the Union—Rand ore, for instance, running at about 250 inch-dwt. The core, it was reported, actually showed visible gold; and an official statement declared that 'in view of the special importance of this basal reef intersection, the boards of the two interested companies decided to publish their result immediately.'

On that same afternoon of the announcement, London afternoon newspapers had made the mad rush for gold shares their most prominent news item. Small fortunes, it was said, were made in the first half-hour of the exchange opening in London, and during this period more than £2,000,000 was added to the market value of the capital of Western Holdings. And equally sensational events, as has already been related, took place on the Johannesburg stock exchange.

III

Probably one of the most tranquil places in all South Africa those next two or three days was Odendaalsrust itself.

Mr. H. J. Weeber, the mayor, was quite surprised when some newspaper rang him up from London and asked him 'whether there were any celebrations in Odendaalsrust' and 'what South Africa was doing about Easter.' Mr. Weeber answered simply, that they were going to church. As a matter of fact when South African newspapermen arrived to photograph the exact spot where the richest gold strike in the world had taken place, they found (the day being Good Friday) nobody at work, and only a few native piccaninnies, a corrugated iron shed, a wheelbarrow, some coal, and plenty of long grass surrounding the lonely derrick which even the Paris Bourse, where gold shares have always been fancied, was now going mad about.

Once the first share rush had subsided, people waited for some of the big mining men (sometimes called 'magnates') to speak. They had not to wait long. Mr. Norbert Erleigh, a comparatively new figure in the mining world, but now chairman of the New Union Goldfields, and director of many Free State companies, declared that 'the discoveries in the Free State might make South Africa the jewel-box of the world.' The declining production of gold by the Witwatersrand was no longer of serious concern, he declared. The world now looked to South Africa to maintain, if not increase, her production of gold. Four days later, Sir Ernest Oppenheimer, a comparatively veteran figure in the gold and diamond world, and respected for his caution, declared the gold strike at the Odendaalsrust borehole to be 'the most significant happening to South Africa since the finding of diamonds in Kimberley and gold on the Witwatersrand.'

While the share markets began to boom again, people talked of the remarkable careers of men like Sir Ernest Oppenheimer and Mr. Erleigh. Sir Ernest has long been a national figure. Coming out to South Africa from London as a young man,

he began his business life in Kimberley in 1902 and fifteen years later formed the Anglo-American Corporation of South Africa Ltd., holding to-day a position of marked eminence in the mining and financial world, and having large interests in diamonds, gold, coal, platinum, and copper. Since 1924 Sir Ernest has also been chairman of the famous De Beers Company and in his earlier years he was mayor of Kimberley and represented the city in Parliament.

Mr. Norbert Erleigh, now only forty-three, is 'probably the youngest of South Africa's millionaires.' He, too, was born at London and educated at Tonbridge and Cambridge, although his father had been one of the earliest pioneers of Johannesburg. The story is told that he decided, while at Cambridge, to make a million pounds, and when asked where, he replied: 'I think it can be done most swiftly in South Africa.' He arrived there eighteen years ago, worked underground for a time, and then began to exercise his undoubted flair for buying the right ground at the right time. After being the first chairman and joint founder of the Anglo-Transvaal Consolidated Investment Co. Ltd. and the Rand Leases Gold Mining Co. Ltd., he founded the New Union Goldfields Group and is to-day chairman of fifteen or sixteen other companies, ranging over gold, diamonds, coal, estates, electricity, tanneries, and hotels.

IV

Apart from the so-called 'mining magnates,' Mr. Gottfried Rheeder, the young farmer, and his wife, on whose farm the phenomenal strike was made, were much publicized figures. Mr. Rheeder plays the piano and the violin and is so fond of the talkies that his family are always teasing him about it, and when he was informed of the lucky strike, he laughed: 'I shall be able to go to the talkies every day now.'

When Rheeder's grandfather died the original farm, Vlakovlei, was divided among eight children and cut into 260-morgen lots. His father, however, worked hard and saved judiciously and was able to buy up other lots, so that Gottfried Rheeder to-day

is the owner of approximately 1,000 morgen of land immediately south of Odendaalsrust. The mineral rights are under option at £20 per morgen and he has given on option over 700 morgen for surface rights at £40 per morgen. (A morgen, by the way, is a little over two acres.) The surface rights on a portion of the farm were retained largely on the insistence of Mrs. Rheeder, who loves the old homestead, with its fine trees and large dam in the background.

No sooner had the news of Mr. Rheeder's good fortune been published than he began to receive letters from people all over the world wanting money. A man from Aberdeen, for instance, confiding in Mr. Rheeder that he was a very careful man, and had part of his savings invested in South African gold shares, wrote asking for expert advice—and enclosing a shilling postal order. A Frenchman, who was once a landowner, but now in poverty, wrote asking Mr. Rheeder to adopt one, or more, of his many beautiful children. Other letters arrived in Greek and Portuguese and one letter (whose writer had evidently heard of the strike over the radio) was addressed: 'Goly Readers, owner of the farm eight kilometers from Otendalerush, where gold was found.'

V

The people of Odendaalsrust itself, naturally, were more interested in the prices obtainable for land in the area than in the actual gold discovery. In May, for instance, Mr. H. J. Weeber, the mayor, told a representative of the *Friend*, the Bloemfontein daily newspaper, that an offer of £400,000 had been made for 400 morgen to the north of the town on which it was expected that two mines would be sunk. This offer had been turned down by the owner. The only hotel in the town had been the subject of an offer of £75,000, which again had been rejected. The hotel, in the construction of which corrugated iron had played a big part, consisted of some twelve bedrooms, a dining-room, two lounges, a bar, and some out-buildings. The owner said he did not consider selling

under £100,000. The highest price actually paid, for what in South Africa is called an erf—meaning a plot—was £12,000. The size of this plot was only two-thirds that of the normal erf, which measured 150 by 100 Cape feet. An option had been taken on two erven together, in the centre of the town, for £25,000.

Very quickly, the newspapers of the Free State, and further afield, began to demand that Odendaalsrust should not be allowed to grow up in just any higgledy-piggledy fashion at the whim of the speculator, and the Government expressed its determination to see that not only Odendaalsrust is well-planned, but the whole Free State area that must serve the goldfields, by providing it with food and water, and in a dozen different ways. Indeed, two or three months later Senator A. M. Conroy, Minister of Lands and Irrigation, was making an extensive tour of this area and was announcing (as a 'New Deal for South Africa') that regional planning, on the lines of the Tennessee Valley Authority in the United States, would be brought to a wide stretch of the northern Free State, and the province could count itself extremely fortunate in having been selected by the Government to be the first area in the Union to be adequately planned. Plans of proposed irrigation schemes to cost £7,000,000 and £4,000,000 are now being published in the newspapers, and animatedly discussed throughout the area—for it is proposed to build not only monster walls and canals, but tunnels, sometimes fifteen miles long, in which to convey water from one tributary to another.

VI

Of course, every small town in the area is now ambitiously trying to manœuvre itself into position so that it may become a bigger town. Whites, up to this point largely the home of a cement works, has been chosen as the station, on the main line between Bloemfontein and Johannesburg, to become the junction for the new line which is to be built to the Odendaalsrust goldfields via Enkeldoorn. In nearly all the small towns within fifty miles of Odendaalsrust land values have

risen considerably. Even as far south as Brandfort, erven that formerly cost £10 or £20 have realized £200 and the few un-built erven in the business area have been sold for as high as £1,500. These prices, it may be, are not entirely based merely on Brandfort's proximity to Odendaalsrust. There are a lot of people who maintain that the gold reef will run south from Odendaalsrust and (on what basis it is difficult to say) strongly in the direction of Brandfort.

Further, the prospects of townships still unborn are being discussed. There was recently at Uitsig Camp, near Odendaalsrust, one of the strangest gatherings that can have assembled in this or any other country. Before a sitting of the Free State Townships Board application was made for the establishment of a new township at Welkom, within eight miles of Odendaalsrust, and allowing for an ultimate population of 30,000 Europeans and 6,900 natives. It was claimed that the town would be one of the most beautiful in the world, half of the 5,000 morgen being set aside for public gardens, parks, and other amenities. Special zones were planned for a shopping centre (facing a boulevard 140 feet wide), a professional and commercial centre, a sports centre, and a civic and government centre.

Objections were raised to the application on the ground that plans had already been embarked upon, and a town planner engaged, for the laying out of the Odendaalsrust townlands. Eminent counsel, who had been briefed from Johannesburg and Bloemfontein, argued that applications such as the present should be deemed premature and held back for consideration in relation to the general planning of the whole area.

After a lengthy sitting the Board adjourned *sine die*. Two months later, in September, came the news that the Executive Committee of the Free State Provincial Council had approved in principle the establishment of the mining township of Welkom, but the laying-out of the township could not, however, be started until the area had been proclaimed a gold area and the Governor-General had declared the site to be suitable.

To those readers who want to read about the development

of the Free State goldfields in more detail, and a little more technically, I would recommend the book *Free State and New Rand Gold* (publishers, the Central News Agency), by D. Jacobsson, Mining Editor of the *Star*, Johannesburg. Mr. Jacobsson sketches authoritatively the development that led to the opening up of goldfields in the Odendaalsrust region. At the time of the publication of Mr. Jacobsson's book, the number of mines in sight was not more than four or five, but later exploration has indicated that about a dozen large mines may now be established in this area.

Prospective immigrants to South Africa, who have ideas about attaching themselves in some capacity to the gold mining industry, will find much information in Mr. Jacobsson's book about working conditions as they have existed up to now on the Rand. Let us now leave the immediate Free State goldfields area and resume our tour of the Free State towns already established.

VII

Sixteen hundred voortrekkers, with their wives and children, once lived for six months or more in the valleys and hills of Winburg. Close on a thousand covered wagons threw great patches of white across the landscape, and it is said that never before or after 1837 were so many trekkers camped together in one spot for such a length of time.

Potgieter, Cilliers, Maritz, Retief, and Pretorius—all these giants of the past—had, at some time or other, some association with Winburg; and in the centre of the town is the little graveyard where a number of their followers were left behind, many of their graves unmarked, others with names and dates become illegible through time.

You come to an altogether different type of country when you arrive at Kroonstad; the river country that is similar to the type of country you met at Vereeniging and Parys. A view of Kroonstad on the Valsch River, indeed, was accorded by popular vote first prize in open competition for the prettiest view of any of the smaller towns of the Union.

Not that Kroonstad is so small—as South African towns go. It is the second largest town in the Free State and has made big strides since those days when the town had one post a week (the state of the rivers permitting), and people who wanted to go to the coast had to trek to Winburg to catch the mail that travelled night and day between that town and the port of Durban.

Fine farming lands, the establishment of a big railway junction, and the springing up of minor industries was bringing Kroonstad prosperity even up to the year 1945. With the discovery of the high values on the Free State goldfields in 1946, this town of 4,000 Europeans, thirty or forty miles from Odendaalsrust, at once attracted national interest. Probably no town in the whole of South Africa to-day is more assured of an expansive future than Kroonstad.

Within four or five weeks of the Odendaalsrust 'strike,' it was being reported that 'for eighty industrial erven which are to be laid out west of the town at the old show grounds, the council already has hundreds of applications'; and in a further report of a sale by auction of five business premises on the western fringe of the town, it was stated that more than a hundred prospective buyers, including representatives of big Johannesburg and Bloemfontein concerns, were present and that 'the total price realized for these erven, which are some considerable distance from the business centre of the town, was nearly four times the total upset price fixed by the Town Council.'

Kroonstad's name is intriguing. Some say that it comes from 'Kroon land' (Crown land); others that it is named after Cronstadt, the Russian fortress that was much discussed during the Crimean war, about which time Kroonstad was established; others, again, that it is named after Kroon, the favourite horse of a voortrekker commandant.

The possibility is that Kroonstad is one of the few towns, if not the only one, in the world named after a horse.

There is a story behind the names of all these Free State towns, but not always the story one might expect.

It seems easy to say why Bethlehem was so named; the voortrekkers must have named it after the birthplace of the Saviour in some particular moment of relief from stress, and flood of thanksgiving.

But the voortrekkers knew their Bible far better than the people of to-day. Knowing that Bethlehem meant 'the place of bread' they called this place Bethlehem because they obtained supplies of wheat here, as one may still do to-day.

Bethlehem's rise during the past thirty years among the towns in the Free State has been spectacular for a purely agricultural town. There has been enterprise. Along its River Jordan it has constructed three lakes; it had a turf cricket pitch on which Currie Cup games were played before any existed in Bloemfontein; the Austrian tennis players declared its tennis courts to be the finest in the Union.

Harrismith, a town of woollen mills and creameries, and western gateway to the Drakensburg, was named after Sir Harry Smith, Governor of the Cape Colony, who made as romantic a marriage as any man could make. While fighting in the Peninsular War, a fourteen-year-old Spanish girl sought his protection and he was so struck with her beauty that he there and then married her. The marriage of Sir Harry and Lady Smith is said to have been extremely happy, and in all his many hardships and trials in South Africa his Spanish wife proved a staunch and helpful partner.

Two towns in South Africa—Ladysmith in Natal and Ladismith in the Cape—are named in her honour.

VIII

Arrive at Fouriesburg and for the next two hundred miles you hug the Basutoland hills and pass through country where the Basuto wars were fought and in which two towns bear the names of heroes of these wars.

Ficksburg, the pretty little town in what may be called South Africa's cherry country (for there are not so many places in South Africa where cherries are grown), is named

after General J. I. J. Fick, Commandant-General of the Free State forces, while Wepener bears the name of Louw Wepener, the heroic Boer commandant, who was as near to reaching the summit and conquering Thaba Bosigo as ever man was. Leading a final attack, he was on the point of penetrating the fortress when he was suddenly struck down and killed. An alert, wiry-looking little man, you may see his photograph in the Bloemfontein Museum.

Lady Smith was not the only woman in South Africa to have two towns named after her. Ladybrand and Zastron are both named after the wife of President Brand, Zastron being her maiden name.

Do not omit to see, when you are in Ladybrand, the Lilyhoek Gardens. They represent one of the finest small-town achievements in the whole of South Africa.

You may also care to see, while in this district, the prehistoric rock paintings of sea creatures—dolphins, or porpoises, whales, and sharks—over two hundred miles from the nearest part of the coast, recently discovered by Professor C. van Riet Lowe, the Abbé Breuil, and an archaeological survey party from Johannesburg.

At the time of the discovery the Abbé Breuil, the eminent French anthropologist, who stayed in South Africa for some years, and who later received the premier award of the Royal Anthropological Institute, said that he remembered reading an old book on bushmen, in which it was stated that at least some of the bushmen tribes spent part of each year at the coast. This might explain the paintings of sea animals found in the cave at Ladybrand.

It was at Ladybrand recently that members of the Central South African Regional Development Association gathered to draw attention to the need for a national road opening up the beauties of the whole eastern Free State area. At the moment, there are a few great farms in this area, and a limited number of people from Johannesburg, Bloemfontein, and cities further afield, steal away from the noise and bustle of these places to this country that is so authentically, exhilaratingly, and

peacefully South Africa; a country surrounded by huge rocky cliffs and mountains that for a swift half-hour before sunset change, and change again, into colours that would almost certainly command doubt, if not denial, on any artist's picture.

IX

Zastron should some day become a popular resort for tourists. General Smuts says so. He was making a tour of the district, and Zastron, like all the small towns of the Union, had been badgering him for an industry, and he spoke to them:

Nature has become the biggest drawing feature in the world. The Kruger National Park had its beginning in a small way, and handicapped though it was has become South Africa's chief attraction for tourists the world over. Tourist traffic may well become one of South Africa's greatest industries. Canada makes £60,000,000 a year out of this kind of thing and France £100,000,000. We must see if we cannot do something for Zastron. I have seen the beauty of its mountains, and I see no reason why this asset should not be put to good use. I have been invited to come here for a few days and climb these mountains. There is nothing I enjoy better than to get away from my fellow men and politics and to be alone with nature. Zastron mountains may become an asset of the greatest importance. Your hope for industry may be here at the foot of these hills.

These figures quoted by General Smuts in regard to the tourist industry of Canada and France will amaze most people. It seems that South Africa has a great field for development. In 1936 it was estimated that thirty-five thousand visitors came to South Africa and spent £2,350,000—less than a twentieth part of what is spent in Canada.

When you are at Zastron, ask to see the mountain with the secret narrow path leading to the top, on which the local Basuto chief had all criminals and captives blindfolded, bound hand and foot, and then cast over the precipice. Wagon-loads of skeletons had to be removed by early settlers, and to this day the cliffs of Asvogelskop are still whitened with the dung of the vultures that once battered on the corpses there.

Rouxville is named after a predikant—the Rev. Paul Roux, who at one time was one of the two ministers in the Free State, and sometimes on his journeys performed as many as eighty christenings at a time.

The other minister in the Free State at that time was Dr. Andrew Murray, most famous of all ministers of the Dutch Reformed Church, first rector of the now famous Grey College School, and one of the most generally revered figures in South African history. Twice Dr. Murray went over to England in regard to matters which were then engaging the attention of the whole country: once to petition the British Government to assume control of the Free State at a time when the minority of the people feared that the Basutos would overwhelm them, and on another occasion to plead before the Privy Council in regard to a church dispute which had come into the courts. On both occasions he was unsuccessful.

But it is purely because of his force as a spiritual leader that the name of Andrew Murray is still known throughout South Africa to-day. Not only did he write a number of books which were translated from Dutch into English, and other languages, like *The Meaning of Prayer* and *The Final Spiritual Life*, but he held conferences for the deepening of spiritual life, very much on the lines of the Keswick Convention in England, that had a marked effect on the religious life of the whole country.

You have only to look at the photographs of him—or to stand before the monument outside the Groote Kerk, the mother church of the Dutch Reformed Church, in Cape Town—to realize the innate gentleness of the man.

X

Aliwal North is already to some extent what General Smuts hopes Zastron may some day be. It is quite a well-known resort due not only to its fine scenic position, but to its mineral springs which are said to resemble those of Aix-la-Chapelle and the strong Montpelier well of Harrogate in England.

There are, indeed, few more pleasant little inland towns in South Africa than this hundred-year-old settlement that was named by Sir Harry Smith after the battle in which the Sikhs were routed in India, and where in 1860 Moshesh, paramount chief of the Basutos, assembled in all his majesty to pay homage to Prince Alfred.

Aliwal North, of course, is not in the Free State, but in the Cape Province, and perhaps it will be as fitting in this place as any to mention two other towns of the Cape Province which have largely become known to South Africans and overseas visitors because they are on the main roads from Johannesburg and Bloemfontein to Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, and East London.

They are Graaff Reinet and Cradock, both of them favourite stopping places where people break their journeys and stay the night.

They are both old towns. Graaff Reinet, which was named after *both* husband and wife (de Graaff was Governor of the Cape and his wife's maiden name was Reinet), celebrated its hundred and fiftieth birthday seven years ago, and is a very happy, prosperous little place. There are some fine old houses, botanical gardens, and a Dutch Reformed Church that will seat fifteen hundred people, and some of the fruit grown here is as good as can be found anywhere.

And yet only ten miles away is the Valley of Desolation, numbered among the most remarkable sights to be seen in the whole Union: a valley full of basaltic pillars, some of them rising three hundred to four hundred feet high, and the whole atmosphere of the place resembling nothing so much as some old ruined city, long deserted by giants.

XI

Olive Schreiner, Basutoland-born daughter of a Lutheran missionary, author of *The Story of an African Farm* which created in 1883 something of a literary sensation far beyond the bounds of South Africa, lived in Cradock. Her collection

of books is now housed in the Cradock library, of which she was a member.

In the market square that was once a bare ugly patch for the outspanning of ox-wagons, and has now been turned into a beautiful Karroo garden of wax heaths and succulents, they will point out to you Buffels Kop, a mountain about five thousand feet high, and on there a rough cairn of stones in the shape of a native hut, and will tell you that Olive Schreiner is buried there.

Spare a thought, too, as you pass through Dewetsdorp on your road home to Bloemfontein, for Christiaan Rudolph de Wet, famous guerrilla leader and elusive Pimpernel of the South African war. Dewetsdorp is named after his father, Jacobus Ignatius de Wet. His widow was buried here about ten years ago, and several of his descendants still live here.

And also a thought for the Rev. James Archbell, that Wesleyan missionary who first established a Baralong mission station at Thaba 'Nchu as far back as 1834. Driven southwards by hostile troops, the Baralong tribe wandered round the Free State until the missionary induced them to settle here.

Thaba 'Nchu also occupies an honoured niche in voortrekker history. Following the famous battle of Vechtkop the burghers were taken back to Thaba 'Nchu, where laagers were established for quite a considerable time, and under the great blue-grey koppie, that can be so plainly seen from Bloemfontein's streets forty miles away, they rested before moving on to Winburg.

XII

Occupying no direct place in this tour, but not without interest, are the Free State diamond towns of Jagersfontein and Koffiefontein, where some of the finest diamonds in the world have been found.

The 1914-18 war and the following depression killed both towns.

At one time the mines of Jagersfontein employed nine hundred whites and nine thousand natives, and had a monthly

output of approximately £100,000. Until the Cullinan diamond was discovered in 1905, Jagersfontein's Excelsior stone, weighing 971 carats and found in 1893, was the biggest diamond in the world.

Before the 1914-18 war there were five hotels in Jagersfontein and no houses to be had. At the outbreak of the second world war in 1939, there was one hotel and houses were obtainable at five shillings a month rental. Shops previously let at twenty pounds a month were then to be rented for one pound. Wars and depressions probably hit diamond towns harder than any other type of town in the world.

But the Second World War—as has already been pointed out in regard to diamond production at Kimberley—has been a little different. Diamonds, and particularly industrial diamonds, have shown a decided boom and the diamond mine at Jagersfontein is expected to re-open as soon as machinery is available.

Much excitement was also caused in the district recently when Mr. E. A. van der Walt, boring for water on his farm, eight miles from town, felt his drill strike 'a hard substance,' which he later had assayed and found it returning a proof of 2.30 dwt. of gold. Serious investigation of the area is now taking place and drills of mining companies are also working about twenty miles away in the direction of Trompsburg.

DURBAN IS DIFFERENT

I

It has already been emphasized in this book how South Africa is a country of real variety. No province or city contributes more to that variety, flashes a more rich and gleaming facet of its colourful scene and cosmopolitan life, than Natal and Durban.

To come down to Durban from Bloemfontein or Johannesburg, or even from Cape Town, is like entering into a new country; and to the visitor from overseas it may well seem that it is at once the most alluring and satisfying country he has yet found, if only for the reason that it is South Africa as he most expected to find it.

That does not mean that it is any less modern, its buildings any less fine and imposing, than the buildings in any other city. Johannesburg apart—and Johannesburg must definitely be accounted a world city in the pace and modernity of its building—no city in the Union has finer or more modern blocks of flats and offices.

But by this time, the overseas visitor will most probably have ceased to mark, let alone marvel at, the modernity of South Africa. He will be searching for something more: something more (and the phrase will come leaping up as he now knows that *South Africa* had an atmosphere, a tradition, and a state of being all its own), well, something more of *Africa*. He will find that something in Durban more than in any other of the big cities of South Africa. And not only of Africa but of Asia, for in Durban there live at least one hundred thousand Indians.

The discovery is more subtle than startling, but none the less certain.

Seated on the tea balcony overlooking the gardens about the city hall and the cenotaph, you may suddenly become conscious that the trees and plants there are different to any you have seen before (and so, too, its still ardent critics may say, is the cenotaph).

And the night is of a strange, mauve blueness, and the air has a warm, soft, wine-like touch about it. And if it is the hour when everybody is in the cinemas or down at the beach, there may come a still, hushed moment when nothing breaks the silence but a quiet whirring of wheels and the rhythmic slapping of bare feet on the asphalt street. And leaning over, you see a great teeth-gleaming Zulu, his head a mass of feathers, cow's horns jutting out from his ears, and shocks of wool dangling about his legs, running down the street in an easy, measured stride, and behind him a light two-wheeled carriage that is called a ricksha, and seated there a white or Indian passenger, or it may be two.

And you feel again, you feel quite certain this time—as though the mere sight of that Zulu ricksha boy were sufficient to dot the i's and cross the t's of all our mounting impressions—that Durban is different, altogether different, from any town or city in South Africa.

II

Even the beach bordered by its luxurious hotels and flats that once looked futuristic, but now seem perfectly normal, is different. And it is not merely the pretty little thatched rest houses, the children's playgrounds and pools, the fine, long swimming-baths, the bright, green lawns that give it this effect. The whole atmosphere of the beach is different. It is the sort of beach you imagine to exist on the Riviera, or perhaps at San Francisco or Miami.

In the afternoon you may drive round the Berea, where some of the loveliest homes are to be found, and see climbing about their bright, cream walls (or, as Dorothea Fairbridge, South Africa's famous writer on homes and gardens, once expressed it, 'foaming down to the very tram lines, and apparently only arrested from flowing across the road itself by the stronger will of the tram authorities'), great masses of purple bougainvillea, the flower which, seen in the mass, is probably the most rich and vivid and colourful on earth.

In the gardens, or bordering the streets, there may be flam-

boyants of poinsettias, and if you have never been in the subtropics before, you have never seen a flower like the poinsettia.

Or perhaps you may be driving out Stellawood way, and suddenly catch sight of a score or so monkeys playing there—and tram-cars clattering by less than a stone's throw away. There are hundreds of monkeys that play about within sight of some of Durban's most modern flats, and there are tea gardens where they bound playfully about among the visitors and beg for food.

But none surpass in audacity the monkeys that play about the roof of Stellawood school, and look grimacingly in at the windows while the children are having lessons. Sometimes they come into the porches while the children are in their classrooms and steal any lunches they can find there. It is even said that while children are eating their lunches in the playgrounds and may be talking and holding food behind their backs, the monkeys will come and nibble it away. There is even one big fellow there who will spring on to one of the school fountains, twist the tap on with his hind leg, take a drink, and hop off. The trouble is that he doesn't turn the tap back as he found it.

In the tower of this school, a group of Indian mynahs—birds about the size of a starling—have built their nests, and one day when the monkeys had been interfering with the mynahs' eggs the scholars of Stellawood, one of Durban's largest suburbs, saw a pitched battle between monkeys and mynahs on their school roof. And the monkeys went off shrieking with pain, and the mynahs crowed their victory.

It is these things—and the huge carcasses of harpooned whales and sharks that can sometimes be seen about the harbour, nosing the sides of twenty-thousand-ton luxury liners; the chime of cathedral bells mingling with the gongs of Hindu temples; the Zulu witch-doctor on a side-street pavement selling the fat of the hippopotamus as a love charm, not fifty yards away from the modern chemist displaying his tiny bottles of perfume by Coty and Chanel—it is these things that make Durban different.

And yet Mrs. Bernard Shaw—the Shaws spent quite a long time in South Africa one way and another—said that there was no town outside England where she would rather live than in Durban. It is true that, in spite of being ‘different,’ Durban is very English. But it is doubtful whether Mrs. Shaw made that statement simply because she liked the English atmosphere of the place. The city somehow stirred her, made her feel that here she would be happy and able to build a home.

And not merely because of its wonderful trees and plants, bougainvilleas and flamboyants, and monkeys on school roofs and Zulu ricksha boys, but because Durban is a good and solid place in which to live. It has fine shops, fine houses, fine public buildings, a fine municipal orchestra, fine cinemas, and—above all—a fine harbour. It is, indeed, this harbour, which is really a still, deep, very conveniently shaped lagoon, that has helped Durban more than any other single factor to grow as it has grown.

It was on this same Durban harbour side that hundreds of thousands of British, American, Australian, New Zealand, and South African troops made their acquaintance with what at least one South African writer has described as the widest known South African figure, apart from General Smuts, of the recent war. It was the figure of ‘the Lady in White,’ as she became known all over the world, and as she was featured in numerous British, American, and Dominion papers. ‘The Lady in White’ was Madame Perla Siedle Gibson, a Wagnerian opera singer, who met every one of the thousands of troopships—and also saw them away—that called at Durban, and sang through a megaphone such songs as *A White Christmas*, Gounod’s *Ave Maria*, *Waltzing Matilda*, *God Bless America*. She was also called ‘The Dockside Nightingale,’ ‘The Durban Angel,’ and (by the Americans, for some reason or other) plain ‘Kate Smith.’ One of her sons was killed in action in Italy, but when the time came for the first ships to return to Durban with South African troops for demobilization, she was there singing *It’s a Hap, Hap, Happy Day!*

Seven miles square in area, Durban's 'lagoon' harbour, on which a total capital of over £9,000,000 has been expended in developments, ranks the city to-day, in quantity of traffic handled, among the world's first dozen ports.

III

Tell South Africans—tell even quite a lot of Durban people—that there are still men living to-day who can remember elephants and hippos roaming about where the lovely homes on the Berea are standing to-day, and they look hard at you. You may tell those sort of stories about Johannesburg and Bulawayo, but not about Durban. They do not think of Durban that way. The place as it is to-day seems so settled and unruffled that they think it must always have been like that.

The history of Durban is probably less generally known than any history in the Union. Except that Vasco da Gama is said to have passed what is now Durban on Christmas Day 1497, and called it Natal after the natal day of Christ, and that a transport rider named Dick King rode a magnificent ride of six hundred miles in ten days to Grahamstown for assistance in the year 1842, when the depleted British garrison at Durban was sorely pressed by superior numbers, a great number of people in South Africa seem to think that Durban has no history.

While Dick King's ride through a country full of animal and human savagery, and over mountains and across rivers, is every whit worthy of the perpetuation in stone that has now been given it in the equestrian statue at the foot of Gardiner Street, there seems grave doubt as to whether it was really Natal that Vasco da Gama passed on that Christmas Day so long ago.

In his *Cradle Days of Natal*, the late Mr. H. Graham Mackeurtan, one of South Africa's most famous King's Counsel, who found pleasure and recreation in assembling the history of 'one of the fairest countries on the earth,' came out on the side that all the evidence points quite plainly to Pondoland as da Gama's discovery.

IV

Only a few students, and people historically inclined, are aware that in its middle period Durban had among its citizens a Pepysian character, who wrote a book called *Old Durban*. Some day when Durban has a million white people living about it this book may, with certain revisions, be reprinted as a best seller, keeping all the city awake at nights by the charm and quaintness of its language, chuckling over its naïvely recorded escapades and incongruities of social custom.

George Russell was the author of *Old Durban*—he lived at 'Longlands,' Musgrave Road—and you are captivated by his pen, and the old Victorian stamp of the man, on the very first page, whereon he ornately dedicates the book to his wife—who 'would scorn to admit she was my sweetheart as a boy and yet, as years crept on, consented to rekindle the latent flames on Hymen's altar and to join me in Natal.'

There is no phase of life which he doesn't touch, no sort of activity he doesn't seem to have been 'in at.' He is there ('in an elevated position') to see the first steamer arrive; he acts as 'stage carpenter' at the magistrate's social; he fulfils the office of polling clerk (at McDonald's Hotel) at the local elections; he goes to all the public dinners ('We sat down as soon as candles could be lit, about fifty in number, in white trousers and waistcoats, with black coats, patterns various, and the menu may be described as "everything in season"'); he 'lends a hand' at local weddings ('The heathenish practice of rice throwing had not been introduced from the East; the more Arcadian and symbolical scattering of flowers at the feet of the bridal couple then obtained'); he largely creates the Durban Club ('although with regard to this institution, like the boy who worked the bellows for the organist of story, I feel that my services have not been duly recognized'); he 'makes one of the numerous company present' at Wesleyan tea meetings, and is there when Father Sabon, one of Durban's first Roman Catholic priests, arrives from France ('and whose habits of self-denial became so well known that it is believed he would

barely have existed had it not been for the pious frauds of his friends in ensuring his presence at meal times'); he wrote about moustaches, and crinolines, and the alligators that made it so inconvenient for pedestrians walking near the mouth of the Umgeni River, and about Pilot George Arthur's bathing house in the bay that had the appearance of a large fish kraal, where men were restricted to a forenoon dip, while the ladies had the rest of the day, and as the outer door was frequently left open in the morning, 'visions of fair forms in white garments were occasionally obtained,' until self-respecting ladies objected to this frequent loss of privacy, subscriptions fell off, the place fell out of repair, and became known as Old Archer's Duck Pond, or for variety Old Archer's Hen Coop. . . .

Vividly he describes how on the morning of the 23rd July 1853, a white man named Cooper, a Hottentot woman named Flatta, and three natives were publicly executed for the murder of a white man of the beachcomber class known as Jemmy Squaretoes.

The exceptional circumstances, with the prospect of witnessing the first execution in Durban, to say nothing of the morbid and depraved curiosity that prompts people to view the taking of life, induced a large number, myself included, to be present. The gallows was erected on the high ground overlooking the vlei, and was approached from Smith Street, over Cato Bridge. I arrived on the spot just after sunrise and found a number of people present, both European and native. German families from Pine Town were camped around their little home-made ox carts (with solid wheels) in social enjoyment of early coffee, cheerfully anticipating the coming show. Persons of all social grades kept strolling up, some with apologetic, or shamefaced air, others pipe in mouth carrying themselves as they might at a race meeting. The feathered creatures in the surrounding bush hailed the coming day. Doves cooed, while the hum of bees fell on the strained ear in intervals of silence. The sun rose on a glorious day, silvering the gloomy gallows, the verdant vlei. . . . Wearing white night-caps, the prisoners came in an open cart, accompanied by the executioner (a man named Wardle), and the Revs. C. Spensley and Joseph Gaskin. The executioner fixed the nooses, at the same time fastening their feet together, Mr. Spensley, standing beside Cooper, commenced reading the beautiful funeral service of the Church of England, and some of us reverently

uncovered. As the service reached its conclusion, the prisoners were asked if they wished to speak to the people. Cooper was repentant and in tears; Flatta and Chigua followed each other in a clear voice in prayer admitting their crime; the other two were stolid and apparently indifferent. The hangman pulled the elastic caps over their faces, and while the Rev. Mr. Spensley resumed the concluding portion of the service, took the opportunity to light his pipe—a short white clay. Giving the minister time to descend, the executioner turned and, pipe in mouth, walked leisurely to the centre where an iron lever projected. A sudden stamp on this, and with a crash of falling flaps, the unhappy wretches dropped simultaneously, their heads and shoulders remaining visible. For a few moments no one moved or breathed. A wailing of native women broke the silence. My limbs refused to obey the impulse of my mind; my eyes were fixed on the swaying bodies as the ropes began to untwist, and I have an indelible impression of that smoking hangman reaching out, and tenderly steadying first one and then the other. I felt very sick, but could not move. The sharp command 'Fall in' followed by 'Unfix bayonets,' 'Fours right,' restored impulse to my faculties, as the soldiers marched off. I returned home, but not to breakfast.

V

There were probably not more than fifteen hundred white people in Durban that July morning when George Russell remained without breaking fast. To-day, these ninety odd years later, there are over one hundred and twenty thousand white people, and a non-European population that brings the total up to a quarter of a million.

Not so very far away from those old gallows, silvered by the dawn and where the doves cooed, is the biggest dry dock in the southern hemisphere; a port that is said to rank among the world's first dozen in quantity of traffic handled; an electric railway that constitutes one of the world's great electrical engineering feats; and a population so modernly equipped as to rank among the world's largest per head users of electricity.

There has been in Durban—and it is interesting to note how all the coastal towns in South Africa have adopted and kept more or less steadfast to the same principle—a steady, persis-

tent planning of the city's progress along three or four main channels, and not merely one. In England, towns on the sea coast—with an odd exception here and there like Yarmouth—are either pleasure resorts, fishing ports, ports for passenger liners, or manufacturing ports. It is rarely that one gets a combination of even two. Durban is a combination of all four.

The city is so big—it covers an area of sixty-seven square miles—that none intrudes on the others. The industrial area of Congella is so far away from the beach and the esplanade that they might well belong to different cities. There must be scores of thousands of people who go down to Durban every year and have never been to Congella—do not even know that Durban has any industries, apart from doing a little exporting of sugar.

Durban exports over a million pounds' worth of sugar every year, but it also exports a million pounds' worth or more of hides and coal; coal that goes from South Africa to Port Said, to Madagascar, to Bombay and Colombo, to Singapore and Sourabaya, to Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires, to Kerguelen Island and the island of South Georgia, to Dakar and Las Palmas, even to Naples and Gibraltar. Durban's export of wattle bark and wattle bark extract (and who outside Natal knows anything about wattle bark?) totals well over three-quarters of a million pounds sterling.

But what will surprise most South Africans outside Durban (and perhaps a lot of people inside it) is to learn that Durban, in tonnage shipped (including bunker coal), is easily the busiest port of South Africa. Busier than Cape Town? Yes, Cape Town's cargoes may be of more value, but here are the figures for tonnage shipped over two fairly average pre-war years.

	<i>Tonnage (2,000 lb.) Cargo landed</i>	<i>Tonnage (2,000 lb.) Cargo shipped</i>
Cape Town 1935	1,116,250	657,321
„ „ 1936	1,412,639	540,727
Durban 1935	1,685,221	3,172,508
„ 1936	2,040,427	2,951,954

Durban imports twenty-five per cent more goods than Cape Town, and ships six hundred per cent more!

But surely, you say, more ships touch at Cape Town than at Durban, even if they neither load nor discharge so much tonnage there? Is Cape Town not still the Tavern of the Seas, and does she not belong to the great Noble Order of World Ports that hang about the world like lanterns: Rio de Janeiro, Bombay, Hong Kong, Singapore, Shanghai, Yokohama, Sydney, Auckland, Cape Town . . . ?

The facts are that in 1935 three more ships entered Durban than Cape Town, and in 1936 nineteen more ships entered Cape Town than Durban. There is nothing in it.

Her immense shipping tonnage apart, Durban, too, has become a Tavern of the Seas, joined the Noble Order of World Ports.

VI

The peak of the Durban season, the Durban of health and pleasure, is in the winter month of July—or 'The July,' as South Africans would term it. For the July Handicap is the biggest horse race run in South Africa, and people all over the sub-continent are interested in it, as people in Britain are interested in the Derby. The 'July' really means more—much more—to South Africa than the Derby means to England. It is a very convenient excuse for scores of thousands of people in Johannesburg and the interior of South Africa, where ice and frost lie thick on the ground, and waterpipes may be bursting, morning and evening, in the rarefied winter air at five thousand feet, to say, and feel in their bones, that nature never meant any self-respecting South African to keep too many weeks out of a bathing costume; to sigh and long for the sun, and the sea, and the sands, as other men and women might conceive a passion for rare drinks or precious stones. They must go down to the sea and the sands again, and they go—to 'see the July.'

And there can be no doubt that the weather in Durban during July, and the months of winter, is matchless anywhere.

It is about Durban's summer that there has grown all over South Africa what its own people declare is a cruel and monstrous myth, a legend that it is 'too hot.' One hot day, they declare, does not necessarily make a sweltering summer. Durban strongly asserts that it has an all-the-year season, and there has grown up a slogan: 'The hibiscus grows in the garden, but there is a fire-grate in the home.'

VII

Do not spend all your time on the sands, in the swimming-bath, and on the lawns at Durban. Decide some afternoon that you will get a really good general view of the place you are visiting.

Begin at the Esplanade, with its hotels, clubs, and law courts; drive through Albert Park up to the heights of the Berea, on to the Howard Memorial College of the Natal University, and see there the finest panorama of city, bay, and sea that Durban has to offer. Then strike through the residential area of the city, and so come to Jameson Park Gardens and the Mitchell Park Aviaries, and here have tea—returning home by the Ridge, Valley View, the Morningside Wild Life Sanctuary, and on to Athlone Gardens at Riverside, or the Blue Lagoon and the Umgeni River mouth—all along which route the monkeys sport and chatter and charm.

And from the Umgeni mouth (the same Umgeni mouth where in old George Russell's time 'the alligators made it inconvenient for pedestrians'), past the Country Club golf course, back to the beach, and so home.

Get your bathing and sea-gazing over a little earlier next morning, and decide to take one of the motor launches that ply regularly from the jetty at the foot of Gardiner Street and make a complete circuit of the harbour that has already been described to you as one of the finest in the world. Give credit to the early pioneers of Durban for assisting nature to make it so. 'Sixty years ago,' one writer has paid them tribute, 'the urchins of those times used to wade across the bar at low tide.'

To-day those same urchins, now elderly men, sit in their homes on the Berea and watch

The stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill,

knowing that, at low tide, as at high, the largest vessels that visit this sub-continent can make their way with ease and security down the deep water channel to Maydon Wharf.'

Note, as you turn back, the slipways where the whalers land their catches, and Salisbury Island, a quaint little island where, before the last war, one might picnic for a day, or week-end, in one of the bungalows. During the war, this former pleasure resort was converted into a modern naval dockyard at a cost of £1,000,000; and at the time of writing it is still in Admiralty hands and its fate undecided.

Spend the afternoon shop-gazing, visiting the cafés, and looking in at the Botanical Gardens, where you will see great, vivid splashes of floral colour altogether different to anything you have seen up to now anywhere else in South Africa. Or take a walk along the North Breakwater, and the possibilities are you'll see shark fishing on a scale that will give you an altogether new idea of fishing as a recreation. A sum of £100,000, by the way, is to be spent on a shark-proof safety bathing enclosure on the South Beach, in the first £250,000 stage of Durban's ambitious scheme for modernizing the whole beach area.

And here is as memorable a day as any city in South Africa can offer you. Bathe at dawn (and a bathe at dawn in the pearly half-light of the sub-tropics is in itself memorable), and get along early to the Indian and native markets near the Emmanuel Cathedral, off West Street, and see there the stalls piled high with strange flowers, fruits, meats, and foods, and watch in the bazaars the craftsmen busy at their ancient tasks of shaping tools and weapons and utensils in woods and metals.

Then, if the day be a Tuesday or a Friday, decide in the afternoon to drive out to the Trappist monastery at Marianhill, where the brothers of the Order will guide you round their cathedral, point with pride to its lovely ornamentation and wood-

work, and explain to you their various activities in training natives. A whole chapter might be written about the monks of Marianhill.

Or, if the day is not Tuesday or Friday, go out to Mount Edgecombe and see how sugar is made at the famous mill there, which is open to visitors any afternoon except Saturday during the crushing season, which is from May to November.

All along the north coast road, as you motor out, you will see the fields of waving cane—shrill bright carpets of green that stretch as far as the eye can see, and flicker suddenly into lighter or duller patches as a breeze sweeps over them and leaves them again.

Again—and these are a couple of afternoon trips that may be made any day and at any time of the year—motor out the thirty-two-mile return journey to Bluff Lighthouse, from which may be seen the whole of Durban, the harbour, beach, and coastline, spread in panorama; or drive out to the Valley of a Thousand Hills, a sight which is acclaimed, not only in Durban and Natal, but throughout South Africa, as one of the wonders of the Union.

No overseas visitor should miss this last drive. Plantations of pawpaws, bananas, and pineapples border the roadside, and dotted here and there are Zulu kraals, with natives only too ready to invite inspection of their homes.

VIII

For days that are wet or when you are confined to town, here are the museum and the art gallery, both of them housed in the city hall, where is also accommodated the public library.

Even if you are not exactly museum-minded, you can spend quite a long time in the Durban Museum. Not only is there in 'Old Durban' room, devoted to local history, and displaying photographs and documents illustrating the development of Durban from the time of the arrival of the first settlers in 1824, but there is a room devoted largely to exhibits portraying the evolution of the human race.

And at the observation hive of living bees, you may spend a whole hour or more watching the queen laying her eggs, and

the workers engaged in feeding the young, storing honey, ventilating the hive, and doing the hundred and one tasks that have to be done in the bee world.

Step up to the floor above, and you are in the art gallery, which is marked by the same catholic sense of collection.

In a large circular gallery are oil paintings by Sir William Orpen, Sir George Clausen, Arnesby Brown, Charles Sims, Alfred Parsons, P. F. Poole, Arthur Wardle, Colin Hunter, Sir Hubert Herkomer, Mrs. Stanhope Forbes, Thomas Faed, and Fantin-Latour; while a rectangular gallery contains oils by Sir D. Y. Cameron, A. G. Gow, Ralph Peacock, Briton Riviere, Frank Bramley, T. Sidney Cooper, Herbert J. Draper, Yeend King, B. W. Leader, John Linnell, Sir David Murray, Frank Brangwyn, J. F. Herring, and South African pictures by R. Gwelo Goodman, J. H. Pierneef, Sydney Taylor, Leo François, Gregoire Boonzaier, Nils Anderson, and Alfred Palmer.

Water-colours are shown in another room, and include works by Frank Dadd, H. Caffieri, G. S. Elgood, T. C. Gotch, J. Burgess, and R. B. Nisbet, and there are war drawings by Sir William Orpen, Sir Muirhead Bone, and others.

Another large rectangular room is specially devoted to several Old Dutch pictures, a number of oil paintings, water-colours, and pastels by many prominent British and French artists; and etchings and other prints by Dürer, Rembrandt, Méryon, Whistler, and the best modern etchers of England and France. Statuary by Rodin, Meunier, Dalou, and Gardet is also there, and Chinese, Sèvres, and Copenhagen porcelain, and glass by Lalique. And when you get tired of looking at pictures and pottery, perhaps you may care to go along to the snake park which has been established in Durban during the last seven or eight years and in which Mr. Desmond FitzSimons hopes eventually to collect the eighty-seven species of snakes found in South Africa.

Perhaps you may decide to visit the snakes first—for even to South Africans, who have known snakes all their lives, snakes have a strange, almost compelling, appeal.

One thousand snakes a month are budgeted for at the

Durban Snake Park each summer, but not merely for show purposes. Since the war South African protective serum against snake-bite has achieved a wide market, particularly in the Middle East, and this serum is largely manufactured from the venom of cobras and puff-adders. Some farmers, mainly in the Transvaal, make as much as £20 a month regularly from the sale of these two types of snakes to the Durban Snake Park. The mortality of snakes in captivity is high; and it is estimated that 26,000 snakes have died in captivity in Durban in the last six years. Before the venom is taken from it, the snake is first starved for a few days. Then it must be induced to feed again and the process is repeated, the whole operation necessitating great care if the snake is to be kept alive.

But you are to hear more about snakes in another chapter.

IX

Ask one morning to be directed to the Old Fort, which is to Durban very much what the Castle is to Cape Town. It has been transformed by the officers of the Durban Light Infantry into comfortable quarters for a number of veteran soldiers, and about it there has been planned and grown an old-world garden. Even the old magazine, you will find, has been turned into a beautiful little memorial chapel. And perhaps while the mood of the Old Fort is still on you, you may care to glance, as you pass through the Town Gardens, at the copper plate that has been erected there to the memory of one Lieutenant Francis George Farewell.

Durban was named Durban one June day of 1835 when a few people—fifteen to be exact—got together, 'decided to form a town' that was to be ruled by a committee of five, meeting on the first Wednesday every month, and to call the town D'Urban, after Sir Benjamin D'Urban, the then Governor of the Cape.

But Durban really owes its existence to Francis Farewell, and (as Mr. Mackeurtan has described it) to the sudden puff of a south-east wind.

A Devonshire man, who had been several times wounded in

his service with the navy, Farewell set off from Cape Town on a ship called *The Salisbury* on a sort of merchant exploration voyage, under the command of Captain James Saunders King and accompanied by a Cape Town merchant, named John Robert Thompson, who was responsible for financing the expedition. After an adventurous journey they were forced by a sudden gale to seek refuge in the haven that is now Durban: a haven that so impressed King that he charted it in detail, named the island in the bay Salisbury Island, and with that the expedition returned to Cape Town.

Day after day Farewell kept telling the merchants of Cape Town of that harbour's wonderful possibilities, of the trading possibilities of its rich hinterland, and eventually two ships sailed for Port Natal, and Farewell was landed and left there, with Henry Francis Fynn.

It was typical of Farewell that he wasted no time in trying to build up some sort of settlement. Very quickly he paid a call on Chaka, King of the Zulus, about a hundred and twenty-five miles away; and it was not long before Chaka had made a gift to 'the said Farewell and Company,' as they are described in the treaty that was drawn up, of a considerable tract of land, and other favours, 'as a reward for his kind attention to me in my illness.'

Yet it was really Fynn, and not Farewell, who was the doctor of the party, who had bathed Chaka's wound with camomile tea, bound it with linen, and given him mild purgatives when the king had been suddenly stabbed in the lung by a would-be assassin.

These strange medicines of the white man held fascination for Chaka, and he would delight to experiment with them on the members of his harem—never sparing the dose and inclining to the theory that where one pill might be good, six might be better.

On the 27th August 1824, Farewell hoisted the Union Jack at Port Natal, fired a salute, and sent word to the Governor of the Cape that he had taken possession of the territory that later became Natal; and became so largely, it would appear,

by the timely grace and efficacy of Fynn's few spoonfuls of calomel and packets of Epsom salts. In such manner may empires sometimes be moulded.

But there must be more to it than that—and it was Farewell who had that more. One by one the white men sailed back to the Cape, until only Fynn and four others remained, and it was Farewell, it seems, who had the medicine of mind and spirit that, amid all that isolation and peril from disease and savagery, kept stout their souls.

Lieutenant King who, it will be remembered, was the first man to arrive at Port Natal in 1823, with Farewell and his party, sailed from Cape Town in 1825 to rescue Farewell, but was wrecked in the harbour, and at a time when he was very ill with dysentery: joint misfortunes that undoubtedly hastened his death and burial three years later amid the bamboo thickets of what subsequently became King's Rest on the Durban Bluff. In the year 1945, the Commission for the Preservation of National Monuments, Relics, and Antiques, decided to raise the grave and place a small memorial park about it.

Well may Durban's civic motto be '*Debile principium melior fortuna sequetur*' ('Better fortune will follow a weak beginning'). Farewell did not live long after King, barely long enough to know that he had made even a weak beginning. Only ten years after he had fired that first proud salute, he was tramping back to Natal from Algoa Bay, where he had apparently raised capital for a still further venture to develop this land he had grown to love so, when suddenly in the camp of an apparently friendly chief, the ropes of his tent were cut and he was stabbed to death below the canvas. . . .

That copper plate in the town gardens is the only monument to him in this city where now a quarter of a million people live in peace, happiness, and, in the main, prosperity. A few people in Durban subscribed an odd pound or two among themselves and had it put there lest his name soon be altogether forgotten.

THE TERROR OF CHAKA

I

BUT you should see more of Natal than Durban and its environs, and here are two particularly delightful circular two-day tours that can be recommended:

Durban—Port Shepstone—Oribi Gorge—Umzinto—Ixopo—Richmond—Thornville Junction—Umlaas Road—Durban (320 to 340 miles).

Or:

Durban — Stanger — Mapumulo — Krantzkop — Greytown — Pietermaritzburg—Durban (280 to 300 miles).

The first tour embraces the south coast resorts, the scenery of the Oribi Gorge, the sugar plantations round Umzinto, the farming country about Richmond, the Umkomaas Valley, and the Valley of a Thousand Hills.

The second tour takes in the burial-place of Chaka at Stanger, miles of sugar plantations and tea estates, the scenery at Krantzkop, wattle-growing country about Greytown, and a short stay in Pietermaritzburg.

By extending these tours to three or four days, the first tour could be made to include Howick Falls, the Natal Midlands, and the Drakensberg, and the second to include Zululand, Nkandhla Forest, the Game Reserves, and St. Lucia.

For some time now a proposal has been afoot to include in South Africa's £20,000,000 National Road programme (see map, pp. 278-9), a tarred road from Durban to Port Shepstone, bridging forty-two rivers, at a cost of £600,000.

Such a road would pass through and link up one of South Africa's most popular playgrounds: Isipingo, Amanzimtoti, Umkomaas, Scottburgh, Port Shepstone, Margate.

At Isipingo you may see the cottage in which Dick King, the hero of the ride from Durban to Grahamstown, lived and died; at Umkomaas you are in the district in which Cecil Rhodes farmed when he first came to South Africa, although it is doubtful whether he ever actually visited the village.

And always you are in a country of lovely Zulu names: Isipingo meaning 'The river that twines in and out like the twigs with which a hut is woven,' Amanzimtoti meaning 'The place of sweet waters,' Illovo meaning 'Welcome,' Umzinto 'The kraal of achievement,' and Impambanyoni 'The confuser of birds'; a stream so called because it winds so often that no bird could ever hope to use it as a landmark for its route home.

II

Most of these resorts on the south coast are new, but it will surprise most South Africans to hear that one or two of them can trace their history even further back than the little towns of the Cape.

Port Shepstone, which is the largest coastal town between Durban and East London, is named after Sir Theophilus Shepstone, the great authority on the natives, who arrived there, and interested himself in that area, a hundred years ago. But the Umzimkulu River, on which it stands, actually has historical associations as far back as 1554, when there is record of Portuguese sailors being wrecked there and tramping bravely off to Lourenço Marques.

In the year 1635—sixteen years before van Riebeck landed at the Cape—there was, for a time, quite a settled little community at what is now Port Shepstone. They, too, were Portuguese, stranded there by the running ashore of the *Nossa Senhora da Belem*, which later caught fire as she lay stranded on the beach.

From the remains of the galleon, and by the aid of timber cut from a nearby forest, it was decided to build two smaller ships, and for the next year, while building was going ahead, the Portuguese established quite a considerable settlement, playing charades, celebrating their masses, holding courts, and putting people in the stocks, even, it is recorded, holding bull-fights.

Two hundred and seventy-two souls eventually went aboard the *Natividade* and the *Boa Viagem*, as the two ships were

named when they were at last proclaimed finished, and proved seaworthy, but only the *Boa Viagem* ever reached Angola.

The *Natividade* met with disaster not long after sailing, as did galleon after galleon, returning from India, or proceeding to Sofala, that old, mysterious port that was trading gold a thousand years ago, and where the Portuguese had been established since the year 1505.

The adventures of the fine, civilized men and women and priests—full of the ideals and sublime religious courage of their period—who were at different periods cast on to a land beset by wild beasts, cannibals, and famine, and yet set off, carrying a cross before them, to seek succour and shelter in either Lourenço Marques or Cape Town, must be as epic and glowing as the pages of any country's history may show.

Mackeurtan, who tells of all this so finely, and in great detail, is right when he says that the coast of Natal is red with the blood of Portugal.

It is rather odd—and yet it is South Africa all over—that only eleven miles away from Port Shepstone, where the Portuguese sang their masses and held their bull-fights over three hundred years ago, there should have sprung up with an almost gold-rush rapidity one of the newest and most popular resorts on the whole Natal coast.

Less than twenty-five years ago, the site on which Margate now stands was practically virgin bush, with here and there a home of the rondavel type dotted about. At the latter end of 1925, there were seven permanent households and one store, and the European residents totalled twelve. Included in the seven households were two small paying-guest establishments, but even at the height of the season—if there was such a thing as a season—the number of visitors rarely numbered above fifty.

At the time of writing there are nineteen up-to-date private hotels, one large licensed hotel, and a large luxury hotel, costing £80,000, will probably have been erected on the sea front by the time this book is published.

There are never less than a thousand visitors and often as many as four thousand.

III

One town in Natal you should certainly know something about—it is included in the second tour—is Stanger; for at Stanger lies buried one of the most cruel men, one of the biggest murderers, the world has ever known.

He was Chaka, King of the Zulus, with whom Farewell negotiated that treaty, whose wound Fynn bathed in camomile tea. Farewell and Fynn, indeed—along with Lieutenant King and Nathaniel Isaacs, who may be regarded as numbers three and four among the pioneers of modern Natal—were often compelled to witness these cruelties; and as both Fynn and Isaacs wielded graphic pens, there is no lack of first-hand evidence of both the extent and the variety of these orgies.

The story is told that in his youth, and when he was isolated from his own tribe, Chaka was made to hold red-hot coals and boiling porridge in his hands to prove that he had indeed kingly blood in him. Almost his first act when he became king was to burn the people who had so taunted and tortured him, and from that day he was for ever burning and killing and torturing until his life ended.

Aided by a good organizing and military brain—and tearing out the eyes of generals and killing whole regiments whenever they failed in battle—he attacked and decimated nearly three hundred tribes, butchering and burning until it is said that there is not a single square mile in Natal that is not sodden with the blood of his victims. Even among his own people he murdered as the whim took him: motioning that he wished that man to be killed because he did not like the look of him, having four hundred women stabbed to death for no other apparent reason than that he desired a little entertainment.

When he had once determined on a sanguinary display of his power, nothing could restrain his ferocity [wrote Isaacs]. His eyes evinced his pleasure, his iron heart exulted, his whole frame seemed as if he felt a joyous impulse at seeing the blood of innocent creatures flowing at his feet.

It was a devilry that evinced itself at the oddest moments, and spread with a terrible contagion among his subjects. Has

the world known a more lurid picture of devilry than that Fynn paints of the night of the death of Chaka's mother, when, as an immediate step, Chaka ordered ten of her women servants to be slain and buried with her, all milk to be spilt on the ground for a year, and all husbands and wives to be slain if pregnancy occurred during that period? And then:

The chiefs and people to the number of about fifteen thousand commenced the most dismal and horrid lamentations. The people from the neighbouring kraals, male and female, came pouring in, each body as they came in sight and at a distance of half a mile joining to swell this terrible cry. Through the whole night it occurred, none daring to take rest, or to refresh themselves with water. The morning dawned without any relaxation and before noon the number had increased to about sixty thousand. The cries now became indescribably horrid. Hundreds were lying faint from excessive fatigue and want of nourishment; while the carcasses of forty oxen lay in a heap, slaughtered as an offering to the guardian spirits of the tribe. At noon the whole force formed a circle, with Chaka in their centre, and sang the war song which afforded them some relaxation during its continuance. At the close of it Chaka ordered several men to be executed on the spot, and the cries became, if anything, more violent than ever. No further orders were needed. As if bent on convincing their chief of their extreme grief, the multitude commenced a general massacre. Many of them received the blow of death while inflicting it on others, each taking the opportunity of revenging his injuries, real or imaginary. Those who could no more force tears from their eyes—those who were found near the river panting for water—were beaten to death by others who were mad with excitement. Towards the afternoon I calculated that not fewer than seven thousand people had fallen in this frightful, indiscriminate massacre.

Nor did it end there. At a later date, Chaka called his people together to mourn again, and a hundred thousand cattle were gathered to swell the lamentations with their bellowings. Thousands of calves were ripped open and their gall bladders taken out and the gall poured over the king. And while the calves lay dying in agony, hundreds of cows with calves were slaughtered and the calves left to starve to death so that they—like Chaka—should realize what it was like to become bereft of a mother's love.

There were no such scenes of mourning when Chaka himself died. His body was wrapped in a black ox hide and cast into a grain pit near his kraal. But in 1932, the natives, forgetting, perhaps, the cruelty of the man and remembering only his remarkable military triumphs, had a monument erected over the place, and this monument you may see as you drive through Stanger.

MARITZBURG'S CHURCH OF VOW

I

THERE is in Pietermaritzburg, the capital city of Natal, which lies fifty-six miles from Durban, a church which, among all the multi-named, multi-doctrined churches of the world, has a name that for stark, solemn beauty cannot easily be surpassed. It is called the Church of the Vow.

Built in old Cape Dutch style, with stone walls two feet thick and yellow-wood timber, it was opened for worship on the 15th March in the year 1840, and remained a sort of mother church in Natal until a new and larger church was erected on an adjoining plot twenty years later. Then the Church Council fell on stringent times, and in 1874 the old church, which had been rented for some years as a schoolroom to the old Natal Government, was sold for £700, and the Church with the Most Beautiful Name in the World became in turn a blacksmith's shop, a mineral-water factory, and a chemist's shop.

It obviously could not go on like this. In 1908, the Council of the Dutch Reformed Church started a movement to acquire the church for the nation, funds were raised by public subscription throughout South Africa, the building was restored as nearly as possible to its original form, with the addition of porch and gables, erected after the Old Cape Dutch style, and in December 1912 the Church of the Vow was vested in the Union Government and established as a museum exclusively for voortrekker relics.

Who and what were the voortrekkers?

During the year 1836, five parties, or treks, comprising approximately two thousand Dutch farmers, took place from the eastern parts of the old Cape Colony. These were the men who are now known generally as the voortrekkers, and whose trek is described by historians as being still the central event in South Africa's history.

By their trek [says Professor Eric Walker, M.A., in the South

African volume in the *Cambridge History of the British Empire*] they determined the future course of South African history. Within a short decade the area staked out for European occupation was doubled, and an already inadequate white population was dispersed still more thinly over vast territories: the social and political effects of that sudden rush are still apparent.

Accompanied by their families and servants, their livestock, and whatever movable property they could take away in their wagons, these two thousand Dutch farmers left their homes and properties in search of territory in the great unknown hinterland of South Africa, where they contemplated settling as a free and independent people.

Of their hardships, of the stupendous patience with which they overcame difficulties, you are to learn more later. At this point, it is necessary to leap ahead a little and to say that a large number of the trekkers, under the leadership of Piet Retief and Gert Maritz, had crossed the Drakensberg into Natal, and Retief, with seventy-one burghers, was making a second visit to the Zulu king, Dingaan, with the idea of negotiating the transfer of a certain portion of land.

II

This is how George McCall Theal, the famous South African historian, describes the events of Tuesday, 6th February 1838:

And . . . on the morning, Mr. Retief and his party prepared to return to their friends and went to take leave of Dingan, whom they found, as usual, surrounded by warriors. Great care had been taken to show them that according to Zulu customs no one could approach the chief armed, and consequently when they were requested to leave their guns outside the kraal, they did so without suspicion of danger. They were received in the ordinary manner, and were pressed to seat themselves and partake of some beer, which was being handed round freely. While they were in this defenceless position into which they had been so carefully entrapped, Dingan suddenly called out 'Seize them,' when instantly the Zulu soldiers rushed upon them. Thomas Holstead, the interpreter, cried out, 'We're done for,' and added in the Zulu language, 'Let me speak to the king.' Dingan heard him, but waved his hand in token of dissent, and called out repeatedly 'Kill

the wizards.' Holstead then drew his knife, and mortally wounded two of his assailants before he was secured. One of the farmers also succeeded in killing a Zulu, but the others were seized before they could spring to their feet. They were all dragged away to a hill where executions were commonly performed, and were there murdered by having their skulls broken with knobkerries. Mr. Retief was held and forced to witness the death of his companions before he was murdered. His heart and liver were then taken out and buried in the path leading from Natal to Umkungunhlovu.

Nor was that all. Out of the kraals swept thousands of Zulu warriors and fell on and slew all the European men, women, and children they could discover—reaching the climax of their massacre at a village that is now called Weenen, meaning wailing or weeping, in commemoration of the events of that day.

There had to be vengeance, punishment, but it was not accomplished easily. Twice the remaining Europeans banded themselves together and attacked Dingaan, only to fail tragically, Englishmen perishing as well as Dutch.

Then four hundred and sixty-four men mustered under the command of Andries Pretorius and made a vow that if God should give them victory they would build a church and set apart one day in every year on which they might commemorate it.

The battle of Blood River that followed must be counted one of the most decisive battles in all history. Three thousand Zulus were slain, and only Pretorius and two of his men wounded.

And one of the first things Pretorius and his men ('who,' says Theal, 'had poured forth prayers and psalms at every halting place, and were imbued with very much the same spirit as Cromwell and his Ironsides') did when they got settled was to build their Church of the Vow . . . this Voortrekker Museum you are now inspecting in Pietermaritzburg.

III

What may surprise many people as they look round this old Church of the Vow that is now the Voortrekker Museum at Maritzburg, is the beauty and fine workmanship of these voortrekker relics. One might think they would have left

anything in the slightest sense fanciful behind them, and trekked with only the most severe and sombre necessities. It is true that the voortrekkers were a highly religious community, and there are preserved in the museum many of their Bibles, commentaries, sermons, and works of meditation. And let no man—no matter what his religion, or lack of it, may be—doubt for a moment the tremendous daily sustenance and renewing of power they drew from these things. But a certain number of other literary relics have been kept with the express object of refuting the idea that their literature was limited solely to the Bible, the Book of Psalms, and the Hymnal.

They took also with them some fine old brass and pewter ware, some lovely specimens of Venetian glassware, with inlaid gold ornamentation, and there is one fine Chinese tea-service of the eighteenth century that was probably reserved for use on Sundays, birthdays, and at Easter and Christmas.

There are few actual relics of the trek itself. In the melancholy nature of things there could not be many. But there is, thanks be, a tent wagon actually used by the voortrekkers on the Great Trek—and in those old sun-bleached, mud-stained timbers on four wheels you see the type of vehicle that opened up not only southern Africa, but a great portion of the northern continent of America.

There are also the chair of Dingaan, carved from the trunk of an ironwood-tree by some of his indunas; the table on which the Dingaan-Retief Treaty is alleged to have been signed; the water-bottle belonging to Piet Retief, and actually found on his remains at Umkungunhlovu. That is all that remains of Retief. There is no photograph, no drawing even, to enlighten future generations as to the manner or the character of the man.

Wise and thoughtful minds have tried to imprison and perpetuate here something of the grace, and occasional gaiety, of those old days, as well as the almost perpetual strain and stress and solemnity of them. The satin and velvet waistcoat of Commandant A. W. J. Pretorius; the actual silk waistcoat worn by Sarel Cilliers at his wedding; a simple voortrekker wedding-dress made of print: a hand-embroidered christening

robe, with shawl to match; pink silk and Cashmere shawls; embroidered black satin aprons, and taffeta mantles, reveal a side of the voortrekker character all too little known and under-emphasized.

IV

If you would know something of the life the voortrekkers lived while they were actually trekking, try to secure a copy of *Louis Trichardt's Trek across the Drakensberg* by Claude Fuller, the Union Chief Entomologist up to 1927. Trichardt kept a diary, and wrote with an easy and graphic pen; and because of this diary, it has been possible to trace the route taken by him over the Drakensberg, and for a party, led by Mr. H. C. de Kok, a Pretoria journalist, to erect a memorial tablet at the point where Trichardt and his people made their memorable trek over the mountains.

Read, too, Dr. Manfred Nathan's fine study, *The Voortrekkers*, in which Dr. Nathan points out how Trichardt has been criticized because he had nothing to say regarding the magnificent scenery in much of the country through which he passed, 'but a man who is harassed from day to day by thoughts of hostile natives, lions, crocodiles, fever, and tsetse fly, has little thought to spare for the beauties of nature.'

Moreover, he was constantly concentrating on the best route to be taken, and none knew the lie of the land better than he. Without hesitation, Trichardt decided in that wilderness of ravines and fastnesses on what was the correct route, and so it proved.

Nor was he stupid in the matter of refusing to accept advice—even from the women of the party. At one point in the Drakensberg he decided that a certain gap, involving a drop of six hundred feet and strewn with boulders, which had been discovered by the women, was a much more likely way of getting through than by following an apparent native path strongly fancied by Jan Pretorius.

It was, then [says Dr. Nathan], at the gap discovered by the women that the adventurous descent began. First there was the

uppermost precipice, almost but not quite sheer. The hind wheels were taken off the wagons, and bows were fastened below the axles to prevent the rivets from catching in any obstacles or breaking off. Thongs (riems) were tied to the wheels for use in braking. Apparently two oxen were used for each wagon, the oxen themselves acting as brakes rather than to pull, for the wagons would otherwise have clattered down to the bottom and would have been smashed to pieces. This process was repeated with every wagon. The descent began on 9th December 1837, and it was 28th January 1838 before it was finally accomplished, and they stood upon the eastern plain.

It was in Delagoa Bay, in Portuguese East Africa, that the trek finally came to a halt, where the whole party were entertained to tea and cakes at the residence of the Governor, Captain Antonio Gamitto, and the days began to pass in quiet and in amity. What might have happened, says Dr. Nathan, is lost in the mist of conjecture. The settlers might have had a settlement allotted to them at Delagoa Bay or in the interior, but things fell out otherwise. All the way through the low country they must have been plagued with mosquitoes, and now at one fell stroke Mrs. Trichardt, Gustaf, Jeremy, Annie, and old Daniel Pfeffer all went down with fever.

In the end there were but twenty-six survivors of the party of a hundred.

So Louis Trichardt, blamed for the terseness of his pen in describing scenery, wrote in his diary one of the most human and dramatic chapters in all South African history, in describing the death of his wife:

I rose at cockcrow to see if I could not hear anything regarding the condition of my dear wife, but everything was silent in the house of the Governor's lady (who was nursing her) and I went back to bed. But I could not sleep, and at second cockcrow I got up again, but it was not yet day. I sent Carolus to knock and inquire about his mother's condition, and he returned saying that she was fairly well but weak. I went at once to her and wished her good morning. She spoke so softly that I could not understand her words. I asked: 'Doesn't my dear wife know me?' She answered: 'As if I would not know you'—but so faintly that I could barely understand what she said. Then I saw that my foreboding was all too true—that I should never see her well again! From that moment sadness took

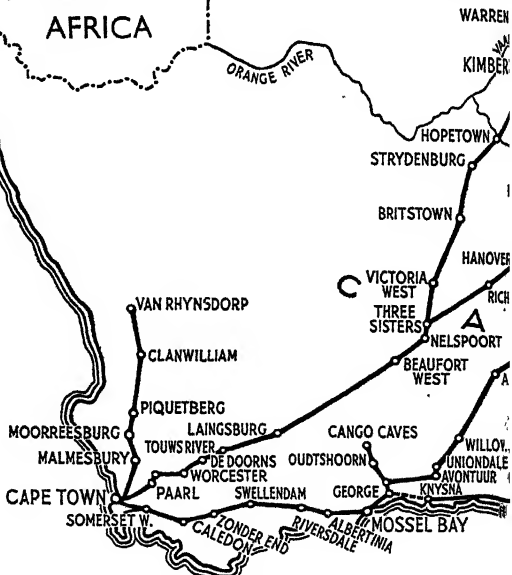
This map shows the plan of £20,000,000 scheme which, before the war, it was hoped to complete by 1943. The date of completion is now likely to be about 1950, and the estimated cost is between £32,000,000 and £35,000,000. Up to June 1946, 4,777 miles had been surveyed; 3,394 miles graded and surfaced (1,547 gravel-surfaced and 1,847 tarred); and 458 bridges built, with 59 under construction. The roads are still estimated to cover about 5,400 miles and embrace the following 14 aligned routes: George-Bentbridge, 1,117 miles; Cape Town-Durban, 1,125 miles; Durban-Johannesburg, 406 miles; Pretoria-Komati-poort, 275 miles; Winburg-Ladysmith, 202 miles; East London-Reddersburg, 348 miles; Port Elizabeth-Middelburg, 226 miles; Kimberley - Bloemfontein, 115 miles; Cape Town-Colesburg, 506 miles; Mount Ayliff-Pietermaritzburg, 148 miles; Cape Town-Van Rhynsdorp, 195 miles; Doorn River-Cango Caves, 48 miles; Nelspoort-Johannesburg, 600 miles; Durban-Eshowe, 93 miles.

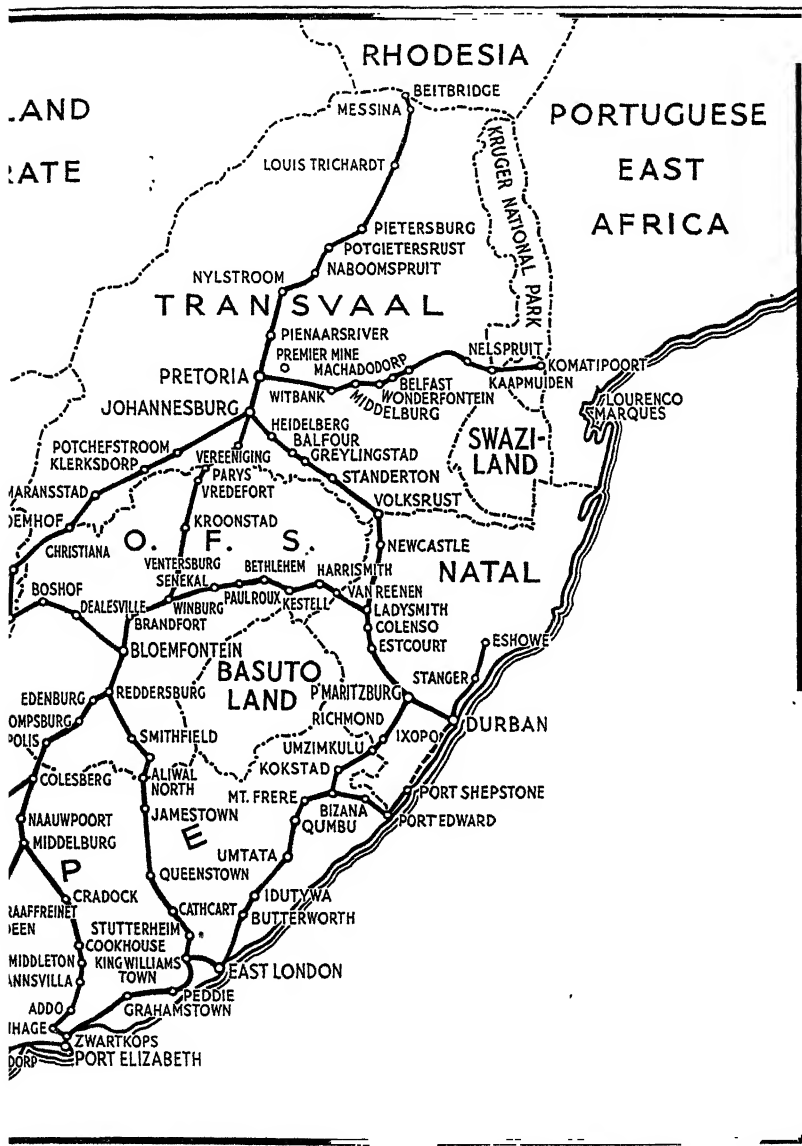
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such possession of me that I neither knew what to do or say. The children wept with me and this made me all the more grief stricken. I bade farewell to her in this life . . . and about eleven o'clock Almighty God took her away. I place my firm trust in Him, and I know that my good and dear love has entered into salvation. Nevertheless I am not comforted.

That was the last entry but one Trichardt made in his diary. It was not until three months later that he took up his pen again, and then, on 10th August 1838 he wrote: 'I had a quiet birthday and must think things over.'

But the man who had triumphed over despondencies and despairs and disasters that would have daunted and left down-cast most other men, simply could not think his way out of the disaster of losing his wife. He never put pen to his diary again, and died that same year—in December, it is thought—although whether of fever is not known.

V

Not many buildings of that very early Pietermaritzburg can be seen to-day. The old Raadzaal, or House of Parliament, which was built very closely on the lines of the Church of the Vow, became a court house, a general assembly hall, and, in the end, a butcher's shop. At length it was demolished altogether, and the present city hall built over it.

But Pietermaritzburg is one of those cities in which the names of the streets must always keep its history green. Pietermaritz and Retief Streets, for instance, share the honour of perpetuating the names of the two pioneers after whom the city was named—Pieter Retief and Gert Maritz; Burger and Boshoff Streets were respectively so called after the secretary to the 'Council of the People,' and a member of that body; while Greyling Street is probably named after a member of the party who perished with Retief on his mission to Dingaan, and Archbell Street after an early and prominent Wesleyan missionary.

No doubt these old pioneers planned and dreamed of their little settlement, nestling there in its koppie-ringed valley, and

the Umsindusi River winding through, as a city of rest and peace and prosperity, but it was a long time before it became that. Even as late as 1906, the call to arms was ringing through the streets, and in that year Pietermaritzburg served as the starting-point for punitive operations against the recalcitrant Zulu chiefs, Bambata and Signananda.

The day of Pietermaritzburg's greatest triumph was one July day in the year 1856 when, a British regiment having for some time garrisoned the place, Natal was created a separate colony by Royal Charter; and on the following day the first Legislative Council of the Colony of Natal met in the city. That made it the capital of Natal.

It is a capital still. It has the same air about it that Bloemfontein has.

Pietermaritzburg and Bloemfontein are now, since the Act of Union, only capitals of provinces whereas they were once capitals of a colony and a republic, but they still—to fall back on an old phrase from the north of England—hold their heads high. The clothes they assumed during their full-blooded dignity and prime still have style and wear well. The Natal Provincial Council building in Longmarket Street—which was the old Parliament House in Natal and houses a fine portrait of Sir John Robinson, Natal's first Prime Minister—is still considered by some people to be the finest legislative chamber in South Africa.

When the city hall was rebuilt and reopened in 1901 (the original building was destroyed by fire in 1898), there cannot have been many towns of not much more than ten thousand Europeans, as Pietermaritzburg was then, proud and civic-minded enough to spend £100,000 on their civic centre, and on top of that another £10,000 for an organ.

With its tower that is a landmark all over the city, the building still wears the solid, imposing dignity of its era, and more than one orchestral conductor and concert artist has remarked that the audiences who gather there are the most genuinely appreciative and music-minded in the Union.

In the art gallery, on an upper floor (to which access may be

gained by lift: a convenience curiously scorned by so many civic buildings), there are paintings by Sadler, Farquharson, Goodman, Roberts, Draper, Naude, Richmond, Leader, Lewis, and other artists. Corot's 'Study of a Woman,' one of the three life pictures he painted, is generally considered the most rare work, and is valued at £10,000. 'Service' by Dollman and 'The Eavesdropper' by C. S. Lidderdale, are other masterpieces.

The Natal Museum in Loop Street is notable for its unique collection of the big game animals of southern Africa, mounted with appropriate backgrounds of trees and grasses. The large Burnup collection of marine and terrestrial shells is also noteworthy.

The collection of economic insects has been arranged with a view to stimulating interest in the biology and habits of insects. The main points of interest are emphasized by diagrams, models, and backgrounds, and the collection is so clearly set out that the man in the street, bringing a specimen into the museum, should be able to classify it and learn something about its habits and life history.

VI

Undaunted by the close proximity of Durban, and all that Durban can offer, Pietermaritzburg some years ago set about thinking how it might attract industries to the city, and with such quiet enthusiasm did the City Council and Chamber of Industries devote themselves to the project that industries are now responsible for the largest portion of the city's spending power.

Mention has already been made of wattle—one of Natal's foremost primary industries, bringing to the province a million pounds sterling per annum, and the introduction of the manufacture of tanning extract to supersede the use of natural wattle bark has led to the establishment in Pietermaritzburg of a large tanning extract factory, which is recognized as housing one of the most efficient and modern plants of its kind. It is

capable of processing forty thousand tons of green wattle bark a year, with an annual extract production of twelve thousand tons, and an export value of £210,000.

This finished wattle extract, moreover, is accepted in the world's leading tanneries as one of the finest tannings obtainable—ready for use in the pure state without the addition of chemicals or other adulterating substances—and is shipped not only to the United Kingdom, but to nearly all the European countries, Australia, the United States of America, and the Far East.

Because there is wattle and wattle extract to be obtained in Pietermaritzburg, there is also one of the largest tanneries in South Africa, handling over fifty thousand South African hides and seventy-five thousand South African skins a year. And because there is so much tanned leather, there is one of the largest shoe factories in the southern hemisphere.

But Pietermaritzburg has not stopped at wattle and leather and shoes. It makes a million bricks and a hundred thousand roofing tiles a month; chocolates that are claimed to be well up to overseas standard; cream that is supplied to the mail ships plying between South Africa and England; dairy utensils and machines for crushing and disintegrating maize stalks, maize, and wattle bark; biscuits, both plain and fancy; and out at Howick, fourteen miles away, is a rubber factory, employing four hundred and fifty people, making probably as large a variety of rubber goods as any similarly sized factory anywhere, and going to the extent of even manufacturing tennis balls, duly approved by the South African Tennis Association.

Nor have people thought only of industry. As early as 1874 a number of gardening enthusiasts got together and established the Botanic Gardens about which, years later, Sir Frederick Keeble was to write in the visitors' book: 'An ideal Botanic Gardens . . . the pride of Natal . . . and of Kew.'

And then, as recently as 1932, the City Council conceived the idea of diverting a large portion of the municipal grant for relieving unemployment among European and coloured out-of-works to the creation of the Alexander Park Rockeries:

converting in five years (and incidentally finding ample stone on the spot) twelve unsightly acres into one of the beauty spots of Pietermaritzburg.

Flowers and shrubs from all over the world are gathered in the Botanic Gardens, which stretch over a hundred acres and contain a lake, lily ponds, and a particularly fine plane-tree avenue, while in the north-east corner of the city (which can be entered by either Boshoff or Retief Street extensions) there is a bird sanctuary where thousands of birds return every sunset to settle for the night. And all within a mile of the tower of the city hall.

VII

Outside the city, there is a countryside of hills and streams and waterfalls. A distinct advantage in Pietermaritzburg's favour—and one not shared by many South African towns—is that its main scenic points and picnic places are so near. Take, for instance, the fifteen-mile road of tar macadam that leads to Howick. Five miles along this road is a hill of rocks affording so fine a bird's-eye view of the city and its background of a typical, sub-tropical brightness as to be known as World's View; complete with marble dial indicator, erected on the crest of the hill, to enable the visitor readily to locate and identify all the outstanding features of the landscape. The view is none the less impressive because it is so easily attainable and cars and buses can be driven right to the very summit.

Ten miles further on is Howick, with good hotels, nine-hole golf course, tennis courts, and where the Umgeni River suddenly decided to take a sheer leap to the valley below of three hundred and sixty-five feet, or double the height of the Niagara Falls.

Eight miles still further away are the Karkloof Falls where the waters descend over three hundred feet in a series of cascades, and the Albert Falls and the Umlaas Falls are also popular camping places within easy reach of the city.

There is also the Valley of a Thousand Hills (already described in the chapter on Durban) only twenty miles away on

a tar macadam road, while eighteen miles away, although as you see it from the city it seems much nearer, is Table Mountain—and in how many South African homes, outside Natal, might not one ask the question: ‘Is there another Table Mountain in the world beside Table Mountain at Cape Town, and if so, where is it?’ and cause wonderment?

As at Cape Town, Table Mountain is a favourite resort of the hiker, and Pietermaritzburg people have something of the same affection for the place that Cape Town people have for its elder and world-distinguished brother. In his *Story of an African City*, Mr. J. Forsyth Ingram, one of Maritzburg’s earliest historians, speaks rapturously of Table Mountain, ‘towering like a giant over its rugged and beautiful realm of forest and krants.’ He insists again that it ‘must be given the palm for grandeur of scenery.’ He is also equally insistent (and this again is something that may surprise many people outside of Natal) that the Albert Falls ‘give more satisfaction’ than those at Howick:

Though the water has to descend a much shorter distance than at Howick, the falls more than make up what grandeur they lose in the matter of height by their great width.

IN ZULULAND

I

ADD an extra day on to the second of the two-day motor tours outlined in a previous chapter, and you may see something of Zululand, one of the most fascinating corners in all South Africa.

And it is a mistake to think that the only reason for going there—although that may be considerable—is to see the Zulus.

Zululand is a definite little country, with a history, an atmosphere, a scenic charm and distinction that is all its own.

Some people seem to have the idea (and people who live not far from Zululand among them) that there is something swampy and sinisterly tropical about the place. They have got it all wrong. Eshowe is eighteen hundred feet above the sea and boasts that it is quite free from malaria.

There are writers who declare that, instead of being the flimsy, tropical little town they expected, Eshowe seems as solid and settled as any town in South Africa. Mr. Carel Birkly, indeed, the Cape Town author of *Zulu Journey*, in which he writes not only on Zululand, but very readably and exhaustively on the greater part of Natal, the Transkei, and East Griqualand, found there almost the same atmosphere of antiquity he knew so well at Stellenbosch and Paarl. So far from being sinister, the gentle sweep of the hills, the fine, sheltering trees, make the scenery almost snug and comforting.

Yet these same quiet hills of Zululand have been blood-drenched only slightly less than the plains and hills of Natal where it is estimated that Chaka, founder of the Zulu dynasty, was responsible for the slaying, in battle alone, of a million men.

Read some day of the tragedy of Isandhlwana, and the epic defence of Rorke's Drift. Isandhlwana is the story of a British commander who, instead of fortifying his camp and waiting for the Zulus to attack, went out to attack them, was swept back to his base by sheer weight of numbers, and in the disorder

and chaos that followed eight hundred and thirty-two Europeans, from drummer-boy to commander, and four hundred and ninety-one native allies were stabbed to death, their abdomens ripped open, their uniforms dragged from them, and later donned by the Zulus who went looting, and drinking, and destroying all they could find.

The story of Rorke's Drift (told in most detail, perhaps, in *The Glamour and Tragedy of the Zulu War* by W. H. Clements, a Natal author) is in strange contrast, telling how one hundred and forty-one British soldiers, a number of them sick and wounded and isolated at a sort of outpost hospital, withstood a Zulu attack of thirty to one, forcing them to retreat, leaving three hundred and fifty dead strewn about the little fort and having inflicted a loss of only thirteen on the British.

And then at Itelemie Hill, in the Nqutu Range (it is best approached from Vryheid, from where it lies a little over thirty miles to the south), is one of the most notable monuments in all South Africa.

It is a plain stone cross, such as might exist in any English graveyard, on top of a cairn of stones, and on the cross is the inscription:

This cross is erected by Queen Victoria in affectionate remembrance of Napoléon Eugène Louis Jean Joseph, Prince Imperial, to mark the spot where, while assisting in a reconnaissance with the British troops on the 1st June, 1879, he was attacked by a party of Zulus and fell with his face to the foe.

The cross tells its own story. The prince, when out with a small scouting party, was suddenly surprised by Zulus, and the last sight anybody appears to have had of him alive was racing down a donga chased by fourteen Zulus, whom he evidently decided in despair to face and fight. With his back to a rock, he fought with his revolver and sword, shielding off many blows with his arm, until the fatal stab came. There were eighteen assagai wounds, any five of which would have been fatal, when the body was found, and the customary Zulu rip of the abdomen. And beside him, also assagaied, was his pet bulldog.

A year later, the Empress Eugénie, his mother, made a pilgrimage to this wild, remote spot, spending eight days there in tribute to the son whom she adored, and leaving on the monument a rosary that was a family heirloom. After some time—as was almost bound to happen—the rosary disappeared, but was later offered to a trader named Steer as payment for goods. Mr. Steer at once recognized the rosary, and returned it to the Empress.

II

You must put out of your mind those old days of killing and the blood lust when you visit Zululand to-day, and pay tribute to a great native people, quiet and graceful in demeanour, as they are still noble and lissom in body.

Sometimes you may be fortunate enough to see a Zulu dance, which is a kind of shadow boxing, make-believe fighting, in which the braves spar with, and finally cast underfoot, an imaginary enemy, while the women chant their shrill chorus of approval. But even though the men sometimes work themselves up into a fine frenzy, it is all very much like the play of children.

The Zulus are very moral. Even at a dance the men and women keep well apart. Mrs. N. Sholto Douglas, one of the few people who have studied and written about the Zulu of to-day (there were plenty to write about him in the old days) has stated that after four years of living right in the midst of Zulus and far from other white people, she has never seen a caress pass between them, never seen a maiden look anything but modest, never seen a man treat a woman with disrespect.

Though British Law has put an end to the age-old custom which used to obtain among them of summarily executing both man and woman guilty of immorality, it is abundantly clear that the same high moral code exists to this day. It is a painful fact that the only unpleasant natives are those who have lived in too close proximity to the white man.

Their life in the kraal is very simple, and want is almost

unknown. Each kraal has its herd of goats and flock of poultry, and the ground is of a fertility that rivals any in the Union. Even the hens sit three or four times a year, and raise an average brood of a dozen chickens. Half a dozen Kaffir fowls, as they are called, have been known to increase to over a hundred in a year, with no attention or care from human beings.

Mrs. Sholto Douglas spent quite a lot of time noticing things about Zulu women and their children.

The Zulu, she found, begins his life with the minimum of fuss. His mother works at every sort of occupation right up to the hour of his birth: hoeing in the fields with the other women, carrying heavy tins of water on her head from the spring or river, and often bearing on her back her previous youngest child, who may be a sturdy and weighty youngster of two or three.

The actual birth is a very simple, matter-of-fact affair. No fuss is made, and the event is soon over and the mother back in the fields again with the infant tied on her back.

A Zulu mother is never seen carrying a baby in her arms. She may hold it there at feeding times, but not always. By some sort of gymnastic, she manages to give the babe the breast over her shoulder, and the child is quite content to feed there while she walks. This, of course, is not in the first few months of life, but when he is a few months old and able to look after himself—and Zulu babies seem older, and sooner able to look after themselves, than white babies.

To a white mother it is hard to understand how a baby of a few weeks old can endure to be tied on its mother's back, his tiny head lolling helplessly over the top of the shawl with which he is swathed. Even his expression exhibits a certain amount of discomfort and anxiety, but he is soon sleeping peacefully, though his little head is jogged up and down as his mother strides along on her business, without any sort of worry on his behalf.

Mrs. Sholto Douglas answers a question which South African people often discuss: why native babies cry so little. She has come to the conclusion that native babies have better nerves (or no nerves at all); that their thick skins make them

impervious to pain which would be felt by European children; that because so few restrictions are placed on them, they rarely cry because they are being thwarted.

III

Between May and December is the best time to visit Zululand, and a car is not essential, for by leaving the train at Vryheid it is possible to pass through the most lovely part of the country—through Babanango, the Valley of Kings, Kataza, Melmoth, to the railhead at Eshowe—by motor bus.

But those people who live in Zululand all the year round will tell you that summer is the time to see it at its best. They say that to stand upon a Zululand hill-top and look down on the huge clusters of lilies, carpeting the streams and rivers so thickly that it is sometimes difficult to believe that streams or rivers exist there, is one of the never-to-be-forgotten sights of South Africa.

And not far away is another experience almost equally memorable: to visit the St. Lucia Game Reserve, sail up the lake to the main bird island, and see there flight after flight of geese, duck, pelican, and flamingo, rise and disappear in the blazing glory of a rising sun. It is no exaggeration to say that very few bird sanctuaries in the world can surpass, in wonder and variety, the water-bird sanctuary of St. Lucia.

There are five public game reserves in Zululand, and it is easy for you to extend your journey from Eshowe to see them.

At the time of writing there are rest huts only at the Hluhluwe Reserve, but two excellent hotels have been established at St. Lucia, which may well be used as depots to at least four of the reserves.

In the Hluhluwe and the Umfolozi Reserves, it is possible to see the white rhinoceros, one of the world's rarest animals; in fact, the only existing specimens of this typical southern race are to be found here.

Here in the Umfolozi Reserve the white rhino took his last refuge from his natural enemies, and here he has multiplied

from a little over thirty to the present herd of well over two hundred.

Here, too, are the rare nyala, impala, buffalo, an occasional lion, hippopotamus, and crocodile; the vulture, the bustard, the eagle, the hawk, the vivid little bee-eater, love-bird, and sun-bird.

It is strange how, outside Natal, these reserves are so little known. Sooner or later, the day must come when at least one of them, St. Lucia, will be regarded as probably the most remarkable and memorable holiday resort to be found in all Africa.

DRAKENSBERG GLORY

I

FROM Pietermaritzburg you may set off and see the towns of inland Natal, and determine just how much you desire to see of the Drakensberg.

Not far out of the city is Greytown, birthplace of General Louis Botha, first Prime Minister of the Union, one of six brothers and seven sisters, his father a sheep farmer of Huguenot ancestry. And when, years later, the family migrated to the Harrismith district in the north-east of the Orange Free State, Louis himself every year used to trek with the sheep into Zululand for the winter.

Directly north of Greytown is Vryheid, where Botha settled down after marriage, joined the local commando, and later became its member of Parliament.

Like Swellendam in the Cape, Vryheid was once a republic, and stamps of the Nieuwe Republiek, as it was called, still exist in the albums of philatelists. This Nieuwe Republiek, moreover, was possibly the only European state in South African annals which a native chief played a prominent part in establishing, for Vryheid actually grew out of a compact entered into by the white settlers and the Zulu chieftain Dinizulu; and there is still in existence Dinizulu's royal decree, 'given under my hand,' whereby 'certain South African Boers' were to have 'full and free possession of a certain portion of Zululand.'

Poor Dinizulu! He was not long in quarrelling with the Boers; then, when he fled to British Zululand, with the British; and so finally he found himself deported to St. Helena.

Nor did the Nieuwe Republiek last long. Its members soon found that paths of small republics are hard and stony, and asked to be merged into a larger form of government.

Further north still is Volksrust—wonderful Volksrust, as it is often called, because of the frequency with which it somehow

manages to appear in the national press. Few people remember now that Gandhi, who spent the years of his young manhood in South Africa, stayed two months in jail here—probably his earliest experience of a manner in which he later elected to spend a good deal of his life.

In the year 1904 the Municipal Council of Volksrust passed a resolution declaring that they would never tolerate the advent of Asiatic traders, and so a Vigilance League was formed of several hundred men sworn never to let the Indian pass.

On a certain day [says Mr. D. N. Miller in his *History of Volksrust*] it was rumoured that a great band of Indians would gather at the Natal border and force their way across. The League assembled with every sort of weapon and took their stand on the border. The Indians arrived, accompanied by women and children, presenting a striking spectacle in their Eastern garb, the women decked out in jewellery that glittered in the sunlight, the children dressed in garments of gorgeous colours. A message was brought to the League leaders that bloodshed must be avoided, and should the Indians cross the border they would be arrested. . . . Gandhi and a number of his followers slipped into Volksrust, and were promptly arrested.

At the magistrate's court, Gandhi defended his colleagues and was then himself accused, being sentenced to a fine of £35 or two months in jail.

Thanking the prosecutor and the police for their fairness and courtesy in conducting the trial, Gandhi decided, as he has so often done since, that he would pay no fine.

II

Turn at Volksrust and return to Maritzburg by Newcastle, Dundee, Ladysmith, and Estcourt.

Probably nine out of ten people in South Africa to-day imagine that Newcastle is so called because it produces a first-grade smelter coal for industries, and steam coal for ships. Newcastle being a great coal centre, and a symbol for coal in England, it seems quite natural that some Englishman, mining the first coal here, should christen this place the Newcastle of Natal of South Africa.

Nothing of the kind ever happened. When the township was first surveyed and laid out by Dr. Sutherland, the then Surveyor-General of Natal, the Duke of Newcastle chanced to be Secretary of State for the Colonies in Palmerston's ministry; and his name seemed to the pioneers of that day an excellent one by which to call the place.

Coal came later, and after the coal, iron and steel works, and then, in a rather odd, but profitable jumble, creameries and the growing of New Zealand hemp.

The place has history and scenery, too. There is Fort Amiel, which was built to house the military during the Zulu disturbances of the seventies; and in the eighties the battles of Majuba, Laing's Nek, and Ingogo were fought a few miles north of the town. Flowing through the town is the Incandu River, and the Incandu Falls would be more widely known in a province less notable for its falls.

Newcastle has always been a great halting-place. It becomes more so year by year. It is half-way between Johannesburg and Durban, and most people spend the night here who do not care to rush through four hundred and twenty miles in one day.

If it was not a Newcastle man, or even a mining man, who named Newcastle, it was definitely a man from Dundee (although Peter Smith by name) who christened Dundee, which also lives on coal and agriculture, with wool replacing butter, and boasts of the fact that it has the only glass works of South Africa.

A mile away to the east is the flat-topped mountain Talani Hill, which men stormed, with heavy casualties, in the war of 1899-1902. Major-General W. Penn-Symons, who led the charge, lies buried in Dundee churchyard.

Blood River, where the voortrekkers put Dingaan's hosts to rout, and Rorke's Drift, the scene of that epic fight of the Zulu War that has already been described and has been likened by some writers to Balaclava, are not far distant.

And when you come to Ladysmith, you are again, as in Mafeking, in a town with what may be called a world name. What is almost forgotten now is that Ladysmith had already

gone through a good deal of trial and tribulation before its famous four months' siege. In 1877 troops marched through her quiet, open streets to garrison the Transvaal, and two years later her quietude was again disturbed by the tramp of marching men. It was the outbreak of the Zulu War of dreadful memory.

And to Ladysmith came the first news of that shocking tragedy at Isandhlwana, and through Ladysmith's streets was carried the assagaied body of the Prince Imperial.

It says much for the elasticity of the place that Ladysmith is now the third town of Natal.

III

Visit the quiet little church of All Saints, Ladysmith, with its lovely memorial windows, its tablets with the names of men who fell, or died of disease, in the defence and relief of the town.

And then walk to the battlefields of Wagon Hill and Nicholson's Nek. Spion Kop is eighteen miles away.

And twenty miles away is Colenso, which also has its monuments and names of men fallen. A mighty power station, with a capacity of sixty thousand kilowatts, which drives the electrified section of the Natal main line, stands there to-day.

It is this power station that has so helped Ladysmith, and may help it more in future, for this old, war-battered town may now claim to have an electricity supply capable of dealing with the biggest industrial enterprise in the Union.

Yet it is the strange quiet—the healing quiet that seems to be in the sun, the trees, even in the wind—that is the haunting note of modern Ladysmith.

You do not wonder that it has the lowest death rate in the Union, one of the lowest death rates in the British Commonwealth.

In England there are Melton Mowbray pork pies, Bath buns, Eccles cakes, Pontefract cakes, Yarmouth herrings, Doncaster butterscotch. Towns in South Africa have been singularly slow in tacking their names on to comparatively humble

products, and, through the common, household use of those products, gaining intimate and national advertisement.

There is one exception, and that is Estcourt. Estcourt makes sausages, and calls them Estcourt sausages, and so Estcourt has become known and familiar to scores of thousands of South Africans who might never otherwise have heard of the place.

And not far from Estcourt is Mooi River, where there is one of the best trout-fishing streams not only in Natal (and there are quite a number here), but in South Africa.

Brown trout average about ten ounces and are caught up to three pounds—with rainbow trout scaling four and a half pounds and five pounds quite frequently.

The close season for trout fishing in Natal is from 1st May to 31st August, but there are quite a number of exceptions.

Perhaps it isn't exactly a thing to be gleeful about in piscatorial circles, but the heaviest trout ever caught in the Union is said to have been one of fifteen and a half pounds in East Griqualand—killed by a native with a knobkerrie.

IV

You cannot leave Natal without knowing something about the Drakensberg.

It was the Zulus who christened Natal's largest river Tugela, and *tugela* is also the word by which they call the peak of Mont-aux-Sources, highest peak in the Drakensberg, or Dragon Mountains.

The word means 'startling.'

Mont-aux-Sources is just that—and not merely because its rise of ten thousand seven hundred and sixty-three feet makes it the highest peak in South Africa. It has the atmosphere of a mountain that is aloof in its strangeness and serenity from other mountains. The whole of the Drakensberg range has this atmosphere.

Around Mont-aux-Sources, the South African Government bought a number of farms, declared this part of the country

known as the 'Natal National Park,' and built a hostel. No man, whether South African or visitor, knows the full majesty of this country who has not stayed there.

There are three main ways of getting to Mont-aux-Sources: one may approach it by Ladysmith, by Bergville, or by Harrismith in the Orange Free State.

Motor buses complete the journey from Ladysmith station to the hostel door in three hours, but these buses may also be caught at Bergville, where is the nearest railway station to Mont-aux-Sources, and which is also a convenient centre from which to explore other parts of the Drakensberg.

Passengers arriving at Harrismith are met and motored to Rydal Mount Hotel, a distance of thirty miles; the proprietor fixes everybody up in the way they should be fixed; and an early morning start is made on the eighteen-mile trek to The Cave, which is the first part of the journey. Preparations are generally made for a stay of two nights at The Cave at rondavels near there, and the climb to the summit undertaken on the second day.

Active, sure-footed Basuto ponies take you to the top. And there, over ten thousand feet below you, you see stretched the broad wheat-filled valleys of Basutoland, the wide-sweeping plains of the Free State, and the bright green hills and valleys of Natal.

It is probably the most exalting experience to be had in all South Africa.

Further south, and rising to about the same height, is Cathkin Peak—regarded by many as the monarch of the Berg, because of its comparative isolation and the way it seems to subdue and override the foothills about it.

There, too, are the remarkable rock slopes of Champagne Castle, with its towers, ridges, and pinnacles running down to that strange mountain the Gatberg, which has a tunnel cave piercing through its topmost peak like a window.

In the Little Berg, which lies below Cathkin, there are caves large enough, it is said, to shelter a cavalry regiment, and those who have done so declare it a thing of wonder to camp in these

caves on moonlight nights: to watch the moon light up the cream-pink of the pinnacles, gleam on the protea trees, and throw into relief the great silent wall of the Berg behind.

Below the Little Berg is the Cathkin Park Hostel, which has electric light, hot baths, grounds with tennis courts, a swimming bath and nine-hole golf course, and similar accommodation and attractions are provided at the Champagne Castle Hostel a few miles away. And either place is about eighteen miles distance from Loskop station, which is a short rail-car run from Ennersdale or Estcourt stations on the Natal main line.

Newest of all Drakensberg hostelryes is the Castle Inn, which stands at that part of the Berg known as the Garden Castle.

It is the part the artists most favour. The sandstone of the range is softer here, and the wind and the rain and the streams have carved the hills into queer, lovely, often grotesque shapes.

There have been remarkably few climbing fatalities in the Drakensberg. That is not merely because even most of the high climbs are easy, and Basuto ponies can often do the whole job for you. It is in a good measure due to the warden, Mr. Otto Zunckel, and his three sons, Walter, Gerald, and Udo.

The morning may be bright and fair and a seemingly heaven-made day for mountaineering, but one of the Zunckels—father and Walter are at Mont-aux-Sources, and Gerald and Udo are at Cathkin—will tell the party not to go. They are nearly always right. In a few hours the mist comes over or a rain sets in. When tragedy does come to the Drakensberg, the Zunckels are the first to set out to give what aid it is still possible to give, and no matter where the place, or what the state of the weather.

Employed by the Zunckels are a number of fine native guides, and perhaps the best known of all is Charlie, who has become an authority, and the accepted guide, on the trip to the peak that is known as the Sentinel.

EAST LONDON AND ITS RIVER

I

EAST LONDON has a distinction—and wears that distinction well—that is possessed by none of the other main ports of South Africa. It stands on, and has as its harbour, a river. Most ports in Europe may have rivers as their harbours, but in South Africa a river harbour is a rare and rather refreshing thing; and students of East London's history are undoubtedly right when they claim (to quote Mr. B. H. Dodd) that 'to the Buffalo River, East London owes both its birth and its subsequent development, and any attempt, however sketchy, to outline the history of the town must take into consideration the part played by the river.'

It is the authentic port. It breathes the sea, and ships, and the far horizon as Durban, Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, its three elder brothers, do not and cannot. Say what you will, ships need to hug, and stretch down, the flanks of a single river, to be seen at their best; their whole dignity and romance becomes dwarfed and dissipated when they are dotted about wharves and bays.

That air of the authentic, romantic port does not cease at the river. It somehow straggles and waddles right along the long main street of Oxford Street: so long, and so gracious in its mixture of shops, and town halls, and churches, and cinemas, that it might have been specially built for the delight of sailormen, taking their first big stretch ashore for months or more.

It is almost certain that if there had been no Buffalo River, John Rex, son of George Rex (about whom you are to hear more later), of Knysna, sailing in the little brig that was named after his home town, would not have decided, one November morning in 1836, that this precise point, here at the river's mouth, was a very good spot for him to lie at anchor, while he off-loaded stores for the troops that were then engaged in 'operations on the frontier'—as troops so frequently were in those days.

It seems, at least, decidedly fortunate that Rex was not the only man on the brig, and that one John Bailie, born in 1789, the son of a distinguished officer of the East India Company, also made the journey. Like Farewell of Durban, Bailie was a former member of the Royal Navy, reaching the rank of lieutenant, and leaving the service when he was about thirty and about the time when the British Government's scheme of emigration to the Cape had been announced.

Forming a party of no fewer than two hundred and fifty-six men, women, and children (numbers which bespeak the missionary zeal of the man), Bailie reached Algoa Bay in the second of the 1820 settler ships—only to find that the typical city folk from London who formed a big majority of his party did not settle down any too well at the mouth of the Fish River, and gradually drifted away to Grahamstown and Port Elizabeth, mere huddles of shed-cottages though both of them were at that time, in search of a more London-like style of living.

Sixteen years after his landing in South Africa, he peered from the frail decks of the little brig *Knysna*, and through the hot, gleaming sunlight, sighted the gap in the low, bush-covered hills that was the mouth of the Buffalo River. The place fascinated him. All through the two months the *Knysna* lay at anchor there, he was for ever seizing the opportunity to ramble off ashore, until one afternoon his emotion was such that he cut a stick from out of the bush, took an old, treasured Union Jack from his pocket, and planted the British flag on what is now known as Signal Hill.

Climb Signal Hill yourself one afternoon, as Bailie did a hundred years ago. Did Bailie dream anything like what you see there now? That in the heart of the river, at the very foot of the hill on which he stood, there should be opened a little over a hundred years later, in the year 1937, a great turning basin, so that twenty-thousand-ton liners might enter, discharge and load cargoes, and turn about and make to the open sea again?

That about the banks of this river there might grow and thrive a city with a population (including suburbs) of nearly

thirty thousand white people, and that scores of thousands of people in an interior yet largely unknown, and almost totally undeveloped, should stream down every year to these green hills and silent shores for their summer's rest and relaxation?

That one day there should be packed off from here to the heart of industrial England, Japan, and Germany as many as three hundred and fifty thousand bales of wool a year, and things manufactured, and sent all over South Africa, like suites of furniture, cloths, tin kettles, and chocolates?

II

John Bailie prospered nothing out of his founding of East London. He was not even granted the average modicum of good fortune and happiness, for the Kaffir war not only deprived him of a favourite son, Lieutenant Charles Bailie (the Keiskama Hoek Group of Toc H have marked his grave at a place called Bailie's Grave, near Debe Nek, by a tablet let into the roadside), but left him financially ruined.

Ten years later when he had moved up country to try to recover his financial standing, he and another son became involved in a quarrel with a man who they alleged had tried illegally to seize their trading station. In the fight that followed the man was killed, and the two Bailies were brought to Uitenhage and sentenced to life imprisonment. It was only after they had been in jail eighteen months that the widow came forward to give additional evidence, swore that the Bailies acted in self-defence, and they were granted a free pardon.

John Bailie tried to make a new start. He attempted three times to settle on the Natal coast. It was not for long. One July day he woke to find a ship ashore near his place, and as an old naval man he went to see what he could do about it. He succeeded in getting on to the vessel, but never off again. The weather suddenly got worse, and he and five others were drowned.

Even as pioneers go, these early pioneers of East London

seem to have been tragically unfortunate. There was the case of Captain William Baker, who came to East London just about the time the Bailies were in jail.

From the time that John Bailie put up his Union Jack, there is no record for the next eleven years of any vessel calling at East London. Then, acting on a report which Bailie had made as a result of the visit of the brig *Knysna*, the navy sent Lieutenant Charles Forsyth to inspect the mouth of the Buffalo River; the place was christened Fort Glamorgan and garrisoned by a regiment in which a certain Captain William Baker was an officer.

Baker was a man of undoubted energy. He found a spring that gave the town its first supply (it was known as Baker's Well, and the place can still be seen, now overgrown and practically dried up, below the lighthouse alongside the road to Shelly Beach), and went on to tackle the vital job of giving the town its first harbour works.

He picked out the stoutest men he could find, and set them building a stone jetty, praising his men for the manner in which they worked, standing in the water all day to spur them on, and, what was a much more practical evidence of his enthusiasm, giving each man a dram of brandy at tattoo at his own expense, with French brandy costing a guinea a bottle.

He barely lived to see the job completed. He was one of a party of five officers who went out reconnoitring one day, and were ambushed and massacred by Galekas. The bodies were shockingly mutilated. They were taken to King William's Town, and lie buried there within the walls of Holy Trinity Church.

III

Because of the Bailies and the Bakers—the romantic dreamings of one, and the hard, practical drive of the other—East London has become to-day the fourth port of the Union, developing on the traditional Union lines of being port, resort, and industrial centre all in one, and paying, at the moment, perhaps a particularly keen attention to industrial development.

South Africans, and particularly South Africans from the more arid parts of the interior, like it as a resort, not only because the sea is very blue there, but because the grass is very green—and there is lots of grass about, and especially near the beach. Blue sea delights the eye, and green rests and calms the heart, when you have not seen much of either for a pretty long time.

On Orient Beach (where you can loll and watch the liners creeping to the river's mouth, for all the world as if they were ships being pulled across a stage, or moving across an old-fashioned myriorama), there is a particularly good pool for children. The bathing all round is good. And because there is practically no change between winter and summer at East London—the average summer temperature is $66\cdot78^{\circ}$, and the average winter temperature $62\cdot30^{\circ}$ —the temperature of the sea varies only two degrees: 64° in summer, and 62° in winter.

IV

In East London there is a fine aquarium having as its particular pride its sea-horses, which since their importation from Australia have multiplied many times over; the first time, in the knowledge of Dr. Nanni, the curator, that these delicate specimens have been successfully bred in an aquarium. Aquarium keepers are satisfied if they can keep them alive for just a few months, but East London is fortunate in that it can give them just the right food.

Yet easily the most popular exhibits are the octopuses, or cat-fish, that appear to have the same curious fascination for most people as snakes on land. It is probably true that the sort of giant octopus that used to exist in boy's dreadfuls, attacking ships and overwhelming the crews, may still be sighted very rarely in deep and remote waters, but it is exceptional for an octopus of more than five feet to be sighted and brought ashore in South Africa. Even at that size they are loathsome and terrifying enough. Watch these specimens at East London, and you will be amazed at the facility with which they can

change colour and even the texture of their skin, and so camouflage themselves to the colour and surface of the rock beside which they may be nestling.

Their favourite food is live crabs, and a curious fact about the aquarium-kept octopus is that even though they may survive terrible fighting and appear to get along quite comfortably with half their bodies missing, they cannot live long without a constant change of water. And they are as intelligent as dogs in knowing at what time of day they may expect food, and will wait patiently and expectantly in their own particular corner of the tank for it to be dropped down to them.

v

East London is not only a good place at which to gain some idea of the queer fish to be found in South African waters, but also to learn something of South Africa's marine birds.

A collection of these birds, found on and around the coast from East London to Port Elizabeth, is exhibited at the East London Museum, and Miss M. Courtenay Latimer, the curator, is still diligently adding to this collection, and has spent a good deal of time on Bird Island (about which you are to hear more later) investigating the types of life of sea birds assembling there.

There is also to be seen a section devoted to seaweeds and sponges in their natural colours, as found along the coast at seventy to one hundred fathoms of water. Even at its museum, you will notice, East London remains a place essentially of the sea.

But there are one or two other exhibits that make the museum distinctive. The fossil *Kannemeyria* here is millions of years old, and is by far the most complete specimen of its kind known. Fragments of it were found and brought to the museum a little over eleven years ago by Mr. Robert McEwan, of Ravenskloof, Tarkastad, and later the main parts of the skeleton were excavated and mounted.

You should also take the opportunity of seeing, in the native section, the model of a witch-doctor in full dress.

One of the distinctions that has attracted thousands of visitors to East London during the past eight or nine years, made the town known and discussed overseas, and given it a good deal of spur and enthusiasm, has been the holding of a grand-prix motor road race each New Year.

For some years there had been in existence a particularly fine drive to a place called Leach's Bay, which ran within two hundred yards of the sea for most of its seven-mile distance. Stretching parallel with this length of road, two miles inland, was the macadamized road running through Orange Grove, on to Peddie, and thence to Grahamstown. Early in 1933 the divisional authorities were struck with the sound idea of connecting these two parallel lines of road at the top end, thus forming a loop to make a circular drive, sixteen miles in extent.

Road racing on the scale on which it is conducted in England was then an unknown thing in South Africa, but to Mr. E. F. G. Bishop, then motor editor of the *East London Dispatch*, it seemed, as he took his first ride round the Drive, that there was now no excuse for its being unknown any longer. He got together a committee of men, who decided to think big and act big, and sent out their South African Grand Prix regulation forms to the best-known drivers in Europe and America.

Their first inquiry was from Sir Malcolm Campbell, holder of the world's high speed land record! Unfortunately, Sir Malcolm was unable to compete, but not long after his inquiry came a cable from Whitney Straight, the twenty-two-year-old Anglo-American, who was then creating an unprecedented furore in the European racing world. Whitney Straight came—and won.

Since that day, not only have a hundred thousand people gathered at East London to see the race, but grand-prix courses have been constructed at Johannesburg and Cape Town.

NATIVES OF THE TRANSKEI

I

DECIDE at East London that you will make this three-day tour of the towns in the Border hinterland:

First Day:

East London to Queenstown via King William's Town and the Katberg.

Second Day:

Queenstown to Engcobo, and continue into Umtata and Port St. Johns.

Third Day:

Port St. Johns, back to Umtata through Idutywa, Butterworth, Komgha, Mooiplaats to East London.

King William's Town, or 'King' as it is affectionately called by those who know it best, is an older town than East London, and the foundation stones of Holy Trinity and the Wesleyan churches were being laid at the time when John Rex and John Bailie were nosing about the uncharted mouth of the Buffalo River.

Go back to its very beginnings (for King is a town that has been founded and refounded) and you find, pitching his camp on the site where the residency now stands, the Reverend John Brownlee of the London Missionary Society, who went on preaching to the natives even after they had destroyed his home and beheaded his sons.

And then, one day in May 1835, Sir Benjamin D'Urban camped with his staff near the place, declared that 'there never was a site more perfectly prepared by Nature for a splendid provincial town,' issued then and there a general order establishing the place as a township, and from that hour King William's Town, named after the ruling monarch, was established.

Not without the long years of travail and tragedy involved in the Kaffir wars, which it is beyond the scope of this book to trace in detail, did the town attain its present dignity and stability.

Because of its dangerous situation—a mere speck of an island of white people in a turbulent sea of black—it became necessary to attract more defenders, and it was here that hundreds of German legionaries, fresh from the Crimean war, were granted free land and accommodated in that part of the borough which is still known as the German Village.

In the following year, five ships of German emigrants, numbering two thousand six hundred in all, sailed from Hamburg to East London, and many of these people settled in King William's Town, triumphing by their grit and frugality over the great drought of 1859, building stone houses and creating fine farmlands, now occupied by their descendants, that are the envy and model of farmers all over the Union.

But perhaps the boldest, certainly the most romantic, thing the people of King ever did was to hold, soon after the arrival of the German legionaries, sales of building allotments yielding nearly £5,000 and commissioning with this money a ship called the *Lady Kennaway* to sail from the Thames to East London, filled with respectable and fine-looking young women, most of them Irish, as prospective wives for the overwhelming number of bachelors, both English and German, with which the district was burdened. How exactly the marriages were eventually arranged is uncertain, but it seems fairly certain that the majority of them proved distinctly happy.

When the incident was portrayed in the great South African pageant at the Empire Exhibition in Johannesburg, the young men of King William's Town were shown dashing down the green and literally hauling the women of their choice off the crowded ox-wagons, and in the direction of ready-waiting priests, plighting and sealing their troth almost at one and the same time. South Africa's young sophisticates saw in the episode a page of South African history before which even the liveliest scenario from Hollywood seemed suddenly to become dumb and demure and generally voted the incident one of the high lights of the whole evening.

II

King William's Town is to become the centre of the cotton industry in South Africa. Development is to be ensured by the Industrial Development Corporation, which is putting £1,000,000 into the Good Hope Textile Corporation (Pty.) Ltd. The Calico Printers' Association of Manchester is also interested in the project. Hitherto cotton activities in the Union have been confined to weaving for blankets and Kaffir sheeting. Now cotton yarn will be spun and fine cotton cloths will be woven, dyed, and finished in this country for the first time.

Chairman of the Industrial Development Corporation responsible for this and similar projects is Dr. H. J. van Eck, regarded to-day as one of the most able, far-seeing, and versatile men in the Union. Educated at Stellenbosch, Leipzig, and Charlottenberg, he has been associated with the Iron and Steel Corporation at Pretoria since its inception and is also consulting chemical engineer to the Anglo-Transvaal Consolidated Investment Co. Ltd. His latest appointment is that of Director of Food Supplies in the Union and he is now engaged on preparing for a system of rationing in South Africa—should it be necessary. Up to this point the country has escaped individual rationing.

See that when you are entering or leaving King William's Town, you visit the trout hatchery in the lovely Pirie Forest that lies fourteen miles out of the town and where the town council maintain roomy huts for people who want to week-end there.

Even though by now you may have visited quite a number of museums with fine mammal collections, do not neglect the Kaffrarian Museum, which has one of the finest collections in the Union and contains one stuffed carcass that any museum in South Africa would be glad to have.

It is the carcass of Huberta the Hippo, who, in her way, must rank as one of the most remarkable animals that ever lived.

For some reason or other—the animal experts have never been able to decide whether she was fleeing from some old

grudge or possessed of some ancestral call to visit pools frequented by hippos many years ago—Huberta the Hippo suddenly decided to leave the lone isolated pool where she was born near St. Lucia Bay in Zululand and go on tramp or trek.

From the autumn of 1928 to April of 1931 she wandered, showing a strange partiality for meandering well within the walls of civilization and turning up quite eerily and ghostlike, and notwithstanding her tremendous bulk, in the middle of quite fair-sized towns.

Thus one night when a town councillor of Port St. Johns was crossing the lawn-covered market square on his way to a council meeting, he found Huberta there, feeding on the grass like a stray dairy cow and not deigning to go away until he had brought along the other councillors and the town clerk to look at her and a crowd had gathered round and began shining their torchlights in her eyes.

One summer night in March the driver of a train between Berlin and King William's Town saw in the glare of his powerful headlights what looked like a small hillock of soil or mud on the line. Slowing down and nosing cautiously forward, he at length recognized Huberta—who had been on the ramp for over two years now and wouldn't have surprised anybody by now if she'd turned up at a prayer meeting—lying sound asleep across the metals. Not all his blasts on the engine's whistle, shining lamps on her, or letting off steam would shift her. There was nothing to be done but to move gently forward and give her a prod in the rump with the cow-catcher. And at that Huberta awoke, yawned, and waddled leisurely off into the darkness.

In South Africa, Huberta became like a serial story. On Johannesburg tram-tops men thrust evening papers at one another and began: 'I see old Huberta's been . . .'; office girls chuckled at her doings over five-o'clock coffee in Cape Town cafés; children all over the Union demanded to be told stories about her before being put to bed. Britain and America began to follow her doings and she was featured in such diverse papers as *Punch* and the *Chicago Tribune*.

And then on 23rd April 1931, rifle shots suddenly rang out over the Keiskama River, nearly six hundred miles as the crow flies from St. Lucia Bay in Zululand—and Huberta was dead. They were shots that echoed all over South Africa and aroused an indignation probably unprecedented in a country where the shooting of animals has gone on and must, to some extent, still go on, for centuries.

The death of Huberta was even mentioned in the House of Assembly, the South African Parliament, when the late Mr. Emile Nathan referred to her as 'a famous national character' and asked what steps were being taken to bring the culprit to justice.

A month later, three men—a farmer and his two sons—gave themselves up at King William's Town and admitted the shooting. The farmer said that the tracks of a large animal were seen in his garden and later his sons saw a large animal rise from the river, blowing water into the air, and they shot at her as often as she came above water. Next morning, joined by another man, they heard snorting in the reeds about the river and the other man fired two shots. Not long after they saw the hippo in the water, quite dead.

The four men were eventually sentenced to a fine of £25 or three months' imprisonment at King William's Town for killing royal game without a licence. The old farmer said that he could neither read nor write and had never heard anything about Huberta or any other animal wandering about the country. His idea was to shoot the animal and present the carcass to King William's Town Museum. And that is where you see it to-day.

III

Lovedale, which you may see as you pass through Alice, prides itself that for ninety years its name has been a synonym for the education—spiritual, literary, and industrial—of the native peoples of South Africa. Nearly six hundred native students board there to-day, and there are as many day scholars.

Lovedale received its name not because of any sentimental consideration but because the first secretary of the Scottish Missionary Society was a Dr. Love.

Since its foundation in 1841 Lovedale has had only three principals, the Reverend William Gowan, the Reverend Dr. James Stewart, and the Reverend Dr. James Henderson, men whose one aim in life has been 'to extend the kingdom of God by aiding the Bantu to evolve for himself a suitable Christian civilization.'

There is more than mere book learning at Lovedale. Students are also taught to be carpenters, stonemasons, and gardeners, and there is a printing office where books are printed in about twenty vernacular languages and sent all over Africa.

In the seventies of the last century Dr. Stewart, then principal, was laughed at for his belief that natives would pay for education. But his faith has been amply justified. To-day, students are paying at Lovedale a sum of almost twelve thousand pounds annually in fees, and since 1872 the native people have handed to the institution for board and education no less a sum than £540,000.

Fort Hare buildings, worthy of a university college, have been erected to give natives from all parts of southern Africa—they come from distant Kenya and Nyasaland as well as from all parts of the Union—a higher education. This college, which is governed by its own council and is separate from Lovedale, is affiliated to the University of South Africa, and its students may enter for degrees on the same conditions as apply to Europeans.

Climbing over the lovely Katberg, where there is a sanatorium and a holiday resort, you come to Queenstown, a prosperous farming town of more than eight thousand white people, and at once you are struck with the peculiar lay-out of the principal streets.

In the centre of the town is a hexagon, a wide open space, six-sided as its name implies. Like other border towns Queenstown in its early days was little more than a self-contained fortress, and its streets were all made straight and

running in six different directions, thus giving a clear field of fire to as many points of assault as possible.

Month after month, year after year the town lived in dread of an attack being launched on it by the Tamboekies. No such assault ever occurred, and so the strategic principle on which the town was built was never really tested.

IV

At Umtata you are in the heart of what are known as the Transkeian territories: in a tiny cathedral city of three thousand white people existing among pretty nearly a million black.

Here lives the chief magistrate, who is at the head of twenty-six other magistrates scattered about the territories and who presides at the opening of the sessions in the handsome Bunga Hall—the Bunga being popularly called the natives' parliament but being more in the nature of an advisory council attended both by magistrates and native chiefs.

But the meetings of the Bunga lack nothing in parliamentary gravity or tradition. Arriving with a guard of honour of mounted police, the chief magistrate takes his seat on a raised platform, bows to the right of him and then to the left, reads an address on the work that has been done during the past year and what he hopes may be done during the coming year, walks solemnly down the aisle with the whole assembly standing, and leaves the Bunga to talk for the next sixteen days or so on laws affecting cattle, education, native customs, or any other subjects that may be agitating the native mind at the moment.

Debates are conducted in English and the Xosa language, and interpreted from one to the other. The natives speak easily and fluently, get a little too dramatic, and reiterate too much at times, perhaps, but keep well aloof from personalities and love a joke.

When the session of the Bunga is at an end, the chief magistrate holds a magistrates' conference which discusses all the points that have been raised and decides which shall be recommended to the Minister for Native Affairs for consideration by Parliament.

Look at an old picture of Umtata taken from the bridge in 1900 and look at Umtata from the bridge to-day and you will be surprised how such a place, far removed from gold and diamond rushes, has progressed.

Umtata has undoubtedly been fortunate, and owed much to the wisdom of her chief magistrates. Greatest of all was Major Sir Henry G. Elliot, who, taking office in his fifties (and after 'a successful and daring career in the Royal Marines'), held the position for over twenty-five years until he retired in 1902.

So deep was the affection of the natives who lived under him, that on his retirement they voluntarily subscribed among themselves over a thousand pounds and gave it to him as a token of their regard. It was characteristic of the man that he immediately turned it over to the Umtata Hospital Board for the endowment of native wards.

The gates at the Town Hall Gardens were erected in Elliot's memory, but his best monument is the fact that he still lives as the Great White Father in the hearts and the folk-tales of a generation of natives who never saw him. Umtata has the distinction of being the nearest town to the highest waterfalls in the Cape Province—the Tsitza Falls—that are forty miles away near the main road to Mount Frere, and that fall over an almost vertical cliff to a depth of nearly four hundred feet.

V

Twenty-eight miles from Umtata, and visited three times a week by motor bus, is the Tsolo School of Agriculture, where natives are being taught to get more and better crops from the soil that is every year being called on to support more of their number.

Students of native affairs in South Africa say that this child of the Bunga, first suggested by Sir Walter Stanford, one of the best administrators among native people the country has known, is one of the Union's greatest and most portentous experiments.

Natives who attend the school at Tsolo are asked to pay

only ten pounds a year, and practical experience has proved that after tuition they can reap eleven bags to the morgen, where natives with no Tsolo tuition reap only four.

It is not always easy for Tsolo students—when they return to their kraals, where it is all too frequently the custom for the men to lounge about talking, while the women and children go out to attend the crops—to convince the old people that what they have learned is good. But no one can doubt that the influence of these men is slowly percolating and uplifting the general mass.

Another fine thing the Bunga has done is to issue twice every month a journal of a hundred pages printed in the native language and dealing with agriculture from a purely native point of view.

Nor has the development of the women been neglected. Not far from Tsolo is St. Cuthbert's Mission where women are trained to use the spinning-wheel and generally to acquire useful household accomplishments.

VI

Here, in the Transkei, the overseas visitor may see the raw native, as he is sometimes called, living his own life, as his forefathers have lived for centuries.

In the majority of native marriages the woman knows nothing about the arrangements until she is told to go and wash in the river. If she is reluctant to do so, some of her friends will drag her along, even urging her with blows.

In the late evening the wedding party invariably arrives at the kraal and squats some little distance away; and at length someone will come and ask where they are going, and after giving the name of the kraal they receive the answer: 'This is the kraal.'

A hut has been built for the girl, water and firewood brought in, and every one enters the hut and there ensues a long argument as to the number of cattle which will have to be paid as part of the *lobola* that is given to the bride's parents in compensation for the loss of their daughter.

The bride has now as part of her dowry a blanket, and this is held up over her head while she is taken into the cattle kraal. There, with her bridesmaids, she kneels on a mat while the guests assemble outside.

She is then stripped to the waist, and the guests hurl exclamations at her, saying: 'Look at her funny ears,' and 'What a large mouth she has,' and then every one returns to the hut and the wedding feast begins.

After a woman is married she dare not enter or pass near the cattle kraal. So strong is this custom that even though her child were being gored to death inside the kraal she would not enter to save it.

But should she decide to leave her husband, she takes a stick in her hand and enters the kraal. This denotes that she has finished with everything, and her sons will see that she leaves. When a woman leaves her husband in this way the *lobola* is refunded, but for every child of the marriage one beast is retained. The woman is never allowed the custody of the children, even if one is only an infant.

Once married, too, a woman is forbidden to mention the name of her husband, or to use any word which even sounds like it; a custom which leads to such complications that when a married woman goes to a trading station she takes with her a friend whose duty it is to tell the assistant for whom the goods are. If the woman sees her father-in-law in the shop she stands as far away from him as possible.

The woman's dowry consists of the blanket in which she is married (it costs about thirty shillings), a big pot, a set of dishes, a lamp, an axe, a hoe, a kettle, and some cotton sheeting; and during the course of the last few years it has become customary to add to these a clothes chest and a couple of cheap cups and saucers. All these purchases are made with the greatest secrecy to keep the impending marriage unknown to the girl.

From the time she is married the woman undertakes all the work of the kraal. She keeps the huts clean, works in the field, and looks after the children while her husband smokes his pipe and philosophizes with friends.

Even if she is ill a woman will continue to work until she drops. This she does to stop other women's tongues chattering. They will say: 'Look at her, she can't even work for her husband.'

VII

You may have the impression that a native hut is far from clean. Visit one and you will soon be rid of that idea. The huts are beautifully and neatly built, and though dark and ventilated only by one small hole which serves as a window, there is no sense of stuffiness.

Immediately inside and to the left of the door is a low, mud seat. Here, until civilities have been exchanged, visitors sit. In the middle of the hut is a shallow hole in which the fire is laid. Just above this is a small hole about two inches in diameter. Unless you were told you would never guess what purpose this serves. It is the cat's saucer. When the cows have been milked the milk is carried into the hut, a little is poured into the hole for the cat, and the rest is put into calabashes, for the red native, as the Transkei native wearing the red blanket is called, drinks only calabash milk.

At the far end of the hut are generally a couple of nests for the sitting hens. One side of the hut may be completely filled by tobacco laid out to dry, while next it stand the plough, hoe, and axe. And somewhere on the floor lies the broom. It consists of coarse grass tied together, and with this broom, about a foot in length, the hut is swept clean every day—a back-breaking task.

Over a pole hung from the smoke-blackened, thatched roof are the neatly folded red blankets. These are nothing more than cheap, white cotton sheeting into which red ochre has been laboriously beaten. On the floor are the grass-woven mats which are rolled up during the day but which serve as beds at night.

The red native eats only two meals a day, one being taken at midday when the women return from the mealie lands, and the other at sunset. But it is a literal fact that a native at one

sitting eats more than a European in a week. It is nothing unusual to see a native woman, hand cupped below her child's mouth, forcing in the food so that it must either swallow or choke.

If there are guests and food is scarce it makes no difference. Every one gets a share. The men eat first, each being given a spoon but all eating from one dish. After they have finished the women eat out of the pot in which the food has been cooked. If her husband leaves anything he pushes it towards his wife. When the men have finished the women fetch water and the men wash out their mouths before settling down to a smoke.

The first child of a marriage is regarded as the property of the paternal grandparents. The child is handed over and it is his or her duty to run messages and fetch and carry for the grandparents. If the first child is a girl the grandparents receive one beast of the *lobola* price and her father the rest.

The hut of a native who has been to school is somewhat different to that of the raw red native. There is no seat within the door for guests, but chairs and table are seen. Numerous boxes are covered with gaudy table-cloths and on an iron bedstead are sheets and blankets and an embroidered pillow-slip. The walls are painted in panels in imitation of wall-paper, and yet amid all this obvious imitation of a European room is a straw sleeping-mat for any visitor who requires shelter for a night or two.

On the day after a man's death a beast is killed, this being generally the fattest and the most prized animal in the kraal—a great tribute to the dead. A portion is set aside for the use of the dead man and, of course, with the aid of numerous dogs, it vanishes overnight.

If the dead man is a chief or headman all the inhabitants of the kraal shave their heads to signify their deep mourning. The wives go into the bush and mourn their loss for three or four days.

Among the red natives witch-doctors are still fairly common. A man may have a hacking cough and be gradually fading away,

but the witch-doctor will tell him that it is a bird that comes down from the sky and eats him. If the man dies, his wife may be told that she caused his death. Then she tries to appease the dead by providing tempting pieces of meat.

It is believed that a river has some power to harm, to cause perhaps a rash to appear on a person's body. If a woman, as she approaches a river, feels fear, she stoops down and puts a little mud on her head. This prevents anything evil happening.

It is the custom with some tribes to cut off the little finger on the right hand. This is generally done at birth by an old woman who uses a piece of hoop-iron for the operation, and it is believed that the child who has this done to it will thrive well.

The witch-doctor for every sickness, great or small, smells out someone or something as being the cause. If a witch-doctor has a good name the native will travel any distance to see him. His fee is 5s. 3d.—five shillings for professional services and a 'tickey' for tobacco.

IN THE 'GROSVENOR' COUNTRY

I

THERE are South Africans who have travelled all over South Africa who say that Port St. Johns is the most beautiful place they know.

Here, at Port St. Johns, the broad waters of the Umzimvubu, largest river on the south-east coast (and from which, by the way, one of the largest fish ever caught in a South African watercourse, a brindle bass, scaling three hundred and ninety-six pounds, was landed), flows past two immense perpendicular headlands, Mount Thesiger and Mount Sullivan, densely forested from crown to water's edge, to the final reach that takes it to the ocean.

Seen from a ship passing out at sea these giant portals, The Gates, as they are called, seem to open and close.

From the very earliest days of white civilization in South Africa men have gazed at the almost awesome beauty of this place. Its name is derived from a Portuguese galleon, the *São João*, which was wrecked at this spot so long ago as 18th June 1552.

And on land it is as beautiful as it appears from the sea. Bougainvillea and morning glory, and ferns and tangled creepers, grow about the homes, and the vegetation is so thick that men, climbing up the hills and hacking their way upwards with knives, have suddenly looked at their feet, and instead of finding them, as they imagined, on the ground, have discovered themselves to be walking on a closely matted trellis-work of boughs fifteen feet above it.

There is ample hotel accommodation to be had at Port St. Johns for the visitor, but the actual European population is not much more than three hundred—men from the army and navy, men of science, writers, and artists who, in spite of their few numbers, have a public library, a recently built town hall, in which cinema and other entertainments are frequently held, a nine-hole golf course, and any number of tennis courts.

Living where the tree never sheds its leaf, where the lamp-lighter still goes abroad at nights to set the gas lamps twinkling palely against the brighter light of the moon, they live a life of retirement in as beautiful, comfortable, and probably as cheap a spot as could be found on the whole earth's surface.

II

Lying on the main road between Port St. Johns and Kokstad is a village called Lusikisiki, which means 'The whispering of the reeds,' and twenty-seven miles from Lusikisiki is the site of the *Grosvenor* wreck, one of the most famous wrecks in the world. Read Hedley Chilvers's fascinating book *The Seven Lost Trails of Africa* if you want to study the story of the *Grosvenor* in some detail.

It is said that treasure amounting to well-nigh three million pounds (including eleven tons of gold in bars and coin alone) was packed into the holds of the *Grosvenor* that June day in the year 1782, when she sailed from Trincomalee in India to crash one dawn on to the coast of Pondoland, where crowds of savage natives, after helping to save one hundred and forty-two of the hundred and fifty men, women, and children aboard, soon began to loot the ship and to snatch rings and jewels from the women as they endeavoured to assist their menfolk in building some sort of shelter.

Imagining the Cape settlements to be only some sixteen days' walk away, the young men among the survivors set off as a sort of large advance party, leaving the captain to follow with the more elderly men, the women, and children.

At the end of a hundred and sixty-seven days of wandering, nine white men reached the settlements, accompanied by seven coloured seamen and two black women, after enduring hardship and trial that just stopped short of cannibalism.

Not one of the captain's party was ever seen or heard of again. Some say, on the authority of natives, that they were all murdered; others, on the authority of other natives, that the men were murdered and the women taken to wife by the native

chiefs, and that is why there are to be seen hereabouts to this day natives who are called the pale-faced Pondos.

One thing alone seems certain. There were white women shipwrecked on this coast who were taken to wife by native chiefs, but these particular women were not the women from the *Grosvenor*.

Eight years after the wreck of the *Grosvenor*, the Governor of the Cape sent an expedition to see if anything could be learned about the survivors. That is a long time to elapse before taking up any search, but after great adventure and the losing of members of the party by the killings of wild animals, the expedition at last came across 'a village of "bastard Christians" who were descended from people shipwrecked on the coast and of which three old women were still living, whom Oemtonoue had taken as his wives.'

The quotation is from the diary that Jacob van Reenen kept of the wanderings of the expedition, which is still in existence. But when van Reenen finally sought out and met the women he found them unable to say to what nation they belonged as they had been too young to know these things when they were shipwrecked. They were but children at the time and knew little about themselves, or their origin, beyond the fact that they were sisters. Obviously then these were not the women of the *Grosvenor*. The theory most generally held is that all the captain's party—women and children, too—were massacred, but there are writers who have gone into the circumstances in some detail who think it is very probable that two of the women survived and were wedded to chiefs.

III

But this story of the lost white women and the pale-faced Pondos is not the only story that keeps the history of the *Grosvenor* alive. It was fanned into flame again in 1943, but for a very different reason.

Since that first Sunday in August in the year 1782 when the *Grosvenor* broke so clean in half that her stern floated round

about her bow, there have been a dozen or more attempts to wrest from her some of that three million pounds' worth of treasure, but all have failed.

Perhaps the most dramatic was that made in 1921 by the Webster Syndicate which planned to get at the treasure by digging a five-hundred-foot tunnel which should eventually take them right into the vessel. Farmers in the district—keen for a 'flutter' in this kind of thing, as most South Africans are—eagerly bought up shares and the whole of South Africa sat back and watched the show.

In two years the tunnel had been carried a distance of four hundred and sixteen feet when it was suddenly flooded, and although another tunnel was begun and carried two hundred and thirty feet, funds ran out and the Webster Syndicate was dissolved.

In 1927 an American and a Canadian attempted to build still another tunnel, but this, too, was stopped and for ten years nobody dared try again. Then in 1938 there was talk of an altogether different mode of attack: of Hollanders building breakwaters on the east and west side of the gulley and eventually making a watertight basin, using methods similar to those adopted in Holland in reclaiming land from the Zuyder Zee, and getting at the treasure that way.

With the coming of the war in 1939, the *Grosvenor* mystery sank swiftly into oblivion again. But it is significant of the solid, matter-of-fact way in which a lot of people accept the existence of this treasure that the war had barely been over a year when yet another company was formed to wrest it from the sea.

IV

Extend your tour another day or two from Port St. Johns and you may see East Griqualand, one of the finest and most exhilarating parts of the country.

Few towns in the Union have a more picturesque, tragic history (tragic in the way that is constantly bordering on

comedy) than Kokstad, its capital. It is a story which Mr. Carel Birkby tells particularly well in *Zulu Journey* and only a very bald summary of it can be related here. Kokstad has the climate of Elysium and there is a very old guide book of the place that declares proudly that 'persons very rarely die here except of old age.' But a whole nation—the Griqua nation—died here.

Originally of Hottentot blood, that later became infused with a good deal of half-caste and slave blood from the Cape, the Griquas became a nation of wanderers and were eventually persuaded by Sir George Grey, Governor of the Cape, to go and settle in the far eastern Cape, which was then a sort of no man's land used as a convenient cockpit for native wars.

The trek of two thousand Griquas over the Drakensberg, with their twenty thousand head of cattle, their three hundred wagons, and harassed by the constant attentions of the warlike Basutos, must still be counted as one of the great treks of South African history. It could never have been accomplished at all but for the tenacity and courage of their leader Adam Kok III, who, when he reached the slopes of Mount Currie, built a sort of mud-and-thatch citadel that was school, church, common meeting-place, and fortress combined; on which he mounted three cannon, which he had dragged with him over the Drakensberg, with such good effect that the fierce native tribes never dared to attack him.

He formed a Volksraad or Parliament, and strange tales have been told about that Parliament: of how beef was roasted just outside the Parliament and sessions lasted just as long as the beef lasted, and not a sitting longer: of how old Piet Draai, who was the Father of the House and had an odd knack of getting up during the most serious moments of debate and lighting his pipe at the fire, would suddenly feel the sweet fumes of the sizzling beef overpower him and cause an abrupt adjournment of the House by suddenly crying: 'Kerels, die kos is gaar!'

The Griquas who had trekked so magnificently over the Drakensberg failed miserably when it came to settling down

over a period of years and building up a country and a kingdom. Adam Kok himself failed. He liked to go about in what he took to be the uniform of a general (it had blue and purple ribbons and a lot of gold lace about it) and developed a fatal liking for brandy, which he would somehow manage to secure, although he forbade his subjects to have it.

One day he was jolted off a wagon, a wheel went over his chest, and there being no male heir, there was no one to hold the country together, and the first seeds of decay set in. Men began to sell their farms at threepence an acre or for a case of brandy or a few blankets.

Not even the Rev. William Dower, a Scotsman, who had been invited by Adam Kok to minister to his people, could stay the collapse. And it wasn't because he feared to tell them the truth, or masked their faults in any way. Indeed, Dower wrote a book in which he told the Griquas just what he thought about them, and the Griquas were so annoyed about it that they got hold of every copy they could and destroyed them.

Ask to see a copy of that book in the Kokstad Library to-day and they will bring it out to you from under lock and key. There are few copies now in existence and it is said there would be one less in Kokstad if some Griquas still living there had their way.

You may still see Dower's house and Adam Kok's 'palace' in the village. Near to the 'palace' (which is now used by an insurance agent as his office) is the grave, marked by a monument, of Adam and his wife Margaret, a simple woman who, after the fashion of her people, conceived it desirable to wear a dozen or so petticoats even in summer.

V

'And snow fell at Barkly East in East Griqualand. . . .'

When the keen icy winds of winter are cutting over the high veld, South Africans always look out for those words in the weather report. Once in every two years, perhaps, there is a fall of snow in Johannesburg sufficient to enable press photo-

graphers to dash from their beds and rush round to get pictures before the sun comes out and melts everything away.

There is no such excitement when snow falls at Barkly East. It falls there naturally, normally, and frequently as in any part of England—rarely less than twice a year and often four or five times. Take up a fairly detailed map of the Barkly East district and you will see that between Barkly East and Dordrecht there is a small village on which has been bestowed the name of Siberia.

Whole flocks of sheep have perished in these districts and others have been dug out of the snow and found living a full fortnight after the fall, during which period they have become so ravenous as to eat the wool off one another's backs.

In the year 1902, snow fell so heavily that on the farms it was packed up above the level of the fences and many native herd-boys perished—as they have done in subsequent years. Only three or four years ago, a mounted white policeman who had gone on patrol in the mountains was brought back to the Barkly East police station by his faithful horse, frozen and unconscious, and only the prompt aid of a doctor saved him from dying.

Idutywa, Butterworth, and Komgha, through which you return from Port St. Johns to East London, are all very pleasant places.

At Idutywa, where live four hundred and fifty Europeans and forty-four thousand natives, there is an interesting little private museum, displaying the results of Mr. F. Sparg's shooting expeditions in some of the wildest parts of Africa, and forty miles distant from the township is a point on the Wild Coast, as this coast is called, with the unusual name of Qora, where it is possible to find almost complete isolation, and yet reasonable accommodation and facilities for bathing and sea and river fishing.

It is off this wild coast that several people in South Africa think the liner *Waratah*, that sailed from Durban one July day in 1909 with three hundred people on board and was never heard of again, may be lying. Airmen flying over these waters

believe they have sighted her lying at the bottom of the sea, but although newspapers have chartered special planes to try and solve one of the world's greatest shipping mysteries, nothing has come of their efforts. Why the *Waratah* is more mysterious than other shipping mysteries is because not a body, not a boat, not a spar of her was ever washed ashore anywhere or recovered.

Butterworth is the oldest settlement in the Transkei and its history goes back well over a century. Missionaries settled there in 1827, living lives of hardship and hazard that might monopolize a complete chapter in chronicling. Eight years after its establishment the whole settlement was destroyed and twelve years later the military had to rush to the rescue to save the place, and everybody in it, from annihilation.

Ask to see the little building that was dedicated as the first place of worship and that still stands in a fair state of preservation.

Ask, too, to see the picturesque Bawa Falls from the lip of which the chief Iintza used to hurl his erring subjects four hundred feet to their doom on the rocks below.

VI

Between East London and Port Elizabeth lie Port Alfred and Grahamstown. Port Alfred is perhaps more familiarly known as 'The Kowie,' from the fact that it stands on the Kowie River.

Port Alfred has adopted for itself the proud and unique slogan of 'The Royal Resort where Princes rest'—based on the fact that both the Duke of Windsor (when Prince of Wales) and the Duke of Kent rested there a few days during their strenuous tours of South Africa.

At one time quite big ships came into the river at Port Alfred and moored alongside the wharves at high tide. Hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling were spent on developing the port, and the rather odd trade aimed at was the salting of beef and the exporting of it to Mauritius and St.

Helena. But in spite of the vast amount of machinery that was set up, and the careful and efficient maintenance of the breakwater, with its lighthouse, the port did not become—as its enthusiasts fondly hoped—the 'Liverpool of South Africa.'

Port Elizabeth became that; and why Port Elizabeth succeeded where Port Alfred failed, even so great an authority on the history of these parts as Sir George Cory finds it hard to say, although there can be no doubt that the construction of the railway from Port Elizabeth up-country was a decided factor in Port Elizabeth's favour.

During this last year or so, however, Port Alfred has put forward a new claim to become a port in deed as well as in name: the claim to be a very useful sea base for the new Free State goldfields. It is being urged that Port Alfred could be made into a harbour capable of accommodating vessels of 60,000 tons.

It was here, at Port Alfred, that Ethelreda Lewis, a well-known South African authoress, spent the last years before her death. When she lived in Johannesburg, an old man, with a long white beard, interrupted her housewifely duties one morning by trying to sell her a gridiron. They fell to talking—and from that talk there originated the famous 'Trader Horn' books that were so widely read in Britain and America and which formed the subject of a film.

Declining to capitalize on her reputation as the author of the 'Trader Horn' books, Mrs. Lewis wrote, in the later years of her life, as R. Hernekin Baptist; and her *Cargo of Parrots*, written under this name, is probably her finest work.

VII

Grahamstown has been content to grow old with a steady, single-minded serenity as the cathedral towns of England have grown old. It has ample ground for factories, plenty of native labour, water, gas, and electricity, but thus far, at least, the factories are not there.

Quiet and dignity and solidity are there. Perhaps it was

GRAHAMSTOWN

these attributes that the founders of Grahamstown were most famous. Landing, as they did, in the year 1820, on the wild Algoa Coast and undergoing strange stark hardships that are to be described later, perhaps they dreamed, as they trekked inland and came to this wide wooded valley seventeen hundred feet above the sea, that nothing could better assuage that first disillusionment than to plan and build in this valley, not some magic city of their new country imaginings, but a plain, comfortable city such as might grace the old country they had just left. To-day Grahamstown is just that—and what no other city in South Africa exactly is.

The Anglican Cathedral, with its monument at the west end of the church to Colonel Graham, after whom the city is named, its window in the tower in memory of those who fell in the last Kaffir war in the late seventies, dominates the centre part of the city. Four years after they had landed in South Africa the early settlers began building their church of St. George and part of the original building still remains. Gradually it is being replaced by the more stately building designed by Sir Gilbert Scott.

Beyond the cathedral is the city hall—unmistakably the city hall—and in front of it the tower erected in memory of the early settlers, and beyond that again the War Memorial with its particularly fine figure of an angel. Church Square is a very stately square for a town with a population of little more than eight thousand white people.

Boys and girls come from all over South Africa to board at school in Grahamstown. There are the Rhodes University, St. Andrew's College, St. Aidan's College, Kingswood College, the Victoria High School for boys, two or three high schools for girls, a school of art, a training college for teachers, and the only Anglican college of its kind—St. Paul's College—for the training of European men for the ministry.

The Convent High School at the top of High Street, conducted by the Missionary Sisters of the Assumption, dates back to 1849 when a band of seven sisters came from Paris to this struggling little outpost and established a small school for

girls in a cottage. That seems to have been the beginning of Grahamstown as an educational centre.

One of the most photographed buildings in all South Africa is the Drostdy Gate and Guard House at the entrance to what is known as the Drostdy area, at the top of High Street, which recalls the days when Grahamstown was a garrison town. Beyond the gate stands the old Drostdy itself, partly built by Piet Retief.

Approached through the old Drostdy are the Botanical Gardens, containing in their hundred acres fine specimens of both indigenous and exotic trees, while in the Drostdy grounds is the Albany Museum, which has not only a fine collection of animals and birds but such things as scorpions and trap-door spiders.

In the historical room, by the aid of the relics assembled there, you may spend such an interesting morning with the 1820 settlers as you spent with the voortrekkers in the museum of the Church of the Vow at Maritzburg.

The Albany Museum is regularly visited by classes from the schools in Grahamstown, and lends specimens to teachers and students for close inspection and study. It has established a school service providing travelling collections that are sent to primary schools over a wide area in the Eastern Province and a fully trained officer has been appointed by the Education Department to manage these services.

SHOES AND SNAKES AT 'P.E.'

I

PEOPLE in South Africa are inclined to talk as though the industrial development of Port Elizabeth were a new thing. That is not quite true. No one can doubt that the city has made quite a spectacular industrial advance in the past twenty-five or thirty years—the facts and evidences are there for any man to see—but the truth is that Port Elizabeth has always had what may be called industrial and commercial courage.

In this placid old English city (as South Africans are apt to regard it because it had its beginnings in the long, long ago of 1820), there have always been merchants who, as the youth of Port Elizabeth would perhaps express it to-day, were prepared to take a chance. They began taking a chance as early as 1830 when they sent overseas 4,500 lb. of wool, largely the product of the fat-tailed Cape sheep that had been found to breed freely in the locality.

The wool was not of very good quality, but a start in what is now one of South Africa's most useful and profitable industries had been made; and there were men in Port Elizabeth in the years that followed who saw that if ever the industry was to come to anything, a better type of wool producer must be bred, and so introduced the fine-woolled merino. Once they got the wool industry going, these Port Elizabeth merchants did not stop at that.

They began to glance at, and then to fix their eyes steadily on, the market for mohair—mohair that is produced from goats; and the way they finally decided to attack and then capture that market, is in its way as romantic a story as any that can be told about the gold or the diamond fields.

For some years it had been observed that goats thrive very readily on the Karroo pasturage of the East Midlands, but the goats—like the sheep—were not the kind that the merchants and the manufacturers and the dyers wanted in Europe.

Their hair was not long or silky enough. The goats with the best hair in the world were called Angora goats, and were bred in Turkey, and guarded so jealously there that any Turk who tried to smuggle one out of the country was liable to be sentenced to instant death.

Yet somehow or other, those Port Elizabeth merchants got some of those goats. History does not record who were the agents who obtained them, and what risks and subterfuges were involved in getting them out of the country. One authority states simply that these agents 'took their lives in their hands.' But, at least, the end of the story is known, and that could not very well be bettered. The Angora rams and ewes, thus hazardously brought to South Africa, thrived and prospered so wonderfully that as the years passed South Africa's production of Angora mohair became greater even than that of Turkey itself!

And after goats, ostriches—the flimsiest, craziest, and, in some ways, most hazardous industry that even South Africa has known, which must be described later. And then, as men began to penetrate more deeply into the bush forest that lay to the north of the city, elephants were found, and there was ivory, and the skins of wild animals, to be sent down to the port.

Port Elizabeth began to develop at such a pace that there came the usual slump for a year or two, but it was just at that point that diamonds were discovered at Kimberley—and the Port Elizabeth that had dabbled in wool, and mohair, and ostrich feathers, and ivory, now began to import machinery and material to sell to the diamond diggers. When gold was discovered on the Witwatersrand, these old merchants of the Eastern Province were among the first to establish branches in the infant city of Johannesburg.

II

They began to think that there must come a time when they must not merely be content to export raw material and import manufactured goods, but must manufacture their own goods, or, at least, a fair proportion of them. As far back as

the early 1900s, the old Cape Government were induced to toy with protective tariffs with the idea of encouraging men to put up factories, but very little came of it.

There were, however, a few men who got together and argued it out among themselves that in a country in which hides were both cheap and plentiful, South Africa should at least produce its own shoes. These men actually set about manufacturing for farm use what are called veldschoen: a sort of stout slipper, without even a slipper's claim to shape and grace; but at that time Port Elizabeth's shoe industry was little more than a joke.

Then the first great war came along, the English factories were working night and day to provide boots for the troops, and if South Africa wanted boots and shoes, it soon became evident that she must set about making them herself. The old veldschoen factories underwent swift transformation and became providers of first-class boots and shoes, and pointed the way in which South Africa must go in other ways beside leather.

Some of the finest craftsmen from Northampton were imported; other industries either sprang up, or woke up, and imported experts from Europe; and the youth of Port Elizabeth and the whole Eastern Province were gathered to sit about their feet.

In the old days of wool and mohair, Port Elizabeth delighted in nothing more (and delights in nothing more to this day) than to be called the Liverpool of South Africa. Now it blushed to find itself being talked about as the Northampton of South Africa; and in the second great war it had become another Northampton of the Commonwealth. More than 400,000 boots, shoes, and canvas shoes were being turned out monthly to supply the armies of North Africa and the East.

Its titles were not to end there. In a country where people spend freely, and the wide distances between towns, and even villages, had long been an irritation and a handicap, motor-cars were selling as freely as anywhere in the world outside America.

Representatives of the Ford Company, and then of the

General Motors Organization, came to South Africa, determined to find the most suitable place in which to put up an assembling plant and establish headquarters for distribution. They both chose Port Elizabeth. The city had now become the Detroit of South Africa.

It was a decision that not only caused immense pride in the Eastern Province, but startled South Africa's attention to the development of 'P.E.,' as it is known all over the Union, as nothing else had done.

In the year before the war a harbour scheme costing nearly £3,000,000 was nearing completion, and the city was the home of some thirty manufacturing industries. Nearly £1,500,000 was paid in salaries and wages yearly to employees in industrial establishments, who used South African material to the value of £1,000,000, and finally produced goods valued at nearly £10,000,000. Without the help of either gold or diamond rush, the city had doubled its population in fifteen years.

And now that the war has come to an end, and the industrial map of South Africa is shaping itself, there is ample evidence that this industrial expansion of Port Elizabeth is to go on. Not only is the Ford Motor Company to build an extensive new factory to take the place of its existing establishment, and General Motors Ltd. to make considerable additions to its present factory, but the United States Rubber Company is to establish works here, and the first factory for making electric lamps is nearing completion. It has also been announced that one of the largest food-producing firms in the world is considering the erection of a factory at a cost of £1,000,000. Already Port Elizabeth has its odd factories and workshops that turn out such things as wire-netting and barbed wire, leatherware, jam, shoe machinery, cardboard containers, steel window frames, and so on.

Certainly not without foundation was a recent article by Mr. R. Schauder, B.Sc., on Port Elizabeth's industrial development, in which he maintained that 'the new industries will no doubt need many workers to carry on their operations, and one can visualize during the next five or ten years great change:

in the social and economic life of the Port Elizabeth and Uitenhage districts.'

III

There is, off White's Road, a building which is claimed to be the oldest known British building south of the equator: the old Fort Frederick, built in 1799, when Port Elizabeth was a military station, and still boasting cannon of that period. But everybody thinks of Port Elizabeth as beginning with the arrival of the 1820 settlers.

It is said that there are now nearly 300,000 descendants of those 3,423 settlers, who were brought over in fourteen shiploads by the British Government, one hundred and twenty-seven years ago, at a cost of £50,000, and lodged in military tents on the shore of what is now Port Elizabeth—'parties moving off daily in their long trains of bullock wagons to proceed to their places of location in the interior, while their place was immediately occupied by fresh bands hourly disembarking from the vessels in the bay.'

They were what would now be called selected immigrants—highly selected; and it is both fascinating and informing to look through a list of their normal occupations as detailed in Isobel Edwards's *The 1820 Settlers in South Africa*: 55 per cent agriculturists (including 199 farmers and 1 shepherd and 1 vine-dresser bringing up the rear), 32 per cent artisans (79 carpenters and 1 watchmaker, 1 miner, 1 undertaker), 7 per cent shopkeepers (18 bakers and 1 draper and 1 apothecary), 2 per cent army and navy (4 gunsmiths and 1 naval pensioner), 2 per cent professions (8 surgeons and 1 artist and 1 accountant), 2 per cent seamen.

It began by Lord Charles Somerset writing to tell the British Government that as a result of recent and frequent Kaffir invasions in the Grahamstown district, it was absolutely essential that they 'should organize colonization in the rear which, by spreading over a fine and fertile country, shall at no distant time be strong enough to support itself against aggression.'

When, after much consideration and no little controversy,

the Government appealed for settlers by notices in the newspapers, they found no lack of volunteers.

The ships were months late in sailing, and the experience could not have been exactly exhilarating when at last in the exceptionally bleak winter of January 1820 (the Thames having been half frozen over during the previous month), the *Belle Alliance* at last set sail down the river. Nor did things begin to improve very briskly, according to the settler who entered in his diary:

Having been on board a month now all but two days, and only sailed in that time about two miles, I began to think that unless my life was as old as Methuselah I should not at this rate of sailing ever get to the Cape of Good Hope.

Nor, again, could they have been entirely without qualms as to what awaited them. Four months before their sailing, Cruikshank, the famous illustrator of Dickens, had published a wickedly vicious cartoon showing Kaffirs pouncing on to the backs of men and women and eating them as they stood, and wherever children were running out of the way, they were shown popping straight into the mouths of crocodiles, lions, or gigantic serpents. Underneath the cartoon was written: 'All among the Hottentots capering ashore! Or the blessings of Emigration to the Cape of Good Hope, i.e. to be half-roasted by the sun and devoured by the natives. Recommended to the serious consideration of all those about to emigrate.'

Generally speaking, however, both men and women appear to have been optimistic. Thomas Pringle, who was a member of the party, and is generally regarded as South Africa's first poet and the father of South African English literature, says that the most intelligent among the men were quite carried away in their ideas of the fertility of the soil, and the women imagined 'they might find apricots growing wild among the thorny jungles of the Swartkop.' When, seven weeks after their arrival, Lieutenant Bissett was able to announce that he had 'ploughed five acres, digged a garden, and planted a hundred vine stocks with pease, potatoes, and melons, which are come up,' this optimism seemed fairly justified.

It was a tragedy that just at the time when the first harvest was to be reaped a blight fell over the land; and in 1823, it is recorded that Butler, one of the leaders of the settlers, had no clothes but rice bags, begged from an official at Grahamstown, to cover him from the blistering sun, while a visitor describes meeting

what had once, as I was told, been a fine, hearty young woman, but now miserably emaciated—apparently about twenty-four or twenty-five years of age. She was leading one child, another was following, and a third was on her arm. They were all without shoes and stockings. The woman's dress consisted of an old tent tied about her, and the children were clad in the same manner, and the canvas appeared to be so rotten that it would scarcely hang on them.

The only settlers who seemed to make any sort of living at all were those who kept cattle; and gradually, and repeatedly, the Kaffirs came along and stole these. Yet it was this very trouble with the Kaffirs, leading to the Kaffir wars that raged between 1830 and 1854, that was a sort of turning-point in the city's history.

War helped Port Elizabeth in these early days as probably nothing else could have done. Where there are soldiers, there must be merchants to supply them; and when the war came to an end, the merchants who had come to Port Elizabeth had to use their wits to live. It was these merchants who took the first step in Port Elizabeth's industrial progress by sending off that consignment of 4,500 lb. of wool to England in 1830.

IV

Yet in its success in attracting industries, Port Elizabeth has never ceased to entice the visitor and holiday-maker to the town. In one respect it leapt ahead of its neighbours: it built and stocked a Snake Park that has become one of the best-known snake parks in the world.

It is estimated that nearly ten thousand visitors a month have passed through the Port Elizabeth Snake Park during the last twenty-five years, and Johannes, the native attendant,

who usually stands around with live, venomous snakes in his gloved hands, has become one of the most photographed men in the world. Johannes is still very much alive in spite of the numerous reports of his death.

Safely penned in a walled enclosure, about a thousand snakes, both venomous and non-venomous, are here, so that people may watch their antics—or lack of them—in a fairly normal state: cobras, puff adders, night adders, boomslangs, and the dreaded green and black mambas.

Muriti-wa-lesu, 'The Shadow of Death,' is what the natives call the black mamba, the most dreaded snake in all southern Africa, and one of the most deadly snakes in the world. Twelve feet in length, its body slender and tapering, it moves with great rapidity, and with a grim sort of grace and beauty.

Sometimes it has been known to rise and strike with such force as to send an eighteen-year-old white youth clean off his feet, death following in a quarter of an hour.

One another occasion—such as when Paul Kruger was leading a patrol in the Magapana country—an infuriated black mamba has been known to leap into a group of men, inflict fatal bites on three of them and on a couple of dogs that attempted to chase it, and make good its escape into the bargain.

Sometimes, again, it will slide silently down a tree and bite a passer-by on the back of the neck. The story is told that near a certain native kraal, one particular mamba did this so often that man after man was killed, and the whole kraal terrorized and afraid to pass the tree in which the mamba had made its home. Whereupon a solemn council of war was held as to who should rid the kraal of the mamba, and how it should be done.

It was a woman who did it in the end. Filling a bowl full of scalding hot mealie meal, which is the native's porridge, she walked with it on her head beneath the fatal tree; down darted the mamba, thrust its head into the bowl, and a moment later was in its death throes at her feet.

Among the many extraordinary legends about snakes there is one that they are always drinking milk—that they cannot resist milk.

On one occasion and another the stories have been put into print in South Africa of (1) how at breakfast one morning a husband noticed a snake round his wife's ankle, told her to keep deadly still, poured out a saucer of milk, placed it a yard away from the snake, so that the snake slowly uncoiled, went and drank the milk and, while doing so, was promptly dispatched by the husband; (2) how snakes have sometimes fallen from the straw roofs of native huts and suckled from native women, and (3) how farmers have sometimes found that their best milk-yielding cow had for a long period been found to have no milk and when a watch had been set, a snake had been observed to go up to it and suck for half an hour or more at its udder—the cow apparently being soothed and delighted by the experience.

Now, as against all this Mr. F. W. FitzSimons, former curator of the Port Elizabeth Snake Park, whose writings, investigations, and discovery of antidotes for various types of snake bites had made him a world authority, had never seen a snake drink milk, and had spent quite a number of hours placing milk in front of them, and doing everything possible to persuade them to drink. For years he had been trying to find just one person who had seen a snake drink milk, but always it had been a case of a man who once knew a man . . .

Here is a true snake story.

Snakes do not, of course, come into the Port Elizabeth Snake Park on their own. They have to be bought from collectors, and among these collectors, ten or so years ago, were three European boys, aged respectively fifteen, thirteen, and ten years. The time came when they could catch no more snakes; there are bad snake seasons just as there are bad fishing seasons; and they there and then hit on the plan of climbing over the barriers at the Snake Park by night, stealing a number of snakes, and selling them back to the park on the following day.

Be it noted these daring youngsters' hands, feet, and legs were bare [Mr. FitzSimons has himself written in his book *Snakes*, describing the escapade] and during the warm season we have upwards of one thousand live snakes in the park and their poison fangs are intact. No attempt is made to render them harmless. Johannes, the native attendant, with hands protected by gauntlet gloves and legs encased in leather leggings, meanders among the snakes the livelong day, ministers to their needs, answers the numerous questions of visitors, and collects snake poison occasionally for research work. Johannes is regarded as a bold and fearless man who is not likely to die of old age. Yes, Johannes' job is a dangerous one, and there would not be a rush of applicants should the stroke of a snake drive his spirit prematurely out of his body. But the exploit of that bare-footed child—who climbed into the park while the others kept watch—seizing large and powerful puff adders and cobras with his little bare hands in the cold and uncertain glimmer of the moon, or that feeble light of the district street lamps, is almost too amazing to be believed possible: yet it was so.

The youngsters were eventually brought before the magistrate at Port Elizabeth and considerably dealt with in his private office. It was found that during the four months they had been operating in this manner they had received payment for snakes brought to the Snake Park amounting to £48.

VI

Alongside Port Elizabeth's snake enclosure are a python house, a crocodile enclosure, a large aviary of African birds, and a marine hall containing the last relics of still another industry—the whaling industry—that at one time flourished in Port Elizabeth. There is also the museum itself (to which the Snake Park is really attached), containing a particularly fine collection of bushmen's and strandloopers' implements and cave paintings, as well as native beadwork and weapons, and the famous Boskop skull, which was the first fossilized human cranium to be found in South Africa. Mammals, birds, and particularly the marine fish of Algoa Bay, are well represented.

Mr. J. A. Pringle, who is now Director of both the Museum and Snake Park, points with pride to the skeletons of the two sixty-foot whales, which were captured in Algoa Bay just over

forty-four years ago. These skeletons represent the last relics of a once flourishing industry in the Bay.

A short walk from the Snake Park is the famous Horse Memorial, a fine, stately, essentially appealing piece of work by Joseph Whitehead, erected in memory of the horses that were killed and died in the Anglo-Boer war (1899-1902).

There is another uncommon memorial in Port Elizabeth: the quaint obelisk alongside the lighthouse on what is known as the Donkin Reserve, erected by Sir Rufane Donkin, acting Governor-General at the time of the landing of the 1820 settlers, to the memory of his wife, Elizabeth, after whom the city is named.

Most striking monument of all, of course, and the first thing that excites the curiosity of the visitor as he comes to Port Elizabeth from the sea, is the lofty campanile erected to the memory of the 1820 settlers in 1920, and in which a carillon of twenty-three bells was installed in 1936, as a memorial to King George V.

Standing near the Horse Memorial before the gates of St. George's Park are the great War Monument and the Arts Hall, while the centre and ornamental feature of the Service Reservoir inside the park is a monument to the men of the Prince Alfred's Guard, with a tablet on each of the four corners of the base bearing the names of those who fell in the Transkei war (1877), the Basutoland war (1880-1), the Bechuanaland war (1897), and the Anglo-Boer war (1899-1902).

St. George's Park is the headquarters of Eastern Province Rugby, cricket, and tennis, and bears the distinction of being the home of the Port Elizabeth Bowling Club, the mother club to all the bowling clubs that are now so thickly sprinkled in every type of community throughout South Africa.

In 1882 six men met in a small cottage in Port Elizabeth and set going a game that has now 220 clubs, 325 greens, and 9,343 players.

Walk on through St. George's Park and you come to the Baakens River Nature Reserve, a stretch of wild country of over two hundred acres between the municipalities of Port

Elizabeth and Walmer, a residential township with wide, well-wooded avenues. Not more than a hundred and fifty years ago, herds of elephant, buffalo, lion, and buck roamed about this same Baakens River, and to-day it is still possible to realize what a glorious home and setting this valley made for them.

And then there is Humewood: Humewood that is Port Elizabeth's Muizenberg, but that lies so convenient to the city that it may be reached by a threepenny ride by tram or bus, and has sometimes been reached in that manner by nearly thirty thousand people in a single day.

Thirty-four years ago somebody looked at the dreary, sandy waste which is now Humewood and started dreaming what it would look like if a quarter of a million was spent on it. That quarter of a million—and more as the years have gone on—was spent in making fine, wide motor boulevards and promenades, widening beaches, terracing hills, and planting them with shrubs and flowers, and turning a rather foul old marsh into a place that is now called 'Happy Valley': a place of lawns, and lily ponds, and rustic walls, and bridges, and something quite unique in the composition of South African resorts.

THE ADDO ELEPHANTS

I

THE shortest and most popular motor drive within easy range of Port Elizabeth is the twenty-five-mile drive through Walmer to Schoenmaker's Kop, returning by the Marine Drive.

Then there are the twenty-six-mile drive along the Cape Road and Frames Drift to Lake Farm, where there is shooting, boating, swimming, tennis, and riding; the thirty-eight-mile journey up Walmer Road, and along the Buffelsfontein Road, to the rustic tea-room at Sea View, returning by Kragga Kama and Frames Drift; the fifty-two-mile journey to Van Staaden's Pass, one of the best runs in the district, returning by Fitches and Uitenhage; the seventy-six-mile journey via Thornhill to the mouth of the Gamtoos River; the hundred-and-twelve-mile journey to the increasingly popular resort of Jeffrey's Bay. All the mileages stated here are total mileages, and the roads are in every case good.

An attraction of Jeffrey's Bay—and it is an attraction which can give long hours of a peculiar and growing pleasure—is the fact that along its miles of beach are found the finest shells on the whole of the African coast.

II

Twenty-one miles separate Port Elizabeth from Uitenhage; and because of the nearness of the two towns, there is a tendency among South Africans to merge them into one—and to imagine the smaller of the two as a place without personality and without history. Uitenhage has a very definite history. As far back as 1750, a party of farmers, occupying their ground on lease from the Dutch East India Company, trekked along the south coast towards what later became the district of Uitenhage, named after Jacob Abram Uitenhage de Mist who had been sent out by the Dutch Government as Commissary-General to take over and set up a new government.

De Mist ever afterwards retained a warm affection for the town that had been given one of his names. In 1819, which was the year before the settlers arrived, he sent to the Dutch Reformed church at Uitenhage a massive Bible, bound in leather, mounted with silver clasps, and inscribed by him.

That Bible can still be seen in Uitenhage to-day.

The old Drosdy in Caledon Street that is now used as the Railway Institute was built by the second landdrost of Uitenhage, Captain (afterwards General) Jacob Glen Cuyler, and it was on the stoep of this building that the landdrost interviewed the deputation, headed by Piet Retief, before it set out on that memorable, disastrous trek to Natal.

But it was really the opening of the railway to Port Elizabeth in 1875 that made Uitenhage—notwithstanding the fact that the first trains took eighty minutes to cover the twenty-one miles, and the fare was five shillings and threepence.

The extent to which the town has developed can best be judged by walking up Cannon Hill and going up the stairs of the King George monument, which appears to have been deliberately constructed with the idea of giving the stranger the most complete view of the town possible.

During these last three years, Uitenhage has come to be regarded as one of the most rising towns in South Africa. Apart from railway workshops, there are already established in the town the Goodyear tyre factory, a wool factory, and two tanneries; while the Studebaker Corporation, two mineral water works, and another tannery have bought industrial sites.

It was discovered a year or two ago that Immelmann, the great German air ace, and one of the outstanding air fighters of the first great war, was born at Uitenhage.

III

Only forty-five miles away from Port Elizabeth, on the main north road leading to the hinterland, is the Addo National Park Game Reserve, 11,600 acres in area, where live the famous Addo elephants (slightly smaller in size than those of equatorial Africa), a number of Cape buffalo, and many smaller species

of game such as bushbuck and duiker, living in their wild, but protected, state, as the lions live in Kruger Park.

In the opinion of Professor Bertrand F. Jearey, of Cape Town, who has spent the last fifteen years hunting lion, elephants, and bush buffalo with a camera, the driving of the Addo elephants into the bush that has now been reserved for them must rank 'for all time among the great feats of what, for want of a better name, might be called animal husbandry.'

There was a time when the herd was almost destroyed. The farmers in the district found them such a nuisance in the way they trampled down crops, pulled up fences, spoiled dams and sources of water supply, that they petitioned the Government to destroy them; and the Government did actually employ Major Pretorius, a noted big-game hunter, to go out and put them to death. In a year Major Pretorius shot seventy elephants, including calves, and only about twenty-five, it was estimated, remained.

At that point, one or two of the farmers and Colonel Reitz, then Minister of Lands, suggested that the shooting should be stopped, and the remaining animals driven into a specified section of the bush bought by the Government, and protected there.

The distance which these twenty-five elephants had to be driven was about twenty-five miles. The time taken was a month and a half—for it must be remembered that this bush, consisting largely of growth ten to twelve feet high, is as dense almost as a sea, and almost as guideless.

Day after day [Professor Jearey has written] they ploughed through the sea of foliage like a grey-blue convoy of tramp steamers. Mile after mile, the army of Leviathans trumpeting and bellowing, belching and rumbling, moved forward, shepherded, they knew not why, by the outflung half-moon of natives, who followed them, obedient to the directing brain of the white man in charge. On the left and on the right of this cavalcade of monsters, the native boys lit fires, brandished torches, fired guns, shouted and yelled, taking care always to keep out of sight of the elephants, to keep them on the move, yet neither to terrify, nor to stampede them. It was a job that demanded the utmost skill, restraint, and just that

nicely balanced sense of how far to go and when to stop. One false move, one stray shot, one over-exuberant native boy, would have ruined the drive and stampeded the animals in the wrong direction.

The 'directing brain of the white man in charge' was that of a farmer named Trollope, who, says Professor Jearey, had not only had a lengthy and varied experience as a ranger in the Kruger National Park, but was 'a man of chilled steel, and possessing the true game ranger's instinct, which enables him to think two beats ahead of the animals he has to deal with, to predict their movements, to work in advance of their panics and rages.'

The following report was published in a newspaper while this book was being written:

What touring Australian farmers described as the highlight of their trip up the present took place yesterday evening, when they were motored to the Addo Reserve to see the elephants.

The tourists climbed up on to a special observation platform close to the house of the park ranger, Mr. G. Johnson. On a clearing less than two hundred yards away, Mr. Johnson had emptied about one hundred bags of oranges, and, shortly after dark, the party saw the leader of the herd, a big young bull, lead the way out of the bush, followed by twenty-three other elephants.

Without more ado, the elephants set about the fruit and, beyond brief squeals from one or two nervous cows, paid no attention when a powerful spotlight was thrown on to them by Mr. Johnson.

An old rogue elephant bull (that has been known to playfully pull down a wind pump weighing a ton and a half) has caused a good deal of trouble at one time and another. Two younger bulls fight him for the mastery of the harem, and when he is defeated, the old fellow marches moodily off on his own and the young bulls want to follow him.

But a few rifle shots are sufficient to send them back. It is said that an elephant never forgets. Certainly these Addo elephants, that have trampled the life out of more than one Eastern Province farmer in their time, remember with intelligence and a terrible fear the sound of those rifle shots fired by Major Pretorius when companions alongside of them suddenly collapsed and moved no more. Immediately their minds leap swiftly to their sanctuary of drinking pools and oranges.

Now roads, observation towers, water holes, and windmills are being built in the reserve to give people every possible chance of seeing the beasts. The reserve is not yet open to the public, but special trips can be arranged upon application at the information bureau at the city hall.

It is one of Port Elizabeth's minor ambitions to make it possible for the ship passenger passing through Port Elizabeth to leave his ship at 9 a.m., motor to the park, see the elephants, lunch at one of the hotels, and return to the ship via the Mackay Bridge or the Addo Drift, and sail in the late afternoon.

IV

Thirty miles east of Port Elizabeth is Bird Island, scene of the wreck of the East Indiaman the *Doddington* in 1755. Of the two hundred and seventy people on board, two hundred and forty-seven were drowned. The twenty-three survivors not only managed to exist on Bird Island for seven months, but built themselves a ship and sailed safely to Delagoa.

There exists in the library at Port Elizabeth 'a journal of proceedings, by Mr. Webb, one of the mates of the said ship,' describing in quaint English just what happened during those seven months on Bird Island from day to day.

Living almost continually on eggs and the birds of the island that 'eat fish and whose Flesh is very black,' and their feet almost as continually 'funk a foot deep in the Fowl's Dung,' the survivors did not waste much time bemoaning their fate, but read prayers every morning and thanked God in particular that among their number were included Richard Topping, the ship's carpenter, and Heindritz Scantz, a Swede, 'who told us he could do several Things in the Smith's way, and found a Pair of Bellows washed on the Rocks, which he began to mend and promised Great Things in regard to making Tools.'

The journal goes on with records of 'a small Saw made this Day out of a Sword Blade,' of the people having been employed in getting 'Nails and small Bolts out of the Wreck,' of the

carpenter having begun 'to plank the Bottom,' of the 'people making a Kiln to soak plank in.'

The great day of launching the ship and sailing away came on 16th February:

Monday 16. Fresh. Breezes westerly, fair Weather. Laid the ways to launch the Boat and about Ten o'clock got her into the Water, and got the mast in, and some water and ballast, and named her the *Happy Deliverance*.

Tuesday 17. Moderate Breezes westerly, fair weather. People employed all Night in getting their Things into Boat and at high Water hauled out into Stream. When we got to the Mouth of the Channel, the Grapnails came Home, and the Boat drove on the Rocks and struck several Times very Hard, which we were afraid would have demolished her; but, Thank God, with the Lift of the sea got her off and run over the Bar. And so left the Barren Rock which we named Bird Island having on Board two Butts and four Hogsheads of Water, two live Hogs, one Firkin of Butter, about Four pound of Biscuit a Man, and ten Days salt provisions at about two Ounces a Day per Man, but quite rotten and decayed.

On 20th April, and at four in the afternoon, they anchored in the Delagoa River in nine fathoms after dire adventure, and 'greatly assisted by the Almighty's Providence.'

THE GARDEN ROUTE

I

IF you want to motor still further afield from Port Elizabeth than the journeys already indicated, the following tour, taking from two to four days, can be recommended:

Port Elizabeth, Humansdorp, Assegaibosch, Coldstream, Keurboom's River, Knysna, Wilderness, George, Mossel Bay, Oudtshoorn.

Returning by:

Oudtshoorn, De Rust, Uniondale, Avontuur, Misgund, Assegaibosch, Humansdorp, Port Elizabeth.

But for the purpose of this book, it will be assumed that the whole journey—the Garden Route, as it is called—will be made from Port Elizabeth to Cape Town, either by rail, private car, or charabanc: which will mean that instead of turning back at Oudtshoorn, the route will be continued by such places as Calitzdorp, Ladismith, Riversdale, Montagu, Swellendam, Robertson, most of them places hitherto unmentioned in this book.

The distance from Port Elizabeth to Cape Town by rail is six hundred and sixty-four miles (as against four hundred and thirty-six by sea), and the distance by road is more or less the same as by rail, but largely depends on the route taken, and what the motorist cares to make it.

II

Knysna's charms are considerable and embrace forest, mountain, sea, and river scenery, and its points of interest are even more varied and numerous than its charms.

In the Knysna forest are the trees from which the lovely stinkwood furniture is made (there are three or four furniture-making establishments in town where the workmen reveal a really fine sense of craftsmanship); and at a place called Deep-

walls is The Big Tree, whose highest branches are a hundred and thirty-seven feet high and which is estimated to be between sixteen and seventeen hundred years old.

There are also elephants in this forest—wild, monster elephants. In 1938 there appeared in the South African press a report describing how a man named Stander was driving oxen, hauling wood along one of the forest roads, when suddenly an elephant appeared, and trumpeted so loudly that leaves fell from the trees and the oxen stampeded in terror. Unhitching the oxen from the wagon, Stander, too, decided to bolt for his life—wasting only sufficient time to glance over his shoulder and seeing there not one, but three or four elephants smelling round the wagon and wondering what they would do to it.

The woodcutters who work in the forest say that the habits of the elephants are so regular that on the same date every year the animals cross a certain forest road near Deepwalls and may then be counted by observers perched in the trees.

Up the Knysna River sailed Captain (afterwards Admiral) Brenton, who fought in the Napoleonic wars, looked for timber for the building of ships of war; in the old schoolhouse the South African historian Theal once taught the boys of the town; and in one of the hotels Mr. and Mrs. George Bernard Shaw stayed for six weeks.

Shaw declared that he would never be able to do any work at all if he just surrendered himself to some of the sun-drenched beaches about Cape Town, but he worked at Knysna all right. He wrote a book called *Adventures of a Black Girl in her Search for God*—writing it in shorthand and sending it out to be typed by a girl in the village just as though it were longhand. Pages of this shorthand were reproduced in the South African press and became the envy and despair of half the stenographers in the country; so firm and accurate and easy to read were the outlines.

Strangest and most notable sojourner Knysna ever had, however, was George Rex, son of King George the Third of England, the monarch who married a beautiful girl named

Hannah Lightfoot, assistant in the shop of a Quaker linen-draper, and to whom a son was born and given the significant name of George Rex.

To avoid complications in England, George Rex came out to the Cape, and eventually settled in Knysna; and in his *Great African Mysteries*, Mr. Lawrence G. Green describes how at the mansion which Rex had built at Lekhout Kraal, every one dressed for dinner, and tutors were brought and accommodated there to teach Rex's six sons and seven daughters French, Latin, drawing, and dancing.

Rex lived a busy, active life, surveying the lagoon and persuading the Admiralty that Knysna was a safe harbour; while it was his son John Rex, you may remember, who, with John Bailie, sailed his vessel into the Buffalo River, and so helped indirectly in the founding of East London.

Relics of George Rex still survive in Knysna (and Royal visitors to this day still take the greatest interest in them), including a medallion with a bust of George III by Wedgwood, a fine old rosewood chair, and a seal engraved 'Though lost to sight to memory dear,' said to have been handed to Rex by George III as a parting gift when he left England.

People walked in heavy rain, some of them for twenty miles, when George Rex, whom they knew as a kindly, courageous man, was buried in Knysna one drenching day in April 1839.

III

It is doubtful if one in a hundred of the honeymoon couples who now stay at the luxuriously fitted hotel there, dance, play golf, go boating or swimming in the lagoon, knows how The Wilderness, which lies between Knysna and George, got its name.

It was bestowed on it by one very like themselves. Proposed to by one van den Berg in the year 1835, a lady of Cape Town declared that she would only consent to marry if van den Berg would take her away and they might live in the wilderness together.

So van den Berg, evidently a man of both knowledge, judgment, and adaptiveness, married the lady, brought her to this spot, built a stone house, which is still to be seen, and together they named it The Wilderness. They even had lakes a dozen miles or so from their wilderness: the Lang Vlei, the Swart Vlei, and the Groen Vlei—which is a haunted lake into the bargain.

Peasant families who have lived on the banks of Groen Vlei for two hundred years or more believe implicitly that it is haunted by a spectral wagon and team of oxen that treks southward across the lake, and on other nights by a long boat manned by many oarsmen dressed in costumes of centuries ago. And they also believe intensely that 'water-meide' or 'water-maids' live in the lake.

On moonlight nights, these mermaids are said to sing and bask on the shimmering surface, and if there is a peasant who has not seen them, then he is almost certain to have heard their singing. 'Often I have lain awake at night listening to their songs,' he will tell you. 'And my wife and children have heard them, too.'

Of course, you do not believe in mermaids, but here is an odd fact to which Mr. Allen Loxton, keeper of the Fairbridge Collection, drew attention the other day. In the early nineties of the last century, a cave with bushman drawings was discovered near Knysna, fourteen miles away from Groenvlei, by an Anglican clergyman, and the most notable feature about these drawings was the representation of human females with fish tails—probably the only bushman drawings of mermaids to be found anywhere.

One thing at least is certain. If the Knysna bushman drawings are as old as they are believed to be, then the legend of the Groenvlei mermaids is older by hundreds of years than any European influence in that area. It is more. It is a legend that has existed very vividly among two entirely different sets of people, without the slightest link, communication, passing on of folklore, or even knowledge of each other's existence. Make of it what you will.

IV

When Anthony Trollope visited George in the seventies, he described it as 'the prettiest village in the world.' And then he qualified that statement with : 'At least the prettiest village I have seen.'

Trollope need not have been so cautious. No man has seen all the villages in the world, and this village (that is really a cathedral city) with its wide oak-shaded streets, its rivulets of water running on either side, and its majestic Mount Cradock looming four thousand feet high in the background, is probably as pretty as any.

And having this prettiness, an abundance of gardens and orchards, 'a summer temperature approximate to those of the Indian hill stations like Naini Tal, and a winter comparable to the winter in the United Provinces, but without the night frosts,' George deliberately lays itself out to lure the retired man, particularly the retired officer or civil servant who has spent most of his life in India.

It was estimated before the present war that a man, his wife, and two children could live in George for £406 per year or, with luxuries (and sending his children to a public school at Cape Town or Grahamstown), £671 per year.

Here you have the various items in tabulated form:

Necessities	{	Food, etc.	£150
		House	£100
		Servants	£55
		Laundry	£12
		Chemist, etc.	£15
		Clothing	£50
		Education	£24
			<u>£406</u>

Luxuries	{	Motor	£90
		Amusements	£25
		Holiday	£30
		Public School	£120
			<u>£671</u>

The settler with £1,500 capital to build his own house could, of course, reduce the cost under the heading of 'House' to £20, i.e. rates £14, repairs £6, bringing down the total for necessities to £326 and with the addition of luxuries to £591.

V

Mossel Bay is mainly known to South Africans because of its famous natural bathing place called The Poort, the finest and most famous bathing place of its type in the Union; a long, channel-like pool, closed at one end and protected from the violence of the outer waves by a series of barrier reefs.

The trouble about most such pools is that they have very rocky bottoms, and it is almost impossible to stop swimming and rest in them. The Poort has a floor of beautiful white sand, and what seems almost equally heaven-sent, it has a graduated depth, so that children may bathe at one end and adults at the other.

But bathing does not end at The Poort at Mossel Bay. At the Santos and Die Bakke beaches there is the opportunity of first-class surf bathing, and on the Santos beach there are the municipal hot sea-water slipper and swimming-baths—and the curative properties of hot sea-water are becoming increasingly known among sufferers from rheumatic complaints.

There is also at Santos beach a fine pavilion from which it is possible to sit contemplating both the wide sweep of the bay and the Outeniqua Mountains—Outeniqua being a corruption of a bushman phrase meaning: 'The little brown man who carries honey over the mountains.' Beyond those Outeniqua Mountains lies the Little Karroo, the scene of Pauline Smith's book of short stories, *The Little Karroo*, in which the writer reveals herself as South Africa's most beautiful, if unprolific, writer of English prose. One short story in that volume, called 'The Pain,' was described by Arnold Bennett as 'being instantly greeted from various parts of the world as something very fine: and I, perhaps the earliest, wondering admirer of her strange, austere, tender, ruthless talent, had to answer many times the question: "Who is Pauline Smith?"'

Out in the bay lies Seal Island, about an acre in extent and inhabited by thousands of seals. At a fare of a shilling, trips round Seal Island by tug or motor boat are frequently arranged during the season, and it is a fine sight to see the commotion among the seals as the boat sounds its approach.

Mossel Bay is famous throughout the Union for its oysters and its particularly delicious soles—and sole and chips are probably the most popular snack dish of South African cafés and restaurants.

But all these things about Mossel Bay—about The Poort and the oysters and the soles—are pretty well known to South Africans. What is by no means well known is that Mossel Bay claims to have had the first South African post office and place of worship.

Mossel Bay was one of the very first bays known in southern Africa to the old Portuguese navigators. As far back as 1500 Pedro d'Ataide found refuge in what is to-day known as Munro's Bay from the storm which destroyed the greater part of his fleet. Near the bay he found a large milkwood-tree, and in this tree he left a written account of the disaster that had befallen him. A year later João de Nova sailed into the bay and found d'Ataide's message, and thereafter the tree was regularly used as a post office by Portuguese navigators.

The tree still flourishes, and is known as Post Office Tree—with a wooden tablet telling of its history.

De Nova was so impressed by the charms of Mossel Bay that he finally settled there, building within a few yards of the tree a hermitage, which is claimed to have been the first Christian place of worship in southern Africa.

VI

One day in the year 1870 a farmer named van Zyl followed a wounded buck into some thick scrub on a hillside near Oudts-hoorn, and suddenly came across a cave, or rather a series of caves, that are now recognized as being among the finest stalactite caves in the world, and are visited by twelve thousand people every year.

It is said that Rider Haggard found inspiration for his *King Solomon's Mines* in these Cango Caves that extend for two miles into the Zwartberg Mountains and may yet be found to stretch much further.

Haggard saw the caves only by the light a guide could carry, but since 1928 all the craft and cunning of the electrician have been introduced into the Van Zyl Cave, the Bridal and Fairy Chambers, the Devil's Workshop, and the Crystal Palace—to give some of the caves their names. And, slightly repugnant though the idea of artificial lighting may seem at first, you are likely to admit that the art of flood and diffused lighting may turn a stalactite cavern into a thing of wonder.

The stalactites themselves play strange tricks—forming themselves into a pulpit, a font, a canopied bed and throne, and a remarkable likeness of the Madonna and Child. Altogether there are some eighty halls, chambers, and corridors, and the full tour of the caves takes two hours, which includes the inspection of the bushman paintings that may be seen at the entrance.

The European guides will point out to you the century-old inscriptions of people who came to the caves long before they came to be regarded as a national treasure. The tourist is not allowed to seek immortality by inscribing his name there to-day!

Oudtshoorn was, and still is, the great ostrich farming centre of South Africa. The industry was at its peak from 1906 to 1912, when any woman who was anybody, or wanted to appear to be, had to have an ostrich feather in her hat.

Mr. W. A. Kingon, who has written considerably on the Oudtshoorn of that time, says that there were then, in the Oudtshoorn district alone, no fewer than 400,000 birds, and their feathers were selling at anything from £20 to £100 per pound. On one occasion the record price of £132 per pound was obtained.

The average price for prize birds was £200 per pair, and it is said that one farmer refused an offer of £1,000 for a pair of prize breeding birds. Week-old progeny of special birds sold at £12 10s. to £20 each.

And then (1) most cars being open cars in those days, women found hats with ostrich feathers not only quickly spoilt, but difficult to wear; (2) very many more women were going to work, and ostrich feather hats somehow didn't seem to go with work; (3) short skirts 'came in,' and neither did ostrich feather hats go with short skirts; (4) the large selling of inferior feathers, made to look like the best, brought them within the reach of everybody, with the result that nobody wanted them.

So in Oudtshoorn in 1939 there were fewer than 20,000 ostriches, and the best feathers sold at no more than 22s. a pound—although there were still optimistic farmers who had kept their best cock birds, which live for a hundred years or more, farmers who were joyfully poring over the latest fashion pictures of women wearing ostrich-feather opera-cloaks, and wondering whether the old boom days might not break out again. And, at least, prices for feathers are much higher now than in 1939.

VII

Look at the map when you are at Oudtshoorn, and you will see that in order to get to Swellendam you must make a decision either to come down to Mossel Bay and proceed via Riversdale, or make for Calitzdorp and on to Ladismith, or reach Ladismith by the more roundabout way of Prince Albert.

It is entirely a matter of personal inclination whether you take the first route, but other factors must enter into your decision as between routes two and three.

By taking the route to Ladismith via Calitzdorp, much mountain motoring is avoided—but so also is some of the finest mountain scenery in South Africa.

The route via Prince Albert takes you through the famous Swartberg Pass that is like a monstrous python wrapped about a mountain-side, and also along Seven Weeks Poort, which Dr. C. Louis Leipoldt, the well-known Afrikaans poet and writer, to whose English work *Bushveld Doctor* reference has already been made, places among the seven wonders of

the Cape Province. Dr. Leipoldt concedes that Meiring's Poort, forty miles further east, is much better known, but he is of the opinion that Meiring's misses the wild, imposing grandeur of Seven Weeks, and is on an altogether smaller scale.

The best time to visit Seven Weeks, he says, is in the late spring, when the hillside is green with grass and the earliest watsonias are in flower.

VIII

All these little towns along the Garden Route—no matter which of the two or three routes you take—have charm and points of interest.

Ladismith has the distinction of lying more or less under the Seven Weeks Poort Mountain, which is nearly eight thousand feet high and among the highest in the Western Province; Calitzdorp is an unusually fertile place and produces almost every type of crop and some of the finest grapes grown anywhere in the Union; while Riversdale is known both to botanists and artists for the fine variety of heaths that cloak the lower slopes of its mountains and flourish in the depth of their ravines.

Riversdale also has its bathing resort: Still Bay, that lies twenty-five miles away at the mouth of the Kafferkuils River, a nice homely sort of village, where there is good fishing, oysters can be gathered in season at low tide, and the hard sand which is exposed at the river's mouth when the tide is out is good for horse riding.

Then there is Montagu, which was named after a former Colonial Secretary at the Cape, and is a rather unusual combination of old-world houses and vineyards and asphalted streets.

Montagu is very proud of its asphalted streets, and most proud of all that it spent £10,000 on laying a three-and-a-half-inch asphalt carpet over the five-mile road that zigzags through the famous Cogman's Kloof, with its stream of water ever alongside.

Montagu has been famous for its hot baths and medicinal springs for a century or more, and efforts are being made to

locate the eye of a hot spring which it is hoped will give a copious flow of radio-active water and enable a swimming-bath to be built.

Note, before you leave Montagu, and have walked along its well-known Lovers' Walk, the memorial park, lying next to the Dutch Reformed Church, that was erected by public subscription to the memory of a schoolmaster; one of a race of men who inevitably leave their mark on the place and people among whom they live, but whose work is very rarely commemorated. This particular schoolmaster was Mr. J. G. Euvrard, and he played the role of clergyman and medical attendant as well as that of dominie.

Montagu is one of those occasional places one comes across in the Western Province where people still think the stamp of the gold presses will be heard. Gold has been found in the district, and some people believe there is also coal in the valley. But the town is well content for the time being to thank providence for its springs (one authority has stated that they are more radio-active than Carlsbad and Baden-Baden) and the bounty of its land.

It is on the bounty of the land that Robertson, another pretty little town through which you may pass, solely relies. Robertson is not only pretty, but progressive. In many ways it led the way in irrigation in this district, and—not being beside the sea—has made a fine beach for bathing on its Breede River.

IX

Drive through Swellendam with a little more decorum, and determined to do a little more sauntering than in most places.

South Africa's first republic was established at Swellendam. The little community living here in 1795 rebelled against the authority of the Dutch East India Company, and declared Swellendam an autonomous state.

Later, when the English took the Cape a few months after the revolt, the republicans, still wearing the cockades of liberty in their hats, agreed to settle under their rule on condition that

they were allowed 'to buy of whom they pleased, sell to whom they pleased, employ whom they pleased, and to come and go where they chose.'

Three years later, when Lady Anne Barnard attended a church service there, she wrote: 'I have never beheld such a large and prosperous collection of human beings before.'

Some of the finest wheat and wool in all South Africa is produced at Swellendam, but the town has had its bad years. On a winter's night of 1865—it was the same night when seventeen ships were wrecked in Table Bay—a fire in one of the houses leapt up into the thatched roof, and from the roof quickly spread to a score of roofs, and on until a third of the town was destroyed, and scores of families were left homeless.

Visit the lovely old homestead 'Klip River,' where the late ex-President Reitz, of the Free State, lawyer, poet, soldier, and one of South Africa's most revered statesmen, was born. And if you want to know more of him—and he was a man worth knowing more about—read *Commando* by his son, Colonel Deneys Reitz, one of the most stirring books in South African literature. Colonel Reitz, it will be remembered, has already been referred to in an earlier chapter as one of the most picturesque figures of latter-day South Africa; and his death, while holding the office of High Commissioner in London, was universally regretted. At present occupying the office of High Commissioner in London is Mr. Heaton Nicholls, a man who not only knows all facets of South African life, but has lived in India, Burma, Ceylon, and was once a magistrate in Papua. Few men can speak with more authority on the native and Indian questions in South Africa than Mr. Nicholls.

And now you have arrived at either Robertson or Swellendam, you must make up your mind again whether you will make for Caledon or Worcester. In any case, you will pass through country which has already been described in this book.

THE SOUTH-WEST AND AUGHRABIES

I

You are back again in Cape Town.

There is only one part of southern Africa that you have not seen and that is the South-West—German South-West, as it used to be called before the 1914-18 War—and that portion of the Union leading up to it that is known as Namaqualand.

The quickest way to get to Windhoek, which is the capital of South-West Africa, is to take the train to Kimberley, and catch the fairly frequent air service that starts from there. Otherwise, there is a long motor journey through Namaqualand, or the long train journey by way of De Aar.

Namaqualand, and what may be called the district of Namaqualand, have two great sights both for the tourist and the South African: the sight of the wild daisies that carpet the barren field of Namaqualand in the spring time, and the Aughrabies Falls which Rashleigh in his *Great Waterfalls of the World* refers to as 'one of the most interesting sights in the world.'

As for the rest of Namaqualand and that country about the Orange River which is very similar to it, it is country only for the South African and even then for the South African connoisseur. It is a grim, hard, grinding country of heat, and dust, and sand, and little of what the normal man calls scenery, but Fred Cornell, whose book *The Glamour of Prospecting* is so much sought after that one second-hand book shop in Cape Town is said to have two hundred names on the waiting list, described it as possessing one of the finest climates in the world. This in spite of the fact that there were five years in Cornell's life when he suffered so badly from asthma that he never slept in a bed.

And the country seems to have exercised the same fascination over two South African writers of the younger generation, Mr. Carel Birkby and Mr. Lawrence Green, both of whom know

pretty well every part of Africa below the Zambesi, and will always seek the least excuse that can be found to dash from Cape Town and write about Namaqualand and South-West. Read Birkby's *Thirstland Treks* and Green's *The Coast of Treasure* if you would know something more about this country.

There was a rumour that Fred Cornell, who met with such a melancholy end in being killed in a taxi accident in London, was the founder of the famous diamond fields of Alexander Bay. Cornell was perhaps the first man to focus attention on the possibility of diamonds being found in Namaqualand, but his widow has definitely denied that he made the discovery at Alexander Bay.

It is said that the discoverers were a syndicate consisting of Israel Gordon, the mayor of Springbok, and his brother Julius, two brothers called Caplan, and a man named Loubser. One day these men went out in a car, picked up a poor farmer named Coetzee, and drove to Alexander Bay, where Coetzee jumped out of the car, dabbled his fingers in the sand, and said: 'Here is a likely spot.'

Within six weeks, it is stated, one hundred and fifty pounds' worth of diamonds were found there, but long before that happened the syndicate had sold their rights for £17,500 to Dr. Merensky and Dr. Reuning, two German geologists, who had done a great deal of valuable prospecting in this area. Vainly Dr. Merensky tried to get the syndicate to accept £10,000 and a half share in all diamonds found. They would not listen. They got their £17,500.

The fields proved so valuable that the Government had to step in and open State mines to prevent the diamond market from utter collapse. Reports were published in the South African papers that the Government 'diamond planes,' as they came to be called, were soon making journeys carrying £250,000 worth of uncut stones at a time.

A report was also published that attempts were made to bribe the pilots of the 'diamond planes'—quite fruitlessly, of course—with as much as £25,000 to make a faked forced landing in the desert at a pre-arranged signal.

II

The best way to get to the Aughrabies Falls is to detrain at Upington on the main line and proceed to Kakamas either by the narrow-gauge railway or by motor car. Over the sand dunes of a peculiarly deep red shade that lie on the edge of the Kalahari Desert, you journey to Kakamas, where the Dutch Reformed Church has succeeded in establishing a prosperous, self-supporting colony of families who were once poor whites.

Know something of the Orange River before you approach Aughrabies, which is the name given to the falls by the natives, and which seems more likely to survive than the Great Falls, the name used for a long time by Afrikaans-speaking people, and certainly more than King George IV's Cataract, the name bestowed by George Thompson when he discovered the falls over a hundred and twenty years ago. At Upington, the Orange River is sometimes four miles wide, and while at some times of the year and at some places it is reduced to a mere trickle, it can and does rise twenty or thirty feet in an hour or two.

There is a rest-house at Kakamas, on the farm of Mrs. Nel, with accommodation for eight people, where you may stay on your visit to Aughrabies. Very few South Africans have yet seen the falls, although the Cape Town Tourist Office of the railways found that when they organized one or two quick tours there, they proved distinctly popular. The best time to see them is in mid-winter when the river, which is normally about four miles wide, is reduced to two. And even so it is best to avail yourself of the service of the guide at the rest-house.

When the river is in flood, it is impossible to go near the falls to see where they are dropping. The only way one can see what is really happening is from an aeroplane. But when the river is at its lowest, it is possible to stand at the edge of the cliff and look down into the ravine, that is four hundred and eighty feet deep and only forty feet wide, and down which twenty-eight thousand gallons of yellow water plunge every minute. There are people who say that if a mile-long sus-

pension bridge were built across the canyon so that the falls could be seen even at flood time, and a hotel could be built on Rooipad, tourists from all over the world would come to see the Aughrabies.

III

You will like Windhoek. Everybody likes this capital city of South-West Africa with its German buildings and houses—some of them like castles, and gloriously perched on the sky-line—its metropolitan air, its first-class German hotels where waiters move swiftly and cry out your order with a smart impatience as though the roaring traffic of pre-war Berlin were outside.

It is true that there are only five thousand European people in Windhoek, but the fact that they belong to three different-speaking peoples—German, Afrikaans, and English—means that there is more variety of life, more cosmopolitan thought, more interesting people to be met with in Windhoek than in many towns five or six times its size.

And the Government Buildings, the Lutheran Church, the Railway Station, and the Exhibition Hall, might equally grace a much larger town.

Nearly everybody in Windhoek meets in the tea-gardens that are in the centre of the town and are frequently termed the Zoological Gardens, and probably the talk that goes on there, in this remote little African capital, cupped in the pine-topped hills that lie nearly six thousand feet above the sea, is as varied and as animated as in any tea-garden or café in South Africa.

Obviously the place has been built for bigness, and some day, the people living there hope, Windhoek will be big. And the thing that will make it big, they say, is the building of a line which will link Windhoek to Rhodesia via Bechuanaland. For that would mean that instead of going to Cape Town with all their goods for Rhodesia, ships would stop at Walvis Bay and send all their cargo to Rhodesia from there through Windhoek by the new railway.

Swakopmund is really Windhoek-by-the-Sea: not merely

because so many people go there from Windhoek but because it wears the same air of bigness, has the same fine hotels and smart waiters, the same impressive buildings.

One remarkable thing about Swakopmund is its climate, which is one of the most refreshing and bracing in the whole of South Africa. That may seem a rather large statement to make, but it is true. Germans say that it is particularly good for heart and nerve trouble, and after you have stayed there a few days you do not doubt they are right.

The fishing is good, the sands are fine for children, it is the sort of quiet, homely little seaside town you might expect to find in Devon or Cornwall, only no hills or trees are there. Indeed, pretty well the whole town is built on sand; and on the sand dunes that skirt the sea the German aptitude and eagerness for gliding was evident before 1939, including an instructor, Mr. von Arnim, who had established a South African record by remaining aloft for more than seven hours.

Boasting of its 'prevailing wind blowing directly from the Antarctic, cooling and purifying the air,' Lüderitz, which lies between Swakopmund and Cape Town, is now being widely advertised as a health resort. It seems like a perfect little toy port as you see it from the sea.

But it is really Keetmanshoop, which lies well into the interior, and has a white population of three thousand people, that is the second largest town in South-West Africa, largely owing to its importance as a railway centre.

But in Keetmanshoop, as in almost every other corner of South-West Africa, there has latterly arisen another cause of prosperity.

South-West Africa has provided the ideal breeding-place for the rare Karakul sheep that yields the 'Persian Lamb' coats that sell for as much as 400 guineas, and also the cheaper type of pelt that is made into coats to keep warm the pilots of the R.A.F. on their more ice-cold journeys.

Writing on this subject in 1940, Dorothy Mason, who has lived in the country a number of years, declared that it had been stated, on unimpeachable authority, that one farmer who

specialized in bloodstock had made, from the the sale of bloodstock only, a gross £60,000 last year. Another farmer whom she interviewed personally, had sold 15,000 pelts at an average of 27s. 2d. per pelt—in addition to which, he had also sold a number of rams at prices which fetch anything in the region of £100 each.

She had been particularly asked, she stated, to dispel an erroneous but nevertheless common idea, that the mother is killed to enable the greedy farmer to get the high-priced lamb. In Persia at one time, it appears that this was sometimes done in order to procure the prematurely born lamb with its more valuable skin. But this is never done to-day. Nature was left to take her course, and if a sheep happened to give birth to a premature lamb, then the farmer was lucky. Yet all lambs had to be killed within twenty-four hours of birth. Otherwise the fleece grows, losing not only the curl but its essential tightness.

Readers may wonder why farmers from all over South Africa—or from all over the world for that matter—do not at once pack up and go to South-West Africa to run Karakul farms. But Mrs. Mason points out that breeding Karakuls is a lengthy business, and to buy a flock of pure-bred stock is out of the question. The first essential is a good ram. Cross that ram with an ordinary fat-tailed or Afrikander sheep and you have the first crossing. This pelt is worth a few shillings. But the product of that first crossing, mated with another noble ram, produces a still better pelt and so on, until the pure-bred ewe is produced. It takes eight crossings to do this, which means approximately ten years.

Pretty little towns in the interior are Mariental, Omaruru, Outjo, Grootfontein, Okahandja, and Gobabis, all with their thousand European inhabitants, their little parks and public buildings, their monuments to German men who fell fighting against the fierce and warlike Herreros, who raided their settlements in the early days very much as the Zulus and Basutos robbed the settlements of the Europeans in South Africa.

The graves of the three Herrero chiefs—Tjamuba, Maherero,

and a second Maherero—lie in the municipal gardens of Okahandja.

Mention must also be made of Walvis Bay—for although Walvis Bay has a European population of only five to six hundred people, it has the best harbour in South-West Africa.

Four hundred miles beyond Walvis Bay is the grim, uninhabited coast of the Kaokoveld, made famous as 'Skeleton Coast' by John H. Marsh, a well-known South African shipping journalist, in his best-seller of that name. In *Skeleton Coast*, Marsh tells one of the most remarkable shipwreck stories of the war. Following the loss of a British liner of 13,000 tons, sixty-three people, including twenty-one passengers, eight of whom were women, were wrecked on this coast and were kept alive by food and water dropped from the air by South African Air Force planes or floated to them on rafts by South African mine-sweepers. Rescue parties that attempted to reach them by sea, air, and land fell into almost worse straits than those being endured by the people whom they were trying to rescue. In a foreword to the book, General Smuts says that

when the call for aid came from the helpless men, women, and children marooned on a desert beach, the men of the South African Army, the South African Air Force, the South African Police, the South African Railways and Harbours Administration, and, last but not least, the Royal Navy got together and, between them, pulled off what was an amazing rescue. They overcame almost super-human difficulties and, by sheer courage and determination, saved every one, though two of the rescuers sacrificed their lives in doing so. . . . History, I believe, will remember this epic.

IV

There lie between Windhoek and Portuguese West Africa stretches of country that are called Damaraland and Ovamboland and that are rarely even mentioned by South Africans unless, perchance, they happen to be discussing what is known as the Schwarz Scheme; or unless, as happened a little time ago, somebody like Professor J. P. R. Wallis writes a book like *Fortune my Foe* (Cape), recalling, or more probably making known to most South Africans for the first time, that through

this country roamed one of its greatest explorers, the Swedish-born Charles John Andersson. General Smuts goes so far as to describe Andersson as an explorer of southern Africa second in importance only to David Livingstone, and tells us with what eagerness he read and re-read Andersson's books on Lake Ngami and the Okovango River as a boy.

Andersson, Chapman, Baines who were (with Livingstone) the principal explorers of the Kalahari a century ago, remained my constant companions and helped me to feel that fascination of the wilds that has remained with me ever since.

As with Livingstone, Africa lured and fascinated Andersson, sapped the life out of him, and finally broke him. But unlike Livingstone he knew little or no fame; and knows far too little, indeed, to-day. Unaware even that his old university of Lund had decided to honour him with the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, Andersson tottered towards the Cunene River, his vomiting stayed only by frequent doses of morphia, until at last he sank down and wrote that last letter to his wife:

Oh beloved wife! We shall never meet in this life but surely in the next. I had thought to turn this journey to good account for my poor family; it is to be hoped it will bring you something to your home. Poor wife! I can see you overwhelmed with grief when this reaches you and you understand that my bones are bleaching in this distant wilderness. I feel ill-prepared to pass out of this world, but I trust in God's mercy and His immeasurable love. . . . I am too weak to write much.

Years later Professor E. H. L. Schwarz roamed about this same country, and in 1918 he sprung on South Africa his scheme for restoring the lakes of the Kalahari and so putting an end to the country's drought problem. These lakes, he claimed (and claimed, too, that Livingstone held very much the same opinion), had been drained away by the Zambesi, but by an expenditure that has been variously estimated at from £100,000 to £5,000,000, the water could be diverted into them again and not only would the danger of an ever-encroaching desert on South Africa be eluded, but the very existence of the lakes would cause such rainfall as to relieve the Union from its periodic danger of drought. So much talk

was there about the scheme that in July 1924 an anonymous donor offered the Union Government £1,000 to investigate the project. A reconnaissance party, including geologists, engineers, and a meteorological assistant, left Pretoria in June 1925, and after four months returned to issue an eighty-page report that summed up itself in the sentence:

. . . the influence of the existing huge water and swamp areas on the climate of Ngamiland is, so far as can be observed and inferred, negligible . . . and the prime object of the professor's great scheme, the beneficial influence to be expected as the result of increasing such areas by damming the Zambesi, is, as regards the Union, probably insignificant.

But for twenty years or more, there still appeared in the papers, and particularly in the farmers' papers, long letters arguing that the report of the reconnaissance party was wrong and Professor Schwarz right; that these Kalahari lakes could indeed be turned into the rain factories of South Africa, 'always accepting the theory' (as one farmer put it) 'that rain must go up before it can come down.'

It was during the drought years, of course, when walls of sand come swooping over the horizon, as far south even as the Free State, causing the natives to think the end of the world was nigh, and shopkeepers to light their windows at midday, that one heard most about the Schwarz scheme, that people formed committees to arouse public interest in it, and listened most attentively to the professor's courageous widow, who never allowed her husband's name and work to be forgotten. Then the rains would come, there would be no more walls of sand—and people would forget. They doubted whether there was really anything in the Schwarz scheme—until the next drought' came.

So the controversy ebbed and flowed over the years until, in 1945, Senator Conroy, Minister of Lands and Irrigation, organized a party of members of Parliament of all parties and set off on a tour of the whole Kalahari area, accompanied by Mr. L. A. Mackenzie, Director of Irrigation. In June 1946 Mr. Mackenzie issued a report stating categorically that 'the

Schwarz scheme is neither practicable nor would it produce the effects envisaged by its author.' Whether this latest report will prove the knock-out blow to the scheme remains to be seen. It is almost certain that there will continue to exist a faithful few who will refuse to give up their dreams. For while such men dream, and occasionally stir their fellows into contemplation of the possibilities of the Kalahari area, it is always possible that South Africa may one day do something about it.

The Schwarz scheme—or anything approximating it—may never be. But if ever the Kalahari is made to yield the vast resources of which many people believe it capable, Schwarz must remain the man, more than any other, to be thanked for it. Even Mr. Mackenzie, in his most decisive (and, as a layman reads it, most able-seeming) report, concludes by saying that credit must be given to the late Professor Schwarz, whose writings have served to maintain public interest in the great potentialities of the Kalahari. Although many of his expectations are incapable of fulfilment, other possibilities arising out of investigation of his theories may one day be brought to fruition.

Schwarz died in the Sahara. He was spending part of his leave there—his holidays, mark you—because he imagined he might find in the Sahara some key that would unlock the secrets of Ngamiland. From Arguin he wrote to his wife (and it seems that these exploring types of men simply have to have a wife to write to): 'Conditions here geologically are identical with South-West Africa.'

At Memghar he wrote: 'The people here never thought to see me back alive.' The French authorities, indeed, had warned Schwarz that they thought his proposed expedition 'too dangerous' from the point of view of his health, and kept him hanging about St. Louis three months before they would allow him to proceed.

Then suddenly, it seems, there came after Memghar an attack of enteritis, an apparent recovery, followed by a heart attack, and two days after his return to St. Louis Schwarz died. Mrs. Schwarz was lecturing on his work in America at the time.

GO EAST COAST

I

It is not too much to say that the voyage round the east coast of Africa is one of the most interesting and colourful voyages in the world. None of the big tourist agencies, none of the big shipping companies, and very few travel books seem to boast about it that way, but it is none the less true. There are very few voyages—if any—in the much-boomed mystic East that can compare with it, embrace ports of call of such variety and vividity as Lourenço Marques, Mozambique, Zanzibar, Dar-es-Salaam, Mombasa, Suez, and Port Said. Their very names stretch round the map like a pageant.

And not the least attraction of the voyage is that one sees along the stretch of a single coast the work of three European powers as colonizers: the Portuguese at places like Lourenço Marques and Mózambique; the British at Mombasa; and the Germans at Dar-es-Salaam—for although Tanganyika is no longer German territory, the old German buildings and a certain amount of German influence still remain.

The overseas visitor to South Africa should always return by the east coast. For if, in spite of all that South Africa has had to show him, he still feels a little disappointed, a touch of barrenness about his heart because he has somehow never got to grips with that darkest Africa of his boyhood's imagination, he will find it 'going east coast,' as people in South Africa describe it.

Take a car at any of these ports that have been named, or even walk from some of the smaller ones, out into the country where the natives live in their village in heavily thatched huts beneath the coco-nut palms, and you will feel yourself at last, surely and unmistakably, in the sort of country in which Livingstone might have lived.

Port Elizabeth, East London, and Durban: it will be good to see them again, to fill in the gaps of things missed, to see

just once again friends you may have made there. And then immediately there comes bursting in on you Lourenço Marques, a town so completely new and unlike anything you have seen in South Africa that you might be on another continent. That is what South Africans themselves—and since Lourenço Marques lies only ninety miles from the Game Reserve, and is really Johannesburg's nearest outlet to the sea, they know quite a good deal about it—always say about Lourenço Marques: 'It is like being on another continent.'

They mean that the pavements with their elaborate mosaic patterns; the white shining railway station that is more like a temple than a place where engines puff and bellow; the sort of market square, which is not a market square at all but a place where there is a bandstand and people sit at little tables and drink wine, are more like what they imagine the Riviera towns or Lisbon to be, although they may never have been there. There are plenty of good loyal South Africans who say that there is no holiday more refreshing than a week or two at Lourenço Marques—and by refreshing they do not mean sitting up all night at the casinos. They mean it is so refreshing because it is so utterly unlike anything that can be seen in their own country.

But far too many of them go bathing at the Polana Beach (where there is the Polana Hotel that cost nearly half a million pounds) or sit sipping wine at the Praça Sete de Março, which is the band square—and that is the end of what they know and see of Lourenço Marques.

II

This capital city of the second largest of the eight possessions belonging to the Republic of Portugal (Angola on the west coast of Africa is the largest) has obviously more points of interest than bathing and wine-tasting.

There is, twenty-five miles out of the town, Marracuene, a river resort where the hippopotami may often be seen at play, and for which the railway issues a ticket to include train fare, meals, and the motor trip up the river.

Twenty-five miles still further inland is the upland resort of Namaacha, a place at the junction of the Portuguese, Swaziland, and Transvaal borders which is called 'the sanatorium of Lourenço Marques,' and has its medicinal springs, its tree nursery, and an orphanage maintained from the proceeds of the provincial lottery. (It is a favourite topic of conversation in South Africa whether or not you are this month 'taking a ticket in the Lourenço Marques.'))

And then in the city itself off the Avenida Aguilar are the Vasco da Gama Gardens and on the Polana side of the gardens the National Museum, which is interesting not only because it tells of the history and wild life and development of Portuguese East Africa, but because it occupies what was once a private house. It has a distinctive gateway in the Portuguese style, and from its balcony one can obtain one of the best bird's-eye views of the city: a city that, like so many of the towns you have visited in the Union, was little more than a collection of houses sixty or seventy years ago.

It is a woman, and not a man like old George Honeyball of Johannesburg, whom the newspaper reporters of Lourenço Marques dig out when they want to publish something about the old days.

Mrs. Rose Monteiro remembers Lourenço Marques since the year 1876 when what there was of the town was built on a spit of sand not more than a mile long and less than half a mile broad and surrounded by a marsh. In her little cottage on the hill, where for years she has followed her hobby of collecting insects, Mrs. Monteiro tells the journalists of the excitement and satisfaction there was in the place when the *Seine*, a vessel of four thousand tons, was able to anchor three hundred yards from the shore. And to-day there are experts who say that Lourenço Marques has the finest harbour in South Africa; finer even, they say, than that of Durban.

It was the building of the line to the Transvaal, as Mrs. Monteiro says, that made the harbour known and did much to bring fame and prosperity to Lourenço Marques, and ever since those days the relations between Portuguese East Africa

and South Africa have always been good. South Africa's champion tennis players make a point of competing in the Lourenço Marques tournaments and the Portuguese frequently send a soccer team up to the Rand where, playing a very neat Scottish type of football with an absence of all shoulder charging, they are often very difficult indeed to beat. (And South Africa soccer is a great deal better than even the majority of South Africans themselves appreciate—as witness the fact that Boksburg, a place of less than twenty thousand white inhabitants, has contributed no less than nine players to first-class English and Scottish soccer in the last eighteen years.)

If you are a soccer player you will enjoy watching a match at Lourenço Marques. You may, of course, be lucky enough, if you think it lucky, to see a bull fight in the bull ring that adjoins the racecourse along the Marracuene road. There are quite a number of toreadors living in Lourenço Marques; in contrast to the Spanish bull fights, it is claimed there is an absence of all brutality about a fight under Portuguese rules; and on those Sundays afternoons when eight bulls are turned into the ring at Lourenço Marques all the city turns out to do them homage, and it is very difficult to find a seat.

III

Your ship may stop at all sorts of places, like Inhambane or Ibo, and as you look at a place like Ibo you may wonder why you have stopped there at all. If it is night-time, you will see nothing but a long line of wild isolated palms etched against the moonlight. Go ashore on the following morning, walk behind and beyond those palms, and you will find a little town, roads, park, church, public seats, and street lamps complete, which almost looks as though it had been erected there for the purpose of an exhibition, or as a stage set for a cinema play—so foreign it seems to its rich, green, luxuriant African hinterland.

No matter how short your stay, do not omit to go ashore at Mozambique. All the fragrance, the power, the tragedy of

old Portugal is in this place. Time was when Mozambique, into which da Gama first sailed one still, heat-quivering day in the year 1498, was the one safe anchorage of European civilization on this African continent, spreading out its succour and domination even across to India and the East: the hallowed refuge of all those men and women who went lumbering off over unknown seas in their galleons, and towards which, when wrecked, they set off on foot, in a country of cannibalism and wild beasts, bravely carrying their crosses before them.

Less than six hundred Portuguese people live in Mozambique to-day, but it is easy to feel, as you hug the old flat-topped Portuguese houses for the little shade they give you from the nerve-sapping sun, that the place has known, still has, distinction. This air about a town does not die easily. Go inside the old St. Paul's Church in the Square of the Republic and the still older chapel of St. Francisco Xavier. These were churches in the days when the daily mass was the one great unquestioned sustainer and fortifier of men.

Tread reverently, if you are a European born in Africa, through the old main gate of the St. Sebastião fortress. See its old chapel, its guns, its scarred rotting buildings, its appalling prison cells. Hell alone knows such tortures as went on inside there. The pigeons nest and fly about them to-day.

IV

As they did in Windhoek, the Germans built well and impressively on the banks of the lovely harbour that is called Dar-es-Salaam, that means 'Haven of Peace,' and in which you can spend another fascinating day walking through the fine, broad streets, the Botanical Gardens, the native town, and looking at the picturesque dhows at the harbour side that still carry on a certain amount of trade with Arabia.

But the most memorable day of the whole voyage you will spend at Zanzibar. Men who have travelled on all five continents will tell you that in many ways Zanzibar is the most

fascinating city they have seen. In 1888 Professor Henry Drummond wrote about it as a 'cesspool of wickedness, Oriental in its appearance, Mohammedan in its religion, Arabian in its morals . . . a fitting capital for the dark 'continent.' The atmosphere of wickedness may have gone, its streets may not seem to echo now as they did in Drummond's time the ghostly cries and groans of centuries of slave-dealing, but it is still, you feel, the capital of that part of Africa which remains Dark and Unknown—and this in spite of the benevolent influence of a Sultan who sets aside his Wednesdays that any who are poor and unfortunate may interview him, and the fact that the city now boasts the most beautiful sports field in the whole of East Africa.

Turn into one of its alleyways and you find yourself in a world that seems utterly apart and uncaring for the world as you know it: a world that knows little and cares less of what is happening in wars or any outside affairs. And for miles and miles these alleyways seem to go on crossing and intertwining: so near to one another the houses, the shops, and the stalls—on which all sorts of queer stinking things are being sold—that there are places where, even at midday, no sunlight penetrates down to your path and you walk in a world of half-tones.

Note, in the more open part of the city, the fine Arab houses, and their beautiful dark carved doors; the Government offices that were until 1912 the Sultan's palace; the museum that is housed in the Peace Memorial Hall and is known as Bet-el-Amani; the old Persian baths that tell their own story of a Persian empire once established here. And make a special point of seeing the cathedral, which, only seventy or eighty years old though it be, has a history as worthy of memory as many of the old cathedrals in England. This cathedral in which you now stand was built where the old slave market used to be, and the altar is on the exact site of its whipping-post. Over the pulpit is a crucifix made from the wood of the tree at Lake Bangweolo under which the heart of Livingstone was buried.

And pay tribute as you think of these things to the wealthy young English missionary, Arthur Nugent West, who had set his heart on building the cathedral on this spot and at length persuaded the Sultan to accept his entire fortune as payment for the site.

The tragedy was that West died in Zanzibar on the very day on which the foundation stone of the cathedral was laid.

v

In Mombasa you enter a port that is something of a combination of Mozambique and Dar-es-Salaam. Here is the old picturesque Fort of Jesus in which the Portuguese were massacred twice in the sixteen hundreds—the second time after a siege of three years. Only eleven men and two women remained for the Arabs to kill in the end: men and women who had prayed each night and morning during that three years that the relief fleet they knew to be sailing from Goa might reach them. It arrived two days after they were dead.

The new Mombasa that stretches out towards Kilindini is a place of fine broad streets, with both Anglican and Roman Catholic cathedrals, and a club from whose windows the members, looking over Mombasa harbour and English Point, declare they are looking at one of the world's perfect views.

A point to notice is that invariably ships stay long enough at Mombasa to enable passengers to visit Nairobi. Although mail trains only leave Mombasa four days a week, on the other three days there is always a passenger coach attached to the goods train and this, like the mail train, leaves Mombasa at 4 p.m. and reaches Nairobi at 9.20 on the following morning. By a special concession return tickets are issued to ship's passengers for 92s. 25 cents; the ordinary return fare is 110s. 70 cents.

It is claimed by Nairobi that its growth has been more rapid and spectacular than the early strides of Johannesburg; that its virility is exceeded, perhaps, only by that of Tel Aviv in Palestine. It talks about its forty-two miles of modern

tarmac streets and suburban roads and flagged pavements, its municipal area that is three times the size of Blackpool and twice the size of Brighton. And yet in this very municipal area there is a road called Sclaters Road, now lined by bungalows and pretty gardens, that was once part of the old slave route, along which Arab slave-dealers brought their cargo, chained by the feet and a hide whip cracking about their shoulders, from the primitive villages of central Africa to the crowded markets of Zanzibar.

Places to see in Nairobi are the Coryndon Museum, the Arboretum, the native location, and the Lone Tree which stands only a few miles out of Nairobi but about which all sorts of game may be seen and in great numbers. No capital in the world lives nearer to wild life than Nairobi.

During the dry season, if the ship stays long enough at Mombasa to allow a two days' stay in Nairobi, it would be possible to take the four-hundred-mile trip round the snow-capped Mount Kenya. Or to go to Namanga, one hundred and twenty miles south of Nairobi, where as many as thirty different species of game should be seen, including lion, giraffe, and elephant. Or to Thompson's Falls and Nakuru where the famous flamingos may be seen on the lake.

If you have only one day's stay in Nairobi, take a trip to Naivasha, a distance of sixty-two miles, see the lake there, and the memorable view from the escarpment over the Riff Valley, with the extinct volcanoes Suswa and Longonot in the distance.

VI

Watch the ship's notice board, or consult your purser on nearing Suez, and you will probably find that it is possible for you to leave the ship at Suez, dash up to Cairo, and rejoin the ship at Port Said. While at Cairo you should be able to motor out to the Pyramids and the Sphinx, see the Citadel, the Mehemet Ali Mosque, and, if open, the museum of Egyptian antiquities. The cost of all this, including railway and motor fares, and probably luncheon and dinner, worked out in 1939

at less than £6, if everything was fitted into one day; or £7 10s. if the excursion spread over two days.

But the voyage through the Suez Canal—which, of course, you miss if you go on the excursion—is not to be despised. And particularly if you make the journey at night-time when two huge headlights are erected on the ship, which crawls slowly along what is like a narrow main street of darkly shining tar, with here and there little alcoves in which the dredgers, lit up by green and red lights, that make them seem like ships in a pageant, take shelter while the liners pass.

And think, as you crawl so cautiously and slowly along there, of Ferdinand de Lesseps, the almost madly indomitable Frenchman (with a certain amount of Scots blood in him) who made this canal possible when the whole world, including the British, as represented by Lord Palmerston, ridiculed the project, telling him, for one thing, that the mud would block up his entrance and, for another, that if ever he did make a channel in the desert, then the sand would quickly fall in and fill it up for him.

There were practically no mechanical appliances for excavation when de Lesseps began his long patient reply to the scoffer, and at one time he had his labourers actually scooping out the mud with their hands. It was not until ten years after he himself had put the first pick into the ground at Port Said, that the first ships sailed through on their journey to India, that was now shorter by four thousand miles than by the Cape route, but by that time he had the whole world in homage at his feet.

It was this same madly indomitable spirit, it seems, that helped to carry him, as French Consul at Alexandria, through that year when one-third of the population was swept away by plague, and he went about cheering and vitalizing the people like a man bearing a charmed life. It was this same madly indomitable spirit that broke him in the end: that made him declare, when he came as an old man to tackle the Panama Canal, that the two great obstacles, the Culebra mountain and the Chagres stream, were obstacles that need not be counted

against his own imperious planning and will-power. De Lesseps died not only penniless, but—for the world had not yet had time to sit back and look at him in perspective—with even his honour gone.

It seems right somehow that the statue of Ferdinand de Lesseps should be the last thing you see as you at length nose out of Port Said away from the coast of Africa and out to the open sea. He was a typical and worthy companion of the great African Brotherhood of indomitable, wild-dreaming men who did so much to build up, at least, its southern portion: the Diazes and the da Gamas; the van Riebeeks and the van der Stels, the Krugers and the Trichardts; the Rhodeses and the Livingstones, the Farewells and the Bailies; the Beits, the Barnatos, and the Isaacs; the Khamas, the Mosheshes, and the Mohlomis. And on nearly all of them something of the tragedy of de Lesseps descended: that tragedy which de Lesseps, at the time, was thought too old and ill to realize and appreciate, but about which it is now believed that he deliberately hoodwinked his family into thinking that their own attempts at hoodwinking him were successful. But if, for the most part, these men paid dearly, they achieved greatly: shaping the early and formative history of at least a sub-continent as most men are content to play some little part in the fashioning of their own city.

It seems high time, and the lists have already been too long open, for the Brotherhood's enrichment and renewal.

POSTSCRIPT

(I) SOUTH AFRICA AT WAR

SOUTH AFRICA had not fewer, but more, visitors because of the war. Hundreds of thousands of people landed on its shores who had probably never dreamt of seeing the place.

Not only was all the old glory, all the old meaning of the title 'Tavern of the Seas' restored to Cape Town, but there grew up a new designation: 'The Cape Route.' Along this Cape route, this 'Allied life-line,' there sailed an almost ceaseless stream of ships to India, to the East, to Australia and New Zealand, but, above all, to North Africa. Never much more than a month passed but the streets of Cape Town, and its great sister port of Durban, were crowded with men from Britain, released from the monotony of long days at sea, and making not merely acquaintance with their first foreign port but their first bow to a sister nation of the British Commonwealth. In the days of petrol plenty, many of them would be taken out to fruit farms and sugar plantations; rushed out for bathes to beaches and seas, golden and blue, such as they had only seen before on posters; shown cities of white, yellow, red-roofed buildings, full of handsome shops and skyscraper flats; given a glimpse of a social life, light-hearted, spontaneous. And in the shops and cafés they were able to buy as many oranges, as much tobacco and chocolate as they liked; any quantity and quality of food; even (until the last year or so) silk stockings to send off to their women-folk. In four or five days it was all over, but an impression—possibly a lasting impression—had been made. But South Africa had many more lasting guests. Thousands of troops from outside the Union were trained here and in Rhodesia, and then there came to us thousands of women and children evacuees from the Near East, from Singapore, and Burma.

We were often told that South Africa knew nothing about the war, and for all one could see there might not be a war on. Broadly speaking that was no doubt true—even though, towards the end, our ports were blacked out, ships were sunk off our coasts, and silk stockings became the most coveted prizes in raffles. Yet while South Africa might still show few signs and bear no outward scars of war, this did not mean that she had not exerted herself in the war effort, nor paid something of its toll. Her war effort—in which, for political reasons, a considerable section of her population

had abstained from taking part—was something of an epic. Central figures in it were General Smuts, Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief, and Dr. H. J. van der Bijl, Director of War Supplies, first educated in South Africa, university student in Germany and America, largely the creator of South Africa's electricity supply and steel industry, and now (as an American correspondent described him) the 'spark plug of South Africa's amazing new war industries.'

General Smuts got together a fine South African Army and flew on a number of occasions to North Africa to visit that Army in the field. His real rank, of course, is that of Field Marshal, but on these occasions, among his own young countrymen—bathing perchance with them in the Mediterranean—he at once became 'Oubaas'; and nothing pleased them better than to hear that 'Ouma,' Mrs. Smuts, had flown up with him. Both General Smuts and Mrs. Smuts were then seventy-two years of age, and their joint pilgrimages must have been something unique in military history. Unique, too, must have been the record of a man of seventy-two years who was both General Officer Commanding his country's army and Prime Minister during a period that has demanded a shrewd assessment of internal rumblings, and, beyond that, contributed no small part to the shaping of the Allied strategic plan as a whole.

South Africa's 'amazing war industries' included, among other things, the manufacture of howitzers, anti-tank guns, armoured cars, tin helmets, shells, hand grenades, boots, uniforms, chocolates that did not melt in the heat and guava juice that has a higher vitamin content than any other fruit in the world (sixty times as much as orange juice).

The South African Army, so largely armed with South African equipment, was among the most aggressive armies in this war. No sooner had Italy entered the war and the cheering died down in the Palazzo Venezia than the South African Air Force had made its first attack on military objectives in Abyssinia at a 'height of approximately 800 feet'; and that persistence, that gallantry, the South African Air Force went on displaying as the war continued—the Union, moreover, contributing its full share to the ace flyers of the R.A.F., its Malans and Hugos, its Nettletons and its Lewises.

Even when reduced to figures, the feats of the South African Army in Abyssinia, Italian Somaliland, and Eritrea sound like so much wild romanticizing. Beginning the campaign with an advance of twenty-four miles a day, they increased it to as high as fifty on some days; and in the last ninety-four days before Amba Alagi, they travelled no fewer than 1,500 miles. They not only played a major part in the capture of a huge slice of the Italian Empire, but

helped considerably to eliminate the huge army of the Duke of Aosta which might otherwise have threatened the Allies through the Sudan and Suez. An official publication¹ recorded :

'It is not possible to give detailed information about the South African forces at the present time, but quite recently it was disclosed that General Cunningham's command in East Africa numbered a mere 20,000 infantry and 68 guns. The Italian forces opposing them comprised 170,000 men, of whom 96,000 were infantry, and 400 guns.'

It is doubtful whether military annals of this or any other century can reveal much stranger figures.

Things became rather different in Egypt. The South Africans expected it so—although they were never obsessed with the idea of the German as a super-soldier. Largely owing to the strategy of Major-General de Villiers they achieved a fine victory and huge haul of prisoners (a German general among them) at Bardia. But it was almost inevitable that sooner or later they must have losses. At Sidi Rezegh, fighting a battle which General Norrie, the Corps Commander, was to speak of as 'an outstanding action,' and a 'turning point,' big gaps were made in the 5th South African Brigade; and then came that black Sunday in June 1942 when South Africa learned that thousands of its men had been captured in Tobruk.

Neither on the home front, nor in the field, was there despair. A special recruiting campaign to 'Avenge Tobruk!' soon refilled the ranks; Union troops were now lending a useful hand in Madagascar; while on the growingly angry battle front in the north, South Africans went on steadily, stoically adding to their laurels, under Major-General 'Dan' Pienaar. In Major-General Dan Pienaar, South Africans had undoubtedly found a commander in whom seemed to have been reborn much of the strategic 'feel' and insight of the old Boer leaders, along with something of that patriarchal appeal and power over each individual man under his command. His death in a flying crash between Cairo and South Africa fell on the whole Union with almost the same shock as another Tobruk; and the poignancy of it was heightened by the fact that the country was still echoing with the message of Mr. Winston Churchill congratulating the nation 'on the fresh distinctions gained by the South African Division under General Pienaar' and on 'the

¹ *Vanguard of Victory*, by Conrad Norton and Uys Krige, War correspondents of the Bureau of Information, Government Printer, Pretoria.

glorious part' played in 'what may well become the decisive victory of El Alamein.'

In Italy, the 6th South African Armoured Division, under Major-General W. A. Evered Poole, first fought splendidly in partnership with the 24th Guards Brigade and then played a leading part in the battles of Monte Sole, Monte Caprara, until the final successful engagement in the Po Valley, where for four days the South African tanks were engaged in a running fight with German tanks.

As for Southern Rhodesia's war effort, General Smuts described it as the most notable contribution in the Empire in relation to her population and resources. In proportion to the number of European men of military age (19,000) 52.6 per cent served in the forces, 12 per cent became casualties, and over 6 per cent paid the supreme sacrifice. Rhodesians are proud of the fact that they served on every battle front and in every arm of the British services.

(2) THE POST-WAR CALL FOR IMMIGRANTS

I

IN the preface of this book, it is stated that this is a book of various aims and that it is written both for the South African and for the visitor. It should now be added that the author hopes his book, in this third and revised edition, will also be read with interest and profit by the men and women who respond to South Africa's present call for immigrants.

It may not be inopportune first to recall just how that call for immigrants was worded. The statement, which was issued by the Department of External Affairs and first published in the South African morning newspapers of 15th August 1946, began by saying that, in view of the shortage of man-power even after most of the fighting forces had returned, the Government was considering some radical changes in immigration policy. Developments in the new Free State goldfields, the extension of the manufacturing industry, and the needs of many projects of reconstruction, were creating a demand for labour that could not be met out of the Union's present resources.

There was also another reason for the change. In the background, overshadowing every problem, there was 'the very urgent need, which has repeatedly been emphasized by General Smuts,

to increase the white population of the Union, which forms the chief bastion of European civilization on the continent.' The Union was situated in an exposed geographical position; and 'in a world still anxiously groping for the means of security, she dare not neglect any opportunity of building up her resources and her defensive strength.'

The statement then went on to indicate broadly the type of immigrant wanted. Up to fifteen years ago, the most suitable immigrant to South Africa was thought to be the farming type—with capital. But even before the war that idea was rapidly dying, and industrial developments during the war gave it its death-blow.

Now it was declared that 'in almost every category of workers engaged in industry, from semi-skilled workmen to technicians and scientists of the highest qualifications and experience, the shortage of man-power is becoming increasingly insistent and obtrusive,' so that 'while the most urgent need is for skilled artisans, it is considered that every effort should be made to encourage the entry of persons who have the experience and means to set up industries, however small, and particularly enterprises that would develop the Union's base minerals and other resources.' In order, moreover, to balance an increasing industrial population there would be increased scope for the immigration of professional men, such as engineers of various kinds and architects qualified to practise in the country.

II

At the time of writing this chapter, the latest information is that General Smuts has expressed the opinion that immigration must be put before all other matters. Three committees, consisting of prominent officials from the Labour, Commerce and Industries, and Agriculture Departments, are expected to fly to Europe and start immediate work. One committee, it is said, will go to London, and recruit and advise immigrants in Great Britain and Ireland; the second committee will be established either in Holland or Belgium, with headquarters at Amsterdam, The Hague, Brussels, or Antwerp, and will concern itself with immigrants from western Europe, including the Scandinavian countries; the third committee will be established in Rome and will recruit immigrants from Italy and Greece. Little difficulty, it is estimated, will be experienced in getting the first 50,000 immigrants, but how soon there will be shipping enough to bring them to South Africa is not yet known. Hostels are to be established at the coast for the accommodation on arrival of those immigrants without pre-arranged employment;

and the Unemployment Registration Act, under which all unemployed workers will have to be registered, will be used as a means of placing immigrants in touch with employers.

But how, asks the intending immigrant, do I first let somebody responsible know that it is my desire and intention to settle in South Africa?

Anybody outside Britain should consult the nearest South African representative—probably to be found in his country's capital—and ask to be directed to the established Immigration Committee in that area. In Britain, it is very possible that by the time this book is published the London Committee—that is to say the committee appointed for the United Kingdom—will already have established itself and made its address widely known. But if the address of this committee is not known, then the intending immigrant should write in the first instance to 'Immigration, South Africa House, London, W.C.2. He may also care to consult the London secretary of the 1820 Memorial Settlers' Association, Mr. Brendan Quin, Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. This association has done noble work in helping immigrants to come to the Union in the last twenty-six years. From 1920 to 1932 the association was principally interested in bringing out settlers for the land and it established two farms, from which the vast majority of 7,000 trainees made good on the land or in other occupations to which they found themselves more suited. In 1933 the scope of the association's work was extended to skilled artisans; and by the time of the outbreak of war in 1939, approximately 3,000 such artisans had been brought out and established with such effect that during the war years, when South Africa embarked on a munitions and industrial programme that at one time would have been thought impossible, Dr. van der Bijl was referring to many of them as his 'key men' and his 'precision men.'

Mr. Cecil J. Sibbett, the chairman of the 1820 Settlers' Association, informs me that the association, is 'now occupied in bringing out a wide range of selected settlers, but more particularly skilled artisans for whom there is a great demand.' The difficulty, he says, 'is not jobs but homes'; and his association is advising settlers not to bring out their wives and families 'until they have established themselves and procured essential "home" accommodation.' This problem of lack of accommodation is, of course, worldwide and will be borne in mind by any intelligent immigrant. Although the South African Government maintains that it has made as much progress with its housing plans as most countries, houses and offices in the Union are very scarce—as they are everywhere. This is a subject on which the Immigration Committees, and the officials at

South Africa House, and of the 1820 Settlers' Association, are bound to keep themselves fully informed, and the prospective immigrant should get in these quarters all the information he wants on this and most other subjects. Moreover, the housing situation will almost certainly be dealt with in the special immigration booklets and leaflets that are to be compiled.

III

Some prospective immigrants reading this book may not have their eyes on the Union of South Africa so much as on its neighbour, Southern Rhodesia, and this chapter could hardly be complete without some reference to the immigration policy of that country.

Rhodesia's immigration policy, like South Africa's, is based not only on the need for development of the country but also on the need for greater security. At the outbreak of the last war, Southern Rhodesia's population stood at 69,000 Europeans and 1,325,000 Africans. Of the whites there were only 19,000 of military age, of whom a proportion had to be retained for administration and essential services. Some 10,000 Rhodesians were eventually drafted for active service; too few even to gain the colony national recognition since a division was the smallest unit recognized. Accordingly Rhodesians were scattered throughout the British forces.

There is a third reason why Rhodesia says she wants more European settlers. With a proportion of twenty Africans to one European, the advancement of the Africans must be slow and the financial liability on the European disproportionately great. Once he is raised above the primitive level, the economic value of the African through his capability of doing efficient work is generally recognized. But an essential part of that process is a larger European population to develop industry, the making available of more money for general advancement, and the provision of better and more efficient medical, educational, and administrative services for the African.

Since the national character of Rhodesia has always been predominantly British, and the ties between Southern Rhodesia and Britain are strong and deep, there is a desire that the majority of newcomers shall be British. As this book was going to press, I asked the Public Relations Department at Salisbury, the capital of Southern Rhodesia, just what type of immigrants were wanted for Southern Rhodesia. Here is the reply: 'An immigration policy based on numbers alone would be disastrous. Quality is an important factor. The unskilled and semi-skilled work in the colony is done by Africans, coloureds, and a certain type of

European, so that there is no room for the labourer type of immigrant. Skilled people, fully trained in their various spheres, are wanted to give the colony a flying start in the development of industries and the provision of the necessary services. In a word, immigration must be selective. There seems little doubt that we shall get the people we want. The restrictive factors at present are shortage of shipping space to get the immigrants out, and shortage of housing accommodation in the colony. Both these difficulties are temporary, and as they are overcome a vigorous immigration policy will be put into force. As far as possible this immigration will be *planned*—first the industries will be established and the housing provided, and as they can be absorbed the new people will be brought in. The policy is a long-term one and aims at introducing 100,000 immigrants over a period of ten years.'

Attention should also be drawn to the straight-from-the-shoulder Foreword written to the latest Southern Rhodesia brochure by Sir Godfrey Huggins, Prime Minister of the colony, who is becoming more and more recognized as one of the big figures of Africa, and who, in between his duties as a surgeon and a writer of works on amputations and the treatment of stumps, has been a member of the Southern Rhodesian Parliament since 1923. 'Southern Rhodesia,' says Sir Godfrey, 'is no place for men or women without skill of either hand or brain, nor is it a place for people who expect to be molly-coddled through life. But for those who are independent and self-reliant, prepared to stand on their own two feet, it is a grand country . . . and for the man who is prepared to "take a chance" there will always be scope—so long as he bears in mind that, although we have many amenities, on the whole this country must be regarded as still in the pioneering stage.'

IV

As for the immigrant's preparation for the voyage, and his landing in his new home, no doubt the immigration booklets will have counsel to offer. But perhaps two suggestions—which are often apt to be overlooked—may not be without profit.

One is in regard to clothes. It is a good thing to postpone the buying of clothes until one reaches the town or district in South Africa or Rhodesia in which one proposes to settle. Even in coupon-ruled Britain, there may be a temptation to buy suits and dresses for a voyage with the inevitability of a bride buying a trousseau; and probably a bigger temptation on landing at Cape Town to run riot in outfitters' shops that have never known coupons. But the climate in various parts of South Africa and Rhodesia varies

considerably—and so to some extent does sartorial custom—and the shops at your ultimate destination are likely to give you the best and most long-serving satisfaction.

A further point. While it is not a good thing, when landing in a new country, to throw about a lot of what is sometimes called 'book talk,' it is very well worth while to have acquired a good foundation of knowledge about the intended country of one's adoption. No matter where you live, it should be pretty easy to obtain such a foundation. In nearly every library in Britain, there must be a score or more books on South Africa and Rhodesia waiting for you to learn from them something of these countries' history, customs, and admittedly complex problems.

It is too early yet to say much as to the ships on which immigrants may sail. Immigrant ships, as such, can hardly have sailed to South Africa this century, but P. and O. immigrant liners frequently passed through Cape Town on their way to Australia; and on one of them the writer made a voyage. Neither the accommodation nor the food could be described as luxurious, but both were adequate and streets ahead of what many men and women have known on troopships in the war. A feeling of comradeship among passengers is born of sailing together to a new homeland, and the voyage is not likely to be forgotten, especially the last day or two of it. Even people not given to sentiment will probably agree that there are few experiences in life that stamp a more lasting impression on the mind than the approach to a new land, a new home.

REFERENCE SECTIONS

PLACES AND THINGS TO SEE

NOTE.—The figures of European population of towns above 6,000 in South Africa, and above 1,000 in Southern Rhodesia, are of the 1946 census. The remaining populations are taken from the 1941 European census and the 1936 general census. Figures of Native, Asiatic, and Coloured population of the 1941 census were not available at the time this book was printed and are here stated from the 1936 census.

ALICE—(European 701, Native 1,908, Asiatic 14, Coloured 295).

Lovedale Mission Station and Fort Hare College for Natives. Mountain scenery and trout fishing.

ALI WAL NORTH—(European 2,507, Native 3,948, Asiatic 21, Coloured 1,112). Sulphur Springs one mile from town. Orange River. Public Gardens.

BARBERTON—(European 2,873, Native 2,014, Asiatic 143, Coloured 134). Old goldfield workings; cotton-growing.

BEAUFORT WEST—(European 3,548, Native 949, Asiatic 20, Coloured 3,449). Wool town in the Karroo. Fine Dutch Reformed Church.

BEIRA—(European 2,153, Native 11,822, Asiatic 1,529, Coloured 614). Excursion up the Busi River to sugar and rubber plantations.

BELFAST—(European 1,240, Native 888, Asiatic 44, Coloured 36). Highest railway station on main line, 6,463 feet; health resort; Sterkspruit Falls; trout streams.

BENONI—(European 24,303, Native 53,854, Asiatic 959, Coloured 1,876). Gold mines; Kleinfontein dam; Curtis Park.

BETHLEHEM—(European 5,260, Native 4,951, Asiatic 1, Coloured 416). Loch Athlone; Kloof Park; bird sanctuary.

BLOEMFONTEIN, including suburbs—(European 37,750, Native 31,042, Asiatic 8, Coloured 2,892). City Hall, Appeal Court; Raadsaal; Government Offices; Supreme Court; President Brand Street; the Old Fort; King's Park and Zoo; Prince's Rose Garden; Hamilton Park; Orange Free State University; Grey College; Women's Monument and War Museum; Franklin Game Reserve on Naval Hill; Michigan Observatory on Naval Hill; Harvard Observatory; Mazelspoort; Mazelspoort River Resort; Glen Agricultural College.

BOKSBURG—(European 20,512, Native 32,405, Asiatic 754, Coloured 1,051). Boksburg Lake and Lake Park; Boksburg North Park; gold mines.

BRAKPAN—(European 27,351, Native 37,106, Asiatic 31, Coloured 319). Gold mines; Robert Scott Gardens; Hosking Park.

BREDASDORP—(European 1,730, Native 48, Asiatic 2, Coloured 1,471). Twenty-six miles from Cape Agulhas, most southern point of Africa; National Park preserving herd of bontebok.

- BROKEN HILL**—(European 1,400). Famous for lead, zinc, and a radium mine. Fine view of Luano Valley obtainable from Mulungoshi dam. Two fine waterfalls to be seen forty and fifty miles east—one on Lunsemgwa River said to be about 400 feet high.
- BULAWAYO**—(European 17,317, Native 1,700, Asiatic and Coloured 1,500). Matopos, burial place of Rhodes; Matopos dam; Hillside dam; Lakeside Khami dam and ruins.
- BURGERSDORP**—(European 2,058, Native 2,203, Asiatic 13, Coloured 581). On main line from East London to Johannesburg. Founded 1846 near banks of Stormberg Spruit.
- CALEDON**—(European 1,984, Native 36, Asiatic 1, Coloured 1,318). Medicinal springs; wild flowers; the Old Dutch Church.
- CAPE TOWN**, urban area—(European 214,201, Native 14,160, Asiatic 8,893, Coloured 152,911). Houses of Parliament, upper end of Adderley Street; City Hall, Darling Street; Botanical Gardens, Government Avenue; Museum and Art Gallery, Government Avenue; Municipal Orchestra, City Hall and suburbs; Michaelis collection of pictures, Old Town House, Greenmarket Square; the Castle, Parade Ground; the Cape Archives, Queen Victoria Street; Dutch Reformed Church, Groote Kerk, top of Adderley Street; Cathedral of St. George, Wale Street; South Africa Public Library, Government Avenue; Koopman de Wet Museum, 35 Strand Street; Table Mountain aerial cableway, 30 minutes from Adderley Street, return fare 9s. 4d., tea-room and restaurant at summit station; Sea Point bathing pavilion and pools; Camp's Bay bathing pavilion and swimming-bath; Muizenberg and Fish Hoek surf-bathing; St. James Aquarium and bathing-pool; Kalk Bay and Glencairn bathing-pools; Seaforth bathing beach; Simonstown Naval Base, the Round House between Camp's Bay and Kloof Nek; Groote Schuur; Rhodes Memorial and Zoo; Rondebosch; Kirstenbosch; Kirstenbosch Botanic Gardens; Claremont Public Gardens; Wynberg Public Park; Groot Constantia.
- CERES**—(European 1,603, Native 11, Asiatic 4, Coloured 2,115). Orchards; mountain scenery and winter sports.
- CHRISTIANA**—(European 2,095, Native 1,159, Asiatic 51, Coloured 132). Vaal River, alluvial diamond diggings, fruit-growing.
- CRADOCK**—(European 3,980, Native 3,569, Asiatic 50, Coloured 1,951). Fine Dutch Reformed Church; Municipal Park; sulphur baths; training farms; burial place of Olive Schreiner.
- DAR-ES-SALAAM**—(European 1,650, Native 22,716, Asiatic 8,910). Botanical Gardens.
- DE AAR**—(European 3,317, Native 1,141, Asiatic 25, Coloured 1,691). Second largest railway junction in the Union.
- DUNDEE**—(European 1,679, Native 2,886, Asiatic 863, Coloured 200). Fine pastoral centre; glass works; Coronation Park; near to Blood River and Rorke's Drift—scenes of historic battles.
- DURBAN**, urban area—(European 124,792, Native 68,698, Asiatic 88,226, Coloured 7,649). Town Hall Library, Museum and Art

- Gallery, West Street; Medwood Gardens, West Street; Albert Park; Mitchell Park; Botanic Gardens; the Berea; Dick King Statue; Indian and native markets near Emmanuel Cathedral off West Street; whaling station; terminus of flying boats; Salisbury Island; Morningside wild life sanctuary; Athlone Gardens; Riverside; the Blue Lagoon; Trappist monastery at Marianhill; sugar mills; Mount Edgcombe; Valley of a Thousand Hills.
- EAST LONDON**, urban area—(European 39,646, Native 24,388, Asiatic 853, Coloured 4,011). The Aquarium; Museum, top end of Oxford Street; Queen's Park; bathing beaches and pools; suburbs of Cambridge and Amalinda.
- ERMELO**—(European 2,826, Native 2,017, Asiatic 196, Coloured 60). Important sheep centre; Lake Chrissie, 23 miles distant, has a circumference of nearly 16 miles.
- ESHOWE**—(European 943, Native 1,153, Asiatic 21, Coloured 260). Principal town of Zululand; beauty resort.
- ESTCOURT**—(European 1,338, Native 1,182, Asiatic 298, Coloured 17). Bacon and sausage factories.
- FICKSBURG**—(European 2,506, Native 2,398, Coloured 232). Twelve miles to Leribe, Basutoland, cars leaving each day.
- FRANSCH HOEK**—(European 568, Native 7, Asiatic 2, Coloured 454). Old Huguenot cemetery; Fransch Hoek Pass.
- FUNCHAL**—(Population 75,000). Shops and bazaars displaying Madeira embroidery. Railway to Mount and have meal at one of mountain hotels. Cathedral. Wine making.
- GEORGE**—(European 7,016, Native 427, Asiatic 16, Coloured 3,437). One of the most attractive small towns in South Africa; mountains and fine oaks; ten miles away is the Wilderness, noted beauty spot.
- GERMISTON**, urban area—(European 51,744, Native 44,572, Asiatic 806, Coloured 1,498). Gold mines; Victoria Lake; leading railway junction of South Africa; air port; gold refinery.
- GRAAFF REINET**—(European 4,377, Native 3,277, Asiatic 25, Coloured 4,234). Dates back to 1786; Valley of Desolation; motorists' rest camp; van Ryneveld's irrigation lake; fine Dutch Reformed Church.
- GRAHAMSTOWN**—(European 8,900, Native 9,131, Asiatic 122, Coloured 2,322). City Hall, containing Art Gallery, South African Library for the Blind, High Street; fine schools and churches; Rhodes University College; Cathedral; Albany Museum; Drostdy Gate and Guard House; the Provost—historic building formerly used as a prison; numerous old forts; Botanical Gardens; Howieson's Poort dam, trout.
- GWELO**—(European 2,047, Native 2,165, Asiatic and Coloured 2,383). Centre of Rhodesian gold mining industry.
- HARRISMITH**—(European 3,367, Native 5,948, Asiatic 10, Coloured 117). Health resort and convenient centre for approaching Mont-aux-Sources; woollen factory.

HEIDELBERG, TRANSVAAL—(European 2,332, Native 3,281, Asiatic 135, Coloured 77). Heidelberg Kloof. Gold possibilities. HERMANUS—(European 2,057, Native 104, Asiatic 1, Coloured 341). Resort and famous sea angling centre; burial place of Sir William Hoy.

HOWICK—(European 495, Native 837, Asiatic 334, Coloured 63). Howick Falls of the Great Umgeni.

INDOLA—(European 1,000, Native 8,000). Centre of copper-belt of Northern Rhodesia, containing four of largest copper mines in the world. Formerly place at which Arab slave caravans met to proceed to coast in larger bands for mutual protection. Old Slave Tree still stands in town. Lake Chirengwa, more commonly known as 'Sunken Lake,' lying about eight miles across country, is of great depth, and has no visible inlet or outlet. Another lake of interest is Ishiku, five miles from Indola.

JAGERSFONTEIN—(European 673, Native 1,700). Diamond mines.

JOHANNESBURG, urban area—(European 324,304, Native 229,122, Asiatic 10,109, Coloured 22,482). Gold mines; modern buildings, including particularly modern library, railway station, and post office; Cathedral; City Hall (including one of world's finest organs); Africana Museum (on top floor of public library); Geological Museum, also in library; Joubert Park, with Art Gallery; Witwatersrand University; Zoo; South African Institute for Medical Research; Observatory of the Union of South Africa; Observatory of Yale University; native war dances on mines; Stock Exchange and visit down mine.

KIMBERLEY, urban area—(European 18,915, Native 14,499, Asiatic 977, Coloured 9,014). Diamond mines; Museum; Memorial Hill; Duggan-Cronin native photographic studies; Alexandersfontein.

KING WILLIAM'S TOWN—(European 5,540, Native 3,564, Asiatic 113, Coloured 1,152). Museum (Huberta the Hippo); Botanic Gardens, Maden dam; Trout Hatchery in Pirie Forest.

KITWE—(European 2,500, Native 16,000). Adjacent to Nkana Mine and largest township in Northern Rhodesia. Named after stream which borders it.

KLERKSDORP—(European 6,254, Native 3,839, Asiatic 188, Coloured 355). Old voortrekker town now developing into a gold-mining centre.

KNYSNA—(European 2,739, Native 56, Asiatic 19, Coloured 704). Heads; Knysna Forest (elephants and stinkwood-trees); stinkwood furniture factories.

KOKSTAD—(European 1,528, Native 2,375, Asiatic 9, Coloured 1,582). Capital of East Griqualand at foot of Mount Currie, 7,000 feet; grave of Adam Kok; Umzimlaba River.

KROONSTAD—(European 5,902, Native 7,459, Asiatic 2, Coloured 584). River resort.

KRUGERSDORP—(European 23,441, Native 35,285, Asiatic 431, Coloured 1,028). Gold mines; picnic places; Mulder's Drift, Witpoortjie Falls, King's Kloof, Sterkfontein Caves, Gladys Vale, Maloney's Eye, and Swartkop.

KURUMAN—(European 1,366, Native 904, Asiatic 13, Coloured 350). Largest natural spring in South Africa; home and church built by Robert Moffat, famous missionary; old almond-tree under which David Livingstone proposed to Mary Moffat.

LADISMITH, CAPE PROVINCE—(European 918, Native 7, Asiatic 2, Coloured 657). Fine mountain scenery and flowers.

LADYBRAND—(European 2,268, Native 2,305, Coloured 134). Lilyhoek Gardens.

LADYSMITH, NATAL—(European 7,499, Native 4,137, Asiatic 1,644, Coloured 261). Memorial Church of All Saints: battlefields of Spion Kop; Nicholson's Nek and Elandsplaagte. Convenient approach to Drakensberg.

LAS PALMAS—Cathedral, Museum, fine drives.

LICHTENBURG—(European 3,279, Native 2,333, Asiatic 143, Coloured 98). Diamond diggings.

LIVINGSTONE—(European 1,596, Asiatic 32, Native 6,500). Seven miles from Victoria Falls. Was formerly administrative capital of Northern Rhodesia, now established, since 1935, at Lusaka, 300 miles further north. A game park, where animals may wander at will as at Whipsnade, long been laid out, and a museum established, displaying personal relics of David Livingstone. Floating swimming-bath and famous regatta course on Zambesi.

LOUIS TRICHARDT—(European 2,493, Native 2,283, Asiatic 177, Coloured 70). Zoutpansberg mountains and Tsama River.

LOURENÇO MARQUES—(European 9,001, non-European 5,210). Polana Beach; Vasco da Gama Gardens; Praça Sete de Março, Band Square; river resort, Marracuene.

LUANSHYA—(European 1,800, Native 22,000). Town in Rhodesian copper belt, 23 miles from Ndola.

LÜDERITZ—(European 840, Native, etc. 1,448). Port and seaside resort. Diamond fields. Crayfish canning.

LUSAKA—(European 1,350). Capital of Northern Rhodesia since 1935, situated at strategic and geographic centre of territory. New buildings of capital are on ridge about mile and a half from railway station, with which connected road named King George's Avenue by Duke of Kent in 1934. Government House is Georgian in design, with old Colonial influence, and grounds laid out in style of old English country house.

LYDENBURG—(European 4,956, Native 1,608, Asiatic 104, Coloured 83). One of the oldest towns in the Transvaal; fine mountain scenery and trout fishing.

MAFEKING—(European 2,302, Native 1,655, Asiatic 198, Coloured 451). Place of siege which lasted 280 days; Wondergat (14 miles).

MALMESBURY—(European 2,387, Native 18, Asiatic 43, Coloured 2,221). Fine wheatlands and mineral springs.

MARGATE—(European 947, Native 223, Asiatic 35, Coloured 10). Rapidly rising Natal seaside resort. Faerie Glen, Oribi Flats, Oribi Gorges, St. Helen's Rock.

MASERU, capital of Basutoland; Thaba Bosigo, 15 miles; Maluti Mountains; Maletsunyane Falls, 60 miles through mountain country.

MIDDELBURG, CAPE PROVINCE—(European 3,438, Native 1,329, Asiatic 7, Coloured 1,896). Wheat and cattle district; mountain scenery; Agricultural College at Grootfontein.

MIDDELBURG, TRANSVAAL—(European 2,901, Native 2,493, Asiatic 214, Coloured 171). Coalfields; Loskop Irrigation Scheme; tree planting on town lands.

MOMBASA—(52,700, of whom about 1,000 are Europeans). Historic Fort of Jesus; English and Roman Catholic Cathedrals.

MONTAGU—(European 2,063, Native 11, Asiatic 1, Coloured 1,428). Mineral springs; Cogman's Kloof; Lovers' Walk; Euvrard Memorial Park.

MOSSEL BAY—(European 3,042, Native 92, Asiatic 93, Coloured 3,782). The Poort (fine natural bathing-pool); post office tree used by Portuguese navigators; Seal Island; angling.

MOZAMBIQUE—(In the district are about 985,000 Natives, 1,500 Asiatics, and about 600 Europeans). Discovered by Vasco da Gama in 1498; historic fortress of S. Sebastião; chapel of St. Francisco Xavier; residence of the Governor; trade school.

NAIROBI—(European 7,090, Native 46,660, Asiatic 17,270). Coryndon Memorial Museum; Arboretum; Lone Tree; Government House; City Park; Cathedral.

NEWCASTLE—(European 1,888, Native 2,231, Asiatic 705, Coloured 101). Iron and steel works; coal mines; Incandu Falls.

NIGEL—(European 6,053, Native 17,247, Asiatic 245, Coloured 145). Gold mines.

OUDTSHOORN—(European 8,027, Native 284, Asiatic 22, Coloured 6,411). Cango Caves; ostrich farms; Rust-en-Vrede Falls.

PAARL—(European 10,935, Native 474, Asiatic 34, Coloured 9,248). Paarl Rock; Paarl mountain drive; vineyards.

PARYS—(European 2,925, Native 2,130, Coloured 141). Pleasure resort on Vaal River; tobacco growing.

PIETERMARITZBURG, urban area—(European 27,555, Native 15,671, Asiatic 9,088, Coloured 2,334). City Hall and Art Gallery; Voortrekker Museum; Market Place; Natal Museum, Loop Street; Provincial Council Buildings, Longmarket Street; Natal University; Scottsville; Alexandra Park; Botanic Gardens; Swartkop Valley; World's View (4 miles); Howick Falls; Albert Falls; Karkloof; Unlaas Falls; Edendale Falls; Table Mountain (18 miles).

PIETERSBURG—(European 4,557, Native 4,343, Asiatic 377,

- Coloured 175). Aerodrome and northern gateway to Kruger National Park.
- PORT ALFRED—(European 1,088, Native 2,806, Asiatic 8, Coloured 414). Mouth of Kowie River; fine beaches; boating; fishing.
- PORT ELIZABETH, urban area—(European 64,745, Native 28,290, Asiatic 2,459, Coloured 25,631). The Campanile; City Hall on Market Square; War Pictures in Feather Market; Donkin Reserve; the Fort; Snake Park and Museum; Monument erected in memory of horses killed in Boer War; St. George's Park; Baakens River Nature Reserve; Humewood; motor works; canning factories; sweet and biscuit factories; boot and leather industries; Walmer; mineral baths (6 miles); Addo National Park Game Reserve—elephants (45 miles).
- PORT SAID—(109,000 including over 17,000 Europeans). De Lesseps statue; Monument to Anzacs; Arab Town; Abbas Mosque; European quarter shopping centre.
- PORT ST. JOHNS—(European 262, Native 339, Coloured 160). The Gates; seaside and river resort.
- PORT SHEPSTONE—(European 1,001, Native 654, Asiatic 199, Coloured 23). Umzimkulu River; beaches.
- POTCHEFSTROOM—(European 13,558, Native 7,234, Asiatic 280, Coloured 811). University College; Old Gereformeerde Kerk; the dam, Vaal River; 1881 War Memorial; Alexandra Park.
- PRETORIA, urban area—(European 124,542, Native 45,312, Asiatic 2,982, Coloured 3,392). Union Buildings on Meintjes Kop; the Raadsaal and the Palace of Justice of the late South African Republic in Church Square; the President Kruger Memorial by van Wouw in Station Square; University of Pretoria; Iscor iron and steel works; Delville Wood memorial, replica in terraces of Union Building; Transvaal Museum and National Zoological Gardens, Boom Street; the New Museum, opposite New Town Hall; the New Town Hall, near station; President Paul Kruger's home, Church Street West; Klapperkop Fort (largest and best known of the chain of old Boer forts round Pretoria); Royal Mint (by permit obtainable at the Publicity Association); Fountains Valley and Kiosk (1½ miles); Wonderboom (4 miles); Premier Mine (25 miles east); Hartebeestpoort dam (22 miles west); Onderstepoort Laboratory; Radcliffe Observatory at Klapperkop.
- QUEENSTOWN—(European 8,136, Native 9,662, Asiatic 67, Coloured 1,803). Public gardens; St. Michael and All Angels' Church; note hexagon formation of town; Katberg, beautiful mountain resort between Queenstown and Fort Beaufort.
- RANDFONTEIN—(European 10,424, Native 23,216, Asiatic 1, Coloured 314). Gold mines.
- RIVERSDALE—(European 2,167, Native 26, Asiatic 3, Coloured 1,965). Fruit and wheat centre, with fine varieties of wild flowers, particularly heath; Still Bay, picnic centre; walnut-tree at Windvogelskraal, reputed to be among largest in South Africa.

- ROBERTSON—(European 3,212, Native 42, Asiatic 3, Coloured 1,888). Wheat and fruit centre; fine bathing from beach fronting the Breede River.
- ROODEPOORT—(European 22,950, Native 29,976, Asiatic 191, Coloured 712). Gold mines; Florida Lake, Reef beauty spot, famous fishing centre.
- RUSTENBURG—(European 4,558, Native 2,651, Asiatic, 234, Coloured 64). Famous tobacco growing area; Kruger statue in Town Gardens; mountain scenery.
- SALISBURY—(European 21,293, Native, Asiatic, and Coloured 22,000). Government offices; Rhodes statue; Beit statue; public gardens; public library and museum opposite public gardens; Greenwood Park, Jesuit Mission Farm, Mazoe Dam, Mermaids' Pool, Sinoia Caves.
- SIMONSTOWN—(European 2,694, Native 440, Asiatic 62, Coloured 2,248). Africa naval base; dockyards; Admiralty House; training ship *General Botha*; old churches with interesting tombstones in graveyards; good bathing at Seaforth.
- SOMERSET EAST—(European 1,854, Native 2,169, Asiatic 24, Coloured 1,666). Farming centre amid good scenery; Glen Avon waterfall.
- SOMERSET WEST—(European 1,777, Native 114, Asiatic 25, Coloured 2,010). Fruit-growing centre; fine old Dutch houses in district; explosives factory.
- SPRINGS—(European 25,355, Native 67,190, Asiatic 642, Coloured 606). Gold mines; fine sports ground and swimming-bath.
- STANDERTON—(European 3,820, Native 2,805, Asiatic 250, Coloured 190). Farming centre; boating and bathing on Vaal River.
- STELLENBOSCH—(European 6,377, Native 177, Asiatic 52, Coloured 3,558). Fine old houses and avenues of oaks; university; trout fishing; Rhenish Church with carved pulpit.
- STRAND—(European 3,733, Native 158, Asiatic 54, Coloured 2,348). Fine beaches; in neighbourhood, old Dutch houses.
- SWAKOPMUND—(European 1,126, Native 898, Coloured 31). Seaside resort and educational centre.
- SWELLENDAM—(European 2,082, Native 35, Asiatic 2, Coloured 1,600). Old Dutch houses, the oldest building being the Drostdy, built by the Dutch East India Company.
- TULBAGH—(European 645, Native 4, Coloured 326). Town laid out in 1795 and has many old houses, including Die Oude Drostdy, old Dutch Reformed Church, built 1743, now a museum; wild flower garden.
- UITENHAGE—(European 11,015, Native 6,588, Asiatic 225, Coloured 4,334). Old Drostdy; King George Monument; Mag-genis Park; Swartkops Valley.
- UMTALI—(European 2,800, Native 3,668, Asiatic 158, Coloured 81).

- Fine mountain scenery and numerous waterfalls; tea and coffee plantations.
- UMTATA—(European 2,375, Native 2,711, Asiatic 1, Coloured 480). Cathedral; the Bunga Hall; Umtata Falls; centre for seeing native life in Transkei.
- UPINGTON—(European 2,691, Native 895, Asiatic 10, Coloured 3,059). Orange River; Kakamas social development colony; Aughrabies Falls (60 miles).
- VEREENIGING—(European 12,145, Native 13,414, Asiatic 391, Coloured 344). Boating and fishing on Vaal River; famous Maccauvlei golf course; spot on which terms of peace were negotiated, following war of 1899-1902.
- VICTORIA FALLS STATION—(First-class hotel with 150 bedrooms, single room from 25s. per day, double from 42s. per day). Station is 280 miles from Bulawayo and one mile from Falls. Rain Forest, Main Falls, Devil's Cataract. Livingstone memorial. The 'Big Tree.' Danger Point, with 'Eve's footprint.' From Danger Point fine views are obtained of the Eastern Cataract, the Boiling Pot, and the Rainbow Falls. Launch trip to Kandabar Island and Livingstone—possibility of seeing hippopotamus and crocodile. Canal trip to Livingstone Island, from which most thrilling view of Falls is to be seen. Tree on which Livingstone cut his initials is on this island, but carving now obliterated.
- VOLKSRUST—(European 3,048, Native 1,630, Asiatic 99, Coloured 78). Falls and cascade at Slang River.
- VRYBURG—(European 2,029, Native 2,257, Asiatic 213, Coloured 528). One of great live-stock centres of Union, with butter factory. Twice weekly, railway motors leave for Kuruman, mission station of Moffats, where Livingstone courted his wife, Mary Moffat.
- VRYHEID—(European 3,306, Native 3,097, Asiatic 100, Coloured 112). Dutch Reformed Church; Anglican Cathedral (seat of Bishop of Zululand); hot mineral springs on Pievaan River (20 miles), and on Zwartfolosi (40 miles).
- WALVIS BAY—(European 650, Coloured 1,350). Principal sea-board terminus of South-West Africa railway system. Wireless station. Cold storage. Fishing.
- WARMBATHS—(European 918, Native 767, Asiatic 10, Coloured 30). Medicinal springs and hot-water swimming bath; carnation fields.
- WELLINGTON—(European 2,639, Native 85, Asiatic 55, Coloured 3,767). Huguenot College and old Dutch houses.
- WINBURG—(European 1,402, Native 2,024, Coloured 215). Oldest town and first capital of Orange Free State.
- WINDHOEK—(European 4,875, Native and Coloured 4,800). Fine Lutheran Church; Government Buildings; Zoological Gardens; Exhibition Hall.
- WITBANK—(European 3,609, Native 5,294, Asiatic 75, Coloured 118). Power station; coal mines.

- WORCESTER—(European 5,847, Native 375, Asiatic 40, Coloured 6,440). Garden of Remembrance; Drostdy; grave of Captain Trappes, first Landdrost; grape juice factory; dried fruit factory; Brandvlei Lake; Goudini baths; Brandvlei hot springs; trout fishing.
- ZANZIBAR—(Population about 150,000, including about 300 Europeans). Bazaars; Anglican Cathedral; Museum; Peace Memorial Hall; Government Offices, formerly Sultan's Palace; old Persian baths.
- ZASTRON—(European 1,763, Native 1,607, Asiatic 1, Coloured 143). Fine mountain scenery.
- ZIMBABWE—Famous ruins; nearest railway station Victoria (17 miles).

WHERE THE TOURIST MAY FIND HELP

UNDER the auspices of the South African Railway Bureau, there has been organized an excellent tourist bureau with branches in all the main towns in South Africa; and all tourists—whether they be from overseas, or South African—will do well to visit one of these branches.

The men appointed to this work are men not only of knowledge and experience, but of eagerness and enthusiasm to make more widely known the sights and charm of their country. They can also save the tourist both time and money—time because they have had years of experience in planning trips, money because they may be able to tell you how by forming a little party, or waiting until such-and-such a tour or excursion is available, you may reduce your expenditure by pounds. They will also tell you, for instance, how, on two first-class tickets, for an expenditure of only five pounds or so, you may have your car conveyed there and back on a thousand-mile journey, so that you may have the comfort of travelling by train and the convenience of your car when you get to your destination.

Odd little things like this are worth knowing. So, too, if you are coming to South Africa an entire stranger, are the various boat fares, railway fares, rates of accommodation, prices of meals on trains, and so on—all of which may be learned by calling on, or writing to, the South African Travel Bureau, South Africa House, London, W.C.2.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE OF THE CHIEF EVENTS IN SOUTH AFRICA

- 1486. Discovery of the Cape of Good Hope by Bartholomew Diaz.
- 1497. Landing of Vasco da Gama at St. Helena Bay and at Mossel Bay. Discovery of Natal.
- 1503. Discovery of Table Bay by Saldanha.
- 1602. Netherlands East India Company formed.
- 1652. Landing of van Riebeeck. First Settlement.
- 1654. Introduction of Asiatic convicts.
- 1657. First free Burghers at Rondebosch.
- 1658. First importation of about 400 West African slaves.
- 1666. Building of the Castle at Cape Town commenced.
- 1678. Settlement of Hottentots Holland.
- 1679. Stellenbosch founded under Simon van der Stel. Completion of the Castle at Cape Town.
- 1687. Settlements along Berg River (Drakenstein, Paarl).
- 1688. Arrival of Huguenot settlers. Settlement of Fransch Hoek.
- 1698. Settlement of Wagenmaker's Vallei (Wellington).
- 1699. Retirement of Simon van der Stel. Willem Adriaan van der Stel made Governor.
- 1700. Settlement in 't Land van Waveren' (Tulbagh).
- 1707. Recall of Governor W. A. van der Stel.
- 1713. Devastation by smallpox introduced from India, resulting in annihilation of Hottentot tribal system.
- 1746. Swellendam founded.
- 1751. Ryk Tulbagh, Governor.
- 1755. Foundation Stone of Old Town House, Cape Town, laid.
- 1760. Orange River crossed by Coetzee.
- 1778. Fish River made the eastern boundary by Governor van Plettenberg.
- 1779. First Kaffir War.
- 1781. An English fleet sent to seize the Cape; disabled at Porto Praya by French, who, as allies of Dutch, sent a garrison to the Cape.
- 1782. First issue of paper rixdollars.
- 1786. Foundation of Graaff Reinet.
- 1789. Second Kaffir War.
- 1792. Foundation of Moravian Mission at Genadendal.
- 1795. Revolt at Swellendam and Graaff Reinet. British occupation. General Craig, Governor.
- 1796. Surrender of Admiral Lucas's fleet to Admiral Elphinstone in Saldanha Bay. Constitution of Burgher Senate in Cape Town.
- 1797. Earl Macartney, Governor.
- 1798. First Post Office. Liquidation of Dutch East India Company.
- 1799. Rebellion on eastern frontier. Third Kaffir War. Beginnings

- of London Missionary Society in South Africa. Sir George Yonge, Governor.
1800. First printing press at Cape Town. *Government Gazette* started.
1803. Cape handed over to the Batavian Republic. J. A. de Mist, Commissioner. General Janssens, Governor.
1804. Uitenhage founded.
1806. First regular inland postal service. Battle of Blaauwberg and surrender of Cape to Sir David Baird. British Parliament passes Act prohibiting slave importation in conquered colonies.
1807. Lord Caledon, Governor.
1808. Clanwilliam founded.
1811. Caledon and George founded. Sir John Cradock, Governor.
1812. Fourth Kaffir War. Campaign to drive Kaffirs across Fish River. Grahamstown and Cradock founded.
1814. The Cape ceded in perpetuity to England. Lord Charles Somerset, Governor. Mail packet service started between Britain and the Cape.
1815. Slachter's Nek incident.
1818. Fifth Kaffir War. Occupation by settlers of land beyond the Orange River. Foundation of Beaufort West.
1820. Arrival of 5,000 British immigrants at Port Elizabeth, the '1820 Settlers,' who settled chiefly in Albany and Bathurst. Foundation of Worcester.
1824. Construction of road through Fransch Hoek Pass. First Synod of Dutch Reformed Church. Mission Station at Lovedale. British traders at Port Natal. First lighthouse opened.
1825. First steamship in Table Bay. Depreciated rixdollar converted into British sterling at 1s. 6d.
1828. Death of Chaka, who had been responsible for internecine wars amongst the Bantu tribes. Accession of Dingaan as Chief of the Zulus. Sir Lowry Cole, Governor. English becomes official language.
1830. Colesberg founded. Road over Sir Lowry's Pass opened. Kaffraria opened to traders. Treaty recognizing Andreis Waterboer as Chief of Griquas.
1831. First publication of *De Zuid Afrikaan (Ons Land)*. First issue of *Grahamstown Journal*.
1834. King William's Town founded. Sir Benjamin D'Urban, Governor. Liberation of the slaves. Kaffir unrest culminates in serious invasion of Eastern Province (December). Sixth Kaffir War.
1835. Durban founded. Beginning of Trichardt's Trek.
1836. Great Boer Trek from Cape under Potgieter, Martiz, Uys, and Pieter Retief.
1837. Retief treks to Natal. Separate administrative districts for Port Elizabeth, Cradock, and Colesberg. Sir B. D'Urban dismissed. Accession of Queen Victoria.

1838. Sir George Napier, Governor. Retief's Treaty with Dingaan. Massacres of Boers under Retief by Dingaan (February). Massacres round 'Weenen.' Overthrow of Dingaan by Andries Pretorius at Blood River (16th December—Voortrekkers' Day). Boers founded the Republic of Natal. Pietermaritzburg founded.
1839. Potchefstroom founded and Council, subject to Natal Volksraad, established. Temporary British occupation of Durban.
1840. Dingaan driven out of Natal. Panda becomes chief as vassal of Republic of Natal.
- 1840-5. Establishment of churches and villages at Piquetberg, Riversdale, Bredasdorp, Wellington, Prince Albert, Riebeek East.
1842. British forces besieged in Durban. Dick King's ride from Port Natal to Grahamstown to seek assistance for the British.
1843. Extension of British sovereignty over Natal. Recognition by treaties of Moshesh as head of Basutos and Adam Kok of Griquas.
1844. Sir Peregrine Maitland, Governor. Incorporation of Natal in Cape Colony decided upon. Majority of emigrant Boers retire across the Drakensberg.
1845. Natal separated from Cape Colony. Trek to and formation of Volksraad at Ohrigstad.
1846. Bloemfontein founded. Seventh Kaffir War.
1847. Sir H. Pottinger, Governor and High Commissioner, followed by Sir Harry Smith. Opening of Montagu Pass. Creation of Province of British Kaffraria as result of 'War of the Axe.' Commencement of sugar plantations in Natal. East London founded.
1848. British sovereignty proclaimed between Orange and Vaal Rivers. Battle of Boomplaats. Michells Pass opened.
1849. Arrival of ship *Neptune* at Simon's Bay with convicts. Successful agitation against plans of Earl Grey for making Cape a penal settlement. Livingstone discovered Lake Ngami.
1850. Outbreak of Great Kaffir Rebellion. Eighth Kaffir War.
1852. Sir George Cathcart, Governor in succession to Sir Harry Smith. Copper mining begun at Springbokfontein. First export of copper. Sand River Convention, recognizing independence of Transvaal Boers. Defeat of Sir George Cathcart by Moshesh at the Battle of Berea. Wreck of the *Birkenhead*.
1853. End of Eighth Kaffir War. Europeans settled at Queenstown and Seymour. Death of Andries Pretorius. 'Verenigde Bond' becomes 'South African Republic.' Union Steamship Line founded.
1854. Sir George Grey, Governor. Orange Free State becomes independent with Josias P. Hoffman as President. First Cape Parliament.
1855. Pretoria founded. M. W. Pretorius, provisional President of South African Republic. J. N. Boshoff, President of Orange Free State.

- 1856. Natal made a separate colony. Self-destruction of Xosa tribes by slaughter of all cattle.
- 1857. First Legislative Council in Natal. First mail contract with Union Steamship Company for regular mail service between England and South Africa.
- 1858. Orange Free State war with the Basuto under Moshesh. Constitution, Flag, and Coat of Arms of South African Republic finally adopted.
- 1859. Pretorius elected President of both South African Republic and Orange Free State. First railway in South Africa commenced in Cape Colony.
- 1860. First telegraph (Cape Town to Simonstown). Initiation of a penny post in Cape Town. Work begun on Table Bay Docks. First importation of labourers from India into Natal.
- 1861. Sir Philip Wodehouse, Governor (Cape). Purchase of Griqua territory by Orange Free State and migration of Adam Kok and his people to Griqualand East.
- 1864. J. H. Brand, President of Orange Free State. M. W. Pretorius, President, and Paul Kruger, Commandant-General, of the South African Republic.
- 1865-6. War between Orange Free State and Basutos.
- 1867. First diamond discovered near Hopetown.
- 1868. Basutoland adopted as British territory. Report of gold near Olifants River. President Pretorius defines boundaries of South African Republic, including Delagoa Bay. England and Portugal protest.
- 1869. British intervention in Basutoland. Under Convention of Aliwal conquered territory ceded to Orange Free State. Opening of Suez Canal. Treaty between South African Republic and Portugal in regard to Delagoa Bay.
- 1870. Sir Henry Barkly, Governor (Cape). Opening of Cape Town Docks. Gold discovered in Murchison Range. Death of Moshesh.
- 1871. Diamond fields annexed to Cape. First mail from Cape Town to the diamond fields. The Keate Award in favour of Waterboer and Griquas as to boundary with Transvaal; Republic protest. Annexation of Basutoland.
- 873. Establishment of Griqualand West as a Crown Colony. Gold discovered in Lydenburg District of Transvaal.
- 1874. College founded at Stellenbosch (later Victoria College). Railway opened from Port Elizabeth to Uitenhage. Convention between Great Britain and Orange Free State.
- 1876. Failure of J. A. Froude's mission in support of scheme of South African federation. First railway commenced in Natal. Outbreak of war between Boers and Sekukuni.
- 1877. Sir Bartle Frere, Governor (Cape). Permissive South Africa Act in British Parliament. Peace with Sekukuni. Transvaal proclaimed British territory by Sir Theophilus Shepstone; protest of President Burgers. Visit of Paul Kruger with

- Jorissen to England. Rising of Kaffirs under Kreli. Ninth Kaffir War.
1878. Walvis Bay proclaimed British territory. Telegraph between Natal and Transvaal. Visit of second deputation (Paul Kruger and P. Joubert) to England.
1879. Zulu rebellion under Cetewayo. Isandhlwana and Rorke's Drift battles. Defeat of Zulus at Battle of Ulundi. Capture of Cetewayo. General Sir Garnet Wolseley, Governor of Natal.
1880. Legislative Council in Transvaal. Sir George Colley, Governor of Natal. War with Basutos. Griqualand West annexed to the Cape Colony. Formation of De Beers Company. Final rejection by Cape Parliament of Lord Carnarvon's scheme of South African federation. Formation of the Afrikaner Bond. Outbreak of first Anglo-Boer War.
1881. Laing's Nek (28th January). Majuba (27th February). Death of Sir George Colley. Convention of Pretoria. Recognition of Transvaal independence.
1882. Use of Dutch language recognized in Cape Parliament.
1883. Republics Stellaland and Goshen founded. Kruger, President of South African Republic. MacMurdo concession. Machado surveys railway line Delagoa Bay—Pretoria.
1884. Consolidation of the Afrikaner Bond. Barberton goldfields opened. Basutoland a Crown Protectorate. Convention of London with South African Republic. Warren's expedition to Bechuanaland. Protectorate of South-West Africa. New Republic at Vryheid. British at St. Lucia Bay.
1885. Cape railway opened to Kimberley. Abolition of Republics of Stellaland and Goshen and creation of Province of British Bechuanaland.
1886. Opening of goldfields on Witwatersrand. Johannesburg founded.
1887. Zululand finally proclaimed British territory.
1888. Death of President Brand. F. W. Reitz elected President, Orange Free State. First mining concession granted by Lobengula. British South Africa Company founded. Murder of Grobler by Khama's subjects.
1889. Customs Union between Cape and Orange Free State Governments.
1890. Railway from Cape Town reaches Bloemfontein. First Rhodes Ministry (Cape). First railway in Transvaal (Johannesburg to Boksburg) opened (17th March). Occupation of Mashonaland by British troops. Anglo-German Convention defining boundaries of Cape Colony with those of German South-West Africa.
1892. Railway to Johannesburg completed with connections from Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, and East London.
1893. Responsible government granted to Natal. Robinson Ministry (Natal). Second Rhodes Ministry (Cape). Matabele War. Record voyage from England to Cape Town (R.M.S. *Scot*, 14 days, 18 hours, 57 minutes).

- 1894. Railway opened between Lourenço Marques and Johannesburg (2nd November). Railway Conventions between South African Republic and Cape and Natal. Pondoland annexed to Cape Colony.
- 1895. Railway opened between Durban and Johannesburg (16th December). Closing of the drifts. Annexation of British Bechuanaland to Cape Colony. Jameson Raid.
- 1896. Surrender and trial of Jameson. M. T. Steyn elected President of Orange Free State on retirement of President Reitz owing to ill-health. Third Sprigg Ministry (Cape). Rising of Matabele in Rhodesia. Meeting of Cecil Rhodes with Matabele Chiefs. Heavy loss of cattle by rinderpest.
- 1897. Sir Alfred Milner, Governor (Cape). Railway opened from Cape Town to Bulawayo. Zululand annexed to Natal. Native rebellion in Griqualand West.
- 1898. Schreiner Ministry (Cape). Fourth election of Kruger as President.
- 1899. Conference at Bloemfontein between Sir A. Milner and President Kruger. Second Anglo-Boer War declared (11th October). Sieges of Ladysmith and Kimberley. Battles of Dundee, Elandslaagte, Colenso, and Magersfontein. Imperial Penny Postage adopted by Cape Colony.
- 1900. Surrender of General Cronje at Paardekraal. Occupation of Bloemfontein, Johannesburg, and Pretoria. Retirement of President Kruger to Holland. Fourth Sprigg Ministry (Cape). Amalgamation of Union and Castle Steamship Lines.
- 1901. Death of Queen Victoria. Lord Milner, Governor of the Transvaal and High Commissioner. Bubonic plague in Cape Town.
- 1902. Peace of Vereeniging (31st May). Death of C. J. Rhodes.
- 1904. Death of ex-President Kruger. Jameson Ministry (Cape). Introduction of Chinese labour for the Transvaal mines.
- 1905. Lord Selborne, High Commissioner for South Africa and Governor of Transvaal on retirement of Lord Milner. Opening of Victoria Falls Bridge.
- 1906. Constitutions given to Transvaal and Orange Free State. Botha Ministry (Transvaal). Rising under Bambata in Natal.
- 1907. Congo Free State annexed to Belgium. Passing of Asiatic Registration Act in Transvaal; opposition of Asiatics to the measure. Fischer Ministry (Orange River Colony). Memorandum by Lord Selborne (High Commissioner) on Closer Union of South African Colonies. Resolution of Mr. F. S. Malan in Cape House of Assembly as to advisability of promoting a Union of South Africa. Conference of Colonial Premiers in England.
- 1908. Merriman Ministry (Cape). Meeting of Inter-Colonial Conference in Pretoria. Resolutions moved by General J. C. Smuts as to calling of the National Convention. Meeting of the National Convention at Durban under the presidency of the

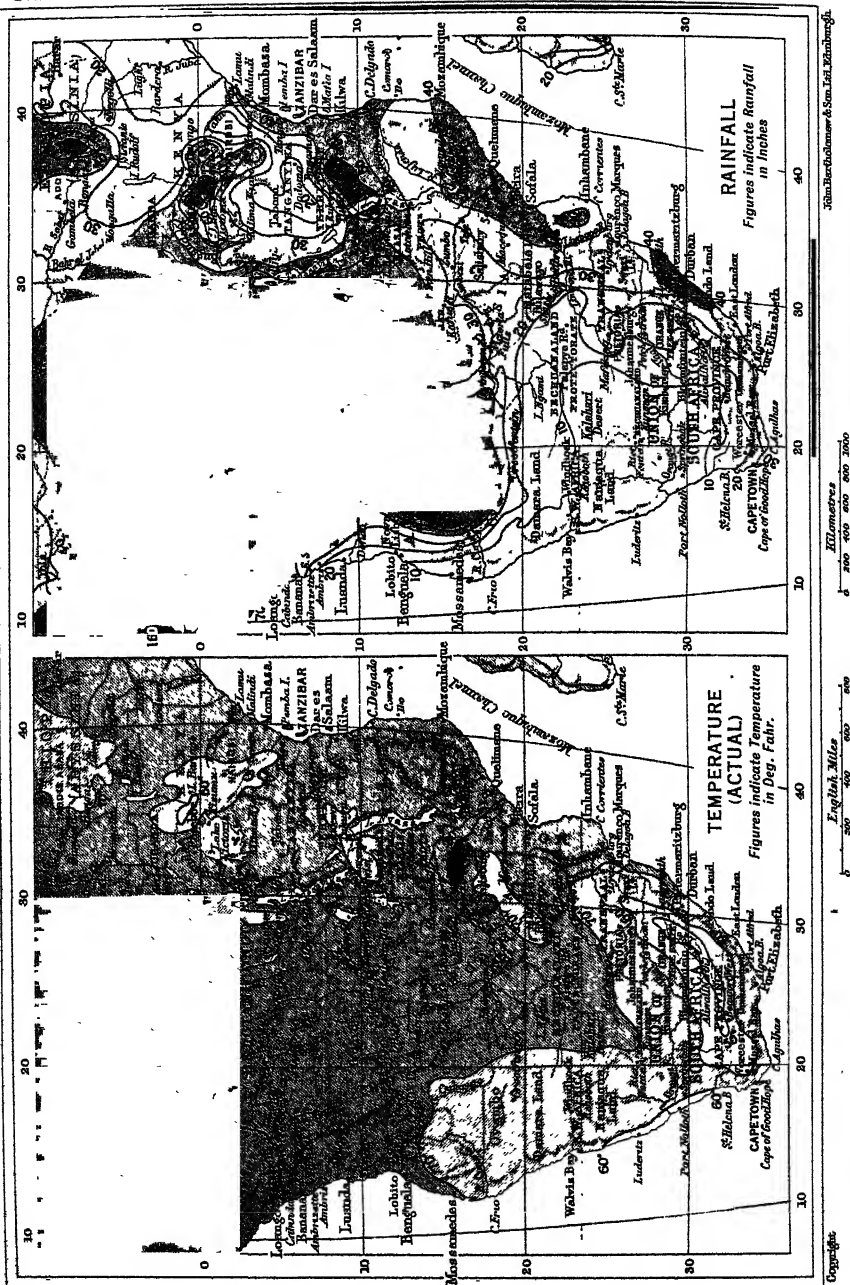
- Right Hon. Sir J. H. (afterwards Lord) de Villiers, P.C. Passive resistance movement amongst Indians and passing of Second Asiatic Registration Act in Transvaal.
1909. Meetings of the National Convention in Cape Town and Bloemfontein. Passing of the South Africa Act by Imperial Parliament. Death of Hon. J. H. Hofmeyer. Loss of the S.S. *Waratah* between Durban and Cape Town.
1910. Death of King Edward VII. Constitution of the Union of South Africa (31st May). Lord Gladstone, Governor-General. General Louis Botha, Prime Minister of the Union. Laying of foundation stone of Union Building, Pretoria, by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught.
1911. Census of population (7th May). General Botha, Sir David Graaff, and Hon. F. S. Malan visited England to attend Imperial Conference.
1913. Miners' strikes and riots on the Witwatersrand. Indian riots and disturbances in Natal, and march of Natal Indians into Transvaal.
1914. Grave industrial disturbances on Witwatersrand and elsewhere, and proclamation of martial law. Outbreak of European War. Defence of South Africa undertaken by Union Government, and Imperial troops released for service in Europe. Viscount Buxton assumes office as Governor-General. Outbreak of rebellion. Martial law proclaimed. Capture of General de Wet and suppression of rebellion. Military expedition to German South-West Africa by Union Forces.
1915. Surrender of German Forces in South-West Africa to General Botha (9th July). South-West Africa Protectorate and the Union linked up by rail.
1916. Union Expeditionary Force in command of General Smuts dispatched to German East Africa. Death of ex-President Steyn.
1917. Return of General Smuts from East Africa. Departure of General Smuts for England to attend sittings of Imperial War Cabinet. Death of Sir Leander Starr Jameson.
1918. General Smuts and the Hon. H. Burton attend Imperial Conference in England. Signature of Armistice with Germany (11th November). Epidemic of influenza (with pneumonia); estimated mortality, 11,726 whites, 127,745 coloured.
1919. Native disturbances at Bloemfontein, Johannesburg, and Pretoria. Ministry of Health created in the Union. The Union granted the mandate for the government of the South-West Africa Protectorate. Death of General Botha. General the Right Hon. J. C. Smuts appointed Prime Minister.
1920. Signing of Final Peace Treaty. Native strike on the Rand. General Parliamentary Election. Reconstitution of Ministry under General Smuts (10th March). Flight from Cairo to Cape successfully accomplished by Colonel (now Sir) Pierre van Ryneveld and Major (now Sir) Quinton Brand. Lord

- Buxton, Governor-General of the Union, retires. H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught appointed Governor-General.
1921. Amalgamation of South African and Unionist Parties and General Election (February); Cabinet formed by General Smuts. Defence of South Africa completely taken over by the Union Government; Cape Town Castle handed over to the South African nation and Imperial command withdrawn. Diamond mines completely closed down in Kimberley; economic depression accentuated.
1922. Prolonged industrial struggle in the Transvaal; declaration of general strike followed by widespread revolutionary movement in the mining districts; martial law proclaimed (10th March) and Government forces mobilized. Rebellion of Bondelzwart Hottentots in South-West Africa. Inauguration of the Witwatersrand University (4th October). Referendum taken in Rhodesia on question of entry into the Union (27th October); Union Government's terms rejected (8,774 votes against, 5,989 for).
1923. Incorporation of Southern Rhodesia as part of His Majesty's Dominions (12th September); establishment of responsible government (1st October). Reported discoveries of platinum in Waterberg district, Transvaal. Termination of office of Prince Arthur of Connaught; appointment of the Earl of Athlone as Governor-General of the Union.
1924. Assumption of office by the Governor-General, the Earl of Athlone (21st January). General Election (17th June). Formation of Ministry by General the Hon. J. B. M. Hertzog. Customs agreement between Union and Rhodesia negotiated.
1925. Union reverts to gold standard. Afrikaans constituted an official language. President Kruger's Centenary.
1930. Enfranchisement of European women. General Hertzog attends Imperial Conference.
1932. Air mail between Union and Great Britain inaugurated (January). Wireless telephone communication established with Great Britain (February). Union suspends gold payments (December), boom in gold mining shares begins.
1933. Political Coalition of South African and Nationalist Parties formed under General Hertzog as Prime Minister. Sixth Parliament dissolved (April); Seventh Parliament met (May). South Africa House, London, opened by H.M. the King. Afrikaans Bible issued.
1934. Union Airways acquired by Union Government. Port Elizabeth harbour officially opened.
1935. Prime Minister and Minister of Mines attend King's Silver Jubilee in London. The Union of South Africa celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary.
1936. Death of King George V (20th January). Accession of King Edward VIII. Abdication of King Edward VIII (10th December). Accession of King George VI. South African

- Broadcasting Corporation established (1st August). Record for voyage England to Cape Town held by R.M.S. *Scot* since 1893 broken by R.M.S. *Stirling Castle* (13 days, 6 hours, 30 minutes).
1937. Sir Patrick Duncan Governor-General (5th April).
1938. Government announces £6,000,000 defence programme for the years 1938-41. National Road Scheme to provide the country with a 5,400-mile network of roads. Voortrekker centenary celebrations. Parliament accepts Government undertaking that 'God Save the King' and 'Die Stem van Suid-Afrika' be given equal honour on official occasions.
1939. Union Government assumes administration of the eastern portion of the Caprivi Zipfel as from 1st August. Scheme for registration of national Citizen Forces extended. Resignation of General Hertzog as Prime Minister after defeat of his Peace motion; Smuts becomes Premier. War declared on Germany (10th September).
1940. South Africa declares war on Italy (11th June). Arrangements for the reception of British children in the Union completed.
1941. South Africans cross Juba River and take Mega in Southern Abyssinia. South African Forces arrive in Egypt (April). The King confers the rank of Field Marshal on General Smuts (24th May). Heroic stand by South African Forces at Sidi Resegh (November). South Africa declares war on Japan (9th December).
1942. Sir Patrick Duncan's term of office as Governor-General extended for another five years as from 5th April. Work begun on the extension of the Cape Town Graving Dock. The South African R.N.V.R. and the Seaward Defence Force amalgamate as the Union Naval Forces (22nd June). Summer (Daylight Saving) Time introduced throughout South Africa as from 20th September. Field Marshal Smuts addresses both Houses of the British Parliament in joint assembly, his speech being broadcast throughout the world (21st October). General James Barry Munnik Hertzog, Prime Minister of the Union from 1924 until the outbreak of war in 1939, died at the age of 76 (21st November).
1943. Death of Sir Patrick Duncan, Governor-General of the Union since 1936, on 17th July. On 19th August H.M. the King approved of Chief Justice the Hon. N. J. de Wet's continuing as Officer Administering the Government. The Hon. E. F. Watermeyer becomes Chief Justice on 10th September.
1944. Cape Town's black-out suspended. 6th South African Armoured Division leads 8th Army offensive in Italy. South Africans first to enter Florence. Union is exporting 15,000 tons of munitions monthly. King visits South African troops in Italy.
1945. Thirty-four killed and ninety injured in explosion of the Grand Magazine, Pretoria. Announced that more than 1,500 South Africans decorated, 2,386 mentioned in dispatches, and 330

- commended since outbreak of war to 5th March 1945. Revealed that towards end of 1942 submarines sank many ships off South African coast and that some U-boats were destroyed by naval and air force units. On 17th April South African Armoured Division carry out the biggest assault by Springboks in the war and capture Monte Sole and Monte Caprara, two Apennine bastions barring approach to Bologna. Motion of Solemn Thanksgiving for Victory passed in Assembly.
1946. Hon. Gideon Brand van Zyl, former Administrator of the Cape Province, assumes office as Governor-General upon relinquishment by the Right Hon. N. J. de Wet of the office of Officer Administering the Government. Astounding assay result of 23·037 inch-dwt. is given in joint announcement by the Blinkpoort Gold Syndicate and Western Holdings on a borehole result in the Free State. Asiatic Land Tenure and Indian Representation Bill passed in Assembly. Report of Conroy Expedition on Schwarz Scheme. Announcement of Immigration Scheme.
1947. Their Majesties the King and Queen, with Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, toured South Africa and Southern Rhodesia, February to April.
1948. General Election (May) resulting in defeat of Government of the United Party, under General Smuts, and the election of a Government of the Nationalist Party and the Afrikaner Party, with Dr. D. F. Malan, leader of the Nationalist Party, as Prime Minister and Mr. N. C. Havenga, leader of the Afrikaner Party as Minister of Finance.

ANNUAL CLIMATE



AFRIKAANS

IN May 1925 an amendment to the Constitution made Afrikaans (equally with English) an official language of the Union of South Africa. To-day it is used in school, university, church, and Parliament. For a considerable time it has been the language spoken by a large proportion of the population, and the Afrikaans as written nearly eighty years ago had, with a few exceptions, a form similar to that of to-day. Afrikaans, although essentially Nederlands, differs from the latter in many respects, such as sounds, accidence, etc.

Public notices appear in both Afrikaans and English, e.g.:

<i>Draai links</i> , Turn left	<i>Pas op!</i> Look out!
<i>Geen deurgang</i> , No thoroughfare	<i>Rook ten strengste verbode</i> , Smoking strictly forbidden
<i>Geen staanplek (vir motors)</i> , No parking-ground	<i>Staan hier tou</i> , Form queue here
<i>Moenie spuug nie</i> , Do not spit	

Certain towns, streets, etc., have names in both languages, e.g.:

<i>Adderleystraat</i> , Adderley Street	<i>Kampsbaai</i> , Camp's Bay
<i>Drieankerbaai</i> , Three Anchor Bay	<i>Mosselbaai</i> , Mossel Bay
<i>Grahamstad</i> , Grahamstown	<i>Oos-Londen</i> , East London
<i>Grootrivier</i> , Orange River	<i>Seepunt</i> , Sea Point
<i>Heksrivier</i> , Hex River	<i>Simonstad</i> , Simonstown
<i>Houtbaai</i> , Hout Bay	<i>Soutrivier</i> , Salt River
<i>Kaap die Goeie Hoop</i> , Cape of Good Hope	<i>Tafelbaai</i> , Table Bay
<i>Kaapstad</i> , Capetown	<i>Tafelberg</i> , Table Mountain
	<i>Vaalrivier</i> , Vaal River

Some Afrikaans words are used in English conversation, e.g.:

<i>abba</i> , to carry, as an infant on one's back	<i>bokmakierie</i> , bush shrike
<i>adoons</i> , nickname for a baboon	<i>bolla</i> , chignon
<i>aia</i> , elderly native woman	<i>bolmakiesie</i> , head over heels
	<i>bontbok</i> , pied antelope
	<i>braaivleis</i> , roasted meat
<i>baas</i> , master	<i>dagga</i> , wild hemp (smoked by natives)
<i>biltong</i> , meat dried in a special way	<i>dagha</i> , clay for building
<i>bloutong</i> , a disease of sheep	<i>diesman</i> , <i>duisman</i> , <i>duusman</i> , white man, <i>esp.</i> Dutchman
<i>bobotie</i> , curried hash	<i>dolos</i> , bone from the leg of an animal, used in witchcraft and as a toy
<i>Boer</i> , Dutch South African	
<i>boerwors</i> , Boer sausage	
<i>boet</i> , brother (appellation)	
<i>boetebossie</i> , burweed	
<i>bokkem</i> , kind of herring	

<i>donga</i> , gully (due to erosion)	<i>meisie</i> , girl
<i>dop</i> , a drink	<i>middelmannetjie</i> , ridge in the middle of a road
<i>Dopper</i> , member of the dissenting Dutch Reformed Church	<i>mooi</i> , pretty
<i>drif</i> , ford	<i>morg</i> , measure of land ($2\frac{1}{2}$ acres)
<i>drosdy</i> , magistrate's residence	<i>Nagmaal</i> , Holy Communion
<i>frikkadell</i> , ball of minced meat	<i>nonnie</i> , miss, junior mistress
<i>geitjie</i> , species of small lizard	<i>padkos</i> , food for a journey
<i>ghoen</i> , large marble	<i>paljas</i> , magic, charm
<i>ghwar</i> , clodhopper	<i>pikkenien</i> , young Kaffir boy
<i>hamerkop</i> , hammerhead bird	<i>pont</i> , ferry
<i>hanepoot</i> , muscat grape	<i>predikant</i> , parson
<i>impi</i> , Zulu army	<i>ramkie</i> , Hottentot musical instrument
<i>indoena</i> , native councillor	<i>rand</i> , ridge of hills
<i>kapot</i> , exhausted; broken	<i>rant</i> , ridge, edge
<i>karos</i> , rug made of skins	<i>sambok</i> , whip made of raw hide
<i>kierang</i> , <i>kurang</i> , unfair	<i>snoek</i> , kind of fish
<i>kierie</i> , walking-stick	<i>springbok</i> , South African gazelle
<i>kloof</i> , ravine	<i>springhaas</i> , spring hare
<i>koekepan</i> , trolley running on narrow rails, cocopan	<i>takhaar</i> , backvelder
<i>kokkewiet</i> , bush shrike	<i>tiekie</i> , threepenny-piece
<i>konfyt</i> , jam	<i>Vaalpens</i> , nickname for Transvaaler
<i>koppie</i> , hillock	<i>velskoen</i> , raw-hide shoe
<i>kraal</i> , cattle enclosure; group of native huts	<i>vlei</i> , low marshy ground or bog
<i>krans</i> , mountain precipice	<i>Voortrek</i> , beginning of the Great Trek (1833)
<i>lamsiekte</i> , a disease of cattle	<i>voortrekker</i> , one who took part in the Great Trek
<i>mebos</i> , crystallized apricots	

A few phrases:

<i>Ai!</i> By Jove!	<i>Eina!</i> Oh! (exclamation indicative of pain)
<i>Alles van die beste!</i> Good-bye and good luck!	<i>Ek is 'n vreemdeling in die land.</i>
<i>Asseblief.</i> If you please	<i>Ek kom van Engeland—of Amerika.</i> I am a stranger to this country. I come from England—or America
<i>Dankie.</i> Thank you	<i>Foei!</i> Shame!
<i>Dit spyt my dat ek net 'n paar woorde Afrikaans kan praat.</i> I am sorry that I can speak only a word or two of Afrikaans	<i>Foei tog!</i> What a pity!

<i>Goeienaand.</i> Good evening	<i>Voe(r)tsek!</i> Get out! (exclamation used to dogs)
<i>Goeiendag.</i> Good day	
<i>Goeiemiddag.</i> Good afternoon	<i>Waar is die spoorweg-stasie?</i>
<i>Goeiemore.</i> Good morning	Where is the railway station?
<i>Hoe ver is die volgende dorp?</i> How far away is the next village?	<i>Waar kan ek petrol kry asseblief?</i>
	Where can I get petrol, please?
<i>Kan u vir my asseblief water gee?</i>	<i>Watter is die beste hotel hier?</i>
Can you please give me water?	Which is the best hotel here?
<i>Verskoon my; ekskuus!</i> Excuse me!	

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