

the coming of Coillard and the Paris Missionary Society. Then he made for Benguella, on the west coast. In the Bailunda Territory^b he rescued the property of the American Board missionaries, whom the Natives had driven out, and held the fort for them for two years till reinforcements came from America.

He was the first white man to visit the Garenganze (Katanga) and Mushidi's^c town. When joined by Messrs. Swan and Faulkner^d, he returned home on furlough in 1888.

On his return he was honoured by the Royal Geographical Society and was made a fellow. For discovering a bend of the Zambesi he was presented with a medal; for his seven year's travel he gained the Cuthbert Peak grant, and the Murchison grant for conveying a suitable present to Chitambo^e for the latter's care of Livingstone's body.

THE PRINCESS AND THE MAP

He was told an interesting story of his lecture at Eccleston Hall given at this time. At the conclusion of the lecture, under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society, a reception was held, and Mr Arnot was introduced to the Duchess of Teck. After the reception the Duchess together with her daughter, then Princess May – now our Queen – took him for a drive around Hyde Park, pointing out the places of interest and hearing his stories of travel. On bidding farewell, Mr Arnot left his map in the carriage, and the Princess, jumping down, ran after him with it.

In 1889 he returned with Mrs Arnot to Benguella, bringing a party of missionaries, among whom was Mr Dan Crawford. He established stations at Bihe and amongst the Luvale and in the Garenganze. After three years of this work he had to return to England, broken in health. In 1894 he set out again by the East Coast route via Chinde and the Zambesi to the Katanga, bringing reinforcements to Messrs. Crawford and Thompson, whom he saw established in their new station at Luanza. Again the dread malaria drove him away, and he had to remain in England for nearly six years. Taking out a party of missionaries in 1904, he established the mission amongst the Bachokwe, and in 1906 made a great cross journey, visiting all the mission stations.

In 1908 Mr Arnot and his family settled in Johannesburg. Here is a list of his last missionary journeys: He travelled through Barotseland and visited Dr Fisher^f among the Luvale; with Mr A.W. Bailey he travelled to Kansanshi, returning via the Kabompo and Barotseland; accompanied by Mrs Arnot he started work at the confluence of the Kabompo and the Zambesi, only to be brought home dangerously ill. He again attempted to establish the work on the Kabompo, but got no further than

Chapter 2

JOSEPH DOKE'S TRAVELS

My Father, Joseph Doke, from early boyhood had been very frail in body, and as he grew he developed asthma, which never left him afterwards. He and his brother, two years his senior, were the only children in the family. His father was the minister of the little Baptist Church in Chudleigh, Devonshire, and his mother, to whom the boys were devoted, was the sister of the Rev. John May, for many years a Missionary in Jamaica from 1840 on. Both the boys were filled with ambition to be missionaries. It was a crushing blow to them when their mother died when William was eighteen and Joseph only sixteen. The elder brother went to Regents Park College to equip himself for the Congo Mission Field. The younger, unable to go to college for health reasons, had to study privately, and at sixteen began to give addresses, and at seventeen began to preach for his father. It was felt that a change of climate might be beneficial, and that resulted in his eventually coming out to South Africa, which he did early in 1882 at the age of twenty.

He was sent by the S.A. Baptist Union Executive to open up Baptist work in Graaff-Reinet. Towards the end of that year, his brother William, having studied in the shipwright's yard and learned everything about the steam-boat *Peace*, accompanied the Baptist pioneer missionary George Grenfell out to the Congo, to arrange for the portorage of the crates to Kinshasa, some 250 miles above the rapids of the Congo River. William worked hard at unloading the boxes and within three weeks was 'called to higher service'. He was the first to fall of the many missionaries of the BMW who laid down their lives in the Congo. This was a very heavy blow to my father, who hastened back to England to comfort his father and step mother. He was soon back in Graaff-Reinet. And so began a life of much travelling.



*Reverend Joseph
J. Doke*

Cursons further records (pp. 40-41): "During his early residence in Graaff-Reinet, Joseph Doke had become engaged to Agnes Hannah, the daughter of Ebenezer and Mary Ann Biggs. Her parents had taken a very keen interest in the establishment and building up of the Baptist work in Graaff-Reinet. On the side of her mother (born Mary Ann Hobson)" the genealogy can be traced back to a certain George Lambley and his wife who were members of the first Independent Church at Kettering in 1662, formed by the Rector, Mr Maydwell, one of the two thousand ejected ministers, and lived at Kingsthorp, near Northampton. It is also interest to note (in view of the Missionary interest surrounding Doke's life) that the genealogical tree includes William Hobson who married Ann, the sister of the famous Missionary, Dr Carey." They were married on April 27, 1886.

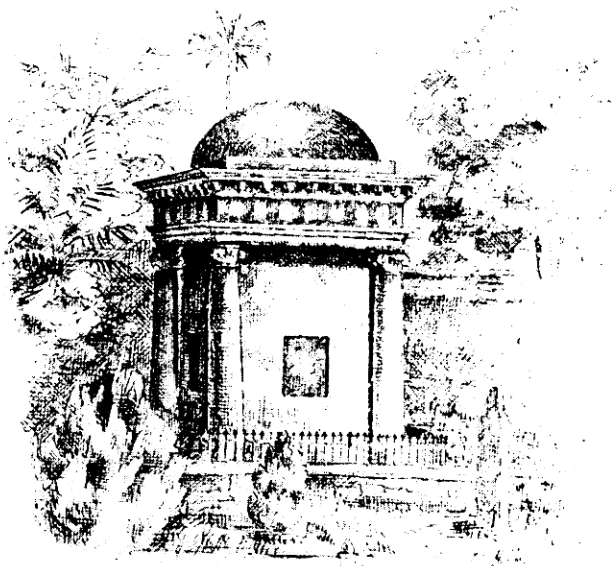
In July 1886 the Rev. and Mrs J.J. Doke sailed for England and undertook the pastorate at Chudleigh. From Chudleigh they were called to City Road Church in Bristol.

It was in October 1891 that my father, with his old friend Dr G.H. Rouse commenced

A TOUR THROUGH PALESTINE

He recorded his experiences in *The New Zealand Baptist* and *The Baptist Union Magazine*, and they also may be read in Curson's *Biography of J.J. Doke* (pp. 57-76). Naturally travelling in the Holy Land was no mean undertaking in those days, especially for one of such delicate health as that of my father. The humorous side of many of my father's sufferings is illustrated by his pen, as the following quotation illustrates: "We were staying at a comfortable house, dignified by the name of 'hotel' in a modern villa not far from the ruins of old Jericho ...

"We promised each other a good night of rest. Alas, for our ignorance! Chokera was to call us at three o'clock, so we retired early. Then our troubles began. First the mosquito curtains were torn, and every mosquito in Jericho knew it, and kindly came and gave us a free concert. Then the 'Philistines', certain ancient inhabitants of the country, disembodied Anakim or what not,



*Dr. William Carey's tomb,
Serampore, sketch by
J.J. Doke*

Baptist Church at Christchurch, New Zealand. It was a great wrench to leave the church in Bristol, but his Star had definitely moved on. The zeal he showed during his pastorate in Bristol, for Missionary work, became more intense in New Zealand. He took the opportunity of studying the Mission work among the Maoris in the North Island.

Cursons records (p. 94): "His Missionary enthusiasm remained unabated, and it was a pleasure to him to encourage and assist in their studies two members of his Church, Miss Inglesby and Miss Gainsford, who went to Brahaminbaria, the New Zealand Baptist Missionary Station in India."

In the *Centennial History of Oxford Terrace Baptist Church* (published in 1963), the Rev. Angus H. Macleod recorded (pp. 49-50):

"The Chinese residents of Christchurch formed another mission field for the church. At a Christian Endeavour Rally in 1895 Doke delivered a forceful address telling of the needs of the Chinese. Most of them were employed in laundry work or in market gardens. There was considerable prejudice against them and, at times, almost an anti-Chinese hysteria. The Chinese were luridly portrayed as an evil influence with their gambling and opium dens. The myth of Mongolian hordes entering New Zealand from China was freely circulated and the newspapers of the period show considerable prejudice and fear. In actual fact there were fewer than 5 000 Chinese in the whole of New Zealand at the time, and by 1901 the number had dropped to less than 3 000.

"Doke, however, was genuinely concerned for them and championed their cause at every turn. A Bible Class for the Chinese was started at the church under the leadership of M.W. Jenkins and due to his 'indefatigable energy', by June, 1897, there was such a good attendance that more space was urgently required. A special meeting-room for the Chinese was built between the School Hall and the church. It cost £85 and was opened free of debt, most of the money coming from the Chinese themselves. In November, 1898, three of the Chinese applied for baptism. This was a great joy for those who worked so hard in the mission."

In 1897 J.J. Doke became President of the New Zealand Baptist Union and his Presidential Address dealt with the Missionary aspect of the Union's work, under the title of *Strengthening the Stakes*, a well-known quotation from William Carey. Angus Macleod repeatedly refers to his keen interest in the Missionary work in India, and wrote: "The first fruit of

Doke's missionary enthusiasm was seen in the fact that two young women from Oxford Terrace volunteered for missionary work in India. One of them, Miss Myra Inglesby, was farewelled by the church in June, 1901. The other, Miss E.M. Gainsford, was warmly recommended for training in the same month."

In September 1901 he tendered his resignation, feeling the urge to return to England. This time the family travelled in the German Steamship *Grosser Kurfurst* from Sydney round the South coast of Australia to Ceylon and through the Suez Canal to Italy and on to Southampton, which was reached on March 24, 1902.

The family spent fifteen months, partly in Bristol and partly in Western-Super-Mare, while father took preaching engagements in many parts of the country. He had many calls for settlement, but it was not till one came from Grahamstown, that he knew that the Lord wanted him back in South Africa.

Leaving England on the *Tintagel Castle* early in July 1903, and touching at St. Helena, the family reached Capetown, then Port Elizabeth, and on to Grahamstown by train.

The pastorate at the "Mother Church" of the Baptist denomination in South Africa was held by father until late 1907. During this period he, accompanied by the Rev. Thomas Perry, paid a visit to "Kaffirland", as a "Missionary Commission to examine on the spot different phases of native difficulty, and report to the Missionary Society".

Joseph Doke was elected to the Presidency of the Union for the year 1906-1907. And in November of the latter year he transferred to Johannesburg to the Central Baptist Church, and within six months the breach which had separated these members from

*Baptist Union Assembly,
East London, 1906.
Reverend Joseph J. Doke,
President (middle, second
row)*



the Plein Street Church was healed and he became pastor of the reunited church.

This is not a biography of Joseph J. Doke: it is just an outline to introduce the trek which commences with the next chapter. However, reference must be made to two matters which loomed large in his life during his ministry in Johannesburg. The first concerns his relationship to the Asiatic Passive Resistance and his friendship with Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi; and the second to what his biographer W.E. Cursons referred to as "A Beggar's Diary".



*William Henry Doke,
Olive Carey Doke,
Clement Martyn Doke,
and Vincent Comber
Doke (c. 1906)*

(i) The Asiatic Passive Resistance in South Africa is a matter recorded in history. Cursons dealt with it briefly in Chapter XIV of his biography of Joseph Doke. Under Mr Gandhi's leadership the Indians were protesting against the invidious laws which were enacted against them. My father, along with others, supported the Indian cause through the papers. Eventually a compromise was effected. Cursons records:

"Three months were to be allowed for voluntary registration, and the religious scruples of all were to be respected. These conditions being honourable to the Asiatics, the Passive Resistance Movement was given up, and the Prisons emptied. Doke's service to the Asiatic Passive Resisters received tangible recognition from Indians and Chinese alike.

"It was at this juncture that Mr Gandhi's life was endangered by a savage assault. Doke gives the following account of the occurrence: 'Registration was to begin (in Johannesburg) on Von Brandis Square, on Monday, February 10th. Mr Gandhi said he intended to be the first to register with all his digit impressions. His aim was to set a good example, that the rank and file might be influenced to meet the desire of the Government voluntarily. At 9 o'clock I was on my way to town and passed the registration office. Near by, Mr Leung Quinn (the leader of the Chinese Passive Resisters) stopped me to say that Mr Gandhi had not appeared, and that he was going to do some business, but

would be back presently.

"I remember particularly that morning being led to pray as I went through the streets, especially that I might be guided to do God's will but I little thought what the answer would be.

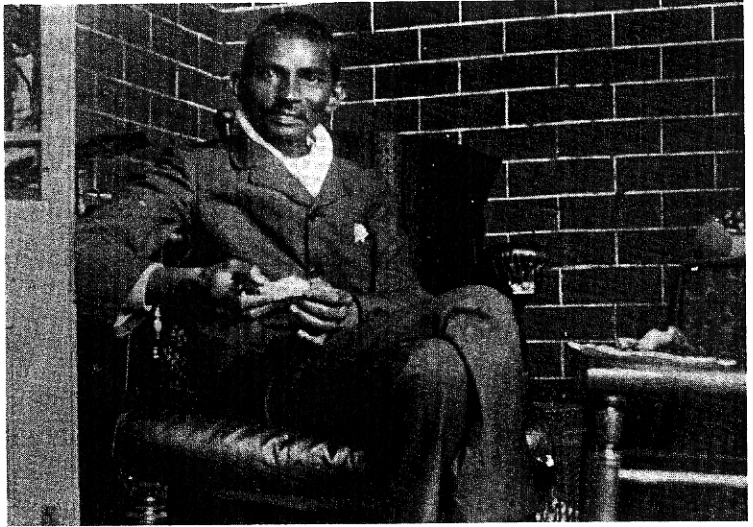
"As I passed the office, Mr Polak' came out and held me a little while talking in the square. Suddenly a young Indian ran up in a very excited manner and cried out: 'Coolie, he hit Mr Gandhi; come quick!' and with that he ran off in the direction of Von Brandis Street. We naturally followed him as quickly as possible, and I remember noticing several other people running. As we turned into Von Brandis Street we could see that below President Street, it was literally crammed with Indians. There must have been five or six hundred there in front of Mr Gibson's office. Policemen were guarding the door and everybody was full of excitement. I speedily reached the office, and as no one objected, pushed my way in. I found Mr Gandhi lying on the floor, looking half dead, while the doctor was cleaning wounds on his face and lips. Mr Thambi Naidoo', with a severe scalp wound and blood over his collar and coat was describing the assault to some policemen. Mr Isop Mia, with a gash across his head, was also there. When the doctor had finished with Mr Gandhi, I went over and he recognised me. Then the question was mooted; where should he be taken! He was badly knocked about, his face cut right open through the lip, an ugly swelling over the eye, and his side so bruised that he could hardly move; there might be complications. Some said: 'Take him to the Hospital.' I had hardly time to think, but it seemed as though God had lead me there for a purpose and possibly for this purpose. So I said: 'If he would like to come home with me, we shall be glad to have him.' The doctor asked where that was, and hardly seemed to grasp my meaning. Then he asked Mr Gandhi where he would like to go; but the sick man seemed perfectly indifferent; so the question was thrown back again on us. Then I stopped down and said: 'Mr Gandhi you must decide, shall it be the Hospital or would you like to come home with me?' "

"At this point Doke's diary ceases; so the narrative must be concluded without his help. Mr Gandhi was taken to the temporary Manse on Hospital Hill, which the Doke family were then occupying and was tended with every care by Mr and Mrs Doke, and their children. Many messages of sympathy and enquiry were received, including kind ones from Lord Selborne' and General Smuts. By careful attention, and an insistence on his own method of treatment – semi-starvation and earth plasters – Mr Gandhi regained his health. It appears that the assault was delivered by some dissatisfied Pathans. "They thought they were

doing right,' the sufferer said, 'and I have no desire to prosecute them.' They were punished; but Mr Gandhi took no part in it."

All the above took place in 1908. Mr Gandhi was arrested twice that year and sentenced to imprisonment for three months with hard labour. In July 1909 he went on a deputation to London, to place the position before the British Government. During his absence from South Africa, my father acted as Editor of the weekly journal *Indian Opinion*. M.K. Gandhi wrote afterwards of his leading articles as "literally monuments".

Furthermore, in 1909, there appeared his first book, entitled *M.K. Gandhi, an Indian Patriot in South Africa*, a book which was translated into French, German, Gujarati, Tamil and Hindi.



M.K. Gandhi on the veranda of the Dokes' home in Johannesburg during his convalescence

(ii) Cursons starts the sixteenth chapter of his biography of Joseph Doke with these words: "From 'Doke the Passive Resister', we now turn to 'Doke the Beggar'." The church in Johannesburg was in serious financial trouble. Soon after the Boer War" when the air was charged with optimism, the Johannesburg church had raised a mortgage securing a loan of £5 000 on the property for a manse and for extension work in Germiston. Depression set in and the bond was being called in by the mortgagees towards the end of 1909. As they had no other means of meeting the possible loss of their property, the church decided to ask its pastor to set out on a begging expedition, in the hope of saving the situation. My father was sensitive to a degree on all such matters and shrunk from the task, but it became a question of duty with him and that was sufficient. It was with mingled feelings that the members of the church bade farewell to him on February 21, 1910.

He set out on the strangest of his travels, and during the trip covered some 30 000 miles, visiting Baptist churches and many prominent leaders in England, Scotland and across the Atlantic to the United States. He encountered rebuffs in many places, but also many instances of sacrificial interest. Though the whole

amount owing was not collected, my father returned to Johannesburg with sufficient to make settlement with the mortgagees. It was a true 'welcome home' that he received from the family, and on December 7th, the church building was packed to the doors when members voiced their feeling to him and an "expression of appreciation was paid to Mrs Doke for the sacrifice she had made in parting with her husband for so long a period."

A SON'S TRIBUTE

No-one has had a Father more loved and respected by his children than we had.

He was a man of God, with a heart of pity for the downtrodden.

He was a fearless preacher of the Word of God.

He was a man of great artistic abilities in painting, sketching, writing and music.

He was a lover of travelling.

He was a man with a life-long desire to be a Missionary.

He was a man who eventually laid down his life in Missionary effort at the early age of fifty-one.

I was privileged beyond measure to accompany him, and share the tent with him on his last journey from which he did not return to his earthly home.

C.M.D.

Chapter 3

JOSEPH DOKE'S LAST TREK

For some time my father had been seriously considering that he would not be able much longer to maintain the strain of a pastorate with all the sermon preparation and constant visiting and meetings that a busy city entailed. He found relaxation and enjoyment in writing imaginative tales of the South African Karroo, originating in those with which he had been in the habit of entertaining his children. He used his holidays, often spent on the Karroo farms of mother's relatives, to go to some secluded spot with writing-pad and pencil and commit to writing these products of his imagination. I often accompanied him and sat down taking down his story as he paced up and down in a dry shady river-bed dictating.

Early in 1912 he completed his book, and, with fear and trembling, dispatched the manuscript to his friend Rev. H. Lenton Staines, who obtained an offer from the well-known publishers, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. *The Secret City*, as the book was called, was duly published, after having appeared as a serial in the *London Daily Express* and in a South African Journal, *The Ladybrand Courant*, in the latter in both Afrikaans and English. Other manuscripts were found later among his papers, some not finished, but one *The Queen of the Secret City* was published posthumously in 1916. This is a powerful story in which the clash of Paganism, Mohammedanism and Christianity is vividly portrayed. Cursons commented (pp. 184-85):

"But apart from the desire to use the romance as the means of proclaiming his Message, as is shown very clearly in his second book, Doke had another reason for attempting the writing of fiction. On the one hand, he kept steadily in view the Missionary Field, on the other, the work on the Rand was pressing heavily on him and, although his people would not hear of it, he feared he would have to hand it over to a younger man, more able physically to cope with it, whilst he might settle in a

small country pastorate should a missionary sphere not open. In any case, funds would be needed; and to meet such needs, he pressed his pen into service, with every promise of success."

During this time father frequently discussed the possibility of a visit to some part of Central Africa, and seemed to have his eyes focused on Ruanda, which was eagerly found on the map.

Later, on June 26, 1913, he wrote to his friend the Rev. Ernest Baker as follows: "With regard to that sentence in my letter which arrested you, and about which you wrote so kindly, I can only say that the work here grows more strenuous, and shall I say, disappointing. My deacons will not listen to a hint of it, but it does seem to me sometimes that someone else should take up the parable, and that I might attempt some other sphere. A quiet place where one might indulge one's literary tastes (strange! as I was writing this, the post brought a parcel of my books: I don't know how it is, but they don't seem to belong to me, and they fail to arouse my interest as I had imagined they would: 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity') or some remote arbour in the wilderness where we might provide a home for the boys in Central Africa: these are my dreams. The altitude tries me: I think a lower one will soon become essential. Curiously, every-time in my life when I have dreamed like this, and long for some spot of obscurity, I have been thrust out into greater activity: will it be now? We have a great deal to be thankful for, and the future we can leave, we must leave, at any rate, until the few fragments of us emerge, God willing, from the 'long grass'."

For a trip into the "long grass" had been arranged. Some months previously, father had heard through the missionary F.S. Arnot, about a Mission station in North Western Rhodesia, manned by Baptists, an offshoot of the Nyasaland Industrial Mission. Cursons wrote: "The Missionaries were working amongst the Lamba tribe, and had an extensive field of service. They appeared to be very isolated, and Doke conceived the idea of using his annual holiday, somewhat extended, to pay them a visit. Among his objects in doing so was to cheer and encourage these lonely workers, and to let them know that the brethren in the southern part of the great Continent were thinking of them. But, perhaps, his chief aim was to discover whether Kafulafuta, as the Mission Station was named, would not prove suitable for the South African Baptist Missionary Society to take over (as the Home friends were willing to do), and so form a link between the Baptist work in the South and with the greater work in the Congo. If so, Doke thought it might be well a "call to the heroic" to the young men and women of South African Baptist Churches, who would be willing to sacrifice the comfort and

ease and assist in developing this work at the call of duty. He also agreed, at the request of the South African Baptist Missionary Society, to include Umtali, in Southern Rhodesia, in his tour, and investigate some Missionary business there. It was a serious undertaking for a man so fragile and enjoying but indifferent health; but his heart was set on the work, and go he must. To meet the expenses of the trip he used the money that had come to him from his book, *The Secret City*. Those that were present at the meeting of the members of the Church and congregation at which he explained his plans and aspirations remember that he was almost boyish in his anticipation and was bubbling over with excitement. Naturally, his enthusiasm was contagious; and those present caught a certain measure of his spirit, and were looking forward with eagerness to his return, to hear from him the story of his trip. On this expedition he was accompanied by his son, Clement. Quite a large number of his friends saw father and son off from Johannesburg Station on that winter morning, July 2nd, 1913. Amid much affection, and with joy and eagerness the two travellers steamed off on their fateful journey."

JOSEPH DOKE'S DIARY

Let Joseph Doke's own diary tell the story of his last trek. I may chip in occasionally.

Wednesday, July 2nd 1913. "It was my intention to have written a short introductory account of the incidents and imaginings which have led up to this journey, prior to starting. But the last few days of preparation have been so full, that reluctantly I was obliged to give up the attempt. Now we are well on our way. Three hours ago we waved 'Good-bye' to a considerable crowd at Park Station, and very shortly afterwards the tangle of roofs and chimney stacks, sheds and dusty houses, which represent the Braamfontein edge of Johannesburg, faded from our sight ...

"Briefly, Clement, my second son, and I are bound for the Congo border which we hope to reach in four days, with their concomitant satellites of four nights. These represent 1 300 miles of travelling, which a few years ago, before Cecil Rhodes's dreams began to materialise, would have taken weeks instead of days. From Bwana M'Kubwa, almost up to the Congo Belge, where we expect to detrain, our object is the Mission Station of Kafalafuta.

"Some months ago Mr Fred Arnot, the well-known African explorer and Missionary, spent an hour or so with me prior to his visit to England. In conversation I told him of the hope I had cherished for a long time, that our South African Churches

would take up some strategic district in the centre of the Continent, and from that base work on Northward until our South African boys clasp hands with their brethren on the Congo. At present our efforts are confined to work in Kaffraria, Pondoland, the Transkei and Natal, but we are taking no part in the greater march of Christ into the heart of Africa, while Societies are tripping over one another's heels in the South. I told him of my two boys, one just concluding his Theological course in America, the other preparing for a similar course, by working in a Johannesburg Bank, both of whom set their minds on the great unoccupied spaces of South Central Africa, while we have no Mission beyond the Cape Colony, Orange River or the Tugela, to which they can be attached. All this I told him while he listened in silence. Then he said, 'I think your idea is right. Africa is very needy in the centre. Why don't you take up the Ndola district?' 'Where is that?' I asked.

"Then he told me that on his last journey down from Garenganze, he had come across a lonely Mission Station manned by two Baptists at a place called Kafulafuta, in the Ndola district, a few miles south of the Congo border. They had done splendid work, but appeared to be very much alone. 'Write to Mr Phillips at Kafulafuta,' he said 'and get him to tell you all about it.' The following day Mr Arnot sent me a map which he had drawn, showing Kafulafuta Station between the Kafuwu and the Kafulafuta Rivers, 550 miles north of the Zambesi.

"I followed his advice, and in due time received a very kindly letter from Mr Phillips. He had sent my letter to the Secretary of the Nyasaland Industrial Mission in London, of which their Station is an offshoot, and he concluded by urging me to come up and see the district.

"What followed is quickly told. A book of mine, published by Hodder & Stoughton, placed sufficient money within my reach. Our own South African Baptist Missionary Committee gave their hearty support to the idea. Clement managed to get leave from the bank. Our Johannesburg Church very kindly offered no objection but rather showed appreciative interest; and, as my holiday was becoming due, we settled the matter very quickly; and behold here we are!

"The conversation is interesting. A great strike is on at Benoni, and the Mines adjoining, and when we left Johannesburg there was a talk about the strike extending to the Railways.

Thursday, 3rd. "We are skirting the Kalahari Desert this morning, and note the difference. Long uninteresting stretches of grass veld have given place to scattered bushes and solitary trees. But the dust which forms the ground between proclaims the Desert.

"This trek of ours up to the Congo Border interests our fellow travellers. Is it a holiday trip? It seems a long way to go for a holiday! I feel inclined to say 'We are prospectors,' only it would be misunderstood. Yet that is really what we are, prospecting for Missions ...

Friday, July 4th. "We saw nothing of Bulawayo. It was quite dark when we were turned out of our carriage by a polite conductor; this made us feel that it was quite a favour; then we were left standing beside our worldly goods utterly forsaken. An Immigration Officer just before had judged our fitness to come to Rhodesia, he also was polite. The train to which we were directed was a miserable ramshackle affair, the fragments of the Ark, one would imagine, nailed together to serve as a train. It was crowded too. The guard, however, did his best with the aid of two shillings, and the crowd in the compartment was reduced to four all told. It was, indeed, only made for four. Two Belgians were allocated to the carriage with ourselves.

"We had a quiet night and a beautiful dawn; the dust, however, here was shocking. Everything for hours was smothered. It was extremely flat on every hand and when open spaces occurred there was an abundance of dry grass, and beautiful groups of Palmyra Palms. Some of them were very tall and graceful, with clusters of fruit hanging from them.

Livingstone. "We reached the Victoria Falls Station at five o'clock, an hour and a half late." (Here a special coach was

*Steam Locomotive,
Victoria Falls*



uncoupled and shunted to an off-line. Its passengers were Gen. Botha with his wife and daughter Helen: we saw them when they boarded the train at Bulawayo. C.M.D.)



Victoria Falls

“Nearly half an hour before this, when we rose to high ground, we saw the ‘Smoke’ of the Falls in the far distance, which Livingstone described so accurately. It reminded us of the blue smoke of grass fires rising in separated clouds from the different Falls. We remained for a quarter of an hour in the grounds of the Victoria Falls Hotel just in front of the Station. It looked like an extensive Park with plenty of trees and houses dotted about. Curiously the flowers were those one is familiar with in the Karroo. Then we ran through a cutting beyond, with the clouds of spray rising like smoke quite near us, and the rocks by the line dripping with mist. The rainbow was very vivid against the spray. Very slowly we steamed on to the bridge and the gorge opened on the left. It was a wonderful sight.

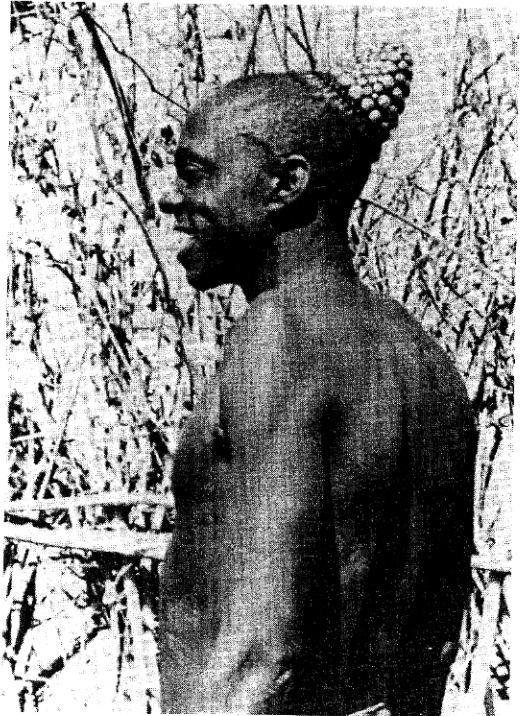
“The Picture House which appeared before us was extraordinary. The gates of the gorge seemed to open, and between, half lost in the mist, vast bodies of white misty water fell from a dizzy height with a constant roar which could be heard far away. It was hardly like an actual waterfall. It seemed so dim and wonderful; another moment and the vision was gone, and save for a brief glimpse later on, of the broad blue Zambesi,

with an island on its placid surface, and the smoke still rising from the Falls, we saw nothing more of it.

Saturday. "We have had a very beautiful day, particularly free from dust and with all the charm of the changing scenes of South Central African Bush around us. The scenery has been exceedingly varied, but the predominant feature has been the long grass. Long dry prickly stalks, straw-colour, rising to seven or eight feet at times, were spread over the plains as far as the eye could see, making them 'white' as though to harvest. The point, however, to which my memory chiefly turns was the crossing of the Kafue River. We prepared our cameras but had little chance of making successful records. The banks were high and covered with a tangle of palms and trees, so that we saw nothing of the river until we were actually on the bridge. The bridge, alas, had no long parapet, but high cross pieces and girders, between which, as we passed rather quickly, we had to take our chance. The river, however, was wonderfully broad and beautiful, and blue as the sky; it was a lovely sight. At one station, late in the afternoon, I got into conversation with a woman, who had brought her baby to the train. I got the mother by taking her baby from the conductor, and she said they had been greatly saddened by several deaths lately. One young fellow, a Greek, a few days ago, came to their breakfast table, and was taken ill with blackwater fever and died before night. While last Sunday one of the Native boys, 'a good boy', drank Cooper's Dip instead of cough medicine and died. She spoke of the difficulty of getting a Minister to visit them and gladly took away a handful of tracts.

"The Natives attract our attention naturally. At Mazabuka we saw a train of carriers connected with some hunters, who had evidently come in from the country with their head-men. The hair on the top of their heads had been worked up with gum, studded with brass nails in a most extraordinary fashion; it looked as though they had stuck on diminutive fools' caps; they were very small, but effectually prevented them from carrying anything on their heads. What tribe they belonged to I cannot tell.³ The thing which has greatly surprised us is the utter absence of Game, in fact almost of any sort of animated life ...

*Ila man
(Masbukulumbwe)*





Needle anthill (photo by C.M. Doke)

Chondwe, where the lumber men have cut and stacked abundance of wood. They use wood on the engine from here to Sakania. The next station is ours.

Bwana M'Kubwa. "We are, indeed, in Central Africa, there is no doubt about it; but, to our surprise, we are also in clover. Clement and I are sitting now in the sundown at the door of a large tent in the grounds attached to a Trader's Station. The tent is well equipped. Two camp beds under mosquito nets, folding chair, buckets of water, and two boys from Kafulafuta. Another small tent stands alongside. The ground is bare all around us so far as grass is concerned, but beautiful banana plants, tall trees

Sunday morning. "This is the last entry before we reach Bwana M'Kubwa, where Mr Phillips will meet us. Ever since daylight we have been passing through the forest primeval, reminding one curiously of the Fairy woods of Devonshire; The colours are the same, resembling birch, beech and oak, while the beautiful sunlight flickers between the leaves. Of course everything is really different; a close inspection shows the mistake to the smallest particular; and there are no rushing brooks as in Devonshire Glens; but the general appearance is the same. Now and then there are clearings with Native huts, sometimes plastered, sometimes of reeds or boughs. The ant-hills too, give a wild look to the scene. They have become gigantic, rising usually like red pillars tapering to a point, often built around a tree; sometimes great mounds with trees growing on the top ... We are now at the siding of

and 'rondavels', large and roomy, together with thatched huts, dot the ground on all hands and create a sense of being in Africa, which I have only experienced hitherto in the extreme North.

"Mr Phillips and his boys were standing waiting on Bwana M'Kubwa Station when the train came in. I recognised him easily and in a few moments we were friends. Our packages were soon on the heads of the dozen natives, and we were led through narrow paths to the house of Mr Allan, a Christian Trader, who has since showered his hospitality upon us. The service tonight is to be held in his room and sumptuous repasts have been provided." [Mr Allan is evidently a well-educated cultured man, and a reader. We were amazed to see, besides Dickens, Scott and other English classics, books on and in sixteen distinct languages. One book was on Bantu Languages; then there were handbooks on Lenge, Senga, Wisu, Lala-Lamba, Manganja (Nyassa), Swahili, Tabele, Shona, Karanga, Ila and Bemba. He also had books in Portuguese, French, Swedish, English, Latin and German. Mr Allan knows Mr Arnot and Mr McQueen well, also Dan Crawford. He has travelled in Rhodesia, Portuguese East Africa, and the Congo. C.M.D.]



*W.A. Phillips with
Lamba Headman*

"As we came out of the tent, Mr Phillips brought forward the carriers and made them salute us. They are a bright, clean capable lot, with faces as diverse as can be imagined; one man called Joshua appears to be their leader.

"After tiffin we accompanied Mr Phillips to a compound service at the copper mine nearby. The sun was extremely hot, but the country was attractive with green trees and grass. As we walked along the foot-path, between high grass, with the head-gear of the mine in front, and the huts at its base nicely kept, and with plenty of flowers about them, while on our right under the trees, a Native village or compound skirted our way, we realised thoroughly that we were very far from Johannesburg.

"The copper ore, malachite, was lying in a great heap close to one of the huts, the finest specimens I have ever seen; but as it was Sunday hardly any work was being done. We turned in under the trees between the huts, and found ourselves very speedily the centre of great interest. A big crowd of Natives under the trees to our left, was enjoying a dance to the music of

extraordinary sight. The crowd of black shining faces, shoulders and arms; the vivid splashes of colour, where bright loin-cloths, coloured beads and bits of European cotton or silk appeared, especially among the women; the red ground, red huts, tall trees, and a group of women squatting before the hut opposite us; fowls running to and fro, and an occasional red fez passing, formed a scene of great picturesqueness.

Wednesday, 9th. Kafulafuta. "Thank God we have reached Kafulafuta in safety. But during the march here from Bwana M'Kubwa we have risen so early and walked so far, that there was literally no time for writing. Now we can make that deficiency up.



"I was attempting to describe the scene in the compound on Sunday when I was called away. It was, indeed, most picturesque but the chief interest for me lay in another direction. Mr Phillips conducted a simple service. He asked me to speak, himself interpreting. At the close some of the professing Christians in the crowd gathered round him, and he and I spoke to them particularly. Then he asked them their names and places of abode, and I was delighted to find that two said they came from Livingstonia and had been taught the Gospel by Mr Ross of Johannesburg.

*Missionary's cottage at
Kafulafuta Mission*

"After dinner, soon after sundown, I found that the service

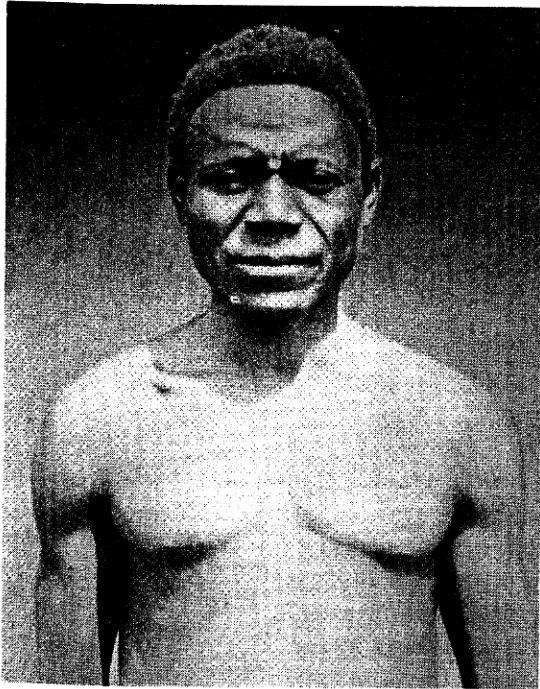
was to be held at the Railway Station and, taking lanterns, we tramped along the narrow paths back to the spot where we first got down, and found a small party in the Station Master's sitting-room. The visitors came late and it was 8.20 before we were able to commence. I think we were ten all told, including two ladies. They listened well while I spoke from Revelation 3:20.

"It was densely dark on our return and we went considerably out of our way. In fact we were quite tired enough to creep at once under the mosquito nets and fall asleep. This tent life is really delightful, only if one has not got accustomed to the place everything seems hopelessly lost, this thing and that thing appear to have run away. However, a few nights in the tent serve to make one quite at home, especially in this lovely weather."

[Father omitted to record what might have been a very serious happening. He had just filled his atomizer from the small reserve bottle when, moving to get into bed, he knocked the bottle over. He had put it down on the large canvas covering the floor of the tent. The precious liquid, so essential to control his asthma, ran across the floor and, to our immense relief, formed a

little pool in a slight depression about two inches from the edge of the canvas. Had it gone over the edge it would have all been lost on the ground. Quickly Father found his fountain-pen filler and using that soon had most of the valuable liquid back in the bottle. If it had been lost, our journey would have ended there for he was so dependent on this for his breathing. We felt that God's Hand was over us. C.M.D.]

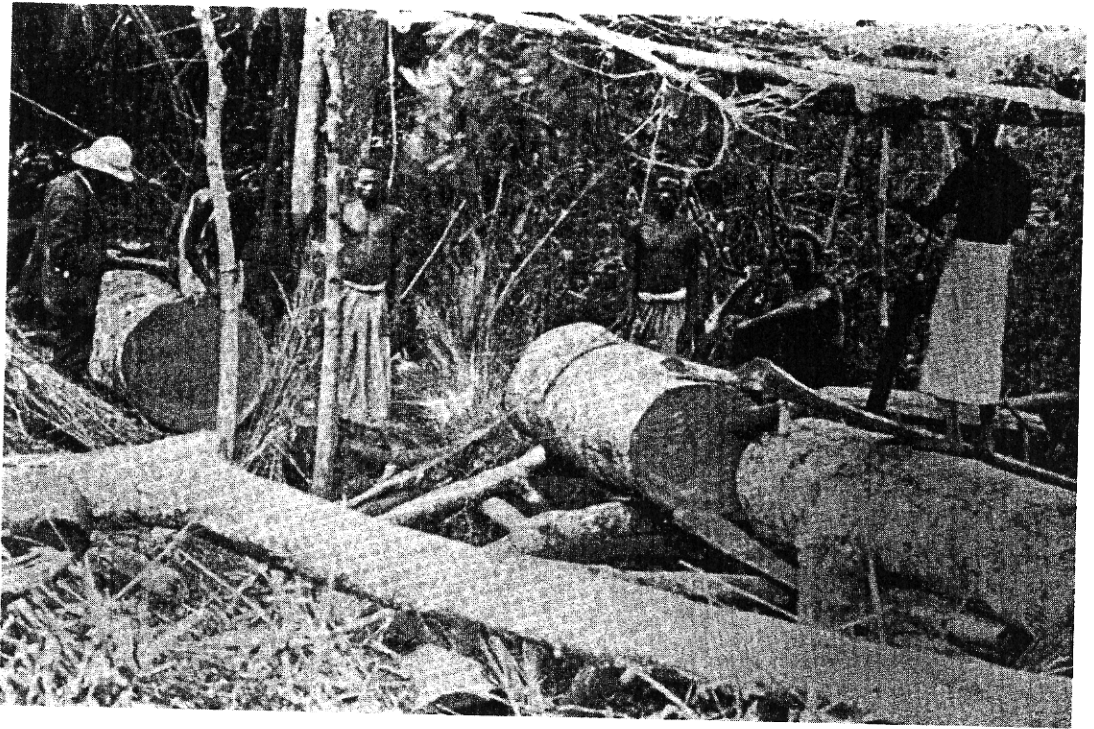
"The next day saw our first long march. The start was made later than we intended, owing to sundry delays among the men, who wrangle over their loads. It greatly surprised us to see what heavy loads they are capable of carrying. One box, which fortunately did not belong to us, weighed 79 pounds. As for our bags which we thought would be too heavy to be carried separately they were tied together and borne easily like that. Our



Maiveti, a machila-carrier of the 1913 trek. Photographed by C.M. Doke in 1927

personal boys, Mukoto and little Matafwali took my small bag and camera. A *machila* such as Dr Livingstone used, a hammock swung from a pole between two men, formed part of the equipment. Joshua, an intelligent fellow, is the cook.

"It was very delightful following well-cut roads through the forests in the earlier part of the day and later winding Native paths. The trees were beautiful and the silence in the woods reminded me of Longfellow's 'Forest Princess'. This continued for very large portions of our tramp all the way to Kafulafuta. It was varied by long grass, swamps, streams and burnt forest land, but chiefly it was the virgin forest with specimens of splendid trees through which those unending Native paths, seldom more than two feet wide and beaten hard, ran. Part way to Ndola, about four miles from Bwana M'Kubwa, we turned aside to call on a Mrs Scott. She was an extremely hospitable Irish lady, whose husband and little boy were away collecting Native labourers for some contract, and she was alone with her little girl.



"After a brief rest we tramped on again and quickly came to the river Kafuwu, on the further banks of which we could see the houses of Ndola. First there were swamps and reeds, then a considerable amount of clear running water. The *machila* men stopped for me, while Clement and Mr Phillips were carried on the shoulders of two other men. Everything went well at first, but when we came to a Native bridge at the deepest and swiftest part of the river, my men got into difficulties. The bridge was made of round, rough boughs of trees tied together and fixed on poles.

Clearing the forest

Half of them were missing, the others rolled around under foot, and at last the bridge broke off altogether. My men balanced themselves as well as they could on the uncertain footing and should have gone down into the Kafuwu. When the bridge came to an end, however, in the middle, then the men signified that it would be well for me to get out, which I did, and succeeded in keeping my balance above the flood. Then the men slid down carefully into the stream up to their middles and I managed to get on the shoulders of one of them, so crossed in safety.

“In the course of every few miles, this process of crossing on the shoulders of the men had to be repeated, so that at last we became experts in this mode of riding, and crossed the Kafuwu for the last time at Kafulafuta in fine style.

“Mr Thompson, the District Magistrate, had invited us to lunch at the Boma, and we much enjoyed his and his wife’s hospitality.

“We tramped on through the forest for four miles more, making nine in all; but when I heard there were seven more before our camping place, I thought discretion the better part of valour, and took to the *machila*. *Machila* travelling is not an ideal mode, the two boys go very quickly and with jerks, while swinging on the pole one feels every movement, sometimes getting bumped against a high stone, an ant-hill or a stump. The

Machila carriers



immediate effect was a severe headache. Four boys took their turns, two at a time; they shouted, they ran, they sang in chorus and made the silent woods ring with their wild noises. As the sun went down we came into camp. Some of the carriers had gone on ahead and the tents were pitched in a village on the hill-side, chairs were placed in the open, and water was awaiting in the canvas basin. It was all very pleasant after the long journey.

"The routine of camp life is very simple. At dawn we get up and while we are dressing the two personal boys lay the table outside the tent, while the other boys boil the kettle. While we have breakfast, porridge, tinned meat or sardines on toast and tea, the tents are taken down, the bundles made up and tied, and the men get ready for service. Mr Phillips holds a short service, morning and evening, as well as at each village where possible on the way. Then at night the men made a number of fires, in a row or in a half-circle, at a distance of a couple of yards from one another; between they lay down cut grass, and sleep there.

"It is very cold in the morning and at night, but midday is very warm. I abandoned my coat on the march today, as Mr Phillips does his. The tramp was a repetition of yesterday, save that I did not use the *machila* at all, coming into camp after fifteen miles on foot as fresh as possible, less done up than Clement seemed. The chief objects of interest were the little Spirit Huts, miniature huts associated with the spirits of departed Natives, and an old chief of the Walamba, called Mushidi. We held a service in his village and photographed him and his wife. They all seemed very poor, not even showing any pigeons or goats. The children, of course, were naked and the women naked to the waist, and unashamed. The chief was sitting on a mat in the village, a spare, wizened, old man, with a tuft of white hair on the chin. He is evidently very old. These chiefs have lost practically all their power since the British came, and even their authority over the children is gone.



Mushidi I and Clement Doke (photo by J.J. Doke)

We found the men engaged in cutting wood to make fires. The Natives are remorseless woodcutters. They cut down splendid trees, trees scores of years old, on the most trivial occasions.



*J.J. Doke (standing),
W.A. Phillips, and
schoolboys*

Our men wanted strips of bark for rope, a strong pliable fibre which they use for tying parcels together, and they attacked a tree with their wonderfully sharp Native axes, and down went the whole thing to supply a few yards of rope. We saw trees around us bare and dead, with three or four yards of bark cut away. A Native village is a most destructive affair in such connection.

“Curiously we saw no wild animals and hardly any birds. The vast forests seemed quite deserted, save that now and then we came upon droppings and spoor.

The night was bitterly cold and the men felt it; we were tired also, and turned in early.

“Wednesday was our last tramping day and we did about fourteen miles. We took services in three villages. In one the people seemed in much better position. There were plenty of pigeons, breeding in small huts, like cotes raised high on poles. We saw also some goats. They offered us quaint, heavy stools for sale, the larger for two shillings. We could have taken them but for the weight.

“Usually I spoke and Mr Phillips translated, but it was difficult for me to adapt myself to the understanding of these people, and I am afraid did them little good. But this itinerating work ought to be conducted systematically, and that cannot be done with the present staff.

“A feature of the tramp was the long grass about which Crawford speaks so much. Often it covered up our caravan, eight or nine feet high, closing us in. Now the Natives are beginning to burn it off, so that the young grass may have a chance to grow; grass fires were crackling in several directions. One of our boys brought me a tsetse-fly, very much like the grey stable fly at home, in size between a house fly and a blue-bottle.

“Towards half-past one we knew that we were nearing

Kafulafuta. Mr Phillips called the men together as we went down into the reeds, in order that they may chant as they marched, and so attract the attention of the Station. At last we came to the river itself, deep, swift and clear, about thirty yards wide, the Kafuwu once more. The men took us on their shoulders, but when we were half across we saw that the bank in front of us was lined with children, in print shirts and dark blue loin-cloths, who were evidently in a excited state, shouting as loudly as they could, 'Mutende, Mutende!' They hardly allowed us to land before seizing our hands and swarming around us like a swarm of bees. The Natives here have a curious way of shaking hands: first the usual pressure then a second round the thumb. Clement was almost overpowered by the welcome, and our ears tingled with the noise. These were the Mission boys, some fifty of them.

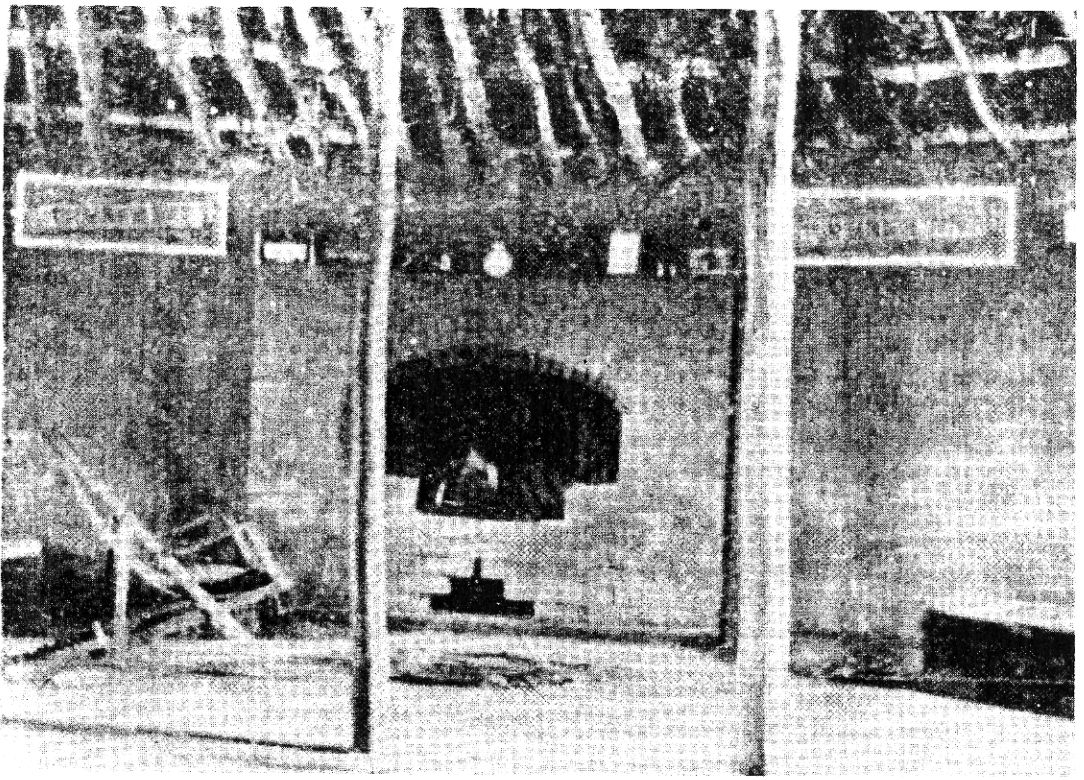
"From the river bank it was like a triumphal procession. Mr Wildey, a young capable man, the colleague of Mr Phillips, greeted us warmly, and we tramped on for half a mile or so to the chief Mission house. Without my coat, sleeves rolled up to the elbow, lips parched with thirst, I must have presented a queer spectacle. Clement was in khaki, also destitute of coat and with bare arms. Fortunately, Mr Wildey was in similar togs. In this condition we reached our destination. Later I found my boots had rubbed the skin off two huge blisters during the march.

Friday, 11th. "During the night a hyæna came up to the Station, and on to the stoep, evidently smelling the buck meat that was hanging there. He woke us up with his curious cries, sounding very weird in the darkness. He passed the house three times, the spoors are close to the door this morning. Yesterday morning two pukus appeared in the grass on the plain. The quick eye of Matafwali saw them, and when Mr Wildey brought his glasses I could see at least one very plainly. It looked like a steenbok, only much larger. Mr Wildey and Clement took guns and went down to try to get a shot. They got within range, but Mr Wildey waited for Clem, and Clem could not see it for a moment or two in the long grass, and missed his chance. They have both gone off this morning, with boys, to try for a shot.

"The Station is nicely planned, and is now being planted with Nyassa Aloe which gives it a pleasant appearance; some of the Aloes are now in flower and look well. The houses or large thatched huts stand in a long row, the newer ones square instead of round, and built of poles and red mud. Inside, six



H.L. Wildey



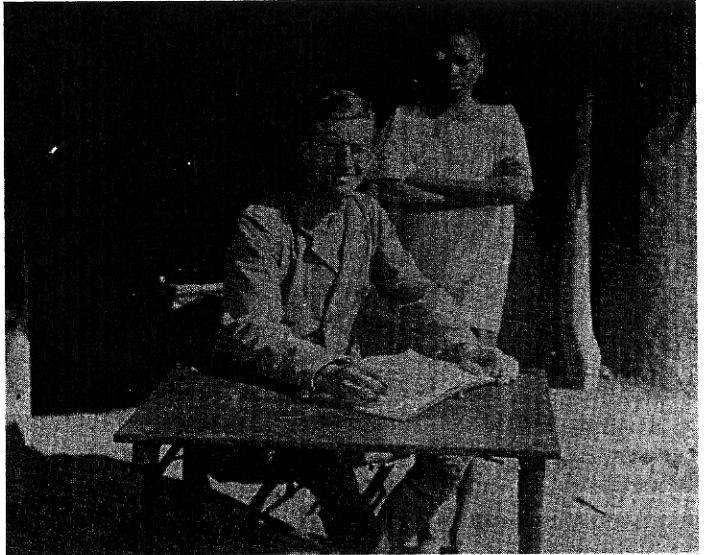
*Interior of W.A. Phillips's
home at Kafulafuta
Mission*

boys are apportioned to each, little mud partitions make their cubicles. A small ledge on either side allows them to make a bed by laying sticks from ledge to ledge. A fire in the centre of the hut completes the equipment. Each boy has then his own work appointed him of cooking, obtaining firewood, sweeping out the house and so on. There are nine of these compound houses and two more are being erected. There are fifty-eight boys on the books. Just now I was beguiled out to see the boys at play on the playground in front of the houses. They are lively young customers, and their games were wild, graceful and amusing.

"Yesterday I spent a little time in the school. The building is large and square, cool and roomy, but with fifty-six scholars in it, in different classes, all doing their lessons aloud, the noise gave one a headache. It was certainly surprising to me that the boys made such progress when their village life was remembered. They range from eight years of age to twenty. The parents are becoming eager for the children to be taught; and the Missionaries refuse now to accept them as scholars unless they will stay the full term. They are taught through their own language and, in addition, learn, so far as the Missionaries have

time to teach them, manual crafts as well. There is a large white patch of cassava lying out there drying in the sun, at which they take their turn at scraping and cleaning. There are gardens to be looked after, building operations to be learned, and their own cooking to be done. Every morning service is held with them and scripture taught at the school.

“Mr Phillips is a man consecrated to his work. For some years he was connected with the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, of which his father was one of the oldest deacons. For eight years he has toiled on in this Ndola district in much loneliness. Mr Wildey, who has the advantage of a mechanical engineering training, is a young, ardent soul, throwing himself into the games as well as the training of the boys. Being an enthusiastic linguist he is preparing a dictionary of the Lamba language. There was no written language when the Missionaries came, now parts of the Bible have been translated and the grammar explored.



Mr. Wildey and
Matafwali

Saturday, July 12th. “As my blistered feet have been too much swollen and painful for me to walk any distance, I have been gaining all the information possible today from Mr Wildey and Mr Phillips regarding the Missions surrounding Ndola and the tribes with its borders. We had maps and went into the matter thoroughly. This afternoon the Missionaries and the school-boys took us down to the junction of the Kafuwu and Kafulafuta Rivers for a sort of picnic. Me they carried in a *machila*.

“*Machila* travelling is not enjoyable except in open country; the carriers run through the long grass and cane brake regardless of one’s feelings. The sharp, hard reeds beat back into one’s face; low boughs of trees rake your sides. Occasionally the *machila* is struck underneath by a stump or small ant-hill. Twice a carrier fell with me. While on wading the deep waters of the Kafulafuta they allowed the *machila* to dip, and it not being waterproof, I got rather wet. The only way to prevent oneself being struck by the reeds or stifled with the dust is to pull the curtains together and breathe as little as possible. Still I should have been unable to join the party if there had been no *machila*.

"It was a lovely place: trees, reeds, rocks and water formed a perfect picture. The boys were like water-rats and a strain of humour entered the scene when Mr Wildey, attempting to jump across on the slippery rocks, slipped and floundered into the water. Clement had a long swim while I used the camera. We had tea, and then returned home in the same fashion. It was altogether a delightful trip.

Sunday, July 13th. "This afternoon we had a unique experience through taking part in a Baptismal Service in the Kafulafuta River. My feet are so bad, swollen and inflamed, and I was obliged to submit again to the *machila*. This time the spot selected was very near. The bank on which we found ourselves overlooking the river, was quite twelve feet high, and formed a splendid gallery from which to look down when the moment for Baptism came. All the Mission boys were there and some villagers, five at least being headmen. The river, still and deep just here, spread out before us some fifty or sixty feet wide. We could see the silvery fish turning for a moment their sides to the sun as they darted by. Then at the back there was a tangle of cane brake, the tufts of flowers like Pampas grass, looking well against the green. Behind, all kinds of strange trees, and finally one tall palm, its feathery fronds showing finely against the blue. Mr Phillips conducted the service, we all sang several native hymns, and Mr Wildey and I spoke. Sandawunga prayed and Joshua, the candi-

Reverend Phillips
baptising a Lamba
convert



date for baptism, made his confession. Of course I could not understand, but Mr Wildey told Clement afterwards, that he told the people how he came to Christ and twice fell back, the third time definitely surrendering himself to the Saviour twelve months ago. Then he appealed to the boys for decision, saying: 'It is the only step worth taking.' After Joshua had spoken, Mr Phillips and he crept down the bank and waded out a little way; the Missionary put some questions to him which Joshua answered, and he was baptised into the Three-fold Name. It was an impressive and beautiful service. In the evening we four Europeans held a Communion Service together.

Monday, July 14th. "My feet are decidedly better today. I have resorted to Mr Gandhi's remedy, mud-poultices, and the effect is already marked. This afternoon I succeeded in getting to the Kafulafuta River. Mr Wildey and Clement tried to carry the *machila* but the burden was too great. Then they tried to carry me on their interlocked arms and for a while were successful; but at last Mr Wildey took me on his back, and finally I walked the few remaining yards. It was a varied experience. There is a lovely dug-out canoe on the river so we got in and punted down. When we came to the Baptismal Pool we were blocked by fallen trees, so we got out and did some photographing; then Clement carried me on his back to a further point where there were clusters of palms. Returning we had a difficult task to punt against the stream. I am not at all sure that we should have succeeded if some of the boys had not seen us, and waded out to push us on. It was a lovely afternoon, calm and soundless; the river was very beautiful. I was able to limp back, holding on to Clement's shoulder.

Tuesday, 15th. "Early this morning, soon after seven o'clock, we attended the morning service, it was very cold and the mist lay on the plain. I imagine this nightly mist is the cause of the increased asthma which I have at night. The service was held in the school house, a separate building forty feet by twenty feet, nicely built with four windows, and plenty of ventilation between roof and wall. A raised mud platform at the further end, with a table and small harmonium on it, a box and a chair, places Mr Phillips slightly above his audience. Beyond this the equipment consisted of a blackboard, a tall, home-made desk, a clock-face with movable hands, and a number of well-made forms with high backs on them. The door, simply of plants with wide cracks between them, let in the cold air, while the calico windows suit very well. In fact it was a very draughty place.

"To our surprise, when we entered it was very difficult to see anything; we could hear the chattering of many tongues; we



Reverend J.J. Doke crossing the Kafulafuta River by machila (photo by C.M. Doke)

could feel the effect of green-wood smoke, and wept freely. We could see a blue cloud, a few faces, and Mr Phillips at the further end rising above the smoke; beyond this all was a haze. We counted seven fires kindled on the ground, and as many circles of boys shivering around them. Mr Phillips opened with a hymn in Lamba; then he read and spoke on the parable of the fish in Matthew 13, evidently a favourite passage. Joshua followed, putting the lesson in his own way, and Mr Phillips prayed. It covered about twenty minutes, the boys crouching round the fires all the time.

"I spent the morning getting information from Mr Wildey. My feet were painful; I could hardly move, at least not without great pain; and subsequently a touch of malarial fever came on. I noticed something was wrong in the night because of an attack of sneezing and burning in the roof of my mouth. About noon shivering came on, and I was obliged to lie down. I shivered internally and felt very cold; later it turned to great heat and headache, with pains about the body and the feeling of sickness. Probably it was taken on the river yesterday. Mr Phillips brought Joshua in to see me; he had something to say, and Mr Phillips translated it. He said, 'There are very few white Missionaries in our country and our hearts are very sad because there is no one to teach our people about Jesus.' He evidently wanted to plead for more Missionaries. I told him that I felt this very much, and was deeply interested in his people; that I would do all I could for them, and pointed out that he and men like him who knew Christ could best evangelise the rest. I asked about his wife and little girl, and found that he intended to bring the child up in a Christian way. He had authority, he said, he could do it. We knelt down and Mr Phillips translated while I prayed ...

"In the evening the fever rose high, and I felt wretched. The letters from home, however, came, and the tales of the strike excited us a great deal. We were all busy with our mail all evening. I took more quinine and went early to bed.

Wednesday, July 16th. "Much better I am thankful to record this morning. Now we are busy preparing for our march tomorrow. I can stand a bit this morning, but not much.

Thursday. "We are camped just now in a village about ten miles from Kafulafuta. The boys are busy about the tents and fires. Some are driving in the tent-pegs, some cutting bundles of long grass, others are cooking. It has been a very busy day. We began packing early, the carriers, who a few days ago it seemed impossible to get, came in to the full number of twenty-five. Mr Phillips told me of the difficulty. They were cutting timber and unwilling to undertake such a long journey. We agreed to pray

them in, and we did. Then came the long haggling over the distribution of burdens and the hundred-and-one things that had to be done. It was nearly twelve o'clock when we got a move on. My feet are much better, but I am quite unable to put on my boots, and to tramp South Central Africa in slippers is certainly no paying proposition. I am obliged to use the *machila*. So at last, accompanied by the crowd of school boys and Mr Wildey, we marched out of the Mission Station. The passage of the Kafulafuta River is an ideal place for a photo. Some half a mile across the plain on the other side we said 'Good-bye'. All the boys gathered round us, Mr Phillips and I offered prayer, then we shook hands Native fashion, and bade the crowd farewell.

"The march out here has been very delightful, save that *machila* travelling is not an ideal method of conveyance: one hangs too low. Still the country is lovely. We passed through long forest paths, very beautiful with all sorts of colours. The second time we passed the Kafulafuta it was like fairy land. The water was deep, clear and swift. A barrier had been fixed across the river and two fishtraps placed in position, long tapering cylinders like wicker cages, with the wide end up the river. There was a shoal some yards out from the shore composed of water-worn shingle of spar, clear as crystal; the trees around completing a fascinating scene.

Friday, 18th. "The cold has been intense during the night, colder than we have known it yet; the damp neighbourhood, too, gave me a great deal of asthma; but when the bright moon went down the dawn came in and the beginning of another glorious day. We started rather late. It was difficult to get under way owing to the unfamiliarity of the men with their duties. At dawn we are all commotion. Nsole parts the curtain of our tent and says 'Good-morning, sir.' Then he brings coffee and warm water. It was bitterly cold when we came out, the boys were sitting shivering at their fires, and we were quite glad of our overcoats. The breakfast table was set at a little distance. But we have to get all our things ready before we sit down, for while we breakfast the boys attack the tents, and in a few moments they are folding up and stowing everything away to start immediately afterwards. This morning from the breakfast table we could see a troop of zebras come out on the distant plain. They were too far off for us to see their stripes but the sun struck on their white skins and they stood out clearly against the green.

"The dew had been very heavy; everything left out was dripping. The *machila* was very wet when we started, and what was more I noticed that the dampness of the night had so tightened the cords that it was difficult for me to get under the pole.

This righted itself during the day.

"After we had gone some distance through the grass and between trees, a herd of pukus passed within a few yards of the *machila*. I jumped out and called for the gun. Of course it was far behind, and when it came they were gone. I counted four. After a while Clement went ahead with a gun and two boys. It was useless to have the *machila* in front; the boys make such weird noises, enough to frighten a whole countryside. It seems as though they cannot carry quietly; they clap their hands, shout and scream, cooe and talk at the top of their voices.

"Soon we heard a shot in front of us, and when we came out of the wood I could see Clement with a boy disappearing on the left, amidst a dense piece of bush. Two other shots followed. Mr Phillips and I walked on quietly, the carriers also pushing forward. My feet are very much better, and the gentle walk did them good. In a few moments we could hear distant shouting, then the boys far ahead threw down their loads, and we could hear Joshua shouting, 'Let us go,' and immediately quite a number came tearing back, they were greatly excited. 'Clement has shot something,' said Mr Phillips. Then he shouted across the grass to the unseen men who had first called. The answer came back: 'It is dead. It is an impala.' When they came back it was quite a triumphal procession, a man carrying a fine young impala buck on his shoulders, and all the excited crowd following. The boys skinned the animal and cut it up. What savages they look, gloating over the meat with all the instincts of wild life. Everything was saved, even the entrails cleaned out and packed up. Later still we saw a herd of twenty quite near, but we had meat enough so left them alone. The Lufuwu River was very fine. I photographed it on a panel.



C.M. Doke with impala

Sunday, July 20th, Nduweni Village. "This is a most acceptable rest day. The men are lying about in the sun, chatting or sleeping in great enjoyment. We three have just returned from the broad Lufuwu River, a wide, calm, clear stretch of quickly-

flowing water. I suppose about a hundred yards wide. Now we are sitting in the hot shadow, waiting for tea. My feet are still unhealed but better; only every day, when they have made progress at night and travelling, even the shaking of the *machila*, rubs and rubs and rubs them sore again. I have thought this morning of a pair of sandals, and have attempted to reduce my older pair of boots to that condition.

"Yesterday was a very memorable day on account of the visit we paid to the mysterious lake, *Akashiwa Kawena Mofya*, in the Kapopo district ... Towards noon we got near the Akashiwa, and the country became very repulsive, almost weird. This was due partly to the grass fires which had only just passed over the spot, and the fewness of trees. The boys twice lost their way, then they got into a perfect tangle. I was interested in the excitement over the parting of two Native paths. They seemed to run very near to one another, but in reality they led to vastly different issues. The plan is for the leading party to make some scratches on the wrong path.

"As we got closer to the lake, the boys had to break in through an awful tangle of grass and reeds. Tall trees began to appear and after plunging forward, the *machila* being like a ship in distress, and I dragged like a mummy through it all, we

Crossing the Kafue in a dug-out canoe



came to a stand on the edge of a great chasm, filled with clear, deep water. It was so hidden, that a party might easily pass within a hundred yards of its edge without having any idea of its existence. We clambered out and up upon the rocks to the edge of its wall, and looked across the great sheet of water with surprise and delight. Roughly speaking it appeared to us to be about 160 yards long by perhaps 260. It was edged with steep rocks, so steep that they might have been cut down by human hands as a tank is cut, from twelve to fifteen feet above the water's edge, and as far as we could judge was almost square. It had all the appearance of a vast carefully-planned tank, square save for its northern end which was broken in the middle as though for a flight of steps. There were no steps there, but a confusion of boulders over which we scrambled a few moments later to the water's edge. The water was marvelously clear, just ruffled by the light wind, and was evidently very deep. In fact it is common rumour that this lake cannot be sounded.⁴ There were no birds near it, no water-lilies or other growth on its surface and no growth of reeds or ferns at its edge. The barrier of rocks forbade that. But it was teeming with fish ... The edge of the rocks was beautifully wooded; two of the largest trees I have seen faced one another on either side, and at the further end a

A glimpse of "The Jewel of Ilamba"



huge dead tree, growing apparently out of the rocks, held up its naked arms to the sky. It was a beautiful and yet weird scene. It seemed to me that the rocks had all the appearance of volcanic action.

"We heard of the *Akashiwa* first at the Boma of Ndola. There Mr Thompson gave me a typed Native tradition regarding it, to explain the fear which the Natives have of this lake. It was called there *Kadziwa Wene Mbushi*, and this document went on to say that long ago, certain chief-brothers disputed about their rights, until one of them agreed to relinquish his claim, saying he would cause great trouble. In fulfilment of his threat, he called all his clan together and induced them to throw all their goods, goats, fowls, cattle and utensils into this lake. Then they tied themselves together with ropes and dived in with their chief. All were drowned except one man who cut the rope ...

"Certainly the Natives are much afraid of this lake. They would not have gone near yesterday, if white men had not been with them. They would not have drunk its water if we had not made tea of it first. Even then they came down very cautiously and in a gingerly manner, ready to be scared at the least hint. As for the fish, they say even if a white man caught them, he could not cook them, no one can cook them! ... We left with regret. It was a very fascinating and beautiful place. I should have enjoyed the opportunity of a long stay to search into the mysteries. But time called for a move after we had finished our tea.

"The *umusbitu*, or swamp, near by, was extremely beautiful, but extremely wet: Streams traversed it at intervals, and boggy ground lay between them. It was too much for the *machila* men to attempt while carrying me, so I went through the swamp in my slippers and came out dry. The slippers really help me, giving me a grip on the slippery rotting logs or fallen trees which formed the bridge, and with care I could skirt even bogs. But the beauty and silence of the place beats description. The great trees meeting above us, the date bushes and leafy ferns, the tangle of semi-tropical growth, with the sunshine filtering in between leaves and boughs, modified and subdued, were simply glorious. It took us about ten minutes to get through. We came into camp late, just at sundown, have done nineteen miles."

My father was so exhausted after the visit to the *Akashiwa*, and his struggle through the forest swamp on foot, that he seemed to have been oblivious to the remainder of the journey by *machila* on that Saturday, July 19th. I quote from my diary as follows:

"On leaving this beautiful spot (the *Akashiwa*) we passed through a forest swamp with tall trees: this is called a *mushbitu*. It was beautiful, quite a tropical scene, palms and ferns, with the



Kapopo Village. Photograph from Lambaland (No. 1, 1916)



Kapopo Village (photo by C.M. Doke)

water trickling everywhere beneath the trees. Out of this we emerged into long dry grass, and had to make our way through this. By two stages we came to Kapoteshya's village, where we had a service. Then another seven miles brought us through Kapopo to our camping place two miles beyond. Kapopo is a large village, with very well-made huts (of the *inkunka* type with the grass-thatched roofs reaching to the ground): the people, WaMbwera, seem superior in this village to others around. The chief, Kapopo, is a well-respected old elephant-hunter, but is away at present. The last part of the day's journey was very tiring, and I was deeply thankful when I came into camp. The other two had gone on ahead with the *machilas*, and I had done about twenty miles that day."

Kapopo used to be quite an important village halfway between Broken Hill (Kabwe) and Kansashi Mine, and it boasted in 1899 of the first trading station on the Kafue, owned by a Mr Ullman; but with the railway reaching Ndola, traffic ceased through Kapopo, and Mr Ullman's store on the bank of the Kafue closed down.

Mr. Ullman's house,
Kapopo. Mr Ullman, a
trader, was the first
European resident in the
district



A further quote from my diary concerning the following day (Sunday): "After breakfast father, Mr Phillips and I walked down to the river – the Lufuwu (i.e. Kafue) where we read and wrote. After we had come back, while we were waiting for lunch, a mad woman who lived in the village, came over to our camp and made a disturbance. It was most pitiful and horrid to see her dancing herself about 'rag-time' fashion and singing and shouting weirdly." Here are the words of her song, which my father got me to write down in his notebook:

Kukabwe wo-yaya! Kukabwe wo-yaya!
Kuli chitambala
Chambaimbai!
Chanunka senti!
Namulola! Namulola!

They mean:

To Broken Hill *wo-yaya!* To Broken Hill *wo-yaya!*
There is a bandana (handkerchief)
Of by-and-by!
It smells of scented-soap!
I have my eyes on it! I have my eyes on it!

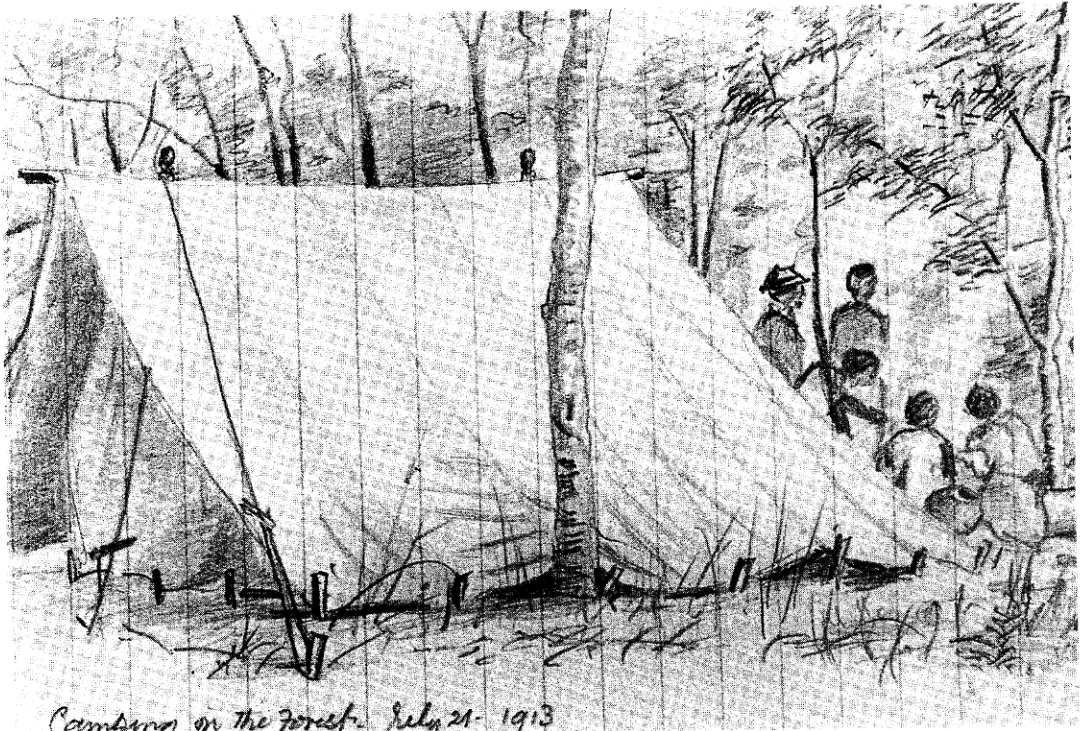
Our carriers were so amused at this song, that they took it up all through their march to Broken Hill.

C.M.D.

Monday. "We have camped early in the day in the midst of the forest. There is no village near in the track of our march, so at midday we got some villagers to sell us meat for the men and then came on here, not far from a beautiful stream, where there were recent buffalo and lion spoors. We are just now sitting under the trees waiting for a cup of tea. We hear our men cutting wood in all directions; the carriers who are resting are chattering incessantly; someone is shouting orders to a boy who has gone back for water, Mr Phillips is doctoring his legs with permanganate of potash.

"Some time after we had started, a cry of impala was raised and I took the gun and followed the forest path. It was very glorious in the forest alone, with glimpses of the river between the trees; but for some time I saw no buck. Suddenly the whole forest became alive in front of me with animals considerably larger than meercats and more fluffy, but like them in their running. There must have been scores of them, large and small. I was just about to turn back, and had cooed for the rest, when a solitary impala dashed through the forest, seen in flashes between the trees. I was unable to get a shot, it was gone into the thick

undergrowth without standing. A boy came at my call and I found I was on the wrong path. Mr Phillips had sent out scouts to find me, and was afraid I had got lost. These forest paths are most perplexing.



Camping in the forest. July 21, 1913

*Camping in the forest,
pencil sketch by
Rev. J.J. Doke*

“At noon we reached the village in which we rested, it was governed by a very old woman. She was ill and they had brought her out at the back of hut to be in the sun. She seemed very ill and had been so for some weeks. It was a pathetic sight. As soon as we came the women were all set to grind meal; each hut was full of activity, or rather the outside of the huts were used to supply our needs; and very quickly more baskets were brought than we needed. It was here that I carried into effect an idea which occurred to me yesterday, that if the backs of my boots were cut out I might be able to walk with comfort again. Clement, to the intense interest of our men and the villagers, cut large holes in my older pair of boots and I am so thankful to record that I have been able to walk a mile or so since. The worst is that I kick my heel occasionally when stumbling, which causes acute pain.

Later. “I have just returned from a short walk of investigations to the stream of water we crossed just now. There were clear marks of two lions, in the sand beside the water. The

spoons differed in size, but every pad was clearly marked. They must have been there last night. I bathed my feet in the beautiful cool water and rejoiced.

Tuesday. Chasewa's Village. "Just before dawn this morning I roused up one of my *machila* men, Mawete, who followed me, wrapped up and shivering, to the pool where the lion spoons were found, in order to try and find a buck. The mist was lying all along the course of the stream and it was very cold. We needed dew-driers this morning; for the long grass was dripping, and our clothes speedily showed it. There was no buck visible and we tramped for an hour, fruitlessly. Mawete said he saw one, but it was in the distance and gone as soon as seen. Our meat is all exhausted, but it did good service while it lasted. It gave us each eight meals, and the boys an aggregate ninety-one meals. Now they miss it and we should be glad to get another.

"Later in the day, Joshua saw twenty warthogs, Clement a jackal and a couple of buck. But in Joshua's case the gun was on in front and the buck were too far off for any attempt.

"The day has been most exhausting. We have travelled about nineteen miles in very hot sun. Clement has felt the thirst very acutely. I have been nearly the whole time in the *machila*, and the constant jog, jog, has given me a headache. The tsetse-flies have been a great nuisance. Their stings are sharp but do not appear to raise a blister, at least not on me. If it were not for indescribable thirst, however, we should do very well on this journey. The men can drink at any stream, but this would be dangerous for us. We have to use boiled water only and tea, or a cup of condensed milk or cocoa. Our plan is to have breakfast very early. In fact they often begin to take the beds out of the tent before we have a chance of dressing, almost as soon as the sun is up. Then while breakfast is spread out in the open, the camp is struck. Every man knows his own burden and at the close of a brief service they take their way. In a couple or three hours they rest and boil some tea. If the march is long, two or three hours later they rest again; but today we came right through, and it seemed an endless march.

Wednesday, July 23rd. "In the village last evening we were disturbed by a couple of drums which were beaten incessantly for some hours to the dancing of the children and, I suppose, of the older people. Some headman had died, and for a fortnight the villagers felt obliged to please the spirit by these noisy dances. We went over later in the evening and broke in upon the party. The drums looked like large wooden jars with narrow necks, the bottom being covered by a tight skin. The children were very expert in beating it with their hands. We held a short

service for which they brought out two stools for us to sit on. The village was distinguished by having a number of huge *ifyulu*, or ant-hills dotted about it. In the distance they looked like tall statues; they rose to a height of twelve or fifteen feet. Today we have had a great deal of excitement, a couple of hours after starting my *machila* bearers stopped and pointed away excitedly over the wide plain which had already been burned. I could see small buck jumping in front of us and to the left large dark creatures dotting the plain. I called Clement, and we stalked the animals, not knowing what they were. When we came within range, I counted seven beautiful zebras and thirteen buck, which

I supposed were hartebeest. Clement fired and they all scattered. The zebras clustering together, running in a circle. They looked very fine so near and so free. I turned back to the carriers, and Clement went on with the boy and brought down a young sable. The delay in bringing in the animal and then skinning it and apportioning the pieces to the different carriers amounted to about three hours. It was valuable time and brought us in late. The meat, however, made it well worth while.



Buck being cut up

“After a long wait, the men brought the great beast swinging on a pole like the grapes of Eshcol. It was a beautiful young buck with budding horns and with white marks on its face. The men showed the worst side of their characters over this business. They were most eager to get a kill, and then grumbled at having to carry more meat. We got tired in the afternoon and missed our way; when we did stop for tea at a little clump of trees, in a sea of grass, it was more delectable than usual. Late in the afternoon we came to a village and got a man to guide us to our camping place on the Lufuwu. A little way from the village we came to a spot where there had been a great fight a few hours ago between a lion and a zebra. The men knowing the way of the beast, said the lion could only have eaten part of his kill; so they tracked it into the bush and found a third of the dead zebra, much to their delight. They fed upon it and cut it up at once, robbing the lion of his supper tonight. I got some shots

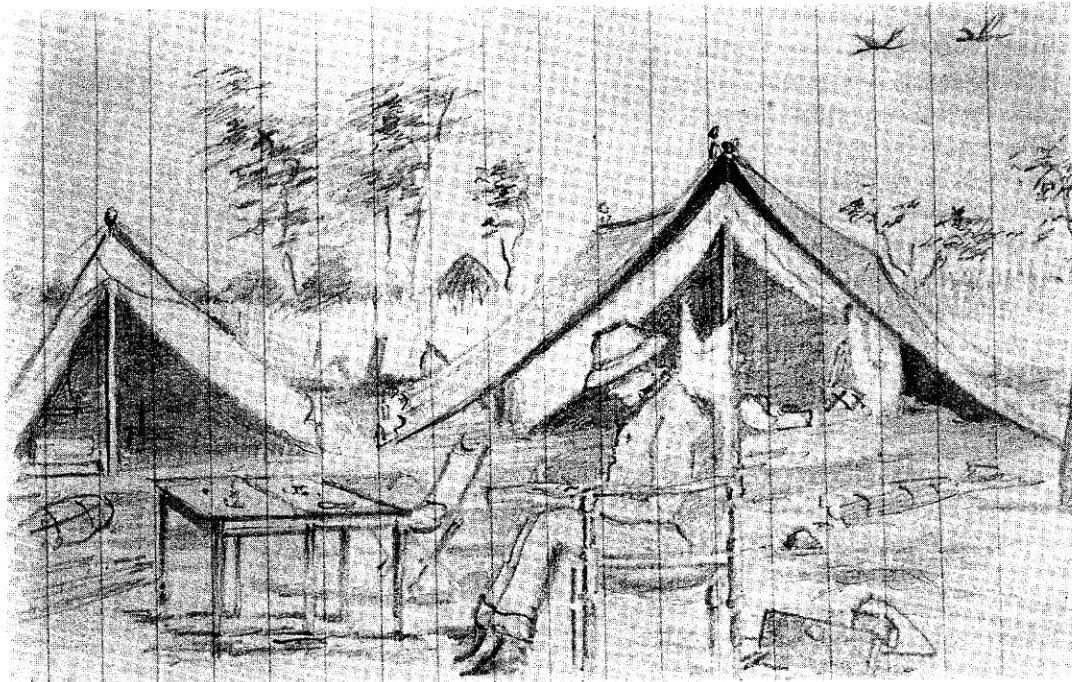
at a herd of bucks; I don't know what they were, but failed to bring down any. The men, however, have meat enough now.

"When I reached the camping place I found it in a beautiful spot close to the river. Clement was bathing his feet at the edge, greatly enjoying the wash. In the soft mud there were large lion spoor, and just a little way above a crocodile was slowly ferrying himself across. It was a still, glorious, sundown scene. We are camping once more in the forest. The men have got into a *Zareba* which some other travellers have left. The insects are plentiful, especially mosquitoes.

Friday, July 25th.
Lwamala. "We were not able to make any entry yesterday. The day was too tiring, and we only got into the Wayeke Village, where we camped, at sundown. During the night I heard a lion roar in the distance; the men outside woke up and talked about it but we heard no more of him. All night, however, the *nagapies* (Moholi galagos or Bushbabies, C.M.D.) were squeaking in the trees above us, and at times seemed on the tent. We got up before dawn and walked a couple of miles through the wet grass. I was hoping to get a good view of the river for the camera, but

Hunter with trophy
(photo by C.M. Doke)





C.M.D. recording field notes, pencil sketch by Rev. J.J. Dove

the mists were on it, and after a little while they came up over the land. We got on a *chulu* but could see nothing; even the sun was obscured. After waiting some time in hopes that it would disappear, we came down and faced it. The grass was very wet and Mawete, who came with us, was shaking with cold. After breakfast, while it was quite early and the men were striking the tents, Clement and I walked on with one of the boys. My feet are much better but not healed. The open heels allow me to walk without much pain, but every now and then, especially on the swamp ground where feet and hoofs have cut up the paths and the sun has dried it, I catch my feet and kick savagely into one or the other of my heels. The toe of my boot is sure to find out the wound, and the agony is intense; yesterday it almost made me faint. Clement during this early morning march was stalking a puku, when a great flock of guinea-fowl started running from the bushes in front of us. We have seen their cast feathers everywhere, but have not seen the birds before. They must have numbered scores. As soon as we got on to the plain, herds of puku appeared, thirty on our right, quite fifty on our left. Clement soon got up with the larger herd behind a *chulu*. They stood looking at him without in the least comprehending their danger; even when two fell, they only cleared off a little way and stood looking surprised. The second puku was shot in the spine and crept along on her forelegs; the man who fol-

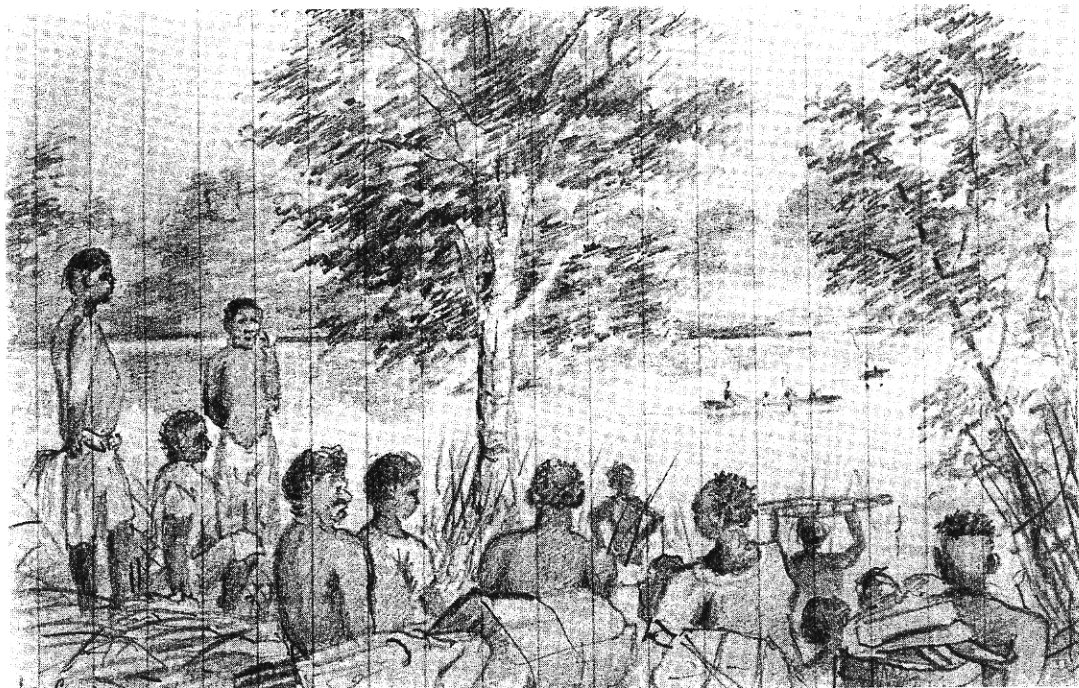
lowed Clement ran up and speared her. He did it as quickly as he could, but she bleated like a goat pitifully; the other one was shot dead. It took about three-quarters of an hour to skin and cut up these animals. The flesh, however, will keep the men in food for several days. The big game hunting is not congenial to either of us; after the cry of the puku, Clement was ready to abjure the gun altogether; it looked too much like butchery. The sportsmen who come up however, into the solitude, have no qualms, and a great deal of cruelty must be the result in connection with the loss of wounded animals and the killing of those secured. The Natives are probably not naturally cruel to animals but they are very thoughtless, and cannot understand our solicitude for a cock travelling with us. Later in the day we saw great



numbers of game. If the grass had been burned, we should have seen more. We must have passed scores of puku, and a great many solitary water-buck, bush-buck, sable and others, standing about on the plain, or springing across the path in front of us. It was a wonderful sight. But the Kafue plains are celebrated for this.

"The crossing of the Lufuwu, or Kafue, was an interesting business. My *machila* men took me in to a shallow crossing, but Mr Phillips sent after me, in order that I might cross by canoe. The men waded in with the *machila* and allowed the water to

*Lwamala Mission
(deserted)*



Crossing the Lufuûnu, sketch by J.J. Doke



Lundanuna's village, sketch by J.J. Doke