

get in and swamp my satchel; no real damage, however, was done. How the camera escaped I cannot understand. It was a beautiful, calm extent of water, some hundred or hundred and fifty yards wide, fringed with trees and reeds. The two dug-outs went back and forth, carrying our effects. When we had enjoyed a cup of tea we also crossed. It made us wish that we could do a good deal of our travels by water.

"The succeeding walk was very tiring; we had to march through immensely tall grass, fully ten to twelve feet high, then through acres of shorter grass where the foot-paths, six or nine inches wide with a rut in the middle and very slippery, soon brought me into difficulty. I kicked my heels mercilessly and almost fainted with pain.

"Finally we camped in a decent Watwa village. The carriers were a long time coming up, so it was dark long before the tents were pitched. We were glad to sit over the fire made by some of the men and then have our meal.

"Today I was able to walk the six miles remaining to Lwamala. It was a delightful walk, chiefly over pretty good paths. In one of the woods we saw a great warthog with immense tusks. Clement had a chance at him, but wishing to make sure of his aim he lost it; the ugly brute saw him, set up his tail and ran. As we came near the village our boys began to chant and joined in some chorus, so that we entered like Stanley entering Ujiji. But alas, the village was empty.

"We like Lwamala better than Kafulafuta, and I think nothing would please us better than for us to be located here. At any rate the rest from constant travel is delightful.

*July 27th.* "These days at Lwamala have been delightful; although we hardly realised it when we reached here, we must have been greatly fagged by the journey. This afternoon a company of eighty-five grown-up people gathered in the roofed meeting place, the school having been unroofed, and we held service. I spoke on, 'Losing one's way'. Since then we have been talking on the stoep. I like the station very much; it has been well planned. There are nineteen buildings standing, including houses for the Missionaries and boys, stores and shops. The school-room is a mere ruin. The Station itself has been cleared and paths laid out for a considerable distance. The forest trees, however, stand thickly at the edge of the clearing and away on the other side of the valley make a very pretty scene. It reminded me of a Park scene in Devon.

*Tuesday, July 29th. Watwa Nkombalume's Village.* "We left Lwamala yesterday soon after ten. It was most difficult to get the men under way. The loads had to be redistributed, new men

spanned in, and fifty things had to be done before we could start on our journey to Kabwe (Broken Hill). Two men were returning to Kafulafuta; one fell ill of swollen legs and was unable to go forward. Even when we did start, at the first village one of our best men, my *machila* bearer, Clement's factotum, gave in and had to return. He was almost crying when he came to say good-bye but his legs were swelling and very painful. Mr Phillips also had bad legs owing to festering sores, while I had a bad time of it. Mr Phillips was obliged to use the *machila* and I walked. After a while, however, it was perfect torture to do so. Blisters, so I found later, had developed under my heel, and I was obliged to stop during the seven miles tramp three times, to take off my stocking and doctor my foot. I kicked it again twice in stumbling, and made it bleed. Clement was in good form and went ahead with his gun. As I tramped on I heard distant shots and soon after Makoti came to me to say that Shikulu Clement had killed a zebra. How these bits of news pass so quickly over these distances it is difficult to tell. Makoti had not left me and no one had come from the front except one or two strange Natives who had passed us; but they thought it was a hartebeest. When I reached the resting place under some trees I found the boys had gone off to assist in the cutting up ... The meat turned out to be very abundant, and will feed the camp for some time.

“Now we are making an early start, and expect to reach the

*Mr. Masters's house,  
Lwamala Mission, sketch  
by J.J. Doke*



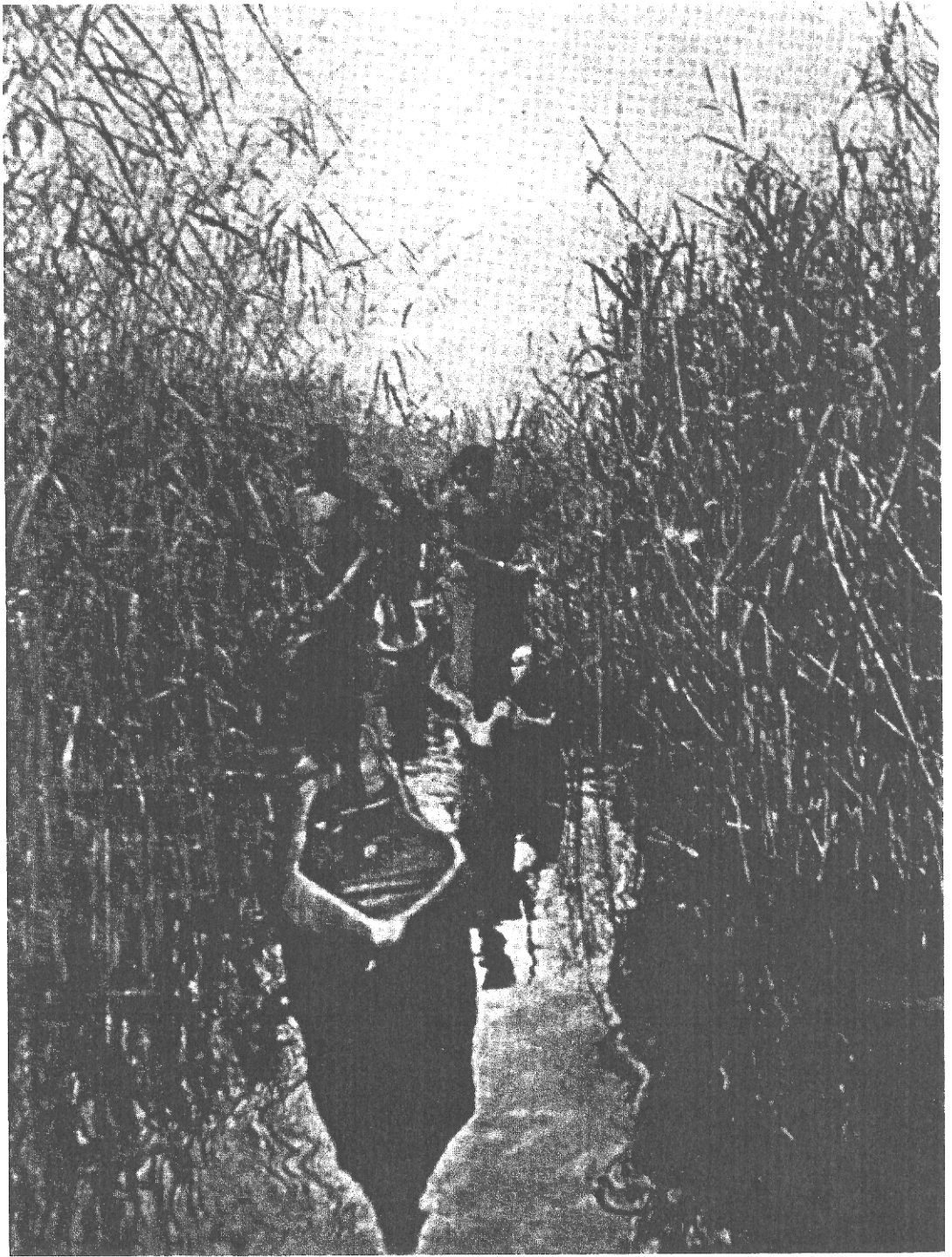
river this morning. The trees fringe the horizon. The first night was very cold, and this morning the men are shivering; my thick overcoat has been a great treasure; but soon we shall be throwing off even our jackets, for at midday the sun is very strong.



*Zebra being cut up*

"I am thankful for the experience which has come to pass through this long tramp, especially for the insight it has given of Native character. I have been accustomed to Natives for years but have never been so closely associated with them, so dependent on them. Their characters vary so much as ours do, and some with all their curious turns, are very attractive. I have felt my heart warm to some of them, and, although their faces occasionally are very ugly, I can well understand how they can be forgotten and love awakened. Of course, now people will expect me to brag of 'knowing the Native'. I shall never brag of that; the more I know of Natives, the more I realise there is hidden, while to class the Natives together as one character is the height of folly.

*Mumba. Lenje Village: July 30th.* "Very little happened yesterday to be recorded. The passage of the Lufuwu as it was last week. We crossed as then in canoes. Afterwards the country was very largely open grass country; we saw a few animals, puku chiefly, and one *mumbwe* (jackal). In the back-wash of the river



*A street in a Twa village*



I heard a heavy splash. The *machila* man who went down to the river with me said it was an *imfuwu* (hippo); but he remained down so long that I was unable to wait for him.

*Twa village scene, sketch  
by J.J. Doke*

“Yesterday the great Watwa Swamp, about 6 000 square miles, lay on our right; we touched the fringe of it. When the rains fall, the whole country which we passed is deeply under water. In these vast swamps the Watwa have taken refuge, it is supposed from the slave raiders, and their life has been very secluded. They lived chiefly on fish, and grain exchanged for fish. Their rafts were their homes. Sometimes they managed to bank the reeds and build huts. They harpooned the fish and lived the simple life. Now they are gradually leaving the swamp, as the slave raiders are gone; and we have passed through several Watwa Villages, in all respects like the villages of other Natives. They disown their origin if they can, and call themselves Lenje.

*Thursday, July 31st. Watwa Village.* After a fine tramp of twenty and a half miles, we reached this village at sundown. It was an exhausting march; I only managed about seven miles, five right off. I shall do less today; my feet are very badly blistered underneath. We saw much of interest. A long near flight of ibis – eighteen Mr Phillips counted. We could clearly see their long curved bills and marking. We saw a number of eland and sable and hartebeest, together with a few duiker. But the long, long miles of grass and reeds were very tiring; we are still skirt-



*Muwala, pencil sketch  
by J.J. Doke*

ing the great swamp. The Watwa women brought fish last night to sell; they were like dumpehead or minnows, strung on very long skewers and smoked. All the Natives are very ravenous for fish, and these people find it a lucrative trade to catch them, big and little, and carry them to Kabwe.

“They have a number of offerings to spirits on the outskirts of their villages, like other Natives; but perhaps the multitude of articles was larger. The usual tree stump was there, and the better villages have forked poles planted side by side, three or four, with horns and gourds hanging together. In this instance, there was a beautiful little hoe, its handle decorated with wire, stuck in with horns of long-deceased animals, which had been lying on the ground and had grown roots, the tail of some animal which they said was an *imbishi*,<sup>5</sup> but whose hair had rubbed off by long use, a dancing girl’s girdle of bits of cane, and curiously grown gourds. We tried to buy the hoe, but the women objected as it had been offered to the spirits.



*Reverend Phillips crossing the swamp*



*Twa children (photo by C.M. Doke)*

“The Watwa headman, Muwala, a short, sturdy, ugly little man, who said he had come out of the swamp within the last twelve months, volunteered to guide us and ferry us across the Lukanga River. The river turned out to be a swamp, with narrow strips of water between reeds and grass and refuse. There was only one available canoe and that so small that only one person could cross at a time. We sat bunched up and tightly wedged between the sides of the dugout, and the old man stood behind with a long pole and propelled for a part of the way, got out and pushed for the rest. The men waded in long single file. We were disappointed with the Lukanga, which is marked so largely on the map. The service before we left was the first one ever held in the village. It was the first time the people had ever heard the word. I spoke on the swiftness of our passing from village to village, and its illustration of our passing through life; the need of our getting a guide, and of preparing for a good camp at the end of the day, as illustrating the wisdom of preparing for the close of life; and then spoke of God’s love in sending his Son to prepare us for the future. All these villages are being visited for the first time ... The fires are about us today as they were last night, filling the air with smoke and haze ... Tsetse-flies have disappeared, but there are plenty of mosquitoes.

*August 1st.* “We left Chilwala’s village, where we camped last night in high feather. For some reason the men were in

*Swamp bridge (photo by Rev. W.H. Doke)*





good spirits, and made as much noise as possible as they trooped out. For the first time a procession of youthful Natives, chiefly girls, caught us up and went in front, giving a very unique appearance to our march. The men were very excited and shouted and sang and chanted with all their might. The girls laughed and ran, ran; one, a bright pretty maiden, looking back over her shoulder and playing with her hands in a most civilised and finished manner of coquetry.

"I am writing this at our midday halt at Mumbala's village. We are sitting under a tree and the whole village is squatting before us. They women have brought baskets of meal and Mr Phillips is preparing to buy it. The buying would be a simple matter if it were not for the articles of exchange. There are calico, salt, needles and thread, of which a stock is carried. Meanwhile a constant chatter is going on. Clement is engaged in checking the measurement as Joshua measures the meal out of the baskets. Our food is getting low; all flour has been finished for some time; our porridge is this unsifted meal ground by the women; our scones, we have no bread, are exceedingly dry and composed of the same meal with a modicum of maize flour. We have meat, but are reduced to dried pieces. Still health is keeping good for which we are thankful.

*Saturday, August 2nd.* "We have encamped early, just at noon, having done about eleven miles. The distance is not so great as we were led to believe, and we think we are now about twelve miles from Broken Hill. The spot is very beautiful. We are camped near a village and on the edge of the forest. We remain here tomorrow and then push on to Broken Hill on Monday.

"On the way there I had just photographed the Native path with Clement and Nsoli on it, when a Native came from Broken Hill with a letter for Mr Phillips. We were afraid something had happened, perhaps recalling us quickly to Johannesburg, and thought of halting for Mr Phillips, who was some distance behind, when the man drew out of the bag a number of letters, and we realised that our mail had come. Subsequently we found that Mr Phillips had sent the man on two or three days ago to bring out our letters. Letters here in the wilderness are wonderfully acceptable. Clement read one of his, as he marched, and shouted the news to me in the *machila*. Then we both sat down in the next village and read them greedily.

"The men have been very lively and full of fun. They are obviously getting near Kabwe. They have made everyone whom they have met sit down and salute. An old woman working in the field, a young woman carrying food, a man and two boys, all had to go down. The men would shout their *'Moto, Moto,*



*A reed hut of the swamp dwellers.*

*Moto,* and then call out in a weird, excited way, and down the poor folk would go, clapping and crying '*Mutendel!*'

*Monday, August 4th. Towongo's Village.* "We spent yesterday in complete rest; we were all thankful for it. The continued hurry of the march, early morning astir, tents down, hurried breakfast, the tramp of the day and the work of encamping, perhaps after dark, tell upon us all. Sunday is glorious on the trail. The village folk came out in the afternoon and we held a service; with the exception of one boy, none had heard the gospel before. With our men there were about seventy at the service; fourteen remained to ask questions; one was: 'When would a Missionary come to teach them?' ...

*Later. Broken Hill.* "We came in sight of Broken Hill at noon, after a journey of just over eleven miles. We found it a straggling Native village with one or two brick-built, iron-roofed houses sprinkled about indiscriminately. The mines are closed and trade must be very dull. So far we have only seen one white man, Mr McMillan, manager of the Mandal.<sup>6</sup> We are camping in the grounds of the company.

"We have every reason to sing the 'Te Deum' tonight, for God has brought us wonderfully through. The letters which

awaited us here, save for the strike news, were very satisfactory; for that we thank God.

*August 5th. In the train.* "We have just parted most regretfully from Mr Phillips and the men. We have got to know them and I think love them. One forgets the dark skin in a knowledge of the character, and childlike human needs. We feel deeply grateful to God for the marvellous way in which every difficulty has been overcome and how from the first to the last our health has been preserved and we have done the work which I believe we were sent to do. No accident, no insurmountable difficulties, no sickness, only my poor feet giving in, but even that may have kept me from a more serious overstrain of my strength. I trust now it may be possible to arouse the Churches of South Africa to a great interest in this neglected country. With God's help we shall try.

*Gwelo. August 8th.* "Not much of a place. Certainly no beauty about it. Country bare and uninteresting with patches of bush here and there. Dry, too, very dry. Yesterday, after seeing Clement off to Johannesburg I went down into Bulawayo. At first my feet were very painful and kept me hanging about the station, as I was too great a coward to face the long walk. There was no general Waiting Room at the station, only a room for ladies. I was consoled however, by the assurance that a larger station is being built, replete with every convenience. Just a little way from the station I found a 'Waverly' Tea Room, in a sort of private house, ventured in and had breakfast. Then I got my permit for a concession ticket from the manager of the Beira and Mashonaland Railways. His clerk was very courteous and handed me an important letter from Mr Bird. Having secured my ticket, I set out to walk into town. It is a good quarter of an hour's walk, and after I had gone a third of the way I was done. I prayed for a 'rickshaw', and in a few moments a rickshaw came. I rode down as far as Rhodes's Statue and found the Library close by. During the day I spent a good while in the reading room, and gradually my feet got better. Bulawayo did not attract me; it seemed ill-developed. There were some good shops and wide streets; I could see some good houses also on the further hill, but there was no point from which I could get a view of the town and it had the appearance of an undeveloped frontier town ...

"Late in the afternoon I returned to the station, found the Salisbury train waiting on a side line and got permission to take possession of a carriage. The mail was three hours late, so we did not start until one-thirty.

"On my way to the station I fortunately lost my way.

Fortunately, because it brought me into touch with a man who needed a word. He was a Cornish man, a blacksmith, who undertook to show me the way. He had just got a job and was overjoyed after a spell of tramping on the veld. So he opened his heart to me and gave me my opportunity. He candidly acknowledged that he had thrown over religion since he came out to South Africa, but that he would have been a better man and better off if he hadn't. He took what I said very well, and may, I hope will, remember it.

"I seem strangely lonely, after travelling all this time with Clement. When two are together it makes all the difference. Time flies quickly and everything is interesting. Now, alone, one doesn't care. This return to civilisation is not by any means satisfactory. What struck us at once on the line down, was the drunkenness among white men, that made them like beasts before the Natives. Then the language they use, and that most white men use, is lurid and disgusting. Here among the young fellows in the carriage, swearing was common last night. Today they see who I am, and refrain.

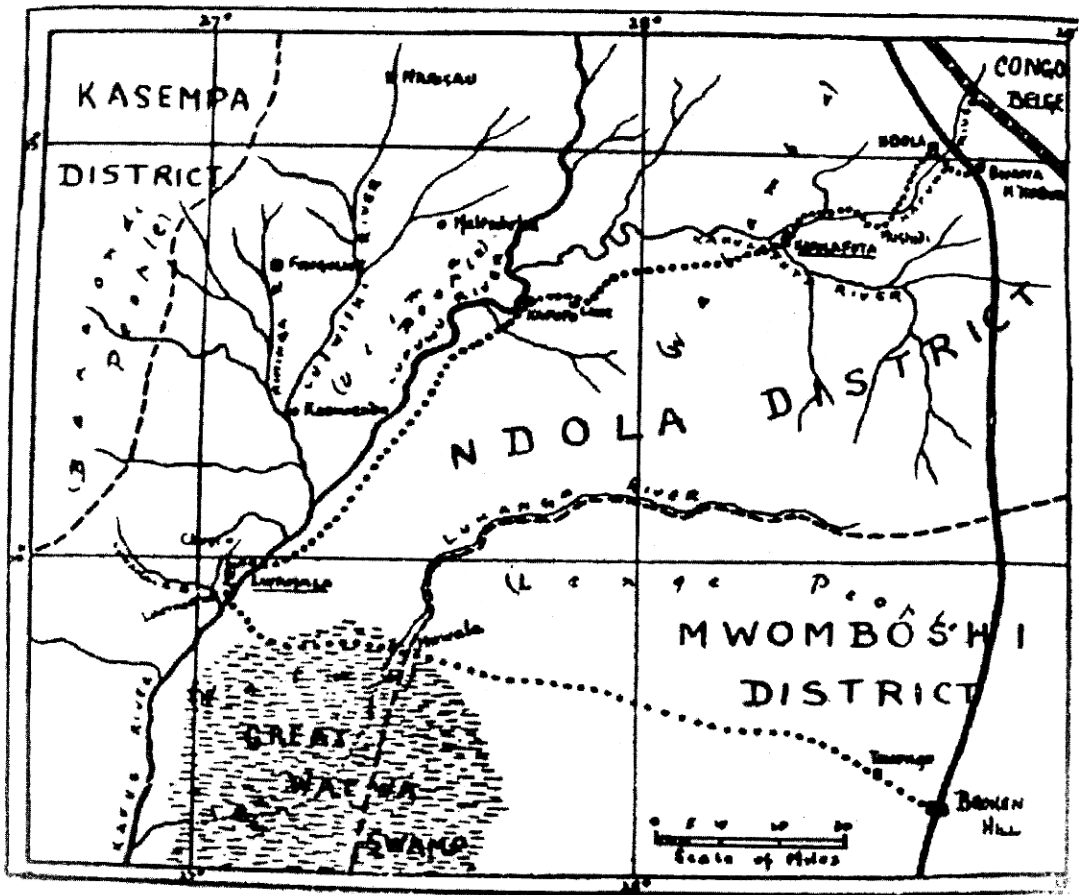
"We have had a glorious journey down. The small two-berth compartment suited us admirably and we very much enjoyed it. The Falls especially attracted us; but the water was low and they hardly did justice to themselves. The photos, I am afraid will show very little.

*Later.* "Since Gwelo we have entered a bush country, more interesting than the open, unbroken grass.

*Salisbury.* "We have been here just three hours. I was unable to leave my things, and a bit afraid of injuring my feet, so I remained in the carriage and read. Salisbury is not particularly inviting in appearance. The streets at least have a spacious look; the town seems scattered, but it gives the idea of being large. Before reaching Salisbury the country improved in appearance and became much broken. Huge boulders, some poised like rocking stones, were scattered everywhere. At one point we passed a large herd of baboons. There must have been two or three score."

Here the diary ends, and the remainder of the story of Doke's "Last Trek" must be told by others. <sup>7</sup>

At the request of the South African Baptist Missionary Society, he had promised to visit during his trek a Mission Station at Umtali, an important point on the railway in Eastern Rhodesia, near the Portuguese border. After saying "Good-bye" at Bulawayo, to his son, who returned to Johannesburg, Doke proceeded to Gwelo and Salisbury, en route to Umtali. What then happened is best told in a letter from one who showed him



every kindness, the Rev. R. Wodehouse, dated from Umtali, on August 20th, 1913, and addressed to the Rev. H.J. Batts, Secretary of the South African Baptist Union. He wrote:

“No doubt you have heard ere this of the passing of dear Mr Doke. In some respects it is inexpressibly sad ... away from his wife and family and Church. According to appointment, he arrived here on Saturday morning, the 9th inst., and was met at the railway station by Mr Webber, a dear Baptist friend, and myself. He was apparently in good health, stepping out from the train with a quick elastic step, as if he had been a young man. After greeting, we drove to the hospitable home of Mr Webber, where Mr Doke partook of breakfast with evident relish. We spent the entire morning, about four hours, discussing Missionary matters. So engrossed was he that it was difficult for Mr Webber to get him to break for dinner. After resting, we walked out together, still discussing Missionary subjects. The

*Map of Lambaland. The dotted line indicates the path taken by Joseph and Clement Doke. The map was prepared by C.M. Doke for the Baptist Missionary Assembly in 1913*

whole of Saturday was spent in going over matters for which he came. He took lengthy notes which I am sending to Rev. B. Vernon Bird (Hon. Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society), with a map which I promised to prepare. He was very enthusiastic over the prospect before the Baptist Church in Rhodesia. He felt that your Missions in existence were considered local and not foreign. He saw that the need of the Church was something it could call foreign Missions, which would lay hold especially of the imagination and heart of the young people of the Church. He felt Rhodesia would meet this need. He spoke also of his son, and I think he desired that he would come to some part of Rhodesia. We occupied the same room and, as you may imagine, we had blessed fellowship together. On Sunday morning, we were hoping to go to a Mission Station nearby, but unfortunately he rose with a headache and felt unequal to going out. He had a cup of tea at breakfast but was unable to eat anything. He returned and lay on the bed for a while; he complained also of a pain in the small of the back. At noon he felt no better, and thought it best to undress and go to bed. The pains increased and made him feel quite ill. Mr Webber applied a mustard plaster which gave some relief. I sat with him Sunday afternoon and evening. On Monday morning I took his temperature, which registered 100. I felt the fever was not sufficient to account for the pain in the back, so consulted with Mr Webber, who went for the doctor. We feared pleurisy. The doctor confirmed our fears, and ordered the patient to Hospital, so that he could have professional nurses and be under his immediate care. I walked with the *machila* which conveyed him, saw him put in his bed, and stayed a considerable time with him. I was again at his bedside after lunch, and changed his position to ease the pain. The headache never ceased and damp cloths were constantly applied.

On Tuesday morning and afternoon I was again with him; he said 'Brother Wodehouse, this is the time when a man wants his wife.' I replied, 'Yes.' He said, 'I know the Everlasting Arms are around me.' I whispered in his ear, 'You are very precious to Him.' 'Yes,' he said. He then requested me to pray with him, so I knelt down by his bedside and prayed for him and his loved ones. He asked me to stroke his hair, which seemed to soothe him. I also held his frail hand in mine. He seemed to cling to me, and was certainly longing for human friendship and sympathy. On Wednesday I was again with him. There seemed little change. The doctor now said enteric had developed. On Thursday his condition was not so hopeful. After consulting with the doctor, I wired to Mrs Duke a second telegram, saying that her husband was seriously ill and had

enteric. On Friday morning I was with him again, and lifted him in my arms on to his right side to ease the pain, which continued. On coming in after lunch, I noticed that there certainly was a change for the worse, but no one had any idea that he was going so soon. At ten minutes to seven on Friday evening, August 15th, he rapidly sank, and quietly and peacefully passed away to his reward a few moments later. The suddenness of it shocked us all. On Saturday morning I had to wire that sad news to his wife.

"On Sunday afternoon he was carried to his last resting place in the Umtali Cemetery. The Rev. W. Phelps, Presbyterian Minister at Umtali, and I performed the last sad rites. The people were full of sympathy, and both the Presbyterian and American Methodist Episcopal Churches wired their condolences to the stricken widow.

"We can hardly realise it, the suddenness of it has staggered us. Surely this is a loud call to enter the Rhodesian Field. Mr Doke gave his life for his work. He is a Martyr."

We have seen how Doke viewed others on his journey through the "long grass". Let one with whom he was in close contact during that period say what he thought of Doke. Writing from Kafulafuta Mission Station the Rev. W.A. Phillips said:

"I count it no mean privilege to write my impressions of the late Rev. Joseph J. Doke. My knowledge of him commenced through his writing to me, suggesting visiting this Station, that he might see the district, people, and work, with a view to the taking over thereof by the South African Baptist Missionary Society.

"This had come about through his being told by the late Fred S. Arnot of the threatened surrender of their Rhodesian work by the Nyassa Industrial Mission.

"The correspondence which took place prior to his arrival in July, 1913, was an inspiration in itself, and clearly indicated that the author was, if nothing else, a Christian Statesman. When the train arrived at Bwana M'Kubwa Station, it was with some surprise that I found the visitor to be looking so frail in body, knowing what kind of programme he was anxious to fulfil in this country, where travelling under the easiest circumstances is very exhausting; yet he alighted from the train in no feeble fashion, but with vigour, and tripped briskly along, surprising me once more. Indeed, throughout the whole time he was in this country, he was giving me a series of surprises.

"These occurred as his rare powers and ability and graces unfolded themselves in course of action and speech, day by day. I shall ever prize the great privilege which was mine, of living those thirty days in his company. Immediately on meeting me,



*Chief Luntantwe, pencil  
sketch by J.J. Doke*

every utterance; my soul was greatly refreshed. The following day we three visited the official of the district residing at Ndola; he quickly revealed himself in conversation as a man able to deal successfully with a difficult situation, having the courage of his convictions, tenacious of purpose, tactful and gracious, and not a man to make bad blood. As day followed day I found him to be a man of exceptional knowledge, general and technical. He was always on the alert; nothing seemed to escape his attention, and since his knowledge was of so wide a kind, he proved a most interesting and instructive companion. I couldn't but notice that his diction and phraseology was of no mean order and his fondness of the English language was strong to the point of jealousy. As opportunities occurred, when travelling, perhaps when waiting for the load carriers to catch us up, or at other times when taking the much needed rest, Mr Doke would take from one of his many and commodious pockets a sketch book and in a few moments would secure a really life-like portrait of this one and that. I well recollect how in this he took splendid portraits of the Lamba chief Luntantwe, and also of the Twa chief, Muwala; neither of them was cognisant of the transaction, for he works swiftly, yet with superb ease. The latter chief told us that he had only just come out of the swamp, where he and his wife and family had been hitherto living; we found him with a very small patch of ground where, by merely scraping the surface, he was endeavouring to grow a few cereals of food. How

he wanted to know what opportunities there might be for services, and was delighted to know that I had arranged one for the coloured, and one for the white folks that day. And although suffering from fatigue, inseparable from travelling, he was standing on his feet a few hours later, speaking from the depths of his being to a couple of hundred people of the Lamba, Wemba, Ngoni, Tonga and other tribes, his remarks being interpreted.

"The evening of that day found him in the Station Master's room, conducting a service attended by ten Europeans, which number included myself; I was charmed not only by the matter, but also by the style; the spirit of deep devotion permeated



very interested Mr Doke was in this man and his homestead, rough and crude as he and everything were. We arrived at this place at dusk, feeling very weary, having put in a long, hard day travelling under a sun mightily in his strength. The site of this village to be was on the edge of a swamp. The river, or stream, close by was very stagnant, and I hardly know which to say was more noticeable, the stench or the solidity of the water. Here, I fear, Mr Doke received those germs which ended in that fatal illness.

"How vigorous, how virile he was in the morning; but by night how weary he became. He was a man to spend himself prodigally in any good cause; and altruist in a real sense. It was not easy to discourage him; he was of the undaunted type.

"The worst instance which I had of his frailty was on arriving at Broken Hill ahead of his son on August 4th, when he knew that his work in Northern Rhodesia was completed. Seeing how done up he was, I quickly arranged a waterproof sheet on the ground, and with pillows endeavoured to make him as comfortable as possible. He was too weak to speak, but just took advantage of the opportunity to recline and get some rest. There were indications which led me to think he was going to collapse altogether there and then, and I was greatly relieved when after a short nap, he opened his eyes, sat up and commenced talking. He at once took a letter from his pocket respecting Mission business and spoke to me, with much of his usual vigour and earnestness. He was always very grateful for the smallest attention, but he did not much appreciate such as was unnecessary; he was far too spirited for that.

"In his attitude, in his various dealings with the Natives, he was always the gentleman; and those who went with us, journeying from Bwana M'kubwa via Ndola, Kafulafuta, Kapopo, Lwamala to Broken Hill, through bush and forest, over marshes, through river and swamp upwards of two hundred and fifty miles, will never forget 'Shikulu Doko'. How he loved to sit with them in the evening round the camp fires, listening to their stories and fun, and answering their pertinent questions; he was not behind with a good joke himself.

"So although the day had brought its troubles, the evening brought its compensations. He very frequently took part in the early morning and evening service, as also in other services held in the villages passed through; he would have done more but for the difficulty of the medium of interpreting.

"The people were hoping that he was going to settle down with them; if that had come to pass what a blessing he would have been! A perfume seemed to pervade his whole being, such

as only could have been obtained through communion with Him whom he loved. He was truly a gem in a delicate and unpretentious setting."

## Chapter 4

### A NOVICE ON TREK

I had been on a long trek in Northern Rhodesia before this – but then I wasn't in charge of the caravan: I was but a very green and very junior member of the party. No real responsibility rested on my shoulders. A senior missionary and my own Father were of the party and there was no sense of isolation – all the excitement and a quest of enjoyment in the new and varied scenes that confronted one each day.

Now it was April 1915. I had been nine months on the mission staff, and though I could converse fairly in the Lamba language I could not break through sufficiently to preach therein, and I was feeling desperate. The only thing to do was to get away from the colleagues, who could talk English with me, and isolate myself “in the blue” with nothing but Lamba round me. Hence my journey – aimed to the southwest, as far as I could get from civilisation.

Eight men and boys were to be my carriers and travel companions. The first tussle came outside my rondavel when carrier No. 8, a last resort man, whose face I did not like, commenced the “try-out” with the untried white man. He wanted tobacco before setting out. Now it was the principle of the mission not to deal in this commodity or to ration it, so, assigning him what appears to me to be the least important of the loads, I signalled my carriers to march forward, and leave the grumbler behind if he chose to stay. This show of determination in which I by no means felt certain of myself, was effective, and we got under way without further delay.

Crossing the Kafulafuta River and the plain beyond, we entered the forest land of the Wulima country and set our course along the narrow Native path to the southward with the village of Kalunkumya as our first objective. We had been



*Lamba youth  
(photo by C.M. Doke).  
On the reverse of the  
original photo, Doke has  
written: “A bachelor  
never has a button on  
his shirt. It is also said  
‘A married man has no  
shirt for his buttons.’  
Oh, my young friend,  
do be careful.”*

trudging for about two hours when the front carriers roused a reed buck (an *impoyo*). Down went the loads and I was quickly apprised of the fact that "meat" was just ahead of us in a clump of long grass. "But how can we carry a buck if we kill it here?" I asked. "Meat, meat!" they all shouted, "You can't let meat go by like this!" The loudest in his demand for meat was our friend Mulanga, who had wanted to load up with tobacco at first.

So the stalking commenced and the animal was shot. It was quickly cut up and the headman, who by the way had never acted headman before, began to portion the joints and cuts to be added to the carriers' loads. What a commotion when he came to put a piece of meat on Mulanga's load! And now, all heavily loaded and certainly more subdued in spirits, the caravan moved on. It was a quiet, slogging trek. The forest land began to rise. A hill stood out, and soon after midday we reached the village of Kalunkumya.

We had covered seventeen miles, and for myself, out of training after months of station work, I was beginning to feel tired. There was a good turnout to the service we held in the village. I counted fifty-five there, and I tried out on them a short sermonette I had written out and learnt off. It didn't last very

*Lima in front of a permanent inkuna (lean-to hut) (photo by C.M. Doke)*



long – perhaps ten minutes; but you may be sure there was no criticism on account of shortness. We sang hymns, the carriers chattered to the villagers and we had a meal; and then at about four o'clock recommenced our march to the village of Chipolopolo, only three miles further on. My leg muscles had begun to stiffen up, but despite this the late afternoon walk was most pleasant.

Soon we reached Chipolopolo and threaded our way through between the huts to an open space near the chief's hut where the carriers set about erecting my 6 x 7 tent. I sat down on a box to watch. They didn't seem to know what to do or how to arrange pegs and guide ropes, and I had to give a hand. Mulanga was nowhere to be seen. His load was there but he, no doubt, was off in search of tobacco.

Then a villager came over and began to speak to me. I made out that it was about sickness and followed him to a hut nearby. There in the chill of the doorway, in the draught, sat a woman, and on her knees a very sick baby. The ashen yellow colour of the naked child with beads of perspiration on its little forehead, and the clicking quick breathing made me realise that the child was very sick indeed. I could do nothing for it. I carried only the usual first-aid medicines with salts, quinine, iodine, vaseline and bandages. I told the mother to cover the child and take him in out of the draught, and could no no more. Oh, what a boon a medical training would have been!

I went back to the tent and saw that the ropes were straight. My personal "boy" was cooking eggs and rice for my evening meal. People were coming and going, greeting one in the picturesque yet sincere way in which the Wulima show their respect for an honoured visitor. After the evening meal, the service, at which I used the same sermonette this time slightly lengthened by the addition of some impromptu frills.

It was early to bed. We were all tired. The buzz of talking died down in the huts, and the stillness of the night came over the whole village. My men were mostly distributed among friends in various huts. The tiredness of the long walk kept me long awake, but eventually I slept.

It must have been about eleven o'clock. A piercing shriek woke the whole village. This was followed by soft pattering of feet in all directions. Then wail after wail, shriek after shriek; and I knew that the sick baby had been summoned away from the strange life into which he had been born but two or three months before. I lay on my camp stretcher listening and thinking over all this really meant.

Then one of my men came to the tent door. "Shikulu," he

grass was heavy with rain, and soon we were all soaked through, not to dry till near ten o'clock. The scarabaeus beetles were turning the animal droppings found frequently along the path, and the butterflies were out everywhere.

Our way led up and down: up one rise and down into a depression again to cross a rivulet in spate. Much of the path was clayey soil, and we slipped and slid as we climbed out from the depression. Every muscle in my legs was stiff – the morning after a picnic feeling; and what with sliding back instead of going forward, and muscle pain with every step, I began to wonder if any pioneer missionary had ever suffered what this one was going through. As we struggled on I got my first dose of real home-sickness.

A duty service held at Chifwalamakushi and another at Mukweka attended by only thirteen people, and we struggled on along the slippery way to give it up at Mukamwami's village, after only thirteen miles that day! I could do no more: and felt very depressed. Again a duty service that night – only twelve present.

But the next day dawned, and with it better feelings, less stiffness and a new resolve. At camp that night it was with higher spirits and feeling that there was something worth while in life after all. We had only covered about sixteen miles, but I had held eight services: the first at Mukamwami on striking camp, then at Lesa, At Mukatamweni, at Chiwamba, at Chilumba, where sixty-two gathered, at Nkanda and at Chimbamanga – altogether two hundred and seventy villagers had listened to the Gospel, haltingly preached, but each time with more liberty and assurance. And then to crown it all, at Mukakangoma's village where we slept, ten new school boys were enrolled to come to the mission school as boarders at the end of the holidays.

Mukakangoma was a slightly-built man, yellowish-brown in colour, insignificant to look at but with an intelligent face and an interesting past. He was a Chikunda, with Portuguese blood in his veins. His people had come to Lamba country hunting elephants, and not averse to making a little pin-money by slave trading. They had come from Zumbo on the Zambesi and had remained behind to avoid trouble over debts at home. Several youths from this village had become prominent scholars at the mission school and were learning to be teachers. Three of them were carrying loads on my journey and helping in the services – though their Lamba speech was mixed with Chikunda. Hence the eagerness of their village mates to enrol. The village was poor and dilapidated, but the people gave us a real welcome, and supplied us with food not only for the night, but for a night

we should have to spend in the bush on ahead.

April 9th dawned well, and we set off on a southward trail. Two villages were visited on the way, services held; and then we entered a tract of wild, seemingly virgin forest. We travelled comfortably, and the boys were in great spirits. It was about four in the afternoon that we reached the Chimumbulu river – deep pools of crystal clear water with huge forest trees interlocking overhead. We had covered some twenty-four miles and this was a usual place to camp for travellers. A strong stockade had been erected near the river. My men inspected it and pronounced it good. My tent they proceeded to erect outside the *zareba* (stockade). While this was in progress, I went with Katandika for a bathe in one of the crystal pools, where the water was very deep. We saw huge barbel swimming lazily near the bank, winding their way around the huge roots of the trees. We tried to spear one but with no success.

It was wonderful to have one's evening meal with starlit sky shewing between the branches of the huge trees. Then prayers together and off to bed.

It was getting late. I had dozed off to sleep. The men in the *zareba* had ceased their chatter and the bubbling of the calabash pipe was silenced. Then though one's dreams came the consciousness of the distant roar of a lion. It came nearer; it was upstream. "Shikulu," comes a voice from the *zareba*, "did you hear that?" The name lion was not mentioned – that might bring disaster. "Yes, what of it?" Silence for a while. Then – downstream this time – "Ny! ny! ny!" "Shikulu!" a more insistent call this time from the *zareba*. "What is it?" "You must come in here where it is strong!" "There is nothing to fear," I replied, though, to tell the truth, I felt very different from my words, for my heart was thumping hard. Again the call upstream and the answer downstream, and the owners of the voices were coming nearer and nearer together; our camp seemingly the central point between them. "Shikulu, you must come in here!"

I put my hand outside my mosquito net and felt the thin texture of the canvas of the tent. There's a good deal in what they suggest, I thought, but I mustn't show them that I am afraid. So I answered "I'm all right." The next roars, however, made "the welkin ring". Up jumped several of the men and threw fresh wood to their dying fire in the *zareba*. The flames lit up the forest canopy above. "Shikulu," said Katandika, "you must come in here; we are responsible for you!" "Well," I replied, "if I am to come into the *zareba* you must bring my bed in too, so that I can sleep comfortably" – words braver than I really felt.

Quickly the men broke open the *zareba* doorway and flung out blazing logs to make a fire outside. When that was blazing three came out and brought in my bed from the tent. Once more the doorway of the *zareba* was firmly closed with logs and poles, and we lay round the cheery blaze within; while the roaring of the lions came nearer and nearer – then ceased.

Evidently they had got our scent and seen our fire. Our eyes peered through the *zareba* hedge, but we could see nothing. Eventually we were all asleep once more – and not disturbed. But in the morning there were the tell-tale footprints of the great cats, circling our stronghold – and right up to the open flap of my tent!

Some years later I heard that very same stronghold on the Chimumbulu River had a grim story to relate. In November 1918, three and half years later, a party of war-load carriers, sent home from Ndola when the great “influenza” epidemic reached the carrier’s shelters there, struggled to the river in their attempt to reach their homes to the south. Eight of them got no further than this *zareba*, where they died during the night. Their bodies were found there after many days by the next band of travellers. Such happenings were common during that terrible month in Lambaland.

But to continue my trek! The food my carriers brought with them from Mukakangoma was all used up at the Chimumbulu that night. After a long trek through untouched forest, we reached the villages of Mwinuna and Katangala where small services were held and then on to Chasewa, which we reached in the later afternoon. The services had delayed us, and our total distance for that day was only seventeen miles.

Chasewa did not receive us gladly. There had been a beer drink and the chief was drunk and abusive. Nowhere else in all my travels since did I experience what I did from Chasewa. He came and sat down in front of me and indulged in lewd and insulting conversation. Try how I would to change his topic, I couldn’t. My men set up camp, and I asked for food for them to be brought for barter. “No food! It is hunger here!” was all the rational talk I could get from him.

My personal “boy” set up my table, put on the cloth and prepared to cook my rice and make me a cup of cocoa. My hungry carriers sat around and watched. How could I sit down to my meal, when they had to go to bed hungry! But it wouldn’t help them if I went without, and I knew better than to use up in one meal the scant provisions which were necessary for a white man’s health in this climate, unless we were in extremis.

So I sat down to my meal. As I bowed in giving thanks and



uttering a prayer for food for my carriers, I heard a rhythmic clapping behind me. On turning round imagine my amazement on seeing a man standing and three women sitting behind him, each with a large basket of meal in front of her. The Lord's supply! – manna in the wilderness.

I greeted the newcomers. "Where are you from?" I asked. "From Makoma, over there!" said the man pointing to the west. The village I found next day, was more than a mile away. "How

*Women bringing food to missionaries*



did you know I needed food?" I asked. "We heard that a white man had come, and we thought that you would like some food for your carriers!" was the simple reply. I confess to tears in my eyes at this. My doubt and depression vanished. This is the way the Lord has of indicating His presence and His thought for those who are on His business, but have become discouraged.

It was Monday, April 12th 1915; the previous day had been spent in camp at Chasewa, with a preaching visit to Makoma. The drunken and abusive chief, Chasewa, had kept to his hut, probably ashamed of his conduct to us on the previous day. The country was opening up; we were approaching the great plains of the Middle Kafue, and at about ten o'clock we reached the village Mukangwamwanakashi, built on a spit of high land, after we had crossed a swamp about half a mile in width.

The village was presided over by a chieftainess; the name indicated this – "the baffled woman". On the further side of the village commenced the great Ifunso swamp. In July 1913 I had passed over a lower portion of this dryshod, and hunted puku there. But now it was April. The real rainy season had just ended, but the vast plains were still flooded with water slowly draining off into the Kafue river.

Mukangwamwanakashi must have been about seventy years of age. She had a kindly face with piercing eyes; and greeted us hospitably. After the usual greetings I said I wanted to have a

service with her people before crossing the Ifunso swamp. "I'll call the people this evening," she said. "No," I said, "I want them now for we go straight on." The old lady gave me a keen look, but said, "All right, I'll call the people now; but we'll talk after the service."

After the service, for which thirty people had gathered, I said to the old lady. "How long will it take us to cross the Ifunso?"

"You can't do it today," she said, "it is too late to start." "But see," I said in my ignorant enthusiasm, "the sun is only there!" indicating with my arm an angle for eleven o'clock. "It is too late to go today!" she reiterated. "Well," I retorted, "if I start tomorrow at sun-up, when will I get across?" She stretched out her arm indicating midday. "Then," said I, "if I can cross tomorrow by midday, I can cross today before evening. We march!" "Don't go today, young white man," she said, "stay here tonight and start early tomorrow morning; the swamp is very wide!"

But I would not listen to reason. Why should a whole day be lost? And what can a woman know about such travelling? So we started off. We had not gone far before a messenger overtook us with a last urgent plea from the chieftainess that we turn back. But youth is obstinate, and we went on.

Soon we reached the brink of the great swamp which stretched away to a distant horizon. Dotted here and there were heads of giant ant-hills. Long grass grew well above the water. No path was to be seen, but the feet of the carriers felt it beneath the water, and on we went.

The crossing of the previous half-mile swamp I had made barefoot but the razor grass has so cut my feet that for this major crossing I donned my socks and boots. And so commenced what proved to be a gruelling experience. Sometimes the water reached the hips, sometimes the armpits. Once my cook-boy, carrying my shot-gun, disappeared entirely in a hole in front of me. Only the bubbles from the barrels of the gun revealed where he was. This early on and we all had a good laugh at his expense.

But as the hours passed, so high spirits ran out. At one



*Lamba women's head  
dress*

place we encountered an army of driver ants crossing the swamp on flotsam. How they harried the carriers, who dared not take hand from load or head or shoulder to fend them off. We had to make away from the path to a temporary refuge of an ant-hill top; there to strip off clothes and pick off the vicious fighters. We had breathers here too; but the further bank with the line of forest trees seemed as far off as ever.

The carriers' arms were getting stiff, as it was difficult for them to change the positions of their loads, wading as they were all the time. But we dare not delay. The sun was already lowering. It was four o'clock when we eventually stepped out of the terrible swamp on to dry ground once more, and took a hurried council of war.

The next village, as far as we could make out, was some ten miles further on, and on the other side of the Kafue at that. We could not make it. The swamp had proved to be seven miles across and we had taken four and a half hours in the water; it is slow walking in water up to the waist! So a likely spot was chosen for camp and the men set to work cutting timber for the *zareba* and erecting the tent inside it.

Meanwhile, taking two men, I set off skirting the swamp with my gun in search of meat. We had seen an eland crossing the swamp in the distance, his already great size magnified by the mirage effect of the swamp, and I thought that some exercise would help to dry my clothes and my sodden boots. We walked for miles, saw nothing and got back to camp only to be told that a zebra had walked past the camp within fifty yards!

We were a subdued party that night. Everything was damp.

*Central Kafue River.  
Dug-out canoes.  
C.M. Doke standing  
(photo by J.J. Doke)*



My bedding was all damp. My boy unpacked the second loaf of bread with which I had left the mission: it was green with mould, and we had to throw it away!

In the morning a nine-mile tramp brought us to the bank of the lovely Kafue river, here wide and leisurely in its journey. Shouts eventually brought a boatman across and we were piecemeal ferried over the village of Chinkunta. I don't think I have ever enjoyed boiled monkey-nuts as much as I did those the villagers heaped up in front of us for midday meal. They were newly dug and were piping hot in their shells. This meal set us up for the remainder of that day's journey to Mukwangu, another eleven miles further on.

We were only a few miles from the village of Luntantwe, a prominent chief, near whose village the mission of Lwamala had been established but abandoned in 1912 owing to staffing and financial difficulties. Here was a centre where I would be welcome. I had visited Luntantwe too, on tour in 1913.<sup>8</sup>

It was at Mukwangu that the warning of the old chieftainess came into full effect. I woke early on the Wednesday morning with a terrible pain in my left side. At the slightest movement on my bed it seemed as though my heart was gripped in a vice and ceased to beat. I lay back and tried to think. The slightest movement caused excruciating pain. It took me half an hour, with gradual movements, to turn eventually on to my right side. Meanwhile my men had begun to get anxious. Why was I not up, as I always rose early? They were very alarmed when they found me so ill. However with the help of two men, I managed to sit up on the bed, and they helped me to dress. It was nearly nine before we struck camp in an attempt to reach the hospitality of Luntantwe.

When I was up I managed to move about without much pain, provided I did not jerk or jolt myself at all. So we set off. It was a great effort to walk. Whenever I trod on a bit of uneven ground, the sharp pain stabbed my heart unmercifully. How I kept it up I do not know. I dared not stop at all: lest I should be unable to continue; and soon after midday I completed a walk of eight miles – seeming impossibility. On reaching Luntantwe I collapsed completely.

My men were gems, even Mulanga. They did all for my comfort. They kept moving my bed round a hut to keep it in the



*Chyalwe and her  
imbokoma (calabash  
pipe)*

shade, and waited on me in every way possible. As a lad of eleven I had had rheumatic fever, and I diagnosed my present trouble – how correctly I do not know – as spasmodic rheumatism of the muscles round the heart. I remember how I concluded I would not recover; but I felt very calm about it all. I was able to write; so I wrote up my home letters giving a detailed account of my journey, addressed the envelopes and gave my men instructions what to do when I was past it all.

But it was not to be thus. I had a remarkably quick recovery. I only stayed four days at Luntantwe, but was able to make a pilgrimage to the deserted Mission Station of Lwamala, of which I found nothing left but two chimneys standing out of a sea of grass. Last year's grass fires, carelessly unwatched by the villages, had swept all the building away. The people of Luntantwe's village gathered together to hear God's Word on two occasions, when over forty assembled each time; and I was also able to visit three near villages to proclaim the Gospel.

My logbook records the above critical days as follows: <sup>9</sup>

April. 12 1915. "Chasewa (left early) – Mukangwamwanakashi eleven a.m. (30) – Ifunso Marsh, and abortive hunt; camped on other side of marsh.

13. From camp ten miles to Kafue River, crossed by boat, then two miles to Chinkunta (12) – Mukwango (66) ...

14. Woke up very ill: with help of my men sat up and eventually after two hours started to walk the eight miles to Luntantwe.

15. Had service at Luntantwe (44), then walked the mile to the abandoned Mission Station of Lwamala and back.

16. Feeling a little better walked to Mukao (14) and back, a total of five miles.

17. Walked a total of eighteen miles to Menda (28) – Mupuka (28) – Luntantwe.

18. (Sunday) at Luntantwe (42).

19. Luntantwe – Lupumpaula (25) – Njeleka (20), a total of twenty-three miles.

On leaving Luntantwe our direction was south, parallel with the Kafue River which flowed about ten miles east of us, that is our left. After stopping for a service at Lupumpaula we went on and camped at Njeleka. The next day we found that the Kafue had taken a great turn to the west, and its size was increased by the overflow from the Great Lukanga Swamp. We were approaching the area from which a number of our school boys came, and it was not long before we had to cross the river by dug-out canoe. We were now in what is called the Hook of the Kafue, and we

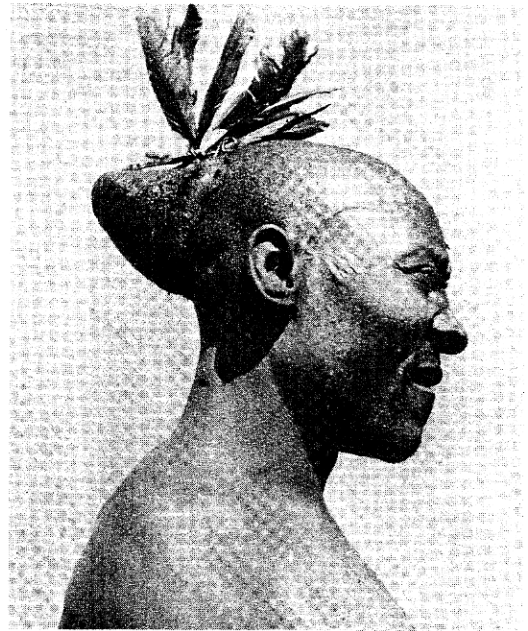
camped that night at a village called Mumba. The next day, after a tramp of twenty-one miles, which included two services at the villages on the way, I was surprised that we found ourselves at the Sable Antelope Mine. There were several small mines in that area, The Hippo and the Silver King being to the west of the Sable Antelope.

I found that there were some Europeans playing tennis when my carriers and I came on the scene; so I went over and introduced myself, and was invited to join them in a game. Despite the fact that I had just trudged over twenty miles and was wearing heavy boots, to which they took no exception, I won in both the sets I played: they had lent me a racquet. My carriers were most interested spectators. We camped at the Mine that night. It was Wednesday, and I judged that the men (there were only men at the mine) would not relish a suggestion to have a service. For one thing, one of them was introduced to me as Mr M., who showed uneasiness when he heard I was from Kafulafuta, for we had two of his half-caste daughters in our school!

The miners had heard that there was a Mission not far from Mumbwa Boma (the Magistracy), marked on Mowbray's map of 1908 as Fort Mumbwa, and they gladly gave me direction how to get there, telling me it was about forty miles away.

The next day we travelled on. We were now in the country of the Ila people, also called the Mahukulumbwe, a warlike tribe, whose men have their hair worked up into cones five to ten inches long, which for special occasions they have lengthened to three foot ten by the introduction of a long sliver of sable antelope horn.<sup>10</sup> Some of my carriers had begun to dawdle along the way, with the last one sometimes as much as a mile behind the first. One morning, as we trekked, we saw a group of five of these Mashukulumbwe standing on an anthill watching our approach. As soon as they saw them my men immediately showed great signs of uneasiness, for they had a mortal fear of the dreaded Mashukulumbwe. They quickly closed in near me and there was no more dawdling on this part of my journey.

It was April 22, and we rested at the village of Malembeka where we called the people together for a service to which twenty gathered. Then we went on to the village of Nkolomona,



*Ila man  
(Mashukulumbwe)*

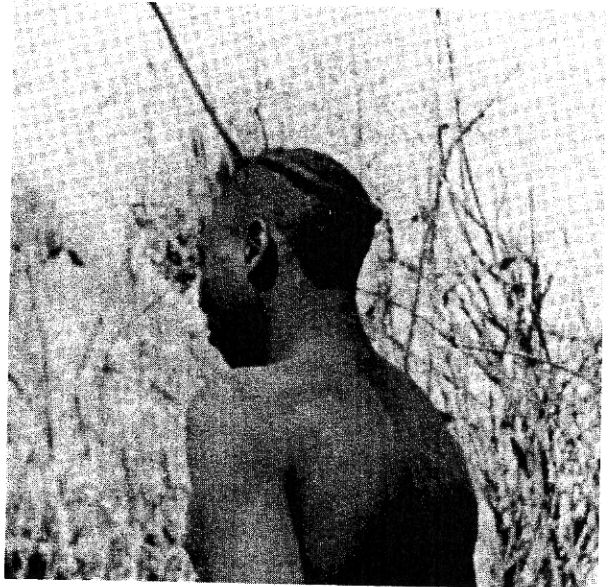
where we camped for the night after a total of twenty-two miles for the day. The people of this village knew the Mission very well, as the missionary visited them frequently. I knew that the name of the Mission was Nambala, belonging to the Primitive Methodist Missionary Society which worked among the Baila and the Batonga tribes, and that I was about to contact the nearest missionaries to the south of our Kafulafuta. But I did not know the name of the missionaries who staffed the station. Questioning one after the other the nearest I could get to it was "Koswari".

The next morning I reached Mumbwa Boma,<sup>11</sup> and found that the Mission Station was nine miles further on, a nine miles that seemed very long in the midday sun. The path led down to a little stream, fast drying up, and when I saw the stepping-stones I knew that we had reached our goal.

The entrance to the Mission from that side was picturesquely tropical, and passing a dense grove of bananas we came upon the open courtyard at the back of the Mission House, where a number of the schoolboys were playing at improvised hockey.



*Ila man with lengthened isusu (photo by Rev. E.W. Smith)*



*Ila man with hair shorn revealing halo of scalp due to hair tightening*

It was most refreshing to receive the warm welcome from Mr and Mrs J.A. Kerswell, after the long days of lonely travelling. Buzande, the first little white girl I had seen for over nine months, soon became my fast friend, and I felt quite at home from the start.

We were sitting in the large, cool dining-room, when Mr Kerswell suggested that I might like to see the baby. "Yes, of course I must see the baby: where is he?" He was in the "pram" on the verandah, and I went out. What was my surprise when I saw a chubby, fat, black baby before me! This was Georgie, whose mother had died some month's before, and of whom the missionaries were taking care. Georgie has won his way to the hearts of his foster-parents, so that when the time comes they will find it very hard to part with the little fellow.

It was Friday afternoon when I reached Nambala, and I left again next Tuesday morning. Though my stay was brief, I at once saw what untiring industry it must take to manage and direct the different departments of the work carried on at this station; and it was a surprise to me to find that Mr and Mrs Kerswell had been working single-handed here for the past eighteen months. There is a flourishing carpentry shop with three or four apprentices at work, a saw-pit in full swing, and a most productive orchard and vegetable garden. About seventy boys are superintended at morning work, and taught in afternoon school by Mr Kerswell, with the assistance of three boys he had trained himself. Then the dispensary claims a good deal of his attention each day.

At the Sunday morning service Mr Kerswell asked me to say a few words, and I gave a greeting from Kafulafuta. The neatly dressed women and girls present testified to the gracious influence of the devoted lady missionary; and it was a pleasure to hear the hearty singing, for these Ila people excel our Lambas in that quality. In the afternoon we all went to hold a service at Musongo's village, about a mile and a half away, towards the beautiful Nambala Hills, which mark the northern boundary of the Mahukulumbwe country.

Mrs Kerswell had written a very interesting little book, called *Romance and Reality of Missionary Life in North Rhodesia*, and I cannot resist quoting one of several "dreadful experiences" (as she termed them) which she describes in her book.



*The Kerswell family  
(photo by C.M. Doke)*





*Clement Doke with  
Buzande and Georgie  
at Nambala (photo by  
Rev. J.A. Kerswell)*

"One evening (at Kampilu Mission Station) we were having supper in our little dining hut and, as it was very hot, the door was left open. Our boys had all gone to their quarters about two hundred yards away, the dogs were lying just outside the door watching for any scraps of food that might be thrown to them. Suddenly the animals sprang up and rushed at something. Thinking one of the boys had returned, I got up from the table and stood behind my chair, in order to look out and see who it was. Without further warning a lion dashed into the hut and underneath the table to the place where, but a minute before I had been sitting. For a moment I was paralysed and simply said, 'Oh! look!' but when my husband replied 'Quickly, quickly,' and pointed to the door, I turned and ran out and

across the couple of yards which separated the dining hut from the one in which my little girl was sleeping. Mr Kerswell also managed to get out safely, although the leg of his trousers was torn by the lion's claws, and he actually had to brush against the hind quarters of the brute as he passed between it and my chair. Closing the door behind him, he rushed across to where I stood holding the other door open for him, seized his rifle and went back and fired into the hut, shooting through the mosquito gauze which formed the upper panels of the door. Finding itself shut in the lion began to jump about, and upset the table with

the burning lamp upon it. As the ferocious creature rose from behind the table my husband fired again, but apparently without effect. He then came back into safety and waited. All seemed quiet but we thought that the lion was still inside, and between this great beast and the crackling flames we were in a dilemma. The huts were so close together that if the fire were allowed to get a good hold, or to reach the thatch, they would all be burnt! we should be homeless; our all would be lost.

"Rifle in hand, Mr Kerswell once more ventured across to the dining room, but all was still and, venturing inside, he found that the lion had taken his departure through the window. By this time things were well alight, but he managed to beat out the flames and save our little home in the wilderness ... As soon as the peril was averted we sank on our knees and gave thanks to our Heavenly Father for His wonderful care and preservation in this time of sore need."

When Tuesday came I was very loath to leave Nambala, and to start the long tramp back, after those three days of welcome Christian fellowship. Nevertheless we at Kafulafuta in the Ndola District could now feel linked up with the workers in the Mumbwa District.

I had to hasten back to Kafulafuta for the opening of the new school term, and had allotted for my journey five weeks.

*Clement Doke and  
carriers leaving  
Nambala (photo by  
J.A. Kerswell)*



Including the four days at Luntantwe sick, and the three days at Nambala, I had been away three full weeks. It was necessary then to speed up on the way back. I must avoid the east bank of the Kafue and the great Ifunso swamp which had treated me so badly. In addition quite early on my return journey I had developed a sore in the centre of my left heel. My men examined it: they thought it was the work of a jigger flea and probed the place which increased the pain, and for the remainder of my journey I had to limp, using only the toes of my left foot and giving all the weight to the right. It was far from pleasant walking, and ruled out further hunting; though I noted that on May 5 a stupid Puku came near enough for me to shoot it, and a guinea-fowl did the same, to the great joy of my carriers, who were feeling the lack of meat. When eventually I reached 'home' with a badly strained right leg, the trouble in my left heel was found to be wart, which soon yielded to correct treatment.

But to return to our homeward journey:

Early on April 27 we began to retrace our steps; after eighteen miles we reached Nkolomona and camped there. Twenty people gathered there, outside my tent for a service that evening. We decided to remain next day here: the people wanted me to go out for a hunt as they were without meat. Though I tramped some eight miles in search of game, the hunt was unsuccessful.

Early the next day we started our trek in real earnest, reaching Nyamalaka after twenty-five miles; from there we skirted the Sable Antelope Mine and went straight on to Mumba, and the following day, after having a service at Ishyamenda, we reached Njeleka, where we also spent the next day, Sunday. It was always our custom not to move camp on Sundays, but if other villages were near, we would visit them and return to our camp. From Njeleka we stopped for a service at Mupuka and then made for Luntantwe where we spent the night.

It was here that we left the track we had followed coming down, and on May 4 marched due north keeping well to the west of the Kafue River, and camping at eight villages before reaching Kafulafuta. There are just a few incidents to record on this part of our return journey.

Leaving one of the villages very early we were serenaded for half an hour by a hyæna walking in the bush parallel to our path, but the undergrowth was too dense for us to see him. My carriers enjoyed themselves by imitating him and hurling abuse, until, with the rising of the sun the hyæna gave it up.

At another village, also at break of dawn, as we were striking camp, I found that my soap was missing from the canvas



washbasin which stood outside my tent. When my men knew that, they began shouting "Who has stolen the white man's soap? Where is the thief? Is this the way to treat the white teacher?" No door on any hut was opened. And we continued our trek, the men shouting until out of hearing. I must, however, testify to the credit of the Lamba people that the little piece of soap was the only thing ever stolen from me in over five thousand miles of travelling during my seven years service in Lambaland.

At the village of Kangonde where we camped on April 5 we had a good congregation numbering sixty, and after the service some of the people led a very old man up to me. He wanted to tell me that when he was a strong man, much younger, he had been one of David Livingstone's carriers on one of his long journeys. He referred to Livingstone as "Nyaka" (the Rotse name for "Doctor"), the name by which he was so widely known in Central Africa. The man was himself an Mbwera. He was very vague in answering questions, and I could not discover on which journey he was with Livingstone.

The last incident concerned Mulanga. I had noticed that his one leg was much fatter than the other, and by the time we

*Raphia palm. These  
and bottle palms are  
typical of the Lamba-Ila  
borderland*

reached Nambala I became suspicious that he was suffering from elephantiasis. He said it was all right, he would manage the journey home. The total weight of our loads was now much lessened, for our barter goods had dwindled appreciably, and I was able to lessen Mulanga's load to less than half. But I could see that he was really ill; and when he reached a village in the Wulima area, where he had relatives he asked if I could release him to recuperate there. So I paid him off, to his satisfaction; and we left him on good terms for he had definitely improved in temperament during the trek. His light load was easily divided among the others; and we went on. It was some months later that we heard that both legs had become affected, and that he had died among his relatives.

The result of this trip for me was that I felt I had broken through the language barrier of Lamba, and speaking and preaching and even thinking in Lamba became natural and easy to me as a consequence.

#### SUMMARY

1. The total Tour took five weeks away from Kafulafuta.
2. The nearest Mission Station south west of Kafulafuta, viz. Nambala was about 230 miles away.
3. The boundary for Lamba-speaking people was the northern part of the Kafue River on the west side of the Lukanga Swamp about two days' march from Nambala Mission.
4. The total mileage walked, including hunts and Sunday services at villages near camp was 524.
5. The total number of attendances at the services: 1586, the smallest being six, and largest eighty, making an average of twenty-seven per service.

## Chapter 5

### AMONG THE WENAMASWAKA

Lambaland, or the land of Lamba-speakers, is mostly in what was north-western Rhodesia, in an area which used to be called the Luangwa Province, and across the border in a considerable area of the Katanga District of what was then the Belgian Congo. In addition to the Lamba proper there are certain subsections, all



*Accepted for the mission  
field from Plein Street  
Church, Johannesburg:  
M.R. German,  
C.M. Doke, Mr and Mrs  
Brailsford.*

of whom speak Lamba: to the north are the Sewa, to the south-west the Wulima, through whose area I passed on my journey to Nambala, and to the south east are the WenamaSwaka.

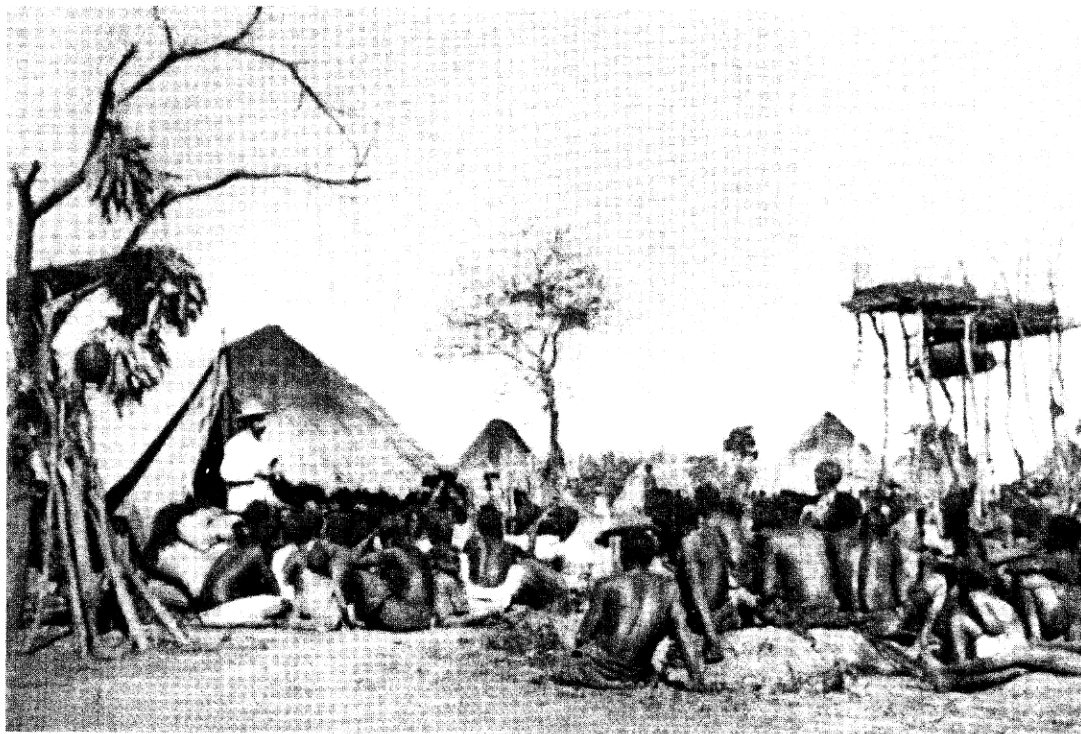
The Lamba speaking area, when I first went to Lambaland in 1913, covered approximately 30 000 square miles, 24 000 in N. Rhodesia, and 6 000 in the Congo. At the time, before the development of the "Copper Belt", and the commencement of World War I, it was estimated that the population, then all Africans, was three to four per square mile.

It was the policy of the B.S.A. Company, which then administered Northern Rhodesia, to allocate as far as possible, a tribe to one Missionary Society; for instance the Primitive Methodists worked among the Ila and Tonga people; the Wesleyan Methodists among the Lenge; the Paris Missionary Society in Barotseland; the Brethren among the Luvale, with most of their work over the border in Congo among the Luba and Lunda; the South African General Mission among the Kaonde and Mbwera; the London Missionary Society among the BisaLala and Bemba; and the Lambas (including the Wulima and MaSwaka) were allocated, in the first instance to the Nyasaland Industrial M.S., a Baptist Society supported from England. Messrs W.A. Phillips and H. Masters came over seven hundred miles from Nyasaland and eventually built the first Mission in the country of the Lamba speaking peoples at Kafulafuta in 1905. In 1914 the Mission was transferred to the South African Baptist Missionary Society; and I was one of the three sent up from South Africa to join Messrs. W.A. Phillips and H.L. Wildey. In 1915 the Seventh Day Adventists established a Mission among the MaSwaka.

This was the position when I set out on my Second Evangelistic Tour on October 15th 1915, when the school had broken up for the second long vacation of the year. I left the station, intending to follow the Kafulafuta River to its source, visiting along its banks; but when I reached the railway, I altered my course and struck south into MaSwaka country. Most of the villages of the WenamaSwaka in the Ndola district had already been visited by our Evangelist Sandawunga, and I found large attendances of interested people, though there was a notable shortage of men, as so many were away carrying loads to the war area in East Africa. I was accompanied by seven carriers, two of them Christian lads from our school, and they gladly helped in the services with testimony and prayer.

We were now nearing the spot where the Seventh Day Adventists had settled at a place named Musofu, and, despite the deep contrast in our theological beliefs, I felt it my duty to pay them a courtesy call. They were a Mr and Mrs K. from America.

They invited me to remain for a meal and I was so intrigued with the way in which they sat at the table on rocking chairs and had to time the approach of the soup spoon to their mouth according to the position taken up by the chair. As the floor of their living room was of beaten earth, each rocking chair was mounted on slabs of wood nailed together to form a solid piece about four feet by six! I had an ordinary chair and was able to enjoy my meal, and eat more quickly and I think more comfortably. We later found it impossible to have fellowship with them, because they quickly employed one of our senior teachers, whom we had had to dismiss for misdemeanor, and with his help begin to build up a school.



On the present journey we were constantly aware of God's Hand upon us; and many times were constantly aware that our lack of faith was reproved by His wonderful guidance. Two instances I remember with especial gratitude to Him. When we arrived on October 11 at the village of a chief named Chilupula, we badly wanted meat: that afternoon I went out for a hunt, and I considered myself very fortunate in being unsuccessful with the gun. The next morning, when only three miles out on our way towards the village of Mupewo, we came upon a herd of zebra

*A morning service in a  
Lamba village*



and hartebeest, and believing that we had practically reached the next village, I shot one of the latter. I was rather annoyed to find an enormous time wasted in bringing in the animal, for the village was still four miles further on. It was out of the question trying to get further, so the carriers set to work cutting up and drying the meat for carrying, and we were able to give the villagers a liberal supply as well. Not many hours passed before I realised that God's Hand was in this delay. People came from another village nearby, named Petala, and the evening service was attended by a hundred and eleven adults, and the presence of the Holy Spirit was manifest among us. As I was staying the night there, I had the opportunity of inviting any who wanted to hear more of the Words of God to come and talk with me in the hut which the chief had put at my disposal. What a joy it was when three men and two lads came to surrender their hearts to God! They were very earnest and eager to hear more, and we talked late, but praise God, they went away with Christ in their hearts. My heart was too full for sleep then, so I went over to my carriers for evening prayer, and told them the good news. By a mistake, I said six had come forward, and Tole in prayer remembered "these six". Then I recollected, and told them there were only five, "but," I added, "perhaps the Lord will send the sixth tomorrow." In the morning the people came in even greater numbers to the service – a hundred and fourteen were present. After speaking, I asked those who had yielded the evening before to come with me into the hut for prayer, and appealed for any others who wished to come to Jesus to join us. God sent the sixth – a lad of about sixteen name Shyamboko. I feel I should put down the names of the other five: Chilele, Mapulanga, Ngalande, Shinkwa and Kasewa. There was great joy in my heart. Truly God's ways are marvellous! The three lads wanted to come to school, but what could we do for the three men? Mupewo was four days' direct journey from Kafulafuta, and these men had their village work to do. I urged them to come to the Mission for more teaching for a few weeks. They said they would at the first opportunity; but meanwhile it was going to be a hard fight for them.

From this village of Mupewo I journeyed to the railway line at Kashitu, and then struck south-east, and after four days entered the Mukushi district where there is a large number of MaSwaka people. Many villagers in this district had never before heard the Word of God preached:

I entered them in my log book with an asterisk. I had begun to think seriously of extending my trek by going into the Lala Country via Chiwefwe, at the foot of the Irumi Mountains, to

visit the sacred spot where David Livingstone's heart was buried in 1873.

But it was not to be. On Saturday, October 16, we reached a village named Chewe, and I held a service for the people that evening. I felt unwell the next morning when I woke up, but managed to go and gather the people at Maoma, a village three miles away, and return to my camp, after preaching to sixty-five people who had never before heard God's word. In the afternoon I felt very much better and so went with my two Christian lads to Nkoli, a village about three and a half miles distant which had once before heard the Gospel.



*On the look out for game  
at a water-hole  
(photo by C.M. Doke)*



*An old Mbwela woman,  
a centenarian, in front  
of her inkuna  
(photo by C.M. Doke)*

On my return to Chewe, I went and sat reading in the shade beneath the eaves of a large hut, when I heard behind me – clap! clap! clap! clap! I turned quickly in my chair, and there, behind, a wizened little old woman had noiselessly crept up to my chair, and was clapping her bony hands together to greet me. We passed the usual Lamba greeting, and after little more clapping, she began –

“Shikulu, your dog that went to the war –”

I interrupted her. “My dog!” what could she mean?

Some of my boys, seeing my predicament, for I could not get to the root of this matter, came to my assistance; and this was the story we got from the old woman:

Right at the beginning of the war, her son, an Askari, had gone away with our soldiers to fight on the German East Border; in her estimation two years have passed – indeed we are well into the second year of the war – and her son is not back! “Can the white man tell me whether ‘his dog’ (my son) is dead, for I have not heard of him for two years?”

There was such a touch of sadness in her voice, that it reached my heart. I felt I would like to do a great deal to give her troubled heart a glimpse of hope; but I had no news. No one in the village could read, so I could not send her the news by letter if I got the required information from the Boma. With a sad look on her lined face, she once more clapped her hands together, and bade me farewell. As she was going away, she muttered: “I’ll go myself to the Boma. I’ll go myself!” A walk of four days for a strong man; but her love will goad her to it to get some news of her boy!

I make a break here to insert a page of my log book for the days of October 16 – 21. The one column shows the daily mileage for the six days, and the other the villages visited with numbers attending the services. The asterisks indicate the first time of hearing; and Mu. indicates that I was ill.

Number of miles travelled October 16-21			Services conducted and numbers present	
16 Sat	Kawunda- Chewe	9 mls	16 Kawunda Nkoli Chewe	60 67 36*
17 Sun	Chewe-Maoma and back Chewe-Nkoli and back	6 mls 7 mls	17 Maoma Nkoli	Mu. 65* 61
18 Mon	Chewe-Makowa	20 mls	18 Chewe Maoma Katampi Makowa	34* Mu. 27 Mu. 43* Mu. 64*
19 Tues	Makowa- Kawalu	14 mls	19 Makowa Kashinga Kawalu	Mu. 43* Mu. 35* Mu. 51*
20 Wed	Kawalu- Chikupili	15 mls	20 Kawalu Shishinka Chikupili	Mu. 43 Mu. 27* Mu. 83*
21 Thurs	Chikupili- Luwenga	18 mls	21 Chikupili Liwanjila Luwenga	Mu. 84 37*
Total of 89 mls			(+36 helpers)	47*

\* First hearing of the Gospel  
Mu. *umulwashi*, a sick person

On Monday morning I felt all right, and had a service with the people before leaving; but by the time I had reached Maoma where the people gathered again, the symptoms had returned. I was determined to carry on, preached to forty-three at Katampi, and to sixty-four at Makowa, both villages as yet unreached by the Gospel. I walked twenty miles that day with considerable pain. I diagnosed my trouble to be dysentery, and wondered whether I ought not to turn back and make for Kafulafuta as quickly as possible. But something or Someone kept urging me on. We had crossed the Lunsemfwa River, and we were now heading for Chiwefwe. On the Tuesday we covered fourteen miles and had three services; on Wednesday fifteen miles with three services; and on the Thursday, though I started still with pain, it passed completely away by the time I reached Luwenga where we had decided to camp for the night.

The chief came and showed me where to pitch my tent, and told me he would instruct the women to bring a meal for me to buy for my carriers, as is the custom wherever I travelled in Lambaland. Then he gave me the surprising news that another

*Lamba woman threshing sorghum (photo by C.M. Doke)*



white man had pitched two tents on the other side of the village, and that he too was an "umusambishi", a Missionary, on his way to Broken Hill. As soon as I had set my men to work on my camp, I strolled over to visit the other missionary and met him part way as he was coming to see me. What a pleasant surprise to meet Dr Wilson of the Chitambo Mission in the Lala Country, who was taking his mother, Dr Livingstone's daughter, to Broken Hill, after a visit to her father's death place. Unfortunately I was unable to see her, as she was in bed with a severe attack of malaria.

At this same village I also met Mr J. E. Stephenson, a friend of mine, known throughout the country as Chirupula: but of that more anon! Chirupula, who was in a great hurry to get to his camp where his men were working on the "great east" road towards the then Tanganyika border, told me to on to his farm house at Chiwefwe to spend the weekend there, visit the nearby villages, and then meet him at certain point on the Tuesday to hold a service with his road workers who numbered a hundred.

I had arranged with the chief to call together the villagers, and I invited Dr Wilson to join me in giving a message. He told me that he did not know the Lala well enough to do that, but he would come along and bring his carriers too, so that added thirty-six who knew something of God's word to the forty-seven villagers of Luwenga who had never before heard; and with my seven, we had some lusty singing, and serious attention to the message.

The next morning, on striking camp, we had another service at Luwenga with the same attendance as on the previous

evening. I bade farewell to Dr Wilson, who was remaining in camp there for his mother to improve, before continuing their journey to the railway.



*Lamba family in front  
of but*

I continued my journey making a more or less straight line for Chirupula's home. We had services at Sundwe and Nkotami on the way, and reached Chiwefwe after travelling only seventeen and a half miles. On the Saturday we had a service at Masashya, two miles away; and in the evening gathered Chirupula's household and farm workers, to the number of forty-eight. This was the first time the Gospel had been preached at Chiwefwe.

It seems appropriate here to record something about Chirupula.<sup>12</sup> He came to the Cape in 1895. After working in Kimberley, he went north and was employed as a telegraphist eventually being stationed at Fort Jameson, working for the British South African Company. In 1899 he was sent with F. Jones to inspect and establish the B.S.A. Company's rule over the large area between the Kafue in the west and the Luangwa in the east and what is now the Copper Belt in the north. In 1902 he was acting Native Commissioner at Ndola.

Of all the peoples of this area he was most attracted to the Lala. He didn't remain long on the staff of the B.S.A. Company, but settled down among the Lala at a place called Chiwefwe and lived among them as a Native and reared a family, of which three came to Kafulafuta school as boarders. He was called Chirupula "the flogger" because of his severe discipline which he meted out in his earlier days. He undertook farming at Chiwefwe where he built a pretentious house for a hotel, anti-



*Spirit huts. After the death of a man, his younger brother adopts the deceased's name and becomes the guardian of that spirit, which awaits reincarnation. The umulenda is usually a very small but made of sticks and grass.*



*C.M. Doke and umulenda of a moïwa (photo by J.J. Doke). When a man becomes possessed by a certain kind of forest creature (ichinkuwaila) he builds a special spirit hut, the shrine of professional dancers.*