

them safely; and you can have them when you go home for the holidays." So he had to depend on his spear, and such traps as he might be able to make.

It was grass-burning time, and the long grass on the plain in front of the Mission was being burned off to protect the Mission property from any sudden fires. When four o'clock came that day, every boy who could do so went down to the plain. They were armed with hoes, sticks and spears. Eagerly they sought for mice tracks, and followed them to the shallow holes in the ground, in which the mice had taken refuge from the heat of the fire. Cleverly they dug around the holes, and in no time brought out some unfortunate mouse, which they killed with stick or stone. It was a time of great excitement and much enjoyment, each boy trying to beat his neighbour in the number of mice he caught. Kanamakampanga was one of the most successful in this



*Mission scene (photo by  
C.M. Doke)*

hunting game. The boys came back, some with considerable bunches of field mice tied together; and there was an added relish of tasty meat to go with their evening meal that day.

The day following the mouse hunt was a sad one for Kanamakampanga. He was absent from the morning roll-call. "What is the matter with Kanamakampanga?" I asked. One of his house mates said, "He is sick today, Sir."

Sick parade took place immediately after the morning's

work had been given out. Four or five boys were outside the dispensary to have cuts or ulcers dressed, and one with a temperature to get medicine for malaria. But Kanamakampanga was not there. It was my habit to go to the huts to see any who were too sick to come to the dispensary, as soon as the sick parade was over. But this morning I was delayed by the visit of the headman with a villager and his wife, from a nearby village. They wanted to discuss with the white man a complaint the woman was making against her husband. This matter kept me for fully an hour. And this delay put Kanamakampanga off his guard. He had been expecting the visit, and been lying on his sleeping mat completely rolled up in his blanket, ready with a story of pains all over his body. But my visit was delayed, and the boy got tired of lying under the blanket.

As I approached the hut, I noticed a strong smell of roasting meat. I bent my head and quietly entered the low doorway. There was Kanamakampanga sitting before the fire in the middle of the hut, moving three sardine tins on the coals. A delicious smell was coming from those tins. In each were two field mice on their backs, their little legs pointing upwards, a satisfying, sizzling noise telling how well they were being cooked.

"So this is why you're ill today, Kanamakampanga!" Confusion and distress were written on the boy's face.

"I've done wrong, Sir." And the tears streamed down his face.

"I am not going to beat you, Kanamakampanga; but I will have to punish you. You have broken the school rules, and you have tried to deceive me. I will announce in the school that, for the next week, you will weed in the peanut garden every day from the time you come out of school until sunset."

I walked back to my office, it was all I could do to keep myself from shaking with laughter. "Boys will be boys," I said to myself.

Kanamakampanga was a constant visitor to the river. He loved to explore the trees, palms and bushes along the bank, looking for birds' nests, even for snakes. He had no fear. Was he not wearing on his leg the two *impindo*, charms given him by his uncle to protect him from crocodiles? One afternoon, spear in hand, he had gone a little further than usual along the river bank. Ahead of him was a bend in the river. Here the bank had been worn away, and a little strip of clear river sand was left, sloping down to the swiftly running, gurgling stream of clear water. Suddenly he noticed movement near the water's edge, then a soft splash in the water. The boy ran forward, spear poised. Another quick movement towards the water, and he

hurled his spear. The spear struck the moving object, and pinned it to the sand. It looked like a big lizard; but no, Kanamakampanga recognised it at once: a baby crocodile.

He killed it immediately, and then looked back towards the bank of sand. He followed the tracks the baby crocodiles had made; and then he came upon a place where the sand was disturbed, and there was a whole net of babies and eggs, some broken, some hatching, some not yet cracked. To him crocodile was an enemy; so he set to work killing as many as he could, digging up eggs from the sand, where the mother had buried them, and smashing them. Then he thought of the missionary whom he had offended. He would take him a peace offering. So he spared one of the baby crocodiles, picked it up, and made his way back to the Mission.

"*Naisa Shikulu* – I have come, Sir,"

"Whatever have you got there, Kanamakampanga?" I said surprised.

"A crocodile, Sir. I thought you might like to have it."

I was very interested in wild life, and, for a fortnight, the baby crocodile lived in water, between wash-basin and bath-tub. An attempt was made to feed it with flies and caterpillars; but it would not eat. So one day I had to kill it. I had never been a very successful hunter, though I often shot for meat for the schoolboys. I sat down that day, and wrote a letter to my mother:

"Dear Mother, I have today killed my first crocodile! – It was eleven inches long!"

Kanamakampanga thought nothing of what he had done. He did not boast of such things; and none of his house mates knew of his experience on the river bank.

But one thing did certainly set him up in the estimation of his school mates. He loved to hunt alone. Late one afternoon, taking his spear, he crossed the smaller river on the other side of the Mission. This river was a tributary of the bigger one, and they met at the end of the Mission property. He intended to inspect a fish-trap, which he had set where a pool was draining off into the river. He waded across the sparkling stream, the water reaching barely above his knees, and climbed the bank on the other side. With the habit of the hunter, all his movements had been silent, and, as he reached the top of the bank, his eyes quickly scanned the plain before him. He sensed something near him. On his right was a thick clump of trees and bushes, and there, on the open space in front of the bushes, was an extraordinary sight. He stood stock still. A magnificent leopard was standing over an antelope it had killed. He showed no fear. He felt not fear. Poising his spear in his right hand, he advanced

towards the leopard. Immediately, the leopard sank down on to his belly over his prey. He flattened back his ears. His eyes flashed with anger. He gave forth a low, rumbling growl.

Kanamakampanga took no notice of this. Still poising his spear lightly in his right hand, he continued to advance. Then he began to wave his left hand about, and shouted to the beast: "*Koya, Kafwale!* – Go away! Go and dress yourself!" using the insulting words shouted to drive away a troublesome dog.

This was too much for the leopard. With a savage growl, he stood up, turned round, and fled into the thick bushes behind him. Kanamakampanga went forward. Before him was a big bushbuck ram lying dead: none of it had yet been eaten. But it was far too big and heavy for him to carry. Seizing the hind legs, he dragged his prize to the bank of the river. Then he commenced to shout for helpers to come. "Meat, meat," he called, "Come and help me carry it!"

His cries were quickly heard on the Mission compound, and boys came pouring down, and splashing through the river, at the welcome news of meat.

Kanamakampanga was a hero. They carried the bushbuck back, chanting the successful hunter's song:

*Tuya mukondo, tuya,  
Mbábala!*

Let's go on the trail, let's go,  
Mbabala!

The whole Mission was roused. There was meat that night. There were rejoicings. Kanamakampanga had made his mark.



## Chapter 9

### ENCOUNTERS WITH HIPPOS

#### I

In my early experience as a Missionary I very soon found out that one was expected to be a Jack of all trades. Of course learning the language of the people was of prime importance, as I explained at the beginning of Chapter Four; but I found that I was put in charge of the school, which meant constant contact with the boys who were practically all boarders from distant villages; and over a hundred mouths to feed. That meant that, during certain months of the year I had to go on a hunt for meat nearly once every week. This could not be done when the rains were on, when ordinary hunting was impossible, for the country becomes a big sponge. It is necessary therefore to store up as much dried meat as possible against emergencies.

In March 1915 before the rains had ceased and while the rivers and the plains were flooded, we were being harassed by a very large male hippo who was destroying, each night, our manioc, sweet-potato, and sorghum gardens. With two men to support me I passed a whole night on top of a big ant-hill round which the hippo had been tramping the night before. I was armed with two rifles: but we were literally eaten up by mosquitoes – and of the hippo there was not the slightest sign. I did not try that way again. But on March 10th, as I was having breakfast, one of the schoolboys ran up to the house breathless with the news that the hippo was blowing near the “Black Rock” in the Kafubu River.

I left my breakfast and raced across to my room to fetch my gun. As I came out, one of the senior boys, who had a bicycle, hurriedly brought it to me, and I sped down the avenue, past the carpenter’s shop, left the cycle, and was soon at the water’s edge. Then I heard the hippo blowing; but he was on the other side of the river which, though covered over with huge trees

meeting from bank to bank, I knew to be about fifteen feet deep and flooding on either side. I must cross the river. I climbed on to the branch of a tree which had what looked like a strong bough reaching towards the other side: so I walked along this bough getting what support I could from other branches, when suddenly I stepped into space, and before I could do anything to help myself I was precipitated into the river with the water right up to my neck. How I managed to grasp another branch with one hand and pull myself up and eventually reach the other bank of the river, also flooded across of course, I do not know. I believed the hippo was coming down stream, so I made my way down too, ahead of him. I found I had my loaded gun in my left hand and it had not been submerged.

Meanwhile my colleague, Mr German, had come down to the river and had managed to cross further up and was listening from there. I found a place where I could wade in and stand on the brink of the real river in three feet of water between two trees. We heard the animal blow again and I could tell that it was coming down stream towards where I was; so I was well prepared. As I watched I saw a clump of branches rising out of the water about forty feet in front of me, then up came the hippo's head. I got my bullet in, quickly aiming at his left eye. With a tremendous noise he reared up and instantly submerged. I stood at the ready watching the place, when suddenly the water right in front of me surged up and out came the hippo's head with mouth wide open, tusks poking out, so near that I could have put my gun down his throat. I got such a fright that I fell over backwards, fortunately between the two trees that were so near together that they protected me: and the great animal submerged again.

I found afterwards that I had been standing within inches of the sheer edge of the river itself. The wounded animal surfaced again on the other side of the river from where I was standing. He was partly obscured by thick brushwood on the Mission side. When my colleague came to where I was, we put in a number of shots, but I could not see a vital spot, until, after some minutes, the poor animal died and sank.

By that time all the Kafulafuta boys were crowding the river side. Ropes were brought and venturesome boys dived in and secured them to the animal's neck. It took sixty boys on the ropes to get the big bull hippo out of the river and pulled up on to the dry land. I measured him: twelve feet long, plus fourteen inches of tail!

I left the school boys with the Seniors to do all the necessary: to cut the wood for a drying stand; bring in firewood; cut



*Bailing out bark canoe (photo by C.M. Doke)*

up the animal, strips of meat ready for putting on the stand over the fire, and the precious fat beneath the thick hide to put in large pots to boil for lard. The hide was cut in long thick strips for making sjamboks. The fires beneath the stand had to be watched to prevent burning the meat, which is dried and smoked. All meat is taken off the bones: nothing is wasted. What a feast the boys had that night!

The fires kept the hyænas away from the drying meat, but the huge skull, from which the tusk-teeth had been taken out for me, was found the next morning dragged away several hundred yards into the gardens by those scavengers: the skull must have weighed between two and three hundred pounds!

To my chagrin, when I came to change my sodden clothes, I found in the top pocket of my shirt, the valuable gold watch, which had been given to my father by Mahatma Gandhi in 1910 on behalf of the Indians in the Transvaal, and which my Mother had given to me on my twenty-first birthday. Of course it wouldn't go: and I had to wait until I went down to Johannesburg on short leave in 1917, before I could get it cleaned and put in order once more.

## 2

I must tell you another incident I had with a hippo. July 1917 had come, and we were very much in need of meat again for the schoolboys' rations. So I decided to go north from the Mission to a part of the Upper Kafue to see if I could get a hippo. I took with me some of the senior boys who knew something about hunting and life in the bush, and also had my tent with me. On July 3 we camped at Nkonshi village (the name means "hartebeest") some seventeen miles from the Mission. The next day we trekked twelve miles to Kampundu, quite near to Nkana's village, and to the Kafue River; here called Lufubu. At Kampundu I engaged four men to take me to a place where they knew some hippos had recently been seen. So we immediately set off, my own men packing up the tent and etceteras, and following the hunters. As they thought we might see some buck on the way, they advised me to have my gun ready, and to head the line now walking on a path through very long grass near the edge of the river which was flowing in the same direction as we were going.

As I pushed my way along the river bank, suddenly a big black form reared up in front of me, and rushed along the path ahead. It was a hippopotamus, disturbed as it slept in the grass. I ran after it, catching glimpses of it now and then in the twisting pathway, my gun at the ready in my right hand. Then suddenly

the ponderous animal turned to the right down a steep track leading to the water. I fired point-blank at the back of the great head. The hippopotamus reared up, and plunged into the river. I was so near that I actually caught hold of one of the great beast's hind feet, and only let go in time to prevent myself from being pulled into the river too.

At this place the river, thickly tree-fringed, was wide and deep. Some of my men had come up, and as we watched, we saw the hippo rise in mid-stream, blowing water and blood from his nostrils. The animal was evidently badly wounded. He dived again, but quickly came to the surface once more, this time near the further bank. Then, gaining the bank, he tried to climb out of the water, but could only get halfway out. I quickly ran round some intervening trees to get directly opposite the badly wounded animal, and fired the sixty yards across the river. The bullet struck the hippo high up behind the jaw, and he slipped back further into the river, and lay with only his head showing. I fired again. There was no movement. The hippopotamus was dead.

Here was a real difficulty! No boat; a broad crocodile-infested river; a mine of meat on the further bank; and all of us on this side. But my men were not to be beaten. Two men went in search of a *muputu* tree. They found one not far away. Placing a long pole against the tree, one of the men climbed up with his axe, and cut a ring right round the bark some ten feet from the ground. another ring was cut near the ground; then a third cut was made down the bark from top to bottom, connecting the two rings. The ends of two poles were inserted in this cut, and, using them as levers, the men loosened the great piece of bark, and stripped it away from the tree. Others had already made a big fire, in the flames of which the ends of the bark were softened, then doubled up and pegged across with long skewers of wood. There was work for everybody. Other cross-pieces were placed at intervals along the length to keep the bark open. In little more than two hours a serviceable bark canoe was completed. A few cracks where hasty work had cut through the bark were plugged with clay; and they carried the canoe down to the water's edge.

None of the men had been without something to do; for meanwhile some had cut strips of the inner bark from some *mis-asa* trees, which abounded there and made a long rope that would reach across the river.

The canoe was tried in the river and proved satisfactory; so three of the village men got gingerly into the little bark canoe, and holding one end of the rope, paddled with their hands



and they produced their hideous cries of "nyi! nyi! nyi!" around our camp, which made sleep difficult.

At dawn the next day I dispatched two youths to go with all speed to Kafulafuta (about twenty-seven miles) to bring a posse of school boys to help with bringing in the meat, and, if possible to bring some cans in which we could boil down the fat. Fat was something the Africans of those parts prized and sadly lacked; for none of the wild animals apart from the hippo and the eland had any fat other than the marrow in their bones.

The remaining men sorted themselves out into two batches, one lot to commence cutting up the hippo, where it lay; and the other to cut timber to erect the drying stands, and bring in ample supplies of fire-wood.

Meanwhile, taking two lads with me, I sauntered downstream along the bank of the river. I had not gone far when I saw another hippo in the water and was fortunate to bag that one with one shot. It dived immediately, and we waited and waited to see it come up to blow: but it didn't appear. It was a large pool of the river where the current was more sluggish. So, after waiting a little, I left one lad to watch for the inevitable inflation and surfacing of the dead animal, and I returned to give

*The second hippo*

a hand with what was going on at my camp.

It was two hours later that the lad returned to say that the body had floated up, and was easily getable from the bank. So my men had to work very hard that day to cut up that hippo also, and transfer it piece-meal to our camp.

It wasn't long before women from some of the villages began to visit our camp; and we were able to give them much of what I would not regard as titbits, but which they certainly enjoyed.

I note from my log that I did not get back to the Mission until July 10. I note, too that on 8 July I paid a visit to my old friend chief Nkana, whose village was eight miles from where we were camped.

## Chapter 10

### NGWENA, THE CROCODILE

#### 1

It was one day in 1915 when I was on the roof of the new church that Mr German was building on Kafulafuta Mission Station, helping the schoolboys to fix the thatching rafters to the king-pieces. A shout came up to me from a breathless figure below. "Shikulu, come quickly, Chikumo has shot the 'Old Man of the Chitwi'; come and see!"

It didn't take me long to get down from the roof, and to race with several of the schoolboys across the compound, down through the potato fields to the wide plain below, close on the heels of the messenger. Our speed soon slowed down, however; for the plain, with the grass now burned off, was more than a mile across to the spot where I could see a number of figures gathered. We did not follow any path, but stumbled over the

*Crocodile, but only  
twelve feet long, at the  
same spot (photo by  
Reverend A.J. Cross  
c. 1925)*





burnt stubble, and through the dried churnings made in the mud by the feet of hippos during the rains. When at length we reached the spot beneath some palm trees on the very banks of the river itself, we saw a strange sight.

A crowd of villagers, mostly men, surrounded a huge crocodile, eighteen feet long, as I afterwards ascertained, lying stretched out at full length. A man, with a spear in one hand and axe in the other, was carrying out the strangest series of dances round the dead monster, so well known in the district.

"What is he doing?" I asked. "Who is he?"

"Can't you see, Shikulu," was the reply, "He is dancing the dance of triumph over a fallen enemy? Don't you hear him shouting 'Wahel'? One only does that when a powerful enemy has fallen in battle!"

Then my informant said, "Look at his right foot, Shikulu!" I looked and at once saw that the man had only three toes on that foot.

"Yes," said my informant, "that is Chikumo ('Toe'); the 'Old Man of the Chitwi' ate his other two toes, two years ago during the rains; and now he has got his revenge."

This old crocodile had made a name for himself. For years he had terrorised the villages bordering on the Chitwi river. Sometimes it would be a favourite dog gone; then a goat in kid; then even fowls would be taken in broad daylight from the very outskirts of a village, with women rushing away screaming, as the monster ambled off with ungainly gait back to the river. Once a young woman went down to the river with her pitcher to draw water. She never came back. Someone said he had heard a muffled scream. The broken pitcher was found on the river bank, and there were evidences that a huge crocodile had trodden and threshed the muddy bank.

Then, two and half years ago, when the floods were at their height, Chikumo had gone down to cross the river by the bridge of poles, in order to get to the tobacco gardens on the other side. He had waded in mud and water some distance, and then found the bridge itself submerged, about a foot of water running strongly over the top of the foot-hold. But the hand supports were well out of the water, and he ventured to cross. One would never expect a crocodile to attack in such deep running water; but the "Old Man" must have been very hungry. An extra ripple on the surface of the running water, then a quick surge upwards of the ugly head, and a snap of the powerful jaws.

With a scream of terror Chikumo found his foot caught. But he had hold of the hand-rail. Then the foot-rungs of the bridge suddenly gave way, a huge pole fell over on top of the croco-

dile, and it had to loosen its grip. If the bridge had not broken, none would have known the story of Chikumo. But it did break, and the baffled crocodile retreated down the swift stream, while the terror-stricken man, clinging to and climbing from one broken part to another, reached the bank once more, but without half his foot, and with the loss of much blood. His cries however, brought help, and he survived, to limp the rest of his way through life.

And now came his revenge. He was passing along the river bank, when he saw the "Old Man" sun-basking, dreaming on a huge, flat rock near the water's edge. Quietly, on tip-toe, Chikumbo backed away, and then sped off to the village for his gun. He told no one what he had seen. This was his business. This was to be the sweetest day in his life. He rammed in extra powder and a double charge of shot down his old 1851 muzzle-loading gun. Then he returned to the river - quiet, prepared, with all his hunter's instincts alive.

The "Old Man" was still there; and Chikumo crept nearer and nearer till he reached a good position. He knew it would be useless to fire at the brute's head or back or side; the armour of hard scales would turn any bullet or shot that his gun could fire. But the underbelly was the vital spot; here the skin was smooth and soft. So he aimed at the rock itself, immediately beneath the brute and behind its front legs. The charge of metal burst upwards from the rock, and ripped open the vitals of the great crocodile. So terrible was the wound that, though he struggled hard, the "Old Man of the Chitwi" could not even gain the friendly waters of the river to die there.

And now Chikumo was dancing his dance of triumph, on the happiest day, so he said, of his life.

## 2

At the village of Lukuku, on the Kafue river lived a man who had taken the name of Ngwena, "Crocodile." I met him early in my missionary career, and can vouch for the truth of the following story.

The man - I don't know what his name used to be - had been out hunting one day. He was nearing home; but, being hot and thirsty, he stopped at the edge of the river, stooped down and commenced to throw up the water into his mouth with his hand, as many Africans do. But a crocodile was watching him, and in an instant it gripped him by the arm, and dragged him down into the water. The poor man's struggles soon ceased, and he became unconscious there beneath the water.

Off to its lair went the crocodile, drawing the limp body by

the arm in its powerful jaws. In the bank beneath the water line was the opening to the lair, and the crocodile entered, and dragged its victim into its larder. This was a type of small cave in the bank above the water level. Here it left him; for it is the custom of crocodiles to leave their prey to rot, as they are unable, on account of the shortness of their front legs, to hold any animal and tear out large pieces of meat; it is necessary for them to leave it to time to soften their food.

How long the man lay on that damp evil-smelling shelf inside the crocodile's larder, I do not know; but, after some while, he regained consciousness, and lay on his back thinking. He did not for one moment imagine that he was alive. He must have supposed he was in the spirit world, and wondered what marvellous things might now be revealed to his spirit. But suddenly he felt something on his face – sand and grit falling from the bank above, which served as a roof to the cave – and he opened his eyes. To his amazement he saw a chink of light above him; in a flash, the horror of his position came to him. As did all the Africans along the river, so this man knew well the habits of the crocodile. On more than one occasion he had taken part in raids on some discovered larder, when choice joints of meat, though beginning to rot – so much the better – had been added to their evening meal, much to the disappointment of the crocodile on his return to his cave.

As he realised his position, terror seized him, and he shouted and yelled at the top of his voice. It happened that on the bank above were some partridges scratching for seeds. It was they who had caused the bits of sand to fall down through the crack in the sun-baked bank. The man's shouting scared these birds, and off they flew with a noisy whirr. Some villagers were passing along a path nearby, on the way to their gardens: it was the morning of the next day.

In the village, when night had come on, the word soon went round that the hunter had not returned. But even his wife did not get really anxious, as the night passed without his return. He may have killed a large zebra or hartebeest far away, and was guarding his kill till daylight, as he had done on several occasions before. The villagers were talking about him, however, as they walked along the path, when they heard the birds fly up. Immediately they went over to see what had disturbed them; they thought that maybe a small buck had passed that way. When they reached the spot, they heard the imprisoned man shouting and bellowing below. Some wanted to run from the spot at once, certain that evil spirits were under the bank. But one of their number recognised the voice of the missing hunter.

Two men raced back to the village with the news, and returned with hoes to dig him out. With them came a crowd of men and women from the village: it was not far away. Never had there been such excitement! The men who had remained on the river bank were shouting now, trying to calm the frantic man below them. But they quickly got to work with the hoes. A large hole was opened up, and the hunter pulled out into the bright sunshine. He was in a dreadful state, covered in mud and blood from his torn arm. By this time, too, he was almost out of his mind with the terror of what he had passed through.

When he had recovered from the shock of his terrible experience, the hunter took the name of Ngwena, Crocodile; and he made it a taboo in his family to kill or eat partridge. Were not the partridges the messengers of God sent to deliver him? In time his mangled arm healed up, but the bones had been broken in several places. New joints seemed to be formed, he was able to twist his arm about in a marvellous way. Two of his children came to our Mission school. If any of the schoolboys killed a partridge, these two boys would never join the others in eating it. The story of Ngwena was well known in the whole district.

## Chapter 11

### WITH THE GOSPEL ON THE LUFWANYAMA

A missionary in Northern Rhodesia has to include many tasks, some not always pleasant, with his direct missionary work. One is the work of a butcher. With seventy-five hungry mouths on the Station and a poor season, it is no light task to supply the relish which the Native needs to push down, as he expresses it, his insipid porridge. It was in view of this, and with the idea of visiting the villages with the Gospel at the same time, that my sister and I took a trip of two weeks to the sparsely populated,

*Lamba chiefs – uncle  
and nephew*



almost wilderness country to the North-west of Kafulafuta.

*August 28th.* We made a late start, but reached Chifita (eighteen miles distant) in good time. On the way we crossed the Kafulafuta River at the same spot that my Father and I crossed it over five years before, and memories of that journey were re-awakened. We came upon a large drove of baboons; and Livingstone (our cook) flourishing one of the guns in pursuit, misplaced his foot in a reedy marsh, with consequences disastrous to the state of his clothes, cap and gun. We found Chifita to be filthy and full of jiggers. The crossing of the Lufuwu River was on foot and very picturesque. While camp was being pitched I went out for a buck; and wounded a puku, which we followed for several miles through the bush, eventually killing it within a couple of hundred yards of the spot where I had wounded it. The boys just prevented it from taking to a deep pool in the river, and becoming a morsel for crocodiles. We purchased all the food necessary, sent some meat back to the Station, and had a good quantity over for the carriers.

*August 29th.* Leaving Chifita we travelled along the western bank of the Lufuwu for several miles, getting lovely glimpses of river, bush and hill. Had a service at Mwefyeni, the first one I have ever had there. Proceeded to the village of Sampala, where we were well received. I had previously visited this village in company with Mr German.

*August 30th.* Went to Lumpuma. The chief here is stingy, and suspicious of his people. The food he produced was insufficient, but we had to proceed. Following the tracks of buffalo, we came upon some roan, but I couldn't get a shot. Reached camp at dusk, and found a large *zareba* constructed with my sister's tent inside. Whenever away from a village, I prefer to sleep with the boys in the open, weather permitting.

*August 31st.* Saw three hartebeest, and shot them all. Sent two boys to Lumpuma, the rest carried the meat into camp, cut it up, erected a drying stand, and commenced the drying. During the day I did a little translation of Ephesians, having my Greek Testament with me. In the late afternoon, we went again in search of buffalo, and shot a reedbuck. We came upon the chief of Nyinalumpuma and another man out looking for three women, who had got lost the previous day. On return to camp, we found that the boys had brought scarcely enough food and reported that the chief Lumpuma had treated them shabbily. They had sent on word to Sampala for food and men.

*September 1st.* Sunday in camp. Most of the morning was spent in reading and singing hymns, as my sister had her portable organ with her. Before midday Sampala and his people

came with food, and four men to carry meat to the Station. About midday, after I had given all surplus meat to Sampala's people, Lumpuma arrived in a *machila* (for his knee is broken), and, with a winsome smile, said: "I have come to eat a little meat with my Bwana." He was insulting enough to return the meat we had sent him the night before for his little flour, because as he said, he didn't know if his wife, who had brought it, had perhaps stolen some. So suspicious is he of everyone about him. I felt wrathful, and despite the fact that he is the principal chief of this part, his country reaching from the Lufuwu to the Lugwanyama, and from Nkana's country on the north to Fungulwe's on the south, I taxed him with having been stingy and insulting to my boys, and refused to give him any more meat, and he departed feeling ashamed of himself. I had a good service with Sampala's people and our own boys.

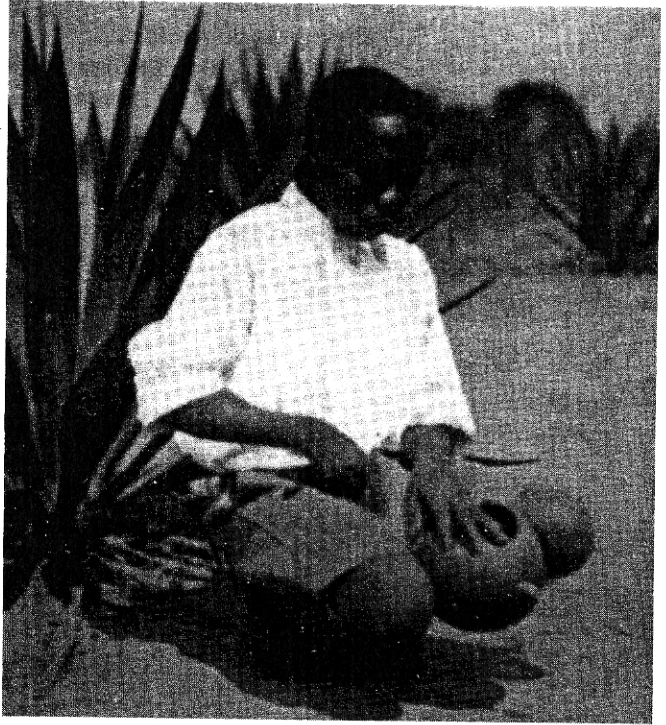
*Woman grinding corn  
in a village grindstone*



*September 2nd.* Proceeded to Chumfwa, where Masabau, who was one of my carriers on the journey to Kansanshi in 1916, has married. After service we went to Lupumpaula. Masabau came over and stayed the night: he had a talk with me on spiritual things, and re-consecrated himself to God. A num-

ber of men and women remained after the service to see pictures and hear more of the Word. I feel that the Seed will be fruitful here. The present chief is a young intelligent fellow and showed great interest.

*September 3rd.* Decided to try to reach Kamagafyela, but carried a little food in case we should have to sleep in the bush. However, reaching a river by midday, with fresh spoor of buffalo, we decided to camp. In the afternoon we went to look for the animals, and came unexpectedly upon eight of them in the bush. They dashed off, and after following for several miles, we again got up to them, but the excitement of my boys at being so near to the dreaded buffalo made them lose their heads and frighten the animals, instead of quietly stalking them. I had two shots and wounded the big bull, which we followed along a blood spoor for a couple of miles, till it was too late to go further, and we had to



*Playing the ubwesela.  
(photo by C.M. Doke)*

give it up. It was dark before we got back to camp. At night two lions paid us attention at a respectful distance, and at dawn a leopard and jackal did likewise.

*September 4th.* On the road to Kamangafyela, we saw the spoor of the buffalo again, but the wounded one had dropped out. Kamangafyela is a wretched little village of half a dozen hovels; here the Word had never before been preached. It was here that a white hunter was gored by a buffalo a few months back; and since these animals kept to the swamp-reeds, I was not foolish enough to go hunting them, where one cannot see but a couple of feet ahead at any time. We proceeded to Chikapulo, where we camped. It was all I could do to get there because of a huge blister on my heel.

*September 5th.* Kept camp at Chikapulo. While I went hunting, my sister went with the boys to Malokota for a service; and I joined her there at the close. These people, who attended in good numbers, had never before heard the Word. They had plenty of food, which they brought to Chikapulo to sell for salt. I



had been unsuccessful in the morning, but on the return, I shot a reedbuck, which was so tenacious of life that it was only after a tiring chase and four times wounding that we secured it. At times such as this, I wish I need never have to shoot again.

*September 6th.* We started the return journey via Chipulali. Passed through Nkandilo, a village newly arrived from a distance, and hitherto unreached by the Gospel. The people brought a number of *micbeka* mats made from soft woven palm leaves – for sale. We rested at Chikulimba, where there were very few people for the service. On a large plain I shot and secured a zebra. The *machila*-men strung the meat up in a big tree, and we followed the carriers, reaching the village just after

*Nsaka, who was cared for by the Mission after being neglected by his village. (photo by O.C. Doke)*



seven. One of our boys came back to meet us with a lamp, and made the path less dangerous from fallen trees and holes. Tents were up, and though all were tired, all were in good spirit. The chief brought food in plenty, and I instructed him to send people in the morning to bring in the meat.

*September 7th.* By eight o'clock the people were back with the meat; six were women, and the rest men and boys. To one woman who carried a complete hind-leg on her head, beside the inevitable baby on her back, we gave a special present of meat. Our boys struck camp, cut up the meat, and put aside eighty strips to be dried; the rest paid for food and labour in carrying. I secured three youths to dry the meat and carry it to the Station; and, after a service, we came on. We had a good rest at the Lufwanyama River, and reached

Chipulali quite early. The people received us well. I was sorry I couldn't shoot the chief any meat, but they have moved from their old village, and no plains are near. We have a good supply

of food now, but my salt for barter is almost at an end.

*September 8th.* Sunday at Chipulali. The chief has been having a good talk with me. Asked if we wouldn't come and settle at his village as his people are so ignorant. But the distance of other villages are so great. I suggested that he should send a couple of boys to school at Kafulafuta, and they could return to teach the others. All our sick are well again today. In the afternoon Shimumba and some women came from the former's village, about seven miles distant, and, for the first time heard the Word. We had an afternoon and an evening service. Chipulali agreed to everything, and showed his acceptance of the Word as truth; but it does not seem to have reached him yet as a personal matter between him and God. He desired a token of friendship from me; I gave him a pocket-knife, and said I would give him a preset, if he came and visited me on the Station. He said he would come, and asked me for a letter to say I had agreed with him, as he was afraid I would forget him. I assured him I should never do that.

*September 9th.* We had a twenty-mile walk to Sani's deserted village on the Western Kafuwu River. Saw a fine herd of roan at close range but left them alone. At the old village we found a man and some youngsters who were hunting cane-rats; they had secured three, and had picked up the remains of a river-hog, having had to drive away a lion that was devouring it. At night

*Bridge building*



the boys, who were sleeping outside, because of vermin in the old houses, were scared by hearing an animal's foot-falls on the leaves near our tents. They got up in great consternation thinking it must be the lion coming back for his pig. They lit big fires, and by throwing brands, set fire to one of the houses, which lit up the dark night wonderfully. They were on the alert all night, but in the morning they had a good laugh when they found it was only a leopard prowling around. A roaring lion is not usually to be feared, but a lion that comes with no sound but the footfall usually means business.

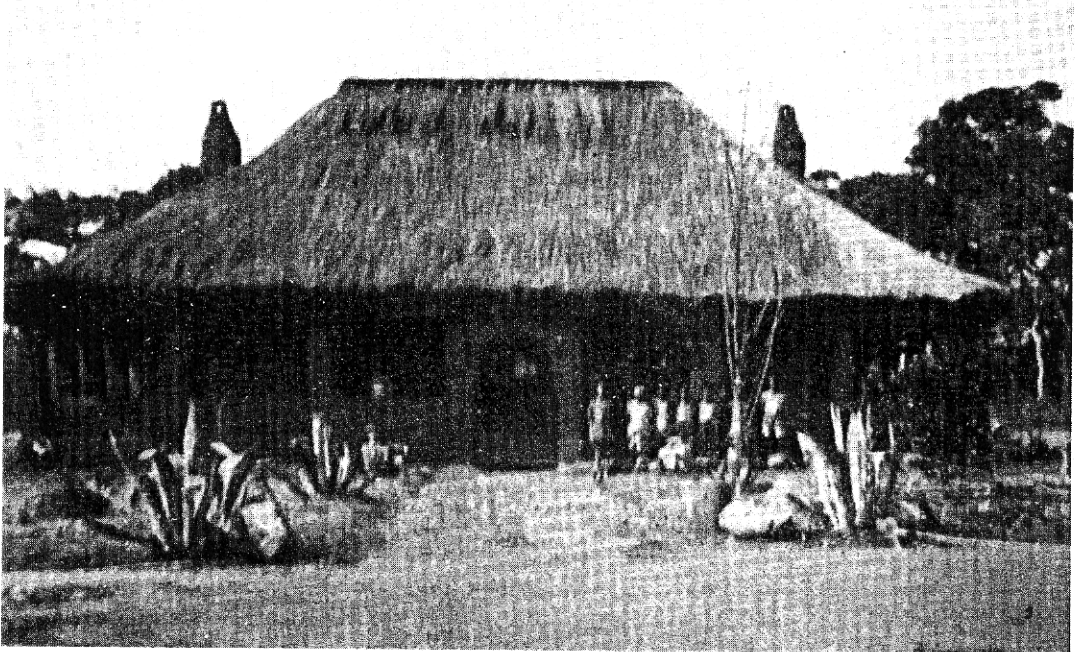
*September 10th.* Visited Sani, some eight miles from his old village. Sani didn't want us to stop. Being a Swahili, and therefore professing Mohammedanism, and his conscience none to clear, he fears a white man, and is glad to get him on the road again. After a service we set out for Nkana, being assured that we should reach there by midday. At about two o'clock we reached the first water and had a rest. From there we walked steadily till seven pm after nightfall, before we got to Nkana. Had Sani been near our men, I fear he would have suffered for his lying. The distance, which he described as being about nine miles, turned out to be twenty-three; and the day's total for the men with their loads came to thirty-one miles. My sister did a great deal of the walking to ease the *machila* men, one of whom was unwell. We were all tired out; nevertheless camp was pitched, and Nkana, who was well pleased to see me again, got the women to grind by moonlight and we gave the boys half rations. As our own food was exhausted, Nkana set the women to dig sweet potatoes by the light of bonfires: while others went down to get water. Nkana was furious with Sani for so deceiving us, and suggested my sending a messenger to arrest him. I told him that we were carrying a Gospel of Peace, and could forgive such an action.

*September 11th.* This morning we slept in a little late, and then got some more food for the boys. I had long chats with Nkana, who has a soft place in his heart for me, as he cannot forget the way the medicine I gave her cured his wife, when I passed through in 1916. He brought some more sick to be treated. He talked to me of the old times: the terrible raids of the Swahili, when he was a young man. He said that all the country that we had just passed through without a village, used to be scattered with villages; but the Swahili systematically wiped them out, and it was only the coming of the white men, about 1900, that saved the remnant that survives. His predecessor was a powerful chief, more influential than Mushidi, but he was murdered by Chango, who escaped. He humourously described the

beginning of the taxing. The official asked him if he wanted to pay tax, and have protection, and said he must bring money. "What is money?" asked Nkana. The white man showed him. "Where can I find things like that?" And Nkana shook with laughter as he recalled his ignorance. "Then the white man told us to bring rubber or food to Ndola, and we did so. he gave us money, and we paid our tax, and got the paper of life [the tax-receipt, which meant protection for them]." Nkana said that he had about a dozen boys to send to school. I said he should send two, not more at present, as we hadn't vacancies.

*September 12th.* Two youngsters started ahead to go straight to the Station, and get our house ready. We, with the carriers, decided to sleep at Nsentsi's old village. In the afternoon I came upon the most lucky pig I have seen. He was a big fellow with huge tusks, and he trotted through the bush, with Longwani and myself after him, ran into a *wuchinga* (gamepit), fell half in but scrambled out, and went down on to a plain. Then, though I was ridiculously near, I missed him and he raced off with his tail in the air. The boys said: "*Ingidi iyo ishyukile!*" (That pig is a lucky one!).

*Missionary's house,  
Kafulafuta Mission*



*September 13th.* We reach Kafulafuta at about nine am. and found Mr Phillips well, and the building of his house nearly finished.

Reviewing the trip; from the point of view of services it was

disappointing, but the word of life was uttered in these far distant and scattered villages which had as much need of the Gospel as the nearer and more crowded ones. I was especially thankful for having established contact once again with Nkana and Chipulali, and for having gained the interest and confidence of such young chiefs as Sampala and Lupumpaula. Oh! that a missionary could be stationed at the places where at present he can only pay a fleeting visit.

The total distance travelled in the two and a half weeks was roughly 205 miles. Twenty-two services were held at eighteen different villages, with a total attendance of seven hundred and forty one. Of the eighteen, four villages had not heard the Word before.

## Chapter 12

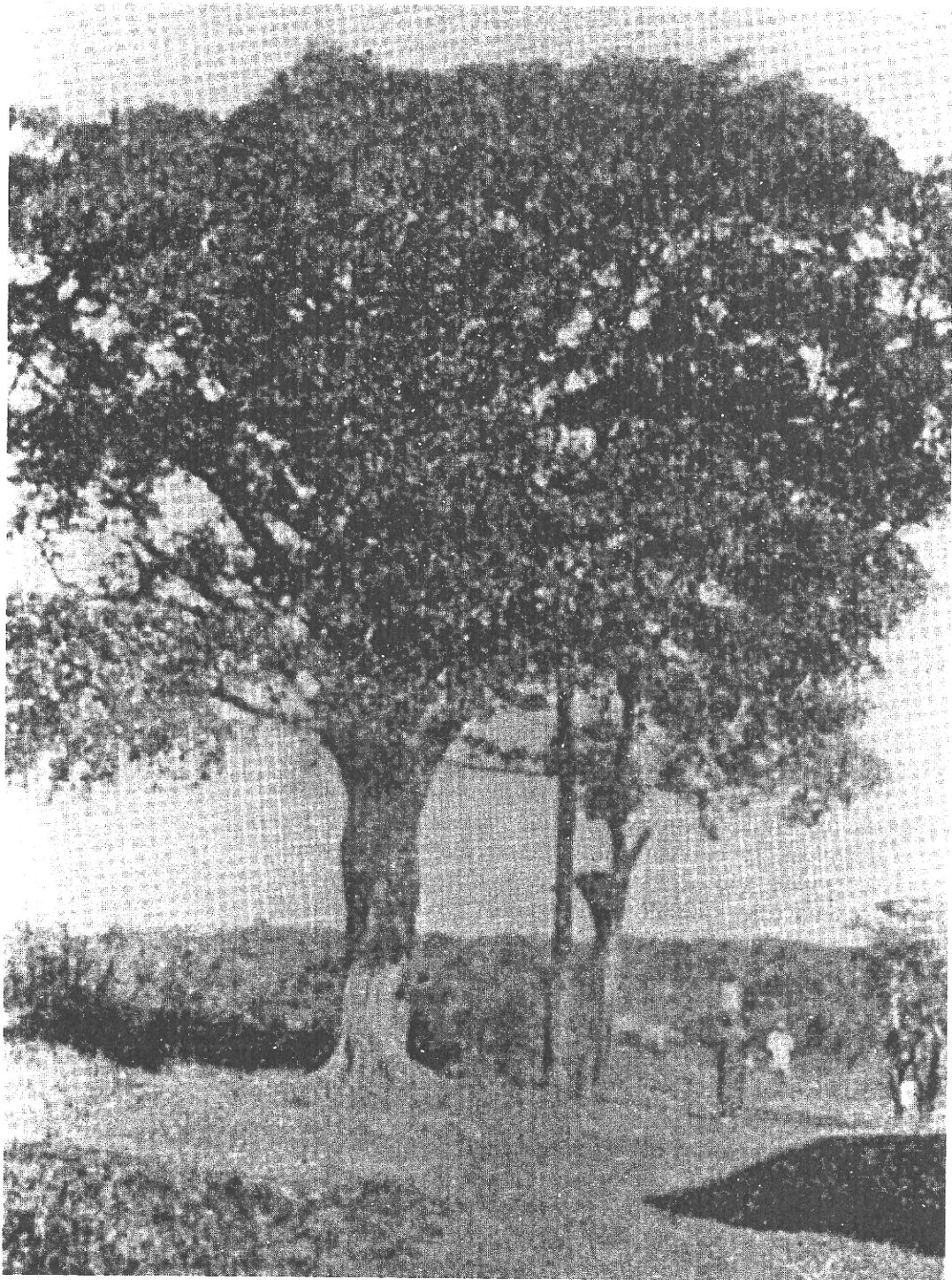
### SWAHILI JOURNEY AND THE GREAT FLU

Arthur J. Cross, who succeeded me at Kafulafuta in 1921, and after some years did such valuable service for the Master as Secretary of the Northern Rhodesian General Missionary Conference, was released by the S.A. Baptist Missionary Society to become leader of a team of missionaries for work on the growing Copper Belt in 1936.

In his *Twenty Years in Lambaland*, a tribute to the pioneer work of W.A. Phillips which was published in 1925, Cross made the following reference to the Moslem population near Ndola.

“We have not mentioned hitherto the fact that included in the mission’s large parish are a considerable number of nominally Islamic villages in the vicinity of Ndola. The inhabitants, who are Lamba and other native descendants of slave-trading Arabs, still keep up many of the externals of their forbears’ religion. In certain villages one may see a small unadorned shrine, and occasionally a copy of the Koran which few if any can read. Swahili is still spoken concurrently with Lamba. The present Ndola township occupies the old site of the village of a famous half-Arab chief who has not been dead many years, and it was to be near these people that the Government official moved his camp in 1905. There is still to be seen at Ndola a famous tree which has the melancholy reputation of having long served as a well-known rendezvous for slave-traders from the East Coast.

“Several years passed during which the missionaries were unable for many reasons to evangelise in the Moslem villages, but more recently this has been done to some extent. Also children from neighbouring Moslem villages attend the out-schools at Ndola and Mutwale’s. This Mohammedan work is a field in itself.”



*Slave tree at Ndola (photo by Olive C. Doke)*



Later on, in the January 1936 number of *Lambaland*, Mr Cross wrote a considerable account of work in what is now called "the Swahili Reserve".

"There is a compact area about which I want to write, called *Swahili Reserve*, and lying to the east and south east of Ndola. Swahili because, until a few years ago, this district was thinly populated by descendants of East Coast slave traders of mixed blood who spoke Swahili and maintained the Islamic faith. They remain a very small, somewhat aristocratic minority today. Since about six years ago when the Government first began to remove the Native Reserves, which are intended to remain their inalienable, perpetual possession, the population of the Swahili Reserve has grown apace, and we now have over 7,000 people living in a narrow strip of territory about twenty miles long and from two to six miles wide. Its northern and eastern boundary is the frontier of the Belgian Congo. One end of the Reserve is eight miles from Ndola, the other about the same distance from our new station at Fiwale Hill. The villages are close together and roads and paths range with little or no natural obstructions from end to end – it is possible to run right through by motor-cycle without getting out of the saddle, and thus it is the most accessible and populous of all our districts.

"At the Ndola end of the Reserve we have two village schools and two other small places of worship. Nkonkola is a Christian headman and the school in his village is the centre of a growing Christian community which has remained faithful in spite of the blandishments of false preachers and other disturbers of the peace. Last Sunday I was there and saw again the valuable work of William, the Bemba teacher-evangelist, who carries on with little help and the barest minimum of equipment, but in the fine new school-chapel the villagers have just erected to replace the one which seven useful years' life brought to old age and dilapidation. Recently the headman of the neighbouring village of Mwiswa was converted at a preaching service at Nkonkola's and a few weeks ago was baptised at Ndola. So the light spreads.

"Two or three Sundays in every month, and on odd weekdays in between, I am able to visit this Swahili Reserve by bicycle. Yoane, the evangelist from Ndola, in spite of his poor intellectual equipment, does a steady work here too. But the Fiwale Hill end of the Reserve is quite unevangelised and a large tract is destitute of any settled work. Recently an opening has occurred at a large village – probably the largest in Lambaland – the headman of which is a half-bred Arab and is very friendly towards myself. 'Watch Tower' influence is fast waning. Romanist efforts



in certain villages seem to have made little impression. On the other hand responses to our preaching are in evidence where there has been utter barrenness for years."

But let us go back to our journey of October 1918, before we could use bicycles, and certainly had no facilities for "motor-cycles".

We knew about the group of Moslem villages and quite a bit about their history.<sup>24</sup> It was in the mid 1890s that the Lambas first came into actual contact with Mohammedan (Swahili) slave-dealers, who became "bottled-up" in a series of villages around the area occupied now by the town of Ndola. These slave-dealers came, some from Zanzibar and some from the district of Tette. In the struggle to stamp out the slave trade, forces worked from the north from Belgian Congo, and others from the south-east. The British South Africa Company had sent out Captain Codrington, known as Bwana M'Kubwa (the Big "Boss") with Ngoni troops to pacify the area. A government Station was first established at Mwomboshi on the Lenje-Lamba border. Then the Kapopo *Boma* was set up in 1901 by the "Native Commissioner", Mr Johnson, who instituted the first taxing. In 1905 the Boma was removed and built by Mr J.E. Stephenson (Chirupula) at *Ndola Yachyani*, (i.e. the Grass Ndola, so named as the temporary houses were made of grass; we saw the remains of this in 1913), a site about three miles from the present townships of Ndola.<sup>25</sup>

The Swahili slavers were helpless. They could not escape to the east to return to Zanzibar where they owed a great amount on account of trading goods, etc.; and all their slaves had been freed by the Europeans, their weapons confiscated, and even their hidden caches of ivory unearthed and confiscated. They dared not return and face their creditors at the coast. Their chief, whose name was Chiwala had been caught red-handed with people tied up in the slave chain, and with Saidi bin Abdullah, his evil genius, was imprisoned for a period. On being released, he lived a quiet life, gradually became blind, and died at his village near Ndola in March 1913, a few months before my father and I reached Ndola.

The object of the short safari my sister and I commenced on October 18th 1918, was twofold: First to visit the Swahili villages; and second to see the *Chilengwa* Lake. But there was a feeling at the back of our minds that we must hurry. News came of the great "flu" which had reached South Africa" and was working northwards to Rhodesia, each week getting nearer - to Livingstone, then next news that there were cases in Broken Hill. The next week we heard it had reached Elisabethville,

seemingly having passed above us. When we reached the vicinity of Ndola we heard that the Government had made a big encampment a little distance outside Ndola where they were collecting the carriers from the war-front, paying them off, giving them rations and dispatching them to their various homes. As far as I can recollect they had as many as two thousand men to deal with.

Let me then record our travelling log.

*Oct. 18.* Kafulafuta to Inganda, eighteen miles. Here thirty-six people attended the evening service.

*Oct. 19.* After a morning service (with thirty-three), we had services at Chini (forty), Chimalasepa (twenty-eight), Kanakaluwembe (thirty-one), and the evening service at Chisumpa (with fifty-two present). These villages were fairly close together, and our distance covered only fifteen miles. Here we camped for the weekend.

*Oct. 20.* (Sunday) we went to Kando (twenty), on to Mfundi (forty) and back to Chisumpa, a total of eight miles. After an afternoon service at Chisumpa, with forty-four present, we visited Kalaswa (thirty-seven), only one and a half miles away, and returned to camp at Chisumpa.

It was at this village of Chisumpa that we experienced real encouragement. In the evening of the Sunday five men came to see me in my tent. Two of them, Kantondi and Kalawusa, both from the village of Kawunda Chiwele, where we had an out-school, who had previously (on 12 May 1917 and 14 April 1918 respectively) made profession of faith, came to confess to back-sliding, and renewed their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. The other three were Solosi from Chimalasepa (a village in which we had testified the previous day) and Kalala and Luwula, men of this village of Chisumpa in which we were camped. These three men all accepted the Lord as their Saviour for the first time.

We were now nearing the area of the Swahili-speaking villages.

*Oct. 21.* From Chisumpa we went to Likoko, where we had a small congregation of thirteen, and then went on to the village of Chasowakana. The distance travelled was only twelve miles, but we were well received and accepted their warm invitation to camp here. There were seventy-six present at the evening service, and seventy-five at the early service the next morning.

*Oct. 22.* From Chasowakana to our next camping place was only eight miles: this was at our first really Swahili village, which boasted the name of Saidi-Njale. In between, however, were the

villages of Nkonshi, where sixty-eight people gathered to hear what the white missionary had to tell them, and a smaller village, Kawende, at which only ten came together. After pitching camp at Saidi-Njale, I went two miles to the nearby village of Kamwendo, where I spoke to fourteen people, and then returned to our camp. Obviously the real interest of some of them was roused, for several accepted my invitation to come over at sun-down to Saidi-Njale to the evening service, which was attended by fifty-one all told. I realised that a preacher has to make a different approach to people with a Mohammedan background than to those, who, while acknowledging our Great Creator, Lesa, pinned all their hopes on appeasing the ancestral spirits. It was interesting to see that both Mohammedans and Animists were attracted by the portable organ which my sister played and the hearty singing of strange hymns by my carriers several of whom were Christians, who were able to testify at meetings to what the Lord had done for them.

*Oct. 23.* We had a morning service at Saidi-Njale, and I was pleased to note that forty of the villagers attended. I was not all certain how far we should go this day; for the first objective was to visit Chiwala, the head chief of all the Mohammedan villages in this Swahili district. I did not record the distances between each individual village: my log-book recorded the length of each day's distance covered. But it could not have been far, for my record shows that after my experiences at Chiwala we visited three further villages.

[These happenings took place fifty-four years ago, and I cannot be certain; but I believe the chief Chiwala whom I met on that morning was the son of the notorious Chiwala who died in 1913.]

The chief and a number of his men were sitting outside a low thatched hut, which I took to be a village representation of a Mosque. I greeted the chief and he replied courteously. He said that this was just their time for prayer, and he couldn't listen to me now. I replied that we could wait until they were finished with their prayers. So we withdrew a little distance and sat in the shade of some trees. I had advised my sister that it might be wise if she kept in the background and that we did not use the organ when my turn came. Among the Mohammedans the women-folk usually keep out of sight.

From somewhere in the village there came the cry of the muezzin, calling the men to prayer. From all round there came men, mostly wearing long white gowns and carrying small carpets on which to kneel and prostrate themselves. They all faced the north-east, towards Mecca. We watched the scene, and, of

course could not understand anything of the prayers, and this went on interminably. I began to think that Chiwala had ordered this to tire me out, and avoid having to listen to me. But eventually it came to an end; and I went up to the chief and said: "Now it is my turn to pray and to preach; but I want you to call the women to come too, and hear what I have to say." To my surprise he agreed to that, and we had the biggest congregation of the whole tour: one hundred and twenty-nine adults were counted; in addition there was quite a number of children. They listened attentively as I said: "You believe in *Allah*; so do we. We English call Him *God*; these Lambas around here call Him *Lesa*. So we have something in common in our belief." From there I was able to tell them of the love of God and of His Great Sacrifice in His Son our Saviour. They listened without comment.

The three further villages which we visited in the afternoon were not far apart, and we had services at each: Mulilo (with an attendance of fifty-three), Sakanya (fourteen) and Kaponda (twenty-one), at which last one we camped for the night; the total travelling for that day was only ten miles.

Oct. 24. This was a very full day. Although we only travelled sixteen and a half miles, the day was very busy. After early morning service with twenty-three at Kaponda, we successively testified at Mwisa (thirty-two), Mutwale (fifty-four) and Lyowa (forty-three); and at the nearby village of Chipembele made our camp, this after a morning's walk of five and a half miles only.

We then visited the mysterious cone-shaped lake called *Chilengwa*, which signifies "the created thing", that is that it is a work of God (*Lesa*). If you ask a Lamba as to the enormous ant-hills so common in Lambaland, he will use the same word *iche-lengwa*, a creation of God; and the Lamba name for the ant-hill is *ichulu*, having the same root at *ulu*, "heaven". But I mustn't divert here into matters of philology!

In shape the *chilengwa* is just the reverse of the ant-hill, it has a wide top, almost a complete circle, more or less level with the land around it, but tapering steeply to the water surface which varies in height with the seasons. How deep it is I do not know: it has no stream running into it: it is fed from below. The people are convinced that it is connected underground with the *Akashiwa KawenaMofya*, eighty miles away to the south-west. Fish could be seen in it, but the people are very superstitious and will not touch them or drink the water. We heard here the same story as we heard at the other Lake; throw in a strong reed spear-wise and it will travel underground and come out at the *Akashiwa* in the Wulima Country. With care one could get down to the water's edge.

The *Chilengwa* is about ten miles due east of the present Ndola, and almost on the boundary of the Congo Republic (now Zaïre).

Leaving the Lake we came to an area called Mwatishi Dambo where we testified to Indians at two places, having an audience of thirty-five at the one and fifty-nine at the other, both not far from Ndola. After a service at the village of Mushyame, at which thirty-five gathered, we returned to Chipembele via Mutwale. That evening we had a very encouraging congregation of ninety-one.

Oct. 25. This morning we felt a sense of urgency to return as quickly as possible to the Mission. There was a line of villages fairly close together between Chipembele and Ndola. We had been invited to come to a meal by the Native Commissioner's wife when we would be passing through Ndola on our return journey. I was anxious to have a service at each of the intervening villages. We had the usual early morning service with some thirty-seven of the Chipembele people; then as we made ready to leave, my sister said she was not feeling well. I advised her not to try any walking or using of the organ. So, this day, for the first time on this trip the *machila* men were in full use. I gave short messages at the following villages: Mutolilo (twenty-eight), Chisunka (forty-six), Chitundu (forty-one) Mwalabu (nine hundred and twelve), and Chimbalanga (forty-three), and then went on the short distance to Ndola, where the carriers had preceded me and set up camp under some large trees, and my sister had already gone to bed. The travelling distance that day was only eight and a half miles.

Oct. 26. My sister was still feeling unwell, but not so bad as the day before. We diagnosed it as a malarial attack, and treated it accordingly. After breakfast I walked over to the Commissioner's house. His wife was in the garden and I met her at the gate. I apologised to her that we would not be able to come to a meal with them, as my sister was unwell, and I felt we should push on as soon as possible for "home". I noticed immediately a change come over the young lady's face. She turned quickly from the gate, without inviting me in, went to a rose bush near by, picked two roses and came back and handed them to me over the gate, saying: "Give my love to your sister, and tell her I hope she will soon be better; good-bye." And she turned and hurried inside the house.

I very soon found out what was the matter. Bad news had come through regarding the "flu". It had broken out in the war-carriers' camp and there had already been deaths – so rapidly did it work. And I knew that the young mother feared for her

two little children in the house. I easily forgave her.

And I had to consider our position. Had my sister contracted this vicious disease? But the fact that she had survived the previous day and was feeling a little better this morning reassured me. I decided to move my camp away from Ndola right away. My sister was well enough to dress, and resume her *machila* travelling. So we moved our camp ten miles to the outskirts of the village of Chimbalsepa.

*Oct. 27 (Sunday)*. This gave my sister an opportunity to rest all day in camp. With one or two of the Christians among our carriers, I went to the village of Chiwuluwulu, two miles away, where we were able to talk of the things of God to the twenty people who gathered in front of us, men on one side and women on the other. We then returned to camp.

After our evening meal, we called the people of Chimbalsepa to gather for worship; and fifty-four attended. My sister was much better in the cool of that evening, and able to lead the singing with the organ. We felt the presence of God in this wonderful service by moonlight under the trees. The Lord gave me great liberty in proclaiming His Word. At the end I made an appeal for surrender to the claims of Jesus who had given His life to redeem sinners. Nine stood up, four men (one of whom was very old), and five youths. We went to a place apart and I prayed with them, and questioned them closely – this was by no means the first time that they had heard the Gospel – and I was convinced that they understood what they were doing, when they, one by one, confessed that they were sinners, who from now on were determined, with the Holy Spirit's help, to be and to live as disciples of the Lord Jesus.

I feel that I must record their names: The old man was Ndemena; the three grown men were Muwaya, Mulonga and Kaputula; the youth were Nkausu, Wishichi, Shitaliji, Ketulu, and the youngest Kapwepwe.

What joy there was in my heart, as I went back to my tent; and in my sister's heart too, as I gave her the news at her tent door. Little did I dream of what was to happen on the morrow!

*Oct. 28*. I lay awake long that night; had but a short sleep, then woke again with pain all over me feeling very sick. This after last evening's elation and blessing! I could not understand at all.

With dawn I dressed with considerable difficulty; but when once up and outside I felt a little better. One thing I knew: we must get back to Kafulafuta as quickly as possible. We must go by the straightest short-cut possible. I told my men that I was ill, but thought I could make it via Nsensa. They must pack up as

quickly as possible, and the three *machila* men must carry the *Walona* (i.e. the Lady) after we had our morning snack. I would follow them to the best of my ability with one or two with me.

The party wasted no time: it was still the cool of the early morning. I did not tell my sister how far it was to Nsensa; just asked her to see that a camping place was wisely chosen, and that I might be a bit late, as I had impressed the *machila* carriers to hurry as much as possible. Ordinarily with four *machila* men they would change over every five miles: two carrying and two running alongside; but with only three men, the changing over was much more frequent, because only one relief would be without load at a time.

So we got the caravan started, and the *machila* was soon out of sight; then the straggling line of porters gradually spread out further and further apart. I knew that we had to go twenty miles, and I had to walk it. At first, as my limbs loosened I made a fair pace; then as the sun rose, and got hotter and hotter my pace slackened. I found myself last but one in the file of trekkers. Behind me was one of the elder scholars of the school, and a helper in teaching. It was Katandika: he had a full load, and he was not a Lamba, but belonged to the Chikunda or Nyungwe tribe originally from a village on the bank of the Zam-besi in the territory of Portuguese Africa. I say it unashamedly, he was devoted to me, and on this occasion he was determined to keep with me and help me.

It was not long before I said to Katandika: "I must take a rest"; and I lay down flat under a tree. Katandika lowered his load and sat down to watch me. After a short rest I compelled myself to get up and totter off along the path. I must have made a mile or two when I had to lie down again. After this rest I tried another walk, and another, and another – until we came out of the forest to the edge of a wide plain. The sun was burning hot: I lay in the shade of a tree, and said to Katandika, "I don't think I can cross this plain!" "But Shikulu," he said: "See yonder clump of trees near the middle of the plain: you could rest there." "Katandika, if I can reach those trees, I'll never get up again to go on." Said he, "Shikulu rest a little longer here and they try, I'll be with you; and by then the sun will be beginning to go lower." I took his advice, and stumbled on to the fire-hot plain. Just automatically I trudged on and on, trying not to think. As I approached the group of trees in the middle of the burning hot plain, I began to talk to myself: "Do be sensible, man, if you stop at this inviting place you'll not get across the rest of this plain." So I kept my eyes on the path at my feet, and as I

entered the trees and their enticing shade, I prayed hard to God that I might do the right thing; and before I realised what I was doing, I found that the sun was shining down again in my face – I was going west, and the sun was definitely lowering. How I walked across that sun-flooded plain I do not know, I flopped down in the shade of the first tree of welcome forest land. I don't know how long I lay there: I think I went to sleep, until I heard Katandika's voice: "*Wukeni shikulu, ngatwende*" (Wake up, Sir, and let us be going). So up I got and found I could take to the path again.

But the sun had set, when we heard voices. And here came some of my carriers, who had been sent back by my sister to look for me. They had the *machila* with them; but my pride would not let me make use of it.

(On only two occasions have I been in a *machila*. The first was about five weeks after joining the Mission staff. I was undergoing my first attack of malarial fever, and had to be moved nearer to the main Mission House for nursing purposes. The second was when I was on a journey from Kafulafuta to Chondwe Siding in 1920. I had quite a number of carriers and among them eight *machila* carriers with two *machilas* for the comfortable travelling of two visitors from the Baptist Union Executive Committee, who were leaving the train there to visit an out-school we had recently opened, on their way to see something of the Missionary work in Lambaland. After going some distance the *machila* carriers came to me with a complaint. "Shikulu," they said, "we want to carry you." "But," I said, "I am a man, I don't want to be carried." "But you must, or we will go back!" "All right," I said. And I got in. They were beaming; but I was most uncomfortable; and when they had carried me about a mile, I stopped them, and got out. I said: "Now, tell me why you want to carry me!" At last one spoke up: "Shikulu, if we go to Chondwe carrying empty *machilas*, we will only be paid half pay!" I laughed and said: "Don't be silly, you are *machila* carriers, and whether you carry full *machilas* or whether they are empty ones you will receive full pay." You should have seen their faces then!)

But I must get on with my story of October 28, 1918.

It was after seven pm, the sun had gone down, when I hobbled into the camp set up at Nsensa. How I managed to cover that twenty mile walk in such conditions of heat, and the illness that had gripped me, was beyond my understanding: but I had been on God's work. Even as He had blessed the previous evening service at Chimbalsepa, so did He do the miracle of the next day's unthinkable walk. I believe that the happenings of



the next two weeks were given to us to test and strengthen our faith in His watchful care over His children.

My sister was greatly relieved when I reached the camp. I wanted a big cup of coffee, nothing to eat, but just to fall into bed, and sleep – and I did sleep!

Oct. 29. When I woke up I was surprised to find that I could walk, though it was a big effort. Camp was struck again and loads tied up. I did not notice that several carriers and their loads were missing – my sister had arranged this in the evening: that they should hasten as early as possible, so as to go on ahead and apprise Mr Phillips at the Mission, now only seven miles away, that we needed help. I appreciated her forethought, but said we should not delay in leaving Nsensa. So after a quick breakfast, we called the people together for morning worship, and twenty-two villagers gathered with our carriers to praise the Lord for His care thus far, and to commend the last stages of our journey into His Hands.

I found it difficult to walk at first, but refused to consider using my sister's *machila*. Gradually my limbs loosened up and we proceeded slowly, the carriers going well ahead of us. It was not very long before we heard the relief coming from the Mission, and we met them two miles from home. It wasn't necessary for me to use the *machila*, but I was glad that my sister's *machila* men could be relieved, and so we soon reached Kafulafuta. My sister and I were both very exhausted, and took it easy for a few days. The news was very disturbing: not only were there deaths in the villages around, but also amongst many of the war-carriers trying to reach their homes. Many did not.<sup>26</sup>

To summarise this very painful trip, we note: twelve days, a hundred and forty-four miles travelled, and thirty-nine services of witness.

Our senior Missionary, Mr Phillips, in a letter published in *Lambaland* (No. 11, April 1919) gave his picture of the devastation of the plague<sup>27</sup> which went right through Lambaland at the time, when the staff of the Mission was only three (Mr Phillips, my sister, and myself).

This is what he wrote:

“On the 2nd November the Spanish influenza found us out and commenced to fell our school boys. It was during the working hours of the morning (7.30 - 10.30) they came to me one by one finding me begrimed with mud with which I was laying bricks, saying ‘We feel bad, can we leave our work?’ As soon as I could leave my job I started doctoring, little knowing what I was in for. Mr Doke fell a victim in the afternoon and had twelve bad days on his back followed by a number more of great weakness;

Miss Doke acting as his doctor and nurse. Our two right-hand men, Joshua and David, were amongst the early ones to sicken, thus increasing our difficulties. We had to close the school on the 5th, for the strain of carrying on was too great.

“On the morning of the 8th, after struggling through my medical work, I had to give up and go to bed myself. My symptoms were in no wise different from those to which I had been accustomed when down with a dose of malarial fever; so that perhaps that was all that was the matter with me, but it kept me to my bed for five days. Miss Doke then promptly took over my duties of doctoring the Station, but on the 10th she too had to give in – she ought to have done so sooner; so there we were, all in the horizontal position! My cook-general fell ill too, and before I took to my bed I was rather handicapped in getting anything cooked or done. But the evening prior to falling ill I had the joy of a “boy” who had previously served me, and he was quickly installed. Indeed everything was disorganised, upside down and inside out; still by the help of God we pulled through, but not without losses by death.

“On the 9th one of our school youths suddenly took a turn for the worse and died; happily his people had just previously arrived to see him, and they took him to his village to bury. On the 11th another in a dying state was removed by his friends to his village; later we heard that he expired immediately on arrival there. Three days afterwards – on the 14th – another youth passed away; by then I was just strong enough to conduct a service at the graveside, but Mr and Miss Doke were too ill to be present. (We have now laid three of our school boarders to rest in our station God’s Acre). Our hearts were made very sad, and as we were in weak condition, we naturally felt it the more. Scarcely a village has escaped the epidemic, and a large number of people have died. According to the latest information to hand we have lost by death eleven of our scholars, past and present – two of them away at Luamala – one of whom is the last accounted for, by name Malisawa, who whilst here at school, acted as seamster in making the boarders’ vests. Relating to his death, I had a letter the other day from one of his mates in which he says ‘At the time he was about to die, he called all the elders, the youths and the youngsters and said; Today I am going to the Above, goodbye! Then he asked the time of day, and the youths replied, three o’clock, and with that he died.’

“The people say that this disease is not in their category, it must belong to the white man. Its ill effects will not be got over quickly, for the cultivation of their food-gardens has been retarded, and later on there will be the cry of hunger in the vil-

lages, as is the general experience these days. Happily the pumpkin and maize will soon be available, but these will be later than usual this year as our season's rains have been late and so far are very deficient in quantity.

"You will be interested in knowing that the magnificent news of the signing of the armistice on the 11th of November reached us on the 17th; oh! how rejoiced we were, and praise God."

## Chapter 13

### A JOURNEY FROM THE WILDS

Olive C. Doke <sup>28</sup>

Here we are on furlough! Missionaries coming on furlough from Central Africa are usually supposed or expected to be broken down in health, but I am far from that, praise God, although we did have a rough time with the "flu". But I am wandering! What I really set out to recount was the experiences which we met on our journey down. It was on Friday<sup>29</sup> that we were to leave Kafulfuta, and all the week previous we were hoping against hope that we should have a fine day. We did have a business all that week packing up all our things and putting them in ant-proof places. Everything had to be moved out of the Mission House in the event of someone coming to take our place before our nine months' furlough was up. We made my brother's office the store-room, and things were piled ceiling high in there, well off the ground, so that a good look-out could be kept on the enemies of civilisation in Central Africa. Thursday found us busy with the tent equipment and the various things for the journey, both by forest and rail. Being the rainy season we had to provide for all emergencies on the road. The double flap to the tent, waterproof sheeting, covering for all the loads, etc., etc. We had told the carriers to be in very early, in fact, some of them slept on the station overnight, so that we might make an early start and get well on our way before the usual storm broke.



*Miss Olive Carey Doke  
M.B.E.*

They came in good time, and we left immediately after the early morning service. Mr Phillips gave the boys a holiday, so that they might give us a send-off some distance along the road. It was fine when we started, but threatening. Oh! it was hard, as we passed through the village on our way, to say Good-bye to the women for so long! They just clung to me and begged me to stay, as they were sure if I once went away I would not come back. It was in vain that I tried to tell them that I would be back when they sow their mealies (Indian corn or maize) again. At last we (my brother and I) tore ourselves away from them, and proceeded on our journey. I shall never forget that march through the forest. I think one takes note of things more when it is to be the last time for some months that one will travel that way. The country was all lovely and green, and the rivers full. Before eleven o'clock the rain started. We could hear it coming for a long way through the trees. I covered up the things well in the *machila*, and put on my mack and goloshes and took my umbrella. It is useless trying to ride in a *machila* in the rain; one gets saturated, besides it being so heavy and hard for the men. Well, the rain came, and we very soon got drenched, as well as all the loads; but, of course, had to push on to the village of Kawalu, where we rested awhile and tried to get a bit dry by a little smokey fire in an open hut. Here we also had lunch, and waited until there seemed signs of clearing. It was necessary for us to move on to the next village, some ten miles further on, so that next day we could get into the Boma fairly early, and get our business done before the offices closed at one o'clock.

We had got fairly on our way when the rain came down again in torrents, and in a very little while the bridle path in which we were walking became a swift flowing stream, well over our ankles. Progress was difficult; we were continually slipping, and the loads consequently suffered.

Thus we trudged for three and a half hours, and were drenched to the skin, to say nothing of the bedding and other loads. We got into a hut with a fire, and tried to warm ourselves with the carriers. Of course, it was out of the question to attempt to pitch a tent; so we sent our capital man to try to find a nice clean hut in which we could put our beds. It was a long time before he found one, and our personal boys got our things fixed in for us.

We turned in as best we could, all our things being damp, but that was a slight discomfort to the one that awaited us. We had hardly put the light out before we knew that the hut was inhabited by more than ourselves, and consequently we did not get a wink of sleep. These are just some of the little things



which have to be put up with when one travels in this country. Next morning it was still wet, in fact, we left Chisachuni in the rain, but it cleared up soon after, and was lovely by the time we got to Ndola. Our train was not due to leave until midnight on Sunday, so we spent a few pleasant hours with the friends there. One would think our adventures had ended now that we had got to the railway line, but they had really only just begun. Sunday evening we took the small tent down to the station, and pitched it, as there is no "waiting room" there, and we had to sit up till twelve o'clock; besides it was raining on and off. Some of the men came down with us to help with the luggage, and others remained to look after the camp things, which they had to pack up on Monday and take back to the Mission. We settled ourselves down for a long wait, singing hymns and telling stories to keep ourselves awake. But twelve o'clock came and no train, and the mosquitoes were very active. I never saw such big ones, either. One after the other the carriers dropped asleep, and we ourselves had a hard job to keep awake. We could get no news of the train, and so had to be ready at any minute in case she came. Presently we could see the dawn breaking, and still she hadn't come. Then six am, the up-train came in, and we knew it would at least be another three hours before the other

*A village of intanda  
(permanent houses of  
upright walls and  
conical roofs)  
(photo by C.M. Doke)*

one could get down, as they pass at Sakania. When the mails went up we strolled up a mile or more to the Post Office to get our letters, and down again. Eventually the train came in at twelve noon, and we had wasted the whole night sitting up for it! Not many minutes were allowed to get bag and baggage in and say farewell before the train was gone. It made me quite sad to say Good-bye to those men. We had travelled so many miles together, and one really gets to understand them.

We had not gone two hours on our journey before we stopped again. A wheel had come off the engine, and we could go no further before sending back to the Congo for another engine. We knew that would mean at least another four hours' wait, but presently a 'phone message came through to the effect that the engine which was coming down to our relief had itself run off the line, and they had to get her on. It ended in us sitting there for eight hours, and all the time without a dining-car on the train! We were two of the fortunate ones to have our lunch-box with us. Don't trust the Rhodesian trains! Always be prepared. However in time we reached Broken Hill, and there hooked on a dining saloon, which went down with us as far as Livingstone, a little more than twenty-four hours journey. Here the saloon was taken off again, and three miles the other side of the Victoria Falls we came to a big wash-away. The embankment and all the rails for a distance of over two hundred and fifty yards had been washed down the river, and the bridge was left high and dry at one end. Here we had to detrain, and, with the help of Native porters, carry all our luggage across this place and clamber up to the bridge to a train waiting the other side. This performance took another four hours. So by this time we were more than twenty-four hours late. On the new train there was no dining saloon; so the poor passengers without provisions fared badly. We had a honeymoon couple on board, too. By the time we reached Bulawayo we were far too late to catch the connection for Johannesburg, and feared we should have to wait till Saturday. The authorities evidently feared the same, and that a claim would be put in to them for hotel expenses, and so thought it wisest to hook on a carriage to a goods train just about to leave. We were very thankful, too, although it was a slow business to trundle down behind a goods train. At Mafeking we had another four hours' wait, but no further mishap occurred, and twelve hours later we arrived at Johannesburg – only thirty-six hours late! We praise God for His keeping and protecting power through all the varied experiences. He is ever faithful!

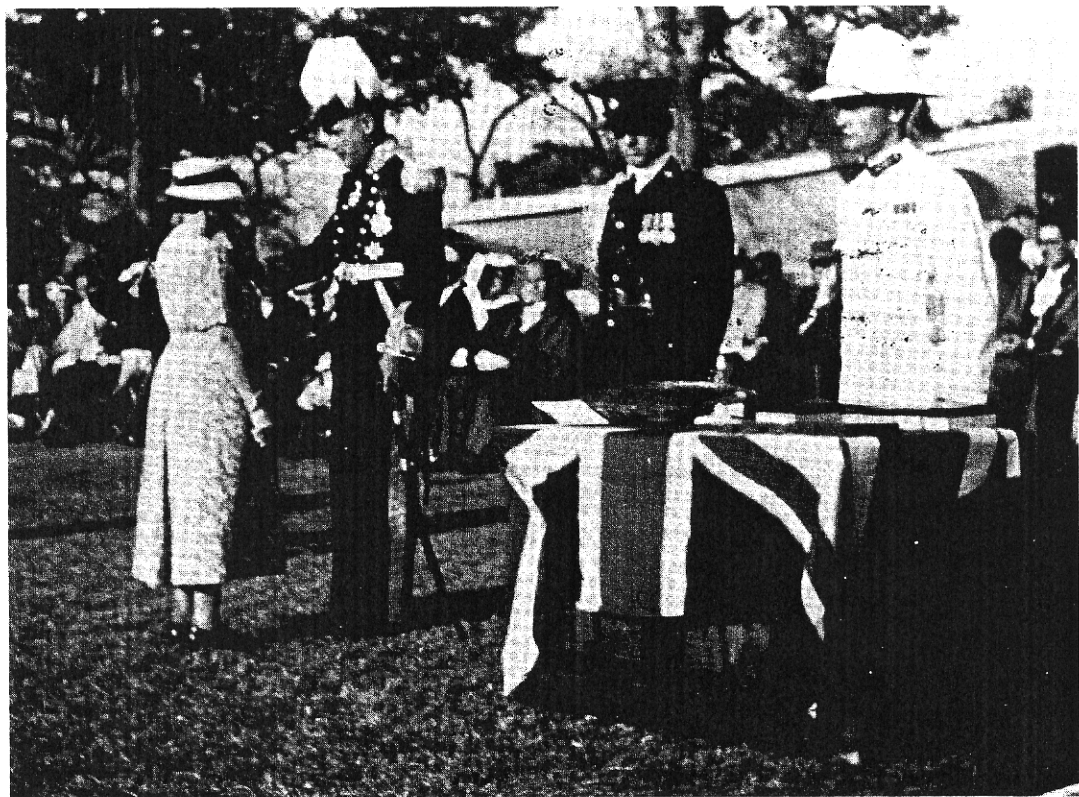
It is nice to be amongst one's friends again for a season,

and more than anything, I think we enjoy the privilege of attending God's House and holding fellowship with His people. But as time passes one longs to be back at work, helping those poor souls in darkness.

Our prayers should be much with Mr Phillips along at Kafulafuta, just now; and let us earnestly pray that labourers may soon be sent to help him; that on our return real extension work may be started in the form of a new Station a hundred and ten miles N.W. of our present work.

I appeal to our women friends who read *Lambaland* to make the women and girls of Lambaland a special subject for prayer, as they are now left practically alone, no lady Missionary being there. Their trials and temptations are many. Pray for them.

*Olive C. Doke receiving  
the M.B.E.*





## Chapter 14

### NKAMBO! NKAMBO!

It was July 1929. I had been away from Lambaland since 1921. The scene was Boroma Monastery, overlooking the silver Zambesi, sixteen miles upstream from Tete in Portuguese East Africa. In the entrance hall on the monastery building, a friend<sup>30</sup> and I, together with the lay-priest in charge of the buildings after the expulsion of the Jesuits, were surrounded by about thirty young men – “Zambesies”, as they are often called. One or two of them had been to Mashonaland and worked in Salisbury, so I was able to use the Zezuru language as a medium of communication in my investigations into the Nyungwe language and its relationships to Shona. I was curious to know whether any North Rhodesian Natives had drifted down so far, and asked if there were any people from the other side of the river among them.

“What people?” they asked. “Nsenga, or Bisa, or Bemba?” I said. Their reply was a negative. And then almost in fun I said, “Are there any Lamba here?” They said, “No!” But a little while afterwards one of the lads said, “Pedro is a Lamba, and he is coming.”

At first I could not believe it; but they assured me that he was, and that he was a leper. I stopped my language work, and urged them to bring him in as quickly as possible. I shall never forget the scene, as there hobbled in through the doorway the sad spectacle of a little old leper man, with ugly distorted features. He came and stood in front of me blinking sheepishly.

I said, “*Mutende*” – the Lamba greeting. He said, “*Mutende, Nkambo!* – Chief!” I asked him where he came from, and of his home, and mechanically he replied in perfect Lamba. Then suddenly he stared at me fixedly, and clapping his hand over his mouth exclaimed: “*Nkambo! Nkambooo!* You’re talking to me in Lamba, and I’m talking Lamba! *Nkambo! Au!*”

I feared he was going to go off his head. He had suddenly

realised that he had been talking and listening to his mother tongue, which he had neither heard nor employed for over forty-five years. I shall never forget the look on his face, his gestures of amazement; and the vast astonishment of all the Nyungwe people around, who could not understand a word of our conversation.

Poor man, he told me that when he was a little boy – perhaps ten years old – his village had been raided in one of the slaving expeditions by half-caste Portuguese and Chikunda slavers, and he had been captured and borne away some seven hundred miles from his home. I had often heard from the Lamba of those slaving and pillaging raids, which were the common thing before the British Administration took over Northern Rhodesia. And Chola, as he told me his old name was, had been carried off, never to see his home or people again, and had come to live among the Nyungwe people, and in time to marry one of them and forget!

After a while I said, "Chola, you tell me you are a Lamba, and we have been talking for quite a time, but you haven't greeted me properly." Instantly he prostrated himself, lying full length on the floor on his right side, clapping his hands together and murmuring, "*Nkambo! Nkambo!*" Then on to the left side to repeat the clapping and the greeting. The Natives round were amazed, and roared with merriment; they had never seen any such greeting before – nor had Pedro used such for forty-five years!

When he got up, I said, "Chola, you say you're a Lamba, and yet you use the Lenje greeting, and the Lenje salutation of *Nkambo*; where do you come from?" He gave me the name of his mother and father and chief, and said that their village was on the Lunsemfwa River. That explained it – the borders of the Lenje Country. He said, "When they brought me here, the monastery buildings were in the plain on the river's edge; I helped to build the Church and the houses here on the hill." The Portuguese padre had told me that the move from the plain to the hill was made forty years ago.

Then we got on to religious things, and with a beaming face Pedro pointed to a picture of the Crucifixion and to another of the "Christ of the Sacred Heart", and said, "Isn't that Jesu?" and "Isn't that our blessed Mother?" pointing to a statuette of the Virgin Mary. And he crossed himself devoutly. No longer was he "Chola the Lamba"; he had become once more "Pedro the Catholic".

All this constituted a scene I shall never forget – the first Lamba Catholic I had known: a relic of the cruel slave-raid days.

## WHERE THE TREK ENDS AND BEGINS AGAIN

Of all the living memories which make up this book there is one which exemplifies the fulfilment of the ultimate goal of trekking in South Central Africa. Despite many disappointments the gospel does search the heart of Africa.

I give this memory of those early days as a journey's end postscript –

*"Naisa Shikulu!"* (I have come, Sir!) I replied: *"Injila!"* (Come in!) The lad opened the door. I motioned him to the fire in the corner of the room, and as he sat on the mud floor, I said: "What is it, that you want?" "Shikulu," he replied, *"Ndukufwayo kwalulula umutima wanju"* (Sir, I want to turn my heart right over). I was surprised that he came alone. I questioned him, and explained many things. I prayed, and he prayed: and I felt sure that he knew what he was doing. Then he went back to the boy's compound.

When school holidays came, he went to his village about two days' journey. After the holidays, he returned, and brought with him a man from the village who came to question me whether what the lad had told him was true. He told me that two others wanted to come too; but it was the busiest time for them in the gardens, and they could only come one at a time. So he stayed three days, and we talked and prayed as often as I could spare time; and I quoted from such passages of the

*Kafulafuta Church*  
(c. 1925).



Scriptures as were at that time translated;<sup>31</sup> and he went home, a believer. It was not long before the other two came to the Mission, with the same result.

These three men made several visits after this, when there were slack times at the village. And I had the joy of baptising them along with the lad. They all became staunch Church members and witnesses.

## Epilogue

### LAMBALAND REVISITED\* THEN AND NOW

It has been a great experience to visit Lambaland, and especially Kafulafuta Station, after so long an absence. It was in February, 1921, when I left the Field after nearly seven years of Missionary service among the Lamba people – and the thirty years' interval has wrought a tremendous change.

The trees and forests of Lambaland look the same, except around the mining areas where sad denuding of the forests is daily going on, lorry after lorry of wood and timber pouring in to feed the insatiable hunger of the furnaces and timbering. Fortunately there are Agricultural Departments studying the position and trying out various types of timber trees for afforestation. I have no doubt that the authorities are carefully watching the position to see that irreparable damage is not done. The rivers seem shrunken. Possibly this is because my visit is a dry season one: and then, on the Kafuwu River, which bounds our Mission on the North side, there is the pumping station for the tremendous needs of Luanshya township and the Roan Antelope Mine. The pump is only about six miles upstream and must draw off a tremendous amount of water every day. And the game! Well, it just isn't to be seen about here. It has been shot out or driven away west, where the hands of civilization have not yet reached out. Repeatedly I've scanned the plains on both sides of the Kafulafuta, but not a sign of a buck; not even a reed-buck, let alone those herds of puku and hartebeest we used to see so often. Even the dear old crocodiles seem to have gone into retreat. My daughter Eunice and I have searched the rivers to see one. The Africans say they are there – and I believe them – but

---

\*This extract is taken from *Lambaland*, No. 130, April-June 1952. Doke visited the area in 1950 during his tenure as President of the Baptist Union. Here he reflects on changes that have taken place during the 29 years since his departure from the mission field.

all we've heard is a distant splash, which might have been one, and an indistinct drumming; not a glimpse of those "floating logs" or "basking lizards" which used to be by no means uncommon. Well, we did see spoor of hippo; for they still come up here in the rains, when the rivers are more flooded.



To me, one of the greatest changes in the country which I noticed was that we were able throughout our stay at Kafulafuta to sleep without mosquito nets, and this despite certain panes of glass missing from the windows where there was no gauze. My sister says she has not used a mosquito net since her return from England, and that means right through last rainy season. The use of D.D.T. spray has something to do with this; but generally there seems to be a decreased incidence of mosquito. We also slept at Ndola, Fiwale Hill and Kitwe without nets: though, of course, away on the banks of the Lufwanyama River they were a real necessity. The tsetse fly has moved right away from these areas, and herds of cattle and milk supplies have taken their place. The movement of the "fly" has probably followed the movement of the wild buck. "Fly" is always worse, for instance, where buffalo are to be found.

Of course, the biggest outward change in the country is the

*C.M. Doke points to the spot of a 1915 drowning on Kafulafuta River (1959)*



*C.M. Doke receives a gift  
of eggs from Chief  
Katanga's widow  
(1959)*

growth of the Copper-belt towns following the opening up of the Mines. None of these towns existed when I left there nearly thirty years ago. Then there were but a dozen houses at Ndola: where Luanshya, Kitwe, Chin-gola and Mufulira are today was then wild forest. There were no motor roads in all the country: today these townships are linked up with a network of good tarmac roads and the railway supplies them all. Other roads are cut out through the forests to every important African centre, and main roads stretch away into the Congo, and the north-west to Kalene Hill and Angola. This is a wonderful transformation. What took us six days of "carrier" travelling in the old days is now accomplished in as many hours by car. But one cannot help sighing at the passing of the old. Things are done so much more quickly these days. So much more can be accomplished now. But in those days one got to know one's people, I feel, so much more closely: their language, lore and folktales became much more a part of one's missionary existence, than they can today with the whirl of modern requirements – education, syllabuses and endless "returns", foreign African teachers, the encroachments of the foreign Bemba language, almost daily contacts with other Europeans, aeroplanes constantly passing overhead, the sound of the distant mine hooters when the air is clear! What a change!

Some of these changes are definitely for the better. The demand in the townships has resulted in a widespread vegetable growing business, and green vegetables are easily available to improve the health of the European Missionary as well as that of the African villagers. And this has meant more money among the people, an increase in their wants and a steep advance in the wages of all; with natural added difficulty in Mission Station building and upkeep. Immediately noticeable is the ubiquitous bicycle. Bicycles are to be seen everywhere: they swarm in the

townships, every party of Africans met on the road or path in the forest has bicycles: bicycles are seen leaning against hut after hut in the villages; even the girls and young women are riding bicycles in Lambaland today! What a change! In 1921, apart from one or two Government messengers, I think hardly one African owned a single bicycle!

And what of the Mission work? In 1921 there were twenty-six baptised Church members in Lambaland. There was one Mission Station and one church building at Kafulafuta, with a couple of Out Schools. The Station at Luamala had been abandoned in 1912, though an advance to Siwucinnga out west was contemplated. Today, our S.A.B.M.S. has the two Stations of Kafulafuta and Fiwale Hill, 33 miles apart, and our brethren the Swedish Baptists have their two Stations of Mpongwe and Mwelushi. The United Copperbelt Mission, started under the superintendency of our revered brother, the late Arthur Cross, has extensive work in the industrial areas; and the Brethren have their outpost at Mwombashi, near Kitwe. There are many Out-Stations with church buildings and schools, and a band of eager Evangelists posted at strategic places. The Church members associated with the two head Churches now number over five hundred, with probably three hundred in association with the

*C.M. Doke witnesses baptism by Pastor Bob and Evangelist Lemon at Lufwanyama River*





Swedish brethren, and many of these latter are converts of the older mission. These figures do not take in the larger numbers of adherents and "hearers."

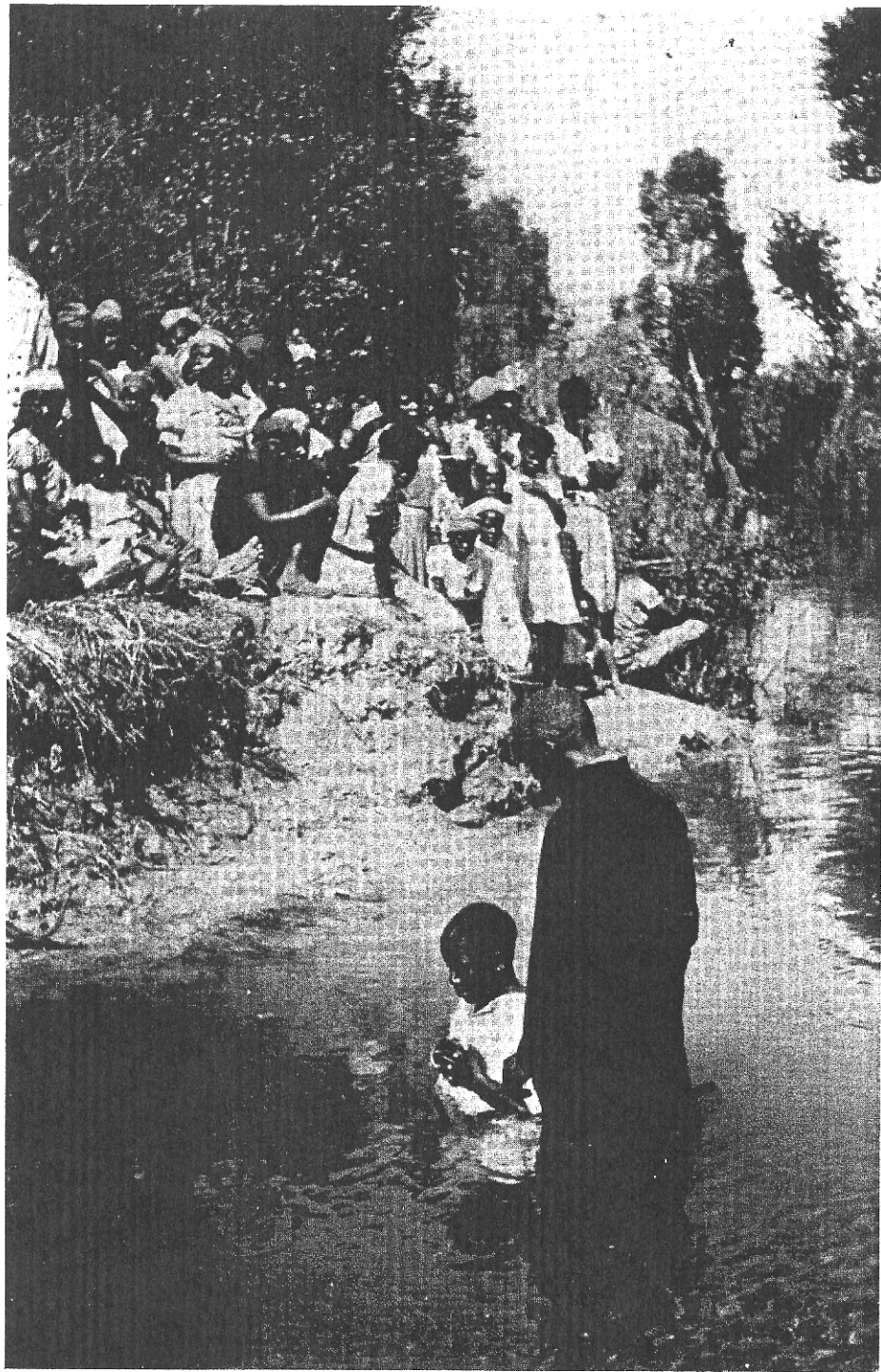
But here pause must be made to record the inroads of false doctrine – the "Watchtower" with its lowering of moral standards, and the Roman Catholics with their perverted teaching and huge financial backing. Despite some sad instances of lapsing, it is wonderful how many of our people are standing true amid all these insidious evils.

To me it was a great joy to attend a Convention summoned to meet "out west" at a camp on the Lufwanyama River. Here in an area where there was not a single Christian when I left Lambaland, a Baptismal Service was held in the river and fifteen put on the Lord Jesus Christ. One of the Christians afterwards gave thanks to God that the crocodiles did not interfere with the service, for people had said they would – the Lufwanyama has a bad name for "crocs". But greater still was the joy to meet around the Lord's Table out there with eighty-five Christians. Evangelists Lemon and Nicodemo and others are doing a great work of witness.

Another long-looked for pleasure was a visit to Fiwale Hill, where the Rev. and Mrs Rendall labour, along with Mr and Mrs Creasey. Here was a site I had mentally noted years ago as a place for a Mission; and Arthur Cross chose for his headquarters, but went to the Copperbelt Mission. I was especially interested in the work on the building of the new church, a memorial to "Filipo"; and it will be a worthy memorial. I am always keenly

*C.M. Doke with carriers  
from 1913 trek (1959)*





*Anasi baptising in the Kafulafuta River.*



*Olive Doke's bouse,  
Kafulafuta Mission  
(c. 1955)*

interested in building, brick building especially, and Mr Creasey and his brick-layers are doing a splendid job. What a joy to see the noble arches taking shape: I am only sorry I shall not see it complete. Then there was the service in the school – used as a temporary church – where I interpreted to a crowded congregation a message delivered by the Rev. Ivor Powell, who is, as I write, missioning on the Copperbelt. And afterwards a Baptismal Service when eighteen witnessed in the stream, followed by Communion, when a hundred and twenty Christians of Fiwale area commemorated that which has bound us all in one in Jesus Christ.

Another experience was a visit to Mpongwe Mission where our Swedish Baptist friends, Mr and Mrs Holmgren, with two nursing sisters, are stationed. I met several of my old friends here, including Chief Lesa Nkusye, whom I remembered as a delicate little school-boy named Tebulu. And so back to Kafulafuta.

The Convention at Kafulafuta was a time full of meetings: my sister was busy with all the arrangements; but what amazed me was the part played in it all by the evangelists and the two Pastors, Bob and Anasi. When I left Lambaland there was no Lamba Christian who could really give a message himself to the people; but today these men are powerful and convincing preachers, and I listened to several with considerable pleasure.

Here I had the opportunity of witnessing to a congregation exceeding 600, and God blessed the word to the salvation of heathen and the restoration of backsliders.

Again a Baptismal Service when four confessed Christ in the Kafulafuta River; and what a Communion! Two hundred and thirty Lamba Christians partook of the memorial feast. Here, too, I noticed a striking change from the old days. Then, of the twenty-six Christians not one woman. Now, far more than half of that gathering at the Lord's Table, in the "Cathedral in the spinney", were women. What a glorious hope for the future of the Lamba Church!

*Baptism at  
Kafulafuta River*



## FOOTNOTES

The numbered notes are Clement Doke's; the alphabetic ones have been inserted by the editor.

- 1 Ernest Baker, *The Life and Exploration of F.S. Arnot F.R.G.S.* page 322.
- 2 Cf. Baker: pp.326-329.
- 3 These were Mashukulumbwe or Ila tribesmen wearing *impumbes*. (C.M.D.)
- 4 It has been fathomed at 350 feet. (C.M.D.)
- 5 Zebra.
- 6 Native name for the African Lakes Corporation Stores.
- 7 Cf. Cursons, pp. 222-227. (C.M.D.)
- 8 See Chapter Three.
- 9 Numbers in brackets after names of villages indicate adults at service.
- 10 Cf. Edwin Smith: *The Ila-speaking Peoples of Northern Rhodesia*, Vol. 1 p. 76.
- 11 Cf. My article *A Glimpse of Nambala* in the *Herald of the Primitive Methodist Missionary Society*. Aug. 1915, pp. 280-281
- 12 Two books have been published about him: (i) Written by himself entitled *Chirupula's Tale* (publ. Geoffrey Bles, 1937); and (ii) K.S. Rukavina's *Jungle Pathfinder*, his biography (publ. Hutchinson & Co., 1951). In addition, the magazine *Horizon* for May 1965 published an illustrated article at the time of his death and funeral entitled *Chirupula – the legend grows ... the traces fade*.
- 13 Cf. Chapter Two.
- 14 Chapter Five.
- 15 Cf. *South African Baptist*, Feb. 1916, pp. 4-5.
- 16 Quoted from No. 5 (October 1917) of *Lambaland*.
- 17 Quoted from No. 4 (July 1917) of *Lambaland*.
- 18 Cf. My father's account of our visit as given in Chapter Three. I think he considerably underestimated the size of the Lake. J.M. Mowbray in his *In South Central Africa* (1912), p. 108, estimates the *Akashiwa* to cover "a quarter of a square mile".
- 19 Reference may be made to Miss Olive C. Doke's *Paul the Leper, Apostle to the Lambas*, S.A. Baptist Press, 1955: See also Ivor Powell: *Silent Challenge* (Marshall; Morgan & Scott), Chapter VI, entitled *Paul the Leper*.
- 20 Cf. Chapter Five.
- 21 Marshall, Morgan & Scott, Ltd. London.
- 22 A common name for the warlike Ila people, who live in the Hook of the Kafue River. Cf. p. 70.
- 23 This stands for Mr Katandika; it is the plural form, used in respectful reference to a superior.
- 24 Cf. C.M. Doke: *The Lambas of Northern Rhodesia*, pp. 43 *et seq.*
- 25 Cf. p. 40a.
- 26 Cf. Chapter Four.
- 27 Dr Godfrey, an Indian doctor, diagnosed the epidemic in Johannesburg from the outset as plague and treated accordingly: he was the

only doctor to do so, and his treatment was by far the most successful.  
(C.M.D.)

28 From Lambaland, No. 13, October 1919.

29 February 21, 1919.

30 Rev. A.A. Louw, Sr., founder of Morgenster Mission, Rhodesia.

31 The Book of Jonah and certain chapters of the New Testament.

- 
- a The Kabompo valley lies in the north-western province of Zambia.
  - b South African Baptist Missionary Society.
  - c South African General Mission.
  - d Probably Major Charles H Malan, son of Salomon Jean Cesar Malan, for forty years vicar of Broadwindsor, England.
  - e Transvaal War of Independence (1880-1881).
  - f In 1885 proclaimed the Crown Colony of British Bechuanaland together with the adjacent Bechuanaland Protectorate. The territory became an independent state, Botswana, in 1966.
  - g Lewanikwa (1842-1916) king of Barotseland and twenty-second in the line of succession, ruled from 1878 to 1916.
  - h Bailundu, important Angolan state of the Ovimbundu people. This group constitutes approximately one-third of Angola's population.
  - i Chief in the Garenganze district of the Belgian Congo, now Zaire.
  - j Charles A Swan and William Faulkner.
  - k Headman of the village, Ilala, where David Livingstone died.
  - l Dr Fisher was the brother of Mrs Elizabeth Arnot.
  - m Major General Sir Henry Havelock (1795-1857), adjutant-general of the imperial troops in India.
  - n Dr William Carey (1761-1834) was the founder of the English Baptist Missionary Society in 1792. An accomplished linguist, he translated parts of the Bible into twenty-seven languages, and the whole Bible into seven. He and his colleagues, Joshua Marshman and William Ward, were known as the "Serampore trio". C M Doke was a direct descendant of William Carey's sister.
  - o William Cursons. *Joseph Doke, the Missionary-hearted*. Johannesburg: Christian Literature Depot, 1929.
  - p William Garden Blaikie. *Personal Life of David Livingstone ...* London: Murray, 1880.
  - q Mary Ann Hobson was related to the brothers George Carey and Samuel Bonnin Hobson, joint authors of several well-known animal stories, set mainly in the Kalahari desert, the Karoo and the north-eastern Transvaal.
  - r Henry S L Polak, although born of an English Jewish family, became a Theosophist, deeply involved in the Indian Passive Resistance Movement in the Transvaal. He was an attorney, editor of *Indian Opinion*, and for a time sub-editor on the *Transvaal Critic*. He was also Assistant Honorary Secretary of the Transvaal British Indian Association.
  - s C K Thambi Naidoo, a trader who became active in the Indian Passive Resistance Movement.
  - t William Waldegrave Palmer, 2nd earl of Selborne, was governor of the

- Transvaal and Orange River Colony at the time.
- u Anglo-Boer War (1899-1902)
  - v Official organ of the Jehovah's Witnesses.
  - w For a comprehensive account of the South African influenza epidemic see Howard Phillips. "Black October": The impact of the Spanish influenza epidemic of 1918 on South Africa. *Archives Yearbook for South African History*. 53:1, 1990.