

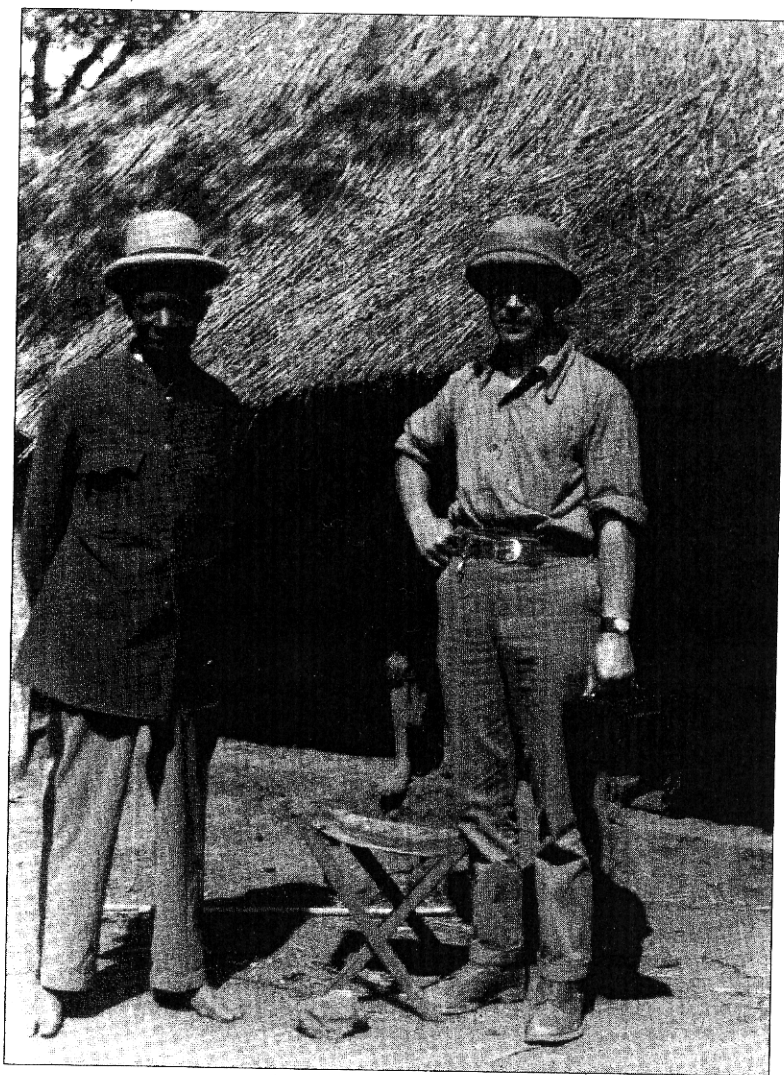
TREKKING IN  
SOUTH CENTRAL  
AFRICA

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1913 –1919

CLEMENT M. DOKE

*edited by Robert K. Herbert*



*Clement M. Doke with Lamba headman*

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# CONTEXTUALISING A MISSIONARY'S TREK

Robert K. Herbert

Aka li pesiwa kalubwe, ka lu kwiwila ndobwe.  
'The little thing on the pond is not  
overlooked, it dives with a splash'  
(A great man is not hidden, he is as  
visible as a duck upon an open pond)

*Lamba proverb*

Clement Martyn Doke was born into a distinguished missionary family on 16 May 1893 in Bristol. The Doke family had been engaged in missionary activity for the Baptist Church for some generations. Both Clement's father, the Reverend Joseph J. Doke, and his uncle William intended to devote their lives to missionary work. William trained for missionary work in the Congo and was one of the first Baptist Missionary Society missionaries to arrive there. Unfortunately, he contracted a fever and died in 1883, just a few weeks after his arrival in the field.<sup>1</sup> Joseph had been admitted to Regent's Park Baptist College, but he was prevented from enrolling on account of his severe asthma. He studied privately and was eventually able to make a greater missionary contribution than his physically stronger brother. In some large measure, *Trekking in South-Central Africa* serves as the author's commemoration of his father's missionary spirit, which eventually cost Joseph Doke

*Reverend Joseph  
J. Doke*



his life in 1913 as chronicled in Chapter 3 of this book. Indeed, Clement Doke's own devotion to the missionary enterprise and the long service of his sister Olive<sup>2</sup> can be read as a memorial to their father's life and a testimony to the 'calling' of the Doke family.<sup>3</sup>

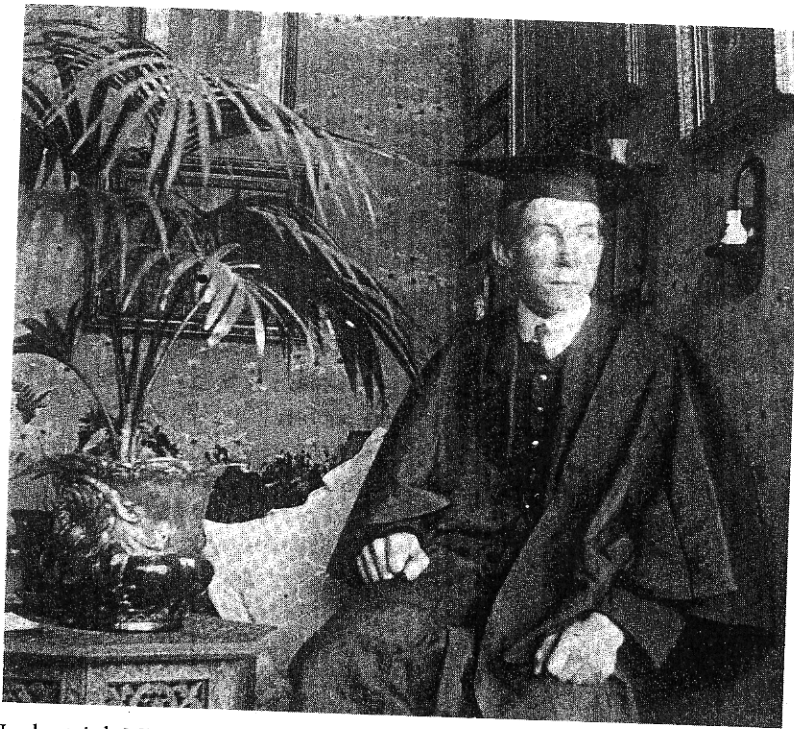
Joseph Doke originally travelled to South Africa in 1882, having decided to leave England on account of his poor health. This same consideration limited his choice of countries for the ministry. In South Africa, he met and married Agnes Biggs, and shortly afterwards the Dokes returned to England where three of their four children were born. Clement was the third of these children. The fourth child was born after the family had moved to New Zealand. The family eventually returned to South Africa in 1903, first to Grahamstown, where Clement attended Kingswood College, and then, in 1907, moved to Johannesburg, which was to remain their family home. Clement completed his matriculation studies at Johannesburg Boys' High School (King Edward VII School) in 1908.

At the age of 18, Clement received a bachelor's degree from Transvaal University College in Pretoria and had already decided to devote his life to missionary activity.<sup>4</sup> As he records in Chapter 1, he had been invited by the Reverend Frederick S. Arnot, the renowned Plymouth Brethren missionary who had opened the first 'school' in what was to become Northern Rhodesia, to accompany him on a trip in 1911. Although Arnot's greater contributions belong more to Angola and Zaire, where he spent the bulk of his missionary life, he had noted the need for more missionary activity in Northern Rhodesia. Clement declined Arnot's first invitation at his father's advice. Despite his poor health Joseph Doke had never surrendered his desire to serve actively as a missionary,<sup>5</sup> and it was Arnot's subsequent suggestion to Joseph that led him to consider north-western Rhodesia as a possible mission field instead of Rwanda-Burundi towards which he had been leaning. Joseph Doke's health was somewhat precarious, and Agnes insisted that Clement accompany his father on a fact-finding tour of north-western Rhodesia and the area eventually known as Lambaland, now Ilamba. A Baptist mission had been established in the area in 1905 by the Reverend William Arthur Phillips of the Nyasa



*Olive and Clement  
Doke (c. 1904)*





*Graduate from  
Transvaal University  
College 1911*

Industrial Mission in Blantyre. However, as Arnot had observed, the resources of the Nyasa Industrial Mission could not meet the demands of a mission field comprising twenty-five thousand square miles and fifty thousand souls.

Joseph Doke was delegated by the Baptist Union of South Africa to investigate the mission in Lambaland with a view toward a possible takeover by the South African Baptists. It was on this fact-finding mission in 1913, covering some three hundred miles by foot and *machila*, that Joseph Doke contracted enteric fever (typhoid) at the Lukanga Swamp and died soon afterwards at the Umtali Hospital. The news of the elder Doke's death devastated his family.<sup>6</sup> A memorial service was held in Johannesburg, for which Mr Gandhi travelled from Durban and addressed the congregation. Gandhi wished 'that Mr. Doke's mantle would descend to his children'.<sup>7</sup> Clement soon assumed his father's role and responsibility for reporting the findings of their trip to Lambaland. Following his father's intention, Clement reported favourably on this mission to the Baptist Missionary Assembly. On that account, the decision was made to take over



*Agnes Doke (c. 1920)*

the Kafulafuta Mission from the Nyasa Industrial Mission, although Reverend Phillips, the founder, remained as superintendent throughout 1926. Sufficient funds were raised in South Africa by 1914 through the Doke Memorial Fund, which had been authorised by the Assembly, and Clement Doke then returned to Kafulafuta as a missionary, to be followed by his sister Olive in 1916. It is at this point that Chapter 4 of the present work commences, nine months after Clement's arrival in Lambaland.

Doke notes that one of his earliest frustrations in mission work was his inability to communicate with the Lamba. There were, of course, no textbooks for the language and the only written material available included a translation of Jonah and a collection of forty-seven hymns translated into Lamba. Nevertheless, Doke soon set out to master the language and published his first book *Ifintu Fyakwe Lesa* (The Things of God, a Primer of Scripture Knowledge in Lamba) in 1917. His interest in language led him to enrol in Johannesburg at the extension of Transvaal University College for an MA degree during his first furlough in 1919. His thesis was published as *The Grammar of the Lamba Language*. Doke had not yet established his innovative method of analysis and description for the Bantu languages, and the book is couched in traditional grammatical terms. His later publication, *Textbook of Lamba Grammar*<sup>3</sup> is a far superior work. It was during the same period of furlough in 1919 that Doke married Hilda Lehman, who accompanied him back to Lambaland later that year.



Clement in 1913

Doke had contracted malaria during his work in Lambaland, and his first furlough was also a period of recuperation. Shortly after her arrival at Kafulafuta, Hilda Doke also contracted the fever; her condition was serious enough to warrant her being sent back to South Africa. Clement accompanied his wife to Bulawayo, where he was joined by his mother, who was journeying to the mission in order to be with his sister Olive. Hilda Doke's medical condition improved but she was forbidden to return to Lambaland. Doke's own condition was serious enough for him to realise that his work in the field could not continue for much longer. He left Lambaland in 1921.

From Lambaland Doke returned to Johannesburg, where he was recruited by the newly-founded University of the Witwaters-

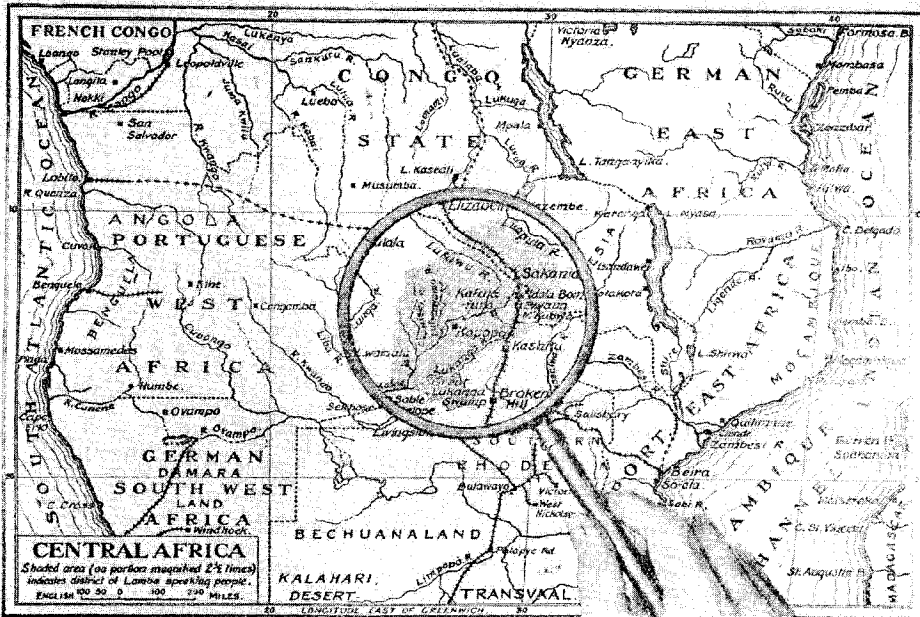
rand. Both the Principal and Doke agreed that he should go to London in order to secure a qualification as a lecturer, and the family moved to England. He registered for a Diploma in Comparative Bantu at the School of Oriental and African Studies, where his major languages were Lamba and Luba; material for the latter was made available to him from the Garanganze Mission through the Arnot family. Due to the difficulty of arranging a suitable examiner, Doke eventually changed his language of specialisation to Zulu, an appropriate choice given the location of his new University in Johannesburg. Doke took up his appointment in 1923 in the new Department of Bantu Studies. In 1925 he received the D.Litt. for his doctoral thesis *The Phonetics of the Zulu Language* and was promoted to Senior Lecturer. Doke was appointed to the Chair of Bantu Languages and to the Headship of the Department of Bantu Studies (including Social Anthropology and Native Law and Administration) in 1931. He served at the University of the Witwatersrand until his retirement in 1953.

*Trekking in South-Central Africa*, published to mark the centenary of Clement Doke's birth, was originally distributed by the South African Baptist Historical Society. Although the book covers mainly the period 1913-1919, it was conceived as a book more than fifty years later in Alice, following Doke's retirement from the University of the Witwatersrand. Despite the intrinsic interest of the story, the reader cannot help but note the choppy style of the text, a result of the book's having been cobbled together from a variety of sources, including the diaries of Joseph and Clement Doke, passages originally published in the *S.A. Baptist* and in *Lambaland*, short extracts from the works of others, and contributions by his sister Olive – all of which are supplemented by Doke's recollections. It was the weaving together of these diverse strands that occupied Doke during the later period of his retirement. Indeed, *Trekking* was to be the last of his publications. Apart from the correction of minor errors and some light editorial work, the book is published in the form left by Doke with the addition of the epilogue, which was first published in *Lambaland* (No. 130, April-June 1952) following Doke's return to the area in 1950 as President of the Baptist Union. Despite the thirty-year interval between Doke's departure from Kafulafuta Station as a missionary and his return,<sup>9</sup> one notes the continuation of his missionary zeal – with its perhaps unfortunate references to the work of competing missions – coupled with his ability to stand back and to view objectively changes that missionary establishments and the growth of the Copperbelt had wrought upon the land and lives of the Lamba people.

# LAMBALAND

A record of Missionary Work among the Lamba Speaking People of Northern Rhodesia and Belgian Congo State.— Central Station, KAFULAFUTA. Established 1905.

Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God.



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Miss OLIVE DOKE.

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Cover of Lambaland, newsletter from the Kafulafuta Mission (1917)

*Trekking in South-Central Africa* was never intended as a history of South African Baptist missionary activity in Lambaland. Several such treatments already exist.<sup>10</sup> Rather, the reader must see the text as a personal account on several levels. There is, first, the shaping influences on Clement Martyn Doke's life. Second, the book serves as a retelling of the trials and successes of seven years of missionary life, providing glimpses into what everyday life at Kafulafuta Mission was like in the second decade of this century. In the latter regard, there is a distracting, though understandable, insistence on the number of individuals who heard the word of God, with only occasional insight into these individuals' personal lives and the missionaries' own everyday lives. Finally, the text provides the reader with a window on the natural history of Lambaland, seen through the eyes of Clement Doke.

Several characterisations of Lambaland as seen through the eyes of missionaries and travellers were published early in this century. For example, a brief description of Lambaland was provided by the Reverend Phillips in the inaugural issue of *Lambaland* (October 1916):

Lambaland is situated on the plateau nearly 4,000 feet above sea level, which forms the watershed of the Congo and Zambesi rivers. One of these rivers finds its outlet in the Atlantic, and the other in the Indian Ocean, and our district covers the very dividing of the ways. It lies mainly within latitudes 12 to 14 S. and longitudes 28 to 30 E. Both British and Belgian flags fly over it, part of the district occupied by the Lamba speaking people being in N. Rhodesia and part in the Belgian Congo State.<sup>11</sup> It has a few hills, is slightly undulating, and is made up of forests and marshes. Here and there are to be seen signs of volcanic action of ancient date. It is mostly well watered. The soil is of a varied nature; and amongst its minerals are zinc and



*The Reverend  
W.A. Phillips, Founder  
of Kafulafuta Mission*

copper and gold in small quantities.

Native foodstuffs grow splendidly on the whole, and include millet (the staple food), maize, sweet potatoes, cassava, peanuts, beans, pumpkins, cucumbers, etc. The corn and grass grow to a great height, attaining to twelve feet and more. I have brought home with me a sample grown on our station measuring sixteen feet nine inches. The rainfall, during the nine years we have registered it, averages forty-one inches, varying from thirty-two to fifty inches. The country abounds in big game and wild beasts of nearly every kind; the rhinoceros however, is scarce, but the elephant is within twenty miles. The river scavenger and gamboller – the crocodile and hippopotamus are our neighbours. Birds of very many beautiful varieties are numerous; and flowers, too, including orchids and begonias, are in great profusion.

The Cape-Cairo Railway threads its way through the eastern portion. Its terminus, when I arrived in 1905, was at Livingstone – 500 miles south ... The roads, until recently, were but narrow paths or ruts of about ten inches wide, winding according to where least resistance offered; now these are being gradually widened out.

Travelling is done mostly on foot, covering from fifteen to twenty miles daily, but there are those who resort to the *machila* (hammock), and others to the bicycle.

Amongst the numerous pests of this land are the tsetse fly, the jigger, and the mosquito; the presence of the first greatly handicaps the rearing of cattle and goats, and, what is worse, causes sleeping sickness among the people. During the last three years at least two Europeans have died from this deadly complaint, and one other was recently treated at Liverpool in the Tropical School of Medicine.

That portion of Lambaland which lies in the Congo State and under the control of the Belgians, as also that which lies in Northern Rhodesia and is under the control of the British South Africa Company, otherwise the Chartered Company, are both being governed very satisfactorily, and the people are undoubtedly better off than ever before. Whilst nominally they are under European laws, a kindly regard towards native laws is entertained, and the European laws are only enforced when necessary for the stopping of cruelty, and other abuses. As a rule, when there is a doubt as to how to adjudicate in a case between a European and a Native, the latter gets the benefit of the doubt ...

The Kafulafuta Mission Station – at present our only

one - is situated at the confluence of the river, from which it takes its name, and the Kafuwu; these flow into the Lufuwu, Kafuwe, and the Zambesi Rivers ... A hearty welcome is extended to all God's people to visit us.



*Kafulafuta Mission  
Station, 1906*

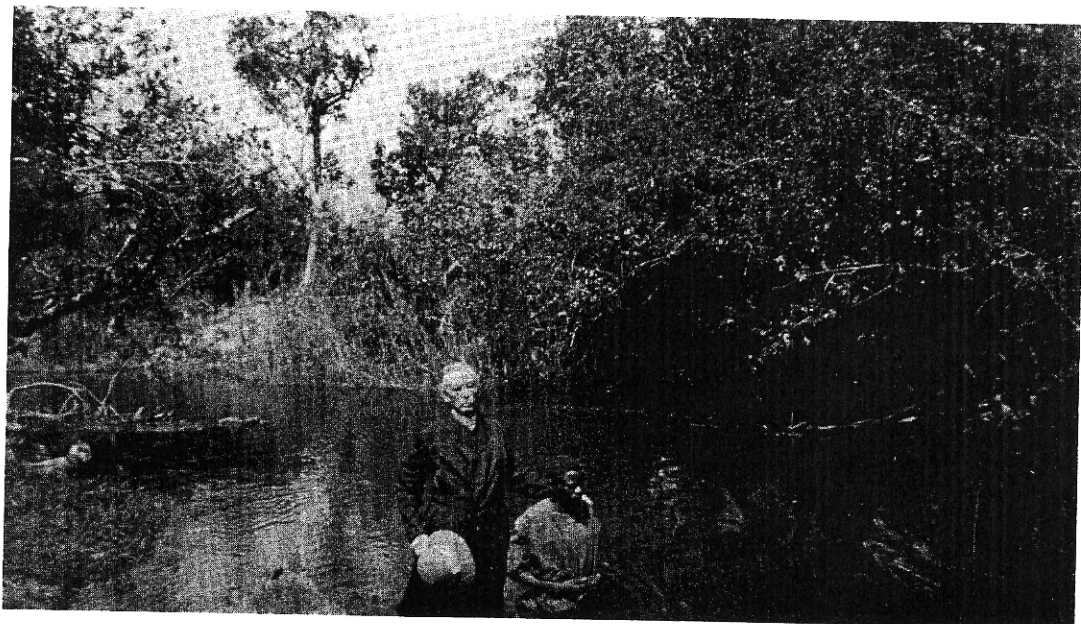
It is interesting to note that this rather idyllic description is distinctly at odds with that provided by the Reverend John M. Springer, who travelled widely through Central and Eastern Africa for the Methodist Episcopal Church. This is Springer's description of the region surrounding the Baptist Mission at Kafulafuta:

There were but few native kraals along the way, and we were struck with the miserable appearance of the few. The huts were merely grass roofs set on the ground, under which the people existed. The gardens were small and uncared for. The natives impressed one as being just the rag-tags left by the slave raiders, who had taken all worth while with them, and these few all smoked the hemp pipe, the effects of which are even worse than those of opium. A more degenerate, hopeless lot of people it would be hard to find.<sup>12</sup>

Springer is more complimentary about the Kafulafuta Mission Station itself and the reception he received from the Reverend Phillips and the inhabitants. Although Kafulafuta had been operational for only about two years by this period, there were already several converts. Springer concludes his description of Lambaland:

... in all the territory in which I had travelled for thousands of miles in Africa I had never seen a people for whom I had

so little enthusiasm. To be sure, no one would question their *need* of the Gospel, but ... our party were all agreed, as we discussed the matter after leaving, that, considering the low-down state of the natives in that region, there would be reason for rejoicing if there were any converts in ten years' time. <sup>13</sup>



*The baptism of Noa, who walked 100 miles to be baptised. He was the first local church member to die (1922)*

In addition to the presence of several insect-borne diseases, the region's role as a centre for slave-raiding by eastern traders since at least the middle of the nineteenth century had significantly upset traditional life. Long before the arrival of Europeans, Northern Rhodesia was the scene of numerous intertribal conflicts. The promise of cloth, trade goods, and especially guns in return for slaves supplied a powerful incentive for intertribal warfare in which slaves could be captured. None of the groups within the region was strong enough to establish dominance, and an intertribal armament race developed, further feeding the need to acquire more guns and therefore require more slaves for trading. This state of affairs was certainly operating in full force by 1850.

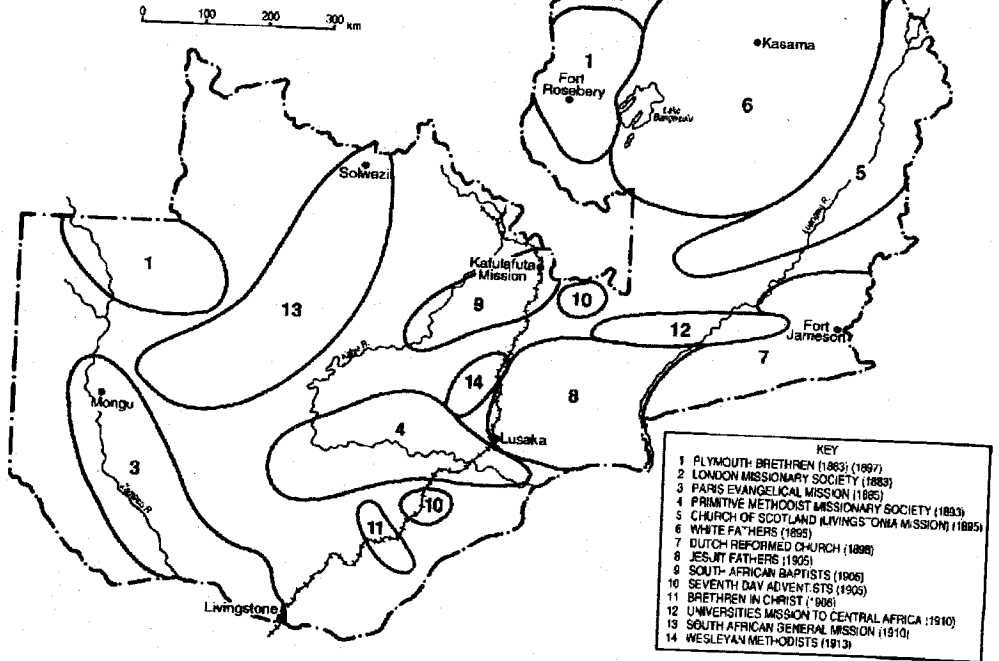
Despite the disruptive activity of the slave trade, the Lamba and neighbouring peoples never offered much active resistance to the presence of Arab traders, some of whom settled along the slave route. As Doke describes in Chapter 12, there were several nominally Islamic villages in Lambaland, populated by the descendants of Arab slave traders and Lamba women, who



spoke 'more or less Swahili'.<sup>14</sup> One is struck in this chapter as elsewhere by the acerbic comments about other religious groups and the denominational rivalry operative among early missionaries. These observations lend testimony to the wisdom of the administrative decision to delimit 'spheres of influence' in Northern Rhodesia, particularly separating Catholics and non-Catholics, at the turn of the century. It is noteworthy that although the Baptists resented 'poaching' in what they perceived to be their territory, it was this same provision for missionary spheres that originally prevented the Nyasa Industrial Mission from establishing a station in Lambaland, which had been allocated to another group; however, this decision was soon reversed.<sup>15</sup> The three major groups operating in the mission field were (a) the Catholics, (b) the mainline Protestant groups, (c) the Watch Tower (Jehovah's Witnesses) and Seventh Day Adventists. Intense denominational rivalry seems to have been characteristic of early missionary work throughout Africa. The benefit of such rivalries was that the greatest concentration of schools typically operated in such disputed regions since the missions saw a vital link between the number of pupils in their schools and the success of their evangelisation. 'The school was used as an inducement to lure Africans into the missionary orbit.'<sup>16</sup> Critics of missionary education often note that missionaries were more interested in increasing enrolments than in pooling resources to better serve the African people.

Northern Rhodesia had not attracted much attention from European colonising powers on account of its remoteness, the difficulties of travel, and endemic disease. The influx of Christian missions into the territory in the early part of this century can be attributed to the influence of David Livingstone and H.M. Stanley and to the suppression of the slave trade. Between the period of Livingstone's death in 1873 and the end of the century, seven missionary societies entered into what became Northern Rhodesia and a further seven had joined those by 1914. Livingstone, of course, made no secret of the fact that his enthusiasm for missionary work was driven not only by evangelical zeal but also by a commitment to introducing Western values and ways of living. He argued that the ravages of the slave trade had so upset traditional society that Africans were incapable of dealing with their effects. Simply put, the Africans required European aid to deal with the 'social evils' of traditional society, namely poverty, ignorance, and superstition.<sup>17</sup> The various denominations saw the connection between evangelisation and Westernisation in different terms, but Western-type education formed part of the activity of virtually all of the early missions.

# MISSIONARY SPHERES IN NORTHERN RHODESIA 1918



Sources: J. Merle Davis, *Modern Industry and the African* (London: Macmillan and Co., 1933) and Peter Snelson, *Educational Development in Northern Rhodesia 1883-1945* (Lusaka: Kenneth Kaunda Foundation, 1990)

The view of missionary teachers as (marginally) disguised agents of colonialism is one that has been promoted for several decades and it is one that we cannot ignore here. As noted by numerous critics, missionaries generally shared four characteristics with government agents: common nationality and culture, common 'race', administrative authority, and a position of privilege. Certainly, the disregard – if not outright contempt – for indigenous tradition and custom is often striking in many early documents. This tone is, however, largely absent from Doke's *Trekking*. One cannot, naturally, ignore that the book was first compiled in the early 1970s and that Doke had a half-century to reflect upon his experiences in Lambaland and his own value system. However, extreme ethnocentrism is absent even from Doke's earliest publications in the *South African Baptist* and in *Lambaland* – which is perhaps not surprising given his early upbringing and his father's involvement in the Asiatic Passive Resistance in South Africa.<sup>18</sup> There are several linguistic usages that writers would seek to avoid now, for example, *boys*, *natives*, *picannin*, 'childlike human needs' and the like, as well as descriptions of indigenous beliefs as 'superstitions'.

There are also incidents related in the book, such as that in Chapter 4 where Doke ignores the recommendations of Mukan-gwamwanakashi, that testify to a certain European arrogance or superiority. Without wishing to excuse such attitudes, it is worth noting that ethnocentrism seems to be the normal condition of mankind. Doke's transgressions in this regard are far less than that made by François Coillard of the Paris Evangelic Missionary Society, another early missionary in Northern Rhodesia, who described the Lozi people as wallowing in an 'unfathomable abyss of corruption and degradation'.<sup>19</sup> Such examples are easily multiplied. Many missionaries sincerely believed that Africans were barbaric savages, and they needed no better proof of this fact than the practice of pagan customs, communal family structure, which included the practice of polygamy, and the prominence of dance and music in ritual custom. Fortunately, however, there were also missionaries who did not share these attitudes.

Doke arrived at Kafulafuta shortly after the departure of Mr Henry Masters, who had journeyed from Nyasaland with the Reverend Phillips in 1905 and established the Baptist presence in Northern Rhodesia. Masters was the co-author, with his brother Dr Walter Masters, of *In Wild Rhodesia* (1920), which recounted the brothers' travels and adventures in north-western Rhodesia, including their stay among the Lamba at Kafulafuta Mission. There is a striking difference in the tone and vision of the Lamba people offered by H. and W.E. Masters and that presented by Doke. Compare Doke's commentary in *Trekking* and that in his later works with the description of the Lamba around Kafulafuta Mission as 'perhaps the most destitute of the elements of civilisation of any under the British flag'<sup>20, 21</sup> The authors recount incident after incident in order to convince the reader of the essential dishonesty, immorality and laziness of the Lamba. It is difficult to imagine Doke working alongside the authors of the following:



*Mr and Mrs Henry Masters*

In Africa, morals are at their lowest. The native's conception of men and spirits is equally debasing, and the grossest

vices and immoralities are enjoyed by them alike. Lying, stealing, gluttony, polygamy, and licentious debauchery are at their worst. The unspeakable horrors of spirit worship, witchcraft, human sacrifice, live burials, and cannibalism are prevalent more or less in all pagan tribes. There is universal callousness to suffering, and a gloating over brutality. Their depravity is undoubtedly increasing from generation to generation ... As we shall now describe in seriatim the customs and ideas of these people, the reader will be left to form his own opinions as to their standard of morals, always remembering that there is much one cannot put upon the cold page.<sup>22</sup>

The divergence of views and presentations surely testifies to important individual differences in missionaries' dispositions, even those who worked as colleagues.<sup>23</sup> Perhaps one can say that Doke managed to reconcile his missionary activities with an objective ethnological interest in the Lamba people. He was a keen observer who made copious field notes during his period in Lambaland. In addition to his training in linguistics and phonetics, he studied ethnology while in London in 1919 and for a brief period taught that subject at the University of the Witwatersrand. This training, coupled with his extensive field notes, enabled him to compile his *The Lambas of Northern Rhodesia*, published in 1931, which remains one of the outstanding ethnographic descriptions of the peoples of Central Africa.<sup>24</sup> Doke noted in the introduction to this latter work that the missionaries could have been spared many grievous mistakes if they had possessed a better understanding of indigenous institutions and belief structures.<sup>25</sup> In the same text, Doke explicitly rejects characterisations of the Lamba offered by H. and W.E. Masters and other writers: 'Their [the Lamba] standard of morality certainly differs from that which we have inherited from centuries of Christian precept, but the standard which they have is not low, nor is its observance by the people lax.'<sup>26</sup>

Doke's commitment to non-racialism during his tenure at the University of the Witwatersrand warrants some mention in this context. It was Doke's Department of Bantu Studies that acted as a catalyst for the early admission of Africans to the University. As early as 1925, 'a limited number of selected Natives' were admitted to the vacation course in African Studies following pressure from the Department.<sup>27</sup> Doke's support for the appointment of B.W. Vilakazi as a member of staff in Bantu Languages followed from his belief that the presence of a native-speaker model was essential for successful language acquisition. Vilakazi's appointment provoked a storm of criticism and contro-

versy within the University and from the public. Although he worked at the University of the Witwatersrand until his untimely death in 1947, Vilakazi never received a full lectureship; he remained a 'language assistant' despite having earned an M.A. in 1938 and a doctorate in 1946. The University can claim no great credit for non-racialism in this regard, but there is every indication that Doke himself supported Vilakazi and other black members of staff to his utmost. Doke and Vilakazi's collaborative work on their *Zulu-English Dictionary*, first published in 1948 by the Witwatersrand University Press, produced what continues to be regarded as one of the best examples of lexicography for any of the Bantu languages of Africa. Among Doke's many other scholarly contributions was an important series of language textbooks. In addition to his work on Scripture translation, he was committed to the idea that literacy and education were necessary components of development.

Doke was elected President of the South African Baptist Union in 1949 and spent one year travelling, visiting churches and mission stations. Doke's presidential address generated further controversy. He used the occasion to condemn the apartheid policy that had been recently promulgated by the government:

I solemnly warn the Government that the spirit behind their apartheid legislation, and the way in which they are introducing discriminatory measures of all types today, will bring disaster upon this fair land of ours ... The Church has been told to keep her hands off politics, but when grave injustice is being threatened to a voiceless majority of our people, we should indeed be coward and untrue to our Christian principles if we raised no voice of protest.<sup>28</sup>

Doke used the period of his presidency, for which he had been granted leave from the University, to speak out against the evil of apartheid and the 'insidious propaganda for a "Christian National Education".'

To return to the missionary context, one should not underestimate the extent to which missionary and colonial orders were intertwined. In addition to education, administrative and judicial functions often formed part of the missionaries' daily responsibilities:

Cecil Rhodes encouraged the [missionary] societies to cross the Limpopo River and to proceed into the two territories which bore his name on the grounds that missionaries contributed to the maintenance of law and order. 'Missionaries,' he once remarked, 'are better than policemen, and cheaper.'

The work of evangelism could go forward only in peaceful conditions and the views of the missionaries, therefore, coincided with those of the Administration concerning the desirability of establishing and maintaining law and order.<sup>29</sup>

The role of missionaries as pioneers who advanced ahead of district administrators and settlers is not addressed directly in the present work, but it is worth noting none the less. Of course, the gradual increase of administrative responsibilities meant that the missionary spent less time 'among the people'. Olive Doke reported that bureaucratisation of the missionary's work was already evident upon her arrival at Kafulafuta in 1916, and that this tendency was exacerbated by the introduction of the automobile shortly thereafter. The latter meant that missionaries no longer went around the district on foot but confined their visits to those villages along the main roads.<sup>30</sup>

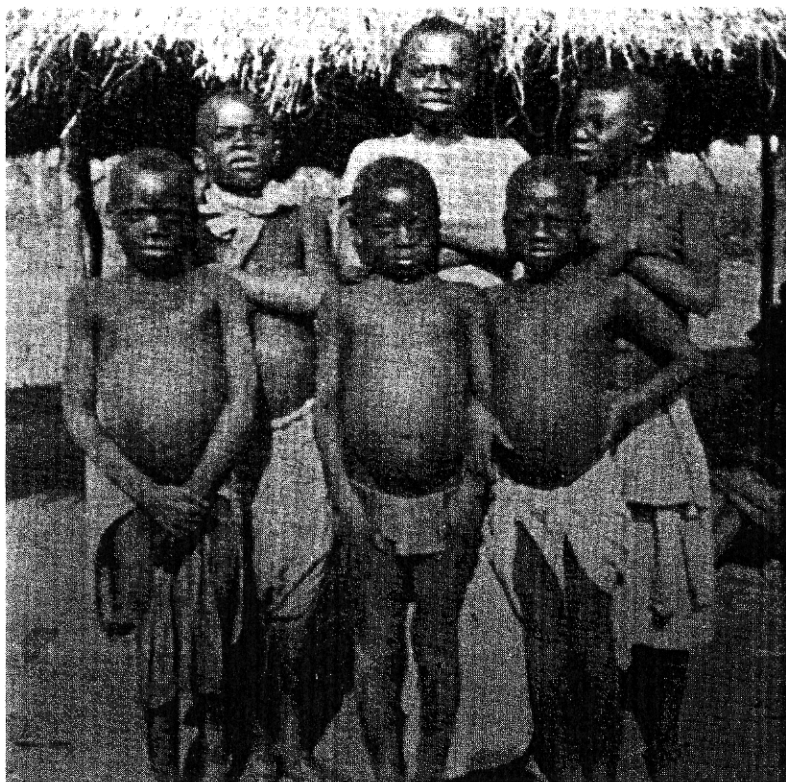
Given the above, one must also recognise the essential role of the missionaries in undermining indigenous social systems and, by attempting to instill and acting upon the presumed superiority of European values, preparing indigenous peoples to accept complete colonisation. By teaching peace, respect and

*The Reverend Phillips  
providing medical ser-  
vices at the Mission*



obedience – all three traditional African values – the missionaries effectively disarmed the African people. ‘Christian’ and ‘civilised’ were seen as two sides of a single coin, and ‘African’ was the antithesis of both.

Much has been written concerning the benefits conferred by missionaries in their teaching of literacy, numeracy, technical and agricultural skills, as well as health and hygiene. One should not underestimate these contributions. The argument has occasionally been made, further, that in working to ‘improve’ conditions of life, missionaries actually worked against European colonialism. In light of the very slow development of secondary and higher education in Northern Rhodesia, this argument cannot be applied with any force there. Further, since most missions, including Kafulafuta to some extent, chose to concentrate their efforts on younger pupils, they are liable to the charge that they actively worked to alienate the younger generation from their cultural background and from their environment. This alienation was all the more effective since the limits of adult education ensured that parents, elders, headmen, chiefs – all those to whom respect would traditionally be given – were denied the prestige and ‘civilising benefits’ of literacy and mis-



*A group of pupils from  
the Mission's early days*

sion education. Missionary education denigrated 'superstition' and all beliefs associated with the spirit world of African peoples, which traditionally served as an important regulatory force in society. The lack of secondary and higher education<sup>31</sup> surely meant that the educational system was unable to satisfy the aspirations of many individuals whom it had successfully weaned from their traditional socio-cultural contexts and the aspirations of the parents who had willingly sacrificed their children:

To suggest to an African parent that he should send his child to school in order that he might learn to take his place in traditional rural society was a contradiction in terms. The whole purpose of education, in the mind of the parent, was to provide a ladder on which to escape from rural society and climb to within reach of the rewards which modern, usually urban, society was supposed to offer.<sup>32</sup>

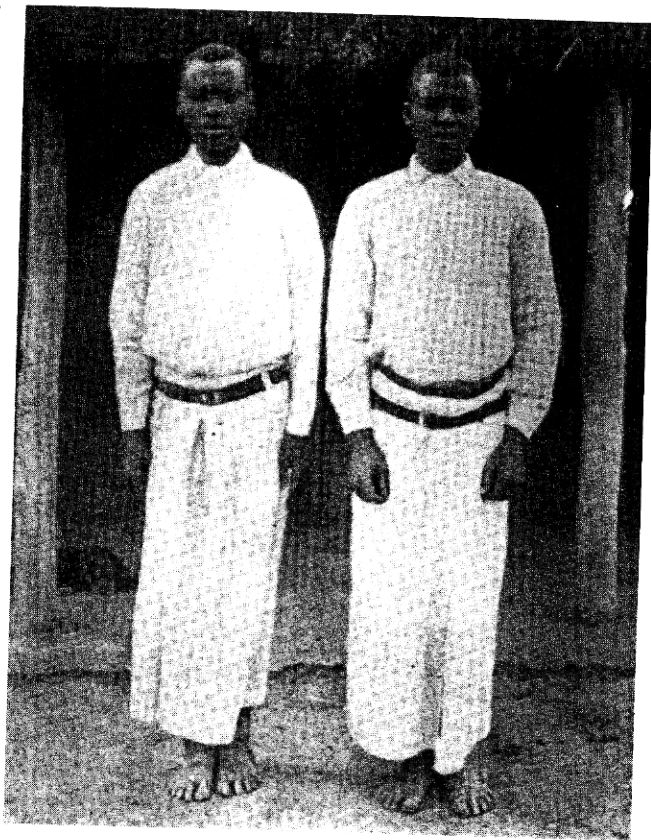
Missionary education thus had limited effect upon those individuals who continued to live in their communities. While individual pupils may have become familiar with Bible stories and adopted European names, there is some question about how much African *religious* ideas were changed by the educational process. Individual pupils had various reasons for attending mission schools, but most related to political, social and economic goals; relatively few Africans attended schools 'for the sake of the eschatological message'.<sup>33</sup> Finally, there was a fundamental conflict between the missionaries' belief in *individual* salvation and the traditional focus on *collectivism*. Indirectly, this conflict led to a weakening of the values underlying an extended kinship system and an economic system based upon collective work.

To be fair, as valid as much of the criticism of mission education may be, it is also misguided to a certain extent. Critics cannot reasonably expect that missionaries could have transformed remote stations into thriving economic communities. The despatch of the most promising pupils to the few places in secondary and higher education outside their communities may have removed the best of several generations from the rural scene as these individuals eventually took up employment in urban centres. Should the missionaries rather have convinced these pupils that they should put aside their own and their parents' aspirations and eke out a subsistence as their forefathers had done for generations? It is worth recalling in this context that although the missionaries may have been the first outsiders to settle in a particular area, the societies that they encountered were far from idyllic and pristine. The idea that missionaries bear the blame for first destroying some 'intact culture', which



anthropologists would prefer to have seen uncontaminated by others' hands, is simply untenable. In the case of Lambaland, little is known about its precise pre-colonial history beyond the 'cumulative disasters of the late nineteenth century ... the disastrous cycle of depopulating wars, famines and pestilence ...'<sup>34</sup> Slave raiding finally ended around 1910, about five years after the establishment of the Kafulafuta Mission. For whatever faults one may choose to find in the missionary and colonial enterprises, it has been claimed that 'the advent of colonial rule and industrial capitalism probably saved the residents of Ilamba from near extinction at the hands of intrusive slave and ivory raiders ...'<sup>35</sup>

It is always difficult to gauge the extent to which individual missions and missionaries managed to balance the goals of education and salvation. Simply, missionaries differed widely in their personal qualities and visions. The same applies, of course, to the people whom the missionaries had come to save and teach, many of whom were indifferent to one of both of these enterprises. Doko recounts several difficult episodes in this regard, and one genuinely wonders what the experience of first hearing a European preach the Gospel must have been like for an African person. For the South African Baptists and most other missions in Northern Rhodesia, literacy was part and parcel of evangelisation since people must be able to read the Bible in order to receive and appreciate its message. Of the roughly two thousand schools operating in Northern Rhodesia in 1924, all but eight were run by missions.<sup>36</sup> For a small missionary force such as the South African Baptists, there was further a need to rely on converted and trained Africans for much of the work of the mission station proper. Such 'native evangelists' obviously spoke the local language more accurately, and this consideration is not insignificant for those Protestant denominations that stress sermons and biblical teaching rather than sacramental functions of priests. Further,



*David and Luke, two Angoni evangelists who accompanied the first missionaries to Lambaland*



*Sandawunga, the first  
Kafulafuta convert,  
preaching.  
H. Masters seated*

one cannot ignore economic considerations here: 'twenty-five native evangelists could be supported at the same cost as one European'.<sup>37</sup> Despite the vast size of the Baptist sphere, there were never more than seven missionaries on the staff and often there were as few as two. Until 1931, the only resident minister over the whole of the Copperbelt was that from the Kafulafuta mission. The rise of mining townships in the Copperbelt, which was seen as Baptist territory, proved too great a challenge for the South African mission. Part of the Lambaland territory was therefore handed over to the Scandinavian Baptist mission. In the same year, however, a group of Franciscan missionaries arrived in the Copperbelt to develop Catholic interests in the north-western province. They operated within the Baptist sphere of Lambaland and successfully missionised the western portions of the territory.

Given the small size and very limited resources of the South African Baptist Mission,<sup>38</sup> only skeletal educational services could be provided. Few missionaries were trained educationists, and the schools provided by the missions must have been crude affairs. Even so, as Doke notes on several occasions, there were often more applicants than places available in the mission schools. Most works dealing with African reactions to missionary education deal with groups rather than individuals; only rarely does the literature reveal how a specific pupil reacted to the message offered in the missionary school. Nevertheless, the

impact on individual pupils was occasionally dramatic and long-lasting. One of the more inspiring stories in *Trekking* is that of Paul Kasonga, known as 'Paul the Leper', recounted in Chapter 7. The masthead of *Lambaland* bore his name among its missionary staff from 1931 until his death more than twenty years later.

*Trekking in South Central Africa* provides the reader with a window through which to understand important shaping influences upon its author and to observe his initial encounters with an African people. The story is interesting in its own right, but the later prominence of Clement M. Doke as the most distinguished language scholar working on the African continent makes it a compelling document. As noted earlier, Doke went from Kafulafuta Mission to establish and head the Department of Bantu Studies at the University of the Witwatersrand in Johannesburg. During his tenure there, he developed and promoted a method of linguistic analysis and description for the Bantu languages that was based upon the structure of these languages themselves rather than a forced fitting into models developed for European languages. The 'Dokean model' continues to be one of the dominant models of linguistic description in Southern and Central Africa. Doke's classification of the Bantu languages was for many years the dominant view of the interrelations among the African languages. Further, his works on linguistic historiography, lexicography, and grammatical description of the languages of Southern Africa remain valuable references for the analyst today.

This context is not the appropriate one in which to celebrate Doke's many contributions to African linguistics. However, Doke's role in the unification and development of the Shona language cannot go without mention. At the request of the government of Southern Rhodesia, Doke investigated the range of dialect diversity among the languages of the country and made recommendations for 'Unified Shona'. His recommendations, accepted in broad outline, formed the basis for Standard Shona



*The Reverend Phillips on furlough, lecturing in Riga (Latvia) on the Lamba mission (1926)*

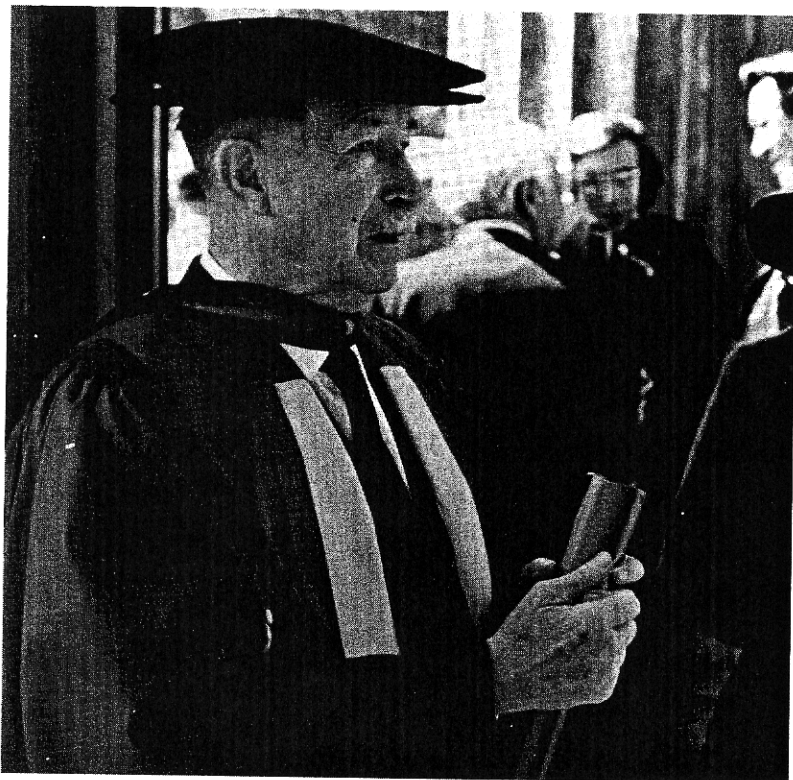


*Hilda and Clement  
Doke with children*

and, although there have been several sets of revision to Doke's principles of orthography and word-division, it is not too much of an exaggeration to name Doke as the 'father' of Standard Shona.<sup>39</sup> Although not an active contributor as such, Doke was also an important force in the promotion of 'native literatures' in South Africa. It is also worth noting that Doke continued to work in the field of translation throughout the period of his career as a linguist and in his retirement. His major contributions here were of a practical nature, most of them involving Lamba, the language which he first learned in the mission field. Doke retired from the University in 1953 and had intended to hand the translation of the Lamba Bible to others, but he reversed this decision at the request of Paul the Leper. He was able to complete this work during his retirement and to see the publication of *Amasiwi AwaLesa* (The Words of God) in 1959. Increasingly during his retirement, his work turned to more biblical and theo-

logical concerns, although he was able to publish several linguistic projects that he had begun earlier. The renewed attention to missionary and theological matters as well as the practical needs of the missions brought Doke's career full circle. Doke's 'contributions to science and humanity' were marked by the award of the degree Doctor of Letters (*honoris causa*) by Rhodes University and the degree of Doctor of Laws (*honoris causa*) by the University of the Witwatersrand in 1972, its Diamond Jubilee year. In its award citation, the latter university noted that Doke had

rendered outstanding and distinguished service to the University, to African linguistic studies, to the Christian church and its missions, to the development of the Bantu languages as literary media, to African education, to the African peoples of the whole Southern African continent.

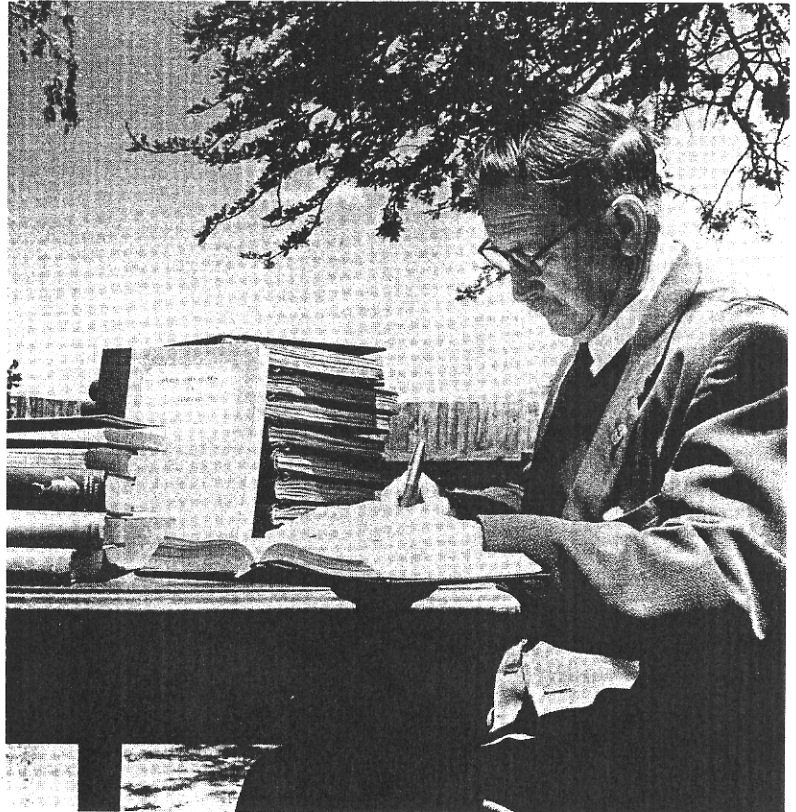


*Clement Martyn Doke  
on the occasion of  
receiving the degree  
Doctor of Laws (h.c.),  
University of the  
Witwatersrand, 1972*

The preparation of *Trekking in South-Central Africa* was the last major project undertaken in Doke's retirement.<sup>40</sup> It was, as noted above, privately printed and distributed by the South African Baptist Historical Society, but it could enjoy only a limited distribution under their auspices. It is published here with the aim of making it available to a wider audience, to the academic com-



*Doke with three carriers  
from the 1913 trek.  
Photograph taken  
during his 1959 visit to  
Lambland*



*Doke in retirement in  
Alice, completing his  
translation of the Lamba  
Bible*

munity familiar with Doke only as a distinguished linguistic scholar and ethnographer, to readers interested in the early history of Central African missions and the missionary enterprise, to those interested in travel and exploration, and those with an interest in observing early cultural encounters between African and European peoples. *Trekking in South-Central Africa* can be read on any of these levels. If the book succeeds in communicating some of the author's vision, determination, strength of character and deep humanity, its publication should be judged a success.

#### NOTES

1. The eldest of Joseph and Agnes Doke's children was named after this missionary uncle and served as a Baptist minister in South Africa and Zambia.
2. Olive C. Doke (1891-1972) worked in the Lamba Mission from 1916 to 1959, when she chose to retire. She lived for more than fifty years in Lambaland, working until her death among the Lamba people. She received the MBE from the British government for her work.
3. The most accessible short biography of C. M. Doke and his missionary forebears is that by G. Fortune entitled 'Clement Martyn Doke: A Biographical and Bibliographical Sketch', appearing in *The Catalogue of the C.M. Doke Collection on African Languages in the Library of the University of Rhodesia*. Boston: G.K. Hall, 1972, pp. v-xix. A comprehensive biography of Doke is currently being prepared by Dr Sydney Hudson-Reed, president of the South African Baptist Historical Society.
4. Joseph Doke's diary entry at the time of Clement's birth reads: 'On Tuesday, May 16th, early in the morning, our second boy was born, a sturdy little fellow, fat and flourishing. Everybody says he must be a Missionary, and nothing would delight us more.'
5. His diary for 1888 notes: 'I would give anything to go as a Missionary to Congo-land.'
6. The most comprehensive biography of Joseph Doke is William E. Cursons, *Joseph Doke the Missionary-Hearted*, Johannesburg: Christian Literature Depot, 1929.
7. Appendix (no author) in *M.K. Gandhi* by Joseph J. Doke, p. 163. Rajghat, Varanasi (U.P.): A.B. Sarva Seva Sangh Prakashan, 1956 (reprint).
8. Johannesburg: Witwatersrand University Press, 1938.
9. Doke's last visit to Kafulafuta took place in 1960, when he travelled to Lambaland in order to present his completed translation of the Bible to the community.
10. See, for example, Arthur J. Cross, *Twenty Years in Lambaland*, London: Marshall Brothers, 1925, and Peter Snelson, *Educational Development in Northern Rhodesia 1883-1945*. Lusaka: Kenneth Kaunda Foundation, 1990, pp. 90-93.
11. According to recent census information, about one-half of the people who call themselves Lamba now live in Ilamba (Zambia) and one-half

- in Shaba Province (formerly Katanga), Zaire.
12. John M. Springer, *The Heart of Central Africa: Mineral Wealth and Missionary Opportunity*, Cincinnati: Jennings and Graham, 1909, pp. 81-82.
  13. *Ibid.*, pp. 84-85.
  14. W.A. Philips, *Lambaland* No. 2, p. 2 (January 1917).
  15. W.A. Philips, *Lambaland* No. 56, p. 3 (July 1930).
  16. Edward H. Berman 'Introduction', p. xi, and 'Christian Missions in Africa', pp. 20-24, in *African Reactions to Missionary Education*. New York: Teachers College Press, 1975. Cf. also Snelson, *op. cit.*, p. 17 ff.
  17. L.H. Gann, *The Birth of a Plural Society*, Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1958, p. 17.
  18. Joseph Doke's active involvement with the Movement was of long standing. He secretly served as editor of *Indian Opinion* during the period when Gandhi was in prison. Gandhi wrote of Doke: 'No Englishman had such a keen grasp of the subject as he, by patient study, had acquired.' ('The Asiatic Passive Resistance Movement - the Final Stages', p. 147. In William E. Cursons, *Joseph Doke The Missionary-Hearted*, Johannesburg: Christian Literature Depot, 1929.)
  19. Cited in Snelson, *op. cit.*, p. 6.
  20. Letter from Rev. A. Walker, Secretary of the Nyasa Industrial Mission. Cited in H. Masters and W.E. Masters, *In Wild Rhodesia*, London: Francis Griffiths, 1920. p. 194.
  21. The same contrast of views by Masters and Doke is noted by Gann (*op. cit.*, pp. 38-39) who offers them as evidence of missionaries' increased sensitivity to local institutions. However, since Doke and Masters were effectively contemporaries at Kafulafuta (Masters left the Station in 1912, Doke arrived in 1914), the differences in their views are better seen as arising from differences in their personal qualities and visions of 'the native'. One can only imagine how difficult it must have been for Doke to work alongside other missionaries whose fundamental view of the African people was so far removed from his own deep-seated respect.
  22. Masters and Masters, *op. cit.*, p. 121.
  23. Without wishing to defend the views of Masters and Masters in any way, it should be noted that such statements occur with some frequency in the missionary literature. In particular, B. Siegel (The 'Wild' and 'Lazy' Lamba: Ethnic stereotypes on the Central African Copperbelt, *The Creation of Tribalism in Southern Africa* (ed. L. Vail), London: James Currey, 1989, pp. 350-71) surveyed Belgian, British and African stereotypes of the Lamba and found remarkable consistency in the stigmatization of the Lamba as 'backward', 'lazy', 'immoral' and 'dishonest', with these external stereotypes dating to early contact by Europeans and African groups with the Lamba. Siegel notes that 'Clement Doke, to his credit, was the first Baptist at Kafulafuta Mission to challenge this view of the "degenerate" Lamba' (*op. cit.*, p. 368).
  24. See also Doke's *Lamba Folk-Lore*, New York: American Folk-Lore Society, 1927.
  25. 'The ability to see through Bantu eyes will give the missionary and the official better understanding and more sympathy with the people, and a greater ability to gain their confidence.' C.M. Doke, *The Lambas of*



- Northern Rhodesia: A Study of their Customs and Beliefs*, London: George G. Harrap, 1931, p. 9.
26. Doke, *ibid.*, p. 368.
  27. Bruce K. Murray, *Wits: The Early Years*, Johannesburg: Witwatersrand University Press, 1982, p. 312.
  28. *Cape Times* 8 Oct. 1949, *Natal Daily News* 8 Oct. 1949, *Rand Daily Mail* 8 Oct. 1949, *South African Weekly* 4 Nov. 1949. The complete text of Doke's presidential address appears in *South African Outlook* 1 Dec. 1949.
  29. Snelson, *op. cit.*, p. 19.
  30. Olive Doke, cited in Gann, *op. cit.*, p. 30.
  31. Until the mid-1930s, the Kafulafuta School was a two-year programme combining elements of literacy, religious education, and technical and agricultural training. Educational programmes from Standards IV to VI (i.e. six to eight year programmes) were not available to the Lamba until after the Second World War. They were introduced by the Franciscan missionaries who were latecomers to missionary activity in the area (Siegel, *op. cit.*, p. 361).
  32. Snelson, *op. cit.*, p. 284.
  33. Berman, *op. cit.*, p. xii.
  34. Siegel, *op. cit.*, p. 351.
  35. *Ibid.*, p. 352.
  36. Snelson, *op. cit.*, p. 270.
  37. Masters and Masters, *op. cit.*, p. 199.
  38. Indeed, in 1921 the South African Baptist Missionary Society sought to transfer the Lambaland mission to some other group on account of financial difficulties at home. A direct appeal to South African churches was successful enough for the Baptist Assembly to put off the question of transfer (*Lambaland* No. 21, p. 4 (Oct. 1921); No. 22, p. 1 (Jan. 1922)).
  39. See, for example, Doke's publications: *The Problem of Word-division in Bantu, with special reference to the Languages of Mashonaland*, Occasional Paper, No. 2, Department of Native Development, 1929; *Report on the Unification of the Shona Dialects*, Government Blue Book, Government of Southern Rhodesia, 1931; and *A Comparative Study in Shona Phonetics*, Witwatersrand University Press, 1931.
  40. Doke died in East London on 24 Feb. 1980, in his eighty-seventh year.

## PREFACE

It is fifty-three years since I was forced to give up my missionary work in Lambaland in the North-west corner of Zambia, on account of the severe malaria from which both my wife and I suffered. I have visited Northern Rhodesia, as Zambia was then called, several times since, and have noticed the tremendous changes that have taken place. Travel is no longer by foot on narrow paths mile after mile from village to village: use is no longer made of the lines of carriers with burdens on their heads: there are now roads everywhere, and motor-cars abound.

Another thing which was most apparent to the missionary in those early days was the wonder in which the people held "the Book". The fact that the Christian missionary had God's Word, from which he could read, caused the young people to long for schooling: to read and to write became a great accomplishment; it was this that stimulated the missionaries to establish a boarding school, and to study the local languages, and to translate God's Word into the tribal vernacular. In Lambaland the people knew that the Mohammedans had a book, the Koran, but they were their oppressors, slave traders; and now the missionaries had *their* Book, which they could quote for the good of the ignorant and down-trodden. Later, when the whole Bible was available in Lamba their rejoicing was unbounded.

The indigenous people of Northern Rhodesia comprised a large number of tribes and it was the policy of the British South Africa Company, who administered the vast area, to allot each tribal group to one Missionary Society. And so it came about, for instance, that the Paris Evangelical Missionary Society worked in Barotseland, the Primitive Methodists among the Tonga and Ila, the Wesleyan Methodists among the Lenje, the London Missionary Society among the Lala, Bisa and Bemba, and the South African General Mission among the Kaonde.

When the Nyasa Industrial Mission, a Baptist Society sup-

ported from England and working in Nyasaland, desired to send missionaries into Northern Rhodesia, what we now call Lambaland was allocated to them; and two missionaries, Messrs W.A. Phillips and H. Masters trekked 750 miles to the west from Nyasaland, and founded the Kafulafuta Station.

The Lambaland Mission has had a varied experience. From the Nyasa Industrial Mission, oversight passed to the South African Baptist Missionary Society in 1914; but with Zambia's recent declaration of independence, staffing re-inforcements were no longer acceptable from South Africa – this after nearly sixty years. However, our brethren and sisters from Australia have come to our help; and now the Australian Baptist Missionary Society has completely taken over the responsibilities for the two Stations and Hospitals at Kafulafuta and Fiwale Hill.

As I look back at Lambaland as I first knew it sixty years ago, I think that the thing that comes most clearly to me is the miracle of the great spiritual change that has come over so many of the Lamba people. Evidence of this will be found in this book itself.

I feel I must take this opportunity of stating how privileged I was to accompany my beloved father during the last trek of his life, a life dedicated in service to his Master.

C.M.D.  
Alice, 1974

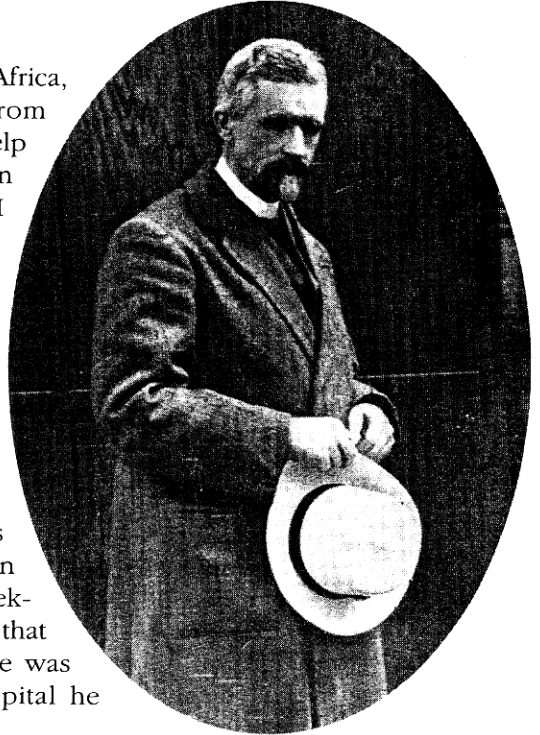
## Chapter 1

### A JOURNEY THAT DID NOT TAKE PLACE, AND A TRIBUTE TO A GREAT MISSIONARY

F.S. Arnot, one of my missionary heroes in Africa, invited me in 1911 to accompany him from Johannesburg to Livingstone, and then to help him take a boat up the Zambesi. I was then 18 and thrilled with the suggestion. But I agreed with my father's advice to complete my degree course and not break into my studies.

My father's advice was clearly inspired, for when Arnot eventually made an attempt (early in 1912) to take up the work in the Kabompo<sup>a</sup> valley, he was turned back again by another breakdown in health. He had already forwarded his baggage to Livingstone, and arranged with his paddlers from Kabompo to meet him there at a certain date. Then he went to Kimberley for a week-end intending to join the Zambesi express at that place. The day before he should have left he was taken seriously ill. After a fortnight in hospital he sadly retraced his steps to Johannesburg.<sup>1</sup>

Arnot went to England in January 1913 to consult specialists, returning much improved about July. My father and I were in N. Rhodesia at the time. After Arnot's return he visited our home, expecting to welcome back my father on August 16, 1913, which happened to be the day after my father's death at Umtali. He was stunned at the news, especially as it was at his recommendation that we should visit Lambaland as a possible field of Missionary work for our SABMS<sup>b</sup>. He paced up and down in our lounge repeating "I can't understand it! I can't understand it!" My sister Olive and I were in the room with him; mother was resting upstairs after a visit from our doctor.



*Reverend Frederick  
S. Arnot*

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

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

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

### THE PRINCESS AND THE MAP

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

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

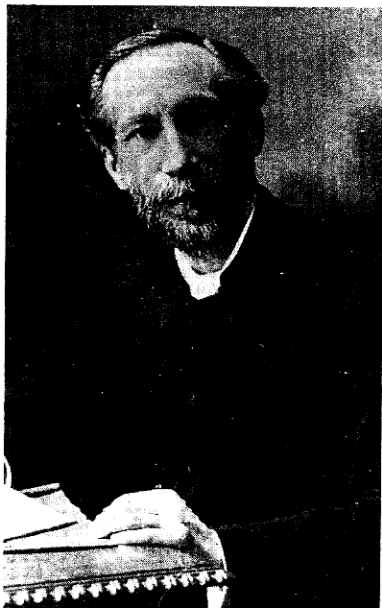
In 1908 Mr Arnot and his family settled in Johannesburg. Here is a list of his last missionary journeys: He travelled through Barotseland and visited Dr Fisher<sup>f</sup> among the Luvale; with Mr A.W. Bailey he travelled to Kansanshi, returning via the Kabompo and Barotseland; accompanied by Mrs Arnot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

## Chapter 2

### JOSEPH DOKE'S TRAVELS

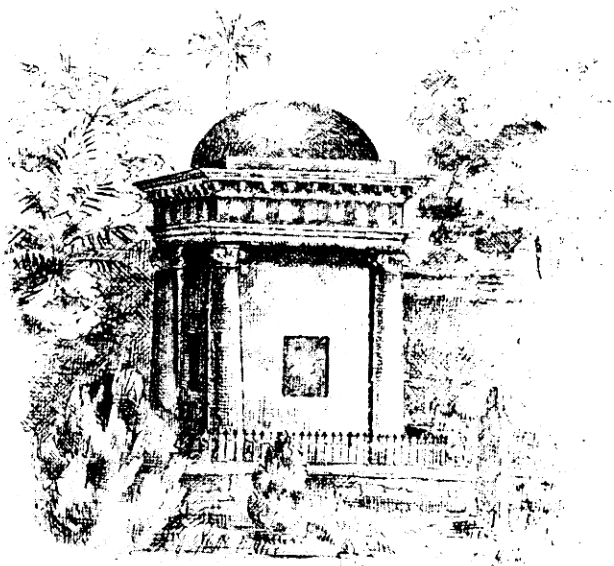
My Father, Joseph Doke, from early boyhood had been very frail in body, and as he grew he developed asthma, which never left him afterwards. He and his brother, two years his senior, were the only children in the family. His father was the minister of the little Baptist Church in Chudleigh, Devonshire,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

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



*Reverend Joseph  
J. Doke*

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



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

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

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

### A TOUR THROUGH PALESTINE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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



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

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

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

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

would be back presently.

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

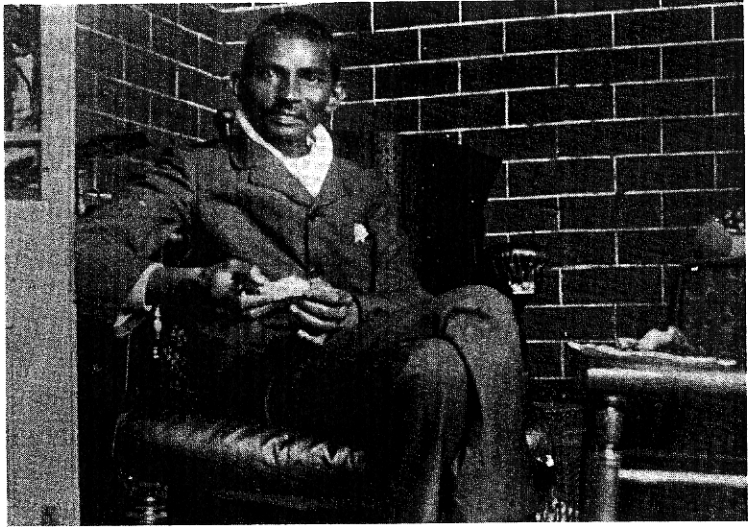
"As I passed the office, Mr Polak' came out and held me a little while talking in the square. Suddenly a young Indian ran up in a very excited manner and cried out: 'Coolie, he hit Mr Gandhi; come quick!' and with that he ran off in the direction of Von Brandis Street. We naturally followed him as quickly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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

### A SON'S TRIBUTE

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

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

He was a fearless preacher of the Word of God.

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

He was a lover of travelling.

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

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

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

C.M.D.

## Chapter 3

### JOSEPH DOKE'S LAST TREK

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### JOSEPH DOKE'S DIARY

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Steam Locomotive,  
Victoria Falls*



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



*Victoria Falls*

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

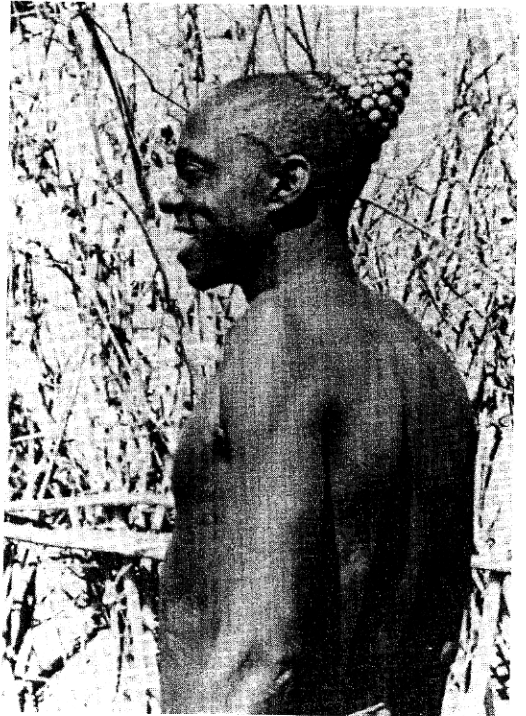
“The Picture House which appeared before us was extraordinary. The gates of the gorge seemed to open, and between, half lost in the mist, vast bodies of white misty water fell from a dizzy height with a constant roar which could be heard far away. It was hardly like an actual waterfall. It seemed so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

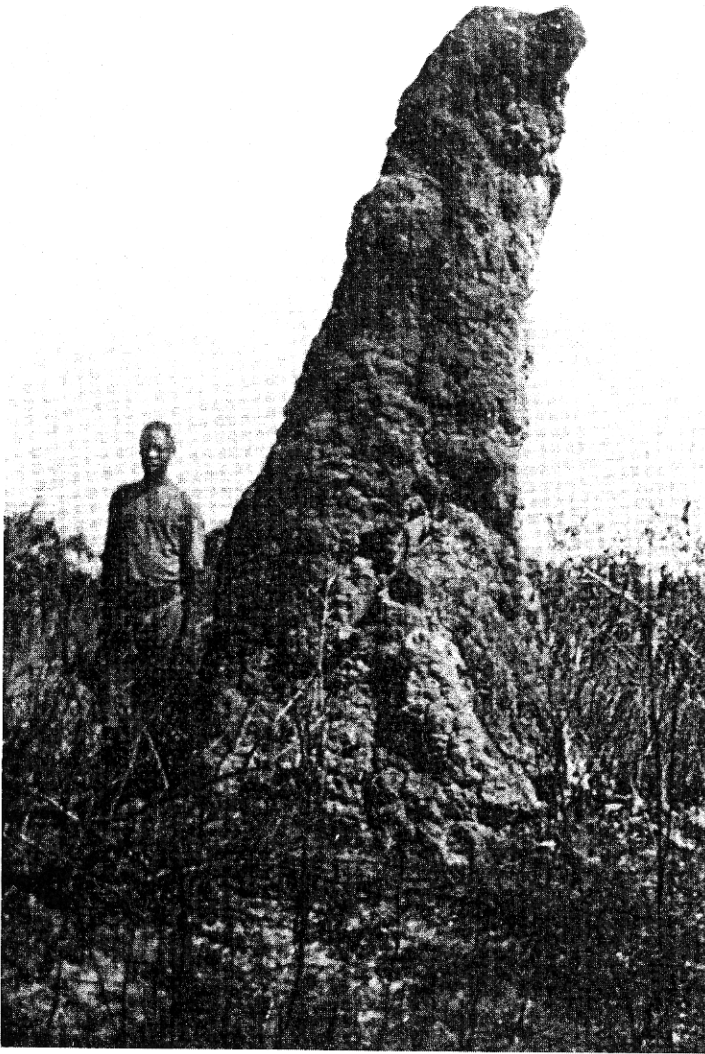
with an island on its placid surface, and the smoke still rising from the Falls, we saw nothing more of it.

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

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

*Ila man  
(Masbukulumbwe)*





*Needle anthill (photo by C.M. Doke)*

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

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

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

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

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



*W.A. Phillips with  
Lamba Headman*

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

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

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



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

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



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

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

*Missionary's cottage at  
Kafulafuta Mission*



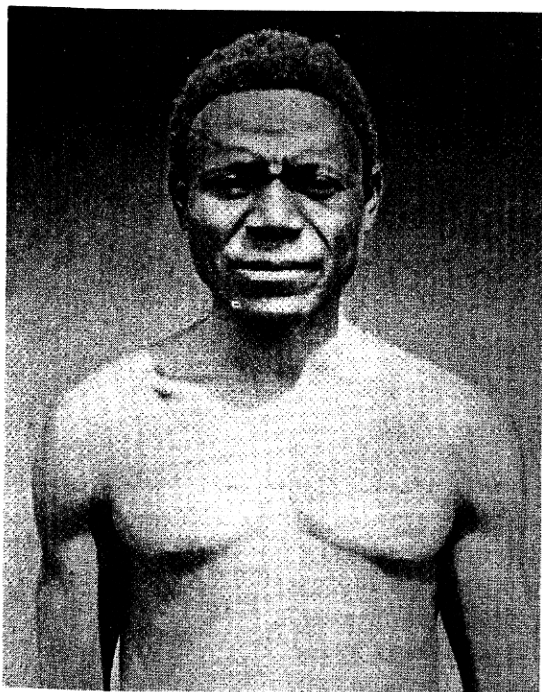
was to be held at the Railway Station and, taking lanterns, we tramped along the narrow paths back to the spot where we first got down, and found a small party in the Station Master's sitting-room. The visitors came late and it was 8.20 before we were able to commence. I think we were ten all told, including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

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

[Father omitted to record what might have been a very serious happening. He had just filled his atomizer from the small reserve bottle when, moving to get into bed, he knocked the bottle over. He had put it down on the large canvas covering the floor of the tent. The precious liquid, so essential to control his asthma, ran across the floor and, to our immense relief, formed a little pool in a slight depression about two inches from the edge of the canvas. Had it gone over the edge it would have all been lost on the ground. Quickly Father found his fountain-pen filler and using that soon had most of the valuable liquid back in the bottle. If it had been lost, our journey would have ended there for he was so dependent on this for his breathing. We felt that God's Hand was over us. C.M.D.]

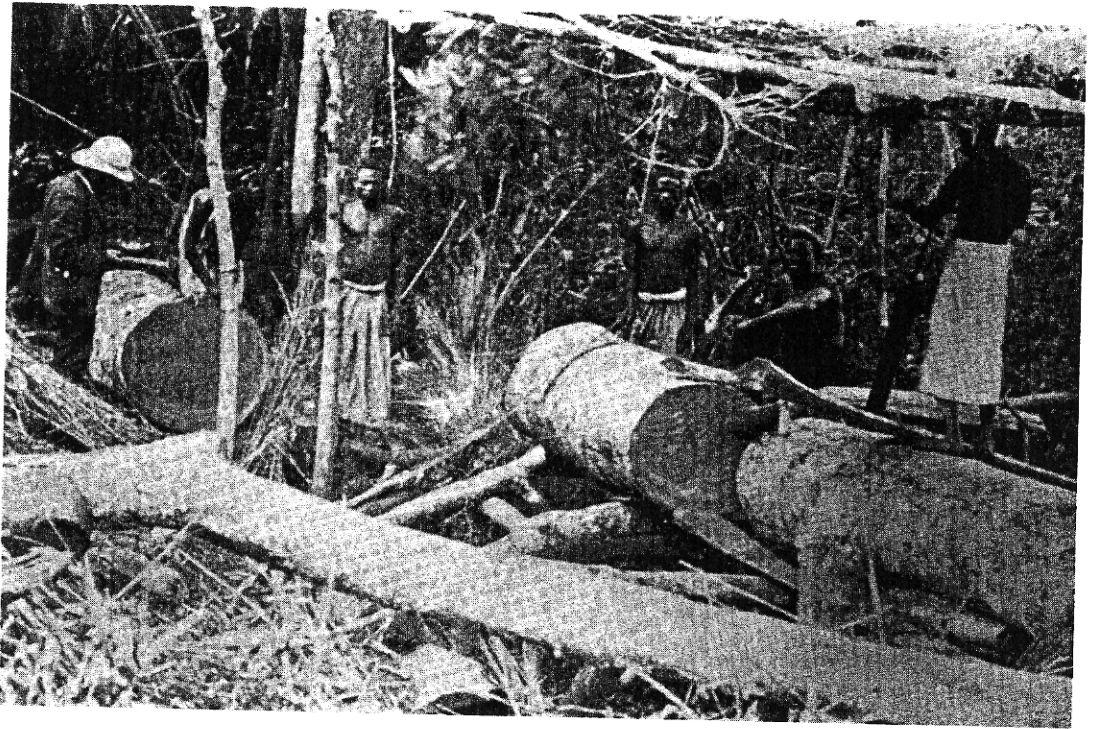
"The next day saw our first long march. The start was made later than we intended, owing to sundry delays among the men, who wrangle over their loads. It greatly surprised us to see what heavy loads they are capable of carrying. One box, which fortunately did not belong to us, weighed 79 pounds. As for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

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



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

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



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

*Clearing the forest*

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

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

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

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

*Machila carriers*



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

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

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



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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

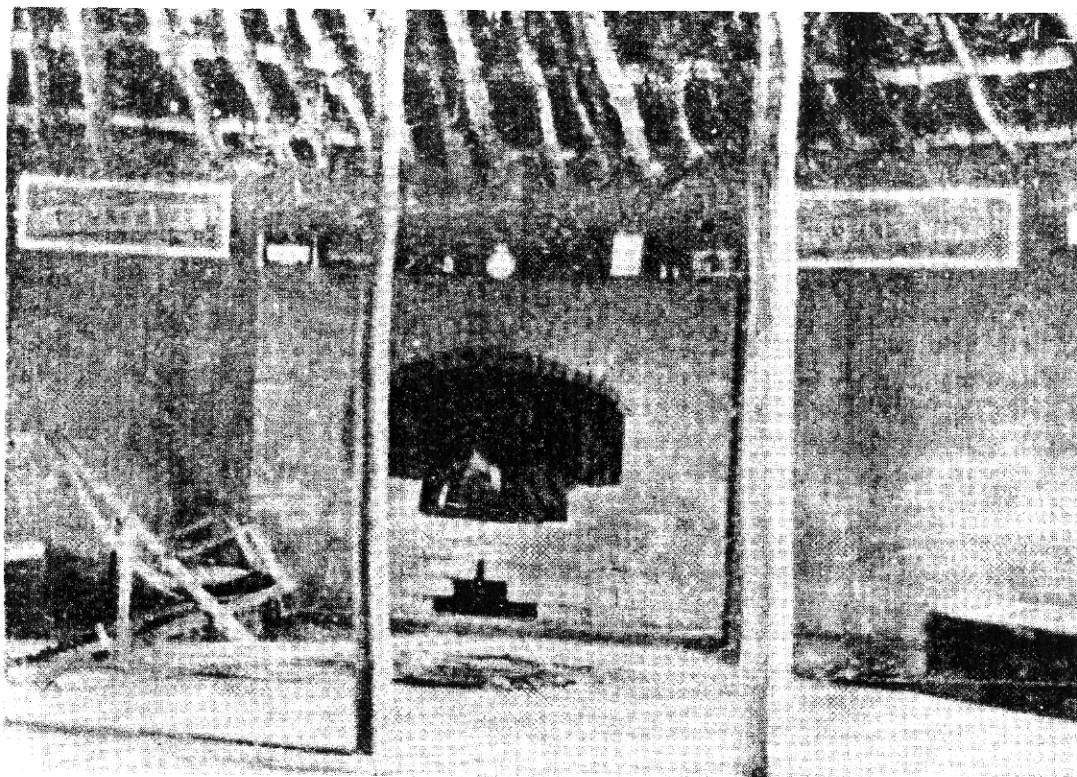
"From the river bank it was like a triumphal procession. Mr Wildey, a young capable man, the colleague of Mr Phillips, greeted us warmly, and we tramped on for half a mile or so to the chief Mission house. Without my coat, sleeves rolled up to the elbow, lips parched with thirst, I must have presented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

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

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



*H.L. Wildey*



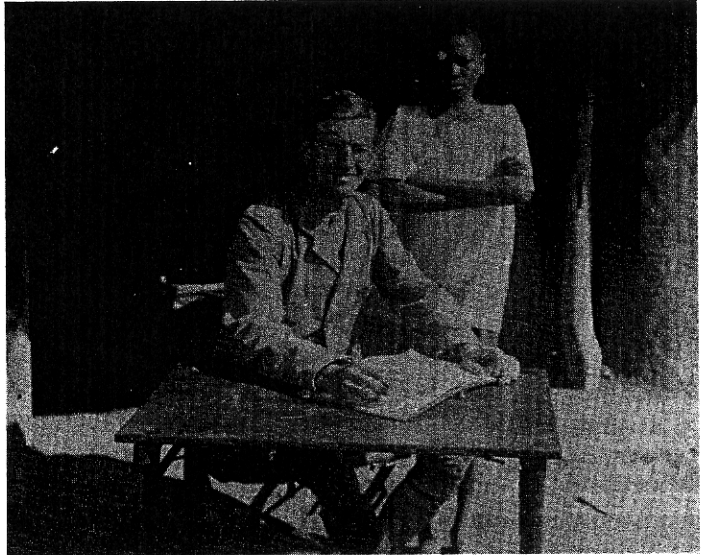
*Interior of W.A. Phillips's  
home at Kafulafuta  
Mission*

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

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

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

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



Mr. Wildey and  
Matafwali

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

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



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

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

Reverend Phillips  
baptising a Lamba  
convert



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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This righted itself during the day.

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

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



*C.M. Doke with impala*

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

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

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

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

*Crossing the Kafue in a dug-out canoe*



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

*A glimpse of "The Jewel of Ilamba"*





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

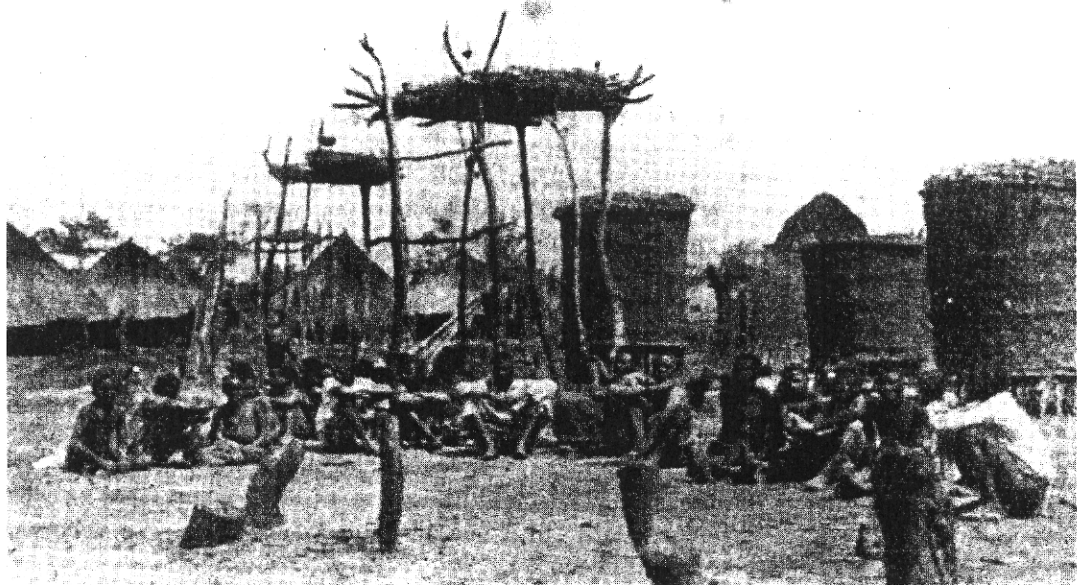
"We heard of the *Akashiwa* first at the Boma of Ndola. There Mr Thompson gave me a typed Native tradition regarding it, to explain the fear which the Natives have of this lake. It was called there *Kadziwa Wene Mbushi*, and this document went on to say that long ago, certain chief-brothers disputed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

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

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

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

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



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



*Kapopo Village (photo by C.M. Doke)*

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

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

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



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

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

They mean:

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

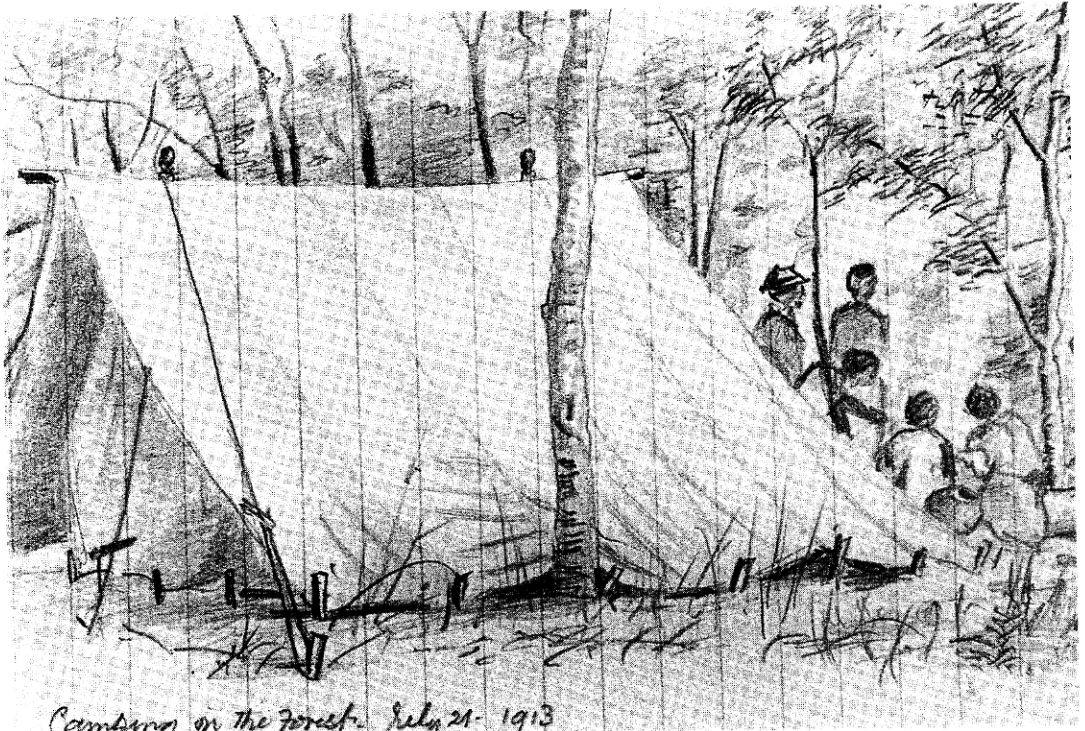
Our carriers were so amused at this song, that they took it up all through their march to Broken Hill.

C.M.D.

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

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

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



*Camping in the forest. July 21, 1913*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



*Buck being cut up*

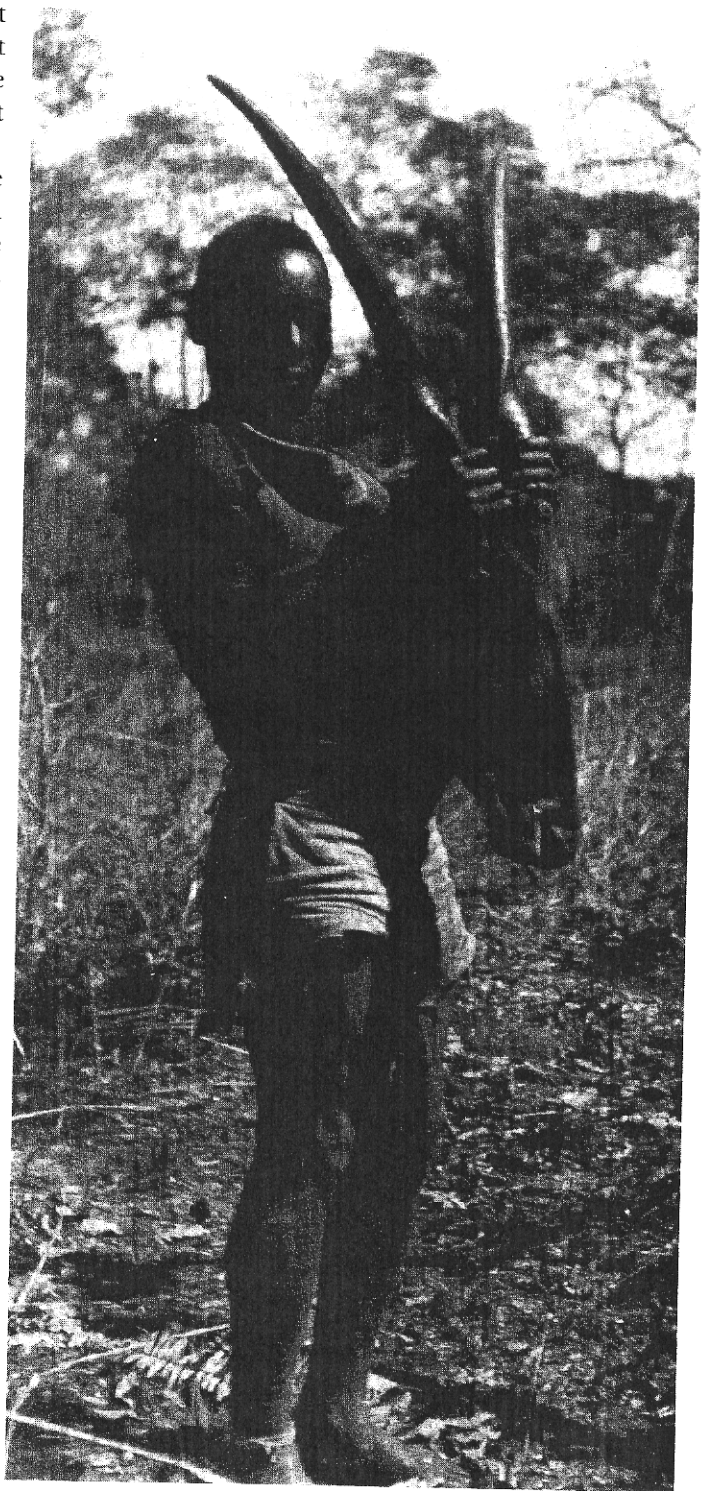
“After a long wait, the men brought the great beast swinging on a pole like the grapes of Eshcol. It was a beautiful young buck with budding horns and with white marks on its face. The men showed the worst side of their characters over this business. They were most eager to get a kill, and then grumbled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

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

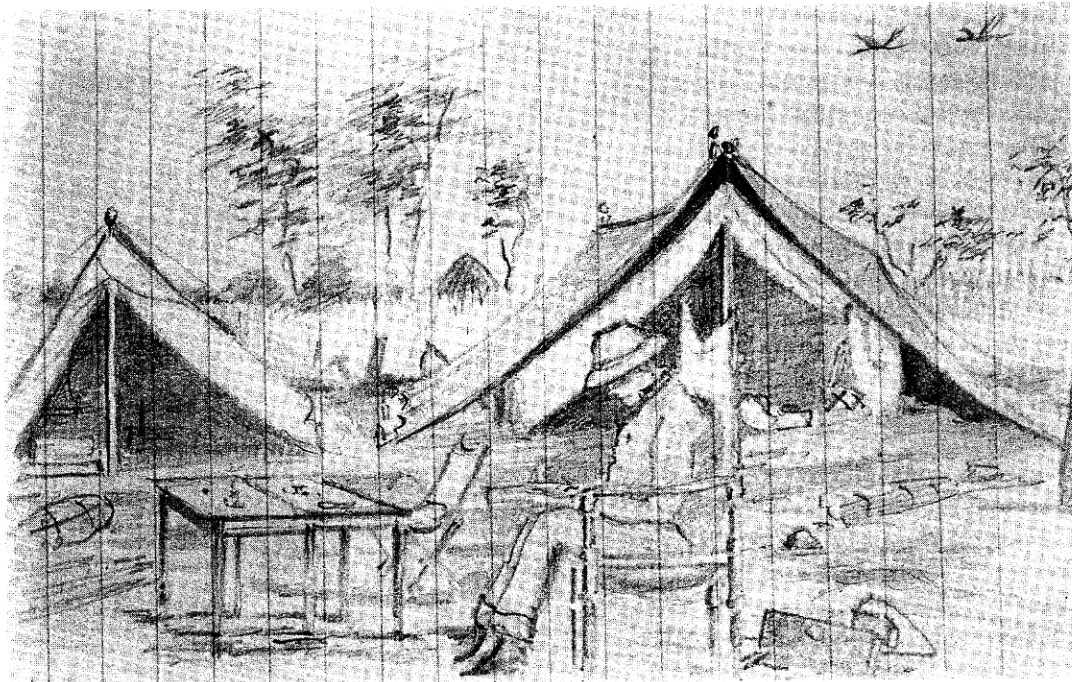
"When I reached the camping place I found it in a beautiful spot close to the river. Clement was bathing his feet at the edge, greatly enjoying the wash. In the soft mud there were large lion spoor, and just a little way above a crocodile was slowly ferrying himself across. It was a still, glorious,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

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

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







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

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

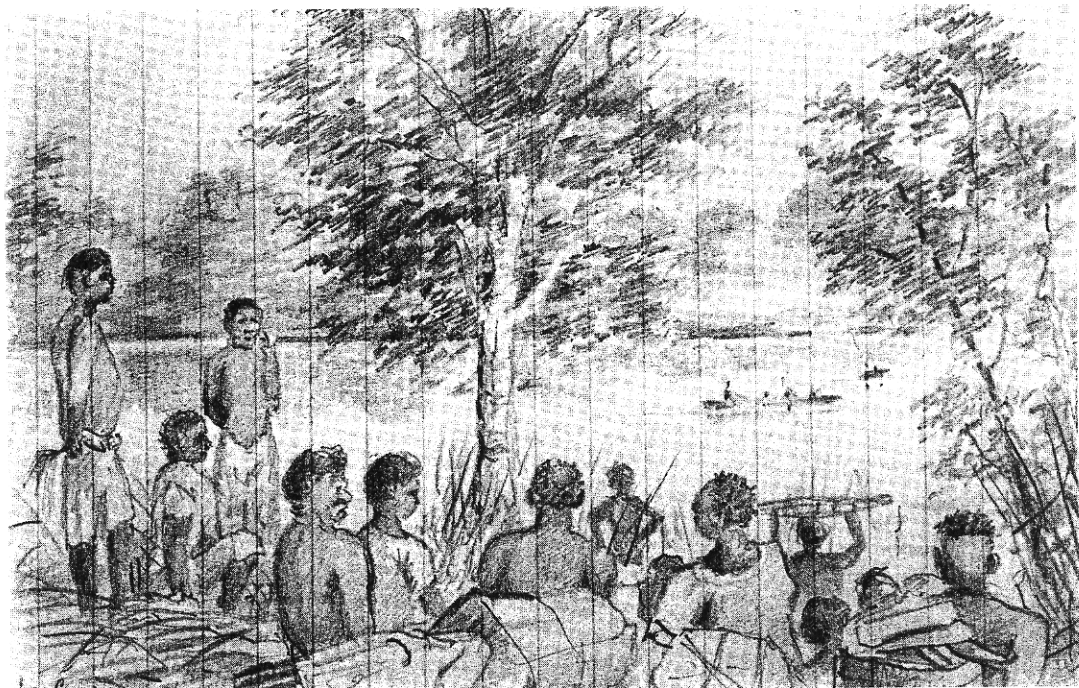
lowed Clement ran up and speared her. He did it as quickly as he could, but she bleated like a goat pitifully; the other one was shot dead. It took about three-quarters of an hour to skin and cut up these animals. The flesh, however, will keep the men in food for several days. The big game hunting is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



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

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

*Lwamala Mission  
(deserted)*



*Crossing the Lufuûnu, sketch by J.J. Doke*



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

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

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

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

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

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

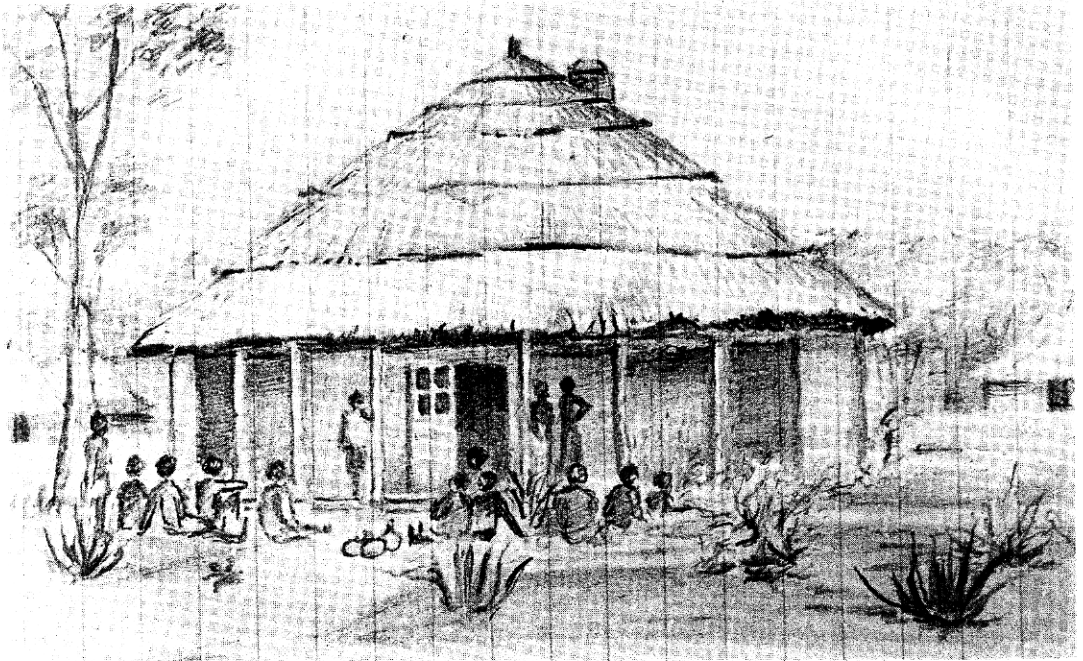
*July 27th.* "These days at Lwamala have been delightful; although we hardly realised it when we reached here, we must have been greatly fagged by the journey. This afternoon a company of eighty-five grown-up people gathered in the roofed meeting place, the school having been unroofed, and we held service.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

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

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

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

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



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



*Zebra being cut up*

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

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



*A street in a Twa village*



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

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

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

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





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

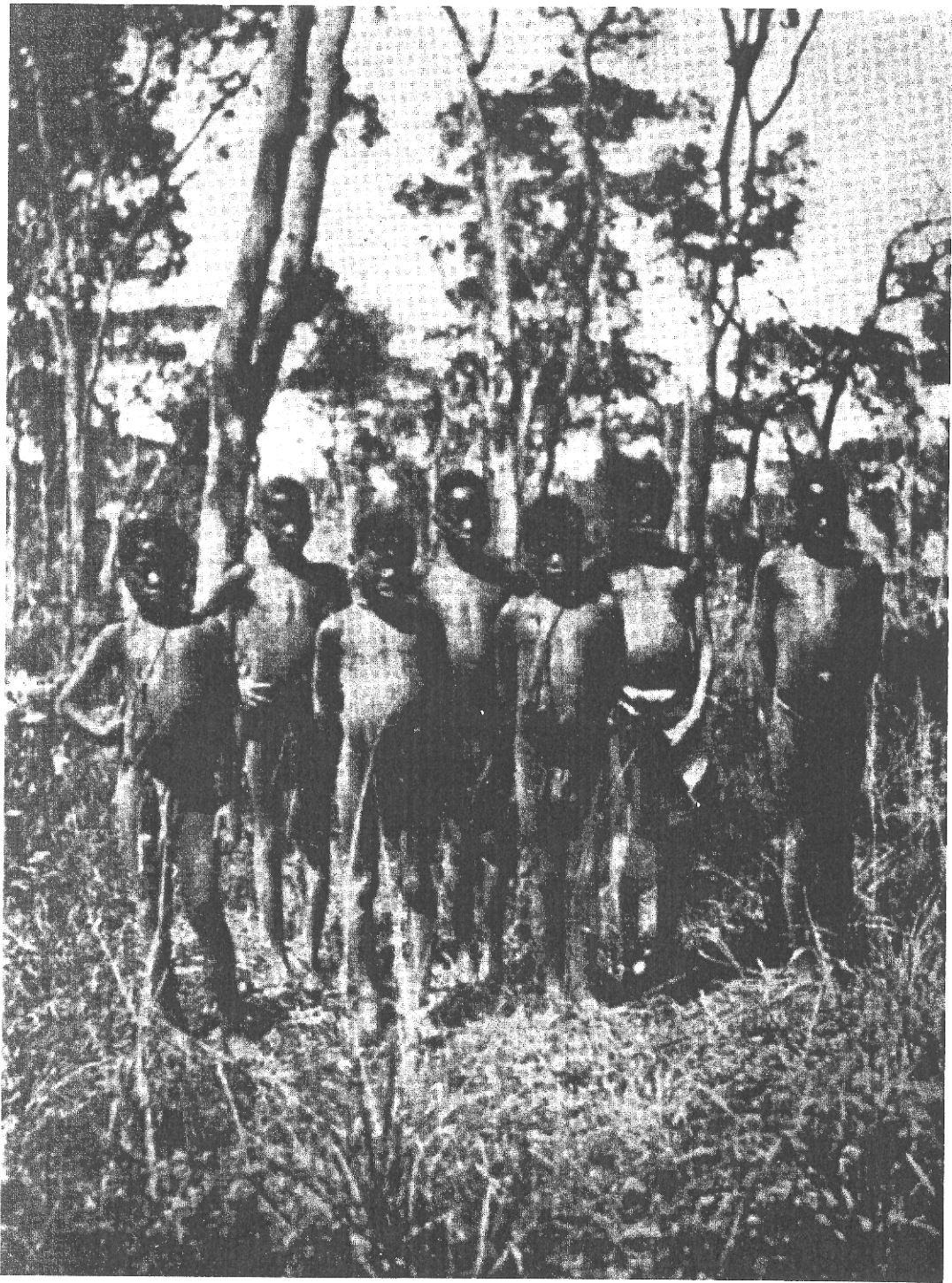
ing the great swamp. The Watwa women brought fish last night to sell; they were like dumplehead or minnows, strung on very long skewers and smoked. All the Natives are very ravenous for fish, and these people find it a lucrative trade to catch them, big and little, and carry them to Kabwe.

“They have a number of offerings to spirits on the outskirts of their villages, like other Natives; but perhaps the multitude of articles was larger. The usual tree stump was there, and the better villages have forked poles planted side by side, three or four, with horns and gourds hanging together. In this instance, there was a beautiful little hoe, its handle decorated with wire, stuck in with horns of long-deceased animals,

which had been lying on the ground and had grown roots, the tail of some animal which they said was an *imbishi*,<sup>5</sup> but whose hair had rubbed off by long use, a dancing girl’s girdle of bits of cane, and curiously grown gourds. We tried to buy the hoe, but the women objected as it had been offered to the spirits.



*Reverend Phillips crossing the swamp*



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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



*A reed hut of the swamp dwellers.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

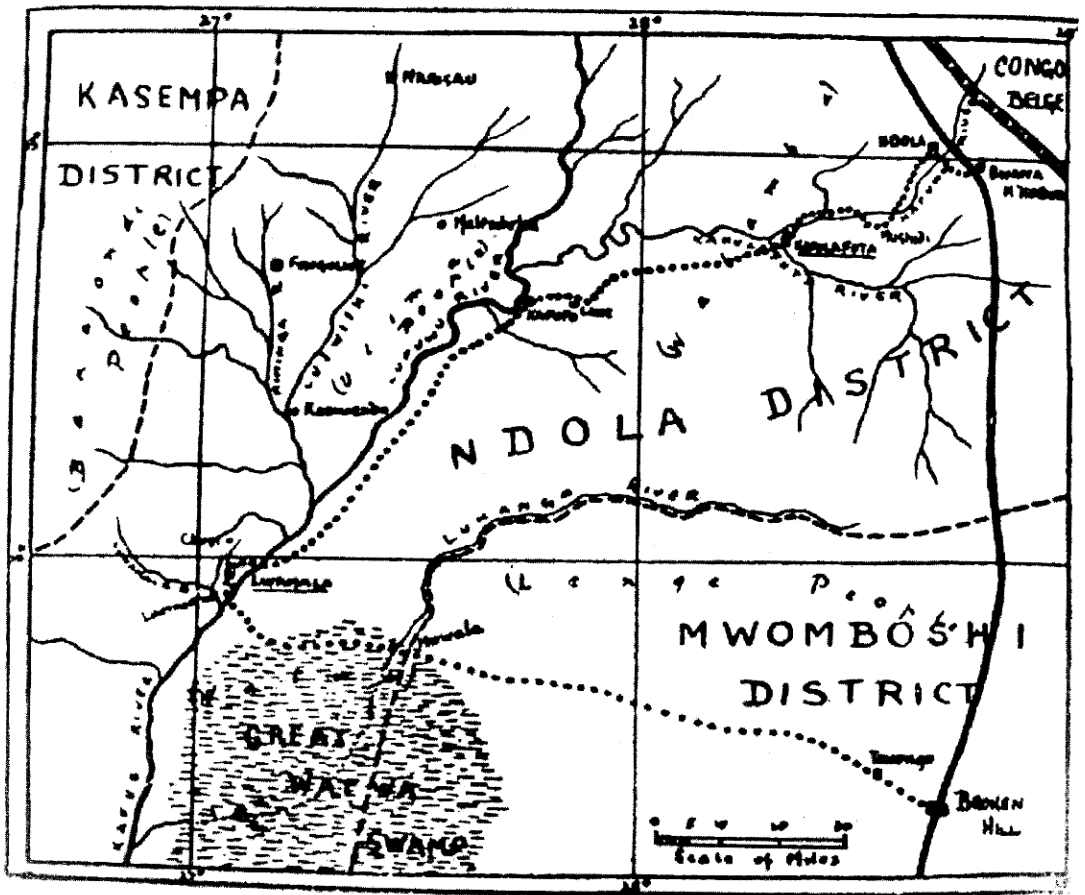
"We have had a glorious journey down. The small two-berth compartment suited us admirably and we very much enjoyed it. The Falls especially attracted us; but the water was low and they hardly did justice to themselves. The photos, I am afraid will show very little.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Chapter 4

### A NOVICE ON TREK

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

we should have to spend in the bush on ahead.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Women bringing food to missionaries*



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



*Lamba women's head  
dress*

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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



*Chyalwe and her  
imbokoma (calabash  
pipe)*

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

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

My logbook records the above critical days as follows: 9

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

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

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

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

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

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

18. (Sunday) at Luntantwe (42).

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



*Ila man  
(Mashukulumbwe)*

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

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

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



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



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

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

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

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

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

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



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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

But to return to our homeward journey:

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

#### SUMMARY

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



## Chapter 5

### AMONG THE WENAMASWAKA

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

*A morning service in a  
Lamba village*

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

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

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

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

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



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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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



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



*Lamba family in front  
of but*

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

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

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



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



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

pating that the Cape to Cairo railway would come that way. But it went instead straight north to Ndola. In many ways he seemed eccentric. He professed to be religious and to pray with his family to God; but he seemed never to mention Jesus the Christ at all.

In the early days he taught me much of how to travel, of hunting and taking care of myself. On one of his periodic visits to Kafulafuta he saw me walking barefoot. "Clem," he said, "you are trying that twenty years too late, you'll never develop hard enough soles to your feet now." He did not know that it was because my boots were worn out and I hadn't the wherewithal to replace them. Fortunately it was the rainy season and the paths were soft. I had walked the previous day, Sunday, twenty-four miles barefoot to preach in a series of villages.

The last time I saw Chirupula was in 1950 when accompanied by my daughter Eunice, we went with the Evangelist Ivor Powell and Mrs Powell up from Johannesburg to the Copper Belt. We decided to visit that sacred spot, Chitambo, where Livingstone died. Our road passed Chiwefwe, and I persuaded my companions, on our return journey from that never to be forgotten visit to the monument erected to Africa's greatest Missionary Explorer, to call on Chirupula. We turned off the road and went along a very over-grown track which led to a weird three-storey building. I asked the others to wait in the car while I went to the door. I had not seen Chirupula since I retired from the Mission thirty years before.

The front door was open but inside was a screen with a big picture of General Smuts on it – so I knew this was the place: Chirupula had once met Smuts and was a great admirer of him.

In Lala and Lamba fashion I did not knock, but stood outside and shouted loudly:

*Naisa!* (I have come!)

There was movement within, and round the screen came the unforgettable figure of Chirupula. He stared at me for a moment, then he said:

"Do my eyes see right?

Or are they deceiving me?

Keep still a moment

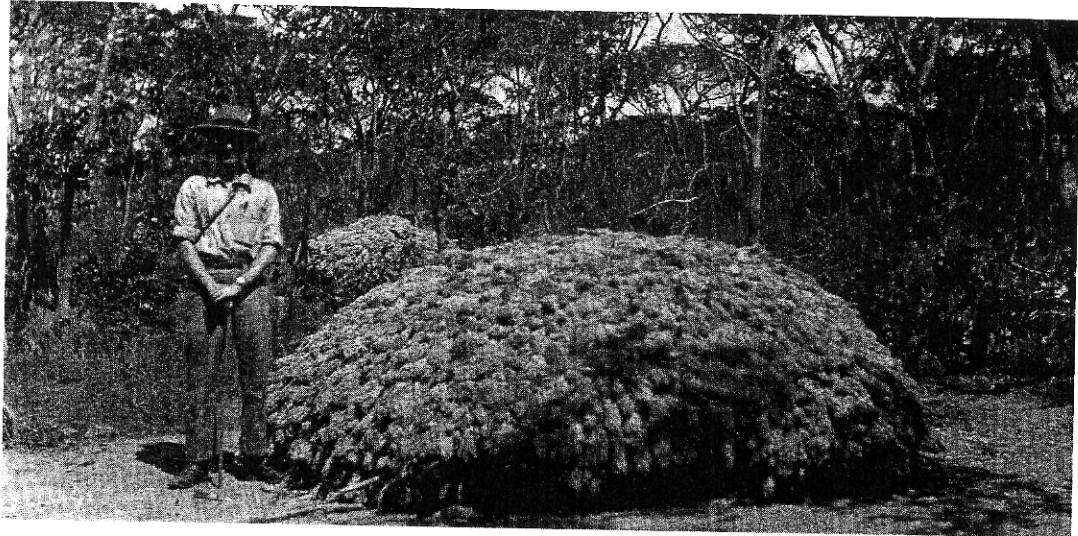
Even I, Chirupula must be sure!"

He looked an old man; he was in his late seventies; but his mind was as sharp as I had ever known it to be. He insisted that we all come in, and climb upstairs to what he called his study – really a long glassed-in verandah – to have tea and a talk: and didn't he talk! He wanted us to stay the night, but our schedule forbade this. It was when he said goodbye at the car, that he drew me aside and said he wanted to give me some good

advice: "Clem, you should become a Freemason; your family would be looked after when you are gone!" Those were the last words I heard from this strange man.

But now *revenons à nos moutons*. We go back to Monday, October 25. We left Chiwefwe early, had a second service at Mukelebwe, which sixty-one people attended, and went on to Nakusesala and made our camp there, having had an easy day covering sixteen and a half miles. The evening service was well attended, a hundred and two adults being counted. The next day, Tuesday, October 26, was one I shall never forget. After having another service at Nakusesala with eighty villagers, we made tracks for the road which Chirupula was making towards the north east. Owing to his having killed a hippo, the delay had prevented his moving camp to the place at which we had agreed to meet. It was a burning hot day, and we had a march of seventeen miles more than I had expected that Tuesday. We were cutting across through uninhabited bush to strike the road at a certain place, and when we got there, there was no sign of camp or men; and we did not know how far Chirupula and his men were. None of my men knew the part of the country we were now in. We had just to keep doggedly walking along the track in a westward direction in terrible heat. To make matters worse for the last five hours we could get no water; my men, in fact were so thirsty that they stripped down bark to suck, and I was forced to attack a tin of jam to get some moisture – I was told afterwards that that was the worst thing I could have done! How we stumbled on I do not know, but the sun was getting lower in the west, when we heard voices, and lo, from just ahead of us came two men, one with a bucket of water, and the other with a tray on which were coffee brewed and food all ready to eat. And weren't they welcomed! They led us on with empty trays and empty bucket: we were about a mile from camp when the two black angels, sent out to look for us, rescued us. We had walked that day a total of twenty-six miles under such difficult conditions of heat, thirst and weariness! Chirupula had everything prepared for what he called a proper meal; and *insbima* (stiff porridge) was ready for my carriers.

It may be imagined that when we arrived in camp we were not feeling very fit for a service; but when we are weakest, God can best use us, and I rejoice to record that two of Chirupula's *Kapitaus* (foreman) gave their hearts to the Lord that night. Both said they had never heard the Word before. Our long tramp in the hot sun was a thousandfold rewarded. We called this place Fulwe Camp, for the Fulwe (Tortoise) Stream ran nearby. Chirupula was true to his promise to have a hundred in my con-



*W.H. Doke with stand of sorghum*

gregation – we counted a hundred and eleven.

From Fulwe Camp our course lay through the village of Chitina, the MaSwaka paramount chief, where sixty gathered for the evening service. Leaving Chitina on Thursday, October 28th, we travelled north towards the Belgian Congo border for twenty-five miles, having services at Kalutwa, Ntambamalo, Mondwa and Lukunka, where eighty-five people gathered in the evening, and almost as many again at the early morning service. On the 29th we travelled five and a half miles to Chitakata preaching there and also at an intermediate village called Lipenshyo, the total number of people hearing the word that day being a hundred and eighty-two. From Chitakata it was seventeen miles to Nkambo, a village almost on the international border. Here we camped over Sunday. On the Saturday morning sixty-one came to the service, and on the Sunday morning sixty. I went into the gardens there and called together five people who were working there on their plots to give them the message.

It gave me a real thrill to climb up the hill to where there was a boundary beacon and to walk round and stand in the Belgian Congo. What thoughts and emotions surged up! This was the first time I had put foot on the soil of the great land to which my Father's brother had gone nearly thirty-three years before, and laid down his life as a missionary at the Congo mouth,<sup>13</sup> fifteen hundred miles away as the crow flies from where I was standing, almost at the foot of the Southern Katanga district of Belgian Congo.

Then I experienced another thrill. Below me a few hundred yards on the Northern Rhodesian side of the boundary hill was a *mushitu*, a grove of thick, tall trees growing where water wells

up or stands as a swamp. I went down to look at it closely. This was the source of the Kafulafuta River. I had aimed, on this journey, to trace our river back upstream, but had been turned away from it.<sup>14</sup> What a beautiful sight! In amongst the trees was a pool of crystal pure water from which ran a foot-wide stream, to be joined a little further on by another little stream. It was fascinating to see the little stream grow in size and in swiftness, preparing to run on to Kufulafuta Siding to water the railway engines, and then to continue with tributaries joining it until at our Mission Station it was joined by the Kafuwu coming down from beyond Ndola, and the two together, still called the Kafulafuta, carrying on the thirteen miles to join the Lufuwu (or Kafue), the biggest tributary of the Great Zambesi River!

I feel I must interfere with this account of my experiences at Nkambo to describe what happened when I was travelling with a missionary friend and companion, Mr R. German, itinerating northwards from Kafulafuta. After travelling about a hundred and fifty miles, we crossed into Congo territory at the railway station of Tshinsenda on May 4th 1916, almost six months since I had first put my foot on Congo soil. The Station Master had great news for us, the great Lusitania had been sunk by U-boats, and Revolution had broken out in Dublin. He was excited. We carried no passports, no identification cards – those were the days! He asked no questions. In that border region the railway line ran inside the Congo territory on the very top of the long range of low hills which constituted the boundary. People said that when it rained, what ran off the carriages on the left side of the train going to Elisabethville found its way into the Kafue and the Zambesi, and ultimately into the Indian Ocean; while that which ran off on the other side, found its way into the Lualaba and the Congo (Zaire), and ultimately into the Atlantic Ocean. Just a few hundred yards before reaching Tshinsanda we saw a spring of clear water starting its journey to the Kafue; and after our chat with the station master, we went on in the Belgian territory less than half a mile when we saw a similar spring and clear pool of water, as I had seen six months before when I recognised the beginning of the Kafulafuta River.

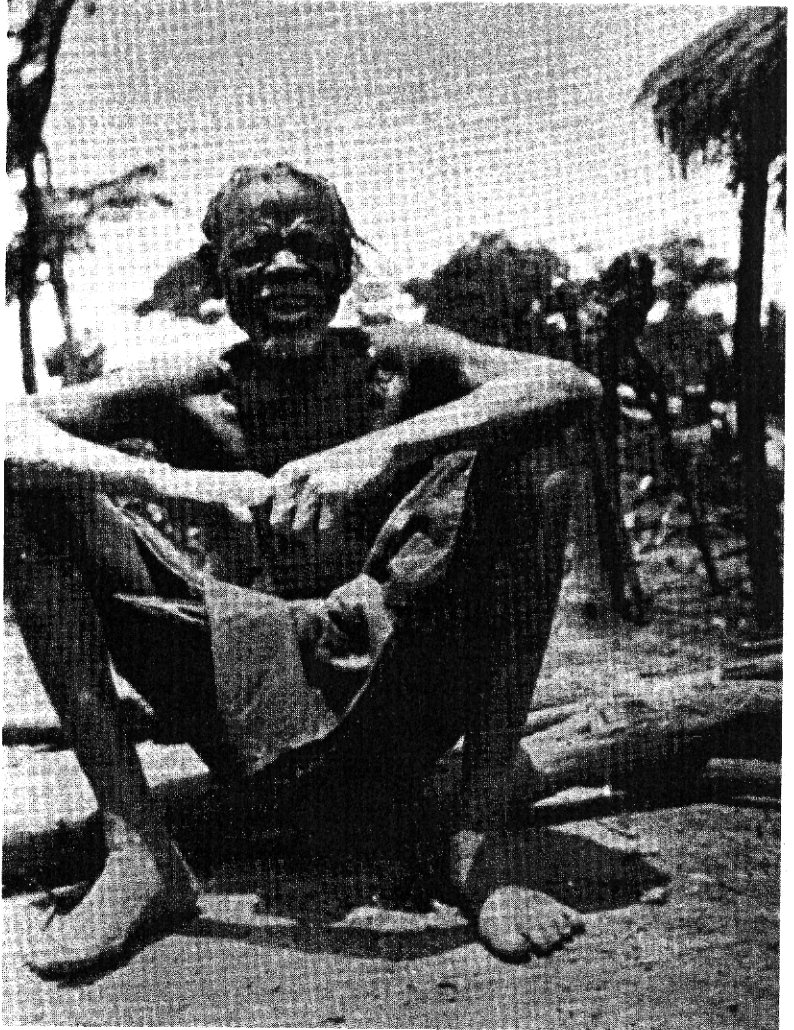
We rested here, and had a meal. I spent some time writing to my Grandmother in Bournemouth; and with much feeling I told her that if I threw a piece of paper into the stream in front of me, it could be carried on the the Luapula River, some sixty miles away to the East, then for hundreds of miles northwards to the Congo River, and after that more than two thousand miles along to the Congo mouth, and past my Uncle Willie's grave at Matadi.

We still had fifty-four miles to go to get back home to the Mission, but we were soon in country we knew, and among people who knew us. We visited Mr Morris's farm where seventy-eight people gathered at service, people who had come from various distant places for work. Mr Morris was known as Kamwefu, "small beard"; he was a man respected by the Native people, and very friendly to our Mission. Masombwe, Ntonke and Kawalu were the last villages we preached at, before we reached Kafulafuta Mission after a sixteen-mile tramp on Wednesday morning November 3rd.

On this journey we had covered four hundred and twenty miles in the four and a half weeks. Eighty-one services were held with total attendances of 3,957 at fifty-six villages, of which fourteen were Lamba and forty-two MaSwaka. Of the latter, eighteen had never heard the Word before. Seven villages were in the Mukushi District, the remainder were in the Ndola District. We had the joy of witnessing twelve decisions for Jesus Christ, all of these being MaSwaka but one, who was one of my carriers who came from a village a day's journey to the north of our Station.<sup>15</sup>

## Chapter 6

### THROUGH A LAND OF STREAMS



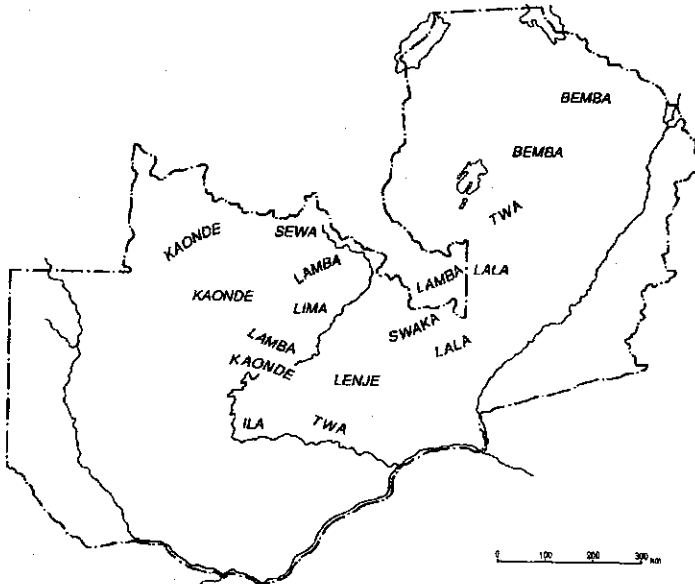
*Chief Katanga, chief of the Kafulafuta who first provided the Baptist missionaries with a hut on the site of the future Kafulafuta Mission.*



Away to the north-west of Kafulafuta lies a large tract of Lamba country, sparsely populated, a country of large distances. Across this stretch of country, away beyond the Lunga River, lies the Kaonde Country, and the station of our nearest neighbours at Chisalala.

I had often thought of taking a tour in that direction, but it was real tsetse country to be crossed, and to make it worse it had been marked out as being a sleeping sickness area. I could only go into it with a permit from the Magistrate at Ndola. So, during a short break in mid-June 1916 I made the trip to see the Magistrate. He gave me the permission, but warned me I must observe the following conditions: wear long trousers tucked into my boots, wear a long-sleeved shirt closed at the neck, wear a helmet with a gauze veil over my face and tucked into my shirt back and front – he did not mention gloves. But he added have a zebra-tail fly-switch to keep the tsetse on the move. I must confess that I remembered the last item, but forgot about all the others, except my khaki helmet.

In making my final preparations, I found that my only pair of boots needed a major operation to hold the soles and uppers together. I could no longer clump them, as I had already done several times; so I thought of a plan to use hoop-iron. One piece of hoop-iron I put across the top of the boot, bending the two ends over and screwing them into the sole that had come apart. A second piece of iron I hooked over the middle of the first, then at right angles, bent it over the toes and screwed the end of

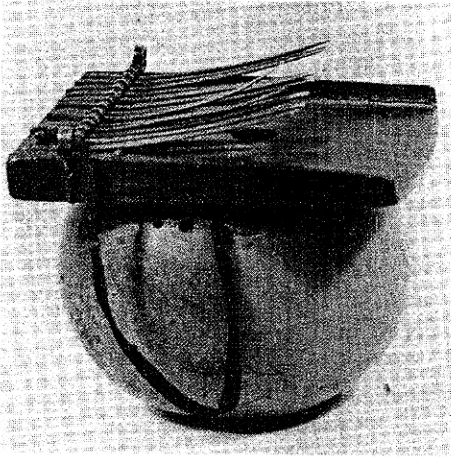


*Map of ethnic groups mentioned in the text*

it into the centre of the sole underneath. To my amazement it worked, and I could walk without much discomfort.

Towards the end of September, Kafulafuta is quiet; the boys are away for their holidays, and the opportunity for an itinera- tion presents itself. And so, on the 26th, I started out with nine carriers, three of them but little youngsters keen to carry some- thing, to help in the singing at the village services, and to see the outside world beyond the confines of Lambaland. Three were village men, experienced carriers, one of whom was an ex- scholar of the school. Then there was the school monitor,

Katandika, a tall strongly-built lad, not a Lamba, but a member of the Chikunda tribe, whose elders had settled in Lambaland after one of their raiding and trading expeditions from Zumbo on the middle Zambesi. Another was Kampokolwe, a young teacher belonging to the same tribe as Katandika. Then there was Musongo, an earnest member of the enquirers' class, a Lamba of the Lambas, and an accom- plished musician on the *akalimba*, that little hand piano which men love to play as they walk leisurely along the path, arrayed in their Sunday best. They cannot play it while carrying a load, for it is held in both hands, and the metal notes are twanged by the two thumbs.



*Akalimba, a small hand- piano usually consisting of thirteen iron slips fixed over a carved wooden sounding board, which is attached to a small calabash resonator.*

We started late in the afternoon, and camped at a village but seven miles out. Our teachers often hold services here, and the Word is by no means strange; the little gathering listened atten- tively that evening, and at the close of the service two lads came to me in the tent to say that they wanted to “change their hearts”. But they realised so little of the real meaning of surren- der to Jesus, that, after a talk and prayer, I told them to come and see us at the station on my return, if they were really in earnest.

The next day we reached the Lufuwu (Kafue) River, which at this place is wide and shallow, and we forded it. The scenery here is magnificent. A dense growth of trees overhangs both banks, and the rocky Mupata Hills loom up in the background. The day following we re-crossed this river at another ford, and after passing herds of puku and impala, reached the village of Nkonshi. I shall long remember the service we held at this vil- lage. About fifty adults were present, including several well- known to us at the station. When the people had gone away, two of my carriers, village men, came and said, “We want to give ourselves over entirely to God.” Their earnestness was an inspi-

ration and afterwards several times during the tour those two came to my tent for word and prayer.

The Lufuwu River still lay before us to be crossed, and its next passage was not quite so simple. One of the two boats which ferried us over a deep pool was top heavy and upset one of my food boxes into the water. Fortunately Chisulo caught it and held it in tow till the bank was reached, and so nothing was damaged. When we reached the village of the chief Nkana, the old man begged medicine for his wife who was ill with fever. She was lying in a smoky hut, evidently in great pain, while a chubby baby worried her incessantly. I gave her some quinine, and the Lord gave her strength to come to the service the next morning. Her husband was very grateful.

Soon after leaving Nkana's village we noted quite a number of trial holes dug by prospectors in the hill side. On the other side of the Congo boundary there was a number of copper mines, that of Lubumbashi being the best known; and now signs of ancient diggings were being found in various places on the Rhodesian side. Before many years the "Copper Belt" was to be found, and one of the most important mines was to be that of Nkana, with its attendant town of Kitwe.

So far we had on our way a number of villages each day, but the next stage onward was a very long one. Hearing that there was a short cut through the bush, we decided to take it. Short cuts in Central Africa have a name for giving more trouble than roundabout ones, and so it proved, for we lost our way. After struggling along animal paths and no paths at all for about twenty-three miles, we at last reached a *musewo* or hoed path, which took us to a village, but alas the village was old and deserted. Boys went out in two directions to try to find where we had better go, and one party found some people fishing, who informed them that the village we were aiming for was six miles away. It was pitch dark before we reached it, and we were all thankful that the next day was Sunday, and so gave a rest to our tired legs.

As far as possible we tried to confine our trekking to the early morning and the late afternoon, resting at a village or some stream midday; but the distances between the villages were not always kind; and the midday sun often found us on the march. Most days were alike in their routine, but one day gave us a little



*Katanga in a new blanket*



*C.M. Doke crossing the  
Lufuwu*

taste of real excitement. It was Tuesday, October 3rd, and we had been walking in the hot sun for quite a distance when we came upon a lovely pure stream, which one of my men told me was called *Kawulankashi* (the little one that lacked a sister). It was midday and we stopped for a rest and something to eat.

My men asked permission to bathe, the water was so enticing. The Lambas are a very clean people and will bathe twice a day if they can. So, after watching them for a little, I strolled on ahead carrying my fly-switch, as the tsetses were very active. There were plenty of trees, but mostly small ones, and long grass was abundant. Suddenly my eye caught sight of a movement in the grass at the foot of a large tree alongside the path some twenty yards ahead, and up stood a big black-maned lion, his eyes fixed on me. I came to an immediate halt. The day previous I had lost my hunting knife while chasing some wild pigs. My gun was far away at the rear with my "personal boy" who was probably still bathing. When I realised that I had only my zebra-tail switch in my hand, I felt a cold sensation down my spinal column. The lion watched me. I could see his oh so narrow waist line. I wondered how distended it might be in a very little while. I turned the fly-switch round, holding it by the hair end, so as to smite my enemy on the nose with the handle. How long we considered one another I don't know – maybe only a few minutes, when three carriers with their loads on their heads came up behind – one had an axe over his shoulder, another a spear helping to take the weight of the load, and the third a ker-

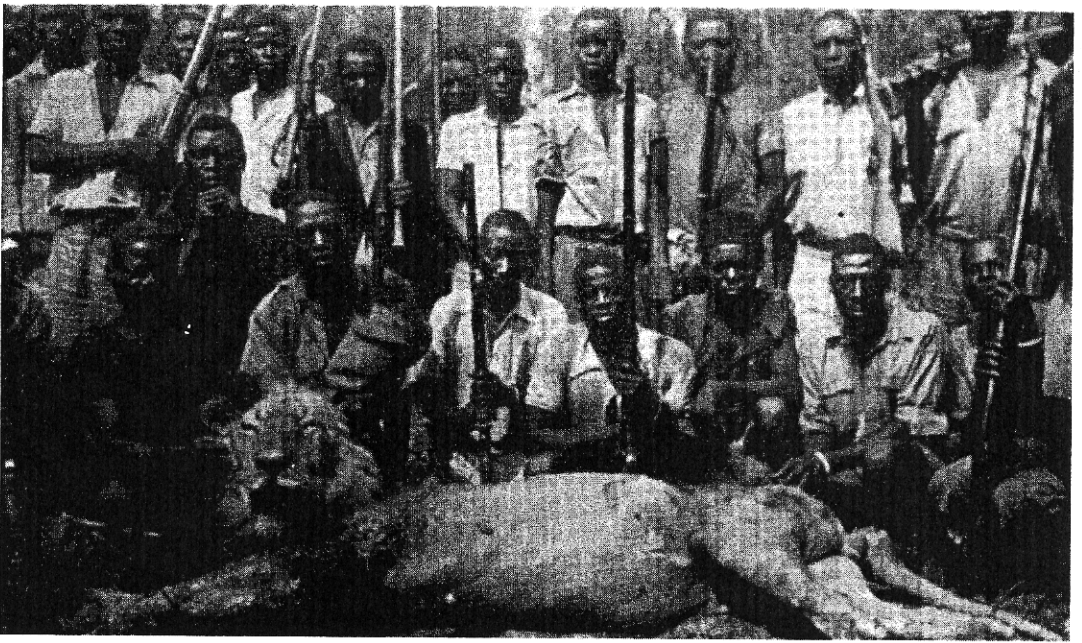
rie. This was too much for his lordship. With a muffled roar he turned, made off into the thicket and up a small hill. When the rest of the carriers came up and heard what had happened, they, particularly my "personal boy", expressed the shame they felt, and for the rest of the afternoon kept close to me. My "personal boy" was very upset, for he always carried my gun, and was supposed to be near me. He said, "Shikulu, I didn't know you were going to meet a lion today!" I was sure that the lion was waiting there for some innocent buck to come along the path. I, too, was quite shaken, for every weird-shaped ant-heap or rock looked like a lion, for the rest of that afternoon walk. And, difficult as it is to believe, this was the only time I saw a lion in seven years of Lamabaland life. I've *heard* them times without number – one evening at Kafulafuta my colleague H.L. Wildey and I stood outside our huts and counted seven different lions roaring in different directions.

I felt deeply grateful to God for His care over me, because most of the morning I had been walking quite alone far ahead of the carriers, and had I been alone at this time, quite possibly the meeting would have ended differently. Three hours later we reached Chipulali, where we camped. The chief begged me to shoot a buck, and as I too wanted meat, I went with three men to a small plain near the village where we found a herd of sable. Taking one man ahead, I stalked and shot one animal. The herd, numbering fifteen, instead of running away in a sensible manner when their companion fell, turned on us, snorting and stamping in a ominous manner. There was no cover for us, and not being desirous of being spitted on that long array of horns, we dared not advance to despatch the wounded animal. Just then our two companions, on hearing us call, ran up and succeeded in frightening off the herd, which watched our operations for some time from a distance of a hundred yards.

Speaking of lions in Lambaland, I am tempted to insert here an account of what happened to me once in the very early days of the missionary work: and I did not see the lions then either. It concerned one of our past scholars from Kafulafuta school, named Njamalaka.

Njamalaka lived in a fishing village near the Lukanga Swamp. For three years he had travelled north each term to attend as a boarder at the Mission school. He was a very little chap, and did not seem to grow with the years; but he had learned all he could in the early years of the pioneer school. Now he was reckoned a "past scholar".

One day a party set out from his village with bales of dried fish to take to the Government post, a hundred and fifty miles



*Lion shot at Kafulafuta Mission (c. 1936)*

away, on the railway line. They wanted the proceeds from the sale of the fish to pay tax at the "Boma", and to buy calico and other goods at the store.

The party was composed of several men and women, with two little boys, one of whom was Njamalaka. Their route lay along the ubiquitous Native path from village to village, through forest after forest, and across wide stretches of plain, from which the receding flood waters were now dried up, and which were still covered with waving fields of elephant grass, for the annual fires had not yet started. It was June, 1915.

Several days had passed, and good progress had been made. One afternoon the party reached the village of Kakuwala, and decided to push on and camp at a rest-hut near a stream, about seven miles further. They were anxious to hasten their journey to the Boma.

Just before nightfall they reached the hut. They drew water from the stream, and while the women prepared the evening meal, the men cut big logs of firewood for the night fires. After they had eaten, the women went into the hut to sleep, but the men and the two boys lay down around the fires outside. The two boys lay together under a single thin blanket.

In the dead of night – and it was a pitch-black night – when all the night insects, too, had ceased their chirping, two lions silently approached. Man-eaters make no noise! Without a sound, one of the lions seized little Njamalaka by the small of

the back and sprang off with him. His screams instantly roused the men, who grasped burning faggots from the fires, rushed after the lions, and beat them off. There is one thing lions do fear, and that is fire.

In an instant all the camp was in an uproar. Poor little Njamalaka terribly bitten through the back, was picked up and brought to the light of the fires. The rest of the night was terrible. They knew the man-eaters were still prowling about, and they boy was in dreadful pain – his intestines were protruding through his back.

With the earliest dawn, they made a rough hammock with a pole and blanket, and hurriedly began to retrace their steps homewards to take poor Njamalaka back to his mother.

I was a newcomer to the Mission at this time. My knowledge of medicines and first-aid was sadly lacking. It was about half past two in the afternoon, when a runner arrived to bring us the news about Njamalaka. As far as we could ascertain, the spot where the attack had been made was about twenty miles from the Mission to the westward. My senior colleague could only travel that distance, if he could procure four *machila* bearers. Two hours were spent in trying to engage these at near-by villages, but without success. And so it was half past five before I, as a substitute, set off westwards with four lads to carry tent, bedding, provisions and medicines, in an attempt to bring help to Njamalaka.

Darkness had fallen when we reached the river crossing before the village of Chitafu. Our crossing in dug-out canoes was greeted by the yelping of jackals, early on the prowl, reminding us that we were invading the wilds. Chitafu was to be our camp that night. And here again the wild intruded itself even during our evening service with the people – the distant roar of a lion punctuating the hymns the people sang.

Early next day (June 10) we were on the move, and our



Women crushing  
maize

path lay through seemingly primeval forest land, later skirting the great Kafue River. No soul we met in all that beautiful, abandoned country; but at about eleven o'clock we crossed a little stream, and there off from the path to our left, was the rest-hut and the remains of the abandoned fires. "There," said one of the lads, who had talked with the traveller, who had brought us the news of the attack, "There is where Njamalaka was bitten!"

We hurried on, and soon after midday reached Kakuwala. Here news was not good. The lad we sought was not here. The party had passed through the day before, carrying the lad towards home. We had come eighteen miles that morning, and the next village on our route, as far as we could ascertain, was some twenty miles further on. So we decided to have a meal, rest an hour, and then push on. But while we were eating, a party of school boys, returning from their holidays and making for the Mission, appeared. They brought the heavy news. Njamalaka had died the day before at Lumpuma's village, and was already buried.

There was no object in going further; so, with the help of these schoolboys, my lads pitched the tent in an open space in Kakuwala's village, and themselves found huts in which to spend the night.

That night was one never to be forgotten by me. There was no moon. It was pitch black. At about eleven I was awakened by the persistent barking of a village dog. I got up, lit my lantern, saw that my shot-gun was primed and at my bedside; put out the lantern, and tried once more to sleep. After a while the dog quietened down, and I dozed off. But not for long. Suddenly I was awakened by a screech from the dog, a rush to my tent door, then heavy padding, a tripping over the guide ropes of my tent. I shot out of bed, disentangling myself from the mosquito net, as one side of the tent sagged on top of me; and found myself standing in total darkness, with my shot gun at the ready. The squealing dog ran on, his yelps echoing in the trees standing in the village – and the padding of feet died away. How long I stood thus I do not know. Eventually I managed to find and light the lantern again; and after moving my bed to the centre of the tent, away from the sagging canvas, I crept under the blankets again, and stayed awake the rest of the night.

In the morning my boys said they had heard nothing: but the tell-tale spoor of the lion, which had blundered over my tent ropes when chasing the dog and uprooted three pegs, were there to testify that the silent man-eaters were still about. The village dog after unsuccessfully trying my tent door, had saved



himself by squeezing in through some crack in the side of the ill-fitting door of his master's hut.

I had had enough. The next trek was right back the twenty-five miles to the Mission. And that night I slept safe behind the brick wall of my well-built square hut.

Now I can continue my journey of September – October 1916, with a clear conscience.

For several days we travelled out west, crossing first the Lufwanyama (or Lufunsonshi) River and then the Luswishi with their numerous lovely little tributaries. Occasionally a little rocky kopje reared its head above the great waste of bush, and gave us a distant view over the endless waves of red and green and brown, lined here and there by a dark green band, which indicated the course of some stream. But the land is cursed with tsetse, which pester the traveller, and exhaust his patience and strength. At the point where we crossed the Luswishi River, we found a group of eleven villages bunched fairly closely together. This I considered a suitable spot for a future out-school. The principal village is called Mapili, and is some five days' direct journey from Kafulafuta roughly a hundred and ten miles. From these villages we soon crossed the border into the Kansanshi District, and after passing a fifty-six mile stretch of wonderfully watered country, with but one village between, encountered the first Kaonde villages. Another day and a half, and we reached Chisalala, the S.A.G.M. Station in the district.

It was refreshing to have a few days of rest and Christian fellowship with Rev. and Mrs E.A. Harris. They had a boys' boarding school similar in many respects to ours. About forty boys were then resident, a large portion of whom were members of their enquirers' class.

After spending the Sunday with my S.A.G.M. friends, and feeling greatly refreshed, we had prayer together, and then with my carriers we moved on: this time due north to Kansanshi Mine, an meagre fourteen miles away. This was once a flourishing copper mine; and when we arrived we saw the heaps of waste or too-low grade malachite, that green copper ore, around the deserted buildings, and also twelve traction engines and numerous trucks deteriorating in the Central African humid atmosphere. These had once been in feverish use conveying the copper ore along a road track to Baya, a railway station on the line not very far south of Elisabethville, now once more called by its original name of Lubumbashi. I was particularly anxious to visit Kansanshi because there was a Store which was kept by my friend Mr Allan, who had so kindly entertained my father and me at Bwana M'Kubwa on our 1913 trek. I had seen him once

or twice since that when I came to live at Kafulafuta.

This time he gave me a very warm welcome. I could guess that he was feeling the loneliness of this isolation: he was there more to protect the mine machinery than to carry on the trading business.

It was early afternoon but he persuaded me to camp at Kansanshi and have supper with him so I instructed my men to make a camp as usual. After supper a visitor turned up for a chat with Mr Allan. I was introduced to him, but I can no longer remember his name or what he looked like. I noticed that while we were sitting at ease and chatting, he kept looking at my feet. At last he could not avoid putting this question to me: "Pardon my asking you why you have hoop-iron on your shoes?" I stood up and said: "Certainly! Don't you see that the extra weight on the front of the foot tends to pull the foot an inch or so further forward with each step? Look!" And I got up and strode across the room flicking my toes in the process. "Well I never!" he said, "I'd never have thought of that." I caught Mr Allan's eye. But the visitor was really impressed.

Mr Allan, when talking about the mine, told me something I had not heard before. He said: "If you level off one of these heaps of malachite you can build a house on top without worrying about the white ants [termites, the scourge of wood-work in Northern Rhodesia]; the white ants will not come near the place."

*A Lamba man from the  
Congo (photo by  
C.M. Doke)*



With Tuesday morning we struck camp, bade farewell to my hospitable host, and, for the return journey, I chose another route first visiting a number of Lamba villages on the Elisabethville road, near the Congo border. The rivers here are numerous, and, though it was the end of the dry season, contained strong streams of crystal clear water. We crossed the Chifubwa, and then re-crossed the bigger Lunga River and its tributary the Luwanshila, the name of which was ominous enough – "lose the path".

It was here that our troubles started. Shilangwa, one of the little boys, a quiet little fellow with a beautiful face and gentle manners, took ill, and we had to pitch an early camp one Saturday at a village

presided over by a woman chief named Lwambula. All day Sunday Shilangwa was bad, and we remained in camp; but on the Monday he was so much better that we proceeded to the next village, Mutwale some six miles further on. We decided to camp here, as food had been scarce at Lwambula, and there was an opportunity to hunt. We hunted that afternoon, and I was successful in killing a hartebeest. So we were able to give some meat to the villagers, have a good feed ourselves, and dry some meat over the smoky fires during the night to carry with us.

On Tuesday morning – it was October 24th – the sick boy's load was divided among the other carriers, and we resumed our journey. All the carriers were now well laden, meat being added to their loads. I went on ahead, and rested on a plain eight miles away. After some time all the carriers, with the exception of Shilangwa and Katandika, had arrived; so, with Musongo, I went back, and, after about three miles, found them resting under some trees, Shilangwa quite unable to proceed any further. Musongo took up Katandika's load, and Katandika took the sick lad on his back; and thus we reached the plain where our companions awaited us. Katandika felt especial concern for Shilangwa, for he was a distant relative, and he felt the responsibility of having the lad on the journey with us.

We now held a council of war. As far as we could make out, we were about a hundred and fifty miles from home: it was not ordinary malaria, and did not respond to the quinine treatment. We decided to go forward and camp at the nearest water; we knew that we had not covered half the distance from Mutwale to the next village. Two miles further on the men found a spot suitable for a camp, not far from a stream called Muchingofwa. Three men were sent right back the ten miles to Mutwale with a large stock of dried meat, with which to buy meal, and darkness had fallen when once again they reached camp, disheartened and hungry. The chief would only give them about three pounds of meal – enough for two men – and had taken most of their meat in payment.

A *zareba* had been built, and cheery log fires were blazing. We were a dispirited party, however; anxious forebodings were in our hearts. I had refrained from having my tent pitched, and lay on my metal camp stretcher in the starlight under the trees. To add to the unpleasantness of our situation, and still further to depress our spirits, the *zareba* was invaded by hordes of savage driver ants. One of the men, when cutting wood, had evidently disturbed their nest. The men got little sleep. One after the other was turned from his grass bed to scatter hot coals over the invading hosts. I myself was a privileged exception; the ants did

not climb the metal legs of my stretcher, and I did not have to move. Dawn was breaking, however, before the attackers called off their forces.

In the morning I sent the three village men with their loads to go to the next village, Mawomba, and then to return to assist us. We rigged up a *machila* with a pole and ground-sheet, strongly bound with bark rope. Four more men proceeded with their loads, and set them down about two miles along the path; two then returned to carry the *machila* with Shilangwa. And so we proceeded in stages, the men carrying and returning continuously, till we were all "done in". There was no water to be found; and no food.

At about half past two in the afternoon we reached a large plain, and went in search of water. Wild pigs there were in abundance, and cranes, but not a drop of water. The sun was scorching hot. I said to Katandika, "We must leave two loads in the bush, and push on with Shilangwa." Hardly had I spoken when we saw two men coming in the distance. They had lost their way, and delayed in reaching the village. With their help we reached Mawomba before sunset; and there we found water and food in abundance.

The headman Mawomba said he had no one in his village who could help us to carry loads; all his men, he said, were away at war carrying for the East African campaign. By dint of threatening to leave two boxes to the responsibility of the headman, however, two lads were forthcoming to help us to the next stage, distant some fourteen miles. By this time we were north of the source of the Luswishi River; and were skirting an enormous plain some twelve miles in length. Here we saw a curious sight. The grass had all been burnt off about a month before, but little puffs of smoke came out of the ground at intervals, and the surface of the plain was scorching hot. Subsurface fires were smouldering through the peaty root masses of the stubble left, and these went on day and night, withering up the grass that was just beginning to grow again, but never bursting into flames, and not going out, until the first heavy showers of the rainy season extinguished them. Huge patches of the plain thus became from time to time, denuded of grass. I had seen this phenomenon but once before, and that too on the Lushwishi near Mapili.

On Thursday night we camped at Lwano's village. Besides the chief the only other man was a cripple; so I decided to leave two boxes in Lwano's charge to be sent for later. Lwano was a affable old man. He had been away some miles tending his fish traps when we reached the village; but had come home immediately one of the women sent by his wife had informed him of

our arrival. He came with a gourd of honey as a gift, showed genuine concern for our plight, and revealed a real interest in the sick lad, enquiring as to his symptoms. He said he would be perfectly willing to look after my boxes, but was much concerned to know how he would recognise my messengers when I send them. He was afraid spurious messengers might come to steal the boxes. I took two pieces of wood the same length, shaped them alike, and on the lower part of each I cut a cross. Giving the one piece of wood to Lwano, I said that my messenger would bring



Lamba man (photo by Olive Doke)

the other piece with him, and he could compare the two and satisfy himself. Old Lwano looked long at the two pieces of wood. Then he shook his head and said, "No, Shikulu, someone may see the piece in my possession and copy it. Then I would give your boxes to a thief!" And he added, "Make two crosses on the piece of wood you give your messenger. When I see the *difference* I will know the messenger is genuine! And Shikulu," he went on with eyes blazing, "the man who comes to try to take your boxes by false pretences, I will thrust him through with this spear!" And the old chief capered around, brandishing his spear in a most menacing fashion. I knew my boxes were safe with him.

On Friday morning Musongo was sick; so we had perforce to stay where we were through that day. We were comfortable, however, and I passed part of the time, I remember, translating a portion of Ephesians into Lamba, for I carried my books with me. On Saturday, however, Musongo was better, and we were able to proceed. I had begun to suspect that Shilangwa was suffering from sleeping sickness, and felt the necessity for pushing on for home with all speed. All the men were instructed to guard the sick lad from tsetse fly, which swarmed all along our route.

We spent the Sunday at Lukungwe, and itinerated with the Gospel to some nearby villages, the men taking their part in the services. These villages had never before heard the Word of

God. On the Monday morning we were considerably more than a hundred miles from the Mission; but that day we crossed the Lufwanyama River by a rickety bridge high above the water, stretched from one big tree to another, and covered some twenty-eight miles. Shilangwa had lost all power or desire to speak: he said not a word. He ate very little, and two of his companions, Katandika and Kampokolwe, found no difficulty in carrying his weight all day, though a bush-made *machila* is itself no light or comfortable load to carry. The men behaved splendidly!

On the Tuesday we were travelling back along the route that Mr German and I had taken in April. At the next village we reached we found that most of the people were away in the bush cutting up an elephant they had killed the previous day; for the country of the Lufwanyama – meaning “where the game die” – abounds in large game of all sorts. On the road we met two well-built young men returning home from war-load carrying. They readily agreed to bring my boxes to the Mission, as soon as they had rested “two days” at their village. So I gave them the stick with the two crosses on it, and in due time they brought my two boxes safely to the Mission and were rewarded for their trouble and their faithfulness.

Only one other incident on this memorable journey. The rain caught us two nights out from home. We had reached a new village. The people were living in *imitanda*, temporary shelters made from branches piled together, preparatory to building their permanent houses. These shelters afford no protection against rain. The storm came at midnight. All the carriers sought shelter in my tent – floor area eight foot by seven. The sick lad was half under my camp stretcher on the ground sheet. The others packed like sardines everywhere else. Soon the tent flaps had to be thrown back; the heat became suffocating. One of the men, to the after amusement of all his companions, acted as a water break, his back turning a stream of water, which otherwise would have invaded the tent: the small trench dug round the tent having proved ineffective in the deluge. But we survived, and a bright, fresh, sunny morning soon caused all to forget a night of discomfort.

The last four and a half days travel were done at record speed, a hundred and nine miles being covered; and an anxious journey was concluded. Medical examination of Shilangwa revealed an attack of cerebral malaria; not sleeping sickness as we had feared; and after a long illness he fully recovered.

The log of this journey shows the following figures: During the five and a half weeks, we covered five hundred and sixty miles by our circuitous route, and reached fifty-three villages, of

which twenty-three had not previously heard the Word. In all, we held eighty services, with total attendances of 2 159 adults. In the majority of cases the villages were depopulated for war-load carriers and the preponderance in the numbers of women was very marked. Of the villages where we witnessed eight were Kaonde-speaking, two were Sewa-speaking, and the remainder Lamba. From October 9-21 we were witnessing in the Kansanshi or Solwezi District.

## Chapter 7

### THE LUKANGA TREK

My sister, Olive Carey Doke, had come up to Lambaland in July 1916 to join the Mission band at Kafulafuta. She was able to learn much about the work among the Lamba women from Mrs German, before the latter, for health reasons, had to leave and return with her husband to Johannesburg at the end of the year.

I arranged a tour southward to the Lukanga River area to last three weeks during May 1917, and my sister joined me to get her first experience of trekking in Lambaland. This was to prove the first of a very large number of treks by her during the long life of service she gave to the Lord: from July 1916 to March 1972, when she was called to Higher Service at Luanshya on the Copper Belt. She was buried at Kafulafuta, to which she was so devoted, and from which she had retired officially at the end of 1959.

Our Safari, of course, necessitated a much larger number of carriers; we took two tents and double the amount of camping equipment. My sister took her portable organ (two extra porters); and this time there was a *machila* for her use. In later journeys of hers she used a bush-chair poised above a single wheel, and provided with two shafts pulled by the man in front, and pushed by the one behind, usable on the narrow tracks. In time, particularly when the villagers were required by the administration to keep clear, from one village to the next, a *musewo* about five feet wide, hoed clear of stumps, weeds and grass, the lady missionaries used bicycles, until eventually motor cars came to be used. But all this change took place long after I retired south on account of my, and particularly my wife's breakdown in health from malaria.

I feel that it is appropriate in this chapter to reprint my Sister's account of this tour, which to her was such a new experience, and, written by a woman, contained much that, to me had been passed unnoticed. I include, without apology however,



other matters which I consider very important, and on which she did not at the time have the information I could supply. They will explain themselves, as we come to them.

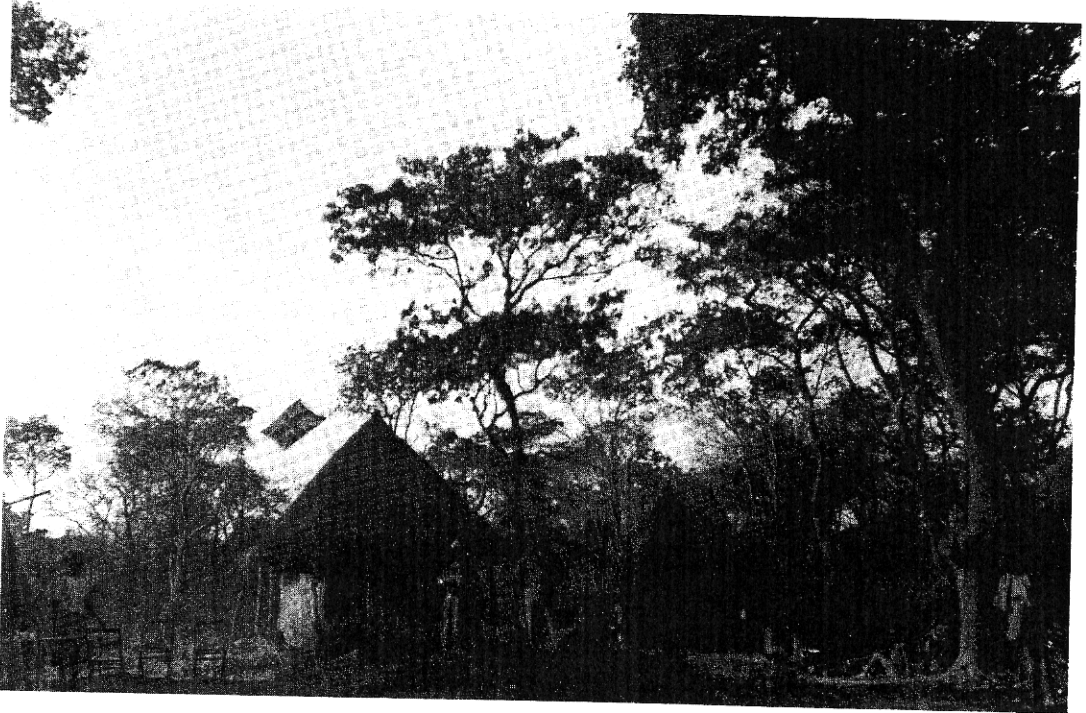
### *A PEEP AT LAMBALAND* <sup>16</sup>

By Olive C. Doke

At last the day came for my brother and myself to start on our Evangelistic Tour. The rains were over and we anticipated fine weather, if a little cold, for our journey. What different preparations from those made when leaving home for a holiday, or an itinerating tour of town churches! The tents and camp kit had to be sorted out and repaired if necessary, carriers written down, food boxes for three weeks to be thought of and packed, and a hundred and one odds and ends to be done. But now all that had been completed, and the day arrived to start.

Our carriers came in early, and more than we had written down, in the hopes that they would be wanted; and they were! It is marvellous how the loads seem to multiply! Eventually all got their loads designated to them, and they commenced doing them up, many of them having first to fetch their *lushishi* from the forest. (Lushishi is the inside bark of trees, of which they make string.)

*Olive Doke's camp. Note  
the Union Jack (photo  
by C.M. Doke)*



Our camping place for the first night was only about six miles from the Mission Station, so that we sent the carriers on ahead to get the tents up, etc., whilst we waited until after dinner in order to get the post. What a line the carriers made – twenty-three in all, each with his load on his head! It reminded me of the pictures one sees of Livingstone and his carriers. We left at quarter past two, with the three *machila* men – Kanyakula, Sambwa and Kaluwe – all splendid men, who proved a great help to us; and Mr Phillips accompanied us a little way to wish us God-speed.

When we got to camp we found everything in readiness – tents up and beds made, the kettle boiling, and the people gathering to welcome us. It was the village of three of our Christian women, so I was glad of the opportunity of seeing them. It was also the home of a number of our carriers. After the evening meal we gathered the villagers together for a service in the moonlight. And a glorious night it was too! The service was well attended, people also coming from a near village. We felt that God was in our midst. One of our carriers and his wife came forward at the end and said they desired to give themselves to the Lord. We had a very nice after-service, at which quite a number stayed and seemed eager to learn more.

Camp was struck about seven a.m., and after a brief service with those of the villagers who could come, we started on our long trek. Nkalata the next village we came to, was only a mile or so further on, but being off the main route to Ndola it is seldom visited by white people, consequently a white woman in their midst was a new thing, and the children especially were very frightened. My portable organ, too, was a wonder which they all crowded round to hear. But with just a short service we had to be off, or many who had *never* hear the Word before would still be without the opportunity of hearing.

One almost feels hopeless on these tours. To think of the thousands and thousands who have never heard the precious Name of Jesus, and when service is held in their village, interest is awakened and a longing to know more; but what after all, can the poor dark souls learn in one short service, or at the most two? But we have the Master's promise of blessing, and strengthened by this we go on trying faithfully to preach the Gospel in this needy place.

From this village our path lay all through the beautiful forest, and we were favoured with a *musewo* or hoed path about a yard wide. (The usual path is like a sheep track.) In a little while we met four women clearing the *musewo*, and stopped to give them the message of love. We travelled on, and presently came



to another village, where we stopped for lunch, and then a service with the people. Later on we came out of the forest, and passed through an old deserted village all grown over with grass. We found the people had moved some distance away through the next bit of forest. It was here we camped, and not being used to long distance walking for some time I was very tired. This was the first real camp, as we seemed so near home the night before. As soon as we entered the village, the women were asked to bring meal for our carriers. I was greeted by the women all coming and kneeling down in front of me, and clapping their hands, saying "*Mutende* mother." Then they hurried away to get the food required for the carriers. At dusk they brought in beans, monkey nuts, sweet potatoes, and *masaka* meal. This all had to be measured out, and they were paid accordingly in salt or calico. Then the carriers had to be rationed. After we had had our meal, the carriers called the people together for the service, the *machila* carriers were especially

*Communal grindstone*  
(photo by C.M. Doke)

helpful in this direction. As the moon was too late in rising, we had to rely on the camp fires and our lantern for light. How strange that service would look to many! The men on one side, the women with their babies on the other, our carriers grouped around us, all expectantly waiting! How eagerly and attentively they listened, only disturbed now and again with the cry of a baby. The story of creation and the fall of man was simply told them, and then the coming of our Saviour, who died for sinful man. One wonders how much they can comprehend of the wondrous story, with hearing it only once. The organ again proved an attraction, as indeed it did all through.

After the service, when the people had gone, we sat around the camp fires talking with the carriers until it was time to turn in. One can get into close touch with the carriers on a journey like this. Often and often we heard them discussing among themselves the talk of the last service. And how our lives are watched day after day to see if they tally with our words!

The camp was quite a sight at night, twelve or thirteen fires, with the carriers sleeping between each. Sometimes they were in a long line, sometimes in a circle, all depended on the space they had.

*A village service*



Next morning a poor boy with a fearful ulcer on his leg was brought to us for medicine, but it is little one can do for cases like that which need long treatment. However, we gave them a little stuff to last a few days. Nineteen gathered for service before we left, the others being out in their gardens bird-scaring. Our march was short that day, so that we reached camp about ten o'clock, and a lovely spot it was; a clearing in the forest with a large thatched summer house and kitchen erected for the use of the Boma Official when he comes. It was like a picnic all that day. At sundown the women brought the required food, and then the carriers gathered the people for service. After dark, a couple of women came back to hear more, so I got out my pictures to explain to them. It was as well that we had the day's rest here for one of the carriers got fever. However, he



*Lamba women (photo by C.M. Doke)*

was much better in the morning, and able to carry a light load. A number of women and girls accompanied us for a long way, singing and running in front of us, greatly excited. For dinner we camped at a stream for an hour, and shortly after we left here, we came across elephant spoor, and also got into the tsetse belt, although we were not much troubled with them. After fourteen and a half miles, we came to the village, and camped. It was being newly built, and some of the houses were really well done. Our night here was disturbed by rats. They were everywhere. One longed for the "Pied Piper". We held the evening and morning services, which were both well attended, and then moved on again. Elephants had crossed the path just before us that morning; the trees were stripped of their bark, and branches were torn down, but unfortunately we did not see the mischief makers.

The next camp was at Kawunda, the village where they have begged for an outschool. We were received well, the people doing all in their power to please us. The chief, a young man, set the women to clear a patch for our tents, and the children to clear a granary for us to use as a summer-house, as we were staying over Sunday. Plenty of food was brought here, and was bought with books, St. John's Gospel and the First Primer.

One man had learned to read, and when he returned home he taught the others, among whom was the chief himself, and so we found that quite a number could read a little. There being no villages near that we could visit on Sunday, we spent the day reading and writing, and twice I was able to get some women and children together to explain the pictures to them. The evening service was a large one (eighty-nine), and a number of men stayed to an after meeting, nine of whom, including the chief, were desirous of following the teachings of Christ. They asked all manner of intelligent questions, really wanting to know more. Truly this is the right place for an outschool! They were all so anxious to have a teacher, and have promised to build the School and a house for him, also to feed him and to buy all books, slates and pencils, required. May we be guided aright in the course we should take at Kawunda. Our visit here was a great encouragement to us. It shows what one man's learning a little can do!

Monday we were on the move again. Each day passing through two or three villages, and giving them the Message. Often we had to wait a couple of hours for the people to gather, as they were away in their distant gardens, and the carriers had to go and call them. One must not be in a hurry in Central Africa!

Saturdays we endeavoured to reach a village that had other villages within walking distance that we could visit on the Sunday, for of course we did not move camp until Monday.

At the end of that week we got near Lenge villages, and here the women greeted us with whistling like a train. In several instances we were among the first white people who had been through.

In this way we travelled for three weeks, taking a circular route and visiting fifty-five villages in the 246 miles, holding sixty-one services, and of these fifteen villages had never heard the Word before.

Our average travelling was about fourteen miles a day, but one day we did twenty-one miles, crossing six plains and marshes, to say nothing of fording rivers and going through forests. The country is simply lovely, yet in places we could see where old villages had been years and years before, for the trees, although grown up again, were all out of shape.

I mentioned before that I had taken my organ with me. As we progressed on our journey, we found that someone had preceded us, and our fame had spread abroad. The people said they heard we were carrying a "dog in a box which spoke out the words of God." And they were all anxious to hear this wonderful dog. I fear this does not say much for their musical ear or my playing!

Just before we turned our steps homeward, we came into the district of the wonderful Lake, the Kashiwa Kawena Mofya, and availed ourselves of the opportunity of seeing it. It is supposed never to have been fathomed, and has numerous superstitions attached to it. The scenery surrounding the Lake is gorgeous.

We praise God for all His loving protecting care from dangers seen and unseen, and pray that if it be His will we may be spared to enjoy more years in His service.

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### THE AKASHIWA KAWENAMOFYA <sup>17</sup>

Near the conclusion of our recent evangelistic tour to the villages along the Lukanga Valley, during May, I had the opportunity of again<sup>18</sup> visiting the curious volcanic lake, called the Kashiwa KaWenamofya (or Kashiwa KaWenambushi – the little lake of the Goat-clan), and learning a little more about the numerous superstitions that have, not surprisingly, grown up around it.

I first visited this district in July, 1913. It then appeared a barren wilderness of grass, rocks and bush, with this one gem in the midst. Kapopo was twelve miles away; now villages have moved, and we visited four within two miles of the spot.

The lake is rectangular in shape – almost a perfect oblong, were it not for the hard hand of time, which, together with vol-

*Olive Doke in dugout  
canoe (photo by  
C.M. Doke)*



canic action maybe, has left its marks in deep fissures and other irregularities. The length is about 400 yards, and width 300: a giant's swimming bath seemingly cut out of the rock by an enormous knife, the rocky sides going sheer down to unknown depths.

The superstitions regarding this beautiful lake will, perhaps, be better understood if I first outline its mythological history. Two clans of the Lamba people – the Wenamishishi (Hair-clan) and the Wenambushi (Goat-clan) – quarrelled over the chieftainship, and war ensued, which went in favour of the present clan of Lamba chiefs, namely the Wenamishishi. The Wenambushi, however, seem to have been possessed of some "spirit" (*icitala* the Lambas call it, which denotes perseverance as well as stubbornness), and though beaten, they swore that they would never bow the neck to their victorious rivals. Rather than do that, they decided one and all to commit suicide. Goods and chattels, fowls, goats and all, they threw into the lake, and then themselves plunged in, and were lost in the mysterious depths. Some say they live down there now, and have a submarine village! But around that question heated arguments still rage. On hearing this story, I naturally put the question. "How is it then that there are still members of the Mbushi clan living?" "Ah," is the answer, "one woman – a Mwinambushi – was married to a Mwinamishishi man, and, when she tried to commit suicide, he caught her and took her back to the village. She became the mother of all the Mwinambushi!"

The foregoing legend is implicitly believed by the majority of the Natives; hence they will not drink of the waters – as pure as any in the country – because, they say, they are polluted with the blood of those who threw themselves in, and would cause death or some terrible disease; though they have begun to say that these curses would have no effect on white people, especially when they have seen no evil effect on us, after we have shown temerity enough to drink thereof.

Fish are to be seen lazily swimming round, small ones near the surface and large ones deep, deep down, for the water is marvellously clear. I was sorry I had left my hooks at camp, for I longed to disillusion my carriers on the most favourite belief, namely, that if we caught them, we should never be able to cook the fish, or even kill them, however long we kept them over the coals!

I had the opportunity, however, of undermining their belief on another point. I was told that, though white men had tried with their guns, none had yet been successful in shooting across the lake – every bullet invariably fell into the water mid-way. I



had my rifle with me, so I said, "Bring me the gun, and you will see how foolish you are." Had I remembered the psychological truth that "one sees what one means to see", I should have thought twice before venturing the experiment. Putting up four hundred yards' sight, I pointed out a tree on the opposite shore, and aimed. Immediately they heard the shot, almost with one accord they started to shout, "Didn't you see it? Didn't you see it? In the water! In the water!" I warmly replied that I did not see it, and by dint of argument I got a couple of half-hearted adherents to my view; but the majority were against me. Fearing that we should have a never-ending argument I got four men, two of each persuasion, to accompany me round the lake to investigate. I confess I feared my shot had gone away in the bush beyond and that I should not have any proof to show them the foolishness of their belief. However, we threaded our way through the long grass and over yawning chasms which seemed like shafts of extinct mines, and eventually found ourselves at the other end of the lake. The tree was standing right out over the lake, and it was difficult to examine it; but after a little climbing and searching, the hole was found, and, incidentally, my reputation made. Usually, when hunting, I am sure at nothing under a haystack at 400 yards, and I thanked God for directing this shot. The men would not entirely give up their contention, but said, "You have done something today that has till now baffled every white man that has tried!" So hard of dying is superstition! The excuse they made for saying the shot had gone into the water was that they must have seen the splash of the tree splinters!

There is a somewhat similar lake about eighty miles from the Kashiwa KaWenamofya, on the eastern side of the railway line, which I have not yet visited. The Natives believe that the two lakes are connected underground, for they say that a long pole stripped of its bark, if thrown into the Kashiwa KaWenamofya, will come to the surface in the Chilengwa, and vice versa.

Two myths told me by a woman at Lukeshi forcibly remind one of the fables of the old Romans. The "spirit of the lake" seems a kindly disposed one too, though not quite as visible as the one that gave Excalibur to King Arthur in our own myths. For one thing this woman says that the earnest prayers of the barren are answered if addressed to the lake. Further this: One day a man found a beehive in a cleft of a tree overhanging the lake, and he set to work to chop it out. The axe-head flew off and sank into the waters. Thereupon the man prayed to the lake saying, "O Father, I am a poor man; give me back my axe!" Whereupon the axe-head floated up, and the man took it out.



*Mulekelela, "the storyteller of the Lambas".  
(photo by Olive Doke)*

A study of Lamba Folklore shows many a sign of similarity to ancient mythology and religious belief, as well as to our own more modern fairy-tales. To me they seem to be more than coincidences, and suggest some common source as a background. The Lamba "Tower of Babel" – though built of poles, not bricks – came down with a crash, because the termites ate the poles through at the base; and the separating of the languages of the Lamba, Lenge, Wulima and Kaonde people dates from the fall of the tower.

Native superstition has at least kept the "little lake of the Goat clan" in all its ancient isolation, clean, majestic, silent; and one approaches it even now with a certain awe and reverence.

*Lukele Alikalengele!* God's agent created it!

The print of God's fingers are still seen upon it!

## KAPUTULA

This Lukanga trek, taking us almost due south from Kafulafuta, was one that zigzagged from village to village through an area more thickly populated than those I had previously passed through. When we neared the Lukanga River, which was really a boundary between the Lamba and the Lenge tribes, we turned east, keeping on the north side and avoiding the Great Lukanga Swamp into which the river runs. Thus we were travelling parallel to the course taken by my father and me with Mr Phillips in 1913 when going from the abandoned Station of Lwamala to Broken Hill. But we were going in the reverse direction, east to west, and some twenty miles further north. We visited, as my sister has recorded, a considerable number of villages in which the Word of God had not been heard before.

Here I must break off to go back to the beginning of 1916.<sup>19</sup>

At Kafulafuta we had a large boarding School for boys, and at the opening session of that year a lad of about fourteen years of age named Kaputula, arrived with several others to enter school. Lamba boys of that age have already abandoned their birth name, the name of the deceased ancestor believed to be re-incarnated in them, and have taken a name of their own fancy. And "Kaputula" means "shorts"!

Kaputula was a bright lad, and he soon learned to read and write. On Sundays he loved to hear the stories of the Gospel,

and listened with all his heart. He had never heard such things in his village. He was used to fearing the spirits; for if anyone displeased them, the consequences to the offender were dreadful. But on the Mission he heard that there is a God mightier than the spirits. He listened eagerly, until his whole heart went out in love to the wonderful Jesus, who actually died for him. And He was coming again!

So one night Kaputula came timidly to my house and asked admission. He came in and sat down on the grass mat on the beaten mud floor. "Shikulu (Sir), I want to turn over my heart." After a long talk with him, explaining and pointing him to the One who alone can change hearts, he surrendered his all to Him, and went away happy in the knowledge of sins forgiven, and of the love surrounding him.

He never forgot that day. It was on July 9th 1916 that the lad Kaputula "turned over his heart to God", as the Lambas so strikingly speak of conversion. Little did the Missionaries realise that, in the group of boy-converts that term, was one destined to become one of the greatest of African Christians.

The school holidays came. Away trooped the boys along the forest paths to their distant homes, Kaputula with them. When school reopened, however, Kaputula did not return. No one knew what had become of him. The months passed by; vacation came again, and it was "trekking time". This time it was the Lukanga Trek.

When we found ourselves among villages in which the Word of God had never before been preached, and the village headman and villagers had been called together, I invariably questioned the gathering with the words: *Mwaumfwa ifyaWaYesu?* - "Have you heard of Jesus?" And in this area the invariable reply would be: "No, who is He?" Then came the opportunity for telling the "Old, old story" to the people, as they sat around the fires in the village court, the light of the flame flickering upon the trees that hemmed the village in. But one evening, a different answer was given to the question: "Have you heard about Jesus?" "Yes, we have heard about Jesus." "Who told you about Him?" "Kaputula told us!" was the reply. "Kaputula!" I exclaimed, "Is he here?" "No," was the reply, "he lives at Senkwe, further on."

When the service was over I hastened with a companion to Senkwe which was not very far away. As soon as we reached there I made inquiry for Kaputula. At first no answer was given; but being pressed, the people said: "He is out in the bush!" My companion explained: "They mean, Shikulu, that he is a leper, and is segregated outside the village."

The Lambas fear leprosy beyond any disease. In some places where it was very prevalent, villages have been divided, the lepers living in a group of huts across the river, away from the rest of the people.

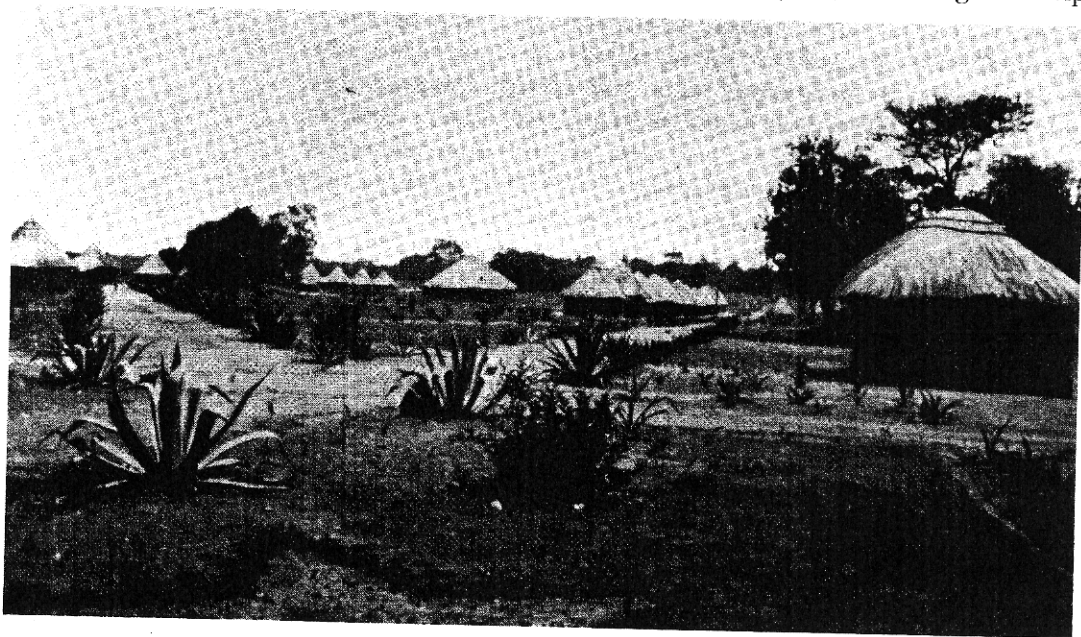
They led me along a little track to a small grass hut, some hundred of yards away in the bush outside the village. Food and water were brought to him there; but he was by himself, an out-cast, unclean! He had been faithful in witness, and now he was cast out! This was his first great lesson. "Have faith in God."

I shall never forget when I stooped down in the low entrance to the hut. There was a heap of cold ashes in the middle, and behind there huddled a miserable emaciated figure: but when he looked up and saw me, it was his shining eyes that held me. "Is it you, Shikulu?" he gasped. "Yes, Kaputula, I have found you at last. Would you like to be taken to the Mission and looked after?" There was no delay in his eager assent. I prayed with him in the mouth of that dreadful hovel; and then told him to be patient. I promised I would send a *machila* with porters to carry him as soon as I got back to the Mission.

It was not long before he was brought back to his old school. He was treated with special medicines, and to the joy of all concerned his health returned. Kaputula continued his schooling, in which he did well: he became a pupil teacher; but, best of all, his example of Christian living told on his companions, and one by one they too came out for Jesus.

Kaputula was put in charge (with Mose Katanga to help

*Kafulafuta Mission  
Station (c. 1920)*



him) of an outschool opened at Kawunda Chiwele, and then returned again to Kafulafuta. Speaking of those days, he said:

“At that time we had only the Gospel of John and Mark, together with Jonah, in print in the Lamba language. These we read constantly. This reading, and talks I had with Shikulu Filipo and Shikulu Doke, led me to ask for baptism; but several of us were seeking baptism at the same time, so Shikulu Doke had classes for instruction with us. We were five; Katandika afterwards Luke Mavula, and Ngolofwana being Reuben Chumpuka, and Chilayi his brother now known as Mako, and Jakobi Mununga and myself.”

It was a great day, on March 7th 1920, when these five witnessed to their faith in the Lord Jesus in the waters of the flooded plain of the Kafulafuta River. As was the custom on baptism, each candidate took a Bible name, and discarded his old one. Generally the father's name was coupled with this new Christian name. So, Kaputula ceased to be, and Paul Kasonga took his place. How prophetic was this name of Paul to be! A man with a “thorn in the flesh!” And what a thorn! Leprosy! He too proved that the Grace of the Lord Jesus was sufficient for him; his strength was indeed made perfect in weakness.

Shortly after his baptism – he was but a lad still of about eighteen years – a request came from Chirupula<sup>20</sup> to Mr Phillips, the Superintendent of the Mission, asking for a teacher to be sent to his farm at Chiwefwe, to open a school for the many children there. Paul was selected, as being the most trustworthy for such responsibility as far as a hundred miles from the Mission. And now let Paul tell this part of his story in his own words:

“At first I refused to go, because I was afraid of the fierceness of Chirupula; but Shikulu Filipo talked with me and strengthened me, by reminding me of the story of Joseph when he was sold into Egypt. He said I must not be afraid, for it was God who wanted me to witness and work for Him there. His words strengthened my heart and I consented to go. I went in faith that strength would be given me, and that God would go before me, and He did. When I arrived I found that my fears



*Paul with companions: Muhumbwe and Chando (rear), Paul, Benjamin and Manamba (front) (photo by Olive Doke)*



Paul

were groundless, for Chirupula received me very kindly and trusted and liked me; and I was very pleased and happy. There, too, I used to go to the surrounding villages, when my work was done, and give out the Gospel Message. I had charge of Chirupula's six children for the school hours; and his two wives, and the wife of a neighbouring doctor were very interested in the words I had to tell them about Jesus, and often came to talk to me."

But the dread signs of leprosy broke out on him again, and carriers had to be sent a journey of many days to bring him back to Kafulafuta. For a time his body responded, but he lost this toes and his fingers, and his face was affected. He battled on.

Paul said afterwards that, during that time, his Lamba New Testament, which had been published by then, was his greatest comfort; it helped him to forget himself, and God spoke to him through its pages. When his hands got too bad for him to turn the pages any more, his little brother used to do it for him. He read and pondered it day and night; and the Holy Spirit taught him wonderful things from its pages, and was indeed to him a Comforter. In these days of tribulation he learnt many lessons from God Himself!

He was on fire for His Lord.

For several years my sister was able to take Paul with her on long evangelistic journeys, and valuable and lasting work was done throughout the country. The bush car, push-pulled by two strong men was his means of conveyance.

Miss Doke writes: "Back on the Station Paul became invaluable to me with translation work, and we spent hours together getting to understand one another, black and white, as a background to know how best to present the precious Word. Together with Anashi, we had wonderful hours of study around God's Word, and this fitted us all for more understanding work, and deepened our own spiritual lives."

Paul became known throughout Lambaland, and people travelled for scores of miles to come and see him, to pour out

their troubles and ask his advice. Many gave their lives over to God in the little ante-chamber to his room. Soon he became the acknowledged leader in spiritual matters. Baptismal candidates were always entrusted to his care, and at almost any time of the day or night, listeners would squat on the hard floor of the adjacent room whilst the beloved leper instructed them from his chair or bed.

In 1926 I had the joy of revisiting Lambaland, and one of my first privileges was to go and see Paul. He was sitting in a deck chair outside his hut. On his lap was the *Ukulayana Kwawukumo*, the Lamba New Testament. With what joy he welcomed me! But he could scarcely get through the usual Lamba greetings, before he wanted me to explain a passage he was reading from Revelation, which was giving him some difficulty. My sister told me that the New Testament was his constant joy. He was always reading, reading God's Word, and explaining and teaching its contents and message to the visitors who crowded his hut door.

In 1950 I went again to Lambaland, as President of the Baptist Union of South Africa. When I visited Paul, it was difficult to realise that I was seeing an old pupil of mine. I felt awed, in the presence of one living very near his Lord. There was a quiet confidence with him; I waited on his every word; they seemed to bear authority. He had lived through a life of close experience of his Master. It was a joy then to hand him one of the first copies of a collection of thirteen books of the Old Testament. How he took the volume between the stumps of his poor, maimed, fingerless hands, and seemed to smooth the book caressingly, as he said: "Here is a feast of new things from God for me."

After my 1950 visit to Lambaland, at my sister's request I wrote the following for publication:

"I have had long talks with Paul. He is one of God's saints. Through the hard school of leprosy for thirty years he has learned the deep things of the Spirit. Despite his lonely, pain-filled secluded life, he drinks of the deep well of spiritual experience. He can no longer go on evangelistic journeys as he used to do with Miss Doke, but he is doing a greater ministry than that. We do not know what numbers of perplexed, harried souls



*Paul with Olive C. Doke  
and Anasbi*

come to consult him; but they crowd his humble abode, and they go away refreshed, comforted and guided. Here is just an instance. An old friend of mine, whom I had led to the Lord many years ago, has been going through a time of severe trouble and testing. Since last Christmas he had absented himself from worship, nursing a grievance. Knowing of my visit to Lambaland, despite painful feet, he got a friend to bring him in some twenty-five miles to see me. I was away on the Copper Belt when he reached Kafulafuta, but he awaited my return. Then I had a long conversation with him about his trouble. I gave him certain advice and then said: 'I think you ought to talk this all over with Paul.' 'I have already done so,' he said. And what did Paul tell you?' I asked. 'Just the same as you just said, Shikulu,' he added, 'I will follow the advice with God's help.'

I was talking to Paul about this man and others, and said, 'I think God is speaking to some of the people, Paul.' 'Yes,' he said, 'Do you know Shikulu, that last Sunday D.K. came to me and told me that your words at the Conference had hit him hard, and that God spoke to him?' I had not known that. D.K. was a backslider of years; he had come to greet me after the meetings; but it was to Paul he went to unburden his spiritual state. Here then, is the man whom God is using. If he were the only fruit of Lambaland it would be rich reward for our Missionaries. But praise be to God there are so many others too."

When the time came to appoint Elders in the Church, Paul was the first one chosen: four in all were appointed in 1934. In June 1953 Paul was one of the three Lambaland stalwarts who received Ordination by the Baptist Union of South Africa, and joined the ranks of Ministers.

For my 1950 visit to Lambaland, my daughter Eunice and I were fortunate to be taken from Johannesburg by our close friends Ivor Powell, the Welsh Evangelist, and his wife, who were to conduct missions in a number of the Copper Belt towns. Ivor Powell, when he visited Kafulafuta was deeply impressed when I took him to see Paul. He afterwards devoted thirteen pages of his book *Silent Challenge*<sup>21</sup> (Chapter 6) to "Paul the Leper."

I had been translating for some time his questions and Paul's answers, and cannot resist including the final one here. Powell wrote:

"His story ended, and hearing whispers, I looked through the open doorway and saw the Africans waiting to see their Paul. My conscience troubled me for I was monopolising their 'Father in God'. I pushed my chair and wondered if I dare put



my final question. Dr Doke read my thoughts, and his eyes seem to say, 'Yes, what is it?' 'Ask him which is his favourite Bible story?' I wondered what the answer would be and half expected Paul to reply 'The Story of the Cross.' To my surprise he looked up and without a smile, gravely said, 'I like the story of the feeding of the five thousand.' I was so completely surprised that I wanted to sit down and talk about the relative values of Bible stories. I was so certain that such an eminent leader of the African Church would choose the story of the Death of the Saviour. How could he choose this in preference to the greatest of all stories?

'Doctor,' I whispered, 'please ask him why he likes that one.' Paul's swollen lips pouted for a brief instant; his poor arm rubbed his cheek bone, and then he said: 'I like that story because it's a parable of how God breaks up His mercy. There is some for every man who will take it.' His answer was so deliberate; so dignified; so inspiring, I was immediately transported in thought back to the college to hear again the voice of my old Principal who specialised in such replies. My appreciation of such doctrine was not altogether silent, and as I turned toward my Professor Brother, I saw that his eyes were misty. I understood. This was the little boy whom he had led to Christ thirty-four years earlier. This was the small black scholar who had knelt in a little hut to give his heart to God. Ill-health had driven the missionary away from the station, but his black boy had lived on to be the light of the Lamba people."

Paul was called to Higher Service on August 3, 1954. He did not live to see the complete Bible, which was published in 1959.



*C.M. Doke at Paul's  
grave (1959)*

Though this in one of the smaller tours which we are considering in the present collection, it must be reckoned as one of the most important. Two hundred and forty-six miles only were travelled, but we found over fifty villages, and held over sixty services. We testified at fifteen villages where the Word of God had not been heard before; and we registered sixteen decisions, five of them at the first hearing of the Gospel. We had talks to five Saidi women at the roadside, and on another occasion to three on the way to Kawunda Chiwele. We praise God that He gave us the privilege to witness to "raw heathens" and to see the power of the Holy Spirit move them to accept Jesus, God's Son, as their Saviour and Master, and to beg us to come again and teach them more. I marvelled at the possibility and the wonder of a first hearing being believed. They had had no knowledge whatever of the existence of Jesus.

They believed in the existence of Lesa, a great being and creator, too far away to be concerned with them; and their concern was to appease the spirits.

But, as I look back from 1973 to this journey undertaken in 1917, I am convinced that the Hand of the Lord was upon us especially to guide me to that visit to Senkwe, and the discovery of the leprous lad, cast out, and waiting to die. At the time I hadn't the least thought that the decision to send for him to come to the Mission was more than normal compassion. But God could see in that emaciated and disfigured lad, Kaputula, a second Apostle Paul, with a fearsome "thorn in his flesh", but a born teacher, advisor and comforter, known and honoured throughout Lambaland.

It is nearly twenty years now since Paul's tired, disfigured body was laid to rest in "God's Acre" at Kafulafuta; but the Lamba Christians have not forgotten; and are planning to build a Church in a populous area a few miles away in honour of the man who suffered for so many years to teach the Gospel to them.

## Chapter 8

### KANAMAKAMPANGA

Lest the reader should get the idea that the Missionary is always on trek, I have decided to insert now some varied accounts of missionary experiences before returning once more to the trekking.

#### 1

#### THREE BOYS COME TO SCHOOL

I was sitting at my table in the mud-walled hut I used for study and office. The hut was built of poles planted in the ground in a circle. These were bound together with bark rope and then saplings, then smeared over with a thick covering of pounded mud. The roof was made of poles covered with a thick thatch of elephant grass cut out on the plain near the mission station. This hut differed only in two respects from the village huts of the people, to whom I had come to bring the Word of God. The doorway, six foot high, had a wooden door on hinges, instead of the bamboo screen fastened in position by a wooden cross-piece, which every village hut used. And further, a ready-made window frame and window, with four glass panes, had been fixed in the wall on the opposite side of the hut from the door. No African hut had such a thing as a window! What a stupid thing to have! Just the very thing for an enemy to use for hurling in a spear! Whoever could sleep safely in a hut that had a window? But there is no end to the absurd things the missionaries say and do!

The table was beneath this window, and the light shone on to the books and papers before me. I was very busy. The boarding school was to open the next day; and the final touches had to be made to the syllabuses, and the allocations of senior boys to the various "houses", among which the boarders were to be

divided. The headman of the mission station, a capable man named Joshua, was at the store huts weighing and buying basket after basket of *amasaka* (sorghum), brought by an endless line of women from the village. Several of the boys were emptying the corn into a huge grain bin, made of poles and mud, and having a thatched roof; it was raised on a platform to keep the grain away from the ravages of the white ants. The bin was gradually filling up. Three such bins were necessary to supply the needs of the hundred and twenty boarders at the school. No money passed between buyer and seller for this stock of corn, salt, soap, cloth by the yard or four-yard piece, shirts, shorts and many another article, were exchanged for the baskets of corn.

I was especially worried this morning, because Joshua had reported that the stock of trade goods was getting very low. A fresh supply was expected at the railway siding, some forty miles away; but it was overdue, and I was anxiously waiting to hear from the storekeeper at the siding that the goods had come, so that I could send carriers to bring the loads. Still, my needs had always been provided, and I put aside my anxiety over this matter, and turned again to the syllabuses.

Outside my door I heard whispering; then a somewhat tremulous voice said, "*Twaisa Shikulu* – We have come, Sir."

"Come in," I replied, as I pushed back my papers, and half turned my chair to face the doorway.

Into the room came three lads. They were dressed as ordinary village boys: only a loin-cloth, very small and dirty, made up the clothing of each. They came quietly in, squatted on their haunches on the beaten mud floors, in front of me, at a respectable distance, and began to clap their hands together, saying at the same time, "*Mutende Shikulu* – Peace, Sir."

"Peace to you," I replied, "Are you strong?"

"We are strong, Sir. And you, are you strong?"

They were using the respectful plural in addressing a white man, of whom they were still somewhat afraid.

"Yes, I am strong. Are your relatives at home strong?"

"They are all strong. Only this one's father's sister died last month, and the mourning dancing has only just finished." So said the biggest of the three boys, pointing to the one next to him.

The conversation of polite greetings could not be hurried, and I had to be patient, till the proper time came for more direct questions.

"What do you want, that you come here?" I asked at length.

"We want to enter school," said their spokesman.

My forehead wrinkled. I had already more applications than I had room for. After a long pause, the question:

"Where do you come from?"

"We come from Mukapu's village, Sir"

Ah, but this made a difference. Mukapu's village lay over seventy miles to the southward, among a people unreached by the Gospel. We had long hoped for scholars from this area. Now here were three. I must fit them in somehow.

"Stand up, you!" I said to the boy who had been doing most of the talking. "What is your name?"

"Katontoka, Sir"

"Oh, you are a bouncer, eh?" There was a general titter of laughter at this. For young boys' names usually have some meaning attached to some characteristic; and this lad had a way of walking with a springy, bouncing gait. The boys began to feel more at ease. This white man was *watuseko*, one fond of a joke, and pleasant to talk to, and perhaps to live with.

I wrote down Katontoka's name, the name of his father, the village (named after the headman), the stream from which the villagers drank, the boy's clan name, and his probable age, about fourteen. I was eager to get to know everything about the people, how they lived, and as much as possible about their language.

"All right, Katontoka, sit down. Now you, stand up!" I pointed to the second lad, a lanky boy, of about the same age. "What is your name?"

"Meleki, Sir,"

"You look as though you need to drink more *meleki*," I said laughing. The other two boys nudged one another and chuckled. This was going to be good, they thought. *Meleki* was a foreign word, taken from the English "milk"; but it was fashionable to take the foreign name, rather than that of *mandili*, which they used in their own language for "milk".

"You will be called Meleki two at the school." I said when I had written down all the details, "We already have another Meleki here. He comes from Ntenke's village."

And then it came to the third boy's turn.

"Sit down Meleki. Now *you* stand up!"

I was surprised, when this lad stood up, to see how small he was; yet he had a look of great intelligence; almost the head of a little old man on a little child's body. He could not have been more than eleven years old; but he had fully the confidence of his two older companions.

As the boy stood up, I noticed, in addition to his scrappy bit of loin-cloth, that he had something tied with a piece of bark-string round his left leg, just below the knee. There were two little pieces of wood, each about the thickness of a pencil and

about an inch long. I noticed more: three little tattoo marks on the back of his right hand, between the thumb and first finger, and similar tattoo marks on the upper part of his right arm.

"And what is your name?" I said.

"Kanamakampanga, Sir."

"My, my, my!" I exclaimed. "What a big name for a little man!" There was loud merriment at this. "So you are The Little Animal of the Veld, are you?"

"Yes, Sir," was the reply, without any sign of confusion.

There was no time for more talk then. Joshua was at the door to report on the amount of corn bought that morning, and two elderly women were sitting outside waiting to ask for medicine.

"Joshua," I said, "take these three boys from Mukapu, and give them each a new singlet and loin-cloth from the store, and a school blanket. Don't forget to enter the items in the book. Then take them to Katandika, and tell him I want him to have them in his house. He must send Bweupe to Kabondo's house. That is how we will fit them in."

Joshua went out with the boys. Directly they were outside, they ran over to a big mahogany tree growing not far from my office, and gathered their belongings, which they had put down over there before announcing their arrival. Katontoka picked up his bundle, a rush mat, a puku's skin, a small cooking pot, with the remains of some twice-cooked porridge, a spear for protection on the road, and a stout stick with a small cloth package tied to the end. Meleki too had his bundle of sleeping mat and buck's skin, as well as an axe and a *kalimba*, the little African hand piano, which they love to carry and tinkle as they travel the long pathways through the forest. Kanamakampanga's bundle was so arranged as to hide within it a bow and sheaf with half a dozen arrows. He also had a spear, which, when he carried it, seemed far too long and bulky for so small a boy.

Joshua laughed as he walked ahead of them. "You boys are armed as though you were coming to live among the Masukulumbwe!"<sup>22</sup> he said.

"Well," answered Meleki, "we killed a python on the road, and heard lions roaring both the nights we slept on the way."

"Here is Katandika's house. I'll go and tell him you are here: he is down at the school house. You boys are to remember to speak to baKatandika<sup>23</sup> with respect, and to obey him in everything he tells you to do. You are not to quarrel with the other boys in the house. Each week you will be given house duties, sweeping, cutting firewood, drawing water, grinding corn, or cooking, in addition to the three hours work on the Mission, and

the time you will spend in school. Do you understand?"

"Yes Sir, we understand."

And so their first experience at school, their first experience of real discipline, commenced.

## 2

### KANAMAKAMPANGA AT HOME

As I had expected, the new little recruit for the school from Mukapu was no ordinary child.

His home was in the southern lands, where the forest and the plains went down towards the great swamps. It was a country abounding in wild game of every sort. In the rainy season the great plains became flooded. Then the people, whose villages were built on the higher forested land, had often to travel in dug-out canoes, hollowed from great mahogany and other trees. These they used when they wished to visit one another, or to go to their distant gardens, where sorghum, millet, cassava, sweet-potatoes, pumpkins, cucumbers, and other food-stuffs were grown. They took the opportunity of the floods to construct their weirs with fish traps, in which barbel, bream, and many other kinds of fish were caught. They faced the traps one way as the fish came up with the floods to feed among the swampy grasses, and the other way when the waters rushed back as the flood subsided. They were great fishermen, and usu-

*Crossing the Upper  
Kafue - dry season  
(photo by Olive Doke)*



ally earned money for tax, and for buying blankets, clothing, and other luxuries, by taking heavy bundles of dried fish to the nearest store on the railway line, a hundred miles away.

In the dry season, after the floods had subsided, the tall grass on the plains was the hiding place for numbers of animals; but when the grass had turned yellow, and dried in the winter winds, the great annual fires swept destructively across the land, with their mighty roar; and blackened and parched veld took the place of what was once a sheet of water. Then came the first showers of October, and instantly all was changed. Plains became green with new grass; and out from their forest retreats came the herds of big game: the huge eland, roan and sable antelope, buffalo, droves of hartebeest mingling with herds of zebra, each acting as a protection to the other from the crouching and stalking lion. Black waterbuck, puku, reedbuck, the graceful impala, and many other species, were to be seen in countless numbers. On the edge of the forest land were to be found many a duiker, and, further in, the bush buck; while far out on the plains were the occasional little oribi, so often giving the larger game warning of approaching danger.

The great river, which wound its way across the plain, its course marked by the tall trees on its banks, was the haunt of numbers of crocodiles; and, in its larger pools the great hippo, heavy lumbering creatures on land, disported themselves with unexpected ease.

It was in the village of headman Mukapu that Kanamakampa was born. But that was not his first name. At his birth it had to be ascertained what ancestral spirit had returned to be reborn in him. His grandmother, his mother's mother, made the decision, after watching the child for some time. "It is the spirit of Chilenga, his great-grandfather, who has come back." So the baby was called Chilenga. Now the ancestral Chilenga was a renowned hunter, even renowned for elephant hunting; he was not merely called *mupalu*, hunter, but *nkombalume*, prince of hunters.

Little Chilenga grew up in the village, as all little boys and girls grow up, learning in their play to imitate their elders, getting up to mischief as often as possible, and receiving cuffs from the men and shrill scolding from the women, whenever they came where they were not wanted, or transgressed some tribal taboo. When big enough, Chilenga went off with his little boy friends to set traps for birds and mice. There was no herding to be done by these boys, as is the case in many African tribes. The country was infested with the tsetse fly, whose bit is fatal to the bigger cattle; so they knew nothing of cows and bulls and



oxen. There were a few goats in the village, but they wandered about untended, finding their food where they could, for the village gardeners were far away. The boys were clever at setting traps. Sometimes it was a poised stone, beneath which a little corn was scattered, and the poor dove or finch, which disturbed the twigs supporting the weight, brought the heavy stone down upon itself, to its undoing. Sometimes the traps were much more intricate. A noose of home-made string was cleverly fixed in a runway, which mice or even cane-rats used; and many a dainty morsel was caught that way.

Now it was soon noticeable that, though Chilenga grew slowly and was small in build, he was by far the most successful of the boys at trapping. One day he went out by himself some distance from the village, and set a more ambitious trap with a rope noose, connected to a sapling, which he had bent over, bringing its head down to the ground. He had found an animal path with the recent footprints of buck. When he returned to the place at dawn the next day, it was to find a reedbuck caught by its neck and strangled. This was an animal far too big for him to carry, so Chilenga sped back to the village, to call his uncle Lumetuka to come and help him. Lumetuka was one of the best hunters among all the men in the group of villages in the country. When he saw what Chilenga by his wit, had caught, he was amazed; but he quickly realized that the little lad was a born hunter. Great was the excitement in the village, when Chilenga came back with his uncle, who had the reedbuck over his shoulders. The story was quickly known everywhere. There was a little jealousy on the part of some of his older companions; but they soon got over that.

From that time, Lumetuka made a point of taking Chilenga with him on his hunts. The boy carried his uncle's bow and arrows; Lumetuka carried spear, axe, and an old muzzle-loading gun. The boy soon learned all there was to be learned of veld lore: how to test the wind direction, by dropping fine sand from his raised hand; how to stalk in absolute silence, taking advantage of every tuft of tall grass, sometimes crawling on hands and knees at snail's pace, sometimes standing absolutely motionless, maybe with one leg raised, when the quarry was looked up suspiciously; how to recognise the droppings of the animals, and the different foot marks; how to tell at what time they had passed.

But this was not sufficient to make him a good hunter. When Chilenga was about ten years old, his uncle decided to treat him with the hunting charm, *ubwang bwanama*. This would make him a professional hunter. No one so young had

ever been treated in this way before. But the boy had proved himself fearless and outstanding. His uncle made a powerful "medicine" of certain pounded roots mixed with the crushed head of a tree-snake. He took the boy to the hunting shrine outside the village, where trophies of the chase, in the form of horns and tails of animals, are hung up in honour of Kaaluwe, the guardian spirit of the animals. Here too, around this shrine, is the hunting dance, called *chinsengwe*, observed with beer-drinking, to bring success when big hunts are organised. Chilenga gripped one of the poles of the shrine to steady himself; and the older hunter, taking a sharp blade, made three cuts between the boy's thumb and fore-finger, on the back of his right hand. He did the same on his upper right arm, and behind his right shoulder blade. Into each of these cuts he rubbed the powder he had prepared. It was a painful operation, and the powder caused severe smarting and aching of the wounds. But not a cry or tear from Chilenga. Was he not a man now? Was not this his initiation into the honoured profession of hunter? His uncle instructed him with the time honoured words, that the power of the charm should not be weakened: "Strike nothing, not even a dog, and cut no firewood today!"



*A Twa shrine (icipanda) at Muwala's village (photo by C.M. Doke) Each hunter usually has his own icipanda that he visits before going out to hunt. After a successful hunt, meat is divided in front of the icipanda.*

tion into the honoured profession of hunter? His uncle instructed him with the time honoured words, that the power of the charm should not be weakened: "Strike nothing, not even a dog, and cut no firewood today!"

On returning to the circle of huts, Lumetuka presented the boy to the headman and others who were there. "See," he said, "Chilenga is a proper hunter now; but he is no longer to be called Chilenga; he is Kanamakampanga, The Little Animal of the Veld." And that was how he got his name.

It was soon after this that two senior schoolboys from the distant Mission, of which the villagers had all heard, visited Mukapu's village. They were on tour during their school holidays, going from village to village holding services, and telling the Gospel message to the people round the big fires in each

village court-yard at night. They had books with them, from which they read and sang. The people were very interested; especially so were the boys. The girls were pushed to the background; they had to sit at one side with the women during the services; but the bigger boys sat with the men around their headman.

At Mukapu there was quite a number of boys; and the two schoolboys from the Mission paid special attention to them.

"What are those things?" said one lad, pointing to the books. "These are books," was the reply. "This one is God's Book; it tells us all about Him, and what He wants us to do. This other one tells us what words to sing."

"How can these things talk to you?" went on the questioner.

"Look, see these marks. They talk to us. If you would come to the Mission to school, you would learn how to listen to these books talking. And you would learn to make marks like these yourselves, so that you could send words far away."

"I can't believe that," said the other.

Then the one schoolboy said to them: "I'll send my companion right away over there to that distant tree. You will tell me what he must do. I will make marks on this piece of paper; and, if you take it to him, he will do what you want."

They all agreed to the test. The one boy went away to a tree a hundred yards away, and stood with his back to them.

"What must I tell him to do?" asked the other.

"Tell him to take off his jacket, put it on the ground, and then stand on one leg."

The boy took out a pencil and wrote the instruction on the paper. One of the lads ran with the paper to the other schoolboy. He read it, took off his jacket, put it on the ground, and then stood on one leg, laughing loudly.

The village boys were amazed. Their eyes were popping out of their heads. They could talk of nothing else for days after.

It took many months, however, before any of the boys could get permission from their parents and the headman to go to the school; but eventually they did. And so, on that day before the opening of a new term the next year, Katontoka, Meleki and Kanamakampanga found themselves enrolled as new scholars at the mission.

### 3

#### KANAMAKAMPANGA AT SCHOOL

The days passed quickly, and all the new boys – for there were many others besides the three from Mukapu – soon got used to the routine of the school. An early bell woke all the boys, who

just had time to cook and eat their breakfast of stiff sorghum porridge. Then the second bell summoned them to the Church for morning prayers. Then followed a line-up and roll-call outside the store, where garden tools and equipment for brick-making and other work were kept. The boys were all given various jobs they had to do for three hours each morning. Work finished, and small break; then all trooped into the Church building which served as school also: and they were taught reading, writing, arithmetic and Scripture.

At first everything was very strange. The constant repetition of syllables, as the strange letters were shown on the blackboard by the teacher, seemed meaningless. But, when one day, they realised that by putting these strange syllables together, they were able to recognise words, and then whole sentences, the riddle of writing and reading became clear to them. How excited they became! Now, not only did they struggle in class time to learn: but, in the evenings, by the flickering light of the fire in the hut, they worked hard to learn. Katandika, the senior in charge of their house – they were eight all told in a large hut – took a real interest in the progress of each one, and helped them every evening. He was one of the pupil teachers, teaching the beginners, and himself learning English, and other subjects, with the other senior boys.

But the really great time of the day at the mission school was four o'clock in the afternoon, when school was over, and the boys could do what they liked till the time of the evening meal after sunset. Of course one boy from each house would be on duty at that time, grinding the corn and preparing the meal for his fellows. Each boy had his duty in rotation a week at a time. The boy on firewood duty would generally bring sufficient on a Saturday to last most of the week: and the other duties, such as sweeping and drawing water, were very light. So boys would be found shouting and playing ball on the open playground. Some busy themselves in weaving sleeping-mats from palm leaves: some in mending their clothes, or cutting one another's hair.

But with Kanamakampanga this was the time to go hunting. Katandika had seen that he had his bow and arrows with him: and he advised him to take them to the missionary, and leave them in his car, for the schoolboys were not allowed to use such weapons. Rather sadly the boy handed them over. I said to him: "Kanamakampanga, I thought you were a hunter. I see you have been initiated." And I pointed to the tattoo marks. "But you are here to learn as much as possible. These weapons are dangerous. I see there is poison on some of the arrows. I will keep

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 *misasa* 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.

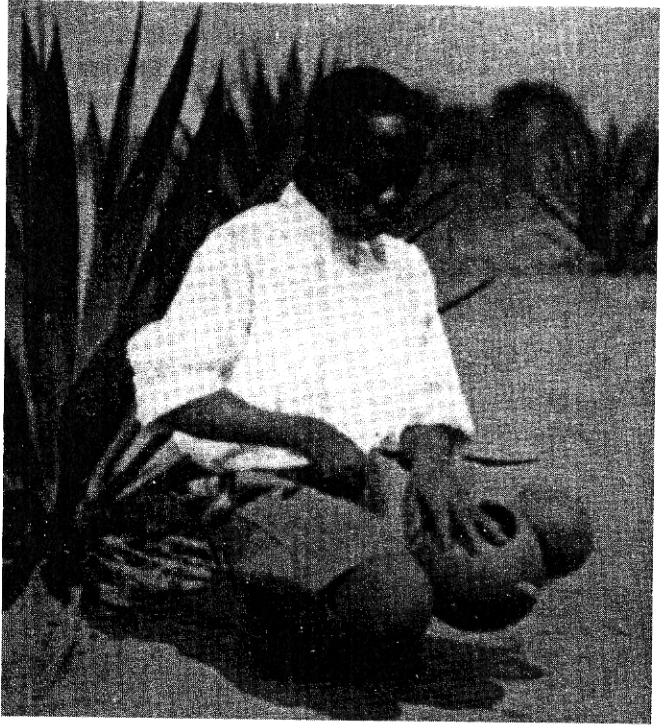
*Woman grinding corn  
in a village grindstone*



*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.

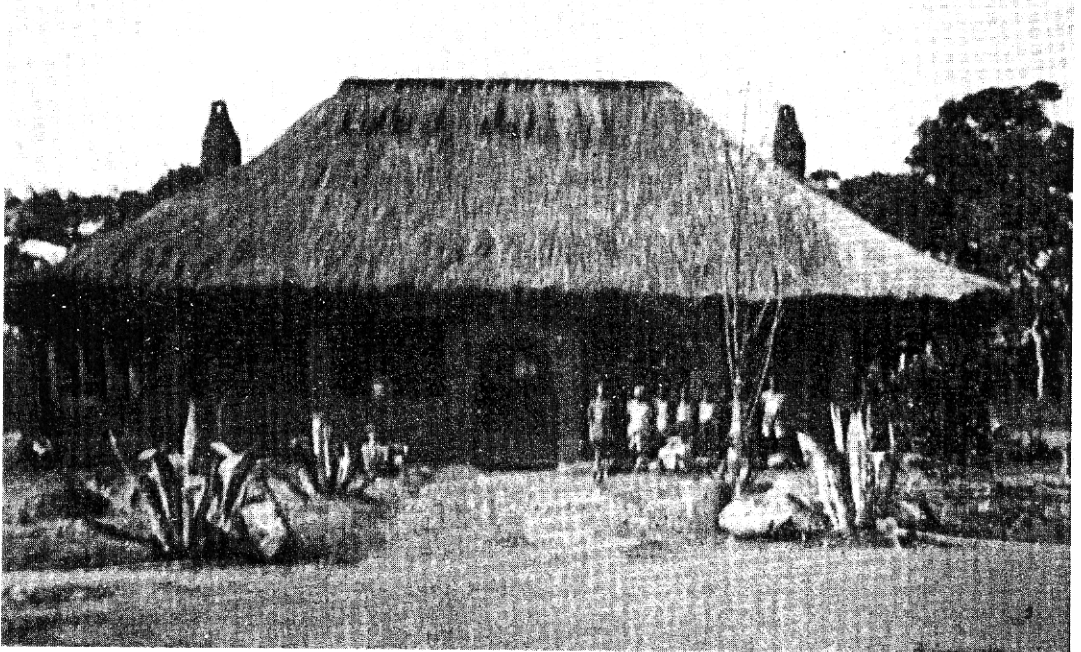
*September 10th.* Visited Sani, some eight miles from his old village. Sani didn't want us to stop. Being a Swahili, and therefore professing Mohammedanism, and his conscience none to clear, he fears a white man, and is glad to get him on the road again. After a service we set out for Nkana, being assured 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

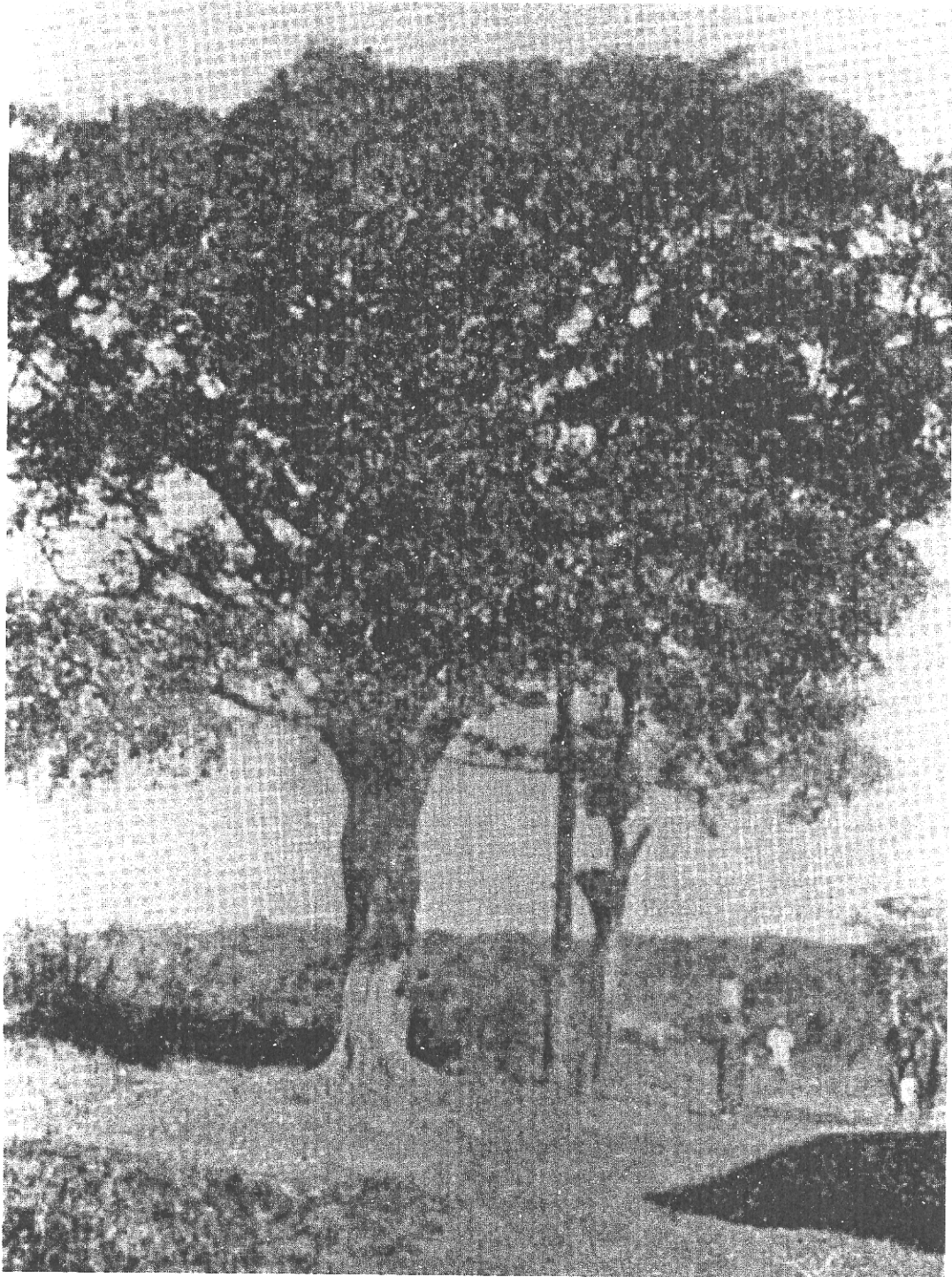
### SWAHILI JOURNEY AND THE GREAT FLU

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 the 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!

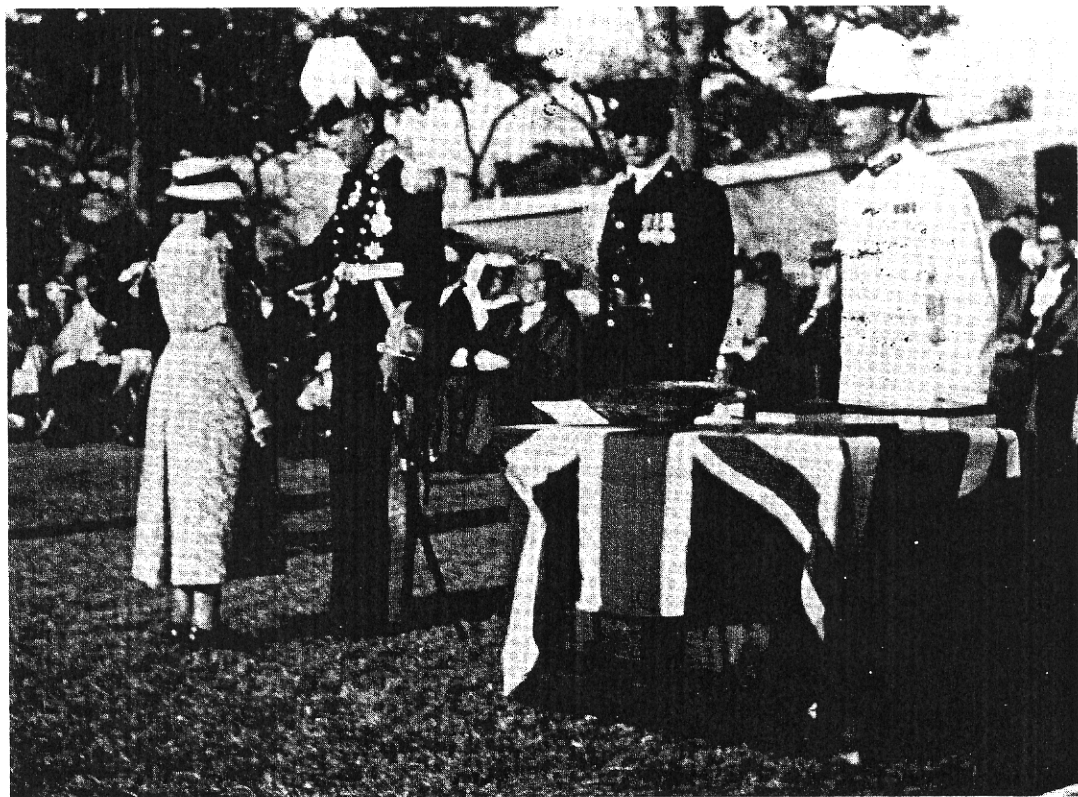
It is nice to be amongst one's friends again for a season,

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

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\*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."

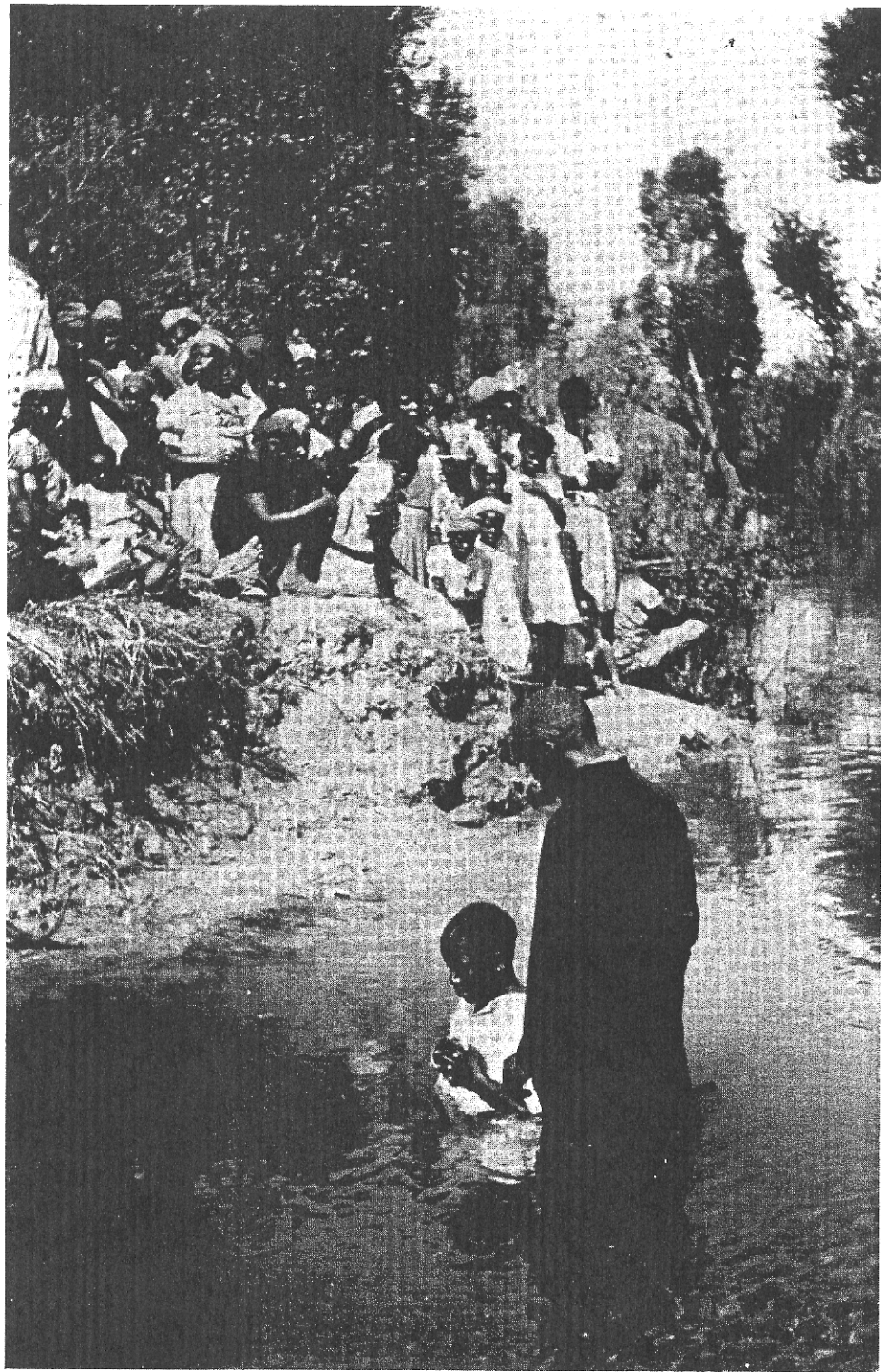
But here pause must be made to record the inroads of false doctrine – the "Watchtower" with its lowering of moral standards, and the Roman Catholics with their perverted teaching and huge financial backing. Despite some sad instances of lapsing, it is wonderful how many of our people are standing true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

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- 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.