

“And now we are gathered to give honour where honour is due. I think it may be claimed with all modesty that Rhodesia has reason to be proud of her pre-pioneers.

“We, who live in the age of amenities, may well pause to wonder what it was that drove them forth into the wilderness to accept privation, suffering and the shadow of death as their daily lot. What was the faith that was in them, whether it was articulate or inarticulate, understood or only dimly comprehended.

“In a way, the missionaries are the most easy to understand. They were supported and sustained by an unfaltering faith in Him upon Whose work they laboured. They were content to seek no other reward save that of knowing that they did His will.

“But the traders and hunters were no ordinary fortune seekers. The reward to be won, or even to be imagined, was in no way proportionate to the risk and hardship they had to face. Even the prospectors for gold, who played for higher stakes and consequently had a more reckless streak in their make-up, were purged in the same fires of trial and endurance. Beyond a doubt, all were inspired by something deeper than the mere desire for gain. Let us call it the spirit of adventure and leave it at that. At least it was something that lifted them above the ruck and placed them a little nearer to the angels. No doubt there were inglorious exceptions but, in the main, they were men of exceptional character. Their courage was manifest. They were straightforward and upright in their dealing. Their standard of conduct was high. There is evidence of this in their relations with the missionaries, for they were welcomed into the mission homes and were regarded as friends and allies.

“Some of us remember the survivors with their patriarchal beards, grave faces and quiet eyes. There are some indeed present today who travelled this road with them. We know that, though they may not have found fortune or fame, they had found something greater. We can bear witness that these were men, take them for all in all, we shall not look upon their like again.

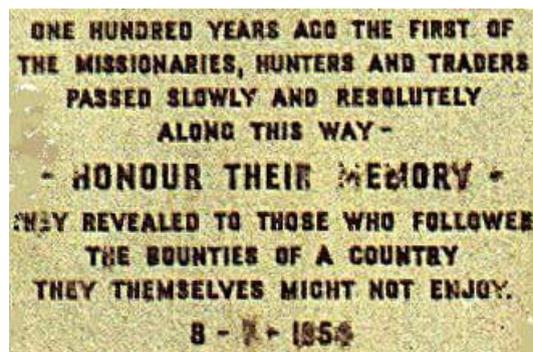
“Yes, we have travelled a long way since those days. We have seen advancement beyond their imagining. We have seen beyond the sound barrier and inside the atom. We have seen through space to what may well be the limits of our own universe, but I wonder if we have seen deeper into the heart of things than these old adventurers.

*Excellent courage our fathers bore -
Excellent heart had our fathers of old.
None too learned, but nobly bold
Into the fight went our fathers of old.*

*If it be certain, as Galen says -
And sage Hippocrates holds as much -
'That those afflicted by doubts and dismays
Are mightily helped by a dead man's touch,'*

*Then, be good to us, stars above !
Then, be good to us, herbs below
We are afflicted by what we can prove,
We are distracted by what we know -*

*So - ah, so !
Down from your heaven or up from your mould,
Send us the hearts of our fathers of old ! ”*



SIR ROBERT TREDGOLD: A Revised Edition of “A Guide to the Matopos” by Dr E A Nobbs; Federal Department of Printing & Stationery 1956

THE MATOPOS EIGHTY KILOMETRE CHALLENGE HIKE : 11 TO 13 MAY 2003

The challenge was quite simple; “to undertake a hike on a straight line across the Matopos from one defined point to another, the distance to be at least eighty kilometres (fifty miles)”

The fifty miles came about from the now defunct Bata Toughee 50 mile Hike, a national Scout hike competition which was held in 1965 and of which, I as a Senior Scout was the winner. Now that I had matured somewhat, in years if nothing else, something more challenging than the Bata hike for teenagers was in order and as our Scouts hike on a regular basis, I didn't foresee any problems for them to undertake such a challenge.

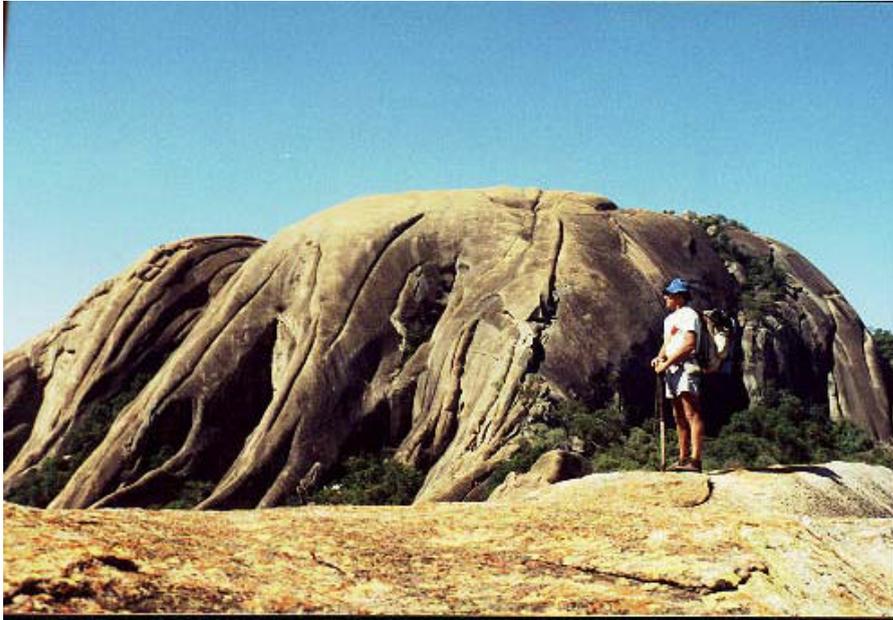
As I had already undertaken a solo straight line hike of 37 kilometres in 1980 — a rather daring thing to do as Zimbabwe had only just gained independence after a bitter 10 year bush war and tensions were still high — and that to my knowledge no other person had done such a hike; it was left to my own imagination as to the area in which the hike was to be undertaken. To obtain the best of the challenge, I decided to do a “cross — grain” hike and as the main drainage of the Matopos is from North to South, the hike would have to be East to West or vice versa. Secondly, it would have to be on the Southern fringe of the Matopos before the hills of the escarpment gave way to the relatively flat undulating dry region of the middle veld of the Gwanda/Kezi areas. And so I chose my two reference points — the Whovi River / Kezi road bridge, elevation 1100 metres near Natisa growth point on the Western side of the Matopos and Mawabeni growth point, elevation 1120 metres on the Eastern side.

Looking at the line it was obvious that the route passed over the highest of dwalas / Kopjies, notably Mount Silozwi, a climb of 340 metres from the valley floor, as well as numerous other imposing dwalas with correspondingly the deepest of valleys, which in numerous instances were akin to gorges with their steep sides, the rivers at their wettest and the Matopos “jungle” at its thickest. Baden-Powell in 1933 described the Matopos in these words: *“I suppose there is no more damnable country in the world for Scouting in than the Matopos”*.

Having defined the straight line, I then drew two parallel lines five hundred metres on either side of the line linking the two reference points so forming a one kilometre wide corridor in which to hike. The line was sixty kilometres “as the crow flies” and when a rough cross section was drawn, the route came to an estimated seventy— five kilometres. Next a time limit was needed, so I decided on four days, this being derived from the assumption that twenty kilometres a day was possible. The last consideration was the date. As it was to be a four day hike it would need to be during the school holidays so that our Scouts could take part, accordingly the April school holidays were chosen, for the weather should be reasonable, nice warm days with warm to mild evenings and sufficient water in the rivers to sustain us, although we had suffered a drought year, any later in the year the availability of water would definitely pose a problem.

The April school holidays came and with them a realisation that the Scouts had too many pressing activities that had priority over the hike, so the idea of a Troop hike had to be abandoned. I, however, had psyched myself up to such an extent that I decided to go ahead with the hike and so the week the schools opened and there was no question of the Scouts joining me on the hike. I ventured forth on my epic solo hike, which now, being an my own I planned on doing in three days instead of four.

Late in the afternoon of Saturday 11 May and after everyone who had attended the monthly church service at Gordon Park had departed, I too left Gordon Park and headed for my starting point at the Whovi River / Kezi road bridge. It was 17.45 hours when Mrs. Moloney who had kindly agreed to drive me to my starting point, left me standing by the side of the road, with my ruck sack and thumb stick as my companions, taking my Landrover, Inguluvane, back to town. As the light was fading I took my first bearing of 67^o magnetic. The only bearing, for it was to remain the same for the entire hike and headed off, but not as depicted in the movies, into the sunset. Fortunately it was a near full moon that lit up the heavens and which enabled me to hike for three kilometres, to a point I could clearly pinpoint on the map. At this point was a village and after introducing myself and obtaining permission to camp in the vicinity under a tree, I made a mug of coffee, ate my prepared meal of roast chicken and trimmings before rolling out my sleeping bag and retiring for the night.



High on the saddle of Silozwi with the peak towering above

I awoke to a fantastic morning sky just before 06: 00 hours and lay in my sleeping bag trembling with excitement of the journey that lay ahead. I had decided during the planning of the hike that I would only have a mug of coffee in the mornings so as not to waste too much time, “brunch” at about 11 .00 hours and then dinner at the end of each day’s walk.

Whilst my coffee was on the brew I packed up and then taking out the first map, for I was going to hike across four maps during the hike, I studied it in relation to the ground and chose my route for the next few kilometres. As I was doing this, I was joined by the head of the homestead that I had camped next to. He was in his fifties who worked for an NGO (Non Government Organization) in helping to promote the writing of stories and poetry in schools. We had a long conversation, sharing my coffee with him and gaining much knowledge of conditions in the area. Most importantly for me he told me of various paths to follow in order to get to Silozwi Mountain, all thankfully within my hiking corridor. At 06.30 hours I headed off, soon to be joined by a number of children walking to school as the first part was along a road.

Matopos is map reading country and once one knows where one is, the compass is seldom necessary. This together with my knowledge of the terrain, although I had not hiked in this particular area before, enabled me to make good progress. Another advantage was that most of this day’s hike was through communal lands and some through farm land, so I was able to follow paths that zig-zagged within my hiking corridor. I met many people, all very surprised at seeing a lone “Mukiwa” (white man) hiking through the bush. They were all very friendly and many offered me cobs of maize to munch as I hiked. I am sure that they thought I was mad for attempting such a journey especially when asked if I was not afraid of the wild animals and the despised militant war veterans that had recently come into the area to occupy former white owned farms. My reply was that I was not, for my mission was to accomplish a hike challenge and all that what came along with it.

One thing that I had noticed, but which did not strike me as unusual in any way at the time was a particular set of shoe tracks left by a walker somewhere ahead of me and seeming to go in my direction. The shoe pattern was a common one of a locally made pair of shoes, yet there was only one set amongst the others along the paths. More about them latter in my story.

My first major obstacle was Silozwi, which being the highest Kopje in the Matopos measured from valley bottom to top, looked very impressive from my view point. The valley below me was about sixty metres down, then up onto the saddle of Mount Silozwi was another 340 metres. This impressive kopje on the southern edge marks the boundary of the Matopo range.

From where I stood, I reconnoitered with my eyes a possible route up the side onto the saddle. The centre line of my hike passed over the saddle just where the crown of the mountain itself met the saddle, with the southern five hundred metre boundary line passing over the very top of the Mountain. It was 10.30 hours when I left my rest place high up on a ridge with just a beautiful peaceful looking valley separating me from the saddle on Silozwi. The climb down to the valley floor was quick and relatively easy, then across the valley floor and up onto the saddle. The climb up onto the saddle proved to be very tough going. The tangled mass of vegetation, hidden boulders and deep troughs of leaf mould made the going extremely difficult. Not only was I cut, scratched and abraded when I reached the top of the saddle, right on the centre line of my hike, but my rucksack too had been torn in many places. Incidentally, the rucksack is the same one that I had won in 1965 as the Provincial prize of the Bata Toughee 50 mile hike, and I have been using it for all my hikes ever since. Looking back to my last resting place on the ridge across the valley which was a good deal lower, I wondered why it had taken me over an hour and a half, for it looked so close. The time was now 12.30 hours and I had not yet had my 'brunch'. After a short rest I continued over the ridge and down to a shady place among the trees at the bottom of the mountain. Here I was surprised to find a small, crystal clear stream which flowed into a rock pool in the river. An ideal place for a well earned lunch, bath and rest. "Brunch" was a simple affair of tomato soup, a bun and two boiled eggs, more than sufficient, for I was not hungry as I was so elated at my good progress. After an hour, I donned my rucksack and headed off for what was to be a really tough afternoon's hike. This section was a mix of bundu bashing, kopjie climbing and following game trails. The amazing thing though, was when I was in doubt as to which trail to follow, when I did come upon some vestige of a track, I noticed the shoe tracks I had seen earlier in the day, fresh as ever and going in the right direction.

The afternoon's hike was a real slog, what with the sun now hot and mercilessly beating down on me, all the major rivers I expected to find water in were dry, and the bush was thick. As the sun sank low on the horizon I came to the Toghwana River, which was only about five kilometres from my intended night stop. Here I hesitated and decided that instead of proceeding directly to Lushumbe School, where I intended to camp for the second night, I followed the Toghwana River up stream for about four kilometres to Masiye Camp, a Salvation Army vocational training centre for orphans whose parents had died of Aids. I reached the centre just as night closed in and was lucky to find one of the Officers still working.

The reason for my detour, was to phone Mrs. Moloney to let her know that I was on schedule and that I had not come to any harm along the way. She in turn would phone other people, who had voiced their concern about my solo hike. At least they knew at what point of my hike I had reached should I "go missing". From my point, it was comforting to know that people were concerned about my welfare, but the hike was something I had to do, something I could not explain to any one. Before continuing I decided to have supper, a chance to buy some cool drinks and a bath in the camp's laundry basin as the showers had already been locked for the night. From here I followed the road for two and a half kilometres to Lushumbe School, where after making my presence known to the Headmaster, a Mr. Moyo, and receiving permission to camp under a nice shady tree, yes the moon was full, I once again rolled out my sleeping bag and was soon fast asleep. The objective of twenty kilometres straight line map distance had been accomplished - actual distance twenty five grueling kilometres.

Tuesday morning dawned, with the promise of another perfect day. Having woken early to have my coffee, I paid a courtesy call on the Headmaster who was still perplexed as to why I had chosen to sleep under a tree, where wild animals could harm me, instead of accepting his offer of a room in his house. He gave me useful information of where I would find a path to take me over the range of kopjies and then on into the Matopos National Park. The path was not so easy to follow as it was little used and because of the drought the trees were shedding their leaves early. Eventually I lost the path altogether and I literally had to fight my way through dense bush to get to the top of the range.

From here my progress slowed considerably for once in the National Park the grass was so tall it towered over me and there were no trails to follow, or so I thought, for once down in the valley off the ridge, I picked up a trail and lo and behold the shoe track was there in the sandy patches of the path. I was really elated at coming upon an old National Park's landrover track which I knew had existed twenty years before, for I had followed it in "Inguluvane" in 1982. Now I was in familiar territory and made good progress over the range of kopjes and through the valleys I had hiked through over the years.

I eventually came to the Tuli river at the exact place where, in March of this year, on one of our monthly Troop hikes, we had waded chest deep for ten metres through the raging torrent of the river caused by cyclone Japhet. Now it was no more than 1.5 metres wide and only just flowing. I decided to stop here for a “brunch”, as it was already 13.00 hours and I was feeling a little “peckish” and quite exhausted. I must admit, I could have had a longer lunch break for I was now beginning to feel the rigours of the hike, muscles were tightening up and the sun was burning hot. Having hiked this section of the route fairly recently, I knew of the path that would take me out of the Park to the communal land where I was to find many paths. I was in the Tuli river gorge and the Tuli River was the boundary between National Park and communal lands. Up and up, the path wound its way to the very edge, if not slightly out of my hike corridor before it turned and led me safely back onto my line of hike. Once on top, the going was easy and I made good time despite my muscles constantly reminding me that they really needed to rest a while.

Mid afternoon saw me on the Dobe School / Gulabahwa road which I followed for about three kilometres before seeking advice from the local people on the most direct path to Silobi Growth Point. I really didn't have to worry for my shoe pattern showed me the way. It was a very exhausted hiker that arrived at Silobi early evening. I made straight for the bottle store and downed two ice cold cool drinks before facing a barrage of questions from the patrons who could not believe their eyes at my appearance, firstly for appearing out of nowhere at such a late hour and secondly at my rather ragged looks, dirty, unshaven and by now barely able to walk. That night I slept at the rural clinic, on the operating table I think, per kind permission of a rather inebriated clinic male nurse. I had a fine supper of tuna salad, potatoes and peas all washed down with a large mug of coffee. Again my objective of 20km straight line map distance had been accomplished. Actual distance 25km. Total 50km.

On waking up on Wednesday morning I was greeted by a cold drizzle. Just as well I had slept indoors. Off again by 06.30 hours, even before my host had opened his eyes, bless his little cotton socks, I headed off for Mashashasha Falls through familiar territory. The drizzle came and went and as the air was a lot cooler than the previous two days I quite enjoyed the change. Also, after a good nights sleep, my muscles responded eagerly to the fast pace I set myself. I reached and passed the falls in no time and was soon down on the Mtchabezi River where I expected to have to cross the upper reaches of the New Mtchabezi Dam. Fortunately for me, the level of the dam had dropped and so I crossed the river without getting wet.

Surveying the map and looking at the actual terrain, I decided that if there was a path in the vicinity, the area having been cleared of all habitation with the building of the dam, it would most likely follow a small stream running down from the top of the escarpment. Sure enough, not only did I find the path where I expected it but it was a fairly wide track, and coming down the track was a herd of cattle with their herdboys. As there is nothing like local knowledge to assist a stranger to find his way, I asked for directions to Mazhowe Mountain which is a prominent mountain some five kilometres distant. Checking their directions against my map I thought I had it all clearly sown up and proceeded along the path, up and out of the gorge.

At the top of the initial climb I came across a village and vegetable gardens but there was nobody in sight. I checked my map and decided that I had about another half a kilometre to go before I looked for the path that was to take me over an impressive range that loomed up before me. I had no sooner put on my rucksack and started walking when an old man appeared as if from no where and the first thing he said was “I think you are lost.” And so started our conversation and when I told him I was heading for Mozhowe, then Diana's Pool and finally Mawabeni he smiled and said that I should turn off the path I had intended following and go down into the donga (gully) next to me, where I would find a path that I should follow that would get me over the range of kopjies - Mount Mazenzelo, that loomed over us. He gave very clear and precise directions as to which paths to follow and which to ignore and finally, that I would pass through a “hole in the rock” after which I would find myself on top of Mazhowe Mountain. I thanked him profusely, dropped down into the gully, turned to wave to him, but there was no one there. No sooner was I on the path which by now was damp from the intermittent drizzle when I noticed the shoe tracks in a patch of sand as I crossed the little stream. The old man's directions were so precise that I did not even have to take out my map, just as well for the drizzle continued with a greater intensity. At long last I went through ‘the hole in the rock’ and within a kilometre went over the northern edge of Mazhowe mountain, right on the centre line of the hike. Dropping off the mountain to the valley below was a different story. In the drizzle, barely able to see through my rain washed glasses, I had missed the path and now I found myself on the edge of a steep rock face with the path I intended following, at the bottom.

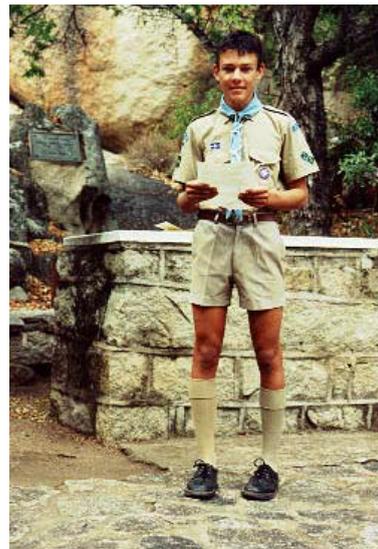
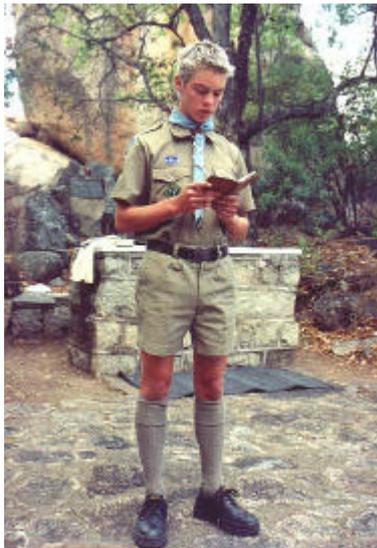
The drizzle stopped and I sat down with my feet tucked up close to my bottom, hands out on either side of me, ruck sack resting on the rock slope behind me and the thong of my thumb stick clenched between my teeth, I set off sliding down the rock face - all of forty metres of hair raising excitement - even going down hill on a roller coaster doesn't produce the same adrenaline rush as this slide produced. A great sigh of relief when I reached the bottom I can assure you. Shortly afterwards when I had resumed my hike the rain really poured down.

As I had been to Diana's Pool on many occasions I did not stop but continued past them for another two kilometres before stopping to have another late "brunch". Not long after having resumed hiking I was joined by an elderly man who was on his way to fetch his cattle. Fortunately he was going my way so we struck up a conversation. When he arrived in the area where his cattle were, he put me on the direct path to Mawabeni. Nearing Mawabeni, I was again assisted in finding the most direct path through the settlement on the Nsezi River which was a river of sand of one hundred metres in width.

I arrived in Mawabeni Growth Point at 17.15 hours, cold, as the temperatures had dropped considerably, and thoroughly exhausted having covered thirty two kilometres for the day. From here I managed to get a lift in a haulage truck on its way to Bulawayo. At Essex filling station, near the city I alighted and phoned Mr. Rose, a parent of one of my Scouts and requested a lift home but not before he had taken me to his home for supper, which I greatly appreciated.

The distance of my hike turned out to be eighty two kilometres and I had done it in three days. I enjoyed every moment of it, despite the change in the weather and painful leg muscles for the following few days. What of the shoe prints that showed me the way from start to finish, especially at times when I was uncertain of which way to go, even in the National Park in an area nobody would normally be? Then, when I was going really slowly because I was tired, the shoe prints came in the opposite direction, towards me, perhaps they were saying "hey hurry up"? And the fact that I did not actually see anyone wearing shoes with that particular pattern, although I know it is a common one. And then the old man who seemed to appear from nowhere and disappeared just as unexpectedly. Perhaps it was another case "of footprints in the sand". Certainly my guardian angel was with me.

Norm.



As part of their Advanced Scout Badge tests concerning their Duty to God, Joe and Paul conduct the June and July Scouts' Own Services respectively, in the St. George's Chapel at Gordon Park.

1ST BULAWAYO (PIONEER) SCOUT TROOP

TROOP PROGRAMME OF ACTIVITIES

SEPTEMBER to DECEMBER 2003

SEPTEMBER

5- 6	Monthly hike
9	Schools open
12	Troop meeting : Mabukuwene
14	Gordon Park service: 1200 noon
19	Troop meeting : Mabukuwene
26	Troop meeting : Mabukuwene
27	Provincial Cook-out competition

OCTOBER

3-4	Monthly hike
11-12	Parents' camp
12	Gordon Park service: 1200 noon
17	Troop meeting : Mabukuwene
18- 19	Jamboree-on-the-air/internet
24	Troop meeting : Mabukuwene
31	Troop meeting: Mabukuwene

NOVEMBER

7-8	Monthly hike
9	Gordon Park service: 1200 noon
14	Troop meeting : Mabukuwene
21	Troop meeting Mabukuwene
28	Troop meeting Mabukuwene Sausage sizzle

DECEMBER

4	Schools close
5- 6	Monthly hike
12	Troop meeting Mabukuwene
14	Gordon Park service 1200 noon
19	Troop meeting : Mabukuwene last meeting of the year
25	Christmas day

Pantomime duty dates to be advised

THE CENTENARY PILGRIMAGE

It was natural, indeed inevitable, that the View of the World should become a place of pilgrimage and it has seen many such occasions. But the most memorable was that which marked the climax to the celebration of the centenary of the birth of Rhodes.

On the 5th July, 1953, a solemn procession, more than a quarter of a mile in length, wound slowly from the outspan to the grave. At the top of the hill there gathered upwards of 5 000 people. Amongst these were Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Her Royal Highness the Princess Margaret and the Governors of all the three territories, soon to be joined in the Federation. No one who was present will forget it all: the hushed reverence of the great concourse of men and women, against the silence of the eternal hills, the impressive service and the reading of the most appropriate Psalm - the one hundred and twenty-first. But a Press reporter struck the truest note when he said, "The most moving moment of the service was the Lord's Prayer. Everyone spoke this softly, but the linked voices, completely surrounding the hilltop, became a solid bond of faith and homage."

The address was given by Sir Robert Tredgold:

"Do you remember what old John Burns said of the Thames: that it was liquid history. I think we may claim that here we have history in rock. Rhodesia has not a long history but what there is of it is writ large upon these hills.

"Into the hills in the beginnings of history came the little, mighty hunters, who made it their domain and left their queer, magic paintings which excite our imagination to this day.

"Then came the Makalanga, the old people of the land, to whom we owe the names of most of the hills. Over there, at Njelele, they established their mysterious religion, which survived two conquests by Africans and lived to hold its conquerors in thrall, and was still in being after the Occupation to play a not unimportant part in the history of this country.

"Over there at Nthabenyama was fought the last fight between the Matabele and the immigrant Boers. There Potgieter, in his great straw hat, pitted himself against the Matabele regiments and there it was proved that in the hills was a rampart too strong even for that stout-hearted fighter.

"The valley below us was the scene of two of the fiercest engagements in the rebellion. Away to the north-east sleeps Mziligazi, the great King of the Matabele, looking out to the north over his dominions, after the custom of his royal house.

"A few miles beyond is the scene of what was certainly the most dramatic incident, if not the moment of greatest achievement, in the life of Cecil John Rhodes when, to use the picturesque expression of his antagonists, he 'separated the fighting bulls' and began a new era of peace and co-operation.

"At this spot are centred the graves of a number of men of distinction, who deserved well of their country, but throughout the length and breadth of the hills are scattered the graves, known and unknown, of many good men, Boer and Briton, African and European, who, each in his humbler way, contributed to the building of our country.

"It is altogether fitting, therefore, and altogether appropriate that our founder should rest at this spot which is so close to the heart of our land. Yet it was a strange instinct that led him to choose this very spot, that over the long years had been known as Malindidzimu 'the dwelling place of the spirits'. I have heard it said that the name was given because of the graves that are now here, but this is not so. Indeed, it was in respect to an age-old tradition that at the funeral of Rhodes the guns of the firing party were hushed lest they disturbed the ancient spirits. Was it a strange coincidence or was it one of those secret things that happen and that we, who feel shame to admit the limitations our knowledge, call a coincidence ?

"And now, we are gathered to mark the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Rhodes.

"I am not going to attempt here a re-assessment of his character. I have heard all too many, some from this very spot, and each has seemed to me to partake too much of the preconceived ideas of the speaker. And yet, is not perhaps one of the aspects of greatness that it can give a varying inspiration to a diversity of people?

“Nor am I going to indulge in eulogy. I do not think he would have wished it. That is not the English way, and Rhodes was above all things English. To me, the finest tribute in the whole country is the statue at Bulawayo without a name and without an inscription - the quiet assumption that here was one whose name liveth for evermore.

“I would just like to leave with you one thought. Standing at this spot which Rhodes loved so well, can we not, each for himself, find some clue to the greatness of the man in our surroundings. Here he would come to find strength and solace when beset with the great responsibility that rested on his shoulders. It was an urge which has moved the great minds of all peoples through the ages, back to the time when the psalmist lifted up his eyes to the hills, back further even to the Mount of Sinai; the urge to seek high places, there to find communion with the elemental powers of the universe, by whatsoever name they called them.

“When he left us this spot and the hills around it surely it was not just as a place for a picnic; surely it was in the belief that some at least would find here a fragment of the vision and the dream. He called this spot ‘The view of the world’, a term we have debased into ‘World’s View’. I use the word ‘debased’ advisedly for it seems to me that the two expressions have very different meanings. I do not think that Rhodes meant to make a pretentious claim that here we have the finest view in the world. It is not that; it is not even the best view in the Matopos. I think he meant that from this spot we, in a special sense, seem to look out over the great globe itself, out beyond our own little lives and even our own country, out and out over the great suffering, struggling mass of humanity. Here we may learn to see life steadily and to see it whole.

“That is why Rhodes left us these hills and wished us to come here to find something of the spirit that he left behind him.

“We stand on the eve of great happenings in Central Africa. We stand on the eve of even greater happenings in Africa at large. During the next two generations great movements will be set on foot and vast forces released in Africa, the end of which is beyond the mind of man to see. We cannot hope altogether to control these forces. We may perhaps give them a directive. If we are to do so it will require more than ordinary common-sense; it will require the longest vision and the most imaginative leadership. As we go forward from to-day let us constantly bear in mind Burke’s saying, that a great empire and little minds go ill together. Let us pray that we may be granted the vision of Rhodes, Rhodes’ limitless horizon, Rhodes’ view of the world.”

SIR ROBERT TREDGOLD: *A Revised Edition of “A Guide to the Matopos” by Dr E A Nobbs; Federal Department of Printing & Stationery 1956*

God’s Mighty Handiwork

*“ The earth is THE LORD’S
And the fullness thereof ” -*
It speaks of HIS GREATNESS
And it sings of HIS LOVE
It whispers of mysteries
We cannot comprehend
Of a beautiful land
Where life has no end

Helen Steiner Rice