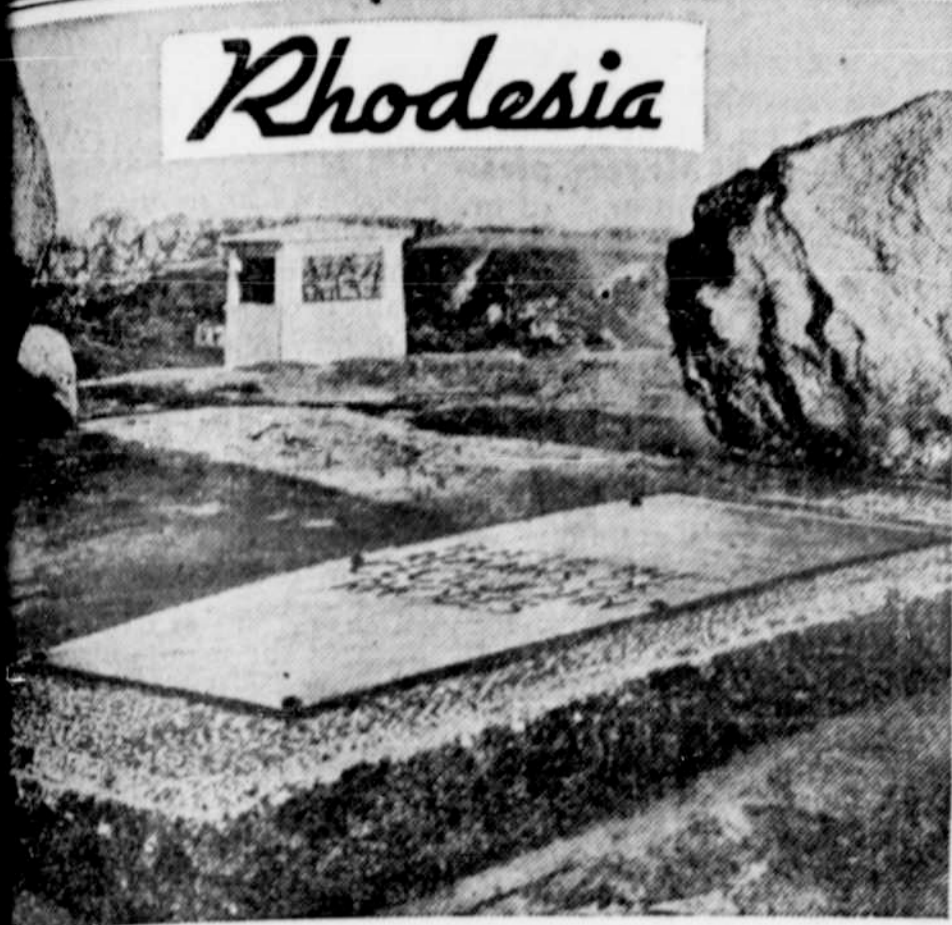


Rhodesia



Tomb of Cecil Rhodes.

ed by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service. PIONEER country's memorials are usually natural features. Rhodesia has its In-tree and its Matopo hills. But most curious spectacle extant dated with Rhodes is that craterlike pit at the Kimberley diamond mines, where he began the fortune which made possible his future colonizing schemes. Kimberley in the 1870s. a bucket, alongside the checkered pattern of claims, sits a rumple-haired slackly garbed youth, staring into vacancy. Natal has lost a cotton gin, and the world will one day to put it thus since his name Rhodes—a Colossus.

English doctors gave this Cecil John Rhodes a year or five, but the South African climate saved him. From death to life, and from them to vast South African statesman and empire-building—such will be swiftly ascending rungs during life that will end at forty years.

While he dreams—he is an ambitious dreamer. Presently he is making wills, based on some chimerical wealth, to the end of extending the British empire so as to "render wars impossible and promote the best interests of humanity."

Two Rhodesias, of which the northern colony is almost double the size of the Southern, contain two and a half million people but 61,000 persons of European descent. And over what an expanse are these few scattered! One can roughly compare the area of Rhodesia with that of the thirty states, or parts of states, lying between Pennsylvania, east of the Mississippi rivers, east along the Gulf of Mexico, and along a hypothetical line running through central Florida.

Compare the above region as being populated by a population only nine times that of Atlanta, Ga.—a population wherein the Bantu and white are proportioned at 40 to 1. Older, along with that, a civilization only four decades old, and you have the basic elements of Rhodesia, the pioneer colony.

Land of Real Pioneers. Rhodesia, individual effort has developed into co-operation, crop raising into mixed farming, and department of agriculture, having with the cultural and financing of Rhodesian husbandry, has been going for the benefit of the pioneers.

"Pioneer," be it noted, is strictly a relative term. We have heard of the pioneer and the aviatrix, but of the "pioneeress." Comparing the proportion of women to men in various countries, one finds that the pioneeresses generally have an average of the former over the latter, whereas the reverse is true of the later settled, such as Canada, New Zealand, the United States, and Australia. Now, in this matter of pioneeresses, the yet-younger Rhodesia out-tops almost all countries and exceeds the above-named

quartette by a "masculinity" of from four to seven times greater.

That conveys, of course, no social picture of Rhodesia, where woman is playing her full part, as always. Rather, it tells the old story—that the foot-free man strikes out for new lands and, in time, sends overseas for that "girl at home" to make the land worth living in.

And just here the governmental settlers-assistance schemes enter the picture. Somewhat similar in effect to the Homestead act that, in 1862, called American pioneers to plant their homes on free western lands, the Rhodesian assistance schemes went much further, in offering nominally free passages from England to the colony and, upon the settler's arrival, free agricultural instruction for a year.

Like the homesteader, he pledged himself to remain for three years. Unlike the homesteader, he was subject to a minimum and a maximum of available capital, and bought his land, at a dollar or so per acre, on a 24-year installment plan.

Settlers Have Good Homes.

To reach a Rhodesian settler's farmstead, you might possibly drive 20 wooded miles off the turnpike, and, if it is after nightfall, hear some stray lion gulping gutturally in the distance. Yet, once arrived, you find yourself in a true home that the man and his wife have made together. He and his native boys have built the house, planning it around a big central room with a wide hearth. She has made it bright with gay curtains, with the rugs brought from overseas, with the homelands' flowers.

And the smart furniture? Well, Rhodesia has its teak, and it is astonishing what carpentry native "boys" can achieve with the assistance of designs cut from household magazines, and the vicarious elbow grease of your constant presence.

Across the broad acres the reaped corn stands in regimented stacks. There's a farm store where the settler sells to his native "boys." For amusements, there are horseback riding, hunting, fishing, books from public libraries, and maybe a radio set.

As for educating the regional settlers' children, a minimum of ten pupils calls for the establishment of a governmental school. Failing that number, in sparsely peopled sections, there will be an "aided farm school," with a government grant for each child.

Heading eastward from Salisbury, you soon find yourself nearing those mountains beyond which extends Portuguese territory. Completely cupped within their foothills' lofty profiles lies Umtali, eastern outpost of the Rhodesias. Nothing could reveal itself as a more charming surprise than this neat little town, tucked away on the colony's remote verge, its streets lined with tall flamboyant trees that rear their masses of scarlet blossoms against the mountain-rigged valley's vastness of overhead blue.

A 250-mile swing around a circle centering on Umtali reveals it as Rhodesia's gateway to the wild

heart of things, where waterfalls plunge over precipices, and primitive forests clothe the land with silence, and nude peaks pile their shapes against the sky.

The Matopo Hills.

At times you traverse 50 miles of wild woodland that offer no more guiding features than a dry streambed or some cement causeway, built at low level to allow seasonal torrents to sweep across instead of under it. Brilliantly plumaged birds flash past, groups of rock-perched baboons discuss family affairs. Issuance into the open, with a mission church ahead, is an experience, while the passage of some other car is a downright sensation.

Yet, though you would not have guessed it, there are often kraals near the road, and thus you get a glimpse of native corngrinding, snuff-making and hairdressing.

Near Bulawayo you visit the Matopo hills. After a few hours' drive, the land begins heaping itself into a wide series of rocky kopjes. Here nature seems to have worked haphazard, flinging so many great boulders atop of so many pinnacles that one might well call the place the Valley of Balancing Stones.

Now you clamber up the vast, smooth slant of a massive formation and find yourself on a rocky plateau, feeling antlike beside the huge, globular boulders that are perched there over "World's View." Away stretches the tumbled kopje-heaped valley, resembling earth's beginnings as sculptured by some supernatural Rodin, who has tossed the unfinished work aside, saying, "Make out of it what you can."

The boulders immediately encircling you are vivid with lichen, in reds, greens, and gold. A child would call this a fairy place, and dream of enchantments. Then suddenly one severe slab, imbedded over what was laid to rest in the blasted-out heart of the rock, tells you that here has been high burial: "This Power that wrought on us and goes Back to the Power again . . ."

Ah, power! Far better than any cathedral aisle does this "View of the World," Rhodes' self-chosen burial place, suit with the rugged power of the man. The gnarled pinnacles are his cathedral's spires, the richly hued boulders his stained-glass windows.

Once, when Rhodes was a boy, he asked a gray-haired man why he should thus be busied planting oaks, since he would never live to see them full grown. Unforgettably for Rhodes, the veteran replied that he had the vision to see others sitting under the trees' shade when he himself had gone. And well may Rhodesia be likened to an English oak, springing by like vision from the dust now resting under the slab in the Matopo hills.

COAST GUARD HEAD



Commander Russell R. Waesche, head of the finance division of the coast guard, has been nominated by President Roosevelt to succeed Rear Admiral Harry G. Hamlet as commandant of the coast guard. He will assume the duties of his new post with the rank of rear admiral.

BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

BOBBY COON GETS A FRIGHT

BOBBY COON walked slowly down the bank of the Laughing Brook to the little fence with the little opening in it in which he knew a trap was hidden. Bobby was not at all easy in his mind. He didn't know much about traps. If he had known more about them than he did he would have been less afraid. Looking across the Laughing Brook he could see a little brown form bounding along the other bank in the moonlight. It was Billy Mink. He knew that Billy was not afraid and that Billy was going to do on that side of the Laughing Brook what he himself had agreed to do on his side.

Bobby approached the little opening in that fence made of sticks, and studied it carefully. Billy Mink had said there was a trap there, but look as he would, Bobby couldn't see a sign of one. Some wet, dead leaves lay in the little opening in the fence and nothing else was to be seen. Billy Mink had said the trap was under those leaves. Bobby wondered how Billy Mink knew. Billy told him that there was no danger except right in that little opening.

Very cautiously Bobby pulled away the dead leaves that covered the ground on his side of the little fence in front of the opening. He even dug down into the sand a little. Presently his fingers caught something hard. He pulled them away as if they had been burned. Nothing happened. Curiosity gave Bobby new courage. He dug away very carefully the leaves and sand at that particular spot and presently he uncovered something shiny. Anything bright and shiny always interests Bobby Coon. Again he touched it and snatched away his paw. Nothing happened. Then Bobby got hold of that shiny thing and pulled ever so gently. The leaves in the little opening in the fence moved. Bobby pulled again. Those

leaves moved some more. You see, Bobby had hold of the chain of that hidden trap.

Finding that there was nothing dangerous about the chain, Bobby continued to pull and presently there was the trap itself right in front of him. He sat down and studied it. He wondered how it worked. He was afraid of it, but he was very, very curious. There it lay with its jaws spread wide. Bobby remembered that Billy Mink had said that there would be no



All of a Sudden That Trap Jumped Right Off the Ground.

danger if he put his paw under it. Very cautiously he slipped a paw underneath. All of a sudden that trap jumped right off the ground. There had been a wicked sounding snap and those two jaws flew up and came together so swiftly that Bobby didn't really see what had happened. He had sprung the trap.

Bobby didn't wait to see what had happened or what was going to happen next. He almost turned a back somersault in his hurry to get away from the strange thing. He scurried along back up the Laughing Brook as if he expected that trap would follow him.

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Through A WOMAN'S EYES

by JEAN NEWTON

"I'VE BEEN DWELLING WITH A ROSE"

"DEAR Jean Newton—I am very much concerned with my daughter, a girl of sixteen, in high school, because of two girls whom she has chosen for her intimates.

"The bond between her and those girls is that they are the only good hockey players in her class, hockey being her favorite sport. The other two girls live on the same street and are chums. But between them and my daughter there is absolutely no community of interest—except hockey.

"It is not only the social differences to which I refer. I assure you this is not a case of snobbishness. They are her inferiors culturally and intellectually, too. While my daughter stands high in her studies, the interests of these girls are on a par with very ordinary mentality. Formerly my daughter's friends were always girls who were distinguished in some way. And to see her now chumming with the bottom rung of the class and girls who lack refinement to boot, causes me no little concern. Indeed, from one incident, I judge that one of the girls at least lacks ordinary integrity.

"Naturally, I have taken every means short of constant nagging to break up this intimacy. My daughter says the girls are good sports

and she likes them. She resents my references to the effects of bad company or the dangers of undesirable company as old stuff. She has her standards, she says, knows how to conduct herself, and is not subject to 'influences.' What do you advise, Jean Newton?"

If this mother's problem were mine, I think I should avoid what her daughter regards as the "old stuff" about bad company and try a different tack. I think I should make the positive suggestion of the delights of friendships that are improving and exalting, of intimacies on one's own plane. I should mention the pleasure in contacts with those whose superiority in some way opens up to us something interesting and broadening. And then that point about having to take our choice, because we do most certainly identify ourselves with those whom we call our friends.

There is an old Persian fable which says:

"One day A traveler found a lump of clay, So redolent with sweet perfume Its odor scented all the room. 'What art thou?' was his quick command. 'Art thou some gem of Samarcand, Or Spikenard in this rude disguise, Or other costly merchandise?' 'Nay, I am but a bit of clay.' 'Then whence this wondrous perfume, say?' 'Friend, if I my secret would disclose, I've been dwelling with a rose.'" © Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.