SHAW DESCENDANTS IN SOMABHULA

By Drew Campbell Shaw, son of Sydney Campbell Shaw, grandson of George Henry Locke Shaw, great grandson of Ambrose George Campbell Shaw, great, great grandson of Rev. Barnabas James Dold Shaw, great, great, great grandson of Rev. Barnabas Shaw
The Shaw family descend from the Reverend Barnabas Shaw, a Wesleyan missionary who arrived in Cape Town on 4th April 1816 from Elloughton in Yorkshire, England.
Reverend Barnabas Shaw established South Africa’s first Methodist mission at Leliefontein in Namaqualand and was instrumental in the campaign against slavery. He was famous for ringing the bell that marked the end of slavery in the Cape, to scenes of jubilation in 1834.

He was married to Jane Butler, also of Yorkshire. Together they had ten children, four of whom died shortly after birth. He wrote a book titled *Memorials of South Africa*.

**Leliefontein Wesleyan Mission**
**near Kamieskroon, Namaqualand**
Barnabas and Jane Shaw are commemorated on a tombstone laid into the floor at the back of the Methodist Church on Burg Street/Green Market Square in Cape Town - a church he helped to establish. The Rev. William Moister later also commemorated his predecessor in *Barnabas Shaw: the Story of his Life and Missionary Labours in Southern Africa* in 1877. In his preface he states:

“PERHAPS there never was a Christian Minister sent forth to preach the Gospel in heathen lands whose labours excited greater interest among the friends of Missions than those of the late Rev. Barnabas Shaw, the founder of the first Wesleyan Mission Station in Southern Africa. Divine Providence opened his way in a remarkable manner, and everything favoured the promotion of that popularity which he soon won for himself as a faithful and successful Missionary of the Cross....

There appeared, moreover, in Mr. Shaw’s character and proceedings a genuine candour, a singleness of purpose, and an earnestness of aim, which won the hearts of all who knew him...”
Barnabas and Janes’ first surviving child, Barnabas James Dold Shaw, born in February 1820, also became a well-known man of the cloth, and is the ancestor of the Shaw families in Somabhula. Although educated in theology at Woodhouse Grove in England, he returned to South Africa with his wife Barbara Walkinshaw and gave his first sermon in Bathurst in the Eastern Cape. They had six children, Barbara, George Henry Bramwell, John Reay, Samuel Charles, Ambrose George and Dorothy Katherine. Barnabas is remembered as “a dear old man who read the bible in Greek and knew all the names of the flowers in the veld.” (Barbara Chowles notes this). He taught theology in Grahamstown and Peddie.
The Shaws and the Eastern Cape

1820 Settlers from England and Scotland settled the Eastern Cape region during a period of British expansionism in South Africa. They were sent to farm and to provide a ‘buffer zone’ during the Xhosa Wars, which lasted for decades. The Shaws were not 1820 Settlers, descending instead from Barnabas Shaw the missionary. Nevertheless, because of marriage links, many Shaws can trace maternal 1820 Settler lineages.

Rev. Barnabas James Dold Shaw and his descendants settled in the Eastern Cape in the mid-nineteenth century. Integrating with the locals, they became well-known in the Bushman’s River area, Kenton-on-Sea, Port Alfred, Bathurst, Salem, Grahamstown and Peddie. Shaw Park, named also for Rev. William Shaw, is between Bathurst and Port Alfred.

Rev. Barnabas Shaw befriended Rev. William Shaw (the more famous Wesleyan missionary in the Eastern Cape). They were not related but shared the same surname by coincidence.
BATHURST METHODIST CHURCH BUILT, 1832. REV. SHAW PREACHED HERE

ST JOHN’S ANGLICAN CHURCH IN BATHURST BUILT BY 1820 SETTLERS

ST JOHN’S CHURCH CEMETERY IN BATHURST WHERE LIE THE REMAINS OF REV. BARNABAS JAMES DOLD SHAW

BORN AT WARRINGA 25 APR 1819
DIED AT BATHURST 8TH DECEMBER 1893
“PEACE PERFECT PEACE”
Ambrose George Campbell Shaw was born in the District of Peddie in the Eastern Cape in 1859. Ambrose married Mary Ellen Locke in 1887 and had ten children with her.

The family moved to Rhodesia after the First World War, with all but two daughters - Engela (Ena) and Emily, who married and remained in the Eastern Cape (however, both later travelled to the then Rhodesia).

Ambrose was well-liked in the community and enjoyed a good joke. He had a permanent leg injury and had to wear special supportive boots (apparently the result of being dropped as a child). With savings, he and his extended family bought a considerable acreage of land. He settled on St. Ives Farm, while his eldest son Gordon Locke Shaw started on Bijou Farm in the Vungu. (Gordon and Edwin had come up to the then Rhodesia and worked initially for the Brandt family.) George started to farm on East Lynne Estate, while Drew and Edwin shared Agincourt (of Montrose). Campbell Farm was later purchased and left, by Ambrose, to the six girls – Ena, Emily, Florence, Gwendoline, Jean and Thora Emily, who brought the sisters out, eventually took over the farm. Later Emily’s son Mark Chowles acquired East Lynne and Campbell. He in turn sold East Lynne, many years later, to Billy Berger. All of this ground is in the Vungwana Valley, west of the present Bulawayo – Gweru road.
Ambrose’s first wife, Mary Ellen, died in 1930. He remarried to Emily Jackson Ward (previously a school teacher at Daisyfield). Emily became his companion until 1950 when he died, aged 91.

NOTES

1 Engela (Ena) married Henry Cecil Heathcote and this is the link with the Heathcotes of Somabhula. Together they had Cecil, Carlisle and Leslie. Their son Cecil (Jack) Heathcote married Nora James and lived on Four Streams Farm. Their children were Cecil, Janet and Susan. Carlisle married Dorothy and had David and Sylvia. Lesley Heathcote married Harry Smith and had no children. Both became well-known figures in the Somabhula district, farming after Harry retired as a train-driver. Engela re-married to a Mr Meek, having two further children, Vaughan and Cynthia. Vaughan died in his teens while Cynthia married and had children with Cecil van der Merwe, Harry and Leslie (Joan Shaw - nee Wilson - remembers teaching these boys at Somabhula School).

2 The story of Gordon Shaw can better be told by his descendents, some of whom are still farming in the Gweru area. Gordon married Erilda Gwendoline Ferguson (daughter of William Shields Ferguson, a pioneer farmer/trader who arrived in 1893 and settled in Somabhula in 1908). They had five children, June, Allan, Owen, Edwin and William (all with the second name of Locke). June married Bruce Webster and had Bruce, Marion, Colleen, Ian, David and Edwin. Allan married Eileen Jooste and had Owen, Bevis, Glenn, Colin and Grant. Owen married Moira Price and had Nigel, Trevor and Derek. Edwin married Martha Oosthuizen and had Jennifer, Edwin, Mark and Sandra. William married Maureen MacDonald and had Sharleen, Donald, Debra and William.

3 Edwin, the youngest son, born in 1900 and died in 1972, lived for a number of years in Rhodesia before returning to settle in the Eastern Cape, where he got married to Stella Cilliers. His close friend ‘Jockey’ accompanied him and lived nearby.

MAPS

ZIMBABWE

Somabhula district
Vungu and Upper Ngesi Rural districts

To Bulawayo

Wida Railway Siding

Somabhula Village
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PART TWO: GEORGE & FAMILY

George Henry Locke was baptised by his Grandfather, the Rev. Barnabas J Shaw
What continues is the story of my grandfather George Henry Locke Shaw (1893-1973), grandmother Violet Emma Smith (1902-1981), and their extended family.

When they came up from South Africa, George and Drew, following brothers Gordon and Edwin, apparently got off the train at the Wida siding and walked to their farms - George with a total of £70 in his pocket to start a new life. Farming prospects were not promising in the Eastern Cape and this was a new opportunity, but Somabula also proved challenging: here the soil is sandy, rainfall unpredictable, and farm-life can be a struggle.

George Shaw married Violet Smith in 1922. Violet Emma Smith was born in 1902 and died in 1981. She was the youngest of thirteen, born to Sydney Smith and Emma Long, who settled in the Lower Gwelo area, arriving in Rhodesia in 1909. Sydney Smith, from Alexandria, was a descendent of John Baird Smith.

In the early twentieth-century, the large Sydney Smith family had emigrated with a hired train. Sydney Smith’s first farm was Walton – not too far from East Lynne, towards Lower Gwelo.

Although both families were from Alexandria, George and Violet met in Rhodesia. He would visit her on horseback at weekends when courting. After marrying in 1922 they lived briefly on a Lower Gwelo Road farm, but a terrible drought killed nearly all their cattle so they returned to East Lynne Estate, where for a long time they lived in huts.
George and Violet had six children: Donald Locke (1923-2006), George Henry Locke (1925), Neville Dallas (1926-2003), Sydney Campbell (1929), Carmen Heather (1935-2006) and Geoffrey Eden (1941). All were brought up on East Lynne.

There were about forty other settler farming families in the area at the time, most struggling to make a living selling cream, which they sent by train to Bulawayo, using sacks of water to keep it cool. Though not very profitable, this sort of farming was necessary unless a family was able to extend their acreage and switch to cattle-ranching exclusively.

Carrying capacity was (and still is) approximately one head to ten acres. To supplement income, George built a shop, where the boys would sometimes help, selling farm materials and other goods. (Geoff, mischievous as a child, and much younger than his other siblings, often helped himself to sweets from the shop!)

When George built a tennis court, East Lynne became a social hub the second Sunday of every month. Tennis was played all day. The Shaw children were all coached and encouraged by relatives to play the game.

THE SETTLER FARMING COMMUNITY

Swimming at East Lynne, 1930s
Sydney, Neville, Twinkle, Donald & George

Grocery shopping in the early days

Tennis at East Lynne, Vi and kids

Sydney on court for coaching
Sydney, as a child, was not always as quiet and reserved as he later became: Philip Hapelt recalls him as a young boy being greatly excited about Spuds the Clown at a visiting circus in Gwelo. Because he could not stop talking about Spuds, Violet dressed him up as the clown for a fancy dress party in Somabhnula, where the community was amused and he became a talking point. Later he was nicknamed ‘Spuds’ at Somabhnula School.

Donald, George and Neville went earlier to Somabhnula then Chaplin Schools, along with Philip Hapelt and other locals. George was renamed John by his Uncle Drew and others in the family. Donald was nicknamed ‘Bunty’ and Neville ‘Fats’ by their father. Both were keen hunters and would go shooting on East Lynne Estate.

Donald is remembered as an impressive rugby player and boxer before the war, but a near-fatal motorcycle accident on Christmas Pass, during training, changed his life. After surgery in Johannesburg, transplanting bone from his hip to his forehead, he rejoined the war and became a signaller in North Africa, then moved with the Allies to liberate Sicily and other parts of Italy. According to Philip Hapelt, George was an outstanding tennis-player, and an excellent all-rounder, academically and athletically (he is pictured, mid-air, in an impressive high-jump). He remembers playing against air force rugby teams while at Chaplin, when there were RAF training bases at Thornhill, Moffat and Guinea Fowl. ‘I always remember they never shaved,’ he said, ‘and you had these rough beards against you in the scrum.’

In 1943, when he was eighteen, he was called up and went for training to fight against the Japanese in the Far East but the war ended while he was still at sea, before he could go into combat.

Both Donald and George returned to Rhodesia from different parts of the world in 1945, arriving amazingly on exactly the same day in Gwelo. Philip Hapelt remembers a celebratory gathering at Myra Shay, as does my Uncle Geoff: ‘I was about five when they’d just come back from the war,’ says Geoff. ‘I was told that’s the first time I ever got drunk… [T]hey had a party, because they’d come back alive and whatnot. I was sipping drinks from everybody and then I eventually collapsed and went to sleep.’
After the war Donald returned to work at the Post Office but was later introduced, by his friend Philip Hapelt, to Margaret Cole, and in 1946 got married, later having two girls – Lynette (1947) and Gaynor (1955). Before introducing Margaret to his parents, Donald, always up for a joke said, ‘I need to warn you that my Mom is deaf… You’ll need to talk loud’ (but of course Violet was not deaf at all!). There are a number of funny stories about Donald Shaw in the Somabhula district. Gaynor Sealy (nee Shaw) remembers:

“Dad loved his tennis and had us at the tennis courts well before anyone else had arrived… I can remember a time when he and I were beating Roy Futter and Thys Lourens 4-0 and before he could even say it I would know what was coming… He would whisper ‘lose the next game’!!! And then he would proceed to hit the ball into the net or out of the court, accompanied by a very realistic ‘dammit!’ He loved to win of course, but not by too wide a margin.

When we ran the store [early 1960s], his favourite thing was to have a collection of rubber snakes and spiders which he would slide over with the change for some poor unsuspecting customer. Then he would kill himself laughing at their shrieks.

I can also remember a time when folk came to the Somabhula Hall to vote for something and Dad was one of the officials at the table to take down their details. That day he decided to wear his blonde curly wig and also his bugs bunny teeth to the horror of the voters coming in…. He also loved to put his ‘special’ teeth in for Christmas and New Year especially to chase my aunts around my gran’s dining room table to offer them a kiss…

The locals all knew what days Boss Bunty would travel between the farm and the Hall and would be lined up on the road to be picked up.. They would then bang on the roof when they wanted to get off… Another of his tricks was to use his water spray for the windscreen which for some reason would spray right over the truck and onto the passengers on the back…”
George was brainy: ‘Hell that guy had brains, but he always sat on them!’ Philip Hapelt continues to remark – convinced his old school friend was destined for great achievements but too modest to show his true genius.

Before the war George had worked with Neville and their Uncle Drew at the Wanderer Mine but afterwards he moved to Salisbury, became a surveyor, married Kathleen Harrison in 1955, and also had two girls, Patricia (1956) and Barbara (1958). He bought a farm, Erfdeel, alongside his Uncle Drew in Somabhula with a view to one day retiring there, but later sold it to Donald (who renamed it Gaylyn after his two daughters) when he left the Post Office.

After the war, Geoff remembers him setting up camp on Myra Shay Farm to survey the whole Somabhula/Vungu area. George remembers that during the war, a plane crash-landed on Myra Shay Farm, probably not far from the old ‘strip road’. It was a Royal Airforce rugby team flying back from Bulawayo to Gwelo. Miraculously, nothing was hit and no-one was hurt (fortunately there were less trees in those days). “It always intrigued us that they missed all the antheaps,” said Uncle George. He also remembers travelling on the old strip road from Salisbury to Somabhula: it was a five hour adventure with disputes along the way about who had right of way when you got to a bridge.
During World War II, Grandad George and Gran Violet had bought Myra Shay Farm (November 1942), about six miles from Somabhula. It had previously been owned by Dudley John McCalman, who had bought the land from the Union of Rhodesian Mining and Finance Co. They moved to Myra Shay during the war. Sons Donald, George and Neville had left home by then but Sydney and Geoff lived in the house with my grandparents, while Carmen (known as Twinks), who had just left school and started working in Gwelo for the Post Office (where she met her husband John Soutar), would sometimes stay at weekends. She and John got married in 1956 and were transferred to various places, but ended up in Bulawayo and had Linda (1957), Gavin (1959) and Wayne (who was born in 1961 and died in 1973). A pretty young woman, Twinks was well-liked in the Somabhula district before she got married and left. Linda remembers this story:

Neville left school of his own accord in December 1941 when he was just fourteen. After working on the Wanderer Mine, he moved to Bulawayo to work for the PTC, where he specialised in electronics, and can be seen in old photographs manning a telephone exchange. He served as Regional Engineer for seventeen years. Neville would later, like Donald, return to farm in the Somabhula district. He shared digs in Bulawayo with Philip Hapelt and met Norma Robinson on a blind date in 1949. Philip recalls Neville complaining all evening, not wanting to go out at all, until his just eyes lit up when Norma entered the room. They hit it off immediately, got married and had Beverly (1952), Glenn (1954), Greg (1956) – who were all born in Bulawayo. Dallas was born in 1968 in Gwelo. Neville farmed on St. Ives Farm for one year in 1959 after George (Sr.) built a small house for them there. They then ran the Somabhula Store when Neville joined his brothers Donald and Sydney as a partner of Shaw Bros. Ltd. Neville and Norma lived on the premises until 1964, when they moved to Australia. However, they returned to Port Elizabeth in 1966, then to Somabhula in 1967, where they again ran the Somabhula Store until 1980 when Neville bought Daybreak Farm on the Taranaki Road from Mr Gregory (Sr.).
Granleigh was a special place for Linda but she also remembers a scary incident there: ‘Wayne once climbed up the windmill (right to the top) and your Dad (Sydney) had to climb up after him to get him down with Uncle Nev, Glen and Greg standing ready to catch Wayne if he fell – that was nerve-racking.’

As a child I can remember playing with cousins Kerry and Russell at Granleigh on Sunday afternoons when we would visit first both grandparents, then just Granny after Granddad died. I remember she was an avid reader (especially of romance novels) and a keen letter-writer, notable for her good grammar and spelling. She also loved contemporary music and collected hit LPs and ‘seven singles’ to impress even her grandchildren!
Sydney (my Dad), like his siblings, had gone to Somabhula Primary School as a child, then Chaplin High School when he was a teenager, as a boarder. He left at the end of Form Three, when he was fifteen, because he was needed to work on the farm – even though he wanted to continue with school. In his bachelor days he rarely left the farm to travel further than Gwelo, but enjoyed playing tennis and cricket in Somabhula, dating teachers at the school, and visits and outings with his Uncle Drew. Sydney also looked after his younger brother Geoffrey (twelve years his junior), driving him to and from school, and taking him out and about on the farm. At Myra Shay, Geoff and Syd shared a very small room. ‘I used to smell his feet every night because I was right up against the bed,’ says Geoff. ‘When Syd annoyed me…. whenever he was in the bath…. We had a pipe into a drum. And I’d blow softly and it would lift the plug, and his water would run out.’

‘But my best joke [was] with the Old Man and Neville,’ says Geoff. Neville was sitting on the long-drop toilet. ‘And I took one of these sticks. And there was a hole for a stink pipe. And I pricked him from behind and he thought it was a snake. I’ve never seen the Old Man nearly wet himself. He was watching this lot. And [Neville] hopped out.’
Before he got crippling arthritis and rheumatism, George (Sr) built dams and weirs, usually from stone, to increase water reserves for the cattle. He also built the tennis court at East Lynne. A perfectionist, he insisted on neatness and accuracy, straight lines, proper angles, etc. If a brick was out of place, he would ‘put a heel to it’, and it would have to be laid again. He built the original weir at Myra Shay, which Sydney would later heighten again and again. There are several pictures of this dam. George was not only a cattleman: on Myra Shay, as on East Lynne, he grew pumpkins and watermelon as a cash crop. He also often grew maize. PJ Bakkes (and his father) remember being amused by George’s custom of always toasting a cattle purchase with a drink of gin – offered, in generosity, to all concerned. Gradually, Sydney – by now an experienced cattleman – took over the farming entirely as Granddad George’s arthritis and rheumatism got worse. Nevertheless, hot or cold, Granddad always slept on an open-air verandah. He continued to do so when they later moved across the main road to Granleigh in December 1959. At this point Sydney bought Myra Shay from his father (and would later develop it, when married, as his own homestead). However, he moved, along with his parents Violet and George to the modern homestead on Granleigh, which was designed – according to Geoff – on the back of a Goldleaf cigarette box, then built by contractors JH Bester from Gwelo.

Many of the Shaws spoke Ndebele fluently and had a friendly rapport with their staff and the locals. According to Geoff, if family or medical problems arose with the staff, they would listen attentively and try to help. Geoff remembers Daisy was the housemaid both at East Lynne and Myra Shay. She did the washing in the stream and on the rocks a short walk from the Myra Shay homestead. Other staff from the early days were Stollant, Ntini, Fellani and James. There was also Jacob, a builder and carpenter, who helped with construction projects, and Juta, employed as a cattle buyer. Lastly, there was Mpofo, who used to ‘do everything for the Old Man,’ including the killing of sick animals, says Geoff: he would ‘take the shot gun, help himself and go.’ In later years there was Juda, the housekeeper at Granleigh. Geoff believes Juda was an informer for the nationalist guerrillas in the 1960s and 1970s, but nevertheless made sure Gran Violet, living on her own after 1973, was kept safe. Gaynor Sealy (née Shaw) also discovered her father Donald used to drive past a guerrilla camp near his farm (sometimes twice a day) and no harm ever came his way.
Gran Violet once entertained and gave breakfast to the famous jail-breaker Adrian Diggiden, on one of his great escapes in the early 1960s. Hitch-hiking to Bulawayo, he had seen the Granleigh turnoff. Gran Violet took him in because he had been at Chaplin High School with Geoffrey, but she did not realise he was on the run as a convicted criminal (who had been found guilty of several thefts).

At age six, Geoff Shaw was sent home by the teachers at Somabhula for poor English comprehension. He could not understand what the teachers were saying, he said, because Ndebele was his first language:

I used to get up 5 or 5.30, used to go and help them collect cows. Then we’d milk and then the Old Man would be awake. I hardly ever spoke to my Mom. And then when the Old Man was there, or Syd, we spoke the lingo, all the time [with the workers]. And I was never a home kid. So I wasn’t exposed to a lot of English. And we never had TV. I was only allowed to listen to the radio for half an hour on a Sunday night. That was the hit parade. Otherwise the car battery would go [flat].

Geoff spent a lot of time with his young African friends, swimming in rivers, climbing down antbear holes, and always speaking Ndebele. Ellen Hapelt remembers him shouting something in Ndebele, from the back of a truck, to one of her relatives and they were all greatly amused. However, when he returned to Somabhula School aged seven, he soon adjusted to life as a boarder, then went to Cecil John Rhodes School and finally Chaplin. Leaving school after his Cambridge exams, Geoff started work in Gwelo. He would later meet Carol Edmonds and have a daughter Kerry (1967) and a son Russell (1969).
On Granleigh it was just Sydney living in the homestead for a few years with his parents before he met my mother, Joan Margaret Wilson. Joan, born in the then Umtali, grew up on a mine in Mutoroshanga, was schooled at Norton Junior and Girls High School, then went to Teacher’s Training College in Bulawayo. Her first teaching post was to Somabhula Primary School in 1963. Newly-qualified teachers dreaded being sent to Somabhula because it was so small and remote but Joan drew the short straw and had no choice but to make her home there for the next two years, where Dave Griffiths, then Malcolm Render, were the headmasters. There she taught many of district’s children (including some of her future relatives), met my father Syd at a Young Farmers Club meeting, married in June 1965, and ended up living in Somabhula until the present – having Tracey (1967), Drew (1968) and Trevor (1973).

Sydney had just bought Myra Shay Farm from his father and moved into a very basic home with his new wife. On the night of their wedding, 26th June, 1965, they drove back from Salisbury to Granleigh Farm in Somabhula in a blue van borrowed from Donald. They later departed on their honeymoon to the South Coast of Natal. From Myra Shay, Sydney began life as an independent farmer, but he also continued to manage Granleigh and the other family farms. With Ginty Futter, Sydney helped build the first tennis courts at the Somabhula Settlers Country Club.
DREW SHAW (Third Son of Ambrose and Mary Ellen)

Ambrose Drew Shaw (known as Drew because he preferred that to his first name) was born in 1896 and died in 1967. A bachelor all his life, he became an unforgettable figure in the community. He started farming with his brother Edwin on Agincourt but preferred mining and prospecting. ‘Drew used to come over on Sundays and have lunch,’ recalls my Uncle George, ‘and they shared the diptank at East Lynne.’ From Agincourt he moved to a dozen different homesteads, including Myra Shay/Northgate Farm (where Sydney and Geoff would frequently visit him, and where the ruins of his two rondawels can still be seen). He also lived on Willow Run Farm, where he was a neighbour to the Smith family (then on Triangle Farm). Ellen Hapelt (nee Smith) remembers visiting him at a ‘nice house’ there. Later he lived on Buttercups Farm, near Donald and Margaret on Gaylyn. Gaynor remembers Uncle Drew would often walk across to their farm, just before they were about to take off on a journey. He would say ‘Don, drive safely,’ then walk back home. Norma remembers going to visit Drew at his mine in Shangani. It was a rough camp but well-cleared and cleaned. They had taken a picnic of food, including hard-boiled eggs. Drew insisted that Norma and Twinks picked up the pieces of egg shell that fell to the ground.

Drew had a number of mines, including the one at Shangani, where he tried mining for gold. One of his mines was called ‘the Drunkard’. He liked to drink and play the squash box (pictured below), always with a cigarette dangling from his mouth according to my Uncle Geoff. He was the life and soul of many parties. Several people remember the story of Drew driving home from the Somabhula club in his Ford Coupé, forgetting there was a glass of beer on his running board – which nevertheless remained full by the time he reached his destination, despite the bumpy roads (because he drove at a snail’s pace – fortunately – when he was drunk!) Others remember him locking his drinks in a cabinet at home when he thought he’d had enough and didn’t want his staff to stealing his booze. He would throw the key into a 44 gallon drum, and in the morning, if you were there, you could see him trying to hook it out from the bottom.
Drew kept the Family Bible and passed it on to his nephew Donald, who in turn passed it on to his daughter Gaynor. Donald and then Gaynor inherited the notorious ‘squash-box’, which featured at many Somabhula parties.

Drew retired to the Eastern Cape in the late 1950s, selling his farm to Donald. The proceeds of the sale became his pension. He is buried with Edwin and other Shaws in a cemetery in Port Alfred. Geoff and Sydney visited their Uncle Drew and other relatives on a holiday in the early 1960s.