



THE OUTPOST

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THE REGIMENTAL MAGAZINE OF THE BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA POLICE

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The Annual Reunion Dinner held on 14th October, 1949, at the Charing Cross Hotel, London.

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Editor's Notes

The custom of making New Year Resolutions is one that never fails to bring to us a temporary elevation to a higher mental plane, from which we are able to enjoy an outlook on life that is more idealistic than usual. We resolve not to make the mistakes of the past year and gird our loins to meet the coming twelve months with great determination, and this is as it should be.

By the time these notes are read, however, many of us will be consoling our consciences with the thought that to err is human and that, after all, we are human.

* * * * *

January, 1950, not only marks the beginning of a new year but also the beginning (and end) of another half-century. What the next 50 years holds for us is as much a mystery as the past 50 years were in January, 1900. In that year the British South Africa Police was but a few years old. It was just emerging from the Pioneer stage, having already had the experience of Occupation and two rebellions. It was the armed force of a country in which settlers were few and thinly scattered, and the duties of the Policeman were very different from those of to-day. He lived a hard and lonely life, with few of the comforts of civilisation.

To-day there are still many places in the Colony where Policemen live lonely and sometimes hard lives, and, although the same esprit de corps still exists, the transition from a military unit to a Police Force, concerned almost solely with the prevention and detection of crime, has taken place.

We look back with justifiable pride on our past history and accomplishments and look forward to whatever further changes may be necessary to meet our ever-changing conditions.

* * * * *

The publication of the Christmas Number of *The Outpost* brought congratulatory comments from many different sources, and although it was not unnatural that we ourselves found these very pleasant to dwell upon we hasten to point out that without the assistance of our contributors who came forward to help us and our printers, The Rhodesian Printing and Publishing Co., it would not have been possible to produce it. Many of the contributions were unsolicited, and our thanks are due to all those who helped in such a generous manner. The special cover design seems to have the approval of most readers, but we wonder if any permanent change from the well-known cover of the magazine would have the same approval.

* * * * *

We feel safe in saying that "Ngiti," the well-known contributor of Station Notes, is unique in having just completed 25 years of continuous contributions to



The Outpost. He has written under several nom-de-plumes, and, although we are unable to offer any reward for such long service, we offer our sincere thanks for his splendid achievement.

* * * * *

The 27th edition of NADA, the Native Affairs Department annual publication, has been received by us. As usual, it is full of interesting and informative articles on native life in this Colony, including customs, history, development, witchcraft and the like, all of which are invaluable to the investigating officer. Nobody who has any close dealings with the African should fail to read this book.

It is obtainable from all booksellers at the price of 2s. 6d.

* * * * *

Congratulations this month cover a wide field, and they are warmly extended to:—

That famous ex-member of the Corps, Sir Percy Sillitoe, C.B.E., D.L., Chief of M.I.5, on his inclusion in the New Year Honours List. He received the K.B.E.

Sergeant R. Trangmar on his inclusion in the Rhodesian team to visit New Zealand for the Empire Games.

Sergeant Andrew and Trooper Henstock on passing the Civil Service language examination in Chishona.

* * * * *

We gratefully acknowledge receipt of the following contemporaries:—

The Nongqai.
Kenya Police Review.
Parade.
The Royal Rhodesian.
London Calling.
W. Australian Police News.
N.S. Wales Police News.
Polezei-Praxis.
The Link.
Rhodesian Railway Review.

CHAMPIONS OF THE HEATHER

An article under the above title was published in the November edition of *The Outpost*, and it is regretted that the name of the author was not shown. The author is Richard C. Stone.

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Editor's Letter box



66 Gresham Street,
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2nd January, 1950.

The Editor, *The Outpost*.

Dear Sir,

In presenting Police displays to the public it seems that we do not use enough "effects," and, although I know that a very great deal of work goes into putting on these displays, they could, I think, be improved by more attention to this aspect.

I have in mind the display at the last Salisbury Show (1949). Instead of the band marching across the ground and taking up position, to be followed by the display team, far away across the ground, would it not have been better if the team had entered the arena behind the band, which should have been playing? They could also have left the arena in the same manner to the tune of our own Regimental March—and few can say that it is not popular.

We have a very good display team and a very good band, so why cannot we make more use of them to impress the Rhodesian public, who are probably no different to the British public, and the latter always thoroughly enjoys displays of this nature. I have in mind the Royal Tournaments in London, and I well remember the impressive manner in which they are opened and closed—it is that which makes the show.

Whilst on the subject of riding displays, could not the tunes for the trot and canter be changed at intervals? "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning" is a good tune, but it gets a little tiring when played over and over again for nearly ten minutes.

Yours faithfully, "GONDO."

"Panorama,"
Taunton Road Post Office,
Pietermaritzburg,
Natal.
December 5th, 1949.

The Editor, *The Outpost*.

Dear Sir,

I should like to wish all ranks of the B.S.A. Police the season's greetings and much good luck in the years to come, and hope that you enjoy life as much as we "old hands" did more than 35 years ago.

It's quite a while back, and no doubt conditions have altered with the advance of what we like to call civilisation. I believe that most of the Out-Stations have motor cycles and horses. Shades of the old Bongola and the pack donkey! Yes, they were good old days—long patrols of six weeks or more, plenty of shooting, and few Europeans to worry one with trivial complaints!

May I send a special message to my old Station, Belingwe? There may be a few "civvies" there who will remember me, and to them I say, "I have not forgotten you and the hospitality and kindness you extended to me over a number of years."

Incidentally, I believe that I am the only one still living of the Camp at Belingwe in 1910.

So once again, with best wishes and all the luck in the world,

Sincerely yours,
CECIL NAPIER.
(ex-No. 1421).

The Editor, *The Outpost*.

Dear Sir,

When I was in Salisbury last September I had the great pleasure of meeting Mr. Hughes-Hall and several old hands who had served in the B.S.A.P. with me.

My attention was drawn to the new Regimental tie, which I admired, and, as far as we home-birds are concerned, I have heard nothing but praise for it. The colour is good and is in a very clever design, but what is most important is that it can be worn, whereas the old tie was so flamboyant that it could never be worn except, perhaps, on a golf course, and even then it met with criticism, friendly or otherwise!

Kind regards and good wishes for 1950.

Yours sincerely,

F. R. PETERS
(ex-Cpl. 898).

N.R. Police,
P.O. Box 203,
Kitwe,
N. Rhodesia.
18th December, 1949.

The Editor, *The Outpost*.

Dear Sir,

I entirely disagree with Captain V. A. New and others as to the design of the new Regimental tie, and think it a great improvement on the old one, which looked as if it had been made from the remnants of some deck-chair material, and which clashed with practically any article of clothing worn. I may mention that I am not alone in this respect. Every time I have worn the tie it has roused interest and the remarks passed have been most complimentary.

It's amazing how any change, no matter how much an improvement, always brings a storm of protest and criticism.

I for one would very much like to congratulate the designer of the new Regimental tie on a fine design indeed.

Yours faithfully,

J. S. ESPEY, Inspector.

5 King's Court,
Stanley Avenue,
Salisbury.
6th December, 1949.

The Editor, *The Outpost*.

Dear Sir,

In *The Outpost* of November, 1949, there is an article by J. N. Turner, ex-B.S.A. Police No. 896, entitled "Coincidence or Plot," relating to the escape of a convict named Creswell from the train whilst being transferred from Bulawayo to Salisbury Gaol in 1908 some 41 years ago.

The above-mentioned article interested me and brought back thoughts of my service as a Corporal in the B.S.A. Police stationed at Gwelo in 1908.

When the news of Creswell's escape was received at Gwelo Station our O.C., then Major Cashel, sent me in charge of a patrol of about six European Troopers (amongst whom were Troopers Padley, Hughes and "Tiger" Smith), with some native Police, to endeavour to capture the escaped convict.

We patrolled the country from Gwelo, through Que Que and in the vicinity of Battlefields, and eventually returned to Gwelo unsuccessful in our object, i.e., the capture of Creswell.

As mentioned in the article "Coincidence or Plot," we heard later that Creswell had given himself up to the London Police after having gone through terrific hardships tramping across Africa and suffering from malaria.

We also heard about the man (who was sent from Bulawayo to escort Creswell back to Rhodesia) committing suicide on the journey, but from what I can recollect he did not get as far as Plumtree, but shot himself at the first stop from Bulawayo, i.e., Khami Siding.

I would be pleased if you would kindly insert this letter in your valuable magazine *The Outpost*, as I think it wonderful my reading of an event which took place some 41 years ago, and in which I was destined to take an active part.

Yours truly,

A. E. BEECHEY, Captain.
Ex-Cpl. No. 834.

A customer sat down at a table in a smart restaurant and tied a napkin around his neck. The scandalised manager called a waiter and instructed him: "Try to make him understand, as tactfully as possible, that that's not done."

Said the thoughtful waiter to the customer: "Pardon me, sir. Shave or haircut, sir?"

Visitors to Slough, a small village in the south of England, shared in the merriment of the local inhabitants when they read on a sandwich board outside the police station "New customers welcomed; satisfaction guaranteed." It transpired that a practical joker had transferred the board from a general store in the vicinity to the constabulary headquarters. This accidental comedy is on a par with a wayside announcement in Scotland years ago. At a sleepy fishing port the police barracks which housed but a single constable had this front window notice displayed in large type: "Comfortable apartments to let."—Constabulary Gazette.

"Another good friend is a burglar. He called to see me one night as a parishioner; read my books then told me my house was an easy one to burgle but he never robbed his friends. He doesn't"—(Father Cecil Squire, a British parson, speaking of his parishioners in a B.B.C. programme.)

"How's that?" yelled the wicketkeeper.

"Hout!" said the umpire.

"But it hit me on the head, protested the batsman.

"I don't know where it 'it you," responded the umpire, "but I knows the sound of wood when I 'ear

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RHODESIA RAILWAYS

From time to time some ex-members of the Corps seek to tell the unenlightened what life in the Police was like during their service and one or two use the B.B.C. for the same purpose. The latest broadcast I have seen published in the Christmas Number of "London Calling" was one given by Mr. Charles Grosse (ex No. 2277), and in it he describes some ghostly happenings in the Bulawayo and Gwe'lo districts.

His first experience of the supernatural took place on a kopje known as "Mulima," in the Bulawayo district, which it is asserted means "The Hill of the

The Chronicler



Old Comrades

Gods." The local legend had it that an old "Mudala" had lived in a cave in the kopje since Lobengula's days and was still there (in the early '20's). On patrol, Grosse visited the hill, and while talking to the old man in his cave he was amazed to witness a barrage of stones about the size of cricket balls falling outside the entrance to the cave, and he was actually struck by a small stone on the nose.

The intriguing point of the story was that the kopje was completely bare of any stones before the barrage began.

His second story concerned Selukwe, where he was stationed for a short time. He says that during his service (in the early '20's) the Camp was reputed to be haunted at full moon, and goes on to say that the legend concerns a lost tribe of pygmies who used to raid the Selukwe district in distant times. On one such raid their Chief was killed, and the spirits of his tribe returned at every full moon to seek their dead chief. During Mr. Grosse's time, these spirits were jocularly known as "The Smiths," as there were so many of them, and his first experience of them was the opening and closing of windows, keys falling from door-locks, saddles falling from their racks, and "soldiers" beds collapsing.

He was assured by the other men stationed there that the ghostly happenings would cease at 2 a.m., and sure enough they did, and the "visitation" occurred for two or three nights in succession. Although these strange events were accepted as a fact by the troops stationed there, it was a custom that nobody ever stayed alone in the camp at night. I wonder if any of our Old Comrades who have served at Selukwe have any similar experiences to offer? It would be most interesting, as I have heard from two serving members that Selukwe most certainly has a reputation for strange happenings, although since the new camp was built and the old one pulled down nothing very definite has been witnessed.

I have received a few seasonal greetings during the past month from Old Comrades, and among them is Captain E. Moore Ritchie (1312), the well-known journalist and ex-Editor of "The Police Review" (forerunner of *The Outpost*), who sends his greetings to all who may recall him. His facile pen still works for the Corps' magazine on occasions, and one of his stories appeared in the Christmas Number. His address is 7 Clifford Avenue, Taunton, Somerset, England.

Colonel A. V. Adams, writing from the Port Elizabeth Club, sends his compliments to all readers of *The Outpost*.

George Finlay (3441) also sends all the best to *The Outpost* and its readers from Malakal, Upper Nile Province, A.E. Sudan. He is in the Sudan Police.

Ex-Sergeant J. Hird (3124) is with the Irrigation Department at Elwes Block, near Tuli, where he finds plenty of long grass, and often meets serving members on patrol down there, when the usual stories are told and re-told. His postal address is Stand 4219, Queens Park, Bulawayo.

An Old Comrade whose name is known throughout the Empire (or is it Commonwealth) called at my office just before Christmas and spent a pleasant hour in browsing amongst the photographs in the Sergeants' Mess, when he was able to recognise many of the men he served with between 1908 and 1912. He was Sir Percy Sillitoe, K.B.E., D.L., who has just visited this part of Africa, and who was also in the New Year Honours List, having been made a Knight Commander of the British Empire. It was very interesting to hear his comment on the uniforms worn by a squad of recruits who had just completed their Passing Out parade and, quite unaware of Sir Percy's identity, were in a huddle near the canteen door. He thought that the present day field dress is smarter than in his day, when blue played a prominent part in the uniform.

Finally, another flash-back into the Salisbury of '09 arrived in my mail the other day. It was an invoice from Parrott & Co., dated 15th November,

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News at the Breakfast Table

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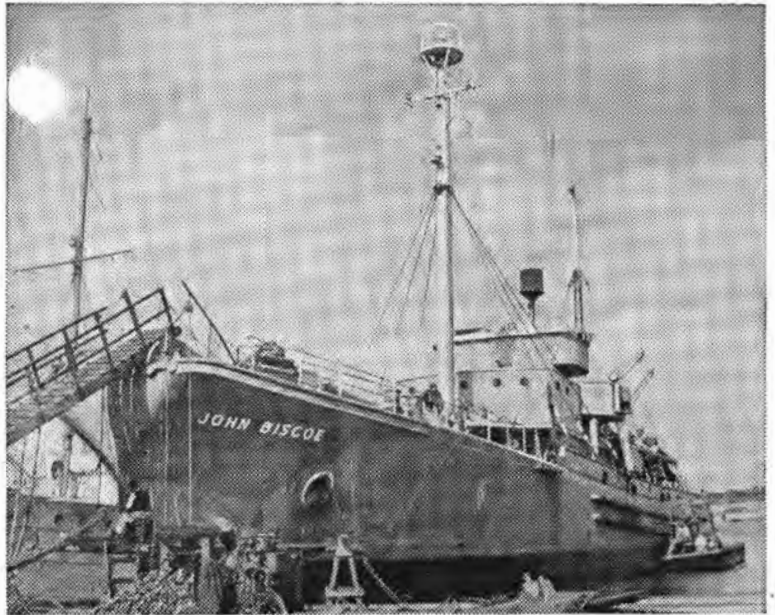
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ANTARCTIC RELIEF SHIP

THE John Biscoe has sailed from Southampton, England, to relieve the eleven members of the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey who have been marooned in the Antarctic for three winters. Last year the 1,200-ton wooden-hulled ship was unable to force her way through the Antarctic iceflows to reach Stonington Island, one of the Survey's five bases. For this year's attempt her hull has been specially reinforced and she is carrying a Norseman amphibious aircraft and an Auster. If the ship fails to reach Stonington Island the marooned scientists will be flown out and relief flown in.

The five bases of the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey all maintain meteorological stations and post offices. It is an international agreement that a post office will be established on all claimed territory. Research is being conducted into the development and movement of Antarctic depressions. Extensive zoological and biological collections have been made, and research has also been carried out on human adaptation to low temperatures.



The Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey vessel, John Biscoe, undergoing extensive refit at Southampton. Her captain is Cmdr. H. Kirkwood, D.S.C., whose experience of the Antarctic includes service as an officer in Discovery II. The John Biscoe was the H.M.S. Pretext, a former naval netlayer.



When the John Biscoe left Southampton she carried with her a party of sixteen who will replace men due for relief at various bases. The aircrews for the Norseman and Auster include Flt.-Lt. John Lewis, F.O. Peter St. Louis, of Ottawa, Canada, Sgt. Bodys and Sgt. Hunt.

An ex-member of the B.S.A.P. is amongst the relief party aboard the 'John Biscoe' now in the Antarctic. He is ex-Trooper H. E. Heywood, who left the Force in 1949, and this fact was mentioned in last month's edition of The Outpost.



The bow of the John Biscoe has been specially reinforced to make easier going through the iceflows encountered in the Antarctic. This workman is chivelling down the newly reinforced bow after additional metal has been welded on.

1909, for stores supplied to J. N. Turner (896) whilst on cordon duty at the Hunyani. The most interesting item was one bottle of whisky at the amazing price of 6s. 6d.! The other groceries were a little less than to-day's prices.

No. 1595, ex-Trooper Charles (Jock) Currie (1912-27) has applied to rejoin the Regimental Association. He was a well-known character at Kezi and Essexvale, and rounded off his Police career as escort to the Congo cattle trains from Victoria Falls. He has given up store-keeping in the Belingwe district for the temporary delights of Bulawayo, but hopes to go to Que Que shortly.

Obituary

WILLIAM GEOFFREY MUNN MACE (ex-No. 2339)

We regret to record the death of Mr. W. G. Munn Mace at the Salisbury Hospital on 17th December, 1949.

Mr. Munn Mace was born at Tenterden, Kent, on 21st May, 1896, and after serving in the Scots Greys during the First World War (including the Retreat from Mons in 1914) he joined the B.S.A. Police on 26th July, 1920. He was noted for his horsemanship during his service, which was spent in the Bulawayo District. He left the Police on 30th October, 1923, and during the last war he served with the Southern Rhodesia Air Force. He was a member of the staff of the Roads Department up to the time of his death.

The sympathy of the Corps is extended to his widow and family in their sad bereavement.

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Fanatics Who Defy Fire

By D. ENGLAND

ONE of the problems which still baffles the world's scientists is the age-old rite of fire-walking. How is it that a temperature of hundreds of degrees leaves unharmed (at any rate, as far as can be detected) the fanatics who take part in it?

The fire-walkers of the Orient are comparatively well known to the outsiders; less publicised, but just as mysterious is the rite which takes place at the Bulgarian village of Vulgari, hidden away in the Stranja mountains.

The devotees are old women known as "nestinarki". Strange to say they are devout Christians, and their patron saint is St. Konstantine. Every year on the anniversary of the saint's day, a huge fire of wood logs is built in the village square, and while the fire blazes the nestinarki begin the fire dance ceremony.

Headed by villagers bearing ikons, and to the drone of bagpipes, the old women make a procession through the village, dancing all the time to a strange rhythmic melody until they fall into a trance and their bodies tremble. Then all the villagers gather round the mass of burning logs and the nestinarki dance barefooted for several minutes on the reddened embers, keeping the same rhythmic beat. Although the embers are red-hot and the nestinarki fall down exhausted from the heat, their feet show not the slightest trace of burning.

A similar weird custom prevails in the neighbouring village of Madjourk, and also in the Turkish village just across the frontier. As suggested, the rite is by no means confined to one part of the world, and when the Duke of Gloucester was in the Pacific some years back he was thrilled by a display of the same puzzling power possessed by certain people, on this occasion the rite taking place in Fiji.

The island where it is practised is one of the smaller members of the group, Beqa. The legend runs that one of the firewalkers' ancestors captured a gnome who, as the price of his release, gave the captor and his tribe and their descendants power to walk on red-hot stones without hurt.

When the Duke arrived a pit containing stones had been blazing for ten hours and, as the remains of the smouldering logs, secured by nooses made from bush vines at the end of long poles, were removed to the accompaniment of great shouts the stones were seen to be literally red-hot, and a handkerchief thrown on them burst into flames. When the preparations were complete a dozen natives rushed out from the surrounding bush and walked over the stones with bare feet.

In this instance British officials, such as district commissioners, who have examined the men's feet after the ordeal, can find no trace of scorching. The rite as practised in this Fijian Island, and other parts of the world as well, seems to have originated as a religious one. In olden days fire-walking was usually associated with spring festivals and was believed to ensure a bountiful harvest. It is still mainly religious in India and Japan.

In the latter country the ceremony is performed twice yearly at the Shinto temple of Ontaka, in Tokyo. A section about 20 feet long and a foot deep is hollowed out in the courtyard. This is filled with pine charcoal, which is set alight, and the flames are fanned by the attendants with fans attached to bamboos, and

when all the charcoal is glowing, a pathway is beaten in the middle of the firebed by other attendants by means of long poles. Around the fire are bamboos stuck in the ground, connected with each other by thin hempen rope, to which sacred emblems called gohei — little bunches of white rice paper—are attached.

Prayers are then offered up by the priests, who are dressed in white robes, and afterwards they march round and round the fire, the while murmuring incantations to the God of Water and the God of Fire, and making cabalistic signs until they work themselves into a state of exhilaration amounting to almost frenzy.

Then the head priest, followed by each of the others in turn, casts a handful of salt on to the fire and, after dipping his feet into a heap of salt at one end of the pathway, each strides with measured and dignified gait across it. Having reached the other side, each dips his feet in another heap of salt, and goes through the ritual again, and it has to be admitted that none is any the worse for the experience.

Tribes in the Guianas of South America practise even stranger rites. At the conclusion of their fire dances they kneel among the cinders and red-hot ashes, scooping up the blazing fragments and pressing them against their bodies. Miss Rosita Forbes, the noted traveller, saw this done, and on no occasion was she able to detect any sign of burnt or even scorched flesh.

She also saw another strange rite, in which the natives make shoulder-high fires with branches and tree trunks. Men, absolutely naked, dance in this, spending from half a minute to a minute and a half thrashing about in the flames. To begin with it was regarded as a test of courage, since fire is supposed to reject a coward.

In this belief there is reflection of the Arab "ordeal by fire," in which the truth of a witness is tested by placing a strip of white-hot metal on his tongue. If it lies it is supposed to burn. But if his evidence is honest his tongue is supposed to show no mark. The Guiana natives have a hierophant—a priestess in this case—who is a virgin. She is supposed to have the power of controlling the flames, and at a signal from her the dance ceases abruptly.

Scientists can give no natural explanation as to why the fanatics who practise such rites escape with not the slightest sign of injury. As a matter of fact, a year or two before the recent war a special display of fire-walking was staged outside London, in the presence of members of the University of London Council for Psychical Research and other scientific observers.

A young Indian, Kuda Bux, walked along two trenches twelve feet long, the surface temperature of the charcoal, fanned to intense heat by the wind, being 800 degrees Fahrenheit! Yet Kuda Bux declared he was not conscious of the heat, and the temperature of the soles of his feet when he finished was the same as when he started. Even a piece of plaster stuck on one was not touched.

The performer ascribed his ability and success to "faith", and there it must be left, for there is no natural explanation of the happening. There is no doubt that the rite is a genuine "miracle" in the original sense or something to wonder at from the standpoint of ordinary experience and reasoning.

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Station Notes

DEPOT

The most outstanding events since last month were concerned with the Christmas festivities, and preparations for the Children's Party, which was followed by a dance in the Regimental Mess on December 17th, kept lots of people busy. It was organised on very similar lines to the previous parties, and everyone enjoyed themselves, I think, on that day. Christmas Day was celebrated in the usual manner, and the Christmas dinner was voted an excellent show. We were visited by the Commissioner and other officers during these festivities. Owing to a party at the Town Station, it was noticed that very few Town members were present.

Trooper Dixon, from Fort Victoria, was seen during the month, complete with a very bushy moustache, and Trooper McNair came in from Buhera looking very fit. When last here he was a member of the vaulting team.

On 6th January, Squad 10/49 had their Passing Out parade and the customary celebrations followed in the canteen.

Rugby and Soccer enthusiasts are already in training and great things are expected of them this year.

The inevitable reaction after a week's festivities has resulted in a cramping of the flowing style that is normally so apparent in these Notes, so with gritted teeth I do my best to concentrate on my typewriter.

A. N. OTHER.

SERGEANTS MESS, DEPOT

December was a very lively month for members of the Mess. Early in the month an impromptu sundowner was given for the chorus of "Oklahoma" and "Annie Get Your Gun." This was the start of a round of parties which, we are glad to report, did not serve to deter the gallant "Escorteers" from their early morning ride in preparation for the Escort to H.E. the Governor on his return from England. We are sure, though, that one or two wished they were Motor Cyclists. "I've got a beautiful feeling" meant something quite different.

The 10th saw our Quarterly Sundowner Dance, at which everyone enjoyed themselves. The radiogram did its stuff and "Ken" Wastie from the Reserve helped us out on the piano.

On the 19th the finals in the annual billiards, fouchi and snooker tournament were held. We got together at six in the evening, and after a few "oilers" Guy Hetherington and "Badger" Harding got cracking in the snooker match for the Cairns Shield. "Badger" was unlucky and just could not settle down, and Guy took the Shield after some good play. In the billiards match Jim Huxtable beat Guy Hetherington. In the fouchi, Claude de Lorme was unlucky to "bust" in the first game against John Millet—Johnny took the game, and, playing very well, won



the match. Congratulations to the winners, who were presented with tankards, and the runners-up, who received miniature tankards.

Friday, the 30th, saw our Annual Sundowner, at which H.E. the Governor and the Commissioner were present. About 200 past and present members attended a function voted by all as a great success.

On the 31st an impromptu dance was held which went off with a swing. Rain confined us to camp at midnight, so "First-Footing" took place between the bar parlour (where stocks were good) and the lounge.

Ex-R.S.M. Tantum was in the Mess one Sunday early in the month and filled his old chair while he sipped a "lemonade." Jack Bale was up from Bulawayo for a few days, and old faces appeared from time to time. Ron Trangmar leaves on the 8th January for the Empire Games in New Zealand, and we all wish him the best of luck and "good throwing." The 14th December saw "Badger" Harding pack his bag for Civvy Street. Good luck, Bob, in your new sphere.

Congratulations to "Jock" and Mrs. Sturrock on the birth of a daughter.

DAN YARO.

BULAWAYO

"... Now the New Year, reviving old desires..." the oldest of which is, without a doubt, the laving of parched throats—of which we do not think there was one during the past festive season!

Let us tell you all about it. The poet writes about Christmas coming but once a year and bringing good cheer. Bulawayo started off with its juvenile section—as was right and proper—and if the kiddies gave the matter a thought (which is not a natural thing for them), they would certainly have voted the Christmas tree the "best ever."

The proceedings went with a swing, some two hundred hopefuls of all shapes and sizes watched Father Christmas Briault arrive per reindeer (transport mule "Whisky" suitably disguised) sleigh.

After the distribution of gifts, and being entertained by Uncle Hank's Punch and Judy show, the dear little souls gorged themselves on Uncle Mac's excellent catering and spent the rest of the afternoon in either watching a cinema show, going for rides or just tearing their breeks on the slides so thoughtfully provided for them by our first-class Christmas Tree Committee!

Next on the list was the bottle "draw" at the canteen on Christmas morning—what fun and heart-searching! Mrs. MacGregor won the first prize bottle of champagne—hip! hip! huray!—and the California Syrup of Figs. He manfully swore it

was just what the G.M.O. had ordered, and then got stuck into the other winners' beer! (Our horses will no doubt benefit by that syrup.)

Sergeant MacGregor, our Kitchen Skipper, put up the excellent spread which graced the mess board on Boxing Day (a copy of the menu has been forwarded to the Editor, just to make his mouth water), and the dinner was well attended by both single and married members.

Lieut.-Colonel Hickman, M.B.E., said a few graceful words to start off the proceedings; Constable

On 21st December we had our usual party for the children, followed by a sundowner for the parents and others who, we hope, will be parents one day.

Our thanks are due to Mrs. Kleinschmidt for all that she did in connection with this party. The artistic decorations in the Mess and Recreation Rooms showed us that she has lost none of her skill since last year; also that she is still the same hard worker as she always has been. May we also say thanks to "Granny" who is ever there to give a helping hand, and a real wonder for her age; long may she continue in good health and happiness. Thanks a lot to all those who helped.

The kiddies had a great time, the highlight being the arrival of Father Christmas, who this year deserted the buckboard and mules and was right up to date. He arrived in a Jeep and, much to the delight of the little folk, allowed them to be taken for rides round the camp.

One little fellow, however, found much more joy in being taken for a ride on one of the horses, although only about a year old he has very fixed ideas about what he likes and certainly he likes riding on a horse. What about it, daddy, a horse for next Christmas!

Sergeant Watson and Trooper Morgan have returned from leave overseas. Both look fit and report having had a good time, and neither is sorry to be back. Sergeant Watson has returned to his old love, Rusapi, and for the time being Trooper Morgan will be "filling a gap" on the Section. Both these jolly bachelors have returned unattached in any way, and if they are to be believed intend to remain so. We shall see!

"Tich" Walton is on his way back from leave, and we hear that he is very much attached and is returning with a bride. Congratulations, "Tich." We hope you will live long to bless the romance of the boat-deck.

On New Year's Day we held the African Police Sports, and although they did not provide any Rhodesian records, they did provide a most enjoyable morning for all those who took part and, we trust, for those who watched. The bolster bar event was very popular, and, judging from the laughter, was enjoyed by all, even those who landed in the hay. We must congratulate A/D/Corporal Peter on his good effort in winning this event, and also little "Magiga" on his sporting effort against much bigger men than himself.

I hear something that sounds like S.C.R., and that puts me completely off my stroke. So until next time, cheerio.

NGITI.

GWELO

Gwelo is the sort of place where one naturally has a good time without any elaborate preparations, so by the next issue of *The Outpost* I shall possibly be able to tell you what we did do with ourselves during Christmas.

We congratulate Sub/Insp. McCall-Smith on taking over Member I/C Town in place of Insp. Jarville, who is now a civilian in the Municipal Native Affairs Department, and has quite recovered from his recent spell in hospital with appendicitis.

On the 3rd of December practically the whole of the Mess attended the wedding of Trooper Jock Wilson and Miss Dinah Margaret Carrick in Gwelo. We celebrated his departure into wedded bliss with a party in the canteen two nights before the fateful day, and Jock was to be observed taking frequent glances at a



Tyrer, the junior member, replied, and after that there were no more "words"—only the peaceful champing of fully occupied jaws, and bulging tummies to put "paid" to the day.

Then came the Grand Finale: Old Year's Eve and a Ball at the Camp. All those who could still see to do so (and those who could not, presumably guided there by a "greater spirit") rolled up, and great was the rejoicing. The tables on the lawn were ringed with "fairy lights" and the marks of wet glasses, and the dance floor with the gayest of ladies and gentlemen. . . . Twelve o'clock, and not an unknissed lady in camp.

So, again we face the New Year, if not full of confidence, at least with great hopes (Sweep, and so on), and on this note, extending our cordial greetings to you all, we say "Till next month."

SADDLEBAGS.

UMTALI

Congratulations, Mr. Editor, on a fine Christmas Number, and long may the good work continue.

My thanks to "Anon" for more than coming up to scratch during my absence and keeping Umtali on *The Outpost* map.

We are glad to report that the Christmas and New Year holidays have passed off without any serious crime being reported, and therefore our holiday has been a pleasant one. May we hope that the whole year 1950 will be as pleasant.

little book called "Duty Hints to Bridegrooms" or "Altar Procedure," which certainly stood him in good stead, for the ceremony went as swimmingly as did the champagne at the reception afterwards. Sergeant Dixon gave the bride away and Constable Shout was best man.

Funniest event of the month was the "leave" taken together by Constables Browning and Armstrong. The general idea was to "get away from it all" for a few days in the bundu, using as transport a couple of donkeys and a cart and just to wander around where the spirit moved.

The day of departure came, but the donkeys did not, and so our stalwarts set out on foot, carrying the most amazing collection of hand luggage and decked out in backwoodsman outfits.

Intending to stay out for a week, we next saw them three days later, when they staggered into camp and told us of the "adventure."

Apparently they had walked about 45 miles, it had rained all the time, they had not had a wink of sleep, and Armstrong had dropped the beer the first day, so they had had nothing to drink for the second two days. They had lost most of the kit and had been lost themselves most of the time. Such is the folly of Town Policemen who venture out into the great unknown! They swear that the next time it is first-class travel and first-class hotel accommodation. 'Course, we did warn them before they set off!

CHILIMANZI

For the first time in many moons Chilimanzi is again telling the outside world of our doings.

For the information of those whose geography is a trifle hazy, I will tell you where we are and who we are.

If you are in Fort Victoria and you want to get to Gwelo, you will pass us on the way, but when you are passing keep a close watch on the road because there is not very much of us. Us by the way consists of Sergeant Thomas and Trooper Muir, seven A/C's, one very ancient P.M.C. and Gurkha, our R/H.

At the moment of writing we have had a visit from two swarms of bees and they are now settled so well that we are considering moving out to make more room for them.

Our trusty steed has not proved so trusty of late: in fact I might say that on one occasion he let me down rather badly—quite a bump in fact.

In the district we have Ben Brewer, who was in the Police 'way back, and will doubtless be remembered by many old members and residents of this area.

Well, while I am muttering and cursing over this literary masterpiece, all the dear little M'Karangas are doubtless busy planning bigger and better crimes, so I must return to keep the peace.

MUIR.

FORT VICTORIA

The first publication of the "Victoria News" appeared recently. We extend our congratulations to the sponsors, and wish the paper every success in a township that is going ahead in every sphere.

The recent festive season was enjoyed by all in camp. Christmas Day included such activities as tennis, table tennis and tenni-quoits. The main attraction during the morning was the "playing off" of the final games in the Victoria Police Tennis Cup tournament. The semi-finalists were Captain E. S. Streeter v. Sergeant Mildred, and Inspector Aust v. Trooper Sayer. Ser-

geant Mildred went through to the final after a very exciting game with Captain Streeter, followed by Trooper Sayer, who just managed to overcome Inspector Aust's play. In the final, Sergeant Mildred showed his good form again by winning the straight set to become the first holder of the Victoria Police Tennis Cup. It was grand to watch his powerful volleys and cross shots, which were placed with careful skill.

The final of the snooker tournament was also played off, Troopers Sutherland and Brett being the two contestants. The former won the cup after a great struggle, by two games to one. Whilst on the topic of snooker, I find I have to extend further congratulations to our snooker team. They have played some four further games since our last notes and came through each time with flying colours. Regular members of the team have not always been available, but there was always somebody present to come forward and fill the breach. The success of the Police team at snooker has prompted a Town team to come forward as a challenge, formed from employees at the local C.M.E.D. and local garages.

Entertainment was in no way lacking in the town over the festive season, and dances, both at the Sports Club and at the local hotel, were very popular indeed. A party held in the Police Camp just prior to Christmas was very well attended, guests including our local M.P., Mr. R. O. Stockil, and the Magistrate.

A serious accident occurred to one of our young Policemen on Christmas Day. Constable Shepherd took R.H. Hussar out on a morning exercise ride, and whilst passing through the township came into collision with a native cyclist. Shepherd was thrown from his mount on to the road surface and sustained a fracture to his skull, but he has improved greatly since his admittance to hospital.

We were pleased to see Sergeant Arthur Weston and his wife back from Home leave. Both were looking very fit and undoubtedly thoroughly enjoyed their holiday abroad. After spending a few days with us they passed through to Shabani, their new station. We wish them all of the very best.

The African Police Sports were held on New Year's Day on the playing fields behind the camp. Although no records were broken, the spirit shown was as high as ever, and contestants and spectators alike thoroughly enjoyed the show. Prizes were presented by Mrs. E. S. Streeter, after which a party was held amongst the African ranks. Captain E. S. Streeter, Inspector Aust, Sergeants Whitehead and Weimer and Trooper Sayer organised the sports, and especial credit goes to Mrs. A. W. Aust, who organised the party for the Africans.

Congratulations to Sergeants Hunter and Holt on the birth of daughters during the month.

By the time these notes are read we shall have said farewell to Sergeant Mildred, who, after 20 years in the Force, is taking up employment with the Maize Control Board in Salisbury. Although he was with us for only two years, he was a very popular figure in town. We wish him and his family a very happy future.

Trooper Blascheck, another well-known member, is also leaving this month, having arrived in Fort Victoria from Depot in June, 1946. He intends taking a short holiday touring the Colony and the Union before going to his father's farm at Goromonzi. Our best wishes are extended to him in his new venture.

CARURO.

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HARTLEY

Well, Christmas has passed and most of us here are getting back to normal. This Station was exceptionally quiet over the holiday, probably the result of the usual Christmas raiding.

On New Year's Day the Camp was visited by some of our indigenous friends, who ably performed their version of the waltz and fox-trot, to the cries of "Klismas box, Klismas box," and they were last seen going in the direction of the house of the Member in Charge.

For some unknown reason the troops had an urge to demonstrate their horsemanship during the holiday, and were almost queuing up to climb aboard the R.H. All seemed to have remembered what they were taught in Depot, as the R.H. came back only once minus rider (no names no pack drill!).

Trooper Cross visited us the other day on his way back from long leave at the coast. He told some weird and wonderful tales, and now all the troops are talking of spending their leave down there.

Ex-Police types in this district include ex-Sub-Inspector "Jackie" Barnard, who is secretary of the local T.M.B., and also does a spot of farming; he seems to be making a success of both. Another is ex-Sergeant "Dick" Smith, who is also farming. A typical ex-Police type is "Paddy" Lanning; it is not known what rank he held at discharge, but taking a guess his number was somewhere round about 99. At present he is engaged in building a dam for the Irrigation Department somewhere in this district.

On New Year's Day the local sports club held a very successful dance, proceeds going towards the funds for the building of a club house, which is badly needed here.

Until next time, cheerio.

DARKIE.

NYAMANDHLOVU

Having successfully waded and cooked our way through the innumerable returns which stubbornly present themselves for completion at the end of each year, we can now turn our somewhat weary pen to the task of putting Nyamandhlovu on the map once again. One wonders if there isn't a horrible troglodyte sitting in P.H.Q. whose sole contribution to the future of mankind is the thinking up of new forms and fresh returns for completion by the already overworked Trooper of the District (Town Police might well note this).

At the beginning of December last year Sergeant "Monty" Isikson, who had just returned from leave in the U.K., joined us to replace Sergeant "Laurie" Turner, who started a month's leave in the Union on December 12th. According to "Monty" there is still a lot to be said for the Old Country—judging by the number of scented Christmas cards he received we would say there was too. When Sergeant Turner left us there were definite signs of a beard forthcoming. Whether this was due to a lack of razor blades or a secret intention to attend the Voortrekker Celebrations we do not quite know.

The Christmas festivities went with a great swing, thanks to the activities of our mess caterer, Trooper Ted Kirby. The hours which he spent patiently cutting out recipes from such enlightening publications as "Home and Beauty" and "Woman's Own" certainly proved fruitful. It can only be said that the local storekeeper did a roaring trade in Alka Seltzer and Bicarbonate of Soda; surely testimony enough as to Edward's culinary ability.

On New Year's morning we organised a paper chase which, despite the activities of the previous night, was well patronised by the local residents, there being a dozen riders. It was noticeable, however, that many of the people who attended the Hunt Breakfast of beer and mutton chops at the Camp had not been quite so conspicuous earlier on, galloping madly through the bush. Much amusement was caused when, at the conclusion of the breakfast, Troopers Bryant and Bennison gave a swimming demonstration in the pool still clad in their riding habit. This was not the first time that Trooper Bryant had demonstrated his aquatic abilities either.

Trooper Kirby, alias Horseflesh, has just left us to ride R.H. Dixie down to Gwanda and to return with R.H. Fancy. He has promised the Member i/c that he will be back by the end of September when, according to an enormous ring around a certain date in that month in the calendar in his room, he is due for discharge.

In case you may wonder where the nom de plume which concludes this article came from, it was brought about by the somewhat over-enthusiastic efforts of a certain member of this Station whilst beer raiding over the Christmas period.

GESTAPO.

POLICE RESERVE

UMTALI

The Umtali Section of the Reserve, which had been dormant for some months, came to life again on 28th November, when the detachment assembled at the Magistrate's Court and was given a demonstration of Court Procedure by Lieut. Idle.

Matters affecting the detachment were discussed, including the drawing up of a roster for regular tours of duty with the Regular Police.

It was agreed to hold a Social on the 16th December in the newly completed Police Reserve Lecture Hall at the Police Camp, and this promises to be a good show, as a local band have offered their services, so that dancing can be enjoyed by the members and their lady friends.

The next parade is scheduled for January, 1950, when we have been promised a tear gas demonstration, which should prove very interesting.

A judge was pointing out to his Court that witness was not necessarily to be regarded as untruthful because he altered a statement he had previously made.

"For instance," he said, "when I entered this Court to-day I could have sworn that I had my watch in my pocket. But then I remembered I had left it in the bathroom at home."

When the judge got home that night his wife said: "Why all this bother about your watch—sending four or five men for it?"

"Good heavens!" said the judge. "I never sent anyone! What did you do?"

"I gave it to the first one who came; he knew just where it was."

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So You Want to be a Linguist?

In view of the recent amendments to Standing Orders, whereby all members of the Duty Branches have to take native language as part of their promotion examinations, it is thought that a short discourse on the ways and means of learning the language might be of assistance to those who, for the first time, are about to take the plunge into the mysteries of the native tongue.

For the purpose of this article I intend to deal with the Chishona language, although no doubt the principles could be applied to Sindebele just as easily. Also, this is not intended for those among us whose names appear regularly in Force Orders under the heading of Examinations: Lower Bantu Studies. This is much too basic, and so you chaps had better turn on to Domestic Notes or to some other topic of interest.

Firstly, some hints on studying. As many of the lucky members of the Force who were "On Service" during the war and came back as fluent Italian and/or Greek linguists will tell you, there is only one real way of learning a foreign language. Unfortunately conditions in this country are such that this source of knowledge is denied us, and we must learn the hard and more unpleasant way.

Having obtained a grammar book, or better still, if one is flush with the pieces of green paper everyone admires so much, a language course, set yourself a definite task every night. So many pages and so many words to be added to that vocabulary (soon to shake the African corporal to his boots). Now, here comes the first snag. Having picked up books, papers, cigarettes and a large quart (the brain needs food to sustain it), and settled down in a hard chair at a table (none of this armchair, feet up stuff), a small figure in a large hat and a blue jersey peers in at the doorway and states, without a trace of emotion, that Mr. Jones, 40 miles away, has had a murder on his farm, and please will someone come and see all about it. There you are! Another night of intensive study gone west.

Of course, if you are married your chances of being disturbed in this manner are more remote, but what of the other snags? Having got down to it with all the necessary papers and a small beer, young Tommy suddenly discovers a new tooth, and lets all the world know about it. Mother is too busy "mending those holes you always get in your socks, dear," and so poor dad is roped in to ease the aching molar. This, of course, is only touching on the many and varied forms of interruptions to concentrated study that have to be borne by the would-be linguist.

Now we come to the next step in the making of the linguist—practice in the use of the language. This is of paramount importance, and the need for constant practice is imperative. One naturally has ample opportunity in talking to the African constables on the station, only be sure you get the interpreter to give them their instructions after you have finished, or the consequences may be alarming, if not harmful, to the relationship between Police and Public.

However, this business of conversation with the native need not be confined to the office, as it can be easily extended when one is on patrol. Stop the first native you meet on the road and say to him in your fluent Chishona: "Chitupa chako chiri kupi." Nine times out of ten he will look at you with blank amaze-

ment, and so you repeat the question. Still more blank amazement, and then, in sheer desperation, you say to him: "Upi lo ——— stupa kuwena," whereupon a smile of complete understanding will cross his face and a tattered piece of blue paper will be produced for inspection. However, dear student, do not be discouraged by this minor setback, and have a go at the next one you meet. You may be lucky and hit the bull first time with your Chishona, or even worse, "Upi lo stupa kuwena" fails to ring the bell and you are forced to enroll the services of a local farmer who was in Tanganyika before the war and can speak Swahili.

Now, in conclusion, a few words about the actual examination itself. Do not be afraid of it. It is nothing like as difficult as explaining to the wife that you were not drunk, but merely a little tired, the night of the Police dinner when she found you asleep in the flower bed. Last-minute cramming is not recommended, although it has been known for stock phrases, such as the Warn and Caution, to be learnt in the front of a Land Rover while on the way in for the examination. Cries are definitely not recommended, as they present at least two major difficulties. One is that you cannot write all you should or do not know on a piece of paper and the other is the difficulty in hiding a piece of paper on elastic up the sleeve of one's tunic, particularly if you are still wearing out your old issue bush tunics. Anyway, you sit much too near the examiners to use it without detection.

The pros and cons of entering the examination room on one's face and knees and creeping towards the examiner while clapping the hands and murmuring "Mambo, Mambo" have been discussed on many occasions, and it is considered to be not quite the right thing as well as rather overdoing it, and from authoritative circles it is known that this does not earn those extra marks needed to make up the desired 50.

If the examiner offers you a cigarette take it by all means. It may be a Players. Even if it is not, the humble Gold Leaf Cork makes a change from the gritty thing you roll in a flat black tin.

I know that the above is open to a lot of criticism, but all that was intended was a broad outline of the way in which we can become expert linguists and thus cement the bond of understanding between the Police and their Public.

"GONDO."



Your New Reading

By JOHN COLOPHON

Creator of the B.B.C.: A Remarkable Book

IT is customary for reviewers to name at this season "Books of the Year" just past. I should name as one of the most extraordinary, and the most interesting, *Into the Wind*, by Lord Reith (Hodder and Stoughton); the autobiography of the creator of the B.B.C.

Life stories by the famous or well known are apt to be a sad disappointment, and, apart from a tendency to the verbose, to "spare" their subject. Too often Lord this or the Rt. Hon. that tells of his achievement, and with the modesty pedal well on. We get something, maybe, of early struggles, a few setbacks, but for the most part a tale of success in the course of which, by successive and quickening stages everyone becomes after all a good chap (some despite first impressions, which once overcome, reveal a heart of gold); and the flowers in the garden bloom, and we reach a mellow evening of life, with every little hitch of the past forgotten, forgiveness freely scattered, and a finale breathing a benediction. One can almost see the author beaming. The reader's reaction is apt to be different. It takes the form of an outside yawn.

Lord Reith is another matter. He pulls no punches, spares nothing, according to his lights. Result: we get what humanity ever seeks in story, true or fictional: the portrait of a human being. There may even be those (and in particular his enemies, of whom he made a few) who will take a pleasure of their own in this book; friends may here and there regret that he has written it: that may be. It is not the reader's business. The reader will enjoy it.

Lord Reith is a son of the Manse. He was put, against his will, to engineering; served with distinction in the First World War; there gave a glimpse of his peculiar and remarkable powers of organisation; was invalided out through a serious wound; while quite young was sent to the U.S.A. to organise the flow of small arms to Britain; after demobilisation was appointed general manager to a famous Scottish engineering firm, then in declension; left it and found himself at a loose end in London, seeking for the right opening. Though he did not even know what broadcasting was, he replied to an advertisement for a general manager of the then new "B.B. Company," repeat Company; secured the job, and as radio developed, and the company was turned into the British Broadcasting Corporation, became, through his peculiar talent for organisation, its creator as we know it to-day.

Within a year of arrival in London Reith, until then practically unknown, was entertaining the Primate, and soon his position enabled him to talk on level terms with the Prime Minister, who, on saying he would like to broadcast to the nation, was told by Reith that that depended on what he meant to say; for it was Reith's resolve that the B.B.C. should be independent of parties and not become the tool of any. In short, the control of this new instrument of publicity gave Reith a position of peculiar power.

It is to his abiding credit that in relation to radio he used that position in suchwise that British broadcasting became permanently known for its absolute impartiality as an instrument of news, and, as well, in many respects a model organisation. But, whatever might be said about "governing Boards," the truth is

that it was an autocracy, with Reith in sole effective control. Just before the outbreak of the last war, he had so organised the concern that he felt there was no more for him to do; in a fatal moment he resigned, and took charge of Imperial Airways. Later, Chamberlain took him into his Government as Minister of Information, but without entire backing as to his actions. When Churchill became Prime Minister, Reith was transferred to another Government post; was shifted again, and then, on a Government reconstruction, suddenly and most unfairly dropped. That marked what seems to be the end of his public life.

Lord Reith (on his last Government transfer, he was given a peerage) deeply resented his treatment in politics—here says so, and with the utmost outspokenness as to both event and persons. He ends on a note of tempered bitterness. What he does not see (characteristically: and it is the revelation of character as well as event that is the making of this book) is the reason for his "fall" (if one may apply the work technically to a man with such a unique achievement to his credit); which was that, marvellous organiser as he is, men such as he can be effective only if they have autocratic control, and that once they are so placed as to be subject to the debate-and-committee rule of politics, they are at odds with their environment.

In keeping with that is the fact (one mentions it as cogent and not in any derogatory sense) that throughout his book, apart from one or two of the higher ups of his long B.B.C. control, and a general tribute, the author makes no allusion to any of the great staff of devoted and loyal workers who helped him to make the B.B.C. what it became. Nevertheless, I end as I began: this is a deeply interesting book.

In *Happy Pilgrimage* (Hutchinson), Sir Harry Britain, one of the most versatile and well-known of public men between the wars, adds a large and final instalment to his life story. Notable about this book is the sweep and scope of the author's contacts and activities, his pen pictures of men and events, and the fund of good stories happily told. In *Sober Livery* (Cassell), by Horace Annesley Vachell, we have the veteran novelist and best seller in diary and discursive form with a further chapter of his days in the evening of his life. How civilised, urbane and skilled is this book! It ranks among the easiest of recent reading.

The Best of Ernest Seton Thompson (Hodder and Stoughton) contains a dozen and a half of the selected animal stories of this pioneer among popular naturalists, and each is a winner. The author really knew the wilds, had a rare power of communicating his emotions. You will enjoy this volume, which will whet the appetite for the full life of Thompson to appear in due course from the same house. *The West in English History* (Hodder and Stoughton) refers to the West of England, and contains a reprint of a series of talks by experts on a wide number of aspects, historical and otherwise, of that favoured and richly endowed part. The writing is at all points entirely unpedantic but informative in the extreme. Everyone born in the West or linked to it will want to read the book.

A Life's Work (Hutchinson), by Margaret Bondfield, explains its own title: but it is very much more than merely political. Here a veteran of the English Labour Movement, and England's first woman Cabinet Minister, tells us all about herself; and, whatever your politics may be, you will assuredly be gripped by the narrative of a humble girl's rise through sheer hard work, amid tremendous trials, by the exercise of sincerity linked to a truly indomitable spirit, to high executive position. Miss Bondfield's modesty is that of a balanced mind. She writes succinctly, yet to ample purpose, with complete accuracy, and, concurrent with her personal story, provides us with an authentic background to many of the most dramatic events of the years between the wars. Small wonder that such a woman is esteemed far beyond the confines of mere party. Her book will be widely read.

A word here about a special and seasonal publication, *The Navy Year Book and Diary*, published for the Navy League by Hutchinson. You will go a long way before coming across a thing of this class of such quality. Edited by a well-known journalist, Mr. Guy Pollock, it is a totally exceptional job; contains a dozen articles by famous names of Navy and sea subjects, and a series of pictures in colour and gravure of superb calibre. All profits go to the Navy League Sea Cadet Corps Fund. Get it and prove that in this age of the overdone "understatement" I do not say too much.

A book of the year of a different sort is *Collected Poems*, by Roy Campbell (The Bodley Head). One has to be careful with poetry; but Roy Campbell has a place of his own, and not only because he is a South African born. Twenty years ago two young Durban men, Mr. Campbell and his friend William Plomer, there founded the first South African literary movement with the magazine "Voorslag." Its contents, both in subject and in particular in quality, made folk sit up. The pair were artistic "rebels," highly gifted, uncompromising. After two issues, management was taken from their hands. They resigned, both left Africa, and have since been "exiles." Roy Campbell, after writing fierce satire, composed in Wales, "The Flaming Terrapin," which made him internationally famous; then "The Georgiad," which made a sensation, and much other verse. Here it all is. You may not like his themes, or his ferocious satire; but, a modern, with all that technical skill many moderns dodge through lack of power to master, he is without doubt one of the really outstanding poets of the age, stimulating, moving and highly entertaining, too. This certainly is one of the books of the year.

Not Without Honour: The Life and Writings of Olive Schreiner, by Vera Buchanan-Gould (Hutchinson), is a book which will much interest Southern Africa and especially Rhodesia, if only because Olive Schreiner wrote "Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland." The book, with an introduction (and a remarkable introduction) by General Smuts, is notable, too (apart from its merits), for the fact that it is only the second book about Olive Schreiner to be published; the other being her life (and not a good life) by her husband, Cronwright Schreiner. The daughter of a German missionary from London and his London wife, she was born, one of a large family, at Wittebergen Mission Station, then in the wilds of the Karroo, in 1855.

After various ups and downs, she became a governess, and it was while at Cradock, Cape Province, at the farm called "Ganna Hoek," that she wrote "The Story of an African Farm," her abiding claim to eminence. Though marred by sentimentality, loose con-

struction and somewhat wooden characterisation, the work, with its intensity, its rebellious feminism and freedom of thought, hit the Victorian world between wind and water; it became a classic. It is her "Wuthering Heights." She never did anything to approach it; and indeed in her the artist became, through the uncontrolled intensity of her temperament, submerged in the reformer and champion of causes. In her earlier and later life she spent much time away from South Africa; her brain and emotions were too powerful for her physique; asthma, that exhausting affliction, wracked her; when the present reviewer met her, then in her sixties, in London, after the last world war, she was an old and worn-out woman.

Her opposition to Rhodes's politics and actions over Rhodesia was extreme, as "Peter Halket" shows. But she was a woman of enormous gifts, utter disinterestedness and courage; and the calibre of the soul revealed by her masterpiece of its kind, "The Story of an African Farm," assured her of a unique position in letters—and not South African letters only.

Vera Buchanan-Gould's book is of outstanding value (despite early touches of the brash, repeat brash) because it is far the fullest life, and is clearly the outcome of long and most exhaustive research. It surpasses the Cronwright-Schreiner conventional biography; and must become the standard book on its ever-interesting subject.

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CRICKET

ZONE C LEAGUE

4th December—Police v. Salisbury 4. Depot ground.
Police, 1st innings, 249 for 6 (declared) (Smithyman 63, Riddle 54 not out, Dickinson 43, Banister 38 not out).

Salisbury, 1st innings, 4 wickets down for 10 runs when rain stopped play (Banister 3 for 4, Katz 1 for 5).

Police team: Dickinson, Taylor, B., Smithyman, Buchanan, Digges, Banister, Gilfillan, Riddle, Bell, Katz, Haselhurst.

Match drawn.

11th December—Police v. Raylton 2. Away.

Police, 1st innings, 233 (Bell 52, Riddle 49 not out, Banister 37, Dickinson 24, Holmes 21).

Raylton, 1st innings, 87 (Banister 6 for 25, Buchanan 2 for 14).

Raylton, 2nd innings, 72 for 9 when stumps were drawn (Banister 5 for 20, Buchanan 4 for 24).

Police team: Dickinson, Digges, Smithyman, Buchanan, Taylor, B., Banister, Riddle, Bell, Haselhurst, Katz, Holmes.

Police won on the first innings.

18th December—Police v. Forces 2. Depot ground.
Police, 1st innings, 241 for 5 (declared) (Smithyman 150, Banister 32 not out, Dickinson 27).

Forces, 1st innings, 61 (Banister 3 for 10, Katz 4 for 30, Dickinson 2 for 9).

Forces, 2nd innings, 92 (Dickinson 6 for 8).

Police team: Dickinson, Dale, Smithyman, Digges, Buchanan, Banister, Riddle, Bell, Katz, Holmes, Haselhurst.

Police won outright.

8th January—Police v. Alexandra. Depot ground.

Alexandra, 1st innings, 103 (Smithyman 3 for 11, Holmes 2 for 7).

Police, 1st innings, 243 for 9 (declared) (Dickinson 100, Smithyman 48, Bell 37, Dale 22).

Alexandra, 2nd innings, 96 for 8 when stumps were drawn (Banister 4 for 24, Gilfillan 2 for 19).

Police team: Dickinson, Dale, Smithyman, Digges, Bell, Banister, Riddle, Gilfillan, Holmes, Katz, Coop.

Police won on the first innings.

FRIENDLY (Saturday Afternoons)

3rd December—Police v. C.M.A. Depot ground.

Police, 1st innings, 118 (Digges 50, J. Taylor 22 not out, Rowland 21).

C.M.A., 1st innings, 97 (Holmes 5 for 19, Cave 4 for 34).

Police team: Rowland, Rawson, J. Dickinson, Holmes, Clapham, Cave, Tait, Collins, J. Taylor, Digges, Pickard.

Police won.

10th December—Police v. C.A.A. Depot ground.

C.A.A., 1st innings, 69 (Rowland 4 for 15, Holmes 3 for 20, Cave 2 for 21).

Police, 1st innings, 29 (J. Taylor 12 not out).

Police, 2nd innings, 59 (Wilson 13, Harcourt 10).

C.A.A., 2nd innings, 65 (Rowland 2 for 2, Holmes 2 for 6, Wilson 2 for 4).

Police team: Rawson, Cave, Rowland, Wilson, Holmes, J. Taylor, Harcourt, Collins, Coop, Tait, Ming.

Police lost.

17th December—Police v. Mt. Hampden. Depot ground.
Police, 1st innings, 12.

Mt. Hampden, 1st innings, 95 (Coop 6 for 24, Cave 2 for 25).

Police, 2nd innings, 32.

Police team: J. Taylor, Rawson, Cave, Clapham, Coop, Collins, Adams, Tait, Harris, Lovegrove, O'Shaugnessy.

Police lost.

Monday, 2nd January—Major Spurling's XI v. Capt. Frost's XI. Depot ground.

Capt. Frost's XI, 1st innings, 145 (Smithyman 98, Lovegrove 22). Bowling: Katz 5 for 40, Coop 2 for 29.

Major Spurling's XI, 1st innings, 85 (Maguire 23). Bowling: Smithyman 3 for 9, Bell 3 for 16.

Capt. Frost's XI, 2nd innings, 62 for 2 (declared) (Bell 30, Lovegrove 28). Bowling: Katz 1 for 11, Coop 1 for 15.

Major Spurling's XI, 2nd innings, 114 (Holmes 48, Coop 15). Bowling: Smithyman 6 for 29, Bell 2 for 33.

Capt. Frost's XI won by 8 runs.

7th January—Police v. Herald. Depot ground.

Herald, 1st innings, 87 (Holmes 5 for 34, Shaugnessy 3 for 21).

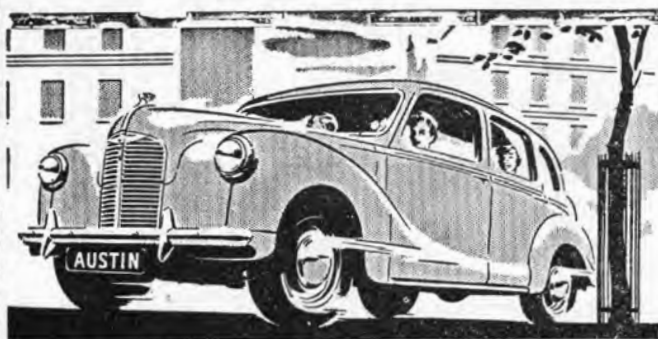
Police, 1st innings, 148 (Holmes 42, Cave 34, Lovegrove 23).

Police team: Rawson, Ming, Cave, Holmes, Shaugnessy, O'Shaugnessy, Lovegrove, Collins, Harcourt, Harris, Pickard.

Police won.

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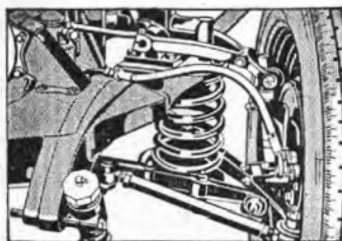
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When the touring Australian cricket team visited the Victoria Falls they found time to pose with some lucky young Rhodesians there. This is Master Michael Stonier, son of Sergeant Stonier, who seems to be enjoying himself with Lindsay Hassett, Ron Saggars and Arthur Morris.

[Photo: Victor Clark.]

WATER POLO

SALISBURY

Police v. Old Hararians

On the 3rd December, 1949, Police met Old Boys in a league game, and defeated the Corps by 6 goals to 3. Old Boys, who have a well-balanced young side, dominated the game throughout, but the Corps members fought back, and, as the score suggests, we attacked time and time again and managed to net three goals. Buchanan scored the hat-trick, and was ably supported by his co-forward Smith, who played his usual robust game. S/I. Nimmo, who was deputising in goal, played well, but is a very steady back, and it is hoped we can soon find another 'keeper to enable Nimmo to get back to his original position. Plastow and Buckley, our other backs, had a hard task to hold down Old Boys' forwards, but this was done successfully, as it was from the Old Boys' backs that their goals originated.

Police v. Otters S.C.

On the 10th December, 1949, Police met Otters S.C., and were beaten by 5 goals to 3. This was a hard and robust match, and was really anybody's game to the final whistle. Otters have a very strong forward line with Eland and Furber, who have represented Mashonaland for many years. We secured the services of Dr. Osler, the G.M.O., in goal, an ex-Western Province player with a fine knowledge of the game, and it must be said he played exceedingly well. Scorers for Police were Smith, Buchanan and Buckley. Highlight of the game was the speed and many good movements shown by both sides. The game was well handled by Lieut. G. Pitt, who kept a strict control, as this fixture is always a "needle" one between the two clubs.

Congratulations to Neil Smith, who has been selected to represent Mashonaland at water polo for the second season running. He has also a fine chance for Rhodesian selection on his present form.

Sgt. "Butch" Buckley, who has retired from provincial polo after many years, is coaching the Mashona-

land side and has been appointed manager for the forthcoming Rhodesian Championships.

BULAWAYO

It will probably come as a shock to the expert polo players in Salisbury to see that Bulawayo have decided to try their hands at this sport. Due mainly to the encouragement of Captain Duncombe, who needs no introduction to this sport, and the keenness of Constables Warwick and Sims, the formation of a team became a reality, and, on the advice of Captain Duncombe, who has very kindly taken on the task of coaching, we are playing only friendly matches this season.

Most of the players are inexperienced, and the tips received from our coach have assisted us considerably.

On 1st December we staked our reputation and travelled to Kumalo to play the R.A.F. The Police were represented by: Denley; Briault, Blackhall; Warwick; Sims, Fisher and Allen.

F/O Baker refereed the match, and as there was no stop-watch available we played ten minutes each way. While admitting that the finer points of the game were missing, Police did not disgrace themselves, and managed to win 5-3.

In the return match, which took place on the 15th December, Police entered the water with more confidence. Kumalo, defending the deep end in the first half, soon showed the Police that they were determined to have their revenge. Police could not get going as a team, and the half-time score of 3-1 in their favour did not reflect a true picture of the game.

In the second half Police went all to pieces, and when the final whistle went the score was a draw, 3-3.

Both sides obviously profited by the first game, with the result that the marking was much better and minor infringements of the rules less frequent.

Police team was: Denley; Young, Blackhall; Briault; Sims, Fisher and Warwick.

After the match Police invited the Kumalo team to the Police Canteen, where an enjoyable evening was spent getting the taste of the water out of our mouths.

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UMTALI



Sergeant R. Trangmar, of Salisbury, a member of the Rhodesian team which goes to New Zealand for the Empire Games this month.

[Photo: R. Blackmore.]

On the 9th December Police were invited to compete in a Forces Relay Race at a gala held in the Municipal Baths. Chosen to represent the Police were Sgt. Fisher, Constables Earnshaw and Warwick. This was a very close race, and Police came fourth.

The team wish to thank Captain Duncombe and Lieut. Blowers for the interest they are showing and who are always spectators at the matches (with a spare pair of trunks in case we are one man short).

We hope that before the season ends we shall be able to arrange matches with some of the league teams, and, if the results turn out as we anticipate, a Police team in the league next season can be expected. Then a match with our Salisbury friends might be arranged.

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RUGBY

The Annual General Meeting of the B.S.A. Police Rugby Club was held in the Old Museum, Depot, on the 14th December, 1949.

The chairman, Major Spurling, pointed out that although the team had done very well in the 1949 season, he thought that there was still room for improve-

ment and suggested that we should have another season in the Second League. If we could win the League we should then enter a team in the First League in the 1951 season. He congratulated the team on coming second to Forces last season.

The suggestion by the chairman was seconded by the Captain, Constable Todd, who pointed out to the meeting that in order to run a successful First League team we should also have to have a strong Second League team, and as yet there were not enough playing members to run two good League teams. The meeting agreed unanimously to enter a Second League team.

Constable Todd was again elected Captain of the team, and Constable Eggleton Vice-Captain. Congratulations to Constable Todd on his re-election, and all members wish him the best of luck during the coming season and hope to see him leading his men on to the field in the First League next year.

Constable Berry was elected Hon. Secretary and, with Inspector Lardant, was elected to act as Delegate to the Mashonaland Rugby Board.

We are very pleased to welcome back as coach Captain Killick, who has offered his services again. With

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his knowledge of the game and in particular the rules, we should benefit considerably. Mr. Waters, Scottish International three-quarter, whom the older members will recollect as a member of Sam Walker's touring team in 1938, has offered his services as coach. His knowledge should be very valuable to the team, as we are very weak in all departments behind the scrum, and until we can develop some good backs we shall not see First League. Inspector Lardant and D/S/Inspector Wood were also elected as coaches. Under the tuition of these men we should have no difficulty in winning the Second League this year if the players pull together, listen to the coaches, and, above all, listen to the captain on the field. He is the man who does the talking.

It is very pleasing to see the number of members who are already turning out for light training. I am certain that we shall soon be hearing moans coming from our cricketing friends when an oval ball lands on the pitch just as one of the batsmen tries to emulate Neil Harvey and place a six between the posts—which we hope will soon be gracing the pitch again.

Best of luck for the coming season.

J. B. R.

SOCCER

The Annual General Meeting of the Soccer Section in Salisbury was held in the Depot on Monday, 12th December, 1949, at which Commandant Depot (Major B. Spurling) presided. There was a good attendance, indicating, we hope, that Soccer is going to be warmly supported again by all next season. Although the season does not start until early April, the feeling was that we should get things going early.

Officials elected for the coming season were:—Team Captain, Trooper "Buck" Buchanan; Vice-captain, "Johnny" Johnston; with Constable Keith Rawson in the unenviable position of Team Secretary. Mr. Harry Levy, the Mashonaland and Rhodesian trainer, kindly consented to train the Police team, and he was unanimously elected to that position. Inspector "Tommy" Thompson, who is at present on leave in the U.K., and who put in sterling work last season for the club, was elected Manager in his absence, and we hope he will accept that position.

Training commenced on Tuesday, 10th January, when a good turnout were put through their paces with P.T. and a run round the suburbs of Salisbury—or so it seemed! This was carried out despite rain and mud, and is a tribute to our keenness this year. This season we have Basil Taylor, Sgt. Johnston, Tommy Bannister and Roy Harris back with us to swell the ranks, not to mention a large number of keen recruits, who, with careful watching, should boost our numbers.

We were all very sorry and dismayed to learn of our captain's knee injury sustained at cricket practice, but at the time of writing he is making good progress, and should soon be able to take his place with those who are training instead of limping around with a dejected expression on his face.

Everyone is very sorry to learn that Sub/Inspector Claude de Lorme will not be assisting us this year owing to other commitments, but we still anticipate his support from the touchline as usual.

Our new (we hope) colours should give moral help in our battles next year; these are old gold shirts with a Police badge over the pocket, with the usual dark blue shorts and stockings.

Next season will begin with a grim determination by all to avenge the few defeats of last year and to

bring back to the fold all those glittering cups from the 1948 season.

And so, with all the football blokes swearing off smoking and drinking and trying to look as if a five-mile run is nothing, I must leave you. Wishing Soccer and all other sports the best of luck.

K. N. R.

TENNIS

Bulawayo Police Ladies v. Heany R.A.F. Ladies.

On the afternoon of 16th November, 1949, a team of eight B.S.A. Police ladies entertained an R.A.F. ladies team from Heany at the Bulawayo Police Camp, winning the match by 87 games to 33. It was a very pleasant social gathering, which was later graced (?) by some of the husbands of the embattled females of both sides. The R.A.F. team was led by Mrs. Geddes, wife of Group Captain A. W. Geddes, Officer Commanding, Heany R.A.F. Station.

The teams and results were as follows:—

R.A.F.: Mrs. Bodian and Mrs. Perkin, won 3 matches; Mrs. Davies and Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Geddes and Mrs. Bartlett, Mrs. Rump and Mrs. Maxwell.

B.S.A. Police: Mrs. Hickman (Camp) and Mrs. Kilborn (Camp) won 4 matches, 24-2; Mrs. McGregor (Camp) and Mrs. Brown (Urban) won 3 matches, 22-10; Mrs. Annesley (C.I.D.) and Mrs. Harris (C.I.D.) won 3 matches, 20-8; Mrs. Harries (District) and Mrs. Blythe (C.I.D.) won 3 matches, 21-13.

On 29th November the return match was played at Heany Air Station, where the B.S.A. Police ladies, and some of their husbands, were most hospitably entertained by their opponents, whom they beat by 78 games to 53. The R.A.F. team was the same as before, and the most successful couple was again Mrs. Bodian and Mrs. Perkin, who won 3 matches. Each of the other couples won one match.

B.S.A. Police results were:—Mrs. Hickman and Mrs. Kilborn won 4 matches, 24-4; Mrs. McGregor and Mrs. Brown won 3 matches, 23-12; Mrs. Annesley and Mrs. Harris won 3 matches, 21-13; Mrs. Harries and Miss Williams (District) lost 4 matches, 10-24.

When the weather improves it is hoped to arrange more tennis against R.A.F. Heany, perhaps in the form of mixed doubles.

ODE ON SEEING CUSTOMS INTERPRETATION

LIST No. 31/49

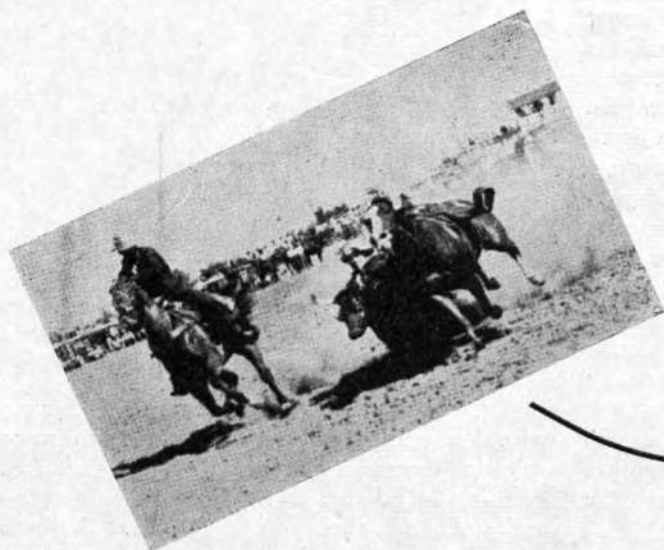
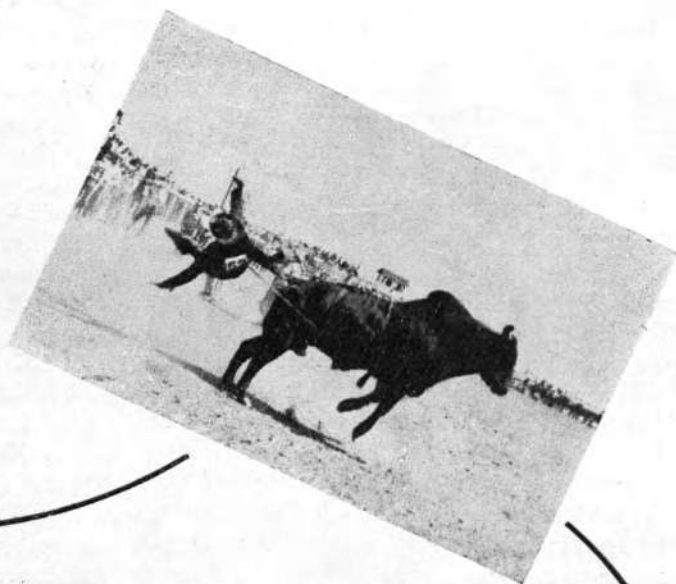
*Sulphacetamide
Makes him think he died,
While sulphadiazine
Makes him think he's seen
Sulphanilamide,
Which he can't abide.
At sulphaguanadine
He wished he'd never been.
But sulphathiazole
Is quiet, and can console.*

A would-be chicken farmer had some difficulty with her poultry, and wrote to the Ministry of Agriculture: "Something is wrong with my chickens. Every morning I find two or three lying on the ground, cold and stiff, with their feet in the air. Can you tell me what is the matter?" By return came the following reply: "Dear Madam, Your chickens are dead."

*At
The "Cheyenne
Frontier
Days"*

WYOMING

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



[Photos by De Vere Helfrich, Oregon, U.S.A.]

The Cheyenne Frontier Days

By CHIKOMO
(ex-B.S.A. Police)

Ever since the early, rip-snortin' days when the old Pioneers from the East began to spread out into the West into the sun-swept foothills of the Rockies and the golden land of the Indians the old Frontier town of Cheyenne has been the centre and very heart of Wyoming's love for the cowboy arts.

In '97 the "Cheyenne Frontier Days" became recognised as the official title of an annual, week-long revival of the told town's colourful and stormy birth—an annual festival which, since that date, to the average American has meant a week of carnival and fun, and to the cowboy and professional bronc-rider a week of gruelling ridin', ropin' and doggin'—when a feller comes face to face with the hottest animals and the best riders and ropers in all America.

To-day is the final day of the "Frontier Days" rodeo—July 31st, 1949. An eager and brightly-coloured crowd sits packed tight around the huge arena. Whereas the old mail-coaches, brons and ramshackle old chuck-wagons of the early prospectors must once have lined these railings, the park is to-day resplendent with Pontiacs, Buicks, Studebakers, Cadillacs, Chryslers and a host of others, each vehicle looking almost as incredibly new as its neighbour and proudly sporting the distinctive licence plate from Texas, New York, California, New Mexico, South Dakota, Montana and many more such romantic-sounding names.

"Pop-corn—Spun candy—Ice drinks!" yells a steward. To the casual observer this might easily be a well-nourished and well-upholstered crowd of Chicago baseball fans, but to the man who knows and understands the sunny-natured and horse-loving folks of the West there are many here in this same crowd who can spot a phoney cowboy before he enters the arena.

The rodeo opens with the Grand Parade. At the head comes a procession of Sioux Indians with their squaws and children, dressed in all their feathered glory and performing traditional war dances (one notices that a few of those braves begin to look a little old), followed by the original Denver mail-coach, with the out-riders pounding alongside, and lastly Miss Wyoming of 1949 upon her prancing steed!

With the passing of the Parade we scan our programmes for the real business of rodeo. The event to follow is the "Calf Riding Contest for Boys Under Sixteen." Perhaps the most startling part of this contest occurs when a little girl of about 13 years of age is launched out through the chute gates hanging on for dear life to the back of a rocketing Hereford calf. That was Ella Mae Winfield, and for a member of the "Boys Under Sixteen" class she could certainly ride and chew dust with the best of 'em!

One of the highlights of the day is the Brahma Bull Riding Contest. All eyes are focused on the long line of chutes over at the far side of the arena. "Comin' out of chute No. 1!" yells the announcer, and all else is drowned by the roar of the crowd as about 1,700lb. of bovine high-explosive hurtles out through the gates, raking the air with a five-foot span of horns. The rider is one Olin Rinebarger. "One—two—three—four seconds . . ." and you wonder when Olin will loose his leach-like hold on the great hunched back. It is all a matter of seconds before his face contacts the red dust as a pair of wicked-looking hooves flay the air about his head. Before the enraged animal can bury his horns into the fallen rider a lightning-footed fellow comes on the scene with a red blanket, and there follows a bril-



liant display of evasive bull-fighting until the baffled Brahma finds himself decoyed back to the corral.

Now follows the World's Championship Steer Bull-dogging Contest. In this event the mounted "Dogger" must hold his mount behind the gates until the steer has passed over the 30-foot mark. The gate opens and, like a bullet (these nags all seem to start off at a full gallop!), the dogger is after the steer as the "hazer" gallops up on the opposite side to edge the steer into the line of the dogger. All is now merged into a cloud of dust and pounding hooves, the dogger catapults himself toward the steer's horns, and, sliding alongside the animal in a semi-sitting position, shifts his grip on the horns until the steer is brought to a standstill and twisted over upon its side. The winner of this event is Carlos Green, with a total time of 28.4sec. for two steers.

In the Calf Roping Contest much depends on the training of the horse, for as soon as the calf is over the 30-foot mark and the lariat has whistled over its neck the rider must slide his horse to the halt in such a manner that the calf is not permanently pulled off its feet. From here on the horse must retain sufficient tension on the lariat to allow the roper to dismount, run up to the calf, throw it and quickly hog-tie three legs with his "piggin'" string, which is often carried between the teeth. If the calf is able to struggle to its feet again the roper is disqualified. The judge steps up to make his examination. The time—35.1sec. for two calves. In "Steer Bustin'" the roper is allowed to bust his steer to the ground, but the lariat must be correctly thrown and placed so as not to injure the animal.

And, then, of course, there is the almost legendary "Bronc Riding and Bucking Contest." Professional bronc riders and battered-looking cow-pokes from all across the States gather here for the fray. There's no "Hollywood Dude" about these boys. No, sir!



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These men are the real McCoy. Any man who can ride Cheyenne's hottest and meanest broncs until the roar of the eight-second gun is good—and he's tough. And not only must he stay on for those eight seconds but he is judged also on his style—his "Fanning" and his "Raking." Often, too, it is the expert rider who passes the time limit who is hurt as he tries to slip off his bridle-less, careering mount. Such men are usually helped off the bronc's back by a "Waddy," who gallops up alongside as a kind of movable dismounting unit. This episode usually arouses as much enthusiasm from the crowd as the actual bronc busting!

The '49 rodeo closes with the Denver Post Wild Horse Race, in which the boys have to saddle, mount and race youngsters broken to neither saddle nor bridle. And some of the boys manage that, too!

Nightfall comes to Cheyenne. Back in town the stores are ablaze with lights, juke boxes clang out from the open saloons and the old-time bands saw off that Rocky Mountain Rhythm to the whoop and clatter of the square-dancers out in the street. Hotels are thrown open to the crowds; the rich and well-fed rub shoulders with men in ancient Stetsons and worn Levis in the plush-carpeted loggias. People seem to have but one object in view—fun, and plenty of it. They are crawling around the hotel floors upon their hands and knees, with beer bottles poised in mid-air, through the dining-rooms, up the stairs, over the pay desks, in the main halls—everywhere, laughing, yelling and yippeeing. Over by the pay desk a pretty little co-ed, out for the first time in her life and wearing jeans too new to have even touched a saddle, blissfully shrieks that "There ain't no real cowboys in Colorado." A rangy-looking specimen in washed-out clothes and high-heeled boots crawls across to her and, with mock savagery, hisses in her face: "Mam, them's fightin' words!"

It is Sunday morning in Cheyenne. Weary visitors are moving and spreading out back home across the Continent. Men pack their newly won trophies—a shining Fred Mueller saddle, a Stetson hat, a silver

belt buckle, spurs, or a few hundred dollars in the purse—or maybe nothing but the excitement of the week and a few smashed bones. Cowboys heading back to the lonely reaches from whence they came—back to their cattle—until the next rodeo.

Nevada, September, 1949.

"939"

The filer of our charts does good;
Do it better if you could.
He picks them up, he puts them down,
He turns them over with a frown;
He pats them all so tenderly,
Then hides them all so cleverly,
And if there's one that's gone astray
He thinks about it all the day;
And if to-morrow still will do
That chart he'll send direct to you;
Or better still, and if you will,
He'll hold your hand and look quite bland,
And say in such a winning way,
"Sit down, my dear, for don't you see,
I'd like you just to talk to me."
Then drama stalks, as stalk it will.
The Office now is very still . . .
Some titled man, they say, is dead.
He goes to phone with heavy tread.
"This man was in the B.S.A.P.,
And all such types are known to me.
I dined with him when mere Major
Back in eighteen eighty-four!"
A loyal type, a finer man,
Find another if you can!
And all these traits—or so he says—
Come from his old policeman's days!

M.W.

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Witchcraft and the Law

By ROGER HOWMAN
(From NADA)

"I have nothing to say. I deny it." The old woman's words, winged with tones of resignation, sped from the dock across the listening courtroom and out into the veld of Rhodesia.

The Assistant Magistrate watched her uneasily, hoping she would say something more in reply to the charge against her, something that would throw a little light on the case which the Prosecutor had just presented. But no further words came from the dock. The evidence was before him. To gain a little more time to still the uncertainty within him, the Magistrate ran through the papers, picking out the salient details:—

Rex versus Puna

"Puna did impute to Mazinyana the use of non-natural means in causing a disease in the said Puna; that is to say did name or indicate Mazinyana as a witch."

Then followed the women called as witnesses for the Crown.

"Mazinyana stated: Last year the accused had eye-sickness. She consulted a diviner, A, who visited our kraal. I was not present. Next day she said I was a witch (Muroyi), as the diviner had said I was the cause of her eye-sickness. She said if I did not believe her I could go to another and that I was to leave the kraal. I went with others to diviner B, for whom we threw the bones, and all of us were cleared. Until diviner A came to our kraal there was no trouble between us. I had to leave the kraal."

"Tizirayi stated: Accused is my mother-in-law. A diviner, A, spent a night with us at tax time. Accused asked him to divine the cause of her illness. He said it was witchcraft (Uroyi) and caused by Mazinyana, who was not present. Next day accused told Mazinyana she was a witch (Muroyi), so she went to diviner B, who cleared her. She left the kraal."

"Cross-examined by Court, accused said she was a witch. The bones could not hold her, as she was not present with diviner A. I believed diviner B, who cleared her."

The case was clear. The word Muroyi had been used, sickness attributed and a woman driven out of the kraal. Section 3 of the Witchcraft Suppression Act was contravened at every point. "Whoever imputes to any other person the use of non-natural means in causing any disease in any other person . . . that is to say, whoever names or indicates any other person as being a witch, shall be guilty of an offence and liable to a fine not exceeding £100 or to imprisonment not exceeding three years."

The Prosecutor sat back awaiting the inevitable sentence. Why should the Magistrate waver over a case so legally unassailable!

But the man on the bench was not only a Magistrate—he was also a Native Commissioner. His mind was the scene of a conflict, a confusion, a striving to fit the sharp-edged, narrow and relevant instrument of a legal mind to the intangible, vast and impenetrable maze of African life. Where was justice to be found? In the statute books and rules of procedure and evidence or in something African he could not define?

He had been hoping for some guidance from the old woman, some explanation that would have brought a little certainty into his feelings about the case, but

the legal segment of his mind remained unimpaired, while the rest was a sphere of shadows, half-known native customs, terribly intricate, never final, always changing, yet clamouring to be considered in the name of Justice versus the Law.

Still the accused had nothing to say. The claims of justice surged more strongly in his mind. Why should the Law forbid the bench to ask questions at such a crucial point? Criminal procedure in an English mental climate had evolved such a rule for good reasons no doubt, for above all an English Court is a judicial, not an inquisitorial, body, and must not be drawn into an unfair contest with the accused, but how could it be justified when confronted with the African mind? It was so clear that the Prosecutor's case had been built up by long and tedious enquiry, innumerable questions, but it was a European mind that was directing the enquiry, asking leading questions, striving to mould the misty world of African magic and belief, about which he knew little or nothing, into something solid and legally presentable in court. Where else, then, was the Native Commissioner to seek if the accused was to be given Justice, except in his own mind for native custom in so far as he glimpsed it and in the explanations of the old woman herself?

Why not end the strain by sentencing her? Only an old woman. No one could query the case—no trouble. Too easy. The representative of the Law would break the Law. Metaphorically he came off the bench and, turning to the old woman, asked:

"Why were you sick in the eyes?"

"I had been Mazinyana's midwife." The accused seemed quite certain she had given a complete and unanswerable explanation of the whole affair. Who was the judge in South Africa who had referred to the "vague and irrelevant mind" of the raw native! So easy to say when it is European logic and experience which decide what is relevant. Her reply brought fragments of native custom petitioning his mind. Was he to let them influence his judgment? Was not a judge drawing consciously and unconsciously on the whole range of British life and custom as his experience touched it when he considered a case? A judge's mind was a British instrument of thought—it gave life, it gave meaning, it gave cohesion to the facts in the evidence. Surely, then, the facts in this case, if they were to have any meaning, must be interpreted in terms of the culture of Africa!

"Did you consult 'diviner' A?"

"Yes, because my daughter-in-law was sick. I did not have sore eyes then."

"Did you consult 'diviner' B?"

"No. I heard that Mazinyana was calling people to go and divine. I thought it was for me she was going, as I had been her midwife."

"Who is your daughter-in-law?"

"Sukai."

Sukai was found sitting under the trees at the edge of the office clearing with other relatives, and was called as a witness. She said:

"Diviner A, my cousin, visited us a few months ago. I was sick at the time. Accused had no illness in the eyes then. We asked him to divine the cause of my illness, and he said my aunt's spirit was causing it, as she wanted to be remembered by us. We asked

him to sacrifice to her spirit, and, since we had no beast, we gave him £1 to get meat for a sacrifice, and off he went. I got better. Mazinyana left our kraal, as she said the accused had said she was a witch (muroyi). We did not believe this, as no one knew that any bones had been thrown and she did not throw any. We went with her to diviner B to see if she was a witch, but all of us were cleared."

The mind on the bench felt less dark. Many old bits of native belief and custom were fitting into the case—if only he knew more about them! The legal mind was less dominant. The social mind felt a mist lifting and needed time to sort out the details and to prepare a line of argument. The case would be remanded till Monday. And the week-end given to reading up notes on customs.

The Native Commissioner sat at his desk. A Sunday quiet hushed the bush around the office. He was reading a law report. Glancing up, a row of empty Martini Henry cartridges caught his eye from the edge of the desk. They jolted him back from a world of law to the multifarious duties of the Native Department. A gleam from a pair of burdizzos on the shelf pointed the lesson further. His was no job to be walled in by a legal mind. Out, out, his ideas must go, leaving no thread in the pattern of African life untraced, no impulse for change unheeded, no sentiment ignored, and, if there be no end but confusion, no finality, at least there was the satisfaction of knowing that Administration was African life itself and not a flawless legal edifice, lifeless, incomprehensible, alien. He recalled an "old hand's" dictum: "Where there is Law there is no Justice." An exaggeration, of course, but a useful battle slogan to oppose the equally distorted claim—"Where there is Law there is Justice"—made at a time when it was proposed to legalise the Native Department and turn its officials into Magistrates with higher legal attainments.

He went back to his law report. In the Rhodesian High Court case of *Rex versus Mujuchwa* in 1928 it was held that "though the word 'muroyi' may include the sense of poisoning it was in this case intended to include the use of non-natural means, and that the accused was therefore guilty of contravening Section 2 (now 3) of the Ordinance," and was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. Here, for the first time, a doubt was aroused in judicial circles as to whether the word "muroyi" contained within itself the implication of non-natural means; in other words, did the use of the word "muroyi" automatically imply the use of non-natural means, thus relieving the prosecution of any need to prove the presence of non-natural means and the Law of any obligation to define it?

Clearly the judge had found himself in some confusion. He had pointed out that "the position raises a question of no little difficulty," and he had found a refuge from doubt on two grounds—one, that the Court interpreter "has so consistently interpreted the word 'muroyi' as a witch all through my experience," and two, that one assessor who supported the interpreter was Native Commissioner of a district nearer to the scene of the case than the other. The judge therefore held "that when the accused used the word 'muroyi' and when these other people heard it they certainly intended to include the idea of non-natural means."

The old woman awaiting next day's verdict would find little comfort in the hearing of that case!

The Native Commissioner went over to the cupboard where his notes on native customs were filed, his mind turning over and over the ideas implicit in the word 'muroyi.' What could that assessor have been thinking of? Why, the word 'muroyi' has a dozen meanings, sometimes natural, sometimes not. He would gather his notes into the various meanings to be found in actual native life. Just notes, just accidental glimpses that had come his way like the prospector's specimens that betray the presence of the vast unknown beneath the surface.

(To be continued)

DOMESTIC NOTICES

ENGAGEMENTS

CRABBE—WOODFORD.—The engagement is announced between Sergeant Eric Laurence Crabbe, of Que Que, and Sister Brenda Woodford, of Shabani.

GROSSMITH—HILL.—The engagement is announced between Constable Ronald Ambrose Grossmith, of Que Que, and Sister Valhalla Hill, of Gwelo.

MARRIAGES

ALLEN—GRIFFIN.—Sergeant Allen to Miss Ellen Philomena Griffin, at St. Anselm's Catholic Church, Dartford, Kent, England, on 29th October, 1949.

BERRY—TAUTE.—Trooper Berry to Mrs. Susie Andrina Martina Taute, at Bulawayo, on 4th November, 1949.

ILLINGWORTH—WARD.—Sergeant Illingworth to Mrs. Lilian Shirley Ward, at St. Barnabas Church, Heaton, Bradford, Yorkshire, on 27th October, 1949.

WESTON—FISHER.—Sergeant Weston to Miss Penelope Evelyn Yates Fisher, at the Church of St. Michael and All Angels, Fort Victoria, on 2nd July, 1949.

MOISEY—STRAMROOD.—Sergeant Moisey to Miss Rosamond Stramrood, at the Rondebosch Congregational Church, Cape Town, on 5th November, 1949.

WILSON—CARRICK.—Trooper Wilson to Miss Dinah Margaret Carrick, at the Trinity Presbyterian Church, Gwelo, on 3rd December, 1949.

BIRTHS

STURROCK.—To Sub-Inspector and Mrs. Sturrock, at Salisbury, on 5th January, 1950, a daughter (Susan Helen).

DUFTON.—To Sub-Inspector and Mrs. Dufton, at Bulawayo, on 15th November, 1949, a son (Timothy Prentice).

COUTZEE.—To Det/Sergeant and Mrs. Coutzee, at Salisbury, on 23rd October, 1949, a son (Theunis Gert).

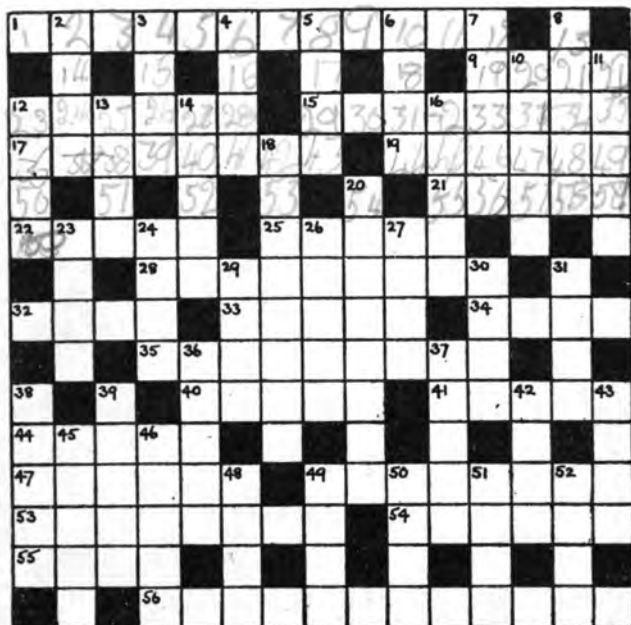
BONNER.—To Sergeant and Mrs. Bonner, on 2nd December, 1949, a son (Vaughan Trevor).

LLOYD.—To Sergeant and Mrs. Lloyd, at Chester, England, on 26th July, 1949, a daughter (Lorna Wray Heywood).

CALLOW.—To Sergeant and Mrs. Callow, at Gwanda, on 17th November, 1949, a son (Jeremy John).

HUNTER.—To Sergeant and Mrs. Hunter, at Fort Victoria, on 16th December, 1949, a daughter (Margaret Irene Gillian).

OUTPOST CROSSWORD



ACROSS

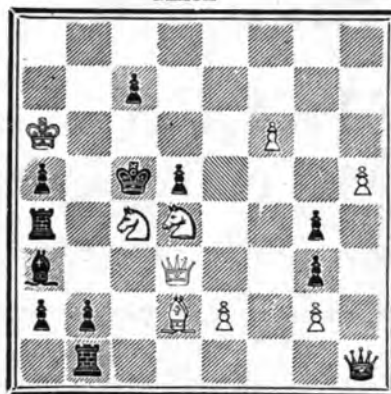
- 1 Practical expression of Victorian objection to hair oil not staying put!
- 9 A medical degree leads to nothing in the Church.
- 12 Rope for the Alpine Club.
- 15 There's a sting at the back of one sort of wit.
- 17 It's in cells they play.
- 19 A maid gets round me.
- 21 Behold, I and the Sappers meet in a French river!
- 22 Banish.
- 25 Entomological sternite.
- 28 O my, no star? Yes, many stars.
- 32 Is all about a politician.
- 33 Jittery tree?
- 34 Rather more than an arm of the services.
- 35 End street. (Anagram.)
- 40 Official proclamation.
- 41 Spare the fruit.
- 44 A rebel on the stairs.
- 47 A cave for the insect and the spirit.
- 49 Grim Alan scares us.
- 53 One way to leap and sing.
- 54 "_____ is the life of the law; nay, the common law itself is nothing else but _____." (Sir Edward Coke.)
- 55 He starts what isn't his.
- 56 Send me to Rome by arrangement.

DOWN

- 2 Ice to the north.
- 3 I do 50 with it.
- 4 It helps, though said incorrectly.
- 5 Kilkenny cats?
- 6 Float.
- 7 A trio in proportion.
- 8 Saul's cousin slain by Joab.
- 10 Imitative.
- 11 City of Utah provides a retreat for the king of Bashan.
- 12 Care for a piece of earth.
- 13 What the trees of the field shall do. (Isaiah.)
- 14 "From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand _____ their mazy progress take."
(Gray.)
- 16 Mixed Meals.
- 18 G. K.'s man was.

- 20 Lean Eric is ashy grey.
- 23 Break up the exam on seabirds.
- 24 "Ship me somewhere _____ of Suez." (Mandalay.)
- 26 Can be twisted, of course, into quite a poser.
- 27 Brings out the character of 52.
- 29 German philosopher gets into a mechanised piece of the army.
- 30 Yet a gate.
- 31 Semiramis conceals him.
- 36 24's wind.
- 37 Anger's at the bottom of it and a cock, maybe, atop!
- 38 End of a paragraph.
- 39 Floral rates.
- 42 A Roman 10 has to do with Hitler as well as Mussolini.
- 43 Associated with a dotted line.
- 45 Entry permit?
- 46 A seer.
- 48 It's no matter.
- 49 Kind of sage.
- 50 The river ran crookedly to nothing.
- 51 Insane 24.
- 52 Not 24.

BLACK



WHITE

OUTPOST
CHESS
PROBLEM

No. 71.

White mates in
3 moves.Key move on
Page 48.

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The Case of William Bandawe

BELINGWE C.R. 15.10.48—MURDER OF
Mr. HARRY SMITH

By Det./Sgt. K. D. LEAVER

The remote coincidence of a murderer dropping at the scene of his crime a piece of paper bearing the address of an acquaintance, struck the Hon. Mr. Justice Morton, at the October Gwelo High Court Session, as being most unusual outside of detective stories. During the trial of Beni, known throughout the Colony as William Bandawe, he asked one of the Police witnesses: "Didn't it strike you as strange the accused actually left his visiting card?"

The murder of Mr. Harry Smith, an 84-year-old Pioneer, at High Peak, Belingwe, on October 6th, 1948, resulted in Police of the Midlands and Matabeleland embarking on an extensive and worrying investigation, which was not culminated until the arrest of the accused ten months later.

From the outset of investigations it was seen that no eye-witness could be expected. The whole case came to be based on so many circumstances pointing in one direction, which, as Judge A. J. A. Davis said in *Rex v. de Villiers*, "when viewed cumulatively, must press on the delinquent with the weight of a millstone."

It is not proposed to go over the evidence in this case—the Press has adequately done that. The investigations, however, illustrate vividly how perfectly co-ordinated the activities of a large number of policemen's efforts were—a factor which would not have been possible on such a grand scale in Britain, where every detective or police sergeant wishing to pass from one county to another must first obtain the consent of the Chief Constable.

Advantage was also taken of every possible aid to investigation—the skilled dogmaster—the fingerprint expert—the photographer—the airman—and the district patrolman, whose knowledge of his district proved invaluable.

When last seen alive Mr. Smith was sitting in the lounge of a friend's homestead, keeping a watching brief on his interests. This was at 6 p.m.

The African cook left him there, promising to return to the house to sleep in the kitchen at eight o'clock after a little relaxation in the nearby compound.

At approximately seven o'clock, just after dark, three choking sobs were heard coming from the homestead by Africans in this compound. Arming themselves, they rushed up to the house. They found Mr. Smith near the normal entrance to the lounge lying on the floor with his throat gashed. All doors were shut. The accused must have absconded through a door at the far end of the house, as the Africans mounted the steps leading to the lounge door.

Two of these Africans shortly after glanced round the countryside from the hill whereon the house was built—they saw a lone cycle light heading towards the large Belingwe Reserve.

Police were quickly on the scene. Near the body of the deceased was found a fragment of paper bearing the address of a Union native. A pipe had been shot forward by deceased as he fell, stunned by a blow from his assailant. Near his feet was a box of matches he had obviously been carrying in his other hand.

A blood trail led out of the house via the far door, winding down a kopje for 500 yards.

Police dogs flown from Salisbury had no chance whatsoever. Firstly, the blood spoor ended suddenly, and secondly, the roads from the scene of the crime were dry and dusty and led to a trading store at High Peak used by hundreds of natives from the reserve daily.

Two days later three African Constables arrived at a kraal in the Belingwe Reserve, home of William Bandawe. They saw him going about his lawful occasions, but when they told him they would like to view the interior of his hut he apologised, saying his wife had the key of the hut at a beer drink she was attending. One of the Constables went to seek her, during which period Bandawe went round the back of the hut casually as though to relieve nature and disappeared.

It must be pointed out here the Constables had no suspicion whatsoever against Bandawe at this stage—they were part of an extensive patrol of some 40 African Constables who had been sent out in groups seeking possible information.

When Bandawe disappeared the hut was opened and certain washed clothing was found, together with a wicked-looking curved knife. Certain Union of South Africa passes were found, a bicycle and a pair of shoes. All had been thoroughly cleaned recently—but not quite enough, for human blood was found on the clothing, inside the shoes and on the cycle.

Within a matter of days it was realised that Bandawe had got clean away from his kraal area, the rugged country to the south, stretching from Nuanetsi to Kezi, providing him with ample cover.

No effort was spared in an endeavour to arrest him in the Colony. Cordons were thrown out with the object of disseminating information that he was wanted to the native population. Circulars were quickly printed bearing his photograph and a reproduction of a snap found in his hut, whilst the Southern Rhodesia Communications Squadron, who had a plane at Shabani at that time, co-operated by dropping these circulars to Police base camps situated south of Belingwe, where controlled circulation took place.

It should be stated here that Bandawe had previously spent some time in the Union of South Africa. During 1945 and 1946 he worked at an Army camp near Cullinan—it was known he had many acquaintances down there, and steps were taken for the eagle to hover where the meat might be, as the *Sindebele* proverb goes.

The evidence now was the main point to cover, and investigations here were divided, one section of the investigating details built up the evidence which subsequently convicted him, while the other section covered the dozens of reports which must always result from a large-scale request for help from the public.

Some of these reports resulted in long treks through ranges of hills, and, indeed, since Bandawe absconded no less than 63 days were spent travelling to remote parts of the country south of Belingwe following up such reports alone. There was a night walk through the Mweja range in a rain and thunder storm when it was reported Bandawe was hiding out at a kraal on a high plateau overlooking the Nuanetsi River; there was another four-night observation on a grain hut near Buhwa, where many years ago an armed affray occurred between Police and criminals; observations on a

disused fishing hut near the Ngezi River, where fresh food remains were found; a long vigil in the Chingomo country on a relative's kraal; and a long trek to cattle posts in Northern Bechuanaland.

Tales brought in by natives of strange fires seen on hilltops added to the reputation of Bandawe, who was believed by many natives to watch carefully the movements of Police.

In July, 1949, our good neighbours, the South African Police, made a quiet and unobtrusive arrest in a compound on the South Reef—they would have caught him long before if he had not halted on his journey south at a farm in the Northern Transvaal, as other criminals fleeing south have done before.

On the 1st August, 1949, the preparatory examination commenced at Shabani. The small courthouse was crowded, it being estimated that over 400 natives endeavoured to gain admission.

At the trial in Gwelo, which lasted from October 20th to the 24th, the web of circumstantial evidence was unfolded. The blood-stained clothing and cycle were produced. The piece of paper picked up near the body was identified by a witness from the Union of South Africa, who stated the address thereon was in his own handwriting and that he gave it to Bandawe in 1946 as he was returning to the Colony. "This," said the witness, "is the only piece of paper with my address on I have ever given to a Rhodesian native, and I gave it to him because he promised to send me rice, there being a shortage in the Union at that time." The same witness identified Bandawe on an identification parade. Witnesses described a coat with red stripes and a pair of trousers Bandawe wore on the day of the crime. Neither of these were ever found. The time factor contributed to the growing web of evidence—his movements were traced and proved during the whole day of the crime, except for the critical period between 5.30 and 9 p.m. He was seen near the scene of crime at 5 p.m., yet did not arrive at his kraal until nine o'clock that night. It took a European only an hour to cycle slowly to his kraal—a native could have done it quicker.

Robbery appeared to be the motive, and it was shown how accused had on two occasions viewed the safes in the house. The doctor told how the injuries to deceased were caused by a left-handed person, while another witness testified to having seen Bandawe cut a goat's throat with his left hand. The curved knife which was consistent with the injuries had gouged out the vertebrae at the spine; a straight knife would not have left such a clue.

Although the abscondment in itself was not evidence of the murder, taken cumulatively with all the other factors indicating accused's guilt, coupled with the fact thousands of people were on the look-out for him, it did indicate Bandawe never walked quietly out of the Colony by a known route, as he led the Court to believe.

The learned judge and assessors were absent ten minutes only to consider the verdict. Bandawe maintained to the last that he was innocent, even after the death sentence had been passed upon him.

Several theories have been adduced as to how and why the crime was committed, but the one which most closely fits the facts is that he knew the deceased was deaf, intended robbing the safe, was aware of the fact he had only from sunset to 8 p.m. to commit the crime in, entered the house and came across the deceased

unexpectedly. Felling him to the floor, he committed the murder, which he had to do to gain possession of the safe keys. Then he was faced with detection by identity. On hearing the approaching natives coming from the compound, however, he was for a moment at a loss how to escape—his entry route was blocked. One could almost see him in that lounge. He left his tale there—the blood-stained hands. In desperation he went to the rear door, touching it. No! They were coming, and running fast—the natives from the compound!

Quickly he turned and walked round the edge of the lounge; his hands again left a chapter of the story—twice he halted to listen, touching two stanchions. Where should he go? He stepped into the centre of the room and there saw the other door through an archway, by which he escaped. From the shod blood-stained footprint one could almost see him twist round quickly with relief when he spotted the escape door.

And the incriminating piece of paper? As he drew the curved knife from his pocket in the darkness it most likely fell to the ground where the Police found it. He certainly had no time to look round and see if he had left any clues as he heard the sound of those fast-approaching footsteps.

At a track in England some years ago a mounted policeman was helping to get the racehorses into line. At the cry "They're off," the policeman's horse broke with the field and the astonished officer found himself in third place in the race. In the straight the horse, despite the policeman's efforts to check him, began to fight it out with the leaders and finished second, a short neck behind the winner, ridden by Fred Archer, the famous jockey.—(*Constabulary Gazette*.)



No charges and not a single enquiry!

Horses and Riding

I should like to commence this article by stating that I am 85 years of age and was placed on a pony's back at the age of five and taught to ride. I am not going to put myself in the position of a "high school" rider, for that is a different class.

I was just an ordinary rider, and these lines are intended to such as I. Copies of *The Outpost* find their way to all quarters of the earth, and will be read by people who could teach me much about riding, so let me say to these that I hope to remind you I have met many men whose whole life has been made up in schooling horses, and when I asked them questions I was met with a knowing grin and the answer, "Ah, that's telling!" This statement did not get me far.

Now, may I start by the statement "know your horse." Every rider, new chum or old hand, should study the mentality of the horse and the few simple psychological principles that serve to establish a language between horse and man.

First, consider the horse's mind and character. His memory, to all practical purposes, is infallible. Anything unusual he apparently never forgets. We have all heard about the elephant that never forgets. The horse's memory is equally tenacious. This means that if he gets his own way and scores off his rider, such as by whirling and returning to his stable, you will find that it is not long before he tries the same trick again. If he is frightened at some point on the road by a piece of paper or a heap of stones he will shy at the same place even if the object is not there and some time has elapsed since you were on that road. If he can frighten you he is very pleased with himself. Now is the time to show him who is master, so take him past the spot as often as you can, and pat him when he goes past quietly.

We must always allow for the fact that the horse's intelligence is that of a child of two. If badly frightened he becomes completely frantic, even to losing all sense of self-preservation. It has been claimed by Fillis that horses have no affection for their masters, but we all have our own ideas on this subject. When you have been on a long patrol with a horse for your sole companion you may think otherwise. However, they do appreciate kind treatment and resent that which is unjust and cruel.

They form warm friendships for other horses, regardless of sex, as well as other animals. Often a dog or cat will sleep in the stall with a horse and the latter will exercise the greatest care not to injure its friend. I have observed this even with horses who are nearly unmanageable to human beings. Also they have a certain cunning. Very often old cavalry horses take a great delight in bucking off recruits, and will turn their heads and laugh in the process (oh for a Tom Webster's sketch to insert here!), but the moment an old soldier mounts them they appreciate the difference and behave most admirably.

But as a gentleman would not lose his temper with a child of two, let this apply to the horse, for if he does it is generally due to the rider's own lack of skill, and he should forsake riding.

Dr. le Bon, who wrote that remarkable book, "L'Equitation Actuelle et Ses Principes," mentions in the applicable laws of the "Association of ideas": "When impressions have been produced simultaneously, or have followed one another instantly, it is sufficient

that one be presented to the mind in order that others also immediately present themselves," and, secondly, "Present impressions revive past impressions which resemble them." As a very simple example of the application of the first principle, let us assume that the rider during the first mounted lesson on a very "green" colt endeavours to stop him by pulling on the reins. The youngster will have no idea why his mouth is being subjected to the pain and annoyance of the bit, and as a result, with every resistance that comes into his mind, will try and escape it. He will throw his head about, sometimes increasing his pace and usually, only as a last resort, come to a mystified halt. Now, if at the exact moment that he halts the rider immediately ceases applying tension to the reins, the youngster will begin to associate the idea of halting with that of escaping the pain of the bit. Try this for a few times until the slightest tightening of the reins will cause him to halt.

So much for lesson number one, which will, it is hoped, be learned and the language between horse and rider commenced.

From this first lesson in the association of ideas, which is derived from an old rule, "Reward should instantly follow obedience and punishment disobedience," the rider is advised, in order to confirm the training, to further reward the colt by patting its neck—an attention all horses particularly like.

From now on the colt will mentally associate halting with two ideas—(1) escaping the annoyance of the bit, (2) a pat on the neck. The moment the horse grasps the idea that the rider is trying to teach him instantly reward him in the way that merits it: encouraging words, a lump of sugar, pats on the neck or a few minutes' rest, but do not delay or you will have spoiled the effect.

In the same way, if disobedience or resistance is offered, punishment of the right type must immediately be given in return. For instance, if after he has learned that pressure of the rider's legs means "go ahead faster" he is lazy, baulky or sulky, the spurs should be at once applied energetically until you have the pace desired, and the punishment should cease with promptitude the moment he does as you wish. It is stupid and brutal to punish a horse even a few seconds after he has committed the offence, for at this time he no longer associates it with the punishment. I have seen men punishing their horses even after they have left the show ring, declaring that the so-and-so horse let them down, and never attributing the fault to their lack of skill.

From my own experience I have always found that in a rodeo the horse is just as keen in trying to bring off the trick as you are, and to be rewarded by ill-treatment is the meanest thing I know, and simply confuses the horse and inspires in him a fear of the show ring from then on. The same thing applies to a horse refusing a jump. The horse should be punished on the spot with the spurs at the moment he refuses.

The same rule applies to a horse that kicks at people in the stable. In this case the cure is anticipation, so carry a strong whip and land him a mighty blow across his hind legs the moment they come up. Naturally, you will not stand immediately behind him to administer the punishment. One swipe is enough, for to keep on after all ideas of kicking have left the horse's mind will only confuse him. Also, if a horse

"cow kicks" (you may find this in the hunting field, when riders tie ribbons to their horses' tails to indicate his playful habits) apply your spurs vigorously the moment the horse kicks; it will understand that this habit is not appreciated and behave.

These notes are intended for the rider that is fortunate enough to own a horse or, in any case, is sure of riding the same horse again. But where you are in the position of hiring the horse by the hour, even if you are lucky enough to have the same horse again, he has been ridden by all types of riders, and in his efforts to please all of them is confused. So by the time you have tried to teach him what you want him to do your time will be up.

H. C. G.

THE BABE

MacDonald, who told me this story, has spent most of his life in Rhodesia, apart from two years at sea. This tale is one of the many incidents that befell Mac during those two years. But let us hear the story from Mac himself as he related it to us over a cold pint of Castle.

"I was," said Mac, "feeling slightly the worse for wear. There were three of us holed up in some dive in Singapore. We had been drinking steadily for I forget how long, and the muck they were dishing up as alcohol was sheer poison. Just when I thought that I could do with some sleep I saw something that drove all thoughts of sleep and drink from my head." Here Mac paused and his eyes assumed a far-away look. After some seconds had passed he reluctantly dragged himself back to the present. "She," he continued, "was a peach, everything a tired sailor could ask for—and more. A kind of Betty Grable, Lana Turner and Rita Heyworth all rolled up into one. Having taken a long look, long enough for me to recognise that baby anywhere, any time, I told the fellows that I was going for a walk. A couple of grunts, 'See you later, Mac,' from my shipmates, and I was steering a passage across to the bar where sat this gorgeous piece of work . . . 'Can I get you a drink?' I asked. She turned round and smiled at me—I was St. George fighting the dragon, I was diving into burning buildings to rescue this babe—all these sensations, and then some, hit me with that smile.

"Well, to cut a long story short, we were soon getting along like a house on fire. After a few glorious hours with her she asked me if I could play cards. I said yes, there wasn't a card game played anywhere in the world that I couldn't play. In fact, I said, I was born with a pack of cards in my hand." Here Mac looked at us appealingly. "You know what it's like, chaps. I just had to shoot a line. I didn't want to lose that baby and you can all understand why. She smiled at me again and said that she had had a wonderful idea, and how would I like to get next to some easy money? I told her I had never liked working for the stuff anyway, to which she replied, 'All you have to do is play cards.'

"Well, she took me into a little joint that, with hundreds of its fellows, crowds the waterfront at Singapore, and before long I was playing cards and winning—and winning plenty. The system was easy, too easy; maybe I should have smelt trouble then, but I didn't. More fool I. I continued winning, and soon had a pile of Chinese paper money in front of me that looked like a miniature haystack. The system was worked by the babe. She would saunter around and

look at my cards, then wander around to the other players. If anybody held a hand that could beat mine she would look at the ceiling. If I had the tops she would look straight at me. Foolproof? I thought so. Well, the money kept rolling in. Then I was dealt four kings, straight off the deck. This is it, I thought. Time to clear these guys out and go while the going's good.

"Sure enough, the babe wandered around to me, then over to the other side of the table. All the players with the exception of the dealer dropped out. The babe looked straight at me. I had two months' pay in my pocket, so I added that to the heap on the table. The dealer said, 'What about the watch and the fountain pen?' I said, 'O.K.' On to the pile went the watch and the pen.

I slapped my four kings down on the table and made to pick up the money. 'Not so fast,' said the dealer, and laid down four aces! Well, the money was in front, and to the right was a little door leading into an alley. I made a grab at the money and ran—but I did not reach that little door.

"When I came to I was lying in the alley, and boy! was I a sight! I had a lump the size of a barrage balloon on the back of my head. Well, I called the cops. Oh, yes, they had been after this gang for a long time. So back into the cafe we went. The gang was still sitting there. 'There they are,' I said, 'arrest them.' 'Not so fast,' said the cops, 'let's hear their story first.' The dealer spoke. 'This lad came in here for a game of cards, lost, grabbed the money and tried to run for it.'

"What could I say? It was the truth. Believe me, blokes, never trust a woman, especially a looker!"

P. J. R.

INSTRUCTIONS TO YOUNG CONSTABLES

In promulgating esoteric cognitions or articulating superficial sentimentalities, amiable, philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity.

Let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, a compact comprehensibility, coalescent consistency and concentrated cogency.

Eschew conglomerations of fatulent garrulity, jejune babblement and asinine affectation.

Let your extemporaneous descanting and unpremeditated expiations have intelligibility and voracious vivacity, without rhodomontade or thrasonical bombast.

Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity, psittaceous vacuity, ventriloquial verbosity and ventriloquent rapidity.

Shun double entendres, prurient pocity and pertiferous profanity, obscure or apparent.

In other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly. Say what you mean, mean what you say, and "Don't use big words."

(Contributed.)



[Drawing: J. H. Jackson.
"Ah, but who wants to listen to classical stuff nowadays?"

[Photo: Craine, Roche & Co.]

*True Story . . .**. . . By Badmash*

Turning an Honest Tickey

During the latter part of 1916 a couple of half-crowns would give one quite a good evening, and four half-crowns a better one still, so, having a matter of ten shillings between us, Bill and I trained it from Turnhouse, where we were trying to learn to fly on Morris Farmans, and went in to Edinburgh, and in due course filtered into what I shall call the Globe Hotel, one of the most palatial in the city.

Unfortunately our capital did not run to dinner, and we were wondering what to do, when a tall man in Naval uniform strolled up smiling. He wore the three rings of a Commander on his cuffs, and no medals at all. "May I join you gentlemen, as I'm all alone?" he smiled as we stood up. "With pleasure, sir," I said, wondering how ever a Commander in the Navy could come to be alone in an hotel frequented by members of the Senior Service, while, after all, a senior officer does not generally choose a couple of Second "Loots," even if they are in R.F.C. uniform. We felt rather overawed in "the presence," but were quite willing to accept his hospitality. I saw that Bill was also rather bewildered.

We chatted about this and that, and the Commander said that he was on sick leave from the Fleet. He certainly did not look sick, for he had short-cropped fair hair and a ruddy, clean-shaven face. His hands were large and strong. He must have topped six feet in his socks. In fact, it struck me that he looked a typical Hun, and, knowing that Edinburgh was a hot-bed of spies keeping an eye on Naval matters in the Firth of Forth, I wondered, but banished the thought, for what spy would be such an ass as to wander into a large hotel, where Naval officers came regularly, in uniform—and with Commander's rings? All the same the back of his head was very flat, and after what later transpired I often wondered how ever the German espionage service could blob it so completely in sending a man of that type, typically German, on such work, but they did.

He gave his name as Ian Farquharson, no doubt thinking that in Edinburgh a Scottish name would be better, but he pronounced Ian as "Iron" and his surname "Far-qu-HAR-son," and no true Scot would do that.

We were not hunting spies, however, and sat down to enjoy this strange Commander's lavish hospitality. He asked us to dine, and that settled the matter we had been considering. Afterwards he invited us up to his room and produced a bottle or two. Talk turned to flying, and it was extraordinary the ignorance of the subject he displayed. He asked us all about how we were trained, types of machines, and if we had been in France, and what we had done and so on and so on. We answered, simply giving replies which contained just general knowledge known to even the most ordinary man in the street.

Finally I said that we had to catch the last train back to the aerodrome. He asked, why not take a taxi and stay longer, and, grinning, I said that taxis and their fares were far out of reach of junior Army officers.

"That's easily remedied," our new friend said, delving into an inside pocket. He took out an elaborate wallet and extracted two fivers. He offered one to

each of us. "Allow me, gentlemen," he chuckled. "I have no need to live on my pay, and it would be a pleasure to assist two brave airmen." That from a Commander, R.N.!

"But—" Bill broke out.

"That's okay," was the reply, with a wave of the hand. "I'm staying here for about another three weeks, and we shall meet again, and I don't mind waiting at all. I'm always willing to oblige gentlemen like you both!"

We took the fivers, not being complete fools, and, having promised to dine with him in a few days' time, we paddled off, having had a fine evening and a good feed.

We said nothing about the matter to our friends in the Squadron, but naturally discussed the very strange Commander. He did not ring true to our minds, and as we turned over the various parts of the conversation between the three of us we became more and more suspicious, while agreeing that even the most idiotic German Department would not possibly send a man of that type to spy, we wondered, and came to a definite agreement.

Arriving in Edinburgh after a few days to keep our appointment, we came early in the afternoon and made a call at a certain Department, and told our tale, including the gifts of the fivers, to a most interested Naval Lieutenant-Commander, who grinned and said he wished some of his seniors would be as lavish as our pal.

He gave us a set of answers to various questions about the Navy which might be asked by our dinner friend, and said he might be joining us later in the evening. We gave him the number of the Commander's room.

Commander Ian Farquharson welcomed us cordially, and we got down to it. He certainly knew how to entertain, and after casually mentioning a few facts about ships—quite untrue, by the way—out came some of the very questions the answers to which had been given us. He asked the questions quite casually, and I felt that our suspicions were not ill-founded. Asking if we were still broke, we grinned an affirmative, when once again the wallet was produced, and in spite of our half-hearted refusals we were soon richer by another fiver apiece. We rather hoped our friend from the Naval Department would not call and that we would be able to go on collecting. That, however, was too good to be true, for as we were about to leave there came a knock on the door, and a page said that Commander Farquharson was wanted urgently in the hall.

We all went down together, and the page led us to a passage leading from the main hall. Suddenly the Lieutenant-Commander appeared with two petty-officers armed with holstered revolvers.

I saw the sweat come out on our host's forehead and he moistened his lips.

"I must ask you to come with me, sir; you are under arrest."

Our man hesitated, then began to bluster, but the Naval officer just stepped forward and ran his hands over the other's body—and produced a German automatic from a hip pocket. He smiled grimly and looked into the spy's face. "Nough said, I think; come along."

Handcuffs clicked on the man's wrists, and off they went.

Our C.O. was rather annoyed at first that we had not told him about the affair, but saw the humorous side of spoiling the Hun to the tune of twenty quid.

All the same, it was most remarkable that the German Espionage Department should blob it like that and that the spy should be so careless and blatant in his work. After giving our evidence we heard no more of "Commander Ian Farquharson"! He *was* a mutt!

SKIN DIVING

Barry Kimmins, a Bristol man, gave a B.B.C. talk about his adventures "skin diving" off the coast of California, exploring a new world under water, without a diver's suit and helmet. "It is," he said, "savage, mysterious and deathly silent. A world full of colour, where there are caves and mountain ranges, plains and forests, and where all the brilliant colours of the rainbow, seen through the pervading blue of the water, bring to life the scenery from a fairy tale." To those people who grumble about the lack of new country to explore, Kimmins suggested trying the sea, as more than three-fifths of the globe is water covered. The equipment required is simple, a mask of glass and rubber to cover the eyes, possibly a pair of rubber fins for extra speed under water, a knife, a spear and a good pair of lungs. He warned under-water swimmers to take a companion with them to double both safety and pleasure, and gave an instance of the need for precaution by telling of the day he chased a fine fish to a greater depth than he had been accustomed to. The increased pressure of water punctured an eardrum which produced agonising pain, ringing noises in the head, momentary blackout and loss of equilibrium. If his companion had not dragged him to the surface, he would have died.

He began "skin diving" with a lifeguard in California, and one day he dived to peer into a gloomy cavern, swimming in and out amongst its rocky ledges and wriggling through weeds. He emerged into what he called his "cathedral under the sea," and said: "I entered through what seemed to be one end of the nave—the perfect beauty and stillness combined in a fantastic way to make it sacred. The floor was a stretch of pure white sand; on either side, like the columns in a church and stretching the entire length, were the upright stems of the giant kelp, going up and up, meeting just below the surface of the water in a tracery of leaves. Rays of light, like sunrays through stained glass windows, filtered down through the leaves, giving the whole place a mysterious eeriness. At the far end of the nave was the altar: a bare, flat, table-like rock; behind it rose the rear wall of the Cathedral, a very high ledge of rock, covered with thin green weed waving slowly to and fro in the light swell."

That was calm exploration, but other times have been hazardous. In the Bahamas, he and a friend, Frank, went after a shark. Frank drove his spear, which had a detachable head on a ten-foot thin wire cable, into the shark's gills. He jammed the shaft between two lumps of rock and swam away, then drew his knife and dived a second time, twining his legs round the shark's body and striking again and again with his knife. "I don't know how he managed to stay under as long as

he did," said Kimmins, "but he killed the fish, and I shall never forget the thrill of that exciting struggle."

Kimmins has had many strange underwater experiences; he has been attacked by a large moray eel, joined in a search for sea cows in the Gulf of Manoa, and had an encounter with a small octopus, which grabbed him by the ankle. Most of his "skin diving" has been in tropical waters, where the colours of both plants and fish are magnificent, but he finds much that is of interest around the coast of Britain. He recommended intending divers to don the mask and goggles and merely look down below the surface of the sea at the many amazing sights that are close at hand. "Suitably equipped," he said, "skin diving" can be compared to mountaineering in its dangers as well as its enjoyment."

POLICE CONDITIONS OF SERVICE

Britain is conducting an inquiry into the public life of her Policemen.

In a report published recently it was stated that the City P.C.'s work, especially at night, is both lonely and tedious.

A solution, believe investigators, is to follow the example set by the Police Force in Aberdeen, Scotland. Here the one-man one-beat system has been abolished and instead the City has been divided into districts each patrolled by a team. A Sergeant leads each team, which has from three to nine constables according to the time of day. The Sergeant arranges duties, and controls his men from a two-way radio car.

Each constable's duty is changed frequently and he also gets a turn with the mobile patrol.

The report, which is issued by a Committee on Police Conditions of Service, headed by Lord Oaksey, comments: "This experiment is an outstanding example of an attempt to improve working conditions without sacrificing efficiency."

This system might not be suitable for general adoption, but the experiment provides a challenge to Chief Constables of all other Forces to study the problem for themselves.—U.K.I.O.

During the First World War, when on the Western Front, bullets flew even more thickly than in the recent war, million-to-one escapes were recorded nearly every day.

Lieut. Watt, of the Gordon Highlanders, counted himself lucky when a bullet which had already passed through the head of a corporal carried his own shoulder-strap away and did no other damage.

But the corporal was a thousand times more lucky than the lieutenant. The bullet had made such a clean hole that he recovered completely.

Innumerable servicemen in both wars escaped death because the "bullet with their name on it" struck a watch, a cigarette-case, or even coins carried in their pockets.

One man was saved by a wallet in which he had folded a sheaf of income-tax demands.

Another, in the Western Desert, was explaining how a comrade had been saved by a bullet hitting a packet of letters in his pocket, when he felt a thump on his own chest. It was a piece of shrapnel, and it all but pierced his diary.—(Constabulary Gazette, Belfast.)

Culled from Force Orders

MEDALS

His Excellency the Governor has been pleased to approve of the award of the Colonial Police and Fire Brigades Long Service Medal to the undermentioned member of the British South Africa Police:—

No. 3255, Inspector McGovern, Gwelo District.

PROMOTIONS

No. 3732, D/1/Sergeant Bryer, C.I.D., Salisbury, to D/Sub-Inspector, 1.4.49.

No. 3736, D/1/Sergeant Fleming, C.I.D., Salisbury, to D/Sub-Inspector, 1.6.49.

No. 3762, S/1/Sergeant Mitchell, P.G.H.Q., to S/Sub-Inspector, 1.11.49.

No. 3719, 2/Sergeant O'Donnell, Depot, to S/1/Sergeant, 1.11.49.

No. 3782, 2/Sergeant Bester, Umtali District, to 1/Sergeant, 1.11.49.

No. 4105, Trooper Freemantle, Bulawayo District, to 2/Sergeant, 1.11.49.

No. 3974, Trooper McEwan, Bulawayo District, to 2/Sergeant, 22.10.49.

No. 3471, D/1/Sergeant Hall, C.I.D., Bulawayo, to D/Sub-Inspector, 18.12.49.

No. 3814, 2/Sergeant Nolan, Gatooma District, to 1/Sergeant, 2.12.49.

No. 4103, Trooper Downham, Bulawayo District, to 2/Sergeant, 2.12.49.

No. 4242, S/2/Sergeant Low, "Q" Branch, to S/1/Sergeant, 10.12.49.

No. 4254, Trooper Smith, Depot, S/Lance 2/Sergeant, 1.12.49.

No. 3915, Trooper James, Depot, to S/L/2/Sergeant, 15.12.49.

No. 4525, Constable Barber, "Q" Branch, to S/1/Sergeant, 13.12.49.

ATTESTATIONS

For the Duty Branch for three years, posted to Depot on dates stated:—

No. 4504, Const. William Nicholas Fairfax Francklin, 22.11.49.

No. 4505, Const. David Michie, 22.11.49.

No. 4506, Const. Stewart Robertson Muir, 22.11.49.

No. 4507, Const. Hugh Murray Reid, 22.11.49.

No. 4508, Const. Peter Chatham Pascoe Wells, 22.11.49.

No. 4509, Const. Brian O'Shaughnessy, 23.11.49.

No. 4511, Const. John Douglas Bradfield, 13.12.49.

No. 4512, Const. Ronald John Murdoch Chaston, 13.12.49.

No. 4513, Const. Kenneth Frederick Goadby Curtis, 13.12.49.

No. 4514, Const. Raymond Michel Louis Delavigne, 13.12.49.

No. 4515, Const. John Robert Alexander Drongin, 13.12.49.

No. 4516, Const. Norman Farrell, 13.12.49.

No. 4517, Const. Derek Leslie Hembling, 13.12.49.

No. 4518, Const. David Francis Noel le Guern, 13.12.49.

No. 4519, Const. James Michael Marler, 13.12.49.

No. 4520, Const. Ronald Stewart Martin, 13.12.49.

No. 4521, Const. Philip Gordon Mingard, 13.12.49.

No. 4522, Const. Kenneth Edward Moeran, 13.12.49.

No. 4523, Const. John Humphry Smith, 13.12.49.
No. 4524, Const. Alan Turnbull, 13.12.49.
No. 4525, Const. Walter Terry Barber, Quarter-master's Branch, 13.12.49.

NATIVE LANGUAGE ORAL EXAMINATIONS

The following candidates satisfied the Examiners at the examinations held in November, 1949:—

Civil Service Standard

No. 3799, 1/Sgt. Andrew, Gat. D., Shona.

No. 4177, Tpr. Henstock, Sby. D., Shona.

B.S.A. Police Standard

No. 3320, 2/Sgt. Small, Sby. D., Shona.

No. 3805, 2/Sgt. Hawke, Gat. D., Shona.

No. 4157, 2/Sgt. Watkins, Byo. D., Shona.

DISCHARGES

No. 3114, D/Sub-Inspr. Carr, C.I.D., Sby., "Retirement on Pension," 17.12.49.

No. 3658, 2/Sgt. Hayes, Depot, "Medically Unfit," 31.12.49.

No. 3766, 2/Sgt. Pletts, Byo. D., "Retirement on Gratuity," 4.1.50.

No. 4107, Tpr. Hough, Sby. Urban, "On transfer to Dept. of Justice," 30.11.49.

No. 4143, Tpr. Deneys, Byo. D., "Medically Unfit," 28.12.49.

No. 4226, Tpr. Leggatt, Go. D., "By Purchase," 31.12.49.

No. 3080, Inspr. Matthews, Byo. Urban, "Retirement on Pension," 1.12.49.

No. 3366, 1/Sgt. Forbes, Sby. D., "Retirement on Gratuity," 1.12.49.

No. 4465, Const. Underwood, Depot, "By Purchase," 25.11.49.

No. 3063, Inspr. Jarville, Go. D. (Tn.), "Retirement on Pension," 10.12.49.

No. 2450, 2/Sgt. Jacobs, Go. D. (Tn.), "Medically Unfit," 15.11.49.

POLICE RESERVE

His Excellency the Governor-in-Council has been pleased to approve of the following appointments:—

Superintendent Kenelm Austin Byrne, Salisbury, to the grade of Chief Superintendent, with effect from November 12th, 1949.

No. 2260, 1st/Sergeant Dennis James Idle, Umtali, to the grade of Assistant Superintendent, with effect from October 10th, 1949.

PROMOTIONS

To Chief Inspector:

No. 295, Inspector Krikler, Sby., 8.11.49.

To Inspector:

No. 425, Sub/Inspector Walker, Sby., 8.11.49.

No. 2780, Const. Yeaman, Gatooma, 16.12.49.

To Sub/Inspector:

No. 788, 1/Sgt. Wastie, Sby., 8.11.49.

No. 825, 1/Sgt. Fowle, Sby., 8.11.49.

No. 2107, 2/Sgt. Gray, Byo., 9.11.49.

To 1st/Sergeant:

No. 678, 2/Sgt. Stericker, Sby., 8.11.49.

No. 860, 2/Sgt. Simleit, Sby., 8.11.49.

No. 903, 2/Sgt. Goldsmith, Sby., 8.11.49.

No. 2052, 2/Sgt. Dunmall, Sby., 8.11.49.

To 2nd/Sergeant:

No. 912, Const. Trichard, Sby., 8.11.49.

No. 973, Const. Osborne, Sby., 8.11.49.

No. 1006, Const. Pearce, Sby., 8.11.49.

No. 1013, Const. Bardwell, E. G., Sby., 8.11.49.
 No. 1054, Const. Bosman, Sby., 8.11.49.
 No. 1056, Const. Coleman, Sby., 8.11.49.
 No. 1062, Const. Turner, Sby., 8.11.49.
 No. 1082, Const. Bardwell, C. A. V., Sby., 8.11.49.
 No. 1104, Const. Hayfield, Sby., 8.11.49
 No. 2635, Const. Mansill, Byo., 9.11.49

COMMENDATION

The Commissioner has much pleasure in granting a commendation to No. 2577, Const. Dearmer, for zeal and ability displayed in effecting the arrest of the accused in the case of Rex v. Greenwood; murder. Umtali C.R. 155/8/49.

DISCHARGES

No. 2736, Const. Lindsay, Sby., S.N.L.A., 9.11.49.
 No. 2108, Const. Henson (B. E. M.), Sby., S.N.L.A., 10.11.49.
 No. 1109, Const. Loades, Byo., attested S.R. Military Forces, 3.11.49.
 No. 2099, Const. Richardson, Byo., S.N.L.A., 14.12.49.
 No. 2196, Const. Dippenaar, West Nicholson, S.N.L.R., 23.11.49.
 No. 2341, Const. Hughes, Byo., left Colony, 28.11.49.
 No. 2491, Const. Taylor, Gwelo, S.N.L.R., 31.3.49.
 No. 295, Chief/Inspector Krikler, medically unfit, Sby., 8.12.49.
 No. 571, Inspector Stone (C. D.), Sby., termination of duties, 19.2.50.
 No. 1148, Const. Johnstone, Shabani, O.R., 5.12.49.
 No. 2696, Const. Sanders, Byo., S.N.L.A., 15.1.50.

ATTESTATIONS

No. 2776, Const. Edgcumbe, L. B., Sby., 4.11.49.
 No. 2777, Const. Cobbold, F. H., Sby., 4.11.49.
 No. 2778, Const. Engelbrecht, J. K., Gat., 21.10.49.
 No. 2779, Const. Ritchie, J., Cam and Motor, 21.10.49.
 No. 2780, Const. Yeoman, G. L., Gat., 14.11.49.
 No. 2781, Const. Behenna, D. G., Sby., 23.11.49.
 No. 2782, Const. van Huyssteen, J. W., Sby., 23.11.49.
 No. 2783, Const. Sandford, E. A. B., Sby., 25.11.49.
 No. 2784, Const. Stirling, C. C., Byo., 7.12.49.
 No. 2785, Const. Petzer, G. P., Wankie, 1.12.49.
 No. 2786, Const. Hadden, J., Byo., 23.12.49.
 No. 2787, Const. Cuddington, A. L., Byo., 28.12.49.

SPECIAL CONSTABULARY LONG SERVICE MEDALS AND BARS

It is hereby notified for general information that His Majesty the King has graciously been pleased to

award the Special Constabulary Long Service Medals and Bars to the undermentioned members of the British South Africa Police Reserve, in terms of the Royal Warrant, dated 22nd June, 1940:—

Medal:

No. 991, Const. S. S. du Toit, 3.10.48 (Gwelo).

Bars:

A/Supt. R. Williamson, 5.9.48 (Gwelo).

No. 564, 1/Sgt. C. P. Lee, 13.9.49 (Gwelo).

Supt. R. C. B. Hoole, 9.8.48 (Bulawayo).

No. 332, Const. S. T. Jones, 6.9.48 (Bulawayo).

No. 573, Const. D. C. Follwell, 6.9.48 (Bulawayo).

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

1 Antimacassar.	34 Army.
9 Ambo.	35 Tenderest.
12 Accord.	40 Ukase
15 Twisting.	41 Pears.
17 Cellists.	44 Riser.
19 Maimed.	47 Antrum.
21 Loire.	49 Alarming.
22 Expel.	53 Pleasing.
25 Urte.	54 Reason.
28 Astronomy.	55 Hers.
32 Imps.	56 Endosmometer.
33 Aspen.	

DOWN

2 Nice.	27 Tone.
3 Idol.	29 Tank.
4 Aids.	30 Yate.
5 Acts.	31 Emir.
6 Swim.	36 Eurus.
7 Ratio.	37 Spire.
8 Abner.	38 Graph.
10 Mimic.	39 Aster.
11 Ogden.	42 Axis.
12 Acre.	43 Sign.
13 Clap.	45 Inlet.
14 Rills.	46 Erase.
16 Salem.	48 Mind.
18 Thursday.	49 Ages.
20 Cinereal.	50 Arno.
23 Xema.	51 Made.
24 East.	52 Note.
26 Ropes.	

KEY MOVE TO OUTPOST CHESS PROBLEM No. 71.

1. Q-R 7, P x Kt; 2. Q-B5 ch. etc.
 If 1... K x Kt (B4); 2. Kt-Kt 3, etc.
 If 1... K x Kt; 2. P-K3 ch. etc.
 If 1... R x Kt; 2. Q-K7 ch. etc.
 If 1... any other; 2. Kt-K6 ch. etc.

