BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA POLICE. ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL
FIRST LEAGUE MASHONALAND 1950
Winners of CHALLENGE CUP :: AUSTEN CUP :: LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP CUP :: CHARITY CUP

Seated: S/C/Inspr. Lardant (Depot Inspr.): D. Johnston (Vice Captain); Colonel J. Appleby (Commissioner of Police); W. Buchanan (Captain); H. Levy (Trainer); Major A. J. Frost (Commandant Depot); C/Inspr. Thompson (Manager).
Centre: S. Reid; J. Jannaway; J. Shaughnessy; R. Coop; B. Taylor; E. Inglis; J. Hammond.
Back Row: P. Ryan; D. Bester; K. Rawson (Secretary); J. Marnock; D. Clapham.

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THE OUTPOST

PUBLISHED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COMMISSIONER OF POLICE

EDITOR: STANLEY EDWARDS

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IN THIS ISSUE

Rhodesians are probably in a unique position amongst nations of the world in that we still have living amongst us some of the first settlers in the Colony, men and women who introduced civilisation and set the Colony's recorded history in motion. Whilst these pioneers are still alive we have a source from which can be obtained authentic details of all aspects of the Colony's progress—the harnessing of its natural resources the subjugation of its wild tribes and their subsequent development, the personalities of its leaders. There are still living men and women who knew Mr. Rhodes personally and can tell us of his hopes and fears, his foibles and idiosyncracies, details which would fix the name of Rhodes permanently in the mind of the schoolboy sitting at his desk on a hot October day.

For the trend in modern history books is to temper the mass of historical data of places and dates with what we might call "domestic" history. I remember in my school history lessons a little observation on Lord Palmerston's private life—that he was good at billiards! This tiny personal note imprinted on my memory the name and achievements of the statesman.

Our early settlers were mostly soldiers and adventurers with a greater liking for the rifle than the pen, and, in many cases, shyness and modesty stills their tongues. It seems a great pity that so many of them will pass on taking real history with them—stories told to patrolling troopers by lone prospectors and hunters in a pole and dagga hut in the low veld when the sun is down and the fireflies dance their hieroglyphics against the dusk. It would be sacrilege to spoil these enchanting hours by introducing pencil and paper; and when "Goodnight" has been said, after a long day's trek through the bush in the sweltering heat, one has little appetite for making notes in the flicker of a candle light. And so are the reminiscences—Rhodesian history—lost.

Rhodesian old-timers have one common characteristic — unfailing sense of humour, and although grim tales are told of bloody fights during

the Rebellions, skirmishes with Death amongst the dangerous big game of the bush, privations in an unknown land with little or no medical services and long and unreliable communications over bush tracks through hostile country, the conversation always seems to turn to the humorous side of early Rhodesia; and humour is the main characteristic of Rhodesian reminiscences.

This year we have published a series of articles "Those Were the Days" by "Muvimi"; last month we had an account of early days in Fort Victoria by "Jakata" Williams. I am sure that this has not exhausted Mr. Williams' repertoire —in fact he admits so! This month we publish a letter from Mr. Crawford who was able to point out an error in the names printed under the photograph of officers of the B.S.A. Company's Police, 1890, which appeared in the August issue, by reason of the fact that he served with those officers.

This is an appeal to the "old-stagers," and to the patrolling policemen (who probably have a greater store of reminiscences related by old hands) not to let them be forgotten, but to help in preserving Rhodesian history for posterity. Appeals for more "tales of the old days" are frequently being received from both serving and retired members and there is much material which would delight readers of *The Outpost* and probably find its way into the Central African Archives.

Congratulations to our Soccer teams on their highly successful season! It is meet that the Police Force should hold a high place in the sporting life of the Colony, and we appreciate all the hard work, extraneous to Police duties which has been done in training and management by all concerned.

— — — — —

"The Englishman, you see, puts first things first, and preserves those qualities which have proved so valuable in past history. Qualities not brilliant, or glamorous, but full of solid worth, and very important for keeping a race or a nation going. After all, the English have been weathering storm after storm since history began, and somehow they come out, often battered, but with the old qualities intact. A great race which has endured, and one feels, will go on enduring."

—Mary Aye Moung speaking in the B.B.C.'s "English Half Hour for the Far East."

Domestic Notes

BIRTHS

BARRETT.—To ex-Sub-Inspector Leonard Alfred Barrett (Hon. Sec. of the Home Branch of the Regimental Association) and Mrs. Barrett, at Chalfont St. Giles, on 27th July, 1950, a son, Jeremy Marchant.

MOISEY.—To Sergeant Victor George Moisey and Mrs. Moisey, at Shabani, on 16th August, 1950, twins, Victor George and Angela Beryl.

MARRIAGE

VAN EEDE—FITCHAT.—Detective Robert Thornton Van Eede to Miss Stephanie Llewyn Joan Fitchat on the 1st September, 1950, at the Cathedral, Salisbury.

ENGAGEMENT

HOLROYDE—JACQUES.—The engagement is announced between Terence, eldest son of the late Dr. and Mrs. A. Holroyde, of Marske-by-the-Sea, Yorks., and Leo Monica, only daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. L. Jacques, of Skipton and 10, Lynton Gardens, Harrogate. (Mr. Holroyde's marriage will take place on 4th November, 1950).

Obituary

EX. NO. 550 WILLIAM JOHN CARR.

We regret to report the death of Mr. Carr in Salisbury on 2nd October, 1950.

Mr. Carr served in the 13th Hussars in the Boer War before joining the B S A Police in 1903. In 1916 he was transferred to the Rhodesia Native Regiment and went on active service, being wounded in action. He was awarded the Croix du Guerre, the King's South African Medal and the Queen's South African Medal (6 clasps), the British War and Victory medals. He was also mentioned in despatches. He obtained a temporary commission in the Rhodesia Native Regiment.

He left this Force in 1921 at his own request with the rank of Sub-Inspector and went into commerce. At the time of his death he had retired. His two daughters have our sympathy.

Tsoko

IN the art of writing doggerel the late Chief Justice Lewis was a master. Here is his "Tsoko" or "The Chief's Favourite":—

Mangorowere, the aged Chief,
Ruled once upon a day
A simple old Mashona tribe
With patriarchal sway.
This hoary Chief in course of time
Of all his tribe chose one
To be his dearest friend—Tsoko,
Mapanda's manly son.
The elders and the gossips all
Grew jealous of his choice;
Aloof in pique they darkly hatched
A plot in whispered voice.
One day when Tsoko left the kraal
And hunted far abroad,
These people sought the private ear
Of their respected lord.
"We've come," said they, "to crave a boon;
Pray make a law, we beg,
That every man foregather here
This day and lay an egg."
Mangorowere asked no word,
But aimlessly agreed,
And made a law that very day
That all men do that deed.
The men in triumph hastened off
To fetch an egg each man.
Tsoko returned with leopard slain—
He knew not of their plan.
And when the tribe assembled,
Old Mangorowere spoke:
"Sit down now, men, each lay an egg
Complete from shell to yolk."
Then all save Tsoko settled down,
He did not deem it meet.
And soon they rose exuberant,
An egg at each man's feet.
Mangorowere, sore perplexed,
A cloud upon his face,
Said, "Hast thou mind to break my law
And fall at last from grace?"
"Nay, heaven forbid," smiled Tsoko, calm
And steadfast as a rock,
"These cackling hens may lay an egg,
But I, Sir, am the Cock."

Complaint in Charge Office: "He hit me in the stomach and broke my kitchen utensils."

Loafing is far more exhausting than working. For every individual who has killed himself working, there must be a score who rested themselves to death.

Mr. Sowerby's letter about Fort Chikwakwa and the sketches (which appear this month) have aroused great interest, and I will set the ball rolling by printing a letter from "Regulus."

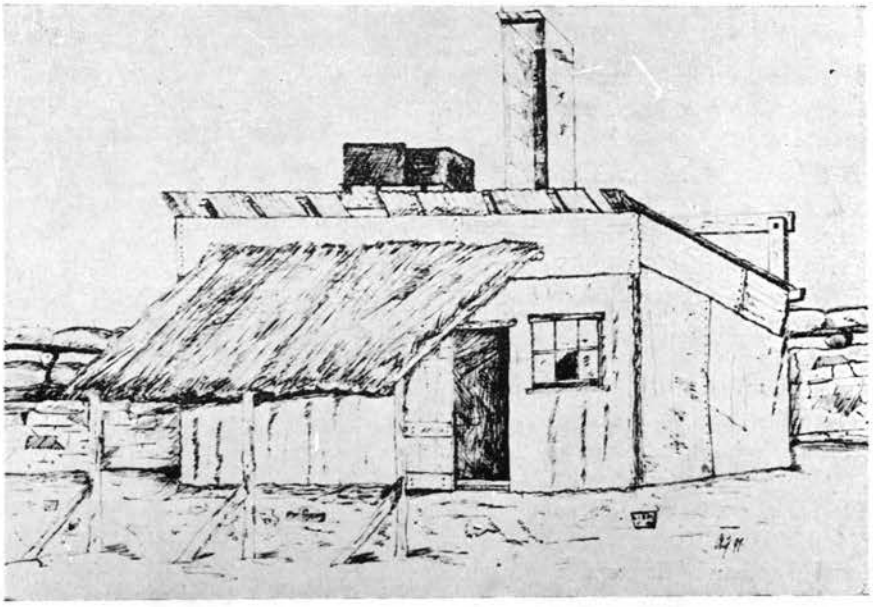
Dear Chronicler:

I was very interested in your reference to Chiquaqua in the last *Outpost;* I shall take no time in getting into touch with Mr. Sowerby.

Your " usual source of information " is badly behind the times—has he not heard of Colonel Colin Harding's two books " Far Bugles " and "Frontier Patrols"? Both of them have reference to Chiquaqua in the 1896's and 7's. Colonel E. A. H. Alderson in " With the Mounted Infantry and the Mashonaland Field Force, 1896" also tells of doings there.

You will find that Major Jenner visited the village and fixed up a satisfactory " indaba " with the headman of that name on November 18th, 1896; on 22nd he followed up with a similar report about the neighbour, Kunzi. How lasting the peace was is indicated by the fact that the following year Major Gosling, British South Africa or Mashonaland Mounted Police (I am not sure which was *his* prior unit), established a fort about one thousand yards from Chiqaqua's village and about twenty-five miles east of Salisbury; Harding, then a Sub-Inspector, was put in charge. He says he was in command of Native Police.

On Febuary 16th, 1897, Chiquaqua's was stormed, the immense caves—one of the strongest positions in the country—being blown up; as this activity was in the vicinity of Chishawasha Mission it is not surprising that the Reverend Father Biehler, S.J., was there; two of Harding's



companions are named Hubert Howard and Hardwick, and it will be interesting to hear if Mr. Sowerby recalls them.

I have a batch of papers left behind by the late D. C. MacAndrew some of which may have been published by the old "Umtali Advertiser"; he has many references to the activities of the Native Contingent and I am hopeful that your new find will be able to help me in getting them sorted out.

I am looking forward to the sketches.

Yours faithfully,

REGULUS.

Piqued by "Regulus'" letter I stirred myself and started a search for more information. The first I found was in the dedication to the book "An Ivory Trader in North Kenia" by Alfred Arkell-Hardwick (mentioned in September "Old Comrades") which reads "To Colonel Colin Harding, C.M.G., of the British South African Police to whose kind encouragement when in command of Fort Chickwaka, Mashonaland, the author owes his later efforts to gain colonial experience, this work is dedicated." Appendix E of "Frontier Patrols" which is a description of patrols of the B.S.A.P. from 1/1/97 to 27/10/97 by Mr. Percy Inskipp, Under-Secretary, Salisbury, gives further information: "*Matoko's Country.* On 4th March a patrol of 20 British S.A.P. and one maxim and 20 native contingent with pack mule transport under S/I. Harding, accompanied by Native Commissioner Armstrong (guide) and Mr. Howard, left Chiquaqua's with one month's provisions to endeavour to raise a levy of Matoko men. . . ."

The search for information did not end with books. One Sunday about six weeks ago the editor of *The Outpost* and "The Chronicler" set out for Fort Chikwakwa with an old native who remembered the Fort being manned by European troops. In the Chikwakwa Native Reserve we picked up an ancient headman and then followed a cross-country trip through vleis and over kopjes to the old Fort. We hoped to get some good photographs for comparison with Mr. Sowerby's sketches, but found that the Fort was so overgrown that we would have needed a band of labourers to clear away the vegetation. The photographs we obtained were unsuitable for printing.

One side of the kopje was terraced with stone ramparts which must have taken weeks of toil to build, but the walls were still standing and as strong as the day they were built. On top of the kopje was a stone "look-out." The surest sign that we were on the old Fort was a gum tree and a jacaranda on top of the kopje. Both had found their site too rocky and dry and in spite of their years were stunted.

There were no traces of the buildings shown in Mr. Sowerby's sketches to be seen, but these would probably have been found had we been able to clear the vegetation. Our guide told us that the men's quarters were on a kopje which we could see about a mile away, and that there were also some graves of ex-B.S.A.P., but our long car journey had taken most of the day and we had to leave further examination for another trip. I shall make further enquiries about these

isolated graves from the Police section and will publish the results later.

I hope that Chikwakwa will awaken some happy memories amongst our old comrades and that I shall hear more of doings in the old Fort.

A letter from "Pronto" Barrett informs me that the Re-union Dinner of the Home Branch of the Regimental Association will be held at the Charing Cross Hotel on Thursday, 2nd November. Unfortunately, his letter arrived too late for me to get the notice into the September *Outpost* but I expect that all members will have been circularised. "Pronto" continues: "I had a very good day meeting the Rhodesian team at Bisley a few weeks ago. Major Patrick, a member of our Branch, who is captain of the Surrey team, distinguished himself there with several successes. He was my host and at lunch were Lord Baden-Powell and Colonel Lombard. It was a grand idea of Major Patrick to arrange this little re-union of long-past, past, and a serving member of the old Corps."

I have heard from ex-No. 2493 N. T. Fallowfield-Cooper who gives his address as I.R.L.C.S., c/o The D.C., Mporokoso, N. Rhodesia. He asks me to convey his best wishes and success to all old comrades who may have known him and especially to "H. H." and Frank Le Seur. He will be going overseas next year.

Ex-No. 3768 K. D. ("Gus") Smith turned up unexpectedly last month. He has been tobacco farming at Trelawney for the last two years. Still a rolling stone, he was en route for North Africa again. He was anxious to know the whereabout of ex-No. 3766 "Ted" Pletts.

Amongst visitors to Depot during September was Major S. C. John, who for many years has been Chief Compound Manager of the Messina Copper Mine, Northern Transvaal. He is well known to members of the B.S.A. Police stationed at Beitbridge and has often been of great assistance to them.

He served in the Force from August 1907 to August 1910 in the Umtali, Que Que and Gwelo areas and for two seasons played rugger for the Police XV. His son, No. 3698 I/Sgt. R. C. John, now stationed at Odzi, is carrying on the family police tradition and Major John intended to call at Odzi on his return journey to the Transvaal.

After leaving this Force Major John served in the King's African Rifles.

He had not seen the Depot since 1910 and was much impressed by its development. Amongst the old landmarks he picked out were the Guard Room, the stables and the offices. He mentioned that in his time he thought the "Black Watch" lines were about 5 miles from Depot somewhere on the Marandellas road. It would be of interest to present serving members to have confirmation of this, and to get the site identified.

Major John was very interested in the "rogues' gallery" of photographs in the Regimental Sergeants' Mess. Many of our distinguished "old boys" were known to him and he sends his greetings to those wh may read these notes. He will be pleased to meet members and ex-members who may be passing through Messina.

We have had a few enquiries about Regimental ties. For the benefit of those who have not seen the new ones, I may say that they are very smart—navy blue with the Police badge in gold. If any old comrades want one, I can obtain them. They are 12s. 6d. each, plus postage. Postal Orders only, please.

I have also heard from Mr. W. E. Lansdown and ex-No. 1513 H. Stone. Both praise our new cover.

THE CHRONICLER.

THE KING'S POLICE GOLD MEDAL ESSAY COMPETITION

Attention is drawn to the rules for the 1950 competition which appeared in the September issue of *The Outpost*.

Subject of this year's essay is "The Police Service as a career—a review of the past with suggestions for the future."

None of us really agree with other people's opinions, we merely agree with our own opinions as expressed by someone else.

Letters to The Editor

Dear Sir,—Noticing in *The Rhodesia Herald* a statement that there were only two survivors of the Pioneers, I wrote to the *Umtali Post* giving the names of 14 (fourteen) survivors of the 1890 Pioneer Column present in Salisbury on September 12, 1950. In the list I sent I did not give the regiment and troop, as all were members of "the 1890." The list now sent fills this detail.

What Mr. Rudland said was that on the death of the late Hon. Lionel Cripps, Crawford and Rudland were the only survivors of the Pioneer Corps resident in Rhodesia.

List of members of the 1890 Pioneer Column present in Salisbury, September 12th, 1950:—

Arnold, E., B. Troop, B.S.A.C.P.
Browne, W. H., A Troop, B.S.A.C.P.
Carruthers-Smith, R., D Troop, B.S.A.C.P.
Crawford, J. L., B Troop, Pioneer Corps.
Crighton, C., A Troop, B.S.A.C.P.
Divine, C. H., D.S.O., D Troop, B.S.A.C.P.
Everitt, C., B Troop, Pioneer Corps.
Harvey, J. T., B Troop, Pioneer Corps.
Langerman, F., A Troop, Pioneer Corps.
Nesbitt, R. C., V.C., C. Troop, B.S.A.C.P.
Palmer, J. A., A Troop, B.S.A.C.P.
Rudland, T. W., C Troop, Pioneer Corps.
Shepstone, S. W. B., B. Troop, B.S.A.C.P.
Venables J. W., A Troop, Pioneer Corps.

In the last issue you reproduced a photograph of officers of the A and B Troop, B.S.A.C.P., 1890 Pioneer Column. In the lower row left is Marmaduke Mundell whom you have labelled Shepstone. When he (Shepstone) was in Salisbury on September 12, 1950, I told him of this, and he tried to get a copy. Your good fortune to be sold out. I have sent him my copy, as he wants to demonstrate that he was once an outstanding figure, a "Ouida" blonde brute, whereas he was a lightweight (and still is) when he galloped after Lt.-Colonel Pennefather.

Umtali Club. J. L. CRAWFORD.

[Apologies to all concerned. Unfortunately, I was not present when the photograph was taken!—Ed.]

P. Bag 11,
West Nicholson.

Sir,—The size of the new *Outpost* is indeed pleasant, but I am not so sure about the cover. The lancer (against a background of Brussels sprouts) will no doubt please the children, but he hardly conveys a true indication of the scope and functions of the B.S.A.P. as at present constituted. As an alternative, more in keeping with reality, may I suggest a photograph of a trooper changing a wheel half way between Gwanda and Tuli with the thermometer at 106 in the shade and the nearest water fifteen miles away.

Your faithfully,
R. C. GRIESBACH
(Ex. 2031)

26, Aiken Street,
Port Shepstone,
Natal. 9 Aug., 1950.

Sir,—First, generally, congratulations on the new set up.

However, the cover; after many years of gazing at the sundowner picture of a mounted policeman at the alert, with his mount standing up to its hocks in a collection of what appeared

"Little Ernie rather wanted something jet-propelled."

to be beer mugs, I studied with pleasure the picture on the new cover.

The pleasure, however, was only momentary and it was quite a shock to notice that the modern horseman wears what appears to be hob nails in his boots. Suicidal we would have thought in my day.

Have I made a mistake?

T. W. BECK (ex. 2098)
Yours sincerely,

Horsham.

Sir,—May I take this opportunity of congratulating you on the new set up of *The Outpost*, the shape and cover leave nothing to be desired. Southern Rhodesia has indeed set a very high standard in police magazines and your mag. has been an inspiration to me to keep *Parade* going. *The Outpost* is too good to keep to myself so I pass it round the various stations. It's a first class journal and one any force would be very proud of. I have thought very seriously of having it, together with one or two other fine journals, bound but at the moment the cost is prohibitive.

Yours sincerely,
The Editor,
"Parade,"
West Sussex Constabulary.

Kaya,
22, Gleadowe Ave.,
Christchurch, Hants.

Sir,—The new cover design is very good and also the general layout, if only more "Station Notes" were forthcoming each month it would help to make things more interesting for the "Old Comrades," and revive old memories. I trust the Diamond Jubilee programme will have passed off successfully by the time you receive this letter and that some details may be published in a later *Outpost*.

My kindest regards to the staff of *The Outpost* and all serving and old members of the B.S.A. Police still living in the colony.

Yours sincerely,
E. R. EALES (ex. 2944).

(Please note, all Stations! Station Notes are always popular.—ED.)

"Falcon Hotel,"
Umvuma,
S. Rhodesia.

Sir,—I also congratulate you on the set up of the new cover on *The Outpost* and the general contents therein, being a lonely old bachelor I look forward to my *Outpost* every month which I peruse with interest as it often gives me news of people past and present whom I know. I would like to remark on the following:—

(a) I notice in both copies of July and August "Culled from Regt. Orders" is left out, aren't you going to publish these any more? I used to look forward to seeing them so that I could follow promotions, discharges, transfers and so on.

(b) Is "Muvimi" going to continue with reminiscence as I notice that the August number does not continue with them (very interesting).

(c) I must also agree with Mr. Greig regarding page 5. These two old men gave me very humorous thoughts.

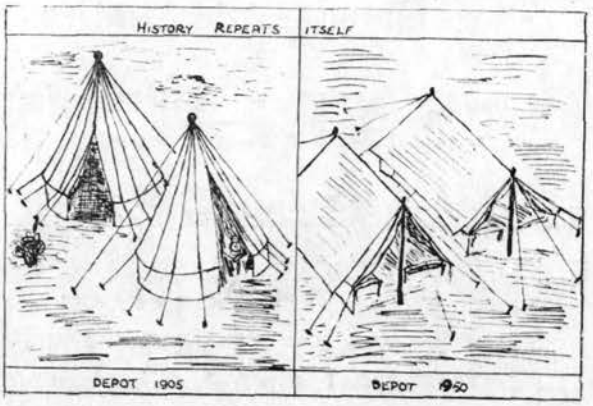
I should not think that either of them had graced the "playing fields of Eton" or the "lecture halls of a University," but they would most certainly have been great fun as members of a "Tipit" school in the days of the old "Ratpit" in Depot.

I can't even remember seeing an ex-member of the Corps looking so unlike ex-B.S.A. Policemen as they are.

I think the old time design above the article was much better; what would strangers think on seeing the present design on page 5, despite the fact that it is well drawn?

Yours faithfully,
J. JACKSON (ex. 2024).
("The Colonel")

(We decided not to continue with "Culled from Force Orders" but if any other readers share Mr. Jackson's views we will consider introducing this feature again. "Muvimi" is with us again this month. Regret his absence was due to lack of space.—ED.)



The Mail Gets Through

By Major Hugh Mackay

It is with deep regret that we have to record the death in Natal of Major Hugh Mackay, late of the King's African Rifles.

Although a professional writer, Major Mackay has for some years regularly contributed complimentary articles and stories of a high standard to "The Outpost." His deep understanding of the Northern tribes makes most of his stories which are based on his Army life in North Africa, vivid and realistic.

As his last contribution to "The Outpost," Major Mackay sent a large batch of manuscripts, two of which, "The Mail Gets Through" and "Locked in a Padded Cell," we print this month as a tribute to a firm friend of our magazine.

★ ★

THE District Commissioner of Wajir tapped his teeth thoughtfully with his pencil as he looked at the stalwart Somali youth standing before his desk. From outside came the raucous cries of camels and the shrill voices of tribesmen raised in violent vituperation as they herded their charges towards the troughs bordering the wells, for the summer at Wajir outpost in the Northern Frontier Province of Kenya had been dry and drought-ridden.

"What do you think, Mohammed?" The D.C. flicked his gaze from the Somali to the tall Sudanese police sergeant who had ushered the lad in. "He is a bit young, perhaps, but if he does as well as his father did as mail runner, he will indeed do well."

"*Bismillah*! That is so, Bwana D.C." The Sudanese sergeant nodded slowly. "For ten years did Saleh Ogleh brave the *nyika* (wild), on the *Serkali's* business, and never once did he fail until he met his death. I would trust his son, Abdi Ogleh, Bwana D.C. He can but have a trial."

The D.C. smiled at the anxious-looking youngster. "You hear what Shawesh Mohammed has said, O Abdi, I am inclined to give you a trial."

"*Wallah*! That is good hearing, Bwana D.C." Abdi's eyes sparkled. "It is as the *Shawash* says, my father did take and bring the *Serkali's* mail for ten years or more without losing his *heshima* (honour), until the lion killed him. Therefore, O Bwana, should I, his son, fail? Allah, blessings be on his name, will *not* let *me* fail. I am of the tribe of the Mohammed Zubeir, *we* do *not* fail." He drew himself up proudly as he mentioned the name of his tribe which was one of the most fearless and warlike on the frontier.

"Good!" The D.C. lighted his cigarette and leaned back in his chair. He spoke in Swahili. "To explain your safari again, O Abdi. You are given food and water carriers, and one government pack camel for the journey to Archer's Post, which you will reach by way of the Uaso Nyero River. On the camel you will carry the bags of mail, which on arrival you hand to the Indian *babu* there at the post. He will give you *posho* (food) for the return journey, also the bags of mail for me. At the most it should take you five days there and another five days back, that is, if Allah wills, but remember how your father died." The D.C. raised his eyebrows and pursed his lips.

"You will arm yourself with your own weapons, O Abdi, which you know how to use well, by report." Here the D.C.'s eyes twinkled, and for a second Abdi looked uncomfortable as he remembered the few days he had spent in the government jail through stabbing a warrior of the Adjuran tribe in a quarrel. "That is all, Abdi, the *Shawash* here will arrange your camel and *posho*, the clerk next door will hand you the mail. Remember you are now a government servant, a servant of the *Serkali*, and—*the mail must get through*!"

Abdi stared unflinchingly at the official. "The 'Postie' *will* get through, O Bwana D.C.," he said simply.

"That is good. Go with Allah." The D.C. held out his hand which the Somali took in the palms of both of his as he bowed deeply. "*Bismillah*." The word came sonorously. With a lithe movement and a swish of his cotton cloth, Abdi Ogleh, a mail runner to His Majesty's Government Boma at Wajir, stepped silently through the door.

"He will do well, O Shawesh," nodded the D.C. as the sergeant saluted smartly.

"He is his father's son, Bwana," replied the Sudanese, swinging on his heel.

The D.C. smoothed his slight moustache for a few minutes, gazing into vacancy, then, with a sigh, turned to his work, while the screeching of

the camels, never-ending, ever-present, echoed in his ears.

x x x

Abdi Ogleh swung along the bush path with a wild song on his lips. He had made the 160 mile journey from Wajir to Archer's Post in four days, an achievement of which he was proud. He had encountered no dangers on the way, while at night he had placed the mail bags high in the branches of a tree in case of attack by wild animals. The *babu* at the post had been kind and had given him a small packet of sugar and a handful of coffee beans which would sweeten his lips, and on which he could chew to while away the return journey. Allah was good and merciful His blessings were unbounded, and life was fair.

With swinging, never slackening stride, Abdi strode along the winding path. Across the back of his shoulders he held his broad-bladed spear, while grasped in one hand was the end of the rope which led to the camel's headstall. The animal, sensing that it was nearing home, did not drag on the rope but quickened its gait until Abdi was forced to turn. "Thou cursed of Allah, would you throw me down?" he cried. "Peace, O humped-backed one, remember who leads you." Abdi hitched the broad-bladed sheath knife at his belt into a more comfortable position, and again broke into a wailing chant. "Allah, Allah, Allahi, Allah, Allah, Allahi."

During the journey Abdi had not paused at the usual hours of prayer except at mid-day and evening, at mid-day for a few moments only to rest in the heat, and at night prior to his meal of dates and milk, for he knew the Koran excused those of the True Believers from prayer when on a journey, and while actually away from the influence of the *Iman* this young Somali was not as religiously inclined as he would have been at home.

That evening as Abdi folded up his leather prayer mat prior to continuing his journey in the coolness following the intense heat of the day, he suddenly stiffened, for a sound came to him, weird and eerie. It rose and sank on the stillness, but held a menace in its threat—"Whoof—Whoof —Wheeee! — Whoof — Whoof — Whoof— Wheeee!" He knew that it was Simba, the King of the Beasts, on his nightly prowl for food. The sound came again and again, and he pulled at the camel's rope as the animal stirred nervously. "What do you fear, O complaining one, whose voice is like that of a peevish woman? It is but Simba, and who is afraid of Simba? Not Abdi Ogleh!"

As he busied himself about his preparations Abdi's thoughts turned to his father's death which had happened but a month previously. Saleh Ogleh had been overdue for the first time at the boma with the mail, and after forty-eight hours the D.C., with a small patrol, and Abdi, who had begged to accompany him, had gone in search of the missing runner and camel. For two days they had journeyed then had come to the Uaso Nyero river, the Black River, the haunts of the "Children of the Wild," and Simba, the "King of the Nyika."

It had been dusk when they had made their gruesome discovery, for in a clearing they had come upon the stinking carcase of a camel, while nearby scattered bones and traces of blood and cloth showed where the unfortunate Somali had been attacked and killed by a lion. The mail bags they had found out of reach of marauding beasts on the branches of a tree nearby, while bloodstains on the trunk showed where the badly mauled man had managed somehow to fling the mail to safety before being finally overpowered by the savage animal.

The remains had been buried, and Abdi had seen the D.C. looking at him compassionately. "It is the will of Allah," Abdi had murmured, and the D.C. had nodded. "Yes, O son of Saleh," he had placed his hand on the young man's shoulder, "your father gained honour, for the Mail has got through."

From that moment Abdi had determined to take his father's place and to serve the *Serkali*

THE LAST WORD

(After being pulled up for incorrect signals) " . . . and if it wasn't so utterly impossible I'd say you were too big for your boots!"

honourably while taking all opportunity to revenge himself on any lion he might meet, for his father's death.

"Tou! Tou! Thou bewitched of Satan," Abdi tugged at the head rope as the fractious camel refused to kneel, but a sharp blow on its neck with the haft of a spear brought the animal complainingly down, when the few loads were fastened.

Hour after hour Abdi trudged through the night, his never-tiring strides covering the ground with incredible speed. From time to time the camel shied as some denizen of the forest crashed its way through the undergrowth nearby, but a sharp tug, and a curse calmed the beast of burden,

At mid-night Abdi paused for a few minutes' rest, and this time the camel thankfully sank to its belly, although the loads were not removed. Here it sat chewing the cud while Abdi moistened his lips with a few drops of water.

He had chosen a small clearing for his rest, and he squatted beneath the wide umbrella branches of an acacia, through the branches the moonlight filtered, weaving strange patterns and shapes about the open space. Nor did Abdi see the shadow of a slinking form appear from the thicket in rear. Twin eyes glowed with ferocious intensity at the man and animal; then the lion seemed to vanish from sight as it crouched for the spring. In that instant the camel sensed the danger, for with a sudden stumbling jump it rose to its feet squealing in terror. Just in time, Abdi, swinging round, was able to grab the end of the trailing rope and with a deft cast, so well known to the Somalis, bring the animal to the ground where it was hobbled in an instant. Then, looking round for the cause of the trouble, he met the glaring eyes of the crouching lion, which for a brief moment had been hindered in its charge.

Full well Abdi knew the danger that threatened, but he was not afraid; in fact, a wild cry came from his lips as he seized his spear, and sinking on one knee, embedded the butt of the weapon in the ground so that the broad keen blade stood out at an acute angle towards the lion.

"Come, slayer of my father, thou coward of the night, Abdi Ogleh, son of Saleh Ogleh of the Mohammed Zubeir, awaits thee, fly-ridden smell of a she-camel."

The lion, as if understanding the insults, rose in its charge, its forelegs extended with outspread claws. Strong and swift was the leap, but Abdi was ready. As he saw the hurtling body he moved slightly and tensed. The huge body flashed downwards, and the spear haft snapped as the blade entered deeply into the lion's chest. With the shock Abdi was flung violently aside, and the lion was upon him. Just in time Abdi was able to draw his knife which he had loosened in its sheath, expecting such a contingency, and as man and beast rolled over and over in a whirl of sand, he drove the blade again and again into the lion's side. Nearby the camel was squealing in its terror and endeavouring to free itself from the stout rope which Abdi had fastened only too well, while the ferocious worrying and roaring of the enraged and wounded lion mingled with the exultant yells of the Somali.

Over and over went the combatants, and Abdi felt the agony of ripping claws in his chest and thigh, but grimly he fought, attempting to fend away from his stomach and face the clawing limbs and jaws of his adversary. Again he swung his arm and the knife sank into the tawny hide. He felt his strength ebbing and a salty taste in his mouth, then a great weight fell upon him and he fainted.

It was dawn when Abdi came to his senses, for a moment he wondered where he was, then a gnawing pain in his limbs and the sunlight in his eyes brought his senses alert. Nearby the camel sat hunched and silent, and as Abdi turned his racked body wondering what could be holding down his legs his glance encountered the body of an immense black-maned lion lying across his knees.

"Wallahi". He gazed at it in wonder, then, painfully raising himself he heaved and pushed until the carcase fell aside and he was free. For a few moments he rubbed his aching limbs, and examined his wounds, which he found deep and painful, but not dangerous, although he knew well the danger of gangrene and blood poisoning setting in unless he had early treatment.

He thought of the mail, and saw with satisfaction that the camel had not been able to free itself. Slowly he gained his feet and hobbled to the water carrier and drank deeply, thinking the while how fortunate it was that he was but a few hours from the boma.

His thirst quenched, he bathed his wounds, binding them with strips from his clothing. His chest and thighs were badly torn by the claws and wounds showed on his legs and arms. He did not wash off the blood apart from off the wounds for he was like all Somalis proud of his scars, and the evidence of combat. His eyes lighted on the lion, and he smiled. He looked at the sun and then at the lion again, and taking up his knife commenced to skin his prize, while from his lips a wild chant issued, a savage song of thanksgiving

to Allah the All Merciful who had helped him to revenge his father, as he had sworn to do.

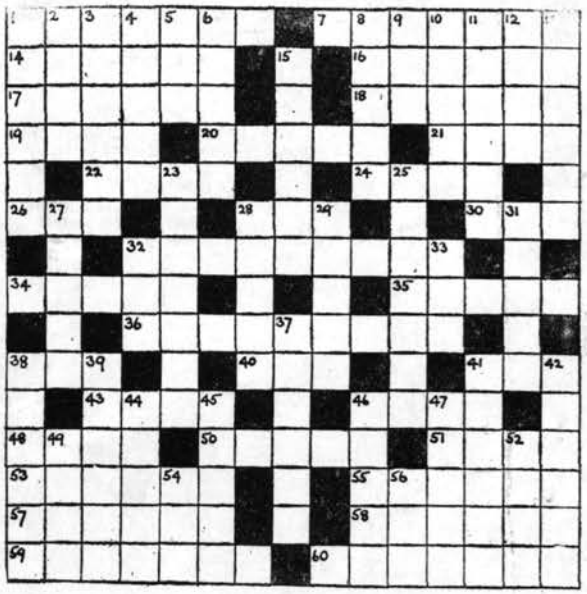
Some six hours later a blood-stained Somali leading a camel was seen approaching the gate of Wajir Boma, who brought his camel to its knees before an astonished District Commissioner and throng of askaris.

The D.C. gazed at the smiling and exultant youth, then at the lion's skin which was draped about his shoulders.

"But what is this, O Abdi?" demanded the D.C. "You are hurt," for the youth was swaying on his feet. Abdi shook his head, and raised his hand, pointing to the mail bags on the camel's back. "No, Bwana, D.C., I am avenged, and the 'postie' . . . " His voice faltered. Just in time a bystander caught the exhausted and wounded man as he slumped to the ground, but his eyes remained glowing with pride at his achievement. "Right, Abdi," said the D.C., bending and taking his hand, "you are a worthy follower in your father's footsteps, and will do great honour to yourself, and your tribe, for THE MAIL HAS GOT THROUGH!"

A wild cry of triumph trilled from Abdi's lips as he was carried tenderly towards the hospital building where his wounds would be cleansed and healed.

Crossword Puzzle



CLUES

Across

1. He's just the kind to put a stamp on it.
7. Unmannerly, though one ought to be able to say a little of it to a goose.
14. Is papa in the way?
16. Give French wheat to the Red Cross Knight's lady.
17. Undesirable meat in the pie.
18. In a leg.
19. It is new; may it be happy.
20. "And if I —— at any mortal thing, 'Tis that I may not weep."
21. A great family of yesterday?
22. See 11.
24. You to a Friend.
26 Willing only when unable to fly.
28. Resting out of sound of the bell.
30. Swinburne's inspiration.
32. Slip up about.
34. This flower.
35. Mature.
36. Are inland. (Anagram.)
38. It won't fill the glass.
40. Nothing makes it a queen.
41. Agrees with its number.
43. Italy has one (Achilles too).
46. and Russia had this.
48. Chinese ounce.
50. Fly trap?
51. ". . we drowsed the long tides —— till Thy trumpets tore the sea."
53. Great Christian scholar.
55. Fall 26 after 38 across.
57. The Sapper didn't speak the truth.
58. He will lead in (perhaps to a den!).
59. Discoverer of a discoverer.
60. Synonym of 57 present.

Down

1. Old MSS.
2. He said he mixed his colours with brains.
3. Puppies like to do what is half useful to the cobbler.
4. It is contrariwise to the artist.
5. The materialist's starting-point.
6. Anoint.
8. Hardly contemplated, but nearly bought.
9. Won if merely audible.
10. A woman of rank in the Near East?
11. Birds which 22 in 37's river.
12. Spilt salt.
13. A Gentlewoman (unattached to Demetrius).
15. Agreeable dessert for Wilde's Miss Prism?
23. Daughter of Fedlimid the harper.
25. After putting the Ruhr in confusion is seen going round the East!
27. Scatter sloes.
28. Valued, though scolded.
29. It's true the saint has kept his head, but he's been scalped.
31 Put me in the last of it.
32. The sweet may be served first here.
33. That's the worst of insinuating!
37. The doctor's halfway across a river in Egypt.
38. "Most dear ——, eat no onions nor garlic. . . ."
39. His ale is in her charge.
41. A raid on?
42. Lives where water may be had.
44. Greek marbles.
45. Sandy tract in France.
46. Flag follower?
47. Is a N.E. river?
49. Commit to Spenser.
52. The devil gets up in Scotland.
54. A regular twister.
56. Apparently the bust of Sappho.

Solution on Page 25

A man who boasts about his ancestors is, in fact confessing that he belongs to a family better off dead than alive.

Station Notes

DEPOT

THERE are grounds for an application for additional C.O.L. allowances for members living in Depot; perhaps we should call it Entertainment Allowance. No sooner has one put aside a pound or two towards that trip to England or a new rifle than one gets a mighty slap on the back and a voice roars "Well, if it isn't old thingummy-bob! I haven't seen you since Zaka in '34 . . ." and the P.O.S.B. suffers another withdrawal. The last menace of this nature was the descent on Depot of the Conference Delegates. If their vocal output in the conference room equalled that in the canteen, I wonder that they are not still here! Anyway, we'll forgive them if the outcome of the conference comes up to our expectations.

Major Spurling handed over Depot to Major Frost this month and has left for Gwelo as Provincial Officer Commanding, Midlands.

Depot has quietened down at last with the Regimental Sports, Display and Jubilee over. The teams have gone back to the bush to vegetate for another year. It will be even more quiet this month when the leave exodus starts. There's a certain sergeant on the Staff whose mind is far from clerical duties these days. He can be seen in his room cleaning rifles and shotgun and oiling his veldschoens with that faraway "bundu" look in his eye, dreaming of a koodoo bull with a record head standing proudly on an anthill, the whirr of wings as a covey of redwing are flushed, and the scream of the reel as a 10lb. Sabi tiger-fish races upstream! You'd better bring a few specimen back, Paddy, or we'll never believe you! S/Sub-Inspector Moore of Ordnance Store leaves for the Union coast and if we can believe all the advertisements for rods and reels he is studying in the angler's periodicals we can expect a fish shortage in the Atlantic during the next few months. S/Sub-Inspector Greig and his family are also off to the coast.

It's almost too good to be true but I am assured that it is so. A number of civilians took part as Pioneers in the Jubilee pageant with the B.S.A.P. and it is said that when the Troops paraded in their old time uniform a high-ranking Police Officer, thinking that all were B.S.A.P. told a civilian to get a hair cut!

Cricket has started again and I see net practice in full swing. A good omen for the season was Constable Smithyman's score of 135 in the first match. Let us hope that the cricket teams are as successful as the soccer.

I see that the Police Radio system had a good write-up in the *Herald*. It has certainly proved its worth since its inauguration and its value will increase with the closer settlement of the Colony. Just another sign that the B.S.A.P. is well abreast of the times.

Depot has looked a little less like the Kennels of the Quorn since the outbreak of rabies gave us such a scare. Contributory reasons to the disappearance of many of the hounds of all shapes and sizes may be the stern warning of disciplinary action against members who keep dogs without permits and the fact that dogs' food now costs 5s. a month from the Mess!

Congratulations to S/Chief Inspector Lardant, S/Inspector de Lorme and S/Sub-Inspector Gilfillan on their promotion!

The service in the Mess surpasses all! Cornered by some of the Mess members and questioned as to why there were so many minced dishes on the menu, our Mess Caterer, never at a loss for repartee, explained that a certain sergeant had just had all his teeth extracted and seemed to be losing weight. Silenced by such magnificent altruism, the malcontents departed.

NDAIVEPO.

FORT VICTORIA

The writer of these notes finds himself in rather an invidious position this month, in that he missed attending the annual Police Ball which was held at the Victoria Hotel on the 30th September, and as these notes were compiled in Salisbury, material was not available at the time of being submitted. A point will be made of giving the occasion "fair measure" in our next notes however.

Transfers have again caused changes in the District, and this month we have to report the following. On the departure of 1/Sergeant J. V. Whitehead on vacational leave, which he is spending at the coast down South, his place as acting District Inspector was taken over by 1/Sergeant "Tony" Andrew recently Member i/c Section. This change effected the arrival of 1/Sergeant R. P. Finch who now fills the position vacated by "Tony" Andrew. Members will recollect that Sergeant "Rex" Finch is no newcomer to Victoria, he having been Member i/c Section from the early part of 1945 to the latter period of 1947. Our District Clerk, Sergeant H. Scholes is now back with us again, after his operation in Salisbury, and his deputy, Constable R. Underwood has now returned to Gwelo. Our congratulations are due to this latter member, who recently got married in Gwelo and our best wishes are extended to both him and his wife for their future happiness. 2/Sergeant L. Lamond has been welcomed to our District, he now being the Member i/c at Chilimanzi. We know that he will soon settle down there as has Constable Smith, although the latter admitted that he found the change rather different to the High Lights of Fort Victoria.

During the month we had to say farewell to Trooper E. J. Sayer who left us for Bulawayo and the plain clothes branch of the Corps. "*Joe*" was with us for the past four and a half years, and we shall certainly miss him, especially at parties and the like. His place on the Stock Theft and other Crime Section was taken over by Constable J. Berry, who has also taken over the duties of Canteen Steward.

Our Officer Commanding, Captain E. S. Streeter recently underwent an operation at the Victoria Hospital, but we are very pleased to record that he is now fit and well and back on duty. During the period that he was away, Lieutenant Sobey deputised for the Commanding Officer.

1/Sergeant "Jock" Hunter (of Gutu) and Trooper E. J. Sayer were our delegates at this year's annual Police Conference in Salisbury. From their reports we believe discussions were very interesting, and we find ourselves eagerly awaiting the circulation of the results of the Conference.

Whilst in Salisbury recently I met Mr. Dennis Ross (ex-No. 3982) and Mr. R. Hamilton (ex-No. 4106) both of whom served for a period in Victoria District soon after the war years. The former, Mr. Ross, is now a Director of the firm of Paulmac Transport Company, whilst the latter, Mr. Hamilton, tells me that he is now a buyer of tobacco in the city.

As these are my last notes which I shall write on the Victoria area I now take my bow, trusting that my successor will have the same assistance that I received from members, especially on the out-stations, in the compilation of this very important feature of our magazine. Cheerio.

CARURO.

UMTALI

Our Soccer boots have been packed away and our cricket boots have been taken out of cold storage, brushed clean of decomposed moth ball and given an airing.

On Sunday, 24th September, 1950, two police teams, Town and District, took the field for the first game of the season. The Town were much too strong for the District and won the game by 111 runs. The District were weak in bowling and the Town took full advantage of this weakness to knock up 195 in two hours. Constable Warren having a merry knock of 47 including several sixes. From the twenty-two who took part in this game we should be able to get together a team capable of holding its own in friendly games in and around Umtali.

Major Thatcher has been elected captain and Sergeant McCall-Smith vice-captain, while Sergeant Mason has been caught for the job everyone tries to avoid, hon. secretary. Sergeant Owen was seen to smile happily when Mason was duly elected.

The last Musketry Squad of the year has fired the course and returned to respective stations. The results this year have been pleasing and there is every indication that the interest in musketry is on the increase. We hope the Police will soon be taking its place among the shottists of S.R. and so return to a position we held for many years.

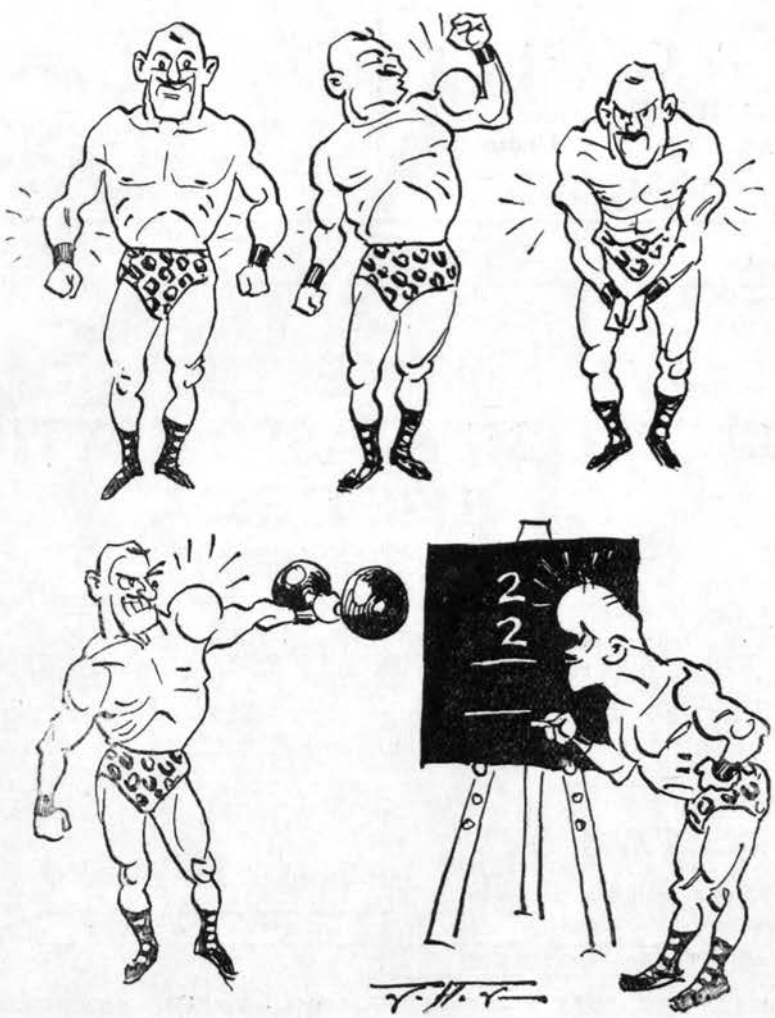
We have had circulars on many subjects but feel that the circular that gives us details on how a handbrake should be applied is perhaps the most amusing for some time and should be followed by a series of circulars giving us full details on how to apply the foot brake, press the hooter, switch on the lights, enter and leave the driver's seat and the correct position of the thumb and fingers around the steering wheel.

We welcome to the District Constables Reynolds, Dunn and Vernon. Dunn has already earned himself the nickname of " Reverse " Dunn. He will supply the reason if anyone is sufficiently interested and sends him a stamped envelope.

Trooper Aldred our Motor-Cycle King soon got tired of his Golden Flash so he passed that on to Sergeant Jouning and in its place he purchased a H.R.D. 1,000 c.c. It is not known at what speed this machine will travel but we understand it does 95 m.p.h. in third and has done well over the 100 without being opened full out. We wonder what the cow thought when Aldred with Constable Beaver as pillion passenger just managed to miss the said cow at a speed well over 100 m.p.h. It is rumoured that she, the cow, has been giving sour milk ever since and Constable Beaver has acquired his first grey hair.

Among a list of stolen property we received recently we saw that two female petticoats had been stolen which leads us to ask whether any reader has ever come across the male variety and, if so, can he tell us which is the more dangerous.

The last official Soccer match of the season was played on the Police ground when Police met Vandenberg Black in the final of the Charter Gin Cup. This was one of the best matches of the season and although the Police were beaten by two goals to nil it was one of the best shows we



have put up so far. Sergeant McCall-Smith, who kept goal, was the hero of the match and played like one inspired. He had no hope against the two that beat him, both from corner kicks. Our first season in Soccer league has been quite successful and we have every hope of doing better next year. At the start of this season some of our players had never played soccer before and the first few matches saw some big scores against us but as the season progressed we came into our own and but for a weakness in front of goal would have done even better than we did.

The weather has been warming up for some days and we have had our first clap of thunder, the clouds have been banking up but have yet to receive the first refreshing rain of the season. It is hoped that this year will make up for the past three years of semi-drought in the Eastern districts and that some of our streams will run again.

Lieutenant Spink has been seen in the area recently, we believe he is spending a spot of leave at Leopard Rock.

Next Saturday the two soccer teams, Police 1st and 2nd elevens are having a local Derby, the winners will receive a crate of beer, the losers will no doubt help them dispose of the spoils. This match is to be followed by a "social" in the Rec. Room and it is anticipated that there will be a good gathering and we hope a good time for all.

Until next time, cheerio,

NGITI.

GATOOMA

Here we are again with this month's edition from the "Hub of the Midlands," which seems to have followed the title well, there having been plenty of both work and play.

The Police Ball held here in the Grand Hotel on the 15th September went off with a smoothness not usually associated with dances in Gatooma. The music provided by Inspector Sparks and his men was excellent, both rhythm and melody being ideal for the most critical of dancers, and arranged in such a manner as to cater for all tastes. The cuisine was beyond reproach, and here, naturally, the Police types really showed their paces with a plate of turkey, etc. Just after midnight we had another surprise in the way of the balloon dance, when a huge colourful bunch of balloons fell from the roof and the usual fun and games followed. One type seemed to think we were outdoing the Chelsea Arts effort—we nearly did, too. The letters to the local Press were unanimous in their praise, and all the comments seemed to indicate "roll on the next one," which I endorse most heartily.

This month we welcome Constables Tyrer, Lovell, Lindsay and Nayling from Depot, and Constable Cargill from Umtali Section. We are sorry that the accommodation problem is so acute, but there you are, chaps, you'll have to make the best of it.

"How is it going" Kensett has recently returned from a horse patrol in Rhodesdale, still looking very fit, and I fear with a bigger appetite than ever (Depot please note). Mess Caterer Franklin is walking around with a dazed expression on his face, which seems to suggest "Well, there goes the chance of lowering the messing again." It appears that whilst on this patrol, Kensett, being a keen R.S.P.C.A. type, and not having anyone else to speak to, had addressed his horse in the following manner, "Well, how's it going?" Riding horse Harrier, being a polite equine, had replied, "Not too —— good old chap (no wonder with that weight), how about doing some cycling?" This probably accounts for our special correspondent's story of seeing a very hot and weary H.I.G. resplendent in topee, cycling through the bush, in the direction of Ngesi Dam. Cycling had not, however, affected our friend's manners, as he addressed our correspondent in his usual courteous way, "Well, how's it going?"

The recent controversy concerning the riding horse pictured on the new cover of our magazine, as to whether it resembles a pack donkey or an undersize camel is, to my mind, a little futile, and very much dated. Why not keep up to the times and have some modern means of transport depicted, maybe an H.U.C. or better still, a typical riot scene—a Police type complete with his armour (wicker shield, tin hat, baton and respirator), alongside one of Lobengula's types with his assegai, shield and knobkerrie, throw in a few airborne sandbags, a man in red trousers, some capsules lachrimatory, a caption "Progress," and there you have it. The only snag as I see it, is that on the limited space available on our cover, you could hardly do it credit, and if "Giles" saw it, it might well stir up international strife.

Although September notes are not to hand yet with our plea for any cricket tackle, we have received vast quantities of cricket gear (hard luck, Umtali. First come . . . !), and with it managed to give the local schoolboys a thrashing. Whoever, in the vast maze of offices we now hear are in Salisbury, is responsible for this grant, all at Gatooma wish to thank most heartily.

In closing it has probably produced many a frown on the heads of those stationed at

Gatoom, as to the identity of the writer of these, if I may say so, excellent notes. I propose therefore to hold a competition on the lines of the News Chronicle "Lobby Ludd" affair. Accordingly, I shall insert a small clue as to my identity in each issue. If any person who thinks he knows me, should, with his copy of *The Outpost* clenched firmly in his right hand, and with a look of determination on his face, approach me, and say, in clear-cut tones "You are Wagon and Horses," and is correct, I will help boost the canteen profits by allowing him to buy me an unlimited quantity of alcohol, and at the same time bestowing on him my heartfelt wishes for the future, and suggesting that as there is no room for both of us with such powers of deduction in Gatooma, he should in future pick up the quill. The clue this month is "I am not normally overworked." (This is where everybody looks at everybody else).

That's all for now, up early again to-morrow, *another* inspection. This can't go on.

WAGON AND HORSES.

.·. CROSSWORD SOLUTION .·.

Across	Down
1. Postman.	1. Papyri.
7. Boorish.	2. Opie.
14. Appian.	3. Sprawl.
16. Unable.	4. Tiara.
17. Pirate.	5. Mat.
18. Genial.	6. Anele.
19. Year.	8. Ought.
20. Laugh.	9. One.
21. Este.	10. Ranee.
22. Wade.	11. Ibises.
24. Thee.	12. Slat.
26. Ill.	13. Helena.
28. Res.	15. Prunes.
30. Sea.	23. Deirdre.
32. Pilasters.	25. Hurries.
34. Aster.	27. Loses.
35. Ripen	28. Rated.
36. Adrenalin.	29. Stead.
38. Ass.	31. Emend.
40. Did.	32. Pea.
41. Odd.	33. Sin.
43. Heel.	37. Nimble.
46. Tsar.	38. Actors
48. Tael.	39. Sheila.
50. Amber.	41. Ordain.
51. Idle.	42. Dwells.
53. Origen.	44. Elgin.
55. Assail.	45. Lande.
57. Relied.	46. Trade.
58. Daniel.	47. Aisne.
59. Stanley.	49. Aret.
60. Depends.	52. Lied.
	54. Eel.
	56. Sap.

We've had the ant and the bee held up to us as models of real enterprise for generations—yet these irritating little "workers" can always find time to be present at picnics.

Annual Police Ball . .

SALISBURY

THE above function was held at Prince's Hall, Salisbury, on Friday, October 6th, 1950, and as an experiment the Committee departed from the normal procedure. In the past, the Salisbury Police Ball has always been regarded as one of the occasions of the year from the point of view of the public, and has been classed on a par with the Show Ball. This year, however, it was decided to make it a more intimate affair for serving members of the Force, members of the Police Reserve and members of the Regimental Association. To this end, tickets sold were strictly limited to the number of 250 double, which were on sale in the first place to members and ex-members of the Force and members of the Regimental Association only. A few days before the Ball took place, the few tickets which remained unsold were made available for purchase by the public.

An immediate result of the limitation of tickets was to be seen in the ample dancing space available and the rapidity of service, the usual crush being entirely absent. Owing to the most unfortunate misdirection of the Regimental Association box of decorations which resulted in its being dumped in the Chinamora Reserve on the night of the Ball, the usual display of shields, etc., was not available, but the Decorations Committee nevertheless managed to produce a very fine and striking effect. Much credit goes to Messrs. Martin and Mingard who painted a most realistic Rhodesian scene as a background for the band. We were also fortunate in having the use of scenic paintings which had been prepared for the Jubilee Celebrations, as well as assegais and Native shields. The general motif of the Ball was, of course, the occupation of the Colony, and the doorkeepers were arrayed in Pioneer uniforms, borrowed for the occasion from the Jubilee Celebrations Committee.

Sincere thanks are due to all who assisted with the organisation of the Ball and in decorating the hall.

A most pleasant evening appeared to be had by all, and the Police Band, under the expert batons of Inspector Sparks and Sergeant King, delighted the ear of all, and tantalised the feet of some of the more elderly of the guests.

LOCKED IN A PADDED CELL

By Major Hugh Mackay

LOOKING back a matter of thirty-six years, I still remember with a shudder, my feelings when I found myself locked in a padded cell in the Parkhurst Criminal Lunatic Asylum, Isle of Wight. But to begin at the beginning.

In 1914 and early 1915 thousands flocked to join "Kitchener's Army," and I found myself a Temporary 2nd Lieutenant in the 13th Battalion, The Hampshire Regiment, as The Royal Hampshire Regiment was then, and I was posted to Newport, Isle of Wight.

The men came mainly from the mines of Cornwall, great hefty men talking quite a "foreign" language, but there were also factory hands from Lancashire, also with their own dialect, and bits and blobs from other walks of life. The officers comprised one Peer of the Realm, one Baronet, several planters from Malay and Ceylon, a Rhodesian mining engineer, one or two from the S.A.P., and HOW they came to us goodness only knows! 'Varsity dons and lads from public schools, we were indeed a mixture, but not an officer or man who was not full of keenness.

Barracks and camps at that time were scarce, so the authorities emptied the Criminal Lunatic Asylum at Parkhurst, where lunatic murderers such as Steenie Morrison were incarcerated, and put our battalion there until local wooden hutments were built in a sea of mud.

The asylum was excellent for the purpose, for the four companies were housed well. Each company having one block, one platoon being on each of the four floors, the office inside the entrance being company H.Q. and on each of the upper floors one cell was made platoon H.Q. the remaining nineteen cells or so on each floor housing two or three men each. Outside the line of cells was a wide stone passage, with high barred windows. The cells were emptied of what furniture they had had, and we put in our own cots and what nots. Each cell had a small barred high-up window, and a small judas in the door. Lavatories and wash-houses were separate.

The last cell on each floor was always locked. It was a padded cell, meant for those lunatic criminals who became violent and had to be restrained.

There was a paved exercise ground outside the main entrance. Indeed our pet asylum was a home from home that winter of 1914-15 and much better than the ocean of mud and leaky huts we moved into later, but that is another story.

Where the criminal lunatics were moved to, I forget, but seem to remember that there was another large prison close by into which they were squeezed. We used to watch the more sane convicts with barrows and gardening tools, and once, when returning through the town of Newport armed with shovels and picks, having been trench digging at Brading Downs, we wondered at the hilarity and joy from the local populace, we then discovered that a gang of convicts with *their* picks, shovels, and barrows, had tailed on to the end of our company, and were enjoying themselves immensely, nor did their warders mind either.

But about the padded cell.

One day after late parade about fivish, I was inspecting the company "rooms", when right on the top storey, and some bit away from the rest of the cells, I saw an open door. This door had always been locked, and I had wondered why, also what it was. I looked in and found that it was a padded cell, with a tiny barred window high up on the outer wall, a hole some 12 inches by 8 inches. The door had the usual judas, which had the sliding panel permanently closed. Naturally I went in to have a look-see. The walls were thickly padded with some brownish material, and looked like a large eiderdown quilt, but without the buttons at the seams. The floor was also of the same thick, but pliant material. The roof was stone. The cell was empty.

"By Jove!" I thought, "I'd hate to be locked up in here. Ugh!" I felt the walls, and measured the area. It was about 9 feet by 12 feet and 12 feet in height. With another shiver I turned to the door to leave the sinister place, when to my horror I found the door had swung silently shut, *and, I couldn't open it,* for there was no way of doing so from the inside. The door fitted perfectly in place, the inside part of which was padded like the walls. *I was shut in!*

I shouted and banged on the door, but then remembered that these cells were sound-proof, and the warders kept observation on inmates through the judas, but this judas was closed. I was caught!

I wandered about the cell thinking. I would not be missed until next morning parade, for anyone could leave barracks and go into Newport after duty. This cell had always been locked during the six weeks we had been billeted in the asylum, and there seemed no reason why anyone should open the door now. I looked around the cell again, then noticed that the walls and floor

were perfectly clean, not a speck of dust or cobwebs. Strange enough, and I had a glimmer of hope. How was it that no dust nor dirt had filtered through the small window? Which it would have been bound to do after so many weeks. I pondered. At any rate, I gave myself up for a night in the cells. The first since a memorable episode when Vine Street played a part!

There were no conveniences, the cell was absolutely bare, and—the night was becoming cold. Well, well, nature called and had to be responded to. I was hungry and thirsty, and I wondered what would happen to me if no one came and opened the door next morning, and it was quite on the cards that they would not, for why should they, when it was not a habit these days. But *why* had the cell door been left unlocked when I had appeared on the scene? That was the question.

It was no use worrying, so cold and miserable, even in my specially padded and ill-ventilated accommodation, I dosed and dreamed, until the filtering light of a winter's morning aroused me, and I stood up, cramped and aching in every bone and muscle.

There was dead silence until I heard the notes of Reveille wafting in through the window. It was the first time I had longed to be on parade with the rest. I heard the " No Parade " sound in due course, and also, which made me more miserable still—" Come to the Cook-house Door, Boys. Come to the Cook-house Door." Bacon and eggs, hot coffee, ye gods!

I had forgotten to wind my watch and that had stopped. Time passed, I don't know how long, and except for an occasional bugle call, there was silence deep and complete. In spite of the cold I began to be worried, sweat broke out on my forehead, and I walked up and down, up and down, getting more nervous every minute. I stood below the window and wondered how I could possibly reach it, so as to flutter a handkerchief in the hope of attracting attention, when suddenly I started and swung round at a gruff voice. " Blimey, and WOT 'ave we got 'ere? "

Standing just within the door was the burly, blue-clad figure of a warder. He had just removed a key from the spring lock. He stared at me severely, but with surprise, from beneath shaggy brows. He was a giant of a man. I then noticed other figures behind him, but I strode forward. " Thank God you've come," I gasped.

" An' WOT may YOU be doin' 'ere, Sir? " he rumbled.

" I got shut in last night," I cried. " It's been ghastly." I heard a titter from outside, then a muffled scream, and a scuffle.

" Jest wait a minit, sir," my rescuer said, swinging round. " Bring 'im in, 'Erb." He nodded to me. " You wait outside, sir, IF you please." I did so, with speed!

Two other blue-clad warders entered, leading a middle-aged-looking man in prison clothes. He was wearing a kind of corset, which I took to be a strait-jacket. This unfortunate was mouthing and cursing, and his eyes were staring and he struggled as well as he could, but was forced within the cell. For a few minutes there was a clamour and gruff voices above which the screams of the maniac rose shrilly and vilely. Then the three warders came out, puffing and blowing, clicked to the door, and then the chief one turned to me with a smile.

" Now, sir, wot 'appened? " I told him, while I saw his eyes were smiling and his friends were hiding their mirth behind their hands.

" Thank God you came," I concluded fervently. " I was scared STIFF! "

" I bet you wos, sir," consoled my friend. " 'Twas lucky, or unlucky, accordin' 'ow you looks at it, that one 'undred and three come on 'is fits. 'Tis unlucky, fer why? If 'e 'adn't, that there cell wouldn't 'ave bin opened, and dusted—(Ha! my hunch had been right after all)—then you wouldn't 'ave bin curious an' so got locked in. But, sir, you've bin lucky, fer why? well, we comes along wiv that unfortunate, and so lets yer art, ain't that so, sir? " He nodded, " also 'tis lucky we ain't got no padded cell in our noo quarters. 'Tis so."

I agreed. " That IS so, warder, and thanks very much, and I'd—er—be MOST obliged if you said nothing about this happening, you know,—er—it might be awkward for me with the other chaps." I slipped some coins into his ready palm, " for a pint all round," I murmured. " Many thanks."

" Thank YOU, sir, mum's the word."

All the same, I had to explain my absence from parade, and who could expect my brother officers to keep " mum? " Not a hope, but feeling free, and with a full tummy, was worth the rounds of drinks I had to stand that night after mess, while I would rather have Vine Street than a padded cell in a Criminal Lunatic Asylum any day.

BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA POLICE. ASSOCIATION FOTBALL
MASHONALAND 1950

GRAFTON STUDIOS.

Cups: CHALLENGE CUP :: AUSTEN CUP :: LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP CUP :: CHARITY CUP

Seated: B. Taylor; P. Ryan; S/C/Inspr. Lardant (Depot Inspr.); D. Johnston (Vice Capt.); Colonel J. Appleby (Commissioner of Police); W. Buchanan (Capt.); H.Levy (Trainer); Major A. J. Frost (Commandant Depot); S/C/Inspr. Thompson (Manager); R. Coop; J. Marnock.

Standing Centre Row: D. Clapham; F. Moore-Stevens; I. Tait; E. Inglis; T. Banister; A. Butler; R. Jennings; J. Shaughnessy; J. Jannaway; S. Reid.

Standing Back Row: J. Hammond; D. Bester; S. Gibney; K. Rawson (Secretary); A. Simmonds; P. Rogers; J. Walker; D. Mallon.

SPORT

SOCCER

SALISBURY

Well, it's all over. The excitement has died and kit is stowed away until next year. Police have been acknowledged and have proved themselves the fittest and strongest team in Salisbury and indeed, in the whole country. Police 1st team have won the Austen Cup, Challenge Cup, Charity Cup and League Cup, played 29 matches, winning 25 with 3 drawn and one lost. Goals for 99, against 25. Goal scorers: Buchanan 28, Ryan 28, Clapham 20, Bester 7, Coop 4, Rawson 3, Shaughnessy 3, Marnoch 2, Jannaway 2, Hammond 1 and O.G. 1. The 2nd XI missed winning the Second League Cup by only one point, played 23 matches of which 13 were won, 7 drawn and only three lost—an excellent record for a second team. Goals for 44 and against 23. Goal scorers Shaughnessy 11, Banister 11, Jannaway 5, Hanley 4, Walker 4, Hammond 3, Gibney 2, Alexander 2, Smith 1 and 1 O.G. The 3rd XI did not do so well in the final stages but in 19 matches played they won 9, drew 2 and lost 8, with 38 goals for and 39 against.

A very successful season for the Police Club and one to be very proud of as a tribute to each player's effort under the guidance of "Skipper" Buchanan.

Zone "A"

Police I v. Raylton I

Playing on the Depot ground on September 9th Raylton produced some good football to draw 3—3 in a League match. Police, leading 2—0 at half-time from goals by Ryan and Buchanan looked well set for another victory, when Raylton took advantage of a few chances to notch three goals against the Corps who only managed to reply once through Ryan.

Police I v. Municipal I

On the Raylton ground on September 17th Police met Municipals in the final of the Charity Cup, and the Corps ran out easy winners by 7 goals to nil. Police were on top throughout and the result was never in doubt from the start. Police scorers were Ryan 2, Buchanan 2, Clapham 2 and Marnoch.

Police I v. Callies I

Again playing on the Raylton ground on September 23rd Police met Callies in the final of the Challenge Cup. It was a battle from start to finish and a grand game to watch. Clapham scored for the Corps half-way through the first half and the lead was held until a few minutes from full time when Callies equalised. Extra time produced football played at a cracking pace and Police scored twice through Buchanan and then Callies scored again. Police persisted and Ryan and Clapham scored further goals to put the result beyond doubt. Final score: Police 5, Callies 2.

Police I v. Alex I

In a League match on Police ground on September 30th Police beat Alex by 3—1. It was quite a good game and Police scored all their goals before half-time with Ryan (2) and Buchanan responsible. It was a little hot for playing football but the Corps side showed superior fitness.

Police I v. Forces I

In the final League match of the season played on the Depot ground, Police trounced Forces by 6—2. Although Forces scored first they

could not withstand a continual battering by the eager Police forwards. Ryan 3, Clapham 2 and Buchanan netted for Police.

Zone " B "

Police II v. Raylton II

On September 9th Police beat Raylton by 3—1 and deserved the win. Not a brilliant exhibition of football. Police, however, possessed the fighting spirit lacked by Raylton. Police scorers Jannaway 2 and Hanley.

Police II v. Gatooma United

On september 16th Gatooma cancelled the match and Police were awarded the points.

Police II v. Terriers I

Police produced some amazing football on September 17th, and with their forwards combining in perfect harmony, beat Terriers I by 4—2. Police scorers were Jannaway 2, Shaughnessy and Hanley.

Police II v. Ramblers.

Police were indeed slightly lucky to register a win on September 23rd when they were 2—1 down five minutes from time. Awarded a penalty, Banister made no mistake with his shot and, encouraged, Shaughnessy rattled in another a few seconds from time to give the Corps the match. Hanley notched the other goal.

Police II v. Raylton II

September 24th was a day when Police were definitely " off " and the score of 1—1 was the result of a very poor game. Hanley scored the only goal for Police.

Police II v. Ramblers

Needing a win to draw with Postals for the League Cup, Police did everything but score against Ramblers, who had a " hoodoo " over their goal. Police did everything and anything but score. The result, a draw 0—0, saw the Cup fade out of our reach. A fateful day, September 30th.

Zone " C "

Sept. 9th: Police III v. Municipal II. Lost 5—2.

Sept. 16th: Police III v. Callies II. Lost 4—2.

Sept. 24th: Police III v. C.A.A. I. Lost 2—1.

Sept. 30th: Police III v. Alex II. Walkover.

Oct. 1st: Police III v. Municipals II. Lost 2—1.

In closing my Soccer notes for the 1950 season, I would like, as secretary of the Soccer Club, to extend on behalf of all the players, our thanks to Harry Levy our trainer, who has put in such sterling work to produce a thoroughly fit team; and to C/Insp. " Tommy " Thompson, our manager, whose hard work—not only this year—has ensured the smooth running of our Soccer. It has been a hard and tedious season and we have all enjoyed it.

Thank you also to our solid band of supporters, and may we see you all again next season.

Au Revoir,
" K.N.R."

I think it would be of interest to many to learn that the First League Trophy won this year by the Police is the oldest Soccer Cup in the Colony. It was won in its first year by the Police in 1898, and again by United Police in 1906. In all, the Police have won the Cup ten times.

The Austen Cup, the most coveted of all Soccer Cups was won this year by Police for the first time. As it is open to all clubs throughout the Colony, this is our greatest achievement.

The Challenge and Charity Cups also won this year by Police complete a grand slam for the senior trophies which no other club has ever accomplished in one season.

We hope to publish in the next *Outpost* the photos of this year's soccer teams.

After the final match of the season a very jolly sundowner party was held in the Camp, at which Harry Levy, trainer, was presented with an engraved cigarette case, and Chief Inspector Thompson, manager, an engraved tankard, from the Police Soccer teams.

It is intended to hold a Soccer Dance later in the year to round off a successful season.

Our popular right-half, Constable Rowland, who unfortunately had a motor-cycle accident and has been in hospital for several weeks is making good recovery and we hope to have him back next season.

A lot of credit is due to Constable Rawson, our secretary, for the very fine work he has done. We have never had a better secretary.

Thanks are also due to Sgt. " Lofty " Lloyd for his co-operation in providing teas.

Finally, we in Salisbury, congratulate Bulawayo Police in doing so well this year in reaching the final of the Officers' Mess Cup, losing only after a replay. It was unfortunate that the annual match between Bulawayo and Salisbury Police could not be arranged this year owing to the heavy fixture list.

We look forward to next season with confidence.

TEE TEE.

Rex v. Jim and Ajibu

● by Stanley Edwards ●

The Appeal Is Allowed

When the record of the trial was submitted to His Excellency the Governor for consideration as to whether he should exercise His Majesty's prerogative of mercy, in terms of section 30 of the Rhodesian Court of Appeal Act, 1938, His Excellency remarked:

"After carefully considering the proceedings in the case of Rex v. Jim and Ajibu, together with the report of the Presiding Judge and after consulting the Executive Council thereon, I have decided to submit this case for further consideration by the Court of Criminal Appeal."

It should be noted that neither the accused nor their counsel appealed against the decision of the High Court.

A memorandum by the Secretary, Department of Justice, amplified His Excellency's decision and I quote two sections:—

"It has come to His Excellency's notice that in the interval between the making of these confessions and their first appearance in the magistrate's court, the accused indicated other methods by which they disposed of the body, and the police investigations found no confirmation of these indications. Witnesses who can speak to those indications are Trooper John Reid Dennison of the British South Africa Police, Marandellas, who was not available as a witness before the trial Court but is now available, and Native Constable Paradzayi, of the British South Africa Police, Marandellas."

In conclusion the memorandum states:

"His Excellency refers this case to the Court of Appeal for their Lordships to consider whether the witnesses Dennison and Paradzayi should be examined as to the course of the police investigations and the indications made by the accused as to the disposal of the body, and thereafter for their Lordships to consider:

(a) whether the trial court ought reasonably to have believed confessions which, so far as they concerned the disposal of the body, seem not to have been consistent with one another and which, if the trial court had had further evidence before it, might have been found to be inconsistent with subsequent statements of the accused; and

(b) whether, if the trial court believed the confessions, it could safely find that these confessions were confirmed by the evidence of the child Mailosi."

The following extract from the preliminary address of the presiding judge of the Court of Appeal shows what that court set out to ascertain.

". . . The whole case therefore has been referred to this court under paragraph (a) of section 30 of the Rhodesian Court of Appeal Act and must be heard and determined as in the case of an appeal by a person convicted. Further, the memorandum contains, in effect, an application that further evidence be heard . . . Though this court, like the English Court of Criminal Appeal, has the right to call evidence at the hearing of an appeal, we are satisfied that it is a right which should only be exercised in exceptional circumstances.

That is the view which has been expressed on many occasions in the English court and we accept that view. The question we have to decide then is whether there are such exceptional circumstances in this case to justify the admission of fresh evidence. In our opinion there are.

The vital issue in this case is whether or not the confession of the accused made on the 18th February were true admissions of guilt. It is intended that in order to arrive at a proper decision on that issue, it was essential that the trial court should have had before it all the statements and indications made by the appellants during the course of the police investigations. It was stated in the memorandum of the Secretary of the Department of Justice that it has come to His Excellency's notice that in the interval between the making of this statement and their first appearance in the magistrate's court, the appellants indicated other methods by which they disposed of the body and that police investigations found no confirmation of these indications.

It is claimed that when the full story of these investigations is disclosed facts will emerge which were not made known to the trial court, of so weighty a character that they might reasonably have affected the verdict . . . When we have heard that evidence we will be able to decide what effect it should or might reasonably have had on the mind of the learned judge who tried the case. The existence of this evidence was unknown to counsel for the appellants at the time of trial and though the appellants themselves were aware of it, in the

circumstances of the case it can be taken that they did not realise the implications arising from it.

For these reasons and particularly in view of the fact that the case has been referred in terms of section 30 of the Rhodesian Court of Appeal Act, we are of the opinion that the evidence indicated should be heard."

Trooper Dennison, Sergeant Edwards and African Constable Paradzayi were then called to give evidence before the Appeal Court and the following facts which had not been disclosed at the trial came to light.

The two accused had voluntarily informed Trooper Dennison that the report they had made to Sergeant Edwards that they had thrown the body of the deceased into a pool was false; that the truth was that they had burnt the body. They had then showed Trooper Dennison two small heaps of ashes near the river. It had been clear from the appearance of the ashes that no human body could have been burnt at either of these places. There were no bones in the ashes. Enquiries showed that fires were made every day at these two places for cooking purposes by natives of the compound. Thereafter, the accused had said they had thrown the bones into the river and led Police to the spot. The Police search revealed no bones.

The accused then made about six other suggestions as to how the body had been disposed of. All had proved to be false. One was that the bones had been given to a witchdoctor, who lived nearby. The witchdoctor was seen by Police and denied having received any bones from the accused and also, of course, denied being a witchdoctor. All these indications were made quite voluntarily by the accused.

Finally, evidence was led that about two weeks after Police investigation ceased, a native deserted from Wilton Farm. Rumour had it that he was a witchdoctor and had been in possession of an arm of the deceased. There appeared to be no foundation for this report.

I now quote from the judgment of the Court of Appeal.

" . . . Now it is apparent from the above review that the case must have presented considerable difficulties to the trial court. Though the accused at one stage made what appeared to be frank and full confessions, they subsequently withdrew them. Even though the reasons they gave for making the confessions were false, the value to be attached to them was to some extent discounted by the withdrawal. In addition there is the fact that the Police were unable to find the body in the pool first indicated by the accused as being the place where they had disposed of the body. Further, the accused gave several other false indications as to such disposal. Then, too, on one point, namely, the disposal of the body, the confessions differ.

It is true that the general effect of Mailosi's evidence is to corroborate the accused's confessions. But on some points of detail that evidence is at variance with the confessions, again notably in regard to the disposal of the body. There are also elements of improbability in Mailosi's story. He gave, as I pointed out, two different days as being the day on which he saw Grey's body—Saturday and Monday. Even if the first day, Saturday, be accepted as the day he saw the body, the questions immediately arise as to why the accused, having killed Grey in order to take his heart, should have left the body for three days and two nights lying in the veld untouched. If the correct day was Monday, then the question becomes still more difficult to answer.

Now the Crown has presented a case based on a chain of events, the first of which was the preconceived scheme of luring the two juveniles to Calne Farm on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 5th February, in order, presumably, to obtain an opportunity of killing Grey. That plan was strongly emphasised by the prosecution—evidence was led and the two accused were cross-examined in regard to it. And the trial court obviously regarded it as important as is evidenced by the reference to it in the judgment. But the finding of that court in this point is not in accordance with the evidence. Mailosi did not say that he and Grey had been sent to Calne Farm, as the extract from his evidence quoted in the judgment of the trial court, shows. He said that Ajibu had asked him to accompany him there. The difference is important because it cannot lightly be assumed that Ajibu had intended to kill his own brother.

The prosecuting counsel suggested that something further must have transpired between Ajibu and the juveniles which had caused Mailosi to depart from his stated agreement to accompany Ajibu and to take Grey with him instead. But if the Crown intended to place reliance on the sending of both juveniles to Calne Farm, then it should have established that fact by clear evidence; it should not have been left as a matter of inference.

It is clear that the trial court misdirected itself as to fact on one important part of the Crown case.

There is a further point arising from the contradiction in Mailosi's evidence as to the day on which he saw Grey's body. He gave this day as "about Monday" in his evidence-in-chief. It is true that he gave this day in response to a leading

question, whereas he gave Saturday in response to questions put in proper form by the learned judge. But it is obvious from the form of questioning put by prosecuting counsel, and absence of objection by the defending counsel, that the former had good reason for thinking that Mailosi would give Monday as being the day in question. The important point, however, is this, that the variance between the two answers does not appear to have been noticed by the court, as Mailosi was not asked to explain his previous answer. It was highly important that the exact day on which Mailosi saw the body, or said he saw it, be ascertained, not only for the reason previously mentioned, but also from the point of view of the condition of the body.

If the body had been lying in the open, particularly in February, from Thursday morning till late on Monday afternoon, it might reasonably be expected that decomposition would have been far more advanced than as described by Mailosi. If, then, Mailosi's evidence was that he saw the body on Monday, the court might have had doubt as to believing his story. The trial court should not, it seems to us, have found that Mailosi saw the body two or three days later, i.e., after Thursday the 6th February, without further examination of the witness as to the discrepancy in his evidence.

The trial court, then, misdirected itself on two questions of fact. In spite of this, the appeal would not succeed if no substantial miscarriage of justice has actually occurred—section 18 (1) (i) of the Rhodesian Court of Appeal Act, 1938.

The onus on that point is on the Crown who must satisfy this court that the weight of evidence was so strong against the accused that we can reasonably conclude that the verdict would have been the same if there had been no misdirection (*Stratford, J.*, in *Rex v. Mofokeng and another*, 1928 A.D. 132 at p. 137). Such a conclusion is not, in our opinion, possible in this case. For the reasons detailed, it is clear that a review of the evidence on the two points in question might easily have influenced the minds of the court in arriving at a finding as to the credibility of Mailosi and generally on the whole case. In these circumstances the verdict cannot stand.

The appeal is allowed and the verdict in regard to both accused is set aside.

Competitions

THE OUTPOST CHRISTMAS COMPETITIONS, 1950

Details of this year's competitions are published below:—

1. ESSAYS—
   (a) Five guineas for the best story or article submitted, with a Christmas background, for publication in the Christmas number of *The Outpost*. Entries not to exceed 3,000 words.
   (b) Two guineas as a Second Prize.
2. DRAWINGS—
   (a) Five guineas for the best black and white sketch depicting a Christmas-cum-Police scene. Sketches must be in ink on stiff paper and should not be folded.
   (b) Two guineas as a Second Prize.
3. PHOTOGRAPHS—
   (a) Three guineas for the best photograph portraying any aspect of Police life within the Colony. The subject, rather than the photographic quality, will be the chief factor in determining the award.
   (b) Two guineas as a Second Prize.

RULES FOR THE CHRISTMAS COMPETITIONS

1. The Competitions are open only to subscribers to *The Outpost*.
2. The entries must be the original work of the competitors.
3. The judges for all competitions shall be appointed by the President of *The Outpost* Committee.
4. The Committee reserves the right to reproduce any entries other than the prize-winning entries, without payment.
5. Entries for competitions Nos. 2 and 3 will be received up to and including November 1, 1950, and entries for competition No. 1 up to and including November 18, 1950.
6. All entries must be clearly marked "Christmas Competition" and addressed to The Editor, *The Outpost*, P.O. Box 803, Salisbury.
   N.B.—Articles may be sent, and will be published, under a nom-de-plume, but the Editor must have the names and addresses of all competitors.
7. The Committee reserves the right to withhold the award of either a first or second prize if the standard of merit of the entries is considered to be below the required standard.

Your New Reading

By
JOHN COLOPHON

Henry Gibbs Puts The Union Under The X-ray

Henry Gibbs, a notable figure in contemporary English writing, is, as author, a dual personality; being not only Henry Gibbs, author of "Safari for Gold," a biographer, and writer of the "Prior Chronicle Triology," itself outstanding among the larger-scale fiction of to-day, but also, as "Simon Harvester," one of our most brainy thriller writers.

When, a year or so back, Messrs. Jarrolds projected a series of volumes on parts of the British Commonwealth, they commissioned Mr. Gibbs to do the book on the Union of South Africa, the result being *Twilight in South Africa,* written after travelling last year for many months over all parts of the Union.

Now, because of the tone of this book, it is necessary to say something about the mentality of its author; and the outstanding thing about his mind, as shown in his serious fiction, is a keen power of penetration backed by fearlessness. *Twilight in South Africa* shows this in fullest degree, from the title onwards. The difference between this book and many graphic but kindly-toned volumes on South Africa latterly published is this. Henry Gibbs is graphic; few can teach him much in that line: but he is candid before being kind.

His title foreshadows the substance of his book, the burden of which is that the Union of South Africa, under its present government of the Nationalists, is delivered into the hands of men, who, however honestly they may hold their opinions, hold mistaken opinions; that, because of their narrowness and basis in racial prejudices derived from conditions long vanished, and that if these men continue long enough in power, the Union of South Africa will find itself left behind the march of events in the world, and will sooner or later strike disaster.

With regard to the position of the English-speaking South African—the folk of English descent with political outlook of the Smuts-all-pull-together-one-stream type—Mr. Gibbs sees before them a particularly grim vista. "They may appease the Nationalists to the utmost. They may leave the country, accept being forced out, which . . . is what the Broederbond would desire. If (not), and they refuse either of these alternatives, they have no other but to seek individual expression for disagreement with the Nationalist treatment of themselves."

These are strong words. Mr. Gibbs uses words equally strong in reference to the Nationalist outlook and policy towards the African and other folk of colour. The question is, therefore, can he support his contentions with facts? Facts are the strength of this remarkable book. It is full of facts, all authenticated by footnotes and other references. The outlines of the histories of the various sub-elements that have gone to make up the Nationalist Party, and, very notably, the political history of the men who are the leaders of the Nationalist Party, and quotations from their speeches: these things are provided in abundance. The result is a book which, in my view, everyone who can should make a point of reading at the present time—and not least because, as outcome of the S.W.A. "5th Province" elections, the Nationalists, through German support, are now in a vastly reinforced position. This is a brilliant, forcible, forthright and absorbing book; one of the best of modern times on South Africa.

A book of a different kind, but entirely out of the ordinary, is the long-awaited *A History of the English People,* by R. J. Mitchell and M. D. R. Leys (Longmans).

Wells, a man with whom you might differ yet one who did introduce with his "Outline" a new conception of history, said in one of his books that what people wanted to know wasn't so much about battle and policy and other past and confusing matters, but "how the Black Prince got his name—what, for instance, he used to colour his armour black"; in other words the detail of every day.

This new book is the most ambitious and thorough effort of its kind yet made in that line. It deals with the everyday life in detail of the English people from earliest recorded times up to the present. It covers every phase of the life of the people in four books, with a most comprehensive epilogue covering the 20th century. Food and Farming, Homes, Travel, Arts, Lord and Overlord, Priest, Civil Servant, Jew, Charity, Transport, Fairs, Schools, Books, Games, Pageants,

Newspapers, Witchcraft, Health and Disease, Gardens, Houses, Sanitation: nothing is left out.

The danger of this type of book from the reader's point of view is obvious: monotony of theme, and, so, of treatment. It is triumphantly avoiding this that the authors show their skill; by their varied arrangement of subject; above all, by a style which, in its ease and elasticity, makes you want to read, put the book by, and then take it up again. The section on the Middle Ages uniquely (I use the adverb with deliberation) lights up a period which, in the hands even of skilled historians of the past, has, for me at least, always remained too shadowy. As a piece of book production it is superb; with hours of enjoyment within its rich blue covers.

Science, by G. Burniston Brown (Allen & Unwin) is one of those books which when you have read it leaves you with a changed point of view. You have learned the real meaning of what thinking is; and that, let one say, is something only a limited few grasp.

Dr. Burniston Brown takes all scientific progress for his theme; upon this he bases a lesson in what, precisely, scientific method is. What, in fact, is scientific method? Read this remarkable book and you will understand that which, apart from morality and kindred subjects, has made the world of discovery what, in that sense, it is to-day. And, when next some victim of catch-phrase or fad sneers at science and what it has brought us to—bid him, and hastily, get this book and stop talking nonsense.

A slight digression here before proceeding to my next, and sufficiently remarkable, recommendation. Once, for my sins, I worked for a short—

"The latest is that we've all got to have a yellow fever injection."

a very short—while with a man who ran what he called a specialised production. One of his notions (if you could term it such) was that his books section should be confined entirely to books of what he called working interest to his particular class of reader. My notion of a books feature is the precise opposite. It is to entertain and interest —in the order given. Books are for the leisure hour: except for the very limited number of works of a professional and vocational type, which can safely be left to the specialist for attention.

Now to my mind one of the great needs for the ordinary reader has for long been something within reasonable space, and written alluringly, covering the whole background of English letters from earliest times. To enjoy books to the full you need that. And, lo, received two days ago for review, and timed to be with you when these lines are in print, is, in ideal form, the very thing.

It is the *Teach Yourself History of English Literature* (English Universities Press). Here, in half a dozen beautifully produced volumes of pocket size, at the astonishing price in England of 4s. 6d. each, is a history of English Literature from earliest Saxon times right up to the present day. Volume I, Introductory being on Literary Appreciation.

The series is based on the original work by Arthur Compton-Rickett, and is edited throughout by Peter Westland. High brow? Too deep? Dismiss the idea. These six small volumes contain survey, estimate, criticism, with facts and life story of each writer, and done with an equability, perception and charm of writing that I have not seen surpassed. They are enchanting; that is the word. The set of six volumes deals with more than 1,700 authors, contains more than 400,000 words, is fully indexed, and is the finest type of book production.

The judgments seem to me, even in the case of writers of whom many and most adverse judgments have been given, to be miraculously right. Read these books and you can thereafter forever look the tallest brow in the face so to speak, without a tremor: and you will have enjoyed yourself, and got all the English Literature guidance you can ever want.

In the newest fiction to hand and for review at the time of writing, I rank very high *The Conspiracy of the Absent,* by Maria Kuncewicz (Hutchinson International Authors). This distinguished writer, who with "The Stranger" made in England a reputation that places her a Pole, high as a creative artist (she has been compared by Storm Jameson to Giraudoux, whose "Campaigns and Intervals" and other books on World War I reinforced his earlier fame), here treats of two Polish sisters, affianced one to an Italian the other a Pole, and parted from them by World War II; and the spiritual conflict which ensues between human love and patriotism.

The strength of the book is not merely in the power of narrative but the immense perception of human nature shown by the author, and the resulting, poignant drama. The texture of this novel is fine but strong, and utterly without sentimentality. It opens to the reader a new world, and invites a reassessment of values. And it communicates: at the crises it genuinely moves you. It is, in short, a high class thing.

The Freeholder, by Joe David Brown (Hodder and Stoughton) is an historical novel, with United States background, but, unlike so many, with a hero who lives and has a personality: in this case that of a man, of the poorest origins who, by sheer force of mind, fights his way to individual freedom and to success. Tench is roundly represented; and if the story is more straightforward than subtle, it is a fine story well told, and with opulence of colour in its background.

In *The Waters of Walla* (Hutchinson) Eden Phillpotts, that wonderful veteran, gives us a story of his own Devonshire; a tale of the chronicle type of village life, with homely but definite drama, a wealth of humour, and, in the telling, a sheer skill and charm that must make a young writer sigh with envy—if he's honest with himself. I enjoyed every page of it. I feel pretty sure you will too.

The Arrogant Dragoon (Hurst and Blackett), by Scott Hamilton, a book of a very different character, is another of the most capable author's historical novels; this time of a young officer with a way with him of Wellington's Army in the Peninsula Wars. He's a swashbuckler, is Major Brett, and his creator knows how to create and handle incident both of war and love. I strongly recommend this bright and stirring book.

My thriller pick this time is confined to three: *V as in Victim,* by Lawrence Treat (Rich and Cowan): The riddle of a woman's scream and the subsequent discovery of a most unlooked for corpse leads to a notably clever puzzle; atmosphere and thorough competence. *The Singing Masons* (Hodder and Stoughton): Inspector Knollis again, baffled, for a space, on why the bees swarm in a nearby garden and in a hive over a disused well. Well done, with a most dramatic

curtain. *The Case of William Smith,* by Patricia Wentworth (Hodder and Stoughton): The matchless Miss Silver once more. What was Katherine, married only a week, keeping back? Who, in fact, was William Smith, her husband? First class: Miss Silver in that form which never seems to desert her.

JOHN COLOPHON.

Those Were The Days · *Continued* ·

By "MUVIMI"

THE AFRICAN

BOUND up as the Native is with the economic life of this Colony, and having regard to the fact that the larger proportion of our work consists of dealing with him in one way or another, a brief survey of him must come into any comparison of past and present.

Perhaps the most striking difference between those days and now is to be seen in the Native population. No doubt the changes brought about by the impact of our so-called civilisation on his habits and customs will be for the better in the long run, but during the interim period it certainly seems that civilising influences have taken away much that was good without replacing it by anything better.

One has only to consider the increase in crime, particularly thefts, which were regarded by the Native as a very serious crime, particularly thefts of crops, the punishment for which under their tribal laws was harsh and to our minds brutal, and such as to deter the thief. Killings and the so-called sexual crimes were not regarded so seriously, and in many instances were punishable by a fine and compensation. Stealing, however, has steadily increased until we now have Natives who actually do nothing else for a living. Is this due to our different outlook on crime, and our different ideas as to what is meet punishment for the various classes of crime Or is it due to the fact that we have given the Native a taste for a higher standard of living, which many find it impossible to attain without resorting to theft? If due to neither of these two reasons, we can only assume that it is due to civilisation and our bad example, since the Native in his raw state was honest. A horrid thought.

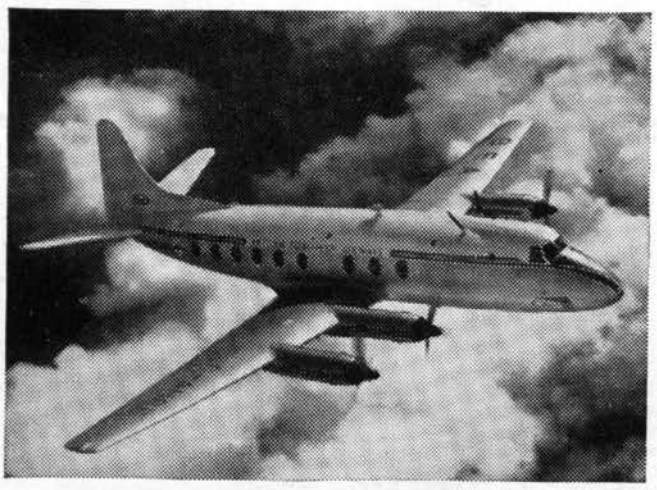
It was an unwritten law at one time that no traveller, be he friend or stranger, need pass through a kraal without being offered bed and board. Nowadays, however, this custom is fast dying; Natives are chary of offering hospitality to one who may disappear during the night with such movable property as he can lay his hands on. And so another aspect of his make-up which we can but admire is going by the board.

Although the Native parent was very averse to inflicting corporal punishment on his children, yet respect for elders and betters was shown by all Natives. The Native in his kraal was a gentleman, although dressed in a bit of skin in front and maybe nothing or little behind. He was hospitable, honest, and although he might split another's head with an axe or knobkerrie there was generally some (to him) perfectly good reason for so doing. Lie he would, if it would get him or his family out of trouble. Some of his habits and customs to our eyes were disgusting, but most, of course, had some reason at the back of them connected with family or spirit life, mingled with a little witchcraft, and he really could not be blamed for continuing his forebears' customs. What a difference to-day: the half-educated young "mujaha" one sees, wearing European clothing, complete with pork-pie hat, with a cigarette drooping from his lips, and generally a pair of sun glasses, has no respect for anybody, black or white. He has no tribal sanctions to consider, and honours not his father or his mother. He does not believe in manual labour, having passed Standard 5 he must be an office boy or some such type. What is the reason for this change in attitude? Have we been bringing him along too fast from his state of savagery, or have we neglected the disciplinary side of his education? Or is it merely a symptom of the times, a bad example from ourselves, for nobody can deny that discipline among Europeans, both in the home and in other spheres, is sadly lacking these days. Whatever the reason, this deterioration in the manners of the Native is one of the most disquieting changes to be seen in the attitude of the Native. And what is the solution? There seems to be only one that is worth trying, and that is to meet rudeness and insolence with unvarying politeness, since it is certain that rudeness breeds

rudeness, and violence breeds violence. Difficult, you may say; of course it is, and so are many things a Policeman may have to do and put up with in the course of his duty, but it seems the only solution to a problem which very intimately concerns us.

During early days, it was very unusual to find a Native in the Reserves who could understand English. Some might understand Kitchen Kafir, but these were mostly in the settled areas, and one never met a Native woman or child who understood much but a Native language. Nowadays, however, so many Natives of all ages and sexes understand English or Kitchen Kaffir that the unthinking European may well be excused for holding the opinion that it is quite unnecessary to learn a Native language. In the writer's view, this is nonsense, and particularly where Police work is concerned, or for that matter any work which brings one into intimate contact with Natives. The little time and effort required to learn a Native language is well repaid. The Native will have far more confidence in a European who can speak his language, and after all, he can be of tremendous help to us in our work, or be a tremendous hindrance. One can get far closer to the Native's meaning by using his own language than by using such a feeble medium of expression as Kitchen Kaffir, and one is less likely to be misled by wrong interpretations. Even the best interpreters slip up sometimes, and give an entirely different meaning to that intended by the Native who is speaking. Apart from these considerations don't you think that any European, with his presumably greater learning capacity, ought to be ashamed to have to rely on a Native's knowledge of the English language, which is one of the hardest languages in the world to learn? If the Native can learn English, then surely the converse should apply, since those who read this are the brains of the outfit. I wonder what the Native thinks about this aspect of the language question. There may be some excuse for his growing conviction that given the opportunity he can do anything we can do. A thought for you newer hands who are still young enough to learn. A word of warning, don't try to run before you can walk. There was the dreadful example of the official's wife who thought (and said) that she was a linguist, and who on the tennis court one day screamed at the ball boy "Tunda-Tunda" instead of "Kanda."

Yes, the Native has changed, like everything else, and perhaps not for the better, but we can all do our bit in the important task of preserving good relations with him. No European, I think, can claim to really understand the Native mind, but a little time and effort in trying to do so can only have good results. Those who are really interested should read Mr. Charles Bullock's latest book, *The Mashona and the Matabele*. It is good reading apart from being instructive, as he is one of those who can be said to know something of the Native, although I am sure he would be one of the first to admit that his knowledge and understanding of the Native is far from complete despite many years of study of the subject. The writer of this does not pretend to be an authority on the subject, but offers in conclusion a few principles which may help in dealing with the Native. Always be scrupulously fair, and keep your word. Never be sarcastic, the Native hates it. Never nag, he hates that still more. Be firm and courteous, and remember that the Native has feelings, and can be insulted just as easily as you by thoughtless words and actions. In fact, treat him just as you should treat all members of the public, whose servants you are.



World's first propeller-turbine airliner starts regular London-Paris service.

CHURCHILL: *Behind the Scenes in Fateful Years*

Mr. Churchill as a threefold wonder. A natural leader and an expert on war of the class of history's most famous in that respect, he has, as well, a gift of almost opposite category, namely, that of the literary artist.

And never have these diverse and linked powers been more notably shown by him than in the third volume of his history, The Second World War, called "The Grand Alliance" (Cassell), which should be with you now.

The year covered is 1941. This, as all who were old enough to live with consciousness of events through it, was the war's most critical year. It opened with our facing Germany's might alone, and closed with the U.S.A. and Russia allied to us, but Japan among our enemies. And when that year started Greece and Crete were lost to us, the Wavell wonder against the Italians in the Western Desert had been followed by the bitter sequel of Rommel's counter attack; the air raids had begun

SPECIAL TO "THE OUTPOST"

to switch from London to all our chief cities and ports, and with terrible effect. How close in point of time does it all seem, this razor-edge twelve month of almost a decade ago!

You will have read parts of this volume, as with its forerunners, in serialised extracts in your Southern African papers. But here now for the first time are revealed aspects of the drama from within: and with the touch of a master of historical narrative who was right at the heart of it all.

One of the most striking things in this volume is the revelation of how difficult from the first was Russia as an ally. (I do not make this point just because of Russia's attitude to-day: it is simply true, that is all).

Difficult Ally

The more surprising is this when one considers that, as here shown, Mr. Churchill actually tried and in vain to warn Stalin in advance of the intended Nazi onslaught on Russia. The result:

> "at this time the Soviet Government, at once haughty and purblind, regarded every warning we gave as *a mere attempt of beaten men to drag others to ruin*".
>
> The italics are mine.

In the event, the surprise was such that hundreds of Russian aircraft were caught unawares on the ground and wiped out.

"Surly, snarly, grasping, and so lately indifferent to our survival": so Mr. Churchill describes the Russian attitude to us.

The book is packed with revelations of many kinds, but the most moving and dramatic passage is that which Mr. Churchill tells of the way in which news came to him of the Japanese Pearl Harbour attack that brought the U.S.A. into the war.

The news came through on Sunday evening, December 7th, when Ambassador Winant and Mr. Averell Harriman, President Roosevelt's special war-time envoy to Britain, were dining with Mr. Churchill at the British Prime Minister's country home, Chequers, near London.

Mr. Churchill had casually turned on the 9 o'clock news (our main news time, as you know), and after various prosy announcements of a preliminary character, something was said about a Japanese attack on American shipping.

Mr. Churchill and his guests were puzzled about this when the Chequers butler entered and said, "It's true; we heard it outside."

Roosevelt: All in the Same Boat.

Mr. Churchill rose to put a call through to Roosevelt. "Winant followed me out and imagining I was about to take some irrevocable step, said, 'Don't you think you'd better get confirmation first?'" In two or three minutes Mr. Roosevelt came through. "'Mr. President, what's this about Japan?—It's quite true,' replied Mr. Roosevelt. 'They have attacked us at Pearl Harbour. We're all in the same boat now'."

"Now, at this very moment I knew that U.S.A. was in the war up to the neck, and in to the death," reflected Mr. Churchill. "So we had won after all! Yes, after Dunkirk; after the fall of France; after the horrible episode of Oran . . . the threat of invasion . . . the deadly struggle of the U-boat war . . . England would live; Britain would live; the Commonwealth of Nations and the Empire would live. Once again in our long Island history we should emerge, however mauled or mutilated, safe and victorious. We should not be wiped out. Our history would not come to an end. The British Empire, the Soviet Union, and now the United States, united could subdue everybody else in the world. . . . I went to bed and slept the sleep of the saved and the thankful. . . ."

That is the high note of this superb volume, in which history is rendered with not merely total accuracy but a skill, balance and power of writing in our age unsurpassed in its field. There is not a dull line; and to flavour it is the irrepressible Churchill humour that crops up even in his wealth of "Minutes" given in detail and forming an appendix as interesting almost as the main narrative: witness, for example, the inquiry about the "athletic fanatic general who made his troops run seven miles before breakfast." JOHN COLOPHON.

Saga of the North-West Passage

By E. R. Yarham.

AN aura of Elizabethan romance and the great "Age of Discovery" surrounds a little ship that put into Halifax, Nova Scotia, the other day. For the stout motor-schooner, St. Roch, of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, is the first vessel to have accomplished the circumnavigation of North America via that goal of the Ages, the North-West Passage.

Moreover, although her scheduled job is to keep up supplies for the R.C.M.P. in the frozen wastes where, far north of the Arctic Circle, many units of that famous force are serving, the St. Roch has threaded the tortuous mazes of the passage in both directions—the first ship ever to have done so.

The first voyage was when, in 1942, she reached Halifax after spending over two years in battling round the Arctic Circle from Vancouver, at one period drifting helplessly in the ice, with the vessel alternately threatening to collapse under the pressure or to turn turtle. Then, in 1944, she set sail again and made the passage from east to west in the record time of three months. Stationed on the west coast since, she was authorised to complete the round trip.

The only vessel before the St. Roch to traverse the passage was Amundsen's 47-ton sloop Gjoa, which sailed from east to west. Two winters were spent on the south coast of King William Island, and a third in Northern Alaska before the great Norwegian explorer finally reached Bering Strait, and took his ship on to the Golden Gate at San Francisco. Amundsen was 33 when he completed the voyage, but so great had his privations been that he was taken for twice that age.

Only a year before he lost his life (1928) in the chivalrous attempt to discover General Nobile, wrecked on the ice when the airship Italia crashed on return from the North Pole, Amundsen wrote in his autobiography: "My successful voyage in the Gjoa was the first navigation of the North-West Passage, and remains to-day the only navigation of it. Indeed, it is most unlikely that anyone in the future will think it worth while to consider it for a second in view of the fact that there are so many great difficulties and dangers involved . . ."

He reckoned without the indomitable spirit of the British, and the incomparable part that race has played in solving the secrets of the Arctic is shown by the fact that the St. Roch forced her way through straits and sounds named almost without exception by British exployers.

For generation after generation British sailors pushed their way through Hudson Strait and Lancaster Sound, the western gateways to the mystery of the passage, bringing back hard-won pieces of information for the geographers to fit in. Their fortunes, often their lives, hung on the distinction between a sound and a strait, or between an island and a peninsula, in a region where ice covers most of the water and much of the land. Afflictions were many, and the monotony and danger of wintering in the Far North were intensified by indescribable privations.

The long roll of explorers begins with Sebastian Gabot, who sailed in the service of Henry VII, but it was in the reign of Elizabeth, when the Spanish Navy was blocking the way to the south-west, that the imagination of Englishmen was fired by the hope of a passage to the riches of the Orient by a north-western route.

Shining brilliantly in a glorious galaxy of names is that of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, founder of the British Empire, for it was he who annexed Newfoundland. He inspired not only his own generation but many others to come by his "Discourse of a Discovery for a new Passage to Catalina" (1576), in which he set out to prove that America was an island. On his voyage back from Newfoundland Gilbert perished on board the little ship Squirrel, off the Azores, crying to the men on the Golden Hind, as the ships were swept apart, "We are as near to heaven by sea as by land."

Then follows a long list of splendid names: John Davis and Martin Frobisher, who made three voyages to the Arctic; Drake, who tried in vain to penetrate the passage from the west on his voyage of circumnavigation; and under the Stuarts came Henry Hudson and William Baffin, who failed to elucidate the secret, but who opened up new lands and seas and left their names inscribed immortally on the maps; and later still even Captain Cook had to retire baffled when trying Drake's approach. Nor could the immense resources of the Hudson's Bay Company pierce the ultimate ice.

For the search for the passage went on by land as well as by sea. While the ships pressed on through the icy straits, other expeditions with

canoes went up through the Hudson Bay territories and down the Gappermine to the Arctic shore to survey east and west. In the roll-call of leaders of more recent times than Elizabethan and Stuart, the sea names of Ross, Parry and McClure are answered by the land names of Simpson, Richardson and Rae; and Franklin, whose death led to the solution of the enigma as powerfully as his life had advanced it, went by both land and sea, although not until after the Arctic blizzards had claimed him for nearly 60 years was the first navigation achieved by Amundsen.

The specific end to the long-drawn-out battle with the ice was perhaps as barren as the location of a Pole; but not the gains which had been amassed during the engagement. Before Parry penetrated Lancaster Sound nothing was known of the Polar shore of America between Bering Strait and Hudson Bay except the mouth of the Mackenzie. When McClure brought back the last link of the North-West Passage the whole of the coast line and a large portion of the archipelago had been filled in. As one historian wrote of the heroic search: "If these men had been granted a provision of the details of the map they were making, they might have been daunted; but, being blind and of great heart, they went on and made the map."

It was Amundsen who first discovered a navigable passage, but it was Franklin, McClure, and their men who were the first to trace the connecting link between Baring Strait and the waters off the northern coast of America, thus proving the existence of a passage between the two oceans. Captain McClure may be fairly credited with the practical discovery of the North-West Passage by proving the existence of a continuous route from sea to sea through the Bering Strait. None the less, when, years later a ship was at last able to make the whole journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific, it was by following Franklin's route.

Franklin's is perhaps the greatest name in the long roll of those who sought the fabled route. He was an Elizabethan born out of due time, a man of the same type as Grenville, Drake and Sir Humphrey Gilbert. Like another immortal Elizabethan, Raleigh, Sir John Franklin was a man of many parts. He was not an adventurer only, however. A man of the highest courage, impelled by noble motives, and all who knew loved and respected him.

At the age of 59, hearing that the Government was proposing to send out another expedition to solve the mystery of the North-West Passage, he offered his services. He had been three times to the Arctic, and had accomplished two outstanding sledge journeys in northern Canada. He was given command over 100 men who sailed out into the unknown and were never seen again after July 26, 1845, when a whaler sighted the Frebus and Terror making for Lancaster Sound. All else is mystery and melancholy.

The leader's instructions were to push forward and out into the Bering Sea if possible. Franklin never reached that sea, but years later it was known that he had solved the enigma of the passage, for he got to a point west of that which had been attained by Beechey sailing in the opposite direction. After three years had passed and nothing happened to lighten the blackness of their disappearance, the Government was pressed to settle, if possible, the fate of the expedition. Party after party was sent out, and some 40 attempts were made to discover what actually happened.

Gradually the whole pitiful tale began to trickle through. Traders, fur-trappers, and search parties in the "Great White Silence" began to hear from the lips of Eskimos stories of gaunt men dragging boats from foundered ships, like grey ghosts, across a starving man. Some of their bodies were lying dismembered as if torn by wild animals.

M'Clintock cleared up the main mystery when, in 1857, he discovered a cairn and the scrap of writing which recorded: "The Frebus and Terror were deserted April, 1848, five leagues N.N.W. of this, having been beset since September 12, 1846. Officers and crews, 105 souls, under the command of Captain Crozier, landed here. Sir J. Franklin died, June 11, 1847 . . . "

Then for over half a century the North-West Passage lay unchallenged, but early this century, Amundsen having got through from east to west, the reverse passage naturally became a northern light, beckoning the adventurous mariner. The R.C.M.P., who have done so much to draw the fangs of the Canadian Arctic, and who every summer nose their patrol boats through the ice from Bering Strait nearing to the entrance of the passage, were so placed as to take up the challenge almost in the stride of duty.

The St. Roch was the chosen ship. Canadian-built, sheathed in copper, with an extra sheath of Australian ironwood as tough as its name, and notably resistant to ice pressure, from 1928 to 1940 she made routine voyages to the Arctic outposts by way of Bering Strait. In the latter year she was authorised not to turn back at the end of her summer trip but, having wintered in the ice,

to attempt the passage the next summer, and if conditions permitted make for Halifax.

The St. Roch was to need all her toughness, and her crew of seven all their sense of the north, because they were out of touch with civilisation except for two-way radio most of the voyage, and they lived on rations stored on board and on anything they could catch, including fish and seals. The party wintered first at Walker's Bay, below Banks Land, not so near to their real problem as they had hoped. The ice was bad in 1941 and caught them earlier and farther west than they might have expected, with no more than half the passage behind them.

But in 1942 they got through, following Amundsen in reverse, except that they took a short cut through the dangerous whirlpool of Bellot Strait. This journey from Vancouver to Halifax, accomplished in just under two and a half years in bad ice conditions, and a distance of 10,000 miles in all, with the loss of one man and one engine cylinder, was an extraordinary feat of tenacious and resourceful navigation.

At Halifax she was fitted with a new engine and a larger deckhouse and began the return voyage in July, 1944. Although the St. Roch was only 86 days on this trip, it was full of hazard. Although as described, fitted with ironwood to resist the grinding of the ice, she was badly battered, and was carried away eastwards to Greenland before she could make her way across the top of the world, nosing through multitudinous floes.

New harbours were discovered and the St. Roch carried Eskimos from place to place. They lived in tents on top of the deckhouse, and from them the crew heard the Eskimo tradition of a strange race of giants called the Tunits. Curious ruins were sighted on the coast, and the Eskimos said they were the remains of stone and timber huts built by this race, who fought with them in the days of long ago, and who were eventually exterminated in their sleep.

On her voyage the St. Roch came across many pieces of evidence relating to former voyages in quest of the North-West Passage. She visited camps established by Sir John Franklin and also those who went in search of him. Still recognisable were the remains of a yacht left by Sir John Ross in 1850 in the hopes that Franklin would discover it. Among the cairns found left by other explorers was one built by the crew of H.M.S. Resolute in 1853. Food stores were found inside, labelled "East India House, London," and they were removed for analysis.

The St. Roch met with much fog, snow, and gales and time and again was caught in the ice-pack and driven back with the flows, which it found it impossible to break through. Eventually she reached Holman Island, south of Walker Bay, and was advised by radio to carry on to the Pacific if possible. So she pushed on, but heavy ice was met with. But she sheared her way through, following the shore-line in a gale that forced her towards the land. The St. Roch was in such peril that her commander decided to anchor her to a stranded floe to ride out the storm. Later, in the estuary of the Mackenzie she went aground twice, but was able to back off with no damage.

After the snow came heavy rain and a fierce gale from the north piled the waters ten feet high upon the shore, and the seas swept away huge islands of peat and tree growth. More storms followed—but the St. Roch drove on, and finally made her way through the pack to open water and so on to Alaska.

Although the St. Roch is the only ship to have navigated the entire passage, for over a quarter of a century now the Canadian Government has been sending supply ships to the Arctic with cargo for fur posts, police posts, and more recently for radio stations and scientific expeditions. These trips have amassed valuable data about ice conditions in the Hudson Straits, Hudson Bay, Lancaster Sound and Prince Regent Strait. The opening of these areas to navigation is an important factor in the development of the mainland and numerous large and small islands which stretch clear to the North Polar regions.

These islands lie in the path of the future top-of-the-world airways, and so far have been little explored. Mineral exploitation of the Arctic and sub-Arctic mainland is now a major Canadian project. All this points to the need of a shipping route in the ice-strewn waters at the top of the continent, and proves the value of the great pioneer voyages of the St. Roch.

Methylated spirits or Eau-de-Cologne brightens any jewellery which is set with gems. Soak the rings and brooches for a few minutes and then brush.

Faded grey trousers will be improved when washing, if a small teaspoon of powdered saxe blue dye is added to the soapy lather.

Rubbing the motor's windscreen with half a raw onion, will secure the driver's view whatever the weather.