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FEATURES

The controversy as to whether the destruction of wild game is effective in the eradication of the tsetse fly menace is an old one. African experts have come to the conclusion that the clearing of game is the most satisfactory solution to the problem, distasteful as the slaughter of thousands of head may be. Whilst, on this authority, accepting this principle as a necessary step up the ladder of settlement and progress of the Colony, it seems a great pity that Rhodesia should deprive herself of one of the greatest attractions of the African continent without taking further steps to ensure that adequate numbers of specimens of the species are preserved. There are already certain animals and birds and plants in the world which have reached such a low level that they are in serious danger of becoming extinct. It is only in recent times that the Heath Hen and the Passenger Pigeon of North America have become extinct. In 1832 there were countless millions of passenger pigeons, and one flock alone was estimated at two thousand million birds. Slaughter was on a prodigious scale, as the pigeons were marketable, and in 1906 the last wild bird was seen in the United States and in 1914 the last passenger pigeon in captivity died in Cincinatti Zoo. But we do not have to go so far afield for examples of the threatened extinction of a species through neglect. It is not so many years ago that animals which are now rare, such as the white rhino, were in comparatively large numbers in this Colony. At the present rate of destruction of game may it not well be that in another 60 years' time animals which can still be seen in Rhodesia, such as the eland, the koodoo, sable antelope, lion, leopard, elephant, cheetah, will be very rare, if not extinct?

It is true that we have the Wankie Game Reserve (a monument to the foresight of the responsible Minister) where on a leisurely two-day trip one can see elephant, giraffe, lion, buffalo, besides hundreds of all species of antelope. In addition, certain proclaimed areas have been closed to all hunting. In these tracts

of bush, though, game is scarce, and it is impossible for the Police to provide anything but the scantiest protection against illegal hunting, and even if the game were left to increase unmolested, it would be many years before the density of game became great enough to attract tourists. Nature's works are sometimes easily destroyed, but their replacement often presents insuperable difficulties; a few strokes of the woodman's axe will destroy the biggest oak—a hundred years' growth will not replace it!

"Don't put all your eggs in one basket" is a sound principal. It was as recent as 1896 that rinderpest decimated game in Matabeleland, spreading to Mashonaland.

An outbreak of disease in Wankie might rob Southern Rhodesia of its only Game Reserve; a severe drought in the area might have the same effect and even if it did not kill the game would drive it from its sanctuary in search of water, never to return.

The absence of game in most parts of the Colony is one of the greatest disappointments to many newcomers to Rhodesia, and how disappointed we were! And although my first Police section was Mtoko—3,000 square miles of Crown Land and Native Reserve—all the large antelope I saw in eight months of patrolling did not reach double figures.

Is there not a case for the establishment of a game park, stocked from the wild herds, within easy reach of Salisbury? Instead of breaking contact between the tsetse fly and wild game by killing off the latter, why not remove some of the game? Two thousand acres (a small farm in Rhodesia) would provide a sanctuary for several hundred head of game, and would soon become the principal attraction of the northern half of the Colony for Rhodesians and visitors alike, for whilst a visit to the Wankie Reserve is a never-to-be-forgotten experience, it is situate in a remote and inaccessible corner of the Colony. Difficulties and obstacles there are, but they do not seem to be insurmountable. Expert opinion would have to be sought as to whether the farming community would suffer risk of disease spreading from the Game Park to their stock. If this were the objection, the Park could be established on Crown Land. Cost? Not so very great, as a national project.

Every country has its rarities, and it is up to the citizens of each country to do their utmost by way of protection to see that their heritage of wild life is not further reduced by persecution, neglect and lack of foresight.

The B.S.A. Police and its Functions

Lecture to the National Affairs Association, Bulawayo: Tuesday, 17th October, 1950, by Lieutenant-Colonel A. S. Hickman, M.B.E., Acting Deputy Commissioner, B.S.A. Police.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,

The functions of any Police Force may be defined as the maintenance of law and order, and the prevention and detection of crime.

Briefly, I will outline for you the build-up which led to the employment of Police as they are organised to-day. If we go back to the days of primitive man—(I do not refer to these modern times)—we find that the law of the jungle prevailed, each man for himself, and the weakest went down. If you wanted anything then you grabbed it. If you were strong enough you held on to it. Each man would protect his woman and children and other possessions as best he could. Then came a stage of development. A group of families would get together to form a tribe for their mutual protection and the men would defend the tribal lands and chattels against other tribes which might covet them—or they themselves might go and beat up their neighbours if they thought the grazing was better or the women desirable. There was never any real security of life or possessions. From the tribe developed the nation and ultimately groups of nations—such as Great Britain —and as progress was made there was more security in every respect.

But in every community there are criminals —people who are anti-social and who set out to enrich themselves at the expense of others, by cunning or force, such as thieves, swindlers, robbers and the like; and there are others who commit crimes from motives of passion or jealousy. Now, if these people were allowed to work their wills without let or hindrance civilisation would once again sink back to the primaeval jungle, and the law of tooth and claw.

I sometimes wonder what would happen here if the B.S.A. Police were to pack up for at least a month. I think there would be a shambles. The lawless would set the pace—and the more respectable citizens (such as my audience to-day) would be forced to follow in self-protection. You try to picture the traffic and other problems in this city; because once the breakdown occurred deterioration would follow at a faster and faster pace. There would be no security for property and that would lead to lack of respect for life and limb.

So you see the B.S.A. Police sets its value to the community on a very high level, and we have traditions of which we are justly proud. The first Police Force organised on anything like modern lines was established in 1829 by Sir Robert Peel in London, and all forces in the British Commonwealth have been developed from that beginning. I will not go into details, but would point out that we set out to be servants of the Public and we emphasise that every citizen has the right to expect fair and impartial treatment from all members of the Police.

In a democratic country like this there should be no abuse of power, but in Police States you have only to think of the absolute power wielded by the dictatorship through its Police, such as the Gestapo and the Ogpu.

Therefore, an organised Police Force can be a dominant factor in the life of the community—whether for good or evil.

The history of the B.S.A. Police could well form the subject of a separate lecture. The Force is as old as the Colony itself, as we are being reminded during the Diamond Jubilee celebrations; its original members marched in with the Pioneer Column in 1890, primarily as a military force to give security to the Column. It may interest you to learn the origin of our name. In Clause 10 of the Charter of the British South Africa Company authority was given for the company to raise and equip a police force of its own, which it did under the name of the British South Africa Company's Police. Most of the men came from the Bechuanaland Border Police, and the first commanding officer was Lieutenant-Colonel E. G. Pennefather of the 6th Dragoons, and our crest was the lion and tusk of the Charter Company. Our men saw service in the Matabele War of 1893 and in the Jameson Raid on the Transvaal in 1896. Then came the Matabele and Mashona Rebellions of 1896 and 1897, which were in some measure due to the disaster which overtook Dr. Jameson's force and the fact that Rhodesia was denuded of Police.

Our men played a worthy part in the suppression of these rebellions, and it was in 1896 that they were first named the British South Africa Police. Our crest is now based

on the Matabele War Medal, and our regimental colours of blue and gold have their origin in this medal ribbon. At the outbreak of the Boer War in 1899 one of our squadrons was the first body of British troops to cross the Transvaal border. Throughout the war our men earned a fine reputation as fighters and scouts. Some served in the siege of Mafeking and others in its relief.

On the outbreak of the First World War a B.S.A. Police column entered German South-West Africa, where the fortified post of Schuckmansburg surrendered to them; I think it was the first capture of German territory in that war. Later the B.S.A. Police Service Column was organised and did splendid work in the German East African campaign; in addition, members of the Force helped to officer the Rhodesia Native Regiment.

Between the two world wars there was a period of reorganisation. As this country became more settled its Police undertook the prevention and detection of crime in more detail and thus developed its true Police functions. As the Colony has progressed so our military obligations have become less. However, our men are still trained in the use of arms and in other ways are fitted to take their place in the defence of the Colony, either within or outside its borders should the need arise. Further, this training is of great value for the control of civil disturbances and we must be in a position to rely on our own resources longer than a purely civil Police Force, before calling in the military to our aid. In a country such as this, where the population is of mixed races, with a wide disparity in numbers between the various races, it is essential to have a strong and well-disciplined Police Force which can turn at short notice from its normal function in the prevention and detection of crime to its other role in the maintenance of law and order. It is at present the only European standing force in the country and would have to bear the first brunt until it became necessary to mobilise the territorial forces under the direction of the S.R. Staff Corps. I may add that there is a very close liaison between the Police and Military forces of this Colony, and as an example of co-operation I mention that I was flown from Salisbury this morning by the Southern Rhodesia Air Force.

Our general organisation is as follows. The Minister of Justice is responsible to the Governor-in-Council for our Force. As regards the Commissioner, I quote from the Police Act, which reads: "The Commissioner shall, subject to the direction of the Minister, have the command, superintendence and control of the Force and Police Reserve and (subject to certain conditions) shall appoint fit and proper persons to be members of the Force . . . and is empowered to issue or approve such orders or directions for the government of the Force as circumstances may demand."

His normal approach to the Minister is through the Secretary of the Department of Justice. There is also the Police Advisory Board, to which certain matters concerning the Police are referred by the Minister. The Commissioner administers the Force from Police General Headquarters at Salisbury, and his control is exercised throughout the Colony. I mention this because in England and Wales, for instance, there are over 180 different County, City and Borough Police Forces. I am not in favour of small local forces in this country and consider that greater efficiency is obtained by a central authority, whereby government policy is carried out in even measure. However, with recent development and increase in the Colony's population there were established last year three provincial commands for Matabeleland, Mashonaland and the Midlands, so that the Officers in charge of these provinces can relieve the Commissioner of many routine burdens and act as his direct representatives to local authorities and individuals. In addition, there is the Deputy Commissioner at Headquarters and the Officer Commanding C.I.D. here at Bulawayo, who, under the Commissioner, administers the C.I.D. throughout the Colony.

Apart from this, Southern Rhodesia is divided into eight police districts, each with a C.I.D. section, and includes the urban commands at Salisbury and Bulawayo, both of which centres have become a problem in themselves, due to their rapid expansion, thus offering greater opportunities to the criminal element. They are our biggest headache at present.

And so through the chain of responsibility, from Officers to Warrant Officers and N.C.O.s we come to the man on the beat in the urban areas and the patrolling constable in the country.

These are our members with whom the public has the closest contact. They receive their initial training at our Depot in Salisbury, and are then turned out to face the population —and that means you!

During the war, which ended in 1945, the B.S.A. Police, as regards European personnel,

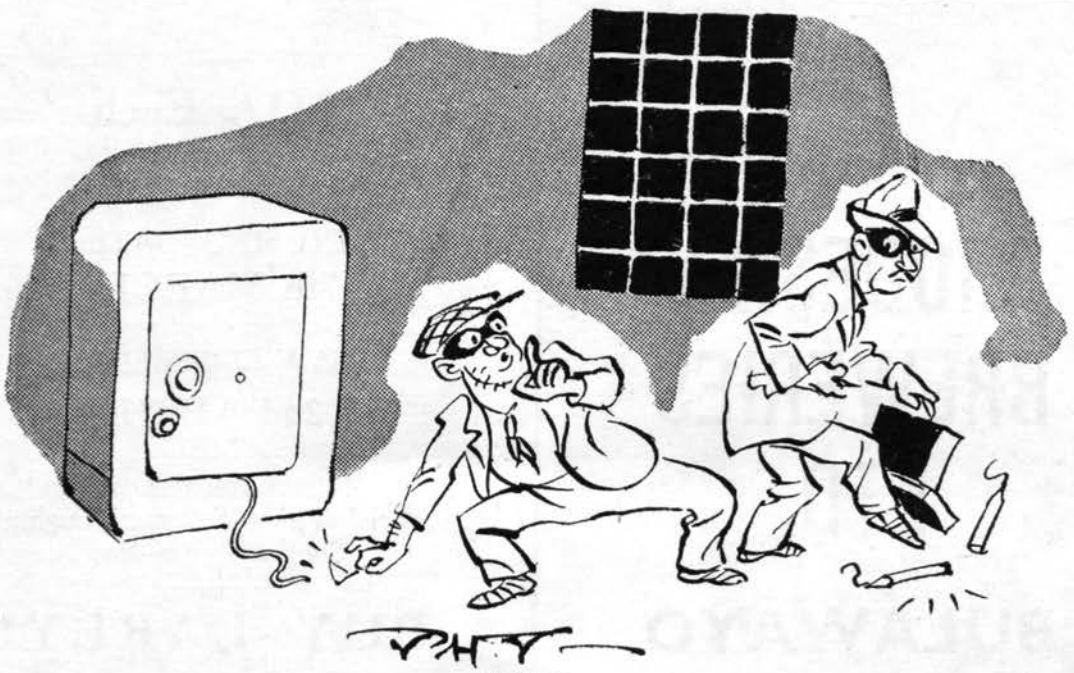
was reduced to a bare skeleton. No recruiting whatsoever took place after the early months of 1940, and no less than 135 European officers and men were seconded for service in the military forces, or for police duties in Occupied Enemy Territories, where they earned a fine reputation, and the special thanks of General Paget, the G.O.C. Middle East, who is a brother of the Bishop of Southern Rhodesia. Thus a very heavy burden was thrown on those who were forced to remain, and if it had not been for the public-spirited support of our Police Reserve and our Women Police we could not have carried on. I shall refer to these organisations later. It will thus be seen that after the wars we had a tremendous leeway to make up and special recruiting arrangements were organised to select suitable men who were leaving the armed Forces. Since then and to the present date no less than 735 men have been taken on. Most of our recruits come from Great Britain, though we get a few from South Africa and elsewhere. It is unfortunate that so few Rhodesians offer themselves, but the same problem applies to the Civil Service recruiting generally. Those who came first had but a very limited Depot course, it was little more than a lick and a promise, and the intention was to bring them back later for more detailed refresher courses, but with the pressing need for more men in the districts, and particularly in the urban areas, it has not so far been possible to achieve this in detail.

So you will find that many of our young policemen are of short service, and however willing they are, they suffer from inexperience, and this is sometimes reflected in their contacts with the public. Therefore, I make a special appeal to you all for tolerance and understanding of our problem. I do not wish to decry our young constables and troopers, who are keen and of as good material as has ever been recruited for this Force, but you will understand what I mean.

I can assure you that in their training great emphasis is placed on the fact that these men, as Police, are in possession of wide powers as representatives of the law. They must exercise that power justly and fairly and with strict impartiality in its application to all members of the community, European, Asiatic, Coloured and African alike. They must not let personal feelings or prejudices carry them away. No doubt they will receive provocation sometimes, but they must keep their tempers and their dignity, and by this means will gain far more respect than by throwing their weight around. It is a counsel of perfection which the individual does not always achieve.

I quote from a talk I once gave to recruits when I was in command of the Training Depot.

" Don't forget that you are very much in the public eye—much more so than any other branch of the Public Service, and citizens are likely to judge our whole organisation by the



"Ssssh!"

conduct and appearance of you as individuals. You are the servants of the Public—there is no servility in this — but remember that every citizen has the right to expect from you fair and impartial treatment, and in this I stress the natives. They are not so highly civilised as other sections of the community and therefore need more guidance."

Well, I am quite certain that with your co-operation and with more experience on our part Southern Rhodesia will continue to have confidence in the B.S.A. Police. Since I joined just over 26 years ago more than 2,000 men have followed me into our ranks. In the old days there was no doubt that Police recruiting was used as a colonisation scheme, and you will find ex-members in every walk of life here. In recent years, however, the Police conditions of service have been so improved that any man of suitable temperament who joins now will find that he has before him an interesting and useful career and that he can advance in his profession, and thus we hope he will be induced to remain in it.

In the last three years our average of casualties from all causes has been just over 10 per cent. of our establishments. Before the Estimates for 1950-51 were passed we had caught up with our recruiting to such an extent that our strength approximated with our establishment. Now we are about 40 down, but it will be appreciated that there is always a lag between approved establishment and actual strength in the earlier months of each financial year. This covers the time taken to recruit suitable men and to arrange for their passages to Southern Rhodesia.

So far I have said nothing about our African Police. The B.S.A. Police operates as a team which is composed of the Uniformed Branches, the C.I.D., the Depot Instructors, the Clerical Staff and the various Specialist groups which each have their place in our organisation. In this the African Police play an important part. At a typical out-station you will find a European Sergeant in charge, say, with two or three troopers, an African N.C.O., an Interpreter and something more or less than a dozen African Constables. There you have your local team. In the same way in the urban areas African Police perform beat and traffic duties and carry out investigations and the like under European supervision. Detectives, white and black, operate together.

Now to achieve this, suitable Africans have to be recruited and trained. Their one and only training school is at Salisbury, so that men of all the various tribes may mingle together and get to understand each other on the course. In recent years the standard of education has gone up to a marked degree and every constable in the urban areas, and many in the districts, has some knowledge of English, some of them being quite fluent. The policy is that after their recruits' course Sindebele-speaking men are posted to Matabeleland and Chishona-speaking to Mashonaland, but they are not initially stationed in their own tax-districts for obvious reasons. Most of them have a high sense of duty and we have men of very long and faithful service amongst them. Promising men can make good progress and we have a system of refresher courses to fit them for promotion, and also other courses to bring on backward men. In recent years examinations to qualify for promotion have been set, as in the case of our European members, but, of course, on a modified scale.

I cannot pass on without reference to our African Police Platoon, which is a highly-trained unit attached to the Training School, and which, amongst other duties, furnishes the guard for His Excellency the Governor. Some of you may have seen them at Government House, Bulawayo.

As with our Europeans, we take particular care that our African Police shall exercise their authority amongst their own people in a fair and impartial manner, and those who don't get it in the neck. I think that relations between Police and the African public are good and that we command their respect. I had an interesting experience recently in lecturing to a study group of educated Africans here at Bulawayo on "Relations between Police and Public." I found the members keenly interested and their questions afterwards were very searching. I hope that these people will, in time, take their proper place as leaders in their own community and will exert an influence for good, which will do much to steal the thunder from a few noisy agitators who come to the front for their own aggrandisement. One suggestion they offered me was that an African Police Reserve should be established. Taken generally, I think the Africans of Rhodesia are extremely loyal and well-conducted and will continue to be so if they are properly led. This is all very important from the Police point of view because, if the population is contented, there is far less likelihood of civil disturbance. Once there are real or fancied wrongs stirred up by agitators then we begin to live on a powder keg. In this respect every European here has a great responsibility.

I have referred to the regular Police, European and African. Now for the Police Reserve. I mentioned the sterling work they did in war time. Since then at every populated centre they have been reorganised with their own divisions and units, which work in close co-operation with the regular police. These public-spirited men attend drills and lectures to fit them for their duties, and may volunteer for practical police work; but their great value will be in time of emergency as an aid to the regulars. In fact, we have such confidence in them that they would be employed very largely in the protection of life and property and in almost every special duty which arises at such times. (If any of you here would like to join I can put you in touch with the local division.)

About the Women Police I can say little at the present time, except that I wish there were more of them. They proved themselves in war-time, and those few now with us are efficiently employed with the C.I.D. and on clerical duties. When the W.A.P.S. was first contemplated I was detailed by the then Commissioner to devise a uniform for them which should be quite distinctive from any other women's service. This frightened me very much, but with the help of friends it was achieved, and you may be interested to know that grey was selected because it was the only new colour available in quantity, and it was stocked mainly for use by nuns in making their habits.

Now, about the investigation and detection of crime. First of all, we believe in the old adage that prevention is better than cure and we do our best to see that opportunity for crime does not present itself. This is achieved by having a sufficient number of police in any given area to act as a deterrent, but there are bound to be gaps, and, further, the economy of Southern Rhodesia would not be able to stand the expense of all who would be necessary.

So crimes are committed and it is out duty to try to trace the culprit. In the first category are crimes against the person, and property, which I referred to in the early part of my talk, and, of course, there are the numerous contraventions of statutory regulations which, if they are not brought to book, will constitute a menace against orderly living in a civilised community. In particular, offences under the Roads and Road Traffic Act and Regulations are the most important, as they lead so often to loss of life or injury to innocent users of the roads.

In order to deal with the more serious crimes we have the C.I.D. to investigate certain important and complicated cases and to keep a close watch on security matters, but the uniformed men, and in this we differ from general practice in Great Britain, are responsible for handling the main bulk of cases, and every policeman, both European and African, must be fit to deal with an offence on the spot, or to investigate a case. I want here to stress that there is close overall support and co-operation between these two sections of the Force—in fact team work—and that every member of the C.I.D. has served his apprenticeship in the uniformed branches and has been selected for the C.I.D. due to his special aptitude in criminal investigation.

This does not mean that uniformed men are lacking in this attribute. It is an everyday occurrence for them to investigate murders, witchcraft cases and the like, particularly at outstations, with marked success. It is a case of the Police making use of their knowledge of the locality and of tribal customs. Special measures are also taken in the suppression of stock thefts. In the urban areas the traffic and inquiry details do excellent work in the investigation of road accidents and their painstaking efforts frequently succeed in tracing hit and run drivers of motor vehicles and in their prosecution. Many African Police are able investigators even when working on their own.

I want to emphasise that most successful cases are not the result of some wonderful stroke of luck, or some brain-wave as so often portrayed in detective novels, but are due to careful and methodical investigation, often by many members of the Force working as a team. Of course, we do get amazing luck on occasions, as in the case of the murderer of Harry Smith, near Belingwe, when in his flight he dropped a paper which carried the address of a man in South Africa who knew him well.

In Great Britain everything is news and the local newspapers are full of reports about the most petty offences, such as cycling without a bell, but in Southern Rhodesia very few cases appear in print, except those which are tried at the main centres. Yet often the most interesting cases from a Police point of view find their way from the local Court, and are disposed of by the High Court, without any publicity. On occasions the investigating officers concerned receive a Commendation in our Force Orders for work of outstanding merit, and that is their just reward. At this stage I would like to pay a tribute to the Judges of the High Court and

to the Magistrates for their attitude otwards the Police. Their encouragement and guidance, particularly to junior members, is greatly valued and appreciated by us all. It is not often that a policeman has this opportunity of expressing himself in this way, and I welcome it.

Finally, on the subject of crime, a scheme has been devised recently whereby the most detailed information is being tabulated as regards the major crimes, and offences for which we require particulars. It is at present in its initial stages, but after operation for a year or so it will provide a wealth of information which will be of great use to us in the planning of steps to combat crime in particular areas, at particular times, and by particular classes of people. In this work we have the full co-operation of the Department of Statistics.

To conclude, I refer to the great variety of jobs undertaken by the Police, which cannot be classed as police duties, but which are of value to the community. At every Court in the country there are police prosecutors appointed as such by the Attorney-General. These duties require a sound knowledge of the law and procedure and quite often lead to a battle of wits with the defending solicitor or counsel. This we accept as an integral part of our work, but in addition, men act as meteorological observers, as examiners for driving licences, issuers of process, supervisors of the after-hours telephone service, issuers of petrol (if any) and oil for official vehicles, firemen where there is no professional brigade, and many other curious things. Then, in the case of animal diseases, smallpox outbreaks and other afflictions, we are called on to establish and operate cordons of special constables. So you see at present we are "jacks of all trades" and accept these responsibilities until the development of this country is such that we can be relieved of them.

Personally, I never regret the day I joined the B.S.A. Police. In the limited time at my disposal I could not possibly give you a more detailed picture of the Force and its functions, but I shall be glad to answer any questions you may care to put.

(Continued from following column.)

troublesome species of tsetse are game animals, themselves immune to infection; and it seems inevitable that drastic control measures will have to be taken against them. It may even be necessary in some areas to destroy or drive out the entire game population—a distasteful measure, but one already proved in Southern Rhodesia and elsewhere to be effective—*U.K. Information Office.*

Africa Fights The Tsetse Fly

FOUR-AND-A-HALF million square miles of Africa—an area greater than the United States of America—are infested with the tsetse fly. To those in the fly belts this means one or both of two things: sleeping sickness among the human population and cattle disease in their livestock. Both are caused by one species or another of the microscopic, whip-like parasites, which are spread by the tsetse.

Sleeping sickness in humans is most widespread in West Africa, where it takes the less virulent form called the Gambian sleeping sickness. The permanent sleeping sickness services of British West Africa periodically examine whole sections of the population, treating all who are found to be infected. Modern drugs can cure even fairly advanced cases. In the Gold Coast, where three-quarters of the five million population are exposed to infection, mass treatment has reduced the incidence of the disease by two-thirds, while in the main sleeping sickness areas of Nigeria the incidence has dropped from eight to two per cent. The French and Belgian authorities say that in some areas mass treatment has eliminated the disease completely.

As more is learned about its treatment, sleeping sickness, though still troublesome and expensive, has ceased to be the terrible killer it once was, when, for example, it caused 200,000 deaths in Uganda in 1902-5. But "cattle disease" or "nagana" remains one of Africa's gravest economic problems. A constant drain on herds, preventing the introduction of better breeds, it is the principal bar to mixed farming, which with its supply of manure should be one of Africa's main answers to the threat of widespread soil exhaustion. There are drugs which can cure infected livestock, but in infested areas re-infection would be certain.

SELECTIVE CLEARING

An alternative is to drive out the fly. Selective clearing—cutting out the vegetation which harbours the insects without destroying all the natural cover—can eradicate the tsetse from some types of country and little by little the fly country can be won back. In East and South Africa experiments are being made with powerful insecticides, sprayed from aircraft or generated as smoke from the ground.

On the borders of some infested areas all motors, bicycles, and pedestrians must pass through "de-flying houses" so that they will not spread the fly; trains in Kenya are sometimes driven through clouds of toxic smoke. But in Eastern Africa the main carriers of the most

(Continued in previous column.)

Major John's observation about the "Black Watch" camp being on the Marandellas Road in the old days has been confirmed from reliable sources. The Camp was at the 5-mile peg on the Marandellas Road, on the right before crossing the spruit, and was called "Letombo." In 1908 Captain "Gussie" Myburgh was O.C. with S/M. Jock Dingwell, Sergeant Bob Patten and Trooper Teddy Hughes-Halls.

Ex-Trooper No. 144 A.C. ("Pinkie") Pinkerton, reading of Mr. A. Arkell-Hardwick's forage cap with the M.M.P. badge, has written to say that when he joined in 1901 there were a lot of these caps being worn by old hands —Jock Pender and "Daddy" Townsend and many others whose names he has forgotten. Mr. Pinkerton asks—"Don't you think it was a better badge than the present one of a dying lion with an assegai the size of a clothes prop obviously right through the heart?"

Support for "Colonel" Jackson's request for the re-introduction of "Culled from Force Orders" has been received from two sources—ex- No. 2504 G. Estcourt and Mr. Lawrence, ex-Inspector No. 3221. Mr. Estcourt's address is P.O. Mazoe, Mr. Lawrence is c/o. State Lotteries, Salisbury, with another old comrade—George Grain.

After his travels in the East ex-No. 1907 "Paddy" Graham is back in Africa and his address is c/o. Barclays Bank, East London, C.P. He had a grand trip back from Yokohama, calling at Nagoya, Kobe, Okinawa, Hong Kong (and a snifter with John Burdett and a few Rhodesians), Manila, Singapore, where he had a royal time given him by Trevor Bevan, on to Penang, Mauritius (but no Peter Fachie to entertain him as he had on the trip out three years ago). He will be paying a visit to Rhodesia about March, 1951. He says he met an old member of "B" Troop, Preston by name, who has an office in West Street, Durban.

I have also heard from Mr. H. ("Ginger") Lightfoot from P.O. Box 18, Port Alfred; Captain H. Lancaster, M.C., of 24, The Avenue, Cheam, Surrey. Were you at any time Game Warden in Northern Rhodesia or Nyasaland? Ex-Inspector 3197 A. B. Cackett writes from 2, St. Martin's Road, Blackpool, and ex-Inspector C. A. T. Nilsen from P.O. Box 854, Bulawayo; Major R. H. Lidderdale, from 15 Queen's Grove, Parkstone, Dorset. Mr. W. H. F. Cox (ex-No. 1438) has written from 9 Boyd Street, Victoria, British Columbia. He has made the acquaintance

THE CHRONICLER

of ex-Trooper No. 513 John Cargill, who was discharged in 1898 in Salisbury. Mr. Cargill was also in Methuen's Horse, and he and Mr. Cox had a chat about old days in Rhodesia at a S.A. Re-union. Mr. Cox remarks that in all his travels he has met only two ex-B.S.A.P. —Mr. Cargill, and ex-Sergeant Julier, whom he met in Saskatchewan. Mrs. Cox was in laager in Bulawayo during the Rebellion.

Captain H. E. Dixon, B.P. Police (retired) writes a complimentary letter about "The Outpost," and says that he often sees references to members of the B.S.A.P. whom he met whilst attached to this Force for courses in 1937-38, bringing back happy memories of the Depot and Bulawayo.

Captain H. Collier-Gates likes the new cover and general lay-out and is pleased to see

that "the terrible chap who used to grace the Old Comrades page has left!"

I have had several enquiries about badges and cuff-links. These are not yet ready, but are expected to be on sale early in 1951. I will put a notice in this column when they are procurable. One of the enquirers was ex-No. 3347, Mr. E. T. Gandolfo, c/o. B.O.A.C., Alexandria.

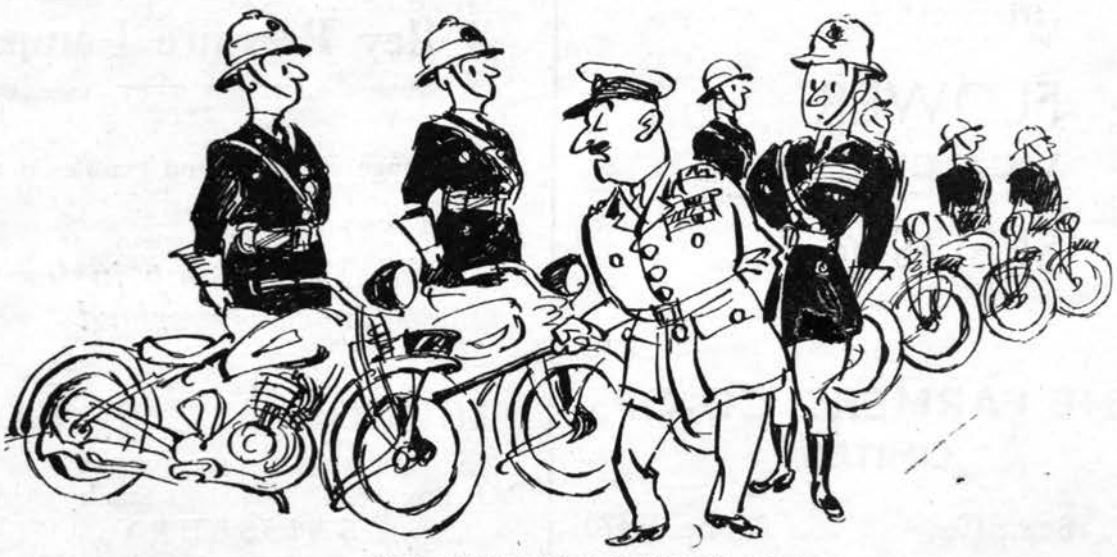
Our reliable East African correspondent, ex-No. 1513, Mr. H. Stone, has sent me a long interesting letter. He writes: "The following are bits of news I have collected recently, which may be of interest.

"Daddy" Ruhl, one-time farrier in Salisbury, died recently at Singida. "Daddy" joined the Police soon after the Boer War, so only a very few of us would remember him, but Trooper Poole was here a day or two ago, and gave me this news. Daddy must have been about eighty odd when he died, he had T.B., I think, but was as tough as old leather. He used to grow vegetables, which he sent all over Tanganyika; Government House was one of his customers, as were most of the better class hotels. When he left the Police he got a job with the Veterinary Department, and then he started his vegetable business. At times when water was short he would go miles with an ox cart to bring it to his precious garden, his boast being that he would never break his contracts. A very fine type of man, loved by all with whom he came in contact.

I had a letter from Peter Hield, No. 3612, the other day, he was manager of the Voi Hotel, but left there a few days ago; he was thinking of going to live at Lamu, a lovely peaceful spot about 200 odd miles North of Mombasa. He said he had met Croxford, but did not give his number, saying Croxford is Assistant to the Provincial Commissioner at Mombasa. Sidney Waller, I am told, is living near Voi, he joined the Police in about 1914 or so. D. J. Dixon, ex-No. 4163, arrived a short time ago, having got a lift from Salisbury by car. He has landed quite a good job with the East African Railways as Assistant Ticket Examiner, and will, he thinks, be stationed at Tabora or Dodoma in Tanganyika. He seemed very pleased with his luck, as they are a wonderful firm to work for and treat their staff exceptionally well.

I heard that Trooper E. H. Aspinall, who joined in about 1927 is in or near Nairobi, his address would be c/o. Standard Bank, Nairobi. I did not hear what he was doing. Ex-Corporal Turner Dauncey is here running Big Game safaris, but has had a run of bad luck, as 11 of his American safaris have been cancelled owing to this Korean affair; it has hit him very badly indeed, as running these safaris is a very expensive game; one has to lay out a lot of cash for equipment, which has to be of the very best quality, and if the client at the last moment cancels the trip one is landed with the cost of the outfit.

If anyone wants to come up here for a holiday I could not think of a better place. We have everything anyone has ever asked for—ice skating on the frozen lake on Mount Kenya (17,000ft.) till 10 o'clock, after which the ice is unsafe, but you can spend the rest



"Hm! Let's have a look at your valve seats."

of the day fishing for trout (the largest so far is 11lbs.!) or wander in the forest and pick Alpine flowers; if you want good bathing we have that in the Indian Ocean midst coconut palms, yet these two places are less than a couple of hours apart by plane! At the moment I have a large bunch of primroses on my desk brought in by a friend this morning, yet the Equator is less than a hundred miles away. Can you beat it anywhere in the world?

Yours sincerely,

H. STONE, ex-1513."

Fort Victoria, 1950

Police Ball

On perusing an old copy of "The Outpost" I see that the reporter on the Police Ball held here in September, 1948, had first to raise the "iron curtain," which he claimed, shrouded Fort Victoria at the time, owing to the absence of Station Notes for the Magazine during that period. Thanks to "Caruro," however, we can record this year's Police Ball straight from the word "go" as this district appears to have been placed on the Magazine "map" for quite some time now.

The arrangements previous to the Ball commenced months ago, discussions by the local Police Ball Committee leading to the application for and approval of the Police Dance Band being in attendance on the "Day," the delegation of the M.C. and doorman, etc., and the arrangements for the prizes, etc. M.C. this year fell upon the shoulders of Constable Joseph Sudlow, whilst the man we found guarding the door was no other than 2/Sgt. Harry Scholes.

Six p.m. on the evening of the 30th September found the roadway outside the Hotel Victoria "cordoned off," Alan Wilson Street itself thronged with people, whilst the opening phrases of "Open the Door, Richard" floated through the air. The Ball was held in the large lounge of the Victoria Hotel, and on entering one could not help but feel a thrill of excitement on seeing our Police Band, all immaculately dressed in their dazzling blue and old gold uniforms, directed by our Bandmaster, Sub/Inspector Sparks. This was the fourth appearance in Fort Victoria of the Police Dance Band since the close of the war years, and it surely reflects great credit upon Inspector Sparks and his assistants when we say from Fort Victoria that each year the Police Band under his baton has made each occasion an unqualified success.

We were very pleased to have present at this year's Ball our new Minister of Justice and Internal Affairs, the Hon. Mr. J. M. Greenfield, K.C., M.P., and the Minister of Agriculture and Lands, the Hon. Mr. P. B. Fletcher, and Colonel J. Appleby, Acting Commissioner of Police. One of our Old Comrades, Lieut.-Colonel Seward, was also present for the occasion, as was Lieutenant Sobey from Shabani. Another member who was with us in this area until quite recently, was Sergeant Arthur Weston, now also at Shabani, with his wife, who is the daughter of Mr. F. Yates-Fisher, present manager of the Victoria Hotel, an Old Comrade. The local M.P., Mr. R. O. Stockil, and our Officer Commanding, Captain E. S. Streeter, also seemed to be thoroughly enjoying the Ball.

The lounge was, as usual, gaily bedecked with flags, lances, sketches and balloons, and our sincere appreciation is extended to Mr. F. Yates-Fisher and Members of the Force who assisted in the "dog" work both prior to and after the Ball, and also to our local business men who generously contributed prizes for the dances. The Police Ball at Fort Victoria this year was a most memorable occasion.

"Rugwaro rwa Baduku," one of the set books for the Shona Lower Diploma, which has been out of print, can be obtained from Belmont Press bookstall, Fort Victoria, at 10d. a copy, plus 1d. postage.

★ **SECOND PRIZE in "The Outpost" Quarterly Competition**

The Clue of the Native Note

REX versus BAONA alias JIM

GUTU C.Rs. 78/79.4.46 and 78/80.11.47—
ARSON—STOREBREAKING—THEFT AND
HOUSEBREAKING AND THEFT

The practice of "sounding the drum" by knocking at doors before effecting an entry to ascertain whether anybody's at home, is common in Britain. The criminal in this country can glean his information from native servants. Baona alias Jim, however, thought of a more novel method—set fire to outhouses, he thought, if anybody is in, they will rush to put the fire out.

He did this very successfully the first time—next time he made a mistake; he chose the same venue for his crime, and used a scrap of paper he had picked up on a train for his incendiarism.

On the evening of the 20th of April, 1946, Mr. George Harris of Matsai Farm, Gutu, left his homestead to attend a local dance. He returned home at 3 a.m. next morning to find the farm dairy burned to the ground and his house entered. The sum of eleven pounds had been stolen from a chest of drawers. Investigations indicated the accused had deliberately fired the dairy to ascertain whether anybody was at home prior to committing the theft. The case was eventually closed, undetected, but not forgotten.

On the 10th of November, 1947, at 2.30 a.m. Mr. Harris was awakened from his sleep by a bright glare at his window. Jumping from bed he saw the large farm mill house nearby burning furiously. It was natural after an interval of over a year that his first thought was the protection of his property. The mill house contained most of the farm's implements which were still very difficult to replace as a result of the war. He was, however, unable to quench the flames; the mill house was completly gutted and the machinery housed there practically destroyed—a severe blow to a hard-working farmer who had already endured two years of drought conditions. An additional misfortune awaited Mr. Harris at the house, three hundred yards away. Returning there, he found it had been entered whilst all the occupants were fighting the fire, and cash and family heirlooms stolen. The two cases had cost Mr. Harris close on eight hundred pounds.

Just before noon the information was received by the Criminal Investigation Department Gwelo, who proceeded to Gutu immediately, arriving there at 3 p.m. Unfortunately, the detectives concerned were not to know as they speeded to Gutu, 120 miles away from Gwelo, that the criminal concerned was chugging slowly towards Gwelo on the Fort Victoria Limited, a train well known in those parts for its steady average speed of 19 miles per hour on the eight-hour journey.

Matsai Farm is situated some 12 miles north of Gutu. The nearest railway station is Chatsworth, 30 miles away. The farm homestead is situated 300 yards from a rural road near the Devuli river. Below the homestead was the burnt mill house, and below that again, 50 yards away, a native trading store, owned and run by Mr. Harris.

It was found the accused had adopted a similar modus operandi to that followed in 1946. Having set fire to the large outbuilding, he entered the house and stole whilst the occupants were endeavouring to extinguish the flames. In this instance, however, he had also entered the native trading store, carefully forcing the padlock. This had not at first been observed. On the floor behind the counter he had endeavoured to start a conflagration; a heap of burnt paper and rubbish testified to this. Finding this difficult, as little air circulated in the drab Kaffir store, he had transferred his activities to the mill house, which he successfully ignited. An hour and a half spent with powder and brush at the homestead resulted in the lifting of three fairly good fragmentary finger print impressions —probably the accused's. They were, however, useless unless a suspect was located. In addition to the cash and heirlooms taken it was found a considerable amount of kaffir truck was missing from the store—khaki shorts, singlets, white blankets with brown lines thereon and similar articles we don't bother to gazette.

An examination of the area told quite a story. The accused's movements were followed

in nearby fields. The walking picture he had left with his size nine tennis shoes, well worn, indicated he came from the Gutu direction, watched the house for a spell from behind an anthill, moved round the homestead in a wide circle proceeding to the store. Entering here first he collected his swag together, then apparently not satisfied tried to burn the store down. He then moved off to another field it seemed, where he deposited the haul, while he returned to the mill house and carried out his incendiarism, raiding the house when the opportunity occurred. The various spoormarks were corroborated by the finding of pieces of paper stolen from the store and house, coins and brooches, scattered round the countryside.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

By

Detective-Sergeant K. D. Leaver

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

The next day was occupied tediously sifting ashes, an unspectacular but important task. In this case it contributed to the capture of the accused, for among the burnt debris was found a charred piece of notepaper burnt entirely except for a small portion bearing the name "Scotland Farm," and nothing else. On the reverse side of the paper, however, was printed "Senale" and "Iron Mine Hill," sidings on the railway between Gwelo and Umvuma. It was in a different handwriting to the name "Scotland Farm."

A check revealed Scotland Farm was in the Enkeldoorn district to where the investigating details proceeded. Enquiries there resulted in the handwriting "Scotland Farm" being identified as that of a female Arigumi. She had written the letter to her husband, William, employed at Que Que—the writing on the letter was done under the guidance of the informant. "Furthermore," added the witness, "William was here at Scotland Farm on the 9th of November and most likely had the letter with him then—but, I am sorry, I don't know where Arigumi is at present."

It will be recalled the crime was committed on the 10th of November and that to travel to Enkeldoorn from Que Que it is usual to disembark from the train at Umvuma, a few stations before Chatsworth. Scotland Farm was a matter of 40 miles as the crow flies from the scene of the crime.

The same evening the investigators moved to Que Que and located William. He admitted having received the exhibit letter, but added the names "Senale" and "Iron Mine Hill" on the reverse side were not on it whilst in his custody. "I do remember, though," he said, "pulling my tobacco pouch from my pocket just after the train left Gwelo—I had the letter

"I've now put you in the picture with regard to enemy strength, etc. Any Questions?"

in the same pocket, and when I looked for the letter on arrival at Scotland Farm, I couldn't find it." William added that the compartment he travelled in was occupied also by three native constables and a half dozen natives. It seemed, therefore, the accused travelled from Gwelo to Chatsworth, picking up the letter dropped by William while the train was in motion. The necessary machinery was put in motion to locate the African Constables who obviously rubbed shoulders with the accused en route to commit his crime, and at 10.15 p.m. on the 13th November the investigating details returned to Gwelo for a night's rest before continuing the investigations.

A Policeman's Proverbial Luck

It was indeed lucky that the European detective concerned observed a well known European character in one of Gwelo's main streets as he travelled towards his home, and luckier still that a complaint was made to him by a hotel-keeper concerning this person, for it resulted in the detective calling at the Charge Office before seven next morning instead of proceeding direct to Gutu, where he had further investigations to make. His surprise can be imagined when he observed a large bundle of Kaffir truck behind the Charge Office counter—unidentifiable—but similar to that stolen from the store at Matsai Farm. "It only belongs to some native who duffed up his wife," a Constable informed him. Further enquiries revealed that a native woman came to the Charge Office the previous evening complaining her husband had assaulted her. "Go out and see what it's all about," the district N.C.O. had told an African Constable. When the Constable arrived at Thornhill Air Station where the woman lived, her spouse went to his hut, picked up the bundle of property and promptly ran away. The Constable gave chase, but the delinquent husband disappeared in the bush. He collected the porperty and took it to Gwelo.

A visit to Thornhill resulted in the woman identifying the writing "Senale" and "Iron Mine Hill" on the back of the exhibit note, as that of her husband. She further related how he had travelled to Fort Victoria on the 9th November, returning to the Air Force station, where he was employed, on the 10th. "I saw him on the train," she said, "he waved to me as it went past the camp—there were some African Police in with him, and when he returned he brought all this property and lots of money back with him—it's his brother's," she added, "who lives at Fort Victoria." The husband, it transpired was Baona alias Jim, a well known criminal. Only a fortnight earlier one of the investigating details had seen him at Thornhill and noted it in his diary for the information of the Modus Operandi Branch.

As will be seen, the accused was in the vicinity of the crime for a brief eight hours of darkness, and was far away from Gutu when the investigators were getting down to work. His description was quickly circulated, and the credit for his arrest went to a uniformed African Constable who acted as orderly for the C.I.D. at Gwelo. Whilst clearing the mail box at the Post Office he heard the accused was hiding in quarters nearby and acted promptly.

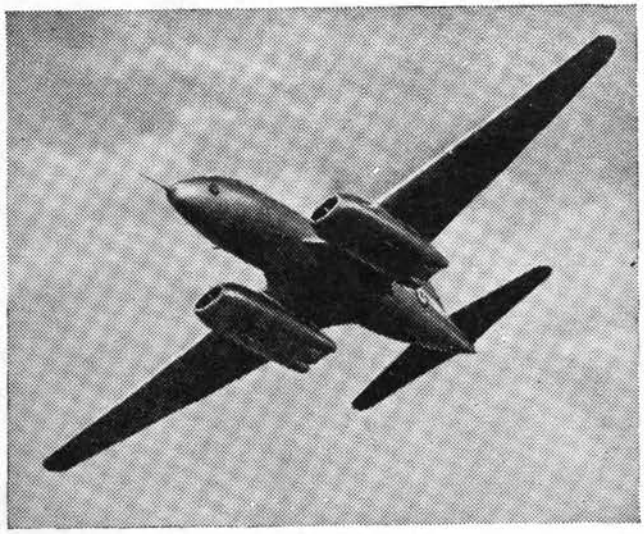
Baona, on being charged, admitted the three cases under investigation and the two committed at Matsai Farm during 1946. He subsequently appeared at the Fort Victoria High Court Sessions and was convicted for all offences.

Although evidence of native handwriting generally is valueless, this case illustrated vividly, that it can on occasions be of the utmost importance. The accused, it transpired, picked up the letter dropped by William and casually scrawled the stations the train passed on the back of it en route. Fortunately, instead of discarding the letter, he put it in his pocket, and whilst firing the mill house at Matsai Farm pulled it out as tinder for the flames, useful for him, but far more useful to those who sifted the ashes under the haughty gaze of Mr. Harris's white prize peacock.

BRITAIN'S PLACE IN THE WORLD

"There may be some people who would be inclined to question whether it is proper, under the darkening international skies, to hold the Festival of Britain; whether we oughtn't to drop it and concentrate on other things. I am going to say boldly that I think not merely that this would be a mistake, but that there is a greater positive need for the Festival now than before. (Of course, if war should come, there will be no Festival. That is obvious. But short of that, the purpose of the Festival is intensified rather than diminished by the seriousness of the world situation.) In this great crisis of civilisation it is important that the world, and that we ourselves, should understand the part which Britain is able to play, and that she should demonstrate her strength and resilience. And this, after all, is what the primary purpose of the Festival is."—Gerald Barry, Director-General of the Festival of Britain, speaking in a B.B.C. programme.

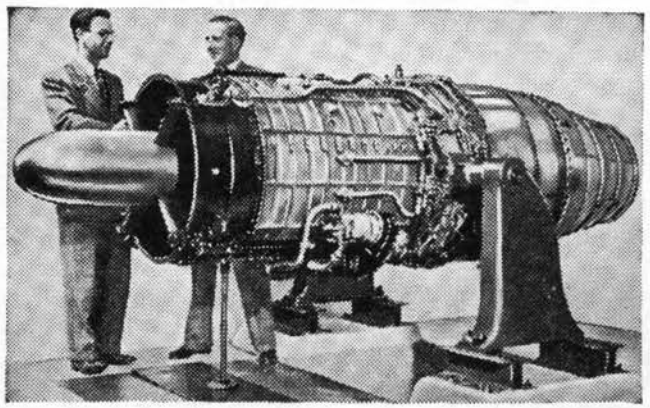
Jets

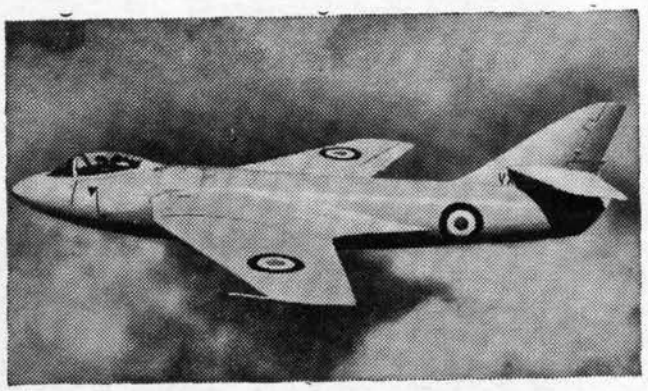


The Avro "Ashton", a high-altitude research aircraft powered by Rolls-Royce "Nene" turbo-jet engines with a static thrust of 5,000lb.

NEW BRITISH TURBO-JET ENGINE

The Armstrong-Siddeley "Sapphire" which was recently removed from the secret list, is the most powerful aero engine in the world to-day. The "Sapphire" has already passed the 150-hour test at a rating of 7,200lb. static thrust, which at a speed of 600 m.p.h., is equivalent to 7,200 horsepower. This is 1,000lb. higher than any other type test figure so far announced for any gas turbine, and means that the "Sapphire" gives about the same power as the four piston engines of a B29 "Superfortress" bomber or a "Stratocruiser".





THE HAWKER P1081.

Britain's latest experimental jet aircraft showed off her paces in a recent series of demonstration flights, and made a deep impression with her speed and manoeuvrability. Her span is 31ft. 5in. and her length 37ft. 3in.; she is fitted with a Rolls-Royce "Nene" engine.

Station Notes

DEPOT

Depot has been very quiet during the past few weeks, one squad of recruits having been posted out for duty, and another, nearly fully fledged, having left for the Matopos on special duty.

S/Sub-Inspector Woodgate returned from leave looking fit and well, his only grumble being the state of the Salisbury-Enkeldoorn road. Before he had time to take his baggage out of the car he was ordered to get ready to leave for the Matopos at short notice. When he gets back we hope to get the benefit of the Ballistics Course which he attended in Pretoria. Sergeants Smith and Gilmour were also in the party, the latter armed with his promotion examination notes and wondering how he was to get access to Standing Orders in camp at the Matopos. We are pleased to hear that the movement of Africans to their new lands has been accomplished without Police intervention.

Captain M. T. Killick has left on "leave pending" for London, where he is to be B.S.A. Police Recruiting Officer. We wish him the best of luck and hope that he will find some good material for our Force. I think two years in London would lengthen my expectation of life!

S/Sub-Inspector Grieg has left on long leave for the coast, and our physical and mental well-being is now in the hands of " Jock " Tait and his assistant, " Jock " Blair.

"Never beats the heart so kindly as beneath the plaid," so be not faint-hearted!

" Paddy " Ruttle has returned from his huntin', fishin' and shootin' trip in the Sabi Valley with " Trigger " Tolley alias " The Sheriff." " Trigger " has acquired a fish eagle during the past few months, and Paddy has grave doubts about the necessity in Creation of such " beasties," for he apparently had to fish night and day to keep the ravenous bird alive. We understand that the eagle had a very lean time and " Paddy's " catch had to be supplemented with 37 tins of sardines and herrings. He is also very dubious as to the bird's merits as a bed-mate.

Many " bundu " faces have been seen in Depot this past week, as the 2/Sergeants came into Depot from Promotion exams. On such occasions it is always doubtful whether one is more worried on arrival or on leaving. Anyway, if the examiners don't learn anything about Police work from the papers they mark they should get a good laugh judging from some of the " post-mortems " we have heard. One question related to the method of getting a private horse brought on Force strength; one candidate, in the heat of the moment, misread " horse " for " house " and wrote four pages on loans from the Land Bank, damage caused by the owner's children, condition of fittings when handing over, and sanitation! Anyway, if you can bring a suspicion of a smile to the grim countenance of an examiner, who is only a quarter of the way through a two-foot pile of papers, you are as good as through! Most of the men sitting joined only four years ago, so we wish them luck and hope they manage a new record for quick promotion in the Duty Branch.

NDAIVEPO.

MASHABA

The Rhymster some years ago declared that you had to blow your own trumpet, no one else would do it for you, well—we might as well blow Mashaba's trumpet over our snooker victories against Fort Victoria. On 15th September the Fort Victoria team, consisting of Trooper Murgatroyd, Constables Underwood and Taylor and Mr. Cluny, came to try out the Mashaba table—and the bar!!! We must, however, in

all fairness congratulate them on their performance as they managed to tie with Mashaba in the result, although Mashaba had a higher aggregate of points scored. We might also add that some of the "potting" done with the aid of a glass and not a cue was much more accurate—in fact, with a glass they never missed!! On 19th September, however, the Mashaba team went to Fort Victoria to try the Fort Victoria beer, and, of course, the table. Mashaba, however, came home triumphant. I won't mention the final score, I'll leave that to Caruro to tell you. Trooper Burns of this station played in the Mashaba team in both matches.

Since last writing we have seen one or two more old comrades. "Rastus" Gordon of about 1930 vintage is now underground manager at Gaths Mine. Passing through here a few days ago was ex-3721 Peter Weatherdon, who is now a travelling salesman for Sable Breweries. One of our members had a few words with ex-Sub-Inspector Bowbrick whilst in Bulawayo a short time ago. Syd also stated that ex-3154 "Bembesi" Macrae was working with him in Bulawayo, and was a much happier man these days. The attributed reason was that he was now on the right (?) side of his 20 years! Sergeant Rex Finch has returned from leave looking much fitter than when he left. He has been transferred to Fort Victoria Section.

"We don't get much money but we do see life" was evinced the other day when a certain bright boy came for a driving test. His knowledge of the highway code and traffic regulations was being put to the test, when he came out with the following answer to the question—"What precautions are you required to take when filling your vehicle with petrol," "First I would put the funnel in the tank to sieve the petrol. Secondly, I would sound my hooter in order to call the pump boy!"

Well, folks, there's little else to report from here this month, so must finish. Cheerio until next month.

MANDEBVU.

From a Missouri newspaper: "The bride received a handsome diamond brooch, together with an array of other beautiful articles in cut glass."

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The Columbus, Ohio, Citizen listed as best-seller: "How to Stop Working and Start Living by Dale Carnegie (Simon and Schuster)."

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From the Clearmore, Oklahoma, Daily Progress: "The Women's Society met in the Methodist Church parlour Thursday afternoon at two. Thirsty women were present."

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Ad. in the Greenville, Texas, Evening Banner: "For rent—Downstairs bedroom, adjoining bath. George if desired."

PENHALONGA

We are a happy band out here. The staff, consisting of 1/Sergeant Bester our Member i/c., Troopers Walton and Hendry, and not forgetting our recent arrival from Depot—Constable Hollingworth, who is now settling down and taking his place with the "Bundu Bashers."

Our camp is looking spick and span owing to the efforts of Sergeant Bester and the African Corporal, who have built wooden kitchen huts for all the A/C's on strength.

For the past week our member i/c. has been making a "Guy Fawkes" for his children. By its size, it looks as if it has been made for all the children in Penhalonga. We hope it will be a success, and burn in the traditional manner. Penhalonga, S.D.D. 8/50. Deceased: Guy, alias Fawkes.

Trooper Walton is now on leave. Not the kind of leave we would like him to be on. He can be seen coming into the office at regular intervals and leaving almost immediately with a worried expression coupled with an armful of Statute Law Books; needless to say, he is swotting for the coming promotion exams. We wish him every success.

Trooper Hendry is now saving like "King Midas" for a new "Tiger 100" to keep pace with the times. He has also started "training" for the Triangular Athletics Meeting to be held in Umtali on the 18th November, 1950. His training programme consists solely of two Castle Lagers and one Milk Stout every night. On such nourishment he should win all the events he has entered for.

Constable Hollingworth, who has been with us a week has already earned the name of "Beremaworo" among the A/C.'s of the station, which means "A hyena that goes fast, and never gets tired."

This is on account of his motor-cycle patrol two days ago, in which his pillion passenger, A/C. Sangura was shaken up to such an extent that he is still on the "sick list." A/C. Sangura,

LABEL LEGIBLY

It is essential that all packages intended for conveyance by rail or road motor service should be clearly marked or labelled with the name and address of both sender and consignee. Old labels should be removed and marks obliterated.

Rhodesia Railways

A.D. 2606

when questioned, said the complaint was "Rheumatism" but little did Sangura know!! It is said among the A/C.'s that he came back to camp from his last call six miles away in nine minutes over Bundu Roads. Penhalonga has been established for many many years and this we think, is a record.

Trooper Hendry's boy, who is the Mess Cook, has decided to leave. Luckily for Hendry we now see a white-coated figure complete with white forage cap knocking about the camp. Lord knows where he came from, but Constable Hollingworth roped him in as his new boy. We have just found out that he was Second Cook at the "Grand Hotel," Salisbury. Owing to this fact Hendry and Hollingworth are thinking of starting a "Greasy Dicks" in order to cover the cost of their own messing.

"RUSTY."

UMTALI

It has been said many times that a sausage is a mystery, and recently there has been a mystery in which an elongated sausage and a motor-cycle are concerned. Neither the owner of the sausage nor the owner of the motor-cycle are inclined to say anything so the mystery remains a mystery.

For members of the C.I.D. and for those who like to make deductions I will give a small clue to the above. If you see double you are probably tight but if U.C.3 well you may be on the right lines, but although I am in possession of this and other clues I still do not know what became of the sausage.

The Soccer season finished somewhat late with a match between our first and second elevens, it was a good game, played at a fast pace and resulted in a win for the first eleven by two goals to nil.

Our cricket teams are in full swing and we have had some very enjoyable games. We beat the Municipality and were well beaten by the Casuals. There is some quite good material among the Police and with more practice we should be able to turn out a useful team. Trooper Shield and Constable Jarrett are our two most useful bats at present, and on Sunday, 22nd October, they made 52 and 72 respectively.

We wonder who was responsible for the wording of Special Gazette 2/50, and wonder what was really meant by the following: "Dirty Police yellow colour lace-up shirt."

The recent circular regarding petrol shortage was also worded in a rather strange way and actually informed us that the petrol being consumed exceeded the supply. How come? It would appear that if we are able to consume more than we receive we have little to worry about, and just keep on going whether there is petrol or not.

Our congratulations to all those responsible for the production of the last number of "The Outpost," it was one of the best ever, and we hope the high standard will be maintained.

On October 15th we had a return shoot against Penhalonga, and this time we turned the tables, the scores being:—

Police "A"	445
Police "B"	395
Penhalonga "A"	381
Penhalonga "B"	340

After the shoot the teams were entertained

at Penhalonga and finished the most enjoyable morning in the usual way.

The High Court Roll on this occasion was one of the shortest we have had for years, and if the good work keeps up we may again be known as the district which produces little in the way of serious crime.

We welcome to the district Constables Morgan and Harvey. Morgan introduced into the district yet another "breed" of motor-cycle, but before any of the rivals could be put to the test he was transferred to Inyanga, where he will be able to get plenty of practice for any motor-cycle hill climbing events he may fancy to enter.

Sergeant Wall has returned from leave and reports having had a thoroughly good time. He is shortly to leave us for Beatrice, where we hope he will be as happy as he was in his home among the clouds at Melsetter.

In common with the rest of the country we are watching the sky and longing for the relief-giving rain to arrive; apart from one storm early in the month and a couple of very poor attempts we have been very dry and very hot.

To all those who are writing promotion examinations in the near future we say good luck and may the wetting ceremony not be long delayed. Cheerio. NGITI.

Do you know? . . . .

(1) Which of these are crimes, and what are the others?
- (a) Bigamy.
- (b) Bigotry.
- (c) Barratry.
- (d) Bottomry.
- (e) Betony.

(2) Who were:—
- (a) The Father of English Tragedy;
- (b) The Father of English Poetry;
- (c) The Father of English Pantomime.

(3) In cricket, what happens if a fielder deliberately catches the ball in his cap?

(4) Define or describe:—
- (a) Meiosis.
- (b) Myosis.
- (c) Mitotis.

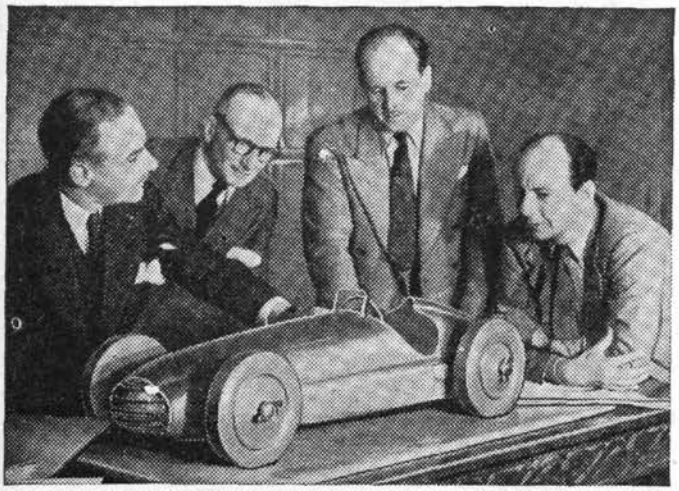
(5) What part of their war paint has been retained by London's buses?

(6) Where did Noel Coward die?

(7) If you had been a prominent member of a group which included Robert Winter, Christopher Wright, John Wright, Thomas Percy, Thomas Winter, and others, what form would your annual commemoration take?

(*Answers on page* 41)

"Lately I've been playing rather a sobering game with myself. It works on two counts. First, I give marks up to ten for seeing people with really good looks, and, secondly, marks for an expression of peace of mind. There are quite a lot of high ratings for good looks, but peace of mind seems much harder to come by. Country people seem to have it more often than we who live in towns. Curiously enough, the happiest—I mean the most consciously happy—peace of mind expression I've seen for a long time was on the face of a hunchbacked carpenter who was sitting opposite me on a bus. He had a look of absolute certainty and all his face lines turned upwards. Laugh lines around his eyes and mouth. It was as if he had unlimited resources to draw on."—Joyce Grenfell, the famous revue and radio artist, speaking in a B.B.C. programme on how not to be bored.

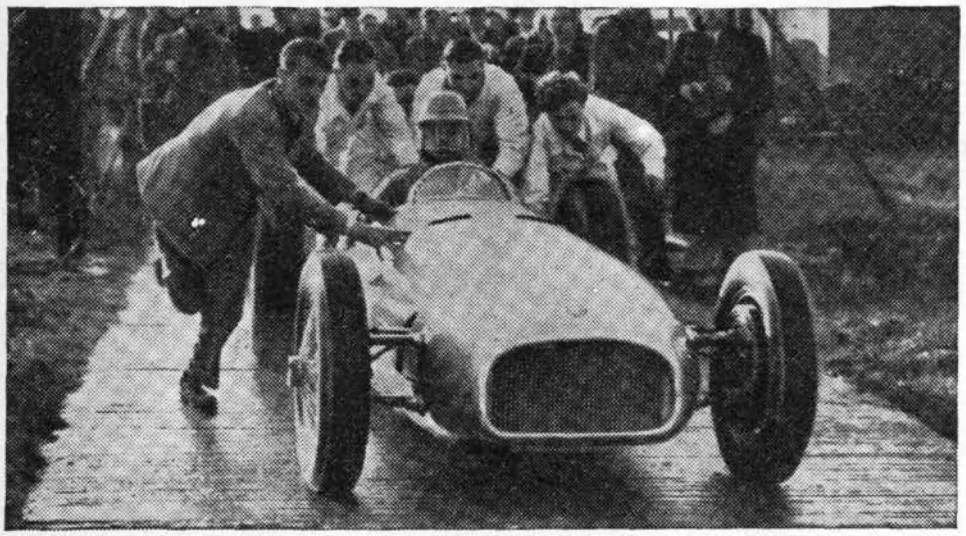


The men behind the British racing motor (left to right): R. Henderson-Tate (Min. Supply); Walter Hill (publicity); Peter Berthon (designer); and Raymond Mays (racing driver).

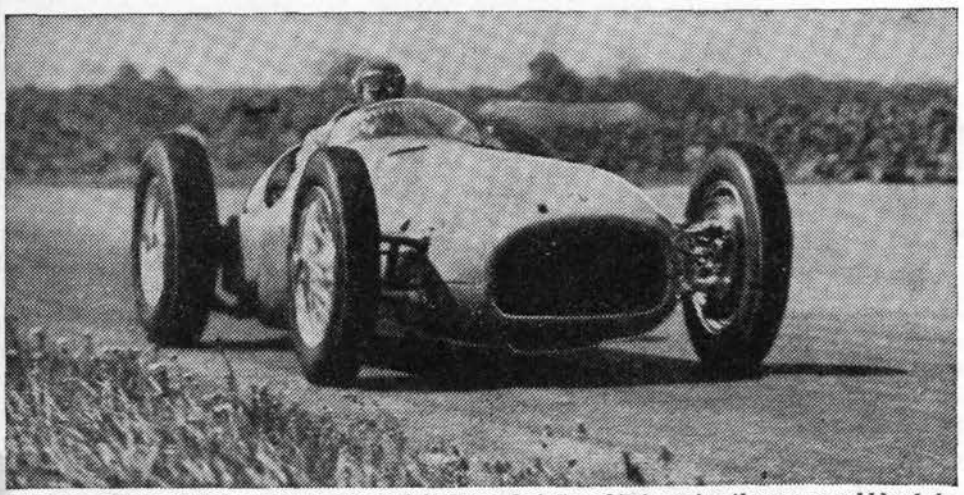
B.R.M. PREPARES FOR THE TRACK

BRITAIN'S racing hope, the £150,000 - B.R.M., is again preparing for entry into international motor racing. It is backed by one hundred and sixty British motor firms. In spite of teething troubles the designer, Mr. Peter Berthon and all connected with the B.R.M. have faith in its prospects as a world-beater.

In some respects the advent of the B.R.M. is like that of the E.R.A. before the war, when a number of enthusiasts pooled their resources to field a British racing car against the nationally subsidised might of Italy and Germany; and it is those same pre-war E.R.A.s that have been carrying the British racing green in Formula 1 competitions ever since.



Raymond Mays, veteran E.R.A. driver, takes the wheel during the first public demonstration of the new B.R.M.



With the B.R.M. Britain hopes to establish in Formula 1 Grand Prix racing the same world lead she enjoys in 500 c.c.s and standard sports car events.

The Whole Industry Co-operates

In post-war Grand Prix racing France and Italy were off to a good start with their Talbot, Alfa-Romeo, Cisitalia and Ferrari entries. It is estimated that Alfa-Romeo alone have spent £20,000 on their 1950 programme and that with a design already proved successful. The B.R.M. project, which started with but eventually lost Government backing, has been carried through by 160 firms of the British motor trade, who have contributed £150,000 as well as the combined experience of their factories to ensure that the new car had the best in design and materials that the country could produce.

More than 350 brake horse-power

Joint fathers of the project are both ex-E.R.A. men, Raymond Mays and Peter Berthon, backed by an influential committee. The 16-cylinder machine was built at Bourne, Lincolnshire, from parts lovingly fabricated in about every motor component factory in the country. Many of its details are secret, but to meet Formula 1 Grand Prix requirements it must have a 1½-litre engine (about 40 b.h.p. in a normal car) supercharged to develop some 350 b.h.p. The present system of limiting by engine capacity has resulted in the development of multi-cylinder engines of very short piston stroke in which crankshaft speeds of 10,000 r.p.m. are not regarded as excessive.

At best, the B.R.M. will be a consistent winner. At the worst, it is a basis for modification as up to date as any foreign entry. When the Formula 1 is changed after 1952 the British industry will have the more experience with which to sweep the international motor racing board.

Swashbucklers of the Ocean

Fish That Sink Ships

Swaggering swashbucklers of the Seven Seas; monsters that think nothing of ripping the bottom out of a boat; fish of such fearful ferocity that they are the terror of the oceans, and which dare even attack leviathan. Such is the giant swordfish.

One of the most remarkable photographs in existence was taken by Captain Ira Abbott, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. This particular illustration shows the sword of the fish piercing the side of a 14ft. dory, used in the cod fishing. With a second fierce attack the monster ripped a plank entirely away and sank the craft.

That picture sets at rest any doubts as to the authenticity of the tales which sailors have brought home of the ferocity of these monsters, some of which weigh nearly half a ton. The swordfish has been described as the champion duellist and bullying swashbuckler of the open seas. Such a savage brute will charge a ship as soon as look at it, and there is not the slightest doubt that in former years many unsolved mysteries of little boats that never returned were due to swift, crippling attacks made without the slightest warning.

For the swordfish fears nothing, either in or on the waters. As suggested above, it attacks even whales, and it is believed that sometimes the assaults it makes on boats are made in mistake, the fish taking them for whales. Seldom a month goes by without a report of some attack made by the creatures on a boat. Some time back a dhow from Aden was holed during the night by the charge of a monster swordfish. Fortunately, another dhow was in the vicinity, and the crew rescued the men on the crippled vessel just before it sank, landing them at Berbera in British Somaliland.

Some few years back another monster made a fierce attack on a large schooner off Boston, in the United States. The fish smashed into the boat at enormous speed, and made a great "puncture" in the forepeak below the water line, through which the sea poured so rapidly that the pumps were working 400 strokes an hour to keep the water down. The sword that inflicted the damage had broken off and fallen inside the vessel, a not uncommon happening. The schooner was engaged on a fishing trip, but the captain regarded the damage as so serious he had to cut the trip short and the boat had to be put into dry dock for repair.

There is authentic evidence, too, of an amazing attack made by another swordfish on a British warship. This hefty Xiphias gladius—to give the creature its scientific name—undertook a naval engagement with "H.M.S. Leopard," for, while she was refitting in dockyard, the cause of the damage was found to be a sword which had broken off after going through an inch of copper sheathing, a three-inch plank, and four and a half inches of wood behind. Nine strokes of a 25lb. sledge-hammer, the artificers reckoned, would have been needed if a man had wished to drive in an iron bolt to that depth. The fish achieved it at one blow!

Another struck a wooden ship with truly prodigious force. Its sword pierced through

By James E. Carver

the copper sheathing, an inch of the under-sheathing and then a three-inch plank of hard-wood. Truly a good start—but start it was only! The sword next pierced through the twelve inches of white oak timber and a hard oak ceiling two and a half inches thick. Finally, the sword entered an oil cask and broke off. Altogether the fish had penetrated some 20 inches of timber. Penetration was astonishingly clean, and it was reckoned the fish must have been travelling at 60 miles an hour when it struck. Whether that was so or not, it is a known fact that the swordfish is one of the speediest denizens of the deep.

In London and other places there are pretty substantial proofs of the prowess of swordfish. In the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, for instance, there is a piece of timber, less than a foot square, containing the broken ends of three swords (or spears) as they are sometimes known. Another broken sword was thrust through the hull and 13 inches of solid timber of a ship sailing between Bombay and Calcutta, and a third is a broken sword which went through 22 inches of ship's timber. Such weapons, which are thrust through

copper sheathing, oak planks, and similar timbers, may be five inches in circumference, and they are often three feet long.

At one time, when ships were made solely of timber, attacks were so common that they were recognised as among the "perils of the sea," and a noted English jurist once described in Court the power of a swordfish's attack as "equal to the accumulated force of 15 double-handed hammers." Therefore, it is not surprising that man stands very little chance against its assaults.

Some ten years back a Gold Coast fisherman met his death in a terrible way about a dozen miles off shore. This man, Kwashi Botswe, and four companions were returning after an unsuccessful morning's work. They fastened a herring to a hook and threw it into the sea. It was immediately taken by a swordfish, and Botswe, who was sitting at the end of the canoe, tried to draw it in.

Two other men sank grappling hooks into the monster, leaving the angler to clutch the creature's sword with his cloth-protected hand. As he bent to the task, the infuriated fish made a lunge, and ran him through the head, the sword projecting a hand's-breadth behind. Botswe was drawn into the sea and died. The swordfish was about seven feet long, its sword measuring two feet. The inhabitants of the district, Temma, eat the flesh of the swordfish with avidity, but they buried this fish and the fisherman in the same grave.

The great size to which the swordfish sometimes grows has been mentioned. One of the largest ever taken was caught a few years back in strange fashion, in dry dock at Balboa, the port of Panama City. It weighed 1,008lbs., measured 15ft. 4in. overall, and had a sword one yard three inches long. When the water was pumped out of the dock after a Japanese cargo steamer and two barges had used it, the giant swordfish was found at the bottom battling against the wooden blocks and ripping them to pieces. After putting up a valiant fight the fish was eventually landed by means of a crane and it died three hours later.

Swordfish are by no means confined to tropic seas, and they are found off the coasts of the British Isles. A nine-footer played havoc with mackerel nets off Great Yarmouth one year, and in the same season two others were taken off Scotland. At another time an eleven-foot specimen was taken not far from the Eddystone Lighthouse.

"Let's meet under this policeman at 12 o'clock

The question has often been asked: what is the value of the sword to the fish? Stories have gone the rounds of swordfish hunting with schools of sharks and attacking whales. It has been said that while the sharks worry their victims, the swordfish darts in and administers the coup-de-grace. Unfortunately for this theory swordfish and sharks are usually mortal enemies.

On the other hand there is evidence that the swordfish uses its sword to help it to obtain food. It generally feeds on such fish as mackerel and codfish. Swordfish are said to rise beneath schools of small fish, striking to right and left with their swords until they have killed or disabled sufficient for a meal by cutting them with the edges.

A Canadian observer has written: "At times they have been seen to rise perpendicularly out of the water until the sword and two-thirds of their body are exposed to view; then they fall flat on their sides striking many of the fish with their bodies and the sides of their swords. One fisherman reported picking up as much as a bushel of herring on George's Banks, Nova Scotia, thus killed by a swordfish. After

disabling their prey in this manner they proceed to devour them."

Strange as it may sound, there is a regular industry engaged on catching swordfish for food. Off Nova Scotia and Quebec the search for the fish is quite a profitable undertaking, and most seasons well over 20,000cwt. are taken. For years the Canadian National Railways have been providing fast transport for swordfish packed in iced boxes, averaging 300lb. a box, to markets in Eastern and Central Canada, and the eastern parts of the United States. Montreal and Boston fishmongers feature "swordfish steaks," which housewives consider tasty and desirable. The livers are very valuable, and the vitamin A potency of swordfish livers is much higher than that of cod livers. About 25 tons are marketed each year.

As may be imagined, this industry is not unattended by risk. The fish are harpooned from the ship, and a bladder attached to the harpoon shows where the fish darts off to, and it is then followed up in a skiff. As an example of what may happen, not long back a maddened fish whirled suddenly, dived, and came up beneath a skiff and drove its sword through the bottom.

It made a second charge, this time at the side, pierced it, thrust its weapon clean through one of the men's legs, and out the other side, then it broke off, and the man pulled it from his calf in agony. The fish was eventually caught, and it weighed 900lb.

Domestic Notes

Marriages

HUMPHREYS—DUNBAR. — Trooper Richard Wallace Humphreys to Miss Valerie Dunbar, at the Presbyterian Church, Salisbury, on 17th June, 1950.

EAMES—TESTER.—Detective Ronald Dudley Eames to Miss Margaret Emily Tester, at the Church of St. John, at Bulawayo, on 30th September, 1950.

BOSLEY—TYSOE.—Constable Peter Bosley to Miss Margaret Sinclair Tysoe, at the Cathedral, Salisbury, on 23rd November, 1950.

FISHER—CORMACK.—2/Sergeant Jack Francis Arnold Fisher to Miss Alice Anne Cormack, at St. John's Church, Bulawayo, on 12th August, 1950.

HARCOURT — FOTHERGILL. — 2/Sergeant George Willoughby Harcourt to Miss Lorna Mary Sheila McLeod Fothergill, at the Cathedral, Salisbury, on 16th September, 1950.

JONES—FORBES. — Trooper William Maurice Cooper Jones to Miss Margaret Florence Forbes, at the Cathedral, Salisbury, on 19th August, 1950.

WRIGHT—COLDWELLS.—2/Sergeant Douglas William Wright to Miss Ursula Elizabeth Coldwells, at Avondale Church, on 16th September, 1950.

Births

KNIGHT.—To 2/Sergeant Douglas Christopher Knight and Mrs. Knight, at Mnene Mission Hospital, Belingwe, on 4th October, 1950, a son—Christopher John.

The colonel was lecturing a class of officer-cadets. "A 40-foot flagpole has fallen down," he said. "You have a sergeant and a squad of ten men. How do you erect the flagpole again?"

The candidates thought, then offered suggestions about block and tackle derricks and so forth.

"You're all wrong," replied the colonel. "You'd say: 'Sergeant, get that flagpole up!'"

During on of those interminable teen-age telephone calls, I heard my daughter say, "Just a minuae. Let me change ears!"

* * * * * *

"And then, Dad," she said, "when Bill asked me to go to the prom. with him I gave him the geological survey . . . "

"You did what?" asked her father.

"Oh, Dad, you're so uninformed. I gave him a stony stare."

* * * * * *

In New York, Comedian Jack Carter reported that after his weekly television show he received a letter from a dentist: "I would like to call your attention to a dark spot in your upper biscupid area. May I be of service?"

Your New Reading

By
JOHN COLOPHON

The Woman who Jumped into World Fame

—A little over two years ago a woman's leap from a building in New York caused a world sensation. She was Oksana Kasenkina, a teacher in the Russian Consulate; and by this dramatic means she escaped from Russian control, and after recovering in hospital became free.

In **Leap to Freedom** (Hurst & Blackett) she tells her story, from the beginning of her life, her experiences under Communist rule, and why she decided at any cost to break with the Communists. Her story, told with much directness and simplicity, is of a young woman whose father was of the old Russian outlook, and who married a former officer in the Czarist Army, thus, with the coming of the Reds, a subject of suspicion to the Bolshevists. Later he vanished; she never saw him again: and that was but the start of her misfortunes. She strove hard to make a life for herself and son under the Soviets. She was in due course transferred to New York as a teacher for the children of Russian officials there; there came the climax, and her strange action.

The book is written in a style highly dramatic; one might possibly say overwritten: but if half the statements contained in it are true, then one can only say that the outside world does well to decide that anything is better than the prospect of existence under such conditions as are imposed in the Russia of to-day. I predict an immense public for this startling book.

Admiral Sir William James caused what might fairly be termed a sensation with his book, "The Order of Release," that cleared up in great measure the mystery of the marriage of his grandmother, after getting a divorce from Rushkin, to the painter Millais.

That book has tended temporarily to obscure the merits of Admiral James as a Naval historian. In **Old Oak** (Longmans), he happily returns to this field, taking as subject the Earl of St. Vincent, Admiral Sir John Jervis. This book, which is written with all the ability and expertness which has marked Sir William's other Naval works, performs a double function, one part of which is, however, much less important to-day than the other.

Without bias to any point of distortion, the author seeks to clear St. Vincent of the long-standing charge of being, while a great seaman, yet a man harsh to the verge of cruelty. Myself, I do not think he is here cleared of the charge: but it is to be remembered that he lived in a brutal age. The second and major point, is the stress which the author places, and rightly, on what St. Vincent did for the Navy. What he did for it was to raise it, at a moment of exceptional slackness, to a level of efficiency hitherto unknown. And he did far more. It was he who provided the instrument that gave Nelson his chance. If ever a man had an eye for character it was St. Vincent. From first contact with Nelson he marked him down as a man to be given every opportunity. The results are history, culminating in Trafalgar. This book is of enthralling interest, and opens new views of the age in which St. Vincent lived.

Towards the end of the War, the two famous authors, Sheila Kaye-Smith and G. B. Stern, delighted a big public with a joint book called "Talking of Jane Austen." It gave such pleasure to thousands that they have now written what might be termed a sequel in **More Talk of Jane Austen** (Cassell).

To my mind, a good deal of attitudinising has crept into the subject of Jane Austen. One hears (one still hears) folk talk as though a love of Miss Austen was something special; confined to a select circle, who alone can appreciate her; in short, there is an attempt to make her the vehicle of a cult. This is literary snobbishness gone mad. Almost anyone with a real sense of humour, appetite for wit, and the very ordinary power to enjoy superb character drawing and a story perfectly told can enjoy Jane Austen. In this book, as in its predecessor, the genius of one of the world's greatest novelists is discussed and analysed with a zest and enlightenment which, for one reader at least, makes them an entirely fresh and authentic addition to the vast literature of the subject.

Of the dozen chapters one is difficult to pick out any better than a fellow; but surely no more discerning and enlightening writing has ever been done about the author of the immortal six

books than Chapters 3 and 6. The essence of appreciation is here. The world of readers owes a big debt to these two women; and I defy anyone as yet unacquainted with Jane Austen to read this book and not be taken with an urgent desire to enter her realm of delight.

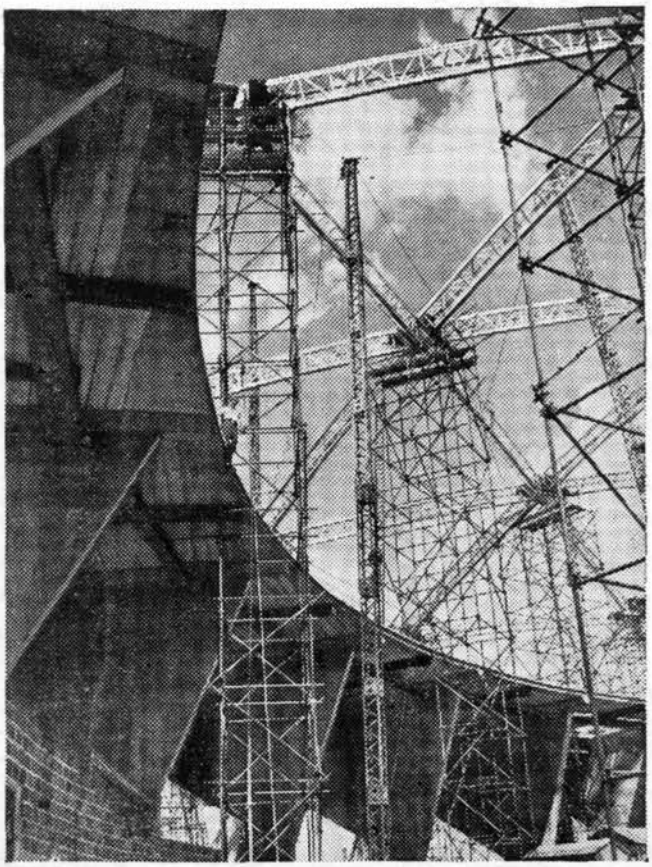
The anthology is a book which, when well done, can be not only an immediate reading pleasure, but a source, too, of continual renewal.

The Parson in English Literature, by F. E. Christmas (Hodder & Stoughton) is most definitely such a book. It is described as a galaxy of clerical figures gathered from the writers of six centuries. In sum, it ranges right through our literature from the time of Chaucer onwards.

Now, to cover successfully such extensive ground requires not only industry but, above all, a point of view and discernment. Those Mr. Christmas most abundantly has. Hence his volume of variety, the happiest sense of touch and choice, and to point the whole, an attitude of tolerance. The author, while allowing play to his sense of humour, never makes the parson a mere figure of fun. In his various pictures he shows us the man behind the coat; brother as well as mentor, and, on more than one occasion, a good deal of a hero. This is a most engaging book, full of entertainment, and much more.

Miss Kathlyn Rhodes, the popular novelist, has written in **December Bring Me Roses** (Hutchinson), what may fairly be called an autobiography of selective type. It deals in the main with her career since emergence as a public figure in her sphere. She writes without airs and graces, directly and agreeably of the folk she has met and of her experiences in public life; of her adventures in England and while travelling. Incidentally, this pleasant volume includes some first-class advice to the would-be author from one who in her medium has achieved the best-seller status. In all respects a very readable book; and conveying, too, a sense of strength of mind and wisdom.

When I meet folk from your side it is very often of London and its expected delights that



The Dome of Discovery will be the world's largest aluminium dome when it is completed for the Festival of Britain in 1951.

they speak. Well, if you mean to come to England next time, let me recommend to you, while you are awaiting your turn a book which is one of the best on London which I have come across. It is **London Work and Play**, published by those specialists in this type of volume, Messrs. Batsford. It is in the main a series of superb pictures covering every phase of London life, with an introduction by Mr. Harry Batsford. Here, before you, is London—the whole vast panorama enchantingly pictured.

Fiction starts this month with the new Hemingway. For, Hemingway, at best or non-best is Hemingway just the same; a world figure in his sphere. His new novel **Across the River and into the Trees** (Cape) returns to the Italy of "Farewell to Arms," but in a Second World War setting. The hero is an American officer, Colonel Cantwell, through a hard life already under sentence from heart; its heroine, the Italian Countess with whom he falls in love. The action lies in the progress of the affair between the two; but the thesis, which is the essence of the book, is the age-old one of a man's vain effort to recapture youth. And it is in his handling of this, his spare and forceful evocation of atmosphere, and his abiding sense of the tragedy of the human predicament in general that Hemingway once more shows his powers. This is not another "Farewell" or "Bell Toll"; it is, indeed, both repetitive, and, in regard to the hero, not always sympathetic to the reader: but it is Hemingway, and thus far, far out of the common run.

In **The Dupe of Destiny** (Hutchinson), Peter Bourne, who scored a merited success with "Black Saga," deals with the time in which the ill-fated Maximilian, during the French Second Empire, sought to become Emperor of Mexico; it is also the period of the U.S. Civil War. The hero is Ravenel, a secret agent on the side of the Confederates, and who works on their behalf in France, New Orleans and elsewhere; the human drama centres on his love for the strange, alluring and ill-fated heroine. This is a big novel, full of incident, drama and atmosphere, with situations surely handled and writing that is genuinely such.

The Footprints of Satan, by Norman Berrow (Ward, Lock) is a book of the supernatural written with such cleverness and address that I rank it one of the best of its eerie class I have come across. Norman Berrow here takes a positive instance (as shown by hoof marks and other evidence) of the visit of the Devil to an English village, and the horrible happenings found in his trail. The question is, Who is this Devil? The author replies with riddle upon riddle, until at length we come to the solution, at once simple and ingenious—and, more difficult, he carries the reader with him. This book is the high water mark of an author who specialises in this type of horror story.

Patricia Young, who established herself as a highly readable novelist with a study in London Dockland, has, in **Pride of Princes** (Ward, Lock), written another first-class story of the kind. The heroine is Mary Prince, of a rough family, who marries a U.S. soldier, and asks her own family to join her in America. The outcome is a human drama with many clever touches, considerable humour and not a little pathos between the lines. Miss Young has a neat hand at story telling, and she knows her background and how to convey the sense of it to the reader.

Starred among the new issue of Pan Books are **Devoted Ladies,** that effervescent comedy of Ireland and literary life in London, by M. J. Farrell, and (a really good idea) **The Spotted Dog and Other Stories,** by Anthony Trollope; the latter a surprise to those who did not know that Trollope was a short story writer. But he was, and a most skilled one. Here, a word of explanation. Mistakenly, I have heretofore given the price of Pan Books at 1s. 6d. each. It should be 2s., at which price they are still superb value. I apologise for the error.

Thrillers: This month I have chosen four which I recommend with three-star emphasis. They are **Rogue's Harvest** (Hodder & Stoughton), the new Noel Cromarty, the third high-speed thriller by this writer. Again, it has the international-complications angle, and that quickness of incident and ease of follow-through which have so rapidly made this author's name. **Let's Kill George,** by Lucy Cores (Cassell's Crime Connoisseur Book), well justifies its selection as the first of a new "hall-mark" series of detective fiction by these publishers. Banat is Hollywood's No. 1 script writer, but a man with a dual personality that led to tragedy for him, and, for the reader, a mystery which the author holds brilliantly to the last minute. You can take your choice of the killer in that house party; you will have to be exceptionally alert to spot the right person. **Fog is a Shroud,** by McKnight Malmar (Hurst & Blackett) opens with a fatal shot in a fog, a spate of fast-moving complications, and a thoroughly ingenious solution. The suspense is unusually well handled. **The Iron Orchid,** by John Bentley (Hutchinson) is another

high-speed whodunit, in which murder, planned in the guise of suicide, takes a wholly unexpected twist; to the reader's alarm and delectation. Mr. Bentley is particularly good with his representation of American quick-action dialogue.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

FOR YOUNG FOLK—AND OTHERS

The Gale Brought Adventure, by Richard Jeremy (Cassell).—A really well told and true-to-life adventure story of island, shipwreck and mystery.

Five Fall into Adventure, by Enid Blyton (Hodder & Stoughton).—Julian, Dick, George, Anne—and Timmy—in another "E. B." adventure.

Photography for Boys and Girls, by S. W. Bowler (E.U.P.).—A Junior "Teach Yourself" of same high standard as its forerunners.

Challenge to Lassie (Ward, Lock).—The book, magnificently illustrated, of the world-famous dog-film.

Teach Yourself Rugby Football, by F. N. S. Creek (E.U.P.).—Best book on the game, for those of all ages, yet published.

(I give the above as worth-while tips with Christmas looming ahead.)

ANSWERS TO "DO YOU KNOW?"

(1) (a) Bigamy is a crime.
(b) Bigotry is the holding of some creed or view and attaching undue weight to it, irrespective of reason.
(c) Barratry—Foul practice in law.
(d) Bottomry—Deliberate shipwreck to collect insurance.
(e) Betony—A plant.

(2) (a) Christopher Marlowe—1564-93.
(b) Geoffrey Chaucer—1340-1400.
(c) John Rich—1692-1761 (collaborated with Gay).

(3) The striker is not out, and there is a penalty of five runs, credited to the batsman. Although this is an odd number of runs, the batsmen do not change ends.

(4) (a) An under-statement, a figure of speech representing a thing as less than it is.
(b) Abnormal contraction of the pupil of the eye.
(c) Cell division, involving the arrangement of fibres in definite patterns.

(5) The white disc on the rear of the bus, used in the blackout as an aid to traffic following behind.

(6) In the Selwyn Theatre, Chicago, 1926. After an unsuccessful production of "The Vortex," he wrote on the wall of his dressing-room, "Noel Coward died here."

(7) Fireworks, on 5th November. You would be Guy Fawkes, leader of the Gunpowder Plot conspiracy, 1605.

Elephant Adventure . . .

It have told this story many times, in patches, but have never attempted to set down the whole account in detail before. Probably because I have feared the sceptic smile of the reader; recalling the incidents I am going to describe, it seems almost impossible that my companion and I should have escaped with our lives. The facts which follow are absolutely true and are set down with not the slightest attempt at exaggeration.

I had two months' leave and decided to spend it in the hinterland of the Lomagundi district at a place where I had once been stationed. An old friend of mine occupied a farm in the district, and although the farm was not very productive, my friend managed to live comfortably by trading and by being employed on various jobs by the Government—jobs for which he was particularly suited by his abilities and knowledge of the Zambesi Valley and its native inhabitants. He had been granted a permit to shoot elephant owing to the numerous complaints from the natives in the Valley of the depredations caused by these great beasts. In one night the whole of the next year's food supply for one village could be completely wiped out by the marauders. The natives had been invited to transfer to the high veld, where the damage by elephant was rare and where, also, the soil was more fertile and the rains more consistent. To anyone acquainted with the native mentality their refusal to move will not be surprising.

I arrived at the homestead of my friend, whom I will, from now on, refer to by his native name of Chimtashu. The farm was 55 miles from the Zambesi River and over 100 miles from the nearest rail-head. After the usual greetings Chimtashu informed me that his elephant permit expired in a few weeks' time and that there were still a few left to shoot on it. He told me he was leaving in a few days' time for the Valley and asked me if I would like to accompany him. At first I declined. I had been close enough to elephant on several occasions up along the Congo Border and in other places and had no desire to go as close as I probably should with Chimtashu on this trip.

However, Chimtashu said he was eager for me to get a closer acquaintance with the giant animals, and I agreed to go with him. We gathered six native carriers and set off by lorry to the top of the Escarpment, the range of mountains which divides cleanly the high veld from the Valley. We took our two dogs with us, and although we had to travel through tsetse-fly country in the Valley, both dogs are alive to-day and I found that a daily application of paraffin to their coats kept fly away.

Leaving the lorry at the top of the Escarpment, we plunged down on foot into the valley and in the early afternoon arrived at Gandamo's kraal. Enquiries as to the whereabouts of elephant elicited the information that they had been in the vicinity but not recently. Wandering round that evening with a gun, I saw nothing more dangerous than a troop of baboons, a lone kudu bull and a couple of wild pig. I was not in the least upset by the absence of elephant. However, Chimtashu decided that we would push on to Mzimu's kraal. Leaving the dogs at Gandamo's kraal with the cook-boy, we made an early start the following morning, travelling light. I assumed the duties of cook to the expedition. The heat was intense and when at about 3 o'clock in the steaming afternoon we arrived at a small muddy "pan" we decided to make camp. Elephant spoor and droppings were everywhere. It looked as if every elephant in the Zambesi Valley had visited the "pan" on that day. During the heat the great beasts come to places like this "pan" and stand in the water to cool their feet and also to splash the water over themselves. They do not drink the water, which is very dirty after their ablutions, but trek on to the river, which is about 16 miles away.

We drank coffee made from muddy water of the "pan" and then, while Chimtashu went off with his native to investigate the neighbourhood I made camp below an ant-heap and got busy preparing for the evening meal. Chimtashu returned a little before sundown and reported having seen an odd buck or two only. He was out after bigger game and left the buck severely alone, of course. He decided that we would continue our journey to Mzimu's kraal the next day.

The remains of the meal had been cleared away and we were resting on our blankets, drinking coffee. A small moon was filtering

ELEPHANT MEAT

an intermittent light through the thick bush which surrounded us and we talked in the quiet tones which accord with the mysterious atmosphere of dimly moonlit night in the veld. The figure of one of the carriers appeared out of the gloom, coming towards us. He whispered excitedly: "They are coming!" No need to ask whom or what he meant by "they." Except for the occasional crack of a stick and the sound of bushes being brushed aside, the elephant made very little sound. There was something weird in the silent progress through the bush of such great animals. We sat still and waited. After a few minutes, the natives approached again and whispered: "They are not elephant—they are buffalo." I was happy to hear this. We strained our eyes in the direction from which the sounds were coming and then, about 30 yards away (paced off the next morning), we made out a greyish form showing indistinctly on the edge of the bush. We both had our rifles trained on what we supposed to be the buffalo and at Chimtashu's whispered command we both fired together.

The peace of the night was abruptly shattered and that not only by the explosion and echoes of our shots. There was a thud which shook the earth and a screaming of such volume that we knew immediately that it was no buffalo which had fallen, but an elephant. The next thing I remember was the bedlam of noise and a din of huge feet. I did hear Chimtashu's urgent and quite superfluous shout to clear quickly, and I lost no time in sprinting away from that inferno of noise and rage as hard as I could go. A yard or two in front of me two of the carriers were legging it like arrows from the bow. Still clutching my rifle, I put

in a burst of speed and caught up with them and continued "all out" for about three-quarters of a mile. The terrific crashing of trees and branches in the rear sounded appallingly close for a long time as the herd milled round in an endeavour to get our wind. It must be remembered that we had only a 30-yard start. The screams of the wounded elephant gradually seemed to become a little more distant, and when I no longer felt, in my imagination, the outstretched trunk of a vengeful elephant reaching out for me, I stopped. My heart was pounding furiously and my breath came in short sobbing gasps. My clothes were torn to ribbons and my face and limbs were scratched and bruised by my mad dash through the bush in the dark. By the greatest of good fortune we had run down wind; otherwise we would not have stood a chance against our pursuers.

I had not the faintest idea of what had happened to Chimtashu, nor in which direction he had run. I heard the crashings and trumpetings die away gradually, although the wounded beast was still screaming mightily—a terrifying noise. I sat down amid the mopani bush which we had reached after the flight through the denser bush. Somewhere about 11 p.m. in the eerie silence of the valley (the elephant had by then stopped screaming) I heard a faint "Hallo." I found I still had insufficient breath to answer the call. The two natives answered, and after an interval, Chimtashu and two of the remaining four carriers arrived. Chimtashu howled with laughter at my plight, but I could not yet see the humorous side of the situation. I was still hearing those mighy forms lumbering behind me—still feeling my waist gripped by reaching trunk and still experiencing the nausea of being smashed to pulp by the enraged beasts.

We lit a dead mopani tree and before long it was blazing cheerfully. We compared notes of our experiences and listened to those of the natives. One of the latter had been so close to the elephant that he had been beaten severely by a branch wielded in the elephant's trunk. It has been noted before by natives who have been chased by elephant that the beasts will belabour their quarry with a branch just as a man might beat a dog with a stick. This carrier was bruised all over his back, but otherwise we were all unharmed.

It was decided that we would not return to our camp that night, as there was little doubt that the herd, foiled in their attempts to find us would hang around the camp. I was thoroughly exhausted and sought to sleep by the side of the fire. This was spoilt by the sound of the crashing made by a lumbering progress through the bush close by. "Rhino," said Chimtashu. Fire arouses the curiosity of the rhino and he invariably comes along to investigate it. I cast round for a likely-looking tree. I had had enough sprinting from the tough-hided and angry beasts for one night. At least, one is safe from a rhino in a tree, but with elephant if they cannot tear the tree down, they will wait under it until you fall off from the exhaustion.

Chimtashu, however, as usual, went forward to deal with the visitor and took a chance shot at it in the dark. This caused its hurried departure. We followed the blood spoor on the following morning for a few miles, but did not come up with the rhino.

With the coming of morning we made our way back to our camp. When I saw the nature of the ground I had covered at full speed during the night I marvelled that I had not come to grief. Near the camp the ground was strewn with bits of native clothing, pieces of limbo, an old vest, etc. The tattered appearance of our four carriers explained some part of these, but not all. It will be remembered that we had six carriers at the camp. Two were still missing. To our surprise we found our camp intact. The herd had gone round the top side of the anthill and had thus missed our kit. We found the elephant which Chimtashu had hit (I, apparently, had missed by a mile!) still alive. I finished it off with a shot through the spine. We discovered afterwards that the bullet had struck it in the top portion of the foreleg and this had brought it down. An African elephant cannot rise if a leg is damaged sufficiently to make it impossible for the beast to place any weight on it. I have said an African elephant in case any readers should quote the case of the circus elephants which stand on three legs. It is, however, an authentic fact that to shoot an elephant in the leg and to put the leg out of action will bring him down and make it impossible for him to rise.

The ground around the beast was ploughed up where it had attempted to rise and by the efforts of others of the herd to assist it to its feet. We discovered that the herd which had so nearly accounted for our lives was one composed of cows with calves. Such a herd is particularly dangerous and aggressive and will charge with no provocation at all. A short time before the incidents here related a young European was trekking through the valley on his

way to Northern Rhodesia when he walked into a herd of cows with their calves. He was smashed to pulp in a few moments. We believed that "our" herd was probably that which had caused the European's death a short time previously.

Regarding the two carriers who are not accounted for: one did a non-stop run to Gandamo's that night and aroused the kraal to tell them that we had all been wiped out by elephant. Curiosity was not strong enough to drag them from the kraal that night, but they arrived at the scene the next day—complete with baskets, in case there was any meat to be had. We gave them permission and in a very short space of time the huge carcase was being hacked to pieces by the hungry throng. They cut and chopped inside the carcase, wading knee-deep in blood.

About a month later I came across the other carrier, working with a road gang 100 miles away from the scene of our escape. He expressed his opinion of elephant hunting in no uncertain terms!

My story almost ends. But I must recount one incident which occurred on the following day. I was returning to Gandamo's accompanied by one native. I stopped on the way to rest and drink from a water-hole. I sent the native to the water-hole with my mug and sat down under a bush which afforded a little shade. The native came back trembling and with the water spilling out of the mug. He whispered one word: "Nzou!" (Elephant). I stood up and beheld, about 50 yards away the biggest bull elephant I have ever seen. He towered above the large ant-heap he was standing by, ears spread, trunk raised, sniffing suspiciously at the air. I raised my rifle—and paused. Last night's experience was fresh in my mind. I lowered my rifle. The great beast turned and was gone. I turned and was also gone — in a different direction. Somehow, I had had enough to do with elephant for a very long time.

"CHICKEN."

African Bird Expedition

—Acknowledgements to NONQUAI.

USING a truck with a salvaged bomber gun turret installed in its top, an American expedition is travelling through Africa to "shoot" rare, brilliantly plumed birds. Expedition members are "shooting" the birds with motion picture cameras instead of guns, however, so that they will not destroy the wild African birds.

The expedition, sponsored by the American Museum of Natural History in New York City, is headed by Edgar Queeny, the American manufacturer who is known internationally as a photographer of wild life. Assisting Mr. Queeny is Dr. J. G. Williams, ornithologist of the Coryndon Museum at Nairobi, Kenya. Dr. Williams is recognised as the world's foremost authority on African birds. The expedition is scheduled to travel through British East Africa, the Belgian Congo, and the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan to photograph rare birds on colour motion picture film and to record the sounds of their calls and cries.

The gun-turret was installed on the truck to facilitate the photographing of birds. Turning easily on ball bearings at the touch of a finger, it enables the photographer to swing his camera quickly in any direction. The camera projects over the top of the turret so that it can be operated from a standing position.

The cameras used by the expedition have focusing devices and telephoto lenses to photograph birds clearly from a distance. To record bird calls, a special directional microphone, which fans out like a searchlight to pick up sound, has been installed on the truck.

Many innovations in the truck itself were designed specially for the expedition by its makers, the International Harvester Company. They include a high truck body for clearance over rough ground; special springs and heavy-duty tyres; four swivel airplane seats, with safety belts, bolted to the truck's floor; and interior padding of the roof to soften head bumps. The entire exterior of the truck has been coated with green paint to eliminate light reflections that might startle the birds.

The expedition is expected to make significant contributions to the knowledge of African bird life, since very little photographing of birds has been done previously in the area to be covered. In addition to photographing the birds, the expedition will study their habits.

The Editor has details of a recommended hotel on the Transkei coast for anyone desirous of a quiet, inexpensive holiday. Children well catered for.

SPORT

CRICKET

SALISBURY

The Annual General Meeting of the Cricket Club was held in Depot in August. It was decided to field one team in the League, and one friendly team. The League team has now been placed in " C " Zone.

Banister was elected Captain and Smithyman Vice-Captain.

The season opened with a friendly match between " Town " and " Depot "; Taylor seemed to find his 1946 form, scoring a very nice 50, before deciding to let the others have a go.

On the first Saturday of each month it is hoped to arrange a friendly match between the different sections in the Police, and it is hoped that everyone will support his own section, when, no doubt the selectors will see some hidden talent which has been kept under the proverbial bushel.

Dickinson (last year's Captain) has left the peace and quiet of the Pay Office for the wide open spaces of a District Station—we shall miss his steadiness as an opening bat, but hope to see him during the season.

League cricket opened on Sunday, October 8th, when we played our first match against Alexandra 3rd team. Reynolds, a newcomer to the Police cricket team, bowling extremely well. Smithyman must be again aiming to top the batting averages for all Salisbury, as he did last year; he scored a brilliant 131; in this total there were 5 6's and 19 4's.

Alexandra, 1st innings, 123 (McAdam 35; Reynolds 5 for 22).

Alexandra, 2nd innings, 103 for 6 wickets (Reynolds 2 for 19).

Police, 1st innings, 223 for 8 declared (Smithyman 131, Robertson 26 not out).

Police won on first innings.

Police team, in order of batting: Wilson, Lowe, Smithyman, Naested, Banister, Brookes, Reynolds, Riddle, Robertson, Shaughnessy, Gilfillan.

Sunday, October 15th, Police v. Salisbury 4th, on Salisbury Sports Club ground.

Police fielded first, the steady bowling of " Jock " Robertson and Reynolds kept the runs down and wickets fell at regular intervals. The Police fielding showed an improvement over last. year. "Andy" Braes kept wicket very well, unfortunately though he fractured his thumb stopping a fast one from " Jock," and will be out of the team for some time. Bill Lowe, the opening bat, scored a very useful 50, and with Smithyman playing his usual forceful game, the score mounted rapidly; Smithyman went on to score his second consecutive century; Banister carried his bat for 61 not out.

On putting Salisbury in to bat for the second time they were content to play out time in order to secure two points by not being beaten outright. The call is for brighter cricket but until some new system of awarding points is devised, spectators and players alike will be forced often to watch dull and uninteresting cricket.

Salisbury 4th team, 1st innings, 163 (Schoones 55; Robertson 3 for 36, Reynolds 4 for 46).

Salisbury, 4th team, 2nd innings, 90 for 6 (Waddingham 35 not out; Shaughnessy 2 for 12).

Police, 1st innings, 249 (Lowe 51, Smithyman 108, Banister 61 not out).

Police won on first innings.

Police team, in order of batting: Lowe, Wilson, Smithyman, Shaughnessy, Braes, Banister, Reynolds, Robertson, Riddle, Naested, Gilfillan.

Sunday, October 22nd, Police v. Raylton 3rd team, Police Ground.

Police fielded first. Raylton at one stage had eight wickets down for 44 runs, but we lost the initiative and they scored 91. Police fielding during this innings was really first-class.

Police batting again came up to scratch, and we were able to declare at 190 for 5 wickets.

During Raylton's second innings, both bowling and fielding deteriorated and we were unable to force an outright win.

Raylton, 3rd team, 1st innings, 91 (Weigal 24 not out; Banister 3 for 6, Shaughnessy 2 for 15).

Raylton 3rd team, 2nd innings, 106 for 5.

Police 1st innings, 190 for 5 declared (Smithyman 56, Shaughnessy 44, Buchanan 36, Lowe 21).

Police team in order of batting: Lowe, Shaughnessy, Smithyman, Buchanan, Lovegrove, Banister, Reynolds, Robertson, J. Roberson, Naested, Gilfillan.

Sunday, October 29th, 1950, Police v. Old Hararians 3rd team, Police Ground.

In this match Police were able to record their first outright win of the season. Police again fielded first, Reynolds's bowling being very steady and accurate. Banister took the last three wickets in one over for no runs, and by taking a wicket with his first ball of the second innings achieved the hat-trick. Police batting was very unsteady at first, and we had four wickets down for 24, but once again Smithyman broke the opposing bowlers hearts by scoring an undefeated century; he was ably helped by Riddle, who scored 56 before being caught behind the wicket.

Old Hararians could not fare any better against the Police bowling in their second innings and were all out for 78.

Old Hararians 3rd team, 1st innings, 71 (Reynolds 6 for 34, Banister 3 for 0).

Old Hararians 3rd team, 2nd innings, 78 (Reynolds 4 for 16, Banister 4 for 31, Shaughnessy 2 for 8).

Police, 1st innings, 233 for 7 declared (Smithyman 117 not out, Riddle 56).

Police won by an innings and 84 runs.

Police team, in order of batting: Lowe, Shaughnessy, Smithyman, Naested, Reynolds, Banister, Holmes, Riddle, Robertson, J. B. Robertson, Gilfillan.

Saturday, October 6th, 1950, Town Police v. Depot, at Depot.

Town, 1st innings, 199 (Taylor 52 retired, Grossmith 29, Pickard 28).

Depot, 1st innings, 87 (Buchanan 4 for 32).

Town team, in order of batting: Taylor, Shaughnessy, Inglis, Buchanan, O'Shaughnessy, Lovegrove, Harris, Pickard, Grossmith, Rogers.

Depot team, in order of batting: Blair, McGuire, Powell, Bulman, Geraghty, Armstrong, Tait, Harcourt, Trower, Ardagh, Gibney.

Saturday, October 14th, 1950, Police Friendly v. C.A.A.

C.A.A., 144 (Wallace 39; Holmes 4 for 29).

Police Friendly, 134 (Taylor 46, Lovegrove 41; Townsend 4 for 8).

Police team, in order of batting: Taylor, Holmes, J. B. Robertson, Rogers, Buckley (captain), Lovegrove, McGuire, Brookes, Tait, Harris, Pickard.

Saturday, October 21st, 1950, Police Friendly v. Wingate.

Wingate, 109 for 8 (Pickard 4 for 16).

Police Friendly, 173 (McGuire 100 not out, Taylor 32).

Police team, in order of batting: Taylor, McGuire, Pickard, Davenport, Buckley (captain), Holmes, Coop, Harcourt, Brookes, Tait, Harris.

Saturday, October 28th, 1950, Police Friendly v. Salisbury "B."

Salisbury "B," 181 (Buchanan 3 for 46).

Police Friendly, 77 (Osborne 22).

Police team, in order of batting: Taylor, McGuire, Osborne, Davenport, Buchanan, Buckley (captain), Smith, Harcourt, Tait, Harris, Pickard.

T. C. B.
