
Diana
Mallet-Veale.

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER

THE OUTPOST

PUBLISHED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COMMISSIONER OF POLICE

EDITOR: STANLEY EDWARDS

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SOUTHERN RHODESIA.

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FEATURES

This number of *The Outpost* sees the new cover (with the addition of a Christmas motif) which replaces that which aroused so much comment when introduced in July. With no motive of suppressing criticism by arousing sympathy for the photographer, the man and the horse, and the Editor and his staff, it might be as well to point out to the critics the difficulties which beset anyone who endeavours to take a good photograph of a horse and man suitable for the cover of a magazine which travels all round the world.

The new cover was reproduced from the best of some twenty odd photographs, and was the only one which was not discarded at a glance. It was a question of getting the horse standing to attention in the chosen position, the lance pennant at the right angle, the trooper carrying the step ladder in the right place at the right time, the photographer ready to leap up the steps, and, finally, the correct exposure and aperture. A difficult combination! Even then, a setting which looks perfect to the eye may make a disappointing photograph; and even if the negative is photographically perfect, it may not reproduce well from a block!

Criticism there assuredly will be, but it will be accepted in the right spirit, for there could be no surer sign of the interest taken by serving members and old comrades in our magazine and the old Corps.

1950 has seen some important legislation come before the House. The Forest Act and the Natural Resources Amendment Bill, both designed to protect the natural features and vegetation of our Colony and to heal the scars of the ravages of hasty development; the Land Apportionment Amendment Bill, an attempt to bring to finality the amount and location of land for occupation by the Africans; and, important to Police in view of the lack of any

Good-
it's a Gold Leaf

When the sea and the sky and the company are just right . . . make sure the cigarette is worthy of the occasion.

Gold Leaf
HONEY DEW

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Act similar to the Riotous Assemblies Act, the controversial Subversive Activities Bill, in its final form a much milder measure than the original draft.

Much of the more interesting matter did not arise from legislation, however, but from statements by Ministers and reports of Select Committees. The Amendment of the Constitution was one of the most important, involving the setting up of a Second Chamber, the enlargement of the membership of the Lower House, and new Parliament buildings; West coast port *versus* expansion of the railway line from Beira; development of a national airport in Salisbury and Rhodesia's only steel works at Que Que, following favourable reports by experts from London; also the Sabi Valley scheme.

These are sure signs of the burgeon of our Colony. A further indication is that the Director of Census forecasts that the 1951 census may show that the European population of Southern Rhodesia has reached 140,000, double the figure for 1941. This brings home to us that during the past 10 years the pace of development of the Colony has surpassed all expectations and that we are witnessing the birth of a country and a nation with boundless opportunity. While it is unlikely that within the next 30 years the main cities will have their own constabularies, with separate police bodies in rural areas on the lines of the County Constabularies in England, it is very probable that our "Provinces" will be split into "Divisions," there will be a greater number of stations and the establishment may well be almost double what it is to-day. But whatever form the expansion of the Force may take, men who are prepared to work hard, supplementing experience with study of law and African languages, will find good opportunities in a career in the British South Africa Police.

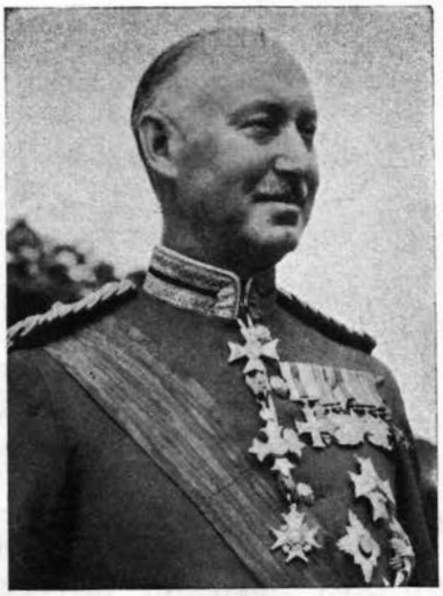
PRIVILEGE

Asked by a magistrate why he had broken into the same store three nights running, the accused was reported as saying: "It was a dress for my wife, and I had to change it twice."

A Christmas Message

from

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR, MAJOR - GENERAL SIR JOHN KENNEDY, K.C.V.O., K.B.E., C.B., M.C.



I AM very glad to accept the Commissioner's invitation to send you a message for the Christmas Number of "The Outpost."

We can look back upon 1950 not only as a year in which the Force has continued to uphold its fine tradition in maintaining law and order in the Colony, but also as one in which it has played an outstanding part in the celebration of our Diamond Jubilee. The splendid displays given by the British South Africa Police all over the country added greatly to enjoyment of the occasion by very large numbers of people, and they also demonstrated to the public that high standard of training and discipline of which the Colony has always been so proud.

I would like to take this opportunity of expressing my appreciation of the services which are so willingly and courteously rendered to my wife and me by the British South Africa Police in the course of our duties all over the Colony. Our happy association with all ranks of the Force is something that we value very much.

My wife and I send to all members of the British South Africa Police our good wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

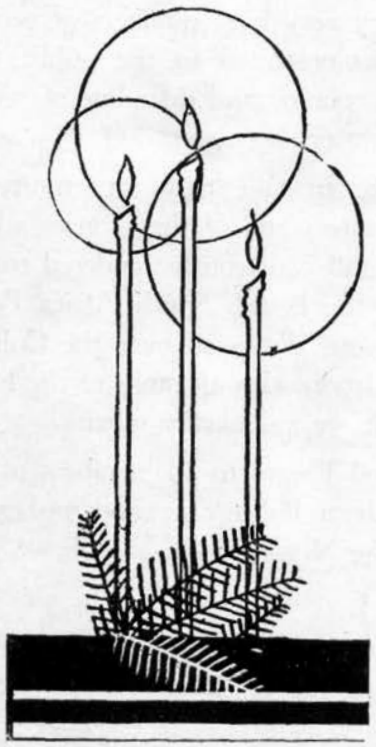
J. v. Kennedy

A Christmas Message from The Minister of Justice

MY very best wishes for Christmas and the New Year to all Members of the Force, the Police Reserve and the Regimental Association and to their families.

1950 has been an interesting but exacting year for the Police, but fresh laurels have accrued from the displays at shows and Jubilee ceremonies, and generally from duty and sport well done.

For me the year marks a change from private practice to public duty —in this change the knowledge that I have with me a most efficient and loyal Police Force is a great inspiration.



J. M. Greenfield

A Xmas Message from . . .

The Commissioner of Police

I am glad of this opportunity to send to the Editor and his staff and to all Readers of our Regimental Magazine my best wishes for Xmas and the New Year

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Merry Christmas

★ **FIRST PRIZE in Christmas Story Competition**

By "KABVUTA"

28188, *Trooper James Curlwrig,*
B.S.A. Police,
Pakuziva,
S. Rhodesia
24th December, 1950. (11 p.m.).

To: Miss Daphne Peachington,
16, Appletee Lane,
Great Loxton,
Somerset, England.

Darling,

Well, here it is—Christmas Eve—my second one out here. I am alone in the Camp and in charge of it for the next two days. The senior Trooper is in hospital in town and the Sergeant left yesterday in the truck to investigate a case at the Slippery Sam Mine, about forty miles away, where I have no doubt he will spend a very cheerful Christmas with the people there.

Things are very quiet here and I have my day planned for to-morrow. Firstly, I shall stay in bed until around eight o'clock. By about ten, I shall stroll down to the bathing pool in the river. I shall bathe, sun-bathe, loaf, read and write to you until midday. Back to Camp, a cold beer, lunch and a rest on my bed until tea-time. I shall then potter about in the vegetable garden until it is time to bath and change before going to the Native Commissioner's place for a sun-downer and dinner. They have some people coming out from town. We shall probably dance and finish up with a moonlight bathing party.

At intervals during the day I shall write to you, because although my description of to-morrow's activities may sound very pleasurable, they will lack the perfection of having you here to share them with me—and you will be in my thoughts a lot at this Christmas time.

I am going to take a final stroll round the Camp, to see that everything is all right. Then to bed

Good-night, sweetheart.

Christmas Day (5.30 *a.m.*).

Just getting light. Merry Christmas, dear. I suppose you are still asleep, warm and snug in your bed.

Lucky I went round the Camp last night. Discovered the African Sergeant on his way to tell me that a prisoner had escaped from the lock-up.

Collected an African Constable and went off on the motor-cycle to the prisoner's kraal which is about twenty-five miles from here. Located him after a bit of trouble with the Headman and started back to Camp, leaving the A/C to bring the prisoner along.

Unfortunately, I had a small accident with the motor-bike and had to walk the last seven miles back here. Twisted my ankle a bit but not too badly. Shall not be able to dance to-night, though. It was raining hard all night but has stopped now. Still, it is Christmas Day and after I have had a bath and a shave I can hobble down to the pool and loaf there for the rest of the morning. I shall probably sleep. 'Bye, dear.

3 *p.m.*

"Man proposes but God disposes." In my case, it was a faction fight in the Last Chance Mine compound which disposed of my plans.

I had taken this writing-pad, pen, pipe, tobacco and a book down to the bathing pool at about nine o'clock, all set for a lazy morning in the sun. I was about to plunge into the water when I received a message that there was a telephone call from the Last Chance, reporting a big fight starting up in the compound there.

I dressed and hurried back to Camp and set off for the Mine which is about six miles away. I went on a push-bike because the motor-cycle was smashed up on last night's journey.

There was a full-scale battle on when I got to the Mine. There had been plenty of beer about

and tempers were up. However, I managed to restore order by midday and declined an invitation to stay to lunch, reckoning I could get back here by one o'clock. I would have done, too, but the chain on the bicycle broke when I was about half-way back and I had to walk the last three miles. It was very hot.

I collected a bruise on my cheek from a half-brick, during the fight. There was a lot flying about. It is all right, darling, it is not serious. Loosened a couple of teeth. I think I will go and lie down and try to get some sleep before it is time to get ready for this evening. I'll finish this letter later on.

5 p.m

Really, this is most unfortunate. I had just stretched out on my bed when I heard a tremendous hullabaloo coming from the African Police lines. I dashed out and found one of the thatched kitchens on fire. The African Police were trying to put it out but a wind got up and the blaze spread, threatening the ration store. I got the garden hose connected up eventually but five huts are completely burnt out and I am afraid the water I soaked into the ration store will not have improved the mealie-meal and other stuff inside.

I've got a burn all down my left leg which is smarting a bit but otherwise no damage. It is not the leg with the twisted ankle but the other one.

Now I must go and get cleaned up for this Christmas party. You would laugh if you could see me now. I am in a mess!

10.30 p.m.

Dash it all—it is a bit thick! I was just getting into a bath when the telephone attendant reported a European woman on the 'phone who insisted on talking to me. She said it was very urgent. I went across to the office, in my dressing-gown and there was a Mrs. Wildover on the line. She was in a state of great excitement and said she had caught her cook-boy stealing some silver spoons. She had him covered with a shot-gun and would keep him so covered until I arrived.

Now this Mrs. Wildover is an eccentric old widow of about seventy who dresses like a man and works some small claims five miles from Camp. She is always complaining to us about her boys and half the time there is nothing in her complaints. I tried to argue with her but she said she wasn't going to stand over this boy all night and if I was not out within an hour she would shoot him and wasn't that the law that if you caught a thief red-handed on your premises, you could shoot him?

I knew the old girl was quite capable of carrying out her threat, so I got moving. The one and only horse we have here was in the middle of its evening meal and was not too pleased at being hauled out and saddled up. He put me off as soon as I mounted and I fetched up against the stable wall. Raised a lump over one eye but not so badly that I could not see. Got away eventually. It was getting dark and had started to rain again, heavily. I did not have my raincoat.

When I got to Mrs. Wildover's place, she was on the front verandah with both barrels of a shot-gun pressed against the forehead of the most frightened African I have ever seen. I relieved her of the weapon. The cook-boy had two circular marks on his forehead where the barrels had been pressed against it. He was the greyest-faced African ever. Literally paralysed with fright. I discovered that the shot-gun was loaded in both barrels!

She accused him of stealing two silver spoons. Anyway, to cut a long story short, it seems he had taken them to his hut where he was cleaning them with wood-ash, as was his custom. He left them lying near the ash of the fire in his hut while he went to stoke up the bath-room boiler. She had gone out, spotted the spoons and went off the handle as I have described.

She apologised for having sent for me, gave the cook-boy a cheap cotton vest from the stock of the Store she runs and told me she would be late for a drink with some neighbours if she did not hurry.

I was not anxious to spend any more time in the silly old woman's company, so I mounted the horse and started back to Camp. The Umsimane River had come down in flood since I had crossed it on the way out and I had the devil's own job getting the horse across it. We swam it, finally, but I lost the clothing I had tied on my head, as we were taught to do on Recruits' Course, while the horse and I were being swept downstream.

It was a bit chilly after that, because I had on only a pair of shorts and I was riding bareback,

having left my saddle on the far side of the river. I hope it will be safe. If it is stolen, I suppose I shall have to pay for it. I have started to sneeze now. I had better have a hot bath and see if the party at the Native Commissioner's place is still on. I expect it will go on till late-ish.

11.30 *p.m.*

Had bathed and changed and was about to set off to the party when the telephone attendant came over with a note he had forgotten to give me when I got back an hour ago. It is from the Native Commissioner, saying that they have all decided to go into town for a dance and that he had tried to get hold of me but I had been out. Will I come in and join them as soon as I can? His niece, that blonde girl I wrote to you about, is with them and is looking forward to seeing me again. Dash it, and here am I without any transport. Can't dance, anyway. I'll have a night-cap and go to bed. It has been rather a day, one way and another.

11.50 *p.m.*

I shan't have a night-cap. The cook-boy had set out a bottle of brandy, some water and a glass for me. But it looks as if the Camp cat knocked the bottle over. Anyway, the bottle is broken on the floor and the cat is stretched out close by, out to the world. Drunk, I expect.

Well, I hope you have enjoyed your Christmas, dear. Mine has not been all I had hoped but I shall sleep soundly to-night, anyway. Good-night, darling.

Boxing Day, 6 a.m.

Just off on mounted patrol, dear. The Sergeant came back two hours ago, having heard that the Camp was burnt down. Wonderful how rumours fly in this country, isn't it? There is something wrong with the ignition of the truck. The Sergeant says he crawled back at five miles an hour. He is very upset about the burnt huts and the stuff in the ration store and the smashed-up motor-bike and my saddle. In fact, it is to go and find the saddle that I am off now. My burnt leg is not too bad and I can just put my twisted ankle to the ground without too much pain. One eye is nearly closed up, I am afraid, where I hit the stable wall. One of the two loose teeth has come out. I have rather a nasty cold. Otherwise I am all right and I hope you are, too, dear. I am looking forward to next Christmas when I shall be with you on leave.

Somehow, Christmas out here isn't the same as it is at home.

All my love, darling,

Jim,

NOTICE TO ALL CONTRIBUTORS

It is the practice in *The Outpost* to print all ranks *in full* and the Editor and the printers would be grateful if contributors would avoid abbreviations such as "Sgt.", "Capt.", "Lt.-Col.", etc. Also, with the increased cost of printing, space is very valuable and excessive paragraphing should be avoided.

The Editor takes this opportunity of thanking all contributors who have so generously and regularly given their time to writing for *The Outpost* in spite of the devastation caused by his blue pencil! Thank you!

GRACE AFTER DINNER

Notice pasted in porch of a church: "The annual dinner of the choir will be held in the church hall on Thursday next, at 7 p.m., after which a choral service will be rendered by the full choir."

BLISSFUL IGNORANCE

Dry: "I know of a better cure for a cold than drinking hot rum."

Wet: "Quiet! I don't want to know."

THE RAIN

Sonny Boy: "What's the rain for, Daddy?"

Daddy: "To make the grass grow."

Sonny Boy: "But it's raining on the roof."

SATISFACTORY

Landlady: "If you don't pay your board and lodging you will have to go."

Boarder: "Thanks, my last landlady made me do both."

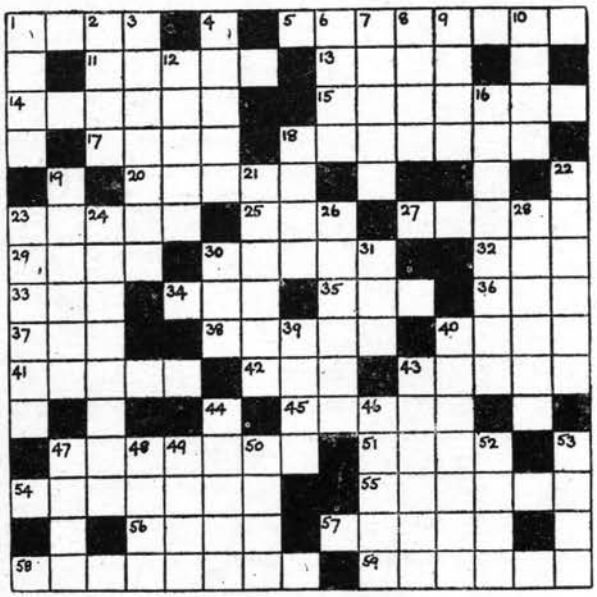
"Along the English country road the sign-post is wholly parochial; it passes you on to the next village, and ignores the larger world. It assumes, moreover, that you will drive right up to a cross-roads and dismount and crane your neck to discover the way to Nether Wallop—it assumes, in fact, that you are lolloping quietly along on a horse with all the time in the world and no great distance to go."—Howard Marshall speaking in the B.B.C.'s "Life in Britain" programme.

SUCH IGNORANCE

Tommy: "Daddy, how can experts tell when there's going to be an eclipse of the sun?"

Daddy: "I am astonished at your ignorance. Don't they read the papers?"

"The Outpost" Xmas Cross-word



Across

1. Autumnal in the States, perhaps snowy here.
5. What was it I ate in a close-up.
11. There's no 32 for the chest.
13. 150 less than 43 down.
14. A seraphic lady.
15. Get waxy under a burden of wickedness.
17. 31 in love.
18. Ups and downs in childhood.
20. Met to erect a pole?
23. Macbeth's candle.
25. County with land attached.
27. Goethe asked for more.
29. Water 1 across plural.
30. Get the shivers after five? Well, it's all so unsettled.
32. New Zealand sheep killer.
33. A wild one for the sower?
34. The light of other days.
35. One may literally rob him with impunity.
36. When in a tier it leads a dog's life.
37. 1 down or 1 across (it's all itself to you).
38. Stern in the ornithological sense.
40. Decay all around I see.
41. A popular friend.
42. I would, in short, turn my back on the East.
43. Dainty food.
45. The doctor is indisposed.
47. Impute it to a writer.
51. Turn the bread?
54. How the tide may run.
55. Fly.
56. He added up the rods and hid each at once. (Incl.)
57. Destrier, perhaps.
58. Lad's herb. (Anagram).
59. Earned?

Down

1. Give ear to the note with some trepidation.
2. Playbox?
3. "Was't Hamlet wrong'd ——? Never Hamlet."
4. Be a saint, do, in spite of appearances!
6. Sounds like denials.
7. I will go before six and Edward can follow later.
8. 1010.
9. An old-time murderer in hiding.
10. Devonshire mixed sort.
12. A fool rises in the gorge.
16. Go to Germany to get for keeps a peruke and a damaged kite.
18. Complacent.
19. "She stood upon the castle wall, ——:
    She watched my crest among them all, ——."
    (Tennyson).
21. Red Sea.
22. Canonized arts.
23. Flowery people in *Ulysses*.
24. Found in street, that's clear.
26. His art was, but is not, painting.
28. He gets mixed up with 17 in a gallant company.
30. North Tavistock upended.
31. Morning in Greece.
39. A dire arrangement.
40. Ill read?
43. Epithet for a Satanic extremity.
44. The Broads, comparatively speaking?
46. How I value it when angry.
47. *Livia Plurabelle*.
48. Cot (but the schoolboy knews better).
49. Gray's sleeping forefathers.
50. Just a bed, and a hard one at that!
52. Load.
53. He may be presumptive in front of the loom, or only just apparent.

(Solution on page 40)

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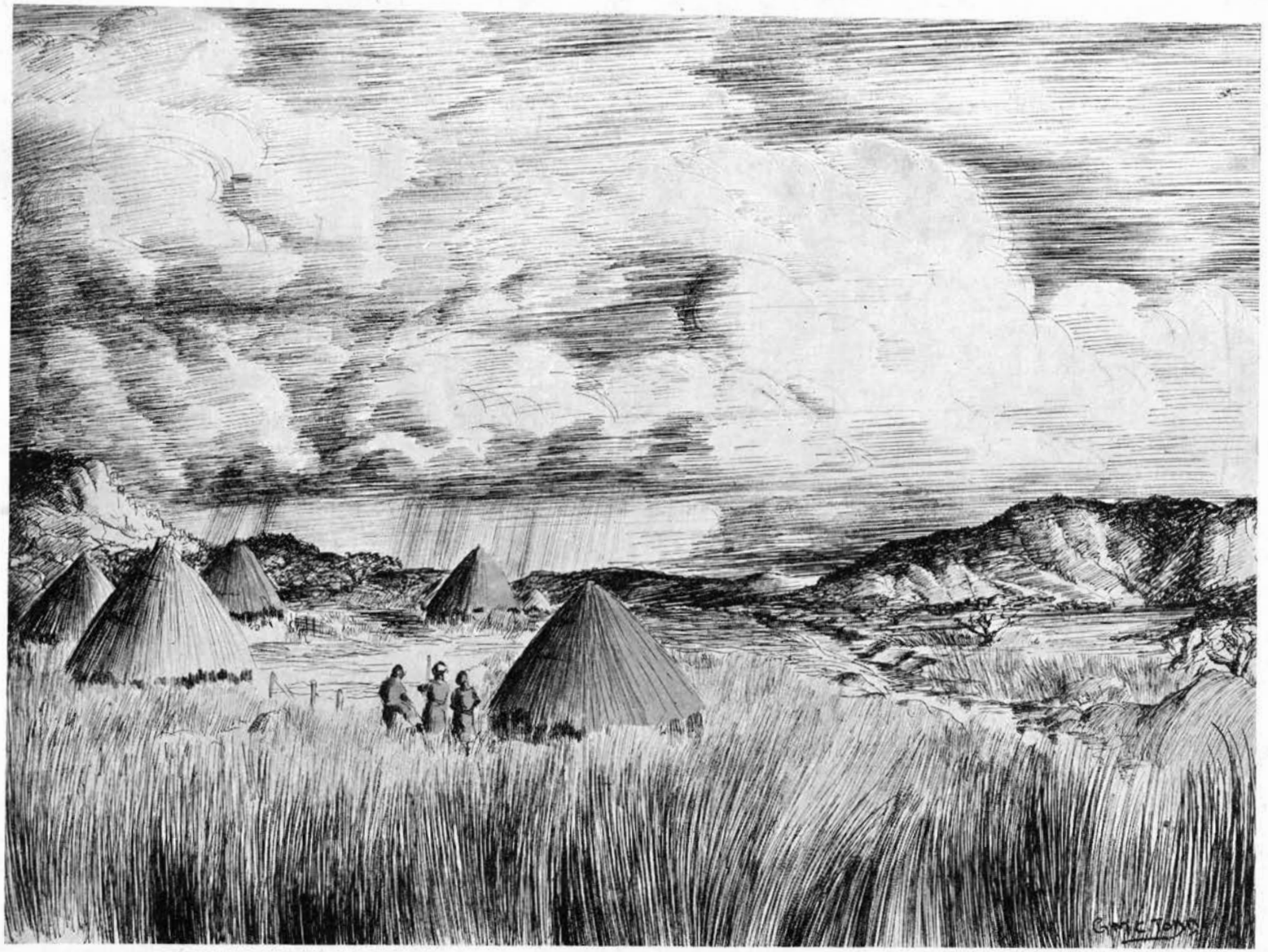


London at night

Bill Dalton is a rat catcher whose family have been keeping down London's rats for generations. Bill has broadcast several times and recently gave a B.B.C. talk on "London At Night," which is when he mostly sees it, for rat-catching is a nocturnal occupation. He talked about London's open air street markets, particularly Club Row, where his father used to sell live rats at fourpence apiece, for in those days rat pits, cock-fighting and badger-drawing were the sports of the day. Bill has been catching rats for forty years, and on his rounds meets night workers of every conceivable trade. When he has finished work he often goes home with the printers from Fleet Street, who have worked all night to produce the public's morning papers and who crowd on to the early morning trams at Blackfriars Bridge. "They hand their newspapers round to each other," said Bill. "I suppose the news is much the same, but they do like to read the paper the other bloke's printed."

Although he loses a lot of daylight he finds many compensations in his job. He sees the main London thoroughfares as they really are, lovely broad streets free from traffic or pedestrians. Half past three on a June morning is one of his favourite times for looking at London, when the sunshine is already brilliant, the sparrows are hopping round the gutters and the Thames looks completely placid. "You might look from Waterloo Bridge on a clear morning," said Bill, "right across South East London to the trees of Kent, that's twelve or fifteen miles. It's wonderful to see the sun get up in the morning and another day start three or four hours before anybody stirs."

"B.B.C."

Bill wears rubber shoes for rat catching but dare not wear them in Billingsgate Fish Market, which is far too wet. Billingsgate, all cobblestones, fish-boxes and vans, is, according to him, a place where "you have to be wide awake or you get your block knocked off." Husky fish porters with a pile of fish boxes on their heads don't wait for any dawdlers. Before the fish porters have started work, Bill sees a different picture. The streets are clean and washed and "as dead as a doornail. Even the odd stray cat or two has a dejected look, as if they were saying to one another 'They haven't even left us a kipper in the gutter'." He prefers Covent Garden market, where London's fruit, flowers and vegetables are sold, and it is there he loves to go in the early morning, to see the wonderful array of flowers for sale. "Of course," said the knowledgeable Bill, "you can get the London housewife on a lump of string if you take home a few flowers."

In bad weather everything is different. Waiting for a tram on the Embankment on a dark winter morning he often shines his torch on the sparrows roosting in the trees, perched there securely even when a wind is blowing. Where the trees are taller, and on the high buildings in Trafalgar Square and other places in the City, are the starlings, which come from all over London to roost. Bill is very interested in them and watches them take off in the early morning to feed outside London.

Bill catches rats in all kinds of places, in big department stores, theatres—they are easier to find backstage than in the front of the house, where they lurk amongst the seats—in mortuaries, in crematoria. His work takes him anywhere and everywhere in London, which he called "A town with a past and a town with a future, and, day-time or night-time, I don't want to live anywhere else."

OLD COMRADES

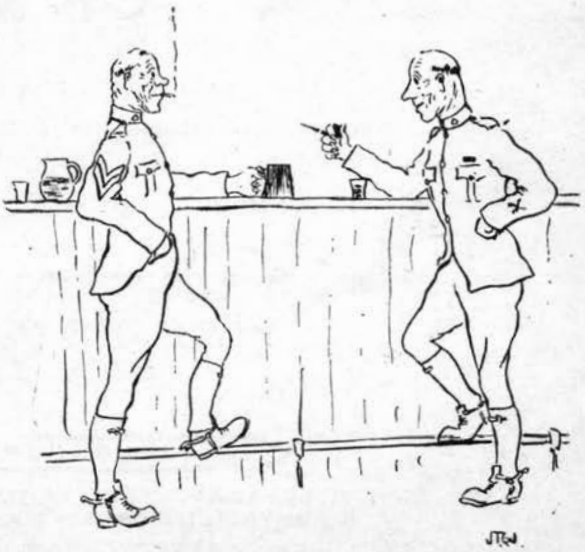
In view of the derogatory remarks which have been made about the two old comrades at the top of our page who do nothing but drink beer, smoke and waffle from one month's end to another, I publish a sketch of the same two gentlemen on the day before they went on "leave pending," which shows that they were as smart as could be wished! Amongst the barrage of criticism (only a little of which has been printed) there has not been one kind word, so here and now I take up the cudgel in their defence and wish them many further happy hours swopping "tall 'uns" with unlimited and cheap beer and baccy.

From Mr. J. C. Just, of Passford Farm, Lymington, Hants., England, I have received a number of news sheets of the early days—"The Mashonaland Herald and Zambesian Times," dated 19th September, 1891, "The Umtali Advertiser," dated 13th December, 1893, "The Mashonaland Times and Mining Record," dated 27th May, 1893, "The Rhodesia Chronicle," dated 14th May, 1892, and "The Matabeleland News and Mining Record," dated 10th July, 1894. I have shown them to the Government Archivist who is very interested as the Archives sets of these old newspapers are short of several of the issues which Mr. Just has sent us. I hope later to reprint some extracts from them.

News of the month is the very successful Regimental Association Reunion Dinner which was held at the Charing Cross Hotel. Here is the report of the "Evening Standard" which appeared under the headline—"The friends of Rhodes look back on adventure."

"Members of a Police Force whose officers are among the most adventurous in the world met again last night—at the annual dinner of the British South Africa Police Regimental Association, at the Charing Cross Hotel. There was 62-year-old Sir Percy Sillitoe, now chief of M.I.5 who joined as a trooper in 1908. Oldest in the service was ex-Sergeant John C. Quorn, 86, who joined in 1899. He remembers Rhodes ("I once cooked him a meal at Fort Victoria"). Man with most fights to his credit—86-year-old Collier-Gates, a Yorkshireman, was once a member of Colonel ("Buffalo Bill") Cody's circus, fought with Roosevelt's rough-riders in Cuba, the South African Police, in the Boxer Rebellion, the Boer War, two South American revolutions, in the French Army, in Spanish Army campaigns, finally in the 1914-18 war in the British Army. Another friend of Rhodes, 76-year-old Wing Commander L. Cohen, fought in the Matabele War. His last decoration was a D.F.C. won with Coastal Command when he was more than 66 years old."

Here is a list of the 80 members who attended the Dinner and their guests: Sir Percy Sillitoe, K.B.E., D.L.; the Rt. Hon. P. C. Gordon-Walker, M.P., Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations; Mr. K. M. Goodenough, C.M.G., M.C., High Commissioner



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for Southern Rhodesia; Brigadier J. E. Ross, C.V.O., C.B.E. (Commissioner of the British South Africa Police); Mr. W. C. Johnson, C.B.E. (Inspector General of Colonial Police); Mr. A. C. Chataway, M.B.E; the Right Hon. the Lord Baden Powell of Gilwell; Mr. W. V. Bond; Capt. G. Edmonds; Mr. E. Richards-Everett; Mr. B. Atkinson; Mr. G. W. Bryce; Mr. C. N. V. Quinion; Mr. H. W. Wright; Mr. E. H. Miller; Capt. F. Bainbridge; Mr. E. M. Burton; Major R. H. Lidderdale; Capt. J. Green; Capt. P. R. Ramsey; Mr. S. J. Butcher; Mr. J. C. Quorn; Mr. L. A. Bonass; Mr. W. E. Long; Major H. C. Patrick; Mr. R. E Lee; Mr. A. C. Raffin; Major F. R. Peters; Dr. E. C. Rowlette; Wing Commander L. Cohen, D.S.O., M.C, D.F.C.; Capt. H. Lancaster; Mr. S. H. Edwards; Mr. B. Edwards; Mr. W. J. Howlett; Mr. C. E. Lewis; Capt. B. M. de Quehen, M.V.O.; Mr. E. Goldsmith; Capt. L. E. Skinner; Mr. E. W. Sutton; Mr. J. A Bernie; Mr. C. H. Parsons; Mr. N. A. Brodie; Mr. R. W. Dyer; Mr. A. C. Davey; Capt. W. C. Southcliffe; Mr. G. S. Bond; Mr. L. A. McDade; Major H. Collier-Gates; Sir Michael Bruce, Bart.; Mr. J. M Bain; Capt. A. A. Poole; Mr. J. Swinfen-Cottreil; Lieut. S. V. Brewer; Lieut. L. B. Goodall; Mr. J. Pollock; Wing Commander J. A. Willoughby; Mr. J. Richards; Mr. A. J. Thomas; Mr. D. Green; Mr. L. A. Barrett; Mr. Chas. Ball; Mr. Colin Black; Lieut. E. Grimes; Mr. G. W. Wiltshire; Mr. G. Cox; Mr. F. Goff; Major E. Dowse-Brennan, O.B.E.; Capt. A. E. F. Dowse-Brennan; Mr. R. Sillitoe; Mr. Wm. Over; Mr. W. Spooner; Mr. W. Taylor; Mr. T. W. M. Kennedy; Mr. A. Siggins.

I have also received a cutting (unfortunately my correspondent did not tell me from which publication it came) under the heading "Only Two Men Stood," which reads: "London.—Veterans of the Matabeleland and Mashonaland Wars met in London yesterday to celebrate the 60th anniversary of the Occupation of Mashonaland by the British South Africa Company and to talk over their old battles. The Earl of Athlone, who took part in the Matabele Campaign of 1896, presided at the lunch. Only two men stood in reply to the toast of the survivors of the original march from Kimberley to Salisbury in 1890. They were 86-year-old John Charles Quorn, a former sergeant in the B.S.A. Police and 84-year-old J. H. Coles, a civilian mining engineer."

We have received a subscription to the Regimental Association from Major J. West, of Fort Jameson. Major West was at one time a saddler in the B.S.A.P. He was later commissioned in the K.A.R. (Q.M. Branch). He served in the 1914-18 and 1939-46 wars.

A letter from ex-Trooper No. 884, A. H. Marsh, gives us a tale of the good old days and whilst I cannot recommend any of our young serving troopers to adopt this method of supplementing their pay packet, it is amusing, seasonal and carries a moral! He says: "Another trooper and I had been on patrol for about a month, spraying locusts. We had completed our job and were returning to Belingwe Police Camp. It was on the afternoon of the 24th December, 1908. We outspanned within half a mile of the Sabi Mine. I then had only eighteen months' service but my half-section was an old-stager; in fact, he had served in the S.A.C. before joining the B.S.A.P. This fellow was very fond of whisky. Our idea was to spend Christmas Day on the Sabi Gold Mine as we knew all the miners including the manager who, by the way, had an artificial leg, and another good sport on the Mine was a man named Weir who owned the store in partnership with Jock Kennedy. Well, neither my pal nor I had the price of a drink between us and we did not like to go into the Mine without being able to return some of the hospitality we knew we would receive there. How to raise some money? Suddenly, my half-section had a brain wave, seeing a

crowd of natives coming along the road with several dogs he pulled them up and asked for their dog licences. Needless to say, the dogs were not licensed so my half-section acted as Native Commissioner and fined the boys. I never knew how much money he collected, but there and then we packed up and went into the Mine. On our arrival my pal bought a bottle of whisky and this was our introduction. I think there were about five Europeans on the mine. At all events, we all had a drink and, of course, that set the ball rolling and more drinks followed to celebrate the festive season, and everybody, including the manager, got properly on the burst and kept it up for three days, and, what's more, they held up the stamps of the battery for three days and no work was done at all. The outcome of this was that they all got the sack, including the manager.

"If this should be published I hope it catches the eye of some of the celebrators!"

On looking through my file I find a cutting from a Johannesburg paper and marked "about January, 1892." Again, I do not know which paper so I crave the indulgence of the Press concerned if I publish without acknowledgment, for it's too good to miss. I can't even say to whom we are indebted for the cutting, but I hope that he will contact me upon reading this when I will return it to him. He adds a note and initials it "J.B." He says: "This is how kindly Johannesburg wrote of our fellows who came

down country to look for jobs, with no influence and far from home. The fact was that Johannesburg did not like the idea of other goldfields being discovered to the North and was jealous of Charterland. However, I like his (the "Masher's") style!"

"ROUGE CROIX'S" COLUMN
The Mashonaland Masher

A new and not particularly happy element in the society of Johannesburg has been largely contributed of late by the advent of what may not inaptly be termed the Mashonaland Masher—a gentleman easily recognised by his cut-throat collar, the vacuum in his pockets, unlimited cheek, a lavish display of knicker-bockers, and a persistent enquiry on all possible occasions as to whether you happen to have a spare half-crown about you, ole fellah "till that little cheque of mines comes down from Tuli?" Of course the collar and the knickerbockers do the trick once in a way, but the request becomes monotonous and ineffectual from its iteration, before the visitor from Rhodesia has been a unit of the population long. It's really most remarkable to discover the total absence of cash amongst the contingent from the North. They all have cheques, bless you—but these useful documents, without exception, are either stuck fast at the Lundi or fooling round in the Chartered Company's offices somewhere on the way down. They were altogether too bulky and heavy for the Mashonaland Masher to bring along with him. And it's a very peculiar thing that not one of these drafts ever comes to hand. They get "scoffed" by those seven Randolphian lions en route doubtless.

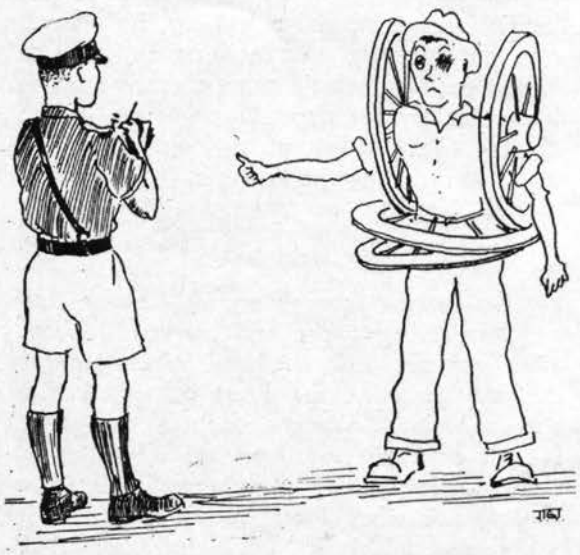
. . . . .

Badinage apart, however, the life spent by these young men for the past eighteen months as the Company's troopers has totally unfitted them for steady-going work of any kind. They make a pretence of looking for it as long as the collars last out and the knickers show no signs of wear and tear; but after that—the deluge. Their future is indeed a matter of serious moment and a week or two's course of Gaelic doesn't make them the fitter to meet it. The boarding-house keeper is beginning to look askance at the "Gentleman from Mashonaland" who is equally at home in the arduous task of lowering his portmanteau from a second-floor back, as he is in the artistic manipulation of his eye-glass and necktie. The eye-glass helps him over many a stile, but when, like Leland's Rhine maiden, he has—through stress of circumstances and his landlady's want of faith in home remittances —"nodings on" beside, the horse is of another colour. Work he won't, that's evident. What is to become of him?"

Finally, I wish all Old Comrades a Happy Christmas and New Year, and thank them for the letters and cuttings and books which I have received during 1950 and for which I depend almost entirely for material for our "Old Comrades" column. Long life and best of luck!

THE CHRONICLER.

Howlers . . . .



"The complainant had a black eye and wheels on his body."

from the Law and Police Duties examination papers of recruits.

The accused might retreat to the boarder.

A haystack is an immovable building.

Asiatics may not remove containers from a bar.

Deformation of character.

A public service vehicle is a Government-owned car.

One offence under the Masters and Servants Law is dissertation. (The dictionary gives the definition of "dissertation" as "an argumentative treatise!")

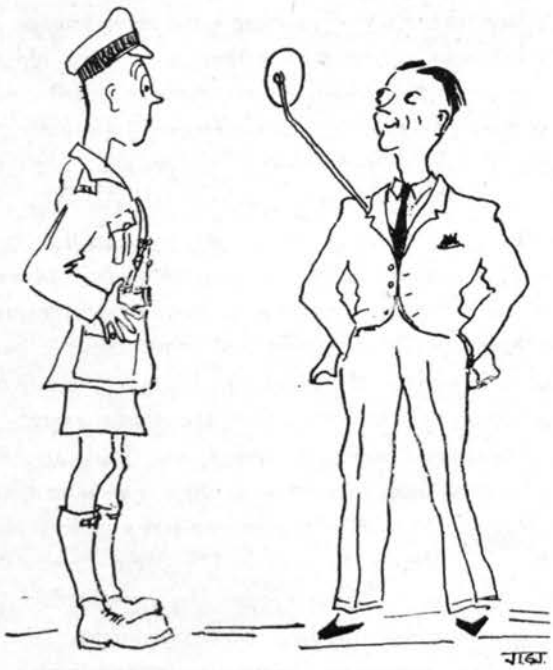
Statue law.

See that the number plates are audable.

Arson, rape, murder and assault are offences not only in Southern Rhodesia but in all other countries of the world with the possible exception of assault and murder in Iron Curtain countries.

He must have a valued town pass.

The "Black List" is a list of dangerous suspects



"Check driver's condition, etc., and that he is fitted with a rear-view mirror."

which the Police regard as the worst culprits.

If a person tried to gain his own ends from someone else I would charge him with Fraud.

Marriage Regulations of the Force: His age must be 25, must have served 3 years in the Force, must be suitable for prospective wife and vice versa.

Marriage Regulations: The woman must be mentally and medically fit.

Question: Under the Kaffir Beer Act the Colony is divided into two areas. What are the areas called?

Answer: North and South.

I would charge him with preach of the peach.

A native female does not need a pass from her employer if she lives with him.

A servant is a native employed by a European between 9.0 a.m. and 5.0 p.m.

Names and addresses of most Europeans can be taken except commissioned officers of Police and the Governor.

River-craft

Tall Tale

by

Hard Rock Shorty

of Death Valley

—Desert Magazine

"The road up to Cyclone Pass?" echoed Hard Rock Shorty in answer to the usual tourist question. "Shore, it's a good road—maybe a mite rough, but 's long as yu got a top on that station wagon they ain't no danger of yu bouncin' out.

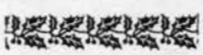
"Better'n some roads I've seen in my time," Shorty added in reminiscence.

"Now you take that road me an' Pisgah built up Eight Ball crick to that sulphur claim we staked out back in the nineties. Why that road would jar the tail feathers off'n a road-runner.

"Yu see we cleared the road by pryin' the boulders outa that conglomerate in the floor of the canyon. But nearly every rock was buried deeper'n it showed, and when we got through the holes wuz worse than the bumps 'd been.

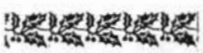
"Well, we didn't want t' give up a road we'd put so much work on, so we hauled our supplies over it till the burros got so they could jump like jack-rabbits. There wuz other bad features too. The canned beans that bounced in over that trail got to jumpin' and never stopped. When we opened a can we had to knock 'em down with fly-swatters.

"But we finally had t' give it up. Pisgah Bill balked. That was the day he was haulin' a 300-pound anvil up to the mine in the buckboard. He hit an extra big hole and the anvil bounced up and killed a buzzard flyin' overhead. The bird landed on Bill's new 10-gallon hat an' sorta made a mess of it. He ain't been over that road since."



"We think there must be something pretty good about a town where an unarmed bobby can stop a street fight by rocking on his heels and saying: 'Now, now, what's this all about?" — Oden and Olivia Meeker, two Americans talking in a B.B.C. programme about their reasons for deciding to live in London.

Four times a year in a big London warehouse down at the docks a few men gather to bid for old teeth. These originally belonged to African elephants and they come to the warehouse from all over that continent to be sorted, measured, graded and finally auctioned. When B.B.C. reporter Douglas Willis went to the warehouse he was told by the foreman in charge that there were thirteen tons of ivory on the floor and another ten tons in stock, representing the best part, literally the best and most valuable part, of some thirty-three thousand elephants. Some ivory is obtained from elephants that are shot, though these are very few, some is found on dead animals in swamps and undergrowth and some is paid in taxes by tribal chiefs. Much of the swamp ivory is very old and Willis was shown how it had become fossilised and stale. One of the buyers who was present told Willis that ivory is mainly used for toilet articles, brushes, fittings for expensive dressing-cases and piano keys. It is used for making billiard balls, which are turned on a lathe from solid pieces of ivory. However the composition ball has replaced the ivory billiard ball in many places, and nowadays ivory billiard balls are sold only in Europe and South America.



"The other day a man saw something move in the undergrowth of a Sussex lane. He picked it up. It had sharp claws, a long neck striped in yellow and red, and a shell splashed with the same colours. Experts said that it was a 'yellow-bellied terrapin from the Southern States of North America.' I do not think that terrapins are kept as pets, and if they are I do not think that anyone in Sussex keeps terrapins as pets. Anyway, no one had notified the police of any missing terrapins. Now how did a terrapin from the Southern States of North America get into the undergrowth of a Sussex lane? Ever since I read about this I have been worried about the possibility of finding a polar bear in my bathroom!"—W. J. Brown, speaking in a B.B.C. overseas programme.

Then there was a Party! . . . . .

by

Major Hugh Mackay

It is not all fun and frolic being either a soldier, policeman or District Commissioner in the "blue," especially when the "blue" concerned is a boma in the arid wastes of the Northern Frontier District of Kenya, and *that* Boma is Fajir, so well known by many Rhodesians and Springboks during the 1914-18 war. This is especially the case when the day happens to be Christmas Day, and there are no "shots in the locker," or drinks in the bin.

It was Christmas Day, 1921, and I was commanding a Platoon of the 3rd King's African Rifles, and also shared command of about 45 N.C.O.s and Constables of the Northern Frontier Armed Constabulary with the D.C. A good soul was Bill Sharpe, and I hope he sees these words after so many years. But to revert to Christmas.

It was hot—very, very hot, a burning heat that radiated from the white stone walls of the buildings which by the sweat of others' brows we architected and built.

The wells, some hundred yards or so from the wire *zareba* were thronged with shouting and swearing Somalis who were watering their camels, and fighting over whose turn it was. What with the aforementioned heat, the noise, and the screaming of the camels, life was not too pleasant, especially that, before and after our "brunch" of eggs and eggs, there had been nothing to say "cheerio" with except unsweetened ration lime-juice, which lies heavy-like on the tummy at the best of times.

Bill had gone to bed, and I had done likewise in my house across the parade ground, and it was about three pip-emma when I suddenly awoke.

At first I wondered what had happened. I heard a distant hum like a huge swarm of bees. Bill was yelling, and I could hear his voice above the clamour of the Somali warriors and stock.

Thinking of murder, assault, battery and such like, I leaped to the floor and grabbed my revolver. Out I rushed and saw the askaris stampeding about like men demented. Bill was on the flat roof of the Residency, and the Somalis with their camels were beating it for the bush as if *Shaitan* was at their tails.

The thrumming noise became louder as I rushed to join Bill on the roof.

The bush about the boma had been cleared for about a radius of four hundred yards, and as I joined Bill I looked towards where the path broke from the bush, the path where 11 miles away the wells of Waghalla lay.

"What the devil . . ." I broke out, and Bill pursed his lips. *Then* we saw. From the bush appeared three motors, dear old Tin Lizzies, which roared and churned up the sand as they came line ahead across the open space.

I glanced at Bill and he glowered at me, both minds but with a single thought—Peace, perfect peace, at an end, for *now* we were in direct communication with civilisation, and no longer could we just dump annoying letters from H.Q. and say baldly that we had never received them for the mail runner had been a good meal for a hungry lion, or crocodile!

"Blast!" said Bill feelingly, and I echoed his feelings.

Down we went in time to meet those cheery souls from Meru who had blazed the motor trial to Wajir, and, who had driven the *first* motors ever to have arrived at the Boma.

It wasn't *their* fault that they had spoilt our solitude, while, after all, it *was* Christmas Day and we had to be hospitable in *lime-juice*. Oh, how we had cursed when our expected stores had not turned up in time, and now we regretted it more.

As the cars drew up, we saw they were decorated with flags. The askaris gathered round wildly excited, but there was not a wild and woolly Somali or camel to be seen, *they* had vanished with the fear of God in their souls, while later they thought that the cars were truly devils, when some of the more venturesome came along and tried to take a rupee from a tin of water in which a lead had been dropped from one of the car's engines which was running slowly. Great was the shock thereof, and great fun was had by all, excepting the Somalis!

But about the chaps. We wished each other a Merry (?) Christmas, and wandered into the Residency, where Bill called for the—lime-juice!

The chappies said that they had left Meru a hundred miles or so away, that morning at sparrow-wake, no trouble had been encountered excepting being charged by annoyed rhinos several times, and being nearly sunk across the Uaso Nyero River, which swarms with large crocs! It had been hot, but not unduly so. Then I noticed the leader of the safari, a cheerful young lad, nod to one of his companions, who got up, and excusing himself, left the room.

I took no notice, however, until a few minutes later he returned with a broad grin on his face, and followed by half a dozen askaris. My eyes bulged, while I heard Bill gasp, for each askari was sweating under the weight of a large "chop-box." One after another, in complete silence from all, the men put down the cases. One, two, three, four, five, six, then off they went for another load.

Bill broke the silence with a loud whoop! I was not a bad second, and I bet anything that cases were never before opened with such speed as those were.

"Ah!" a sigh went round as we wiped the froth from our lips a few minutes later. Then Bill spoke softly—"Where, oh. where did you get 'em?"

"Just found them sculling about at Meru," said the leader calmly. "Thought you might like 'em. Hope we didn't do wrong, sir?"

"Wrong!" cried Bill. "Wrong!" Why, you deserve, you deserve—well, another beer." He reached into the case which, already down one layer, was at his side. "Even if we don't like you, and hate the sight of your ruddy cars, I could, could—er—give you another beer," and he did. *THEN* the party started!

NEAT

Hostess: "Do you like your tea with or without rum?"

Digger: "With rum, please, but without tea."

Wanted, a revolver or automatic pistol.—

Apply Editor.

IT REALLY HAPPENED . . .

"But, Sergeant, I didn't want to wake up the horses!"

Station Notes

C.I.D. BULAWAYO

We have found great interest in perusing the "Station Notes" feature of our Regimental Magazine, chiefly because trace is maintained of old associates, both serving and on the "Retired List." Having listened to the appeals of our Editor for some time, and those from our reading public we will endeavour to pass what news we can from these headquarters.

During the last month "farewells" were said to Inspector A. E. Potts who left us on leave pending discharge after 22 years' service in the Corps. Members of the C.I.D. stationed here donated a fine looking clock, which was presented to our retiring Inspector by Captain B. J. Price. Mention was made by Captain Price in his speech, of the outstanding character of Mr. Potts, and all joined in wishing him continued success in his new venture as an insurance salesman.

Recent moves within the Department have resulted in Inspector S. Barfoot leaving the Crime Index for the N.F.I.B. and Detective "Jack" Lees from Bulawayo to Beitbridge. The establishment of married members was increased on the 30th September, 1950 when "Ron" Eames married a lady from the local hospital. Our congratulations go to him and his wife for their future happiness. Back from a long leave recently was "Shorty" Rees of Inyati Fame, who tells us that although he almost exhausted his financial resources the trip "home" was well worth it. Unfortunately "Shorty" has been an inpatient at the local hospital of late, but at the time of writing is convalescing nicely.

Smiles were raised and eyebrows lifted recently when an A.C. from the A.P.T.S., Salisbury, who was attached to this Department on special plain clothes duty—cycle observation—had his own bicycle stolen whilst on this duty. Luckily enquiries resulted in the location of the cycle and subsequent arrest and conviction of the accused.

Our well known "receptionist," Mr. Q. C. Siebert (you remember, the gentleman you find at the top of the stairs, under the notice "Enquiries") sends his regards to all members who have had reason to visit us this last two years or so.

Promotion examinations have been upon us and the following members sat in Headquarters here in connection with the Detective to 2/Sergeant examination: Detectives "Dixie" Bruce and "Steady" Steadman from C.I.D. Bulawayo, and "Jock" Carstairs and "Chuck" Bottriel from Salisbury, and lastly "Ricky" May from Gwelo. All seemed quite confident that they had exerted their best efforts and we wish them success when the results are made known. Before leaving this topic we are asked to state that the rumour claiming that one of our confidential typists had been entertained for a fortnight previous to the examination by individual members mentioned, is not true.

Congratulations this month to "Dixie" Bruce, of the Active Section, who was married on the 18th November in Fort Victoria. Our best wishes go to him and his wife for their future happiness.

Recent visitors to our offices have been Capt. D. M. Batty from C.I.D., Gwelo, 1/Sergeant Arthur Weston from Shabani, and 3923 Trooper Howard from Fort Victoria, the latter member calling in whilst passing through on a spot of leave. Old Comrades in Mr. S. Bowbrick (ex-No. 3065, Inspector) and "Jock" MacRae (ex-No. 3143, 1/Sergeant) both of whom are now with the Cold Storage Commission in Bulawayo, also renewed old acquaintanceships, as did "Jock" Leslie (ex-No. 3758, 2/Sergeant) now employed by the Bulawayo Municipality.

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In Southern Rhodesia the Company owns extensive orange groves on their Mazoe, Premier and Sinoia Estates and maize and wheat are grown on their Mazoe, Premier and Simoona Estates.

A modern plant to deal with the extraction or Orange Oil and Concentrated Juice, and other Citrus derivatives, has been established on the Mazoe Estate.

On the Company's Imbeza Estate, near Umtali, there is an established Forestry Plantation of nearly 3,000 acres, and a well equipped Saw Mill.

Through its connection with the Rhodesian Milling and Manufacturing Company, Limited, the Company is largely interested in the Flour and Maize Milling Industry in Southern and Northern Rhodesia.

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Whilst on the subject of visitors we might add that ex-Det./Inspectors A. Potts and S. Compton have been seen around the offices with their insurance papers, so we can take it as a matter of course that our younger members are now fully covered. Whether they managed to see Detectives Gregory and Jack Lees, is not known. Both were in town recently, the former, "Jock" Gregory, spending a few days leave with us, whilst Jack came in for Court Duties. News has been received from D/1/Sgt. "Pug" Barton who was recently around the Eastern Districts area with his wife and family on vacational leave. His main point of interest seemed to lie in the performance of his recently acquired Hillman Minx which helped considerably towards his holiday. Recent arrivals to the Department have been Detectives R. B. Fawcett and S. D. Cooper whom we hope will soon settle down amongst us.

As the writer of these notes has just been warned that a certain insurance agent is on the way he must beat a hasty retreat, so for the present we must close. Cheerio.

Our best wishes are extended to members past and present for a Happy Xmas and Prosperous New Year. Let us hope that all criminals "in quiet be" throughout the festive season in order that our lot may be a happy one.

CARURO.

CHIPINGA NOTES

After seeing what the Printer's Devil did to the last Chipinga notes, we are reluctant to venture into print again, but the Christmas season being one of Good Fellowship towards all we will forget past offences and have another crack at the headlines.

The personnel have changed somewhat since our last notes, 1/Sergeant Murray remains at the helm, with Trooper Reeves from Headlands as second-in-command, Trooper Beach, ex-Melsetter, and Constable Gant, ex-Umtali Town as able assistants. The last-named is on his first mounted reserve patrol as these notes are typed, one wonders if his enthusiasm will stand the stiffness and soreness which always arrives after the first few miles have been clocked on the horseometer. R/H Diplomat is a good steady patrol horse, but he knows who is on his back and has his fun at the expense of the new fellows.

Promotion examination fever has attacked two of the staff, but they are slowly recovering and it is hoped that they will be back to normal within a short spell. In the General Knowledge paper one of the candidates moved International Boundaries of the adjoining territories, gave Cabinet Ministers different portfolios, and altered orders of precedence. "Fragrante delicto" was defined as a "delicious smell."

Amongst the old hands in the area are: L. M. Lewis of "Berglands," M. R. Rankin (No. 1731) of the Veterinary Department, ex-Sergeant Miller of Sherwood Farm, ex-Sergeant Ernest Odendaal of Grassflats Farm and ex-Trooper Murray (3902) secretary of the T.M.B.

Who is: 1, The member who, on a baboon hunt, was heard to remark that the local G.M.O. had nearly blown his head off? 2, The new member who thought that "kaffir Truck" was a native motor lorry? 3, The person in high authority who instructed the details at Chipinga to wipe the eyes of the local rifle platoon, and was astonished at the result and murmured " Thank God we have a Navy?"

"MUNYORO."

QUE QUE

Dear Mr. Editor. About four hours ago I sat down with the intention of submitting notes for the Station. I had the idea that Que Que notes would be original, witty and brim full of interest to all. None of this, "it has been some time since Que Que notes appeared in the Outpost" stuff for me. No, I would evolve a new line of approach.

That was four hours ago. I have drafted, redrafted, suffered mental anguish and have consigned all my previous efforts to the W.P.B. and the sole result of my labours being that I can now appreciate why Station Notes are not submitted more frequently from this Station and others.

The whole trouble is in the opening paragraph. Roughly Station Notes are divided into three main phrases. The opening paragraph, the middle bit all about transfers and what have you, and the closing paragraph, "now that the sun is sinking, etc. etc."

Once having mastered the opening paragraph the rest is a piece of cake. One gets frightfully chatty about Trooper So and So having fallen off his horse, having bought a new motor bike, having got married without permission and having been transferred or discharged or both.

We are always falling off our horses, buying new motor bikes, and being transferred. Our Station strength is never the same for more than a month or so. We are like a railway terminus, people come and go with amazing rapidity. We've even had a change of Station Masters just lately.

Our S.D.O., Lieutenant Collings, proceeded on leave. He has been succeeded by Lieutenant Emes.

This called for a bit of a "do" and the rally call was duly sent forth to which the regulars responded because they wanted to and the Reserve because there would be lashings of beer. The occasion was held in the canteen. Normally our canteen is a cosy little place with sufficient room for half a dozen blokes to sit at the bar in comfort whilst Sergeant Bert Shaw alias "The Doctor" dispenses liquid refreshment.

On this occasion the place was packed, the Reserve turned up in full strength, all fifty of them, this being one of the rare occasions on which they do things like that. Needless to say everything went off very smoothly and the months stock was disposed off in one evening.

I suppose, sooner or later, everyone is stationed for a time at Que Que. At the moment the policy seems to be to ensure this in the shortest possible time by posting all recruits from Depot to us. Not that we mind, bless them. No doubt Que Que is a suitable grooming ground for all up and budding policemen and after all we have the transport and the C.M.E.D. is within towing distance.

There was a time when a chap leaving Depot was posted to an out-station where he remained for a number of years and then, before he went penga, was brought in to a large centre just to show him how nice a Bundu Station really is. The position now seems to be the reverse.

It would take up too much space to give you a nominal roll of our strength or the transfers which have occurred in the past 5 months and in any case, if I did so, there would probably be a number of amendments to the list before it reached the Press. Sufficient to say that we number, District and Town European plus C.I.D., some 17 all told with a proportionate number of African Police, Scavengers, Fire Rangers, etc.

But all this is very necessary. Que Que is expanding rapidly in all directions. On every side new buildings are going up, a special block for half a dozen medico's, industrial sites, Pise sites, etc., etc., and Que Que responds to the din of the builder.

Now, if you want peace and quiet and wish to know what Que Que looked like fifty years ago, the Camp is the place for you. The one and only married quarters occupies the same position. The five other married members have scratched around and found themselves quarters in various parts of the town. The Town and District Single Quarters are still there. The only trouble is to find storage space for all the chairs, bedside tables and shady lamps that have since been issued to these quarters aforesaid.

We boast of the finest stretch of tarmac road in the Colony, bar none. It is about 7 miles long, 25 feet wide and lined with magnetic trees. Uncanny things about these trees. They have a queer way of attracting motorists, especially at week-ends. A perfectly sane, normal driver will suddenly go haywire finding himself on a stretch of road where he can pass four lanes of traffic in comfort. The total result of this being that we now have the finest collection of sketch plans covering every inch of the 7 miles and the trees are being knocked down one by one.

I suppose our office is no different from the rest except that we probably deal with far more people whose classic opening remark on bursting into the office is: "Iv'e gotta boy . . . " Who hasn't?

Plans are afoot to have a kiddies' party at Christmas. If these plans are carried out to the letter I think a nice tumultuous riot on the same day would find many thankful volunteers. In any case we will probably take over the party whilst the kiddies wonder whose party it is, anyway.

And now, at the time of writing, we have the rains upon us. To Que Que this is a blessing indeed. During the dry season Que Que is the dirtiest, dustiest place in the Colony. From my vantage point on the Pise and as the sun goes down I can see the billowing red clouds of dust settling down gently and carefully over the town like a broody hen over her eggs. But perhaps I am being unduly pessimistic. I am told that in about 10 years when all the roads are of tarmac this dust question will be a thing of the past. So will I.

Cheerio, Happy Christmas.

GUTU

With the coming of Christmas we feel it a bounden duty, with apologies to those who have never heard of Gutu, to make our presence known once more.

At the moment the station is held up by I/Sergeant Jock Hunter, Trooper Cyril Leamon, Constable Karl Maskell, and twelve African police, with A/Sergeant Matasika, a recent arrival from Salisbury as head of the African details.

A fresh face, in the shape of Trooper Gethen from Chibi is expected during the week so we will welcome him now.

He will take the place of Trooper Ian Dixon, who so happily shook the dust of Gutu from his feet at the beginning of November, bound for C.I.D., Bulawayo, where he will by now no doubt have made his presence felt and made the necessary purchases of pork pie hat, crepe-soled shoes, and other essentials. Getting a bit worn, this shibboleth. However, we still have, amongst the others, his dog as a souvenir.

In spite of the outbackness of the area we have more than our share of old-time cops here. At the Native Department, Archie Wells, the Native Commissioner, and Jack Brendon, the A.N.C., are both ex-police, also Stalkie Saunders, the L.D.O. and Ted Ronnie, the Dip Supervisor, while further out P.R. van der Linde, late Animal Health Inspector, is now farming tobacco, and R. Holman, another old hand, is out in the Gutu Reserve at Chinyika Store. Ex-Sergeant-Major MacIntosh, ex-Enkeldoorn, of course, is still going strong at Fairbairn Farm, and is always ready for a yarn about the good old days in the police.

Old-timers will doubtless be pleased to know that the horse still maintains a place in the Gutu set-up and mounted patrols still operate regularly over the far-flung reaches of the Gutu and Chikwanda Reserves.

In spite of, or because of, the alleged wickedness of the Kalanga, who is one native, who, regardless of the argued benefits of Christianity and education, still appears to maintain a close association with his forefathers, there appears to be something in the air at Gutu which arouses a wish in the breast of the policeman to obtain a better understanding of the native mind. At the moment " Karl Maskell," " the silent one," is busy absorbing customs and language, while the member i/c is scribbling notes in Chikaranga all day long in preparation for the written " Bantu Studies Exam." at the end of November. I personally wish him great success; £20 will be of much greater use by the sea than resting in the coffers of the S.R.G.

There has been a marked increase in the size and population of Gutu village over the past few months with the erection of new houses for Soil Conservation Officer, Native Department, and Animal Health Inspector. A nine-hole golf course made its appearance during the year, and a swimming pool is at present under construction and will be ready for use by Christmas. A pleasant means of getting rid of one of the hangovers that are apt to occur over this period.

Exactly as I write, the super sleuth of the Section, Trooper Cyril Leamon, who always likes his cases to be difficult, awkward to close, and impossible to take to court, is sitting the Promotion Examination in Fort Victoria. We are relying on him to maintain Gutu's position, wherever that may be, and wish him every success.

From information to hand regarding " Amalgamation " it would seem that the present bundubashers of Victoria District remain true to their code and have no desire for the joys of dance halls, dames and bios.

For the benefit of the old hands of the past, we will conclude by saying that " Jakata " and the Vakaranga" remain unchanged with the passing of the years. " Gona " kopje where the Gutu Dynasty of Chiefs was founded many hundreds of years ago, still peeps at us over the wooded valley, the men of the " Monomatapa Empire " still emerge at night with boxes of matches (the

modern touch) in the pockets of their tattered shorts bound for the huts of their enemies, and the witch doctor apparently still has a large say in the daily affairs of their lives.

"Wubvumewe" Ruware, where in bygone days, Chief Gutu used to muster his warriors, still stretches, empty and desolate now of warriors, beside Gona, and the jackals still play on " Rasa " mountain amongst the tombs of the " Madzimu."

And by the way, our best wishes for Christmas and the New Year to all present and past members of the Corps.

J. H.

ENKELDOORN

Some time appears to have elapsed since this post last made any contribution to Station Notes, but after devouring the contents of " Colonel " Jackson's cryptic letter, in a recent issue of " The Outpost," we have decided to pursue a policy of " digitus extractus."

For the benefit of potential insurance agents and any others who may be interested, the local constabulary (or perhaps in this case we should say troopabulary) consists of Sub-Inspector Cooke,

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Troopers Brink, Brown, Stoakes and Williams, All of whom are, as we ourselves will be the first to admit, jolly good fellows.

A stranger setting foot for the first time in the Enkeldoorn Police Camp, might, as horse upon horse trotted into his field of vision, imagine this to be an academy for the "Spanish School of Equitation." The cause of this sudden surfeit of quadrupeds is obscure; although the view has been expressed that it might be due to some oversight by the farrier staff in respect of riding horse "Jolly." Trooper Stoakes, whose animal-loving instinct is not to be satisfied with mere 'oss flesh, has recently become the proud owner of a puppy which he takes pains to assure us is of no lesser breed than thoroughbred pointer. Despite these assurances, many is the doubt cast on the validity of the little creature's pedigree. Although many names have been suggested, the apple of Stoakes' gory orb remains unchristened. The owner feels that these monikers would virtually exclude his pet from mixed company.

Of late our little dorp has taken on the appearance of a miniature Monte Carlo: in short there has been a Golf Club dance. It was the opportunity for one of our number to show the good stuff there is in him. Many men in his condition would have remained inert until the following morning. However, scarcely had the pall-bearers laid him on his bed and departed, than he was again up and about. Casting aside all selfish desire for peace and solitude, he manfully gave the benefit of his rich baritone in the many folk songs which were rendered that night. Let us hope that other heroes are as full of the spirit of self-sacrifice and determination after the forthcoming Christmas celebrations.

With the hope that all others will have as merry a Christmas as we intend to enjoy, we say cheerio until next time.

BULLDUST.

UMTALI

As this is the last of the 1950 Outposts, it seems a convenient opportunity to run over briefly, the principal events of the year. Our greatest change has been, I think, our very large increase in staff. At this time last year we were very short staffed owing to leave conditions. The shortages have now been made up and an increase made in establishment, with the result that we are now nearly double our strength this time last year. The increase has not been entirely without it's disadvantages and the accommodation problem is, to say the least of it, cramped. We hear, however, that plans are under way to improve things next year.

One of the great advantages we have reaped has been the tremendous impetus given to sport of all kinds. The increase in personnel has made it possible for us to participate in team games and to play more sport than ever before. Earlier in the year a Police soccer team was formed. This was the first ever in Umtali and so popular did it become that a second team had to be formed in order to give everyone a game. This second team played in friendlies only, but the first team entered the local league, and although it did not do very well there are good hopes for next season. No sooner was the football season over than a cricket team was started. Again this was the first purely Police team ever to be formed in Umtali. So many members expressed their willingness to play that it was decided to form two teams of equal strength to play alternate matches, the idea being that it was better to give everyone a game than to turn out the strongest team each time. There were numerous difficulties, particularly with regard to a suitable ground, but eventually after a lot of hard work by Major Thatcher, Sergeant Mason and Trooper Aldred a portion of the old football ground was levelled off and a pitch laid. The outfield is at present extremely rough, but we are going ahead with plans to level off the whole ground and get the outfield smoothed out, and it is hoped that we shall have a first-class ground next season. Meanwhile the cricket is going ahead, and although we are playing friendly matches only we seem to be more successful than we were at soccer.

During the year two new tennis courts were constructed and brought into use, and although tennis is not played much during the week the new courts have proved a great incentive to week-end play and there is always a large crowd of tennis fans there on a Sunday.

A water-polo team was also formed during the latter part of the year under the guidance of Sergeant Podmore with the assistance of Constable (more potatoes) Watts. So far they have not played in any matches, but are very confident for the future. Under Sergeant Podmore's coaching they have improved greatly.

There is no doubt that very great credit for the greatly increased activity in sport must go to the Officer Commanding, Major Thatcher. By his own energy and enthusiasm he has undoubtedly infused a grand sporting spirit into those members stationed here and has helped to overcome all sorts of difficulties regarding pitches, equipment, etc.

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Two other activities, although not actually Police activities, are worthy of mention. Firstly, several members excelled themselves in amateur dramatic productions and are carrying on the good work. Sergeant Mason made a hit in "Love in a Mist," and was then seen in "What's Cooking?" Now we hear that he is to appear again in a new one-act play. Sergeant Robertson also made a hit in "Is Your Honeymoon Really Necessary?" and he will be seen again shortly in "The Chiltern Hundreds." Secondly, the Umtali Gliding Club has proved very popular with a number of our members. Sergeant Mason, Constable Parry and Trooper Bremner are all rapidly becoming experts. Trooper Bremner has already gained his "A" Certificate, so if any strange gliders are seen in your district don't get het up about flying saucers or anything like that, it may only be Bremner.

Yet another activity that cannot be disregarded is that of squad 1 of 37. It seems that fortune has posted three members of this squad to Umtali at the same time. Naturally this has led to a very high morale within the squad and any member who lets the squad down is liable to instant excommunication. Recently one member let the squad down most horribly by coming out first ball three times running. (My apologies if it was second ball.). The immediate reaction was a vote from the other squad members that he be relegated immediately, but after much beer had passed, not without an element of bribery and corruption, it was agreed to give him one more chance.

To come to more recent events, we have to congratulate Sergeant May on his promotion last month and also on the birth of a daughter, Lesley Margaret, on the 4th November. Both events were celebrated in the usual manner and the father is said to be doing as well as can be expected, but is still rather weak.

The last few weeks have seen a lot of visitors from outstations in Umtali to sit for promotion. The only results to hand so far are those from 1st Sergeant to Sub-Inspector in which all the candidates passed the preliminary examination. Here's wishing good luck to all the remainder and the hope that Umtali District will acquit itself well.

Sergeant Owen has been seen with a very sad and wistful expression lately. He recently sold his gleaming Triumph "Tiger" and has now acquired a four-wheeled wreck which he claims is a 1938 Willys. It seems to go reasonably well at times and who can gainsay that a breakdown in the vicinity of Silver Oaks has not got its advantages? (Silver Oaks, for the benefit of those who have not visited Umtali, is the home of all the beautiful young things.). Sandy McCall Smith has also acquired an even earlier vintage wreck, just about large enough to get all his family in, and may be seen travelling around the local countryside. In fact, he may be seen anywhere within pushing distance of town. A great loss to the motor-cycling community takes place at the end of this month, when Trooper Aldred leaves the Force to take over a job at the Vumba Hotel. We are not quite sure what he is going to do there, but we are sure that any member visiting the Vumba Hotel will be sure of a welcome. All the very best of luck for your new venture, Ricky.

And now, to finish, we in Umtali take this opportunity to wish all readers of "The Outpost" a very Merry Christmas and a very Happy New Year.

NGITI.

MTOKO

It is about time Mtoko came into prominence, being one of the earliest police posts in Rhodesia.

The first was established in 1893 by the B.S.A. Company's Police and under the command of Mr. Weale, who also was the first Native Commissioner at Mrewa. The Camp sites have shifted three times, the first on the banks of the Mudzi, the second built by the late Tommy Flaxman, and opened in 1910, and the present now situated on the main Salisbury-Tete road, also serves as the Immigration and Customs post. During the dry season a heavy passage of traffic passes through to Nyasaland.

Sergeant Peters 3787, is the present member i/c, and his sleuth hounds are "Wally" Walters 4402, Jim Pain 4382 (the Trooper who cleaned up all crime at Bindura), and last, but not least, "Titus" Oates 4482. It is whispered that we are called the Rhodesian Mounties. "We always get our man."

Recent departures on leave and transfer are Mike Cave, for a spell of long leave, and "Lofty" Baker, on transfer to Bulawayo.

Walters has just returned from a ten days' patrol in the Mkota district.

Many old ex-Police pass through Mtoko, and the latest visitor was a Sergeant Willshire, who was stationed at No. 2 Camp 20 years ago. Our permanent ex-Policemen resident here is Sergeant Jock Taylor (1736) who also acts as our Immigration and Customs officer, and Captain P.

Conant Burgess (1021), steward at Mtemwa Leprosy Hospital.

Captain Burgess first served with Corporal Webb when the Camp was on the Mudzi and then took charge of No. 2 Camp now occupied by the C.M.E.D. Depot.

Sergeant Peters is our local horticulturist and landscape gardener. His splendid work can be seen at the Police Camp. He levelled an old ant heap and showed his skill in flowers and shrubs by inscribing the B.S.A.P. crest, a remarkable piece of work admired very much by Brigadier Ross.

Our local tennis club is much in evidence, being supported by the local residents (four) when, after a strenuous game we all sojourn to the local hostelry, to wit, Barney Kaplan's hotel. It is said that Barney is closely identified with the Mtoko Ruins, having been resident in Mtoko for 41 years.

The annual Mtoko Ball was held at the Mtoko Hotel on Saturday, November 18th, and in aid of the Tennis Club. A very large attendance was recorded. Visitors from Mrewa, Macheke and Salisbury were much in evidence. Dance music was supplied by means of an electrical gramophone. It was previously suggested that Wally Walters would supply the music on his harmonica, but his services were required to act as M.C.

Oates and Pain were heard but not seen, having to chaperon two fair damsels from Salisbury in the spacious grounds of the hotel.

We send our salaams to all friends, hoping life is as enjoyable with them, wherever they may be, as it is to us in fair Mtoko.

PARANENDU.

MASHABA

Once again the Festive season draws near, and we hope that there will be Peace on Earth—Goodwill to men in our mining compounds in order that me may, too, enjoy the festive season.

We look back on a year of great growth and development in this mining area. Many new properties have been opened up and others have been further developed, this in consequence has increased both our native and European populations. At long last it appears that we, in the not too distant future will become a small township, the place having bristled with surveyors and town planners in recent months.

We have yet another "Old Comrade" now in the district, he is Mr. H. N. Terry, who thinks his number was 2485, but he can't remember exactly. He was in the Sipolilo area in the early 20's. He sends his regards to all his contemporaries wherever they may be, and special regards to our Editor, Mr. Baldwin, who is at present on leave.

We will be brief this month, and not take up too much space as we hope many scribes from many stations will have rallied round this Christmastide to increase the amount of reading matter in the popular item of the Regimental Magazine, and further we hope they will come forward with their notes on other occasions besides Christmas.

Well folks, we, who are at Mashaba wish you all a very happy and peaceful Christmas, and a better and happier New Year.

MANDEBVU.

BUHERA

It is not known to the writer how long ago "The Outpost" last received any notes from Buhera, but it is thought that the last notes submitted must have been carved in stone and by now would be classed with "Bushman paintings and Ancient monuments." We have, therefore, decided to put Buhera on the map once more and tell you some of the happenings of the past year.

The present European personnel is Sergeant Gray, Trooper Martin and Constable Winter.

Congratulations to Sergeant Wane (ex-Buhera) on his promotion to 1/Sergeant in July, and we hope that Mrs. Wane's health will improve in Salisbury. Whilst on the subject of promotion, we wish every success to Sergeant Gray, who is at the time of writing in middle of his examination.

The Native Department staff here is comprised of Mr. F. Champion, N.C. (ex-B.S.A.P. No. not known), Mr. D. J. Y. Woods, A.N.C., Mr. E. P. Meaker and Mr. E. Searle, Dip Tank Supervisor (ex-Transport Department, who states that he drove the first Government motor vehicle into Southern Rhodesia).

As regards crime, we have been kept fairly busy with the typical native reserve offences.

A 25-day mounted patrol was carried out by Constable Winter in the Sabi Valley during September-October and he returned with a reduced waistline and looking somewhat sunburnt and said little of what we imagine was the highlight of the patrol, a cold "Castle" beer at the Birchenough Bridge Hotel. Trooper Martin is at present getting fit by carrying out a three-week mounted patrol at the opposite end of our reserve. He is rather reluctant to use the truck, owing to his being involved in a slight accident caused by an

ant hill popping up in the middle of the road. (My! These Rhodesian ants work fast!).

The new married quarters, the construction of which was started in October, 1949, has at last been completed and the member i/c is busy taking possession. The troops are on the verge of moving from the temporary single quarters to the original single quarters, vacated by the member i/c.

We have been confronted by certain occurrences during the past few months which have broken the usual routine.

Firstly, the village water pump, for the supervision of which the member i/c is responsible, has been behaving extremely badly, and on occasions it had been necessary to fetch water from the river in 44-gallon drums. Secondly, the local Native butcher, said that his supplies of "mombe" were exhausted. This seemed hard to believe as, soon after, two nights in succession, a herd of cattle and various donkeys descended on the camp and enjoyed at our expense our cherished vegetable and flower garden. However, a few days later in the dead of night, Trooper Martin succeeded in rounding up certain of the offending cattle and turned the garage into a cattle kraal for the rest of the night, much to the disgust of the bandit who had to clean it out the next morning. The owner of the cattle was located and agreement on the subject of compensation was reached. As regards the shortage of meat, to assist matters, our station shotgun was withdrawn from us to Gwelo, from where rumours have reached us that it is required for disposing of large and ferocious dogs in the vicinity. Thirdly, we have had a small outbreak of smallpox, which kept us busy for a few days. It now appears to be under control.

Our main means of transport for supplies from Enkeldoorn, the "Buhera Flyer" (Lessem's Bus) has ceased to run. We really have ourselves to blame for this, as a certain enthusiastic member was unwise enough to report he had observed a certain contravention of the R. & R.T. Act.

Our principle form of recreation here is tennis. There is a very dilapidated court in the village where the residents sometimes go to let off steam. The quiet life of the village was disturbed in October when a fancy dress party was held on the occasion of four residents having birthdays at approximately the same time. Whilst talking of festivities, we will take this opportunity to wish all members of the Force, past and present, a happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

Howler.—An African Constable on being asked the time and finding that his watch had stopped, stated that he had forgotten to "feed" it that morning. Cheerio for now!

NJANJA.

To the Editor . . . . .

Panorama,
Taunton Road Post Office,
Pietermaritzburg,
Natal.

November 19th, 1950.

Dear Sir,—Once again Christmas draws near and another year has passed, and I should like once more to wish all the B.S.A.P. Police both past and present the compliments of the season and all good luck in 1951.

At the same time let us spare a thought for all those good fellows who are now no longer with us, but whose memory remains.

The "old hands" that are left are scattered in many parts of Africa, even of the world, just as in due course, you serving members will retire and vanish into well-earned rest, and it is one of the most important functions of "The Outpost" to help keep in touch with one another those who wish to do so.

My last letter to "The Outpost" in 1949 brought a most welcome and unexpected letter from a man who was at one time my Station Commander, or as we called him in those days "N.C.O. I/C" and it may be that the same happy result will follow this one.

I notice that my old friend Charlie Wilson has been writing some memoirs of early days in the B.S.A. Police, and another friend of mine who lived here until he died recently, Major MacKay, also sent you articles now and again. I am sure that it would be of great general interest to your readers if some of the "old hands" could be induced to write true stories of their experiences in the early days of the B.S.A. Police. There must be still some left who served when Rhodesia was still "wild and woolley" and such men have a store of interesting experiences

if one can only tap it!

Again wishing you all "the best" and a really good time in the true Rhodesian manner during the coming festive season.

Sincerely yours,
CECIL NAPIER.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Before anything, I want to mention the Police 1950 Display—September issue of "The Outpost" received to-day. All I can say is no wonder Depot was busy with this superb Show on your hands. I'd no notion it was run on such a scale. On my job I've had to cover lots of big pageants, Olympia, etc., including Aldershot Tattoo, and plainly say that the work put into this B.S.A.P. show, and the extraordinary features—"Kentucky" alone must have taken months to train—and the motor-bikes plus horses feature is astonishing and I put it easily on the level of the best here in England.

REPORTER.

Development of the Police System in S. A.

By K. D. LEAVER

July 2nd, 1950, marked the centenary of the death of Sir Robert Peel who, on the 15th April 1829, introduced his famous Metropolitan Police Act, resulting in the appearance on the streets of London just before Christmas of that year, of the "Bobby", or "Peeler", "men dressed in blue tail coats, top hats, carrying small batons, who were greeted by the population with hatred, ridicule and opposition", so contemporary reports tell us.

To Sir Robert Peel the credit has accumulated over the years for the foundation of modern Police service.

It is generally accepted, his system has been practically adopted universally, replacing not only the Bow Street Runners, but the dogberries of many other Constabularies.

Peel introduced the semi-military discipline of British Police Forces. It is significant he was Secretary of State for the Colonies from 1809 to 1812, a period in British Colonial history when the foundations of many Colonial Police Forces of a military nature were laid.

The origin of the system of the British South Africa Police and contemporary African Forces, goes back many years before Peel's reforms. Apart from the local tradition we can justly be proud of, we can claim our Police system goes back to the earliest days of Cape history. The problems of the early Dutch and British Governors are similar to our problems to-day. Their approach and policy has an affinity with ours.

Africa has from the earliest days found itself compelled to maintain Military Forces for defensive purposes. By utilising these Forces and gradually fusing them to perform civil duties, our Police service has developed.

The earliest records of what appears to be a civilian Police Force are found in an Ordonantie (Ordinance) dated October 22nd, 1805, promulgated by Commissioner de Mist, acting for the Batavian Cape Government who ruled the Cape between the British occupations of 1803 and 1806.

The Ordinance specifically mentions the fact that, "whereupon it appears too many civil duties are developing on the 'veldwachtmeester' (Field Watch Officer), he shall be relieved by the creation of the Field Cornet."

Our present district patrol system, intelligence, regular visits to residents and the countless other duties performed by the modern trooper were thus originated.

"One veld cornet," read the Ordinance, "shall be appointed by the Landdrost to each ward which shall be a six hours ride in diameter into which the districts shall be divided."

"The veld cornet shall keep the peace, settle petty quarrels, take the census, publish new laws, and generally act as guides, philosophers and friends to the people of their wards.

"They shall be rewarded with prestige, freedom from taxation, a free farm or small salary, and power according to their characters and opportunities."

It is interesting to note the present day establishments of most of our district stations is based

on similar calculations, that the pioneer policemen to the Colony were granted farms or mining claims by Cecil John Rhodes, and that as recently as 1927, our Warrants of Arrest commenced: "To the Field Cornets, Constables, Police Officers, etc. . . . " The attributes of a Police Officer to-day are identifiable with those of de Mist's men.

The rank of Field Cornet was known in the British Cavalry until 1871 and was equivalent to that of a Sub-Lieutenant.

When the British reoccupied the Cape in 1806, the Batavian Field Cornetcies were retained. In those early days, the main duty was to prevent Colonisation. The early Cape Governments were embarrassed by the frontiersmen—those adventurous burghers who pushed inland far away from the seat of the Government to the Zuurveld and Fish River.

Constantly chasing them with placaaten (laws), controlling and forbidding the annexation of new territory, protecting the Hottentots and ex-slaves from exploitation and endeavouring to enforce "apartheid" were the duties of the Field Cornets, except in times of insurrection when they were called to the militia or "straf commandos."

Early Police posts of a military nature were established in each drotdsy or section. Colonel Graham's description of the instructions issued to Commanders of Posts, is illuminating when compared with those of an out-station to-day. (See "Rise of South Africa," by Cory).

He tells us: "Officers and men are to make themselves acquainted with the countryside having a thorough knowledge of roads, kloofs, paths, kraals, etc. Piquets are to mount every evening at sunset. All the bushes in the vicinity of camps will be cleared. Frequent patrols are to be sent out to the surrounding countryside. On notice of theft of cattle, every effort is to be made to follow them up. All Hottentots and slaves found near dwellings without passes are to be dealt with as Kaffirs—arrested and forwarded to Uitenhage."

In 1834, Sir Benjamin D'Urban overhauled the civil administration, and we find it quoted in the British Parliamentary Papers, 32 to 34 of 1834: "Field Cornets are responsible for the conduct of inquests and preparatory examinations." Note our Inquests Act where the responsibility is solely a policeman's and the procedure regarding the modern conduct of a Preparatory Examination. The duties of the Landdrost passed to the Civil Commissioners, new Justices of the Peace were appointed, "purely ornamental," we are told, and the Burgher Senate handed its property over to the Superintendent of Police, the first time we find definite evidence of a Police Administration.

At about this time it is also noted "judicial powers are removed from the Field Cornet vesting in the Civil Commissioner."

De Mist's Force was by no means the first Constabulary of the Cape. Old records reveal that Simon van der Stel, anxious to maintain the trading monopoly of the Dutch East India Company kept watchmen to search waggons coming into the Cape, and to ensure no farmer traded with the Hottentots.

In 1864, it is reported, a "policeman" was told to "relieve the Hottentots of their cash compelling them to put their goods on the open market"—the company's.

The Cape, it must be remembered, stretched only to the edge of the Karroo for over two hundred years.

A pleasing feature of South African Police history is that there is nothing recorded showing the public were hostile towards their Peace Officers, despite the fact that from the earliest times we find the Field Cornets taking the duty upon themselves as protectors of the Hottentot and Bantu.

The heavy responsibilities resulting from the emancipation of slaves from 1834 to 1836 fell upon Field Cornets.

Results of the conciliatory measures adopted over this period are revealed in the modern Masters and Servants Act, where the unusual duty devolves on a policeman to enforce a law more civil than criminal in nature. The apprenticeship sections of the Act throw an interesting light on early police duties, for after the great emancipation, the trek farmers of the Fish River area were permitted to apprentice ex-slaves, but not permitted to remove them from the Colony. The same of course, applies to-day. The Police of the period watched this rigidly.

It is recorded by J. C. Chase in "The Cape of Good Hope and Algoa Bay," that the Governor,

Sir G. T. Napier, sent a Field Cornet, Gideon Joubert, after the trekkers to bring back to the Colony ex-slaves who had been apprenticed and removed therefrom.

De Mist, through the Field Cornets, stopped the heavy retribution raids of the trekkers into Xosa territory, who after a cattle theft from their unfenced farms plunged into native areas seizing many beasts.

"A small party under a Field Cornet," said de Mist, "shall follow up the spoor, and at whatever kraal it ends or is obliterated at, they shall be lawfully entitled to take that number of beasts stolen."

This feature of early Police duties is part of our Stock Theft Act to-day. It was acceptable to Bantu custom and the early Boers.

The trekker republics quickly set up Landdrosts and Field Cornetcies.

I am indebted to Mr. P. J. Cilliers, of Gwelo, who was born in the Orange Free State in the eighteen seventies, for his description of the development of the Police system in the old republic.

"The Landdrost," he says, "was the magistrate of the section, and the Field Cornet was the Peace Officer. It was the Landdrost who divided the section into wards, appointing the Field Cornets. The central Government at Bloemfontein supplied what policemen were required for each ward. They worked under the direct supervision of the Field Cornet who accepted the responsibility. (The Field Cornet it would seem, was identical to our Sub-District Officer and the South African Police Station Commander). Petty cases were disposed of immediately by the Field Cornet. He would arraign the accused persons before the 'vrederegter,' equivalent to the modern Justice of the Peace."

The Police strength of the Cape in 1855 was 550 men, who, with the Cape Mounted Rifles cost the Government of the day £10,000 annually.

Town Police Forces were not inaugurated until 1840, when we are told (see Walker's History of South Africa), a municipal Force based on Peel's "Bobbys" was commenced, rapidly extending to other towns.

The first Mounted Police Force, as we to-day know them, was raised by Sir G. Cathcart in 1852, not originally for Police work, but to march on Moshesh, the Basuto Chieftain. On completion of these duties they were posted to the borderlands and rural stations. As the country developed the Police system grew and the Field Cornets were replaced by the higher ranks — Lieutenant, Captain, etc.

The birth of the Criminal Investigation Department in Southern Africa followed on similar lines. In Napier's and Cathcart's time, they were known as Government or Diplomatic Agents, their duties mainly being that of civilian scouts and advisers in the Native territories. These old time detectives brought in the news of threatened tribal trouble, investigated the wholesale thefts of cattle, and kept closely in touch with native thought and opinion.

Theophilus Shepstone of Natal should perhaps have the credit for the foundation of our modern detective. It is very noteworthy that some of our best Native Commissioners hailed from Natal.

With the discovery of gold and diamonds, the agents merged into detectives. An interesting sidelight into the growth of the illicit diamond and gold trade is revealed by the custom of the early traders who trekked to the more distant trekker outposts with their wares, and encouraged the farmers to pay for their purchases with stones or gold "no questions asked." Necessity to a certain extent bred this traffic, for in those days of barter, traders could hardly be expected to trek back to their headquarters hundreds of miles away, driving a herd of cattle or transporting quantities of grain.

History repeated itself when Southern Rhodesia was occupied. It was again a case of "Cathcart's Mounties."

Can we of the British South Africa Police claim an affinity with Peel's Force? Only I think insofar as our developing towns are concerned where many of the useful methods of large Metropolitan Forces have during the past twenty years been adopted.

The history of our system has far more tradition and public good will behind it. No Lord Byng has had to be introduced to our Force to satisfy a public discontented and anti-Police in their views.

African Police Forces have never been nationalised, they were born and developed under private enterprise, the Dutch East India Company, the Chartered Company, and men on the spot filled with the courage of their convictions, raising the Forces and arguing afterwards.

Could the British South Africa Police be demilitarised into a purely civilian Force? Hardly. Based on tradition older than the Metropolitan Police, dealing with more complex problems, and, over the years, having gained the good will of the Bantu population, which incidentally was a feature of early South African Forces, a change in the nature and system of the Force could bring new problems.

The Bantu have accepted our system since the "mfecane" the days of the crushing, to which they still refer. Often, they prefer to bring their civil complaints and troubles to the notice of the patrolling trooper, safe in the knowledge they will receive guidance and advice.

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SALISBURY

By A. W. Redfern

Camera versus Rifle . . . . .

A SPORTSMAN returning from a shooting trip is sometimes heard to say that had he carried a camera some fine game photographs would have been obtained. I have thought likewise in the days of my own keen pursuit of male animal trophies but satisfactory results are not quite so simple as I then thought.

I commenced big game shooting in Rhodesia more than half a century ago. In those early days game abounded even in the high veld, notwithstanding the contention of our present-day official tsetse fly experts that the rinderpest (of 1896-97) so decimated the game that the insect because of the lack of blood nutriment, disappeared except from a few small areas. Anyhow in those early post-rinderpest days game seemed to be in inexhaustible supply and it was impossible to visualise that our civilising methods would permit the senseless and inhuman massacre which was to take place, even in the remotest areas, of the wonderful asset with which the Creator had so richly endowed the Colony.

Now many years ago I, like many other sportsmen, realised that easy transport and improved weapons had so loaded the dice against the wild animal that true sport was no longer to be found in killing (or wounding) but that sport in full measure could be had with a camera.

I commenced my photography with a good miniature camera, but in the belief that the so-called "dangerous" animals were really dangerous I encumbered myself by carrying a rifle.

My first efforts with the camera/rifle combination took place at a spot some 200 miles up the Chobe above the junction of the Chobe and Zambesi rivers, where after some difficulties I arrived with my late son Alan, an experienced hunter, also bent on photography. Wild life abounded and had been undisturbed by man because the area was closed on account of the prevalence of sleeping sickness. The combination of camera, rifle, and a big maned lion wounded by my rifle would have terminated photography and all else for me had not Alan most gallantly rescued me from the lion. Incidentally that rescue spoilt an otherwise excellent investment of £4 in a life accident policy for £4,000 taken out just before the trip. The trip up the Chobe was thus interrupted by a sojourn at Livingstone Hospital for treatment of claw wounds and broken ribs. The delay, however, afforded time for the development and inspection of our films. We found that inspection to be of considerable value in the correction of errors in exposures. on our return to the scene of the adventure.

The negatives demonstrated that although at sixty yards even the vital marks on a beast the size of a buffalo look enormous through the sights of a rifle, in the camera's view-finder the same beast occupies so little of the space that it is mere waste of optimism to think that there is opportunity for an animal portrait. The negatives also convincingly showed that however close the animal may be, not only must it stand in satisfactory light, but no near blade of grass or leaf must intervene between lens and subject. When it has been decided that all is well it then remains correctly to adjust the camera devices for distance, aperture and speed; the camera must be held steady and the release be *squeezed*. In order to allow for incorrect exposure or for errors in development, if the animal is still there it is as well to take two more photos—one twice doubling and one twice reducing what was first considered the correct exposure. When all this has been accomplished the tragic discovery may be made that the lens dust cover has not been removed !

I have found it necessary to forget many of the opinions formed in the many years of shooting. I believed wild animals to be afraid of man: the fear is not the fear of man but of the weapons with which man is armed. I believed the so-called "dangerous" animals to be really dangerous: they are dangerous only when wounded or unduly harassed by man and I have never carried a rifle (or taken out accident policy) since the wounded lion episode just related. I am convinced that the wild animal can sense, in manner unknown to man, when danger threatens and that close approach can safely be made

provided the obtruder is without evil intent and without nervousness.

An example of this was demonstrated to us by a little Bushman; unarmed with camera or rifle, we were trying to see how near we could get to a mob of buffalo out on a stretch of open country. We had got to within 100 yards or so whilst the animals stood and watched when half a dozen bulls ranged up in front of the others with what seemed an intention to see how close they could get to us. As the bulls advanced we "got the wind up properly": the little Bushman managing to realise that we were frightened stepped forward and with flicking of fingers and uttering Bushman sounds trotted towards the bulls, who retired to the herd and the mob then trotted off. Whether the bulls knew that we were afraid or whether they were merely inquisitive I do not know.

Another example: we were sitting with two Bushmen on an elephant path leading to water when two elephant appeared on their way to water. Alan and I withdrew to some nearby bush but the Bushmen sat as they were and it was the elephant which moved slightly in their course to avoid trampling the Bushmen.

At a "hide" near a waterhole, or at a salt-lick or near to a frequented game track it can be left to the animals to approach the hidden photographer though some patience may be necessary if the breezes are unsteady. Useful photographic knowledge and sometimes interesting photos are attainable from a motor-car in the Wankie or other national game park. There is, it might be here mentioned, but little appreciation amongst Rhodesians who travel far to see game in other countries, that our own Park offers greater concentration of wild animals and in greater variety than are likely to be seen in any other Park.

For outstanding sport an area remote from civilisation should be sought and there the animals can readily be stalked. If in such place the animals are not unduly disturbed days may be spent amongst the herds and knowledge of wild life attained such as can never be acquired in a lifetime of shooting. I have found the most comfortable and easiest method of approach has been with an umbrella camouflaged with greenery, such as palm leaves or other foliage appropriate to the

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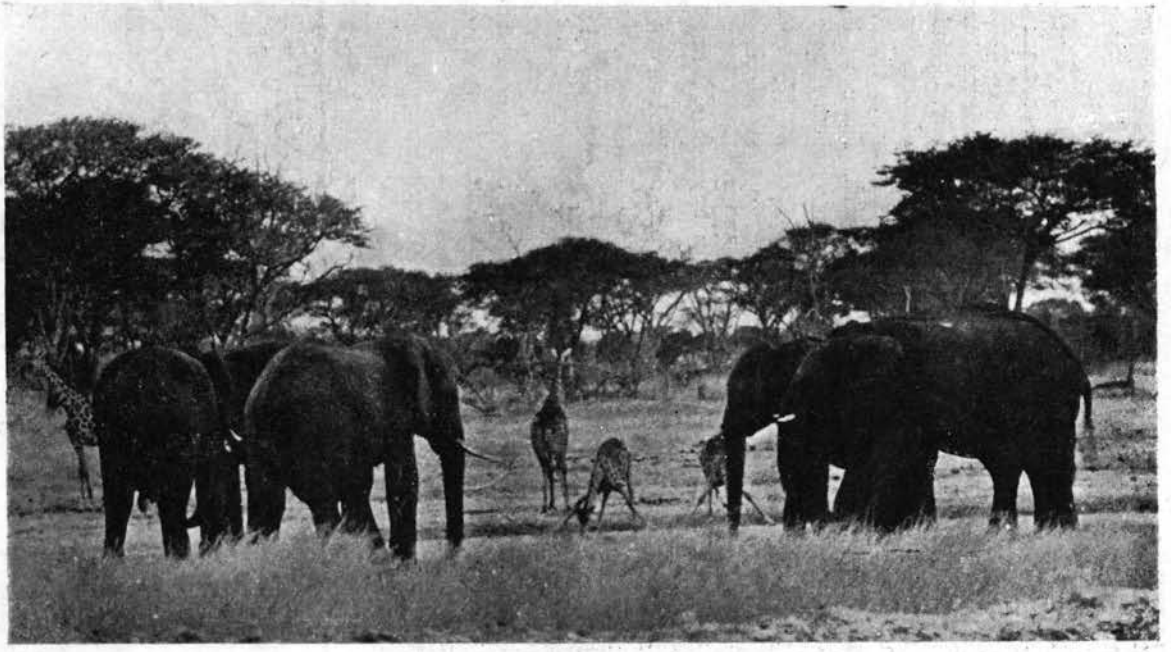
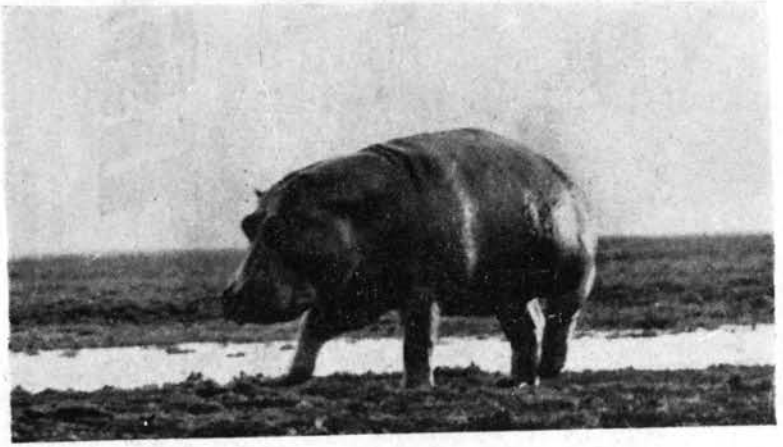


Elephant and Giraffe

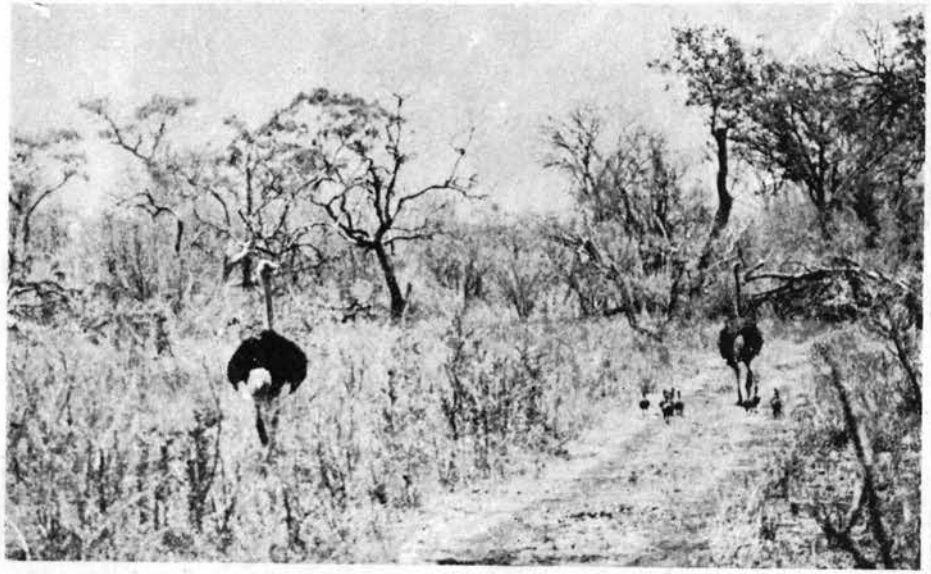


Hippo

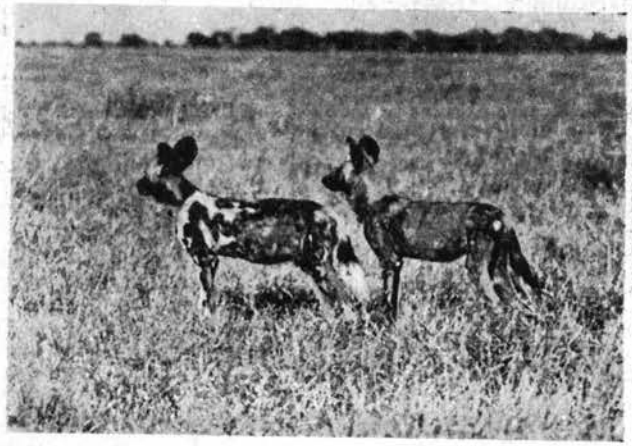
Buffalo

Lion

A fast get-a-way by a Sable Antelope



Ostrich



Wild Dogs

area. A rent made in the umbrella will enable a photo to be taken without exposing the head to view. In the art of camouflage it is not necessary to resort to methods such as adopted by a keen game preservationist friend who wished to see how close he could get to game herds out in the open flats. Dressed in the partly cured skin and feathers of an ostrich he walked on to the flats where he made every effort to imitate the antics of the living bird. The animals were obviously very interested but would not permit approach even so close as half normal distance. After lengthy trial and endurance of the heat and unpleasant smell of the disguise, he discarded the costume to find that natives interested in the performance had been following closely behind him !

More than once I have found the umbrella not only useful as a hide and as shade but also as a weapon of defence; on one particular occasion I had unintentioned dealings with a wounded buffalo, which getting scent of me, charged. I threw at the approaching buffalo the opened umbrella which he proceeded very effectively to toss and trample to bits and then after a glance at what he might reasonably have thought to be a worm glued tightly to the earth he limped off seemingly quite satisfied that he had revenged himself of a wrong of which I had not been guilty.

I have not yet come across a sportsman who can revert to killing for " fun " after fair experiment with camera. He will have gained some understanding and a kindlier feeling towards inoffensive animals and the camera results will give satisfaction and be of interest to others far more so than can skull trophies. It will be found, too, that stories of the chase will find the credence denied to the man who produces photographs of himself standing boastfully, gun in hand, beside his victim's gory corpse.

The photographs which accompany this article will demonstrate near approach to " dangerous animals." The one of the big bull buffalo was taken by Alan standing up when the beast was ten feet from him; it then came almost within touching distance before seeing us and then made off with a sweep of his horns with the rest of a big herd stampeding for a short distance before commencing to graze peacefully.

Crossword Solution

Across

1. Fall.
5. Initiate.
11. Oaken.
13. Oven.
14. Angela.
15. Sincere.
17. Eros.
18. Seesaws.
20. Totem.
23. Brief.
25. Rut.
27. Light.
29. Lins.
30. Vague.
32. Kea.
33. Oat.
34. Gas.
35. Roy.
36. Err.
37. One.
38. Terns.
40. Riot.
41. Marat.
42. Die.
43. Cates.
45. Drill.
47. Ascribe.
51. Roll.
54. Intrude.
55. Aviate.
56. Idea.
57. Steed.
58. Halberds.
59. Endear.

Down

1. Fear.
2. Loge.
4. Laertes.
4. Beast.
6. Nose.
7. Ivied.
8. Tens.
9. Tens.
10. Tors.
12. Kloof.
16. Ewigkeit.
18. Smug.
19. Oriana.
21. Erased.
22. Starts.
23. Blooms.
24. Interest.
26. Turner.
28. Heroes.
30. Vat.
31. Eos.
39. Ride.
40. Rallied.
43. Cloven.
44. Wider.
46. Irate.
47. Anna.
48. Crib.
49. Rude.
50. Bead.
52. Lade.
53. Heir.

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THE VUMBA

Major Rudolph Cosby Nesbitt, V.C. Ex. B.S.A. Police

Every member of the B.S.A. Police has heard of Major Randolph Nesbitt, V.C., and the manner in which he won his decoration is one of the most stirring episodes in the history of this Force and of Southern Rhodesia. His name and fame have been one of our traditions, though very few of us have seen him in the flesh.

Therefore it was with great pride that we heard he would be in Salisbury for the Diamond Jubilee Celebrations, which were held in the capital on Occupation Day, the 12th September last.

He lives in retirement with his wife at Muizenberg in the Cape, but undertook the long journey by train, and was present at the Government House reception the previous evening, the Ceremony of Hoisting the Flag at the Pioneer Flagstaff in Cecil Square, the Municipal luncheon which followed, and the Historical Pageant at the Showground.

In the episode depicting the Occupation he should have ridden with the other Pioneers in the leading wagon, which was escorted by present day mounted Police in old-time uniform. A description of this has already appeared in "The Outpost," but all who saw the Pageant will agree that the most stirring event was the arrival of some of the original Pioneers, amongst whom were our Police.

Not all of them had been in Salisbury on that memorable day 60 years ago, and Major Nesbitt, then a Sergeant, No. 129, in the B.S.A. Company's Police, had been left with "C" Troop to garrison Fort Victoria on the way up.

Major Nesbitt was born in South Africa on the 20th of September, 1867, and thus celebrated

his 83rd birthday shortly after the National Jubilee. He served as a trooper in the Cape Mounted Rifles from August, 1885, to December, 1889; he then joined the newly-formed B.S.A. Company's Police on the 13th of January, 1890. He was commissioned to Sub-Inspector on 15th September, 1891, and served in Mashonaland until his appointment as Chief Constable at Fort Peddie, Cape, in June, 1892. In April, 1893, he resigned, but was appointed Sub-Inspector in the Mashonaland Mounted Police in November, 1893, and promoted to Inspector on 1st June, 1895. In 1894 he was designated as Acting Magistrate for Umtali, and from 1894-96 was employed on special duty at Melsetter.

He was appointed Justice of the Peace for Mashonaland on 2nd April, 1894, and for Southern Rhodesia on 29th October, 1903, at the same time as other officers of this Force. On 19th July, 1907, he was appointed Special Justice of the Peace, District of Salisbury.

He won his Victoria Cross on 20th June, 1896, but special reference will be made to this later.

On 1st November, 1896, a month after the formation of the British South Africa Police from the separate Mashonaland and Matabeleland Divisions of Mounted Police, he was appointed Inspector (captain) in the new Force.

He served in the Mashona Rebellion of 1897 and throughout the South African War from 1899-1902, during part of which period he was detailed for "special duty" in the Victoria District, "to keep an eye on our border relations with the South."

At the time of his retirement from the Force he held the following medals apart from the V.C.: Rhodesia 1890, Rhodesia 1896, with clasp, Mashonaland 1897, Queen's Medal, South Africa, with clasps, Relief of Mafeking and Transvaal, King's Medal, South Africa, with two clasps.

As an Officer of the Police he served in the Salisbury, Umtali, and Melsetter districts, finishing his career in command of "B" Troop at Goromonzi.

He retired on 30th September, 1909, but remained at this station as Native Commissioner until 1927, when he was pensioned from the Southern Rhodesia Government service on attaining the age of 60 years.

W. W. Bussey, who as a member of this Force was the first editor of "The Police Review," predecessor of "The Outpost," wrote a history of the B.S.A. Police, in which he described the Mazoe Patrol in the following terms:—

"One of the earliest events was the gallant rescue of a party of twelve who had gathered at the Alice Mine in the Mazoe District, 27 miles from the capital. On this occasion the Police secured the highest military honour the world has to offer—the coveted V.C., which was gained by Captain (now Major) R. Nesbitt, on June 20th, 1896. Two of the beleagured party (Blakiston and Routledge), which included three women, had heroically volunteered to make their way through the enemy to the telegraph office, where they could call for help. They were successful in sending their message, but were killed in trying to regain the laager. On the receipt of the telegram, Dan Judson, Director of Telegraphs, galloped out from Salisbury with five men, but found the situation at the laager so desperate that he sent a message back to the capital asking for a force of at least 100 men and a maxim, as the whole Mazoe Valley was lined with natives some 1,000 strong. Captain Nesbitt, who had already set out with 12 men to reinforce Mr. Judson's patrol, intercepted the note at the head of the valley. The Officer asked his little force if they were content to join him in attempting a rescue. They unanimously decided to do so, and pushed on through the danger zone. With the utmost courage they succeeded in gaining the shelter of the laager. Placing the women in an armour-plated wagon, they started on their way back again, travelling under heavy fire the whole time. A rear-guard and an advance-guard were hastily formed. Soon after quitting the road that branched off to the Alice, a shot or two greeted their approach. The advance-guard was wasting ammunition by firing at random into the long grass, and word was sent forward telling them to be more careful. The enemy's fire became brisker as they proceeded. The natives were quite invisible, and the only aim that could be taken was directed at the puffs of smoke that issued from the trees and grass on the hills and by the river. The little party was still showing a tendency to shoot wildly. Suddenly one man, McGeer, was seen to fall, and his body had to be left where it lay. Shots from the Mashona were now coming thick and fast, and many of the party were hit slightly. The rebels were on all sides, and were

Mazoe Patrol, survivors of party of 14 who took refuge at the Alice Mine, and of two relief forces sent to bring them to Salisbury. (Left to right): Bottom row—Edmunds, McGregor, Mrs. Cass, Mrs. Salthouse, Mrs. Dickenson, Dr. Judson, Pallet. Standing—R. Nesbitt, Arnott, Harbord, O. C. Rawson, Ogilvie, Salthouse, Fairbairn, Spreckley, ————, Darling, C. A. Hendrikz (wounded), Hendrik (native driver) and Honey. Top—Berry, H. D. Rawson, Pascoe (on roof), George (native driver).

being continually reinforced. Several of the horses were killed and sometimes the rear-guard was forced right back to the wagon. The hard work was gradually tiring out those who had no mounts, and they had frequently to hold on to the wagon or jump on to the steps where they could recover their breath.

After going seven miles, they reached a place where a steep hillside ran down to the road. It was thronged with excited savages, who overflowed into the long grass at the opposite side of the path. The natives behind—many of them mounted—pressed on more vigorously than before. Firing was now point blank and the wheeler mules were killed. These were replaced by horses but those animals again were killed immediately. At last the party had to discard wheelers altogether. Two more men were killed, one of the advance-guard was wounded in the face and another who had been at the side of the wagon looking after the women was shot clean through the head, the bullet entering under the ear and making its exit at the cheek bone opposite. Curiously enough he never even fell but crawled along and entered the wagon. One gallant horse which had been hit in the head carried its rider for miles. Two of the mounted men now dashed through to the town in search for help, but none could be spared and the party had to continue to do the best it could.

More ambuscades were passed and several bullets went through the top of the wagon, the iron sheets being dotted in scores of places with bullets and slugs. There was a tank underneath the cart, but it could not be got at without a halt, and so the wounded men were obliged to go without water. The whole party was enduring the utmost exhaustion. However, at last these difficulties were overcome and they managed to arrive in Salisbury with the loss of three men

killed and five wounded. As one of the survivors said at the time, " It was the concentrated essence of several miracles that any of us came out of it alive."

Major Nesbitt told me that his horse was shot from under him on the way out of the Mazoe Valley before he had reached the Tatagura River.

He has also very kindly sent me at my request a copy of his V.C. citation, which reads as follows:—

"

War Office,
May 7, 1897.

The Queen has been graciously pleased to signify her intention to confer the decoration of the Victoria Cross on the undermentioned officer and soldier whose claim has been submitted for Her Majesty's approval for gallant conduct during the recent operations in South Africa.

Captain Randolph Cosby Nesbitt, Mashonaland Mounted Police. This officer, on June 19th, 1896, led the Mazoe rescue patrol, consisting of only 13 men, fought his way through the rebels to get to Salthouses's party, and succeeded in bringing them back to Salisbury, with heavy fighting, in which three of his small force were killed and five wounded, 15 horses killed and wounded."

Major Nesbitt comes of a distinguished family, the South African branch of which was involved in the tragic, yet heroic, episode which is here related.

Everyone has heard of the wreck of H.M.S. Birkenhead between Simonstown and Algoa Bay in 1852. Major Nesbitt's grandmother was on board with her 16-year-old son. The troops fell in on parade and stood fast as the ship went down, an outstanding example of discipline. Young Nesbitt was thrown into the water at the same time and swam towards a boat in which was his mother and other women. The boat was very full and as he attempted to gain her a sailor beat him off with an oar. His mother, however, pleaded for him and he was drawn aboard and thus numbered amongst the few survivors.

Major Nesbitt's grandfather died at Fort Peddie, Eastern Cape Province, and amongst his descendants living in Rhodesia are Lieut.-Colonel H. S. (Zoek) Nesbitt, now of Karoi but formerly manager of the Wenlock Ranch, Gwanda, and his sister, Mrs. A. W. Jack, of Goromonzi

So when Major Nesbitt came up from the Cape for the Diamond Jubilee Celebrations, he was able to see his nephew and niece and old friends of bygone days.

On Saturday, the 16th September, he spent the morning at the B.S.A. Police Depot, and we were proud to have him with us. In the first place he went to the Officers' Mess, where he was shown a print of the wreck of the "Birkenhead" which he had himself presented to the Mess. Then there were the initials " R.N. " scratched on a window-pane, in the ante-room. For many years it had been said that he was the culprit and had scored the glass with the engagement ring he had just bought for his first wife. After he had confessed that the old rumour was true, the present Mrs. Nesbitt, who was with him for the visit, wondered whether he had got into trouble in those days for causing such damage! As far as we are concerned that pane of glass has an added significance.

Major Nesbitt spent some time looking through photograph albums and identifying members of the Force who were distinguished in our early days.

He described Brigadier " Bill " Bodle, C.M.G., as a rough diamond, who was respected by all who knew him. Then there was " Guts " Masterman (Lieut.-Colonel T. S. Masterman) and " Savage " Munro (Major C. L. D. Munro) and he mentioned that Lieut.-Colonel J. W. Fuller was an ex-sailor who used to say " cut him adrift " if he was displeased with one of the troops.

When Major Nesbitt left the Mess he saw a recruit squad falling in and was introduced to the men, remarking that they were of good standard. Then he was taken for a drive around the Depot in the course of which he identified the guard room and stables. He went to the African Police Training School and beyond to the Gun Kopje area, where the ground retains some of the features as he knew them. Finally he visited Police General Headquarters and the Regimental Sergeants' Mess, where he was most impressed by the large collection of photographs and other souvenirs of former members of the Force; his own portrait was amongst them.

In a letter which he wrote on his return to the Cape he made the following remarks:—

"I much enjoyed going over the old place once more—brought back many happy memories of the past when I was one of you.

"Of course the Camp, except the Officers' Mess and one or two other buildings, had grown beyond recognition, to say nothing of the luxury of it all—no doubt I was born much too soon and would willingly have taken the place of one of those recruits I saw at drill!"

After he left Salisbury Major Nesbitt spent some time with his sister-in-law at Goromonzi. He had a great name and reputation amongst the Africans of that district, having been their Native Commissioner for so many years, and a number of the older generation came in to greet him and to bring him presents.

In concluding these notes, I am sure I am expressing the feelings of all readers of "The Outpost" when I wish Major and Mrs. Nesbitt many more years of happy retirement together at their home at Muizenberg.

A. S. HICKMAN.

21.11.50.

BIRTH

MAY.—To 2/Sergeant William Albert Henry May and Mrs. May at the Lady Kennedy Nursing Home, Umtali, on 4th November, 1950, a daughter, Lesley Margaret.

MARRIAGES

JARVIS—WOLNO.—Trooper Ronald Kenneth Arthur Jarvis to Miss Esme Dorothy Wolno, at the Cathedral, Salisbury, on the 8th July, 1950.

UNDERWOOD—BRUNTON. — S/2/Sergeant Ronald Underwood to Miss Kate Delicia Brunton, at St. Cuthbert's Church, Gwelo, on the 21st October, 1950.

BRUCE—MARTIN.—Detective Stanley Lazenby Bruce to Winifred Edith Martin at Fort Victoria, on 18th November, 1950.

Obituary

ALEXANDER FERGUSON PRITCHARD
(Ex No. A324)

We regret to record the death of ex-2nd Class Sergeant Pritchard. Mr. Pritchard served in the 1914-18 war. In 1915 he joined the B.S.A. Police and saw service with Murray's Column. During the 1939-46 war he was an instructor in the R.A.F. At the time of his death he was managing his own store on the Borrowdale Road.

False Witness

Attend now, *umfaans,* who know not the world,
To the pitiful tale I do chant,
And you'll learn that the white man has ways that are strange,
And laws quite absurdly aslant.

A friend of mine—Sixpence—was tried in the courts,
For killing a Shangaan named Vrot.
He did not deny it—how could he do so?
We were all drinking beer round that pot.

I was called as a witness against my old friend,
And, of course, I did not volunteer
To say overmuch about what I had seen:
After all, it was Sixpence's beer!

And Vrot was a *skellum* who no one had missed,
And had been the chief cause of the brawl;
So when the *Majonny* kept questioning me
Scarce a word from my lips seemed to fall.

When that prying official concluded at last,
Another *Maloongu* began
To ask me more questions, and he seemed to me
A friendly and kind sort of man.

He put all his questions in such a nice way
That I made up my mind before long
That most of the matters he mentioned to me
Should have my support—good and strong!

And most of the things he suggested seemed good,
And the more I set out to agree
The more this nice white man appeared to look pleased,
For he beamed most benignly on me.

Now, what do you think was the end of this case?
My friend, who was guilty of crime—
He admitted as much, though he offered excuse—
Was discharged, and not-mulcted a dime!

Whilst I, who had nothing to do with the deed
And was innocent up to the eyes,
Was sent off to gaol for a weary six months
Because—it was said—I told lies!

I *had* not told lies: I had merely endorsed
Each simple yet "winning" surmise
Framed by the friendly *Maloongu* in court,
Who seemed so benign and so wise.

V. A. LEWIS.

★ **SECOND PRIZE in Xmas Competiton**

The Short Cut

By E. Moore Ritchie

On the outstation verandah they were discussing this and that over the Christmas evening sundowner.

It was the Sub-Inspector who, after one of those brainy pauses to which Sub-Inspectors are so subject, broke away from the international situation to a new topic.

"Seen that case in the papers recently?" he asked. "That Swaile, or whoever he was called—he seems to me to have been just a pure fool. I mean, he kidded himself he understood women. Imagine it!"

He referred to a love triangle and tangle of sorts which had managed to get the best part of a column in the Press, and had caused a bit of talk.

"Worse than that," said another member of the small party, "the party of the second part was his oldest friend, and he had introduced his future wife to him during courtship."

"Ah!" said the Man Who Had Rolled Up for the Night. "Thus contravening and flying in the face of the ancient Arab proverb which may be translated into the more homely phrase of another East, to wit, that of the purlieu and the by-ways of Wapping, a small watering place near Bermondsey; that is to say, 'Never introduce your donah to a pal.' All the same," he continued, edging his glass a navagraddy towards his host, "I could tell you of a case which worked out the other way, one thing putting one in mind of another. Would you care to have the facts.?"

They said they would.

"It happened a while back in this country," said the Man Who Had Rolled Up for the Night, having refreshed himself with his replenished glass, "at the time when I was a member of the Corps or Force—a body of men which this Empire of ours is justly proud, from whatever angle you look at them.

"I was stationed at the time away towards the Border there, up in the Inyanga direction; the part the publicity hounds to-day sometimes call 'the gorgeous roof garden' of our Colony, by reason of its being in the neighbourhood of the Chimanimani Mountains. Romantic looking part, and wonderfully cultivated, though when it comes to farming on the higher levels you want to be a bit of a mountaineer as well, it seemed to me.

"It was there I struck a version of this human triangle business; two men and a girl.

"If I was a story teller by profession, I'd speak a piece about this girl. As it is you'll just have to take it from me that she was a pippin—and at that time up there the female of the species weren't too frequent, and the men not overcritical. But she'd have been a winner anywhere. Incidentally, she was a half orphan, and lived with Ma in a very quiet way, having been brought up on an outlying farm, vacated after the Dad's death.

"You'll want to know about the two men. One, and a recent arrival, was young Micky Tebbs, Civil Branch, just out of hatch from Salisbury, on his first A.N.C. job; he was the usual, easygoing kid, taking to a life that seemed to suggest the open air and that, and with a nice enough cut about him to take the eye of a lonesome girl.

"The second man—well, he was a sketch of different sort altogether. He hung out in about the finest property in the district; morgens of it, away up on the heights on the far side of the river, which was an offshoot of the Sesete. Lynat he was called, and he was a kind of king of the district, ranking up with old 'Buster' Francis, the Commissioner himself.

"By the same token, in conditions like that you're apt to find a touch of rivalry. But it wasn't so where Lynat was concerned. In the first place, he'd been there a good part of his forty-six years. Beyond that, too, there was the man himself. Everyone had a good word for him—including even the heads of the big Chapura Mission. Myself, I don't happen to take a lot of stock in men of a religious turn unless it's their calling; but then Lynat, in his quiet way, put the

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thing into acts, and that's another matter. And anyone making the switchback trek on business or pleasure out to his place, Belle Vue, didn't forget his hospitality in a hurry. He treated his labour, too, in a style that was a model; never a whisper of bother with us of the Police; food A1, quarters ditto; and never a rough word. Not that all this seemed to work on their particular outlook, because his boys would leave him if possible, as sudden and more frequent than anywhere else.

"Be that as it may, this girl—Lily Mason her name was—wasn't the only lonesome person thereabouts up in that high country. They tell me—I wouldn't know myself—that it's only single men getting round middle age that really grasp what lonesomeness can mean with a pretty young face in the offing; and for all his quiet ways Lynat looked as if he'd made quite a slice of progress in her direction, always allowing for his distance out.

"And then Micky Tebbs rolled up, and was introduced—as it happened, and just as a matter of politeness by Lynat himself, who was talking to the girl close to the Commissioner's premises when Micky—with me on duty at the time—came out after Court on his second morning after arrival.

" After that bit of *la politesse* on the part of Lynat, things started to shape a trifle different. Put it down to that romantic sort of country over there. What with the springtime and the moonlight and the jacaranda coming out and the bougainvillea burgeoning same as you find it Umtali way, and the sport and rides and tea for two and everything of that, so to speak, the odds against Micky began to shorten.

"Matter of fact, self and others on the station made a book on it at Sol. Battle's Hotel during a sundowner session there. I never could resist a flutter. Myself, I put my little bit on Lynat, my guide to form being Ma Mason. She was one of those women that dressed lamb fashion, but with a bit of life behind her to work on; and, looking over the field, in my mind's eye I seemed to see her touching on matters accordingly.

" 'You know, Lily my dear,' I could hear her say, 'just in case you haven't thought about it, I shouldn't—well, I shouldn't see quite as much of young Tebbs if I were you,'

" 'What do you mean, Mum!'

" 'Just two things, my child. He's in love with you, and so is Mr. Lynat.'

" 'Mr. Lynat! He's old enough to be my father.'

" 'Mr. Lynat is exactly forty-six—a man in the prime of life.'

" 'Listen, Lily. There are two things a girl in your position can do. I did the first; and you see the result. There's not a kinder man in this country than Mr. Lynat, nor a better-living one. The fact that he's both in an assured position and a gentleman is no drawback.'

" 'So's Micky Tebbs a gentleman.'

" 'So was your poor father. And, like Mr. Tebbs, he had all his own way to make—which didn't prevent his dying from blackwater and leaving me to keep up appearances.'

" 'But Micky's got brains' too. They *all* say so."

" 'Your father was one of the brainiest men I ever met. It just happens, though, that there's nothing more uncertain than cleverness except luck. *How*-ever, perhaps you rather fancy reaching middle age in the position we are in now?"

"Well, my little hunch worked out correct. It was a bit after this that the engagement was announced; and 'Buster' Francis and his missis did the usual thing with a do at the Big Bungalow for Lynat and his betrothed one.

"The news of the engagement came a shot sudden on us, and in spite of his come-easy, go-easy style, on Micky Tebbs the suddenest of all. But he took the knock like a man, brimming with spirits during the tennis at the Commissioner's, and help-

"I feel like getting up to some mischief—let's go and bash a policeman's helmet."

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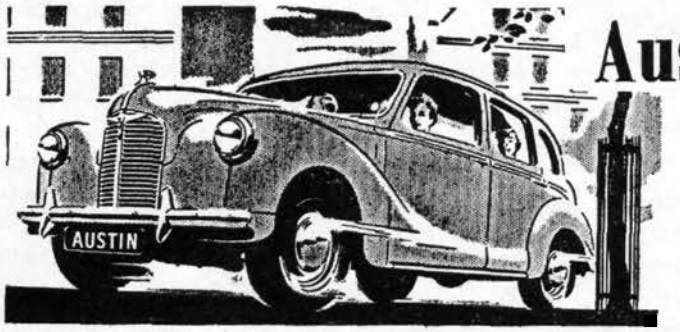

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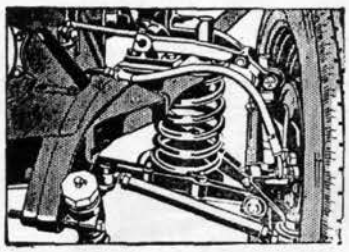

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ing round the tea and buns under the eucalyptus trees between sets. Even Lyant admired him and was sorry for him in his quiet way.

"And Micky was the same, and even more so, during the stiffest test of all."

That was at the return fixture at Lyant's own place. It was only a week later, and on the eve of the date fixed for the marriage in church at Umtali. The speed-up in time wasn't Lynat's wish only, but because of the season, with the mists thickening most evenings as the season wore on—and let me tell you, just in case you don't know, that you don't want to be caught in those same mists between the ups and downs of the Chimanimani Mountains spurs on your wedding trip.

The Man Who had Rolled Up for the Night paused to ease his throat.

"Gosh, put me on the staff, Sergeant! I've figured in some beanos and blow-outs in my time," he resumed, "but that eve-of-wedding show of Lynat's remains, if I may coin a phrase, in memory like a diamond in a heap of coke. I've said he was hospitable. Well, he fairly extended himself. Lashings of the genuine and original Mackay, non-stop dancing to his super-posh gramophone—there was no radio in those days—the whole countryside there. Such a blazes of a do in fact that, fresh as I was at that time of life, I was glad enough of a breather myself now and then.

"And it seemed Micky was, too, because half way through I bumped across him alone on the verandah. He was a bit flushed even then, and started in to hand me the reason.

" 'Y'know, he—he's a real—a real sport—a real sport, old Lynat,' he says. 'Behaved like a toff to me, he has—and—blast it, jolly good luck to him, that's what I say.'

"It was true enough, too, because, seeing what the youngster was going through underneath, Lynat, in spite of the calls on him as host, had singled out Micky, pepping the boy up to the eyebrows, and hardly giving him a second to himself with his thoughts."

"His only trouble, in fact, was the mist. Once out of the hollows he found it thinned all right, but seemingly for once in a way it didn't do much more. At times he even played with the notion of turning back, but there was the snag of having his leg pulled as a green hand in the veld, which is a thing no newcomer likes, especially in front of a girl. So he squared things off by dismounting and leading his horse.

"But there was a snag there, too, after a while. Because the horse began to lead badly, checking on the bar rein, and next thing he refused altogether. There was only one thing for it. Micky off-saddled, and using the saddle arch for a pillow for his throbbing head and the crook of his arm for hold for the lead-rein, got down to it —till daylight.

"He didn't sleep, not exactly. With the effect of the celebrations wearing off, it was too cold. He sort of dozed, and at the first hint of sunrise saddled up again.

"All the same, light or not, that barmy animal of his wouldn't move. Of course the mist was still there; but, on the other hand, so was the growing light, and the morning breeze into the bargain, and he knew that the landscape might clear at any moment.

"Still, there it was; so after a few final swear words Micky pegged the rein to a bit of scrub, and, deciding to do a spot of reconnoitring on his own while his long-faced friend came to his senses, he pushed along the path.

"And then just what he was waiting for happened. The breeze suddenly lifted the mist like a curtain and a shaft of sun level from the skyline gave him the whole scene. And as it did so Micky Tebbs gave tongue:

" 'God——Almighty!' "

The Man Who Had Rolled Up for the Night put so much into it that his audience stirred.

" 'What was the trouble?' asked the Sub-Inspector."

The Man Who Had Rolled Up for the Night chuckled. "Sorry," he said: "that's the worst of not telling a story right, same as the experts do. Because, to get the point, of course, I should have said more about that path—the native path from Belle Vue Farm just beyond Sekwa's old kraal in the spurs of the Chimanimani Mountains."

"What about it?"

"That's the point. There isn't a path. It stops a couple of paces just beyond where young Micky Stebbs stood, and he found himself looking straight plumb down on the Sesete River's tributary where it swung round the curve, three hundred feet sheer below."

The Trooper in the corner was the first to break the silence.

"Cripes! That Lynat had something coming to him next time that young fellah and he met, I reckon!"

"He might have had," replied the Man Who Had Rolled Up for the Night. "He might have had. But as it happened they didn't meet. Young Micky Tebbs took what I've got a feeling was the wiser way. He decided to make a fresh start where life and love and the landscape were more on the level. He resigned shortly after Lynat's marriage, and when I last came across him in the course of a business trip to Beira a number of years ago he was in the shipping agency line, and married to a very nice girl with dark eyes and one of those poetical Portuguese names and the happy father of a growing family.

The speaker paused to tidy up his glass. "So, you see, Lynat didn't lose his donah, though he did introduce her to a pal. Yes. But then, Stephen Lynat—well, you might call him one of those lucky men who got away with a lot."

We acknowledge with thanks the following:
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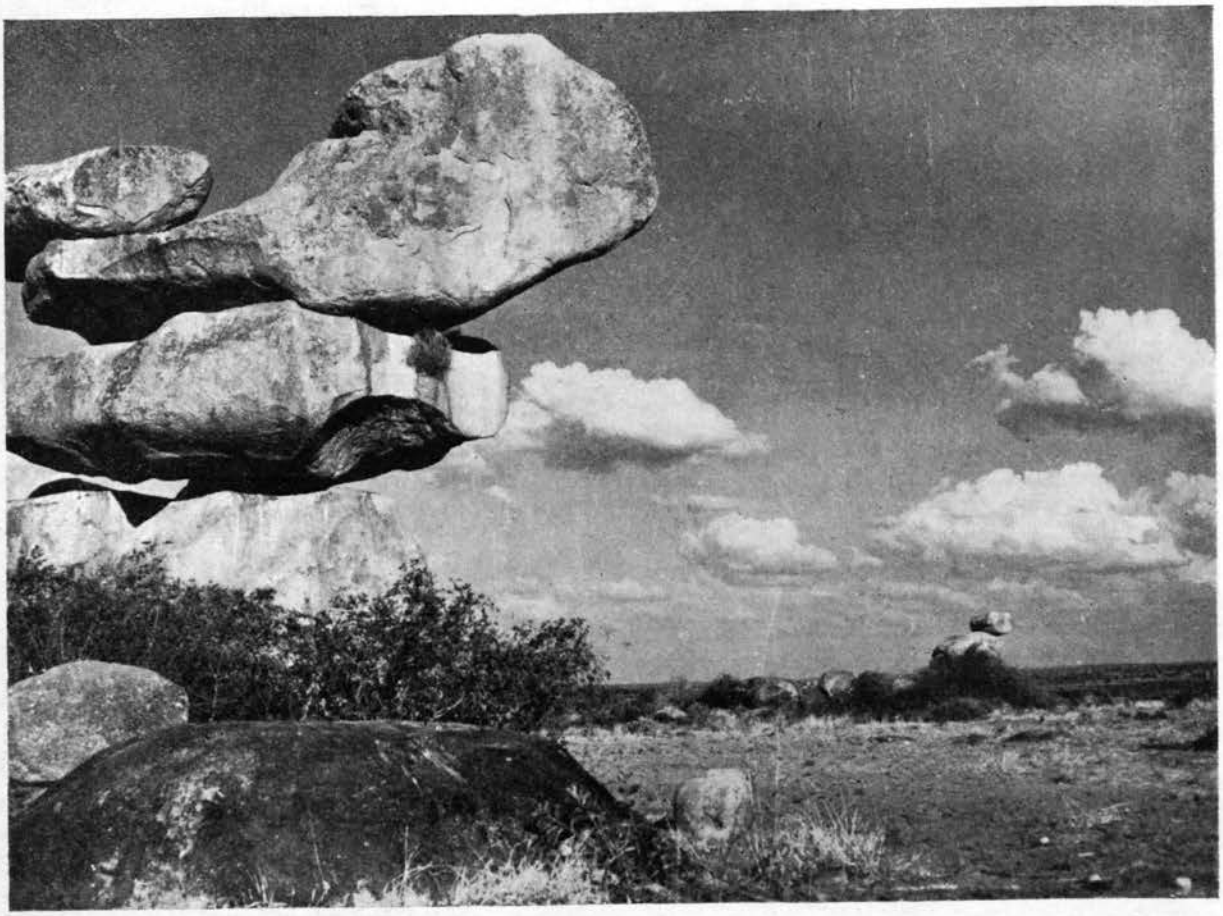

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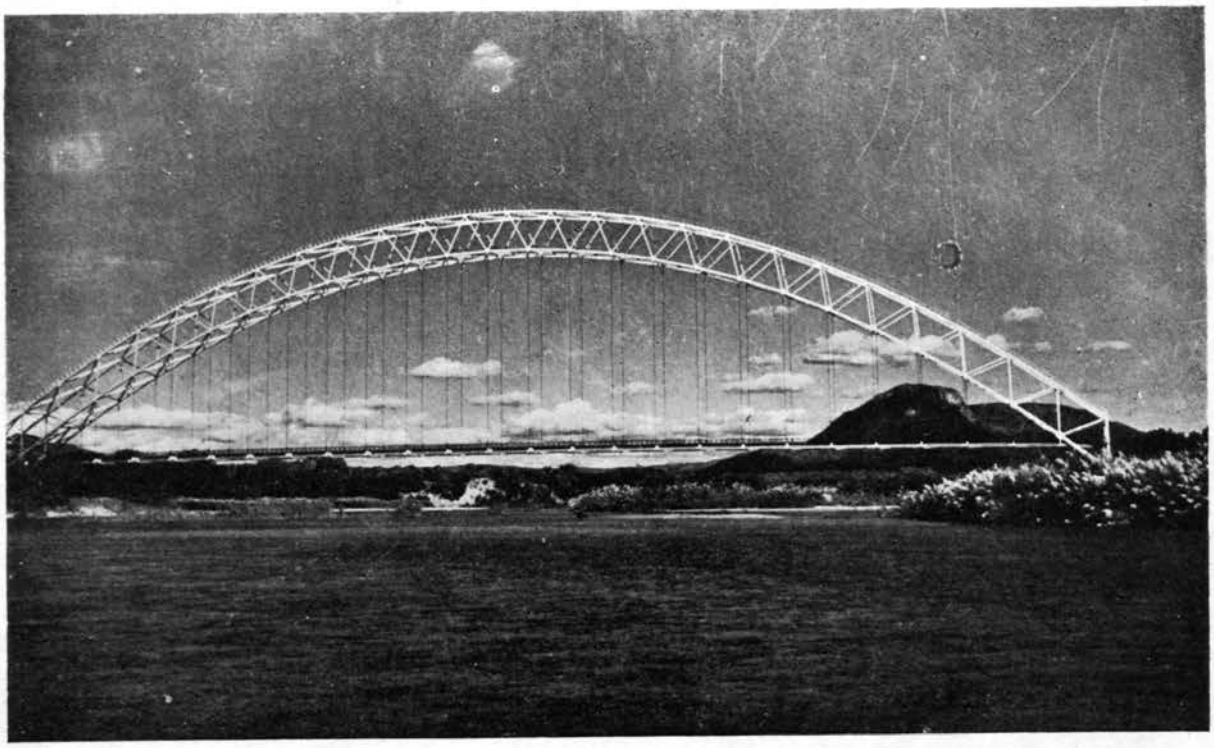

BIRCHENOUGH BRIDGE

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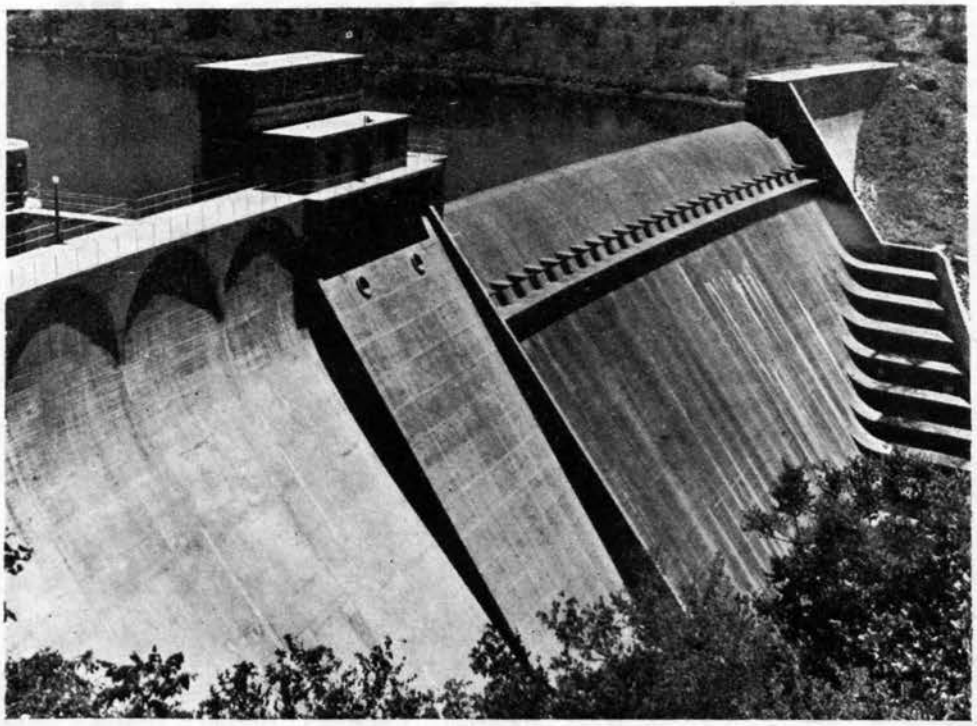

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He broke the Charter Shackles off Rhodesia

By . . .

John Colophon

You are, I hope, giving books this Christmas? Assuming your wisdom in that respect, I have, as usual (if I may say so), a full choice for you, and will lead with one of the most timely interest to all in your part of the world.

It is *One Man's Hand,* by J. P. R. Wallis (Longmans), and, like all else here mentioned, should be with you in ample time. This is the life story (an omission long overdue) of Sir Charles Coghlan, leader in the fight for self-government for Southern Rhodesia, and first Prime Minister of the Colony.

There are many of us, both in Southern Rhodesia and now elsewhere, who well remember Sir Charles in his Bulawayo days as lawyer, before the great and bitter contest for full self-government; and those of us who do know that he was a difficult subject for biography. This was due to the personality of the man, who, of mixed Irish and Scots descent, though South African born, seemed in reticence to take after his Scottish mother. His personal side he kept very much to himself. Most knew him as the tough political fighter, who against odds which to-day seem fantastic, got his way, and won Southern Rhodesia her freedom both from the outmoded Charter and the peril of absorption in the Union. Mr. Wallis has been fortunate in aid from members of Sir Charles's family, co-operators in Southern Rhodesia and elsewhere; but is most well served of all by himself, in that here he presents with fullness fairness and a wealth of documentation the life of a man to whose activities at a crucial time Southern Rhodesia owes her political freedom to-day. This should be made, incidentally, a text book in all Southern Rhodesian schools; it is the history both of a man and of the country itself.

The Little Princesses, by Marion Crawford (Cassell, Overseas Edition, 12/6) is the story of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret from earliest childhood and for 17 years onwards, told by their governess. Books about Royalty are commonly not well done. This book is entirely different. It tells with simplicity and complete frankness, the story of the two Princesses, and incidentally, gives us a picture of the private lives of the King and Queen Elizabeth and other members of the Royal Family, done in a manner I have not seen before. It is really human, unaffected and of interest from first to last. We are taken close to these exalted folk; get to know them. It is first-class, and the illustrations vivid and remarkable.

Does your mind at Christmas turn to the scene here in England in your imagination? Then let me recommend a very special batch of books. *The Hampshire Avon,* by Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald (Cassell), is, without meaningless superlatives, one of the best and best written books on the English country scene published for a long time. The author, well known to you as a broadcaster on the B.B.C. Overseas Service, is steeped in the spirit of the countryside; the born observant wanderer as well as expert naturalist. Here, his first-class writing, his wide knowledge, his feeling for Nature, are exhibited at their finest and free-est. His work breathes England. *The Spirit of London,* by Paul Cohen-Portheim (Batsford), is one of the most wonderful books written by a foreigner, and has already gone into many editions. In this, brought up to post-war date by his friend Raymond Mortimer after his death, you get London in script and picture both lifelike in their faithfulness. *English Legends,* by Henry Betts (Batsford) is a most notable example of thoroughness in the tracing and telling of lore and legend of a land almost uniquely rich in both. Mr. Betts has a light touch which carries immense erudition. Here is a Christmas time armchair companion of ideal kind.

Travel? *Confessions of a China Hand,* by Ronald Farquharson (Hodder & Stoughton), stands out among recent books of this class. It is the story, told with vividness and ease, of life between the wars in a China fast changing, as lived there by a commercial man with an eye for salient

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detail and a sensitive feeling for a country which must always have for the Western a fascination. Mr. Farquharson has here written his first book: it will not be his last.

Dont miss *The Royal Fitzroys* (Hutchinson), by Bernard Falk. Mr. Falk, a former Fleet Street editor famed for his nose for news, has since retirement devoted himself to books delving into the little known picturesque in history — with immense success. This fine book is the history of the Grafton family, descended from one of the many mistresses of Charles II. It is a perfect mine of interest and fact, and will hold you with Ancient Mariner-like grip. A superb piece of book production, too. The recent death of Bernard Shaw gives special topicality and interest to *Letters of William Morris to Family and Friends* (Longmans), edited by Philip Henderson. Morris was an early friend of Shaw; and, indeed, was Shaw's chief influence in Shaw's social outlook. These letters are of interest in giving us the first real glimpse into the actual character of Morris, the reformer and craftsman. The introduction and notes are done with great skill. The interest of Morris, as a man, is centred in the hidden drama (if such it was) of the relations between Morris, his wife and Rossetti, the famous poet. That riddle remains unsolved; but here, until release of the sealed letters in the British Museum 20 years hence, is at least some light—given chiefly by the tone of Morris's letters to his wife. Yes, certainly it was a mystery.

Here I draw special attention to two African books of peculiar appeal and which, when written a few years ago, were rightly acclaimed as superb in their handling. They are both by that remarkably fine writer, the late, A. J. A. Symons, whose "Quest of Corvo" has achieved rank as a masterpiece. *H. M. Stanley* (Falcon Press) tells with succinctness, every needful fact, and beautiful balance, the story of the great explorer who found Livingstone, discovered the course of the Congo and rescued Emin Pasha. The life story of H. M. Stanley is of unique fascination because of the drama of the man's origin and life. This biography gives us the real Stanley. *Emin, Governor of Equatoria,* by the same author (Falcon Press), is the life story of a man of origins and character as strange as Stanley's, though widely different, and of the man whose rescue by Stanley when cut off by the Mahdists in the Southern Sudan caused, in its circumstances, one of the greatest controversies of its day. The handling of subject is here, again, done with beautiful precision and touch. No one interested in any part of Africa should fail to get these two books.

Kon-Tiki and I, by Erik Hesselberg (Allen & Unwin) is a Christmas gift of pre-eminent merit: genuinely. It is the story of the navigator to the famous Pacific raft expedition which in the book of the name became one of the books of this year. Mr. Hesselberg is an artist and humorist of rare quality, and here, in the most alluring letterpress and picture, tells his version of the astonishing adventure of thousands of miles on a raft.

Farewell to Priorsford and to O. Douglas (Hodder and Stoughton), is a final tribute by many hands, together with life-sketch and seven chapters of an unfinished novel, of one of the most popular women novelists of her day, and sister to John Buchan. All lovers of O. Douglas's work will want to have this charming book.

I have room for only a brief selection of fiction. I lead, at the season of entertainment, with *The Second Seal,* Dennis Wheatley's new novel (Hutchinson). It is set in the days of the first world war, and there, with a basis of fact, takes us behind the scenes to follow the thrilling fortunes of one of Mr. Wheatley's most colourful characters. There is only one Dennis Wheatley: for wealth of invention, pace, action and spate of thrills. I cannot imagine a better Christmas than a chair on the verandah with "The Second Seal." *Stars in the Morning* by Vian C. Smith (Hodder and Stoughton) is a meal of different delight by an author who has already made a big mark. I star, too, *The Tap on the Left Shoulder,* by Ricardo Sicre (Cassell). Here Sicre, that famous veteran of the Spanish Civil War, and hush-hush Allies man of the Second, gives us his first novel, its theme the impact of war on a peaceful town in the French provinces, and what that meant to its inhabitants, with the coming of the Nazis. I predict for this book an immense success; it is a wonderful picture superbly done and showing a rare understanding of humanity under stress, with mounting excitement.

For the young folk.—Here is my best pick. *Steeple Folly,* by M. E. Atkinson (The Bodley Head). This author is famed for her skill in this difficult medium, and here again we have Bill, Jim and Co., of Crusoe Island celebrity, in another fast-moving adventure. *Lucy's League,* by Imelia Gay (Hodder & Stoughton): a young folk's book quite out of the way, and the way the herione saved for a holiday in U.S.A. with granny. A homely theme; but done with maximum entertainment and no hint of priggishness. *The White*

Rabbit's Road, by Eileen O. Faolain (Longmans): Here the author of that book of fascination for children of all ages, gives us another Irish fairy tale that is entirely "different." *The Adventures of Tommy*, by Lillian Miozzi (The Bodley Head), a delightful thing with Rose Fyleman illustrations.

Finally, but not least, Messrs. Longmans continue the reissue of the most famous young folk's series of modern times, the Andrew Lang Fairy Books, with *The Orange Fairy Book* (world-wide selection) and *The Olive Fairy Book* (tales gathered from the East). These lovely volumes, each at a price more than reasonable in this age, will meet with instant appreciation.

If thrillers be the known appeal—either to you or your friends—then note *A Brush With Death*, by Sheila Pim (Hodder & Stoughton), this first-class writer's latest; *Murder is Served*, by Frances and Richard Lockridge (Hutchinson)—the two-in-harness who immensely know their job; and the new Pan, *The Bowstring Murders*, by that vintage thriller name, Carter Dickson.

Regimental Association Dinner

GWELO

Nearly a hundred people—members of the Regimental Association and their guests, gathered at the Midlands Hotel, Gwelo, for the Annual Reunion Dinner on the 14th October, 1950, and practically every station in the Midlands Province was represented.

After Captain Harvey, the chairman, had proposed the toast to The King, the Minister of Justice, the Hon. Mr. J. M. Greenfield, K.C., M.P., proposed the toast to The Regiment. "Whenever people think of Southern Rhodesia," said the Minister, "they automatically think of the British South Africa Police. English history does not associate itself with the Police like Southern Rhodesian history does where the Police escorted the Pioneers to the Colony. The Regiment has a great and glorious tradition to uphold. The purpose of a toast such as this is not to a person but to a constitution. The country could not do without the British South Africa Police which is built into the nation."

The Minister then amused the gathering with some anecdotes. He concluded his speech by pointing out that young lads from Britain instead of Rhodesians joined the Force, no doubt on account of the romantic appeal of the Colony and Police Service here. "The Rhodesians," he added, "come in when they have assumed their responsibilities in the form of the Police Reserve. I am very proud to propose this toast, which takes me back to my boyhood days of 1928 when I earned my first income as a special constable. I was enrolled in the B.S.A. Police one day, earning a pound, and discharged the next, receiving a pound in lieu of notice."

The health of the Regiment was then drunk.

Replying, Colonel J. Appleby, the Acting Commissioner, pointed out that the Gwelo Branch of the Association had the distinction of being the first to invite the new Minister to a Reunion Dinner. "Mr. Greenfield's appointment as Minister was a source of great satisfaction to us all," he said. Colonel Appleby concluded by saying that in Police work all the scientific aids in the world count as nothing without the goodwill of the public.

In an amusing speech, Lieutenant "Robbie" Williamson, of the Police Reserve, proposed a toast to the Association. "After-dinner speeches" he said, "are like a woman's dress—they should be short enough to be interesting yet long enough to cover the subject."

Major Spurling, Officer Commanding Midlands Province, replied. He welcomed the guests—Mr. Yates, the Magistrate, and Mr. Lardner-Burke, M.P., before congratulating Captain Harvey and the Committee on the work of the year and the excellent arrangements made for the evening.

Members, old and new, then intermingled, exchanging reminiscences. Some of the old comrades observed in joyful mood were Captain West, Bert Perryman (2280), Mr. Purkiss (2350), Mr. Hedley ("Lofty") Storey (2205), Wally Triggs (3348), Mr. G. D. Scott, of H.M.S. Kezi fame, Mr. "Gus" Almond and "The Colonel"—"Ginger" Jackson, in from his country seat at Umvuma. Lieutenant Pat Sawers of the Police Reserve came in with Lieutenant Sobey.

A new note has been introduced to these occasions—in addition to the good old days, one also hears of Dunkirk and the Battle of Britain, an indication, perhaps, that such convivial Regimental gatherings bring back nostalgic thoughts of similar jollifications outside Rhodesia.

K. D. L.

Hook: "How is it that you never quarrel with your wife?

Button: "Well, she goes her way and I go hers."

Leaves

Under the heading of Returns we find a rather odd one for Policemen to have to submit, i.e., "Trees and Shrubs Return," fortunately, as you will see, only an Annual one. Unlike other returns, statistics of increase or decrease in growth and the reasons therefore are not called for, and it is really more of a requisition for whatever further flora the Member i/c considers necessary to beautify his "plot just out of town," or the Police Camp, according to whether the member is just on the point of retiring or has many years to soldier on with little hope or fear of a transfer.

Perhaps it is because of this annual reminder and that nobody stationed here would consider having a plot within a hundred miles of the place, that we have such a profusion of trees and shrubs in this camp, but my recent experience here makes me think that the person or persons responsible for planting them had little thought for their successors, and had only thought for their own salvation, in spite of the adage "He who plants trees loves others beside himself."

I will readily admit that with the advent of the rains the lush green foliage with its resultant shade affords great enjoyment, but Oh! what an awful "shupa" befalls us in the winter months when they begin to shed their leaves. You may have noticed that in this country the leaves do not all fall at one time as they normally do in England in the Autumn. Out here the process starts in about May and goes on and on until late September when the sap begins to rise again—five long months of tidying up—sweeping and sweeping ad infinitum, with no apparent result.

We used to have a regular sweep once a week, but in the interim the camp looks such a mess that a tame bandit was put on the job with a brush and a sack and a pointed stick for attack upon the obstinate leaf which refused to be swept. The bandit was quite artistic in his own way and took a real interest in his "hard labour" . . . his name is Cuthbert and his offence had, incidentally, been Impersonation of Police. (His impersonation had been really first class, but he had studied the Town copper and his deceit was thus easily spotted in the District.)

He managed to keep on top of his task fairly well, though on windy days it looked as though he had done a minus quantity of work, but with the impending recent Inspection by the O.C. he really picked up and the improved weather conditions enabled him to amble quietly around with the pointed stick selecting his victims at ease. We were on tenterhooks hoping that the wind would keep away until after the Inspection, and on the fateful day the first thing we looked at was the flag which we found hung down motionless from the pole, and with a sigh of relief we began to smarten ourselves up to be all ship-shape for the arrival of the man upon whom our immediate fate seemed to rest.

We are a long way from the beaten track so waited for the sound of a car which we knew would be carrying the possessor of the voice so often heard on the phone from D.H.Q., and eventually we heard it. I shall never know whether it was the speed of this car or whether it was a deliberate act of the Devil, but coincidental with the approach of the car came the sound of a whirlwind. The car screamed to a full stop in front of the office, and to my horror the trees began to shake and the leaves to fall. By the time the V.I.P. had removed himself from the car and dusted himself down, the camp was covered knee deep in leaves. Cuthbert appeared, but withdrew crestfallen—the place was beyond hope. It seemed to me, standing there to attention, that the kit laid out for inspection altered visibly—the saddle lost its softness, the stirrups their shine, the leather work its polish, the pots and pans their lustre, and the whole place its clean appearance. I, too, was crestfallen. The Inspection was not a success . . . how could it be? I was ordered to turn over a new leaf (I nearly screamed at this), and as the Officer sped away I couldn't help thinking how unfortunate it would be for him if a leaf of his car spring broke.

Now that ordeal is over I am standing up to my neck in leaves, longing for the rains, and in my despair plead with all Members i/c to submit NIL returns to this "Trees and Shrubs" thing. It really isn't worth the trouble.

Cuthbert hasn't appeared yet, so I must away to find him and tell him the story of George Washington.

MUTSWI.

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Christmas Greetings

THE Committee, Editor and Staff of *The Outpost* send their Good Wishes to all Advertisers, Contributors and Readers for a Merry Christmas and Prosperity and Happiness in the New Year.

SPORT

BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA POLICE, SALISBURY LEAGUE CRICKET

Sunday, November 5, 1950: Police v. Wingate Club, played on the Police Ground

Police won the toss and decided to field; the ground was in perfect condition and runs should have come easily, but once again our steady opening attack forced the batsmen to make mistakes and the wickets fell. The most consistent and successful bowler was Reynolds who in 17 overs had nine maidens and took six wickets for 32 runs. More cigarettes from the tobacco company.

The Police showed their opponents that there were runs in the wicket, and having scored a quick 90 declared with only four wickets down, Smithyman scoring 45 before being bowled.

It looked as though Wingate was going to attempt to stick there until the end of the day's play, but Smithyman, in an inspired spell of bowling during which he took three wickets in one over for no runs, changed the whole outlook of the game. The last wicket fell leaving the Police 71 runs to get in just under 45 minutes. The hard hitters went in first and Jock Robertson lived up to his name, scoring a very quick 22, and with Smithyman 36 not out the game was won comfortably. This win means that the Police are promoted to "B" Zone where no doubt we shall find a little stiffer opposition, but we hope to remain in this zone at the end of the next round.

Wingate Club, 1st innings, 78 (Donner 47, Reynolds six for 32, Banister two for 24).

Wingate Club, 2nd innings 82 (Thal 45, Smithyman five for 21, Gilfillan three for 11, Robertson two for eight.)

Police, 1st innings 90 for four declared (Smithyman 45, Holmes 25.)

Police 2nd innings, 75 for two (Smithyman 36 not out, Robertson 22).

Police won by eight wickets.

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

LOG POSITIONS—"C" Zone

	P	W	L	D	Won on 1st innings	Lost on 1st innings	Round points
Police	5	2	0	0	3	0	24
Alexandra III	5	2	0	0	1	2	20
Salisbury IV	5	1	0	1	2	1	19
Wingate	5	2	2	1	0	0	15
Raylton	5	1	3	0	0	1	8

Sunday, November 12, 1950, Police v. Alexandra II played on the Police ground

The Police team, playing its first match in "B" Zone scored a very fine win over the powerful Alexandra Second team who had tied for the first position in that Zone during the first round. Rain the previous night had made the pitch very wet and play could not start until 10.15 a.m. Police batted first and it was seen that the wicket was tricky when four wickets were down for 22, but then Smithyman and Banister made a stand of 50 before Smithyman was clean bowled. A last wicket stand between Reynolds and Gilfillan produced a very valuable 50 runs.

The wicket proved to be just as tricky for the Alexandra batsmen, Robertson bowling well, taking the first four wickets. Rain interfered with play shortly after the Police had started their second innings.

Police, 1st innings 120 (Smithyman 41, Gilfillan 26, Banister 22).

Police, 2nd innings, 21 for one.

Alexandra II, 1st innings 94 (Robertson four for 32, Smithyman two for 23).

Police won on 1st innings by 26 runs.

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

Sunday, November 26, 1950: Police v. Raylton II played on Alexandra ground

Rain the previous evening had made the pitch very wet and play was not possible early on. Police batted first and found the wicket difficult, but once again Smithyman came to the rescue, scoring 44, after being dropped twice.

Robertson and Reynolds bowled well, rain finally washing the game out when Police were in a good position to obtain first innings points.

Police, 1st innings 126 (Smithyman 44, Maguire 15, Robertson 14).

Raylton II, 2nd innings 50 for six (Robertson four for 18, Gilfillan one for five).

Game drawn.

Police team in order of batting: Reynolds, Shaughnessy, Smithyman, Lowe, Maguire, Hider, Buchanan, Riddle, Robertson, Gilfillan, Holmes.

B.S.A. POLICE, SALISBURY—FRIENDLY CRICKET

Salisbury Town Police v. C.I.D.: Saturday, November 4, 1950, Police ground

This game was played in the friendly spirit in which cricket should be played, and the afternoon proved most enjoyable. The game really did not end until well after dusk for it was possible to hear all about the finer points of the game over a cold quart.

C.I.D., 1st innings 157 (Fleming 56 not out, Slater 35, Hammond three for 27).

Salisbury Town, 1st innings 106 (Rawson 28, Hammond 26, Cowling four for five).

Teams in order of batting:

C.I.D.: Grossmith, Slater, Bristow, Barfoot, Robinson, Fleming, Cowling, Vickery, Bryer, Wood.

Salisbury Town: Vansittart, Rawson, Clapham, Hammond, Walker, Buckley, Wright, Hughes, McNamara, Townsend, Lucock.

Sunday, November 5, 1950: Salisbury Police v. Enkeldoorn at Belvedere

Salisbury Police, 1st innings, 220 for six declared (Hider 79 not out, Coop 69 not out).

Enkeldoorn, 1st innings, 145 (Maguire five for 46).

Police team in order of batting: Taylor, Maguire, Rawson, Grantham, Buckley, Davenport, Coop, Hider, Harcourt, Pickard, Harris.

Saturday, November 11, 1950: Police v. Old Georgians.

Old Georgians, 1st innings, 111 for eight declared (Coop two for 17).

Police, 1st innings 115 for seven (Maguire 31, Coop 27 not out).

Police team in order of batting: Taylor, Maguire, Robinson, Coop, Hider, Buckley, Lovegrove, Davenport, Tait, Harcourt, Pickard.

Saturday, November 18: Police Friendly v. Police League, Police ground

The Friendly team challenged the League side and a very enjoyable game resulted. The Friendly team started off with a very hostile attack and two League wickets were down before 10 runs were on the board, but the League managed to retain their unbeaten record.

Police Friendly, 1st innings 103 (Maguire 47, Taylor 13, Shaughnessy three for 19, Riddle two for seven).

Police League, 1st innings 189 (Shaughnessy 42 retired, Banister 40 retired, Reynolds 40).

Teams in order of batting:

Police Friendly: Taylor, Maguire, Osborne, Coop, Buchanan, Buckley, Robinson, Davenport, Savage, Clapham, Pickard.

Police League: Reynolds, Grossmith, Rogers, Banister, Shaughnessy, Rawson, Gilfillan, Ridd'e, Smith, Holmes, Lowe.

Saturday, November 25: Police Friendly v. Raylton, Police ground

Raylton, 1st innings 88 (Wheeler five for 40, Savage two for three).

Police Friendly, 1st innings 187 for six (Maguire 45, Taylor 41, retired, Coop 34).

T.C.B.

GOLF

The Police Golf Season officially ended on Sunday, the 19th November, 1950, when the Commissioner presented the prizes.—

1950 has seen an astonishing improvement in the course and the standard of play by the Police Golf Section. We even managed to turn the tables on Henry Chapman Golf Club on their own course and apart from Royal Salisbury away (when the grass greens proved too much for us) won our matches with unfailing regularity. In this we are helped greatly by the Police Reserve members and honorary members, although serving members are to-day producing some grand figures.

It still does not appear to be appreciated by a number of Police that the Golf Section is not a small self-contained unit existing for the benefit of the few, but is and always will be, an integral part of the Headquarters Recreation Club.

The fact that there is a coterie of old hands does not imply that youth is frowned upon; on the contrary youth and new blood is welcomed. Admittedly golf played regularly can be expensive, but the cost of entertainment is not without the pocket of any member of the Police being as little as 6/- for a Sunday morning when Police are at home to a visiting team. All the Secretary asks is that those wishing to play on Sunday mornings should leave their names on the board the previous Thursday so that the times can be fixed.

Our fixtures with other clubs are now accepted as a matter of course, and the Police can, in all sincerity say, that the matches with Police on the Police course are looked forward to by all.

It is hoped that certain improvements will be made to the course this year—fairways widened, approaches top-dressed and bunkers rounded off; but all this takes time and money.

The Golf Section inaugurated the Golf Dances in aid of Recreation Club funds, during 1950 and two were held, resulting in a profit of £170 which was handed over. It is hoped that this will become an annual function and continue to receive the good support of the Police and the public. They are cheery shows.

A landmark in Police golf has left us; Steve Maybrook, who has so successfully occupied the position of Captain for the past seven years, retired on pension in August. It is going to be difficult to replace him.

The various trophies with winners are set out below; it is not inappropriate to mention that next year there will be a further trophy—the Jock Simpson Cup—to be played for.

Gloria Cup: P/R Sub-Inspector Wastie, K. N., nett 140; runner-up, D/S/I Fleming, D. R., nett 142.

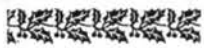
Milburn Cup: P/R Constable Gould, G., three up; runner-up, P/R Lieut. Shepherd, two up.

Ross Bottle: Sergeant Osborne, W., nett 66.

As has been mentioned before in these notes, the Robinson Cup was played for and won by the Officers' Mess; may I again appeal for better support for this competition in 1951. It is, after all, a District competition.

THE BEST CONTROLLED TRAFFIC IN THE WORLD

"It is recognised by traffic authorities the world over that London traffic is the thickest, the best organised, the safest and most orderly; in short, that it is a model of traffic control."—Niall Brennan, of Melbourne, talking in a B.B.C. Overseas programme after he had been in England for twelve months.



"As an instance of the tyranny exercised by the Officers of the New Police over the Constables of the Force, we are informed that a few days ago, a Daniel Gray, a Constable of the 'B' Division, was tried before the Commissioners for the crime of getting married without their consent and, further, sleeping out of his Section House on his bridal night. The evidence in support of the charge having been heard, the defendant replied that he did not know that he had committed any offence. The Commissioners found the man guilty but they only fined him 5s., in consideration, we believe, of this having been the first offence in this type of crime and of his having felt, perhaps, some slight temptation to sleep out of his Section House on the occasion referred to, seeing that his bride did not repose there."—From The Morning Herald, 12th October, 1843.

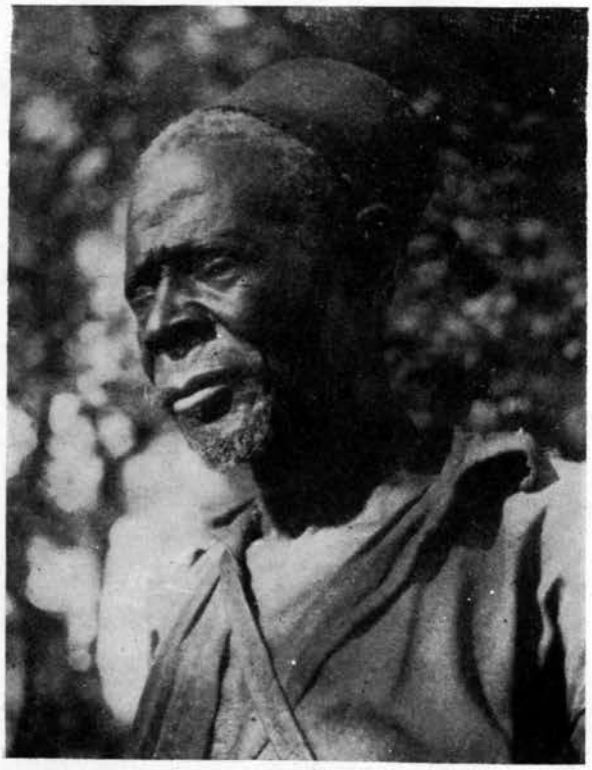
STEPPED ON IT

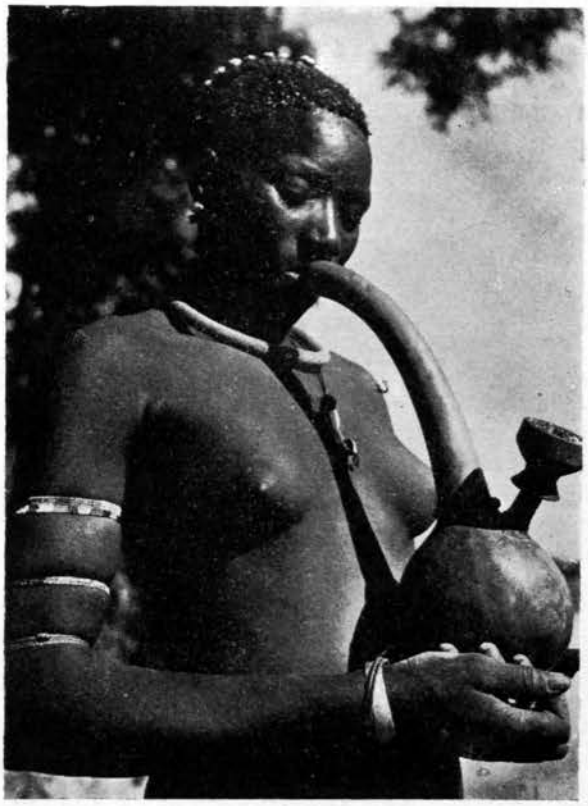
First Police Cadet: "What did that glamour blonde do when you asked her to dance?"

Second Police Cadet: "She was on my feet in an instant."

YOUTH AND AGE

The noiseless foot of Time steals swiftly by,
And, ere we dream of manhood, age is nigh!





Those were the Days

(Concluded)

By "MUVIMI"

Queer Types

One met some queer types among the "old hands", most of whom have faded away by now. Colourful chaps, some of them, and however annoying some of their pranks may have been at the time, none of them were really bad citizens, and their peculiarities were mostly the result of the exuberance of their spirits and that lust for free living which made them pioneers, without whom there would have been no Empire.

J——, of whom many tales were told, was one: he was a real "remittance man" who got a small regular income for keeping away from home, where he had been an embarrassment to his parents. He once wrote to the local Superintendent of Police, complaining that he had not seen a Policeman for weeks, and demanding his share of Police protection, as he paid his share of the taxes. The local Sergeant was somewhat of a humorist, so every day out went a mounted Trooper to call on J——. This went on for about ten days; then the Trooper was met by J—— with a loaded shotgun, and was told in no uncertain terms that if he did not get off back to camp at a gallop, he would be shot. He went, since he knew that there was every chance of the threat being carried out. Next day brought a stinker from J——, who was going to complain to the Government that he was being treated like a criminal, under constant Police surveillance.

J—— had a friend who had one parlour trick; he could crow like a rooster. Actually he looked rather like one. On a spree one day, this friend was persuaded by J—— to climb a tree and crow; he did so. J—— then got his shotgun, loaded it, and sat under the tree, telling his friend that if he stopped crowing he would get the seat of his pants filled full of holes. Luckily another man turned up and rescued him just as he was getting so hoarse that he would have been forced to stop crowing very soon.

J—— and this friend were the heroes of a story which may or may not have been true. It is said that they were on a drunk with another man, who died. J—— and friend decided that an inquest was necessary, and the friend having had some little medical training, they held a post mortem examination, deciding that death was due to heart failure. Sobering up, they had to report the death; unfortunately for them the G.M.O. was sent out to examine the body, to find that not only had it been cut open and stitched up, but that the liver was missing. Eventually an inquest verdict of death from natural causes was returned, but the two of them narrowly escaped being put up on a murder charge.

J—— had an old grey mare, and this animal used to carry him home from the local, and gently tip him off in front of his house when they got back to the farm.

Tam McG—— gave me one of the most uncomfortable five minutes of my career. Tam was a Scot, a very powerful man; you may have heard of men being able to throw an ox by seizing it by the horns and twisting them. I saw Tam do this once. Having been investigating a case at the small working he had, I was staying the night, as it was too late to get back to camp. After supper we were sitting in his hut; he was punishing the dop bottle pretty severely, and suddenly got up with a mad look in his eyes, saying "Come laddie, let us fight." Tearing off his shirt he revealed a torso and arms like a gorilla, and just as hairy. I tried to tell him that I had no desire to fight him—I hadn't either. He could easily have broken me into small pieces—but he insisted: "Just for fun," said he. He was between me and the door, and I could see no way out. However, I said that I couldn't possibly fight wearing breeches, leggings and spurs, and asked him to wait while I got these off, suggesting that in the meantime he could sit and have another drink.

To my relief he did so, merely asking me not to be too long about it; but as soon as he sat down and picked up the bottle, I was out of the door like a scalded cat, and away into the darkness. He didn't come out, and I daren't go back, so I spent a most uncomfortable night under a tree, after collecting some grass to sleep on. Needless to say, I did not mention anything about the affair in the morning, as he seemed to have forgotten all about it, nor did I ever stay the night with Tam again.

Q——, over whose remains I read what I could remember of the burial service, was another queer type. A little wiry chap with a goatee

THE MEMBER i/c GOES SICK

"Such a jolly, cheerful lot of Troopers you have dear. I could distinctly hear them laughing when I 'phoned to say you wouldn't be in to-day."

beard, he hailed from Texas, and had come to South Africa in Boer War days, later drifting up to Rhodesia. He wandered all over the place, doing odd jobs with cattle, and when I met him he was erecting a fence on a ranch some distance away. He was a marvel with a "handgun" (revolver to us), and could hit an orange rolled along the ground with five out of six shots, when he could be persuaded to perform. He seemed to have no relatives anywhere, and after his death no papers could be found. He very seldom drank in the local, but would walk in once or twice a month from wherever he was working, and order a case of whatever type of "likker" he fancied at the moment. Then he would go off down to the river bank, where his boy would have spread his bedding under a "msasa" or shelter of branches, and would steadily drink his way through the case, going back to his job when he had finished it.

Poor chap, a case of Hunts' Invalid Port finished him off, for early one Monday morning his boy came to tell me the boss was very sick—he was more than that—he was dead. There were no S.D.D.'s in those days, so after ringing up the Magistrate in the nearest town, he gave us permission to bury the body. So we made a box out of bits of packing case, and gave him some sort of burial. As the case was not a very good fit, we wedged him in with his empties.

Fritz B—— was like the chief character in Stuart Cloete's book *Turning Wheels*. An enormous Afrikaner, he was a typical Voortrekker, and ruled his household like a real Boer patriarch. He was very anti-Government, in fact his views got him into some sort of trouble during the 1914-18 war. His brother helped him farm, and if he incurred Fritz's displeasure, the latter would sjambok him. We became friends after I had caught him out. Visiting the farm on patrol, I asked him if he had paid his dog tax, whereupon one of his numerous progeny produced a small white mongrel dog, and he said this was the only dog he had. I was dubious about this, and later on, when leaving I saw the spoor of very large dogs in the yard. Having left, telling him I was going back to my outspan about four miles away, I waited for a couple of hours at a spot some mile away from the homestead, and then rode back.

Reaching the homestead, a half dozen enormous dogs went for me, so I put Fritz on the spot for it. He was very impressed that a " rooinek " should have been clever enough to catch him like this, and we became quite good friends. He came to me not long afterwards for assistance in filling up some form or another, in which details of his family had to be shown. When detailing names and ages of his children, I suggested that there must be some mistake, as there was only six months or so between some of them; but he explained without a blush that a distant relative of his wife was living with him. He was a crack shot, and one night shot four lions one after the other round his cattle kraal, holding a hurricane lamp in his left hand and firing his rifle with one hand only. He was a great veldsman and I learned a lot of veld lore from Fritz.

Mrs. H—— was a marvel. She had come up by ox-wagon in the very early days as a nurse, and at the time I met her must have been well over fifty. She had married a man who had been an engine driver on the first trains up from Beira. They had a farm about seven miles from the siding and she used to walk in, dressed in a black bombazine dress, poke bonnet, and elastic-sided boots, carrying a parasol. The first time I saw her walking along the track I could not believe my eyes; she looked like something straight from a Punch sketch by Du Maurier, from Victorian days. Many was the good meal I had with them on Sundays, when she would cook a real honest to goodness English mid-day meal, with all the trimmings. No native ever touched her food, nor entered the kitchen except to carry in wood or water. Her husband had many tales to tell of the pioneer railway days, when it was nothing out of the ordinary for the train to stop for a while to allow the crew to do a bit of shooting. The way in which a thirsty train crew would get themselves a drink of whisky was rather cunning, too, according to him. They would take a case of whisky

from the van, dump it hard on the line, and catch the whisky in a bucket! Broken in transit!

Well, most of them have left us now, and we are the poorer in many ways for their passing. They certainly had what it took, and both men and women stuck it out under conditions which by our more modern standards were appalling.

"I've Gotta Boy"

The Constable had paraded for duty
Things were going off with a smile,
He sat at the Charge Office table
To think of his girl friend awhile.

When a knock at the Charge Office counter
Brought him to his feet full of joy,
Instead of the farmer's daughter
'Twas a bloke who said, "I've gotta boy."

The Constable quite cheesed off about this
Thought, to hell with you and your boy,
But replied quite genially and friendly
"What is your trouble and why?"

The bloke went deep into his sorrows,
His misery and internal woe;
The trouble it all seemed to be
Was that the boy wanted to go.

The boy wanted to plant his mealies,
The employer thought this was a farce;
He knew that if his wish was granted
The boy would only vorgash.

The case was cut, dried and quartered,
To court accused and complainant went,
The magistrate found the accused guilty
And to gaol he was duly sent.

If the M and S Act was abolished
Ach, sis man, what the hell
The Government would soon be stoney
Which includes the Police Force as well.

The moral of this story is as follows:—
Never rest on your laurels my boy
'Cos as sure as the devil's behind you
Someone will come in with their boy.

ANONYMOUS.

Police Reunion Dinner

BULAWAYO

The Police Annual Dinner arranged by the Bulawayo Branch of the Regimental Association was held on 27th October at the Carlton Hotel, and proved a most successful function.

One hundred and forty-four members and guests were present and enjoyed an excellently prepared—and what is equally as important, well-served—meal, for which the management of the hotel should be complimented.

The official guests were: The Hon. J. M. Greenfield, K.C., M.P., Minister of Justice; Mr. Justice R. C. Tredgold, K.C., Chief Justice of Southern Rhodesia; Mr. J. H. Butcher, Mayor of Bulawayo; Mr. J. Fitt, Civil Commissioner; Dr. J. Leggate, Senior Medical Officer, Bulawayo; Air Commodore Allison, R.A.F.; Colonel J. de L. Thompson, O.C. Defence Force, Matabeleland. Lieut.-Colonel N. F. Shillingford and Major M. Fleming of the Police Reserve were present. Major R. C. Carmichael presided.

The toast of "The Regiment" was proposed by the Minister of Justice, the Hon. Mr. J. M. Greenfield, K.C., M.P., who in referring to the war achievements of the Force reminded all that peace has her victories no less than war and spoke of the way the Force had won a secure place in the hearts of all people of Southern Rhodesia.

The Acting Commissioner, Colonel Appleby, in proposing the toast of the Regimental Association laid emphasis on the point that the corner-stones on which police work was built were the goodwill of the public and a good reputation, both largely earned by a good manner of approach backed by a smart turn-out.

Following the toasts, diners, mindful of the Force's close association with the Chief Justice and Senior Government Medical Officer called on Mr. Justice Tredgold and Dr. "Jimmy" Leggate to speak and were rewarded with bright amusing speeches bearing on life in the Police.

After dinner the evening passed quickly in reminiscing by old and young, while the musically-minded extolled the exploits of a gentleman known as "One-Eyed Riley" and dwelt on the vicissitudes of life spent in "Bobbing up and down like this."

Huskies

By Major H. C. Collier-Gates, ex-N.W.M.P.

WITH the first snows of winter, the Huskie comes into his own. As soon as the canoe season begins, when the rivers are open, the huskie was often forgotten.

I remember when the Indians turned them adrift, in the summer, and I have seen these dogs crouching beside a stream, peering into the water, until with a swift swipe of their paw, a fish was soon on the bank and a moment later was down the dog's throat. For these dogs foraged for their food in all directions. If you left anything leather, traces, boots, hide of any kind, out all night, it became dog food.

The Police dogs were well fed, and looked after. Bags of dried white fish were carried during patrol.

Even in these days, it is only the big settlements that get their supplies by aeroplane and snow plough trains, all the others depend on the dog teams, for it is these that members of the Mounted Police, missionaries, prospectors and doctors use to visit the smaller settlements.

As soon as the first flakes of snow make their appearance, the huskie becomes animated, and wherever he is, returns to his "base," even to the owner who has neglected him during the summer.

It is curious that huskies never seem to bear their owners any ill will, it's all in a dog's life, for turning them adrift, but beat a dog unnecessarily and you may have the whole team on you. When you start to prepare your sled for the winter, excitement is intense, for they seem to know as you rub the runners of the sled with frozen blood (this is better than ice) that you are helping them by making it run easier.

One thing I like about the huskie is that he is a great sportsman, for even when you have to use your whip on him, he bears you no resentment—if he deserves it, but if you hit the wrong dog, you are for it.

A dog team, like a coach team of horses, knows at once, the moment you take up the "lines" whether you are a novice or not, for the huskie has a keen sense of humour.

It is then, if you are a novice, that you will see a dog laugh; in fact, I have seen a team, sitting in their traces, facing their driver, so much did they enjoy the joke. This happened in 1898, when a party of Englishmen, retired officers, arrived in Edmonton, informing those they met that they were

"Husky" Puppies.

on their way to Dawson. As this story is about dogs, I should like to make a separate story of these three gentlemen.

They purchased a dog team and sled, at a ruinous price, and the day arrived when, with their gear, they were ready to start in their search for gold.

First, all three crowded on the sled, then the driver took up the lines, held very tight, as he would a horse's reins, then he jerked the lines backward and forward, all the time shouting, "Good dogs." "Gee up" and made clucking noises something like a Zulu Now the other two men joined in the chorus of "Good dogs, Gee up."

It was then that the dogs took an interest, and turned round to enjoy the fun. They had harnessed their dogs fan wise. Who told them we never knew. Now their owners descended from the sled and stared at the dogs. They were doing this when an "old timer" took pity on them. After squirting tobacco juice in all directions, he strolled up to them and said,

" Say, deyer want ter git them dawgs along?" The three officers replied in one voice that they did. Whether the old 'un made a face at the dogs, or that they scented a man who knew his job, the dogs returned to their positions. The old 'un took up the lines, shook them and shouted, " Mush!"; and the last we saw of those dogs they were tearing along the trail with the owners running after.

There are three ways that dogs are " traced," differing in localities: fan formation, line ahead, or the dogs are hitched on a single trace. Naturally, in forest districts they do not use fan formation.

In the use of the whip, unless you have had practice, my advice is do not use it at all. For practice, I commenced by standing nearly the length of the thong of my whip from a post, and keeping at it until I could touch the post with every crack of the whip.

From my own experience, the voice is as important as the whip in many cases, which is not to be wondered at by those who have ridden or driven horses.

I used to inflict all the poetry I could think of on my horse and dogs during long patrols, jiggy things like " Hood," etc. Once while driving a dog team in the Great Slave District, I tried Scott's " Marmion " on them, and when I came to " Charge Chester Charge, On Stanley On," it woke them up so much that they nearly upset the sled.

While on the subject of calling to your dogs, a story was told of a certain Bishop who made long trips by dog teams. His driver was a French Canadian, and he found the best method of driving was to use lurid French oaths, to which they responded very well.

On the first trip the Bishop, who understood French, remonstrated with the driver on his language. The driver shrugged his shoulders and at the next hill said nothing, with the result that the dogs slowed to nearly a crawl. The Bishop thought it over, and as he wanted to get home, told the driver to " use his own way."

I have mentioned that huskies will eat anything, but in the Police, we fed them on white fish. This was caught in the fall, dried on racks, hung high enough to keep it away from the dogs, and we used to take sacks of fish, depending on the length of the Patrol. On one occasion I had to make a journey over a very bad trail, part of which was along a ledge overlooking a precipice. At one turn of the trail, the sled nearly overturned, with the result that one sack of fish, and this my last one, was flung over the edge. Then the time came to halt for the night, and to examine the dogs' feet, followed by feeding time. As there was no dog food, I cut up my own bacon, and a small piece of jerked beef, and gave them that. But the following night, with nothing to come at all, they first sat round and looked at me reproachfully, then edged closer and licked their lips, keeping their burning eyes fixed on me. Fortunately a trader came along the trail and gave me a bag of dog food, for as I have mentioned before, a huskie will eat anything.

Altogether these dogs have a hard life. But such is the grim law of the North, the wolf strain being ever just below the surface, they will cheerfully eat each other, if everything else fails. So if a female huskie has a litter while in the traces, as soon as the helpless pups touch the ground, they are gulped down by the other dogs of the team.

It is very interesting to witness a dog team going to bed. Each dog scoops a hole for himself in the snow, till you are surrounded by small mounds, as the snow covers them over. If you are out of your sleeping bag early enough, you will see first one, then another emerge, until the whole team are there yawning at you.

As with a pure bred horse, the huskie will go on till he drops, half blinded by snow, his feet cut by sharp ice, he will pull until he can pull no longer.

When I was a boy, the equipment of the Hudson Bay Company's Traders was a sight to marvel at. The Rolls Royce of Outfits, silver studded harness, plated fittings on the sled, and many had bells on the dogs. But now important people travel by aeroplane.

Altogether, the distance covered in square miles, that is served by dog teams, must be some 10,000,000, and this means of transport will continue for some time yet, except in special cases.

With all his faults, the people of the North love the huskie. In the winter season, I feel sure that the huskie knows that a lot depends on him. There is actually a case on record of a Norwegian trapper named Kare Rodhal, who was taken ill in one of the trappers' huts on the East coast of Greenland. Being alone, he fastened his sleeping bag to his sled, crawled inside, and his dog team brought him back to his cabin, after a 16-hour journey.

The huskie is a large animal, a pure bred dog weighing seventy to eighty pounds, but crossed with a wolf, he will scale one hundred pounds, while crossed with a St. Bernard, he may weigh anything up to thirteen stone.

The distances covered by a team of six to eight huskies, over broken ice, is tremendous. On Stefansson's journey across the frozen Beaufort Sea, six 180-pound huskies hauled a load of half a ton for 70 miles a day.

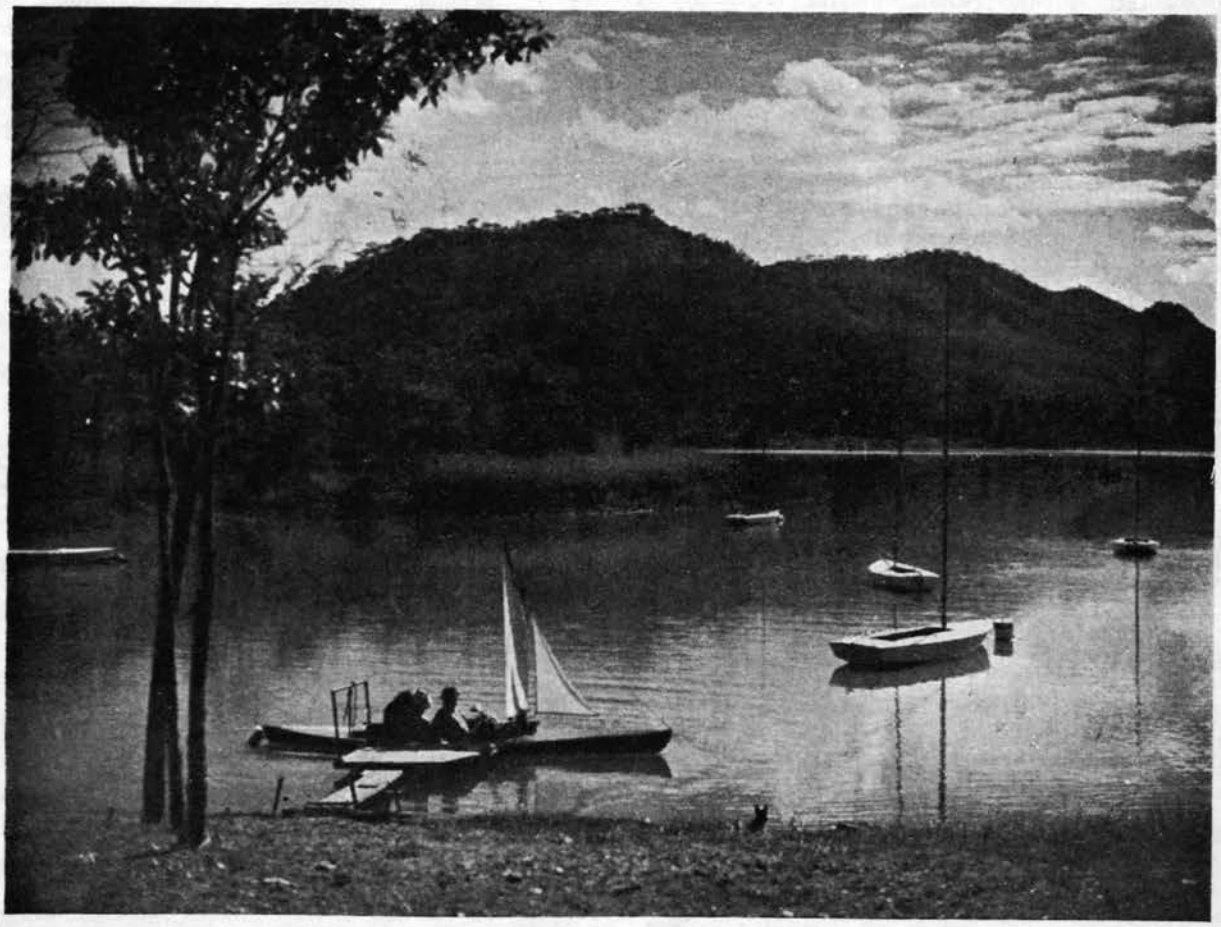
Not long ago, a team of them hauled a load of half a ton 1,096 miles, in the Arctic, in 96 days.

But the Eskimos make a journey of 1,000 miles without thinking it at all unusual—rather they than me.

As I have mentioned, these dogs often scale 13 stone, heavier than many men. So when next you meet a lady with her pet poodle under her arm, think of the redoubtable huskie—now there is a dog!

—" The Frontiersman."

Mazoe Dam



It couldn't be done . . .

ON August 28th, 1850, the first submarine cable was laid from England to France by the Brett brothers and a few friends, and in a recent B.B.C. broadcast W. H. G. Armytage described how it was done. The project was thought to be quite impossible. The scientists said that the current would dissipate itself in the sea, and even if it didn't, it would never carry the distance, and the so-called practical men said that the English Channel was much too rough.

In 1845, Jacob Brett, the younger brother, had patented a printing machine to transform electrical impulses into letters and figures, and in the same year his artist brother, John Watkins, decided to join him in his Channel cable-laying enterprise. They printed an appeal to the Prime Minister, asking for an official concession to encourage the project. The Prime Minister referred them to the Admiralty; the Admiralty referred them to the Foreign Office and the Foreign Office was so unhelpful that the Bretts gave up in disgust and turned to the French Government for help. The French Government thought they had a reasonable chance of success and on August 10th, 1849, gave them a concession to operate a cross-Channel telegraph service providing they got it going by September 1, 1850. This gave them barely a year. Besides their patent machine, the Bretts had invented an insulator, which was a great advance on all previous underwater covers proposed for electric wires.

Five days before the concession was due to expire, the cable had not yet been laid, and the critics were saying ever more loudly that it could not be done. Early on the morning of August 28th, 1850, however, two small boats crept out from Dover Harbour. The front one was a naval vessel, which set the course and flagged it with marker buoys and the rear one was a small hired tug, called the Goliath. On the Goliath was slung a huge drum on which was wound the insulated cable. Leaving one end at Dover, connected to a Brett printing machine housed in a bathing hut, the Goliath steamed for Cap Grisnez, slowly paying out the cable as it went. It was a slow process, because the men had to fasten lead weights every so often to make the cable sink. At last, by nightfall, the other end was run up on the French coast, fastened to another Brett machine and, with John Watkins at the French end, and Jacob at the English end, the first telegraph messages were passed from England to the Continent. As W. H. G. Armytage said, "the Bretts had given wings (or fins to be more exact) to words." After the first few messages, the cable went dead, and it was discovered that a solitary fisherman, trawling near the cable, brought up a piece of it in his net and had borne it off in triumph as "a piece of rare seaweed with a pith of gold."

The next year, backed by two of their fellow-countrymen, the Bretts launched the Submarine Telegraph Company. This time they used a different cable which would defy fishermen's nets, but they calculated wrongly and ran out of cable a mile from the French coast, and had to wait a further three weeks till the fresh mile could be ordered and manufactured. Eventually, on November 13th, 1851, the submarine telegraph was once more in operation. After this there was a boom in cable-laying and Cyrus Field came from America to breach the project of the longest of them all, a transatlantic cable. Eventually this, too, was carried through, and to-day there are over three thousand submarine cables in the world. Mr. Armytage recalled the lines of Rudyard Kipling:

There is no sound, no echo of sound in the deserts of the deep,
On the great grey level plains of ooze, where the shell blurred cables creep,
Here in the womb of the world, here on the tie-ribs of the earth,
Words, and the words of men, flicker and flutter and beat."

B.B.C.

Young Smith was a raw recruit, just enrolled in the B.S.A.P., and paying his first visit to the riding school.

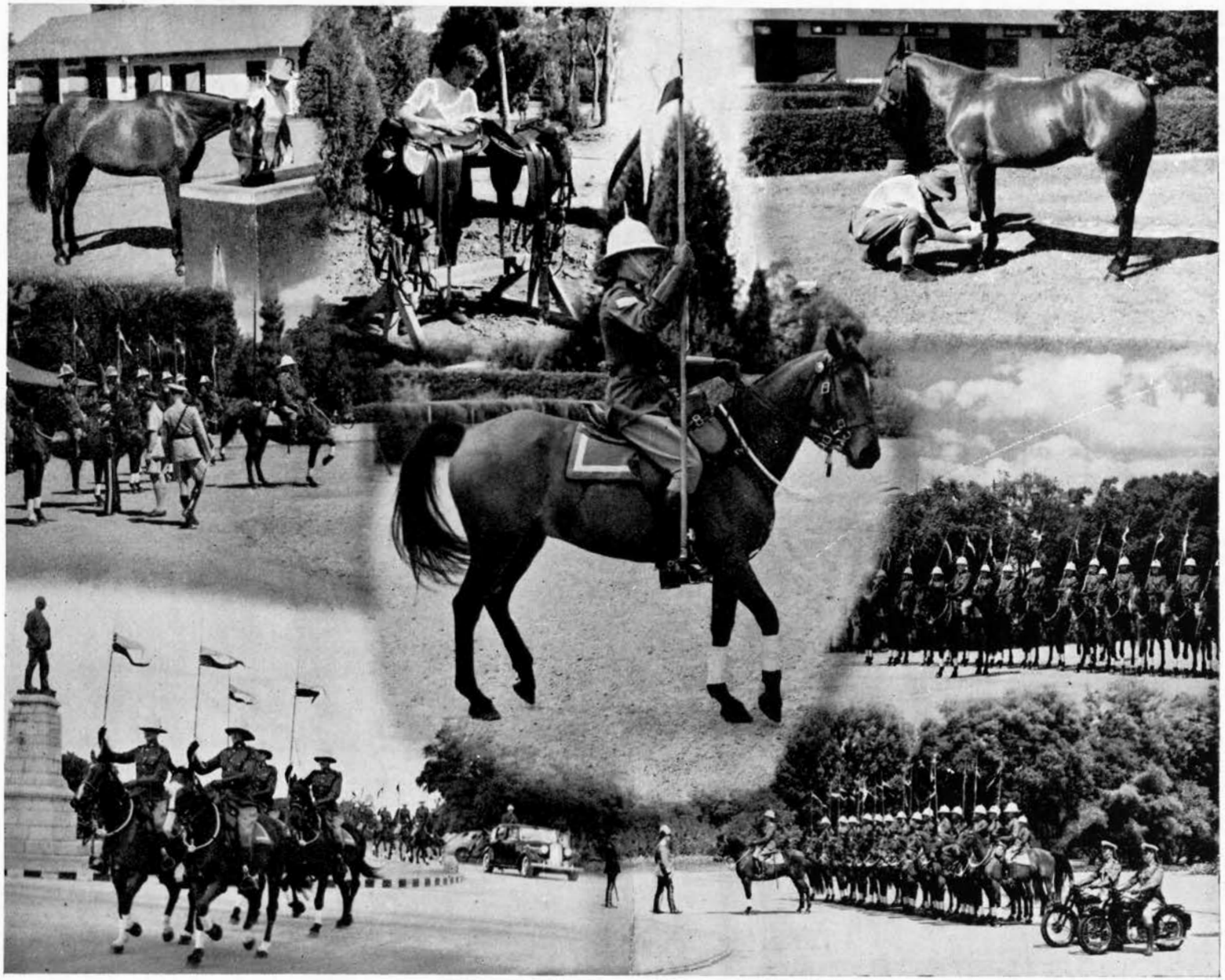
"Here is your horse," said the instructor.

Smith advanced, took hold of the bridle gingerly and examined the mount carefully.

"What's it got this strap around it for?" he asked, pointing to the girth.

"Well," explained the instructor, "you see, all the horses have a keen sense of humour, and as they sometimes have sudden fits of laughter when they see the recruits, we put them bands around 'em to keep 'em from bustin' their sides."

FIRST PRIZE in the Christmas Photographic Competition :: **By R. P. Blackmore**



ESCORT

Hop-picking in Kent

EVERY summer there is an exodus from south-east London, when whole families leave by train, bus or lorry to spend several weeks hop-picking in Kent. They take tables, chairs, pots, pans, bedding, prams and trunks and move for a holiday in the country, during which they may earn quite a substantial sum of money. Bunty Manwaring joined the throng and in a B.B.C. talk described life in the hopfields. The majority of British hops are grown in Kent, where field upon field of waxy, pale green flowers hank on the dark green of the tall plants trained up the hop poles. The farmer provided camp quarters for the pickers and overseers allocated a hut to each family. They all got daily firewood for cooking, there was a central cookhouse where hot water could always be had, and this farm opened a special shop at hop-picking time and here pickers could buy almost everything they needed.

Work started at 8 a.m. and from 6.30 onwards there was a steady stream of people going towards the oast-house where the hops are dried and it was soon surrounded by a thick crowd of Cockneys. The farmer appeared and announced the rules of the farm, the laws of hop gardens and the price paid per bushel of hops picked, which was eightpence. Some of the older pickers called greetings to each other, for they had been coming to this farm for many years and some had even picked hops for the present farmer's grandfather. Each family was allocated a bin, a hunting horn was blown and the first vines were pulled down. This hunting horn was the recognised signal and no picking was allowed before it was blown in the morning or after it had been blown in the evening, when the last measure had been completed.

Bunty Manwaring was one of four bookers. Each had charge of fifty-two bins, called a drift, and these drifts were divided into sets of thirteen. A measureman worked each drift, measured the hops, and was responsible for proper picking and orderliness. Each drift had a bin man who looked after the bins, helped to move them, saw that the bines were efficiently picked, held up the sack into which the measureman emptied his basket and loaded the sacks on to the wagon for the oast-house. Over all was a supervisor, who co-ordinated the work and planned the direction of the picking.

Bunty's first job was to number the bins, make out her account book and pickers' cards correspondingly, and collect ration books for the Food Office. By this time the pickers had picked enough for the first measure. As soon as the first load of hops was on the kilns their lovely warm aromatic smell, which is like nothing else, drifted across the garden. It caused someone to sing for joy and soon most of the pickers joined in. The hops yielded well and Bunty's farm grew over seven hundred "pockets"—large sacks containing nearly 170 pounds dried hops. Small, square samples are cut from these in winter and merchants select those they wish to buy. "It is a strange thing," said Bunty, "that no farmer likes to have his name, which is printed on each pocket, showing when they are loaded on a lorry for transport to London, and if a driver sees that one has been loaded with the name facing outwards he will not move until it is turned over."

The farm men's wives joined in the picking and told her that they worked on hops nearly all the year round, training young shoots round the strings at regular intervals, cutting off and burning old bines in November and in winter scrubbing out the oast-house, which is in great demand for local functions. At last hop-picking came to an end and everyone was paid off. "I felt really sad to say goodbye to many of those whom I had come to know so well in these few weeks," said Bunty Manwaring, "for I had found their Cockney wit and humour and their good nature and kind-heartedness most endearing."

B.B.C.

"If I had to pick out one incident which illustrated the spirit of the country I'd choose our journey from Haifa to Tel-Aviv in one of the huge limousines they use for taxis. The taxi-driver not only sat and talked with us when we stopped for a meal, but also insisted on paying the bill—because he wanted us to feel welcome in Israel."—Yvonne Karre, a young singer who broadcast in a B.B.C. programme, talking about her first visit to Israel.