



THE OUTPOST

(Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper)

THE REGIMENTAL MAGAZINE OF THE BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA POLICE

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Notes, articles, short stories, verse, sketches and photographs will be received with pleasure and published if possible. They should be addressed to the Editor, THE OUTPOST, P.O. Box 803, Salisbury, and should be posted to reach us by the 5th of each month in the case of written matter, and by the 20th of the preceding month in the case of sketches and photographs.

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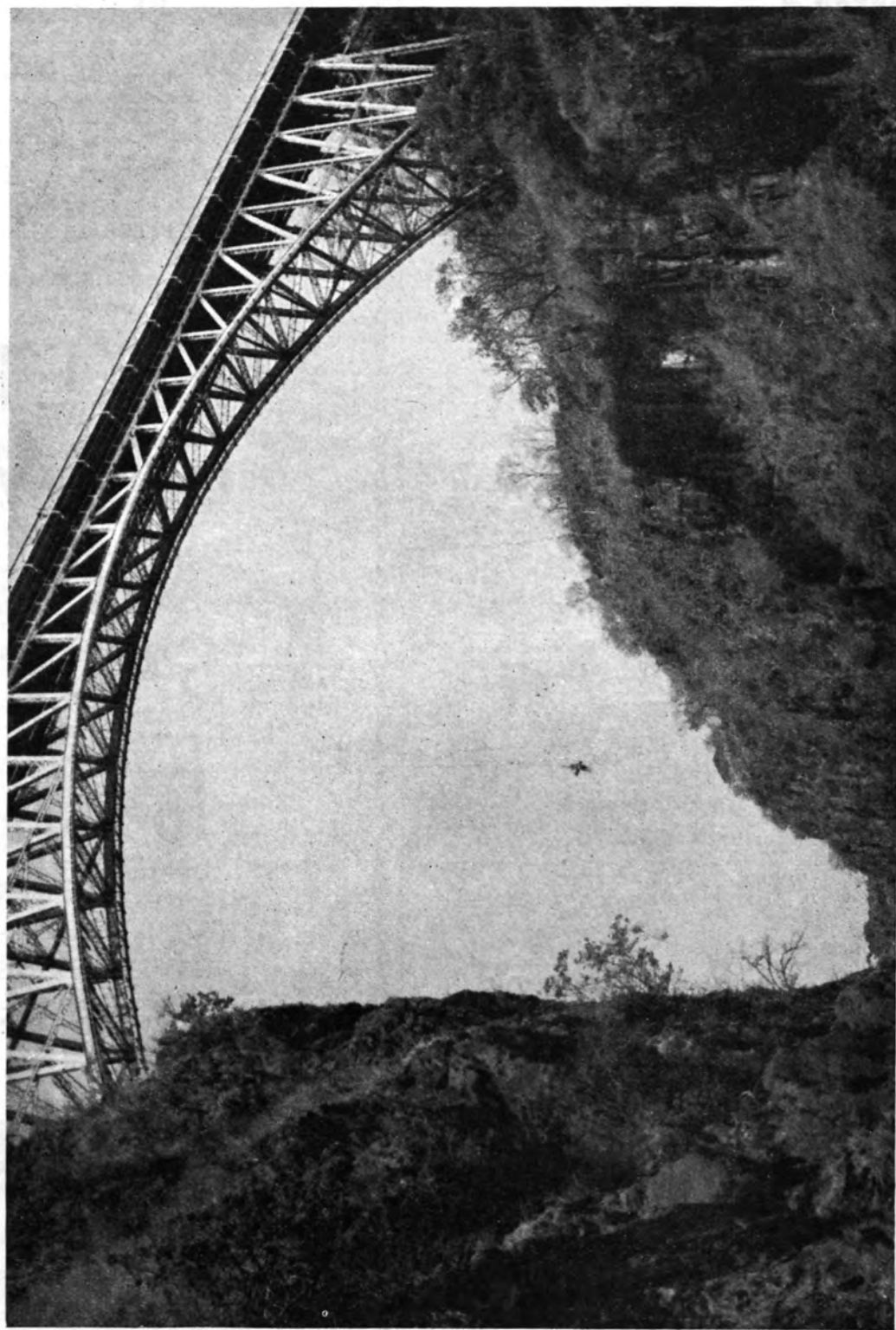
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EXTRANEOUS DUTY



Rescue practice by the B.S.A. Police at the Victoria Falls.

[Photo: E. J. Stonier.]

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Editor's Notes



SINCE the beginning of the Corps' magazine in March, 1911, our worthy predecessors in office have been dependent entirely upon the generous voluntary support of their readers. Its continued publication, without a break, is testimony enough to the help that has always been forthcoming when the only reward that could be expected was sincere thanks from the Editorial chair. This absence of monetary reward has been due mainly to the lack of necessary funds and one of the main problems of our predecessors was to make the magazine self-supporting. In recent years, however, it has been possible to offer prize-money at Christmas time for special contributions, which have always given a greater variety and interest to the Christmas Numbers. It is with much satisfaction, therefore, that we find our financial position to-day enables us to announce the introduction of quarterly prize competitions, details of which are published elsewhere in this issue.

The subjects offered for competition are sufficiently wide in scope to allow practically anybody with literary talents to take part. The subjects will vary slightly each quarter, but all will require some knowledge of conditions surrounding our life and work in the Corps.

It has also been found possible to offer payment to our artists and photographers, whose work may be published in future numbers. This noble band of men spend a good deal of their time and money in enlivening our pages.

The task of deciding who should or should not be paid for their efforts on our behalf was not easy and it is only the lack of money that prevents us from being more generous to all the other voluntary contributors. The writers of Station Notes, Sporting News, etc., give us the personal touch in a publication which, without their help, could quite easily become dry and uninteresting. Once again we say Thank You and hope that their efforts will continue.

After nearly twenty years of faithful service, the block used for the printing of the front cover of *The Outpost* has become badly worn and a new one is to be made. It is not intended to change the appearance of the cover to any great extent, as it is both distinctive and traditional, but the popularity of the last Christmas cover has suggested an idea for a new motif. In place of the mounted man outlined against a rising sun, it is

intended to depict him in silhouette against the Police lion, of a pattern similar to that incorporated in the Christmas Number. It is felt that the whole Corps should have the opportunity of producing a new design and we accordingly offer five guineas to the artists whose design is accepted for publication. Fuller details are published elsewhere.

* * * * *

This month we publish photographs and an article on an unusual form of Police work that is not known to many serving members and probably fewer ex-members. The Police Rescue Team at the Victoria Falls is liable to be called upon at any time to go to the assistance of those who are unfortunate enough to require it and very little publicity is given to the men who perform this extremely difficult and dangerous work. The last occasion on which they went into action was in December of last year and anyone who knows the Falls can appreciate what is expected of the Police on such occasions. It is another example of the versatility of the B.S.A.P.

* * * * *

Our warm congratulations are offered to Lieut.-Colonel J. B. Lombard, Officer Commanding Midlands Province, on his selection as a member of the Rhodesian team that is to visit England this year to compete in the English Bisley. Colonel Lombard has had a long association with shooting in the Corps and we wish him every success at a meeting where the finest marksmen of the Empire foregather.

We also congratulate Trooper Barlett, of Gwelo District, on his performance at the recent Shoulder-to-Shoulder Shoot, when he gained the distinction of being Best Shot in the Corps in 1949.

Constable Smithyman, of Salisbury, has scored 718 runs for the Police in fifteen innings during this cricket season, giving him an average of 55.3. This is a fine performance and we look forward with interest to his final batting average at the end of the season.

Editor's Letter box

Kilmarnock Asbestos Mines, Ltd.,
P.O. Box 18, Mashaba,
12th January, 1950.

The Editor, *The Outpost*, Salisbury.

Dear Sir,—The B.S.A.P. have recently been investigating a native murder case on the mine which gave me the opportunity of observing them in action.

I was very impressed with the thoroughness of the investigation and the close attention given to detail. Long working hours were another feature that I noted particularly.

I do not think the public appreciate the Police as much as they should. The fact that there is so little trouble in the country is taken for granted and little thought given to the hard and often unpleasant work that goes on behind the scenes.

The value of a good Police Sergeant to a district is great. His experience and behaviour play a big part in maintaining discipline among the indigenous population and in promoting a fair and just relationship between the European employee and the native.

After my experience in the Army I can justly say that the standard of personnel in the Police is high—I think the best in the Empire.

The new recruits have a high reputation to live up to.

Yours faithfully,

E. C. LAMBERT,
Manager.

THE OUTPOST PRIZE COMPETITIONS

Details of the March Quarterly Competitions are published below:—

1. First prizes of £5 5s. and second prizes of £2 2s. are offered for the best entries submitted for publication in *The Outpost* in each of the undermentioned subjects. Entries to be approximately 3,000 words in length.
 - (a) An authentic and serious article on any aspect of Police work in any part of Africa.
 - (b) A fictional article or short story with a Police interest.
2. The competitions are open only to subscribers to *The Outpost*.
3. The judges for the competitions shall be appointed by the President of *The Outpost* Committee.
4. The Committee reserves the right to reproduce any entries other than prize-winning entries, without payment.
5. The closing date for the competitions is March 31, 1950.
6. Entries must be clearly marked "Quarterly Competition" and addressed to The Editor, *The Outpost*, P.O. Box 803, Salisbury. Any entries sent under a nom-de-plume will be published as such, but names and addresses of all entrants must be submitted to the Editor.
7. The Committee reserves the right to withhold the award of either the first or second prize if the entries are considered to be below the required standard.

NEW COVER DESIGN THE THE OUTPOST

Five guineas is offered for the best design submitted to The Editor to replace the present cover design. In place of the existing scheme of horseman and rising sun, the design should incorporate the Police Lion (cap badge pattern) and a mounted man carrying either a lance or rifle. Entries to be received by the Editor, P.O. Box 803, Salisbury, by March 20, 1950.

Abraham Lincoln was pleading two cases the same day before the same judge. Both cases involved the same principle of law, but in one he appeared for defendant, the other for plaintiff.

In the morning he made an eloquent plea, winning his case. In the afternoon he argued eloquently on the opposite view. The judge inquired as to the cause of his change of attitude.

Said Lincoln: "Your honour, I may have been wrong this morning, but I know I'm right this afternoon."

"Ah shuah pity you," said a coloured pugilist to his opponent as they squared off. "Ah was born with boxin' gloves on."

"Maybe you was," retorted the other, "and ah reckon you'se goin' to die de same way."

Any woman in this colony who says she's never seen a cockroach in her house is either a prevaricator or needs glasses.

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Particulars from:

The Manager, P.O. Box 803, Salisbury



The Funeral of the late Sub-Inspector T. A. Joy, Salisbury, 25th January, 1950.

[Photo: R. Blackmore.]

Obituary

SUB-INSPECTOR THOMAS ANDREW JOY

(Regimental No. 3143)

After a long illness the death occurred in Salisbury on 23rd January, 1950, of Sub-Inspector Thomas Andrew Joy.

Sub-Inspector Joy was born in China and educated at Dulwich College, England. On leaving school, he joined the Royal Flying Corps during World War I and became a pilot.

On demobilisation he served in the Metropolitan Police for six years before attesting in the B.S.A. Police in 1926.

He was awarded the Colonial Police Long Service and Good Conduct Medal and before joining the staff of the Paymaster, B.S.A. Police, was Member in Charge at Headlands, Umtali District, for many years.

Tommy Joy's service in the B.S.A. Police was characterised by a keen sense of duty to the Corps, of which he was so proud, and to the public, by whom he was regarded with affection and respect.

During the time he was in charge at Headlands, one may say that he had a model station. He not only managed to carry out his many duties, which involved much patrolling, to the satisfaction of the public and his superiors in the Force, but was always seeing in what way he could improve his surroundings and the efficiency of those under his command.

During the war years and the post-war period, Tommy Joy and his wife spent much of their time in the organisation of charitable functions which benefited greatly from their efforts, and they were sadly missed in the district when the sudden onset of his ill health necessitated their transfer to Salisbury.



His cheerfulness and amazing fortitude throughout his illness made us feel very humble when leaving his bedside.

An impressive Memorial Service at the Methodist Church, Salisbury, on the 25th January preceded the laying to rest of his mortal remains with full Military honours in the late afternoon, his Comrades of the Sergeants' Mess providing the bearer party.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to his widow in the loss of her very gallant husband.

"At the going down of the sun, we will remember him."
H. M. S.

A. F. ASTON (Ex-Regimental No. 2728)

We regret to record the recent death of Mr. "Gerry" Aston in Salisbury.

Mr. Aston was born and educated at Cape Town and joined the B.S.A. Police on October 30, 1925. He was stationed in the Salisbury District and left the Corps on December 5, 1927. He was a fine athlete and played Rugby for Rhodesia against the All Blacks during their South African tour in 1928.

During the last war he served with the Nigeria Regiment and saw service in East Africa, and later in Burma.

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

DOMESTIC NOTICES

BIRTHS

ALLEN.—To Sergeant and Mrs. Allen of Shamva, a son, Denzell Hugh, on January 16, 1950.

TRAVERS. — To Sergeant and Mrs. Travers of Gatooma, a son, Edmund Nicholl, on August 30, 1949.

WARD.—To Det. Sub-Inspector and Mrs. Ward, of Bulawayo, a daughter, Carolyn Beryl, on January 13, 1950.

ANDREW. — To Sergeant and Mrs. Andrew, of Gatooma, a daughter, Harriett Carolyn, on December 28, 1949.

ENGAGEMENT

FORREST—EVERY-BROWN.—The engagement is announced between Sergeant Stanley Oldham Forrest, of Bulawayo, and Virginia Frederique Marie Every-Brown, of Salisbury, October 2, 1949.

MARRIAGES

JOHNSON—AITCHISON. — Constable Johnson to Miss Mary Smith Aitchison at Gwelo on December 30, 1949.

WALTON—LOVEGROVE.—Trooper Walton to Miss Dorothy Norah Lovegrove at the Church of St. Leonard, Streatham, England, on December 3, 1949.

FOR SALE.—9 mm. Mauser rifle, new, £27 10s.; "Lauftheal Special" shotgun, almost new, £25. Apply Editor *The Outpost*, P.O. Box 803, Salisbury.

FOR SALE.—"Principles of South African Law" (Wille), 2nd edition, £2. "The Law of Contracts" (Maasdorp), 5th edition, £2. "The Law of Collisions in South Africa" (Isaacs & Leveson), 2nd edition, 30s. Apply The Editor, *The Outpost*, P.O. Box 803, Salisbury.

WANTED.—Barathea uniform to fit man 5ft. 11in.; chest 38in. Apply Editor, *The Outpost*, P.O. Box 803, Salisbury.

AMERICAN POLICEWOMEN

The approximately 1,000 policewomen in the United States are performing services more important than their numbers suggest, according to a recent study made by the U.S. Women's Bureau. Since 1893, when the first woman was appointed as a patrolman, their work has been chiefly in social service and crime prevention involving women and children.

Most policewomen, who form about 1 per cent. of the country's law enforcement officers, work in the larger cities. Their assignments include searching for women and children reported missing from their homes, serving as traffic officers near schools and acting as court officers.

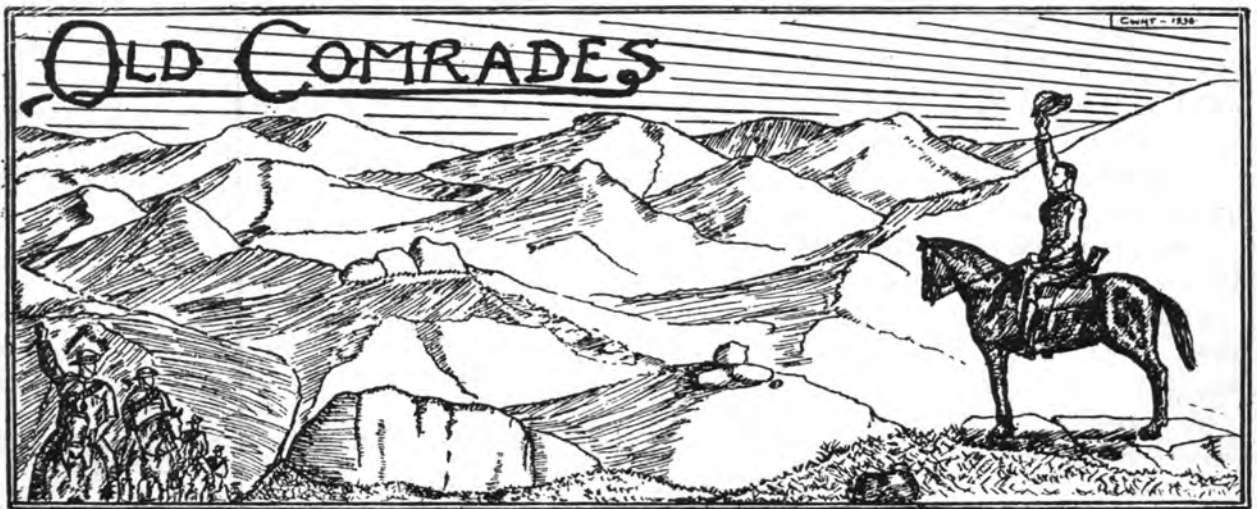
Policewomen who work in smaller communities frequently act as health worker, relief agent, probation officer or family case worker in addition to performing their regular duties. Some are employed in State Police departments. Some work for the Federal Government, chiefly as customs or immigration inspectors, deputy U.S. marshalls and office deputies.

Most of these women receive their training in special police schools. Courses often last from three to six months. They include physical education and drill, the study of local laws, first aid, use of firearms and equipment, and identification and investigation. A number have received special training at colleges and universities.

Policewomen usually get the same salaries as men, the Bureau states. They also receive the same paid sick leave, vacations and pensions at retirement. Married women are eligible for employment on the same basis as single women.—(*The Nongquai*.)

STANDING ORDER 33(9)---"WHEN USED, THE BATON SHALL BE SUBMITTED TO THE MEMBER IN CHARGE FOR INSPECTION AS SOON AS POSSIBLE AFTER THE INCIDENT,---"





A short time ago I received from Mr. A. Rochard (No. 1489) a specimen of a miniature shield incorporating the Police lion and colours, which he has had made to his own design. He thought it would be of interest to other members and ex-members of the Corps, who may like to have one of these reminders of his Police service to hang next to his school or regimental crest, at home. The photograph on this page gives some idea of the design. It is not the official Police crest, and the design has no official sanction, but anybody who would like one of these shields can obtain it from Mr. Rochard 2 Selous Avenue, Salisbury, at a cost of £2 2s., post free.



Last month I read an article in *The Outpost* called "Horses and Riding" by E.C.G., and noticed that the writer said he was eighty-five years of age. I happened to have a recent photograph of him and have had it printed this month. Captain E. E. Collier Gates, who certainly does not look his age, has had a varied career. He served in the M.M. Police and last saw Salisbury



in 1891. After serving through the 1896 Rebellion and South African War, he joined the R.C.M.P. and left with the rank of Sub-Inspector before joining the Imperial Forces during the 1914-18 war, when, although over age, he qualified as a pilot in the R.F.C.

During last year, a number of well-known members of the Corps retired on pension. I have heard from a few of them and I was pleased to have a letter last week from one whose name was known in most corners of the Colony. He is ex-Sub-Inspector "Joe" Stallard, (3075), who is now living at 18 St. Luke's Road, Newlands, Cape Town, where he seems to be enjoying life. Incidentally, I wonder how many know how he acquired the name of "Joe"? His initials are K. E. according to our records, but perhaps that is one of those stories reserved for the stoep at sundowner time?

He has given me news of many Old Comrades who are living in the Cape. He meets them all from time to

time and as usual under these circumstances, the conversation centres on the old Corps.

H. L. "Theo" Theobald (3393) has written from Mbawa Estate, Fort Jameson, Northern Rhodesia, where he is tobacco farming. He says that there are several old B.S.A.P. men in the district and the usual "get-togethers" are doubtless enjoyed whenever possible.

From Liberty Farm, Fort Victoria I have heard from ex-Corporal Evans (No. 503). He recalls Major Hugh Mackay's story of "Bill" in the October edition of *The Outpost* and Mr. Griesbach's added reminiscences, the following month. He, too, well remembers "Bill" when he was stationed with him at Chibi between 1910 and 1912. Even in those days it seems that he was keen on his exercise and used to go for regular runs around the camp wearing only a pair of trunks. On the kopje at the back of the camp he made himself a shelter where he used to sun-bathe. From Chibi, six-week patrols were made down to the Portuguese border and apparently "Bill" then had the habit of walking most of the way, leading his mule.

Mr. Evans adds that another Old Comrade whom he served with in 1903 and has been his near companion ever since, is Mr. Ashley (493) who lived on the next farm. They both served for ten years in the Corps.

NEWS OF OTHERS

Lt.-Col. Mark C. Topham (2522) wishes to be remembered to all his Old Comrades. He writes from "The Anchorage," Barmouth, Merioneth, Wales.

Trevor Bevan (3790) sends seasonal greetings from Police Headquarters, Singapore.

J. D. "Jerry" York (3867) has notified a change of address. It is now Police Department, Lilongwe, Nyasaland, where he is A.S.P.

Capt. H. Lancaster (1477), who visited the Colony last year after many years' absence, sends all the best to Old Comrades from "Birch Ende", 19 The Causeway, Sutton, Surrey, England.

"Jimmy" Cordell (2818), ex-editor of *The Outpost*, is still with African Affairs Department, Rhodesia Railways, Bulawayo. He has just returned from a short trip to England.

including W. P. Strickland (3128) who was a recruit with Cooper in the Police Depot. Strickland was killed early in the war.

OLD COMRADES IN THE CAPE

Ex-Sergeant Sawyer (2297), who was Law and Police Instructor in Depot in 1929, is manager for Shell Oil Co., Cape Town.

J. G. Preston (2313) is manager of the Vacuum Oil Co., and although about to retire, still looks young and fit.

Jimmy Rail (3384) is with Sedgewick's (the distillers). After leaving the Corps just before the war he obtained a commission in the R.A.F., served throughout the war, and with the rank of Squadron Leader left the R.A.F. and returned to South Africa.

"Dads" Cooper (3174). During the war he served in the R.A.F. in England as Air Gunner. There were many old B.S.A.P. men in his squadron.

Mr. Dean Simmonds, who was a magistrate for years in the Salisbury District, is now retired and lives at Sea Point, where he is enjoying life. He has no desire, it seems, to return to Rhodesia.

Warren Cluffe (3131) was recently on leave in the Cape. He is well settled in Northern Rhodesia but his address is not known.

B. Ladell (3239) is with an insurance company in Cape Town.

Colonel R. H. Hamilton is staying at the Arthur's Seat Hotel, Sea Point.

R. C. Thaites (3166) was seen in the Cape on leave recently. He is now underground Captain on Reef Mines, Rand.

REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION

I notice that in Station Notes this month, two annual meetings of the Association are mentioned. This is the first information I have had and once again ask that the Editor be given early notice of any meeting that is arranged, in order that it may be given publicity.

The Outpost is the only medium through which news of these functions can be given and all Secretaries are reminded that their co-operation will be appreciated in future.

THE CHRONICLER.



"... And what brought you patrolling this area?"

"Well, actually I came to get rid of my old razor blades."

Station Notes

SALISBURY URBAN

All goes well here, in Salisbury. First of all we should like to congratulate Inspectors Nimmo and Botha on their promotion. Inspector Nimmo has been up to Rugby practice several times and can still give anyone a run for his money.

A lot of chaps have come down from Depot recently—we hope they will settle in quickly and enjoy life here.

Sergeant "Shiner" Wright has just arrived back from leave in England. He looks very fit but is slightly on the thin side. It is good to see him back.

Here comes Constable Turnbull-Kemp with his pet Percy the python. Percy is a friendly little creature and most people take it for granted that the "Colonel" knows what he is talking about. It does not need much exercise at the moment but when it gets a little older, we will probably find that there is more breathing room in the town station.

Constables Lucas and Browning are at the Magistrate's Court now, having taken over from Constable "Paddy" Ryan who, by the way, has become a family man since the last notes.

Sergeant Bill Osborne is back on duty again and is going to take up the noble game of golf. We will miss him during this coming season's Rugby.

Since last year there have been several new Rugger recruits from the station, including Constables "Sugar" Sherringham (who had to have three stitches put in his eye the other day when Paddy Ruttle mistook his head for the ball!) and Laurie Gearing who is going to become a second-row forward of the highest order.

Soccer is also going with a swing. Constable Keith Rawson spoke to the world over the radio the other day (well, most of the Depot were listening) about the training required for a Soccer player. They seem to be going through it now under the expert eye of Mr. Levy, and we wish them a good season.

Constable Johnnie Wilson went into hospital to have his appendix removed not long ago. Constable Laurie Gearing stepped into the breach as mess caterer and is keeping up the good work of Johnnie whom we hope to see back among us soon.

Several chaps are leaving the Town Station and will be going out to the district, namely, Constables Dick Haselhurst, Ivor Mann, John Davis and Mike Bell. No doubt Dick will soon be heard singing "I'm a barrow boy" in a Canadian accent as he rides through the open veld.

Congratulations to Constables Jimmy Collins and Mike Bell on their respective engagements. Come on, Gus, you are being left behind.

Constable Ted Lucock is rapidly becoming the champion shuttle-cock player of the country—almost a second "Gorgeous Gussie".

Here is a message from Sergeant Bill Perkins who has recently returned from long leave. He asks the gentle-



man who borrowed his Indictment Book from the Charge Office during his absence on leave to return it, please, as soon as possible.

Until next month,

Cheers,

POLLOX.

BULAWAYO

Nothing much has happened here during the past month. We have just been getting on quietly with our work.

The main topic of conversation is "rain" the lack of it; this has been the driest January on record, less than an inch of rain having fallen.

The local branch of the Regimental Association had their general meeting during the month at which the subject of the new Regimental tie came in for some heated discussion. Some people, mostly ex-Members, do not like it because it is not distinctive enough, and suggest that whilst retaining the present new pattern there should be an alternative in a more flamboyant style—something than can be recognised from across the street. Personally I like the new tie.

The biggest laugh of the month was when a certain African Sergeant tried to ride a motor cycle across the station yard. He rode it alright, but unfortunately the correspondence course had not told him how to stop it, with the result that he rode it right into the traffic office and came to grief against the far wall, to the great joy of the occupants who were thus enabled to investigate the accident without getting up from their chairs.

That seems to be about all the news for this month and now I see a crowd outside looking at what looks like a cloud on the horizon. I must go and have a look too.

SADDLEBAGS.

UMTALI

With the Christmas and New Year celebrations behind us, and our annual returns safely posted to the various destinations, we have got down to normal once again and the first thing that strikes us is the speed with which the year 1950 is passing. Only ten months to Christmas.

Trooper Walton has returned to the fold with his bride. He is stationed in Umtali for the present and we hope he will soon find more suitable accommodation. We all join in wishing him happy days.

Sergeant Andrew was married on 28th January and is at present away on his honeymoon, which we believe is being spent on a trip to Durban by sea. Congratulations and all the best to you both. We certainly enjoyed the wedding, all except Sergeant Owen, who was best man and was a little nervous

beforehand. Nevertheless he did the job well and, in spite of all his fears, made a good speech.

Trooper Hendry left us on transfer to Penhalonga, taking with him R/H. Hussar. For a few days before leaving, he and Hussar had quite a battle of wills. Hussar had very fixed ideas about leaving the vicinity of the stables and it took some hard words and determination to teach him that life did not consist of grazing and returning to stable to wash and brush up followed by a nice meal. Apparently Hendry enjoys these little battles as we hear he has applied for the Remount Staff. We wish him luck.

Trooper Aldred has a new baby in the shape of the latest model Triumph motor cycle. Being a new machine he is treating it gently and so far has not driven it over 90 m.p.h., but it is rumoured that he nearly took off recently when coming down Christmas Pass.

We have said good-bye to Trooper Carver who has taken his discharge from the Force but is still in the Inyanga area. We do not know quite what the attraction is and your guess is as good as ours. Good luck in Civvy Street!

Trooper Wakefield has gone to Inyanga to replace Carver and as he has been silent since he went there; we presume he is quite happy.

January was a month of sickness and several of our members had short spells in hospital. They are all back on duty and we hope, quite fit again.

The testing of the tear gas bombs caused some amusement and some discomfort for those who rashly removed their respirators immediately after passing out of the chamber. The African Sergeant who went inside shortly after did not remain long and declared the Muti no good. We can therefore feel sure that it is just what we require should it be necessary.

Certain changes have been made in the Charge Office and so far appear to have had the effect of making the job of the Charge Office details a little less arduous. We are still very hard pressed for accommodation and hope that the taking over of other offices will not be delayed too long.

Umtali, the so-called Garden of Rhodesia, is enjoying the doubtful distinction of being about the only place in Southern Rhodesia where it is necessary to ration water in January. The wonderful rains of the Eastern Districts appear to have gone astray and one has to go to the so-called desert areas for a spot of rain.

The new belt and brace has certainly done much to smarten up our uniform, but we still have divided opinions of the item of kit that replaced the tunic.

On 31st January we held our Regimental Association Annual General Meeting and as usual very few ex-members attended. We were very pleased to see Colonel Seward amongst those who did come along. It is our intention to make a special effort during the coming year to get more ex-members to take a real interest and to get together more. We are always pleased to see them and there is usually some beer in the canteen, so what about it, the "Has beens"? Come and tell us how things were in your day and; providing you are not too rude, tell us what you think of us to-day. We can take it.

We caught a glimpse of the Commissioner in Umtali the other day, but his duties kept him busy all day as he did not come to camp.

We still swelter and watch the sky. We hope and we pray, but we remain as dry as a piece of three-year-old biltong. Perhaps we will be able to

report a flood next month, so whilst hoping, we say cheerio for the present.

NGITI.

GWELO

Gwelo this last month has been very like a Transit Camp with the comings and goings of many pairs of booted feet.

It would be quicker to give a nominal roll of members present than to given an account of arrivals and departures, but that I think can wait till the population settles down a little—it shows no sign of doing so at the moment.

We welcomed the contestants for the "Best Shot in the Corps" Shoulder to Shoulder Shoot on the Kopje Range, Gwelo, on the 10th January, and were pleased to congratulate Trooper Bartlett and Lieut.-Colonel Lombard on their first and second places in the shoot. Gwelo seems to have all the best shots these days!

When answering the Camp phone these days one feels very much inclined to pick up the receiver and answer "Gwelo Kennels"—one can't move for small dogs on the verandahs, both upstairs and downstairs. Have you ever tried to teach an upstairs dog downstairs habits?

Although we have not yet discovered a Field Marshal's baton in our knapsacks, we certainly think that the new belt and brace is something to be going on with. The various offices look like a super Orderly Room now—with every man an Adjutant.

I picked up a couple of "presents" from native gaol guards only to-day myself!

We view with disapproval, however, the various comments on the new garter tabs—Buffalo Patrol, indeed!

In the "Yells, Bells & Knells" column this last month we have the forthcoming marriage of Sergeant Crabbe, announced in last month's edition; and the engagement of Detective May to Miss Beryl Hornby; and the engagement of Constable A. R. Jackson to Miss Marjorie Oake.

Calling all lonely bachelors! Come to Gwelo. Why continue your life in solitary misery? We'll fix you up in no time!

J.

GATOOMA

Much "Castle" has flowed since Gatooma last appeared in these notes.

To start the ball rolling, we extend a hearty welcome to Inspector Plummer who has recently joined us from Shabani. Sergeant Hustler has returned to the fold from long leave looking very fit and as full of the joys of life as only a man who has had long leave can be.

On the other hand, we have said good-bye to Inspector Cackett, who has left us for the trials and tribulations of Civvy Street and Blackpool, where we hope he will have every success in his new venture.

The station itself consists of men of all shapes and sizes. First is Trooper Norman, the biggest of them all. He has recently been installed as Mess Caterer and, if he feeds us as he feeds himself, we shall soon equal him in size! Then we have "Casino" Kensett, so called because of his skill in rolling the "bones"; next is Constable Hustler who relinquished his post as Mess Caterer for the advantages (?) of early morning shift. Troopers Coulter and Reid are very rarely with us, having interests elsewhere — did someone say "Cherchez la femme!"? Constable Wolstenholme is noted for his promptitude at skoff time together with

the rest of the types. Constable Adams recently joined us from Salisbury H.Q.; also Troopers Bryan and Doherty (who seems to think that by singing to the chef he will receive a larger portion). Trooper Cordy-Hedge is about to go on long leave and Constable Plowman has been transferred to the "Cloak and Dagger" Brigade at Que Que. Inspector Digweed is receiving noble assistance from Constable Grossmith, who has joined us from Que Que.

That I think is the family to date, but it is very difficult to tell, as so many blokes just keep wandering around with a vacant expression meaning, "Please, I've just come."

Notes on Gatooma would not be complete without a few words on our menagerie. At one time we had five dogs, two of which have just been transferred—one with Trooper Welch to Hartley and the other to Eiffel Flats with Trooper Ward. Then some lost or found property in the shape of a female kitten wandered into the mess. Of course she was soon joined by a tom kitten, so great fun is being had by all.

Also with us are S/Inspector Watson, Sergeants Andrew and Travers, and that "backbone of the district" (so he says), Sergeant Robinson.

More "griff" next month!

PASINA RUNARE.

FORT VICTORIA

The abnormal amount of sickness reported in the Section during the past month is our main topic. At one stage the number of troops receiving treatment at the local hospital was a record, but happily the situation at the time of writing has improved. Sergeant Weimer and Troopers Sayer, Brett, Burns, Sutherland and Hallam have all associated themselves with the patients' register, both "in" and "out."

Fort Victoria is very oppressive at present. With a dry rainfall gauge day after day, and an incessant heat, work in the office, to say nothing of outside, becomes very tiring. The rain clouds gather but disperse just when everyone is expecting a refreshing downpour.

Well, we have said farewell to Sergeant Mildred and family and Trooper Blascheck as mentioned in our previous notes. The farewell party was well up to the Victoria standard and gifts of suit, brief and toilet cases were presented to the Mildred's, as well as the miniature replica of our Victoria Police Tennis Cup, which was won outright by Sergeant Mildred.

Sergeant Green, of Bulawayo fame, arrived to take over the Town Station, and we extend a cordial welcome to him and his family.

Another arrival from leave was that of Sergeant Basil Kelly, who is now in the Section. He is looking far fitter than he did when he left Bikita some months ago, so he must have taken all the opportunities that leave offers.

Resulting from sickness and other exigencies, a few transfers have been inevitable, and to date Trooper Burns has left the Section and is at Mashaba with his wife and family; Trooper Cox, from Gutu, is stationed at Chilimanzi with Sergeant Thomas; and Trooper Muir, from Chilimanzi, has arrived here. Constable Wilson, until recently our radio operator, has been transferred to Depot and his place taken by Sergeant Barrett from Gwelo.

There is much talk by our Regional Development Association here of opening up a railway by connecting Messina and Beitbridge with the Gwelo line which ends in Victoria. The possibilities of such a scheme do not appear to be as remote as one would think initially.

I had the pleasure of talking to one of our "Old Comrades," "Shumba" Wallace, of Zimbabwe Ruins fame, the other day. He joined the Police in 1905 and left in 1911, and took over the curatorship of the Zimbabwe Ruins in 1914, a post he held for some 34 years until 1948. He did much work in the recovery of certain historical relics associated with the famous ruins, and has promised to give a write up on his past work soon. This should prove of great interest.

Recent visitors to town have been Detective-Sergeant Ken Leaver and Detective May from Gwelo C.I.D., and Sergeant Crabbe of Gwelo S.T.O.C.S. Local visitors were Sergeants Atkinson, Holt and Bailey from Bikita, Chibi and Zaka respectively, and Troopers Gethen, Dixon (on leave at Victoria Falls) and Bill Howard from Chibi, Gutu and Bikita respectively.

As a parting note, our Police snooker team have won three matches since our last notes, all played against Victoria Township Team.

CARURO.

HARTLEY

During the past few weeks one of our number was on extended mounted patrol and Trooper de Roy was transferred to Battlefields. We hope that he is settling down and liking the place. His stay here was short and we were sorry to see him go, but we welcome Trooper Welch in his place from Gatooma. Our horse-man returned looking like "the man from the bush," sporting a "Bomber Command" moustache which he did not have when he went on patrol.

The Troops have at last got down to some tennis but not until the Member in Charge put in some good work on the camp tennis court, which now compares favourably with the local club courts.

Mr. George Leatt, the A.N.C., has volunteered to teach us the Shona language, and gives us lessons twice a week. A very noble effort on his part which is greatly appreciated.

We are getting a fair number of snakes around here lately. The other day a Trooper was washing his hands when he noticed a snake curled round the tap. He quickly did a disappearing act and so did the snake. Another was found at the Member in Charge's house and this was despatched forthwith.

DARKIE.

GUTU

Having hit the headlines in the Christmas issue, we are going to try and stay there.

Christmas went with a swing and the troops could be seen making their way from house to house in the village. We had a quiet Christmas and nothing was reported over the holidays—that all came afterwards.

Mrs. Hunter presented Sergeant Hunter with a bonny daughter, Margaret Irene Gillian, on the 16th December at the Fort Victoria Nursing Home. Congratulations, Les!

A new arrival here is Constable Maskell from Mashaba, who replaces Trooper Dick Cox who is on a temporary transfer to Chilimanzi, and hopes eventually to take Maskell's place at Mashaba. Dick has just bought a gramophone at the local store and has three records. He will have plenty of time to listen to them at Chilimanzi!

The tennis court here has just been completed and is already being used. We wait patiently for some netting wire to prevent the balls going over the kopje, but only "Amenities" and the Rhodesia Railways know where the wire has got to. Trooper Leamon and Gaol Guard Mazurere and his playmates are to be thanked

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for the progress that has been made in this direction. When everything is ready we hope to take on Fort Victoria Police.

The water position here is pretty grim. The countryside is very dry, and all the old timers who knew Gutu in the past would be surprised to see just how bad the place looks. This I got from those authorities, the oldest residents. The pump is sucking mud out of the dam, and the water cart has come into its own again.

Trooper Dixon has had a jaunt to the doctor at Umvuma and the Government Analyst, Salisbury, thanks to some Gutu skullduggery. At Umvuma he met "Colonel" Ginger Jackson at the Falcon Hotel, who gives his salaams to all those who remember him in the Force. Also seen was Sub-Inspector White, some time of Buhera, who has been transferred to Bulawayo Town, on his return from leave. Also met, this time at Gwelo, was ex-Trooper Len Dorman, who is with Lever Brothers, Bulawayo.

Our new belts and braces and those pretty blue-tabbed garters have been received, and certainly improve the uniform. They are a trifle confusing to the local residents, however, who think that a batch of officers has descended on them, not understanding the subtle difference of a strap over the left shoulder to one over the right.

Well, that's all.

TRAVELLER.

DRINK AND DRIVER

Toronto Action

The action of the Police Commission in insisting on many taxicab drivers signing the pledge of total abstinence is a step that will have the hearty endorsement of the general public. As it applies only to those who have been found driving recklessly or are known to take drink, there is little room for objection. The Mayor placed the matter in the right light when he said: "We are not running a temperance campaign, but we have got to protect the public." The man who takes liquor has no place at the wheel of a car at any time, and particularly when the safety of others is committed to his care.

People who use taxicabs pay for the service that is given them, and are right in insisting that all drivers of such vehicles shall not have their minds befuddled. The mere signing of a pledge may not make a man sober, but at least it will indicate to him that when on duty the "flowing bowl" must be left severely alone. It places him also on his honour to endeavour to live up to the pledge he has given.

In their efforts to weed out undesirable drivers from the taxi service, General Draper and the Toronto Police Commissioners are to be commended. The drunken driver has no place in the public service. He should be got rid of at all costs, and better before an accident occurs than after.—(*Toronto Globe*.)

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CRICKET

"C" ZONE

January 15: Police v. Raylton 3, Salisbury ground.

Police, first innings, 176 (Dale 51, Gilfillan 30, Bell 28). Raylton, First innings, 71. Bowling: Coop three for 17, Katz three for 26, Banister two for 10.

Raylton, second innings, 61. Bowling, Gilfillan five for 13, Katz two for eight, Banister two for 10.

Police team: Dickinson, Dale, Smithyman, Banister, Riddle, Bell, Gilfillan, Holmes, Katz, Shaugnessy, Coop. Police won outright.

January 22: Police v. Salisbury 4, Police ground.

Salisbury, first innings, 76. Bowling, Gilfillan four for 22, Coop three for 10, Banister two for 20.

Police, first innings: 172 for nine declared (Dickinson 67, Bell 35, Banister 32).

Salisbury, second innings, 67 for eight. Bowling: Gilfillan three for five, Coop two for eight.

Police team: Dickinson, Dale, Smithyman, Banister, Riddle, Bell, Gilfillan, Haselhurst, Katz, Shaugnessy, Coop.

Police won on first innings.

"B" ZONE

February 12: Police v. Old Hararians 2, Police ground.

Police, first innings, 78 (Banister 21, Smithyman 18). Old Hararians, first innings, 136. Bowling: Buchanan four for 28, Gilfillan three for 34.

Police, second innings, 165 for four declared (Smithyman 54, Bell 52, Naested 33 not out). Old Hararians, second innings, 42 for three. Bowling: Buchanan two for 16.

Police team: Dickinson, Smithyman, Buchanan, Naested, Banister, Bell, Riddle, Gilfillan, Holmes, Haselhurst, Coop.

Police lost on first innings.

FRIENDLIES

February 4: Police v. Shell Co., Police ground.

Police, first innings, 59. Shell, first innings, 86. Bowling: Shaugnessy four for 24, Taylor three for 18.

Police team: Digges, Rowland, Naested, Taylor, Shaugnessy, Buchanan, Lovegrove, Rawson, O'Shaugnessy, N. Smith, Tait.

Police lost.

February 11: Police v. Twenty Club, Police ground.

Police, first innings, 131 for six declared (Taylor 60, Naested 38). Twenty Club, first innings, 131. Bowling: Naested four for 16, Pickard two for 19, Rawson two for four.

Police team: Digges, Rowland, Naested, O'Shaugnessy, Taylor, Lovegrove, Rawson, Shaugnessy, Tait, Pickard, Harcourt.

Match drawn.

B.S.A. POLICE CRICKET AVERAGES, 1st XI UP TO FEBRUARY 5, 1950.

BATTING AVERAGES

Name	Total runs	No. of inns.	Times n.o.	Highest score	Ave.
Smithyman	718	15	2	150	55.3
Dickinson	472	15	—	100	31.7
Banister	191	11	4	38	27.2
Bell	251	12	1	52	22.8
Dale	91	4	—	51	22.7
Buchanan	268	14	2	71	22.3
Riddle	150	11	2	54	16.6
Gilfillan	47	4	1	30	15.6

BOWLING AVERAGES

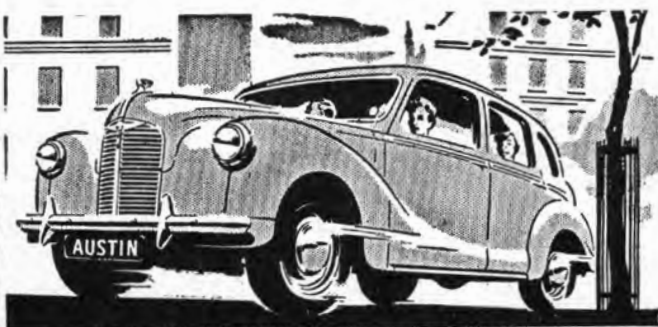
	O.	M.	R.	W.	Ave.
Gilfillan	44	12	96	16	6.0
Coop	26	8	67	9	7.4
Banister	115	20	340	44	7.7
Katz	79	18	233	19	12.2
Holmes	31	4	130	10	13.0
Smithyman	77	8	293	22	13.3
Dickinson	82	11	339	19	17.8
Buchanan	74	4	316	15	21.6

WATER POLO

On January 31, 1950, Police met Pirates S.C. in a First League fixture. Police, who lapsed somewhat in the middle of the season, showed a good return to form and were unlucky not to win, the final score being 5-5, Pirates scoring in the last few seconds of the match. Constables Curtis and Garrett made their first appearance for Police and played well; with coaching and training they will develop into strong players. Both these members are undergoing recruit training, and this no doubt adds to their fitness. Curtis's goal in the first minute of the game was a "snorter" and left the Pirates' goalie no chance. Smith scored three goals and Buchanan added

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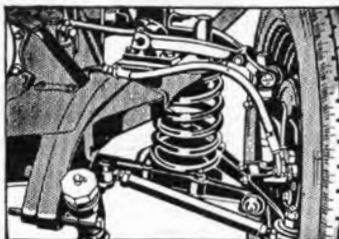
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the fifth. Pirates with such provincial players as Swift and Fox, gave our defence lots of work, as both are extremely dangerous in front of goal. Plastow however, marked Swift closely, and cleared time and time again. Highlight of the game was when two of Police players were sent out of the water for infringements, and Police team carried the game, with Smith scoring a fine goal.

Team.—Goal, P/Res. Tobin; Backs: Tpr. Buchanan, Sgts. Plastow and Buckley. Forwards: Constables Curtis and Garret and Sgt. Smith.

On January 7, 1950, Police met Forces S.C. in the last League match of the season and managed to win by 6 goals to 5. This was a scrappy game with a few good moves, no doubt due to the static marking play of the Forces team. It must be said that Forces are a vastly improved side to last season and under the able captaincy of Sergeant McLaughlan of the P.S.C., they will go far. Police's new members, Curtis and Garrett, again played well and combined with Smith in the forward line. Scorers for Police were Smith 2, Buckley 2, Garrett 1 and Buchanan 1.

Team.—Goal, P/Res. Tobin; Backs: Tpr. Buchanan, Sgt. Plastow and Sgt. Buckley; forwards: Constables Curtis, Garrett and Sgt. Smith.

The match against Forces S.C. finished the season for Police, their position in the League log being as last year, third. On the whole the team did well considering the loss of their goalie, Sergeant Podmore, who was transferred early in the season, and ex-Trooper Dent who is now farming in the Union. It was good to see new players among the recent recruits, and the interest being taken in water polo is encouraging. Many non-playing members attend and support the games—this no doubt has a good effect on players. Congratulations to Bulawayo who have taken the game to heart, and under the guidance of Captain Duncombe should do well. No doubt next season a game between the two commands can be arranged. May I offer a suggestion? If Bulawayo intend to include Justice Department members in their side they should endeavour to obtain the services of C/Inspector Killick's son, Rex Killick, who would be a great asset to them.

M. B. B.

SOCCER

Training for the coming season is going ahead well, and with the initial stiffness and aches behind us we are forging ahead. Mr. Levy, our trainer, and Sergeant Johnston, are putting in sterling work and their training system is proving very popular.

A film show was arranged at the end of January in Depot. It dealt with training for all sports, and ended with Soccer training and tactics generally. We were all glad to see the support which the films were given, and everyone voted it a most successful evening's entertainment. Thanks are due to the Public Relations Department for putting on the show.

Our captain is recovering well from his knee injury and we hope he will shortly be able to join us at training. Our neighbours in the Union have nominated him as a "possible" for South Africa in their match with Australia this year. We hope that the selectors will be of the same opinion.

Arrangements are going ahead for the "Old Tyme Footeballe" match to be played at the end of March

and this should prove to be an excellent afternoon's entertainment. Soccer and Rugby men are joining together for this game. The match will be followed by a friendly fixture Police versus R.A.F. Heany.

Our ground is in first-class condition at present and the strong green grass is a fine sight. With our training and a perfect pitch, Police will be expected to field a strong side this year.

K. N. R.

HOCKEY

The annual general meeting of the Hockey Section of the Salisbury Police was held in Depot on the 16th January, 1950.

Although there was not a large attendance, a number of Rugby and Soccer players have intimated that they will be available for hockey on Sunday mornings.

The meeting agreed that a Police team should be entered in the First League. The Police team put up a really good show in the second round of the League last season.

The following officials were elected: Captain, Sgt. Smith; vice-captain, Sgt. James; secretary, Lieut. Brewer. The latter has decided to stage a "come back" to the game.

It was agreed that practice nights should be Wednesdays and Fridays, and that training should commence during the first week of February.

It is generally recognised that our hockey field is one of the best in Salisbury and visiting teams have always voiced this opinion after the match.

N. S.

What kind of driver are you?

- (a) Chases pedestrians up lampposts.
- (b) Nylon-splashing expert.
- (c) Pedestrian stalker to within three feet and then frighten the life out of 'em with the horn.
- (d) Smokes a cigarette in such a way as to make it look like a permanent right-hand turn.
- (e) Ils ne passeront pas!
- (f) "She should go up here in top gear."
- (g) Accelerator and horn progressor.
- (h) "It's my right of way, blast you!"



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Your New Reading

By JOHN COLOPHON

New Light on the Wilde Tragedy

THE books on Oscar Wilde, his brilliance, his success, his tragedy and his premature death, are many and grow as the years pass. Few are important.

But *Oscar Wilde and the Black Douglas*, by the Marquess of Queensberry in collaboration with Percy Colson (Hutchinson), is of genuine and outstanding importance. The time for its publication has, incidentally, been well chosen. For, at the time, forty years ago, of the publication of "De Profundis," written in Reading Gaol, it was discovered (through the agency of Arnold Bennett then reviewing as "Jacob Tonson" in his incomparable "New Age" series—and without payment) that "De Profundis" as then published was only a part of an enormous letter addressed by Wilde to Lord Alfred Douglas, and that complete publication was being withheld until 1950, when all most intimately concerned in the tragedy of Wilde would in all likelihood have passed. The full letter was put forth a short while ago; on its heels comes this book, the main authorship of which is in the hands of the present Marquess, nephew of Lord Alfred and great nephew of the Lord Queensberry who took such a major part in the Wilde affair.

On the evidence of Mr. Colson's "Close of an Era," that most readable book, in which its author devotes a large section to the Wilde drama, I would incline to the view that Mr. Colson has here expanded greatly his section in that book, and that the present Lord Queensberry's chief part has been to provide the fresh material and letters from family sources. At all events, it is a most successful and valuable collaboration, and a book which no one interested in the story of one of the most talented and witty men of modern times should miss.

The main aspects of interest in a tragedy which uniquely shook and shocked the literary and social world of our parents and grandparents remain such still.

One concerns the character of the Marquess of Queensberry, whose son, Lord Alfred Douglas, was the friend of Wilde, and whose association with Wilde caused the Marquess to pursue Wilde with such fatal persistence to Wilde. Among the many new factors in this book are letters now published for the first time and written by the Marquess. The present Marquess, his great nephew, writes with candour and calm of "the Black Douglas" of the title, and at the same time suggests that the Marquess's ways would have been different but for the unfortunate lack of sympathy with which he met in his family life. It is a fair plea; has cogency; yet one has only to read those letters, especially those addressed to his wife and to his daughter-in-law, to decide that, unfortunate as the author was in his family life and the attitude of his wife, he deserved the verdict which his contemporaries passed upon him: even though (as any fair-minded person must admit) his motive in trying to break off his son's association with Wilde was natural to any father.

But, unpleasant character though he was, the character which (and one sorrows to say it of one of the finest sonnet writers in the English language) comes out worst is that of Lord Alfred Douglas himself. From beginning to end of his association with Wilde he is

here revealed as light, corrupt, heartless and beyond question callous to unusual extent. The sole plea that can be made for him is that from first to last he was a spoilt child.

There is the question of Wilde himself, and the vagary which smashed his life. Since his day we have advanced in understanding of such matters; though at that time there were those who had the right angle about Wilde. The present reviewer in a talk some years ago at which were present Conan Doyle (himself a doctor), the late Frankfort Moore, a great friend of Doyle, E. F. Benson and others of the literary world; and all without exception agreed that Wilde was a case more for pathology than for the law courts. Doyle went even further. He said (I quote his words from my diary): "When I met Wilde first, at the time he was contracting with an American publisher for what became 'The Picture of Dorian Gray,' and I for 'The Sign of Four,' he was, what he for long proved, one of the kindest and least envious of men; modest, always ready to do a good turn, and in talk brilliant beyond description. When, some years later, I met him, after his startling stage successes, I instantly came to the conclusion that he was mad; that there was a streak of unbalance in him pronounced enough to term, definitely, madness. Only such a man would have persisted against all advice in taking the libel action against Queensberry."

So much for the pathological side of this horrific tragedy. What remains to say, and in the light of confirmation complete, which this book, engrossing as poignant, provides? It is surely that Wilde, in the toils of his affliction (a sexual affliction as it happened to be) had, like many another man, shown already that he could not stand that test, as rare as hard, for mankind: sudden and overwhelming success. In his case the failure led direct to downfall. Success destroyed him.

A while back I drew attention to the lure of books on the sea. In this article I want to draw your especial attention to a unique book in this line. It is *All About Ships and Shipping*, by E. P. Harnack (Faber and Faber). This, in the form of a handbook of more than 600 pages, is a new edition of a standard book; its eighth edition of the century, revised and brought bang up to date. It has been described as "the ship-lover's companion," and merits, and much more than merits, the term. Divided into four main sections, and of delightfully handy size, it covers every conceivable aspect of ships and the sea; the shipping being that of all nations; also tides, weather, lighthouses, yachts; with the full history of the development of all these subjects. It includes pictures of all the typical liners and naval vessels now in commission everywhere; a wealth of other illustrations in colour, and the house flags of all firms in the world. It is a masterpiece of accuracy and skilful compression; the sort of book which the lover of ships (and who isn't?) can pour over for hours and return to with zest again and again. I said this book is unique: and I mean it.

For reading enjoyment I recommend among the new novels *Beneath the Magic*, by Robert Hichens (Hutchinson); Hichens, now nearing his 90's, and whose first hit, by the way, was "The Green Carnation," a

satire of the Oscar Wilde cult of the aesthetic, published nearly 60 years ago. This latest Hichens novel is a study of the dual personality of a musician; the struggle between the man and his art as pianist and the possessive woman who seeks to hold him as the dominant factor in his life. All the old Hichens' skill and subtlety in storytelling is here; all of it.

The Fall of Paris (Hutchinson), by Ilya Ehrenburg, the story from the inside, in novel form, of the French collapse of 1940, is heavier material, but as a picture of chaos and the helplessness of ordinary and mostly young folk in the hands of corruption and political trickery and treachery, it is a first-class piece of work, and willy nilly grips you from start to finish.

Let me recommend as a thriller *The Carrion Crows*, by Dorothy Bennett, whose first thriller, "The Curious were Killed," rightly made a hit. The story has the West Indies as background, and there a robbery and murder lead to strange and exciting complications. The writing is straight and tense, and the solution cleverly contrived with a genuine surprise.

PAN-Books (1s. 6d. each at your end) are now coming out in a new basic cover design of much attraction; and the latest are of special appeal since they are led by that remarkable South American jungle travel-and-adventure book which instantly established its author, *Green Hell*, by Julian Duguid. Incidentally, it has been set for the Senior Certificate, 1951, English Lower Grade of the Cape School Examinations; and all I can say is I wish they had set-books like this for any examination in my time; yes, I do. The other new PANS are *The Hour of the Angel*, by Joanna Cannan, that mountaineering drama which made a sensation on its publication and holds you still; *Ballerina*, the late Lady Eleanor Smith's best novel; and one of the latest and best Agatha Christie's, *The Hollow*; four for the pocket and for hours of enjoyment.

PRE-HISTORIC PAINTINGS

Francoise Rosay, the great French film actress, is known to a very large number of people. She has broadcast quite frequently for the B.B.C., and during the war made many propaganda broadcasts to Germany, telling the German women, whom she knew well, for she had made films in Germany as well as France, just what would happen to them if they supported the Government in waging a second world war. In her latest B.B.C. broadcast, she was not making propaganda or talking about acting, but describing pre-historic cave paintings. To an artist, the medium is immaterial and the art all important, and Francoise Rosay was profoundly impressed by the paintings she had seen in the Lascaux caves in France, which were only discovered by chance in 1940, by a boy who was searching for his lost dog. The boy was terrified to find himself in the vast echoing caverns, their walls and ceilings covered with clear, vigorous paintings in primary colours. Francoise Rosay was far from being terrified, but she admitted that she too found the paintings overwhelming, "classical and yet stylised in a modern fashion." One cave had a ceiling so beautiful that it has been called the Sistine Chapel of pre-history, and no artist could be paid a greater compliment than for his work to be compared with that of the great Michelangelo's masterpiece in Rome. The odd thing is that none of the paintings represents a human figure of the period, some twenty-five thousand years ago. Each shows a hunted animal, but the hunter is never seen. On just one wall there is a line drawing of a man, but his face is covered by a bird mask and he is overthrown by an enormous buffalo, who is in turn pierced through by an arrow. "There is an extraordinary contrast," said Francoise Rosay, "between the unreality of the man and the three-dimensional solidity of the beast." No one has any idea who the artist was who painted these magnificent pictures, nor the exact composition of the pigments he used, but there is no denying that the vitality and strength of his pictures are extraordinary. They are undoubtedly the work of a master hand, to which the great French actress paid unhesitating tribute.



The Hill Which is Not Pointed At

By ROY PEARSON

It is difficult to find a good ghost story in Rhodesia. Britain has its haunted rectories and castles, the Cape its poltergeists, but the Colony with only fifty years of European occupation behind it has apparently little to offer.

The tale of Mount Buhwa, however, is the exception—not only was the hill haunted, but the British South Africa Police laid the ghosts after a gun battle with brigands.

The facts of this story are substantially correct, but as the original records are not available, the writer has had to weave local legend and fiction into the plot. Lieutenant Bond (retired) is known to have taken part in the final raid on the hill. It is believed only two African members of the Force who are still serving helped to lay the ghosts.

AFRICAN LORE has many a ghost—a haunted well; a haunted hut long abandoned by its original occupants; in fact, African spiritual life believes more in the occult and supernatural perhaps than any other race in the world.

Thirty years ago it fell upon the British South Africa Police to lay a ghost with somewhat spectacular results, for an investigation which took human beings near "the hill which is not pointed at"—*Intaba ka yi konjwa*—would inevitably meet with hostility from the native population of the area concerned.

Deep in the Belingwe Reserve a rugged mass of rock reaches upwards from the fertility of the grasslands. Mount Buhwa—the hill which is not pointed at—is to this day regarded with awe; the newer generation still maintain some peculiar supernatural presences grace its slopes and caves, and their belief is revealed by the absence of kraals in the immediate vicinity.

For many years travellers from the nearby Chibi district reported hearing strange rumblings from the eastern façade of Buhwa's buttresses. Naturally, nobody dared investigate the mystery. The tale of Buhwa spread far and wide until it was discussed behind Bulawayo's iron business houses. It was early one spring when Samkange, whose home was near the mysterious mountain, brought to the Belingwe Police Camp an amazing story.

"I was herding near the foot of the hill," he said, "when I heard the rumblings—it was as though the Mchingwe River had come down in flood, and, as I stood gazing in fear at the hill, I saw white smoke rising from the side of the mountain which, as it curled upwards, formed into the body and head of a great snake. The hill is haunted. It has never been pointed at by the people who have known for years some strange evil dwells there, but to-day we know we must move: displeasure has been indicated by He who owns the Hill."

Police action at this stage was very limited. It was thought the hill might be the resting place of some great chief whose descendants had woven a spell of mystery round the mountain so that his grave would not be disturbed. Nevertheless, it was noticed the area round the hill became deserted. Kraals were moved, with the result that tall lush grass grew in the vleis beneath its shadows; the swamps changed from boggy watering places to large stagnant pools where only game gathered at dawn and dusk.

At the beginning of the rains two Troopers were riding back to camp from the Chingomo country. As the sun was setting they pitched camp three miles from Buhwa, preparing their evening meal, maize cakes and

brandy, the long patrol having exhausted their stocks. They were completely at rest with the world until the arrival of their Native Constables some hours after dark.

"Don't camp here, Nkosi," Mona, the senior of the two said. "How can we sleep so close to the hill?"

"The hill," commented one of the troopers; "you surely don't believe that nonsense, do you?"

As he spoke he glanced at the black mass behind them, then staggered to his feet "Look!"

As he pointed towards the dark slopes the Native Constable rushed in front of him. "Don't point at the hill," he pleaded, his face shining with beads of perspiration, not daring to look himself. The other Trooper gazed at the hill as he rose from the ground. Three strange lights flickered on the slopes, and, as they stood there watching, an unearthly chanting came from across the stagnant waters which formed almost a complete moat round the base of the mountain.

"I've heard enough of this nonsense," said one of the troopers. "Are you game to come with me and lay this ghost?" he asked his companion.

The Native Constables refused to accompany their masters. Mona followed them for fifty yards imploring them to desist from this folly, then disappeared into the darkness. The Troopers reached the edge of the stagnant stretch of water, following it round in the hope of finding a footpath which might lead them to the slopes of the hill.

As they entered a copse of Umgusa trees they heard the footsteps—sinister dragging sounds which suggested something heavy being dragged through the tall grass, but although they peered into the bush through the half light of the moon they saw nobody.

A light suddenly flickered ahead of them, then faded. It was nearly midnight when they found a footpath which took them to the foothills of the mountain, and with rifles ready they commenced to climb.

By a jagged finger of rock the chanting commenced again—this time it was close by. They both stood silent, their figures silhouetted against the moon.

The sound of some dozen voices singing in Chikaranga harmoniously descended from above. "Natives," whispered one of the Troopers. The word was hardly out of his mouth before a hail of bullets came from above, accompanied by the flashes of muzzle loaders. Above them they saw strange shadows—"dozens of them," as one of the Troopers later said.

They made the best speed possible back to their camp, missing the footpath and wading through the pools which barred their way. The Native Constables had gone, complete with the mules and camp. Without

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any further ado, the two men mounted and rode to camp, where they told a story which was not discredited as they arrived back with some of their liquor intact.

Native detectives visited the district shortly afterwards and as a result of their enquiries some dozen men arrived at Belingwe one summer evening. As they approached the hill, lights were again seen on its slopes; one man stated he saw strange apparitions arising from the swamps at the base of the mountain. The moon certainly appeared to play some queer tricks with the thin summer air. It was as dawn came the party completely encircled the hill and commenced to climb. All were armed, including the Native Constables.

Half way up the slopes of Buhwa a hail of fire again greeted the intruders; this time, however, all were prepared for practically any eventuality. With rifles and pistols blazing the posse pressed upwards avoiding the lead which came from above.

A band of natives were now clearly seen crouched at the mouth of a large cave—all were armed. The Police party formed up together and called for a surrender which was rejected. The fight continued and gradually the posse forged forward encircling the brigands. A final rush resulted in the whole band being arrested.

In the cave on Buhwa was found ammunition, muzzle loaders, rifles and stacks of property—beds, clothing, foodstuffs—some of which was quickly recognised as property stolen from the towns.

The mystery of the hill which is not pointed at was solved. It transpired that the criminal band had taken good advantage of the local legend concerning the strange mountain. For years they had robbed farm houses and town residences using the hill as their headquarters.

By adding to the mystery of the hill with their fires kindled at night, and the rolling of boulders among the crags when local folk came too near, they created for themselves a security which was only broken by two Troopers—men who, no doubt, had forsaken a London office seeking adventure, and were in the first throes of disappointment, feeling—perhaps as many of us feel to-day—that the age of romance in Rhodesia has passed.



LIONESS AT LARGE

A pleasant feature of broadcasting in the B.B.C.'s West of England region, is a series of short talks called "This Week's Anniversary," in which listeners are made conversant with what happened in their part of the world in the past. A recent talk recalled an event that would certainly startle the populace to-day and which, when it happened in 1816, set the whole country talking. A live lioness pounced on one of the leading horses one night when the Exeter mail coach, a four-in-hand, pulled up at a place called Winterslow Hut on the edge of Salisbury Plain to deliver a mailbag. The passengers screamed, the horses reared, the coachman hung on to the reins and the lioness hung on to the horse's neck, while a large Newfoundland dog, not realising the size or power of his adversary, settled his teeth in the lioness's leg. There was a terrific commotion and struggle and people rushed out of the inn and drove the lioness off. She crept under a granary raised on staddle stones. The owner of the menagerie from which she had escaped refused to allow her to be shot, and with half-a-dozen assistants crawled under the granary after her, bearing lighted candles and a sack. History does not reveal how they made the formidable beast lie on it, but they did so, bound her feet, tied a rope round her mouth and hauled her out. And the lioness, so it is said, didn't really mind. The relieved passengers crept out of their hiding places, a new horse was put in the coach and off it went. And, strangest of all, the lioness, the dog—which had had something more than a dust-up with the lioness—and the horse all survived.

The drag of my step and the sag of my shoulders,
My furious frown and the droop of my chin
Are the signs that convey to discerning beholders
That a new pair of boots is now breaking me in.

A lie is a very poor substitute for the truth, but it is the only one discovered up to date.

Have you heard of the credit manager whose collection letters have been remarkably effective? He just says, "Your bill is overdue. If not met, we shall notify your other creditors that you have paid us."

Three bandits held up a pub at Sharon, Pennsylvania, lined up the customers, and served free whiskey to them, before going away with £125 from the cash register.—*London News Review*.

Mother: "Have a good time at the dance to-night, dear, and be a good girl."

Daughter: "Make up your mind, mother."

In the dark of the night two safebreakers entered a bank. One approached the safe, sat down on the floor, took off his shoes and socks, and started to turn the dial of the safe with his toes.

"What's the matter?" asked his pal. Let's open this thing and get out of here."

"Naw, it'll only take a minute longer this way and we'll drive them fingerprint experts nuts."



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RESCUE WORK AT VICTORIA FALLS



The Rescue Team about to leave for the scene of accident.

THIS is a phase of Police work which, though applicable to all stations, involves the Falls more particularly than most on account of its terrain and attraction from a tourist viewpoint.

Government policy is to maintain as far as possible the beauty of the Falls in its natural state and this includes the reduction to a minimum of safety fences along the brink of the chasm. Whether or not this policy is a wise one from the point of view of public safety is a matter of opinion, but in its defence one must appreciate that sightseers approach with added caution on account of the lack of artificial protection. Further, it is backed statistically by the comparatively few fatalities and accidents.

Records of accidents are somewhat scant but, thanks largely to the efforts of Sergeant Wordsworth, we are able to get a fair picture of what has occurred during the past 12 years. As far as can be ascertained there have been a total of 15 accidents and/or suicides, including drownings above and below the Falls, during that time. To give an indication of the percentage, it is recorded that no less than 18,500 persons obtained sleeping accommodation at the Victoria Falls Hotel for the 12 months ended March 31, 1949. In addition to these there are numerous day visitors, Livingstone hotels clientele, campers and rest hut residents. Of the 15 accidents mentioned above, the B.S.A. Police actively participated in recovery of bodies or rescue in all but two. Neither of the latter was fatal. Of the other 13 only two were rescued alive. Both of the persons concerned in these two cases were airmen. In effecting the rescue of one of these Sergeant Wordsworth, B.S.A.P., and Sergeant Pywell, Railway Transport Officer, received awards for bravery. The most recent accident occurred on December 10, 1949, when Mr. L. W. Bennett fell 350 feet over the Knife Edge to his death and the new improved rescue equipment was used for the recovery of the body. It consists of several

hundred feet of rope ladder, rubber dinghies, grappling irons, ropes, safety belts, crane with wire rope, breeches buoy and canvas body shell or stretcher.

The system of operation depends on the circumstances and the crane and wire rope operation is the most efficient means of dealing with an average accident, viz., a fall from a cliff, and to this end a monthly practice is carried out.

The report received, the necessary equipment, breeches buoy, canvas body shell, first-aid kit, ropes, binoculars, always at hand are loaded on to the truck. The rescuer, usually a European member of the Police, dons battledress, canvas rope soled shoes and steel helmet as protection against falls of rock. The crane is attached to the special tow-bar at the rear of the truck, and with all African Police available the squad hurries to the scene of the accident. The crane is fully mobile and can be towed at speeds up to 30 miles per hour. For the final stage of the journey it is usually necessary to manhandle it to the edge of the cliff.



[Photos: E. J. Stonier.

Taken from cat-walk of Bridge and showing assembly of apparatus including signal rope.



[Photo: E. J. Stonier.
On the Falls Bridge—Manipulation of crane by African Police.

Arrived there the wheels of the crane are removed in a matter of moments by extraction of a screw and removal of a locking sleeve. The apparatus is then secured against the nearest tree to the edge; this action is taken where possible as an added precaution, but it is not essential. Breeches buoy and body shell are then attached to the iron ring at the end of the crane rope and the buoy is manned by the rescuer who moves backwards over the edge until cable-borne. The winch is manned by African Police under European supervision. Prior to moving off the rescuer secures a light signal line to the breeches buoy brace which is paid out from a reel attached to the crane and controlled by the European observer.

The whole of the above procedure takes about fifteen minutes, five for the initial preparation, five to reach the spot and five at the scene. The illustrations indicate some aspects of a practice held from the Victoria Bridge. Instructions have been issued that owing to the danger involved it is neither necessary nor desirable that regular descents be made during practices.

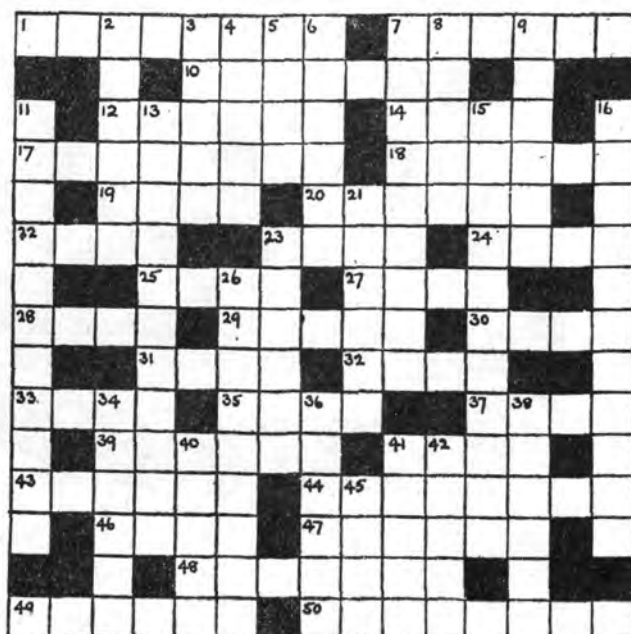
MUZEZURU IN EXILE.

OUTPOST CROSSWORD CLUES

ACROSS

- 1 "The worthy Thane" dressed in lace.
- 7 Fluctuation of lake level.
- 10 Create a tumult and then colour it.
- 12 A tear in the eye.
- 14 Exist in dual form in a cold wind.
- 17 Opportunities.
- 18 Leap in, of course, but in such a country look before you do!
- 19 Be off out of the rain scud.
- 20 Dry up with Shakespeare.
- 22 Unnecessary pointer to good wine.
- 23 Pluck (out of the eye!).
- 24 "The flower of flowers most glorious." (Noyes.)
- 25 Greek vase.
- 27 He is going up by rail.
- 28 "Paradise enow."
- 29 The end.
- 30 Just a stone for a friend who succeeds to nothing.
- 31 Skin.
- 32 Wane again.
- 33 Eastward lies a Roman spring.
- 35 Hindu demon.
- 37 Part of Shanghai.
- 39 Nine days' devotion.

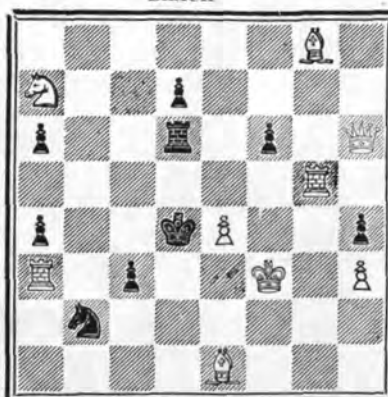
- 41 Kipling's is white.
- 43 Danish settlers in Ireland.
- 44 Far-reaching and sagacious.
- 46 Resounded.
- 47 Dutch midwives?
- 48 Kind of civet.
- 49 Low pay for a policeman.
- 50 Art store.



DOWN

- 2 Trouble ahead for the steamer.
- 3 Harbour of ancient Rome.
- 4 Limit.
- 5 Let the people!
- 6 India-rubber.
- 7 "— was my father: Such a — was my brother too." (Twelfth Night.)
- 8 Old magistrate.
- 9 A famous palmist.
- 11 The stripling limped east to the single decker.
- 13 Done on march. (Anagram.)
- 15 Two birds for one.
- 16 Trees.
- 21 Indian antelope.
- 23 A not so gentle gentleman.
- 26 Small dish.
- 34 Snare.
- 36 The hare is perturbed about gold and silver.
- 38 Ali's mother embraces water-plantain.
- 40 "It is an office of the gods to — it." (Cymbeline.)
- 41 Mean fellows.
- 42 Little white heron.
- 45 The fourth was the Lion's son.

BLACK



OUTPOST CHESS PROBLEM

No. 72.

White mates in
3 moves.

Key move on
Page 48.

Witchcraft and the Law

By ROGER HOWMAN

(Continued)

The Meanings in Muroyi

1. Muroyi in ordinary use. A common man's name is Muroyi and a chief bears the title of Muroyi. A hill named Muroyi.
2. Muroyi in swearing. The word is quite a common swear-word to use when incensed at someone's behaviour, and who has not heard *Kamwana aka karoyi* as an elderly woman scolds some child who had refused to share his food with another—"that little child is a little witch"?
3. Synonym for Muroyi. *Cisukukuviri* is a small snake which if found in a hut would necessitate purifying the place and would mean uroyi (witchcraft). The word is often used instead of Muroyi, and is applied to those who spread scandal.
4. Non-natural influence in disease. A certain Mudzwiti had been to the clinic four times. Each time he returned home he fell sick again. His nephew said to him: "You know, Uncle, Madondo told me last week, 'Your uncle is always ill because he took our beast a long time ago. If he returned it he would get well; if he won't he may die. Better he stay at the clinic. It is my mother (her spirit, she being dead) who is troubling him.'" Mudzwiti was so alarmed he took the matter to the chief, who brought it to the office as uroyi (witchcraft). In the enquiry it emerged that Madondo's mother had paid damages of a beast many years ago because, having refused to be inherited, she had misbehaved sexually, and as a result her daughter's babe had become ill and lost an eye. Her spirit was now raising the issue of this beast by afflicting Mudzwiti with illness. The gathering of elders agreed that the beast had rightly been paid, that the spirit was not justified in disputing this. Their general attitude was one of concern over the illness as uroyi and with Madondo's allegation, which they felt deserved judgment for damages—but where is the border line between this kind of spiritualism and witchcraft? The fact that a woman's misbehaviour affected even her grandchild is to be noted non-natural means? A woman's misbehaviour is a primary influence for ill-health in her children, the malignant influence she passes to them being called *nhuna*, and the closest approach to that word in English seems to be "a guilty conscience."
5. *Ku Dira Mumvuri*—"to pour the shade or spirit." A man who interferes with another man's wife has a most dangerous influence over her husband should the latter fall ill, and must on no account go near him. An uncle was ill. The whole kraal noted that his nephew would not enter his hut. He had been courting his uncle's wife. The illness is not due to the nephew, but death will ensue if the nephew "poured his shade" over his uncle, and he would be responsible. Non-natural means, but not witchcraft as we understand it, yet akin to uroyi. Another species of the power of a guilty conscience. As usual, there is a counter-medicine called *hazwi-yere* which, hung round the neck of the sick man, will ward off *dira mumvuri*.
6. The Witch by Inheritance and by Acquisition. By strictly limiting the word muroyi to "witch" we

find two kinds of witches. The acquired power, *uroyi hoku temerwa*, and the inherited power, *uroyi whe mabvuti*.

There is a medicine known to witches which changes the heart and makes a person a witch. It may be deliberately acquired by cutting a vein and putting the medicine into the blood so that a person will say, "*Waka ndi temera uroyi*" (she cut for me uroyi), so I will go out with her naked at night. Uroyi might also be acquired by eating it, so it was necessary to be most careful what you ate or drank from an uncertain stranger.

This kind of black magic was therefore deliberately acquired from another witch; there was no cure or preventative. It was such *varoyi* who had their ears, legs and arms cut off, who were banished, who were blotted out. They are well-known characters nowadays, feared by native messengers, native Police and chiefs—but who would dare mention them to Europeans!

One might well think that the Witchcraft Suppression Act was designed for these people, for those who practise the craft of the witch, or at least represent themselves to have the power of witchcraft. But instead confusion reigns. The witch is left free. The witch-finder is made to practise witchcraft or black magic, the very opposite of his own white magic, and the dominant conception of the "witchdoctor" brings illogically into one word the two extreme and contrasting philosophies of the "witch" and the "doctor," the bad and the good, witchcraft and anti-witchcraft. Little wonder the very word is shunned by those who know!

The second kind of muroyi inherits her power through a family spirit (*mudzimu* or *shave spirit*). A woman finds herself, or someone else may find her, outside at night, she acts strangely, abnormally; she will be taken to a "diviner," who will diagnose the spirit. She will be called *mwana wa mabvuti* (the child of the spirit). She has become a *muroyi wa mabvuti*. Such *varoyi* were often unconscious of their evil powers, quite unaware of doing any harm. Others were well-known characters. They were not necessarily harmful. People feared them for their possibilities of evil, but husbands continued to live with them, and even the law distinguished them, for while a husband is responsible for his wife's actions any harm she causes as a witch is the responsibility of her own family in damages.

7. *The Emotional Witch*. A person is ill, and either a professional or private throwing of the bones has revealed uroyi (witchcraft). No one knows who is the witch, although there may be suspicions. In the evening it is announced by the kraal head—only he can issue the summons—that all women will *bembera* next morning. *Ku dani-dzira bembera pa musha kuti tose tigare kwazwo ne mwoyo waka cena* (to call to bembera in the kraal that we may all live nicely with white hearts). The next morning every woman brings a small pot of meal gruel (*uswuswu*) she has prepared and, having first tasted it herself, gives the patient a

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sip. In this manner the patient tastes the food of every woman in the kraal, and the witch is thus offered an opportunity to include medicine in her *usuwu* to cure or de-witch (*ku royamura* or *ku rowonora*) the patient without being revealed. If the patient does not recover, then proceedings are taken to reveal the witch. All the women—and only women—are called to *bembera*. To single out one woman only would be tantamount to accusing her of being a witch.

There is more to this custom than an administration of de-witching medicine. Sharing food is symbolic of friendship, of atonement, of reconciliation, the cleansing property of eating together. Natives refer to the *bembera* as a means of cleansing the heart, and acknowledge that a person generally knows who is bewitching him because the "heart is bad or ugly," and this communion purifies the heart.

It was in discussing the *bembera* custom that it became clear that the translation of the word *muroyi* is not always to be rendered as a "witch." Such words as *mbengo* (hatred), *godo* (jealousy), *ku taura makuwa* (evil speaking, scandal) were constantly used to describe the characteristics of the *muroyi*. People living together in such intimate, daily association must have the greatest difficulty in dealing with and controlling the deep, powerful and irrational emotions of envy, greed, malice, rivalry, hatred and frustration. There is no way out for these emotions, no escape mechanisms, and therefore they tend to be projected outwards, externalised into some malign or evil spiritual influence called *uroyi*. Anyone who gives way unduly to these emotions is ill-willed, a bad mixer, is a *muroyi*. Anyone who falls ill or suffers misfortune is likely to interpret his distress in terms of the venting on him of those feelings of enmity which he knows someone else feels for him.

Rarely does one hear of a male *muroyi* or wizard—always they are women, old married women. When asked why, natives have replied that it is women who have "very ugly hearts." Is it that women are more emotional, more temperamental, more confined to hard manual work over long periods, and at the end of it confined once again to the kraal, prisoners within themselves? And does not polygamy put a premium on such emotions? *Godo* (jealousy) is only applied to women, and then as between co-wives. Such a situation between men is called *mbengo* (hatred), though *mbengo* may subsist between women who are not co-wives.

Muroyi in this context must imply some such translation as "anti-social." The social sanctions enforced against such a *muroyi* define strong moral sentiments and insist on a standard of conduct which few dare defy. Now the Witchcraft Act protects such *varoyi*. If anyone challenges them they have but to complain to the Police.

8. *The Social Misfit.* A very unpopular person, one who made kraal life unpleasant for everyone, *ano muzonda*, as the natives say, was always likely to find when she opened her door in the morning a heap of ashes of the *cinara* or *muzeze* tree laid across her doorway. This is *ku dzinga muroyi* (to drive away the witch), and the person so black-balled would return to her father's kraal, saying, "*Vaka isa cinarara ne dota pa musuwo wangu*" (they put *cinara* ashes on my doorway). She

would not dare cross her doorway, but would break a way out through her hut and never return.

- There is nothing non-natural here—she is a witch, a person who is unendurable in the kraal.
9. *Collective Responsibility.* A certain *Tapanya* was accused and convicted of calling *Madoro*, the wife of his younger son, a *muroyi*. After the case it was found that *Tapanya* was head of his kraal, his elder son had died and his remaining son was the heir who would inherit the deceased's wife. At the inheritance ceremony the wife or wives to be inherited are required to jump over the bow of their deceased husband as it leans against the sacrificial beast (the *sendeka huta* or *darika huta* custom), and if any one of them has been unfaithful to him since his death the string of the bow will snap and she will have "burnt the grave" (*kupisa guva*). The *ku pisa guva* is a most serious offence—it is even committed by anyone who has sex relations in the deceased's hut—and heavy damages are payable—before the dead man's spirit has been laid to rest.

In this case it was common gossip that *Madoro* was encouraging her husband to take his dead brother's wife long before it was proper to do so, and eventually the kraal head himself, *Tapanya*, had to take notice, and told *Madoro* that the widow was not to go to his son. "A widow should not be taken to wife by an heir till her husband's grave has been settled. Do not take the widow; if we burn the grave we will be *varoyi*, others will call us *varoyi*." Such was the collective significance of the use of the word *muroyi* in the eyes of the members of the kraal, although in court, of course, witnesses were produced who testified to its individual application to *Madoro*, who had promptly complained to the Police—protection again for the ill-disposed witch! The kraal version was checked. The dead husband's death had been registered six months previously. Said one old man: "The time of *darika huta* is decided upon by the kraal head. If he sees that a widow mourns deeply, goes nowhere, remains dirty, he may postpone the time for a year, but if he sees she is flighty, forgetful of her dead husband and likely to burn the grave he will hasten the ceremony. But a period of six months would be too soon to be proper."

Here we have a kind of collective responsibility for an act so abhorred by public opinion as to be called *uroyi*. Whatever may have been the original words used, "you are a witch" or "we will be witches," it is clear there was no non-natural influence about but merely most objectionable behaviour. It is to be noted that the husband was not blamed. The Police, in their quest for the elements of a prosecution, obtained what they sought—the use of the word *muroyi* in association with a death—and a court, either ignorant or powerless to get at the truth, condemned an innocent man to gaol for his efforts to maintain a moral standard in his kraal.

10. *Trumped-up Charge.* *Ningi* was charged with employing a "witchdoctor to indicate, by the use of so-called witchcraft, to whit, the throwing of bones, the person who had caused the lameness of a certain ox." The complainant stated that he had been called a *muroyi* and accused of bewitching the ox.

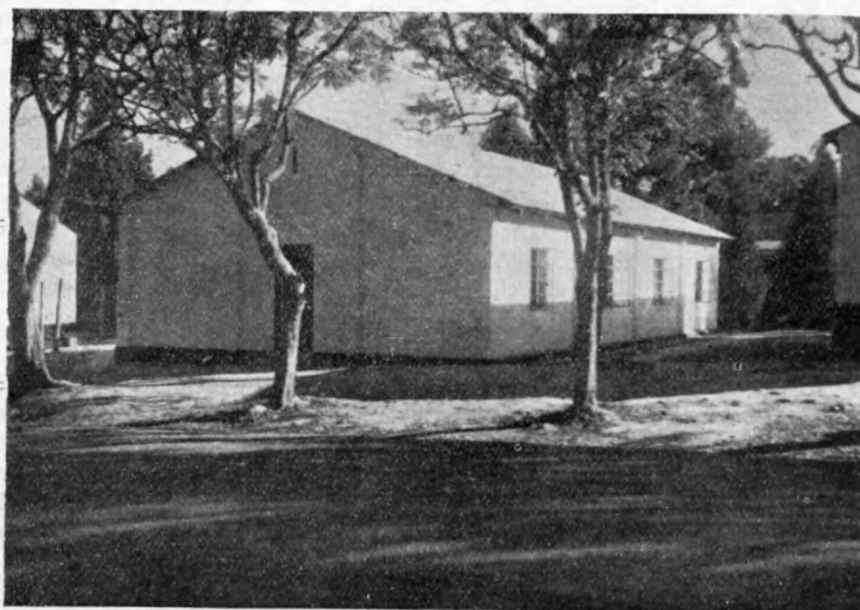
In cross-examination by the court the witnesses admitted that the accused had not instructed

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the witchdoctor to ascertain "who had caused the lameness," but to find out the cause of the lameness, and they agreed that the witchdoctor had said "the lameness was due to a departed spirit who wanted a sacrifice of a goat." Because of this the Attorney-General refused to prosecute. This time there was no injustice done, and the complainant's action in going to the Police was found to have arisen out of a dispute he had with the accused over some land, and he had tried to get rid of him with the help of the Witchcraft Act.

11. *The Ritual Witch.* It is the person disclosed by ritual means as a *muroyi* who, in native eyes, is the personification of evil, an influence to be eradicated; while it is the ritual agent who discloses her presence who is the primary object of eradication by the European court, the *Nganga*, the so-called witchdoctor, the witch-finder or diviner. Could there be a more startling contrast in ideas of good and evil? If European law is then so utterly opposed to the ideas of the native, so drastic in its penalties, so vague and confused in its definitions, it becomes imperative to distinguish the ritual witch from the other meanings in the word *muroyi* and to describe the process by which the word *muroyi* is ritualised and invested with real harmfulness for society.

Out of some situation of affliction and distress arises the driving need to consult the spiritual world. All the adult members of a kraal should be called together to form a *gumbgwa*, a divination party, to visit a *nganga* (diviner). The essence of the *gumbgwa* is surprise, a sudden gathering to ensure that no one may find an opportunity to go back to a hut or absent themselves in order to get *mugaranganda*, the medicine which gives immunity from detection by the *nganga*.

Every member of the *gumbgwa* must take an "offering" called *museve*, which the law calls "reward or payment," but which is really an essential contact point or link between the personality or spirit of the owner and the spirit of the *nganga*. A favourite *museve* is a worn-out hoe (*ciserima*), a pot of grain, any bit of personal property, which in the old days the *nganga* hung on the tree under which he divined for all the world to see; the tree becoming festooned with oddments as his fame and practice grew. But nowadays he is driven to secrecy, and the modern *museve* of handkerchiefs, safety pins, old belts, tobacco and sixpennies or shillings are vulgarly termed "payments," and he is prosecuted for fraud.

That the *museve* stands for or symbolises the personality of the owner is revealed by the fact that anyone unable to attend the *gumbgwa* through old age, illness, etc., will send a *museve* with some relation, and that *museve* will be him or her, so much so that witnesses have given eye-witness evidence through both Lower and High Court as to what happened at a divination and never been there at all. No one would contradict their assertion that they were present, for was not their *museve* there! Anyone failing to join a *gumbgwa* by *museve* would be acknowledging she would not dare the verdict of the bones.

On arrival the *gumbgwa* exchanges polite formalities with the diviner, and the *museve* are handed over. The *nganga* takes snuff, chews medicine and spits on the bones (*hakata*) as all the

members of the *gumbgwa* settle round him in a semi-circle.

No reference is made to the purpose of the *gumbgwa*, there is no "soliciting," no "employing" or haggling over "reward or payment." The bones (*hakata*) are made by spiritual processes; they reveal the spirit world, what need, then, to explain the reason for the visit? And if a European in uniform demands to be satisfied as to "why we visit the witchdoctor, what we said to him and what he said to us—why, answer his secular mind as best you can and hope he is satisfied!" I went to see a very renowned *nganga* one day, only to find he had died. His son demonstrated the technique of the *hakata* and then added: "My father taught me all he knew, but I cannot divine (*shopera*) because his spirit (*shave*) has not come out in me." He explained: "When you spit on the *hakata* (*ku furisa*) at the new moon with *rukata* or *mumururu* (medicine) you pray (*pira*) to the shave spirit to help you, and the *museve* you offer to the shave."

A *nganga* may use any number up to eight sets of *hakata*. A common number is four (*mishaku mina*), comprising sixteen bones. Spitting on them twice, top and bottom, he throws them on the ground and studies their meaning (*ku wuka*). The *hakata* will reveal the reason for the visit—death, disease, any misfortune in the kraal. Further throws will slowly become more specific, the various possible causes of the trouble being eliminated—an ancestral (*mudzimu*) spirit angered at neglect or some infringement of tribal law, the vengeance of an *ngozi* spirit seeking atonement for some old wrong, retribution for breaking some moral rule, like adultery, a *shave* (spirit) seeking to express itself and so on. No, it is witchcraft (*uroyi*). Illness or misfortune may be due to any of these agencies; it is for the *nganga* to diagnose which one, so that the legal argument raised in *Rex v. Mashabele* (S.R. 119/18) as to "who" or "what" caused the illness should never arise except when the Police have elicited the answers they want, or it is a quack doctor.

Having diagnosed the presence of witchcraft, that is as far as the *nganga* can go throwing the *hakata* himself. For the step from the general to the particular, from *uroyi* to *muroyi*, it is essential that the witch handle the *hakata* herself or throw her *museve* and so reveal her identity. The leader of the *gumbgwa* then has to offer *mamburo* (from *ku pambura*, to divine) in order to have them all tested and the witch sorted out. Each one in turn throws. Anyone may be required to throw two or three times in order to make certain. The details vary, but "The bones refuse, you are cleared" (*dzino ramba, wa pembedzwa*), the diviner may say, and waits for the next one to throw. "The bones refuse to you, you are caught" (*dzi no rambiri kwa uri, wa batwa!*) comes at last. After everyone has thrown, the diviner will dip his finger into meal and mark everyone except the witch with meal on the forehead; he will also hand her back her *museve*.

It is the return of the *museve* that is the public affirmation of a witch, whether she leave the "diviner" with it for everyone to see or whether it be returned to her in the kraal as proof of what the verdict was.—(From NADA.)

(To be concluded.)

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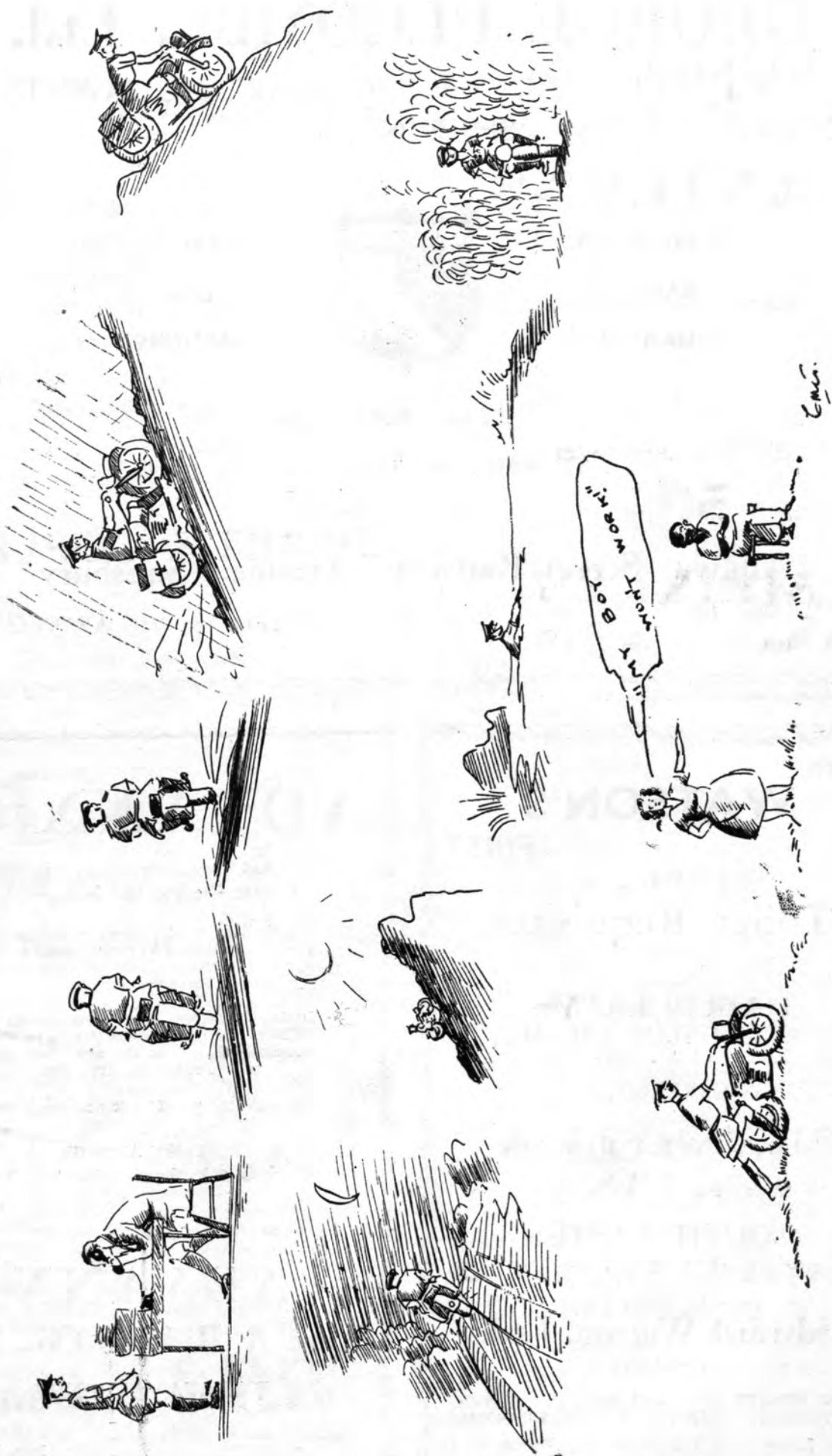
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Two Men in the Veld

By "MARKSMAN"

A true account of a hunting trip for those who are tired of reading of the exploits of men with nerves of steel who shoot charging wild beasts with their last shot at two paces.

FROM time to time there appears in *The Outpost* an article which describes in detail how some intrepid hunter shot some equally intrepid wild animal in the veld. I propose in this short article to attempt to set down frankly how I missed various kinds of game which I had every intention of killing.

The expedition arose from an invitation from Mr. X who owns a farm about 140 miles from Salisbury. He promised me every kind of game I could wish for, with the exception of lions, leopards, rhino and elephant. I must admit that it was this last exception which caused me to accept with pleasure the invitation extended. My tree-climbing days are past!

I sought a kindred adventurous soul to join me and found him in the shape of an ex-Sergeant-Major from the Union. He had, amongst others, two outstanding recommendations for the post of companion on this trip. Firstly, he possessed a half-ton truck, and, secondly, he had a fund of amusing reminiscences to the recounting of which a camp-fire in the veld is a perfect setting. The half-tonner was an essential: an ordinary car would not hold the trophies we were going to bring back. I must admit that faith in my judgment trembled when it was discovered that my companion had omitted to bring a corkscrew. We only noticed the omission when the nearest procurable corkscrew was about fifty miles away.

The great day arrives and we depart with sufficient rations to last us for a year. We include in the party two natives and a pointer dog. This last, we feel, will be some protection against any big game which might attack us. We halt en route at an inn kept by an old friend and there indulge in a strong cup of tea to steady our nerves for the adventure which lies before us. There is a crowd round the half-tonner and investigation shows that some wag has chalked on the side the words "Big game hunters." This we quickly erase, as we desire to maintain a reputation of being strong, silent men, setting forth unobtrusively on a dangerous mission.

We now strike an old friend in the shape of road corrugations. The two natives, the dog and the kit become inextricably mixed up in the back. We rescue our special hunting food in case the bottles become broken, and forge ahead.

We reach our destination. Our host provides us with four hunting boys. (We must have someone to eat all the meat which will fall to our rifles.) We are directed to a spot sixteen miles further on where, on arrival, we find some huts. We lose no time in bringing forth our armoury—303, 9 mm., shot-gun and loads of ammunition. We feel we should have brought a machine-gun to be on the safe side.

What is the pointer looking at? You take the shot-gun and I'll take the rifle. Never know what it might be. Steady now. Whirrrr! A covey of partridges gets up. My friend has two shots and misses. Luckily, however, the birds do not attack us. My friend is groping in the grass. Have I misjudged him? Did he hit one of the birds? I become excited

and join in the search. So does the pointer. It is the latter which eventually retrieves my companion's false teeth which had dropped out when he fired.

We fix up our camp. There is a water hole about a hundred yards away. The water from it has a distinct taste of baboons, even after it has been boiled. As we drink very little neat water we are not unduly upset.

4.0 p.m., first day: The hunting boys suggest that it is high time we shot some meat. O.K. by me. Buck liver for dinner to-night. I depart, attended by two hunting boys; my companion takes the other pair. He takes a shot-gun, electing to collect birds or a small buck. I take the heavy armament, deciding to shoot a large buck. I contemptuously ignore a duiker first and then a reedbuck—both within fifty yards. I am after bigger game and, despite the agonised protests of the hunting boys, I shoo the small animals away.

Ten miles later: If I could see a small buck I might shoot it. My natives have already pointed out one herd of eland, one of wildebeeste and one of roan, but they were apparently a long way off, for after a crawl of some three hundred yards in each case, they were not located and I was on the point of exhaustion. Never mind; spoor there is a-plenty, and I am bound to get something soon.

I arrived back in camp after dark. Oh, my poor feet! My friend is sitting somewhat morosely with his feet in a tub of water. He has fired ten shots at small buck and birds without result. He declares that his last shot was high and now that he knows the peculiarities of the gun, he will obtain a good bag on the morrow. Sundowner, yarns, supper and then to bed. Am slightly worried, as we had no meat for the boys, who have now been joined by their wives. However, to-morrow is another day.

Up at dawn the next day, determined to get buck. Five miles farther on we see a large lone sable bull. Now is my opportunity. A crawl of about a hundred yards which leaves me nearly breathless, and I find that I am within about 150 yards of my quarry who has not yet suspected by presence. Bang! I let fly, sending a prayer after the bullet. There appears to be too much dust from that shot to have registered a hit. The old bull turns round as the sand stings his body from the strike of the bullet on the ground. He snorts his disgust and clears. I cannot face the two shooting boys. I pretend that something has gone wrong with the rifle. I examine the breech anxiously and, with a worried frown, bring the weapon up to the shoulder two or three times. I examine the foresight and a click of feigned annoyance escapes me. I consider that my actions dispense with the need for words and, still without looking directly at the natives, I get up and we continue again. After a further ten miles of tramping, I regain our camp. I find that my companion has bagged two partridges in six shots. We are jubilant and look forward to dinner time.

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A conference is now called. How are we to feed our natives, whose number, we find, has now increased to nine? We decide that it has become imperative to shoot a buck. I refrain from telling how I missed the lone sable at 150 yards. I explain that it was every inch of 500 yards and that I had to shoot owing to lack of cover. I add that it was a very near thing. I hope the natives cannot understand English!

In the evening, after a 15-mile tramp and a beautiful miss at a fine wildebeeste, I return to camp and glance eagerly at my companion, who appears to avoid my glance. He whistles softly and with obviously forced cheerfulness and we each wait for the other to speak. I finally ask him what luck he had. He then explodes. He has come back with a strange bag consisting of one partridge and one zebra! The natives do not eat zebra; they say it is too much like donkey. My companion is extremely worried as to what our host will say when he learns of the shooting of the zebra. He explains that he thought it was a buck and fired at it. He remarks bitterly that on every other occasion he has missed, but on this, of course, the shot went home. He is prepared to wage a vast sum of money that had it really been a buck he would have missed it.

We despatch a note of explanation and apology to our host who understands the situation and tells us not to worry.

The meat question is assuming very serious proportions. A restless spirit is noticeable among the hunting boys, although we try hard not to observe this. Casually I hand them a piece of cold roast beef, as though we did not want it. In fact, the joint was specially cooked and packed by my wife. Anyway, the cold beef does not go far among the black horde.

Up bright and early on the third day, desperately resolved to get a buck. Some delay at the start, as my companion has once again mislaid his pipe and teeth. After a short time we spot a fine koodoo bull at about 350 yards. We hold a whispered conference. I put my sights at 400 yards and my companion sets his at 300. Law of average. Army training to the fore. On the command "Rapid Fire" we will each fire one round. "Fire!" . . . Nothing happens. We both had our safety catch on. Before we can correct the error, the koodoo decides not to play any more and walks slowly away. I send a vicious shot after him with the intention of speeding him out of that supercilious stroll. He breaks into a gallop—a splendid

sight, but one which we should appreciate more if we had a supply of meat in hand for our natives.

We plod on and see sable, roan, ostrich, etc., but the buck always keep a safe distance from us. They know we are big game hunters. We turn for our camp which always seems to be twice as far away as it should. Arrive at 10 a.m.—two desperate men. What are we to do for meat?

A bleating breaks the silence. What is it? We peer ahead and see a herd of goats in the charge of a native. Oh, inspiration! A goat shall be sacrificed. After much bargaining we buy a goat for the sum of five shillings and agree to return the skin to the herd boy. We each produce 2s. 6d., the goat changes hands and the hunting boys smile for the first time in three days. The humour of the situation dawns on us and we have a good laugh.

On the fourth day we decide to act on the advice of our natives and take the car to a spot six miles away, where we are promised the sight of much game. Again delayed for a short time while my friend locates teeth and pipe.

I have the luck to shoot a stembuck at about a hundred yards. We both become very elated. So much so that my friend misses a koodoo bull at about 200 yards. About a mile farther on we see zebra and roan, but do not fire. We return to our camp at about 10 a.m., very pleased about the stembuck. I am not so pleased when I discover that a new watch I had purchased just before we left has disappeared from my wrist. I suspect that the strap broke. The stembuck becomes very expensive.

Mr. Editor, I do not intend to weary your readers further. I am not at all sorry that I missed so many large buck. They are still in the veld. I had a most enjoyable trip and I saw a great variety of animals and birds and found the seeing most interesting.

The evening before we left I had the luck to bring down a wildebeeste with a perfect fluke shot just behind the shoulder with a 9 mm. soft-nosed bullet. I thought at first that I had registered another miss, because as soon as I fired he went all out for about thirty yards before he dropped stone dead. On cutting him up we found that the bullet had scattered his heart to pieces. Not a bad effort, old friend, to run thirty yards minus a heart.

I felt a tinge of regret at having shot him, but I did regain my prestige which had suffered very severely during the previous three days.

T.H. Jackson



"And just think, the next war's going to start off with weapons like these!"

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Obtaining a Print from a Mummified Finger



By Detective Head Constable I. J. LIEBENBERG, South African Criminal Bureau.

Fig. 1.

ON 6th March, 1949, at Klerksdorp, in the Transvaal, the body of a Bantu male was found in the veld. The features were in such a state of decomposition as to completely impair their use in identification, and it therefore became necessary to obtain recordable fingerprints. To enable the South African Criminal Bureau to classify and search, the two thumbs, best preserved of the fingers, were placed in formalin and sent in. The use of formalin for this purpose is not in accordance with authorised practice.

Klerksdorp has a hot and dry climate, and this factor, combined with the use of formalin, resulted in



Fig. 2—Negative reversed.

the thumbs being received in an advanced state of mummification. The surface contained deep and permanent furrows and the skin was as hard as stone, which prevented the taking of adequate fingerprints by the rolling method. Further, in the condition in which they arrived, photographs of the surface of the specimens would have proved valueless. The problem, therefore, was to restore the finger-tips or so to relax them that adequate prints could be obtained, and several attempts were made before it could be solved.

The first effort was by boiling a specimen in an aqueous solution of common salt for twenty hours. No discernible effect was achieved by this.

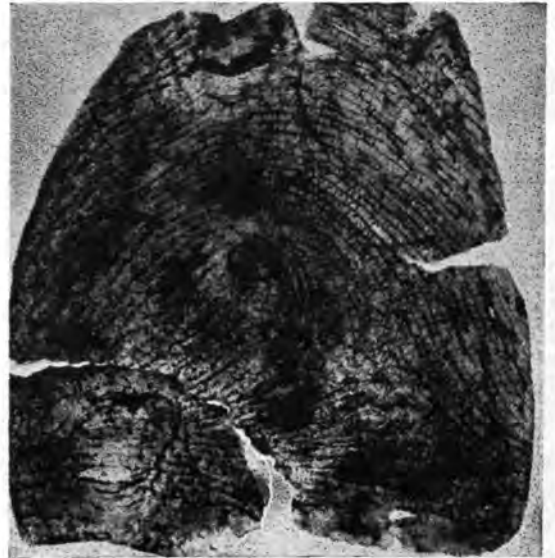


Fig. 3—Negative reversed.

The specimen was next placed in a relaxing box consisting of damp sand heated to throw off water vapour. Five days of this treatment gave no result.

It was then decided to remove the palmar surface of the first joint down to the bone (see figure 1) and then to excavate as much of the dried flesh as possible without injuring the skin. Using a scalpel, this operation was carried out, and for safety stopped while remnants of the flesh still adhered to the skin. To soften it the latter was then placed in a strong solution of sodium sulphide for about half an hour. In this instance soaking in the solution for one or two hours would probably have been more satisfactory.

On removal from the solution the skin was soft and pliable. When held against the light and viewed from the back the adhering flesh was distinguishable (orange in colour) and the skin golden. It was now easy to pare away the flesh while holding the specimen against the light.

At this stage it would have been possible to take an inked print from the inner surface of the skin, though the outer was still furrowed (see figure 2).

The specimen was then placed between two pieces of plain glass, which were pressed together to secure the highest degree of flatness in the skin. Some cracks

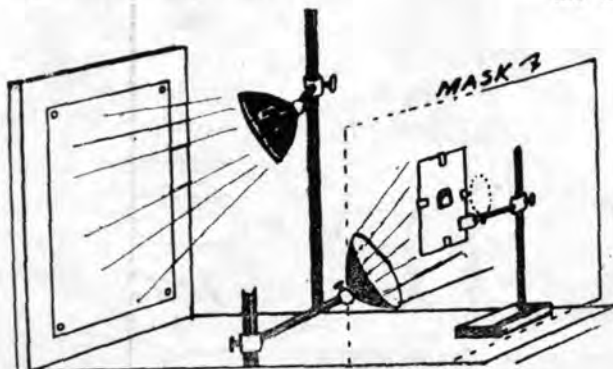
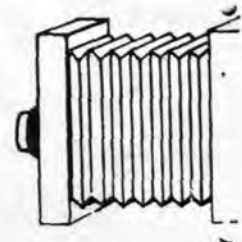


Fig. 4.



resulted, which, if the soaking in sodium sulphide had been longer, would probably not have occurred.

Examined against the light, the outer surface showed blurred and indistinct ridges (see figure 3). The inner surface, however, displayed perfect definition of the ridges, even the pores being easily visible. It was therefore decided to photograph the inner surface.

The two layers of glass containing the section of skin were placed in a clamp, with the inner surface of



Fig. 5.

the skin facing the camera. A light was placed below, and at an angle of about 15 degrees to the specimen. Another light was placed at an angle on to a white background, and a mask placed to protect the lens from direct light (see figure 4). The camera was focused on the inner surface of the specimen and a photograph taken.

The result is shown in figure 5, and this gives everything necessary for classification and identification.

This specimen of skin is of an average thickness of 1-16in. (approximately 1.5mm.).—(With acknowledgments the "The Nongqai.")

NEW WAYS OF CRIME Newer Means of Solving Them

Sherlock Holmes with a divining rod is Jules Calte, France's 40-year-old "radarman" (says a B.U.P. message from Paris). He claims it is a simple matter for him to find murderers, missing bodies and stolen jewels—he does it with a divining rod, a pendulum and a map.

Already he has helped the French Police to find the body of a watchman at a coffin factory after a vain official search for two months. M. Calte's system is based on the theory that "every person emits a special wave as individual as his finger-prints. This ray is absorbed by all objects in contact with him.

"In the case of the missing watchman, the police brought me only the stocking of the watchman (he recalled). I attuned myself to his identity rays, and the rest was easy.

"First I held my divining rod at arm's length and turned it slowly in all directions. When the rod jerked and I felt the rays coming through, I used a compass to determine the exact direction. I marked a line in the direction across a map of France and then swung a pendulum over the line until I felt the rays again. Then I marked the spot on the map.

"By using maps of smaller and smaller areas I can determine within nine miles where any corpse is . . .

When I am on a world search I start with a globe."

M. Calte said he once helped the police to find a murderer by absorbing the rays of the death bullet which the killer had handled before he loaded the gun.—(Garda Review.)

Here lies the body of William Day,
Who died disputing his right of way.
He was right, dead right, as he swept along.
But he's just as dead as if he'd been wrong.



"I'm glad you've turned up—my wives are all on a sit-down strike."

Attack at Dawn

By "BADMASH"

AT the sharp crack of the shot I looked up quickly from my desk in the District Commissioner's Office and raised my eyebrows at the interpreter, who started to his feet.

Before we could gain the door the shrill notes of the "Alarm" clarified out from the K.A.R. Quarter Guard at the boma gate, to be taken up by the Somali bugler in the Police lines near by, for it was the custom at the outpost of El Mukr in the wilds of Northern Kenya to sound the "Alarm" if anything untoward happened, and a shot was certainly not of every-day occurrence.

It was the hottest of summer days, and the sun reflected in dazzling brightness from the white walls of the buildings, and a shimmer of heat rose from the sandy space about the boma to where the dried up fringe of bush showed at the edge of the clearing.

I reached the office door and saw the Askaris and Police scuttling for their posts, buckling on equipment and loading rifles as they went. I crossed the open yard and climbed to the Residency roof, where the two machine-gun teams of Sudanese were already at their weapons.

About the groups of wells situated outside the boma a bawling mob of camels was being watered by their shrill-voiced Somali owners; but as I watched, I saw the warriors quickly herding their charges back to the bush and, within a few minutes, there was no sign of man nor beast. The wells stood neglected.

From a cluster of crude huts outside the boma, where a handful of Boran and Somalis lived, came a babel of sound, and I saw two Police Askaris escorting another of their number towards the boma gate.

My tall Sudanese Sergeant, Mohammed, came up on the roof and saluted.

"Tamaam, Effendi, yote tayiri." ("Correct, Sir, all is ready.")

I asked him what had happened and he shrugged. "I don't know, Effendi, but see, the Police are here."

Two Constables in their greeny jerseys with leather shoulder straps, khaki shorts, pill-box caps and with bandoliers and rifles came forward; a third Policeman was handcuffed between them, and one of the escort was carrying the prisoner's rifle as well as his own. I knew the prisoner well; his name was Adam Ogleh.

As a rule he was an excellent Constable, but I had noticed since the D.C. had gone on safari some ten days previously and left me alone in charge, that Adam had become sulky and lazy at his work and, as usual, I discovered that the cause was a woman! His wife.

Miriamu was an upstanding Somali woman, with a fine figure and was extremely good looking.

They were fond of each other in their fanatical way, and there was peace in their hut until a local Aulihan chief, one Hassan Abdi, commenced visiting Adam's hut, and this became more frequent when Adam was absent on duty. This naturally upset Adam, who promptly took a kiboko (sjambok) and gave Miriamu a good hiding, for which I had fined him, although not blaming the man in my heart.

Adam had come to the office one day and complained that his wife was putting *dawa* (medicine) on him, and that he would die. He showed me the *dawa* which consisted of several old twigs and a chicken

bone, all tied together with a piece of fibre. I threw the junk away and told Adam not to be silly.

Two days later he came back, and I noticed how pale and ill he looked. This time the *dawa* produced was a bunch of goat's hairs tied together. I saw the Constable was terrified and merely shook his head helplessly when I told him not to be silly. He merely remarked that he would surely die if Hassan Abdi, the Aulihan, was not punished.

I had sent for Hassan Abdi, but he had left the boma. Nor had I been bothered by Adam during the last few days, until I now saw him handcuffed between two of his comrades.

"What's the trouble?" I asked, and one of the Constables answered: "We three, Effendi, were patrolling the village as is customary, when suddenly we came upon Hassan Abdi. Constable Adam here told him to go away, otherwise there would be trouble. Then Hassan Abdi laughed at Adam, and said that he intended going back to his village and that he was taking Miriamu with him. It was then, Effendi, that it happened, for Constable Adam jerked his rifle forward and shot Hassan Abdi through the heart. We arrested Adam, and here we are, Effendi."

"Good lord," I thought, "now for some trouble, and lots of it, too."

"Where's the body?" I demanded, and the Sergeant pointed to where several men were bringing it through the boma gate.

"Lock Constable Adam up," I ordered, "and come with me, Sergeant, and we'll look at the body."

We descended from the roof, and keeping the men at their posts, we walked to where Hassan Abdi's body was lying on a blanket. I saw at once that he was quite dead, for the small bullet hole pierced the body in the region of the heart.

As I ordered the men to take the body to the hospital tent, Sergeant Mohammed spoke: "Look, Effendi, the Somalis have returned."

I followed his glance and saw that the clearing about the boma was alive with Somalis, all armed with spears and knives, while there was not a sight of a camel anywhere. By those signs I knew that trouble was afoot. The warriors merely crowded at the edge of the bush and clearing, and I noticed two old headmen walking slowly towards the boma.

These two old reprobates, for I knew them as cunning and treacherous rascals, stopped some few yards from the gate and called that they wanted me to come out and speak to them. I replied that they had better come in, leaving their arms outside as was the custom.

They refused and said, more or less, with glances at the warriors, that if I did not come out, I'd be fetched. This annoyed me exceedingly, so I said I'd come out unarmed if they'd leave their spears and come forward a few paces. They agreed to this and we met some five yards from the boma gate. I had muttered a few words to Mohammed as I went out.

The headmen were most insolent, and demanded that Constable Adam should be shot in turn and at once. Of course I refused and said that I would hold a preliminary inquiry at once, which they could attend.

No, they wanted Adam shot *ek dum*. I then raised my hand, and in a second the two men were

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arrested by Constables who rushed from the boma, and were hustled inside, the gate then being closed.

This action did not seem to worry the headmen, for they squatted down and said they expected something of the kind, and that if they were not released at once, their young men would attack the boma and free them.

"You will both be shot before they could get in," I replied, but they just shrugged and cracked their knuckle bones in a most irritating way.

I wondered what to do, for I certainly did not want a young war on my hands, while I knew that the headmen meant what they had said.

I then remembered that no Somali, all of which race were fanatical followers of the Prophet, could bear to be touched with a kiboko which had been used to beat a dog or mule. I had such a one in my hand.

I turned to the escort, and pointed to the younger of the two. "Keep that man," I ordered, "and release the other." This was done. "Return to your young men," I said, "and if there is a single warrior in the neighbourhood in half an hour, I will have this man beaten with this kiboko which I use to punish my dog."

The younger man paled and glowered. "You would not dare," he growled.

"Wouldn't I?" I rapped back. "Spread him out." The man was thrown to the ground and turned on his face while four Police held him there. I handed my kiboko to Mohammed, with a quick wink, for I would not have dared to beat the headman in any case. "When I give the word, Sergeant, beat this insolent dog up to a count of twenty."

"No, no, no!" cried the elder chief. "I will go, Bwana, and take the young men away, if you will let this man free."

"I won't let him free at present," I answered, "but you get rid of your men, and then come back with other headmen at office time in the morning; then we will hold inquiry as I said, and you will see that justice is done. I am keeping your fellow as hostage. Lock him up."

The younger man was dragged to his feet, and I saw a look of relief on his distorted face. He remained silent as he was hustled away. His companion was thrust from the boma gate and, collecting the spears, he returned to his fellows.

In a few minutes the clearing was empty and I sighed a sigh of relief. My bluff had worked, and I grinned at Mohammed, who, however, shook his head. "Hapana (no), Effendi, they will not go away as easily as that. I will send out some *rhya* (raw natives) spies shortly and we will hear their report."

I agreed, and went to the dining-room for a drink, having dismissed the men but doubling the guards.

Later on the Sergeant reported that his spies had returned and that there was not a Somali for a mile or so about the boma. I felt that all was well.

"All the same, Effendi," suggested the Sergeant as I dismissed him, "it would be as well to have the alarm posts manned before dawn and without the bugle sounding." I hardly thought it necessary, but agreed to let him have his way, for I knew that I would be about most of the night visiting the sentries. He saluted and went out.

When I went round the boma later on on my first visiting rounds, I saw that Mohammed was taking no chances, for every Askari and Policeman was sleeping at his alarm post, fully armed, while others patrolled about the boma within easy call of each other.

The boma was encircled firstly with a high apron of barbed wire, then a thick bank of wait-a-bit thorn bushes. Beyond that there was about fifteen feet of low, loosely coiled trip wire, and I felt confident that any attackers would not get into the boma, although they may set fire to the dry wait-a-bit and to the grass huts where the Askaris lived.

I rested in my clothes between patrols, and one could hardly get any sleep, for the prisoner headman spent his time chanting religious dirges in a high quavering voice hour after hour. He refused to shut up, however much we threatened to gag him. He simply ignored us and went on with his screeching.

It was still dark when the boma was silently awakened, and as the first sheen of grey began to herald another dawn, all were at their posts, and I was on the residency roof, from where the surrounding country could be seen as the sun rose.

Once more Mohammed had shown his initiative, for a couple of *rhya* were allowed to enter the boma and they reported that there were many hundreds of Somali warriors approaching, and that some hundreds of yards behind them youngsters were herding their huge herds of camels. It appeared that the Somalis were expecting an easy victory, when the camels would be watered and used to carry away the loot when the boma was sacked. I praised Mohammed for sending out the patrol and we made plans for the expected attack.

"Look, sergeant," I said, "when the attack comes, make all the riflemen open rapid fire, and aim so that the bullets will strike the sand about a hundred yards from the boma. They are not to aim at the Somalis."

Mohammed looked surprised. I turned to the machine-gunners. "You men must traverse with your guns along your respective sides, raising the sights so that the bullets will strike about where we have been told the camels are. Do not fire at any man unless you get direct orders to do so." I looked at Mohammed who was now grinning broadly. "You will kill the camels, Effendi?" I nodded, for I knew how much the Somalis would dislike having their stock needlessly slaughtered, for they prize their camels above all other possessions.

"Bring up the prisoner," I then ordered, and in a few minutes the night-singing Somali was on the roof. I explained to him what I was about to do if his brothers dared attack the boma. He glowered, and shifted his eyes from me to the surrounding bush, which was now showing with the birth of dawn.

"By Allah, they come," I heard him mutter. "Oh, the poor camels, Bismillah!"

"Tie his ankles," I ordered quickly, and in a moment the man was helpless under his escort who stood with rifles at the ready.

Looking towards the bush I made out the figures of warriors advancing. They were advancing from all directions and in silence, and also in short rushes.

"Fire!" I cried, and the crash of rifles broke out to the accompaniment of the stuttering of the machine-guns.

I saw the lines pause as they saw the sand jumping up in front of them. They seemed disinclined to rush through that spurting barrage, while the elevated machine-guns continued an overhead fire into the distant bush.

Then I saw happening just what I had hoped for. Stampeding camels rushed through the bush into the open, where they crashed through the lines of warriors

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upsetting them like so many ninepins. Several camels were badly wounded and I saw several fall.

The rifles and machine-guns continued to crack and chatter. The warriors wavered, then turned and raced for the bush, while about the boma camels careered in all directions. The prisoner stood with mouth agape.

"That's that," I thought. "I got away with it." Turning to the bugler at my side, I told him to sound the "cease fire," and silence followed the din of a few moments previously.

"Tell them they can come out unarmed and collect their camels," I said to the prisoner, and his high-pitch, far-carrying voice floated in the stillness.

For a few minutes nothing happened, then one man appeared, then another, and soon small parties were rounding up their stock.

At further orders through the prisoner, small groups of Somalis soon appeared carrying the spears and knives of their fellows, which were dumped outside the boma gate under the keen eyes of the armed guard within.

A huge pile of weapons was the only sight of any warlike scenes when the sun rose in all its glory. The open space outside the boma was empty except for two or three dead camels.

Again the prisoner was brought into use, and his call floated across the country—this time ordering the headmen to come to the boma unarmed. This they soon did, and I had a party of twenty or more Somalis squatting outside the office door.

The pile of weapons was brought in, and the spears and knives placed under lock and key in the store. I was about to order Constable Adam to be brought for inquiry, after which I meant to gaol every headman until the D.C. returned and gave judgment for their naughtiness, which I knew would be a fine of several hundred camels, and Adam would be sent under escort down country for trial for murder, when I heard a shrill cry from the guard.

I swung round and, with a sigh of relief, saw the D.C. and his orderly cantering towards the gate. I grinned when I saw him pull up from time to time to have a look at the dead camels, while he scratched his head when he saw that the boma was in a state of defence.

"What the dickens is happening here?" he demanded as he jumped from his mount, "and what the devil was all that firing I heard earlier on. I came like the dickens. What's up, old man?"

I explained quickly, and as I told the tale, I saw by the D.C.'s face that trouble, great trouble, was in store for the Aulihan headmen.

"Put these men under strong guard," the D.C. snapped to his Sergeant, "and after a bath and food we'll go into the matter. Come along, old man," he grinned at me, "I always just miss the fun, don't I?"

I must own that I didn't quite agree with my friend's idea of "Fun."

"No doubt, Bill, no doubt," I replied, "but it's lucky you didn't happen to be nearer home when I opened up my pet barrage, isn't it? You'd have had all the fun you wanted then, and some."

The D.C. paused, and looked first up to where the grinning Sudanese machine-gunners were about their weapons. He then looked away to the bush. "It's early, very early, but I think I could do with a drink. Come along, I expect you need one too." With a thoughtful look on his face, the D.C. led the way to the Residency.

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| 14 Bise. | 35 Rahu. |
| 17 Openings. | 37 Hang. |
| 18 Alpine. | 39 Novena. |
| 19 Scat. | 41 Seal. |
| 20 Ensear. | 43 Ostmen. |
| 22 Bush. | 44 Longwise. |
| 23 Grit. | 46 Rang. |
| 24 Rose. | 47 Storks. |
| 25 Olpe. | 48 Genette. |
| 27 Liar. | 49 Copper. |
| 28 Eden. | 50 Rostrate. |
| 29 Omega. | |

DOWN

- | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| 2 Caress. | 16 Genealogies. |
| 3 Ostia. | 21 Nilgau. |
| 4 Stint. | 23 Gemman. |
| 5 Sing. | 26 Porrenger. |
| 6 Eraser. | 34 Entrap. |
| 7 Sebastian. | 36 Halser. |
| 8 Edile. | 38 Alisma. |
| 9 Cheiro. | 40 Venge. |
| 11 Hobbledehoy. | 41 Snots. |
| 13 Enchondroma. | 42 Egret. |
| 15 Sparrowhawk. | 45 Otto. |

KEY MOVE TO OUTPOST CHESS PROBLEM No. 72.

1. B2, Kt-Q8; 2. R. (Kt 5)—QR5, etc.
 If 1 . . . , Kt-B5; 2. B x P ch., etc.
 If 1 . . . , P-R4; 2. Kt x Kt 5 ch., etc.
 If 1 . . . , K-R5; 2. R-KB5, etc.
 If 1 . . . , K-Q6; 2. R-Q5 ch., etc.



"I catch him easy, Sir. He's my father."

Culled from Force Orders

MEDALS.

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

No. 3251, 1/Sgt. Dobell, Salisbury D.

No. 3247, D/Sub-Inspector Annesley, C.I.D., Bulawayo.

SHOULDER TO SHOULDER SHOOT, 1949.

Best shot in Corps, No. 4032, Tpr. Bartlett, Go. D., 139. Runner-up, Lt.-Col. J. B. Lombard, Go. D., 134. No. 3427, Sub-Inspector Cooke, Go. D., 125. 3633, 2/Sergeant Mays, Go. D., 124. 3401, 1/Sergeant Starling, Salisbury Urban, 115. 3389, S/Sub-Inspector Woodgate, Depot, 111.

PROMOTIONS

No. 3335, Sub-Inspector Nimmo, Salisbury Urban, to Inspector, 2.12.49.

No. 3126, Sub-Inspector Botha, Salisbury Urban, to Inspector, 11.12.49.

No. 4468, Constable Maguire, "Q" Branch, to S/2/Sgt., 26.9.49.

No. 4472, Constable Pike, "Q" Branch, to S/2/Sgt., 11.10.49.

ATTESTATIONS

For Duty Branch for three years on dates shown:—

On 3.1.50: No. 4526, Constable Douglas Vernon Almy; 4527, Const. George Frederick Bruce; 4528, Const. Barry Robbins Charlesworth; 4529, Const. William Thomas Gant; 4530, Const. Kenneth Hanley; 4531, Const. Edwin Inglis; 4532, Const. John Ewen Argyll Robertson; 4533, Const. James Joseph Rogers; 4534, Const. Eric Reginald Schofield; 4535, Const. John Kevin Shaughnessy; 4536, Const. Robert Sutherland; 4537, Const. Andrew Ian Young.

On 7.1.50: No. 4538, Constable David Charles Smith.

On 17.1.50: No. 4539, Constable. Hugh Grant Alexander; 4540, Const. Maurice Hambley Beaver; 4541, Constable Raymond Arthur Clark; 4542, Const. Gerald Bonthron Dunn; 4543, Const. Desmond Percy Gooch; 4544, Const. Francis Ellerker Hart; 4545, Const. Ian Douglas MacKenzie; 4546, Const. Robert Macnaughton; 4547, Const. Alan William Rich; 4548, Const. Kenneth Robins; 4549, Const. Kenneth Gordon Stanford-Smith; 4550, Const. John Dynock White; 4551, Const. Kenneth Rutherford Garrod.

On 21.1.50: No. 4552, Constable Christopher Alan Bunbury Adams.

On 26.1.50: No. 4553, Constable Irving Lionel Naested.

On 30.1.50: No. 4554, Constable Martin Herbert Desmond Fitzgerald; 4555, Const. Charles Elliott Grasett; 4556, Const. Arthur John Hawley; 4557, Const. David Gordon Ridge; 4558, Const. Benjamin George Ridge; 4560, Const. Thomas Cantwell.

On 6.2.50: No. 4561, Constable Anthony Gale; 4562, Const. Cedric Hugo George Bremer Goldie; 4563, Const. Terence Michael O'Hara; 4564, Const. Peter Gordon Reynolds; 4565, Const. Marshall Edward Walsh; 4566, Const. Michael Geoffrey Warburton.

DISCHARGES

No. 3866, 2/Sergeant Wilsher, Depot, 7.2.50.

No. 4201, S/2/Sergeant Winzar, Depot, Time Expired, 23.1.50.

No. 4200, Trooper Ware, C.I.D., Salisbury, Time Expired, 23.1.50.

No. 3988, Trooper Tindle, attached C.I.D., Salisbury, At Own Request, 25.1.50.

No. 4175, Trooper Dennison, Salisbury D., Time Expired, 11.1.50.

No. 4177, Trooper Henstock, Salisbury D., Time Expired, 11.1.50.

No. 4190, Trooper Williams, Salisbury D., Time Expired, 11.1.50.

No. 4141, Trooper Armstrong, Bulawayo D., Time Expired, 28.12.49.

No. 4173, Trooper Carver, Umtali D., Time Expired, 11.1.50.

No. 4174, Trooper Cave, Depot, Time Expired, 11.1.50.

No. 4181, Trooper Newman, Bulawayo D., Time Expired, 11.1.50.

No. 3938, Trooper Blascheck, Va. D., At Own Request, 26.1.50.

POLICE RESERVE

APPOINTMENT

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

1/Sergeant Reginald Charles Shepherd, Salisbury, to the grade of Assistant Superintendent, with effect from 15.12.49.

PROMOTIONS

To 1/Sergeant—

No. 945, Constable Dormer, Umtali, 3.1.50.

No. 951, 2/Sergeant Theron, Umtali, 3.1.50.

To 2/Sergeant—

No. 2060, Constable Woods, Umtali, 3.1.50.

No. 2274, Constable Botha, Umtali, 3.1.50.

No. 2051, Constable Reynolds, Gwelo, 19.1.50.

REVERSION

No. 2487, 2/Sergeant Moss, Gwelo, to revert to the rank of Constable at his own request, 13.1.50.

DISCHARGES

No. 2435, Constable Cain, Gwelo, S.N.L.A., 11.1.50.

No. 2339, Constable Provan, Bulawayo, O.R., 17.12.49.

No. 2697, Constable Cotton, Bulawayo, S.N.L.A., 23.1.50.

ATTESTATIONS

No. 2788, Const. Aronowitz, S. E., Que Que, 25.11.49; 2789, Const. Fraser, G. H. K., Salisbury, 10.1.50; 2790, Const. Ogilvie, W. M., 11.1.50; 2791, Const. Jackson, K. C. E., 4.1.50; 2792, Const. Logan, W. P., 4.1.50; 2793, Const. Crane, W. N., 19.1.50; 2794, Const. Pole, L. G., 19.1.50; 2795, Const. Stenson, J. W., 21.1.50.

On 26.1.50: No. 2796, Constable Charlesworth, F.; 2797, Const. Pratt, G.; 2798, Const. Clare, N.; 2799, Const. Douthwaite, W. A.; 2800, Const. McIntyre, J.; 2801, Const. Taylor, T.